



CAPE COD COMMERCIAL FISHERMEN'S ALLIANCE

Small Boats. Big Ideas.

*An e-magazine about our fishing community –
who we are, how we fish and our connection to the sea*

December 26, 2019

Fish Tales

From shepherd to scalloper

Dumitru Babes had come to the United States from Romania and one day he was hanging out with close friends watching the movie “Arthur.”



Star Dudley Moore is drinking heavily, then told he’s had enough.

Moore replies he wants “more than enough.”

Sandy Keese, granddaughter, mother and grandmother of fishermen, remembers Babes hearing the line and cracking up.

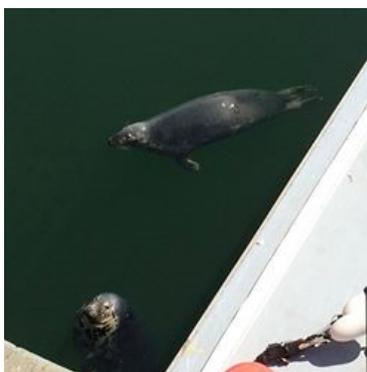
“I thought Dumitru was gonna die from laughter,” she remembers. “We all roared with Dumitru thinking we all wanted MORE than enough out of life in general.”

The story continues here ...

Plumbing the Depths

Seal survey examines the human dimension

On any summer day there are tourists at the Chatham fish pier who love seeing “adorable” seals cavort around the fishing vessels. There are also fishermen who have lost part of their catch to those seals.



Both tourists and

On the Horizon

We have lots of exciting stuff happening.



Although it’s bittersweet to close the book on another

busy, successful year, we already have a lot planned for January. We are once again participating in the Cape Cod Chamber’s WaterWORKS event, to connect high school students with blue business opportunities across the Cape. From our vantage, a career in commercial fishing offers the best office view in the world. If you don’t feel prepared for a job on a commercial vessel, but want to get into the industry, we are offering a free course to get you there. Courses will run in two sessions from late January to early February and again from late February to early March. Over the course of six days, students will learn about basic maritime terminology, crew responsibilities onboard different types of fishing vessels, basic knot tying, offshore survival, first aid, the Cape Cod fisheries, and the types of gear. Upon successful completion, students and captains will be given an opportunity to attend a meet and greet

fishermen support protecting the ecosystem, but how they view that may differ.

And those views may be wholly different from someone who enjoys surfing off Nauset, but is concerned about sharks.

A new study, bringing together varied collaborators, is designed to better understand those points of view and how they may translate into the policy and regulatory realm.

The story continues here...

Aids to Navigation

Protecting herring is a key generational accomplishment

Captain Ted Ligenza could have retired; he has been fishing for almost 50 years. But he was waiting.

He remembers how good the cod fishery off Chatham was in the winter, before midwater trawls came and changed everything.

And after more than 15 years battling for restrictions on the industrial-scale vessels, when 2019 dawned it looked like change finally would be ushered in. New regulations would limit the amount of herring the big boats would catch, plus establish a 20-mile buffer off the backshore of the Cape where they wouldn't be able to fish.

Ligenza believes that if forage fish are protected, fish that the small boat fleet once used to build businesses – cod, haddock, pollock – will return.

The story continues here...

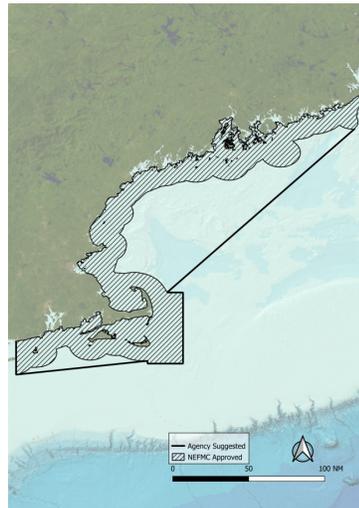
Charting the Past

Remembering Nat Mason

Peter Baker remembers when Nat Mason wandered into the office of the Cape Cod Commercial Hook Fishermen and asked if they needed an intern.



“The Hook” was operating on a shoestring budget, and Baker, the campaign director, was about 30 years younger than this man who wanted to volunteer.



event at the Fishermen's Alliance office to discuss potential hiring opportunities. If you're interested in taking this course as a student, please get in touch with [Amanda](#). Space is limited. Click [here](#) to apply.



