NEWSLETTER

Thursday, January 4 Meeting Location The Legion Hall, Westboro Branch - 389 Richmond Road, between Churchill and Roosevelt Avenues.
Parking is on neighbouring streets.
Start time – 7 pm.

Coming Club Fishes

NONE!

NADA!

RIEN DU TOUT!

NO MO'

JANUARY MEETING Legion

THURSDAY, January 4 – 7 pm

1. **Meet & Greet – Grip & Grin**
2. **Trophy Turn-In Time**
3. **Club Fish Set-up – do we need changes?**

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Miscellaneous Mutterings

Reel Maintenance /Tuning Links

I thought that some of you might find some of these links to be useful for a winter project (they're not in any kind of order). As an alternative, perhaps the Executive could organize a reel maintenance exhibit at an upcoming meeting.

http://home.att.net/~kelly_brown/abuservice.html

http://home.att.net/~kelly_brown/spinner.html

http://home.att.net/~kelly_brown/connieks.html

www.japantackle.com/Maintain_fix_reels.htm

www.ichibantackle.com/index.asp?pagenam=reelmaintenance/reelmaintenance.html

http://super-tuning.home.mindspring.com/indx%20page.html

http://home.att.net/~kelley_brown/reelservice.html

www.japantackle.com/Tuning_parts/Change_spool_bearing.htm

www.lakeforktacklerepair.com/techniques.htm

There! That should get you going!

A Substitute For The Flu Shot

Warning: I haven't tried this myself, so use it at your own risk.

Miss Beatrice, the church organist, was in her eighties and had never been married. She was admired for her sweetness and kindness to all.

One afternoon the pastor came to call on her and she showed him into her quaint sitting room. She invited him to have a seat while she prepared tea.

As he sat facing her old Hammond organ, the young minister noticed a cut-glass bowl sitting on top of it. The bowl was filled with water, and in the water floated, of all things, a condom! The young man was shocked – what dark secret did Miss Beatrice have? He resolved to say nothing about it. When Miss Beatrice returned with the tea and scones, they began to chat.

The pastor tried to stifle his curiosity about the bowl of water and its strange floater, but soon it got the better of him – he could no longer resist.

"Miss Beatrice", he said, "I wonder if you would tell me about this?" He pointed to the bowl.

"Oh, yes," she replied. "Isn't it wonderful? I was walking through the park a few months ago and I found this package on the ground."

"Oh, my!' murmured the young minister warily.

Miss Beatrice continued.

"The directions on the package said to place it on the organ, keep it moist, and that it would prevent the spread of disease. Are you aware of this?"

The poor young minister mumbled confusedly,

" I have some knowledge of it, but …."

Miss Beatrice smiled sweetly.

"Oh, Reverend, you MUST try it. Why, do you know I haven't had the flu all winter!"

My Note:

There is undoubtedly a moral to all of this. I leave it to the more experienced members of the OFC to enlighten all of us at the next meeting. Dave Dietrich or Old Grumpy have government and health services experience between them, so no doubt they can explain this to the rest of us.

Cormorant Hunting

This is from the Quinte Fishing Board of Wednesday, December 6, 2006.

Bill Would Allow Cormorant Hunting

A private member's bill that would permit hunting of double-crested cormorants in Ontario has drawn the fire of some conservation groups and the interest of Leeds-Grenville MP Bob Runciman, who has been calling for a local cull of the bird for a couple of years.

Bill 156, which passed first reading at the Provincial Legislature October 30, is an amendment to the Fish and Wildlife Conservation Act, which currently protects the fish-eating cormorant after it nearly died off as a result of pesticide use in the 1950s.

The bird population has increased steadily since the 1990s and Ernie Parsons, the Liberal MPP for Prince Edward - Hastings, who sponsored the bill, said its time to treat cormorants like other nuisance birds, such as crows.

According to Parsons, fishing charters and tourist operators in his riding have suffered because the cormorants, which can eat a pound of fish every day, are depleting fish.

