

December 2008



Australian Bass, *MACQUARIA NOVEMACULEATA*



# THE BRONZE BATTLER

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## PRESIDENTS MESSAGE

Well, another year has just about slipped by and I wonder where it went? The weather has not been kind to us weekend fishers, but on the odd occasion when I have managed to get a trip in, the fishing has been good. The Bass Catch results from the Hawkesbury and Williams Rivers have shown good recruitment, so hopefully we can look forward to good fishing for a couple of more years in those systems. Our main concern at home on the Hawkesbury/Nepean is still the weed, you may have seen the news article on TV recently showing a horse that had walked onto the river thinking it was a paddock, the opinion of the weed controller that was interviewed was that it is not a problem because it (the weed) is trapped between two booms, go figure. I attended a meeting along with Al Fowkes and Jim Taylor recently regarding the proposed Water Ski Slalom course that is proposed on a section of Reach 5, somewhere between Richmond Bridge and the Terraces. The proposer was a smooth talker and brought along a couple of disabled skiers to get the sympathy vote, and he seemed to win. I have written a letter and sent it to Maritime outlining our objections after having a discussion with a couple of members of the Springwood club.

On a much happier note you will see a photo, I hope, of Chris's latest capture, a 530mm Bass taken from the Nowendoc River, congratulations Chris, a beautiful fish. I can only think that that area of the state will see some visitors from Bass Sydney in the near future. Please send any photos and short stories to Milton so they can be shared among the members, we all like to see and read tales of success or even woe.

For those of you that cannot make the Christmas Dinner meeting I wish you all the best for the festive season and hope to see you in the New Year.

Alan Izzard.

## **OCTOBER GENERAL MEETING**

Not much to report here other than the meeting was really a Basscatch briefing. Danielle Ghosn came along with the new fish measuring rules etc and gave us a talk about how we should collect data and handed out catch sheets etc.

It was nice to see a good roll up from the Springwood boys and one visitor from HNBA.

## **BASSCATCH**

This year most camped at Yellomundi, some arrived on Friday evening and others Saturday evening. We all made an effort to spread out and fish different reaches on Saturday and all returned to socialise during dinner. On Sunday most fished Gary's big pool below the camp.

Whilst Yellomundi is a central location, access is only available at specific times and this placed some restrictions on our movements, however we all very much appreciated Gary Blount's efforts in obtaining the key and being at the gate on the specified times to let us in or out.

Being camped together did give us the opportunity to catch up with long term Bass fishing friends and meet a few new ones.

Alan & Garnet had a huge day on Saturday leaving camp at 6am to fish reach one at Douglas Park, Alan Fowkes and Barry Cole did an overnight trip fishing from Penrith Weir to Devlins, Jim Taylor & Geoff Shadbolt fished Gary's big pool, Tham and the Ed fished North Richmond bridge downstream for half a day & back.

It was nice to see Les Simshauser & Greg Hayman come down from the Hunter to join us along with Michael Elphic from Sydney Fly Rodders.

Saturday was a big day for all and there were quite a few tired Bass fisherman sitting around the table after dinner. Just take a peek at the Bass Sydney contingent.



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It was good to see an old familiar face with past Bass Sydney President H. S. Tham (recently returned to Oz after four years in the Us) joining us. He hasn't lost his enthusiasm or touch for Bass Fishing and with borrowed lures and a \$50 rod reel combo managed to bag over 30 fish.

It was also good to see Shayne Fell spend the weekend camped at Yellomundi. Shayne finally saw the light, he put the old canoe out to pasture, bought Mike Hawkins Bass kayak and managed a leave pass to get amongst the Bass.

**PAST PRESIDENT DOMENIC SQUADRITO**  
**KINDLY FILED THIS REPORT FROM REACH 3.**

“Headed out early on Sat to fish the 20th Bass Sydney Hawkesbury / Nepean Bass catch somewhere on reach 3b with my brother in law. Arrived at the ramp all eager and primed for the day ahead, still a little early as the sun hadn't come up yet and had to wait a few minutes for the ramp to open. Met another Bass fisho and started to chat a few minutes while we waited.

