

Sept 4, 1989

The "Lunker Chronicle" ^{Camp} Zanesville, Ohio

Dear Local Area: Today the skies cried: Was it at long last that we finally escaped. Or, was ^{it} that first misty rain warned us that nothing comes easy. By Indianapolis the clouds parted away and the sun rode with us. By five P.M. we were here with Lane Grey in a quiet-wooded knoll with dozens of other old coats, just enjoying a few moments of quiet. After a summer of screaming kids, it was like eating strawberries, hannah splits.

As you are all aware, we were held captive by "HMO" and denied appointments and only after separating of set from fiction, and pleading our juggling plans did we get the final "OK" from the Doc.

"Go for it!" he said, and a few hours later we had our plans set in concrete! almost - - -

By sundown we were in a pleasing KOA in Zanesville and had a great night's sleep!

"Day two"

Into the life of every man comes the opportunity to make mistakes. But do we have to make them by the bushel!

First we missed the warning at Wheeling and got into a mess of traffic because the bridge was being dismantled. Then we decided - or I suggested going to Perry Hill instead of Candy Hill near Winchester! After missing the turn off - the welcome center and the right road, we eventually found Cherry Hill was no more.

Right now we are finally in Candy Hill.

(2)

Day "3"

Interesting places seem distant and unattainable during the long hot summers, and then suddenly you are faced with them! going through the Bellway produced only one misadventure and here we have been at Point Lookout two days already.

Nothing is ever the same, even though Mike and Nancy arrived on Cue with sweet rolls and goodies. But where last ^{year} was a fishing drought during the early days. This year we made minor fishing adjustments and wound up with a dinner of snapper Blues which Mother prepared to a "T" for our sea-food dinner. But we checked the horizon and the boats were circling in the bay which means trout were out there. The Stead boats coming into the harbors also had wheel barrows full of blues.

Labor Day might be over but week-ends here mean people hanging from boats to rocky getties. The sea people in tight knit little groups and armed with long fishing rods come early and leave late.

Mike and Nancy left early Sunday so we were left to a quiet few days - that is until the "Boomer" came in! There is nothing quite like a thunder storm in the woods. lightning came blazing in from all windows. Thunder roared the trailer and rolled like a runaway bowling ball. The rain tapped the windows all around us as big branches dropped atop the trailer like exploding bombs. But this is a time when mother suddenly likes to cuddle!

Fishing can be phenomenal for two years the beach side of the park has been strangely silent. Last year I caught my prize Blue

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on the Causeway after days of poor fishing. This year we have been catching "shaffer" blue near the light house by the Beach and we have suddenly discovered they are delicious fried strangely enough the circle of boats are still evident in "Corn Field Harbor" which means - - - "Trout"!

Day "9"

Life in Point Lookout is always a new experience. Riggs, Terry and Daphne put in a night offshore yesterday and after some upheaval the "little bird" was ensconced in a nook where our table usually is and peace settled over our camp, once more.

Thursday was "Head boat" day and by dawn we were headed for "Jerome" Creek which is really on Chesapeake Bay. First there were three of us. Then down the hill came four more and five and then Mike and Nancy armed with a "VCR". By the time I had briefed the Captain and mate of the "Lucky Lady" that I was here for a story we had everyone begag!

We left Jerome Creek on the "Head Boat" "Lucky Lady" in a rain storm and choppy sea but by the time we were five miles out things had settled down. From then on it was blue's turn. When Riggs and Terry can one one look sick the blue how to be running. By one o'clock we had so many 3 to five pound blues everyone quit, and everyone caught fish. Meanwhile Nancy had been busy "V.C.R." in the trip so we should have a movie that would make national T.V. Look sick

It was Saturday noon when John, Ken and the Boat "Johnny Z" Good showed up but with him came more rain so fishing was slow

But Sunday things became more lively. Riggs and Daphne showed up. They were and exciting two. some and Riggs did a super job helping Mother take care of the kids and cleaning the score of giant Crabs we caught. We repaid her by introducing "Bluefringes" which we all enjoyed.

By Monday we went down to Riggs and John and the kids, and our last trip on Chesapeake Bay. On the the same day - one year later I hooked into something - a $6\frac{1}{4}$ " - 24" long of lounder, which when entered in the Maryland tournament turned out to be $\frac{1}{2}$ " larger than last year's winner. It was Riggs who spurred me into getting it weighed and I got a "citation in the process".

By Tuesday we were in Oregon Inlet and lo and behold, today we are glued to our radios waiting to see if "Hugo" will hit us. Our papers are full of news of Hugo hitting "St Thomas - and Charlotte Amalie" areas we are very familiar with. It will be interesting to learn from Joe what has been going on.

To night we are in Williamston, N.C. about 90 miles west of Nag's Head. For two days and 3 trips to Manteo we were involved in completing unexpected chores so I have yet to wet a line. I did get to the bridge once and saw some nice spotted "trout" being caught. Then we got the word - "EVACUATE"! By ten a.m. Thursday we and everyone else was on the road. tonight we are sitting it out with "6" inches of rain and High winds expected.

For true adventure try tracking a Hurricane with 135 mile an hour winds - 20 foot tides and 10" rainfall as it heads for you - maybe. Every hour on the hour we listened to reports and finally at 1.30 in the morning it hit in Charleston, S.C. Luckily we wound up on the northern edge of the storm. now we are waiting to see where Oregon Inlet will reopen.

