



Volume 4, No. 8

October, 1961

Growing Pains

LYNN BAYLESS

Cholla Bay is growing up, or at least it is having growing pains. Where just a few years ago sprawled a sleepy fishing camp, we now see hundreds of pleasure boats launched each week-end. These changes are viewed with mixed emotions by the hand full of "old timers" around the Bay. We love the Gulf and want to share our sport with others, on the other hand we are concerned about the increasing number of boating accidents with their accompanying "scare" publicity and of course the inevitable threat of strict regulations and control of pleasure boating.

The U. S. Power Squadron is conducting their outstanding adult courses in piloting and Seamanship this fall, open to anyone interested in boating. The U.S. Coast Guard Auxiliary will make their famous Courtesy, Motorboat and Equipment examination available to all interested boat owners this year. The Cholla Bay Club, always the leader in promoting harmony between Mexicans and Americans in Penasco and at the Bay have organized a Search and Rescue team that has already gained the respect of a growing number of skippers who have seen them in action. The Club has a radio telephone station in operation at the Bay and is currently swinging into action with a "Float Plan" idea that ties the whole program together.

Your boating friends are spending a lot of time and hard cash to keep pleasure boating on the Gulf the great sport that it has always been.

A Trip To La Paz

By Bill Blair — Program Chairman

Highlighting the program meeting of the Cholla Bay Sportsmen's Club Tuesday evening, October 10th, will be a color film of a trip by power wagon and 4-wheel drive truck down the Baha side of the Gulf of California to LaPaz, taken by a veteran fisherman of the Gulf waters and member of the Club — none other than Peter Barker. Mr. Barker will punctuate this film with some interesting narration of their many experiences, such as being stuck in a salt flat for 36 hours, slowly working both vehicles to safety thru hard labor. The Barkers made this trip in January of 1960.

This is a program no one will want to miss so bring the family and all your friends to the Goettl Bros. Auditorium Tuesday evening, October 10th at 8 o'clock. An effort is being made to keep the business session as short as possible so that the members can enjoy the short talk on Safety and Navigation, plus an interesting program and still have time to confab with other Club members over a cup of coffee and a doughnut before the evening is over. One of the main objectives of a program meeting is for all Club members and their friends to meet.

The Safety and Navigation part of the program will be of particular interest to those who have marine radios on their boat. Dave Crane, Training Officer of the Coast Guard Auxiliary Flotilla No. 85 of Phoenix, will talk twenty minutes on instructions as to operating marine radios. Let's have a big turn out.

Cholla Chatter

Official Publication of the Cholla Bay Sportsmen Club, Inc.

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Prexy Speaks...

By Eddie Smith

"When my mind is made up—don't confuse me with facts!" Or—When I decide to go fishing, I don't have time to check out or in for safety reasons, although it may save a life.

The voluntary check out versus compulsory check out has been discussed at length for a good many years. Several volunteer methods have been tried and personally I like it the best. We all know, however, that it won't work unless we put some teeth in it.

This reminds me of a story. It seems Pancho was beating H— out of his mule trying to get him to amble down the road. Pedro said "No Pancho, you can't do that. That's cruelty to dumb animals. You make him go voluntarily—by asking him." Pancho—"Be my guest." With this Pedro hit the mule between the eyes with a large club and yelled giddap! The mule blinked his eyes and staggered slowly down the road—voluntarily. "But," said Pancho, "you said no cruelty." "But this isn't cruelty," replied Pedro. "You see first you *must* get his attention."

Eddie Smith



Phoenix Club

By: Myrt Johnson, Secretary

There was time-a-plenty at Cholla Bay during the Derby over Labor Day for visiting due to the high winds that kept all boats on shore Sunday, the second day of the Derby. An empty trailer at the launching area Sunday morning, following a night of high winds, created concern among Club members with the result that a well organized search was started before noon and continued throughout the day until night fell, with the missing boat still out there somewhere. Monday morning the missing fishermen and boat arrived safely to land, reporting that they had been in no danger at any time but had been enjoying fishing at various places. Altho this organized search proved unnecessary, it was an excellent experience for the Search and Rescue program of the Club. One thing proven necessary was the Ship to Shore radios, the searching ships being in constant contact with our own Radio Base Station at Cholla Bay, a portable radio at the Air Port at Rocky Point and the big radio station in Rocky point, operated by Paul Schoonover, Ed Smith and Dave Crane respectfully.

