



## February 2018 NEWSLETTER

Next Meeting **Tuesday** 6<sup>th</sup> February

**Beenligh Bowls Club**

**11 Hanover St, Beenligh**

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### Welcome to the New Fishing Year - Editorial

Our first newsletter of 2018, the year ahead. We have our club trips, including a couple of our regular ones. I think there have been a few changes in dates on the club calendar for 2018, but our efficient secretary will keep members informed. One disappointment as newsletter editor is the shortage of regular member contributions. Those who have, well done, but sometimes I think the newsletter seems to be all about what fishing and trips that I and Glenys personally have done. The reason for this is that I have to have something to put in it, and when I sit down to compose it, I really have to rack my brain. You just have to send me something about a trip you've done, a photo or two (mobile phones can take photos you know) or some subject on fishing, travelling you've done. A lot of talk is done on face book, but direct a bit of it to your club newsletter. Trip reports, if I can have them by the last week of the month, great. Subjects for club meetings, were they ever discussed for 2018? If they were, I really would like to know, so as to put them in the newsletter. Don't get me wrong, I love writing, fiddling with text and photos, but if the above falls on deaf ears, I really have to think hard about continuing with the position into the next club year. ***(P.S. as I'm finishing this newsletter you seem to have read my mind)***

On another note, the new ANSA Qld executive is really trying hard to make things work. Excuse me for saying this, but our club would seem to be the least ANSA orientated club in the state. In saying that, we must congratulate John Reid for taking the time to attend the state conference. John in the short time he has been in the club, he really would not have had time to accumulate the knowledge of ANSA that a certain few members have. I'm sure he knows a lot more, after the "barefoot" trip. In the past (a long way back) there were seven ANSA clubs from Maryborough to the border and we all talked and went to each other's events. Times have changed and as we all know it's a real battle to get new members. Clubs have folded, the internet has moved into the fishing competition scene, tagging, and record captures plus the tournament fishing circuit has the younger (and some of the older generation) being siphoned off. These are fishermen who would normally gravitate to an ANSA club. I know that the tackle companies are deluged with cv's from budding tournament anglers wanting to be sponsored. They get their information and highs from watching You Tube, blogging, tweeting, Face Book and such. They don't want to drive 30 minutes and sit

around for a couple of hours with a bunch of old blokes (who would have 100 times their fishing knowledge) talk about Bunning's sausage sizzles and how much we have in the bank. Two of the clubs left in our area Ipswich and Kingaroy, are making the effort to communicate with a couple of outings. Kingaroy with the "Tag a Toga" at Borumba Dam with some of our members competing. Ipswich United SFC is holding a "Bribie Bash" this weekend just gone. Unfortunately it clashed with our LAFMA Kerry weekend.

Could we expand our Glen Lyon trip to involve other clubs in a format other than a simple invitation? Sorry for the negative vibes, but **communication means participation**. I think Ray will have a better quote somewhere in his e mail headers.openers

**Next Meeting** ???????

### **Upcoming Club Trips**

**Southern Moreton Bay , Macleay & Peel Island – 18<sup>th</sup> February** – Bream, Snapper, Mulloway, from Weinam Creek ramp, Redland Bay. Kev Ford trip Captain

**Borumba Dam, 2<sup>nd</sup> to 4<sup>th</sup> March – "Tag a Toga" weekend** - organised by the Kingaroy SFC – Cabins at the Borumba Deer Park, trip captain John Eldred

**Wyalong Dam, LAFMA Carp Comp, 24<sup>th</sup> March** - Carp & Tilapia cull, the Bass are growing plus Mary River Cod. Go to the LAFMA website for information.

**Baffle Creek, 17<sup>th</sup> to 24<sup>th</sup> April** – a one week trip based in the clubhouse at Baffle Creek Campground. Jack, Trevally, Flathead, Grunter, Queenfish, Mackerel and possibly Barra. John Eldred is the organiser.

