

## TUNA EXPLOSION ON THE LISA ANNE

By Darold Givens

Last Friday I was invited to fish with Ken Bertelsen on the Lisa Anne in search of the elusive king salmon. We fished most of the day with other seekers of salmon to no avail. We did monitor the radio and heard of some tuna being caught about 40 miles South/West of Pillar Pt. Harbor. Ken's mind was already made up to go tuna fishing the next day but now he had some location numbers to go to.

Saturday morning at 0530 the Lisa Anne pulled out of the slip and headed towards the bait receiver to get some live anchovies. A necessary item for some fun fighting albacore. We loaded up with two scoops of bait and headed towards the fishing grounds. It was still dark and raining large drops of water. Our crew consisted of our Capt. Ken, myself, fellow club member Bob Kruger along with guests Robin King, Pat Kenny and Ray Kenny, who are brothers.

The seas got rougher the further we went. After 2 ½ hours of bumping the sea, we started trolling with six rods, each attached to a feathered jig. The boat trolls fast, over 7 knots but the fish are even faster. After hearing some reports of fish being caught, we were ever hopeful. Then one rod got bit, then two and when the other lines were being brought in a third rod got bit. The normal routine is to troll for a short time then stop and throw out live bait to keep the tuna swimming around the boat. While 3 members are battling the fish, the rest grab a bait rod, put a live anchovies on to catch more fish. Ken did it expertly and handed the rod over to Robin who already brought in one fish and was now fighting another. The action ended as fast as it started. Sometimes fish can be kept around and sometimes they get spooked. We did this two more times and on the third stop the fish just would not go away.



We stayed in one spot for over 90 minutes just putting in fish after fish. Once we were all hooked up and no one was available to gaff the fish. It was just crazy. We started out with 7 bait poles but with hooks breaking off and tangles, we had only two rods available to catch fish. We just had to slow down and tie on more hooks. Ken got on the radio to alert other boats to our great fortune and invited them in on the

action if they would stop their engines and come drift quietly. This was done by several boats and they started catching fish. During the excitement, the brand new gaff that Ken just purchased was pulled out of my hand by a fighting albacore. I just watched helplessly as it drifted away. We had another one and it was agreed to keep fishing instead of chasing the gaff. Over an hour had passed and we were now seeing blue sharks. Some of our bait and lines were broken off by the sharks. We thought this would end the tuna bite but it didn't. I guess they wanted to stay and compete with the sharks. Soon the sharks had worn us down and we were running out of bait rods to fish with. Also the tuna had slowed their bite and I was almost glad. I was getting worn out but Robin wanted to keep catching fish and I just sat down and watched.

It was 1:30 and we had a boat load of fish and Ken decided to head back. Ken was under way and little did I know that one of the brothers had put out the feather jig and caught another tuna. I laughed so hard I started to cry. Does it get any better than this? Well, we had a long bumpy ride back to the harbor and a lot of fish to clean. As we got closer to the harbor, the weather got calmer and the ride was nice. We still did not know how many fish were in the bag. A pool was started and the guesses were from 27 to 42. The fish were counted and Ray had the right number at exactly 42. WOW! That is a lot of tuna. After cleaning the fish, cleaning the boat and getting fuel, it was after 7:30 but it was all worth it. Thank you Ken for a trip of a lifetime.

