

FISH 'N' TIPS

March 2020



PRESIDENT'S REPORT

March 2020

Hello Everyone,

I hope this report finds you all well and in good spirits.

I am going to share my comments and thoughts on the current Covid 19 virus that surrounds us. Over the last two weeks we have received emails, SMS texts, spoken to police, VMR Ozfish, fisheries and listened extensively to media reports and even the odd bit of gossip. My most worrying concern was from our Prime Minister who quite pointedly asked us to do two major things in relation to other Australians.

1. Stay Home and isolate
2. Limit your travel to work or essential needs only.

This also is paramount to Me as well, so on that note I asked our committee to vote on suspending our fishing competitions. This vote went 8votes to 4 in favour, so as of the end of April, we will visit this decision on a month by month basis. This is not the end of the world. I believe fishing from your home is not breaking any laws but maybe boating is, according to some sources. Please use your own common sense and make your own decisions based on your interpretations of the laws and be mindful and thoughtful of others who may not be as fortunate as us.

On a brighter note, we just managed to sneak in our new freshwater away trip to Boondooma Dam and although there were not a great many legal fish were

caught, a great social time was had by all thanks to some great away catering. Frank has already sent out numerous photos and results that were in our Weigh-Masters Report. We are endeavouring to bring out a mini social "Fishing Bits" email/ booklet to at least keep you in the loop with local gossip, a joke or two, a poem and anything you like to submit to our Webmaster. Frank O has introduced his new and exciting photo comp extravaganza, lessons and critique, which have proved very popular. As we cannot meet socially, please just take some time out and ring a club member just to say hello and check there will be, and I am sure you will get some self satisfaction from the experience. For the time being just be happy and well in your own space and maybe we will be helping to make this problem get resolved more speedily.

Keith Kable

President



The Bribie RSL Fishing Club provides a real service to the community by extending the hand

fisher men and women with a common interest, but also to the many residents of Bribie Island and the surrounding area who would otherwise lead a lonely existence. Currently our club has approximately eighty members of whom only twenty to thirty are regular fisher people.

Without the ability to raise the necessary funds, our club would not be able to exist, so through the generosity of the Bribie RSL Club, members of our club are able to raise the finances required by conducting meat tray raffles on a Thursday night from June until January of each year. In addition, the Bribie Island RSL Club supports us in very substantial and significant ways – use of facilities at the Sports Club for our monthly presentation BBQ's, use of the ANZAC room for our monthly general meetings and very importantly, a \$25 voucher each month for our member's draw. Many thanks Bribie Island RSL Club – we really do appreciate your support.

TREASURERS REPORT 31st March 2020

Hi All,

Well we are certainly going through a worrying time but at least you won't have to look at my ugly mug to inform you of the Clubs financial position.

I have heard quite a few concerns regarding the club's finances particularly in regard to the possibility that we may not be able to conduct our raffles which incidentally start in June which is two months away. Also, there is the real possibility that we may not be able to conduct the "Trash & Treasure" which is scheduled for mid-May.

I want to assure members that our finances are in a healthy state and should our fundraising activities be reduced, there is enough money in the bank account to ensure that the club will survive in this current crisis.

While it has been the policy of the Committee to give back to members what has been earned in a particular year, a financial buffer of around \$9,000 has been maintained from year to year as a contingency should unforeseen circumstances happen. Well this is one of those times and it is through the work of past Committees & Treasurers before I took the position, that this financial buffer exists.

With regards to the Maroochy weekend, I was informed by phone call that the Maroochy River Resort is still open. I did explain that if the current restrictions are still in place on the 22nd May we will not be able to attend, as we will be a gathering of around 40 persons. Also, the pub would be shut which is a crisis in itself. Maroochy resort assured me that they will hold our deposit until we can decide on a later date after the crisis has passed and restrictions lifted.

Now to the Treasurers bit:

We started the month with \$13,732

We received \$1,680

We spent \$3,318

Leaving a balance of \$12,093 as at 31st March

Significant income was:

Members contributions to Boondooma weekend \$840

Fishing Shirt Sales \$480

Donation from RSL Subbranch \$300

Significant expenditure was:

Deposit to Rainbow Beach Resort \$2,000

Balance of Boondooma accommodation \$757

Boondooma catering \$136

Comp prizes including Boondooma weekend \$425

Well that's about it for another month. Stay safe and let's hope we can get back to normal soon.

