

## It's all about the equipment

One should never make fun of the other guy's equipment. It may come back to haunt you sooner than you think.

Some friends and I used to go on an outing each year to Canada. This was of course before you had to be a Philadelphia lawyer to understand all of the laws needed to cross the border.

This particular group of friends consisted of a variety of guys. They were all policemen, and I was a hamburger cook. Some of them were extremely gifted fishermen, one in particular was not. (I was naturally among the gifted.)

Jerry was the one person in the group that didn't do a lot of fishing. He loved it when he went, but our annual trips were about the only time he ever got out in a boat. We had a great time as a group and every trip was filled with enough stories to fill a book. I will share just one of those stories with you at this time.

We left on a Friday night and drove all night to get to our designated fishing spot. Each of us had brought two or three rods, which is normal for any fishing adventure. Jerry could hardly wait to show us his new purchase when we got to the lake. It seems that a couple of weeks before our trip he was watching television and saw an advertisement for a new "fishing machine".

The "fishing machine" that Jerry was soon to unveil to us was none other than the Popiel Pocket Fisherman. You know what I'm talking about. A bright yellow plastic thing that was about twelve inches in length and had a telescoping tip. It even had it's own little storage compartment for a couple of hooks and sinkers I think.

I have to admit, we laughed at poor Jerry. He was so proud of his new purchase and we laughed. I should have known God was going to get us for that.

We set sail across the lake. Actually we motored, we were fishermen, not sailors. Anyway, once we got to the island we were going to camp on we set up camp and took off for a day's fishing.

The day was beautiful, the wind provided a perfect walleye chop, nothing could have made it better, except perhaps a few fish. We experts were having a heck of a time trying to land a walleye. After several hours of futile attempts at luring the wily walleye into our boats we decided it was time to head back to camp and make supper. It's a good thing we weren't counting on fish for supper.

When we got back to the campsite we divided up our chores. Since I was the cook in the group, meal preparation was my duty. A couple of the others were busy setting up tents

and making the campsite our little home away from home. Jerry said that he was going to throw his line in the water and see if he could catch a fish while he was gathering firewood. He picked up his “fishing machine” and wandered off towards the water.

Supper was done fairly soon, as one might expect from a “fast food chef”. I hollered for all of them to come and get it. Jerry said he was going to go check his line first and would be right there. Pretty soon he came walking into camp carrying one of the biggest walleye’s I had ever seen and wearing a grin that words cannot describe. Oh yeah, attached to the fish was the “fishing machine”.

It is all about the equipment. Right?