



## CAKE AUCTION PLUS ZIMMERS PANAMA TRIP JULY PROGRAM HI-LITES

By Curt Ligon, Program Chairman

### Prexy Speaks:

Our July 10 meeting will be an all fun meeting. Our Curt the Clown (Poor man's George Jessel) will be the show of the evening. If anyone can show off, this boy can. I hope everyone comes; please come early, as we have a full evening planned. How about a group from Tucson bringing cakes and driving up. Also Wickenburg, Tempe, Mesa and all other towns. Come early and have a laugh at this guy. Also enjoy Florence and Don Zimmer's film of their trip.

The mayor of Rocky Point now has the grader he has been expecting, and he will be given control of the club's dump truck soon so the road into Cholla Bay should be better soon.

The tourist committee president of Rocky Point now has a letter from the officials of the club requesting they have a meeting with the custom officials of Rocky Point concerning the custom's request that club members who go outside the freezone must secure a permit for their vehicles. I expect a report on that very soon.

Willis Fredlund of Cholla Bay has suggested we install several public rest rooms of the old improved W.P.A. type. He seems to have the plans all ready so the club will sure appreciate any and all suggestions. The club house needs 140 red brick to finish up the wall if anyone has any, call me.

AL SCOTT

There's a triple treat program on deck for the July 10th program meeting at the Goettl Auditorium in Phoenix. Round up your family and friends and attend!

Promptly at 8 P.M. we will have a short business meeting. (You promised, President Al.)

Then comes some fun — A CAKE AUCTION. Bring your favorite cake, the more be-decked the better. Curt, the Clown, will be our auctioneer and he says there will be a special prize for the most unusual and beautiful cake so, you ladies of our Club, bring out the best in your culinary talents and see what you can come up with. The money that Curt has promised he will bring in thru this cake auction will be used to bolster our treasury. And, believe me, a cake auction can be lots of fun with a clowning clown for the auctioneer.

Last but not least, the Zimmers will show and narrate the color pictures of their recent 11,000 mile round trip journey from Phoenix to the Panama Canal Zone. We have read their letters in the "Chatter" and here's your chance to see the sights they wrote about.

Following the program, we will have coffee and doughnuts as usual. Bring along the whole family and all prospective members you can find. Our July meeting is going to be a BIG SHOW — with something for everyone!

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## Cholla Chatter

Official Publication of the Cholla Bay Sportsmen Club, Inc.

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By Katherine Hitchcock

Bill Hammer, of the Arizona Messenger Printing, our sincerest thanks to you for the job you have done for the club. Thank you. We do sincerely regret leaving your company.

Bill Valentine, our Editor, has asked to resign from this job, due to his work load at his own company. Sorry Bill, as we really need you but, as we all know, work before "play".

Glen Stewart has been appointed to look into our possible taxes in Mexico.

Does anyone know we can find a used but serviceable deep freeze? We are still looking for one for an exchange to Lalo Iberra for power from his generator for the Club House and Radio Station. Any Donations?

For you members who haven't obtained club decals, contact your secretary. The large ones are \$1.00 — the small ones are 50c.

Speaking of things for sale. We are working on a burgee for the Club. It will be a thing of beauty!!! Perhaps at the same time we will make some Mexican Flags so that we can fly the proper colors while fishing in Mexico. There is a definite flag etiquette on flags flown in foreign waters. We are to fly the flag of the country on whose waters we are sailing in the place of honor — the Stern. Any other flag (in this case the American flag) is to be flown below. The Club Burgee or Pennant is to be flown from the Bow and then only when the Flag of Honor, such as the Mexican Flag, is on the Stern Staff.

In September, remember we will be again helping the Lions Club of Rocky Point at their Fishing Derby. Marge Claver is appearing for clothing to be presented the Lion members for their needy at that time.

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By Bill Valentine

I must be getting old. As I sit here on my hairy little duff, trying to think up a few choice morsels to thrill the beejasius outta you lucky readers, my usually fertile (you know — like in fertilizer) brain is one big fat blank.

