

modern AQUARIUM



September 2021
volume XXVIII
number 7

Greater City Aquarium Society - New York

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Series III Vol. XXVIII, No. 7 September, 2021

ON THE COVER

Our cover photo this month features GCAS member Joseph Gurrado's 75 gallon reef tank. The mushroom-shaped coral on top is a Leather Toadstool (*Sarcophyton* spp). The large fish in the center is a Naso Tang (*Naso lituratus*) and the school of smaller fish are Blue Chromis (*Chromis cyanea*). On the bottom left is an anemone, to the right of it are Green Star and Mushroom Corals.

Photo by Joseph Gurrado

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From the Editor

by Dan Radebaugh

Well, here we are! A real meeting again at last! Our first in-person meeting since March of 2020! And a printed copy of **Modern Aquarium!**

I know—don't get cocky! There's still room for error, and there will likely be some. I know that some of you are still too frightened to feel comfortable in a public venue like this, and I can't condemn you for that, but it seems to me that since we are (even if perforce) obeying the official protocols, we should be adequately protected.

This issue contains the second installment of Jason Gold's "My Life With Fish." I'm of an age now that I can certainly relate to this sort of recapitulation of a life in the hobby, and I thank Jason for sharing his recollections with us. We're looking forward to more!

Speaking of recollections, be sure and see this month's MA CLASSICS piece, "The Voyage of Valor," by Elliot Oshins. Now *there* are some recollections!

On the page facing Elliot's article you'll see "*Anubia nanji*—An Amazing Plant," by Joseph Ferdenzi. I must agree that it certainly *looks* amazing in Joe's photo! Following Elliot's article is this month's exchange article, "DIY Tips, Tricks, and Treats" by



Joan Snider, which was originally published in the Tropical Fish Club of Burlington's **In Depth**.

Jules Birnbaum has a very nice article, "Breeding Rainbows—With the Help of Watersprite" on page 17. Makes me want to try Rainbows some day. There are certainly some gorgeous fish in that group!

On page 20 our review of **Modern Aquarium** cover photos continues, this month with the year 1996. How many of the names there do you remember? The Undergravel Reporter tells us about Archerfish "Going for the Gold" on page 21, and on page 22 our Fin Fun puzzle this month is "Find the Vowels." Good luck with that!

Remember—we *always* need more articles. Our authors have kept up this year in spite of not having meetings to come to for inspiration. So be the inspiration! Write an article! Maybe more than one! See you at the meeting!





GCAS Programs

2021

March 3	Joseph Ferdenzi <i>Lake Tanganyika Cichlids (via Zoom)</i>
April 7	Dr. Richard Pierce <i>A Second Look at Tetras (via Zoom)</i>
May 5	Joe Graffagnino <i>A Pond Grew In Brooklyn (via Zoom)</i>
June 2	Markita Savage <i>The Xiphophorus Genetic Stock Center (via Zoom)</i>
July 7	Sal Silvestri <i>Interesting and Unusual Fish I Have Worked With (via Zoom)</i>
August 4	Joseph Ferdenzi <i>A Tour of My Fishroom (via Zoom)</i>
September 1	"Welcome Back" Auction!
October 6	TBA
November 3	TBA
December 1	TBA

Articles submitted for consideration in *Modern Aquarium* (ISSN 2150-0940) must be received no later than the 10th day of the month prior to the month of publication. Please email submissions to gcas@earthlink.net, or fax to (347) 379-4984. Copyright 2021 by the Greater City Aquarium Society Inc., a not-for-profit New York State corporation. All rights reserved. Not-for-profit aquarium societies are hereby granted permission to reproduce articles and illustrations from this publication, **unless the article indicates that the copyrights have been retained by the author**, and provided reprints indicate source, and that two copies of the publication are sent to the Exchange Editor of this magazine (one copy if sent electronically). For online-only publications, copies may be sent via email to gcas@earthlink.net. Any other reproduction or commercial use of the material in this publication is prohibited without prior express written permission.

The Greater City Aquarium Society meets every month except January and February. Members receive notice of meetings in the mail or by email. For more information, contact: Dan Radebaugh at (718) 458-8437, email to gcas@earthlink.net, or fax to (347) 379-4984. For more information about our club or to see previous issues of *Modern Aquarium*, you can also go to our Internet Home Page at <http://www.greatercity.net>, <http://www.greatercity.org>, or <http://www.greatercity.com>.

President's Message

by Horst Gerber

I hope you all are in good health and spirits after this cool summer as the world begins to open again for your favorite pastimes, traveling and spending money on unusual fishes. It's time to break free of the mold and start spending time outside your four walls, and let me tell you, it's great to be back outside in this great world. We never realized how much we would miss it.

This month we're going to restart our meetings at the Queens Botanical Garden, initially with a big bang auction. In the following months we will have more great speakers. We're also exploring the possibility of having some of our QBG meetings on Zoom. It's a brave new world out there!

In the short term the world may continue to look a bit different, but it remains our mission to give you meaningful experiences and information at our monthly meetings. So from our top-notch speakers to our award-winning magazine, our goal is to give you a variety of thoughtfully planned programs. Whether you're a newcomer or an old-timer, we want to help you explore this wonderful hobby of fishkeeping! Our meetings should be more than a trip to the fish club; it should be a doorway to enrich your understanding of keeping, maintaining, and breeding fish! So our goal is to help keep you connected with like-minded fishkeepers to the benefit of us all!

Here are the rules for this month's meeting at the QBG. We didn't just make these up. They were passed on to us by the QBG, and QBG will enforce them:

We can have up to 80 people.

While indoors, everyone must wear a mask.

No one will be admitted without proof of vaccination

Proof of vaccination includes:

CDC Vaccination Card

NYC Covid Safe App

NYS Excelsior Pass

Other Official Vaccine Record

Photos of our vaccination cards will not do. Must be the card itself or one of the choices listed above.

