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(17)



June 1954.

SOUVENIER ISSUE

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

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## ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING and DINNER

The Annual General Meeting and Dinner will be held on FRIDAY, 11th JUNE, at 7 p.m., at Marlborough House, Cnr. Hay and George Streets, Perth.

It is most essential that all members participate in this meeting. The overall cost for the dinner and refreshments is 15/-.

Members are reminded that prospective members are welcome to attend.

WE STARTED SOMETHING

Vic Davis, President.

Almost three years ago about half a dozen rod and reel enthusiasts sat and waited for the fish to bite. As usual we were "shooting a few lines" as well, and before the evening was over a club was formed.

We had amongst us an extraordinary personality; a chap by the name of Gordon Hume. Gordon was a man of no mean ability. He did most of the spade work on the constitution for the club, and, in his position as secretary, was a tower of strength in our early days. He was gifted with an amazing imagination and could tell fishing tales so well that he believed them himself.

Then there was Dudley Brown. Dudley would take the biggest hook, line and sinker that he could find and throw it so far out to sea that the bait was stale before it hit the water. To see Dudley wind his rod and 14 ozs. of lead three times around his head was enough to clear the beach for miles.

Nelson Smith, who always thinks that some place four miles away is the best place to fish; Noel Knight who gets so scientific the fish die laughing; Vic Davis, the only man who ever had to set fire to 200 yards of over-run to get it off his reel, and Lloyd Dunn, who took over the secretary's job, were among the early members.

We really had some rare times and some of those warm summer nights when we fished from sunset till dawn will always be remembered.

Aussie Cycles were good enough to let us use their premises as a meeting place and one by one we recruited some of the finest and most knowledgeable rod and reel exponents there are in the State; chaps like Bob Agnew, Bill Griffiths, Bill Bridger, Vern Pocklington and Felix Holywell. I sometimes wonder if the younger members of the club appreciate how much specialised knowledge and how many years of experience are at their service in the form of advice that veteran fisherman can give them.

We started early to organise our field day trips and some of these, for various reasons, have been really memorable. There were the Rottnest trips (Blue with the tame jewfish, and Lloyd with his pet groper), Mullaloo, one of the maddest shambles of lines, sharks, rays, rods, tailer, gaffs, and of course, Noel, that we ever saw.

And who could forget Penguin Island? Lord Nelson (Captain

Carlsen) Smith and the boys chasing a rabbit for three days in a tempest and eating burnt wobbegong. The 14 mile trip by truck with Lloyd's driving? Noel, Reg and Vic perched on a sand hill all night?

Like all really good trips we remember these as much for the good comradeship as for the good fishing.

All the time our gear was evolving from the crudest to the most refined. Split canes replaced bamboos, geared reels and light lines instead of drum reels, star drag instead of skull drag. This is no reflection on the old gear - it caught, and catches some good fish, but progress is inevitable.

Gradually new clubs were formed in other centres; Bunbury and Geraldton having thriving clubs and undoubtedly there is a great future for surfcasting in this State.

So we come to the dinner, general election of officers next month and the end of the road for most of the original committee. We have worked hard and, we hope, well, for the club, and we are seeking a rest. It is up to the ordinary members to come forward and accept nomination for office. We want new ideas and a new committee to use them. Never has the club had a more propitious moment. We can go forward to brighter and bigger club activities. With a little organisation we can have a lot of good times; but you as individuals must do it. So, be at that election and if nominated,

BE IN IT.

#### AGENDA FOR MEETING

1. Loyal Toast
2. Minutes of last annual general meeting.
3. Business arising out of such minutes.
4. Apologies
5. Introduction of visitors
6. Introduction of new members.
7. Reception and adoption of annual report and treasurer's statement and auditor's report.
8. Correspondence
9. Election of Officers

President  
Vice-Presidents (2)  
Secretary-Treasurer

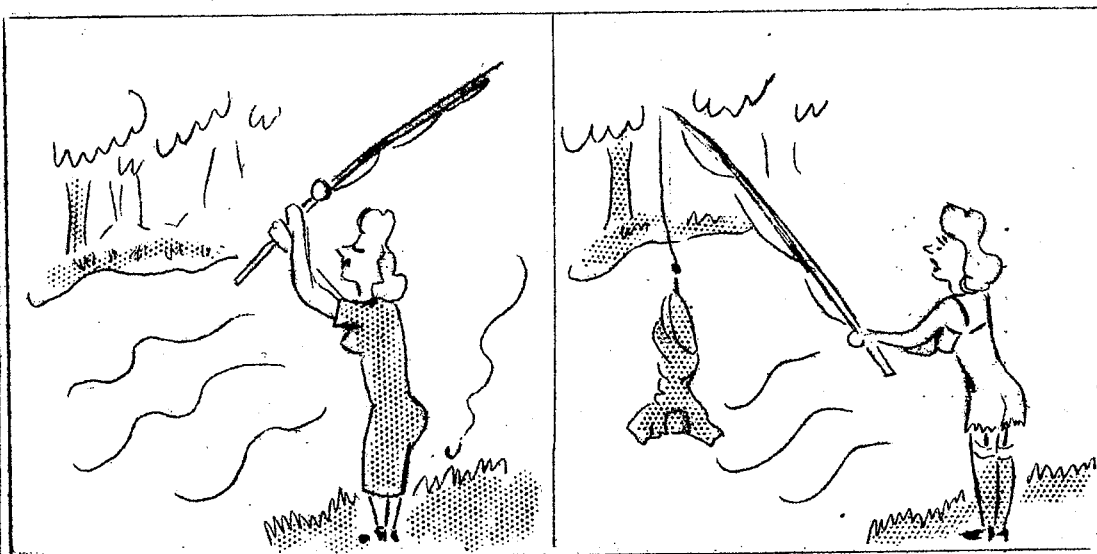
Social Director &  
Publicity Officer  
Assistant Secretary.  
Committee (4)

Where are the lads of the old Brigade?  
Where is the beach where they all parade?  
Where's "Gaffer" Mac and "Kingy" Knight  
Where do they roam to fish tonight.

And where is Vic the wily one?  
And old "Felix" that fishing son?  
Old "Gramophone" Smith and "No Fish" Dunn,  
And Kev Hanson with Bream by the ton?

So come on you lads whose names are not here  
Roll along to your club and turn on the cheer,  
Come along to the meet and show us the way  
And join in the fun on our next Field Day.

