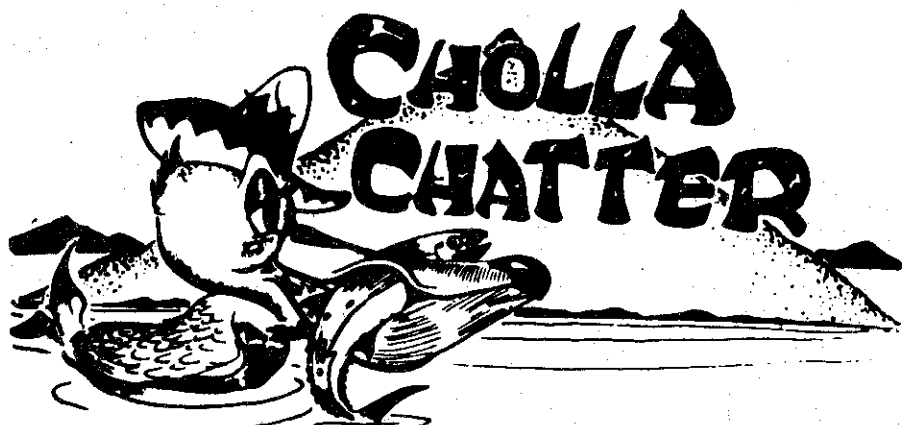


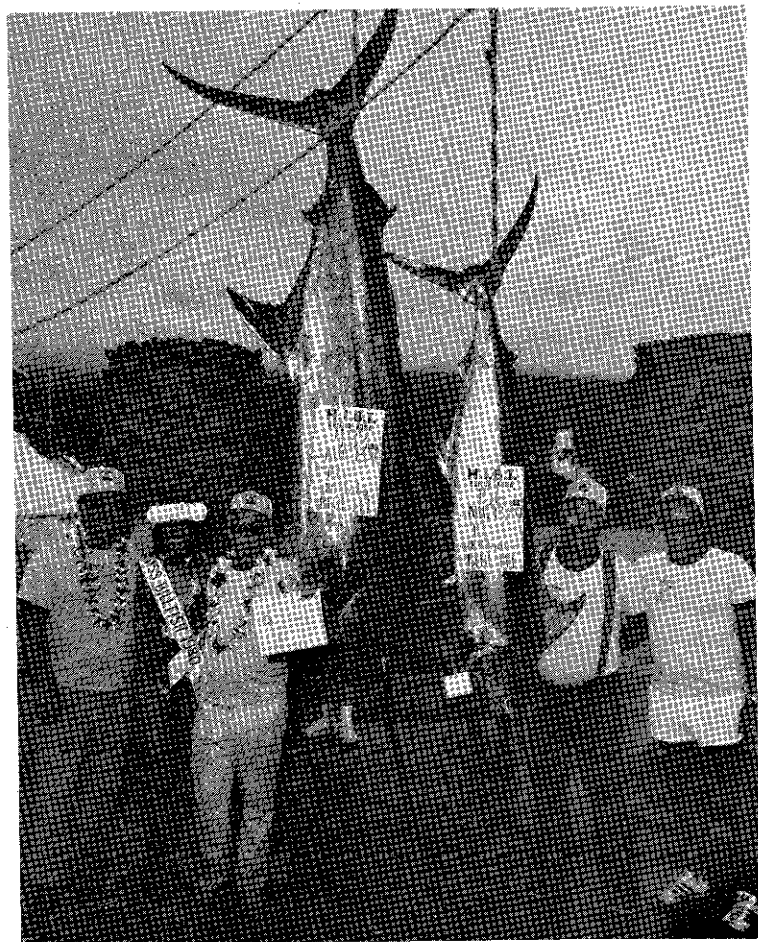
CHOLLA CHATTER



OFFICIAL PUBLICATION OF THE CHOLLA BAY SPORTSMEN'S CLUB

VOLUME 23, Number 9

September 1980



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

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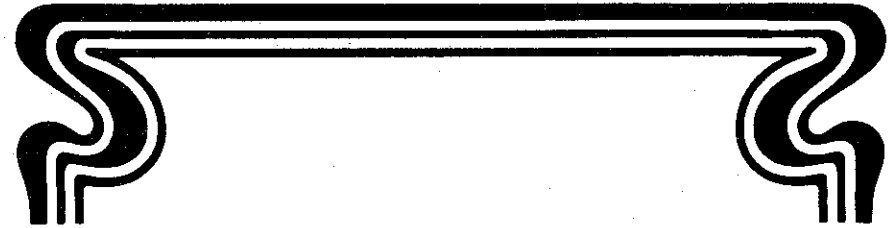
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DON'T MISS YOUR MEETINGS!

TUCSON

Wednesday September 3rd 7:30 p.m.

MOOSE LODGE

2180 North Wilmont Road

PHOENIX

Wednesday September 10th 7:30 p.m.

**HUNAN
RESTAURANT**

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

We know everyone will be sad to hear ~~that~~ we have reluctantly accepted Betty Munro's resignation effective the end of September.

We are now interviewing applicants to take over the radio operation.

We extend to Betty, our sincere thanks for her past devotion to her job and the uncountable acts of kindness above and beyond her duties.

