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SUMMER 2019

TOURNEY TIME

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Bottom Feeders

Fishing the bull market as
groundfish stocks surge

School Daze

Schoolie Stripers offer non-stop action

After School Special

Fishing trips for summer vacation

Shark Shootout on the Maine Coast

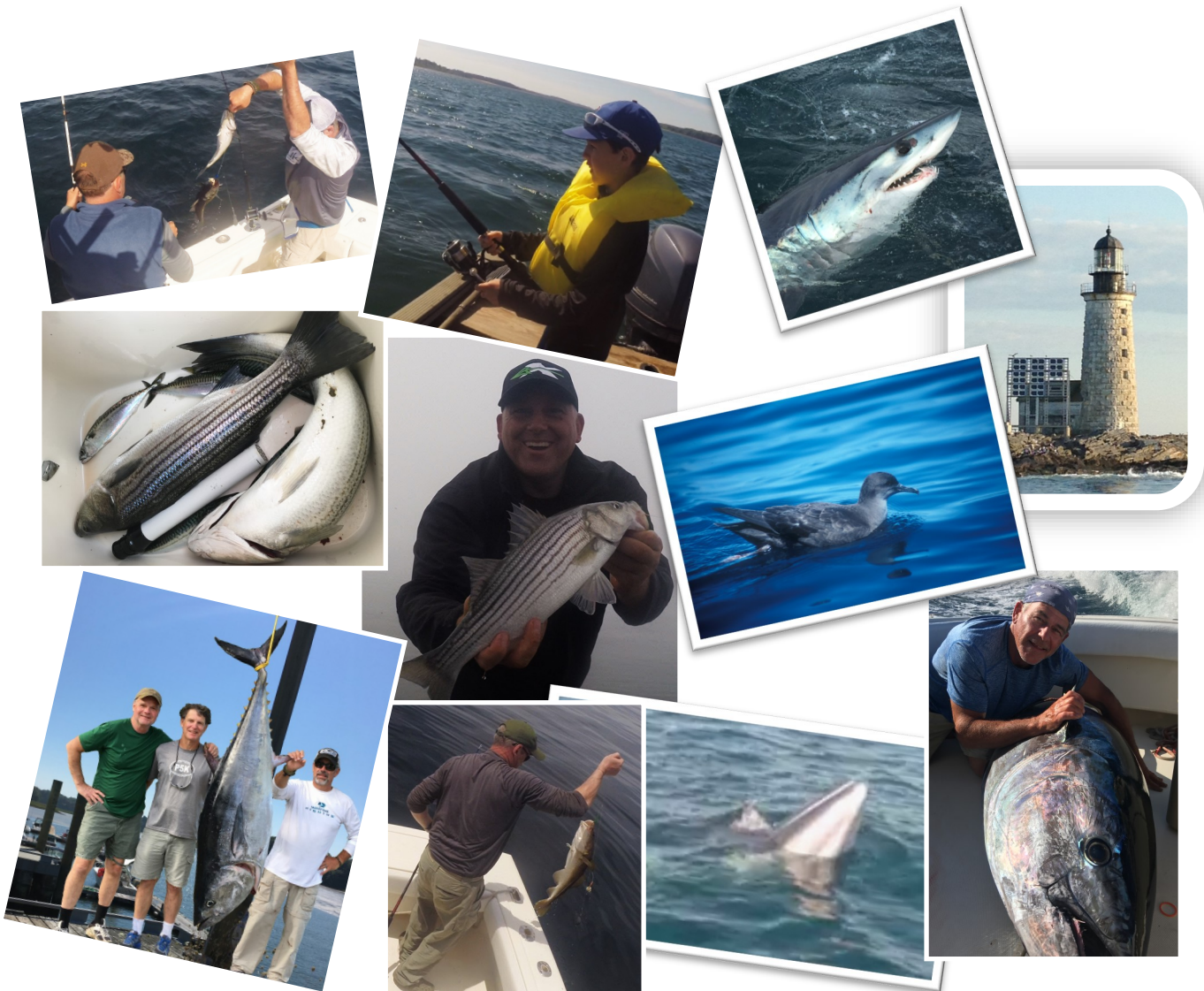


Captain's Log



The 2018 fishing and boating season is a distant, but extremely pleasant memory. Fishing was far better than we could have possibly imagined and there's no reason why this year shouldn't be at least as good, and quite possibly better. With even more events and attractions than ever, pleasure boating should be equally enjoyable and rewarding. But just in case you need a little motivation, flip through the pages of this issue and I'm sure you'll find more than enough to "wet" your appetite for an adventure on the waters of Casco Bay and the Gulf of Maine this summer.

It could be a relaxing trip jigging mackerel in the harbor, seeing lighthouses from the ocean side or watching seals frolic in surf. Maybe you want something a little more upbeat, like striped fishing around the islands, jigging cod and haddock offshore or scratching a rare pelagic seabird off your life list. Or perhaps you prefer the adrenaline-charged thrill of battling predatory sharks or giant bluefin tuna. Whatever your preference or desire read on, enjoy and if you feel inspired, give me a call and we'll start planning your adventure together.





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Be sure to check out the Sport-Ventures **You Tube** channel for a variety of video sporting adventures.

A close-up photograph of a wooden door handle and its shadow on a textured wooden surface. The handle is a dark, polished piece of wood, mounted on a lighter, vertically-grained wooden door. The shadow of the handle is cast onto the door's surface, creating a dark, elongated shape that mirrors the handle's form. The lighting is warm and directional, highlighting the textures of the wood.

"It is not down on any map; true places
never are."

— Herman Melville, *Moby Dick*

Short Casts

Southern Visitors



Summer visitors are not particularly unusual in Maine, but most walk upright on dry land. Last summer's exceptionally warm waters brought some unusual southern swimmers. Seldom seen north of lower Cape Cod, juvenile bonito were fairly common among the mixed schools of baitfish frequenting offshore waters. While it may just be a fluke (ahem), the possibility that these challenging gamefish could become more regular visitors is intriguing.

