



COLOR MOVIES OF 1962 DERBY FEATURE OF AUGUST MEETING

A truly interesting program has been scheduled for the Cholla Bay Sportsmen's Club regular meeting Tuesday evening, August 14. Ray and Adeline Sanderson will show their color movie of the April 1962 Fishing Derby. They came to the Derby well supplied with film and covered every phase of the Derby, plus unusual shore activities.

Who knows who all were caught unaware during this two day event by Adeline, as she went here and there on her Motor Mule, always on the watch for an interesting subject. Ray, when not fishing, did not miss a single opportunity to add to the movie. The Derby is recorded in color complete with shots of the women preparing the fabulous salads, the cook preparing the remainder of the meal, the crowd that came to eat their fill of delicious fried fish with all the trimmings, Curt the Clown with his circus train entertaining the children and having the time of his life. All this together with every beach activity of interest, such as boats being launched on fishing expeditions, as many shots as possible of the fish catches brought in to be weighed. How many other activities were caught in action, no one knows unless they see this color movie of our Derby.

If you have a friend who has never attended a Derby, by all means bring him or her to this program meeting so they can see just how much fun this event provides for all. Bring the whole family too—maybe one of them has been photographed. The date is Tuesday, August 14, 8:00 P.M., at the Cocttl Bros. Auditorium. The attendance at our last meeting was one of the largest in months. Let's show our appreciation to the Sandersons for their efforts, and to Curt the Clown, program Chairman, by having just as large a crowd present. You will enjoy it — That is a promise.

PREXY SPEAKS

Due to circumstances beyond the club's control, Gina Shahan is no longer with our radio at Cholla Bay. Gina made many friends and I am sure will be missed by many. The club wishes Gina and her husband much luck in the future.

The Board of Directors in a meeting at Cholla Bay with several officials of the Mexican Government received instructions as to how we should proceed to secure a permit for our Marine Radio in the club's name. The papers they requested have been delivered to the person named to receive it. The official said the permit should be in our hands before long.

The new radio operator Jesus Martinez must also be licensed. Papers are now being prepared so that too may be brought to a conclusion. I am sure everyone will like Martinez. Stop by and talk to this gentleman — he will greet you with a smile.

If you missed the club's cake sale at last meeting be sure you don't miss the next one at our September meeting. It was quite a Ball plus some beautiful movies by the Zimmers. The next two weeks I will spend at Seattle and World's Fair. Maybe I will pick up some ideas we can use.

See you August Meeting.

Al Scott

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| | |
|-----------------------|----|
| Monitor Channel | 22 |
| Conversation | 16 |
| Conversation | 11 |
| Conversation | 9 |
| Conversation | 5 |

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| | |
|------------|------------------|
| 2182 | Safety & Calling |
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| 2738 | Intership |
| 2638 | Intership |

Cholla Chatter

Official Publication of the Cholla Bay Sportsmen Club, Inc.

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LABOR DAY DERBY DATES SET—

Cholla Bay will again be the scene of a Fishing Derby come Saturday and Sunday, September 1st and 2nd. This will be the Fifth Derby put on by the Rocky Point Lions Club together with the cooperation of the Cholla Bay Sportsmen's Club. There will be two days of fishing with the one thought in mind, that of bringing in a prize winning fish. Sunday evening, after the last fish has been weighed in, just before the deadline, and everyone has eaten their fill of the delicious food prepared by the women of the Lioness Club of Rocky Point, then comes the entertainment by the lovely Senoritas and young Senors, interspersed with the presentation of trophies and awards to the lucky winners. Our very good friends of the Rocky Point Lions Club will be on hand to make the presentations, with our own Curt the Clown as emcee. Having the qualification of being able to speak the Spanish language fluently, Curt should really outdo himself, comedian that he is.

The members of the Lions Club of Rocky Point have decided to start the sale of tickets for the two day derby a month in advance, thus giving them a better chance

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to come out better financially. They will be on sael at the August meetings of both the Phoenix and Tucson Chapters. Proceeds from the Derby will go for many worth while projects that the Rocky Point Lions Club has assumed responsibility for, such as maintaining the Kindergarten for the orphans and needy, free polio shots for all the children, and other charitable projects.

Anyone who has attended a fishing derby, knows how much fun it can be, and those who are strangers to this sort of an event, should come and join the sport. You may win a trophy or prize, but even tho you don't, remember you are helping with a worthy cause. There will be dancing Sunday night and, please this year, let's all we Americanos join in the fun and show off your talents and help make the dance a success. Let's do the twist!

This follows the eating and precedes the entertainment and prize presentations.

Editor Speaks

By Cecil Gary

Horse racing is called the sport of Kings. This may be, but to me deep sea fishing comes much closer to being a sport for the Kings and Queens of the Cholla Bay.