Launched the boat in the dark and at a new section of river not fished before in pitch darkness tends to make you a little excited, and anxious if not cautious at the same time. The water looked inviting and the temp on the sounder was reading the surface temp at 17 C. The plan was to head down stream slowly, mostly to suss as much of the area out, taking in as much as possible whilst keeping an eye for some likely looking Bass haunts.

Started fishing at approx 06:30 without much success and moved twice before coming across a really nice bit of water with cliff faces, ledges, weed and snags. Just in time too, as a few more Bass boats started showing up and heading down stream of our location. At about 07:00 after placing a nice cast tight between some weed at the front of a ledge, (I retried my Betts spin with black curly tail grub SP), I came up tight with what felt like a good fish. I managed to muscle it out, over and around the weed and rock ledges and fallen timber. Then all of sudden, she must of realised something was up and wrong, she turned side on (parallel to the boat) and made several runs back to the snag with the rod buckling over and the braid zinging through the guides.

I managed to get a look at her and the first words I could come up with were something like #\$\$@ that's a good fish. After another two runs, she realised that her snaggy home was out of reach and started the customary slicing of water veering right and left. In a last ditched effort for freedom she lunged down under the boat near the outboard prop, I managed to guide her boat side and into the net. She went 380 to the fork & 410 to the tip of the tail, and after a few happy snaps she was returned to the water to find her home. Not a massive fish by some standards, but a great Nepean Bass and a PB in a river for me, so I was wrapped big time.

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The boat traffic started getting heavier with a few more fishing boats coming on the scene and the fishing starting to get tougher. Then a few more ski and wake boats arrived doing the rounds in the 4 - 8 knots zone which started annoying us, causing wake and waves all over the place. Also causing waves and wash along the river banks and rock ledges, so we decided to turn around and headed up stream. The session finished at about 13:30 and we caught another 10 smaller fish between us, the smallest being around 147 and a most in the 225 - 250 mark.

All in all a top day out, great surrounding water and beaut weather.

### **CANOE CAMP**

It had been a couple of years since I'd done a canoe camp and even longer since I'd fished Jackson's Crossing. With no road access since the gravel pit cut the road I was expecting the fishing up there to be good and it was no trouble convincing Baz to come with me.

Jules dropped us off at Penrith Weir late on Saturday morning and we hit the water about midday. At this time of day we weren't expecting too much action and we weren't disappointed. As it turned out a couple of the Western Sydney Bass and Bream boys had been through before us on a day trip – an additional reason for the fishing to be slow.

Half expecting this we were soon fishing the less obvious water and picked up a couple of fish. In fact the best of the weekend, a 360 for Baz, came off a salvinia infested backwater just above the Jackson's Road pool and we managed a couple of other quality fish from this same area.

At Jackson's Crossing we were in for a shock. As is usual when running a shallow riffle in a loaded canoe we ran aground on the very last rock and had to get out of the canoe to walk it through. No big deal but we'd only just barely cleared the crossing when a couple of 4WD utes came rattling through – damn near run over in 12 inches of water!

Even worse, one of the drivers informed us that he and some other blokes had been thrashing this pool to foam over the past couple of weeks - so much for getting away from the crowds! (This guy became very sheepish when I remarked that I thought there was no public access on these roads any more.)

Having survived the worst of the traffic we paddled the few hundred metres to the next constriction in the river and the best camp site on this stretch. We set up camp and got back on the water for prime time. Despite reservations about fishing pressure we enjoyed a good session. Accurate casting was required but was often rewarded with an aggressive strike so it was a happy couple of campers who retired for a beer just on dark.

This is where canoe camping comes into its own. A 15' Coleman can hold an awful lot of luxuries so cold beer from the esky washed down pistachios as we

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relaxed in our camp chairs. A hot meal and a bottle of red followed (well two bottles actually) and this made sleep more of a priority than a late night fish (or an early morning start for that matter!).

