

Back in the seventies, before the phenomenon of yard sales had come to pass, the two best ways to acquire another person's junk and turn it into your own, personal treasure was to attend a weekend auction or listen to Swap Shop on your local or surrounding radio stations.

The auction "barn," driven because you could load up all your stuff in the back seat and trunk of the family car and take it to the auction yourself or sell it in bulk to an "auction broker" who would come to your house and clean out your garage and attic and make you an offer for the load.

Lots of these brokers had big trucks that they would fill up in Kentucky and take to an auction in Tennessee or Indiana one weekend and then they'd show up in Crab Orchard or Isom or Hindman, or wherever in Kentucky the next with a load of stuff they had accumulated out of state.

Just after dusk on a hot Saturday night, and in a slow, solemn, almost quaking voice and dabbling tears away the auctioneer began, "This entire load, friends and neighbors, was imported from Southern Indiana just this morning and you know how Hoosiers live high on the hog so hold your breath and get ready because this is bound to be one of the best lots of stuff we have all evening."

The man says he has over 20 new kitchen appliances including your toasters, mixers, electric skillets, steam irons, carving knives, along with table lamps and five sets of silverware that came from a marriage game had on the honeymoon.

"Seems the bride was so distraught that she sold him all the wedding presents before she even opened them and they've been stored in her Mama's basement and she didn't want no part of them either so Homer, here, bought the whole shebang for \$35.00 just to help them out. And we ain't to put it in your house tonight at the highest bid, and everything must go to this man." This may be the only chance you'll ever have to buy a brand new toaster for a nickel.

Then suddenly, like a thunder, clap, came an instant change in

tempo from funeral last rites to a booming "here comes the rodeo" one of voices. "So what's we got here boys?" Looks like a brand new teflon coated electric pan-griddle still in the box. Man! I love pancakes and this thing will even cook them waffle shaped. I need \$10.00 and I need it now so we can get on to the good stuff. Who'll give me a 5, a five dollar bill, can I hear a 3?"

Dead silence. No bids. So the auctioneer says in his funeral voice, "Folks you are overlooking this brand new appliance. Would somebody give me a quarter because we have to pick up the pace here."

And all of a sudden bids ring out and he urges them on! 10 goats, two, and now 20nds quarter and three in the back and four here on the front row and I needs quarter and there it is, and now a five—and finally sold to bidder 121 for \$26.50. What's next boys?

Sold to bidder, 121 for \$26.50. Mark down price at a discount-store with a guarantee and return policy would have been at least half that. But a good auctioneer, and I know several, can sell ice to Eskimos north of the Arctic Circle in January for three bucks a bucket whether they need it or not. You can't fault the auctioneer. And actually you could get some bargains. You still can at estate sales but folks finally caught on and I don't have to tell you about yard sales.

The other way to trade for goods was to listen it, if you were a buyer, or call if you were selling-off to the Radio Station's public service show that normally aired for anywhere from 15 minutes up to an hour each day. My favorites were Whiteshop, and Richmond and I can't recall the call letters of either. I know that Whiteshop's program was Swap Shop and Richmond's was Man About Town.

In the late '70s I was living out in the country in Madison County and I was a regular listener of Man About Town which ran from noon till one on Saturdays. I bought numerous chickens, bee hives, fresh vegetables,

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ramblings.....

by perline m. andersin

I actually wrote this column Tuesday night, with the events of Tuesday night, had to go back and insert this header. Jim and I are grandparents for the eighth time. Our daughter, Sara, and her husband, Jason Cooper, are the proud parents of their third child and first son, Travis Reese Cooper, born at 6:25 a.m. Wednesday morning. Reese weighed in at 9 lbs., 1 oz. and was 20 1/2 inches long. Mother and baby are fine, after a long, arduous labor -- the rest of the family I'm not so sure about.

Friday was Anna Rose Mullins' last day as secretary, and general repository of all things pertaining to county business.

Mrs. Mullins was the one we called when we needed an extension, explained and she always came through.

Her 32-years of service are to be commended. She has served since the days of County Judge Charles Carter and has grown up with the county's affairs and kept them in excellent order.

