
<u>PRESIDENT:</u>		
RON KILDAHL, 14 Excelsior Street, Shenton Park. 6008		8 4680
<u>IMMEDIATE PAST PRESIDENT:</u>		
JACK HARVEY, 78 Eric Street, Cottesloe. 6011		31 2327
<u>SECRETARY:</u>		
DOUG NEWTON, 42 Simper Street, Wembley. 6014		87 2320
<u>TREASURER:</u>		
DENNIS GREEN, 28 Kempenfeldt Ave. Sorrento. 6020		47 2629
<u>SENIOR VICE PRESIDENT, FIELD DAY OFFICER & PUBLICITY OFFICER:</u>		
LES REID, 19 Aparara Way, Nollamara. 6061		49 3831
<u>JUNIOR VICE PRESIDENT, "REEL TALK" EDITOR & A.A.A. DELEGATE:</u>		
GEORGE HOLMAN, 32 Lyndhurst Street, Dianella. 6062 (Work)		71 6166
<u>SOCIAL ORGANISER:</u>		
RUDY LERCH, 107 Ravenswood Drive, Nollamara. 6061 (Work)		76 5093
<u>RECORDER & SPORTSMAN OF YEAR RECORDS:</u>		
DOUG TALBOT, 11 Falmouth Ave. City Beach. 6015		85 9297
<u>DRYCASTING OFFICER:</u>		
TOM CORCORAN, 112 Howes Crescent, Dianella. 6062		76 4034
<u>ASSISTANT FIELD DAY OFFICER:</u>		
BILL MORROW, 14 Croxton Place, Osborne Park. 6017		46 5748
<u>ASSISTANT DRYCASTING OFFICER & ASST. "REEL TALK" PUBLISHER:</u>		
GRAHAM BASKERVILLE, 28 Duke Street, Karrinyup. 6018 (Work)		68 3334
<u>LIBRARIAN & A.A.A. DELEGATE:</u>		
JIM STRONG, 380 Lennard Street, Morley. 6062		76 2126
<u>AUDITOR:</u>		
BOB KLEIN, 14 Ailsa Street, Wembley Downs. 6019		46 1123

NEXT GENERAL MEETING:

The next General Meeting will be held in the Buffaloes Hall, Onslow Road, Shenton Park on Wednesday, 13th October, 1971 at 8 p.m. sharp.

INSTRUCTION PERIOD: At our next General Meeting, myself (George Holman), Bob Tucker and others, will give instruction on reels, rigs and anything that members wish to discuss. Come along armed with all your questions and we will endeavour to answer them.

NEXT COMMITTEE MEETING:

The next Committee Meeting will be held in the Buffaloes Hall, Onslow Road, Shenton Park on Thursday, 21st October, 1971 at 7.30 p.m. sharp.

OCTOBER FIELD DAY : 9/10/11th :

LUCKY BAY/WAGOE

This venue will be held at Lucky Bay/Wagoe on the long weekend, 9th, 10th and 11th October. Signing on will be from 11-12 a.m. on Saturday. Fishing commences 2 p.m. Saturday and ceases at 8 a.m. Monday. Weigh-in on Sunday will be compulsory from 12noon - 1p.m. and Monday morning's weigh-in will be from 8.30-9.30. Come on fellas, let's see a good attendance.

OCTOBER DRYCASTING:

Casting will be held on the Floreat Oval on the 3rd October to start at 9.00 a.m. sharp. The usual L.L. Distance, D.H. Accuracy, S.H. Accuracy events will be preceded by the Level Line Open using a 4oz sinker. Pour on the attendance and impress our visitors with our Club's enthusiasm.

LIFE MEMBERS:

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

SEPTEMBER FIELD DAY:

GARDEN ISLAND

Garden Island, sounds like an island of enchantment, where people can go and get away from it all; just laze in the sun, swim in the protected waters of the bays, fish - fish, now that's a dirty word for the greater percentage of the 44 members who attended this venue. The fish caught and weighed (until the boys' from the Caves area turned up) would have fitted into a sardine tin with room left over.

The water looked inviting - for swimming. The tide was very low and the many reefs standing right out of the water, a condition I had not seen since joining the Club. Wind from the N.E. is a dead loss for fishing at Garden Island, as this could have improved the conditions.

There was not a single tailor caught, although DOUG NEWTON had one on, but!

Members were spread out from the "planks" in the south end, to beyond the Caves in the north. Unusual was the fact, that very few fished the "Skippy" hole and as most of you know, this is a very popular spot that is known for results. DOUG NEWTON and SNOW TATE, after fishing the "planks" area without success, moved up to the hole and here DOUG caught the heaviest scale fish on the venue, a 11b 12oz Mulloway (bait size really). Anyway, Doug cleaned up a small sweep that was running and also a portion of the Club sweep. After this fish, not a bite between them, so Doug and Snow, moved on back to the hut, to have a large cook up. Honestly they had enough of whatever it was in the pot, to feed an army. When I commented on the size of the feed, Snow muttered something about another couple of blokes expected for tea. However, I noticed Doug with knife and fork ready and I must admit I was slightly envious.

