



OFFICIAL PUBLICATION OF THE CHOLLA BAY SPORTSMANS CLUB

VOLUME 8, NUMBER 1

JANUARY 1965

YE EDITOR SPEAKS

I've promised to edit the Chatter for 1965 but I do need more help! Not in the actual phase of editing the copy or pasting it up when the material gets in my hands after being set in type by the printer — but if those people who are so good to get articles to me and do have it typewritten — would make sure that all material IS DOUBLE SPACED with at least an inch of margin all around the page, they would save me much time and effort. You see, THAT IS THE WAY IT MUST LOOK when I submit it to our printers who, by the way, are doing a terrific job of making our little magazine look good. There's nothing more frustrating than having to retype a nice neat page of material that comes to me single spaced — or in some cases, all in capital letters.

If you do not have a typewriter — please do not refrain from sending in your stories or other ditties. I'M VERY WILLING to type it up if I have it early enough. Most of the time my deadline is the 20th of each month.

However, if you would get it to me just as soon as possible after the events happen — it will be easier for you to put it on paper and will help me know how much more I will need to fill at least 16 pages.

I'd like to express my appreciation of those people who have consistently sent or brought their material to me early, namely, Les Babcock, Ken Evans, Gene Henry, Myrt Johnson and Kathy Hitchcock, Ida Bourland, Dorothy Ver-cruysse, and Lynn Bayless.

TUCSON CHAPTER please note: Will you compile brief biographies of all of your new officers for 1965 and send to me pronto?

Your advertisers are down to one. Surely there are many who can see an advantage to themselves in running ads in a Sportsmen's magazine such as ours. Probably all they need is having it brought to their attention by some of our members! If each member would appoint himself a committee of one — to ask one business person about running an advertisement in the CHATTER — then we'd soon have a bigger and better magazine — one that

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Cholla Chatter

Official publication of the
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would at least pay for itself instead of just being a service to the members.

The Council voted to pay me 10 per cent of the proceeds taken in from advertising since August 1st when I took over the responsibility of keeping the records and billing. Since then all old accounts have been settled and only a very few are not paid up to date. I have not received a penny yet but when the books are audited by our very capable Council Treasurer, I know that I will receive a check which will be enough to partly recompense me for my mileage and the midnight oil burned — all in line of duty. ALL OF THE GOOD TV PROGRAMS THAT I HAVE MISSED — I'll get to see as re-runs — after someone else takes over this job!

NEW PHOENIX CHAPTER OFFICERS and Board members: — Please don't wait for me to ask you for your wee life histories? That goes for the 1965 Council members who should be chosen before my January deadline.

The two CBSC Chapter PREXIES will be expected to have their committee chairmen picked out and a program planned for the year. I'm counting on this for front page material in my next

issue. FRANK McLAUGHLIN and DICK GARDNER TAKE NOTE!

TED HERMAN is home now! Doc says that he's got to take it easy for quite a spell yet after that surgery to repair his heart valve in Tucson recently. Stop by and say "Hi" to him at the "Y". He and Lucile own the Richfield Station and Cafe.

I'm now the proud owner of a brand new Scout which I hope will take me to the many wonderful places that Gene and Iva Henry have explored with the Skoglunds and others. Impatient to get started, I kinda' jumped the gun while I was spending the Christmas Holidays. You see, I needed to learn how to use my all-wheel drive. If I had known how — I probably wouldn't have gotten stuck on the beach over beyond Black Mountain, but then maybe I wouldn't have gotten acquainted with the Taylors of Tucson, Virginia, Dick and V.J., and their friends David Anderson and Mike Bowman. They buried their International Carryall to the axels trying to pull me out. Then we got down to business and with jacks, brush and driftwood, plus muscle power — we got out. There's a moral too: **neither of us** had a shovel along!

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By GENE HENRY

Surf fishing this fall, while not as spectacular as last year, produced some satisfying as well as frustrating experiences. The bait fish never did show up close to shore in any great numbers and the weather went from one extreme to the other. Those who caught fish had to work for them. The most successful were those who kept on the move, trying new spots when the old ones didn't produce.

It is often said that, "It pays to take a boy fishing." After Thanksgiving weekend, I'm not too sure it shouldn't be changed to, "It pays to take girls fishing." And, before any of you get the wrong idea, by girls, I'm referring to Momma and our three female offsprings.

Bill Valentine, Bob Neal and I had gone down on an all-male outing the weekend before Thanksgiving, absolutely positive that we would load up with sea trout, yellow fin, mackerel and pompano as we had done along about the same time last year. The weather was fine, the tide was right, we were ready — how could three such expert fishermen miss?

