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August, 1953.

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The Official News Letter of  
**THE SURF-CASTING AND ANGLING ASSOCIATION OF W.A.**

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EDITOR'S NOTE

We are very pleased to be able to announce that we have secured the use of rooms at the National Fitness Council for future meetings. These rooms are quite an improvement on those at Aussie Cycles now that our numbers have increased and there's a greater interest in club activities.

Our next meeting will be on 12th August at the National Fitness rooms in James Street, near the Police Traffic Office, and opposite Perth Boys' High School.

It's very pleasing to get news from Bunbury Surfcasting and Angling Club to include in our paper. We'd like to hear more from other clubs also.

Our next Field Day is to be held at Yanchep from dawn to 11 a.m. on Sunday, 16th August.

## NOTES from BUNBURY

Our president, Eric Teede, who is a constant visitor to the coast between Busselton and Cosy Corner, cracked the jackpot on Saturday, 4th July. Fishing with a "spinner" which consisted of about four inches of tubular steel and a piece of rag attached to the hooks, Eric hooked into and landed a 41lb. mulloway. The gear used was a Rangoon Cane, Graeme Supreme Reel and 16 lb. B.S. Italian Nylon. Indeed an excellent performance! The spot where he caught it is called Sail Rock.

Noel "Dagwood" Johnson has just received recognition for the 22 lb. Jewfish he caught on one of our outings to the Capel River mouth - a letter of congratulations. This was the Outdoors and Fishing award. The "Jewie" was caught off the beach with a Rangoon Cane rod, 16 lb. line and 6" home made aluminium centre pin reel.

## FIELD DAY .. PENGUIN ISLAND

Last Saturday we set off to beat up the local <sup>skippy</sup> shipping population at Penguin Island. We were armed with every fishing aid known to science, and some that had never been thought of before, and we were fairly confident. We even went light on food because we were going to catch so many fish ~~which~~ we wouldn't have time to eat.

Well, that's the kind of blind optimism that makes fishermen such a happy race. An angler is a grown man with the experience of years, and the heart and irrepressible enthusiasm of a school boy.

So off we went on a falling barometer, a rising sea and a ten foot plywood boat.

We got to Penguin Island O.K., wet through with spray, but undaunted. We thoroughly enjoyed the rough trip over and decided that since it was as rough as it could possibly get, we were over the worst of it. How little we knew!

Five minutes after the landing we were all fishing flat our for fish, points and honour.

Next morning at first light we were off again; it was now blowing a full gale and fishing was worse. Some pilchard and flathead were caught, but casting into the wind the greatest distance we could get was two feet behind us, and casting with the wind there was a danger of hooking up on the rabbit proof fence. So at 10 a.m.

Field Day - Penguin Island (Contd.)

we packed up and prepared for home. Then Felix (the menace) Holywell had a bright idea, and threw all the sharks and the ray into the sea. Poor old Vic, when he heard of this he held a small committee meeting with himself and decided unanimously that we should divide Felix up for shark bait. However, they finally wrested the meat cleaver from him and after that relations between them settled down on a friendly basis.

At 4 p.m. Nelson Smith, Paul Kungli and Reg Wetheimer, in the 10 ft. dinghy, and Bob Agnew in his own boat, took advantage of a lull in the storm and headed for the mainland.

As no boat could return, Sunday night was a grim night for those left on the Island. Fishing was impossible so all went to bed at dark and stayed there until 11 a.m. Monday.

Bob had taken the only edible fish back with him, and we were just drawing lots and sharpening up the meat cleaver, when Vic produced 12 packets of dehydrated soup, and one Port Jackson shark which had escaped Felix, and the situation was saved.

Next day we had one cup of soup, two square inches of shark, driving rain, a 90 mile gale, and very little hope.

We rescued four Fairy Penguins, which had been blown down a well. We relieved ~~these~~ and chased a rabbit all round the island all day until our strength gave out. We retired Monday night empty and forlorn, and at midnight the gale was still blowing.

