

June 2020

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President's Message

Obviously with Covid-19 some of our fishing outings and meetings have been affected, but we did have a Lane Cove saltwater outing on Saturday May 23rd. Unfortunately, it was a miserable day with a cold south westerly blowing together with showers, so naturally most sensible people stayed home in the warmth. Jason & Rico fished together in Jason's boat and did well, I fished from my kayak with Damian whilst Craig and Sherif had boat launching difficulties and aborted the event. Milton & Brain arrived about lunch time for a catch up and to boil the billy. Only they and Damian enjoyed a cuppa as I had to leave early.

Fishing wise Steve took Matt for a harbour and Lane Cove Bream fish on his boat, Matt had a knee replacement recently so has been out of action then Doug, Matt and Jeremy fished Balmain catching some solid Black fish and I took my elder brother to Birchgrove where we both landed a very nice fish each so it's really Bream and Luderick time now.

Penrith Council has decided all bush care groups can restart in August so our first Russell street outing will be on Saturday August 1st. We haven't been there since the big floods in February so there's a lot of work just to catch up to where we were. Bearing this in mind it would be really appreciated if we could have a big team there on that day to help.

As we haven't had a meeting to discuss general business and to thrash out our new calendar future events will be advised in due course. In the meantime, keep dry, warm and enjoy your fishing.

UNLUCKY LIZARD

Jason McMaster

After minimal fishing opportunities for a few months and an urge to fish some different water I made the call to make a day trip down to St Georges Basin. My brother was keen so it was an early getaway and the first casts were fired just after 7am. Our targets for the day were some of the giant tailor and flathead that the basin is known for and hopefully some estuary reds. It was definitely a pretty optimistic wish list but if even one of the three plans came off, we would be happy. If all of these options failed, we were confident we could find some bream to play with. Having fished the basin a few times a year between 2010-2016 we were familiar with the system and had several starting points for the plan.

We figured our best shot at a big chopper would be first thing so headed straight for the lower basin on the lookout for birds or baitfish activity. It didn't take long to find a few sporadic splashes which were clearly big fish. We positioned the boat quickly and fired 20gram metals in the general direction. Half a dozen casts went without attention and then just in front of the boat another surface disturbance got our attention. From close range we got a great look at this particular fish and it was a big chopper clearly in the 5kg range!! Exactly what we had hoped to connect to. Unfortunately, after several more casts and no hook ups all went quiet. We decided to fish plastics below where the bait had been and instantly connected to several lizards from undersize into the mid 40cm range.

With no more surface action we decided to have a shot at the estuary snapper. After about an hour we only had 2 undersized snapper and a few more flathead as bi-catch. Despite finding heaps of bait in great water we just couldn't find a decent one.

Time for plan C – basin crocodiles. After several trips targeting basin flathead in the past we were confident we could find fish. We had managed 5 fish between 73-79cm in previous trips but hadn't yet managed to crack the 80cm mark from this system. For a few hours we enjoyed light winds and productive drifts where we landed 20+ nice flathead in the 35-50cm bracket. Despite a steady number of fish, we couldn't connect to a decent one. A nice trevally, a couple of flounder and 2 nice tailor around the 50cm or 1.5kg mark kept things interesting. The wind came up in the early afternoon and soon made the drifts difficult and the chop that quickly forms on open water was also less than comfortable. After persisting for another hour, we made the call to head up higher in the basin and chase some bream in one of the protected arms to avoid the wind.

With 6lb leaders and light plastics rigged we began casting at a beautiful stretch of bank dotted with fallen casuarinas and patches of weed across the dark muddy bottom. There was a sense of relief in the calm conditions after a bone-jarring 10-minute run in heavy chop. The sun was getting low in the afternoon sky and we had about 90mins of casting before we would need to make the run back to the ramp before total darkness. My brother's second cast resulted in a nice bream of around 30cm that did it's best to find home in the tangled mess of casuarina branches in about a metre of water. Both of our next casts were met with subtle plucks as the light plastics wafted slowly out of sight. We set the hooks and shared a laugh at the first double hook-up for the day. Pretty quickly we realised they were not bream and were pleased to see 2 estuary perch in the 30cm range slide into the net together. We knew perch were present in this system but hadn't caught them here previously so it was nice to encounter them. Given that it was closed season, we moved away from that stretch of bank after catching a couple more to leave them be.