After two days of throwing everything but our tackle boxes at them, all we had to show for our efforts were a few bait-size rock bass and one flounder. We sadly and unanimously agreed that our frustrating efforts could indicate only one thing — all the surf gamefish had moved south for the

winter.

The following Thursday (Thanksgiving), the girls and I returned to Cholla for a long weekend of loafing and exploring. Mike was working and John was spending the holiday with his cousins in Sedona.

On Friday Pam, my fishing daughter, reminded me that I had promised to take her surf fishing. I could have told her there were no fish to be caught, but decided she would soon find this out for herself and I could return to my loafing.

Sure enough, the water was barren of bait fish and not a bird was working when we reached the beach. I rigged up one outfit and settled back to watch her get in some practice casting.

There was a big boil as her lure hit the water and a few minutes later she landed a big sea trout. Right then and there I developed ten thumbs. Finally my wife had to come to my rescue in putting together another rig.

We worked the school for over an hour. All the girls hooked and landed big trout, but Pam took top honors with the biggest and the most. These were the largest sea trout I have got into in the last three years and they savagely struck any lure we threw at them. I finally called it quits when we had our gunny sack overflowing and fish flopping all over the Scout.

The next day Al and Harriet Mularz joined Iva and me for another try in the same area. Although not hitting as often or viciously as the day before, we still landed a nice mess of trout.

In conclusion, all I can suggest, fellows, is, "To catch fish, all you have to do is leave Junior and your old fishing buddies at home and take Mom and daughter instead." Frank Claver learned this long ago and my advice to Bill Valentine is to make good use of what he has a lot of (Girls, that is).

Send In
Your Fishing
Stories



Salmon Fishing 1964

By Myrt Johnson

This is positively the last that you shall hear me relating with pride and glee our various experiences as we lived-it-up on our trip to California last summer.

One question has risen constantly though and that is — "Just where is this Trinidad? Never heard of it." That I can well believe because, until last summer, we didn't know where Trinidad was either and could not find it on a map and didn't know where to look for it. Trinidad is in the very northern part of California — about 100 miles from the Oregon border — just to the left of Highway 101, as you proceed north from Eureka to Crescent City. The business section consists of one huge general store, a filling station, help-yourself laundry and post office. There is a large trailer court in the town proper and a mile north is the Sylvan Trailer Park, where we spent a glorious month.

Trinidad Bay is a beautiful bay, surrounded by rugged, steep cliffs and a rugged coastline. The shores hide a maze of huge boulders during the high tides, exposed in all their treacherous dangers during low tides. Dotting the entire bay and out into the ocean, are rocky islands with buoys marking the dangerous areas, many of which have whistle sounding devices for additional warnings. A loud foghorn, located at the Coast Guard station, sends out its mournful sound when the fog closes in. Day or night this foghorn can be heard and, though the skies may be clear

back at the trailer park a few miles inland, you know by the sound that the ocean is shrouded with a dense fog. It is no place for those fishermen who are weak of heart and spirit, unless they stay within the confines of the bay proper and do not venture out past the first whistle stop. Salmon fishing is only for those with courage and no fear of battling the elements.

To me the ocean there is beautiful, awesome and frightening and I admit that I would never willingly submit myself to such an experience. I confess to being that much of a coward and I leave that fishing area to those that can enjoy it. I could sit for hours watching the breakers roll and hit the rocky islands and boulders, sending a spray high into the air, but this only on an ordinary breezy day. When the winds came up and breakers roared and pounded on shore cliffs and rocks, I could not watch — it was too terrifying to me knowing that many fishermen, including Ken, were out there in the midst of that wild turmoil — and when the fogs poured in together with the winds, I stayed far away so I could not even hear the angry sea.

I never had the experience of laughing at Ken in his fishing get-up. They always stripped off their outer clothing and wraps as soon as they reached the docks. By the time they had climbed out of their boat and up the long, steep steps to the dock, they were pretty well warmed up and, it was a long enough climb up to firm ground without the extra weight of heavy clothing, so they shed down to their regular clothing. I do know what they wore though — so just listen to this and visualize with me what a sight they must have been.

Over their regular suntans and T-shirts they donned hooded sweat shirts. Next came rubber bibbed overall-type trousers — followed by heavy jackets. As if this were not to keep the cold out, it seems it was necessary to wear a hooded rubber jacket to boot. Warm caps on their heads, covered with the hood of their sweat shirt and last, the hood of their rubber coat. Warm gloves for the hands and there you have them. Even bundled up in this fashion, they were often literally chilled to the bone by the chilly winds.

