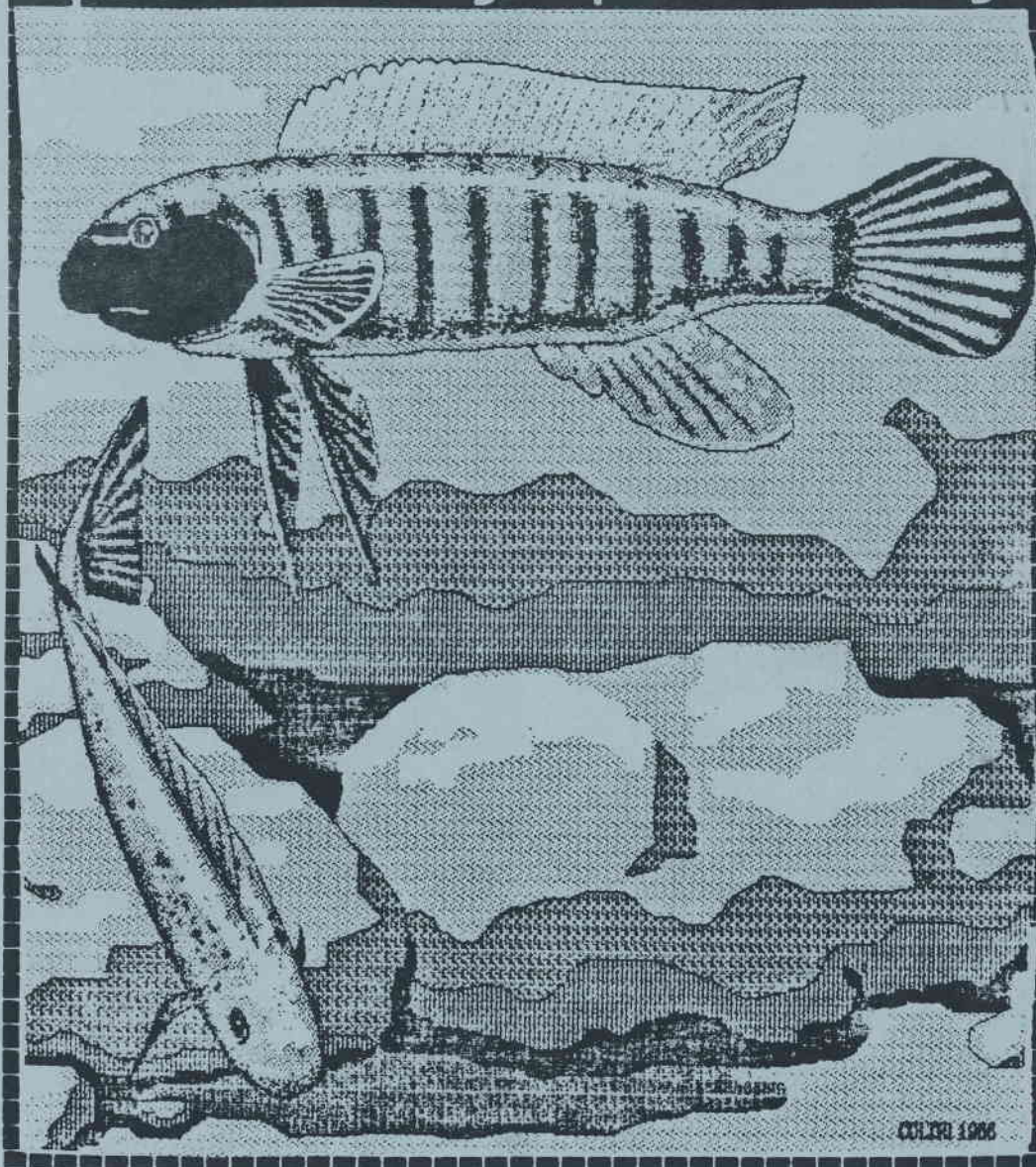


* DELTA TALE *

Dec. 1987
vol. 18 #12
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Delta Tale is published for the benefit of the Potomac Valley Aquarium Society Inc., a non-profit organization, established in 1960 for the purpose of furthering the aquarium hobby by dissemination of information, encouraging friendly competition, soliciting participation in its shows, and promoting good fellowship. Correspondence should be addressed to PVAS, PO Box 6219 Shirlington Station, Arlington, VA 22206. Original articles and artwork may be reprinted by other non-profit organizations if credit is given to the author, Delta Tale, And PVAS. Two copies of the publication should be sent to Delta Tale c/o PVAS. Please place the authors name on one copy to insure that it gets to him/her. PVAS and Delta Tale disclaim any responsibility for content or availability of advertised merchandise or services in these pages. Customer satisfaction is a matter to be worked out exclusively between the advertiser and the buyer. All material for inclusion in Delta Tale MUST reach the editor by the 18th of the month prior to publication.