Like many at first I thought that one could not catch fish except from a boat. Not that I didn't know lots of people who do all right from the beaches. I tried surfing several times trying to pull out the stopper. Then the last time I tried at the Big sand beach I first pulled in an old friend the Trigger fish and then in a couple more casts out came a nice sea trout which I promptly took back to the bay and had the wife cook for supper. Never tasted anything better. All this time the wind was blowing white caps over the bay and the point was nothing but white ROUGH waves. So for all who go down for the Mexican derby if the weather is too rough for a boat try your luck, (OH, I mean skill) at one of the many beaches.

NOW for a few words so all who read this don't go on the Deep end. We have been doing real well in the last year. No one has been DROWNED or hurt in a boating accident so let's all be especially careful during the Mexican Labor Day derby.

Sure we all say "I am always careful," but it is very easy to get careless, lazy, and over confident and fail to use our heads. Be Safe and get home with a few fish and some good memories. Don't try to catch fish or go boating when it is not safe! You might make the headlines on the obituary page. Take plenty gas Plus some more. Take a flashlight, extra water and food. If your boat should sink stay with the wreckage. If any part stays afloat you will be much easier to find and picked up. Be sure to check out and back in every time you go out, at the radio shack. HAVE SAFE FUN AND GOOD LUCK.



DERBY TIME AGAIN

by Bill Valentine

Migosh, another derby approaches, and we're just barely recovering from the last one. This one, God love them, is being sponsored by our partners in Mexico, the Rocky Point Lions Club.

When these good people put on a derby, they really go all out. Some of the fabulous merchandise prizes are beyond compare. The valuable trophies awarded will make any angler do his utmost to catch 'The Big One'.

Being held in September, it gives the bottom fisherman, the light tackle troller, the beach spinfisherman and the blue water addict, all a fair and equal chance to gather in a multitude of loot.

The largest and meanest of the Mexican Mackerel tribe, the mighty King Cero, is just daring any foolhardy light tackle fisherman to offer him a shiny spoon. Trolling a spoon fast enough to have it skip out on the surface occasionally, will almost guarantee you a hookup along the rocky shoreline between Pelican Point and Sand Beach. One thing I learned a long time ago — don't ever use a shiny swivel tied to your line when trolling for macks, they seem to prefer hitting a swivel before a lure, and those razor sharp teeth will make you poorer by about a buck and a half's worth of terminal tackle.

The Grouper and Pinto fishermen, as usual, will be able to load up over their favorite reefs. This is a sneaky thing to do, ind will probably turn a few large boat owners against me, but here's a little advice for you poorer-type fishermen (like myself) who can't afford a depth finder. Ascertain which big boat is equipped with a sonar device, and then just simply follow it out to a reef. This is about the laziest way to locate one, but it works.

A darn good idea also, if you prefer bait fishing over trolling for these bottom covers, is to gather in a sack full of mackerel for bait. Using either a half or whole mackerel over a reef will surely bring you plenty of action. If you start hanging sharks, don't cuss me, just move on. Mullet are dandy bait also, but cost a little more — and besides, you'll find that catching your bait is nearly as much fun as catching grouper, if you use a light outfit to do it with.

September, for the spin fisherman, is almost as productive as early April. Usually, the shoreline is swarming with bait and birds. Big Full Trout, Pompano and Lady or Bonefish are in abundance, and it actually isn't uncommon for some lucky guy (or gal) to hook up with a Yellowfin.

I can remember, many years ago, when three of us guys would jump into the "Queen", and roar on down (or up) the coast, pick a likely looking spot, beach the boat, and start casting. We would invariably connect. We would fish out a complete tide change, and never ever see another human being. Boy, with the advent of the beach buggys, those guys are gone forever. You cannot travel in either direction from Cholla without running into competition.

Anyway, the guy with the surf spinning rig, can have all of the sport he wants in September.

The blue water fisherman can't miss. The leaping hungry sailfish are present, in great numbers, slashing the byways as out of the mackerel, mullett, flying fish and skipjack unlucky enough to get in their way.

That glamour boy, the old bull dolphin along with his beautifully decked out gal friends, are scrambling all over the blue water area looking for shade, so if you run across any floating object out thar, be sure and investigate under the shadow it casts, cause 9 chances out of 10, a herd of dolphin will be lurking there. Remember, a dolphin will take a sailfish bait, but they are much harder to hook, and a lot harder to boat due to the length of the average sail leader. I've lost a beautiful fish, just by trying to handline a 15' leader into the

(Continued on Page 4)

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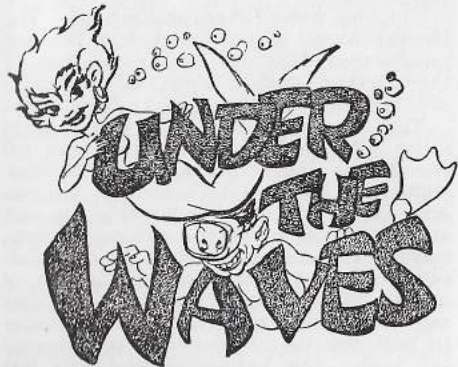
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(Continued from Page 3)
 boat after absolutely whipping the fish, due to the fact that my arms weren't as whippy as the rod I was using. On the other hand, if you get a doll hook up on a short leaded feather rig, you've got better than a 50-50 chance of sacking him up.