Every single fisherman in the camp was not satisfied to wait with going fishing until such a time as they normally could expect them to start biting, which was usually close to noon. Oh no! They all had to get out of their warm beds just at the break of dawn and prepare to brave the bitter cold of the ocean. Many an evening I would hear Ken and his fishing buddy comment half-heartedly that *maybe* they would sleep a little later and not leave so early. They could still remember then how cold they had been that day. Alarm clocks were never used — they just woke of their own accord and up and dressed they were in nothing flat, after first fortifying themselves with several cups of hot coffee. I knew better than to wait until "next morning" to make Ken's lunch. As soon as dinner was over I would prepare two huge Dagwood sandwiches and add a handful of cookies. Oh yes — two Hershey bars — always two Hershey bars — they were a must for all fishermen. Thermos bottle set out for mornings full of hot coffee and I could just ignore him come the dawn of another day.

Truck and car motors were left running — it was that cold in the early

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mornings, and horns would be blown fleetingly so as not to wake all sleepers but loud enough to call buddy fishermen — and lunch buckets in one hand and bait, rods and tackle box in the other, they all left enmass for a day's fishing. Fog or wind — or both — irregardless they went fishing. Unless the ocean was so wild that it was impossible to force motor-driven boats through the ferocious waves — they just ignored the elements and went fishing.

Many a day they fished almost the entire day by compass and returned home in the same manner, running a true course because they always hit the entrance to the bay safely and just where they should. You understand why I would not go fishing?

One fog shrouded, windy day Ken had an experience he will not forget for many a day. Ken was a green-horn and very inexperienced at this salmon fishing to start with and his first fishing pal was a greener-than-grass and apparently a weak-livered individual, as Ken learned — much to his dismay.

The first few days of fishing, the weather was pretty calm and with very little fog. They did not venture too far from the "home land" at first but, with only one good-sized salmon to his credit, Ken decided to head farther out and south a few miles. The ocean was a little rough but the skies were clear. Now fog has no respect for men or boats or fishing — it just suddenly is there, moving swiftly in from the outer waters and closing in like a huge billowing blanket. There sit men and boats in a world of nothing — just sound. The shore line is cut off from their sights. There is a sense of alone-

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ness and loneliness that none but the stout of heart can take without terror.

Woe is he that is out there without a compass that he has already checked repeatedly to know his directions when the fog does roll in. Ken had his and he knew just where he was when the fog hit — but to keep going in the right direction was then his problem and his job to get them back to the bay and shore. He believed that compass — and again — woe is he who questions a compass when in a predicament such as this. His partner became terrified and then hysterical and he would not believe the compass readings were correct. Pacifying him was impossible — that man was getting on shore and dry land right now and no ifs or ands about that.

Ken knew that at that time they were following a long stretch of sandy beach with no boulders. He could hear the breakers as they pounded on the beach. He could hear the fog horn ahead. His compass told him he was following the correct course.

But — the man was past reasoning and even hearing what was said — he was wild with fright. Ken knew the danger of losing boat and motor, tackle, etc., if a breaker broke wrong and either filled the boat with water or tossed it high and turned it over, prow over bow, or even severe injury to themselves, if he tried to beach that boat on shore but he decided he would have to try.

Churning slowly towards shore and watching the waves and then the breakers he waited for just the right

time to gun that motor and ride a breaker in. He yelled to the man to hang on for dear life and then, fate and good luck favoring him, he rode a huge breaker in with motor wide open — fast and furiously — and when they jarred to an abrupt stop the boat was high and dry on land and the breaker following the sea out to the deep again. The man fell to the ground and kissed the wet sand.

Ironically, I had been to that very beach about an hour before with friends — just as the fog rolled in — had watched it and shuddered to think of the fishermen out there, thankfully thinking how happy I was that Ken was some miles further north and most likely fishing in the calmer waters of the bay. Just how they managed to get that boat through the breakers and proceed home, Ken himself cannot explain but they did because they had to — there was no getting the boat back any other way — and they did reach the bay and dock through the fog and rough water, sopping wet and chilled to the bone.

Did that man go fishing again? He left camp that very evening. Ken stopped at the office to chat with the men gathered there to hear the incredible story of the harrowing experience a man had been forced to endure with a stubborn lunatic in a boat lost in the fog who insisted that they were alright because his compass said so.

Ken found himself a good old seasoned deep sea fisherman for a fishing buddy and they had days and days of good fishing. They both learned together the secrets of fishing for salmon

in that particular area.

Pardon me, Bill Valentine, for gloating over Ken's success in learning how to fish for salmon by himself and not from you. Maybe he will take you out somehow and teach you how. He explained to me that they fished back and forth around the outside edge of a "slick." I did not know what a slick was so he carefully explained it to me and I herewith pass it on to those interested.

