

ramblings...

by perlina m. anderkin
It's always nice to get a full week off at Christmas, although I hope our readers missed us. The rest of the year, when everyone is enjoying their "summer" vacation, we have to settle for the occasional long weekend because we are all (particularly me, of course) so essential to each week's publication.
What would probably have been the highpoint of the week for me was when I finally whined long enough, that eldest daughter, Jamie, caved and took me shopping at Dillard's in Lexington. I really like that store and, mainly, my credit card was empty so I was good to go. But, no good deed goes unpunished and Jamie is a prime example of that. At the conclusion of the shopping trip, thank goodness it wasn't earlier, I realized that my billfold was missing from my purse and we spent some time frantically running through the store, trying to retrace my steps and recover my wallet. But, alas, it was all in vain as it had disappeared with my credit cards and cash.
I spent the trip home calling companies trying to get cards stopped and mostly

succeeded even though the first question after I had punched the number for a lost or stolen card, usually from a robot, asked was for my account number.
Now I ask you, if I had my account number wouldn't I have my card? But we won't go there. Suffice it to say I managed to take care of them all except VISA who kept insisting on knowing which bank the card was obtained through for which I had no answer. I managed to get it taken care of the next day by giving them my account number off my statement.
Jamie did get some measure of revenge by reminding me, every time I asked for something on the way home, that I had no money so I was out of luck. She was just kidding, and fulfilled my every request, but had way too much fun doing it.
I have reasoned out that it was all Jamie and granddaughter Kayla's fault I lost the billfold because by now they should have realized that I need someone watching me, especially when I am out in public to make sure I don't harm myself or others.
Anyway, a Happy New Year to all our readers.

Our Readers Write

Enjoy the Signal...
Dear Editor,

Just a note to let you know how much we enjoy the *Signal*. We live in North Ft. Myers, Florida so we depend on the *Signal* to keep in touch with things back home. We especially enjoyed the recent articles about the founding of Mt. Vernon and the 1951 Brodhead basketball team by David Owens. We cut out the Blast from the Past photographs and clip the out the pieces done by Mr. Owens to put in our Rockcastle History scrap-

book. Of your feature writers he is our favorite. Keep up the good work!
Perry and Julie Sizemore

Cash Express says Thanks...
Dear Editor,

Cash Exress would like to thank the Boy and Girl Scout troops of Mt. Vernon and a special thanks to Bill's This and That for their outstanding contributions to the 8th Annual Coat and Toy Drive for needy children and their families.
Jessica and Emily

Email the Signal at
mvsignal@windstream.net

Letters to the Editor Policy
Letters to the editor must be no more than 400 words without prior arrangements having been made. Letters are published in the order in which they are received as space permits. Letters must not contain libelous materials. Letters must be in the *Signal* office before 4 p.m. on Monday to be considered for that week's publication. All letters must include the author's name, signature, address and telephone numbers. Illegible letters will not be considered for publication. Letters not meeting these guidelines will neither be published nor returned to the author. For questions or to make arrangements for a letter exceeding the word limit, contact the editor at 256-2244.

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Points East

By Ike Adams



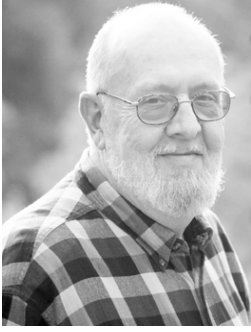
When last I left you, readers, my fruitcake was out of the oven, cooled and ready for the display and serving apparatus.
Loretta has this big 15-inch, crystal cake plate that is mounted on a sturdy base and pedestal. The plate has a deep, thick, glass cover with a knob on top and, I'm guessing, the whole thing stands about 20 inches tall, from knob to table, and weighs about twenty pounds. The cover, alone, weighs well over five.
The point I'm trying to make here is that whatever goes under that cover and gets set out where people can see it, is going to be the center of attention to anyone who wanders into the same room where it is sitting.
If I do say so myself, my blemish-free fruitcake, ever-so-lightly dusted with confectioner's sugar, looked the model of glass covered perfection as it sat there in the dining room from dawn on the day before Christmas until we finally served dinner at 6 p.m. on the big day.
In retrospect, I can't believe that nobody thought to take its picture.
But anyway, when Loretta helped herself to the first slice, sniffed the bite on her fork and finally popped it into her mouth where she rolled it around for several seconds, I sat back, holding my breath and waited for the verdict.
After she swallowed, she nodded her head and said, "Oh, it'll do. It's very good, but it's still not in the same league as Bob's."
The verdict was, in fact, much better than I'd expected. The fact that my too-discerning wife declared it anything better than edible was enough. The fact that she mentioned it in the same breath as our friend, Bob Kennedy's, fruitcake in nothing short of high praise.
My pal, Bob, who lives in New Haven, CT, where he is Director of Operations

