



## **JUNE NEWSLETTER**

Next Meeting **Tuesday** 7<sup>th</sup> June

**7pm Beenligh Bowls Club**

**11 Hanover St, Beenligh**

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**Please note, our meeting night has been changed to the first Tuesday of the month**

### **Next Meeting**

No one seemed to know if we had anything planned for this meeting, so I've taken an executive decision to do a presentation on Mackerel fishing. On our recent trip to Baffle Creek, the opportunity to do a bit of the above presented itself. One of my favourite fishing scenes many years ago, and the little bit other week got the bug biting again. I don't think we've ever done a talk on this before so I'll try not to bore you. Squid fishing, the next trip is in the bay for Whiting etc. Any gun Squid men amongst us? If so dazzle us this meeting with your knowledge.

### **Southern Bay Trip (Winter Whiting, Squid) June 18th**

A Whiting trip that often can end up a Snapper trip, but that's up to you. The best area would be the Pelican Banks, east of McCleay/Coochiemudlo. Expect Squid as mentioned above, and School Mackerel can appear down there this time of the year. Kev Ford the trip captain.

### **Brisbane River (lower) July 17th**

A trip to the mouth of the river, with Tailor, Snapper, Flathead and Bream all around at this time.

### **Pimpama River August 28th**

The Flathead fishing will be improving at this time of year, if you can steer around JC's crab pots.

## Trip Reports

**Logan River Trip Report, 28<sup>th</sup> May, 2016** - It turned out to be a typical SBSFC trip ..... winds had been light and variable for the previous week but decided to increase by Thursday arvo forcing Trevor, Mal and one of his mates from the water on a pre fish around Jumpinpin. As there were some protected areas around Marks's/Agoston Sands area, I decided to leave the trip on and because, Kevin, Brad, Eddie, Neil, Chris and John Reid had indicated the previous Saturday night at our club dinner that they would be fishing.

Neil, Eddie, John and Chris launched from the dirt ramp situated near the entrance to Gold Coast Tiger Prawn farm at Marks's while Kevin and Brad launched from Redland Bay. As I had intended to work my way back up the river with the tide, I launched from Kev Dryers at the mouth of the Albert. Everyone was on the water and fishing by 7am. As 'King of the Pin' comp was on the same weekend, boats seemed to be flying everywhere and it was nigh impossible to anchor up in a known fishing spot out of the breeze without several other boats already being there.

Kevin and Brad fished Marks's Rocks area, the Bamboos, Pitts Rocks, Agoston Sands and again at Marks's Rocks before heading back via the Redland Bay Channel. Kev ended up with a keeper bream, several smaller ones and a moses perch while Brad ended the day with a couple of undersize flathead and a tailor ... they finished off by casting to bream under pontoons at Redland Bay without success. The wind beating them in the end and giving it away around 1.30pm. Neil fished from his kayak around the small islands near the prawn farm and Agoston Sands for zero fish. I assumed he was using lures/soft plastics etc., as he said that next time he would take some bait as back up. Due to increasing wind, Neil called it quits around 11.30am.

Like Neil, Eddie, John and Chris fished around the Prawn Farm area and Agoston Sands. John ended up with one legal whiting, some throw back bream and a soul. Eddie also landed small bream, some flathead and soul (not sure how many keepers were in that lot though. Heading down the river around 7am, I pulled up around the bamboos as it was out of the wind and I had got some good flathead in the area last



May. After half an hour and only one hit on plastic, I headed around to Marks's to catch up with Kevin and Brad, owing to the number of boats already anchored up at the Jewie hole, I decided to drift with the aid of the electric and fish plastics for either jewies or flathead, no luck, so I headed over to the area around the prawn farm to catch up with Eddie, Neil and John. They weren't doing any good so I decided to work my way out and back to the Bamboos for the bottom of the tide. Kevin and Brad were already working the area so I joined them. Nothing much was happening so Kevin moved to Pitts Rocks. Around 11.30 and still fishless, I thought it was about time I brought out the bait. I decided to move up to

the Elbow and fish there till high water for a jewie. Wrong, I counted seven boats already sitting in the sheltered (jew spot) area.

Plan B ... I headed up the Albert to my favourite jewie haunt at the 'Goods Shed', at least it was out of the wind. Five minutes in, I had landed my first fish for the morning (now afternoon), a jewie of 57cm, not a bad start. However, I had just settled in after tagging and releasing the jewie and the breeze picked up and was coming from all directions, not real comfortable. I managed to sit it out till the top of the tide (around 3pm) landing a couple of big cattiees, a very large brown ray, and a heap of annoying bait stealing small bream. As they say with fishing, there's always next time.

