

CHOLLA CHATTER



OFFICIAL PUBLICATION OF THE CHOLLA BAY SPORTSMEN'S CLUB

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BIG 10 WINNER

18th Anniversary Issue

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

OCTOBER 14, 1973 11 A.M.
SQUAW PEAK PICNIC - PHOENIX

DECEMBER 10, 1973
POT LUCK - TUCSON



BIG 10 - By Bob Bos

As many of you know, my wife and I have attended several of the Phoenix Chapter meetings. The Phoenix meeting on September 11th had a Special meaning to me. Not only the Pot Luck - the food was great - but because I awarded the FIRST BIG 10 TROPHY.

VERVENE BARBER, almost in tears, received the trophy and BIG 10 PATCH during the regular business meeting.

According to Vervene, she has had the card about three years and the last fish she needed was a sailfish, which she had just about given up on. But on Monday morning, September 3rd, she hooked up with the 64 lb. sail that she finally landed.

In looking over her card, I find that she used the 80% requirement (for women) only once - on the shark. Very good. As I have told many people many times, the BIG 10 CARD is not hard to fill. My problem is that when I catch a "Big One" I'm so excited that I forget to weigh it when I get back to port. I'm sure that has happened to other fishermen too!

Once again I would like to congratulate Mrs. Vervene Barber on completing her BIG 10 CARD. Her parting words were, "Now I'm going to show my husband how."

CHOLLA BAY SPORTSMEN'S CLUB

BIG 10

	TYPE FISH	SIZE REQ	SIZE CAUGHT	VERIFIED BY
★	SAILFISH	ANY	64#	Bob Bos
★	GROUPE	30 LBS	56#	Bob Bos
★	DOLPHIN	15 LBS	21#	Bob Bos
★	PINTO	15 LBS	23#	Bob Bos
★	SEA TROUT	5 LBS	6#	Bob Bos
★	MACKEREL	6 LBS	8#	Bob Bos
★	SHARK	50 LBS	48#	Bob Bos
★	PARGO	15 LBS	24#	Bob Bos
★	COTCHI	5 LBS	6#	Bob Bos
★	SKIPJACK	6 LBS		
★	LADYFISH	2 LBS	2#	Bob Bos
★	BLACK BASS	50 LBS		
★	SARDINERO	10 LBS		

NAME VERVENE BARBER
ADDRESS 13211 N 19th St - Phoenix

- ★ REQUIRED FISH
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NEXT TIME IN TUCSON



1-10 AT GRANT ROAD

624-2798

IN THE BEGINNING..... By Al Scott

The year was 1954 when I first saw what I thought was a need for a sportsmen's club for Cholla Bay, Mexico. More and more people were coming to Cholla from all over the U.S.A. as well as Canada. I began to talk to everyone I could think of. Things at the Bay were beginning to get confused as a squabble was taking place between Mr. Brown and Mr. Nacho as to who was the owner. I thought we would need to be organized as a group if the time ever came for us to bargain.

Then, too, I could see a chance for a group of people to help a lot of poor Mexican people. There were a lot of poor people in Rocky Point.

In the spring of 1955 I started to write letters to everyone about starting a club. I sent out hundreds of letters to everyone whose address I could find, made phone calls and personal contacts. I received many, many letters, all in favor of such a club.

So, after much planning, a founders meeting was set for October 12th, 1955 at Edison School Auditorium. The ones who were at the founders meeting with me were George Gehon, Seth Smith, Oakley Jordan, Louis Lugo, Dr. Donald, Grace Schoonover, Bill Bercamp, Chet Locker, Karl Dennison, Cecil Stodghill, Carl Bowers, and Bob Taylor. I was elected president at this meeting. The dues were set at \$3.00 a year. Our charter meeting was set for November 1955 at Edison School Auditorium.

The Auditorium was full of people ... and the Cholla Bay Sportsmen's Club was on its way. I think we have a wonderful club with a whole lot of wonderful people. So as not to make this story too long, I will finish with a quote from Oakley Jordan after our first fishing derby and fish fry in February 1956. He said, "Al, even if the club would discontinue right now, it has been worth all the work we have done this past year."

Happy 18th Anniversary

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About the Chatter..... By Bill Valentine

Bill Hammer and I started this newsy little poop sheet back in May of 1958 for the benefit of all of the members of the Cholla Bay Sportsmen's Club who were unable to make our monthly meetings, just to keep them informed of what was going on, hither and yon among the fishy little membership. As I recall, and I sure could be wrong, the club listed about 75 hardnosed saltwater fishermen and women as bona fide members.

I wrote the dang thing and Hammer printed it. As time passed on and the membership started growing by leaps and bounds, I soon found that editing and writing the Cholla Chatter was getting to be a little more than than this old boy could handle ... Hammer and I had spawned a Frankenstein monster.

Hammer, shy little rascal that he was, conned lovable Florence Zimmer into taking over the editorship of the Chatter. This was a switch from the ridiculous to the sublime. Florence took over the reins and the newsheet turned from an amateurish bunch of gobbledegook to a nice respectable publication done with a professional flair. As more fishermen discovered Cholla Bay, our membership grew from less than 100 to over 300 in a very short white. Then with the inception of the annual fishing derby, the membership grew to its present size of over 800 members.

