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Free Border Crossing Discussed at Meet

By H. Viktor Hoyer, Representative to
Ariz.-Mexico Trade Commission

Arizona-Mexico West Coast Trade Commission meetings held on the 12th and 13th of May should prove mutually beneficial to Arizona and Sonora. The various committees of this forum have been functioning for some time and reports from each were brought before the group.

Of the various categories discussed the activities of the club fit best under that of Tourism. The joint chairmen being Cesar A. Gandara of Sonora and Hanson Ray Fisk, publisher of the Nogales, Arizona, newspaper. Under this category the following recommendations were made.

1. That free crossing cards be issued by Mexico at the border good for a 72-hour period to replace the present \$3 per crossing charge. The U.S. already issues such border cards to Mexicans.

2. That one-building border stations be erected that would contain customs and tourist facilities thus providing one-stop service to tourists crossing the border in either direction.

3. That U. S. tourists be issued auto permits good for six months instead of the present three-month permits. Tourist cards are good for six months.

4. That Arizona business firms be encouraged to accept Mexican pesos as business men in Mexico now accept American dollars.

5. That Compania Aeronaves de Mexico be permitted to extend its air service

Bayless to Show Slides of Gulf Trips

By Jack Jennings, Program Chairman

You seafaring adventurers have a real treat in store for you at the June 14 meeting. Lynn Bayless, one of our own members, has cruised the Gulf of California extensively exploring the area and proving his knowledge of navigation and seamanship. He also took many beautiful photo slides. -Actually, we don't know whether Lynn or his charming wife, Olive, is responsible for the pictures and navigation, but as a team they have taken their "speedy" ten knot boat over the waters of a great part of the gulf. He will show us his slides and tell us about his cruises. This is one program none of you should miss. It will be terrific at the least.

Bring a new member with you at our next meeting at Goettl Bros. Auditorium, 2005 East Indian School Road, Tuesday evening, June 14th, 8:00 P.M. Coffee and donuts after the meeting as usual.

RADIO BASE STATION PLANS UNDER WAY

See next month's CHATTER

from Nogales, Sonora, across the border to some Arizona points.

All of these suggestions are good ones. Although not all of them may be activated, over the course of years a good many suggestions made at such meetings will be put into effect and will prove of great benefit to relations between Mexico and Arizona.

Cholla Chatter

(Official Publication of the Cholla Bay Sportsmen Club.)

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It's getting close to sail fishing time and we expect to be seeing more of everyone in the next few weeks. Now that "Mama" has presented "Papa" Eddie Smith with that new son he will be free to go. Congratulations, you all!

Hammer is hand carving a teaser out of teakwood and is going to trim it with sequins. He says if the sails aren't biting he is going to throw it over and see if he can't snag one of Valentine's Mermaids.

In any event, work was started May 20th on the launching ramps so you can expect 2000 square feet of new concrete for your convenience.

Ed Smith has Dale Fant, Art Bishop, and Wesley Wells on his Search & Rescue committee. We are very happy to see this unit forming and if you would like to help drop us a note outlining your qualifications or suggestions, Eddie will welcome them and will contact you post haste.

Your Board is working very close with the Mexican Consulate in order to further our mutual cause. We would like to seriously request that if you are a party of or a witness to any unpleasant, unusual or irregular happenings please report it to this department so that we can bring it to the attention of the Mexican authorities at our subsequent meetings.

We want to remain welcome guests in Mexico and as such we can "police" ourselves by governing our conduct according to the Golden Rule.

In closing—patronize our advertisers. They are real nice people.

Dave Crane, Secty.-Treas.

Watch Your Wake

many lures. But I fooled um, after the tide went out I roamed the flats, and I won. I came up with more lures than I lost.

"Bill" Blair

Labor Day Derby Plans Under Way

By Ed Smith, Vice President

One of our big projects for the year is the Labor Day Derby which we co-sponsor with the Rocky Point Lions Club.

We pay for the tickets, posters and printing to promote this Derby. All of the proceeds go to the Underprivileged Children's Fund of the Lions Club.

In 1957, the proceeds paid for polio shots for the children of Rocky Point.

In 1958-1959 the Derby paid for a day nursery and playground at Rocky Point.

Let's roll up our sleeves, oil up our reels and make the 1960 Labor Day Derby a record-breaker. Please contact me if you plan to be in the area and want to work on the Derby.

