



As most of our readers are no doubt aware, Sulphide has a Fishing Club, and to see these chaps organising and arranging for a trip is an eye-opener. It would turn an Army General green with envy.

The numbers gather; **Tom Walker** speaks, "We'll go to Fraser Park?"—Everyone agrees—"Bill Willoughby and 'Nugget' Leggett to provide transport."

Various types of bottled bait are provided, beer, and boiled-down inkberries, "plonk" at its very best "?"

Then the bait question arises. **Tom Dick** and a few others go for crabs, whilst others get cungi; and for those people who haven't had a go at these two jobs then you don't know you're alive. Off you go into the drink, if a trifle modest, wearing a pair of shorts, and in the cause of getting your bait, you are bitten, cut and scratched by all forms of sea life. When you come out you lie like Tom Pepper, and say, "What fun!"

With the procuring of the bait, we proceed to our "possies" to fish. Now to the ordinary layman, there is an earth plough called the "Stumpjump" plough; well, this is only in the class of a garden hoe compared to the form of **Tom Walker** and "Nugget," you should see them ploughing up the rocks on the bottom!!

Then, someone catches a fish (very rare), and she's on. "What bait?"—"What rig?" and "Where?" In a few minutes it looks as though a swy game had started, with all the boys crowded around in one spot.



The expedition gets under way.

With rods tied on top and the strangest assorted types of dress that could be seen anywhere, the expedition gets under way. It is, it seems, the fashion amongst fishermen to look as ill dressed as possible.

As for fishing bags, these range from luxury cane baskets, army kit bags to **Bill Willoughby's canvas corn bag**. This last named is a beauty, but never mind, for Bill says, "She can hold a gallon jar!"

Finally we arrive at our destination, and someone asks **Bill Ranger**, "What about water?" "Water!" replies Bill, "Water's only for washing in, and I'm not dirty!!"



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But all in all it's grand fun. Join the club and be in it—you won't regret it.

—"Shock-'em."