

WHY DO I ENJOY FISHING A BASS CLUB SCHEDULE?

I just recently returned from a very enjoyable fishing outing. Sure, they are ALL enjoyable, but this one was just a little bit different. No... I DID NOT win a large amount of money. As a matter of fact, I finished in SIXTH PLACE on Saturday and Sunday BUT... I HAD A BLAST!!

I have been a member of the Kokomo Bass Anglers for approximately ten or eleven years now and I always look forward to the fun of competing and camaraderie. There is never a “Dull Moment” with these guys.

My partner, Ed Bales, and I left my home in Galveston Thursday evening about 6:00 PM and we had a great trip. We were busy swapping jokes and discussing techniques we thought would make us successful once we got on the water.

Try as we may, we could not locate a lake map. It is somewhat unnerving navigating unfamiliar waters. It is not so much a matter of getting disoriented; I am always concerned about safety hazards with shallow water or submerged stumps.

Ed and I would be “pre-fishing” all day Friday hoping to locate a concentration of bass and also figuring out a productive pattern that would result in a good number of bass inhaling our presentations.

I mentioned to Ed anytime I had weeds, piers and seawalls, I was confident I could establish a “worm bite.” Well, I located all of the aforementioned and I was quite encouraged as I boated between forty and fifty bass but only eight of them were measuring the 14” size requirement to be considered “Keepers.” Even the shorter bass were stocky and powerful.

The first day tournament started very good for us. Within a few casts, Ed set the hook on a short bass but we were convinced we were on a successful pattern. Within a few yards distance, I caught possible ten bass; none were large enough to place in the livewell.

Throughout the day, Ed and I caught and released numerous bass. I managed to catch two fairly decent “Keeper” bass but, regrettably, Ed never caught a “Keeper.” He and I both agreed we caught probably as many bass as anyone but the “Keeper” bass somehow eluded us.

Later, at the motel, after the participants got a shower and ate, we gathered and conducted the “Partner Drawing” for the Sunday tournament. As usual, there was quite a number of “practical jokes” played on other members..including yours truly.

For the Sunday tournament, I was paired with a fairly new member, Dennis Shafer. Dennis was a great fishing partner and I assured him I had a rather

productive pattern established and I “thought” it would be successful during the event.

What I was considering was the fact some members that were willing to “share” information mentioned perhaps they had been catching bass on spinnerbaits one day, but after that day, the bass would not hit the lure again. It was the same result with many other anglers. I had started catching bass on plastic worms on Friday and I also caught numerous bass on Saturday. I was convinced I could also continue to catch bass on Sunday.

Dennis and I began fishing at the exact same location Ed and started the day before. On the very FIRST cast, I caught a bass just short of being a “keeper” but it informed me the fish were still hitting the worm.

I DID NOT catch quite as many bass on Sunday but I managed to catch one respectable “Keeper.” At the weigh in ceremony, I managed to finish Sixth Place again. (At least I was consistent.)

I really enjoyed the three day fishing trip I made. I used to bowhunt whitetail deer in this same area of Michigan so many memories were recalled, especially when I observed deer activity along the roadside and in the fields.

On the return trip home, Ed and I had a number of exciting moments as we encountered severe weather conditions. My son, Scott, called me on my cellphone and informed me there were severe weather warnings for lower Michigan. At the time of his call, we were enjoying sunshine and warm temperatures but he informed us to be careful.

The farther south we drove, the darker the skies become. I started noticing lightning bolts in the distance. The radio started broadcasting TORNADO WARNINGS for certain counties around the Berrien Springs area and I told Ed that was close to the area we were approaching.

After a few miles, I started noticing bushes blowing across the road and the dirt and dust from fields were reducing visibility. What I thought were bushes blowing across the road turned out to be tree tops. The wind was very strong and within moments, we received hard rain that eventually turned to marble sized hail.

Visibility was reduced to mere feet and motorists were turning on their 4-way hazard flashers and pulling off the road. We decided to do the same thing. I was rather concerned about the “beating” my new Dodge Ram and bass boat was taking with the hail pounding down. We eventually got back on the road and proceeded south to Indiana only to encounter severe weather all the way home.

Even considering the severe weather, I enjoyed sharing three days of fishing with a group of GREAT people and I am honored to call them FRIENDS!!! That is why I

enjoy fishing with a bass club. I highly recommend ANYONE interested in bass fishing to consider joining a bass club.