We did enjoy a reasonable session on Sunday morning though and finished with 50 odd fish between us – each of us getting a handful of fish over 300 but no monsters.

Any couple of days spent on the water is a great use of your time but a canoe camp is something special. There is an extra element of freedom to it and the quiet world of canoeing often turns on some wildlife highlights. On this trip we watched a sizeable goanna swim the river on Saturday afternoon and then watched at close quarters as a sea eagle made off with a water hen in its talons on Sunday morning – fantastic!



What a shame we had to be back at Devlin's for a 4pm pick up ...

Alan Fowkes.

### **PARRAMATTA RIVER CARP FISHOUT**

Five members turned up to man the Bass Sydney stand at this event on Saturday the 8<sup>th</sup> November. It was an unpleasant day with morning showers, grey skies and a persistent cool south westerly wind.

The attendance was reasonable, but alas not a Carp was caught. Only one Mullet and would you believe, one Silver Perch. In an effort to improve the fishing from last year all the Carp were herded upstream into a smaller stretch of river between the Barry Wilde Drive and Church Street bridges. A net was put across the river thus in theory creating a pool full of hungry Carp. I think all

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the Carp were spooked, so they decided to lie low until after the Fishout. Clever buggers those Carp.

Jim kindly bought his kayak and Alan Fowkes set up our revamped display board. We were all set up to sign up a few new members. No luck only one possible junior.

The only highlight was meeting a couple of HNBA senior members who were to join us on the Williams the following weekend.



### **MANNING BASS CATCH - OCT 2008**

Seven Bass Sydney members accepted the invitation from the Wingham Anglers club to fish the Manning River for the first of the Basscatches on the river for the season. As well as BS members Les Simshauser and Dave Mudd from HNF attended as well as Peter Midson and another member from Kempsey, who's name escapes me as I write this, made the trip as well. The biggest problem with fishing unknown waters is gaining access to the river, just ask Les and Dave who drove around 400 Kms on Saturday looking for a spot, more driving than fishing. Gordon, Garnet, Milton and myself were at lot luckier, mainly thanks to Milton who made the effort to knock on a house door and ask about a supposed road that was not clearly defined on our map. The lady that answered the door was very helpful and we drove almost to the river bank for an absolute perfect launching spot. We decided to head upstream at first and the water looked good, very fishy, pity the fish did not know it. From

memory Garnet caught the first fish, a 418mm beauty and then Gordon chimed in with a 368mm. Milton and I could not turn a scale, not a touch, and we were both pretty well ticked off about it, about 4 hours with nothing to show. The river was pushing pretty hard and we decided to head back downstream and have lunch.

While dining (?) I decided that maybe a complete change of tactics was called for and put on a softie that I hardly ever use, what the heck nothing else was working. I put on a bright yellow pony head, fairly heavy because I was having trouble keeping the smaller ones deep enough in the fast flowing water and a motor oil 3" fat grub, one of the Aus-spin variety. We started off again and I went down the large riffle, would not call it a rapid, with Gordon and he decided to fish the left side, which looked extremely fishy so I went right, paddled back up an eddy and on my 2<sup>nd</sup> cast got slammed. The way this fish fought I was sure that it was going to be over 400, landed it and was sure I was right, put my glasses on to be sure. Damn. 386mm. Oh well at least I was on the board. Milton came close and I showed him what I was using. He changed to something similar and pretty soon after he hooked into a 409mm, great stuff, we all had fish at last, no bare bums around the camp fire tonight.



Garnet's 418



Alan's 388



Milton's 409

Pretty soon after I caught my best fish of the trip, surly this fish topped 400, the little buggar almost pulled the rod out of my hands, but not to be, 388 was the most I could stretch it to. Milton followed with another as did I not long after that, neither fish that big to brag about. The strange thing is that Garnet and Murph did not bother the scorer at all in the afternoon. After another hour or so of unproductive casting we decided to head back to camp, after all that's where the beer was. We arrived back to find that some other campers had set up and it seems they took offence to some of our guys sitting around THEIR campfire, a couple of the younger BS members seemed keen to engage in discussions but thankfully things settled down. The Wingham club put on a



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barbie for dinner, they must eat late up there, and we all had a pleasant evening.

