



Chum Line



PUBLISHED BY THE LOS ANGELES ROD & REEL CLUB

THE GILL NET MENACE An update report By David Lippey

After a public hearing on July 26, the L. A. County Board of Supervisors voted to approve the recommendation of its Fish & Game Commission to ban gill netting within three miles of the coastline and the islands under its jurisdiction. The same recommendation has already been approved by the four other So. California counties. The next step requires new legislation in Sacramento to make it effective.

Existing legislation (AB 2580) gives the State Fish & Game Director the power to ban gill nets "If the Department determines that a fishery resource has been adversely impacted by the use of gill nets, the Department shall initiate and conduct a study to determine if regulatory action is necessary." Of course, each case requires hearings and appeals are provided. It will take years before any area is closed unless this procedure can be changed.

The County Supervisors, however, will now request new legislation that will eliminate all gill nets in the 3-mile area until proper research can prove that gill nets are not destructive and do not "adversely impact" the resource. It is hoped that we can get this legislation approved and made effective before the gill net damage becomes irreversible.

The first rule about the future is to make sure that you will get there.

Winston Churchill

DENTIST WITH TOOTHACHE. SEYMOUR RIMLAND It happened on the Susman-Rimland Charter. (see story inside)



SPECIAL NOTICE
THE ANDY WEINER LUAU
SUNDAY, AUGUST, 21
REPLACES
THE DINNER MEETING
FOR THIS MONTH
See Details Inside

DATES TO REMEMBER (Mark Your Calendar)

Andy Weiner Luau - Sunday, August 21
(See details inside)

Director's Meeting - Monday, August 29
7:30 PM at Danny Felger's house

Family Fishing Trip, Saturday, Sept 10
(See details on back page)

WE DON'T WANT TO BELABOR THE POINT
BUT,.....

...those of you who missed the July dinner meeting will have to wait a long time for the next showing of a film made by Marv Epstein of the recent underprivileged kids fishing trip. It ran about half an hour with very good color and sound and was paced and edited in truly professional style. Most of our deckhands were given camera time and not one of them seemed at all camera shy. In fact, there was some damned funny, spontaneous wit. Scheinbaum cracked me up but I can't remember what he said to save my life. It's interesting what you can catch on film. For instance, in every shot of Dan Bartfield he was caught fishing instead of attending to the kids. We don't mean demonstrating, we mean fishing. Give him a rod and reel and a spot of water and the man would be oblivious to a hurricane.

The kids obviously had a fine time. One of them will never again grasp a bass by the dorsal fin.

We'll say it one more time then be quiet about it until next year. Eppy and his crew are the greatest.

In the second half of the program Russ Izor was his usual entertaining and informative self. Give him a microphone and an audience and the man would be oblivious to a hurricane.

By the way, everyone we talked to was pleased that the raffle prizes were fewer but of better quality. The food service was speeded up over last month's slow pace. Let the board members know how you feel about Sportsman's Lodge. They aim to please.

*Price's pickles are the greatest
His corned beef sandwich mighty fine*

*His waitresses the most politest
But,
Have you seen Price's prices?*

BIG EVENT THIS MONTH

LARRC has mounted some memorable events in the past: dinners at the Bel Air Hotel and The Friars, a shoot-out at the Felger's Corral and, etc. Coming up this month is the Luau at Andy and Cyrene Weiner's lovely estate and we expect it to be remembered as one of the best.

The committee is doing its job and here is what we want you to do. Ladies, go through your closets and find that grass skirt you hung away after the last trip to the islands. A sarong will be acceptable as long as it shows a little thigh. Fashion a flower garland for your fisherman's head. Imagine him under the Tiki torches, stripped to the waist and swaying to the hypnotic rhythm of island drums. You say he's shy and going to wear a shirt? Then cut off the buttons and let him tie it at the bottom. Try to talk him out of wearing that vested suit.

The valets will take your car starting at 5 PM on Sunday, August 21.

This issue of the CHUM-LINE contains a reservation form for those who have not yet committed. Tear off the map and mail the top with your check for \$35.00 a couple to:

Bill Vogel
4713 Monarca Dr.
Tarzana, CA 91356

PAST PRESIDENT RESURRECTED

Did our eyes deceive us or was that Past President, Henry Levy, M.D. at the July dinner meeting? Old Henry disappeared about a year and a half ago into the maws of the Lions. They made him Grand Master, Vizier Supreme and Ultimate Ruler of So. California or some other such overblown title. So he stopped fishing, neglected his practice and abandoned his buddies. Listen, Henry, now that the Lions have spit you out and Jesse has taken you back we have a job for you. We need you to start writing for the CHUM-LINE again. You look leaner and wiser. Now, perform.

