

1964

CHOLLA CHATTER

CHOLLA BAY SPORTSMENS CLUB



NOV. 20. 1964

FELIZ NAVIDAD

Cholla Chatter

Official publication of the
Cholla Bay Sportsmen's Club, Inc.
P. O. Box 7171, Phoenix 11, Arizona

COUNCIL

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Secretary Truman Nussbaum
Treasurer Robert J. Taylor
Members Ed Smith, Bill Blair,
Lyle Rodgers, Forest Cooley

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Tom Sharp, Lyle Rogers

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Vice President Lynn Booth
Secretary Lester E. Babcock
Treasurer Verna Conlisk
Directors Forest Cooley, Truman Nussbaum,
Harry Jones, Howard Taylor,
Les Conlisk, Immediate Past President

EDITOR & ADV. MGR. Lois Sanderson
2535 N. Dayton St., Phoenix
Phone 253-5386

MEMO

— from ye editor's desk.

* All of the people who spend enough time at Cholla Bay to lease a bit of land for their trailer to rest on — or build a cabin on — **should** be members of the Cholla Bay Sportsman's Club. IF FOR NO OTHER REASON than to be covered with the insurance that all club members are afforded. OR — for the privilege of purchasing additional insurance covering your vehicles, boats, cabins and personal affects — all at low CBSC rates.

* PLEASE — whenever you patronize business people who advertise in the CHATTER — won't you tell them that you came to them **because** you saw their ad in our magazine? They need to have proof that it "pays to advertise" in the Chatter — and the Chatter needs more advertising to make it self-sustaining.

* AND to the folks who loan the keys to their Cholla Bay abodes, I say, fervently, **please** be "choosey". Some of these "friends" don't help the rest of "usun's" reputations. We want the Mexican people to think well of us.

YOU ALL COME!

ELECTION NITE FIESTA

As soon as the votes are counted we are going to have a rip-snorting, root-in', tootin', falling-down, whoop-it-up, fandango-type fiesta at Tom Sharps Crest Room, 2800 W. Medlock. You get to it by turning north off of Camelback at 2800 West. It is a fine comfortable hall with plenty of parking.

All ballots must be in the possession of Bill Hammer, our election chairman, before 8:00 p.m. Come a little early if you haven't mailed in your ballot. Bill promised to have all of the counting done by 8:15 to 8:30 at which time the bar will open. Drink tickets will be three for a dollar. The snack table will be free but will have a lot of goodies.

Other plans are still pending but a terrific evening is guaranteed. We will be looking for you at 8:00 p.m. Tuesday, December 3, 1964 at the above address.

We must clear the hall by 7:00 a.m. for a breakfast Tom has scheduled.

HOOK ONTO A

NEW MEMBER!

BRING 'EM TO MEETINGS

- The Jarvis family have rallied to our request for contributions. Won't more of you do the same?
- My casa at La Choya is number 74 and I plan to be there from the eve of December 23rd until the 29th. If any of you are interested in buying a boat — come look at my 19' Smitheraft Cabin Cruiser and make me an offer!
- Aren't we the lucky ones to have a "Bill Valentine" among our midst? Let's tell him how much we enjoy the covers and other drawings he makes for the CHATTER!
- Our hats are off to Tom Sharp who has been so successful in getting donations for the "Keep holla Bay Clean" program.

DON'T MISS YOUR MEETINGS!

PHOENIX

DECEMBER 8—8 P.M.

Tom Sharp's Crest Room

2800 W. Medlock

TUCSON

DECEMBER 8—8 P.M.

J.C. Building

1115 E. Ft. Lowell Rd.

MEETING OF CBSC COUNCIL

October 27, 1964, Casa Grande, Ariz.

Wes Douglas's letter regarding insurance in Mexico was approved for mailing and utilizing club member's roster. This motion for approval was made by Lyle Rogers and seconded by Bob Taylor.

Deane Fisher moved that Lois Sanderson receive 5% on all outstanding advertising accounts receivable prior to August 1, 1964 and 10% on all outstanding advertising accounts receivable after August 1, 1964. Motion seconded by Eddie Smith.

Bob Taylor moved that the Cholla Bay Sportsman's Club make no attempt to form a corporation in Mexico. Seconded by Deane Fisher.

Letter from the Arizona Wildlife was read by the chairman. Letter was in reference to our club advertising in their magazine. In turn for free advertising our club would guarantee them 100% subscription to the magazine at the club rate of \$1.50 per year per member. Bob Taylor motioned to refuse their offer and send a return letter stating our reason for refusal. Seconded by Lyle Rogers.

The power plant at the radio station burned out. Howard Taylor reported on several for sale. Bob Taylor made motion to purchase a Kohler Power Plant to replace the old unit. Seconded by Bill Hammer. Eddie Smith will take the old one and repair it to be used as a spare.

Les Conlisk will spearhead the erection of the cement cross at the Bay.

Treasurer's report \$710.77 in bank after purchasing generator. There are

GOOD NEWS FOR ALL CBSC MEMBERS

The Phoenix Chapter was fortunate to have as guest speaker for their November meeting, Mr. Richard Miller, from Malone Communications (one of our newer members) who gave an interesting talk on Marine Electronics, how to select, operate and maintain marine radios, antennas, direction finders, and depth sounders, plus the dangers of, and how to avoid electrolysis and galvanic action aboard our boats. Mr. Miller brought two guests to the meeting, Mr. John Artesani, General Manager of Polytronics Laboratories of New Jersey, and Mr. Gerald Osborne, Polytronics West Coast representative.

The BIG SURPRISE, was the announcement by Mr. Miller and Mr. Artesani that Malone communications and Polytronics La. are donating to the Cholla Club an amplifier worth \$140.00 that can be added to our 5 watt C B Radio which will boost its output to 50 watts, giving our Cholla radio a bigger voice plus greater range, a safety factor needed at the bay. Also Dr. Robert Mason of Good Samaritan Hospital presented that new spectacular movie on closed heart massage and rescue breathing, valuable information for sportsmen. — Don't miss your Chapter's meetings.

\$600.00 advertising accounts receivable. Lois's percentage will be computed and presented to her by the treasurer.

Motion to adjourn by Les Conlisk and seconded by Deane Fisher.

Les Babcock,
Acting Secretary



By GENE HENRY

That puckish grin you see in the accompanying picture is the trademark of Cholla Bay's best known citizen, our own Bill Valentine. Many club members owe their first introduction to Cholla Bay to Bill's always interesting and informative columns. This guy is a one hundred percent sports fisherman and knows more about gulf fishing than any one person I know.

Any trip with Bill is a fun trip and one on which this picture was taken was no exception. This started out as an overnight campout to St. Georges Bay and ended up as a float trip from Rocky Point to Cholla Bay.

In all the years we have been going down, I have never seen so much rain in a short period as we ran into the weekend of October 17-18. By the time we reached Rocky Point on Friday night, almost the entire road to Cholla Bay was under water and the surrounding desert was one big lake.

On the way in we met Bill and his ever lovin' heading for higher ground near Shelly Beach. Their excuse was that it was too wet to sleep in their cabin, but secretly I think they expected to be the only survivors come morning. We finally managed to reach our little casa after fording a couple of rolling washes and spent most of the night mopping up and putting out more pans as new leaks developed.

When it finally got light, I didn't see how we could get much wetter so I suggested we route Bill and Jess out of their dry sacks to try for yellow fin off the rocks. The gals took one look at the pounding surf kicked up by the storm and wisely decided to stay in the car. Bill and I weren't overly optimistic, but after a cup of strong black coffee decided to give it the old college try anyway.

