



NAM SANG WINNING PHOENIX PROGRAM

By: Curtis Ligon, Program Chairman

The 1961 Trans-Pacific Yacht Race from Newport, California to Hawaii won by the Nam Sang, owned by Bob Robbs, Phoenix, will be the highlight of the Tuesday, October 9, meeting at Goettl Auditorium, 2009 East Indian School, Phoenix.

Mrs. Charles B. Sherrill, nee Mary Young, will present the film of the race which is held bi-annually. As the only gal in the championship crew, she has a feminine slant on yachting that the ladies will enjoy and the men won't want to miss. Mary has promised to answer questions, too.

The business meeting at 8 p.m., as usual. Following the program, refreshments will be served.

Here's a program for the entire family. Brings friends, too, and prospective members. Everyone is welcome.

PREXY SPEAKS

I find it necessary to write this time about people who do sign out when they go fishing, but fail to sign in when they return. Because of the ever-increasing number of people who fish at Cholla Bay a way must be found to encourage people to sign out and in. We would like very much to do this as a club project so that the Mexican government will not step in and make rules for us which would be hard to

(Continued on Page 2)

TUCSON TALKING

By Les Conlisk

First Fisherman: "It's getting late and we haven't caught a single fish."

Second Fisherman: "Let's let two more big ones get away and then go home."

Bernie Walker opened the meeting by announcing it was time again to nominate new officers for the Tucson Chapter of the Cholla Bay Sportsman's Club. At our next meeting, October 16th, you can still nominate the ones of your choice before the election. So everyone who possibly can, get to our meeting and help get someone in office that you think will keep this a growing club.

Myron Lusk gave a good report on the Sept. Derby and Les Conlisk reported on all the Pescadors who won the prize money and the 10 hp. Johnson Outboard Motor. He also expressed his thanks to all who sold the tickets before and at the Derby. Everyone

(Continued on Page 2)

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Cholla Chatter

Official Publication of the Cholla Bay Sportsmen Club, Inc.

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PREXY

(Continued from Page 1)

abide by after our years of carefree freedom. Over Labor Day weekend, 12 boats were towed into Cholla Bay; 8:00 p.m. Sunday, 32 boats had not signed in which had signed out. After much checking and re-checking, by 9:00 p.m. we found eight boats still out or at least they had signed out. At 9:30 p.m. two boats were still out. It was after 10:00 p.m. before all boats had been accounted for. Of course, some of these boats were being towed in, and we knew about that, but a few people who didn't sign in at the radio club house caused some of us a lot of trouble and most of the trouble could have been avoided if some people had taken the time to return the sign out slip to the radio house. This signing out and in at the present time is all voluntary, so let's all sign out and when we return from fishing make sure the slip is returned to the radio club house. If we don't do this voluntarily, it will not be too long before it will be compulsory.

Al Scott

If you want your boat and those aboard in it to be safe — think and practice safety.

TUCSON TALKING

(Continued from Page 1)

seemed to enjoy the dance. The orchestra, 'The Westerners' could really make music.

The road into the Bay is in better shape now, lots of dirt has been placed in the soft spots.

Don't forget our next meeting of Oct. 16th, at the Moose Lodge, 378 N. Main.

Les Conlisk, Secretary

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Looking For A Name

by Cecil Gary

We're expecting an addition to our family soon that needs a name. This all began four years ago when my wife and I fell in love. Not with each other, that's ancient history, but with sailing.

We were wandering around Coronado Island and the Silver Strand when our attention centered on a group of small day sailors gracefully and noiselessly gliding over the blue Pacific. This was the beginning.

Let's try our hand at the tiller. At Alamitos Bay we saw what we were looking for, "SAILBOATS FOR RENT".

"Do you know how to sail?" asked the proprietor.

"No," we answered truthfully.

Concerned, he looked at us then across the bay and decided. "Well, it's calm today. Maybe you won't capsize." Then he gave us a few instructions and Lela and I set out to sail a boat.

Calm was right. It was so calm that it took us two hours to creep around that small bay, but it let us get an idea of what sailing would be like. It was a bit tame and our enthusiasm dimmed, but only slightly and not for long.