THE SUSMAN-RIMLAND CHARTER...

...got off to a slow start, beginning at Billy Naythons' parking lot. Everyone was there on time. Everyone, that is, except the bus driver who lost his air conditioner and went back to the garage for a refit. The gang waited around in the wilting sun and spirits sagged as the dirty jokes went to clean ones and then to none at all. The last bit of water was running out. Bill Ross was on the ground clutching his parched throat and Julie Wolf stopped exercising. The sun beat down unmercifully. The buildings on Wilshire shimmered in the scorching heat. Gus Rich staggered into the street mistaking a passing school bus for ours. Sey Rimland begged Hal Price to unlock the ice chest but he refused because the pickles were in there and everyone knows that brine water is the worst thing you can give someone in a lifeboat. Susman gasped out that we weren't in a lifeboat, we were in the middle of Los Angeles, for God's sake. Price said he was taking over the patrol if Susman and Rimland were going to get hysterical. Marv Scheinbaum thought he saw Fuzzy-Wuzzies charging down the sand dunes at us.

Anyway, the air-conditioned bus arrived and we all climbed aboard and began to sing songs and Price passed out the pickles and corned beef sandwiches and Rimland apologized for losing control and Susman said he was sorry he got hysterical. Everyone agreed that Gary Cooper and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. wouldn't act like that.

We arrived at the landing only to learn that LoPreste wasn't going to skipper, having torn some groin muscles in a water skiing accident and was under heavy sedation. His second, Steve, was taking us out. Maury Levy said he didn't bargain for that with all those U-boats lurking around out there. Pearlman reminded him that the war was over and besides, Robert Taylor wouldn't talk like that and go worrying the rest of the crew. We had to push Maury a little but he got on board.

Ben Costanten put on a Scopolamine patch. Can you see John Wayne doing that?

It was a good trip. Bill Stein got a shiner from a gaff butt and Ray Jacobsen, the dentist, got a toothache which lifted everybody's spirits. We got one hundred and seventy-three Albacore and Hank Schwartz was high man with thirteen. He and I had a little side bet going and he won since I got only six. I would have had more but spent most of my time watching him to insure an honest count. On the other hand, I whipped him good in gin rummy. Brains over brawn any time.

Ron Bronow and I arrived at a little understanding before the trip started. He would get all the dermatology and I got all the rest. Turns out he had a few sun burn cases and I didn't make a dime. One of these years I'm going to get a chance to use that catheter. That's what Lew Ayers would do.

Steve bade us goodbye and gave thanks on behalf of the crew. They had never been so entertained by imaginative bickerings, inspired insults and general quarrelsomeness. Definitely one of the better trips.

H. Goodman

COMMODORE, INDEED!

Please refer to item re: Henry Levy. Another one of our errant members is Norm Port. This one dropped out of sight when they made him Commodore of the Del Rey Yacht Club. Big deal! They give him the premiere reserved parking space outside the club house and fly the Commodore's flag when he's on the premises. Big deal!

We just hope they dismiss him in a public ceremony of humiliation. We'd love to be there when they rip off his epaulettes and break his sword. Maybe then he'll come back and join his true mates in the fo'c'stle. Bully beef and measly bisquits for you, Norm.

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

LOST ON THE ROYAL PQLARIS

Will the finder of my mock tortoise hair comb, last seen between the evening of August 22 and midmorning of August 23, please return it to me. It never left Cabin 17 except for one trip to the shower in the ladies' head.

It is between 7 and 8 inches long and has been in the family for about five years. Four teeth of the coarse end are missing and five in a row are broken off in the center of the fine end. This makes for gaps of uncombed hair when not properly used. It takes some getting used to and hardly seems worth the effort of the finder to adjust to.

It was made in Gt. Britain by Kent of London and cost \$2.98 originally and was recently cleaned.

I am now using Lucille's purse comb which is a collapsible affair and all fancied up with a dragon design and is unstable at the hinge and very awkward to handle and she wants it back so if anyone has some information I'd appreciate it

H. Goodman

HELP WANTED

Norm Carabet is one of our newer members and not yet widely known in the club. He has expressed an interest in organizing and/or joining some of the overseas fishing jaunts that he hears about only after the fact. Here, gentlemen, is a healthy, enthusiastic, SINGLE, fish-wise young physician with a thick New York accent, thirsting for adventure in exotic places. Any of you, with or without unmarried daughters, think of Norm when you are cooking up plans.

