



OFFICIAL PUBLICATION OF THE CHOLLA BAY SPORTSMANS CLUB

Volume 5, No. 4

June, 1962

Prexy Speaks

I wrote the last article for the Chatter just before the Board of Directors' meeting and my plans were changed at that meeting, as the board thought it was best to take donations and get the citizen band radio installed at once. It seems to me our marine radio was a long time in being a reality. The way this was done it did not cost the club any money. It is a part of the club's property and it is in use for anyone who has a citizen band radio. If you have thought you could not afford a marine radio, maybe you can swing a citizen band deal. If you have any questions, ask them at our next meeting. I am sure someone will be around who can answer them.

At Cholla this past week end and the fishing license chief was quite upset about some Mexican making a complaint to Mexico City about the person who sells fishing licenses at Cholla Bay. He said everyone must come to his office in Rocky Point to get fishing licenses. Before I left, he agreed to go along as we have been until I can get the necessary letters typed and signed down to him requesting him to continue selling licenses at Cholla Bay.

Al Scott



Derby A Success

Jack Schmidt

Believe it or not, good people, we were able to struggle thru the confusion, work, foul-ups and fights of the April derby, and actually end up in the black. We actually made a few bucks on the deal, and if we had just had foresight enough to provide a donation box at the end of the chow line (incidentally—the cost of the fish fry was well over 500 bucks) we would have gathered in a nice tidy little profit for the club treasury.

The only income we collected was from trophy sales, chatter ads, and ticket sales. The outgo was from so many sources it would take a ream of paper to list them—the food, chatter, ticket printing, posters, trophies, orchestra, butane, burners, speakers, etc., just to name a few.

The fact that the Roosevelt derby was held over the same weekend hurt our attendance and ticket sales, but after struggling thru the final audit, the figures after a nip and tuck battle, showed a small profit. I'll have the complete itemized totals within the next few days, so if anyone desires a breakdown on the thing, contact me, Jack Schmidt, at the 'El Dorado Bowl,' 4501 E. McDowell Rd., Phoenix, Arizona.

Next Meeting
June 12th
8:00 P. M.
GOETTL BROS.

Cholla Chatter

Official Publication of the Cholla Bay Sportsmen Club, Inc.

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Published monthly as a member service

Thanks

I wish to thank all the women who so graciously contributed their time and efforts in the preparation and serving of the food for the derby. They are:

Ida Bourland, Olive Eddy, Audrey Gardner, Lela Gary, Gladys Hoskins, Jo Kinneer, Ann Miller, Louene Parks, Dorothy Sanders, Mrs. Bill Sanderson, Mrs. Ray Sanderson, Carol Skoglund, Pat Taylor, Ma Turner, Edith Tyra, Dorothy Vercruyssen, Myrtle Young.

I would like to thank Ann Miller for the use of her hacienda as well as serving coffee. Also Ida Bourland for her delicious cakes as well as adding the famous Ida Bourland touch to the delicious dressings. I tried to keep a record of all that helped. I know I have missed some and I wish to thank them also.

Helen M. Reed, Chairman.

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Skin Divers Join Cholla Bay Club

Wes Wells

A majority of the organized skin divers in Phoenix will soon belong to the Cholla Bay Sportsman's Club. A drive is being carried on by the Arizona Skin Diving Council encouraging Arizona divers to join and participate in this club.

At the last Cholla Bay meeting a delegation of divers were present or represented. They were Boris Innocenti, Chairman of the Board of Directors of the Arizona Skin Diving Council, Andy O'Neil, President of the Sand Dabs, Ed Poe, President of the Sea Raiders, and Bill Van Zant, President of the Cactus Divers. Bill was unable to attend but was filled in on the discussion by those present.

The clubs are now engaged in soliciting memberships in their own clubs and, within the month, the numbers should begin to show in the club membership lists.

The diving organizations feel that the Cholla Bay Sportsman's Club has done superb work in improving relations between the Mexican people, officials, and sportsmen.

