



The Buzz

www.prsc.org



Volume 25, Issue 8

August 29, 2012

50 States in 50 Days

Upcoming Items

PRSC Meeting
Beau Beasley
September 26, 2012

Fish with a Friend
September 8, 2012

Potomac Riverkeeper
September, 2012

Potomac Cons.
Sept. and Oct. 2012

In This Issue

UPCOMING P. 2

PRSC UPDATES P. 3

NEW RIVER TRIP P. 4

UPPER POTOMAC TRIP P. 8

OPPORTUNITY KNOCKS P. 10

SAN DIEGO P. 12

OLD FRIENDS P. 13

PRSC ON THE WATER P.14

CONS. CORNER P. 16

FISHING CONTEST P. 18

On June 13th, 2009 Jeff Turner and his 17-year-old son Taylor embarked on a nationwide quest, a quest to *Fish 50 Trophy Waters in 50 States in 50 Days*. Their journey spanned 14,552 miles by land, 8,500 miles by air (Alaska and Hawaii), and covered 500 miles by water, with no shortcuts. They came up with this bucket list idea to honor a passing friend.

Ever since Jeff was a small boy he dreamed of adventure, desiring to seek something that seemed bigger than life. If you're like Jeff, adventures with your children, such as climbing Mount Everest or running the Boston Marathon, seem a bit beyond reality. In 2009, Jeff saw himself as just an average father who was looking at one summer left with his son before college, and he asked himself, "What could our adventure be?" That's when they settled on fishing 50 states in 50 days.

Jeff and Taylor's planning focused on selecting a legitimate trophy river, lake, or water body in each state and a professional guide to aid them in each day's outing. All driving, planning, and logistics were performed solely by father and son.

Each day of fishing involved 4-8 hours on the water. They fished the lower 48 states in 44 days using four doubleheader days. For example, they fished New Jersey in the morning, drove 3 hours in the afternoon and fished Delaware in the late afternoon and evening. Because their Maryland destination was only 1 hour away, they were able to be at that destination rested and ready to fish the next morning.

Day #1, June 13, 2009, began on the Susquehanna River in Pennsylvania and Hawaii, the 50th state, was fished on day 48.

Come to the August meeting to hear the rest of the story of this epic fishing adventure and learn about the father-son bond between Jeff and Taylor. Meanwhile, check out their Website at

www.fish5050.com.



| Club Executive Board | <h1>Upcoming Items</h1> |
|---|--|
| President Steve Moore (h) (703) 494-8208 president@prsc.org | |
| Vice-President Randy Chandler (H) (301) 253-6092 vp@prsc.org | Potomac River Smallmouth Club - September Meeting Join Us Wednesday, September 26 for PRSC's Next Meeting This month we will be at our usual location, starting at 7:30pm. Our speaker this month will be Beau Beasley. Beau has spoken to the club before, and is always one of our most popular speakers. This time he will be making a presentation about the current legal dispute over fishing access on the Jackson River. If you don't think this is important, read the article in the Metro Section from the August 19 issue of the Washington Post. |
| Secretary Dave Lockard (h) (301) 656-1964 secretary@prsc.org | |
| Treasurer Jamie Gold C (571) 213-4699 treasure@prsc.org | PRSC Fish with a Friend Saturday, September 8. Brunswick to Point of Rocks. For more information, see the PRSC Updates on the following page. |
| Trip Coordinator Steve Adams (703) 409-3846 trip_coordinator@prsc.org | Potomac Riverkeeper Arlington Volunteer Stream Monitoring. Saturday, September 15 - 9am-12pm. Training to become a volunteer stream monitor. For more information, contact Jen McDonnell at jmcdonnell@arlingtonva.us . |
| Program Chair Bill Amshey Programs@prsc.org | Clean Water Act 40th Anniversary Paddle & Rally. Saturday, September 15 - 11am-3pm. Georgetown Waterfront Park, Washington, DC. Join Potomac Riverkeeper for a celebration of the 40th Anniversary of the Clean Water Act. For more information go to http://www.potomacriverkeeper.org/CWA40Rally . |
| Conservation Chair Herschel Finch (H) (540) 635-7636 Conservation@prsc.org | Four Mile Run Cleanup. Saturday, September 15 - 1pm-3pm. Join Arlingtonians for a Clean Environment to collect and tally trash for this annual event. For more information call 703-228-6406 or send an email to volunteer@arlingtonenvironment.org . |
| Librarian Chip Comstock Librarian@prsc.org | Potomac Conservancy Romp on the River 2012. Tuesday, September 18 - 6:30pm - 8:30pm. River Farm, 7931 East Boulevard Drive, Alexandria, VA 22308. Join them for Potomac Conservancy's 2012 benefit. Enjoy an evening celebration along the Potomac's shores at the historic River Farm. Alexandra Cousteau will be honored as the 2012 River Champion. |
| Additional Programs Fishing Contest Jack Cook H (703) 573-4403 | 5th Annual Potomac River Jam. Sunday, October 14 - 10am-4pm. Join Potomac Conservancy for the 5th annual Potomac River Jam – a full-day celebration of the natural beauty, culture, and history of the Potomac River and C&O Canal. The morning will begin with a sampling of the summer's most popular nature walks at Lock 8, followed in the afternoon by live music from local musicians. We'll also have river-inspired artwork from local painters on displays, children's activities, and canoe rides. This is a free event open to all ages – bring the whole family and join in the fun! For more information go to their website at www.potomac.org . |
| The Buzz Jamie Gold (C) (571) 213-4699 Buzz_Editor@prsc.org | |
| Merchandise Ernie Rojas H (703) 729-0128 Publicity@prsc.org | |
| Past President Randy Chandler | |
| Publicity Ernie Rojas H (703) 729-0128 | |

