

AUGUST 2019

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President's Message

Not much for the President to report on, being in the middle of winter. Even the blackfishing has been poor this year! It started with a bang but it has been very poor for the past month. I can't catch a luderick if you paid me!

We welcome a new member Zac Penprase, a young uni student from the Byron Bay area. Raised on the small, privately-accessed streams of that area, he might get a shock when he goes bassin' in the Sydney area! He is also a prolific film maker with his own YouTube channel. Check it out!

A bit about me. I grew up in Byron Bay where my passion for filming first began with a bunch of school mates. With loads of freshwater creeks my favourite species to catch was Bass, which then became my two favourite hobbies. Ever since, I now document every trip through the vision of a lens and upload them to my You Tube ZAC PENPRASE. I moved to Sydney to study at University and learn how to fish city water.

Cheers, Zac.

Last weekend, for the August Russell Street bushcare day, I took the opportunity to put up our bushcare site for the Australian Conservation Foundation's "Host a Nature Outing" event. The ACF put out an offer, via their website, for visitors to come and visit our site at Emu Plains. I thought this would showcase (1) our site, (2) our club, (3) we may get more volunteers to work on the site and (4) we may even get a new member or two! Well, it was a beautiful day and originally 6 people registered with one person actually turning up. Coincidentally and somewhat fortuitously, there was a bunch of people from the Conservation Volunteers Australia that we scheduled to be there to work on their site, adjacent to ours. Our Alan Fowkes was able to lead all the visitors around the site explaining the plants, etc which went down very well. The day was finished off by a BBQ which was enjoyed by all. It is somewhat ironic that non-member volunteers typically match or even outnumber club members at our Russell Street bushcare days nowadays. Over the years we have attracted several hard-working volunteers that work at our site most months even though they are not members of Bass Sydney.

100 SALMON BY LUNCH

Ryan Keith

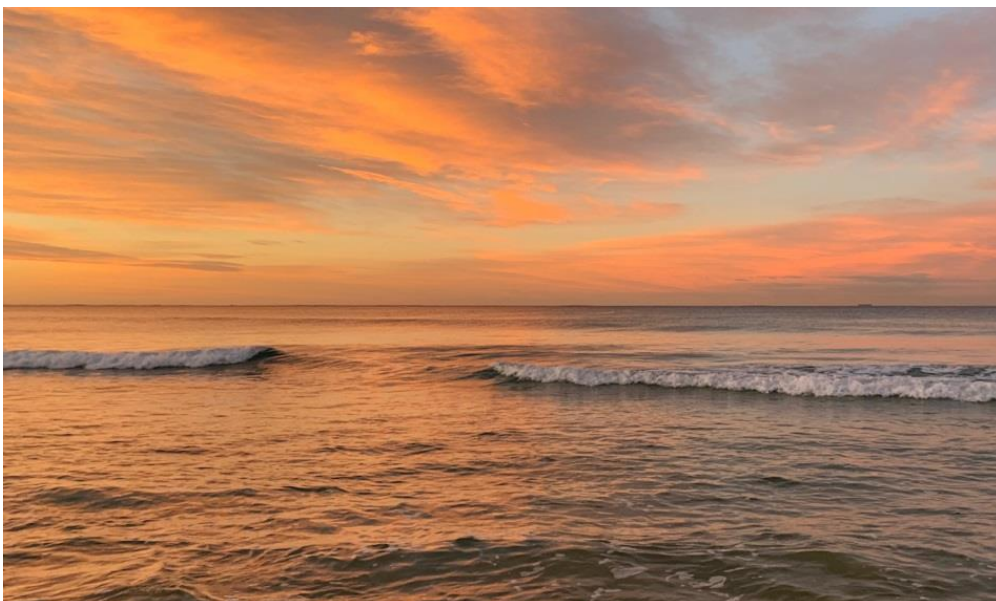
Sounds like the title of a fanciful fisherman's tale, but this one happens to be true. Throw in two dozen kilo-plus tailor for good measure. If not my best day's fishing, it certainly was the most epic!

When I awoke in darkness on a chilly mid-July morning, I hadn't planned to catch 100 salmon. I'd spotted a huge but elusive school at my local beach a few days prior, pinning some marauding stragglers in the process. I expected history to repeat in the forthcoming session. I had invited some mates along with these modest ambitions in mind, but apparently nobody wanted to drag themselves out of bed for a few sambos. Oh well - at least that meant I could park my rod on the passenger seat.

When my feet touched sand around 6am, something caught my eye immediately. Through the pre-dawn gloom, a big dark shape popped up behind the breakers, then vanished. Another, then another repeated the motion. Dolphins! A whole pod lazily bobbed about on the surface to the rhythm of a steady swell. My day was made even before the first fish.

Around 6:30, I reached my favourite (read: best-structured) section of beach and fired out the first searching casts. When the wind is behind me and the ocean's surface nice and flat, I like to skip a metal slice across the surface at high speed to attract the attention of pelagics. It wasn't long before I spied a couple of miniature bow waves closing in on the lure. My rod buckled. Turns out this was a salmon around 1kg, which I've come to recognise as quasi-resident fish. On a calm day, these smaller salmon can really only be caught before dawn, as they move further offshore into deeper holes - presumably to escape avian predators - soon thereafter. I beached seven more over the next half hour, before I thought about shifting spots. I was really after a larger class of migratory fish.

