

# CHOLLA CHATTER



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# CHOLLA CHATTER

Official Publication  
of the

CHOLLA BAY SPORTSMAN'S CLUB, INC.  
P. O. Box 7171, Phoenix, Ariz. 85011

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# CALENDAR OF EVENTS

AUGUST 10, 1973  
PARTY AT GERMAN-AMERICAN  
CLUB - PHOENIX

AUGUST 19, 1973  
PICNIC, MT. LEMMON - TUCSON

OCTOBER 14, 1973  
PICNIC - PHOENIX

DECEMBER 10, 1973  
POT LUCK - TUCSON



## CHOLLA CHATTER ADVERTISING RATES COSTS PER ISSUE

2 1/4" x 1 1/2"	6.00
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1/2 Page	25.00
Full Page	45.00

## To All It May Concern

Many thanks for the unexpected, unasked for, but very, very welcome raise in pay. The praise for a job well done is wonderful to hear but not all the credit goes here - it is the cooperation of the membership as a whole that makes the operation click. So we say thanks, too, for the cooperation in filling out permits, answering questions that must seem unnecessary when fishing is the primary thought. Radio checks, weather information, offers of assistance when needed all make us feel really secure.

Another thanks for the new binoculars - for the first time in months I'm using two eyes. Anyone who has used the old pair will know the meaning of this.

Sincerely,  
Hector & Betty Munro

## Starfish

Have you seen a starfish  
Lying on the sand,  
And as you held him by the leg  
He left it in your hand?  
He will hardly miss it,  
For you know what he will do,  
He'll grow a new one in the place  
Of the one he left with you.  
But how he loves his oysters!  
For him they are the best,  
He wraps himself about them  
And smothers them to death.  
There he sits and has a feast  
On food fit for a king,  
He doesn't have to worry  
Or think about a thing.



By Dick Allyn

On Saturday, the 14th of April, a team of Club officials met with the officials of Rocky Point to get acquainted and establish a basis for future relationship throughout the remainder of the year.

In attendance from Rocky Point area were representatives of the mayor's office, chief of police, port captain, fish inspector, customs administrator, department of tourism, and department of immigration.

Those from the club, besides myself, included the presidents of both chapters, which includes the Derby chairman, and the search and rescue chairman.

The purpose, as stated before, was to become acquainted with the people from the Rocky Point area that will be directly and indirectly involved with club activities in the Cholla area. I believe that it was to our advantage to hold this meeting and would hope that all councils will do the same in the

future. The meeting went well and was beneficial. No business was discussed other than permission to hold the Derby. It was granted by all parties concerned and any cooperation needed was pledged.

Now, on to another subject. I have received several inquiries pertaining to betterment of the vhf radio. This has been one of our projects since we installed the vhf radio, however the lack of necessary funds for the purchase of additional equipment will hamper our progress. It was hoped that the proposed dues increase of last year would have provided these funds, but since it was voted down, we have been hard-pressed to stay within our budget. We are in need of an increase in dues, because of rising costs as all of you know... the price of everything has inflated to a great degree, and we will not be able to operate much longer at our present dues rate. Especially if we intend to improve our facilities at Cholla Bay. Keep these facts in mind for the future council proposals.

That's all for this month. Hope you all have a great time at the Derby.

Dick

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CLUB MEMBER



## THE LISTENING SHELL OF PHOENIX

By Mary Fran Taylor

The Board and General Meeting were nearly all taken up with the Derby business. It seems to be going great guns.

To have a brush-up for the Search and Rescue team a meeting on First Aid has been scheduled, to be conducted by one of our doctor members. The Search and Rescue members who were at the Bay were very shaken at the drowning of the girl at Sandy Beach. One of the things to be stressed at this meeting is mouth to mouth resuscitation.

A group of the officers from both Chapters, with the Derby Chairman, met with Mexican officials for a meeting held at the Hotel Granada in Puerto Penasco. We and they are trying to establish better understanding and working relationships. This was done at no expense to the club.