Sticky Situation

Squid were also exceptionally abundant this year presenting something of a double-edge sword. They provided a plentiful supply of bait, but ate just about every other type of bait, often frustrating shark and tuna fishermen. Can you say, "Calamari?"



Shark Week

In August, the Falcon IV hosted the cast and crew of Discovery Channel's *The Given Right*, to film an episode for Shark Week 2019. The day's highlight was when host Mark Heck caught and released a 12-foot CFL blue shark. While Mark's fish was not weighed, the current state record blue shark was only 10 feet in length.



Just saying. Be sure to tune into *The Given Right* during shark week to catch all the action.

Cool New Stuff

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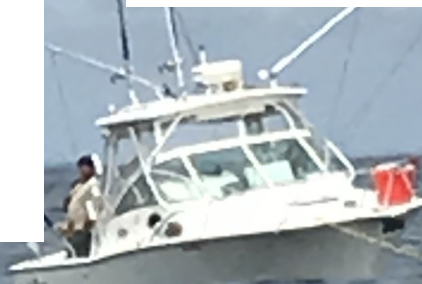


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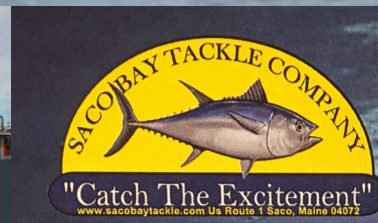
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PLANO

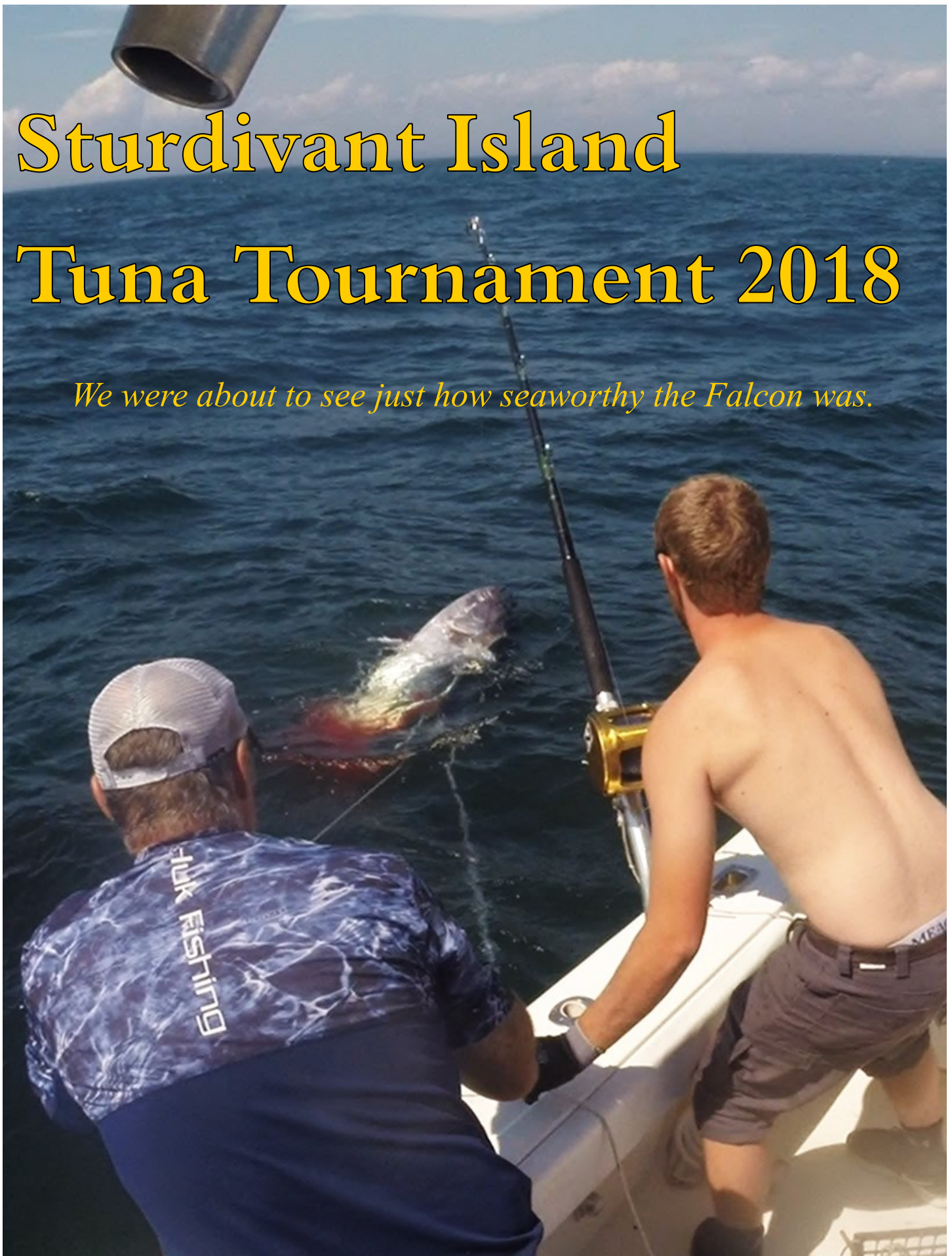


Using advanced technology, Plano has engineered a tackle storage system that blocks rust and stops corrosion 5x longer than a standard tackle box or the competition. Completely infused into the storage boxes, the rust stopping compound resides throughout the entire container. Unlike competitors that use a few molded inserts to fight rust, Rustriector provides 360 degrees of complete protection against rust for up to five times longer than competitors.



Sturdivant Island Tuna Tournament 2018

We were about to see just how seaworthy the Falcon was.





