

Welcome To The Derby

To our many friends from many states, one thousand members of the Cholla Bay Sportsman's Club extend to you a cordial WELCOME.

This, our Spring Derby, is the grand event of the year. It takes months of preparation on the part of many people donating freely of their time to make it the huge success that it always is.

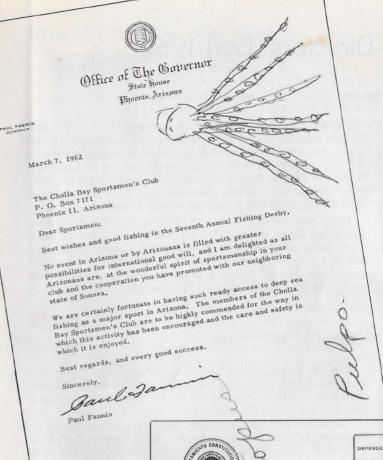
Each year's Derby seems to surpass the last and this year promises to be the biggest and best yet. Bob Taylor, Derby Chairman has the situation well in hand. He has had his committees appointed since the first of February and has been working with them constantly getting things ready for the big event. Gifted Bill Valentine with his magic pen has worked tirelessly on the Chatter and Posters, while Bill Blair (Old Faithful) gathered prizes. He has also come up with by far the grandest array of trophies we have ever had, which include many more categories. Louis Frazier has done a bang-up job on advertising for the derby issue of the Chatter. The thing, however, that really makes the Derby a success is for all of you to be there. So, come along to Cholla and see for yourself how much fun a fishing derby can be. Get a taste of that which can be enjoyed all year.

Ours is a non-profit organization where everyone benefits. It is a true sportsmen's club where practically no dissension exists. Our aims are to better our relations with our neighbors to the south and to give a helping hand whenever possible. We repair and maintain the road into Cholla, operate a radio base station and club house for the use of all fishermen, take care of any emergency that might arise, promote safety at all times and have search and rescue available. The club paves the way for making friends and promotes good fellowship. Cholla is the spot where fishermen meet fishermen and be come life-long friends.

I predict our club will become nationally known, double its membership and make strides that will stagger the imagination in a few short years. If I sound over-enthusiastic, it is only because I have come to realize that a group such as this working together toward their goals, is bound to progress and expand. Being President of this club the past year has been an experience I am very grateful for and one I shall never forget. Thanks for putting up with me.

Edward H. Smith







PULPO



DEPENDENCIA PRESIDENCIA MUNICIPAL.

1.53

EXPEDIENTE 001/62.

unto: Les deseo todo exito en su próximo Torneo de Pesca,-



Puerto Peñasco, Son., & 5 de marzo de 1962.

AL CHOLLA BAY SPORTMEN CLA Presente.

Por medio de su atenta comunicación esta Presidencia Municipal ha quedado debidamente enterada del Torneo de Pesca Deportiva, que se efectua rá en Baña "La Choya" de esta jurisdicción, los dias 27 y 28 del nes de abril del presente año, evento que constituye un estímulo al deporte de la pesca y un acercaniento entre nuestros pueblos estrechando así los lazos — de buena Vecindad.

Aprovacho esta oportunidad para desearles un completo exito eneste Torneo que se efectuará proximamente, esperando que este supere a todos los anteriores que han efectuado los años anteriores.-

Atentamente. SUPRAGIO EFECTIVO.NO REELECCION. El Presidente Municipal.

Eduardo Ibarra Agulero.

Board Of Directors (1961-1962)

PRESIDENT-Ed Smith



I think the devil had a hand on my first trip to Cholla, for he sure tried his best to keep me from ever starting to fish the ocean. We spent over two days and drove more that 500 miles just getting there. Then we ended up the first day of fishing by losing our little 12 foot boat. Then the wind blew for the next three days and we didn't catch fish one. This all happened over 10 years ago and I don't know why I ever went back.

Right now though I have to tell you that I was born in Columbus, Ohio. It was 1911. My wife, Jayne, is one of those "You hafta show me" girls from Bowling Green. We started out in a cozy 12' boat—our family grew—now it takes a 25' barge—the Martha Jayne. I think we have more kids than anyone in the club and they all love the ocean.

VICE PRESIDENT - Robert J. "Bob" Taylor



You of course, always start with the wife, Alice H., two children: Robert J. Jr., and Edith Tyra, her husband, Jim, and two grandchildren. Incidentally all are members except the two and four-year-old grandsons.

Graduate of U of A, a long time ago: employer: U. S. Treasury, Internal Revenue Service for 27 years. Board of Directors under Blair's Administration, Vice-President with Smith

Hobby, mostly fishing, any kind; however, Rocky Point, Lobos, and Libertad are the favorite places. Shore as well as boat fishing as long as they bite. Cabin No. 6 at Cholla; that's a hobby too, I guess. We like to be there both winter and summer.

SECRETARY-Myrtle E. Johnson



Better known by "Myrt." Coming from the state of Minnesota, she has been a resident of Phoenix since 1944. Myrt is associated with her husband in two businesses, the Apex Manufacturing Inc., and the ABS Metallurgical Processors, serving as business manager. The Johnsons have been members of the Club since 1956, have a permanent cabin and boat house at Cholla Bay and their boat, the "Honey Boo" is well known. Both Myrt and Ken have one great love in common and that is relaxing at Cholla Bay, fishing and running around in their Jeep. But Myrt has gone farther than that in deriving great enjoyment in becoming a Conchologist, which means that she spends a great deal of time in collecting of live specimens of sea shells, studying them and identifying them scientifically.

DIRECTOR-M. Wesley (Wes) Douglas



A native son, having been born in Phoenix when it was a small village.

Started in the insurance business in 1938. Presently represents Kansas City Life Ins. Co. and owns The Copperstate Insurance Agency along with his son-in-law Dick Smith, III.

Married to Nellora, better known as Nell. Two children Charles and Carole, both married and responsible for three

fine grandchildren.

Member of the club for five years and had a place at Cholla for 10 years. Hobby consists of Nell and Wes taking it easy in Cholla at "El Rancho Mucho Loco," fishing and cruising in "Poco Loco," and beachcombing in "Poquito Loco."

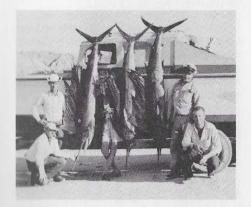
DIRECTOR—Gerald Williams



One of the fellows asked me why I like to go to Cholla Bay. Well, a fellow needs a place where he can get away from it all and just relax, do what he enjoys doing best, and the company of others who like the same things. I have found the answer in Cholla Bay. When I'm out on the water just holding on to my fishing pole and wondering what or when something will strike, I haven't another care in the world. And the smiles of my friends down there seem just a little bit brighter because they too are having a wonderful time.