PRSC Updates

Dr. Vicky Blazer at the Vienna Firehouse

The Northern Virginia Chapter of Trout Unlimited extends an invitation to our members to attend their monthly meeting on September 6 at 7:30 in the Firehouse to hear Dr. Vicki Blazer, PhD, a fish pathologist at the National Fish Health Research Laboratory of the U.S. Geological Survey. She will provide an update on findings concerning fish diseases and kills in the Chesapeake watershed, as well as the occurrence and effects of chemicals. For several years, scientists have been working to determine why so many male smallmouth bass in the Potomac River basin have immature female egg cells in their testes - a form of intersex. Recent research by the U.S. Geological Survey (USGS) has shown a variety of sources including wastewater treatment plant effluent. Also, agriculture and storm water runoff may contribute to reproductive endocrine disruption as well as immunosuppression. Vicki will provide more information about these problems and answer questions about these alarming developments.

Upcoming Fish with a Friend Trip

Saturday, September 8 - Brunswick to Point of Rocks. Meet at 8am at the Brunswick Boat Ramp in Brunswick, MD. Join a group of fellow PRSC members as they go looking for some late summer smallmouth bass on the Potomac River. This trip is open to club members only. Please go to http://www.meetup.com/PotomacSmallmouth/events/73328512/?a=ea1_grp&rv=ea1 to get more information about the trip.

New River Trip

Article and Photos by Steve Moore

Day 1 VDGIF Description: *"Be on your toes for some whitewater action after entering the river at Ripplemead. A Class II rapid awaits approximately one mile from the put in, followed by several more ledges that produce great canoeing fun. A long series of Class II riffles and ledges are located a mile below the confluence of Big Stony Creek. Clendennin Shoals, located near the town of Pearisburg, is the strongest rapid in the float and provides some excellent opportunities to land a big smallmouth bass or monster flathead catfish. Bragging size muskellunge can also be caught in the deep holes."*

The company was good and the food was better. Whoa! Given this is a fishing report, that lead-in sentence should be a red flag. Any fishing report that begins with a comment regarding camaraderie or hearty chow must mean that the fishing was substantially better than the catching. But, I get ahead of myself. Eight Potomac River Smallmouth Club members participated in this expedition and moved independently on July 19 to the Walkers Creek Resort operated by the New River Outdoor Company outside of Pearisburg, VA. Given prior communications, I knew that we were going to float a challenging section of the river on Friday - especially after reading the VDGIF description. What I did not know was that Bruce Ingram described this float as having the most whitewater of any stretch of river in either Virginia or North Carolina! As the operator of a lumbering 16 foot, 90 pound, mostly plastic, wide bottomed canoe, this was the last thing that I wanted to hear. I rationalized my participation by assuring myself that if I lost equipment in a dramatic, flailing, splashing spill, I would have a good excuse for the BassWife prior to wandering off to the Bass Pro Shop to procure appropriate replacements.

Frankly, there was more planning and coordination around who would bring what to eat than the actual execution of the floats. For example, I had the mission to stop at the outfitter to pick up two trays of lasagna Terry Cooney's wife prepared for one of our dinners. Perfect! In addition to freeing the hostage lasagna, I intended to have a detailed question and answer session with the outfitter on what to expect and how to survive the following day. Although the conversation went nothing like this, this is how it played back in my mind.

Steve: Hi, I'm here to pick up Terry's lasagna and want to ask you a few questions about our float tomorrow.

Outfitter: Great, it's in the fridge. What trip are you taking?

Steve: We're doing Ripplemead to Bluff City. I have the satellite picture and a map. I need some advice on the best way to negotiate some of the rapids.

Outfitter: What a fantastic float! It's got plenty of exciting whitewater that will provide stark punctuation to some great fishing! So you want to know about how to get your kayak through the most exciting lines for the maximum adrenaline rush?

Steve: I have a canoe.

Outfitter: ...silence...

Steve: I have a canoe.

Outfitter: You're a dead man.

Steve: Don't worry, my insurance is paid up, my wife is the beneficiary and, if the worst happens, it gives her the opportunity to move in with her twin sister and live with 10 cats.

Outfitter: Even though you're not going on one of our trips, you need to sign the extra special, high-risk liability waiver before I can speak to you.

Steve: Okay, how should I deal with the rapids to have the best chance of survival and disappointing my wife by returning?

Outfitter: Well, you run most of them on the left, a few on the right and one or two in the middle. If you are alert, you might be able to beach your canoe on the shoreline and walk it along the edge if the current doesn't sweep you into the roiling maw of the churning water and drown you like a squashed bug before you know what's happening.

