



Bass Sydney Fishing Club Inc.

BRANCH OF NATIVE FISH AUSTRALIA



Affiliated with
The Council of Freshwater Anglers



Tuesday 11 th December XMAS dinner

Northmead Bowling, Recreation and Sporting Club Ltd.
166 Windsor Rd Northmead.
7.30 pm start till 10pm.

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PRESIDENTS MESSAGE

Hi Fellow Basser's

I trust that the bass have been on the chew for you all. With the weather warming up and some consistent and welcome rainfall falling across part of the state, the fishing is looking promising. The Christmas dinner and General Meeting will be held at the usual location on the 11th of December and all members are encouraged to attend this special and final event for 2007. Bass Sydney members that attended last year will recall the great food and company and this year will be even better.

As the silly season starts to gain momentum and we all plan our holiday leave and festive get together with our family and friends, it is important to take extra care on the road and water. Extra care on the road is imperative, especially with Christmas parties and rush of last minute Christmas shopping to finalise. Better to be 5 minutes late than not arrive at all.

If you haven't checked out the Bass Sydney website in a while, you'll be surprised as it hosts a great deal of information from General Meeting dates, past copies of the Bronze Battler, new photos, etc at: www.basssydney.com

Have a safe and prosperous festive season and looking forward to seeing you all in the

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New Year.

Take care and successful fishing.

Domenic

President

Bass Sydney.

Bumper summer edition

Summer is finally here and so is the festive season there's nothing better than this time of year when you're a keen fisher person. This edition of the battler is chock full of stories and should provide some good yarns over the holiday period.

I look forward to this summer doing a variety of different styles of fishing I plan on fishing the flats with surface lures for Whiting bream and flathead. I am keen to troll up some natives and head North and chase Marlin. Off course one thing I look forward to above all else is the balmy evening bass trips throwing poppers and various other lures around. So enjoy and have a great XMAS.

AN INTERESTING WEEKEND

Karuah River November 2007

Four of the old hands decided to fish the Karuah before Garnet had to go into hospital in early November. Les Simshauser from the Hunter club started the whole thing off in a conversation after the October Bass catch. Milton Lazarus, Jim Taylor, Garnet Noble and I made some hurried plans, which included Les, and the date was set. Naturally, whenever someone from Bass Sydney organises a fishing trip Mother Nature has to "butt in" in some form or other and she was not about to let us sneak one in under her guard this time either. Sometimes I think we could hire ourselves out as drought breakers, just a couple of days before we were to leave the forecast changed to showers and possible storms, and unfortunately this time they were correct. Jim picked Milton up and I picked up Garnet about midday Friday, in the rain, and we then set off north. Garnet and I met up with the others for a cup of coffee at the servo at the end of the freeway and it looked like the weather had changed, warm and sunny, bloody bewdy. However just ten minutes later the heavens opened and we were driving in rain, and more rain, great. We arrived at the camp and figured that we may as well start to set up as it looked like raining for quite some time. It sure is fun trying to set up a camper in the rain, and then the tarp. Finally we had managed to set up what was a reasonable camp site, 2 campers and tarp in between

By the time we had finished a couple of us were drenched, so be it. Les arrived later that night and we discussed plans for the next day. That was when we discovered that the tarp was leaking a little, just what we

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needed. Finally the rain slowed to a downpour and we headed off to bed to try and sleep to the not so subtle sounds of rain on the tent roof.

Saturday dawned quite a reasonable looking day and we were eagerly looking forward to a trip down river, 3 of us, Garnet, Les and myself had decided to drive back to Stroud and put in there and paddle, drift back to camp. When we got to the bridge where we were to put in we noticed that the river had risen slightly overnight but the colour was looking good. We headed off down river fishing as we went. The first pool I decided not to spend too much time in as I have never caught a fish there and was not confident that would change this day. I paddled to the weir and portaged down, taking a few photos of the new fishway as I went. I saw a Platypus in the first pool, a good sign, and another later on in the day.



