

Chum Line



Good Sportsmanship is Worth More Than all the Fish in the Ocean JANUARY 2021



LARRC-ZOOM DINNER SPEAKER JEFF GOODWIN - NORTHERN CALIFORNIA'S #1 FISHING GUIDE



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Our professional fishing charter business is one of the most booked fishing guide services in Northern California. The reason is simple. "We truly love what we do."

JANUARY 25, 2021 -7:00PM

Jeff Goodwin's Guide Service offers year-round guided fishing trips on several Northern California lakes and several rivers. We can accommodate any size group with our team of professional fishing guides, or just your private party of two! With a well earned reputation for being a top-rated fishing charter businesses in northern California, your decision to fish with us should be without hesitation.

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ZOOM Meeting opens at 6:30
Dinner Meeting starts promptly at 7:00PM
Log in info to follow later this week

A Message from the President

By Ted Feit

NOT ALL THOSE WHO WANDER ARE LOST

The source of this title is the second verse of Psalm 102. This famous saying comes to mind when considering the amazing adventures of James Prosek, a contemporary writer, painter, and fisherman. Born in 1975, Prosek grew up in a largely rural corner of northeastern Connecticut. As a nine-year-old, he began to rely on his love of fishing, drawing, and exploring to make sense of the world. His children's book, *The Day My Mother Left*, is based on his own experience of using the marriage of art, nature, and fishing to navigate his parents' divorce and the sudden departure of his mother. "My mother was a great mother," he said in an interview in 2007. "And so, it was very jolting ... when she left. But when I went into the woods it was the time that I felt like something was mine."

As a teenager, he began to treasure finding hidden places that harbored wild brook trout and memorializing his experiences with watercolors. He went with his friend on a road trip to Maine to catch the rarest trout in America – the blueback or Sunapee trout, found in a few lakes in Maine and northern New Hampshire and two lakes in Idaho. (This curious distribution resulted from an egg trade between the Idaho and Maine Fish and Game Departments.) The blueback trout is a landlocked arctic char. During the Ice Age, arctic char spawned in the rivers of New England. With the regression of the Ice Age some of them became landlocked in cold clear lakes. After the introduction of lake trout into these lakes, they largely became extinct. Catching these trout and painting them was as important to this teenager as the first kisses from his freckled girlfriend Whitney.

Having an artist's perception, color mattered more than size. Prosek developed an ardent passion to paint the diverse colors of all the wild trout found in the world. Twenty years old and a junior at Yale, he published his first book *Trout: An Illustrated History*. This book contained over 70 original watercolors of the rare, exotic, and sometimes extinct trout of North America, including Apache, Gila, Mexican, rainbow, redband, golden, cutthroat, and brown trout. Each vivid watercolor was accompanied by engaging, informative descriptions of their evolution and habitats. The book was an immediate success, with his college roommates acting as sales agents. A *New York Times* book review stated Prosek should be considered "a fair bid to become the Audubon of the fishing world."



James Prosek

The success of his first book enabled Prosek to find funding for a singularly novel fishing expedition: he would go fishing around the world along the N 41st degree line of latitude starting from his home at 41 Kachele St, Easton, Connecticut, located at latitude N 41st degree. Prosek lays out the rationale for this adventure at the beginning of his book *Fly-Fishing the 41st: From Connecticut to Mongolia to Home Again: A Fisherman's Odyssey*. "It was a journey not only away from home, but toward it; which is the beauty of travelling in a circle, and the irony of adventure. This suited me, for in the event that I strayed – as I would likely take some latitude with the latitude – as long as I could find my way back to the 41st parallel I would not get lost."

The first stop was Spain, where he caught a rainbow on a dry fly in the upper reaches of the Rio Frio in the (original) Sierra Nevada Mountains outside of Granada. He was disappointed that it was not a native fish, as his passionate quest was to document and paint the native trout of Europe and Asia. The next stop was Paris, where he would spend the winter. Whether he would spend the winter alone or with friends depended on his success in cultivating relationships with two people, an extraordinary fisherman named

NOT ALL... CON'T

Pierre Affre, who he had heard of but not met, and Yannid, a Franco-American medical student in Rouen, who he met on the bus going to New York City from Connecticut.



GOLDEN *Volcano Creek, Calif.*

Prosek's charm and easy-going nature wins the day. By the time the winter is over, Yannid tours Rouen with him, visits the art museums of Paris with him, goes skiing with him in the French Alps, shows the spring time beauty of her native Normandy to him, and learns how to fish. From her apartment, Yannid points out the beauty of the nearby Rouen cathedral, "the cathedral Monet painted in all its changing moods as storm and sunlight swept through town." "I can be one of the little fishes you admire so much," Yannid says as she puts her arms around him. "I would like to show you my cathedral, the trout stream," Prosek counters. This is a great line – but use with caution outside your home.

Pierre Affre is a retired French veterinarian who through his skill, intuition, dedication, and outright weirdness has achieved a nearly mythical status in European fishing circles. While fishing in Iceland in his twenties for Atlantic salmon during the summer, he would take speed pills so he could fish around the clock, without sleeping or eating, for five days. The fisherman and author Nick Lyons sent a letter of introduction and a copy of Prosek's book to Affre before Nick arrived in Paris. Affre is anxious to meet him and offers to let him stay in his office in Paris at their first encounter on the phone. Prosek envisions a dark place in downtown Paris surrounded by books and file cabinets with the river nearby and the rain falling. "Can we fish the Seine?" Prosek asks. "It's a bit high now, but of course we will fish the Seine" is the response.

During the past forty years the pollution has stopped and the Seine – like the Hudson River - has become much cleaner. There are now 37 species of fish living in the Seine in Paris. Big pike and zander, the European counterpart to the walleye, even the occasional sea trout (a sea run brown trout) are caught in downtown Paris. After disappearing

for nearly a century, Atlantic salmon have returned to the Seine despite the absence of any programs to reintroduce them. In 2009, more than 1000 salmon were observed swimming through Paris on their way to spawn. Subsequent DNA studies demonstrated that these fish were not native to the Seine but were opportunists coming from other rivers and streams. Affre explained that the abundant rain created unusual fishing off the Ile Saint-Louis. Seeking respite from the current, bream gather in schools in the calmer waters directly downstream from the end of the island and silure came to chomp on them. Silure are a European version of the flathead catfish, can grow to excess of two hundred pounds, and are the second largest freshwater fish in Europe after the sturgeon.

