



# The Buzz

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November 31, 2011

## Member Night

By Jamie Gold

### Upcoming Items

**PRSC Meeting -  
2012 Kickoff**  
January 2012

**Potomac  
Riverkeeper  
Events**  
Winter 2011

**Potomac Cons.**  
Winter 2011

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This month marks the return of Member Night. This is PRSC's annual get together for food and fun to say thanks to the membership for making this such a great organization. Because there is so much to do, we will be starting the meeting at 6:30pm. Be sure to get there on time because this is a hungry group of fishermen and women, so the food will go fast. As in prior years, we will have BBQ from Red, Hot and Blue.

The main event, as always, will be the raffling off of contributions made to the club from guides, tackle dealers, rod companies and PRSC members themselves. Each member of the club who attends the meeting and their membership is up-to-date for 2010 and will get one raffle ticket. Members can then renew at member night to get a second raffle ticket. New members can join PRSC by paying the dues for 2012 and receive a raffle ticket. Former members whose membership has lapsed can renew to get one ticket. Dues for next year will remain at \$35 for the year.

As if that is not enough, we have two other excited events for the evening. One will be the awarding of the Sandford Cup for 2011, for efforts in helping to clean up our local waterways. Steve Kimm is the current holder of this prestigious award. Who will be the next holder? We will give out awards for the PRSC fishing contest in a variety of categories, including the coveted Biggest Fish of the Year.

Finally, we will hold elections for the elected officers in the club. Running for office are Steve Moore for President, Jamie Gold for Treasurer, and Dave Lockard for Secretary.

See you for Member Night.

Club Executive Board	<h1>Upcoming Items</h1>
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# Snakehead Tales

By Bill Amshey

At our October meeting, Potomac River guide Captain Steve Chaconas and Virginia Department of Game and Inland Fisheries Biologist John Odenkirk teamed together to wow PRSC members with tales of the growing population of Northern Chinese snakeheads in the Tidal Potomac.

John gave a detailed explanation of how reports of snakeheads have increased from isolated events to near daily occurrences. He has tracked this new immigrant as far upstream as Great Falls and downstream just short of the Chesapeake Bay. He projects the snakehead will be in the Rappahannock River soon.

Steve, on the other hand, focused his attention on ways to catch this new game fish. He uses primarily large topwater poppers, crankbaits, and spinnerbaits. Steve said that if a bass will take it, so will a snakehead.

Steve has caught snakeheads in the 3-foot category. He said that while they can be hard to locate and to catch, they are tremendous fighters, making the wait well worth it. Steve and John agreed that snakeheads are great eating fish, both explaining that they haven't found a bad way to cook them.

You can get more information on fishing for snakeheads and the Tidal Potomac by checking out Captain Steve's Web site at [www.nationalbass.com](http://www.nationalbass.com) and subscribing to his weekly newsletter.

# Stripers and a bag of...What?!?!

By Jamie Gold

On Sunday, October 23 fellow PRSC members Steve Adams, Bob Forbes, John Lipetz and I went striper fishing on the Bay with Capt. Mike Critzer. We have fished with Capt. Critzer before and were looking forward to the trip. Also, it helped that the forecast was good for the day, with a calming of the winds that had been blowing hard for the prior days.

For this trip we put into the water early in the morning at Solomon's Island and fished in a wide area from there, including going over to the East side of the Bay. The fishing started off pretty well as we were able to find a few groups of birds working breaking fish. This happens when the stripers and/or bluefish push a ball of baitfish to the surface to trap them and feed on them. When the birds see this, they work on the school of baitfish from the air. We caught a handful of small schoolie stripers, and one keeper that went in the livewell.

Then the fishing died off for the middle part of the day. Finally, late in the day we got back on the fish and were able to land several small stripers, which went back in the water, and a handful of nice blues that went into the livewell.