Fishway looking downstream

Looking back up

Half a dozen casts later I landed my first fish and had 3 by the time I got to the next rapid. Now, after a couple of recent dunkings I decided that I should wait for the others to catch up, just in case. After what seemed like an hour the other 2 finally caught up and we had a brief chat and then moved on. The rapid was no problem provided you stayed to the right hand side which was no hassle. As we moved through the pools we caught fish in some and then not even a touch in others, something I can never figure out as it all looks pretty good to me, however I am not looking through a fish's eyes. Some of the rapids demanded some respect and we portaged around those. It would be OK if you could just pick a straight line down the rapids but the danger is the rocks and trees in the middle of the rapid that you have to negotiate around and in a Bass kayak sometimes that is very, very difficult.



*It's the trees that worry me!
camp.*

Garnet riding the last rapid at the

After about 5 1/2 hours we ended back at camp. The last rapid, which we usually have to portage because there is not enough water to paddle through, was a lot of fun as the above photo shows. Between us we had landed 33 fish of varying sizes, nothing spectacular but a great deal of fun as usual. We had no rain at all during Saturday. Jim and Milton had a story to tell, not about the amount of fish they had caught but that they had rescued a cow. Evidently the animal had slipped down the bank and could not get back up. Now Milton, being the kind of guy he is, could not leave it there, so he got out of his Kayak, climbed the bank and went cross country to find the poor creature's owner, who was on horseback. They decided that it was too difficult to extract the animal from there and that they should swim it downstream to a spot where the bank was less steep. Cowboys are supposed to ride horses, not kayaks, but that is what Jim and Milton did, they herded the beast along, sometimes holding it by the ear, to the spot they had picked and then let it go. Unfortunately, the cow herding was more successful than the fishing.

We all had another fish in the camp site pool later that afternoon/evening with mixed results, Les 6 and the rest of us only 2's and 3's. Around dinner that night we heard how Milton thought there was something crawling over him while he slept the night before and when he returned later in the day he discovered droppings that looked suspiciously like rat. Needless to say the banter was set for the rest of the evening.



Milton still trying to find the rat!

Sunday started off with a storm, it was pissing down, and we had to decide what we were going to do. Sit it out, go fishing regardless or go home. After an early morning tea the rain stopped and the Sun shone. We got moving and set off back upstream only to discover that the runoff had finally caught up with us, the river had come up another 25mm or so and was the colour of milk coffee. Oh well, back to camp and we were pleasantly surprised that the water was not too bad so we fished that pool after lunch. Before he managed to get into the water Jim broke his rod, not long after Garnet disappeared, only to turn up again about a ½ hour later. When I asked where he went I received a tale of woe. He broke the tip of his rod on a tree branch when he was trying to retrieve a lure and went back to camp to get another rod. When he finished rigging it up he discovered that he had missed a runner, back to square 1. Got the runner sorted and then dropped the clip he was going to tie on onto the grass, have you ever tried to find a tiny clip in the grass, almost impossible, not happy. We only managed a few more fish that afternoon. Les left us later on that evening and we settled in for a late dinner and a few ales, cleaned up some red cordial and then a few nips of port, I wondered what the poor people were doing, not that I really cared. We all slept really well that night, as the temperature had dropped considerably, nothing to do with the amount of alcohol consumed, and woke up to a cool, bright Monday morning. Garnet cooked bacon and eggs for breakfast and we packed up soon after and headed for home. We checked out the river before we left and it had dropped about 50mm. As we drove off the property the rain started and we had rain all the way home. I thought to myself, that was really an interesting weekend.

Alan Izzard.

