



Volume 5, No. 11

January, 1963

PREXY SPEAKS

by Albert O. Scott

At his writing Dec. 18, 1962, it is good to report that the Cholla Bay Sportsmen's Club is in good shape. This is to say that all the spokes of the wheels have been tuned and fitted and before long will be put in place and at last all the wheels will be turning and believe me when I say the going will be smooth. The right people have been contacted and they will see that the Club in the near future will be in even better shape than they are now.

We are proceeding with our Radio Permit through the Tourist Committee as before and as has been suggested as being the procedure to follow from the Mexican Communication Office in Mexico City. All other phases of the club are moving in the right direction such as our Security at Cholla Bay, our Cabins, etc. The Tourist Chief asks that any and all complaints be turned over to him so he might take each complaint to the proper authorities.

It seems to me this past year I have only completed what others started and have had no chance to get my own plans going that I have had in my mind for Cholla Bay and the club since I started the club Oct. 12, 1955. This year I felt sure I could move — the first problem I had is a good one — "no money". Our derby came out some short, which I had really counted on. Our cake auction did fine to help pay

monthly expenses but no more. Our begging for donation had to stop as people became tired of forever being asked to donate. And I'll buy that. We have saved \$570.00 so far on printing of the Chatter. Without this we wouldn't have made it. But now as I have said above we are ready to roll. The ground work has been brought to a conclusion. It has been called to my attention that a president spends half his year in office completing what has been done, and the other half getting ready for his new program. It would be better they say if a person could be elected to be in for two years, this way his many hours spent would not be wasted. So I have consented to run for President next year. It would be much easier to say nuts to the whole thing, but I'm not built that way. Being one of the starters of the club, I can't help but feel a responsibility to it that others might not share. I want to be sure the club will continue to do all the good jobs it has in the past for our members and good friends in Mexico. The unlimited things we could do if we all would work together is almost unbelievable, but this can only be done by every one getting on the wagon all the way and work, not just dragging your feet. So the end of this story is if you see my way, vote for the slate listed in the Chatter. We have been selected because they believe in the future of the Cholla Bay Sportsmans Club, and are willing to work for what

LET'S SEE YOU AT THE NEXT MEETING. JANUARY 8 AT 8 P.M. IN GOETTL AUDITORIUM, 2005 E. INDIAN SCHOOL.

Cholla Chatter

Official Publication of the Cholla Bay Sportsmen Club, Inc.

PHOENIX, P.O. Box 7171, Phoenix 11

PRESIDENT Albert Scott
 VICE PRESIDENT M. Wesley Douglas
 SECRETARY Mrs. Kathy Hitchcock
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EDITOR Cecil Gary, AL 8-0612
 ASST. EDITOR Charles Reed
 Membership Chrm. ... Myrt Johnson, CR 4-3027

the Club can do and not what they can get out of the Club. On the other hand if you don't see it the way I have stated than you should nominate and elect an entirely different group than the ones listed. You must have harmony in the board of directors or many hours of labor are wasted, and nothing done. It's your decision, do as you see fit. All I ask that you all think and use your right to speak and vote.

Sincerely
 Al Scott

1963 Club Nominees

President, Albert Scott.
 Vice-President, Glen Stewart.
 Treasurer, Jack Schmidt.
 Secretary, ?????

Directors: Marvin Avery, Cecil Gary, Curtis Legon, Jim Urban.

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WARNING

Just a word of caution as more and more sand buggys appear at Cholla. It's no longer safe to follow any "road" that you see. Many of the new ones that are appearing were made by sand buggys and are too soft for cars or trucks without four wheel drive. If you see a new trail, park in a hard spot, get out and walk far enough to see if this is really where you want to take your car — before you plunge on.

ATTENTION MEMBERS

Your mail can now be picked up at Cholla Bay Radio Shack. Address it as follows: (Example)

MRS. MARY DOE
 c/o J. Martinez, M.
 Apartado No. 41
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 Mexico

Our Radio Operator will be our mailman.

