



Volume 6, No. 1

March, 1963

8th ANNUAL CHOLLA BAY DERBY

It Was a BIG Success - Feb. 22-23, 1963

Weather: Clear, not too windy. Boats out Friday 140 and Saturday 114 Total 254 both days according to radio check-out count. Average of 4 fishermen to a boat for a total of 1100 participating, not bad. The estimate of persons crossing the U. S. & Mexico border to attend the derby about 3,000. Of this number about 1,500 attended the Fish Fry.

Chairmen: Al Scott, Glen Stewart, General; Bill Blair, Awards, and Dick Gardner, Beach. And a big, BIG HAND goes to all that gave of their time and efforts to make it a good derby. The donated prizes totaled over \$800.00 and was or still being enjoyed by all the winners. A big, BIG THANK YOU HAND to all who donated prizes.

Grand Trophy award: Largest fish, 61 lb. 4 oz. grouper, went to Walt Worman, 4427 East Lee, Tucson, Arizona. Team Trophy: Fish caught, 394 pounds per man, average 131, Sea Hawk — Skipper Frand Claver and Bill and Jim Flair, Phoenix. Friday winners — GROUPEE. 1. Al Scott, Phx. 2. Al Scott, Phx. 3. Walt Worman, Tucson. PINTO. 1. Dewey Ayers, Phx. 2. Tom A. Thorp, Sierra Vista. 3. C. W. Keith, Phx. SEA TROUT. 1. Bob Chalis, Phx. 2. T. T. Anderson, Tucson.

Saturday winners — GROUPEE 1. Chas. Meadmore, Tuc. 2. Cliff Dougherty, Phx. 3. Terry Lavalle, Tuc. PINTO. 1. Joe E. Tannehill, Phx. 2. D.

Leister, Tolleson, 3. Jack Miller, Phx. SEA TROUT. 1. W. O. South, Illinois who was our oldest fisherman at 88 yrs. TROPHY AWARDS GROUPEE. 1. Al Scott, Phx. 2. Tom Cooley, Tuc. PINTO TROPHY AWARDS. 1. Wm. R. Pyper, Phx. 2. Al Scott, Phx. SEA TROUT TROPHY AWARDS. 1. S. C. Midozor, Phx. 2. C. P. Moore, Phx.

Friday Team Fishing. 1. SEA HAWK. Claver, Bill and Jim Blair. 2. SWAN. Scott, Harrison, Schaffer, Phx. 3. MARDI-ROD, Forest and Tom Cooley, Walt and Ron Worman, Tuc. Saturday Team Fishing. 1. HI-FEVER. Kraft, Sanderson Tanehill, Phx. WOMEN'S DIVISION WINNER: Miss Alvina Nussbaum, Tuc.

ODD BALL: Blue Shark, 7 foot Marcelo Salazar, Cholla Bay, Mexico.

WINNER OF CITIZENS BAND RADIO 1330 — William Creiff of 7300 East Thomas Road.

SEE PAGE 11

NEXT MEETING

MARCH 12

8 P.M.

Goettl Auditorium

2005 East Ind. School Rd.

Cholla Chatter

Official Publication of the Cholla Bay Sportsmen Club, Inc.

PHOENIX, P.O. Box 7171, Phoenix 11

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Editor, The Cholla Chatter:

Just finished talking to Wes Douglas and he asked me if I had paid my dues for '63. I informed him that I had not, the reasons being: first, when I am out in the gulf it is very important that the radio station be on and working in the event of an emergency. Secondly, when I have been down there I have noticed that the road is getting progressively worse. As far as I am concerned, these are the two things that are important to me. It is very apparent that the road has been neglected for months and the telephone radio service is "lousy."

I have given Wes my check for dues and will give the club another year's trial hoping the two conditions mentioned are greatly improved.

John A. Luhrs

Editor, The Cholla Chatter:

I enclose here with my check for \$5.00.

Up until June 1961 we planned and looked forward to our trips to Cholla but since we lost our pilot son in the Air Force we have not cared to return. However we both enjoy reading the Chatter and we are grateful to you for not having removed our name from your mailing list. Just reading it brings back so many fond memories. I doubt if we will ever again make the trip from here to Cholla but one never knows.

I could not be an active member but would like to continue to receive the Chatter hence this \$5.00 contribution.

