



SOUTHERN BRISBANE SPORTFISHING CLUB INC.

P O Box 5057, Eagleby Qld 4057

NEWS LETTER

January 2004

Next Meeting

**THERE WILL
BE NO
MEETING FOR
JANUARY**

*THE NEXT MEETING WILL
BE ON THE 02.02.04 AT THE
Neighbourhood Centre,
Mansfield Walk, Beenleigh.
(between the round a bout
and Crete St.)*

The venue can be accessed for off street parking via Kent Street (next to Police station), or via James Street, just up from the Court House. Park in James Street and walk behind the Gold Coast City Council branch office.

NOTE:- We have a Bar

MEMBERSHIP FEES

All membership fees are due Single membership is \$55.00

Family Membership is \$75.00

We apologise for the increase in fees this is due to the increase in the Public Liability Insurance.

NEXT TRIP

SPECIAL TRIP

SATURDAY 10th JANUARY

MORETON BAY

SPOTTED MACKEREL

Leave Cleveland boat ramp at dawn

Contact: John Cumberland
3801 1110

FISH OF THE MONTH

SPOTTED MACKEREL

The fish of the month is the longest of the particular species length over all. (not the fork).

COMMITTEE MEMBERS

PRESIDENT:	Chris Elderd	Ph: 3344 2605
VICE PRESIDENT:	John Eldred	Ph: 3344 2605
SECRETARY:	Laurelle Martens	Ph: 3200 4369
TREASURER:	Tom Wallbank	Ph: 5546 1880
ANSA REP:	Lloyd Willmann	Ph: 3287 3278
TAGGING OFFICER:	Dennis Martens	Ph: 3200 4369
RAFFEL COR-ORD:	John Elderd	Ph: 3344 2605
MEMBERSHIP OFFICER:	John Cumberland	Ph: 3801 1110
TRIP COMMITTEE:	Darren Baker	Ph: 3807 6447
	John Cumberland	Ph: 3801 1110
	Dean Rosolen	Ph: 3423 2578
	Ray Bicknell	Ph: 3287 2668
NEWS LETTER EDITOR:	Laurelle Martens	Ph: 3200 4369

TRIPS:

Up and coming trips will be:

SPECIAL TRIP

SATURDAY 10th JANUARY

MORETON BAY

SPOTTED MACKEREL

Leave Cleveland boat ramp at dawn

*Contact: John Cumberland
3801 1110*

**FEBRUARY SUNDAY 1st
TALLEBUDGERA CREEK
DAY TRIP**

**Put in at gravel boat ramp
under Pacific H'Way in
Tallebudgera Dr.**

**Contact: Chris Eldred
Ph: 3344 2605**

**FEBRUARY 21st -22nd LAKE
BORUMBA SARATOGA -
BASS**

**Stay at the Deer Park, 5kl from
lake Ph: 5484 5196**

**Contact: John Cumberland
Ph: 3801 1110**

**MARCH 13th -14th
NOOSA HEADS
TREVALLY - FLATHEAD**

**Accommodation TBC
Contact: Chris Eldred
ph: 3344 2605**

March 22nd-23rd

MOOLOOLABA

**TUNA if conditions permit or
JACK in Mooloolaba River**

Accommodation TBC

**Contact: John Cumberland
Ph: 3801 1110**

APRIL FRIDAY 9th

BRISBANE RIVER DAY TRIP

Snapper/Bream

**Leave from Fisherman Island
boat ramp**

**Contact: Chris Eldred
ph: 3344 2605**

MAY 23rd

Day Trip to the Pin

Bream

**Contact: John Cumberland
Ph 3801 1110**

JUNE SUNDAY 27th

PEEL ISLAND DAY TRIP

Snapper/Bream

**Leave Cleveland boat ramp at
dawn**

**Contact: John Eldred
Ph:3344 2605**

If unable to attend any of the meetings and would like to pay membership you can send a cheque or money order to the address on the front of the newsletter.