IDEA

Sand buggy and jeep owners are plagued with rescuing anyone who is stuck. Often this occurs so frequently that the day's plans are shot. Usually no payment is offered or wanted. When payment is offered, how about adding to the traditional "Just help someone else when you can" the thought that it would be a nice time to buy a club membership to show their appreciation if they would like to.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Norris City, Ill.

Dear Editor:

I see by the Nov. Chatter a guy of few words and a lot of profanity has been Bass fishing. He seems to think that qualifies him to down grade Bass versus, Sea Trout fishing.

Who brags about catching a five pound sea trout. Any one who can lob a jig out about 100 ft. and turn a crank can do it using No. 8 test, but a five pound Bass that's something different.

I suggest that he acquire the skill and know how to boat Old Joe Bass only then can he experience the joy of real sport fishing.

W. O. South

Dear Mr. Scott:

We have your most welcome letter at hand received after we made the trip to Cholla Bay. We had a very enjoyable trip with excellent fishing and plan to return for a month's stay in Feb. While there we met Mr. Moore and both Mrs. Millie and I took out

membership in your club.

Your Radio Operator is very courteous and helpful. Thanks for your cooperation; we are looking forward to another enjoyable trip.

Mr. and Mrs. Carl E. Millie

How Not To Catch A Fish

By Richard Austin

The very easiest way not to catch a fish is to try. If you are really interested in not catching a fish get a pole, a boat and someone who knows how to fish. Then go to Mexico, preferably Rocky Point. Anchor the boat about one-half a mile off shore and cast your line. Now you're ready not to catch a fish.

Now is when the fun (?) begins. About every three hours it is advisable to change the bait. Besides changing the bait and casting, you will undoubtedly indulge in such pastimes as talking and cussing all the fish that aren't there. After you have sat for about seven happy hours of not seeing one fish hand the pole to mother.

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Now that the pole has changed hands, take a sun bath on the boat's bow. After taking a long sun bath of five minutes you notice everyone hopping up and down and running around. The boat is now rocking so violently that you are almost lost overboard into the water as your Mother, who does not know how to use the rod, is in the act of catching a shark. After the shark is landed you resume your sun bath because there is nothing left to do. It is time to head back to supper after a wonderful (?) day of not catching a fish.

CHECK YOUR BATTERIES

By Cecil Gary

One nice sunny day at Cholla Lela and I decided to take a trip out into the haunts of the old King Macks. As every one seems to like to catch them. I put the 12 Volt battery in the boat, checked our gas tanks to be sure they contained plenty of gas. Meanwhile Lela packed a lunch and placed it on board. Securing our deep sea rods and reels, plenty of nice shiny spoons, and feather jigs, all the nice juicy things those crazy fish like (we hope).

Lela got into the Novia Mia which happens to be Lela's parents' 18 ft. fishing boat with two 25 HP electric

outboards. As I pushed the boat trailer back into the water at the boat landing off it floated. As Lela was on board pushing the motors down and locking them. While she worked at getting them started I pulled the trailer upon the hill out of the way so others would have plenty of room to launch their boats. When I came back down to the beach where my wife and our boat well with the wind blowing out toward Black Mountain not hard but enough to make that old Novia Mia drift as fast as one could walk. There she was about 200 yds. out, the electric starters would not work as the battery was nearly dead as I had neglected to check it on the shore. Finally I got a ride from some people that were water skiing on the nice blue bay that is generally very nice and quite. After getting on board and thanking the people that took me out, I started trying to get those two motors started. As they were cold and had set for some weeks it was very hard to get them started without the battery to work the chokes. With the controls all chucked up front it took some work on both our parts. I told myself when they got started that from then on I would always start them on the shore to see if they were ready. This turned out all right as the wind was blowing us away from the rocks. It is very hard to row deep 18 ft. boats. But being new and very green around a boat at Cholla Bay beginners' luck was on our side. So a word to the wise: always check your BATTERIES as well as your gas and motors. We don't have radio like some, but those radios won't do you any good if you have weak or dead BATTERIES so let's all be sure to check.

