

CSBS NEWS

The Official Publication of the Cabot Striped Bass Society



Seasoned anglers Bromley and Pitkin recall the horrifying events that occurred at Lecount Hollow in the teeth of Hurricane Ivan

CSBS Takes on Hurricane Ivan, Loses

Road Rage at LeCount Hollow

Probationary CSBS member Mark Bromley, or "Frickin' Bromley", as he is usually known, effectively ended his tenure as the CSBS chauffeur by backing into a stationary white car driven by a seemingly responsible blond woman. Bromley, not wanting to exchange information with his victim in the raging remains of Hurricane Ivan, asked her to call him on his **CELL PHONE**, but she had no service at the scene of the accident. Bromley recommended that she switch to Verizon Wireless, and then screamed at the top of his voice, "CAN YOU HEAR ME NOW?" Members retreated to a local sports bar where they ordered pizza and complained bitterly about white cars.



Self-designated "driver", Mark Bromley shifts into reverse and hits the accelerator hard to avoid certain drowning in a flooded highway. Should he have looked in the mirror first?

After abandoning their mud-washed campsite in Section A at the Roland C. Nickerson State Park, a dejected CSBS

fishing party decided to call it quits and head for home. On an impulse, stalwart member "Odds" Pitkin used his new **CELL PHONE** to call his wife in Vermont and ask her to do an **ONLINE SEARCH** for a Cape Cod weather forecast for the following day. A positive outlook revived the society's prospects, and hot showers at a local hotel restored needed confidence to the expedition.



The **CELL PHONE** had previously been used for intra-vehicular (frontseat-backseat) communication, and to arrange a rendezvous with Elmer. Vara, lacking a real **CELL PHONE**, made do with a flashlight whenever necessary. ♦



Vara gets warmed up at the Kape Kod Kanal rest facility after some of the most brutal weather ever to beset a CSBS excursion. This facility boasts amenities of only the highest quality.

Society Members Recognized, Worshipped

As CSBS members Caleb Pitkin and Jon Vara stepped purposefully onto the sands at Chatham Light, they were immediately spotted and hailed by admiring spectators on the beach. The two fishermen were distracted from their ichthyic cogitations by an approaching middle aged man who yelled, "Oh my God, is that the Cabot Striped Bass Society?"

"Christ on a crutch!" countered Vara, "It's frickin' Tim Healy and his vivacious wife Lynn!" For Healy, a dedicated fan and longtime subscriber to our modest newsletter, this chance meeting with the CSBS was an enriching and fulfilling experience he will likely never forget.

Pitkin, after a hasty introduction, queried, "What are the odds?" ♦

Montpelier Daily Journal – Montpelier, Friday, June 28, 1907

PRETTY HOT "MOXIE" FOR SOFT DRINK



The moxie which State's Attorney Gates seized at the bridge near the Intercity Park on Saturday afternoon as tasting suspiciously like a mild grade of whiskey contained 10.95 per cent alcohol which is a rather stiff drink for the grade the State's Attorney expected when he innocently called for a soft drink after being out in the sun all the afternoon watching the Woodmen drill and ball game. The State's Attorney doesn't profess to be a connoisseur on liquor but when he raised the glass to his lips he knew he was up against a new kind of moxie and his suspicions were more or less confirmed when he was charged 10 cents for about a half a glass. He seized a bottle more than half filled with the fluid after he had made his identity known and sent a pint to the state laboratory in Burlington for analysis. This morning he received the report which said, "10.95 per cent alcohol, 60 degrees F." This consummated his suspicions.

But he didn't have to wait for the report from the laboratory, however, for last Monday Nelson Kinneston, the man who sold him the moxie, came down to the State's Attorney's office and admitted that there was a half pint of Silver Brook whiskey in the moxie bottle, which had been seized. This morning a warrant for his arrest was sworn out on the charge of selling illegally. Whether there was whiskey in the other moxie bottles which contained the labels or not remains to be seen from the trial. The bottle seized did not contain any label but the other ones in view did.

Kinneston was brought into court before Judge E. M. Harvey this afternoon and pleaded guilty to the charge of selling and then went on to tell the court that he did not intend to break the law. Judge Harvey then proceeded to give the prisoner a good talking in which he remarked that in his opinion Kinneston knew that he was violating the law and intended to do it. He then imposed a fine of \$300 and costs of \$5.60. Kinneston had \$125 on his person and hopes that he can raise the remainder of the fine so that it will not be necessary for him to serve the alternative sentence. ♦

Highlights: The Trip Log

Friday, Sept. 17, 2004 – 8:35 AM – Leave Pitkin farm in Bromley's "car". Bromley hands out "vara-proof" ear plugs. 8:53 – passing thru Cabot. All well so far. Next stop: Marty's. Attractive autumn foliage observed and commented upon. 9:28 – Leaving Marty's. No turning back now. Bromley having gas-cap anxiety. 9:40 – Road kill. Positive ID impossible. Vara continues to answer his own questions, figures out how **CELL PHONES** work. 10:34 – Hopes high. Pitkin, master of banality, observes, "Look, there's a McDonalds." Pitkin attempts to appropriate front seat but Vara invokes "5 mile rule" and retains position.