Now, Lela's favorite vacation spot is San Francisco and by the next year she had sold me on the idea of driving there to look for a sailboat. I realized this was just her scheme to get me to Fisherman's Wharf and Market Street but I agreed. After a day spent at the Marina watching the yacht races our eagerness soared. Poking around — the yacht basin we began to discover and identify boat classes. Here we met the Penguin for the first time.

On our way home we stopped at Alamitos Bay and were asked "Have you sailed before?" This time we answered with a qualified "yes". It was breezier this time and we had a marvelous time. Home we went, ready to build a sailboat.

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It was to take another trip to the coast to get us actually started though. That fall we spent several Sundays watching the sailboats perform on Saluaro Lake. We saw mostly Lidos and Sabots and there was one Penguin in the crowd. I still thought we wanted something larger than a 12-footer which the Penguin is so I ordered plans for a 16-footer that was not a class boat as far as I could tell. Somehow I just never did get started building that boat.

July again and once more we went to Alamitos Bay to rent a sailboat. This time we were disappointed. The breeze was strong and every rental was already sailing in the bay. As we walked toward the Penguin Yacht Club to check the bulletin board I noticed a man along beaching his Penguin. I spoke with him and he said "If you have time come sail with me. I need more weight in this wind." Off came our shoes and into the boat we climbed.

For three hours we sailed up and down the bay in a stiff breeze and this convinced me that I wanted a Penguin. The size, shape and performance of this boat suited me. It handles well and is tippy enough to be a real challenge to sail. That evening we saw the bay literally filled with Penguins for their weekly race.

We visited with a man who was readying his Penguin for the "Idiot's Race" from Long Beach to Catalina Island. This is held annually and is very popular. Of course larger power boats accompany the Penguins for safety purposes.

A letter supplied us with more information. The International Penguin Class Dinghy Association with offices in Baltimore guide the activities of this class. Each year owners from all over the world meet and race at the Internationals.

At this writing I am a member of the Penguin Association, I have a number, my name appears in the yearbook, I have a sail and an almost finished boat. There is still the painting to do, the mast to shape and a name to decide on. Oh yes, I must plan a christening party too.

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By Katherine Hitchcock

We wish to thank the San Dabs Skin Diving Club for their donation of \$25.00 to the ambulance fund.

I would like to report that the club house roof has been repaired and paid for, also the deep freeze has been delivered to Lalo Iberra.

There is some trouble with Channel 2182 in receiving. We shall try to have this straightened out soon.

We would like for everyone to make it a regular practice of signing in and OUT, or out and IN, at the club house when they are going out fishing or boating. It is expensive to send a boat out to rescue someone, and end up by finding them in the cantina enjoying a cervaza.

We would like all members to bring at least one new member into the club before the new year. Let's all get behind our membership chairman, Myrt Johnson, and make this a wonderful year for new members. We feel this club has a lot to offer to the sportsman or women, who are interested in good relations with muy buenos vecinos, the Mexican people, the deep sea fishing, surf fishing, diving, and just plain fun south of the border.

Your bear hunting secretary,

Katherine Hitchcock

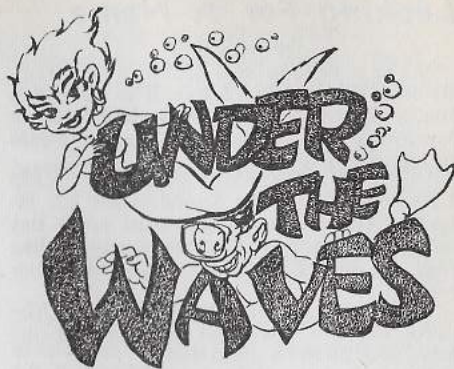
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by Wes Wells

The Arizona Skindiving Council held their 2nd annual Labor Day spear fishing contest on September 2 at Guaymas, Mexico. This event is eagerly anticipated by many of the divers in Arizona. The contest was open to either Scuba or free diving and the hours of the contest extended from sunrise to 7 p.m.

Catagories of the competition included the following: 1st, 2nd, and 3rd largest fish, 1st and 2nd place total individual aggregate and a traveling team trophy.