Late in the day, as we were heading from the East side back to the West side of the Bay we saw something floating in the water. We circled back to see what it was. From a distance it looked like a bright blue PFD. As



PRSC's Steve Adams, John Lipetz, and Bob Forbes with Capt. Mike Critzer. Photo by Jamie Gold.

we got closer we could tell that it was a large, soft-sided cooler bag that looked to be quite new. We decided to get it out of the Bay to remove the litter. This took some work because it was water logged. After we boated it, we opened the bag and discovered a rather large and varied collection of adult toys!!!! We all got a big laugh out of that!!! Even Capt. Mike shook his head while laughing and said, "In all my time on the water, this is a first." Apparently somebody was having some kind of party on the water. My only question is, who ended up with the bag? But you'll have to ask the others guys that question because I don't know.

# 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.

November Fishing on the Shenandoah River.



Steve Kimm and Herschel Finch. Photograph by Jamie Gold.

Getting ready for striper fishing on the Bay.



Jim Bullard. Photo by Jamie Gold.

18" Fall Potomac River smallmouth.



Bob Ward. Photo by Bob Ward.

The stark beauty of the Shenandoah River in the Fall.

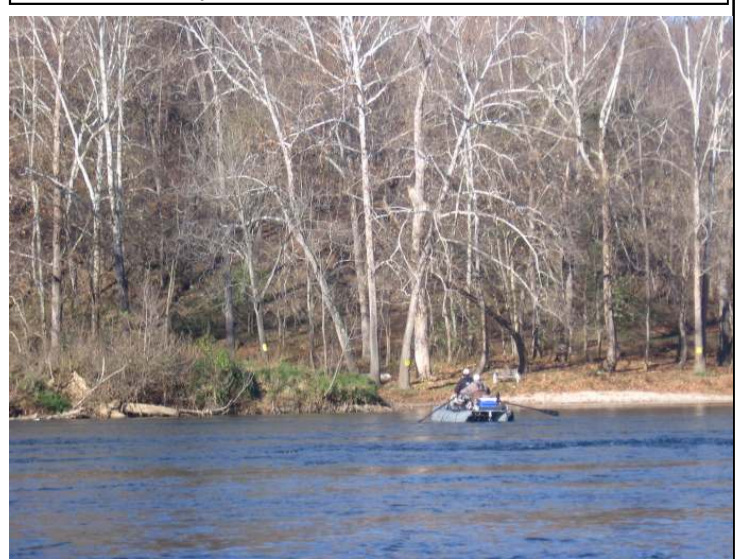


Photo by Jamie Gold.

# My Crazy October

By: Herschel Finch

Having not done a lot of traveling this year for fishing due to work commitments, being a new GrandPa and just in general, having 'life' take a higher priority than fishing, October turned into one mad blur of road trips all around hell's half-acre. First was a trip to mid-Tennessee to attend the 1<sup>st</sup> annual Jackson Kayak Dealer Summit and then just a week later, up to northern Pennsylvania (Wyalusing to be precise) to hang with some old fishing pals from the old RiverS-mallie.com days that I haven't seen in five years or so.

First, let's go to Rock Island Tennessee, about an hour southeast of Nashville, to the **Jackson Kayak Dealer Summit:**

Photos by Herschel Finch.



One of my 'responsibilities' to fulfill for being pro staff for Jackson Kayak is to attend what will become an annual Dealer Summit. Having never done a dealer summit like this before, Eric Jackson, his great staff, and those of us in the JK Fishing Team ranks were kinda making it up as we went along. Jackson Kayak, of course is mainly known for its whitewater boats. They actually have 70% of that market sewed up. But then Eric Jackson decided to get into the fishing market by designing a river fishing kayak from the ground up. Few know that 'EJ' is an avid river fisherman in addition to being five time world champion freestyler and Olympic champion to boot. And EJ doesn't go at things timidly or half-hearted. To make a long story short, they decided to hold a first ever "Dealer Summit" to introduce their dealers who wanted to carry them, to the Coosa, and exactly what was involved in river fishing, why we do it, what kind of questions fishermen would want answered when they came into their shops looking for a

# My Crazy October cont'd

fishing boat, and what accessories they might need (and they could carry and sell) and just in general...how we do what we do.