A big event such as a Derby at Cholla Bay brings many members of both chapters of the Club and therefore also Board members so Monday morning the Board of Directors of the Tucson and Phoenix Chapters, who were at the Bay, met at the Radio Base Station for discussion of

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Phoenix

the various problems of both groups. Result—Cooperation of both Chapters in the betterment of the Cholla Bay Area with friendly relations.

One of the matters of most importance discussed at the Joint Board meeting was that of what plan would best serve to comply with the request from the Mexican Port Official of putting in effect the Check Out system as a measure to insure better safety for fishermen. Club members asked to assist in the formulating plans for safety measures at the Bay and immediately went into action together with the appointed committee.

In evidence at Cholla Bay during the recent Derby were members of various Lions Clubs in Arizona, among them a good representation of the Saguaro Club of Phoenix, who thru pre-arranged plans, met with the Lions Club of Rocky Point at a noon dinner Monday, September 4th. As a member of the Lioness of the Saguaro Club, yours truly was invited to attend as a guest, as was President Ed Smith, representing the Cholla Bay Sportsmen's Club of the Phoenix Chapter. Wayne DeVore, President of the Phoenix Chapter was also an invited guest as a Lions member from Tucson.

Altho people have complained that the road into Cholla Bay is pretty rough and voiced the opinion that it had not been graded for weeks or months. It is difficult to keep a road across this expanse of sand from being rough and filled with

holes because of the tremendous traffic over it, especially during a Derby.

Witnessed during the Derby, Sept. 2nd and 3rd, were American boats from the states flying the American Flag, the United States Stars and Stripes, and that flag only. Complaints were registered and the question asked was "Is it mandatory or a courtesy that the Mexican National Flag be flown also if an American boat carries the U. S. National flag."

Quoting Charles F. Chapman in his book in Piloting Seamanship and Small Boat handling—"Honoring An Allied Ensign—. Just as a certain code of etiquette has been adopted to govern the display of flags by American boats on the waterways of our own nation, so too there is a certain accepted procedure to which pleasure boats should properly adhere to when they cross international boundaries into the waters of another nation. A code of flag etiquette has been adopted by the United States Power Squadron that the flag of our country be flown at the place of honor aft and the national flag of the foreign country in which the boat is visiting be displayed at the bow staff."

If there is no staff from which to fly the national flag of Mexico while fishing at Cholla Bay — extend the courtesy of removing the American flag.

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Search & Rescue Committee

LCDR R. E. Young, DIR AUX 11th Coast Guard Dist., Long Beach, will be in Cholla Bay Saturday, October 14th, with members of his staff to complete Vessel Facility Inspection Reports for members of Phoenix Flotilla No. 85 who leave their boats in Cholla Bay.

Any boat owner who desires to have a Courtesy Motorboat Examination on this date, should leave their name and cabin location at the Cholla Bay Radio Center, since your boat will be boarded by invitation only.

The Courtesy Examination is designed as a service to the pleasure motorboat owner and its objective is to accomplish the following:

a. Foster wider compliance with the motorboat laws and safe boating practice through the cooperation of all pleasure boat owners and operators.

b. Determine if the pleasure boat owner is, or is not, complying with the requirements of the law, and to advise him accordingly.

c. Determine if the pleasure boat owner meets the additional requirements for award of the Courtesy Examination Decal.

South of the Border

The new El Presidente of Puerto Penasco, Sr. Eduardo Ybarro and his lovely esposa, Eva, extended a most welcome invitation to Bob and Alice Taylor along with Nell and Wes Douglas to attend their Inauguration Ball on 'diez y seis de Septiembre.' Needless to say, we accepted and were present as honored guests at Sr. Ybarro's table for the festive occasion held at the Playa Hermosa. It was certainly a gala night—one that will long be remembered by the four of us.

