



Volume 9, Number 9

September, 1966

FOUNDER'S NIGHT MEETING

TO ALL MEMBERS:

On September 13, 1966, the Phoenix Chapter will be honoring the original 16 Founders of the Cholla Bay Sportsmen's Club at the Phoenix Chapter meeting in Goettl's Auditorium. The Tucson Chapter has been extended an invitation, and we hope to see many of them in Phoenix that evening.

The original Founders of the Club, to whom we owe so much, were: AL SCOTT, GEORGE GEHON, OAKLEY JORDAN, LOUIS LUGO, SETH SMITH, KARL DENNISON, PAUL SCHOONOVER, GRACE SCHOONOVER, CECIL STODGHILL, WHITEY STANLEY, DR. WILLIAM DONALD, BILL BURKENKAMP, AL AUSTIN, CHET LOCKER, PRYOR SANDBORN and BILL BOWERS (deceased).

The first meeting was held October, 12 1955 in a classroom at Edison School. These 16 people at that time decided to form the club and probably did not realize how it would grow over a period of years, and also how much good the club could do for not only the members but also all with whom they come in contact.

The second meeting, which was held in the Edison School Auditorium, was the Charter Meeting and approximately 100 people were present. The facts on this second meeting are still a little vague, but perhaps as time goes on, we will know more about the attendance and activities of that meeting.

Let's have a good turnout for the September 13th Meeting.

DON'T MISS YOUR MEETINGS!

PHOENIX — PRESCOTT — TUCSON

Tues., Sept. 13, 8:00 p.m.

**Goettl Auditorium
2005 E. Indian School Rd.**

**J.C. Building
1115 E. Ft. Lowell Rd.**

Cholla Chatter

Official publication of the

Cholla Bay Sportsmen's Club, Inc.

P. O. Box 7171, Phoenix 11, Arizona

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Cholla Bay Sportsmen's Club
 Tucson Chapter
 Tucson, Arizona

Attention: Mr. Chris Tatum
 President

The Phoenix Chapter of the Cholla Bay Sportsmen's Club is hereby extending to each and every member of the Tucson Chapter an invitation to the Phoenix Chapter 'Founder's Night Meeting' on September 13, 1966 in Phoenix, Arizona.

At this meeting, the original 16 founders of your Cholla Bay Sportsmen's Club will be honored at a ceremony in which each Founder will be awarded a plaque in appreciation of his (or her) original idea and efforts on behalf of all club members.

And, of course, refreshments will be served.

PHOENIX CHAPTER

/s/ Harold Johnson
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THE LAST OF ALL CHAPTERS

We wearily climbed aboard and immediately headed for the bow, and a nice fresh water shower. Boy, it's surprising what a nice clean shower can do for a weary body. We all felt like new men when we smugly paraded our clean little selves before our lucky wives.

We had steak, grilled on our charcoalers, for supper that night, and man, did we feel like millionaires. Everyone on board just completely stuffed themselves. It was just beautiful, chomping away on those gorgeous hunks of 'done-just-right' steaks, smelling that clean, fresh sea air, as that big comfortable scow gently drifted back and forth at the end of her chain. The balmy breeze was just strong enough to ripple the water. It was quite a pleasant supper.

After a good honk of blackberry brandy to settle our steaks, Hector

advised us to break out the Coleman lanterns we'd brought along. He had each outboard skipper load one aboard, along with several flashlights apiece.

The 'C' Lover had Cecil, his wife Jan, Pancho, and Shirley Pomeroy and Ernie and Mary Smith as crew; Hammer had Bill Pomeroy, and Hector and his wife as crew; and I took my wife, Horace and his wife Emma Dean, aboard.

Hammer, with Hector aboard as guide, lit their lantern and headed south, away from the big boat. The Afrikan Queen and 'C' Lover followed them, as they swung around Duck Island and headed toward Tiburon. After a short 15 minute run, Hector pulled them up to a screeching halt over his predetermined fishin' hole.

