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## President's Message

Hi all,

Hope you all have been out for a first bass session now that the season is open again.

I haven't had a chance to go out yet. Still got the same goal as last year, crack the 400 mark. I came close last year with a 390fl(400tl)

This month is our Bass Catch again. Hope to see a few faces out there and catch up with a cold one around the campfire after a day's fishing.

The link is live, so please register if you haven't done already.

<http://www.basssydney.com/index.php/bass-catch>

October is also the month of the Gone Fishing Day. This will be held on Sunday the 14th of October. If you would like to help us out on the day, please contact Alan Izzard.

There will be prizes to give away, grab bags, sausage sizzle, planting of natives along the river. So, come along and bring the whole family.

Hope to see you at one of the two events in October, or both!

Rico van de Kerkhof  
President of Bass Sydney





## **WIRONG FLAT BUSH REGEN & AUGUST FISHING OUTING**

The mornings task was to cut, poison and stack part of an Arundo infestation near the banks of the Lane Cove river downstream from the weir. Arundo is a highly invasive bamboo like cane and a native of the Mediterranean Basin and parts of Asia. Unfortunately, a cluster has developed here and the LCNP Rangers are keen to have it removed. Whilst we made a dent in it there's more to be done.



We met Ranger Anna on site at 8am, it was a very cold and wintry morning with a light shower or two. Due to a cold I stayed in bed and arrived somewhat later to add some moral support to the guys on the tools then to show my true skills and cook them a BBQ lunch. Seven of us turned up and considering the conditions it was a good result. Great to see Damian and Grace come all the way from Bomaderry to join us again and Jason from Kurnell.

Our work consisted of cutting the stems with loppers then quickly applying Round Up around the tubular part left within 20 seconds

otherwise the steam reseals itself and will grow again. Easy to cut, so apart from being on your knees the work wasn't too hard.

It was nice to see our Treasurer Doug - he popped in for a chat, chauffeured by two of his old school mates. Doug was unfortunately involved in a major car accident on the M1 south bound late in July and is in recovery mode with fractures and broken ribs etc. He is a very lucky boy and it will be some time before he is back paddling his kayak and casting a soft plastic or two.



After we finished work Matt drew the lucky door prize for those attending and it was Jason who won a very nice rod and reel combo compliments of Diawa. Our thanks to Diawa for their continued support in recognising our bush regeneration efforts.

We relocated back down to Wirrong Flat just adjacent to the kayak ramp to cook lunch, chat and get



ready to cast a lure or two. Sadly, the cold south westerly wind made fishing very unpleasant and only four ventured out, Jason, Nathan, Rico & Damian - or should I say, five as Grace went with daddy in his kayak too. Jason launched his boat at Burns Bay then tootled all the way up and tied his boat to a mangrove tree nearby.

Jason managed two Bream to 30cm, but the wind made it very unpleasant. Rico did a little better with one Bream, one Flathead and a Tailor, all legal size and Nathan one Flathead whereas Damian and Grace lucked out.

Thanks to all who made the effort and brave the cold and windy conditions to pitch in a do a bit and help our friends from Lane Cove National Park and thanks to Matt for organizing the day.



Doug & friends inspecting Rico's kayak

Jason cooking whilst I'm supervising

Milton Lazarus



## **FISHWAY CLEANING**

Matt checked the fishway at the weir in Lane Cove National park on Friday August 24, finding it clogged with logs and rubbish making fish passage impossible so it was all hands-on-deck to clean the blockage away.