The winners were:

1st and 2nd largest fish — Ray

Thomas of the San Dabs

3rd largest fish — Gary Meyers

of the Desert Dophins

1st place total individual aggregate

— Ray Thomas of the Sand Dabs

2nd place individual aggregate —

John Laurence of the Desert
Dolphins

The traveling trophy was taken by a Desert Dolphin team composed of Gary Meyers, Art Plabelt, John Laurence, and John Lowe. Teams competing for the traveling trophy were the

(Continued on Page 5)

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The weather accompanying the contest was as usual for contests — rough. A rather violent thunder squall blew up around noon and this provided considerable excitement for those in the smaller boats.

The Arizona Skindiving Council wishes to express their thanks to their friends in Mexico for allowing us to hold our contest in their waters and for their gracious hospitality.

SURF FISHING FOR MACKS

By Gene Henry

A light breeze ruffled the water as my teenage son, John, and I topped over the sand dunes about midway down Shelly Beach. It was the weekend before Easter and the tide had just turned and was on its way back in. It looked like an ideal day for sea trout and we were out to try to locate some hot spots in preparations for the Derby two weeks off.

Three hours and several hundred casts later we were still looking for sea trout. By this time, our behinds were dragging about two inches off the beach and we had enough sand in our sneakers to start our own private beach. To add insult to injury, who comes flying along about this time but our old fishing buddy, Paul Skoglund, and his first love, the sand buggy "Hardly Able." There, waving like Old Glory on the mast of a destroyer, was a string of big sea trout that would choke a horse. And, do you think he would stow them on the rear deck in a wet gunny sack like the rest of us modest fishermen. Oh no! — here they

were haging on a open stringer from the windshield post for everyone to see. Like a true sport, I choked down my jealousy and congratulated Paul on his catch.

Pooped as we were, the sight of those big trout on Paul's stringer flagged our drooping spirits (and behinds). John and I once more resumed casting, frimly determined to locate a school of trout. Suddenly, I spotted an unfamiliar large body of rocks offshore which I couldn't remember seeing before. A closer look showed it to be a huge mass of bait fish close offshore and a sudden skittering flash of bait fish on the surface indicated something was feeding on them.

I quickly snapped on a silver spoon and cast behind the school of bait. Using a fast retrieve, I brought several casts through and alongside the school, but nothing happened. I then decided to try a slow flutter retrieve which has caught many a fat, sassy fresh water bass for me. Again, I cast behind the school of bait, only this time I allowed the spoon to slowly flutter to the bottom before starting to reel in. I raised the rod tip to lift the spoon off the bottom and on about the second slow crank of the reel handle something jolted the rod almost out of my grasp and then took off in a sizzling run.

After that first run, I was able to reel the fish in almost to the beach. As soon as it spotted me however, it took off again, peeling line off at a mile-a-minute clip. Then, I knew what I was latched on to. That last line-stripping run is a trade mark of the Spanish or Cerro Mackerel. This particular fish proved to be only about 2-3 pounds when beached, but it fought and felt like a fish twice that size.

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John also snapped on a small silver spoon and for the next hour or so we had a ball. Using this slow jig and flutter retrieve, we quickly filled our gunny sacks with Macks. I have never seen a greater concentration of bait fish and never before had seen them so close offshore. One big school after another moved slowly down the beach, never reaching more than 20-30 feet offshore. By casting behind the school and retrieving the lure slowly alongside, we had a hookup nearly every cast. Toward the end, my two oldest girls, Pat and Pam, joined in the fun. You never saw two happier, squealing little girls than those two every time they hooked into a fighting Mack. They lost more than they landed but by this time we had more fish than we cared to clean anyway.

This experience once more proved to me than it pays to vary your retrieve and not be afraid to try new techniques. I had been told by many experienced gulf fishermen that the only way to hook a Mack was by using a race horse retrieve and skittering the lure along the surface. Well, this is probably true most of the time, especially when trolling for Macks from a boat. I have caught a lot of Macks using this same technique, but that doesn't mean you should use the same retrieve all the time.

I was discussing this recently with Wally Blanchard who, for my money, is the best bass fisherman in this part of the country. As most of you fresh water fishermen know, Wally is a master craftsman when it comes to catching real lunker bass and originated the art of catching big bass in our Western impoundments through using a **slow slow** retrieve with a bottom crawling

lure which he invented. Wally recounted a similar experience to ours in fishing for big Spanish King Mackerel off the Texas Gulf coast. When the usual tried and true methods failed to catch any fish, he set up his regular bass casting gear and using a spoon and slow retrieve hooked into and landed several lunker Kings much to the amazement of the local fishermen.