He is also smart. He came to the CHUM-LINE to get the widest possible circulation of his idea. Use us.

FAMILY FISHING TRIP

As of this writing there are only 17 spots left on the family charter and, no doubt, even fewer when this arrives in your mail. Danny would hate to see anyone disappointed so, if you've been letting this slide, better contact him now.

There are bunks for 47 and, since the CONDOR will be leaving the dock at 3 AM, the passengers must be limited to that number.

Tell the Moms that this middle-of-the-night departure gives Danny and Merrit the option of choosing a destination on the basis of weather conditions. Fun and comfort are the priority items on this trip. Wherever you end up the fishing is going to be good. San Miguel Island would be a real treat.

If I were your kid I'd be nagging you till life wasn't worth living.

THE CONDOR out of Sea Landing, Santa Barbara.

Sept. 10. Board the boat the evening of the 9th.

Adults - \$50.00. Under 18 - \$25.00
Checks payable to LARRC

Mail to: Dan Felger
4626 Van Nuys Blvd. #202
Sherman Oaks, CA. 91403

MEMBERSHIP APPLICATIONS

The following membership applications were submitted to the Board at its July meeting:

Harry Gilbert sponsored by Dave Lippey.

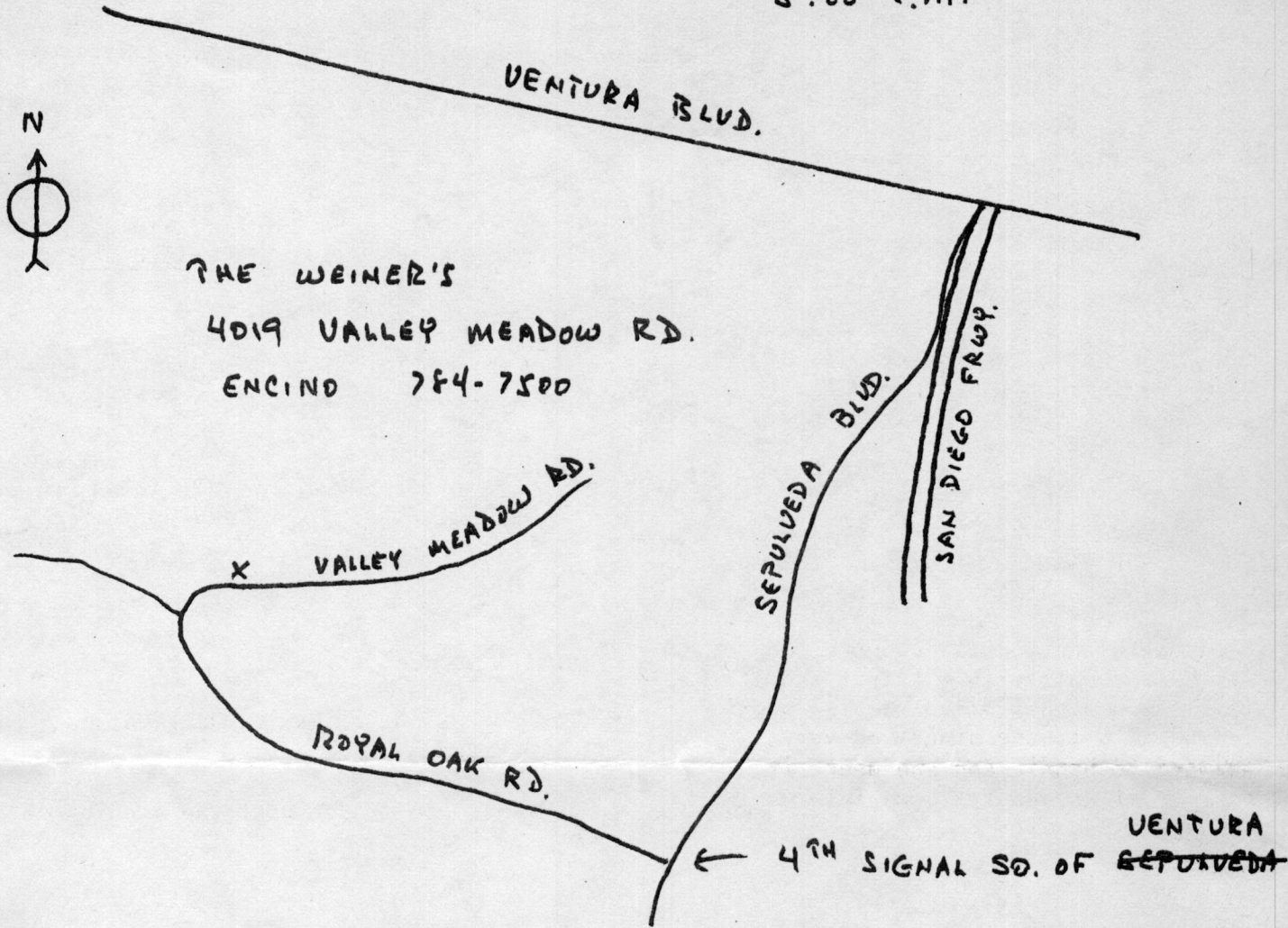
Max Wunderman sponsored by Dan Felger.