We also offer Betty our sincere best wishes for success in her future endeavors.

Paul Schoonover,
Council Chairman
CHOLLA BAY SPORTSMEN'S CLUB

RENDEZVOUS at ST. GEORGES BAY

The date when announced will be in the late October-early November time frame and will be announced at October meetings and in the October CHATTER.

A great deal of interest has been expressed and plans are proceeding.

HERE'S WHAT THAT PHOTO ON THE COVER IS ALL ABOUT . . .

Bill Valentine

Pictured are Norn Saba, Miss Billfish 1980 Bill Valentine, Bill Hammer & Pete Schust. CBCS Team Number One

Man, we thought that we were up against some pretty classy competition last year when we fished the National Hawaiian Billfish Tournament (HBT), but the group we hobnobbed with during the just completed Hawaiian International Billfish Tournament (HIBT) just about boggled our minds. For instance, some of the finest anglers in the world, competed with our Cholla Bay Sportsmen's Club Team for the coveted prizes. Teams from Japan, England, Australia, South Africa, Bora Bora, New Zealand, Guam, New Guinea, South China Seas, the Phillipines, French Polynesia, plus many teams from California, Alaska, Florida, Louisiana, Utah, Nebraska

from the states

from the U. S.

and Guatemala, France, Hong Kong, New Caledonia and many more, were all roaring out from the starting post each morning aboard the finest fleet of charter fishing boats on this old Globe. 71 different competitive teams in all. Each fishing aboard a different boat each day.

For the first 3 days, our crew trolled lures, the 4th day we drifted live bait and finally lures again on the last day. Our luck for the first two days was zilch. We had a total of 2 strikes which were more like bill shaps than solid strikes. The third day, still full of vinegar & optimism,

we boarded a Sampan-style 46 footer, the BLUE LEI, and set out upon the beautiful calm Kona Coast Pacific waters in search of fame & fishflesh. Just before noon, as Norm Saba and I were about to relinquish our turn on the rods, the port (my side) 80# CB rig reel let loose the most beautiful sound in the world, as a mad Pacific Blue Marlin tried to eat up one of the most outrageous lures I've ever seen. I grabbed the heavy rig out of the rodholder, staggered to the fighting chair and 16 minutes later boated a thoroughly phooped little 156# blue. This put the CBSC on the score board, but just barely. Before the end of the day's fishing (4 PM), again while Norm & I were at bat, the starboard (Norm's side) 80# rig let out an agonized screech causing "ruggedly handsome, burley Saba" (an Hawaiian reporter's exact description) to leap nimbly toward the fighting chair with the dangerously bent rod clutched in his hot hands. Fifty-five minutes later, Saba managed to power this big beautiful 433# Blue within gaffing range. This magnificent fish moved the CBSC Team from complete obscurity to 10th place in the standings & gained Norm the distinction of having whipped the heaviest fish of the whole tournament to that point. This "rag murchant" did this very same thing last year.

The next day, the skipper of our cruiser, the LOIKA, chose to slowtroll live bait. The area chosen for this operation was in the vicinity of an anchored offshore bouy which attracted bait fish, which in turn attracted baitfish gobblers. After trolling small jigs a short time, the crew had a lively little Skipjack tuna which was immediately secured to a bridled 12/0 hook and released back into the blue to entice an "ole tobe" type. As Norm & I had already boated fish, our strategy was to have Hammer and Schust fish double time on the rod,

taking 30 minute stints each. Switching from trolling 4 rods with lures to just 1 rod with bait sort of screwed up our team routine, but we adjusted accordingly. I think it was on Pete's 3rd turn at bat when a big Blue Marlin inhaled the booby trapped morsel and poor Pete latched onto the largest fish of his life. The raging monster (estimated to be 400-500#), fought Pete gallantly for two hours and 55 minutes before finally gaining his freedom on a last minute desperate surge which snapped the overstrained 50# mono like thread. Alas, this beaut would have won all the marbles for the CBSC Team, but it was not to be. Pete did manage to boat a respectable 206 pounder on our last day, which allowed our Arizona Team to finish either 11th or 12th in the standings. We all sorta cried to ourselves when we realized that the bruiser we lost would have beat out all other teams and won the tournament. Oh, well, next year - maybe.

Our catch record for the tournaments we've fished as representatives of the Cholla Bay Sportsmen's Club is dang near perfect. Saba, our only 400# plus catcher, Schust, our 200# plus catcher, Me, our mini Marlin catcher, and poor Hammer, our snakebit Good Luck charm.

FANTASTIC! You guys have really made us proud to be your fellow Club members. But, come on Bill, no mention of "Miss Billfish", you know, straight out of Playboy and all that?

TUCSON CHAPTER MEETING

Diane Boyle

The Tucson Chapter of the Cholla Bay Sportsmen's Club held their general meeting on August 6, 1980 with 27 members present. Jan and Bill Lundsford presented two guests, Jack Hagan and Mr. Camerano.

Gail Kastin has resigned as Chatter reporter and a new reporter will be named at a later date.

The new Solar batteries have arrived and should be installed in September. A pot-luck dinner was held at Junior and Irene Drake's and the delicious food was enjoyed by all present. Look for some great recipes in a future Cholla Chatter.