When Prosek first came to Paris, Affre was busy organizing the big French fly-fishing exposition, Le Salon de la Peche a la Mouche. So, he introduced Prosek to a band of avid urban fisherman, who take him on numerous soggy trips to fish the Seine with worms and lures. They catch a few breams and some eels in the drizzle, up to four pounds, but not the notorious silure. On his last day in Paris, Prosek lobs a jig into the pool at the end of Ile Saint-Louis after waking up from a nap induced by boredom. He lets the lure sink to the bottom and reels it back slowly. The line stops and then begins to move and throb. A small crowd gathers around him to watch. He fights the fish carefully, trying not to put too much pressure on the line. A man sitting on the cement bench takes off his shoes, rolls up his pants, and wades into the water, staring into the opaque yellow depths off the lip of the island. Without the assistance of this man, the fish is too big to land. "It's the biggest fish I ever caught," Prosek says to Pierre. The estimated weight of the fish was 55 pounds. A picture of Prosek holding the fish accompanied by a short article appears subsequently in Le Parisien, Le Figaro, and Nice Matin. The last sentence of the article reveals that the "gros pecheur" was caught by a "touriste americain."



MARBLE *Southern Europe*

NOT ALL... CON'T

Having made numerous forays into the French countryside fishing for native trout that occupy him through May, Prosek hooks up with an individual who is as loopy and passionate about native trout as he is: Johannes Schoffmann. The eminent fish biologist Dr. Robert Behnke at Colorado State University recommended him as the only person he knew who travelled widely to collect trout specimens in the mountainous areas of Turkey, Morocco, Iran, and Algeria. He sends specimens to several scientists at universities in Europe, Asia, and America and does his own original research as well. A true amateur, Schoffmann is a baker who lives in the small town of Sankt Veit an der Glen, Austria for nine months with an actual wife and family. He goes on his expeditions for three months each year.

Prosek and Schoffmann became a dynamic duo in search of exotic trout. Neither speaks the other's native language but they communicate in halting Spanish. Schoffmann does not fish; he dons a wet suit, mask, snorkel, and weight belt; he then jumps into the stream and catches trout with a hand-held net. He places the trout in a large plastic bag to keep them alive. Prosek contributes trout through fly fishing mostly with drab brown nymphs. Prosek takes pictures of the live specimens so he can capture their living colors in his paintings. Together they visit Turkey, Slovenia, Greece, Armenia, Croatia, Sardinia, Corsica, Kyrgyzstan, and Mongolia. In Kyrgyzstan the local Mafia controls the hotels, drivers, and guides, requiring them to rely on their skills in bargaining and bribery. It is a wonder that they do not end up languishing in some forsaken jail surrounded by men who need liver transplants!



MIYABE IWANA Lake Shikaribetsu, Hokkaido, Japan

Trout of the World, published in 2003, is a collection of 100 watercolors of native trout from Europe, Asia, and North Africa. This book was updated and expanded in 2013 with the addition of 30 more paintings. Prosek has brought attention to the existence and plight of native trout, leading to conservation efforts. In 2004 Prosek co-founded a conser-

vation initiative with Patagonia founder Yvon Chouinard called "World Trout" which raises money for cold-water habitat conservation. Some of Prosek's other books include *Joe and Me: An Education in Fishing and Friendship*, *Ocean Fishes, Eels, An Exploration From New Zealand to the Sargosso*, *of the World's Most Mysterious Fish*, *Good Day's Fishing*, and *Early Love and Brook Trout*. He has been artist in residence in numerous institutions, including the Yale University Art Gallery.



GEGHARKUNI Sevan Lake, Armenia

Despite these achievements and travel adventures, Prosek continues to live in Easton, Connecticut, three doors from the house in which he grew up. He remodeled the elementary school he attended into an art studio. He still fly fishes in the local pond he used to row across trolling as a child. He has indeed savored the beauty of travelling in a circle and never getting lost.



Prosek at work in his studio.

WINDFALL FOR THE FOUNDATION

Thanks to the Tsurusato family for their generous donation of fishing tackle to Los Angeles Rod and Reel Club Foundation. With the assistance of Joe Mahfet, Andy MacDonald, Scott Schiffman, Arthur Schiffman, Fred Blasetti, John Goss, Mike Godfrey, Joel Steinman, Mike Patton, Ron Glider and Lynn Freed – for transportation, sorting, re-arranging, and selling most of the tackle.

This undertaking involved three round trips to Gardena, and six vehicles to move over 147 boxes to our storage facility in Van Nuys. The tackle was in a garage and inside the house. This was a lot of work, but the guys were able to get it done. Thanks to the help of the above LARRC members, we were able to generate over \$14,000.



ENVIRONMENTAL MATTERS

OCEAN SCIENCES

04 JANUARY 2021

Dredging up fish dinners does lasting damage to the sea floor

Bottom trawling not only erodes the sea bed, but also reduces its carbon-storage capacity

A common fishing method called bottom trawling causes potentially irreversible erosion of the sea floor and could reduce the ocean's ability to bury carbon.

Commercial fishing fleets worldwide practice bottom trawling, in which heavy gear and massive nets are dragged along the sea floor to maximize catch. To study the method's impact, Sarah Paradis at the Autonomous University of Barcelona, Spain, and her colleagues analyzed sediments taken from a trawling ground in the northwestern Mediterranean Sea during trawling season, when intensive trawling was occurring, and during seasonal closures. The authors compared the samples with sediment from untrawled sea floor nearby.

They found that the continuous contact of bottom-trawling gear with the sea floor caused erosion and changes in sediment composition. After a two-month closure, the disturbed sea floor had barely recovered, and the disrupted sediment was severely depleted in organic carbon. It could take decades for enough sediment to accumulate to slightly reverse the erosion.

On a global scale, commercial bottom trawling threatens to impede the ocean's capacity to safely store carbon on the sea floor, the authors conclude.

Geophys. Res. Lett. (2020)

Tuna Species of the U.S. West Coast: A Photographic Identification Guide

NOAA published this informational guide in 2019 and can be found by clicking the link below:

<https://repository.library.noaa.gov/view/noaa/23154>

MEMBERSHIP NEWS

Welcome to Ed Liberman and Theresa Labriola to the Club.

Looking forward to seeing your faces on Zoom and hopefully share the rail with you both soon.

Health and Happiness

Linda Simon is our contact for "Health and Happiness"

Please contact Linda either by phone (818-980-7470) or email

simonmurphy08@sbcglobal.net

for any information about our club members/family - i.e., happy or sad news; health issues; graduation or congratulations, etc.

CALIFORNIA DEPARTMENT OF FISH & WILDLIFE

By Theresa Labriola

Wild Oceans, Pacific Program Director

As we begin 2021, I am reminded of the saying, “Success is not final, failure is not fatal; it is the courage to continue that counts.” We often come face to face with this truth in our work to protect our oceans so that our children and our children’s children can enjoy the same fishing opportunities as we have.