Those scrappy "Baby Tuna", the Bar-raletta, or Skipjack and Bonita, are schooled up by the hundreds in the blue waters in September. These gamey little tigers will rare back on their hind legs and just flat make you sweat bucketsfull before giving up.

Yep, the fish are all present in September, are getting their fall appetites whetted up for any and all offerings, so be sure and get on down to Cholla for our good neighbors fishing derby, and bring home a barrelfull of imported prizes.



By Boris Innocenti

If you have ever doubted the existence of fish after ours of futile waiting without a nibble you were right, they left. I don't know where they went but they are sure not around where you want them to be. Funny but Pelicans seem to know it too because they went to the same place the fish went to.

Well, I am a curious individual and one way to satisfy my curiosity was to put on a face plate and flippers and go see for myself. I must confess I have never solved this riddle but I have never regretted having put on that face plate for my first look under the waves. This is probably due to the fact our finny friends do not take their vacations too frequently. In fact except for these rare holidays you would be surprised at the life that abounds in just the waters off Pelican Point.

Just put on a mask and you will see fish that the fisherman never sees except in aquariums because most of these fish do not take to the hook.

Sargent Majors galore — these are beautiful gold fish 3 to 10 inches in length covered with vertical black bars. Exotic color fish of both sexes, one the negative coloring of the other. Opal eyes by the hundreds, small black fish found in very shallow wa-

ter. Then there are the Pargo which to some extent look like overgrown Sargent Majors. There are those beautiful green Parrott fish with their flowing forked tails, their bumpy heads and sharp teeth. Of course we shouldn't overlook the little Trunk fish darting in and out amongst the weeds. The ugly Toad fish and the menacing Moray eel add interest to our excursion.

Then occasionally one sees a Puffer fish oblivious to the little sting ray half buried in the sand beneath him. The small shovel nosed shark or guitar fish scurrying over the sandy bottom looking for food. Colorful worms resembling small daisies protruding from small tubes. The intelligent and inoffensive octopus trying to keep from losing the delicate tips of his tentacles to his hungry neighbors. Sea Anemones and Fan Coral add to the background with pinto, Group-er and Trigger fish darting about avoiding the fisherman's bait.

All this and more seen through a light predominantly green and blue.

So if you're curious I wouldn't wait, put on a mask and come on in. The water's fine.

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JUST FOR FUN!

By Lois Sanderson

The Sanderson's, Rod and four of his sons (Larry, Bill, Bud, and Jerry) have a hobby. They run the Colorado River through the Grand Canyon in 18-foot aluminum boats — built especially for this particular stretch of white water by Seth Smith Boat Works of Phoenix, Arizona, early in 1954. The first time these boats made this run they were powered by two 15 hp Evinrude motors. At this time they were owned by Otis "Dock" Marston of Berkeley, California and Rod and his chief boatman — pilot and mechanic — in charge of getting them thru the Grand from Lee's Ferry to Lake Mead. They decided that they were underpowered so on the next run they used two 25's. And then in 1957 they went to two 35 hp — Evinrudes of course — and these, with two spares, are still in use.

After the conclusion of the run in '57, Dock decided to go out of the boat-ownership business — if Rod would sign a contract to purchase them, giving Dock the option of chartering them for the next three years. Then in 1959, Marston — as Technical Consultant for Walt Disney in the making of the picture "Ten Who Dared" — pressed Rod and the boys into service not only as pilot-mechanics, but as understudies for the big name actors who were seen in the close-ups which were mostly taken in the Moab, Utah area. Our three boats were used along with four of Disney's for almost a month of shooting film.

The summer of 1960 saw Dock Marston achieve his ambition to make this run in reverse — he made the run down and back to Lee's Ferry with the Buehler Turbocraft Jet propelled boats. Not with ease but they did succeed! This left us free to pursue our hobby — that of giving all of our family (and it's a big one) the chance to make the run at least once. If there's room — we take a few friends along to help with the cost. Sometimes we make a little and sometimes — we don't, but we always have a grand and glorious time of it!

This year, our nephew, David Sanderson

of Burbank, California, had Rod pick him up a 16' Smithcraft hull (like the one Rod made his first trips thru the canyon in '51 and '53 with). He built it up according to Rod's specifications and so we used it with our three 18' veterans making two consecutive runs thru, with the water level holding from 41,000 cubic feet per second at the beginning of the first trip on May 28 and slowly rising to 55,000 cfs when we finished on June 20th.

