

**PATRON: Dr Wayne Erskine PhD**

Contact: [info@basssydney.com](mailto:info@basssydney.com)

## **The Editors Message**

I'm honoured to take over the reins as Editor (in Chief) of our Bronze Battler, from Peter Hatzidimitriou, Peter has performed excellently as editor and from all of us at the club, Peter you have our gratitude, much thanks and appreciation for the last two years for your editorship. We've enjoyed the varied content on Bass, Estuary Perch, Murray Cod and other species, the highs and lows of our Bass angling, the hints and tips freely offered and the views and opinions expressed throughout. We, at Bass Sydney, wish him well and a speedy recovery from his recent shoulder surgery and look forward to see him on the water soon; fishing and paddling one handed no doubt. Peter continues as a committed member, retaining a position on the committee and I hear he's continuing to put his (new) shoulder into it.

Bass Sydney member's submissions for Bronze Battler are encouraged and without them the Battler is a lost cause, all submissions can be emailed to [bronzebattler@yahoo.com](mailto:bronzebattler@yahoo.com) at anytime. In addition I'll circulate a request for submissions a month and a fortnight in advance of publication. All submissions will be gratefully received; I'll take photos, words, a paragraph or two, an opinion piece, observations, hints, tips and deeply held secrets. They can be small, medium or large; the Bronze Battler is a one size fits all and doesn't discriminate between the good, bad & downright ugly, truth or fiction & exaggerations; and welcomes gleefully any 'revenge' pieces. Also Bass fishing themed articles are most welcome.

*Tight lines and surfaces smashes.*

Damian Balfour

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After this year's AGM, the following positions are held by:

Committee:

President: Alan Izzard.

Vice President: Matt McHugh.

Immediate Past President: Ashley Tham.

Secretary: Milton Lazarus.

Treasurer: John Stokes.

General Committee members: Andre Dukino, Damian Balfour, Derek Sonter.

Roles:

Bass Catch & Points Score Officer: Rico van de Kerkhof.

Editor: Damian Balfour.

Lane Cove National Park Liaison Officer: Daniel Flood.

Parramatta River Projects Officer: Vacant, interested members please?

Project Officer: Alan Izzard.

Social & Events Officer: This function will be run through the committee.

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<b>BASS SYDNEY CALENDAR 2015</b>		
<i>Emu Plains Working Bees are normally the first Saturday of the month</i>		
<i>June</i>	9	<b>GENERAL MEETING</b>
	21	LCR Salt - Burn's Bay
<i>July</i>	19	Church Point Luderick
<i>August</i>	8	Manly Dam Redfin
	11	<b>GENERAL MEETING</b>
<i>September</i>	19	<b>Marramarra Creek</b>
<i>October</i>	13	<b>GENERAL MEETING</b>
	17/18	<b>H/NEPEAN BASS CATCH</b>
<i>November</i>	14	<b>LANE COVE RIVER</b>
	21/22	Williams River Bass Catch
<i>December</i>	8	<b>CHRISTMAS DINNER</b>
	12/13	<b>Parra River Bass Catch</b>
<b>BASS SYDNEY CALENDAR 2016</b>		
<i>January</i>	9	Russell St Open Day
<i>February</i>	9	<b>GENERAL MEETING</b>
	20/21	<b>H/NEPEAN BASS CATCH</b>
<i>March</i>	19/20	Williams River Bass Catch
	26	<b>Simmo's Beach George's River</b>
<i>April</i>	12	<b>ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING</b>
<b>* EVENTS IN BOLD ARE POINT SCORE EVENTS *</b>		

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## Presidents Report June 2015

Well, here we are again, and this is my first report as President this time around. The committee you have elected seems to me to be a very good one and I hope that we can continue to move the club forward. You all should have received an email from Matt McHugh containing the program for the next years events. If you have not received it please let Matt know so he can re-send it to you. You will notice that we have added several events through the winter months, mostly salt water, so it will be a good chance for some of you dedicated fresh water specialists to get out there and try something new. The club reached a major milestone recently when we clocked up over 1000 hours at our Russell St. regen site. We even received a cake from the Fish Habitat Network and shared it around at our first new event of the year at the Bushells Lagoon Carp fishing day. I'm looking forward to seeing as many of you, attending as many events as possible. The next event is at Burns Bay which is pretty much near the head of the Lane Cove River. Garnet and I often fished there and it is an easy launch for yaks and boats and has a great little park for the Bar-B-Q.