For decades, recreational fishing clubs and environmental organizations worked together to remove commercial drift gillnets from California waters. In 2018, California enacted state regulations to phase out this indiscriminate gear and in 2020, we came together to pass federal legislation that would end the use of this destructive gear in all U.S. waters once and for all. Our success

was short-lived. On January 1, the President vetoed the legislation. It seems success always demands a greater effort.

Stories like this have cluttered the road towards marine fish conservation. But, we know failure is never fatal. In response to the Presidential veto, Senator Feinstein issued a press release (<https://www.feinstein.senate.gov/public/index.cfm/press-releases?ID=DB270795-6097-4D55-90A6-97C68CCF867B>) and vowed to reintroduce the legislation to end the use of commercial drift gillnets on the first day of the new Congress. She’s giving us another opportunity to show we have the courage to protect our oceans from out-moded fishing gear and ensure the future of fishing.

CDFW Approves Restoration Project for Ballona Wetlands Ecological Reserve

December 30, 2020 by kenpaglia, posted in Ecosystem Restoration, Habitat Conservation, Public Lands, wildlife protection

The California Department of Fish and Wildlife (CDFW) has certified the final Environmental Impact Report (EIR) for a project to restore the largest coastal wetlands complex in Los Angeles County and increase public access to outdoor recreation and natural spaces in one of the most densely populated areas in the world.

The Ballona Wetlands Ecological Reserve (BWER) project will enhance and establish native coastal wetlands and upland habitat on 566 of the reserve’s 577 acres south of Marina del Rey and east of Playa del Rey. It will restore ecological function to currently degraded wetlands, preserving sensitive habitat for future generations and build climate resilience on a coast vulnerable to sea level rise.

The project also advances the Newsom Administration’s Executive Order of October 7, 2020, focused on harnessing California’s vast network of natural and working lands to fight climate change and protect biodiversity. See a summary of the approved project. A more detailed project description is found in the final EIR.

CDFW is advancing the most restorative alternative in the final EIR – with a significant commitment to phasing the restoration work. This alternative offers the most restoration, which is important because of the huge degradation at BWER from a history of human impacts. The most restorative alternative also provides more climate resiliency buffer, because without this restoration sea level rise will overcome the remaining portions of BWER that have function-

ing wetlands and flood local roads more frequently, more severely and much sooner.

CDFW, in partnership with the State Coastal Conservancy and The Bay Foundation, has spent years working with the public and envisioning a plan for the revitalization of BWER, which once encompassed an approximately 2,000-acre expanse of marshes, mud flats, salt pans and sand dunes that stretched from Playa del Rey to Venice and inland to the Baldwin Hills. Today, the reserve’s 577 acres are all that remains of the former wetlands. The state acquired the reserve in 2003 with the use of \$149 million in Proposition 50 funds.

The ecosystem at BWER is considered one of the last remaining opportunities for major coastal habitat restoration in Los Angeles County. Ecological components of the project include enhancing and restoring 200 acres of coastal wetlands, relocating existing levees to reconnect Ballona Creek to its historic floodplain, improving tidal circulation into the reserve, and restoring estuarine aquatic and upland habitats.

In addition to combating climate change and protecting biodiversity, the project will help achieve equity and access to natural spaces for all Angelenos, consistent with another Newsom Administration priority. It is estimated that well over 90 percent of wetlands in the region have been lost to development and human alteration. Once restored, BWER will be one of the largest natural open

CFDW con't

spaces available to the public in the City of Los Angeles, second only to Griffith Park. The project will now proceed toward final design. CDFW will work with the Los Angeles County Flood Control District in securing a permit from the U.S. Army Corps of Engineers and completing a federal environmental review document, a process expected to take approximately two and a half years. In addition, approvals from the Coastal Commission, Regional Water Quality Control Board and possibly other agencies are required, and the timing of those approvals depends on the permitting agency's process. As CDFW continues through the next steps of these processes, CDFW's vision for BWER will remain the same – a restored, healthy wetlands that provides greater sea level rise buffer and climate resiliency, with equity and access to natural open spaces for all Angelenos.

The Foundation Acknowledges this
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*In Memory of Dean Hunter, our son-in-law
Curtis Hunter's father
Tammy & Joel Steinman*



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Notice: The Ralphs LARRC Barcode needs to be swiped only once to link your Rewards Card to LARRC. Future shopping trips will help raise money for LARRC when you use your Ralphs Reward Card at check-out.

CALENDAR

Dinner Meeting
January 25, 2021

Held via Zoom

◆

SAVE THE DATE FOR 2021

ON HOLD

ANNUAL AWARDS BANQUET

The following pages were written by club member Dan Felger, as part of a book he was writing. He gave it to me to read, and comment. I was asked to not share this with anyone in the club at the time, and it has been in my possession since.

As Dan is no longer with us for several years now, and his experiences in the beginning of what has turned into long range fishing is likely of interest to the members, I have decided to share it with the club.

Enjoy!

Scott R. Schiffman

WILLIE AND ME

By Dan Felger

On October 21, 2009, Captain William E: Poole lost his valiant fight with lung cancer. For nearly 7 decades Bill Poole was the icon of Southern California Sportfishing and his vision has set the standard for long range fishing that many of us enjoy today. Much has been written previously by others about the life and times of Bill Poole. This is only a single chapter of the remarkable history of this man, and is dedicated to his life partner, confidant, and wife of 45 years; the incredible Ingrid. The circa is the mid-fifties. Since I have never maintained a diary, I am writing strictly from memory, and certainly apologize if there are some inaccuracies. In order for you to understand the special relationship Bill and I enjoyed, you will need to know a little bit about how our lives intertwined. From the very first time I met Bill, he has always been, and will always be, one of the men that I most admire. There was a transition from my hero, to my mentor, and ultimately to my dear friend. Bill had the unique quality to make everyone feel special. I certainly did.

WILLIE AND ME con't

Bill Poole was the son of a fisherman and grew up in a family with modest means. By contrast my father was a successful surgeon, and my mother had a silver spoon in her mouth all her life. In the 30s and 40s it was very common for sons to follow in their father's footsteps. However, Bill never wanted to be a career fisherman, and I coveted being a fisherman, and not a doctor. There was another huge difference between us. Bill had to work at an early age, and I didn't. My parents had the financial means to send me to college. This was a contrary to my father, whose parents emigrated from Russia, and worked 60+ hours a week in a sweat shop to send their only son to school to become a doctor. My father received his medical license in 1915 and joined the regular Army. He served in the Mexican campaign and then in France during WW I. Later he became the hotel physician at the Ambassador Hotel in Los Angeles. My mother was also the daughter of emigrants. Her family was from Germany and settled in Butte, Montana. They were wealthy merchants and during the copper boom bought a lot of real estate in downtown Butte. Shortly after the marriage in 1928, my mother convinced my father that he needed to go where the money was -Beverly Hills. He had a very successful practice, and until the advent of insurance, as we know it today, medicine was practiced differently. Fees were based on the ability to pay. For instance, Jack Benny was charged \$10,000 for the same operation that a patient from East Los Angeles would compensate him with a jar of homemade pickles.