The next day Senor y Senora Ybarro gave a barbecue at their place of business in Cholla Bay where a number of our Club Members joined in the celebration. This too was a very delightful occasion. You may all rest assured that the new regime will continue to welcome us in Rocky Point and Cholla Bay. They intend to do everything in their power to make our visits as pleasant as possible.

We would all like to extend to Senor Eduardo Ybarro our congratulations and our heartiest wishes for a very successful term of office as el presidente de Puerto Penasco.

To you Senora Eva and Senor Lalo—Thanks again for your generous hospitality in showing us what the good neighbor policy really means.

Jim Blair Wins Angling Award

Jim Blair of Phoenix won the Cholla Bay Sportsman's Club fishing derby in the Gulf of California the past weekend with an 18-pound grouper—and the flip of a coin.

Charles Meadmore, Tucson, also boated an 18-pounder to tie for grand award honors requiring the heads-'r-tails decision.

John Malt, Tucson won the sea trout division, a 6-pounder; Jose Perez, Globe, topped the pinto class with an 11½ pounder, and Ron Johnson, Phoenix, the dolphin class with a 16½ pound fish.

Jackpot winners were Brian Boyett, E. B. Ayes, and Dick Gardner, all of Phoenix.

This Is Important

The Captain of the Port at Penasco has, due to our several fatal experiences recently, requested our cooperation in establishing new procedures under which we use the waters around Puerto Penasco and Cholla Bay for our fishing and boating pleasure.

The Cholla Bay Sportsman Club, in complete accord with the Port Captain's request, is making available to all boating people, fisherman or cruiser, Mexican or American, Club member or not, a convenient means of filing a "Float Plan."

Forms will be available (in duplicate) at the Cholla Bay Radio Center and also at a place in Puerto Penasco to be designated later. The idea is to leave the original on shore and keep the duplicate with you. When you return pick up the original and destroy both copies, thus closing your "Float Plan."

This procedure provides the Port Captain with the information he requires and also constitutes a request for aid that will be recognized by the Cholla Bay Sportsman's Club search and rescue group in the event you do not return as planned, so it is important that your "Float Plan" be carefully filed and properly closed.

The Port Captain has also requested that people planning overnight trips or extended cruises file a more complete "Float Plan." We agree and will assist anyone planning such a trip in arranging the details.

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This is an invaluable service to all of us but it sure puts a strain on the people that operate the Sportsman Center at Cholla Bay so how about everybody kicking in with a dime or quarter for the "kitty" each time you file a "Float Plan?"

At our joint Cholla Bay Club Board Meeting in Cholla Bay, during the Mexican Derby, a representative of the Captain of the Port at Penasco advised us that measures would be required to protect those pleasure and fishing boats that entered the waters around Penasco and Cholla Bay.

This was brought to a head by our attempting to locate a fisherman that remained overnight without advising anyone of his whereabouts. Our search was called off by the "lost" fisherman reporting in later that he was O.K.

The next morning at our dual board meeting we were told to devise ways and means to keep advised of our members whereabouts or the authorities would do this for us.

Your 'Boating Registration Committee' was appointed by Wayne Devore, President of the Tucson Club. This committee is composed of Don Gehon, Dave Crane, Jerry Williams and the undersigned.

We met several times and after taking under advisement all courses of action, decided to place before the members a voluntary "Float Plan." This plan consists of registering when you leave; and when you return, picking up the copy of your Plan. We have suggested four signs to be placed at strategic locations to advise everyone how he should follow this procedure. We will attempt to have a number of copies of the accompanying letter available at the Bay Radio Station and if possible at the Immigration office where you secure your Entry Permit.

We hope the information requested to be left on shore will never be used to save your life. But we do urge you to voluntarily cooperate so that, if necessary, we will have needed information which will speed assistance to you and may mean life instead of death to you.

ROBERT J. TAYLOR Chairman

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Phoenix



by Bill Valentine

This summer was, without a diddly-doubt, about the most mizzerable 3 months of fishing that I have ever experienced, in over 15 years of heavy summer fishing at Cholla Bay. No matter which weekend I picked, it was the wrong one—my timing was shot to hell.

The spring fishing was not much better, in my case anyhow. I didn't beach enough Sea-trout at one time, to fill up a small sized tow-sack, due to hitting wrong tides or blustering winds.

