

# CSBS NEWS

An occasional Publication for  
Anybody Who Cares

Written and Printed at  
Cabot, Vermont

Progressively Priced for People  
Of All Income Brackets

## THE LOST ARTS

### CSBS Gets The Last Blue

**T**he only fish to be found this month in the waters off Cape Cod was consumed last week in Cabot in a pagan celebration honoring the god-like members of the Cabot Striped Bass Society.

Mark Bromley, who was actually holding the rod at the time the fish was hooked recalls the excitement of reeling it in: "I don't see why you have to keep your finger on the line when you're reeling. That's kind of stupid," he said.



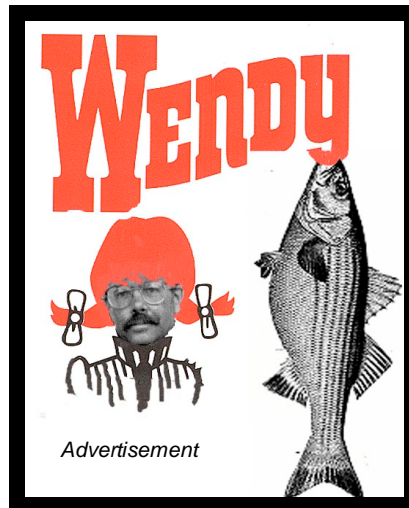
*It's a real bluefish, but the shirt is stuffed*

News of the CSBS' successful foray spread like wildfire throughout Cabot. Local reaction was mixed: "I thought it was *last* weekend," said Carl Bean, causing Bob Miller to wonder "What's up with that?" Local politico Mike Cookson agreed "one hundred percent" with everybody.

The celebration ended on a sad note as founding member Jon Vara announced that he was retiring from unemployment to become an assistant editor of the *Journal of Light Construction*. Of this carefree group, Pitkin alone remains fully unemployed.



**"IT DOESN'T GET ANY BETTER THAN THIS" – Mark Bromley**



*Advertisement*

### CCCCC to Apply for Development Grant

The Cabot-Cape Cod Canal Connection, the grant-writing arm of the CSBS, is considering a request for funding a new powerboat equipped with fighting chairs and a cooler. Grant requests will be mailed to the Cabot Cultural Connection, the Cabot Community Center Committee, Cabot Congregational Church, Cabot Co-operative Creamery, Cabot Conservation Commission, the Cabot Coalition, and Craig Cook. The CCCCC is confident that its acronym will evoke some goodwill from the sponsoring organizations.

## THE TRIP LOG

Friday, September 10 10:26 – Leave Jon & Ken's to pick up Mark 10:30 – Arrive at Mark's house 10:58 – Club members discuss the space continuum with Mark's brother Steve while Mark gets ready to go. 10:59 – Departure 11:25 – Stopped at Marty's in Danville. Bromley treats everyone to coffee, fresh cashews, etc. Pitkin spills coffee in car. 11:45 – Have achieved mile 128 on Interstate 93. Live Free or Die!!! No Sales Tax!!!! 12:30 – Rest stop for bladder relief and snacks. Bromley inadvertently discards perfectly good pistachios in the rest stop trash container. Other club members are outraged. 12:43 – Plymouth, NH, discussion of whether Y2K will occur this January or next January. 12:44 – Ken observes: "It's \*ucked. Somebody forgot a year somewhere." 1:47 – Tall Sunoco sign sighted. 2:06 – Members discussed phenomenon involving 1 out of 10 vehicles on the highway. 2:40 – Woman in white sidekick observed making wanton gestures at Caleb. Mark reflects: "Life in Quincy, Massachusetts." 3:00 – Bromley queasy. Unsure how much longer he can remain outside of the contents of his stomach. 3:13 – Wendy's in Marshfield, MA. Spicy Chicken Combo and Iced Tea procured at the drive-thru ensure that Bromley will have some further ballast for his roiling innards. 3:55 – Momentary panic that the air conditioning system may be "ucked." 6:00 – Wendy's. Bromley eats Spicy Chicken Combo in 13 seconds. Tops it off with chili. 7:00 – Roland G. Nickerson State Park. Site #144 in section 6 EXT. (believed to be an abbreviation of EXTASY, a common misspelling of ECSTASY). Tents up (Bromley to have private room this year). 7:25 – Lecount Hollow. On the beach. Rainy. 7:30 – Back in the car. Too much weed in the water. It is observed that the fishing appears to be "ucked." 9:30 – Attractive blond attendant at pizza place angers Bromley with her request that CSBS members leave at closing time. Saturday, September 11 5:50 AM – Pitkin awakens Bromley who has agreed to wake everyone up at 6:00. 6:40 – Bromley wakes up. 7:00 – Difficulty in keeping logbook engenders suggestion by Pitkin that entire outing be tape-recorded next year. Elmer and Vara warn against it, citing several recent conversations. 7:30 – Dunkin Donuts for coffee and stuff. Observed young girl selling papers outside the door. Vara thoughtlessly buys paper inside. 8:00 – Wendy's drive-thru. Pitkin orders Scrambled Egg breakfast, complete with sausage, biscuit, and potato nuggets. Bromley asks: "Is a big nugget called a Nug? Or would a small nugget be called a Nuggetette?" 9:53 – Nauset Beach. Lots of unfamiliar seals. Bromley calls them "Barney Seals," but Vara thinks they are "Good Housekeeping Seals." Pitkin notes that they seem to perform for the amusement of the spectators on the beach and are probably "Seals of Approval." 9:56 – Vara observes his