We must have made quite a sight slipping and sliding through spray over our heads to get out to a clump of rocks in casting distance of deep water. We were both half drowned by the time we reached them and I'm sure the girls were mentally checking to remember if our insurance premiums were paid up.

It was all we could do to keep our footing while casting and the wind blew the lures right back in our faces. Bill finally managed to get a good cast out and the line no sooner settled than he was jolted by a hard strike.

Man, that baby took off like a jet for San Felipe and all Bill could do was hold on and hope the drag wouldn't jam. After a couple of good runs, he skillfully maneuvered the yellow fin



through the surrounding rocks and we were faced with the tricky problem of landing him.

I got down as close to the water as possible and Bill rode him in on the next wave. As the yellow fin came shooting up, I made a lunge and tackled him just above the tail. Seeing this, Bill dropped his rod and with a long reach managed to get a firm hold of the gills.

As Bill made his move, I lost my footing and on the way down found a handhold on his rear pocket. This saved me from going in, but the combined stresses were too much for Bill's levis and with one big rip, the seam parted down the middle.

By this time the gals had come down to watch the show and it was nip and tuck for a minute whether Bill would hang on to the yellow fin or cover up his injured pride. Well, as you can see, the yellow fin didn't get away and his pride is showing. We managed to slip, slide and swim back to shore and a safety pin served to bring back Bill's composure.

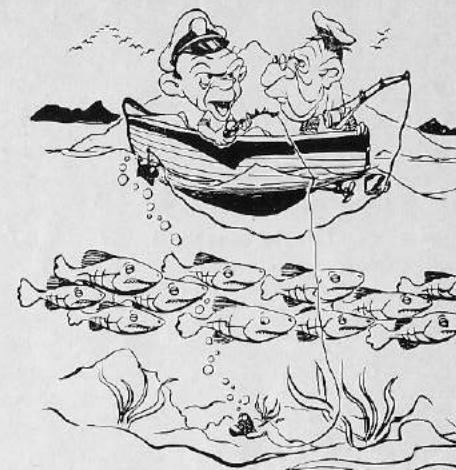
This trip gave us an unforgettable experience and goes to show you can always have fun at Cholla Bay regardless of the weather.

CACHETS FOR CHRISTMAS!

IT IS STILL POSSIBLE to obtain Commemorative Cachets — those wonderful Bill Valentine Originals! They are in honor of our club's annual Fishing Derby and would be a lot of fun for us members to use for our personal mail. These are only 5c each — a lowly nickel! Why don't you put a dollar bill (or a check for several) in an envelope and address it to Katherine Hitchcock, P. O. Box 12277, Phoenix, Arizona 95034.

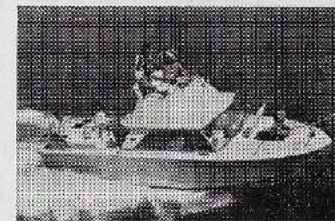
Packets of 20 or more of these valuable and attractive envelopes would make wonderful Christmas gifts — especially for those people who have everything. Order them NOW!

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TUCSON CHAPTER

(Board Meeting)

TIME: 0800

LOCATION: Home of the Fishers:

Deane Fisher presiding.

MEMBERS PRESENT: (7)

HOWARD TAYLOR

VERNA CONLISK

HARRY JONES

FORREST COOLEY

DEANE FISHER

DOROTHY WALKER

LES BABCOCK

1. Minutes of the last meeting were read and approved.

2. Treasurer's Report; \$800.16

3. The power plant that was agreed upon at the Executive council meeting was not available at the present time. Check was returned to the Treasurer of the council. Another plant was purchased by Howard Taylor who was unable to get it across the border without an enormous fee. The plant is stored at the border until other arrangements can be made.

4. Minutes of the executive council were read and discussed.

5. Installation dance was discussed. Tentative date will be 12 December 1964. Confirmed date will be announced at the November regular meeting. Motion to contact Johnnie Cower's band after date is established by Harry Jones Seconded by Verna Conlisk.

6. Harry Jones, membership committee, to present a slate of officers to the general membership at the November meeting.

7. Motion to adjourn 10:20 by Secretary and seconded by Forrest Cooley.

PHOENIX CHAPTER

The December Board Meeting of the Cholla Bay Club of Phoenix was brought to order on November 16, 1964 at 8:25 P.M. in the home of Pres. Wayne Earley.

Members present were Pres. Wayne Earley, Vice Pres. Dick Gardner, Treas. Charlie Reed, Secy. Edith Tyra, others were Gene and Iva Henry, Tom Sharp, Lyle Rogers, Bill Hammer, Ed and Janie Smith, Adeline Sanderson.

A motion was made by Tom Sharp that the ballot will be printed and mailed. Dick Gardner seconded the motion.

Pres. Earley read a letter from Charlie Reed declining from the nomination of Pres.

The subject was brought up by Pres. Earley if a couple registered as Mr. and Mrs., is the Mrs. eligible to vote? On the advice of the council chairman all wives will be eligible to vote by their given name or married name.

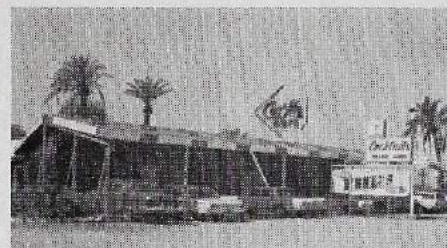
A suggestion by Phoenix Chapter's Pres. Wayne Earley was that we might have some type of a party before the end of the year. After some discussion it was decided that an election night party would be appropriate. A motion was made by Edith Tyra that the Election Night Party be on December 8th, this was seconded by Lyle Rogers. The Party is to take place at Tom Sharp's Crest Hall, 2800 West Camelback. We would like to see some of the Tucson Chapter join us.

A motion was made by Lyle Rogers that a check for \$300.00 for food and decorations be made for the party. It was seconded by Charlie Reed.

A motion was made by Charlie Reed that a check be given to Tom Sharp for the "HELP KEEP CHOLLA BAY BEAUTIFUL" project. This will start this project rolling. The motion was seconded by Lyle Rogers.

Meeting adjourned 10:30 p.m.

Respectfully submitted
Sec. Edith Tyra



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A GREEN AMIGO

By Mel Jarvis

It took me over two years to talk my boss, Al Hall, of Tony Hall Sporting Goods, into going to Cholla Bay to fish with me. Finally, he agreed to go — so plans were made. I also asked an amigo, Dwayne Dollar, of Lyons Pest Control, to accompany us — as he had had a little experience on the salty brine. (I like the odds on my side.)

After loading half of Tony Hall's salt water department in and on the old "Lucky Lady," we hooked up and headed south for the border. On reaching Lukeville and the Mexican border, we found a small encampment of Americanos waiting for visas. It seemed that the visa maker-outer (Immigration Official) was out for a short coffee break. (Two hours). But by scouting around I found an official I knew and he willingly stamped our visas which we had obtained in Phoenix. I may add here, fellow fisherman — getting your visas in Phoenix will save you time and temper.

Upon arriving in Cholla Bay and the cabin, loaned for this occasion by Ed Calvin of Gila Bend (many thanks, Ed) we prepared for our first day of fishing.