It took some guessing and trying to analyze Radio reports and camper gossip, but we finally took a chance and headed back for Oregon Inlet only to run smack into a violent near-zero-vision rain-squall on a "2" mile bridge over the sound. you really learn to pray here.

Today we are in Camp, it's struck a shell bonanza this morning and this afternoon I hook "4" blues and a flounder.

and - - - - - all but a dozen Campers left - or didn't get here. Last night the "Walker" hit with 60 mile an hour winds and here we were in the middle of an empty Camp ground. We finally got tired of rocking and sat up in the truck all night. Today we are in a new site - down-wind of a behemoth trailer. The Juffy Drum should be in

Believe it or not! Last night we were hit by torrential tropic squalls and rocked half the night! By morning we were surrounded by a lake. We are now in a new site, only a short distance from the Captain in the Rich-peoples section.

This morning we hit the bridge and I used my "Big" net for the first time in (2) years bringing up a big spotted trout. we also got our share of blues

6

Life is full of surprises. Last night we heard that familiar thumping on the door and John and Shane popped in. We were thrilled to see them. By morning they had their tent next to us and we had a great cup of coffee.

As you know everything is changing here because of "Bridge work" with fences popping up barring access to our favorite places. We did fight a well of mosquitoes and catch a flounder and puppy drum on the flats.

John played host to night and treated us to pizza and we had a nice little party. Mother, John and Shane had some great fishing to Coquina Beach and the Marina too. I have been busy trying to catch up with Brad.

Saturday John and Shane left. Just as Mike and Nancy arrived with their new "Pop-up." They should be able to keep a little drier!

This afternoon we ran into a "reverse tide," and struck a "Bonanza" Big Steam shovels are digging in the sand shores by the Coast Guard, and trucks are dumping piles of sand to bulwark the Beach for later stone blocks. Water washes away from the sand as it is being piled and a torrent of shells wash into piles some distance away, and that's where we stumble onto them. We came away with (2) Buckets of Red and Black and orange and white pebbles along with cockles, clams and oyster shells a once-in-a-lifetime deal!

There is no end to rain on the "Banks", and time passes swiftly. Sunday afternoon Mike and I drove Nancy to Norfolk to catch a plane, and we drove back through torrents of the wet stuff in the darkness to new adventures. - - - -

From the junction of Nag's Head and Mantes it is (12) miles to camp over a two-lane road flanked with brush and meadow and the car lights probing the wet-blacks in a glare of foggy mist, paints a phenomena of a medieval swamp. Add to this ten thousand frogs crossing the road in a migration and you are enthralled by countless, bouncing, coil springs in your lights.

Believe it or not we had rain today. The trailer is surrounded by a lake six inches deep, so we simply doff our shoes and wade. We did go fishing though. The flats gave us a flounder and a blue but under endless rain the bridge and trout ponds were bad news so we went over the Dunes to a new spot. "Captain Kiss Beach!" It is a half mile south of the Coast Guard and was an eye-opener. Within an hour that we were there, an older couple beached six Big "Drum" from four to ten pounds. Tomorrow is our day!

Everything comes to him who waits! After two days of watching six to ten pound Drum being beached on each side of us Mike hooked into one. This is true Drama. It is something like hanging onto a bucking horse only in pounding surf. I finally dashed into the surf and collared the eight pounder as it was being beached. Everything is in high alert. Tomorrow is my day.

Just Because you have the right Best-rigs,
and are in the right place doesn't make you a pro-
We went from nice weather to Rain to be with an hour's
winds! We fought Crows, and Tery blues, and grass.
We even had some "giant" on and wound up with
broken lines. But I've did but the Jack Pot too.

Oregon Inlet is in a state of "sedge" The Parking
lot and "Nancy Pot" have been sealed off and a
half-mile of "12" steel pipe has been laid in
(2) directions to hold the Beach. It has changed
everything so for (2) days we have picked a hole,
next to the Bridge. We'll call it "Butler's
Cooker". Some Waders were catching "spotted" trout there
But Flounder was the story here. (3) guys next
to us caught (20) Big ones in an hour and I
caught one giant as big as John's chest and,
even I and Terry caught some nice ones
in a driving rain storm. Blues were
scarce, Trout (weakfish) were non-existent but
We did get quite a few exciting Flounder.
When they get to be 2 feet long they are Big.

The Boats and gals have left, and we
are on the road again. But adventure follows
us. It pays to pay for a safe trip: a half
mile from "Chesapeake" a trailer tire blew, and
lo-and-behold, we discovered we had pulled
off the road right into a small tree repair
garage.

By the time we were mobile again it was
too late to find our hotel so we needed a
Camp ground in Williamsburgh and learned a
Hoodyear store was (3) miles away, but our
fun was just beginning. That Evening we
discovered our door lock was jammed and
we Couldn't get out of the trailer.

Armed with a Phillips and straight screwdriver I did a job on the lock from the inside, and we escaped only to discover I had lost a key lock screw. By morning I was getting perturbed so I called Dad in. "How about giving me a break?" I begged.

"Did you ever think of looking inside the sliding panel!" He said.

I grabbed a small flash light and sure enough there it was. The rest was academic. A Pound with a hammer here, a squeeze with a pliers there. a piece of wire to freeze a slipping thread and everything worked like a charm. To night we are on "Cady Hill" in Manchester.

The Greatest thrill a man can have is the opportunity to go fishing and camping with his grown sons.

Thanks Guys

Love

Dad