Tuesday morning brought a lull in the storm and local fisherman, Mick Warne, in his boat. He set us ashore, and we headed for home. What a life !!

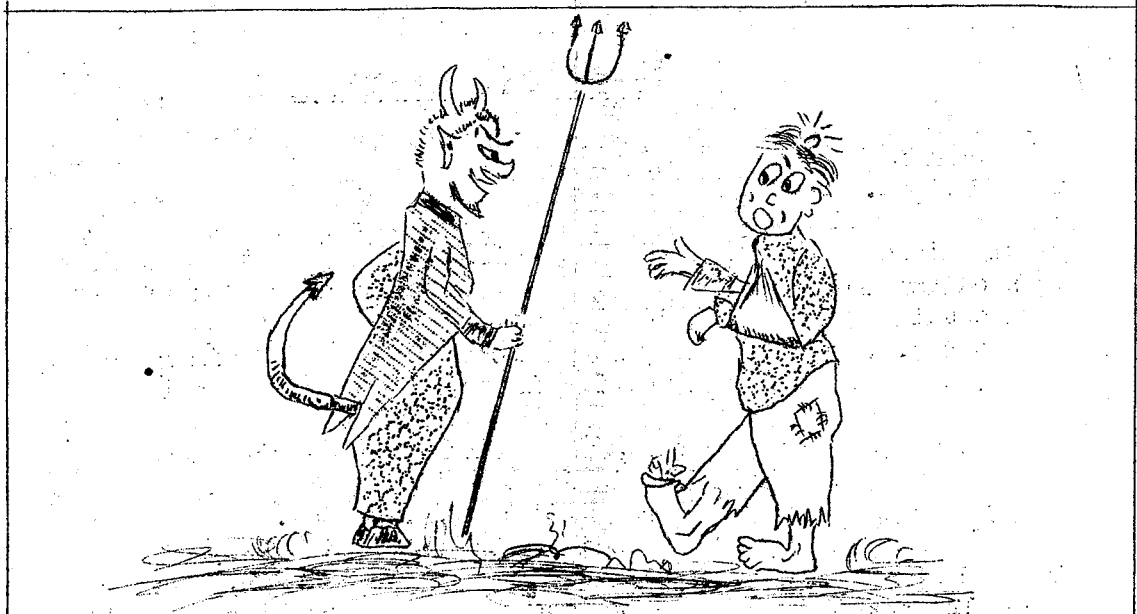
... Vic Davis.

F O R     S A L E

Surfmaster Reel with Antiback lash and full spool of line and Rangoon cane rod, with cork grips ... £10.

Record all steel single handed Pistol grip Spinning Rod (new) and Graeme Junior reel, with full spool of line ... £8.

F. Holywell,  
198 Abbett Street,  
Scarborough.



"Well, I was fishing alongside Noel Knight, and you know those big sinkers he uses ....."

Dear Bill,

I apologise for me grammer and me spellin' but I likes to write the way I talks. Gettin' any lately? I guess you've 'eard enough about me jewies - any'ow I uses 'em for bait these days - but there's a few things worth mentionin' about the Club's weekend at Penguin. I'm not goin' to burden you with the whole story 'cause there's others as probably got different versions and I'd like to 'ear 'em.

You know Bill, it seems to me we're never too old to get sillier - some of us any'ow. It was like this. On the Friday night afore the weekend I rings up the Sec. and sez that seein' as 'ow the weather don't look too promisin' it might be as well if 'e tees up about a place to stay at Safety Bay (in case it's too rough to get across to the Island). He sez 'e will, so I leaves it at that and tootles off down on Friday night.

I spends Satufday mornin' fixin' up me boat and geat and listenin' to the radio bloke givin' out storm warnin's every ten minutes or so. I thinks to meself "Any mug who'd go over to the Island in this weather oughta be certified" (but I keeps on gettin' ready).

(Ctd.)