*Fish often, fish well.*

Alan Izzard.

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A few words from new member Doug Chang:

Doug Chang. As a former banker turned property renovator I've got a lot more time on my hands now to resume a lifelong interest in fishing. I'm keen to try different styles of lure fishing and Luderick fishing. Over the last year I've really enjoyed the challenge of researching different lure styles and experiencing the occasional success. It seemed very difficult to start off on lures but I'm pleased with the steady albeit slow progress so far and the sense of satisfaction it brings. I'm also trying my hand at fly fishing. I'm starting to realise a definite preference for estuary / river and freshwater fishing - as I do also enjoy the bush surroundings. I gotten myself a kayak or two for these conditions and being a Chatswood local I am starting to explore the Lane Cove River and middle harbour for different species.

Bass fishing, on either lure or fly, looks appealing and I've managed to already snare a few smallish bass on jigspins locally. I really look forward to being a member of the BassSydney club and meeting some like minded fishos to develop my skills and participate in the various activities. Hopefully I can also get my two tween age kids along for some fun too.

Doug Chang.

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## **Tham and Derek's Fishing Adventure to Coombadjha**

I have never really written a story like this before; I have written many reports so before you read, forgive my amateur writing skills.

After many months of planning and many emails to and fro it was time to get ready and pack. I was really looking forward to this; having missed out on a trip to the Macleay and to Tallowa Dam maybe

it was third time lucky. Before I go on I have some funny luck and some frustrating luck so this trip was to be the same.

So it's Sunday night at around 8.30, having txt Tham a couple of times due to weather conditions and the river rising, we decided to go. As I was going to leave early and my driveway is like Pitt Street in the morning, I decided to move the cars around, yep after moving and packing car, somehow my battery had completely died. So racing around at multiple servo's I managed to get the right one and we are good to go.

I needed to get up early and I did, and off I went at around ¼ past 5. Half way along the Putty Rd., coming around a bend a Kangaroo had decided to sit in my lane, now it's raining and still dark... so I managed to slow and it moved to the other side of the road and watched me go past. Okay, a few deep breaths and no more problems, I managed to get Tham's txt around Broke that he was also on the road also. No more problems and Tham and I met at Armidale airport where we had a quick break and we were off. We made really good time, however we stopped and Tham said we had about 3 hours to go? His GPS by the way was in a Ford, and I laughed as it was covered in WSW stickers (My team). By my reckoning was about 1 hour, but we got stuck behind some nice cattle trucks. After some cross country driving and a lot of cow shit underneath and up under the guards we arrived.

Having been introduced to Graeme "The Cod" Bowes we were shown our camp site, not the one we were going to have but a good one. So we unpacked and put our tents up and enjoyed the view and a beer.



Looking towards Gorge

Night came and Graham M (the property owner) came down, with Graeme "The Cod" and went thru what we were going to do, and plan our week. It was decided to do the big trip tomorrow all the way from Hanging Rock Road

Bridge road to our camp site a total of 17km. I decided to have another beer with our guests and Tham decided to try his luck, just down from where we camped. Our guests decided to go, and Tham yelled 390 how good is this going to be. Having not experienced this type of river fishing I was eagerly anticipating tomorrow.

Tham put your shirt back on





We woke up early and left, having put our yaks on my old trusty Subaru, which luckily had AWD otherwise it, would have been a battle getting out on the damp grass. We met up with the "Cod"



and on our way, but  $\frac{3}{4}$  of the way to the launch site I said to Tham what the hell is that noise, a quick look in mirrors nothing, but wholly crap Tham yelled and little bit more colourful language. Having got a bit behind and decided to run a few cattle grids, it unhooked the straps and Thams yak was basically 90 degrees to the vehicle and side swiping the grass verge.