C. M. E.



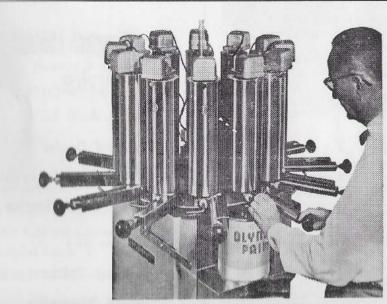


Want a safe boat for the Derby? Have a Courtesy Motor Boat Examination by the Coast Guard Auxiliary approved C.M.E. These boys stand ready and able to give you safety hints and suggestions and there is no charge for their service. Their suggestions are not mandatory but aré intended only to assist you if you so desire. We are extremely fortunate to have Dick Gardner, Don Gehon and Dave Crane to give you this service. They are all qualified C.M.E. examiners. For a safer and happier derby, give one of these boys a call. Do it now—

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Dick Gardner—Phone: Home, BR 5-1288; Bus., AL 8-7161; Phoenix.

Don Gehon — Phone: Home, AM 5-2955; Phoenix.



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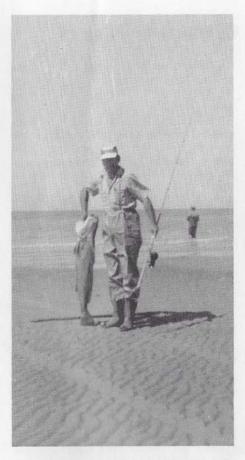
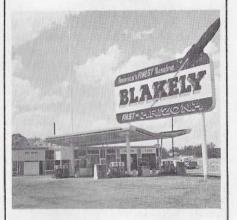




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Club Members

The Whale Graveyard

by Wes Douglas

Mother Nature has joined together several forces that have resulted in a most interesting phenomenon. Tides, currents and pravailing winds have formed what is commonly referred to by the Sandbuggy addicts, as the Gravevard of The Whales.

A few miles past Black Mountain, bevond the entrance to the first estuary and extending to the honeycomb cliff, one will find a beach comber's paradise. It seems nature has chosen this particular area to deposit all the Flotsam and Jetsam that is floating in the upper portion of the sea of Cortez.

Knowing these conditions I decided on the day before New Year's Eve to try out my jeep turned sandbuggy. "Poquito Loco," with a beach combing junket to this area. Jack and Dottie McKinney joined me and Bob and Alice Taylor, along with Bob, Jr. and several of his friends, who decided to go along for safety sake. On arriving at the point where we leave the foothills and drop down to the beach we bumped into Paul L. Schoonover and a group of his friends just returning from a similar trip.

For approximately five miles we found a most interesting collection of "You name it-" This is the area that nature has chosen to deposit all the earthly remains of her good little whales that have died and gone to wherever it is that good little whales go.

On this particular trip, in addition to all the debris and older bleached whale bones, we found about a half dozen recently deposited killer whales. Bob Taylor, Ir. decided he must have one of the teeth for his collection of the day. This

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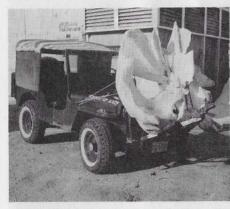
1309 E. Van Vuren

AL 3-5010

CLUB MEMBER

appealed to me until I happened to move to the down wind side and immediately all thoughts of playing dentist were quickly dispelled.

Being the quiet, unassuming type I was satisfied with a few small bones to be used for decorative purposes around "El Rancho Mucho Loco"-The accompanying picture will verify how conservative I



This particular whale had been deposited many moons before and all the bones were bleached and weatherworn to a chalk like surface. We found that the only part that had not been picked up before this were a few vertebrae and this small part of the head bone.

With the help of the four stout men on this safari we managed to load "Poquito Loco" and head for Cholla.

After three and a half hours of blind driving and following Bob Taylor's blinking little tail light we approached Cholla Bay.

Just outside of Cholla some poor unsuspecting soul on his way to Puerto Punasco passed Bob in his jeep was then faced with this white apparition, framed with a halo from the lights on "Poquito Loco."

Needless to say a short new trail was promptly made as the driver attempted to avoid being devoured by this monstrosity.

It is the considered opinion of all concerned that an immediate New Year's resolution was made and to this day there is one more tee-totaler in the Cholla Bay

'62 Prexu



I hope to make 1962 a big year for the Cholla Bay Sportsmen Club. I'm sure it will be if every member will help just a little and some help a lot. I would like for every member to write me (1109 North Patricio, Phoenix). Tell me what you think about the club, what we should do, the club meetings, etc. (No use telling me where to go, because I already know.) You must sign your name, otherwise the letter will not be read.

Dr. Walker and all Tucson members: this Tucson boy has a lot of projects planned for Cholla Bay after the Derby. I sure do hope to have Tucson members right in the middle of everything. Right now we are thinking of the Derby.

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Tucson Chapter Officers



PRESIDENT: BERNARD E. WALKER, Rt. 8 Box 106, is a dentist in Tucson, with his office at 1027 N. Swan Rd. He and his wife, Dorothy have two sons, Greg and Steve. Their boat is named Sea Fox, and his entire family has enjoyed relaxing and fishing South of the Border, since he came to Tucson 10 years ago. He was one of the Directors of the Tucson Chapter last year.



VICE PRESIDENT—CHARLES P. MOORE, 4402 E. Poe, has lived in the same house with his wife, May and son Charles Ir., for 20 years of that time. Was proprietor of the Moore Chemical Co. for 25 years. He built his Cabana No. 184 at Cholla Bay in 1956 and joined the Club shortly afterwards. He spends around 10 days of each month at the Bay enjoying surf fishing equally as well as fishing from his Avalon Glaspar boat.



SECRETARY-LESTER A. CONLISK, 2570 E. Lester St., Tucson, came to Tucson in 1946 from Texas and got into the building business, but says he makes his living fishing because he is just not living until he gets back to the Bay on the weekend. Married to Verna; they are the proud parents of three children. Sidney, Lester Charles and Christie. Their Cabana No. 105 was built in 1957, and they have been members of the Club since then.



TREASURER-MYRON G. LUSK, 3615 W. Hills of Gold Rd., Tucson, is a Navy man that came to Tucson in 1926. He has the Lusk Collection Agency, 118 W. Broadway. He and his wife, Mary, have been going to Cholla Bay since 1945. One of the first trailors there was his. Their Cabana is No. 156, and the Jay Hawk called Maria Mia is the boat he fishes from. You might also see him if you are fishing at Porto Libertad, Porto Lobos or Chico Ensenada. He even fishes for Salmon in Alaska. His only comment is 'Fishing is great.'





DIRECTOR-WILLIAM CASEY, 831 N. Longfellow, Tucson, is part owner of Electric Motor Co., 1028 E. Broadway. Married to Juanita; daughter, Linda, and son, Billy. Bill has been in Tucson since 1950 and has been a member of the Club 6 years. Bill says 'Fish for fun-no mas.' (But I've seen evidence that he really goes to work, when he is trolling for the big grouper)



DIRECTOR-GEORGE MEDINA, 1047 N. Main Ave., Tucson, has lived here since 1929. Has a garage, service station and sporting goods store at 1047 N. Main. His wife and daughter are both named Helen. He has two sons, one George Jr. and the other, Ray. Shares a Cabana with Leonard Mitchel, next to Bernie Walker's Cabana. His boat is a 21-foot Chris Craft named Workhorse. Says hunting and fishing is his hobby.