GUEST SPEAKER FOR NEXT MONTH:

February – TBA

Topic:-

<u>SOUTHERN BRISBANE SPORTFISHING CLUB</u>		
<u>MEMBERSHIP FORM</u>		
First Name _____	Surname _____	Date of Birth _____
Address _____	Suburb _____	Postcode _____
Phone Number – Home _____	Business _____	Mobile _____
Email _____	Fax _____	
Type of Boat _____		
Preferred type of fishing _____		

THE COMMITTEE MEETING WILL BE HELD AT Dennis & Laurelle's PLACE ON THE 12.01.04 AT 7.30PM at 23 Myrtle St Waterford West.



NOTIFICATION OF CAPTURE

ANGLER: _____

ADDRESS: _____

Date	Species	Scientific Names	Location	Div	Class	Mass	Point

ANGLER DECLARTAIION: I certify that the above fish were captured by me in accordance with ANSA angling rules.

SIGNATURE: _____

ANGLER: _____

ADDRESS: _____

Date	Species	Scientific Names	Location	Div	Class	Mass	Point

ANGLER DECLARTAIION: I certify that the above fish were captured by me in accordance with ANSA angling rules.

SIGNATURE: _____

THINKING LIKE A BASS

Hi there! My name is Bob Bass, and I live in Lake Cressbrook – a really beautiful place. I am 22 centimetres long, but I don't know how old I am. Apparently I grow in proportion to how much I eat, rather than according to how old I am.

I wasn't hatched in Cressbrook. I can't remember my parents. I think I was raised in some sort of orphanage, because there were thousands of us there, all hatched at about the same time.

It was pretty good, really. There were no predators there, and these Giants who lived out of the water used to come around every day – regular as clockwork – and wave their arms about.

It was a mystery to us how the Giants could breathe out of water. They had magical powers, I think. Each time one waved its arm, the sky would open and it would rain delicious black pellets.

So we didn't have to hunt for food. Sure, the competition was pretty fierce when it was raining food, but there was always enough for everyone. Except the sick and the spastics. They missed out, but then we ate them anyway – if the Giants didn't get to them first.

Anyway, one day a giant came and pulled a whole lot of us out of our pond in a net and put us in a much smaller pond. It was as cramped as all hell, and the water in it slopped back and forth as we seemed to get taken along in one of the giant's wheeled contraptions.

Next thing we knew we were being poured unceremoniously into a massive new waterway – turns out it was Lake Cressbrook. We knew, because the Giants had erected signs

near the water's edge. **Boy, did things change that day!**

The first thing we discovered – some of us gave our lives learning this lesson the hard way – was that our new home had LOTS of predators. You had to be on the lookout all the time, or some Big Bugger would grab you from behind. The next thing you knew you were only half a fish. And soon you were no more. It was gruesome to watch!

We soon learned we had to hide from the Big Buggers. So we used to gather around in the weed beds. The Big Buggers had a hard time finding us in there.

The trouble was that the water around the weed beds was quite shallow. So while we were hiding from the Big Buggers who were in the water with us, bloody great big birds would swoop down on us from above. Some of the bastards even learned to stay underwater for quite long times. Swam like a fish, they did!

So, as we got bigger and found it harder to hide in the weed we went out into deeper water where it was darker. Cressbrook is pretty deep in places. I swam through a spot the other day which my pressure gauge said was 140 feet – whatever feet are. Something to do with the Giants, I think.

Anyway, even being in deeper water didn't fully protect us. The Big Buggers were out there too.

So we learned to hide under things, and to swim hard up against rock ledges and the like. That way we were concealed a bit, and we could swim quickly in behind things when the Big Buggers came prowling around.

Fortunately, food was still reasonably plentiful in our new home. But the competition was still fierce, and the

sick and the spastics certainly got eaten quick smart in Cressbrook.