12:25 PM – Tall Sunoco sign sighted. Excitement shared. 12:26 – resumed napping. 12:47 – 15 miles north of Boston, members critique suited man in red SUV. 1:15 – Bunker Hill monument – Non-driving members toast busload of schoolchildren with Arrow Coffee Brandy. 2:32 – Plymouth. Hopes high that we will eventually get to canal and keep rendezvous with Elmer via **CELL PHONE**. Meeting place is to be our regular Kape Kod Kanal rest room. 3:30 – Bromley insists on stopping at the Master Bait Shop. Rendezvous with Elmer achieved. Atmosphere ripe with burgeoning overconfidence. Plan is to get bait, select site at Nickerson, and fish beaches by night. Through interviews with local authorities, Elmer has determined that fish can be caught through the utilization of beer and clam bellies. 10:72 – Orleans. Drinking V8 juice. No fish caught, but no other fishing society ever made such an Herculean effort. Members exhausted after giving their all.



Long anticipated rendezvous with Elmer at the Kape Kod Kanal rest facility.

Saturday, September 18, 2004 – 8:03 – Restful night (except for a skunk raid on bait bucket). Ready for another successful day. Still room in the cooler. 9:09 – Headed for Chatham where dozens of fish will probably be caught. Vara notes that Pitkin's legs are so pale that they glow in the dark. Society calculates that there are five hundred million

shingles on Cape Cod. Calculation could be off a little, as some houses have clapboards AND shingles. 1:47 – Bromley backs into white car driven by a blond woman near Lecount Hollow Puddle. Spirits have plummeted. Society filled with woe. Rain descends in sheets. Casting conditions at Lecount Hollow deemed hopeless. Future uncertain. Society members briefly consider drinking alcoholic beverages.

Sunday, September 19 – 7:49 AM – Restful night at Orleans Holiday Hotel after "Chinese Polynesian" dinner at 1960's restaurant, and candlepin bowling at 1960's bowling alley. Headed for the canal to catch fish and return Elmer to his red truck. Squirrel seen. 10:15 – Vara realizes that his tackle box has been missing since Saturday morning. Hurls his last lure into the canal at the railroad bridge. Society wildly optimistic about prospects for next year. 10:20 – Vara requests a toilet stop at McDonalds. He says he likes to use the McDonald facilities because he feels like he is "giving something back." 10:40 – Morale generally low. Expedition has been a nearly complete failure so far. Luck will doubtless change as we near north shore.



Vara splurges for three 25-cent hotdogs

2:28 PM – Crushing defeat. Complete failure. Society retreats from Plum Island, fishless, hopeless, stripped even of its dignity. First fishless trip in approximately 8 years. Oh, ironical gods, what a mockery you have made of our hopes. 3:11 – Society passes "Kitten's Gentleman's Club" in Salisbury; sign notes that Wednesday is "amateur night." Flagging spirits are revived by 25 cent hot dogs and V8 juice, thanks to Bromley's ability to sniff out cheap wieners at charming retail outlets. 4:39 – Safety Liquor Rest Stop. All is well. Vara's turn in front. Society members discuss potentially lucrative inventions that might raise money for future expeditions. The most promising were Squmbrellas (square umbrellas), caps for office cubicles, and solar wood engravers (need to consult with Elmer). ♦



Close inspection of this photo reveals an "Air Bag Warning" posted immediately above Vara's head. Coincidence? We think not.



Vara indicates clothesline on which Bromley cleverly hung the bait bucket that was the object of a two o'clock skunk raid.

Got Fermented Mare's Milk?



Several CSBS members attended a November conference hosted by Jack and Roz Daniels to share information about fermented mare's milk, or Kymyz (pronounced koomis). Surprisingly, none of the thirty-five attendees knew anything about the subject, although Jon "Verbal" Vara held forth for at least forty-five minutes before admitting that he didn't really have a clue as to what he was saying. Our internet research staff has gleaned the following three items:

"Kazakh boxing team coach Yermakhan Ibraimov, who won gold as a light-middleweight in Sydney in 2000, confessed plain yet energizing nomadic food had been the key to his own success. 'Seeing me off to Sydney, my father gave me horse meat and kymyz,' Ibraimov told the popular Karavan weekly. The slightly heady, centuries-old kymyz is fermented mare's milk, treasured by the Kazakhs as a fizzy cold drink in the summer heat. 'I believe this helped me win my medal. While in a foreign land, your strength just doubles once you've tried the meat and have drunk kymyz,' he said. 'It goes without saying, we will take horse meat and kymyz to Athens.' "

"It is made and drunk since olden times. To make kumys in the traditional way there are needed fresh mare's milk, a wineskin of camel's, horse's or goat's skin where fresh mare's milk and ferment are poured in. It is put in a warm place for 24 hours, then thoroughly beaten up. Usually fat dried kazy are put in the wineskin; they add to kumys a peculiar flavour. In our days kumys is made under industrial conditions. Kumys not only tones well up, quenches hint and has an agreeable flavour but also possess a number of healing properties: as well as shubat it is used to cure tuberculosis."

"We ate at small restaurant in Russia near Kazan. On the table were bottles of kumis. Well, where else are you going to try fermented mare's milk. It might be the best thing in the world. It Was Not! I have a very open mind to food (I am a chef) but this was without a doubt, one of the most horrible taste experiences I have ever had." ♦