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Subject: : Professional Stream Reports

Topic: : cedar Run

Re: cedar Run

Author: : Heritage-Angler

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URL:

Why they weren't caught...

Every Sunday afternoon the Mennonites would meet at the nearby cross roads and country store to compare their weekend catches. Everyone had normal size fish except this one old Mennonite who had always brought in huge fish. The warden heard about this and showed up one Sunday afternoon. After inspecting the old Mennonite's fish, he turned to the Mennonite and said "If you don't show me your fishing spot , I'm going to have to close you down." The old Mennonite replied by telling him to come out to the farm in the morning and he would take him fishing. The next morning the warden shows up with his pole and the Mennonite tells him to climb onto the wagon. They head out into this big field until they come to a little pond. The warden is scratching his head because all he sees is a rotten old skiff, when he expected a large lake and something closer to a yacht. The Mennonite said to get in and they start rowing out to the middle. About this time the warden notices that there are no fishing poles. As he is about to say something, the Mennonite reaches into a box and pulls out a stick of dynamite, lights it and throws it into the pond. After the water and smoke settle, he paddles around picking up the fish. The warden's jaw is on the deck. He can't talk for a minute. When he finds his voice, he starts in on the Mennonite about how he can't believe what just happened and starts screaming to the Mennonite about all the regulations he has broken. While this is taking place the Mennonite calmly reaches into the box grabs another stick of dynamite, lights it, hands it to the warden and asks him if he is going to fish or talk.