In 1998, Phil Grondin, Sr. started the Sturdivant Island Tuna Tournament to offer a competitive forum for fisherman but also a means to provide educational scholarships for those in need. Sadly, Phil passed away in 2017, but the SITT board decided to hold one final tournament, in Phil's honor. The 2018 Philip Grondin, Sr. Memorial Sturdivant Island Tuna Tournament helped bring the total charitable donations since 1983 to over \$1 million.

Things were looking bleak right from the start. The forecast called for southeast winds of 10-15 knots, gusting to 20 and seas of 3-5 feet or more. It's supposed to be fun; at least that's my motto. This was clearly not going to be much fun, and were we not fishing a tournament, I might have reconsidered.

I almost did when we hit two miles of towering waves at the mouth of Hussey Sound. Instead I soldiered on as much out of curiosity as foolish pride. We were about to see just how seaworthy the Falcon was.

We, being crew members Ben Humphrey, Jon Andrews and myself, managed to grab just enough mackerel to get started. We were hoping for some fresh squid, but some miscommunication messed that up so we made the best of what we had. About the only positive up to that point was that I managed to secure a piece of ground that I wanted to fish. I suppose the seas discouraged some of our competition.

Mackerel was sufficient bait but we knew it wouldn't be long before they got chewed up by the swarms of squid that had plagued us all season. We really needed squid and fortunately one of the crew managed to pick one up on a Sabiki. Unfortunately, it went into the same bucket I'd used to scrub the decks a few days earlier, and the soap residue instantly put the squid into a torpor. Presuming a nearly dead squid was still better than anything with fins and scales I hooked the hapless cephalopod up and tossed it over the side. With lines out we began what we presumed would be a long and punishing day.

Timing is everything and ours wasn't very good. We'd barely gotten the lines set when the tide started to turn, slowly, gradually drawing our lines closer to the direction of the anchor line. "We probably ought to do something with that line, it's getting close," Jon said, as if reading my mind. So I begrudgingly rose and began slowly reeling in when I felt a sudden resistance. Then the rod bent over and line began spilling off the big 130. "Fish on!" I yelled.

The next few minutes were sheer pandemonium as I shouted out orders without really looking: "Drop the anchor! Start the engines! Clear those lines!" Somehow it all got done by my crack crew and the battle



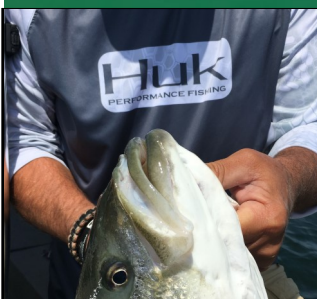
Battling a bluefin is more like a marathon than a sprint. And then, it's like running a marathon through waist deep mud with a heavy backpack on, or like foul-hooking a UPS truck. It didn't help that we were in an area that seemed particularly popular with the local lobstermen.



The first two hours passed slowly. After deftly extracting the delicate line from three different sets of gear, miraculously without breaking off, we settled back into battle. Ben worked feverishly to keep the line taut and the rod bent while I worked equally hard to keep the boat angled properly toward the fish without taking

was on. As soon as the ship was ship shape I handed the rod off to Ben and took the helm while Jon readied the harpoon.

the heavy seas broadside. Any loose items on the boat careened this way and that with every swell, while waves crashed over the transom.



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Pucker Time

There's a moment when everything is on the line, when any wrong move could end the competition. When your adrenaline is at its peak. For bowhunters, it's those critical few moments between drawing your bow and releasing an arrow. For a quarterback it's after the snap of the ball, fourth and two at the 20 with 6 seconds left on the clock. For a tuna fisherman it lasts from the moment you hook up until you sink a harpoon into the flesh of the beast. Typically, it's a 2-3 hour adrenaline rush that even elk hunters and elite athletes only experience for seconds, sometimes minutes. And it peaks when you finally tire the fish and bring it near the boat.

"Pull, him up!" I shout to Ben as the fish swings first wide of the boat, then loops back. I haul back, aim and throw, and to my sheer horror, it's a clean miss. Miraculously, the line does not part, the harpoon is retrieved, the dart reset and the fish makes one more circle. This time I do not miss, driving the harpoon so hard the dart goes through the fish. After a brief struggle the tail wrap is secure and we have our prize.

Just as a camera cannot capture the true spectacle of the Grand Canyon or sunrise on the north Atlantic, words cannot truly describe the feelings and emotions of landing a giant bluefin. It's like having a bull elk in your bow sight at 15 yards, for two hours; or fighting Mike Tyson for 8 rounds. And when you're done you'll know you accomplished something special.



Every boat fisherman knows that if you're going to lose a fish, more likely than not it will happen right at the boat. Dangling on the end of a gossamer thread is 400 pounds of unpredictable muscle and energy that could end the match with a flick of its tail. Yet sometimes it works out.

First the fish starts to pinwheel, a sure sign it's fatigued. You bump, bump, bump the boat forward but each arc brings the fish forward and closer to going under it, dangerously close to rudders and props. And at some point you have to commit. You have to let the fish make one pass right under the boat, hoping it will continue its arc rather than taking a tangent. It does, and now comes the moment of truth.





Jon and Ben are all smiles after the fish is boated.



The Captain and crew of the Falcon IV were only the second boat in the 2018 Sturdivant Island Tuna Tournament to bring in a fish. We ultimately finished low in the standings but were pretty proud of our inaugural tournament effort.



The HOOK

Check out all the action from the first day of the tournament on the Sport-Ventures YouTube Channel



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www.bobhumphrey.com



Back to Schoolies



“You have a choice,” I offered my anglers for the next day’s trip. “We can try to pick up some bait - mackerel - and live-line in hopes of catching a keeper or two, but it’s been a little slow. The big fish aren’t in yet. Or, we can catch schoolies until your arms fall off.” The response was quick and decisive, the way I like it. “We want to catch fish. Let’s go with Plan B.”

My guests were a couple visiting dignitaries: Chris Cobbett, Vice President of Xpedition Archery and Sam Coalson Product Marketing Manager at Farmers Union Industries and former veteran of the archery and hunting industries. Chris is a veteran saltwater angler but the Atlantic Coast was all new to Sam. He just wanted to see it, fish it and hopefully catch something. I knew we could do better.