Officials will again be asked to attend the Fish Fry. We are going to welcome them as our guests, in a more informal and comfortable way.

The Fish Inspector has asked that every boat going out carry a trash bag, and use it. They can then be disposed of in Gus Brown's disposal caches. Mexico is becoming as ecology minded as we are. We can kill the Sea of Cortez in not too long a time. Let's help keep it a perfect place.

Our general meeting this month had as guest speaker Mr. Connie Liston from the City Fire Department. It was a very interesting meeting, covering not only Fire Prevention in our cabins and trailers, but also on our boats. One point he emphasized was that explosion proof switches are a necessity.

Easter vacation was marvelous. It was good not to have to pack and come home in a couple of days. We managed to get quite a bit done on the cabin.

Smokey wasn't the only one to tangle with the whale. Everywhere we went we found vertebrae and rib bones. Mary Frances DeHoff went for a rib - slid down the cliff the last few feet and was bitten by said whale.

Harry Capen goes into the hospital on Mother's Day in preparation for the operation he needs. He is more than ready to get

CONTINUED ON PAGE 16



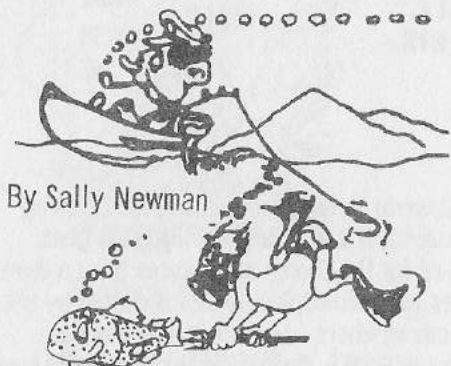
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## TUCSON SCUTTLEBUTT



By Sally Newman

To all our members who are ill, we wish a speedy recovery.

We had many new members and guests at the meeting...and welcome to them all.

Leonard Reichardt told of the big plans for the Rocky Point Harbor, which they are working on now. There will be a place to keep and launch boats, a new shrimp plant, and motel.

We have a new membership chairman...our old friend Susie Bos. Some people have all the fun.

Have you seen the new signs at Cholla? They are great, especially the one about the motorcycles.

Did you see the grunion run yet? That was very, very interesting.

A boat bumper and Cholla pennant were won by Oscar Newman and Dennis Bos.

Coffee and donuts by Lila Erickson. See you at the next meeting...

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## And the tide went out... By Lila Erickson

On Sunday, May 6th, we were chomping at the bit to get out on the water after a rough, windy Saturday. We had brought my Mother from California and had rendezvoused with several Tucson friends. Saturday was cold and windy and a few boats had launch in the afternoon, but we were reluctant to subject anyone to a bout of seasickness. So, as we bumped down to the launching area behind Lalo, we were all ready to do battle with the big ones.

We had topped the diesel tanks—140 gallons, and had 5 guests, so the Viking Scot was heavy. We were launching on an outgoing tide and Lalo in his "usual efficient manner" launched us in a depression with a sandbar between us and deeper water. And the tide was going out!

The Perkins diesel started up with its usual beautiful music and we moved slowly forward and ground to a halt! The horrible sound of rocks on the prop startled everyone and the motor died. Gordon started her up again and more noise—then the realization of what was happening. And the tide was going out!

There was one boat close enough to have helped at that moment, but he was in shallow water and chose to bargain for a new prop as he stood with a rope in his hand. And the tide was going out!

I radioed Cholla Bay and asked for Lalo or any launcher to help pull us, but Lalo had whisked off after another boat. In the meantime, Jack Gil in the Centurian launched beside us and he was in trouble. He had to move to deeper water, but he radioed us and offered to stand by. A small, blue outboard (we never did get their name to thank them) threw us a line and tried to help, but they did not have enough power. And the tide was going out!

About this time we decided that our guests should go ashore. That in itself was an experience, trying to get everyone over the side into the water, by now just over their knees. And the tide was still going out!

