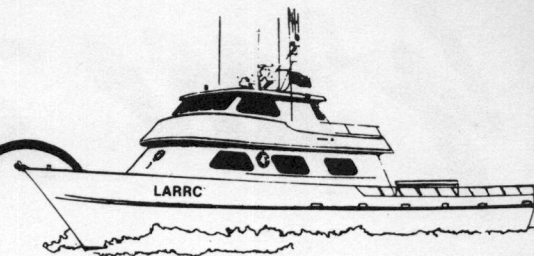


A P R I L 1 9 8 3



# Chum Line



PUBLISHED BY THE LOS ANGELES ROD & REEL CLUB

## THE PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE

Here it is April already. My, how time flies! So far this year, one of the best things to happen to the club is the return of the Chum Line. And in fine form too!!

A good LARRC pat on the back goes to Hal Goodman and to Dave Lippey for the dependable hard work and to the many who contribute the copy.

The April meeting is now a "Bring your buddy night" and an auction (changed from a swap meet) to be sponsored by the LARRC Foundation. Bring in good old stuff and get a charitable deduction for the value of the goods that you donate. Buy something and get another deduction! Remember that it is our Foundation so let's be sure to support it.

## FISHERMAN'S SPOT CHARTERS

For anyone interested in fishing the islands on Sundays, spots are available through Jeff Ellis on May 15, June 12, July 10, Aug. 28 and Oct 30.

Cost is \$42.00 with a \$4.00 surcharge to the outer islands.

Boat leaves from Ports-'O-Call Sport-fishing at 11 P.M. on Saturday nites.

## MORE ON ANCHOVIES

The people at Marina De Rey report that Frank LoPreste and Bill Poole are sending bait-catching expeditions four hundred miles out to sea to catch their anchovies. Others tell us that the Cortez Banks, seventy miles out, are still productive. This is going to turn into a rich man's sport, looks like.

## April Dinner Meeting

This is "Bring Your Buddy Night" and the LARRC Foundation Auction

Place: Smith's Fish Shanty  
Date.. Monday, April 25

Time: Cocktails 6:30  
Dinner: At 7:30

## Coming Events

"Past President's Night" will be on Monday, May 30. Same place.

## Special Notice

The Bar-B-Que at Andy Weiner's will now take place on August 28. (Be sure to change your calendar.)

## DR. DAVID N. TRIMBLE

A gathering of our members paid last respects to Dave Trimble at Hillside Memorial Park on Wednesday, April 6. After a long illness, Dave passed away on Sunday, April 3.

We extend our deep sympathy and our condolences to his children Linda, Lisa and Kathy and to his brother George, his sister Beatrice, her husband Syd and to his mother Pearl.