A "slick" is where the rip tides are working out in the ocean, accumulating all sorts of rubbish, seaweed or floating debris into its area and this is the visible evidence that a rip tide is working there at that time — that and the slick, smooth waters around the edge. Under that mess of rubbish, the salmon are gleefully swimming around. By trolling around its edges, fishermen can usually be reasonably sure to bring in a nice catch of glistening salmon.

Fishermen with regular individual licenses are limited as to the number of fish they can catch — three per person per day — not less than 20" in length. Those with commercial licenses may bring in any number per person per day but they are limited to not less than 22" in length. People with commercial licenses may fish together in the same boat and bring in unlimited numbers of fish — with size limit, but if fishing with another with the regular license, they too are limited to three per day per person.

The technique used in trolling, type of hooks and bait and methods of weight usage, I leave to Ken to explain himself — it is far beyond my under-

standing — and I could care less as long as it brought the desired results — nice big silver or chinook salmon.

Ken had a great time fishing — nice weather or foul, calm or windy, clear or foggy — that seemed to make no difference. He just went fishing every day the weather allowed him the pleasure. Day after day, they came in with salmon and the shout — "Get your camera!" The first salmon that he proudly brought home took the last few shot left on my black and white film in the camera, just waiting for this big day. Ken was so excited he grabbed the fish by the tail to hold it for my first shot. He looks pretty silly. The next trip and the proud possessor of two nice silvers and **here you have it** — proof that he did catch at least two salmon. Too bad he had shed his fishing get-up so I have no proof to show of how ridiculous he must have looked.

Everyone had to clean their own fish — there were no fish cleaners. After the pictures were snapped, right now



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that job was tackled and then the fish placed in the refrigerator to chill out all body heat. Late afternoon, the sun setting and the chill of evening coming on and what stares me in the face? Yep, you're right! That fish had to be canned or prepared in readiness for smoking. Fish in plastic dishpans carried by the Lord and Master and I following with my equipment — sharp knife and sharpener, teaspoon and bag of salt and roll of paper towels — down we go to the canning room. Salmon cut in steaks just the right thickness for the cans.

This is Ken's job. Mine — pack the steaks into the cans to fill it just so full and no more — add a teaspoon of salt to each can — wipe edge and outside carefully with paper towels and then on to Ken, who placed the cover just so, on each can and cranked the press that sealed it shut. Then pack all cans in a huge pressure cooker and trudge back to the trailer, well nigh frozen to the bone and feet like ice.

Then — two full hours of just sitting there and watching carefully the gauge on the pressure cooker set over a hot blaze on my lovely white range. Pressure must never rise above 15 lbs. pressure, or fall below 10. That takes some maneuvering of blaze adjustment and continuous devotion of attention. Ninety minutes of pressuring and the steam is released and cover of cooker removed. Then outside with the cans where they cool and pop away all night long.

That's the story of the aftermath of successful fishing trips. Fun at first — then boring — and finally downright unbearable and over 100 lb. cans later, I could not stand the sight of a salmon and just said — Oh, no — not any more, please. Find somebody — anybody — only please give it away." Said Ken, "Amen."

What next? New self-contained travel trailer just delivered and come the first of January, Guaymas and points south. Such a boring life — another happy, carefree holiday.

Between the Mountains and the Sea



By Ida Bourland

- Mr. and Mrs. Roy Mayes from Truth and Consequences, New Mexico, were here for a few weeks on their semi-annual visit. They had a good time fishing and visiting old friends.
- Mr. and Mrs. G. J. Nordmeyer from Tucson spent a weekend here.
- Walter, Marie and June Davis were at the bay for a couple of weeks. They had a good time fishing and shelling. They are from Tucson.
- Mrs. James Jorgenson from Pine-dale, Wyoming, spent a weekend at La Choya. She had as her guests, Mrs. Taylor and Mr. and Mrs. Harminson from Tucson.
- Marvin and Gayle Avery from Phoenix were here for several days.
- Mrs. Margurite Ehle of Phoenix came to the bay for her first visit as the guest of Lois Sanderson.
- Bill and Maylynn Kimberlin from Ajo were down for a week's vacation. They are sporting a new Jeep station wagon.
- After their long trip this past summer, Vilo and Ann Miller decided they needed a modern camper — so now they are the proud owners of a new Open Road Camper.
- Leonard Parker and his wife from Tucson spent part of his vacation here.
- Russell and Esther Wickham from Avondale, were down here for several days.
- Homer and Florence Smith returned

to the Bay for several days. Their home is in San Diego.