Bill Lundsford, Jack Hagen and Chuck Dernberger, won the raffle prizes and the door prizes were won by Dr. Saylor, Shirley Peterson, Sarah Hohlenkamp, Anne Faulkenberry and Norma McKasin's granddaughter.

A memorial Fund for Phil Hunziker has been started with a donation of \$25.00.


The next meeting will be September 3rd.

Thank you Diane, for filling in.

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PHOENIX CHAPTER GENERAL MEETING

Marie MacGill

Have you ever wondered what the Cholla Bay Sportsmen's Club is really all about? Well, it's LOVE, FRIENDSHIP, SHARING and FUN. This was plain to see at our August 13th meeting. Because of the cancellation of the July meeting, and the not too frequent trips to the Bay during these summer months, we actually were lonesome to see the old familiar faces. We made up for some lost time and had a terrific turnout with 82 in attendance.

Dick and Floris Hickman came. They own cabin 402 and have the boat ME TOO. We were happy to meet new members, Jim Rahilly and Guy Labelle, owners of Alliance Insurance Agency and new owners of M. W. Douglas Agency. Rahillys and Labelles have also purchased cabin 130 from Mrs. Douglas. These two gentlemen plus their families have added ten new visitors to the Bay. We look forward to meeting them all. We had another new member, Jim Stephenson, his boat is THE EMILY. Chuck Clark was there, his is TINY BABY II. Ed Culver who owns MICHELLE LYNN, thanked all who were responsible for helping him to rebuild the boat after it had burned.

John and Joyce Mann (A.P.S.) and Casey and Ida Eubanks (Reliance Trucking) were with us. Casey gave a color slide presentation of the nuclear equipment being transported from Puerto Penasco to the Palo Verde sight. It was very interesting indeed, to see how it was actually accomplished. Many thanks, Casey.

Jim Westfall says Ship's Store still has a lot of tide calendars, look for a special you can't resist at the October meeting.

Verlene Barber, Sick Bay, reported that all of the sick people were at the meeting. That brought a laugh... Actually a couple members who had been under the weather were recovered sufficiently to join us. Nice to hear of your speedy recoveries.

George Rodgers is asking for toys and other items for the Christmas Party. Floris Hickman donated a beautiful, large, round woven wall hanging for the raffle. Tickets will be 4 for \$1.00, and for every \$3.00 worth of tickets purchased, you get a free ticket on a macrame towel bar donated by Mary Reinert. Tickets @ 4 for \$1.00 may also be purchased on the towel bar. We have also had a lovely macrame purse donated by Betty Williams for the Christmas raffle. These ladies have really been busy helping George to raise money for the Christmas Party. I just know there are more of you out there with clever items to donate.

It was reported that the police officer, Augustine has been doing an excellent job for us at the Bay. At night, his spotlight can often be seen around Cholla as he makes his rounds checking the cabins. He, with his wife and three young boys, live at the Motel. Members are encourage to provide all the support possible in appreciation of his fine efforts in our behalf.

The beautiful color photo of Cholla was won by Teresa Conner, Luck Lady. Door prizes went to Noël Jordan, Phyllis Abram, Mary Reinert and Ruth Ann Woodward.

Until next time, wishing you many fall blessings.

Thanks - - to those members and their guests for their support in making the "Beachcombers Dance" a success. If smiling faces, a crowd on the dance floor, and a sold out bar gives you a clue - IT WAS FUN!

Gene Diffie and his musical group gave us a full evening of danceable music, Frank Abrams provided the "highlight" of the evening with his beachcomber's sand box of treasure - which was raffled - Mary Parker sold the tickets - George "OSO" Rogers won the treasure (you didn't spend it all in one place, did you George?).

The weather even cooperated with us and cooled off so that we could enjoy the patio and the view of the city.

There were eight happy winners of door prizes (a couple of them were real happy - they won champagne). Several asked where the decorations of seagulls, perched on cliffs in front of a backdrop of blue sky and clouds, came from. That was the original idea and design of our committee member, Jack Ebert, and he is to be complimented.

This year's dance will show a profit and we sincerely thank all who significantly contributed to its success.

The Committee

We repeat the first home games for:

SUNDEVILS	WILDCATS
September 13th	
" 20th	September 20th
October 11th	October 11th

MEXICAN BORDER:

U.S. Agricultural Quarantine Information

The above form available from U.S. Customs at the border, is being revised, however, according to the Phoenix office, there are to be NO changes with regard to food items.

Ask for your copy at the border and keep it with your visa & insurance papers for reference.

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I wasn't able to make it, but from all reports received at the Editors desk, a tremendous time was had by all who attended the Phoenix Annual Dance. It was a lively party from the very beginning when the committee ladies appeared in their Gay '90s bathing suits, to the very end when nobody left until the band had to quit.

I am told that this is the first Dance in quite some time that has netted a profit.

All members of the committee are to be congratulated! Many thanks from your fellow members!

NOW HEAR THIS - - -

We welcome new members:

Albert & Alene Flanders
William & Alfreda Schrader
Clarence Potter
Richard & Nancy Bryant
The Babbitt/Caldwell Family
Jim Stephenson
Mr. & Mrs. P. K. Colquitt, Sr.