Monday morning broke cool and cloudy, but no wind. So we pointed the Lucky Lady on a 250° bearing for the 22 mile reef — with my fingers crossed. After finally finding it and also finding out that my depth finder was 20 feet off, we dropped our hooks. Well! And I don't say that with tongue in cheek — guess who started the ball rolling with a 15 pound Pinto? You guessed it — Al Hall, and he didn't stop! In about two hours we had boated 10 nice Pinto and Grouper — with Al topping the pile with a better than 50 pound Grouper. And if you have never witnessed a first time hookup with a big one for someone who has never fished salt water, — then you don't know what you're missing. It really can't be expressed in print — but it sure makes the trip worthwhile.

We had two more days of good fishing, a little rougher and a little windier, but we kept catching them — with Al still leading the way. I must say here that Al did take an unfair advantage of Dwayne Dollar and myself — because every now and then, he would lean over the side and feed the fish. He even tried color signs, but I could have told him that fish were color blind — specially to green, which he wore well on his face.

We had a wonderful trip and a lot of fun, but the best thing to come out of it — is that we now have a convert. And the store has one less salt water rod and reel. There is one in the far corner marked "Not for sale."

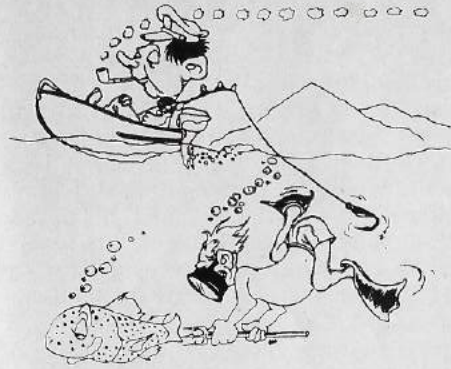
FISHMARES

Night before his fishing trip,
Horrid dreams might sway his grip;
Lashing wind or biting rain and
Barometer dropping below fair weather
range;
License lacking; reels misplaced;
Trusty surf rods short some guides;
Leader loops ineptly tied;
Gaff looked dull and way too short;
Fish club splintered, cracked and broke;
Tackle box missing every lure
Other trips have proven sure —
But, that night before when time seems
creeping,

What True Fisherman then is sleeping.
— Sandra Lee Jarvis

CHECK THRU THE ADVERTISERS — PATRONIZE THEM
THEY MAKE THE MONTHLY CHATTER POSSIBLE

TUCSON SCUTTLEBUTT



Minutes of November 10

Meeting called to order at 8:00 p.m. — Deane Fisher, President.

Minutes of the October Meeting were read and approved.

Financial report: Report was given by Les Conlisk in the absence of Verna Conlisk.

Visitors introduced and prospective members. Forrest Wells, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Gibbons, Jim Hepler, Mark Morgan, Jr.

Minutes of the executive Council Meeting of October 27, 1964 were read and discussed.

President asked for volunteers to assist Les Conlisk on constructing the cross at the Bay. Mark Morgan, Jr. and Dr. Morgan offered their services. George Fisher and Harry Jones also volunteered.

Special club projects were planned and discussed. After equipment is across the border, they will be re-opened.

Chris Tatum made a motion for the club to accept bids on a 16mm projector. Seconded by Lynn Booth.

Les Conlisk made a motion that Chris be made chairman of a committee to obtain these prices and submit them at our next meeting for approval. Seconded by Dorothy Walker.

New business was in order: — nomination of officers. Harry Jones had been appointed at the board meeting to present a slate of officers. He offered the following:

President — Lynn Booth
Vice-president — Harry Jones
Secretary — Chris Tatum
Treasurer — Dorothy ??
Board Members — Ron Johnson, Walt Worman, Dr. Morgan, Bruce Wren.
Nominations from the floor were as follows:

President — Frank McLaughlin, and Bruce Knight.

Vice-president — Harry Cunningham, George Stough, Les Babcock.

Secretary — Dorothy Kemp, Mrs. Ron Johnson, Marcella Stough.

Treasurer — Daisy Tatum.

Board Members — D. Heim, Les Conlisk, Tom Wright, Bob Maasen, Blair Taylor, Howard Taylor, Forest Cooley, George Madena, George Fisher.

A ballot will be compiled and mailed to all membership in good standing. Ballots will be mailed or turned in at our next scheduled meeting.

Door prizes were donated by Dr. Morgan, Mrs. George Fisher, Deane Fisher and the Speedway Bait and Tackle Shop.

Prize winners were Mrs. Gibbons, Lynn Booth, Ron Johnson, Tom Wright, Mr. Eastman and J. Hepler.

Motion to adjourn for refreshments was made by Harry Cunningham and seconded by Daisy Tatum.

Lester E. Babcock
Secretary

PHOENIX CHAPTER — Minutes of November 10

The meeting was called to order by the President Wayne Early soon after eight o'clock. Minutes of the October meeting were read and approved, as was the treasurer's report. We have \$1,149.28 in the bank at this date. The membership chairman reported that we now have 464 members. Nine guests were welcomed.

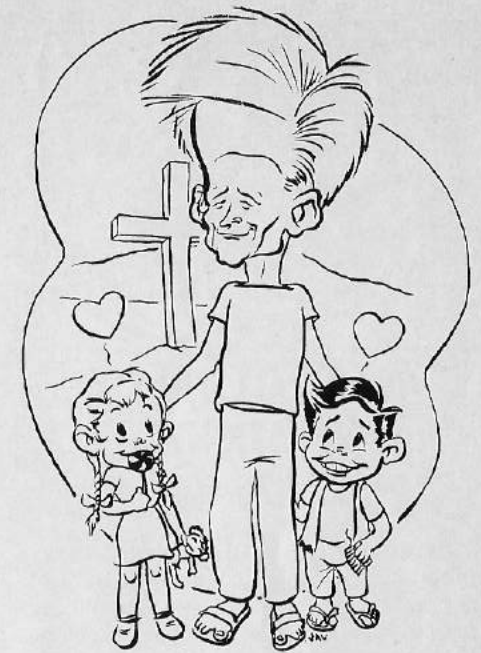
Pres. Early asked Lois Sanderson to report on the Council meeting which she attended on October 27th at Casa Grande with Bill Hammer, Council Chairman, — as Mr. Hammer was not present at this meeting. Mrs. Sanderson stated that all action regarding a Mexican incorporation had been dropped. A discussion was held regarding a go-between or Liaison man being selected to take care of affairs for the club for better co-operation with the Mexican officials. The council voted to give Mrs. Sanderson in her capacity as advertising manager, 5% on accounts collected by her which were incurred before August and 10% on all advertising since then. They agreed with her that the next Derby issue should be the May issue which would reach everyone at least three weeks before the 1965 Derby. The council agreed to buy a better power plant for the radio station at the Bay. Eddie Smith volunteered to fix up the old one as a spare — at no cost to the club. Les Conlisk and Eddie Smith are seeing that Nacho's cross is erected in the very near future.

Tom Sharp reported on his "Keep Cholla Bay Clean" committee. He has had donated, five gallons of paint for the trash cans and the signs. Also, materials for the signs and ten 55 gallon drums. He is making progress toward the "Dump and Fill" operation and the bulldozer to do it with, and its location.

Dick Gardner promised that the club pennants will be available to members by our December meeting. The cost is \$3.00 each.

Bill Valentine agreed to make a special cover for the December issue of the Chatter with a Christmas theme.

Nominations were requested from the



floor to add to those presented by the Nomination Committee at the October meeting. Only one more was added — that of Charles Reed for President. A letter was read from Gene Henry requesting that his name be withdrawn from the board of directors list.

To be voted on are as follows: Dick Gardner and Charles Reed — President. Lyle Rogers — Vice-president. Treasurer — Charles Reed. Secretary — Doris Early.