Apologies to those who fished the trip and were not mentioned.

Lloyd Willmann

Trip captain

### **AN EPIC BATTLE**

*By Ray Bricknell*

On Friday 6 May 2016 I had one of the great fishing experiences of my life – one of those occasions you simply never forget.

That Friday was forecast to be a beautiful autumn day and I was on top of my jobs, so I decided on Thursday night that I would take my tinnie down to the Logan River and do a bit of fishing. I got out of bed at 5am, and as I had done no preparation the previous day it took me 2½ hours to put the towbar on, pack up the car, have breakfast, pack lunch, fill a thermos, hook the boat on, etc. Then I drove to the Alberton boat ramp, spent another age getting the boat ready to launch, and finally pushed off from the boat ramp around 8:30am – *just a little after Kevin Ford's Kookaburras would have started laughing at first light*. In fact, Kevin probably would have been heading home about that time, had he been out fishing that day.

The tide was fairly high and running in, so I decided to fish the top of the tide for Jewfish. I didn't feel like travelling a long distance, so I just drifted up the river throwing my cast net to try to catch some live bait. Unfortunately, I had a crook back from spending too many hours at my computer over the previous few days, so I couldn't get the cast net to form a circle to save my life. I finished up catching just one fish – the world's unluckiest Boney Bream. I then travelled up to *The Elbow*, and the sounder indicated that the deep hole there was 50 feet deep at high tide.

Following Lloyd Willman's advice, I anchored on the edge of the deep hole, in about 13 feet of water. I set two rods up in rod holders, one floating the Boney Bream a couple of metres below the surface, and the other on the bottom baited with a strip of Mullet from my freezer. Both drags were set very light, as I was trying to avoid having another rod and reel dragged over the side by a shark taking the bait "on the fly". The Boney Bream lasted about 15 minutes and was taken without my seeing or hearing any action on the rod, so a big Banana Prawn went on to replace it. Then no action for quite a long time, but it was a beautiful day with a clear blue sky, virtually no breeze and a forecast maximum temperature of 26 degrees, so I was happy just to be out on the water.

I was rigging another rod, my tackle box open on the floor of the boat, when the rod up the front of the boat went off. It was exactly 11:00am. Something was taking the strip of Mullet for a swim up the river

– not a violent run; just very leisurely. I took the rod out of the rod holder, put a bit of tension on the line to sink the hook, and waited until the fish stopped taking line.

After about 50 metres it slowed a bit, and I started to try to recover some line. ***It didn't take me long to realise I had a VERY big fish on the end of that line.*** You can tell when it is a very big fish – rather than frantically kicking and dashing and darting about, they seem to barely notice that they are dragging a line behind them.

I knew it was definitely NOT a shark – I have caught enough Bull Sharks in the Albert and Logan rivers to know how they behave when hooked. They dash and dart all over the place, take you for a tour of the river, and nearly always leap out of the water soon after being hooked. This fish was not a shark.

Neither was it a big Stingray. Once again, they have a characteristic feel to them when hooked, and this was not a Ray. But it was a BIG fish. I remember when I caught a 102cm Barramundi off the Kimberley Coast, and I could tell straight away that it was significantly bigger than the typical Barra we were catching on that trip. This fish felt much the same – big and heavy. I decided it had to be a Jewfish, and it would clearly be the biggest Jew I have ever caught.

The rig I had it on was about a 10 or 15 pound breaking strain mono line (say 5 to 7kg), two metres of 50 pound leader, a wire trace, and a Live Bait hook – basically a Shark rig, because you need to be prepared for sharks in the Logan. So I was going to have to be very patient with this fish. I had had a similar experience some years before in this same deep hole, fishing with much heavier line, and after 20 minutes or so I became impatient, put too much tension on the line, and the fish straightened a big hook. This time I determined to be patient, and to take as much time as was needed to tire the fish and gradually ease it to the boat.

Twenty minutes later I was getting a bit tired, and my crook back was hurting, but the fish was still at least 30 or 40 metres from the boat and showed no signs of coming any closer. It was covering a lot of territory, of course, and I completely lost count of the number of times it swam around the boat. It was at least six or eight times. In fact, I noticed after a while that the fish was slowly spinning the boat in circles around the anchor in the calm water. This is a bloody big fish, I thought to myself, so I had best get the big landing net ready. I keep it along the side of the boat, and I store a few things in it so they are handy to the driver's seat. So those things all had to be tipped out on the floor of the boat.