ADVENTURES TO COME . . .

A cruise with HONEY BUN, TWEETY BIRD and SUN WORSHIPPER out of Kino Bay, October '79.

The EMMA LOU's maiden voyage from Cholla to Guaymas and back in July '80.

This is the beginning of a new day. God has given me this day to use as I will. I can waste it, or use it for good, but what I do is important because I am exchanging a day of my life for it. When tomorrow comes, this day will be gone forever, leaving in it's place something I have traded for it. I want it to be gain & not loss; good & not evil; success & not failure in order that I shall not regret the price I have paid for it. I will try just for today, because you are never a failure until you stop trying.

TRANSPORTATION NEEDED!

Disabled Scottsdale woman collects goods (year-round) for 10 elderly teaching Nuns in P.P. Will you take 1-3 boxes with you (or an infrequent piece of furniture)? The Convent is easy to find in Old Town. The Lady can regularly pickup garage-sale-leftovers IF she has at least one person per month to transport what she collects. Call & let her know when you are going & how much space is available. She will take care of everything else. There is an immediate need to transport one large chair.

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- 1 pkg. Chicken flavor Rice-A-Roni
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- 1 Tbs. sugar
- $\frac{1}{2}$ t. garlic salt
- 1 C. diced tomato
- $\frac{1}{2}$ C. diced celery
- $\frac{1}{4}$ C. sliced green onion
- 1 can ($6\frac{1}{2}$ oz) tuna, drained
- 3 ripe avacados

Prepare Rice-A-Roni as directed on the package. Combine with all remaining ingredients except avacados. Chill. Halve and peel avacados, lay on bed of salad mixture, fill center with salad. Garnish with lemon twist.

Serves 6.



RENDEZVOUS at ST. GEORGES

The date and details for this outing will be announced at your September meetings and in your October Chatter.

It will be a late October - early November date.



BOAT NAMES and CB HANDLES

What is a swamp frog doing in the salt water off Cholla Bay? Well, to begin with, Randy and Maxine Hager and the old 25' boat, wandered the many beautiful lakes of Arizona. Roosevelt and Powell being the two favorites.

Only after baths, dinner and scrubbing the boat clean, would they settle down for a quiet rest from fishing. They would listen to the sounds of the shore animals and the waves lapping against the boat. The peaceful sound of the frogs croaking back and forth to one another lulled them to sleep each night. So, the boat was named SWAMP FROG and it has carried through on each boat thereafter. It might sound odd, but that is why there is a SWAMP FROG on salt water.

Keep those cards and letters coming!

Jim Westfall
3623 E. Granada Rd.
Phoenix, AZ 85008

Or just pick up the phone: 275-4062

Help your new radio operator to help you. Get your boat name on your trailer. The stencils are still at the radio shack for your convenience. There is black spray paint if yours is a light colored trailer, and white paint for dark trailers.

Many members have called for copies of the petitions requesting that the Border Station at Lukeville be left open through the night on Sundays. Many more are available, call your membership chairman for a copy to be mailed to you.

When signed, mail to your Chapter P.O. Box or turn them in at your October meetings.

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at September meetings.

Phoenix has received another
shipment of shrimp peelers
just in time for the
resumption of the shrimping
season.

A SPECIAL THANKS TO THE
SEARCH & RESCUE BARBERS

On our way to the Guaymas Fishing Derby, we had a blowout on our motor home at Santa Ana, Mexico. We put on the spare and headed on but soon found out that 16.5 tires are not available in Mexico. We had 1000 miles to go with no spare. With a couple of phone calls to Phoenix, we arranged with Don and Verlene to bring two tires with them. This would keep us from being possibly stranded. It's really nice to have Club members so willing to help out so far from home.

Thanks again,

Walt & Phebe Hohlstein

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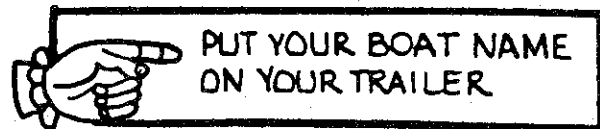
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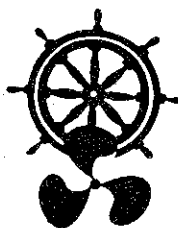
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Anyone wishing a complete copy of the winners in the Kino Bay and the Guaymas Sportfishing Tournaments, call the Editor.

The Maiden Voyage of THE 21 JEWELS

Hilda Erkert

(Second of three parts)

Friday, after reaching Phil Hunziker the evening of our accident, he contacted our son, Juergen, who was to bring the diesel pick-up to Cholla so that after I flew over by plane, the two of us, with the Jeep Wagoneer and the Chevy pick-up, would go around by land and get Gene and the boat. I will be coming over to Cholla on Saturday by plane, at least, that is what we thought.

Before we ever launched the boat from Cholla, we had notified Juergen to send certain repair parts for the air conditioning unit in the cabin. These he obtained and gave to the Woodwards to take along on their Friday night trip to the Bay since he could not go. You can imagine their surprise when he rolled into Cholla before noon the next day.