The divers feel that whether we fish with rod or spear, our aims, objectives, and problems are the same and they are eager to do all they can to help this club carry out its objectives and to participate in the activities of the club.

Down Mexico Way

The irony of it—fishing Derby over and Joe Heil and son James of Mesa go fishing. High winds during the Derby and Monday dawns clear and calm. Weighed in that afternoon was a 90 pound black bass caught by son James.

Heard at the announcing of awards during the Derby Fish Fry was this comment by Carl Whitsell—"That sure was a mighty expensive mackerel we ate yesterday—caught a 2½ lb. mackerel and that it was too small to weigh in, so cleaned it and ate it." Prize winning mackerel for the Derby weighed 1 lb.

Marvin Avery, a spanking new member of the Club, wife and brother in law decided to come to the Bay the day after the Derby to do his fishing. Result of first day's fishing—a 234 lb Bass, caught with a small Halibut as bait on a 50 lb. test monofilament line. Took almost 2 hours to land the fish and both Marvin and Marcello worn out. Three days fishing netted the Avery party more large pintos and grouper than they knew what to do with.

Ask Lawrence Payne, owner of the "Bottom Dollar" and party of fishers what it feels like to be miles on the other side of the Sand Dunes and have your motor give out. Not knowing that a Citizen's Band Radio has been just installed at the Radio Base, he left his own radio on shore. Another fishing party, sort of wandering around, found the disabled boat but had to borrow gas from Payne before he could start the long journey of towing "Bottom

Dollar" back home. Mark Miller of Glendale found both boats and took over the towing job.

The "Bottom Dollar" was drained of all its gas so Miller could make the rest of the trip in, and he made it in just after dark, with the disabled boat in tow. The first rescue boat ran out of gas but another boat came to its rescue and raced for the Bay and returned with enough gas to get everyone safe to shore. Said Gina, as she sighed in relief as she does so often after worrying thru days of standing by at the Radio Base waiting for all boats to return to shore—"Another day over, all boats in and now I can rest."

Jeeps come in mighty handy down at the Bay. Now most fishermen know that it is impossible to beach a boat at Sandy Beach successfully but now and then someone tries it. The waters were rough and his 18' Metal boat had four adults and two children aboard. Rather than rough it around Pelican Point, they decided to bring the boat to shore along sandy beach. As always—there was that one big wave that did it. No lives lost—they made it to shore nice and soaking wet. Fishing tackle etc. floated away and disappeared as the waves dashed over the marooned boat. As the tide went out, there sat the boat, filled to the brim with sand, hundreds of pounds of sand. An ugly old jeep came to their aid, with two
(Continued on page 9)

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Derby Chairman Reports

Our 1962 derby is over and the 2,000 members and guests that attended had a real fine time, and lots to eat, and good food too. We had competition with several fresh water occasions and of course, the wind always the wind. I can never remember a derby without the "viento." Of course my most important thought over the whole derby was the many helpful members of our club. We had some 20 committees with each chairman in that committee assuming his responsibility; and he or she did it well! With such help there could be no failure. The Chatter was the best we have ever had; we had more advertising; we had better food; we had salad, and what salad, made by our experts, no less; we had beach committees; both Friday and Saturday; we had our club house committee; we had photographers; entertainers; our own M.C. and prize chairman; we had electricians and roustabouts (altho one of them got lost); they all functioned and to the best of their ability.

With that kind of a gang how could we help but have the best derby yet, with the best of everything.

We made no money on the derby (without the Chatter) as we did not expect to do so. Your board of directors decided that no charge would be made for food. We fed possibly a good portion of

the State of Sonora, the northern one-half anyway, for which we appreciate their attendance.


We gave away over 100 prizes; they being accumulated from all over the United States. Our Phoenix business men contributed as well as those manufacturers of both well known and little known products.

