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CHOLLA CHATTER

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The Common Loon

By Mary Fran Taylor

All winter I've asked any man available what kind of duck I was watching. In the migratory area of the Gulf I see birds I've never seen. If they stay long enough, I try to identify them.

This duck had me thrown. Then as spring approached he uttered a sound. I've read all my life of the call of the Loon. Finally I've heard one.

So between the bird book and the binoculars I have narrowed this down to the "Common Loon."

The Loon is a winter visitor. His plumage is a dark brown with white underbody and throat. In the summer when we don't see him he is black headed with striped and speckled back and wings, with the white underbody.

The Loon is specialized for swimming and diving. Powerful legs are attached at the rear of the body giving extra leverage to the legs and large webbed feet.

When I finally saw one up on a rock - preening his feathers - holding his wings unfurled to the wind for further brushing - his legs were very noticeable, not duck-like.

His diving and his ability to stay submerged is unbelievable. I can follow him for yards by his air bubbles. After I am sure he must have drowned, he pops up.

He dives when swimming, up and forward for the plunge. He can also submerge stealthily from a sitting position. He feeds on fish, crustaceans, and some water plants.

Loons migrate mostly in small flocks - which is what I've been seeing - and the sounds are so forlorn. The yodeling is primarily heard at mating times and at night.



DON BARBER – BOB BOS

FIRE! The very word breathes panic.

Ashore, at least one can call the fire department, but at sea, though surrounded by water, what but fear does the average boatman call up?

The 24-footer lay snugly anchored in an estuary, early on a calm morning.

The dawn was perfect for cooking breakfast on deck, so the portable alcohol stove was set on the fiberglass engine cover in a dish of water. Once alight, the frying pan went on and the bacon went in. Soon the rashers began to turn that curly, golden brown unique to bacon.

It happened with a flash. The alcohol stove tank sprang a leak, and suddenly the stove, once utilitarian and friendly, was no longer a friend but a blazing torch which lapped the bacon grease and set it afire too.

For a second, the crew – all good sea-

men – froze. Then some one stupidly tried to toss the pan overboard. Score: one burned hand and a mixture of blazing fat and alcohol on the cockpit deck. A bucket of water only served to spread the fire further. Clearly, panic had the crew in its grip.

Probably a scant three minutes had passed before the fire extinguisher was brought into play. But in that millennium the message came through loud and clear:

Panic, more than fire, kills and destroys on the water.

If experienced seamen lose their heads at the first sight of flames, how do less seasoned boaters react in similar circumstances?

THINK ABOUT IT.

The thought is shocking...



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Cholla Bay Chatter Box

By Mary Fran Taylor

The weekend of Feb. 15 there was a blow. Several roofs were taken off and a boat was blown ashore on the Sand Dunes. The owner took a ride from someone down from El Gulfo, hitched a ride and took a taxi from San Luis. Boat ok. They came off at next high tide.

Who's at the Bay but Rita Gray, with casts on both legs and crutches. And also Gordy Erickson with some type of knee injury, and on crutches too.

The Ladies' Bingo "Lotteria" is still going great guns. At the last meeting there were 14 people. This is a no-invitation affair. If you are visiting the Bay, or living there, join us. It rotates from house to house. The only requirement is a gift, value \$1.00, in a brown paper sack.

There is a wind charger at the Rossi's. Having met one of these on a ranch in the northern part of the state, I'm anxious to see how it operates in Cholla. Surely there's wind enough...

People in evidence: Greens, Shavinas, Hodges, Leasons with guests from Wisconsin, Cashions, Hubbards, and someone at Melchers'. Hemphills and relatives visiting at Dinas. Bob Bos and Frank

Zimmerman, the Hulets from Mason, Michigan – Club members. Don Barber and a party fishing. Verlene hasn't made it yet. The Hoyts, the Lahrs, the Places and the Tubbs. Tom Sharpe with guests from Cottonwood and Prescott. Law and Order was with us: Robert W. Kuebler Jr., Yavapai Deputy County Attorney; Lloyd Wayt, Cottonwood Police Department Chief; Donald Smythe, Cottonwood Justice Court Judge; Steve Sharpe, Yavapai Deputy Sheriff.

Jim Knights was at the Bay with guests from Sacramento – they crow-hopped on down the coast in a plane looking for marlin.

Marcelo and Carmelita have a new baby boy – Marcelo Jr. Javier of the Curio Store is a new grandparent – Salvador and Virginia have a new baby boy.

