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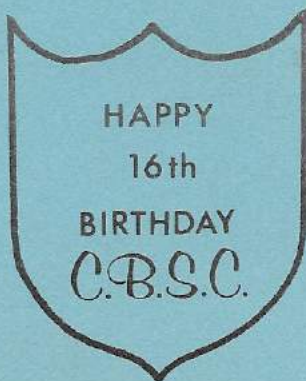
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- 1956 Al Scott
- 1957 *Oakley Jordan
- 1958 Bill Hammer
- 1959 Paul Schoonover
- 1960 Bill Blair
- 1961 *Eddie Smith
- 1962 Al Scott
- 1963 Bob Taylor
- 1964 Wayne Earley
- 1965 Dick Gardner
- 1966 Lyle Rogers
- 1967 Harold Johnson
- 1968 Mel Jarvis
- 1969 Bub Allison
- 1970 Wayne Wood
- 1971 Harry Capen

Tucson

- Wayne DeVore
- B. E. Walker
- Les Conlisk
- Dean Fisher
- Frank McLaughlin
- Chris Tatum
- Bob Morris
- Bob Morris
- Hector Gugliamo
- Oscar Newman
- Bob Morris



*Deceased

CHOLLA CHATTER
 Official Publication of the
 CHOLLA BAY SPORTSMEN'S CLUB, INC.
 P.O. Box 7171, Phoenix, Arizona 85011

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Don't Miss Your Meetings!

October 12th.
 8 p.m.

PHOENIX Goettl Auditorium
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Until January 1st, the 1971 membership fee is \$6.00 for principal member and \$2.00 for spouse and each sponsored child, unless you were a member in 1970, then the dues are the same as usual, \$10 for principal member and \$2 for spouse and each sponsored child.



By Bill Valentine

Of all of the fish that occasionally cruise within range of my hot little hooks, the ones I'm lucky enough to hang into on a spincasted lure, give me just about twice as much mental sport as I get by hooking them in any other method.

I've made this statement before, but honestly, a dolphin hooked on a spinrig gives just about as great and spectacular a fight as the average man's heart will stand. I've never before attempted to put a "blow by blow" description of a fish fight down in writing, --but the following narrative is the story of probably one of the greatest battles I'll ever have with a hooked fish.

We were approaching the north end of Angle Isle and Refugio Bay aboard the 65' shrimper "Juan Alberto." It was 1:30 p.m. and we were about six miles from our destination, when the skipper slowed the huge craft and the

crewmen excitedly yelled "Dorado," and pointed out ahead of where the slowing boat was gliding to a stop.

The placid surface of the gulf was being ripped to shreds as a hungry school of brightly colored dolphin tore hither and yon thru a balled up school of hapless sardines. I grabbed up my spin rig-an 8 $\frac{1}{2}$ ' Al Ellis light action spin rod with a Zebco Cardinal 7 reel loaded with 12 pound Stren line. I had tied a 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ ounce white "Casey happy fin" jig direct to the mono, and I assure you, I wasted no time at all in whipping that jig just as far out as I possibly could in the direction of those feeding beauts.

I let the lure settle under the surface for about eight seconds, snapped the bail shut, then as I jerked that rod tip sharply up, I cranked the reel handle just as fast as the law allows. About half way back to the boat, the jig was whomped so savagely that the rod was almost jerked out of my sweaty hands. I had preset the drag on the Cardinal so that it was just tight enough to not slip from the weight of the jig as I raised the rod tip in a pumping motion. If that drag had not been that slippy, that first run after the strike

would have snapped the 12 pound stren like thread. He peeled about 100 yards of line off before getting mad enough to jump -- and baby, the sight of a 25 pound bull dolphin clearing the surface in a head shaking leap -- all the while he's switching his brilliant neon colors on and off -- has to be the most beautiful sight in the world (I say this only because of my advanced age). He made about five spectacular leaps --all the while my reel was buzzing like an angry rattlesnake - before changing directions. By this time my reel was practically devoid of mono, so I was damn glad that old boy changed his direction. I held the rod tip high as I stumbled along the deck trying to follow his course. When I hit the stern of the shrimper, I put as much pressure on the beaut as I possibly could with the gutty stick, and by gosh, he stopped. I gingerly started pumping him back in to see if I could gain back a little dressing for the poor near-naked reel spool. As I got him closer, I started having fits with the two boats which were tied to the stern of the shrimper. The shrimper was slowly drifting with the current, and the two lighter boats tied to the stern were swinging from

side to side, so to keep my line from tangling on the windshield of the "G J", I nimbly (ha) lept from the shrimper to the deck of the smaller boat all the while holding the rod as high as I could to keep the big bull under as much pressure as possible. I stayed in this position for about 10 minutes, slowly gaining line as I kept pumping on the arched rod. Just about the time I started getting cocky, thinking I was going to whip him, he came up out of the water again, took a wild look around and when he hit the water, raced toward the bow of the shrimper. I slowly muttered @!!!--**, very un-nimbly clambered back up aboard the shrimper - all the while trying to hold the pulsating rod clear of all the protruding obstacles in my way. He got about midship, then set a course directly away from the big boat. All I could do was helplessly stand glued to the deck as he stripped line from the tortured reel. He damn near peeled me again before stopping to jump. That big beaut made about four cartwheeling leaps -- each time he came out he was a different color -- before heading for the depths. All I could do was hang on and pray that the leaderless mono would stand up under the