We stopped at the next significant snag and my brother connected to a nice bream first cast. After a few snags I had gone to a lighter 1/32oz jig-head trying to get a little more hang time in the shallow

water. My next cast slowly sank out of sight next to a dead casuarina in a darker shady section of bank. It made bottom untouched and on the second slow hop I got the subtle tick I was hoping for and set the hooks on what felt like a huge dead weight. It moved slowly under heavy pressure to move it away from the snag. As it slowly rose to the surface, I saw something that will be etched in my memory forever. I saw a stark white shape against the dark background of a mud bottom and my first thought was that it was the bucket mouth of a huge EP. But that quickly changed as it shook its head violently and opened its mouth fully. It was a huge dark chocolate coloured flathead – the fish we had spent hours targeting earlier but hadn't connected to. After several swear words my brother enquired as to what it was. My response that it was the biggest croc I'd ever seen quickly sprang him into action. He wound in his line and leapt to the back of the boat to get a look. The big lizard powered off under the boat in almost slow motion before he got a look. "Are you sure?" he said. "Yep, it's coming up again stay there....." I responded. And slowly it came into view a few metres from the boat to shake its massive head just below the surface. It was at this point that we both agreed it may actually be the 100cm unicorn flathead that most fisherman dream of.

After getting a very clear look at the fish twice I couldn't make out the plastic and assumed that the hook was set deep its mouth. With this in mind I backed the drag right off and jumped straight to the front of the boat to get on the electric motor in an attempt to stay right on top of the fish as it slugged along the bottom. The other factor in the fishes favour was that the bottom was littered with fallen casuarina branches and the more it ran the greater the chance that it would sooner or later find cover and rub off the light leader. Given these factors and the sheer bulk of the fish I didn't hold out much hope of landing it, and I mentally began preparing myself for the disappointment of losing it.

Twice the fish stopped dead on the bottom and refused to budge, laying there like an obese dog refusing to go for a walk. I had to grab the spool and lift with all the pressure I dared just to annoy it into moving again. My brother waited anxiously with the net while it just slowly peeled line at will. After about five minutes it slowly rose toward the surface and did a few laps under the boat, each big lazy sweep of its tail and swaying head motion as it swam adding to my anxiety. Finally, it made a pass just below the surface and my brother put a great net shot on it. Only about half the fish fitted in the net and we expected all hell to break loose while we attempted to lift it into the boat, however she cooperated greatly and simply laid there allowing us to gently lift the net and her tail and lay her on the casting deck. It was then that we could see she was hooked perfectly in the roof of the mouth with jig head resting right against her rasping teeth and protecting the leader.

The hook came out easily and thankfully she was a very easy fish to handle. A measure on the brag mat confirmed her at just shy of 96cm. Not the magic metre but I was certainly not complaining! The sheer size of the head and the proportions of a lizard this size need to be seen up close to be appreciated. I'd seen hundreds of photos of huge flathead and had caught them in the 80s, however this was a different class of beast altogether. I certainly felt privileged to encounter such an impressive fish. We lifted her back into the net for a swim while we got ready for some pics. She flared her gills and struggled in the net which was a great sign – she still had plenty of fight in her. Once my brother was ready with the camera, I lifted her out for a few pics and then returned her for release. Quite often bigger flathead just drift slowly and almost lazily out of sight, however she swam off as strongly as any of her runs which was a very pleasing sight. What a way to finish to the day!

My brother continued casting for a short while and after I had a couple more casts, I was content to sit back and enjoy the last few minutes of dusk before the run back to the ramp. The drive down had certainly been worthwhile! And we would definitely be back!

Cheers, Jason.









SHOALHAVEN WEEKEND MARCH 14-15

Jason McMaster

Conditions were far from ideal for our annual club weekend on the Shoalhaven. Many of the regular crew were unavailable for various reasons and the weather made the choice to attend a tough one. Barry travelled south only to be met with very ordinary conditions so made the call to return home. This meant it would only be Rico and I fishing. We had a late getaway from Sydney and headed straight to Grady's to set up the tents in light rain. Damage from the summer's intense bushfires was clearly evident very close to Grady's. A quick check of the river there confirmed my thoughts that launching further downstream at Nowra would be a better option. There was some significant damage from the recent floods too. Last year's campsite had been completely inundated by several metres of water and lots of the signage at the boat ramp had been washed away. Tangles of flood debris were evident in the tops of the riverside casuarinas.