Rod and I and Dave were the only ones to make both cruises and be able to take pictures of everything seen and done this year. You see, — with the water level varying and the sand bars appearing and disappearing — we aren't always able to bring the boats into shore at the same places. Last year we had nice lagoons to tie the boats up in for camping below Vasey's Paradise and at Deer Creek Falls. This year we had to tie up above Vasey's and cross the river from the Falls. And on our first trip — we were able to get into Havasu Canyon with Dave's smaller boat, while on the second trip — the water was so swift at the mouth of the canyon that we didn't even attempt to stop.

From the time we leave Lee's Ferry landing — there's so much beauty that we just look and look — and look! And there's 312 river miles of it! It's all unspoiled by mankind. No signs — no telephone and power poles — no sirens screaming. No sounds except those of nature and those that we make. Being only a very small group and a select one of people who enjoy the outdoors — tensions are released and sleeping under the stars is heavenly.

On the first cruise, Bud and Larry were the other pilots, while Bill and Jerry piloted the Boo Too and the Rattlesnake on the 2nd. Our is the Cactus and David called his the Kamikaze — a name that seemed very appropriate when he misjudged in entering Lava Falls and dove straight into the middle of the biggest hole and then the biggest wave on the whole river flipped them over and under and then spewed them out. Joe, who is Dave's Dad, was his passenger. Now they know that you can ride thru the big middle of the worst rapid with

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only your life jackets on and live to tell about it! The biggest story tho — is the fact that Larry, making his sixth trip thru and always bragging about taking the safest and driest runs thru all of the rapids — was turned over by a wave at the tail end of the rough water — after he had negotiated the most feared part. The remodeled (Larry had raised the bow and put a cabin on it) Rattlesnake was turned sideways, lifted up high — and then the waves seemed to be sucked back into the river letting the boat turn over — so slowly that the crew and those of us who were watching, could hardly believe it. Keith and Helen Goddard of Tucson, and Bill Haug of Phoenix (all our kin) were his passengers. Being out of the roughest water, they were able to climb up onto the red bottom and float until a rescue craft could tow them to shore at the nearest feasible point — this time being about a mile downstream.

Rod had gone thru first and had sheared both pins and rocks in the turbulent eddy below the rapid where he was trying to wait for the others to come on thru. Imagine his consternation when he saw the red bottom of the Rattlesnake go floating by! New pins were never installed so fast before! After righting the Snake and determining that nothing was lost — except possibly Larry's ego; Rod, Bud and Jim Hunter (married to a Sanderson) returned upstream so that Bud could take the Boo Too thru and Jim could photograph the Kamikaze's run. What a picture!

Bud stayed out in the current after he went thru — staying clear of the rocks that had sheared the pins on the Cactus, so he was close to pick up the gear that David lost out. Needless to say, — Dave put a different type of fastener on his hatches before our second trip. They lost Jim's Polaroid camera that he just had in a light plastic bag, most of Dave's tools, and some cans of food. The food didn't matter 'cause we had plenty and to spare, of that. There were repairs to make on Dave's and one of Larry's motors, and bedding and clothes to dry out. This was an exciting day — different from all the others, and will be talked about for a long time. Larry will never live it down!

The second trip was exhilarating — but in a truly different way. Making this trip

with us in 1960, Dr. Robert C. Euler of Flagstaff, joined us again to complete the Archaeological studies of the canyon that he had begun on the previous survey. The six newly recorded prehistoric Indian dwelling sites, added to the seven he found on the 1960 trip, brings the total of known sites to 19. "Bob" (Dr. Euler to others) — was certainly an interesting person to have in our crew. He had an enthusiastic group of "Assistants" to help him explore. Perhaps he'd rather not have had so much dubious help — but he was always good natured about it. We all hope he will join us again.

Helping the Sandersons to make this a summer not to forget, were — besides Dr. Euler; Dr. and Mrs. Ivan Kazan, Dr. and Mrs. LaVon Gifford, Mr. and Mrs. Alton Rouche, Tom Rouche and Steven Lippert, all of Page, Arizona. From Los Angeles was Clarke Smith, Jr., and from Tucson was Harry Harpham and Les Stewart. Bill Aumann calls Burbank, Calif., his home. Helen and Keith Goddard are my sister and brother-in-law; Nancy is Helen's daughter and my niece, Bill Haug is her husband.

Sandersons from Burbank, California were David, Pokey and Joe; from Page were Bill and Ardene, Larry, and Jerry. Rod and I claim both Page and Phoenix. Jim Hunter lives near Burbank, Bud has a Mesa address and Rod's brother Ray has called Phoenix home since 1918.

Seventeen made the first cruise and 15 were on the second one. And as for the old veterans; the Cactus will go down to Cholla Bay soon, Larry plans to use the Rattlesnake on Lake Powell, and the Boo Too needs a new bottom. It's had it!

