

# Fishing



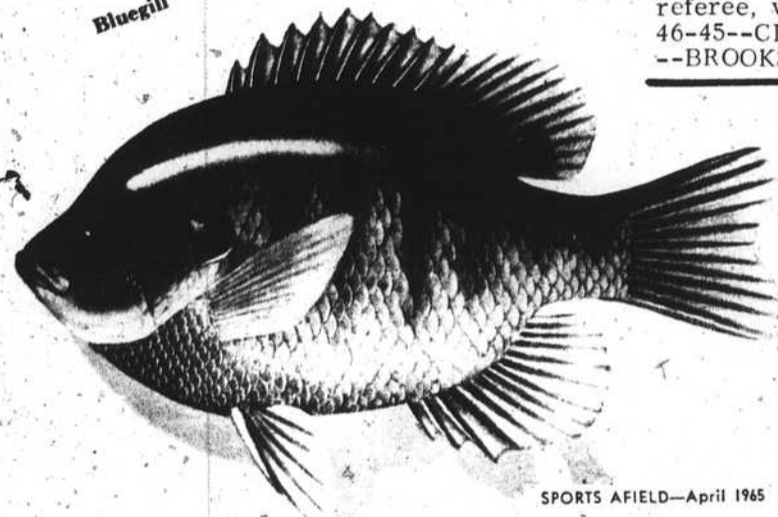
## INFORMATION

By

### "The Crappie Catcher"

Despite heavy angling pressure, panfish survive in amazing numbers.

Bluegill



SPORTS AFIELD—April 1965

They do more to keep people fishing than all other species combined

Going a step further into this recognition of the importance of the fish that used to be known as panfish: It is a firm fact that our sportsmen—that is to say, hunters and fishermen—contribute \$1 billion annually to this nation's economy. Money spent by a fisherman on a national average is \$106 yearly—a hunter's is \$80. And what are most of these fishermen who supply two thirds of this \$1 billion to our economy every year seeking? What keeps bringing them back to the lakes, the streams, the rivers? Everybody's fish—perch, crappies, bluegills and others of the popular tribe.

There is little need to follow the theme of most articles on fishing, dramatically lifting the veil of mystique and laboriously delving into techniques, habitat, food and habits. Our fish are democratic—amenable to amateurs and Sunday fishermen, kind to children and old folks—and have catholic appetites.

Just about anything goes: night crawlers or even small worms of any variety, catalpa, cornear, horseweed worms, cockroaches, grubs, most any larvae, minnows, grasshoppers, frogs,

THRILLS, CHILLS, and a few bombastic, critical remarks over the scoring of the fight between JOHNNY BROOKS and JOE CLARK permeated the atmosphere during the FREMONT HOTEL'S Fight of the Week as two formidable gladiators fought their hearts out to the bitter end. . . It was a match filled with much brutal savagery as well as a display of boxing skill and moxie seldom seen these days. CLARK'S "in and out" tactics reminded you of a ferocious beast in trying to set up his adversary for the kill—but the constant flickering of BROOKS' lightning left hand evidenced a worthy challenger not to be denied.

It was a tremendous fight from the first bell signalling the beginning of the first round right up to clinging of the final bell ending the bout. Many of the fans present figured the fight even up to the last round, and believed the final round would determine the victor. . . CLARK came out like a wounded beast that had tasted blood, and tried vainly for the kill, but BROOKS, in every way a worthy opponent, although hurt and seemingly in trouble, used all his superior experience and skill to stave off the kill, with the fury and pitch of the battle provoking a donnybrook of major proportions. . . Tempers flared to the extent that REFEREE DAVE PEARL, and DON COHEN, BROOKS' Manager, engaged in a few fisticuffs of their own before the decision came announcing a draw. . . It was all left up to the referee, when Judge HAROLD BUCK called it 46-45--CLARK; Judge RON AMOS saw it 46-45 --BROOKS; and Judge HARRY REED voted a

shrimp, crickets, hellgrammites and crayfish. Or anything artificial that reasonably duplicates the aforementioned in plastic, wood, rubber, cork, steel, aluminum, horsehair or feather. If it isn't real, then you must be enough of a fisherman to try to make it seem alive; and once you hook your fish, try not to play horse with him, but handle him with respect.

