

September 1971

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NEXT GENERAL MEETING:

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

INSTRUCTION PERIOD:

At our next General Meeting, we hope to have Mr. Otter attend and give us instruction on lures and their uses. Should he not be available, an alternative will be arranged by the Committee. Don't forget members, voice your suggestions to Committee Members re our instruction periods, don't sit on them!

NEXT COMMITTEE MEETING:

The next Committee Meeting will be held in the Buffaloes Hall, Onslow Road, Shenton Park on Thursday, 16th September, 1971 at 7.30 p.m. sharp.

AUGUST FIELD DAY HAS BEEN CANCELLED!!!

SEPTEMBER FIELD DAY - 11/12th:

GARDEN ISLAND

This venue will be conducted at Garden Island on the 11/12th September. Boat leaves Palm Beach Jetty at 9.30 a.m., 11.45 a.m. and 2.00 p.m. on Saturday and leaves the Island at 10.00 a.m. and 12.15 p.m. Fishing commences 3.30 p.m. Saturday and ceases at 8.30 a.m. Sunday. Weigh-in from 8.30-9.30 a.m. Let's see a few more members along at our venues in future. Beds may be booked and paid for at the next General Meeting. (Cost 75 cents). (See write-up inside for further details).

SEPTEMBER DRYCASTING:

Casting will be held at the FLOREAT OVAL on the 5th September and will start at 9.00 A.M. SHARP. The usual L.L. Distance, S.H. Accuracy, D.H. Accuracy events will follow the Level Line OPEN, using a 4oz sinker and 12" of yellow ribbon. Last month's attendance was the best for nearly 2 years - hope to see another excellent attendance.

LIFE MEMBERS:

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

CANCELLATION OF AUGUST FIELD DAY:

At the last Committee Meeting it was pointed out that it would be unconstitutional to run the August Field Day on the 28th & 29th August, and because of this factor, it was decided to cancel same.

The portion of the Constitution in question reads:-

"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 venue ONE WEEK LATER. In the event of a second cancellation of the scheduled venue, the Field Day for that month will be CANCELLED".

Because we could not get the boat for the following weekend, this rule of the Constitution has applied.

TOP TWENTY:

1. Hew Y. Hew	76	11. John Griffiths	46
2. Stan Renshaw	67	12. Jack Harvey	45
3. Dennis Green	62	13. Norm Renshaw	44
4. G. Baskerville	61	14. Alb Norman	42
5. Drew Shaw	57	15. Peter Cotter (J)	42
6. George Holman	57	16. Doug Talbot	40
7. Ron Kildahl	52	17. Tony Smith	39
8. John Cotter	48	18. Keith Fleming	36
9. Merv Dunn	48	19. Les Reid	36
10. R. Fredericks	46	20. Geoff Renshaw (J)	33

SEPTEMBER FIELD DAY - 11/12th:

This will be held at Garden Island on the above dates, and as past venues at this location, it is hoped that this weekend will be as well attended.

Departure times of the ferry from the Palm Beach Jetty will be 9.30 a.m., 11.45 a.m. and 2.00 p.m. on Saturday and leaves Garden Island at 10.00 a.m. and 12.15 p.m. on Sunday.

As most of the gear is loaded manually, poorly tied articles, loose lids, contents of open bags, could wind up in the drink. Your possessions are your responsibility, so please, tie securely and pack carefully.

Fishing times will be from 3.30 p.m. Saturday until 8.30 a.m. Sunday. Weigh-in will be conducted from 8.45 a.m. to 9.30 a.m. Sunday.

cont.....

cont. September Field Day:

Members are requested to register (30cents) at the General Meeting or on the first boat.

Beds can also be booked at a cost of 75 cents per person, payable at meeting. We will have the use of the large huts again and as this weekend will be the final one of the school holidays, there is the possibility of a large crowd returning Sunday.

Your co-operation therefore will be appreciated in loading and unloading the boat. If you all hope in, it doesn't take very long.

If in doubt of any information, please ring -

Work - 86 2481 - Ext. 581
Home - 49 3831.

APPLICATION FOR MEMBERSHIP:

The following applications for membership to our Club have been received. Any member having any reason(s) why these people should not be accepted as a member of this Club, are invited to contact a Committee Member.

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

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

 LUCAS. John Frederick.
 3 Campion Avenue,
 Nollamara. 6061.

 LUCAS. Wayne Philip,
 3 Campion Avenue,
 NOLLAMARA. 6061.

APPLICATION FOR 3-IN-1:

Ross Cusack has been fortunate (and good enough) to catch himself a 48lb Mulloway at Swanbourne on 8th July on 12lb line and so qualifies for a 3 in 1 badge. Congratulations to you Ross from all fellow anglers on a great achievement.

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.G. Newton, 6lb14oz, Lancelin

SECTION 7 - Heaviest Samson Fish

No Entry

SECTION 8 - Heaviest Scale Fish caught on S.H. Rod (Max.B.S. 12lb)

W. Morrow - Queenfish - 11lb, 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 2lb)

No Entry

OPEN DIVISION cont'd.