She always projected a calm, confident, polite demeanor and, as Judge Carlisle said in Friday's Fiscal Court meeting, will be greatly missed.

We do not know, at this time, who will be replacing Anna Rose but they have their work cut out for them. There are some "big shoes" to fill.

Good luck, Anna Rose, and we sincerely hope you enjoy your retirement, you have earned it.

On another note, a mistake Anna Rose would have never made, I misinterpreted which magazines should be contacted about the single-home development planned for Livingston which was discussed at the court's regular meeting this month. In my story, I named William Denny and Fred Mullins, along with Judge Carlisle, as the contact people in the courthouse for this project. I was two-thirds right; it should have been Denny, Carlisle and Magistrate Ralph Allen.

It has been a hectic, short summer

and one that is moving along much too quickly. Allison opted to give private swim lessons this summer and, guess what, it came rains almost all of Noah's Ark proportions. So she has played "catch-up" since this and we haven't been able to plan any trips. Hopefully, we'll be able to catch a few days just before school opens, in the middle of summer it seems like, to get away.

Allison will be a senior this year. Aaron, our grandson, graduated last school year. Two other granddaughters, Kayla and Megan, will be a junior and sophomore, respectively and I can't believe any of it.

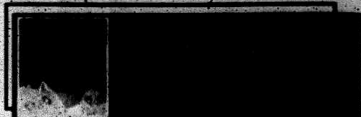
I know you get tired of the whining about how quickly time flies but I can't help myself. Travis graduated from college this year and Allison, who will be 18 in October, will be leaving next year for college. I know I won't be able to handle it. We'll probably take the "not being able to cut the apron strings" to a whole new level when Allison tries to leave home for college. I have already told her, while she has been debating which school to attend, that it's her choice since her dad and I can rent an apartment anywhere.

I haven't really gotten any feedback from her from that comment but she is an extremely polite child and when she sneaks off in the middle of the night and won't tell me which college she's attending, I'll finally figure out her reactions to it.

Seriously, it will be traumatic and I'm already in a funk with a year to go until it happens.

And, finally, Shelly R. Lewis sent us an email asking us to print an acknowledgement of the work Garrett Stewart did on the new Welcome to Mt. Vernon sign. Mrs. Lewis said, "Garrett Stewart was the stonemason who did such a fantastic job laying the surrounding rock and I feel he deserves your credit for his craft. I saw him there each day in 90 degree heat and the work turned out beautifully."

And, we agree, he does and it did.



Independence Day has come and gone again this year. I know I've taken for granted, as I'm sure we all have, the meaning of true independence and the quality of life it brings. This year was especially meaningful. Although the war in Iraq is officially over, yet each day brings about the death or injury of more American troops. It's difficult to even imagine the harsh lives these Iraqis lived before their liberation by America. They may never have all of the rights enjoyed by Americans, but at least it's a start.

This year I celebrated Independence Day with a picnic at Lake Reba at Richmond with my husband and his son, Chris. As I sat there waiting for dark to fall and the fireworks show to begin, I wondered how many lives there had been directly touched by the recent war. How many parents, wives, or children had even lost a loved one fighting for the independence of others on the other side of the world? How many holiday tables such as our family's had vacant spaces this Independence Day? How they missed long for the safe return of their loved ones, especially during the holiday seasons.

Independence Day and the weeks following have been traditionally times for families to get together for cookouts, family reunions, and good of fashioned "let's get re-acquainted" visits. These are the kind of visits that are going out of style. In today's lifestyle, if families get together at all, it's just a brief "hello-goodbye" and "how are you doing" over a hamburger and potato salad.

Recently, I was helping a friend of mine, Marguerite Robinson, prepare for the arrival of her sister, Louise from Texas. As we were getting things in order, I felt myself getting excited, and I hadn't even met

her sister. We talked about what would be served, everyone that was coming, and the good times to be had. Flashes of my childhood were coming back to when I would help my mom, Inez, and grandmother, Evelyn, prepare for out-of-town guests. Mom and I lived next door to my grandparents so we had two houses to get in order.