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ACROSS THE BAY

By Carol Skoglund

At low tide Johnny Mularz and Stan Skoglund decided to walk from camp straight across the tide flat to the lava flow at the base of Black Mountain which has come to be known as the trout ledge. It was late in the afternoon so they asked to be picked up in a couple of hours. So started one of the most hilarious misadventures on record.

Several years ago every full moon flooded the area at the upper end of the bay covering the road to Black Mountain, which at that time was a single trail of two parallel ruts across the flat Chollaless area. Al Mularz, Johnny's father, had his new International travel all down for the first time so we all piled in to go for the boys and to make a quick reconnaissance of the shell bar to see if anything new had washed up. When we promised to pick up the kids we had forgotten about the full tide and the fact that our "road" would be under water in spots. Even so, we were not too concerned, as we had made the trip many times before and had long since learned the tricks of staying on top.

For those of you who may not be familiar with the area let me say this. As long as there has been no recent water on the road everything is fine, but after or during an extreme tide this is a very treacherous piece of road and should be attempted only by expert drivers who know the way. When wet, the road turns to glass. The trick is to stay on it. One slight skid, one inex-

perienced driver who thinks he will go around a bad spot, one stop in the wrong spot and there is trouble. One wheel off the road means one wheel down in mud so sticky it pulls the shoes off your feet to try to walk on it. To add to the problem, when water covers the area it is often so muddy you can't see ahead to know exactly where the road is or where the ponds are that are made when water fills a hole made by a previous party digging out.

As we inched thru the water trying to avoid unseen holes, stay on the road and avoid stopping we were in an adventurous mood. In a nine passenger vehicle we had nine plus one large Dalmatian dog. Cozy.

About half way across the wet area we came to a car in obvious trouble. All gear had been carried to a nearby hillock and a dike had been thrown up completely around the car. The dike was wet, so we knew the car and single occupant had been there since before the last full tide. Since stopping might mean getting stuck ourselves and we had not yet picked up our boys, we decided to go on, get the kids, then stop on the way back to see what could be done. We could just imagine the cussing we must be getting from the fellow in the car since we had no way to let him know of our plan.

The boys were waiting at the appointed spot. They piled in along with our mutt who had hiked over with them. Now we had 11 people, one terrier type dog and a Dalmatian that just seemed to get bigger and bigger and

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bigger. We felt like the clown car at the circus with an unending supply of passengers. We could just imagine the look on the face of the man in trouble as we all piled out to help. Our only regret was that we did not have a small flag to tie to the Dalmatian's tail as he came out last.

We stopped a little distance from the stranded car and started to walk over. The road was so slippery we couldn't keep our balance. I stepped off the road to get better footing and went down to my knees thru the mud. I was laughing so hard I had trouble getting out. Al thought this was the funniest thing he had ever seen. Just then he slipped off the road and went down just as I had. Only when he got out, one shoe was missing and he had to get down on his hands and knees with his nose in the mud and fish it out of the hole his foot had made.

The man in the car had a heart condition. When we arrived his buddy had gone to get help. We just simply picked the car up and out of the hole. We started back, following to make sure he made it. On the way he got stuck twice more, once causing us to go down too, but each time we were quickly out and on the road again with only a few more pounds of mud added.

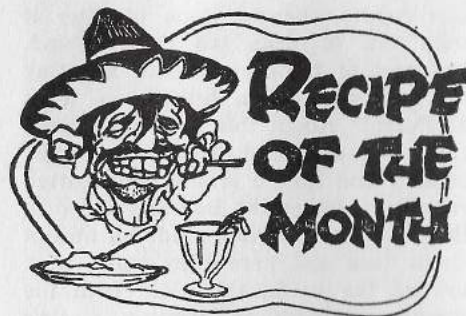
As we approached the dry road we could see a large flat bed truck. We thought (FOOLS) that those in the truck could see we were under way and were just waiting for us. No such luck. It was the buddy of our rescued friend with Jesus and his big, big truck. Down to the axles. Now the rescuer needed rescuing. In fact, had to be rescued before we could go on ourselves. The sun was setting. The wind had started. Dry land was still a quarter of a mile away.