I knew because I’d been fishing hard the previous week, testing tackle and filming for the *Southern Maine Saltwater Report VLOG* and

my *Sport-Ventures* YouTube channel. And the fishing had been nothing short of a natural phenomenon. On any given morning, if the tide and wind were right, you could catch schoolie stripers until you didn’t want to catch any more. It had been that way for a couple weeks and even that wasn’t entirely unexpected.



I'd experienced similar fishing the previous season, 2017. Only most of the fish were in the 15-18-inch range. I presumed this was the same year class because they were just as abundant, but now ranged from 18 or 20 inches up to 24 or 25. Not only did that mean a healthy cohort, but by the 2019 season, most of those fish would be nudging the 28-inch legal length for keepers. It looked like after a lengthy absence, the linesides were back.

That meant a ton of fun and a tremendous opportunity to test terminal tackle. If you were using the right stuff, you got a hit on every cast. The toughest part was staying on the fast-moving schools. Fortunately, the birds did most of the work finding them.


The fishing was so good I had to mix things up to keep things interesting. First it was changing baits, to see what would and wouldn't work. Next I set a goal of trying to catch and release a fish, then catch another before the school moved out of casting range. It was crazy combat fishing, while it lasted. Then the tide would go slack or the sun would come up or some jackwagon would come over to see what I was doing and drive over the school. And that would be it, but just for the day. We could go out and do it all over again the next day, and the next.

Part of the abundance was no doubt due to conservation measures enacted to protect the resource. But those fish could go anywhere. They were in Casco Bay for a reason, and that reason was herring. The Bay was filled with shoals, acres of juvenile herring, some so thick the fishfinder would go black from top to bottom. That too was a potential

harbinger. When all those brit that attracted stripers, mackerel and other coastal game fish to inshore waters grow up, they'll represent the key link in the food chain for larger, pelagic gamefish like Bluefin tuna.

Chris and Sam caught more than enough schoolies to satisfy them but when the fog lifted and the sun finally came out we still had time to kill so we filled the live-well with max and headed to rocky point where the outgoing tide was just about to set up a good rip. It took several sets to get us anchored in the right place and for the water to move but once it did the bite turned on and we managed a half dozen fish in the next larger size class, including one that barely missed legal. When we were done it was not an end, but a beginning, for I knew all those fish, and hopefully more will be back will be back for the summer of 2019.



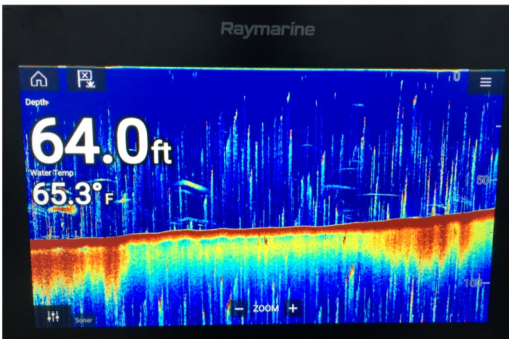
For weekly updates on what's biting and where they're biting, be sure to check out the Southern Maine Saltwater Report on the Sport-Ventures  channel.

SCHOOL'S OUT

It's summer in Maine and the kids are out of school and looking for something to do.



Whether you're from away or just down the road, there's no better way to fill a few hours, or an entire afternoon than taking your kids out for a fishing adventure.



Mackerel and pollock are super abundant in the waters of Casco Bay, and are easy and fun to catch.



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Even the "big kids" will have a good time. And you'll have something to take home for dinner.



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6 hours \$ 500
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8 hours \$ 600**

Shoot-out in the North Atlantic

by Capt. Bob Humphrey



There are some things in life you just have to see in order to believe, like an all-out bluefish blitz, a 40-pound striper or sharks so abundant and aggressive that you can't put a line in the water without hooking up. The latter is exactly what we were experiencing. It couldn't have come at a better time either as we were on the first day of the 2nd Annual Spring Point Shootout fishing tournament. To say the least, we were on the meat.



As with any style of fishing, there are never any guarantees. Success is dependent on so many variables, like wind and weather, time and tide availability of bait and the vagaries of fate. None the less, a typical day of shark fishing off the Maine coast will usually produce at least one or two, and sometimes a half dozen or more fish. (In five years of fishing I've only been skunked once.) Then there are those exceptional days.

My son, Ben and I fished the Shootout the previous year, landing 14 fish in the first day. As is often the case, it started slow but once the bite was on, it was so hot we limited ourselves to only putting one line in the water at a time. We probably could have

caught several more fish but the seas got so big we had to call it quits. I figured that set the bar pretty high for the 2018 shootout but could never have imagined what we were about to experience.

Decisions, decisions. Often, the toughest decision a captain has to face is where to fish. I knew the usual productive places but this was tournament fishing and a good day wasn't going to win us anything. We needed a great day, and that meant rolling the dice. I narrowed it down to two choices and with a bigger boat and favorable forecast decided to head well offshore in hopes of finding the warm water that blue sharks favor. We were 30 miles from port when I finally slowed the Falcon IV to an idle and began examining the Navionics charts on my Raymarine Axiom Pro.

The day started slow, but steady, then the action died off for a while. It became increasingly frustrating because the number of sharks around the boat kept gradually increasing, but just like all the radio chatter had suggested so far this season, the fish simply weren't biting.



The change was subtle at first. I noticed the sharks were circling a little faster, and seemed a tad more aggressive toward one another. Then, finally, one took a bait.



During a lull in the action I took a shark selfie.



It was like someone flipped a switch. Double and triple hookups suddenly had us frantically fighting fish until we were running out of hooks and leaders. That was my job, so I abandoned the rod to tie more terminal tackle while Jon and Ben landed shark after shark after shark. It was well into evening when the frenzy finally faded and we ran out of energy and terminal tackle. Final tally for the day: 40 sharks caught and released, and another dozen dropped or broken off.