Thirty odd, keen, alert fishermen, were on the first boat and could hardly wait for it to be tied up. Approaching the Island, TED SAVAGE was in that much of a hurry to get out of the cabin, that he forgot to open the sliding door, knocking it off its track. How keen can you get? GRAHAM BASKERVILLE and ERIC SULLIVAN were off as soon as the boat stopped moving to "case the joint", starting off at the "back beach" and heading north to the "Guns".

The gear was soon off with most of the members pitching in, and it wasn't long before all the essentials were on the ground in front of the large hut. Quickly sorting out their possessions, some to go in the huts, the other to be loaded back on the trucks bound for the "guns" and "caves" areas. DREW SHAW was left holding the bag, when he discovered the bottom had rotted out of his burly bag and the contents were still on the boat. Must have been potent!

Approximately eighteen members started off fishing the Caves area; eventually, only a dozen stayed there. "LOFTY" did best of those present weighing in a mixed bag of 81b14oz. Other useful results from this vicinity were STAN RENSHAW'S catch of herring and skippy of 81b3oz, just pipping his son GEORF's, heaviest junior bag of 61b9oz, which also comprised herring and skippy.

New member FRED LUCAS and son, JOHN, were very disappointed (there were about 25 chaps that felt the same way Fred), on their first venue, as they had expected to take home a large bag of fish to go with the chips.

HARRY MORRELL and his son JOHN, fishing on the back beach, suffered the same fate. Young John seemed to be catching a few sand whiting - for bait?

JOHN DEVITT ranged up and down the Island looking for the elusive fish and not finding them. John was that tuckered out that he could not get out of bed in the morning. It seemed there were quite a few others in this predicament and having no fish, decided to catch the early boat home and so missed the weighin.

In fact, most of the members fishing along the back beach and south, were in the huts very early, where it turned into one of those social evenings with some of the more experienced members dragging out their hidden bottles.

At weighin time, things looked more than pathetic, with the odd fish or two hiding in the bottom of large fishing bags. Then the trucks pulled up from the north end and the boys started to unload their fish. (Braggards). One angler was heard to remark, "that's where we should have fished". All well and good, but if we had gone up there, the fish would have been at the back beach. It's all a matter of luck really. Anyway, Mr. Lucky himself, GEORGE HOLMAN, came staggering over with a bag full of fish and a large esky. I was just about to go crook at him for weighing someone else's fish, when I realised they were ALL his. What a haul, 511b10oz of herring and mainly skippy; enough to knock your eye out.

It turned out that these seven blokes, GEORGE, DENNIS GREEN, DREW SHAW, REG NOBLE, HEWIE, KEITH FLEMING & BOB FREDERICKS, had started fishing in the Caves area, covering quite a large slice of beach north, catching one or two here and there. A nice hole was found in front of a piece of reef and burlied, the fish could be seen on the bottom, but wouldn't bite. (Skippy)? A large patch of herring were boiling on the surface and even these wouldn't commit suicide.

Round six o'clock, these intrepid anglers decided to have a spell and a cook up, then back to enticing fish. Keith Fleming had walked south, dropping a line in here and there, when suddenly a bite. A skippy; then another and another. This was enough to have seven anglers fishing in a group. In went burly and out came the fish. Until three o'clock Sunday morning when the fish were still biting, they decided to have a spell.

Back to the weighin, where HEWIE turned up with his effort, and what an effort, 66lb10oz of mainly skippy, to take off the money and points for the heaviest bag of scale fish. DENNIS GREEN, still running hot, weighed in his contribution of 44lb13oz of mixed fish, then KEITH FLEMING with his 38lb2oz of skippy. BOB FREDERICKS, REG NOBLE & DREW SHAW, chipped in with their bags of 25lb14oz, 20lb10oz and 19lb14oz respectively, to take the total fish caught by these seven anglers, to 267lb9oz. As the total was only 302lb6oz, you can see that apart from their fish, the majority of us caught B.A.

Waiting till everybody had gone, I quickly slipped my two herring on the scales; who was that laughing????

My thanks to RON KILDAHL (who was standing in for Bill Morrow) for the assistance at the weighin. Ron had some trouble washing off all the skippy scales!

See you next month at "Wagoe".

Les Reid, F.D.O.

<u>FISH CAPTURES:</u>		<u>lb</u>	<u>oz</u>
Hew Y. Hew	Skippy & Herring	66	10
George Holman	Skippy & Herring	51	10
Dennis Green	Skippy	44	13
Keith Fleming	Skippy	38	2
Bob Fredericks	Mixed	25	14
Reg Noble	Skippy	20	10
Drew Shaw	Mixed	19	14
John Griffiths	Mixed	8	14
Stan Renshaw	Herring & Skippy	8	3
Geoff Renshaw (J)	Herring & Skippy	6	9
Graham Baskerville	Mixed	3	6
Eric Sullivan	Mixed	3	2
Eric Parker	Herring	2	8
Norm Renshaw	Mixed	1	15
Doug Newton	Mulloway	1	12
Neville Riseby	Mixed	1	11
Colin Buchanan	Skippy	1	6
Stan Shepherd (V)	Herring	0	15
Les Reid	Herring	0	12
TOTAL POUNDAGE CAUGHT:		302	6

