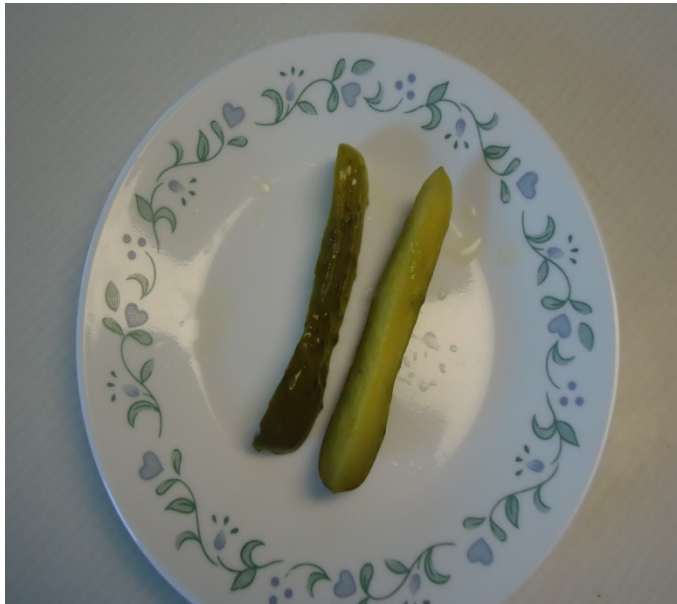


Sturgeon Spearing 101

It has come to my attention that a lot of people have no idea what sturgeon spearing is all about or for that matter have no idea what a sturgeon looks like. I am here to educate and inform. So here it goes.

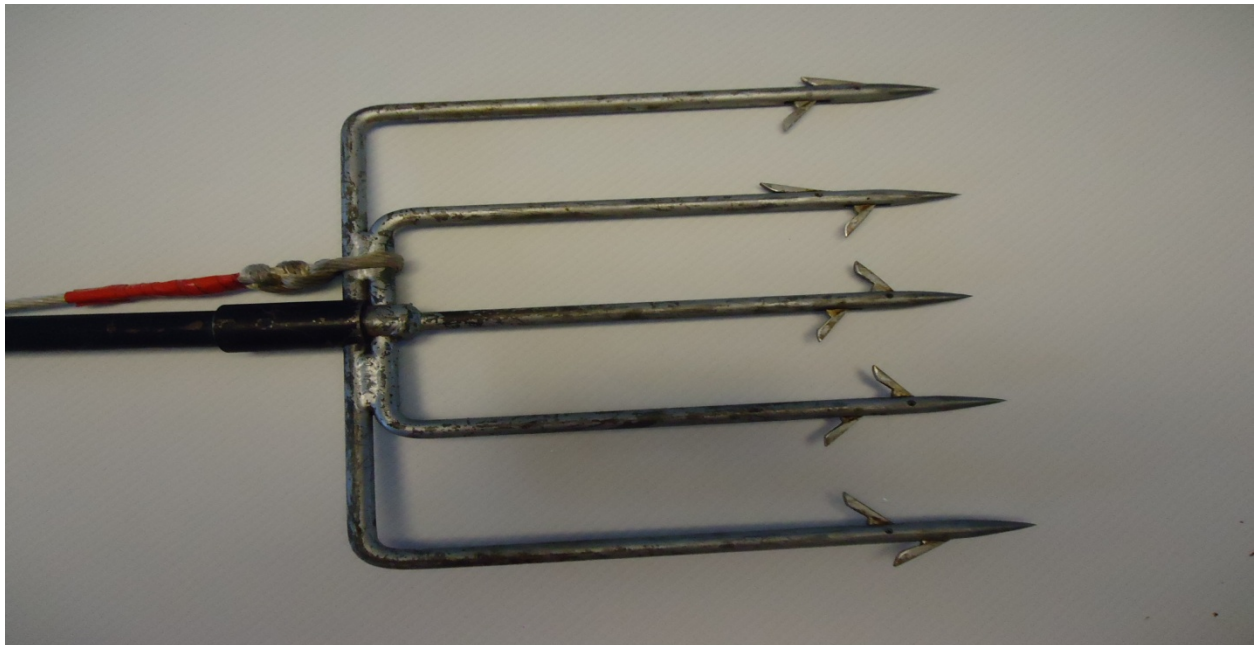
I will start out with answers to frequently asked questions:

WHAT IS A STURGEON SPEAR?



