



Chum Line



MARCH 1981

Dedicated to Fishing, Fun, Relaxation, and Companionship!

PRESIDENT'S CORNER

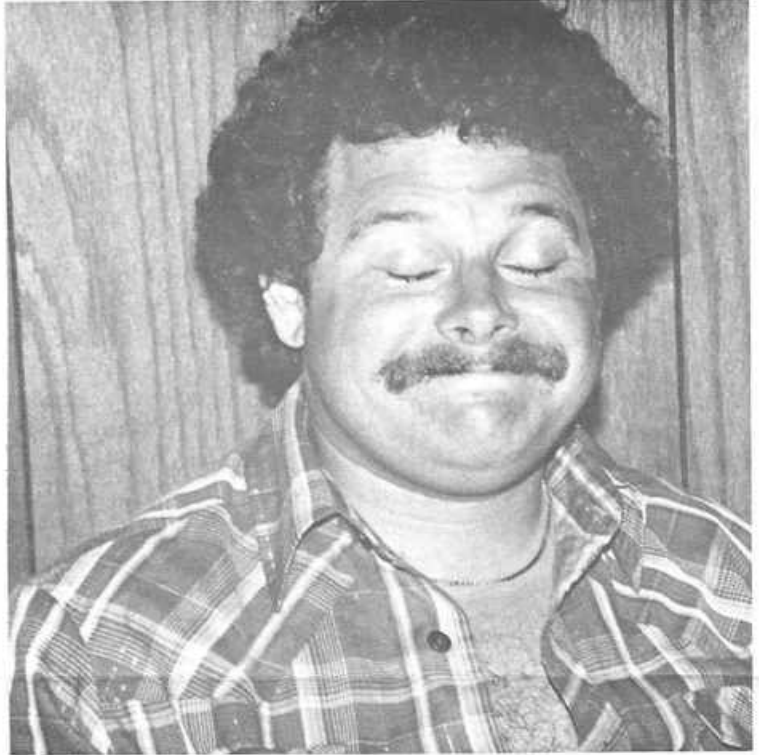
While I've never actually met the man, I am struck by the many amazing similarities between me and Ronald Reagan. Both of us are married to beautiful and intelligent women who gaze at us adoringly when we speak and even when we don't speak. We have spent our lives excelling in professions seemingly unsuited as preparation for the tasks which fate has thrust upon us. We both now rule by popular mandate, our constituencies, in their wisdom, having perceived that when history calls, somehow, the right man emerges to shoulder the burden and lift again the torch. Yet, we are both basically humble and unassuming, a bit uneasy about accepting the applause so consistently forthcoming....appropriate though it may be. Ron and I could have chosen to resist your importuning and retired to comfortable and well-earned rest. We had made our contributions to society. And yet, and yet, we have so much more to contribute. Shucks!

If any of you has a problem requiring my personal attention you may approach me through my secretary, Joe Decker, or my V.P., Seelig Smith. The door is always open. I sign autographs for Boy Scouts, young fishermen or any of your relatives who may so desire. Photo sessions can be arranged through Henry Levy. Ron and I are essentially private men but we don't mind mixing. You do see the similarity?

H. Goodman, Pres.

MARV SCHEINBAUM TACKLED BY SURGEON AND REPORTED DOING FINE, THANK YOU.

It was a very tough month for Marv but all's well that ends well. According to recent reports he is convalescing nicely and will soon be seen sporting that warm and lovely smile.



Since our last issue Stella and Jimmy Port got themselves a little boy. More than six pounds and over twenty inches. That's a keeper for sure.

Eppy was watching a LARRCER cast and remarked, "He has a slight impediment in his reach."

MARCH DINNER MEETING



Monday, March 30
At The Fish Shanty



Cocktails: 6:30 Dinner: 7:30

A special program has been arranged for this first meeting of 1981. We will be entertained by Ray Raphael, author of the "Great Fish Trap" and other publications regarding Baja fishing.