Hopefully these measures will keep us all safe while we're trying to get out from under this horrible pandemic that has killed so many people! Be well!

Horst





GCAS Thanks You!

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Fishy Friends' Photos

by Greater City Aquarium Society Fishy Friends

Below are photo submissions to our “Fishy Friends” Facebook group. I’ve left the subjects unnamed, but not the photographer. If you see a shot you like, and want more info, ask the photographer about it! I’m sure he or she will be delighted to tell you!

Dan Radebaugh



Peter George



Joseph Gurrado



Lonnie Goldman



Jim Cumming



Gilberto Soriano



My Life With Fish (2)

Jason Joins the GAAS

by Jason Gold

At nine years old, I became the youngest member ever of the Greater Atlanta Aquarium Society (GAAS). I'd picked up a flyer at Pet Village, the local pet store where I hung out while my parents were shopping at the department stores in the same shopping center. There was Rich's, which is now Macy's, and Davidson's, which is now Bloomingdale's. I hated those places (I still do), and had to be dragged away from Pet Village for the annual and nearly intolerable back-to-school poking and prodding and trying on under my mom's judgmental eye.

So I told my parents there was this GAAS meeting coming up, and I showed them the flyer. It was going to be in the meeting room at a local branch bank that wasn't far from our house, and I wanted to go. My dad agreed to take me. We arrived, and it was all amazing to me. Everyone was talking about fish, and there were bags of fish that would be auctioned off later, bowls of fish for the bowl show, and a guy who presented a slide show about breeding fancy guppies. We sat in the back, my dad with his arms crossed, dozing, not exactly over the moon, and I on the edge of my seat.

On the way home, I was exuberant! "Wasn't that great, Dad?" "I'm glad you had such a good time, Jason." OK, so he didn't share my enthusiasm, but I sent in my dues, coins in an envelope, and joined. The next month Dad just dropped me off at the meeting. "I'll pick you up at 9—be outside." Then he pulled off as though he wasn't quite sure what he was doing was OK, but he sure wasn't going to sit through another one of those fish meetings. Anyway, by then I was used to the hands-off support they gave my odd hobbies. They supported them in their way, but they didn't really take any interest in the plants or the fish, except to the extent that they thought they were science-y and presaged med school. Dad dropped me off at the meetings and picked me up afterward, and it was fine. Like being dropped off at school in the morning. I went in by myself.

Now that I knew about the auction, I had my pockets stuffed with coins from my allowance just in case there was anything I wanted. I left my coat on

the same seat at the back that I'd sat in last time, and started looking at the things that were up for auction. I was kind of expecting all these exotic things to be there—things right out of the pages of Innes's **Exotic Tropical Fish**, my aquarium bible. But it wasn't the collection of oddities and rarities I'd imagined, mostly just nicer versions of fish I already knew from Pet Village. Lots of fancy livebearers, which were a big thing in the hobby then (as now), as I well knew from the pages of **TFH**. I had my eye on a big bag of red lyretail guppies, a whole colony of them. I hoped the price wouldn't go too high.

My presence there aroused some curiosity. The usual "Are your parents here?" "No sir," (it was the South in the 60s, and I'd quickly learned that adults had to be addressed as Sir and Ma'am, even though it made my parents cringe), "my dad's coming at 9 to pick me up." "Do you have an aquarium at home?" "Um, yes sir, that's why I'm here." I thought that was a pretty dumb question. I mean, why else would I be there? But you know, grown-up's often approached kids like me—kids who felt more of an affinity for adults than for other kids—as though we were clueless, and in the process came off as clueless themselves. And honestly, although I'd rather have been talking about fish or TV or the news, I appreciated their attention.

That night I learned that GAAS had an annual fish show, held in the exhibition hall at the big Rich's store downtown. That was the big news I brought home with me. That and my bag of guppies, which everyone else stopped bidding on as soon as I piped up so that I could get my prize. I got what was going on and thought it was incredibly nice. In fact, I was even a little embarrassed, but it was still incredibly nice. Maybe they weren't so clueless after all. I wanted to put the guppies in the show. I'd never heard of or been to a fish show, but I filled out the application form and entered. I tended to my guppies so they'd be in great shape when show time came along, feeding them the little containers of live brine shrimp they had by the register at Pet Village.

Finally the big day arrived—the set-up day for the show. My mom and I arrived at the assigned place,



Photo of me with that first fish ribbon.

and it was a hive of activity. People were there with big coolers full of bags of fish, tanks half-set-up in all these different categories, water all over the floor, people planting and filling and perfecting their entries. And there was a spot on a table in the Fancy Guppies section with my name on it. I set up a five-gallon tank with colored gravel over an undergravel filter and a bunch of *Anacharis* in one corner to help the fish feel more secure. Every tank had to have an opaque background, so I made this sort of geometric collage out of different colors of reflective paper from Pet Village and taped it to the back. In retrospect it was very 60s psychedelic—somewhere between Yellow Submarine and Laugh-In. Then I added my best pair of guppies, and when everything about everything was just right, I had a look around. Everyone else's fish seemed so huge compared to mine, as did the tanks and the exhibits; the community aquaria were especially gorgeous to my eyes. They all had landscaped light boxes at the back to give the illusion of depth, like you were looking into a little slice of the Amazon or the Congo, and I was mesmerized. The organizers came around with a diatom filter—I'd seen those advertised in **TFH**—to make sure every tank was sparkling clear, then this big cardboard mural was erected in front of all the aquariums, and a guy with a utility knife came along and cut rectangles out for each tank, and we were done.

A few nights later Dad and I went to the awards ceremony. It was so exciting to be there in my coat and tie, seeing the whole show all set up with the lights in the hall dimmed to highlight all those glowing tanks and all those amazing fish. Unlike that first auction, this time there were all these unusual species I'd never seen in Pet Village or the other local aquarium store, TropiQuarium. It was right out of the pages of **ETF**. Even after all these years I still get a serious thrill seeing some fish in life that I'd previously known only from books and magazines and (now) websites. As far as I was concerned, this was the Academy Awards.

