



Volume 7, No. 10

October, 1964

## SURFSIDE COMMENTS

By Gene Henry

If I were given the choice of two months of the year in which to go fishing it would have to be October and November. This applies equally to both fresh water and salt water fishing.

To the all around sportsman, Fall heralds the opening of bird and big game hunting. Fishing equipment is stowed away and guns are pulled out of the closet to be oiled and polished in anticipation of opening day. Lakes, streams and beaches which a few weeks previous were crowded now look like a stadium the day after the big game. The litter is still there, but the noise and confusion of the crowd is missing.

I too like to hunt, but like fishing better. Several years ago I decided that trying to both fish and hunt during the Fall was getting to be too much like work so why not do what I enjoyed most — fish! This is one decision I have

never regretted making.

Fall fishing may not have all the action and excitement of Spring fishing, but it has many points in its favor. For one thing, as mentioned previously, the crowds are missing. Another factor is the weather. Fall days have a sort of magic to them. The days are balmy with just a touch of briskness in the air and Mother Nature goes all out with her paintbrush to cover the ugly scars left by the summer crowds. Most important to fishermen is the absence of windy days. How many Spring fishing trips are ruined by March winds which nearly always extend into the middle of June.

Fall fishing is good at Cholla Bay too. The color is missing and the wind continues to blow (As those of you who were down over Labor Day weekend can vouch for). There are a few less windy days than in the Spring though and, if the weather is right, some of the finest surf fishing of the year is to be found during late October and November.

### **DON'T MISS YOUR MEETINGS!**

#### **PHOENIX**

**OCTOBER 13 — 8 P.M.**

**Goettl Auditorium  
2005 East Ind. School Rd.**

#### **TUCSON**

**OCTOBER 13 — 8 P.M.**

**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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## Minutes of the Phoenix Chapter of C.B.S.C.

The general meeting of the Phoenix Chapter was held in the Goettl Auditorium on September 8, 1964. The meeting was called to order at 8:20 p.m. Minutes of the August general meeting were read and approved. Because of Treasurer Charlie Reed's absence there was no report from the Treasurer. Dick Gardner made a report on lessons for "Safe Boating" that is going to be given by the Power Squadron on September 9, 1964.

President Wayne Earley mentioned that the end of the year was coming and there should be some thought given as to the new officers for the coming year and possibly some changes of the Constitution and By-Laws.

There was a very good explanation of the fees for fishing licenses in the September Chatter. If you want a license, go into Rocky Point to see Senor Bravo and buy your license for 40c American, but it must be paid for in Mexican money only. They are being sold for 80c at Cholla. It was suggested that you buy your license by the year to help get rid of this problem. You need two pictures of yourself to put on the fishing licenses.

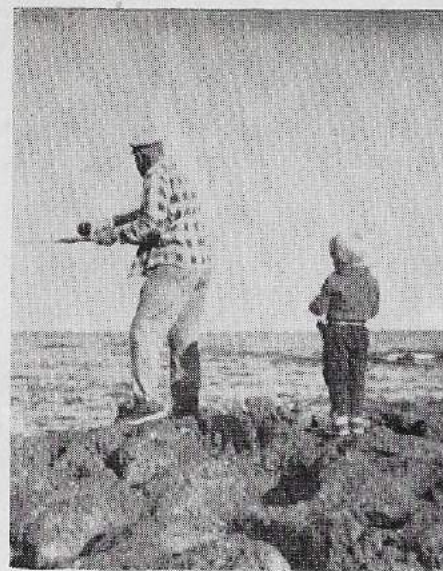
We now have 455 members in the Phoenix Chapter as of September 8, 1964.

Condolence cards were sent to Lois Sanderson, the Ray Sandersons and the Bill Sandersons.

The meeting was adjourned at 8:45 and turned over to the entertainment chairman.

John McChessney gave us a report on the possible development of the Rocky Point area. We also had an excellent talk on fishing rod construction and care.

Respectfully submitted by  
Edith Tyra, Secretary



### 'NARY A DULL MOMENT!

To Raleigh J. Sanderson, whose life ended September 10, 1964 — I, Lois Sanderson, do dedicate this issue of the Chatter.

The title I have chosen to put at the top of this column, fully expresses our life together. We shared much more than the usual relationship of man and wife — life for us was one adventure after another! We were blessed with eight children, all of whom have inherited our love of the great outdoors. Besides children, during our lifetime together we raised chickens and milk cows, dogs and cats, purebred herefords and quarter horses, children's ponies, goats, pigs, ducks, turkeys — and no end of cain!

While the children were growing up there was work — but there was plenty of play, too! In the summertime, there were extended camping trips in the mountains, usually near a handy trout stream. We even took one of our milk cows with us when we spent six weeks up in the Catalina mountains. The poor thing nearly starved to death before she learned that the lush mountain grass and wild grain was good to eat! Well, it was a good idea, anyway. After that, we always took along a good supply of the canned variety of milk.

During the rest of the year, there were always the hunting seasons, — dove, quail, deer and duck. (I've killed my share of chicken hawks and rattlesnakes, too). Then there were all the small town rodeos — Rod rode and roped; Picnics and Saturday night dances. We learned to play bridge in the '30's and as partners in a World Bridge Tournament, earned a trip to New York — which of course, was an honor that we couldn't afford then.

