

"ALL YOU CAN EAT AT SHAKEY'S"

By Harold Goodman

In a bit of inspired change of pace, our prexie arranged a beer and pizza bust at Shakey's Pizza instead of the usual September dinner meeting. The turnout was good, boosted, perhaps, by the fact that all paid members got in free.

The food was surprisingly good and varied: minestrone and bean soups; fresh salad; spaghetti with a delicious tomato sauce; several styles of pizza; fried chicken; and broasted potatoes. It was all you can eat. Tap beer was available by the frosted pitcher. So much for the menu.

There was no formal meeting. The guys chatted, ate and moved about, easy and relaxed. All, that is, except one.

Bobby Horowitz arrived about 45 minutes late, as usual. His arrival happened to coincide with a thinning out of the chow line. I don't think he said hello to anyone, but headed right for the trays and the soup and salad bar. Now, Bobby happened to choose a spot at my table so I could watch his every move. The man is a marvel.

I can only describe his eating style as STEADY and METHODICAL. You tend not to notice it unless you're really studying the man. Bobby is not the biggest guy in the world. He could model junior high school clothes. The man could walk sideways through the rain and not get wet. You can tell on which side he's wearing his beeper by the way he lists. It would take 2½ Horowitz's to make one Schwartz. But he eats STEADY. Not big, vulgar bites so you'd notice, just STEADY. He smiled and said a few words between bites and breathing and then slipped away to the pizza and potatoes counter.

This is the kind of customer that makes an "all you can eat" policy so hazardous. Owners of this kind of restaurant watch out for the type like pit bosses keep an eye out for card counters. If a maitre d' gives him the fish eye, he says, "I'm a doctor." I don't know what that's got to do with it but they usually back off.

I don't want to tell you how many times he went back for spaghetti and chicken, but next year's prexie better try a different Shakey's or, the Pizza Hut puts out a pretty good spread.

DAN FELGER, PHIL GREENFIELD

CO-CHARTERMASTERS FOR UPCOMING TRIPS ON SPORTFISHER PACIFICA

Members Danny Felger and Phil Greenfield have chartered the Pacifica for the following dates:

Jan. 5, 19

Feb. 2, 16

March 2, 16, 30

April 13, 27

May 11, 25

June 8, 22

The Pacifica is 65 feet long with a 22-foot beam and has 30 double-bunks. However, the charter will be limited to 18 players to insure plenty of comfort and room.

The boat will leave from Queen's Wharf Sportfishing in Long Beach at 10:30 p.m. the evenings before and will fish either Catalina, San Clemente or Santa Barbara islands.

Don Ashley is the skipper of the Pacifica. He has many years of experience and his knowledge of our offshore islands is second to none.

The charter price will be \$52 per person for local or Catalina and \$63 for San Clemente.

Club members interested should contact Felger at 783-7255 or Greenfield at 782-2746. Reservations will be taken on a first-come, first-serve basis.

TWO WINTER BASS TRIPS ON THE SHOGUN

Bob Selvin reports there are still some openings on his Dec. 8 charter on the Shogun out of Ports O'Call in San Pedro and that his Jan. 8 charter is just about full.

The Shogun is 60' x 20' and was just launched in mid-1981, so she's got all the modern conveniences. Norm Kagawa, former second ticket on the Royal Polaris, is the co-owner and operator.

The charter price will vary, depending on number of players on each trip. For further information, contact Selvin at 652-1100.

SICK AND SUNSHINE

Max Pansky has recovered from major surgery and should be able to become more active in club functions from now on.

* * * * *

Wives Marguerite (Ted) Hammock and Jean (Maury) Goldfarb are ailing. Cards would be appreciated.

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HERE'S A REAL FISH STORY.....

As reported by Don Fenmore

The day before Steve Zuckerman and I entered the Chuck Muchado Jackpot Billfish Tournament in Kailua-Kona, Hawaii, I went fishing by myself on the Dorie Ann, skippered by Olney Roy.

I had three lures out and had the rare experience of getting a triple hookup of striped marlin. While Olney kept the boat moving slowly forward (to keep the lines from tangling), I fished the first rod for a few minutes, put it back in the holder, then fished the second rod, then the third, then back to the first, etc.

When the first fish got close enough to the boat, we directed our full attention to landing that fish. This process went on about two hours until finally, all three marlin were boated. They were kept rather than being released upon the insistence of Olney that the fish were needed as food for his and his deckhand's family.

Editor's note: Don provided the C-L with a photo to verify the catch, but unfortunately it was color, not black and white.

A CHARITABLE REMINDER

At this time of year when the spirit (and the tax man) moves us to make our annual charity contributions it is important to remember your LARRC Foundation. We need your help to conduct our annual fishing trip for underprivileged children and to support very urgent conservation activities that will protect and enhance our recreational fishing in local waters. Make your tax deductible check payable to LARRC Foundation and send to:

David Lippey, Chairman
11340 W. Olympic Blvd
Suite 222
Los Angeles, CA 90064

NOTE: Chartmaster Ted Hammock recently received this letter from Ben Jacobs, the contents of which appear below.

Dear Ted,

Enclosed is my \$250 deposit for the winter/spring charters on the New Hustler. Please, Ted, pass some of this on to George Mio.