**YOU'RE THE SOLUTION  
TO WATER POLLUTION**

# Y'all Must Come!

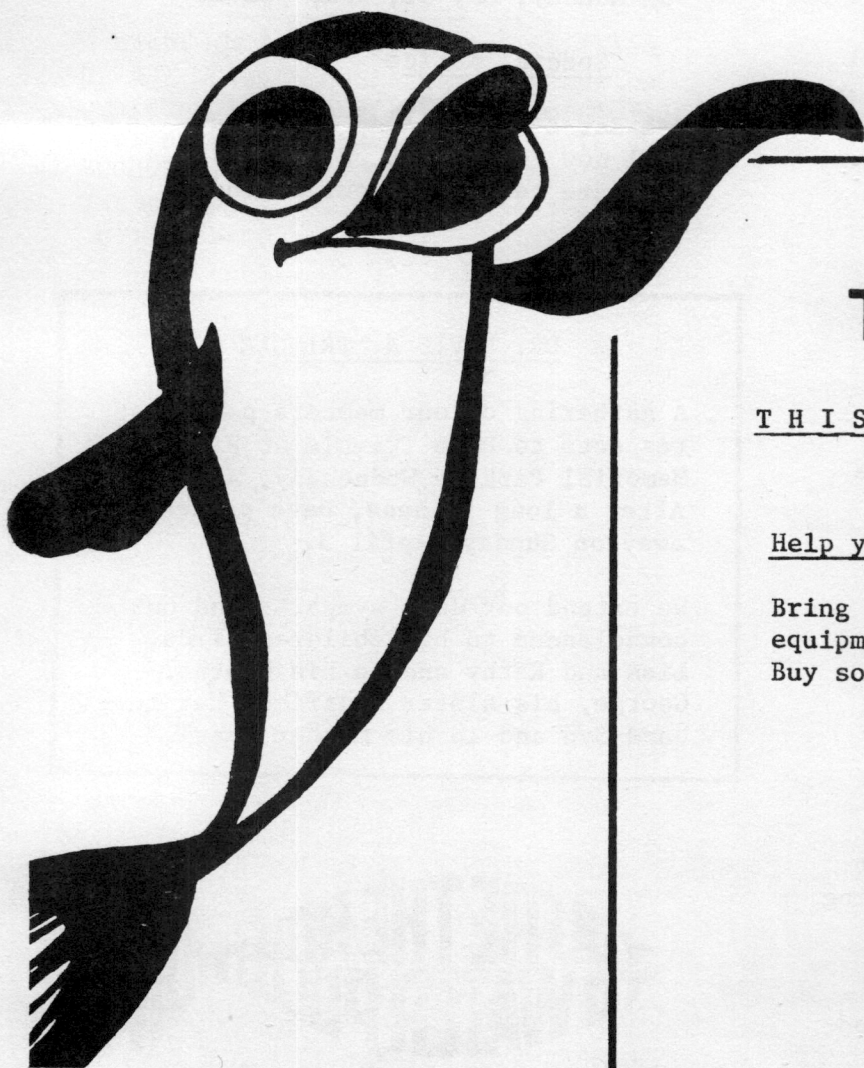
BRING YOUR BUDDY NITE

APRIL MEETING

INTRODUCE YOUR FISHING FRIENDS TO YOUR CLUB.....

FREE BOOZE TICKETS FOR YOUR GUESTS

Get That  
Warm and Wonderful  
Feeling!



**This is it.**

THIS IS AUCTION NIGHT !!

APRIL 25, 1983

Help your Foundation and help yourself!

Bring your excess (but servicable) fishing equipment and donate it to the Foundation. Buy something and get another donation????

YOU CAN'T LOSE

THIS IS YOUR CHANCE

TO MAKE MONEY

AND

HAVE FUN DOING IT

IN MEMORIUM

This is a piece I never wanted to write for the CHUM-LINE. Our friend of many years, Dave Trimble, is gone. Gentle, generous man; easy-going, undemanding friend; compassionate physician. Never on time; frustrating in the extreme but, always, in the end, dependable.

His desk was disordered, his fishing jacket was tattered and his handwriting was undecipherable but we wouldn't have wanted him any other way.

How many times did he get out of bed to see my emergency case when I was gone? There were younger men available but he countermanded my instructions to the exchange. "Happy to do it.", he would say and I didn't know whether to hit him or hug him.

For years he would pick me up to go to San Pedro. I was on his way and it made sense. Oh, but I dreaded those Tuesday nights because he was always late and I paced the curb worrying the clock. One night we hit Garvey Street at 11:55 and he pulled in at Wichell's. "Donuts for the boys. I promised." "Dave," I wept, "We'll miss the boat." "Not to worry." says ole Dave. Well, we got to the landing at 12:05 and watched the HUSTLER's stern lights receding a half mile down the channel. Fortunately, the PEACE was just throwing off its lines. We rushed down and called to Russ who took us aboard and caught the HUSTLER at the bait holder. We transferred at sea, donuts and all, and Dave grinned and gave me the "See?" This time I just wanted to hit him. No question of hugging.

Happily he lived to see two grandsons born and thrive. He doted on them and reported the first words and the first steps with pictures. Everyone had to see the pictures and admire those remarkable babies while he beamed with pride.

Dave didn't know any harsh words. Memories of him will always make me smile.

