

# Fishing



## "The Crappie Catcher" INFORMATION

HAVING HEARD a few favorable reports from the Overton-Echo Bay area, we decided to check it out for our readers last week. Our party was set for five nimrods and the boat was scheduled to set sail at noon last Saturday. The original party included Bob "Calhoun" Reid, Sidney "Long-Winded" Bishop, Ricci "The Monster Weighing a Hundred" Carter, Bob "Mex" Bailey, and yours truly. Mex canceled out when he suddenly remembered a business appointment he had set for the weekend. His place was filled -in by a last minute hitch hiker who had been left behind by Red "Nasty Mouth" Marion. J. Q. Hall was the fill-in.

When Mex suddenly recalled his business date, he tried to give me the business that I couldn't go either because I had the Riley benefit to do on Sunday. He wouldn't accept my explanation that Bones and Alice Key were masterminding that affair, and that I had nothing to do but put in my appearance Sunday afternoon, which I did, and had the time of my life. Mex should have known that neither hell nor high water could have kept me from putting Big Maizie to sea on her second voyage, but since he couldn't make it, he didn't want anyone to make it. Five will get you a yard that ole Mex stirred the pot, and rode the witch's broom on us. The only thing we caught was hell in double doses.

When we put the boat in at Boulder, the weather was like a mother's warm smile, but as we pulled out of the canyon and started into the big wide of the Virgin Basin, mother's smile turned into mama-in-law's dirty look. It was like going into a different world. The sky suddenly uglie-d-up and looked as ominous as the inside of a lion's mouth, and the wind got stronger than King Kong. The further we went, the worse it got. By the time we reached Goat Island, where we had planned to try for crappie, everything got worse. Big Red, which all the time had been playing peek-a-boo from behind the clouds, suddenly dropped behind the mountains, and it got as dark as the inside of a bat's nest. That's when we discovered that ole Mex had really put the hex on us.

OUR FIRST DISCOVERY, which seemed bad enough, was really nothing compared to what we were going to find out a little later. First, the motor stalled everytime the shift lever was pulled into neutral, and acted like it didn't have any plans to start again. Next, we discovered that the battery in our spotlight was lower than the stock market in twenty-nine, and was failing just as fast as big business was doing back there in the '29 crash. We finally got Big Maizie up close to the high wall at Goat Island when we made the shocking discovery that both of our anchors were ailing. The front anchor had two broken tines, and the stern anchor had lost one of its teeth. By this time it was darker than lamp black, and the spotlight was weaker than a candlefly. By the grace of the man upstairs, and at the expense of Ricci, The Monster's ulcers, we managed to get into a protected cove where there was little wind, and no fish. We spent the night, but don't think it wasn't a long, cold one, in our windless, fishless hole.

WHEN DAYLIGHT finally came, things calmed down a little and we set for Vegas Wash. The lake was rougher than times were in thirty, but Big Maizie took it like a champ, and within two hours we were back at the dock, and giving sighs

# SPORTS

## Chuck Harris

CHUCK HAILS THE SAN DIEGO TRIBUNE AND ITS STAFF AS A GREAT CURE FOR WHAT'S AILING THE BOXING GAME!

The HENDERSON BOYS CLUB received and accepted an invitation to enter the Amateur Athletic Union's Boxing Tournament in San Diego last Friday, February 18. The Tournament was sponsored by the San Diego Evening Tribune and the winners of Friday's matches are to return on the 25th (tomorrow) to compete for the AAU's version of the championship title. Sorry to say, no one from Henderson will be going back, but I do believe if the Henderson Boys Club instructor, Pat Winters' illness had not prevented him from making the trip, the outcome of Friday's matches would have been a different story altogether.

CHUCK accepted the invitation to take the HENDERSON CLUB to San Diego with only a two-day notice, and had very little time to get to know the fellows and vice-versa. However, I was happy to be of service to PAT who has all my respect as a fine boxing instructor. I only hope that the next time such an opportunity rolls around, he will be ship-shape and that the ALL AMERICAN BOYS CLUB will also be invited to enter an AAU Tournament.

I did carry one boy from our Club--our three-year champion, Featherweight DAVE O'NEAL, but, unfortunately, Dave failed to pass his physical examination. We are now having Dave checked out thoroughly to insure his safety whenever he enters the ring again.

THE BOYS CLUB salutes the staff of the San Diego Evening Tribune who take so much interest and provide the necessary safety measures in seeing to it that all the fellows are well and treated fairly and squarely.

Especially to be commended are the San Diego Tribune's MRS. PAULA KENT, Tournament and Promotion Director for an outstanding

job as well as for her understanding and sincerity with the youngsters--and to DOCTOR VINCENT BIONDO and his staff for their wonderful volunteer work to assure the safety of all the fighters involved in the Tournament.

With more of this kind of help from these kind of people, the Boxing game could again be the sport it should be. MRS. PAULA KENT has our nomination for The First Lady of Boxing. If more parents could see people like San Diego's "MR. JACKSON" who devoted himself to helping the boys in every way he could, perhaps they would be encouraged to give their sons the "go-ahead" to enter the great athletic sport of boxing.

\* \* \* \* \*

STANLEY "RED" TISCHLER, outstanding lightweight boxer of the "forties" who boxed with greats of his time as SANDY SADDLER, IKE WILLIAMS, HAROLD GREEN, CLEO SHANS, PETEY SCALZO, SMALL MONTANA and too many more to mention, is now training former Middleweight Champion of Nevada, ROXELL MOSLEY who is on the come-back trail. According to reports, it looks as though ROXELL will go All The Way. ROXELL is now being managed by IRVING STAR, one of the nicest gentlemen in Las Vegas. IRVING owns the Ace Loan Company. I'm sure that with this combination in ROXELL's corner, he is going straight to the Middleweight Title of the world. (By the way, he is seen every day at CHUCK'S BOYS CLUB.)

\* \* \* \* \*

DON'T FORGET: HENDERSON BOYS CLUB comes to CHUCK'S ALL AMERICAN BOYS CLUB this Saturday--Starting time - 7:45 p.m.--Free admission to everyone--MOTHERS and FATHERS--Let's get out and give the little ones from 5 to 15 a great big pull.

## Bowling League Open To Newcomers

ANY ADULT who enjoys the sport of bowling and is interested in league bowling with the Progressive Bowling League is invited to contact the President, Andrew Blackmon, at 642-0049, or the Secretary, Eva Simmons, at 642-9225.

The Progressive Bowling League was organized four years ago as a Church League of Bethel Baptist Church.

Presently, six teams bowl every Saturday at 4 p.m. at the College Park Lanes in North Las Vegas.

## Silver State Tax Service

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of relief.

We have told you all of this to impress upon you, as that last trip did us, that you should never put to sea unless you have checked on everything that you might need before you get back. Man, it is sure enough hell out there on a pitch black night with no spotlight, and no anchor. Don't let it happen to you. It will never happen to the Crappie Catcher again.

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