Practically all of my blue-water fishing buddies, at one time or another this summer, boated Dolphin. The closest I came to getting one on board the Queen, was at the end of a 15' sailfish leader, when I tried to handline the leader with a big old bull firmly hooked up, for my cute little cousin from Salt Lake City on the rod, and as I was pulling the old boy to within gaffing range, he gave a savage jerk of his blunt colorful head, ripped the hook out, and leisurely swam away. (She no longer calls me her kissin' cousin—you'd be surprised at what she does call me now, tho—)

About the only bright spot of the whole damn summer, was an action-packed two days and a night, spent aboard the magnificent Pez Vela II, as guests of the fishin' funnin' foolin' Doc Tweeds.

Doc and Ella (his ever-loving doll of a wife) had pioneered the fascinating

sport of catching Sailfish from a small outboard many years ago, and have fished practically the whole length and breadth of el Gulfo, from Palmia (below La Paz) to Cholla Bay. I am one of their most ardent admirers, so when in a weak moment, they invited Jessie and I to accompany them for a little excursion overnight to Bird Island to spinfish for King Mackerel, we accepted enthusiastically.

(I would appreciate it, if the sensitive or easily offended type readers, or those among you who have weak stomachs, would just keep their eyeballs closed for the remainder of this month's episode, 'cause what happened to us as we first went on board the beautiful 32' gulf cruiser left permanent scars on my own tough used-to-anything type brain, and I surely don't want to subject my dear readers to the same horrible experiences that I had to encounter—there, now, you read further at your own risk.)

My wife's kid brother Freddie, a mere lad of 23 years, had motored over from the coast to spend a week's vacation with us at Cholla, and the gracious Tweeds had included Fred on their invite.

Being a good 32 foot cruiser, the Pez Vela was a little too large to beach at 'fishead bay,' so consequently, Doc owned a little 9' aluminum canoe to shuttle supplies and passengers from shore on out to where he kept the boat anchored in the bay. Bright and early this particular Tuesday morning, Jessie, Freddie, a half-dozen spinning rods and reels, my 500 pound tackle box, 3 sleeping bags, Marcello (Doc's Mexican first-class type boating and fishing compadre) 100 pounds of ice, a case of cold Cerveza and my mizzerable self, piled on board that canoe for the 300-yard trip on out to the Mother ship.

With Marcello making like a 5-HP Johnson, via an ash paddle, the slightly

overloaded canoe slowly but surely gained against the outgoing tide and we soon were approaching the glistening side of the Tweed pride and joy.

Ladies and gentlemen, I happen to be known far and wide for my keen sense of hearing (due to utility-type ears), and my uncanny sense of smell (being very nosey). I can't SEE, mind you, but if it makes a little noise or is just a teeny weency bit ripe, I'm your boy. The closer we approached the big boat, the more my nose told me that something was not quite right in the immediate vicinity of the Pez Vela.

There, picturesquely lounging against the rail, with a forced, somewhat strained smile to greet us, stood Ella.

The questionable fragrance enveloping us by now, was becoming quite overpowering. As we apprehensively climbed up to the deck, my sensitive hairy little nostrils were quivering with indignation.

"Why don't you go on down into the cabin and see Doc and Charlie?" Ella sweetly inquired of me as I gingerly peered suspiciously around the spacious deck. (Charlie was Doc's fishing buddy from Tucson, Charley Hazenthal, and one of the nicest guys it is my privilege to know—a first class mechanic, fisherman, and last, but not least, a lover.)

The sight that met my astonished gaze as I looked down into the cabin, was one to make a strong man quake. There, ankle-deep in, ah, a little bit of flotsam, and one helluva bunch of jettsum, wallowed Charlie and Doc, fighting a losing battle against a slightly overworked shipboard head. (Toy-Toy to those who don't understand nautical terms). It seemed that one of the crew, in a glorious moment of pure abandonment, had relaxed completely, letting it all hang out, so to speak, and not realizing that a little ole' shipboard potty wasn't meant

to be overloaded in such a manner and had jammed the works to such an extent that the little ole' potty had rebelled and spewed forth, completely rejecting all deposits. This made for a somewhat wall to wall jettsum covered deck.

