



OFFICIAL PUBLICATION OF THE CHOLLA BAY SPORTSMAN'S CLUB

Volume 8, No. 3

March, 1964

## PHOENIX PREXY SPEAKS

HALLELUJAH! A little publicity and a good program really gets out the people. By my count, over 140 members and guests attended the last meeting. It was about evenly divided between members and new guests. Ray Sanderson and his membership crew were on the job signing up new members and collecting dues. Everything went off quite smoothly except for technical difficulties.

We had some beautiful displays of shells and beach combings, a nice movie of sea life and an inspiring and impressive lecture on conchology in the Cholla Bay area by Myrt and Ken Johnson.

We are very fortunate to have an excellent Chatter Editor this year in Lois Sanderson. She has been very active securing Chatter copy from all of us she can reach. Please take the time to write that story you have been intending to and send it to our Post Office Box shown on the back cover, Attention: Chatter Editor.

Our thanks and congratulations go to Alice Taylor and those who helped her on the last Chatter. It was one of her best.

The last two months have been hectic and trying for everyone. Due to the changes in the Constitution and By-Laws, we have encountered and overcome many obstacles. This has been possible only because of the excellent spirit of cooperation and dedication of

everyone. The Council is short in numbers, but long in experience. With our support, the Cholla Bay Club will grow in service and influence to a degree never possible before. It is a wonderful feeling to know that our sister club in Tucson is now a full partner in the corporation. Reports from the Council indicate that they are really moving in Tucson and are ready, willing and able to give the Phoenix Club a run for our money towards our common goal of a great club.

We all need a stronger Council. I hope that by 1965 we will have at least five new clubs chartered with representatives on the Council. Our membership lists indicate enough members presently active in Casa Grande, Ajo, Gila Bend, Scottsdale, Mesa, Tempe, Chandler, Globe-Miami, and Coolidge-Florence to charter new clubs. We will be happy to provide names and addresses of your fellow members in any community or area if you would like to organize and charter a new club. We of the Phoenix Club are happy to have members in these communities. However, for the good of all clubs of the Council we need organized representation in the other cities.

**NEXT MEETING**

**MARCH 10  
8 P.M.**

**Goettl Auditorium  
2005 East Ind. School Rd.**

## Cholla Chatter

Official publication of the  
Cholla Bay Sportsmen's Club, Inc.

P. O. Box 7171, Phoenix 11, Arizona

### COUNCIL

Chairman ..... William C. Hamner  
Secretary ..... Truman Nussbaum  
Treasurer ..... Robert J. Taylor  
Members ..... Ed Smith, Bill Blair,  
Lyle Rodgers, Forest Cooley

### PHOENIX CHAPTER

President ..... Wayne Early  
Vice President ..... Dick Gardner  
Secretary ..... Edith Tyra  
Treasurer ..... Charles Reed  
Membership Chairman ..... Ray Sanderson  
Advertising Chairman ..... Monty Montgomery  
Directors ..... Frank Claver, Joe Kerstein,  
Tom Sharpe, Lyle Rodgers

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P. O. Box 334, Tucson

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Vice President ..... Lynn Booth  
Secretary ..... Ken Rivers  
Treasurer ..... Verna Conlisk  
Directors ..... Forest Cooley, Truman Nussbaum,  
Harry Jones, Howard Taylor,  
Les Conlisk, Immediate Past President  
EDITOR ..... Lois Sanderson  
ASST. EDITOR ..... Ron Shauning

At this writing we are sweating it out for the Merritt family of Tucson who are overdue in bad weather since Saturday, February 22nd, when last seen at the 18 Mile Reef. Wes Douglas of the Search and Rescue Committee is on the job and is making all possible efforts to locate and aid them. Frank Claver stayed in Cholla over Monday and I'm sure is doing all he can. We pray that we will be able to make a favorable report on this at the meeting next Tuesday, March 10th.

The chance of such an occurrence as this is one reason why we of the Cholla Bay Sportsman's Club take our efforts on behalf of our club and members so seriously. Safety equipment and its maintenance and operation doesn't come cheap. You can help by signing

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up new members and offering your help to your club and its activities.

## EDITORIAL HIGHLIGHTS!

A Council meeting was held in Casa Grande on the evening of the 24th — after the type had been set at the printers for this issue of the Chatter, but we held out space for a few choice tidbits regarding the decisions made there.

Most important, in my estimation, is the fact that we will have a brand new radio down at the Bay. It will be in operation almost before you read this, and with it communications may be had with such distant points as Long Beach — LOUD and CLEAR. The old set will be repaired and kept at the Bay as a standby for emergencies.

The responsibility for putting on our annual DERBY was accepted by Dean Fisher, Tucson's prexy. He's to appoint a chairman from his chapter. Wayne Early, Phoenix prexy, will pick one from his chapter to assist. Bill Blair will give them council as they wish it from his past experience in these previous years. The date set is MAY 29 and 30. PLAN NOW — so you won't miss it!

