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" R E E L T A L K "

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

President:  
V.C.DAVIS

Vice-President:  
N. W. KNIGHT

Hon. Secretary & Editor:  
G. R. HUME

October, 1952.

Thanks to the President, Vic. Davis, the September Meeting was one of the most successful held and it was noticed by the Recorder that quite a few methods of burleying were attempted over the last weekend. Thanks Vic. for a most informative talk, we all learned quite a bit.

EXCITEMENT CORNER:

At the monthly committee meeting it was noticed that a certain careless bod. had started a fire and as a result, the meeting had to await the pleasure of the Fire Department before commencing.

Noticed a stranger around town yesterday wearing a black and gold badge in his lapel; somebody told me he was the Secretary and he has 100 badges for 5/- a time. Any takers?

Owing to the married men complaining about the amount of notice given re field days it was decided that when possible, to give notice by official bulletin "Reel Talk", so here goes.

The next Field Day will be Sunday, 12th October, and the hours of competition shall be 4 a.m. to 4 p.m. Oh, by the way, it will be held at Quinns Rocks. (Yes, the Rock is good now, I had a look at it yesterday). For those who have no transport or don't know the way we will give you the dope at the next meeting. By the way, there's spinning, beach and rock fishing there.

Don't look now but some one is already starting to organise a picnic day for the wives and kids (if any) now that the summer is on the way.

Looks like a Metro Bus job, from some of the families I have seen!

Well, as nobody has come forward with any short stories as requested at the last meeting, I shall have to think up one (not very hard), but quite true.

Before going north on a trip with Dudley Brown, our fellow club member, Bill Bridger, gave me a 1 oz. spinner which after getting a tailer, disappeared down the gullet of a large tailer (about 6 lbs.) Five days ago it was returned from a fellow fisherman of Northampton who stated that he caught a  $8\frac{1}{4}$  lb. tailer with it in his jaws and so knowing I lost this type of spinner at Point Gregory he sent it to me. I lost it on the 5th August, 1952 and he caught the fish and spinner on the 12th September at the Bowes River Mouth (about 16 miles south of Point Gregory. Let's see if Ripley can beat that!

WARNING:

To those members who are not financial I regret to inform you that owing to the cost of "Reel Talk" the only people to get this bulletin in future will be financial members and those people whom we are privileged to call friends and have rendered the Association valuable services.

Sometimes I wonder if a bird can build a better nest than some fisherman with geared reels. Last Saturday night a seagull approached one of our committee men and complained that the Nest Builders' Association was being scabed on by the said committee man. The President is investigating the complaint.

Although we have many competitions it has been brought to the notice of a committee man that there is no annual championship for the aggregate point score for spinning. The general committee have promised to look into this and report at the next meeting.

SABOTAGE CORNER:

I heard a rumour that Messrs. Davis, Brown and Smith are likely to find their tackle missing if they continue to score points at field days.

A new feature of "Reel Talk" will be the insertion of ads, from members who wish to sell second-hand gear, so if you want to swap, buy or sell your equipment, let the Editor know.

Congratulations to Arch. Whitworth on being appointed Hon. Treasurer of the Scarborough Surf Life Saving Association. Heard he was the backbone of the Geraldton Club before he came to Perth.

Now don't forget you chaps, the Editor wants to have some "Reel Talk" for the magazine next month, so be in it and don't forget our next meeting at 8 p.m. on the 8/10/52 at Aussie Cycles, Hay St., Perth.

Referring to the last Bulletin as to the "For Sale" and "Wanted to Buy" section, I was swamped with entries, so here they are.

F O R   S A L E

1 Pair Gum Boots (as new) Size 9 ...	£1.10. 0
1 Surfmaster Reel and 250 yards 18 lb. Nylon (as new) ...	£10.10. 0
500 yards 12 thread Cuttyhunk (new) ..	£3.10. 0
and 5 " Academy Reel (G/P) New	(the lot)
1 two-piece Rangoon Rod (New) ...	£4. 0. 0
1 Light weight W/Proof Tent 4 man 5' x 7'6" made by Paddy Pallin for Walking - weight, including pogs = 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. ...	£4. 0. 0

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October, 1952

Yes, I know what you all think, but don't say it please.

For you chaps who missed the field day, this is what happened.

Some arrived at Quinn's Rocks early in the morning and after fishing for a while, those who arrived (numbering 7) decided to call the committee together and get the location altered to Yanchep. After a last look at the weed back we went to Yanchep, leaving signs at the turnoff. Although there wasn't as much weed there it was none the less in great evidence.

After inspecting a large loggerhead turtle (officially pronounced dead by the recorder with hand to nose), it was decided who would cut it up for burlap. The old Sec. started into the job, blunt knife in hand. (The B who rung the short straw in on the Sec. had better look out as I last saw him with a spinner which explodes on contact with a human body.)

Until the arrival of Brown and Co., Undertakers Ltd., the Sec. smelt very much the worse for wear, but after Brown & Co. unloaded four cans of putrid rotten fish on to the beach, everybody preferred the Sec.'s company.