I guess I could write about how the week end of June 15th made me eat more words about the success of jigging over bait fishing — or how my wife, my oldest son and my old man all outfished me and, then, to add insult to injury, I just got finished spending 2½ hours over a hot knife blade filleting their fish.

To start this story right, you all have undoubtedly read from time to time about what a purist I am when it comes to fishing for grouper or pinto — preferring to be the all-American boy — by using sporty type tackle, and, like the fresh-water fly fisherman, only using virgin feather jigs and teeny weency rods and reels.

Well, I'm here to tell you that the week end of June 15th has just about changed my method of operation. I decided to give my Dad a real thrill for Fathers Day — a chance to watch his talented son in action over a pulsating, throbbing fishing rod, snaking numerous fish from the vicinity of Cholla Bay. I also included my traitorous wife and her numerous offsprings to accompany me (so that they could shower me with Fathers Day presents which I so richly deserved).

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Anyhow, after reaching the cabin at Cholla Bay late Friday nite, we all sacked out so as to be fresh and brite Saturday morning for a nice early start to the fishing grounds. Next morning, after a good healthy breakfast, a consultation with Ramon and Pete about the Mackerel population cavorting around Pelican Point, Jessie, Mike, my Dad and myself gaily hopped aboard that beautiful sea-going slob, the Afrikan Queen, and headed out to do battle with any fish foolish enough to try and tangle with us. My girls had to stay ashore to comb their hair.

After crisscrossing Pelican Point for about 2 hours, we had sacked up quite a few nice mackerel, among which were 2 nice 5 pounders Mike had latched onto. He felt like a pretty big operator, having boated the 2 largest fish. Dad had neglected to take his dramamine in time and, 2 hours of ups and downs, was starting to wonder if his breakfast wasn't about to make a re-appearance via his front door, so to speak. Being by nature, a real neat boatkeeper (as anyone who has been lucky enuf to see my boat decor can testify) I hastily decided to beach Dad in a hurry before he came unglued.

After dumping Dad back on terra-firma, along with Mike, Jessie and my youngest female offspring, headed on back to see what we could do to load up our goodie sacks with. I had wisely stowed a rather heavy duty rod and 4/0 reel aboard to keep Jessies hands full while I was going to demonstrate my uncanny ability with the productive light sport type jig rig. Stopping over a small reef I have a nodding acquaintance with, I proceeded to slice a Mack in half, slip it onto the 7/0 hook at the end of Jessies line and have her safely in business.

(Continued on Page 4)

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Well, I could prattle on for hours about the unequal contest that took place for the rest of the afternoon. That woman flat ruined my whole day. She caught ~~more~~ damn grouper in 3 hours, using those ripe Macks for bait, than I caught in a week, using a Jig. She hooked onto what I firmly believe was a Mexican submarine on maneuvers because, whatever it was, it peeled line off the reel so fast she was screaming bloody murder. I cranked the motor and started to chase it and, so help me, even with me chasing the damn thing at 3/4 throttle, it still peeled line. Whatever it was must be bumping his head against Hoover dam. By now he was going to damn fast in that direction to ever to be able to stop before then. Saturday evening, when we pulled into the landing, Jessie had worn me out gaffing and sacking the fish she caught but, still convinced it was all a fluke, I sneered at her manner of taking fish.

Believing Dad to be more of a gentleman, I let him accompany me on Sunday, refusing to let Jess set foot in the boat again till she decided to change her ways. You guessed it — the old boy followed Jessies advice instead of mine, and, instead of behaving like a man of his advanced age should, he pulled the same stunt on me that she did — namely — skunked me and my pretty little feathers. And — to finally wash me out completely, Mike, who had joined Dad and I, let a fish pull my oldest and best jigging outfit (a Shakespeare Wonderod, Penn Peer Reel with 20# monofilament) one which I had used for 12 years, right out of his slick little hands.

You can bet your bottom dollar, I am changing my horrible ways from now on, and, altho I'm still going to jig now and then, when it comes time for getting meat on the table, I'm going to see that there's bigawd bait aboard, and an outfit heavy enuf to stop the Queen Mary within reach of my hot little hands.