The Chatter is the bond that ties us all together now and I'm sure that each member looks forward to its arrival each month. Thanks to the derby, this little epistle of newsy fishy info is being spread practically all over the United States of America.

The biggest single issue of the Chatter was put out in 1962 by Florence, Hammer and myself. We decided that the official "Derby Issue" should be a trifle more outstanding than the average monthly rag, so we gathered pictures, stories and advertising from every available source and glued it together into one big mini-magazine that I don't think has been surpassed, in size, since.

There has been a succession of editors for the Chatter throughout the succeeding years, and each editor, I'm quite sure, has found that about the only compensation derived from the thankless task, is the joy of seeing each issue born with robust health and no obvious defects.

Man, how that Cholla Bay has grown! When Willie and I started in '58, it really didn't take much writin' or printin' to cover just about everything that anyone who fished the bay would want to know. And the fishing, back in those days, was fantastic. I could almost guarantee a guy a sailfish hookup in my 16' wooden tub, the "Afrikan Queen", and Hammer did the same from his 16' ChrisCraft inboard. We'd never have to go over 6 or 7 miles off shore to load all of our tote sacks with pinto or grouper - in fact, we used to catch pinto, grouper, yellowfin corvina and California white sea bass just trolling Martin plugs down the shoreline between Pelican Point and Sand Beach, and I wish I had a shiny new nickel for every sea trout I caught from the rocks right in front of where the radio shack is now. Back then the upper part of the Bay would practically fill up with pompano during the hot summer months and we'd sure get our jollies casting for the high jumping rascals with freshwater tackle - they'd really put up a fight. We caught ladyfish, seatrout, pompano, yellowfin corvina, and California white sea bass, and Spanish or Sierra Mackerel just surfcasting from Pelican Point. Oh well, you can't fight progress and I'll bet that some day, our fishin' kids will look back to '73 as the "Good Ole Days", and I'll also bet that the Chatter will still be going strong when our grandkids are fishing the Cholla Bay area.

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It Happened Ten Years Ago—August 1, 1963

ABOVE SEA LEVEL

Cholla Bay Sportsmen's Club members gathered 147 strong on the slopes of Mt. Lemmon Sunday for an off-season fish-fry. Wonderful fish, tasting particularly good so far from its native shore, came flaky and delicious from the experienced hands of chefs Angelo Cimanelli, Don Kemp and Harry Jones.

Early in the afternoon fish-fry chairman Mrs. Dorothy Walker arrived with her staff to get the pot boiling at a pavilion in Rose Canyon, and when the first of the gay picnickers arrived she and Mrs. Ray Stahl were busily engaged mixing beer and flour into a batter. Typical of the ingenious fishermen who work pretty hard to keep from working, the ladies were blending the ingredients with a small electric mixer powered by a large noisy generator supplied by club president, Les Conlisk.

The fish, along with french fries a la Mrs. George Medina, cole slaw and tartar sauce whipped up by Mrs. Truman Nussbaum, plus cowboy-beans cooked by talented bean cooks Mr. and Mrs. Pete Richards vanished in a hurry.

Sportsmen's Club member and scuba diver Dick Case was in charge of games for the homogeneous group and instigated a popular but messy contest—playing catch with raw eggs. Champion horse shoe players Niles Collins and Oscar Newman put on a dazzling exhibition of the satisfying old game.

The club is six years old in the state and two years old in Tucson. Founded to help preserve the flavor of the Mexican seaside town, and, frankly, to help keep it from getting any more flavorful, the club also was designed as a self-plicing group, Mexican liaison group and volunteer coast guard. Its Tucson members number 200 avid fishermen who haunt the waters of the Gulf of California throughout the spring and fall.

*From the Arizona Daily Star,
Barbara Campbell's
"In and About Tucson"*

...Five Years Ago— July 1968

CHOLLA BAY SPORTSMEN BUSY CLUB

(This is another in a series of articles to familiarize the public with Tucson's various outdoor recreation and conservation clubs.)

The annual fishing derby is the highlight of the year for the 1,000 members of the Cholla Bay Sportsmen's Club.

Last month more than \$2,000 in prizes were awarded to fishermen who caught

the largest fish in 17 categories from grouper to corvina. At the big fish fry on the last day, June 15, a total of 1,700 people were fed at Cholla Bay, including a large contingent from nearby Rocky Point.

The club was founded 15 years ago by a half dozen Phoenix and Tucson men including Les Conlisk and Wayne DeVore (who now lives in El Paso). Cholla Bay is seven miles from Rocky Point and it has a perfect sand launching ramp for boats, an asset which Rocky Point (Puerto Penasco) does not have. Over the years the club has improved a road to the bay and it even owns a road grader to keep it in shape.

Bob Morris is president of the 250-member Tucson Chapter of the club. About half of the members have cabins at Cholla Bay and three-quarters own a fishing boat of some kind.

