



# Charter Trip Report



Nearly 100 RISAA members are awarded spots on fishing charter trips each year simply by winning random drawings at the monthly meetings. One member on each trip agrees to write a short story to share the experience with all members. \*It should be noted that not every trip can be guaranteed to catch fish. The trip brings RISAA members together and provides an enjoyable day or night on the water. Catching fish is a bonus.

## SNAPPA CHARTERS • Capt. Al Charles Donilon

story by MICHAEL SHERIDAN

Early morning October 23 arrived and greeted me with thick, patchy fog limiting my visibility on the drive to Galilee that could only be measured in feet. I recall thinking the charter boat *Snappa* would certainly have what I could use at the time, radar. Safely arriving I found 3-4 ghostly figures queuing up to our docked charter.

Capt. Charlie Donilon greeted us all with a very friendly and enthusiastic welcome. Being the professionals that they are the Captain and mate detailed us necessary features of the boat, including life preservers in the event... fortunately never needed.

With all winners of the trip aboard our 6:30 scheduled departure left right on time.

The lucky six RISAA members, **Robert Barrett, Daniel DaSilveira, Howard Labitt, Bruce Loechle, Ted Nataly** and myself (**Mike Sheridan**), introduced ourselves to each other and exchanged early morning conversation, a few stories, renewed acquaintances and generally kibitzed.

Luck and good weather was on our side as the fog quickly lifted and a beautiful sunrise broke out.

It didn't take long for Captain Charlie to pull up to our first fishing spot. And even less time for a hook-up. We were smack dab over a pile of hungry fish!

Though this wasn't a black sea bass expedition per se, they thought they were the star of the show and very accommodating. The only problem was that many were a wee undersized.

But the numbers! At times out fishing poles must have resembled yo-yo's.

Looking for more mature fish and our targeted quarry (tautog) the captain moved up maybe one hundred yards. Again hordes of juvenile black sea bass came at us, with a few tog dispersed in our catch.

We were fishing in about 90 feet of water, a little craggy but not so terribly so that we were losing much gear, an anticipated exercise. After all, we were fishing "tog territory" and loss was to be expected.

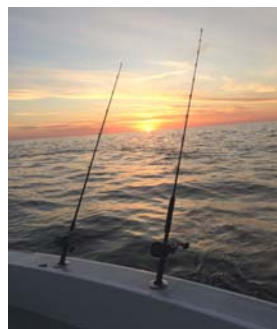
The guys fished with all sorts of gear: longer rods, shorter rods, some spinning reels, but mostly conventional, braided line and some mono.

As one would expect all the guys had what they had faith in for terminal gear. Sinkers ran from 3 to 8 ounces. Hooks and terminal gear varied from person to person: single hook, hilo's and personal interpretations of the Snafu rig.

Which brings up a point. While all seemed to be pulling some tautog over the rail, all wished the pace would step up! And size was an issue. (to page 32)



The RISAA crew displays a part of the catch: (L-R) Howie Labitt, Ted Nataly, Mike Sheridan, Bruce Loechle, Bob Barrett and Danny DaSilveira



The trip out featured a beautiful sunrise

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