The budget as outlined in this issue by Bob Taylor, Council Treasurer, was accepted — and a memo was made to ask our member of many talents, to design a charter which can be framed and hung on the wall in the various Chapter headquarters.

Five of the seven council members attended this session. Only Nussbaum and Smith were unable to make it. Both the Chapter Prexies and Secretaries were present as was Howard Taylor and Les Conlisk of Tucson. They were asked for their opinions — many times. Also in attendance was Matt Cubitto, of Phoenix and ye editor.

— Lois Sanderson

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### INTRODUCING OUR NEW VICE PRESIDENTS

Our new Vice President for the Phoenix Club, Dick Gardner, has been an active member for several years. An unmarried outdoor enthusiast he grew up in Detroit, Michigan, attended a Southern College before he was drafted into the Air Force.

With a sincere desire for a better Club, Dick is responsible for club meeting entertainment, Welcoming Committee, and is the Club's representative to the Arizona Water Sports Council. Dick saves some of his spare time to devote as a salesman for Heinze Bowen & Harrington Office Supplies and Furniture.

TUCSON CHAPTER'S Vice-president is Lynn Booth. He's an Indiana boy, born and raised in Pine Village where he remained through grade and high school. But then Cupid took a hand in his life and he married a sweet little gal named Rosemary. They decided to break all family ties and move to Arizona. That was seventeen years ago and they now reside at 1348 East Grant. A daughter, Linda, who is sweet sixteen, and a son, David, who is a

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very lively ten year old — make up their family of four.

Lynn is self employed at J. M. Doebrick Co., in the manufacturing of an intricate machine which tests the tensile strength of cotton fibers. This machine is currently being shipped all over the world.

The Booths were introduced to Cholla Bay and the Gulf about five years ago and are to be seen there often. Ssh! It's whispered that he's more commonly known to his fishin' friends as "Jim Beam."

### WHITHER, THE WEATHER?

Would it help to know what the weather man has in store for us? Or would we just shrug and do what we want to do anyway? The U. U. Weather Bureau does have a neat service that we can prevail on by simply dialing BR 3-0333 on the telephone. Our understanding is that the recording that we hear — is made fresh and up to date hourly. This report covers all of Arizona and the Lower Colorado River Basin (Upper Gulf).

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Myrt & Ken — Members

## SPARK N' SPUTTER

By Ken Evans

Now hear this !!!

Since us outboarders are a breed that sticks together thru thick and sheared pins, this column is therefore dedicated solely to those cantankerous acting, precious (in cost), miserable idling, sweet looking, foul running, mean starting little jewels we so proudly sport on the transoms of our ski boat or fishing rig, as the case may be.

Now nothing can ruin a fishing trip quicker than an outboard that refuses to start or once started fails to give satisfactory performance. Of course any fisherman knows enough to have major repairs done at a qualified service shop but darnit, whoever heard of an outboard engine going on the blink in the vicinity of a good repair shop? (for this and other unexplainable reasons this column was formed.) Each month we will present new tips on preventive maintenance, or common trouble spots and how to pinpoint them with suggestions for at least emergency repairs.

For a simple but important starter, pick up the correct flushing attachment for your motor (available at most boat shops). This gadget's purpose is twofold. First, by connecting a garden hose to it you can run your motor without danger of burning out the water pump impeller **before** heading for the water and second, it can be used to flush out the salt when you return. CAUTION! — DON'T RACE MOTOR WHEN USING THIS DEVICE OR ATTEMPT TO MAKE ANY FINAL ADJUSTMENT TO THE CARBURETOR! There is a no-load condition present at this time. Send your technical and mechanical questions to this column c/o Cholla Chatter. They will be answered in the column next time.

(Editor's note: We are very fortunate to have Ken Evans join our staff. He knows what he is talking about! He's the instructor of the Phoenix Union Evening Schools "Outboard Motor" classes.)

## SHOP 'N SWAP

"HEAR YE, HEAR YE, HEAR YE!"

All club members that have any item — large or small, that they have no use for, or could use either a smaller or a larger model — let your Chatter editor know and we'll put it in this column. It's FREE and it could be FUN! (Please don't confuse this with our commercial advertising. We need lots of ads to make the Chatter interesting and self sustaining.)

\* \* \*

FOR SALE: 26 ft. inboard cabin cruiser on trailer. Has four bunks, galley, ice box, enclosed head, 225 hp Grey Marine, 55 watt radio, Raytheon fathometer. See Paul Schoonover, 808 West 12th Street, Mesa, or call — home phone WO 9-1778, office phone 946-4209.