Three times it swam around the anchor rope, and each time I was sure I would lose it. But the water “eddies” around that area, rather than flowing cleanly through it, which is why such a deep hole has been scoured out. And the tide was still quite slack. So there was no drag on the anchor rope, and each time I was able to pass the rod under the rope and get the line clear – although on two of the three occasions I let the line go momentarily slack, and for sure expected to lose the fish. Fortunately, I didn't.

I then decided to try to pull the anchor in. Have you ever tried pulling in an anchor with one hand whilst fighting a big fish with the other? I managed to get the slack part of the rope in by putting one foot on the rope after each pull. But once it came time to lift the anchor off the bottom I had no choice but to hold the rope and the rod in the same hand whilst I lifted the (small – thankfully) anchor up another couple of feet with the other. I eventually got it in without losing the fish.

After about forty minutes of constant, steady pressure on the line the fish was clearly starting to tire. There were extended periods when it just rested. But as soon as I would start to retrieve some line it would go for another leisurely run, and take another 30 or 40 metres of line off the reel. Fortunately it was a bigish reel with loads of line on it.

Of course, I was having to constantly walk from one end of the boat to the other to try to keep the line clear of my other rod and line, which I had no way of pulling in, and away from the motor. On one occasion when the fish was going for a serious run ***I stepped on the edge of my half-open tackle box, and tipped the contents of one draw all over the floor of the boat. What a mess!*** I keep a lot of gear in my boat, but there is a place for everything and everything is in its place. ***Not any more it wasn't.*** This fish was gradually destroying the inside of my boat, as these photos demonstrate. And I was getting VERY tired. And my back was killing me.

A couple of times the fish swam directly under the boat, and I had to put quite a lot of the rod down into the water to prevent the line from rubbing on the boat. And on one occasion it swam just past the back of the boat and, of course, managed to wrap the line once around the propeller. Fortunately the line could still be run off the reel through the prop, and it was just unbelievably fortunate that the fish took a break at that time, so I was able to tilt the motor out of the water with my spare hand (with great difficulty) and get the line off the prop. I still had the fish on.

Then the fish headed for the big mangroves growing along the riverbank. I had no choice but to keep tension on the line, the anchor was no longer out, so the fish dragged the boat along with it. Of course, I was fearful that if either the boat or the fish got into the mangroves it would be all over, red rover. But once again my luck held, and when the boat was just two or three metres from the mangroves the fish turned and headed out into the deeper water. I moved up into the bow, and over a period of several minutes I was literally able to use the weight of the fish to gently pull the boat about twenty metres away from the mangroves. *Are getting a feel for how big this fish is?*

Twice I got the fish close enough to the surface to be able to see the top of my leader, but the water was too muddy for me to be able to see the fish before it headed off for another leisurely "run".

Eventually, after literally 55 minutes – at five minutes to twelve – I got the fish close enough to the boat for me to be able to get hold of the end of the leader. ***And I am quite certain that the shark that came to the surface alongside my 3.7 metre boat was every centimetre of two metres long. Its head was at least 30 cm across – probably more.***



I got hold of the end of the wire trace, and I was trying to decide whether or not I was game to try to get hold of the bottom jaw with my grippers, to try to get the hook out, when the shark gave a bit of a kick and solved that problem for me – by snapping the wire trace. I was actually very relieved at that outcome.



By that time I was completely exhausted, so I headed back to the boat ramp. When I got out of the boat my back was so bad I could barely walk to the car. Luckily someone helped me winch the boat up onto the trailer. So, as you will appreciate, it is very unlikely I will ever forget that fishing experience.

### Two Weeks at Baffle Creek by Trev Saunders

New Moon or Full Moon? Which is the best time for fishing? One question that is often debated, and one that I have never really taken on board to any extent when going fishing. You go fishing when you have the time, whatever the moon phase is. Having more time on our hands lately, we planned the latest Baffle trip with the moon phases in mind. A Full Moon on arrival and leading up to the New (Dark) Moon the second week. One oft held theory is for bad weather on the Full Moon, and it was for this trip. Thirty five to forty knot SE winds for most of the first week. The second week, what a change, glassed out in the mornings, with a light NE sea breeze after midday. These conditions opened up a new fishing scene which we hadn't been able to try on previous trips (more on that further on)

Some of you have been to Baffle (unfortunately few fish) and have a reasonable knowledge of the area. One thing we have learnt in our years of fishing different locations is that more than one trip is needed to get to grips with the area, and a trip of two to three weeks is needed to really get to know it. Every visit to Baffle has added to our knowledge. We had another fisherman this trip, who wanted some of our experience, one Mal Brown, the travelling fisherman. He was waiting for us, at the Baffle Creek Campground, with his van all set up, and the level in his rum bottle slowly sinking.