This money is placed in your hands with the proviso that certain conditions prevail:

- 1) Snoring, bellowing Brody's bunk must be located mid-point between the Falkland Islands and the Bering Straits and as close to a school of bad-tempered killer whales as possible.
- 2) It should be understood that you are to supply me with all terminal tackle and that I have unlimited access to Felger and Harris' tackle boxes. Also, I am to have first crack at Fenmore's discarded clothes. The jokes he can give to Hank Schwartz.
- 3) Arrangements should be made to appoint Baker and Greenfield to safely escort those needy souls who find it necessary to satisfy a prostatic urge at 3 a.m. from their bunk to the head. This, despite assurances that I have received that navigating that stretch of terrain isn't any more dangerous than rounding Cape Hatteras in an open kayak. I must insist on this. However, the St. Bernard dog and the keg of brandy can be dispensed with.
- 4) In the event these conditions can not be met, then it should not be necessary for me to ring more than once for a urinal.
- 5) The galley should observe all dietary law, and it would be appropriate for Steele to have the yarmalka concession --you say you promised this to Sussman and Goodman --agreed, I won't argue.

If you are in accord with the above, send me a lock of Frederick's hair, together with your next S.S. check.

Fraternally yours,

Ben Jacobs

WELCOME ABOARD

The Chum Line and club membership would like to welcome aboard new members Quentin Morgan, Dr. Ronald Bronow and Joseph Palty.

LARRC's FAMILY FISHING TRIP BY MARV REZNICK

The sun dawned carefully, wondering with guarded optimism, what that day would bring. After all, the LARRC Family Fishing Trip was scheduled to leave that evening of October 16.

It turned out to be a wonderful October day. Families started arriving at Queen's Wharf Landing in Long Beach as early as 7 p.m. The youngsters were darting everywhere around the landing with anticipated excitement. Time to set up the gear, get your bunk and sack number. Time to worry about getting good bait.

The El Dorado was scheduled to leave at 11 p.m., rain or shine. One one family was missing...the Al North clan. Not to worry though. With but a moment to spare, the North's auto screeched to a halt in the parking lot; four furrowed brows jumped anxiously from the car and raced hurriedly for the El Dorado; Adam and Stephanie were not to be deprived of their coming big day of fun.

"Okay, skipper," someone yelled. "We're all here, and we can leave." A puff of black smoke rose from the stern, as the twin diesels roared to life.

"Cast off lines fore and aft," came the skipper's voice over the loud speaker, and we were on our way. A stop at the bait receiver yielded scoopfuls of big, beautiful anchovies. Soon after, twelve smiling cherubs drifted off to sleep, dreaming of the big ones with their names on them they would each catch tomorrow.

5 a.m. ...It's still dark out. Several of the 32 fisherpeople began to stir. Young and old, they started to appear on deck. "Look, Dad," a youngster cried out, "there's Catalina Island!" "Mmmfff," was the response. "My eyes aren't open yet, and I haven't had my coffee...and he wants me to see Catalina!"

By the time the sun came smiling over the horizon, 32 lines were in the water. Everyone caught fish that day. An assortment of bass, bonito, mackerel, sheepshead and even a yellowtail and shark were brought aboard and found their way to the sacks.

The crew of the El Dorado shined with expected excellence, taking care of the adults and the children. Certainly, tons of fish weren't caught, but enough to fill a few empty tummies for more than one meal.

Anada, Irv Harris' grandson, took the prize for the ugliest fish, a sculpin. Mr. Ugly himself. Anada deserved the trophy for that one.

Mark Feder, Sid Feder's nephew, slept with a trophy under his pillow, too... a beauty of a 5½-lb. calico bass earned him a trophy for biggest fish. Mark should make a fine member of LARRC in a few years. Keep it up, Mark.

Let's see now. Oh yes, one more, and we can't forget the smallest fish. A trophy went to Adam North for a 2½-inch calico. We have all seen bait bigger. We're still wondering how that fish got the hook in its mouth?

Next years, as the memories of this trip fade, we will begin planning for another trip. Perhaps three other youngsters will steal the show for the trophies.

THE COOK'S CORNER

Ever wonder how our beloved prez Sey Rimland maintains that ample girth of his? It's due to that gourmet touch added by his better half, b-w Gerrie. And Gerrie has passed along one of her favorite recipes for what else..but, fish, to the CL.

Use 1 to 1½ lbs. of any fish fillets. Will serve two. Preheat oven to 500 degrees (boy, this fish will really be cooked). Spray a cookie sheet with Pam. Place fillets on the pan and sprinkle with Worcestershire sauce. Paint the fish with mayonnaise.

Then take a small can of Ortega chilies (they come diced or whole), put on top of the fillets. Use enough for your own taste. Place fillets in the pre-heated oven for eight to ten minutes or until the fillets become flaky.

Then place sliced pizza cheese on the fillets and return to the oven briefly until cheese melts. Sounds absolutely yummy!