I arrived a day early and got to stay in one of Rock Island State Park's cabins instead of pitching my tent because the campground was not reserved by Jackson Kayak until Sunday and was still full of campers! Well I sure wasn't gonna argue about a free cabin stay, in a real bed, with hot showers and cable TV. We actually had a great time getting to know a couple of guys I hadn't met before who also arrived early and deciding where we would fish the next morning. We hit the Collins River about 12 miles away for a few hours early on Sunday morning, because Sunday afternoon/evening was an open house at Eric Jackson's 'ranch', a beautiful two-story log home with a huge stone fireplace, wrap around deck, a full...well, just the kind of place you'd expect a celebrity outdoor freak to have. Sadly, the 4 hours we spent on the Collins were not that productive. We only managed to get a few small fish to hand; not being familiar with the water and given we had no one 'local' to guide us. We spooked more fish than we caught. But at least we know there're big fish there for next year. We went back to the campground, threw up our tents, got showered and were off to Eric's house for the meet and greet. It was really nice and the party didn't really get rolling until 4 or 5 as folks arrived from mostly Nashville Airport. So that gave us a chance to get re-acquainted with Eric's wife, eat her simply outstanding chili and I got to meet his lovely and equally accomplished in the pro-Kayaking world daughter Emily and her husband. We met dealers and outfitters from all over the country and even the world. The furthest traveled to get there was a mother and son, from South Korea. Yes...South Korea. Most memorable to me was a gentleman and his son from Texas and who owned an outfitter/kayak shop there. Both of these gentlemen looked like they 'should' have been in jeans, boots, cowboy shirts and Stetson's both being about 6-4, lean, with full beards and weathered faces, not to mention those Texas hill-country accents. Instead, they came in wick-dry shirts, nylon river shorts, and Teva sandals, which was sort of a 'uniform-of-the-day' at this shindig. It was definitely an interesting contrast. It was easy to pick out those us who were part of the Jackson Kayak Fishing Team...we were the ones, to a man, in fishing shirts...and we got lots of questions and grilling about the Coosa, and the 2 new boats coming out later this year and early next year; the Cuda, and the Big Tuna.

It was an interesting experience trying to explain and teach kayak dealers how to sell a Kayak. Remember, these folks sell whitewater and expedition boats and for the most part, and are whitewater kayakers and long distance themselves. Very few of them even actually went fishing, let alone fished from a kayak! I could have counted on two hands and feet the number of hands that went up when we asked how many regularly even went fishing. Those who had actually fished from a kayak were less than 10 of the 60 or so dealers there. But the questions came fast and furious at the two seminars I and three other pro staff members taught...almost totally off the cuff. We sorta/kinda outlined a presentation around a campfire the night before

# My Crazy October cont'd

after the party wound down at the open house, with Drew Gregory, the designer of the Coosa and de-facto head of the fishing team. Needless to say, we were just a tad nervous about all this. But once we got there, got set up and got rolling, it suddenly became clear how to do it. I was the “minimalist” guy, with no additional rod holders or electronics. Just a simple bow anchor (reminding them about the safety issue inherent in using an anchor in moving water) a single length of drag chain that actually I use more as a skeg than a drag chain, and some extra bungees to help secure rods in the lumpy stuff we generally encounter in the mid-Atlantic watersheds. I also talked about thigh straps that I intend to install over the winter. I also showed them dry bags, some tackle storage boxes and even my thermal lunch bag. Jeremy, a fellow pro-staffer from Nashville, and semi-pro tournament fisherman is a ‘gear hog’ of the first magnitude, having installed a waterproof battery internally, added several Talon/Ram mounts that hold extra rod holders, electric/waterproof sockets to plug in a Hummingbird depth/fish



finder, two, not one, but two GoPro video cameras, a Coast Guard approved marker light, collapsible net, a ‘stake-out’ pole, live bait bucket for salt-water fishing, emergency gear, like weather/Coast Guard radios, GPs transponders etc etc...the list seems nearly endless. Jeremy confessed to me that he doesn’t really carry *all* that stuff with him when he fishes but figured he’d have it all displayed so the dealers would know what was possible and available to sell alongside the Coosa in order to maximize their profits. As it turned out that was a good thing because one manufacturer called Jackson to express their appreciation at being mentioned at the summit...he had 14 new accounts started as result of our seminar. (Yes, we’re getting some free gear out of it.)