Board of Directors: Harold Johnson, Bill Rogers, Tom Sharp, Mel Jarvis and Chuck Tulley.

Program for the evening — Richard Miller, who speaks on Marine Electronics, and Dr. Robert Mason, who will show a film on closed heart massage and mouth to mouth resuscitation.

Meeting adjourned at 9:00 p.m. Coffee and doughnuts.

Respectively submitted,
Edith Tyra, Secretary

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"YOU CALL THAT A VACATION?"

By Myrt Johnson

Sure do. Had a ball and loved every minute of it. Rebelled at the slightest suggestion that maybe we should go home. Finally — when the day came that the fish had stopped biting and the wind started up with real gusto and dense fog enveloped everything, the Lord and Master lent a deaf ear to all rebellion and arguments and home we came! Two or three weeks before the salmon runs would start up the rivers spelled boredom to Ken, and that he would not buy. I knew I was licked and could not have my way this time so I just shut my mouth, got the trailer ready for travel and came on home, busily knitting as we drove.

They laugh at me when I tell about what I did while on, what I call, my vacation and say — "You Call that a vacation? Seems to me you made a trip to do nothing but work." Guess I should settle for calling it merely another trip because Ken and I are on vacation most of the time these days, but to me this years trip to Trinidad and Fort Bragg was really a vacation. Confined for weeks within four walls, just waiting for the time that I would come alive and begin to live again in a normal manner. Prison! That's what I call that — pure, unadulterated prison. Then when the day finally came to pass that the Big Boss said I was well enuf to travel — I could have cared less. I listened to his many instructions as to what I could and could not do and en-

visioned myself just sitting and watching everyone else having fun.

That is just exactly what I did for days. It was cold up there at Trinidad — and I mean cold, especially at night! I had forgotten my warm comfies (plus a jillion other necessary items because Ken had the job of getting the trailer and our things ready for travel) and my feet were plumb frozen come evening. The travel trailer does not have wall to wall carpeting — just plain cold tile. A kind friend taught me to knit wool TV slippers and I obediently knit them. My kind friend said she just loved cinnamon rolls for breakfast and hot home made rolls for dinner so I kept on with my baking spree. I wrote letters and giant cards to everyone that I could think of. Now this kind of life is not for me but this kept me occupied and moving about at least part of the time.

The trailer park, in which we spent over a month, was strictly a fishing camp. There was no recreation room, no shuffleboard, no bingo games to while away the evenings such as usually found in some parks. None of this was necessary. Everyone was so dog tired come evening, from the days activities, that they were content to relax in their own trailers and watch TV and usually fell asleep doing that, and the entire camp was usually all buttoned up and in darkness by nine o'clock — everyone sound asleep and snoring up a storm. Ken was no exception and many an evening had trouble staying awake past eight. As I said before, this was strictly a fishing camp and at first glance, judging from their attire and the manner the men (and some women) went at their fishing, then smoked it or just canned it, you could come to the conclusion that the people needed this salmon for food. Ha! Far from it. They are retired people who are living the remaining years of their lives as they enjoy it. Some are living on modest retirement funds, some have good sized nest eggs salted away and some just casually clip coupons — I could have more money than they can possibly spend during the years they have left. I watched some of the

women helping clean salmon, struggling to keep the slimy creature on the table instead of on the ground and, trying to keep their diamond rings from slipping off both slippery hands. I'll wager half of the men wore diamonds from medium to whopper size. All of them fished. All of them cleaned their own fish and processed them in some manner for later eating. Everyone had fun! Those people know how to live. Live and let live, seemed to be their motto. One and all, they met and enjoyed each other on equal grounds. Money and prestige forgotten, they were alike — friendly, fun loving people living a good, clean life in true sportsmen's manner.

When I finally emerged from that trailer, sick and tired of myself and the world in general, I came out with a blast and no half measures. I just knew life could not be that monotonous even if I could not join in all the activities. I knew I better not try fishing because the ocean was far too rough and the boats were small and then too, it was too bitter cold out on the water. I could not see myself joining the men and women at the fish cleaning tables, making to-do and sport out of this job because even to Ken this was just another necessary job that had to be done. I was rather fascinated with the processing of fish and thought it would be great fun to smoke and can the salmon Ken caught, if any, label the cans with Ken's name and date caught and bring them home to give relatives and friends. This we eventually did when Ken and his buddy finally settled down to some real fishing and came in with

fish but that is another story to follow later.

At first I would hear the camp come to life in the wee hours of the morning as I laid there in my warm bed and say wearily to myself — "Those stupid people! It's barely daylight and cold and foggy out there and here they are bustling around getting ready to go here and there and—what's the rush?" I would hear Ken get up, just like the rest, to the bleak chill of daybreak. I wasn't going anywhere and had nothing special to do so I would just snuggle down deeper under the covers and go to sleep again. Later I would hear the women, who had finished with their daily chores, start their busy bustling around as they prepared for their days activities, always with a group of them going on some excursion. I heard them cheerily chattering from trailer to trailer and frequently heard mention of "going blackberry picking" or a hunt for huckleberries for a nice juicy pie for dinner that evening. They even came excitedly to me to ask me if I wanted to go along and I almost laughed at them as I nastily replied — "Na-a. Me go picking blackberries? I wouldn't pick a blackberry if it grew in my own backyard, much less drive twenty miles for the messy things." They were kind and tolerant people and soothingly suggested "that maybe next time" and I could visualize them thinking to themselves — "Poor thing. She has been ill and doesn't feel well." When they returned they brought me bowls of fresh, clean and sugared berries. Did you ever try a big bowl of vanilla ice cream topped with

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Myrt & Ken — Members

heaping spoonfuls of fresh blackberries? Ken needed that ice cream like a hole in the head and it added more to the avoirdupois he was already carrying around his midriff — that plus two Hersey bars that he and his buddy ate with their lunch every day — those were a must, peculiar traits of the salmon fishermen.

I came to Trinidad a skinny 99 lbs, a sad sack, listless and weary and with no more energy and pep than a half dead salmon. I wasn't a nice person at all and I don't think I was very nice to live with. I came home a whole person again, well in body and soul, six pounds gained in weight and as happy and content as any gal could be. I feel like a million and have more pep and energy than I know what to do with. Sad indeed what people will do to themselves when they let illness get a grip on them. Getting well did not happen to me sitting around in a trailer nursing my wounds and feeling sorry for myself. Oh no! It happened when I burst forth from my shell of apathy and made it happen!

Yep — sure did go blackberry picking. Not once but many times. Now a blackberry patch is mangled mass of bushes, vines, thorns and more thorns, thistles and burning weed. We were a

sight when on this sort of an expedition with our hair under a turban, long sleeved jackets and long jeans that were tied around the ankles, heavy socks and sloppy keds, all protection against the ravages of thistles and thorns. Some wore knee length boots. Everyone wore gloves with the forefinger and thumb cut out. The oldest clothes possible because of the berry stains and thorns that tore the clothes fairly in ribbons. All carried pails hung on twine around their necks.