Maya and Betty have gone into a new business. They can't stay idle. They are cooking up a storm of very good things. They have some foods on hand – others by special order. They are calling themselves "Tan Sabrosos."

Patty and Ramon are adding onto the store. They are taking in part of the porch and will move the library out there where people can see better. Patty says she can use new paperbacks as soon as the shelving is finished.

There is also a jar at the store for donations to help with some needed repairs on the school bus, which is in operation

CONTINUED ON PAGE 15

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ON AN OLD FISHING DERBY

By Bill Valentine



Many years ago, when Al Scott welded the Cholla Bay Sportsmans Club together for the first time, after much deliberation, the elected Board of Directors voted to hold an annual fishing derby each year over the closest weekend to Washington's Birthday — this was way back when his birthday was February 22nd. Anyway, fishing in February was not too much of an enticement for this old boy, as about the only kind of fishing available was for the bottom dwellers (unless you went way to Helen gone south of the bay to fish) which I was never too proficient at, and besides, I've got very skinny blood.

When that wind came whistling out of the north, as it usually does during the winter, it had a tendency to flip ice spray over the rather scarred up sides of my 16-foot pride and joy, the "Afrikan Queen," smack dab into my eyeballs as I always piloted the queen from the rear, steering with the handle of the outboard motor. Perfect host that I was, though, in those days, I saw to it that the guests aboard my palatial cruiser never had to suffer from exposure to the elements as I had nailed and glued a tinted Buick windshield across the deck and always kept a WWII surplus water-proof poncho in the

vicinity of the wood plank which served as the front seat.

Anyway back in '59 or '60, during the 2nd or 3rd annual affair, one of my fishing buddies, Bob Neal (now of Tucson) and I trailered the "Queen" from Phoenix on down to set up a campsite along side the bay and see if we could snooker some fish into our waiting sax and possibly win fame and glory.

Our strategy was absolutely fool proof — back in those days, not too many people knew about the prolific population of BIG Sierra Mackerel that swarmed around Bird Island willing and able to flat eat up anything that even remotely resembled bait fish of any kind. There was a mackerel category open in the derby which we planned on completely dominating. Bob and I flung all of the extra gas cans we could muster up aboard and bright and early the second and last morning of the derby, snuck out of the bay on a beautiful flat sea and headed south for the 30-plus-mile journey to fish the vicinity of the smelly snowy-looking granite mountain tops poking up from the gulf floor, some 12 miles offshore from St. Georges Bay.

As I recall, the tides were perfect

when we pulled up opposite St. Georges Bay, so we stealthily slipped in and beached the boat to have a go at surf casting for stray sea trout — which there was also a derby category for. We struck out on the trout, so about noon reboarded the Queen and headed out to the island.

Man, did we ever run into the mackerel mine! The waters around those rocks were alive with big razor-toothed brutes, and we became so engrossed in battling and sacking up the beauts at the south (lee) end of the island that neither of us noticed that a healthy breeze had slowly built up the seas to the point where about every third wave was gray-headed.

By the time it dawned on us that we were one helluva long wet way from the weigh-in scales, the uphill road back to Cholla looked (and felt) like it was covered with snow. We stowed everything

(including Bob) as securely as possible and headed the gutty little outboard in the bumpy direction of home and I poured the coals into the 35 horse engine and away we went.

It took a trifle over three wet mizzerable bone-jarring hours to get back to the bay and poor Bob was about 3 inches shorter but squattier when we finally limped around Pelican Point. We actually had a sack full of macks any 3 of which would have taken all honors in the derby, but we were much too late to get them qualified, so all we ended up with was sore rumps, wet undies and lots of invaluable experience.

I confirmed one fascinating fact on the journey though: I found that my 16' yacht came equipped with hot and cold running water — hot in summer and cold in winter.

Galley Tricks

BY J. FRANK BRUMBAUGH

Reprinted from "Boating," December 1974

— Contributed by Betty Barker

WRAP-AROUND FOR WARMTH

Chilly, shivering, and not dressed for the weather? The secret of being comfortable is to keep your kidneys warm. A scarf, towel, strip of foam plastic, etc., about a foot wide and long enough to wrap around your waist will do. It should cover you vertically from just below the beginning of the buttocks to just above the waist, and be fastened firmly around you, preferably inside your outer garments. This "belly band" is an old tropical trick; often used for sleeping when it seems warm enough to sleep nude, but may turn a bit chilly before morning. And it works well in all weather — better and less bother than putting on an extra sweater or a heavy coat. Try it some chilly day.