Sunday: Us 4 old fellas decided to up camp and move to Knorrit Flat and then fish the Manning around Tiri (pronounced TieRye) Bridge. The water was still pumping through and we went upstream to the second set of rapids where Milton & I went for a walk upstream, too bloody hard to portage here. Nothing doing so we headed back. Not long after Milton got busted up big time, lost his spinnerbait the moment it hit the water. He re-rigged and got another hit again but did not land the fish. Garnet landed another 300+ fish and Murph and I did not register a thing. Murphy decided to be a bit of a dare devil and run the last rapid. He handed over his gear and phone, that's another story, to Garnet and after much ado headed off while us wimps watched on. It was really quite easy with the amount of water, it just looked worse that it was.



What next....The Olympics?

Oh well back to camp, another beer, and fish the Nowendoc. Unfortunately for us there was a group of young blokes just packing up when we arrived in the morning and they had fished the area pretty hard over the weekend. I caught another as did Milton and that was about it for us for the weekend. When we got back to camp the young guns had arrived, they spent the day doing a run from Charity Creek to Killawarra for a total of 18 fish, Dallas scoring the most with 14. All in all it was a good weekend, not great numbers of fish but good company and plenty of fun had by all, looking forward to heading back there in March 2009.

*Alan Izzard*

## **RESULTS**

Thirty five anglers participated, 164 Bass caught, smallest was 120, largest was 480mm, 2 under 200, 15 over 400 and most fish between 250 – 350mm.

## **WILLIAMS RIVER BASS CATCH - NOVEMBER 2008**

Only three Bass Sydney members were able to make the trip to Clarence Town this time around, Garnet Noble, Jim Taylor and myself. However five members returned, more on that later. Garnet & I arrived just after lunch on the Friday and set up camp in the oppressive heat, a storm was forecast for later in the day. Jim arrived a little bit later. As usual we were allocated spaces as far from the amenities block as was possible, a legacy of the noise made during and after the bar-b-q's on Saturday night I guess. The Hunter Native Fish guys arrived in dribs and drabs all afternoon, alas no Harold, he had to cancel due to other commitments. We three decided to have a fish later in the day, around 4.00 pm. There have been many improvements made to the camping ground since I was there last, three pontoons and a half finished boat ramp and plenty of native trees have been planted. Garnet headed directly across river from the launch point and I headed upstream. Jim was a little behind us and followed me upstream once he launched. After about an hour I decided to head back as I was starting to get a head ache, I had caught 6 smallish fish, the biggest was 250mm. Garnet soldiered on and came back in some time later with 11 fish, and Jim also had a couple. Things were looking good for the next day.

At the barbie dinner that night there was much discussion with all parties to find out who was fishing where, many more of the HNF guys had decided to fish from yaks and canoes and were also heading upstream. I had invited a couple of HNBA members along for the trip, Warren and Geoff who we had met at the Parramatta Carp Fishout, and Warren had brought along another two of his mates. After much discussion we decided that Warren, Geoff, Dave and Harley would fish from Dungog down to the ford where we would meet them about 4.00 pm., Garnet and I decided to put in at the ford, fish up to the big pool and then back down to the bridge at Alison. What we did not know was that the level of the river had dropped about two feet over the last couple of days. When Garnet and I got to our launch spot we were gobsmacked at the water level and flow. We carried on with the plan and went upstream, with many more dis-embarkments than usual. At the first spot we had to get out Garnet cast upstream and caught two fish almost immediately while I, using a similar lure caught nothing. We moved on and Garnet landed another two, that was four to zip, time for a lure change. I put a June Bug slider on and had a fish almost immediately, much better. Next stop, about another 20 meters and we cast again, I landed one with my first cast while Garnet snagged up. Rather than go in and put the fish down he decided to let me continue casting, bad move, another four fish fell to the slider. Still moving upstream we fished every small pool and caught fish in all of them, at this stage I don't think we had landed many fish while we were in the yak's, most were caught while afoot. Finally made it to the big pool and again some small fish were landed almost immediately. Garnet moved up the pool while I decided to have one more cast at a snag near the top of the rapid, it dropped short and while I was berating myself, during the retrieve, for such a bad cast the slider stopped suddenly and started heading back to the snag. After a short struggle my best fish of the trip was landed, a 335mm. Pretty soon it was time for a snack and by then I had landed 13 fish.