Marge Claver is collecting clothes now. These will be distributed in the Cholla Bay-Rocky Point area when school starts, so that the youngsters can start the year "all decked out." Contact Marge if you have clothing to donate.

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Chatter Editor

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Tucson Talking . . .

By Frank W. Young, Tucson Chairman

There is a small group of Cholla Bay fishermen in Tucson that have lunch together every Monday at one of our local restaurants and I have been invited to join them. The group consists of Myron Lusk, Gaynor Stover and about six or seven others. I should get some news out of these Bull Shippers.

About a month ago I received a long distance call from Eddie Smith in regard to a meeting in Tucson. I told him I would be glad to cooperate. Eddie also mentioned the possibility of the formation of an affiliate of the Club in Tucson. I have talked to a couple of the members and they seem to like the idea. I would be more than happy to contact the Tucson members, either personally or by letter, and get their reactions regarding a meeting and the formation of an affiliate.

Lynn and I are leaving for Cholla Bay on Friday, May 27th, and will be down there until Sunday, June 5th. Next month I expect to report on some good fishing.

New Boating Law To Aid Sportsmen

By Mel Harrison
Inter-Club Chairman

We have copies of Substitute House Bill 20 which was passed by the Legislature this session if you want a copy.

It will earmark certain unclaimed gasoline monies for public facility developments at popular boating areas.

Funds will now become available for such public boating facilities as launching ramps, piers, sanitation facilities, picnic grounds and parking areas.

More on how you can help "earmark" these funds at the next meeting.

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Bill Valentine

Blue water time is rapidly approaching, the time when the quivering, quavering fanatical sail fisherman springs into action scarring the placid surface of El Golfo with flipping, flopping planing mackerel and mullet, in his endless bleary-eyed search for the mightiest of our Bay area gladiators, the Leaping Pez Vela.

There have probably been 10,000 words, written by experts, on how to successfully go after old man sail. I'm a helluva long ways from being an expert on the subject (as Underdown, Schoon-over or Hammer can readily testify) but will gladly impart my meager methods on to you people who have yet to tangle with a sail. (Most people—myself included—consider themselves quite an authority on sailfish after boating the first one.) The first 2 summers I fished for sails, I had phenomical (?) luck—thinking all the time it was sheer skill—time and the succeeding years have convinced me that luck plays one darn big part in the successful quest.

Enough of this drivel. The following is a list of bare essentials necessary—first, you absolutely must have a boat and motor. The number of sailfish hooked while surfcasting is rather inconsequential. Therefore, unless you are one helluva long caster, please get a boat. On a calm glassy day, you could get by with an 8' dinghy 5 H.P. motor, but an 11' sail has to be bent in the middle in order to fit

between the seats on an 8-footer, and looks like hell when you try and hang him up to photograph. Therefore, you should have at least a 16' boat, suitably powered from 25 H.P. up.

I'm assuming that anyone who has read this apray this far is a novice planning on getting his first sail and will undoubtedly bring his fish in to be admired and photographed. (Us veteran old sports always release our sails, unless they are killed during the battle, or it is an exceptionally large or small fish, or if we're just plain hungry.) So, naturally, next in importance is a good camera, loaded with color film.

The next item on the list of essential equipment is very, very important. Without it you will be unable to always keep a cool stool—a very important factor to the big game type fisherman. That is, a relatively large ice box, packed to the gills with cold cerveza. Man, you ain't niver been hot till you've had a 45-minute battle with an angry sail, under our Mexican sun, in the middle of July or August, from a dead boat. In fact, I believe that I would sooner leave any item off of the "essential" equipment—even the damn boat, than this important little item.

Let's see now—we've got a boat, a camera, and sweat replenisher. Next in line of importance, is someone else. Preferably a husky brute who at some time in his career had a little baseball experience. I cannot stress this battling experience too strongly—let me tell you what happened to me one trip, by having a skinny little guy who couldn't hit the side of a barn with a ball bat, along as my crew, and just three days before a planned trip after sails, I was clumsy enough to break my right heel in three pieces. Consequently, came time to go fishing. My right leg was enclosed damn near to my amput in a cast.