Our appreciation goes out to our radio as we were able to continue our derby even though 5 boats were not in at quitting time. Can you imagine what would have happened in the yester years when we had no contacts with these boats? We are thankful that no loss occurred as in the 1961 derby and we appreciate the work of those who guided the wayward crafts in to their harbor. When I listened on Saturday night to those who were in charge of our radio telephone and their way of working the boats back to their destination it made me thankful we had such resources.

As your derby chairman I want to thank all those who helped me. No one person turned me down when I requested help and those that promised came thru with flying colors. It was a pleasure to have worked with so many wonderful people.

Bob Taylor,
Ex-chairman Derby 1962.

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Secretary Report

Due to the recent experience of Glen Stewart with his citizen band radio, it was decided by the board of directors that a citizen band radio is needed as well as the reliable marine radio at the bay.

After much discussion, we decided to take donations for the C. B. radio and the board really shined on this, donating almost half of the full cost their selfs. It is installed, in operation, and a year of service, included too.

A questionnaire has by now been mailed to the membership. This is to be used to compile facts and figures of the amount of money, etc. spent by the club members while visiting at the bay area. Your cooperation in this is appreciated.


Lou Fraizer has asked to resign as ad chairman due to his work. We of the board wish to compliment Lou on his excellent work. With the Chatter.

Ruby Smith was made honorary member of the club for her excellent efforts she has put forth for the club.

This citizen band radio should be quite a help to the fishermen of the bay who have small boats as it is inexpensive, and also doesn't take much room. It also can be used on shore, car and business.

I, for one, am looking forward to when I can install one aboard and hope for safety sake you are too.

Make the AJO . . .
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a "must stop" on your way down and back from Cholla Bay.
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An Ambulance At Rocky Point

Rocky Point (Puerto Penasco) does not have a hospital as yet but this long-dreamed of facility will soon become a reality. All businesses and organizations of both Cholla Bay and Rocky Point were assessed to raise money for this project, after which the government granted the additional funds to pay for the building.

Now, with the hospital building to be started in the near future, the people of Rocky Point realize the importance of an ambulance. The medical equipment will be taken care of by the government, but an ambulance will not. The Lions Club of Rocky Point has taken on this project and will need all the help they can get from we Americans, members of the Cholla Bay Sportsmen's Club. This will not be a project of the club as an organization. The club has all it can do to take care of its present obligations, so it is up to each individual to give donations. Who knows when an ambulance might be the means of saving the life of one of us, when down at Cholla Bay. Throughout the year, the phrase of "How about the Ambulance for Rocky Point?" will be heard again and again and you will all be asked to give your dimes, nickels, quarters and even dollars in donations. These will be voluntary donations by Club members who desire to help the people of Rocky Point. Let's all help in some small way by making donations at the Radio and Club House at the Bay, at our regular meetings, or send a check to our treasurer, Jack Schmidt, or President Al Scott, earmarking your donation "An Ambulance for Rocky Point Hospital."

Ship To Shore Radio

Call Letters

- 2182 Safety & Calling
- 2715 Mexican Marine
- 2738 Intership
- 2638 Intership



Bill Valentine

I can do more talking and teaching, and less producing, than anyone else I know. I've taken rank amateurs and pure novices and thru sheer skill, patience and understanding, molded them, each individually, into first class type top drawer fishermen. And then, each and everyone of them have sooner or later "bitten the hand that feeds them," so to speak.

The latest humiliation I previously suffered was at the hands of one of my former pupils, Black Bart Graham. If this guy wasn't so big and ugly, I probably would have thrashed him within an inch of his life for the dirty trick he played on me during the derby. I taught this big !!@*! everything he knows, and he, ungrateful bassherder that he is, snookered me out of a yellowfin trophy, by one lousy little pound.

This whole story of how this dastardly deed came about, is rather nauseating to anyone with an ounce of gratitude or fair play in their bones. I'll start at the beginning.