Lunch was held at the Jackson factory after the seminars (barbeque, coleslaw, baked beans) followed by factory tours and a competition among several ‘teams’ of dealers that attempted to build up, with supervision, a Jackson kayak. They would be responsible for installing all the

# My Crazy October cont'd

fittings, extra flotation, seats, frames, padding etc etc, and pass Jackson Kayak's rigorous Quality Control specifications. Only a single team, out of four, managed to build a whitewater boat that came close to meeting spec. Their only flaw was their seat install was 3/8s inch off center. The four boats that were built, were all stamped 'Demo' and will not be sold to the public, but will instead end up in the Jackson Kayak 'stable' as demo/display boats for trade shows. The winners got a Jackson Kayak T-shirt.



Later that evening, we commandeered an entire local restaurant, The Foglight Foodhouse, for a private party that would include great Cajun food and just an all around good old stuff your face chow-down, and fill your gullet from the two kegs of beer from the Calf-Killer Brewery, a local micro-brewery, and a presentation by Eric that included a brand new boat no one knew about before-hand. (it's gonna be an awesome boat!) EJ button-holed me and made me explain the wondrous ambrosia-like qualities of catfish; one of our three choices of main dishes for the evening, to the table of dealers from the great Northwest. Two were dealers from Portland, one from Seattle, and one from Vancouver, British Columbia. Eric said he thought that it should be explained by a guy from the south who sounded like he had personal experience with this southern delicacy. They all four had never eaten catfish in their lives...but they did that night, and all 4 declared it just as good as Salmon.

All I can say is, it was a stroke of genius on someone's part at Jackson Kayak, that several mini-buses were leased to drive folks back to the State Park campground and cabins after the party at the restaurant wrapped up. If we had tried to drive...well...the local circuit court would still be in session and the fines would have resupplied the local Sheriff's department with new cruisers! As it happened, about 1:00am, by some miraculous stroke of providence, what was left in the kegs at the conclusion of the evening's festivities ended up being smuggled into the state park by "individuals unknown" and was quickly disposed of, forthwith. I mean, who would YOU get to get rid of several quarts of prime micro-brew?...a bunch of sales people or a bunch

# My Crazy October cont'd

of pro-staff fishermen? The direct quote I heard was: “Those whitewater people ain’t no fun, they all went to bed! We *knew* you guys would still be up.” And they were correct.

All I can say is...is it October 2012 yet?

## Weekend on the North Branch:

Just seven days after the JK Dealer Summit, I was off to New Albany, Pennsylvania to spend a long weekend with a bunch of guys I haven’t seen or fished with in about five or six years. These guys were part of the old “PA Posse” that was on RiverSmallies.com way back in the early 2000s. A crazier bunch of guys doesn’t walk the face of the earth in my opinion. But they are also the most hospitable and generous bunch you’d ever care to meet as well.



Greg Smith (aka JetBoatGreg) is the owner of the cabin we stayed at on top of a mountain outside New Albany, Penn. All these little towns up there between Erie and Binghamton were once coal or flatboat towns back in the day, but most have fallen on hard times the last few decades since the coal mines closed up. There is one large ceramic factory in Towanda that is probably the largest employer, outside of the school systems, and now, the companies involved in drilling for natural gas, i.e. the ‘fracking’ we hear so much about up there. Greg has one of the fracking pads located on his mountaintop property. I’ll have more about that in the Conservation Corner.