We arrived about  $\frac{1}{4}$  to 7, which by my reckoning was a bit late!!! We launched and a bit of the way down the Mann,

we come to our first set of rapids. Graham said I'll go first and show you the way to go, yep I thought that was a good idea only to see him roll over and have a swim. Now, I am thinking this is the first 100m and with my luck? And I now understand why we started when we did. Having not fished in this type of river I brought to many lures and not the right lures I found out later, but in our first pool I was able to cast first, BOOF as the lure landed, how good is this first cast. Next cast BOOF again and I am on, after about 30 sec's nothing. I was totally pumped, nothing happened in this pool, so next rapid, a bit steeper but all good. First cast I am on again, but it took off into the weeds and that was it. So it was Cod time now and put on this mega Spinner Bait, many casts but alas. However Tham and Graham came up trumps in the first hour or so.



Graeme got a a nice 71cm and a beauty at 85cm (his



biggest cod of the season!) and Tham's PB Eastern Cod at 55cm.



The day came and went for me, Tham ended up with 2 nice bass 42cm and 38/39cm and 2 more Cod. I did get 2 surface hits late in the afternoon but that was a donut for me.

Day 2.

After the rather long day previous it was decided to paddle down to the Junction of the Mann and the Clarence about 20 mins of paddling. We hit the water around 8.00am so we were a bit a slow getting going, we got half way down and the wind decided to blow. Well did it blow it basically took us upstream in quite a fast flowing current. After battling for an hour it was decided to paddle back up stream and go up Coombadjha Ck. It did not take too long and we were in calm waters again, but it looked favorable. After about 300m the creek got shallow and we decided to get out and do a bit of bush bashing on the edges of the creek. I managed to get a surface hit after a lot of casts and even Tham taking a swim to fetch a lure on the other side of the creek. We ventured further up the creek but nothing more, we headed back. Once more back out on the Mann we poked around the shores and snags but nothing was doing, and the wind was still up. We decided to call it quits and wait for the evening. Now after a couple beers and small talk time and Graeme came down and we decided to go to the Gorge tomorrow before too long it was getting dark. I bought this huge Heddon Dying Flutter fizzer which was about 150mm long and Tham said lets go and try it, so off we went. As I said previously I really didn't take the right rods so casting off the bank with my rods was not that



feasible. So Tham lent me one of his rods, and yet again I was using the fizzer wrong, so he showed me how and he had a surface hit. So he handed it back, after a number of casts and now starting to get bitten by bugs I was ready to give up. However, I thought to give it one more go and sure enough I was on, about 2 metres away from some weed which the Bass went straight into and stayed there. Now it was getting dark and I was getting bitten, I was gaining line slowly, that's when Tham decided to grab the yak which wasn't far away, and I had already ventured into water and it was over my hips. He managed to get into his yak paddled over, by then it was nearly out and he managed a quick lift of the line and it was free, and I landed it. It wasn't too big but at approx. 360 it was close to my PB. A quick photo and it was put back in the water. I was chuffed and had enough of insects and it was starting to rain, at least I didn't get another donut, Tham

went out and landed another Bass a little bit smaller than mine.



### Day 3

Woke up to an overcast and foggy day, I quick cup and a bite to eat we loaded up and headed down to the Gorge. It was a ¾ of an hour paddle down from our camp site so we did not mess around with stopping and fishing any likely spots, that was left till we came home. We made our way to the left side so to miss the rapids, and tie our yaks off in a small offshoot. Having transferred our gear to back packs and put some sturdy shoes on we started our hike down into the Gorge. It was about a 15 minute walk to our first spot, having being totally unprepared, Graeme gave me his rod, he told me where to cast and lo & behold it was spot on, the Bass took the lure without me winding and it free spooled a while, now I was grabbing trying to find the handle and it finally dawned on me right



hand wind not left.... DOH! Well it got into the current and bit by bit it came up and it was landed, it was definitely over the 400 and I was beside myself, Tham got out a measuring tape out and it was around the 430, it didn't bother me in the least if it was bit bigger or smaller, I caught what I was after my PB and over 400.

pool so off we went.

