

I've been "on vacation" for the last

I've been 'on vacation' for the last nine days.

Brother Keeter, whose vacation coincided with pine, and old friend, Mark Mitchell from Indianapolis, rolled into the front yard on my first day off with Mark's bass boat in low and then we made sure the light on the week of the working and we he headed down 1-75 for Woods Creek Lake in Laurel County, 60 miles away, where we caught limits of rout and even a few keeper carapite.

w keeper crappie.
Only problem is that Woods Creek pposed to be a stopping point te sure the boats were running to make sure the boats were running good. I'd previously made arrangements with Ed Maggard to use the nice little dock he has there on the shore with the camper parked and leveled up on the side of the hill right there above the wafer line and just far enough away from the lake that you can have some privacy. The

notion was to fish until midnight or so and come back to Ed's place and sleep until the sun came up and move on to Laurel or Cumberland Lake the next day. ext day.Ed is "retired" and has a lot of

Bd is "retired" and has a lot of friends of more a many relative strong returns a common date and now spends one time making sure friends and relatives are happy than he ever did arming a living. And is bored when we don't aggravate him and I'm sorry hat I don't do it enough.

Because Ed's wife, Carrie, is early the best camp cook I've ever known, even though she never shows up at camp. She uses Ed to cater to us when we are on the lake and it's better than catching fish. If you have never had an egg, bacon and cheese andwich, secretly grilled and seasoned on toast in the wee hours of the morning on Laurel Lake, lovingly sanuvicn, secretly grilled-and sea-soned on toast in the wee hours of the morning on Laurel Lake, lovingly prepared by Mrs. Ed Maggard, you have missed out on one of America's great culinary delights. It would be an instant success on the chain franchise scheme.

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You'd think it was more than enough and you feel humble that Ed would shure his emper with whe found that have been as the second of the secon

gets gobbled up. (My favorite idea of a second life is to come back as a woodpecker in Carrie Maggard's

So I'm rambling here. And here

back yard)

So I'm rambling here. And here is the end of the story.

We met Ed at his dock last Tuesday because he'd been waring to make sure we showed up. He had other company who had gone off and left him but he had faith in my telling him we would be there and when we pulled up to his dock he tossed two big aluminum foil-wrapped packages into my lap.

"Fudge in the heavy one, ginger-bread in the other. You can thank Carric."

He c'imbed in my old boat and we headed down the lake where closer family than me were fishing off a pontoon and we pulled up alongside so Ed could join them. I took off or down the lake with brother, Keith after Ed hadd disembarked and we found

ter Ed had disembarked and we found a place where the fish always bite and we caught our limits of trout after fishing into the wee hours of the

ng. but three in the morning we ate Carrie Maggards's ginger-bread like it was the staff of life. (I had sample the fudge and decided I was taking i

home.).

The fog rolled in so thick and soupy that we were lost on Woods Creek last Wednesday morning and dared not to move our boats. We

could hardly see each other from stem to stern. It was like being cap-tured in a cloud. Trying to navigate back to the dock would have been futile. Actually we were not lost and the lake is small. We knew excactly where we were and not intended to stay there but we had not intended to stay all night. From time to time we caught a fish and checked to see how we were doing on keeping to the

more fish per bait-in-the water on Woods Creek than Ed Maggard, nor enjoyed it more. And being in the boat with him is the ultimate joy of enjoyed it more. And being in the boat with him is the ultimate joy of fishing. Woods Creek is fine fishing but without Ed in the boat it lacks a certain quality that keeps it from be-ing measurable in terms of average or good or even great as opposed to sereine and complete. We caught fish but mostly I missed Ed Maggard's company.

s not serene. Not complete our or two after sunrise we

There are some people who make a difference



This will sound comy to so tally. If you haven't played footb it will be even harder to understan

If you have, and especially if you played for Glenn Polly, you will un-

played for Glenn Polly, you will understand even more.

In this world there are people whom we all respect and look up to.

For most people it is their mom and dad, or their grandparents is well is should be. but there are also those special people who have a great impact on your life who you will never forget.

oach Glenn Polly died on Mon-le was my football coach from me I was in the eighth grade

Another former player of Coach Polly's, John Clontz, summed it up pretty good this week, there was no confusion about where Mr. Polly

wouldn't get hurt unless you were afraid of getting hurt.

Looking back on the way he felt about that, he was simply trying to tell you to suck it up.

He was an emotional man, who was also a part-time preacher.

He knew the importance of being a Christian and he fought his owd demons all of the time. He was very stood on matters.

He was a leader, a molder, a man you could trust and a man that you looked up to. Most importantly he

fooked up to. Most importantly he was a firend.

He gave advice, most of it good, and he knew how to get all over you and he knew how to get all over you and he knew how to praise you.

It was obvious that he was a very carring man, who loved football and his players. Football is no easy thing to play and even harder to coach. I personally thought that the administration could not have picked a better man to head the program.

He was a man, who would run laps with you, call you out of class if he thought there was a problem and a man, who took his job very, very seriously.

seriously.
Many Friday nights he would be

He knew football is a dangerous ort and he always said that you ouldn't get hurt unless you were

candid about how hard it was to re-sist temptation.

Between my junior and senior year he resigned. I was upset because we actually had a pretty good team. The makings of a pretty good team, which he and his assistants, Jim

so nervous that he would have to go into his office and chain smoke.

And when he called you nito his office before the game to talk to you about the seriousness of what was about to happen, you listened.

It wasn't easy to play for Mr. Polly, because there simply were no slackers. Slackers were not allowed on his field. team, which he and his assistants, Jim Cox and Larry Travis, had prepared for three or four years to be winners. We had paid the price. I didn't understand why he would on his field.

He approached football in a fashion that he always said would guide you through life.

He would get aggarvated at times and line-up across from you with no pads on, and knock you on your but, all in an effort to show you the proper way to do things.

ave us. It wasn't his nature to walk ut on his team and he knew the way

out on his team and he knew the way
I felt.

One day, before he left the high
school he had talked to some of the
other players and they told him that I
was thinking of not playing my senior year, because I didn't know what
sag onig to take place and that I was
pretty aggravated with him.

He called me into his office and
explained to me some aspects of life and
some of the things that one has
to do and the reasons for it.

After our two hour conversation
I left with a betier understanding of
what he was going through and why
he did what he had to do.

(Cont. to A-10)

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