The weapons Doc and Charlie were wielding to combat the rising tide, were a trusty rusty dustpan, and a bedraggled, somewhat worse-for-wear whisk broom. Upon seeing my ashen face at the head of the hatchway stairs, good ole' Doc thrust the loaded dustpan into my reluctant pinkies, and snarled "Damn the torpedoes—over the side with 'em!"

With the three of us stalwart apprentice plumbers making up an efficient assembly line—Charlie wielding the whisk broom, Doc gingerly scooping with the dust pan, and me slipping and sliding on up the stairs to jettison the end product (HA!) over the side—we finally won the gory battle. I found, much to my surprise, that I could hold my breath for almost two full minutes between trips to the rail.

When the last vestige of the catastrophe had been finally mopped up, and a large 'OUT OF ORDER' sign had been strategically placed, the three of us freckled companions wearily staggered topside, and with sickly grins, congratulated each other on our efficient workmanlike aplomb.

(To be continued next month)

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Fishing In Hawaii

By LES CONLICK—Sec. Tucson Chapter

Conversation while fishing at Cholla Bay a few weeks ago led to a fishing excursion in Hawaiian waters. I had heard that the Blue Marlin were being caught on the Kona Coast of Hawaii, the king of all fighting fish. Our party of fishers had filled three gunny sacks with Pintos, when Homar Cummings made the suggestion that we all head for Hawaii and try our luck. Having approximately twelve days left of vacation time, I could find no good reason against the idea, so we headed for shore and home to pack for the trip.

The trip was made by airplane, which landed us at Honolulu and the Waikiki Beach where "we lived it up" before taking on the more important matter of fishing. We were informed that the best fishing was off the Black Sand Beach of Kona, about 150 miles from where we were. We chartered a boat and took off from the Kona Coast where the guide turned us loose with large rods and reels. I used a homemade plug of fiberglass with a plastic cloth around it, which was trimmed to points with scissors, attaching the largest hook I could find onto the back of it and then letting out approximately 300 yards of line. Vera, my wife, had the first strike but didn't hook it. Three long hours later my line suddenly sang out and I got my first feel of a Blue Marlin hooked on the end of my line. I worked him to the boat in about 25 minutes when a pesky big shark came up and just plain scared that Marlin silly because he came up and danced away up on top of the water and was at least a quarter of a mile away in just a few minutes. We had to run the boat fast in order to sink him again. Then came the hard and grueling task of pulling and winding all over again, getting him back to the boat. Forty-five minutes later and me just about all in, the shark came back. We gave out a distress call and another boat came to help us by throwing a hunk of fish on a throw line out to the shark, which lured him away from my Marlin. I successfully boated my fish, nursed my harness sores and blistered hand and flopped on a bunk — completely done in.

I received a royal greeting when we

Sangritas de La Viudo

The Bloody Mary has long been well known by those who desire to try to hide the fact they are enjoying anything any stronger than plain tomato juice. Here is another drink that we were recently introduced to, so far not to be found at bars or liquor stores in Phoenix according to our inquiries. It is called "Sangritas de la Viudo," strictly a product of old Mexico, which can also be used as a camouflage for drinking alcoholic beverage. The bottle carries this information — "Delicioso Complemento del Tequila, No Contiene Alcohol" which means that the contents of that bottle alone can be sipped throughout the day and night by anyone as a pretense of being a good sport by those who do not imbibe, should that person be able to acquire a taste for it.

Sangrita de la Viudo can be purchased as a dual package together with a bottle of Tequila of the same size, and that combination gives you a whallop that hits you but good. Use equal portions of Salsa Sangrita de la Viudo and Tequila and pour over ice cubes. No restrictions as to ounces — just whatever amount you think you need or want— depending on how big a whallop you desire. Settle back and sip this concoction.

