

Dallas "Bubba" Eure Chesapeake



Dallas "Bubba" Eure, 53, loving husband, devoted father and cherished brother, went to be with the Lord Jan. 8, 2006, surrounded by his adoring family. He was predeceased by his parents, Albert and Jean Eure.

Bubba was an avid fisherman and earned his reputation as a true "Bass Master." He made many friends on the water. He was a member of the Virginia Bass Federation Association, Region 7, and qualified for the Fall Classic, which was to be held in October, but his illness wouldn't allow him to compete. Bubba also participated in the Suffolk Bootleg Tournaments.

A welder/fabricator, Bubba was employed at Portsmouth Marine Terminals for more than 22 years. The support of all his friends and co-workers has been a great source of comfort for his family during his illness. Their kindness has been a true testament of their love and admiration for him. The family would like to especially thank Eddie Agnor, Pastor Ron Heath, Portsmouth Marine Terminals, and Bennett's Creek Pharmacy for all their support.

He leaves to cherish his memory his devoted wife, Pamela Shumaker Eure; a daughter, Wendy Ashworth and husband Kyle; a son, Dallas Boone Eure Jr.; three grandchildren, Neil, Brandon and Chandler; a brother, Keith Eure; three sisters, Gloria Krueth and husband Eddie, Becky Rheuark and husband Hayes and Judy Borum and husband Al; a special sister-in-law, Vicky Weaver and husband Doug; and numerous nieces and nephews.

*Gone but Not Forgotten – by **Bob Bullen**, Bass-Jon’s Founder*



It’s time to remember one of our own that has recently passed away. His impact on the local fishing community is well known and documented. He will be sorely missed by all who knew him and fished the local tourneys against him. His ability to fish and win tourneys is legendary, but was only outweighed by his humor and ability to make life-long friends. The 460 truck Stop Pre-Blastoff Meeting for tourneys will never be the same without our friend Bubba Eure breaking them on all contestants and telling one of his famous stories. He was easily one of the nicest people you would every want to meet. Dallas was no stranger to the winner circle both in fishing and at life. Most of my conversations with Dallas always revolved around fishing and more to the point Dallas hold those Hawgs up so I can get a picture for the site. I wish I had a chance to know him better, his time was cut short. Dallas we’ll miss your humor, your smile and the stories, but we’ll miss the man

behind it all the most. God speed on your next journey, I know you’ll be fishing up there and telling jokes. The best thing I can say about Dallas is when you remember him, you just have to smile!!!! Fair Winds and Smooth Seas for our Friend.

*Fishing – It was a way of Life - by **Neal Robinson**, Boot’Legg Trail
In Memory of a Fallen Fisherman*



This is to pay our respects of love and friendship to Dallas “Bubba” Eure. Dallas left us on January 8th 2006 due to cancer. Dallas lived for his family; his wife Pamela, his two children (Dallas Jr., and Wendy) and his precious grandchildren. We are so overwhelmed with the love that Dallas has for his family. When he talked about his wife, Pamela and his children and grand kids, he would just glow with pride. People around him just knew that someone who loved their family so unselfishly couldn’t be all that bad and you had to respect and appreciate it.

Dallas seemed to take the same approach to his illness as he did to life: he was relentless, tireless and showed no mercy. Despite having less than good chance of survival, Bubba never let it beat him emotionally. Anyone that had the opportunity to see him would tell you that he had the same spirit and attitude as he always had; always smiling and telling a good story. How he loved to make people smile and laugh with him. The gift that Bubba had to make people around him laugh and smile is powerful; to know that people loved to be around your presence for a good laugh. Although most of his stories were funny, those stories that weren’t so funny were funny by the way Dallas would tell it, which made it funny.

Throughout his struggle with cancer, Dallas made sure that his loving family would be taken care of. But seeing how he handled one of the worst diseases known to man, how he continued to inspire no matter his condition, Dallas “Bubba” Eure – both in sickness and in health – is a guiding light to all.

