



# Chum Line



1981  
PUBLISHED BY THE LOS ANGELES ROD & REEL CLUB

## PRESIDENT'S CORNER

I hasten to put the following into print and get this matter behind me while inviting the reader to pass on to more interesting and certainly more important items in the Chum-Line. Were I not a person of sterling qualities, word being as good as bond, I would dismiss this obligation out of hand. But, like Ronald Reagan, I feel that principle outweighs pragmatism. Hence, the following.

On a recent trip aboard the Royal Polaris, Chartermasters Sussman and Rimland (Bligh and Queeg), affronted the whole group by putting me on trial like a common criminal. My fellow passengers had suffered days of brow-beating by these two. Spirits broken, they were assembled after a meagre supper, sullen but mute. I could read sympathy in their eyes but what could they do three hundred miles at sea? Frank LoPreste and his bully-boys were standing by with truncheons on orders from Queeg and Bligh. We did not have the keys to the weapons locker and none of us could navigate even if a mutiny were to succeed.

And what was my terrible offence? On the evening before, LoPreste announced that fishing would cease as of 1 PM the following day so that he could clear for San Diego on schedule. Wishing to be of service to my fellow passengers I headed for the shower at 12:55. Else how could I have told them that the water must run for four minutes before turning hot. I shivered for them but was happy to do it. Lo, when I emerged at 1:15 dressed only in a towel and clutching only soap box and shampoo, they were fishing a hot bite, "Well," thought I, "This is the last stop." So I went below and got into my clean lounging costume and cloth slippers. The long and the short of it is that they continued to fish until 3 PM. I did my part. I called

advice from the upper deck when they got into tangles and even told them about the shower taking four minutes to get hot. I certainly wasn't going to fish in my lounging costume and cloth slippers. Ronald Reagan wouldn't have.

Anyway, that wasn't good enough for Bligh and Queeg. The indictment was read and the terms of the trial were explained. I wasn't allowed to speak, no defense counsel was provided, the jury panel was instructed to find me guilty or be dismissed and sentence was passed. Kafka would have been shocked. I was stunned. Since the Royal is not equipped with a yardarm I was sentenced to keel-hauling fore and aft then port to starboard. Anguished cries of protest broke from the crowd. There were mutterings of mutiny. LoPreste and his thugs moved forward menacingly. The tension became unbearable. Queeg and Bligh had a hurried whispered conference. I could see they were worried as Queeg was clicking some small steel balls which he always carries. They called for quiet and announced a new sentence. I was to write an apology in the Chum-Line so here it is.

Thank you, fellow fishermen, for this demonstration of loyalty to your President.

H. Goodman



Due to the CHUCK WAGON HOEDOWN at Caroline & Dan Felger's home on Oct 4th, there will be no club meeting in September.

TRUE CONFESSIONS  
OF  
YOUR PRESIDENT

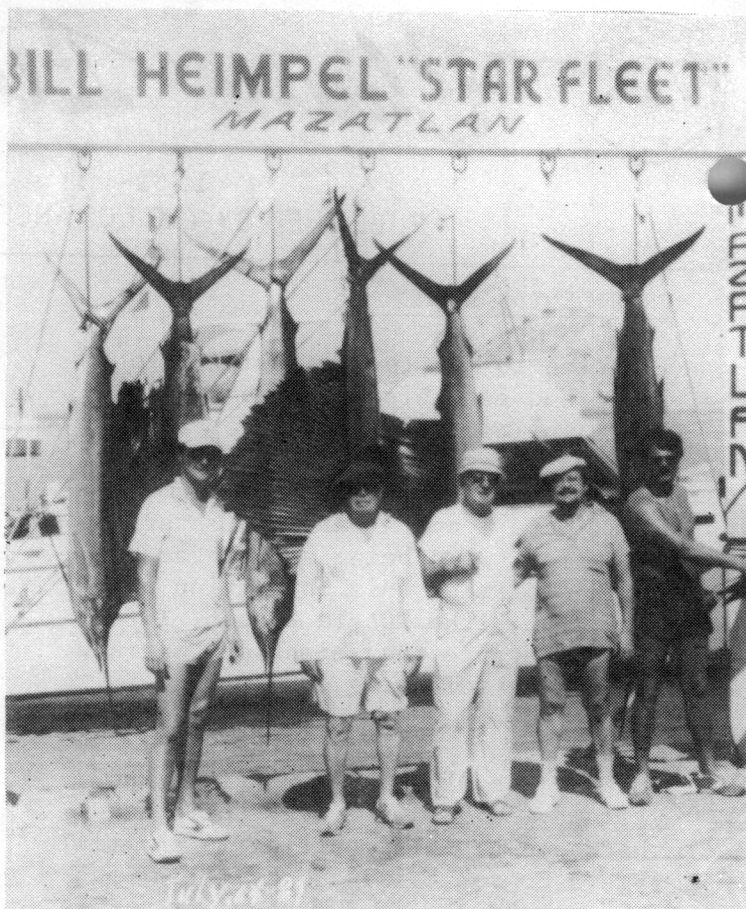
To satisfy my massive and super-inflated ego, it was necessary for me to first write the pack of lies that appear in this issue under the title "President's Corner." Now, however, in order to carry out the terms of the just and extremely mild sentence that was imposed on me for a heinous crime against my fellow fisherman, I must set forth the truth and my abject apology.

