

ramblings...

by: perlina m. anderkin

Here at the Signal, we always appreciate a "feel good" story and Maretburg resident Doug Brock furnished us with one this week.

It's always refreshing to hear about an honest person being honest, even in the face of great gain if they put their honesty aside on occasion. Brock found a bank envelope with 13 \$100 bills in it but with a name and PO box number and a Crab Orchard zip code in a trash can outside a business in Lexington. He then took the time to track that person down and return the money to the rightful owner.

In this day and age, that tells me that all is not lost for our society, something that I need reminding of quite often.

But, I shouldn't. Over my life span, there have been numerous times when the kindness of strangers has made a difference for my family. It was usually my fault, through a lack of attention, that I left my purse behind in a busy place on several occasions. On all but two of those occasions, strangers, and one acquaintance in the Berea WalMart, came to my rescue and "sat" with my purse until I returned for it. On one occasion, I left it in the ladies restroom on the first floor of the courthouse with the bulk of my Christmas club money in it. I realized shortly afterwards what I had done and returned there quickly. When I spotted my purse where I had left it, I was overjoyed that it was still there until sometime later when I got into my wallet and realized that I had been relieved of my Christmas Club money. At least, they left my bank and credit cards behind. Of course, I have recounted the other occasion, which happened in January of this year at Dillard's in Lexington, and it still rankles. I didn't lose as much cash but notifying the bank and credit card companies was the basis for many nightmares.

Had our annual family get together in the Smokies last weekend. Almost everyone of the "immediate" side was able to be there. It was a fun time as usual. The fact that we scheduled it for Halloween weekend, and the weather pushed those fes-

tivities into Friday, caused some to be late to begin the fun but it ended up all good.

We always take a family picture and every year I am amazed at what has ensued since I laid eyes on Jim in 1959 and decided he was the one. We are now at 27 and counting and just looking at that bunch in the photo makes me happy.

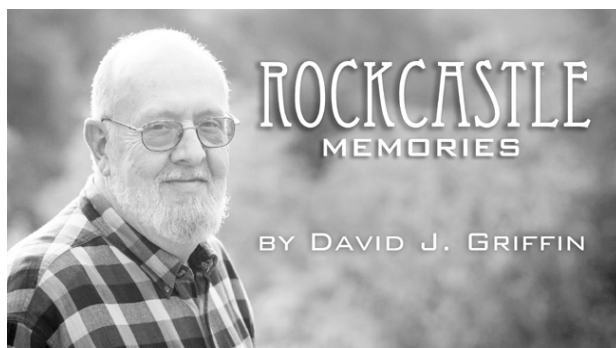
We are fortunate that we are all compatible and there have never been any "incidents" to cause family splits. I think that any that might occur would be my fault since the older I get the more ill-tempered I seem to become but if everyone would just remember my oft repeated phrase, "If mama ain't happy..." then there wouldn't be any need for the ill-temper.

The mountains were beautiful and we had three balconies to enjoy them from besides all the good food that's always available not to mention the shopping trip to the outlets. Jamie and I abandoned daughter-in-law Laura and granddaughter Kayla in the parking lot since we couldn't find one parking space and went to eat and watch ballgames on TV until they finished shopping. But, they called and were telling us of all the great bargains they were getting at the GAP outlet and we hurried back. Jamie then proceeded to stalk those leaving the mall until she managed to find a space while the other person was literally leaving the spot.

I would comment again on the state of affairs, especially concerning the debacle of the rollout of Obamacare but I have been in such turmoil since Oct. 1st over it that I really have no words left to express my disgust of the program and my well-founded fear that it will wreck what was the best healthcare system in the world.

I am constantly amazed at the habit this administration has of calmly uttering what is a patently false statement and, when challenged, simply sticking by the statement with no shame whatsoever, i.e., "if you like your plan you can keep it, period." Of course the President did tell us Monday that he actually said "unless the plan was changed after the

(Cont. to A4)



That Dreaded Cod Liver Oil

Does anyone remember that tall, brown bottle of Cod Liver Oil that parents and grandparents stored in the ice box/refrigerator? That is a common memory for many of us who were children during the 40's and 50's. And I tell you, I most certainly remember!

I vividly recall that nasty taste because each morning before leaving for school, I was administered a large spoonful of it by my mother (Bee). Even after chasing the foul, fishy tasting elixir with a glass of orange juice, the flavor still lingered for what seemed to me was a terribly long time. For the next twenty minutes, I spat, coughed, and gaged until the oily liquid was finally absorbed. Even when the aftertaste had subsided, I could not help but immediately begin to dread the next dose to come.

Bee was staunchly persuaded that cod liver oil was a necessary vitamin supplement that would boost our resistance to childhood diseases. It also contained large amounts of vitamins A and D. Since these vitamins were known to prevent such diseases as rickets and were also supposed to aid in the reduction of joint pain and cardiovascular disease, Bee was convinced that the liquid was essential for her son's development. It was universally accepted as necessary for good growth, strong bones, and illness resistance. Her mind was made up, and she was diligent in her administration of the potion.