We thought we were in rocks and had visions of horrible damage as the boat heeled over. Gordon raced to the house and brought back cement blocks and lumber which we used as props. I could hardly believe it as I sloshed out to the stranded boat carrying cement blocks, that not one onlooker offered to help! And by now the tide was out!

We sat high and dry for about 5 hours and waited for the tide to come back in. Gordon set 2 anchors to prevent the boat from swinging around and that added to comic effect. As the tide rose we were able to remove the blocks and planks and float free. What a beautiful sight!

We were very fortunate in light of what could have happened. There is no structural damage to the hull that we can see — only a chewed up prop. We did learn a painful lesson on the risk of launching on an outgoing tide with a big inboard.

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# HAPPY DAYS AT CHOLLA BAY

OR 72 WAYS TO DON'T DO IT  
WITH DUG CASHIN...

It started out being such a wonderful weekend, with getting Work Lady ready, and getting papa's Put-Put under way for the Bay, stopping at Si Roman's and buying for days' mackerel for bait, and getting to the cabin while it was still daylight Friday evening. I hurried over to Si Green's and got the sandbuggy and to beautiful downtown Cholla. We stopped at the local cantina for latest information and a few beers. We found that things weren't quite up to par for fishing, and after a few more beers, Mother took the sandbuggy keys and I had to quit for the night.

The next morning we went down to the radio shack, I discovered on Sunday that that had been my first mistake of the weekend, but since we were down there and since Dug is Vice President in charge of all vices... Dug suggested that we all go clam digging and have a clam bake, which was a good idea.

The party included Oscar Newman and his family and two dogs; my dear friend Gordon and his better half, the Morris's, and yours truly and ma and one dog. Also a few I didn't know. We had a wonderful clam bake, beans and bread.

Then, lo and behold, someone suggested a sailboat race. Unbeknown to me, and I do believe it was planned the day before, But me being a good sport, I attended this graceful event. Me being a power boat captain, I didn't believe there could be a more beautiful sight than a bunch of little sailboats sailing... upright. After a while I was invited to come aboard a nice little craft. The Captain was Gordon, who is a good sailor. We sailed up wind, through the wind and finally down wind. He only got me wet up to my navel, for which I was very grateful. He brought me in to shore and I went up to the sandbuggy for a can of refreshment. It was so nice to sit in the sandbuggy, enjoying the refreshment, just watching all the little boats sailing - except one, which it seemed to me was always upside-down.

After having a few more cans of refreshment than a good power boat Captain like me should have, I was invited aboard another beautiful little sailing craft, with no other than my good friend Dug the Captain. (Dug, who is in charge of all vices of our Tucson Chapter and being a man of such high office, a friend for the past several years.) It was indeed my pleasure to go sailing with this fine gentleman, which was, incidentally, my second mistake of the weekend.

Being a gentleman power boat captain and after having such a beautiful cruise with Gordon, who is such a wonderful sailor, I daintily stepped aboard Dug's beautiful craft, and we promptly got under way, I thought, but I kept sticking that little board into the hole in the bottom of the boat and the thing kept hanging up on bottom. Finally we got into deep water and were off. We sailed like two experienced sailors until we decided to turn around - and promptly turned over, the first time. After about the 25th time of turning over we lost our paddle which was alright with me since the paddle was almost as large as the boat. About the 57th time we turned over we lost the rope that controls

## more happy days...



the mainsail, which seemed okay because I have two good arms. Now, one of them is about 8 inches longer than the other from trying to hold the sail.

