



CHOLLA CHATTER

OFFICIAL PUBLICATION OF THE CHOLLA BAY SPORTSMEN'S CLUB

VOLUME 23, Number 8

AUGUST 1980

--- HAPPY ETERNITY TO ONE OF
THE GREATEST FRIENDS
CHOLLABAY EVER HAD ---
PHIL HUNZIKER



FROM
3-22-09
TO
6-16-80

CHOLLA CHATTER
Official Publication
CHOLLA BAY SPORTSMEN'S CLUB, INC.

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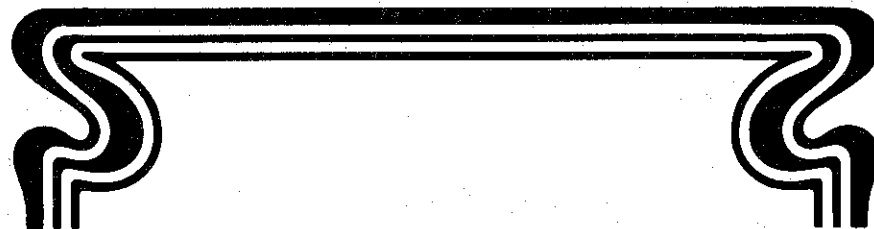
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DON'T MISS YOUR MEETINGS!
TUCSON

Wednesday AUGUST 6th **7:30 p. m.**

MOOSE LODGE
2180 North Wilmont Road

PHOENIX

Wednesday AUGUST 13th **7:30 p. m.**

HUNAN
RESTAURANT

1575 E. Camelback Rd. (At 16th St.)

TUCSON CHAPTER MEETING

Gail Kasten

The Tucson Chapter of the Cholla Bay Sportsmen's Club met on July 2nd. Because the meeting was to be so close to the 4th, no program was planned.

Shirley Reid reported that the items in ships store need to be replenished. Anyone who has any ideas for items to be carried, please give Shirley a call. Your ideas will be greatly appreciated.

We will have a guest speaker in the month of September. Arrangements are being made to have a representative from Mo Udall's office to be at our meeting. We hope to find out why the hold up at the border crossing, especially on holidays. If you have any questions or opinions, please plan to attend this meeting. Don't forget, it starts at 7:30 PM.

We had one guest introduced: Glen Gilkenson. Welcome!

Gifts of Christmas raffle items this month were donated by Joanie & Chuck Dernberger and Anne & Terry Faulkenberry. They were won by Diane Boyle - plant, Gene Reid - Mexican dolls and Irene Drake - plant.

Door prizes were won by: Gail Kasten, Thelma Saylor, Irene Drake, Peggy Drake and Bill Drake.

I would like to take this opportunity to thank all for the cards, calls and concern you showed while my husband Ken, was in the hospital. He is now on the road to recovery, so thank you all again.

BEACHCOMBER'S
DANCE

August 16, 1980
8 pm - 1 am

sponsored by Phoenix chapter

Western Saddle Club
2000 East Myrtle
Phoenix

\$5 per couple.
SEE YOU
THERE?



LIVING IN CHOLLA

Sure you old salts would rather read about
fish in place of a lousy poem.
But pay attention, my dear, because way
down here we really have something going.
To live down here is one thing, but to visit
is another.
I'd like to give some hints on what you can
discover.
These things are going on here between the
week-ends you enjoy.
We have homes to maintain and chores we do
deploy.

To refill butane and water when you finally
think you oughta.
You load up the empty bottles and proceed
along your way.
You get to town at dawn so nothing can go
wrong.
Only to find they saw you coming and declar-
ed a holiday.
The process to fill butane can really be
a pain.
Especially when they say "Sorry, just ran
out" day after day.
But you play their waiting game and keep re-
turning just the same.
To quote a friend of mine "What can I say?"
Take the laundry (please) for you'll find
I'm not a liar.
When fighting the local natives for drip-
washers and scorchy dryers.
There are two laundries here you know,
quite an impressive show.

But to get enough machines that work is
quite a feat.
Some dryers take dimes. The nickle ones
blow my mind.
But to stand back and be a spectator is
kinda neat.
I thought they were joking, that they use
nickles for tokens.
But they refused to give me two nickles for
my dime.