After seeing all the other beautiful fish that were on display, I didn't have high hopes of winning a prize, but when they got to my category my heart was still racing with anticipation. I didn't win the third prize, or the second, or the first. Oh, well.... Then the emcee said there was a special prize, an honorable mention, being given in this category to the youngest GAAS member ever to enter the show. That was for me. My first fish ribbon! I was over the moon! Dad made a big deal about it, which was a great feeling. I knew he'd rather be at home watching the news from his usual wing chair in the den or coming to see me win baseball games, so his acknowledgement at that moment meant a lot to me. He even made me pose for a picture with my prize-winning guppies. When the show was over Mom came with me to break down the tank and take everything home. The tank was full of guppy babies! Mom made a big fuss about that, which was also great.

She still makes a big fuss over babies of any sort. In fact so do I. But my male guppy wasn't in the tank. I asked if maybe he'd died during the show and they'd netted him out, but no. Then, as I was dismantling the tank, I found him, a little dried fish mummy on the table next to my aquarium. The aquarium gods giveth, and they taketh away. But he was a hero in my eyes; he'd died with a ribbon on his tank.

The next year I decided to try my hand at the community aquarium category that had so impressed me the year before. By then my collection of tanks had started to grow. My bedroom now had four aquariums and a table in front of the big window with all my plant projects—my other big hobby. Some of my friends from school also had aquariums, but when I'd take them to a GAAS meeting it was never their thing. I guess that what was not enough for me was too much for them. I'd learned about the landscaped light boxes from the first show I'd been in and made my own out of a cardboard box on a baking sheet, painted black on the inside and aquascaped with natural gravel—not the blue stuff I had in my main tank at home—and pieces of petrified wood. I cut a slot in the top for a reflector and wrapped the bulb in an amber gel to make the light dim and moody, like a Rio Negro backwater.

Mom and I brought it all down to the Rich's exhibition hall to set it up. By then I was a regular—a known quantity. Despite the generation gap the adults knew I was serious about the hobby and there to stay, that my dad did always show up at 9PM to retrieve me and bring me safely home, and that my mom was there again to help me set things up. When the wet gravel collapsed my cardboard diorama, another member helped me patch it back together with black tape. I filled the 10-gallon tank with tetras and corys and my new favorite, marble hatchet fish. I finished it off with a grove of Amazon swords to complete the scene, and hide the riser from the undergravel filter, and I have to say I was pretty happy with the whole thing. That year at the awards ceremony I was an old hand. I didn't win a prize for my community aquarium, but I did feel like I was part of the aquarium community.

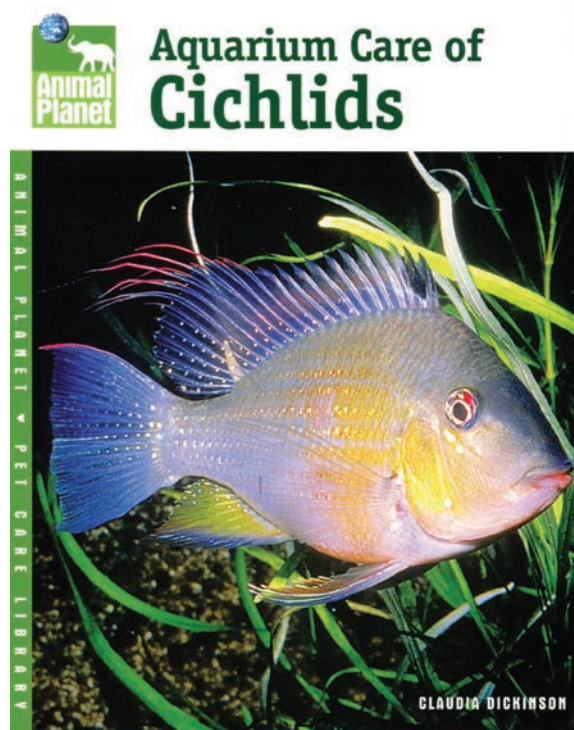
Then the GAAS decided to change the location of their meetings from that bank in northwest Atlanta to another in *southwest* Atlanta near the airport, which was more convenient for most of the members. But not for me. Dad took me once, but it was a long drive, and that was the last GAAS meeting I was able to attend for a long time. I continued to pay my dues and receive my monthly newsletter, and could occasionally convince my parents to take me when the speaker's topic was something I was especially interested in, but for the most part my days of active involvement in GAAS were over. I did go once more, when I was a teenager and had my own driver's license, but by then I had lots of homework and an active teenage social life, and was involved in a ton of different things at school, and it was a really long drive to a part of town I

didn't know well. I'd continued to grow in the hobby, and my tastes and interests had also become more specific—more selective. Gone were the bubbling treasure chests and blue gravel. Gone too were the fancy livebearers and *bettas*. Beautiful creatures yes, but ones that no longer resembled their wild cousins. Now it was all about making a home for my fish that was as close as possible to their natural habitat.

From the time I got my first aquarium when I was eight years old until today at nearly eight times that age, I've always had at least one aquarium. Well, always except for the four years I was in college and the first year after that. It was years later that I was in Pacific Aquarium and saw a flier for one of the Brooklyn Aquarium Society's semi-annual Giant Auctions. I checked it out online. Looked legit, so I cleared the date and hopped the F train out to the New York Aquarium, not really knowing what to expect. Would the room be full of ichthyology professors or AMNH curators? Would the auction be full of cool and unusual stuff?