The 60th time we turned over - I'll never understand how it happened - Dug lost the rudder. After that we seemed to turn over for no reason at all. The 67th time over, I looked like a pod whale being soaked full of salt water. I finally got off bottom and to the surface. There was a big power boat along side our disabled little craft and I heard someone aboard that beautiful craft ask if we were in trouble. I couldn't speak - all I could do was blow salt water like a whale. I did hear Dug ask them if they were in trouble and if they needed some help, that if so he and his partner would be glad to help them. Still all I could do was blow like a whale. I saw one of them pick up a bow and arrow, and thinking he was going to harpoon me like a whale, I sank to bottom. It was not hard to sink at this point. I stayed on bottom until I learned the names of all the fishes and crabs. Then came up, only to see that big power boat under way. Dug said we should sail to Black Mountain; I couldn't see any sense in sailing to it for it seemed to be coming at us pretty fast. How I got back aboard that 71st time I can't remember.

The 72nd time that vicious little thing threw me about 10' out in the water and turned over backward on top of Dug. King Neptune was with us though. I hit the bottom and found I could stand up with my head above water. I wasn't fixing to get aboard that craft or any other sailing craft. I promptly started pulling what was left of Dug's boat back to shore. Luck was still with us; I looked up to see my good friend Gordon wading out to meet us.

All stories must have a good ending, and this one does too. The sun had already sunk in the north, the storm wasn't coming - it was already here, the waves weren't big - they were huge. Getting that vicious little craft loaded in a truck. Gordon and I getting in our sandbuggies with our wives. Dug and Lee getting into their VW with no back seat. Heading back to our cabins. I heard Dug mutter as he drove away, "I've got to take one more back yard sailing lesson from Tom Van Atter."

Submitted by Joe Clendening

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# THE BAJA EXPLOSION BY WES DOUGLAS

To each of you that have been planning a trip down Baja to see the primitive Mexican villages and the unspoiled land that we have heard so much about from those brave souls that have taken the old trail south from Tijuana, I would advise you to make your plans and be pretty quick about it.

The Government of Mexico has recognized the fact that Tourism is one of their leading income producers. Far from being the land of Manana, they are doing something about it. I have been told that there is only 210 Kilometers that are unpaved from Ensenada to Cabo San Lucas at the tip end of Baja. Most of the above information is second-hand, but I have seen enough to know they are doing something about it. They are not only paving the road, but are making plans to see that modern facilities will be available when the crowds arrive.

I have no way of estimating the number of tourists that will drive down Baja once the road is completely paved, but several reliable people have estimated that there will be over one million cars making this trip each year.

I am one of the fortunate ones that have made over half of this trip during a six week period by motor home along with three other couples. Dave Davidson started working me over with a big square needle to join him and his wonderful wife, Vida, along with Mae and Lawrence Monette, who is retired, and Ethyl and Oran Keyes who is also retired and now living in Willcox, Arizona, to make this trip. After a lot of jaw-boning, we planned to leave the week of January 15th. The nearer the time came to leave, the more anxious I became and was ready to go on the 15th. Some others of the crowd were unable to leave until a week later, so Nell and I left Phoenix at 2:00 p.m. on January 16th and drove to Nogales arriving there at 5:05 p.m. This part of the trip passed very quickly for it is a divided highway most of the way. We spent that night at the "Mi Casa" RV Court which is well equipped with water, lights and hookups.

The morning of January 17th after filling with water, ice, gas, etc., we left Nogales at 9:00 a.m. Arriving at the border we found that we were just behind a group of over 200 trailers. Due to the knowledge I have acquired at Sonoita, we were able to pass around them and cleared the Customs at 10:30 a.m. Our original plans were to make this a very leisurely trip so we stopped about halfway to Hermosillo and had lunch. Arrived at Hermosillo at 3:00 p.m. and decided to take a side trip to Kino Bay, arriving there at 4:45 p.m. The trip from Hermosillo to Kino was very interesting, for along with a lot of farming, there were numerous chicken farms with buildings that were blocks long. I would say that this area raises chickens by the thousands.

Approaching Kino Bay, we skirted Old Kino where many of the Seri Indians live and make their living from wood carvings out of ironwood that is polished to a very high lustre. Passing by this area we came into the area known as New Kino where many beautiful homes and condominiums are being built for the Gringos who like to drive in as well as fly in, for they have a very adequate air strip for small planes.