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MESSAGE FROM THE PRESIDENT

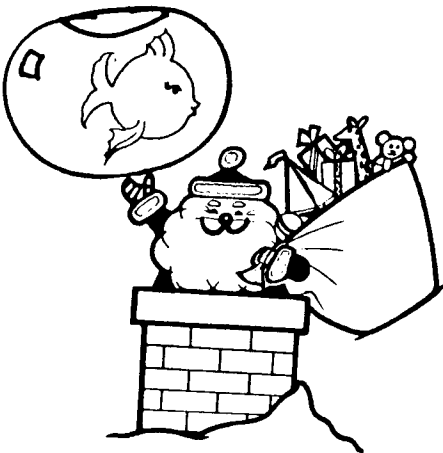
The first year of my being the President of the Potomac Valley Aquarium Society is drawing to a close and I want to thank all the Officers and Members for making my job easier. Special thanks should be given to Pete Thrift and his Show Team for putting on a super show in May, Gerry Hoffman for his wonderful job on the November Workshop, John Jessup and his Team for putting on an Auction at both of these events, and to John Mangan for doing a super but trying job as Delta Tale Editor. This is the last issue of the Delta Tale you will see with John M as the Editor. We are still looking for someone to take over this very important club function. I am willing to talk to any member about this job, PLEASE DON'T BE BACKWARD.

Plans are progressing for 1988 activities. These include, but are not limited to, the 28th Annual Fish Show and Auction in May and a Workshop and Auction in October. The programs for the year will include in January our Annual BAP slide program by John Jessup and a product evaluation program in February (Here is your opportunity to talk about the good and bad of products you use and question others.) and our December Christmas Party. Tentative plans for the rest of the year include several salt water programs, setting up your own backyard pond, livebearer, killifish and Paul Spice.

REMEMBER THE DECEMBER MEETING IS OUR ANNUAL CHRISTMAS PARTY.

I hope my second year as you President will be as easy as my first year.


Eugene T. Aldridge, Jr.

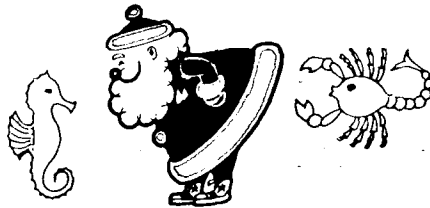
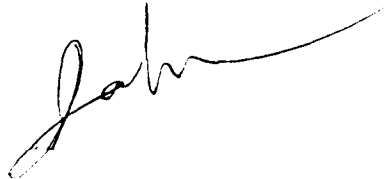


FROM THE EDITORZ DESK

This is it, my final issue. As of the day I'm writing this a new editor still has not been found. It has been over a year since I announced I wanted to step down from the job, yet here I am, still at it. Well, I'm not waiting any longer. There are other things I want to do. Also, after four years as editor I'm totally burned out. The Delta Tale needs some fresh blood and enthusiasm to revitalize it and bring the quality back up to what it once was.

I'd like to thank everyone that has helped me over the past four years: typists, writers, artists, etc. I won't try to name them all (even though there weren't all that many) since I don't want to accidentally miss anyone and hurt their feelings. I will make a couple of exceptions to this though: George White deserves special thanks for all of the articles he has sent in (even the ones with goodeid jokes). Without Georg's help the Delta Tale would have been made up almost entirely of reprints over the past year. Out of 20 original articles submitted this year 14 were written by George, and this is counting Gene Aldridges three part article as three seperate articles. So thank you George. I am putting a cichlid on the cover of this issue in your honor. I'd also like to give special thanks to a special friend, Lisa Wood, who, even though she wasn't a PVAS member, endured many evenings of writers cramp and stamp glue tongue to help me get the Delta Tale mailed. Thank you Lisa. I promise never to ask you to lick a stamp again, or to hand adress 200 magazine either. Lastly I'd like to give special thanks to Pat Mahoney. When I first took this job I knew absolutely nothing about putting together a magazine. Pat taught me everything I needed to know. Pat was also the first PVAS member to befriend me and make me feel welcome when I first joined PVAS. I'll thank Pat the only way I can by always remembering these things about him.

With that I'll say goodbye, for now. My name should still appear in these pages occasionally in the future, however it will be as an author, not an editor. One of the things I want to do is start writing again. Until then...



DECEMBER HAPPENINGS

PROGRAM:	NONE - JUST FOOD AND FELLOWSHIP
MINI-AUCTION:	NONE - JUST FOOD AND FELLOWSHIP
BOWL SHOW:	NONE - JUST FOOD AND FELLOWSHIP
FOOD AND FELLOWSHIP:	NONE - UNLESS YOU COME
THE MEETING:	CHRISTMAS PARTY ON DECEMBER 14

LEA SPICKLER IS ACTING AS THE COORDINATOR THIS YEAR, AND WILL ATTEMPT TO CALL EACH OF YOU IN AN ATTEMPT TO INSURE THERE IS A VARIED QUANTITY OF FOOD. EVERYONE IS ASKED TO BRING A SIDE DISH, WITH THE CLUB PROVIDING THE TURKEY AND HAM. YOU AND YOUR CHILDREN ARE INVITED AND ASKED TO BRING, IN ADDITION TO A SIDE DISH, A WRAPPED \$2.00, OR LESS, HOBBY RELATED ITEM. PLEASE, NOTHING LIVE.