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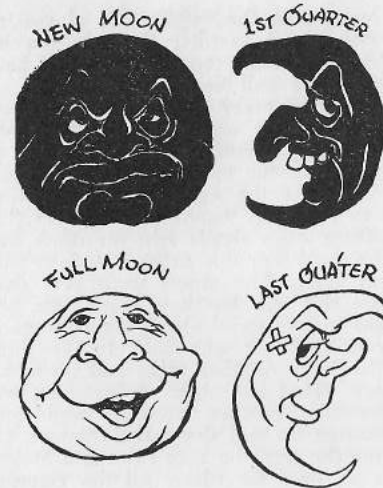
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Operation: Tide Chart

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 Aug. 15
Last ¼ Aug. 22
New moon Aug. 30
First ¼ Sept. 7
Full moon Sept. 14

| August, 1962 | 30 | 0155 |
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| 15 | 0100 | 1430 |
| | 1355 | 31 |
| 16 | 0140 | 0225 |
| | 1435 | 1500 |
| | 17 | 0255 |
| | 1515 | 1520 |
| 18 | 0310 | 2 |
| | 1555 | 0325 |
| 19 | 0400 | 1550 |
| | 1635 | 4 |
| 20 | 0450 | 0405 |
| | 1725 | 1620 |
| 21 | 0550 | 4 |
| | 1815 | 0435 |
| 22 | 0700 | 6 |
| | 1915 | 1650 |
| 23 | 0820 | 5 |
| | 2025 | 0515 |
| 24 | 0950 | 1730 |
| | 2145 | 0605 |
| 25 | 1110 | 1810 |
| | 2255 | 7 |
| | 1915 | 0715 |
| | 2025 | 1910 |
| | 2145 | 8 |
| | 2255 | 0855 |
| | 1110 | 2030 |
| | 1200 | 9 |
| | 2345 | 1025 |
| | 1250 | 2200 |
| | 0035 | 10 |
| | 1320 | 1115 |
| | 0115 | 2300 |
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ORCHIDS TO YOU

When I went a'courting the one gesture that seemed to please the gals most was to take them a flower. In an honest and sincere endeavor to please the wonderful people who helped compile the edition of the Chatter let me pass around some verbal posies.

Orchids to Boris Innocenti, Gene Henry, Bill Valentine, Myrt Johnson, Helen and Charlie Reed, Les Conlisk, Al Scott, Kathy Hitchcock, Lois Sanderson, Ilene Harper, Adeline Sanderson and Dick Gardner. Never ran into so many agreeable people in my life.

Cecil Gary, Editor

Tucson Lodge No. 747

Loyal Order Of Moose

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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.)

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FRUSTRATING

Not to be able to find a particular shell that you desire with all your heart can be completely frustrating and the determination to find that particular shell can also become all consuming. How well Adeline Sanderson and I, Myrt Johnson, know.

There has been found at Cholla Bay, a new and very beautiful color variation of the common Melongena — Melongena patula, if you want to be scientific. It is of a lovely peach color instead of the dark mahogany color of the usual ones found. Several people have found them including Iva Barker, Audrey Gardner, Helen Willis and Roy Baldwin, plus one found by a Canadian visitor. I have seen them and drooled over them, and coveted just one for my collection. I have searched for it alone, with those who have found it, and with crowds roaming here and there in search of this beauty.

June of last year, Adeline Sanderson and I decided to go to the bay during the low tides of the new moon, grimly determined that we would find our shell. We planned our menus and our routine and set out on our venture. Reached the Bay and opened Sanderson's cabin to cool it off and then I opened our camp so we would have two places to change off staying in, should the weather be too hot for the one or the other. We had just one objective for this trip and that was to find the lovely color variation of the Melongena, so we lost no time in donning water shoes, grabbing our lanterns and away we went on our search.

Anyone familiar with shelling at Cholla Bay knows that there is little to be found until you have passed the never empty channel, which we refer to as the River Jordan. We drove our jeep as far towards the upper end of the bay as we could go and then walked to the channel and started looking, walking down the channel towards the ocean. We found Melongena by the dozens — but not the color we wanted. Came back in the dark, tired but undaunted. Up with the sun the next morning and after hot coffee and rolls, we started out again, not stopping our search until the tide drove us home. Had a hot dinner and

then we hit on the bright idea of making sandwiches and keeping them in the ice chest to save time preparing food and have more time for shell hunting.

We covered every inch of the River Jordan, going all the way down and then back up again to the moat at the upper end of the bay — passing up dozens of Melongena that were not the right color. I went so close to the deep waters of the moat that the sifting sands almost sent me down and I had a mad scramble getting back to firm ground again. The nights were very dark because this was the new moon tide and we had to be careful about our lanterns in order to find our way back to the shore and the Jeep. Another night and no luck. advance.. That last night of searching was a killer-diller. Neither one of us would give up, wading up and down the channel, examining the areas on both sides and Melongenas all over the place, all the common coloration. Come time to call it a night, we started to cross the channel enroute to the shore and the Jeep. I had a bright Coleman lantern that really threw out the light on the waters. I felt something queer down there in the water past knee deep as I waded thru and looking down, found I was in a school of needle fish, who swarmed around me, nudging my legs and the swarm getting denser and denser.

