

PELORUS

Pelorus: a fixed compass used to take bearings relative to a ship's heading.

The Quarterly Newsletter of

Central Coast Women For Fisheries, Inc.

Incorporated May 4, 2006



A Message From the President

Hello Friends,

Hope you all are having a beautiful summer. CCWF has continued at a slower pace this summer, but we are still active.

Have you seen the interpretive signs on the Morro Bay waterfront? They are installed just south of the T pier. They are about 5 of our local fisheries, and filled with lots of information. It is good to see people interested in reading them and learning about our fisheries. I want to give a big thanks to a few people for their efforts on this project – Sheri Hafer, Dr Kevin Johnson, Cathy Novak, and John Obrien. We also thank the Central California Joint Cable/Fisheries Liaison Committee and Sea Grant for assisting in funding this project. Sharon has included some pictures of the signs for you in this newsletter. We had to delay our “unveiling” party and general membership meeting, but we still hope to do that soon. We also hope to do something similar in Avila in the next couple of years.

I also want to remind you of your CCWF membership renewal. If you have not returned your membership dues, I encourage you to do so. Everyone's participation keeps our organization going. If you did not receive a letter, please contact a board member to renew.

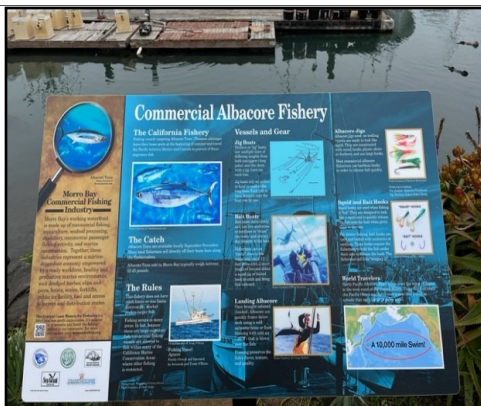
Hope to see you all soon,
Lenore Ward, President

Summer 2023

Volume 18, Issue 2

Inside this issue:

CCWF Scholarships	2
Michele Leary Scholarship	2
Aloha	3
CCWF Board and emails	3
Cooking with CCWF	3
Pages from the Past	4
Pages from the Past continued	5
Travis Evans Last Word	6



These are 2 of the fishery signs; deep water groundfish and albacore. There are also signs installed for crab, salmon and the nearshore fishery.

CCWF Fishing Heritage Scholarship Program
2023 Recipients

Student	College	Major	Fisherman related to
Leah O'Brien	Curry College	Early Education	Jeremiah O'Brien
Avery Sowell	Cal Poly	Biology	Bill Blue
Emilie Giannini	Cal State University	Kinesiology	Joe Giannini
Gregory Cullen	Colombia College	Business/Marketing	Roger Cullen
Tyler Lee	University of Phoenix	Cyber Security	Self
Lyla Boughton-Proano	Colorado School of Mines	Engineering	Larry Stoffle
Nicholas Cefalu	Georgetown University	Political Science	Fred Cefalu
Blake Daniels	Sacramento State	Economics	Tom St. John
Hailee Brinckerhoff	San Joaquin Valley	Dental Assistant	Travis Evans

Congratulations to these students and we wish them all the best!



Captain Michele Leary Memorial Scholarship

At the 2023 Morro Bay High school's Senior Tribute and Awards night last June, 2 students were awarded the 11th annual Captain Michele Leary Memorial Scholarship.

They were Martha Para and Isabella Musolff. They each received \$1,000 and both plan on attending Cuesta College. Martha is planning to take the pre-nursing program and Isabella is undecided on a major, but will be on the Cuesta Women's Basketball team. Her father is a past coach of this team.

Michele Leary's mother, Sharon, and daughter, Amanda, would like to thank Diane Schoditsh for funding these scholarships. They are in honor and memory of not only Michele, but Diane's late husband, Tom Roff. Diane and Tom fished over 40 years for swordfish, albacore and salmon. Michele was a third generation sport boat captain and did some commercial fishing as well.

ALOHA: (In Hawaiian, “Aloha “ means love: CCWF uses it to say both “hello” and “farewell” with love.)



Our Aloha committee is there for you. The committee sends cards and flowers, but we need you to make the call and let us know of the need and the address. Members are encouraged to contact the committee and help CCWF observe occurrences throughout our community, whether happy or sad.

