

ramblings...

by: perlina m. anderkin

I have some good news to share with my readers -- I'm going to be a grandma again. My youngest, Allison, whom I have teased unmercifully about being too tied up with her pet Yancey to have a child, informed me that she will be producing my 11th grandchild in the winter.

After we came to Mt Vernon in 1966, and I was pregnant with my third child, Jane, I used this column to announce the birth of subsequent children, including Allison in 1985 when I was 43 -- okay I turned 44 the next month. I was concerned at the time that I wouldn't live to see her grown and would have been happy to accomplish just that. But you tend to get greedy because then I hoped to see her graduate college and marry.

When she married almost two years ago, I, of course, began looking forward to additional grandchildren, but she didn't seem in any

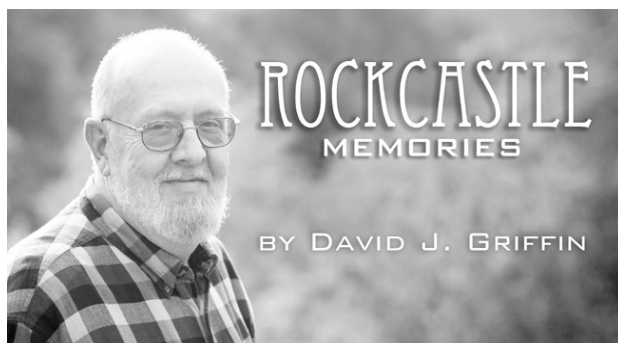
hurry to cooperate.

She first told me about two weeks ago and swore me to secrecy until she was through at least her first trimester and I managed to comply although I felt I would burst at times, wanting to share the information with someone -- anyone.

She was going to make the announcement at our Mother's Day event but when she threw up in her school's parking lot recently, she teaches at North Washington Middle School, she figured the cat was out of the bag and she better tell the family.

Allison is younger than one of her nephews, Aaron by 9 months and one day, and her baby will be younger than Aaron's baby, Avery Richard, who was born in February of last year.

But, it's once again a happy time in the Anderkin family with more than usual to look forward to in early December.



Delray Finally Arrives

It's here! Yes, my dream '54 Chevy Delray has finally arrived!

For the past week, I have been acting like the teenager that I was when I first drove my grandfather's 1954 Chevrolet. Ever since I notified the owner that we had a deal, I have been so nervous that he might find another "classic" car enthusiast who would offer him more money. However, I can now report that the gentleman kept his word and delivered my car this week. When I saw him pulling into the parking lot in Stanton, I was relieved. My dream of owning a 1950's automobile had just become a reality. It has been difficult for me to believe that this is actually happening because I dreamed of it for the past forty years.

Upon returning home from the car show in Pigeon Forge, I began to spend serious amounts of time searching the internet for information about the '54. My research brought me to the realization that the Delray had many luxury features and a sleeker look than the basic Chevy Two-Ten. When I first took the wheel of my newly acquired vehicle, I noted that the bottom half of the dash was accented with chrome appointments and that the original speedometer was in working order -- in addition to the more recently added accessories. I think my favorite feature is the air conditioner that has been aligned with the bottom of the dashboard. I had seen AC units sitting on the floor hump on old cars before but never a unit that neatly fit the bottom of the dash. It looks like it was original equipment, and it puts out the finest cool air.

I am sure my wife was equally relieved when the car arrived because she has been listening to me dream aloud ever since we met. (Anyone who knows me well knows about my desire to actually own a classic car.) We have been attending old car shows since we married in 1979, and each time I have drooled over hot Chevys.

I can't get over how the '54 sounds when you turn the key and hear the Chevrolet 350 cubic-inch V8 engine. When my grandfather (Pop) purchased his original Bel Air in 1954, the eight cylinder was not available. I was used to driving his car with a six-cylinder engine -- and it did not impress the driver because of its power. My new Delray has ample power to spare. The familiar sounds of yesterday's return when listening to the sweet reverberation of the exhaust system.

This morning, I drove my car to Joey's Muffler Shop in Stanton to have him check the underside of my ride. To my delight, Joey said, "In all of the years that I have been installing exhaust systems, I have never seen a 1950 automobile that was in this good shape. I could not find any rust or damage to the

car." I cannot begin to tell you how elated this made me feel. He added, "Whoever restored this vehicle knew what they were doing." While my car was in his shop, there were several "old timers" who stopped in to look it over. Each of them wanted to know where it came from and how I acquired this unusual ride. I am rather certain that I was visually beaming with pride.

I will forever be grateful for the folks at Destiny Automobiles in Maryville, Tennessee, for their professionalism and how they treated me with my purchase. Salesmen Bruce and Marc went the extra mile to assure that I was pleased, and they transported my Chevy to Stanton just as they had promised. (If you are ever interested in a classic automobile, give me a call and I can put you in touch.) They are indeed automobile aficionados.

I can't wait until I can drive my Delray to Mt. Vernon to show to my old friend Bud Cox and to my brother Al. I will definitely be taking them for a ride. I am sure Bud will be just about as excited as I am with my classic Chevy.

Kathy and I are already marking our calendars for regional car shows to attend in order to show off my new baby. Several shows are coming up soon, including Renfro Valley, Mt. Sterling, and the Corn Festival in Stanton.

This experience is genuinely a dream come true for me. I look forward to finding the time and opportunity to cruise the roads in my '54 Chevy, all the while listening to old rock and roll music. Yesterday, I inserted a CD into the radio and immediately turned up the volume. Believe me, it feels just right to hear Buddy Holly coming out of the speakers.

