

<u>REEL TALK</u>		
The Official News Letter of THE SURF-CASTING AND ANGLING ASSOCIATION OF W.A.		
<u>President:</u> V.C. DAVIS	<u>Hon. Sec. & Editor</u> G.R. HUME	<u>Vice-President</u> N.W. KNIGHT
November, 1952		

Well, here we are again boys! I want to thank everyone who attended the last field day for putting up with (a) no fish; (b) sunburn; (c) rain; (d) the Secretary's dirty tactics in trying to win the Competition and (e) Dudley Brown's swearing after he lost a large rock, which he claimed, was a fish.

Well, the Competition was kicked off at 4 p.m. Saturday and although three bods did the dirty and fudged half-an-hour, the start was even. By the time dusk had set in the total was 1 Tailor to Bill Bridger and 1 to Bill Griffiths, both were stretched and weighed 1 lb. each. Ian Edwards had 1 Rocky and 1 Johnney - half pound each.

That night Nelson Smith had a run, but as that worthy was in a cave eating, the Secretary did a dirty act and pulled the bait off his line and put his own in the hole where the bite occurred and was rewarded by a 2½ lb. Gurnard. (Something ought to be done about the Secretary).

Bill Griffiths was very unlucky in losing a fish (probably a Jewie) which was estimated at between 40 and 50 lbs., by two reliable witnesses. Bad luck Bill!

Bill, Dudley and the Secretary fished all night and got no fish. Here I must protest about Dudley and warn all Club members who contemplate accompanying Dudley on an all-night trip; the cow talks all night, and even digs one in the ribs with the gaff to keep his attention, when you try to drift off to dreamland.

Daylight brought a very low tide and the reef resembled St. George's Terrace on a Friday.

From every car, truck and cave, poured sleepy-eyed pole and lead slingers, who, after putting one toe in the water and shivering for five minutes, braved the giant two-inch waves on the reefs in the hope of a unwary fish.

After three hours and no fish the boys were very disappointed and although some fish were caught they are not worth mentioning. Some people have no pride, but I won't tell on you Peter!

Since dawn, Felix of the Hollywell Tribe, had been spinning on the reef and after trying to catch a eight-legged creature called an Octo-Cat, (not to be confused with the Octo-Puss), by using a spinner and spending half-an-hour looking for both afore-mentioned, he gave up and returned to shore, muttering in a strange tongue, called Aus-Tralian, and going crook in general about an eight-legged B that hides in holes and pinches spinners.

It was all very distressing to witness and after a lot of talking to, Felix was persuaded from blowing both Octo-Cat and Point Perron off the face of W.A.

Well, up to lunch, only small rock fish were caught, and although the Secretary was ambitious in trying to get a 20 lb. Buffalo Bream on a 6 lb. line, the fish broke him up inside five seconds flat. (When last seen the Secretary was speaking the language of Felix, accompanied by much fist shaking, due to the loss of prestige suffered in the encounter).

At 2 p.m. a large Kingfish thanked Ian Edwards for the fish bait and hook which it received from him and went on its way to Garden Island.

At 3 p.m. the Sec. asked the Club members to refrain from depositing baits on the back of a large stingray which took fright before the Secretary had a chance to poke a bait down its mouth. To quote him - "very unsporting indeed!" unquote - sez he!

Well, just at 4 p.m. when the boys were having the hide to weigh the fish caught, Dud. caught a large Rock fish? (Type unknown); but they parted company after five minutes and Dud stayed on after the competition, accompanied by Bill woolley, who had to place the sleeves of his shirt in his ears to keep out the strange

language of the Brown Tribe. (I think it's remarkable that the language of the Hollywell Tribe can spread so easily. I must get Felix to demonstrate in lecture form next meeting.)

The places after the last field day in the point score did didn't change very much and the Davis Tribe are leading the Smiths for first place. So buck up for the next Day which is the final for the year.

The next Field Day is on the 13th and 14th December, 1952, from 4 p.m. Saturday until 4 p.m. Sunday, the deadline being 4 p.m. Sunday as the recorder will refuse any fish after 4 p.m. It will be between City Beach and Yanchep, with the weighing station at Triggs Island. The deadline Sunday at 4 p.m. is because those who are fishing any distance away will be able to be at Triggs by 3.45 p.m. If a member is late no argument will take place, as you all know the rules. There will be a good gallery; also the Press will be in attendance, so a good roll-up is expected. Be in it boys!

The "For Sale" Section had a good start, but it has not much to offer this week. If you want to get rid of some stuff send me the news.

FOR SALE

- 1 Heavy Rangoon Cane Rod, suitable for 35 to 47 lb. Nylon £3.0.0.
- 1 Pair Gum Boats, new, Size 9, £1.10.0.
- 1 Box (100) 6/0 Viking Hooks, 25/-.
- 1 " (100) 4/0 " " 15/-

Yes, that's all, but don't forget to send in if you want to buy gear either.

CONGRATULATIONS:

To Frazer White who landed a 30 lb. Kingfish (Mulloway) on 200 yards of 9½ lb. line, on a single-handed rod.

To President Vic. Davis who never unpacked his rod while in Geraldton for two weeks.

To Bill Griffiths who, to avoid crowding other fishermen, moved on to a spot not so good at the last field day.



BLACK MARKS:

To the Bod who runs a car on water, also to the guy who suggested Point Peron for a field day;
and to
the bod who sabotaged the gear of a certain Buffalo Bream fisherman.

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 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 mightly, whereby his spinner was cast forth with much swiftnes 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 per

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 Hollywell, 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.

About 10 p.m. on Saturday night my spies heard a feminine voice crying: "Come home Jim Edwards" (or was it Ian) - who knows.

Well, that's about all now chaps, so tight lines and better fish for the next day.

DON'T FORGET THE NEXT MEETING -

8 p.m. - Aussie Cycles,
Hay Street,

WEDNESDAY, 10th DECEMBER, 1952.