The club maintains a radio station at Cholla Bay operating on three bands: citizens, marine and ground-to-air. An operator is on duty during daylight hours seven days a week. There is a search and rescue unit of 25 members who have good boats and a thorough knowledge of seamanship and this northern segment of the Gulf of California. A system of red, yellow and blue beacons has also been installed by the club for navigation purposes.

Cholla Bay is located about 220 miles from both Tucson and Phoenix—65 miles south of the Sonoran border crossing at Lukeville.

Other service activities of the club include donating supplies and food to the Orphanage at Sonoita and supplying antibiotics, equipment and other supplies to the hospitals at Sonoita and Rocky Point.

The Tucson Chapter meets every second Tuesday of the month at the Jaycee Clubhouse, 1115 E. Ft. Lowell Rd. at 8 P.M. The public is invited to the meetings. Yearly dues are \$10 for individuals and \$2 for each additional family member.

From The Arizona Daily Star

The two preceding articles, and those on pages 8 and 9 were researched for the Chatter by Norma L. Zimmerman, Club Historian.

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Bits and Pieces...

From Betty Munro's delightful "GRINGO SCUTTLEBUTT" taken from LA VOZ DEL DESIERTO, Puerto Penasco, Sonora, Mexico

JUNE 22, 1969 - On the subject of orders which was brought up last week. One family told me that when they give directions on how to find their cabin in Choya Bay they say to turn right at the first building they come upon after passing the stink pot. The "stink pot" being the fish meal plant.

APRIL 26, 1970 - Feliz Cumpleanos to Dewey 'Adeline' Bragg who turned a sweet 72 years young April 25.

MAY 10, 1970 - Feliz Dia de Madres to all the sweet mothers this May 10th and everyday.

MAY 18, 1970 - I know I write for all Americans in this area when I express sympathies to the Pineda family for the loss of their beloved Consuelo Pineda. Benny and his sons have been supplying many of us with water for years and are more than just business acquaintances to most of us. Services for Sra. Pineda are being held this weekend at the Catholic Church in Penasco, Sacred Heart of Jesus.

JUNE 7, 1970 - Art Schwarz, who is in charge of the functions for the fishing derby sponsored by the Choya Bay Sportsman's Club, expressed high hopes this derby would be one of the most exciting ever held. This is the Club's 15th annual derby so Mr. Schwarz and his crew have a lot to live up to.

JUNE 14, 1970 - Was the day of the derby

When all through the bay
Not a creature was fishing
Due to the WIND.

JUNE 21, 1970 - Derby Day turned out to be the one word everyone was afraid of - WIND. A very discouraged Council for the Choya Bay Sportsman's Club decided to postpone the affair to the Labor Day weekend. The new dates scheduled are Sept. 5 and 6. If everyone talks to the right person about the weather, we'll have a fishing derby yet.

SEPT. 6, 1970 - That wasn't an earthquake you felt the morning of 5th of Sept. It was old terra firma reacting to the stomping of angry fishermen's feet as they watched the gusts of strong winds doing a war dance on the water.

What did Art Schwarz, who was in charge of the overall functions do? I imagine he said something like this:

O-Gee ist's not happy times for me. Frank and Norma Too have to tell Debbie J. Evie B. Polly C and the others the derby plans have run into a lost Weekend-er. La Siesta for the second time in one year. What Aggravation La Bruia wind is like L'Otra Muier, a real Homebreaker. Through the howling wind you can hear La Sirena as she Cu Cu Ru Cu Cus to the Poco Loco El Gringo on shore. Utters were heard throughout the bay for Mas Tequila which enfolded the stomachs of The Proud Five, Five Of Us and The Pieces of Eight like a Centipede. Osq soon those born under the sign of Aquarius got a little Borracho from the Misty Keela. Tu Fuzz overheard JR. and JT promise Foots, Mama's Mink Manana Maybe. She got so excited she forgot she was in Mexico and instead of saying si si The Padre heard her say We Wee. The Pez Vela and Pez Dorado sounded to be rid of the storm as the Pelicano Alegre and L Gavio donned their Yellow (Life) Jackets and sat on the deck of LIT Honky with Anita Luisa.

SEPT. 16, 1970 - Whose joy was this wind and rain? Jay's Joy of course, at least he did not have to be towed in. Johnny says that's La Dolce Vita. I'm willing to bet if you ask Art if he will be in charge of next year's Derby he will say Jamas. And that goes for Me-Too.

SEPT. 27, 1970 - Mr. Boswell from Phoenix 'blew' in for a couple of days. During the month of September he celebrated his 78th birthday and on the same day he and Mrs. Boswell celebrated their 55th wedding anniversary.

(All those words underlined are the names of boats.)

CONTINUED ON PAGE 9

... And Three Years Ago

From The Tucson Daily Citizen, Monday, August 10, 1970

It was a lonesome weekend for Edward R. Mueller.

It wasn't that no one likes him. In fact, there were a lot of people who wanted to see him. The problem was that no one could find him, and that's hardly surprising because at the time, Mueller was going through what ended as an 18-hour ordeal of floating, swimming, freezing and cramping in rough waters off Puerto Penasco (Rocky Point), Mexico, while waiting to be rescued.