## Cecil Gary New Editor

Cecil Gary will be our new editor. Unfortunately Bill Valentine was forced to resign from this office. Says he — "Sorry fellows, but I can't do the job. It's too big a job for me together with my everyday working for a living. Hate to let you down like this, but it's a must."

Bill did the job alone and that is too big a job for anyone. The new Editor will have the assistance of a crew of women, who this month came forth to help as they could with the editing of this important and much desired little magazine. Club members say they like it and enjoy it. Ram-riding this months edition was President Al Scott, Helen Reed, Lela Gary, Ilene Harper, Adeline Sanderson and Myrt Johnson. They literally grabbed the bull by the horns, so to speak, and did the best job they could. It proved a liberal education to them all, which will help them during the months ahead as they assist the Editor in giving the members the same interesting Chatter.

The writers are the same and will continue to give their stories each month, but—the Chatter must have an Editor, who will not have to do the job alone but will have the assistance of all the people who fumbled their way thru this edition.

Writing for the Chatter is not limited to the present writers. Everyone's stories are gratefully accepted. If you have an interesting story to tell, type it up — double esting story to tell, type it up — and send it on to your Editor.

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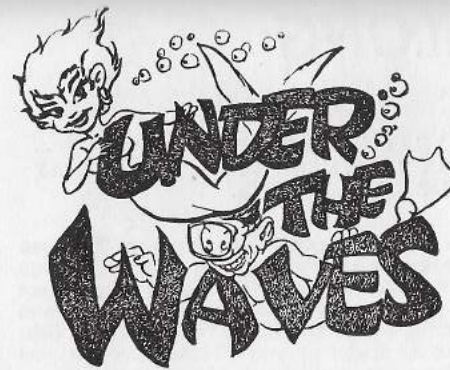
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by W. E. Wells

During most of the summer months, a prolonged offshore wind may bring large quantities of unwelcome visitors to the surf and beaches of the Gulf, the Portuguese Man-of-War or Physalia.

This fellow is one of the most dangerous creatures that the skin diver, swimmer, or surf fisherman may meet in these waters and its attractive appearance belies its venomous nature.

The Physalia is a relative of the jellyfish family and looks like a small plastic bubble, an inch or so long, with a blue or purple color on the bottom of the bubble. His tentacles may extend down several feet or may be drawn up to only a few inches and are liberally supplied with stinging cells. The gas filled float acts as a sail and they may move many miles in a short time.

Before going swimming or diving during the summer months, one should take a walk along the beach watching the waterline for Physalia which have been blown in by the winds and stranded. If you find them scattered along at intervals — stay out of the water! If you must go in, always look up to the surface before you surface to make sure you are not going to come up under one.

If you come into contact with the tentacles, you will experience a severe burning pain which may incapacitate you or lead to complete collapse depending upon the severity of the contact and your sensitivity. You are, incidentally, likely to become more sensitive with each exposure.

The first thing to do is to get out of the water and remove the sticky tentacles from your body by rubbing with sand and water and then if it is available, wash with alcohol, gasoline or any organic solvent — this will destroy the cells. Further treatment needed should be under the direction of a doctor.

Fortunately these little fellows will only be in the local waters a few days each year, so just keep your eyes open, use your common sense and enjoy the beautiful waters of the Gulf.

## Tucson Talking

By Les Conlisk, Secretary

At our meeting of May 15, there was a lot of conversation about the Derby. Lots of information could be gained as to what bait to use, etc., to catch each kind of fish. I overhead one member ask another if he fished with flies. The other replied, "I hope to tell you I did. I fished, camped, dined and slept with them."

We acquired four new members. They are: Richard Case, Tucson; and Brownie Knezevich, James Mitchell and Ray Mitchell, all from the Crayrok, Inc. of Boone, Iowa.

Visitors welcomed to our group were: (Carborca) Hipalie Garcia, Angelo Ciminelli, Harvey Mallins, Colonel Farris and Colonel Conley. We are always happy to have visitors.