About two o'clock I'm at the meetin' place and some of the mob arrives soon after. She's already blowin' a bit but not too bad. 'Alf-heartedly I mentions the storm warnins and urges caution, but I'm just wastin' me breath. They 'ires a 10 foot dinghy that'll 'old about three blokes with their gear and I've got me own little boat wot'll just 'old me. You know, Bill, I've always been a bit proud of me little red boat wot I built meself 'bout sixteen years ago. (She's gotta 'alf 'orse motor in 'er now). I've always treated 'er babylike and this time I painted 'er up special for the occasion. (I mentions this 'cause I got somethin' more to say later.)

Well, I thinks to meself "You silly B's" (includin' meself) and we pushes off. She's a bit wet but we gets over O.K. and one of the blokes starts the ferryin' business to get the rest across. Meanwhile us takes a look around. The caves we meant to use proves a washout, so we parks in a cupla huts, all comfy like with beds and mattresses - a real 'ome from 'ome and everythin's sweet. Out comes the fishin' gear and we moves off to start the competition.

Well, Bill, seein' as 'ow we're all mates I shows 'em all your best fishin' places and they takes their pick. I gets teamed up with Smithy and we fishes a 'ole where I've 'ad some good bream and skippy in me day. This time I can't take a trick Bill. First I 'ooks a beauty and afore I can even get me drum payin' out 'e shoots through with the lot. Then I gets a decent bream and tries to lift 'im straight out - 'e breaks me 'ock and sez tat-ta. Meantime Smithy's fillin' the 'ole with lead and leavin' it there (I reckon I just about got Smithy converted to usin' me corked up 'ooks by now). After a while I gets a small bream and by this time we've just about 'ad enough. We decides to 'ave tea and come back later.

On our way to the hut we runs into the skipper bloke with three sharks alongside 'im and another one on 'is line. (His mates down below, 'alf drowned in the surf tryin' to get 'is fingers in its gills to land it for 'im).

We sez 'ello friendly like to the skipper but 'e's so dammed busy with 'is shark that 'e just mumbles somethin' and then forgets we're there. It's then, Bill, that I remembers 'ow we changed the rules at the last meetin' to make sharks and rays count equal with respectable fish - I also remembers 'ow when our spinnin' expert, Vern, reckoned the change weren't fair to the dinkum anglers, the skipper waved 'is 'ands virtuous like and sez as 'ow no bloke would go after sharks or rays just to win a competition.

Well, Smithy and me goes back to the Hut and there's the rest of the mob comparin' notes and nobody's done any good. There's one of these blokes named Felix - you outa know 'im - 'e's the tall slab as always 'as a grin on 'is dial and 'e never sez a word out of place. Well Felix ain't lookin' 'is usual self - 'es been spinnin' all round the flamin' island and ain't 'ad a strike. Then I thinks of the skipper out there gloatin' over 'is sharks and thinkin' 'e's got the money in the bag. Innocent like I tells Felix about a place that's just lousy with big rays. I notice 'is face brighten up and it ain't long before 'e sidles off and I don't need two guesses where 'e's 'eadin' for. Mind you, Bill, I ain't got nothin' against the skipper bloke, but you gets a bit browned off when 'e keeps on winnin' all the competitions and I'm just 'open' that this time Felix 'as some luck.

Smithy 'an me 'as our tea (just can't 'elp the poetry, Bill) and goes back to our 'ole again (we're dinkum anglers). We pelts some more lead in without doin' much good and finally gives it away.

When we gets back to the hut, there's Felix with 'is old familiar grin again. He's got a 40 lb. ray.

Blime, Bill, you shoulda 'eard the skipper's language when 'e cum back and found Felix 'as thieved 'is jackpot.

Next mornin' the wind starts to rise good and proper. It ain't long before she's a 'owlin' gale and the boys starts askin' me wot I thinks about gettin' back to the mainland. Well Bill, seein' as 'ow you and me more or less talked 'em into this trip and as 'ow you've exercised your superior intelligence by stayin' 'ome, I feels a bit responsible an' I gotta say the right thing. I thinks we can probably get across alright if we travel light, but I got me doubts about gettin' back for the ferryin' business. Any'ow I advises 'em to 'old their 'orses and go fishin' till she pipes down a bit.