Let's give our new president some real support by attending this meeting!

PAST PRESIDENTS' PAGE

REMINISCENCE AND "SCHMALTZ"

by Maxwell Fenmore

(Seventh President LARRC - 1956)



Twenty years ago Myron Glauber, Arthur Bard, Bob Felton and I met on a Saturday afternoon in my home. Before we called it "quits", the Los Angeles Rod and Reel Club was born. Within a few days we had each invited several fishing buddies, and our first official meeting was attended by approximately twenty sportsmen anglers. It was the beginning of many warm and enduring friendships.

The Trips for Underprivileged Boys was started and conceived in the same way. Bob Thompson, Myron Glauber and I dreamed up the idea at a luncheon. (I forget who paid the bill!) Bob did all the legal work in setting up the LARRC Foundation. (Ed. Note: Max handled the legal work when LARRC was organized!) The dedicated, hard-working members of L.A. Rod & Reel have made this a singular, gratifying and heartwarming project. Some of you may recall that in 1957 we received Field and Stream's Annual Award for Conservation (of Youth) and \$1,000.00 for our Foundation.

Ben Costanten, Maurice Levy, Bob Thompson and Norm Elowitt have told you about our many zany, wonderful, exciting fishing exploits and adventures. They are all true, and there are a hundred more yarns, anecdotes and "fish stories" involving Myron Glauber, Andy Anderson, Horace Denner, Ben Varon, Irv Harris, Libby Boone, Bunny Cohen, Sid Feder, Tom Yedor, and others. We had a barrel of fun, fishing, horseplay and companionship.

I started fishing in 1923. My first yellowtail I caught in 1924, my first marlin in 1935. Van Campen Heilner, in his 1946 book "Salt Water Fishing", calls certain fishing memories "delight makers". Whenever I get blue or tense, I dig back into my memory bank and recall a day about 12-13 years ago. Bob Thompson and I were in a skiff near Cabo San Lucas, riding parallel to shore on the third wave, casting bone jigs - on shore - and being hit by little rooster fish about the first wave. We each caught and released about 25. It was great, and remembering brings back relaxation and cheer.

My sons, Barton and Donald, are now 32 and 30. When each was four, I took them to Roxbury Park and taught them to "pump" a fish by reeling in a wooden box. By the time they were six, each had caught all the local types of fish; by age eight, yellows and albacore; by age twelve, sails; by age fourteen, marlin. I believe that the fishing trips we took together - locally, to Mexico, to Canada, and to Hawaii, catching and losing fish, but talking and spending time together, and talking some more, made us the good father-son friends we are, and helped make them the fine young men that they are today.

But enough of this "schmaltz". I am so glad that the Club is in the hands of the young men because theirs are good hands, and the Los Angeles Rod and Reel Club will continue to grow and improve under their leadership.

But please, when this gentle, delicate old guy yells "coming through", you better get out of the way, or you'll be elbowed, bruised, knocked down or trampled under foot.

CHUM-LINE INTERVIEW OF THE MONTH

The following interview by our Chum-Line reporter was garnered from Julian Wolf in the galley of the New Hustler II.