Dorothy Walker announced that she finally has the Decals, of the Cholla Bay emblems, to stick on your windshield, that so many have been asking about. Contact her and get yours, it will help advertise the Club.

Dave Crane has everyone ready to go sail fishing. He displayed some beautiful fiberglass outriggers. They can be purchased from the Thunderbird Marine, 1330 So. Alvernon, Tucson.

Gus Altfillisch showed a very appropriate film about "Safety on Water." We had just had some good pointers on safety by Chas. Moore & Dave Crane.

Door prizes were a swell fishing rod and a large roll of hand line by Thunderbird Marine, and a Bolo tie & Earrings donated by Harry Jones. Ray Stahl won the fishing pole, Wayne De Vore won the hand line, Howard Dutcher won the bolo tie and Edith Tyra won the earrings.

We also had another film from the University of Arizona Film Library, 'Spongue, Treasure from the Sea,' secured by Mrs. Walker.

We wish to thank Gus Altfillisch of the 22nd St. Boat Dock, for always being on hand to show us our films. It always makes the meetings more enjoyable.

Plan to attend our next meeting and bring your friends. We'll see you there. Moose Lodge, 378 N. Main Ave. 7:30 P.M. Our July meeting will be on the 17th.

Les Conlisk, Secretary Tucson Chapter

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# GOING ALONG

By Al Scott

**SOLITUDE IN THE OUTDOORS IS A LUXURY FEW SPORTSMEN KNOW — AND FEWER APPRECIATE. ALONE — YOU TRAVEL WHERE YOU CHOOSE, STAY AS LONG AS YOU LIKE, AND ARE BEHOLDEN TO NO ONE.**

I stopped in at Dick's Drive In for a cup of java on my way back to the job and was surprised to find Jack finishing the In's special plate lunch.

"I thought you were going fishing?" I said.

"Aw, I couldn't find any one to go with me," he replied. "So I stayed home and worked."

His statement shocked me so that I hardly knew I was having a cup of coffee. To think any one would rather work than go fishing alone had never entered my mind. I don't prefer work to any thing. As a matter of fact, I enjoy going alone. Maybe it's because I got an early start at doing just that as a small Texas boy. I spent all my free time either hunting or fishing.

I would travel ten miles to a lake, either by foot or by horse, fish all day for perch or catfish and then travel back to the farm at night. And I usually caught a lot of fish. My dad could eat more fish than any person I have ever known — which probably was the reason I was permitted to go alone.

I got in the habit of hunting and fishing alone. My motives are, I must admit, partly selfish. When a covey rises, any bird you shoot is yours. If you flush a pair of quail you can pick the easier shot, regardless of whether the bird flies right or left. Every thing flies your way when you hunt alone. There are never any discussions as to where you should go, which way you should hunt, how long you should stay, where to put the decoy, or anything else. You have no one to please but yourself.

When you wade a trout stream alone, every good looking eddy is yours and when you fish the shore line for bass you can cast

to every tempting bit of cover. You can cook a meal for one man over a fire you can cover with your hat. And there is not a thing in the world to keep a man from eating out of the skillet. You can start fishing as early as you like, quit when you please, or stay out as late as you can see. You eliminate unwanted conversation when you fish alone. There is no one to tell you something you already knew or didn't want to hear in the first place. There are still many other reasons for fishing alone. When you are alone you are more alert, your senses are attuned to your surroundings, you see more and hear more, and since enjoying nature is certainly one of the valid reasons for getting out of doors in the first place you are rewarded more richly.

There comes a time when you go alone, especially if you venture into the wilderness, where there is not another human being within many miles. Then the sudden, awful realization of your loneliness hits you. It is a powerful — almost overpowering — feeling. At this moment, no matter how successful you may be among your fellow men, you realize that you are infinitely small in the scheme of things.

This feeling usually comes beside the camp fire. You've been busy all day fishing, walking, making camp, cooking dinner. Now, with time to relax and enjoy a pipe before bedtime, you look up at the stars that have been following their same orbits for no telling how long and you suddenly realize that nothing you could do would make an iota's difference.