terrible strain. After sulking in the depths for about ten minutes, I was able to gradually start working him back towards the shrimper. Big George Robles, the co-captain of the cruise ship, was stationed by my side with a long handled gaff, helping me "wish" that beautiful leaper within range of the sharpened "fish getter." Finally, I had recovered practically all of my strained mono back onto the reel spool, and again, I thought I had that old boy by the whing-whang. George and I looked over the side, could dimly make out the shape of the big fish as he laid on his side trying to regain his strength. I slowly raised the tip of the straining rod--keeping maximum pressure on the stretched mono. When he felt the strong pull on his sore jawbone, the cagey old rascal made for the opposite side of the boat. There was nothing I could do but release all tension on my drag hoping that the mono wouldn't hang up along the bottom of the shrimper as George and I raced up to the bow and around to the other side - all the while stretching my skinny arm overboard as far as possible with the rod tip pointing straight down to the water. Believe it or not, there was enough slack in the line to allow

it to clear the keel completely, and as I passed the bow and headed down the opposite side of the shrimper, I was able to retighten my drag and gain back the fat belly of line. I was almost afraid to reel that slack in - afraid that my fish was long gone. By golly he was still there, so, gaining confidence with each crank of the reel handle, I started forcing him up from the depths. He was finally completely exhausted (and baby-so was I - and I'll guarantee that I was every bit as wet as he was). I pumped him to the surface, George deftly slipped the gaff into his meaty side and my long ordeal was over. The elapsed time from hookup to gaffing was one hour twenty five minutes. All the time I was tied to this beaut, the other passengers were busy hauling in other dolphin. This old boy wasn't the biggest dolphin I've landed, but he definitely the strongest fish I've ever hooked and landed on 12 pound mono.

The 1971's have arrived

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A number of my friends have asked me to prepare a First-Aid list applicable to the Cholla area so I have jotted down a few notes regarding drugs and supplies that should be adequate for most of the medical problems that arise in the Sun, Sand and Sea around the Bay.

Two conditions must be met however, before any sort of First Aid can be rendered. The first of these is - an adequate First Aid Kit. And, most important is that the kit must be with you at the time it is needed. Although many commercially made First Aid Kits are available, many are small and not adequate except for the most minor scratches and scrapes. To me, a better idea is to purchase a small tackle box, and then fill it according to the basic needs of either your family, or group. It is also a good idea to have a minor kit available either on your boat or dune buggy to take care of the inevitable scratches, cuts and scrapes that occur to us all when either fishing or exploring the sand dunes.

After you have purchased the tackle box, the first item that should be placed inside is a good First Aid Book or Manual. These can be acquired from the Red Cross or similar



FIRST AID CHOLLA-STYLE

Any seasoned traveler can easily recount the various pitfalls the novice must beware, and this is usually done with great humor and a light-hearted manner. However, when this traveler begins talking of medical problems that one encounters in foreign countries, he becomes quite serious and his face is usually very solemn when he tells about the time he almost died of a minor medical situation that grew into a crisis when he least expected it, and for which he had made no preparations.

organization, but don't try to save money on this item. Buy a book that is current and up to date, and after having purchased it, sit down some evening and read it! If you have ever tried to find the chapter on Bleeding, while a person is lying in a puddle of blood, you will soon agree that some first aid knowledge would be a handy thing in an emergency.

The contents of your First Aid Kit can be divided into two parts-the first consists of supplies:

First Aid Manual(Red Cross or equal)

Scissors

Tweezers or splinter forceps

Thermometer and case (preferably plastic)

Eye-cup

Gauze pads (4x4)

Gauze bandages (1" and 3")

Elastic bandage (3")

Adhesive tape (1" and 2")

Cotton

Eye-pads

Triangular bandage, safety pins

Band Aids

Q-Tips

The above list usually comes in quite handy around the cabin and frequently you will find the need to use one of the above mentioned items. Important here is the remembering to replace it as soon as possible so

that the kit remains complete at all times.

The following list of drugs are very general in their use and individuals may find it necessary to add others according to their own specific needs. The list below will cover most First Aid situations and are considered basic by medical sources.

Antiseptic liquid (iodine, merthiolate or zephyrine)

Alcohol 70%

Antibiotic ointment(Neosporin or Polysporin)

Spirits of Ammonia (crushable ampules)

Anti-acids (Bicarbonate of soda, Mylanta, Malox)

Pain pills (Aspirin, Darvon*, Codeine*)

Anti-nausant(Dramamine, Marezine, pills and suppositories)

Antihistamines(Benadryl*, Pyribenzemine*)

Laxatives (Milk of Magnesia, Mineral oil)

Anti-diarrheal drugs (Pabizole, Para-pectolin)

Antibiotics (penicillin tablets*, Achromycin*)

Tooth-ache medicine(Oil of Cloves)

Ear drops (Auralgan)

Insect Repellant

In the above list marked with astirisks are the various drugs which will probably re-

quire a prescription from your doctor. Many of these can be purchased in Mexico, however, without having to meet this requirement.

The above list will not be adequate to deliver a baby or to remove an appendix on a kitchen table. However, that is not the purpose of First Aid. Its an old addage, but one that is emphasized time and time again, wrong treatment is worse than none at all. Always remember that First Aid is just what it says it is, first-aid! Definite medical treatment should be left to qualified people and the above list will be more than adequate for the majority of problems you encounter down at the Bay.

