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RON KILDAHL, 14 Excelsior Street, Shenton Park. 6008 8 4680

IMMEDIATE PAST PRESIDENT:

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TOM CORCORAN, 112 Howes Crescent, Dianella. 6062 76 4034

FIELD DAY OFFICER & PUBLICITY OFFICER:

BILL MORROW, 14 Croxton Place, Osborne Park. 6017 46 5748

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LIBRARIAN & A.A.A. DELEGATE:

JIM STRONG, 380 Lennard Street, Morley. 6062 76 2126

AUDITOR:

BOB KLEIN, 14 Ailsa Street, Wembley Downs. 6019 46 1123

NEXT GENERAL MEETING:

The next General Meeting will be held at the Buffaloes Hall, Onslow Road, Shenton Park on Wednesday, 8th December, 1971 at 8 p.m. sharp.

INSTRUCTION PERIOD: At our next General Meeting our instruction period will take the very popular pastime of bending the elbow, along with a little supper. I am sure members will avail themselves of this facility, so we look forward to a large attendance. Rudy has everything under control, so bring yourself and your thirst along.

NEXT COMMITTEE MEETING:

The next Committee Meeting will be held at Ron Kildahl's residence, 14 Excelsior Street, Shenton Park, at 7.30 p.m. sharp. Committee men are asked to bring their wives along as a social function will follow the meeting.

DECEMBER FIELD DAY : 11/12TH.

WEDGE ISLAND

Sign on will be from 12 - 1 p.m. Saturday.
Fishing commences 3 p.m. Saturday.
Fishing ceases at 8.00 a.m. Sunday.
Weigh-in will be between 9 - 10 a.m. at check-in point.
See inside for further details.

DECEMBER DRYCASTING:

There are no open events this month, but we will still start at 9.00 a.m. sharp - whether "daylight saving" is in or not. So let's see a good attendance on December 5th at FLOREAT OVAL for L.L. Distance; S.H. Accuracy and D.H. Accuracy events.

LIFE MEMBERS:

MESSRS. D.C. BROWN: V. DAVIS: L.M. DUNN: D.O. EDWARDS: N. KNIGHT and L. SHAND.

NOVEMBER FIELD DAY:CERVANTES/GREEN HEAD:

Fifty in attendance and over a thousand pounds of fish, what a satisfying way to start the job as F.D.O. Every person who attended caught fish except 3 who did not weigh-in and they may have caught fish. The total poundage was 1030 lbs, the heaviest bag 68 $\frac{1}{2}$ lb by JOHN DEVITT, heaviest scale fish 2lb 14oz for JIM STRONG and COLIN BUCHANAN'S shark went 10lb 15oz.

The trip started well for RON & I, we were all packed and ready to go and be there in plenty of time for our first check in. But not so, RON'S mulies were still home in his freezer. We solved this after 25 minutes of dashing to Dogs Swamp (NOT OPEN) into Oxford Street (Fish Shop and Tackle Shop not open) back to Dogs Swamp. Here Bob Clayton's shop was open, so not feeling so smart, we headed North at quite a lively pace.

The check in point was reached 20 minutes early, proving that Land Rovers are pretty fast without Holden motors. We had time for a quiet can and some lunch before the rush. Everyone was checked in and scattered to all points by 12.45.

Our efforts to find a fishing spot did not start well. GEORGE HOLMAN informed us the road we were parked in for the sign-on, went to the Booker Valley, and wanting to go to this vicinity we took off. I can now tell you that road goes to the old Cervantes-Jurien road. So back to point A, time 1.30 p.m. 'Killer' decided the south point would be a good spot to get on to the beach to go south, so we set out once more. RON SHIRLY, KEN JONES, BOB and DOUG KLEIN were already set up at the point on our arrival. Ron, so well set up, we in fact woke him up. Bob gave us instructions to turn south into Whitfield Street and turned left of it near its end on a track which leads to Booker Valley.

Time 1.55 - we found the track and were off. About four miles down a track turned off right. "Will we take it Bill". "Not far enough south Ron, keep going". At 2.40 I climbed a sand hill and found we were indeed far enough south, as I could see Cervantes Island. in the process of turning around, The Pres. lost a rear vision mirror, went to retrieve it and was bitten by a sargent ant which he then complained about for half-an-hour. The turnoff we had not taken, turned out to be the right one and at 3.10 p.m. (fishing started at 3 p.m.), we were on the beach at Booker Valley with Ron still mumbling about ants. 20 minutes along the beach and one little job with the shovel found us at the Hill River. About 8 to 10 miles in 2 hours 30 minutes, a great start.

Lady luck then decided to smile our way. JOHN DEVITT, ERIC HILL, TONY SMITH, HEWY, BOB FREDERICKS and KEITH FLEMING, were lined up gleefully, hauling in tailor. Ron's ant bite was immediately cured, gear was out, rigged, and in the water. First cast a fish on each. I lost mine, but Ron's was in the bag.

Fish were biting almost as fast as you could get a bait to them. John's rod was bent everytime I locked and he seemed to be getting the best of it. Everyone was doing well though and there were no complaints. Before sundown, John was pacing like a caged tiger, fish still biting and he was out of bait. He was not lonely for long, Ron and I were out by sundown and the rest were giving it away, the fish had eased off and a can sure tasted good after 3 hours of fast, but comfortable fishing. Then a good feed, a pleasant yarn in good company, some red ned and into bed.