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, 15lb8oz - Exmouth

CLARIFICATION RE PENSIONERS' SUBSCRIPTIONS:

As the subscriptions have been raised to \$8.00 for members and to clarify the position of pensioners' fees, I will state the motion passed at a past Committee Meeting of some two years past.

The Committee decided that any senior member qualifying for a pension after attaining 60 years of age and having been a member of this Club for at least five years, may apply to the Committee for a Half-subscription - which now will be \$4.00.

THE NO LIMERICK OF THE MONTH

No one boarding the Panting Ray,
No one going to Rottnest Field Day.
No lies among friends,
No wet 'rsends,
No profit for the Quokka Arms on Sunday.

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.

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.

PICNIC & BARBECUE:

The 1971 picnic and barbecue will be held on Sunday, 24th October at Mussels Pool, Middle Swan. The distance from Dog Swamp Shopping Centre is about 25 miles. Oval and facilities look very promising. A few members know this lovely spot already and I do hope to see at least as many as last year in attendance; if not MORE.

Members families and friends are asked to come along. The cost will be - Adults 40 cents : Children 20 cents per head. The complete programme and details will be published in next month's "Reel Talk".

If any of the members have any suggestions towards making this outing a "goer", please 'phone me at work or let me know at the next meeting.

RUDERY LERCH. SOCIAL ORGANISER.

STATE CLUB ANGLING CHAMPIONSHIP:

The W.A. Division of the Australian Anglers' Association will be conducting a State Angling Championship at Yallingup on Saturday and Sunday - 18/19th September. This is open to all club members whose clubs are affiliated with the A.A.A.

Entry fees are: Open \$1.00; Ladies 50 cents; Juniors 50 cents. Ladies can fish in the Open Event if they pay the \$1.00 fee.

The new points system will be used to decide the winners. All members must report to Centre before commencement of Competition.

Although nomination fees can be paid on the day, it would be appreciated if the names of intending participants, together with fees, could be forwarded to the Association as early as possible.

The Centre will be at Canal Rocks. The area to be fished will be North of Margaret River to Dunsborough. Competition will commence at 3.30 p.m. on the Saturday and all members must be back at the Centre before 10 a.m. on the Sunday.

Our Club is sending one team of six members to ^{re}present us, but other members may come along to help our team and to fish themselves as well. Those interested may contact the Editor for further details so be it chaps.

"MULLOWAY" from Ross Cusack

Only the late Mr. Hoyle or a computer could calculate the odds against the piece of good fortune that has befallen me. How could my favourite little stretch of local beach, which I haunt up to 100 times a year, suddenly produce a huge mulloway, a creature about as rare as a dodo along Perth's metropolitan coast?

In the Swan River yes, or north or south of Perth, but these days anglers just don't expect mulloway over 10 or 12 pounds in metropolitan waters.

The morning of the Great Event had started out like hundreds of others, except that it was unseasonably fine for early July,

The sky was clear and the sea quiet, apart from dumpers breaking right on the shoreline.

It was a mid-week morning and I almost had the beach to myself. There was another lone figure 500 yards along to the north.

Using a feather-light Sportex 525 rod and 12lb line, I was baitcasting whole, unweighted mule mackerel over a reef, with a slight land breeze at my back.

Conditions were ideal and I hooked a tailor just on daybreak, about 6.30a.m. But there were no more and my spirits sank as I realised that he was probably a loner. Each cast was becoming a monotonous flick accompanied by that hopeless feeling an angler gets when he's convinced there are no fish out there. The tailor had taken a bait trolled slowly well below the surface, and I was using this technique with every cast now.

But, my retrieve was robot-like, because I was fast losing interest. When the strike came my thoughts were miles away... a snag surely. When the fish moved off I thought it must be a salmon, which would have been a nice bonus after a dull morning.

Some salmon - The drag on my 650C Alvey was set light, as always, and line just kept pouring off the spool.

The little 525 had a bend like a new moon and suddenly the whole affair took on an air of unreality. I was playing something big on THIS beach, where you just did not get big fish, and I was on my own, using 12lb line and without a gaff.

I recall almost hoping that it was a ray, so that I wouldn't be disappointed if it broke off. But I would have bet a lot of money that it wasn't because I was feeling that tell-tale head shake characteristic of *Sciaene antarctica*.

I kept shooting nervous glances at the other black dot of a figure along the beach, but I knew he was out of earshot, and probably couldn't even see the bend in my rod from where he was.

The fish had 150 yards of line out on my reckoning, and I was just holding on. What else could I do? When he stopped running it occurred to me that I was going to have to pump him all that way back on the 525. Was it possible?

Indeed it was, and I learnt that the little rod had undreamt of powers of retrieve. Pump and wind, pump and wind, and then a thrilling sight... the first rays of sun, creeping over the sandhills behind, reflected on a silver shape about 50 yards out as the big fish, near-exhausted, came to the surface for the first time.

And then, notmuch later, a second thrill... about 20 yards out a huge, spade-like bronze red tail speared out of the water and quickly disappeared, just like a drowning man's hand.