Well, this skinny guy had never before caught a sailfish, so he was quite excited about the whole deal. Little did I realize just how excited he was soon to become, the &*!!—. I had rigged both outriggers with juicy little sailfish type bait, and instructed him to grab either rod that we had a strike on, while I would gather in the other to keep it out of the way. After reaching blue water we trolled for about a half hour when wham! One of the baits disappeared down a hungry sailfish throat. I quickly jerked the other line in, while the sail was making his first run before setting the hook. After securing the second rod and pulling in the teaser, I instructed Skinny to set the hook. As he reared back on the throbbing rod, I goosed the "Queen" with all the coal I could pour to her. Through cooperation, luck and timing, he had a good solid hookup. I eased back on the throttle, slipped that phoooped 35 into neutral, and settled back to watch Skinny operate. Much to both our disgust and disappointment, this sail was one of those rare weirdies who just wouldn't jump. We tried everything to make that old boy break water, but he just came swimming right up to the boat, no fight whatsoever. I just flat ran off 100 yds. from him three different times, hoping he would finally leap a little, but no soap. Finally, much against my better judgment, we decided to try and boat him green. This Skinny I'm referring to was Bill Minnette, former editor of the Wildlife Sportsman, and right about the time he horsed that sail up to the side of the "Queen" he started flipping his lid. I had told him to reel in till his 15' leader swivel was snug against the tip of his rod, flip the reel into freespool and put the click on, lay the rod in the bottom of the boat and pick up the large hairy ironwood club I keep on board to clobber sharks or beautiful

senoritas who try and mob me because of my virile handsome physique. I had donned a pair of cotton gloves and by grasping the leader, pulled the sail close enough for me to catch on to his prickly bill, which I was going to hang onto while Skinny "Poor Shot" Willy was to administer the coup de grace. I was a damn fool. Due to my busted heel, I couldn't put any weight whatsoever on my right leg, for leverage to help hold that old boy out of the boat and also more important, to keep his needle-sharp bill out of my tender cute little old belly button. About the time I grabbed the fish by his spear, he (the fish) decided to start jumping. I'm here to tell you, good people, that a ten-foot sail with a four-foot tail behind a three-foot needle sharp rasp, is not the easiest damn thing in the world to push backwards when he decides to go over, under, or through you. You talk about confusion—I was committed—I couldn't let go—I was trying to hold that old boy back with just one trembling bony little leg under me, and Minette was going nutz. He assured me afterwards that he rilly rilly was trying to hit the mad green sailfish, but before he ever so much as touched that fish with the club, he had whanged the gunwales of the poor "Queen" so hard they fractured, belted my busted foot so hard he cracked the cast, then he hit me in the side with the damn club—all this time the fish is also trying to do me in—I can't run—all I can do is yell at the top of my lungs. This fish is so strong that the tip of his bill is just a hair (mine) away from pay dirt—I'm a bloody sobbing mess by the time Bill finally connects with a mighty clout rat between the eyes of the fish (this blow actually glanced off and hit me in the forehead). We finally killed the old chap and lashed him across the

(Cont'd. next page)

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Rough Roads Lead To Good Lobos Fishing

By Don Zimmer (Continued last issue)

After this, it is a matter of following the tracks that look well-traveled. The road is fairly well marked so where you might get mixed up there will be a sign pointing to Lobos.

Don't think you are on the wrong road if you go within two feet of a native's front door—you are on the highway.

The 40 miles from the gravel road to Lobos is the longest 40 miles you will ever drive. If you get to Caborca after dark, stay in town until daylight. The road is bad enough in the daylight and almost impossible at night which is when we traveled it.

It took about 2½ hours to make 40 miles since the road went over sharp humps. Cars with low gravity centers

FISHIN' LINES (Cont'd.)

deck so that &*!! could take pictures of his remarkable catch for his rag. You can readily see now why I think it is so darn important to have someone on the other end of your club who can whap a good whap at the right spot. I'm very happy to report that due to the excitement, when the reaction set in, Bill was sick as hell all the way back in.

This just about covers the most important items you'll need to tangle successfully with a sailfish. It might be a good idea, though, if you actually want to catch one, to take with you also, outriggers, spare gas, six or eight 15' leaders, a teaser, a gaff for dolphin, a dozen assorted baits, two good 3 to 400 yd. capacity reels loaded with from 27 to 45 lb. test line (depending how sporty you are), a pair of side cuts, gloves, a good stout club, and last but not least, me!

would have trouble. This is a wagon road, suitable only for jeeps, pick-ups or carryalls. The farther you go the worse it gets changing from rocks to sand and dust several inches deep. But it is passable and every day people go in pulling boats. We saw one truck going to Lobos with an 18 foot trails as we were coming back.

If you should travel at night and see lights, you are still a long way from Lobos, about 20 miles to be exact, and the worst is yet to come. The lights you see are on the shrimp fleet in the ocean.