Our most gracious, kind and considerate charter masters, Sy Rimland and Ben Susman who put together the finest fishing trip of the year on the Royal Polaris, require that all course, places and obligation on each of us to do his best to add to the total catch for the benefit of all. I failed miserably in the performance of that duty. While all of my fellow fishermen were hard at work catching Albacore for me, I saw an opportunity to beat them to the hot showers. I sneaked off the deck as surreptitiously as possible (klutz that I am) and headed for the shower. I ran the hot water endlessly. After all, there was plenty for me. So what, if there was none left for those out on deck valiantly striving to add a few more cans to my total? I had mine. I slipped into my nightie and came out to the doorway to watch with an evil leer on my face as the twenty-five others stouthardedly struggled with thirty pound Albacore for my benefit.

It was a horrible and defenseless thing that I did. The Court was much too lenient in its sentence requiring me to apologize in writing in the Chum Line and orally at the next meeting. My conscience could only be relieved if the sentence were much more severe. I can only offer to each of you my most sincere and profound apology. I know that history will record the event as a terrible balck mark against LARRC. I intend to devote my life to righting this wrong. Can you ever forgive me?

Humbly,

Harold Goodman



Las Vegan, Al Wild, third from the left, poses with friends after successful fishing trip to Mazatlan.

FATHER-SON FISHING TRIP REVIVED  
FATHER, SONS, DAUGHTERS, GRANDCHILDREN  
NIECES, NEPHEWS --BRING THEM ALL!!!!

October is family fishing month and on the 24th of October the members of LARRC will embark on a delightful fishing trip with their loved young ones and enjoy a one day trip aboard the El Dorado. According to the chairman, Capt. Don Lee, the boat is large and roomy -- it is the sister ship to the Toronado. There are 48 single bunks which will be more than adequate for the small group to be taken. There will be fishing, fun and prizes!! The projected fee is ADULTS \$45.00 and CHILDREN to 16 years \$25.00.

For full information and reservations, call DON LEE today. Tomorrow may be too late. See your roster for telephone numbers.

CHUM-LINE INTERVIEW OF THE MONTH

The following interview was taken at one of Andy Weiner's building sites.