It was cold, there was the possibility of sharks, he had no food and water, his legs and stomach kept cramping and his swim fins were bruising his feet. But Mueller, 22, of 3703 E. Fairmount Ave., remembers only one sentiment. "Well," he said today, "I was kinda lonesome."

Mueller, an engineer and graduate student at the University of Arizona, was snorkeling about 100 yards off shore about 4:30 P.M. Friday when the tide went out and took him with it.

He tried swimming against the tide, but cramps in his left leg prevented him from making any headway.

"I couldn't fight it, so I decided to ride it out," he said.

His diving partner, Tom Porter, 8500 E. Old Spanish Trail, took off for a boat anchored some distance away to get help for his stricken friend.

Mueller shed his weighted belt, inflated his life vest and waited... and waited.

Porter had problems. The boat was unoccupied and he had trouble getting aboard because of its size. Once on board, he had to find the radio and flares and then contact potential rescuers.

In the meantime, the tide, Mueller said, continued to sweep him out to sea - about five miles out, he estimated.

So, from 4:30 p.m. Friday until he finally was spotted by a plane and pulled into a private boat at 11 A.M. Saturday, Mueller was alone in the waves.

"I kept getting cramps and I was worried about food and water, but I really wasn't afraid," Mueller said.

"I saw the search operations going on, but I couldn't attract anyone's attention," he said. "The plane that finally spotted me made three passes before they saw me."

The search effort was conducted by members of the Cholla Bay Sportsman's Club, which put three planes and more than 40 boats in the water.

Mueller finally was seen when he began waving a tee-shirt he had been wearing. Ironically he was seen first by a young woman who had boarded one of the planes in Tucson thinking that she was going along on a search for two teen-agers missing since they took off in a plane from Davis Monthan AFB Wednesday night.

Mueller, who has had water survival training, was participating in an ocean-checkout dive with fellow students of the Institute of Diving Technology, Tucson.

Happy 18th Anniversary

BITS AND PIECES...

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 8

OCT. 4, 1970 - Talk about beginner's luck - Dr. Chalom and his family paid their first visit here. They went out on the JT and caught so many pinto and grouper they had to give some of it away. The reason the doctor went on the JT was a personal one. You see, he delivered little Thomas Perez. Papa Ramon named his second charter boat after Thomas. With such a beginning you can bet there will be no end to the doctor's future visits here.

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the log of the GRAN PASEO

Captain: E. J. Fieldhouse

In our June issue, the crew of the Gran Paseo had finally gotten a drum of fuel as far as the shore off which the boat was anchored. Then...

Put barrel of diesel in shore boat and two boys took us out to Gran Paseo. Were going to spend the night aboard, unload fuel, and go with us to Gerrero Negro - pulling skiff. Both got seasick after 30 minutes aboard. Took skiff back to shore, to return in morning. Went in at high tide. Skiff high and dry in morning.

4/7/73 - Boys came back at high tide - 2 p.m. Brought fuel to us. One sent with us to help locate Scammons Lagoon, and Puerto Chapitas. Starboard engine got hot. Took off radiator cap to check water, and got a steam bath. Very painful. Added all the water we had, then salt water with no success. Came in on port engine, overheating at 1800 R.P.M. Slowed to 1500, and worked okay. Tied up to Salt Company permanent barge after 5 hours. Saw a lot of whales. Almost hit some of them.

4/8/73 - Flew to Tijuana, took bus to San Diego to get parts, and see about a mechanic the following day.

4/9/73 - Flew to Newport to Perkins distributor for all of west coast. Service manager said he could spare a mechanic in about 2 weeks at \$360.00 a day plus expenses

Bought parts and tools thought necessary. Head gasket set, torque wrench, 1/2 inch socket set, thermostat, freeze plug, etc.

Back to San Diego. Bought salt water pump for generator, ours was spraying water all over the engines.

4/10/73 - Got up at 4 a.m. Went to emergency room at Doctor's Hospital to take care of burns. Doctor called out of bed, took dim view of emergency 5 days old. Took bus to Tijuana, taxi to airport. No plane today. Back to town for the day and night.

4/11/73 - Took plane back to Gerrero Negro. Put in 3 freeze plugs, checked engines, added oil and water. Ray had filled fresh water tanks. Starboard engine has pressure in cooling water tank. Will try out on short run tomorrow to check both engines.

4/12/73 - Decided to check head gasket on starboard side. Capt. Urquizo, head man at Chaparito, where we are tied up to barge, made arrangements with diesel mechanic at Salt Works plant in Gerrero Negro, to work on engine after his shift at plant. Two mechanics came out and went right to work. Head gasket has small break, enough to cause our problems. Boys left at 1300 hours as they had to work at plant following day.

4/13/73 - Mechanics returned at 1530 to finish job. Engine works 100%. No wear apparent on valves or cylinder sleeves. Excellent mechanics, \$200.00 worth.