Heaviest Scale Fish : Doug Newton 11lb 12oz Mulloway
 Heaviest Bag Scale Fish : H.Y. Hew 66lb 10oz (Mainly Skippy)

JUNIOR: Geoff Renshaw - 6lb9Oz - Herring & Skippy

SPORTSMAN OF YEAR POINTS:

Doug Newton - Heaviest Scale Fish
 Hew Y. Hew - Heaviest Bag Scale Fish

MEMBERS ON VENUE: (37 members, 2 visitors, 4 Juniors, 1 junior visitor)

Ron Kildahl	J. Lucas (J)	S. Renshaw	K. Fleming
G. Baskerville	D. Newton	G. Renshaw (J)	G. Holman
C. Buchanan	T. Stam	J. Shephard (V)	D. Green
J. Griffiths	R. Gibbney	H. Morrell	D. Shaw
E. Sullivan	A. Norman	J. Morrell (JV)	B. Tichbon
M. Dawson	A. Rutland	P. Cotter (J)	D. Latto
R. Noble	H. Neil	R. Reid (J)	L. Bull (V)
J. Strong	E. Parker	L. Reid	B. Jensen
L. Tate	G. Garton	H.Y. Hew	
R. Mansfield	J. Thurlow	B. Fredericks	
P. Isbister	N. Riseby	T. Savage	
F. Lucas	N. Renshaw	J. Devitt	

OCTOBER VENUE:

WAGOE/LUCKY BAY

The above venue will be conducted during the long weekend of the 9/10/11th October.

Last year we had an excellent roll up, in spite of the distance and some very good bags resulted. If you haven't organised your party by the time you read this, your not interested in the Club's activities.

The Control Centre will be situated at Half-Way Bay in the near vicinity of the huts and slightly North (Look for Club signs).

Signing in time will be from 11a.m.-12 noon on Saturday and all members should register personally.

Weighin times will be: Sunday 12noon - 1p.m.
 Monday 8.30-9.30 a.m.

These times may be added to if the weather turns hot, with a possible Saturday and Sunday evening weighin at 9-10.00 p.m.

Fishing will commence at 2p.m. Saturday and cease 8 a.m. Monday. Boundaries will be - Cliffs at North end of Wagoe (or as far as can be driven on the beach) : South - Sandalwood Bay (Marker to be erected).

Any member who will be arriving late (after sign in time), please ring me on 49 3831.

Members, don't forget that it gets hotter now, and you will need to bring ice to preserve your fish; the Sunday weighin will be compulsory, so all members must attend and weigh their own fish.

FISHING 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 TWENTY:

1.	H.Y. Hew	153	12.	A. Norman	52
2.	G. Holman	118	13.	P. Cotter (J)	52
3.	D. Green	116	14.	G. Renshaw (J)	50
4.	D. Shaw	87	15.	J. Cotter	48
5.	S. Renshaw	85	16.	M. Dunn	48
6.	K. Fleming	84	17.	L. Reid	47
7.	B. Fredericks	82	18.	J. Harvey	45
8.	G. Baskerville	74	19.	P. Isbister	41
9.	J. Griffiths	64	20.	R. Noble	41
10.	R. Kildahl	62			
11.	N. Renshaw	56			

SECTION 2 - Heaviest Scale Fish - 1st six months

J. Harvey - 30lb5oz - Wago

SECTION 3 - Most Meritorious Fish

Nominated at the end of season

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

No Entry

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

J. Harvey - 31lb5oz - Wago

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

D. Talbot - 7lb 4oz - Wago

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

M. Dunn - 9lb 4oz - Garden Island

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

D. Holland - 31lb5oz - Wago

SECTION 9 - Heaviest Scale Fish other than above

J. Devitt - 4lb 10oz - Snapper - Wago

SECTION 10 - Heaviest Bag Scale Fish caught on Field Day (Min. 20lb)

H.Y. Hew - 66lb10oz - Trevally - Garden Island

SECTION 11 - Heaviest Bag of Mulloway (Min. 20lb)

J. Harvey - 30lb 5oz - Wago

FIELD DAY SECTION Cont'd:

SECTION 12 - Heaviest Bag of Tailor (Min. weight 20lb)

No Entry

SECTION 13 - Heaviest Scale Fish caught on S.H. Rod (Min. 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)

No Entry

SECTION 3 - Heaviest Mulloway (Min. weight 5lb)

Ross Cusack, 48lb, Swanbourne

SECTION 4 - Heaviest Salmon (Min. weight 7lb)

No Entry

SECTION 5 - Heaviest Jewfish

No Entry

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

D. Newton, 6lb 14oz, Lancelin

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 - 11lb, Exmouth Gulf

SECTION 9 - Heaviest Snapper

No Entry

OPEN DIVISION Cont'd:

SECTION 10- Heaviest Tarwhine (Silver Bream)

No Entry

SECTION 11 - Heaviest Spanish Mackerel

No Entry

SECTION 12 - Heaviest Trevally (Southern) (Min. weight 2lb)

No Entry

SECTION 13 - Heaviest Northern Trevally (Min. weight 12lb)

No Entry

SECTION 14 - Heaviest Pike

No Entry

SECTION 15 - Heaviest Fish (Scale) other than above excluding Section One

W. Morrow, Queenfish, 15lb 8oz, Exmouth

RISE IN CLUB FEES:

The Committee has considered our Treasurer's recommendation at the August Committee Meeting and have decided to raise Club Fees to \$8.00. Nominations remain the same, along with the Junior Fee.

