

## =Country Philosopher

# The fishing trip

by Amos Arthur  
Holmes

Last week I went fishing and I made the almost fatal mistake of taking my wife along. Ordinarily I have nothing against taking my wife with me on recreational activities, but fishing needs the kind of concentration that only a man is capable of handling.

I can hear millions of women screaming that they can fish as good as, and maybe better than, their husbands; and perhaps they might be right. Maybe all women are not as useless with a fishing line as my wife is.

It was a sunny, fine day and I put the motor on the boat and waited for my wife to come out onto the pier. I waited for what seemed like twelve days.

When she finally came strolling out the back door of our house she had on a bikini that would have been outrageous in a burlesque house and a pair of sunglasses that looked like

something from outer space. She also carried with her a case for her cosmetics, a portable radio, and two bottles of vodka.

I helped her into the boat. She sniffed a few times and then said, "What is that awful, awful, rotten rotten smell?"

"It's the dead crabs we are going to use for bait."

"How revolting" she purred. She then put on about two pounds of lipstick, turned on her portable radio, and took several swigs from her vodka bottle.

I started up the motor and the small craft headed for the river. We passed a boat with three men in it. When

they saw my wife in her bikini they almost ran into a duckblind. They turned their boat around and started following us. We passed another boat filled with men and when they saw my wife's bikini they also started following us. In less than two miles there were sixty boats of various sizes traveling along beside us. Each boat was filled with men who were shouting, whistling, standing on their heads, and (in several cases) falling overboard.

I shouted, "JoLoyce, why in the hell don't you put on a shirt?"

"Why?" she called back.

"Because" I yelled, "You are going to cause a maritime catastrophe in that bikini."

"You are a male chauvinist pig" she shouted back. She then stood up in our boat, wiggled her torso five or six times, and smiled at the men in the fleet that surrounded us. Sixteen boats ran into each other and five of them sank.

We finally arrived at our fishing grounds. I threw my line into the water just as my wife said, "Honey, would you mind rubbing some of this suntan lotion on my back?"

"Look knucklehead," I said, "You didn't come out here to enter a beauty contest. You came to fish. Now forget the suntan lotion and get your line over."

I honestly felt sorry for her. She had never fished before and she didn't know one single thing about it. She had no knowledge, no art, and I knew that she probably wouldn't even get a nibble. She sort of haphazardly threw her line overboard and I snickered because she had forgotten to bait her hook. I put two nice pieces of soft crab



on my hooks and cast my line far out from the boat. I would show her what fishing was all about. Pretty soon I had a bite and I pulled in a six-inch perch. I let it dangle in front of her face for a while just to show her who was the master on this fishing expedition.

"I think I'm snagged on something" said my wife.

I just ignored her. Let her suffer. I watched her while she struggled with her line. I could barely keep from laughing in her face. It was at this moment that I saw a gigantic rockfish break water about one hundred yards behind the boat.

"BY GOLLY...DID YOU SEE THAT HUGE FISH BREAK WATER?"

"Yes" replied my wife, "The nasty old thing is on my line and I can't seem to get him off."

I sat there stunned and immobilized while my wife fiddled and fumbled with her line. She managed to do everything wrong that a fisherman could do and twenty minutes later she hauled in the most beautiful eighteen-pound rockfish you have ever seen in your life.

When she had her fish in the boat she held it up beside the six-inch perch that I had caught, and said, "If you rub me down with suntan lotion I won't tell anyone this happened."

I rubbed her entire body. And I can't begin to tell you about the temptation I had when I got to her neck.