

An Outdoorsman's Journal

Mark Walters, Columnist

Green Bay for Walleye

Hello friends,

This past week I headed to Green Bay with my 18.6 War Eagle, both of my golden retrievers Ruby and her 5-month-old pup "Red" for two days on the water and a night of camping. My plan was to troll for walleye and see what I could catch.

Monday, August 22

High 82°, Low 57°

The old Chevy would turn 350,000 miles this week and it still has its original motor, transmission and exhaust. To be honest, I was very satisfied to see it do an excellent job pulling the War Eagle to Little Suamico where I would launch at Geano Beach.

Anytime that you put a boat in the water with a plan of camping and fishing it's kind of a big deal to have all of the right gear. I had the gear and secured some solid advice at the landing and that was to head out to 27 feet of water and troll with night crawler harnesses.

The last time that I launched at Geano Beach was with a canoe and I limited out on walleye and caught a 47-inch musky on a crawler harness. I had no idea the musky was a musky and it pulled me around for a half an hour before I saw it.

The time before that I was three miles from shore, fishing in the War Eagle and I got a call from Jeff Moll that a bad storm was going to hit. I got whacked hard on the ride back to the launch and it was one of the top 10 "I should have died" experiences of my life.

Today would be different, almost no wind, sunny skies and it seemed like there were at least a hundred boats on the water. I would be pulling two

crawler harnesses or a crankbait that I would switch about every two hours as I experimented.

I had been trolling for four hours and had not had a hit when one of my rods with a crawler harness started bending and it was fish on. The fight was great and soon I netted what would be a 27-inch walleye. As far as I was concerned my trip was a success.

It seemed that my action was slow but steady, three hours later I had my next strike and this time I caught a 24-inch walleye and I was a very happy camper. It seemed 27 feet of water with my harness back, 100 feet behind my planer board was the right number and my third and last hit of the day came just before dark and it was another 24-inch walleye.

I pulled lines, headed to some private land which was remote and beautiful, built camp, and slept on the sand with my two pups.

Tuesday, August 23

High 84°, Low 53°

I had camp broke and was on the water before sunrise with high hopes. I joined the growing pack of fishermen in deep water and let me tell you it is quite a world out there. Trolling with planer boards is a game of skill and common sense, especially when you are alone. You have to be wise or you are going to have an almost constant issue with other trollers and when you get a fish on, especially a good one, getting it in the net and not messing up your other lines is a very cool challenge.

I did not get a hit until I had been fishing for three hours and my first whack would be an 18-inch walleye and that made me feel like I was doing something right. In some ways I am extremely patient and when it comes to trolling and tip up fishing I am very patient. You have to be checking your



Photo contributed by Mark Walters

Walters camp on Green Bay.

