



September 1954

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

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WML705.

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NEXT MEETING: The next meeting of the Club will be held at the National Fitness Rooms, James St. (next to Traffic Office) at 8 p.m. on Wednesday September 8th.

FIELD DAY: Unfortunately during the winter months the coast has not been the best for fishing. With the season fast approaching for 'biguns' the Club are holding the next Field Day on Saturday/Sunday the 11/12 September. The area is at Harvey, and further particulars will be given at the next Meeting. For those without transport, and wishing to go, it will cost you the small sum of £1 to be paid to the owner of whichever car you travel in.

DRY CASTING: Again to be held at the rear oval of the University at 10 a.m. on the morning of Sunday September 19th.

FISHING TOURNAMENT: This starts off on September 1st, so spread the news among your friends.

SOCIAL NOTES: (Vic Davis) We wish to hold an evening dance at the Pagoda. At the next Meeting a date will be set and tables will be reserved. If you cannot be at the next meeting and would like to go to the dance, please phone WML705 and leave particulars.

Don't be turned away from this show by the thought that it will cost you quids - at the outside it should cost about 15/- a Double.

CASTING NOTES: Did you know that the Australian record cast with standard fishing reel is 152 yds. 1 ft. 10 ins. Another item of interest is that the special tournament reels used can do 16000 R.P.M..

JUST SPINNING: Vic Davis is tearing his hair because no-one would gaff his first salmon last week-end - the boys just didn't believe it.

Saw Noel Knight trying to lasso a fish - he has given up casting.

Ted Horsley played a Mullaway for 30 mins. - Should have heard his swear when it turned out to be a carpet shark.

UNIVERSITY NOTES BY OVERMAN.

For the third in a row, another wet morning, but none the less well attended.

Honours to Bill Bridges for a fine display of polished casting for an unofficial throw of 131 yards. Gives us all something to shoot at.

One of the younger set cracked the 100 yard mark, says that it has the same incentive as the 4 min. mile.

A certain long thin type who haunts Rottnest, and specialises in Groper, and whom we all thought was developing scales instead of skin (give you three guesses) reverted to human kinship, at least vocally, after recording 3 zeros in the 2 $\frac{3}{4}$ 02 Class.

Good sportsmanship in Noel Knight's effort in attending and casting with cracked ribs, and still well up in the 90 yard bracket.

With all averages improving, the 100 yard flag is now no place to stand and daydream.

Noted several older members assisting to give instruction to the newer and less experienced members.

Thanks to Mac and Nelson for a fine job of marking etc. The Club has good protective and course layout - also a public liability insurance - so roll up on the next dry casting competition.

NOTICE OF MOTION.

SUBJECT - LIFE MEMBERSHIP: Ref. Clause 19 of Constitution, I hereby submit by notice of motion, viz.: That a subsection clause 4, subsection 3A be inserted in the Constitution, that a life membership may be conferred upon any member of the Club by the discretion of the Committee, limiting such life memberships granted to one (1) per year.

Alf Rutland.

With a party comprising Vic Davis, John ("Moaner") McNerney, Ted Horsley, Noel Knight, Nelson Smith, and yours truly, we decided to try Mandurah for a week-end's fishing. The day turned out to be good - now all I had to do was to wait for Vic and Mc to turn up. The Holden was soon zooming up, and believe me, it was a rare sight, gear being packed up to the top of the canopy. I asked Vic if he was off to Rottnest for a month, or were we just going on a weekend trip. After unloading the gear into my Morris Van, we set our bearings for Fremantle, where we met the rest of the boys in Ted's car. After a great battle with all sorts of hazards, loose sand, rocks, and black mud to hold us back, we eventually arrived at the Reef.

Vic grabbed his basket, rod, etc. and was off. I have never seen anyone rig a rod so quickly. Vic baited up, and the sinker was soon zooming out in the surf. The rest of us were still getting our gear ready. Suddenly, Vic jumped into action, yelling, "Gaff, gaff!", but nobody moved, as we all thought he was fooling. Yelling by this time was terrific, so Mc grabbed the gaff, and to pacify him

went to see what was going on. He soon had a 10 lb. Salmon on the beach. By this time everyone had settled down after the excitement to wet their own lines. Mc landed a double-header of Silver Bream, and looked a little happier. Digger went into action again, yelling his fool head off: "Gaffer!" Mc did the honours and another Salmon was landed. Silver Bream was turning on a bit of fun.

I was just about to light a cigarette when the tip of my rod started to jump. I landed into a fish that turned out to be another Salmon. The rest of the boys were slinging off. "Those so-and-so fish - you ought to throw them back." The Silver Bream were now the only thing that kept up the interest. About 5.30 the lamps were lit and the fire kindled in readiness for boiling the billy. We settled down to a bit of tea, and checked our gear for the night's fishing.

Ted Horsley was the first to hook into a fish. He was thinking along the lines of a nice fat Mullaway. After some good handling by Ted, Vic gaffed a Carpet Shark. (Vic looked a bit jealous.) Ted's swearing could be heard for miles. He was very disappointed that it was not something a little better. The game was getting very slow with everybody anticipating that Kingie run, or the quick grab of a Tailer. Vic started about the Grey Nurse Sharks - that they must have a date somewhere else. I could see that he was itching to get into something big.

Mc broke the monotony with the familiar cry, and another Salmon was the result. Vic and Nelson were having a bit of a huddle, and soon packed their gear and were off to look for a better spot. Nelson missed a good Kingie, but apart from that disappointment, they had no luck. We also started to drift towards the beach. The time was 1 a.m. Sunday morning.

Noel Knight was the first out of the blankets, and started to give the Bream a bit of hurry up, so one by one we drifted to our rods. Vic was caught off guard by another salmon, but brought his tally to three.

Nelson's light Southam and 13 lb. Nylon were soon working overtime, and after a great battle Smithy had the fish close enough to gaff another salmon. After the two Salmon were caught,