The tide was running out, and that normally means I'm on the lookout for rips running perpendicular to the beach. When the water isn't choppy, I can pick a rip simply by looking for areas where the surface is ruffled. Earlier, I'd mentally mapped one such patch about 100m to my left. As I walked in that direction, I noticed the rip was abnormally shaped: not long a column of water running west to east, but an oval of tight ripples reflecting the sunrise. Then I saw a big fat salmon jump out of the middle of the "rip". School's in!



I re-tested my drag, double-checked my knots, walked as close as I dared towards my potentially spooky quarry, and - with already trembling hands - sent the lure flying toward the school. Within a second of touchdown, my drag announced the arrival of a proper fish. Soon, number nine came ashore and seemingly tagged the next salmon in. You see, catching 100 salmon by lunch isn't the same as scoring a century in cricket before tea. It's more like boxing - or, indeed, tag-team wrestling - where you go 100 rounds with 100 fresh opponents. Wish I had a cornerman to encourage and rehydrate me!



Around salmon number 20, I started to fear the school would soon be beyond casting distance. I was happy to call the short but sweet session there. Suddenly, an explosion of whitewater spun my head back seaward. The cavalry had arrived! Three huge bottlenose dolphins had launched an assault from the east, pushing the salmon within twenty metres of my position. I'm sure the dolphins were oblivious to my presence, but in that moment I contemplated the cooperative hunting that has gone on between humans and other animals for millennia. Felt like they were doing me a favour! Still, I could see the dolphins' actions weren't quite altruistic: they downed a fresh salmon brekky and promptly took off back into the blue.



One of the local life savers pulled up in a ute around salmon number 30. For reference, the thirtieth consecutive salmon is the moment you might begin to feel fatigue creeping in. Surf fishing helps me maintain some semblance of "match fitness" for GT trips, but seemed like I'd be tested to my limits on this day. Anyway, I chatted with the bloke about how rarely he sees bait fishos catch salmon.

My temporary cornerman then asked if I wouldn't mind sparing him one of the fish. I obliged, and he joined the dolphins in getting an easy feed of fresh salmon. It was around this time that I resolved to catch 50 fish, equaling the PB I set last year with my mum.

I strained my left hip flexor on fish 47, but I wasn't going to retire due to injury. Number 50 hit the sand around 9am. That also happened to be when a dog walker stopped to remark that

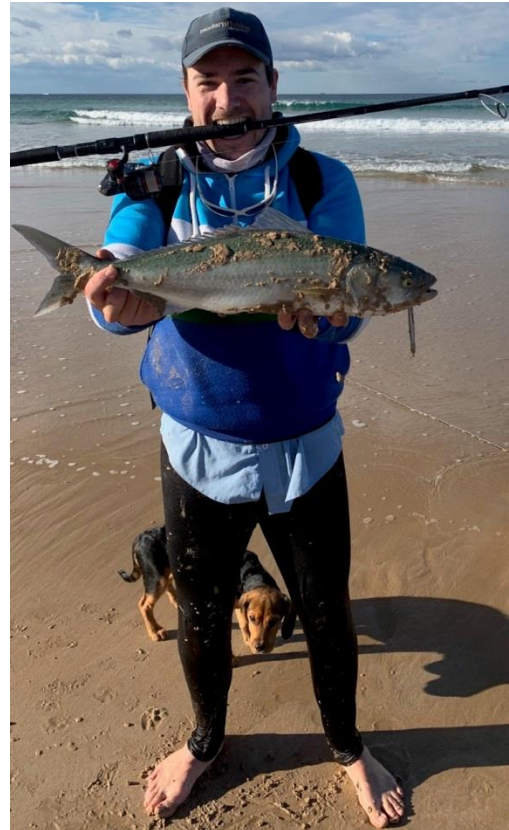
the salmon would make me a fine breakfast or lunch. I told him I was releasing all the fish, as I already had enough in the freezer at home. He asked: "If you've got a freezer full of fish, then why do you go fishing?". "For enjoyment; I love it!" was my reply. To my great glee, he then paraphrased one of my favourite quotes (often attributed to Thoreau): "I suppose a wise man once said 'when a man goes fishing, it is not a fish he is after'". He then offered to photograph me with salmon number 50.

You may notice that by this point, I'd jettisoned my soaked tracksuit pants. Unburdened, I pressed onwards past 50.

I wondered if "triple figures" was possible. I decided to take the day off work to see. Let's call it a public holiday, Fishmas, which happens on a random weekday each year. Each fisho gets to elect a Fishmas Day, and any boss who sacks them for not turning up is - to quote a recently-deceased PM - "a bum".

By salmon 60, I was running on pure adrenaline. I had experienced almost every iteration of the salmon fight, and was now pulling them in almost by muscle memory. That's not to say I didn't drop any - several would-be catches escaped my tally by jumping off. Each was painful in its own way.

Around fish 70 - and 10am - the wind changed. A filthy 25 knot cross-breeze threw a major spanner in the works. The school became more mobile as the wind chop tickled them from above. I found myself needing to wade out deeper and deeper. Soon, I discarded my wet hoodie. I found myself jumping over waves mid-battle as I desperately tried to keep each salmon hooked.



