

My Wife Thinks I Am a Packrat!!!

Let's face it friends. MOST ANGLERS ARE "PACKRATS!!" My wife is always complaining about all the fishing tackle lying around in my den. I have fishing rods in the corner, fishing reels cluttering the top of my desk, sacks and boxes of soft plastic lures under the desk, snaps, swivels and silicone skirts for spinner baits, jigs, and buzz baits in every "open" space that is no longer "open" and I also have two brand new Frogg Togg rain suits hanging on the door knob. Oh yeah, I forgot to mention the new trolling motor standing in the other corner next to the computer desk.

Yeah, I confess it is rather cramped back here but once I get the boat out of winter storage, I will once again gain some empty space. I do remember making that statement every year about this same time and for the most part, I keep my promise. It is just at "this time of year" it is difficult to find a place to stick all my "stuff." (Well, she does sometimes offer suggestions on where I can stick it..we will NOT discuss that though.)

My wife has to remember my boat is only eighteen feet long and storage space is somewhat limited there also. (Maybe this will help my pleading for a "larger" boat.)

Why is it the angler has to have everything they see just to catch a fish? GREAT QUESTION!! People are always asking me, "What happened to throwing a live worm in the water to catch a fish?" Well, the best answer I can come up with is every time I throw a live worm in the water.. it results in the loss of life to that worm so I am actually SAVING A LIFE when I spend all the money on artificial baits!! (Yeah.. I am proud of that answer.)

I also consider the fact that if I DO NOT spend all my money on artificial lures, look how many people would be unemployed and standing in line for food stamps and assistance. I have too much respect for the "working people." I could NOT sleep at night knowing I played a part in the demise of their employment.

Sure, I could build a make-shift fishing rod from a tree branch but all my friends at Grandt Rods would be members in the group of unemployed people and so would the friends I have made at Touchdown Lures in the past twenty years or so not to mention the folks at Walmart, Kmart, Rural King and all the local tackle centers. The local economy would reduce to record lows and possibly result in another DEPRESSION!

Yes, I could even start fishing from the bank like I did as a kid but the man that owns the gas station would have to get a part time job delivering the Kokomo Perspective newspaper if I DID NOT buy gas for my bass boat and Dodge Ram Quad Cab from him three or four times a week.

Consider also the people that follow my articles in the Kokomo Perspective. I tell my wife I am NOT going hunting and fishing because I really enjoy it. NOPE.. I am "going to work" so I can gain valuable information about tips and techniques so I can share them with you in my articles. I would much rather stay at home and

mow the yard and paint the house BUT I am dedicated to my responsibility as OUTDOOR COLUMNIST and I consider my job similar to that of the postman.. “Come rain or shine, sleet or snow... I will always be dependable.”

My job also possesses certain aspects of “odd looks” from people. I recall recently I was seated in front of my computer here in the den and my wife was talking with the Avon lady in the living room. I was typing an order to send in to Steve Geiselman, Sports Editor of the Kokomo Perspective. I had the Outdoor Channel on my television and in the background you could hear a couple hunters pursuing elk and when the elk on the show started bugling, the Avon lady started looking around for a place to hide. I guess she figured the elk was attacking her.

Another instance was when I had a full bottle of Kickn’Bass Garlic fish attractant formula make a full wash cycle inside the side leg pocket of my fishing pants. It would have been MUCH better if the plastic lid cap had remained on the bottle. Even after three weeks, we had people asking her if we had recently eaten pizza. I have been cautioned about leaving bottles in my pant pockets henceforth.

Yes, I guess I have to confess that I am a “PACK RAT.” I always promise I will NOT come home from the boat shows with sacks and boxes filling the inside of the truck. Even our wiener dog, Hank, is tired of playing the part of a pack horse helping me haul everything in the house. Poor little guy, he used to have legs like a greyhound.. Well, not quite that long but I will try harder... NEXT YEAR!!