I drove up there in spitting rain on Wednesday hoping that things would clear up by the weekend. George Thurston, who was also an invitee, met me in Wilkes-Barre at a Dick’s Sporting Goods up there. And that seemed like a good idea at the time, but I got there first and THAT little mistake cost me 60+ bucks in Lucky Crafts, X-Raps and other sundries while I waited for George. So I’m blaming him for that money spent, not my lack of impulse control. We did lunch at Red Robin and then into the vehicles for the final push up to New Albany. We stopped and got the key from Greg at the gas distributorship he manages and proceeded up the

# My Crazy October cont'd

mountain. We opened up, aired out, got a fire going in the wood stove to warm up the place, and stowed our gear.



The next day we headed down to Lacyville and put in at the Endless Mountains campground there. We ran upriver to Wyalusing creek to see if the fish were using it to get out of the current. The North branch of the Susquehanna was running kinda hard and definitely stained. We had about 3 feet of visibility at best. We all had a couple of taps, but Greg drew first blood up in the creek with a 14 inch fish he proceeded to lose at the boat. Greg would catch two more fish before we did and most of those came along the banks in eddy seams and off sheltering points and structures. Fishing was tough all day with long stretches of chunking jerk baits, jigs, spinner-baits and heavy tubes with no success. You needed the weight to keep the baits at least in the bite zone for a few seconds before they were pushed downstream. All along the banks was evidence of the horrendous flooding they saw up there this Spring. Many houses were knocked off their foundations or just literally shredded as they were swept along the trees growing on the banks, leaving a trail of debris for sometimes 300 yards down the bank. Many plastic toys, articles of clothing, yard sheds, siding, and just about anything else you can imagine was left lying along the banks. Greg said in one 24 hour period up there they received over 10 inches of rain. Not many rivers can absorb that much water without flooding. Given the size of the Susquehanna watershed, 10 inches of rain will result in almost Biblical flooding. But rebuilding is underway, and lots of road crews are out redoing roads and clearing and improving drainage-ways. A lot of new construction is going on. But there are also many abandoned buildings along the creeks and in small towns where insurance, or lack thereof, did not cover the losses. I'm sure a lot of folks remember the video of the house floating down the river, then colliding with a bridge coming out the other side just a floating pile of junk. That happened on the bridge at Wyalusing. There was no fish at the base of the supports of that bridge either.

# My Crazy October cont'd



That evening we were joined by two more characters: Tim Fehr and Eric Lohr. Tim was hauling his 18 x 65 Snyder center-console battleship with him and I got the opportunity to ride with him and Eric the next day. It was almost a repeat of the day before, but with another half inch of rain falling while we slept Thursday night, we had run about 20 miles upriver (in the trucks, not the boats) to get past a creek that was pumping mud into the river. We finally found green water up beyond Towanda. But this time, it was NO fish. A full boat load of accomplished river fishermen and we caught nothing. We took solace in the fact that even Tim, a former tournament fisherman, got skunked. We called it a day early and headed back, where both guys had trouble getting their boats loaded straight on their respective trailers. The ramp was sharply angled upriver and the pushy current kept knocking them off angle when they came in. Finally both had to run up river, hug the bank and get a quick running start, and hope for the best as they gunned them onto their trailers. We still ended up having to rock Greg's boat onto its trailer and Tim bent one of his side bunker board frames in the process.

We ended up going to dinner at a little roadhouse outside of Dushore called Cooley's Pub. This place looked the kind of place a bunch of bikers (or well-drillers?) would hang out where the beer was cold, the food of questionable quality, and the clientele were marginally criminal. If they ever wanted to remake "Easy Rider" this could be the set for the bar fulla 'good old boys' scene. As it was, the place, apparently owned by three women, looked just like you would expect on the inside: lots of Pittsburgh Steelers memorabilia, beer lights and clocks, wood paneling...real, not that fake, thin stiff. There was John Wayne on velvet on one wall, so were many actual original sketches of the Beatles. Never did find out who the artist was. But the beer cooler was from the 40's with glass, roll-up doors, so you could see all the beer in stock. And the clientele, well, a few rough looking guys, but all were very nice. Mostly it was families, and older couples in for dinner and the food...the usual selections: subs, burgers, wings, but then some choices that were not exactly what you would call bar food: Veal and Chicken Parmesan, Butterfly shrimp, and the choice of three of our number: a prime-rib sandwich. All were

# My Crazy October cont'd

deemed most excellent and personally speaking, would be worthy of any restaurant in Vienna you care to name.



