

NEWSLETTER

Meeting Location

**Royal Canadian Legion, Westboro Branch
- 391 Richmond Road, between Churchill
and Roosevelt Avenues. *The parking is
on the neighbouring streets.***

*The February meeting is the Awards
Banquet. I hope to see you all there.
It's our annual "grip and grin".*

Awards Banquet

**WEDNESDAY, Feb. 1 at the Legion
(downstairs, NOT UPSTAIRS)**

6:30 PM – Meet and greet

7:00 PM – Chicken Dinner

**Price: \$10 each. The Club is
subsidizing this event.**

**Please call Dave Mingie – 744-
7416 – to confirm attendance. We
need to commit for specific
numbers over 25.**

Upcoming Club Fishes None –

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Miscellaneous Mutterings

Recent MNR “conservation” proposals will wreak havoc with the OFC’s current standards for points and trophies.

I know that it isn’t always easy to catch big bass or walleye or whatever. If it were so easy, what would be the point? In my view, there is a difference between “fishing” and “catching”, at least for adults. For kids, it’s important to recognize the short attention spans and the need for quick gratification and reward for effort. Well, maybe it works that way for some adults as well.

Why am I on this muttering path?

The article on Page 2 explains all. It certainly seems like it’s way past the time that the MNR should have some frank and constructive meetings with concerned citizens and groups, rather than the current “pablum” series where they come out with low cost, low maintenance programs to avoid investment in improving the future of a renewable natural resource.

Fishing Club Flyer

Greg has come up with a really good-looking flyer to promote the OFC. I would hope that we spend a bit of money to put them out in colour. I’m sure that we can distribute them to the various outlets in the area, and have them available on the OFC web site for download.

Fishing Regs – Then and Now

In my effort to catch up on my reading, I came across the fishing regulations for the old days (when I was getting started). I glanced at them, shaking my head at the unsophisticated approach and the sad lack of attention to the active management of a natural and renewable resource that promised to bring in substantial provincial government and private sector revenues over time.

Here's a brief review of the sorry situation. In 1892, you were prohibited from taking or catching bass less than 10 inches in length. They had to be put back "forthwith" (no dragging them along on a stringer). You couldn't catch or take more than 12 bass on any given day. The law prohibited hunting or fishing on the Sabbath.

By 1904, the number of bass you could legally catch was cut to eight per day, but the length limit remained at 10 inches. The yellow pickerel (walleye) minimum size limit was 15 inches. All fish under the size limits had to be returned alive to the water.

As you know, the size limit for bass steadily crept up as biologists (and common sense – there may be a difference) dictated that there wasn't much point in catching fish before they'd had a chance to spawn at least once. After all, fish hatcheries must be more expensive to operate than letting nature take its course.

In fact, the government was in such a sad state of affairs in 1900 that when local groups from the Rideau approached Toronto to complain that the game wardens couldn't do their job, because the government wouldn't/couldn't supply transportation, private groups agreed to buy two motor launches in return for the government supplying crews and fuel. Lake associations hired their own watchmen to guard spawning beds against spearing and netting. Great fishing was worth a lot of money in repeat visitors to local businesses.

Why is this of interest to the OFC, you ask?

I am reliably informed that at a public meeting in Elgin a few weeks ago, the travelling MNR circus proposed cutting the size limit for bass to either 8 or 10 inches and doing away with all fish sanctuaries. In response to questions, a CO present stated that he was only allowed to travel his district two days a week, because of budgetary restrictions. It appears that the government has the money to buy trucks and other vehicles but doesn't have the money to operate them (the reverse of 1900).

I guess that private groups are going to have to offer to buy gas for the conservation officers in order to let them do their job. And a century of obviously stale and poor biology and conservation thinking is about to be reversed with a proposed return to the "good old days" of eight or ten-inch size limits for bass. Ah, progress! Ain't it wonderful! What next? Spearing and netting by non-First Nations people?

The 2005 Stella Awards

I am indebted to Brian Harrington for this information.

The Stella Awards are named after 81-year-old Stella Lieback, who spilled hot coffee on herself and successfully sued McDonald's (in New Mexico). That inspired the Stella Awards for the most frivolous, ridiculous, successful lawsuits in the U.S.

Fifth Place (tie):

Kathleen Robertson of Austin, Texas, was awarded \$80,000 after breaking her ankle tripping over a toddler who was running inside a furniture store. The storeowners were understandably surprised at the verdict, considering that the misbehaving toddler was Ms. Robertson's son.

19-year-old Carl Truman of Los Angeles won \$74,000 and medical expenses when his neighbour ran over his hand with a Honda Accord. Mr. Truman apparently didn't notice there was someone at the wheel of the car when he was trying to steal his neighbour's hubcaps.

Fourth Place: – Jerry Williams of Little Rock, Arkansas, was awarded \$14,500 and medical expenses after being bitten on the buttocks by his next-door neighbour's beagle. The beagle was on a chain in its owner's fenced yard. The award was less than sought because the jury felt the dog was a little provoked by Mr. Williams who had climbed over the fence into the yard and was shooting it repeatedly with a pellet gun.

Third Place: – A Philadelphia restaurant was ordered to pay Amber Carson of Lancaster, PA, \$113,500 after she slipped on a soft drink and broke her coccyx (tailbone). The beverage was on the floor because Ms. Carson had thrown it at her boyfriend 30 seconds earlier during an argument.

Second Place: – Kara Walton of Claymont, Delaware, successfully sued the owner of a nightclub in a neighbouring city when she fell from a bathroom window to the floor and knocked out her two front teeth. This occurred when Ms. Walton was trying to sneak through the window in the ladies room to avoid paying the \$3.50 cover charge. She was awarded \$12,000 and dental expenses.

