

There ain't no cure for the summertime Jewfish

Special, On-The-Spot Report By F&B's Tackle Editor, Aaron Concord!

I've been lucky to spend a lot of time outdoors from an early age, getting a sense for the weather, tides and other feelings associated with the good times and the bad times to be outside.

Yesterday, the 11th of December 06 happened to be a day when I could feel that things were prime for a big fish bite.

Summer has the effect of bringing most people out of their winter cocoon as the body picks up on subtle changes in the atmosphere.

With warmth comes the feeling of life. That everything is about to explode into bloom. The piscatorial and terra firma cycle is about to burst. As it turns out, there are a few old war wounds that make me a bit more sensitive to these changes. Changes that perhaps the average desk bound person may not get to feel often

enough to know what it signifies.

I could feel the temperature increase and the wind change more northeasterly. Barometer was slightly increasing. The day was hot and humid. I knew I had to be on the water. It's as simple as that.

Funnily enough, Geoffrey Seeto rang me early in the day saying, "I don't care where we go, we need

to fish tonight!"

He's another bloke who has more than just luck on his side when it comes to being in the right place at the right time to hook a good fish.

He can feel it. Who knows how, though from being outside fishing at about a rate of 3:1 to the next

had been a heap of bait in the Seaway with trevally of all descriptions, tailor and flathead on the bite, with some spots always showing potential for a jack as well. A real assortment to choose from.

I hadn't fished with Geoffrey for at least 6 weeks due to one thing or another, so he said "Lets just jig plastics around to have some fun, and turn a reel or two." Sounded like a usual fun and easy trip out.

The Seaway had a huge volume of water pouring through it when we arrived. Far more than we expected there to be with an hour and a half until the turn of the tide.

Jigging along the channels we like to fish for flathead was ridiculous. 30 feet of water needed a 1.5 ounce head to hit the bottom and the drift rate

was too fast to work the jigs properly.

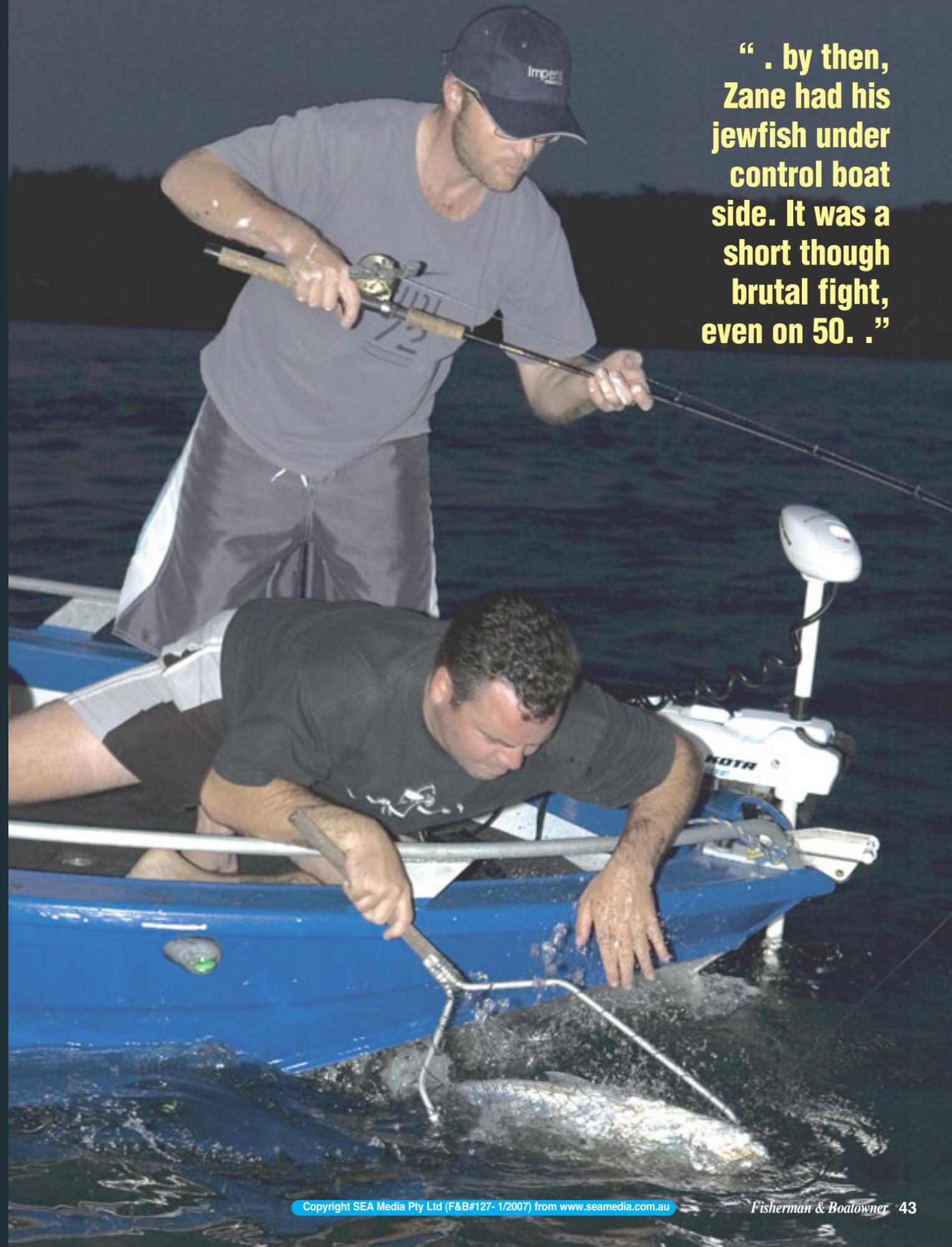
We had a council of war and decided to move near the north wall of Wave Break Island to fish the eddy formed as the current rips past the wall.

There is a dirty great big hole here that has been scoured out by the incessant tidal flow and it acts as a feeding point for all manner

keenest bloke I know, he too obviously can pick it. It's in the air. It gets into your bones and brain. Something at a very primal level says everything is ripe for the picking.

And so we went, knowing it was to be a big run out tide that would slack off around 7.30pm. Prime for all ambush predators.

On his latest scout around, there



" . by then, Zane had his jewfish under control boat side. It was a short though brutal fight, even on 50. ."