Respectfully,
Dave A. Embertson,
Granada Hills, California

CONGRATULATIONS

Officers elect are Bob Taylor, president; Glen Stewart, vice-president; Dick Gardner, secretary; Jack Schmidt, treasurer; directors, Bill Blair, Bill Hammer, Bill Valentine and Paul Schoonover.

Installation will be at the March 12th meeting. These men will govern and guide the club's activities for the ensuing year. Come and congratulate them and offer your assistance to make the club more effective.

Call To Order

The regular meeting of the Cholla Bay Sportsmen's Club was called to order at 8 p.m. Feb. 12, 1963 by Albert Scott, president. Katherine Hitchcock, secretary was serving on the election committee and acting in her office was Lela Gary. The minutes, published in the Chatter, were not read. The acting secretary read the treasurer's report as follows: "Feb. 8, 1963, cash on hand \$1416.10, accounts receivable \$134.00, accounts payable \$214.77, net funds available \$1,335.33."

The medical officer will be on duty during the derby weekend so bring your vaccination certificates or expect to be vaccinated.

Our thanks to Senor Martinez and the storekeeper at the Nacho store for working the road into Cholla Bay. They did this gratis.

Derby committees are appointed and plans progressing. Wayne Early, Coast Guard representative, announced that courtesy boat checks for safety equipment will be available at the derby. Also he reminded us of the international distress signal on the water (flap your arms like a bird).

Ladies were reminded to prepare tossed salad for 10 for the fish fry following the derby.

Bill Blair announced that the trophies received were inferior and were returned. He assured us we would have the usual lovely trophies in time for the derby.

Al Scott gave a report of help he and Glen Stewart gave to a distressed boat. The rescued party will write a complete account for the Chatter.

Marvin Avery asked about the possibility of the club purchasing and maintaining a rescue boat to be available at all times. Wayne Earley said the Coast Guard soon hopes to have a plane on floats on duty in Phoenix that would be on call for emergency to Cholla Bay.

The program of the evening was a color film "The Chinook."

Mel Harrison, chairman of the election committee, announced the new officers to be installed next meeting: president, Bob Taylor; vice-president, Glen Stewart; secretary, Dick Gardner; treasurer, Jack Schmidt; and directors, Bill Blair, Bill Valentine, Bill Hammer and Paul Schoonover.

The meeting was adjourned, coffee and donuts were served.

HEADED SOUTH

by Cecil Gary

For several months there has been feverish activity and more than a little hard work going on in our family. A 1963 Ford pickup with 4-wheel drive, refrigeration and radio was purchased. An 8 ft. camper was constructed to fit this pickup and meet the needs and desires of 2 special people. These people, as you may have already guessed are Dave and Vida Davidson, my parents-in-law.

Similar activity was taking place across the street as our neighbor Jim Riha made similar preparations. His

camper was fashioned to suit only himself. This he built on a 1958 Chevrolet pickup. Jim's sisters, daughters and their husbands helped him get ready.

The purpose of these preparations was a long planned for trip to Mexico. A tentative itinerary listed such names as Mexico City, Guadalajara, Merida and Oaxaca. The flight plan is most flexible and nobody has a deadline to meet. Departure was set at about February 10 but no one was ready.

Several days before the tenth Joe Underdown walked into our store looking for Dave. It seems he and Ruby were planning quite a similar trip, destination Panama. Could the parties join forces? Of course! It was wonderful to have a larger group.

The Underdowns are seasoned camper travelers as they drove their 1962 Chevrolet and 10 foot camper to Alaska last year. On their front bumper rides a tote goat to use for short jaunts.

Fishing was definitely on the agenda so various rods, reels, sinkers, and lures were packed. The ducks and geese in the Yaqui valley enticed the men to arm themselves with shotguns. This meant gun permits of course. A movie camera, a 35mm camera, brownie and various others were tucked in. Swim-

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suits, city clothes, camping clothes, straw hats, jackets, blankets, canned food, medicines, water purification tablets and the lists went on and on.

At last all the suitcases were full and the lists completed and on Sunday morning Feb. 17 the three parties met and KPHO-TV filmed their departure. Maybe you saw the films on the 6 and 10 p.m. newscast the following evening. At this writing we have not heard from the travelers. When we do we'll share the news. Our very best wishes go with them for a safe and happy holiday.