My first trip I approached the patch with caution and picked my way slowly and being very careful not to stumble on a vine and fall. An hour of picking netted me about a gallon of berries and I was beat — all done in and thirsty and hungry to boot. I was trying and it irritated me that I only had so much push and then caved in and I was inwardly furious at the other women blithely continuing with their picking and me through and waiting to go home. I vowed the next time I would take my own car — that is — if I ever went again. Home again and hot coffee and a sandwich grabbed in haste and then I laid my weary bones down to rest. Not for long because the door was flung open and a voice asked me if I was going to make preserves from my berries or was I going to can them in tins for pies or cobbler — because if I was I would have to hurry and get them ready and in the pans for “the man” to turn the metal top on because we were holding up the salmon packers.” “My asking back — what do you mean “can them”? asked I wearily. “Why rinse your berries carefully — then go to the office and get your quart metal cans and bring them home and

fill them with berries and then bring them to the salmon room where “the man” will put on the lids and then you pick up a pressure cooker and bring it home and pressure your berries for five minutes and — if you want to do this you will have to hurry” and out the door went she. Yep — I did as she said — wearily dragging myself around and when I was through and the mess of blackberry stains cleaned from sink and work table and the cans wiped dry, I sat there and looked at them and found myself proud of my work and my shiny cans of berries. There were plenty of berries left for eating with ice cream.

With each trip my enthusiasm grew and I worked harder at the job of picking. Blackberry jam is delicious — we found that out and about the messiest job of canning that I know of. Everything in the kitchen stained a deep purple from the berries, including my hands. I made more and more jam — pint after pint, filling cartons of glass jars and packing them away. I set a goal of so many pints of jam to go around among my family and friends. I was not alone in this — I had lots of company because it seemed every woman in the camp had the same idea. The season was at it's peak and the big patch we worked in showed little evidence of the pickers that had been there the day before — the bushes were loaded! Naturally — the biggest and blackest berries are always deep inside and high up and I had to have those. I blazed trails into the thickest of the thickets and the thorns tore at my clothes and penetrated deep in many spots. My wrists, hands and ankles were a mess of angry looking

scratches and it has taken weeks to get the last of the thorns out. I blazed one excellent trail deep into the bushes and started out with a pail full of gleaming black berries, only to stumble over a long vine filled with thorns — fell forward & caught myself with my right hand and where were my berries —? Strewn about the ground at the foot of a vicious looking shrub of nasty thistles. I vowed that from then on I would stick to the outside and not blaze trails like a maniac.

The very next trip I pulled a dandy! I found a nice spot where no one had been for days and the berries were thick all around me. In the center of this patch there was a shallow wash across which had been placed a plank on which to walk. I filled pail after pail with berries until my big plastic pan was nearly filled but I was not content — I wanted more. I was a good block from the rest of the pickers and hitting the jack pot for sure. As I stood on this plank and picked, I glanced upwards and there were berries in such profusion the bushes were black with them, all huge and glistening with ripeness. I saw a thicker cluster of entangled vines that looked as though it could easily hold the weight of even a man, so I placed one foot on it and found it very secure feeling. I stood at

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the edge of the plank with the other foot and reached up and into the bushes to pick those berries. I stretched higher and higher, pressing harder and harder with my foot on the edge of the plank and on the other deeper into the clump of vines. A higher reach and I was on my tip-toe on the edge of the plank — and a handful of berries that never reached my pail. The plant tilted sideways and I tilted forward, crashing through the dense thicket of vines and down I sat in a nest of thorns. No one to help me and no one could have, had they been there. I had to get out of that one myself. Cautious stepping backwards did not do the job — I had to just tear myself out backwards and up, let come what may. I felt the thorns as they tore through my clothes, I felt the thistles string on my angles and wrists. My turban was torn from my head and my shoes from my feet. Blackberry thorns are very nice to step on. I wrenched my way up onto the plank and somehow retrieved my shoes and turban. Shoes back on, with one shoelace missing, I stumbled out of the patch and back to the car to find the others waiting there and worried about where I was. They laughed when they looked at me with my jeans with long threads pulled from the inside and out, covered with leaves and blackberries and my hair a mess of tangles and leaves, but my sense of humor was about gone and I hurt too badly all over to see any-

thing amusing about the whole thing. My good jacket will never be the same I fear and weeks went by before the scars from the thorns were gone — but I had more berries than anyone else that trip — which meant more mess of jam making, plus lots of work and stained sore hands before I was through. I reached my quota tho but you know — I don't know just what did happen. My generosity must have overwhelmed my good judgment because I find that all those jars of jam have dwindled down to a very few for our own enjoyment. Oh well, come July of next year I expect to be back in that same blackberry patch picking berries and making more jams.

Besides some over 100 pound cans of salmon — what else did I bring back that I made with my own hands? Twelve pints of luscious apple sauce made from apples the women brought me and told me to cook — 6 pints of watermelon pickles — I don't know how many jars of pear marmalade made from fresh tree ripened pears also brought to me with orders that I use her special recipe for pear amber, 1 pint of huckleberry jam from berries I laborously picked myself, 6 pints of apricot jam and 23 cans of smoked salmon, all representing six weeks of labor with my own hands that was fun. Who never made a jar of jam in her life that I can remember — and got well at Trinidad as I worked and had fun.

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By Ken Evans

Here we go again amigo's — I told you so!!! Varnish and gum is playing blue blazes with fine tuned carburetion in this general area again. Not a few rigs were stored for a few hot weeks in the Phoenix-Cholla Bay area and did the skippers of said rigs take time or trouble to run the carburetors empty of fuel? Dum Be Sillae! They really planned to of course, but you know how time flies. A few warm days, and the gasoline has evaporated — a few more warm days and the oil that is left becomes heavy and sticky finally setting up and freezes the float and needle in the open position. What happens then?, you guessed it, Dad, when the engine fuel line is connected and the engine is primed, the raw fuel is overflowing all over the engine, transom, etc. and finally our insurance rates rise

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Mexico**

Our Radio Operator will be our
mailman.

a few more points. All Joking aside, remember that loose or open gasoline on the water is as bad as primed T-N-T. Don't take those un-necessary chances.

What new fuel mix??? . . . Sure I bought a new three horsepower trolling motor, an Evinrude to be exact but I have been using the same old mix that I use for my fifty horsepower Johnson! — For gosh sakes guys, if you have an engine that should be using the fifty to one or the one hundred to one oil gasoline ratio be sure that is what is pumped into your tank, especially in the pre-mix fuels. Too rich oil mix is more harmful than it is good. Find out what is recommended for your engine in the way of fuel-oil ratio and use it. We have had bookoo's of complaints about lousy idling, spark plug fouling, hart starting engines and have traced most of the problems to improper fuel mixes. When every thing else fails, try following instructions!!

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HAPPY NEW YEAR!!**

The Ken Evans Family



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Election Time is here for the office's of the Cholla Bay Sportsmens Club. As this time approaches the bulletin I read for the Auxiliariist, appealed to me, as a thought well worth passing along.

Webster defines a volunteer as "one who enters into, or offers himself for, any service of his own free will". Thus, any officer who committed themselves into the service of this club are by defination, volunteers. But we cannot support the premise that volunteers have the inalienable right to do nothing.

For while it's true that an officer of this club joins and offers his services of his own volition, he accepts a moral obligation to do something when he pledges "himself" to support the Cholla Bay Sportsmen's Club and its purposes. This is analogous to a volunteer fireman. Once he enters into or offers himself for service, the community comes to expect this service from him. To decide when the alarm sounds that being a volunteer, he is not required to respond, to violate a trust implicit in the act of volunteering.

Yes, you join and offer your services of your own free will. But we **expect** a **contribution** from you. In saying this I hope each of you do a tremendous job, worthy of each of your talents. Congratulations and good wishes to each of you.

— Katherine Hitchcock

Watch Your Wake

HOW ABOUT IT?

