



FAMILY FISHING DAY

I sure am glad this first catalog of ours is DONE!!!! I'm ready to go fishing!!

The other day I was thinking of the time that I was out on the boat on Table Rock Lake with Larry on a cloudy spring day, just practically having to beat the bass off my line with a stick. We were getting a fish on practically every cast, and sometimes we'd hook one, lose it, and have another pick it up before we could reel in. Sometimes we'd hook two or three on a cast. We were having quite a time, and I mentioned that I sure wished I could get Lindsey and Molly out here when the fish were biting like this. Well, he's always kind of been a grandpa figure to them, and he thought it would be a great idea too. So we made a plan, and the next weekend, we did it. Lindsey was 7, and Molly was 14 at the time, and a more unlikely pair you'll never see! Lindsey was barefoot little hillbilly, with rolled up pant legs, super cool sunglasses, a ball cap with a 7" long duck bill, pig-tails, and a 3 ft pole with a Zebco 202 reel and 20 lb test line. Molly was wearing her designer sunglasses, designer jeans, designer shirt, Big Bird ball cap, perfectly white tennis shoes and a waist pouch for emergency make-up needs, like lipstick and such. (Can't go without that y'know) I gave her an old rod of mine that had a Zebco rhino reel on it with 20 lb test that I used to use for catfish up on the Red River....

We drove to the ramp we put in at, and we had to wait for some guy that was having trouble with his boat to get out of the way. I turned over a couple of rocks, found a few worms, and baited up a hook for Lindsey, and showed her how to catch bluegills around the weeds along the bank, and she just had a ball! Molly didn't want to get her shoes dirty, so she stayed in the van. The guy with the problem boat got out of the way, and Larry put the boat in, then pulled the trailer out and parked the car. Took a little talking, but I got Lindsey to stop catching the bluegills, and we loaded up our stuff in the boat. I set Lindsey's pole on the rod box, and I let her worm hang down in the water a little, so it wouldn't dry out. Larry and Molly got in the boat, and while he was trying to start the motor, we were drifting along the bank just a little bit. I saw Lindsey's pole move, and I figured she'd gotten hung on a weed or something, and told her to pick it up and pull it loose. She picked it up, but she wasn't hung on a weed! She was hung on a big old fish. That thing took off, and the only thing that saved the day was the 20 lb test line and a well set drag! Larry was just frittered, Molly was scared half to death, and Lindsey was hollering for all she was worth! I told her to just hang on and reel whenever she could. There were a lot of people on the bank, and they must have thought we were nuts, the way Larry was foundering around trying to get the net. He finally got the net, stabbed it down in the water, and came up with a catfish that weighed about 10 pounds! He held it up for all on the bank to see, but when he swung the fish around toward the back of the boat, he hit his tackle box, and knocked it over the side of the boat! Now Larry had a **BIG** tackle box. I mean a big one. It kinda floated there for a moment, and then just slowly sank out of sight in about 10 ft of water. Larry was almost in tears.... A couple of kids that were watching from the bank came over and said: "Hey mister! We'll get your tackle box for you for 20 bucks!" Well, Larry was desperate! All his "secret stuff" was in that box, so he said ok. On the 3rd dive they got it. Don't know if you've ever seen a thoroughly wet tackle box before, but it's not a pretty sight.

We fired up the big motor and took off. Pulled up to the "hot spot" and I tied on a 5" Kalins grub on each of the girls lines while Larry started intensely throwing a rattletrap. I knew I wasn't going to be able to fish much, so I just gave Molly and Lindsey some pointers and watched. Molly was more interested in making sure she wouldn't tan unevenly than she was in fishing, but she made a few casts. No one caught anything for a while, and then Larry caught a 10 incher up by the bank. Of course Molly teased him about catching bait for everyone. And darned if he didn't catch another one, a little smaller tho. Then Lindsey caught a little one up by the bank as well. Then it hit me..... it was mostly *sunny*..... The fish were still here, but only the little ones were shallow. I whispered to Lindsey to not cast so close to the bank, and told her when she got her lure about 10 ft from the boat to push the button on her reel and pull out line till her bait hit the bottom and the line stopped moving. Then I told her reel up so that the line was barely tight, and to lift the bait a foot or two off the bottom about 3 times, and then reel it up slowly. Molly didn't feel like casting, because she was afraid her hat would come off. So I told her to just let out some line and let it hang under the boat and wait for the fish to eat it. Sounded great to her! Anyway, on Lindsey's next cast, she did just what I said, and sure enough, she hooked one on the 2nd bounce! And while she was reeling it in, a fish grabbed

Molly's and she had her hands full! Two fish at once with two people that didn't know the first thing about bass! It was great! Both fish were keepers, and Larry and I were just giving them all kinds of praise!

Larry went back to casting, and catching 10 inch fish, and after about 5 minutes Lindsey hooked another one right under the boat! This one was almost 3 lbs! On her next cast, darned if she didn't hook a good one and lose it! Then Molly got a good one that was a keeper. All the while, Larry didn't notice that the big fish were in the deeper water under the boat, and he was getting a little edgy! I moved us a bit further out in the lake so the girls would be over deeper water yet. Larry was catching twice as many fish, but they were all small. By this time Molly was getting into it a little, and was actually bouncing her bait off the bottom furiously every 2 seconds. Her and Lindsey had their lines pretty close together and I figured they'd get tangled, but they sure weren't worried about it. After all, that was my job y'know..... All of a sudden both Lindsey and Molly hooked fish. I mean really good fish. Neither one of them could gain any ground at all, and I knew these were gonna be good. Then their lines got tangled and things really got messy. Larry stopped fishing, and got the net, all the while complaining about beginners luck. After a while both girls had reeled enough to where I thought we out to be seeing something, when all of a sudden, up jumped about a 7 lb bass. Both girls were hanging on and cranking like crazy, with line peeling out of the drags. A few more minutes passed, and Larry was able to net him! The lines were all twisted up, and I figured one of them lost their fish, but when I went to unhook old Mugwump's cousin, there were two Kalin's grubs in its' mouth, and neither line was broken! That old bass must have grabbed them just when they were pretty close together, thinking that this was easy dinner!

Larry was fit to be tied, and I was pretty impressed. The girls were so excited that they just had to tell Larry that their dad had told them the secret way to catch fish, and that they were catching all their bass right under the boat, and why didn't he fish under the boat so he could catch some big ones too?????? Boy, if looks could have killed, I'd have been dead! "Under the boat, huh?" he said. (He fished for 30 minutes with a kalin's grub while the girls and I took a potato chip break, and didn't get a bite!) Anyway, those 2 little girls had to tell everyone that they knew about how Grandpa Larry knocked his tackle box into the lake and had to pay 20 dollars to get it back, and how they had to show him how to catch big bass instead of little ones all the time! :)