Even when you are chasing something that looks like food, you have to keep one eye on your rear view mirror – so to speak. Time and again I have looked back and found a Big Bugger tail-gaiting me with his bloody mouth open. Lucky I have eyes in the side of my head!

The food is different in Cressbrook. There are delicious things that swim with a funny kicking action – a bit like a spring being compressed and then suddenly released. Trouble is, they are a bit small, so you need a lot of them to make a meal. There's lots of other tucker too – but a bloody lot of eaters as well.

Big Bill Bass – he's the top Guru around here – seems to have been everywhere and done everything. Big Bill told me these spring loaded things are called Shrimp. I guess that's because they are so small.

There are lots of other things to eat in Cressbrook. In particular, there are thousands of different species of what Big Bill calls Vermin. You often find them hanging around the tin tubs the Giants get around the water surface in.

Most of them are constantly on the move, so you don't get a lot of time to look them over. Especially considering you have to be constantly watching out for a Big Bugger behind you!

These Vermin come in the most amazing array of colours. **But after a while they all start to look alike.** Most of them swim like a fish, but some of them have little spinning things on the back – like miniature versions of the things on the backs of the Giants' tin tubs. (Big Bill calls the tubs Tinnies for short).

Anyway, these Vermin seem to be tireless. I followed one just for fun one

day. It was swimming along behind a Tinnie. It just seemed to keep swimming for miles, never stopping for a rest. Bloody amazing stamina!

When you catch one of these Vermin, though, you know you are in for a fight. The buggers are as strong as anything, and they seem to be able to just keep swimming at the same speed even when a Big Bugger has hold of their tail. And they have these bloody fierce spikes.

We all have spikes, of course. But the spikes on Vermin are different. They are curved back on themselves, and they are bloody hard to get out once they dig into you. Some even have little sharp bits on their sides to stop them coming out of you, although these days it seems these little side spikes have disappeared off more and more of them.

Big Bill says the Vermin are matey with the Giants, because they invariably drag you towards one of the Giants' Tinnies. Next thing you know, says Bill, you are out of the water, inside a Tinnie, and staring a giant right in the face!

If you are small, it seems, the Giants just take the Vermin spikes out of you and throw you back into the water. Bloody decent of them, I say! But, says Big Bill, as you grow longer and heavier your chances of ever coming back get slimmer and slimmer.

Personally, I am an aggressive little bugger. You have to be, around here, or you starve to death. Every year the Giants put more and more little Bass and other species in Cressbrook, so the competition for tucker gets more and more fierce. Maybe that's why so many of us are less than 30 centimetres long?

That's Big Bill's theory. Apparently he knew a guy once who knew a Trout from Tasmania. The Trout told him the

Giants had put so many hatchlings in the streams and lakes down there that hardly anyone could get enough food to grow really big. So they've turned the Trout into a race of midgets.

Anyway, that's Bill's theory.

Back to my aggression.

I know some other Bass criticize me for being prepared to bite off more than I can chew. Frankly, I don't care how big they are – Vermin are Vermin, and they are all fair game! So I attack them all.

I use the Tortoise Technique. I learned it off Tony Tortoise (was there once a film star by that name? Or was it Tony Curtis? Doesn't matter.) The Tortoise Technique is really quite clever.

Tony told me that when he was small he used to live in a pond which had no visible sides to it, yet it was really quite restrictive. If you swam too far in any direction you hit your head on an invisible barrier. Which meant, of course, that all the fish in that pond had to swim around and around.

Now Tony, being a tortoise, was quite a slow swimmer. He ate fish (if he could catch one), but if he gave chase they could easily leave him standing at the lights – so to speak. So Tony developed what he came later to call the Tortoise Technique. (I think he had it patented, but he gave me a licence to use it.)

Anyway, this is what you do. You lie in waiting – preferably under or behind some cover, so the Big Buggers can't get you from behind – and wait for a Vermin to swim (or wiggle – some of them seem to wiggle rather than swim) past your hiding place.