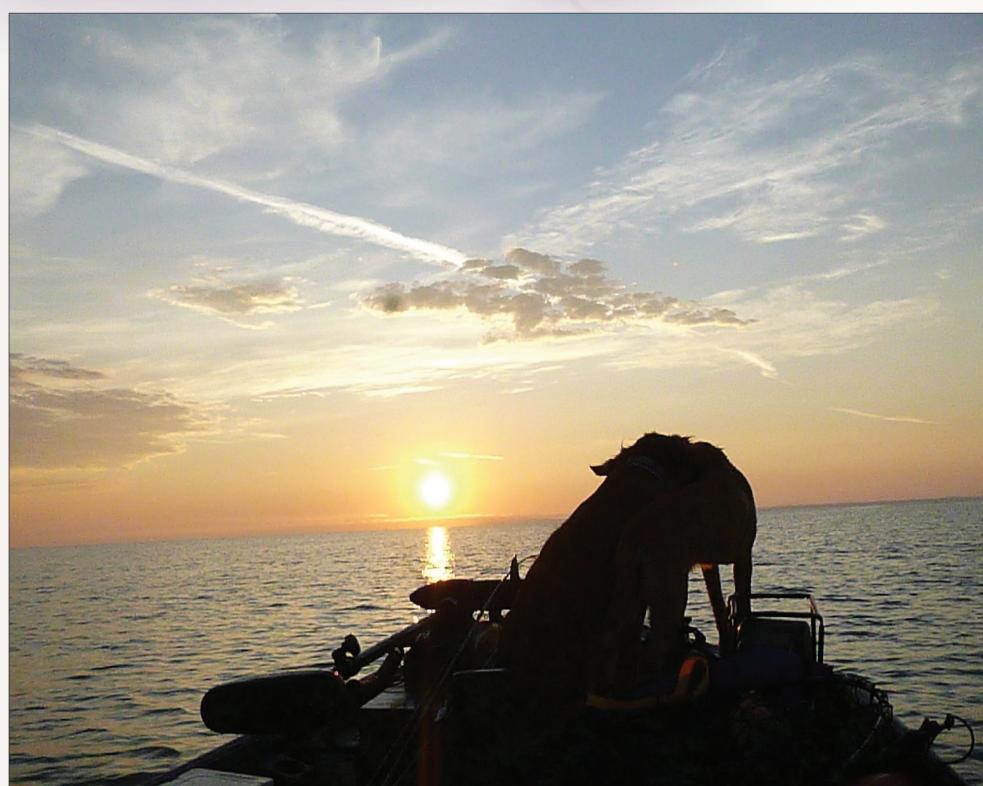


Photo contributed by Mark Walters

The pups at the beginning of a new day.

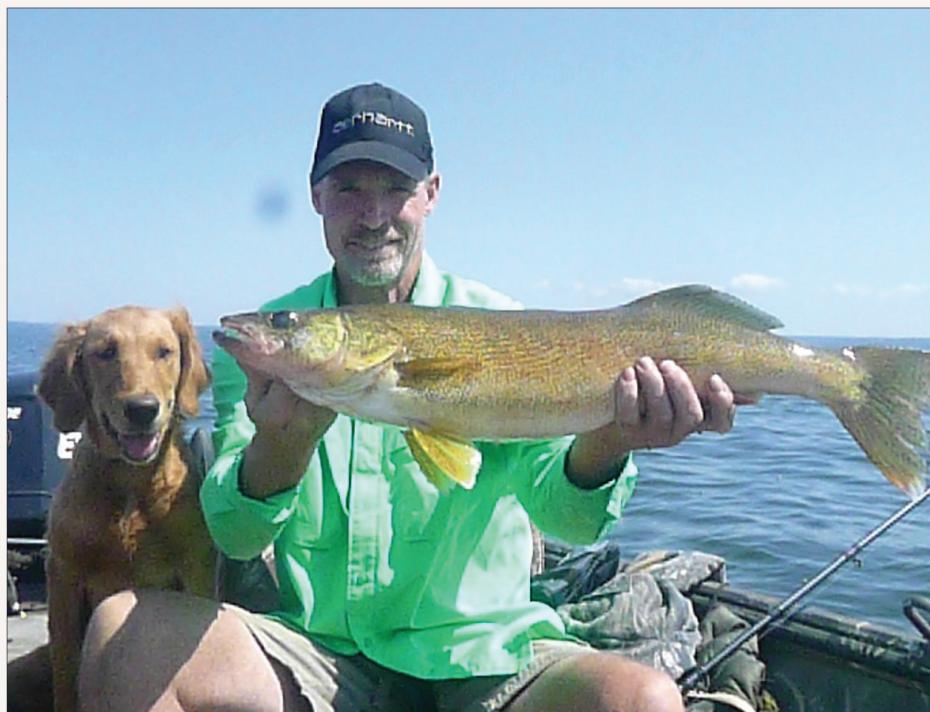


Photo contributed by Mark Walters

Mark Walters, Red, and the first walleye of the trip.

lines at least every fifteen minutes or you will be weeded up which means that you are wasting your time.

It would be another three hours before I had another chance and this fish would be another 24-incher, which made me very happy.

The pups were awesome in the boat and to keep them cool I just put wet towels over their bodies and they were fine. Red and Ruby always wrestle and Red is probably the sweetest golden retriever that I have ever had.

I needed a trip like this and was thankful that it worked out with relative ease. Live large!

Sunset

Follow along the adventures of Mark Walters, a syndicated outdoor adventure columnist who lives in Necedah, Wisconsin. He began writing his column, An Outdoorsman's Journal, in 1989. It includes hunting, fishing, lots of canoeing and backpacking. He currently writes for around 60 newspapers on a weekly basis. He hopes you enjoy reading about his adventures!

Want to read more?

Check out previous weeks' columns at www.outdoorsmansjournal.com

LEAH SPICER
FOR STATE ASSEMBLY

RURAL OPPORTUNITY • QUALITY OF LIFE FOR SENIORS • FREEDOM AND SECURITY FOR ALL

I grew up on a small farm here in the 51st. My partner Kyle and I live on that same farm and are raising our three little kids there. We own a restaurant in Spring Green and I am the clerk of my town board.

It would be my honor to go to Madison to fight for the rights of working people, for the future of our small businesses and farms, for our aging parents, and for the future of our kids.



PUTTING PEOPLE BEFORE POLITICS

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