Our garbage system has some faults, on that
we all agree.
But the way they go about it is something
to really see.
Take the white block receptacles we find
along the road.
Some are being burned out, others just seem
to explode.
The poor old garbage truck finally just gave
out one day.
Now the road grader tractor pulls the gar-
bage rack on its way.
Wouldn't it be nice to give some of it to
worthy hogs.
But if that were done, it would stop the fun
of the coyotes and the dogs.

When our friends from out-of-town finally do
come down.
We start our tour with "Beautiful Downtown
Cholla Bay"
With boasting we have done about all our sun
and fun.
We seem to find nothing but CLOSED signs a-
long the way.
So we take them on dune-buggie trips way up
along the bay.
Have picnics at Black Mountain and on Sandy
Beach we play.
We fix vehicles on the run but when that
parts all done.
Even shoveling sand and pushing cars can also
be called fun.

We can even get rock oysters, muscles, butter clams and crabs.

Then bring them back with only little minor scrapes and scabs.

Along with all the fish at sea, we're really considered winners.

We'll bet anyone would like to sit in at our dinners.

Everyone here has a view from where ever he may be.

Ours happens to be space to enjoy the sky, the birds, the Sea.

Sunsets are a pretty as any others to be had Then there's morning sunrises, if you're not feeling too, too bad.

It's the attitude my friends that make you loose or win.

You can spot us by our laughter or even just our grin.

I know now that the good Lord has finally put me here.

To enjoy the things I've mentioned and friendships I hold dear.

I have gone to many places and really had my day,

But wouldn't trade anywhere I've been for my own Cholla Bay.

P.S. The above doesn't have the right rythum but I'm no poet, like I say. One morning I woke up and it just came out of me this way.



The paint and stencils are still in the Radio Shack for your use in putting your boat name on your trailer. Betty says somebody borrows them about once a week. Keep it up guys, it's to your advantage to help your launcher find your trailer.

EUGENE PHILIP HUNZIKER, Phil to us at the Bay, was born March 22, 1909 in Alamogordo, N.M. He was raised in Los Angeles and graduated from the University of Arizona in 1934 with a degree in Civil Engineering.

Phil organized and operated a general contracting firm, E. P. Hunziker Construction Co., in Tucson for 30 years prior to his retirement to Mexico in 1971. He had been president of Associated Engineering Co., member of the Old pueblo Club, Tucson Country Club and Phi Delta Theta Fraternity. He also served as a Major in the U.S. Army Corp of Engineers during World War II.

Phil was a Charter Member of the Cholla Bay Sportsmen's Club and had an active role in it's formation in the early 50's.

Many of us have long envied their home and life in Cholla, especially on Sunday when we have to pack up and go home, but Phil and Jane also spent a period of time as week-end visitors, having to return home for work.

Survivors include his wife, Jane and four children; Jody Burns, Frank, Richard & Gene, together with 12 grandchildren.

We will miss WHEEZE BOX on the radios and as Bill Valentine has stated on the cover, Phil was one of the greatest friends Cholla Bay ever had.

Any donations may be sent to the CBSC Memorial and Gift Fund or the Arizona-Sonora Desert Museum.

HAPPENINGS AT PELICAN POINT

Marie MacGill

The weather hasn't been terribly hot so far this summer but the wind still puts on it's show.

We are anxiously awaiting the sale of Lot 426, Cabin 7A, that Bill and Babe Yonkers have on Pelican Point, to find out who our new neighbors will be. They purchased cottage 408, just over the hill from us.

Zulma Olivier is spending most of the summer at her cottage on the point. Hal and Evelyn McKenzie have also been spending a lot of time at their's. Evelyn had surgery and is doing very nicely, thanks to Cholla. Grady Hendricks went to Phoenix for a cataract transplant and is coming along real well.

Roy and Shirley Haenfler spent three weeks in Guatemala. Perhaps when I see them they will have a story to report.

Frank and Walda Peterson and their family, and Walda's parents have been vacationing at their condo in Hawaii. I doubt that we will see much of them until winter.

I'm sure we all missed our get-together at the July meeting which was cancelled, I know I did. We will be looking forward to seeing each other at the August 13th regular meeting. Please don't forget the August 16th Annual Phoenix Dance at the Western Saddle Club, 2000 East Myrtle in Phoenix. I look for some clever costumes. Come join us, Tucson. We'd love to have you there.