My legs turned to jelly because such a tail had to belong to a 30lb-plus fish. The dumpers rising 15 yards out and crashing right on the shore became a deadly enemy. The mullo way had hardly a kick left in it, but would its dead-weight be too much if that taut light line copped the full force of a dumper?

I resolved that if the line parted I would throw my rod and reel up on the beach and go into the surf after the fish. If it came to that I would have nothing to lose, and a fair chance of success because of the size of the fish and its exhaustion.

Meanwhile, I concentrated on giving line every time the surf was sucked back after a wave, and pumping when a wave came my way. Three waves came and went and then on the fourth, I surfed the big fish in over a small gap in the reef.

When the wave retreated it lay on the beach, an unbelievable sight. I danced and shouted at the top of my voice, which was pretty stupid because there was no-one within hearing. The lone figure up the beach still had not moved and was oblivious to my antics.

It was 7 a.m. so the fight had taken only 20 minutes, although it seemed much longer. The first thing I did was underestimate the weight. Thirty-five, I thought, and if so it would be my biggest mullo way. And if it was 36 (too much to hope for), I would have a three-to-one ratio, something I'd dreamt of for a long time. After a few more casts (always the optimist - he might have a mate), i heaved the monster up onto my shoulder and, carrying my gear in the other hand, struggled along towards the other angler.

His eyes popped out of his head as he saw this strange apparition, bent almost double, approach and drop a huge mulloway at his feet.

His name was Toby Metcalfe and he was 72 years old, but he was not backward in offering to help me hump the fish half a mile back up to our cars.

I hunted around and found a metal post that the army had used for a barbed-wire fence (I always knew the Army would be useful for something), and stuck it through the fish's mouth and gill.

Toby and I then dragged it all the way up the track, with frequent rests. The thick tail left a winding trail in the sand, and every now and then a huge scale, the size of a 20cent piece, dropped off the fish. It would have made an interesting puzzle for anyone walking up the track after us.

I was still in a daydream when the mulloway pulled my butcher's scales round to a staggering 48lb.

Four-to-one, four-to-one, I kept repeating silently to myself. Four-to-one. I had tried a couple of years back to achieve five-to-one on big W.A. salmon by using 1½lb line. Sounds a bit of a joke, and I suppose it was. However, after half a dozen bust-offs I played a salmon for nearly an hour, and he jumped 13 times. Then the hook just came out of his mouth. The line didn't break, and he didn't throw the hook - it just came out. It was disappointing at the time, but I've since decided that what I was doing wasn't realistic - a man can't go fishing with 1½lb line. It just isn't practical.

This mulloway was different... a genuine, bonus four-to-one.

How lucky was I? To begin with I was only fishing that morning through sheer crazedness, trying to end a bad spell. The very evening before I'd bombed out on tailor at a spot where a mate had been getting really fine fish. All I got was blowies.

In the last ten years I've had countless thousands of casts in the area where I hooked the big fish. The biggest mulloway I'd taken there was 81lb and I'd never seen or heard of one bigger than 181lb come in along that mile of beach.

This time, lightning struck twice because fellow club member, Roger Kelly, took another... 26 pounds ... three days later. He heard about mine and went down specifically to fish for them, using a ball sinker and mulie which he let roll around in the surf. He only had a bait out ten minutes before he was away.

Why had such magnificent fish suddenly put in an appearance? Big mulloway sometimes leave the Swan River and are caught out in Gage Roads. Had these fish travelled up along the coast, instead of going out to sea?

On reflection, there are several factors which helped me avoid a break-off on this big fish.

The light, whippy 525 was a tremendous shock-absorber. Had the rod been bigger and less flexible, I think the line would not have stood the strain.

A seven-inch wire trace, which I always use bait casting, at last paid dividends. The rig was three ganged. 5.0 Kendall Kirbys and a small treble, and the hooks were laced around the fish's mouth in a way that meant the line would have been pulled back along his head. Without wire, I think the 12lb would not have stood the chafing.

The beloved old Alvey. What a reel! I had the spool filled with line (500 yards) and so far as I was concerned that fish could have run half-way to Madagascar. The drag responded instantly to every pressure in those last critical moments among the dumpers.

The thrill this mullo way gave me is slowly fading now, but I have an angling memory which will last for all time.

That huge, garden-spade tail breaking the surface and, just as gently, fading back under again.

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

"GO LIGHT AND GO NORTH" by Bill Morrow:

Since the day I was first bitten by the fishing bug, I had heard stories of places that were a paradise for the shore fisherman. After visiting some of these fabled lands of crashing strikes and drag screaming runs, I found that I should "have been there last year mate, we caught 30 over 25 lb in four hours" or "there is not much here now since they fixed up the road and let in the tourists".

So on the morning when the hardy members of the Club were arriving at half way bay for the June field day, I pulled out from home with a caravan, the family and on top, enough fishing rods to impress on everyone that I was on a fishing holiday. Our intention being to go north as far as Exmouth Gulf, and fish a few places that had not been fished to a standstill. Perhaps then I could tell a few fish stories of my own.