4/14/73 - Fuel oil and shore boat supposed to be brought out today. Wind at 40K. Captain says 2 more days before we can leave. Decided to continue south, as wind and waves, scarcity of fuel on way north made arrival at San Diego very indefinite as regards to time. Two boys on 20' sailboat bumped a whale in the lagoon. Made him or her angry enough to charge the boat repeatedly. Broke the tiller and lower part of outboard motor. They asked us to tow them in tomorrow. No fuel oil or small boat today. Manana.

4/15/73 - Loaded fuel oil, 300 gal. Took on 20 gallons water. Wind still blowing 25K. Tried to reach sailboat to tow it in. Water where they are too shallow. Threw sand with props and went back to barn They are in no danger and can sail in when wind lessens.

4/16/73 - Full moon. Too much wind for sea to lay down.

4/17/73 - Decided that Ray and I would go home for a few days to attend to business required. No plane until tomorrow.

4/18/73 - Flew to Tijuana, bus to San Diego, plane to Phoenix.

4/25/73 - Returned to Gerrero Negro. Heard in town our boat had taken on a lot of water. Taxied out there, and found gasoline water pump on deck, leaking gas and oil all over the deck. Removed it at once, enough troubles without gasoline and fumes in bilge. Our Captain was sick 4 days so it was 5 days before anyone noticed that the port side swim step was under water. Found ground wire for bilge pumps broken when we examined boat.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 17

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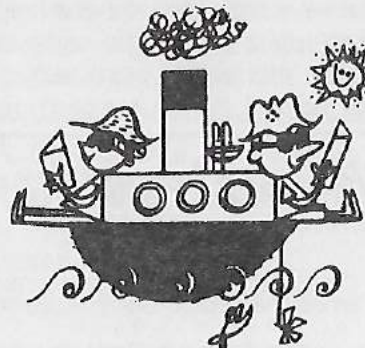
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CRUISE OF THE *Vagabundo*

As you will remember, we had just run Hell Channel having finished after dark, and headed toward a safe anchorage with Tiburon Island to starboard..

Easter morning was a dream of soft morning light casting shimmering radiance over quiet waters. We arose early and looked around this God-sent anchorage named Punta Granita on the charts. Ahead of us was a Seri Indian camp on the beach. On the shore numerous Seri boats with their distinctive sharp prows and double ends were pulled out of the grasp of the tide. Indians went about their daily rituals in exaggerated slow motion. One Indian we watched did not appear to move a muscle in well over an hour. No motor bikes. No open pipes. A fitting Easter Sunday morning. We celebrated by playing appropriate music on the stereo, polished off a substantial breakfast, and picked our way out of what proved to be the Southern entrance to Hell Channel. Kino Bay was only a trifle over an hour away on a tranquil sea. And Kino Bay was in a festive mood.

In Mexico when there is a Fiesta it is celebrated. Not in the half hearted fashion so reminiscent of their compadres in the North, but with the zest that Latin Americans can bring to a Fiesta... ANY Fiesta... and particularly one so important as Easter. We anchored off and rowed across in the dinghy. Fortunately, there was an accommodating young man lounging against what might euphemistically be called a car... and he was available. So he transported us and our six five gallon jeep cans to the nearest service station a couple of times and waited with complete equanimity while we rowed out to the Vagabundo and poured the gas in the tank. I rather suspect his remuneration was better than a normal day's wages, for he seemed very happy with his tip. We were happy too, because it developed that he had friends running the station, and our cans were filled at once while double lines of cars were backed up a hundred yards waiting for gas. Besides... it was a long way to the beach on foot carrying heavy cans of gas. That night we anchored in the lee of Pelican Island and were serenaded without pause by squabbling terns a hundred or so yards to the West.

The first time Jean and I made a run up the Sea of Cortez bound for Cholla Bay was the shake-down cruise of a new Guaymas-built steel yacht. We were buffeted by the tail end of the hurricane which turned Manzanillo into a shambles and sank most of the Mexican Navy. It was not a fun trip. The next time we were heading the other way some years later in the same boat. Shortly out of Kino enroute to Guaymas the engine broke down and we spent three days anchored in shoal water with ten foot waves beating us about. This third trip made up for it all. The wind had died, the sea was gently rolling

ON THE SEA OF CORTEZ

and smooth, sea life was abundant and highly visible, and the run from Kino to San Carlos Bay just north of Guaymas was too soon over.

San Carlos Bay provides a beautiful and generally well protected anchorage for yachts of all sizes, and yachts there were in abundance. The marina here has the only pumps in the entire Sea of Cortez where you can sail to the pier and have your fuel tanks filled. Fresh water is free for the asking. And there are supplies available ashore. Altogether, it was quite a different San Carlos Bay than the one we first camped in some twenty years previously. I am not entirely sure I approve of the impact of civilization on what was a thoroughly delightful primitive area, but I did appreciate the marina and its facilities. And I appreciated once again the superb maneuverability of the Vagabundo in close quarters.

Arriving in Guaymas Bay, we tied up to a friend's dock and took our papers to the Port Captain's office. We were told to pick them up the day before our departure and were assured the office would be open on Saturday. Blissfully ignorant of the red tape hurdles which awaited us we sailed to the Playa de Cortez Hotel on the shores of Miramar Bay to pick up friends for a jaunt around the are and a try for yellowtail. Each of them landed a pair of beauties in short order trolling with a blue and white jig at six miles per hour. The day was a success. We returned early to the dock and a delicious dinner at the hotel.