Don't hunt for these fish in rapids or water with fast current. Most of them are school fish, slow-water, slack-eddy, still-water-pool habitués with a penchant for weed, reed and brush cover. If you catch one, be wary; without question, more of the same are around. When the temperature of the water is from 45 to 60 degrees, they like it from five to 15 feet deep; when the water gets warmer, they move into the shallows. Sunken logs, underwater root growth, weed beds, lily-pad growth are choice locations.

A discussion of this fish that pleases just about everybody, whether he will admit it or not, wouldn't be complete without mentioning the word that first brought him to our attention: "pan."

He is exceptionally good in that element, even better in the next: the table.

In a final salute to this fish that demands our respect, I will impart a cooking secret that will make catching him even more of a pleasure, for it precludes the need for scaling, an exercise even the most devout among us despise.

Clean the fish, removing head, tail and fins; wash cavity; dry; then salt well. Leave the scales on. Dust the entire fish lightly with flour. Pour two tablespoons of corn oil into a baking pan and heat, then arrange the fish. Pre-heat your oven to 350 degrees, then cook the fish for 30 minutes, turning after 15 minutes. This retains the natural juices of the fish and keeps the flesh flaky, instead of drying it as most methods of fish cookery do.

When you remove the pan from the oven, carefully place an ordinary table knife under the skin of your fish and lift it. The skin will come off as easily as a glove from a hand, scales and all. Now turn the fish onto a warm platter and serve with wedges of lemon and boiled potato that has been rolled in chopped fresh parsley.

I propose that you do this with your next catch of yellow perch, serving two per guest—and invite the most devout trout fisherman you know. This is an undertaking known as conversion.

## SPORTS



## Chuck Harris

draw. . . DAVE PEARL did his job as a referee, and is to be praised for doing a superb job and calling the fight as a referee should—the way he saw it, and not influenced by others opinions.

Over at the COVE HOTEL, Boxman, Q. B. BUSH and HENRY BASS, the Laundry Champ, were almost ready to start another battle, but retired to their corners, after money bets were saved for both on the draw decision. . . BASS was for BROOKS, and CLARK was BUSH's man. . . I wonder what would have been the outcome of a "match" between BASS and BUSH with Security Guard, DENBY, ready to referee.

IRVIN STARR and STAN TISCHLER have great plans for their Champ, JOE CLARK at New York's Madison Square Gardens. . . DON COHEN and MICKEY PARKS, meanwhile, hope for a re-match to prove their Champ, BROOKS is the better man, AND Promoter RED GREB would like nothing better than to prove he is the best promoter by re-matching these warriors.

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CANDY BARNES, a little rusty from a lay-off, still had enough to decision MANNY LUJO of Los Angeles. . . Battling BILLY MARSH won a questionable decision from ferocious TIGER WILLIAMS.

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THE DESERT DRUGS Little League baseball team won their 3rd straight after losing their first start. . . A salute to Dr. FRANK HARP and his wife, KATHERINE, for continuing to support these little men of DESERT DRUGS. . . And that was AVANELLE LEWIS, with hubby GENE, of the TEXAS PIT BAR-B-Q, who was so enthusiastically rooting their TEXAS PIT BAR-B-Q TIGERS to victory at DOOLITTLE, Saturday night.

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SANDY KOUFAX continued his winning ways by defeating the Mets 16-3 for his 10th victory. . . GIANTS nipped the PHILLIES in the 10th--7-6 after MAYS tied the score with his clutch single, and LANIER homered. . . BERT YANCEY shot a four under par 66 to win the \$100,000 Memphis Open.

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After the fights the other night, all the fighters could be seen re-fueling at EARL and MARY McDONALD'S Restaurant in the COVE HOTEL. This spot is where the Champs eat; if you make it a habit to take your meals there, you will be a Champ, too. . . While there, say Hi to waitresses, FRAN and GEORGIA.

## A PRIZE CATCH BUT WHAT IS IT?



NAME IT and satisfy everybody's curiosity--Mrs. Edyth Barnett is justifiably proud of this king-size fish she caught at Vegas Wash. . . The only catch with her "catch" is she doesn't know what it is. So far, no one has been able to identify it--Even the knowledgeable Crappie Catcher would only "opine" that it was a member of the Carp family. Mrs. Barnett of 2621 No. Simmon would appreciate a call at 878-6636 if someone can identify the fish. . .

OPEN 6 AM to Midnight

Louis CHEVRON



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