Trevor Plant



Mr. George Franklin donates a cheque for \$300 to President Keith Kable

The Bribie Island RSL Social Fishing Club could not continue to operate without the support of the Bribie Island RSL. Our main source of income comes from the sale of raffle tickets so it was nice to receive an extras bit of help from the RSL Sub Branch who have donated funds for the last three years. This year, General Meeting Mr. George Franklin Donated a cheque for the amount of \$300 on behalf of the RSL Sub Branch.

Richard Caldararo got a bit of a surprise when he pulled up one of his crab pots the other day. Richard thought his pot was full of crabs when he felt the weight but the extra 3.5kg was due to a large gold spot cod that had managed to find his way into the crab pot.



WEIGHMASTER'S REPORT

FEBRUARY 2020

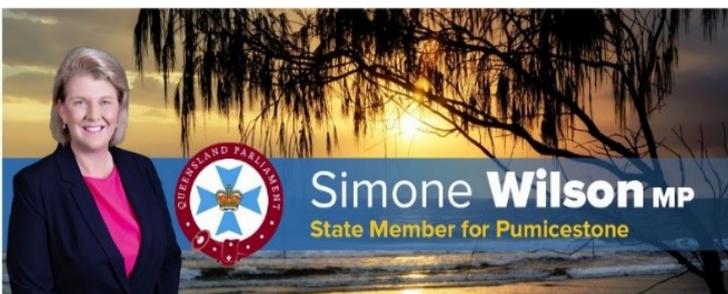
Well it looks like this will be the second last fishing competition for quite some time, as all competitions will be suspended for some time.

We seem to have been plagued with constant rain or drizzle for the past few weeks and the wind has been blowing up to thirty five knots, but now that we have been attacked by this insidious little bug, the weather has become perfect. There were a few non members that did go out to the Cape and caught bucket loads of fish so I am hoping that if I survive the next few months, the fish will have grown to gigantic proportions.

In the mean time most of us will retire to our living rooms, studies and sheds to carry out all those little jobs that none of us really want to do and then in the late afternoon we can slowly become alcoholics.. I have already started.

I hope that we and all our families survive this scary time and hope to be able to sit down at our monthly BBQ and enjoy a quiet drink.

I do know that we will all appreciate that time when it arrives.



Monthly Comp March 2020

Total No of fish 81

Ladies Inshore

Winner	Meg Johnson	Points	76
Runner up	Tina Patterson	Points	43
3rd	Carole Winnett	Points	27

Ladies Offshore

Winner		Points	
Runner up		Points	

Mens inshore

Winner	Trevor Plant	Points	138
Runner up	Ron Winnett	Points	82
3rd	Brinan Johnson	Points	52
4th	Richard Patterson	Points	13
5th	John Casey	Points	11
6 th	Loris Rouben	Points	10
7th	Peter McGruddy	points	1

Mens Offshore

Winner	Frank Oostenbroek	Points	66.7
Runner up	Amrat Chauhan	Points	29.9
3rd	Richard Caldararo	Points	22.25
4th	Peter McGruddy	Points	16

Mystery Fish Draw

	Name	Fish	Kg
Winner	Carole Winnett	Flounder	.25
Runner up	Richard Caldararo	Pearl Perch	1.325

Lucky Draw

Name
Brian Johnson





Your Carona Page



Yes, I know what you are going to say. "They don't even spell Carona the same way" Well the beer was here first.

This page is dedicated to all those people "Staying at Home" which I guess is almost all of you. I have been sitting at home now for almost two weeks but amazingly I feel on top of the world. I did mention to one of our members the other day that if we thing life is pretty hard at the moment, I think back to a time not so long ago when my father was taken prisoner and escorted back to Japan during the second world war. He spent three years in that hell hole while my mother spent the same amount of time in Changi prison camp whilst pregnant and be made to watch as the Japanese shot her mother and father.