FISHING IS FUN. PASS THE WORD.

THE LUAU

SUNDAY, AUG. 21

5:00 P.M.



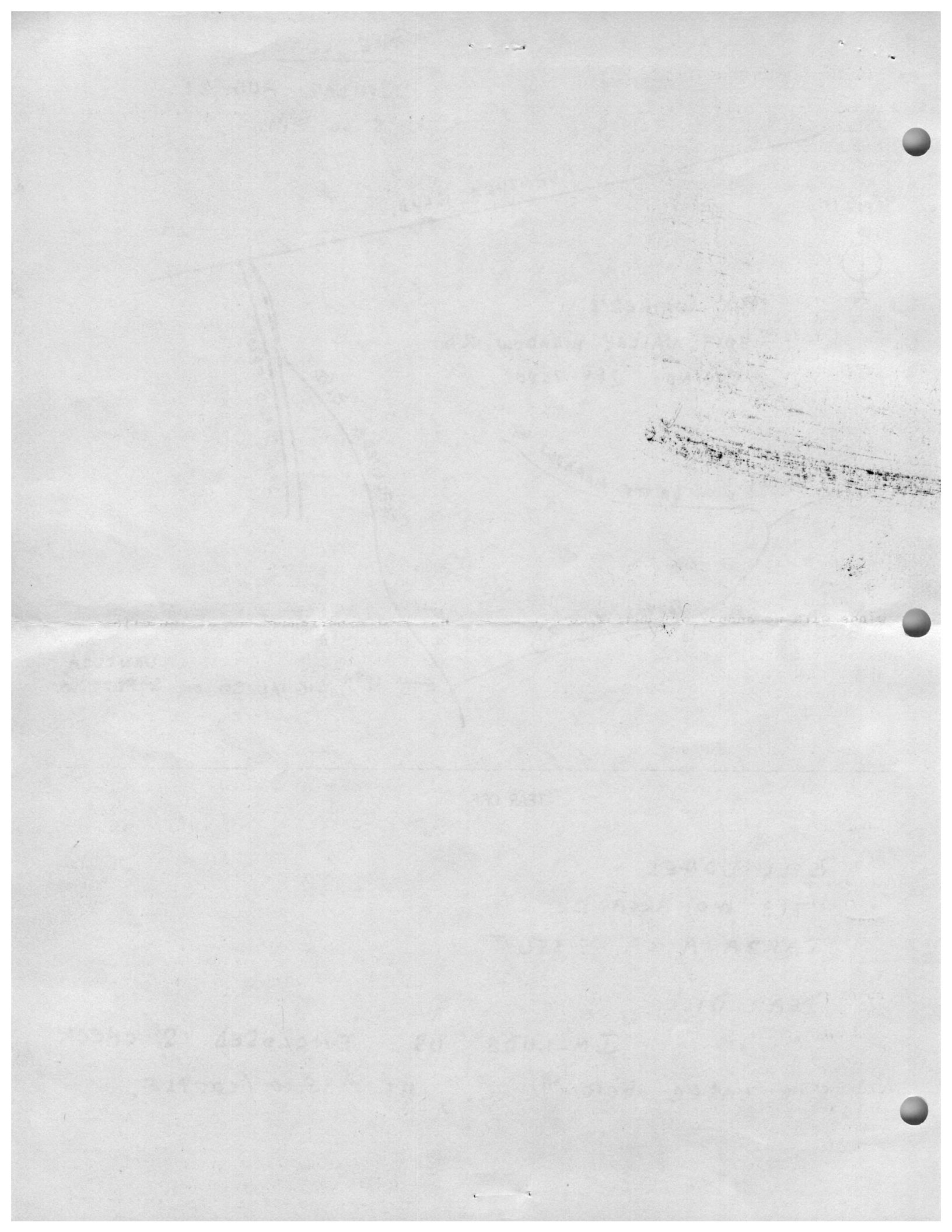
TEAR OFF

BILL UGEL
4713 MONARCA DR.
TARZANA, CA. 91356

DEAR BILL,

INCLUDE US. ENCLOSED IS CHECK
TO LARAC FOR \$, AT \$35.00 / COUPLE.