As this is a fishing club magazine and not a tourist brochure for Exmouth, I will not therefore rave on about the fabulous weather (which it was), beautiful beaches for kids (and they are), rugged scenery in the ranges (and it is damn rugged), and all the oysters and thumping Mangrove crabs we consumed. Instead, I will tell you of the fish caught and the tackle used to do it.

Having never gone fishing without bait, the first day we drove down the inside of the Cape 23 miles to Learmonth. At the prawning works, squid and prawns can be purchased for bait. After buying a couple of pounds of each we drove onto the beach where the pipe from the Works empties into the sea. Here I was told there were plenty of whiting just right to use for bait casting. Amid hundreds of screaming gulls, I found there was no need to buy bait at all, for out of the pipe flowed prawn heads larger than any prawn I had ever seen. With the meat from a head on a small hook, I cast my first bait into tropical water. Instantly the ABU 5000 drag made the noises I had dreamed of. Then I realised that in my enthusiasm, I had not tightened it at all. More bait, another cast and an immediate hook up, no messing around this time, in it came, a bream about a pound. Six or seven casts later and the same number of bream on the beach, and Roselyn thought we had enough for a feed, besides I wanted whiting. After a little experimenting, I found that the whiting were further away from the pipe than the bream, so it was only a short time later that about a dozen big sand whiting were added to the bream.

Now with good fresh bait, lures and spinners, the exploring began. The only information the locals at the caravan park could give me, was on catching nor-west snapper. My first few days were spent fishing rising tides for snapper and generally getting to know the place. In this time, three snapper were caught, two casting from the beach about 3/4 lb and one 250 yards out on a balloon, around 7/8 lb. Nor-west snapper did not impress me greatly, they are poor fighters and not very good eating. Anyway, I had come here for game fish and the one I wanted most after

listening to the tales of Hewie, was a Queen fish.

So, I was looking for deep water in front of a reef. The western side of the Cape is reef bound and therefore, no deep water can reach the shore fisherman; while the eastern side is all beach and shallow reef. This information was obtained by poking the car down every track I saw and walking the beaches and bays at the end. This left only the point of the Cape to explore.

One afternoon on my own, armed with a light double hander Conlon rod, with a Diawa 4000 reel and a beach rod (3904 Sportex, ABU 9000 reel), I walked east from the wreck at the point of the Cape. Here I found the reef and water I wanted. But, were there any fish? The reef which ran for some 300 yards along the shore, was backed by a rock and sand beach. The reef itself was covered most of the time, but the front of it had a two foot high rampart of oysters running along its front. The oysters were covered at the top of the tide but high and dry at low tide. When I first found it, the water was out and there is little chance of catching surface fish in these water at low tide. The beach gear was rigged with a spoon sinker and a 9/0 tarpon, baited with squid and cast well out. Finding a convenient hole I propped the rod up and left it. Rigging the Conlon with a wonder wobbler, I began walking and casting my way along the reef. Light tackle such as this is ideal for this work as it can be used for hours without effort. After a few casts the propped up beach rod started bending and I was off like a shot to pick it up. Yes, something was on, in fact, it even took line off in a short run, but that was all the resistance it put up and soon a spotted cod of some 10lb was gasping in the shallow water behind the oysters. Not being impressed with the look of the thing, nor its fight, it was released, as was another of the same proportions taken on the next cast. The beach gear was left out of the water after this and I resumed with the wander wobbler. At low tide I soon realised it was a bit useless as the water was completely lifeless. But persistence paid off when about to give up and go, something followed as the lure neared the reef, but did not go for it. Another cast and this time the line tightened, the drag buzzed, and out of the water, its spotted side flashing in the late afternoon sun, came a Queenie. In the moment of realisation that here was the fish I had come for, it flicked its frog mouthed head, sent the lure flying, and was gone. After giving the spot where it vanished the same sign, its disappearing tail seemed to give me, I resumed fishing. Nothing more put in an appearance so I left a little disappointed, but determined that the next day would be different.

The tides seemed to have a big influence on the fishing, so a tide chart was purchased from the Tourist Information Centre. High tide the next afternoon was 2.00 p.m., so allowing for the water to fall a bit, I arrived at the reef about 3.00 p.m. Here I met two anglers also holidaying in the area. After the polite preliminary discussions, the talk turned to fish; in answer to the usual question from me, I was shown the first

Queen fish I had seen on dry land. It had just been landed and the spots were still very pronounced on its shiny skin. The Queenie is built something like a large skippy, with a big head and frog-like mouth. This one weighed about 12 lb and was not large my new found fishing companions informed me, as they had removed several larger from this pot in the last few days.