Tham, Graham and I trotted off to the next pool; they were explaining that these fish are quite spooked due to fish being caught and activity around the

The next pool was rather tight to get into, and I changed over to my rod and put large chatterbait on, and I was on again. After a tussle I landed another healthy Bass around the 370 mark, by this time was very contented to say the least. Tham also caught a decent one in the next pool over as well.

We ventured onto another pool which also allowed me to cast over the main flow into another pool,



I selected to cast close and Tham got high up to reach the other pool. I had a Bass dart out from underneath a log only to turn away at the last moment. But, it was Tham making all the noise, yep a beautiful fish and a PB as well at 470 AND it was on a big buzzbait.

By this time it was starting to get late in the morning, Tham managed another Graeme caught another in a small pool from underneath the froth of the river.

We stopped for a bite to eat and Graeme was telling us that we got a his biggest out of this pool when it was in flood, a 580 if I heard right. Now that would be a sight to behold!

The sun came up and it was starting to heat up, so we decided to make our way back. I was very happy. Now some people might say I didn't catch much but believe me, I was. We stopped off and had a swim in one of the pools and it was nice to have a cool off as it was getting warm, and was not looking forward to the paddle back up stream.

We paddled up and fished where we could, I decided to go straight back and Graham did too; I was trolling all the way and did not pick up anything. Tham decided to try his luck and stayed out for another couple of hours.

Tham and I spent our last night talking and having a couple of beers and listening to Australia beating I think India in the Cricket. It was a great week, which I would have liked to stay longer, I did not catch much but having fished a lot and not catch anything for weeks and land a decent one after this time, I was content to say the least. I will be back and try and catch one of those Eastern Cods, but probably better prepared with rods and few more appropriate lures.

I have to thank Tham for organising this trip and it was well worth it, especially getting a PB and really only fishing for Bass in the last 3 years. He was taught me a lot about this elusive fish and also other members of the club as well.

**Derek Sonter**

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### **BASS FISHING WEST KUNDERANG**

After two or three attempts over 18 months Alan & I finally made the big trip to fish the very top end of the Macleay at West Kunderang Recreational Retreat. This is a wonderful place with beautiful views, very good secluded camp sites, each having an individual toilet, camp table with bench seats, camp sink and a great open fire cooking set up. There is tank water for drinking once boiled, but no showers. We used a bucket of river water to wash and freshen up well away from the water's edge. Luckily there was only one other couple camping so no problem stripping off, but during peak times it could be tricky.





You can't access the Macleay any further up than here and the trip took us 11 hours from Alan's place. We travelled up the Bucketts Way for a coffee stop in Gloucester, then Thunderbolts Way to Armidale for food shopping and lunch then the Grafton road to Wollomombi. Turned right onto the Kempsey road to stop at Biston Park, a cattle property where we paid the balance of the money owing (\$100 deposit required when booking) then received a welcome pack, briefing and a gate key before a 12k drive down to a forest road turn off. We met a couple of guys here that were just leaving and asked them about the fishing, they told us that they managed only 3 Bass and that the water was very clear. They normally fish impoundments so we sort of figured that as river fishos we might do better. The single lane dirt road winds through tall timber and lovely rain forest undergrowth for 44k then you reach the top of the escarpment.



At this point apart from taking in the spectacular view to the valleys below, the Macleay is down there somewhere, you unlock the gate then proceed down the last 6k single lane steep narrow track which required low range first.

Eventually it winds down to the river. So a four wheel drive is essential for this final part of the journey.