We drove to the end of the road where the "Caverna del Seri" restaurant and RV court is set up for the many campers and trailers that visit the area. All the necessary hookups were available right on the beach and the long curving beach leading up to this point is absolutely beautiful, for the Gringo has not moved in yet with their empty beer cans and refuse has not yet cluttered up the area. We left Kino at 11:30 a.m. on Friday morning and drove into San Carlos where the rest of the group was to meet us at the Shangri-La court. The court has spaces for at least 150 to 200 hookups and we had to take a spot on the overflow lot adjoining. On our way from Kino we saw many of the Cardon Cactus which is similar to our Saguaro, except that the arms start growing out much nearer the ground.

We spent Saturday just resting and arranging things for the longer trip ahead of us. On Sunday we took the jeep and made a sightseeing trip into Guaymas, ending up at the Playa de Cortez where I had to sample the Margaritas. This is a very beautiful spot and one of the older resorts in the area and is kept in very good condition. The grounds around the hotel are lovely with all of the tropical plants and trees in full bloom.

On Monday morning we decided to drive to Guaymas and have our butane tanks filled for the rest of the trip. On the way in we met the Davidsons and the Monettes, so we turned around and went back to the court where they hooked up to wait for the Keyes coming in from Willcox. We then went in to Guaymas and filled the butane tanks and returned to San Carlos in time for the Keyes to arrive.

On Tuesday we all went into Guaymas to visit the old market and also the new modern store that is equipped with just about everything one might want. The girls did their shopping and we then returned to San Carlos. The next morning Nell had her hair done at a beauty parlor at San Carlos (and was astounded at the price of \$2.72). This was a good indication of what we were to run into in unspoiled Mexico.

The girls went shopping at the Mini Mercado in San Carlos, where they bumped into Ruiz, the old boy that used to run the gas station at Cholla Bay. He had moved to San Carlos with his son Jimmie who is running the Marina there. The protected harbor at San Carlos is absolutely loaded with boats that are

CONTINUED ON PAGE 15

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ED TAPPAN - Club Member



By Mel Jarvis

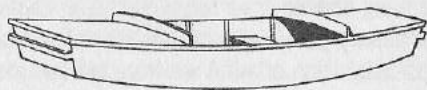
Many times boats will come into the shops of Phoenix with the complaint that their bilge pump won't work. Most of the time it turns out to be dirt of some sort like cigarette butts, fish bait or shells, and when you go to clean or repair the pump it's found to be screwed to the deck and usually in under the engine or deck where it can hardly be seen, let alone worked on. When we do get it loose and out where we can see it, a little cleaning is all it needs.

Now, my point is, if you were on the 18 mile or out to the Dunes or some place like that and started taking on water, or were running in rough seas and shipping water, I'm sure you would not have the time to fight so hard to

get to screws or clamps to get to your bilge pump and find out why it won't pump as you're slowly sinking and frantically calling search and rescue.

What I did on the Debbie J, was make sure I could get my bilge pump out from where the manufacturer had screwed it down, and I added two feet more hose to the pump and then I could get it out to clean. Also I am able to move it around when I am cleaning the bilge. I may add that a back-up pump would be a good idea. You could have one made up with battery clips and hoses that you can use in any part of the boat or to pass over to some other boat in distress if need be.

Check that pump and keep your bilges dry...for safe boating!



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★ DOLPHIN	15 LBS		
★ PINTO	15 LBS		
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★ MACKEREL	6 LBS		
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★ PARGO	15 LBS		
★ COTCHI	5 LBS		
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# A Fool Learns About Boats

By Al Scott

At the end of my last installment, we almost sank my boat. But as we dried it out, got the motor started, I stood with my back to the steering wheel and tried to figure out why. Then it hit me like a ten pound sledge hammer. I had bought a Mahogany planked boat. To have a planked boat in dry Arizona or Mexico is really a No, No. But my Spanish friend Ted, found some caulking cotton and that day and night we caulked the boat and made ready for the next day's fishing.

