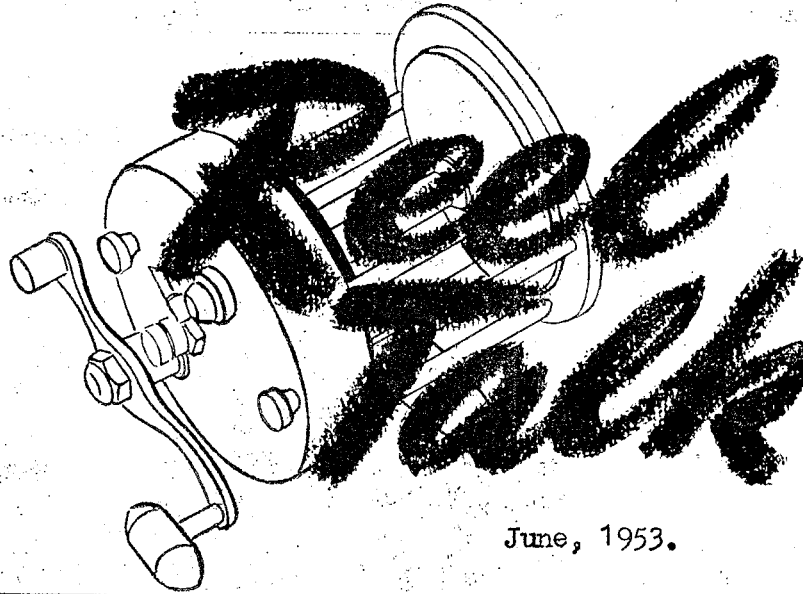


President :  
V. C. DAVIS  
Vice-President :  
N. W. KNIGHT  
Hon. Sec. and Editor :  
L. M. DUNN



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

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APPLICATION FORM

Mr. L.M.Dunn,  
Hon.Sec.,  
The Surf Casting & Angling Assoc. of W.A.  
31 Aberdare Road, Shenton Park.

I wish to apply for membership in The Surf Casting and  
Angling Association of W.A.

NAME

ADDRESS

Enclosed is a nomination fee of 2/6 and yearly subscrip-  
tion of £1.0 to 30th June, 1954.

SIGNED \_\_\_\_\_

EDITOR'S NOTE
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Our next meeting at Aussie Cycles in Hay Street, opposite Skipper Bailey's, will be our ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING. We would greatly appreciate the presence of all members and prospective members on Wednesday, 10th June, at 8 p.m.

Our Field Day the following week end is to be held at Mullaloo from 10 a.m. to 6 p.m. on Sunday.

We are extending a further invitation to all anglers, and those interested in the sport, to join our organisation. So if you have friends, or know any interested persons, please invite them along.

SO YOU'RE GONNA MAKE A ROD?
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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 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 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 under side 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.

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#### THERE IS DIRTY WORK AFOOT CHAPS !!!

We have a saboteur in the club! He's keeping the fish out to sea so we can't catch them.

His is a diabolical plan, and this is his technique.

One large cage type burley sinker is filled with burley and tied to the end of his line, then, taking a firm grip of his No.1 Southam, he swings it madly round his head and lets go. Result - the sinker plus burley flies from the end of the line with a whip-like crack and sails out to sea far beyond the reach of the rod and reel man. Naturally, the fish go out after the burley and that's why we poor surf casters don't get any fish while the boat men cop the lot.

Of course we can't tell you his name till we know how much the boat men are paying him, but just watch for the fellow with a No.1 Southam, Surfmaster reel and above technique. You'll get him.

A TRIP TO JURIEEN BAY
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For anyone who is interested in exploring the possibilities of surfcasting in new locations and doesn't mind miles of travel and carrying everything he needs with him, a trip to Jurien Bay would, I am sure, be very interesting.

Jurien Bay is approximately 200 miles from Perth and the road is nothing for anyone to fear until within 100 yards of the beach when it is advisable to stop and look to make sure where you are going before you finish up buried to the diff. The nearest shop is about 80 miles away so you can see the need for carrying all your own gear with you, for if you forget anything or run out, it is just a matter of going without.