This increase is effective immediately and applies to 1971/72 year. See the Treasurer and make your subs current.

NOTICE OF MOTION:

The following motion was moved at the last General Meeting by George Holman, seconded Eric Sullivan, to be decided at the next General Meeting.

"The Field Days may be cancelled due to rough weather or otherwise at the discretion of the Field Day Organiser. In the event of a cancellation, the Field Day will be held at the same, OR ALTERNATIVE VENUE AT F.D.O'S DISCRETION, one week later. In the event of a second cancellation of the scheduled venue, the Field Day for that month will be cancelled".

CLUB PICNIC AND BARBECUE
MUSSELS POOL, MIDDLE SWAN
SUNDAY, 24TH OCTOBER, 1971

APPLICATIONS FOR MEMBERSHIP:

The following applications for membership have been accepted.

SENIOR MEMBER: BAILEY: Ronald Frederick.
 3 McLintock Way,
 Karrinyup. W.A. 6018.

JUNIOR MEMBERS: TAYLOR: Don Vernon,
 192 Northstead Street,
 Scarborough. W.A. 6019.

 LUCAS: John Frederick,
 3 Campion Avenue,
 Nollamara. W.A. 6061.

 LUCAS: Wayne Philip,
 3 Campion Avenue,
 Nollamara. W.A. 6061.

WEIGHING FISH ON FIELD DAYS:

It was decided at the last Committee Meeting, that on future field days if a member presents undersize fish to be weighed in, his whole bag will be excluded, although he will receive attendance points.

Members will be well advised to read the cover of "Reel Talk" for this information and take one with them for reference.

This will operate immediately.

SUBSCRIPTIONS:

Would all members who have not paid their subscriptions in full, please forward their payments to the writer or make their payment at the next General Meeting.

It must be remembered that subs fell due on the 30th June, 1971.

If the overdue subs are not paid by the next General Meeting, they will cease to be a member of this Club.

D. GREEN : TREASURER

FOR SALE:

HAL NEIL has a large supply of warm woollen overcoats for sale at a dollar each. These are a particularly good buy. 'Phone on 28 8653 or see Hal at the meeting.

SKIPPY BONANZA by Reg Noble

The September Field Day at Garden Island started off with the usual scramble to get all the gear and rods down the jetty and onto the boat before 9.30, but today the weather was fine and even if the fish decided not to co-operate, we would not be faced with fishing in a howling gale or pouring rain. Comfort-wise, things could not have been better and the rest was up to the fish.

After arriving at the hut and sorting out our belongings, Hew Y. Hew, Bob Fredericks, Keith Fleming and I settled down to wait until 11.30 for the truck to come back to take us to the Guns. Earlier in the week, we had decided to give this area a try, because on our last two visits, we had fished the Southern section of the island for fairly meagre bags.

While we were sitting around killing time, the truck arrived to pick up George Holman, Dennis Green and Drew Shaw for the Caves. Faced with a further 45 minute wait for our transport, we mentally tossed a coin and decided to join them. Fifteen minutes later we were standing at the beginning of the track heading to our fishing spot, surrounded by packs, rods, bait boxes, sleeping bags, air mattresses and Bob's trusty stove. It is amazing how much equipment seven anglers accumulate for one overnight trip. A general reshuffling of loads so that we could carry everything in without making a second trip, and we started slogging up the hill and through the scrub, laden down like pack horses.

At first sight, the water looked disappointing; flat calm and shallow, but still the tide was out and maybe things would improve later. After a quick lunch, during which we watched two boats anchored near the reef pulling in skippy and herring one after the other, we set off to have a real look at the beach. About half a mile South of the Caves, a good channel came in through the reef to within about thirty yards of the beach and could be a possibility at night when the tide rose a bit. A quarter of a mile further South, the reef swept in close to the beach and was only separated from the point by a gutter about 20 yards wide and six feet deep. There were several interesting looking holes in the reef and we settled down to fish these when the competition commenced. The only hole which seemed to have any fish in it, was completely surrounded by reef and it was necessary to hold the rod tip vertical and retrieve flat out in an endeavour to avoid losing hooks and sinker. With a fish on, it was doubly difficult as they would make a dive for the rocks and weed and could only be extracted by brute force. We were losing plenty of gear and only had two or three skippy each, so by six o'clock, we decided to make back to our camp for a meal.