The boat had soaked up so well we had no leaks at all. So, as it turned out, we had a very good fishing trip. I found some burlap sacks and filled them with sawdust and wet them and placed them in the bilge when I left, and when I went down again, the boat was nice and tight. I used this boat for a few years and except for being a planked boat, it was a good one.

Now you must understand, I'm becoming quite an expert on boats. I have gone to Coast Guard Auxiliary School, read Chapman's book on small boat handling, hung around Seth Smith and watched Seth build boats. This Seth is a pretty smart guy when it comes to boats. So, with all my past experience with boats, I don't see how anything serious could dog me.

So I ordered a twenty foot Bay City boat from Bay City, Michigan. All I had to do is put it together, install the motor, etc., then boy! I am ready to go. At last the boat arrived and I'm anxious to get started. I had sold my Mahogany boat, so as boats go, I'm afoot. Before many months had gone by, my new boat, "The Swan" was ready to go. I had ordered a complete kit, so I had anchor, lights, rope, everything.

It was late spring 1951 when "The Swan" and I headed for Cholla. A brand new boat, motor, trailer, and an experienced skipper. Needless to say, I had one heck of a time getting "The Swan" into Cholla. The sand going into Cholla in 1951 you wouldn't believe. At last the three boats in my party did reach the Bay and made camp. It was late in the day when we were finished making camp, so we decided to wait until morning to launch our boats. That nite, as the times before, we played cards. Early in the morning the boats were launched and we only went around Pelican Point to catch all the grouper we wanted.

At mid-day the weather was warm, so we came into the Bay. "The Swan" worked better than I expected. We all decided to anchor our boats and go to camp for a bite and a drink. As we came to rest in the Bay, I told the guy with me to get the anchor ready. When he couldn't find the anchor, I couldn't believe this expert boat-man had left the blamed thing home, but this I had done.

So we got a big rock and a twenty foot piece of rope and anchored the boat. Off to camp for a bite and a little shut-eye. A few hours later, we all thought we would go for another trip around Pelican Point and troll for grouper. As we came near the launch site, I couldn't see "The Swan." The tide was in full and to get to the other boats was a chore. We went up on Pelican Point and even with binoculars "The Swan" was nowhere in sight. I was sick, sick, sick.

TO BE CONTINUED...

# BAJA EXPLOSION

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 11

tied up waiting for their Gringo owners to either drive down or fly down to take them out for the fabulous fishing that is available just off shore.

We drove to the Ferry building to find out about the ferry to Santa Rosalia and were advised to be there early the next morning to have our outfits measured for the fares that would be charged.

Thursday morning we left San Carlos at 8:20 a.m. to go to the ferry building to be measured. The ferry crosses only on Friday, Saturday and Sunday. We could not leave until Friday so we spent the nite on the landing area at the ferry building.

Friday morning we moved into the line-up at 8:00 in order to be sure and get on the ferry. We left Guaymas at 12:15 p.m. and arrived at Santa Rosalia at 7:30 p.m. Neil and I had taken a cabin, but the rest of the crowd had taken seats in the lounge which was plenty adequate, for it's just a seven hour run over to Baja. On arrival at Santa Rosalia we could not find a RV park so we arranged with the local police to spend the night at the landing area.

On Saturday morning we all decided we should drive north to San Ignacio to see the 2nd oldest mission on Baja. The road was paved all the way except the last 4 or 5 miles where San Ignacio is located off the main highway. Believe me, if that short 4 or 5 miles on the old road is an example of what the rest of the road to the north is like, I would never take my motor home over it.

It was a one way road over rocks and through streams that water the palms that are so prevalent in and around San Ignacio. We finally arrived at San Ignacio. Located in the central square was the mission.

TO BE CONTINUED...



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back in circulation. His hobby in the last few weeks has been painting. I managed to talk him out of two seascapes — they are good and will go to the cabin in C.B.