The last 15 years, life has seemed to center in and around the Colorado River, from the Utah border to the Gulf of California. We've lived and worked in that area — enjoying most every moment of it — sharing it with our children and their families. Rod's trips thru the Grand Canyon in outboards started in 1951, then in '53 and '54, and from 1956 there were runs thru the rapids scheduled as annual events. These ended in 1962, when we made two consecutive runs in less than four weeks.

When the Glen Canyon Dam was authorized in 1956, we were among the first to be called to duty there. We pioneered the little town of Page and Rod retired there after 30 years of government service — most of it with the Bureau of Reclamation. It is fitting that he is buried there — overlooking the Vermillion Cliffs and the Colorado.

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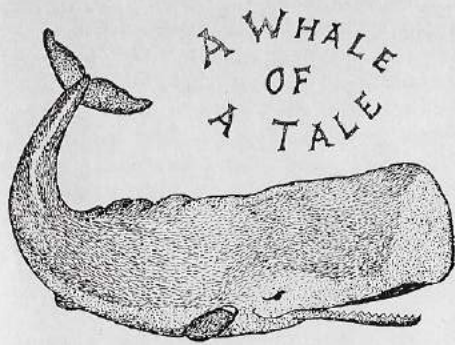
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## FROM TUCSON

By VERA CONLISK

### 'A MISADVENTURE INTO MEXICO'

I think it is fun to reminisce if the original disappointment of all the misadventures have been resolved in time and are no longer a dissatisfaction. This story may cause a few twinges not only to the people involved but to others also who may have had some similar adventures. I am relating an experience told to me by Deane Fisher of his first attempt to fish in the magical Gulf of California, (our ole fishing hole).

"The first time I crossed into Mexico, I had traveled 1500 miles for a wonderful vacation into Mexico with my father and a friend who had a fishing trip planned to Kino Bay. I lived in Illinois and I had visions of catching lots and lots of great big fish, (that is according to some of the tall tales I had heard)."

"As soon as everything was loaded into the truck we headed for Nogales to cross the Border. There were two trucks in our caravan. The lead truck went across the Border without a hitch but we were pulling the boat with the second truck and for some reason it took about 41 minutes to clear Customs. The first truck stopped in a bar (the occupants, that is) and as we passed them they pulled in behind us. We went thru all the check stations and had gone on down to about 40 miles north of Hermosillo when we became aware that the other truck was no longer following us. We pulled off the highway

and waited, (after all, they could have had a flat tire and would soon be along). About a half hour later we decided we had better go back and check on them. On the narrow black top road, the only way we could turn around was to unhook the trailer. So dad says, "I'll stay with the boat and you two go back and see what the trouble is." And trouble was a mild word."

"We had come back on the road two or three miles when we found the truck upset in the ditch with fishing tackle strewn all over the roadside, but no people. It was deserted! The truck was a complete washout and was absolutely no good as transportation. We just had to find our buddies. We knew there had been no cars pass us going the same direction we were—so if someone picked them up they would have to be going back towards Nogales. So back we went also.

"Finally we caught up with a stake truck, fully loaded, and in the cab was one of our buddies. We got him to stop and took him with us to find a doctor. (Now if you ever tried to find a doctor or hospital in Mexico, after midnight, and you don't speak the language, only then can you imagine the wild ride we had.) We stopped in every little town on the way back to Nogales trying vainly to find either a doctor or hospital. We finally got back to Nogales and the Customs Agent told us how to locate the hospital, but asked us to drop back when we got our friend taken care of. When we came back to talk to him he said, "You guys have broken every law in the book tonight. You had a wreck — you hauled an injured man across the border, etc." He put in a phone call to Mexico City to get someone to help

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locate the other missing man. He told us to get back down to the boat and trailer and get "the ?!;" out of there. Needless to say we wasted no time on our way back toward Hermosillo."

"Meantime, Mr. Fisher was still sitting beside the road approximately 100 miles into the interior of Mexico. He was about froze! In case I forgot to mention, this was the Christmas Holidays and the weather was quite cold at night and the only thing that even resembled heat was a flashlight. (Have you ever kept warm with a flashlight? Well, he didn't either). And all night long people would stop and try to assist him. Not speaking any Spanish several times he was almost towed away by well meaning helpful nationals. How he was able to keep the situation under control, I have never to this day really found out. One bus load of young people heard him say "Kino Bay" and was hooking the boat trailer onto the back of the bus and was going to pull him. He was getting pretty worried and rather harrassed by the time we got there and he had just about decided to start out walking back home.

As sometimes happens tho, we arrived in the nick of time, picked up the boat, trailer and dad and returned to Nogales. After much deliberation we

decided to call home and report the accident to the wives. Paul, who was in our truck, called his wife and was greeted with these words, "where have you been? Greg called last night and was in the hospital and was wondering where you guys were. Since everything is now under control, why don't you guys relax and go on back fishing?" "Fishing," Paul said, "I've seen enough of that stretch of road to last thru several fishing trips. I'm coming home."

(Now, of course, these things do happen. And many times the truth is stranger than fiction. But isn't it nice to know how very nice and helpful (if we let them) our friends below the Border are, when you are in trouble? Also, after a few successful fishing trips, all the former unpleasantness seems to dissolve and we are ready at the drop of a hat, the minute anyone mentions going fishing.)