Saturday I woke up with a raging sinus headache and clogged to the max. Two days of running up and down the river in the damp, cool air up there had done a number on me. And since I have already had one bout of Bronchitis this year back in the winter I didn't relish another. I made the decision to call it a weekend head back down to VA where the temps would be warmer and the sunshine would be abundant.

So now I'm outta places to go this year...who wants to go fishing?

# Conservation Corner

By Herschel Finch

I had a Conservation Corner column all composed in my head and ready to commit to electronic keystrokes this morning until I watched CBS Sunday Morning. They had a piece about invasive species that of course caught my ear and eye. And although this one only covered one aquatic critter, the Big Head Carp, among other plant and animal invaders, it still struck a nerve. I know I've done columns about this problem before but I think it bears repeating because back in October, I was keenly aware of it.

If you read the rest of The Buzz this month you know I was traveling quite a bit for various and sundry reasons. And a personal rule of mine is that every time I change watersheds, I wash my boat and other gear that's likely to get wet, like PFDs. I scrubbed up before heading to Tennessee the Friday before I left and right before heading up to northern PA, I did it again just to make sure that if I decided to throw the Coosa into the back of the truck that I wouldn't be carrying any aquatic hitchhikers from Tenn. to Northern PA. Ultimately, the kayak stayed home for the PA trip, but it still made sense because now it'll be clean for the next time I get her wet in the Shenandoah or Potomac.

I can't stress this one enough. That brown line of river dirt around the hull of your boat can carry any number of invasive algae species and critters that can establish them elsewhere once you get the boat wet again. And while you're washing, toss the PFD into the wash, along with your rope off your anchor setup. Don't forget to put the rope in a mesh bag, you don't want to have to disassemble your washing machine to get it unwrapped from the agitator. No, I will NOT tell you how I know that. Those fibers are great places to hide spores from Didymo and other nasty beasties.

So... 'anal retentive' you might say? Yeah, probably, but I sleep the sleep of the righteous at night knowing I have a clean boat whenever I go 'over the ridge'.

...and speaking of going over the ridge...

The week following the Tenn. trip I took a trip to northern PA to hang and fish with some old Riversmallie buddies. In doing so, I found myself in the heart of 'fracking country' and I was able to get a somewhat closer look at these operations. I was right about one thing... These things are definitely ugly, sitting on a denuded and flattened piece of property about 8 acres in size. They all sport lots of steel, pipes, valves, and tanks everywhere and trucks coming and going 24/7. They are the very essence of 21<sup>st</sup> century industrial eyesore. At night, they take on a kind of 'lighthouse' quality being lit up with industrial halogen lights and lights running all the way up the length of the drilling derrick. The central derricks look like Christmas trees in that regard.

I was expecting to see these things everywhere, but actually, you really need to look for them. They locate these things back off the main roads so they don't spoil the view everywhere, and of course, they don't even think about a location unless there is enough property around them to disguise their presence somewhat from the main roads. Remember, this is also the middle of the 'Endless Mountains' region of PA and the heart of some of their prime trout fishing areas, so the state of PA is particularly concerned that the tourist/fly-fishing business not be impacted by this activity. Saw a number of PA DEQ trucks running up and down the local roads, apparently inspecting and keeping tabs on the local drill pads. Entrances to these pads are also fairly well marked for traffic safety reasons and sport a sign as to what was going on up that brand new gravel road and who to call if there's an issue or problem.