The sight of this fish started me digging out gear as the other fellows waded out to the oysters with mulies rigged on ganged hooks. I rigged a REB 4000 on the Conlon and soon joined the cast and retrieve routine. The water was entirely different from yesterday, with the 6ft rise of the tide, the water was very clear with life everywhere. Out to sea, large fish were jumping and the birds were working over them. Suddenly small bait fish took off in front of us. Jim, one of the other chaps, had let his mulie drift in front of me with the outgoing tide, I watched as three queenies rushed for it. Onehooked up and took off boring down deep and straight out, it then came up, leapt clear of the water and threw the rig. With Jim's gear out of the water, I cast the REB (with my pulse rate up considerably) in anticipation. The lure hit and as the bail arm went over the swirls of fish could be seen as it went for it like a hungry salmon. One flick of the rod tip, the REB wiggled and immediately vanished in a swirl. The rod was up and well bent with three feet of line back on the spool before the fish realised all was not well with its last meal. Then it was off, not fast, but a deep powerful run, going left with the tide flow. The line started to cut water back to the right, as the fish turned and started up, straight out of the water, no fancy jump though, just straight up and out, crashing back any old how. The fight then was a few short runs and a jump. With the drag off, I let it rip and boy did it rip; they are not fast, but they can sure jump. Fish that jump this often soon tire and after ten minutes it turned side up and I slid it over the oysters through the channel and onto the beach. The first Queenie, and worth the whole trip. He weighed in at 15½lb, just one pound under the Club record. Jim and his mate had two each on fairly heavy tackle with which they hauled them in fairly quickly.

As the tide the next morning started to fall at 4.30 a.m., I was at the reef at 5.30 a.m. Alone this time on a beautiful morning, very calm water with a gentle easterly puffing in my face. Walking on the oysters I cast a surf rider straight into the gold sunrise. About a dozen casts later, a queenie took the lure, coming out of the water as it did so. This one was not as big as yesterday's, so it was released. With the single-hander and ABU loaded with 6lb line, I went back to casting a small wobbler. Three fish in, half a dozen casts, jumped and ran on the 6lb line before they came in beaten to be released. The fourth hookup turned out to be another queenie, this one fought deep and hard without jumping once. I was having a ball, fish everywhere, so many in fact, I was letting them go. The 11 pounder was kept for the single handed entry in the Open. The queen fish seemed to quieten down after the frantic start, so the Conlon and the REB4000 went back into action. I was getting upset,

no strike for ten minutes, just casting and watching the lure with its sexy wriggle through the water on the retrieve. Then the fish I'll never forget. The REEB was coming in slow, right on top some ten to twelve yards out, from a few feet to the right the skin of the water bulged up, a flash of faint gold and the REEB was gone. Its place was taken by a speed merchant of a fish that ran right on the surface straight out to sea, the Diawa drag really whistled as line melted from the spool. After a run of about 100 yards, it stopped, still right on top and stayed there as I pumped it back. In close it went down and slugged it for awhile, but after that run it did not have much left and soon he was over the reef and on the beach. For such a speed demon he was not very big (14½lb), the same shape and teeth as a spanish mackerel but no stripes; instead a golden colour and small scales. Back in town the book showed him to be a Shark Mackerel, as there was not one listed it was a Club record entry.

What fishing time I had left was spent at this spot for obvious reasons. One morning Turrum to 11lb took a liking to a feather jig used with the 6 to 1 seascape, resulting in two landed out of five hookups, out of the same number of casts. The tally when the time came for home and work, was 10 queen fish, (3 kept) 6 shark mackerel (all kept), 3 Turrum and 2 small spanish mackerel of 3/4lb.

This is light tackle country with great sport fish to use it on. Tackle to take would be a single hander with 6/9 lb line, double hander similar to a 525 sportex with a medium spinning reel and 14lb line or lighter. I used high speed gear a little and caught fish, but I would not buy it just to go north. Ballooning gear is used by the few locals I talked to - they catch shark mackerel on whole squid bait, so this gear would be worth taking. Spanish mackerel are taken on a balloon near the U.S. Navy Pier (not jetty), in late July and August when the breeze is right, but this does not happen often. Arch Ticklie who arrived the last few days I was there, has caught Queen fish and Golden Trevally at the Prawn Factory pipe, but nothing was caught there during our stay at Exmouth.

With the holiday over, we packed our shorts and thongs and suntanned and satisfied, headed south to the cold and rain.

CLUB CAMERA

At the last Committee Meeting it was decided to purchase a new Club Camera to replace the present one on loan from Jim Strong. Jack Harvey has done a good deal of research into a suitable multi-purpose camera and his recommendation was approved.

From now on all members are asked to show that "Colgate ring of confidence" smile!

DRY CASTING HAPPENINGS!

What a way to "blood" two new officers - 34 participants - with the best attendance since October 1969. Somebody has let the "cat out of the bag" so to speak and blabbed to the members about what a great activity our dry casting mornings are - the comradeship, the improved proficiency, the ragging, the side-betting, the improved proficiency, the kind, helpful, goodlooking, modest, dry casting officers and the improved proficiency. It is expected now that so many members know how good these mornings are, that more members will attend.

The Single Handed Open began with gusty westerlies and showers, (and two of the most colourful markers yet seen - DOUG TALBOT looking like an overfed stick of rhubarb). H.Y.HEW took this off narrowly from R. TUCKER, the margin being one foot. GEORGE HOLMAN with a cast of 237ft was third. Others to cast well were W. UTTING with 236ft, J. DEVITT with 232ft. At this stage, R. BAILEY votes a special mention - First casting day and managed a creditable 229ft. A most interesting competition looks inevitable in this Section.