**All people who use the radio facility at Cholla Bay should be members of the Cholla Bay Sportsman's Club.**





## SHELL COLLECTING ON THE PACIFIC COAST

By Myrt Johnson

This is a rather dreary and very chilly day up here at Trinidad on the coast of California but I am very comfortable in our travel trailer. I can hear the buzz of the electric heater as it warms the air. This being Sunday afternoon, everyone must be taking a siesta as there is little sign of life out among this bevy of trailers. This is the sort of day just made for letter writing. As far as shells are concerned, they are beyond my reach as there are no low tides for a few days to expose them.

Four days of travel were necessary as we traversed slowly on our way here, Ken fuming and fretting all the while as he mentally visualized all those lovely salmon he was missing out on as we had been informed that fishing at Trinidad was excellent. My recent bout with surgery left me sadly lacking in strength and stamina and, instead of my usual burning desire for haste to reach any area where I knew shells were to be found, I had only a feeling of dull apathy.

The fishing had been excellent until we arrived and then what happened? The winds came up and blew a furious gale for three solid days and that Pacific Ocean fairly frothed with high waves that dashed themselves across the huge boulders that line the shore. Then came the heavy fogs and vision was almost obscured but the men all went fishing, irregardless, fortified with compasses. The fog horns and whistles

sounded day and night. A week of fishing in rough, but not dangerous waters, netted the fishermen some fine catches. Ken supposedly was unusually lucky one day in netting a nice sized linecod but I was not much impressed as it was not good canned and we alone could not eat the entire fish. I like the canning kind which means salmon and to date we proudly point to our 30 cans of processed salmon that Ken caught and we smoked and canned. The linecod is vicious looking but delicious eating!

All this time while Ken was fishing I was just loafing. I called it resting. My women friends treated me like a piece of Dresden china and I felt just like one. I was the most gone-feeling gal you ever saw and getting to be a regular old sad sack. I didn't even like me and that's bad. I looked at the tide book and the low tides were starting. I took a good look at myself and told "me" that I was going shelling and that was that! I knew what I was in for because I had shelled here last year. At Cholla Bay, shell hunting can be a simple matter of walking out on the tide flats during the low tide — driving down by jeep to Pelican Point with its short jaunt to the rocky areas, — driving over the sand dunes to Shelly Beach and working the exposed reef — a jeep ride to the other side of Cholla Bay and the Black Mountain area — but here it's not like that, not at all! Here the highway and roads run high above the ocean and there is no place to drive any vehicle down to the water, — that is, to the coastal area you must reach to secure the specimens you desire. The banks are steep and rugged and the paths down wind at a slant

to eliminate hazardous areas and make the descent a bit easier.

I had three "takers" on my first announcement that I was going to look for Cryptochitons. We chose the easiest approach. Now the tides are early in the morning but for this first trial trip we took it easy, with the result that we were much too late. Tide waits for no man. I made it down and I made it back unassisted except for one little boost over a steep hump. What did I do when I reach our trailer? I flopped and stayed flopped for a couple of hours. The tide book listed a lower tide for 6 A.M. next day. My wobbly legs and sleepy head rebelled at the very thought of such a venture in the bleak chill of daybreak but my stubborn mind was determined. I must have some Cryptochitons and the only way I wanted them was to get them myself.

Only two accepted my invitation. We decided on a more profitable area with a much steeper and longer path to travel. The fog was heavy that morning and the ocean looked bleak and rough and the forest of trees through which the path led downward, was dark and dismal. As I looked down that long distance to the ocean floor, covered with rough rocks with its hidden jewels of beautiful, large Cryptochitons, I was filled to the brim with apprehension coupled with grim determination. I knew I could make it down — but how could I ever make it back up? I said nothing but followed the strongest of the lot, who led the way. It was fairly easy going down, with no slippery areas, but the path stretched endlessly

ahead of us as we traveled down and down and down. At last, one last short steep stretch of sand and sliding rocks and we reached the bottom. My legs and knees felt as though they were made of putty and I knew I had to keep on going or I would just give up then and there. I have seen huge rocks and little rocks but never have I seen rocks compared to those over which I carefully picked my way to the edge of the water. They were completely covered with algae. Not the rough, cushiony eel grass type, but large leafy, slimy algae on which you could not gain a foothold. I knew I must step between rocks, being careful not to get a foot wedged in too tight. It was hazardous going and difficult to keep a watch out for Chitons, which cling to the sides of the rocks, and almost impossible to recognize as they are so close to the color of the sea weed. I found nothing until I had come to within the reach of the spray of the breakers as they broke over the rocks. I found my first Cryptochiton in a pool of water and easily reached down and picked it up as it was unattached.

The other women had disappeared and I could not see them as huge boulders surrounded me. Neither could I hear them. I held my Chiton flat on a rock and proceeded to cut the strong muscles of the animal life to prevent it from crushing its precious plates hidden inside a mass of flesh, and then sliced off as much of the leathery girdle and flesh as possible to eliminate the weight. Putting it in my bucket, I proceeded with my search. The rocks be-

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Myrt & Ken — Members

came larger and less distinguishable because of the heavy growth of algae and it was rough going and I knew I must proceed with caution because I was on my own now and no one to assist me in case I was in trouble or slipped and hurt myself so I chose the easiest method and that was to sit down in the midst of the sea weed on top of a rock, swing my legs around and slide down. Sure I was a mess and sopping wet, but what the heck — I was finding my Chitons.