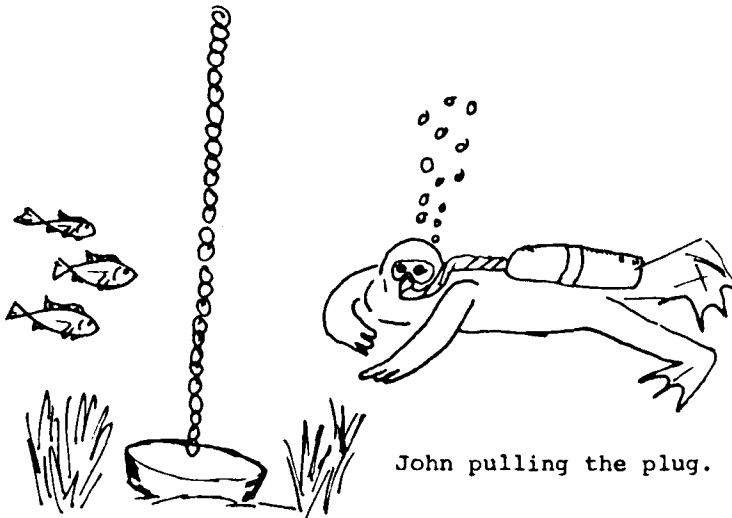
IF YOU FEEL YOU ARE OUT OR NOT BEING CALLED SOON ENOUGH BY LEA, PLEASE CALL HER. HOME 691,0419 - WORK 471-1559.

THE PARTY WILL BE HELD AT OUR REGULAR MEETING PLACE, THE J.C.WOOD FACILITY.

THE DOORS WILL BE OPENED AROUND 7:00 PM TO GIVE EVERYONE TIME TO COME AND GET EVERYTHING READY TO START AT 8:00 PM.

Guest Editorial by George White

(how true this is depends on YOU. J.M.)



A Guide to the Fishes of Lake Malawi National Park

book review by George White, PVAS

A Guide to the Fishes of Lake Malawi National Park, by Digby Lewis, Peter Reinthal and Jasper Trendall is a "must have" for the serious Lake Malawi cichlid fancier who wants to learn more about his favorite wet pets and their natural habitat. This small book (80 pages) provides a broad look at what may well be the most spectacular (and richest in species) fish habitat in the world. It could be called a second hand tour for those fish hobbyists who will never be able to visit the lake in person. At \$16 for the softbound volume it is within my budget.

Lake Malawi (formerly Lake Nyasa) lies in the East African rift that runs from the Red Sea in the north to the interior of Mozambique in the south. Lake Malawi, which is 360 miles long and has a maximum depth of 2226 feet, covers an area of 11,430 square miles. In other words, it resembles a sea more than a lake. As a result of its large size, Lake Malawi contains a number of different fish habitats.

Some of Lake Malawi's prettiest and biologically most interesting areas have now been incorporated into the Lake Malawi National Park. Famous locations such as the Malawi Islands, Cape Maclear Peninsula and Monkey Bay lie in the park. This book presents not only some lovely above water views of the islands and coastal areas, but also a number of spectacular shots of cichlids feeding, nest building and breeding au naturel.

The secret to Cichlid's evolutionary success. Cichlids over generations have been able to develop the capacity to eat almost any type of food, thanks to the presence in their anatomy of a set of two pharyngeal bones (a second set of "teeth" located in the upper throat). As a result, Cichlids possess a remarkable capacity for adaptive radiation not found in other fish families. This book contains an electron micrograph of a typical set of pharyngeal bones as well as of bi- and tricuspid teeth of an algal-grazing mbuna (rock-dwelling cichlids).

A number of factors including Lake Malawi's size, isolation from other fish populations in rivers, and many diverse ecological niches, have presented its cichlids with an almost unprecedented evolutionary opportunity. Scientists estimate that over 400 cichlid species are endemic to Lake Malawi--an evolutionary miracle unmatched in any fresh water body of water.

Things you probably won't see in the home aquarium.
Several photographs in this book show the different angles that various species of mbuna use when grazing algae from rocks. The large sandy crater nests of open water cichlids (such as those of the Lethrinops genus) which measure up to three feet across could only be duplicated in a very large aquarium. The book also contains mug shots of several nasty customers unlikely to be appreciated in the home aquarium. The park is, for example, home to two of Lake Malawi's three known species of paedophages (wicked fry eaters who make their living by biting onto the mouths of females brooding fry, forcing them to eject their fry).

Underwater photographs show the various species natural habitats: inshore (littoral), sandy zone, weedy zone, rock-sand interface and rock rubble. Pictures of several large piscavores also make it quite clear why the relatively small mbuna (usually three to six inches in length) tended to stay in safe habitats and not mingle with nearby cichlid populations--another key factor in their evolution into different species as well as dramatically different color morphs.

The book also contains a number of photographs of spectacular species of mbuna including several color morphs not yet seen in the U.S. One that I particularly liked was Petrotilapia "mumbo yellow," a sunshine bright beauty. There are also shots of new, unidentified Cyrtocara (also known as Haplochromis or peacocks). The shots of new species alone are worth the price of admission.

A Guide to the Fishes of Lake Malawi National Park, which was backed by the World Wildlife Fund, sells for \$16 for the softbound version or \$22.50 hardcover. Copies may be ordered from the American Cichlid Association publications chairman (who was one of the excellent speakers who starred at our club's annual seminar last year):

Dave Herlong
P.O. Box 423
Cary, North Carolina 27511

Anyone seriously interested in cichlids may wish to join the American Cichlid Association which, in addition to staging an annual convention, also sends its members a cichlid oriented magazine every month. The annual dues are \$12.50. The ACA membership chairman is:

Glenn Eaves
P.O. Box 32130
Raleigh, North Carolina 27622

PERUVIAN AMAZONIA By Eugene T. Aldridge, Jr.

Continued from last month.