His family, friends, patients and colleagues will miss him terribly.

Harold Goodman

FAMILY FISHING TRIP

Saturday, Sept. 10, is the date of our Annual Family Fishing Trip. This year the format will be considerably different from that of the past.

First, we have chosen an earlier date so we should be able to enjoy nice weather. Second, the trip will be on the CONDOR out of Santa Barbara. We will be fishing the shallow waters around the west end of Santa Cruz Island or the east end of Santa Rosa Island, so all the kids, wives, sweethearts and other not-so-expert fishermen should be able to fill their sacks with fine quality, good-eating fish.

This will not be a rock cod trip. We'll be fishing in 30' to 60' water; much the same way we fish for bass in the winter time. Our catch should consist of white fish, Calico bass, Johnny bass, sheep-head, link cod and a variety of other fun-to-catch shallow water rock fish.

Departure time will be 6 A.M. Those of you who wish may sleep aboard. The CONDOR not only has a fully equipped galley, but also offers cocktail service for those who desire it. The 88-ft CONDOR is one of the country's largest and most comfortable sportfishing boats. It's powered by twin 500 hp Diesels and is equipped with all the latest radio, navigation and fish-finding apparatus.

The price will be \$50 per adult and \$25 for children under the age of 18 years. The charter price includes trip, bunk, sack, soft drinks and beer. Anyone desiring to participate, please cut out, fill in and return the printed commitment form below to Dan Felger at 4626 Van Nuys Blvd. #202, Sherman Oaks, Calif. 91403, together with your check for the amount of the trip. This charter will be limited to 50 people on a first-pay basis.

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I HEREBY COMMIT TO GO ON THE LARRC FAMILY FISHING TRIP OF SEPT. 10, AS FOLLOWS:

\_\_\_\_\_ ADULTS @ \$50.00 = \$ \_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_ CHILDREN @ \$25.00 = \$ \_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_ TOTAL AMOUNT ENCLOSED \$ \_\_\_\_\_

(MAKE CHECKS PAYABLE TO L.A.R.R.C.)

MAXWELL J. FENMORE

March 21, 1983

9460 WILSHIRE BOULEVARD, SUITE 427  
BEVERLY HILLS, CALIFORNIA 90212  
274-5816

Dr. Harold Goodman  
745 Thayer Avenue  
Los Angeles, California 90024

My dear Dr. Goodman:

A fair scientist you may be - but a journalist,  
oy vay !!

First let's get the geneology straight! In 1982

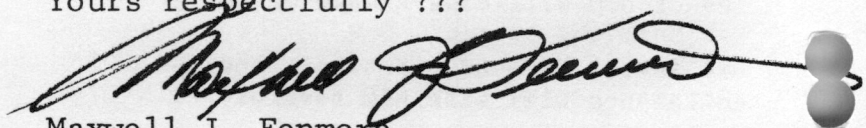
- a. Sandy Fenmore, my beautiful daughter-in-law, caught the Women's World Record Pacific Bonito on 2 pound line.
- b. Tanya Fenmore, my lovely 9 year old granddaughter, caught the Women's World Record Pacific Bonito on 16 pound line.
- c. Donald Fenmore, my piscatorial son, caught 2 World Record Pacific Bonitos, one on 4 pound line, the second on 2 pound line.

Now as the scientific questions you raised as to whether environment (my training) or heredity (our ancestors) caused the Fenmores to be kin to fish, I claim it is heredity but in all fairness I went through our family album and did find these two pictures. The first was taken in the year 69 B.C. of Maxwell Fenmore the 1st spearing a tuna. Mounted on the wall behind him are some of his trophy fish.

The second is of my great grandmother, Chovy, bringing bait to my great grandfather, Alalunga, to fish for albacore.

I would leave the judgement of "heredity vs. environment" to my peers.

Yours respectfully ???