DIRECTOR—CHARLES PRECIADO, 2813 E. 18th St., Tucson, has lived in Tucson for 48 years and is connected with the Sanitary Supply Co. located at 536 E. 9th St. Married to Mary Louise, has a girl named Madeliene. His boar is named after his daughter. He calls it Nenita. He has been going to Cholla Bay long before any trailers or Cabanas were there, over 16 years. This is his 14th boat, and he still goes every chance he gets. Says it is the only way to relax.



DIRECTOR-C. F. 'GUS' ALTFILLISCH, 1850 E. 22nd St., Tucson, came to Tucson in 1919. He has the 22nd St. Boat Dock at 1850 E. 22nd St. Married to Mable, has a boy, Jim, and two girls, Joan and Helen. Boating is his hobby. Through his efforts we always have a good film that he shows for at the Club for each business meeting.

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The First One

First times are always the greatest and now I'm talking about the grouper Miss Jay is so lovingly cuddling in the Jarman ad.

Miss Jay (Anne Copolla) is a tiny, dainty, ultra-fashionable, Italian gal in her working hours, but one of the best sports you'd want any place. She's shelled, fished the rocks as well as Sandy Beach and Black Mountain. On her various visits with us, for one reason or another, we'd not been able to take her out in the boat.

Finally came the day. We were out

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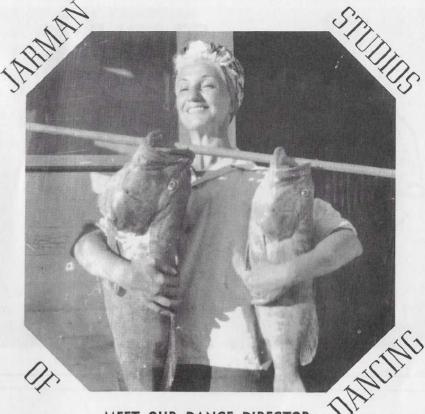
3033 N. Central AM 4-3921

about 12 miles and my two Bobs were doing ok and I'd a pinto or two when wham! Miss Jay's line started zinging out and she grabbed everything on that rod. That fish's gyrations and weight carried her here and there until she tumbled into my lap, always hanging on to that rod and keeping the line taut with her hands. All the time her excitable Italian showing with: "What've I got?", "How do I get this monster in?", etc. By this time I had one arm tightly around her tiny waist to keep her from falling out of the boat. With the right hand I helped guide her hand into alternately reeling and 'horseing' the monster in. Finally our combined weight, about 200 pounds, and pure awkardness got it to gaff.

As she collapsed against me, we pridefully glanced at Senior and Junior, only to see them doubled up—convulsed—roaring their fool heads off.

Alice Taylor





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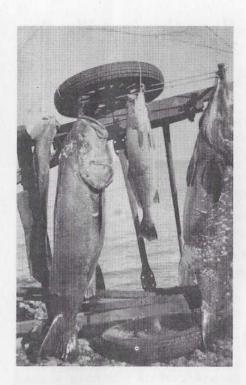
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NOTARY PUBLIC AT LUKEVILLE FOR CLUB MEMBERS

You guys and gals who don't have definate proof of citizenship for crossing the border, will be happy to learn that the Tucson Chapter has made arrangements to have a bona-fide Notary Public, Dorothy Long, stationed at Lukeville in a trailer house, for your convenience.

She will notarize a statement for a nominal fee, which will be satisfactory proof of citizenship for the Mexican officials, and enable you to get a visa with a minimum of red tape.





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Vacationing We Go

by Myrt Johnson

Destination Guavmas, via Cholla Bay to pick up "Honey Boo" (our boat) and then on thru Caborca and Santa Ana, to stop first at Escalante's to let all our friends there know that we would be at San Carlos Bay somewhere. Left Phoenix March 2nd, filled to the brim with exuberance over our first vacation in three years. Intending to tow the boat to Guaymas, we brought two sets of wheel bearings for the boat trailer as part of our spare supply. A bone-penetrating cold wind greeted us when we reached the Bay and, during the night the wind grew to a ferocious howl and I went flying outside, barefooted and clad only in thin nylon pajamas, to close the boat house doors that had been left open. Bless his pointed head, Ken slept blissfully thru the banging and clattering noise and I did the job alone.

The next day dawned cold and windy but Ken was out bright and early pulling the wheels off the boat trailer to make sure they were well greased and ready to roll. With a non-American-speaking Mexican lad to assist him, he got the first wheel off and checked the bearings. Here is where the fun started. The bearings were shot. In fact they were so rusted and corroded that they were broken to bits before they finally were forced off. There went the first set of spare bearings. Off came the second wheel-same situation, and there went the other set of bearings. There are many words in the American cuss language and Ken used them all. He finally threw down his tools and left them and the entire mess lying there on the ground and quit for the day. One entire day spent in removing bearings from two wheels and cleaning out the rust and corrosion, ready for new bearings. Only one solution for the other two wheels and that was a trip to Ajo to get two more sets of bearings. I was delegated for that job, with Ken staying there and removing the other two wheels and getting them ready for the bearings that I would bring back from Ajo.

Dawned the next day, warm and clean, and Ken rushed me from my nice warm hed

(Continued in the Next Derby Issue)



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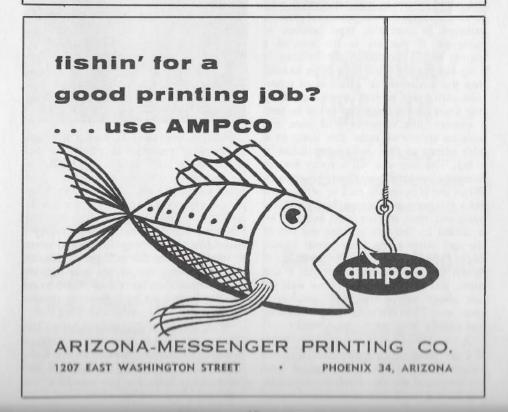
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GOOD LUCK IN

THE DERBY

"CLUB MEMBERS"





How to Hook A Grouper

Bill Blair

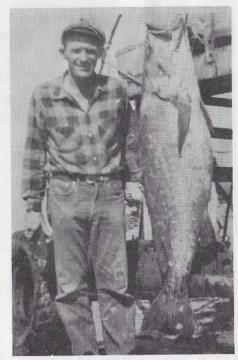
This is an article on how it is done—and I've found out that you can *tell* how, one helluva lot easier than you can actually do it.

