

ramblings...

by: perlina m. anderkin

Held the Anderkin Thanksgiving Day on Sunday and its always one of the best times of the year.

With few exceptions, the whole family was there and I can report that the younger generation is hale, hearty and rambunctious.

Three of the girls, Paige, Sara and Jane, along with granddaughters, Kayla, Alaina and Caroline, participated in the 5K/2 mile fun walk held by Mt. Vernon Elementary. The granddaughters did well, I'll leave it to my girls to tell you how they did. But, hey, they finished which is more than I would have accomplished. I never did like walking, just for the sake of walking, in fact, I can't think of anything much I like to do just for the sake of doing it -- you know, like cleaning house, washing the car, etc.

CJ Day is fast approaching but it can't be fast enough for the family. Celia James Carney should be here by December 6th and Allison, and the whole family, are getting impatient. I'm still pulling for the 30th, my birthday.

I was in the hospital in Versailles birthing Jamie on Thanksgiving day, the year she was born, so Jim decided he and Rick would come to Rockcastle County to his Mom's and Dad's for the holiday. He had a flat tire about a half-hour into the trip, got that taken care of, then, shortly afterwards, had another. By that time, he decided he should turn around and come home. He came to the hospital and they let him and Rick eat with me -- it wasn't great cuisine but we were together as a family, including Jamie by that time.

Thanksgiving has always been my favorite holiday and even my children, when they were small, really looked forward to it. Quite often, we either went to my Mom's and Dad's or they

came to us and that was a treat for the children. But, mainly, I think, it's just a stress-free holiday and a time for reflection of all we have to be thankful for.

Pres. Obama's approval rating has dropped to an all time, 40%, low. My question is who are these people who make up the 40%?

Quite frankly, I can't think of anything, other than he appears to be a good father, to approve of. He promised the "most transparent" administrations in history and that's a laugh fest. He made promises about people's health insurance and doctor that they could supposedly keep under Obamacare and that turned out to be a lie which cost millions their health insurance. His Democrat Senate has recently undone a 220 year format for the Senate to be enable him to get through his liberal appointments, he lied about Benghazi for weeks and, best I can tell, refused to send military help available to save the four American lives that were lost and the beat goes on.

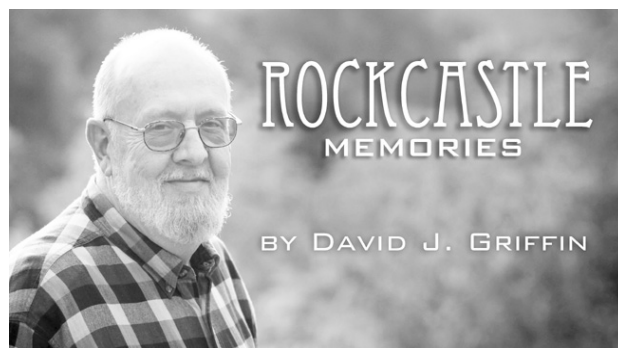
I think one the things I am most thankful for is that there is only three years left in his second term. But, I fear, that we are beyond the tipping point in our government and in the last eight years, we have been turned from the strongest country in the world to a nanny state.

Our Readers Write

Appreciate efforts on temporary bridge...

Dear Editor,

We have lived in Brodhead all of our lives and, until recently, didn't realize how much we had taken the ability to access the conveniences of a small town for granted until the



"The woods are on Fire!"

In the fall of 1954 when I was only ten-years-old, I vividly remember hearing my grandfather (Pop) yelling, "The woods are on fire!" It was late afternoon, and I was sitting in my bedroom listening to my transistor radio when I heard Pop screaming at the top of his lungs. I could tell by the panic in his voice that something was seriously wrong. I jumped out of bed and ran to the backyard where I had heard Pop shouting.