RESCUE AT CHOLLA

By Knows Better Now

After filing a trip report, on a beautiful Saturday, at the radio shack maintained by the Cholla Bay Sportsmen's Club my partner and I headed for a little fishing around Pelican Point and west.

The ocean was so smooth we headed for a group of five boats about 1½ miles out, at 30 miles per hour. Smooth water was needed for the boat was a 14 ft. ski boat with a 45 Hp Mercury which had never seen any water rougher than the wake of a Biesemyer at Saguaro Lake.

We made one circle around the boats trolling a Martin plug when the motor died. It had been missing at slow speeds when we left port also while trolling. After a few attempts to restart the motor I removed the plugs and replaced two of the four with the only new ones I had. It still refused to start. Now a period of squirting ether into the carburetor, removing plugs, ether into the cylinders and on the plugs began. This lasted for about 2 hours as we were gradually being carried by the wind and tide toward the

beach on the other side of Black Mountain. All but one of the other boats had left for other fishing spots. He was still within signal distance but I still had faith in starting the motor.

From one to 4:30 we drifted in an arc away from Cholla Bay and always 1 to 3 miles from shore. The wind had whipped up the waves until it was too rough to work on the motor and the sky was almost completely clouded over. My partner had put on her ski belt and I had tied a cushion type life preserver on her. I felt we would drift to shore before dark on a changing tide or the motor would start.

Our main thoughts were why did we list our time of return as 4 instead of 2:30 which was the time we had planned to get back all the time? Would the Cholla Bay Sportsman Club send out searchers tonight or wait until morning? DO A LOT OF PEOPLE ABUSE THE SIGNOUT PRIVILEGE AND FAIL TO CHECK BACK IN THUS CAUSING LITTLE CONCERN WHEN A BOAT WHICH IS IN TROUBLE FAILS TO RETURN.

Between 4:30 and dark we waved a flag at three boats returning from the sand dunes but they were too far out to sea to spot us. As it grew darker the wind and waves became higher and a light rain was falling. The boat was drifting broadside to the waves and wind. We were taking on a little water. I tried to rig a sea anchor by putting my anchor inside our ice chest. This might of worked in a lesser wind. Suddenly the bow of the boat faced into the wind. Now water started coming over the bow — no windshield. The anchor had dropped out of the ice chest and we were anchored with a short rope. Using a doubled ski rope we re-

anchored with a longer rope with one in the back seat and the other in the front. The weight distribution was such that we stopped taking water.

At dark we had tied our water jug to the boat and also ripped ropes on the boat which would be easy to grab in case we tipped over. Our one thought regardless of what happened was to never leave the boat.

We were from 10 to 12 miles from Cholla Bay and could see the light. We had conserved our battery by hand cranking the motor. Now we started using a spotlight in an attempt to signal someone on shore. At times it was felt that we got answers but we could never be sure. At first we flashed about every five minutes. By 8:30 this had dropped off to about every fifteen minutes for we had about given up hope for rescue that night.

My partner had made the remark that no one was going to come out in that storm at night and I was inclined to agree with her.

About nine o'clock we saw a light off to our right and signaled but didn't seem to get an answer — another car on the highway? Five minutes later we saw a light behind the boat — they answered. Then suddenly we could see the outline of the boat — Rescued.

It was Albert Scott, President of the Cholla Bay Sportsmen's Club, in his boat and Glen Stewart. The trip back was rough putting my boat but we now felt warmer and secure, though neither of us had a dry thread on our body.

As we approached Cholla Bay the wind and waves continued to increase and about one mile away we realized we just wasn't making any headway. Suddenly a big wave broke the tow rope and swept my boat away at the

same time broke out Scott's windshield. The wave threw so much water into the boat that seconds later the engine died. Waves higher than a house were coming at us. We threw out Scott's anchor but the rope immediately broke. Stewart hollered "We are in trouble now." A sea anchor was thrown out and it righted us a little. In the next 20 minutes we thought less of our chances for survival than at any time that day. By continued baling and having the motor start, run for awhile then die, we finally got things under control and made it to shore.

At this writing my boat has been found swamped and returned to Cholla by Alberto. I don't have any details as yet but it can be salvaged.

