

NEWSLETTER

Meeting Location

*The location and time of our regular monthly meetings have changed. From now on we will meet at the **Royal Canadian Legion, Westboro Branch at 391 Richmond Road, between Churchill and Roosevelt Avenues.** The parking is on the neighbouring streets.*

The next meeting is on Thursday, October 6 at 7 PM. The meeting room is upstairs.

Our Glorious Leader suggests that we review the year's fishing to date. He would also like to get members' views on the walleye fishing around here.

Upcoming Club Fishes

Sat. Oct.1 – Wendover
Sat. Oct. 15 – Rockland
Sat. Oct. 22 – Rockland

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Reeve Craig Results

Because of the expected winds in the afternoon, Hedrik and Jim arrived at Reeve Craig at 7:30 am. Weather was sunny with a haze and light wind coming down river. They fished for 6 hours and left at 1:30 with a considerable cross wind for taking the boat out. Fishing was tough ! They saw no pike or musky. Jim got a 11.5" sm bass and a 12" lm bass on spinnerbaits. Hedrick got a 17.5" lm bass and one about 13" both on a musky topwater. 3 fish were caught in the first 1.5 hours.

As Jim sez, there was a "considerable cross-wind". I fished the weed bed just upstream from Kemptville Creek. Got a small pike about 20 inches on a white spinnerbait on my first cast! It was a bit of a wait for the second fish - a small LM - 12 inches on the same bait, then complete silence. By dragging an anchor to slow the drift, I was able to get 3 more small LM on a white grub fished through the weed clumps. This took a couple of hours.

I tried trolling back and forth in the stretch between the Kemptville bridge and Beckett's Landing because there was very little wind in there.

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Around The Rideau

If there is any interest in what the lockage and dockage and power fees are for the Rideau, you can find them at

http://www.pc.gc.ca/lhn-nhs/on/rideau/visit/tarifs_fees_e.asp?park=101

I can tell you that the boat traffic this year was up 15% over 2004 but down 7% relative to 2003. The wide-awake members will recall that there was a strike in 2004. Ontario boat visitor traffic was down nearly 20%; American boat traffic was down almost 13%. A ray of sunshine was Quebec boat traffic, which jumped over 20%. Why the overall decrease? Perhaps the price of fuel, perhaps the weather, perhaps a ripple effect from the strike. Clearly some work has to be done to bring back boaters from Ontario.

Information from **Rideau Reflections**, Fall 2005.

Those Icky Green Blobs

Those boating the Rideau may have noticed an abundance of amorphous green blobs this summer. So, what are they and why are they here?

The blobs are a result of rapid growth of a filamentous green alga (*Spirogyra*), which has been released from competition with other algae and is responding to the improved light penetration as a result of removal of the small algae in the water by zebra mussels. Zebra mussels are filter feeders, removing much of the single-celled and small algae from the water. The filamentous algae are too large to be filtered out, so are left in the water column. With most of the smaller algae removed, light can penetrate the water column to deeper depths, the filamentous algae prosper, resulting in the blooms that we see in the water.

A second kind of filamentous alga, which is also prospering, is *Cladophora*, which clings to hard substances at the water line and in the shallows. This often appears as a loose mop of green at the shoreline, but unlike the mats of *Spirogyra*, it is attached rather than free-floating. As with the blobs, this filamentous alga is a native alga which is usually part of a more complex community which is now released because it is largely unaffected by zebra mussels and is enjoying uninhibited growth as a result.

Thanks to Dr. Frank Phelan of the Queen's University Biology Station for this information about the invasion of the green blobs.

Reprinted from **Rideau Reflections**, the newsletter of the **Friends of the Rideau**, Fall 2005.

Club Fish Results (Continued)

I got another small LM and lost something - didn't see it - trolling one of Larry Swan's in-line spinners with a bit of a Gulp worm and an orange twister tail.

Gave up and went in about 6 PM when it started to get dark in the west and the wind kept coming up. No problem launching or pulling out now that I have my new winch and I'm spraying the bunks with No-Name cooking spray before I try to pull out. This stuff makes it easy to reposition the boat on the bunks if the wind shoves it a bit too far to one side. Look Maw! One hand (cranking it up with the new winch)!

Mississippi Lake, Sep 17. – from Greg Gajda

In attendance were Neil McColl, Charles Gao and myself. Conditions were classic post cold-front with a north-easterly breeze and cloudless blue skies. Neil was fishing alone when Charles and myself met him on the water around 1 pm. He had been out since 8 am and was heading in for the day. He said he had caught a couple of good-sized pike along with a number of smaller ones. Charles and I spent a good part of the afternoon casting spinnerbaits in 3 to 6 ft depths with some success. We both caught club legal bass and several small pike. We later gave the heavy shore-line cover a try with plastics with no success at all. Towards evening we migrated back to the deeper weed flats and caught several more bass and pike, although nothing of size. We turned in around 7 pm just as it was getting dark and as the duck hunters eagerness to shoot something was beginning to escalate.

As a side note, Charles and I were talking to a couple of duck hunters packing up as we were launching. They commented that they were avid fishermen as well after hearing that we were with the Ottawa Fishing Club. One of them told of catching a 65 pound sturgeon at Shirley's Bay earlier in the summer. He said that they were thoughtful enough to bring a scale to weigh their monster fish but forgot the camera at home. Would have made for an even more compelling tale with photos!

Trolling Tips (or something)

Ian and I put this little article together based on some detective work that we did while trolling in White Lake at the recent Club Fish.