The Falcon IV earned second place in the Cath & Release category. To see the exciting action from Day 1 check out the video on the Sport-Ventures YouTube Channel.



The second day didn't go quite so well. With high winds and heavy seas forecasted, we opted to stick a little closer to shore and set up in a normally active area. Unfortunately the weather must have put the fish off as well. However, we did have one unexpected surprise.

After a slow start and a rather routine blue shark catch and release we hooked a fish that seemed particularly feisty. Given the high conditions it was tough to judge at first whether it was the fish or the seas but this one seemed particularly aggressive for a blue. Still, experience had taught me not to get my hopes up, but when Ben finally pulled the fish into view there was no mistaking the mako. Had it been the previous year we would have a tournament winner right there. Unfortunately, the folks at NOAA decided that commercial anglers and sportfishermen south of Cape Cod were catching and killing too many makos so they upped our minimum length limit and we had to cut the fish off.

We managed one more blue before I offered an option up to the crew. I had one particular spot in mind where I thought we might catch a good porbeagle so I put it up for a vote and we opted to make a run for it. Unfortunately, as we drew closer I noticed one of the local tuna boats sitting squarely atop my intended last stand. Not wanting to mess them up by drawing in sharks we gave them a wide and picked another ledge where we caught only a couple pollock.

Insult was added to injury when, while pulling up anchor we noticed the "tuna" boat packing up and heading for port as well. As it turned out, they were shark fishing too, and in fact hooked that big 'beagle we had hoped for. Oh, well. Such is fishing, but you can bet I'll be starting on that ledge next year rather than finishing there.



All things considered, we didn't do so badly. In only our second year fishing the tournament we finished 2nd in the Catch and Release category.



Offshore Sportfish Charters

(4 person max)

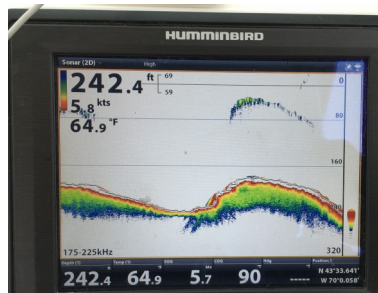
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Maine Saltwater Sport Fishing Tournaments for 2019

**81st Annual Bailey Island Fishing Tournament, July 22 - 27,
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FMI: www.cascobaytunaclub.org**

**13th Annual Dockside Striper Tournament, July 18 - 21, York Har-
bor Marine Service, York Harbor.**

**9th Annual Veterans Appreciation Fishing Tournament, July 27,
Port Harbor Marine, South Portland. FMI: www.vetsaft.com**

**3rd Annual Spring Point Shootout, August Spring Point Marina,
July 15-17, Port Harbor Marine, South Portland**

**Casco Bay Classic Tournament, returning in 2020, Spring Point
Marina, South Portland. FMI: www.cascobayclassic.org**

**First Annual Royal River Tuna Tournament, September 5 - 7, Roy-
al River Marina, Yarmouth.**

***all dates are tentative and subject to change.**

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MAINE LOBSTER BOAT RACE SCHEDULE - 2019

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June Rockland

June Bass Harbor*



June Moosabec Reach (Jonesport Beals)

July Stonington*

July Friendship*



July Harpswell*

August Kennebec Reach

August Winter Harbor*

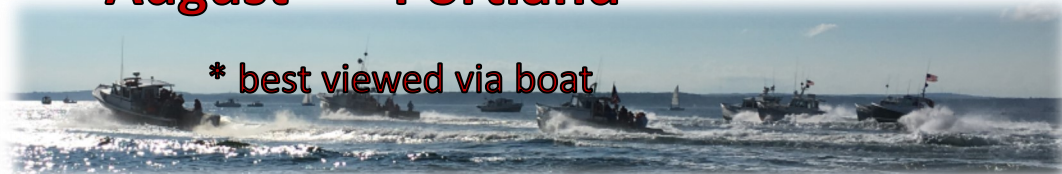
August Pemaquid

August Long Island

August Portland



* best viewed via boat



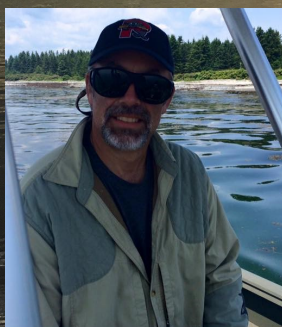
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is also certified wild-
life biologist with
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perience working
with coastal sea-
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Also available for Special Events

Not Just a Seagull

by Bob Humphrey, CWB

I once heard someone remark that the term “seagull” is redundant because there are no “land” gulls. Folks who live around Utah’s Great Salt Lake might have an argument, but otherwise it’s a valid point. Meanwhile, serious birders cringe when they hear the word. While most casual observers summarily dismiss any gull-like seabird as a seagull, birders know there are dozens of different species.

Learning how to distinguish most of those that occur along the coast of Maine isn’t too difficult. At the very least, it’s one more skill set to own, and could even help with fishing success. If nothing else, it’s something to do when you’re waiting for the fish to bite.

Let’s start with the easiest, most common ones. The two large gulls you most often see along the Maine coast are the herring and great black-backed. Adults of both species are predominantly white with gray wings. As its name implies, the black-backed is larger and has a considerably darker mantle (wings and back). Pretty simple so far. Immatures of both species are mottled brown, the black-backed again being noticeably larger with a lighter underside. There are other diagnostic features best observed in the field.

You’re as likely to see the next most common gull mooching fries in McDonald’s parking lot or scavenging on the mud flats as out on the water. From afar, the ring-billed gull looks like a smaller version of the herring gull. Upon closer inspection you’ll see the nominative black ring round the tip of its bill, and yellow legs. Immatures are the characteristic mottle brown.



The ring-billed gull (left) looks like a smaller version of the herring gull (right) but has a distinct black ring on its bill, and yellow legs and feet.