My fishing career began at the age of 6, when my uncle Abe took me fishing on the Santa Monica Pier. Using a cane pole we would catch tomcod, mackerel, perch, and an occasional halibut. During the 30's at every opportunity I

would ride the red car to the Santa Monica Pier, and if I got real lucky would get to fish the barge or half-day boat. In the summers of 1946 & 47 I worked deck on the all day boat, Co-Bi-Do, operating from the Malibu Pier, and earned a whopping \$4.00 per day+ another few bucks in tips. In high school I was voted the least likely to succeed, and graduated with barely passing grades. In order to get into UCLA I had to spend a semester in extension. In the summer.s of 1948 & 49 I worked on the Spitfire operating from Pierpoint Landing Long Beach. In those days it was not uncommon to bring a fish box aboard, and sell your catch. Barracuda sold for a buck and calico bass (no matter what size) sold 2 for a quarter. Some days I made as much as \$50. I pooled my resources with a friend and we made an offer of \$1,750 on an albacore jig boat. Thank God the seller didn't accept. My grades at UCLA were horrible, and when the Korean War broke out in 1950, I was a prime candidate for the draft. I didn't like the prospect of being a foot soldier, so I joined the Navy. Discharged in 1952 and went back to UCLA. Quit for a year in 1953, back again in 1954, and finally received a B.S. in 1956. For the better part of my early life I was a "Fishing Bum".

As you can see I had no direction, but living at home I didn't have big expenses, and the G.I. Bill provided me with a nice income. I began fishing in San Diego in 1950. That was the year the Los Angeles Rod & Reel Club was formed, and I joined in March. FYI: At the time that this chapter of Bill Pool's life was written, I am 1 of only 2 living Charter Members, and the Charter Member was 102. In the early 50s the boats we fished included the Sportfisher IV, Sea Boots, Mascot III, Olde Ironsides, Lo-Ann, and Betty Lou. In

WILLIE AND ME con't

1952 there was a new sheriff in town by the name of Bill Poole. Previously Bill owned and operated the Milida, AKA the 'Leaking Lena", but in 1952 he bought the Polaris from Willard North. My first trip on the Polaris was in the spring of 1953.

There is an old saying about first impressions, and my first impression of Bill Poole has never wavered. He was cocky, but not a braggart; his warm personality was infectious; and, of course, he had the good looks that was the envy of all men. I learned early on that Bill loved to talk, but he was never boring. The Polaris was clean, and didn't stink of dead fish and diesel. Bill came aboard with a clean shirt and pants, and was clean shaven (except for his legendary mustache). The regulars were addressed by name and he introduced himself and crew to the new players. Unlike many of the other boats, Bill ran a totally honest operation. The jackpot wasn't rigged; there was no favoritism; when it was time to rotate this meant everyone, no fish boxes were allowed, the galley served only fresh food, and unruly people were requested to fish other boats. In the 50's all boats left the dock at 3:00 AM, and were usually back by 3:00 PM. After loading up with bait, arrival at the Coronado islands was about 5:00AM. Many other operators had to have their coffee and gossip on the radio before first light. Not Bill. He was on deck as soon as soon as the anchor was dropped, and if someone didn't have the correct gear, Bill lent them one of his; if they were not skilled at fishing he was there to help them. The Polaris had a following of regulars that was the envy of the fleet, and after my first time on the Polaris, it was easy to see why. Bill was a "people person".

I would usually drive down in the late afternoon and stay at the flop house across the street from the landing until it was time to board. The maximum load

for the 63' Polaris was 40 passengers and 30 was considered a light load. The Polaris consistently carried 20-30% more than the other boats. Fishing with Bill in the 50s was possible the best times of my life. Every day on the Polaris was an adventure. On one trip a passenger was quibbling about the price of pancakes. Bill figured he couldn't afford breakfast so he told him "it is on the house". I sat in the corner of the galley laughing, because I knew the person involved. He was one of the largest stockholders in Sears and Roebuck. After I told Bill we both had a laugh, but Bill never said a word to the passenger.

Bill **NEVER** discussed finances or money, but always gave the impression that he was doing fine financially. On many occasions I would stay overnight and fish a second day, and it was common to have dinner with Bill, and possibly a few others. We would go to a nice restaurant, and Bill **ALWAYS** picked up the tab. Bill's transportation of choice was a Cadillac. When asked how he could afford, Bill's response was, "After you make the initial purchase a Caddy was less expensive than other cars, because the resale was much better. Also, I like nice wheels". I never saw a sour or depressed Bill Poole. There were occasions when he wasn't 100% (sore throat, flu, etc.), but he ran the boat, and never complained.

From 1953 until I got married in 1958, I fished the Polaris about 1-3 days per week. In those days fish counts were of prime importance. The fish counts were posted at the landings after 3:00 PM, and there was also a recording that you could call to get the daily scores. The recorded message was sponsored by Clyde Goto, who owned a tackle store just east of downtown L.A. Bill was very fussy about accurate counts. On numerous occasions he would have his crew count the fish twice. Other boats fudged their counts by at least 20%. One of Bill's

WILLIE AND ME con't

nemeses was Chuck Chamberlain, owner/operator of the Olde Ironsides. We all knew how jealous he was of Bill, and Chuck couldn't stand to be consistently out fished. One time the Olde Ironsides was fishing next to us, and it was a no-brainer to see how poorly he was doing. However, when we got back to the dock, the Olde Ironsides count was higher than the Polaris. An irate Captain Poole went aboard the Olde Ironsides, and counted the fish himself, and his count was about half of what was reported by Chamberlain. A confrontation took place, and witone punch Bill knocked Chuck into the water. Only time I saw Bill lose his temper.

As mentioned above, fish counts were the driving force in the 50s. I wouldn't think about the drive to San Diego unless there were 1,000 fish on the dock. One day the count was over 6,000. I had a short wave receiver in my car, and could listen to the skippers chatter on the radio. If the fishing was good, Dan was on his way. In those days I had a Ford convertible, and drove to San Diego with the top down, and my one rod sticking out. Little did I know about skin cancer, and I am sure paying the tab now. Also, 1 rod was sufficient, a few leaders, a few jigs, and a pair of dykes. This is a big change from today with multiple outfits, and gigantic tackle boxes.