- Harry and Sally DeLozier are down for a long stay from their home in Ajo.
- George and Mary Fisher from Tucson caught a lot of sea trout on their recent stay here.
- Mr. Cook came to the Bay to spend a few days, bringing with him as his guests, O. R. McAllister, Harley Hendricks, Vern Baker and Kenneth Hammond. They had a good time fishing.
- Many folks were here for the Thanksgiving weekend. Among these were Mr. and Mrs. Clifford Cope, their daughter, Nelda, her husband John Garner and their children Sheila, Timmy and Clifford. The Copes and Garners are from Chandler.
- Visiting the Thad Andersons from Tucson were Bob and Thelma Moses, Haskell Moses, Judie and her daughter, Jennifer Grossherndt. Thelma is the Anderson's daughter, Judy, their granddaughter, and Jennifer, their great-granddaughter.
- Roy and Lois Baldwin from Marana were here and had as their guests, Sherman Richardson from Albuquerque, N.M., their grandchildren, Susan, Diana, and Larry Baldwin. Also Dick and Marge Smith and their children, Rita, Mark and Bruce — all from Marana.
- We were happy to have as guests for Thanksgiving dinner, the Millers, Kimberlins, Smiths and the Bercovichs.
- Dewey and Alma Harmon came to the Bay on Thanksgiving day from Fleming, Colorado. They had an accident in New Mexico which had delayed them for several days. We were happy to see them and invite them to sit down and join us all for dinner. Everyone had a good visit.
- Mr. and Mrs. Dwyer from Phoenix came to have Thanksgiving dinner with Pat and Audrey Gardner and to spend several days at the Bay fishing.
- Trox and Jean Troxell with daughter, April and son, Jim, spent Thanksgiving here from Flagstaff. They enjoyed our warm weather. They were joined by Mr. and Mrs. Lipinsky and their children — also from Flagstaff.
- Mrs. Betty Underdown and her son,

Bobby came down from Phoenix for a few days.

- George and Dorothy Vercruysse were down for a weekend bringing Olive Eddy with them as their guest.
- Charles and Helen Reed are here for a week's vacation.
- We are happy to welcome Hubert and Genevieve Morse back to the Bay after an absence of several months. Their home is in Pear Blossom, California. Bob and I were included in the birthday dinner given for Genevieve by Ann Miller and Helen Reed.
- Hank Weise from Casa Grande is here. He's having a good time running around.
- Mrs. Costello from Ajo was here for a few days. Her guests were Mr. and Mrs. Frank Hall, also from Ajo.
- Spud Gardner and his wife Helen from Eugene, Oregon, came to visit his brother Pat and Audrey Gardner. Frank Hall was happy to see Spud again. Spud had been a butcher in Ajo about 28 years ago and Frank knew him then.
- Harold and Margaret Smith from Phoenix were at the Bay for some time. They took a cruise in their boat. They had guests with them.
- Wes and Nell Douglas have been down for several weekends from their home in Phoenix.

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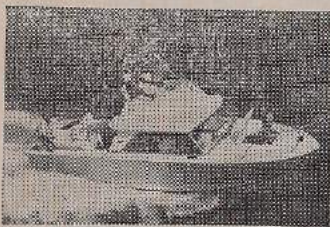
SEE YOUR ADVERTISERS

• There have been several cabins broken into here at the Bay. Canned goods, liquor and a radio were among the things that were taken. Four young Americans were caught by Jesus Martinez who is now a deputy sheriff, the Chief of Police from Rocky Point and by Bob. They would not admit that they were the ones that broke into the cabins but they had the stolen articles in their possession. They were turned over to a member of the Sheriff's Posse from Phoenix and warned NOT to come back to Mexico again. I do not know how cabins could be secured better because locks were pried off of doors and the doors forced open. I am thankful that we now have police protection — otherwise these men would not have been caught.

• Al, See Katz and sons, Michael, Jeffrey and Mark, and guests Mr. and Mrs. Tom Hazen, John Trei and Bill Pautler from Tucson are spending several days here at La Choya.

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By Bill Valentine

Migawsh but I'm getting old. This will be the 19th year I've been fishing Cholla. The first time, in 1946, I was aboard a Mexican boat out of Rocky Point. We, my dad and I, had made a weekend sashay into Mexico to sample the fabulous fishing we had read about.

Not knowing what to expect, or just where and how to fish, we joined up with three other unexperienced Gringos, and for 10 bucks apiece, convinced a Mexican skipper that he should take us fishing.

After waiting for high tide to float his 26' shrimper, the captain loaded us aboard and we headed up the Coast toward Pelican Point. Top speed on the old scow was about six knots, just about perfect for trolling, so dad and I both slipped a line out on our way to the fishing grounds. About halfway to Cholla, we ran through a school of Big Macks and wham-wham — dad and I both hooked up. The obliging skipper circled the school three or four times, allowing everyone on board to land three or four nice Macks apiece, before continuing on to Pelican Point.