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After a quick bite to eat we continued further up the pool, fishing every likely spot. It was slow for a while and then all of a sudden we came onto fish again. It took some time to make the head of the pool and it was time to eat again. We moved up into the covered section of the river at the head of the pool for lunch. By now I had 20 fish, a good morning's work. While we were having lunch we decided that because the river was so low here we could fish on foot for a while and that we should also hang around and meet the other four coming downstream, the low flow would slow them considerably and they would never make the 4.00pm arranged time. I think the next 1.5 hours were probably the best I have had Bass fishing. I caught another 19 fish standing in the water casting to small pockets and back eddies.



very shallow,  
usually covered ground



casting to deeper water



here he is...

We met the other four at about 2.30, and to say they were relieved would be a gross understatement. The four gents were extremely happy to see us and admitted later that a certain amount of concern had crept in regarding finding the pick up point. All's well that ends well. We escorted them back fishing all the way until we heard the distant sounds of thunder, when we decided that it was time to get the hell off the water before the storm caught us. We made it back to the crossing where I discovered that one of the other crews had had a slight accident and the driver of the other vehicle was soaking wet, and so was the passenger seat in my car by the time I dropped him off at Dungog to pick up his vehicle. We made it back, loaded the canoes and kayaks on and the storm was still not here yet, how lucky we were. We made it back to camp and noticed that the road was wet and that there were many puddles around the camp ground, apparently we had missed the storm completely while those around Clarence Town got dumped on with about two inch's of rain in 10 minutes, possibly a slight exaggeration here, but it was very wet. I ended up with 40 fish for the day, Garnet 19, mainly because he was behind me most of the time, and the other four had 36 between them. All in all a good haul of mostly two classes of fish, 150-175mm and 210-240mm seemed the most

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common sizes. I do not know of many of the other people's results, just that Les had 54 and Ari 64, they fished from Glen William to the camp and had the stretch to themselves.

Sunday was a bit of a waste of time, a southerly blew up and the fish were just no longer interested, I managed only two Garnet three and I believe Jim got three as well. The other gents did not bother scorer from memory. The other good bit of news I mentioned at the beginning was that two of the visitors were so impressed with the weekend that they joined Bass Sydney on the spot, paid the dues immediately, and that is how five members returned to Sydney on Monday. The seven of us went to the Bowling Club for dinner Sunday night and we all got on really well, maybe the other two will join as well some day.

Alan Izzard

### **NORTHERN EXPOSURE**

November rolled around again which generally means a trip North to fish the legendry rivers of the mid north coast of NSW. Nev and myself headed to Bellbrook followed by a few days at Knorrts flat. Our arrival at Kempsey was heralded by hot sticky weather with an impending storm approaching. We gathered our supplies and headed north into the high country, till we reached the historic town of Bellbrook. The moment we drove into the driveway of the cabins the rain began. We rested up for the evening and attacked the fish the next morning.

We decided to use a new tactic for this trip which was to fish upstream for a few hours than fish back. This was to ensure we could fish as much water as possible. Also as there was only two of us it was the safest and most practical way. It was a warm day with heavy skies & within a few minutes I had the first fish of the trip taken on a newly modified chatter bait that included a weedless hook. I was fishing 10lb crystal Fireline and 12lb fluorocarbon leader. It didn't take Nev long to hook up and he was really starting to make a habit of catching some good fish. We progressed up the river with Nev catching fish consistently, whilst I was still on one. I tied on a surface lure and first cast produced a hit. I moved to another spot and threw my kokoda bat amongst some timber and "Bang" fish. Before I could get another cast in the ominous rumbling of thunder signaled the end of our first session. We pulled up on the bank and took shelter amongst the small river oaks and watched a spectacular storm roll across the plains. After the rain stopped we commenced fishing, however there was a definite change the air. It was now cool and sharp and the warm sticky weather was a distant memory. Conditions resembled that of June not mid November. We returned back to the cabin amongst a light shower. Each day we hit the water at about 8am and absolutely flogged the water. We fired 1000s of casts into likely spots and would tempt fish out with small plastics and light line. We were fortunate that each day we would finish about 4 and the rain would set in a few minutes afterwards.