Jesus had a long heavy rope which we tied to his front bumper. Some of the fellows pushed from the rear. Most of us got on the rope to pull. One — Two — Three — Pulllll. It budged a little. Again. Pulling with all our might, trying to brace against the slippery mud, all on one long rope, we were a comical sight. Again. Al yelled "What if the bumper comes off?", and just as he did, the rope broke. We all went backward sprawled full length in the mud. Silence. Jesus looked around at us lying there in the cold mud with a worried expression. As he did we started to laugh. You never heard such noise from a bunch of people lying in the nice sticky cold mud. We laughed so hard it took us several minutes to get up. Only after we started to laugh did Jesus join in.

One more try and the big truck was out, then our stranded friend slowed too much at one spot so out we went again, now in the dark, for another shoving bout. Hooray! everyone was out. A camp fire never looked so good. Outside of very cold feet and mud from end to end the only damage was to the laugh muscles. They were sore for a week.

HELP

Paul and Carol Skoglund are planning a trip to cover all of Baja, California. They would sure like to hear from any one with recent experience there, on roads, gas, food, best time of year to make the trip, etc. Has anyone collected shells there recently. Who knows anything about the Magdalena Bay area? Any help will really be appreciated. They live at 3846 E. Highland. Telephone CR 4-3491 or cabin 17.



By Helen Reed

Mexican Cakes (Empanadas)

2 cups flour
1 teaspoon baking powder
½ teaspoon salt
½ cup butter
½ cup milk

Mix and sift dry ingredients. Cut in butter and add milk. Roll out to ⅛ inch thick and cut into four inch circles. Fill with fruit mixture, moisten edges with cold water; fold over and press edges together. Fry in deep fat until brown and drain on brown paper.

Empanadas are filled with various mixtures. Here is one with a prepared or cooked pumpkin.

1 cup pumpkin
½ cup raisins
½ cup pinones or almonds
½ cup sugar
½ teaspoon cinnamon
½ teaspoon cloves
½ teaspoon allspice

Mix the ingredients and fill the Empanadas.

Bunuelos (Fried Puffs).

2 eggs, 1 cup milk, 4 cups flour, ¾ teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon baking powder. Sift the dry ingredients together. Beat the eggs well, add milk and stir in the dry ingredients, adding as much flour as it will absorb. Roll as thin as possible, cut large and round with a hole punched in the middle. Fry in deep fat until golden brown. These are served with Mexican chocolate.

In Let's Celebrate Christmas by Horace J. Gardner.

**HOOK ONTO A
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Bring 'em to Meetings

DERBY IS A'COMIN

The Cholla Bay 1963 Annual Fish Derby & fish fry has been set for February 22nd, Washington's birthday. As this is the only holiday week-end that comes on Friday. Until two years ago this big derby had been held on this holiday, and has been a big success each time.

The plans call for this derby to be the biggest and best ever held. Committees are being organized now and we would like to count on every one helping. Bill Blair will be Chairman of trophies and prizes, Glen Stewart and Al Scott Co-Chairmen of all other arrangements. Please call any of the above if you care to help. A lot of people can do it easily or it is a lot of work for a few.

Plans are being worked out so that if the club gets permits to operate a bingo game during the two days.

Many derby Prizes will be needed for this event. If you have anything to give for a prize for the bingo please call. Also would like to have a pop corn stand in operation. As well as other stands. Curt the Clown will be in charge of entertainment. Please call any ideas you might have to help this be the biggest and best derby we as a club ever held so let's all get started.