AUGUST BOARD MEETING:

MONDAY NIGHT AUG. 23 1982 7:30 PM
PLACE: BILLY NATHON'S STORE
5763 WILSHIRE BLVD.
LOS ANGELES

AUGUST REGULAR DINNER MEETING:

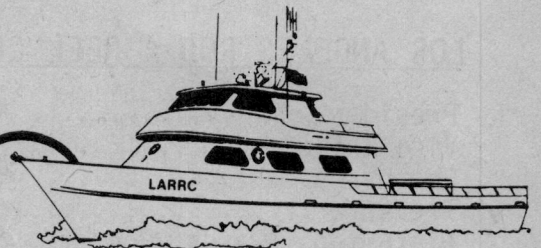
MONDAY NIGHT AUG. 30 1982
PLACE: SMITH BROS. FISH SHANTY
8500 BURTON WAY
LOS ANGELES
COCKTAILS 6:30 PM DINNER 7:30 PM

ALL MEMBERS ARE SOLICITED TO ATTEND ALL MEETINGS, WHERE THEY WILL
FIND.....THAT GOOD FRIENDS AND GOOD SPORTSMANSHIP IS WORTH ALL
THE FISH IN THE OCEAN.....

AUGUST 1982



Chum Line



PUBLISHED BY THE LOS ANGELES ROD & REEL CLUB

LOS ANGELES ROD AND REEL CLUB
SEYMOUR RIMLAND PRES.
6225 COLDWATER CYN. # 210
NO. HOLLYWOOD, CAL. 91606

THE FOLLOWING APPLICANTS HAVE SUBMITTED FOR MEMBERSHIP AND BEEN APPROVED.
 WE WELCOME THEM TO MANY YEARS OF GOOD FELLOWSHIP AND THE VERY BEST
 OF FISHING..... WELCOME..... DR. HOWARD J. WEINBERGER
 MR. STANLEY M. FELDMAN

LOST & FOUND DEP'T : FOUND ON THE BUS RETURNING FROM SAN DIEGO (THE-
 RIMLAND-SUSMAN ALBACORE CHARTER)
 ONE PAIR OF BLUE JEANS
 ONE (SO CALLED) TROLLING ROD.....
 I.D. IS NECESSARY, REWARD EXPECTED. SEY.. 984-2939

MONTHLY PROGRAM CHAIRMAN; HAROLD PRICE PROMISES US ONE HECK OF A GOOD
 MEETING IF HE CAN EVER FIND THE MOVIE FILM NAMED
 "DEEP TROUT"

FUTURE ACTIVITIES: ANNUAL FAMILY FISHING TRIP
 DATE: SATURDAY OCT. 16th 1982 (LEAVES FRI. NITE)
 BOAT: THE ELDORADO
 PLACE: QUEEN WARF, LONG BEACH
 PRICE: \$ 45.00 ADULTS..... \$25.00 18 YRS OF AGE &
 UNDER
 YOUR CHECK IN ADVANCE RESERVES YOUR SPOT
 SEND CHECKS MADE OUT TO L.A.R.R.C. TO SEY RIMLAND

ALBACORE FISHING: GUS RICH 472- 5222 828-4572 870-2315 STILL HAS
 A COUPLE OF SPOTS OPEN ON HIS FOUR DAY TRIP ON THE
 ROYAL POLARIS LEAVING SATURDAY NITE THE 21st.....

LOS ANGELES ROD & REEL CLUB OFFICERS

President..... *Seymour Rimland 984-2939
 Vice President..... *Jimmy Port 696-6704
 Secretary..... *Joe Decker 462-6363
 Treasurer..... *Ben Jacobs 275-3877
 Historian, Awards, Roster.. *Bill Ross 343-6237

COMMITTEE CHAIRMEN

Monthly Programs..... Hal Price 651-2030
 Jeff Ellis 785-7306
 Special Events..... *Jimmy Port 696-6704
 Raffles & Drawings..... Hal Price 651-2030
 CHUM LINE editor..... *Bob Selvin 652-1100
 Bylaws & Legal..... Irv Harris 271-2713
 Budget & Finance..... *Ben Jacobs 275-3877
 Membership, Goodwill,
 Sunshine..... *Bill Vogel 342-7357
 Family Activities..... Don Lee 984-2387
 Boys Fishing Trip..... Herm Epstein 279-2160
 Shelly Balzac 838-1285
 Foundation, Conservation... Dave Lippey 274-6901
 Elections..... Shelly Balzac 838-1285
 Fishing Rules..... Steve Zuckerman 828-4545
 Greeters, Hospitality..... *Bill Vogel 342-7357
 *Bill Ross 343-6237
 *Andy Weiner 990-4590
 *Marv Resnick 366-1962
 *Art Weingart 780-4153
 Sgt. at Arms..... *Art Weingart 780-4153
 Inter-Club Liason,
 Tournaments..... Bill Pearlman 821-8440

CHARTERMASTERS

(Local)
 Ted Hammock 530-7099
 Art Weingart 780-4153
 Hank Schwartz 655-8081
 Ben Varon 476-6774
 Mitch Lipsett 995-6755
 Maurice Levy 933-4638
 Dan Felger 705-0854
 Cy Lewin 391-7703
 Bob Selvin 652-1100
 (Long Range & Albacore)
 Seymour Rimland 984-2939
 Ben Susman 761-1323
 Gus Rich 472-5222
 (Long Range & Foreign)
 Andy Weiner 990-4590

*denotes LARRC board member

AUGUST 12, 1982

WHILE OUR EDITOR, BOB SELVIN, IS OUT OF TOWN ON SCME VERY IMPORTANT BUSINESS AND WHILE HE KEEPS CHASING HIS HORSES AND HIS CAREER IN EVER GROWING CIRCLES (DEL MAR RACE TRACK), I FIND I AM BLESSED WITH THE TREMENDOUS UNDERTAKING OF GETTING A CHUM LINE OUT TO THE MEMBERSHIP.