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To sum up our experiences we faced three days with a terrible low barometer of below 1000. Water temperatures had dropped in some of the pools we fished and also had begun to become infested with weed which produced low oxygen levels. The weather was miserable, yet we caught fish in particular Nev who down sized his gear and managed at least 6-7 a day. I was fishing bigger gear and averaged two fish a day and managed seven on my final day. We tried a night session and struggled. The lesson was, fish hard and just keep casting.

Wednesday we packed and headed south making a pit stop in Port Macquarie, than headed to Knorrts flat where we saw the sun for the first time in four days and this elevated our spirits with lively UHF chatter all the way until we reached camp. We set up camp in my new favourite destination as fast as we could to beat the approaching storm that sounded its intentions with ground shaking thunder. Nevs camper certainly had us sweating and we got it up just in time, I retired to my tent prior to a hail storm commencing that was devastating. We arose after the rain and yet again the warmth had vanished and we were left with the tell tale signs of a low barometer. We fished the pool at Rocks crossing Nev nailed a fish 2<sup>nd</sup> cast and I thought we were going to have a cracker of a day. That was the only fish caught, we did some exploring and unfortunately discovered this was a very small pool.

We returned to camp at 3pm and put our feet up. Nev not one to give up prepared for an evening fish as he was adamant that the twilight period is when we would tangle with some big fish, these turned out to be quite prophetic sediments. I was apprehensive and with yet another storm approaching from the north would have happily drunk beer all afternoon. I decided to have a nap and join Nev on the water later. I tied on a 3/8 oz double jointed jitterbug and began to fish. At this point I would like to mention my fishing style in recent years has been questioned many times. My lure selection is probably a bit left field and goes against more reliable fish takers. Once I can get a few fish on the one lure I tend to change it. I derive much satisfaction in just fishing and as long as I get a couple, I am generally satisfied. This is when I opt to experiment.

After saying that I threw my large surface offering into the nook of a willow tree, upon hitting the water a fish exploded all over it. I did not strike but waited patiently like that of trout sipping a dry fly on a mountain stream. I lifted my 2-4kg baitcaster into a hefty weight and set the hooks. Line peeled effortlessly from my Shimano Chronach baitcaster loaded with 8lb braid and 12lb leader. I was still pretty lackadaisical about the whole thing till I tested my drag and realised it was pretty much locked. Line was disappearing rapidly deeper into the timber and I began cranking hard. I knew I had a decent fish. The fish changed directions and started going under a nearby log. I had one chance to land this fish at this stage I didn't care how big it was I just wanted to land a fish for the day as I had a big fat zero in the morning session. I grabbed the rod with both hands and reefed it, into open water and amazingly the fish followed then it went bananas peeling off line into the depths. I couldn't get its head up and at this stage I knew it was a 400, I began yelling and Nev came over at the same time I got a visual on the fish I continued to yell louder and with perhaps a few more profanities. I initially screamed 500

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with bravado and soon told Nev "Its ok mate its only a 450" I got the fish along side the yak and was amazed it was just huge. I lifted it aboard and was astonished with amount of fish that was in my hands I can't describe the feeling. Nev handed me his ruler and it was 530mm exactly, my hands were shaking so much I dropped his ruler and some how regathered it. It was a great sight to see that big girl swim away. For some time I did not fish as I felt immensely satisfied it was a very pleasing moment fueled with emotion. After a long fruitless trip a big fish emerged against all the odds and on a method of fishing that may have been overlooked. It was very satisfying