Morning did not produce much, a couple of herring only. Bob, Hew and Keith had come in from Cervantes, so we weighed all the fish caught here before leaving, 402 lbs for the eight of us. John was top with 68lb, Bob's Bronze Whaler want 2ozs more than mine, a 9lb 14 ozs.

With time to spare, Ron took things easy going out, as the beach was soft in parts. Hew & Co. were cleaning fish when we left. John & Co. in his buggy, came out with us to Booker and then went on to the south point via the beach.

So to the weigh-in. First in from the south point were KEN JONES, RON SHIRLEY, BOB & DOUG KLEIN and BARRY REYNOLDS, with a total from this crew of 68lb.

BILL UPTING and DOUG TALBOT from Pumpkin Hollow, were all smiles with 98lb of cleaned fish.

BILL SCHAAP, RUDY and RALPH LERCH, from the Kingie hole, with 31lb. No kingies though.

The burbling Baskerville Rover arrived from Greenhead with GRAHAM, LOFTY, COLIN BUCHANAN and ERIC SULLIVAN. They found that Holdens have different sized plugs to Rovers, so the pump would not fit the new motor, but the problem was solved and they weighed in 188 lbs. Col's shark being the heaviest on the day at 10 lb 15 oz. RON MANSFIELD, DOUG NEWTON, SNOW TATE and STAN CHAMBERS (V) had 36 lb from Sandy Cape.

TED SAVAGE, HUGH GREGORY and BOB WHITE (V) produced 37lb from the same area (I think).

44lbs came in with GEORGE HOLMAN, DENNIS GREEN and DREW SHAW. Dennis had the only Kingie of the day, 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ lb.

ERIC PARKER, TREVOR STAM, MARK TUCKER and NORM, STEVE & GEOFF & STAN RENSHAW, had a total of 46lbs also from the North. John and Peter COTTER who had the misfortune to lose a wind screen, on the way up, produced 15lb from the north head area.

KEN A. JONES with 5 $\frac{1}{4}$ lbs beat JACK HARVEY, DOUG SALT, JACK THURLOW, JACK DONOHOE AND JIM STRONG into the weigh in. Jack's crews total was 44 lb. Before they arrived the heaviest scale fish was tied between BILL UTTING 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ lb tailor and DENNIS GREEN'S Mulloway. JACK THURLOW'S heaviest tailor was 2lb 10 oz, JACK DONOHOE was next on the scale with one of the same weight, so it was again a tie. But then (as the song says), along came JIM, the last man to weigh in with a tailor of 2lb 14oz.

So the Pres., come Assistant F.D.O., and I packed it up and head home. We thank all members for their co-operation, it was a pleasure to run the field day and we both enjoyed doing so.

The tailor should be just down the coast at Wedge next month, see you **then**.

RON & BILL

FISH CAPTURES:

CERVANTES/GREENHEAD:

J. Devitt	Tailor	68	lb	4	oz
E. Sullivan	Tailor, Herring	64		12	
E. Hill	Tailor	60		12	
W. Morrow	Tailor, Shark	58		4	
H.Y. Hew	Tailor, Herring	57		8	
B. Utting	Tailor	54		4	
T. Smith	Tailor	49		8	
L. Griffiths	Tailor, Herring	48		8	
B. Fredericks	Tailor, Herring, Shark	47		14	
D. Talbot	Tailor	44		-	
K. Fleming	Tailor	40		8	
G. Bakserville	Tailor, Herring	39		6	
C. Buchanan	Tailor, Herring, Shark	35		7	
R. Kildahl	Tailor, Herring	31		4	
B. Reynolds	Tailor	26		-	
G. Holman	Tailor	17		-	
D. Green	Tailor, Mulloway	17		-	
H. Gregory	Tailor	15		4	
R. Mansfield	Tailor	15		-	
B. Schaap	Tailor	14		4	
T. Savage	Tailor	14		-	
R. Shirley	Tailor	13		8	
K.R. Jones	Tailor	13		-	
D. Salt	Tailor	12		8	
R. Lerch	Tailor	12		-	
D. Shaw	Tailor	10		-	
J. Harvey	Tailor, Herring	10		-	
S. Renshaw	Tailor	9		12	

N. Renshaw	Tailor, Whiting, Herring	9	12
T. Stam	Tailor	9	8
J. Cotter	Mixed	9	8
J. Thurlow	Tailor	9	4
D. Newton	Tailor	9	-
D. Klein (J)	Tailor	7	12
E. Parker	Mixed	7	8
B. Klein	Tailor	7	-
B. White (V)	Tailor	7	-
J. Donohoe	Tailor, Herring	6	8
L. Tate	Tailor	6	-
S. Chambers (V)	Tailor	6	-
M. Tucker (J)	Tailor	5	7
K.A. Jones	Tailor, Herring	5	4
P. Cotter (J)	Tailor, Herring	4	9
R. Lerch (J)	Tailor, Herring	3	6
G. Renshaw (J)	Tailor	2	9
S. Renshaw (JV)	Whiting	-	12

TOTAL POUNDAGE CAUGHT: 1030 lbs -
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ALSO IN ATTENDANCE: P. Isbister; A. Norman; R. Gibbney

HEAVIEST SCALE FISH : J. STRONG 21b 14oz Tailor
HEAVIEST BAG SCALE FISH : J. DEVITT 68lb 4oz Tailor

JUNIOR Heaviest Bag Scale Fish : Doug Klein 71b 12oz Tailor

SPORTSMAN OF THE YEAR POINTS:

J. STRONG Heaviest Scale Fish 21b 14oz Tailor
J. DEVITT Heaviest Bag Scale Fish 68lb 4oz Tailor
C. BUCHANAN Heaviest Shark 101b 15oz Bronze Whaler

50 members on venue comprising : 43 Members, 2 Visitors, 4 Juniors,
1 Junior Visitor

LIMERICK OF THE MONTH

Now Jimmy is singing this song,
All day and half the night long.
'That is the way the ball bounces,
But to handle those few extra ounces.
I reckon you have to be STRONG'.