So — when the fish aren't hitting, why don't the rest of you old bass fishermen try some of your proven bass gettin' methods on their saltwater cousins. Who knows, it may work out as good for you as it did for us and make a successful trip out of an otherwise dry run.

COME ON IN THE DOORS OPEN

Let's give Cecil a story or two, once you get your feet wet it's easy. You don't have to be an expert, few of us are. I'm trying so can you. Christmas is just around the corner so to speak. Send your version of a Mexican Christmas story to your editor.

There are many shell collectors in our club. Send your stories too. Club members who are building there must be a story hiding in that cement slab. Dig it out, send it in.

Don't be bashful. Get your typewriter, pencil, pen and get busy. We will help you all we can. If you can't type we will so that's no excuse. If you do type double space please.

Bill, Eddie, Florence, Lyle, The Kinneer's, The Moores, Lynn Bayless and many more lead interesting lives. Going places doing things like hunting, fishing, traveling. Did you get your Antelope, Deer, Elk? Brag a little.

PRACTICAL HINTS FOR SAFE BOATING

To be safe in a boat, one must think how everything he does and everything he uses, affects his own safety and the safety of others aboard his boat and nearby.

Be sure to select a boat suitable for your purpose. You may want a canoe, a pram, a flat bottom john boat, a house boat, or a fancy cruiser. It may be paddled, rowed, sailed, outboard or inboard powered — but don't overpower it, or it will be cranky and dangerous. If your boat is a small one, remember to step into the center of the bottom, not on the gunwale and don't rock them just to show off. Use a safety chain or cable on your outboard motor. They do come loose occasionally. To be sure that your boat and equipment is safe, ask for a Coast Guard Auxiliary Examination.

The fact that three of the legal requirements for motorboats — flame arrestors, fire extinguishers, and ventilators for bilges, are intended to minimize the danger of fire in the engine compartment. The galley is another source of fire hazard. Electric, alcohol, kerosene, and bottled gas stoves are permissible for use on boats. Gasoline stoves should never be used. Fasten the stove securely in place. The table top and walls should be covered with a fire-proof material. Cylinders for gas should be mounted outside. Test all fire extinguishers frequently.

There should be an approved life saving device aboard for each passenger. This applies to all boats, such as canoes, rowboats, and small sailboats, where there is no legal requirement. Be sure that your life saving device is

Coast Guard approved.

Be sure to provide life preservers for the children.

It is better to have an extra life preserver on board and not need it, than to need one and not have it.

Don't overload your boat. Large steamships have sunk when all passengers rush to one side. Many small boats have sunk or capsized when they were loaded to the point where they have too little freeboard. The load must be distributed properly if the boat is to handle well. High speeds and sharp turns are frequent causes of accidents on the water as well as on shore. Remember your wake, even in an outboard, can cause serious damages and that you are responsible. Keep away from swimmers; slow down when passing fishing boats. Keep well out of the way of tows and large vessels. Their wakes are dangerous to small boats.

Carry two anchors with plenty of line. When you anchor, put the anchor overboard hand over hand. Never throw it. You would be in real trouble if you were caught in the line. Keep well out of the channel when you anchor, and don't forget to light your anchor light at night.

Watch the weather. Even in the rivers it can get rough if a strong wind blows up-stream. Head for the nearest harbor or find a spot behind an island to wait until the worst is over.

When passing under a bridge, keep well away from the piers. Oft times there are portions of cassions and pilings used in the construction of the bridge, that may be just under the surface of the water. On large rivers the water around bridge piers is very turbulent and dangerous.

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FROM WHERE I SIT

By Ann Miller

John and Gladys Hoskins arrived from Las Cruces for a 10 day stay here at the bay. Bob and Ida Bourland have returned after a two months' vacation. Ma and Pa Turner are back and enjoying themselves at the bay. Pat and Ruby O'Hara of Tucson have been spending several days at the bay and Ann & Viola Miller were their guests one evening for dinner. Helen & Charlie Reed have returned their trailer to the bay after having it in the mountains for a few months. Bud and Mae Moore of Tucson are back and will spend a couple of weeks here. Willis Fredlind has been on the sick list but is now on the road to recovery. Al Scott, our President, spent the weekend at the bay. Also Glen Stewart and his radio man were down and checked out the club radio. The Hitchcocks from Widow Maker Lane are down to spend several days. Frank Lopez is keeping the road hot in his red convertible. (Tito) Lolo and his new wife have moved from the bay to the big city. Marcello is still the handsome young bachelor of Cholla Bay. The wife of our radio operator, Jesus, is still expecting. Could she have changed her mind?