Saturday morning, August 11th, big black clouds covered the sky and we notified Cholla that we could not make the flight that day. Even if the clouds were to lift later in the day, the Pilot couldn't land on his return because the tidal flats would then be too soft. He would have to wait until the next tide but then it would be too late in the evening and there were quite high mountains to consider. So I stayed there, calling Cholla three times a day to let them know we were O.K. Plenty of food, except for clouds the weather was good and we had lots of nice company.

We had two more planes come in. One 6-seater and a 4-seater. The occupants of the 4-seater were Air West pilots. Gene became quite friendly with the younger pilot. He wanted to ~~sin~~ dive around the rocky coast line. Gene took him in the rubber raft, around the Bay. He planned to come back on his own but after many hours, Gene went with the raft to get him. He was getting pretty tired and glad to see Gene.

Anyone of these pilots would have flown me to Cholla, but we had already made arrangements with Leonard. The people in the 6-seater were counting on the little restaurant for food, but this weekend the cook was not there so they had nothing to eat. Between Leonard, his wife and us, we got enough food together to feed them until the next day. They could not take off today as they had planned because of the tidal flats. That night they slept on the beach. Surely they had worried friends and family back home when they did not return as planned.

One of the Air West pilots said that he had encountered many problems in his years of flying but never before did he have to consider the ocean tides.

Sunday morning, we had gotten up very early, made our 7:00 AM radio check and Cholla responded. "Don't come over, it is very cloudy here." We talked it over with Leonard and the rest of the pilots, then Leonard decided he would try it anyway. We had blue sky. Leonard said, "We'll find a hole in the clouds." So we took off at 8:30, 40 minutes by plane, about 120 miles. Leonard was afraid of getting into trouble with the authorities if he buzzed Cholla, so he wanted to set down right on the road rather than to buzz Cholla and go another 5 miles to the airport. We buzzed Cholla and I made him go to the airport. He didn't want to leave until someone came for me, but

I sent him on his way just as soon as I was out of the plane. I am not worried, come one will soon be out from Cholla. I wanted nothing to happen to him and if he waited around too long, the tide would come in and he would no longer be able to land in Alfonso. He did not want to be paid more than the fuel cost of \$50.00. I was very thankful and promised to send him a tide calendar for 1980. He had seen ours and obviously he needed one.

About 10:00 AM, I was in Cholla and saw Jane & Phil and thanked them for their help. Talked to several people. Juergen had the trailer hitched to the Jeep and ready to go. I had a very long list from Gene, of things he thought we might need in order to get the boat out of the water and home again. Talked to the Woodwards, Chuck and his children, Pete and Ruth Ann wanted to go along in their 4 wheel drive Suburban since we didn't have our Chevy diesel for a second vehicle.

Betty, like a good wife, was packing food and provisions for all, while the rest of us rounded up and loaded the other supplies and equipment, extra chain, rope, sheets, dry goods canned beans, meat and water. It could take us longer to get to Gene than we had hoped for. We had never traveled that road and knew only that it was bad.

We left Cholla at noon. Got into heavy thunder storms just out of Rocky Point and had more rain and washed out roads North of San Felipe. We stayed in touch by C.B. and managed O.K. I traveled with Chuck and Ruth Ann following behind Juergen and Pete. They had the trailer and it was jumping from side to side, up and down, it seemed to spend more time in the air than on the ground.

In spite of the road conditions and the crazy drivers, we arrived in San Felipe after dark. Very tired and hungry, we ate

from the ice chest. The kids wanted to sleep on the beach, but Chuck and I wanted a motel with refrigeration and showers. We rented 2 rooms right on the beach.

In the morning we got up at 5:00 AM, had some food and left the motel at 6:00 AM. From here on we had no more maps and were not very sure what to expect. The Mexicans told me we can't miss the dirt road, it goes right along the ocean. So we are going along the ocean on a paved road and come right onto the airport under construction and the new harbor of San Felipe. We ask for directions - Go to the airport and turn in the direction of the mountain on any dirt road South and you will run into the only wide graded road which will get you to Puertocito.

Well, it is this way, like the Cholla road, you will get to the main road true, many small roads actually, but we had a 35' leaping trailer along and it was jumping all over and 3 feet above the road most of the time. We could not make time with the trailer. We also got lost and an American finally put us on the right road which actually started back by the mountain before San Felipe. Just in case you ever want to go that way.

By this time, it was already 11:00 AM and we had made it only a few miles out of San Felipe and it is about 45 miles to Puertocito. We decided to leave the trailer back in San Felipe and go on without it and see if it is at all possible to get the boat out over the road. We tried to get some information on road conditions from the harbor captain. He didn't speak English but sent us to the tourist information office. That was closed but the office next door was open. We tried to find somebody English speaking. On Mexican spoke English, but he had been only one month in San Felipe and did not know about the roads. By this time everybody was listening to us and one man who seemed to be the

Boss, started asking about the problem. We explained that we had a partly disabled boat down by Alfoncino and were trying to get it out by road. He said this is not possible from Alfoncino, the road is too bad. But maybe a friend of his with a shrimper could get it to San Felipe by Sea. He phoned the shrimping company, talked to them and turned to us and asked: "Is your boat the 21 JEWELS?" They thought we had sunk the whole boat. We explained that it was still afloat and my husband is on it in Alfoncino.