... N. Knight.



C O S Y      C O R N E R
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Situated approximately seven to ten miles this side of Augusta, and five miles from the turn off at Karridale, nestles Cosy Corner, the rod fisherman's dream. The main highway down is perfect, and one can travel at any speed in complete comfort. The five miles of track to the beach is in very good condition, making the journey from Perth and return a pleasure.

Vic. Mac and myself left on Thursday afternoon at 2 p.m., and had set up camp by seven. A stroll over to the beach to wet the lines produced only a few herring. Friday a.m. saw us fishing from the "honey comb" rocks, and as usual Vic goes to town on the first salmon that goes by, and as usual poor old Mac takes up his exalted position of gaff boy. If anyone tells you salmon are not delicious to eat (and this is for Noel Knight in particular) ask Vic to cook the next one for you.

Between the three of us we landed a good bag of herring, skip-jack, and garfish. Friday night unfortunately produced nothing, as we were not familiar with the surroundings. We did however, see one chap coming along who was the nearest thing to the character on a bottle of Scott's Emulsion that one could wish to see. This character had landed a Silver Kingfish so large that with a piece of rope through its gills, and carried over his shoulder, the tail was flapping against his ankles. Weight approximately 50 lbs.

We also watched another chap who had set a line overnight bring in a Dhu fish 35 to 40 lbs. Another fortunate person landed a 50 lb. sea Kingfish with the greatest of ease. The three of us had a wonderful morning on Saturday catching herring, and in no time we had six dozen good ones. Vic and Mac had the time of their lives pulling them out with spinners. Saturday afternoon we had a long walk to a beach which we thought may produce a Kingfish or two, but on this occasion Mac took the laurels with the only Kingie, of 14 lbs., and a Sea Tailer, 3 - 4 lbs.

To anyone looking for a few days away, I can really recommend Cosy Corner. The camp site is well protected, there are no flies, but, unfortunately, no water. The most important part being that there are plenty of fish.

... D.O.Edward

## THE SUCCESSFUL ANGLER

To be successful a surf angler must be prepared to put more than casual thought into the whys and wherefores of the sport. Those who live close to the sea have the advantage of constant observation. Others must rely on information in respect to weather reports and Fisheries reports.

It is not possible to give advice with any degree of certainty but there are obvious indicators which will allow the travelling angler some promise of success.

First choose a rising tide, either early morning or evening. Bright sunlight is not always a condition to be avoided, but mid-day flood tides do not usually produce best results. Beaches in the vicinity of estuaries are surf angling beaches.

By fishing as close as possible to submerged reefs, or from the rocky approaches, the surf angler will often be rewarded for his efforts. When working the beaches after dark, short casts are most advisable.

During rough seas, watch the amount of sand lifted in the breakers. Where constant sand curtains exist it is unlikely surf feeders will be present. Choose the edges of sand bars bordering channels to place your bait and where fast drifts and sweeping currents are present, look for where such conditions become less active.

Fresh bait is almost essential though salted varieties will be found successful when small fry are scarce and when fish are working the surf. Heavy seas are not a deterrent, but, on the other hand, often bring in surf feeders to dine on the disturbed food.

We often wonder if we enjoy catching fish as much as we relish the fact that we are going fishing. If it were just a matter of going out and dragging fish out of the water, present-day fishing tackle would be as it was a hundred years ago. Our main object is certainly to get among the fighting fish of the surf, but it is also to use modern tackle that requires a little skill to manipulate. The use of such tackle will not reduce the quantity of fish you will land, but it will increase the qualities that go towards creating sportsmanship. Surf angling is a sport which calls for a knowledge of fish and the elements that favour their presence. Experience is the only tutor. Learn the use of the implements for their capture and the hours spent in gaining the experience of locating them is the most enjoyable aspect of the sport.

.. D.O. Edward.

### HINTS ON THE BLUE GROPER

by Vic Davis.

The Blue Groper is one of our most spectacular and best fighting rock fish. He is particular and hard to please and is generally educated to at least University standard. He can read and write and recognises old friends (fishermen) at 300 yards range. Therefore, when caught by fair means on rod and reel, he is a fish to boast about. He never lives away from the reef and his favourite sport is sawing Nylons off on the razor edge of submarine caves. The inside of his comparatively small mouth is made of hard rubber and hooks bounce off it. However, he CAN be caught and here is how you go about it.

Spend at least three or four hours the previous day getting all the rock crabs, periwinkles, mutton fish etc. that you can gather. Choose a deep clear hole off the seaward side of a reel (if you get wet through every five minutes it is ideal) and throw in a little crushed up shell fish every five minutes. After three hours, if no groper arrive, try somewhere else. Should a groper turn up drop in your line (at least 25 lb. nylon) and watch the fish. Your bait is a whole rock crab or mutton fish on a 6/0 sea master. Use a 10° if you like - it is a better hook - if your fish will swallow it. I bet he won't.

Wait till he takes the bait in his mouth and turns away, then hit him hard. Keep your drag on as hard as the line will stand, a firm hold on your rod, and pray. If he doesn't saw you off, break you off, reef you, drag you in or break the hook or line, you will eventually be able to bring him to gaff.

### YE PARABLE OF YE LOAFERS & FISHERS

Yea, and it came to pass that a great multitude was assembled beside the waters and they didst cast forth their lines upon the face of the deep. But fish knew them not and they didst catch only she of the tribe of Adams, called by men Fanny, who beith of a strange sweetness.

And there came unto them a great prophet, saying: "Make way, O children of Israel, for he of the tribe of Davis, whom all men know as Victor, is among ye and all will be well!"

He bore in his right hand a mighty pole, tall even as the cedars upon Lebanon and of many cubits, and upon it was a winding

Ye Parable of Ye Loafers & Fishers (Contd.)

machine of great cunning wrought by he whom men call Graham, and who dwelleth in a far country named Sidi Nee.

And his garments were of a great antiquity and didst smell unto the high heavens of fish that had long been gathered to their fathers so that the multitude made way for him to pass and didst marvel exceedingly.

Whereupon Victor lifted up his voice once more and didst say with much loudness: "Know ye, O men, that I am a mighty catcher of fish and have this day brought to my basket many fish of great beauty and of a number exceeding even three score and ten!"