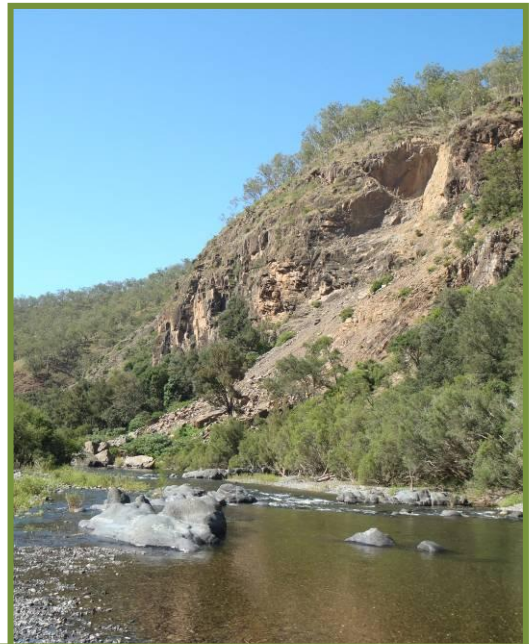
We set up camp and resisted the challenge to grab some gear and go for a twilight fish after such a long trip.

Tuesday packed lunch and headed upstream looking for a deep pool that holds good sized Bass, we had been told. After a long hot paddle with lots of dragging we retired for a break and lunch. The water up here is unbelievably clear and the amount of fish that could be seen was amazing, from very large Eels, Mullet, Catfish and enormous schools of Herring, and with little shady deep water we fished all day to produce two Bass, hmmmm, the words of the other 2 started to worry us a bit. Rather than press on we decided to pull the pin and returned to camp.





Wednesday was downstream day and just below camp around the first bend was a lovely long deep pool that had potential. We drifted down and whilst I had a couple of speculators on a surface lure nothing else happened while Al, as usual, flogged the place with the mini-chatterbait with no result. We fished and drifted down river to a spectacular landside. You have to see it to appreciate the height and size, but it was amazing. Looking further downstream it appeared to be rapids and shallow pools so we decided to return to camp for lunch rather than continue on and face half a day paddling against the current and dragging our kayaks around rapids and rocks. As we sat and enjoyed lunch Mr Big Lizard paid us a visit, actually he had helped himself to our garbage on Tuesday even though it was up on the table and tied tightly. The wind picked up, clouds began forming and the temperature dropped so we decided to light the fire, relax and enjoy happy hour. Nothing like some good blue cheese, dips, nuts and a bottle of red to get you head in the right space ready to catch a Bass.



Thursday we got up very early and fished the pool below camp again this time before first light, results zilch so back to camp for breakfast and a rethink. We sort of ran out of ideas so after lunch we waded and fished the edges with fly for Herring just below camp. There were hundreds of these little guys hanging in the shade and Alan was the guru managing four and whilst I was having regular hits I lucked out again. Late afternoon we drifted downstream again and fished the long deep pool with lure and fly until after dark. I was just itching to catch a Bass on my new six foot six four





weight rod, but alas nothing. I did manage two fish up to 325 on a Taylormade Basscada so back to camp for dinner and a red or two.

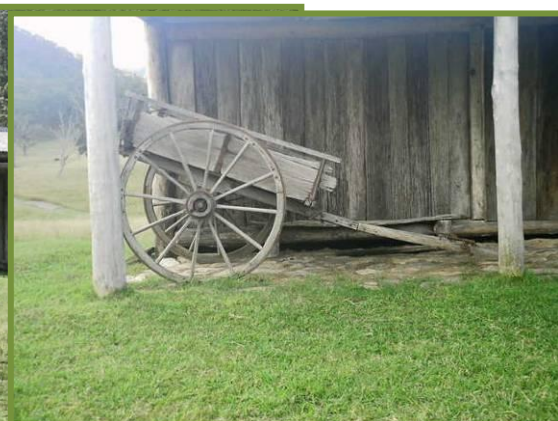


We packed



up on Friday morning and discussed the outcome on our way home. In review West Kunderang is a beautiful place with spectacular scenery, the campsites are great with everything you need to chill out and relax. Our camp site was Called "Lone Tree", and it is a White Cedar and was absolutely crawling with hairy caterpillars, we were still getting rid of them after we got home, lil bastards. Cindy McRae the owner is a lovely

lady, well organised and very thorough with her briefing and welcome pack we received on arrival. This is just the place if you want to walk, maybe do some a little basic four wheel driving, swimming and of course fishing. I think the river height and water clarity was against us and we may have missed fish not being on the water every night after dark. Maybe the fish were just off the chew a bit too. As we know the first trip to a new location is always a learning curve so next time I'm sure with different conditions and approach we may catch more fish. We managed four Bass and four Herring for the trip, not good but better than painting or building fences. Also we know that there had been at least 6 other guys fishing the area just before we got there so that MAY have had some bearing on our results.



