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

CLUB ACTIVITIES

The advent of Spring has seen an increase in the Club's activities and membership.

Our casting tournament at Rosalie Park turned out to be one of the best club activities yet organised. No less than 15 members took part and there was a keen interest shown by many on-lookers. Some came along to pick up some clues, as they weren't confident enough to try out their own skill. As a result of the interest shown we plan to make it a monthly event and it will be held at Rosalie Park on the weekend after the Field Day.

Our last Field Day to the 1/4 mile beach beyond Mandurah was notable in that, for the first time, we all went in the one vehicle. We managed to get the use of a truck at a cost of 10/- per person which we considered very reasonable. Unfortunately we didn't get the variety of fish that we had come to expect from this spot. Large skippy, tailer, kingies, salmon, blue sharks and pike have fallen to our "traps" previously and we thought we couldn't miss. However, all could catch silver bream easily and a couple of good skippy and herring were caught. Vic Davis, just to show that sharks were there, landed a 100 lb. wobbegong on his light gear.

2. Reel Talk

As we can get the truck again in October, we're going back to the same spot. We know no better and this time we'll really give the fish a bashing. The truck is large, so we're not afraid of overloading it.

Just here Noel Knight would like me to put in a word of caution to those who may wish to poke their head over the side of the truck to see where we're going. It's not bad for small scrub but it won't shift the larger banksias near the track.

So sure are we of catching fish - real fish - that we're inviting Bunbury Club to come along and try their luck with us.

Felix will need to improve the form he showed last time or we might consider leaving him home. He even allowed Vic Davis to beat him on points.

I saw Nelson Smith tying steel cable to some huge hooks so he wouldn't lose even the big ones this time.

The arrangements should be simple. Just find your way to Lloyd Dunn's place, 31 Aberdare Road, Shenton Park, not later than 1.30 p.m. on Saturday, 17th October, and have with you some 'tucker' for evening and morning, some warm 'clobber' for a cold night, fishing gear, bait and your fare plus 2/6 for a 'sweep' on the night's fishing.

A trip to the "4 mile" beyond Mandurah by V. Davis, D. Edwards, J. Mc Nerney and L. Dunn failed to convince the Secretary that it was a good fishing spot, but it made Doug. Edwards a happy man as he was able to take home a real fish - a 10 lbs. mulloway.

Vic Davis also took home a kingie - a six-pounder. I won't tell you what the other two of us caught!

PATHFINDERS FOR OUR NEXT FIELD DAY

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

4. Reel Talk

comes home from a fishing trip.

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 near let the B clutch in and B Davis, any way 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.

1/4 MILE REEF EXPEDITION

Boy, what a week'end! The original arrangements for this Field Day at Mandurah were for the party to leave Lloyd Dunne's place at 1 p.m. on the Saturday.

Twenty past two found Doug. Edward still sitting on the Highway, together with camping gear and rod. Soon afterwards a truck pulled up resembling the Grayden expedition, with the ugliest crowd of fishermen that one could wish to see. I have never seen so much gear in all my life. How Vic Davis ever became the President of the Club with the outfit he wears is beyond imagination.

Quite a lot of mudslinging took place, and we suggest to our readers that they ask Noel Knight to repeat some of the very rude stories that he has in his repertoire.

One must congratulate Lloyd Dunne on his truck driving. Getting a 6 ft. wide cab through a 6'1" gate required a lot of very good judgment. The road to the beach was not as bad as originally feared, and the trip was done in a little over 2 hours.

Of course those people that had been to this place before knew the ropes, and took up their positions within a few minutes of the truck stopping.

Unfortunately the weekend was a flop as far as the larger fish were concerned, but those who were there must congratulate Vic Davis on landing the 100 lbs. (weighed) Carpet Shark on such light gear.

Nelson Smith had some bright idea about walking miles around the beach, but it was apparent from his bag that the walk was not worth while.

The reef fishing in the morning was exceptionally good to those who had any gear left, and quite good bags of bream and a few skip-jack were taken. If I remember rightly Noel Knight would have had the heaviest bag of 16 lbs.