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By Mel Jarvis

What I am going to say will sound familiar, and you're right I've said it all before - but you know I've found over the years that just saying it once doesn't always get the thought across. Take the time I talked to you about

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the out of the way, hard to get at, grease fitting on the end of your Volvo Penta engine, and how important it is to grease it. How many of you ran right out and did just that?

How about you boat owners running outrides with splined prop shafts? Have you pulled the prop off lately and cleaned and greased it? Or won't it come off now? Boy, that salt will hang on when it gets dry. It will even hang up a prop on the shaft that doesn't have any splines.

Remember that old saying about running the gas out of your outboard after coming in? Really no need to, you can't get all the gas out anyway. There is always enough left in the carburetor to do damage if you allow it to sit idle long enough. Besides the condensation in the cylinder walls caused by the high cylinder heat due to no lubrication and a very lean air to fuel mixture, the last few seconds the engine runs causes rust on the cylinder walls that the rings have to scrape off. Then if you tow your rig back home or wherever, the poor carburetor float doesn't have a soft support like a bowl full of fuel to ride on, it just has to bang away on the bottom of the carburetor bowl.

By the way, you know we have two types of gas now - regular and no lead. I've been asked if the no lead can be burned in any marine engines. At this point I can't say for sure. I do know I'm not using it in the "Debbie J" but then I have always used the regular gas because I never had any problems with it. It would be wise wise to consult manufacturers' specifications as to fuel types YOU can use in YOUR engine.



BY VERLENE BARBER

This past month many have had the flu. Here is a great big get well wish to all...

A special get well to Don and Ruth LaPorte's 4-month old grandson for a speedy recovery from pneumonia.

We hear that Clude and Arlyse Coker's granddaughter has a new baby sister.

This month has been one of accidents to our young people. Elnora and Jim Westfall's son Mike isn't riding his bike these days. It seems that a tree got in Mike's way, and now he is wearing a cast and is letting his friends sign it.

Thanks to Lupe Haralles who spent six weeks with me. She sure was a help... It took me two days from the time Lupe arrived here to fall down

and break my pubic bone, or gazoa as I prefer to call it. It put me back in bed and then on crutches. It's so nice to have so many friends to help when help is needed. Bless them all.

Erwin and Adele Sykes' son Jeff has been honored by being accepted into the Navy Sea Cadets. We are all proud of you, Jeff.

For a change of pace, this story: There's this fella who has been going to Cholla for years and years. He has never had to be towed in, in all those years. This fella is a real boatman, knows his boat from stem to stern. Faithfully has his boat in shipshape condition at all times. But bad luck finally caught up with this fella when his steering broke... some 22

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Still having launching difficulties at Kino Bay, Jack finds himself on the rocks, with the assistance of a by-stander...

The truck pulled him back up and he quickly changed props. Once again he started down. At exactly the same point the would-be assistant again told him to drop his drive, but this time Jack had Jean back on the stern watching.

Jack turned and told the would-be assistant (expletive deleted). The "Last 1" floated free and Jack lowered his drive and moved out. Al and Helen, watching the action closely, had zero problems with the "Rubaiyat." Their Slickcraft formed up with us and three abreast we roared out.

Apparently the Fiberform at its minimum planing speed was somewhat lighter than the other boats because it steadily moved away. We could run no slower than 3100 rpm and stay on the step so we acted as pathfinder.

Off Turner Island at the tip of Tiburon we could see huge whitecaps - but in a narrow band. A tidal rip from the currents flowing down either side of Tiburon was the obvious cause. We bobbed through the half mile stretch at slow speed, then stopped to wait for the other two boats.

The Sea of Cortez lived up to its reputation. A huge whale blew a geyser off our port side. Two huge silver saucers flew up into the air on our starboard side, then fell back with a resounding "splat!" Manta rays doing their high jumps to jar loose parasites.

A sea lion went "cark-cark" at us from a distance. We enjoyed a cool beer and watched the Slickcraft and Reinell show first their bow bottoms and then their stern seats as they pitched and wallowed through the big waves of the rip. The ocean was a warm, sparkling blue and millpond-smooth where we waited.