FRIDAY

At 10:30 AM we left the Marupa village for Iquitos. The trip far as the Naval Base was uneventful. This time the Naval Officer came down to the boat, I assume to check on what we had caught and would be taking out of the country. He left the boat and about 30 minutes later we docked at the Amazon Camp pier. I left everything I planned to leaving with Chuck in a locked cabin for future use. I told him to do what he pleased with it. Al came down with several other company people to meet us and get us registered at a local hotel to spend the night. While we were walking toward the base of the hill we had to climb, I asked Al if they had been told about my being handicapped. He said "Yes they had been advised and were prepared". He then asked me how I had made out and was I treated right by the boat crew. I told him I was treated very well and could not have asked for a better time. I told him that I was not able to go on the walking trips, though would have liked to, but went on the boat trips. During this short walk I also asked Al if they had gotten our passports? He said "No but would call Lima when they reached the office". They helped me to the top the same way as going down. With my cane in my left hand and someone holding my right and someone else periodically grabbing my belt and lifting. Whoever it was must have been tall and strong because lifting 185 pounds with one hand is not easy. I did not see who it was though Al and his partner were the only ones big and tall enough to have done it. After getting to the top we walked across the street to the Hotel Turistas where we were to spend the night. Some got single rooms while others shared a room. I shared a room with Paul. We were told to be at the company offices around to corner at 5:00 PM. We went to our room, where Paul took a quick shower and I washed my hands and face. Our room looked right out on the Officer's Quarters for the local Army detachment. There was a man on the door with a machine gun, so I felt it best not to take pictures out the window. Many countries get very upset when you take pictures of there military facilities and airports. We went downstairs to meet the others before walking around the corner to the company offices. It was roughly two blocks. I was the last one to be seated. Someone in the group remembered the name of the company the girl meeting us in Lima had on her name tag. That company was called and they said the same girl would meet us on Saturday with the passports. We both thanked her very much for making the call.

The Head of the Fish Department of the Iquitos Institute was introduced, then he gave us a short talk in Spanish about the local fish. John P. did a very good job acting as interpreter. I equate the Institute to a college or small university. After the talk we

went to the Institute and saw a super collection of local fish the Department Head had collected in the last couple of days just for us to see. After about 45 minutes returned to the hotel. We were told to be downstairs at 7:00 for the "Captain's Dinner". I was so beat I just washed my face again and rested while Paul went out and shopped. We missed going to the local exporter that was on our schedule as we were running late. Had we left the Marupa village early, like we were supposed to, about 7:00 AM instead of 10:30, we would have had enough time.

At 7:00 PM we walked across the street and down a flight of stairs to a restaurant for dinner. We all had the recommended fish dinner. It was quite good but did not compare with Maria's cooking. The fish was a little over done for me but the rest of the meal was pretty good. During dinner Alfredo, who sat next to me, was very subdued. He would only talk when asked a direct question. The cause must have been being with the big bosses as he was not that way on the boat. As we were getting ready to leave, those of leaving for home the next day were told to be downstairs at 8:00 AM ready to go. Paul and I went back to our room as the stores were closed so no shopping was possible. Some of the others went out on the town. The room was nice considering where we were. The air conditioner was a problem and took several calls before we got it to work. Finally it started to work but a few hours later it froze up and was solid ice by morning. I took a shower and went to bed. We found out later that the room only cost \$11.00 a night.

SATURDAY

We were but up at 6:00 AM and got ourselves ready for a long day. The sign on the Hotel Restaurant door said it would open at 6:30 so we went downstairs at about that time. It did not until 7:00 and I am not sure if they really wanted to open it then. We had been told by Alfredo that the papaya juice was alright to have so we both had it and toast while Paul had tea and I had coffee. The toast was hard and dry not like we are used to and it was necessary to cut the coffee with hot water as it came in a small pitcher thick enough to float a spoon. About a teaspoon made a normal cup of coffee for me. As we were eating some of the others came down to eat. Before taking our order, the waiter was insistent on wanting to see our room key. It must have been to charge our room as it was taken care of by Amazon Camp. I do not remember whether we left a tip or not. On finishing breakfast, we went to the lobby. Paul told me to sit down, he would get the luggage. Shortly after 8:00 the van arrived to take us to the airport for the trip home. We all said goodbye.

On arriving at the airport, the company people got our seat assignments and our luggage checked. There was some trouble with the Custom's Agent concerning the fish boxes that John S. and Jay were taking home. The two boxes were clearly marked "LIVE TROPICAL FISH" so this appeared to be the problem. There were plenty of other boxes with no markings that were not questioned so I am sure the markings

raise the issue. Had they been plain no one would have known the difference. After much discussion they were let go. The flight left for Lima close to on time at 9:30. I had an aisle seat again in the second row. One thing I should mention before going any further. In Peru there were no loading ramps like we are used to in this country. They use the stair types like we used 30 years ago.