**Wyalong Dam 29<sup>th</sup> April** – With the Bass fishing improving in the dam, the first of many trips we hope. Electric motors or canoes/kayaks. Jeff Maddalena, trip captain

### **Trip Reports**

#### **Australia Day Shark Fishing Trip**

#### **Ray's FAREWELL TO FISHING**

By Ray Bricknell, Trip Captain

I had already decided that the club shark fishing trip on Australia Day 2017 would be my last ever fishing trip. This is not such a big deal. With my 80<sup>th</sup> birthday rapidly approaching (the average life expectancy for males in Australia is currently 82.5 years, and I appear to have pretty average genes), and with Parkinson's affecting my balance and co-ordination, it was time to quit. I played tennis from age 7 to 77, when the Parkinson's forced me to give that up. I have fished for an even longer time, and I was only ever a casual recreational fisher – not in the same league of keenness as many in this club. Tennis and fishing have both given me a great deal of pleasure, and many pleasant memories – not to mention a host of special friends!



**The Cast Masta in full flight**



In the circumstances, I was determined to go out on a high note. John Reid very considerably helped me rig the rods and get the boat ready the previous day, and he drove the boat so I could cast a net for some livies. Not one of Ray's Better casts, but one of his last. (RHS) A dozen or so casts yielded a dozen or so live baits – plus this Bass. Poddy Mullet were scarce, but unusually we netted four Catfish (bottom dwellers).

When John and I arrived at the boat ramp at about 6:30am there were two trailers already there – Lloyd's and Eddy's. Apparently they had launched around 6:15am. Dave Rawlins fished with Eddy in Eddy's boat, and Tom fished with Lloyd.

I had cleared out the freezer of my grog fridge the night before, and took the entire defrosted collection of baits of all types and sizes with us in a large bucket, as Berley. John contributed a dozen or so frozen Pike as well, so we had enough Berley to attract every shark in the river. Add the fact that we had live baits, and we clearly could not go wrong on this trip.



John drove the boat down to the narrow section of the river formed by a bit of an island about a kilometre downstream of the boat ramp – the spot where I had good success the previous Australia Day. Eddy and Dave went a bit further downstream and drifted about as far down as the highway bridge (I'm told), using strips of Mullet as bait – no livies, although Dave is outstanding with a cast net. They reportedly really nailed the sharks this year, bringing five or six to the boat, and having their bait picked up and carried some distance on at least as many other occasions. All the sharks they caught were around the typical size of about 900mm.

Lloyd and Tom also went a little further downstream than John and I. They anchored up, berleyed, caught some Catfish for bait, and got three sharks into the boat – all released. They also had three or four additional runs



. **Lloyd wrote:** Tom and I fished from approx 6.15 am to 11.30am, first fishing a couple of km downstream from the Patterson Rd boat ramp, and then moving upstream of the boat ramp once the wind got up a bit.

Using old frozen jewie baits (banana prawns & squid ) we targeted catfish to use as live bait .... we didn't have to wait long for the first of the cattie's ... a couple of good cattie baits around 200mm were



rigged up on the shark lines (me 4kg nylon & Tom 10lb braid) and we set them out, mine under a float and Tom slightly weighted to fish near the bottom. It wasn't long before I had one shark to the boat with a few other takes, so Tom decided he would fish under a float as well. Almost instantly he had a hook up. I say, 'hook up' because we had approx. 14 or so during hits the course of the morning, but we only got three into the boat. The others dropped off once they had neatly severed the Cattie within a few mms of the hook ... it didn't matter where the hook was set, they knew exactly where it was in the live bait.



Another interesting fact: Around the bottom of the tide after fishing had ceased, Lloyd decided to take Tom further upstream to show him some old fishing spots at the bottom of Willmann's Island. "Little did I know that the river bed had changed dramatically since the 2017 flood. Whilst Tom had me distracted in conversation, I neglected to keep my eye on the sounder ... we had suddenly gone from 8ft to approx 1ft ... the rocks didn't do much for my already misshaped prop ... My motor now sports a new prop, thanks to a donation from JC."

Meanwhile, back at the narrow section of the river where John and I were anchored, all was quiet. Not a touch for at least a couple of hours! Maybe the sharks were having such a feast on our berley that they felt no need to chase our live baits? John had our only Poddy Mullet on long enough for it to drown, and neither a small live Boney Bream nor a small Catfish worked for me.