Back in those days, people swore by the old wives' tale that cod liver oil aided in everything from aching muscles, rheumatism, coughs, strengthening of bones, digestion, brain functions, and even staying "regular." Even the government recommended the daily consumption of one spoonful of the dreaded cod liver oil.

Evidently our parent's beliefs might actually have held some validity. In addition to the abundance of fat-soluble vitamins, cod liver oil is high in omega-3 fatty acids, which may reduce the risk of heart disease and aid in the prevention of arthritis. Studies have shown that a daily dose of cod liver oil may reduce feelings of depression as much as 30 percent. Researchers also claim that cod liver oil can aid in the prevention of: asthma, immune function, cardiac arrhythmia, ulcerative colitis, rheumatoid arthritis, high blood pressure, Crohn's disease, and bipolar disorders. Since I am in the winter of my life and

take no prescription medications, I suppose Bee may have been at least partially correct in her assumption that the horrid elixir had some long term benefits.

In addition to cod liver oil, there were two other homeopathic remedies that my mother administered to me as a child. One of them was Castor Oil, which was used as a laxative. Because I was a very active child and spent most of my free time running in the woods behind our house, it was rare for me to need such a treatment. However, that was not the case for my grandparents. They used the foul-tasting oil on a regular basis for constipation. The United States Food and Drug Administration has categorized castor oil as "generally recognized as safe and effective" for over-the-counter use as a laxative. I hated the taste of that oily liquid and used every method known to man to avoid having to take this home remedy. A daily dose of castor oil won't keep the doctor away, and modern medicine still hasn't backed up claims that it also treats skin conditions, eases pain, or cures infections.

The other home remedy that Bee used on a regular basis was Vick's Vapo Rub. Since that ointment is an oil-based medication, it shouldn't be used under or inside the nose, inside the mouth or swallowed. It is indicated for use only on the chest and throat for cough suppression due to the common cold or on muscles and joints for minor aches and pains. Apparently, Bee never bothered to read the instructions on the little blue bottle because she often put a "dollop" in each of my nostrils, and I even had to hold a small amount on my tongue with the instructions, "David Joe, do not swallow. Allow the Vicks to slowly melt in your throat."

As the salve melted and ran down my throat, I thought I might die on the spot. That home remedy was even worse than the dreaded cod liver oil. After the lubricant coated my esophagus, I could hardly breathe. I begged and pleaded for some pleasant tasting liquid

(Cont. to A4)

Points East

By Ike Adams



So here we are, coming to you still alive from Telford Terrace Rehabilitation Center in Richmond where I am recovering from two strokes that kept me in St. Joseph's Lexington Hospital for the better part of last week before being transferred to Telford where I intend to learn to walk again.

I say "we" because my Telford roomie is fellow columnist Dick Ham who has been writing for the Richmond Register since long before the paper began carrying my column. I knew that Dick was here recovering from hip surgery and that he'd been here for some time.

So the first thing I asked when Loretta wheeled me in to reception was whether he was still here.

"Not only is he here, Mr. Adams, but you're going to be his roommate."

I suspect that Register Editor, Bill Robinson is behind this arrangement and that he is secretly hoping Dick will teach me how to write. But that's not gonna happen because Dick is being sprung from here on Monday and I can tell you for sure that if he hasn't published a column before you read this one, it's not because he is unable to do so.

In fact I'm finding it difficult to get any rest because all the women who work here keep coming in an kissing the bald spot on top of his head, making loud smacking noises, and then telling him how much they're gonna miss him.

If I get a send-off like that Loretta will try to pawn me off on one of them. But Dick has been here for over five weeks and I'm hoping that it will not take me that long to get my legs back under me. On the other hand if I

have to be institutionalized for a spell, I can think of few other places I'd rather be and none where I'd expect to receive better care. I am already planning on emailing a certain hospital to suggest they send their cooks to Telford Terrace so they can learn how to prepare edible food.

I'm not much of a complainer, but I did make frequent snide remarks to the nurses while I was in the hospital.

Loretta often teaches nutrition classes and she has a little case full of little rubber food items---eggs, bacon, sausage links, hamburger patties and name any fruit or vegetable---that she uses to illustrate when she is explaining their nutritional values and calorie content. So I told the hospital staff that I was sure that Lo's rubber goods tasted better than the stuff they were trying to force feed me. I know for sure the rubber stuff looks better.

Finally, fed up with my whining, one of the nurses told me that she didn't know anybody who had ever checked into a hospital because they were looking for a good place to eat. I must confess that I didn't have a come-back to that one.

Anyway, by the time you see this piece in your newspaper, I hope that I'm out of rehab or at least packing up to leave. I'll take all the loving the women here want to give me when the time comes to say good bye, but I hope they don't shave the top of my head to make a bald spot they can kiss on. Of course they didn't have to shave Dick Ham.

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