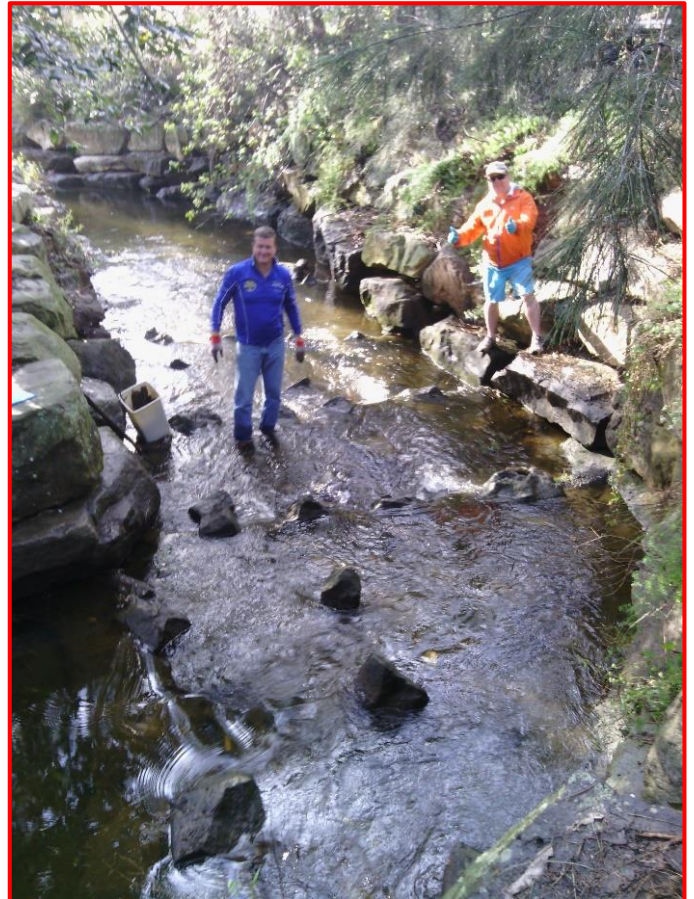
Matt, Brian, Damian and myself pitched in early the following morning and lifted logs, stumps, branches, sticks and rubbish out, removed three dead Mullet and sadly one dead Bass about 25cms. The smell was overpowering, but after an hour or so the flow was back to normal and the predicted rain over the following days should give it a good flush. Sorry, no before photos, only when we have almost finished.

Some of the logs and stumps took three to lift out with me supervising as usual. Mick the head ranger dropped by and was pleased that we cleaned the blockage promptly and saved his guys a job.



After, we had a robust discussion on the proposed State Government Sydney Harbour and Coastal Surrounds Marine Park, trying to reason why it has been proposed and the ramifications for fishing tour operators and the general public.

Just a week to go to the season opening and by the time you read this many of you may have already had a Bass Session or two. Good luck and tight lines.



Cheers, Milt



## THE KARUAH WEEKEND

There were only four members attending the much anticipated first Bass fish of the season. Alan, Brian, Steve & myself. We all arrived on Friday after the customary stop at the Heatherbrae Pie Shop for a coffee, then set up camp by lunchtime. Finally, it was time to flick a lure and fly or two and see if the Bass were on the chew. Alan landed a mid-300 fish on his third cast so everyone was pretty excited by that, but alas this was the only fish landed that afternoon. Typical early season stuff I guess. Even my trusty 1/16" oz Z-Man Chatter bait failed to produce. Steve fished fly and Brain and I tried everything, but to no avail.

This year we camped in a different spot as Keith was expecting a big crowd due to the Stroud Rodeo over the weekend. For those familiar with the place we turned right after coming down the hill and



drove right up the end. It's very secluded and conveniently, there's a nice launching spot there although not much flat ground. Alan organized the traditional load of firewood so we were all set.