Cecil Graham, and his bundle of pure-dee dynamite wife Jan, are lucky enough to live smack dab across the street from your's truly. About 7years ago, old Cece,

having observed me returning from a weekend trip to Cholla, with several ice boxes loaded down with fish type goodies, pleaded, with tears in his eyes, for me to include he and his spouse in on our next trip. Neighbors, here's where I made one helluvan error—I said I would.

I took this callow novice, & thru my extreme & extensive knowledge, slowly changed him from the awkward bumpkin he was, into a reasonably competent fisherman. This wasn't easy (I've still got a few scars to prove it). Anyway, as the years rolled by, Jan & Cece were allowed to accompany my ever-lovin' & myself on more & more excursions. The old boy finally got confidence enough to buy a rig of his own. He then, on hands & knees, begged Jessie & I to tag along on a few of their trips hither & yon, so that he could continue to observe my flawless, beautiful-to-behold style, so he could continue learning. We graciously allowed them to reap the benefits of our charming much sought-after company.

The 1st inkling that I had made a horrible mistake with this Frankenstein family, came 2 summers ago, when Jan, fishing in my boat, had the unmittigated gall to grab the right rod at the right time and got the glory of bringing in the 1st sailfish of the Cholla Bay season. She assured me afterwards that it was all purely reflex action on her part, & she surely would rather have let Jessie or myself land that beauty, altho she nearly knocked everyone overboard in her frenzy to get at that pulsating rod. I am strictly a gentleman, prefering to believe most anything anyone tells me, so I graciously accepted her humble apology.

This last summer, these 2 ungrateful wretches followed my wife & I in the "Queen," in their boat, the "C-Lover" into the blue water, and sneakily snaked 3 prime beautiful dolphin aboard their boat, while pore little Jessie & I only hung seaweed. The more I write, the madder I get!

Then, to top it all off, was the dirty backhanded trick this big bassherder pulled on me, his teacher, during the Derby.

We both bought Friday Derby tickets on Thursday eve, planning on sleeping Thurs. nite in the vicinity of Sand Beach so we could get a nice early start, away from the crowd, Friday morning. Well, my little wife has sense enough to know a good thing when she sees it, heh heh, so along about sunup Friday morning, she wouldn't let me get out of bed & charge on down to the beach with my trusty rod in hand. Any remark I might say about the situation in the Grahams sleeping bag might lead to bloodshed (mine), so I'll just say that Cece was allowed to arise from his sack, slip on down to the rocks, cull out the largest fish from a passing school of yellowfin, gleefully & fiendishly stumble on back up to where I was all cozied up, & dangle his flopping yellowfin before my horror stricken eyeballs. Needless to say, I dropped everything, (bruising my little wife in the process) left a mighty leap out of the sack, and charged on down to the fray. Thanks to his sneakiness, I was just a hair too late. I did

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manage to nail one yellowfin & one sardiner. Both fish smaller brothers to the ones Cece had landed.

This, Good People, seems to be the story of my life, too little & too late, and always sucking hind lollipop in the Fishing Derbys.

Just to add insult to injury, the two-faced Grahams are even trying to get their little son, imbibed with the trecherous beliefs that even he, small as he is, can outfish me—(and damned if the little squirt don't do just that occasionally). I think I'll move to the Atlantic Seaboard, and never show nobody nuthin no more nowhere!

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Shark Rodeo

By Gene Henry

I'm sure that all salt water fishermen have at one time or another cursed the ancestors of that much maligned denizen of the deep, the shark. Well, my fishing partner and co-tenant of cabin No. 73, Raymon Maxcy, is no exception — in fact, he durned near gets apoplexy at the mention of the word.