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Paul Colorich — Jack Cameron  
Club Members

## FINANCIAL PLAN FOR CALENDAR YEAR 1964

### A. EXPENSE

1. Radio
  - a. Salary .....\$480.00
  - b. Rent ..... 360.00
  - c. Operations cost ..... 350.00

\$1,190.00

2. Chatter
  - a. Printing .....\$1,100.00
  - b. Mailing ..... 400.00
  - c. Miscellaneous ..... 50.00

\$1,550.00

3. Insurance
  - a. Premium .....\$700.00

4. Road
  - a. Salary or Contract Fee \$150.00
  - b. Equipment Maint. .... 100.00

\$250.00

5. Derby
  - a. Cost of Trophies .....\$250.00
  - b. Food ..... 250.00
  - c. Chatter (extra) ..... 200.00
  - d. Misc., Labor, etc. .... 75.00

\$775.00

6. Miscellaneous
  - a. P.O. Box Rent .....\$ 60.00
  - b. Postage ..... 50.00
  - c. Telephone ..... 50.00

\$160.00

TOTAL .....\$4,625.00

### Additional Services Needed:

- a. Incorporation .....\$300.00
- b. Transistor Stand-by
  - Radio ..... 400.00
  - c. Dual antennae ..... 100.00

- d. New Furniture for
  - Radio Shack ..... 200.00
- e. Separate Toilet,
  - Water Supply ..... 200.00

\$1,200.00

### B. INCOME

1. Chatter
  - a. Advertising .....\$1,700.00
2. Derby
  - a. Sales of tickets .....\$1,000.00
  - b. Sales of Trophies ... 250.00
  - c. Food Kitty ..... 100.00
  - d. Additional Adv. .... 500.00
3. Dues
  - a. Phoenix, 350 .....\$2,100.00
  - b. Tucson, 150 ..... 900.00

\$3,000.00

20% for Local Chapters ..... -600.00

\$2,400.00

TOTAL .....\$5,950.00

At best a budget is an educated guess. Our radio expense of approximately \$100.00 per month is close, yet as can be seen at the end of the expense section, we are contemplating another purchase which would reduce our expenses by some \$20.00 to \$25.00 per month. Matt Cubitto has recommended another radio this year as our present radio may start to cost us more for upkeep. We should also help Jesus Martinez, our radio operator, more than we do individually; give him some fish; take him fruit, vegetables etc.; he is a good operator and we want to keep him.

## WESTWARD PONTIAC IS ALL NEW

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Our Chatter is self-supporting and we might possible make a little money, but I'm hesitant to say so as our advertising has dropped some even in February. We want it to break even. Our new Editor is Lois Sanderson, 2535 N. Dayton; she needs all the articles and help you can give her.

Our insurance is a dead weight, yet causes us to have a selling item for membership.

The road is another educated guess and possible could cost us \$300.00 yet we have skipped two months and even though we need a scraping job, we would still like the Mexicans to do this for us with their equipment on a monthly contract basis.

The Derby is anybody's guess. It is possible, with watching expenses, to make \$800.00 easily. We have our equipment; our advertising is now experienced; the tickets could be sold before the Derby, even in Phoenix and Tucson, so come rain or shine or wind, we could have a crowd. It's May 30th, a swell time for families; so our Derby should be the bestest.

Our Advertising Chairman is Monty Montgomery, 2010 E. Indian School Rd., phone 274-4107 and Wayne DeVore, 4601 E. Malvern, Tucson. Get to know them; if it were not for their help we could not have a Chatter.

Additional Services need a comment as we need our Mexican Corporation; the amount suggested as an expense is probably short; but who knows?

The radio was explained earlier, but the antenna we have now, and its about the third try for us; is not as

good as it could be, according to Matt, and I'll put my eggs in his basket. Another large pole with wires between will be of great assist. Ask him; I'm no technician.

The Radio Shack needs a bathroom and individual water supply, some nicer porch furniture and possibly a paint job. Anything volunteered will save us that much expense.

This all depends on the individual Chapters securing their proportionate members; Tucson needs 150 for two members on the Council; Phoenix needs 350 for five that have been appointed. These figures were predicted on the 1963 membership and if the meetings in 1964 are any criteria we will have this much representation and possibly more. That Wayne Earley is doing a whale of a job for Phoenix and I know Dean Fisher is doing the same for Tucson.

Bob Taylor  
Council Treasurer

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By Bill Valentine

You know, being appointed chairman of the "Fish Identification" committee is liable to earn me nothing but bruises and big lumps on my already lumpy head.

The three species of fish commonly caught in the Cholla area which cause the most confusion, or rather I should say, which are most often mis-called, are the Skip Jack — Bonito, Grouper — Bayia — Cabrillo, and Sea Trout — Yellow Fin — White Sea Bass — Totuaua.

The Skip Jack & Bonita are distinct members of the fighting Tuna family. The Skip Jack, in large schools, show up in the off-shore blue waters sometimes as early as June, and sometimes as late as August. They are terrifically strong fighters and will give you all the battle you want on light tackle. My favorite way to hang into these babies, is to spot a school working and maneuver the "Queen" close enough to spin-cast a lure into their midst. This has to be done with finesse, as they will spook and sound at the slightest provocation. Another good way to hook one, is to let at least 75 yards of line

out with a Feather Jig and go like hell — keeping far enough away from the school so as not to scare them and turn your boat to dissect their line of travel bring the Jig within reach of the foremost of the herd. I'll guarantee that you'll have to stop your boat to land one, even tho they seldom go over 4 to 6 pounds. (Please don't ask me to tell you the difference between the Skip Jack and the Bonita — confidentially, I can't tell them apart.)