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Myrt & Ken — Members



by Lela Gary

For a couple, Arizona born and reared, we have a most unnatural fondness for all seafood. Our favorite is, however, that magnificent sea creature called the SHRIMP. We like them raw, fried, en casserole, boiled, Louis and creole. The recipe I use for the creole is one from a plantation in Louisiana that I have altered a bit to suit us.

Cook in 2 tablespoons butter until yellow . . . 1 minced onion. Blend in . . . 2 tablespoons flour, 1 crushed bay leaf, 1 cup diced celery, 1 teaspoon minced parsley (or dried parsley flakes), a dash of cayenne, ½ teaspoon salt, 1 6¼-oz. can tomato paste and 3 cups of water. Cook slowly, stirring now and then, until thickened (about 30 minutes). Stir in 2 cups cooked shrimp. Serve on hot buttered brown rice.

To prepare this over a campfire use a heavy dutch oven and cook the rice in the tomato sauce before adding the shrimp. Using this method you may need to add a bit more water.

At home we like this shrimp creole served with warm french rolls and a tossed green salad.

After you've made this once or twice you may want to vary the seasoning to suit your taste. Oregano is good in it and some like to reduce the amount of chopped celery and add some chopped green peppers.

Keep this in mind and the next time the shrimp vendors make their rounds at Cholla Bay give it a try. We hope you enjoy it as we do.



By Bill Valentine

The good Lord seems to always protect drunks and fools. I am sorry to state that I happen to be eligible for either qualification.

To prove my statement, let me tell you what happened on a recent trip to Guaymas.

There were five of us stacked up in the spacious wardroom of the African Queen, fishing for sailfish or anything else that would take a Fraiser-Feather or planing mullet. We were about eight or nine miles offshore, and about fifteen to eighteen miles northwest from where we started. The wind was blowing in a southeasterly direction and was strong enough to have pushed up a good healthy chop on the white capped surface of the gulf.

Now, for those of you who are unlucky enough to have never cast yore eyeballs on he Queen, let me explain, that five adult type people tend to give her a bow to stern, gunale to gunale peopled up appearance. To this pulsating group, add thirty-five gallons of gas in assorted sized cans, five

Watch Your Wake

boxes (one for beer — one for bait) a sack of Dolphin, and, God love it, a three h.p. spare motor, and even those with faulty eyeballs can readily see, that it tends to make a sixteen foot boat a little crowded.

The stern of the Queen is normally equipped with a nice strong, capable, ever dependable forty h.p. Johnson. I love that motor. I have used her for a good hard two solid years and altho never abusing her, I never babied her either. About the first four or five years I fished the Gulf, I made it a point never leave shore without a spare motor firmly anchored up under the deck along with spare fuel for it.

As the years slowly trickled by with no need or occasion ever arising where I needed a spare motor, I got into the lazy habit of leaving it ashore in order to make more room up under the deck and to conserve the muscle power necessary to lift it in and out of the boat.

When we decided to go to Guaymas, to this day I'll never know what prompted me to pull that little 1946 Model, 3 ft. h.p. kicker out of storage to take along. Anyhoo, after not using a spare for 10 or 12 years, for some reason I just flat loaded it aboard.

That day I described above, where the 5 of us were offshore bluewater fishing, I had that little jewel all cozied up under the deck.

We had just boated a big Dolphin, and were preparing to move on. In the 20 minute battle I had with that beautiful fish, about 20 or 30 gallons of water had snuck aboard via an in-

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secure drain plug which had not been properly screwed shut. As anyone with a hairy little drain plug knows, if you keep moving forward the water will not enter your boat, but if you sit still for awhile the pressure of the weight in a boat will force water in unless it is tightly sealed.

This was no problem (I thought). Just open the drain, kick the Queen in the kiester and let the water suck on out as we speed onward. This I proceeded to do.