I had rigged up my heaviest meat rods and largest reels for this little escapade. I had a Penguin 'Beef Stick', a 4/0 Shakespeare Reel loaded with 40 pound nylon line, a 4/0 Pennsinator with 50# nylon squidding line, all on suitable rods. I also had about a dozen 8/0 hooks on 18" leaders, and an assortment of 8 to 12 oz. sinkers. Besides the heavy rigs, I took a little jigging rig. I just love to hook grouper on a little freshwater bass rod. I lose more feather jigs this way, and also more big fish this way, but the ones I do manage to wrassel to a gaff, make it all worthwhile. In order to be a successful grouper, or for

that matter, pinto, fisherman, you have to equip yourself with the heaviest tackle imaginable, for the simple reason that a grouper will weigh anywhere from 2 or 3 pounds on up to big ugly brutes of 100 pounds, and at the first hint of trouble, the cowards will immediately head for the nearest rock or hole to stick their hairy heads into. When using a light jigging rod, with 15 pound test monofilament line, the advantage is all with the fish, but the sport of trying to keep him out of the rocks makes all effort worthwhile.

Anyhoo, the three outboards sorta cuddled up close together there in the dark, with the lit Colemans throwing eerie lighting over us jolly crews as we prepared to slaughter fish.

I impaled a juicy 1/2 mackerel on each leader and we all free spooled them to the 40' deep bottom. Old Hector really knew his onions, because our tidbits no more than hit bottom when, ZOWIE!, a vicious strike. We actually drifted the length of that fish-loaded reef about a 1/2 dozen times, a distance of about 200 yards and caught or lost fish on each pass. Quite often all of us would be hooked up at once. We caught grouper, Pinto, and some of the largest Pargo I've ever seen. Jessie nailed one after a hard 15 minute fight that weighed 25 pounds. My biggest thrill came when I brought in a 20# grouper belly up after a 20 minute battle on my jigging rod.

We finally quite the still exciting contest about 2:30 a.m. because we were literally dragging our bums. Completely happy and exhausted, the Queen was the last boat to leave the reef and head back to the comforts of our sacks.

Jan Graham was the official champ of the foray, with a big ugly old mottle-sided grouper of

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30 pounds. We had loaded the 'Queen' up with about 300 pounds of prime eating assorted grouper, pinto and pargo, and this load plus the bunch the other two outboards had gathered in insured each and every one on board of at least one ice box loaded with snowy white fillets to take back home.

The crews of the other two boats had awaited our return and insisted that we partake of a night-cap consisting of a straight honk of tequilla, followed by a chaser of blackberry brandy. A wonderful way to get instant curly hair.

The next morning, bright and early, Hammer and I both started lashing 14' and 16' poles to the gunwales of our outboards to serve us as outriggers. We were deep in the heart of sailfish and marlin country, and decided to comb the area for any billfish or dolphin foolish enough to give us a try. Cece's boat had collapsible outriggers already, so all he had to do was gas up.

I had landed my first sailfish from a 16' outboard way back in

1950, Hammer had nailed his first soon after, and Ernie and Cecil had both fought billfish from small boats, so we were all more or less experienced at this sort of thing.

To me the supreme thrill of a fisherman's career comes at the moment of truth when one of those big black beautiful brutes (sailfish) finally decides to take your bait. There is no way my inadequate vocabulary could ever describe the terrific emotional experience a man goes through when you strike a hook deep into the jaw of one of these speediest of fish, and feel the sheer brute power you are cocky enough to think you might subdue with a mere slender fishing rod. It's almost as excruciating as chasing gurls!

After making sure everything was ship-shape, the three little outboards gaily set forth into the unknown. The water was beautiful-glassy, and the deep inky blue color that sailfish love so well. I won't bore you with an account of the fruitless eight hours we spent burning gas and zig-zagging back and forth over the blue surface of the placid gulf, other than to say that we had a nice boat ride. No sailfish, and no dolphin. It was quite a disappointment as we had all looked forward to doing battle with these high leaping gamefish, but the gods of luck were agin' us this day.

Everyone was rather down in the mouth at dinner and no one could explain the absence of the billfish in the area. It was the right time of the year, the conditions were perfect, and we had done nothing wrong. But if the fish aren't there, by golly, you can't catch them.

After a nice dinner and short rest, everyone piled back into the outboards for some more night bottom scratching. The few fish

that had gotten away the night before had evidently spread the word around, for the reefs that had been loaded with fish the night before were now as barren and devoid of fishlife as a desert. After catching nothing but a few anemic pinto, we disgustedly pulled up anchor and hauled 'A' on back to our cozy sacks aboard the Luisito.