In the 50s and into the early 60s, yellowtail was king at San Diego. The season began around mid-March and was over in the fall. However, no matter how good fishing was the passenger counts dropped off during albacore season. In those days, albacore were abundant in the Catalina Channel & 14 mile bank- within easy reach of L.A./Long Beach and Newport boats. Few of the boats had bunks, but it didn't matter the fish were only an hour or 2 away. Also, there were canning operations available and the cost to have your fish canned was \$.20 per pound or an exchange of 1 to 1. Several

of the San Diego boats re-located to L.A. Harbor during albacore season. Bill tried it for a year or 2, but soon got fed up with the treatment handed out. The S.D. boats got only overflow passengers (unless a customer specifically asked for a certain boat), the local skippers were reluctant to share fishing information, and the "outsiders" were the last to bait, etc. Later when the albacore fishing became a San Diego event, it was pay-back time.

Bill and Gaye (Bill's first wife) came to L.A., and spent the night at my parents' house. The Bill Poole charm hooked my mother, and would you believe when she was well past 100 she still asked about the handsome fisherman. Mother passed away in 2009 just 3 months shy of her 105th.

In the 50s all boats left the dock at the same time, so whoever arrived at the fishing grounds first usually commanded the alpha spot. However, if the early arrivals miscalculated the current, wind etc. and had tore-anchor, they were screwed. Bill was a master at positioning the Polaris. If he was a late arrival, and someone messed up anchoring, Bill jumped in. The light green Polaris was affectionately referred to as the "Green Goober" and Bill was often referred to by his friends as "Willie". His detractors called him "Weeping Willie", but never to his face.

The Yellowtail Derby was the big thing in the 50s. There were weekly prizes, and the 400 people with the largest yellowtail qualified for "Derby Day". 1st place on Derby Day meant a new car, and the other prizes were also very impressive. Passengers didn't get to pick their boat, and the boats drew for positions. I was fortunate to fish on several Derby Days, and once on the "Green Goober". On that occasion Bill drew a lousy spot. However, after everyone had their anchor down, you could move. One jerk made a

WILLIE AND ME con't

mistake, and Willie got his anchor up in record time and slid into the alpha hole. We ended up with 4 of the top 5 largest fish. Yours truly got a new rod & reel for 4th place.

Bill was the original innovator. He recognized early on that it was not healthy to work 7 days a week, so he took off 1-2 days per week. However, if Bill was in town, he always came to the landing when the boat came in and greeted the passengers. Some things never change. Bill's mother and father were semi-retired, but in order to stay active it was common to find Herb working deck, and Bill's mother in the galley. On the drive to and from the fishing grounds I kept Bill company on the bridge, and never got tired of his stories. However, on one occasion I made a huge "foot in the mouth" error. I really didn't know how old he was, but with all stories that he told about his life experiences I guessed Bill to be about 40. Man did he clean my clock- Bill was only 31 in 1953 (8 years older than me. Bill's gift of gab was second to none. He would have made a good U.S. Senator or Governor. He could take any side of an argument and convince the other person that he was 100% correct. The Polaris was the only boat that I remember having a diesel stove, and there was a good reason. Bill was badly burned several years previous, and was absolutely paranoid about a fire at sea.

In the summer of 1953 Bill and I talked about Guadalupe. I was there the year previous on "the trip from hell". The LARRC chartered a 110' converted WW1 sub chaser to a poor excuse for a fishing boat. With a 19' beam the boat was a real rocker. Left from Long Beach and it took us a day and half to find the Island. The bait died, the food was awful, the fish hold was a joke, the crew was inexperienced, and on the way back we hit nasty weather and I thought the boat was going to go down. It took almost 40 hours to get back. Bill was excited about run-

ning a trip, and told me if I could get 12 others at \$200 each, I would ride free. So, I became the first charter master for the LARRC on a Poole 'long range" trip.

Trouble began almost immediately, when the Coast Guard told Bill **-NO!** They were not going to sanction the trip. We know W.E. Poole is not one to quit. So, time for Plan "B". I chartered the Polaris under the guidelines of what is known as a "Bare Boat Charter". This means that I chartered the boat sans crew, and technically paid for everything else, including hiring the crew, provisioning the vessel, etc, and the passengers were my guests- ie, money didn't change hands. Departure time from Point Lorna was set at 10:00 AM, for the simple reason that arrival at Guadalupe would be between 8:00- 10:00 AM, and should we miss the Island we had all day to try to find it. How do you miss an island as big as Guadalupe? Ask some of the other operators. The Sportfisher IV from H & M Landing left the day before we did, because their cruising speed of 7 Yz knots made for a 30 hour journey. It is still a mystery how they were able to get Coast Guard approval, and Bill couldn't. However, the Sportfisher IV had run trips to Guadalupe in prior years, and this was Bill's first. Bill did have the last laugh, because when we arrived at Guadalupe the next morning the Sportfisher IV was lost, and had to hone in on the Polaris' Directional Finder to get to the Island. And, to add further insult, their bait had died.

Our bait consisted of 100% anchovies that Bill had secreted in a locked bait receiver and fed for 3 weeks. It was strong and healthy. Every 2-3 hours a crew member checked the bait and bait tank. The crew consisted of Hank Rogers (Bill's second), Irv Rowland (skipper of the Milida - Bill's other boat), Andy Fischel (owner/operator of the Smokey Stover, and a young kid about 14. Andy was also our cook, and the food was su-

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perb. The menu consisted of steaks, turkey, ham, and fresh fish & lobster. The transfer of food and fish was tricky. Dead fish went into the same ice hold that food came out of. About twice a day fish went in and once a day food came out. The fish had to be carefully stacked and great care had to be taken that the fish and food didn't mix. The hold was only open twice a day, because great care had to be taken not to lose the ice. The Polaris' fuel tanks were not large enough to carry enough fuel for the trip, so extra 54 gallon drums were lashed on deck.

Although Bill had great confidence in his crew, there was one task that he would not delegate; and that was driving the boat from Pont Lorna to Guadalupe Island. Navigation was very primitive, and consisted of a compass, watch, a 2 band radio, and a direction finder that was only a loop (your target could just as likely to be behind you as in front of you). Further the DF was only useful if there was another boat within radio range with their radio on. In the 5 trips that I took with Bill he never failed to arrive at the north end of the Island on time. Captain Poole would drive all night with his Navy pea coat wrapped tightly around him and a watch cap pulled over his ears. If there was any weather Bill took the spray in the face. I would come up to the bridge and we would chat for hours. The translation of chatting meant that I would listen to Bill's stories. This man was amazing. He remembered every detail that he experienced from the time in the womb. His mind was awesome, and stories were rarely repeated. Today's skippers are spoiled. All boats have enclosed temperature controlled bridges, the latest fish finding equipment, and state of the art navigation. Where is the challenge?