Everything went along fine for about 10 yards, when poof! The 40 gave a slight belch, sighed and squatted. I figured it was fuel trouble. It wasn't. I next tried the plugs — no fire. Changed plugs — no fire. About this time the gaily boisterous mood of the skipper and crew of the Queen underwent a decided change. There we were, over 20 miles from help and not another boat in the area. This is the kind of a situation that tends to make your dobber drag.

There was only one thing left to do and we dood it. Bill Hammer and I plucked that 750 pound (actually about 110 pounds) 40 of the Queens rear end, stashed it amidship, and in turn mounted that teeny weeny little 3 on her stern. It started after the 3rd crank.

If the wind had been blowing any other direction but the way it was, we'd never have made it. We pulled into San Carlos Bay just about dusk, and man, you never saw 5 happier people. My old man doesn't drink, but even he joined us in a big honk of Tequila, as we all have a toast in honor of that little old 'Muy Toro' 3 h.p. motor.

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"WHO DONE IT?"

Could you be the guilty ones? We certainly hope not! It has come to the attention of the CHATTER'S staff — that one of our recent hot — but good fishing days — a small boat load of very hot and dry fishermen came in to our boat landing. While the men took care of their fish or gear — or "what have you" — a female member of their crew jumped out and ran up to the bar and brought back bottles of cervesa to quench their thirst.

Now — we have no argument against that at all — in fact the more of everything and anything that we buy at Bahia de la Choya — the better our good friends and neighbors down there like it. BUT AFTERWARDS — they committed an unpardonable sin! They threw their bottles out on the rocky landing area where our barefoot boys clean our fish — leaving the glass scattered everywhere.

Surely, the people who did this thing were not members of our Cholla Bay Sportsman's Club. AND therefore they probably won't read this epistle — but perhaps the rest of us can get out enough propaganda against such activities, that it won't happen again.

If it had been Mexican people who had broken the bottles there, they would have been reported to and persecuted by the civil authorities of Sonora. We shouldn't be granted any special privileges! Let's stop this.

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EL DORADO BOWL

4501 East McDowell Road
BRidge 5-4114

EDITOR SPEAKS

By Cecil Gary

When you read this it will be nearly time for most of the different deer hunts to open. This is a reminder to all our fishing buddies that are also hunters. It's time to think about the safe handling of guns. We as hunters or sportsmen must also take good care of other people's property, as most of the land that we hunt upon is either privately owned or state land. We must take care of both in order to leave the areas so that there will be hunting next year. The fences, water tanks, windmills or other improvements that ranchers have cost them money, so lets look at it this way! You or I would not like a hunter camping in our yard or in the back of our business place leaving cans, paper and other junk. Safety should be first on all lists of items to be taken on the hunt. Safety is more important than the gun, license or other equipment. When one does not have safety along it could be his last hunt or that of some other person. So let us all be careful so that we can all go fishing at Cholla Bay. Rots of Ruck.

Make the AJO . . .

Blakely 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.

PERMIT No. 248
 BULK RATE
 U. S. POSTAGE
 Phoenix, Ariz.

**MEMBERS
 WANTED**
**Sign 'em
 Up Today!**

MAY E. FISHER
 1425 NORTH SAHUARA
 TUCSON, ARIZONA

11-62

Operation: Tide Chart

By Lynn Bayless

Great Tides Occur at Full & New Moon

October 28

November 5

NEW MOON

1ST QUARTER



FULL MOON

LAST QUARTER



November 11

October 20

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

**HOOK ONTO A
 NEW MEMBER!**
 Bring 'em to Meetings

October, 1962		31	0325
15	0250		1500
	1455		
16	0330	November, 1962	
	1535	1	0355
17	0420		1540
	1625	2	0435
18	0520		0435
	1705	2	1620
19	0620	3	0525
	1805		1700
20	0740	4	0635
	1925		1800
21	0910	5	0755
	2105		1930
22	1010	6	0905
	2215		2100
23	1110	7	1005
	2315		2200
24	1150	8	1105
	—		2325
25	0005	9	1145
	1220		—
26	0035	10	0020
	1250		1225
27	0115	11	0100
	1320		1315
28	0145	12	0150
	1340		1355
29	0215	13	0240
	1410		1435
30	0245	14	0320
	1440		1515

**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.)

Goettl Contributes to Industry

THERMAL RAY
GOETTL BROS
 HEATING & COOLING

2005 EAST INDIAN SCHOOL

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