I HAVE ACCEPTED HIS APOLOGIES FOR NOT BEING ABLE TO GET ONE OUT LAST MONTH, AND EVEN THOUGH SOME OF YOU MIGHT THINK THAT IT WAS INEXCUSABLE, I THOUGHT THAT WAY TOO. HOWEVER INEXCUSABLE, I HAVE ACCEPTED HIS REASONS, AND FORGIVEN HIM - BOTH HE AND I HOPE -- THAT YOU FORGIVE HIM AS WELL.

I HAVE REASON, AS YOU WILL SEE, TO WRITE THE FOLLOWING WITH GREAT DIFFICULTY -

WHATEVER "IT" MEANS TO YOU, THE WORD "CHUM" IN "CHUM LINE" HAS A DIFFERENT MEANING TO ME.

"CHUM" TO ME MEANS: FRIEND, BUDDY, SIDE KICK, A FELLOW WITH A GOOD WORD - A PLEASANT SMILE AND AN UNDERSTANDING COMPASSION TOWARDS HIS FELLOW MAN. A FELLOW FISHERMAN ALWAYS READY TO HELP OUT, CARRY HIS LOAD, AND EVEN OFFER YOU AN EXTRA FISH WHEN YOUR LUCK IS DOWN.

I FISHED WITH THIS KIND OF A FELLOW JUST YESTERDAY. THE WEATHER WAS BRIGHT AND SUNNY, WATERS FAIRLY CALM AND THE FISHING PAR EXCELLENCE. BUT WAIT, BACK TO THIS FELLOW FISHERMAN - MY "CHUM" - HE WAS ENERJETIC AND FULL OF FUN - THE FISHING WAS GREAT AND HIS ENTHUSIASM WAS PERMEATING TO THE POINT OF AFFECTING EVERYONE IN OUR GROUP. HIS GLOWING SMILE, HIS GREAT LAUGHTER, HIS ELATION THAT EVERYONE CAUGHT FISH, AND FINALLY HIS FAREWELL, "HEY SEYMOUR, WILL I SEE YOU ON THE NEXT TRIP? - WE'VE JUST GOT TO DO IT AGAIN".

THIS FELLOW, THIS FRIEND, THIS CHUM OF YOURS AND MINE, PAUL "PAVLO" POLAMERO PASSED AWAY THIS MORNING. IT WAS BY THE GRACE OF GOD THAT PAUL, AS HE LIVED SO HE DIED - BLESSED - NO TROUBLE TO HIS FELLOW MAN IN LIFE AND NO TROUBLE TO HIS FELLOW MAN IN PASSING - SWIFT AND SILENT. PAVLO SAID TO ME ONLY YESTERDAY - "MAKE THE BEST OF IT, THINGS ARE GOING GREAT, YOU NEVER KNOW WHEN IT'S YOUR TIME, WE COULDN'T HAVE ASKED FOR A BETTER DAY".

PAUL "PAVLO" POLAMERO, WHEREVER YOU ARE - WE THANK YOU FOR HAVING KNOWN YOU. REST WELL. I'M GLAD TO HAVE BEEN A "CHUM OF YOURS".
VALLE, VALLE, VALLE.

SEYMOUR

WE WANT TO BID A FOND GOODBY TO SELIG SMITH WHO'S DEATH WAS ONLY BRIEFLY NOTED IN THE JUNE CHUM LINE. SOMETHING MORE MUST BE ADDED TO THOSE SOMBRE SENTANCES. SELIG WAS A TOUCH OF CLASS. HIS ELEGANT DRESS, PROPERLY CLOTHED AND ELEGANT MAN: UP FRONT AND HONEST, TALENTED AND CHARMING. HE WAS ENERGETIC AND DEPENDABLE IN HIS WORK FOR THE CLUB AND HE DID A LOT WITHOUT NEEDING OR ASKING FOR CREDIT.

THIS ELEGANT GENTLEMAN COULD, HOWEVER, BE A CLOWN WHEN HE WENT FISHING.

HE LIKED BEING BALD. HE TURNED IT INTO AN ASSET AND LAUGHED HARDER THAN ANYONE WHEN THE RIBBING CAME. STRONG MEN LIKE TO BE RIBBED. THEY KNOW IT'S A SIGN OF AFFECTION AND WE ALL HAD AFFECTION FOR HIM. SELIG WAS IN LINE FOR THE PRESIDENT'S JOB THIS YEAR. HE TURNED IT DOWN BECAUSE OF THE PRESS OF A NEW BUSINESS AND HARRIET'S ILLNESS. THAT DID NOT PREVENT HIS ATTENDANCE AT EVERY BOARD MEETING AND

WILLINGNESS TO GIVE COUNCIL AND ADVISE. WHEN HE CHOSE TO TALK, PEOPLE LISTENED BECAUSE HIS TALK ALWAYS MADE SENSE.