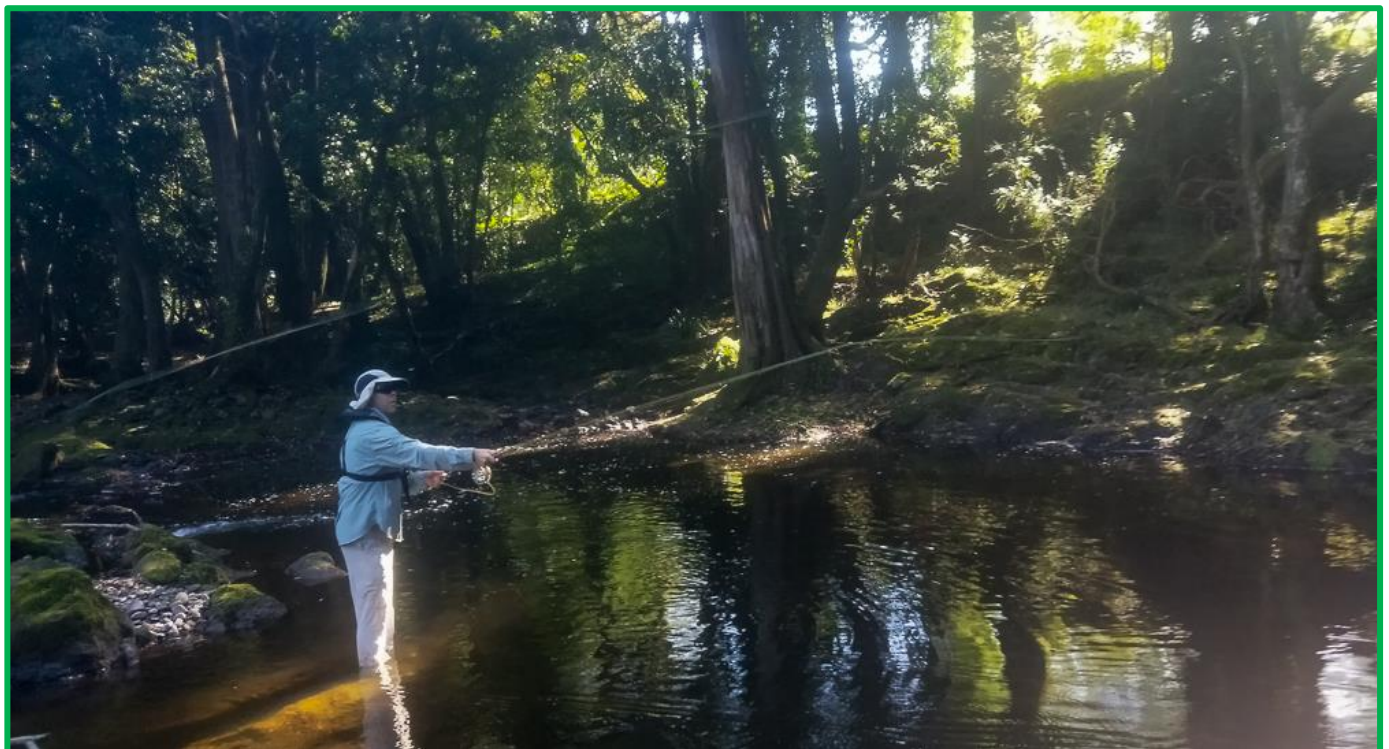
Hot showers first, then happy hour followed under the gazebo with chips, dips and a few beers and of course a few glasses of red with dinner. Afterwards the Bass Sydney Port Appreciation Club convened for a tasting session from a very nice bottle of port kindly supplied by Brian.



Saturday's plan was to fish downstream as far as practical and with low water there was a lot of getting out, in and dragging of kayaks.



Alan and I decided a return to camp for lunch was a much easier option, however Brian and Steve continued on looking for the better pool further down and that pool did produce three lovely fish. Two for Steve, a 375 and a 335 whilst Brian managed a 335. Interestingly Steve's two fish were very light in colour whereas Brian's very dark indicating Steve's two fish had travelled down to the brackish to breed.