From there to San Francisquito was a clean, flatwater run past the ends of Isla Esteban and Isla San Lorenzo. The boats hummed along, the dolphins made

by wayne pryor

occasional passes at us, and numerous sharks gave us the benefit of a view of their dorsal fins. Boating just doesn't get much better than this, we all agreed.

San Francisquito has an enormous outer bay, adequate to moor a fair-sized navy, but leading from the outer bay is a channel about five or six feet deep into a 20-foot deep inner bay with a white sand-covered bottom. It is sheltered by ridges on three sides and was glassy smooth.


Two boats bobbed at anchor in the inner bay. (We learned later that both were owned by the resort a mile across on the seaward side and were mechanically dead awaiting repairs.) Around the inner bay were huge piles of oyster shells - big, colorful ashtray-sized shells, left from the days of the Spaniards when they found this inner bay covered with pearl oysters. They scraped up every single one with Indian labor.

A large truck sat beside one of the oyster shell piles. A Mexican family from Rancho Barril sat beneath an old parachute for shade, patiently sorting and cleaning the shells and putting them into boxes. A restaurant in San Diego pays \$20 a ton for the shells to use as ashtrays. This family of six, with a workday that stretched from nine in the morning until nine that night, could sort about a ton a day.


Problem was, they could only sell a ton every month or two. Life is hard in Baja California. Yes, Jose could go to his ranch and bring us back a barrel of gasoline. At 65 cents American per gallon it seemed reasonable. We took the 50 gallons, carefully chamois-filtered into our tanks, and then he volunteered another five gallons siphoned out of his truck. We could accommodate it and we were now fully fueled for the run to Mulege in a day or two.

(Normal procedure, we found out later, is to go on past Bahia San Francis-

CONTINUED ON PAGE 12



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quito around Pt. Santa Teresa and on down the coast about seven miles to Rancho Barril. Honk your boat horn several times, then proceed inshore to "La Casa Piedras" — the stone house — on the beach and Rancho Barril will bring gasoline down to the beach in a truck.)

By walking up a dusty road and then along the taxiway of a fine airstrip on a dry lake we made our way to Punta San Francisquito, a resort of thatched cabanas facing a long sandy beach — Bahia Santa Teresa — on the seaward side. The resort had ice, a bar, Mexican meals at \$2.50 each, and friendly people. It is operated by Americans. The resort did not have telephone or radio, only a unicom monitoring station for aircraft. It was 50 miles of bad dirt road from here to the Baja California highway.

Just how bad this road was we learned that evening from two peace officers from Lone Pine, Calif., who drove in with their families in four-wheel drive pick-ups, towing a small wooden boat with an outboard.

"There is one grade — must be 30 percent — about 20 miles from here, that is blasted out of granite — only it slants out from the cliff," explained one. "We rubbed one hubcap of the trailer against the wall and we had about three or four inches clearance from the edge on the drop-off side. Spooky."

The road was so rough that it had cracked welds loose on the trailer in several places. The officers borrowed the use of an arc welder at the resort and patched up their rig.

"We only paid \$200 for this outfit — old 55 hp Merc, boat and trailer — altogether and we thought it was worth the gamble to bring it down to do some fishing, even if we had to abandon the boat and trailer if it turned out to be too rough for it," said the one named Doug.

I was to remember this piece of information rather precisely a few days later.

In the meantime, we had adventure and excitement with one of the menaces of our lovely harbor. Stingrays. The cove swarmed with them, all sizes from little dollar size ones that fluttered away like poker chips as you scuffed through the sandy bottom, to ones the size of dinner plates that glided leisurely away.

Stepping on a stingray is bad news; we'd been advised by the people at the resort. A little tail protrudes from the back with a barb on it that is extremely toxic. If you step on a stingray, it whips the tail up in a defensive manner like a scorpion and you hurt but good.

So Jean, climbing down the ladder from her boat, promptly stepped on one. Luckily, the barb's thrust was mainly absorbed by her tennis shoe and she received only a small cut and fractional amount of poison.

The Mexican family advised "agua caliente" so we boiled water and she soaked her foot until the pain subsided. Jack immediately declared war against the stingrays and spent the next half a day prowling up and down the beach armed with an improvised spear. He bagged about half a dozen. Hundreds escaped.

At night we rigged up our "ocean entertainment." Take an old automobile sealed beam headlight. Wire about 20 feet of extension cord to it (high beam side) and put a fitting for the cigarette lighter at the other end. Daub the terminals with silicone rubber on the headlight side, carefully so the sea water can't short it out.