Several lessons were learned by all parties. Don't go out into the gulf even on a quiet day in a small boat. If your motor doesn't sound right don't leave the shore until it is fixed. If you have trouble anchor if you are drifting away from help. Don't be afraid to ask for immediate help at the first sign of motor trouble. Always carry a baling can. Larger boats should have hand bilge pumps, for drain plugs aren't much use when dead in the water. Anchor ropes should be replaced regularly. If you don't have a spotlight on your boat always carry a powerful light. I feel the spotlight may have saved our lives and it was definitely responsible for our rescue. When rescuing people in rough weather no attempt should be made to save the crippled boat until later.

We would like to thank all members of the Cholla Bay Sportsmen's Club whose facilities helped in our quick rescue and especially Albert O. Scott, Glen Stewart, Mr. Miller, Charlie Reed, Mr. Parker, Senor Martinez at the radio

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Myrt & Ken — Members

(Continued from Page 5)

shack and Alberto.

Was I a member of the club? No. Am I now? Yes.
Editor's note.

This story does not end here. Mr. Knows Better Now has assumed the financial responsibility for the costs of his rescue. This is the fair and honorable thing to do.

Anyone, club member or not, receiving such aid should remember that there is no fund from which to pay such expenses and even if there were those people thus served should be more than glad to pay the costs.

RECIPE OF THE MONTH

by Lela Gary

Like cake with your coffee? A non-fishing friend of mine came up with a wonderfully easy recipe for a big coffee cake. It keeps well (if there aren't too many around) and travels well and is just the thing for a Cholla Bay coffee-break.

Mix and sift together — 3 cups sifted flour, 2 cups sugar, ½ teaspoon cinnamon, ½ teaspoon cloves and ½ teaspoon nutmeg. Cut in ¾ cup shortening until mixture looks like cornmeal. Reserve ½ cup of this dry crumbly mixture and combine the rest with ½ teaspoon salt, and 2 cups buttermilk to which you have added 1 teaspoon soda. Beat thoroughly then stir in 1 cup raisins and 1 cup chopped walnuts. Spread in a 13" x 9" (it really is good size) pan that has been greased and floured. Sprinkle the ½ cup of dry mix you reserved on top of the batter and bake in a 350° oven for 1 hour. Results are good enough to eat.



By Bill Valentine

Man oh man, how I love the month of March. The 1st time I ever hooked into a Yellowfin was in March of '47.

We were trolling Martin plugs between Pelican Point and Pinto Point. 3 of us hooked up at once, and brother, I can STILL hear those clicks screaming as those 3 Tigers peeled line off our reels.

I was relatively fresh out of the service, and was rather a novice at fishing the Gulf. I had fished the Pacific from Ensenada to Santa Barbara along the coastal waters, and from Hawaii thru the Marshall Islands to the Marianas in the blue. Those first Yellowfin we boated out of Cholla, I thought, were just plain of California white Sea Bass.

Since then, I have received quite an education of identification of the various members of the Croaker clan which periodically inhabit the gulf.

Frank Lopez, (or 'Pancho' or 'Tecate') knows as much about the various species of fish, which are caught in the Cholla area, and their habits, as any man I know of, and throughout the years of our friendship, has taught me one heck of a lot about these "Covina."

Just to illustrate just how confusing it can become, when it comes to iden-

tifying one of these babies, let me give you a hypothetical illustration. (This following can actually happen). Supposing you were surfcasting on Sandy Beach, just where the beach starts to become all rocks. You are using as a lure, a ⅞ oz. Kastmaster, and a 8'6" Spinning Rod equipped with a salt water spin reel loaded with 8 lb. test line. You cast way out, to a patch of sand bottom showing up between a patch of rocky bottom. Timing your retrieve to start your lure moving just before it settles to the bottom you start cranking on your reel handle. Wham! You get a solid hit. After 2 or 3 runs, and about a 5 minute battle, you finally beach a silvery fish of about 5 pounds. He has a dog like tooth in his upper jaw, and a few smaller teeth scattered haphazardly about his mouth. His jaws have a slightly yellowish tint, and his pectoral fins, at the base, have a decided yellowish hue. Now here's where the confusion starts.