Ray sits patiently in his boat for the last time, wearing his signature bright orange hat, and Lloyd and Tom went past as they relocated to upstream of the boat ramp – one of last year's rewarding areas. Note the calm conditions in this part of the river. Windy further downstream.

After a while, in desperation, I put a 25cm Catfish on my Live Bait hook, anticipating it being taken by a shark too big for the line I was using. Another hour passed without a touch on either of our lines! *What the hell are we doing wrong?*

After a while I needed to reposition my bait. Imagine my surprise when I lifted the Catfish out of the water and discovered its tail had been taken off about 2 or 3 cm from the hook – without putting any perceptible tension on my line at all. "LUCKY SHARK", I thought! How the hell did it miss that hook?

*25cm Catfish with tail taken cleanly off only 2 or 3 cm from the hook.*

Ah well, I thought, the Catfish is still trying to swim, so I'll put it back in and hopefully the distressed movement will attract a shark. Another half hour (at least) passed, and still not a touch. Meanwhile John had switched to using a 20cm frozen pike as bait, and



eventually lost it – either skilfully removed from the hook by a wily shark, or else it fell off?

After a while I again needed to reposition my bait, and this time when I lifted it out of the water the head and body had gone – taken cleanly off by a shark no more than 1cm from the hook! The pic below shows what I was left with – a hook with 1cm of Catfish on one side and about 2cm the on other side. **These sharks aren't lucky: they are skilful surgeons, not only able to remove baits astonishingly close to the hook, but able to do so without putting any tension whatsoever on the line!** They are clearly too clever for me to catch them. Maybe, like jetty Bream, they are being caught and released often enough to learn to recognise a hook as something dangerous to be avoided?

Unfortunately the glare prevented John Reid from clearly seeing on the camera screen that the remains of the Catfish were so close to the Bimini frame, and I did not notice it either. Sadly, this was the only photo taken of the remaining centre section of the 25cm Catfish after it had been “operated on” by a couple of sharks – or perhaps by one shark, twice. But you get the idea.



At 11am John and I headed back to the boat ramp, with a score of absolutely zero sharks for at least 3½ hours fishing – including a period drifting downstream. It was just not our day. The other two boats each caught quite a few sharks, but there were only the six fishers on this trip. However, at around 12:30pm, 13 of us (including wives) assembled in the air-conditioned comfort of Helen's and my home for the traditional BBQ lunch – Helen surprising us with some very welcome oven hot mini-meat pies and sausage rolls, to go with that unbelievably enjoyable first beer.

Missing from these photos is popular club member Neil McNeil. Neil typically participates in this trip and the lunch afterwards, but sadly his dormant blood cancer of some ten years past has suddenly flared up, and he was not physically up to attending this year. Neil is going to have to undergo a three-day period of chemotherapy treatment each month for six months, commencing February, with a 70% chance that his Leukaemia will then go into remission for at least five years. All in the club wish you well, Neil, and we look forward to seeing you at club meetings and back on the water in your Kayak in the second half of this year.

So, guys, that's my *Farewell to Fishing*, but hopefully not to the especially nice group of people, members and wives, who make up the exceptional (but ageing) membership of the Southern Brisbane Sportfishing Club.



***While this might be Ray's Farewell to Arms fishing wise, I hope he will still be seen at meeting along with his usual wise advice - Editor***

### **Pimpama river Mangrove Jack fishing trip**

Finally, out of the house and back on the water. I was accompanied by my full-time carer / deckie Rachel. Who was there to make sure that I did not get myself into too much trouble and throw a hip out. Conditions were hot and humid, even at 6.30 in the morning and the sand-flies must have taken the day off because we usually get quite a few bites around that area.

Three boats fished. Eddie Latz and Dave Rawlins fished mainly further up near the weir and then on the sand flats just upstream near the rock wall. Rachel and I fished in the same spots and the only thing we hooked was a catfish. We did get a few fathead hook ups, but both were dropped. When fishing for Mangrove Jack I like to fish the first of the runout tide. On this day the high tide was about 2am. so that was never going to happen. The other thing I think that was against us was the water looked like it had some fresh from the storms that were earlier in the week.