A card was sent to
Diane Arnoldi



CCWF Board of Directors

President:

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Becka Kelly bkelly@morrobayca.gov

The Morro Bay Commercial Fishermen Organization and Central Coast Women for Fisheries bought a wreath together in memory of **Fred Arnoldi**. It was placed on the statue by Morro Rock.

CCWF email:
ccwf@womenforfish.org

COOKING WITH CCWF and FRIENDS

There's lots of versions of recipes for clam fritters, which include with Panko breading, chopped green onion and other vegetables, and cream cheese. Here is a simple one to try by an Oregon resident, Denny Holmes.

Razor Clam Fritters

3 egg yolks
1 cup minced razor clams, or other clams
1 cup cracker crumbs
1 teaspoon salt
1/2 teaspoon fresh ground black pepper
Small pinch of cayenne pepper
Buttermilk as needed (or milk or clam juice)
Vegetable oil

Beat egg yolks until light and lemon colored. Gradually add the clams, crumbs and seasonings. Add enough buttermilk to make a heavy batter. Drop the batter into hot oil. Sauté 3 to 4 minutes, turning once.

Fritter Sauce by Denny's wife, Arlene

Mayonnaise, ketchup, hot sauce, horseradish, and dill relish.
Mix to taste

Pages From the Past

Chrissy

by Sharon Rowley

The first day I ever met her, she exclaimed to me “I’m going to own my own boat someday and fish for salmon in Alaska”. Looking at this petite, very young and pretty girl, I thought to myself “That probably won’t happen”, but I was impressed by her boldness. There were many wives of commercial fishermen that worked with their husbands and fished for salmon and albacore, and at the time I knew of a handful that were boat captains on the west coast of the United States. Little did I know that years later it wouldn’t be so unusual for women to run their own fishing boats at sea.

It was 1983 when Christine Holmes walked up to me as I was working on fishing nets in my yard and asked for a job helping me with the nets. I lived across the street from Giannini’s Marine supply store on Market Street in Morro Bay, on California’s central coast. It was so convenient because the fishermen could order supplies, then walk across the street to drop them off in my yard using the store’s dolly. I mostly would strip the tattered webbing off lines, then rehang the new webbing onto the float lines for the top of the net, which were 180 feet long, and the lead lines for the bottom, another 180 feet. Each fisherman would have 6 to 8 of these 180-foot sections. There were 20 fishermen I hung gill-nets for and most of the time I had one or two jobs going at a time that the fisherman wanted as soon as possible, so I welcomed the help.

Chrissy caught on fast and was an excellent worker. Now the fishermen could get their nets quicker and I could also spend a little more time with my 2 elementary school age kids. I relished the fact I could work at home, but was so busy it was hard to spend quality time with them.

Most of the nets we could “hang,” or attach the webbing while sitting down. We used a custom-made bench that we straddled on the seat. Attached on the bench in front of us were two posts sticking up. One was an arm we could move back and forth, then tighten with a wing nut. We adjusted the arm to how many inches apart a fisherman wanted the knots tied to attach his net to the float and lead lines. The measured section of rope was on top of the posts. 2 nails sticking up on the far post held the rope snug and 1 nail sticking up and slightly bent was on the arm post in front of us. We made half-hitches around the rope, and one loop around the bent nail, then made a quick jerk, sliding it off the nail to snap it into a knot. If it was snapped at the very end of the bent nail hard enough, it made a very tight knot.

After close to a year of working with me, Chrissy found out about a trade school in Astoria Oregon to learn how to build trawl nets and mend them. She jumped at the opportunity to go to the school. While there for a few months, she also met a lot of contacts for working on boats in Alaska. After completing the class, Chrissy came back to Morro Bay to briefly stay with her mother and sister in Cambria, where she grew up. We were all proud of her for completing this class. Chrissy would be leaving soon to take a job on a processor ship in the Bering Sea. In the meantime, she helped me with a couple of jobs on the nets.

After working one morning in my yard, I took Chrissy out to lunch at the Fish Shanty restaurant on Morro Bay’s waterfront. It was a place you could eat and watch the boats unloading their catch on the north T-Pier. Today, it’s Tognazzini’ Dockside Restaurant.



At a table next to the two of us were 4 fishermen. They were loudly talking about their successful fishing trip on a trawler and their catch of various kinds of sole, such as Petrole sole, Dover, English and Rex sole. When they started talking about some problems they had with their net, Chrissy boldly intruded on their conversation and began telling them about their problem and how to fix it. I froze and cringed at how these 4 big burly fishermen were going to react to pretty, little Chrissy telling them what they should be doing. Their reaction was a few grunts as they stared at her, and I don't remember that they said any words. Chrissy's one way conversation with them was short, then we went on eating our lunch and visiting. The fishermen continued with their lunch too, but I noticed they were in more hushed tones as they conversed.