Now we can diverge into an entirely different group of gulls collectively lumped into the category of black-headed gulls. In Maine, this includes the laughing gull and Bonaparte's gull. Both are smaller than the ring-billed.

The laughing gull has a darker mantle, sort of midway between the herring and great black-backed in tone, while the Bonie's is similar to the herring gull. They can sometimes be a little tricky as younger adults lack the full black head. Look for a white leading edge on the wing of the tiny Bonaparte's, or listen for its buzzy call. Laughers nest in a few locations in Maine while Bonies are usually young adults simply loitering along our coast.

There's more than a dozen other species that could occur as vagrants, but you'll need a field guide or a more experienced birder to help identify them. There is however, one more species that is often misidentified by offshore anglers, boaters and casual birders. A prime example of convergent evolution, the northern fulmar sports the same white body, pale gray mantle of a herring gull. But it's smaller and bulkier, and is in an entirely different family. It is a member of the so-called tubenose family, which includes petrels and shearwaters.



Adult laughing gulls have dark gray mantles and black heads.



Sub-adult Bonaparte's gull.



Northern fulmar

Bob Humphrey is a certified wildlife biologist. While employed by the U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service as manager of Monomoy National Wildlife Refuge, he worked on a four-year seabird research project, and conducted a three-year study on coastal shorebirds for his Masters thesis. He now conducts natural history tours on the coast of Maine.



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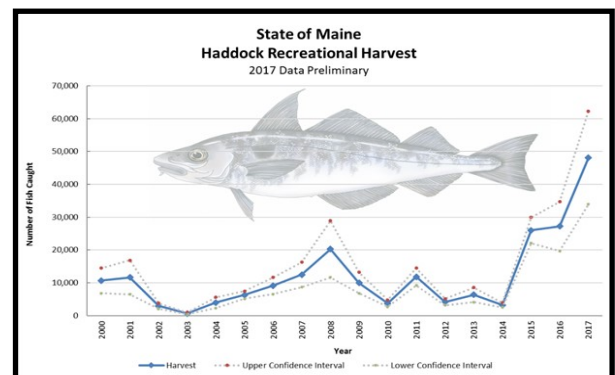
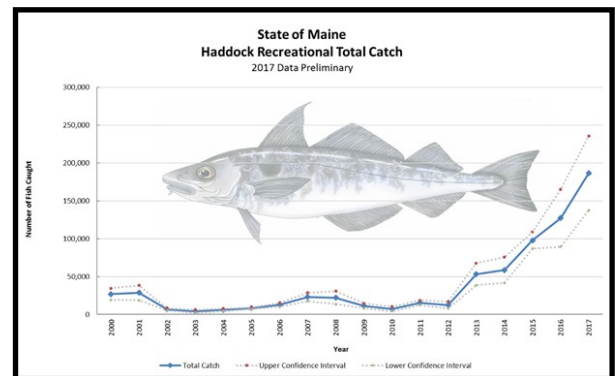
Sure Cure for a Haddock

by Capt. Bob Humphrey

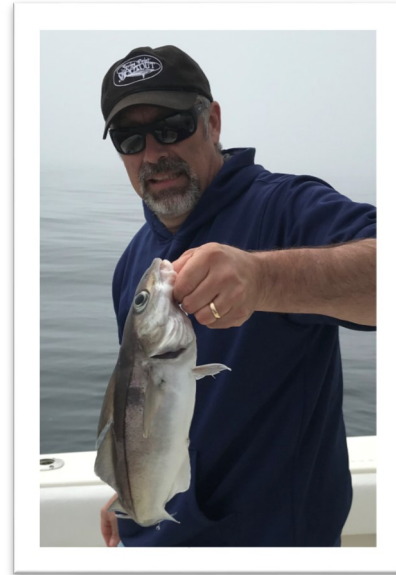
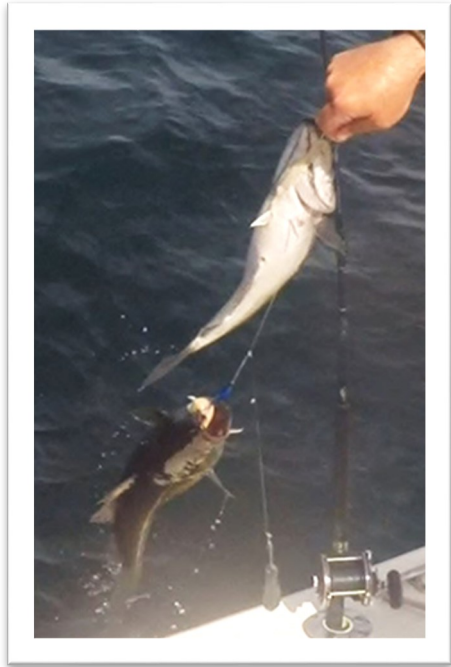
While cod have plummeted to perilously low numbers, due largely to commercial over-fishing, there is one bright spot in New England groundfishing. A side effect of conservation measures directed primarily at cod, haddock stocks have soared in recent years, and recreational fishermen are reaping the benefits.

As the graphics clearly show, haddock catch rates have grown exponentially in recent years. This has occurred despite declining angler effort due to cod restrictions, suggesting haddock populations are soaring. And anyone who has been offshore in the past couple years will agree as daily limits for all anglers aboard are routine. In fact, after their anglers limit out on haddock, many charter captains then move off into deeper water seeking other species.

That's because haddock aren't the only species of New England groundfish that have experienced a recent resurgence. Oft' overlooked species like Pollack and whiting are around in size and number enough to make venturing offshore on a charter or head boat well worth the cost and effort.