This Carona Virus has forced us into a very difficult time but I am still eating steak and we are sleeping in a very comfortable bed so maybe life isn't that hard for most of us.

So having vented my frustrations, the main reason for this page is to try to keep you busy and to keep your brain active. During the past week a few of us have been playing with photographs and I have to thank all the participants for keeping me in front of my computer for the most part of each day. I have also discovered that we have some real talent out there. All of the photographs have been displayed here.

<https://www.bribierslfishingclub.com/fishbook.html>

I have been asked to provide a weekly update in the form of a newsletter which will mostly include input from all of you. A few of your committee members have suggested that we should try to keep you a little busy while you are sitting in front of you television.

The first of our little games is

"Guess Who"

- | | |
|---|------------------|
| 1. Are you Male or Female? | Male |
| 2. Do you have any children? | Two |
| 3. Where did you live before Bribie? | North Queensland |
| 4. What are your best skills? | Mathmatics |
| 5. Apart from Fishing, What are some of your hobbies? | Military History |
| 6. Do you have a trade? | Yes |
| 7. What make of car do you drive? | Hyundai |
| 8. How long have you been a member of the fishing club? | Five Years |
| 9. What is your height? | 170cms |
| 10. What colour is your hair? | Grey balding |

SANDSTONE POINT FISHING REPORT.

Trevor Plant

Hi all,

As you know, I'm a regular fisho at Pebble Beach and the flats east of Goodwin Beach. Such ventures have become one of my greatest loves as it provides an escape along with great exercise and the chance of bringing home a feed.

Should you wish to share experience, here is a few tips:

- Make sure you have good footwear.
- Don't go beyond your limits. For example do not walk too far out particularly on a rising tide and in the late afternoon when it is getting dark quickly. If you have doubts, just stick to the water's edge as there are plenty of fish here when the tide is in.
- Whilst walking, use your rod to poke forward into the sand to scare any stingrays that tend to lurk in the shallows.

With regards to stingrays, believe it or not, they are your friends. These humble creatures move onto the shallows and with their flaps attempt to collapse the many yabby holes. This in turn attracts whiting and bream to snatch up yabbies from the less agile and more deserving stingray. In turn the whiting and bream that are attracted will attract other predatory fish such as flathead & tailor. Hence, I tend to refer to stingrays as nature's burley system as when I see their presence, I usually have an above average chance of getting a feed.

Now for what has been caught.

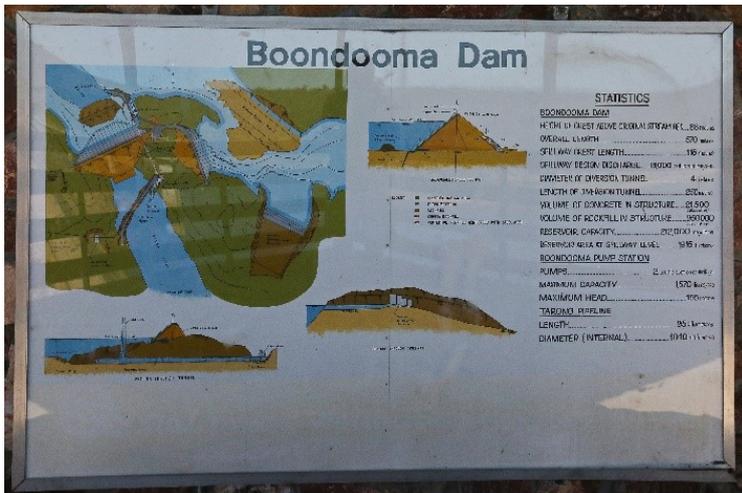
This week has seen light winds and small tides. The fishing has dropped off a bit in comparison to a lot of large bream being caught the week before. However, people are still catching whiting and bream even though sizes have not been large. Whiting of between 25 & 27cm are around in reasonable numbers with the odd one coming in over 30cm. There have been plenty of bream, but their size has not been great with the majority being between 25 & 26cms. There has been the odd flathead as I personally bagged one at 51cm and from talking to some regulars, several good fish have been caught. Maybe the flatheads are coming out of hiding at last.