Old slab hut and wagon of past times on the hill behind our camp site.

All in all we enjoyed ourselves, the country, the views and isolation. If you need ice that means a drive to Armidale which is a 200k 4 hour round trip so it pays to be prepared as generators are not permitted, just take a really good esky.

For more information go to [www.westkunderang.com.au](http://www.westkunderang.com.au)

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### **The Winter Blues – Pete Hatzi – 1/6/15**

Yak fishing seems like an age old past time for me, it's been 6 weeks since my shoulder surgery and I'm happy to say the shoulder is on the mend and I've been passing the time doing a little land based saltwater spinning. I'm fortunate enough to live very close to an awesome variety of saltwater options. My goal this winter is to catch my first Mulloway, more commonly known as a Jewfish, Jewie and amongst its dedicated anglers as the Silver Ghost! I feel like it's the next thing I need to tick off my bucket list. Apart from a few very small soapies caught in Newcastle Harbour as a child, I have never in my adult life landed a Jewfish. Having lived in a city renowned for decent jewfish in its harbour and currently another, I plan on taking full advantage. The colder weather has also brought in plenty of tailor and schools of Salmon, which are always tonnes of fun and great practice for when you tackle those bigger fish like Kings and Jewies. They give you the opportunity to test your gear and set your drags which become crucial when those other pelagics are hooked, add in the arial acrobatics and willingness to take surface presentations and you've got yourself one fun fish! I plan to do plenty of mid-week land based missions and start getting back into the kayak for some shorter sessions to see how the shoulder feels. Here's a couple of pics from some recent catches. Was an awesome feeling to hear that drag screaming and rod bent over!

- Pete



*180mm long lure, making that salmon look smaller than it is!*



*This tailor fell victim to a 140mm jointed wakebait*

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## Vietnam

As this edition comes together I'm writing in a little known province of Tra Vinh (S. Viet Nam) with my sweaty fingers slipping off the keys as I type in humid 36°C and the electricity in the area has been out since six thirty. It's now mid afternoon and the promise of hotter & humid weather is assured. With no respite in site I thought I'd reflect on my most recent angling experience; trying my hand at fishing here, a mere three hours drive from Ho Chi Minh (Saigon) city. I'm well off the tourist path here in Tra Vinh and relying solely on my good wife to translate for me as I acquaint myself with the in-laws, she apparently thought it a great idea to send me off, pillion style, on a scooter for a fishing trip one evening. Without much notice & to make the most of it, I salvaged last night's dinner remnants; mainly big prawn heads as well as leftover catfish frames, pork scraps & skin, & chicken bones picked clean. All to be utilised as berley & possibly bait; as I only had packed a few lures and soft plastics. When I arrived at the riverbank it was on a huge part of the river and at a manmade concrete gated dam with ten metal gates called 'Ten Gates' (Mười cửa). These gates allow all manner of shipping through, some of which were huge vessels for a river. My uncle, who'd scootered me there at speed whilst dodging road dogs, oncoming 4WD, trucks and buses, sat down opened a beer and commenced to smoke for the next two hours. Unbeknownst to me, my other in-laws numbering six arrived in scooter convoy, sat down, commenced smoking, some drinking, all hee-hawing laughing and generally louting around amusing themselves. Those resident anglers who were fishing peacefully, quietly retreated into themselves and gradually slipped away, until it was I and I alone, who was fishing and the rest of 'us' laughing, smoking and drinking. Where's the Asian rap or techno music I frowned?

