

President :  
V. C. DAVIS

Vice-President :  
N. W. KNIGHT

Hon. Sec. and Editor :  
L. M. DUNN



July, 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

The election of officers at our Annual General Meeting resulted in the following members being elected for the ensuing twelve months:

- Patron: A.J. Fraser
- President: V.C. Davis
- Vice-Presidents: N.W.Knight & A.Werner.
- Sec.-Treas.: L.M. Dunn
- Committee: V.Pocklington, N.Smith, R.Agnew.
- Auditor: A. Smith
- Recorder: V.C. Davis
- Editor: L.M. Dunn

A. Werner, being made a Vice-President, and R.Agnew, replacing J. MacNerney, were the only changes made.

The Committee wishes to take this opportunity of thanking club members for the support they have given and for the confidence shown by electing them for a further term.

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NEXT FIELD DAY

We plan to conduct our next Field Day on July 11th & 12th from 4 p.m. Saturday to 10 a.m. Sunday, at Penguin Island.

Boat transport will be provided from Safety Bay.

Further details may be obtained at our next meeting on July 8th, or from the Secretary.

. . . . .

Who was the chap who hid two Graeme reels under the house, later to explain that he bought his wife a reel also and was keeping it as a surprise?

. . . . .

A Letter from 'Old Timer'

Dear Bill,

Remember me tellin' you about the 16 $\frac{3}{4}$  lb. jewy I caught on a herrin' 'ook a cupla weeks ago at Point Peron?

Well, I goes down again last weekend and just to prove it weren't no fluke I gets another one in the same place. This 'ere one's only a 12 pounder, and this time I was usin' a bigger 'ook - a 2/0 suicide and a whole prawn, but it's worth mentionin'.

(If anyone don't believe me they can ask me wife - she 'anded me the gaff!)

Be seein' you Bill,

'Old Timer'

P.S. You might like to take a gink at these 'ooks. (But I wants 'em back again for me George Washington fish gallery.)

O.T.

There's a crew of tired men who will never smile again,  
There's a pile of broken tackle on the shore;  
There are beaten up surfmasters, broken rods and weary  
casters,  
Who have sworn that they'd go fishing nevermore.  
In the cold grey light of dawning, bed and all home  
comforts scorning,  
They had started with elation on the track,  
For they said when we go fishing, well it's not like idle  
wishing,  
Why if we don't catch a pile we won't come back.  
So they left their bridges burning, bed and all home com-  
forts spurning,  
Heading out at speeds alarming for their spot.  
For they said if we don't get there before all the  
boys have met there  
They will get a start and catch the ruddy lot.  
Well they landed out there early and unloaded all their  
burley,  
And they headed with their gear for the beach.  
As they limbered up their tackle you could hear those  
experts cackle  
As they thought of all those fish within their reach.  
When they raced down to the water getting ready for the  
slaughter  
A thunderous crashing sound beset their ears  
When they set eyes on those rollers they shed tears and  
beat their molars  
And their brows grew black with strife and sudden fear.  
Well to cut this story shorter the weather was a snorter,  
And those poor bedraggled blighters caught no fish.  
And they thought of all their bragging and their foot-  
steps started dragging  
And a sure and painless death their only wish.  
They headed home next morning cold and bleary eyed and  
yawning,  
And each wondered how the hell he'd face his wife.  
For it's seldom cheese and kisses when you go home to  
the missus  
Who's a steady nagging hundredweight of strife. Ctd.

Some tried walking in quite boldly but their wives  
just eyed them coldly  
And murmured in their sweetest voice: "What ho!"  
Why you poor deluded sucker, if you've brought home  
no fish tucker,  
Back fishing with your mates you'll never go.

For an attitude superior when you've got a wet posterior  
And no fish to show is just a ruddy cheek.  
Well there's some still in disfavour but there's some  
whose case is graver,  
And we fear that they will end up in the creek.

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There's a crew of tired men who will never smile again,  
There's a pile of broken tackle on the shore,  
There are some vindictive wives still sharpening their  
knives  
And there's many who will fish with us no more.

... Vic Davis.

FISHING ALONG THE SOUTH COAST

East of Albany is a long stretch of coast that has received relatively little attention from the amateur fisherman. The roads leading to this area are passable to almost any vehicle that will track and has good clearance.

This coast consists of alternating granite bluffs and cliffs which form headlands to protect large bays which have miles of surf beaches. A number of small rivers enter the sea through estuaries which are closed by sand bars during the summer months.