As I struggled to achieve a reasonable casting distance and control the massive bow in my line, I began to encounter numbers of tailor. They'd been present all morning, stealing the occasional lure, but now I was catching more tailor than salmon. Normally, these solid greenbacks - which patrolled the inshore edge of the school - would be most welcome, but I found my slightly delirious self cursing each fish for interrupting my progress into the 80s. Maybe the delirium had something to do with a mouthful of salt water I'd copped...

I vividly recall announcing, in pleading tones, every fish after number 85. I was cold and wet and almost dehydrated. The salmon were barely within range. My reel had taken one too many splashes and was running rough. By now, the tide had started rushing in, conspiring against me with the wind. I moved along the beach to try a different angle, casting more directly into the wind. I traced a few more salmon. I was in the 90s now! Then some more tailor. Then one last salmon before the school pushed further east. School's out...

Ninety-seven. I was retiring on 97. I had come close to the goal, but it just wasn't to be. The fish were beyond reach, and I needed warm clothes, food, and water. It was past midday, which meant I'd been running around in the surf for six hours. My fingers were cut from tracing green fish, I'd skinned the knuckle of my right index finger, my thighs were chafed red. Enough was enough. As I hobbled back in the direction of my car, I gathered up articles of clothing - strewn along the beach - that had now been wind-blown and sundried.

When I got to my boots, I changed back into my hoodie and tracky dacks. Then I saw it from a distance. As I approached a couple of surfers sitting on an isolated break midway along the beach, a small dark patch hovered in the water nearby. Salmon! Maybe a hundred. And they were within casting distance! I had to. Tracksuit pants hitched up, I made my first cast. Tailor. Second cast was a salmon! 98! Then a bite-off. I tied on my very last 40g lure. Number 99 crunched it and put up a great fight, including a couple of cartwheels. One... more... fish!

By now, the school was dispersing and heading offshore. They were much spookier than the main group. Nevertheless, my next cast appeared to reach them. Bang! A solid strike plucked all the slack from my line... and then some! This fish stripped drag on some ragged runs but didn't jump. I figured my last salmon might be my best. Then, as it came ashore, my suspicions were confirmed. It was big! But it was a... tailor?! At 65cm and 2.2kg, this was a new PB.

Still, the century eluded me... but I could see the school. In I went. The tracksuit pants were completely soaked by the time I reached a plausible casting distance. I summoned every ounce of remaining strength and flung my last lure eastward... Well, you know the result - a story I'll tell my grandkids and a feat I'll never repeat: 100 salmon by lunch.



OUR COD TRIP

By Milton Lazarus and Tham

What to do in June? Solution, go fishing for the iconic Murray Cod in the Murrumbidge River down Gundagai way. A suggestion by fly fisho Steve Peach became reality, so on the first weekend in June six members headed south west on Friday to set up digs in Tarrabandra Fishing Lodge on a property at the junction where the Murrumbidgee and Tumut rivers meet. The lodge was the original farm house, however the owners built a new house further downstream, so the old place provides excellent accommodation for groups up to 10. It's very comfortable with a modern kitchen, large lounge-dining room heated by a slow combustion fire. Electric blankets on all beds and modern bathroom. Absolutely perfect for six Bass fishing tragics looking for something different during the closed season.



On Friday morning Alan and I stopped for a coffee in Yass and it was six degrees with a maximum of 10, oh dear, glad I had my thermals on, we grabbed some fresh pies and arrived at the lodge about 12. Sharon the property owner arrived soon after to show us the ropes in the lodge then drove us around the property to look at various launching spots. Tham and Matt Hahn arrived later followed by Steve then Jason. After unpacking we all went for a quick fish, but disappointingly the water wasn't what we expected. Tumut had received 50mm of rain during the week, so the river was discolored and cold. It did not look good for fishing and so it was with all six casting a variety of lures from the bank for zilch.

The highlight of Friday was dinner. Tham bought six scotch fillet steaks 10cms in diameter and five thick, potatoes and onions, so we ate very well and of course these were chased down with a few glasses of red. The steaks were amazing and everyone cooked their own on the BBQ outside.

Matt & Steve were up at 4-30am on Saturday to meet their guide for the day, Micky Fin. Their plan was to fish an 18k section down to Gundagai in Micky's raft as they did in December last year further up the Bidgee near Canberra. Jason and Tham left about 7am to fish a 12k reach down to the junction with the Tumut whilst Alan and I had a leisurely breakfast, then Al launched his 'yak on the river down from the lodge. I drove downstream to a suitable take out spot, got mobbed by cattle as they thought it was feeding time and flicked a few lures and waited for Al. Unfortunately, I couldn't keep the mob away from Al's ute and they readjusted the mirrors and broke the aerial. Needless to say, Alan wasn't very happy. We loaded up and headed back to the house to boil the billy and have a quiet lunch sitting in the sun.



The Tumut – yuk, Alan in the distance



The vehicle wreckers



The 'bidgee from Jason's 'yak.



On the 'idgee & Tham in the Distance.

About 5pm we decided it was almost happy hour, so I set up the cheeses and dips etc. and cracked a bottle of red. We received bad news soon after, absolutely no fish, nothing, zilch, not a Cod to be seen. Oh, dear



what a disappointment. Alan didn't get a touch on his kayak trip either. Never mind, another master stroke by Steve suggesting we have a leg of lamb with baked vegies. Tham obliged again and I had the leg cooking when the boys arrived back. After a few consoling drinks and nibbles we sat down to a great roast, baked potatoes, pumpkin, carrots, broccoli and gravy. Just what the doctor ordered after a very tough day on the water. Drinks flowed readily and by the time we retired I think everyone was extremely relaxed and looking forward to plan B.