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-Juan Saenz is just about to go back to Cholla Bay, with his operations completed. Mrs. Stapely told me it is a beautiful job of building him up a new ear. And some said it couldn't be done. The care given him at St. Lukes couldn't be surpassed. All this because Sam Hodges and others realized what should be done.

-Cholla Bay has their school bus for their children. Taken them a long time, but they made it. Ramon Perez and 2 other gentlemen came up on the 29th of August and found a 1964, in good condition, fairly priced and just what they wanted. The Phoenix Chapter donated \$100 and the Council donated \$200 toward the bus.

-Peg Allison had a short sojourn in the Phoenix Baptist Hospital. Happy to hear everything is okay.

-Still haven't had anyone step forward and tell us who makes up the Pelican Point Club.

-The Harris Warren's spent some weeks in Mexico City and

did all the sightseeing any 3 people could do.

-The Allison's and Barber's spent a wonderful weekend at Lake Powell, on the "Dondos." Wayne and Buelah Wood and family also spent the same weekend up there. Not much fishing, just looking.

-Ray Curtis was unexpectedly called to Winnipeg, Canada, due to the death of his Father.

-Understand from several sources, there were very few at the Bay this Labor Day weekend. A few who braved the heat, were the Curtis's, Heldt's, Lahr's, Coker's, Bob Morris's of Tucson, Jarvis's and the Muench's and their son and family.

-Bad news, Betty Capen's Mom's home was broken into 2 nights out of 3. Those are pretty lousy odds.

-Phil Lahr did his duty over Labor Day as a Search and Rescue member. Towed someone in from Bird Island and wasn't the moonlight night appreciated by all.

-Larry Lawrence spent his weekend cruising Lake Powell. He's recuperating from major surgery.

-The Bill Sanderson's and Bill, Jr. spent a week in the White Mountains. Mary is recuperating from the job of being Party

Chairman. From the weather reports, they must have had a little cool damp air.

-Ferd Esenwein is up north bow hunting, while his wife and little girl are visiting in St. Louis. Vivi wasn't too happy about flying.

-Barbara Jarvis and friends, also spent the week-end at the Bay. Hope Wes's power plant was working this time.



FROM THE LATIN AMERICAN DIGEST

Vol. 6, No. 1, October 1971
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Marvin Alisky, Director

ZAPATA FAD - Any sales campaign in Mexico which uses the picture or name of "Emiliano Zapata" achieves success. Zapata was an Indian who became General in the Revolutionary fighting of 1910-1919, symbolizing a triumphant underdog.

Antonio Aguilar's Mexican-produced movie "Emiliano

Zapata" has been breaking box office records at theaters all over rural and small-town Mexico during 1971. The 1952 Hollywood film "Viva Zapata" (starring Marlon Brando) has been released for the fourth time in Mexico.

The record "Viva Zapata" is English, sung by a U. S. group, gets almost as big a play on radio as does the Spanish-language recording "Zapata" and "Revolucion de Emiliano Zapata," the latter also being a top money earner on juke boxes.

Zapata T-shirts and wall posters are selling in the tens of thousands.

MEXICAN-U.S. HIT FOR COMO

Armando Manzanero in Mexico City wrote "Somos Novios" ("We're Sweethearts") in 1970, but few artists wanted to record or broadcast it. Then in the U. S., Perry Como recorded it in 1971 as "IT'S IMPOSSIBLE" and has his biggest selling record in a decade, allowing the 58 year old crooner to compete with young rock and western singers. Now the Mexican song has re-crossed the border and is a big success in Mexico, but in English.

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(my style)

Meat (beef)
Finely grated celery
Salt, Pepper and garlic
Canned tomatoes (1 or 2 whole to-
matoes)
Onions
Shredded Lettuce
Fresh tomatoes—cut in tiny pieces
dab of dressing

Cook meat until it practically falls apart, then mix in celery, tomatoes and onions. Simmer until vegetables are completely blended in with the meat. Fry tortillas either soft or hard as preferred — and stuff tacos with the filling. Add the shredded lettuce and to-
mato bits last.

Courtesy — Rose Garcia
Page, Ariz.

On the Way to Cholla Bay

MERRITT'S

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By ... MEL JARVIS

Not to many of us has had the guts to spend a weekend at the Bay the last few weeks and those that have, I take my sweaty hat off to them. It's just been too darn hot for Deb and I, but by the time you read this, its bound to have cooled off and some of you will be heading for the Bay. If you haven't used the old rig for most of the summer, have you taken the time to check it over before heading south, or if you keep your rig at Cholla, did you take a little time to check the old gal over before you called the launcher? If you run an outboard, check the lower unit for any sign of water. (Remove bottom most plug first, if there is water in the unit it will drain out first.) NOTE Do not remove screw that takes Philips screw driver. If there is water, drain the lower unit and refill.

On I/O's the same holds true except there are two gear housings. Check the steering system. On cable steering used on outboards, take a look at the pulleys, make sure they all turn freely. DW40 does a good job on salted up steering systems

If you haven't used the rig for some time, try taking the prop off. Clean the shaft and wipe freely with type A grease. Remove any old fish line you may find behind the prop. If you're running a rig with a spline or ridged prop shaft, I would advise you to remove the prop every two or three trips and clean and grease freely. For once it salts up, its next to impossible to remove it without a cutting torch or hacksaw. Look over the electrical system, check out the running lights; its true most of us don't use them at the Bay too much, but will they work if you do need them. Once you're in the water after a long lay up, don't head straight out to sea, take a little time in the bay, make sure everything is running as it should, fuel system, cooling, charging, steering, etc., etc.. It may save you a slow trip back looking at some other boats fan tail at the end of a tow line.....