As I started to pack up, I noticed my torch had accidentally switched on and the batteries were so flat that it was only emitting a feeble orange glow. I realised I would be in trouble fishing at night as I had left the spare batteries home to save weight, just how much of a disaster this was to prove I had no idea at this stage.

After two sizzling steaks each - we were hungry - cooked by Bob and liberally dowsed during the grilling with the contents of a bottle Keith had brought along to keep out the cold, (it was about 60 degrees), back to the beach.

We all fished the channel we had marked in the afternoon but without result. Several of the group wandered off in the direction of the spot we were fishing earlier to try the gutter between the shore and the reef, now that the tide was in. Ten minutes later we heard a faint shout and saw lights being waved down near the point. Hurriedly packing, we rushed off to join them. We were greeted with the news that Dennis, George and Keith had all landed a skippy on their first cast and by now there were seven or eight fish on the beach with more coming in.

It was a case of down gear and into action. The fish were in a biting frenzy and were literally grabbing the bait as soon as it hit the bottom. The seven of us were now fishing shoulder to shoulder and there were a few minor tangles with three or four fish coming in at the sametime.

Once you cast, you had to pick up the slack line at once to feel the bite and at times, as you tightened the line, there was a fish already on. Hewie had left his reef bag back at camp and was using the burly bucket for his fish, this was overflowing and when we had used the burly, we had dumped on the beach, we could not get at the rest in the bottom of the bucket without tipping the fish out. The skippy did not seem to mind and were biting just as hard without it, but as the whitebait were running out, I made a dash back up the beach to the channel spot to collect the remaining eight packets of bait and a bag for Hewie's fish which were now flapping about on the sand.

Back in fifteen minutes flat expecting to hear they had gone off the bite, but no, they were still on. Two or three casts and as many fish, then disaster. I was using a 600A3 Alvey and the constant cast and retrieve started to give line twist. An un-noticed loop around the rod tip and the sinkers and hooks went sailing off into the night. My last set of gear due to heavy losses in the afternoon and no torch. I started making up another set in the dark and used Bob, Hewie or Keith's light, when they came back to take off a fish - which was fairly often, but it still took over fifteen minutes. Fishing again, but by now the skippy had changed their tactics, they were not grabbing the bait, but seemed to be lifting it or swimming in with it. As soon as the tension on the line eased slightly, it was necessary to strike hard to pick up the slack and set the hooks. If you did not hook a fish within two minutes, reel in and rebait, because these skippy really meant business.

Another half an hour of this and my bag was taking on that nice rounded look, then more trouble. Once again I had lost my gear and it was back to making up another set in the dark.

By now it was nearly two o'clock and everyone's arms were beginning to ache from the constant cast, set the hooks, retrieve and Bob Frederick's elected to retire - a hectic three days in Melbourne immediately prior

to the trip, had finally caught up with him. The rest fished on, but by three o'clock, Hewie, Keith and I were out of white bait, sixteen packets plus a bucket of burly, no wonder those skippy were feeling heavier and heavier. We commenced cutting up mulies and were still catching fish but were really feeling the strain of six hours furious fishing. After fifteen minutes, we elected to give up and get some sleep. George, Dennis and Drew, kept fishing for awhile but reported that when we dropped out and a breeze sprang up, the skippy eased off.

Two hours sleep and up again for a quick breakfast, then down the beach to collect the rest of our rods and half the fish that we were too tired to carry back earlier. At seven thirty we started staggering out through the scrub and up the hill to get all our fish and equipment out to the road where the truck was to pick us up at eight thirty. It took the seven of us two trips each, but I loved every aching step. All the fish were between half a pound and a pound and Hewie won the Field Day with a total of 66lb. Our combined bags weighed 264lb and all agreed that we had enjoyed six solid hours of skippy fishing at its very best.

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	Jurien Bay/Cerventas
December 11/12	Wedge
January 15/16	Flinders Bay (S/E Augusta)
February	Cerventas
March	Murchison
April	Margaret River

- CLUB PICNIC AND BARBECUE
- MUSSELS POOL, MIDDLE SWAN
- SUNDAY, 24TH OCTOBER, 1971

'FATHERS' DAY' CAST

It may have been Father's Day, JOHN DEVITT is a father, but it wasn't his day. But take heart John, every champ has an "off" day - we look forward to Noel's "bad one".

Well, the weather looked more like winter than spring; rain and gusty winds to strain any casters skill and patience. Further to the threatening weather, the gate was not opened for us and for some minutes there was talk of aborting the whole show after "searchers" failed to find the "gentleman" who is in charge of gates - opening of!

Many thanks to the 28 members who stayed on - with not one word of complaint to us anyway - and particularly to those who pitched in and assisted in setting up the various casting areas.

The only unfortunate part was that the open had to be postponed until next month.