Ruby, the Mexican with the shrimper friend, now spoke very good English. He translated and told us to go to the office of the shrimp company. Since we didn't know San Felipe and there are not many street signs, we looked puzzled. Ruby said he would take us since he had finished the business in the office.

The owner of the shrimp boats was very nice and was in contact with his boats. They had evidently located the outrigger we had cut loose. When he heard about our mishap, he said he could tow us to San Felipe with a sling around the boat. He also said his boat could fix everything and probably our insurance would pay for this. He was very polite and sorry that this happened to us. I told him the boat needs special things to repair it since it was our own design and home built and we would rather make the repairs at home. We also don't have insurance coverage on our damage. We would rather go along side of his shrimper up to San Felipe anyway. He did not feel it was a good idea. I asked him how much money he was talking about. After going around and around, I pinpointed him to give me an amount and he finally said to escort us to San Felipe, it would run at least \$3000.00 U.S. dollars.

Ruby was still with us, Chuck looked at me and we both thought that was a little too

much. We politely shook hands and told him we would let him know what we decided.

Chuck felt that for that amount we could probably get a shrimper from Rocky Point to take us clear back to Cholla. We decided that Chuck would go back to Cholla and see what he could do from that end and Juergen and I would go ahead to Alfoncino with the Wagoneer and without the trailer. Ruby stored it at his enclosed lot and we talked with his American wife. She gave us a Mexican map and told us that it is possible to get to Puertecito but after that it would be too bad, no way would we get the boat out of Alfoncino over the road. We left with the good wishes of Ruby and his wife.

We found the road to Puertositos, not too bad. Stopped in one of the houses along the road, where they sell pop. There were a group of Mexicans together for a siesta. One of them came from Mexicali and spoke perfect English. They couldn't see why we wanted to haul such a big trailer to Puertocitos. We spent the better part of an hour talking to them, bought some beer and pop for everyone and made some good friends. They told us that there was a riptide coming up the Baja, explained it to us and described what we should look for. They also said we would have to get the boat up to Puertocitos, there is no other way. The guy from Mexicali wrote us a note to give Papa Fernandes so he could tell us the best time to leave from Alfoncino by sea and hopefully avoid any weather problems. We thanked everybody and went on our way.

We arrived in Puertocitos around 6:00 PM and stopped in the Cantina. We talked with a man named Joe who was very helpful and told us where we could bring the boat and he would help us get it out and up the steep ramp.

In Puertocitos, they have big trailer houses, so Juergen and I decided, if they were able to bring those in over the road, we could get the boat out.

We left so we could use all the daylight we could. Joe said it would take us probably all of the next day to get to Papa Fernandez. When it got too dark to go over the unknown road, we stopped on top of a big mountain. Ate cold beans and corned beef from the cans and slept on the seats of the car with our feet out the windows. It was so quiet. I woke up in the middle of the night to the sound of a little field mouse. He made so much noise in the stillness.

We got up at daybreak, had sandwiches, washed up and left our lonesome night camp. Now we were on the worst part of the road, large loose rocks with very sharp edges. If you go too fast they cut your tires into pieces. We proceeded so slowly, that when I had to go potty, I told Juergen to drive on, I will catch up. About 10:00 AM, we reached Papa Fernandez Resort and looked over the Bay to see our boat. No boat, we got on the CB, no answer, where is Gene? We finally spotted him with the binoculars on the other side of the Bay. It took us another half hour to go around the estuary to reach him.

Gene had been in contact with Cholla every hour on marine radio and he knew that Juergen and I were on the road. Cholla was a little concerned that we had not yet arrived, however at 11:00 AM radio check they were notified that we were there. This was now Tuesday, August 14th, Gene had made the best of it. On Sunday, the Cantina had run out of cold beer. We had beer but no ice, so they had to drink it warm. Leonard had left Gene all his remaining ice but it was going quickly.

Talking to the boys in the Cantina, Gene discovered that they had an old welder and some wet rods. They had tried to put some metal on the other outrigger to stabilize the hinges and make it stronger. He also found out, as we had, that we had to go with the boat to Puertocitos to put it on

the trailer. After we had lunch and rested a little, Juergen and I drove over to Papa Fernandes to get some information about tomorrow's weather and the best way to get to Puertocitos. We talked to a grandson, who spoke a little English and with my little Spanish, he finally understood what we wanted. He took us over to his grandfather's house. Papa Fernandes was sitting outside with a nice clean bandage around his foot and a slice of cactus under it, next to a bad cut. He had stepped on something, his grandson explained, and he had two different kinds of cactus there to heal the cut. He would not drink any beer, pop or strong drinks until the wound healed.

We talked for a while and I could not really get anything from him about the weather. I went back to the car to find the note that the Mexican from Mexicali had written. I gave it to the grandson who read it to him. He then explained everything. Maybe he didn't understand to well that I needed his help.