First off the bat, a good 4/0 to 6/0 reel loaded with 100 lb. line (I prefer steel myself, which I will explain later), and medium weight rod of about 6 feet. Use from 14 to 18 ounces of sinker, just ahead of a heavy 5' steel or cable leader. As to your lure, or plug, I prefer a Creek-Chub 7" jointed 'blue flash,' although there are quite a few other 'hot' plugs, such as a No. 21 Tony Acetta spoon, or a blue flash, red-head, or red-head and white Martin plug. Enough bull on what to use — now how to use it, and where.

When you're rigged up as instructed, pick out your spot and troll as slow as possible. Let your plug out until you feel it bounce along the bottom. After it strikes bottom, if the jerks come at even and rapid intervals, you are over a sand bottom. Grouper and pinto are seldom gathered in over this type bottom, so move on. If you are in the area of a known reef, I would suggest trolling in a zig-zag pattern until the reef is located, then put a marker out (such as an innertube with a flag hooked to it, or anything that floats, and is large enough to be seen a quarter mile or more - be sure and have an anchor of some sort hung to it with plenty of line, before you throw it over). The way you tell a rocky bottom from sand, is by the way your plug reacts. When the plug strikes rock or coral, you'll get a real hard jerk, go maybe 5 or 10 feet more and then another hard bump. This is caused by the lure striking the top of the reef. After a few passes, your knowledge of the bottom should be pretty good. When you have fished this area a few times, you will be able to pretty well tell just about where the most productive spots are. I always start in this manner, and usually have pretty good results.

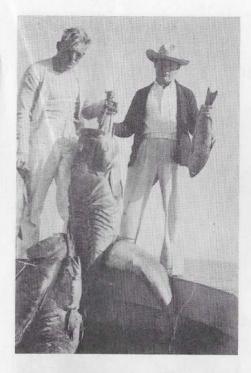
A lot of guys will naturally ask, "What if I get hung up or snagged?" Here is a heluva good way to come unglued from the bottom if you do. First, if you're fishing from a small boat, turn around and go

directly back till you are immediately over your plug — hold a tight line all of the way back, and when you are directly over your lure, drop your rod tip and raise it rapidly. If just your plug is hung, you will be able to feel the weight of your sinker on the line. If so, jerk your rod up and down violently till the hooks of your lure work loose. Nine out of ten times, this method will recover your plug.



Now, if you have hooked a fish, and he has taken residence in a hole, the procedure is the same as above, UNTIL you are backed up over the spot. In this case, when you have reeled all of your slack up, as your rod tip is bent as hard as possible, with one hand, strum the line much in the same manner that you would play a bass-fiddle. After doing this several times, in most cases the fish will get so irritated that he'll come out of his hole fighting mad — from then on it's up to you to see that he doesn't get back down to another one.

Well, fishermen, I could ramble on like this for a few more pages, but this should be enough confusion for one article. Good luck in the Derby, and I hope that this information helps you just enough to cop a second place trophy—right behind me.





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

347 N. MAIN, TUCSON

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

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"Shark Bait"

Many times we have gone to Cholla Bay and went out fishing in our 19-foot Glaspar and have caught a nice mess of fish with just regular bait, such as fresh liver, lake trout, and mullet. But this particular trip, we unexpectedly ended up having some very unusual bait.

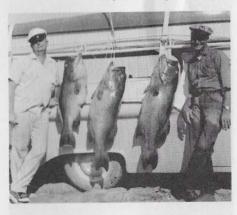
My hubby, George, and my brother Chuck, and myself were bottom fishing and bringing in a small pinto now and then. Soon, George hooked onto what he thought was a 'whopper' as it sure was giving him a hard time. He finally landed this whopper, which turned out to be a huge shark, about four feet long. Chuck helped George kill this monster, so there would be one less shark to contend with. Just as they were about to throw it back into the water, I suggested they cut it up for bait. Now, that there shark's skin sure was tough, and it felt just like sandpaper. The two fellows didn't think too much of my suggestion.

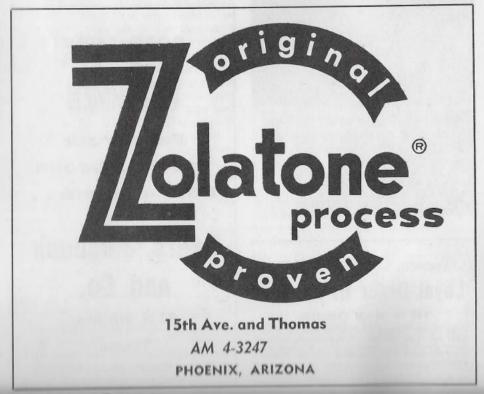
Anyway, the 'Doctors' started cutting away and soon discovered they had hold

of a mama shark, so right then and there they did a 'Caesarean Operation.' They extracted six wiggling baby sharks, about five inches in length. We put them in a pail of sea water to keep them alive, and they sure were lively! Boy, what wonderful live-bait they would make, we all said!

And just to show you that sharks are good for something, we caught six large pintos, all weighing over 15 pounds each, thanks to baby shark bait!

Mrs. Dorothy Vercruysse





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April is, in my humble opinion, without exception, the best possible month of the year to hold a fishing derby. With the exception of the blue water summer fish, such as dolphin, skipjack and sailfish, just about every species of salt water gamester has shown up for the "big feed."



This is the month when the acre upon acre of anchovie and sardines move up the Gulf in their annual migration from the Pacific, to enrich the inhabitants of the Cholla Bay area. (both human and finny inhabitants alike.)

The huge schools of my first love, the sea trout are cavorting all along the sandy shorelines, where a spinfisherman can really hit paydirt. That flat little punkin' seed, the jumping pompano, as well as an occasional ladyfish or a wildeyed bonefish might beat a trout to your lure, but rest assured, a spinfisherman, diligently work-

ing, should sure as hell catch something during April.

The boat fisherman is usually all smiles, for this is the month when the winter storms are usualy long gone and the hot summer winds roaring down the length of the Gulf, are just something the future might or might not have in store for him. The troller, dragging his favorite lures over the numerous reefs, sand bars, and canyons, can't tell what he might luck onto. The possibilities are goose-pimple inducing — a marauding covey of totuava —a hungry gang of white sea bass—yellowfin, or the ever present big grouper and pinto just seem to get hungrier during the month of April.

The guy that likes to troll or spinfish with light tackle can get all the action he wants, just by keeping a sharp lookout for the telltale "little roosters" hard at work over a school of frenzied anchovies or sardines. All he has to do is spot a concentration of these screeching little white birds and circle around them with a flashing spoon dancing in his wake—hang grimly on to his rod, and hope to hell that the feeding fish under and around

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the frightened bait-fish aren't too large for the tackle he's using (all the while secretly hoping that they almost are). The light tackle enthusiast can have just as much fun on a 2 to 10-pound game fish, as the heavy tackle guy can have with a 40 to 60-pound cave dweller. The sporty type that enjoys casting from the boat can have a ball, flipping a jig to land along the edge of a feeding, splashing school of hungry fish—15 out of 20 times he'll immediately hook up.