And lo! he didst wield with great vigour his rod and swing it mightily, whereby his spinner was cast forth with much swiftness and a great wonder rose in the hearts of those who saw.

But it came to pass that the reel which was fashioned of strange metal and of a great shininess, didst give tongue loudly and was then stilled. It was oiled not, so neither did it spin. Yea, and the line didst rise up and fall back on itself until its loops were as the sands of the sea and beyond numbering. And the wildfowl of the air didst verily perceive this fearful sight and didst say, each to the other, with great rejoicing: "Ho! ho! ho!" and "Get thee a load of this, O brothers!"

Yea, and a many-legged beast of the ocean, known as Crab, which sat on a rock after the manner of its kind, didst also perceive and didst wax joyful also, even unto falling helpless backwards with great mirth and much waving of limbs.

And he of the tribe of Davis did rend his garments, beat his breast and heap the sands of the shore upon his head, and didst make lamentation, saying: "Woe is me!" and "Accursed am I!" and many other strange words in an alien tongue, of which he possessed a great store, likened even in number unto the fleas which sitteth upon the animal of he of the tribe of Holywell, named Felix, and is called Dog.

Yea, and the peoples that were there gathered uprose and went forth from him saying: "Verily this man is possessed of devils." And they cast upon him in passing all manner of odorous objects, yea, even they of the tribe of fish named Jelly. And it came to pass he was so altered thereby that his good wife knew him not.

And there was a weeping and a wailing and a gnashing of teeth in the tents of Davis and all was confusion. Yea, and so are the mighty fallen, the meek exalted, and the proud reminded that Backlash cometh to all who angle.

By I.C. All.



# SO YOU'RE GONNA MAKE A ROD?

To all beach and rock fishermen, the sight of a fisherman sending the bait or spinner flashing out fills him with enthusiasm.

However, we must agree that while a good reel is required and sound co-ordination is essential on the part of the caster, no less is the need of a good balanced rod.

With beach rods we are divided into two main groups.

(a) The finely and perfectly made split cane rods of high repute, and (b) The Rangoon rods which we all can make for a couple of pounds and a bit of care.

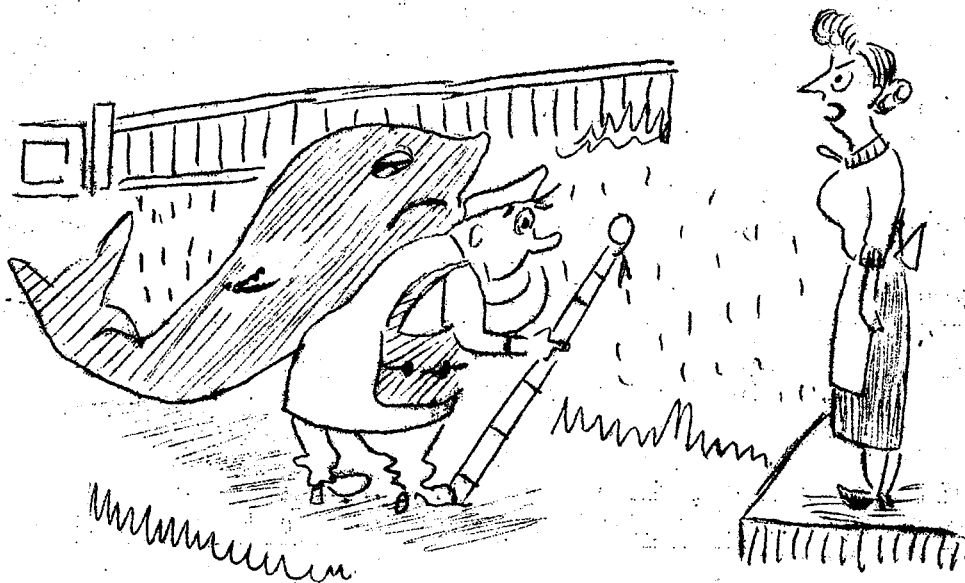
The first step is to get a nice evenly tapered Rangoon Cane. For overhead reels a rod that is not too heavy is ideal.

The overall length of the finished rod should be about 10'6" to 11'0", about 15/16" at the butt and tapered to about 1/4" at the tip. For lasting purposes a solid or male cane is desirable as they retain their straightness.

Now the rod can be made in one piece, or two. However, one piece is favourable as cut rods are definitely not as strong as the one piece type. If, however, one has to think of transport then by

(Ctd. page 10)

"Just like you to be awkward - I've got fish for supper!"



So You're Gonna Make a Rod? (Contd.)

all means make the two pieces. Plated brass ferrules for joining can be got for a few shillings, and these can be put on with the aid of a small rasp and glue.

The butt or handle can either be plain or corked. The screw winch should be about 22-24" up the butt. Any less than this makes it hard for accurate overhead casting.

Corks can be procured for the butt end grip. They are each 2" long with a  $\frac{3}{4}$ " hole through them - at 8d. each. They are fragile so be careful when rasping them out to the required diameter before sliding down and glueing. Tarzan's Grip is ideal.

When you have the required corks below your winch well glued down, slide the winch down and make secure. If you find it a tiny bit loose, a few thin slivers of cane can be tapped under between the winch and the cane and then glued. A small brass wood screw can be screwed on the underside of the winch if so desired.

You then have to put three corks on the top side of the winch, glue and allow to dry. A small rasp can be used to shape corks to your own design and then finish off with glasspaper. A coating of Tarzan's Grip over the corks makes a good base for varnishing.

Now for the Runners. These can be held in place quite easily for binding with the aid of a small piece of Durex tape. The monel metal type of runners are excellent and stand plenty of rough use. Four runners and a tip are required, with the first runner about 2 ft. from the screw winch and the others at decreasing distances until we come to the tip. A good filler for the binding can be made out of celluloid and acetone and it is waterproof.

Well, by this time you will have a rod, and will be looking forward to using it. So give it a good coat of Marine Varnish and allow to dry. Get to it fellows - you will now have a fair rod, and when you get around to using it call in, and we'll go fishing.

... N.W. Knight.

F O R     S A L E .