As a matter of fact, the entire car has captured my heart -- even with the roll-down windows. And I had forgotten how comfortable a big bench seat could be, plus the vehicle has such a substantial feel -- there is no plastic in this baby! I'm in love, and the way it makes me feel to drive it is as close as I'll ever be to being a teenager again.

Points East

By Ike Adams



Most of the time at sunset and in the early morning fog when the light is just perfect, Loretta and I have cameras handier than most cops have side arms at the ready. You just never know when you're going to need or have the opportunity to shoot something.

In our case it's opportunity and we know that most law enforcement officers don't ever want to pull their guns and only do so when the need arises. But we love to be ready to pull our cameras out and shoot, without warning, the random ray of light on a honeysuckle flower or flock of geese on the wing. Dew on the roses or robins just hatched. Grandsons a grinning or causing mischief. Gardens a growing in weather like this. You get the picture (no pun intended).

The problem is, we don't have holsters and even when we are driving slowly with cameras in our laps out and about actually looking for stuff to shoot, we miss most of the good stuff. And oh so rarely do we get a photo worth keeping when we are out searching. The best ones are the ones we carry in our memories---the ones that got away when we had no camera handy.

I don't know how many times I've been on the front porch late in the day or early in the morning when I have literally yelled back inside the house, something to the effect of "Granny get your gun and hurry up about it."

A chipmunk munching on a peanut hull in the morning mist on the rock wall out front of the yard. Wood peckers of several types and sizes on rotted old fence posts and a mama Bobwhite

quail, just last week, hastily herding her brood of a dozen or so chicks out of the garden for unfounded fear that I would do them harm.

And baby and half grown rabbits. Apparently the wettest spring we've had in a while as caused the briars and undergrowth to grow such that rabbits have an abundance of shelter from their predators along with all the sprouts of their favorite foods. Any hour of the day on Old Railroad Grade, which runs five or so miles up Lowell Branch Valley parallel to US 52, a young rabbit will dart across the road every three or so hundred yards right now. Late in the day or in the early morning they literally rule the road and it is amazing to me that so few are being killed by cars. Fast and agile are the rabbits and too fast and common to bother photographing. Even the local beagle hounds are bored.

On the other hand, no camera close at hand, late last Friday I was watering the petunias and geraniums and such on our front porch when I saw what appeared to be a big dog loping down the middle of our road and realized almost at once that it was a coyote. "GRANNY GET YOUR GUN", or something like that, I yelled at Loretta but she only made it outside in time to watch the one on the road meet up with two others coming out of the woods and then they ran the half mile, uphill length of the pasture next door toward the fellow who lives on the other side of the ridge. In broad daylight.

We hear these critters celebrating several times a

(Cont. to A4)

Strange... But True?

by: Tonya J. Cook



Mysterious Magnetic Fields

Through the decades, the more popular Bermuda Triangle has "drawn" more than attention with its powerful magnetic field. Numerous aircraft and ships have succumbed to the powerful force that seems to pluck its victims from the sky and ocean surface.

What is the cause of these powerful triangle areas? What happens to the ships and planes? How long have these occurrences been in existence? These are only a few of the questions the "Strange But True?" series will discuss in this portion of the series.

The Earth has a great many natural, or perhaps unnatural occurrences. One is the most noted in the Bermuda Triangle. It has been discussed and its mysteries pondered for decades, so that is why the little known Marysburg Vortex and Sophiasburg Triangle will be studied at this time.

Of course, the Bermuda Triangle is located off the coast of Florida and the islands farther south. These other triangles are located in Lake Ontario.

The Marysburg Vortex is located east of Point Petre, in the southern portion of Prince Edward County, Ontario, Canada extending east toward the St. Lawrence River and then north in the direction of Kingston, Ontario.

The Sophiasburg Triangle is west of Prince Edward County at the entrance to Presque Bay. There is a

magnetic field there which interferes with the functioning of compasses, making entry to the bay difficult in fog or storms.

Strange reported disappearances of ships go back as far as 1804. The HMS Speedy was the first to be reported. In 1883, the Quinlan's crew who survived a wreck reported "some odd attractions", an unknown force that disabled her compass, slamming the ship on a rocky shore. In 1889, an 8-man crew abandoned a perfectly seaworthy vessel with bread baking in the oven for no apparent reason. Two of the eight were found in a lifeboat and refused to be rescued, and were lost to the storm.

The George A. Marsh sank with 450 tons of coal in a violent storm on an otherwise beautiful day, in 1917. On June 30, 1964, the Star of Suez experienced navigation problems and ran ashore. The ship was freed only to have an undetermined source of fire break out on the ship a year later in the same area.

In these Canadian triangles there have also been noted strange lights, orbs of unknown origin, eerie fog and other abnormal occurrences. There have been numerous UFO sightings as well.

This is where we will pause in the study of these mysterious magnetic fields this week, only to resume this subject again next week.

Source: Wikipedia: Paranormal Studies and Investigations Canada

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Mount Vernon Signal

Publication Number 366-000
Periodical Postage Paid in Mt. Vernon, Ky. 40456
606-256-2244

Published every Thursday since November, 1887. Offices in the Mt. Vernon Signal Building on Main Street in Mt. Vernon, Ky. 40456. Postmaster, send address changes to P.O. Box 185, Mt. Vernon, Kentucky 40456.

James Anderkin, Jr., Publisher Emeritus
Perlina M. Anderkin, Publisher/Editor
Paige Anderkin Benge, Advertising Manager

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Out-of-State \$35.00 Yr.
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