- C-L: Congratulations on that six pound rainbow trout you landed in New Zealand.
- Julie: Are you saying I didn't really get him?
- C-L: Good Lord, Julie, no. I'm just saying that's a pretty big rainbow. I think it's great.
- Julie: I got him all weighed and everything.
- C-L: Sit down, Julie. Sit down. I believe you. I think it's just great.
- Julie: O.K., O.K.
- C-L: Can I get you a cup of coffee?
- Julie: No. Go ahead with the interview.
- C-L: We're necessarily limited by space so I'm going to let you tell me some of the more interesting things about yourself.
- Julie: I sleep without my pajama tops. I got a whole drawer full of new pajama tops. I got all my teeth. See? Once I won a buch of Bombers at the club raffle and another time I threw a cream pie at Herme Sears.
- C-L: Come on, Julie. I happen to know that you head up the United States Olympic rowing team and travel all over the world in their behalf. Why don't you mention that?
- Julie: You said the interesting stuff. How many guys in my line of work still got all their teeth?
- C-L: All right. Let's talk about your work. I'm sure most of our readers are aware that you are the president of your own insurance company and highly successful. Could you tell me how you achieved this?
- Julie: I got started when I was a kid.
- C-L: As a mere child?
- Julie: Kids used to pay me to to be sure they got home safe from school. I had the whole class for clients. The teacher, too. I had two big guys worked for me.
- C-L: You mean you sold protection?
- Julie: I prefer to call it insurance.
- C-L: Sure you wouldn't like some coffee? Danish?
- Julie: Tell 'em to give me a hamburger. Don't cook it. No bun.
- C-L: Tobasco?
- Julie: Yeah.
- C-L: What was your greatest fishing experience?
- Julie: The time I put Herme Sears in the bait tank.
- C-L: Yes, I heard about that.
- Julie: I suspended him by his mustache tips.
- C-L: I've noticed over the years that he never turns his back on you.
- Julie: He's my good friend. You wanna be my friend?
- C-L: I'd like to be your friend, Julie, but I'd better go write this up now. Can I get you another hamburger first?
- Julie: Wanna buy some insurance?
- C-L: I'm fully covered.
- Julie: Against going in the bait tank?

Editor's note: In these interviews we try to show our members in the best light. Sometimes it's difficult.

NEWS ITEMS

Dan Bartfield is off on a sixteen day trip on the Polaris Deluxe. Destination: Clarrington Island. We should be getting a good report and pictures.

The changes Mexico has asked for in existing U.S.-Mexico fishing treaties are commercial and not sportfishing-related, according to Bill Nott, director of the Sportfishing Association of California. "I was told by the director of all of Mexico's fishery operations that American sportfishermen are and will be more than welcome in Mexico," Nott said. "However," he said, "they are going to stop the practice of American yacht owners chartering out their yachts in places like Cabo San Lucas."

Sears and Wolf are back from New Zealand but aren't talking much before the fishing reports at the March dinner meeting. Wanna get lied to? Be there.

FLAMING BASS

One whole bass (2 to 4 lbs.), cleaned and gutted

Three tablespoons melted butter

Two teaspoons salt

Two small bunches fennel greens

One-third cup brandy, heated

Rub the bass with salt inside and out. Dip the bass in melted butter and grill over charcoal for ten minutes, basting often with melted butter. The fish is done when it flakes easily. Place the fish in a shallow baking dish and cover with the fennel greens which have been washed and dried. Pour the heated brandy over the fish, set it aflame and serve.

Serves four.

Cy Lewin

Youth is a time of rapid changes. Between 14 and 18 a parent can age 30 years.



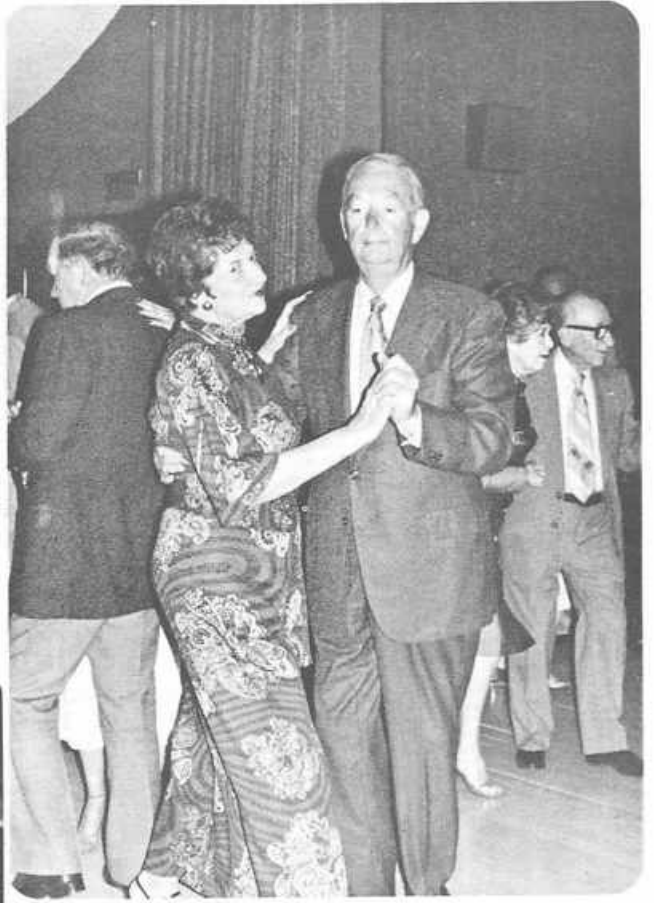
WHO IS HE?