I made my way across the dark parking lot by the darkened and vaguely sinister skeleton of the Cyclone

and up the steps of the Education Hall building, right at the boardwalk. I stepped into the brightly lit space and surveyed the territory. The room was full of people—setting up, talking about fish, warm and congenial. At the far wall I saw a happily familiar sight—dozens of plastic bags holding the fish that would be up for auction. My trepidation gave way to a smile. Along another wall, tables of used and new equipment, fish foods and supplies, and even a collection of little tropical plants for the windowsill and paludarium crowd, all for sale! In a flash I was nine years old again, at my first GAAS meeting. The times had changed, but some things had stayed just the same. I folded my jacket and put it on a chair in the last row. I went through all the bags of fish and had my eye on two freshwater pipefish. I wrote the lot numbers on the palm of my hand. It was incredibly exciting to me, and as the auction began I was once again that little kid with a big interest, sitting in the back at the edge of my seat!



by Greater City member Claudia Dickinson
(Animal Planet® Pet Care Library)
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Anubias “nangi”

An Amazing Plant

by Joseph Ferdenzi



The *Anubias nangi* is the large plant in the center, and below it are some *Anubias barteri*.

The plant that is the subject of this short article is amazing in a number of ways. To begin, it is amazing because it is a man-made hybrid. Apparently this plant is the result of a cross between *Anubias barteri* var. *nana* and *Anubias giletti*. The developer of this plant, Robert Gasser, combined the names *nana* and *giletti* to come up with *nangi*. The plant is not found in the wild.

The second amazing thing for me is that this is one of the *Anubias* that grows very well fully underwater. In nature most *Anubias* grow in a semi-aquatic way on the sides of riverbanks. In the past I have had some trouble growing any *Anubias* other than *barteri* and its variations, such as *nana* and *coffeefolia*. But I saw



this plant for sale at the 2019 Aquatic Experience in New Jersey, and decided to give it a try. I’m glad I did, because this hybrid grows very well under water, and its long, spear-shaped leaves gives it a different look from the *barteri* with its more rounded leaves.

The third outstanding feature of this plant is that it is very vigorous. In the accompanying photos you will see that I house it in a 20 gallon high aquarium. The tank is lit by a 24 inch LED tube. I don’t recall whether it is a “daylight” bulb or some other type. I doubt that it matters, because *Anubias* are generally very adaptable when it comes to light. But apparently the tank has grown a bit too small for it. I say this because I recently spotted something quite marvelous: the plant found a slit that was available in the back of the tank cover, and sent out a beautifully formed (and large) leaf—see the accompanying photo at left. What I think makes this all the more surprising to me is that the room in which the tank sits is usually left dark! Yes, the tank is lit, but not the surrounding area—which means that the leaf was not motivated to grow by an outside light source.

Well, there you have it; my recommendation for a wonderful new *Anubias* plant that you can add to your aquarium! And give Florida Aquatic Nurseries a round of thanks for growing and marketing this aquatic novelty!



The Voyage Of Valor

Story and Illustrations by Elliot Oshins

When I was five years old, my mother bought me a sailor suit. It made quite an impression on me. Since then I've always wanted to be a sailor, and took up collecting pictures of Navy ships. The only movies I really wanted to see as a young boy were movies about the Navy.

Growing up, my family would spend summers in New Jersey. I did my first stint of sea duty on the ferry going to and from New Jersey. Upon being drafted, the Army said "You're for us," even though I thought I looked better in Navy blues. It didn't help.

The closest I got to the Navy after the war was when they shipped me home from Europe on the aircraft carrier USS Wasp. My dreams were coming true at last—a cruise on a Navy ship! It was on the high seas New Year's Day 1946 when some of the sailors played football on the flight deck. Everything was going along just fine until we hit a storm, and had to detour to the south. Quite a few of the servicemen got horribly seasick. I managed to stay dry and I ate a lot of ice cream, which helped. There was no champagne, or anybody to dance with to bring in the New Year. I was very glad when we arrived in New York City. Unfortunately, my Navy days at last were over.

Late in the 1970s I did go on quite a few cruises when they became the fad. I do recommend them. However, the only thing I noticed is that they serve too much food! Although a nice way to spend a vacation, it's very difficult to stay away from the fancy desserts.

While on one of my cruises, I had the opportunity to read many books. One time I came across a story about a British Man O' War (a single deck frigate that carried 32 cannons and a fairly large crew) that I found worthwhile reading. This is their story.

On October 10, 1804, at 5:00 a.m., when the tides were right, the H.M.S. Kettering sailed out of Portsmouth for the West Indies. On the ship were a crew of officers, sailors, and marines. She was commanded by Captain Charles Ferdenzi, who came from a family of a long line of seafaring men. Captain Ferdenzi started his naval training when he was just 12 years old. He is now 42. The weather on October 10, 1804 was fairly good: 50 degrees, and the sea had a slight chop and strong winds. The next three days the water became fairly rough with very strong winds. Then on October 14, 1804, the sky became overcast, with dark clouds and strong winds. Captain Ferdenzi knew a storm was approaching. The next day, on October 15th, the H.M.S. Kettering was hit with gale force winds. The storm lasted for two and a half days, and the ship took quite a hit. Quite a number of the crew became seasick from the stormy weather. Those who were pressed into service had never been to sea, and had a hard time dealing with the storm and the conditions on the ship. It was the custom in wartime for the British Navy to gang press men into service—in a sense kidnapping them. This was all very legal.

On October 18th the weather changed in the afternoon. The sun came out and the sea became calmer. The H.M.S. Kettering was docked at Portsmouth, a very large naval base in England. One of the third lieutenants, Button Faustmann, was to look for crews, as the H.M.S. Kettering had orders to sail for the West Indies on October 21, and that was just a few days away. Now 45, The lieutenant was in the king's service since he was 15. You could hear him approach from two blocks away, as he had a wooden leg, having lost his foot serving under Admiral Nelson. He set out with a few marines who carried cutlasses and clubs, and he carried a pistol and a billy club, which he favored, and wasn't afraid to use. He was known as "The Drummer" amongst his men.