WE ARE GLAD HE PLAYED ON OUR TEAM.

ANON

A JUNE MOON CROON EVENING

THE LIGHTS DIMMED, THE SPOTLITE GLARED, THE THROATY ROLL OF THE DRUMS RESOUNDED THROUGHOUT THE ROOM AND OUR GENIAL, EVER-SMILING PRESIDENT STEPPED INTO THE CIRCLE OF LIGHT. HE RAISED HIS HAND TO QUIET THE THUNDEROUS OVATION. "THE MOMENT HAS ARRIVE," HE ENTONED, "TO SELECT THE WINNER OF OUR SUPER RAFFLE". LOUD "GUFFAWS" BROKE OUT ALL OVER THE ROOM. "WHO IS HE KIDDING? EXCEPT FOR SOME BOMBERS OR A PAIR OF PLIERS, RAY WINS ALL THE RAFFLE PRIZES. WHY BOTHER WITH THE DRAWING?"

A SLY SMILE CREPT ACROSS OUR LEADER'S COUNTENANCE, "WERE THEY EVER IN FOR A SURPRISE. THE ODDS AGAINST RAY WINNING WERE SO GREAT, HE HAD NO CHANCE." WITH A BROAD AND DISDAINFUL SWEEP OF HIS HAND, SEYMOUR CALLED FORTH HIS SECRET ANTI-JACOBSEN WEAPON, JEFF ELLIS, WHO STRODE TO THE MIKE, RAFFLE TICKET CONTAINER IN HAND. CONFIDENTLY AND WITH ALL THE POSE OF A CHAMPION, HE DUG DEEPLY INTO THE PLASTIC CONTAINER AND DREW THE WINNING TICKET. "WHO? YOU SAY." ("WHOM" YOU DUMMY) WHY, RAY JACOBSEN, OF COURSE. WAS THERE EVER ANY QUESTION?

THIS FARCE TOOK PLACE WITH 130 MEMBERS AND THEIR LADIES PRESENT FOR A DELIGHTFUL EVENING OF DRINKING, DINING AND DANCING AT THE DEL REY YACHT CLUB IN JUNE. IF YOU MISSED IT, YOU MISSED A GOOD ONE. MUSIC AND SONG BY LAURIE AND DAVID KAMENIR SET A LOVELY MOOD AS WE DEVoured AN EXCELLENT DINNER AND DANCED TO DAVID'S JUMPING PIANO. ALL IN ATTENDANCE AGREED. "LET'S DO IT AGAIN SOON."

THE DIRTY DOZEN DOES IT AGAIN

THE DIRTY DOZEN FINISHED ITS BASS SEASON WITH A FLOURISH AND IN A RATHER UNUSUAL MANNER ON JUNE 23. THE GROUP RETURNED WITH NO FISH. WHERE, YOU MAY ASK, IS THE FLOURISH IN THAT? IF THIS MAGNIFICENT GESTURE OF SELF-DENIAL DOES NOT GO DOWN IN THE ANNUALS OF SPORT-FISHING IN SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA THEN THERE IS NO JUSTICE. LARRC CAN BE PROUD OF ITS SONS IN THE DIRTY DOZEN. YOU SEE, THIS GROUP OF SUPER-DEDICATED FISHERMEN AND CONSERVATIONISTS HAD A LITTLE MEETING IN THE GALLEY SOMEWHERE AROUND MIDNIGHT AND ABOUT HALF-WAY TO CATALINA. HANK SCHWARTZ, BELOVED CHARTERMASTER, SUGGESTED THAT ON THIS TRIP THE GROUP SHOULD NOT CATCH ANY FISH. IN EFFECT, THIS WOULD BE A SMALL GESTURE OF THANKS TO THE FISH GODS FOR ALL THE ABUNDANT CATCHES IN THIS AND PAST SEASONS. WE WOULD SPARE THE LIVES OF MANY LITTLE FISHES SO THAT THEY MIGHT LIVE ON AND PROSPER AND RAISE OTHER LITTLE FISHES AND PRODUCE GENERATION AFTER GENERATION OF MORE LITTLE FISHES AND EVERYBODY WOULD BE HAPPY AND GRATEFUL TO THE DIRTY DOZEN. AFTER THIS IMPASSIONED SPEECH THERE WAS NOT A DRY EYE IN THE GALLEY. WE PLEDGED NOT TO TELL GEORGE MIO WHO WAS ASLEEP IN THE WHEEL-HOUSE. GEORGE GETS VERY SENSITIVE IF HIS FISHERMEN DO NOT CATCH FISH. SOMETHING ABOUT SAMURAI PRIDE. WE DECIDED TO GO THROUGH THE MOTIONS OF FISHING ALL DAY AND THROUGH GREAT SKILL MANAGED TO SHAKE OFF ALL THE BASS WHICH JUMPED AT OUR HOOKS. IT IS NO MEAN TRICK TO NOT CATCH A FISH. GEORGE WAS VERY FRUSTRATED. HE MOVED TIME AFTER TIME AND BURNED THE CHEESEBURGERS AT LUNCH. THE DECK-HANDS WERE UNHAPPY AT THE THOUGHT OF NO FILLETING ON THE WAY HOME. WE WOULD NOT RELENT. THE SENSE OF MORAL SUPERIORITY WAS ALMOST OVERWHELMING.