Someone may be lucky and find the billfold that was dropped in the Gulf. It contained \$1,700. Wouldn't it be something if it turned up in the stomach of a shark!

The Search and Rescue members are going to be different and have yellow jackets of the white ones on sale for regular members. Those of you who don't attend meetings may be seeing these jackets on other members... they are quite a buy.

Hildegard pulled a good one. Her Mother is coming back for a visit from Germany — she speaks no English — and Hildy Erkert has lost the flight plan. Her Mother visited Cholla last time she was here and loves it. That's the reason, of course, for the return visit! So if Hildy and Gene gain weight, you'll know Mama had a hand in it.

Once upon a time there was a membership chairman who received a check for the family — dated 1974, and the last name not filled in on the check.

Claud and Arlyce Coker have a brand new boat — a Fiberform. I have not seen it but Arlyce promises us a picture for a future ed-

ition. It must be a honey.

The Westfall's had a small granddaughter visit one weekend. There was an outside faucet on her level. Needless to say they were soon out of water without knowing why. Now they are wondering how to rig up a sign for those who can't read...

Clara Hall had her small boy at the last meeting. He is quite a child — he can pick locks! Clara woke at about 3 a.m. not too long ago wondering where the draft was coming from — he had picked the lock going out of the back of the trailer, and was busy riding his trike around the patio. He was good as gold at the meeting, but kept someone busy. Stay with it, Clara, it just goes from one phase to another.

If anyone has citrus that should come off the trees, take it to Betty Munro. She is using the fruit for payment to the children to keep the launch area clean. I don't think we ever had such a good backer for the job.

It certainly is an improvement for the service Betty gives, as to the anonymous letter I received recently running down the Club's efforts.

This last weekend of May 12th, I found people working like mad on the Derby Building — Mel Jarvis, Sam Geibelhaus and his sons, and my husband very briefly. There must have been others that put in an appearance when they could. Anyway, the building should really be usable by Derby time. The two boys, Mike Geibelhaus and guest, Danny Soul, really worked. Also the commode was installed in Betty's biffy. All through the donation of Sam Geibelhaus. We all thank you, Sam.

Our membership is increasing rapidly since the letter was sent out. Members have gotten on the ball when they found out why they were not getting the Chatter. There has been a good pickup, too, from the launching slips.

No jokes today — I have a good one for next time. Bye for now.

Mary Fran



By Jane Putnam

One of the best things about traveling in Mexico is trying all the delicious foods. Each state, or even town, has its own style of cookery; in Vera Cruz the specialty is the use of a tomato-base sauce with olives, capers and limes the favorite garnishes.

This recipe for Fish Veracruzana is a composite of several dishes tried at various times and places — any one or two of the ingredients may be substituted or omitted and the resulting concoction will not suffer.

The amounts of the ingredients are optional as well, for it all depends upon how much fish you start with. The general rule being that the fish must be completely covered. Layering is not practical — make several dishes if you are feeding a mob — and make plenty, for it goes down very easily!

Any kind of salt water fish works very well. Tried and true are turbot, sole, cabrilla, sea bass and ocean perch. Try your favorite and see what happens.

Place in flat baking dish (greased) as many filets of fish as will fit. Thinly slice a large yellow onion and spread over fish. Finely sliver green bell pepper (or chili verde if you 'like it hot') and sprinkle this on top of the onion. Also sprinkle capers, chopped or dried parsley, sliced or whole ripe olives (pitted) and stuffed olives — or better yet, those little green Mexican olives complete with pits (but warn your guests!). Spread over all a can of stewed tomatoes, or sliced baby tomatoes, or tomato sauce.

Season with salt and pepper to taste, a little rosemary or thyme, a dash of garlic salt, a bit more parsley and a few more capers. Top with liberal squeezes of lime juice (the Mexican variety is best) and several thin slices of another lime.

Bake in 375 degree oven for half to three quarters of an hour, or until it's done and serve immediately with some baked potatoes. No vegetable is necessary, but something like brocoli or asparagus provides color.

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