My very good Mexican buddy, Hector Monroe, who has fished the Gulf from Kino to the mouth of the Colorado and knows just about every fish from bottom to top by their first name, told me that the two best months of the entire year, in his opinion, were April and October. I hereby agree.

Sooooo, good buddies, have at it, and let this derby be the one that you gather in that trophy you choose, instead of watching some other lucky slob do it—the fish are there man, so bygawd get offen yore kiester and go after them!

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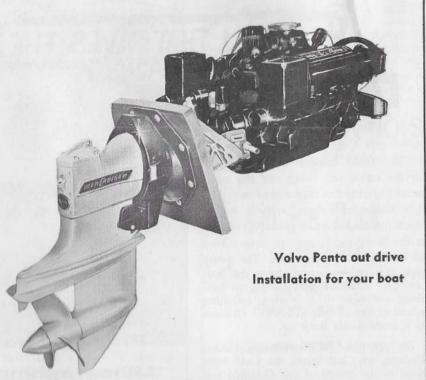
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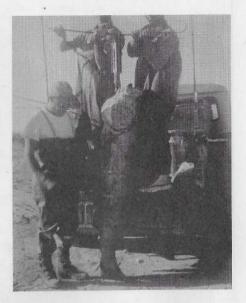
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CHOLLA BAY SPORTSMEN'S CLUB FINANCIAL STATEMENT

3-2-61 to 3-9-62

Bank Balance 9-19-61	\$	670.06
3-2-61 to 3-9-62	4	308.80
Total Cash on hand	9	,978.86
3-2-61 to 3-9-62		724 95
Cash on hand 3-9-62		
Cash on hand 5-9-02		274.01
EXPENSES:		. =0= 01
Printing (Not inc. 1962 Derby)	4	2,707.01
Mailing Service		158.88
Office supplies and postage		523.30
Floral Wreaths		15.53
Bank Charges		7.54
Incorporating expenses		87.73.
Insurance expenses	1	1,054.87
Pest Control		12.50
* Rescue		11.93
Trophies		186.30
PROJECTS:		
Radio transfer and parts		101.48
Radio shack materials		127.60
Rent and operation of radio		310.00
Road maintenance and equipment		380.68
Generator repair		39.50
Generator repair		37.70
	\$	959 26

TOTAL DISBURSEMENTS\$5,724.85

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Where Good Fishermen Get Together

A Lesson in Fishing

By Gene Henry

One sunny day last June, the Missus and I loaded our tribe in the old Suburban for a combined shell hunting and fishing expedition to Black Mountain. We drove as near Trout Ledge as the soft sand would permit and then separated. The wife and our three little gals took off in the direction of Black Mountain in search of colorful shells for a sand casting while my 12-year-old son John, and I hurriedly set up our surf rods since the tide was nearing the flood stage.



This turned out to be one of those days on which the finny critters wouldn't hit, no matter how tantalizing we presented our assortment of spoons and feather jigs. I finally hooked two small pompano strictly through casting until both arms were ready to fall off. In the meantime, John, being much younger and wiser, had retired to a comfortable spot on the beach and was leisurely sunning himself most of the time the old man was knocking himself out.

This naturally bruised my fatherly pride and I proceeded to give John a lecture on perseverance and that the only way he would ever catch fish would be by keeping a lure in the water. Well, this went over like a lead balloon, and John retired down the beach out of earshot to find his own private fishing area.

I latched on to a couple more miniature pompano and was feeling quite smug when suddenly out of the corner of my eye I caught sight of John. His light spinning rod was bent practically double and I could see that he had either hooked onto a piece of the bottom or was on to a good fish. I was too far away to help out and after my lecture, I'm not too sure John would have wanted my help.

Instead of trying to reel the fish in, John just set the anti-reverse lock on his Mitchell 300 and started backing up out of the surf. Fortunately, the drag was set rather light. He fell down a couple of times before he got out of the water, but miraculously the line held and he didn't let go of the rod. When he hit the beach, he just kept backing up until the fish, which by this time I could see was a big trout, was half in and half out of the water.

At this point, John fell down again and this old granddaddy sea trout feeling a little slack, disengaged himself from the hook. Seeing this, John dropped his rod, dashed down to the fish and tried to pick it up. It immediately squirted out of his hands and lay flopping at the edge of the water. Right then, Johnny forgot all about etiquette and started booting that fish like a football until it was safely up on the beach. Then, he dove on it with both arms spread eagled and he was still in that position when I finally reached him.

I don't think I'll ever see a prouder look than the big grin he gave me when he looked up from that fish. And you know what—I don't think I'll ever have a prouder moment either.



SCUTTLERUTT

TUCSON

By Dorothy Walker

Thought you'd like to hear that Blanch and Thad Anderson, 3331 N. Olsen, Tucson, have taken up permanent residence in their Cholla Bay home at 149 Shangra La.

They have both been faithful members of the Cholla Bay Sportsman's Club and also the World Exchange Shell Club.

CALM WATER DOES NOT ALWAYS RUN SMOOTH

Several week-ends ago Doc Walker and I had gone to Cholla to give our guests their first taste of salt water fishing, when for no reason at all, on the calm bay an accident put a stop to all the fun.

We had all been entertaining Daisy and Ray Rockwell visiting Tucson from Sturgis Mich. There was Bernie's nurse Marie Schwieger, Phyllis and Jim Nellis, Alberto Gumez, Mabel and Manuel Berkevitch, and little tag-along Greg Walker. O Yes, the second day Chuck Cotee and Kenney Reese wandered in from Tucson. It sure was a happy crowd, but the weather tried to put a stop to all the fun by blowing up a rough sea.

The water being too rough to go fishing, Bernie put the boat in the bay to take our guests the Rockwells and Jim Nellis for a spin around the bay where the water was nice and smooth. They did not catch any fish but they came back with this tale.

As the motors began to roll and hiss the Sea Fox began to turn toward Pelican Point, Bernie noticed little Tag-along stumbling down the rocks along the shore line waving excitedly and yelling: "Hey Dad, can I go too?"

"No not this time, you don't have your Life Jacket on."

Knowing that there was no use to argue he began stumbling back up to camp, pouting and grumbling to himself because of his disappointment.

(Coninued Page 45)

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Operation: Tide Chart

The times given are for high tide. Low tide will follow each high by about $5\frac{1}{2}$ hours.