It was only about 10 p.m., so as we laid comfortably in our sleeping bags, Hector squatted down beside us to enliven our evening with some of his humorous bits of true Mexican folklore. This guy is priceless. He speaks self-taught English, and has one of the damndest senses of humor I've ever encountered. One of his stories (among many) that really broke me up, and yet when I write it falls flat, was about the time when he was a little boy living at Port Libertad. His father ran the only store in the little village, and once a month his father and uncle would crank up their old Model T truck, and make the long overland journey to Nogales to replenish their supplies and pick up goodies for the populace of Libertad. Back in those days, the Seri Indians living on Tiburon were still quite hostile to the mainlanders, but for some unknown reason they knew and trusted Hector's father and would visit his store every so often to barter

... Continued on Page 18

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CLUB LOSES MEMBER TO THE ANGELS

A good friend and long-time member of the Cholla Bay Sportsmen's Club has passed away. Dr. Eugene A. Gatterdam, aged 74, died in Good Samaritan Hospital past month. He was a pioneer in the treatment of allergies and asthma.

He had been going to Cholla for many years prior to the club's organization and had stopped fishing there in 1942. He had originally put up money for Mr. Nacho to build.

As an enthusiastic sportsman, Dr. Gatterdam fished the salt waters of the Gulf for many years and actually was an expert on the game fish of the Cholla Bay-Rocky Point area. Several years ago, he landed a record 152 pound sailfish near Rocky Point.

He recently had tried to help your editor by telling the club about tides, etc.

He shall be missed by all, we know, and Cholla Bay is an actuality due to his help and encouragement.

Make the AJO Blakely Station No. 68



a "must stop" on your way down and back from Cholla Bay.

Paul Colorich — Jack Cameron
Club Members

HE LEFT TRACKS

by Bob Taylor

We have lost one of our best fishermen, one of our best friends and one that the people of Puerto Penasco will long remember. He was called the 'Mayor' of Puerto Penasco and we all called him 'Doc'.

Manys the time we have been sail fishing together and upon arriving back at the Rock Hotel, where 'Doc' kept a room by the year, sick children and grown folks as well waited there patiently for his medical assistance. Each week he would bring medicines for each of them.

I became acquainted with Dr. Eugene Gotterdam possibly many years after some of you. We were never together other than at fishing time, but during this period I learned more about how to fish in the Gulf than ever before or since. I started as a 'pole' fisherman, at least that's what I called them to start with. But to 'Doc' they were rods, and he made me change too.

When it came to sail fishing, he was the master. He could nail them when they jumped throwing the bait up and catching the bait long ways as it came down, when they sulked and 'smelled' the bait, or when they sounded and didn't show on top at all. One Sunday we fished for sails with a Toughy #4 rod, small bass reel and four pound test line. I still have the rod and it bends like a trout rod when I catch rock bass. What would have happened no one can tell if we had had a hook-up. We caught sails with spinning rods, bass rods and heavy rods. The light solid glass rod (four foot) with the long butt was his favorite, with about 25 pound test line. We caught six sails one

afternoon, one on a small bass rod and a feather. The sail got free when the steel leader broke about 6 or 8 feet from the boat. 'Doc' threw the feather over the sail, it hung, and he pulled him in. There was a trip one time when O. K. Benjamin tried to stop the smoking reel with his thumb and the time when the biggest sail I ever saw jumped about six feet back of the boat after the outrigger hung up. That sail looked as high up as the Valley Bank Building.

Those are memories we all understand and we are all so very thankful to have had; they do not come often in a lifetime.

I'll bet it won't be long before 'Doc' will have a fishing rod and be catching sails someplace. God bless him, he was the kind of a guy that left Tracks.

HONORARY MEMBERS

Ben Avery — Arizona Republic
Jerry Eaton — Arizona Republic
Sr. Luis Encinas — Governor, State of Sonora
Sr. Raphael Godoy — Club Representative in Mexico
Sr. Eduardo Ibarra — Prop. Club de Pesca, Bahi Cholla
Sr. Jaime Jerez — Mayor of Sonoyta
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Rocky Point

Sr. Juan Carvajal H. — Secretary to
Mayor, Rocky Point

Sr. Jesus Legi V. — Manager Bank,
Rocky Point

Sr. Peredeia — Mexican Consul,
Tucson

The above mentioned persons were appointed by the Council to be Honorary Members of the Club. They have been sent Honorary Membership Cards, and will receive the Chatter each month.

