

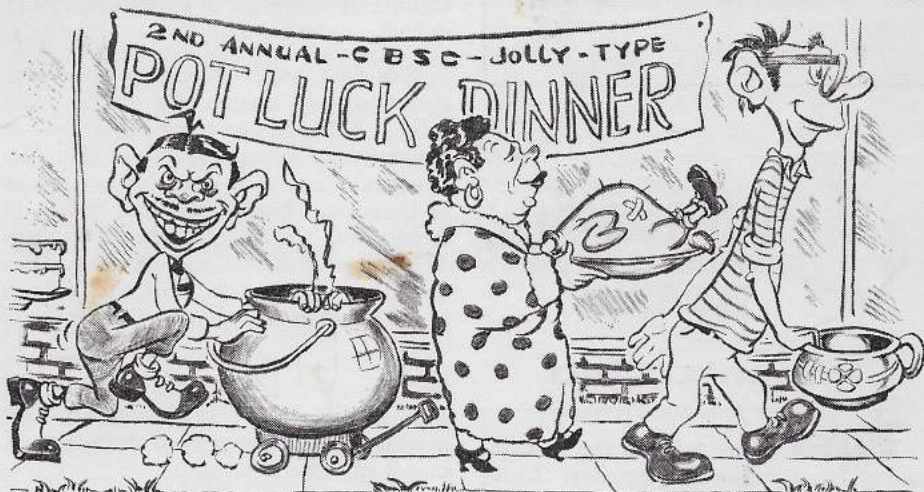


OFFICIAL PUBLICATION OF THE CHOLLA BAY SPORTSMANS CLUB

Volume 4, No. 9

November, 1961

Club Pot Luck Dinner Slated For November Program Meeting



Let's have a big turnout for this event because it's lots of fun, trying to decide what looks the best and ending up by taking a little from each dish on the loaded tables and then enjoying conversation with fellow members while eating. Bring the whole family and friends and a dish of food as your contribution to the dinner and include a bit of money in your pocket to the tune of \$1.00 per each adult and 50c for each child under 12 years of age.

Following the dinner and short business session comes the big entertainment of the evening and this is something everyone has been waiting for. Presented in typical style characteristic of only one person, that of Gabby Bill Blair, will be his version of how to go and return safely from a fishing trip to the Sand Dunes, in a dish pan, wash tub, boat or what have you, taking the weather as it comes, calm or with storm roughed waters. Bill will relate his many personal experiences of just how he has accomplished the almost impossible; how he uses the anchor and tide combination to reach shore. Says he, "I will even explain where to find a Mexican Boat from which the empty handed fisherman can buy fish," told in the humorous Blair style.

How about it? We need a big crowd to raise a little money for the Club treasury while enjoying ourselves. The date is Tuesday, November 14th, 7 P.M., at the Goettl Bros. Auditorium. Let's all be there.

Cholla Chatter

Official Publication of the Cholla Bay Sportsmen Club, Inc.

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 Published monthly as a member service

offered their services gratis. Their only means of income has been from their Sportsmen's Center, an eating and cold drinks business, plus the very few dollars left them as a means of Thank You for logging fishing boats in and out by the Fishermen who have taken advantage of facilities offered them by the Shahans. Jack Schmidt was appointed as Chairman of the Committee to investigate possibilities of a permanent location for a Cholla Bay Sportsmen's Club House, which would be the headquarters for the Club Base Radio Station, and he and his committee members, Peter Barker and Roy Keltner, immediately went into action. Our radio is being operated by the Shahans and they are carrying thru with the Float Plan and fishermen are urged to voluntarily cooperate in registering in and out when going fishing.

Wes Douglas, Membership and Insurance Chairman reports that the Club has gained 212 new members since the inauguration of the new Insurance Plan. Mr. Douglas is now a member of the Board of Directors, Phoenix Chapter, chosen to serve in the absence of Walter Shanahan. The Club members should give Wes Douglas and his wife, Nell, a big hand of applause for a big job well done.

Tide charts published in the Chatter in the future will take in the period of the 15th of one month to the 15th of the next month and thus keep the members informed more in advance.



Phoenix Club

By: Myrt Johnson, Secretary

What and where will be the new location for the Cholla Bay Base Radio Station? That was one of the main problems confronting the Board Members of the Cholla Bay Sportsmen's Club at their October 17th meeting. Why? Gina and Lloyd Shahan, who have been doing such an excellent job of operating the radio at the Bay, can no longer stand the expenses of maintaining the quarters that house the Base Station and occupied by them for the business purposes of selling cold drinks and serving food to the public. Rent—\$60.00 per month for the two rooms—Taxes for being engaged in business, as a means of trying to support themselves—approximately \$60.00 per month or a total of \$120.00 per month needed to pay for expenses. The Shahans HAVE RECEIVED NO SALARY OR PAY from the Club for operating the radio; they

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Tom — Vivian

Paul Schoonover reports that the Power Squadron training course is going strong with 84 students attending the weekly Wednesday night classes.

