

PUT

FISHIN\* MUNITIONS, INC.

## THE SNAPPER BLASTER

*A .60-caliber alternative to the "Buzz Bomb."*



CERTAIN FRIENDS OF THIS correspondent frequently say the following:  
"C\*mon Bonefish! Let's go out there and nail 'em!"

"'em", in this instance, is fish. Any fish...big fish being better than small fish; salmon being better than, say electric eels. All are routinely "pursued, chased, nabbed, bagged, gotten and nailed."

Which is a stinky dinky lie. One "nails" a mosquito. A mid-term exam is nailed. Promotions, communists and neighbor's wives can all be nailed. Not so fish. Fish are merely "hooked" after meandering over — by accident or idle curiosity — and willfully wrapping their fat, lazy lips around the end of our limp, flaccid, dangling line. Heaven's to Betsy.

Which is why we can't blame the rest of the world for thinking that an angler's idea of hustling a hot date is to squat naked in the parking lot of Fabric World and hope a woman happens by and falls on him.

John and Sharon Kenner of Oskegon, Illinois, felt that after 10,000 or so years, fishermen were owed an aggressive option for pursuing their fried fish-sticks. Five years ago, they formed Fishin\* Munitions, Inc., and began manufacturing fully automatic .60-caliber fishing guns they call the Snapper Blaster. Now as John says with a proud grin, "the fish you see is the fish you eat! No hooks! No line! No trolling!...unless you plan to shoot some trolls!"

What about the resultant flow-through problem? "It's a bonus side benefit," says Sharon. "Before I broil a salmon fillet, I'll fill the bullet holes with butter; garlic and diced scallions. Nobody suspects anything and it tastes yummy."

I tried the Snapper Blaster 600 on an August morning off Rockaway Point in New York, and came away a slobbering convert. John pointed out that the machines are all rust-free stainless and the tripod fits easily on either the foredeck or in the cockpit. After only an hour of chumming the area with pig entrails, a 10-pound striper came up for a look-see and I squeezed off a few rounds. The muzzle went skyward briefly and a few rounds grazed a 747 before I wrestled it back to my target.

Six seconds and 140 rounds later, that striper was terminated... "nailed" as it were. Sharon netted my prize and then reattached the lower half with the suture kit neatly hidden within a waterproof compartment in the stock. Nice touch.

John's 9-year-old boy Skipper demonstrated the Snapper Blaster's versatility when he loaded the fishgun with hollow-tipped "flounder rounds" and took out a six-pounder off the bottom with a mini-burst. We were on our way to bagging our limit but the day was cut short after Skipper shot off the bow and exploded the porta-potti. But as John pointed out, how many anglers accidentally hook their butts when casting? Plenty.

The Snapper Blaster sells for \$1299, bullets extra.  
Hooks are dead. Battlestations, men!

For more information, contact: Fishin\* Munitions, Inc.. c/o BOATING, 1633 Broadway, New York, NY