C-L: Nice looking project you've got here.  
Andy: Koszónóm.  
C-L: You're welcome. You look kinda cute in a hard hat.  
Andy: Koszónóm  
C-L: You're welcome. How nice. Pink and lavender. The new club colors.  
Andy: Az üres hálózaton belülegy kacskaringós vonallal.  
C-L: Well, tell Cyrene for me that she couldn't have painted it any cuter.  
Andy: Körülhatárolt ábra rejtőzik.  
C-L: Where's the problem? I say to heck with the construction gang. You're the boss and you can wear any colors your wife wants you to. Do me a favor, Andy. Could you go to English for a while? My Hungarian's a little rusty.  
Andy: Ov korz. Wot ken ve tok about?  
C-L: Never mind. Go back to the Hungarian. You said you had other problems.  
Andy: Az egyës megfejtéseket. Ezúttal nem fekete négyzetek 4½ hanem.  
C-L: Yes, but everyone is having troubles with bankers these days.  
Andy: Vastágitott vonalak 4½ hanem.  
C-L: Come on, Andy, no one's making construction loans at 4½ % anymore.  
Andy: Választják el egymástól Budapest.  
C-L: That may be so but this isn't Budapest.  
Andy: Ezek elhelyezkedése.  
C-L: Labor problems, too? Looks to me like they're working pretty hard in this heat. Matter of fact, your foreman's got them running up the ladders with full loads of bricks.  
Andy: Pah!  
C-L: Look, there. He just refused that poor exhausted-looking wretch a drink of water.  
Andy: Roumánisher.  
C-L: Roumanian or not, he's still a human being.  
Andy: Valamint a rejevénysziget cikcakkós hatávonala Roumánishers!!  
C-L: Hold on. You're getting excited. Maybe we ought to talk about fishing.  
Andy: Atlósan szimmetrikus, vágyis főkkal elforgátva Danúbe?  
C-L: Gee, I'd like to join you but, sturgeon on the Danube?  
Andy: Azaz megfördítva pontósan ugyanázt a rajzolatót adja. Könnyitesül.  
C-L: Wouldn't it be cheaper just to buy the caviar at Vendome's?  
Andy: Az összes zárt betüt elforgátva?  
C-L: No. I've never hooked into a sturgeon.  
Andy: Előre beirtuk az ábrába nehany vastágitótt vonalát is berajzoltunk.  
C-L: On 50 pound test? Pull you out of the boat?  
Andy: Igy szemléletesen!!  
C-L: Careful. You're getting excited again. I'm sure they're great fighters but I'm kind of tied up next week. Please let go of my lapels.  
Andy: Erzékelhető slivovitz?  
C-L: Yes. I'd be grateful for a little slivovitz.  
Andy: A meghatározásokat sörrendbenközljük vagyis?  
C-L: No, Andy, don't tell me a joke for the Chum-Line. Anything else on your mind?  
Andy: Hatavoala Roumánisher.  
C-L: I swear to you. I'm not Roumanian.  
Andy: Szőrejtvennyel mőndva!!  
C-L: OK, OK. Tell the joke. You're crushing my lapels.  
Andy: Fűggöl balrol jobbrá halávda alkamazótt?  
C-L: I don't know. Why does the fireman wear red suspenders?  
Andy: Közelmüt egyik pedig nem.  
C-L: Alright. If I have the space I'll put it into the interview.

## ALASKA SAFARI

By

Ben Jacobs

Several weeks ago, a friend of mine and I were invited to go salmon fishing in Alaska by his son who is a doctor with the Public Health Service, assigned to a hospital in Kanakana, suburb of the bustling town of Dillingham (pop.1600). Dillingham is about 300 SW of Anchorage. The facilities of the hospital are available to the native Eskimo population on a no-charge basis, and the staff of the hospital is housed on the grounds in a compound that looks like a M.A.S.H. set.

The evening we arrived we were treated to a repast of moose steak and caribou chops, which caused me to silently say "Nat 'n Al, now that I need you - where the hell are you?"

The following morning we got ready for our trip to Portage Creek for our first experience with the wily king salmon. My host started to pack his truck with our gear, gas and all the things we needed for the haul, including a 14 ft. rubber boat called the Zodiac and, despite his assurance that this was like a boat used by Jacques Cousteau, to say that I was a bit apprehensive is putting it mildly, because I'm the adventurous and intrepid type who, for the first 22 years of my life felt that anybody who got into a bathtub without wearing a pair of water wings exhibited the highest type of daring! Finally, after packing our gear, etc., there wasn't enough room for two cats to dance - even cheek to cheek!

When we reached the Nushagak River we unpacked, started to fish, using a pixie lure, and picked up a 15 or 16 lb King. The rest of the day accounted for 3 more for the party, each weighing anywhere from 10 to 15 lbs., plus a few pike and some grayling.

As to my query about the sleeping arrangements, according to my host any cabin not being used is available to the inhabitants of the area. It didn't make too much sense to me, but who am I to argue - I'm a guest. We got to the cabin to find the inside was tastefully furnished in Early American discard, crushed beer cans, back copies of Police Gazette, two autographed photos of Mary Miles Minter, and the egg-encrusted dishes of the last guests. Believe me when I tell you that even Lincoln wouldn't have lived in this cabin! As for the toilet facilities, they were situated about 100 yards from the cabin with a 1-seater furnished in turn-of-the-century rust!.