This fish could be a sand trout, a true weakfish, a yellowfin, a small California white sea bass, or a baby Totuava. These fish all are basically from the same family, the Squeatagues (?), or Croaker family. They are all good strong fighters, and will readily hit a lure. They are all school fish, and where you hook one, you'll always hook more — IF you can get to them fast enough. This is the MAIN PROBLEM. When casting from shore for trout, you can generally keep a school close enough in to you to land quite a few from the same bunch, but if your lure happens to land near either a Yellowfin, Totuava or Calif. White Sea Bass,

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it's usually a different story.

Due to the size of these babies, as well as their fighting ability, you cannot 'Horse' them in, consequently you're in for a battle of anywhere from 15 minutes to 45 minutes duration. Generally speaking, unless you're awfully lucky, by the time you finally gaff your fish, the remainder of the school has moved on. To a shorebound surfer, there is nothing much he can do, other than move up or down the coastline, casting and hoping these giants will cruise within casting range again.

From a boat, you can usually find them again, either by trolling or by casting a sinking lure and letting it settle ottomward before retrieving it. No matter which way you fish, tho, you are in for 1st class sport when you hookup with any one of these babies, as well as prime eating.

March and April are the 2 best months of the year for getting them, so get to gettin'!

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Or are you satisfied
To only just belong?
When the business session come around
Do you pretend to be sick?
And leave the work to just a few
Then talk about the "clique"?
Think this over, member,
You know right from wrong.
Are you an active member,
Or do you just belong?

SURFSIDE COMMENTS

By GENE HENRY

It's always a pleasure to watch a master craftsman at work whether it be an artist capturing a beautiful landscape on canvas or a fly fisherman effortlessly casting out 100 feet of line and laying down a fly without raising a ripple on the surface.

I recently had the pleasure of fishing with and observing a master craftsman in the art of surf fishing who learned the tricks of the trade prior to the rapid growth and popularity of spin-fishing which followed World War II. Floyd Newton is a newcomer to Arizona and Cholla Bay, but he has been an avid surf fisherman for many years, fishing the tidewaters of the Gulf of Mexico along the Texas and Louisiana coastlines. Like so many other veteran

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fishermen, he refuses to use spin tackle and maintains there is nothing you can do with spinning gear that you can't do better with bait casting equipment. And, after watching him perform, it's hard to argue with him — at least, as far as his handling of the rod and reel is concerned.

Floyd's proficiency with a bait casting outfit was never more ably demonstrated than on a trip to the Lower Estuary the weekend following Thanksgiving. Ray Maxcy and I had arranged to meet Floyd and Bob Challis at our cabin in Cholla Bay on Friday night. It had been storming for two days and the prospects for Saturday didn't look too good. However, Saturday morning dawned bright and clear and we arrived at Joe Espinosa's place about an hour before low tide. We stopped to exchange a few pleasantries with Joe before starting to fish and he told us the trout had been running real good in the estuary the past few days. That was all the encouragement we needed and hastily slipping into our waders, we grabbed our rods and headed over the dunes to the mouth of the estuary.

Ray and I started flipping our spoons along the shoreline leading from the mouth of the estuary while Floyd and Bob waded out toward the channel in midstream. We managed to hook a couple of small flounders, but weren't having a bit of luck locating any trout. I finally looked over to see how Floyd and Bob were doing and saw Floyd waving his hat with one hand and hanging on to a bowed rod with the other.

By the time I could wade out to join them, both Floyd and Bob had several trout on their stringers. This was a big school of trout and for the next hour

or so, one or more of us had a hookup almost all the time. In the meantime, Ray was pacing the beach in frustration since he didn't have any waders and the water was cold enough to discourage even the hardiest fisherman.

While we were fishing this school of trout, I was able to observe Floyd's technique with his bait casting outfit. He was using a Garcia Ambassador reel mounted on a long whippy Conolon rod and all of us were using identical 3/4 oz. spoons. His casts were seemingly effortless and he was getting as much or greater distance on his casts as Bob and I were reaching with our spinning outfits and not once did he get a backlash.

His retrieves were a thing of beauty to watch. The trout were hitting deep right on the bottom and it took a slow jig and flutter retrieve to get them to strike. Floyd was able to get a much smoother jigging action out of his light rod and I don't need to tell you who was catching the most trout. He damned near drove Bob and me nuts trying to keep up with him. When the tide finally forced us back to shore, Bob and I both had hefty stringers, but that doggoned Floyd had a string of fish that would be braggin' size even in Texas. It convinced us of one thing — never let that guy get ahead of you or you'll never catch up.