Ruth Ann Woodward's explanation of the Memorial weekend accident was well written, but she failed to go into detail on how she stayed with the victim until he reached the

hospital and possibly saved his life. She gave up her holiday to make sure that all was well with this young man and we owe her a big thanks for her concern.

Hope to see you August 13th and on the 16th too.

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Call and let her know when you are going and how much space is available. She presently has a couple pieces of furniture for their poorly furnished residence and would greatly appreciate your help.

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October 11th

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**TRY IT...
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OVEN-FRIED HERBED SHARK FILLET

Pour $\frac{1}{4}$ cup each white vinegar and water, 1 T. lemon juice over two pounds shark fillet. Cover and chill for 1 or 2 hours. (turning fish once) Lightly blot fish dry.

In shallow pan, beat together 1 egg and 1 T. milk.

In another shallow pan combine:

- 2/3 C all-purpose flour
- 2 tsp. dry parsley flakes
- $1\frac{1}{2}$ tsp. dry basil
- 1 tsp. each - grated lemon peel & garlic salt.
- $\frac{3}{4}$ tsp. thyme leaves
- $\frac{1}{4}$ tsp. pepper.

Preheat oven 500°. Preheat large shallow baking pan in oven. Meanwhile, dip fish in egg mixture, then flour mixture to coat. Set aside on waxed paper. Remove very hot pan from oven & place about 2 Tbs. each butter & salad oil in pan. (Should be about 1/8" deep) Turn fish in butter to coat then place slightly apart in pan.

Bake uncovered until browned and opaque throughout in thickest portion. Allow about 10 minutes per inch of thickness.

Serve with lemon wedges.

Noël Jordan



**PUT YOUR BOAT NAME
ON YOUR TRAILER**

There has been some interest expressed in a rendezvous at St. Georges Bay in the fall. Sounds like fun, let's do it!

Mexican & U.S. Boat

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You must inform the Chatter any time you wish your personal ad to be repeated!

The Maiden Voyage of
THE 21 JEWELS

Hilda Erkert

The 21 JEWELS, a trimaran, was launched on June 16, 1979 at 10:28 AM from Cholla Bay for the first time. After several years of planning and 6 years of building, we would finally put it to use. After we had 2 days of running around in the Bay with friends, we decided to take it for a 4 day trial run to Bird Island, St. Georges Bay, etc. We had spent many consecutive weekends in the Bay loading equipment and supplies and fixing things up.

Our trial run was successful. On our way home, we experienced rough seas and heavy winds. The boat handled perfect. Gene, Juergen (our son) and I were very happy. That was the day we decided, just Gene and me, to go on a 3 week vacation. August was the only month we had since our son could take over the business before going back to school in September.

So, on Wednesday, August 1st, we left early from Phoenix and made Rocky Point before the office of the Port Captain closed, to get our permit. Our plan was to go to the 1st Estuary (Espinosas), 2nd Estuary (Gillespies), St. Georges Bay, Lobo and Libertad. Then, depending on the weather, on to Refugio Bay at the north end of Guardian Angel Island. We had no problems, the Port Captain had seen our boat on the lot in Cholla and said it was a nice boat and looked very seaworthy for home built. We spent the rest of the day still loading and organizing the boat.

BOAT NAMES and CB HANDLES

When Homer Green, of Mesa, took his first group of friends to the Bay, they reached the reef, he heaved his anchor over the side, hooked a rock that he felt would hold, turned to his guests and made the profound statement. "Do it to it." For the next couple of weeks, every time he tried to think of a name for his boat, this "Do it to it", kept jumping into his mind. After much thought on the subject, the casual remark stuck and he named his boat DUIT TUIT.

Bob and Millie Parnell are telling the world what they think about building your own boat. After putting in many hours of loving labor, they christened their boat, NUNCA JAMAS. Their true feelings are expressed when you understand the translation which means, NEVER AGAIN. Even though they will never build another, this one is a picture on the water. She is a thing of beauty and a thing of joy. Glad to have Bob and Millie and the NUNCA JAMAS with us at the Bay.

If you could see me now, you would see me on my knees begging you people to set down for a minute or two and drop me a note on how you came up with your handle or boat name.

Jim Westfall
3623 E. Granada Rd.
Phoenix, AZ 85008
Phn. 275-4062

We heard that there was a "Blackbottomed Flasher" on Borracho Flats over 4th of July weekend. Did anybody see her? Or maybe get a picture?