Adeline did not have half the trouble that I did as her light was not nearly as bright. I just plain stepped back to solid ground and kept on the other side until I came to the point where the water was not so deep and the channel not so wide but, were those needle fish gone? They were as thick as ever but I just ignored them and waded on in water about to my thighs, and made the other shore as fast as I could. I am not a coward, there are few things that frighten me, but I just did not like wading thru millions of needle fish.

The next morning found us both so weary that we just could not find the ambition to try another searching trip, so loaded up and came home. That was June of last year and, altho we have never given up the search for a peach colored Melongena, neither Adeline nor I have found one yet. Frustrating? Yes indeed.

"Hardly Able"

By Gene Henry

I don't believe there is a more colorful character in Cholla Bay than the sand buggy "Hardly Able" owned and operated by Paul and Carol Skoglund. But don't let the name fool you. This is the goingest vehicle I have ever had the privilege of riding in and with Paul behind the wheel there is no beach too soft or sand dune too steep to stop them.

"Hardly Able" has become a familiar sight to the regulars at Cholla Bay. You can't miss this distinctive little red and blue gas burner with the fringed surrey top. My introduction to "Hardly Able" was near the boat launching area. The Missus and I were leisurely nursing a bottle of cerveza on the veranda at the Club de Pesca when all of a sudden here comes this little beast snorting and snarling right up the steep sandy slope from the beach to the parking area alongside the veranda. It seems some of the Mexican boys had bet Paul that he couldn't make it up this steep bank and that was like waving a red flag in front of a bull. Since then I have been over some places with Paul that formerly I would have felt would be impassable by any type of vehicle and I have yet to see "Hardly Able" stuck. A lot of credit for this lies in the driving skill Paul has developed and the fact that he has learned how to judge the terrain he is driving over. To his credit, he is a very careful driver and never takes unnecessary chances.

During the past two years I have become a dyed-in-the-wool surf fishing addict and have spent many hours trudging up and down the beaches from Cholla Bay to St. Georges Bay in search of the elusive sea trout, pompano, etc. I'm in complete agreement with Bill Valentine that there is no better way to locate the wily critters than to walk along the beach casting until you locate a school of them, but let's face it—that walk back to the car in soft sand piles carrying a gunny sack full of fish can be mighty wearisome. A couple of trips fishing these same beaches with Paul and "Hardly Able" have durned near ruined me for this old style of fishing.

Paul and Carol along with their two teenagers, Chris and Stan, are avid students of Mexico as well as the sea life to be found along the beaches of the Sea of Cortez. Carol is very active in the Cholla Bay Shell Hound group organized by Myrt Johnson and is one of her most successful students. In addition, the whole family has been active for years in tropical fish clubs and have a beautiful display of marine life in aquariums and cabinets built into the wall of their living room.

"Hardly Able" has been the Skoglund's answer to getting to some of the more out-of-the-way spots to collect shells, beach comb and surf fish. They have explored

most of the beaches in the vicinity of Cholla Bay and are planning more extensive trips farther down into Mexico and into Baja California. I must confess that we too have caught the fever from this adventuresome family and the Henry clan have firm plans to construct a twin to "Hardly Able" in the coming year and point them in some of these fun-filled and interesting explorations.

WAS THE CAKE AUCTION A SUCCESS?

Now, I ask you, was it? It certainly was. With Curt the Clown as auctioneer, using what he called the Chinese System, everyone there had the time of their lives and bidding was fast and furious. Curt had a good time too. Said he — "I was sort of scared at first because I had promised that I would really auction off those cakes baked by the lovely ladies of the Club — but you never know — I wasn't sure for sure."

An ordinary auction is not half the fun that the Chinese System offers in the manner of bidding and the crowd quickly responded and, unless you meant business, you were in trouble if you so much as scratched your head. Two young lads added to the excitement of the bidding, each trying to outdo the other, creating much hilarity. The first four cakes auctioned off brought in over \$100.00 in cold cash. One cake sold for \$35.00 via the Chinese System, which consisted of the bid being opened with \$1.00 and that sum collected. The second bid made and that money collected, and so it went on and on until the last person who bid before time was called, received the cake for the bid of whatever amount he had just made. Many people contributed to the sale of one cake and everyone enjoyed it. Everyone entered into the spirit of having fun while the bids went on and on and more and more money was collected and turned over to the treasury of the Club.

Curt the Clown says he will be the auctioneer again whenever the Club decided to have another evening of fun with a cake auction. He deserves a big hand and the hall rocked with the applause of clapping hands.