The level line distance once again showed that JOHN DEVITT is the strongest caster in this section. The tricky breeze cut many feet off most casts, but JOHN managed a 450 feet without penalty and 42 points. Well done John! Others to cast well with three even casts were N. KNIGHT 36 pts, H.Y. HEW 36 pts, R. TUCKER 35 pts, G. BASKERVILLE, D. HOLLAND, L. REID 34 pts. Perhaps E. PARKER and D. LATTO could examine their lines before September - two breakoffs each. Good to see B. LEICESTER (nick-named CORONARY) with us again after illness. He thought he'd strained his AORTA when he broke-off!

Conditions did not effect all the casters when participating in Double Handed Accuracy and some very good scores were made. RIC SULLIVAN took this section with an excellent 64 from GEORGE ("NO MOVIES") HOLMAN 61, N. (the beret) KNIGHT 58 and J. NUICH 53.

In the Single Handed Accuracy, N. KNIGHT with 4 even casts notched 29 to win this section from B. LEICESTER 28 (a little unlucky!) and W. UTTING 25. H. NEIL did an amazing thing in this section - he broke off!

The final tally of points for the day showed N. KNIGHT with an excellent 133 points to take the "pot" with the ruthless "hunter", GEORGE HOLMAN second with 126 points - enabling him to move well up in the Top Ten. RIC SULLIVAN third with 119 points, D. HOLLAND 116, D. TALBOT 109 and J. DEVITT 106, were other good scores.

The Dry Casting Officer and his Assistant hope that the attendances will continue to improve. Good to see young JEFF RENSHAW knock his Dad off with ease and "first timers" like F. LUCAS can take heart from the scores

of R. TUCKER 71, J. STRONG 56, D. LATTO 79 - even the best have their bad days! Also pleasing to see E. PARKER improve from last in July to 3rd last in August - keep trying ERIC and take a tip from the D.C.O. - watch your big feet!

Next month starting at 9.00 a.m. SHARP, we operate again at FLOREAT, with the usual level line distance, double & single handed accuracy AND the level line OPEN with a 4 oz sinker.

TOM & GRAHAM

CASTING RESULTS:

Overall Points Winners

1. N. Knight	133 pts
2. G. Holman	126 "
3. E. Sullivan	119 "

S.H. Open (1 $\frac{1}{2}$ oz)

1. Hew Y. Hew	252
2. R. Tucker	251
3. G. Holman	237

S.H.A.

1. N. Knight	29
2. B. Leicester	28
3. W. Utting	25

D.H.A.

1. E. Sullivan	64
2. G. Holman	61
3. N. Knight	58

L.L. DISTANCE

1. J. Devitt	42
2. H.Y. Hew)	
N. Knight)	36
3. R. Tucker	35

LONGEST CAST

J. Devitt	450 feet
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TOP TWENTY:

1. J. Devitt	455	11. D. Latto	376
2. N. Knight	446	12. W. Utting	375
3. H.Y. Hew	440	13. G. Baskerville	323
4. G. Holman	418	14. R. Kildahl	304
5. R. Tucker	408	15. J. Oxley	294
6. R. Lerch	392	16. J. Nuich	291
7. D. Talbot	390	17. T. Stam	287
8. R. Tichbon	388	18. W. Morrow	280
9. T. Corcoran	383	19. E. Sullivan	276
10. L. Reid	377	20. M. Dawson	261

I.L. DISTANCE

	Pty.	1.	2.	3.	Tot.	Ave.	Pts
N. Knight	-	365	351	355	1071	357	36
G. Holman	21	340	325	335	979	326	33
E. Sullivan	-	297	294	300	891	297	30
D. Holland	-	335	349	327	1011	337	34
D. Talbot	-	310	312	314	936	312	31
J. Devitt	42	426	429	450	1263	421	42
B. Leicester	21	49	300	298	626	208	21
H. Y. Hew	21	376	363	358	1076	358	36
M. Dawson	21	340	336	334	989	329	33
J. Nuich	21	244	229	253	705	235	24
B. Reynolds	42	290	337	326	905	301	30
W. Utting	-	277	292	291	860	286	29
G. Baskerville	21	386	330	312	1007	335	34
W. Morrow	21	277	261	296	813	271	27
R. Kildahl	-	283	274	246	803	267	27
R. Lerch	21	344	B.0	345	668	222	22
L. Reid	-	335	358	340	1033	344	34
T. Corcoran	21	298	334	260	867	289	29
R. Tichbon	21	261	272	280	792	264	26
D. Green	-	305	327	274	906	302	30
D. Latto	-	B.0	297	B.0	297	99	10
R. Tucker	-	356	334	348	1038	346	35
H. Neil	21	231	198	242	650	216	22
G. Gildersleeve	-	376	342	350	1068	356	36
R. Fredericks	-	319	334	324	977	325	32
T. Stam	42	276	273	260	757	255	25
J. Oxley	21	293	276	262	810	270	27
G. Renshaw (J)	21	223	220	255	767	259	26
R. Bailey	63	275	311	298	821	273	27
J. Strong	42	272	290	291	811	270	27
N. Risbey	42	285	315	302	860	286	29
E. Parker	21	B.0	282	B.0	261	87	9
S. Renshaw	42	250	303	289	800	266	27
F. Lucas	-	249	229	280	758	252	25