Bob Taylor, Chairman of the new Float Plan Committee, has received the final OK from Mayor Lalo Ybarra and the "Go Ahead" signal. Signs will now be placed at strategic points advising everyone how he should follow the correct voluntary procedure of registering in and out when going fishing. This is important because then, those engaged in Search and Rescue, should a boat be missing, can check and find out what information has been filed at the Radio Base Station on a duplicate form, and thus speed assistance to a boat in distress. Please, Fishermen, register out when going fishing. There is no charge. If you appreciate what is being done for your own safety, just leave a tip voluntarily. You will receive courteous service even if you leave nothing. This Float Plan procedure may save your life—it is for you.

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From The Bait Box

The weekend of Oct. 15th will go down in history as one of the fishiest weekends of the year. You name it—and it's a pretty good bet that someone lucked onto it, over this particular weekend. For instance: at the first estuary, below Rocky Point, while spinning for sea trout (and nailing a bunch), Bud LeBow had the extremely rare thrill of beaching a hungry Roosterfish. This fighting hard-mouthed cousin of the pacific yellowtail, is, along with the yellow, one of the fightin'est old boys that swim the waters of the Gulf, and in 15 years of Gulf fishing, I've only seen one other caught or reported. At the very same fishing hole, the Estuary, just to prove that, by gollies, the gals can hold up their purty little end, sweet gentle lovable Mrs. Seth Smith, fishing from her front yard, so to speak, cast out a likely lookin' lure, hooked into a tiger of a monster King Mackerel, and after a long weary hard battle, beached him. Meanwhile, down the beach, her old man, 'Uncle' Seth, was coming out second best in his encounter with the same school of Kings—he'd let Doc Jones (one of them sporty types) snooker him into using a fly rod and streamer fly. They all caught all the trout they wanted—along with a herd of jumping Pompano.

And get this, for the middle of October,
(Cont. on Page 7)

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Phoenix



by Bill Valentine

(Continued from October)

After this exhilarating experience, us new arrivals on board the Pez Vela, stowed our gear and goodies, settled comfortably on the spacious deck furniture, and joyfully prepared for the coming carefree voyage to "Ole Smellee."

With the competent hand of Marcello on the wheel, we planed out in a south easterly course dead on for Bird Island. As we passed, about 10 miles offshore, the first estuary, we began seeing our first signs of marine life. The graceful little flying fish which the voracious Blue Water game-type fish love to gobble down as tidbits, started spurting out from the curling bow wave of the cruising Pez Vela.

Forever optimistic, as soon as we had crossed the green margin and had entered the beautiful mysterious blue water, we had hopefully dropped two Dolphin Feathers about 50 and 75 yards astern, figuring that we might possibly luck onto a stray gamefish of some kind.

We didn't get doodlie on our run from the bay to the island, but we were so cozy in that beautiful ship, enjoy'n luxuries not to be found on the Afrikan Queen.

Freddie had never seen the island before, and his wondrous expressions, as he beheld the teeming bird and seal population was a pleasure to behold. As we

cruised up alongside the rock, the old bull seals would look disdainfully down on us from their lofty perch and hoarsely challenge us to any kind of a contest—marbles, apples or chalk. The summer sleek cows would nervously scamper down to the lapping water's edge, and anxiously peer at us with suspicious worried brown eyes, and those cute little pups, God love 'em, would gleefully and splashily come piling off the rocks in droves, to investigate the strange intruders.

All this behavior was new to Freddie, and I really don't know what I enjoyed more, watching him watch the pup seals, or watching the pup seals watch us, as they came sputtering to the surface, 10 or 15 feet from the boat, to cautiously inspect us. The little devils are sure nosey.

Anyhoo, after a few trolling runs off of the southern tip of the island to gather in a few snow white meated King Macks for dinner, we returned to the northern tip of 'Snow' covered Bird Island to anchor for the night.

Ella and Jessie prepared chow, and anyone who turns up his nose at grilled Mackerel fresh caught—has holes in his head—simply excurtiatingly delicious—and I am positively *not* a fish eater, but man, them are good!

It's hard to describe, the feeling a dedicated fisherman, or for that matter anyone whom Mother Nature has blessed with a love of the outdoors, can receive, watching

a multi-colored sunset from the deck of a seaworthy, comfortable boat, watching the line after line of returning seabirds, coming home to roost after a hard days fishing, and listening to the scale traveling hoarse barks of hundreds of seals, as they prepare for the coming darkness. Like I say—what more could a man ask for out of life.