OTHER HIGHLIGHTS OF THE TRIP: MAX FENMORE GOT THROUGH EIGHT PAGES OF HIS NOVEL, BEN COSTANTEN'S PORTABLE RADIO BATTERY DIED IN THE MIDDLE OF THE BALL GAME, HAROLD GOODMAN THROMBOSED A HEMORRHOID, BEN SUSMAN LEARNED THAT YOU CANNOT TAKE AN INTEREST DEDUCTION ON A LOAN COLLATERALIZED WITH MUNICIPAL BONDS, BILL ROSS LEARNED THAT HE COULD NOT RENT OUT HIS WIDE BUNK FOR AFTERNOON NAPS AND BILL VOGEL LEARNED THAT THROWING IRON HELPS TO CONSERVE FISH AT CATALINA. EVERYONE LOOKS FORWARD TO NEXT YEAR.

DIRTY DOZEN CORRESPONDENT

EDITOR'S NOTE: IN OTHER WORDS, THEY GOT SKUNKED.

AN EXPLANATION

OVER THE YEARS I HAVE RECEIVED NUMEROUS ENQUIRIES ABOUT APPLICATION FOR MEMBERSHIP IN THE DIRTY DOZEN. OF COURSE, IT IS UNDERSTANDABLE THAT MANY OF YOU WOULD WISH TO GAIN ENTRY INTO THIS, THE RECOGNIZED PREMIER CHARTER GROUP OF LARRC. IT PAINS ME, TIME AFTER TIME, TO LOOK A MAN IN THE EYE AND TELL HIM THAT HE DOES NOT QUALIFY. THEREFORE, I TAKE THIS OPPORTUNITY TO SKETCH IN BRIEFLY THE STANDARDS BY WHICH WE JUDGE THE APPLICANTS. EACH OF YOU CAN MEASURE HIMSELF IN THSES LIGHTS AND NOT BE SUBJECTED TO THE EMBARRASSMENT OF A PERSONAL REFUSAL DELIVERED BY ME. IF, AFTER READING THIS, ANYONE WISHES TO BE CONSIDERED, HE MAY BE PUT ON THE WAITING LIST.

MEMBERS OF THE DIRTY DOZEN DO NOT:

PASS WIND IN THE GALLEY OR SLEEPING COMPARTMENTS,
COME ABOARD UNSHAVEN,
DISPARAGE JAPANESE COOKING,
DENIGRATE HIGHER EDUCATION,
SHOW CONTEMPT FOR THE CHARTERMASTER,
CONSORT WITH SHOWY WOMEN,
REFUSE DONATIONS TO THE FOUNDATION,
RAISE THEIR VOICES,
EXPOSE THEMSELVES,
CONSORT WITH LAWYERS,
VASCILLATE IN THEIR LOYALTY TO THE U.S.,
FLAUNT THEIR SUPERIORITY,
JUDGE THEIR FELLOW MAN OR
CONSORT WITH JUDGES.

MEMBERS OF THE DIRTY DOZEN DO:

GO TO THE OPEN DECK TO PASS WIND,
BUY ISRAEL BONDS,
EAT SUSHI,
ARE MONOGAMOUS,
ADORE THEIR CHARTERMASTER,
DISDAIN SHOWY WOMEN,
AVOID LAWYERS,
TURN OUT THE LIGHTS WHEN LEAVING THE HEAD,
KNOW THE WORDS TO THE STAR SPANGLED BANNER,
ACCENTUATE THE POSITIVE, LATCH ON TO THE AFFIRMATIVE,
ELIMINATE THE NEGATIVE AND TRY TO STAY OUT OF COURT.

IF YOU SINCERELY BELIEVE THAT YOU CAN MEET THESE RIGID CRITERIA, FEEL FREE TO APPLY.

HENRY SCHWARTZ
CHARTERMASTER
THE DIRTY DOZEN

A PLEA TO THE MEMBERSHIP

I AM ADDRESSING THIS TO THE GENERAL MEMBERSHIP HAVING TRIED VAINLY FOR SOME MONTHS TO CONVINCING A CERTAIN POWERFUL PERSON IN THIS CLUB TO GRANT MY REQUEST. I WOULD LIKE TO GIVE A SLIDE PRESENTATION ON MY FAMILY'S VACATION TRIP TO GRAND CANYON IN 1974. THIS WOULD BE INFORMATIVE AND EDUCATIONAL AS WELL AS ENTERTAINING. THE SLIDES ARE IN FULL COLOR AND I HAVE GOT THE WHOLE THING DOWN TO ONE HOUR AND TWENTY MINUTES BY TALKING FAST. IN THIS TALK I TELL YOU ALL ABOUT GRAND CANYON: HOW IT WAS FORMED, THE EROSION FORCES STILL AT WORK SHAPING AND RESHAPING IT, THE FLORA AND FAUNA AND ALL SORTS OF OTHER THINGS. SOME OF THE ACTION PICTURES ARE A LITTLE BLURRED BUT I'VE TAKEN OUT THE REALLY BAD ONES. THERE IS AN ESPECIALLY CUTE PICTURE OF MY OLDER BOY CRYING WHEN HIS BURRO WOULDN'T STOP FOR HIM. WHILE I DIDN'T ACTUALLY GET A PICTURE OF A BEAR OR A DEER, I KNOW THAT THEY ARE THERE AND WILL TELL YOU ABOUT THEIR FEEDING HABITS, ETC. THERE ARE SOME EXCELLENT SHOTS OF INDIAN HANDICRAFTS AVAILABLE IN THE GIFT SHOP AND ONE OF AN OLD WOMAN ACTUALLY DOING BEAD-WORK.