Culling efforts to control the cormorant population at Presqu'ile have failed and cormorant numbers are still growing. The cormorant population in Prince Edward – Hastings has grown from zero to about 75,000 birds.

Some Suggestions:

Here are some control suggestions based on what has worked elsewhere.

1. Put the Federal Fisheries Department in charge of cormorant populations. One of two things will happen: (1) the cormorant population will follow the growth curve of the Atlantic cod, which was scientifically managed; (2) the cormorant population will continue to grow. This will energize the demoralized staff at the Federal Fisheries Department and they can claim success in something at last!
2. Ask Al Gore to incorporate the growth of cormorant populations as an indicator of the pernicious effects of global warming. This will instantly bring all the fishermen on board his campaign. Besides, who knows? It might be "An Inconvenient Truth".
3. Get together with the Green Party and other conservation groups to organize "sit-ins", "camp-ins" and other "ins" at cormorant nesting sites for the purpose of protecting them from rednecks like Dave D and me.

This will annoy the hell out of the birds and possibly drive them to more congenial nesting sites.

4. Anything at all that will control the population and make a buck for some local entrepreneur. The Newfies make a nice dollar out of organizing boat trips to Bird Rock, where you "enjoy" ¾ of a million puffins flying about, squawking and defecating upon you as you stand there in your oilskins and boots. Why not here?
5. (Your suggestion here.)

Brain Cramps

The following notes are a contribution from the irrepressible Rick Newton.

"Whenever I watch TV and see those poor starving kids all over the world, I can't help but cry. I mean, I'd love to be skinny like that, but not with all those flies and death and stuff." – Mariah Carey

"Smoking kills. If you're killed, you've lost a very important part of your life." – Brooke Shields, during an interview to become Spokesperson for federal anti-smoking campaign.

"Outside of the killings, Washington has one of the lowest crime rates in the country." – Mayor Marion Barry, Washington, DC

"That lowdown scoundrel deserves to be kicked to death by a jackass, and I'm just the one to do it."– A Congressional candidate in Texas. (Note: a serious threat – see page 5 of this newsletter.)

"Half this game is ninety percent mental." – Philadelphia Phillies manager, Danny Ozark.

"It isn't pollution that's harming the environment. It's the impurities in our air and water that are doing it."

"We are ready for an unforeseen event that may or may not occur." – Al Gore

"I love California. I practically grew up in Phoenix." – Dan Quayle

"We've got to pause and ask ourselves: How much clean air do we need?" – Lee Iacocca

"The word 'genius' isn't applicable in football. A genius is a guy like Norman Einstein." – Joe Theisman, NFL quarterback and sports analyst

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Bad Ass Indeed!

The following is from R. J. "Bob" Cooke.

A couple from Montana were out riding on the range, he with his rifle and she (fortunately) with her camera. Their dogs always followed them, but on this occasion a Mountain Lion decided that he wanted to stalk the dogs (you'll see the dogs in the background watching). Very, very bad decision…

The hunter got off the mule with his rifle and decided to shoot in the air to scare off the lion, but before he could get off a shot the lion charged in and decided he wanted a piece of those dogs. With that, the mule took off and decided he wanted a piece of that lion. That's when all hell broke loose … for the lion.

As the lion approached the dogs, the mule snatched him up by the tail and started whirling him around. Banging its head on the ground on every pass. Then he dropped it, stomped on it and held it to the ground by the throat. The mule then got down on his knees and bit the thing all over a couple of dozen times to make sure it was dead, then whipped it into the air again, walked back over to the couple (that were stunned in silence) and stood there ready to continue his ride … as if nothing had just happened.

the mule stomped the cat then pinned it to the ground and bit the heck out of the dead cat several more times.

the cat was pretty much dead by now then mule picked up the cat again whipped it into the air again then stomped the dead cat again for good measure!

note the dog audience.... Gives new meaning to the phrase "BAD ASS"....