We hit the river at Nowra at 1pm and it was balmy 11C with a gusty south westerly breeze. The water was filthy with runoff from the floods only a week or so previous and there were huge rafts of leaf litter and ash from the recent devastating bushfires throughout much of the catchment. We started in persistent rain too – hardly ideal conditions, but we were both keen to give the fish a decent go. One positive was that we had the river entirely to ourselves. We worked our way upstream from the highway bridge into the middle reaches and tried a few spots that had produced well for us on last year's trip. We were after Eps, but we both agreed that Bass were also likely this far downstream after the recent floods.

The first few spots produced nothing, but after an hour or so we found a patch of active fish. We heard a few surface takes close to some rocky shoreline we were casting at and Rico spotted a small mullet madly trying to skip out of the water against the base of a large rock with a predator "boofing" at it each time it flopped into the water. After the 4th or 5th leap it stopped, presumably inhaled by what I thought more likely a Bass than an EP. Rico pinged in an accurate cast with the 70mm sugapen and after only a couple of twitches was rewarded with a boof and solid hook-up. Soon after a nice little Bass in the mid-200s joined us in the boat. What followed was a great afternoon's fun with 11 bass (3 over 300 - Rico go the best at 335fl), 17 EPs (best 340fl) and 2 Bream.





We even had several double hook-ups – one notable one being a surface Bass for Rico and an EP on a blade for me. Nearly all of the Bass came on surface lures and the EPs came on a mix of blades, light plastics and small hardbodies.

With the action tapering off just before dark we called it a day and headed to a local pizza place to meet Damo for dinner and a catch up.

After a successful afternoon on Day 1 in less than ideal conditions I made the call to head lower in the system on Day 2 and look for cleaner water to try for a Jew. After breaking camp, we grabbed a coffee and hit the water early at Greenwell Pt. Again, it was fresh and the strong southerly made positioning the boat for the right drifts very difficult. We worked several spots at good tides and despite sounding up several Jew, we could not entice a strike. After 4 Flathead and 1 nice Bream as bi-catch we decided to run upstream to Broughton ck and see if we could find some EPs. However, after only running a short distance up the creek it was evident that the water quality was extremely poor. It was the colour of white coffee and stank of farm run off. The combination of a long drought followed by the big flood would have resulted in tonnes of fertiliser and cow manure washing into the creek. There was no life on the sounder and a few casts at previously productive snags were untouched so we made the call to pull out, drive back to Nowra and launch up there again for an afternoon session before the drive home.





We launched and headed straight to the scene of the previous day's action and were onto fish immediately. They were not quite in the same numbers as the previous day but the quality of the EPs was better. We both lost solid fish when they buried us in unseen snags. After fishing a couple of spots, the tally for the afternoon finished at 2 Bass and 13 Eps to a solid 390fl. Despite the adverse conditions we had a great weekend and look forward to the next session down there.

Cheers, Jason.

BIRD OF THE MONTH

By Alan Fowkes

Why, in a club dedicated to the preservation of native fish, have I been batting on about bush regeneration and birds for the last twelve months? Well, as mentioned in the first article of this series, healthy riparian vegetation supports the food chain and contributes to good water quality which, in turn, contributes to a healthy fish population.

When Bass Sydney was formed way back in 1981, the Australian Bass faced major threats in relation to restricted fish passage, poor water quality and, it has to be said, over-fishing.

Thankfully, enormous progress has been made on all these fronts in Sydney. The vast majority of obstacles to fish passage have been remediated, water quality has been dramatically improved with the introduction of tertiary treatment on sewerage plants, and over-fishing has been mitigated by the introduction of a bag limit and a closed season.