It was time to leave Guaymas, according to our schedule, and head for Mulege on the Baja Peninsula. But... while the Port Captain's office was open until 2 p.m.... Customs was not. The man at the desk indicated that Mexico was now officially on a forty hour week... this was Saturday and overtime... and if he was to stamp and sign our papers it would cost sixty dollars. Monday morning there would be no charge. We opted to wait. Monday morning we finally secured the services of an agent... who promptly drove off and left us sitting in the Customs office. Unfortunately, the agent had our papers in his case. Customs informed us they would have to personally take the motor serial numbers from our engines. The fee? One hundred eighteen pesos. We paid. It was now getting on toward three when everything shuts down. Back to the Port Captain's office in a hurry. (Incidentally, the offices are blocks from each other.) The Captain's office directed us to Immigration. When we ran that gentleman down the door to his building was locked. No problem. He inserted a long stick through a hole in the bottom of the glass door and unlocked it. Then the door to his office was locked and he could

CONTINUED ON PAGE 14

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not find the key. At last he stamped and signed our papers in the stairway without bothering to glance at them. The fee was only twenty five pesos. We paid gladly and raced for the Port Captain's office, arriving just before the deadline. Papers triumphantly in hand we prepared to head out for Mulege. The condition of the water as we headed again for the marina at San Carlos Bay should have warned us. Also, the barometer read 30.1. A pretty good indication of wind. And wind we had in such quantity that the shrimpers sought refuge and the big yachts stayed in port. We drug anchor three times that night in super-protected San Carlos Bay.

Three times we left San Carlos for the open gulf one morning and three times we returned after making about five miles out into where the true Gulf winds had a chance to get their teeth in us and the water. We could have made it, but most uncomfortably, and this was supposed to be a pleasure cruise.

Eventually we decided to at least fish in the relatively protected waters just outside San Carlos Bay. The further we went in the direction of Isla San Pedro Nolasco the greater the urge to be about it, so we hauled in lines and headed out. Nearing the island we barely missed running over an immense shark basking on the surface. Of course, we were bigger than he was, but we wanted no part of any such encounter. And we decided that a dip before lunch could easily be postponed. From Nolasco to Tortuga Island we cruised in a placid sea filled with spouting whales, immense schools of porpoise, and the ever present double fins of lazily basking sharks. We were still hungry for fish and stopped long enough at the islets in Santa Inez Bay off Punta Chivato to hook a nice cabrilla pintada which served three hungry voyagers three full meals. It took only a few moments trolling a Tony Acceta No. 19 to pick up this delicacy in shallow water near the islets, so we headed in for the beach inside the point for a night's anchorage and a delicious fresh seafood dinner.

The hotel at Punta Chivato is said to have gas for sale. Unfortunately, they were fresh out. So we traded refueling time for a tour of the hotel. It's beautiful, comfortable, deluxe, and the prices are reasonable. In consideration of its remoteness I wonder that it survives. Punta Chivato is off the paved road, but easily reached by car. Apparently most of the patrons fly in to the sea level landing strip just in from long sandy beach.

TO BE CONTINUED

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A Point For All Of Us

By Nonie McKibbin

My husband, a friend and I enjoyed three wonderful weeks in August at Cholla Bay. Oh yes, there were a few unmuffled generators, a few unshaded bright lights and some fireworks. But there was a 'fantastic' beauty and restfulness there. There were so many interesting things to do, too.

How could we preserve some of this beauty and solitude that recreates us? Ahah, there is Pinto Point. Would it not be wonderful to have such an area preserved in its natural state? It could serve as a park with landscaping and upkeep done by nature in nature's way.

I can picture the fishermen standing on the rocks fishing, and oldsters out for a walk, or a young person catching up with himself and probably finding perspective on his problems. I can picture snorkelers and scuba divers and underwater photographers and scientists observing the life in this undisturbed area. It's great just to stand out there breathing that clear air, listening to and watching the pounding surf, the rolling expanse of water and the crying and wheeling shore birds.

All of this could be enjoyed by all of us if no cabin was ever built here. (Already there is a new house breaking the lovely skyline of the Pelican Point Mountains.)

So I ask, "How could we make all this come to pass?"



BEGINNER'S LUCK

Aboard the "Hollylee" owned by Sam Beach, and with Pete Salazar as Guide, Rosalie and Mike Page, of Silsbee, Texas, experienced true Beginner's Luck. The morning of April 24, after a short run out of Cholla, Pete slowed the boat, saying, "This is the place." All lines, of course, were immediately lowered with high expectations of getting the big one. Wouldn't you know that Rosalie — first time in a boat, first time ever to go fishing, first time to visit Cholla (but you can bet not her last), hooked and landed a 60 pound grouper, which after being filleted and iced down, was taken back to Texas to grace the family table and be the subject of many 'fish stories.' Rosalie and Mike fell in love with Cholla and will be back again and again to relive those few days spent in beautiful Cholla Bay.