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Main Highway to Cholla Bay

Manuel Vasquez

We were unsuccessful in getting written copy on the Guaymas Fishing Derby. It seems nobody wanted to go into detail on all the problems everybody had.

Letters to the Immigration and Naturalization Service, requesting that the Border Station at Lukeville be left open through the night on Sundays, are being circulated for signatures.

For the fisherman visiting the Bay, it would mean another full day of fishing, since you could leave early enough Monday morning to get home in time for work. Besides, you know that when the wind blows on Saturday, it's always beautiful on Sunday.

It is not necessary to be a member of the Cholla Bay Sportsmen's Club to sign this letter, any visitor to the Rocky Point/Cholla Bay area is encouraged to sign as well.

Should we be successful in this effort, we could avoid situations such as that which occurred at the end of Memorial week-end when many, many people found themselves waiting in line at the border up to 6 hours.

We would all benefit and ask that you do anything you can to obtain as many signatures as possible.

Pick-up your letter at your August meeting or call your membership chairman (Phoenix or Tucson), leave your name and address and a copy will be mailed to you. Each letter will accommodate 15 signatures.

Your participation will be appreciated by all.

Kal's Rendezvous

Cocktails & Beer

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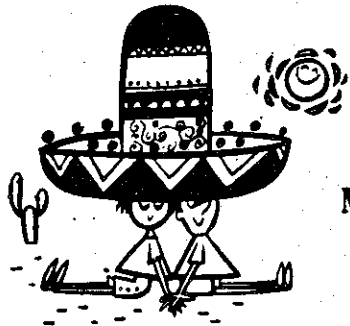
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August 2nd, we took the boat to the launching area and extended the outriggers. When ready to sail, the boat reaches a total width of 18 feet. Gene had designed the outriggers to swing in along side of the main hull for trailering. He preferred this rather than to have them swing above the main hull as most designs provide. We couldn't find the bolts and nuts and searched for 2 hours. Gave up and used old bolts, later finding the new ones right where they were supposed to be - in the boat. We had many visitors and everybody was very nervous and excited. This was our first cruise with just Gene and me.

We launched the boat in the afternoon still planning to go to Espinosas Estuary. About 2 miles out of the Bay, it was very rough so we turned around and anchored in the Bay thinking we could possible leave early Friday morning. No such luck! The wind was right over the flats from Rocky Point out of the Southeast. The Bay was very rough and we couldn't have put the boat on the trailer if we had wanted to. It was blowing up to 40 knots that night. We had the hatches open above our heads and I watched all night to see if our anchor held, but we were O.K. Old scaredy-cat, I was not as brave as it looked. I still was not sure about the whole thing. But, I have to do it anyway - right?

August 3rd. Even in the morning, the Bay is still rough at 8:00 AM so we took the boat out of the water and parked it by the Radio Shack to wait for better weather. Some friends from the Phoenix Power Squadron visited with us and we talked about our trip.

August 4th. The weather is still bad and by talking with others around the Bay, we decided to change our sailplan. Since the wind came by now out of the Southwest, it is mostly like that in August, and our maps and books show more and better harbors and anch-

orages on the Baja side. We planned now to go first to San Felipe, some 75 miles across the Gulf, turn South along the coast to Gonzaga Bay and then to Refugio Bay on Guardian Angel Island. In the afternoon, the refrigeration unit on the cabin gave up so we either had to take to the ocean where it was cooler or go back home. We talked in the evening with Schoonovers, Friedhoffs, Ormsbys and others and decided to go to San Felipe, if at all possible, on Sunday.

Sunday, August 5th, we left Cholla about 8:00 AM for San Felipe. I took some Triptone to make sure I didn't get too sea sick. We left with about 25 MPH winds and it was getting stronger for the next 5 hours, up to 40 mph, then it calmed down again. After I helped Gene with sails, etc., I started to feel seasick and took another Triptone pill and really got relaxed. I went into the front bunk and slept until afternoon. Gene had a ball - everything worked great - the boat handled well with only Gene around. The automatic pilot did a good job and Gene had time for some beer and relaxing. When I came out of the Cabin in the afternoon, we were out of sight of land, out in nowhere with water everywhere, what a feeling. Soon we passed by Consag Rock and could see the mountains from the Baja coming closer. The sun was going down and we were looking right into it. This makes it very hard to see the coast. We were never before in San Felipe and our charts showed the Harbor to be to the North. By the time we were close enough, the sun blinded us. We saw something that looked like a breakwater to the South. There is a light house in San Felipe, so we took off to the North to seek anchorage. The sun was by now behind the mountains and we could not find anything deep enough for a good anchorage, so we ended up anchoring off shore from San Felipe. It got a little choppy over night but the anchor held. We were not

very hungry, so we ate only sandwiches that night.