We anchored about half a mile off the point, just inside the Bay. Believe it or not, we actually filled our fish sacks with Pintos right there. We were using cut bait and for the few hours

we fished there, we had all the action and excitement a fisherman could ask for. Besides the Pinto, we also caught small grouper, a few croakers, cotechies, sharks and rock bass. Those days are long gone, now.

The first time I actually camped at Cholla was quite an experience. We pulled a 14' boat from the paved highway over to the Bay. It took us a little over an hour to get there and we had to unhook the boat trailer several times to get unglued from the blow sand type road we had in those days.

The fishing was sure worth the effort though, casting from the lava shelves, between where the radio shack is now, and just opposite where my cabin is now, we caught all the sea trout we could use. Trolling martin plugs along the shoreline between Pelican Point and Sandy Beach, we caught white sea bass, pinto and grouper.

Using lighter trolling outfits and chromed Johnson spoons, we'd figure eight around Pelican Point and load up on pompano and mackerel.

Cholla Bay was just about as perfect a fishing area as anyone could ask for. Back in those days, huge schools of California white sea bass and their trout like cousins, the yellowfin, would appear regularly in March and April

Bill Boyers

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along the rocky shores between Pelican Point and Pin to Point. It was no trick at all to gather in 15 or 20 of these beautiful giants, running from 15 to 40 pounds. The authorities weren't as strict in enforcing the "No Dynamite" laws in those days and a few greedy commercial fishermen would wipe out huge numbers of these prime eating fish, until finally, about '52 or '53 the annual migration quit coming to Cholla.

About all you can catch from the boat landing these days is rusty beer cans. Once in a great while, a few stray yellowfin and white sea bass or two are nailed by some lucky fisherman, but the productive fishing we used to all enjoy so "close to home" is long gone.

Oh well, "Tempis Fudgits," and nothing stays the same as we grow older. I know that when the fishing was easy, I'd **always** come home with a load, but, as my complaining wife says, "Them Days Is Gone Forever."

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SPLINTERS FROM THE BOARD

Tucson Chapter, Cholla Bay Sports-
men's Club BOARD MEETING —
December 3, 1964

TIME: 0800 p.m.

LOCATION: Home of Deane Fisher,
President.

MEMBERS PRESENT: 8 — Dorothy
Walker, Verna Conlisk, Les Conlisk,
Truman Nussbaum, Harry Jones, How-
ard Taylor, Deane Fisher, Les Babcock.
Minutes of November Board Meeting
were read and approved.

TREASURER'S REPORT: \$777.77.
Treasurer requested motion to pay tele-
phone bills. Motion made by Les Con-
lisk and seconded by Truman Nuss-
baum.

Sample ballot to be mailed to mem-
bership was prepared for reproduction.
Ballots to be mailed to all membership.

An invitation will be extended to
Bill Blair to act as master of ceremonies
at our Installation of Officers. Arrange-
ment will be made here for accommoda-
tion for him and his wife.

Final arrangements were made for
the orchestra.

Meeting adjourned at 1000 p.m.

Lester E. Babcock,
Secretary

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

Puerto Penasco, Sonora
Mexico

Our Radio Operator will be our
mailman.

TUCSON CHAPTER

8 December 1964

Meeting called to order at 8:00 p.m.
by Deane Fisher, President.

Minutes of November meeting were
read and approved.

Financial report: \$777.77 to date —
given by Treasurer.

Visitors introduced: Mr. and Mrs.
Ed Eagle, Bill Backer and Bill Lackner.

Old Business: A 16 mm Bell and
Howell projector was procured by
Chris Tatum and its condition and
guarantee was discussed. Price was
\$450. Like item new would cost \$960.
Motion by Truman Nussbaum and sec-
onded by Les Conlisk to buy the pro-
jector and to pay cash was voted on
and carried 100 per cent.

Les Conlisk reported on cross at
Cholla Bay. It was erected by Roy
Drake and crew.

Daisy Tatum volunteered to add a
plaque in memento of "Nacho," both
in English and Spanish.

Added information that Cholla Bay
has now a supersonic highway due to
the operation of a grader from Rocky
Point.

Report on Fishing: Good in all areas
and large grouper are being caught on
the well known reefs.

Ballots were collected and the re-
sults were as follows:

President elect, Frank McLaughlin;
Vice President, Harry Jones; Secretary,
Chris Tatum; Treasurer, Dorothy
Walker; Board Members, Dr. B. Saylor,
Les Conlisk, Howard Taylor, George
(Pop) Fisher.