Full Moon — April 20 Last ½ — April 27 New Moon — May 4 First ¼ — May 11

April '62			
15	1125	30	1052
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16	0000	May 1	1150
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	1255		1240
18	0100	3	0055
	1325		1330
19	0130	4	0135
	1355		1420
20	0200	5	0215
	1425		1500
21	0230	6	0255
	1505		1550
22	0300	7	0335
	1535		1640
23	0330	8	0415
	1615		1730
24	0400	9	0505
	1655		1820
25	0440	10	0555
	1755		1930
26	0530	11	0705
	1905	14	2040
27	0640	12	0835
	2025		2140
28	0810	13	0945
	2145		2240
29	0940	14	1055
	2245		2320

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Phx. Meeting

The Phoenix, April club meeting will be held at the usual place and time, April 10th. Blair and Taylor will have most of the trophies and merchandise prizes on display, so be there to drool over them and make your choice so you will know just what category to concentrate on. Remember, Pre-Derby Meeting, Tuesday nite, April 10th, Goettl Bros. Auditorium at 8 P.M.



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OFFICIAL DERBY RULES

In participating in this derby all fishermen have an equal chance for treasured trophies and merchandise prizes. The proceeds are used to improve the facilities at Cholla Bay.

Classes of Fish and Prizes

The Derby will be classified into 8 groups for Rod and Reel Fishermen, which are as follows: GROUPER, PINTO, SEA BASS and SEA TROUT, JEWFISH, POMPANO, MACKEREL, YELLOWFIN. Each group is an equal and trophies and prizes will be awarded accordingly.

The largest fish caught will be awarded a GRAND PRIZE TROPHY. The largest fish caught in each class will be awarded a FIRST PRIZE TROPHY unless it wins the Grand Prize Trophy. There will also be prizes for first and second place fish in each class each day.

Additional prizes will be presented as follows: largest fish if other than type classed, largest halibut, odd ball catch (at the discretion of the judges), many drawing prizes, using daily ticket stubs, and of course the JACKPOT DRAWING with the money taken in being divided as follows: 1st prize 40%, 2nd prize 20% 3rd prize 10%.

There will also be a team award for rod and reel fishermen—this will be available to those who wish to enter. It will be won by the team that averages the greatest number of fish in pounds per person on the team. Boat or beach entry fish must be one of the eight classes to be counted. The largest single day's catch for both days will win the award (a prize for each team member). A separate entry ticket will be required for each day a team wishes to enter (\$1.00 per team).

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Rules

- Boats must check in and out at the Cholla Bay Boat Landing each day by closing time.
- Each Contestant OVER 14 years of age must purchase a derby ticket for each day fished, before leaving boat landing, and EACH party in boat must present Derby ticket at time entry is officially weighed.
- Children 14 years of age and younger will be eligible if all other members of team have valid ticket.
- Separate tickets will be required for Friday and Saturday, and fish caught either day will be eligible for Grand Prize. (See team award rules in above section.)
- 5. All fish must be taken on hook and line.
- 6. A ticket holder must enter only fish caught personally.
- Hours of the derby will be: Friday, Daylight until 8:00 P.M.; Saturday, Daylight until 6:00 P.M.
- 8. Fish must be checked in by closing time each day.
- 9. Distribution of awards will be made at the Fish Fry.
- Winners need not be present, except for Drawing Prizes.
- Sharks, rays, angel fish and other trash fish are excluded and decision of judges is final. Judging of largest fish will be by weight.
- 12. The decision of the judges shall be final.

Tickets

Tickets will be available at Cholla Bay. Daily tickets \$1.00 for each person; Daily Team Tickets, \$1.00 for each team; Jackpot Tickets, 50c each.

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Auxiliary to Assist

By Wayne Earley

The members of US Coast Guard Auxiliary Flotilla 85 have been appointed to the Cholla Bay Sportsmen's Club Fishing Derby Safety Committee with Wayne O. Earley, their operations officer, as Chairman. As you have probably heard neither the Coast Guard nor its auxiliary can have official status in a foreign country without prior USCG orders at the request of the country involved.

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Therefore, the Coast Guard Auxiliary members shall perform their duties as officials of the Cholla Bay Sportsmen's Club.

These duties shall include the gathering and dissemination of the best weather information available by Eddie Smith, Radio Communications Organization and Courtesy Motor Boat Examination by Dick Gardner and Don Gehon, a standby Patrol vessel by Ray Kraft and one other to be named, and a check-out. Checker will pass out boating safety information.

Other members shall serve as needed to make a safer more successful Derby. For instance, Doctor R. K. Shannon will have his twin engine plane there to make two flyovers a day from the Dunes to Bird Island. The first flight will be about mid-morning and the second in late afternoon. Dr. Shannon and his observer will watch for signal mirror reflections and flares. Every member and participant is urged to obtain a signal mirror and practice using it. Don't signal the plane though unless you really mean it. When

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718 W. Jefferson, Phoenix, Arix. Phone Alpine 3-7817 you have attracted the plane or another boat's attention, don't just stand and wave. The distress signal is given by standing erect and facing whom you are signaling. The arms are extended straight



out from the sides of your body and moved up and down like you were flapping your wings, as illustrated. This signal and the inverted flag are the only distress signals you can be sure will be correctly understood.

One prerequisite for making the body signal is that you must be able to stand. May we suggest that the *BIG* tequila bottle be left on shore.

Your cooperation with and assistance to the Auxiliary Committee members is earnestly requested. Remember, they are fellow fishermen who are giving their time to make a better Derby for you.

Hasta Luego en Baja Cholla El Veinte v Siete de Abril, Goettl Contributes to Industry

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Tucson Talking By Les Conlisk, Sec.

Our regular business meeting of March 20th, was held at the Moose Lodge, 347 N. Main Ave. at 7:30 P.M.

The meeting was opened by President Bernie Walker.

Myron Lusk gave the financial report: a balance of \$198.12.

Bernie announced the passing of our friend, Nacho at Cholla Bay and he took flowers down for him.

Bernie also related some unfortunate experiences: breaking up his boat, so it is in drydock for repairs; breaking his best rod, it's beyond repair; his wife broke her hip on their return, but she is in the process of a good repair, as she was able to attend the meeting, although on crutches.

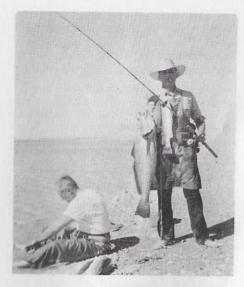
Bill Casey expressed the necessity of getting the rest of the posters out, advertising the Derby as much as possible, to get a good representative attendance from the Tucson area.

Electric Motor Co.

Good Luck
To A Big Derby

L. J. SYMMONDS W. L. CASEY

Phone MAin 2-8877 1028 East Broadway Tucson, Arizona



We had a number of guests, and gained two new members: William Huffman and Melvin Jean.

Mrs. Myrtle Wright donated a knitted bottle cover and a bolo tie for door prizes. Kenneth Reese won the dog and Lester Bacock won the bolo tie.

The case of motor boat oil, Father John Schlicht donated to be reraffled, was won by Myron Lusk and the Rescue Fund was increased by \$29.50.

Andy Chersin, when asked about telephones at Rocky Point, said there was a phone next to the old freezing plant and also one at Playa de Hermosa.

Coffee and doughnuts were served downstairs after the meeting.

Plan to attend our next meeting April 17, 1962.

Les Conlisk, Sec.