I would like to mention that I received $1\frac{1}{2}$ points for this weekend, being three small silver bream, which I feel should have been thrown back in the creek.

Poor old Les Jones felt that he also should throw his surf master in the creek, as he did not seem to be able to master the art of over-runs. It was disappointing not to see Felix in form, but I presume that even fishermen can have their day off.

Ctd. next page

14 Mile Reef Expedition (Ctd.)

As a new member of the Club I would like to recommend to other members, especially the newer ones, that they take part in these Field Days, which help firstly to get to know other members of the Club, and while you may not do as well at fishing as the older members, it is necessary to have the experience and the tuition to enable you to take your part with them in competitive fishing.

... Doug.

J U S T S P I N N I N G

Noticed Vic Davis' mother-in-law sitting in the fishing chair that collapsed last field day. He claims he fixed it! Don't know whether this is the truth and he just wanted it tried out or not.

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If anyone wants to keep me quiet, just bring along a Southam for me to play with as the President did for his small son.

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Noticed Mrs. Davis practising with a Southam. Watch your laurels boys.

o o o

They tell me the scouts are after Alec Hancock for a troop leader. "Be prepared" seems to be his motto. Got it out yet Alec?

oo o o

Seems a couple of the members reckon the Club should change its name to the "Sundowners", as the others on the last field day went to bed when the sun set.

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Ever seen Vic playing Tarzan? He swings from the trees to the ground flat on his back. It's a good turn; get him to show you some time.

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See by an article in the "Post" that Lloyd got pulled in by a proper some time. His wife always did say he was unbalanced.

o oc o

Congratulations to Doug, Edwards on his 10 lb. kingie. The secretary is still going round with his chest thrown out because he tied the hook on.

o o o

Ever hear about the Kingies Noel caught in the river last summer? If you haven't you're either deaf or lucky.

Heard Nelson apologising for only getting within 27" of the peg in the accuracy casting. Says he forgot it wasn't a fish and allowed 27" so the fish would have time to open his mouth and take the bait.

Ever heard Felix laugh when he gets tangled up with ten other lines. - all Lloyd's - at daybreak? Neither have we.

We're still trying to find out whether Doug. Edwards bought his cap to match the binding on his rod, or whether he bound his rod to match his cap.

Believe Mac is crooked on the article in the "Post." Reckons everyone in Australia will know he can't catch fish now.

... By I Tell.

DRY	CASTING	DAY
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The Club's last dry casting day was one of the most successful outings held by the club.

A fair number of competitors, excellent casting, and a large number of interested onlookers made it so.

The reappearance of Bill Bridger was appreciated by the rest of the members of the club until they lined up and tried to match his casts.

Standard fishing gear was the order of the day and in view of that, the casting, I think, would compare favourably anywhere. Bill was asked to set the ball rolling in the $3\frac{1}{4}$ oz. class to give the rest of us something to chase, which he certainly did, 125 yds. first up.

The only other competitor to top 100 yds. in this class was Vic Davis, although quite a few were in the 90 yds.

In the $2\frac{1}{2}$ oz. class Bill once again set us something to have a "go at", 120 - 122 - 122 yds., good casting in any language, especially "Digger's". Here, however, the opposition was a trifle warmer, as Vic reached 117 yds. and Vern Pocklington 115 yds.

S. ----- R e e l T a l k -----

The Southam gang were the only ones to top the hundred all day, but a few of us old Rangooners were around the 95 yds. and very determined to do better next time.

Some very good publicity was gained for the club by the manner in which answers to questions and instruction in casting were handed out by various competitors. It was very good to see so many interested and able to gain by other's experience.

In the accuracy cast the result was a bit of a surprise - even to Nelson - as he landed 27" from the peg. Not a bad effort for someone who has the devil's own job to hit the water half the time. Still, some of the others may get over their stage fright by next time.

Now fellow club members, how about a bit more co-operation next time and ALL turning up to give those leaders a bit more opposition which I can assure you they will greatly appreciate.

... By Observer.

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