Door Prizes: Mrs. Katherin Smith,
George Stough, Buzz Hermon, Truman
Nussbaum, Mrs. Eagle, Mr. Humphry.

Motion to adjourn by George Fisher
and second by Mrs. Stough.

Lester E. Babcock,
Secretary

HOOK ONTO A
NEW MEMBER!

BRING 'EM TO MEETINGS



By Ken Evans

HAPPY (?) NEW YEAR . . .

Here we are smack dab in the be-
ginning of a brand new year. This is
the part of the year, ya know, that is
set aside especially for making resolu-
tions that we can spend the rest of the
year breaking.

HORSEPOWER versus FUEL CONSUMPTION

Bellowing bubbles of white smoke
trailing in the wake of your boat could
be an indication that your craft is
underpowered. That is to say that the
engine does not have enough horse-
power, (H.P.) to effectively propel the
respective load and boat in a manner
that amounts to something resembling
economic operation.

Overloading or lugging of too small
an engine on the larger craft tends to
develop a smoking exhaust which is
really a flooding condition in the en-
gine powerhead. . . . This flooding con-
dition is brought about by a lugging
engine that is unable to wind up to its
rated R.P.M. and which is taking in
more fuel than it can properly burn,
hence the smoke, hard starting, spark
plug fouling and fuel burning proper-
ties.

Huge quantities of fuel go down the
outboarders drain each year — why?
Simply because it is easy to believe that
a smaller engine would be more eco-
nomic to operate, but is this really
true?

Let's check some facts and find out
for ourselves. . . .

What manner of man would install
a Volkswagen engine in a full size
three-quarter-ton pickup truck and ex-
pect top flite, high speed, fuel saving
performance with power left over? . . .
Hah! Yet this would be no more absurd
than to install a low horsepower engine
on a 16-18-foot craft with a total load
of well over 1,500 pounds. No doubt
you will get there so rigged . . . BUT
WHEN?

You are literally working the engine
to death and choking it down with raw
fuel which it cannot completely burn
in an attempt to squeeze some sort of
performance out of the rig.

Extreme low propeller pitch and car-
buretion adjustments may remedy all
of these unpleasant problems of ex-
haust smoke, spark plug fouling and
hard starting but only an engine of
qualified power can give you any de-
gree of fuel economy on the larger
heavier hulls.

Matching an outboard engine to your
respective boat-load for all-around per-
formance and top fuel mileage need
not be so difficult.

Check with other parties with equal
boat and load factors as your own,
chances are you will gain valuable
information. If everything else fails,
contact me, and I will be most happy
to sell you a complete new rig.

I resolve . . .

Fisher & Simpson Marine Radios

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Free Installation & 1 Years Maintenance
with every purchase of marine radios.

MARINE ELECTRONICS
of ARIZONA

"Where Electronics is NOT a sideline!"

Sales — Repairs — Maintenance
Matt Cubitto — club member

OFFICE 964-7114 HOME 964-7536
39 W. 6th AVE.

APPLICATION AND BENEFICIARY DESIGNATION
CHOLLA BAY SPORTSMANS CLUB

Name

Address

City State

Amount Paid \$ Years

I hereby designate the following named beneficiary under CONTINENTAL CASUALTY COMPANY Policy No. SR 168504 for the Loss of Life Indemnity, subject to the conditions named in said policy: Fifty per cent (50%) to the Cholla Bay Sportsmans Club Search and Rescue Fund.

Fifty per cent (50%) to:

if living, otherwise to my estate.

Signed at State of

..... This day of

19.....

Witness

Applicant

DUES

Dues for the Calendar year are as follows:

- Single membership \$10.00
- Man & Wife \$12.00
- (Each voting memberships)
- Sponsored Child \$2.00

If you have overlooked sending in your dues, now would be a good time to get the job done. Also, if you have a change of address, please notify us as the Chatter will not be forwarded.

Membership Committee



Jesus Martinez — Radio Operator

All people who use the radio facility at Cholla Bay should be members of the Cholla Bay Sportsman's Club. ★ ★ ★

WILKERSON FEDERATED AGENCIES

MEXICAN INSURANCE — FOR CLUB MEMBERS

LIABILITY: Auto, \$27.08; Jeep or Sand Buggy normally left in Mexico, \$7.97 additional. Boat Liability (usual size and power), \$16.44.

PROPERTY: Cabin, Trailer, Personal Belongings, \$2,000 for \$24.93. Burglary on contents, \$1,000 for \$8.21 additional.