In the Grouper family, there are many variations. For instance, the Bayia is a Grouper, the Pinto (Rock Hind) is a member, and even the Sardinero (Cabrillo) is a kissin' cousin. All of these delicious eating and much sought after fish have one thing in common. That is the frantic desire to immediately dive into a cave or wedge between rocks and swell up like a balloon whenever they think that they're in trouble. This requires the stoutest tackle imaginable to pry one loose. I'm much too lazy to enjoy this type of thing, so the only way I fish for these brutes is with light tackle which consequently keeps me from landing the big ones. I don't mind this too much, as all I generally loose is a 45c feather jig and a few feet of 15 pound monofilament, while the smaller ones I do land, put up a pretty good scrap.

The Squeategue or Croaker Family is really well represented in the upper Gulf. The giant of this clan, and one of

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Ivan Miller, Club Member

the principle reasons for the existence of Rocky Point, is the uniquely Mexican Sea Bass, the Totuaua. These tackle busters spawn in the estuaries of the upper Gulf as far north as the mouth of the Colorado, and the angler lucky enough to stumble onto a cruising herd of these babies is really in for sport. If they don't break off on the first run, you're lucky. They never dive for cover but depend on sheer power to gain their freedom. They range in size from 2 pounds to over 300.

Next in size to the Totuaua, and the surfcasters dream fish, is the Yellow Fin Corvina. These line ripper-offers are responsible for more grey hair on my balding skull than any other fish. I stood flatfooted on one spray-drenched rock and lost 5 lures in 5 consecutive casts to these tigers before finally managing to land one. They were hitting so hard and so fast that 15 pound mono stretched out and snapped before the drag would slip. On my sixth cast I had my drag so loose that it was practically free spool. These beauties run from 2 to about 40 pounds.

Another fish in this family which periodically appears is the Caballicucho (pronounced ca-va-kootchie) and is the Mexican handle for the California White Sea Bass. Their habits and fighting ability are practically identical to the Yellow Fin Corvina. The only difference in their appearance that I've been able to tell, is in the shape of their tail. The Yellow Fin's

tail is spear-shaped realitively speaking that is, the center extends behind further than top or bottom, while the White Sea Bass has a crescent-shaped tail.

Now we come to my little pet, the Sea (or Sand) Trout. Late March or early April usually brings thousands upon thousands of these hungry little rascals flocking along the sandy beaches in search of tid-bits. All a spinfisherman has to do to load up with Trout is to find a school and don't spook them. They'll strike some lures faster than others, but if a school is located, they'll most generally hit any shiny spoon or feather jig. Until they reach a weight of 4 or 5 pounds, they don't offer too much of a fight, but even the smaller ones have to be handled carefully due to the tenderness of their mouth. Unless they're actively feeding, they don't usually strike too hard, usually they just stop your lure as you slowly crank it in. From four pounds up, they seem to get quite a bit stronger, and a 7 or 8 pounder will really bend your rod and make your reel sing out on their bull like runs.

As far as identification is concerned, in all honesty, if someone laid a four pound trout, a four pound Yellow Fin, a four pound Totuaua, a four pound White Sea Bass, and a four pound Mackerel, all out in front of me, the only one I could positively identify without lying a little bit, would be the Mackerel (and then I'd have a troubled time deciding whether it was a King, Sierra, or a Spanish.)

## SPLINTERS FROM THE PHOENIX BOARD

Our February 3rd Board meeting was brought to order at 8:10 p.m. at President Wayne Earley's home. Members present were Wayne Earley, Charlie Reed, Ray Sanderson, Lyle Rogers, Frank Claver, Tom Sharp, Bob Taylor, Dick Gardner and Edith Tyra.

Bob Taylor told about what money will go to the Council and that which has gone to the Council from Tucson and Phoenix Chapters.

It was suggested that there be only one Chatter sent to each member family. It will save the Club some money and many families have asked that only one Chatter be sent to a family.

A motion was made by Ray Sanderson that dues notices be mailed to delinquent members. Motion was seconded by Lyle Rogers and passed. A motion was made that Gene Henry have letters printed for the soliciting of new members and that stamps, paper and envelopes be purchased. This was seconded by Bob Taylor and passed. This is what the letters will be for: One will be for notifying delinquent members, another for people who are interested in being members, and the last one for people who use our facilities at Cholla Bay and are not members.