It all dates back to a fishing trip a couple of summers ago. Raymon and I were fishing a favorite reef off the mouth of the first estuary beyond Black Mountain. We had picked up a few pompano, trout and bonefish and had decided to try our luck jigging for small pinto and rock bass. Ray latched on to a small bass and was leisurely reeling it in when all of a sudden I saw a long dark shape moving in swiftly from the blind side of the boat. Before I could yell a warning, this object which I could by then see was a shark, hit his lure and fish full speed ahead. It struck with such force that it tore the reel handle out of his grasp and rapped him across the knuckles a dozen or more times before he could jerk his hand out of the way. Luckily, the shark didn't hook himself, but if you have ever been rapped across the knuckles in this fashion you can well imagine Ray's feelings. For the next five minutes or so the air turned blue as he alternately cursed this shark and sucked on his bruised throbbing paw.

Ray's hand was quite swollen by this time so we decided to head back in to Cholla Bay. We were about halfway in crossing the shallow part of the bay when I spotted something that looked like a small two-masted schooner moving in a course that would intersect ours. Upon drawing closer, we could see it was a large shark apparently cruising the shallow water in search of bait fish. At this point,

we were about two miles from deep water which came as a surprise to me since I had never seen a shark this large so far away from deep water.

When Ray saw it was a shark, he got a wild glint in his eye, let out a warwhoop, opened the engine full throttle and headed for it on a collision course. That poor critter must have thought he was having a nightmare when he looked up and saw these two crazy gringos heading for him full speed ahead.

During the next ten minutes or so the assorted finny and feathered inhabitants of Cholla Bay witnessed one of the wildest and craziest cop and robber chases in the history of Baja California. Picture if you can, this bewildered shark frantically trying to find its way back to deeper water pursued by a shouting, fist-waving salt water cowboy trying to run him down at every turn.

I'll have to confess that I too caught the fever about this time. I grabbed my rod which still had a jig attached and every time we got close to the shark I would heave my jig in front of him and try to grab hook him when he passed over. I honestly don't know what I would have done had I hooked him. Undoubtedly, I would have lost all of my gear and possibly a finger or two in the process. Finally, old sawtooth reached the safety of deep water and with another flip of his tail headed for the peace and quiet of the ocean bottom.

After it was all over and things had calmed down a bit, Ray and I looked rather sheepishly at one another. Then we both broke out laughing, thinking of the spectacle we must have made. I doubt if we will ever pull a stunt like that again . . . that is, until Ray sights another shark. When that happens, I won't guarantee what the result will be.

(Continued from page 3)

buckets to scoop out the sand, plus 250 ft. of Nylon anchor rope and chain, and men to help, towing the boats trailer there from the Bay. Four hours later, the boat was brought to Frank Lopez' work shop and what a mess it was. Two motors just filled with sand, the deck covering the bow section of the boat, split wide open by the impact of waves and sand. A sad but wiser bunch of fishermen.

Four jeeps worked over two hours unearthing a Station wagon from the deep muck its driver had buried it in over Black Mountain way. A group of young strangers from California, unfamiliar with the Bay's tides, decided to take a trip around the bay. High tides had brought the water up until it covered part of the road, so the driver decided it best to pass over to what looked like drier ground. We old timers know better but the tender age of twenty or so fails to use good judgment. Three jeeps, in an attempt to aid the mired down car, also left the safety of the water filled road with sad results. Came the call for help — a good old jeep was needed. Same old ugly jeep to the rescue. Pulled the three mired down jeeps out of their holes and onto the road and then, a caravan of four jeeps, plus a winch, and the helpless station wagon was yanked out of the mud to sound ground, even tho covered with water. Get's to be a pretty old story, this call for the use of jeeps and their owners to help foolish people in trouble. Foolish people on land and foolish people on the waters and life is never monotonous at Cholla Bay. Better look at those battered ugly old jeeps and sand buggies down there with respect and bless the men who own them and have helped on so many occasions.

A Windy Story

It's sure surprising, how a good strong wind will separate the men from the boys, when it comes to fishing. The greatest enemy of *Any* fisherman, be he beach type, boat type, spin type or just plain lover-type.

There is nothing more disgusting, than after a weeks planning & preparation and expense, to *finally* arrive at Cholla, full of vinegar and enthusiasm, and find the wind blowing so hard that there's even white caps in the toilet bowl.