In Lima, I was met by a wheelchair and a pusher. I was taken up to the area where the luggage would come into. It was a good 20 minutes before it got there. During this 20 minutes, I gave my chair pusher \$2.00 tip. While we were waiting, the girl from the travel agency met us. She gave us our passports and said she was glad not to be responsible for them any more. After all our luggage was accounted for she took us to a Faucett Airline counter to get our seat assignments and to check our luggage to Miami. After this, we paid our EXIST TAX which was \$10.00 American. On coming through last Sunday I had seen the windows that made it very clear that American money was acceptable. This was not true in Costa Rica, where only local money could be used even though it was only about \$2.50 or \$3.00. With this done we now had about 20 minutes before checking through on the next step. Immigration had to see that the tax was paid and to Exist Stamp our passports. John O. decided to stay close to me and suggested that we go to a gift shop. I liked the idea as I had not had any time in Iquitos to get anything. We went to one close by that looked interesting. I bought two T-shirts, two small seven inch dolls, a metal hanging plate and a tapestry. I used travelers checks to pay for them. It was at this point that I learned that they do not give change. Luckily, I was only due \$4.00 out of \$60.00 so didn't worry to much because the salesman had cut all the listed prices for me. I was happy with what I bought so did not push the issue. While my things were being wrapped and receipts prepared for me, I paid the pusher another \$2.00 tip. We were now ready to get in line to go through and get our passports stamped. Instead I was taken behind the line through a side gate and after a few miss steps by my pusher everything was taken care of. Now we proceeded to the loading gate. In a few minutes an airline employee took me away from the pusher and out the door we went. Just outside she asked to point out our luggage, we did, then on to the stairs. I took my time getting to the top as my legs were beginning to feel the effects of a week on a boat. My Seat was 1C with John O. in Seat 1B and a young Russian in Seat 1A. I stood up until everyone was on board to keep people from falling over my feet.

We left Lima about on time, close to 1:00 PM. The plane was nearly full so there were a few empty seats. During the flight to Panama City, we played two types of Bingo at the same time. The first was to fill the rows B, N and O with second kind to fill the whole card. John O. won on the first game and shared \$100.00 prize with two other people. They were asked if they wanted to draw for the total prize and they said NO. A third is better than nothing. I missed by one number on the second game. We landed in Panama City for an hour while refueling and to let people off the plane to walk

around. I stayed on the plane and had to use the restroom twice as something I had eaten had gone straight thru me. After this I had no other problems.

On the flight to Miami we were given drinks and a light dinner. John did not eat his but the Russian boy ate it with thanks. We got to Miami Airport about 8:00 PM where I was met by a Sky Cap with a wheelchair. In Miami it is a long walk from the incoming gates to Immigration and Customs. The Sky Cap wheeled me onto a subway, up an elevator, and down a long walk. On entering Immigration you see a wall of little windows with people standing in line behind them to be checked in and a small sign telling U.S. citizens to go the right. Down on the right there is one man who says open your passport to the picture page and hold up beside your face. This done we are waved through. At Customs we had to wait 30 minutes more for our luggage to get there. When it did come, it was collected and we went toward the actual checking area. As we approached the gate to this area a gentleman stepped out saying he was a Customs Agent and asked if we were citizens could he see our Declaration Forms. We gave them to him and He asked each of us separately twice was everything we had to declare on the list. We both said yes, then he asked John about the fish. After a few minutes, the forms were signed and we were told to go on. We said "Thank You" and went on. On leaving the Customs area, we separated as it was now well after 9:00 and John had to catch a 10:30 flight to JFK, New York. I was staying in the Airport Hotel, as all the flights for D.C. had left at or before 8:00. The Hotel is right in the Airport so you can get there without going outside.

The Sky Cap took me to the hotel check in counter where I had to wait some 15 minutes to get checked in. During this wait I gave the Sky Cap a \$10.00. After I was all checked in she took me right up to my room. I thanked her very. I then called my daughter, Susan, to tell her I was in Miami and what time I would be in. We agreed they would meet me in the luggage pick up area rather than have them come all the way out to the plane.

I went down stairs to find something to eat but none of the close places were open at that time of night. So I went to a close by bar for a beer. I had an interesting talk with the bartender and at 11:30 PM went to my room to shower and bed.

SUNDAY

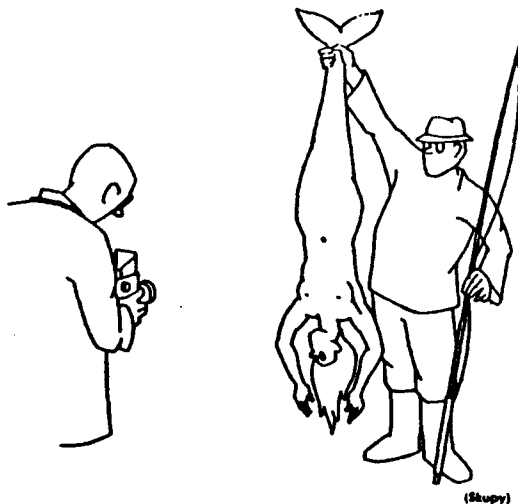
My flight to Dulles did not leave until 12:30 PM so there was no real rush to get anything done on Sunday morning. I went down and asked the Bell Captain where I could get something to eat and sit down. He told me a place that was only about 100 feet around the corner. I went there and the food was pretty good though the waitress service was slow and terrible. Then I returned to my room and watched TV until about 10:30 AM when I called the Bell Captain to have someone come up and get my luggage. In a few minutes a Bell Man

was there for my luggage. I checked out then he asked what airline I was going out on. I told him and away he went telling me to follow him which I did at a slow pace. He slowed down when I found out I could not run after him. At the United counter he dropped me off and I gave him a nice tip. The United girl was quite friendly, so we talked for a long time as she was not busy. I checked everything including the paddle. She said it would have to be wrapped as it was sharp so she found a big piece of clear plastic and wrapped it. I found a chair to sit in and read a book until about 11:30 when I walked down to the gate area. A little after noon the plane started to load and it left on time for Dulles.