The lieutenant and his men were a few blocks from the docks, not the best part of town, when they passed a pub called "The Pig's Eye." The pub's proprietor, Richard Priest, was an old sea captain who had sailed all the oceans of the world. He and his wife Dolly ran the pub, and enjoyed serving the townspeople. When they weren't busy they would walk down to the docks hand-in-hand among all the sailing ships. He would reminisce, and tell her stories that she had heard many times. How he loved to spot dolphins and whales when sailing the Pacific. He loved fish, and kept two small fish in an old chamber pot on the bar in the pub.



Reprinted from *Modern Aquarium*, July, 2007 - Volume XIV, number 5.

Looking into the pub, Button Faustmann saw a rowdy bunch of young men. He had to laugh; two of the men were dancing with two of the young and pretty barmaids, Martha De Jager and Abigail Barnett. The men couldn't dance, and were falling all over themselves. Another two men were in a corner slumped over in chairs, fast asleep and snoring. They had a big surprise awaiting them when they awoke. The last six that made up the "Unfortunate Ten" were very inebriated. One was playing the accordion and the rest were singing and swaying with the music. They were all having a great time, but this was to change very soon. The unfortunate ten saw the uniformed men enter, but by this time were too far gone with drinks to attempt escape.

The lieutenant and his men got the drunkards to their feet, though it wasn't easy. The brothers put up a fight, and the barmaids tried to push away some of the marines, but in the end justice triumphed. The lieutenant told them they were going to serve King George and their country. They should be very honored and proud to be Englishmen, and they were going to serve in the best navy in the world...the Royal Navy.



The following is the list of the men caught in the lieutenant's net at "The Pig's Eye:" Josiah Soberman, Samuel O'Farrell, The Brothers Elbridge, Arthur Vukich, Roger DuCasse, Lewis Gerber, Oliver Friedman, Matthew Bollbach, Francis Graffagnino, and Carter Traub. The lieutenant marched them off to H.M.S. Kettering, their new home for the next year and a half. It's very hard to believe, but some of the men became fine sailors and did an outstanding job in battle.



After the war some of the "Unfortunate Ten" made the Who's Who list of English Society. Josiah Soberman became a marksman with a 12 pound cannon, and would take bets and give odds in battle as to which part of the enemy ship he could hit. After the war he ran a three-card monty game in London, and married a duchess.

The Brothers Elbridge and Arthur Vukich became experts in firing the carronade, a short-barreled gun of large caliber. It fired a 32, 42, and 68 pound ball, and it had a very short range. When they were discharged, from the Royal Navy they joined the circus, where they would take turns being shot out of a cannon to amuse the crowds.

Lewis Gerber became a sharpshooter with the musket. When the war was over he went to America, where he joined Buffalo Bill's Wild West Show and married an Indian princess of the Mohawk tribe.

When the ship's cook fell overboard (there are still many questions about that), Oliver Friedman became the Chef de Cuisine. When the war was over he sailed to France and opened a fine restaurant in Paris. He was known to spend his spare time at the Folies-Bergère. Carter Traub started a numbers game among the ships of the fleet and became very wealthy. After leaving the service he became a Duke.

Francis Graffagnino was the only one in the crew who could read and write, and he became the secretary to the captain. After being discharged he wrote a bestseller about his life in the navy, and married the captain's daughter. Samuel O'Farrell, although he couldn't read or write, carried a Bible, and was assigned to assist the chaplain. After the war he ran for Parliament, and was elected to the House of Lords. Roger DuCasse after discharge became an outstanding rugby player, and went on to a successful business selling snails.

Matthew Bollbach's job on the ship was as a cooper. His responsibility was to look after the barrels in which water, powder, and supplies were kept. He would also help the officers give out the rations of rum and beer. After the war he opened a café and bar on the Cote d'Azur.

On October 21, 1804, while the sun was setting, the lookout spotted a ship on the horizon. It was southeast of our portside. The captain wasn't sure if it was friend or foe. The following morning she was spotted again, this time closer. The captain looked through his spyglass, and was able to make her out. She was a pirate ship that sailed out of Jamaica, called "The Trombenik." Her captain was the notorious pirate Benjamin Foran. Standing with the captain was his left-hand man (his right hand had a hook), James Bellise, also known as the "Casanova of the Caribbean."

That's when Captain Ferdenzi ordered all hands to battle stations. The ship's surgeon, Phil Dickinson, went below deck with his assistant, Midshipman Thomas D'Orio, who was very good with the saw. He knew if there was a battle, there would be many casualties. The captain ordered extra chain and musket balls for the cannons, as he felt they would do a lot of damage to the enemy.

By afternoon the Trombenik" was close enough to fire on H.M.S. Kettering with her cannons. Captain Ferdenzi had all sails out, but knew he could not outrun the oncoming pirate ship. The Trombenik fired, and missed us by 15 yards. At that point the captain ordered William Kasman and Caesar Rigby, the quartermasters, to steer the ship so we would turn her broadside. It was at this point that the battle broke out. She also maneuvered to face us broadside. Both ships were firing on each other. She hit our foresail, we hit their main and mizzen sails. The firing went on for over half an hour. Marines were stationed in the tops with their muskets, and would fire on the officers and quartermasters whose job it was to steer the ship. There were concussions from the cannons everywhere. The noise of the battle was deafening, and the smell of gunpowder was overpowering. The heavy smoke was cutting off the air, and many of the crew were coughing and having trouble breathing. There was yelling and cursing everywhere. It was like a scene from Dante's **Inferno**.

Then we got hit below the water line. The ship started to take on water and list toward the starboard. Water was everywhere! Looking over the sides of the ship, I could see very large orange and yellow fish swimming all around us. The captain ordered the crew to abandon ship. By this time everything became quiet. You couldn't hear the yelling of the men and the sounds of cannon fire. The only sound was the water hitting the sides of the ship as she was sinking. My hands and arms were getting very wet, and my shirt was soaking.