FISH COMPETITION - FIELD DAY SECTION:

SECTION 1 - Points per pound. Ten Points for attendance, one point for per pound of scale fish. All fish to be legal length. One point per pound for eligible sharks; excluding Port Jackson, Wobby, Fiddle, etc.

TOP TEN:

1. G. Holman	274	6. E. Sullivan	149
2. D. Green	232	7. R. Fredericks	140
3. H.Y. Hew	220	8. D. Shaw	140
4. G. Baskerville	169	9. K. Fleming	134
5. J. Griffiths	167	10. C. Buchanan	124

SECTION 2 - Heaviest Scale Fish - 1st six months

G. Holman, 58lb - Wago

SECTION 3 - Most Meritorious Fish

Nominated at the end of season

SECTION 4 - Heaviest Shark (Min. weight 10lb)

C. Buchanan, 10lb 15oz - Bronze Whaler - Cervantes/Greenhead

SECTION 5 - Heaviest Mulloway (Min. weight 5lb)

G. Holman, 58lb - Wago

SECTION 6 - Heaviest Tailor (Min, weight 2lb)

D. Green, 8lb 3oz - Wago

SECTION 7 - Heaviest Salmon (Min. weight 7lb)

M. Dunn, 9lb 4 oz - Garden Island

SECTION 8 - Heaviest Trevally (Skippy) (Min. weight 2lb)

C. Buchanan, Spotted Trevally 6lb 15oz - Wago

SECTION 9 - Heaviest Scale Fish other than above

E. Sullivan, 6lb 13oz - Wago (Snapper)

FIELD DAY SECTION CONT'D:

- SECTION 10 - Heaviest Bag Scale Fish caught on Field Day (Min. 20lb)
G. Holman, 118lb 8oz Tailor & Kingie - Wago
- SECTION 11 - Heaviest Bag of Mulloway (Min. 20lb)
G. Holman, 58lb - Wago
- SECTION 12 - Heaviest Bag of Tailor (Min. weight 20lb)
J. Devitt, 67lb - Hill River
- SECTION 13 - Heaviest Scale Fish caught on S.H. Rod (Max. 12lb B.S. Line)
No Entry
- SECTION 14 - Heaviest Spanish Mackerel
No Entry

OPEN DIVISION - FISH COMPETITION : MAY 1971/72:

Entries to be submitted on correct form and the hand of the Recorder within 30 days of capture. Entry forms are available from any Committee Member. The final results below are those at time of print.

- SECTION 1 - Most Meritorious Fish
No Entry
- SECTION 2 - Heaviest Shark (Min. 10lb)
H.Y. Hew, Grey Nurse - 94lb - Wago
- SECTION 3 - Heaviest Mulloway (Min. weight 5lb)
Ross Cusack, 48lb - Swanbourne
- SECTION 4 - Heaviest Salmon (Min. weight 7lb)
G. Holman, 81b 2oz - Rottnest
- SECTION 5 - Heaviest Jewfish
No Entry
- SECTION 6 - Heaviest Tailor (Min. weight 2lb)
Ross Cusack, 81b 9oz - Kalbarri

OPEN DIVISION CONT'D:

- SECTION 7 - Heaviest Samson Fish
No Entry
- SECTION 8 - Heaviest Scale Fish caught on S.H. Rod (Max.B.S. Line 12lb)
W. Morrow, Queenfish 11 lb - Exmouth Gulf
- SECTION 9 - Heaviest Snapper
No Entry
- SECTION 10 - Heaviest Tarwhine (Silver Bream)
No Entry
- SECTION 11 - Heaviest Spanish Mackerel
No Entry
- SECTION 12 - Heaviest Trevally (Southern) (Min. weight 21b)
No Entry
- SECTION 13 - Heaviest Northern Trevally (Min. weight 121b)
No Entry
- SECTION 14 - Heaviest Pike
No Entry
- SECTION 15 - Heaviest Scale Fish other than above excluding Section One
W. Morrow, Queenfish 151b 8oz - Exmouth Gulf

FIELD DAYS FOR 1971/72 SEASON:

May 15/16	Garden Island
June 5/6/7	Wagoe/Lucky Bay (L.W.E.)
July 17/18	Garden Island
August 14/15	Rottnest
September 11/12	Garden Island
October 9/10/11	Wagoe/Lucky Bay (L.W.E.)
November 13/14	Cerventas/Green Head
December 11/12	Wedge
January 15/16	Flinders Bay (S/e Augusta)
February 12/13	Cerventas
March 4/5/6	Murchison
April 15/16	Margaret River

DECEMBER FIELD DAY : 11/12TH.