22nd St. Boat Dock

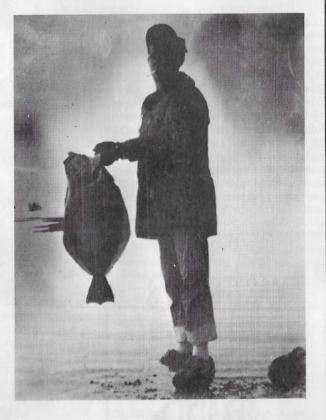
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Ridiculous . . .

Two boats high and dry, six or seven miles from land as we looked back to the Sand Dunes and to the left of us to the shore line. That is what happened to Ken and myself and Pete and Iva Barker on a shell collecting excursion to the Dunes, where we intended to spend two days, living on our boats. At that time we had the first Honey Boo—with two outboard motors.

We all sure flubbed up that trip with poor sense of reasoning. First, we left the Bay several hours too late. This was during the full moon and we all knew high tide would be about 2:30 P.M. We wanted to be at the Dunes in time for the tide to be high enough for us to enter the one safe estuary over there, but we didn't leave the Bay in time and reached the other side too late. Frank Lopez had explained to us just how to find the estuary but it just wasn't there. We churned mud time and time again. Just where that confounded estuary is or how to get into it, I still do not know and I don't

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especially care unless I might some day need to find it to get in out of rough waters.

After a couple of hours of this foolishness we decided the best thing was to go back to the bay and to get there before dark if we were lucky. We weren't, As we progressed homeward, the tide swooped out and we saw sand bars coming up everywhere. We thought we were in a deep channel and kept churning merrily along. We felt a slight shuddering and looked back. Everything looked alright and looking forward and out, the water looked fine. Another minute later and we were in trouble. The boat not only shuddered-it just plain came to a dead halt, after the propellers of the motor had churned themselves deep into a hole of sand. There was no use trying to push it out because we were there to stay for some hours. The Barkers were in deeper water and did manage to get their boat into deeper water and floating but they would not leave us there alone. Within a few minutes there was nothing but dry land all around us and a mud flat at that and not a single shell to be found-just about six hours to while doing nothing, except eat our evening meal and take a nap. As a precautionary measure, the

Barkers buried their anchor deep in the mud and then stretched a rope from their boat to ours because they knew they would be afloat before we were and could pull us off the bar sooner with the rope. When the ride came in, it roared in and the sound was deafening. At eleven o'clock that night both boats were afloat and we were again on our way in the dark. No light in our compass so I stood there with a flash light. Another hour or so and we would be in the Bay—so we thought. One of our motors decided to act up. Ken told me to squeeze the sedi-



ment bulb on the gas line. I did. Luckily I was not smoking a cigarette because a stream of gasoline hit the side of my face. A long slit in the rubber hose. Yep—We had a spare rubber hose and plenty of flash lights so the repair job could be done. Again the Barkers stood by. The night was very dark because the skies were heavily overcast and even the full moon could not shine through. A welcome sight was the beacon lights at Rocky Point finally showing up.

We reached the bay about one o'clock that night and nothing to do but anchor our boats and go to bed. We knew there was a small white boat there tied to a huge anchor just at the entrance to the bay and decided to tie our boats to that boat. We found a small white boat but Pete didn't think it was the right one and went out further and put out his own anchor, but Ken was sure it was the right

one and very confidently tied our boat to it. I looked at the shore line and vowed up and down that we were too close and right in the middle of the rocks but Ken was sure we weren't. Ever try to argue with a stubborn Scandinavian? You always lose so I just shut my trap and went to bed and to sleep.

I was awakened to the sound of a man cussing up a storm. It was davlight and there out on deck stood Ken looking around with a big scowl on his face. Where do you suppose Ken had anchored his boat? Right in the middle of a rock pile, and tied to a small white boat that was tied to a very, very small anchor. Not only that, but we were perched just right on top of one rock, high and dry again. We didn't stay "just right" very long because, as Ken jumped down out of the boat, you well know what happened. I was nearly thrown out of my bunk as the boat lunged over on its side. No use standing there and fussing about the mess we were in because the tide would not be in for hours and the boat would have to stay right there until then. Eventually it was brought to land and on to our camp with no signs of any damage having been done. Just another good lesson of what to do and what not to do. We all learn the hard way.

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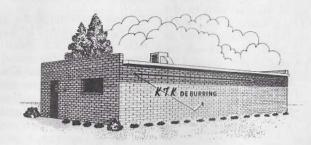
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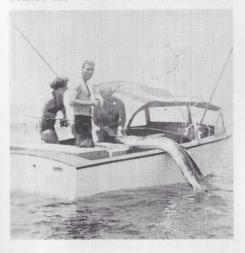
STATE

EX-EDITOR ZIMMER REPORTS

On a cobblestone street in the suburbs of Quazaltenango,

Guatamala February 20, 1962

Walking haystacks, Ollas atop heads, and garments of brilliant hue. All of these outside the window as we wait for Don



and Rolin to return to the trailer to repair a broken spring. Hulda is crocheting a French Poodle while I try to keep my attention on a typewriter. The Indians of Guatamala pass the window of the trailer and are very curious, but polite, trying to figure out what is going on. The scent is exotic, fascinating and not the least bit like Phoenix.

During our visit in Salina Cruz, we were assisted by a couple from Spokane, Washington. The Tellefsons have visited Mexico for the past 13 years and are now driving to Argentine. We joined forces as far as Panama—if they have the patience to keep the trailer in repair. The roads just inside the Guatamala border have been like the 1949 road to Payson, so our Casita de Camino has been ruffed up. But Don is sure things will improve, so we keep fixing.

Out of Salina Cruz there are miles and

(Continued Next Page)

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ZIMMER REPORT (Coninued From Page 43)

miles of flat land and there is a potential irrigation project that they say will overshadow Los Mochis. The country is vast and the clearing of the land and ditching has started. As we began to climb in the Tuxla Gutierriz area we decided the people and the land looked like coming into Colorado—kind of free and easy, yet hard-working and friendly. The city itself was old but cleaner than between Mexico City and Oaxaca.

Then began the climb up through pines and red earth to a fantastic area populated by the Chiapas Indians. They wear short tunics, fringed, with leather wrapped shoes and sandals—or none. A scarf of wool, decorated with red yarn pom-pons completes the costumes—except for shorts. It is cold, but the mountains are steep, so their legs are freed to climb, just as the Alpine climbers. Their round faces have an oriental look, and the bright eyes of the young just capture your heart. We bought a bundle of violet carnations from a little girl that was about seven—just couldn't pass her up. The next morn-

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ing we left them at the young soldier's sentinal house for his Mother. The mountain road in the fading light had a mysteriously quality but we weren't prepared for the 'Shangri La' valley we came upon suddenly. Like a bowl in the earth, ringed by pines, the grass houses, with cultivated plots carefully marked out made a patchwork of vegetation that was like an etching. The camera wasn't too valuable since the light was fading, but Don is going back—and me too.