1 No. 3 Southam Spinning Rod    £10.

1 Surfmaster (Bait Caster) Reel   £5.10. 0

1 Handley B Level Wind Reel       £1.10. 0

All above items in new condition. Bait Caster Reel used once. ... Apply V. POCKLINGTON or 'phone WM1438

## SPINNING HINTS

In a previous issue of REEL TALK it was mentioned that we would publish a few hints on spinning. I would like to make it quite clear at this stage that I'm by no means an expert, and the following hints are only what we as a team have found helpful, and have proven the hard way. I feel sure that from the beginner's point of view these few hints will save him a lot of time and expense, and will help him strike his first fish sooner.

The word spinning is really wrongly termed - as a lure that spins is unsatisfactory and will eventually cause a twist in a line. Also a lure that spins is not the fish-getter as is one that darts and wobbles. The Yanks call spinning squidding, because their lures used in the early stage resembled a squid.

The lures of today come in many styles, shapes and sizes, and a lure that reflects the best light and has a good action in the water is the best fish-getter. Most of these lures can be made at home for very little expense, in fact one particularly good lure can be made for less than a 1d. and is often the design of the Keel type. I will explain the advantages of this lure later in the article.

Hooks used should be as large as the fish will take - big fish smartly throw small hooks. The hooks to avoid in spinning are the type that are bent sideways, as these tend to lock in each other. Limerick type hooks have been proved the most satisfactory, as they are not bent and do not rust. A touch of red to a lure will often excite fish into striking. This can be done with paint or a piece of red wool. Perhaps they associate this with blood of a wounded fish .. that we will never know for sure.

Many beginners make the same mistake of spinning for hours standing in the same position without getting a strike. In spinning you don't wait for the fish to find you - you must find them and the only way to do this is by walking along the beach watching for their tell-tale friends to give them away; small fry jumping out of the water or seagulls swooping down feeding on the tid-bits that tailer leave. Often you'll see the tailer playing follow the leader in the crest of a wave.

Spinning as we call it, should be done as a team, three pals making an ideal team. Space permitting, spread out along the beach or reef, arrange a signal so that on the first strike you move in and concentrate on the same spot. Greenbacks or Salmon will

Spinning Hints (Contd.)

stay longer with three spinners working than just one.

At times I have been spinning on my own and seen tailer come in by the dozens. However, by the time I have landed the first, the others, finding nothing to chase, have shot through.

By using light gear you'll catch more fish, cast greater distances, and be less tired after it's all over. A spinner would cast in a morning's fishing 200 to 300 times, so you see the advantage of light gear. I prefer a light rod, level wind reel, 14 lbs. line and a  $1\frac{1}{2}$  or 2 oz. lure.

When spinning on top of a reef and using double swinging hooks change the hook around so that both face the same way. This you will find will save losing many lures. The ideal lure for reef work is the keel style mentioned earlier. This lure we make with a fixed 6/0 or 7/0 hook and it can almost be dragged over the top of a reef without becoming snagged.

Salmon need your brightest lure. I have had no luck spinning for salmon with a painted one, but caught many on the chromed type.

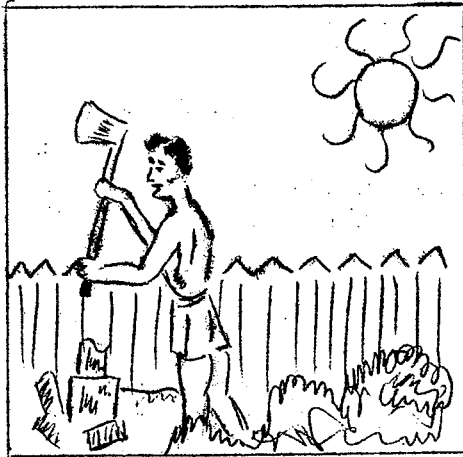
The best time for spinning is a high tide early morning or just before sundown. A point worth remembering is that the higher the sun gets the deeper tailer go. Therefore, it is good practice to allow your lure to sink quite a few feet before commencing the wind-in.

One of the best places for spinning is from a reef and this calls for accuracy in handling rod and reel, as you cannot afford to have an over-run. It is always wise for a beginner to gain experience spinning from the beaches until confidence in casting is gained.

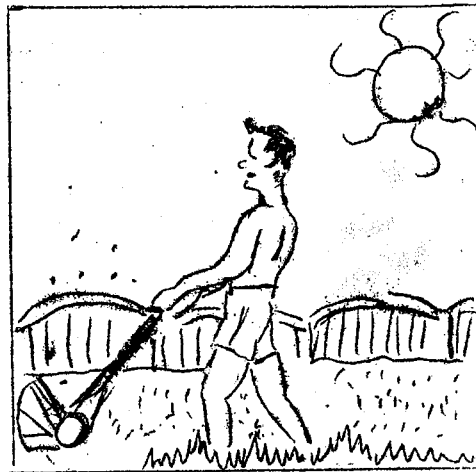
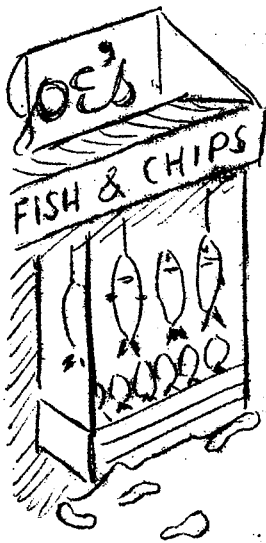
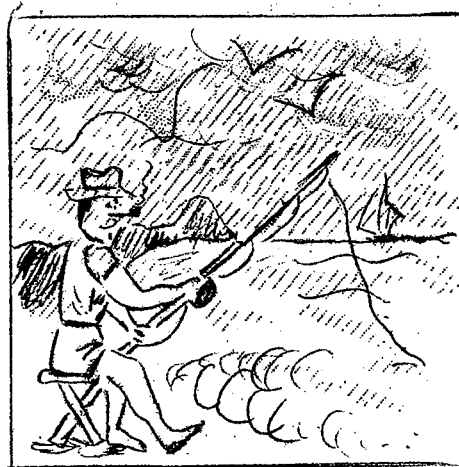
The right footwear is most important for reef work or rock-hopping. Army boots we found to be the best. Gum boots or leather-soled shoes are also satisfactory. If you don't like living, wear sandals.

With these few hints it's now up to you, though let me warn you, after catching your first fish on a spinner you'll sleep, talk and eat spinners, or should I say, Lures.

... Vern Pocklington.



WEEK ENDS!  
*Before  
During  
& After*  
FIELD DAYS



# BOBBY CORKING FOR TAILER


Bobby corking can be a fascinating and interesting means of catching Tailer or Salmon.