He told us to leave as early as possible, go along the coast and watch out around 10-11 AM as the wind might come up. If not, then go on, otherwise find refuge at El Huerfanito and continue on the next morning. We thanked him, wished him well with his foot and went back to Gene and the boat. The boat was high and dry on the beach. At evening tide we tried to get it afloat but couldn't even after digging around it. The morning tide would be about 6 inches higher and we could get it then. We just couldn't get away as early as we wanted.

The next morning, around 8:30, the tide was high enough to start the motor and we were on our way. Gene and me on the boat and Juergen along the shore in the Jeep. We stayed in contact by radio. By 10:00 AM the sea started to get sloppy and by 11:00 it was worse, we couldn't make it to El

Huerfanito. We found refuge behind Isla Miramar. It is not a very good anchorage for a big boat, but we prayed that the wind would not turn and blow us on top of the island as a monument. From 12 noon we watched for the ocean to calm down. Juergen watched us from shore and we talked to him by radio. He decided to go on to Puertocitos, he had the hardest part to drive over the mountain and it would take him possibly longer to get there than us. He arrived at 6:00 PM. Since the ocean was still somewhat rough, he knew we would not get there very soon. We were no longer in radio contact. He continued on to San Felipe to pick-up the trailer. He was on his own and so were we. Watching the sea beyond our anchorage, it seemed to calm down a bit, so by 5:00 PM we decided to go on. We had to make it into Puertocitos by 10 PM as they shut down the generator and there would be no lights to guide us. There was a shrimp-er anchored off shore and we began to see the people on the beach clearly now. We started to have trouble again. We were in the riptide. It would grab the boat and turn it 90° without slowing it down. Gene had to go behind and steer, the automatic pilot did not like this. It was scary, we were just turning and turning and could not get into the harbor. The sun had set but we still had some light when we finally passed the shrimper and got into the harbor. Everybody on the shrimper had been watching and saw the problems we had. They waved and hollered at us when we finally passed them. We thank God, we made it. We found out from Joe the bartender, that Juergen was gone on to San Felipe. We expected him back the next afternoon. We called Cholla and told them that we made it into Puertocitos and they should not send a shrimper from Rocky Point or any other boats out from Cholla. We are very grateful for all offers of help, but our boat was now in a safe harbor and

we were in no danger. The weather was still unpredictable and there was no need to endanger other people or their equipment. We anchored in the bay and slept. The boat had to be moved three times that night, the water is very very shallow and we still had pretty good tides.

Juergen had left Puertocitos about 6 PM on this same day and arrived in San Felipe around 8 PM, hitched up the trailer and left for his return trip eating while he drove. He stopped again by our Mexican friends with the soda pop stand and rested a bit. It was pitch dark and he was all alone on this dirt road. Around 11:00 PM, he came upon a stalled car that blocked the road and three Mexicans were waving. He slowly approached them and saw one of the guys slip something shinny under his shirt as if to hide it. Juergen is alone, it's dark and he got a very chilly feeling. We hear so much about things that happen. He took the long heavy flashlight from under the seat and prepared for whatever might be coming. He could not pass them with the trailer on behind. He put on all the bright off-road lights and stopped. They approached and asked if he could jump the car battery. They were drunk and the guy with his hand under his shirt was hiding a bottle, he was not old enough to drink. What a scary feeling! Their car was started and they were on their way. They could drive faster than Juergen so they were always ahead of him. He had to jump that car three more times, then they must have turned off the road, as they were not seen again.

Juergen made it back to Puertocitos with the trailer around 2 AM on the next morning. We really are proud of our son! He tried to reach us by CB but we were sound asleep. He then spent what was left of the night sleeping again in the car.

We were in no hurry in the morning, since we did not expect Juergen back before noon. We went ashore with the rubber raft and there he was waiting for us. We had breakfast in the cantina and talked to Joe about a second truck in case our Jeep wouldn't pull the boat out by it's self. The launching ramp here is about as steep as the hill going down to the radio shack in Cholla. It is paved but slippery and has, on the right, the open ocean and a break water wall about 30 feet long. On both sides of the ramp there are big boulders and rocks. If you go off the paved ramp, you've had it. One try only, whether you make it or not. We made it. The Jeep wheels spun quite badly, but pulled the boat out and up the hill. Here we broke one leaf of the springs.

We put the boat on a lot by a Mexican family and paid them \$10.00 for one months rent, then took off all the electronic equipment. We still had a honeydew and a watermelon which we gave to the Mexican family. (When packed properly, they will last a long time, even in hot weather.)

Things had not run too smoothly from the beginning and we needed very badly at this point, to just park the boat and get away from it for a while. The Jeep now needs some repairs and we need a few ourselves!