Steve: Okay, which ones do I run left and which do I run right?

Outfitter: It depends on how they look when you get there - just flip a coin and go for it.

Steve: Any other advice?

Outfitter: Wear something bright orange so the search and rescue guys can find your body easily.

Steve: I have an orange poncho, got it. One more question, I'm on the hook to buy lunch stuff for the trip, where should I get it?

Outfitter: Since you'll be dead before lunch, you may as well go to the Super Wal-Mart and buy the cheapest generic brand of lunchmeat and cheese you can find.

Steve: Thanks!

Outfitter: Hope that lasagna is good...It may be your last meal! Oh... And have a good day!

New River Trip cont'd

The next morning, after a paltry last breakfast consisting of a bagel with cream cheese and two strong cups of coffee, we drove off into the misty morning to the put-in. After a quick shuttle to the takeout and braving a burst of rain, everyone launched into the slight drizzle to go hammer some fish. With a last, lingering glance at the safety of the shore, I pushed my beached whale of a canoe strongly into the current and focused my mind on fishing. The New River is big water. Putting eight boats in at the same time is not a big deal. Everyone spread out, following their instinct about what was good structure and what wasn't. I just let the current move me downstream to the first good looking eddy, dropped anchor and began to work.

I have been wanting to try an Alabama rig for a long time and tied one on. After three or four casts, it was clear that it was not the right gear to use on a river with strongly moving current. It was obvious that the flow of water was causing the rig to tumble and act more as a fish repellent than a fish attractant. With that insight, I switched to soft plastics. I started with worms, switched to a creature bait, and eventually settled on a green tube based on advice from the other guys who were having more success than me. But, success is relative. As the most enthusiastic, but perhaps the worst fisherman in the crowd, my standards of a good day are pretty low. But some of these other guys actually keep fish logs to tune their technique and tailor their attack; not wanting to rely on my approach based on random instinct and whatever my hand happens to grab in my "bag o' lures." As I drifted closer to some of the other guys, I could hear some complaints about the quality of fishing. What they were complaining about all sounded like a good day to me!

By this time, we exited the dead water and were rapidly approaching the first set of ledges and associated whitewater. I flipped a coin and went right, following the crowd ahead of me so they would be well positioned to haul me out of the 77 degree water. Good call. I made it. I was still alive. The day really wasn't great in terms of weather. The mist continued, the clouds hung low over the high cliffs protecting the shoreline and the rain continued to squirt on and off with an infuriating randomness. At least it gave me a good excuse to wear that orange poncho.

More fishing followed in the long stretch of relative calm prior to hitting the next trouble spot. At the second rapid, I noticed Steve Adams at the shore waving to me. I took that as a warning to head for him and I'm glad I did. The rapid was a tight chute compressing the water and adding velocity. I walked the canoe down the left-hand bank and cheated death while the brave and intrepid kayakers in the crew all squirted through...with one exception. Capsized!! Instantly, like starved mosquitoes buzzing intently towards exposed flesh, the crew moved quickly to the rescue. No harm, no foul. All the gear was tied down, so nothing was lost. In the back of my mind, I heard the outfitter's words echoing about how the first couple of rapids were "easy" and would be a good "warm-up." Oh well, I was committed and, since I was a soldier once, would face my death bravely.



New River Trip cont'd

We stopped for lunch after passing under a railroad bridge and watched a crowd of other canoeists, mostly teenagers, confidently sweep through the churning water with expert power strokes. Maybe this wouldn't be so bad after all...or maybe they didn't tell the kids that this was their last day on earth. Onward! Just downstream of the railroad bridge the river took a sharp bend to the right with the first challenging rapid looming at the corner. This one had two 3-foot ledges towards the left, so I chose to run it on the right. Dropping to the bottom of the canoe to lower my center of gravity, I grunted out full power strokes on either side, propelling the canoe forward with renewed speed. Stroke, stroke, stroke! I thought it was going great until the front of the canoe slammed into a rock and the force of the water flipped the canoe in a 180 degree turn. I was now facing upriver instead of down...thankfully right side up. I quickly applied a few back strokes, broke free and drifted clean only to look up at the 20 or so kids standing on the bank laughing from where they were taking their lunch break. The heck with those guys. Onward!

The fishing continued to be slow; I caught a few, nothing spectacular and the other guys reported similar bad luck. We churned through a couple of more rapids. It seemed like every time we got through one, there was another one up ahead. The more maneuverable kayak guys could deal with this easily and take plenty of time to both fish and get oriented on a good line through the churn. In my monstrous canoe, I had to think about how I was going to deal with the rapid far in advance. After all, I had to flip the mental coin, maneuver to the proper place and hope for the best. This minimized fishing time, but was a small trade-off when compared to survival. The hot lure of the day for those who were having success was a black senko or dark green tube.

The last major rapid is significant enough to actually have a name - Clendennin Shoals. The outfitter cautioned me to be very alert and watch for a key landmark. The terrain on river right would break from being high forested hills to grass covered steep hills. "When you see the cows on top of the hill, pull right and walk through." As I paddled downstream, I wondered if I would recognize the landmark without the cows. After all, it was a bad day and they might be inside watching TV. As it turns out, some of the other guys beat me to the rapid and were holed up on the side waiting for everybody to arrive. None of us had seen any cows and we discussed this particular rapid. Was it the ONE? Nobody knew for sure. I decided to slide down on the right - a good call. I didn't need to walk the canoe since there was enough water running over the shallow western shoreline to keep me moving without the danger of overturning.