However, sand crabs are in plentiful supply. I had the experience of my fish bag which I pull behind attracting a mob of hungry sand crabs. I felt like the Pied Piper as every time I moved, I was being followed by an entourage of clawed creatures. Still trying to work out how I can get them to come into my landing net. Well when I got home, I realised that 4 out of my 6 whiting were completely chewed up with the remaining two, while having bits missing were still able to be weighed in. I even consulted with the weighmaster whether the 10% gut & gill rule can apply. He said No as such rule doesn't include mutilation by crabs or any other sea creature for that matter- what a bummer! Anyway, I extracted my revenge by taking down my crab pot and filling it with remnant whiting and ended up with three nice crabs the next afternoon.

Anyway, that's all for this week. Stay safe and abide by the current social distancing regulations until this horrible crisis is behind us.

Trevor Plant

Boondooma Dam 20th-22nd March 2020



It was just eight o'clock when we left Bribie Island. I had been excited for over a week and had all my fishing gear serviced and ready for the weekend. Google had been my best friend and I had planned the route to Boondooma numerous times. I had even printed the map and had highlighted all the towns along the way, so I was more than ready.

The road to Kingaroy was pretty good and quite easy to follow. We had just come out the other side of Kingaroy when we noticed a road sign going to Wondai, but my mate Google had not mentioned it on the map. This is where I made a massive error in judgement.

I asked my GPS in the car to take me to Proston and the answer was very swift and direct. Turn left one hundred meters ahead and follow the road. The road seemed straight and in good condition, so away we went. We had travelled about ten kilometers when the road was reduced to a single lane, but it was still in great condition and one hundred kilometers per hour was easy.

About thirty minutes along the road it turned to a gravel road, but it was in good condition, although I reduced my speed down to about eighty. Finally, the road joined another gravel road which seemed to be the road to Chinchilla.

A little bit of doubt started to creep into my mind, but Sheila said that at least we get to see a little bit more of Australia, so we kept going. A little further I decided to use Google maps on the phone which gave us a road to follow, but now my car GPS and the Google GPS systems didn't quite agree.

I still had plenty of petrol, but the roads seemed to get a little worse, rather dusty and rather remote. We had not seen another car for almost an hour and now my car GPS was indicating a right turn while Google directed us to go straight, so straight we went. My car GPS had not been updated for seven years, so we had better trust Google. Hang on; Google got us into this mess in the first place.

I asked Google to give us the directions to Proston again, but now it seemed a little different than before. Hmmm! Let's just trust Google and keep going because it was the latest map and let's hope that it didn't take us through private property.

Finally, a road sign "Coverty Road. Yeeha! It was on Google and it was the same road we were following but where the hell is Coverty? It only took another fifteen minutes and we saw a sign to Proston. We turned right and headed to Proston. We had seen a lot of new country and only arrived in Proston fifteen minutes later than if we would have followed the highway, so if you would like to take the scenic route next time, just ask Google.

The signpost to Boondooma Dam could not have been any bigger. We weren't going to miss that one. A little while later, we arrived at the Dam and we were greeted with a message written on a blackboard which said, "Welcome Bribie Island Fishing Club".

The main camping area was well laid out. There were about five cabins very close to the Kiosk on top of a rise, which offered great views of the lake below. The camp kitchen was small, but there was a BBQ area just below the cabins which would come in very handy for our group. Another great benefit of the cabins was that the boat ramp was just a short walk.



The Cabins were situated on a hill overlooking the dam below

There was a mob of about ten kangaroos which seem to have adapted to the locals. They could be seen lazing around or sleeping in the cool shady spots and if that happened to be near a caravan the kangaroos would simply lie down amongst the caravans or tents.



The caretakers were very friendly, and the kiosk had most items you may require. Ice, petrol and ice creams were in plentiful supply but no diesel. Amazingly there were very few petrol driven cars about.

We had planned to have our daughter Tammy along, so we requested a larger cabin or Villa which was just three kilometers further up the road towards the top of the lookout.

Nearing the villas, we realized that there was a second caravan and camping area that had plenty of room for both tents and caravans but no facilities other than a toilet and shower block. There were three very clean and well-presented villas on the top of the hill, which provided us with great views of the dam and the main camping area below.