WEDGE ISLAND:

BOUNDARIES: SOUTH - Narrowneck Settlement - First settlement
South of Wedge
NORTH - North end Flatrocks Beach

REGISTRATION: Will be between 12 noon and 1 p.m. on Saturday 11th,
at the SOUTH REEF camp site. Approx. 1½ miles
before Wedge Settlement. The Club sign will be
erected to show exactly where.

FISHING: Will commence 3 p.m. Saturday and will cease
8 a.m. Sunday.

WEIGH IN: At registration point on Sunday between 9-10 a.m.
It may start sooner if the F.D.O. is there early.

APPLICATION FOR MEMBERSHIP:

The following application for membership to our Club has been received.
Any member having any reason(s) why he should not be accepted as a member
of this Club, is invited to contact a Committee Member.

SENIOR MEMBER:

HAGUE: David.
C/- National Bank,
Derby. W.A. 6728.

ROTTNEST HUTS:

Four Committeemen, Ron Kildahl, Les Reid, Rudy Lerch and myself, went
over to Rottnest on the weekend of 31st October, to replace the door on
the lower hut at Ricey. Might add that Les seemed to do all the work,
but we did a bit, as well as clean the hut out and restore it to some
resemblance of order. The door is now secure, the hut clean, and is ready
for any members who wish to go over for an outing.

Ring Ron for details re the key. The cost of transport is \$10.00 minimum
irrespective of number of chaps going for truck or bus. So if a few go,
it can still be a relatively cheap and enjoyable outing.

"WE ALSO FISHED":

There was no reason for getting up early on the Sunday morning as Bob Fredericks, Reg Noble, Keith Fleming, Don Bibby and myself, were not fishing competitively on this particular Wagoe Field Day. The day before we had overslept after the long overnight trip from Perth and were half an hour late in registering for the field day. Our Field Day Officer chose not to include us and we found ourselves out in the cold because of this technicality. This to my knowledge was the first time something like this ever happened in our Club. The Field Day Officer was correct in exercising his rule, but somehow, it still seems a funny way to conduct and foster the sport of angling when one considers that 4 of the 5 members involved have been with the Club less than 1 year. We sure had reasons for staying in bed that Sunday morning.

Natures call eventually got Keith up and he was seen staggering and vanishing behind a base sandhill. He was soon joined by the others.

The sea looked calm and the wind, which had been a blisterly South Easterly the night before, had now changed its course and was blowing directly from the East, providing excellent bait casting conditions. The reefs on either side of the cutting we were fishing the night before looked good and I remarked to Keith that we ought to give this a "work over". There was no response from anyone. I realised then the bitter taste of yesterday must have lingered. I did not proceed with the subject further. Instead, I turned to Bob and called him a so and so cook; there we were up for 20 minutes and still no breakfast!!

Bacon and eggs, with toast, washed down by hot cups of tea soon put some life back into our system. Some wise guy then remarked that we better catch some fish, otherwise, our wives will never believe we attended the Field Day. He said his wife reads the "Reel Talk" and he would have hell of a time explaining why his name is not listed.

At 8.30 a.m., we wandered down to the beach. We all had a few casts. There was not much offering except for a couple of stray tailor which committed hari-kari to Bob and Keith's mulies.

It was a beautiful morning; the sky was clear and blue and the sea lusty green. The sun warmed our backs, and the water proof jackets we were wearing to keep warm, were soon discarded. We fished on. After an hour of this, and very little to show for the effort, Keith decided to give bait casting away and try some ballooning.

The bait Keith chose was a one pound tailor. This was matched by an extra huge balloon his kids got him at the last Royal Show. When blown up, it looked huge and easily measured 2 feet in diameter. He was soon joined by Bob, Reg and myself. Don at this particular stage, was having a ball

pulling in small skippy one after another. Don had been burleying hard and this eventually brought the fish on the bite.

The colourful red, white, blue and yellow balloons, bobbing with the Easterley breeze over the submerged reef 150 yards or so away, were a pretty sight. This form of fishing is tremendously exciting as fish caught in this manner, are generally huge.

Keith had the first strike. We saw a big splash as something big had a go at Keith's bait. It could be anything. We never had a chance to find out as the hooks failed to connect. The line was reeled in to examine the damage. Something definitely had had a go. The reason the fish missed the hooks could be the hooks used were not big and sufficiently exposed enough in ratio to the size of the tailor bait used.

Another half an hour went by. Don was still pulling in small skippy. I rigged my other rod and left my balloon line in a "sand spike". I was hoping to catch a live, small skippy for bait. My first cast produced a one pound bream which I did not fancy too much. This was returned back to the water. The second bite was definitely a skippy. I missed, and as I reeled the line back, Keith, who was next to me, excitedly shouted that there was a fish on my ballooned line.

The fine 6lb line tying the balloon to the swivel broke and I could feel a heavy fish at the other end. I stepped back a couple of paces to gather in the slack line and as I did so, I struck hard and set the hooks in. The fish did not appreciate this and showed its displeasure by heading straight out for the open sea and peeled a hundred yards or so of line off the 650C Alvey reel. The reel holds 800 yards of 18lb Amilan line and I was prepared to let him have more. After the first fast initial run, it decided to change course and headed for Murchison. The fish was heavy, the heaviest the tackle, consisting of a Sportex 3904 rod, an Alvey 650C reel and 18lb Amilon line, had ever attempted. By this time, I ruled out the fish being a tuna or a mackerel. The season was not right and the fish was just that bit slower and not performing like a top feeding sport fish. Could it be a big grand old mullo-way? About a year ago, Lofty Griffiths, Graham Baskerville and I pulled in some fine 40 and 50 pounders fishing in the very same spot.

