



## Points East

By:  
Ike Adams

I'm still having an occasional piece of jagged rock or stone or whatever pass through my mind. I'll spare you the details. Suffice only to say that I approach peeing these days with much trepidation: even though the doctors say I should drink water and/or cranberry juice by quart several times a day.

But still, over the week-end I managed to photograph a wedding and get in a fishing trip. The wedding story can wait another week because there's a chance I can actually run a photograph with it because the bride, Audra Helton, was my old friend. Junior Helton's grand daughter and she was simply too beautiful to describe in words.

No sooner home from the wedding and frankly in a lot of pain, my buddy, Jeff Engle who is half the partnership in Later Knob Pottery called up and suggested a fishing trip Sunday afternoon. I told him to call first but that if I could walk, wetting a line might get me off my mental preoccupation of dreading the next trip to the bathroom.

Anyway, Jeff and I'm age guessing 12 year-old son, David, rolled in around mid-afternoon and I allowed that I could go fishing as long as it didn't involve one of the five mile, chin-deep, wading marathons that

Jeff and I normally undertake in pursuit of the ever-wiley smallmouth bass hopped up beneath huge rocks and old cypress stumps in those remote sections of Paint Lick Creek or Silver Creek that lesser souls than we deem inaccessible.

Jeff and I have been known to reach these elusive places without hiring Sherpas so National Geographic has never requested that we do a documentary which is just as well. These places are actually better left alone because the stream-side weeds are full of vicious copperheads and rattlesnakes that strike on sound and most of the coyotes, skunks and preying black bears have rabies and there are a number of other reasons (quicksand, whirlpools, mutant beavers etc.) why you should stay out of our fishing holes.

Anyway, I'd already made arrangements for us to visit a big, deep, spring-fed farm pond about the size of a football field which I can only tell you is located in central Kentucky and which I knew to be full of fat blue-gill. Jeff is normally interested in larger game but I convinced him that

David was going to have the time of his life and that I wasn't able to do a few walking and I knew we could open a few cattle gates and drive right

up beside the pond I had in mind.

We made it up steep banks on dry grass and arrived pond-side literally seconds before a big thunderstorm blew in. If we'd been any later, the grass would have been so slick that Jeff's truck would never have made the climb. We'd no sooner stopped than the rain came down and we watched kingfishers, a pileated woodpecker and a green heron feed, oblivious to close, jagged flashes of lightning and earth-shaking thunder claps, along the shore from the cab of the truck. Barn swallows were sweeping through gnats and mosquito hatches just before the ensuing downpour that made the pond surface look like a huge cauldron on hard boil.

"This is gonna be just too good," I told Jeff and David because the fresh cool rain was infusing the pond with oxygen along with making it a more pleasant to live. I ventured out of the truck first. It was still raining but I figured a good wetting down wouldn't hurt my misadventure and sure enough, I caught a fat blue-gill on the first cast and another on the second fishing regular old red worms on a number 1 Aberdeen hook because if you use anything smaller the little ones can get it in their mouth and we were after the ones that weigh a quarter pound and up. I had 6 lb test line on a Shimano Spirex 2000 reel mounted on a 6' light weight rod. That's a little heavy for trout, but who knows when a bass will hit?

Sure enough, on my third cast I hooked into what felt like a locomotive. At first I thought it was a big carp. All I could do was let it run and make sure the drag was just loose enough to let the line slip so that it wouldn't break my line or rod when it ran in powerful surges with me hanging on for all I was worth. I yelled for Jeff to come with the need and help me after 10 minutes or so when it became obvious that I might actually be able to land the thing. It was a channel catfish, about 30 inches, 12 pounds or so, clean, strong, healthy and we finally got it netted and onto a stringer and tied to an old log.

Then we began catching the blue-gill and bass. We only kept three bass because they were hooked so badly they would not have survived release. It's a good idea to leave the bass in a pond, not because they aren't great eating but because they control the blue-gill (much better eating) population so that it doesn't get stunted. Too many blue-gill is worse than none at all because they never grow to eating size.

Then Jeff hooked another catfish which turned out to be identical to mine and after a memorable battle and we put it on the stringer. Then came a bad-mean snapping turtle in the twenty pound range that we finally released (or maybe it released us) before it destroyed Jeff's truck or amputated one of us.