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DOWN MEXICO WAY

American cigarettes and cigars are hard to come by down in Mexico and those desiring these luxury items have to depend on the supply they bring with them, or, if they spend a long length of time down there, friends and relatives bring them to them or they do without. One fine gentleman, who spends months on end there, has taken on what is termed "tobacco chewing" in place of smoking. Now anyone knows that a tobacco chewer has to "spit" just so often, or swallow the vile flavored saliva. When fishing, it is simple to just spit into the ocean but does this gentleman take into consideration the way the wind is blowing. Oh no — he just decided to spit and spit he does and invariably against the wind. Wow — he gets it right back in his face and is nicely splattered otherwise. His friends are wondering when he will learn to spit out the right side of the boat and let the wind take vile stuff out and away. Seems this gentleman unintentionally swallowed his entire "cud". Came time to "Spit" and he found the usual place for such an accomplishment and opened up the lid of said commode only to find that for good reasons, a pillow had been stuffed down into its recess. He gulped — looked around for another convenient receptacle and, glancing back at the plugged commode, just swallowed the entire mess. It's a wonder he wasn't sick.

Another elderly gentleman out fishing with his son and party, sitting there peacefully relaxed, found his reel singing out. He grabbed it up and tried to get himself ready but it was such a big fish that he almost could not handle. He had a nice large chew of snuff in his mouth but no way to spit and in the excitement he swallowed it. Landed his fish alright but the rest of the time on that fishing expedition, his face showed a slight shade of green and he was mighty glad to be back on shore again. Incidentally, that one elderly gentleman, with two much younger men on board, landed four Pintos averaging 30 lbs. each, even after swallowing his chew of tobacco.

Have you stopped to visit Mr. and Mrs. Vilo Miller down at the Bay recently? They have a ringside seat, their cabin located right on the edge of the main street, so

to speak. Next door to their cabin and on the other side of the TREE is the trailer where Helen and Charlie Reed spend their days at the Bay. You can drive past there any day and see the four of them sitting out there in the shade of THEIR TREE, on the unique patio that Vilo and Ann Miller have been working on this summer. At the back of the patio is a stone fence and barbecue grill, made from rock and cement and designed and built by the Millers. Passing there during the late afternoon, you will find the place filled with people, sitting there smelling the aroma of food on the grill, cooking away and making everyone hungry. Oh yes, the Millers and the Reeds offer to cut each chicken and each baked potato to make enough for their visitors to enjoy the evening meal with them. They are very hospitable people but we all know they are hungry and we have food at our own camp so we disperse and leave them to enjoy their out-of-door cooked dinner in peace. Such is life at Cholla Bay.

First Sail Boated

by Bill Valentine

By the time you good people read this, it'll be history and probably duplicated many times over, but the honor for firststees, in the annual quest for the initial sailfish of the season at Cholla, was awarded to old Willie Bill Hammer.

Saturday, July 7th, Hammer took off into the placid blue yonder in a south-westerly direction, spotted a sail lazily sunning himself, pulled an outrigger bait across his nose, and without hesitation, old man sail inhaled the bait, and old Willie set the hook.

Bill said that it was one of those deals when everything worked out perfect. The hookup was solid, the fish put on a real aerial show, and after a good hard-fighting 25 minute battle, was gently pulled alongside, whereupon old kind-hearted Willie tenderly removed the hook from the old boy's jawbone, patted him on the fanny, and sent him back to do battle with some other lucky fisherman at a later date.

So, Sir William Hammer, to you goes that coveted mythical award for being 'firststees'.

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By Katherine Hitchcock

Congratulations on the Cake Auction!!! It helped the depleted till to the tune of \$231.11. Then another \$10.00 was received from El Dorado Bowl making a Total of \$241.11. Thank you All. It was fun.

The Movie by Mr. and Mrs. Don Zimmer was wonderful. Wouldn't you have liked to been along? I would.

Assistance was again rendered to one or more boats over the long 4th weekend. It seems only logical to me to at least say thanks to the person who is kind enough to render assistance to you. It is a Big Ocean.

Mr. Woreman was towed in over the weekend of July 15th. He showed his appreciation immediately. Making those whose last minute rush to the border crossing know that their effort was appreciated.

Due to difficulty beyond our control, Ginn has been replaced. Mr. Jesus Martinez will be our new Radio Operator. He will give the very fine service to all with or without radios. You should continue to check out at the club house. Everyone has been cooperating on checking out and in. This very good. There will be an official at the bay all the time to issue fishing licenses. A 3 day perit is 80c. Other licenses for a longer time are issued in Rocky Point. They cost \$5.00 for 1 year, \$4.00 for 6 months, \$3.00 for 3 months period. The border patrol can check for fishing license if you have fish in your possession.

For Emergency calls to Cholla Bay or Puerto Penasco, you ask the American operator for a line to Rocky Point, or the Spanish name of Puerto Penasco.

When you get the Spanish operator, ask for 'El Presedente Del Patronato Por Turismo de Puerto Penasco, Sonora. Telephone No. 16 or No. 20. This conversation will have to be in Spanish because the president of the Tourist Committee in Mexico does not talk English very well. He is a very nice person and is very willing to help in any way possible. But keep in mind it is 6 miles to Cholla and you cannot expect instant action.