The headlight will float. Plug it in, hold it out a few feet from the boat with a boathook, and watch what happens in the beam of light pouring down into the ocean. First myriads of sea bugs swim into the light, then come small fish. Presently large dark shadows move into lurk in the edges of the light and snap at the small minnows. Sharks and rays swim by at various depths, unconcerned by the light, but well illuminated. The action goes on as long as you are willing to spend electrons.

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TUCSON SCUTTLEBUTT



By Susie Bos

To all who are under the weather, here's hoping you will be up and around before too long.

Dr. Blair Saylor was wrestling with a ladder and lost; he came out with 2 broken ribs and a bum leg.

Molina's daughter took a spill down at Cholla. Somehow landed on her arm and broke it... hope we all get to sign the cast.

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Art Schwarz has been under the weather, but hopefully is out and around by now.

Raymond Gray's daughter is hopping around with casts on both feet. Please just don't step on anyone, gal.

Our Potluck was great. How can anyone keep slim at a spread like that? But what a way to go...

Our guests sure enjoyed themselves. The Weatherlys from California were there, along with Don and Verlene Barber and Lew Frazier. They all seemed to be having a good time.

We want to welcome the Raymond Gray family to membership in the club... and hope to see lots more of them.

Everyone is getting ready for the Derby coming up soon. If anyone wants to help in any way, please contact Sam Giebelhaus, 4301 East Mulberry Drive in Phoenix, or call him at 955-7034 - or Gordon Erickson, 2720 S. Lands End Road in Tucson, phone 622-7817. Any and all help is greatly appreciated.

Tickets and posters are in now. Do please contact these two able and hard-working guys if you will need some to sell, or post.

Tickets for the fire extinguisher are still available. This is a great prize - be sure to get YOUR tickets at the next meeting.

Our door prize winners were: Frances Crossman, ice chest; Don Barber, fish knife; Richard McAnally, clipper set, Susie Bos, fish hook honer.

The name of Don and Ruth LaPorte's new boat is "Ole!"

Take care...

CHOLLA BAY CHATTER BOX

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 5

and is bulging at the seams every day.

Motorcycles are still being banned in the town limits. It has definitely been quieter - and safer.

Also on hand: the Jarvises, Giebelhauses, Westfalls - Jim has just bought a new trailer for their lot - LaPortes, the Maletiches.

Hector Rivera of the Immigration Office can now extend the time limit on your trip visas. He cannot extend the long term visas. So if you decide to stay over another few days you can be legal.

Doug and Lee Cashion are working like mad on their boat. They were dropping the engine in the other day. Lots of free advice is being given. We are all experts.

Easter vacations for the schools are being staggered again this year. Belle is complaining all her friends will have the other week. It does keep us from being over run.

Both the Sandersons' were down. Ray and Adeline are into their new cabin.

There was a good rain on Monday the 10th. A small blow just before. Everything was thoroughly wet down.

Hector Munro's father with two cronies

LISTENING SHELL

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 9

miles out. Given time, he could have fixed it, but time was running late. So this fella accepted a tow in. The buddy system works!

Ray and Shirley Hemphill have had visitors from Pennsylvania. All had a gathering down at Cholla.

Sam and Charlotte Giebelhaus have had visitors in and out most of the winter. From Nebraska.

The Sandersons have had company from Washington.

Ray and Cyn Curtis have named their boat "Ray-Cyn" - Don and Ruth LaPorte have a new boat also. As of last meeting they hadn't named it... they're working on it.

A big Congratulations to Marcello and Carmelita Salazar on the birth of their son, Marcello Jr.

Hasta Luego...

set off in a small boat for a planned trip to Tiburon Island. Mr. Munro is only 74. They were completely excited - leaving the children shaking their heads at the venture. Bien viaje.

Bye for now - see you at the Bay.

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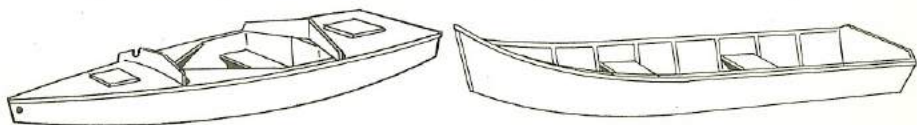
A CONTINUING SERIES

Single side band — otherwise known as SSB — is another mode of communication which will some day be available to pleasure craft owners.