TUCSON SCUTTLEBUTT



July 12, 1966

Meeting came to order at 8:00 o'clock at the J. C. Building. In the absence of the Secretary, no Minutes were read. The Treasurer's report was read and approved.

Comments on the last council meeting were brought up. The Radio Shack is to be straightened up and no more living quarters will be set up there. The Radio Operator's salary was raised to be commensurate with his duties. We are now using a single unit generator on battery charger which should cut down on the expense of operating the Radio. Any suggestions for improvement will be appreciated.

Marcy Stough reported on an article that was in the Sunday Republic about how poorly the Mexicans are treating the Americans going through the Border. It was suggested that the best thing to do would be to get a six-month visa and a car permit. You have to take two pictures of yourself down with you before a visa will be issued. If you take a sand buggy down to Mexico, you have to get a six-month permit.

Chris Tatum told the club that his daughter and son-in-law, Bud Daily, drove all the way from Wichita, Kansas - 3,452 miles - just for the Derby. We also had people there from California.

The Calendar of Events for Cholla Bay is:

Labor Day - Water Sports Fiesta
Swimming, boat racing, skin diving
Sponsored by the Lion's Club of Puerto Penasco.

Thanksgiving - Hook and Line Derby
Sponsored by the Lion's Club of Puerto Penasco.

Mr. Morris told about finding a bed of oysters in 20 feet of water at low tide.

Association papers have been received by Mel Jarvis. More papers have to be filled out to complete the action.

The car that rolled off Pelican Point was completely demolished, but no one was hurt.

Meeting closed with coffee and donuts and a movie.

Respectfully submitted,
Doris Kemp
Secretary

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August 12, 1966

EXECUTIVE STAFF

Cholla Bay Sportsmen's Club
Phoenix Chapter
P. O. Box 7171
Phoenix, Arizona

Gentlemen:

Governor Goddard appreciated your invitation to attend the Mexican Fiesta sponsored by the Cholla Bay Sportsmen's Club.

August 26 has been fully scheduled on the calendar and therefore, the Governor will not be able to follow his personal inclination and join you for these festivities.

Although Governor Goddard cannot join you, he sends his best wishes for a very enjoyable evening.

Sincerely,

Carol Freistroffer

(Miss) Carol Freistroffer
Appearance Secretary

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MORE TUCSON SCUTTLEBUTT

August 9, 1966

The Tucson meeting came to order at 8:15 in the J. C. Building. Minutes were read and approved. The Treasurer's report was read by Verna Conlisk as our Treasurer, Gerry Ernie, is in South Dakota.

New members at the meeting were Mr. and Mrs. John Pilcher. We are very glad you folks were there and hope you enjoy the club.

Mr. Morris told about the earthquake at Cholla Bay. He said the rocks at Pelican Point moved. He also mentioned that a diver almost drowned, and that the diver said the water was real rough. Maybe some better fishing holes have opened up.

Mr. Carroll also told of the earthquake, as did Wally Robinson.

Wally Robinson reported that Puerto Penasco is taking over Sandy Beach and they are getting ready to put in the water line. Chris Tatum also talked about the new wells they are digging and the water lines being put in.

Mr. Carroll said that Mr. Brown was charging everyone a dollar to go into Cholla Bay. This applies only to those people that do not own a cabin.

Deane Fisher gave a report on the council meeting that was held in Casa Grande two weeks ago. He said the Association papers were filled out and should be on the way to Mexico City.

Chris Tatum reported that he had received a letter from Mr. Douglas stating that the insurance on the camera and projector would cost the club \$28.08 for 3 years. Mr. Carroll made the motion to get the insurance; Verna Conlisk seconded the motion. Motion carried.

The Tucson chapter is going to have a potluck supper in the near future. We will know more about it later on. Watch for the date.

There was a discussion about changing the meeting place. If anyone has any ideas, let the club know. Let us know at the September meeting.