The following pledge from the "Week-End Hobo's Club" in Denver, Colorado, might be used for the Cholla Bay Weekenders with a few minor changes:

- On my honor, I promise to . . .
- Be a good fellow at all times.
- Be sociable and easy to get along with.
- Wear old and tattered clothes on trips.
- Fish only when I have the ambition.
- Be hungry at all times.
- Observe all the rules of good camping.
- Prevent trees and shrubs from being defaced.
- Go on as many jaunts as possible with the "Gang".
- Turn the kids loose to have fun.
- Help the dogs to chase squirrels.
- Leave a clean campsite when departing.
- Be lazy, have fun and generally enjoy myself.
- Respect and do not destroy any property whatsoever.
- Give aid to and help others if they need it.
- (Be a good representative of my country).

Submitted by Barbara Jarvis

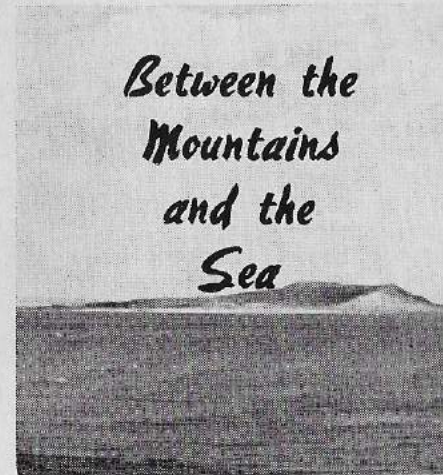
If living conditions don't stop improving in this country, we're going to run out of humble beginnings for our great men!

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By Ida Bourland

- Marvin and Gayle Avery were here from Phoenix. They brought Gayle's brother as their guest.
- Coming from Ajo and bringing guests with them were Ray and Betty Jordan.
- Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Bates from Gila Bend were here and had as their guests Mrs. Bates father, mother and brother from Wilmington, California. They went out in Marcello's charter boat and had a good time catching fish.
- A. D. and Avis Boldin were here for several days. They are from Glendale, Arizona.
- From Tucson and spending their month's vacation were Mr. and Mrs. Quisenberry.
- The Bill Valentines were here for a weekend and had guests with them from Chicago, Illinois.
- From Chandler and spending a few days at the bay were Horace and Joyce Hitchcock.
- George and Hazel Neel from Ajo were here for a long weekend. Their son, Danny and his wife, Linda, and son, Matt were guests. Danny and his family are from Tempe where Danny is attending ASU.
- Our sympathy goes out to the T. T. Turner family in the death of Jimmie Belle (Ma) Turner who died October 26 at Palo Verde, Arizona. We'll all miss her! Pa Turner has returned to the Bay to stay for some time.

- Harry and Madge Williams from Phoenix are here for a long stay.
- Coming from Maricopa, Arizona to do a lot of fishing over several days time were Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Dunn.
- Spending a month's vacation here were Mr. and Mrs. Jake McCarley of Phoenix. They were happy to have their children and grandchildren visit them. All had a grand time running around in Jake's sand buggy.
- Bill and Maelynn Kimberlin of Ajo were down at the Bay for a long week-end. Maelynn's father, Charles Miller of Ajo, and her Aunt and Uncle, Mr. and Mrs. B. Johnson of Texas, were the Kimberlin's guests.
- Also from Ajo and staying for several days were Tex Moore, his brother-in-law and sister, Ed and Ruby Havins, Ruby's son and his wife, the Lamar Gray's, also Mrs. Gray's father and mother from St. Johns, Arizona, Mr. and Mrs. John Crosby.
- Lois Sanderson and her mother, Mrs. Lena Johnson were down for almost a week from Phoenix. With her were her two youngest daughters who are married to brothers. The boys had never been to La Choya before and certainly had a good time. Karen's husband, Cecil had just returned from Japan after a years' tour there with the US Marine Air Corps. They will be going on to Cherry Point, North Carolina for the next two years. They have one daughter, Dareth, who is three. Judie's husband, Tommie, has been working at Page, Arizona for the past six years but is now going to Oregon. Judie and the three boys, Chris, Kelly and Rodney will remain in Phoenix until after Christmastime.
- Spending quite a bit of time at the Bay since they bought their Cabana on the water front are Bill and Mary Sanderson of Scottsdale, and Bill, Jr.
- Ray and Adeline Sanderson of Phoenix opened up the cabin they share with the Ray Krafts' Sr., for a long weekend. Adeline and Ray, Sr. are sister and brother.
- Dr. Bernie and Marie Walker from Tucson were here for a couple of week-ends. They are remodeling their casa.

- Neal and Bessie Carter from Ajo spent a few days down here.
- Coming from Phoenix to spend part of their vacation were L. E. Perkins, Carl Taylor, Art Manning and Whitey Bayes. Richard and David Manning spent a weekend here with their dad and so did Carl's son, John Taylor. While they were here Carl's brother, Floyd, and Mr. Stewart and his friend, Bill, visited them from Phoenix. A good time was reported by all. They went fishing several times and brought in quite a lot of Grouper and Pinto.
- Bill and Gene Troxell from Flagstaff, were here for several days and brought along as their guests, Gene's father and mother, Mr. and Mrs. Maxwell.
- From Chandler, came Clifford and Leona Cope for a few days. Their son, Mert and his wife, Noelle, came for a weekend with them. The Copes' are having a cabana built to use as a boat-house.
- After a long absence, Coy and Grace Cook returned to the Bay to spend several days. They spent the summer at their home in Tucson and at Mayfield, Kentucky.
- Sorry to report that Ken and Myrt Johnson have sold their casa here at the Bay. They are going to do a lot of traveling but promise to visit their friends here often. Glenn Stewart is the buyer.
- Happy to have Olive Eddy from Phoenix, pay a visit to La Cholla again.
- Paul and Carol Skoglund from Phoenix, spent several days at their casa. Gene Henry and his son, John, were with them.
- Al Scott was here and had as his guest, Harry Syster from Phoenix. Al visited with his friends here while Harry went fishing.
- Charlie and Helen Reed came down for a weekend from their home in Phoenix, bringing as their guest, Mayme Morris. While here Mayme celebrated a birthday, so Ann Miller and Helen planned a little party for her. They served ice cream and cake to Bart and Nadine Scott, Manuel and

Mabel Berkovich, Vilo Miller and Charlie Reed, Mayme and Bob and I. Mayme was really surprised! This was her first visit to La Choya.

- Bob and Alice Taylor have been down for several weekends lately.
- Our sympathy to Ruth Fuller in the death of her husband, Norman, in Ajo, Sunday, November 8th.
- We want to also extend sympathy to Pat and Loveless Gardner in the death of their sister, Gladys Moran, in Phoenix, Oct. 16.
- James Piper and Roy Meyers from Tucson spent several days here at the Bay.
- Jo Linder and Florence Randell spent a long weekend here gathering shells. Jo is a school teacher in Tempe, and Florence lives in Phoenix.
- Homer and Florence Smith have returned from their ranch in Alaska and were here for a few days.
- From "Out Wickenburg Way" came Pappy Coons and Dr. Floyd Bralliar, to spend a few days in Howard Cofinger's casa. On Monday, November 9th, Howard joined them bringing Robert Daley as his guest. They spent several days fishing.
- Ray Baldwin from Marana, Arizona was here for a few days. He brought his grandchildren. His wife, Lois, is visiting in Ohio.
- Marcello Salazar has a boat for charter and would be happy to take parties or individuals out fishing. To make reservations, contact Marcello or Ernest Henry here at the bay.
- Folks who are of the Catholic faith will be glad to know that the priest from Rocky Point, holds Mass in the rear of Nacho's store on Saturdays at 6:45 p.m.
- Pete and Iva Barker have returned to the Bay after a short visit in Phoenix.
- BOB AND I WANT TO WISH YOU ALL A VERY MERRY CHRISTMAS AND A HAPPY AND PROSPEROUS NEW YEAR.

