

ramblings...

by: perlina m. anderkin

You've heard the old saying "sometimes you get the bear, and sometimes the bear gets you?" Well, last week, as most of you know, the bear got us.

Not mentioning any names, because we are a "team" at the *Signal*, one of us got distracted and failed to realize until Thursday, that continuations from three front page stories had not been put in. We all regret this deeply and I did, especially, since I had to read the remaining indictments from the continuation to three people over the phone on Thursday.

We apologize and you will find all three stories, in their entirety, inside this week's issue.

Since true Springtime is taking its sweet time getting here, the biggest bright spot for me is my beloved Reds are back on the air. Of course, Monday night, they were getting a little less beloved because of the 13 innings it took for them to finally come through and win the game. But, hey, win it they did and it's all good.

Am slowly recovering from the dreaded April 15th tax day. I realize that I have to pay my "fair share" the same as anyone else but I really should get more input into how my "fair share" is spent. Now, don't get me wrong, I am not implying that I am one of the 1% of rich dudes that our President was referring to as not paying their "fair share" but, anything I pay comes from my efforts and should be treated accordingly, not as the government's due. If asked, I would not fund a study of why gay women are usually fat, or the mating habits of the Chinese prostitute, or a week long training session for the defense department to learn how to deal with zombies or have in place over 40 different federal job training pro-

grams or -- the ridiculous list goes on and on.

I would, instead, treat my tax money as someone else's and make every effort to spend it wisely and most effectively, but of course wise and effective do not in any way describe our federal government today.

Points East

By Ike Adams



There is a little shelf, high on the wall, just inside my garage door, where I keep a whet stone and half a dozen inexpensive, but razor-sharp, fillet knives out of the reach children and most other people who should not be handling dangerous cutting tools.

I haven't needed the knives recently because the water has been too high to fish, but tonight I need to put an edge on a cheese knife and couldn't find my Amish knife sharpener. I went to the garage to get my stone and found that both knives and stone were completely covered with a conglomeration of dead grass and feathers about the size of a shoe box. In other words, what appeared to be the work of some industrious field mice.

I like field mice, but not so affectionately that I'm going to allow them to deny me access to my knives, so I reached up with both hands to grab the mess, intending to throw it out in the pasture where field mice are supposed to dwell in the first place.

Before I even touched the "nest" there was a loud, angry, scolding, downright alarming "che-che-che-che c h e - c h e - c h e - c h e

The people of the United States were in shock this past week after two bombs exploded during the annual Boston Marathon last Mon-

!!!!!! from up in the rafters followed by thump on my cap and then the flapping of wings beating at my ears. I fell backwards out the door, landed on my behind on the asphalt while a father wren perched on the door knob and continued to give me pure screaming heck and continued to literally dare me to make one false move.

At least I'm assuming it was the father because when I got up, mindful of the complaining bird, I looked back inside and noticed what I assume to be the mother, with her head poked out of a hole in the mess of grass and feathers. She cocked her head sideways, took in the scene, and seemed amused but not the least bit frightened by my presence.

And there's a reason why. I have absolutely no way of knowing for sure, but I would bet a hundred dollars that she is the same Mama who raised two broods of baby wrens on our front porch last spring and summer. One of these broods happened in the top of a Bluegrass Hardware shopping bag sitting on a bench on my front porch. The bottom half of said shopping bag contained about forty dollars worth of garden seed that I'd purchased the week before.

I had to go back to the store because there was no way I was going to disturb the wrens. I'm currently hoping that last year's mammoth melting sugar peas, bodacious sweet corn, Roma II beans, and couple dozen bedding plant seed will sprout this spring. But that's another story. Suffice to say that I've kept my seed this year in a rubber maid box that is not open to the feathered public.

Later in the summer, the same wrens nested in an asparagus fern hanging right beside out front door and they didn't even complain when we carefully watered the plant while making sure the nest was not disturbed.

So I'm guessing that Mama has found a new man and that he'll get used to me soon enough. I'm also guessing that she figures that as long as she has her nest on something important to me, she will get my attention and I'll pay close attention to her welfare.

And, of course, she's absolutely right. I believe I can get at least one or two knives out from under the nest without bothering the birds when the bluegill commence biting before the first of May, but the whet stone will have to stay there for the next few weeks. When the first brood finally fledges, I'll remove my belongings and build another shelf. I intend to let the nest stay right where it is and hope it becomes a permanent home. Which is to say that I have infinitely more affection for wrens than I do for field mice.

In the meantime, I have found a rat-tail chain saw file in the garage and it has served the purpose needed by my cheese knife. The blade's edge is a bit ragged but the good Wisconsin babySwiss sliced thinly enough and the taste was unaffected. Come Monday I'll venture over to Granny's Amish Country Store on 39

(Cont. to A4)

The Way I See it

By
Doug Ponder



day, killing three people and wounding 282 others.