Cigarette butts flicked into the water, beer cans drained empty and crushed then kicked around, plastic bag containing my prized prawn berley casually discarded when half emptied. The place was becoming a mess. With minimum bait at my disposal and the local anglers departed I was clueless as to where to start. Examining my small collection of lures I'd hastily packed before flying out of Sydney, I thought I'd aim big and tied on a surface popper, Arbogast Pradco Hardbait 'Hula Popper', its weighty enough to cast long distances and popper'd well on retrieval, despite the flow of ships and the turbulent riverflow coming from the damn gates the surface was surprisingly ripple free and smooth enough to get the desired popper action. After several casts, anticipation waning, and my backing band growing louder and more obnoxious I thought it best to get the youngish kid, who was with us, involved. He was about 14 years old and I gave him a short demonstration in how to cast and retrieve the popper in my best English and he nodded and politely smiled in his best Vietnamese I'm sure. Somehow he got the gist and was soon casting wildly, the 'aiming' aspect of casting appeared to have gotten lost in translation, thus his casting proved an endless source of humour for the rest of 'us' (despite desperately wanting to, at no stage could I distance myself from the 'us', to any passerby it would appear, we're all loutishly drinking, smoking, laughing and sneering inconsiderately at the slightest thing). I urgently set up the second rod and fished a 'vibe blade' while keeping my head down and dodging flying poppers. Without getting a hint of a touch on the blade, I opted for a soft plastic with weighted jighead and anticipated snagging, but fortunately the bottom felt clear and I made many fruitless casts. My angling student, of questionable attitude, took it upon himself to attach a mushy prawn head to the rear treble of the popper and fished it popper surface style, after a few

more casts and the prawn debris flying off the hook with each cast, he seemed keen to try bait, off came the popper (before someone loses an eye) and on I tied a barrel weight and size 2/0 hook, basic ledgering, no fuss, and attached was more cooked prawn head, a bit of pork skin gristle and lobbed out it went. Despite his attitude he was showing great aptitude and if left alone would probably have gotten something out of the fishing. I propped the 'bait rod' against the scooter seat shortly after his enthusiasm had waned, loosened the drag and hoped for a bite. I on the other hand, needed to escape the mayhem that was growing around me, I ditched the soft plastic and vibe blade option and placed my faith solely on the surface popper; so I wandered further along the concrete bank, heading downstream past floating foliage; towards a bushy leafy tree hanging low over the river, its branches protruding five yards or so out over the water. I'd already tried casting and drawing the popper across some floating flora flotsam, hoping for a lurker. The overhanging tree seemed a better bet and offered the prospects of a resident lurker I hoped. And as I headed towards it, keen to get the popper magically working as close to the hanging foliage as possible, a local lass, easily in her fifties, made her way through a hole in the fence carrying a plastic basin with clothes piled high, she then bare-footedly made her way under the tree, squatted at the river's edge and proceeded to wash the pile of clothes. Undeterred at this intrusion into my fishing space I cast away, about twenty or so casts later and without a surface smash, solid hit or a sideswiping tail slap, I retreated back to the waiting posse. I was quite relieved to see that the sun was sinking low and was but a flicker above the low tree line. Time to pack, pillion up and head back.

Insects pinging off my face, sticking to my teeth, hitting my throat, blocking my nostrils or trying to blind me, we flew along at 90kms with a loosely tied helmet my only protection, holding my breath, clenching my nostrils, mouth pinched and eyes screwed to a slit I braved the insect onslaught, with a 'tyre-fitters' grip I held on with one hand to the rear bar and clutching my rod tube with my other hand; we dodged, weaved and tooted at all manner of road users, some heading in the same direction, some crossing us, some heading for us and with the last of the daylight now truly gone, only some had working headlights. It made for an exhilarating finish to a fishing trip that could be summed up with the thought – the difference between outlaws and in-laws is that outlaws are wanted (when it involves angling).



Damian Balfour (Editor)

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## Monthly Fishing Cartoon



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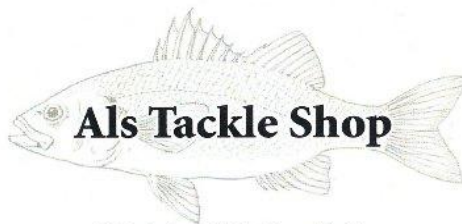


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