Nacho explained that Sangrita de la Viudo when translated means "The Blood of the Widow," is manufactured in Mexico and is a very healthy drink because it is made primarily from the juice of the Century Plant, tomato juice with fine herbs and spices added. They say it leaves no bad after effects such as a big head and headaches, plus that burned out feeling. This beverage serves two purposes — makes you healthy as well as giving you what you wanted when you drank it — a terrific punch. A good drink, don't you think. Try it.

reached the dock, where they took my Blue Marlin to the Kona Hotel for weight and measurement. It tipped the scales at 185 lbs. and measured 8 ft. 10 in. in length. To proclaim that I had caught the largest fish of the day they rang the bells and gave me the honor of shooting off the cannon. I was also presented with a fifth of Champagne.

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By: Wes Douglas, Membership Chairman

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The Chatters and mail continues to be returned from some of our members. If you know the correct address of any of these please send it to Box 7171, Phoenix 11, Arizona.

Bill Thomson Curtis Earl
Ken Henthorn

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Renew Membership, Price Is Right

By: Wes Douglas, Membership Chairman

A number of our members have not sent in the \$2.00 Club dues increase. If you happen to be one of these, please mail your payment in.

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ance, improvements at Cholla Bay, and getting to know people who enjoy the same things you do, plus many other intangible benefits.

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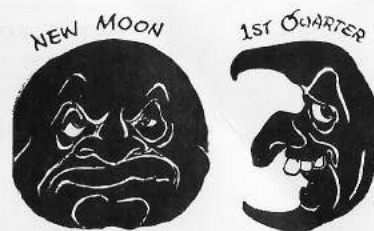
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|----------------------|----------------------|
| G. A. Tillman, Jr. | J. V. Dreiseszun |
| Wayne Tussing | Billie J. Drieseszun |
| Robert Wood | Charles B. Farmer |
| Gordon Strunk | C. Harold Frederick |
| Maybelle Stover | W. P. Fuller |
| Caul Taylor | Cecil Graham |
| J. R. Turner | Melvin Harrison |
| James V. Tyra | Louis R. Jurioitz |
| Ben B. Wallis | W. C. Adams |
| Cynthia Johnson | W. C. Brewer |
| Harry Jones | Don Coifman |
| Harley B. Kelley | W. F. Day, Jr. |
| Charles C. Meadmore | Sam Manguso |
| Frank Ruckman | Al Mularz |
| A. L. Schneck | Joseph H. Muller |
| Forrest Cooley | M. J. Olsen |
| Clay Coughanour | Chas. E. Reed |
| W. F. Dunn | Frank Ruckman |
| Geraldine Erny | Ray Adams |
| Harry Gibbons | John Hoskins |
| R. R. Ricks | Mrs. John Hoskins |
| Mrs. Betty Underdown | W. M. McDonald |
| Bill Vargo | Ira Pettegrew |
| Dr. Ben R. Allen | Mary Pettegrew |
| Pat Alley | J. L. Platt |
| Jack Cameron | R. W. Wolff |
| Dean Coffman | Mrs. R. W. Wolff |
| C. E. Cowley | Jack Adams |
| Paul Colerich | Bill Giles |
| Mrs. Melvin Saxman | Oka Stewart |
| Dr. Melvin Saxman | John Yarbrough |
| Don Stapley | Mrs. John Yarbrough |
| Charles D. Stevenson | J. A. Bickle |
| Alfred M. Sutton | J. Francis |
| Ray Thomas | G. H. Gehon |
| Mr. Lyle Underdown | R. I. Glover |
| Mr. Roy Keltner | S. E. Henry |
| Mrs. Vivian Keltner | Dr. D. C. James |
| Jim Kenner | Chester Johnson |
| E. L. Lowry | J. D. Johnson |
| George F. Miller | Oakley Jordon |
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Oct. 9 Oct. 16
Nov. 8 Nov. 15
Dec. 7 Dec. 14

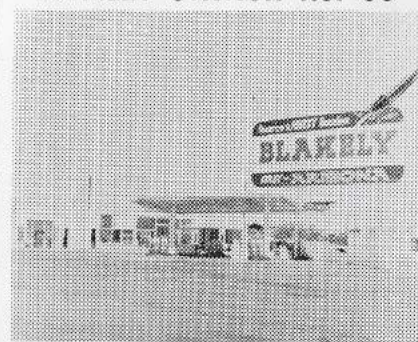


Oct. 23 Oct. 1 & 31
Nov. 22 Nov. 29
Dec. 21 Dec. 29

Operation: Tide Charts . . .