August 6th, We got up with first light and having breakfast, saw a shrimp boat coming out of the area South of San Felipe that looked like a breakwater. Later we entered the area and sure enough, it was a beautiful brand new manmade harbor. This does not show on the charts. We continued down along the coast, it was a beautiful day. Around 4:00 PM, we anchored behind the mountain to the North of Puertecitos, took the dingy down and went to shore.

I did some shelling and walked on land again. My sea sickness was better. I guess I am getting used to the whole thing. A couple of Mexican fishermen launched their small boat and talked to us. They wanted to see the funny looking boat. When we were back on board, they came over. There was no turning them back. They brought their own beer and we ended up having a party.

August 7th. Early in the morning, our Mexican friends came along side and told us they would bring us fish in the afternoon. We told them we were leaving for Puertecitos and the Islands. Everything was going great so we stopped at Puertecitos and went ashore for ice and a drink at the Cantina. The harbor here is very shallow with sand banks. Joe the bartender spoke English, so we had a nice visit and left after an hour without ice. The weather was good and we took off for San Luis Island. It seemed that it got a little sloppy for awhile, but not bad at all, no problem. I am starting to really enjoy the boat. Reading and sleeping in the hammock strung between the outriggers - great! Anchored that night protected by San Luis Island.

August 8th. After breakfast, we went onto the Island. It is beautiful swimming, shelling and Gene did some hiking.

We saw some fish and tried later to catch some but we are not very good fishermen. Gene finally caught a triggerfish and we kept it to use later as bait. We took a container of water and hiked to the saddle of the mountain so we could see all around. I didn't make it all the way up, it was getting pretty hot and the mountain is 729 feet high. We anchored a second night San Luis Island - Beautiful clear sky and stars. We felt alone in the world, no other signs of human habitation.

Thursday, August 9th. We left our anchorage and set course to Willard Bay. No other boats are in sight, not even small fishing boats. It was still dark and hard to see, so we trusted our compass. Then the mountain parted and we passed Willard Point and entered a very, very protected natural harbor. To the North is Papa Fernandos Resort and to the South Alfoncino, a little American settlement reached mostly by plane. They land the planes in the tidal flats behind their houses which face Gonzaga Bay. With a small boat and at high tide, you can go directly from Willard Bay into Gonzaga Bay. We took the dingy and went ashore at Papa Fernandez for ice. There were a group of Mexican-Americans having a picnic and after I spoke, they told me, "It is OK to go out again, the hurricane warning is over." I asked, "What hurricane warning!" Well, that's the way it was. There had been a hurricane warning over the local radio station in Spanish. We don't speak enough to listen to the radio, so we didn't hear the news.

There was no ice in Papa Fernandez Resort. They have propane for refrigerators now so they no longer keep ice. Shrimp boats will sometimes sell you some, or trade for beer, etc. There is a beautiful anchorage behind a mountain and we stayed the night. We decided to leave very early the next day

as we had observed that the conditions of the sea settled down around midnight and remained calm until 10 or 11 in the morning.

Friday, August 10th, we lifted the anchor at 4:00 AM and left the Bay. Looking over the ocean, in the direction we wanted to go, we could see lightening very far away. Since we were 5 hours from our destination, we did go ahead. Above we had clear skies and behind were the high mountains of the upper Baja. We motored only, as there was no breeze. About 15 miles off shore, around 6:00 AM, I said to Gene, "I can't breathe right, it feels like somebody is sitting on my chest." We turned around and saw what happened. The barometer must have dropped tremendously in a very short period but we couldn't check because it had quit on the second day out. It had turned dark, the shore was no longer visible and suddenly there was lightening all around us. Strange as it sounds, we still had clear sky directly above us. Needless to say, this gave us a very uneasy feeling. I urged Gene that we put our harnesses on and get out the life vests in case we had something to do on the boat. It seemed like the storm was catching up rapidly and very soon it hit us, what ever it was. We could not steer the boat because it was like sitting on boiling water and foam. The wind came from all around us like the dust devils in the desert. The winds must have been very high because we were before in 40 mph winds and this was far worse. Now everything happened quickly, one thing right after the other.