# Conservation Corner cont'd

One of the issues I am concerned about is the volume of water they were drawing out of the Susquehanna's North Branch for these operations. What they have done is build 'Siphoning Stations' at strategic points along the river. These consist of a set of pipes that run into deep sections of the river and terminate up on the bank above the five year flood plain, in a large, leveled off, packed and graveled parking lot. Here the water trucks can hook up to large quick -disconnect fittings to draw water from the river. The drilling companies have also set up rubber lined holding ponds and keep these filled with river water at all times. The ponds will be used to fill the tanks during periods of low water in the river so as not to add to a low water situation. Eventually, as some of the wells begin producing, some of the water up-take stations will be shut down as they become no longer necessary and the large lots they've built will be turned over to the Penn. Fish and Boat Commission for use as access ramps to the river, which is something that Pennsylvania desperately needs in that area anyway.

Another side effect is that when the drilling companies came in, the first thing they did was to go on a road improvement mission in the area. My last trip up there some six years ago, found small, narrow, and twisty roads barely 18 feet wide with lots of pot holes and crumbling, dangerous edges. This time, I don't remember being on a road that wasn't 24 feet wide with good surfaces and even a three foot wide shoulder. Can't run heavy industrial water trucks on goat paths I guess. Bridges have also been improved, strengthened and re-decked or even replaced in couple of places and most of the schools I saw seemed to be newly renovated as well. There is still lots of damage in evidence from the floods back this spring, but there's also a lot of construction and cleanup going on as well. According to Greg Smith, the guy I went to see, the drilling companies have donated a lot of money to help out in that regard.

Another thing that has obviously improved: virtually everyone up there now owns a cell phone. Remember, this is a mountainous, very rural area...and yet...I had 3G service everywhere we went it seemed like. I guess it's hard to conduct a wide spread, industrial operation like gas drilling unless you have cell service right?

And finally, Greg has a drilling pad on his property. And given the numbers he was giving me as to what he was making per month on the lease of eight acres of property, an easement out to a county road, the kind of money he stands to make in a few years, well, it sure would hard to turn down. Don't get me wrong, I have not become a heavy investor in petroleum exploration and I still have a lot of issues with these folks and how they do business. I think keeping them out of the Shenandoah Valley is a good thing...for now. But their presence in a few rural counties in upstate Penn has been an economic plus for them...so far. To date, the fracking operations have had some beneficial infrastructure economic consequences for the small towns and rural areas along RT 6 in northern PA. But time will tell whether they continue to benefit the community up there. And it would seem I have my own personal point of contact to see how that's going up there.

So once again, as Frick and Frack on PBS radio would say, you've wasted a perfectly good year as a member of a degenerate bunch of smelly fisherman. And I for one want to thank you, for your comments on my column, drawing my attention to articles and events to keep the club informed, your trash removal at various access points on our local rivers, and just in general, for being a friend of the rivers we all love and fish on. I hope everyone has a wonderful holiday season, be careful out there.

And call me on those weekends we get some warm temps over the weekend...I'm ready to fish over the winter if you are.

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This is my favorite picture that I received this month. As you know.

This is PRSC member Jason Halleck with an 18" Potomac River Fall beauty. This is his personal best fish, and a great way to warm up in the cooler Fall temperatures.

The picture was taken by his fishing buddy and father, Galen Halleck.

Congrats on the nice fish.



# 2011 Contest Results

**November 2011 Report** By Wallace Harvey

Been fishing lately? Fall came quickly this year. Our fishing contest is over. Who won what? I don't know. You will need to come to Club Night to see. It is always fun to see who won what and have them share their technique. The idea is for us to all become better fishermen and fisherwomen.

The only problem with this time of year is that my boat is put up for the winter. It is a reminder that I won't be able to go fishing until next year. Perhaps that is best as the water temperature drops. However, I know some of you are winter fishing nuts. Good Luck and be careful.

As we all sit around the fire this winter cleaning our gear and getting ready for the next season, it is time to remember the trips we took this year and the friends we have and made. I usually meet new members on fishing trips. This is where we really build the friendships we have in this club. I am personally thankful for each and every friend I have made at the Potomac River Smallmouth Club.

See ya at the November meeting.

## 2011 Results

**Biggest Fish:** ????

**Section I:** ????

**Section II:** ????

**Section III:** ????

**New Member:** ????

**Fly Fishing:** ????

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.