The two and a half hour flight to Dulles was uneventful and we landed at 3:00 PM. A young United girl met me with a wheelchair and took me onto the tram to get to the main terminal and told me someone else would take me the rest of the way. That someone was not there so she took me all the way down to the luggage pick up area. There I was met by Richard, my daughter's new husband. My luggage was picked up then we went out to the car and home. About 4:30 we got to my apartment and I was glad to be home. My little bird friend Molly was very glad to see me. It was good to be home.

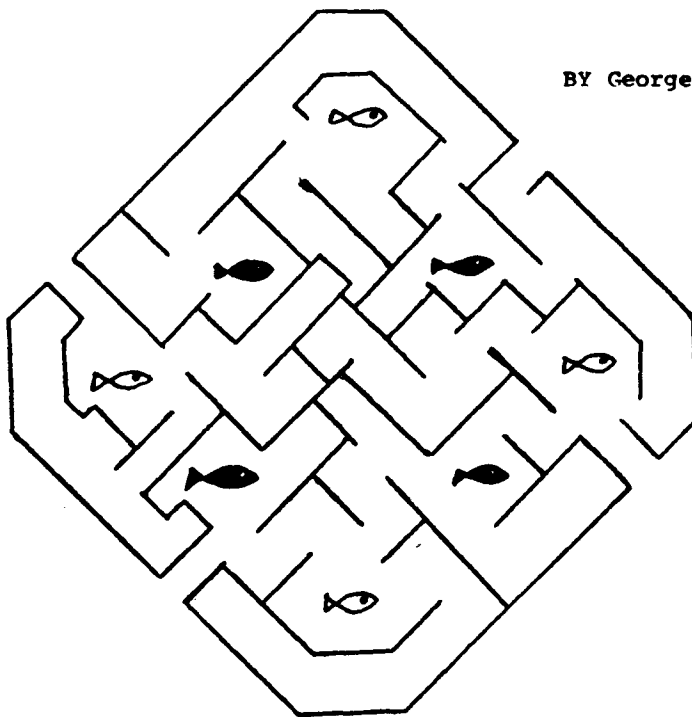
THE END

ed. note- I've just received the following photograph of Gene taken on his trip. (Gene is NOT the one with the camera.) Is this why he's been pricing 100 gallon tanks? J.M.



GOODY, GOODY, GOODIEDS

BY George White PVAS



INSTRUCTIONS FOR SOLVING THIS PUZZLE

The Museum of Modern Art has put up a spectacular display titled "Living Art" featuring Goodieds. Each species has its own show tank in a separate room in a maze. Unfortunately, you have limited time to see the exhibition. You may start at any fish, but must avoid backtracking. Furthermore, to keep things interesting, you must also avoid seeing two tanks in a row that contain the same "color" Goodieds. (Hint for Goodied fanciers: Don't waste time trying to differentiate between the colors of the fish. There are only two colors in this puzzle--black and white).

ELECTION RESULTS

It was a very close and exciting election. People were fighting in the aisles and there were repeated cries of "No, No! you can't be nominated for that job, I want it!". Luckily our meeting place is in the same building as the Fairfax City Police Dept. The SWAT team rushed in and was able to restore order with a minimum of injuries. I'm proud to be part of an organization where so many people are so eager to help out. The election committee was up until 3 a.m. and recounted the ballots 5 times. Below is a list of the lucky winners.

John Mangan, election committee chair.

President- Gene Aldridge
Vice President- Pete Thrift
Treasurer- Gerry Hoffman
Corresponding Sec.- John Mangan
Recording Sec.- Bob Pallansch
Board Of Governors- John Jessup & Ray Hughes

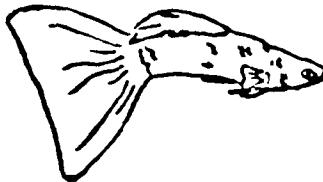
ed. note- get your dictionaries down off the shelf, wipe off the dust and look up the word "sarcasm". J.M.

TRADING POST

Ads or the trading post should be sent to Tom Hetzel, 5601 Semi ary Rd. #1702, Falls Church, VA 22041, by the 15th of the mont prior to publication.

Q & A

Ques ions on any aspect of fishkeeping can be sent to Rick Bell, 1785 Hill Meade Sq. ,Frederick, MD 21701.



TRUE INSANITY-DIARY OF A FISHKEEPER'S KEEPER
by Sharyn Stankevitch, NAS

I'll start by telling you what seemed to be the biggest mistake of my life (marriage & childbearing aside); the purchase of this cute little 10 gallon tank. It had pretty red sand and would make a great Christmas gift for my son. He was delighted and so was I as we proceeded to read the instructions and fill the tank with water.

In freezing weather, I'd drive to Woolworth's and buy some fish which we'd throw directly into the tank so we could watch them swim. My son and I couldn't understand why the fish kept dying.

My husband suggested we go to the library and do some reading. We did. It didn't help. Maybe if we'd read some books on fishkeeping---.

Hubby couldn't stand being accessory to mass murder so he confided to us that, as a youth, he had kept fish. This fatal step began our involvement in the hobby. We joined the Norwalk Aquarium Society and now have 30 to 40 tanks, and I don't mean 10 gallon tanks.

This togetherness was great until John and my son began to invade my territory.

"Where are our (OUR?) measuring spoons?"

"If you mean MY measuring spoons, I'm using them to prepare dinner."

"Oh no, we need them to measure salt for the tanks."

My plastic containers, spoons, dishes, and measuring cups were no longer my own. I had to scavenge among the tanks to set the dinner table! My name is on what's left so I can't be accused of taking their things.

Refrigerator and freezer space is also at a premium.