An expert deck-hand shows a homeless boy how to rig his tackle on one of our fishing trips for the underprivileged and handicapped children. This deck-hand, now bewhiskered, is one of the regular helpers on these annual outings. Who is he?

NOW WHOS GONNA SHOW BOB!

*I have reserved
this spot just for
you. Write a
article & send it to
the editor*

Otto



*What a party
this was.*

TALL TALES OF AN AFRICAN SAFARI

Enroute to an Explorers Club Expedition in the Seychelles, Madagascar, (Malagasy) and a number of the Lost Islands in the Indian Ocean, we had an eight day lay-over in Nairobi, Kenya. Having fished Mombasa and Murchison Falls on previous visits to "The Dark Continent" my friend, a renowned explorer and professional hunter, and I decided to try something different.

We would fly to Lake Rudolph, bordering Kenya, Samoliland and Ethiopia and make a stab for the legendary Giant Nile Perch (perichthyidae). This denizen is the world's second largest fresh water fish, next only to the Caspian sturgeon and is found only in Lake Rudolph, 350 miles north of Nairobi.

With no alternative we settled for an only choice: a gabbacious, discomgollifuscitated pilot in a single engine, antiquated Piper Cub. We soon learned it was a decision that comes only with bad judgement. Under any circumstances it's chancy business flying over the Great Rift, a land of jungles, arid wastes and thornbrush; believed by anthropologists to be the cradle of mankind.

Our funkiness was well proved when the pilot got lost and was forced to make a hair-raising landing in a jungle village about 100 miles from our destination. Queerous Turkana tribesmen offered us mud and straw refuge from the heat until our takeoff in the early AM. Tales were told of a Black Leopard on the hunt near the camp. In the evening, fortified with three cameras and a non-English-speaking guide, I hopefully took off for some film of this rare cat. Our weisenheimer pilot lectured me, "Don't annoy the gnus. It's against the law. Foreign zoo keepers are trying to aquire some new gnus. There's a shortage of female gnus and that's bad news because anyone knows that it takes two gnus to make a new gnu. So if they don't find some female gnus to make new gnus that will be bad news for the new zoos. So, don't bother the gnus."

My guide spotted the leopard's spoor and promptly did a vanishing act. Reluctant to pass up the opportunity for a rare picture, I plodded on alone for about two miles through the thick jungle and clumsily stumbled over a Banyan tree stump, twisting my ankle. For safety's sake I lay still until darkness set in. Unable to climb a tree tall enough to be safe from roving animals, I took refuge at the base of a large acacia and fell asleep, waiting to be rescued.

During the night a herd of elephants came by and were evidently intrigued to find a human motionless on the ground. They set about covering me with branches until I was hidden in a huge leafy bower. They then went their way.

Early next morning a rescue party had great difficulty finding an unconscious man and even more difficulty extracting me from a heap of branches. I emerged shaken but otherwise unhurt and undaunted.

There is an African legend that says elephants often cover up anything that is offensive to them. Did they think I was dead? Did they deliberately build a shelter to protect me? Or was I offensive. I don't know the answer but one thing is certain, elephants are fascinating, at times having the powers of reason.