Not this, this is a pickle spear.

THIS is the business end of a sturgeon spear.



Put it all together with rope and handle.



What is a sturgeon?



This is a SURGEON.

This is a STURGEON.



What is a sturgeon shack?

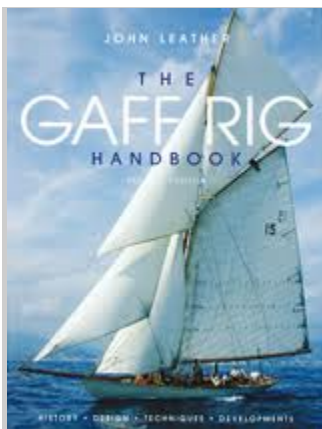
This is not a sturgeon shack.



This is a sturgeon shack

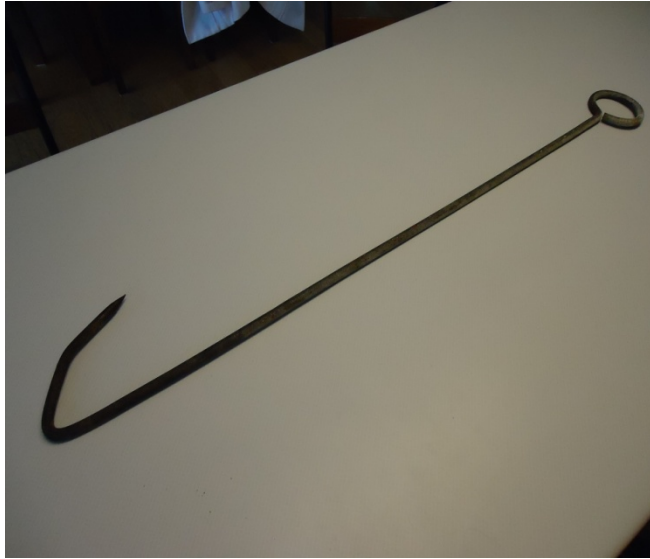


What is a gaff?



Not this. I have no idea what this is, I just googled gaff.

This is a gaff.



ANY QUESTIONS?

Let's proceed and put it all together.

So.....

About October a guy checks his mailbox to find he has won the lottery (not Megabucks, something better). He is one of 500 people who have been drawn for an upriver lakes sturgeon tag. This happens about once every 5 years.

As soon as the ice on Lake Poygan is thick enough to drive a vehicle on (usually about 13 inches). A sturgeon spearer will spend every spare waking moment scouting for sturgeon. He drills a hole, drops down an underwater camera and looks for a sturgeon to swim past. He will keep moving, drilling, and marking spots that he sees sturgeon with his GPS. This time on the ice will drive his wife crazy, pushing his marriage to the very limit. But he doesn't care, he leads a purpose driven life, that purpose: spear a sturgeon.

Two days before the start of the season, he will set his shack on his chosen spot. A hole 3 feet by 6 feet is cut and the shack is placed over the hole. He sits and stares into the hole looking for the prehistoric beast to swim thru. He now has sturgeon fever real bad. He can't sleep at night and is useless at work.

Opening morning arrives; he wakes at 4 am, although he has not slept a wink all night. He has monkey knots (much bigger than butterflies) in his stomach. (Spearing hours are 6:30 am – 12:30 pm.) He drinks some coffee and heads out to the lake. His nephew Mitchel accompanies him. Mitchel will be the gaff man.

The spears are hung from hooks on the shacks ceiling. Clothes line rope is attached to the spear and tied to the shack. The shack is nice and warm, thanks to a propane heater. It is zero hour (6:30). The minutes tick by; he is focused, ready, peering into the great abyss. At 6:41 am, the gray ghost appears, but is not an apparition, it is real, it is big, it is real big! He reaches for the spear and pushes it down into the great fish and grabs the clothes line rope. He feels tension on the line, the fish is on. He pulls the great beast to the surface and the aforementioned gaff man

is ready. The fish is gaffed and out the shack door it goes followed by the spearer and his gaff man.

The whole deal last about 15 seconds. He has spent countless hours preparing. There is celebration.



A foot note to this story: the spearer is still married.

A foot note to this story: the speaker is still married.