The next morning we were out again, caught a couple more salmon - and then the rains came! So back to admiring the scenery, which is magnificent! At 12 midnight, just as we were dozing off, 5 men entered, told us they had permission of the owner to use the cabin and, since one of them was related to the owner there was nothing else for us to do but vacate - so off we went, looking for a sandbar upon which to pitch a back-packing tent which the good doctor had with him. Now, for the uninitiated, a tent of this nature can generally accommodate 2 midgets and possibly, a 2½lb. incubator baby, and is no place for 3 male adults, two of whom had pinched nerves in their backs!. So into the tent we crawled, accompanied by the usual contingent of mosquitoes, an equal amount of flies - all with their respective families - none of whom had reservations, either. The next morning we crawled out of the tent. It took me 3 hours to get my knee back in place and for a while I thought I would go through the rest of my life with a raised right hand without ever having a chance to lower it to my side again, but as the sun warmed us I achieved this. Naturally, we were quite tired from the night

Ben Jacobs (p.2)

before, so we decided to limp back home.

We floated down the Nushagak uneventfully, but as we entered Nushagak Bay I was handed a Mae West, told to hang onto the ropes on my left hand and was tossed another rope which I wrapped around my right hand. My curiosity about all these precautions was soon answered by waves 3 or 4 feet high in this rubber 14 footer, and I can truthfully say we had more flying time than on the plane ride up from LAX. By this time my complexion matched my shirt, which was a sea island green. Fortunately I had long since rid myself of the caribou chops (it was an "ill wind, etc.").

We were about a mile from home when the good doctor informed us that he would allow us to disembark, as the next stretch of water was "going to get a little rough". We couldn't imagine anything being rougher than we had already experienced, but accepted with alacrity. He informed us that there was an oasis about 4 mud-holes away where we could do a little imbibing. We found it, and as we entered it had a familiar look about it. We had seen similar dives in many a movie - a typical waterfront saloon where a guy orders a drink, which has been heavily spliced with a Mickey Finn, unbeknownst to him, and 3 days later he awakens and is told that he's on the high seas bound for China as a deckhand 4th class.

The first scene that greeted us as we entered the saloon was the proprietress, who doubles as the bouncer, informing one of the local Eskimos to stop squawking, pay his bill and get out! He did neither, until she made a gentle sideswipe with her derrier. We didn't know what she had on besides a girdle, but whatever it was it was very effective because he stopped yelling, paid his bill, and then she threw him out! We sat down, ordered a couple of martinis and, as the waitress set the drinks down she said "That's six dollars". I asked her about some peanuts and she said that would be another dollar, but after the scene we had just witnessed, I decided discretion was the better part of valor and my lips were sealed. I had no intention of being a target of that girdle! As we lifted our glasses the waitress asked us about a refill. We said perhaps later. We no sooner said that then 2 more drinks were keeping company with the first 2. "That'll be \$6." At least she could have said "please"! Still not a peep out of us. We were finally rescued by our benefactor, who took us home where he had prepared a tantalizing moose steak dinner for us. I had two eggs and a boiled potato.

The next day was cold, with a fierce gale that almost blew the socks off our feet, and needless to say we stayed put, but the following day was one to dream about. Sunshine, clear air, beautiful - so we decided to try our luck on the lakes for char and rainbows, using the same lure - the pixies - as we did for salmon. An hour and a half later we had about 40 char, this after having thrown back almost as many. We only had one rainbow, however. The scorecard is as follows: after not quite 2 days of fishing for salmon we had 7; 40 char; and 1 rainbow, which was par for the course for the rest of the "piscatorial geniuses".

Despite the few experiences recounted above, we had a hell of a time and wouldn't have missed it.

## Joint Southland Venture Disputed

# Russian Fish-Processing Ship May Anchor Here

By RICHARD WEST, *Times Staff Writer*

The Russians are coming! The Russians are coming! Before the end of this month, in fact, they could have a big ship, the Rybak Primorjia out of Vladivostok, anchored off the Southern California coast.

Actually, whether the Russians come is up to U.S. Secretary of Commerce Malcolm Baldrige.

He is expected to decide next Tuesday whether San Pedro fishermen will be allowed to conduct a joint venture with the Russians for the catching and processing of anchovies, mackerel and squid in Southern California waters.

"We're hoping it (the Rybak Primorjia) will be up around the Channel Islands—in the lee of one of the islands so there will be no battering during the winter," Lawrence Bo-

zanich of San Pedro said Thursday.

The anchorage will be selected by the Department of Defense, for security reasons, added Bozanich, who is general manager of the Fishermen's Cooperative Assn. of San Pedro.