It has the advantage of presenting the bait to the fish in the same manner as it would expect it, i.e., a small fish moving in the water.

The best place to use this rig is off the reefs into the broken white water, or to endeavour to place the bait in one of the gutters or draw along the beach.

One can expect to get a bit damp wading on the reefs, but the promise of hooking a good fighting fish should offset this to any true angler. And as any experienced tailer or salmon fisherman will tell you - the best fish hang around the reefs.

The rig consists of three or four 6/0 hooks on about six inches of wire. Tailer and salmon when on the rampage are voracious eaters and the big hooks are so that the barbs of the hooks are clean through the bait.

About 4'6" up the line we have two bottle corks opposed to each other, i.e. 

These must be able to slide up or down the line and are fixed in the desired position by inserting a match which presses against the line and secures it cast.

For bait the Scaly Mackerel in my opinion reigns supreme closely followed by Blue Mackerel or Garfish.

The average Scaly weighs about  $2\frac{1}{2}$  - 3 ozs. and when combined with hooks and cork, makes a nice casting weight.

This gear may seem unbalanced to some of us but quite good casts can be made by using a long drop and swing.

After having made your cast, take up any slack and retrieve very slowly; this, combined with the action of the small corks which just make the bait buoyant, produces an action that a tailer or salmon if present just can't resist.

Dawn or dusk seem to be the best times, but on dull overcast days a strike can be expected any time, particularly in the case of salmon.

Well, there you are fellows, if you haven't tried it, have a go, and I'll warrant it pays off.

Always remember - the best spinner is a drop of the real thing - a fresh Scaly Mackerel or Garfish.

... N. Knight.

J U S T	S P I N N I N G
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Vic Davis is not a believer in anti-backlash devices on reels. To quote him: "An educated thumb is all that is required to overcome backlash." Makes one think that maybe some thumbs are a bit backward and in some cases downright illiterate.

Heard Noel Knight thinks the chappie with the new aqualung is a sissy; he goes down without one.

Someone says in regard to a place to hold our drycasting "You only want a long straight strip of ground." I agree with him, as long as its clear both sides and your sinker co-operates and goes where it's supposed to.

They say Doug. Edward has a manicure set in his fishing tackle and uses it to manicure the fishes' fins as he cleans them.

Now Noel is getting a few fish I advise all who may come into contact with him to (a) get caps with good ear flaps; (b) leave town; (c) make sure he has lead boots on next time he falls in.

Believe Vic Davis has not only lost his gaff boy (he is now catching fish), but also the gaff that went with him.

Try to imagine three men all trying to eat the same piece of tinned fruit off one tin opener; Vic left the eating gear home.

They say Doug Edward reckons that when you walk round the beach with a Davis you want seven league boots or a saw to take Vic off at the knees.

There seems to be some doubt as to whether our president is a hard working and conscientious electrician, or just goes to Rottneest to catch fish.

I believe those strange noises Noel makes when he gets an over-run are not really profane, but just the lad practising his Spanish so he can call in more Mackerel.

Congratulations to Vern Pocklington on his fine effort on his single handed rod and to Lloyd Dunn on his double hander. Both fine efforts - an 8 lb. (unconfirmed) and a 7½ lb. (confirmed KEM) respectively.

W H O C A U G H T W H O ?

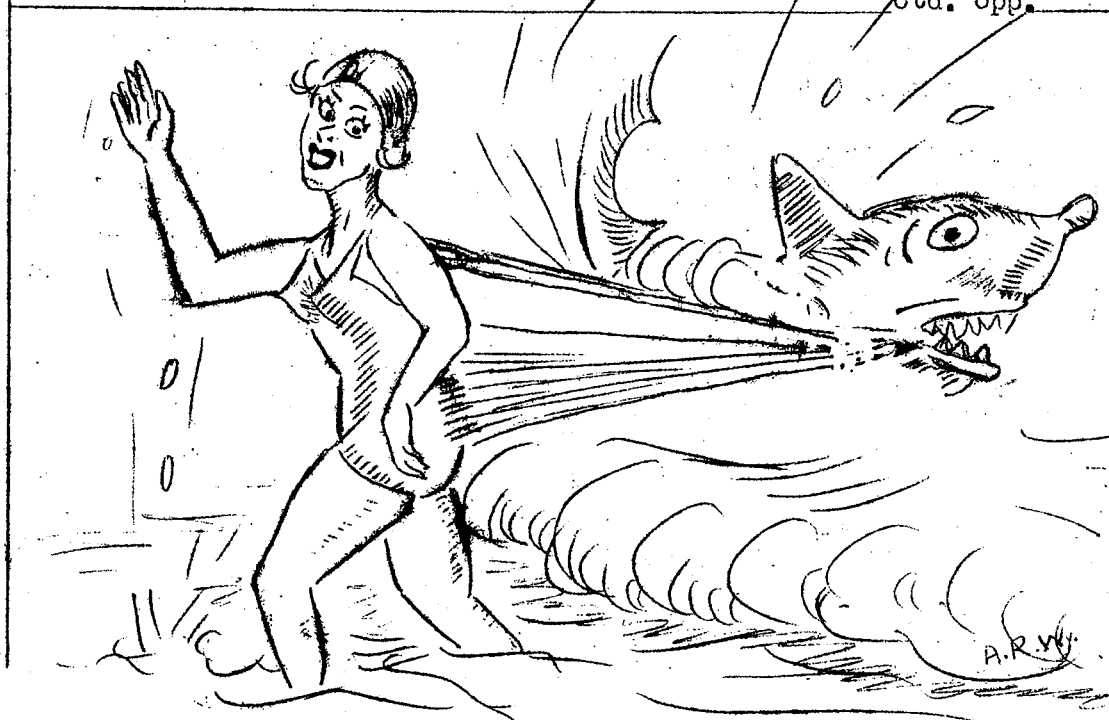
Any resemblance to any living person who might look like the Chairman of an Angling Club is purely intentional:-

The Davis jaw was mighty grim, and fierce the Davis eye,  
And darkly looked he at the sea and darkly at the sky.  
He stood alone upon a reef and cursed the buffalo bream  
Which in and out, and round about, and everywhere did swim.