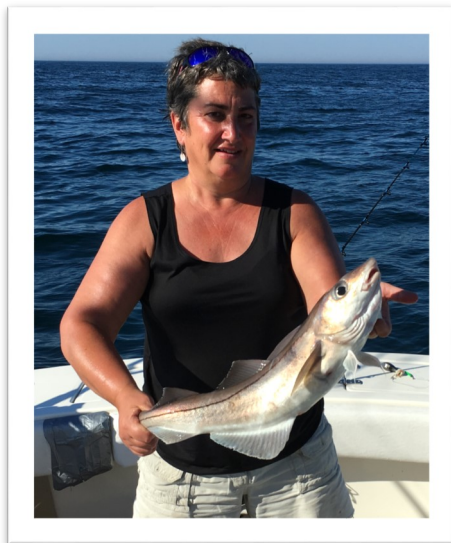


Compared to cod, which will often bite just about anything big and shiny, haddock can sometimes be more picky. Tandem rigs with colored flies are often a better choice, and adding bait like surf clams will increase catch rates significantly.



Haddock have long had a bad rap compared to cod. In fact, the black spot on their side is sometimes referred to as the Devil's Thumbprint, signifying their status compared to that of the "sacred" cod. If given a choice between the two, I'll push aside cod and go for the haddock any day.

Minimum length for haddock is 17 inches but anglers would be wise to release smaller, legal fish as you should have no trouble catching a limit of fish 20 inches or longer.



Q: What is Maine Saltwater Fishing?

A: MSF is a consortium of fishing guides, charter captains, outdoor communicators, government and non-government conservation organizations, tackle manufacturers and retailers and commercial and recreational anglers all devoted to a single mission: To preserve, promote and enhance recreational and commercial saltwater fishing in all marine waters accessible from Maine.

Q: How do I join?

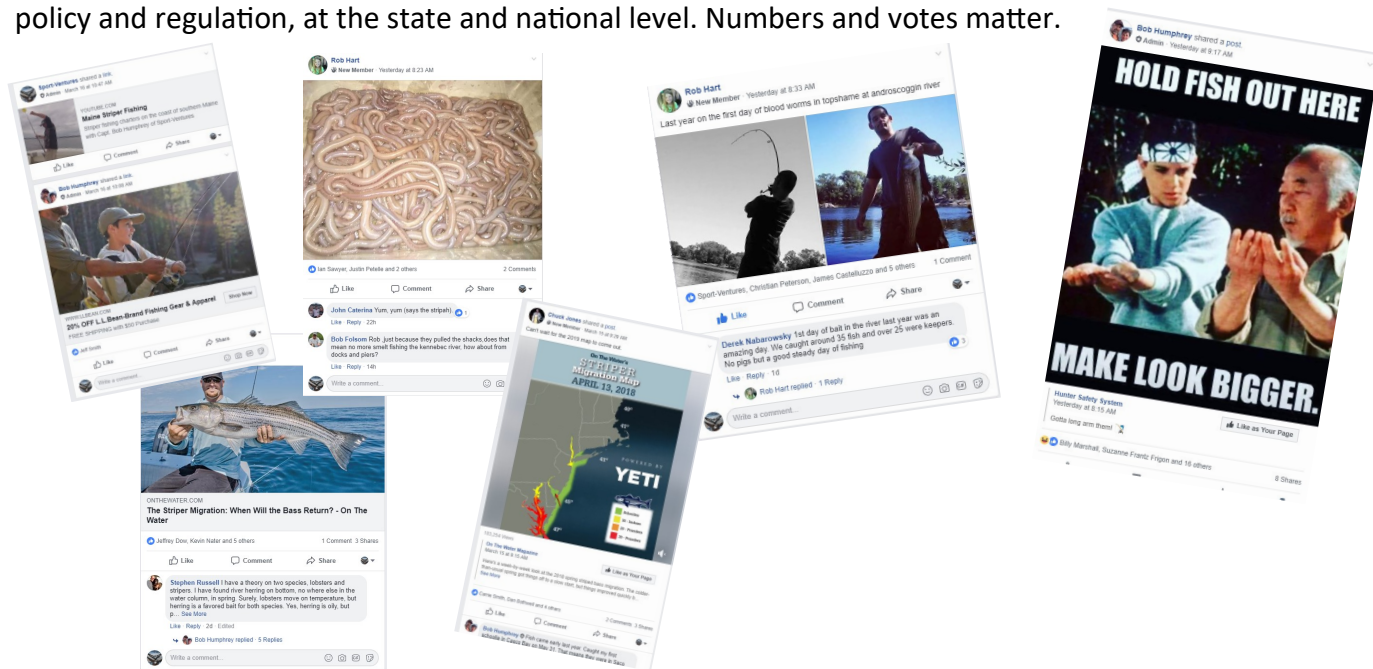
A: It's really very simple. To join us, you need only go to the Maine Saltwater Fishing **Facebook** page and ask to become a member.

Q: How much does it cost?

A: Only as much as you're willing to give. There are no dues or fees but you get out of the organization what you and others put into it. The more you and others contribute in terms of pictures, stories, advice and information, the more everyone gets out of it.

Q: What are the benefits of being a member?

A: See above. The potential benefits are limited only by the membership. By sharing tips on tackle, technique, timing and sometimes even location, members can benefit by catching more fish. Find out what the fish are biting on, and when. Had a great experience with a guide? Share your comments with others who might be looking for one. Did you take a great trophy shot or sunset pic? Share it with those who might not have made it out on the water today, this week or this month. Got a gripe with the regulations? Share your comments. By working cooperatively and through our collective voice we CAN even change policy and regulation, at the state and national level. Numbers and votes matter.



Outdoor Recreation Adventures with Sport-Ventures

Thank you for your interest in Sport-Ventures. My goal is to provide you with an enjoyable quality experience.

Time of Departure: Time of departure will vary according to the type of trip and we will be happy to try and arrange times that suit your schedule as much as possible.

Location of Departure: Boat typically departs from Royal River Boat Yard in Yarmouth, but arrangements can be made for pick-up elsewhere. Haraseeket River trips - Freeport Town Landing; Kennebec River trips - Bath Public Landing; Saco Bay - Pine Point, Scarborough; Saco River - Saco Public Landing on Routes 9/208.