Eddie and Dave were catching a few flatheads on the sand flats. They were trolling in what must have been 2 feet of water. Eddie hooked a monster that measured in at 900mm. after a few pics the fish was released as per the rules and regs..Then for us it was the slow sand churning trip back to the ramp. I am glad that Eddie caught that awesome flathead because it was the highlight of the trip. Sorry that there was not much else to report on but after being house bound for months it was great to be back on the water.

Jeff Maddalena



### **A pre Christmas Bass Trip by the Editor**

A trip I really didn't feel like going on. I had a bad cold, courtesy of the grandson and day care and spur of the moment trips don't excite me. It came about from a call from Bill Bowtell who was down from Yeppoon sorting out his mother's estate. He had a couple of days window to go fishing. It has been a regular thing for decades for the two of us to have a bass fishing trip at this time of year. Bill had been down a few weeks earlier and fished the arms of the Tweed over 4 days in his kayak and had done very well. It was decided to canoe the upper Rous River arm. We normally do this in the boat, launching at Tumbulgum, but this time we wanted to push further up into skinnier water. The first task was the canoe. It had been stored in dad's shed and not used for 3 years, with a resident population of ants,



spiders plus dust. I used to be able to load it by myself, not any more, I had to enlist the help of my neighbour. It's a b---d getting old.

We had to be on the water before first light, so it was a 2am pickup of Bill at Ormiston and a drive down to Murwillumbah, to the Kyanboom bridge over the Rous on the north side of town. About 15 years ago the old wooden bridge had been replaced by a concrete one, and on previous trips over the years under it by boat, I often noticed it was possible to launch a canoe under it and had seen people doing so. Being tidal, the launch site is great at high tide, but at low (when we arrived) you have a 2 metre, 45 degree, mud covered, gravel slope to the water. Plenty of parking both sides of the bridge though.

The first glow of dawn was showing as we started off up river. Bill insisted he was the stern paddler, which relegated me to the bow. Seemed a bit strange sitting in the bow of my own canoe. We started off with small poppers, and within 5 minutes Bill had the first Bass about 30 plus cm. In the next hour we caught about 5 Bass on surface lures, the best almost 40cm. The advantage of a canoe in this section of the Tweed, especially on low tide, is you can paddle under and fish below the overhanging trees. The tide at this point was starting to make and the surface bite dropped off. We pulled up at the golf course for a cuppa and breakfast, naturally dissecting the fishing so far and planning the next assault.



**The PPP and it's first victim**

We changed over to diving lures, Bill using his go to Atomic, and I put on a new lure that I had just finished. We paddled across to the opposite bank to start fishing again. At low tide this section is pretty shallow, but the tide was pushing water up along the bank that had sparse overhanging foliage. My first cast in anger with the new lure, the PPP (pink arse,



**The PPP Mark 1**

cast wise, you want to forget. Any isolated, straggly piece of vegetation seemed to want to grab his lure. The PPP accounted for another 8 Bass, one of them another 40cm fish. All Bill managed was a Bass, 20 branches plus one eel, which was promptly decapitated on the side of the canoe to retrieve his lure lodged down in the gills.

porno prawn my mates Norm and Rudder had christened it) was in to a pocket between two bushes. It swam about 30cm and got hammered. A better fish this time, a Bass over 40cm.

Well, was it a one cast wonder or a successful design? The next few hours would be the proving time. We fished our way up, pushed by the tide, finding patches of Bass as we went. Some structure would produce fish, while other where you could your money on a fish of even a hit, nothing.

Bill was having one of those days,

Midday, now up as far as we could go before going overland, lunch and an easy? paddle with the now outgoing tide back to the bridge. Up came the NE sea breeze, and naturally

against the tide and us. A 90 minute hard paddle back into a 15 knot headwind and a muddy drag up the again exposed slope at the launch site. I really had to think hard on the drive back, about the wisdom of two old blokes pushing 70, going hard like we did. I slept well that night.

Trev

### **Peacock Bass – Another Feral Fish?**

You might have read the latest news re a Peacock Bass found in the Pioneer River above Mackay, and Fisheries advice on looking out for them and the warnings regards introduced species. It was found in the Dumbleton Weir, the lower of the three, on the Pioneer river. Having been up there recently, and seeing the area in question, it is only hoped it was the only one.