See you at the bay

IN MEMORIAM

OAKLEY JORDAN

SEPTEMBER 3, 1971



FROM THE EDITOR'S DESK

Can anyone believe this is my 12th edition of the Chatter? It seems just last week that Bub Allison, then Council Chairman, asked me if I'd consider being Editor. So, thanks to Bub, for having the confidence in me, to at least make me give it a try. I won't think he only asked me because he couldn't get anyone else, that would hurt my ego. I've enjoyed every minute of the time I've given, along with the compliments and even criticism given, if it was constructive.

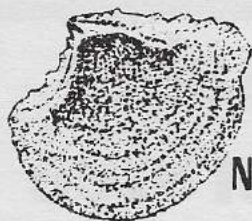
With much regret, the time has come when I feel I have to resign. There are many reasons for my decision, but I feel sure whomever the Council Chairman selects, he or she will probably do a much better

job than I.

Thanks to everyone for any help they have given me, particularly my husband, the Reeds, Sandersons, Cal Taylors, Curtis's, Schofields and the Jarvis's. They have all helped get the Chatters ready for mailing, which is a 4 or 5 hour chore. To the members who encouraged me all this time, like Al Scott, Bub Allison, Bill Valentine, Parnell's, Lyle Rogers, the Morris's and Cashion's from Tucson and many, many more. To the many who sent articles and material for the Chatter, like Bill Valentine (Old Faithful to the Chatter), Mert Goldsmith, Art Schwarz and again many, many more. And to the many members who sent in real life stories and experiences, which really made the reading enjoyable. So, thanks again to everyone, I just couldn't have done it without you. Would also like to send my thanks along to the Sir Speedy Printers at 4155 N. 51st. Avenue, who couldn't do enough to make my job easier.

Betty F. Capen

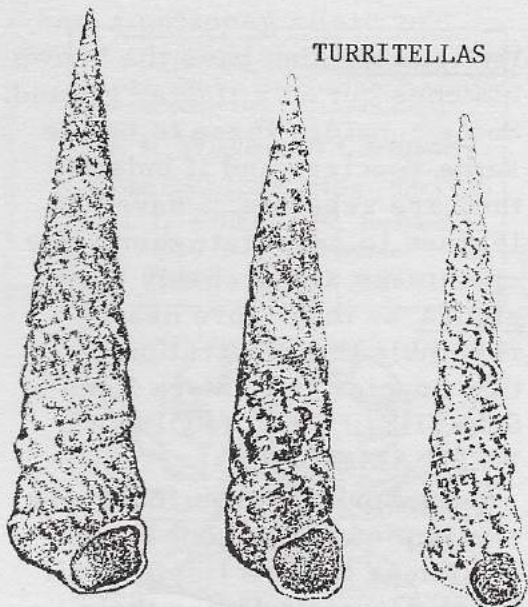
P.S. Due to the fact this is my last issue, I have used all articles sent in to me in the last month. Think you will agree, there are some excellent ones.



NOTES FOR SHELL COLLECTORS

M. J. Goldsmith

Anyone who has had a dune buggy tire pierced by a Turritella ("tower") shell--miles from nowhere and no spare--has a more than healthy respect for these solid spikes that litter our beaches. Some places, of course, have more than others; a few miles north of Cholla Bay there is a beach where these shells are packed solid and the same is true of a stretch of beach beyond Gillespie's Place, 20 miles south of Penasco, just before you reach St. George's Estuary. At these places the shells are the "white-mouth"--Leucostoma-species, having a graceful taper, beaded spiral lines against a background that is white except for blotches of brown which may coalesce into zig-zag lines. Sun and sand, as with all shells, dull and fade the turritellas, but occasionally you may find a leucostoma that has a hard bright surface and deep chocolate coloration.



anactor lentiginosa leucostoma

In the muds of Cholla Bay are three more somewhat similar species: T. gonostoma (angle mouth), lentiginosa (slow, or sluggish) and anactor, the latter first described from San Felipe, its type area, by Dr. S. S. Berry of Redlands, California. Of the species found at Cholla Bay, anactor is the most distinct. It is large--six inches or more in length--solid and heavy, with a distinctive sharp keel from which the whorl is beveled to the suture. Spiral sculpture consists of very fine chords. There is no axial sculpture. Coloring is dull brown, in blotches, or irregular growth lines on a creamy white ground.

Turritella gonostoma and lentiginosa also have the brown blotches but on a lighter ground. Some consider these to be the same species, and if indeed they are separate, I have not learned to segregate them. My specimens are probably lentiginosa as they more nearly resemble the illustration of that species in A. Myra Keen's SEA SHELLS OF TROPICAL WEST AMERICA.

In April one can find these shells ploughing about in the sand near the low tide line off Black Mountain laying their garlands of eggs. Often only the eggs will be seen, but the animal will be just under them, completely hidden in the sand. The rest of the year they live mostly below low tide, down to 20 fathoms.

The Turritellas are shells of precision and strength, tightly coiled, and once the angle of expansion is set, it is strictly adhered to, which probably is the factor behind their tire piercing ability. And should they ruin one of your tires, remember, it's not the masses of shells that are dangerous, it's just the ones that stand in the sand point up!!