First Place: – This year's runaway winner was Mrs. Merv Grazinski of Oklahoma City, Oklahoma. Mrs. Grazinski purchased a brand new 32-foot Winnebago motor home. On her first trip home, (from an Oklahoma University football game), having driven onto the freeway, she set the cruise control at 70 mph. She calmly left the driver's seat to go into the back and make herself a sandwich.

Not surprisingly, the RV left the freeway, crashed and overturned.

Mrs. Grazinski sued Winnebago for not advising her in the owner's manual that she couldn't actually do this. The jury awarded her \$1, 750,000 plus a new motor home.

The company actually changed their manual on the basis of this suit, just in case there were any other complete morons around.

"WHAT YA THINK OF THAT?"

He met her in the meadow,
As the sun was setting low:
They strolled along together
In the twilight afterglow.

Patiently she waited
As he lowered all the bars;
Her soft eyes beamed upon him
As radiant as the stars.

She neither smiled nor thanked him,
Because she knew not how, for
He was but a farmer's boy—
And she was a Guernsey cow.

Deservedly anonymous.

Bill Gates vs. GM

For all of us who feel only the deepest love and affection for the way computers have enhanced our lives, read on.

At a recent computer expo (COMDEX), Bill Gates reportedly compared the computer industry with the auto industry and stated:

" IF GM had kept up with technology like the computer industry has, we would all be driving \$25.00 cars that got 1,000 miles to the gallon."

In response to Bill's comments, General Motors issued a press release stating:

If GM had developed technology like Microsoft, we would all be driving cars with the following characteristics:

1. For no reason whatsoever, your car would crash twice a day.
2. Every time they repainted the lines in the road, you would have to buy a new car.
3. Occasionally your car would die on the freeway for no reason at all. You would have to pull to the side of the road, close all of the windows, shut off the engine, restart it, and reopen the windows before you could continue. For some reason you would simply accept this.
4. Occasionally, executing a maneuver such as a left turn would cause your car to shut down and refuse to restart, in which case you would have to reinstall the engine.
5. MacIntosh would make a car that was powered by the sun, was reliable, five times as fast and twice as easy to drive, but would run on only five percent of the roads.

6. The oil, water temperature, and alternator warning lights would all be replaced by a single "This car has performed an illegal operation" warning light.
7. The airbag system would ask, "Are you sure?" before deploying.
8. Occasionally, for no reason whatsoever, your car would lock you out and refuse to let you in until you had simultaneously lifted the door handle, turned the key and grabbed hold of the radio antenna.
9. Every time a new car was introduced, car buyers would have to learn how to drive all over again, because none of the controls would operate in the same manner as the old car.
10. You'd have to press the "Start" button to turn the engine off.

Political Analysis:

The following political commentary is courtesy of Sandy Grant.

While suturing a cut on the hand of a 75-year old Alberta rancher, the doctor and the old man struck up a conversation about Paul Martin being the Prime Minister.

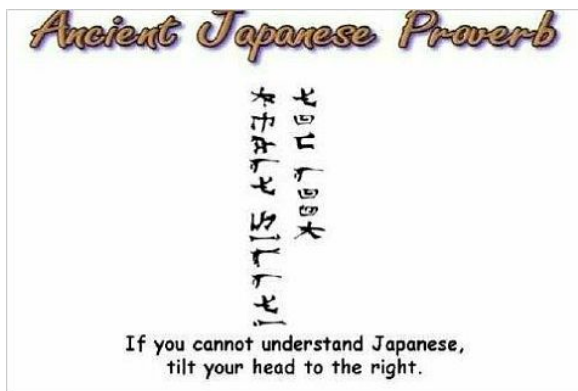
The old rancher said, "Well, ya know, Martin is a 'post turtle'."

Not being familiar with the term, the doctor asked him what a 'post turtle' was.

The old rancher said, "When you're driving down a country road and you come across a fence post with a turtle balanced on top, that's a post turtle."

The old man saw a puzzled look on the doctor's face, so he continued to explain,

"You know he didn't get there by himself, he doesn't belong there, he is uncomfortable there, he doesn't know what to do while he's up there, and you just want to help the dumb bastard get down any way you can!"



Ah, so!

GAS PRICES GIVE ME GAS!



THE CHRISTIAN SCIENCE MONITOR Bennett



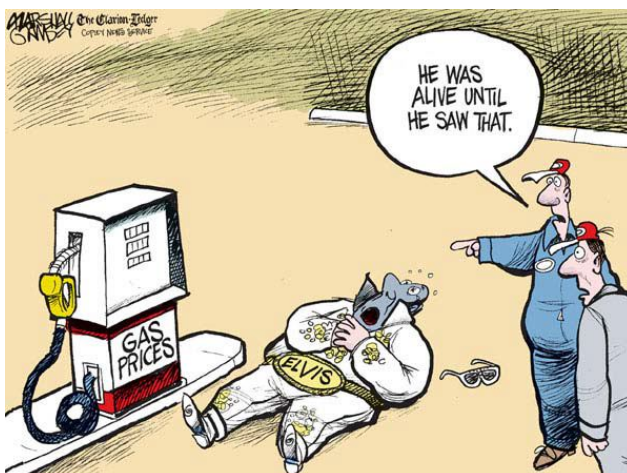
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DINI
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SIKEL
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MARZULLI
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These pictures cover almost all groups – senior citizens, Elvis lovers, family values (father and son), young lovers, and drivers (facing the gas gauge). Hope you find something that resonates for you.