The rod fisherman is in his element here. The beaches will provide him with salmon, by the thousand, in season, herring, skipjack, flathead and the usual assortment of sharks, rays etc. Fishing from the rocks he can add groper, queen fish, sergeant baker, sweep, occasional schampper and garfish to his haul. The estuaries provide bream, King George whiting, pilchard and mullet.

Cape Riche is typical of this area. The Cape itself consists of granite cliffs from 100ft. to 200 ft. in height,  
(Ctd. page 5.)

Fishing along the South Coast (Ctd.)

these reach out to form an arm which on the north side encloses a large bay and on the south side is open to the Southern Ocean. A small estuary empties into the bay.

The ocean side of the cape has some small sandy beaches where the surf caster will be kept happy. On the rocks at the foot of the cliffs he can fish in water fathoms deep and his main trouble is to land the large fish which he hooks.

When a southerly makes the ocean side of the cape unapproachable, the more sheltered side of the cape provides plenty of fish. The estuary also yields some entertainment as a small school of salmon were trapped in it last year and they often take the bream lines.

As far as facilities go, Cape Riche is 70 miles east of Albany and 105 S. East of Katanning. There is a farm house and a couple of camps on the estuary. Telephone communications exist with the outside world. A landing strip is available for an Albany doctor, and is used by a spotting plane for the commercial fishermen.

This, except for the habitation, is similar to most fishing spots on the South Coast from Albany to Hopetoun. Not only is the fishing good, but the grandeur of this coastline must be seen to be believed. The spectacle of heavy seas crashing against the cliffs makes the trip worthwhile because there is always a spot where you can fish.

... Peter Stevens.

ONE THAT DIDN'T GET AWAY

AND ONE THAT DID

Over the edge of the reef a few yards in front he appeared for a few brief moments and disappeared back into the depths, but he had set one heart beating a little faster and one mouth watering. He was as blue as the sky had been the day before and looked like at least half a hundredweight of real fish.

There and then I decided I must have him so after a hurried look at "The Book", I scampered off after rock crabs. First I threw legs and small bits of crab into the water where he had disappeared and I soon saw him again. This time he was bigger and bluer and even more to be desired, so I attached a crab to a 10/0 hook and threw it in on the end of some 47 lb. nylon. I kept throwing bits of crab in until they ran out, when I went for more. This went on from mid-day until darkness beat me, and I returned to camp to seek the advice of the 'experts'.

I got very little, none that was helpful. "You can waste more time than enough on those groper." "You're sure it wasn't a big buff?" Surely I hadn't spent half a day chasing a 'buff'!

Next morning, with a mate and a plan worked out, I returned to the same spot and set to work. First I was to catch a dozen herring for the night's bait, then I'd collect crabs and chase my groper again. The herring were easily caught.

So I hooked the 12th on my heavy line and returned him for a little swim whilst I went to collect crabs. Crabs were hard to catch; it was raining and my mate had 'shot through' to get warm and dry in camp. After about 10 minutes I caught one crab. Then I heard my reel start to scream. I dropped the gaff and knife in the rush to get back before the whole lot went to sea and, after falling into the "drink", I managed to grab the rod as the last few feet of line were about to leave. I was too late. Slowly I reeled two hundred yards of line in and cursed myself for not having used a wire trace.

Ctd. next page.

(Ctd. from page 6)

As I still had a rod, reel, line and one little crab, I wasn't giving up so I tied another 10/0 hook to the line, attached my crab and threw in. Suddenly the rod bent double and broke at the ferrule. Then I was in real trouble. No rod, no gaff, no knife, no mate within half a mile and a big groper in rough water where I couldn't get to him, even if I got him in.

Forgetting any ethics I may have known of sport, I grabbed the line and hauled. Everything held except the fish which appeared suddenly below me in a big wave. As he went back with the wave I thought "Well, so long, it's been good seeing you." Next wave I brought him in again and hung tight while the wave receded. Still I couldn't get down to him so I thought I'd hang on as long as I could. Eventually I worked him along the rocks until I managed to get him wedged into a crevice while I worked my way along the line until I retrieved the gaff. By this time both of us had about 'had it'. I got back with the gaff and the game was up for one groper.

After all my efforts there wasn't even a shag (it was too wet) to witness my triumph - but I got back to camp with the fish. If you don't believe me I've got at least 45 witnesses and a picture. The scales weren't too kind to me as they only put it down as 36 lbs.

... Dum Ell.



"Course I won't be cold at Penguin Island, Dad,  
I've brought my leather jacket!"