CLUB PICNIC AND BARBECUE

MUSSELS POOL. MIDDLE SWAN

SUNDAY, 24th OCTOBER, 1971

<u>D.H. ACCURACY</u>					<u>S.H. ACCURACY</u>						
1.	2.	1.	2.	Tot.	1.	2.	1.	2.	Pts	Tot.Pts	Inc.Att.
16	19	15	8	58	9	5	8	7	29	123	133
11	20	16	14	61	1	6	8	7	22	116	126
13	18	16	17	64	2	4	5	4	15	109	119
6	14	15	15	50	6	9	5	2	22	106	116
14	-	14	20	48	8	10	-	2	20	99	109
-	19	3	13	35	-	9	-	10	19	96	106
-	15	18	12	45	8	6	4	10	28	94	104
-	10	10	15	35	3	7	5	7	22	93	103
8	9	17	13	47	3	-	7	-	17	90	100
15	17	8	13	53	-	4	8	-	12	89	99
17	14	-	14	45	8	4	-	1	13	88	98
-	15	9	9	33	-	9	8	8	25	87	97
11	14	11	-	36	2	3	5	5	15	85	95
13	8	13	10	44	8	2	1	2	13	84	94
5	8	10	15	38	-	6	5	7	18	83	93
-	14	17	15	46	4	-	3	7	14	82	92
-	17	9	11	37	6	-	-	4	10	81	91
-	9	16	13	38	-	-	5	6	11	78	88
7	17	-	13	37	-	3	6	5	14	77	87
13	8	-	7	28	-	-	4	9	13	71	81
12	13	14	9	48	-	-	7	4	11	69	79
6	-	2	10	18	-	3	-	5	8	61	71
-	11	13	9	32	-	-	6	-	6	60	70
-	5	5	2	12	1	-	-	8	9	57	67
1	2	-	16	19	-	-	-	5	5	56	66
-	-	15	12	27	-	-	-	2	2	54	64
18	-	7	-	25	2	-	-	-	2	54	64
-	15	-	9	24	-	-	-	-	0	50	60
-	-	14	9	23	-	-	-	-	0	50	60
-	2	12	-	14	-	-	-	5	5	46	56
3	-	9	5	17	-	-	-	-	0	46	56
-	-	15	13	28	-	-	-	-	0	37	47
-	2	-	-	2	-	-	1	1	2	31	41
-	-	-	-	0	-	-	-	-	0	25	35

CLUB PICNIC AND BARBECUE

MUSSELS POOL, MIDDLE SWAN

SUNDAY, 24th OCTOBER, 1971

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

We had returned promptly at 4 o'clock expecting to receive fuel and be on our way, this was accomplished only after a considerable length of time had elapsed. It appeared, the underground supply tank needed replenishing and was being undertaken by a large truck loaded with drums, the contents of which was being syphoned, 6 or 7 at a time through one inch plastic garden hose. We were to learn much of the North' contempt for impatience. Finally, we left the Inn by way of the steep creek bank, and as we passed through the town, we noticed a vehicle leave the driveway of a house. Boldly written the length of its side was the name of a well known pest control firm. We joked over the thought of the Company having chosen this area to educate new recruits, for in a land riddled with termites, there exists no shortage of raw material to practice on. At the head of a long column of dust that hung like thick smoke in the still, hot air of late afternoon, we headed east from the Crossing to find a camp site for the night.

In addition to making camp up wind and out of sight of the road, I also positioned the trailer to show as little as possible. I was mindful of stories I'd read and heard concerning travellers being molested and was determined to take few chances. We commenced the search for a suitable site about 5 O'clock each day, in some areas it took considerable time, due to the nature of the land. First in preference were gravel pits, this because they were extensive in area, hard large "islands" behind which to hide, were free of ants and bare of material that could harbour snakes etc. When pits were not available, we had to settle for the next best thing, such was this night's camp, behind stunted bush, that clung to precarious life along a shallow water course (dry). Crisscrossing the area were deep and numerous cattle pads. When camping out, the children, with 8 year old Rochelle in charge, always kept out of the way; they wandered about exploring, with instructions not to leave sight of camp. In caravan parks they made straight for swings, or any other available entertainment. Joy and I set the trailer for sleeping, (always a dusty job) and left it attached to the Rover, we erected the annexe only when staying longer than one night. Bedding, we carried wrapped in large plastic bags in the Rover to form an area for the children to sleep, or play on during travel, this also kept our sleeping gear clean, as "Ralph" was remarkably dust free, due to pressurising by leaving open the front vents. After the evening meal, I buried all scraps, tins etc. including the contents of litter bag we carried on the dash. This was not always easy, owing to the hardness of the ground, but, as an example to the children, I insisted on not so much as a match being carelessly discarded.