We were "gettin' ready for camp 'ny". These are the of "time let's get re-acquainted" visits I remember. We would get the word that some aunt or uncle and their family were coming for a visit, or a cousin with their family. When they arrived, we could expect them to stay for a week or more. This usually went on all summer, each family taking a turn staying with us.

I always would get excited in anticipation of the wonderful time everyone would have. I usually got gifts from the aunts and uncles, and it wasn't even Christmas! The second cousins were sometimes about my age so we had a great time playing together. This was wonderful because I didn't have anyone else in the family or very close in the neighborhood for playing. Otherwise, my only chance for playmates were two twin girls, Arlene and Darlene Crowder who visited occasionally with their grandparents, our neighbors.

All of these good times didn't come without paying for it. I had my little list of chores to aid in "gettin' ready for camp 'ny". I usually had to polish my grandma's silver and be sure it was cleaned well. Silver polish left between fork tines doesn't taste very good. I also helped make beds in the guestrooms, dust, and do other household cleaning. I also had to do the place settings at each meal after the guests arrived, even though

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Our Readers Write

Dear Editor,

I enjoyed Mrs. Cook's article "full circle." It was my good fortune to have known her hero, Roscoe Northing, when he was in his prime, as we were double first cousins. She mentioned that Roscoe was a WWI vet, but not that he was highly decorated in that terrible trench war, when most were disabled by the inhuman use of chemical weapons.

He was also a faithful and high ranking member of the Ancient Masonic Order, (a family tradition), all of which helped him in his success. I also wish my cousin, Tonya much success and happiness in her new undertakings.

Jim Norton

Dear Editor,

All of us are touched in a very personal way by cancer. Whether it's our loved ones or friends, each of us has suffered losses from this disease.

To help support the fight against cancer, I will be participating in the American Cancer Society's Relay for

Life at Rockcastle County Middle School, August 1, 2003. Relay For Life began with one man, one track and one goal. In 1985, an American Cancer Society volunteer, Dr. Gordon Klatt, put on his jogging gear and headed out the door.

Twenty-four hours and 81 miles later, Dr. Klatt had raised an amazing \$27,000 in sponsored donations! Relay For Life is now the American Cancer Society's national signature activity. Last year, Rockcastle County raised more than \$21,000!!!

This year, I would like to invite everyone to help us meet this challenge through sponsorship and support. I ask that everyone consider making a donation to this wonderful cause. Please make your check payable to the American Cancer Society and give it to one of the many people participating on a team and working so hard to continue our fight against cancer. All funds raised go directly to cancer research, education and prevention.

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Carpal Tunnel Syndrome

Presented by Dr. Kevin Rowe

When your hand goes to sleep and feels "funny" it may mean that the nerve to the hand is being compressed as it passes through the wrist. Here, it has to go through a narrow "tunnel" which can easily get too tight for the nerve, thus causing carpal tunnel syndrome. This is more common in women than men and frequently affects both hands.

The earliest symptom often occurs at night. The thumb and first two fingers of the hand become painful and numb. A person may get relief by rubbing or shaking the hand or hanging it over the side of the bed.

The pain is often brought on by repetitive movements of the wrist or fingers. This repetitive trauma or overuse of the wrist commonly occurs with certain types of factory work. Also, having the wrist cocked back, as in driving a car or writing on a blackboard, frequently makes it worse.

The pain can radiate up the forearm and even to the shoulder, making the diagnosis more difficult. In more severe cases, the thumb will become weak, and the muscles can even wither away at the base of the thumb.

The diagnosis is confirmed by an EMG (a nerve conduction test). Occasionally, x-rays are taken since old fractures, arthritis and other diseases can contribute to the problem.

Often, carpal tunnel syndrome will improve with medical treatment including anti-inflammatory medicines, cortisone injections, wrist braces, and a change in work or activities. If these do not help, it can be treated with surgery that opens the area that is compressing the nerve and removes some of the thickened tissue. This is a relatively simple procedure and gives almost immediate relief.



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