THERE IS A GOOD PICTURE OF MY WIFE, LUCILLE, STANDING NEXT TO A RARE GIANT PHALADIOUS CACTUS, A SPECIES WHICH PROLIFERATES IN THIS AREA. ANOTHER ONE SHOWS ME NEXT TO A CACTUS WITH ARMS AND LEGS AND HEAD THAT LOOKS LIKE A HUMAN BEING AND I AM MIMICKING ITS POSE. IT'S A LITTLE BLURRY BECAUSE LUCILLE STILL MOVES THE CAMERA WHEN SHE PUSHES THE SHUTTER BUT IT'S SO FUNNY I'M SURE YOU'LL ENJOY IT. A LITTLE HUMOR NEVER HURT ANYONE.

I WOULD BE WILLING TO PUT ON THIS SHOW AT ANY OF THE UPCOMING DINNER MEETINGS. IF YOU WOULD LIKE TO HEAR THIS INFORMATIVE TALK, I SUGGEST YOU CONTACT THE PROGRAM CHAIRMAN, HAROLD PRICE. HE CAN BE REACHED AT 654-4344 OR WRITE TO HIM AT 419 N. FAIRFAX AVE., LOS ANGELES, CA 90036

HAROLD GOODMAN
IMMEDIATE PAST PRESIDENT

JULY 1, 1982

MR. HERMAN C. EPSTEIN, M.D.
L. A. ROD AND REEL CLUB FOUNDATION
10450 WILSHIRE BOULEVARD
LOS ANGELES, CA 90024

SUBJECT: FISHING TRIP FOR THE BOYS

DEAR DR. EPSTEIN:

OUR BOYS ARE INDEED FORTUNATE TO HAVE FRIENDS SUCH AS THE LOS ANGELES ROD AND REEL CLUB FOUNDATION THAT HAVE PROVIDED MEANINGFUL OUTDOOR ACTIVITIES FOR OUR BOYS.

THE FISHING TRIP THAT WAS ARRANGED FOR OUR BOYS AND SPONSORED BY YOUR GROUP WAS ONE OF THE MOST BENEFICIAL MORAL BUILDING EVENTS OF SUMMER.

THE BOYS WHO PARTICIPATED, HAD A WONDERFUL TIME AND ARE GRATEFUL FOR THE OPPORTUNITY. THANK YOU FOR THINGING OF THE BOYS!

SINCERELY,

JOSEPH M. BONANT, J.D., PH.D.
BUSINESS DIRECTOR
OPTIMIST BOYS' HOME AND RANCH

KIDS' FISHING TRIP, JUNE 28, 1982

WHAT BETTER EFFORT OF LARRC THAN OUR ANNUAL KIDS' FISHING TRIP, WHAT BETTER REWARD THAN SEEING KIDS, UNDERPRIVILEGED KIDS, GLORYING EXCITEDLY ON A "REAL" FISHING BOAT WITH FOOD AND FUN AND THE THRILL OF REAL FISH TO CATCH AND DREAMS OF A BETTER DAY TO COME.....

LET'S NOT TAKE FOR GRANTED THE TIRELESS EFFORTS OF DR. HERMAN EPSTEIN (OUR JUST TURNED 76 CHAIRMAN) IN PLANNING AND CO-ORDINATING THE ATTENDENCE OF SOME THREE HUNDRED KIDS FROM VARIOUS ORGANIZATIONS, THE BOATS, FUND RAISING, PRIZES, PENS, DECK CREWS AND HELPERS. BOYS FOUNDATION OVERSEER, DAVE LIPPEY PROVIDING HATS AND JACKETS, AS WELL AS ARRANGING THE TACKLE. LOGISTICAL SUPPORT AND EXTRA EFFORTS BY PRESIDENT SY RIMLAND, HAROLD PRICE, JIM PORT, CYLEWIN, DON LEE, BILL VOGEL, JEFF ELLIS AND ME.. ALL SUPPORTED BY HIGH PRICED VOLUNTEER DECK HANDS, DAVE STEELE, ANN & MARV SCHEINBAUM, AL CADIS, BEN VARON, LOU LOOBER, BILL STEIN, BOB FREDERICK, MAURY GOLDFARB, NATE MERIN, MAURICE LEVY, JR., DR. FRED POLESKY, SID FEDER, BOB SELVIN, JACQUE VOGEL, BILL PEARLMAN, NORM PORT, DANNY BARTFIELD AND ANYONE ELSE I MAY HAVE FORGOTTEN

WITH SPECIAL THANKS TO ALL THE MEMBERS AND FRIENDS OF LARRC WHO SUPPORTED THE FOUNDATION WHICH MAKE THESE KIDS TRIPS POSSIBLE. THANKS ALSO TO THE YOUNG PEOPLE, OUR HONORED GUESTS, LESS FORTUNATE THAN US, WHO MAKE US FEEL HUMBLY PROUD TO MAKE A DAY FOR THEM. AND THANKS, G-D, FOR GIVING US THE KAYACH (STRENGTH) TO DO IT AGAIN THIS YEAR.