The Marine radio at the Bay is not working, but the CB radio is. The door prize was won by Mrs. St. John.

One of the members of the Cholla Bay Club of Tucson had a freak accident July 19, 1966. He received a very badly broken arm. His remark was, 'I was driving down the street minding my own business and the curb flew up and hit me.'

Meeting adjourned for refreshments.

Respectfully submitted,
Doris Kemp
Secretary

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By Mel Jarvis

Now that the cooler weather is just around the corner, and we'll all be charging the border soon, with fishing rods in both hands, guess it's time we start putting a little thought to the old rig in the backyard or at the bay, and what's it going to take to get her and her equipment in shape for what lays ahead.

First off, the engine, if it's an inboard or I-O, it should be tuned, oil and filter changed, and all the hoses checked and changed if needed. Check the drive belts on the water pump. If your inboard has an oil cooler on it, it would be a good idea to check it over to make sure it has not salted up. You should check the exhaust elbows on the exhaust manifolds to make sure they aren't rusted or eaten through with salt. They have a nasty habit of letting go at the wrong time. (Like 35 miles out, at the Double Dunes). Then you are in trouble.

A season of fishing at Cholla can be real hard on inboard engine mounts. Loose mounts can let the engine move out of alignment with the prop shaft. The prop shaft is very important and if you are in doubt about it, you should have it checked and aligned if needed.

As a last little touch, spray the engine with one of the many or your favorite rust preventative. Then

wipe it down. This will leave a film and protect it from the salt air.

Your steering is next on the list and this goes for all boats large or small, with one exception, the big inboard, where the cable and pulleys lay in the bilge and are more subject to salt water corrosion.

On cable steering you should check cable condition, pulleys and pulley anchors, steering wheel mount tiller arm or pulleys.

On inboards, the rudder packing gland should be checked for leaks and adjusted. A point here on rudders. I've found it very helpful to mark my steering wheel to show me when the rudder is amidships.

On the push-pull gear reduction steering, clean and keep lubricated the control rod at the rudder end. This can corrode and freeze tight. On most, this is a grease fitting, a few shots will lubricate the inner cable.

Check your electrical system over and replace or clean any wire or connection that shows signs of the green stuff (corrosion). Check the battery with a cell tester and fill with water, also check the battery tiedowns.

After all this, step back, open a cold can and see if you missed anything, or maybe I did.

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By Gene Henry

If you want to add sport and fun to fishing from the surf, take a fly rod along on the next trip to Cholla Bay.

Before you do this however, make sure your fly fishing equipment is suitable for this type of fishing and most important that you know how to use it. It takes an experienced hand and a properly balanced rig to achieve the necessary distance casting under wind and surf conditions encountered at Cholla. Without the right equipment and know-how all you will end up with is sheer frustration.

For those who are interested in learning or furthering their know-

ledge of fly fishing, I would highly recommend contacting or joining the Arizona Flycasters Club. Information concerning club functions may be easily obtained by contacting Al Ellis or Bill Boyer at Arizona Sportland. Both Al and Bill are very active in club functions and there is darned little they don't know about fly rodding. Al is this year's club president.

Since joining the club a couple of years ago, I have had the pleasure of associating with some of the finest sports fishermen and fly casters in the country. In addition, it has been my privilege to learn some of the finer points of fly casting from club member instructors at the free fly casting clinics conducted by the club. It was on an outing to the Gulf with this group that I discovered the fun and sport to be had in surf fishing with a fly rod.

If Bill Valentine had chanced to be in the vicinity of St. Georges Bay one evening last November, I'm afraid he would have rubbed his eyes, taken one last honk of tequilla and thrown away the bottle (empty, of course). Stretched out for a hundred yards or so along the beach was a group of surf fishermen racking up trout or pompano on practically every cast. What was so unusual was that they were all using fly rods.

It was a beautiful sight as one after another would rhythmically false cast and then effortlessly shoot out 80 to 100 foot of line. And you have never seen a fish jump, particularly pompano, like they do when caught on a fly.

I was along on this trip primarily to observe and learn, but seeing my long face George Vlassis, then club president, insisted I take his rod and join the fun. Even under his expert tutelage, I'll have to confess my casts were not very

smooth and took one helluva lot of effort. However, even my sloppy casts caught a few trout and pompano working bait close to shore.