The haggling pressure finally turned the fish. As the pressure was applied, to gain back the first few yards of line that was the first time I began to appreciate that the fish could be in the 80 to 100 pound class. The weight on the line was definitely much much heavier than the 52lb mullo-way I landed here last year.

Wagoe is exciting country, but it is also dangerous. It is rocky reef country with deep water close in. At night when the sea is a bit high, it is practically unfishable. Hooking a big fish, quite often is not as

difficult as landing it. Along the 5 to 6 miles stretch of reefs, there are only a couple of openings one could beach the fish. Landing a big fish up the reef, requires a long gaff, is dangerous, and demands precise team work and experience.

Fortunately, on this occasion, we had a 30 foot opening close by and I did not have to make this demand on the boys. All that was required, was to play the fish in the blue water before bringing it to the cutting and beach it with the right surf.

The fish was showing signs of giving up. Slow and steady it zig zagged with the constant pressure being applied. It must have been some 20 minutes before the boys saw the first shadow over the wave some 50 yards out. Bob, who badly needed to have his glasses changed, shouted, "Hew you got a bloody turtle". This unsettled me for a few seconds. There are times you take Bob seriously and there are times that you do not. I chose not to this time.

The turtle turned out to be a shark; a whaler. It had hardly any life left when it was brought to the surf. We waited for the right wave and Bob's arms were true and sure when he set the gaff in.

Everyone was jubilant of the catch when it was realised we had a 3 to 1 badge potential on our hands. The rest is now history. The fish initiated the Club's new scale and tipped 94 lbs. The 18lb Amilon line, tested at Linnetts Sports Depot, broke at 23lbs, giving us a better than 4 to 1 of fish to line ratio.

The shark sparked some enthusiasm back into our camp, and we began to start enjoying the outing from then on. The fish co-operated in the morning and early next morning and we all had reasonable bags of tailor and mullet to take home. We voted the outing a tremendous success, and one I am sure none of us will ever forget for a long long time. I am more fortunate. I will have a Club 3 to 1 badge to continuously remind and bring back the happy and thrilling memories of the fight, and of the fine bunch of chaps who assisted and helped in more ways than one, so that I could land this fine fish.

HEW HOY YEW

NOVEMBER CAST:

With unusual fine weather prevailing, -making conditions almost perfect, 33 participants made an appearance on Floreat Oval for the monthly cast. I will continue to emphasise the near perfect conditions and then perhaps someone can explain why so many seasoned casters came unstuck; with few exceptions, The D.C.O. included. Was it the "night before", or sabotage, or the shock of a beautiful morning?

The morning began with the single handed open- still restricted to 1½ozs in order to put this event in line with an A.A. event that does not exist. Once again, R. TUCKER was humbled by G. HOLMAN by a mere 7 feet; these two casting 282 ft and 275 ft respectively. H.Y. HEW scored a creditable 270 ft plus one helmet worn by an enthusiastic marker in S. RENSHAW.

MARKERS - PLEASE WEAR THOSE LIDS.....

THE helmet bent the small sinkers, was cracked in the process, but saved Stan's head. Imagine what a 4-6oz sinker could do! Others to score well were G. BASKERVILLE 258, and T. CORCORAN 243.

The level line distance produced some good competition and some interesting and amusing sidelights. It is understood that dunking the line in the toilet thus making it wet, enables a caster to get more line off his reel. E. PARKER was magnificent here - about 600-700 feet came off his spool, but to his dismay, and our glee, in large lumps, affectionately referred to as "bunches of grapes", or, "birds nests". For some real entertainment, TINY is really worth watching sometimes. This event was won by J. DEVITT and G. BASKERVILLE with 41 points with RUDY LERCH 39, L. REID 38 and N. KNIGHT 36, all doing well. H.Y. HEW met with a severe set back in breaking off, but still managed to share the largest cast of 422 feet with G. BASKERVILLE.

The double handed accuracy was again won comfortably by G. HOLMAN (60), who really excels in this event. Other scores were not impressive and the best of these were D. LATTO 42; B. LEICESTER 41; R. KILDAHL 41 and J. NUICH 39.

The single handed accuracy saw H.Y. HEW endeavour to make up for his costly B.O. in the level line. HEW shared first place with R. TUCKER with 25 pts. Others to do well were D. GREEN (herein after referred to as the "learner") and D. TALBOT 22; G. BASKERVILLE and W. UTTING 21.

The overall points winner was G. HOLMAN with 114 who moved significantly into second spot behind N. KNIGHT, only 16 points difference. A welcome return to form put R. TUCKER 107 second. Bob has been having a lean time of late, but showed some of his ability for which he is renowned. D. LATTO 102, also scored more like he used to - pushed the D.C.O. out of tenth spot

though - careful Dave! A consistent B. LEICESTER 100 was fourth with the 'learner' fifth with 98.

With the competition moving along to its eighth cast in December, most attention centres on the top five with only 60 points separating them. Only 1 point separates George and Bob in the single handed open scheduled for February and only 11 points separate Graham and John in the double handed open which will be held twice - January and March. This stimulating competition generates interest; so get caught up in it chaps and roll up next month, even if only to hear the terrible derisions that M. TUCKER and J. RENDSHAW exchange.