It was smooth sailing from there to the take out. One caveat. Some of the guys who had been on the run before marshaled themselves at the junction of an island where a side channel broke left. They rightly pushed the group to take that passage to avoid the class II ledge (Where Steve Capps "bought it.") at the base of the bridge. All of us deferred to living another day and took that good advice!

In short, bad weather, rough rapids, caught a few fish, had a good time with buddies, what more could you ask for? This is living!



New River Trip cont'd



Day 2 VDGIF Description: *"This is a short but beautiful float. Towering palisades line the water's edge as the boater drifts slowly through the bends in the river. Short riffle areas are interspersed through this reach, inviting the angler to beach his craft and try flycasting a wooly bugger in the swirling pockets and runs. Take out off Route 623, on the right side above the bridge."*

With the excitement of the first day behind us, the group took a more leisurely approach to the second day. No early morning rush to convoy out to the certain death that loomed oppressively on my mind the first day. Day two promised to be calmer, more scenic and I was looking forward to seeing the "towering palisades" discussed in the description. Given the group's consensus assessment of low risk, I chose to mount my trolling motor in the canoe. That turned out to be a great decision since there is a significant amount of water that absorbs what little energy the languid current contributed to the flow; demanding greater physical exertion to push across the finish line.

The scenery was nothing short of spectacular. All along the route, a narrow band of trees hung precariously from the narrow shoreline underneath tall rock cliffs. In other locations, the tree canopy stretched almost vertically up to the top of towering ridgelines. We started the float off the sandy beach along with thousands of other Saturday boaters and tubers to include one raucous party of screaming girls. But, the river was even wider than the stretch we negotiated yesterday and everyone spread out quickly to alleviate the feeling of pressure. In fact, once we got around the first bend, the focus was on the fishable structure instead of the crowd. For much of the float, we drifted by populated areas – a reassuring sign that if somebody got in trouble, help was nearby. The river also seemed deeper; an impression reinforced by the long stretches of still water. There were a few places where I could see the bottom and, when I could, it appeared that there was a decent amount of rock structure that boded well for fishing. Fishing? Yes. Catching? No. I did better than the day before, but it wasn't worth bragging about. I worked my fly rod hard all day and was extremely surprised to not catch more than a few sunfish. Usually, on the Rappahannock or the Rapidan I have to put sunfish repellent on my lure to keep them from grabbing it before a hulking smallmouth pushes to the prize.

At least the weather cooperated. Unlike the day before, no poncho was required. The partly cloudy day provided cooling shade that helped moderate the heat and control some of the humidity. It made the float more enjoyable and shifted the focus to catching fish instead of staying dry. The final pitch to the takeout was marked by a mile-long stretch of flat water that made me exceedingly happy that I was using the trolling motor. However, I became concerned as the strong whine of the motor gradually diminished to a hum that pushed me just a little bit faster than strong paddling. Thankfully, I had enough battery power to make it to the takeout.



So, was the trip worth it? It turns out that the fishing has been slow the last several times the group visited the New River. Based on that prior experience, coupled with poor results this time, the group consensus was that we should not come back next summer and instead visit the uncharted waters of the James or even a river in West Virginia. Despite the poor catching, I thoroughly enjoyed the company, the food and the opportunity to fish for two days straight and actually take a weekend off. It reminded me why work is just a required distraction to support more pleasurable habits.

Upper Potomac Float

Article and Photos by David Post

On Saturday, Aug. 4, five of us met at 8:00 AM to float the Potomac River from the Rt. 340 Bridge below Harper's Ferry down to Brunswick. Terry Cooney, Dominic D'Ambrosi, and Leon Kates had kayaks while Kristen Sorensen and I shared a canoe.

Thanks to a tip from some PRSC members at the last meeting, we arranged for Harper's Ferry Adventure Center to shuttle us and our boats from Brunswick to Rt. 340. It took a little doing to arrange the shuttle, but the price was right and the service was good. The driver would have been on time except that they sent him to the camp ground instead of the ramp, despite the fact that I told them 5 times to meet us at the ramp. After we loaded the boats onto the trailer, it was a quick van ride to HFAC's private launch site on the Va. side just below the bridge. After an equally quick unload, we were ready to hit the water. We all agreed that using the shuttle was the way to go. All our vehicles were waiting for us at the take out and we didn't have to manage our own shuttles both ways.

Terry, Dominic, and Leon used spinning gear while Kristen and I used fly tackle. It didn't seem to matter because we all began catching fish within the first few minutes. However, the spinning guys were catching fish faster than the fly fishers. Terry is a big fan of black grubs and lizards and it paid off; he had 2 fish practically before Leon, Kristen, and I were even in the water.