Unfortunately, the chaos continued last Thursday night when the two bombing suspects killed an MIT police officer during a shootout on MIT's campus.

The series of events then carried over into last Friday when one bombing suspect was killed during another shootout with police and the other suspect was captured hours later when police received a tip from a homeowner who found the suspect severely wounded inside the homeowners' boat.

Another shootout with police followed before they were able to apprehend the wounded suspect. During the two shootouts last Friday, 16 police officers were also wounded.

The total death toll from last week's events is five and the total wounded is 299. These numbers also include the two suspects and the police officers.

Investigators later discovered the suspects used two pressure cooker bombs that were each filled with nails, shrapnel, ball bearings and black powder.

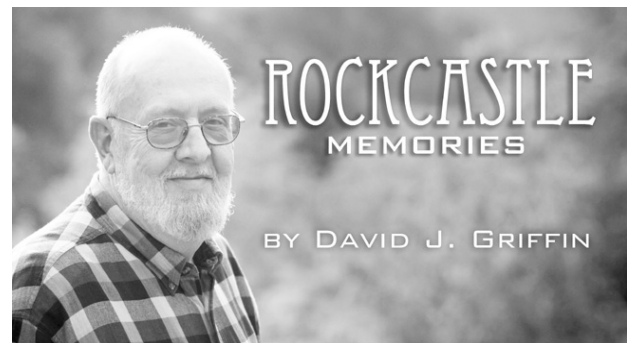
Personally, it grieves me to know that there are five families who have now lost someone that may have been their child, grandchild, parent, spouse, sibling, significant other, distant relative or friend.

It was also disturbing to hear that there were several amputations of limbs and that some people lost their hearing due to ruptured ear drums as a result of the loud explosions.

Regardless of their circumstances or situations, over 300 lives and the lives of their families have drastically changed as a result of these bombings and the events that followed in the capturing of the suspects.

A lot of people tend to lose sight of this fact in all

(Cont. to A4)



Remembering Bazooka Joe

When I was a young boy, my grandfather (Pop) was employed by Louisville Grocery Company as a "drummer"; he called on grocery stores in several surrounding counties in addition to Rockcastle. His job was one that involved taking orders from each store, sending the orders to Louisville by way of the L&N rail system, and then overseeing the delivery of the groceries to the individual stores.

Because Pop was able to develop friendships with the owners of each store, I thought he had one of the most interesting jobs in the world. To me, all he did was drive around and talk to people - fascinating people as far as I was concerned. In the summer months when school was not in session, he allowed me to accompany him on his daily rounds.

When Pop took me with him, he gave me permission to get a snack in some of the stores that we visited. If it was almost time for lunch, he and I often chose a baloney sandwich with a RC Cola. That was enough to tide us over until we returned home for dinner. If it was mid-morning or mid-afternoon, I was still usually allowed to purchase a treat. (You know how growing boys are - always hungry.)

In 1954, I discovered a new treat that had just come out by the Topps Company. It was a small square of bubble gum wrapped in wax paper that also included a miniature comic about the character Bazooka Joe and his Gang. I remember buying my first Bazooka Joe bubble gum at Mr. Chaney's grocery on West Main Street in Mt. Vernon.

After the purchase, Pop was chatting with Mr. Chaney, while I opened the small package and found the comic inside. I read the

"funny" and told Pop that I wanted to get a few more of the bubble gum packages. He agreed because the cost was only five cents per package. I opened each set and put the bubble gum into one of the wrappers so I could hold the comics to gether.

I found one of the comics on the internet that reminded me of how funny they were. It was a four-panel comic showing Joe riding his bicycle. He was showing off for his girlfriend. The first panel shows him riding with no hands, saying "Look, no hands!" The second frame showed him standing on the seat saying, "Look, no feet!" The third scene was him riding the bicycle into a tree and smashing his bike into mere pieces. The final frame was his girlfriend saying, "Look, no bike!"

Of course, since the product was bubblegum, the comics were designed for children to read. There were no important lessons to learn or vast amounts of educational philosophy to acquire. It was just good clean fun in the form of miniature comics.

The Topps Company also made it completely clear that the patch over Joe's eye was just for him to have fun. He was not injured; nor did not have a medical problem - he was just playing. The company also made clear that the word Bazooka was not related to a rocket-launcher but was instead a reference to the brass musical instrument of the same name.

The comic strip was written by cartoonist Wesley Morse. He modeled the character Bazooka Joe after his own seven-year-old son, Talley. Talley inspired his father by his own antics, which would then follow a

(Cont. to A4)

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