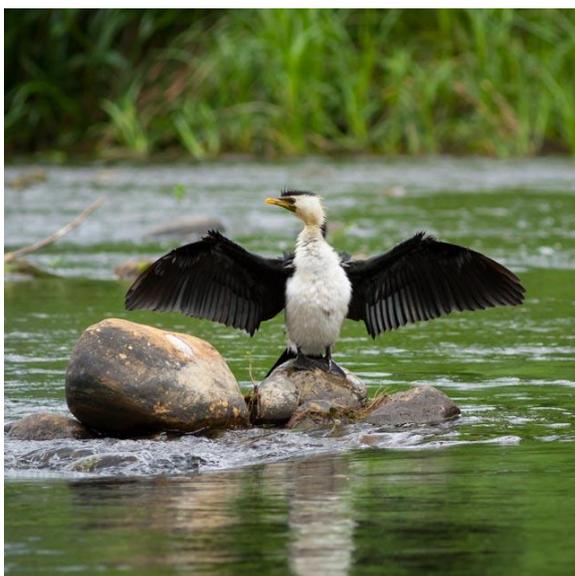
Our club has contributed to these successes in numerous ways - direct involvement in fishway construction and maintenance, lobbying relevant State bodies and providing data through our "BassCatch" program – though we must also give thanks to NSW Fisheries and Sydney Water.

These successes are why the club has turned to bush regeneration as the next most important thing we can do for our favourite fish and its aquatic world.

A key indicator of a healthy aquatic food chain is the presence of water birds chasing fish, sifting through weed for mussels and snails etc. So far, at our Russell Street site I've counted 15 different species of water bird doing just that.

You've probably seen a Little Pied Cormorant (below left) whilst out fishing but did you know that our site also sees Little Black Cormorants and Great Cormorants? Personally, I didn't even know these existed before starting this project. The site also sees Egrets, Herons, Darters, Swampheens, Ducks, Ibis, Pelicans, Swans, Lapwings, Coots and Moorhens.

That's a Dusky Moorhen at bottom right and I have a fishing tale to share concerning one of these.



The tale will have to wait till next time ...

MACLEAY RIVER FISHING (reminiscing)

Warren Chalmers

To the best of my recollection it was in the mid 1990's that my friend, Arthur Abbott, organised some fishing trips to South West Rocks to fish with Lawrie McEnnally who operated Splashdown Charters.

We usually went with Barry Foster, Geoff James and John Cooper. It was outside fishing and around the renowned "Fish Rock" and we caught Pearl Perch Snapper, Spanish Mackerel etc.

At that time, we used to stay in an old boarding house across the road from Lawrie's house at Jerseyville. It was very comfortable, we organised our own breakfast and Lawrie's wife, Julie, would pack our lunch and come over to the house in the evening with Lawrie, have a happy hour and cook our evening meals which were all top quality, including seafood nights, prawns, oysters, Balmain Bugs and some cooked fish all from the Co-Op at Jerseyville, all we had to do was wash up – not too tough at all.

Later Council deemed that the house was not suitable for the purpose as it was not compliant fire safety wise, bathrooms and toilets not adequate and the kitchen would have to be upgraded to full stainless-steel commercial standards. The house and its facilities didn't bother us at the time.

Lawrie told them what to do and terminated any of his clients staying there. From then on, we stayed at the Motel on the RHS of the road into the Rocks. There was a restaurant adjacent to the premises and that worked very well.

Arthur was prone to sea sickness and before leaving home on one occasion Lawrie advised that impending unfavourable seas might make crossing the bar too dangerous and impossible to fish anyway. We were set to go and had previously discussed Bass fishing with Lawrie so we decided to come up and he would organise it for us.

Lawrie had a Coleman Canadian and a Coleman Squaw on which he ran a 5HP outboard on the cut off transom. On this occasion Barry & John did not come with us, they were not really into Bass fishing although we had done it one previous occasion prior to this, and fishing out of another boat Lawrie had for Bream and Flathead, had gone up the Belmore River after launching at Smithtown.

I can vividly recall John caught a Bass up the river as far as it is possible to travel, at the flood gates, which was not measured, but would have left 50cms for dead (that's honest).

With two canoes being trailed by Lawrie's Nissan, me following in my wagon, we went to Greenhill Boat Ramp and fished up behind Alda Villa. Can't recall the fish we caught there, but it was a successful day.

The next day we did the run from Turner's Flat to Temagog. Arthur and I were head to head as along with other fish, we each boated fish measuring 46cm – not that we were competitive!