Immediately below the bridge is a long island on the Virginia side. Terry and Dominic opted for the Va. side of the island while Leon, Kristen, and I opted for the Md. side. It didn't seem to matter as all the spin fishers caught a number of fish. Later, Terry told me the VA. side of the island fished extremely well and both he and Dominic were into double-digit numbers before they even reached the downstream end of the island. Not to be outdone, Leon was picking them up regularly on our side of the island as well.

I had never fished or floated this stretch before and was impressed with all the good holding water. There were acres of pools with good current and depth, the kind of water that holds big fish. Leon, Kristen, and I dawdled along trying to fish every inch of the river until we received a call from Terry at 2:30 PM telling us that he was already at the take out and that Dominic wasn't too far behind him. I had thought we would pick up Terry and Dominic when we reached the bottom of the island, but I guess we dawdled way too long and they were far ahead of us.



Dominic, Terry, Dave, Leon, and Kristen - ready to go fishing.

Rt. 340 to Brunswick

When we realized that we were still far from the take out, we quickened our pace, although it broke my heart to bypass some of the beautiful pools we saw. Maybe we should have gone a little slower through some of the rapids because Kristen and I almost dumped and Leon did dump. He was using an ocean kayak, which he knew wasn't the right craft for floating this stretch. After bailing gallons of water out of his kayak, he swore "never again" and vowed to buy a river-ready sit-on-top kayak before his next float.

After a long, but uneventful, paddle through the slow water below the rapids, we reached the take out, loaded our stuff, said our farewells, and hit the road. We were all very glad we didn't have to shuttle up to the put-in to retrieve our vehicles.

I'd love to tell you that fly fishing is the only way to go and that we absolutely clobbered the fish. But the fact is that all 3 spin fishers each had 20+ to 30+ fish. I don't remember who caught what, but they had fish up to 18", quite a few from 12 to 18", and numerous under 12 inchers. On the other hand, Kristen and I caught 15 to 20 fish between the two of us with a few of the biggest being about 13". I'd also love to tell you exactly what lures the spin fishers were using to catch all those fish, but I can only give you general info. Terry was big on black grubs and lizards, but he also liked green. Dominic caught half of his fish on crappie spinners with soft plastics in 3 different colors and the other half on flukes and lizards in green. I'm sure Leon was using something similar. For the fly fishers, Kristen used a Muddler all day and had plenty of strikes. I used a Dahlberg Diver in the beginning, but I think the top water bite was over by the time we started and I had very, very few strikes. When I switched to streamers, I had bites on virtually every color I tried. I never do it, but this time I

brought 90% of my smallmouth flies (300+ flies) because I had room in the canoe. Most of those flies had never even been wet, so I changed flies frequently simply to try as many as possible. I changed flies more often in that one day than I normally would in a month. I guess the bottom line is to use crappie spinners and flukes or lizards in black or green.



Kristen with a nice Potomac River smallmouth bass.

Opportunity

Article and Photos by Terry Cooney

My wife and I do annual/bi-annual vacations to the eastern tip of the north shore on Long Island, near Greenport. As kids growing up in NYC we both knew friends or relatives who would invite us and our parents out to their summer cottages “on the island.” So for us it is a nostalgic trip as well as a chance to visit great wineries, go antique hunting, swimming, indulging in very fresh seafood, and simply relaxing.

In Greenport we stay at the Sound View Inn Hotel right on the beach, www.soundviewinn.com. We arrived on Tuesday and our son, a Manhattan resident, was coming out to stay with us on Thursday afternoon for the weekend. Greenport is an old fishing village with roots in the 1600s. It has alternately been a whaling center, oyster center, menhaden fishing processor, and now a quaint tourist spot with good restaurants. Their website says, “*In 2011, Forbes magazine named Greenport one of the prettiest towns in the United States.*” No argument.

Back to fishing. I always bring tackle to fish for blues or stripers off the beach. In past years I have gotten blues but this year I may have been too early. Knowing that my son also likes to fish, my wife and I stopped at the Port of Egypt marina on Peconic Bay (the large bay between the north and south forks of Long Island). I inquired with Steve at We Go Bait & Tackle about a guide. Without hesitation, he and his buddy recommended Capt Joe Blados (<http://maverickfly.com>).

I got in touch with Joe, who chastised me for my poor vacation timing - an apparent hole between blues, striper, and Spanish mackerel action. Still he said he would be willing to try. We touched base on and off, mostly about the predicted poor weather on Friday. On Friday at around 6:15 AM he called and asked if we were still game. We said we were and we agreed to meet at the NYS ramp at Mattituck Inlet. I asked for time to stop and pick up coffee (pronounced *kawfee*), and some egg and fried baloney sandwiches on Kaiser rolls. When we pulled up at the ramp a few minutes before 7 AM there was only one boat, a 21’ Maverick already in the water with a bearded and tanned Joe, stogie clenched in his teeth, already waiting. The photo shows Joe and Scott after they became “buds.” After brief intros, “*Hey, so how are you doin?*” we were off. In a few minutes we were out of the inlet and into the sound.

Capt Joe Blados, an American original, with Scott Cooney at the Mattituck Inlet ramp.



ty Knocks

We headed west towards “da city,” which Joe never visits. The fishing sites were only a couple of hundred yards off the beach as can be seen in the photo below. We had a lot of near hits with surface running crank baits. They and buck tail jigs netted us our catches. The fish seemed to be in and around house size boulders in 12 feet of water. The boulders are the remnants of the glacial moraine left during the last ice age. The water was gin clear; you could see the fish attacking the lures six feet below.