The address when writing of the Tourist Committee in Penasco or Rocky Point is Patronate per Turismo De Puerto Penasco, Sonora Partado Postal No. 2

The tickets for the Lions Club Derby will be on sale at the August meeting. Contact any of the board members. The Lions Club Derby will be on the 1st and 2nd of September. Also the benefit Drawing tickets

of the 10 HP Johnson outboard motor are for sale. This drawing is by the Tucson Chapter for the Search and Rescue Fund.

\$120.12 has been received thru individual donation to the ambulance fund so far. \$10.00 from Mary Ann Heck of Mary Ann's Tavern, \$20.00 from F. R. Hiatt of Mesa, \$50.00 by the Apex Manufacturing Company, and \$40.12 was collected by Audrey Gardner at the derby.

Thank you contributors. We will try to give mention to all donors on this fund.

Rabies vaccination is required for a dog that is brought into the United States. The dog shall be accompanied by a valid certificate of Rabies vaccination. This certificate shall: (1) Identify the dog. (2) Be signed by a licensed veterinarian, and (3) Specify that such veterinarian vaccinated the dog with "Nervous-Tissue" or with "Chicken-Embryo" vaccine, on a stated date within the respective time limits provided.

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TUCSON TALKING

by Les Conlisk, Sec.

Myron Lusk, 'Our Treasurer', gave a report on the fishing at Cholla Bay, at our last meeting. Just before the meeting he was telling a somewhat different story of his catch. I mentioned to him the fact that he varied the size of his catch for the different listeners. His reply was "I never tell a man more than I think he will believe."

Jim Bryant told hom the sharks are now spawning and if you catch one, cut it open and then use the little ones for bait. He described the exact size of the fish he caught. "It was fully so long," he asserted, spreading his hands apart. "I never saw such a fish." "Probably not," remarked his friend.

Our new members are: Pete Richards, Josephine Richards, W. L. Richards Jr., Raymond O'Hara, Orval Wayne Rasor, Henry Nordmeyer and Angelo Cimminelli. Our guests were: Mrs. Bob Taylor from Phoenix and Mable Bukavich of Rocky Point.

Dick Case announced the formation of a skin diving club called the Desert Dolphins. These divers are making surveys of plant and sea life in different areas using a slurp gun to catch fish and shells. Their report will be sent to New Jersey. They will be surveying Cholla Bay soon. They have volunteered to work with our search and rescue unit by registering in with Gina at the radio shack when they are at Cholla Bay and will help to retrieve things from the ocean floor such as motors, rods, etc. If you missed the last meeting, the films, shown by Gus Altfillisch, called "Outdoor Fish Cookery" and "Seashore Oddities", were really good. Our next meeting is July 17th at the Moose Lodge, 378 N. Main Ave. Plan to bring your friends, they will enjoy it. Our August meeting will be August 21, 1962. Les Conlisk, Secretary.

Brown's fishing venture had been a flop, and on his way home, he entered the local fish market. When the dealer asked what he wanted, Brown said, "Just stand over there and throw me five of the biggest fish you have." "Throw 'em. What for?", asked the dealer in amazement. "So I can tell my wife I caught them," replied Brown. "I

may be a poor fisherman, but I'm no liar."

Pres. Bernie Walker was unable to conduct our Business Meeting of July 17th, as there was a death in the family. 'Yours truly' opened the meeting, and Senora Somlisk was acting secretary: La Pescadora del barco 'Sobre las Olas.'

New members were Robert Shaver of Wilcox; Hinton white of Bowie; Billy Morrow of Tucson.

Dick Case, who is also a member of the Desert Dolphins announced the State Diving Tournament to be held at Cholla Bay July 28th. There will also be a Scuba Treasure Hunt.

Robert Shaver and Hinton White presented information on Citizen Band Radio and brought two units with them for display.

Myron Lusk our Chairman for the ticket sales on the 10 Hr. Johnson Outboard Motor, to be raffled at Cholla Bay, September 2nd at the Derby stated we have lots more to be sold, and every member should get some tickets and help sell them. The proceeds go to our Search and Rescue Fund.

Dick Case was appointed Chairman to collect donations toward the purchase of an ambulance for the Rocky Point Hospital. The Desert Dolphins are adding \$50.00 to our fund. Let's all get behind this worthwhile project.

Some work is being done on the road to Cholla, but if you are going down be sure and take extra water, as there is a water shortage. The wells in Rocky Point are dry and several of the water trucks are broke down.

Edith Byra brought a tee-shirt to display, with the Cholla Bay emblem on the back. They are inexpensive and cute. If you want one, place your order with her, and help advertise the Club.

Cecil Gary is the new editor for the Cholla Chatter. He assures us that he will get everything in the Chatter that we send him. If you have a fish catching trick, or story to tell about fishing, let's get it in the Chatter. We also need more ads to help pay for printing. I have plenty of price lists and contracts available now and need volunteers to sell ads.

Try and be at our next meeting, Moose Lodge, 378 N. Main Ave., August 21st.