Right here, is where the great separation takes place. The true lover-type fisherman thumbs his nose at the wind, scrounges up some choice little tid bits for bait, and gets down to business, wind or no wind.

Boy, if you want an out & out muscle-phoooping battle on your hands, just sink a hook into the scowling mouth of about a 30 or 40 pound sting-ray.

The next time you sneak away from the Big city to hit the Gulf for a weekend of frivolity & or fishing, and the wind tries to blow your falsises (teeth, that is) out, look up one of the local Mexican 'Carnada' salesmen and purchase a half dozen or so, mullet. Unlimber your longest, stoutest rod, either spinning or casting, use a reel loaded with 15 or heavier pound test if spinning, and at least 36 pound test if a

(Continued on page 10)

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(Continued from page 9)

conventional reel. Tie on a 2 or 3 oz. sinker and 18" steel or cable leader with about a 4/0 to 6/0 hook. Cut a mullet in half, slip your hook thru one piece, rear back on your hind legs, & fling it just as far on out into the Bay as you possibly can.

I can parctically guarantee action. It gets pretty mizzurable, I admit, sitting on a hard sharp rock holding a rod and facing into a stiff wind, but one stinger hookup is worth all this discomfort—if you really enjoy a good solid battle, and are not just a meat type fisherman.

Its hard to predict just how a stinger will hit. Sometimes the old boy will just inhale your bait as he's passing by and will hook himself. Other times you have to let him run like a sailfish before trying to nail him. Then again, I've had them just sort of squat smack dab on top of a piece of bait and liesurely (?) chomp it up, without giving you any indication that there is a fish within miles-so-be sure, after you've sat there for 15 or 20 minutes without a strike and intend to reel in to check your bait—haul back as hard as you can on your rod before you start cranking—just in case. Man, it's like tying to the back end of a runaway bull moose in heat when that old boy feels the hook.

For the sport who doesn't like to mess with trash type fish, you can rig up a much lighter outfit, and try for some of the seldom caught, because they are never really tried for, goodies.

Tie a standard surf leader (2 ft., 40 lb. test gut or mono with 2 drop loops, and a snap at one end & loop at the other) slip a No. 2 or No. 4 snelled hook into each of the drop loops, secure a small

sinker (¾ to 1½ oz.) at the snap end, anchor your line to the other end, and then start looking for bait. If you're lucky, one of the Mexican boys will direct you to the nearest supply of clams. If you are unable to procure clams, snooker someone out of a small herd of shrimp, squid or small (Quarter-sized) crabs.

It's unbelievable, the variety of species of finny fellers that sneak in and out of Cholla Bay with the tides, without anyone realizing that they're there. The majority of them aren't bothered one iota by wind-rilled up water either. They are all bottom feeders, and altho you won't catch any monsters in this manner, the variety you sack up makes it worth while.

I know you can catch the following fish in this manner, (during a high wind too, by gawd), and how many other bottom feeders I just couldn't guess. You'll nail bonefish, perch, pargo, porgy, grunts, croakers of all kinds (yellowfin, spotfin, corbina, & chinese) pompano, trout, rockbass, & migosh, I don't know what else.

As I said, none of these fish are big, but if you love to feel a hookup of some kind, rather than putting your little tail between your laigs just because the wind louses up a boat foray, leave the booze in the bottle and the cards in their case, charge out into the elements and get your feet wet doing something against your better judgement—it's FUN."

New 20' Owens w/75 HP Evinrude fully equipped. Tilt Trailer w/elect. winch. Cabin-bunks-head-galley, tailor made canvas cover—all extras. \$5170.00 value will take \$3500.00. Ruby J. Duval, 515 W. Orangewood, Phoenix.