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SEÑOR "EL COYOTE"

by GENE HENRY

I'm sure that most of you in traveling over the road between Sonoyta and Rocky Point at night have noticed the large number of coyotes to be seen alongside the road. And I'm also sure that those of you who camp in Cholla or on Shelly Beach have all at one time or another come upon members of the clan sneaking around your camp during the late evening or early morning hours. It seems that due to lack of hunting pressure and predator control, coyotes south of the border are much more numerous and less afraid of humans than their relatives in the United States.

Coyotes are curious and inquisitive by nature. When you come upon one in areas such as Cholla Bay where they haven't been hunted, they will usually trot off a short distance and turn around to look you over. This is particularly true when you are in a car. This gives you a good chance to stop and look them over provided you don't make any abrupt movement or loud noise. I always enjoy watching them and I suppose they get their kicks out of watching the antics of those loco two-legged animals too.

During the several years we have been going down to Cholla Bay, I have witnessed many amusing scenes involving Señor "El Coyote". One such incident occurred on a fishing excursion Raymon Maxcy and I took down to the Lower Estuary. Raymon and I had managed to get ourselves stuck and a crew of Mexican road workers were kind enough to help us get unstuck. After digging the car out, the Mexican crew started passing around a gallon jug of rum. By the time the jug had made the rounds several times, everyone was buddy-buddy and they offered to take us on out to the mouth of the estuary to fish.

We had only gone about a mile when one of the Mexicans, a youngster of about 16, gave a shout and pointed out a big dog coyote loping along about 50 feet off the road. The crew had a white mongrel dog along and upon sighting

this coyote, the dog took off after it with this Mexican lad close behind. The rest of the crew started shouting and hollering, "Viva Adolpho — Viva El Perro!" About this time the coyote came to a dead end at the edge of the estuary and turned around and started running right at the boy and the dog. Both the boy and dog made an abrupt about face and here they come back toward the truck, this time with the coyote seemingly in pursuit. Seeing this, all the other Mexicans started whooping and hollering, "Viva El Coyote! — Viva El Coyote!" Raymon and I laughed until the tears ran down our cheeks. The coyote actually wasn't chasing the boy and dog, but was just trying to get away. The last we saw of him was topping over the dunes leading to the beach, leaving a thoroughly chastened and embarrassed dog and boy behind.

Another time, Raymon and I were sleeping in the screen porch of our cabin when we were suddenly awakened by the gosh awfulest howling and yipping which seemed to be coming from right beside our bunks. It was a bright moonlight night and when we looked outside there was a coyote about 10 feet from our beds with his head thrown back yodelling at the moon. After this second series of yips and howls, here come one of the neighbor's dogs and the coyote took off with the dog in hot pursuit. In about a minute we heard the damndest commotion and looking out we saw this dog coming back by the cabin with his tail between his legs and three coyotes tearing along right behind him. The dog managed to get safely back to his cabin and I'll be darned if this coyote did-

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n't start the same routine all over again. And, believe it or not, this stupid hound took off after him again. He hadn't gone more than 20 feet when all of a sudden he come to a skidding halt and once more took off for home with his tail tucked under. These dog-goned coyotes evidently had fresh dog steaks on their menu for that night and this one coyote was acting as a decoy to lure this dumb civilized mutt into their clutches. And some people call wild animals dumb!

I was raised in a hunting and fishing family and as a youngster I was taught to exterminate all of the coyotes, bobcats and other animals classed as predators when I came upon them. I guess I have mellowed the last few years because I get far more enjoyment out of observing animals now than in hunting them. The way I look at it is that all of us critters were put onto this earth for some purpose. I always kinda figured the main reason I was put here was to fish and I'm sure old Señor El Coyote figgers he was put here to hunt and make suckers out of his four-footed civilized counterpart. As far as I'm concerned, I don't intend to interfere with his hunting so long as he doesn't interfere with my fishing. In the meantime, we'll stop and look each other over once in a while and then each of us will go his separate way.