Motion was made by Charlie Reed that we have 20% of the remaining balance as of December 31st from the Council Treasure which is about \$200.00 some odd dollars. Dick Gardner seconded and it passed, subject to the approval of the Council. A motion was made by Edith Tyra that we have a Bar-B-Que at Tom Sharp's place May 1st. It was seconded by Lyle Rogers and passed. We will sell tickets to help get some money in our Treasury, which we need; they will be \$1.00 for adults and 50c for children. We will have the tickets by the April Board meeting. Tom Sharp is furnishing the food. We will also sell beer and pop. We would like to see the folks from Tucson; anyone or all of the Tucson Chapter is

invited. We had a wonderful time last year at our Pot Luck; lots to eat and drink, a swimming pool and dancing.

Our movie for the February meeting will be "Secrets of the Underwater World" and also instructions for shell-ing from our expert, Myrt Johnson.

The Council approved giving a five-year membership to Don Alan of San Diego, California for the Wind Indicator he will give to the Radio Shack at the Bay.

We received a card from the Navarro family acknowledging the sympathy card we sent for the death of their son, Al Navarro.

Being Secretary for the Cholla Bay Club of Phoenix is quite exciting even though it is only two months into the new year. I learn more about our Club at each board meeting and general meeting. The Club grows bigger and bigger showing there are many people who are interested in our Club. We advertised in the paper, radio and Television for our February meeting; the turnout was tremendous. Cholla Bay and Rocky Point are places people have heard about and want to go. Our Club isn't a small club anymore; it is one in which I am proud to be a member.

Submitted by  
Edith Tyra, Secretary  
Phoenix Chapter

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## SURFSIDE COMMENTS

By Gene Henry

I'm sure that all of you Cholla Bay natives will be as happy as we were to hear that our adventuresome good-will ambassadors, the Skoglund family, have returned safe and sound from their four-month jaunt through Baja California. During these four months they covered the entire width and length of the Baja peninsula in a 3/4-ton Chevrolet cab-over camper and their unstoppable sand buggy, "Hardly Able." For those of you who might have had doubts that they would make it down and back all in one piece, I would like to reassure you that, other than for a few dents and bruises, the entire group returned in surprisingly good shape, although Paul did reluctantly admit that "Hardly Able" was a little tired.

You would think that after four months of traversing some of the roughest country in North America plus camping out all this time, that Paul and Carol would be ready to settle back and wallow in the luxuries of our civilized (?) culture, but if you knew these two as well as we do, you would know better than that. They were no sooner back in Phoenix than they were trying to decide whether to use the month and a half leave remaining for a trip to Florida, Alaska or more exploring in Mexico. The enthusiasm of this couple is contagious and the only thing that keeps me from packing my bags and tagging along is five growing, hungry kids and a wife who depend on that piece of paper puffed full of holes the boss kindly gives me twice a month.

We have really missed getting together with the Syoglunds the past four months and believe me, it was a real pleasant surprise when we answered the door the other night and greeted these old friends. I didn't even have to ask Paul how the fishing was — that big grin from ear to ear told me the whole story — and the same applied to Carol and her shell collecting. Paul had kept a daily log book of their trip and after reading only a

few pages, I was drooling all over the place. The fishing and shelling they encountered from Puertocitos on down to La Paz was fabulous and reminded me of stories the old-timers tell about Cholla Bay 15-20 years ago. And Stan, just like my son John, caught less fish, but consistently showed his old man up by catching the largest fish. Quoting Bill Valentine, this is juvenile delinquency in its worst form! (I'm only kiddin' — I think).

This log book that Paul is written in an informal style just as it happened, but because of this, it makes better reading in raw form than anything else I have read on other expeditions through Baja. They also took many colored movies and slides. I hope Paul and Carol will put it in some sort of book form so that all of us and other people interested in Baja and the Gulf will be able to enjoy and benefit from their experiences.

Paul caught many types of fish that I had never heard of and Carol found many new shell specimens. Of course, a lot of the fish Paul was able to identify only by the local Mexican name. I'm sure Bill Valentine will be able to identify many of these fish and will find this information invaluable in adding to his list of fish that are found in the Gulf. Frankly, I would just like to have a chance to hook into a few of them — name or no name.

As I have said many times before, I have never met a more adventuresome family than the Skoglunds and there is nothing they enjoy more than finding and exploring places. If Paul had lived in the days of Columbus, I would place an even bet we would be celebrating Skogland Day instead of Columbus Day on October 12 — and, swallowing my male vanity, I'm not too sure Carol wouldn't have beaten them both!

Send In  
Your Fishing  
Stories

## "BETWEEN THE MOUNTAINS AND THE SEA"

By Ida Bourland

Joe and Mabel Dickerson and their Grandson Randy, from Las Cruces, New Mexico came to the Bay to spend a couple of weeks, but left after a few days because of the wind and cold weather.

Mr. and Mrs. A. S. (Pappy) Coons from "Out Wickenburg Way" wanted to rest and relax with a bit of fishing here at Cholla but Mrs. Coons had the misfortune to fall and break her left leg. Pappy rushed her to Ajo for first aid and then on home to Wickenburg and the hospital there. We hope you are much improved, Mrs. Coons!