At some stage after these trips Don Clark asked, "what do you know about the Macleay?" I outlined the trips we did with Lawrie and how I had also been to Bellbrook and thrown a few lures off the bank on the way, but alas no fish caught.

Don then proceeded to relate to me that he had just been to the Macleay in the following circumstances – he and his friend and neighbour, "Irish" Bob Rolston, with whom he normally goes to the Daly River from April to June to fish the NT Barra, had gone to Kempsey with a Canadian Canoe.

The objective was to see David Griffith, a tractor parts dealer in Kempsey and then stay for a few days on his property up the river. Don is in the tractor business (Don Clark Tractors Earthmoving Parts & Service in Castlereagh) – yep that a plug for Don's business.

They caught fish, the highlight of their trip was Don stood on a bullrout and spent 3hrs in Kempsey Hospital with a "brutal" nurse forcing his foot into a bucket of just boiled water. We later learnt that, boiled water was the best management for this injury, so The nurse was actually being kind!

When they came home, they asked me where I fished and how we did it. David's property is accessed off Tom's Gully Rd, has a very comfortable residence, and is only used as a weekender and has a large workshop and he runs about 150 head of cattle.

Very soon the three of us were on the way to stay at David's place, Don's cruiser towing my trailer, red Canadian and a red Dagger 101 kayak I had at the time. Our wives didn't mind us going away, they were happy to have their own time at home.

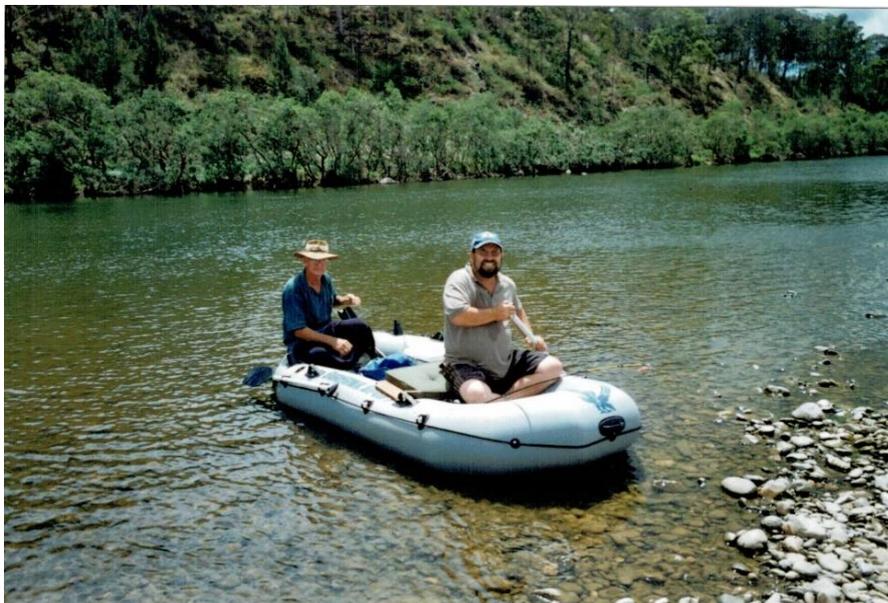


We stopped at D.G Enterprises in Kempsey, tractor people and had a chat with David who told us he and his manager would come out to the property and have a BBQ with us the following night. He also advised that he had excellent neighbours who had keys to his place and kept an eye on it regularly as they were at their place all the time and / or one of their adult daughters was at home. He also mentioned that the couple, Ross & Janice Blackshaw,

were into Bass fishing (they must be good people) and it was certainly an understatement. They were a champion team. Janice believed anything pink was good as long as it was a Stump Jumper.

We met the Blackshaw's who told us they were going fishing the next day and would we do the run from David's / their place to Toorooka and share the vehicle shuffling. We had a good time with them, all caught fish. Ross & Janice were fishing for the freezer, 35cm bass were the fish of choice, but they did release the larger ones.

Ross & Janice had a small raft, about 9ft long and less than 5ft wide. Slats for seats and on the floor. To my way of thinking it was just better than a kid's toy, had that many patches all over it you would have thought it had been hit by shotgun fire – thankfully it still floated. The photo below is Ross Blackshaw and Ken Vicary on another trip.