	Oct.	Nov.	Dec.
1	0725	0830	0840
	2010	2055	2100
2	0815	0915	0920
	2040	2140	2140
3	0905	1000	1005
	2130	2220	2225

Make the AJO . . . BLAKLEY STATION No. 68



a "must stop" on your way down and back from Cholla Bay. Our members Paul and Jack will have your gas refund slips ready for you when you fill your boat.

4	0950	1045	1050
	2215	2305	2320
5	1035	1125	1135
	2300	2355	1135
	2300	2355	2400
6	1120		
	2340	1210	1225
7	1205	0030	0055
		1255	1315
8	0025	0120	0150
	1250	1345	1410
9	0110	0210	0240
	1330	1435	1510
10	0150	0300	0340
	1415	1525	1610
11	0240	0355	0440
	1500	1620	1705
12	0325	0440	0535
	1550	1720	1805
13	0415	0550	0630
	1640	1815	1900
14	0505	0645	0725
	1730	1910	1950
15	0600	0740	0815
	1830	2005	2040
16	0655	0835	0905
	1925	2100	2130
17	0750	0925	0955
	2020	2150	2220
18	0845	1020	1045
	2115	2245	2310
19	0945	1110	
	2210	2335	1140
20	1040		0005
	2300	1210	1230
21	1135	0030	0100
		1255	1320
22		0120	0150
	1230	1345	1415
23	0055	0210	0240
	1320	1440	1505
24	0150	0305	0330
	1410	1530	1555
25	0240	0355	0420
	1505	1625	1640
26	0330	0450	0505
	1600	1715	1725
27	0425	0540	0550
	1650	1800	1810
28	0520	0625	0630
	1745	1850	1855
29	0610	0710	0715
	1835	1935	1935
30	0700	0755	0755
	1920	2015	2020
31	0745		0840
	2010		2100

CHOLLA BAY SPORTSMEN'S CLUB, INC.

P. O. Box 7171, Phoenix 11, Arizona

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Form 3547 Requested

11-61

Tucson Talking

Les Conlisk, Secretary

The Regular meeting of the Cholla Bay Sportsman's Club was called to order by President Wayne DeVore, September 19, 1961, at the Moose Lodge, 378 N. Main Ave., Tucson, Arizona

The minutes of the previous meeting were read by Les Conlisk, Sec., and approved.

The Treasurer, Myron Lusk, gave the financial report and stated we only have \$9.04 in the treasury at this time. We will be better off financially when we collect the rest of the \$2.00 increase in dues that are still owed.

New launching laws set up by the Captain of the Port are as follows: Each boat will have to be registered at either the Radio Station or Rocky Point before launching. And a charge of 10c for each trip. Each person will have to check in on returning. For overnight trips a special permit will be required.

The Tucson Chapter was formed in November 1960 and according to the

By-Laws, nominations for new officers must be 60 days before the end of the fiscal year. On Sept. 9, the nominating committee met and decided to recommend to the membership for Pres., Dr. Walker; Treas., Myron Lusk; Sec., Les Conlisk; Board of Directors, Bill Casey; Leonard Mitchell; Mike Monares. And these four were added from the floor at the meeting: Gus Allfillish; Chas. Preciado; Nils Collins and Oscar Newman.

Frank Young asked if it would be feasible to have another Spanish Class for our members at the Moose Club. He has a teacher in mind, if enough people are interested. He will have more information at the next meeting.

Guests at our meeting were Wes Douglass from Phoenix; Mable Burkenovich and Bob Platt, Jr., from Rocky Point. Nice to have all of them.

The speaker for the evening was Bill Zerleth, who gave a very interesting talk, along with his film, Sun, Sand and Survival.

Door prize was a flare set donated by Howard Taylor - E. & H. Marine, 1530 W. Prince Road.

Meeting adjourned at 9:30 P.M.

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2005 EAST INDIAN SCHOOL

(Phoenix Club meets the 2nd Tuesday at 8 P.M. monthly in the Auditorium at this address)



Tucson Lodge No. 747
Loyal Order Of Moose
347 N. MAIN, TUCSON

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