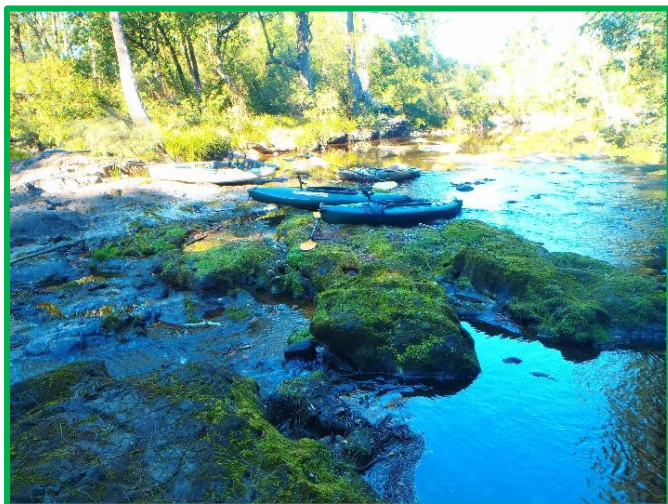
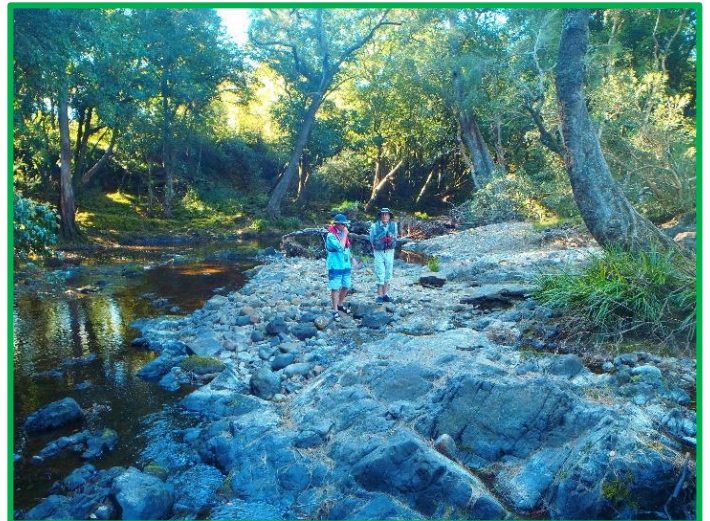
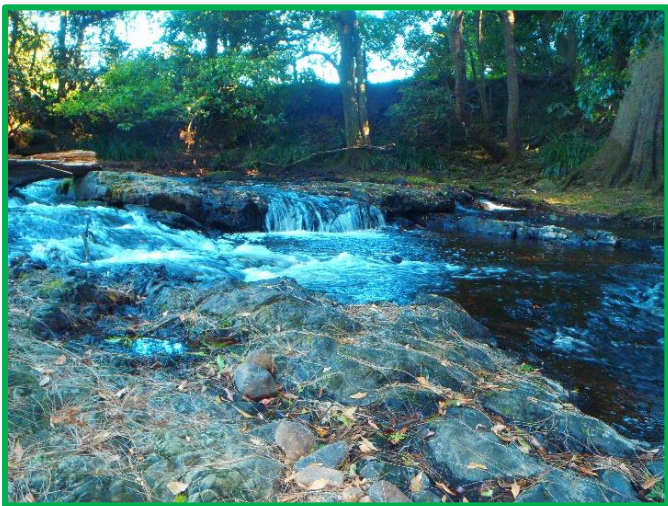
Steve in motion casting a fly downstream



After lunch Alan & I drove up to our usual camping spot then bush bashed upstream on foot to fish the pool above, but to no avail as it's difficult without a kayak. The afternoon was passed by talking about future Bass trips to other locations whilst Steve persisted most of the day as he had to head home later that afternoon.



As you can see in the photos above, this is a very pretty river with long pools separated by rapids tumbling over granite bedrock. It does mean considerable effort is required to fish it, but I think that's the challenge of the river Bass fishermen and as we know catching Bass on most occasions never comes easy.