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WHEN - October 17, 1971
Sunday-Plan to arrive 2PM Eat
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STYLE - Potluck-Bring either a
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chicken,casserole) or salad(such
as potato,tossed,fruit,etc.)
The Chapter will furnish all
else,drinks and etc..Bring your
own dinner service.

ACTIVITIES - Games for children
Fellowship-Music-Dancing for
teens and adults.

WHO - CBSC MEMBERS & GUESTS

If you plan to attend,please
contact one of the following
(just so that we may have some
idea approximately of the num-
ber of people attending and the
number of children and their
ages.)

PHOENIX AREA

Mary Fran Taylor 944-8657

Mel Jarvis 265-4398

SCOTTSDALE AREA

Mary Sanderson 946-1346

MESA-TEMPE AREA

Dick Allyn 969-5852

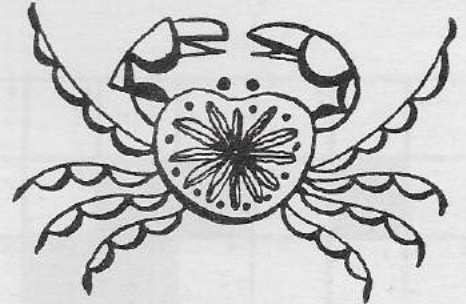
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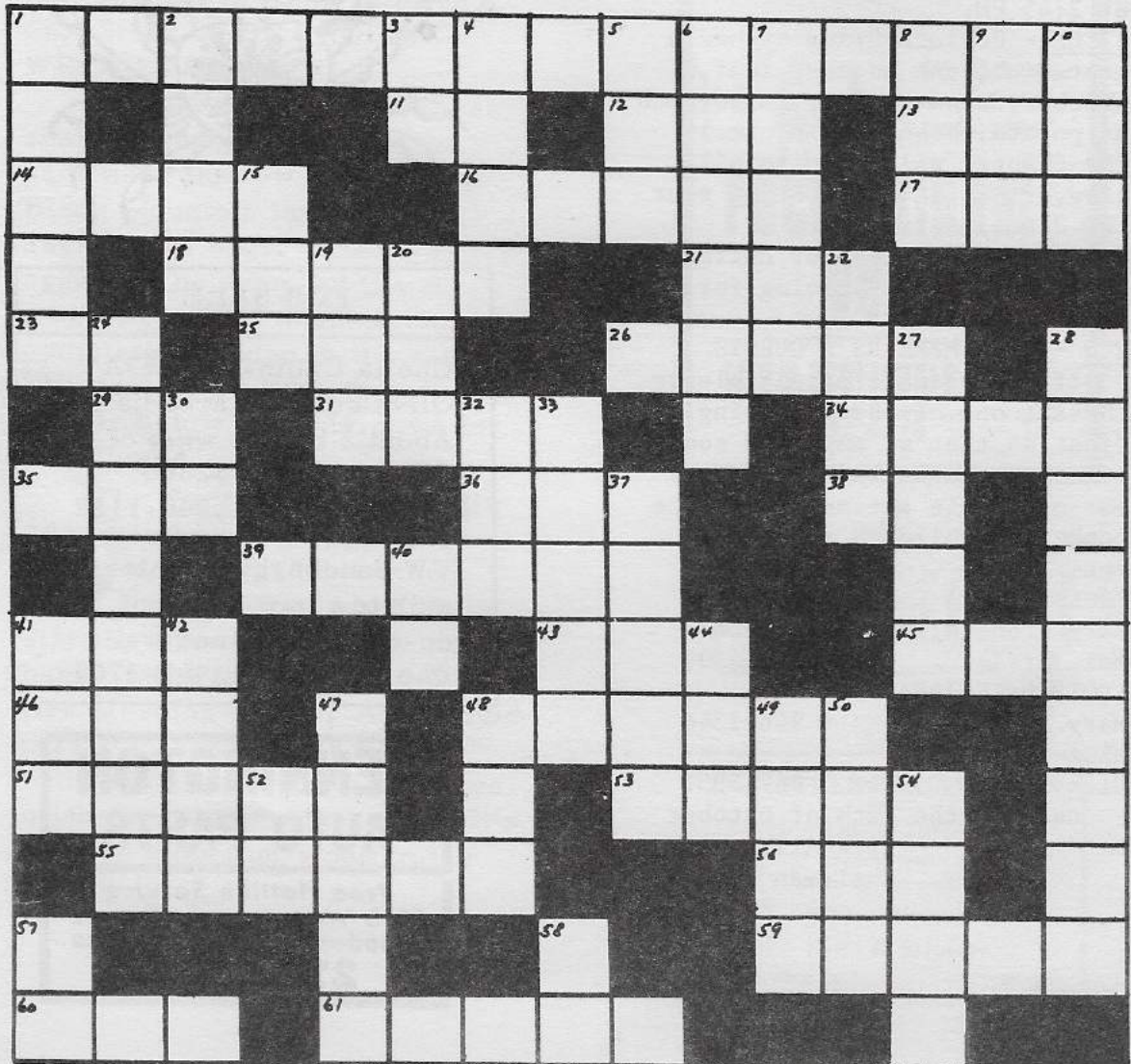
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Crossword
CROSSWORD