Early in the morning, not the least bit disconcerted, pilot GooGoo took off for our destination, the fish camp of Lodar on the Kenya side of the lake. Astrayed again. Three hours gandering at low altitude over foreboding terrain led us to a yo-yo landing at a secondary, alligator-infested fish camp Latagipi, on the Ethiopian shore of the lake.

For three days in a ramshackety launch we dragged tiger-fish bait at four knot speed. Strike on eighty pound test! The record was 356 pounds. Everyone believed I had a new record of sorts. At four pounds, safari as anyone gnu, mine was believed to be the smallest "Giant Nile Perch" ever taken out of Lake Rudolph.

PRESIDENT HAL HOLDS FIRST BOARD MEETING.

S.R.O.

The first board meeting of the LARRC for 1981 was presided over by Hal Goodman, M.D. with Jim Port, acting secretary. The meeting was very well attended by most of the board members and many past presidents including Irv Harris, Ben Varon, Shelley Balzac, Fred Polesky, Herme Sears, Harold Price, Ted Hammock, Gus Rich, Henry Levy, the host, Bill Naythons. Visitors included Otto Painter, Jay Flanzig, Cy Lewin, Si Rimland, Hank Schwartz, Sid Feder, Jack Baker and Dan Bartfield. Board members present were, Bob Brody, Herman Epstein, Ben Jacobs, Hal Goodman, Phil Greenfield, Dave Lippey, Don Lee, Jimmy Port and Seelig Smith.

President Hal demonstrated that he is very capable of conducting the LARRC board meeting and proceeded to maintain decorum. Comments, complaints and suggestions ran the gamut. Some rejected, some accepted. Having orally purged themselves everyone seemed to feel better. It is suspected that some of those disenfranchised for non-payment of dues will return to the fold.

The new year promises to be one of fishing fun and frolic, good fellowship and good sportsmanship even as the founding fathers intended. Pres Hal seems to have a steady hand on the throttle.

Additions to the Chum-Line staff were appointed with the hope of reestablishing a regular monthly paper. Club fishing charters will be resumed under the leadership of charter captain, Phil Greenfield, aboard the Charisma. Accolades were given to Dave Lippey for his perennial efforts in behalf of the Foundation and the Club: particularly for his selfless devotion to the detail work involved in the publication, printing and mailing of the Chum-Line these many years. Appointed to the C-L committee to help editor, Hank Levy, were Otto Painter and Hal Price. Others will help for it is said, "A committee is an arrangement whereby one shares the blame with others."

NEVER POUR BLACK COFFE TINTO AN INTOXICATED FISHERMAN. YOU WILL WIND UP WITH A WIDE-AWAKE DRUNK ON YOUR HANDS.

REFUGEES FROM A PSYCHIATRIST OR
"THE INDOMITABLE FISHERMEN"

By Otto Painter

Seventeen brave crazies boarded the Hustler on the night of Feb. 27th in the face of a 100% rain forecast. Mother Nature did not let us down: it rained 100% of the time. The icing on the cake? The churning of the waters was real good. We headed for San Clemente after stopping for live squid at Catalina. It continued to rain until everyone was soaked to the skin. It was so rough that skipper, George, lost an anchor. We all felt like the fish under the water but we did manage to catch a few. The roster of "nuts" was: Seelig Smith, Dave Burford, Bob Axel, Gus Rich, Russ Nance, Dan Bartfield, Paul Polamero, Al Cadish, Al Binder, Harry Ditlove, Ben Varon, Joe Wtzinger, Bob Thompson, Irv Harris, Sid Schway, Bob Brody and Otto Painter.

THAT'S INCREDIBLE

More by Otto Painter

The motely Wednesday group led by Ted headed for Clemente a few weeks ago. A good load of squid was picked up at Catalina. With the Hustler at anchor I started to fish at 2 AM; fished at the bottom with my PT-70 and favorite bass reel. I reached for a smoke but found I was out so I left the outfit at the rail with the bail open. Over at my tackle box I heard a commotion and turned around in time to see my rod and reel going overboard. You all know how I felt.

