



Points East

By: Ike Adams

How bout them Diamond-backs????
Okay. Okay. I confess.

Before the World Series I could not have named a single player on the team nor stated with any certainty which city in Arizona they played their home games. When the Reds are not in the race, I don't have much use for baseball. And let's face it, that's been awhile.

Otherwise, when you ask me who my favorite baseball team is, I quickly ask, "Who are the Yankee's playing tonight?" I commenced hating the Yankees when Billy Martin and George Steinbrenner were in charge of things and it's been an easy emotion to cling to ever since.

Incidentally, my favorite football team is the one that Dallas is playing this weekend and next weekend and the week after that etc.

I find it difficult to really be a fan of any pro sports team because they consist of too many greedy, egotistical, ungrateful, profoundly overpaid

snoobs and there's something obscene about charging the average fan around 100 bucks a pop to attend a sporting event.

But, after-all, the World Series is a national treasure and I find it rather easy to lay aside my biases and get interested and that's mostly what I did every last week. And I simply can't tell you how gratifying it feels to have rooted for the underdog and seen it take championship.

About the only other time I get interested in sports anymore is UK Basketball, even though I confess that listening to UK football fans on the radio talk show is a related form of entertainment. It's too painful for me to watch UK struggle on the gridiron since Tim Couch departed but if you want to discover why folks across the country have some foundation for hating that the some Kentuckians are more closely related to Neanderthal Man than modern Homo-sapiens all you have to do is tune in to one of the Lexington AM stations around

6:00 PM every day when its time to publicly vent the wrath.

It's mostly grown men who seem to have a basic understanding of the game but absolutely no grasp of the English language. They fuss and fuss and generally demonstrate the maturity of your average 4 year-old spoiled brat. In fact, their vocabularies seem to have stopped developing at about age 4 at which point their voices changed. But man can they

ever throw tantrums. If you need a good laugh, the best place I know to find one is a sports talk show. Its better than anything on television.

In the meantime, while we are basking in the thrill of victory for a baseball team that only ten days ago we were reluctant to embrace because they were named for a snake and for whom we will have little affection if they are in the series next year playing maybe the White Sox or The Indians. But we are not about

to call the radio station and exult.

We intend to save our exultation for Saturday Night when Continental Divide and No Tools Loosed will be at Matt Paul's Family Bluegrass Hall in Berea. Most fans know Continental Divide but I'm hereto tell you that No Tools Loosed is at least as good and this will be a show that lasts up into the night.

On Friday the 16th, its Southern Harvest featuring Dave Maggard Senior and Company.

Half a dozen folks have emailed and inquired about Dale Ann Bradley.

She will be there on Saturday December 1st along with Unlimited Grass.

And so will I be there on all three of those dates. I'm not going to be on stage, but I'll gladly autograph the wrapper of your tenderloin sandwich which is almost worth the price of a ticket even if the band never plays a note.

there was a "war" going on and how they'd call the FBI and have them hold me for seven days (seven, another lucky number!) Look for Mulder and Scully any day!!

And when I noted that my friend was the only person whose door I'd knocked on, a 45ish year old cop I believe may have been Eddie Delaney, claimed that made "two" people I'd been "menacing." My, my, what impressive math skills. 0+1=2!! and "menacing." I wonder where he

learned such a big word. But even nicer, how thoughtful of him to share his refined vocabulary with me.

And when I went to leave, not out of an attempt to ignore my constitutional rights, but strictly out of concern for me being accused by a surly trick-or-treater, these four officers detained me so that I might be imperiled with additional knowledge from further Barry Adams lecturing.

How considerate of them.

But most hospitable of all, Brian Doan is my nominee for the annual "Police are your Friend" award. Officer Doan was so concerned that I might be distracted from my important lecture by Officer Adams, that he purposely stood about six inches directly in front of my face. It couldn't have been that he wanted to stare me down or intimidate me. No, no, not an officer as courteous and professional as Brian Doan. I'm sure he did this so that I wouldn't be distracted by unimportant background movement.

Well folks the litigation expenses will come out of your taxes. I'd suggest you call Mayor King and tell her to accept my offer to settle for written disciplinary action, an apology, expenses to date and a token donation to a local charity.

Sincerely,
Michael Sheliga
Mt. Vernon, KY

Our Readers Write

Dear Editor,

I recently had an immensely pleasurable experience that I feel comfortable sharing with you. I was graciously welcomed to Mt. Vernon by the town police. In my case, for possession of unpuffed rice while on Fairground Hill.

Around 6:45 on Tuesday, October

30th I was going to visit a sick church friend on Fairground Hill. I had an apple and some unpuffed rice in a zip-loc bag. As I was walking near the corner of Fish and Dalley streets I noticed Halloween music playing and someone giving out candy. I briefly contemplated then about the music and then stopped at my friend's house. She was resting so I headed down to Save-A-Lot and the Dollar Store before walking back to town.

Nearing home four of Mt. Vernon's finest were kind enough to descend upon me. The great unpuffed rice scandal had been uncovered by none other than Barry Adams himself. While Barry went through my grocery bags and my pockets three other officers surrounded me. After finding four boxes of spaghetti and a pack of cheese Barry began lecturing me about the errors of my ways back on Fairground Hill.

I attempted to explain to Barry that eating unpuffed rice was not in violation of Kentucky or Federal Law. But it was to no avail. Barry's been a cop for umpteen years and he knows better - just ask him for yourself. I'm sure he'll tell you just like he told me.

Barry explained to me that if I ever ate unpuffed rice again in public, he'd have me arrested. He was even kind enough to offer me a night in one of Mt. Vernon's nicest cells, er, cell. I mean hotels, free of charge. When I protested that I had done nothing illegal, and noted that the person who reported this sounded just a necessary tiny bit hyper-paranoid; they were kind enough to correct me. Barry even told me how he'd convicted 1000 people who'd said similar, and I'd be 1001. Lucky me, 1001 is my favorite number! Of course, Mt. Vernon's finest also told me how

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