The D.C.O. put down the first cast in the level line, into an 80 knot westerly, and brought up a magnificent 362 feet - wow! Never done that before, even with a following 80 knot easterly. A quick check revealed a slight discrepancy in the lane - a mere 65 feet. So chaps, when working out your figures, remember that 195 feet has been removed from the totals as each cast was recorded where it fell. Big JOHN DEVITT with two break-offs, killed his chances here. Very pleasing to see "Tiny" PARKER get three good casts away this time. This event proved quite interesting, with accuracy playing a big part - penalties can be costly. "TIGER" KNIGHT sent three very impressive and accurate casts down to take off this section with 34 points. R. TUCKER, L. REID & H.Y. HEW all notched 33 points and Assistant D.C.O., BASKERVILLE, 32 points.

The longest cast of the morning was R. TUCKER'S 370 feet, with a Mitchell too! Come on you fellas with the Alveys, where are you?

In the double-handed accuracy, the consistent stalwarts really came to the fore, with "TIGER" (sparkling after their win on Saturday) KNIGHT scoring 58, closely followed by G. HOLMAN 55 and J. NUICH 51. The wind was no help in the event and many casters crashed, including D.C.O. who scored 8. As someone said, "These conditions separate the men from the boys". The remaining scores tapered off fairly rapidly after the top three.

In the single-handed accuracy, we again saw J. NUICH mentioned with a very creditable 25 - enough to take off this section. R. TUCKER finished second with 23 and G. HOLMAN and G. BASKERVILLE 22. T. STAM & J. STRONG had an interesting duel, finishing even with 1 point each - both scored on their last cast. The D.C.O. proved a point: 'It helps when you straighten up the target - doesn't it?'

When the mornings points were computed - and computed was the operative word - a close result showed G. HOLMAN 116 first, followed by N. KNIGHT 115, J. NUICH 110 and G. BASKERVILLE 108.

The Top Ten underwent some reshuffling, as N. KNIGHT moved to the top, as JOHN DEVITT tumbled to fourth, and G. HOLMAN moved into second spot, only one point ahead of H.Y. HEW.

Thanks again markers and helpers and special thanks to members who changed ribbons in order to make the markers job a little easier and a hell of a lot safer.

We have visitors next month chaps - no, not the Girls Rhythmic League, but members of the Fremantle Angling Club. Let's show them some real Surf Casting enthusiasm with a record attendance.

TOM & GRAHAM

CASTING RESULTS:

OVERALL POINTS WINNERS:

- 1. G. Holman 116
- 2. N. Knight 115
- 3. J. Nuich 110
- 4. G. Baskerville 108

DOUBLE-HANDED OPEN:

(Held over until the October Cast)

S.H.A.

- 1. J. Nuich 25
- 2. R. Tucker 23
- 3. G. Holman)
- G. Baskerville) 22

D.H.A.

- 1. N. Knight 58
- 2. G. Holman 55
- 3. J. Nuich 51

L.L. DISTANCE

- 1. N. Knight 34
- 2. R. Tucker)
- L. Reid)
- H.Y. Hew) 33

LONGEST CAST

R. Tucker 370 feet

TOP TWENTY:

- | | | |
|-------------------|------------------------|-------------------|
| 1. N. Knight 561 | 10. W. Utting 452 | 19. D. Green 327 |
| 2. G. Holman 534 | 11. D. Latto 446 | 20. E. Parker 315 |
| 3. H.Y. Hew 533 | 12. T. Corcoran 442 | |
| 4. J. Devitt 512 | 13. G. Baskerville 431 | |
| 5. R. Tucker 511 | 14. J. Nuich 401 | |
| 6. R. Tichbon 484 | 15. R. Kildahl 393 | |
| 7. R. Lerch 481 | 16. W. Morrow 366 | |
| 8. D. Talbot 480 | 17. T. Stam 342 | |
| 9. L. Reid 460 | 18. M. Dawson 328 | |

L.L. DISTANCE

	Pty.	1.	2.	3.	Tot.	Ave.	Pts
G. Holman		348	358	361	872	290	29
N. Knight		392	410	411	1018	339	34
J. Nuich		327	305	285	722	240	24
G. Baskerville	21	407	380	387	958	319	32
B. Tucker		382	381	435	1003	334	33
B. Tichbon		336	338	342	821	273	27
H.Y. Hew	42	390	405	428	986	328	33
D. Talbot		369	357	366	897	299	30
R. Kildahl		380	347	385	917	306	31
R. Lerch	21	405	334	380	903	301	30
W. Morrow		380	381	381	947	316	32
L. Reid		392	377	415	989	329	33
B. Leicester	21	350	350	360	844	281	28
E. Parker		332	339	360	836	278	28
W. Utting	21	326	343	331	784	261	26
D. Latto	21	310	357	325	776	259	26
S. Renshaw	42	324	315	240	642	214	21
D. Green	21	298	317	385	784	261	26
M. Dawson		385	365	359	914	304	30
J. Strong	42	338	348	345	794	264	26
J. Lucas (J)	21	362	350	348	844	281	28
T. Corcoran		362	350	379	896	298	30
J. Devitt		B.0	B.0	422	357	119	12
J. Renshaw (J)	63	278	294	268	582	194	19
T. Stam	21	285	328	270	667	222	22
N. Risbey	63	282	306	314	644	215	22
H. Neil	21	315	319	315	733	244	24
F. Lucas		100	100	B.0	70	23	2

LIMMERICK OF THE MONTH

Now Doug Newton's joy knows no bounds,
 For a story that is doing the rounds.
 Tells of his 'Kingie' (or 'princie' if you wish)
 Weighed in as the heaviest fish,
 At a mighty one and three quarter pounds.