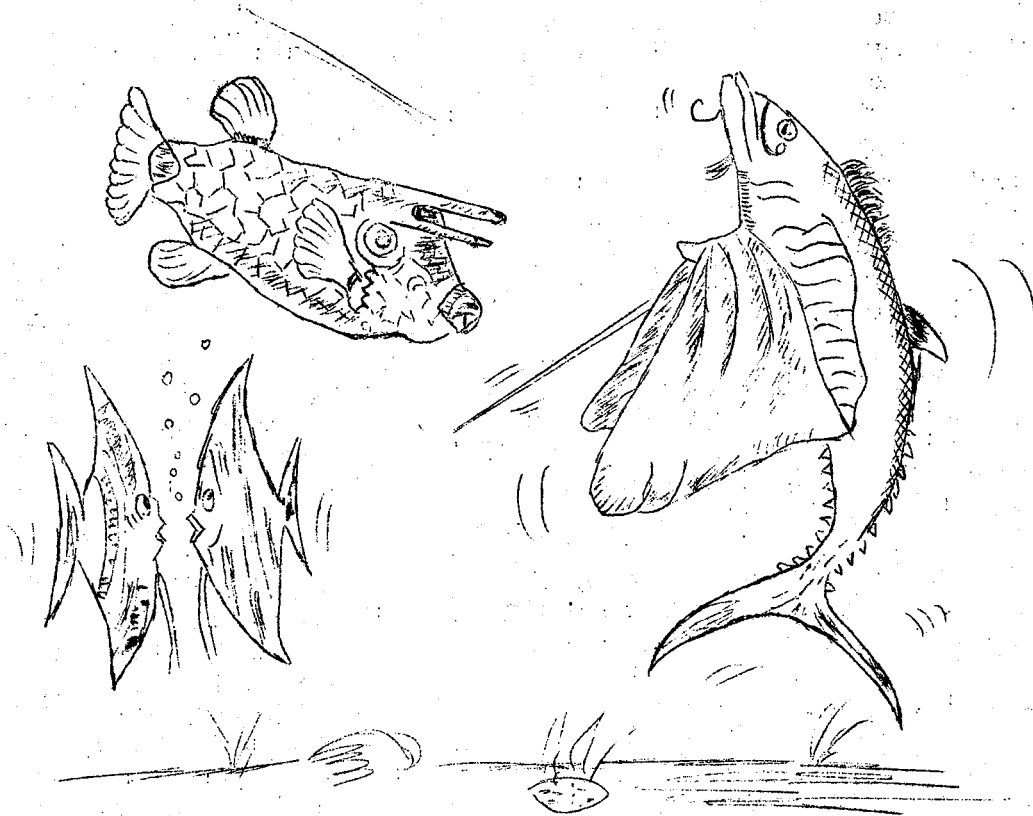
The fishing I did while there - shame on me - was all from a boat; but boy! was it good! Fish I caught or saw caught were Dhu fish, Sea Kingfish, Schnapper, Skipjack, Herring, all sorts of rock fish and shark. When it is taken into consideration that we were never at any time more than half a mile from the shore and on most occasions only 300 yards or less out, it is not hard to imagine those same fish being within casting distance at some time or other.

My advice to anyone making this trip however is to go "loaded for bear" because on four occasions I was broken up very easily on 35 lb. nylon. The regulars use nothing less than 75 lbs. nylon unless fishing for Herring and they certainly get results.

While I was there two sharks patrolled the beach for 3 days, mostly in about 2 ft. of water within 10 ft. of the shore and were they beauties! One was approximately 6'6" and the other 8', and although the temptation was great I gave them best. On the tackle I had I didn't think the few minutes fun I'd have had on hooking them would have been worth the cost of 200 yards of 27 lb. It was just as well I did "peak" because on three occasions they were hooked but just broke the heavy chord line and continued their patrol.

This is not intended to be an article on surfcasting at Jurien Bay or anything like that - as I have already said - I never did any - but just a hint to the adventurous that it may be worth while.

... Nelson Smith.



There goes that Spanish Mackerel again -  
always showing off!

THIS IS ME STORY ...  
 \_\_\_\_\_ AND I'M STICKIN' TO IT.

Say Bill, did you know I 'ooked 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 Saturdy 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 Saturd'y mornin' it pipes up a '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 'in). 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 aint 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 'in 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' our 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' lamps 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 aint so sure, so I decides I'll try to land 'im. Of course the ruddy gaff's up in 'e ute and I aint a 'ope of gettin' im where I am so I got 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.