Joy rinsed the "smalls" of the day and hung them on a makeshift line, usually the 'roo bar, by time to leave next morning, they were dry. Parks of course offered laundry facilities with a wide variety of washing machines, ranging from antique to the very latest designs, and from free

to coin operated. We learned many caravaners carried plastic dust bins with clip on lids, containing their soiled clothes, water and washing powder, the rough roads provided the motion, result; a washing machine finish. We didn't hear if an improvised spin drier had been perfected, but feel sure, someone somewhere, is working on it.

The Easterly was vacuuming the stony plain outside of Hall's Creek and pushing the dust against the Rover in gusty red clouds, when the trailer blew a tyre. I wasn't really surprised as the 4-ply retreads had done well to last as long as they had. I had time to reflect on a story I'd read of another traveller's adventure with 4-ply tyres, (he had advised against anything less than 6-ply for Northern roads), as I lay on my back on the stony road, trying to remove the spare wheel from the drawbar. Dust had seized the thread of the half-inch holding bolt, which finally broke rather than release the nut. I reflected further on the Derby policeman's warning about tyres as I battled to separate the battered cover and tube from the rim, and it was here I made close contact with the spinefex burr causing even greater reflection on the words of the spray pack prophet. One or two vehicles slowed to enquire after our welfare and assist the wind to raise more dust to throw over us. I left the remains of the blown tyre propped against one of its fellows (of which there were many) and salved my conscience of littering by telling the family it would look silly digging a hole to bury a tyre. Besides, the ground was too maned hard!

The garage gent in Hall's eyed me a long moment when I asked if he had any retreads for sale. He said finally, "By the time a tyre gets here boy, it's too to be retreaded, besides, it would cost twice as much as a new one, to send out and bring back. It'll have to be a new 6-ply or nothing". He even offered to fit it free, after assuring me he was letting me have it at Perth prices. I wished I had let him have the pleasure of removing the "blow out" from the rim as well. We filled the tanks with Super at 53 cents a gallon, then squared the fuel and tyre account with a Traveller's cheque. We carried only a few of these for use in emergencies, the bulk of our money we drew as we needed it, from a Savings account book presented at branch offices. A process known as "black light" was used to expose our signatures placed invisibly in the book before leaving home. Only at Normanton, where no processing machine was available, did we have any difficulty.

The school, appeared as a worthy mention, in so much as it was well kept, had trees, shrubs and some lawn, in direct contrast with most other buildings of the town, that stands on a long sloping contour in the stony plain. Directly across the road from the school was the only other place of interest to us, the butcher's shop, run by a man of some Aboriginal parentage. Both he and his shop were spotlessly clean, the steak price a pleasing 50 cents a pound (we had been briefed on this in Onslow, showing how news spreads on the traveller's grapevine) and the quality, we found, beyond excellence.

The caravan park, its bare and windy expanse dotted with the odd van, did not impress us, so we found a water eroded slash in the plain, leading to a dry creek bed, made camp, added Deb potatoes and the contents of a tin of peas to the fried steak, for our evening meal. A sponge over to remove some of the dust, of the day's travel, thence to bed to write events of the day in our diaries (a nightly procedure). Somewhere, in the far distance, a donkey brayed into the moonlit stillness of the night, seeming to accentuate the solitude of the vast land. It was very cold.

Rochelle had been given leave from school to accompany us, so, to avoid falling behind in her work, we insisted she do arithmetic, write a diary, and letters to her class, for writing and spelling practice. We were not popular over this issue, but whilst we packed, she did one of the three, each day. Only in parks did we relent a little. During the day, we had mental arithmetic and Table singing lessons, in which even 3 year-old Troy joined, adding his voice and which ever figure he happened to think of. These sessions were always good for a laugh, very often they helped avert a patch of boredom for all of us. The children behaved very well throughout the whole adventure, considering the length of time travelling each day and the unfamiliar environment in which they found themselves at night.

Culvert work being performed on many of the myriad dry creek crossings, necessitated the dusty detours we encountered on the Wyndham Road, adding further to the discomfort of the rough road surface. Powdery grey dust at times obscured the trailer completely, despite the efforts of a wind deflector fitted to the Rover's roof. Most of these creeks had colourful names, some we noted were, Mistake, March Fly, Cheese Tin, Dead Camel and many made reference, in one way or another, to the Aboriginal race. The road beyond Turkey Creek (a post office, store, etc. off the main road) wound through hills of flat topped strata rock, their wonderful colours portrayed by painters of northern landscape. We felt inclined to take photos at every turn, but found the next scene better than the last, with the inevitable result.

We ran on bitumen road from Dunham River Station into Wyndham, through more of the same beautiful range scenery, and past a section of the pilot irrigation scheme for the Ord River project. A colour slide, over exposed, failed miserably to capture the tranquility and beauty of the scene. Green sorghum, growing in fields of rich brown earth, the sun back-lighting great water sprays, each arcing life sustaining moisture over an acre or more of ground. The acrid smell of water on hot earth spiced the afternoon air with an exciting fragrance.

cont. next month