He fed them with a special brew of burley aromatic;  
Its smell alas! was nothing new, and quite a bit dramatic!  
It stupefied a big seahawk and laid out cold a shag  
That sniffed the blast whilst swimming past the Davis fishing  
bag!

The biggest bream, a cunning type, of low and subtle wit,  
Eyed above the Davis frame and racked his brains a bit.  
He raised a scaly pectoral fin his bony head to scratch;  
"I'll make old Vic look mighty sick- the blighter's met his match!"

Ctd. opp.





Who Caught Who ? (Contd.)

"I've had this chewing Mustad hooks and eating yards of line;  
His burley's not the feed it looks; he breaks it up too fine!  
I'll call my mate, Old Wobbegong, from off his usual beat,  
To take a toe, with a bite or so, from off the Davis feet!"

Old Wobby listened to the tale, his wicked eye a gleam,  
Said he "By Cripes, this Davis bloke is just my little dream.  
I've waited long to nip his leg and gnaw his bony frame.  
Since he made me crook with a rusty hook, me starboard  
fin is lame.

He stalked awhile the Davis shin, then peered from 'neath a  
ledge,  
He swished his tail from side to side and set his teeth on edge.  
He bared his fangs and swelled himself, his spotted sides grew  
large,  
Like Dudley Brown on half-a-crown, he made a sudden charge!!

The Davis eye was opened wide in terror and in fear,  
He leapt into the upper air and gull-like did appear  
Until he fell into the sea and frantically did splash  
With Olympic style for half-a-mile in swift and sudden dash.

He beat upon the ocean blue and foaming was his wake,  
He passed two pike, a mullo-way, and a startled water snake.  
His eyeballs rolled a gleaming white, his churning arms were  
shaking,  
And in his mind he felt behind the shark was overtaking!

He ploughed a furrow up the beach and right across a dune,  
A passing car near ran him down but Vic stood up too soon.  
He mopped awhile his streaming brow and made a terse remark  
"This goes to show what a so-and-so is a ruddy carpet shark!"

.....

The Biggest Bream just laughed and laughed and held his shining sides,  
Old Wobby rolled upon the sand and wiped his streaming eyes.  
"Oh, brother!" cried the biggest bream, "did you see the Davis go!  
"I'll bet he hates his angling mates these little things to know!"

.... By I.C. All.

PATHFINDERS FOR OUR NEXT FIELD DAY
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Well fellars! Vic Davis and I set off about 1.30 p.m. on Saturday in the direction of Mandurah. Feelings were high, although the wipers on our eyes were busy, and assurances of good weather, the main topic of our conversation. This we found later had good effect.

Mandurah! Davis pulled his safety belt tight and yelled: "Well, Mac, here we go." Hellzapoppin wasn't in it. If you compare a cherry on a sponge cake to a dice in a shaker, then that's Davis and me. His van passenger seating is specially for keeping his mates awake for earbashing, which is plenty.

Destination reached - The Fourteen Mile Beach - I managed to lift my head to the level of the windscreen still suffering slight concussion, raised my eyes to the sand-hills about two hundred yards in front, and saw Vic gesticulating wildly for me to come up there. I drag myself up and find a beaut. fishing possie spread out before us. Well by the time I'm rigged, Davis has two Silver Bream, I get five, he then has a dozen. Vic then decides he's had Bream. "Now for some biggun's, he said. In a matter of ten minutes he hooked into a Grey Nurse; we saw it as it lashed around, tail showing out of the water about 40 yards out on the bank. Vic starts winching him in to almost-gaffing distance. I'm at the ready with the gaff, but as he draws closer, the hook straightens and tears out. Vic said some horrid things and I went back to my rod. Yes! I put my heavy line out but had no luck. Tally .. time 5.30 .. Vic 10 Silver Bream, 1 Salmon, 1 Grey Nurse hooked and got away, 1 Skippy, 1 Whiting. Mac .. 5 Silver Bream. I wish the cow would give me a go!

Vic again hooks a Grey Nurse, time 5.45 ratchet screams; this one is well hooked too. Vic lays into him and makes his rod and drag work overtime .. I'm in position "Do or Die"; all of a sudden Davis gives an incoherent yell and the shark moves out a bit. I still stand firm; look around at Vic doing a Fandango, then back at the shark which is still mucking around, back again to Vic, hear him above the sound of the surf, yelling "He's loose." I find climbing up the gaff handle was much easier than coming down. Once again, the hooks had straightened and torn out.

Here I state that Vic's wife pins a beret on his head through his tabs (ears to you) so that he'll have some hair left when he comes home from a fishing trip.

(Contd.)

Pathfinders for our Next Field Day (Ctd.)

I've had one unsuccessful strike so far.

7.30 Vic winds in about a 30 pound Carpety.

Vic " " " " 8 " Kingie.

Mac another strike (nowt)

I'm near bald myself now. PATIENCE.

I lit the pressure lamp earlier on, and it has kept things bright all round (except me). I keep thinking something's bound to turn up before long.

Once again there's an unearthly yell and Vic is at it again, I find myself up to the knees in water, lamp in one hand and gaff in the other at the ready once more. A Grey Nurse again. I've got me motor revved for a quick take-off, if this one gets nasty. I see her eyes gleam as she shakes her head from side to side. I nearly let the B-clutch in and B-Davis, anyway she has another look at me, turns ready to go back to the depths; no wonder too, if she can hear Vic yelling, heaving, and groaning about 10 yards behind me. As she flicks her tail on the turn, I lay the gaff in. She does a couple of rolls, and near turns me arm into a left hand thread. Vic then comes in and we both heave her out on the beach. She's a beaut! Over 6 feet long and about the 140 pound mark.

A nice bit of fishing I do say. I haven't had any further strikes, and it's about 10 o'clock; the weather glowers at us, sorry to say, and we head for the van. We settle down, and wise-crack for a while, then it begins to rain.

Pre-dawn greets us clear, but threatening rain, so we decide to have a go for Tailer. Vic was first out as usual. He hit a kingie on the head with a sinker, poor devil was mad enough to bite in self-defence, and of course found himself in Vic's wicker basket.

"What's wrong Mac?". "Oh, nothing. I guess I haven't got over the ride to this godforsaken spot yet."

We decide to head along the beach a bit and once again the Silver Bream come on the bite. Vic catches one, then I manage to sneak one in but Davis sees all. He does a tap dance on his burley sinker, casts out into the deep and promptly gets a double head of Silver Bream. I can't get a B-go. What's a man to do with a guy like him on a fishing trip!