The Bob Wolffs stopped at their Casa here before returning to their home in Phoenix after a wonderful trip to Guaymas and Matzalan.

Pat and Audrey Gardner had as their guests over the weekend, her brother, E. K. Bailey from Indiana, and his son Donald from Tucson.

Dr. and Mrs. Hines from Tucson, came to spend a weekend of fishing and relaxing — bringing with them his sister and her husband, the Johnsons, and Mr. Johnson's mother who are all from Nebraska. They stayed on for several days afterwards — painting and improving the good Doctor's cabin.

George and Hazel Neal, Bill Kimberlin, and Bill and Shelly Briggs from Ajo spent their long weekend away from their labors at the mine — catching lots of trout surfishing.

Mrs. Chase of Phoenix, came to Bay for a week — bringing as her guests, Chuck and Janet Tuskia, and Davey Kirkland. They helped her get her cabin improved so that she could live in it. Pearl Rogers came for a weekend too.

Pat and Ruby O'Hara from Tucson brought Ruby's uncle from Chicago, down to our Bay for a weekend.

Returning from their home in Pear Blossom, California, were Hubert and Genevieve Morse. They had as their guests for two weeks, Hubert's brother Vincent and his wife, Estella, from

Hisperia, Calif. and also his Aunt and Uncle, Hazel and Uhl Murphy from Riverside, Calif.

Sporting a new trailer, and coming here from Jerome, Arizona, are Mr. and Mrs. L. L. Kelly. They expect to stay several weeks.

After an absence of several weeks, Henry and June Nordmeyer of Tucson, and their son, Hank, along with two of his friends, Bill Shaw and Joe Quroy — came for a weekend. Joe is a nephew of the late Nacho.

Homer and Florence Smith from San Diego are spending several weeks at their Casa.

The Howard Smiths from Phoenix are here also, getting in some good fishing.

Del Johnson and his daughter, Janis, are here from Coalmont, Colorado. They plan to stay a couple of months.

Guests of Dewey and Alma Harmon are retired Reverend and Mrs. Worthley from Sterling, Colorado.

Coy and Grace Cook spent a week here and took to me a good supply of trout caught surfcasting.

Al and Wilma Scott came from Phoenix bringing as their guests, Mr. and Mrs. Robert McDonald from Hot Springs, Arkansas, and Mr. and Mrs. Gene Smith from Yuma. The two women are Wilma's sisters.

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Going to Phoenix for supplies and lumber for their Casa were Jim and Dorthene Jorgenson. When they returned they brought Dorthene's Aunt Betsy. Mrs. Ross's home is in Canada.

Bud and Mae Moore are here for a while enjoying the Bay.

Fishing in the rocks, Pop South caught a Yellow Fin which weighed about 25 pounds.

George and Mary Fisher of Tucson are now here doing a lot of fishing. Their son, Dean spent a weekend with them.

Dr. Walker and his wife Marie came down from Tucson for a few days. They brought his mother who is visiting them from Charleston, West Virginia, and also Ray and Daisy Rockwell from Sturgous, Michigan.

Art and Belle Manning, with sons, Richard and David, spent a weekend here in the cabin which they purchased from Mr. and Mrs. John Arendt. We welcome them into our midst!

Lyle Rogers from Phoenix, brought friends from Minnesota and California down for fishing and caught about fifty Pinto in one day.

Marvin and Rada Avery made their regular monthly visit to the Bay. They went fishing one day — taking Marcellus and Pedro with them and Marvin caught a 192 pound Black Bass, while Pedro caught a 45 pound Grouper, also several small pinto. Some catch, I say!

Tio Lalo Dolores has been sick and in the hospital. We are happy to report that he is home now and is much improved.

Vilo and Ann Miller have as their guests, Ralph and Daisy Johnson from Redding, California.

Our sympathy to Mr. and Mrs. Bill Kimberlin of Ajo in the recent death of Mrs. Kimberlin's mother.

**MARCH 10 MEETING  
MOVIE — FISHING AND  
SKIN DIVING**

**"SEA OF CORTEZ"**

## IT'S EASY TO BE A STATISTIC!

A little carelessness is all that it takes! Small boat accidents take about twelve hundred lives each year, or almost one-fifth of all drownings. Oddly enough, about ninety percent of the victims are men or boys in the twenty-five to forty-four year old group.

Accidents, however, can be avoided by taking simple precautions. Boating accidents occur because people carelessly ignore storm warnings, overload the boat physically and alcoholically, tolerate poor motor performance, or just ignore simple leaks because the fish are biting. It's usually the beginner who seems to take the attitude that it's "chicken" to take boating etiquette seriously. The veteran seaman knows all the precautions by heart and follows them religiously. He doesn't take chances with his own — or other people's lives!

The Coast Guard Auxiliary in an article written by Raymond Schuessler states that safety habits are worth learning — for by our example, we can help spread knowledge among the new boating devotees and help avoid needless tragedies during 1964 and the future.