With the above in mind, I did some googling on the species. I've seen them fished for on American fishing shows and they are pretty spectacular, smashing surface lures in their native range in the Amazon and Orinoco River systems in South America. They thrive in warm water, but turn up their tails when the water drops below 17 degrees (which makes much all of Australia vulnerable). They grow to over 7kg are distinctive by the colours (four species) that give them their name. They are a member of the Cichlid genus (same same Tilapia) and breed in shallow warm water, protecting the fry in their mouth as do the latter.



They have been translocated to the freshwater (lakes and waterways) of the Panama Canal where they have decimated the local species, and are in over 1,000 kilometres of urban canals and lakes in Southern Florida where they sustain a sport fishery grossing 5 million dollars per annum (including dedicated fishing guides in Peacock Bass fishing



Where would they come from? Dr Google again, aquarium hobbyists. They are being bred in Australia in home and commercial fish tanks for the aquarium market fetching up to \$350 for a 7cm fish (a breeder at Brackenridge, that's close to home!!!!) That's how Carp and Tilapia started. It only takes a couple to get away, accidentally or on purpose.

**Florida Urban Canal Peacock Bass**



## Little Mulgrave River, Gordonvale Dec 2017 by Kev Ford

Carole Ann and I ventured to Cairns to spend Christmas with our daughter Rachel and her Fiancé Eric and his family. On my last visit to Cairns in August, Rachel and I decided on lunch at the Mountain View Hotel just outside of Gordonvale on the Gillies Hwy. Being a very old historical looking Hotel it had plenty of add-ons.

Rachel and I decided the back deck was in order for lunch. This deck over looked a small creek later to be identified as the Little Mulgrave River. Of course there was a fish feed sign, so we through the odd chip into the river to see what might happen. Well from the depths and all directions were fish and turtles. I'm guessing 20x turtles and 50 or more fish.



This led to the idea of getting some kayaks from base and paddling and fishing the river next time I came up. Christmas was this opportunity. The day after Boxing Day seemed to be the opportunity. So "The Boys" with double Kayaks loaded onto the roof of Eric's Nissan Patrol we headed down to find a launch site.

We drove through some tall standing cane and down a rough track to the river. On arriving we could see stacks of Sooty Grunter swimming in the pool. By the time we unloaded the double kayaks from the roof and rigged our gear the fish were all but gone. How's that work!! The river was mostly shallow ponds being 3-4 feet deep and smaller chutes and rapids connecting pools.

I managed my first Sooty Grunter, and also hooked up a small Tarpon from the same area, unfortunately after two aerobic jumps, the Tarpon escaped. Unfortunate as this also would have been a first for me. We enjoyed some paddling, and I also scooped a small fish into the kayak with the paddle, unintentionally I might add. While the boy's walked back to get the Patrol, Eric's father Lee and I paddled down past the Pub, on the way only having one more hit, but not connecting. Clearly the fish in the Pub Pool were keyed in on Chips and we didn't really see a fish in the pool.



A very relaxing afternoon on the water to take a break from Eating and Drinking.

## **Borumba Dam improvements**

SEQ water have finished the improvements to the boat ramp at Borumba Dam which used to be near unusable at low dam levels. It is now 2 lanes and has been extended. The camp ground at the dam has been leased out a private firm, Ezy Adventures who will charge camp fees of \$10 pp per night, booking on line. Googling them, they say they are an on line travel booking site, that gives 100% of their commission to a charity, non profit organisation of your choice. They are planning "something special at the campground". Doesn't seem to be a normal campground operation. We will find out no doubt. This seems to be trending with SEQ Water, the camp ground below Somerset Wall is now leased to a private firm.

### **Annual Membership Fees (Due by August Meeting every year)**

Normal Membership - \$70

Family Membership - \$90

Student over 16 - \$20

Student under 16 (non family) \$15

Junior – \$15

You can pay by cash at a meeting of by direct deposit into BSB 814282 Account 30814236

**Any club member wishing to sell gear, please let me know so I can place it in the newsletter**