Being the ANZAC day long weekend, there were a lot of boats on the water, and minefields of crab pots. Actually there were quite a few crabs caught while we were there, more than we've seen on other visits. Not by us, though, crabbing is one of our non favourite past times, it gets in the way of fishing. The first two days were spent showing Mal the creek, the upper almost to the junction on the first day, and the area down to the mouth the second. Information overload on rock bars and sand banks I think. Glenys let the boys out by themselves on that day, so we spent some the tour fishing spots



Mal with the first fish on the new "Chatter" lure



The favourite purple lure

out of the wind. Mal picked up a legal estuary cod trolling near the mouth of North Creek, before moving over the other side and casting lures along the bank between Boaga and Duck Creek. Mal was cleaned up by something along here, and landed a legal Flathead. With the wind making other spots unfishable we tried some lure testing.

Recently, a lure called the Imakatsu Live Chatter, has been catching fish, so well, rumour has it that JC has

bought about a dozen of them. At \$40 each they are out of my budget, so I decided to replicate them. Not the shape, but the bib system. The first version swam, but only on dead slow speed. I made a larger one for this trip. Slow sinking, and action like a belly dancer, even on the slowest retrieve. We both put one on, my first cast, a boil behind it and the rod tip dipped and then nothing. Mal's second cast, an Estuary Cod, never had this happen before on a prototype. We couldn't keep fishing, the wind was picking up even more, so it was back to camp.

The wind, well it blew even harder, a couple of days in camp, before biting the bullet and heading up the creek to a favourite bank below the prawn farm. The tide was dropping and the fish should be along the mud/sand edges close to the mangrove verge. The "must do" thing this trip was to use only my hand made timber lures, and that's what we did. Glenys loves purple, and did well last trip to Baffle (out fished me). Naturally that was the colour that went on, but in a new profile I made recently. The tide was a bit too low at the start of the bank, with fine weed fouling the hooks. The water deepened as we moved closer to the rocks. A Flathead launched itself almost clear of the water to take her lure, 65cm, not bad. A few more hits, but no hook-ups. They didn't seem to be hitting real hard. Another fish, a little while later, in the high 50's, then getting stitched up by a fish into a snag, possibly a good cod. The wind blowing harder, back to ramp, wife ecstatic, partner a little depressed.



That was the agenda for the next few days, fishing banks in the lee of the wind, with a couple unfishable, due to the number of crab pots along them. A couple of Flathead each session and other dropped fish, in about a 3 hour window ( $\frac{1}{4}$  to  $\frac{3}{4}$  out) when the tide seemed to produce. Nothing under 50cm, and all on our timber lures (Glenys still in front) Mal got frightened by a Jack that followed his lure out to the boat. Only two Jack caught we heard of, 45cm off the park jetty on dead prawn and one down the middle channel on a yabby.

The next weekend, Labour Day, the boat traffic was less, but pots were still a problem. A fisherman from Agnes Waters reportedly caught a Barra, Jack and two Flathead on lures at the mouth of Bottle Creek. How big, the grapevine didn't elaborate. The good thing though, the wind was dropping.

Roger, the park owner, whom some of you would have met, came over on the Monday and said with the wind dropping and no swell, it was going to glass out tomorrow and he was going out of the creek across the bar to try for Mackerel which were there before the blow. We could follow him out, to where they had been. Mal without hesitation, decided to take advantage and follow in his car topper. Having never been out of the mouth before, and uncertain how his boat would perform offshore, we kept tabs on him. No problem,