"What happened to our blue plastic container?"

"It looked like leftover dog food so I---"

"What? You fed our ground beef heart to the DOGS?"

On Saturday, my kitchen is off limits. I get hostile looks and mumbling curses if I try to wash dishes or my hair, take a shower, or make some tea.

"This is water change day. Find something else to do."

"All right, I'll vacuum."

"Don't vacuum. The noise will scare the fish."

"All right, I'll polish the furniture."

"O. K. But don't use any sprays. You'll kill the fish."

I wonder if they noticed the gleam in my eye as I reached, hesitantly, for the fish-killer spray can. What the heck, I'd just take the day off and read.

At one point, my living room looked like a warehouse for fish supplies-temporarily, until we find the right spot for all this great stuff. Well, I

decided to print the name and number of a divorce lawyer on the bulletin board. Slowly, very slowly, things got put away. The name and number came down when the living room looked good again.

Not long after the warehouse business, small tanks began appearing on my (there I go again) dining room table. I overheard comments such as "This table is great for our fry tanks," and "It's summer, we can set up as many fry tanks as we want without heaters."

I decided to put the lawyer's name and number back on the bulletin board. They promised the tanks would be gone by Christmas. Reluctantly they kept their word and, reluctantly, I took the name and number down.

Late in January, plastic shoe boxes and then plastic sweater boxes gradually appeared on the dining room table. They were filled with some kind of cereal stuff and when asked, hubby mumbled something about cultures. I don't know much about those things except that something would be growing in the cereal and would get fed to the fish. No problem was envisioned especially since the boxes were all covered.

All was well for several months when I noticed John was very busy every evening, removing all the covers, washing them in the sink, and carefully wiping down the outside of the boxes and the table. I thought he was being very neat and this made me suspicious.

Home alone one day, I decided to take a closer look. What I saw were clumps of tiny beige masses on top of the covers and they were moving! I stood there in shock as these critters climbed up the sides of the boxes, under the covers, piling on top of one another and eventually falling off onto the table. I feared for the lives of my two dogs and my birds. At that moment, a straight jacket may have been necessary and, perhaps, welcome!

BACK UP went the lawyer's name and number, in BIG, BOLD print. The emphasis (hysteria) was not lost on my ex-hubby-to-be and he worked feverishly to rid the cultures and MY dining room table of the mite invasion.

Several days later, the dining room was back in order and John lost most of the cultures disinfecting them. The remainder were declared pest free on a daily basis, but I didn't breathe freely until this phase passed and the last culture was gone.

True to their word, the living room and dining room remained presentable. However, the family room was gradually taking on the looks of a warehouse (don't normal people use cellars and attics?).

"I've got to organize the cellar first or this stuff will never fit."

"O. K., dear, but you're expecting 25-30 people for that ACCA meeting and they'll never fit unless the family room is clear."

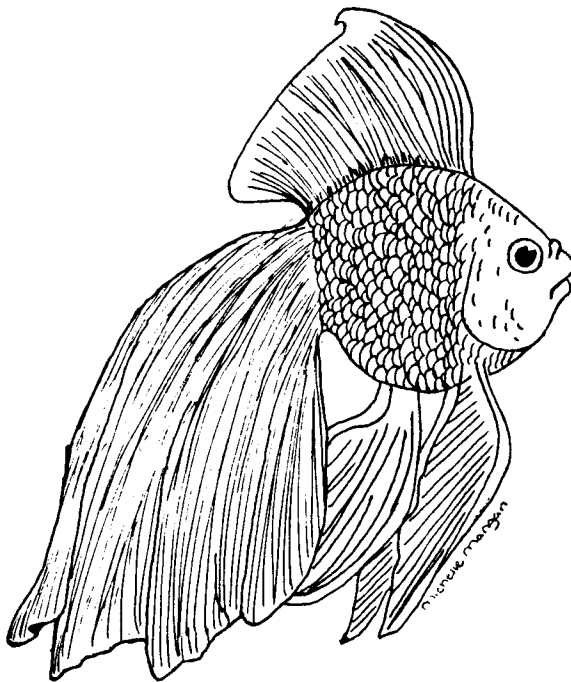
That did it. I didn't have to resort to the lawyer again. He organized the spare room and had everything put away in time for that meeting. I'll have to remember to masquerade as an ACCA meeting whenever I want some attention.

The house is in order now and visitors are no longer aghast at the obvious residential zoning violations. Each day I checked the mail for the medal awarded to spouses who refrain from mass piscicide (not to mention the fishkeeper).

I've also considered inviting a psychiatrist friend for dinner to have him observe John but I'm afraid they'd wind up indicting me through the A.S.P.C.A. You see, I've seen what happens to people once they've seen the fish and talked to John for an hour or two. They leave with a gleam in their eye, a tank under their arm, and a bag of fish in their hand.

I still dream of a less hectic life, and I keep that lawyer's name and number handy. I also realize that we've had many wonderful times and met many great people through this hobby (obsession?). Fish people are generally warm, friendly, and respectful of life. I no longer check the mail, for the fellowship and friendship are, in fact, the medal I've been waiting for.

✓
Reprinted from TANKQUILIZER, The Bulletin of the TROPICAL FISH SOCIETY OF RHODE ISLAND, INC., April 1986.