Puzzle
PUZZLE



ACROSS

1. Favorite spot
11. Denoting surprise
12. A long time
13. Vehicle on wheels
14. Sand _____
16. To begin
17. Make a mistake
18. Hollers
21. Snapper
23. State east of Az.
25. Flower necklace
26. Shot gun
29. Morning
31. Rip
34. Not west
35. High card
36. Slender pole
38. Afternoon
39. To help
41. Ocean
43. Hook
45. To do wrong
46. Wrath
48. Small edible crustacean
51. Brown meat fish
53. Slow moving mollusk
55. Bird from Bird Island
56. ___fu
59. Pup_____
60. Cantina
61. Edible crustacean

DOWN

1. President PHX Chapter
2. Greasy
3. Exclamation of delight
4. Totuava

5. Indeed
6. President Tucson Chapter
7. Go in
8. Heilo
9. Lake fish
10. Ajo mine
15. Elongated fish
19. Permit
20. Tell untruth
22. Low in situation
24. Edible sea fish
27. Noble ladies
28. Line for catch
30. Pronoun
32. Curved line
33. Stormy
37. Our fishermen are
40. Therefore
41. Drink slowly
42. Air
44. Paddle like organ
47. Gin and _____
48. To express
49. Mast
50. To want
52. Depart
54. Go ashore
57. Ship to shore
58. Channel 5

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When was the last time you took all the equipment out of your boat, layed it out on the deck or wherever and really looked it over? I mean one piece at a time and with a questioning eye say to yourself, will this do the job if I ever have to use it? Next you say to yourself, if I do have to use it and it will do the job, do I know how to use it? If not, are the directions still ledgeable; if not, what should I do with this thing that I'm not sure what it

is for or how to use it? I remember one day at the Bay I was looking around for something to do. So I started laying all my safety equipment out on the deck of the Debbie J, sipping on a cervesa and humming "Bell Bottom Trousers" and all of that kind of salty stuff and some of that gear was fairly new, some was pretty old. Been transferred off the old Lucky Lady no doubt; anyway out of all this stuff I had two odd looking, what I thought might be flares but the explanation on them was no longer ledgeable. Well you know the longer I looked at them, the more curious I got. Were they flares? smoke? signal rockets? I almost put them back in the locker but what really bugged me was I couldn't remember when or where I got them and this is not like me. So thinking to myself, you have two of these odd balls, go set one off and see what happens. So out behind the cabin I very carefully popped the fuse. .no flare, no smoke, not even a little bit of anything except suddenly a heck of a hot fire. The best I could figure out is it would sure make a good bar-b-que starter and who knows maybe thats what they were. Not having a bar-b-que on my boat and not knowing what they

were for or where they came from, I deep sixed the other one.

The whole point of this is, do you have a fire starter on your boat??and have to find it out some dark night off the sand dunes or 18 mile reef, the hard way??

Safe Boating
Mel Jarvis

TUCSON SCUTTLEBUTT



ARTHUR SCHWARZ

October 1971

To all members who are ill, we wish you a speedy recovery and hope to see you soon at meetings and at the Bay. I paid a visit to Les Conlisk at the Tucson General Hospital where he had been confined for the past two weeks with a heart attack. He expects to be home around Sept. 21. His doctor has ordered him to spend several weeks in bed after he gets home, and for quite a time he will have to take it very easy. If any of you members have a few hours to spare he sure will welcome you. Time hangs heavy when you are home alone, especially for a man who has led a very active life. TO SHOW THAT SHE REALLY LOVES ME, EVERY MORNING MY WIFE PLACES A BURNT OFFERING BEFORE ME FOR BREAKFAST.

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Our September meeting was very well attended. There was considerable discussion regarding the cost and time of leaving boats and trailers in Mexico. However, as it looks right now there will be very little change from the present practice.

There will be no charge for bringing boats across the border. Rocky Point and Cholla Bay need tourists and visitors from up north. The entire problem has been sent to Mexico City for a definite ruling. An article in the Tucson paper stated a boat permit was good for 6 months and at the expiration of that time you get another permit at the border.

A MAN SITTING DOWN FOR DINNER STARTED TO WASH HIS FACE WITH THE SPINACH. WHEN HIS WIFE ASKED WHAT HE WAS DOING WITH THE SPINACH HE ANSWERED "SPINACH? ? I THOUGHT IT WAS CAULIFLOWER."

President Morris convinced most of us that it pays to buy a 1 year from date of issue fishing license for \$5.00 rather than stop and pay 85¢ for a days license each time you go out. About 20 of those present gave the treasurer \$5.00. Bob will take the money to Rocky Point and have licenses issued. They can then be picked up from Patty at the Radio Shack in a few days.

IN AN ATOMIC WAR ALL MEN ARE CREMATED EQUAL.....

We believe the problem of grading and keeping the road to the Bay in better shape has been solved. If the Council approves you will soon have a much better road to travel on.

During the off season period shrimp boats can be chartered by groups for \$50.00 per person for 7 days. Of course, you bring your own food and drinks and enough for the crew. The boat's chef will prepare the food.

A BOY AND GIRL HAD BEEN KEEPING COMPANY FOR A LONG TIME. SHE WANTED TO GET MARRIED BUT HE ALWAYS HESITATED. ONE DAY SHE DECIDED TO TAKE THE BULL BY THE HORNS AND SAID "LETS GET MARRIED NOW, NOT WAIT UNTIL WE ARE 45, FAT, WRINKLED, FALSE TEETH AND HALF BLIND." HE ANSWERED, "IF THATS HOW YOU WILL BE AT 45 I AM CALLING IT QUILTS RIGHT NOW."

President Morris read a letter from Betty Capen saying she was resigning as editor of the Chatter in October. We will miss Betty. She was a darn good editor.