Once we settled into the cabins Sheila made a cup of tea before admiring the view. If I can offer a suggestion for both Boondooma and Bjelke-Petersen dams, it would be to take your own drinking water. There is nothing wrong with the local water, but it doesn't quite taste the same.



Both the cabins and the villas had plenty of space to park your cars and boats beside the units. The villas also had an outside PowerPoint which allowed you to charge the batteries for your electric motor.

A few of our members decided to come up a day early as this would allow them to prepare their shrimp pots on Thursday evening. Being a new location for the club, meant that a few discovery tours would need to be taken to find both the shrimp and the fish before the competition started.

I decided to take the boat out on the dam and set my shrimp traps for the following day. The dam was very different to other dams I had been to, with large boulders along the edge and many outcrops of smaller rocks. This was where I strategically placed my shrimp traps.

Everything was set for Friday morning, so I pulled the boat out of the water. As I returned to the main campsite, I heard this loud vibration and found Keith Kable snoring in his bed. Apparently, he was resting up for the afternoon ahead. I invited him over for a BYO drink as I know that if I offered him mine, there wouldn't be any left for the rest of the weekend. Later that afternoon we were privileged to be in the company of the Kables, the Bourkes, the Roubins, the Plants and Bruce Carey.

The afternoon soon became the evening and the tummy started to rumble. Luckily Ony and Rosemary had organised a sumptuous meal that left me just enough room for the pavlova that Sheila had organised. If this was camping, I want more of it. After such a great meal, dessert and a cup of coffee, our visitors stumbled home in the dark. I am glad the girls were sober. I would have taken a few photos of the open fire, but the red got the better of me.



It was just after five the next morning when the kookaburras sounded the alarm, so I quickly cooked a few rashers of bacon and a couple of eggs before heading down to the dam. The boat ramp was quite long as a result of the low water level, but there was enough room to make a u-turn just short of the edge of the dam. The water level was just on thirty seven percent and judging from the high water mark, it would have to raise another fifteen meters to come close to filling it.



The lake was glassy smooth, and it seemed a shame create a ripple, as I slowly slid the boat into the water. There was a slight chill as I motored towards my shrimp traps but that feeling soon disappeared as it was replaced by sheer joy as I uncovered three shrimp in one of my traps. Amazingly all the bait (cat food) had disappeared. I had placed some cat food into an old nylon stocking and tied it to the bottom of the trap but something bigger than a shrimp had ripped it out of the trap.

Just ten meters away lay my second trap but this one was untouched. Not one shrimp! The third had approximately fifteen shrimp and the fourth was again untouched. I decided not to try to figure it out and just accept that the shrimp had been extremely localised. Keith Kable mentioned that if there is no weed it is unlikely that there will be shrimp. Trevor Bourke stated that if you want to catch a shrimp you have to think like one. I will have to ask him how you do that.

With less than twenty shrimp on board, I decided to keep them for the competition, so I set up two rods with lures. I was amazed as the first rod buckled over not five minutes after I started trolling.

What a great fish. I thought about tying it to a tree and keeping it alive for the competition, but my conscience got the better of me. In hindsight I should have because it would have been the biggest fish caught except for the Barramundi. More on that adventure in a few minutes. It appeared that the bass were only going to bite in the morning so at about eleven o'clock I went back for lunch with just two keepers and four or five undersize fish.

I have always been as one with nature and in the last few years I have taken up photographing birds. This is not as easy as it may sound because it seems that the photos are never good enough. Anyway, I decided to explore the region and head off down a few of the local dirt roads. That adventure turned out to be a little scary because the tracks were definitely 4WD only and before long I found myself totally remote from civilization. No phone reception and nobody knew where I had gone.

I decided to head back towards the main road as the only birds I saw were white winged Choughs. A crow like bird with a long tail but when they fly, they displayed white sections on each wing. The best part was that they definitely don't sound like a crow.