What is it? Since this is non-technical, we will try to keep this description as simple as possible. Conventional broadcast equipment is AM (amplitude modulated). The AM signal consists of a carrier and two "side bands." The carrier merely serves as a vehicle to transmit the side bands along with it — the side bands contain the intelligence of the signal. Both side bands contain exactly the same information. Therefore, if we could eliminate one of the side bands and the carrier, and place all the transmitted energy only into the upper side band (this is the band authorized by the FCC for marine use) we can easily see that we do not have to develop as much power to "push" one side band as we do to "push" the carrier and two side bands. In fact we can transmit the same signal with one-quarter the amount of power required to transmit a comparable AM signal. Since the side band system causes the receiver to be twice as sensitive as the AM, we can in fact, cover the same distance as an AM transmitter with one-eighth of the power. We would lose nothing in intelligence as the information is recorded in the single side band anyway, and we would use up much less of the frequency spectrum since we have diminished the band by removing the carrier and the side band from the airways. Therefore, more marine radiotelephone channels could be made available and crowding would be alleviated.

What does all of this mean to the average pleasure boat owner? The reception of an SSB signal would be unintelligible on his present AM equipment. (The detector in his radio requires the carrier in order to remove the single side band intelligence from the signal.) The Coast Guard does not monitor the SSB, there is no marine operator for coastal harbor service (only high seas service is available) and there are no other pleasure craft to talk to.

Single side band is presently being used for commercial vessels, in ham gear and in sophisticated two-way radios for the government and certain selected industries. It is on the distant horizon for pleasure craft, however. After 1974, the FCC will make its use mandatory on all high seas frequencies (above 4MC). It will be optional below 4MC, provided the radio is also compatible with AM transmission and reception on 2182 KC. Sooner or later the 2-3 MC range will also be converted to single side band to obtain the advantages outlined above — especially the additional channels provided. However, since it would be considerably more expensive than standard equipment, more complicated and therefore more critical to tune, more difficult to keep on frequency and maintain, and also since it would obsolete the thousands of radios now in commission, it will be quite a few years after 1975 before this legislation will be contemplated.



Even though I felt rather long winded about last month's recipe for SPAGHETTI SAUCE, I really could not get nearly enough into the designated space... and therefore shall take up where I left off.

Susie was here that day I made the sauce and wrote it up for the Chatter, and she also had planned to serve spaghetti to her family for dinner. Later she said that her sauce seemed to lack a few taste-tones after she had just seen, and smelled, mine.

With the sauce that was left over from that batch, I made a luscious chicken thing, which I can only name CHICKEN ITALIANO — for I've never seen anything quite like it.

CHICKEN ITALIANO

Around the edges of a large flat baking dish place pieces of fried chicken. This you will have prepared by shaking the pieces of chicken and the giblets in a paper bag with flour, salt, pepper, and a little garlic salt, until all are evenly coated. Fry as usual in salad oil or bac-

on fat, turning as needed, until done.

Dump out most of the grease, add a little butter and proceed to fry floured eggplant slices (1 or 2 per person) until brown.

Meanwhile cook noodles til done.

Lay the eggplant in the center of the baking dish and place thin slices of Monterey Jack cheese over them. Scatter serving-sized clumps of noodles here and there. Then ladle the spaghetti over all. You may want to stretch the sauce with another can of plain tomato sauce (and a little sugar) and/or a little water. Then sprinkle with grated Romano or Parmesan cheese and paprika, and bake in a 375 degree oven for 20 to 25 minutes, until hot... It's heavenly! ... a little like Eggplant Parmesan, something like Chicken Cacciatore — but better than either one.



When in Mexico

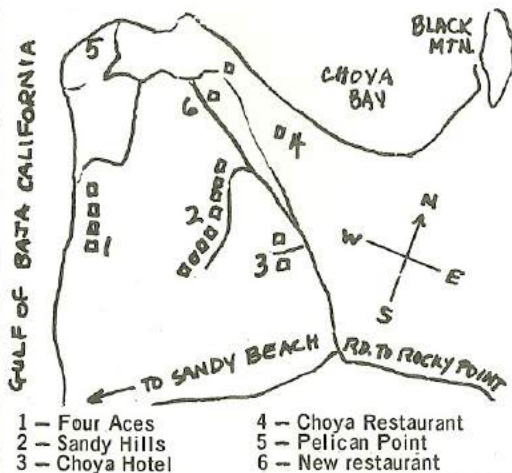
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