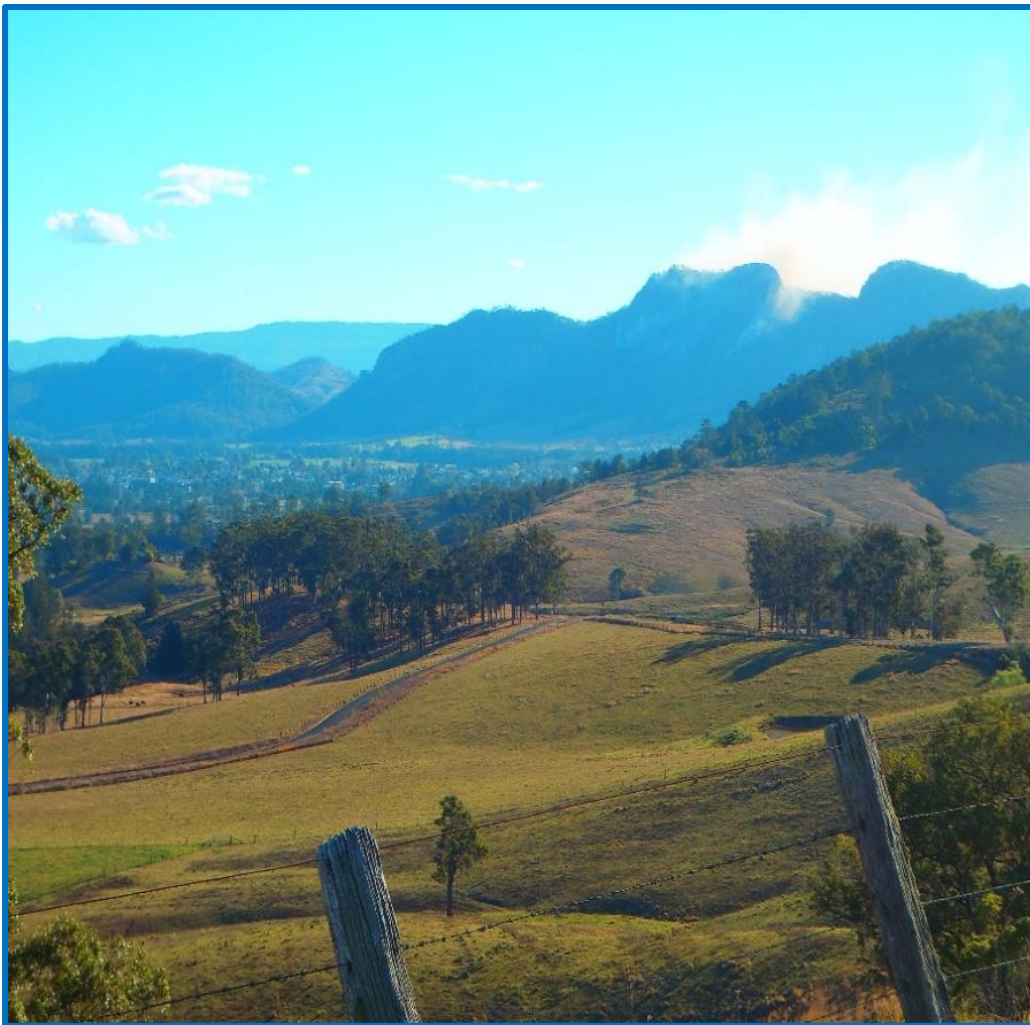




Saturday night we lit the fire and enjoyed a few after dinner ports and reminisced about great Bass trips of the past. It was a hot day, so as forecast the southerly change hit with a vengeance about midnight and the temperature dropped dramatically.

Sunday morning after a leisurely breakfast Brian packed up his camper and headed home. Alan & I decided it was a no - fishing day due to the cold wind so headed off to explore some future Bass locations. We stopped for a coffee at Gloucester then tried to check out the Gloucester River not far from town, but the gate on the public access road in through private property was locked. Interestingly there was a note folded up and tucked in the chain on the gate saying: "Jim, if you continue to lock this gate on a public access road we will cut the chain". We then took the narrow winding road over the mountains to Bundook and stopped to look at possible launching and retrieving spots along the way. This is the most picturesque drive through very steep grassed mountains and great care is needed as there's no safety railing.

We called in for a chat with Christina & Oliver who own Cundle Flat Farm up the top end on the Manning - a great spot to camp, but the river is pretty skinny and whilst I've camped here twice and landed a few Bass it's probably not worth the effort. Into Wingham for a late lunch then to avoid the arduous drive back across the Bundook range we crossed the high Killawarra bridge and returned to Gloucester via the Taree to Gloucester road. Arrived back at camp after a short drive of 280k. Whew, I'd had enough to be honest.



The photo on the left is Gloucester from the lookout with a bush fire in the Barrington's.

Sunday night Alan & I enjoyed a big roaring fire after dinner with a port or two, dark chocolate and hot tea as it was very cold. I woke up in the early hours for the customary twinkle and noticed the temperature had dropped more. Monday morning was freezing - I'd say 3 or 4 degrees so after breakfast we packed up, paid Keith and bid farewell.

I called into to see Les from Hunter Native Fish near Maitland on the way home for a long overdue catch up over lunch and finally arrived home about 5-30pm after spending forever

on Pennant Hills Road due to the customary peak hour broken down truck.

So, a great weekend, good food, wine and company, but a few more fish would have made it even better. We will return in the summer if the area receives some rain and there's a rise in the level.

Cheers, Milton.



## **BENTS BASIN & BEYOND**

Six and a half Bass Sydney members arrived to meet Ranger Toni at the entrance to Bents Basin on the 22 September for a morning of olive tree removal. Damian & his lovely wee daughter Grace, Jason, Matt, Myself, Rico & Steve all appeared bright eyed and bushy tailed by 8-30am. A record for Damian, well done.