Plan B was, Jason, Matt, Steve and Tham decided to head up the Tumut and fish above the dirty water and they did catch some trout, whilst Alan & I cleaned the lodge and hit the road about 11. The owner suggested we return in mid-April, - it's not too cold and the fishing is usually pretty good, so that's plan C.

Tham's Report:



After our fruitless day "Cod fishing", four of us (Matt H, Jason, Peachy & I) decided to go trout fishing on the Tumut River above Tumut. I didn't bring waders, but Steve had a spare pair of stocking foot waders otherwise I would not have gone. Fly Boy Steve must be the only person I know to have a "spare" set of excellent waders in the car! A brief stop at a café in Tumut then we got to a TSR that the cod guide told Steve about. A

couple of gates and a brief standoff with a bunch of cattle later, we parked right next to the river. It was flowing well, nice & clear but not crystal so it all looked good to me. It's quite a wide river there so it is very easy to fish.

We split into 2 pairs – Matt & I and Jason with Steve. We tossed a coin and I won, so I picked going upstream. *Heh heh heh!* So, each pair had a fly-fisho and a lure tosser. There was a couple of fast shallow runs just up from the TSR and we started fishing. I started with a Rapala CD-5 in the rainbow trout pattern on a 4-piece, 7ft 1-3kg rod I had recently bought from Al Phillis. It was the first time I've used it. In such open conditions it was great, allowing some long casts.



Before long, I had a follow from a small trout that looked around 25cm long. A few more casts moving slowly along didn't result in anything so I changed to a small all-silver Vibrax spinner. I soon hooked a nice buck rainbow which jumped 3 or 4 times during the energetic fight, using the flowing water to good effect. I beached it at the side of the river and admired it and took a few pix before releasing it. I estimate it was around 35-40. It was just starting to transition to its spawning colours.

I soon hooked another much stronger trout that didn't jump at all, but wouldn't come in either. After slugging it out for what seemed quite a while, the spinner flew into the air and it was gone. Dropped fish! It was definitely another rainbow, gender unknown and of a much better size than my first fish. This was all still on the first run up from the TSR.



Steve chancing a fly in a good spot



The Tumut with Matt in the distance

The second run was even better and it was there that Matt hooked up on his dry fly/nymph combo rig. It was dropped after a couple of seconds. Disappointing. It was a couple of casts later that Matt realised that the nymph was gone! He was busted off. Bad knot, nick in the line...who knows. Little did we know that was going to be the only action the fly-fishos saw that day! I tried to give Matt room and also enjoyed sitting at the riverbank watching him wave his wand around. It was while I was doing just that, sitting on a log with my feet in the water when two trout cruised past me, hugging the shoreline. They hadn't seen me and one of them was a BIG trout! I estimate it to be in the 3-4lb category. Of course, I then tried to cast at them, but I had a tangle! By the time I sorted that, they must have moved on as a few minutes of casting proved fruitless. Dang!



Matt getting busted, very disappointing

The next run was a beauty! A good deep chute of fast water was on the left side of the river, shallow riffle to the right side. I left that mostly for Matt who gave it a good flogging for naught. I also tried for the same result. I then moved above the chute, to the right-hand side standing on the shallow



riffle. There was a seam of deeper water against the bank and a small eddy there. I had changed lures again to my small stream favourite, a Rapala F-5 in the perch pattern. After a few casts to the eddy, I was absentmindedly bringing the minnow slowly against the fast current after it had swung past me. I was looking ahead when I heard a splash and my rod buckled. It was taken about 2m down from me and another good fight in even faster water ensued. This fish wasn't a leaper either, but it was hard in the fast water. Matt had a landing net so he netted it for me, but not before a comical sequence where the first unsuccessful net attempt resulted in the fish running between his legs! Nooo! Don't tangle up! All good... it was netted. It was a well-conditioned hen rainbow around 45cm. I decided to keep it.

We kept on moving upstream until we got to a huge pool that we couldn't wade. I could have cast lures from the bank, but time was getting on and we decided to make our way back to the car after casting into the pool from the tail of the pool for a while. There were a few possies that both of us wanted to try again. Right at the first run up from the TSR, I hooked up again. It was a carbon copy of my first fish and it cleared the water a couple of times. I had switched

lures again a while back from the floating Rapala minnow to another spinner – a heavy one with a yellow weighted body and silver blade. This allowed me to cast a long way and also fish the deeper runs.

Final tally for me was four good rainbows hooked for three landed. Three of the four were hooked on spinners. I think the late season rainbows were aggro towards anything flashy. The other pair had a bit harder time of it with less fast water in the stretch they fished, but Jason managed a beautiful rainbow on a 7cm rattling, suspending minnow. It was Jason's first stream trout but he has caught very good trout before fishing the Snowy Mountain lakes.



Jason enjoying the moment



Nice fish mate



Back to the car and Matt & I left for home feeling pretty relaxed. The trout was eaten two days later. It was steamed, Chinese style and it was very nice.