UNITED STATES COVERAGE, ALL FORMS WRITTEN

Automobile — Burglary — Fire — Marine — Liability

Bonds — Life — Accident & Health

WES DOUGLAS

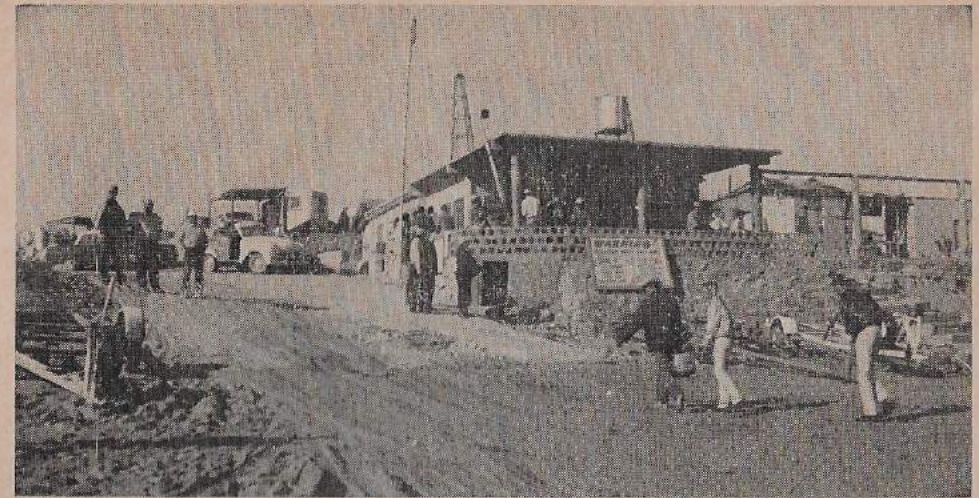
TED LAMBERTON

Club Members

2214 N. Central Ave.

Phoenix 3, Arizona

Phone 252-5558



Ship To Shore Marine Radio

Call Letters

- 2182 Safety & Calling
- 2555 Boat to Shore
- 2788 Intership
- 2638 Intership

Citizens Band Radios

- Monitor Channel 22
- Conversation 16
- Conversation 11
- Conversation 9
- Conversation 5

IMPORTANT NOTICE: — Effective since May 1st — 2182 kc should only be used for **CALLING** and in emergency conversation. Any other messages or communications of a personal or non-emergency nature will use 2555 kc.

INSTRUCTIONS

Call Cholla Bay Radio on 2182 kc. The Operator will then ask you to switch to 2555 kc. You then give him your message or information. When you are finished, switch your set back to 2182 kc.

The new radio facility at Cholla Bay has power and range for emergency communication with the Coast Guard in California, so let's not abuse our privilege — let's use it the way it should be used! It is a tool and used properly could save lives. One of them might be yours!

If you haven't yet got 2555 kc on your radio — **PLEASE GET IT!! REMEMBER** — Start all calls on 2182 kc — Then switch your channel.

Matt Cubitto, Chairman
 Radio Committee

Tell 'em you saw it in the CHATTER

**\$
 SAVE**

**JANUARY SPECIAL
 NOW DISCOUNTED SEVERAL HUNDRED DOLLARS!**

**\$
 SAVE**

1964 Non Current Model — Left Overs.

STARCRAFT HOLIDAY — ALUMINUM FISHING MODEL — LENGTH 18'4" L.O.A.

Big, Deep, with Fold Down Seats — **EXTRA** Roomy for Fishing.

Capacity — 10 persons! Starcraft is the riveted Aluminum

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 1425 N. SAHUARA
 TUCSON, ARIZONA

PERMIT No. 248
 BULK RATE
 U. S. POSTAGE
 Phoenix, Ariz.

1964

RETURN REQUESTED

Operation: Tide Chart

By Lynn Bayless

Great Tides Occur at Full & New Moon



January 10



January 17



January 24



February 1

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

JANUARY — 1965		FEBRUARY — 1965	
16	1242	1	1354
	0103		0218
17	1333	2	1427
	0151		0247
18	1421	3	1500
	0237		0316
19	1510	4	1534
	0321		0345
20	1558	5	1609
	0404		0413
21	0449	6	0443
	1647		1649
22	0533	7	0518
	1739		1735
23	0620	8	0558
	1838		1833
24	0712	9	0650
	1948		1953
25	0810	10	0757
	2111		2132
26	0915	11	0916
	2233		2301
27	1017	12	1034
	2340		
28	1114	13	1140
	—		0004
29	1202	14	1236
	0031		0055
30	1243	15	1327
	0111		0139
31	1319		
	0146		

Inboard — Outdrive — VOLVO — INTERCEPTOR — MERCURISER
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