I wouldn't recommend changing to a bait casting outfit for those fishermen who don't fish very often or won't take the time to do a lot of backyard practice. It not only takes a lot of time, practice and patience, but also requires considerable skill and continued usage to really master this technique. However, for those of us who learned on a bait-casting reel before changing to

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the easier spincasting, I would advise investing in a rig or oiling up the old one to take along on your surf fishing trips. You probably won't use it enough to become as proficient as Floyd, but it does provide a challenge to your casting skill and can give you a lot of pleasure in fishing.

There is just one word of caution — also oil up your cussin' vocabulary because sure as shooting, you'll be using it when you get that first backlash.

THANK YOU

by Bob Taylor

This is an appropriate time to thank my friends for their support not only of my election as president but also of the many kind wishes extended to me. Our club is made up of so many wonderful people that it makes me very proud to be one of them.

Our Board of Directors and your president-elect will carry on to the best of our ability. We have new ideas and projects. Some of these may fall by the wayside but not from the lack of trying. We intend to have many committees and it is our belief that the more participants the better the results.

An example of combined efforts showing fine results was our derby. To my knowledge there was never a better one; the food was wonderful, well cooked and well served. Many people came back several times and we all welcomed this as it proved our food delicious, as it was. The cooking facilities, which are ours permanently, due the work of our past president Mr. Scott are of the finest. We can now feed 1,000 or 4,000 with very little difference in frying capacity. The weather as usual was lousy; really there has never been any other kind. The day before and the day after — beautiful. Maybe we — collectively — don't live right. Our fishermen caught fish however, enough for us to eat, and our derby was a success.

At our next regular meeting your president will attempt to outline his ideas as to necessary activities of our Club. These activities we will attempt to divide into grouped functions for committees. If there are any left out

you should be there to let us know, or notify your Board, and to volunteer to be a working member.

The deadline for typed material for the Chatter is the 20th of the month. Untyped material should reach the editor by the 15th. Typing should be double spaced. This applies to EVERYONE.

PREXY SPEAKS:

At this writing February 20th, 1963 my year is drawing to a close. I am very pleased to have it end, and also to have a clear, clean conscience. I am glad I never found it necessary the past year to try to deceive or lie about anything, or anybody. This is a Sportsmen's club, I think anyway that is what the name says. I have heard the factory who makes this greasy kid stuff is working overtime now because so many people are using their product. The 1963 derby is a couple of days away. I am sure it will be a success, and we will do better financially this year than we did in 1962, as you know we didn't break even plus the many dollars we should have come out ahead. This year we have already shown a profit and the derby hasn't even started, this of course is because of so many nice people working together. I have so many to say a special thanks to for their cooperation the past year, I wouldn't know where to start, So why don't you start helping the club now and maybe at the end of the year someone will say a special thanks to you.

By the way good luck to the new officers and I hope they all join the club.

Sincerely,
Al Scott.

Watch Your Wake

Goettl Contributes to Industry

THERMAL RAY

GOETTL BROS
HEATING & COOLING

2005 EAST INDIAN SCHOOL

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

GRAND TROPHY AWARD FOR LARGEST FISH — winner Walt Worman, 4427 East Lee, Tucson, said it was his first Derby. He fished aboard the MARDI-ROD with Forrest and Tom (age 12) Cooley and Walt Worman, all of Tucson. The boat and crew took 3rd prize on Friday in the Team Award when they boated 265 pounds of fish for an average of 66 pounds per man.

Tom Cooley caught his prize winning 50 lb. grouper while on this trip. When asked if it was a lot of work, he replied, "Yes, but they held onto my legs while I was bringing it in. I knew they wouldn't let go because I had a borrowed pole and reel that they didn't want to lose."

TUCSON TALKING

By Les Conlick

We had a real good turnout for our Feb. 19th meeting. We acquired J. P. Mitchell and Bob Barrett as new members. Marge and Jim Smith, Manuel Lopez, Vern Lean, Darlene Fisher, Mrs. Tom Gregory, Mrs. Donald Kemp and Mrs. Melvin Jean were among the guests.