We were each trolling a crawfish-coloured Fat Rap over deep weed beds in 12 to 18' of water. The weed tops generally were about 8 feet down as far as we could judge, although certainly some came much closer to the surface when we ran into a 10' deep stretch. We tried to stay in at least 12 feet of water.

Ian kept getting hung up on weeds or was hitting weeds much more often than I was. As far as we could tell, we were each letting out about the same amount of line.

Over the course of about 3 hours, I got 4 bass and 3 pike, and lost a couple more fish. During this time, Ian never had a strike. Since we made several passes over the weed beds from different directions, we concluded that positioning over the weed bed wasn't a factor.

Thinking that the problem might be that there was something wrong with his Fat Rap, Ian switched to another identical Fat Rap. No difference - he kept getting hung up on weeds and the fish were ignoring him.

We thought that the problem was probably that his 35-pound PowerPro line allowed him to run deeper than my mono at the same length of line. He tried shortening the length of line. This reduced the weed problem but brought the lure much closer to the boat. No fish.

He switched to a shallow running Rippling Redfin but this bait ran too shallow. No weeds and no fish.

Finally Ian switched to a Cotton Cordell that had a smaller lip than the Fat Rap but bigger than the Redfin. Success! He hooked and lost a small bass at the boat and hooked and lost a larger fish that we didn't see so couldn't identify.

This led us to conclude that there is at least a 2 foot difference in running depth between mono and PowerPro at the moderate line lengths that we were using - about 6 boat lengths behind the boat (60-70 feet). Ian didn't have any reels spooled with mono.

Perhaps the lesson is that if you are trolling in shallow water (between 10 and 20 feet deep) where there are deep weeds, consider whether to use mono with your favourite trolling lure or else choose something that will run a little shallower with PowerPro. If there are no deep weeds or other obstacles, like shoals or deep stumps, then the PowerPro may not get you into trouble. I expect that Spiderwire or Fireline would be about the same.

On the Rideau or around weed beds in lakes, I always troll with a mono outfit. This had nothing to do with the depth issue but was simply what I had set up as an inexpensive outfit - a fibreglass rod and a Penn reel with a free spool lever and a clicker to warn me of strikes when my attention wanders and the rod is in the holder. I've gotten used to the depths that my various lures will run when trolled about 1.0 - 1.5 mph.

A Murthering Snake!

We've had a long hot summer, but this is nothing new. To quote the *Bathurst Courier* of September 7, 1847, "On Lake Ontario the heat of the sun at present is often as great as that of a tropical climate..."

Following is a cautionary tale (a fish tale).

A group of construction labourers in Perth were hard at work in the hot sun. Feeling a powerful thirst, Paddy went over to the nearest hydrant, opened the spout, and drank from a gushing flood.

He started bolt upright and with a look of agonized horror, went into a series of contortions that were painful to watch. Clawing at his throat frenziedly, he spat the water out like a wounded whale.

Recovering his speech, he shouted "Och, murther! But he's gone. It's over wid me now!"

"What's gone?" exclaimed the crowd that had gathered.

"I've swallowed him! O, howly St. Patrick, I've swallowed him!"

"And what the deuce is't ye've swallowed?"

"A snake! A murthering snake! Oh, howly St. Patrick, protect me!"

"Sure then, ye've made a savin' o' your dinner!" said a fellow labourer, while a shout of mingled laughter and incredulity followed from the crowd.

"But was it alive, man?" inquired a sympathetic bystander.

"Alive, did ye say! By the blessed powers, ye don't think I'd be after ating him dead? Alive, is it! Didn't he jump down me throat in spite of me teeth!" Then clapping his hands to his stomach, he exclaimed "Och, hone, he's squirming now! Oh, howly St. Patrick! Oh, why didn't ye do yer work entirely and kill the snakes in this murthering country, too? Help! He will bite the insides ov me!"

"Be quiet, man!" said another. "How do you know it was a snake?"

"Didn't I fale him wiggling his tale! Oh, howly Saint, deliver me!"

A gentleman suggested that it might be a fish or an eel, remarking that there ought to be filters attached to the hydrants.

"It's an ail! It's an ail!" shouted a hodman, catching the idea. "Paddy, it's an ail! Run for a phalter, and ye'll catch the rascal prisintly!"

"A filter! A filter!" was the general cry. Paddy raced to the nearest plumber. Bursting into the shop, he yelled, "A snake-catcher, for the love of howly St. Patrick!"

"My good fellow," said the astonished plumber, "What's the matter with you?"

"Matther, is it? Isn't everything the matther! I've got an ail in me belly!"

"An eel! How came an eel in your stomach?"

"And didn't the varmint jump into my mouth without saying 'By your leave?' said Paddy, trying to attach a filter to his mouth.

"But that won't do you any good now. It should have been on the hydrant."

"Och, murther! What will become of me!" exclaimed Paddy with an agony painful to behold.

Finally someone suggested that he run for a doctor and get a stomach pump. Paddy made a beeline for the nearest drug store. The apothecary applied an emetic instead of the pump. After some violent upheavals, a lively black eel, about six inches long, emerged.

"Oh, howly St. Patrick!" he sighed, experiencing immediate relief. "Why didn't ye make clane work ov it, and kill the ails as well! Shure, and they're first cousins to the wicked sarpints — divil a drop of water I'll iver drink again in this blessed country, without a snake-catcher on me mouth!"

True to his word, Paddy niver touched another drop.

The Bathurst Courier, Perth, Tuesday, September 7, 1847, Vol. XIII, No. 46, page 1.

Just Me and Dad!



"The family that plays together..." or "If he's a fisherman, he can't be all bad!" or "You can do wonders with Adobe Photoshop"