I returned from this trip firmly convinced that a streamer fly properly presented is every bit as deadly as my favorite spoon or feather jig. The difference lies in the amount of skill required to cast and retrieve a fly, especially when a stiff inshore or cross wind is blowing. Under such conditions, I'll still stick with my old reliable spinning outfit and I noticed that most of the fellows on this outing carried either spin or bait casting equipment to use under such conditions.

Fly casting equipment used for surf fishing is heavier than that used on trout streams. Most of the fly caster group use the same rigs they use for fishing trout lakes or for steelhead and salmon fishing.

The rods ranged from 8 to 10 foot and were designed to handle 300-330 grain sinking lines. The majority were using sinking heads attached to 100 yards of 20-pound monofilament. A heavier squidding line was then attached to the monofilament to furnish backing and fill up the spool. They all, without exception, used single-action reels. The flies most used were large streamers with the integration fly being the favorite.

I personally prefer as light equipment as is practical for all types of fishing. My favorite fly

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rod for surf fishing is an 8-foot two piece glass rod built to desired specifications by local rod builder Al Ellis. You can cast for hours with this light weight beauty without tiring, but it has enough backbone to handle a 330 grain shooting head with ease.

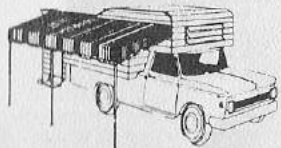
Since flycaster Bill Husted recently caught a 10-pound tortuava on a similar rig, I'm even considering tackling a yellowfin with this outfit. If you happen to see some fingers missing on my left hand, you'll know it didn't work.

WELCOME ABOARD! Phoenix Chapter

Ralph Watkins, Sr.
Samuel A. Bailey
Robert & Phyllis Pennington
Louis & Mary Joslin
Darlene Beeby
Boyd & Vea Knapp
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All people who use the radio facility at Cholla Bay should be members of the Cholla Bay Sportsman's Club.

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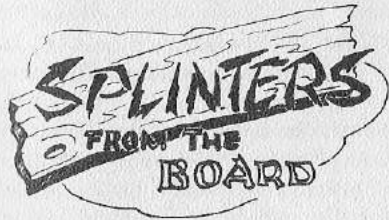
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Myrt & Ken — Members



we charge \$1.50 per person, or \$3.00 per couple. Motion was seconded by J. L. Wilkerson. Motion passed.

Harold Johnson also reported on the plans for the Founder's Night Meeting and gave the list of names of the original Founders. It was agreed that plaques would be awarded in a ceremony to the Founders. Bob Taylor made a motion that an open letter be sent to the Tucson Chapter inviting them to the Founder's meeting. Motion was seconded by Harold Johnson; motion carried.

Motion was made by Harold Johnson that September 13th be the night set aside for the Founder's meeting. Motion was seconded by Bob Taylor; motion carried.

Harold Johnson also brought forth the subject of future meetings and wondered if it would be wise to have a man from the Department of Immigration (U.S.) at a meeting along with the Mexican Consulate. This was not deemed to be advisable.

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Ferd and Toska — Club Members

The August meeting of the Phoenix Chapter of the Cholla Bay Sportsmen's Club was called to order at 8:10 p.m. at 2201 East Thomas. Present were President Lyle Rogers, Harold Johnson, John Herrscher, Bob Taylor, J. L. Wilkerson and Mel Jarvis.

The reading of the Minutes of the last meeting was waived due to the absence of the Secretary.

The Treasurer read his report which was approved. Authorization was given to pay for the door prize bills which were submitted.

Mel Jarvis noted that we now have 477 members. A discussion followed regarding a letter to be sent out to old and prospective members by the Membership Chairman. It was decided to contact all by special letter, or when possible, in person.

Harold Johnson, as Entertainment Chairman, told of the plans for the August 26th party. The program of a Western style BBQ, dancing, etc. were all explained in detail. After a discussion of the costs, etc., a motion was made by Mel Jarvis that

However, Bob Taylor did make a motion that a committee be appointed to receive complaints from the members, names to be published in the Chatter, and then this committee to send a letter to Mexico City to whom ever necessary to advise of the troubles. Motion was seconded by J.L. Wilkerson. Vote was 5 in favor; 1 opposed. Motion carried.

