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HOOKED ON FISHING

I can't believe it. I'm hooked. I used to enjoy spending my weekends sunbathing in the back yard with a book, until recently. Now I want one of those signs I can hang on the front door that says 'gone fishin', and one for my desk that says 'I'd rather be fishing'.

When I was a child, my Dad would take us fishing on weekend parental visitation. Yuk! We three little girls hated it. He bought us these bamboo poles that fit together and there wasn't anyplace to go the bathroom. I have not fished much since those times except for a few times I would go with a boyfriend, but I didn't really fish, I watched. Recently we became empty nesters and have scaled down. Now in a condo with a lake and river view, life is different. 'Captain Annie' my bejeweled friend and neighbor, will go out, weather permitting, for

her daily limit catch. She's you're a-typical fair weather fishing femme with well manicured polished nails and high heeled 'boat' shoes. I still have to work the fishing trips around my job but will go with Annie whenever I can. Other girls will go along, too, when it fits in their schedule. What a great sport for relaxing on the weekends.

I can occasionally talk my husband into going out with us, too. But the weeks after are filled with gentle bantering about who's the best fisher-person. Admittedly, I can't beat him at golf, softball or racquet ball. I can sometimes win at poker, but I can often out fish him. Dan will respond with "Sure, I give her the good pole." Talk about fish stories.

If you ask us how we catch 'em, we'll answer "two at a time" and "right off the

bottom"

I even know the lingo and where all the markers are on the map. My daughter thinks this is pitiful. I even sat on our dock in the river and caught a perch!

Needless to say, you can usually find a good fish fry in the neighborhood. Now I can also boast about knowing how to bread and fry perch filets to perfection, about how to soak them in milk so they don't taste at all fishy and what temperature the oil has to be before you can drop them in. Even my 6 year old granddaughter likes Gammmer's perch. When we talk on the telephone, Gammmer's instructed to mail her some. When she goes to Gammmer's house, she expects a snack of leftover perch in the fridge.

We've had a few exceptionally good years for perch and walleye fishing in

Port Clinton. Ken Hershey, owner of a local marina and finishing charter business says, "One weekend we had almost all limit catches on every head boat and charter boat that went out. They came in early with happy people. There was almost 5000 perch that one weekend. There was limit catches on walleye at the same time. The fishing is unbelievable." Hershey also says "Those perch are really good out of colder water".

So go fishing while the fishing is good. Take your spouse, take your kids or take a friend. Sit at the dock, borrow a friends' boat, or jump on a head boat. Come visit Lake Erie. Just do it.



Everything Looks Green

I get the feeling I'm looking through an old pair of sunglasses, where the greenish lens that protects your eyes from the bright summer sun, turns everything you see a shade of green.

But I'm seeing green everywhere I look, and I'm

not wearing cheap sunglasses. It's the buzz these days. Nelson is proud to be on the bandwagon with everybody else. Steel is eternally recyclable and the urethane foam used when insulating our ice cream cabinets is as green as they make it.

Now we've evolved into LED lighting options for our pushcarts and scooping cart canopies. LED looks great inside a dip case, too and uses only 25% of the electricity consumption of fluorescent bulbs. Go ahead, light it up.

Certified Cool Fact:

"The ice cream cone is the only ecologically sound package known. It is the perfect package." -HEW official quoted on "Sixty Minutes", 1969.