The weather is getting pretty brisk blowing and squally and the looks of worse to come, so we decide to hit the track. To me it's been quite an interesting exhibition, to Davis well! well! when you ask him about the trip, button down your ears and just watch his hands

Good onya Vic.

.. J. McNerney.

AN INITIATION INTO THE GENTLE ART  
OF CATCHING "BUFFS"

Although the West has always been my home, it was only the Christmas before last that I paid my first visit to Rottneest.

At the time a fish to me was a fish. There were no good ones or bad ones - only big ones and little ones. I'd caught a few of the latter when I was a kid and had a piece of string long enough. Now I wanted to see a few big ones.

When we went ashore I set out to find someone catching decent sized fish and it wasn't long before I found a bloke with a rod and reel and a line in the water. However, he was asleep by a tree and I could see "big" fish, plenty of them, swimming around just below his blob.

"Why doesn't someone tell him there are fish around his bait?" I asked.

"Aw! they're only buff breem and you never catch them on a line," was the answer I got.

"Well, do they net them?"

"No, they're no good to eat or for anything else," I was told, so I left it at that.

Last Christmas, having in the meantime become an enthusiast of the rod and reel, I went over to catch a few fish if possible. The Angler was the expert on Rottneest and he gave us the G.G. "We'll catch enough buffs this afternoon for bait and burley, then chase the big ones tonight."

"But I thought you couldn't catch buffs on a line?" I said.

"You can catch them all right but you've got to know how," I was told. "They won't take a fish bait as they're vegetarians. Their mouths are small and they're cunning so you've got to kid to them a bit. No use expecting them to take a bait if it's attached to a big line, so you use a light line, light lead, small hooks and a lump of pollard for bait. When you get one on he'll give you a run for your money and you'll be lucky to land him."

Although it sounded a bit tricky to me I did my best to follow instructions. The angler saw that we all rigged up according to Hoyle (or somebody) and we set to work. We got them on after a while but no matter how we tried not one of us, the angler included, landed

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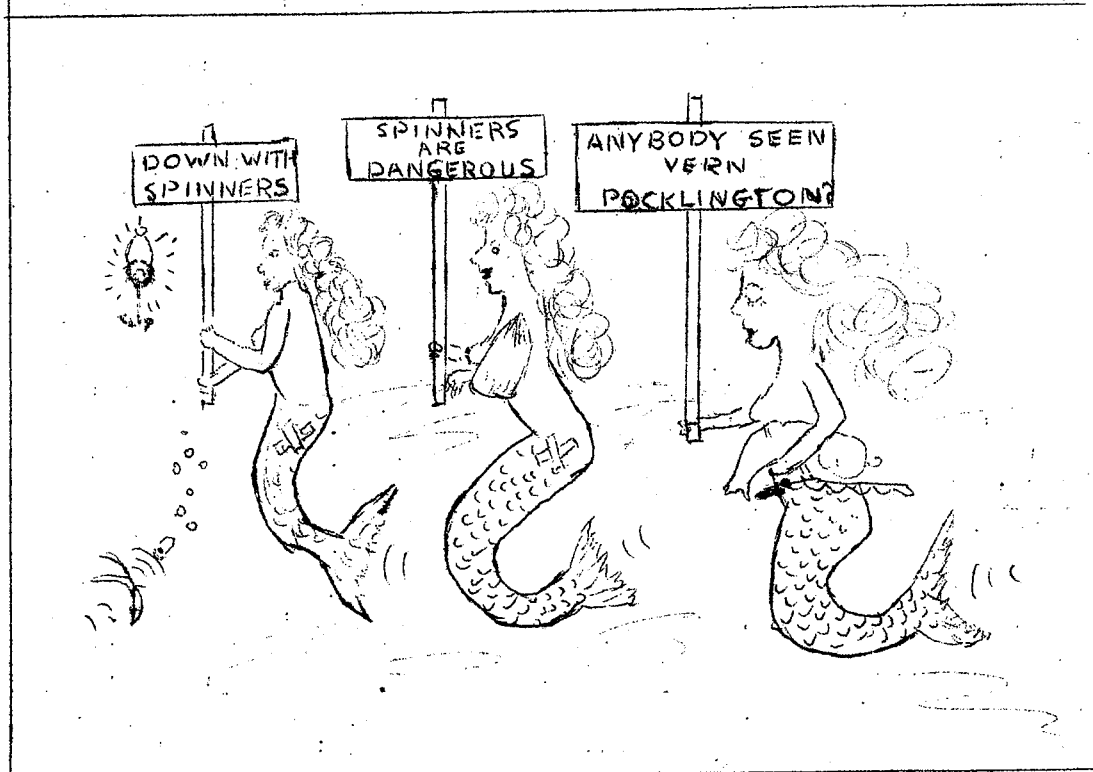
An Initiation into the Gentle Art of Catching "Bufs" (Ctd.)

one that evening. We all lost gear, but had no buff bait that night.

Next morning the buffs were there and I wished I could succeed in landing just one. I therefore ignored all instructions and surreptitiously changed to 27 lb. line, wire trace and 4/0 hook. On that I put a lump of cray and dangled it in front of the bream. For a while they swam around it and then one took it.

What a time I had for a while! He did everything but the struggle was a bit uneven and soon 14 lb. of fish was triumphantly carted back to the rocks. Before giving up about an hour later I had five of them in one heap, a total weight of 70 lbs.

P.S. I still don't know whether or not they're good eating.



THIS IS ME STORY  
AN' I'M STICKIN' TO IT.

Say Bill, did you know I 'looked up with the Surf Angle and Casters Club? Well I goes along to a meetin' last week an' they fixed for a competition fishin' trip on Saturday down Mandurah way. They asks me if I'll go and I sez, seein' 'as 'ow I'll be at me shack at Safety Bay for the weekend, maybe I'll join 'em round about the startin' time of 4 o'clock.

Well, I gets down to the Bay on Fridy night and on Saturday mornin' it pipes up an 'ell of a storm - 'owlin' wind and rain - an' I sez to meself - "the trip'll be orf." Any'ow 'bout 4 o'clock I gets figity and thinks - well maybe some of them mugs are just as fishin' silly as me and off I goes to the meetin' place.