Here, then, are the safety precautions that can cut boating accidents to a minimum: The boat should always be checked for leaks and other defects before leaving the shore. If your boat is small, be sure there is always an extra oar and always — a bailing can!

If you use a motor — have it checked periodically. Carry tools for minor repairs. Be sure you have enough fuel.

Carry an emergency supply in a strong can. Fuel only in daylight — except in emergency. If fuel is spilled on the motor, dry it completely before starting. A spark from a short circuit may ignite the gas.

Learn the basic rules in boating etiquette and traffic. You must know channel markings, anchorages, and use of light thoroughly — in order to handle a boat of any size for any distance. Check weather and tides before setting out. Fix permanent landmarks that will help you locate your position at night. Investigate the local sources for any information on reefs, tide rips, buoys, and local customs.

Have life preservers available. They go on more easily before — not after, an emergency has arisen. Don't fail to have smaller jackets for children aboard. They can slip through an adult size one too easily.

Keep your buoyant cushions really buoyant. Don't let them get soggy or flat. Sunbathe them often to fluff them out.

Avoid going very far out when it is windy — even though the water near shore is smooth.

Overloading is dangerous because the boat rides lower in the water allowing small waves to wash in. Ordinarily, a small boat or sail is loaded when the seats are loaded and there is no freight. With rough water, anything more than a seated load may be too much. The best place for the load is on the bottom and in the middle. Passengers should never sit or stand on stem, stern, or gunwales. In rough weather the load, including passengers, should be placed low to keep the boat stable sidewise. It's important to keep the weight away from the ends so as to give the bow and stern buoyancy — allowing the boat to ride over and not bury itself in the waves.

Only one person at a time should get into, out of, or stand up in a boat. All the others should watch him. Boats should be held alongside the dock until all passengers have boarded — or stepped ashore. In entering or leaving, do not jump, leap, or lunge. Transfer your weight smoothly.

Keep away from big boats as much as possible. When large swells reach your small boat, head toward them and slow down. Stay away from steep or rocky shorelines against which you might be thrown by a heavy swell.

If caught in rough water, turn your boat so that the waves are received on either the left or right side of the bow. Do NOT get crosswise! Slow down. A strong sea and speed do not mix. Get passengers and luggage into the middle of the boat and on the floor to permit the bow to move up and down more readily. Throw out the luggage if necessary. KEEP BAILING!

If your boat capsizes or fills and sinks — DON'T PANIC! Even tho filled with water, most small boats will support several people. Even if it turns over, it will support as many people as it can carry upright — providing one clings LIGHTLY. In rough or cold water — tie yourself to the boat.

If anyone goes overboard — get him (or her) into a life jacket before trying to pull him back into the craft. To get a person on board, take him over the stern if it is square — or near the stern — if it's not. DO NOT let him come in over the side — or you will all go in. Help him in with one of your hands free to cling to the boat. A nearly drowned person — especially a child, can usually be handled best if he is bent double and picked up by the seat of his pants. When his buttocks are on the edge of the boat, an elbow hooked around his waist will bring the rest of him in.

Submitted by K. Hitchcock  
Coast Guard Aux. Sec.

REMEMBER — If you don't see it in the Chatter, it's because you didn't take the time to jot it down and bring or mail it to the Chatter Staff. Let the rest of us be the judge of what is interesting to club members!

Mail to P.O. Box 7171, Phoenix 11. This is the Club Box. OR Mail direct to Lois Sanderson, 2535 N. Dayton, Phoenix 85006. OR Call 253-5386. Leave a message or call back — PLEASE.

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# MY HOBBY — SHELL COLLECTING

By Myrt Johnson

It seems that I have been appointed as Chairman of a new committee for the Cholla Bay Sportsmen's Club, that of the Conchological Committee. Inquiring as to just what my duties were, President Earley informed me that it would consist of assisting one and all who desired information as to beach combing and shell collecting, identifying shells, fill the now empty display case at the Base Radio Station with shell specimens from the Cholla Bay area, which everyone is urged to contribute specimens as they find new ones, each to be identified as to specie, etc. I am at your services to help in any way that I can to assist anyone who has a hobby such as mine — Shell Collecting — whether it be from a stand point of just collecting seashells, whether alive or not, or from the standpoint of going on from beach combing for dead shells and to the scientific study of live and dead shells.

For those interested may I offer this information. Throughout the world there are many institutions and thousands of people interested in the collecting and study of sea shells. If they are students in that field of science that deals with the study of seashells and their habitats, which includes the mollusk which is the shells original occupant and which created that shell, they are classified as Conchologists. The dictionary defines Conchology as "That branch of Zoology that deals with shells and mollusk."