Thanks again helpers and markers, and please remember, MARKERS WEAR THOSE LIDS.....

TOM & GRAHAM

NOVEMBER CASTING RESULTS:

S.H. OPEN

- 1. G. Holman 282
- 2. R. Tucker 275
- 3. H.Y. Hew 270
- 4. G. Baskerville 258
- 5. T. Corcoran 243

S.H. OPEN PROGRESS

- 1. G. Holman 793
- 2. R. Tucker 792
- 3. H.Y. Hew 775
- 4. G. Baskerville 685

L.L. DISTANCE

- 1. G. Baskerville)
- J. Devitt) 41
- 3. R. Lerch 39
- 4. L. Reid 38
- 5. N. Knight 36

LONGEST CAST

- G. Baskerville)
- H.Y. Hew) 422 feet

D.H. ACCURACY

- 1. G. Holman 60
- 2. D. Latto 42
- 3. B. Leicester) 41
- 3. R. Kildahl) 41
- 5. J. Nuich 39

S.H. ACCURACY

- 1. H.Y. Hew) 25
- 1. R. Tucker) 25
- 3. D. Green) 22
- 3. D. Talbot) 22
- 5. G. Baskerville) 21
- 5. W. Utting) 21

OVERALL POINTS WINNERS

- 1. G. Holman 114
- 2. R. Tucker 107
- 3. D. Latto 102
- 4. B. Leicester 100
- 5. D. Green 98

L.L. DISTANCE

	Pty.	1.	2.	3.	Tot.	Ave.	Pts
G. Holman	21	322	350	345	996	332	33
R. Tucker		351	327	354	1032	344	34
D. Latto	42	356	336	339	989	329	33
B. Leicester	42	330	329	316	933	311	31
D. Green	42	331	332	329	948	316	32
R. Kildahl	21	319	287	310	895	298	30
G. Baskerville		422	396	418	1236	412	41
D. Talbot		340	329	341	1010	336	34
N. Knight	21	360	366	360	1065	355	36
J. Nuich		286	289	329	904	301	30
J. Devitt	21	416	404	418	1217	406	41
H. Barrott	21	321	342	315	957	319	32
R. Lerch	21	409	370	407	1165	388	39
H.Y. Hew		422	B.0	357	779	259	26
B. Payne		305	313	306	924	308	31
R. Tichbon		312	285	316	913	304	30
M. Dawson	42	319	360	366	1003	334	33
E. Parker		319	334	179	832	277	28
L. Reid		374	378	378	1130	376	38
W. Utting	21	289	301	308	877	292	29
S. Renshaw	42	317	299	317	891	297	30
T. Corcoran	42	343	318	321	940	313	31
J. Lucas (J)	63	280	298	282	887	296	30
J. Renshaw (J)	63	264	277	276	754	251	25
J. Strong	21	321	327	305	953	317	32
N. Renshaw	21	300	307	334	920	306	31
F. Lucas	42	208	354	328	848	282	28
R. Fredericks	21	351	B.0	366	696	232	23
C. Campbell (V)	42	304	311	267	840	280	28
J. Oxley	21	335	272	286	872	290	29
M. Tucker (J)	63	315	333	297	882	294	29
H. Neil	42	B.0	261	260	479	159	16
R. Lerch (J)		-	-	-	-	-	0

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<u>D.H. ACCURACY</u>					<u>S.H. ACCURACY</u>						
1.	2.	1.	2.	Tot.	1.	2.	1.	2.	Pts	Tot.Pts	Inc.Att.
12	12	16	20	60	4	3	-	4	11	104	114
14	-	12	12	38	5	6	5	9	25	97	107
17	-	7	18	42	2	-	6	9	17	92	102
-	14	15	12	41	-	4	8	6	18	90	100
12	6	13	3	34	8	4	4	6	22	88	98
11	14	-	16	41	-	5	2	8	15	86	96
-	14	2	8	24	5	-	8	8	21	86	96
-	4	13	13	30	1	8	6	7	22	86	96
-	18	5	14	37	2	5	-	5	12	85	95
12	1	11	15	39	2	6	-	6	14	83	93
3	5	-	18	26	-	5	-	9	14	81	91
14	15	7	-	36	-	7	1	3	11	79	89
7	13	10	-	30	6	-	4	-	10	79	89
7	6	14	-	27	6	7	7	5	25	78	88
16	1	14	6	37	-	3	-	6	9	77	87
-	1	18	11	30	6	-	6	4	16	76	86
10	14	-	10	34	-	2	-	7	9	76	86
5	18	-	14	37	-	-	6	2	8	73	83
-	8	2	11	21	-	4	4	3	11	70	80
-	20	-	-	20	1	7	9	4	21	70	80
10	12	-	10	32	-	6	-	-	6	68	78
5	16	2	10	33	-	2	-	-	2	66	76
-	-	16	10	26	-	5	-	2	7	63	73
7	10	-	9	26	-	2	-	8	10	61	71
7	-	-	17	24	4	1	-	-	5	61	71
7	2	-	10	19	-	-	3	7	10	60	70
-	10	6	13	29	-	-	-	-	0	57	67
-	15	1	3	19	-	6	-	-	6	48	58
6	-	12	-	18	2	-	-	-	2	48	58
-	-	-	12	12	-	-	4	2	6	47	57
-	-	-	15	15	-	-	-	-	0	44	54
-	-	-	19	19	-	8	-	-	8	43	53
-	-	-	-	0	-	-	-	-	0	0	10