Motion was made by Mel Jarvis that Jack Rainbolt of KTVK be given an honorary membership, club license plate and map for his service in reporting the weather on TV. Motion was seconded by Harold Johnson. Motion carried.

New Business: Election of officers time is drawing near and it was suggested that all present start thinking about it and the nominations.

J. O. Wilkerson made a motion that the meeting be adjourned. Bob Taylor seconded the motion. Motion carried.

Meeting adjourned at 9:32 for refreshments.

Respectfully submitted,
Toska Esenwein
Acting Secretary

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An aftermath of Friday's party was the unusual accident that young Bob Taylor (Jr.) had at 16th Street & Oak. In order to avoid a swerving car in front of him, Bob took to the side and met with the immovable fire hydrant. He went through the windshield and his nose and face was badly cut. After 5 hours of plastic surgery on Saturday, we are happy to report that young Bob is doing fine. We talked to him at the hospital on Sunday evening and he should be released about August 30th. He has a good conversation item with the bandages, scars, etc. but since he is a hale and hearty young man, he is doing fine. We wish him good health and no more windshields or fire hydrants.



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A card was sent to the family of Dr. Eugene Gatterdam from the Club.

I wish to thank all those who remembered me when I was in the hospital. I received so many nice cards, and so many of you called, I hardly know how to thank all of you except through this column. Thank you, one and all! Now I know how it feels to get a card from the club, too. It's great!

A card was sent to Bill Valentine after his recent abrupt meeting with his sand buggy windshield. We wish him rapid healing.



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Club Member

GUESTS

at Our August 9th Meeting

Jeanette Garcia – Phoenix, Arizona
 Karen Wandler – Phoenix, Arizona
 Ed Wendler – Phoenix, Arizona
 Ben Navarro – Phoenix, Arizona
 Kerry Derby – Phoenix, Arizona
 Fred Chambers – Litchfield Park,
 Arizona
 H. B. Crawford – Litchfield Park,
 Arizona
 Fred E. Banders – Litchfield Park,
 Arizona
 C. F. Hollar – Phoenix, Arizona

Our 3 guests from Litchfield Park are from the Goodyear Aerospace Corp. We were delighted that they came to our meeting and we hope they enjoyed it.

MARY ANN PEREZ

It is with great sorrow that we report the death of Mary Ann Perez, 2-day-old infant daughter of Patricia and Ramon Perez, our radio operator. The little girl was born Monday, August 22nd, at Puerto Penasco hospital and passed away on Tuesday of cerebral hemorrhage at the Ajo hospital. Burial was Wednesday at Puerto Penasco. She was named Mary Ann after the grandmothers. We rejoiced at the birth, and now grieve at the loss of Baby Mary Ann. The sympathy of the entire club is extended to these fine young parents.

PHOENIX PREXY SPEAKS

Well, old Slow Poke sure has missed his chance. Those darned sailfish are too fast for me.

For years I have entertained the idea that I soon would rig up for sailfishing. After \$100 and some sweat, the job was finished.

Bill McCulla, his wife, my wife and me set sail for the fishing hole about 18 miles out on 210°. After we got to the blue water, the bait was out from our new riggers. I sure was proud. The next thing we all decided to have a cool drink and a cigarette. What do you know? One of those sneaky old sails came in, got our bait and started for San Felipe. Before the old man could get down from the pilot seat, get the rod, he was jumping. The second jump he was off. Slow-man-slow! That's me. That's all for that day. One thing about it, I had the biggest thrill of my life while fishing.

The next day started off fine. No wind, and the water had only a small ripple. We all figured – this is it. We saw five of those old devils and not one of them even looked at our bait.

One thing about it, Mary and I are going back out after them until we each get what's coming to us or they leave for the winter.

I am looking forward to the hour when Mary tangles with hers. She sure will scream for help. I am going to sit back and run the boat. Anyway, if she can't bring him along side, I'll just have to cut the line. Don't ask where I got those lumps on my head.

Yes, Mr. Brown has got a night watchman on for the protection of our property. He is on the job. (Ask Harold Johnson.)

See you at next meeting.