They had a tiny electric motor fixed on the back with Velcro straps and a small car battery, forget deep cycle. It looked like a Sun beam Mixmaster hanging in the water, however it worked fantastically, Ross knew how to operate the unit while Janice gave instructions and fished nonstop. Just

shows the fish don't look at what you are in, you can still catch them. They were very forthcoming in advice of holding spots for fish snags etc to target, just wonderful people. I feel their kindness flowed from the grounded and mutually respectful friendship they had with David, and Don had with David, as the latter two went back many years to the early days of Cassegains and Expressway Spares, both tractor parts companies.

We pulled out at Toorooka and Ross showed us where mobile phones worked just under the power line behind the old butter factory – no NBN then!

The Blackshaw daughters came in two vehicles to pick us up which was very convenient. We loaded the Canadian and the Kayak onto the trailer, while the Blackshaw's had a van, a Nissan Urvan (I think), and after partly deflating the raft they squashed it in the van.... Too easy.

Ross and Janice wanted to fish again the next day while the fish were “on”, so they planned to do Bellbrook to Devil’s Nook, fortunately they invited us along and of course we went, gaining some always needed fishing knowledge.

The 3rd day, we did not fish, we went up to the Bass Lodge and called into Blackbird Flat, Drummer’s Flat etc and looked at access and made many plans for the future. It was then that we investigated the Bellbrook Cabin accommodation, met Derek & Jenny and decided next time to use the Cabins as a base, meals were available at the Hotel (saved us cooking), Derek explained that he would pick us up any afternoon from where we were on the river (another example of the generosity of a fellow fishermen).

By now, John and Harley were saying, “what about us” and that was the start of many trips to the Cabins, fishing Bellbrook to Devil’s Nook, Blackshaw’s to Toorooka, Drummer’s Flat large pool in the late afternoon downstream to the rapids and upstream to Five Day Creek.

In October 2012, fishing upstream from Greenhill ramp, Harley boated a 49cm bass, it was a good fish as you can see in the photo below. He maintained Don and I needed glasses as the tape showed it was 50cm (a typical catcher’s comment). When staying at the cabins we would often go to Greenhill as it was an easy day.



Generally, it was Don, John, Harley, Bob and Warren. If there was 4 of us, we would take 2 Canadians, if 5, I would take the Dagger.

On one occasion our stay at the Cabins coincided with Alan, Milton, David Claydon and someone whom we can’t recall, staying in an adjacent cabin. After one or two days the others went home and we linked up with Alan & Milton and travelled together. I recall at that time Alan & Milton did go downstream to fish successfully at Sherwood. They did say access there was for kayaks only.



This photo of a young chap holding a 5ft Bull Shark was caught at Sherwood and have heard of them being caught further upstream although the indigenous people still let their young children play in the river at Toorooka – adds to the excitement of swimming, I guess! It seemed so easy to meet up and fish with whoever was there, we were all there for the same reason and

compatibility was easy all around.

During all of this Don acquired his raft (bigger than Blackshaw's patched up job) and as 3 could fish in same, I only took the Canadian. 8-9hrs in a kayak is a young man's game and I was not young, but willing. The only issue with the raft was to get it out of the water, Devil's Nook was a real exercise as you can see from the photos below.



We often did fish again with the Blackshaw's but we seemed to lose contact with them when they went on a road trip – now land loving grey Nomad's. Their daughter, Linda, stayed at the house and a few times she kindly picked us up.

On one trip we decided to do a run from Devil's Nook to Toorooka – a big day! We left early – Don & Bob in the raft, John & myself in the Canadian. The water level was up a bit and travel time was good. Around 11am, John and I were in front and entered a pool about 200m's long with water running hard along the eastern bank under heavy tea tree growth. I said to John, "we should avoid getting in close so we would not get swept under the low branches as it would be big trouble".

We got to the end of the pool and had a pact to keep each other in sight before going on, we waited and waited, could not see the raft, then eventually sighted the blue shape, all good, give them time to nearly catch us and will be off. More waiting, waiting and watching then

we realised the raft was upside down and floating in the current, just short of the trees were cushions, tackle boxes, no sign of Don or Bob.