FROM THE BAP

There will be some out there who will be saying that it is about time there was a BAP Report. Well, the simple truth is there have been no BAP Reports because there has been so little participation. I do apologize to Sharon Steele for holding her ten-pointer all these, but there seemed little reason to use up space in the DELTA TALE on a project that so few people are interested in. Sure, there are people spawning fish. But they are not reporting them. The BAP Committee has modified the requirements to make it easier to file the paperwork that is vital to the conduct of the program. Still there has been little or no effort, especially from the more seasoned breeders, who could really help others, in providing any information upon which the Committee can act.

The PVAS has an outstanding reputation around the country. Why don't we all try to live up to that reputation by participating in the BAP. How about it?

BREEDER'S AWARD PROGRAM STATUS

Grand Master Breeder

John Jessup	580
-------------	-----

Master Breeder

Garland Neese	1,115
Gerry Hoffman	895
Pat & Maggi Mahoney	785
Darrell Holman	640
Woody Griffin	610

Advanced Breeder

Ruth Brewer	305
-------------	-----

Intermediate Breeder

Roser Family	260
Alex Cummins	205

Breeder

Frank Angilletta	140
Nathan Mainwaring	100
Kenny Warren	90
Gene Aldridge	80
George White	60
John Mangan	50
Amy Stirman	50

Members Working For BAP Status

Sharon Steele	40
Howard Kresin	15
Pat Gore	10
Ray Krause	10
Leslie Stirman	10

New BAP Reports Received

Karen Steele	L. freibergeri
John Mangan	X. xiphidium (Spike-tailed Platy)
	B. belizanus (Pike Livebearer)*

N.B. The Belonesox belizanus may be pointed higher after proper application is filed.

BAP BOARD MEMBERS

John Jessup (Chair) (Arlington) 534-1704
Gerry Hoffman (Warrenton) 347-7486
John Mangan (Vienna) 938-4778
Alex Cummins (Prince Georges) 656-6355
Gene Aldridge (ex-officio) (Arlington) 998-8757

CHECKERS

Arlington County:	Pat Gore - 522-3884
Fairfax-Vienna:	Jim Long - 280-1753
Alexandria:	Jerry or Amy Stirman - 941-6729
Clifton-Centerville:	Kenny Warren - 378-8838
Dale City-Stafford:	Bob Roser - 659-1879
Warrenton:	Gerry Hoffman - 347-7486
Prince Georges County:	Alex Cummins - 656-6355
Montgomery County:	Ray Hughes - 424-3531

N.B. If you cannot reach your nearest checker, please call you nearest BAP Committee Member or John Jessup at 534-1704. An arrangement will be made to get someone to check your fish.

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4497 Dearborn St.

Denver, Colorado 80239

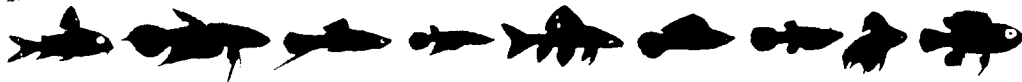
NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____

PHONE (optional) _____

POTOMAC VALLEY AQUARIUM SOCIETY



POST OFFICE BOX 6219 SHIRLINGTON STATION ARLINGTON, VIRGINIA 22206

APPLICATION FOR MEMBERSHIP

DATE _____ 19____

NAME _____

STREET _____

CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____

TELEPHONE H _____ W _____

OCCUPATION _____

Where did you hear about PVAS/get this application? _____

Number of tanks _____ Time in hobby _____

What can this club do for you ? _____

What do you want to do for the club ? _____

Membership dues for the Potomac Valley Aquarium Society are:

Family: \$12.00

Corresponding: \$7.00

Individual: \$10.00

Junior (under 18) : \$5.00

Please send application and check for dues to address above.

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Gaithersburg, Md 20878

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Wheaton, Md

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Rockville, Md 20852

881-6182

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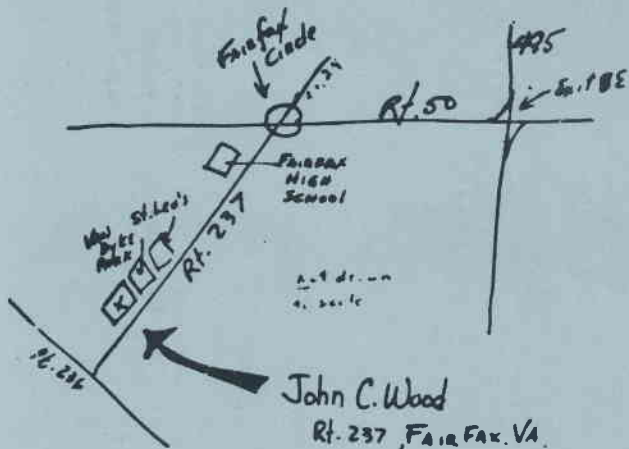
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Alexandria
Mt. Vernon Plaza
7688-B Richmond Hgwy.
768-2200

POTOMAC VALLEY AQUARIUM SOCIETY
PO BOX 8219, SHIRLINGTON STATION
ARLINGTON VIRGINIA 22206



Penn Fish Culturist Soc
1823 Dudley St
Philadelphia, PA 19145

The Potomac Valley Aquarium Society will meet on the following dates in 1988

Jan. 12	May 11	Sept. 14
Feb. 9	June 8	Oct. 14
March 9	July 13	Nov. 9
April 13	Aug. 10	Dec. 14

Meetings are held at the John C. Wood Facility, Rt. 237 (Old Lee Hgwy)
Fairfax City, VA. Doors open at 7:30, meetings start at 8:00 PM. Everyone
is welcome.