  
Maxwell J. Fenmore



VERY RARE PHOTOGRAPH OF THE FABULOUS FENMORES. FIVE WORLD RECORDS HELD BY FOUR MEMBERS COMPRISING THREE GENERATIONS OF ONE FAMILY. MAX'S IS FOR A PACIFIC BLUE MARLIN OF KONA, HAWAII IN 1959. THE OTHERS ARE FOR VARIOUS PACIFIC BONITOS AT LINE WEIGHTS DESCRIBED IN THE FEB., '83 CHUM-LINE. WE, IN LARRC, ARE PROUD OF YOU.

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Reference is made to Mr. Fenmore's letter shown opposite. He included, as stated, two photographs which are, unfortunately, much too fragile to withstand reproduction here. We have examined them closely before their return to the Fenmore archives and conclude that they may, indeed, be authentic ancestral artifacts.

The first, purported to be Maxwell Fenmore I, is of a wall mosaic from the Greco-Roman period. Max I is shown standing in a boat poised to hurl a three-pronged fishing spear. In the background are shown a variety of stylized fish (the trophies). One, I recognize as a St. Peter's fish found only in Lake Tiberius. The fisherman must, therefore, be a Samaritan. That would fit. However, he has a head full of the short curly hair popular during that period. If one could imagine the current Max Fenmore with a head full of short curly hair, then he and the mosaic figure bear an uncanny resemblance to each other.

The second, a dim daguerreotype, is of Chovy Fenmore; great, great grandmother of Don Fenmore; great, great, great grandmother of Tanya Fenmore and great grandmother of Max, the current. Now, although she looks to me like a Baja Indian balancing a basket of corn on her head, I cannot prove that she is not a Jewish lady of the Ottoman period carrying albacore bait to her husband, Alalunga.

There is only one problem. Do they have albacore in the Red Sea?

Page 5

H. Goodman, Ass't Editor

## FROM THE HORSE'S MOUTH

By Bob Selvin

Many of my fellow LARRC members are aware that I'm in the horse biz and therefore, usually the giver of "tips" and not the recipient. But I did get a "hot one" at the recent Western Fishing Tackle & Boat show in Long Beach.

I struck up a conversation with a nattily-attired deckhand (already I was suspicious) while we were listening to the venerable Russ Izor give his annual fishing seminar. The deckhand "tipped" me that the boat he works on, the 3/4 day Sport King at Ports O'Call in San Pedro, would be going to Catalina two nights hence and try to make squid. He said to call Ports O'Call on Sunday evening (Mar. 13) to see if this "tip" paid off. Fish-monger that I am, I diligently obeyed and, low and behold, found out that "both bait tanks on the Sport King are plugged with live squid."

I promptly made three reservations for the next day's fishing, Monday, and was knocked off my chair when the office man said, "that makes 54 now." Clearly, this deckhand was some kind of tout.

Undaunted, I showed up at the landing on time and met buddy Eddie Sanger and new LARRC member Marty Owen there, brimming with enthusiasm. After all, my fishing exploits had been relegated to island runs or long-range trips. When was the last time any of us went local fishing with a tank full of live squid? What were we to expect?

Also on board was my friend Bruce Root, who some of you may know from Yo's Tackle.

The first stop was the short run just outside the harbor to Point Fermin for a shot at those mythical white seabass that supposedly abound there. They proved myth.

We ran up the coast, heading for Rocky Point, with a fruitless stop at Point Vicente first. We scratched around for the next few hours with skipper Jim Peterson really trying to put us on some fish.

The result up until about 1 p.m. was that I had one Harold Price-legal size bass and one sculpin in the sack. Worse, my three fishing buddies, Eddie, Marty and Bruce, had their sacks waving in the breeze.

Rocky Point might as well have been the Sahara Desert. The usual talk about how we should be home sleeping or enjoying a fine wine or woman was rampant.

The skipper kept giving us the usual pep talk over the loudspeaker. He said if there are yellowtail around, it's usually been an afternoon bite.

As if he were a prophet, a man on the port side hooked up, then Eddie Sanger. The scene for the next 2½ hours was greatly reminiscent of a Chinese fire drill.