That night, after dishes were done and everyone had his or her sack all secured, Marcello and Freddie and I decided to jig for anything that might be around.

We had a ball. We were using freshwater Bass rigs, and altho we didn't catch anything worth bragging about, hardly 3 minutes would pass before one or all three of us would have a hookup. Nine out of ten would be scrappy little Rock Bass, but the tenth hookup would be either a cotchie or a crazy mixed up little 3 foot Sand Shark and then the fun would begin—trying to hold one of those babies on a bass rod. This wasn't meat fishin', but it sure as hell was sport. By 9:30 or 10 P.M., we were pooped, so us brave bulls sacked out.

Next A.M., bright and early, after a good healthy breakfast, we unlimbered our various spinning rigs and slipped on down to the south end of the Island to spincast for those giant Kings.

Man, I'm here to tell you that this was livin'! Practically every cast, we would get a savage strike then bedlam would break loose—Ella, poor Doc, Jessie and Fred were casting from the stern, while sneaky me had the bow all to myself. Poor Doc and Marcello really had their hands full, trying to gaff the gals' numerous fish. Along with the 7 to 10 pound Macks, they also gathered in a couple of the largest Needlefish I have ever seen—a good 3½ to 4' long and they jumped like crazy. I had a surprise strike from a big old California 'Log' Barracuda. I had

caught the smaller Mexican cudas before, but this old boy I hooked was a good 8 or 9 pounder—Marcello and I both watched him surface to throw the spoon. G!!#.

After a couple of hours of frenzied activity, bloody Doc and Marcello suggested getting to hell outta there so that they could get a little rest.

As we pulled away from the island, I heard a seal frantically honk, and turned around to watch a cute little blonde lady seal, sadly perched on a rock, waving a flipper in farewell while big wet tears slowly coursed and gushed from her limpid brown eyes—she was looking directly at Doc and he was trying to be nonchalant (?) about the whole thing. You know, you've just got to admire a guy like that.

We cruised on out from the island to a commercial reef Marcello knew about to fish for Pintos and Grouper, but the fish must've known we were there, for we could latch on to nary a one. We tried finding the reef for about 2 hours with no luck, so finally had a council of war and decided to shag on back to Cholla, trolling for Sails on the way.

Ella and Doc are what you would class as professionals, and realizing the occasional long wait between strikes while Sailfishing had designed the Pez Vela with comfort for the fisherman in mind. The outriggers were set at the head of a bunk, on each side of the deck. The bunks were equipped with a soft mattress and pillow, so that the lucky fisherman could just lay on his back, musing on his good fortune, glance astern to check his bait, and completely relax till a Sail showed.

Freddy wanted a Sailfish bad, so we had assigned him to the port side rod. He plunked himself horizontally on the bunk, crossed his hairy freckled feet, leaned back

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Phoenix

(Continued from Page 5)

and glued his eyes to his bait skipping along astern.

What happened next was dirty pool, but I just couldn't resist the temptation. After about an hour's steady gazing at the bait, he must've gotten a little dozy, for he slowly dropped his eyelids and soon was fast asleep. Ella handed me a coffee pot out of the galley, I tippey-toed back to the stern, reached up with a gaff to gently pull Fred's line and bait on board, securely tied the pot to his leader, then dropped it overboard.

Charlie and Doc nudged Marcello to 'kick'er in the bum bum' and he hit the throttle full blast just at the instant all the slack line between the outrigger pin and the pot was taken up.

"Strike!!" everyone yelled—I pretended to make a frenzied grab for the rod, but from the prone position Freddie beat me to it by a hair's breadth. The line was really peeling off of the reel by now with the click going crazy. "Hit him hard!" I instructed excited Freddie, while everyone on board danced up and down giving the impression of great agitation. Freddie glared fiercely at the retreating line and really put his heart, soul, back and 160 pounds of freckled muscle into about 5 rearing rod bending strikes. I had pre-set the drag on the reel so that as Marcello skillfully alternately slowed and sped up the forward motion of the boat, Fred would gain a little then lose a littel. "Must be a helluva big Sail, foul hooked" Doc exclaimed at Fred's elbow. "He hasn't jumped yet."

"Might be a bull Dolphin or even a Marlin" I excitedly assured Fred. A slow shadow of doubt began to cross his heretofore fiercely concentrated face. After 20 minutes of hard pumping, he finally got the upperhand, and as we all crowded

around the stern to admire his prowess, he craned his neck to peer deep into the blue water where his leader was slowly coming into view—"why, it looks—it looks like—why, it's a COFFEE POT!!" He incredulously exclaimed.