Dallas enjoyed his life and he really enjoyed fishing; even after being diagnosed with cancer, he never allowed it to consume him enough to totally keep him from his passion. A typical tournament morning ritual started with meeting his friends and sharing jokes, small talk solving many a worlds problems over coffee, a sweet cake or some small breakfast at the Rte 460 Truck Stop. Dallas always had room for some good hearted ribbing of other anglers and friends. Then it was off for to the lake, where he continued kidding with the guys and emitted his smiles and projected his laughter to others around him. Once on the water, he would always find his comfort and joy of fishing among his friends; the Kinsey's, James Williams, Gene & Sam North, Lenny Shane, Charles Goff, Rick Williams, Bubba Driscoll, Russ Hall, Tim Langdon, Todd Thompson, Steve Sexton, John Plyler and too many other to name. The camaraderie he shared with his friends was something that Dallas looked forward to on Tournament Sunday's and his friends shared the same feelings, knowing that they would get a good story from Dallas. Oh how Dallas loved to tell a funny and entertaining story; complete with his special Southern draw and seriousness to it. Gatherings at the weigh-ins will never be the same; there will be an empty void in all of our lives. However, it is the time when we can all reflect on all the good conversations we had together. We cherished them so much and Dallas will always live through us and his stories will never be forgotten.

From sunrises to sunsets, he was always very near and dear to our hearts. He will be truly missed and we all know that there isn't a day that goes by where he would remember his Angling friends. Thanks to all of you for being such a big part of his life. He truly loved us all, he loved the peace and serenity and the joy of fishing.

Thank you Dallas, for being our friend. Thank you putting so much thought, care and imagination into our friendship. For sharing the many great times at the watering holes. For making all those special memories that we shall carry on. Thank you for being there for us, for being gentle, honest, understanding, kind and always loving; for being a friend to us in countless and meaningful ways.

May his lines remain tight forever more.

In memory
Dallas "Bubba" Eure

Dallas "Bubba" Eure Memories - by Fishermen

***From - Sam North
Boot'Legg, Rule-9 and Homet***



Bubba was one of the top notch fisherman in this area. When he was in the tourney he was one of the guys you had to beat, no dead money there. He was also the funniest guy that ever fished with us. The last time that I saw him he was at the truck stop, before a Boot'Legg event, he was not fishing that day, but he just showed up to shoot the bull with us that morning. He had me and about 5 or 6 other guys laughing so hard in there that I couldn't breathe, that seemed to be the norm whenever Bubba was around. He could always make us all laugh like mad with some of the craziest stuff I've ever heard. I have learned a lot of my fishing knowledge from Dallas. I will miss him very much.

From – Russ Hall
Boot'Legg, Rule-9, Jamestown Bassmasters



A few years ago during post spawn on Western Branch, during a singles match; almost everyone had weighed fish except for Alan Williams, Bubba and me. Alan weighed his 12 pounds and took over first place, Bubba weighed his 16 pounds and he took over first place. Now my turn. I only had three fish and as you know, everyone asks, "How many you got," before the weigh in; seldom does anyone ask, "How much weight do you think you have?" Before I could get my fish out of the boat, Bobby Kinsey and Bubba were talking about what Bubba was going to do with his first place money....a lot of yadda,

yadda was going on. Everyone patting Bubba on the back. When I brought my three fish to the scales, the three of them weighed just less than 19 pounds, one citation by weight and one by length. You could have heard a pin drop when Bubba said, "That guy Russ has got a damn horseshoe in his pocket," shook my hand and said something to the effect, "Welcome to the big time club dude." Since that day, Bubba never asked me how many fish I had, he always asked, "How much weight you got son?" True story.

From – Neal Robinson
Boot'Legg Trail (Tournament Official)



I remember my first year of tournament fishing on the Southside; I finally got to meet the many names that I only heard about. James Williams, Gene & Sam North, Brian Hollis and many others continually battered me about going out there fishing against these guys from Suffolk. I can only remember the few times that I did fish the Suffolk Lakes I hated them and didn't care to fish them anymore (outside of tournaments). However, I was finally coaxed into going and I was greeted by Bobby Kinsey and he

made me feel like I was part of the gang and I have never even seen or met him; yet he seemed to have known me for years. As he took me in, so did the others.

As I got to know the anglers, to include Dallas, I became really comfortable with this group of anglers by the way the welcomed me in. I can recall during one of the Single Man events, meeting up with Dallas on Western Branch about midway to the back (opposite of the dam). I figured he was simply fishing and I was intruding on his water, so I was yielding to him and he started blocking me. I didn't think anything of it, but he wanted to stop me. I saw his boat motor cowling removed and I just raised a brow and he spoke to me about his day on the water; which he had 2 fish in the well and brought in 2 nice stripers and had a few more busting up his topwater plug. I mentioned that I didn't have a thing. I asked him what was up with his motor and he told me (in his humorous way) of how his motor won't start and he would use his pull string, but he needed a wrench to get to it or something because his electric start won't work. He didn't have any tools, so he asked me and I told him that I have toolbox with minor tools and I could look for him. He told me not to worry about it and that he would just troll his way back. I then mentioned, "Hey, don't worry about that, let me check my toolbox first to see if I have something and if I don't, then I will go ahead and tow you back; that's just too far to troll and leave you stranded out here." Lo-and-behold, I had the right tool in order for him and on the first pull...fliiiiing...plooop...there goes my wrench in the drink, but his motor started up on that one pull; he didn't need the wrench anymore because he had already removed the cover required to gain access for pull starting the motor. He felt bad about losing the wrench and all I told him was, "Hey, at least you don't have to go home now, you can fish the rest of the day." Jokingly, I mentioned to him, "If you win,