The right rear hidge pin broke inside, this created too much stress on the front hinge causing it to brake at the outrigger. The hammock was in between the swinging arms. Gene got into the hammock and unloaded the outrigger which by this time was no longer upright, but lying on it's side in the water. He opened the hatch and unloaded the

gas cans we carried for the dingy motor and the kerosine for the cabin stove, ropes etc. I tried to steer the boat as good as possible while Gene put the 5 gallon cans on the deck of the main hull. So, in between steering the boat, I grabbed these full cans like they weighed nothing at all and put them into the cockpit because they were about to fall back on top of Gene. He tried to save as much as possible from the storage space of the outrigger. The runways to the outrigger had to be disconnected and some of the cable was still holding. We put a rope on the back cleat to possibly save the outrigger - the rope was too short. The outrigger by this time was behind us and we tried to tow it. It contains foam for floatation and is very light. It stayed on top of the water and the waves would pick it up and throw it with full force against the main hull. It would beat a hole in the hull if it were to keep hitting and the hand rail was swinging much too close to the windows.

Just about this time the wind was over, but the ocean was still wild. A shrimper came by from San Luis Gonzaga Bay and slowed down to watch us carefully. He could see our engine running and we waved to say we were OK. The action of the waves was still quite bad at this point and we would only damage the boat further if the shrimper were to come too close. We were safe so he got on his way. If our Spanish had been better, we could have had him take the outrigger into the harbor. We were very busy and nervous and thought we could do it ourselves anyway. We finally cut the cables and towed the outrigger behind us. It was too light and the rope too short. It stayed on top of the water and the waves proceeded to throw it just like a bomb into the rear of the main hull. Gene thought that if he put the rope on the boweye and tied it differently, it would tow better.

At this point he said, "I will go into the water and change that." Being very scared by this time, I screamed at him, "You must be kidding - you are crazy! You go into the water and come between the outrigger and the main hull and I have to get you on board again, maybe injured - maybe dead! Just cut that thing loose and forget about it!" He looked at me, took the knife and cut the line. He was still not sure it was the right thing to do but he saw how scared I was. We put all our load to the left side where the remaining outrigger was still in tact. Now to worry about the mast. It was too much weight up there and with an outrigger missing, the boat was very unstable.

By 8:00 AM I called Cholla that we had an emergency but the contact was very bad. I gave our position to Jane Hunziker anyway, just in case we had more problems and somebody else might hear us. Very slowly, we made the 15 miles back to shore and into our old anchorage in front of Alfoncino. Around 10:30 AM we had the boat anchored, got into the dingy and returned to shore. The day before, we had seen an airplane landing here and hoped to find somebody who could help. By this time I was in tears and my nerves were shot. We were safe on shore, had land under our feet and it felt good.

After talking to some Mexicans and Americans, we found a Doctor and his wife from San Fernando Valley with an airplane. They already had a couple of drinks and he would not fly that day. We made the best of all this and had a good time with them the rest of the day. The ocean was the rest of the day, just beautiful.

We had previously arranged specific times to check in with Cholla but found that on the hour from the Baja side of the Gulf, you compete with the San Diego Coast Guard reports of weather and sea conditions. We also discovered that the reception is much

better when transmissions are made before sunrise and after sunset, when the sun is not out.

That evening, we reach Cholla by Marine Radio and talked to Phil Hunziker about what had happened. After such an ordeal, how good to be in touch with friends.

We had suffered considerable damage to the boat however our lives were no longer in danger. We carried many provisions and supplies and could have survived alone for a very long time. Our major concern was getting the main hull with the remaining outrigger back to Phoenix. The boat was too unstable to sail back across the Gulf, our trailer was in Cholla and we were in Alfoncino approximately 100 miles south of San Felipe. Here the few inhabitants come either by boat or by plane. There is a trail over the mountain to Puertocitos where it turns into a road similar to what we have in Cholla but that is close to 50 miles away. The trail has many disabled vehicles along the way that obviously never made it.