You finish your pipe and think its about time to hit the sack. You lay on your back, the stars in your eyes, there seems to be so many tonight. Above the murmur of the river, you hear the night sounds. Way off a fox yaps, a twig snaps. It startles you for a moment, must be a flying squirrel gliding down to inspect your camp. But in any woods at night, there are always noises you can't identify. Suddenly the sun is in your eyes, breakfast over you are soon on your way.

I doubt if there are many streams or lakes in Arizona I have not fished, from the tulies on the Colorado River to the beaver dams on Pacheet Creek. One can discover, as a lone wanderer must find for himself, the rich reward for the one who goes alone.



## 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 July 17	30	0045
Last ¼ July 24		1340
New Moon July 31	31	0125
First ¼ August 8		1420
July, 1962		August, 1962
15 1255	1	0205
15 0030		1500
	2	0245
17 1335		1530
17 0110	3	0315
		1600
18 1415	4	0355
18 0150		1630
	5	0425
19 1455		1700
19 0240	6	0505
		1740
20 1535	7	0545
20 0330		1820
	8	0645
21 1625		1910
21 0410	9	0805
		2010
22 1705	10	0935
22 0510		2120
	11	1045
23 1755		2220
23 0610	12	1145
		2320
24 1855	13	—
24 0720		1235
	14	0010
25 1955		1315
25 0840		
26 2105		
26 1000		
27 2205		
27 1120		
28 2305		
28 1220		
29 2355		
29 —		
30 1300		



by Lela Gary

This Green Chili Casserole is a dish with a real south of the border flavor to cook on one of those "rare" days at Cholla Bay when the wind blows and there are no fish to fry. All the ingredients are easy to obtain and store with minimum refrigeration. Pack in your food box; 1—5 oz. can of chicken, 1—10½ oz. can cream of chicken soup, 1 small can green chili (chopped), 1 doz. corn tortillas and some jack cheese.

About 45 minutes before mealtime melt 1 inch of fat in a saucepan. When it is hot drop the tortillas in one at a time for only a minute (until they sing to you). Drain them well on paper towels. Pour fat out of the saucepan and mix together the chicken, chili, soup, ¾ can of water, salt and pepper. Heat. Cut up tortillas into bite size pieces and put half of them in a casserole, add half the cheese, grated, top with layers of remaining tortillas and cheese and pour soup mixture over all. Cook at 350° for 25 minutes. If you haven't an oven put the ingredients in a heavy pan and cook on a low burner or coals. This amount serves 3-4 but can easily be doubled or tripled for a crowd.

We enjoy this north of the border too. It's so good served with corn-on-the-cob, garlic toast, tossed salad and fruit.

Thanks to Ida Bourland for this recipe. Won't you share your favorite Cholla Bay recipe with us?

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## Down Mexico Way

Marvin Avery, his wife and brother-in-law, Doyle Poor, all of Phoenix, have certainly beat all records in fish catches at Cholla Bay so far this year. Mr. Avery says he comes to the bay always during the dark of the moon and he and his party were there May 30th. The next day they fished what is known as the 18 mile reef, with Marcello as their guide. Weighed in that afternoon on the club scales at the Bay, with many witnesses, was a sea bass tipping the scale at 153 lbs. and a 65 lb. grouper, the latter caught by Mr. Poor, the bass by Mr. Avery. Saturday they fished the same reef and, when everyone else was catching nothing but sand shark, they came in with 5 sea bass averaging 80 to 85 lbs. each. Mrs. Avery brot one in and that ended her fishing for the day — no strength left. Mr. Poor landed 2 of them with Marcello and Mr. Avery one each. That's luck for you.