FOR SALE

MITCHELL 410 NEW

TWO SPOOLS 5-1 RATIO : \$15.00

<u>D.H. ACCURACY</u>					<u>S.H. ACCURACY</u>						
1.	2.	1.	2.	Tot.	1.	2.	1.	2.	Pts	Tot.Pts	Inc.Att.
11	11	17	16	55	9	6	5	2	22	106	116
13	14	13	18	58	8	-	1	4	13	105	115
6	12	15	18	51	6	10	3	6	25	100	110
10	10	7	17	44	1	9	6	6	22	98	108
6	17	10	4	37	4	7	6	6	23	93	103
10	-	19	18	47	4	7	-	1	12	86	96
7	16	-	17	40	-	6	-	4	10	83	93
-	18	12	11	41	-	4	-	5	9	80	90
2	15	7	5	29	2	3	6	8	19	79	89
-	16	13	7	36	1	-	4	8	13	79	89
4	12	-	16	32	-	2	12	-	12	76	86
-	2	17	9	28	-	3	-	9	12	73	83
1	15	6	7	29	3	-	4	5	12	69	79
-	12	4	8	24	9	7	-	-	16	68	78
18	3	-	6	27	7	2	3	2	14	67	77
2	12	-	7	21	7	-	-	6	13	60	70
-	11	13	8	32	6	-	-	-	6	59	69
12	16	-	2	30	3	-	-	-	3	59	69
-	13	-	14	27	-	-	-	-	0	57	67
-	6	9	15	30	-	-	-	1	1	57	67
9	12	-	-	21	-	-	3	4	7	56	66
-	8	-	-	8	-	2	-	9	11	49	59
-	11	-	8	19	-	3	5	8	16	47	57
-	17	-	-	17	-	-	5	4	9	45	55
1	6	6	9	22	-	-	-	1	1	45	55
-	10	-	2	12	-	-	-	-	0	34	44
-	-	6	-	6	1	-	-	2	3	33	43
-	-	-	17	17	-	-	-	4	4	23	33

ELIGIBILITY FOR OPEN AWARDS:

A Club rule which, must of necessity, be brought to members' notice, is that in the Open Section, to be eligible for awards, a member must attend 3 Club functions if he lives within the metropolitan area.

OPEN AWARDS:

Members entering fish in the Open Competition, shall qualify entries by attending at least three (3) Club meetings, field days or casting venues.

This rule is worth remembering for some and could avoid disappointment.

Cont. ... Sixth instalment of "THE TRIAL TRAIL" by Dave Latta.....

One, and only one road leads into and out of Wyndham. First the traveller sees, 9 miles or so out, the airport, built on and only just above the tidal mud flats. King tides have often rendered it inoperative. 3 Mile further on, a single storey, iron framed and asbestos clad building, known as the "Six Mile Hotel", stands invitingly by the roadside. The first pub one sees in that locality is "sure" to be inviting. Next, the Three Mile, a sprawling, growing new town of modern shops with timber framed houses standing on concrete stumps, 4 feet or so above the hard bare and stoney ground. Finally, the old town itself. Built on a 200 yard strip of land between a frowning bluff, known to locals as "The Bastion", and the head of Cambridge Gulf; it has one street, two or three corrugated iron shops and a modernised Town Hotel, Police Station, hospital, post office and school, just on completes the scene. The meat works, basis of the town excuse for existing, and of much its economy, stands aloof, a mile further on across the mud flats. Fuel and grain storage tanks have been built close to where the jetty curves out through the mangroves, into the muddy water of the Gulf.

We settled into the caravan park around 5.30 p.m. and learned yet another lesson in this type of living. In all parks, with a large percentage of "perms", and inadequate facilities, we found it necessary to shower early. Homecoming residents soon dissipated the hot water supply, leaving late comers to face the discomfort of a cold night, and cold water. Troy, from his position in the laundry trough, (his usual when bathing in parks, as few provided amenities for small children), protested more voluably than the rest of the family. Extensions and new brick toilet blocks were almost completed and would certainly upgrade a necessary commodity in this most northern of West Australian towns.

Jimmy Lee Tong, stood propped against the door frame of his shop in the old town, idly surveying the main street as we parked opposite. Little that happens in or around Wyndham escapes his notice. He had some difficulty remembering me, but after a few reminders, recalled the time in 1954, when he and I had worked as lumpers down the hold of the old "Koolinda". Shade temperature was over the 104 degree mark, while under the open hatch, the sun super heated the air into an almost unbreathable state. Jimmy it was who showed me the art of slipping a sling around the bulkiest objects, then scurrying back to the comparative comfort of a shady corner. Enough large objects filled a rail truck quickly and completed our shift below for awhile at least. A man like that isn't easily forgotten. We sat yarning over a cold beer while Joy and the children marvelled at the variety and amount of goods on display in the little old shop. Jim and his wife offered to take us fishing the following weekend, and how I regretted having to refuse. Four days was too long to spend in Wyndham, even for the chance to get in some really good fishing.