Scott was throwing from the front fishing deck and I was on the rear. I don’t want to say Joe was prejudiced but he was infinitely more vocal about Scott’s successes than mine. We called it a day when the sound really started rolling. I asked Scott how he managed to stay on the front deck and he attributed it to his surfing skills. Me, I backed my butt up against the poling platform on the rear deck.

We pulled in with a total of eight fish (all catch and release). Many more hook ups were missed. I got all blues, and Scott got two each of blues and stripers.

Joe turned out to be quite a character. He served his draft in the Army, retired from a NYS job, is involved in race cars, does computer fish art, guides for fly fishing and light tackle, and is the developer of the Crease Fly.

This unspoiled fishing area is closer than you might think. When we drove back on Sunday from Greenport, including dropping my son at his place in lower Manhattan, we were in Fairfax in 6 ½ hours.

So back to the title of the article. There are plenty of fishing opportunities wherever you go. Certainly the internet is a great tool but stopping in at a local bait and tackle shop can offer a different type of research. By the way, while my son and I were closing out the bar in the hotel’s restaurant, the bar tender had a reverent expression when we said we had been out with Capt Joe Blados.



Scott Cooney with his first striper off the north shore of Long Island. Note the proximity to the shore and the large boulder in the background. Note Scott’s expression

San Diego Fishing Adventures

By Jamie Gold

Earlier this Summer I had the opportunity to travel to San Diego, CA for work. Since this was my first time to that city, I decided to stay over for a few extra days to do some fishing and sightseeing.

After much online research and exchanging emails with several guides, I booked two trips during my trip. On Friday I went fishing with Capt. Kelvin Nettleton (www.lajollafishing.com). We met early in the morning at La Jolla Beach and



Launching the skiff at La Jolla Beach. Photo by Capt. Nettleton.

launched from the beach in a lightweight aluminum skiff. We were targeting the kelp beds right off the beach. Starting with a sabiki rig, we jigged up about a dozen Spanish mackerel. Then pushing out a little farther, we started trolling with the mackerel in the hopes of catching barracuda or yellow fin. Unfortunately the fish weren't really there, so I only managed to land one young barracuda. However, the sea lions liked our bait, as they ate a good bit of it. Suddenly the drag would start screaming, then the line would go dead...a second later a sea lion would pop its head out of the water and contentedly munch on one of our mackerel. AAARGH!!!

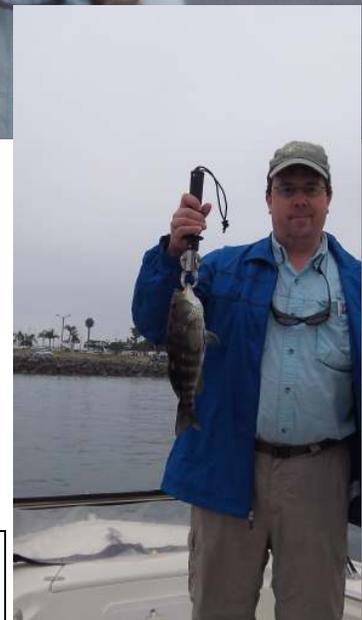
For Saturday I booked a trip on San Diego Bay with Capt. John Grim, the Salty Doc (<http://www.saltydoc.net/>). This turned out to be a really fun trip of chasing saltwater fish on the fly rod...and the good captain is a great guy to fish with. Most of the time I was using an 8 wt. rod with a shooting head line, working clouser minnows in various colors. Fishing out of a great 22' center console, Capt. Grim took me all over the Bay looking for fish. What I really liked was that each spot he took me to produced fish, but when the fishing slowed, he was quick to move to another spot. He also selected spots based on what the tide was doing. In other words, he really knew what he was doing. I ended up



with 5 species and over 30 fish, including calico bass, speckled bass, sculpin, Spanish mackerel, and a lizard fish. Look him up for some good fishing in San Diego.



The boat (right) and one of the fish (left).



Fishing with Old Friends

By Steve Kimm

Every year I see an old friend at the Coastal Conservation Association (CCA) banquet. His name is Captain Greg Ignash and his boat is named Reel Addition (www.reeladdition.com.) He is conveniently located at Sunset Marina, next to the Route 50 Bridge as you head into Ocean City.



We discussed the beginning of June as being prime-time for Tuna. I suggested it to some old high school friends and we booked a trip for early June. His boat is a 48 foot Ocean Express and his mate Kevin worked hard all day long ensuring that we all caught fish.

We ended the day with 13 Yellow Fin Tuna ranging in size from 40 to 60 lbs and 4 gaffer Dolphin.

While these 5 guys all live in

Above: Steve and the gang with their catch.

Right: A close up of the results of some good fishing.

Northern VA with wives, kids and jobs we rarely get together. The fact that everyone was available was a minor miracle. As such the fishing Gods were looking out for us.

I've done at least 10 Gulf Stream trips and this was the best trip by far.