We relocated to the same area as last year to continue and chip away at the population of African Olive seedlings, shrubs and trees. African Olive is a dense crowned shrub or tree which arrived in Australia early in the 19 century and was used widely as a hedging plant. Unfortunately, it is now well established on the Cumberland Plain in Western Sydney and is considered a significant environmental weed. The trees produce small edible purple and black olives which are readily consumed and distributed by native and introduced birds. Seedlings establish as halos around large perch trees. It is a highly persistent and long-lived tree very suited to dry conditions. Seedlings up the 20cms can be easily removed whereas shrubs and trees are cut close to ground level and poisoned.



The billy was boiling by 10 and Toni kindly supplied biscuits and marble cake to maintain our strength. At this point we took the opportunity to sing "happy birthday" to Grace as it was her fourth birthday. Whilst she loved it I think there was a hint of shyness and embarrassment for a brief moment. It's so nice that Grace always joins us and she potted about all morning pulling out small olive tree seedlings and really enjoyed herself.



We returned to the task and finished in time for lunch. Toni supplied beef and chicken sausages, marinated chicken shashliks, onions, coleslaw, green salad, fresh rolls, bread and cold drinks. Thanks Toni, much appreciated by all. A very nice lunch kindly cooked by resident Bass Sydney chef Rico on our small BBQ.



Afterwards Matt & Steve headed down to fish the Nepean at Devlin's Lane whilst Jason and Rico called in and fished the Georges on their way home. All four scored donuts, so whilst there were Bass seen not one could be enticed to play. Once again, probably lack of rain, cold water and the spring Bass fishing blues.

### Steve's Report:

Matt and I both scored a donut. Fish don't seem to have moved up yet. I spooked one really big fish under a log (after I thought I had fished it thoroughly!), it would have gone over 400 I think, very dark fish so probably a resident. Other than that, we didn't have a hit upstream at Devlin's. I tried the downstream bit (the big long pool above Yarramundi) - had three half-hearted hits that didn't connect properly. One was about the size of the fly, second was about 300 I think - saw its flank as it swiped at the fly. The other was a decent hit when I was just drifting the fly midstream, didn't see the fish.



## Damian's Report:

For Grace and I, zero carp in Bents Basin itself. We float fished with bread & bread burley to no avail, the very light wind also blew our floats into shore. Grace preferred paddling and mud pies.

We then moved to the dam that lies next to the area we worked on tackling Africa Olive infestation. We float fished bread on two rods and I tried a surface popper momentarily before stalking the bank with a metal spinner. Nothing at all, only made worse when kids came down from the campsite & practiced their stone-throwing skills including skimming & big bombers. We left at five to five. Grace enjoyed

her day immensely, especially her "happy birthday" song from the Bass Sydney choir & the Nat. Park cake. She felt immense pride at pulling out about twenty or thirty of those small Africa Olive saplings - sprouting around the areas we last cleared and Grace also hacked into them with her paper bark sword. No fish, but really nice day 😊.



## Rico's Report:

No pictures of fish as Jason and I both scored a donut. The water was cool and very clear. Jason had a fish following his jig-spin and saw another wish shoot away. I didn't see any fish yesterday, but still a few nice hours on the water. I've never fished that part of the Georges before. It's much better than around Cambridge Ave in Holsworthy. No weed or rubbish covering the water. When heading back home, I drove via Cambridge Ave and received quite a shock - the water on both sides of the bridge was covered in weed and rubbish. The river needs a good flood!

## Milton's Report:

I didn't bother taking my kayak - never thought of it to be honest. Am still in recovery mode after our Karuah weekend the week before. I was just happy to boil the billy after lunch, sit and enjoy a chat with Toni, pack up and head home at my leisure. Stopped by Maccas on the M4 at Eastern Creek for a cold coffee frappe as I was struggling to keep my eyes open. If you are a coffee drinker you can't beat one of these on a hot day, a real reviver, but maybe forget about your cholesterol until the next day.

Thanks to those who made the effort to come along. I just wonder why other members don't do likewise as it's a very enjoyable morning. We only work for about two and a half to three hours, and by doing so it may put Bass Sydney in good stead to camp here at our Bass Catch in February.

Cheers all.