I must lodge a protest for Dudley who said "After all the fish guts and heads (in the drums) were only four weeks old, and if Felix could ride in the back with them for 35 miles the mob should not mind the smell whilst being emptied into the drink in the hope of luring an unwary shark inshore.

Editor's Note. When this bulletin went to press Felix was still noticed camping in the dog kennel out in the yard. We all hope the smell abates and Mrs. Hollywell will allow the said Felix indoors by Christmas.

Well, against his better judgment Nelson Smith caught a small Buffalo Bream about  $\frac{1}{2}$  lb. or so, and won all sections of

Ctd. on back page

the competition as this was the only fish (?) taken for the day. We're all sure glad for this effort was very fitting and Nelson was the only one who would not give up and so he was well rewarded. Nice going mate, you certainly earned that fish.

Many thanks to -

President Vic Davis for his humorous letter re the Professional. Also for his efforts on the carpet shark, so take note boys, for he wasn't joking. That brand of shark is not so harmless as one would think.

Peter Fallick who went 30 miles out of his way to pick up two club members. This sample of club spirit is the sort of thing one looks a long way to find.

Dudley Brown for his fine gesture in donating a bicycle for a Christmas raffle to swell the club funds. Nice going Dud. While you are a member, the club has a big backbone.

Archie Whitworth who gives what spare time he has to making life happier for the troubled angler by his humorous cartoons; also for taking some of the load off the drooping shoulders of the Sec.

Lloyd Dunn for his offer of the stencils for the inclusion of cartoon for REEL TALK,

and to all the others whom space won't permit me to name. So keep up the good work boys and we will soon have the best organisation in the West.

Altogether there were 14 bods at the field day, and considering the day it wasn't bad, so let's see if we can get more next time, eh!

Well, for those who want to know, the Pres. Vic Davis is still leading the annual point score for fish taken. Nelson Smith is second, Dud Brown third, the Sec. fourth and Lloyd Dunn fifth. So you others had better buy better bikes to chase them. .

NEXT FIELD DAY is SUNDAY, 16th NOVEMBER at Point Peron.

The Camp will start at 4 p.m., Saturday, 15th, and close Sunday 16th, at 4 p.m.

NEXT MEETING -

WEDNESDAY, 12th NOVEMBER.

Time - 8 p.m.

Place - Aussie Cycles

Any resemblance to any living person who might look like the Chairman of an Angling Club is purely intentional:-

The Davis jaw was mighty grim, and fierce the Davis eye,  
And darkly looked he at the sea and darkly at the sky.  
He stood alone upon a reef and cursed the buffalo bream  
Which in and out, and round about, and everywhere did swim.

He fed them with a special brew of burley aromatic;  
Its smell alas! was nothing new and quite a bit dramatic!  
It stupefied a big seahawk and laid out cold a shag  
That sniffed the blast whilst swimming past the Davis fishing bag!

The biggest bream, a cunning type of low and subtle wit,  
Eyed above the Davis frame and racked his brains a bit.  
He raised a scaly pectoral fin his bony head to scratch:  
"I'll make old Vic look mighty sick - the blighter's met his match!

"I've had this chewing Mustad hooks and eating yards of line;  
His burley's not the feed it looks; he breaks it up too fine!  
I'll call my mate, Old Wobbegong, from off his usual beat,  
To take a toe, with a bite or so, from off the Davis feet!"

Old Wobby listened to the tale, his wicked eye a gleam,  
Said he "By Cripes, this Davis bloke is just my little dream.  
I've waited long to nip his leg and gnaw his bony frame.  
Since he made me crook with a rusty hook, me starboard fin is lame!

He stalked awhile the Davis shin, then peered from 'neath a ledge,  
He swished his tail from side to side and set his teeth on edge.  
He bared his fangs and swelled himself, his spotted sides grew large,  
Like Dudley Brown on half-a-crown, he made a sudden charge!!

The Davis eye was opened wide in terror and in fear,  
He leapt into the upper air and gull-like did appear,  
Until he fell into the sea and frantically did splash  
With Olympic style for half-a-mile in swift and sudden dash.

He beat upon the ocean blue and foaming was his wake,  
He passed two pike, a mulloway, and a startled water snake.  
His eyeballs rolled a gleaming white, his churning arms were shaking,  
And in his mind he felt behind the shark was overtaking!

He ploughed a furrow up the beach and right across a dune,  
A passing car near ran him down but Vic stood up too soon.  
He mopped awhile his streaming brow and made a terse remark  
"This goes to show what a so-and-so is a ruddy carpet shark!"

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The Biggest Bream just laughed and laughed and held his shining sides,  
Old Wobby rolled upon the sand and wiped his streaming eyes.  
"Oh, brother!" cried the biggest bream, "Did you see the Davis go!  
"I'll bet he hates his angling mates these little things to know!"

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By  
I. C. ALL