Operation: Tide Chart

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

Great Tides Occur at Full & New Moon

Full Moon June 18
Last Quarter June 24
New Moon July 1
First Quarter July 9

June, 1962			
15	1235	22	0420
	—		1735
16	0020	23	0620
	1315		1825
17	0050	24	0620
	1355		1925
18	0130	25	0740
	1435		2035
19	0210	26	0900
	1515		2135
20	0250	27	1020
	1555		2225
21	0330	28	1120
	1645		2325

June, 1962			
29	1220	30	0015
	—		1310
July, 1962		JULY, 1962	
1	0055	8	0545
	1400		1840
2	0135	9	0635
	1440		1930
3	0215	10	0745
	1520		2020
4	0255	11	0855
	1600		2120
5	0335	12	1015
	1640		2210
6	0415	13	1115
	1720		2300
7	0455	14	1205
	1800		2340

On the Banks of the Wabash

Kathy Hitchcock

Bill Valentine, our congenial editor, asked me for a story, (fish, of course).

I started fishing as soon as I was big enough to hold a pole, on the Banks of the Wabash. So even tho this isn't Salty, there are some interesting things in that water also.

Did you ever catch an eel? This gal tangled wth one over 6' long so let me tell you about it.

I was living in Indianapolis, 172 miles from Terre Haute, which is on the Banks of the Wabash. That ends the geography lesson.

I was in the habit of driving every other weekend to Terre Haute, to go fishing (had relation there, too) This weekend I got out of the car, kissed the family,

(Continued on last page)

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DUE?

GEORGE W. FISHER

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THEN SEND

TUCSON, ARIZONA

CHECK

PERMIT No. 248

BULK RATE

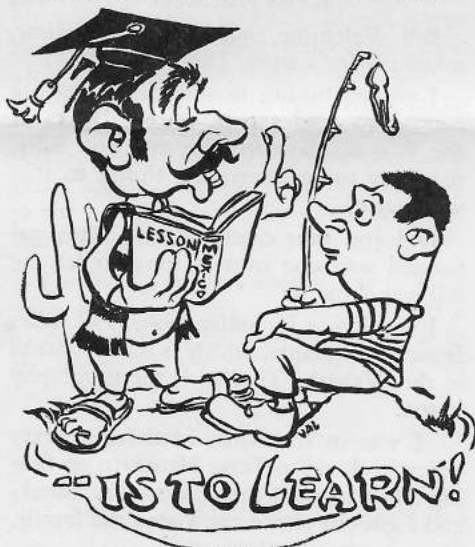
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Phoenix, Ariz.

11-62

& headed for the river. I had made my dough balls in advance of rotten liver, cheese, and corn meal. Went down and baited the trot line, came back, had a cup of tea, and headed out again about 9:30 P.M.

Now this boat I was fishing from is not much more than a canoe with oars, ran the lines a couple of times, rebaiting with dough balls, enjoying the moonlight, serenity of the river, and was about half way across when—wow WOW!!! I hadn't seen very many fish at that time I wouldn't take off the hook—but a snake—



(Con't next month)

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and that is what I though I had!

I got close enough to flip him in the canoe—then I started thinking about swimming for shore! I cut the hook, dropped the trot, and started rowing for shore using every third stroke to sock this eel. Got to shore faster than I ever did before. Then a bigger problem,—how to get it up the bank to my brothers?

I finally looped him around the oar, secured him, then tied the oar to a branch, and started up the bank. The bank is steep, & I'm tired, & still in a hurry too, cause the fish are still biting). I half run up the bank & to my brothers, looking back over my shoulder, and giving the branch a quick jerk so the eel would behave. It wiggled out of the ropes up the oar, and down the branch, so I came in on a run, threw it to my sister-in-law, and proceeded to go back fishing.

I caught 3 channel cats about 14½ to 15 lb. that night. So we had a FISH FRY on Sunday.

Since I had gone fishing while they were all visiting, they decided to play a dirty trick on me. I ate cat fish at the fish fry, enjoyed it until they informed me it was eel . . .

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 attend and bring their families. Visitors welcome.)