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By La Vina Crunk

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Just a roaming on.
I've looked the whole world over
and some islands in the sea
For a place that seems like heaven
to me,
And that's where I long to be.
I'm going to hidé away
Down beside that Cholla Bay.
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TUCSON TALKING

by Les Conlisk, Sec.

"PROSPERO AÑO NUEVO"

The month of December was a busy one for the Tucson Chapter. We had our first Club Dance, sold Claxton fruit cakes and chances on a pair of Sony Transister Tranceivers to gain funds for the Club treasury.

Dave Crane was chairman of the Dance, held at the Moose Hall Dec. 15th. He engaged Jack Jenkins and his Westerners orchestra. They really made swell music. Over eighty members and guests were there to enjoy it.

Dorothy Walker, chairman of the cake sales, is doing a fine job, and we will have her report in January.

Lynn Booth was chairman of selling tickets on the Sony Tranceiver set. Jim Bailey was the lucky winner and the Club treasury gained \$211.00. Thanks a million, Lynn.

Our door prize was a boat mirror, donated by the Tucson Sporting Supply, 3650 S. 6th Ave. George Fisher was the lucky winner.

Jack Graves brought his projector and showed some swell films, taken off the coast at La Paz, of sail fishing, skin diving, porpoise jumping, and a lot of interesting things, even catching a 200 pound grouper with scuba equipment. It would really be something to take a trip like that, but I will settle for a trip to Cholla Bay to get in the next fishing derby Al Scott is planning Feb. 22. "Let's all try to be there," and make it a big Derby. You'll have a big time.

Our next meeting will be Jan. 15th, at the Moose Hall, 378 N. Main. Plan to be there at 7:30 P.M., take a chance on the door prize, see a good film, you'll enjoy it, I promise.

Les Conlisk, Pres.

HOW TO JOIN CHOLLA BAY STINKER CLUB

By Chief Pelican Snooper

Drinkum fire water from bottles so can brakum glass on beach and keepum squaw from swimming.

Don't signum in, keep paleface from knowing whar to look.

Don't signum out, keep man on talk-

ing wires. Worried all night.

Mixum gas, fire water and smokem pipe of peace all one time. Maybe seeum great white father in happy hunting ground.

It don't rain so buildum tepee's with flat roofs.

Always talk how to run tribe (club) but never go to pow-wow.

Tellum how to spend the wampum but keepum hand away from pocket-book.

Squatum on palefaces lots, runum over rocks and fillum barrels with trash. When heading for home grounds open end gate in coach and litter trail with garbage, tin cans and paper.

If passum test, will tradeum one membership card in stinker club for five ponies and one quart fire water. Squaws wearing breach cloths and small halters carrying heavy loads comes free.

So long until meetum in Land of Tall Cactus and salty water.

Chief Pelican Snooper.

TRY THIS

Next time you are stuck in soft sand DON'T try to dig out. Instead jack up the car, then push sand into the hole. With several people this can be done just by lifting the car while one person shoves sand under the wheels. Now you are on top again and can probably make it if you take it easy. It works, it's easy, and even if you are alone you have an excellent chance of getting out by this method.

It would be a good idea for all the people who go on long trips over land to such places of Black Mountain or to some of the lower estuaries to sign out and in with a time of return so that if you run out of gas or have a breakdown you won't have to walk five or ten miles in order to get parts or help. Where two or more sand buggies go out in a party it means that no one will walk back unless they all get into trouble which doesn't happen very often. But it just might save some one from a lot of worry and hard, hot walking.

