

A Memorial to Lucas

by ORLANDO SAVASTANO



My grandson, Lucas Salem, passed away last February in a tragic automobile accident. Recently my daughter, Mary Salem, was organizing Lucas' room and discovered this story he typed, entitled "Fisherman Lucas Salem." He was about 14 years old when he typed it. Upon reading the story, you can envision the passion and love he had for fishing and the people in the industry. Here is a copy of the story and a photo of Lucas and the tautog he caught on one of our last fishing trips.

Editor's Note: Member Lucas Salem died on February 4, 2017 as a result of injuries he suffered as a passenger in an auto accident. He was 20 years old. The following is presented exactly as written by the 14 year old Lucas.

"FISHERMAN LUCAS SALEM"

"The love and passion of fishing for me started at a very young age, around six or seven. As a young child, my grandfather, Orlando Savastano, would take me off the docks of Rhode Island during the summer to catch porgies, sea bass, and even fluke (summer flounder). Every day we went, it would be just a day of memories. All good times we had, even if we didn't catch fish, it was still a great day doing the thing I loved to do.

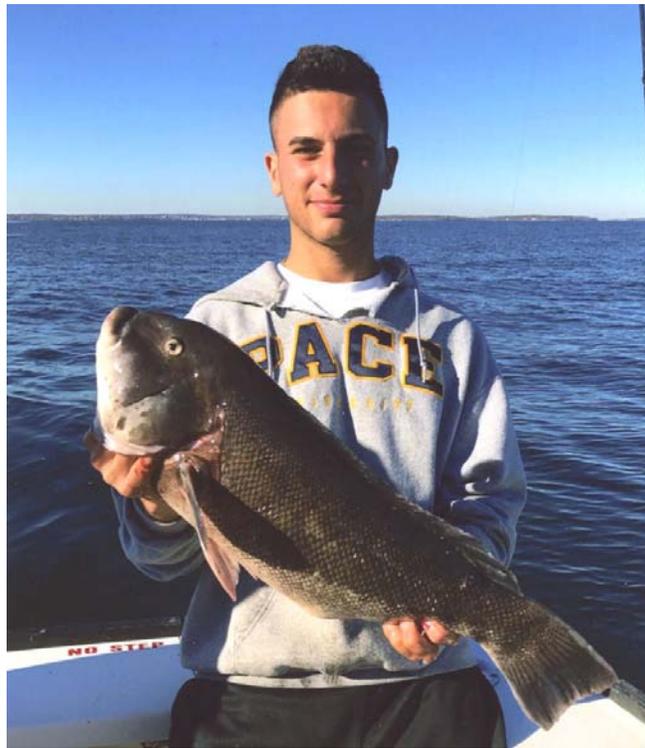
"As I grew into my body and got a little older, my grandfather started to take me on the Frances Fleet, which is a party boat sailing for all kinds of species of fish from Pt. Judith Rhode Island.

"When I started to get more interested in the sport, I joined RHODE ISLAND SALTWATER ANGLERS ASSOCIATION. A member organization in Rhode Island for saltwater fisherman. From there we went to private charters. Catching species of fluke, sea bass, porgy's, striped bass, blue fish and cod.

There were great trips, and I met some great life long friends, including captains. I learned more that you could read in 10 books from these first mates and captains. This made me want to expand my horizons and wanted to learn about the off shore game.

"It was when I was about 13 years old and the time had come. My father, Norman Salem, my grandfather, my uncle and I planned a shark trip for August. We were going with a great friend and Captain Charlie Donilon of Snappa Charters. We left

the dock around 5:30 A.M. steaming toward the famous Mudhole. Friends of mine thought I was crazy trying to reel in a shark. And they had no faith in me. I was going to prove them wrong.



Lucas Salem

"The day seemed as if we were never going to get a bite. It was a very slow day, but all Charlie said is you need that one minute for that bite, so we waited. Around the last of our trip, I was talking to Charlie about all the offshore species and pelagic species. When all of a sudden I see a fin go by the boat. Charlie yells out "BLUE SHARK, BLUE SHARK, REEL IN THE LINES." Before I knew they had me strapped in the chair with all the gear and a Penn 50 and I was ready to go. Charlie watched closely to see the behavior of the shark. He also told me that this shark weighed about 250 lbs. and was about 8.5 feet long. That got me really excited. It took me about 20-25 minutes to reel the beast in. As it got closer to the boat, Charlie took out his tagging device and tagged

the shark. After it was released for science.

"Beautiful calm seas, a beautiful shark, and my family to see me reel it in. I could not have asked for a better day. Some day I hope to be like Charlie and own my own boat and company. I want to travel the ocean searching for the most magnificent creatures the ocean and nobody is going to tell me otherwise."