Please remember this — I classify myself strictly as an amateur Conchologist with a mere eleven years of shell collecting and study behind me. I started just as any other Conchologist or Shell Collector with beach combings from the shore lines around Cholla Bay. I came home with them and exhibited them to my friends with great pride. My first cabinet was installed in our family room to display the shells that I had collected and I loved every last one of them. Those were from my first

trip to Cholla Bay way back when that place was just about the last word in everything that spelled discomfort and lack of "facilities." We had to pitch a tent and cooked and ate out of doors with a jillion flies to keep us company. We then had a 16' boat, and a worthy craft it was, but it had no windshield, no convertible top for shade from the sun, no comfortable chairs to sit in, such as we have now. One day of fishing and what to do with the rest of the hours I had to stay down there until the men came back from fishing? I simply could not stay at our camp site and listen to two females talk about their operations and ailments. I looked around me and I saw nothing but glaring sun on sand and rock, no trees — just cactus — and I felt that I just couldn't wait for the men to get back so we could start taking down that nasty tent and pack everything in the boat and get back to a bath at home. There before my eyes stretched the blue waters of Cholla Bay and I did not give it more than a passing glance. It didn't look good to me — just water. I started wandering along the shore, well above the water line. This was dry ground and I felt safe there. I saw beautifully colored halves of small clam shells and I picked them up. Farther on I came upon my first complete pair and I was thrilled. I saw something perched a-top a rock and reached for it and immediately threw it away because it had life in it. I walked on and on, filling my pockets with my findings — dead beach combings. I was walking east along the shore line towards the upper end of the Bay, when I came upon a large area of dry sand and a heap of dead shells. I sat down and started picking through the pile of (to me then) beautiful shells. I laid my jacket down and used it in place of a sack. I had a hay-day but soon tired of it and returned to camp and packing of gear and loading the boat and then — great day — we were on our way home. On reaching home with all the work of unloading the boat and carrying in the mess of dirty clothes, pots and pans, etc., into my nice clean home I emphatically re-

marked — "I have had it. You can go if you want to, but I will never go back to that filthy, barren and forsaken place again." I meant it and I did not go back again for almost a year. I kept my lovely shells and washed them and bleached them in Chlorox, drooled over them and handled them with loving hands.

I was a stupid person in those days. Manicures and pedicure were a ritual as sure as shootin'. Hair do's a must. Clubs and clothes were my main interest outside of my home and my very beautiful husband. If anyone then had told me that I, Myrt Johnson, would ever become the person I am today, I would have told them they were plain stark crazy — but look at me now. I start out from home looking just fine, with nails manicured, hair styled, clothes neat and clean but I sure do end up a mess after just one day at my now beloved Cholla Bay.

As the days went by and I spent more time with my lovely beach combings, examining them carefully, I started wondering what they looked like when they still had life in them. Even my stupid mind told me that they had been created by some animal or life of some sort. Friends returned from a trip to the Bay and came to show me what they had found. I held them in my hands and saw them in their true color and loveliness. One was white with a deep pink aperature which they told me was a Pink Murex. Another beauty was a shining soft brown and another a much larger shining mottled brown,

white and black — which they told me were Olives. I was a goner for sure right then and there. I looked at my dead shells, many still with beautiful color, but nothing like these. Would I? Could I endure all the work and mess and discomforts of another trip to Cholla Bay to find shells like this for myself? Well, maybe, I told myself — but I would have to think about it and I did. I didn't know it then but I was on my way to a new way of life — with winds blowing my hair-do into a mess, my manicures gone to heck, beautiful clothes left behind at the wayside and jeans and slacks and blouses, sweaters and jackets taking their place — fishing, boats, Jeeps, shell collecting and more and more trips to Mexico taking the place of former Club activities. Even square dancing, which Ken and I enjoyed so much, gone with the wind and we started out to enjoy life in a sort of gypsy style.

(P.S. This is the first of a series of stories on how a hobby was started and how it has progressed. This is by the request of the present Editors of the Chatter. Ken and I leave tomorrow for a months trip to Guaymas and Mazatlan with our camp trailer, fishing gear, my shell creel and books on Seashells for study and identification. A month of glorious living with no telephones and no worries. Those we leave behind.)

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**Operation: Tide Chart**

By Lynn Bayless

Great Tides Occur at Full & New Moon

March 14

March 20



FULL MOON



LAST QUARTER



March 28

March 6

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

MARCH, 1964		APRIL, 1964	
16	0316	1	0407
	1539		1647
17	0353	2	0437
	1623		1728
18	0432	3	0511
	1713		1820
19	0517	4	0554
	1820		1920
20	0610	5	0655
	1933		2110
21	0722	6	0828
	2114		2225
22	0854	7	2314
	2240		0956
23	1021	8	2352
	2341		1100
24	1130	9	1151
	1224		1236
25	1224	10	1236
	0027		0027
26	1309	11	0100
	0105		1318
27	1350	12	0134
	0139		1400
28	0210	13	0209
	1427		1443
29	0241	14	0247
	1502		1527
30	0309	15	0326
	1537		1615
31	0338		
	1611		

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