The very next day, Sam Beach's daughter, Janet McGowan, landed her first big fish. With the help of Pete Salazar, the 25 pound Pinto graced the deck of the Hollylee ... and the McGowan table.

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A Fool Learns About Boats — By Al Scott

One must recall at the end of my last story, I was traveling in dense fog with plans to just pass the point on my way to El Golfo and its end, at the Colorado River. Harry asked me if I didn't think I should slow down a bit in the fog. I turned my head toward him and gave him a dirty look. We ship Captains don't take outright suggestions very well, and I kept on at the same speed. I looked at my watch and zero hour was here. I should be at the point I was aiming for. After I passed the point, I would steer twenty-seven degrees starboard and go up the gulf a couple miles, turn around and head back for Cholla. This is the only way I had to find the beautiful mountain I was going to fish at. The sun must be just right to see the white peak. This is the moment the fog lifted enough to see the big sand cliffs and the edge of the water fifty feet away.

I yelled for Harry to brace his body as we are going to crash shore. I threw the throttle off, but it was too late. We went into shore. The "Swan", as though it had been trained to, stopped a few feet up the sand. Harry and I kept on going, up against the dash, windshield, steering wheel, etc. My shoulder hit the center post of my windshield breaking all glass in the windshield. My shoulder was bleeding from the crash, my shirt was torn. Harry was hurting from top to bottom after crashing the dash and the windshield. As I stood stunned inside my boat, I couldn't help wonder how a thing like this could happen to a boatman of my experience. A guy who was on special assignment with the U.S. Coast Guard during part of World War II, who rode the mighty Coast Guard cutters out of San Pedro, in really bad fog, rode the "B-17" bomber, the mighty "B-19" bomber and the Navy's big "B-24" bombers. I also went to Coast Guard school to learn small boat handling, and if you should ask me, I would say yes, I took a piece of rope and learned to tie knots. I tied the hack-a-moor, the black knot, the daisy mae and so on. So things like this sudden landing don't happen to a captain of my experience. I must be dreaming of the big grouper I plan to catch at the big white peaked mountain. When I looked at my right arm, and realized the "Swan" was on dry land, I stood in my boat feeling very foolish.

Harry looked at me and asked, "Now what do we do?" Well now, we ship captains have answers to questions like that, especially we who are Texans. So I raised my bloody right arm up, scratched my head and said, "I'll be darned if I know." I descended from the interior of my boat — please note that although I am stunned from the crash

I'm still using Navy language. What I actually did was get out of my boat onto the sand to see what damage had been done. We checked the front of the boat and everything seemed okay. The tide was on its way in, so water was just reaching the rear of the boat when I went to check the rear. I dug the sand away from the prop and it was okay, so far as I could tell, no part of the boat was hurt. So it was just a matter of waiting for the

CONTINUED ON PAGE 17

LOG OF THE GRAN PASEO — CONTINUED FROM PAGE 11

It seems 3 men had come aboard with the pump, and weight movement had sloshed the water in the bilge around quite a bit — enough to cover batteries at times, both starters and alternators and splashed water in 115s generator. Rented battery charger one night — \$20.00.

4/26/73 — Captain was furious with us or himself, I don't know. Told us to move out immediately. Could not, with engines not operable. Five minutes later, tugboat arrived with orders to cut our lines if necessary, and tow us off Salt Company property. Left us at anchor off channel, 3 miles from the barge we had tied to. Have to use the shore boat to catch ride into town. Batteries were okay, alternators shot, starters not to be trusted. Back to Newport for more parts.

4/27/73 — Bought 2 alternators, 2 starters, brushes for generator and battery charger in case we needed one. Cost — \$960.00

4/28/73 — Visited insurance agent Tom Mason with report of our lack of progress to date. Set June 15th to be in safe harbor, Guaymas or equal.

4/29/73 — Relaxed.

4/30/73 — Returned to Gerrero Negro and boat. Had 2 Mexican mechanics engaged to replace parts. Took 14 hours because of repairs to generating plant (\$280.00) evening of May 1st (Mexican Labor Day, no show) evening of May 2nd.

A FOOL LEARNS — CONTINUED FROM PAGE 16

tide to come in and lift the boat off the sand. We were very lucky the tide was on the way in, otherwise we would have had to wait many hours for the next tide. So even though our luck was bad, as far as fishing was concerned, our luck getting the boat back floating again was lucky. We at last were on our way back to Cholla. Our fishing trip for this weekend was over. Just a case of a repair job on the windshield of the "Swan" and before long, the "Swan" was ready to head for Cholla Bay again.

5/3 and 4/73 — Found some water in crank case and filters on both engines. Removed engine oil, changed both filters on port and starboard engines, refilled with new oil, ran for 30 minutes (longer might damage reverse gears), changed all filters again, ran 30 minutes. Both engines sound good, and seem free of water. Glad we have extra fram oil and water filters in oil line, large size. Generator still not working.