I had plumb forgotten that I also wanted some of the lovely smaller Chitons which we refer to as the Black Katy and so far had neglected to look for them until I placed my hand accidentally right on top of one attached to the top of a rock. Now I had three problems — watching the rocks carefully and stepping or sliding carefully along, keeping an eye for the Cryptochitons attached at the base of the rocks in the pools of water and searching for the jet black Katies on the sides and tops of the rocks out of the water. I found both kinds of Chitons and, finally realizing that I was so exhausted that my legs were shaking, my arms aching and my insides quivering, I sat down on a low slimy rock in the water and took inventory of my loot.

I had 7 Cryptochitons and 14 Black Katies. I gave just one fleeting glance towards shore and that long expanse of slippery rocks I would have to cross but that one look was enuf. There I sat in the midst of cruddy rocks of all sizes, intermingled with huge boulders all by myself with nothing but the

roar of the breakers to keep me company, knowing full well what I had ahead of me with that long, long, steep climb to the top of the bank, carrying a bucket full of heavy Chitons. I hurt all over and I said to myself that this sure was a heck of a mess — that I had no business being there and that if Doc Wilson could see me now, he'd sure flip a lid. But I was there and I had to get back out of there pretty soon or I would be covered with the incoming tide.

A voice close to me saying, "How are you coming — have you found one?" startled me, but revived me as nothing else could have because there was my sturdy, strong friend wending her way across the rocks to me. I found two more of the Cryptochitons on my way to shore and pared those down as much as possible but even then my bucket was almost filled and very heavy. We found the third member of our party had not even tried to venture out on the rocks but had looked for pretty stones on the shore and was complacently sitting on a nice, smooth, dry rock watching the ocean and waiting for us. Now came the long, arduous climb back to the top. My strong friend took my bucket away from me and I grabbed a big stick to help me propel myself along the steep incline. Oh yes, I reached the top without any assistance, with many a stop to rest, gasping for breath — but reach the top I did and none too soon because I had plumb run out of endurance. I could have gladly laid down on the cold, damp ground when I reached the top

but there was my car and it was warmer and more comfortable inside so I climbed in and, as soon as my knees stopped shaking, drove on home, — cold, wet and weary, — to a warm trailer and soft bed. Yes — and hot coffee!

Not time to rest very long because there was my bucket of Chitons that had to be cleaned and processed to make them things of beauty. Cleaning the Chitons meant pressure cooking them because the Black Katy has only a narrow strip of plates visible and the remainder covered with a thick black girdle and the Cryptochitons have plates that are completely encased in a thick leathery mass of girdle and flesh, and the only way this can be removed from the plates is by cooking them under pressure so the flesh becomes soft. When I was through cleaning them I had only 6 perfect Cryptochitons for my labors. The Black Katies came thru without one single plate being damaged.

All this labor and agony for six Cryptochitons and fourteen Black Katies out of 15 that I brought home. Another low tide the next morning and, much as I wanted to go, I could not. Took me three days before I could sit down, stoop over or cross my legs without wincing from the pain of sore muscles. I spent the early hours of that morning sleeping and was barely perking for the day, when the people who

had explored another new territory, had returned with 16 Chitons. They explained that this new area was much easier to get too although the rocks were just as encrusted and hazardous. Result of their days labor — 6 perfect specimens. The rest had most plates crushed by the animal of the Chiton. Two weeks of rest and I am ready to try it again in this new area during the low tides of this week end but the results in perfect specimens I cannot vouch for — I can only hope.

Friend shell collectors in Phoenix had beseeched me to bring them all back all at least one Cryptochiton — some had not even found one over here that they could purchase. Mine are not for sale. They represent labors of love and each is worth its weight in pure gold and anyone that receives one had better appreciate its worth.

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## TUCSON SCUTTLEBUTT



## CHOLLA BAY SPORTSMAN'S CLUB — Tucson Chapter

The business meeting of the Cholla Bay Sportsman's Club — Tucson chapter was called to order by Pres. Deane Fisher at 8:10 P.M. September 8, 1964.

The Minutes of the August meeting were read by Lynn Booth.

Treasurer's report by Verna Conlisk. Balance on hand \$863.98.

Guests were introduced as follows: Mr. and Mrs. John Yoder — 6136 E. Fairmont; Cecil Buchanan — 3919 Guaymas Place; Janice Weason — 4234 E. Lester; and Jane Bonneville — 4801 E. Broadway.

Mark Morgan gave a report from the By-laws Committee, as follows: The By-laws are acceptable as they stand. (This will be reported to the next council meeting).

A letter from "Tucson Wildlife Unlimited" was read. It was a letter of thanks to us for putting on a very enjoyable program for their August meeting. They were pleased.

A letter from Bill Hammer pertaining to the investigation of desirability Yea or Nay of incorporating in Mexico. The consensus of opinion was that our club is in a better bargaining position under the present setup and it would be best to leave matters as they are.

Dorothy Walker gave a report about the fish fry, Sept. 27, 1964, at Upper

Rose Canyon in the Catalina Mountains. Her committee includes: Harry Jones, Les and Verna Conlisk, Donald and Doris Kemp, Ronald and Lorna Johnson, Harry Cunningham, Kay Smith, Marcella Stough, and Dick Case, (up to now). Dorothy also gave a resume of last years picnic. Fun and work!