Licenses: Maine now requires anglers to register with the Saltwater Registry. All anglers must be properly licensed. However, passengers on Sport-Ventures charter boats are covered by our license.

Lodging: Lodging is not provided. We will be happy to provide you with a listing of local motels and campgrounds.

Transportation: We do not provide local transportation but will be happy to assist you in finding some if needed.

What to Bring:

Clothing: Be prepared for anything. Temperatures on the water can be ten degrees or more cooler than on the mainland, particularly in rain and fog. Always bring at least a light jacket or sweatshirt. You could be spending six hours in the sun so bring plenty of sunscreen. You may also want a hat, long-sleeved shirt, and long pants. A good pair of polarized sunglasses will help in spotting fish and protecting your eyes. Waterproof footwear is not essential, but wear something you don't mind getting wet. Passengers are responsible for their own food, beverage, cooler and ice. You may also want to bring an extra cooler if you want to keep your catch.

Other Equipment: We will supply all the necessary bait & tackle unless you are flyfishing. However, you are welcome to bring your own. If you have a rod & reel combo you're comfortable with, or a favorite lure, bring them. We are currently not equipped with extra fly-fishing tackle, but will take fly-fishing-only charters or combo trips, provided you bring your own tackle. You should also bring a camera.

The Trip: There is no such thing as an average trip. Each charter is specifically customized to suit the particular wishes of the client, and modified according to fishing/sea/weather conditions on any given day. Let us know what you want, and we will try to arrange a trip for you.

About your guide: Bob Humphrey is a Certified Wildlife Biologist, Outdoor Writer, Registered Maine Guide, and USCG Licensed Operator with more than four decades of saltwater fishing experience. He has fished commercially and recreationally along the Atlantic Coast from Maine to Connecticut, and in Alaska; and written numerous articles on saltwater fishing for several publications including: *Northwoods Sporting Journal*, *New Hampshire Sportsman*, *Vermont Afield*, *Massachusetts Sportsman*, *New England Game & Fish*, *On the Water* and more.

Contact: Sport-Ventures, 727 Poland Range Road, Pownal, ME 04069 (207) 688-4966 or bob@bobhumphrey.com



* Don't worry if we don't have an available date or offer a service that suits your need. We work closely with numerous other cooperating captains and will do our best to get you connected with someone who can accommodate your specific wants or needs. Rest assured we will only steer you toward captain's we trust and best of all, there's no additional cost to you.

Rates

Inshore Charters

Striped Bass or Mackerel Fishing

Falcon IV (28 ft.)

4 hours \$350.00

6 hours \$500.00

8 hours \$650.00

Green Machine (20 ft.)

4 hours \$300

6 hours \$450

8 hours \$600

(All other trips aboard the Falcon IV)

Harbor/Lighthouse Tours

Lobster Boat Races

4 hours \$350

6 hours \$500

Seal and Natural History Trips

2 Hours \$200

4 hours \$350

Offshore Charters

Whale/Dolphin Cruises

and

Pelagic Seabird Trips

4-6 hours \$450

Groundfish

6 hours \$600 (4 pass. max)

Shark/Tuna Fishing

Full Day (8-12 hours) \$1,200

Terms: A 30 percent deposit is required to confirm specific dates. Balance of payment for all days reserved, in cash or check is due prior to embarking. Any cancellations made by the party less than 14 days from the charter date will result in forfeiture of deposit. All trips are subject to cancellation due to weather/sea conditions. If the captain must cancel, a second date will be scheduled or deposit will be returned in full.



The Falcon IV is a 28' Albemarle XF powered by twin Yanmar diesels. It features plenty of deck space in the cockpit, a full cabin with v-berth, microwave, refrigerator and fully enclosed head.

About Our Boats



The Green Machine is a 20' Polarkraft Outlander CC powered by a Yamaha 115 four-stroke engine. It features ample deck space, a live well and side lockers for rod and tackle storage.

One More Cast

The Good Old Days

by Capt. Bob Humphrey

Few among us have not sat enviously listening to elders talk about the good old days of fishing. Getting up there in years myself, I can now recall groundfishing trips where we threw back anything under 24 inches, and could always bring back a couple full-sized trash barrels full of cod and haddock. I remember the glory days of bluefin fishing in the 70s, when Billy Packer stuck nine fish in one day on the Bluefin II, or the sudden and unexpected arrival around that same time of bluefish so thick they were chasing schools of pogies up onto the beaches. I can look back longingly on the striper boom of the mid to late 90s.

Those were indeed shinin' times, but like all good things, they eventually came to an end. Tuna numbers have allegedly plummeted over the last 50 years. Once strong striper numbers have dwindled over the last two decades, and nobody has seen, never mind caught a bluefish much north of Cape Cod in a couple years. Thank goodness for cycles.

There have been suggestions on several fronts that we could be experiencing another renaissance of sorts with regard to certain fisheries. While overall groundfish stocks are still in tough shape, haddock numbers have risen dramatically over the past few years. The last two seasons have seen a glut of young, schoolie stripers that by this year should be maturing into keeper-sized fish. Meanwhile, the exceptionally successful 2012 year class of bluefins should be medium-large (> 73 inches) fish this year, and is followed by at least one more rather productive cohort. Even Gulf of Maine Research Institute research scientist Walt Golet has suggested these might be the good old days.



We should embrace and enjoy this opportunity, but we must not become complacent. I've heard tales from the old timers and I've witnessed myself how quickly fish stocks can fall as a result of over-fishing, mismanagement, climatological changes, cycles and the vagaries of fate. We should appreciate all the great fisheries we now have but we must remain vigilant and do all we can to ensure the perpetuity of all fisheries so that both sport and commercial fishermen can still find and take their respective fair shares, while leaving enough for future generations. It may be fanciful, wishful thinking, but try to imagine a time when fishermen have it so good they never have to long for the good old days again.