5/5/73 — Cleaned up boat, checked wiring, sprayed terminals with "666" to slow corrosion. Tug boat captains say, because of new moon, wait 4 or 5 days for wind and sea to lay down.

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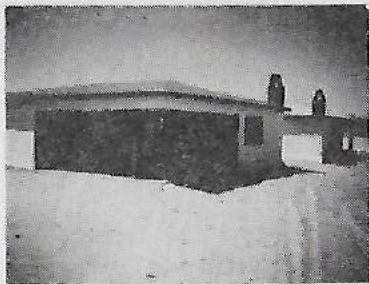
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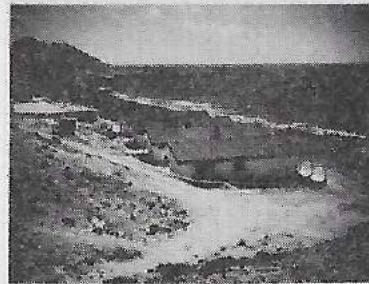
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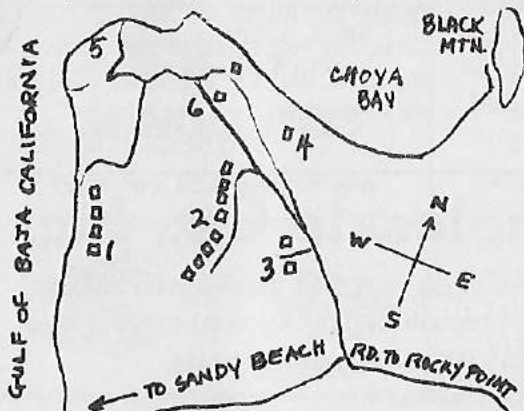
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These homes are the FOUR ACES on the gulf waterfront and the total constructed area is 1300 sq. ft. There are two bedrooms in each. All have Spanish tile roofs, ceramic tile floors and fireplaces. Prices from \$13,950. (All prices are subject to change without notice.) Terms available now, 6 yrs. at 8%.



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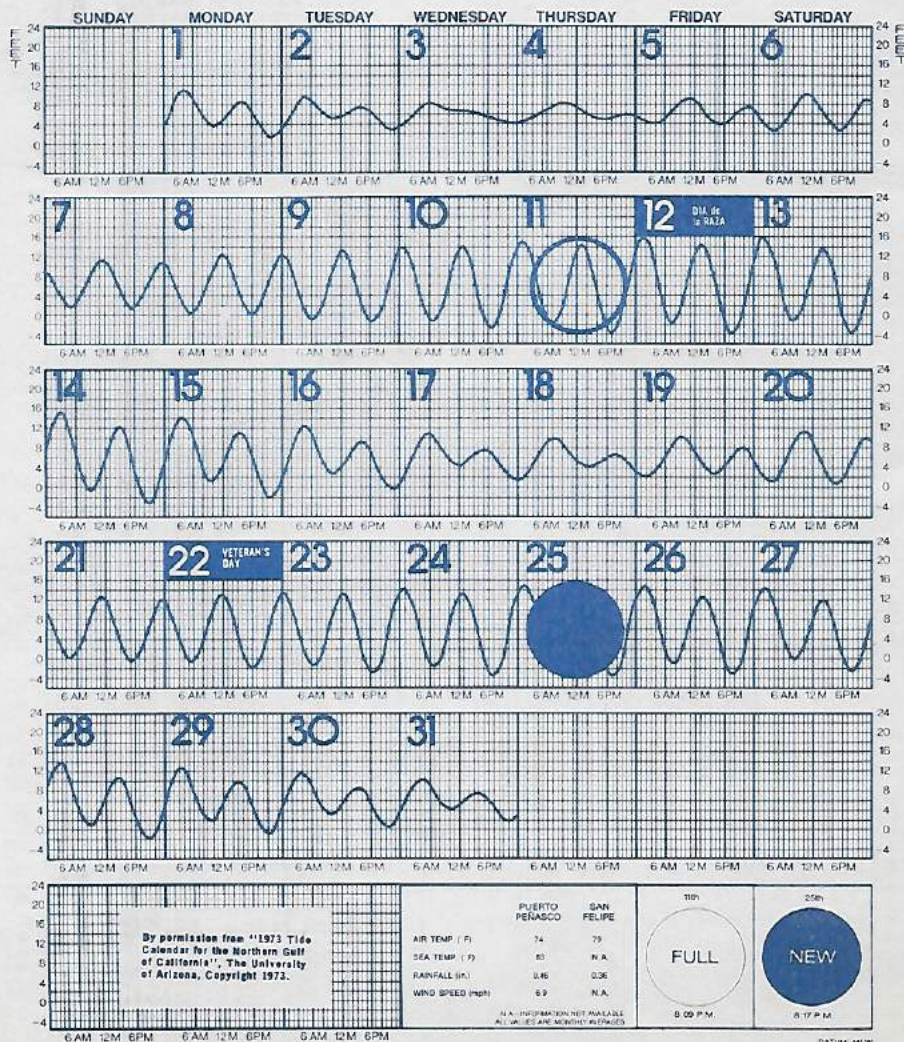
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