

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.

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A Message From the President

Hello CCWF Friends,

Hope you are doing well with the holiday hustle. It was disappointing to have the lighted boat parade cancelled twice. We were all ready to sell hot chocolate and celebrate. Well, maybe next year.

I am happy to report our interpretive signs for Morro Bay have been approved for content and location by the city. We are waiting to hear from the Coastal Commission for their approval. Once we get this approval, we will place the order with the sign company, then install on the waterfront when they arrive. This has been a long project, but it's getting closer to reality!

CCWF is planning for the next Albacore Enchilada Sale in February. The date is not confirmed by the Morro Bay Community Center yet, but we think it will be February 11. As usual, we will need lots of help for that, so keep it in mind. For now, I hope you just-Enjoy the holidays!

Merry Christmas, Lenore Ward, CCWF President

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Morro Bay's 2022
crab pot Christmas
tree located on the
south T-pier.

Photo by Ida
Mackin



Email:
ccwf@womenforfish.org

A Legend Turns 100

Travis Evans' family held a birthday party for him at a park in Grover Beach on Saturday, October 29, 2022. Hundreds of people came and went during the day to wish Travis a happy birthday. His family of 4 generations were there too. With 8 children and many grandkids and great grandkids, that's a sizable group.

In 2001/02 Travis was one of several fishermen interviewed through the Morro Bay Maritime Museum's Oral History Project. It's very interesting as Travis talks about his life and the way things used to be. The history is amazing. Go to YouTube and type in Travis Evans Fisherman.



For Travis's 100th birthday, CCWF donated to the Captain Michele Leary Memorial Scholarship

A smiling and happy 100 year old Travis Evans, in the center of the picture, is surrounded by retired fishermen, Wayne and Diane Moody.

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Visit the
Central Coast Women for
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The Central Coast Women for Fisheries newsletter has been fortunate to have Travis Evans a part of it for many years. He has contributed many poems inspired by his life and working on the sea experiences, and interesting stories too. This is one he sent us in 2010, exemplifying his attitude toward life.

Happy Thoughts

The happiest place on earth for me
Is where my Lord would have me be.
And the happiest thing that I can do
Is what my Lord has called me to.

The happiest song I'll ever sing
Is sweet praises to Christ, our Lord and King,
for he has made happy the paths I now take.
Happy I must make others—for His sake.

The happiest sight my eye shall ever see
is His image reflected in thee.
The happiest sound with which I'll be blessed,
"Well done, Faithful One, now take your rest."

By Travis O. Evans



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.

For Aloha announcements
Contact:
srowley303@gmail.com
805-674-4854

CCWF donated to the
Kaino Dixon Memorial Scholarship,
which is under the
Newport Fishermen's Wives Organization

The Fishermen's Family Relief Fund
recently benefitted two local people that have been well known to the fishing industry for a long time:
Fisherman Charlie Clark and Howie Kennett from the Port San Luis Boat Yard

Maritime Family Fun Day

This one day event on October 8, 2022 was enjoyed by many on Morro Bay's waterfront. CCWF held a fish print booth for kids to have fun and make some interesting art work from various types of small fish. The organization also sold its popular albacore stuffed avocados. The local and delicious avocados were from Lori French's ranch, and the albacore was custom canned from Wayne Moody's fishing trips.

We also arranged for some of the fish to be donated for the fish display. This event may happen again in 2023.



Thank you to **Mark Tognazzini** for setting up the skiff with the various types of local fish that were displayed on ice. It's always popular with the crowds and helps to educate them of the fish that's landed in Morro Bay.

COOKING WITH CCWF and FRIENDS

Pink Shrimp Stir Fry

This recipe is from Sea Grant through Oregon State University

2 cups cooked rice
1 pound pink shrimp
1/2 onion chopped
1 bag frozen stir fry vegetables, your choice
1/2 cup sweet chili sauce
1 Tbsp. soy sauce
1/3 cup light cooking wine
Salt & pepper
Lime wedges
Sliced scallions for garnish
Sliced baby Bok choy, 1 head per serving
Toasted peanuts optional
Cooking oil
Note: Use assorted fresh vegetables in place of Frozen stir fry if you would rather.