We headed for the frontier of Mexico and Guatamala over a paved road. It was Sunday and we were expedited through by the Mexican people. Then we came to a barbed wire gate which was closed for 'Siesta.' But by some fast talking we entered, registered our truck in a hut thatched with sugar cane and made of adobe and cleared customs within the hour. Then more pines, mountain roads, waterfalls and volcanic mountains of 'untera'- and we were on dirt roads for the first time. We parked and camped for the night. Next morning, due to a broken wheel, we had to leave the trailer. The Guard was recruited from a Guaramalan weaver's home over the ridge. It was a busy workshop, with four looms, yarns all colors of the rainbow, and traditional patterns. The people were nice and 'guarded' well until we returned from Quezaltenango with our repaired parts. When we left this morning, it was like we had known each other 100 years. We love 'em. We send our best thoughts to you, and please keep yours coming.

SCUTTLEBUTT-

(Continued From Page 32)

The four of them were doing about 35mph. toward Black Mountain, when the steering cable suddenly became disengaged from the steering post, throwing both motors toward the port side. This whipped the boat around to the right and it began going around like 'on a dime,' throwing its contents around like card-board boxes in the wind.

Ray Rockwell, seated about the center of the Sea Fox was thrown to the back of the boat ripping out a piece of the fiberglass floor the fishing chair was mounted on, about 18"x10" and splitting the back of the gunnel-about an inch wide down to the water line. Doc Walker was seated at the steering wheel in the front, usually the safest place to be, but the sudden twist of the Sea Fox was too much for his strength, and his body went flying through the sea air, clear to the back on top of Roy, already crumpled from the blow. Daisy was twisted around from her usual position and came back with only a few bruises and a sprained wrist. Poor Jim,

already seated in the left back in front of the motors, a safe enough place, thinking 'Doc' was being his natural clowning, humorous self, but at the wrong time, was furious about the situation. Now I was not there, so you fishermen will have to guess at the conversation.

After 'Doc' gathered himself together, he quickly righted the motors from the back of the boat and they came safely back to port.

Returning to camp, all they could talk (Continued Next Page)



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SCUTTLEBUTT-

(Continued from Page 32)

about was how fortunate for Greg 'little 'tag along' that he did not have his life jacket and did not get to go on the Sea Fox accident. They feared that his light body may have been thrown out of the boat in the path of the props, and it's anyone's guess what else could have happened.

However they are all home safe and sound with only a few bruises, scratches and sprains. The Sea Fox is being mended in dry-dock and every one is anxiously waiting for the Fishing Derby, April 27, 28.

One last word: "Don't sell the life jacket short when doing boating. The Life It May Save My Be Your Own."

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Cholla Chatter

Official Publication of the Cholla Bay Sportsmen Club, Inc.

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Tribute to a Doll-Babu

This is just a short, sincere 'Thank you,' aimed at a sweet little gal who tirelessly donated her time, health, piece of mind, and I don't know what else, to the Cholla

Bay Sportsmen's Club, as the hard working editor of the Chatter this past year.

Although Ruby has only been to Cholla twice in her lifetime, she took over the reins of editing this mess for the club, and

just through sheer good sense and understanding of how it should be handled. consistently gave us one helluva good club newspaper each month.

Ruby Doll, we of the board of directors, join with all of the membership in wishing you all of the luck and happiness you so richly deserve, and thank you again for the wonderful job you have done for us.

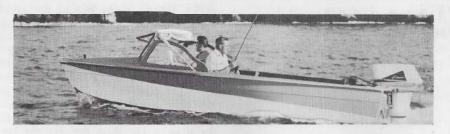
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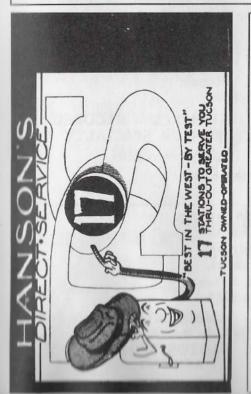


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"Up to Here In Mackerel"

Bill Valentine

Of all the fish boated from Cholla Bay, the little scrapper which is most often underrated and quite often thrown away, is the Cerro Mackerel.

The reason, I believe, is due to the fact that a good majority of fishermen confuse him with his pot bellied, dark meated Pacific cousin, the Chub Mackerel. Whereas these two members of the mackerel family are kissin' cousins, so to speak, their flavor on the table, their appearance, and their fighting ability are decidedly different.

The Cerro is a white-meated little beauty, and if properly taken care of when caught, is about as tasty a little morsel as can be eaten.

Like practically all members of the mackerel clan, the Cerro has a tendency to ripen rather rapidly, unless certain precautionary measures are taken.

When concentrating on the task of loading up on macks, I always try and have a large ice box with about 25 pounds

of ice aboard. Being one of the easiest fish to clean that swims I usually try and clean them as I catch them, and fling them into the ice box immediately. Keep a cleaning board, a rag and a sharp knife on board, and a gunny sack to pile them up in till there is a lull, or you will get too many sacked up for too long a timewhen this happens, for gawdsakes, take the time to gut them out, cut the head and tail off, then pile them in, cozied up next to your ice. Depending on the sun, of course, a mack will start to soften up within 20 minutes of leaving the water. Be sure and run your thumbnail along the inside of his backbone to remove the long blood-clot as it will spoil the meat faster than anything else.

A school of hungry mackerel will hit a spoon darn near as fast as you can get it to the water. When trying to locate a school by trolling, bear this thought in mind — you'll have one heckuva time outrunning one of these speedsters—so move along fast enough to just barely keep your spoon from skipping along the surface of the water.

For gosh sakes, use a ball bearing

swivel and at least an 18" leader (steel or cable). The trolling speed necessary to get a mack to hit your offering will louse up your line in one helluva hurry, due to the fact that almost all spoons will spin when trolled at a high speed, and unless you release this twist through the use of a ball bearing swivel, you'll ultimately ruin a good stretch of expensive line.



The choppers in a mackerel's mouth, are as sharp as razor-blades—hence the steel or cable leader. Don't stick your fingers in one's mouth to remove a hook—grab the mack with a rag in one hand, grab the lure in your other, and just rip it out—otherwise you're liable to get a manicure clean down to your wrist-bone.

For sport, use a long freshwater bass rod and a levelwind reel equipment with a stardrag. These little babies will really give you a tussel on this kind of a rig, whereas if you use a stiff boat rod and saltwater reel with heavy test line, the shock of the first strike when they hit a fast moving spoon tied to a heavy stiff rod, just naturally takes a whole lot of fight right out of one. Sounds reasonable, doesn't it?

The mackerel should be showing up any day now, off of the Rocky Point area, and they usually stay in the area all summer long, and on into late fall. Sooooo, if you want to have a ball, some weekend, crank up the old flivver, shag on down to Cholla or Rocky Point and get your feet wet—it's easy.

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