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1/o. de Diciembre de 1962

La Dirección General de Pesca e Industrias Conexas, en superior oficio No. 12-111-10717, Expediente 821.(05)/2, fechado el 23 del mes ppdo., dice a esta Oficina de mi cargo lo siguiente:

"Habiendose tenido conocimiento que frecuentemente las embarcaciones de pesca deportiva de matricula extranjera y en particular los yates que incursionan en aguas nacionales para practicar esta pesca, lo hacen en aguas adyacentes al Penal de las Islas Marias, contraviniendo las disposiciones que prohíben estas actividades en aquella zona, se recomienda a usted que el autorizar la salida de estas naves en tráfico de pesca deportiva en nuestras aguas, les prevenga se abstengan de ejercer estas actividades dentro de 10 millas maritimas alrededor del citado Penal; en caso de faltar a esta orden se exponen a ser sancionados por esta Dirección de acuerdo con las disposiciones degales en vigor.-Lo anterior deberá hacerlo del conocimiento de los Patrones de las embarcaciones de pesca deportiva, tanto nacionales como extranjeras, asi como a las Oficinas del Ramo de su jurisdicción."

Lo que me permito transcribir a usted para su conocimiento y fines con-

siguientes.

Atentamente:
Sugragio Efectivo. No Releccion
El Jefe De La Oficina De Pesca
Bernardo Bravo Sobrano

THE MINISTRY OF INDUSTRY AND
COMMERCE

Office of Fishing

SUBJECT: Notice from the office of fishing relative to sport fishing, avoiding activities in waters of the Penal Colony of Islas Marias.

Puerto Peñasco, Sonora,
December 1, 1962

"Having learned that frequently sport fishing boats of foreign flag and particularly those boats which come into Mexican waters for sport fishing, do so in waters adjacent to the Penal Colony of Islas Marias in contradiction of regulations which prohibit these activities in that zone, it is therefore recommended to you that on authorizing the sailing of these boats for sport fishing in our waters, you admonish them to abstain from these activities within the ten maritime miles surrounding said penal colony; failing to heed this order, they will be exposed to sanctions by this office in accordance with the legal regulations in force. The preceding should be made known to the owners of the sport fishing docks, both Mexicans and foreigners as well as to the offices having to do with this subject in your jurisdiction.

Cordially,
Head of the Office of Fishing.
Bernardo Bravo Sobrano

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GEORGE W. FISHER
 1425 NORTH SAHUARA
 TUCSON, ARIZONA

11-62

Operation: Tide Chart

By Lynn Bayless

Great Tides Occur at Full & New Moon

Jan. 25

Feb. 1

NEW MOON

1ST QUARTER



FULL MOON

LAST QUARTER



Feb. 8

Jan. 17

The times given are for high tide. Low tide will follow each high by about 5½ hours.

Jan 15	0540 1735	Jan 31	0605 1830
Jan 16	0620 1815		
Jan 17	0700 1925	Feb 1	0705 1950
Jan 18	0800 2045	Feb 2	0815 2120
Jan 19	0900 2205	Feb 3	0925 2250
Jan 20	1000 2315	Feb 4	1035 2400
Jan 21	1050	Feb 5	1135
Jan 22	0005 1140	Feb 6	0050 1235
Jan 23	0045 1220	Feb 7	0130 1315
Jan 24	0125 1300	Feb 8	0210 1355
Jan 25	0205 1340	Feb 9	0240 1435
Jan 26	0245 1430	Feb 10	0320 1515
Jan 27	0315 1500	Feb 11	0350 1545
Jan 28	0355 1550	Feb 12	0420 1625
Jan 29	0435 1640	Feb 13	0450 1655
Jan 30	0525 1730	Feb 14	0520 1735

**HOOK ONTO A
 NEW MEMBER!**
 Bring 'em to Meetings

Tucson Lodge No. 747
Loyal Order Of Moose

378 N. MAIN, TUCSON

(The Tucson Chapter of the Club meets at 7:30 P.M. the third Tuesday of each month in the Green Room at the above address. Members are urged to attend and bring their families. Visitors welcome.)

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(Phoenix Club meets the 2nd Tuesday at 8 P.M. monthly in the Auditorium at this address)