We'd been putting the big blue-gill in mesh fish baskets and we had kept 50 or more out of easily 300 total catch and I went to get the catfish when we decided to come home. It took both arms to lift them but they had wallowed down in the mud so I tossed them back into clear water to rinse them off and when I went to haul them back in, the stringer broke and both fish swam back into the depths.

I can count on the fingers of one

## Our Readers Write

Dear Editor,

These are all the names that we can come up with of the Veterans that are resting at the Red Hill Cemetery. A total of 42. We have been told there are 50 or 51, so there may be some that do not have markers. Please look this list over and please let us know if there are others. We don't want to leave any out.

Delbert B. Mobley, Butrice Morris, Ira Sheets, Jr., Wm. D. Morris, R. Demsey Morris, Douglas Moore, John McDaniel, George W. Drew, Clarence B. Beatt, Oscar Mobley, Harry T. Corbett, Sigel Hall, Clyde Furman, Kenneth D. Reed, Sr., Wm. Earl Phillips, Curtis C. Blackburn, Guy Bullock, Bentley Furman, Charles L. Jones, Donald Mullins, Greg Bullock, Fred B. Ponder, Alva Ponder, William A. Carter, Hursel Bryant, Woody J. Bryant, George Hurley, Bill Hall, Rollow D. Morris, Paul Owens, Willie B. Hammond, Douglas E. Singleton, John H. Durham, Walter Sowder, Edward Bond, Gilbert Shepard, L.D. Bond, Ben Metcalf, William L. Carter, Owen Furman, Fred P. Griffin and Richard Singleton.

If we have misspelled any names let us know:

Thank you,  
Dell Ponder Clifton R. Bond  
PO Box 238 PO Box 239  
Livingston, KY 40445

Dear Editor,

My name is Linda Kirby, I guess by now you are all familiar with the people that are running for Mayor of

hand the number of times I've felt more hopeless and despair. One night I had a brand new Coleman lantern burning a fish stinger in two and falling off a houseboat into the depths of Laurel Lake in a little bay that my friend, Fred Beste will forever call "Lost Lantern Lagoon" and one day have it so named on a map of the lake. But I've never had supper for three families caught, and recipes in mind, and then have it casually swim away from me.

Finally around midnight last Sunday, it occurred to me that I had been to the bathroom several times without once dreading the trip! The moral of the story is, if you have kidney stones, go fishing. Things could get worse and you won't worry so much about peeing.

When anybody needs him he's right there, just ask any of his friends. He goes to church and is a member of the Catholic religion. He's just an all out good kid. I guess what I'm getting around to is this:

Thursday, the 15 of August, we received a surprise visit from Paul Kirby (this is Clarice Kirby's husband). He knocked on my door and asked for Tim to come out and talk to him. I asked Tim later what he wanted, he said that Paul told him to go tomorrow that he would pick

him up, and back out of this mayor's race. He said that it would hurt his wife's votes. He said that Tim's votes would only count anyway since he was only 23 years of age.

Well, later on I asked around to some people about him coming to my house and trying to get Tim to drop out of the mayor's race. Everyone told me that he couldn't come out to my house and say those things to my son, and try to get him to drop out.

I for one think only one thing about this. This is not a very honest thing to do, and say to my son. The only I look at it is, we wouldn't want a mayor in office, that her husband has to come out to my house and tell you to drop out of a mayor race.

We want a dependable person for mayor, not someone whose husband comes out to my house and says I'll take you up there to drop out. I don't have a thing against Mrs. Karen King, she probably does her best. But to me this is discrimination for Clarice's husband to do this. So think about folks, we the people in Mt. Vernon don't need that.

Linda Kirby  
Mt. Vernon, KY

P.S. I'm one for speaking my mind about these things and am doing so on this letter because this is my son we're talking about here.

Dear Editor,

Christians

1. Christians don't drink alcohol.

2. Christians, true Christians, don't cause their neighbors grief.

3. Christians don't sneak behind their neighbors backs, getting petitions against them.

4. Christians will talk to their neighbors about a problem.

5. I'm praying for these so called Christians, you can go to church on

(Cont. to A-10)

## Mount Vernon Signal

Publication Number 366-000  
Periodical Postage Paid in Mt. Vernon, Ky, 40456  
606-756-2244

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 Andrikin, Jr., Publisher Emeritus - Richard F. Andrikin, Editor  
Prima M. Andrikin, Managing Editor  
Paige Benge, Advertising Manager - Jessica Lawson, Circulation Manager

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