Then, no matter how big they are, you dash out and take a bite out of them. They are quite hard bodied, so you

can't afford to use half measures. You have to really give it your all.

Now here's the clever bit! It doesn't matter where you bite the Vermin. As Tony Tortoise told me: "It's bloody hard to swim fast with a piece out of your propulsion system, Mate!" And Tony should know, because he chewed the tails off a bloody lot of golden coloured fish whilst he was developing the Tortoise Technique – which, by the way, made him a fortune. He's an old man now – still lives somewhere here in Cressbrook (where a giant put him after he cleaned his pond out of golden fish).

Anyway, Big Bill heard some Giants in a Tinnie talking one day. Sometimes Bill and his mates laze around under the Tinnies in the shade. Big Bill is Chairman of the Cressbrook Escape Committee, and that's where they hold their meetings.

He heard that two Giants pulled fifty Bass out of Cressbrook in one afternoon recently. It seems they caught them all over the lake. But the Giants were a bit unhappy, because not one of the Bass they caught was over 30 centimetres. (The Giants seem to think 30 cm is significant – something about Legal Size, whatever that is.)

Another lot, it seems, had caught 29 Bass the previous day, and six or seven of them were over 'legal size'. In fact, says Bill, the Giants said virtually everyone they had spoken to in recent times had lamented that nearly all the Bass they caught were under 'legal size'. "But", said the Giants, "there's a bloody lot of them".

Which just goes to prove what I was saying about the stiff competition for tucker here in Lake Cressbrook!

And you'll never grow big and fat eating bloody Vermin, I can tell you that for sure. In fact, I don't know why we even bother to attack Vermin, but Big Bill has a theory about that too

(Big Bill knows everything about everything).

Bill reckons he knew a Mullet once who had moved house – so to speak – from one part of a waterway to another. The Mullet's name was Mick.

In the place he moved away from, Mick Mullet said, the Giants used to throw bread into the water off a boardwalk. Mick said the local Mullet really grew to like bread, and they fought like crazy for it.

Then, in the place he moved to – which was not near any boardwalks or similar – the Mullet were not accustomed to having bread thrown to them. In fact, said Mick, on the rare occasions when some bread was thrown onto the water the Mullet just ignored it.

According to Big Bill Bass – who knows everything – we fish can be trained to eat anything. Which I guess explains why we Bass in Cressbrook are still prepared to attack those hard-bodied Vermin, even though we get hooked up on their spikes again and again – and never get an ounce of nourishment out of them. Maybe we're just creatures of habit?

Incidentally, Big Bill overheard some Giants in a Tinnie talking about some 'fellas from the Southern Brisbane Sportsfishing Club' who came to Lake Cressbrook recently. One idiot – Brickers was apparently his nick-name – fished from 6am to 11am in the

pouring rain on Saturday 7 December. Not a single Bass was dragged into his Tinnie – yet on the Friday afternoon late he had caught four (undersize) on Vermin – trolling – in a very short space of time. And all he was doing was mooching around watching his fish-finder, trying to find where the Big Buggers were hanging out.

A couple of smarter fellas – who apparently listened more attentively to the weather forecast – came up to Cressbrook on the Sunday morning and fished from 6:15am to about noon. They caught over 30 Bass on some sort of Vermin which are a combination of Spinner and Soft Plastics – which is all Giants' gobbledygook to me. Maybe you can understand it?

So much for the theory that Bass bite well in the rain! These two smart fellas – John and Chris Eldred they were called – didn't even get wet arses. Brickers, on the other hand, got so much water in his boat he could hardly winch it out of the water.

He'll eventually learn, I guess! Anyway, he reckons Lake Cressbrook is such a beautiful place to camp and fish that the Club should schedule another trip there in 2004 – seeing that this year's trip was effectively washed out.

We Bass will be waiting to attack their Vermin!