It was announced that another Coast Guard Auxiliary Course will start on Sept. 24, 7:30 P.M. at the Naval Reserve Center on North Alvernon.

Mrs. Bonneville, a free lance writer for Popular Boating was introduced and welcomed to ask any of the members present for information for her forthcoming article on Boating in Arizona.

It was announced that a film furnished by the Skin Diving Club has been misplaced. Any information regarding this film will be most welcome.

Grip session was opened for a few moments. The following questions were aired: The water situation at Cholla, The road and the fishing license.

To get an annual fishing license: Take two photos alike with you. The cost of the license is \$4.00. Other fishing licenses can be purchased from Jesus or if the fish inspector is on the beach purchase one from him.

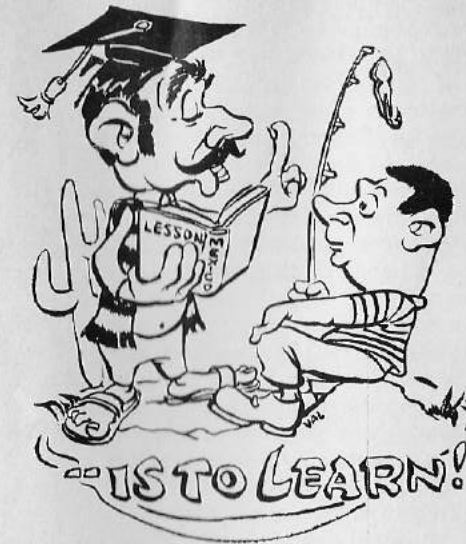
Marcella Stough won the First door prize—a money cowry ring donated by Harry Jones. Mr. John Yoder won the second door prize — a box of hickory flame wood donated by Tucson Speedway Bait and Tackle Co. Harry Jones won the third door prize — three jigs for fishing donated by Speedway Bait and Tackle Co. Mr. A. V. Humphries won the fourth door prize — a De-Salting kit donated by Les Babcock.

Motion to adjourn by Harry Cunningham, Seconded by George Stough. Motion passed.

As the projector didn't show up we had no film. But donuts and punch were enjoyed by all.

Respectfully Submitted by,  
Verna Conlisk, Sec. Pro Tem

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"Monty" Montgomery Club Member



By Ken Evans

Perhaps this article should have been written some time back. It might have prevented some confusion, tho I can't say for sure. This isn't intended as an apology however, if I could do everything right, I wouldn't be fracturing my think bones troubleshooting cantankerous contraptions called outboards. Instead, I might be able to goof off the days dilly-dallying with custom fishing rods like "Al Ellis" or just fishing up a storm down at the Gulf like that guy Valentine. Anyhow, confusion or no, let's kick around a little outboard terminology this month and see if we can gain anything. To you old-time Sea-going Salts, this won't be news but stay aboard. I might make a few slips for you to pin me down on.

First on our list, will naturally be directions or positions of a given object in relation to a vessel or boat. Too often a skipper will refer to the port or starboard or left or right side of a motor, boat, deck etc. when talking or showing me a trouble spot of some type and I will have to correct him as to which side it should be called. The left or port side and the right or starboard side is determined either from the pilot's seat looking forward or standing at the rear looking forward, not from any other position at all. Thus, if you have two engines on your boat, the one on your left side, when at these positions, is the port motor. Like-

wise, the one to your right is the starboard engine. When refering to the right or left side of the motor it-self, the same holds true, — the side of the motor to your left, is the port side. The position at the rear of the boat looking forward, is also used to determine propeller rotation. From this position, and viewing the propellers, if they move in a clockwise rotation, they are right hand rotating props. If they move in a counter-clockwise rotation when in forward gear, they are left hand rotating props. If they move in opposite directions when in forward gear they are counter-rotating propellers. To determine the rotation of the crankshaft of an outboard, one must look down from the top at the flywheel, if it rotates in a clockwise direction then it is a right hand rotating engine. — Having removed all doubt as to where we stand aboard ship — we can now go to the outboard engine to name parts and places, this being our purpose from the beginning!

Starting at the bottom of an engine and working our way up, we have SKEG, that part which give the propeller some protection and adds to the stability and ease of steering of the engine. A SKEG differs from a fin in that it is an integral part of the casting or molding, where as a FIN,

*Bill Boyers*

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such as a ski has, is usually held in place by screws or bolts and is a readily removable attachment. Next up the leg, is the lower unit gear housing or casing which houses the gears, shifter dog, and from which the propeller shaft protrudes. A few inches above this, we find the long thin plate known as the cavitation plate. (actually it is an ANTI-CAVITATION plate.) The purpose of the anti-cavitation plate is to hold a solid body of water below it for the propeller to work in. The presence of air in the water around the propeller, or what we call dirty or troubled water around the propeller, causes cavitation or propeller slippage resulting in loss of speed and power usually coupled with increased engine R.P.M. (Revolutions Per Minute of the engine crankshaft.) Well, heck, we're out of space already and we didn't even get started good, so guess we will run this in a series. See you next month Amigos.