When the bubble burst, I was lowering a model of a Man O'War into my 135 gallon fish tank. She was now resting in her new home on the bottom of the sea among the sand and the rocks. The yellow *Labidochromis* spp. and *Neolamprologus leleupi* were inspecting the new addition to their home. The *Julidochromis marlieri* were swimming in and out of the hole in her bow. I would rather that she was up there with her captain and crew sailing the seven seas and flying her flags.



...

Epilogue

The first names of the captain's officers and crew of The H.M.S. Kettering are the same first names of the men who were signers of the Declaration of Independence. The women's first names are the first names of our first ladies.

An Aquarist's Journey

Rosario La Corte is one of the world's leading authorities on breeding fish and he has written numerous articles and books, contributing greatly to our understanding of fish and their habits.

Now, for the first time, here is a compilation of his travels, adventures, successes (and, very occasional failures) all relating to collecting, keeping, and breeding fish, and in his own words (and edited by **Modern Aquarium's** Editor, Dan Radebaugh).

Available in softcover at [Amazon.com](https://www.amazon.com)



DIY Tips, Tricks and Treats

Fry-Raising System for Easy Maintenance

by Joan Snider

Reprinted from the NEC Newsletter, March 2020. Originally published in the March, 2016 issue of Tropical Fish Club of Burlington (TFCB)'s In Depth

Raising fry can be a fun and rewarding part of fishkeeping. It can also potentially help to offset some of the costs associated with the hobby - or at least we like to think so. Providing the fry with optimal conditions for success is often challenging, however, depending on the type of fish involved. The four environmental factors that I am most concerned with are:

- An appropriate container. The container must allow for safety from predation. It must also be the proper size for growth while not requiring the fry to expend too much energy while seeking food. In some cases it's very important for containers to replicate the fry's natural environment.
- Providing a variety of species-appropriate, nutritional food
- Clean water
- Ease of maintenance

I have successfully raised two species of fry that presented extra challenges in providing the proper environment. The first was seahorses. They require a lot of food, yet move very slowly, so catching live prey can be difficult. Seahorse fry will hunt for food, but they also depend to a certain degree on suspended food coming to them, so water movement is important. But when providing a lot of food, water conditions can deteriorate very quickly.

The second species is the Royal Farlowella. Raising this species reminded me of the system I put together for my seahorses. In nature, Royal Farlowellas live in river environments where food comes to them due to water flow.

Upon depletion of their yolk sac, fry don't actively seek food. I was very aware of the challenges many hobbyists have faced raising these fish as they watched the fry starve and die. I tried a few options, but ultimately put together a system that was similar to the one I did for the seahorses. (Editor's note: See Ms Snider's article, "Raising Royal Farlowella Fry" on page 15 of the April 2021 **Modern Aquarium**.)

I've accumulated a lot of random supplies after keeping many hundreds of gallons of fish, both saltwater and freshwater, for many years. What I used for this project was:

- A large container for a sump. I used a 40-gallon plastic Brute trash can that I happened to have around from my saltwater days of mixing vats of saltwater for water changes. You could also use a spare tank or other fish-safe container.
- A container to actually hold the fry. I used a plastic storage box that actually sits right on top of my Brute container.
- A submersible return pump that can push the water up to the necessary height
- A bulkhead, available at plumbing stores or online
- Appropriately sized PVC or tubing to fit the bulkhead and submersible pump
- Sponge filters, bio media, air pump

Luckily, the only thing I had to buy was the plastic storage container to actually house the fish. I cut a hole in the bottom of the container to accommodate the bulkhead for the drain. I then fit a piece of PVC into the bulkhead to control the water level of the overflow drain. I could adjust the height of the PVC tube to change the water level as the fry grew and sought food more actively. A sponge filter fits



This easy-to-make sump system provides ideal conditions for raising fry.



Water in the Brute sump passes through sponge filters, biomed, and an HOB filter.

over the PVC to keep the fry from entering the drain. The container sits on the Brute trash can so the water drains directly into the Brute.

The heater and all filtration is located in the Brute trash can. The water is filtered with air-driven sponge filters and a hang-on-the-back filter. I also threw a lot of bio media into the Brute for a couple of reasons. It serves as added bio-filtration, plus I will have seasoned media for setting up new tanks (which I do with alarming frequency). To neutralize toxins I also add Poly Filters to both the Brute and the plastic container holding the fry.

The submersible pump sits in the Brute, and the output goes up and into the plastic container. I also used PVC for this, and included a valve to control the flow. By adjusting the water output I can control the water flow, both in direction and force. In this case I wanted a decent flow for the

farlowellas. When I made a similar setup for my seahorses I wanted a circular flow, such as is found in a round Kreisel tank with no corners. I added a fairly powerful air stone to the container as well.

Cleaning the system is done very easily by changing the water in the Brute. I also siphon out waste and excess food in the fry container with a turkey baster once or twice a day. At first the fry need the food to be suspended so it is carried to them. I have since added some less-fussy *Ancistrus* fry to the container to be raised alongside the farlowellas. I am getting a very good rate of growth. I keep a lot of different surfaces in the fry container for the fish as they have grown—cholla wood, Malaysian driftwood, poly filters, plants, etc. Overall I am very happy with this setup for raising fry, as it meets the criteria I was looking for in ease of maintenance, as well as excellent fry growth and health.



PVC outlet (left) from the submersible pump in the Brute sump creates a current in the fry container. Water overflows back into the sump through the bulkhead riser tube (lower right), which is covered with filter foam and a black strainer.



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BREEDING RAINBOWS WITH THE HELP OF WATERSPRITE

by Jules Birnbaum

Some expert breeders have said, give the fish the proper conditions, get out of the way and they will take care of the rest. I can't agree more. I've bred Rainbows using advice from Gary Lange, the foremost expert on Rainbows, by collecting the eggs in a mop, and placing them in an incubator container or in a small tank. Here is another way which will work for the average aquarist.