I'm not a huge fan of cooked trout, preferring to sashimi trout around the 1kg mark and up, but it was beautiful. It fed two people and there was about a fifth of the meat left over. It weighed 805g cleaned. With the guts and roe sacs intact, I think it would have easily gone 1kg.

That session has somewhat revived my interest in trout fishing and I think I'll organise a trout trip either on Trout Season Opening weekend (October long weekend) or early in the season. The beautiful Tumut above, when you fish this river you want to go back.

Cheers Tham

KUNUNURRA BARRAMUNDI

By Al Phillis

Hi Bass Sydney members. I have just come back from Kununurra WA, after my first serious try at Barramundi Fishing.

Kununurra is the main town & business centre for the Kimberley region of WA - it is situated approximately 3,200 k NNE of Perth and 45 k from the NT Border.

The Ord River Scheme is a vast irrigation area that was created in 1961 by the damming of the Ord River to form Lake Argyle which has an area of up to 40 times that of Sydney Harbour.

The area I fished was the Lower Ord approximately 100k below Lake Argyle & 45 k West of Kununurra.

I was picked up from my hotel in town at 0600 for the 50-minute drive out to the fishing camp by Col, my guide for the day. After arriving at the camp & having a quick cuppa we went down to the 6m poly boat & headed off up stream.





First stop was a sand spit where Col used his cast net to get a few live baits to supplement the lures.

Leaving the sand spit we continued up river for about a k and Col told me to drop a 12cm pink Nilsmaster out and troll about 20m behind the boat. Within 5mins I had a great take and after a fight trying to keep my fish out of the abundant snags, and the typical aerial antics, I had my first Barra to the boat, a 98cm beauty. A few photos and a big female swam off to fight another day. I boated another two-quality fish over 80cm & dropped one before we tied up in the shade for lunch.

The area is home to many species of birds, osprey, sea eagle, whistling kite, numerous finches, brolga, kingfishers, and numerous water fowl.

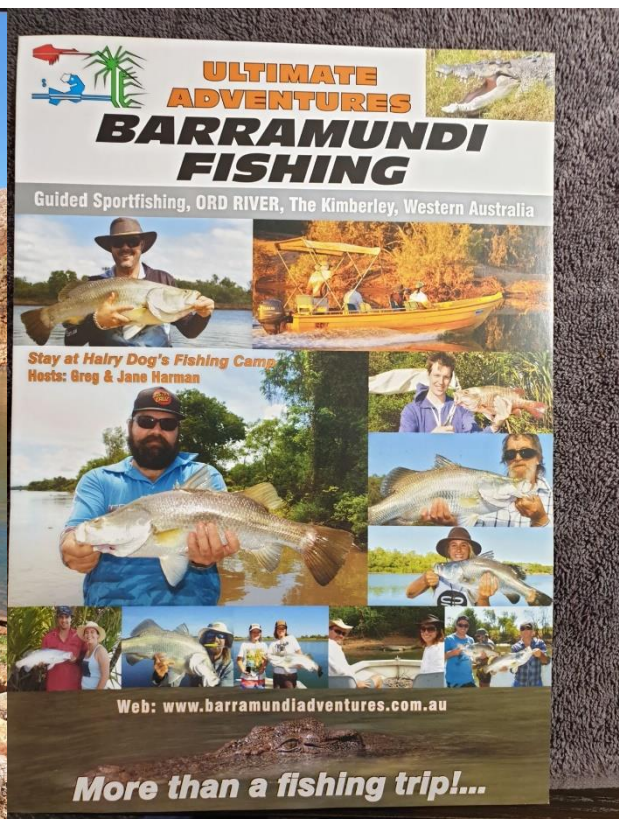
Crocs! I have never seen so many BIG Crocs ever, everywhere you looked during the heat of the day there were 4/5 metre Crocs hauled up on the banks sunning themselves.

By 1400 it was too hot, 37°C so we headed back into the camp for some cool drinks & shade.

Apart from Barra there are Mangrove Jack, Mullet, Long Tom, numerous small baitfish species and 3 different species of Catfish the biggest ones being "Silver Cobbler" which grow to 40kg.

All fish were released, lures were fitted with single inline circle hooks with the barbs flattened & bait hooks were offset circle hooks with flattened barbs.







So, guys, all in all a great trip. Hot as, but worth the big sweat to catch a few of these beauties.

Cheers, Al Phillis.

FISHING THE CLARENCE RIVER

by Matt Hahn

Hi guys, here my Clarence report - I decided to have one last Bass fling in Oz during April this year before packing my bags and heading back to the US. I hope it doesn't disappoint:

Day 1 - 3:

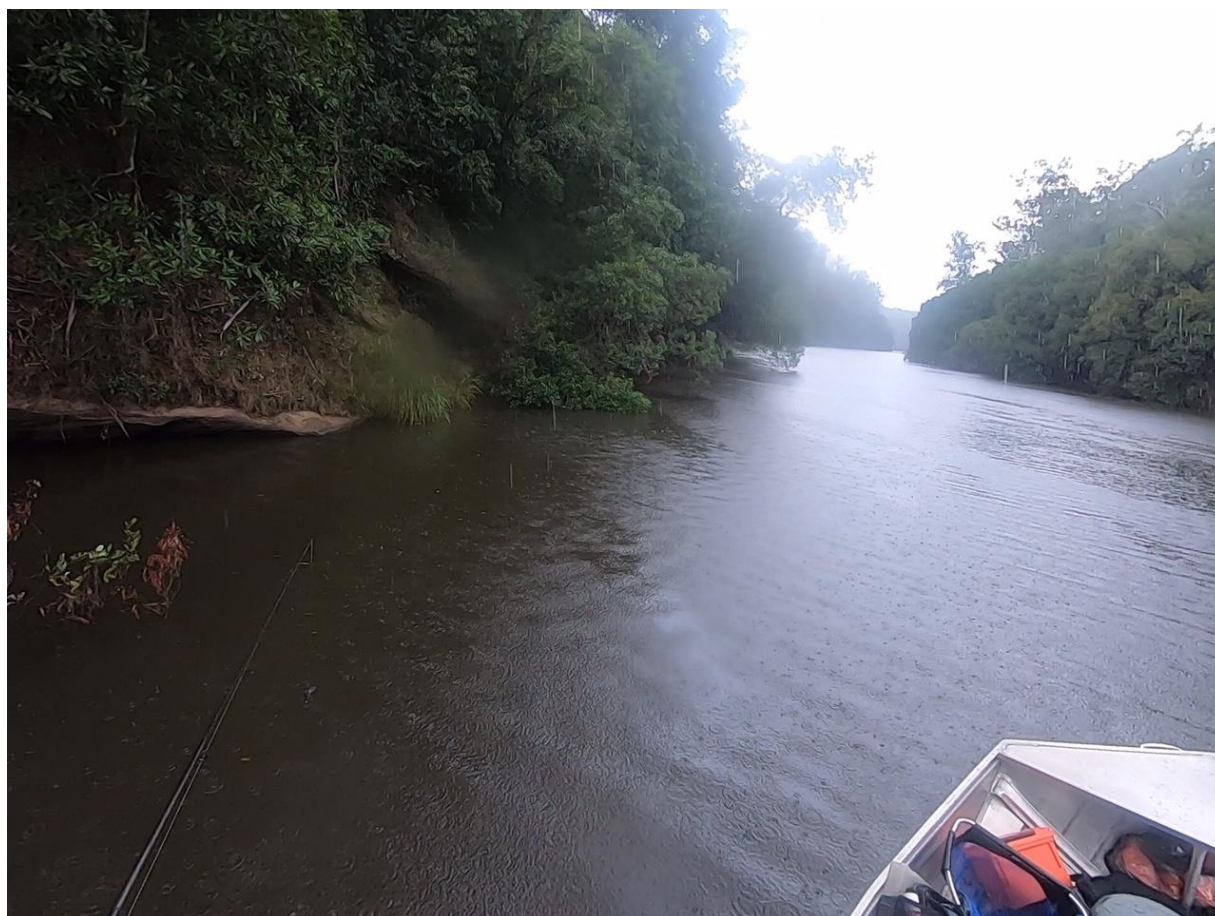
Drove up on Sunday the 31st. If you are thinking about fishing out of Grafton, the Clarence River B+B is the best. Terry and Greg are awesome and they have a great boat ramp. On an ominous note, they told me about a 140-boat tournament where the majority of boats pulled zeros...



On Monday I fished the main river and Whiteman's Creek. My last trip that was good for 30+fish but on this day, I only got eight, with a couple low to mid 30's. I did see two juvenile Bull sharks up that creek, so that was a first for me. I also saw a FAT echidna crossing the street on the way to town. He was obese and awesome.

Day 2:

I fished the Orara for ½ day, getting forced off the river by weather. It was a tougher day with only four fish and nothing size wise.



Day 3:

I drove two hours further north, to Tabulam, stopping to fish some of the pools from the roadside. I arrived at Riders Rest, which I can only describe as “threadbare.” The proprietor, Dave, was not hands on. But he did know Steve. Steve and Lynn own the property on the opposite side of the river from the Clarence River Wilderness Lodge. So, I was able to get permission to reach the pool where I caught my first Australian Bass and my first Eastern Cod. The water was very, very low. The bridge in Tabulam had no water flowing under it, whereas on the last trip I launched there and was able to reach some very good water. This time I fished only the racecourse pool on foot, I had two huge hits, one on the SSC and one on a huge double Colorado blade spinner bait that the fish actually rammed rather than bit. I believe this was a large bass rather than a cod, but I can’t be sure. The next day I took the full on, off road trip to Eagle Hawk. It’s an amazing place but also quite treacherous. Again, I had a huge strike and a fish on for a couple seconds, a huge bass but she came off. After that, nothing for five hours.

Day 4:

So that was three strikes and out for Tabulam. I drove down from Tabulam to the Orara and launched from Copemanhurst. The public launch and campground here are amazing! Changing strategy, I decided to fish as far up as possible, and I finally found a good bite. I have several bass classics, with two fish hooked with my line over branches, one I was able to pull out and the other I had to go in to land and retrieve. There were bass chasing prawns over the flats and I got two more on big surface strikes and I had a bass hit my spin-jig that was hanging over the side and almost pull my rod into the water. And finally, I pulled up personal best adjacent as I landed a huge bass off a stone wall that went 437. At about the 4:30 minute mark the fish hit the spin jig at the side of the boat.