I want my cut!!!” Well, I left early that day and guess who won?! Dallas “Bubba” Eure; and I’m still waiting for my cut. I’m just kidding about waiting for my cut (or wrench), but the story is true. And you can only imagine the stories and humor I was receiving during this escapade of him trying to get his motor right.

One thing that I would also like to mention – Dallas fished every tournament created from the Southside that I can recall. Fishing the original Single Man’s events, which started years ago; prior to that, I don’t know what events were available out there outside of fishing for the Federation. He also fished the Bill’s Marine’s tournaments, which later became known as the Bobby’s Team Events; after Bill’s Marine decide to stop sponsoring the Team Events. From there, the Boot’Legg Team Trail came about and he started fishing those since they have been around. In 2005, he only fished 7 of the 22 Boot’Legg Trail events, but was able to place 12th in the AOY Standings among 169 other anglers. In 2005, while fishing as a Federation Member for Region 7’s Southeastern Virginia Bassmasters (SEVA), he qualified for the Fall Classic, which he was unable to fish due to his illness. He qualified for this along side of Charles Goff and their achievement doesn’t seem to be credited enough for what they did there. Of the 4 Region 7 events fished, they were 2nd Overall, placing in the Top 5 of every event, except for one and they placed 11th then. Now that’s having a good season and Bubba pretty much did this, as I mentioned along side with his fishing partner, Charles Goff. I only wish that we would have been able to recognize this earlier, but we don’t get to read or hear much about our fellow anglers fishing for the Federation. Like Dallas, those that fish the Suffolk Tournaments and the Federation are usually fishing well within the Federation.

There are too many great things that can be said about our friend, Bubba. One thing for certain, there wasn’t a bad thing that anyone could have said about him. He was a man that we can all call a GOOD FRIEND.

In a word to sum it all up...THANKS

Neal

From - Parish Malone of Boot’Legg Trail



I first met Bubba in 1992 when I started fishing the Suffolk Lakes for fun. I didn’t get into tournaments till 98, The first time I met him, I was fishing with a group of friends and it was early spring, I couldn’t catch a dam thing, I saw bubba, at the time but I didn’t know who he was or how great a fishermen he was. I saw Bubba throwing a spinner bait, and he was burning it across the surface, kind of like a buzz bait, but just under the surface; it had just rained real hard and he came up to me and said I needed to throw my spinner much faster. Later that day I came in to watch the singles weigh-in and he took time after the tournament to share the why and what of what I was doing wrong. It was

very clear that my technique was not the right one; I had about 5 lbs-5 fish and he had close to 15 lbs with 4 mules. That was the kind of guy he was, later as we started to fish against each other he shared less info, but still would give me hint’s at where I was messing-up.

Bubba was the kind of guy that men look up to; he had a hard work ethic both at the yard as well as on the water, he loved his family and always made time for them. He was also one of the best fishermen I have ever met. And truly the best Carolina-Rig man around.

Bubba was always funny, he really had fun with my federation partner Rebel, there was many a time when Rebel would come in with the story that he lost a big fish, well Bubba would give him hell every time. The last time I had a Bubba fishing lesson and of course a typical stomping was this spring and the bass were on the beds in Burnt Mills, I had been working a fish that would keep coming back to the bed, for about 20 min, and Bubba came down the bank, he asked me how big the fish was and I told him about 4 lbs. It was late in the day and I had a small limit, he told me he had about 14 lbs and that fish would help him so I gave him a shot at that fish, only If I could watch a real pro at work, he then gave me a 10min bed fishing lesson that I will never forget, after he caught the fish I thought about what I had learned in that 10 min. Dallas had helped me more in that ten min than multiple years of bed fishing would have taught me on my own. That was just the kind of guy he was.

"Thanks Bubba" where ever you are right now, I will miss seeing you at the truck stop and you will be missed by all; your great humor and talent was a gift to everyone who had the chance to know you.