We left Puertocitos about 12:30 PM and went through more rain near San Felipe. Around 9:30 just out of Sonoyta, the Jeep gave up. It had already made funny noises before out in nowhere in the rain. We had to take out the rear drive shaft in the dark and continue the rest of the way into Cholla using this 4 wheel drive Jeep as a front wheel drive vehicle. The U joints and the driveshaft had just been replaced before we left Phoenix. It was at this point that I lost my log book with all the details of the entire trip. It was in a plastic bag with other things and just did-

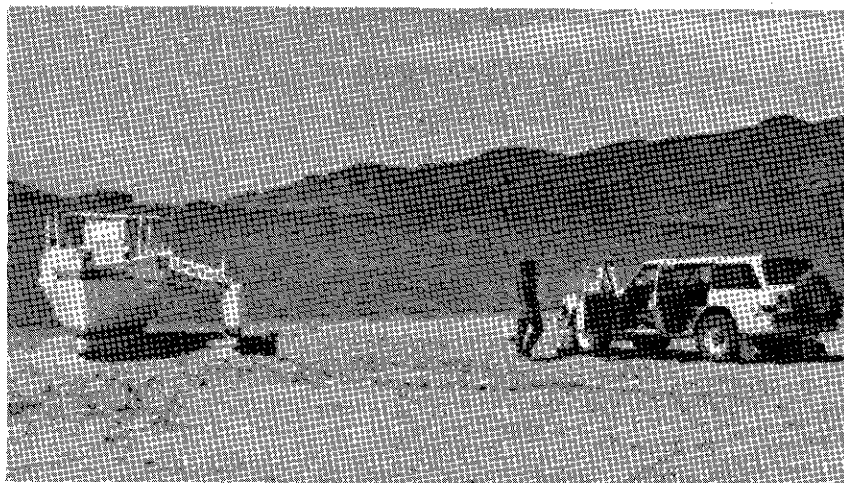
n't get back into the car in the dark. We arrived back in Cholla around 11:00 PM. Everybody was sleeping and we got a good nights sleep, too.

August 17th, Friday, we talked early with Jane and Phil Hunziker and thanked everybody. Made it into Rocky Point before noon to thank the Port Captain for his help. He had given the EMMA LOU and the OJALA permits to get us from the other side by sea.

We were back in Phoenix by 5:00 PM and I slept all day Saturday. We had had a lot of excitement and needed very badly to rest.

Juergen had not brought the diesel Chevy to Cholla in the first place because it was broke down. It will take us at least a month to make the necessary repairs on the two trucks in order to make the trip back for the boat.

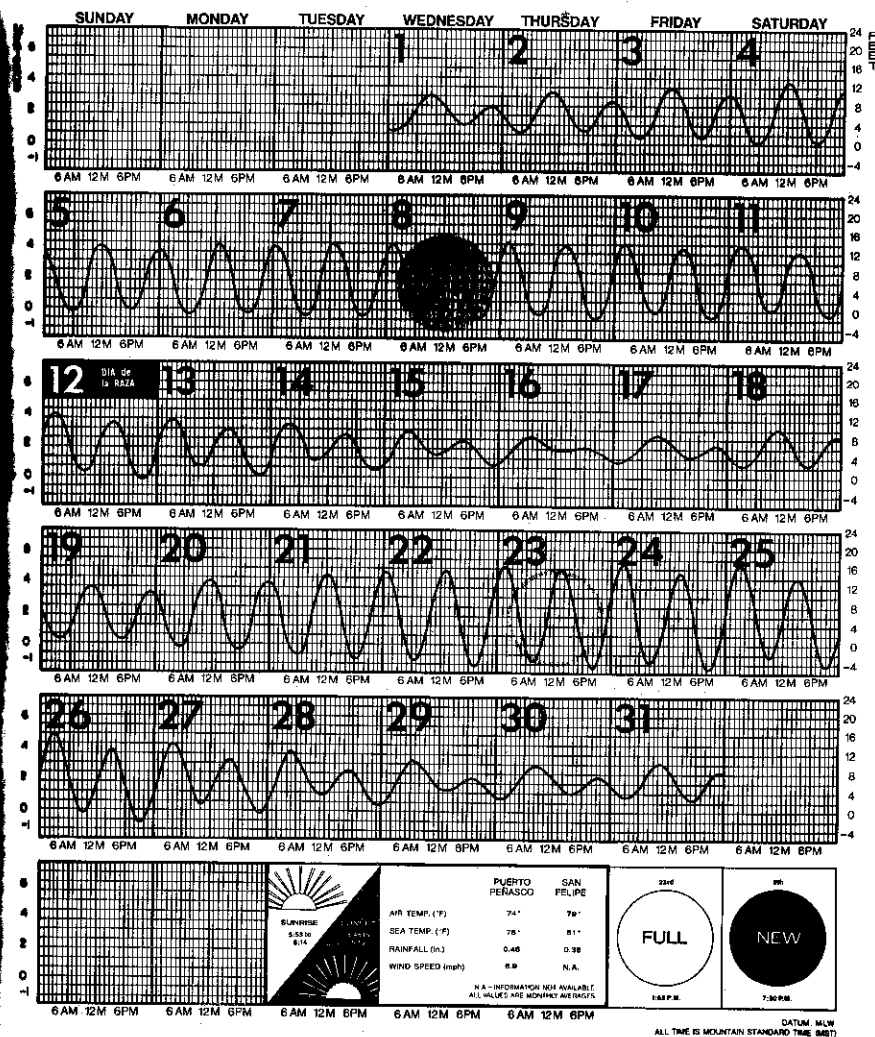
To be continued . . .



SUNRISE - SUNSET

Sept.	6	6:05	6:47
"	13	6:10	6:38
"	20	6:14	6:28
"	27	6:19	6:18
Oct.	4	6:24	6:09

OCTOBER 1980



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