We will be giving out our bag of swag next month, so if you haven't convinced a friend to sign up for our e-magazine (or you haven't signed up yourself) now is the time. We will choose one of the 50 new subscribers in a lottery so stay tuned. Subscribe [here](#).



We couldn't have pulled off our successful herring campaign without help from our friends. And our friends stepped up again, matching a Patagonia offer, to raise \$20,000 in under two weeks. Thanks again for your support and if you want to be an official friend through our Fishermen's Friends Society. Click [here](#).

On the Water

Ever wonder how a boat, or a fish, got its name? Want the word on what people are catching --- or how to cook it?

Thanks to cultural councils across the Cape, as well as the Chatham Fund of the Cape Cod Foundation, we have been able to spend time talking to people who are putting the “blue” into the Cape Cod economy. These podcasts are a way to remind you of some of the great work happening on the Cape. For example, here's a visit the Cape Cod Lighthouse Charter School

“He ended up being our CFO – for seven years,” remembers Baker.

Mason’s financial background was enviable. After a few years teaching, and two years in the US Army, he worked for Mellon Bank in Frankfurt, Tokyo and London and then the Arab Bank of Amman in London for more than a quarter century.

Mason had left a banking career and family in London to return to Chatham to take care of his mother, Phyllis, in 2002, and wanted to give back to the community he had known since childhood and had great affection for.

Story continues here ...

Alliance alumni

Tom Dempsey has gone coast to coast

One wonderful result of having longevity in this fisheries world is that over time, many talented and committed people have made their way to our doorstep, accomplished a great deal while here, and then used those experiences to springboard into other fascinating jobs and positions within the broader fishing community.



We thought it would be fun to visit and revisit some of our friends and former colleagues, to find out what they’ve been up to since, well, you might say “graduation” from the Fishermen’s Alliance. Tom Dempsey, who went from Cape Cod to California, is our latest in a series of profiles that appear here in the e-magazine on a regular basis. Read his story [here](#).

Over the Bar

Remembering my dad

We buried my father last week, surrounded by family and friends, a gathering of events public and private, full of memories, sadness and joy.



He was a quiet, remarkable man, gravely injured more than half a century ago in the Vietnam War, who defied all medical odds to build a wonderful marriage with my mom, raise two sons, and work a long successful career. He did this by personifying courage and integrity, refusing to see himself as inhibited or a lesser person because war

to talk about the importance of dogfish to the commercial fleet, and hear from a few kids about the issue. Listen for our podcasts on WOMR or find them [here](#).

On the Shore

This community thrives in large part because of a constellation of non-profit organizations and engaged businesses.



The Electronic Monitoring

and Reporting Grant Program, a partnership between National Fish and Wildlife, the National Oceanographic and Atmospheric Administration, the Walton Family Foundation and the Kingfisher Foundation, recently awarded us a \$525,000 grant to continue our work in electronic monitoring. The funds, which will be matched, advance electronic monitoring in New England’s groundfish fishery by continuing operation of a successful pilot project and working to clarify standards and needs related to the technology. The project, in collaboration with our partners The Nature Conservancy and the Maine Coast Fishermen’s Association, will engage 35 vessels to finalize electronic monitoring standards and ensure that data is effectively stored, shared, and used by regional stock assessment scientists and others. Read more [here](#).



The Northeast Center for Occupational Health and Safety, in partnership with Johns Hopkins University and UMass Amherst, is offering

had taken the use of his legs.

He and my mom gave me and my brother Mark so much, including our introduction to this place called Cape Cod.

In the early 1970s, I was that kid curled up in the back of a dark car, crossing over the bridge on a Friday night, sleeping in pajamas with snug footies, clutching the blankie.

We were coming from Connecticut. The Route 495 connection hadn't been built yet, so we'd come through Bourne along old honky tonk Route 6. I'd wake up and see the water slide and think, "Oh good, we're almost there."

In the early years my family rented a cottage in Wellfleet for a couple of weeks. I remember Dad taking me to the pier where I caught my first fish. I was so excited and proud – until a crusty old Wellfleetian came by and said something like, "That's a dogfish, kid, it's worthless, you might as well just throw it back."

Talking about popping a kid's balloon.