We dragged the bottom with large treble hooks to no avail. I asked George to take a reading of our position. That night I called Roger Hess and asked him to look for my outfit when he took out his next skin-diving group.

Two weeks later I was again aboard the Hustler when George got a call on the radio from Roger. He had found my rod and reel in 120 feet of water. His deck hand got the reward and Roger got my thanks. Now, that's incredible.



CHUM-LINE

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Chum-Line Crew

Henry Levy Editor
Otto Painter Co-Editor
Hal Price Co-Editor

1981 OFFICERS

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Seelig Smith Vice-President
Joe Decker Secretary
Ben Jacobs Treasurer
Ted Komors Historian

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Bod Brody Ben Jacobs
Joe Decker Dave Lippey
Herman Epstein Don Lee
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Herman Epstein Bill Pearlman
Henry Levy Gus Rich
Maurice Levy Sam Stone

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Ted Komors Historian & Awards
Irv Harris By-Laws & Legal
Bill Pearlman Tournaments
Seelig Smith Special Events
Marty Dimand Raffles
Henry Levy Chum-Line
Herman Epstein Boys Fishing Trips
Ben Jacobs Budget and Finance
Don Lee Membership
Si Rimland Goodwill & Cheer
Shelley Balzac Elections
Don Lee Junior Activities
Dave Lippey Conservation
Phil Greenfield Club Charters

PAST PRESIDENTS

1950 Myron Glauber* 1966 William Pearlman
1951 Maurice Levy, Jr. 1967 Benjamin Susman
1952 Robert Thompson 1968 Gus Rich
1953 Ben Constanten 1969 Julian Wolf
1954 Norman Elowitz 1970 Earl Warren
1955 David Rosenthal* 1971 Henry Levy
1956 Maxwell Fenmore 1972 Marvin Scheinbaum
1957 Horace Denner* 1973 Harold Price
1958 Irving Harris 1974 Meredith Hammock
1959 S.C. Rorman 1975 Martin Dimand
1960 Leo Pearlston 1976 William Naythons
1961 Ben Varon 1977 Norman Port
1962 Mitchell Lipsett 1978 Herme Sears
1964 Sam Stone 1979 Sheldon Balzac
1965 Fred Polesky 1980 Roger Bentley

PRICE INVENTIVE. BASS LURE EFFECTIVE.
VARON ADDS LONG EXPERTISE. IT WORKS.

Ever trying to find the unusual lure that will make the bass jump on his hook, Harold Price, aided and abetted by Ben Varon, used a lead sinker with a triple hook attached with a ring. Over this was placed a condom as camouflage. Believe it or not, it caught a lunker bass at the last stop of the New Hustler II at Catalina on March 4. Smitty took the lead in lost lead-heads, seven casts in a row. Later he boated some very nice fish. Hammock got three lunkers but he wouldn't say how. Bob Brody competed but in the end their bags held mostly sculpin. Bill Stein tried to smoke out Jack Baker (impossible). Bill claimed he was on a diet. Bill Naythons used his own tackle box and was thoroughly relaxed. Hank Schwartz, the "other" Wednesday charter master, was able to observe the 360 degree stern rotation practiced by this group and may adopt it for his gang. Ben Susman observed that most of the fish were caught from the sides, anyway.

WIFE OF LARRC'er IS CHARTER MASTER.
BEA WEINGART RUNS WED. AZTEC CHARTER.

For many years aboard the Izor boats the Wednesday charter comprised the Weingarts. Zindel and many other LARRCs Many left over the years by attrition. Today Bea runs a very tight ship and has a waiting list enough to fill three pages. She usually outfishes them all and can tell them off in five different languages., should the occasion arise. And it usually does.

Los Angeles Rod & Reel Club

11340 WEST OLYMPIC BOULEVARD
SUITE 222
WEST LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA 90064

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