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TOP TWENTY

1. N. Knight	770	11. G. Bakserville	623
2. G. Holman	754	12. T. Corcoran	621
3. H.Y. Hew	741	13. W. Utting	617
4. R. Tucker	725	14. J. Nuich	587
5. J. Devitt	711	15. R. Kildahl	582
6. R. Lerch	680	16. D. Green	543
7. D. Talbot	680	17. E. Parker	482
8. R. Tichbon	671	18. M. Dawson	471
9. L. Reid	641	19. W. Morrow	452
10. D. Latto	639	20. J. Strong	446

OPEN DRY CASTING:

At the last Committee Meeting it was discussed and passed that all open events conducted in our drycasting, will have no weight restrictions in both double and single handed events. This will take effect as from the new season 1972/73.

This recommendation was dealt with at this early date so that members may discuss and survey this alteration (and any others), before the new season commences. In other words, it's getting the ball rolling.

CONSTITUTION:

The Committee has taken it upon itself (finally), to start to amend the Constitution. The process will take the form of endeavouring to amend or peruse at least one rule per Committee Meeting. This Constitution when it is complete, will be presented to each member for their perusal for one month in its rough state, and then put to a special meeting for amendments and confirming. When this is done it will be our Constitution.

So, don't say that you haven't been told beforehand that this is going on. If you have any suggestions you wish to make or amendments to put, write them down and give same to a Committee member so that something may be done about it.

NEXT YEAR'S PICNIC:

Rudy has gone to a great deal of trouble in having a look at various venues suitable for a picnic for next year's picnic. He feels that to get a suitable venue, he will have to book same now. He wants a venue with a good oval, barbecues facilities, shade, etc., and has a number of spots in mind and has been given the authority to book the venue he chooses.

"A LOOK AT FLINDERS":

Over the weekend of 20th and 21st November, John Devitt, Les Reid, and John's friend, Merv Money, went down to Flinders Bay to have a look at the area for our Club venue in January. I was going too, but had diff. trouble with my car and spent the weekend replacing it with the help of Graham Baskerville.

The three were very impressed with the area; consisting of deep surf country, gutters, channels and good angling reefs. It gave the appearance of having plenty of potential fish wise, and this was borne out by their capture of around 30 tailor and 3 dozen herring, plus a few bream, for the short period they fished. This area should produce tailor, herring, salmon, skippy, shark (including gummy), bream and mullo way.

The distance by road is approximately 220 miles, the last 15, being gravel and finally a little track. The road travelled was via Busselton-Nannup to Stuart Road, then onto Cambrake Road to the beach. They parked about 300 yards away from the water, as there was a hill to the beach, which can be traversed by four-wheel drives and beach buggies.

This venue would be an ideal occasion for the four-wheel drives and beach buggies to shuttle the others along the beach, although the water in front of the parking area is possibly the best along the beach, according to John.

The three levered John's beach buggy down and then surveyed the country in this vehicle. They travelled 7 miles to the rocks, came back and went approximately 4 miles west, but could have gone to the mouth of the Blackwood, so they say.

We should be grateful to these chaps for the trouble they went to to have a look at the area, so that we may have an idea of its potential.

Cont. Eighth instalment of "THE TRIAL TRAIL" by Dave Latto.....

We passed Mataranks and the historic cemetery at Elsey, now a national reserve to the memory of pioneers, many of whom are mentioned in the book "We of the Never Never". Passed the P.M.G. memorial to the men who built the Overland Telegraph, the big road train base at Maryville, and the vandalised stone cairn at Attack Creek, scene of despair for explorer, John McDougall Stuart, first to cross the continent from South to North. The realistic looking rock formation, Churchill's Head, caught our attention, and Joy's photographic talent recorded the occasion for us.

Eventually, the scrub and spinefex miles brought us to Three Ways, the big road house complex at the junction of the Stuart and Barkly Highways. We went the extra 19 miles to Tennant Creek to seek attention for an oil seep on the Rover's off side front wheel, which proved to be a loose brake hose, and not as I had feared, a faulty oil seal. Repairs effected, we drove around town, admired paintings in a little art gallery off the main street, and finally, arrived at the wonderful gemstone collection in the Post Office. If we were impressed by the mineral display of the district, then the opposite was the case when confronted by the bare, dusty and crowded caravan park with its chorus of chained, but very vocal dogs. It was also the first of the "Key money" parks we encountered, where a deposit of a dollar (refunded on departure) obtained a key to toilet and shower. Some planning was necessary if both sexes needed the key at the same time. No doubt it was hoped to discourage "blowins", but I have reason to doubt its success, for those on the inside, variably let in their mates. The ground in this region was so hard, that soak drainage is nearly impossible, and frequent pumping by a waste disposal truck was necessary, to prevent flooding of water from the septic systems.