In a few weeks, Chrissy left for Alaska with the determination and enthusiasm that was so much a part of her. She appeared to have no fear. We kept in touch by letters and she would occasionally come back home to visit her family, then drop by my house for a bit. Chrissy was working hard and having one adventure after another. She started off on the processor ship as a cook's assistant. Women were typically hired as cooks or part of the fish processing crew, but when the captain found out about Chrissy's knowledge of nets, he changed her job to a deckhand.

Chrissy worked on a few different boats as a deckhand during her years in Alaska and one was a smaller gill net boat, about 30 feet long. On one of their trips near the Copper River they didn't come back in time to beat some bad weather. The swells picked up fast to 25 feet. They approached a rough bar and the captain knew he couldn't cross to get home because of the breaking swells. Then they had the bad fortune of the boat's engine dying and were drifting closer to the breakers. The captain called the Coast Guard who instructed them to put on their immersion suits, also called survival suits.

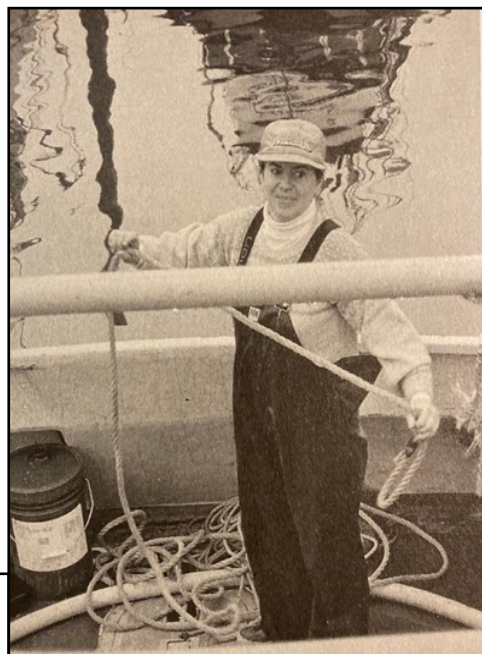
Chrissy had just taken a survival at sea class, which included how to put the suits on quick, so she put hers on with ease. The captain had never put one on before, so Chrissy gave him a quick lesson. When the Coast Guard helicopter arrived, they determined the boat was so small and the seas too big to lower a basket onto the boat safely, so told them to jump in the water. A Coast Guard diver was sent down and helped Chrissy in the basket that was lowered to the water, then helped the captain. The boat didn't sink or capsize and it was retrieved a few days later drifting.

Chrissy met many great people and made a lot of friends while living and working in Alaska.

One of them was a small plane pilot that was teaching her to fly. She eventually earned enough money and bought her own gill net boat that she fished for salmon with. She reached her goal that she boldly predicted to me the first day I met her.

In 1994, still in her 30's, Chrissy was diagnosed with breast cancer, but continued to fish with energy and enthusiasm, even between chemo-therapy treatments. The last month of her life she came back home to Cambria so her mother and sister could take care of her. She passed in 1996. I heard or read somewhere once that some people don't tip-toe through life. Chrissy was certainly one of them.

**Chrissy on her salmon gill-netter
In Alaska**





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Please Note: The Quintana Road address for mail is a postal box only.

The Last Word . . . *by Capt. Travis O. Evans*

Getting Old Ain't for Sissys

Thought I'd let my doctor check me, cause I wasn't feeling quite right
Having to use a cane annoyed me and I didn't sleep much at night
Doc couldn't find no real disorder, but he just wouldn't let it rest
What with Medicare and Blue Cross, it wouldn't hurt to do some tests
So to the hospital he sent me., though I really didn't feel that bad
He ordered for them to give me every test that could be had
I was flouroscopeed and cystoscopeed, and my aging body displayed
Completely stripped on an ice cold table, while all my innards were x-rayed
I was checked for worms and parasites, for a fungus, and the crud
as they punctured me with needles, taking big samples of my blood
More nurses came to check me over but with all their whispering and shooing
Made me wonder if they knew just what they were doing
Well they have finally concluded and the results would fill many a page
What I have will someday kill me, my dire affliction is

Old Age

Captain Travis Evans

April 2023 (age 100 and 6 months)