You will need a 20-long or larger tank with just a thin layer of gravel and two aged sponge filters, one at each end of the tank. I have bred Rainbows in a 10 gallon, but I would advise using a larger tank.



Melanotaenia rubrivittata
Photo by Gary Lange

Next you should line the water surface with watersprite. Their roots will eventually hang down to the tank bottom. Next add a bunch of Java Moss lining part of the tank bottom. I keep an LED plant light on about 8 hours a day, which seems to work for me, but 10 hours would be better still. Add several juvenile Rainbows (any kind); hopefully a pair will form as they grow out. I also add a Cory catfish or two to clean up excess food. The Corys don't seem to get at most of the Rainbow eggs. Most of the breeding I do is by raising a group of 8 juveniles, and usually a breeding pair forms. If you get a pair, eggs will be scattered into the Java Moss.



Watersprite (*Ceratopteris thalictroides*)
Photo from Wikipedia

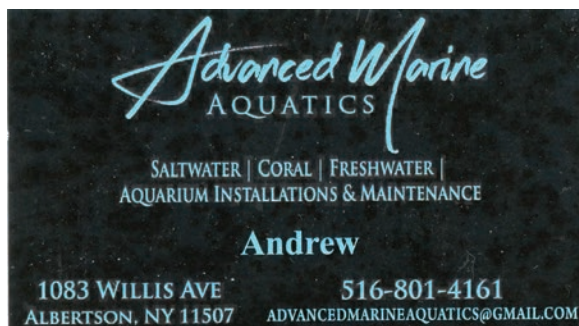
When the eggs hatch the fry will head for the surface, hopefully through the roots of the watersprite, which protects them from their parents. You should soon see (I can't give you an exact timing, so have patience) a number of specks swimming around at the surface.

Next I take one of my Brine Shrimp nets and started scooping them up and placing them in a floating incubator purchased from Swiss Tropicals. The floating incubator can have an air stone attached but has a fine bottom screen that lets tank water enter the unit. I simply raise and lower the incubator to get fresh water in.

I then start feeding Golden Pearls (sold by pet shops and online), which is a powdered high protein fry food. Rainbow fry don't seem to have much of an egg sac, so feeding should start early. The water temperature is about 77 degrees, but the warmer the better. The pH is about 7.2. I don't test for the water hardness, but I should think it is not hard. The method discussed here should work for many other tropical fish to produce enough fry to satisfy the average aquarist. Watersprite, long belittled and avoided by many, does the job.



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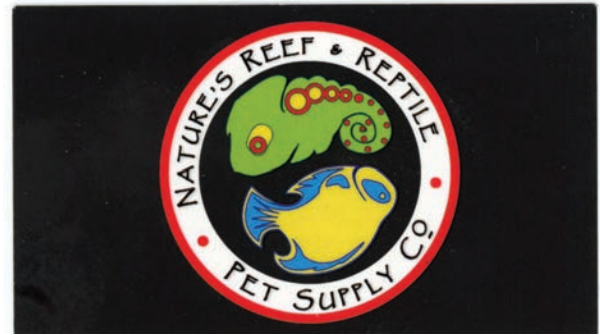
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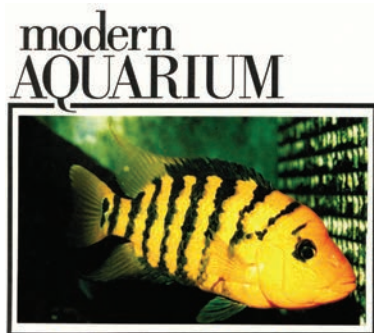
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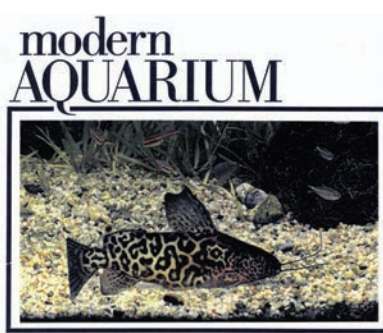


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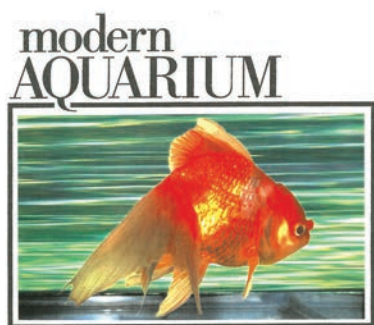
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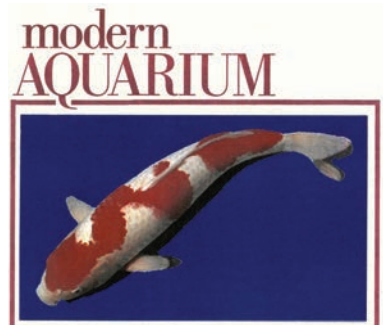
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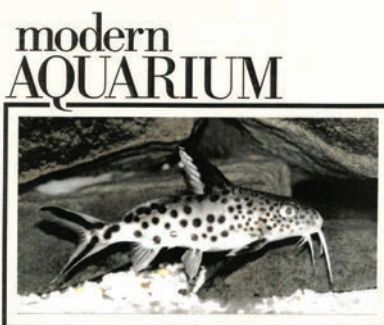
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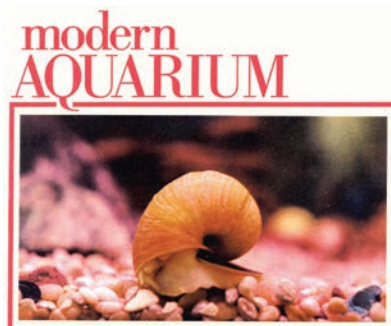
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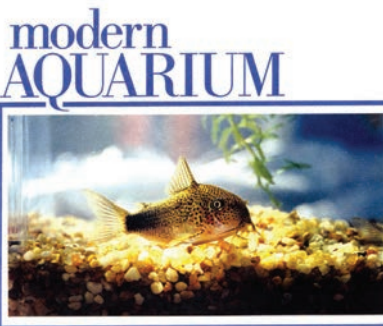
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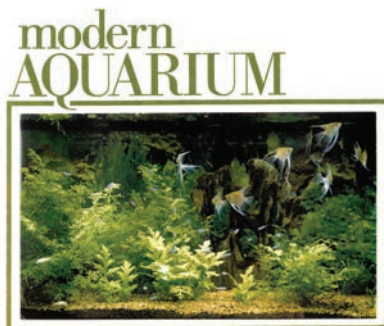
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DECEMBER 1996
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number 10

