



Wear white while wadefishing? Sacrilege!

CAP'N CAMO AND DR. PAINLESS knew secret spots and figured to win the big new Poco Bueno Inshore Tournament. All they needed was a great day on reds and a really good speckled trout. However, in that region of the coast, a five-pound speck causes dockside traffic jams, a six-pound trout is cause for ringing church bells, and a seven-pounder results in letting school out so children can see what a big trout looks like. Ah, but they knew where the big spotted ladies hang out.

It was the first morning of the tourney, and the duo needed a third member of the team. Painless said, "How about my son, Phil?"

Camo groaned and thought; *An inexperienced kid to take care of, just when they needed a big trout?* He sighed, "Okay, Painless. I'm sure he'll do just fine."

At dawn, the trio prepared to step off Painless's boat, the S.S. Reddy. Cap'n Camo was equipped with all devices known to fishing man, including the latest in fish-evading camouflage garb.

Dr. Painless was equipped with his standard surgeon's smock and emergency ward pants.

Young Philip was equipped with white shorts, a long-sleeve white shirt and a crisp white GCCA cap.

Camo was outraged. Wear a white shirt while wade fishing, and a white cap? Sacrilege! Why not send up flares, beat drums and blow whistles? But, being a good person, he growled, "Let's go get 'em."

As Dr. Painless dropped Camo off, the camouflaged fisherman disappeared into the environment.

Painless shrugged and eased his boat, the S.S. Reddy further down the shoreline, where he dropped off young Philip and nearby, himself.

The trio worked a certain coastline, an ultra-secret region known to harbor speckled trout.

Camo caught trout, while in deeper water, Painless took redfish. Meanwhile, young Phil splashed along happily, chunking and winding, until something large grabbed the lure at his feet and tried to take his rod away. Big red? Medium Jackfish? Small submarine? It turned into a huge speckled trout that Phil landed and strung without help.

At the weigh-in that afternoon, Cap'n Camo groaned as a trout twice the size of his led the tournament. He growled at the weighmaster; "Now, put the kid's trout on that scale."

Young Phil's trout bested the tournament winner by three pounds.

"Next year," Camo growled at young Phil, "you're fishing with us. And partner, you'll be wearing a white shirt and white hat."