

SOUTHWESTERN SPORTSMAN



by
"Whitewater Dick" Miller

Evening Fishing Is Best

The jinx is broken. I'm catching fish again. Through the winter I managed to hook the odd fish now and then, all the while looking forward to the more productive spring season.

But when spring arrived my fishing luck didn't change. Although I tried everything that had been successful in years gone by, I still couldn't connect.

Oh, I would snag a mentally retarded bass now and then, but rarely in satisfying quantities. Once in a while - a great while - it would appear that my luck was about to change. But the next trip would prove the preceding one to be just a flash in the pan.

Each early morning breakfast would be filled with enthusiasm and anticipation of the action to come; the feel of a fighting fish on the line, the spray and the splash and the sound as the fish broke the surface, the proper method of netting or thumbing as the giant turned belly-up beside the boat, hoisting and hefting a heavy stringer even before the sun was over the mountains. All these and more, were discussed with high spirits around our usual table at the Showboat. But all to no avail. Invariably, the trip fizzled. We would catch one or two of no-brag size, and no more. We were jinxed.

Slowly, slowly, Vic and Doc began to develop a theory. We had been doing all our fishing in the very early morning. Why not try it in the evening?

It sounds too simple, I know. But I'm a bull-headed bloke and they had a helluva time convincing me. But they finally sold me that if we went fishing in the evening we would catch more fish. So we did, and we did.

We picked a secluded cove with plenty of tules and brush along shore and deep water nearby. Easing up to within casting range of the tules, keeping everything in the canoe as quiet as possible, Doc dropped a black Hula Popper at the edge of the greenery.

He chugged it a couple of times, letting it lie still between chugs. On the third one there was a violent strike and Doc set the hook. After a short but healthy struggle I netted a surprised two-pounder.

Next, I overcast and dropped a popper into the thickest of the tules. While trying to horse it out I was struck and, with a bit of luck, snaked another bass of the same size out of the spinach and into the net.

For several minutes the strikes came fast but we failed to hook any fish. Then Doc draped his line over a branch, with the Hula Popper dangling a foot above the water. Just like in the films a bass leaped out of the water and snatched it. Doc fought it up near the side of the boat but it threw the hooks and got away.

We had begun fishing at 6:30. The sun set at 7:30 and we continued plugging until 8:30, when it became too dark to see the plug. We could have gone on, fishing by sound, but that's makeshift method at best, so we hauled out at 8:30.

We had five good fish and had missed a dozen strikes. We figure five is enough for one time. Other types of lures may have increased the size of our catch, but, really, I would rather miss a good fish with a surface lure than catch a smaller one on any other kind of plug.

THE CANDIDATE CLAIMS HE'S A BUSINESS MAN!

Dr. Coblentz, in a letter to my business competitors you charged me with unethical practices. I think it is time we set the record straight. Why don't you tell the public about your business interests?

- Why Not tell the Public what kind of business, Dr. Coblentz?
- Why Not tell the Public you've been in the hock shop business?
- Why not tell the Public that your hock shop was charging rates as high as 36 percent interest?
- Why not tell the Public you personally sought political influence to protect the hock shops?
- Why not tell the Public everything you've been involved in, Dr. Coblentz?

....PHIL MIRABELLI

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