Day one of the first trip was a day that I will always remember. Without a depth finder or sophisticated fish find-

ing equipment Bill had to guess where to fish and/or drop anchor. Great care was taken to avoid any semblance of a boiler rock or other hazards. Our 1st stop on day #1 was at the north end. In about an hour there were 9 black sea bass over 200# on deck + many more lost. "Lines up, we are out of here" came the shout from Bill. After all we had no place to put any more. 2nd stop was just inside. Stayed there for about 2 hours and had over 200 "firecracker" yellowtail. In those days firecrackers were 15-18#; today they are 8-10# fish. Then we moved up to the south end while the crew stashed the fish. We fished in areas known as Boxing Glove and Battleship. Stayed there until late afternoon, and caught larger yellowtail mixed in with bluefin tuna. The yellows averaged 25#, and the tuna up to 50#.

That night, and every night, we anchored in the shallow beach on the south side. This was very calm with little danger of dragging the anchor. All night under the lights it was like an aquarium. Jacks of various species, mackerel, calicos, and hordes of yellowtail from 5-20# swarmed around the boat. Those who weren't totally exhausted fished at night. However, no live bait was allowed. The Polaris' bait capacity was around 5% of the Excel's. During the next several days Bill experimented at different spots, and soon became well acquainted with the best places to fish. Bill made a mental note of every place we fished. Bill didn't make notes, but these became a permanent part of his steel trap mind.

In the 5 trips that I made in the 50s, we never saw a yellow fin tuna or a great white shark. However, there were lots of bluefin and big yellowtail. The tackle used then just wasn't capable of handling big fish. Glass rods and monofilament line were in their early stages. The rods were parabolic and back breakers. Mono came off the reel like

WILLIE AND ME con't

coiled wire, and many of us preferred to use braided nylon. Hooks were not straight tied to the line, and wire leaders were used. The bluefin were touchy and wouldn't bite on anything heavier than 25# test wire. The reels either had a metal spool that was "backlash city", or plastic spools that exploded when nylon or mono expanded. The largest yellow on the 5 trips went about 50# and the master (Bill) caught a Bluefin that weighed 73#. Every night lobster traps were set and were full by morning. Andy made a secret sauce from beer. The only inhabited part of the island that I remember was on the south end and I was told it was a prison. The Polaris did have a skiff aboard and several of us went ashore. However, the only accessible areas were sandy beaches, and the sea lions and elephant seals were somewhat aggressive. One of our more brazen guys poked a sea lion with a stick and ended up running for his life.

Conditions on the Polaris, although better than other boats, were primitive. All meals were on deck, just enough fresh water for drinking, salt water showers (or a swim), and after awhile the bunk room became a little rank. The ride from Point Lorna to Guadalupe was downhill, but coming back it could be terrible. When meals were served the boat ran downhill. Navigation going home wasn't as hairy as outbound. After all, the continent of North America is slightly larger than Guadalupe Island. Irrespective, Bill always set his course for just below San Diego, and when land was spotted ran uphill.

There was a big surprise for us when we returned. The U.S. Coast Guard met us at the entrance to San Diego Bay and escorted us to their base. We were detained for about 2 hours, interrogated, the boat searched, and all papers examined. Ultimately we were allowed to leave. I do know that Bill received a fine, but he would never share with me how much. Typ-

ical of Bill- not one to complain.

The trips of 54, 55, 56, and 57 were also great, but it was hard to top the first trip in 53. Bill and the Coast Guard made peace, and we were good to go. I never signed a contract with Bill, which was typical of the man. A handshake was our deal. A passenger died on one of the trips, and Bill knew if he called the Coast Guard they would require us to come back, so Bill contacted the Coast Guard and said he had a sick person aboard that was in need of immediate medical attention. When the flying boat landed and the medical team came aboard, they were told that the man just died. Of course, he was stiff as a board. In 1954 Pierpoint Landing in Long Beach decided to get into the "long range" act. They sent 2 boats to Guadalupe. The Hurricane was a carbon copy of the Polaris, and I believe the other boat was the Islander. This trip was a disaster for them. The Hurricane, like the Polaris, didn't have large enough fuel tanks for the trip, so they carried extra 54 gallon drums. These broke loose during the night and not only were the drums lost, but the Hurricane was damaged, and had to tum back. The Islander arrived with a tank of dead bait.

Bill was not judgmental, but I could tell by his body language that my life style was not to his liking, and in 1955 I finally got my act together, borrowed a few bucks from a family friend, hired a builder, built a spec home, made a few\$\$\$\$, and became a builder. Haven't looked back, but no longer building- just content to be a landlord.

In passing I can't forget a phone a phone call I received from Bill several weeks prior to his passing. He was ill, and probably knew his time was short, yet he called to see how I was doing. This was typical of Bill Poole. Bill: Where ever you are, we miss you. Good fishing, your friend, Dan.

Toads R Us

By Cathy Needleman

I left on January 5th out of Long Beach to fish with Brandon Hayward. Target was White Sea Bass.

We headed to Catalina Island because we heard that there was squid. Of course you know, that means a shot to get WSB.

I set up one rod with a lead head, another with a sliding sinker, one more with a dropper loop and lastly a TLC white glow jig.

I cast all day with mostly the lead head with frozen squid and no bites. Water was cold. When the wind came up the temperature of the water got even lower.

We fished until a little after dark and then we went to an area where Brandon heard rumors of squid.

I always loved watching the lightshow that attracts the squid from the bottom of the ocean, to come close enough to get them with a crowder. I learned that when squid come to the surface-they immediately begin to spawn.

It did not take long for them to appear and Brandon was in squid heaven placing squid wherever he had room on the boat. Bait tanks, buckets, plastic bags, coolers were all filled with the “candy” bait.

We then were treated to a live show, compliments of three bottlenose dolphins. They herded the squid into a tight ball and then one by one the dolphins would take turns to nourish themselves. This lasted about 45 minutes. A true Nat Geo moment.

Came back to Avalon Harbor and I took a sandwich to my hotel (Metropolitan) and went to bed early. Ready at 5:00 am –we headed to the bait grounds to try our luck again. This time we were armed with live squid.



The first two fish were soup fin sharks. I can tell that before they even get to the surface. Its not the strong pull that you feel with WSB or even yellowtail.