SHELLY BALZAC

WE HAVE RECEIVED AN APPLICATION FOR MEMBERSHIP FROM:

DR. RON BRONOW

HE IS SPONSORED BY HARRY LEVITT AND DAVE LIPPEY

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THE MONTH OF SEPTEMBER WILL BE DARK DUE TO THE HIGH HOLIDAYS.....

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IT IS ADVISED THAT THE MEMBERSHIP FIND THEIR PAID-UP DUES CARDS. THERE IS A FUNCTION BEING PLANNED WHERE YOU WILL NEED THEM TO GAIN ENTRANCE.....

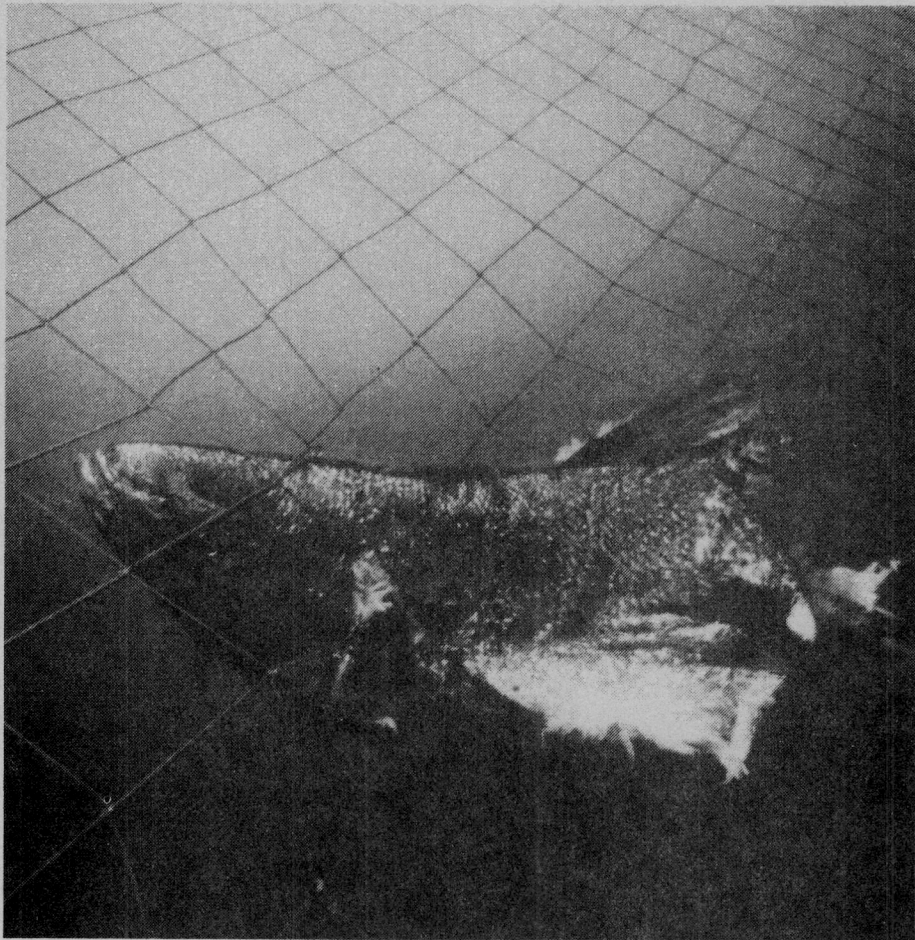
HINT: A BEER BUST & PIZZA NITE.....YOU WILL BE ADVISED.....

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HELP WANTED ! ! ! !

WE NEED ARTICLES

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Concern over the threat of gill netting to our coastal fisheries was expressed by many DFG Report Card respondents. This photo illustrates the remains of a rotting white sea bass left to decay after being torn apart by predatory fish.

FISH STORY

Two Canadian scientists made a record-breaking fish catch recently near a remote atoll in the southern Indian Ocean when they managed to capture the world's smallest fish. Dubbed the *Trimmatom nanus*, the tiny predator tips the scale at a mere one fourteen-thousandth of a pound. It is about as long as this printing of its name: nanus.

The two researchers, Dr. Richard Winterbottom and Dr. Alan Emery of Toronto's Royal Ontario Museum, discovered the nanus when they dove to a depth of 60 feet near some reefs of the Chagos Archipelago. They netted some 92 specimens of a translucent fish which under a magnifying lens can be seen to have a fierce set of sharp, jutting teeth.

After returning to Toronto and verifying the new species, Winterbottom phoned his friend Ernest Lachner, an ichthyologist at the Smithsonian Institute, to brag about the catch. Nanus are about 10 percent smaller than the previous record holders, the nine-millimeter dwarf pigmy goby, discovered by Lachner.