## **BASS FISHING THE OLYMPIC REGATTA CENTRE**

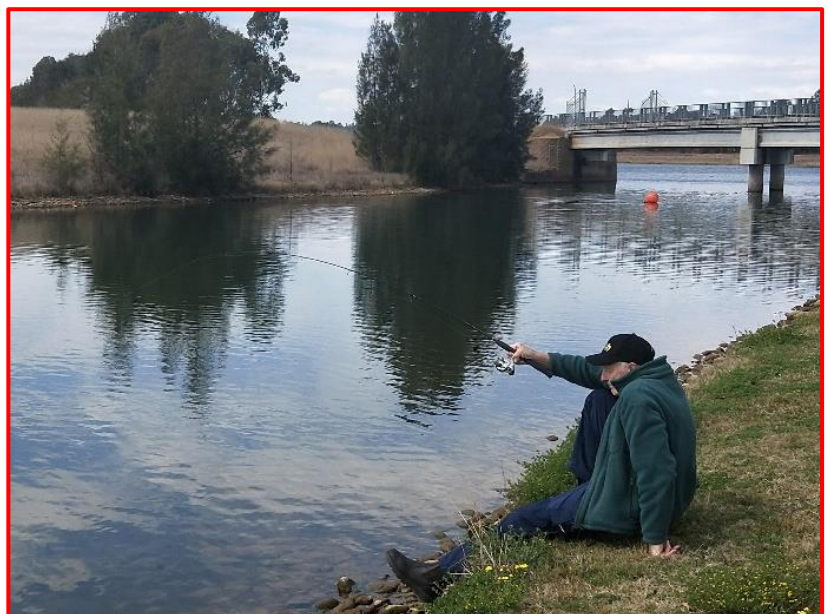
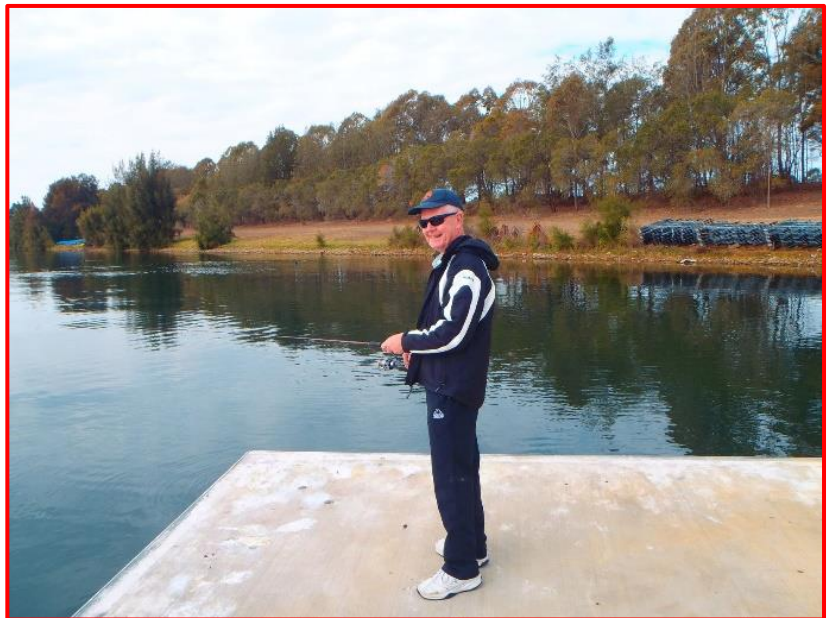
Bass Sydney member Brian Shanley fished here about three weeks ago in a howling westerly for one Bass so he and I thought it might be worth another visit when the weather improves. Tuesday is the community fishing day so locals roll up to fish for Bass & Carp. Warren, a Fishcare volunteer, is there too to keep an eye on everyone, see what they are catching and so on. His advice was to use a dark coloured lure, black or purple as this seems to be the preferred colour by the local Bass population.

The water has been stocked over the years and there's some solid fish here if you hook up. Unfortunately, it's only bank fishing, however I believe there are two clubs who have kayak access after booking the place for a day and paying a fee. Tham & I have fished from our kayaks on two occasions with the boys from Blue Mountains & Springwood Fishing Club, but not for a long time. It was last stocked in January so it's nice to know there's continued releases.

Fishing is just a matter of casting from the various pontoons or the bank and be prepared to walk. It's a nice location with good facilities and there's a cycleway that runs around the main regatta course for five kilometres should you get bored with fishing and have your pushy.