watch. 10:02 – En route from Nauset. Hopes high despite weed accumulations of unparalleled (sic) severity. 1:01 – Duck Harbor – Elmer swims in the weedy brine. Bromley observes other bathers through his binoculars; pines for lost pistachios. 1:45 – Traditional council of war in Naviator parking lot, Wellfleet. Bromley calls Mike Kinney to arrange an evening fishing expedition. Solidifies his position in the CSBS. Advances from acolyte to full member. 2:32 – Nickerson. Nap Time. 3:01 – Pitkin showers. Miraculously, Vara locates Rossini's Overture to *The Barber of Seville* on the radio. Red Sox charging to 5-4 lead. Man on bike appears to have used the toilet and returned to his campsite, while Elmer and Bromley doze. 10:00 – Back from outing with Mike Kinney. Many baitfish observed. Spanish Mackerel, too. Vara speared 3 baitfish, but released them to the wild (in a dead condition). Pitkin hooked a small striper through the side, a technique known locally as "jigging the bastard." Striper escaped. Bromley landed a whopping 7-8 pound killer blue, after a struggle which nearly separated his arms from his torso. Vara's hand was wounded in the ensuing struggle. 10:19 – Two large pizzas guaranteed to look good AND taste good or our money back. It doesn't get any better than this. Map purchased at gas station. 11:11 – 11:11 (the mark of Damien).

Sunday, September 12 7:39 – Map is discovered to have two roads labeled #28. The observation was made by a front seat member that this was "fucked." Off to Dunkin Donuts and Wendy's at the urging of Bromley. 8:00 – Vara contritely purchases paper from Dunkin Donuts paper urchin (Merchant? are the two words related?), but refuses to purchase a stick of gum from her for 50 cents. 8:25 – Vara reads article in newspaper written by a woman with the unfortunate name of Ann Job. 9:18 – Nauset Beach. Pitkin suffers catastrophic failure of beach chair. Pride wounded, extra donuts regretted. Bromley peristaltic. 11:15 – Harwich, Wychmere Harbor, or some such. Pitkin attempts to catch snapper blues. 12:15 – Society flirts with excursion on Golden Eagle party boat. Too crowded & Bromley crushed to discover that party boats have no "fighting chairs." 12:26 – En route to CCC (Cape Cod Canal). Hopes high. Federal style buildings observed. 2:45 – Society concedes defeat. Running for home. 4:38 – Bromley's hearing problem persists ("huh?"). Back in New Hampshire. 5:31 – Notes for next year: 1) test beach chairs, 2) bring light gear for snapper blues, 3) get big powerful boat, 4) fighting chairs, 5) illegible 5:48 – Pass short Gulf sign 7:51 – Wendy's, West Lebanon, NH. Trico hatch observed. It is calculated that two small chilis are much larger than one large chili – a much better deal. Bromley fruitlessly attempts to elevate level of discourse with urbane allusion to Bill Bradley.



"It would certainly seem like it," Elmer quips as he and Pitkin take a break from the hunt.

## Fishin' the Net



Mark Bromley in 2015 (actual unretouched photograph retrieved from cyberspace).



Society landing assistant, Peachie Keene, displays a wily Spanish Mackerel similar to the ones almost caught by all four CSBS members.



The CSBS recently received this picture with an application for membership. The applicant suggests we change our name to **Larry & Son Striped Bass Society**. Sorry Larry. Them ain't stripers.

## Winslow's Wisdom

by J. Winslow Vara

Hi Caleb, Here are some excerpts from what *The Sportsman's Guide to Game Fish* says about the Spanish mackerel (*Scomberomorus maculatus*):

"The Spanish mackerel is considered by those who fish for it one of THE FINEST GAME SPECIES ON EARTH [emphasis added; grammatical problem in original]. There is little doubt that if this delicious, beautiful, streamlined species had the weight and size of a marlin it would **OUTFIGHT THAT SPECIES TENFOLD**.... Spanish mackerel may be spotted occasionally as they leap from the water, and they may be noted churning the surface when into a school of bait.... This is an exceedingly swift, strong fish which is always very active. When hooked, it is a **BRILLIANT FIGHTER**, making **DASHING RUNS**, leaping high, **HURLING ITSELF ALONG THE WATER**, and **FIGHTING A WILD BATTLE**.... Great sport can be had by locating the school with trolling gear, then **KEEPING A SKIFF OR OTHER CRAFT** on the edge of the wildly feeding host and casting into it with freshwater plug or spinning rods, or fly rods. Tide and surf rips at the ends of long channel jetties **THRUSTING OUT INTO OPEN GULF WATERS** are hot spots for Spanish mackerel. Here one may cast from the rocks, with a jig or spoon, and **MOP UP**."

I think we should all be pleased and proud to have come so close to catching such fierce battlers of the deep.



Jon Vara, his eyes shielded from potential distractions, concentrates furiously on developing a successful strategy for the 1999 CSBS outing.



Vara fraternizes with Cap'n Mike Kinney, a white-plater who has earned his grits on more than one CSBS outing. In fact, several of the Striper-Anns (spouses of members) credit Kinney with 100% of the Society's success. Society members refused comment.