## CHOLLA TRAIL

Reprinted by request  
Tune, Utah Trail,

by LaVina Crunk

You asked me where I'm going  
So early in the morn'  
I'm just a traveler roaming  
Just a roaming on.  
I've looked the whole world over  
And some Islands in the sea;  
For a place that seems like heaven to  
me,  
And that's where I long to be.

I'm going to hide away  
Down beside that Cholla Bay!  
Moon light as bright as day  
Far out on Cholla Bay!  
Nobody cares if manana ever comes!  
No worries to bother you  
At eve when day is done!  
Out in the boat at dawn,  
Fishing! Oh, what fun.  
Shelling or gathering rocks,  
Makes no difference either one.  
One trip I won't forget  
Out beyond Black Mt. Range  
At the whale graveyard to gather  
bones —  
On Frank Lopez's Special Train.

## I promise to . . .



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back from Cholla Bay.

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Stories

## BETWEEN THE MOUNTAINS AND THE SEA

By Ida Bourland

★ Mr. and Mrs. Richard King, of Tucson, their daughter Patty, two sons, Steve and Scott, and Patty's girl friend Janet Cleary, were here for several days as the guests of Cle and Corrine Fleming. They helped Corrine celebrate her birthday while they were here.

★ The Howard Smiths' have been here for a few weeks from Phoenix.

★ Art and Belle Manning with sons David and Richard and guests, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Albion and their daughters, Barbara and Patricia and Angela Zelenko, all from Phoenix, were here for the weekend.

★ Celebrating their twenty-fifth wedding anniversary here at the Bay were Louis and Mary Joselin. Helping celebrate were son Bill and daughter Janie. Guests were Joe and Joan Palumbo and their three sons, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Lugo and their two children, T. J. and Peggy Turner and their daughters, Sharon, Debby, Jana, Sandy, and Nancy. Also Vivian Turner and several others all from Palo Verde, Arizona.

★ Harry Jones from Tucson was here and had as his guests his daughter Barbara, her husband Harry and their children.

★ Coming to spend several days from Palo Verde, Arizona, were Don and Genevieve Stidman and their sons Chester and Jimmy.

★ Mr. and Mrs. Henry Fisher from Phoenix spent a long week-end here.

★ Many folks were here over the long Labor Day weekend. Among these were: From Tucson; Bill and Audrey Clark, Deane Fisher and his wife, George and Mary Fisher. From Phoenix; Ivan and June Brown, Bob and Alice Taylor, Jack and Virginia Pipla and their children Jamie, Rickey, and Jackie, E. L. Perkins and his son Terry, Lyle and Mary Rogers, Gene and Iva Henry and their children. Also was happy to have Al Scott here after a long illness, his wife Wilma and their

guests. Also Art and Belle Manning, their son Richard, and their guests. Belle celebrated her birthday the 6th of Sept. and Bob and I were happy to have had a surprise party for her. Hope you have many more Belle. From Glendale; Skipper and Wanda Ray and their daughter also Elmer and Jewell Sutton, who were guests of Pa Turner. Marvin and Gayle Avery were here from Phoenix over a long weekend. Pat and Ruby O'Hara spent several days here coming from their home in Tucson.

★ Tom Sharp is sporting a lovely new boat. So, coming with him from Phoenix to go fishing was his son, Steve, Ted Seefeldt and Paul M. Burch.

★ Bob and Alice Taylor from Phoenix were here on vacation and had as their guest John Darby from Walnut Creek, Calif.

★ Coming to spend a couple weeks here at the Bay to swim, fish, and go shelling are Millie Jones of Tucson, her brothers and their wives, Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Green of Tucson and Mr. and Mrs. Earl C. Green of Portales, New Mexico, their niece and her husband, Mr. and Mrs. Doyle Webster of Maderia, Calif. also their sister Mrs. Bessie Patterson of Ontario, Calif. Also in the party are Mrs. Annabella Prasuhn from Indianapolis, Indiana and Mr. and Mrs. Bill Maxwell of Ontario, Calif.

★ After visiting in Kansas and fishing in Minnesota we are glad to have Dave

and Vida Davidson back at the Bay with us. They have as their guests Cecil and Versey Eaton from Phoenix.

★ Bob Wolff from Phoenix is spending several days here.

★ Coming from Tucson to spend a long weekend are Ted Long, Jimmie Jamison and Oley Gordon.

★ After an absence of more than a year we were happy to have Thad and Blanch Anderson from Tucson back with us for a few days. They enjoy being here.

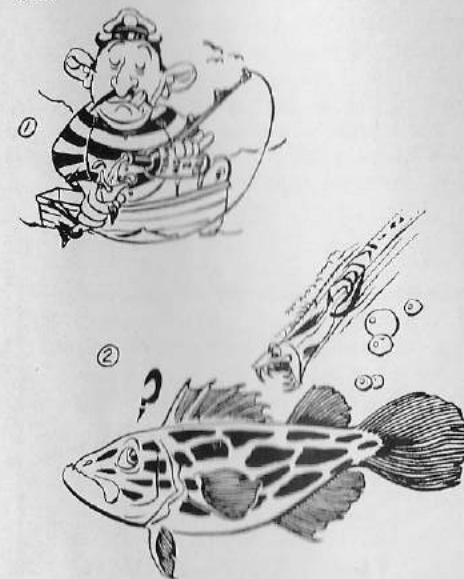
★ Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Bates from Gila Bend are spending some time here at the Bay.