Jack Arnold showed a film that was taken of the Christmas Party for the Children at Rocky Point, Dec. 22, 1962. Over \$1,000.00 was donated by interested people in Tucson and over 1400 children were fed, given toys and clothing. Also boxes of food were distributed to the needy families. Don Vosberg narrated the film. It was interesting to note that 700 hot dogs were used.

Dave Crane brought a film on Mercury Motor Testing in Florida. Jack Graves showed it for us. Thanks again Jack.

Verna Conlick gave a report on the advertising for the Derby issue of the Chatter. \$78.00 from Tucson. "Gracias La Esposa."

Dorothy Walker gave a final report on the Claxton fruit cake sales. \$44.75 was added to our treasury. "Thanks Dorothy."

The door prize was a Marine Panel Speedometer donated by Jack Ellis

won by Darlene Fisher. "La Mujer Afortunada."

Howard Taylor announced that he now has a Citizen Band Radio in his truck and if you need repair work on your boat motor while at the Bay, call Martinez at the Radio Station and he will get in touch with Howard.

Our next meeting will be March 19th at the Moose Club (Upstairs) 378 N. Main Ave., 7:30 P.M. Make it a point to be there and get the results of the Derby. Bring your friends along. They will enjoy it I am sure.

DONORS OF DERBY PRIZES

Muchas Gracias

- El Dorado Bowl Lanes
- J. T. Wilkerson Crane & Rigging
- Apex Mfg. Co.
- KTK Deburring Co.
- Grant's Auto Parts
- Royal Auto Parts
- Abb's Trenching Service
- Mesa Sand & Rock Co.
- Second Place
- Blair & Claver Motor Co.
- American Auto Salvage Co.
- Cee Bee Automotive
- Tony & Ken Automotive
- General Prizes
- Seth Smith
- Downtown Motors, Ford
- Kraft Auto & Home
- Gaudet Pumping & Sporting Goods
- Yellow Front Stores
- Tony Hall
- Aqua Fria Service
- Alma Bell's Sporting Goods
- Colyear Motor Sales
- Sportsville Fi
- Pinney Robinson
- Sentinal Softex Supply
- Maricopa Mercantile
- Head Quarter Buffet
- Lloyd Marine
- Mesa Marine
- Grant's Sporting Goods
- Copper State Ins.
- Arizona Motor Parts
- Arizona Brewing Co.
- Mary Anns 19th Ave. Tavern
- Arizona Sportland
- Gehon Boat Works
- Kirks Marine & Sporting
- Vick Hoyer

PERMIT No. 21
BULK RATE
U. S. POSTAGE
Phoenix, Ariz.

**MEMBERS
WANTED
Sign 'em
Up Today!**

RETURN REQUESTED

Operation: Tide Chart

By Lynn Bayless

Great Tides Occur at Full & New Moon

March 18

March 25

NEW MOON

1ST QUARTER



FULL MOON

LAST QUARTER



April 1

April 8

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

March 15	0440	March 31	0605
	2305		1920
March 16	0510		
	1755		
March 17	0550	April 1	0715
	1845		2050
March 18	0640	April 2	0835
	2015		2220
March 19	0800	April 3	1005
	2155		2320
March 20	0920	April 4	1115
	2305		
March 21	1040	April 5	0000
	2355		1205
March 22	1130	April 6	0040
			1245
March 23	0035	April 7	0110
	1230		1325
March 24	0105	April 8	0140
	1310		1405
March 25	0145	April 9	0210
	1400		1435
March 26	0225	April 10	0240
	1440		1505
March 27	0305	April 11	0300
	1530		1535
March 28	0345	April 12	0330
	1620		1605
March 29	0425	April 13	0400
	1710		1645
March 30	0505	April 14	0430
	1810		1735

**Ship To Shore
Marine Radio**

Call Letters

2182	Safety & Calling
2715	Mexican Marine
2738	Intership
2638	Intership

Citizens Band Radios

Monitor Channel	22
Conversation	16
Conversation	11
Conversation	9
Conversation	5

SEE YOUR ADVERTISERS

**Tucson Lodge No. 747
Loyal Order Of Moose**

379 N. MAIN AVE., 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. Upstairs.)