Not the best photos but you get what I mean



The hours fly pass quickly when you're having fun and before I realised it, the time for afternoon drinks come. It was now Friday afternoon and all the other participants had arrived. Max and Adrienne, Mike and Margaret, Angie and Steve and of course "Young Don" who would soon become my best friend.

At about six o'clock that evening Rosemary and Trevor arrived with the Pizzas for those who had ordered them. I don't know where they came from because there is nothing for miles. Pizzas are not Sheila's favourite food, so we had to make do with a thick juicy steak, fried potatoes and salad.



We would have stayed a bit longer, but we headed back for a good night's sleep.

The next morning a glimmer of light appeared through the open window as the kookaburras sounded the alarm at five o'clock. They must be wearing watches because they are always on time. Sheila decided to stay in her warm bed as I made some bacon and eggs for breakfast. The deep cycle batteries had been

charging overnight, so there would be plenty of power to push the electric motor for at least one full day, and everything else had already been loaded into the boat.

A turn of the key and the Hi-Lux roared into action. As I headed down to the boat ramp the first rays of the sun had just appeared through the trees and further down the road the fog had hidden the trees from view.



The main campsite was still quiet, so I slowly idled down to the bottom of the ramp. I had only just arrived at my shrimp traps when I heard the roar of Trevor and Keith's boat. They were obviously keen to be in position at the stroke of six. My shrimp traps were full so all I had to do now was find the fish.

Don Mackaness had lost one of his bungs, so he covered the hole with tape. I had given Don one of my spare bungs, but he mentioned that he would just leave the tape in position as it seemed to be holding. My fishing partner Max, had left me as he thought he had better take care of Don in case the boat sank. I did notice that both their life jackets were kept very close.

The dam looked magical in the early morning sun and the air was so still that a thick fog was just resting on the water further down the dam.





I dropped my lures in the water at the same spot as the day before and sure enough the bass were on. Not big, but it was a start. One after another they hit the lures, but none was big enough to tip the scales, so I moved further down the dam. Only the birds were catching fish, so I decided to head back to the main watercourse.



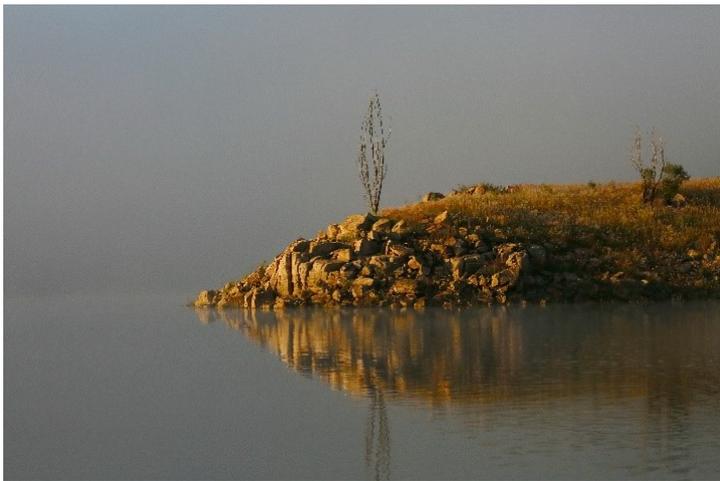
The fog had really set in, so everyone had dropped their speed to an idle. As I looked ahead, I could see Bruce and Mike, so I idled up for a quick chat. Mike seemed to be pretty excited and he soon told me his story of this massive barramundi that he had just released. I knew that the fish stocking association had released many barramundi in the dam some years ago, but they didn't continue because most of them had died due to the cold water. Mike informed me that the legal length of a barra was 55cms and that his fish was just under.

I really felt bad as this fish would have scooped the pool. I asked Mike if he had taken a photo of the fish and he mentioned that he had. On close inspection, I felt even worse for Mike as in my opinion, he had just released the biggest yellow belly I had seen for a long time. At an estimated weight of at least three kilograms, Mike's fish would definitely have won the competition. After suggesting that it was a yellow belly, Mike suggested that he and Bruce should go back to the spot, as the fish was not in good condition when he released it and it may be floating on the surface.

I followed closely behind but there was no sign of the yellow belly, so I continued along in search of fish. I finally found a school but as much as they loved the shrimp, I couldn't find one that would pass the thirty-centimeter mark.