★ Paul and Bunnie Neal and their children were here for several days and they brought guests with them.

★ Homer Ashworth was here from Sedona over Labor Day.

★ Joe and Ruby Underdown are here from San Diego, Calif.

★ Our sympathy to the Sanderson family in the death of their mother and mother-in-law. Also to Lois Sanderson and her family in the death of her husband and their father, Rod Sanderson.



### SKILLET MEAL

By Helen Reed

1 ½ lbs. ground round steak  
1 large onion chopped  
1 can 4 ounce green chiles chopped  
1 can white whole kernel corn  
1 — 6 ounce can tomato paste  
2 tablespoons of oil  
Salt and pepper to taste  
Chile powder to taste  
Enough water, about one cup

Brown meat and onion in oil. Season with salt, pepper, chile powder. Add green chilies, corn, tomato paste and water. Let simmer until it thickens at least ½ hour or longer. We like this because it takes one skillet to make and cuts down on the dishwashing.

Editors note: Try this with a can of pitted black olives added for a special taste.

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## A SILVER ANNIVERSARY TO CELEBRATE!

The Coast Guard Auxiliary was established by Congress on the 23rd of June in 1939.

In the 1930's, Americans in the coastal areas began taking to the waters in boats, in such numbers that their needs could not be met in all cases by the Coast Guard. Records available for 1938 show that the Coast Guard handled more than 14,000 cases of assistance, concerned for the most part with the operation of motorboats. A study of causes reflects that a general lack of knowledge on the part of operators was the big offender! The statistics of 1938 supported the efforts of serious boaters of the west coast and the then Commandant of the Coast Guard, Admiral R. R. Walsche, in obtaining Congressional approval for the establishment of the Coast Guard Reserves. By July of 1940, 2,654 members operating some 2,370 boats, formed into 129 flotillas were on the roll, working and available as an extension of the Coast Guard's activities.

The opportunity to make recreational boating safer is everywhere around us, along the seashores, in the lake regions, on our rivers, and strange as it may seem, even in the desert areas.

The purpose of the Auxiliary is a high one. To raise the standards of boating safety throughout the country, and thereby reduce needless loss of lives and property. All this is done on a voluntary basis with no monitarial rewards. Since boating is perhaps

the private individual's last frontier, the Coast Guard felt that without unlimited funds, our duty should primarily consist of education of the public first, and regulation the public, secondary concern.

The USCG AUX delegates its chain of command as the Commandant of the USCG, Districts, Divisions, and Flotillas. The Phoenix Flotilla 85 is in the 8th Division of the 11th District. We are holding our District conference in Las Vegas, Nevada, this December 4, 5, and 6. The theme of the conference will be "Silver Anniversary of Safe Boating."

Therefore, we, of the Phoenix Flotilla 85, wish to honor the USCG Auxiliary on the 25th Anniversary. We decided that an envelope commemorating the Silver Anniversary would let more people know that we are proud of our part as a "new" Flotilla in this National Organization.

Why not send in a donation of \$5.00 to help carry on the work as stated above? It's deductible on your income tax and in appreciation of this the USCG AUX will send you 25 of these most attractive covers for you to distribute to your friends and as keep sakes for your family. For a contribution of 20c, we will send you one cover.

Mail your requests to Sec. of Phoenix Flotilla 85, P. O. Box 12277, Phoenix, Arizona 85030.

K. Hitchcock,  
Sec. C.G. AUX.

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## LETTERS COLUMN

Editor:

Phoenix Union Evening School's "Outboard Engine Class" covering care and maintenance, fuel consumption, trouble shooting, prop matching, rigging and common problems of the outboard engine begin September 16, 1964 at 7:30 p.m. For information call AL 4-5728.

Note: Number of students determine amount of classes and on which nite they are held.

Ken

Cholla Chatter:

Inclosed find check for \$18.00, full payment for Derby Ad.

We would appreciate a little news item that the gas station, grocery, and cafe are open from 7 A.M. to 1 P.M. every day except Sunday, when they open at 12:00.

The Richfield service station features Real Mix, a homogenized oil and gas mix for outboards.

The cafe has delicious Hamburgers and Chicken or Steak dinners.

Thanks  
Peggy Kater

Phoenix, Ariz.  
Sept. 11, 1964

To the "Chatter"

I have received some information about our friends the Jorgensens' of Pinedale, Wyoming — James and Dorothean.

James has been very ill — his left side was paralyzed, and they found he had a tumor on the brain — He had surgery and I understand the operation was successful and the tumor removed. At last report from Dorothean's mother (Mrs. Kincaid) in Tempe, he was improving.

I'm sure his many Arizona friends wish him a speedy and complete recovery.

Mrs. Esther Chase  
2040 W. Washington, Phx.  
AL 4-2220

## KEYS FOUND

Found: set of keys at roadside rest area just past "Y" south of Ajo on road to Rocky Point. One key has "Kittle" stamped on it; 2 small Master Lock NoP570; one small Master Lock No.P750; one Master Lock No. 0395; 2 "C" No. Y14 and one Yale X No. 9313 and 17B361.

Call or write: Bob Taylor, 4121 N. 9th St., Phoenix, Arizona, 85014; Tel.: AM 5-3500.