To be continued . . .

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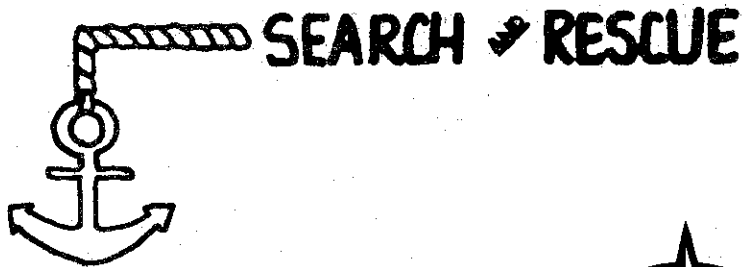
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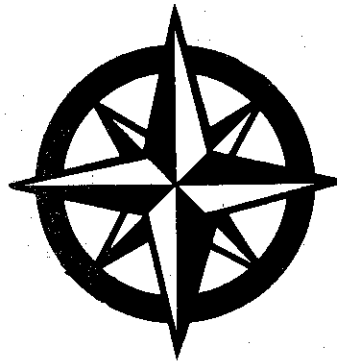
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by
Paul Schoonover



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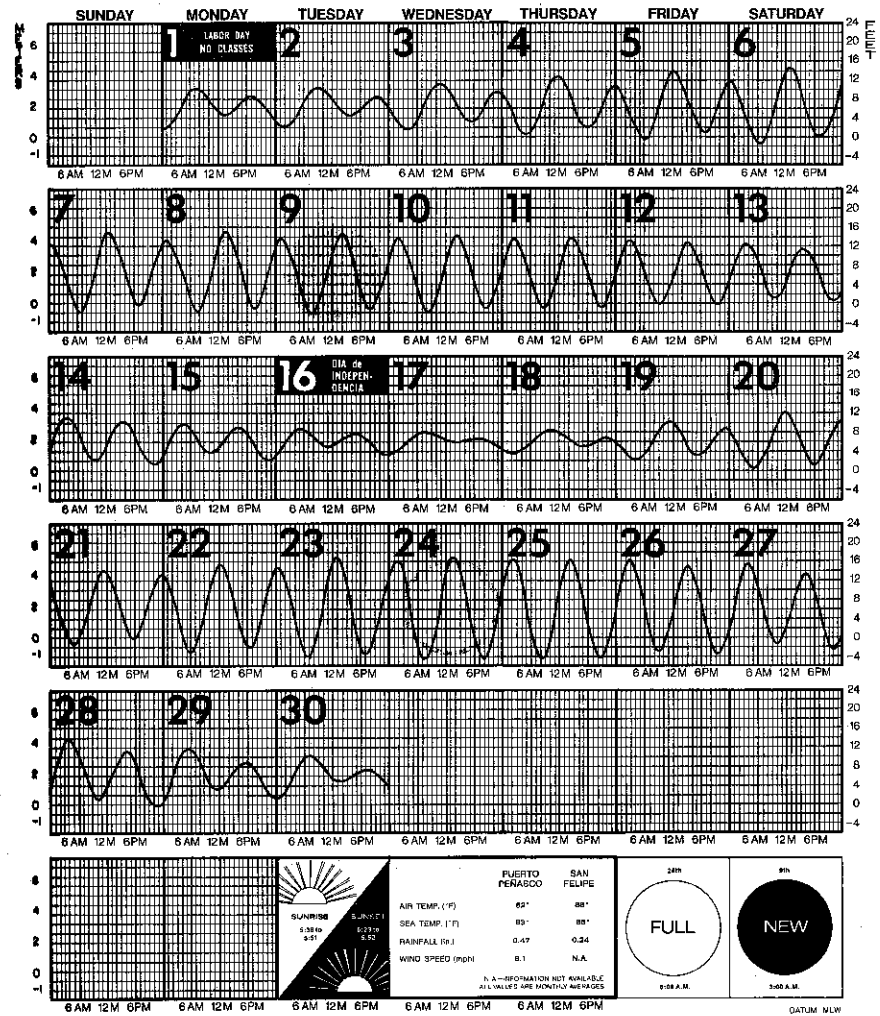
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" 23	5:56	7:05
" 29	6:00	6:56
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