Day 5:

saw me drive the night before down to the Nymboida and I returned to the pools upstream from the junction with the Boyd, fishing on the Boyd River. In a carbon copy of the only other time I fished it, the pool clearly holding multiple large cod did not produce a single hit, and I again hiked further downstream to a “lesser” pool that produced a fish for me last time. Within a Cicada’s wing of my previous cast from four years prior, I again connected with what I believe to be the same cod, a good bit larger now! A huge thanks to Doug as he will recognize the lure I was using in the video.

Day 6:

I was in Belingen, visiting a mate and put on the Bellinger. On the way to the fresh water I saw several of what I thought were huge bust ups, but it was actually a pod of dolphins! I’m not sure if they were feeding, but as I motored up, they were breaching within touching distance of my boat. It was spectacular! In terms of fishing, I was able to locate some bass, I had two bass, an EP and a small bream on the hook, but they all came off. All the reports I heard from locals is that the Kalang is the real place to go, but that both rivers require kayaks to fish properly.

And that was it for me. The real highlight was catching that big bass, and the same cod I had caught and released years ago.

Recommended trip:

Start at the Clarence River Wilderness Lodge and float down to Tabulam on kayaks on a three-day, two-night trip when the water is flowing. Guaranteed to connect with huge bass and some good eastern cod



BIRD OF THE MONTH

By Alan Folkes

Well, this is probably not quite what you're expecting.

Many of you have had some involvement by now with our Russell Street bush regeneration project so you probably have "Bushcare 101" under your belt. This column will hopefully be a somewhat regular segment where we expand on that knowledge by explaining why we do certain things and trying to demonstrate the outcomes.

Bass Sydney got involved in bush regeneration because we understand that a healthy environment for fish depends on healthy riparian vegetation. This bankside vegetation filters runoff, minimises erosion/sediment load and sets up the food chain – both instream through better water quality and terrestrial through better vegetation structure. Who doesn't love the sound of a bass boofing some unfortunate bug that's dropped off an overhanging tree?

When assessing the quality of riparian vegetation small birds are often seen as the literal canary in the coal mine. If you have the vegetation structure and food chain in place to support these birds then you're definitely on the right track.

Whilst the wider Russell Street site has always supported a healthy bird population the vegetation structure at bankside was in danger of becoming a monoculture. Balloon Vine in particular was choking out the understorey and stressing the large trees on site. The environment favoured a limited subset of the local biota.

The first order of business was to give the trees some breathing space by skirting the balloon vine i.e. by cutting the vines at around waist height to kill those parts that were choking the canopy.

The second order of business was to undertake plantings to reintroduce native plants at all structural levels i.e. trees, shrubs and ground cover (even more vines!). Those who haven't visited for a while will be amazed at how well this has progressed.

And so to our first bird of the month and evidence that we are providing the necessary structure and food to encourage small birds on to our site. The male Golden Whistler is a spectacular little bird and this one was spotted on one of our planted eucalypts. If you look closely at the photo on the left you will see that he has harvested a small white caterpillar from our planted tree.

A win/win – we provide the structure and the food, he provides pest control.



Till next time.



Alan Folkes

BATTLING COBBLERS PEG

We all know it, the annoying weed with small longish dried hooked seeds that attach themselves to your clothes and are an outright pain to remove. Sadly, they are everywhere in Sydney and we have a fair share of them on our bush regeneration site at Emu Plains. By lunch most volunteers are covered in the seeds after a morning on the attack removing and bagging. It's probably a life-long commitment to eradicate them, but we keep at it.



Cobblers Peg before

And, after

Called *Bidens Pilosa*, Farmers Friend or Cobblers Peg etc. they are a species of flowering weed in the Aster family and is native to the Americas, but widespread as an introduced species in other regions, including Europe, Africa, Australia and the Pacific.

Eradication can be made by using a registered herbicide before the plants have gone to flower or seed. Or alternatively, physical removal can be made at the same time while the plants are lush and yet to produce flowers. While still in the younger state, Cobblers Pegs can make a nutritious edible green for all poultry and assorted pets that enjoy fresh greens. Mulching the soil will defuse its impact on gardens, but recognising young plants and removal on site will over time greatly reduce populations.

Local volunteers Kerith and Margaret always seem to end up working on Biden removal at our Russell street site each month, so we owe them both a big thanks for their perseverance.

I wondered if the invention of Velcro was based on the Biden seed, but not so as a Swiss engineer during a summer walk in the mountains with his dog in 1941 noticed both had tiny Cockle-bur seeds attached which were difficult to remove. He studied the seed under a microscope and discovered little hooks, so set about eventually inventing Velcro. The first product was made from cotton, but it didn't last long enough so he tried nylon with great success. The name Velcro is a combination of Velvet and Crochet and was patented in 1955. So, there you go. Extensive use today as a simple strong form of flexible attachment has made life easy for all of us.

Milton

LANE COVE RIVER OUTING & BBQ

SATURDAY 17TH AUGUST 2019

Our August outing will be based at Burns Bay Lane Cove again this year with good boat and kayak launching from Riverview boat ramp near Burns Bay Reserve as illustrated below. A Barbeque will be ready for you to cook lunch about 1pm, so throw in a mug, some sausages etc. and join us to report your mornings catch. Coffee, tea, milk, sugar and hot water will also be provided.