Then I felt a strong pull near the bottom. I set the hook and then it was game on. I was on 80lb floro and 65 lb. spectra. You're supposed to use the same

strength floro to spectra but I heard there were big fish around and decided to go strong on the fluorocarbon.

This was a tough fish and when it surfaced we both screamed because we knew it was a huge yellowtail, which ended up weighing 37.2 lb. I caught 3 more yellows and then we decided to move. I knew I could never eat or give away



more than four yellows-even though I always split the fish with Brandon. I had a choice, either come back the next morning to fish for more yellows or go to Newport to try for WSB.

Met Brandon at 5:00 on the Catalina Pier. It took one hour by boat to get to the Newport artificial reef.

9:45 I got a bite that came with big head shakes and runs. I knew what it was and I decided to stay calm and try my best to get this fish. Once again I was surprised to see the size of the WSB. She gave a good fight, but I stayed on her every second until she decided to give up and come aboard.

It wasn't my largest WSB but good enough-it weighed 46.7 lbs. It was weighed at Los Alamitos on their IGFA scale and I was stoked!

It was worth the five layers of clothing to keep warm, worth staying up late to get squid, worth catching every fish until you caught the target species and finally worth being covered by squid ink and smell to catch two of my favorite fish-the yellowtail and the WSB.

Thank you Brandon for another amazing fishing experience!

Happy Healthy New Year to all.



ANNUAL CHRISTMAS TRIP ON THE SHOGUN

By Sophia Huynh

In the beginning of December Kevin and I started getting excited for our annual 5 day trip aboard the Shogun. It's a trip we have been doing for 11 years I believe and we have created this core group of anglers from around the country. Things were a little different because of COVID and honestly we weren't sure it was actually going to happen.

A week before the trip we all received emails saying we had to show proof of a negative Covid result before you were able to board the boat, in addition to their usual procedures. Some of our group had a negative test but then came in contact with someone who tested positive so they had to cancel last minute. (Thankfully no one is currently ill.)

Our trip left the dock with 20 passengers, which we all know is AMAZING!!! The plan was to fish the smaller bluefin on our way down to get rockfish and yellows. So we all set up with 30lb and 40lb set ups. We didn't see anything the first day but Rene made the move to an area where there were rumors of bigger bluefin. We had our first stop after greylight on Sunday and started hooking up on nice 40-60 lb bluefin. So I woke Kevin up and we joined the fun.

Well something changed and we started hooking big heavy fish. Not complaining but most of us, myself included, were still fishing 40lb. I got hooked up and it dumped 3/4 of my spool on the first run. I stayed calm and just did what I know what to do and was able to get my line back. Then it took another run but not too long. I turned it again and then started to straight wind



it in. It was really heavy and just felt like it gave up. As it got closer we saw it was tail wrapped and dead. We were all in for a surprise when it hit the deck.. it was big! No question over 100lbs!!

After that it got crazy, people were hooking up on flyline sardines and then Rene put the kite out. It got

bit super fast and #1 was Doug who was on a fish and I was #2, but I just landed mine so I gave it to my friend Glenda. This fish was too much for her as she tried to hold on in the bow. Kevin was in the bow and had lost his fish at gaff, it spit the jig. Glenda yelled for Kevin to take the kite fish and he took over the fight. After an hour and a half, Kevin and 3 crew



m e m b e r s



with gaffs in their hands walked to the stern. They yelled for someone to open the gate!! Everyone was in shock, why open the gate??? Then they heaved this massive bluefin through the gate and slid it on the deck. IT WAS HUGE!!! We all were thinking 280lb maybe close to 300lbs. Well we were all in for a surprise at the dock when it was hung. 349lb!!!! SO incredibly stoked for Kevin and the crew! What made it even crazier was all the fish on the deck were in the 100lb range and they looked so small. That day we landed 12 bluefin with at least that many losses.

The second day of fishing we landed 34 bluefin all over 100lbs up to our friend Fred's 200lb. Again, we had many casualties due to light line and gear, hooks pulling, spitting the jigs and line failure. You all know the usual stuff. Some people wouldn't listen to the crew or us and use heavier gear. The fish were not line shy and people were fishing 60, 80 and even 100lb fluorocarbon. If you were going to get bit might as well make it count. The third day we landed 18 bluefin and the grade was still amazing. It was the best big bluefin tuna fishing most of us have ever had. The last day of fishing was after we headed to the rockfish grounds to stay ahead of the weather that was coming up. We had several drifts for nice reds, lingcods, chuckles and the rest!!

Two guys from Idaho came out on their first trip ever and they were so blown away. It was more than they ever could have hoped for! Dustin in the galley borrowed my set up to do a little fishing and he landed his first big bluefin at about 175lbs!!! We had two friends who each brought their sons.



They had fantastic trips as well. It was so special to have these memories forever!

I always thank the crew because without them we would be floating around aimlessly and probably catch nothing. Rene, Connor, Kazi, Todd, Fisher on deck and Dustin and Daniel in the galley, we all appreciate you so much! It was a great way to close out the wacky year and appreciate everything we have and the people in our lives.

Happy New Year to you and your families. Sending wishes of happiness and health for 2021.



I am reporting this with a heavy heart. 😞

I love fishing and everything that comes with it... but I am officially done in #2020. This is taking up too much of my time. I'm struggling to keep up with the everyday chores of cooking, cleaning and maintaining my home, so something has to give. I have decided to get rid of all my gear.

Below is a list of what's available. Serious inquiries only, and please don't insult me with low offers.

Thanks for reading and understanding...

1. Vacuum cleaner
2. Dustpan and broom
3. Mop and bucket
4. Lawn Mower
5. Leaf blower
6. Laundry detergent
7. Iron

Los Angeles Rod and Reel Club Foundation & AmazonSmile

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On your first visit to AmazonSmile (www.smile.amazon.com), you need to select a charitable organization – **Los Angeles Rod and Reel Club Foundation** – to receive donations from eligible purchases before you begin shopping. We will remember your selection, and then every eligible purchase you make at www.smile.amazon.com will result in a donation.