The water level was quite low but that revealed some spectacular boulders, so even though I couldn't find the larger fish it was worthwhile just being out on the water. Adriene West took the photo of the balancing rock only to realise that there was an emu in the background.



The ski boats and the fishermen were everywhere but nobody seemed to be catching any legal fish, so after trying for hours, I decided that it was too hot for both the fish and for me, so I went home.

Most of us came back for lunch and only the hardened fishos went back for another try. Keith and Trevor, Ony and Loris and finally Trevor and Rosemary. They would have to pull something out of the hat but away they went for another few hour in the hot sun.



After lunch, Sheila and I drove back at the weigh-in station and we were soon joined by a few of the others. Max and Adrienne had been out with Don to try to capture a few birds, but the afternoon proved to be too hot for both parties. Time could be better spent indulging in a few home brews. Keith and Trevor Bourke had already pulled their boat out of the water after they managed to catch a few legal fish although they were only just over the minimum length. Four o'clock was drawing near and we could see Trevor and Rosemary retrieving their boat. Trevor didn't catch any fish, but he did have a story worth telling.



Apparently while Trevor and Rosemary were out fishing they came upon another fisher so they exchanged stories about the ones that got away, when the fellow in the other boat said "Have a look at this" as he held up a massive yellow belly. He added to his story and mentioned that earlier that morning he was idling along through the fog when he noticed a really big yellow belly struggling and splashing on the top of the water, so he grabbed his net and scooped it up. He said it was the biggest and easiest yellow belly he had ever caught.





The fish were weighed in and the calculations were done so now we just needed to prepare for dinner and the presentations.

Ony and Rosemary had gone back to the villas to prepare for dinner so the rest of us enjoyed the closed company of friends. As I looked back, I noticed Don had disappeared and thought he must have gone back to his cabin to stock up on a few more beers. He soon reappeared and to our complete surprise, he came back bearing wonderful gifts. Don had gone up to his cabin and prepared two massive tray of big juicy king prawns that had been placed on a skewer. Better still he had also prepared them in a hot satay sauce. They were absolutely delicious. Don was now my best friend.

I thought the entre was fantastic but there was even more to come. Rosemary and Ony had returned with a feast. Massive steaks and a host of various salads. We were not going to hungry tonight. Thick juicy steaks with a glass of red wine was our idea of heaven. The party went on for a few hours until the presentations were complete. Here are the winners.

Heaviest Bag

Keith Kable	Bass .710kg	Bass .597kg
Trevor Bourke	Bass .569kg	Bass .620kg
Bruce Carey	Bass .646kg	

Heaviest Fish

1. Keith Kable
2. Bruce Carey
3. Trevor Bourke

Encouragement Award (Throw Away Yellow Belly)

Mike Phillips

Lucky Draw

Ony Roubin





Owners of Browns Mitre 10 on Bribie Island, Michael and Samantha Brown have very kindly agreed to support us by donating a \$20 gift card each month to be used as a raffle prize at our monthly general meeting. In addition, they have offered a 5% discount on all fishing, marine and bait goods when members show their Bribie Island RSL Fishing Club member identification at time of purchase. Browns Mitre 10 is a Wilsons fishing tackle distributor.

If members provide a Wilsons product number for the item they wish to purchase and it is not in store, Michael will order it for you. This is a great service. In addition, Michael has offered to provide better pricing for group buys or for certain high turnover items. Thank you, Browns Mitre 10 Bribie Island.



Bribie Family Dental

Wright's Bribie Fruit

A.B.N. 87633 384 522

Ph: 3408 1179

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by D&R catering



Bribie Family Dental



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OPENING HOURS

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Saturday	8:30am – 2pm
Sunday & Public Holidays	Closed

17 First Avenue, Bongaree



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WEIGHMASTER:	Ron Winnett	0418 881 419
WEIGHMASTER'S ASSISTANT:	John Davis	0417 795 584
CATERING CO-ORDINATOR:	Ony Roubin	0418 300 529
CATERING CO-ORDINATOR:	Sue Smith	0427 712 930
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