Thanks –
Lyle

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FISHIN' LINES

and trade with him. Well, one day shortly after his father had returned from Nogales with a fresh stock of supplies, among which were about a dozen watermelons, a band of Seri's tromped into the store. Hector said that among the hairy looking group was a squaw with an 8 to 9 year old papoose in tow. Evidently they had never seen a watermelon before, so Hector's father split one open and handed a piece to each of the Indians and children. They like to have gone plumb loco over the delicious fruit, and before long the dozen watermelons were rapidly becoming extinct. Toward the end of the orgy, Hector noticed the little 8 or 9 year old papoose off in one corner of the store with a half eaten piece of watermelon in his hand just bawling his eyes out. Hector became alarmed, thinking the kid was sick, so he asked his father who spoke faltering Seri to ask the boy's mamma what the trouble was. The kid was crying fit to kill, Hector's father translated, because he had eaten so much watermelon, and loved it so much, that he was too full to eat another mouthful and it broke his little heart.

I tell you, lying in bed, listening to that nut tell his true stories, with all his expressions and keen humor, was almost worth the price of admission.

Thursday morning bright and early we battened down our hatches,

secured the three outboards for towing behind the big boat, and cranked up for our next big move down the coast.

We had, up to now, been cruising the west coast of Mexico in the upper gulf of California, and our plans were to cut across the gulf opposite Tiburon to the Baja, California side. This would open up virgin territory to all of us Arizonans and we were all anxious to wet a line in some of the fabulous fishing waters around Angel Island, and the Bay of Los Angeles we'd all read about so much.

Every time the big boat made a move, Hammer would take one corner of the stern and I'd take the other and we'd each free-spool a white feather jib about 75 yards astern, hoping to pick up a stray dolphin or two. Up to now, we had only managed to entice a few small mackerel and one 6 pound skipjack (bonita) to strike the jigs.

As the magnificent shrimper silently knifed through the quiet water heading southward along the rugged barren coastline of Tiburon, we all shed a silent tear as we lost sight of teeny Duck Island. I, for one, made a vow to return some day to this fishy little hunk of solid granite to see if I could possibly quench my never satisfied appetite for fish collection.

(Editor's note: I hope you have all enjoyed Bill's adventure into new fishing regions, and also hope more of you will write any and all adventures you may have had. To Bill, many thanks!)



Send In Your
Fishing Stories

THE MASTER'S FISHERMAN

The Master of us all has claimed another fisherman. Ray Elardo, 53, passed away Monday, August 22, 1966 in Good Samaritan Hospital.

Mr. Elardo, a native of San Juan, P. R., moved to Phoenix 18 years ago. He joined the Cholla Bay Sportsmen's Club and the Power Squadron upon the purchase of his boat. He was a true Sportsman and Gentleman in the finest sense of the word.

In 1965, Ray and his wife attended one of the club meetings, and Ray led the Pledge of Allegiance from the front podium. He stood straight and tall and was so proud when he climbed the steps to lead his club. Mr. Elardo had been ill for about 3 years and had suffered considerably. Yet through it all, he still wanted to get to the Bay just one more time. He had stored his boat and even just recently was still fixing it up for that trip to Cholla Bay. This gave him that hope for the future.

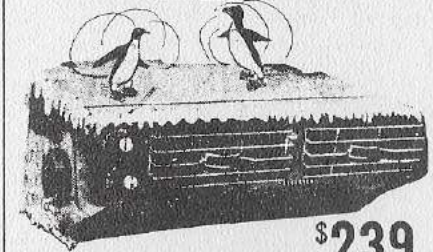
He was a man that loved life, and loved his fishing times at the Bay. Just last fall, several members of the club had tried to arrange a plane flight for Ray to Cholla Bay, but the trip would have proved just too much for him. The offer remained open to he and his wife although his fondest dream of reaching the Bay was never realized. The family suggests contributions to the City of Hope in Duarte, California.

His days of suffering are now passed, and his time of peace is at hand with the Master of all fishermen.

If all the mackerel caught this year were laid end to end across the Sahara Desert - boy, would they stink!

(Thanks to Sharon Kemp, Tucson)

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Sept. 29

The following tide charts are taken from the Juneau, Alaska predictions. It is quite accurate for the new and full moon periods. The other periods may vary somewhat.



Sept. 14

Sept, 1966

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Oct, 1966

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