EDITORS NOTE: You will find Peggy at the X.Y. Grocery — at the Junction of 85 & 86 — where Tucson meets Phoenix.



EDITORS NOTE: I received this notice too late for our last edition, but checking with Ken Evans, the Instructor, I find that more classes may be started when a demand is shown. The limits his classes to 15 members. The first classes that have already started this semester are only meeting once a week, but Ken states that if an interest is shown, they could be held twice each week, — thus the new classes could catch up with the first ones. ANYHOW! Call up the school AL 4-5728 for more information.

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City ..... State .....

Amount Paid \$ ..... Years .....

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Fifty per cent (50%) to: .....

if living, otherwise to my estate.

Signed at ..... State of .....

..... This day of .....

19.....

..... Witness ..... Applicant

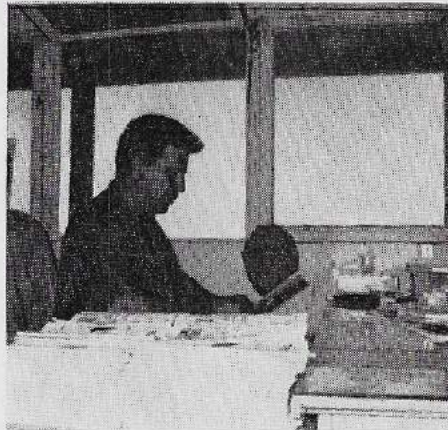
**DUES**

Dues for the Calendar year are as follows:

- Single membership \$10.00
- Man & Wife \$12.00
- (Each voting memberships)
- Sponsored Child \$2.00

If you have overlooked sending in your dues, now would be a good time to get the job done. Also, if you have a change of address, please notify us as the Chatter will not be forwarded.

Membership Committee



*Jesus Martinez — Radio Operator*

**All people who use the radio facility at Cholla Bay should be members of the Cholla Bay Sportsman's Club. ★ ★ ★**

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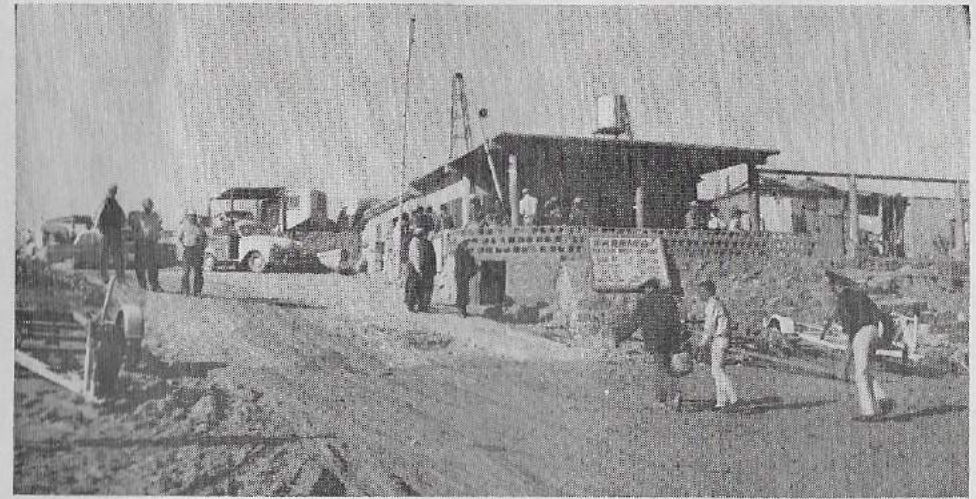
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- 2182 ..... Safety & Calling
- 2555 ..... Boat to Shore
- 2738 ..... Intership
- 2678 ..... Intership

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

**IMPORTANT NOTICE:** — Effective since May 1st — 2182 kc should only be used for CALLING and in emergency conversation. Any other messages or communications of a personal or non-emergency nature will use 2555 kc.

**INSTRUCTIONS**

Call Cholla Bay Radio on 2182 kc. The Operator will then ask you to switch to 2555 kc. You then give him your message or information. When you are finished, switch your set back to 2182 kc.

The new radio facility at Cholla Bay has power and range for emergency communication with the Coast Guard in California, so let's not abuse our privilege — let's use it the way it should be used! It is a tool and used properly could save lives. One of them might be yours!

If you haven't yet got 2555 kc on your radio — PLEASE GET IT!! REMEMBER — Start all calls on 2182 kc — Then switch your channel.

Matt Cubitto, Chairman  
 Radio Committee

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**Operation: Tide Chart**

By Lynn Bayless

Great Tides Occur at Full & New Moon



October 13



October 21



October 27



November 4

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

OCTOBER 1964		NOVEMBER 1964	
16	2248	1	1208
	1102		
17	2336	2	1244
	1138		0031
18	1209	3	1317
			0112
19	1241	4	1348
	0018		0150
20	1313	5	1419
	0058		0226
21	1346	6	1449
	0137		0301
22	1422	7	1518
	0217		0337
23	1500	8	1548
	0300		0414
24	1540	9	1622
	0345		0455
25	1625	10	1702
	0436		0544
26	1719	11	1759
	0536		0646
27	1830	12	0800
	0652		1922
28	2002	13	0908
	0820		2052
29	2134	14	1002
	0940		2205
30	1042	15	1046
	2247		2302
31	1129		
	2345		

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