But if the Los Angeles Rod and Reel Club and the National Coalition for Marine Conservation have their way, the Rybak Primorjia, a factory ship, will not be allowed to stick its bow into Southland waters.

"It hasn't happened here yet," said a grim Carl Nettleton, assistant executive director for the Pacific region of the national coalition, with headquarters in San Diego.

Bozanich said: "The secretary should approve it."

Nettleton countered: "The real  
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## SHIP: Russian Role in Fishing Venture

Continued from First Page

danger is precedent. If allowed once, then they will want larger quotas next year. Other nations will apply. The demand will be tremendous . . . there is a possibility of superseiners coming down."

The rod and reel club and the national coalition, made up of sports fishermen and angling clubs, took an ad in The Times Thursday urging: "Don't let the Russians do to our anchovies what they've done to the whales."

The ad noted that anchovies, mackerel and squid are "the basic forage fish which support our local fishery and are a vital link in the eco-chain.

"Ultimately," the ad continued, "the bass, halibut and other food fish could disappear from Southern California waters."

The ad asked citizens to mail a form to Baldrige urging him "not to license the Russians to take the forage fish from our Southern California waters."

### Processing of Catch

Under the proposed venture, Nettleton said, the San Pedro fishermen would be allowed to take 15,000 metric tons of jack mackerel, including 18% Pacific mackerel; 10,000 metric tons of anchovies and 2,500 metric tons of squid.

The fish would be caught between Sept. 15 and Feb. 15 and delivered to the Rybak Primorjia for processing on board.

The joint venture would be for this season only, but Nettleton said he fears it might be extended. The fish products would be for foreign consumption—in Russia and in some Third World nations.

Last year, Nettleton said, the California Fish and Game Commission set a quota of 80,000 short tons on anchovies while the Pacific Fisheries Management Council, an advisory agency to the Department of Commerce, set a quota of 166,640 short tons.

The fishing fleet, though, took only 66,700 tons last year, because that was all the two processing plants in San Pedro could handle. That is why the fishermen turned to the Soviets for their technology and know-how in fish processing.

If the venture is approved by the commerce secretary, Bozanich said, 20 to 25 fishing boats, most of them from San Pedro, would probably take between 2,500 and 5,000 tons of anchovies.

### Ecological Problem Discounted

There are an estimated 2.8 million tons of anchovies off the Southland coast, Bozanich said, and 1 million of these tons have been set aside for forage fish. So, he added, there is no ecological problem.

The venture would probably net the financially pressed fishermen a little more than \$2 million.

"When I left the business 20 years ago, there were 125 boats active in this kind of fishing," Bozanich said. "Now there are 30."

Prices for this catch now are about \$50 a ton for anchovies, \$190 a ton for mackerel and \$130 a ton for squid.

"A good thing about this venture is that it would open up new markets for anchovies, now mostly ground up for fish meal and poultry feed in this country," Bozanich said.

"Our country is about 40 years behind in fish technology," Bozanich said. "Fishing in every other country has a high priority, especially in Japan, Mexico and the Scandinavian countries."

Bozanich said all processing will be done aboard the Rybak Primorjia—loading, canning and even turning waste parts of the fish into products.

"The only thing to come off the vessel will be clear water," he said. "They don't throw anything away at all."

Bozanich said the Pacific Fisheries Management Council has voted 10 to 2 to approve the venture, although the California Department of Fish and Game has held off making a recommendation until the commerce secretary announces his decision.

But Bozanich said the fishermen cannot wait much longer for the secretary's decision, as it is now well into the mackerel season, which began July 1. This is the fish that will be taken in largest quantities.

THE ABOVE PAGE ONE ARTICLE APPEARED IN THE LOS ANGELES TIMES AS A DIRECT RESULT OF THE AD PLACED THERE BY LARRC. THE ISSUE WILL PROBABLY HAVE BEEN DECIDED BY THE TIME YOU RECEIVE THIS. EVEN IF WE LOSE, THE EFFORT AND EXPENSE WERE WORTH IT. LARRC CAN BE PROUD OF ITS EFFORT IN BEHALF OF MARINE CONSERVATION.

BOARD BUSINESS

Because of other pressing commitments Marshall Barth and Bob Brody requested relief from their duties on the board. We are sorry to lose their services but welcome their replacements: Cy Lewin and Steve Zuckerman who were elected to the unexpired terms at the last meeting.