PRSC On the Water

By: Jamie Gold

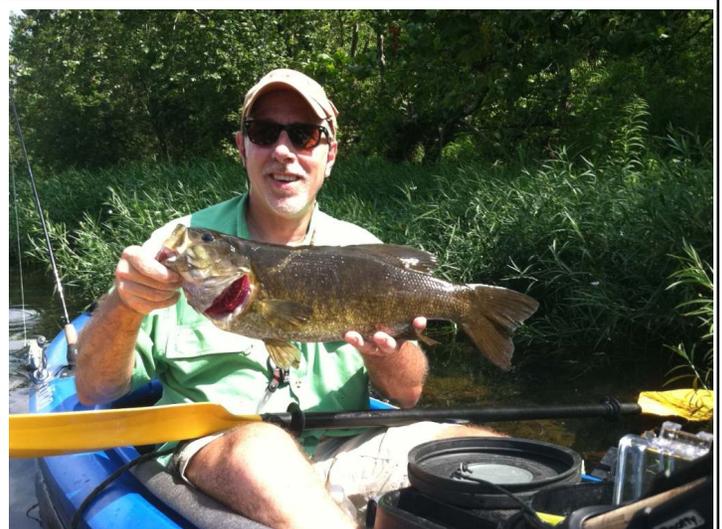
Members of PRSC have been busy this past month catching and photographing some awesome fish. Enjoy, and feel free to submit pictures of fish that you've caught for next month's Buzz.

Near 20" Potomac River smallmouth.



Mark Myers. Photo by Nolan Dunkel.

21.5" New River beast.



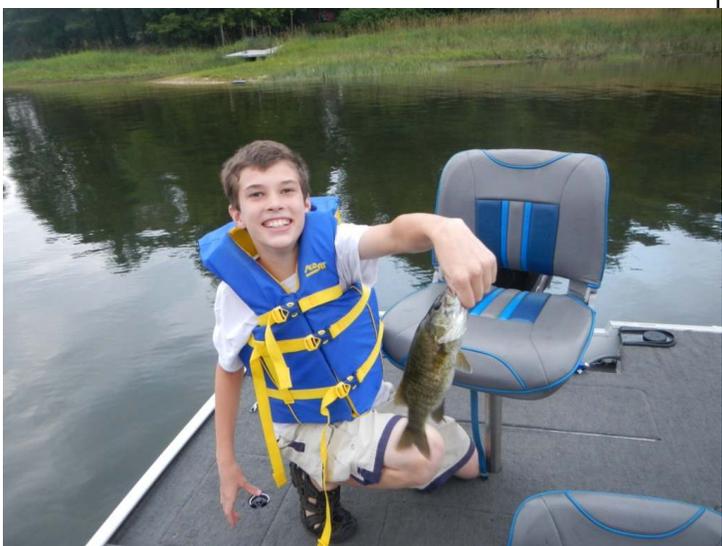
Dave Lockard. Photo by unknown.

18" Potomac smallmouth - caught on buzzbait.



Fish caught and photographed by Jamie Gold.

Deep Creek Lake smallmouth bass.



Josiah Kitching. Photo by Chris Schaupp.

San Diego saltwater bass.



Jamie Gold. Photo by Capt. John Grim.

Another nice New River smallmouth.



Steve Adams. Photo by Britt Stoudenmire.

Ready to find fish on the SF Shenandoah River.



The gang. Photo by Herschel Finch.

Who let these guys on the water?



Randy Chandler and Terry Cooney. Photo by Jamie Gold

Morning sunlight on a kayak ready to launch.



Photo by Jamie Gold.

This time a Deep Creek Lake largemouth.



Josiah Kitching. Photo by Chris Schaupp.

Conservation Corner

By Herschel Finch

So last time I told you about the Shenandoah River Rodeo and the great time we had there. Well THIS time it's all about the Shenandoah Riverfest at Andy Guest State Park. Let me tell ya, the Jeff-miester knows how to throw a party. I knew it was a success when I got there about 12:30 and they directed me to a left turn off the main road down to a field next to the RV camping sites to park! They had completely filled every space down at the main picnic area and then some. I had to ride a school bus down to the Riverfest. Do you know how long it's been since I was on a school bus? It was so long ago that back when I was riding one...you had to crank it from the outside!

The Riverfest is basically designed as an educational event, especially for the kids, but the parents end up learning a little bit too. The kids think their just having fun playing in the water handling fish, building sailboats and looking at wild critters. But Moms and Dads, oddly enough, end up asking the most questions at the booths and displays and you can see the interest on their faces grow as they end up having just as much fun as the kids do, and that's what it's all about.

Displays and demonstrations were setup by everyone from Walt Cary himself and his 'entourage' in the Trout Unlimited booth teaching folks how to handle a fly rod... to the Girl Scouts with their face painting, and one organization had come with a bunch of wooden parts that kids could hammer together, put a sail and their initials on and they'd have a boat they could sail out on the river. Booths were also setup by the Warren Co. Sheriff's Dept, Appalachian Trail Conservancy, Friends of the North Fork; all the usual suspects. VA Game and Inland Fisheries came with 2 setups - both the Wildlife Resources Management division and Steve Reeser from the Fisheries Management



Redeye on display. Photo by Herschel Finch.