Ask Sunny Kraft what can happen if you are caught at the border, enroute home, with a five day pass that has expired. There were three in his party and all with passes that had expired. These five day visas or passes state definitely that they are not extendable. Knowing their passes had expired, the three had made a trip to Rocky Point and contacted officials and secured what they felt was a legal paper, merely a few words in pencil on the back of a blank check and signed by said official. Result at the border — unless they could come up with \$120.00 in cold cash as an official fine, they could not pass thru to the states. In fact, Sunny darn near was escorted to jail but was given first the opportunity to dig up the \$120.00. Fortunately, Howard Cofinger of Wickenburg came across the border enroute to the Bay and helped the Kraft trio with the balance of the money needed to pay their fine. With the \$120.00 held tight in his husky mitt, Sunny and his party again approached the border to find the official that had stopped him from going across because of expired passes, had left and was not present to press his charges. Result — the Kraft crowd was allowed to re-enter the states this time without paying the fine but admonished to never let this happen again.

The Mexican Officials were in the right and merely enforcing their border laws. If you enter Mexico on a temporary one trip

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five day visa, be sure you are at the border before it expires and, if you wish to remain in Mexico for a longer period of time, get new visas. Otherwise you are subject to a lawful fine. (Sunny — apologies to you for the use of your name. You may get some phone calls because of this — but surely you won't mind saving some one else from paying a fine they possibly could not afford, or have in their possession when they need it.)

The Tucson Chapter decided to do something to raise money for the clubs Search & Rescue fund. To date — that fund has not a single penny of money earmarked for such a service. Anyone who has assisted in Search & Rescue missions both by boat and by jeep and sand buggies, or even motor mules, have done so out of the goodness of their hearts and paid for the cost of such missions out of their own pockets, so to speak. Should their be a death by drowning in the waters of the Gulf of California (and thank God there has not been any for over a year) of any member of the club, then only would the Search & Rescue Fund have money. To be brutally frank, for every death of a club member, the Search & Rescue Fund will receive \$2,500.00 which will be paid to the Club thru our Accidental Death Benefit Insurance plan. Therefore, to start the ball rolling and get some money into our Search & Rescue Fund, the Tucson Chapter will hold a benefit drawing for a Johnson 10 HP Outboard Motor, Sunday, September 2, 1962 at Cholla Bay, Sonora, Mexico. Donations each \$1.00. Proceeds for the Search & Rescue Fund. Bring along your dollars to the club meetings and do your little part for this very necessary project.

Pete and Iva Barker are home from their long trip down the Baha Side of the Gulf of California, driving their Power Wagon,

returning home via a "slow ship to Mazatlan," having their car and gear portaged across. They spent over a week at LaPaz waiting for a boat that would bring them and their wagon across and when they finally found one, the weather ran afoul and they spent 41 long and miserable hours aboard ship crossing the Gulf in rough waters. Iva says she spent most of her time in her bed in the Power Wagon because there was no other place for her and she added "in my pajamas no less." Asked what would she have done if they had been swept overboard she answered "You wouldn't have drowned any quicker in pajamas than fully clothed — you would have been just as drowned."

The King Mackerel are in — Hurrah. Everyone down at the bay had a ball over the weekend of June 16-17. About twenty boats trolled the area from Pelican Point and along the shelly beach area, pulling in these beautiful fish as fast as the bait and hook hit the water. Said Glen Stewart — "I have never seen so many big King Mackerel brot to shore in my life." Do you suppose they will still be there yet over the week of July 4th?

## Ambulance???

What is happening to our Ambulance for Rocky Point Fund. Have you made your contribution, however small, to help make this much needed facility for the Rocky Point Hospital a reality? Money from Club funds cannot be used for this project — it must come from individual donations.

What if some one needed an ambulance while on a visit to Cholla Bay? What if your small son or daughter drowned in the waters of the Bay and an ambulance and resusitator could save its life? Would you then be happy you had made even a dollar donation? There could be a fishing disaster that necessitated the use of an ambulance and resusitator to prevent a death or deaths. We all enjoy the Cholla Bay area of Mexico and spend as much time there as we can. Let's bring to the Mexican people living in that area as much as we can to help them. Let's help them get their ambulance.