\*\*\*\*\*

We will continue making past presidents inelegible for board membership.

\*\*\*\*\*

LARRC has published an ad in the L.A. Times jointly with the National Coalition for Marine Conservation. The ad makes a case against licensing a Russian factory ship to roam the waters off So. California processing tens of thousands of tons of anchovy, mackerel and squid taken for that purpose by American commercials out of San Pedro. A coupon was attached and the reader invited to send a protest to the Department of Commerce where the issue would be considered. We hope for success.

\*\*\*\*\*

The following gentlemen were voted in as new members of LARRC:

Marv Reznick whose interests are in warehousing and trucking.

Bill Adams, a CPA and real estate buff.

Bob Selvin whose interest is in thoroughbred racing. At last. Inside info.

\*\*\*\*\*

There's been a better than usual volume of trophy cards received by Ted Komors. Get them in if you want to beat the competition.

\*\*\*\*\*

The trophy Dinner Dance will again be held at the Friars Club. Mark the date: Sunday, February 7, 1982.

\*\*\*\*\*

WINTER FISHING

If you haven't had enough yet we have more to offer. Cy Lewin has chartered The DIAWA out of Ports 'O Call, the old Norm's Landing in San Pedro. He will take eighteen players. The owner-skipper, Fuji, is well known as a top man locally and will range from Catalina to Santa Barbara Islands. All of these are Wednesday trips and the cost is \$55 each. The dates are: Sept 23, Oct. 14, Nov. 11 and Dec. 9. If you can't stand dry land until April or your bass stocks are running low or you want some good company or you want to introduce a friend to our sport or you've got the blues, then call Cy at 391-7703.

\*\*\*\*\*

Our apologies to Maury Goldfarb. No one told us you were ill so how the hell were we supposed to know? Glad you're OK.

\*\*\*\*\*

Just about the time you receive this we should be doing the fish transplant. The date is Sept. 15, and if there's still space and time to get in touch with Eppy you can or might still get in on the fun. For those of you who didn't get the word in the last Chum-Line, the Foundation is taking the CHARISMA to catch and transfer 1,000 small bass to "our new kelp bed". Russ Izor is in charge of the technical end. The entire tab has been picked up by the Foundation. Bill Beebe and Dr. Morris Fishbeck will be aboard and we might get a shot at TV and the press. No reason why we shouldn't toot our own horn.

\*\*\*\*\*

There is still some room on the fathers, sons, daughters, grandsons, uncles, aunts, cousins, girl-friends fishing trip on Saturday, Oct 24. Call Don Lee. 877-1976

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See you at the Felgers' on October 4.

\*\*\*\*\*

# CHUM-LINE

Published by the  
Los Angeles Rod & Reel Club  
Los Angeles, California

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## PAST PRESIDENTS

1950 Myron Glauber*	1966 William Pearlman
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1954 Norman Elowitz	1970 Earl Warren
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1959 S.C. Roman	1975 Martin Dimand
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1961 Ben Varon	1977 Norman Port
1962 Mitchell Lipsett	1978 Herme Sears
1963 Dr. E. M. Gordon*	1979 Sheldon Balzac
1964 Sam Stone	1980 Roger Bentley
1965 Fred Polesky	

\*Deceased

## DON'T LET THE RUSSIANS DO TO OUR ANCHOVIES

## WHAT THEY'VE DONE TO THE WHALES

A Russian factory ship may soon be anchored off Santa Catalina Island taking tens of thousands of tons of anchovies, mackerel and squid from our local waters. These are the basic forage fish which support our local fishery and are a vital link in the eco-chain. Ultimately the bass, halibut and other food fish could disappear from Southern California waters.

The Russians' license will be considered at a meeting in Washington on September 8, 1981. Please join us in urging its rejection. Mail the form below.

Secretary Malcolm Baldrige  
U.S. Dept. of Commerce, Washington, D.C. 20230

Please do not license the Russians to take the forage fish from our Southern California waters.

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Address \_\_\_\_\_  
State \_\_\_\_\_ Zip \_\_\_\_\_

## The Los Angeles Rod & Reel Club and The National Coalition for Marine Conservation

I want to thank all the LARRC members for their concern and for their thoughtfulness, calls, cards and gifts while I was hospitalized.

Otto

Los Angeles Rod & Reel Club

1444 South Shonandoah St.  
L.A. 90035 Cal.  
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WILLIAM VOGEL  
4713 MONARCA DR.  
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