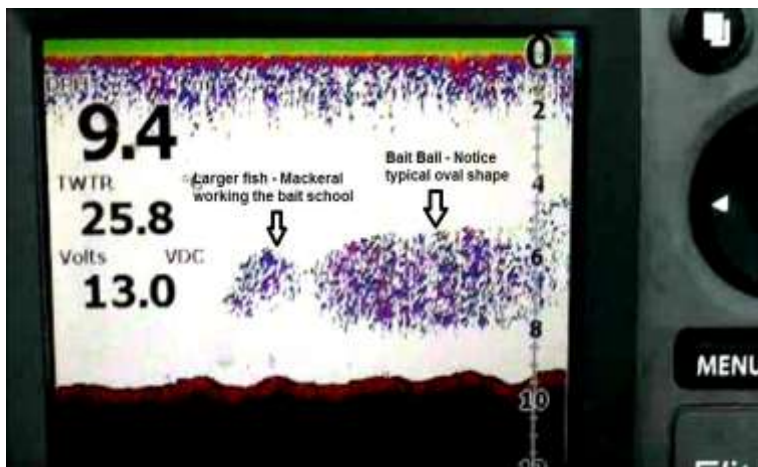


everyone out there complimented him on how well his little outfit handled it. We crossed an hour before high tide, running along the beach for about 500m, before heading straight out to sea. We didn't have to go far, only about a kilometre off Rule's Beach. The dead calm surface was rippling with massive schools of baitfish. No predators chopping into them though, not a good sign. Roger said they would be down deep, at about 6m and he had been using deep divers and a paravane. Now we had gone up there not expecting to go Mackerel fishing, so we had to troll with our heavier baitcast outfits, spooled up with 15kg braid, and not a lot fits on a 200 size reel, not much over 100m, if that. Put a lure back 30 to 40m and there is not a lot of line left to play with on the reel. My experience with mackerel trolling using braid is not good. You seem to pull hooks a lot more, and the ratio of hook ups

to strikes, while felt better, is in the minority. Monofilament on the reels for this style fishing would be my choice, but we didn't have it.



We moved away from the bait schools to where Roger was trolling further to the north, over a rubble, reefy bottom. Roger was catching School Macs and Mal had landed one, just legal. We lost one at the boat, and then landed another. A strike by a bigger fish produced a Spotty. By now it was about 3 hours into the dropping tide and Roger came over and suggested we follow him, as the bank at the mouth could be bit a shallow and he would take us through a deeper gutter. We followed him in without trouble, the shallowest being 1.5m and plotting the path on the GPS for future trips.



Out the next day, Wednesday, still calm early, but reaching about 5 to 10 from the SE and rain showers coming along the coast. Being up to speed with where to fish and what to do, a better result was hoped for. The secret; trolling speed, (seven km's) and lure depth. The bait schools were at 6m in about 9m of water (see sounder screen photo). Putting out a pair of lures I had made (pink/white) patterned on a Richo's Extracta. Let back about 30m and trolled at the



above speed, they got to the depth we needed. We ended up with four School mackerel, dropped at least 6, and had over twenty hits. One thing I knew would be a problem, no gaff,



only a silicon mesh landing net. I knew from previous experience, Mackerel would chew holes in it, they did. Back over the bar with no problem, both boats with four fish each. Roger racked up about 20 fish each session, Schoolies, Spotties and small Spaniards, most coming on a lure (single hook Halco spoon) trolled deep with a paravane. He has caught



Spanish up to 15kg in the same area. The next couple of days the wind picked up again, and by now more boats were heading out, but the bite had dropped off. The old saying "make hay while the sun shines" was true in this instance.

The last few days were spent chasing Flathead in the creek. With the new moon on the weekend, the tide had more movement and the fishing had improved. The last session on the Friday saw four Flathead boated plus a heap dropped. Mal departed for Brisbane on the Saturday morning, as we headed off to 1770 for a day tour up to Bustard Head on the amphibious LARC's. A trip that involved deep water crossings of the mouths of four creeks, Round Hill, Eurimbelah, Middle and Jenny Lind en route with a 45 degree climb out of the last one (Jenny Lind) over boulders leading up to the track up to the Bustard Head lighthouse. A magnificent view, stretching out north to Gladstone, Turkey Beach, Rodd's



Penninsula, Pancake Creek, west to the ranges and south along the creeks and beach we traversed, east to inner, middle and outer rocks, famed mackerel grounds. A tour of the lighthouse and light keeper museum by the volunteer caretaker couple, one of twelve who spend a month there with one of the best views in the country A highly recommended

experience if you are ever up there. As I mentioned before, the more times you fish an area the more you know about it. This trip, fishing offshore (more to learn there), working out the tides relative to where you fish, and finding more rock bars (didn't hit any) A great trip, hope to get back soon.



**Annual Membership Fees (Due by August Meeting)**

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 or 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**

**Club Logos & Stickers – Shirts & Boat**

Large & small boat stickers – Large \$6 Small \$5  
SBSFC Club Logo embroidered on your shirt - \$10 - Bring to a club meeting, Back the next.

**LENDING LIBRARY**

The club has a number of fishing and fishing associated DVDs for hire. Available at club meetings, a \$20 deposit, refunded when they are returned at the next meeting