Nev fired a long cast and his black bugi pop got belted making an awesome sound. It was a good fish around 350mm. About 30 minutes later I tied on a Heddons tiny torpedo and threw a cast out towards the bank. I twitched it a few times and saw the water slowly break behind my lure. I gave my lure another subtle twitch and right on queue a fish belted it. My threadline reel teamed with 10lb braid and locked drag exploded in my hands. What an awesome feeling to be connected to a big fish on heavy line class and being in the driver's seat. The big gear prevailed and I had a 439mm of angry bass in my hands - after a few pics we let her go.



I decided to leave Nev and headed back to cook dinner. It was a remarkable evening a 500 and a 400 all in the same session and both on the surface.

On our last days fishing we headed to Charity Creek to fish the Manning and we pushed upstream from the bridge. The water was well up and areas that Dallas and I had waded across were now shoulder high. Yet we pushed on up the river walking through the snags doing what we could not to be washed down river again. In these situations height matters as water that was up to Nevs chest was reaching my chin. We didn't really find any long slow waters,

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but pools with a steady flow, so we decided to start fishing. Nev again continued to take fish whilst I could only manage a couple .

Overall we had a very enjoyable holiday and despite the poor weather we enjoyed our time off and still managed to catch enough fish each day to make it worth while. It was a long trip and so keep an eye out in upcoming Battlers for more stories on the Manning. In the next issue check out "Bridge Blitz" a story about the cunningness and guile of Nev who managed to pull fish off bridge pylons at multiple destinations before launching.

Chris Ghosn



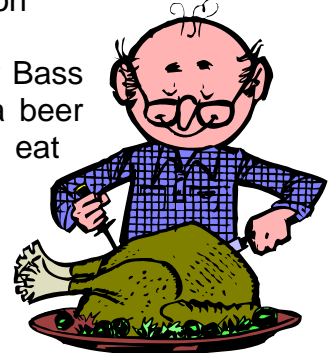
## Christmas Dinner



Guys, don't forget our dinner at the club on

**Tuesday 9 December.**

Please come along for a beer & a feed with your Bass fishing mates. If you can arrive at 7.15pm, grab a beer then we can all order together at 7.30pm and eat together.



### **LANE COVE RIVER BASSCATCH - SATURDAY DECEMBER 13<sup>th</sup>**

Please put this afternoon aside to come down and throw a lure or two to help me get some catch results prior to the fishway modifications due in the New Year. This is important.

The plan is enter through the Lane Cove road gate (not the entry near the weir upstream of Fullers Bridge on Dehli Road).

Proceed to the gate house and tell the collector you are doing Rivercare and have an exemption for the day. This will allow free entry.

Continue on until you see an area called Cotton Woods, drive down and park near the earth ramp.

There will be a sausage sizzle at 3.45pm, so please try and be there before hand.

We will fish until and agreed time, probably dark, but will confirm on the day, so bring a head torch etc.

I will have a key to let us out, so we must all leave in a group. Because of this it is important to return at the agreed time.

Because the club is providing food we need to know numbers upfront, preferably by the Christmas dinner on the 13<sup>th</sup>.

## **A NOTE FROM THE EDITOR**

Well, Christmas is almost here, it's just amazing how quickly this year has passed.

I took over as Editor in April and I can't believe this is already my fourth Battler. I hope you have all enjoyed reading our newsletter.

When I first started as Editor in 1999 Battlers were printed on a photo copier, folded and posted to one and all. In those days the issues went far and wide and it wasn't uncommon to post 60 or more. Big job when the old photocopier kept overheating.

What a difference today, with digital cameras, computers and the internet - everything is done pretty much in an instant.

In addition, it means all members can easily contribute and this has happened during the year for which I am very grateful. I'd like to take this opportunity to thank you all for the great articles and wonderful photos. It certainly makes my job much easier.

Finally to all, may I wish you a very Merry Christmas and a safe and prosperous New Year.

Milton Lazarus.