Heat 1 Tbsp. cooking oil over medium high heat in large skillet
Add chopped onion and sauté 5 minutes.
Add stir fry vegetables, cook till slightly softened.
Remove from pan and set aside.
Heat 1 Tbsp. cooking oil over medium high in same skillet and
Add the shrimp, drained if necessary.
Cook until hot, about 5 minutes, drain excess liquid
Add the vegetables that were set aside.
Add the soy sauce, sweet chili, wine-stir until heated through.
Add salt & pepper to taste.
Place helpings over rice and garnish with lime wedges, scallions, Bok Choy and peanuts if desired.

Serves 4

Charlie Clark
A Salmon Fishing Trip

by Sharon Rowley

As the boat leaves its dock in the very early morning, the sun is barely beginning to lighten the blue sky. It makes the few clouds look pink, which reflect on the ocean and make the whole scene look like a watercolor painting. The boat is headed toward the entrance of Morro Bay harbor, where the calm bay will transition to the usually rougher Pacific Ocean. Then it passes by the resident sea otters floating on their backs, some with babies. On the south side of the channel, which is a sand spit, there are two deer, ears perked, as they watch intently by the edge of the water. As the boat approaches closer, they half run, half gracefully jump away into the sand dunes. Near the entrance, the boat passes the 576-foot tall Morro Rock. If the rock could talk, there would be thousands of stories to tell from the generations of people living near the bay and getting clams, crabs and fish. Also, stories of the happy fishermen with successful catches and good times on the ocean, and of tragedies that happened in view of the giant rock. Just as the boat rounds the north jetty, the ocean swells can be felt. A few porpoises appear all of a sudden near the bow of the boat and swim with it for a couple of minutes.

The boat is the Mallard out of Virg's Landing in Morro Bay, California. They are taking out 14 fishermen on this spring day in 2002 to troll for salmon. The deckhand, Charlie Clark, is busy making sure all the fishing rods have the tackle on, the drags on the reels are set, giving instructions to passengers as well as answering their many questions and has bacon on the grill in the galley. He's doing all this by himself as quickly as possible, in case the salmon are found not far out. As he is working, he quietly notices the deer, the dolphins, the watercolor morning and the towering Morro Rock that he sees every day. He doesn't take any of this for granted, and feels lucky he makes his living on the ocean.

The captain, Sharon Rowley, gives an orientation and safety speech on the public address system as the boat is transiting the harbor. She and Charlie work as a team to prepare the passengers with just what to look for and what to do when a salmon strikes. The passengers, some drinking coffee or eating bacon and egg sandwiches are milling about the boat, getting to know each other, excited about the adventure that awaits them.

Not far from the harbor entrance Charlie has everyone ready, the fishing poles are in the rod holders, the passengers are intently watching the tips of their rods for the slightest movement and listening for a "zing" of their line pulling out. Almost 2 hours later there's no action. Everyone has reeled in at least once to check for sea grass or kelp on their line. More time goes by and a few passengers start to nod off. Some are lying on the hatch in the warm sun as the boat trolls slowly up the coast, in deep water, then shallow water, over by some diving birds and along a current break. "I didn't know salmon fishing was so boring" a passenger yawns to Charlie. "There's been salmon in the area, lots of bait to keep them here. Keep watching your rod" he says.

Another hour goes by and a few more passengers fall asleep as the Mallard trolls on gently rolling swells. One teenage girl is standing next to her rod and watching it. The tip of the rod starts bouncing wildly. She freezes and does nothing as she stares at it. Charlie yells "Grab the pole quick and start reeling, you've got a fish!" She gets it out of the rod holder and as she starts to reel, it's too easy, the fish is gone. Charlie checks her tackle and gets her back in the water. "Don't worry, you'll get one. Keep an eye on your rod and get it as soon as you see it move".

After about another hour of no action, Charlie starts cheeseburgers in the galley for a few hungry passengers. While they are cooking slow, he climbs the ladder into the wheelhouse to see if Sharon is seeing any signs of salmon around. "Seeing much bait around or any marks on the meter?" Charlie says.

"Not much, but there's some seals checking something out over there and a lot of cormorants sitting on the water. We'll head that way." As Charlie heads back down the ladder to tend to the cheeseburgers, yells of "Fish On!" are heard on deck. Almost everyone is yelling "Fish On!" He turns the grill off on the way out. The cheeseburgers can wait.

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After Charlie nets a fish and quickly tags it with the passenger's number, someone else is ready for their fish to be netted. He is trying to help the anglers follow their fish while doing all this, but some fish swim across other lines and are lost. The passengers are getting their lines back in the water after catching or losing a fish and hooking up again. If Charlie has a few seconds to spare, he guts and gills the salmon and throw it in the box.