Well sure enough when I comes around the bend to the rubbish dump there's the mob done up in their capes and 'elmets lookin' like a waterproof Ku Klux Klan. As I drives up they shakes their 'eads doleful like and sez "It's too rough to fish." "You silly B's," I sez, "I coulda told you that without comin' all the way down 'ere to find out for meself."

Then they 'as a bright idea - maybe there won't be a storm at another place called the 4 mile beach, 8 miles further down the coast. So off they goes - an' me? Well "in for a shillin' in for a pound" I thinks and I tags along behind in me little 'ute - but they gets away from me an' gawd only knows where this place is. I don't. But I keeps goin' till I comes to a turn off with some fresh tracks leadin' through a gate - but - there's some just as fresh tracks goin' straight on. While I'm scratchin' me 'ead and wonderin' wot the 'ell a bloke comes along an' tells me that this 'ere beach I'm lookin' for is through the gate. So, in I goes an' afore long I comes up with the Big Chief - Victor Emanuel - who's staked a tyre. ('E's tellin' another bloke 'ow to change it for 'im). The rest of the mob's gone on to find the peaceful fishin' 'ole. I sticks around givin' Victor some advice to pass on to the bloke wots doin' the tyre-changin' job. Pretty soon the mob comes back lookin' more sorrowful than before - they sez the storms followed 'em and it ain't no good 'ere either. Well, we goes back to Mandurah an' tries the jetty near the bridge. 'Ere the big Chief starts 'is score with an undersize cobbler and I lends 'im me toastin' fork to scower 'im while 'e gets the 'ook out. (You know, Bill, a toastin' fork's a 'andy tool for dealin' with cobs and flatties). By the time it's pitch dark and still stormy as 'ell so I sez "We're wastin' out

time. Let's go back to the Bay and maybe we'll do better at Point Peron after tea or in the mornin'!" Well, we gets back to the Bay, fixes up for a place to stay ('ows me poetry Bill?) an' 'as our tea - and 'ere Bill, is where the Big Chief shows e's got the game right. (The bloke with the loaf o' bread an' flask o' wine's got nothin' on 'im.) When 'e goes on a fishin' trip 'e takes gallons of soup an' mash fer tucker and wot can't be eat 'e uses for burley.

Well after we'd souped we's all feelin' much better an' we talks about wot we aint goin' to do to them "so and so" fish in the mornin'. I thinks to meself - maybe I orta get a start on these young fellers and there's another bloke as thinks the same. (This jokers got a name 'is mother give 'im a long time ago when she 'ad 'opes that one day 'e might be a one-eyed admiral). Anyways after the others 'as 'ad their bedtime stories and 'it the 'ay we sneaks off to a place where I reckons we might fluke a cupla Tarwhine (thems as don't know any better calls 'em silver bream, Bill). Gawd! it rained and blew and there weren't no flamin' bream in the pool so we goes back to the shack, consoles ourselves with a nip an' so to bed.

Next mornin'"afore the stars is put to flight", they wakes me up millin' around in their 'elmets an' gumboots. I've got one of me blasted bad 'eads an' don't care whether the cow calves a salmon or a pike but I crawls out and goes off with 'em to the competition. (The score at this stage is still - Big Chief - one up with 'is cobbler.)

Well, we gets to the point an' a scout comes tearin' across the 'ill to say there's herrin' in millions over the other side. The games on!

Gawd blyme Bill, you should'a seen the gear these blokes use - rods as they calls Southams by numbers and fancy little reels wot they tells me 'as gear boxes and clutches inside 'em ('an some gets birdnests too) and - they uses 'em upside down! Do you know wot Bill? Some of 'em was usin' lumps o' painted lead fer bait! And there's me with me salted prawns, me old sloppy cane an' me new drum reel wot a bloke in Subi. made for me ten years ago.

Well, Bill, I borrows a blob from the Hadmiral but as I tell'd you before I wasn't feelin' so good, so after squeezin' in and pullin' out a coupla herrin' just to shew 'em I leaves 'em to it and goes off back to me shack.

About 1 o'clock they comes troopin' in. Big Chief 'as added 16 herrin' to 'is cobbler an' wins the day Strike me pink Bill! a gold cup for 16 herrin' an' a cobbler! Remember the time we swamped the boat 'cause you 'ad to pull in that last blasted herrin'!

Anyways, after theys 'ad their dinner - more soup (wots left over from burley) they sez cheerio and 'its the track for 'ome.

I'm still feelin' crook but I swears that when I comes good I'm goin' ter show these blokes some dinkum fishin'. Well I goes to sleep an' about 8 o'clock that night I wakes up feelin' O.K. and - I gets the urge to try me luck again. Back to the pool I goes an' throws in with me runnin' sinker and 'alf a prawn on me herrin' hook (wots corked up). A cupla times I gets mixed up with snags and seaweed and then I gets a bite. I strike and 'e feels 'eavy but 'e comes easy like until 'e reaches the edge of the shallow reef around the pool. Then 'e decides 'e don't like it and 'e backs away in a 'urry. I got about 200 yards o' 22 lb. nylon on me reel but its pretty old and jointed 'ere an' there. Any'ow I lets 'im 'ave it and 'e mills around scrapin' me line over rocks an' reef but me lucks in and she 'olds O.K.

Gawd knows 'ow many times I gets 'im in to the ledge and 'as to let 'im go again but after about 'alf an 'our 'e gets tired and I wait for a surge an' bring 'im in over the ledge. I grabs me torch (wots just about 'ad its chips) and takes a gink. I can't see too well but 'e looks like a big Buff, an' I curse all me playin' for a no good fish. Then I takes another look an' I ain't so sure, so I decides I'll try to land 'im. Of course the ruddy gaff's up in the ute and I ain't a 'ope of gettin' 'im where I am so I get to work 'im round the rocks to the beach. Well I slips and slides and curses, but eventually I gets 'im to a likely place and waits me chance. A surge lifts 'im up, I gets me 'and in 'is gills and yanks 'im out. Then I takes a close up with me torch. Bill - 'es a jewy - 16 $\frac{3}{4}$  lbs. - caught on a herrin' 'ook with 'alf a prawn for bait!

Wouldn't it slay you Bill? Big Chief wins the competition with 'is cobbler an' 16 herrin' and 'ere's me with me 16 lb. jewy and not even a shag to see it. (Wot's more - I don't suppose the B's 'll believe me either!)

... Old Timer

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