The diary of Tuesday, 28.7.70, records our passing Avon Downs Station, and the start of the great plains at Rankin River, a store, police station and cattle yards, with the inevitable sign reading, "To race-course". Most places to date, be they large or small, or just wayside pubs, had a race course somewhere in the vicinity. Here, the dark, stoney earth, showed through the spinefex like scabs on the hide of a mangy dog, while dotted far and near were empty bitumen drums, driven from huge rusting stacks, by the strong winds of this almost treeless region. The heat, (around the middle 80's), rising from the plain, delighted the children with their first sight of mirages, and served as a reminder to me that we were travelling in the mild temperature of the "dry" season. We made one of our now rare lunch stops, on station property named, very aptly, "Rocklands", and discovered the stones of this region to be real collectors items. Many were Agate, and when the larger were cracked open, they revealed patterns of wonderous design and colour.

Four miles further on, through a much defaced border sign, was our first Queensland town, Camooweal. Since school days, I had always imagined Camooweal to be a large thriving town, and wasn't prepared for the collection of corrugated iron and rusting vehicle bodies it was. A sign on a long, long building read, "Post Office/Hotel", so with letters to post, I climbed the steps to the wide verandah, and asked a lass which end was the P.O. Between giggles, she explained that Post Office was the pubs name and the real P.O. was down the street. The drunk, staring into the heat hazed distance as I walked up the steps, had passed out, and lay in the hot sun, oblivious to the flies and dumb city tourists asking dumb city questions. I envied him.

Fuel from a modern service station, some well priced steak, 55 cents a lb, later found to be on a par with that of Halls Creek in regards to quality,

and that was Camooweal!!!

Long before the tourist reaches "The Isa", he becomes aware of the existence of this large mining town on the banks of the Leichardt River. A smudge of black smoke from copper smelters below the great red and white banded smoke stack, at one time reputed to be the tallest in the Southern Hemisphere, is visible for many miles in all directions. Mt. Isa is a hot, bustling city of 21,000 people, most of whom earn their living from the copper, lead, silver and allied mining activities, of this region. It has modern shops and houses and wide busy streets (there is said to be one vehicle to every three people). It also had two van crammed parks, one of which, The Sunset, grudgingly allotted us a rough gravelly spot right near the entrance gate. This was a distinct change from rough gravelly spots at the back of most parks to date, and was fine except every car in the place seemed to be either coming or going all night. However, we were close to the shop and a set of transportable shower-toilet blocks. The first we had seen of this type, and they had an ample supply of hot water and were very clean and serviceable, needing only to be disconnected from the drainage system, and wheels replaced to be mobile.

When in parks, we tried to camp as far from vans etc. as possible, neither wishing to intrude on the scant privacy of others, nor have them intrude on us. We had made camp in this way, and were returning from the shop, when to my horror, not six feet from our caravenette wall, three rough looking types were busy arranging a camp trailer. With some misgivings as to the sort of talk we could expect to overhear (our transistor radio had long since succumbed to the rigours of travel), we passed the time of day and set about preparing the evening meal in the open behind the trailer as usual. Perhaps guessing our thoughts, the three, after shaves and showers, came over for a talk. They proved to be very decent fellows, and we all sat late into the warm evening, poring over maps by the gas lamps bright light, and chasing assorted insects from many cups of tea. They told us of their safari to the borders of Arnhem Land, of wild rugged and beautiful scenery, of barramundi, wild duck, geese, buffalo and tracks that had twice wrecked their trailer, and caused them now, to come to Isa seeking parts and repairs to their four-wheel drive truck. On the back of this truck was a well fitted out kitchen/dining/living room, complete with a large gas powered deep freezer packed with fish and game. A rack on top carried assorted camp and fishing gear, rods, fish traps etc., while both camp trailer (which carried a large aluminium boat when not in service as a bedroom) and truck had lockers fitted where ever design permitted. Judging by their equipment, it was evident they spent a lot of time at this type of living. We met them again later, at Port Douglas, just north of Cairns, as they were returning home to South Australia, after an unsuccessful fishing trip to Cooktown. They were real adventurers.

While the Rover received a service, we visited the publicity department of Mt. Isa Mines, situated in a modern, two storied, air conditioned office complex. Along with extreme courtesy, we received pamphlets dealing in detail with all aspects of the Company's activities, and an invitation to join a group for a tour of the surface workings (two a day). Joy and Rochelle were not very keen on that, and I wanted to go on an underground tour. A wait of one week was necessary for this, and we did not think the campsite by the park gate was worth it.

I tried unsuccessfully to find someone to repair a burner on our gas stove. The gas lamp also needed attention, and although I carried a fair kit of tools, none seemed suitable. I had tried in Tennant Creek, but had run into the unconcern of the North for people in a hurry. "Yes", they said, "there is a bloke, he is probably at so-and-so's store". So-and-so's store said he could be in Darwin, or Alice Springs, or even Mt Isa. No-one we asked seemed quite sure, and the story continued in like vein at Mt. Isa. We finally abonded the idea of having the equipment serviced before Cairns.

I was charged \$2.50 for a bottle of gas which to date had cost no more than 55 cents. After arguing this point, I was told, "This is Mt. Isa and everything is expensive here". This was true with regard to food items, fresh milk (transported from Malanda on the Atherton tableland) was 17 cents a pint carton, while fresh fruit, our substitute for vegetables, was prohibitive. A check around the town on gas prices, showed the correct price to be 71 cents. We had to wait 2 hours to see the manager, and this delayed our departure till 4 o'clock, but that \$1.79 had a good feel to it, as the Rover laboured up the winding, hilly road, to Cloncurry, and the Isa's red banded sentinel melted into the heat haze of late afternoon, leaving only a thin pennant of black smoke to be swallowed finally by time and distance.

cont., next month.

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