There were, I'm sure, times when there were 20 or 25 hookups going at once, an especially noteworthy achievement, indicative of what kind of bite it was considering there were about 10 or 15 rent-rodders or greenhorns who had absolutely no clue as to what was going on. It was chaos.

Around 3:30 p.m., when the bite ceased, we had unofficially put 184 yellows on the boat in the 10-18lbs. class, and I'm sure that figure would have been closer to 250 if the rent-rodders and greenhorns weren't in the way much of the time.

Marty and Eddie got eight each, I caught nine and Bruce got 10, a limit. Not bad for a 3/4 day local run!

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Dr. Poleskey's Bad Dream

SILENT MUSINGS ON A SLOW DAY AT CATALINA

"I knew we should of gone to Clemente."  
"Go try and tell Schwartz anything."  
"God damn that current!"  
"Wonder if Price brought pickles this time."  
"That's the fourth leadhead already."  
"Why doesn't George move?"  
"Wonder if Price will share the pickles if he did bring some."  
"God damn that kelp!"  
"Bet Rimland's legs are cold but he won't let on."  
"Should I gamble a bomber?"  
"How come George hasn't started breakfast?"  
"God damn those perch!"  
"You'd think he'd bring a whole jar of pickles and share."  
"Might as well take a nap after breakfast."  
"Wonder where Schwartz gets those stale Danish"  
""Damned fish must have taken the day off."  
"What's a gallon of pickles to someone like him?"  
"God damn that seal!"  
"I sure as hell won't ask if he brought pickles."  
"God damn that pelican!"  
"Wonder how Wolf stays so skinny."  
"Skinniest guy and he always gets the widest bunk"  
"My stomach's growling."  
"Costanten's skinny but at least he takes a skinny bunk."  
"Of course, he hogs the stern, too."  
"Sears' right moustache is drooping."  
"Must be the way he slept."  
"If that was a keeper Vogel put in his sack I'll eat my hat."  
"If he offers me a pickle I'm going to refuse it."  
"Who does Lee think he's kidding, throwing iron?"  
"Bet the other guys went to Clemente."  
"Bet even Greenfield got fish."  
"Peanutbutter and jelly sandwich for a pickle sounds like a fair trade."  
"Wonder who I could insult in the next CHUM-LINE."  
"Susman would be easy but he'd throw me off the Albacore trip."  
"There's always Pearlman. What can he do to me?"  
"Ah, breakfast call. Sure is great to go fishing with the gang."

FISHING IS IN THE NEWS

The last month has seen a sudden awakening of interest in fishing subjects by the L.A. Times. Nicely done series by a writer who accompanied one of Bill Poole's long rangers on the Polaris De-Luxe. He caught the feel, the excitement, the frustrations and satisfactions very well.

Another long article in the financial section traced the booming growth of fish consumption in this country. In part this is due to improved technology in catching and processing fish. Much is due to the ability to move fresh product coast to coast and points in between in less than a day. Also, the public is becoming more aware of the connection between diet and health. Good time to get out of pork belly and cattle futures.

One fascinating article concerned the ins and outs of investments in commercial fishing. The big boys are having a tough time making this highly complicated and ever changing business fit the molds of board room management techniques. This one buys a fleet of multimillion dollar seiners, flop. The other one picks them up and sells limited partner shares. The next one contracts foreign processors to buy American catches, sell the good stuff back to American consumers and can the poorer quality fish to send back to their own people. Etc, etc. The corporate geniuses have not been able to nose into the lobster industry in New England. Those independent characters would sink them as soon as look at them. What's Coca Cola doing in the fishing business?

The last piece decribed a very clever fellow who is taking cheaper fish protein and after grinding, boiling, mixing and generally beating the hell out of it, adds some secret ingredients and rolls it out into what passes for crab legs which sell at one third of the price for the real thing. They say the experts are fooled. This fellow apparently never heard of boiled and flaked Sheephead. Who in LARRC has never passed this on to his unsuspecting dinner guests as crab salad?

Heard or read any other good ones? Send them in.