As I entered the yard, I could smell the characteristic aroma of wood burning. Several of the men of the neighborhood had smelled the fire and were gathering in our yard with Pop. I remember hearing him giving directions. "Everybody grab a rake or a shovel and follow me to the woods." The woods he was referring to was the heavily wooded area behind our house, adjoining the Juanita Davis property. The entire area behind both Pop's house and my mother's (Bee) house, just up the gravel road, was filled with billowing smoke.

Pop and the rest of the men who were running to-

ward the woods were afraid that the forest fire would get out of control and possibly even burn our homes. The look on Pop's face told me that this was indeed a most serious situation. At that moment, I was very frightened, but I was also determined to help the men put out the fire. My young heart was pounding.

Each of the men was using a rake to scatter the burning leaves to keep the fire from spreading. Pop instructed half of the neighbors to run up to the Davis property to see how bad the fire was in that area. They reported that several others were working to keep the blaze away from the Davis house also.

Pop yelled for my grandmother (Mommie Katie) and Bee to get some buckets and begin to pour water on a line next to the gravel road between the two houses. I could tell that Bee was quite worried. She and Mommie Katie ran to the house and filled two buckets each with water and began to wet the leaves next to the road.

It seemed like hours to me before we could determine that the fire was not continuing to gain momentum. I can still see Pop standing in the woods resting on a rake while using his handkerchief to wipe his brow. His face was as red as a beet. Finally, he declared, "Let's start a back fire here where we have made some progress and see if that will help." The men began to set the leaves on fire, hoping that the fire would burn itself out before causing any real damage. I had never heard of a back fire, so I watched and learned. Sure enough, the newly lit leaves began to burn in the direction of the major portion of the fire. Pop and the other men began to circle the woods to make sure no sparks jumped into a fresh portion of the woods. The smell of smoke was still heavy in the air.

(Cont. to A4)



The Way I See it

By
Doug Ponder

The suspense is building for shopping fanatics around the country as the largest shopping event of the year is this Friday.

Black Friday is an annual shopping event following Thanksgiving Day where stores of all varieties offer reduced prices on select items for a short amount of time. Black Friday is also regarded by many as the official beginning of the Christmas shopping season.

Stores will release the items at a certain time which is usually anywhere from 1 to 6 a.m. Most of the time there will only be a certain amount of each item, so a line will form for the item before it's released. Once the items are released, they are sold on a first come, first served basis. So if there are 100 of the item you want and you are the 101st person in line, you are out of luck!

I can safely say I have "earned my stripes" in the past during Black Fridays. When I was a teenager, my mom and several of my aunts would recruit me to go with them so I could stand

in line for some huge item while they would stand in line for other items.

Every Black Friday, this was my mission, standing in line for what would usually be a TV, computer, tablet, MP3 player or some other drastically reduced electronic item. Once I got the item, after standing in line for hours, I would then retreat to a secluded place in the store (which was usually the underwear section at Wal-Mart) and wait for my mom or one of my aunts to call me saying they were ready to checkout.

Every year when I retreated to this place, I would usually find a few other guys who had the same idea who had also "retreated" once they got their designated item after waiting in line for hours.

As we all waited out the shopping storm in our personal hideout, we would all talk about our past Black Friday experiences just like a bunch of war veterans that exchange past battle experiences.

We would continue to

(Cont. to A4)

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e-mail address - mvsignal@windstream.net

closure of the main bridge into town. We currently live just on the other side of the bridge and it typically takes us less than five minutes to get to work, to the bank, to get gas or even grab a quick bite to eat...at least until we tried to get home and found that the bridge, we used every day, had been condemned and closed. A typical five minute trip now took about 30 minutes to complete. In addition to the inconvenience of having to access Brodhead through Mt. Vernon, we also began to think about the extended time for police, fire and EMS to respond to our neighborhood had those services been needed.

It is for these reason that we would like to take this opportunity to extend a special thanks to the local state road department for working so diligently on the temporary bridge in Brodhead.

(Cont. to A4)

We Give Thanks...

In every thing give thanks; for this is the will of God in Christ Jesus concerning you.

1 Thessalonians 5:18



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