January 1996	<i>Mesoheros festae</i>	by Joseph Ferdenzi
February 1996	<i>Synodontis schoutedeni</i>	by Donna Forman
March 1996	<i>Archocentrus nanoluteus</i>	by Joe Lozito
April 1996	<i>Carassius auratus</i>	by Donna Forman
May 1996	Kohaku Koi	Photo from Shin Nippon Kyoyku Toshio Co.
June 1996	<i>Synodontis multipunctatus</i>	by John Moran
September 1996	Genus <i>Pomacea</i> (Apple Snail)	by Susan Priest
October 1996	<i>Corydoras similis</i>	by Mark Soberman
November 1996	"Natural Aquarium"	by Jason Kerner
December 1996	<i>Symphysodon aequifasciatus</i>	by Fred Rosenzweig



Going For The Gold

A series by the Undergravel Reporter

In spite of popular demand to the contrary, this humor and information column continues. As usual, it does NOT necessarily represent the opinions of the Editor, or of the Greater City Aquarium Society.

Archerfish (spinner fish or archer fish) are known for their habit of preying on land-based insects and other small

What's more, the fish were able to continue to recognize that image even when the face was rotated by 30, 60, and 90 degrees, from a frontal view to a profile.

While the fish became less accurate at the higher degrees of rotation and took more time to make their decision, this actually reflects the sort of performance seen in humans and other primates.

To coincide with the Olympic Games, the archerfish at Sea Life aquarium in London have been showing off their Olympic credentials. The tiny fish spit a fine jet of water at unsuspecting insects, as they take it in turns to knock them from their perch. In the wild, the fish shoot prey out of the sky by firing a jet of water out of their mouths and,



animals by shooting them down with water droplets from their specialized mouths. The family is small, consisting of ten species in a single genus, *Toxotes*. They can be found from India, Bangladesh and Sri Lanka, through Southeast Asia, to Northern Australia and Melanesia.¹

A recent study² revealed that archerfish could be trained to recognize a three-dimensional rendering of one human face compared with another, different face.

thanks to a special set-up rigged up by staff at Sea Life London Aquarium, they proved they can find a target as well.

Displays supervisor Rowena Kennedy said: "With the postponed 2020 Olympics now here, our team of expert aquarists at Sea Life London Aquarium wanted to get involved in all the sporting excitement. The archer fish are unique creatures and the perfect fishy athletes to get the team in the mood for a summer of sport."³



References:

¹ <https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Archerfish>

² <https://www.sciencedirect.com/science/article/abs/pii/S0003347218302720>

³ <https://www.aol.com/archer-fish-show-off-olympic-142221301.html>



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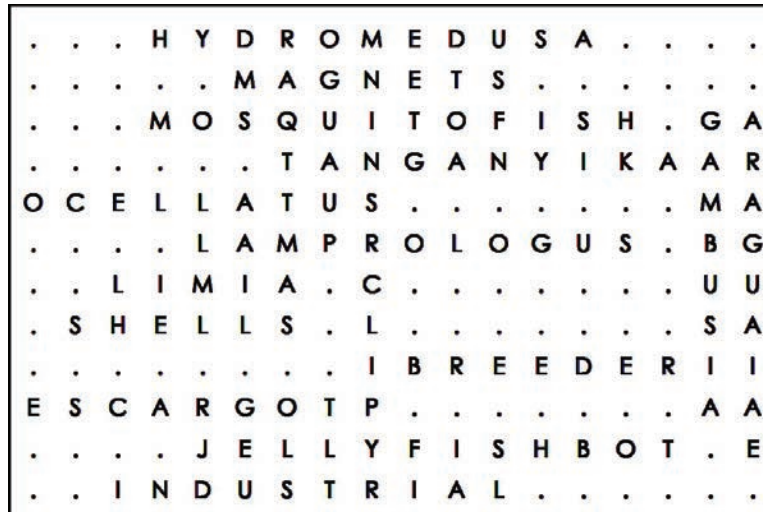
V O W E L S

The species names of some common aquarium fish have lost their vowels. Can you replace them?

<i>Betta</i>	m _ cr _ st _ m _
<i>Carassius</i>	_ _ r _ t _ s
<i>Cichlasoma</i>	tr _ m _ c _ l _ t _ m
<i>Corydoras</i>	_ _ d _ lf _ _
<i>Neolamprologus</i>	br _ ch _ rd _
<i>Pangio</i>	k _ hl _ _
<i>Paracheirodon</i>	_ _ nn _ s _
<i>Poecilia</i>	w _ ng _ _
<i>Pterophyllum</i>	sc _ l _ r _
<i>Xiphophorus</i>	n _ z _ h _ _ lc _ y _ tl

Solution to our last puzzle: **What's In A Word?**

ARAGUAIAE
BREEDER
CLIP
ESCARGOT
GAMBUSIA
HYDROMEDUSA
INDUSTRIAL
JELLYFISHBOT
LAMPROLOGUS
LIMIA
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