

Tabourie Memories: Kevin Smith Fisherman

Tracey Surace: My parent Kevin and Suzanne Smith became very close friends with Jack Nicholson and his wife Dot in 1972. They spent a lot of time together with Jack on many occasions researching Aboriginal Archeology. Jack had a great interest in Aboriginal Archeology and specimens and so did my parents therefor they were a great match.

Jack would always tell us stories about the times he spent with Aboriginal people as a young man working on outback cattle stations. He simply loved this time in the bush. For a young man born in England he became an Aussie very quickly. His love for Aboriginal people and artifacts is quite prevalent in the Jack Nicholson Museum. Jack's knowledge on Aboriginal Archeology was invaluable.

Dad donated many ocean species to Jack for the museum and the whale that is still prevalent in the museum today. As children myself and my two sisters spent a lot of times with Jack, Dot, Dad and Mum at Jack's Museum and home. Jack had a huge Mulberry tree that we always tried to climb and eat the berries. We would always go home with black stained fingers from the berries. They were so delicious.

My father Kevin Smith was a 4th generation Professional/Commercial Fisherman in Burrill Lake and spent a lot of his fishing career fishing at Tabourie Beach with his father Leslie Smith and his Grandfather Fred Smith and family. They would drive their vehicles with boat in tow to Tabourie beach over the sand and set their nets to catch Salmon. Dad was always the rower in the boat as he was a strong man, and Grandfather would lead the net. When the word got out that the Smith's have a big haul of Salmon, everyone came out of the woodworks and the Tabourie camping ground to help get the fish into baskets and loaded onto the truck. They would always get a feed of fish for their troubles. One day there were that many fish in the net that the net broke and the fish were everywhere. This was when everyone around would help.

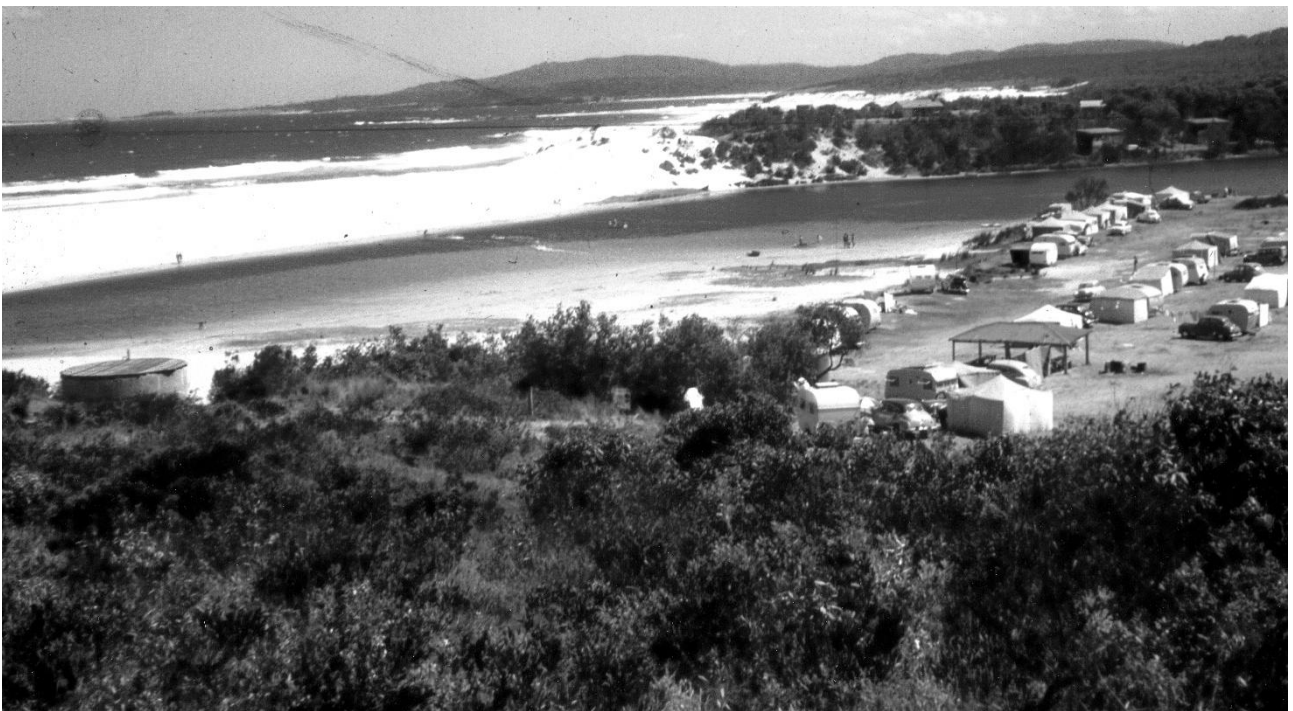


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Dad in his later fishing career spent a lot of his time estuary fishing in Tabourie Lake and Creek. He would row his boat all around the lake and loved every minute of it.

As young children my eldest sister Lauren, myself and my younger sister Angela with mum and dad drove down to Tabourie beach in the Land Rover, with Lauren and I sitting in the tray of the Land Rover on a mattress (which you wouldn't get away with today) over the sand hills to the beach quite regularly so dad could check out the ocean to see if he was going to fish there that night.

Dad would come home, get the boat ready and drive back to Tabourie beach over the sand and launch his rowboat into the ocean and release the net. By this time dad was doing this on his own. Us kids would help as much as we could, but dad was such a strong resilient man he managed this all on his own, which was a huge task. Dad also fished in the Lake at Tabourie. He knew every part of Tabourie Lake and the beach.



Lake Tabourie Camping Ground 1956 – 1957



Kevin Smith Lake Tabourie 1992

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