THEY SAY THAT MARRIAGE IS AN INSTITUTION AND THAT LOVE IS BLIND. THEREFORE, MARRIAGE MUST BE AN INSTITUTION FOR THE BLIND.



RATTLER ALIVE LIVING IN BAJA

Jack Smith-L. A. Times
7/18/71

Though I dealt with our first mouse in the Baja house, it was my wife's luck to deal with the first rattlesnake. Perhaps it was inevitable. I've had to stay home several weekends while she drove down alone to water her plants, taking all the risks of the dark dirt road and the isolation of the house.

From the start, we were assured by Romulo Gomez, however, that we would find no rattlesnakes around the house, which stands 100 feet back from the seacliff in a desert of cactus, mescal and tumbleweed. Gomez is the owner of the land. "The snakes," he told us, "they stay on the other side of the road." It was a convincing theory, and we believe what we want to believe. And it was true, until the incident of last weekend, we'd never encountered a rattler, except for the one in the road and he was dead; run over, evidently, in the act of crossing the road. I told Gomez about the dead snake in the road, pointing out that he obviously was crossing it to get to our side. But Gomez

insisted the snake had discovered his mistake and was turning around to go back when he was run over. It was a standoff.

My wife told me the story when she got home last Sunday night. She didn't come right out with it. "Well," she said, "I had my usual adventures." She tried to make it sound casual but there was a special tremor in her voice. I knew something had shaken her. First, she had arrived at night and mistakenly got off the new road Gomez is bulldozing, a long stone's throw above the old one. At the moment it ends nowhere. "I came to the end," she said, "and realized I was on the new road and had to back up all the way, in the dark." She encountered the snake the next morning. She had gone out on the little back porch and reached down to pick up a box of daisies to plant and the snake crawled away from beside the box.

"He wasn't 6 inches from my hand."

"What did you do?"

"I went in and lay down."

"You didn't kill the snake?"

"Well, I had kind of a headache, anyway, and I just thought I'd lie down and maybe it would go away."

"You mean the headache?"

"I guess I hoped the snake would go away, too."

more. It's an unsettling prospect, and one that a bit of resolution and clear thinking might easily have eliminated. I remembered how quickly and efficiently I had dealt with the mouse.

"If t'were to be done," I told my wife, "t'were best t'were best t'were best done quickly." I believe that was Lady McBeth.

"I'm sorry," she said, "I'll do it the next time." "I'm helping all I can. I'm getting her a good sharp hoe and a snakebite kit.

She had never actually encountered a rattlesnake in person before. She didn't know how fast they would run' how quick they could coil and strike. She didn't know whether she could actually kill one.

"I don't know whether I didn't have the courage," she said, "or the heart."

"You were scared?"

"I guess so." She looked downcast. "I thought I was a pioneer." She had lain down for awhile and then got up and gone out to see if the snake was still there.

"He was over by the butane tank. He had three rattles. He had a flat head and a forked tongue. He kept darting it out at me."

"What did you do?"

"I drove over to the store to get Romulo." Gomez was not there, but young Sergio, one of the sons of Gomez, got his shotgun and went over to the house in his pickup to kill the snake.

"He killed it?" I said.

"It was gone."

The next day Gomez stopped in at the house to ask about the snake. "What did he say?" I asked. "He said it was probably confused by the new road, and didn't know which side it was supposed to stay on."

So the snake is still alive. He is doubtless breeding and by spring there will be a dozen

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A new boating publication "American Boating, The Journal of Western Waterways", has just come out with their premier issue. It is in the form of a tabloid newspaper, with approximately 50 pages, and has information for everyone, interested in boats. Half-price Charter subscriptions are available for a limited time.

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There will be an article in a forthcoming issue regarding the Cholla Bay Sportsmen's Club.

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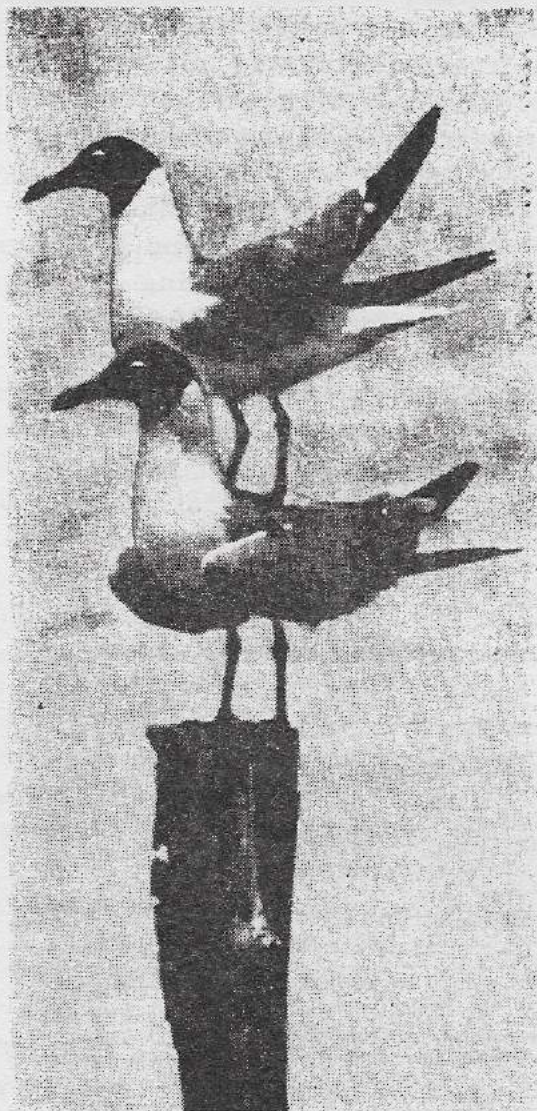
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—AP Wirephoto

Standing Room

No squabble over who got there first. These two gulls simply double up on piling in Tampa, Fla.