## NACHO'S PLACE

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## No Camera

By Myrt Johnson

You can carry a camera with you wherever you go for months on end and never see anything that would warrant photographing — but just leave it at home and see what happens. While on our vacation last March, both at the Bay and at Guaymas, this proved only too true. My log of that vacation has this to say as of Tuesday March 6th — "Witnessed today a ceremony I will never forget." Made a trip to Rocky Point and noticed on entering the town that all homes and business places were decorated with banners of light blue and white. A lovely sight. Approaching the church, noted a large gathering out of doors. Parked the car and walked over to see what was happening. There, in front of the church, towed by a truck, was a boat — both truck and boat completely swathed in cloth of light blue and white. Seated in the rear seat of the boat were two little Mexican girls, dressed in the same colors, and adorned with beautiful wings. Towards the bow of the boat we saw the figure of a virgin standing erect. Questioning the natives we found this was the celebration of the Virgin Fatima. A Padre was there, conducting the celebration servies, coming there for this particular occasion, and conducting marriage and baptismal services also. Rocky Point has not had a regular priest serving their church so, when a visiting priest does visit that town, he has many duties to perform outside of holding masses. The Virgin Fatima watches over all the boats

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and the fishermen in Mexico and this celebration was a momentous one and very beautiful. A sight well worth photographing. And where was my camera? In our camp at Cholla Bay.

At Guaymas, visiting one of the embarcaderos in search of fishermen who might have some unusual shells brought in from the deep, witnessed a sight both fascinating and gruesome. A large ship was bringing in a load of half starved cattle to graze in the Guaymas area. The manner of unloading those cattle seemed very cruel, but when analyzed, was not. In Mexico, many rather crude methods must be used to accomplish some jobs and unloading cattle was one. A rope sling was fashioned in such a manner as to pass around the cows neck and up over the horns and fastened so the cows neck was firmly confined in the sling. The cow was then pulled upwards until its hind legs cleared the deck of the boat, the rope fastened to a sort of boom or spar. In this manner the boom carried the cow out from the boat deck to the wharf, slowly dropped until it lay on its side and the sling removed.

Some of those cows were so weak and gaunt they could scarcely raise themselves to stand on all four legs. Carefully explained to me was that this was not really gruesome or cruel because the cows were not hurt at all and that the natives really had contrived a god method of unloading the cattle. Standing there fascinated and unaware of the fact that here was something really worth while photographing, none of us came down to earth until it was too late, as we found out. Our camp was a good ten miles away and our cameras were there. We drove as fast as we could to camp and grabbed our cameras and then broke all speed records getting back there to find, not only had all the cattle been unloaded, but had been taken away, with the exception of one poor gaunt animal that evidently did not have the strength to walk to the grazing area and was left behind, to be fed and watered before joining its companions. Why did we leave our cameras at home? We had always had them with us at

all our past visits to the embarcaderos and when we really wanted them, they were miles away.

Enroute to Guaymas by car, in a pelting rain, we passed thru the town of Santa Ana and, as we drove along the highway, just outside of the town we noted a beautiful shrine of the Virgin Fatima. We had the camera with us of course but there was not sufficient light to warrant a picture so we decided to make it a point to get a photograph on our return trip. Huh! We did not.

One of the first social events at Guaymas attended as invited guests was the official opening of the Club de Yates at San Carlos. Cocktails from 6 to 8 P.M. with the famous Mirimba Orchestra. Have you ever seen seven men playing two mirimbas at one time? We did. Four at one and three at the other, with saxophone, trumpet and a clever drummer to boot. Camera in our cabin just a mile away. Dashed to get it and camera all set for some great pictures in color. When can you find more colorful sights than in Mexico? Two shots of the orchestra, and how happy they were to know they were being photographed. Came closer to get a better shot and what happens? Flash won't work. Do you know that, in all of Guaymas, we could not find a battery to fit our flash attachment? Oh well - there would be lots of other interesting subjects out of doors. One roll of film taken here and there and the camera worked fine. Then came the evening when Ken came running to get me and the camera to take a shot of a most unusual sunset. I ran with him to the beach and got two shots and then a third farther down the beach when something happened. A funny whirring sound, indicating that the partly exposed film had just rewound itself backwards. Rewound it (this is an automatic camera, taking ten pictures at the time before rewinding) and tried another shot. Same thing happened. No where in Guaymas could we find anyone that would tackle the job of finding out what was wrong and correct it. From then on we never knew whether we were getting good pictures or