And then, Point Lobos appears! You forget the road, the dust and the cussin. It is in a most beautiful natural setting. Huge white cliffs run for miles to the south. Fifty miles across the bay you can see the Angel of the Guard. The beach is wide, uncluttered and beautiful.

The community itself consists of a few native shacks, ice house and a population of 30, at the most. We did not see any families.

There are seven or eight adobe, two room cabins with only table and chairs in them. They are clean, tight and have a concrete floor. It makes a good place to store your gear. If you wanted to bring a padlock you could, but there doesn't seem to much danger of losing things.

For the boat, there are no mechanical launching aids. At high tide the sand is soft and you have to be careful of getting stuck. We did, but the tide was going out and a jeep pulled us out.

When the tide is low you can drive out to a coral reef and launch from there which seems to be the best arrangement.

On the beach you can hire guides, and the one we talked to spoke good English. They will clean fish, help launch and make themselves useful giving advice such as: do not troll on the bottom for sea bass and grouper at Lobos. Use only

a few ounces of lead and troll slower than you would at Cholla.

The natives seem to use live bait to get their fish. We tried to buy some but could not so caught small rock bass on small hooks.

These really got results, too. We also had good luck with 21-23 Tony Acceta Pet Spoons.

There seem to be 2 or 3 favorite places to fish. On the right and around the point of the launching area is a small mountain of red lava which has on the seaward side a reef running out 400 or 500 yards. This area produced for us—to the tune of large grouper and pinto.

Then, if you troll in front of the cliff, about 200 yards offshore you are likely to get big sea bass, grouper and pinto. Apparently there are no small fish at Lobos. Our catch of pintos were 15-20 pounds and the groupers ran 30 to 100 pounds. Naturally, the biggest got away. He came up under a sea bass I had hooked and I thought I had looked into the tunnel and when he turned to swim away, it was impressive!

On Saturday afternoon we drove back to Caborca, stayed there overnight, had breakfast in Ajo and back in Phoenix by noon, weary but happy.

Naturally, when we go again next month we will do a few things differently. Instead of 3 days, we will plan on taking 5 days. A day to come, and go, and at least 3 days for fishing.

We will remember to get the tag for the vehicle at the border for \$1. But one thing we don't want to change and that's the **BIG FISH YOU CATCH AT LOBOS.**

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Open Letter to the Honorable Alvaro Obregon, Governor of Sonora

The over 700 members of the Cholla Bay Sportsmen's Club are grateful for your courtesy to our representative, H. Viktor Hoyer, at the sessions of the Arizona-Mexico West Coast Trade Commission.

They are conscious of the fact that in the past some distasteful and irregular situations have occurred in the Puerto Penasco area for which U. S. citizens were responsible.

We want to impress upon you the fact that we want to be good neighbors.

As a club we will advise our members to scrupulously observe all the laws and regulations of the nation, state and area. Further, that we will also do everything in our power to obtain compliance by those non-members who may visit the area. Any suggestions that you may have in this respect will be more than welcome.

When we are in Mexico we are your guests. We want to do everything in our power to make ourselves welcome to return again and again to your beautiful country.

Bill Blair

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Search and Rescue Group Needs Members' Help

by Ed Smith, Vice President

It may be said that motor boating has become the safest modern form of travel.

Analysis shows that most accidents are avoidable. This being the case, what is the logical procedure to guarantee that safety which we know is attainable?

For this reason the Search & Rescue committee needs your suggestions and ideas to help promote boating safety and self preservation. Airplanes and search boats are available on short notice—but your need for help must be known—and you must be able to survive until help can reach you.

The three most useless things in a boat are (1) water in it instead of under it; (2) gasoline in the bilge instead of the tank; (3) life jacket in the boat—you in the drink!

Border Vaccination

In a recent UPI release from El Paso, the U.S. Public Health Service pointed out that they were alerted to what was reported to be a case of smallpox in the town of San Felipe, a port town 125 miles south of Yuma in Baja California.

Dr. Ray H. Vanderhook, medical officer in charge investigated and during the period persons passing through the Arizona-Mexico border were required to show proof of vaccination or be vaccinated, as a preventative when entering the U. S.

Dr. Vanderhook said the health service investigates all reports no matter how sketchy their information might be.

"That's because of the seriousness of smallpox," he said. "There is no good treatment except vaccination to prevent it. Once a person gets it there is no treatment."

Remember this when you are stopped at Lukeville—for your own good.

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