The barbeque will be located in the reserve just beside the overhead aqueduct or under if it's raining. High tide at Figtree bridge is 9-40am and low 3-20pm, so that's not bad according to our Lane Cove river Guru Doug Chang who loves to fish the run out for Bream. Saturday morning is usually popular with sport, so parking may be an issue therefore it's probably a good idea to arrive early. Hope to see you there.





BASS SYDNEY LAKE ST CLAIR WEEKEND

SEPTEMBER 20th, 21st & 22nd

Last September our spring Bass weekend was based at Booral fishing the Karuah river from the Country River Camp, but due to very low and cold water the fishing was really tough. In fact, the previous year it was the same, so we have decided a change was necessary and therefore chose Lake St Clair also known as Glennies Creek Dam.

The Lake is 25 kilometres north of Singleton and has ample camping sites, powered or unpowered, a boat ramp camp kitchen, electric and gas BBQ's and nice amenities.

There is a new manager, his name is Peter Baker and Singleton Council has installed boom gates which may (?) be in operation by the time we arrive, although things move very slowly at Councils so who knows.

Once they are in operation, you will be able to book & pay online via a new website & receive a code number for the boom gates.

The camping fee for an unpowered site is \$24.00 per night off peak which allows 2 adults & 3 kids (under 16). There is a charge of \$9.00 for an extra adult, however but this may change slightly. Powered sites are \$30 per night off peak, there are 12 with 15amp outlets. Four of these are on a bollard, not sure about the others.

According to Les from HNF because the sites are not defined, so they don't seem to mind how you spread out.

Peter's Contact Number is: 02-5522-4010 and his email is: peter.baker@belgraviapro.com.au

Please contact Peter to make your own camping arrangements in advance.



Main Camping Area



Macman & his boys enjoying a fire

Currently the lake is at 50% capacity so in theory that means the fishing could be more productive as they will be living in half the available water, but who knows with dam fishing as anything can happen. Nothing like a challenge. Anyhow, if mother nature is kind and provides nice weather it should be a bit of fun.

And finally, it will be a nice change, so we look forward to seeing a few hardy souls there to enjoy the company, the fishing, a few glasses of red during happy hour and hopefully and some 40cm+ Bass.

OUR BLACK FISHING OUTING

In winter during the closed Bass season we concentrate on Bream & Black fish etc. and our July Black fishing day was held at Glebe fishing from Foreshore Park in Rozelle Bay Annandale, a popular spot for dog walkers, runners and family outings. Everything was organized in anticipation, fresh cabbage, green weed, sand, the BBQ and billy etc. It was a stunning morning with crystal clear sky and during the day the temperature rose to 24 degrees. Tham, Michael and Damian were there at 7-30 whilst Brian and I arrived at 8. Matt was there early too and luckily there were a few parking spots still available. Steve arrived with his fly gear and green weed fly's.

Well the sad tale was, not one Black fish landed. Michael caught a decent Sambo using a lure near the storm water drain and new member Zac managed a small Flattie on a soft plastic, finally in frustration Damian & Tham caught a small Mullet each on bread. Doug and I didn't bother to rig up, just sat in ours chairs and watched. Actually, I ended up getting sunburnt, in July?



New member Zac with his catch of the day



Tham, Brian & Damian cooking lunch

Steve zilch too after a big effort on fly, so all in all a good catch up and social day, but we might have to rethink the timing in 2020 and maybe try June to avoid the westerlies that seem to put the fish down.

Cheers, Milton.

“Coolalie” – Luxury Macleay River Bass House

We have a new sponsor! For those that might enjoy a bit of luxury accommodation while bass fishing the iconic Macleay River, see the advertisement on the Sponsors Page. Former Bass Sydney member Mal Harding and his wife Katrina have offered BS members a discount on their regular Air BnB rates. They normally charge \$350 a night (minimum 2 nights), but for financial BS members they offer a rate of \$300/night for the first 2 nights, then \$250/night thereafter.

This is not camping. This is not glamping! This is LOOXURY! It will sleep up to 6 blokes or you can even bring a spouse or two. All mod cons - air conditioning, hot water, TV, swimming pool, nice kitchen, cookware, microwave, fridge, dishwasher, outdoor BBQ, etc. Bass fishos can drive their cars & kayaks/canoes down to the river to launch.

It is located near Willawarin on the Armidale-Kempsey Rd. Those that know the area will know Willawarin is the last village on that road with a pub & servo before you get to Bellbrook. The property is roughly halfway on the river between the Toorooka Bridge (upstream) and the Temagog Bridge (downstream). This offers an easy half day float either from the Toorooka Bridge to the property or from the property down to the Temagog Bridge. It is also a great base to fish other stretches of that mighty river.

Any member if they so wish, can contact them to organise a trip. BS members have to go through the Air BnB link to check the calendar. Then email or phone Katrina mentioning that you are a BS member so that she can book the dates and amend the pricing.

AirBnB link: at www.airbnb.com.au/rooms/23434781?location=Willawarrin

Email: kharding@kas.nsw.edu.au

Mobile: 0408114582

I'm sure we will organise a few days there next season!

HS Tham



Coolalie

Luxury Bass Fishing House

Link:

https://www.airbnb.com.au/rooms/23434781?location=Willawarrin%20NSW%2C%20Australia&source_impression_id=p3_1563781569_HDMsqECQ%2Fg91iiQr

Bass Sydney members email: kharding@kas.nsw.edu.au for discount and booking information.



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