After awhile we took a rental in Orleans. I think it was because both of my parents were working longer hours so shaving 30 minutes off the trip made sense. My memories are of me and my dad making drip sand castles on Skaket Beach, and the way Cape Cod Bay would go way away over the flats at low tide. For a little guy, that was incredible. Still is.

In 1979, my parents bought a summer home in South Yarmouth. Part of the reason was that the beaches there were more easily accessible to my dad's wheelchair. Those of you who know me know that I am a big person, always have been. My size helped me help my dad get to places long before the Disabilities Act; helping him physically was something I prided myself on being able to do, and made us closer.

When I turned 15, I decided I hated the Cape, wanted nothing to do with it. I had no friends here, I was only a summer person. I pretty much stayed away until 1994, when I graduated from college. So there was a gap of about 10 years.

Done with Seton Hall, I came back to chill. I landed a summer job at the Beachcomber, the iconic rock and roll club in a former Coast Guard station on the dunes in Wellfleet. Given my size, it isn't a surprise that I became a bouncer. Then I was told they were looking for someone to run the raw bar.

"You know how to open shellfish?" someone asked.

"Sure," I said. I had never shucked a clam in my life.

I stopped at Captain Elmer's in Orleans, a fish market and restaurant named for Elmer Costa. I bought a bag of oysters and a bag of clams. The guys there gave me a quick lesson on how to open them, and I practiced that night. My hands were all nicked and sore when I showed

gift cards to those who participate in a survey that looks at how fishing vessel operators use mobile apps to help with safety issues. Each questionnaire takes about 30 minutes. Participants will receive a \$50 gift card for each questionnaire completed. For more information: 508-441-4728.



The Gulf of Maine Research Institute has

announced a Marine Resources Education Program (MREP) in New England, Feb. 25-27. Conceived, managed, and presented by fishermen, for fishermen, the program aims to address a question: What do fishermen need to participate effectively in collaborative science and management? The workshop is free to selected participants and includes meals, travel and accommodation. Seats are limited. Apply [here](#).

On the Hook

We do a lot of reading, searching through the wide world of fisheries, and often find intriguing pieces to share. In the old days, you might call this your clipping service.



We can't help but share another [article](#) on how, thanks to friends and colleagues across the Cape and beyond, midwater herring trawlers will be kept 12 to 20 miles offshore to protect the inshore fisheries. Commercial fishermen have been advocating for these protections for close to 20 years.

As with many

up at work the next day, but I did it, I did it.

When that summer was done, everybody was telling me October was the best time, I had to stick around. Meanwhile, my parents were saying, “Ok, ok, bouncing and opening clams wasn’t why you went to college.”

I didn’t listen – to them.

I’d been to Chatham a few times mostly to surf cast and screw around. I liked it, and landed a job at the May Institute working with kids on the autism spectrum. I stayed there for more than a year. Again, my size worked to my advantage.

At a party one night I met Paul Parker, cousin of one of the guys I worked with. We talked late into the night, a lot of it about commercial fishing. The Cape Cod Commercial Hook Fishermen already existed, but the organization didn’t have formal non-profit status, a solid mission statement, or even a logo.

By August I was putting in 20 hours a week working on fisheries issues. Before long 20 hours became 60, sometimes more. “The Hook” evolved into the Commercial Fishermen’s Alliance, and my parents decided that Chatham was a good place for them too. In the years to come they would spend plenty of time at their second home just a few miles from me and Jenn, get to know my friends and my work, host many a Friday night cookout on the deck.

The place I hated as a teenager had become my home, the fishing world my inspiration. The kid in pajamas sleeping in the back of the car figured something out, and built a great life here.

I know my dad was very proud of me, and my mom still is, even if you might say that sometimes what I do isn’t all that far from bouncing and shucking clams. But whatever I’ve taken on, whatever challenges have come, he has always been my role model, my ballast. And he always will be.



(John Pappalardo is the CEO of the Cape Cod Commercial Fishermen's Alliance)



things, fisheries data can be interpreted different ways. This *story* talks about why that matters and how people need to look beyond headlines.



We often share articles about climate change and the proliferation of plastics in our waters because both are going to factor into our future, especially if we ignore the problems. This *article* on climate change lays out a scary scenario of climate change; this *one* puts a twist on the plastics problem, showcasing how fish scales can be transformed into bioplastics.





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