Out by the airport, the road to Kununurra forks into two separate routes, the one via Ivanhoe Crossing, was rough and dusty (we were used to that by now anyway), though I knew it to be the more scenic, passing through fields of cotton, sorghum and land in various stages of cultivation and preparation, to the concrete crossing which snakes across the Ord's wide rocky bottom. Once, impassable in the Wet, the Crossing is now only an alternative route to Kununurra, an all weather road (bitumen) covers the 60-mile from Wyndham.

"Kunna" appeared as a neat, modern town, in a parkland setting of natural and planted trees. Plenty of open space assures the town room to grow, and although a lot of people live here, it is hard to gain this impression. We investigated a well stocked Aboriginal Art and Souvenir Rock Shop and talked with a very informative young lady. I learned of excellent fishing spots out on the coast, about 80-mile away, but she became evasive about directions for getting there. Again, I had the feeling of being regarded as a dumb tourist, whom people didn't want poking around off the beaten track, getting lost. We looked at and photographed the Diversion Dam, and were given permission to inspect a cotton mill or "Ginn". I personally found this place so fully automated as to be boring. Cotton was sucked, by means of an overhead pipe, from large four wheeled trailers, (pulled four or five to a tractor) at one end of the building, and appeared after much noise from the huge machinery, as bales of clean cotton. We saw only 3 or 4 men in the whole place, and they too busy tending switchboards and gauges to talk much. Again, late afternoon, found us searching for a camp site and brought us, later in the evening, an amusing, if at first startling encounter, with two fellow travellers.

The rapidly descending clock of night finally decided our camp site. We noticed, in passing, a Valiant station waggon with a caravan detached, parked beside a wide deep gully and thought it odd they should be separated. Of occupants we saw no sign and although we would have preferred company, were not sure of the reception we might receive should we decide to squat nearby. Across the gully, the ground looked to me to be, and it was, a type of fine silt sand. Four wheel drive (the first real use of it we'd had to date), was needed to get us off the road into the bush. High dry grass made me uneasy about the first site we chose, so I decided to try a little further on. Camp chores over, we were preparing for bed, when I drew Joy's attention to a light bobbing about and coming down the road in our direction. I still wasn't happy about our camp position and this latest event increased my uneasiness. Joy zipped up the caravanette and hushed the children's chatter, while I took advantage of the darker shadow between the Rover and the trailer to keep an eye on the situation. The light continued flashing about and finally, to my increased apprehension, started through the bush towards us. I held, in a slightly clammy right hand, a powerful torch, which I fervently wished would change into the comforting coldness of a shot gun; (I learned later, most caravanners carry some form of firearm). By now, I could hear the murmur of voices indicating at least two and their lack of stealth served only to assure me of their confidence.

Our camp was, by now, in complete silence and all but complete darkness. I was determined to have the advantage of surprise, and achieve this by waiting until the approaching footsteps were within 20 yards or so before flashing the combined power of four batteries where I judged heads to be.

The effect was dramatic..... A man's startled voice said loudly, "It's okay, it's okay, put away your gun", and went on hastily explaining the reason for approaching us.

A woman's nervous laugh swept away the remnants of tension, and as soon as I could compose my voice into a matter-of-fact tone, I invited them over. They, like us, had driven off the road to camp, but realising too late the soft nature of the ground, had become bogged. They had extricated the car, but the 'van defied them, so, seeing us make the first attempt to camp, but not the second, had set out to enlist our aid. Introductions and resulting conversation, revealed that Harry Allsop and his wife were on a similar journey to us, but from the opposite direction, and that Harry was, like myself, a painter and decorator; also, living as he did in Augusta, a keen angler. We all sat late, staving off the night cold with frequent sips of sherry from a half-gallon we had carefully nursed since leaving home. From their experiences, we gained valuable information, including news of a short cut outside Cloncurry, named mysteriously the "Sudan Dip", though I have never discovered why.

Next morning at 10 a.m., we set off for the Ord Dam site after seeing the Allsops safely on their way. We had to make a round trip of 44-miles to see this place, and never have I made such a worthwhile detour. If the scenery along the way was fantastic, that of the actual dam was unbelievable. At a construction township, of long barrack type huts, we obtained from the air-conditioned office, necessary permission and instructions for finding our way to the most suitable lookout spots. Never had we beheld such spectacles. The natural beauty and colour of the place was staggering enough, without the added activity of men and machinery engaged on the initial stages of a gigantic dam. On hillsides, across the mighty chasm of the river, huge rock buggies marched in continual procession, while bulldozers, graders and a variety of machines, toiled in the sun. Below us, some three to four hundred feet, men and still more machinery, bored, hammered and performed their allotted tasks on the grey granite bedrock of the river. Overall, a low, vibrant, almost supernatural hum, floated up to us on the fitful breeze.

cont.. next month