not because that camera kept winding itself backwards and we just wound it up again and took a shot and the camera almost always defying us. There we were, in the land of color and interesting sights and a camera that persisted in being erratic, so we finally let go of our last roll of color film to a friend who needed one very badly. Enroute home and approaching Santa Ana, I checked my camera and found we had taken the last of the roll and there was that beautiful Shrine of the Virgin Fatima and we with not a single shot left in our camera. Such is life - Camera when you don't need it and either not with you or not in working order when you want it most.

## Our Club In Days And Ways

The Cholla Bay Sportsmen's Club is going to have some down to earth, honest to goodness publicity. The Days and Ways Magazine Staff recently became aware of what our Club has been doing in the way of furthering good neighbor relations with the Mexican people. Club members were approached for an actual photographed story, with Esther Clark, Feature Writer, and Bud DeWald, Photographer, on the scene. The time was set for Thursday, May 31st. Some fast work was needed but it was done and several cars and trucks were on their way with donations of milk, beans, rice and a good supply of clothes for the Mexican people of the poorer class. These donations were to be presented to the Lions and Lioness Clubs of Puerto Penasco for distribution to the needy. Arrangements were made thru a letter to our good friend Gerardo Portugal and when the American arrived there they found he had done an excellent job. The scene of the presentation of these donations was the new Club House of the Lions out on the main highway and, there to greet the assembly of donors were the official members of the Lions Club, together with many of the women of the Lioness Club. Bud DeWald gave the orders and everyone obeyed and thus the photographing job was done. Esther Clark interviewed the officials assisted by Senor Portugal as interpreter.

Four hundred pounds of dried milk, beans and rice were brot in one hundred pound sacks and that is where the work and fun started. Everyone pitched in sacking this food in individual plastic bags - the Lioness' of the town doing their share. Some ladled the food out into the bags and another group was given the job of tying the bags. On hand from our Club were Past President, Ed Smith and wife Janey, Past Vice President Bob Taylor and wife Alice, President Al Scott, Frank and Marge Claver, Myrt Johnson and Gina Shahan.

Friday morning, Esther Clark and Bud DeWald covered the presentation of the food and clothing to the needy, the scene for this activity being the Kindergarten. Last, but not least, was the presentation of over \$300.00 worth of vitamin pills to Doctor El Compo which he will distribute to the undernourished children of that vicinity. A doctor who is truly a humanitarian.

Watch for this story in the Days and Ways Magazine within sixty to ninety days. A great story of what the American members of the Cholla Bay Sportsmen's Club are doing to help as needed down in the forgotten part of Mexico - Puerto Penasco. This project we have started and this we will continue - bringing food and clothing to the needy people of our neighboring country to the south. All this thru individual donations - not club funds.

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## Help Wanted

by Cecil Gary

No experience necessary, short hours, work when you want to! Only requirement is an interest in Cholla Bay. Pay? — None! None, that is, except the fun of seeing your own experiences go into print in your favorite publication — the Chatter.

rite down the account of your first or last trip to Cholla Bay, the new trick you've found to fool the fish (if you are willing to share this secret) or even the recipe for your favorite fishing fare. Stories and article about places other than Cholla Bay of interest to sportsmen are also very much appreciated.

If you type, double space your work and it's ready for the printer. If you don't type we have a crew that will be glad to do it for you. Sooo, just send your story along. Mail your work to the club post office box

or give it to president Al Scott, editor Cecil Gary or any of the people mentioned on page 4.

We hope there will be many who will answer this call for "help wanted." How about hearing from someone down Tucson way?

### TUCSON JULY MEETING

Next meeting Tucson Chapter is July 17 — at the Moose Lodge — good entertainment.

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(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.)