TROPHY WINNERS 2020
as of December 31, 2020

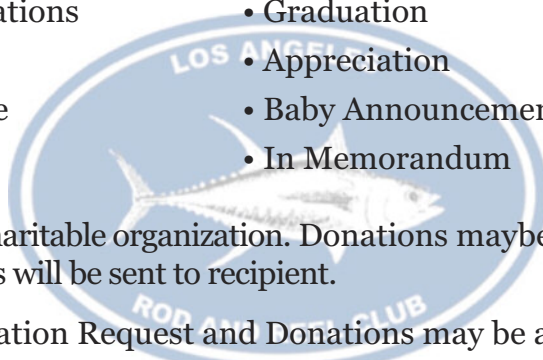
SPECIES	LINE TEST	ANGLER	LBS.	OZ.	SPECIES	LINE TEST	ANGLER	LBS.	OZ.
MEN'S OCEAN WATER					WOMEN'S FLY ROD				
Snook	30	Joel Steinman	11	1*					
Tuna, Bluefin	15	Lynn Freed	42	5*					
Tuna, Bluefin	200	Kevin Boyle	349	0*	WOMEN'S FRESH WATER				
Tuna, Bluefin	200	Allen Brodetsky	217	0	Bass, Sm Mouth	8	Cathy Needleman	3	1*
White Sea Bass	40	Jim Carlisle	38	0	Steelhead	12	Cathy Needleman	11	0
White Sea Bass	60	Allen Brodetsky	36	5	WOMEN'S RELEASED				
MEN'S FLY ROD					JUNIOR MEMBERS				
Carp	5	Andy MacDonald	5	8*	Bass, Calico	15	Oliver Leichman	3	0
MEN'S FRESH WATER					FIRST GAME FISH OF THE YEAR				
Bass, Lg Mouth	4	Steve Simon	4	11	White Sea Bass	50	Cathy Needleman	36	0
Bass, Lg Mouth	4	Steve Simon		Released			May 7, 2020		
Bass, Lg Mouth	6	Joel Steinman		Released	FIRST ALBACORE OF THE YEAR				
Bass, Lg Mouth	6	Paul Varenchik		Released	TROPHY CLUB RECORDS FOR 2020 are in BOLD				
Bass, Lg Mouth	7	Joel Steinman		Released					
Bass, Sm Mouth	7	Joel Steinman		Released					
Bass, Sm Mouth	8	Joel Steinman	2	7*					
Bass, Striped	7	Joel Steinman		Released					
WOMEN'S OCEAN WATER									
Swordfish	80	Cathy Needleman	256	0*					
Tuna, Bluefin	40	Cathy Needleman	110	0					
Tuna, Bluefin	80	Cathy Needleman	126	0					
Tuna, Bluefin	130	Cathy Needleman	241	4*					
White Sea Bass	50	Cathy Needleman	36	0					
Yellowtail	30	Cathy Needleman	33	6					

Los Angeles Rod & Reel Club Foundation

Tribute Opportunity

Tribute Cards are available when you want to send your thoughts or feelings for –

- Congratulations
- Graduation
- Anniversary
- Illness
- Appreciation
- Best Wishes
- New Home
- Baby Announcement
- Bar/Bat Mitzvahs
- In Memorandum



Your LARRC Foundation is a charitable organization. Donations maybe deducted. Tributes will be posted in the Chum Line. Tribute cards will be sent to recipient.

Information Request and Donations may be addressed to:

Mrs. Tammy Steinman
5826 Ostrom Avenue, Encino, CA 91316
818-987-2645 • 818-345-6104 Fax • tammy2508@socal.rr.com

CHARTERS 2021

DATE	DESTINATION	AVAILABILITY	CONTACT
Feb 5- Feb 21	Red Rooster III 16/13 (Option to fly home from Cabo San Lucas) Targeting cow tuna at possible destinations such as Hurricane Bank, Buffer Zone, or PV	SOLD OUT Cost: \$5,665 Limit - 23 passengers	Contact Maria 619-224-3857 office@redrooster3.com www.redrooster3.com
Jun 19- Jun 26	Royal Star The very best Father's Day celebration. Special gifts for all father/kids together on this trip. Leaves and returns on Saturday - NO traffic.	SOLD OUT Cost: \$2,175 Limit - 24 passengers	Contact Tracy 619-224-4764 rs@royalstarsportfishing.com www.royalstarsportfishing.com
Jun 27- Jul 2	Intrepid - 5 day Prime time for bluefin tuna and of course albacore, if they follow the La Niña pattern. Possible destinations The Ridge and Alijos Rocks. Leaves on a Sunday.	SPACE AVAILABLE Cost: \$2,770 Limit - 22 Limited Load	Contact Steve 619-224-4088 www.fishintrepid.com
Jul 26- Jul 30	Intrepid - 4 day Ultra, ultra limited to 13. Short summer trip for tuna, yellowtail, and dorado. Possible destinations The Ridge and Alijos Rocks.	SOLD OUT Cost: \$2,995 Limit - 13 Limited Load	Contact Steve 619-224-4088 www.fishintrepid.com
Jul 30- Aug 2	Intrepid - 3 day Limited to 23. Short summer trip for tuna, yellowtail, and dorado. Perfect trip to take advantage of the local bluefin and yellowtail.	SOLD OUT Cost: \$1,375 Limit - 23 Limited Load	Contact Steve 619-224-4088 www.fishintrepid.com
Aug 14- Aug 20	Red Rooster III - 6 Day 5 Day Summer time trip for offshore kelp. Yellowfin tuna, dorado, yellowtail and bluefin tuna.	SOLD OUT Cost: \$3,170 Limit - 25 passengers	Contact Maria 619-224-3857 office@redrooster3.com www.redrooster3.com
Aug 31- Sep 5	Red Rooster III - 5 Day 5 Day Summer time offshore trip. Yellowfin tuna, dorado, yellowtail and bluefin tuna. Guadalupe Island is an option.	SOLD OUT Cost: \$2,560 Limit - 25 passengers	Contact Maria 619-224-3857 office@redrooster3.com www.redrooster3.com
Oct 2- Oct 9	Royal Star - 7 Day Ultra limited load. Leaves and returns on a Saturday. Guadalupe Island for cow, bluefin fishing are options on the same trip.	SOLD OUT Cost: \$3,695 Limit - 20 passengers	Contact Tracy 619-224-4764 rs@royalstarsportfishing.com www.royalstarsportfishing.com
Oct 30- Nov 9	Intrepid - 10 day Limited to 22. Perfect variety trip to the Ridge and/or Alijos Rocks for tuna, dorado, wahoo, yellowtail and giant tuna at Hurricane Bank, Buffer Zone or PV.	SPACE AVAILABLE Cost: CALL FOR PRICE Limit - 22 Limited Load	Contact Steve 619-224-4088 www.fishintrepid.com

NOTE:

LARRC members signing up for club charters are obligated to pay full fare in the event they cannot make the trip. The club will attempt to fill your space and you may try to do the same in a timely manner. There may be surcharges this year based on fuel price increases. Bunks are assigned by the charter master in order received. So book early! If you have any special needs please make the charter master aware of them at the time of booking.

Contact Andrew Ratzky - Aratzky@att.net

LARRC Club Charters in BLUE Larry Brown Charters in GREEN Larry Brown/LARRC shared Charter in ORANGE



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