An employee from Virg's Landing, Bill Weintraub, is heading down the rail with a fish on and his eyes are wide with excitement. He had come out on previous trips and never got a bite. The crew would tease him because he always brought an old flimsy spinning rod and reel. "Where did you buy that Bill, from Toys R Us?" Bill was a good sport about it and loved to go fishing on his days off from the tackle store. As he is reeling in his fish, his pole breaks in half. The fish is still on the line and Bill is yelling and flailing his arms trying to re-attach the pieces. Charlie runs over and grabs the line attempting to hand-line the fish in. The fish then swims under the boat and the line catches on something. Charlie has to let go and Bill is so frustrated and disappointed because he lost his only salmon hook-up of the year. Charlie grabs a gaff and goes to the other side of the boat to see if he can catch the line on the other side. He did, and hand-lines the fish in successfully. It wasn't a big fish, but Bill was extremely happy.

It was a "wide-open" salmon bite and there are almost limits, which is 2 fish for everyone, on one 45-minute stop. It was a chaotic session, but Charlie handled it calmly. Calmness is always Charlie's demeanor and he does his work with a sense of humor too. He took care of the passengers well and was a big part in making their experience on the ocean memorable. People often called the tackle store requesting to go on the boat he works on.

The Mallard trolls for about 30 more minutes and the last few fish are caught to make the limits for all, including Sharon and Charlie. As the boat nears the harbor when heading home, Charlie goes up to the wheelhouse, as he does at times, to finish bringing the 65-foot Mallard in and maneuver it alongside the dock. He practiced this many times and had become very proficient at handling and docking the single propeller boat. On the rock cod trips, sometimes Charlie would take over the last couple of drifts for the day to put the boat over the fish. He became good at that too.

He Loves to Fish

Growing up in the Seal Beach area in southern California, Charlie's interest in fishing started when he was a little boy and his father took him trout fishing. When a little older, he frequently hung out on the Seal Beach pier. Sometimes he collected gunny sacks to trade for fishing trips on the sport boat that ran off the pier. He and his buddies also rode their bikes all over town and fished in some ponds behind hotels for bluegill and croppie. As a young adult in the early 1980's, he lived on the central coast of California in Morro Bay. Charlie got a job working the "rod room" at Virg's Landing, doling out the rental rods for the boat passengers and maintaining the rods and reels. He went fishing once in a while and filled in as a deckhand for some of the captains. With his love of being on the ocean and fishing, it wasn't long before Charlie worked full time on the boats. Over the years, he worked on several of Virg's boats, including the Mallard and the Lot-A-Fun. For over four decades Charlie has fished the local waters on many sport boats out of different Landings, plus he has fished commercially for albacore, salmon, hagfish and worked on the kelp cutter.

Charlie was very valuable to anyone he worked with because of his skill, work ethics and fun to be around. His calmness carried over to juggling working full time and being a single father of Amber, Madison and Blue. With the help of family, fishermen's wives, and the "Kids Club" (through the Morro Bay Recreation Dept.) the child-care worked out. Sometimes he brought one on the boat and they learned to fish. Later, the 4th and youngest child came along, named Charlie, and he brought him on the boats starting at age 5, taking him almost everywhere he went. He's now 17 and a good deckhand.

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

www.womenforfish.org

Pages from the Past, continued

Things aren't the Same

Charlie was diagnosed with cancer and in 2022 learned it had metastasized to his bones. A grim prognosis of 2 to 3 more years of his life remaining changed a lot of things for him. He continued to work on the sport boats and some commercial fishing, but eventually he had some bad days, as well as good days.

Leaving one beautiful morning on a commercial fishing trip, Charlie was watching the harbor as thoughts flowed of his family, seeing Alaska someday, and things he had not yet done. The sight of Morro Rock at the harbor entrance was getting smaller and smaller as they traveled farther away. Then it disappeared. Charlie was far offshore on the ocean he loved and worked on for decades, but suddenly he said to himself "I'm done". He might be done with a full-time job, but he still goes out on boats to fish or help. There's not much that can keep Charlie Clark off the ocean.

Charlie Clark with King salmon on the Mallard in the late 1990's. He loved to fish every chance he got all during his fishing career. Sometimes, when stripers were close to shore north of Morro Rock, he went fishing for them off the rocks at the crack of dawn before he had to be at work early in the morning.