Above, PRSC friend Shenandoah Riverkeeper. Right, teaching at the fish tank. Photos by Herschel Finch.



Conservation Corner cont'd

side and his crew from the regional headquarters down in Verona. Steve brought his shock boat and big tub loaded up with Carp and Catfish for the kids to handle, and he had game fish in aquariums where the kids could just look. I actually think the Carp started to enjoy being picked up by the end of the day.

Bundy and his team of outdoor catering gurus came to throw down the burgers, dawgs and pulled pork barbeque as well. As always, he did a fantastic job,. The lines for food about 1:00 extended from his gazebo-turned-fast food joint to about ¾'s of the distance back to the restrooms! Bundy also brought along one of the seldom seen "VA buttercups" in one ex-PRSC member: Rich Coffman. It was good to see ya Rich!

Brett Walls, the Upper Potomac manager, and I got roped into running a couple of kid's games out in



The all important food and drink. Photos by Herschel Finch.

front of the canoe launch at the Park. We ended up having to move out into the river itself to avoid the canoes but that was okay...that's where most of the kids were anyway. We had a great time with them and they really seemed to enjoy trying to play tug-of-war while standing on a 5 gal bucket and skipping rocks. I also managed to kill a smart phone that was in my pocket, instead of being in the truck where it belonged since there was no reception at the park. Oh well..."stuff happens" as the bumper sticker says. Well maybe not 'stuff' but we're a 'G' rated publication. Hope you can make it next year if you didn't make it this time. We had a blast.



On a side note; John Mullican at Maryland DNR Fisheries Division wants to remind everyone that when you pass out the creel survey cards, please stress that the card needs to be *fully* filled out. He's getting back a good number of cards with no 'hours fished' filled out on them. That's a lost data point that they need to fully access and analyze all the information they're gathering on the cards.

Showing kids how to learn and have fun on the water. Photo by Herschel Finch.

PRSC
P.O. Box 1240
Vienna, VA 22183

PRSC would like to thank the following for contributing to Member Night and being friends of PRSC.



Big Time BBQ (Scott Cocherell)



WALT'S POPPERS
 Handmade Virginia Popping Bugs



PRSC Wishes to Thank our Recent Speakers

October 2011 - Capt. Steve Chaconas,
www.nationalbass.com/steve.htm

January 2012 - Brent Walls, Upp. Potomac Manager

February 2012 - William Heresniak,
www.eastern trophies.com

April 2012 - Capt. Steve Chaconas

May 2012 - Richard Martin, Potomac Paddlesports

July 2012 - Capt. Charles Wright, Chokoloskee Charters

2012 Contest Results

August 2012 Report By Wallace Harvey

Well, late summer is upon us. We have had a drought, yet water levels have held reasonably well considering the situation. I know you have been fishing. I have talked to you at the meetings. But, who is catching what? I have not heard from you. I sure would like to hear from you.

We do have one entry for the fly rod this month. Dave Post reported an 18-inch smallie on the North Fork of the Shenandoah River. Nice fish, Dave. I hope you can better that this fall. I am hoping to hear from many of you this fall about the big one that did not get away. I am looking for all the wonderful details that you can provide. I need something to spice up this article.

This time of year the smallies tend to be smaller. The larger ones hide in deep holes where the water is cooler and food is available. However, do not be discouraged. Use lighter equipment and have lots of fun with smallies. I like to use my lightweight rod and reel with 6-pound line. I know one person who uses lighter gear than that. We have lots of fun with smaller fish and sharpen our skills for when the larger fish are ready to bite. Try it some day and realize that it is not the size of fish that is always important. It is the fact you are there and having fun with friends. Good Luck! Have Fun! Stay Safe!

2012 Results

Section 1, Biggest Fish: Jeff Kelble, 21”

Section 1, Best 5 Fish: Mike Harmon, 79”

Section 2, Biggest Fish: Larry DiJoseph, 22”

Section 2, Best 5 Fish: Bill Pearl, 87.5”

Section 3, Biggest Fish: Bob Ward, 21”

Section 3, Best 5 Fish: Bill Pearl, 86.5”

Largest on Fly: David Post, 18”

New Member:

William Schriver Award: Randy Chandler,
 235.5”

Grover Cleveland Award:

The Potomac River Smallmouth Club was founded in 1988 as a non-profit recreational club in accordance with IRS section 501(c)(7). Dues are \$35/year. Monthly meetings are held at 7:30 PM on the last Wednesday of each month (except December) at the Vienna Volunteer Firehouse. Club by-laws and member rosters are published once a year and available during meetings or upon request. The Club newsletter, “The Buzz”, is emailed to all members prior to each month’s meeting and is available at local fishing/tackle shops. Articles, photographs and general information relating to smallmouth bass fishing are solicited. The Buzz reserves the right to edit all materials submitted for publication. Observations, conclusions and opinions expressed in The Buzz are those of the authors and do not necessarily reflect those of the club, its officers, or the editor. All materials submitted become the property of the club. Every effort will be made to return photographs at the monthly meetings, however the printing process occasionally results in the destruction of a photograph. Send copies and make sure YOU have the negative.