We tried various spots then decided to walk right up the eastern end where a channel joins the two lakes. It's a nice spot and I sat down to rest the legs and flick a few casts in a fan shape to cover as much water as possible without getting up. Low and behold whack, I had a solid hook up and whatever it was took off like a freight train. Brian thought it might be a Carp so still having a 6lb leader from my winter Bream sessions I just let the fish do its thing and eventually managed to land a 365mm Bass. The great thing here is there are no snags, just river stones so should you hook a trophy fish there's no panic to land it. Naturally, this made my day. I was feeling like rubbish with the onset of my third cold this winter.

Come on summer.





I started using my Bream rig, a Z-Mann 2" Slim Swim in motor oil and on the other rod a 4" Mojiko black & grey paddle tail on a 1/4" jig head to give more distance. Then decided to go with a Berkley Power Grub dark smoke red glitter curly tail on a 1/8" oz jig head. This is the rig that enticed this nice Bass to have a taste so Warren was right, black or purple are the go.



We decided to make a day of it so took morning tea, lunch, table, chairs and relaxed in the sun discussing our morning with Warren the Fishcare volunteer. He said sometimes you can catch 20 Bass in two hours when they are really on the chew. Maybe one day. Some solid Carp were caught while we were there too, one up to 80cm plus others a bit smaller.

The Centre is also used by Clubs for cycling, running, rowing, model boats and so on. Sailability was there teaching kids with a disability to sail, whilst we fished. They use a davit and lift the kids into small dinghies and one other young person shares the boat as skipper and off they go. Great stuff. As you can see by the photos the conditions were great for fishing, but not so good for sailing.

Cheers, Milton.





## **NATHAN'S TRIP TO GLEN INNES**

Last week I drove the 8 ½ hours trip north to Glen Innes to visit my parents for a few days and took a couple of rods up with the hope of grabbing a few hours to drop a line. I know it's not trout season yet but we were going to catch and release and were really expecting a Redfin or two anyway. We were considering a few different spots to visit but we decided on the Severn River which was about 30 minutes out of town. This was a good option as we passed the Beardy Waters on our way there which would come in handy if nothing was biting.

The trip began the day before with a visit to the local tackle shop. The shop is located on the main street, cleverly disguised as a Husqvarna mower and farm equipment store, obviously to keep the tourists away but I saw straight through it and went right in. The fishing section consisted of one small peg board of lures and two shelves with odds and ends. This threw me a little but gave it the benefit-of-the-doubt as I was a visitor and surely they knew what they were doing?? My doubts were quickly dispelled when one of the old blokes who worked there suggested I take a few sticks of dynamite instead of any lure. I laughed nervously, bought a couple of small lures and got out of there as quick as I could.

The next day we drove the 40 minutes or so out to a nice little spot on the Severn River past the poplar trees and boulders that line the road. Down a dirt road and off to the right we parked the car and started flicking the new lures in and around some fallen trees and reed beds along the banks. After half an hour of nothing, I went for a walk along the bank to see if there was any action further down. I found a little spot that looked interesting with a nice willow hanging over the river, some fallen trees and a bit of running water over the other side of the bank. The native bees buzzing in the willow and every broken branch looking like a red bellied black made me nervous but I stayed and tried my luck...no luck again.

We gave up on that part after finding a dead fish (looked like a cat fish but couldn't tell), packed up rods and drove to another area down the road. This had some boulders and reed structure in the middle, so it gave us some hope. I changed my lure to a spinner and we started casting and around like crazy looking for anything that could take a bite. I lost mine on a snag about 15 minutes



later and we weren't too crazy about the strange red algae floating along a lot of the upper part of that section. After another 20 minutes and the discovery of another five dead fish, we called it a day, packed up the car and headed back to town.

About 10 minutes out of town we saw a very picturesque spot on the Beardy Waters and couldn't help ourselves, we pulled over and had another flick, hanging onto the desperate hope that all unlucky fisherman do at the end a session. The sun was out and the water was clear so the moment was everything a country fishing session in the New England with my dad should be, but again the fish weren't coming to the party. We packed up for the last time and drove back into town a little disappointed.





Fancy a beer? The old man suggested and all of a sudden, our spirits were lifted, and we stopped off at the Railway Tavern for a cold schooner. This gave us some time to discuss reasons why the fish weren't biting and to agree on the size of the fish that got away when telling our tale to the girls when we got home.

Cheers





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