Adios!

**Tell 'em you saw it
in the CHATTER**

DOROTHY VERCRUYSE'S SPECIALTY. It sounds as if it would be at home on the Christmas dinner table.

Ingredients are: 3 cups cut-up pitted dates, 2 teaspoons baking soda (rounded), 2 cups boiling water, 2 cups sugar (rounded), 1½ cubes butter, 2 well-beaten eggs, 1 teaspoon salt, 2 cups all-purpose flour, 3 teaspoons maple flavoring and 1 cup chopped pecans.

In one bowl add soda to dates and pour boiling water over the mixture.

In another bowl cream sugar with butter; add eggs, salt and flour. Add all this to date mixture in first bowl, then add maple flavoring and pecans (floured).

Pour into well greased pan and bake at 400 degrees until cake begins to brown. Then lower heat to 350 degrees. Bakes in about 35 minutes.

PHOENIX PREXY SPEAKS

By Wayne O. Earley

We are writing the last lines in the History of another years activity for the Cholla Bay Sportsman's Club. It has been a year of re-orientation from the dual club to the council type of organization. We are now truly one Club serving the purposes as defined in our constitution and by-laws.

As always, one does not accomplish all the things he would like while serving an organization such as ours. However, we did have several fine meetings this year. Thanks to Dick Gardner. The programs were interesting and informative. Charley Reed kept our finances right up to snuff. Dee Dee Tyra lent her charm to the Secretarial duties. Our capable Board of Directors kept your wild-eyed President from making too many mistakes and gave me aid in every possible way. Thank you, Board Members, Frank Claver, Lyle Rogers, Tom Sharp and Joe Kersteins.

None of our activities would have been possible without our Committee Chairman and their assistants. A particularly good job was done by our membership Committee, headed by Ray Sanderson and Gene Henry assisted by their wives, Adeline and Iva. We now have a shell display at Cholla. Thanks

to Myrt Johnson and others. Kathy Hitchcock worked hard on the Derby commemorative cachets. Bill Valentine kept us informed on the fishing Big Ten progress. Rick Bell is working on the charts and maps project. I hope to be of more assistance to him when I retire as President.

Tom Sharp is making real progress with the Keep Cholla Bay Beautiful Committee. In fact the entire developed area at Cholla will have been policed from one end to the other by the time this reaches you. Won't you please do your part to help Keep-it-Clean, Clean, Clean. We also thank Tom and his committee for the fine Luau. Doris Earley has been faithfully dispensing coffee and doughnuts at all of the meetings.

I want to thank all of our Phoenix members who participated in the Council activities of the Derby, Chatter, Radio and insurance.

We are all indebted to our Council Representatives, Bill Hammer, Lyle Rogers, Bob Taylor, Bill Blair and Ed Smith.

Thanks to the Tucson Chapter's fine work and leadership. We had one of the best Derby's ever.

This list of dedicated Club Workers could be made to fill this whole Chatter, but I for one would rather read Fishing Stories.

Not withstanding reports to the contrary I strongly recommend to you that the Club be incorporated in Mexico. The need will be greater in the future but we are presently handicapped by the lack of official Mexican identification.

It has been my very great pleasure and honor to serve as your President for this year. I thank you for this and all of the support you have given me. I commend all of the next years nominees for office to you as qualified and dedicated. They will lead you to the best year ever for our Chapter of the C. B. S. C.

Let's all come to the "Election Night Fiesta" and give them a rousing send-off. I can just hear Dick Gardner saying "Tar and Feathers probably."

FOODS

By Lois Sanderson

The "City Slicker" who wrote at great length in a book I chanced to read recently, has prompted me to suggest to you — the types of food which I learned from practical experience — that are the best to buy for extended trips into wilderness country.

An ice chest is a wonderful thing for picnics or even for weekend trips and I wouldn't be without a couple of them. But foods that have to be refrigerated are not put on my list when I plan to be out of touch with civilization (except for my radio) for a week or two. The following is a condensation of a typical day's menu — such as we used on our exploration trips through the Grand Canyon in outboards on the Colorado River.

We'll start with the breakfasts first. **First** on the fire in the morning is the water for the **coffee**. Bring it to a boil with the grounds in it and then let it steep for a few minutes. Some one in the crew always seemed to appoint himself to get the first pot on — and nothing smells better to wake up to — unless it's the bacon cooking!

CANNED FRUIT JUICES: Large ones and varied as the days go by.

EGGS: They are always the last item I buy. I get the very freshest I can find — and lots of them. They won't get broken if they are packed in good cartons and then in wooden or metal boxes or cans. And we ran every rapid on that old river!

BACON: We found the imported variety which comes in cans, already partially cooked — to be perfect. Each can is equivalent to a full pound of uncooked bacon. The several brands we've used have all been delicious and cost no more than domestic premium brands. You'll never end up with moldy bacon toward the end of your trip.

HOT CAKES: We use the mixes and try to pick the size of packages that will suit the number of people in the crew. I always add eggs and cooking oil when I beat up a batch.

SYRUP: This must be the best and in cans or sturdy bottles.

BUTTER: Not really! It melts and separates too easy for summer jaunts — and these are the ones I'm referring to now. I choose a medium priced variety of margarine as they hold up their shape the best. I pack it in cans after removing the foil wrappers. I've used regular canning tins and sealed them with a can sealer so they are air tight, but I've also used a larger type can with a push-in type lid — and it works fine.

Small tins of milk and also jars of Pream are carried. Sugar can be purchased now in small shaker cans which are wonderful. I carry my salt and pepper in these shakers, too.

Another necessary item is powdered milk. I get the kind that is packaged in foil one quart size and is water-proof. Some people don't drink coffee, so for those I always have instant tea and cocoa mixes.

LUNCHES: Always Smorgasborg style! A variety of canned meats and cheeses, peanut butter and jellies, relishes, the smallest size jars of mayonaisse and spreads — all to use with Waverly crackers. We usually start with a few loaves of bread — but they are not necessary — especially if space is at a premium. Choose a variety of cookies, but pick ones that don't crumble easily. And for our fruit, we use the **BUFFET** size cans at this meal. Almost everyone can handle a whole can. To wash this all down — sometimes we shake up milk but mostly it's water to drink. This, you carry with you in plastic jugs which can be stowed around in small spaces — if you are doubtful of the purity of that in which you are navigating. We always used the Colorado River water — silt and all! But on the last several trips — sons Larry or Bill were along. They both worked in the water treatment plant at Page, where the river water was desilted for the city's use. They would dip up a five gallon can of fresh water as quick as a landing was made and "presto" — in less than five minutes — we'd have clear pure water! It just takes a little "knowhow."

DINNER: Topping off the day we always start with soup. I use the dehydrated packages and usually pep up their flavor with beef, chicken or vegetable Bouillon granules — depending on my choice for the "soup of the day." Out of doors — this soup really hits the spot! Oyster crackers are a favorite here but Saltines taste better. They have to be kept air tight!

By the time the Dutch-oven biscuits are baked, the soup kettle will be empty and everyone will rinse or wipe out their cup which had been used for the soup — and be ready to fill it with coffee or whatever is their choice. I just can't imagine dinner out of doors without the hot bread! (Out on a cruise where you'd have to stay on board — I'd bake the biscuits in my double fry pan.) The biscuits are made from a mix and here again — I pick the size package to fit the capacity of my crew. Don't forget the honey! Biscuits and honey. Yummy!