When lunch time comes, it's just as bad and we're feelin' pretty 'ungry, so we 'as a round up to see 'ow the tucker situation is. I gotta few cheese crackers, Mack a slice of cake and Felix a cupla dog biscuits (wot 'e saved from the last time 'is wife put 'im in the kennel). Things looked a bit grim and 'ere Bill is where I gotta do the right thing by the skipper bloke. You remember me slingin' off about 'is soup? Well, I takes it all back -

I 'umbly apologises. When 'e sees 'ow things are 'e starts scratchin' around in 'is cabin trunk and out comes the soup packets and packets of it - chicken noodles, onions and gawd knows wot. Believe me Bill, soup never tasted so good before and after this I'm goin' in for it in a big way. (Especially if they ever kids me into another storm trip to Penguin Island.)

Well, we feels a lot better but the boys is gettin' very restless. I can see 'ow the're beginnin' to think about wot their wives will say and then I remembers as 'ow I promised me own little taw I'd be 'ome in time to take 'er to a square dance - I don't feel so good meself.

Any'ow she's still blowin' like 'ell and I keeps stallin' them off. Then when I thinks some of 'em might take the bit in their teeth and do somethin' silly. I does it meself. Thinkin' they might 'ave me summed up I sticks me neck out proper and sez that if the worst comes to the worst I'll get across on me own and let their wives know the score. (Soon as I said it, I takes a quick look at them rollin' white 'orses and sez a prayer).

About four o'clock there's a bit of a lull and I'm bringin' meself round to push off when three of the mob decides to give it a try in the dinghy. Here, Bill, is where I've gotta square off. There's a newspaper bloke as got onto the story and writ up a bit about me pushin' off to stand by when the dinghy was in trouble. Well, Bill, it sounded good, but I ain't no 'ero. When I seen 'em start off in the dinghy, I thinks Jripes! seein' as 'ow I was goin' anyway I might as well 'ave company and I shoots through quick as I can to catch up with 'em. (Matter of fact Bill, I'm in such a 'urry that I goes off with the fish I'd cleaned for their tea!)

Well, we 'as a few anxious moments in the crossin' but we're O.K. till we gets to the beach. I'm alright - I shoots a good wave and runs up dry, but the dinghy gets a dumper and ships a lot of water. Anyway we're made it and 'ere's where I've gotta say somethin' about Smithy. 'Ere we see the fruits of 'is mother's inspiration when she named 'im Nelson. 'E throws out 'is chest and sez "I'm goin' back for me men!"

We empties the dinghy and Smithy mans it like an admiral. He sez "And me me telescope (or a periscope will do), start me

motor and give me a shove." Well we're 'angin' on 'alf-drowned but we gets 'im goin' and you never seen such a rodeo. The ruddy dinghy's buckin' the waves like a prize bronco. 'E gets about fifty yards out and she just about stands on 'er tail. Then she spins around and the motor comes loose,

Smith's been 'angin' on to 'is cocked hat and 'is periscope and now 'e's got the motor on 'is 'ands too. Well, altogether, she's a bit too much even for the hadmiral and 'e 'as to give it away. We drags 'im back up the beach.

There's nothin' more we can do so we goes to the shack. We 'as steak and eggs for tea, listens to th' radio (still givin' storm warnins) and turnsinin.

Next mornin' she's blowin' worse than ever so we fixes up with Mick Warne to pick 'em up as soon as 'e can and then we pushes off 'ome. You know the rest.

Sorry Bill, I seem to 'ave drawn this out a bit after all, but wot I really started off to tell you was wot the newspaper bloke 'ad the cheek to say about me beaut little red boat. Well! 'o calls 'er 'me nine foot COCKEL SHELL'. Bill I 'angs me 'ead in shame!

"Old Timer"