Send In Your
Fishing Stories



By Gene Henry

MUCH has been written about rods, reels, lines and lures used in surf fishing, but very little about accessory items. While not essential, these items can make fishing much more enjoyable and at times safer.

One gadget that I would feel naked without is an ordinary carpenter's nail apron. I have yet to find anything handier for carrying extra lures in. I've taken a lot of kidding about being a walking advertisement for O'Malley Lumber Co., but the particular model they handle has an extra pocket in the middle which is just the right size for carrying long-nose pliers.

And, speaking of long-nose pliers, they are a must if you expect to keep a full set of five fingers on each hand. Hooks and lures can be easily removed without getting your fingers within range of the sharp teeth and strong jaws which most salt water fish are equipped with. They also come in mighty handy for straightening hooks.

ANOTHER item that deserves attention is footwear. Some of the ornery critters you hook onto around Cholla Bay are just as fond of pinkies as fingers. Personally, I prefer high top tennis shoes for fishing the sandy beaches. The main criticism

is that they keep filling up with sand, but that's something you just have to put up with. A fishing buddy of mine Floyd Newton, uses a pair of surplus military type leggings which strap on over and above the tennis shoes to keep the sand out. I have tried them and find they do work, but I'm usually too lazy or in too much of a hurry to put them on.

I have found tennis shoes with glued on soles made of felt or nylon carpeting to be the most effective footwear for fishing the rocks. There is nothing more slippery or treacherous than the moss-covered rocks below the high water line, especially when wet. Wearing tennis shoes or other rubber sole shoes is just like adding grease. Some of the hardier individuals try going barefoot, but unless you have mighty thick callouses, I can guarantee you will come back with a pair of bruised and bleeding tootsies.

A very useful item for both salt and fresh water fishing is a pair of polaroid glasses. They not only cut the glare, but also make it much easier to see submerged reefs, rocks and fish. If you wear prescription glasses as I do, most drug and department stores carry lightweight inexpensive polaroid snap-ons which flip up when you don't need them.

ONE item that I have been planning to have made up for a long time is a wading staff. Fresh water fisher-

men have been using them for years, especially in some of the turbulent Northwest steelhead streams. This could save many a spill and cold water bath when wading out to a clump of rocks or exposed reef.

An item that can save losing a big fish is a gaff. I seldom carry one, but there have been many times that I could have used one. You can land a lunker by wearing him down and sliding him in on an incoming wave, but a gaff properly used is the safest and surest way of landing a big fish.

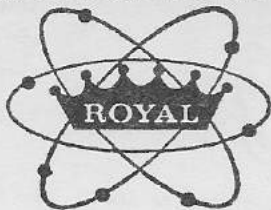
Another handy item that Floyd Newton introduced me to is a long Texas-size stringer with a curved brass hook on one end and a float on the other. The hook makes stringing a fish a cinch and it can also be used as a gaff in an emergency. The float keeps the fish off the bottom when wading and makes it much easier to tow a loaded stringer. The slip knot which secures the float can also be untied and the float removed for easily taking the fish off the stringer.

Some of the other accessories that I regularly carry are a sharp knife, plastic lure boxes, a left hand glove with non-skid surfacing and a cloth or rag to wipe my hands on. Sunburn lotion and insect repellent also come in very handy at times. And, last but not least, don't forget the jar of liniment at camp to rub out those aches and bruises after a hard day on the beach.

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MORE ON PHOENIX CHAPTER PICNIC

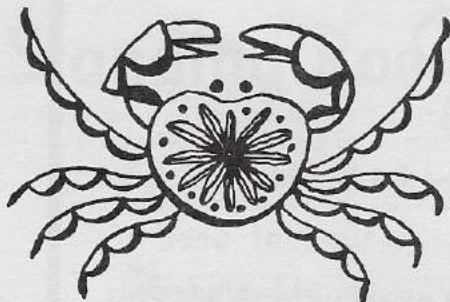
A meeting was held in Harry Capen's home, on September 22nd. Dick Allyn, Chairman presided. Those present were Ruth LaPorte, Mary Fran Taylor, Ray & Cy Curtis, Bill & Mary Sanderson, Claude & Arlyse Coker, Glenna Allyn. From the plans made, everyone should have a ball. Ruth LaPorte will be in charge of the food detail, Claude Coker in charge of music and entertainment, Harry Capen in charge of the games, for the children and adults. Dick Allyn is going to see that everything is carried out. The rest of the Committee will do the odd jobs, such as hauling, cleaning up, helping where needed and etc.. Mel & Debbie Jarvis and Helen & Charlie Reed are also on the Committee, but couldn't attend the meeting.

One of the things left out of the first article, was that everyone should prepare their potluck dish, for 2 extra, besides their own family.

Don't forget to make that telephone call, to let us know you are planning to attend.

Apology

The Chatter Editor wishes to make an apology to Senor Hill, Administrador de la Aduana, for sending him the Chatter, addressed incorrectly. I was glad it was brought to my attention and it has been corrected.



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