This little episode was worth the whole trip to the lot of us—we simply broke up—poor Marcello was laughing so hard he was crying. I fully expected to have to defend myself, but Freddie took it like a man, he ruefully grinned and was one helluva lot better sport about it than I woulda been.

As we pulled into Cholla and boarded the little canoe for the shuttle back to terra firma, Doc slapped Freddie on the shoulder and exclaimed, "By gosh, Freddie, you actually caught the first pot of the current season—nice job!"

We enjoyed every last minute of the 2 days and a nite—it was a most wonderful experience for the 3 of us, and someday I'm going to corner Doc and get the lowdown on the secret of his success—with little blonde seals.

(Continued from Page 3)

mind you—a bunch of bottom scratchers fishing Saddle Reef for Pinto and Group-er, were almost run over and impaled by jumping, leaping, cavorting Sailfish—all over the place. What's going on, out thar? I've heard of Sails hooked as late in the season as the end of Sept., but never this late. Also, another catch to astound the hell out of you, some guy (or gal) boated a Dolphin just off Pelican Point. Things are sure getting fishy down there—those damn fish are acting crazy—who ever heard of catching blue water Dolphin in sandy, green water, one-half mile off shore?

The meat fishermen all hit paydirt too—practically everyone fishing out of Cholla, came home with full ice boxes, and like Bill Hammer once remarked to me after a successful fishy day, "the only way it could'a been better, was if they were hitting *between casts*."

COLORADO RIVER CRUISE

CAPTAIN—*Katherine Hitchcock*

MATE—*Shirley Bishop*

CREW—*Otis Youngblood, Nan Rakestraw, Lester Burrow*

LOG of the K T KAN

Phoenix—600 E D T (Estimated Departure Time) 1830 Actual, entry made as prescribed in the log of all cruise activities. While packing and making log entries, all hands got hungry and we again lost 2 hours.

Blythe—We can now see the river. We have had blow outs, blow ups, been blown down but we are here.

Can we get into the river, there between 475 and 500 other boats for launching? Easy, the Palo Verde Chamber of Commerce, the United States Coast Guard and the U S C G Auxiliary are on hand and this is the easiest entry I have ever made. But it is just starting. Have you ever found out how little you know about your boat and its equipment? Wait until the Coast Guard checks it. We did not honestly know if we had a boat, ship, scow, cruiser or runabout, and of all wonders the C G gave us a clean bill, they know their job!—almost a clean bill, my I.D. numbers were not spaced properly.

We are afloat but have to moor at the C of C ISLAND and now another surprise. DINGHY SERVICE—Now I am a Captain with services at my call—only thing, I am the crew also. Swab down, make fast, and put out the springs. Now like all good ships the smoking lamp is out and the grog is open. So all hands can get into the spirit of boating as it should be.

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The day cometh and we are going to cruise the River.

(Continued Next Month for an Exciting Ending)

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11-61

Tucson Talking

By: *Wayne DeVore*
President, Tucson Chapter

The Tucson Chapter will elect officers for the next fiscal year at the meeting of November 21, 1961, to be held at the Moose Lodge, 378 N. Main Ave. If you cannot make the meeting, please send in an absentee ballot designating your choice of the following nominees:

For President:

Paul Denny — Dr. Bernice Walker

Vice President:

Bill Meyer — Charlie Moore

Secretary: Les Conlisk

Treasurer: Myron Lusk

Board of Directors; Vote for four:

Leonard Mitchell, Gus Altfillisch,

George Medinas, Charles Preciado,

Bill Casey, Mike Monnares, Frank

Meyer, Nils Collins, Oscar Newman.

Your ballot must be received by November 21, 1961. Mail to P. O. Box 334, Tucson. Guest at our meeting was Jose Gonzales from Cholla Bay, Mexico. His son, Arturo, is in St. Mary's Hospital recovering from surgery. We took up a collection to make his stay at the hospital more pleasant, by saying on the card from his friends in the Cholla Bay Club, that

he could spend the money as he chooses. Arturo is only 12 years of age.

Door prize was a box of large swivels which any fisherman would appreciate, donated by J. C. Radl of Ronstadt Hardware.

The film for the evening was shown by George Medinas.

If you are planning a trip to Cholla Bay, don't forget to register your boat with Sheehan at the Radio Station. And be sure and check back in with him upon returning.

Paul Denny is planning a boat trip to Bird Island. He wants several boats in the group. So if interested, contact him.

NEXT MEETING, NOV. 21

In Memoriam

Whereas the passing of Andrew Sorensen, 5717 South 6th Avenue, Tucson, Arizona on October 24, 1961 greatly grieved the members of the Cholla Bay Sportsmen Clubs.



Tucson Lodge No. 747

Loyal Order Of Moose

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

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