I had a 44lb Water Snake on the Canadian but it could not push back upstream against the flow. We went into the heavily timbered bank and John got out to try and locate Don & Bob while I took the Canadian across the pool to the slack water so I could motor back upstream.

Don & Bob had got caught under branches, water came over the upstream gunwale, weighed it down and flipped the raft. Bob was a non-swimmer (ironic for a man who loved being on the water), had a life jacket on and managed to cling to a branch with water cascading all over his face. Don managed to get to the bank, and then saw Bob in trouble and tried to monkey grip him in close.

That didn't work and Bob slipped away, luckily a large branch hit him between the legs (if you call that lucky) and his head was now clear of the water. John arrived and the monkey grips worked to get Bob to the bank. I was an avid spectator, couldn't do a thing, now they were yelling at me to get after the raft.

We met up downstream where the raft had stopped as the anchor had fallen out, the motor was still on the transom and the battery still strapped in. We righted the raft, Don did a loss assessment, not sure of tackle losses but the oars, another camera and binoculars ALL gone. (at least he still had his watch, unlike a previous dunking).

We carried on downstream to just above Blackshaw's and stopped for lunch, sandwiches and everything else (including us) was sodden, realised then that without oars the raft was unmanageable. We aborted the trip, managed to get Derek to come and pick us up, went back to the cabins fairly subdued.

Didn't fish the next day, went for a drive to Clarence Gorge and had a look at the Mann & Nymboida Rivers. Geoff, Harley and I had previously done a trip with Rob Lockwood, Kingfisher Tours, down the Nymboida for 3 days and exited at the Coutt's Crossing Coach House, lots of Eastern Cod about 55-60cm, but alas only 1 bass. We also had a trip with Rob to Winter's Place at the Gorge and later went to Toonumbar Dam. Winter's was disappointing, Geoff and Harley both lost monsters at the base of the Gorge, whilst I caught 2 small fish on the way back to Grafton just above Copmanhurst.

Toonumbar was excellent dam fishing. Our first experience of catching fish in the channels amongst weed beds. Spinner baits were fantastic, hadn't used them much before, they are still a "go to" lure for me

My friend David Miggins from Wingham has stayed at Winter's Lodge, I think he went with Bass Kempsey and there were a lot of fishermen in the camping area. They were generally disappointed; he believes the place has been heavily over fished although it is specified as "catch & release" only by Winters.

In the past years water level at Bellbrook has been too low to travel and weed growth has made fishing impossible. Water level is presently adequate but I am unaware how much weed has been cleared by the recent rises.

Can only wait and see what October 2020 brings (at least fishing is allowed under current COVID 19 self-isolation rules)

Cheers, Warren Chalmers

PS - Almost forgot, on one of our trips, Don dropped a knife in about a foot of water and put his hand on another bullrout (obviously the bullrout's have a thing against Don). This time Derek took him to Dr Paul who had a Surgery in close proximity to the indigenous settlement at Bellbrook. Dr Paul gave him an injection of Adrenaline and relief was almost immediate, much to Don's pleasure. More Macleay river photos follow.



Don Clark top left at Greenhills in October 2012. Top right Don Clark at Bellbrook in 2011

Bottom left is author Warren with a 41cm Bass at Bellbrook in November 2012 and a flat tyre on Don's Landcruiser at Drummer Flat in April 2012.

OYSTER REEF RESTORATION

Hi there,

I am a Masters of Research student at Macquarie University, and am determining the feasibility of oyster reef restoration in Sydney Harbour and Botany Bay.

We are carrying out a survey to learn more about people's attitudes towards oyster reef restoration in Sydney. I'm looking to share this survey with local stakeholders like resident groups, recreational users, and groups passionate about protecting and preserving the environment.

If you would be able to share the following message in your next newsletter, or forward this message to members of your group, that would be greatly appreciated!

Hi there,

Are you interested in the health of Sydney estuaries?

Do you have a spare 10 minutes to help our research digitally?

We are determining people's attitudes towards oyster reef restoration in Sydney.

By responding to our survey, you can help us identify the feasibility of oyster reef restoration in Sydney harbour and Botany Bay.

Help our research digitally using the link below

<https://app.maptionnaire.com/en/8916/>

The survey will be open until the end of July, so we look forward to hearing from you soon!



Much appreciated, Alice Howie

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