Alzheimer program

If you have a loved one who is newly diagnosed, or if you just want to learn more about Alzheimer's disease, this program is for you.
This two-hour presentation will explore what everyone should know about memory loss issues and what they mean for all of us.
The program will take place at the Pulaski County Cooperative Extension Office, 28 Parkway Drive, Somerset on Wednesday, January 16th from 1:00-3:00pm.
To register for this program, please call 1-800-272-3900 or e-mail infokyin@alz.org. Registration is required. Program provided by the Alzheimer's Association and the Pulaski County Cooperative Extension Office.

Happy New Year!!!

for Yale's Timothy Dwight College, takes the time, every year, to bake fruitcakes for me and three other of his closest friends.
Bob bakes his cakes in a bread loaf pan, wraps them in cling wrap and ships them in sturdy, cardboard, USPS priority- mail packages. Our mail man pulls into the driveway, honks because he has something that won't fit in our mail-box, and then, before handing it over, he closes his eyes and takes one last, deep sniff of the package.
We don't even have to look at the return address to know who it's from and what's in it.
Loretta always says that we ought to keep the Bob cake and serve it at a holiday meal and I always say "sure" as I unwrap it, put it on a serving tray, and start a pot of coffee. Truth of the matter is that I ain't sharing this cake with anybody except Loretta. The package had just my name on it and I'm calling the serving shots and if she wants any, she'd better be grabbing a plate.
So, for ten mornings or so after its arrival, we both savor a slice of Bob's fruitcake and I usually sneak another right before I go to bed. The cake would not last nearly as long as it does if I didn't have diabetes.
I believe that I'm using most, if not all, the same ingredients in my humble attempt as Bob does in his, but the final product that I turn out is not even close to his. On the bright side though, my cake will still be around for at least a month and we had to struggle to make Bob's last ten days.



ROCKCASTLE MEMORIES

BY DAVID J. GRIFFIN

This is dedicated to the ones I love – my readers
Seven years ago, my first column appeared in the Mt. Vernon Signal. Entitled "The Chicken House," it was about working in my dad's business when he was raising 13,000 broilers every nine weeks. Since that time, I am proud to say that I have never missed an issue – a sum of 357 weekly stories. Believe me when I say that none of that would have been possible without your continued encouragement, support, and devotion to my column.
Thank you number one is to the *Signal*: for its assistance and for permitting me to be a small part of this weekly publication.
I have simply been overwhelmed by the responses that I have received from you, my readers, and I will be forever grateful. On occasion, I have been the recipient of as many as 100 emails, notes, and calls regarding a single article. Almost every week, I can count on 30 to 40 of you to contact me expressing your satisfaction and continued support. I count on you to give me details that I have omitted or recommendations for future stories. Thank you from the bottom of my heart. That is thank you number two.
As most everyone knows by now, I have published my first book, View from the Mountain, which is mainly a collection of the stories I have told in the *Signal*. Each article was reviewed, updated, and edited (when necessary) to make them "fit" into the book. At the time of publication, I had no idea

how the book would be received. However, to date I have had to re-order four times, and sales continue beyond expectation.
To those of you who have contacted me and purchased my book, thanks seem much too small a word. Marty at Cox Hardware in Mt. Vernon held the first book-signing for me, and I loved seeing many of my friends and becoming acquainted with other readers of my column. Thank you for taking the time to come by and chat with me. I will be forever appreciative of your encouragement. And that is thank you number three.
So to borrow an expression from the old group The Mamas & the Papas, "This is dedicated to the ones I love" – and that is you.
One final note. I want to let my readers know that my email address has changed after all these years. If you wish to contact me, my new email address is themtnman@att.net
If you would like to contact me about my column or my book, I can be reached at: P.O. Box 927 – Stanton, KY 40380. Or you can give me a call at: 606-424-2510. Please continue to keep in touch.

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Dr. Smith is board certified by the American Board of Obstetrics and Gynecology and as a member of Saint Joseph Obstetrics and Gynecology Associates, Dr. Smith will be joining three other doctors: Avis Carr, MD, Elizabeth Elkinson, MD and Kristi McKenzie, MD. This partnership will allow for a wider variety of services for you and the assurance of quality care. Dr. Smith will continue to offer obstetric and gynecologic services at Baptist Care in Richmond and The Women's Hospital at Saint Joseph East in Lexington.

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