.....



FISHING REPORT FROM THE JUDGE

On July 5, Cy Lewin, Ted Holquist, Jim Holquist, Lou Schlanger, Andy Weiner and I departed from San Diego on the MEGALODON (ne REWARD) on a four day charter. We were scheduled to depart at 8 PM but delayed until 11:30 because of unavailability of bait. We finally got some great mix of 20% hook bait and 80% pinheads for chumming. We ran a course of 192° in a moderate chop for 17 hours and at 4:30 PM jigs were put out. At 7:30 PM and 205 miles out we made our first jig strike. Two more stops and we had boated six Albacore.

Nightfall shut us down at 8:30 and the sea anchor was put out. It was blowing at 22 knots and the sea was rough. It began to gust at 5:30 AM and the line snapped. So much for the sea anchor.

We fished the area all day on the 6th and boated 43 albies with one stop netting 13 fish on bait. Came nightfall and we were faced with the choice of laying out in rough seas and 30 MPH winds with no anchor or running 80 mi. to Guadalupe Island and, hopefully, calmer waters. The majority voted for the island so we ran all night and got to calmer climes at 5:30 the morning of the 7th.

We opted to fish the surface with light tackle (as light as --- lb.)....

Editor's note: At this point Irv's handwriting is undecipherable. It's either 2 lb. or 7 lb., neither of which do we believe.)

...rather than fish deep with heavier gear for lunker bass and yellowtail. The surface was boiling with bluefin tuna but they wouldn't bite. By noon we had 3 sacks of keeper bass and yellows running to 20 lbs. Captain Johnny then suggested that we try some "real sport-fishing" for the giant bluefins.

This writer had heard that the skipper had located some of these great fighters earlier this year at Guadalupe as reported in WESTERN OUTDOOR NEWS. It is remembered that 60 years ago at Catalina, this type of fishing was done

with kites and was considered to be the ultimate in sportsfishing. Gradually the species disappeared from local waters and many anglers had considered the giant Blue Fins non-existent on the Pacific coast. Bob Thompson got a 500 pounder in Nova Scotia.

We proceeded to South Rock and trolled scad mackerel at 2 knots along the east face. On the second pass Cy and Ted were both hit. Those big Penn Internationals were screaming as the fish took off in the same direction. There were no fishing chairs so the fights were made from rod belts and shoulder harnesses. It was an hour before Cy's came in at 145 lbs. by chart formula. Thirty-five minutes later Ted's fish was gaffed. It's indicated weight was 173 lbs. Jim then hooked up and with a little help from his dad brought in 138 lbs. of sashimi in an hour and 15 minutes.

After dinner we took off for San Diego. The first eight hours of the return trip were as rough as any this writer has ever experienced but at 140 miles out the wind died down, the sun came out and we forgot the mal de mer, tired old muscles and etc. and all agreed that this was one of the great trips.

Irv Harris

1983 IGFA RULE BOOK AVAILABLE

The International Game Fish Association (IGFA) has announced publication of **The 1983 Rule Book for Freshwater, Saltwater, and Fly Fishing.**

The 16-page publication includes the official "International Angling Rules" with equipment and angling regulations, and IGFA "World Record Requirements," including record categories, eligible species, weighing requirements and instructions for preparing a record claim.

Other items included in **The Rule Book** are:

(1) Rules for the Eighth Annual IGFA Fishing Contest, which include freshwater and saltwater game fish catches made on or after September 1, 1982. The contest will end with all entries received by IGFA as of November 30, 1983.

(2) Requirements and awards for IGFA's newly established 5-1, 10-1, 15-1, and 20-1 Clubs.

(3) The official IGFA World Record & Fishing Contest Application form, which can also be used to apply for the new club categories.

(4) IGFA membership information and application form.

To obtain this handy guide to IGFA rules and programs, send \$1.00 U.S. for postage and handling to: International Game Fish Association, Dept. RB83, 3000 East Las Olas Boulevard, Fort Lauderdale, Florida 33316-9987.