These meals always end with fruit too, but I buy the No. 2½ can size and open as many as are wanted. Have a good assortment!

The main dish varies every day and doesn't have to be monotonous. Have roast beef with mashed potatoes, ham and sweet potatoes, corned beef hash and hominy, spaghetti and meat balls, creamed tuna and rice, beef stew or tamales and corn, et cetera. I use instant flaked potatoes — when spuds are in order. When we are lucky we have fresh fish — but don't count on it! There are always red or green vegetables and sometimes they are combined. I carry jars of onion flakes for seasoning, etc. Above all — buy the best brands!

By Ida Bourland

• Pat and Audrey Gardner have returned to the Bay for the winter months. About 25 miles out from the Bay, they broke the rear end out of their pickup. They were bringing a Mexican man with them from Sonoyta to his home in Puerto Penasco. After the accident, he hitched a ride to his home and got his pickup and returned to the place where Pat and Audrey were. He unloaded the food and cloth-

ing and other things that we bring to the Bay when we've been gone for a while, and he and Pat brought them to the Gardner cabin here at La Choya. He then went back to Rocky Point — got a tow truck and went after Audrey and the disabled truck — all unbeknown to Pat. So when Pat arrived at Rocky Point to make arrangements for someone to go after the pickup and he and Bob to go get Audrey — he was surprised to see her and the truck already at the garage in town. They want to express their heartfelt thanks to these Mexican men who so graciously helped them in their difficulties. As Audrey expressed it, "They went beyond the call of duty."

THE LEGEND OF THE SAND DOLLAR

There's a simple little legend
That I would like to tell.
Of the birth and death of Jesus
Found in this lowly shell.
If you examine closely
You'll see that you find there
Four nail holes and a fifth one,
Made by a Roman's spear.
On one side, the Easter Lily,
Its center is the star
That appeared unto the Wise Men
And led them from afar.
The Christmas poinsettia
Etched on the other side,
Reminds us of His birthday,
The Happy Christmastide.
Now break the center open
And here you will release.
The five white doves awaiting
To spread good will and peace.
This simple little legend
Christ left for you and me,
To help us spread His gospel
Throughout all eternity.

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CHOLLA BAY SPORTSMANS CLUB

Name

Address

City State

Amount Paid \$ Years

I hereby designate the following named beneficiary under CONTINENTAL CASUALTY COMPANY Policy No. SR 168504 for the Loss of Life Indemnity, subject to the conditions named in said policy: Fifty per cent (50%) to the Cholla Bay Sportsmans Club Search and Rescue Fund.

Fifty per cent (50)% to:

..... if living, otherwise to my estate.

Signed at State of

..... This day of

19.....

..... Witness Applicant

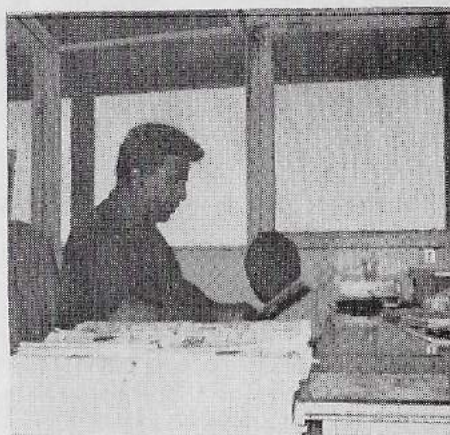
DUES

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. ★ ★ ★

WILKERSON FEDERATED AGENCIES

MEXICAN INSURANCE — FOR CLUB MEMBERS

LIABILITY: Auto, \$27.08; Jeep or Sand Buggy normally left in Mexico, \$7.97 additional. Boat Liability (usual size and power), \$16.44. PROPERTY: Cabin, Trailer, Personal Belongings, \$2,000 for \$24.93. Burglary on contents, \$1,000 for \$8.21 additional.

UNITED STATES COVERAGE, ALL FORMS WRITTEN
 Automobile — Burglary — Fire — Marine — Liability
 Bonds — Life — Accident & Health

WES DOUGLAS

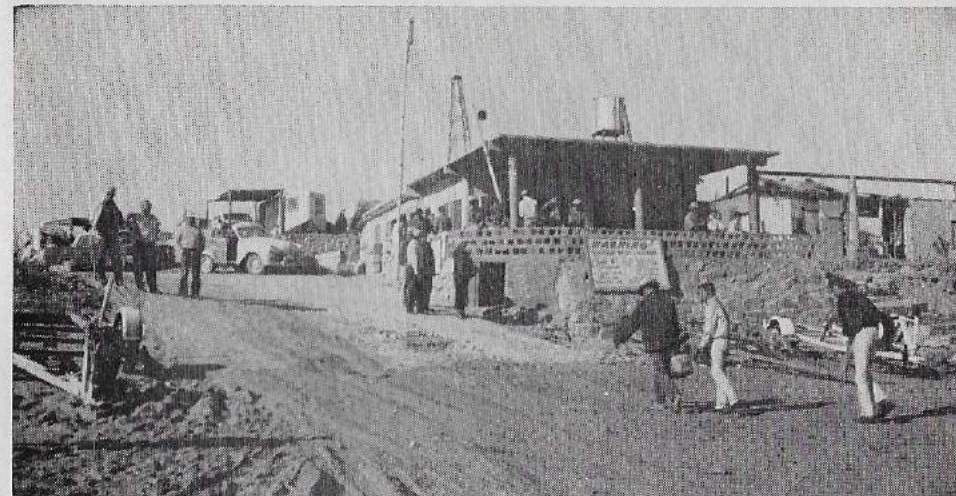
TED LAMBERTON

Club Members

2214 N. Central Ave.

Phoenix 3, Arizona

Phone 252-5558



**Ship To Shore
 Marine Radio**

Call Letters

- 2182 Safety & Calling
- 2555 Boat to Shore
- 2738 Intership
- 2638 Intership

Citizens Band Radios

- 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 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

Tell 'em you saw it in the CHATTER

J. L. WILKERSON CO.

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 Truck Crane - Drag Line - Steel Erection
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PERMIT No. 248
 BULK RATE
 U. S. POSTAGE
 Phoenix, Ariz.

1964

RETURN REQUESTED

Operation: Tide Chart

By Lynn Bayless

Great Tides Occur at Full & New Moon

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



December 12



December 19



December 25



January 2

DECEMBER, 1964

DECEMBER — 1964

JANUARY — 1965

1	1215	16	1126	1	1258
	0016	17	1211		0124
2	1250		0019	2	1333
	0058	18	1257		0201
3	1321		0108	3	1406
	0138	19	1343		0235
4	1353		0156	4	1440
	0213	20	1429		0308
5	1424		0244	5	1512
	0248	21	1517		0341
6	1455		0332	6	1547
	0323	22	1607		0413
7	1527		0421	7	1624
	0359	23	1701		0447
8	1601		0513	8	0522
	0437	24	0608		1707
9	1641		1802	9	0602
	0518	25	0708		1759
10	1730		1914	10	0649
	0603	26	0811		1905
11	0657		2035	11	0744
	1833	27	0914		2027
12	0756		2156	12	0846
	1953	28	1011		2154
13	0854		2304	13	0951
	2115	29	1102		2309
14	0948		1145	14	1053
	2225	30	0000		
15	1038		1225	15	1150
	2326	31	0047		0010