October Bass Catch 2007

What a great start to the season. We were struggling to find a place to camp after losing access to the property at Wilberforce and finally decided to fish around Castlereagh in the morning and then move to Bent's Basin for the night and fish around there in the afternoon and Sunday morning. Not the greatest plan but it was all we could come up with. THEN I received a phone call from Gary Blount from Springwood on Friday telling me that they had obtained the key to the park and were intending to camp there as well. What to do??? Easy, give bents a miss, ring around and the decision was made, and it was a good decision too.

We met at Devlin's about 6.00 am and confirmed the plan, fish till about 1.00pm and then move up the hill where we were to meet Gary at the gate at 2.00pm. Chris, Dave, Neville and Dallas had decided to go upstream earlier in the day and had gone by the time the rest of us got there. The car park was chockers, luckily most of the cars belonged to Bass Sydney members. Milton, Jim and Gordon Murphy, who had come all the way from Bribie Island for the weekend also decided to go upstream, that left Garnet and I to fish the main pool. Garnet launched first and picked the Eastern bank so I decided to give him plenty of space and went West. I landed my first fish within 10 minutes, right at the mouth of Lynch creek, a fish of 315mm. The next fish took some

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hunting, I had moved down over the boom and was finding the fishing tough, the water on the west bank was being fished by a couple of other guys in kayaks and I thought that this was probably the reason of the lack of success. As garnet was nowhere in sight I decided to move to the eastern bank, even though there was not much shade there but decided that at least it had not been fished already. It paid off, I soon hooked another fish which went to 368mm, 2 fish and both over 300, this was going to be a good day. However as I had already mentioned the lack of vegetation on the eastern bank did not leave many places to fish, and the weed was just below the surface. I stopped for something to eat and to stretch my legs at about 11.30 and had 5 fish at that time, 3 of which were over 300, which was good for the fisherman but not for the data. I had seen some smaller fish but not too many which was a bit disconcerting, with all the rain earlier in the year I thought that recruitment would have been better. Garnet & I met up and compared notes, he had 8 fish, all caught out in the middle of the river, 1 of which was 393mm. We decided to head back to the parking area and fished a little on the way back, when I caught the best fish of the weekend for me 378mm. We arrived back at the car park to find the others already there, with some pretty long faces. Apparently Garnet and I had the best of the morning session. We met Gary as planned and moved into the park and set up camp. The river looked magnificent from the hilltop where we set up and Gary informed us the he had already landed 31 fish, more than all us put together. We were itching to go, so at about 3.00 we all headed back down to the river. Now it is a great place to camp, and a great place to fish and getting down to the water is not too bad, BUT getting back up after sitting in a kayak for a couple of hours is more than a bit of a struggle. Most of the Bass Sydney guys did not do very well in that afternoon session, which astounded the lads from Springwood. Gary alone caught another 37 and most of the Springwood contingent caught fish, but we struggled, except for Chris and Garnet who did OK. Myself, nothing! We copped a fair bit of flack from the Springwood mob, they could not understand why we had done so poorly. I think it came down to local knowledge, they fish that pool often where we had never really had the opportunity before. With some lure info gleaned from the other group we did much better on Sunday.

At the time of writing this I have 21 catch sheets which show a total of 386 fish caught and released, largest fish 393mm, Garnet, most fish Gary (who else) 95. The Springwood club held their new event in conjunction with the Bass catch, The Noel Brown Trophy" which was awarded to the person with the best 5 fish. This was won by Gary Blount with a total of 1768mm, just 18mm in front of Stan Sek 1750mm, also from Springwood with myself running up in 3rd spot with a total of 1720mm.

All in all we had a great time and look forward to doing it all again in February, but that will depend on the weed growth, which will happen quite fast with the warm weather and no rain to flush it away.



Bass Sydney camp

Springwood camp

overlooking the river

You can see in the pics. What a great spot this is, hopefully we will be able to enjoy this place again in the years to come.

Alan Izzard.

William's river bass catch 07

Dave C, Nev, Ben and I fished from Glen William to Mill falls where thanks to Harold's generosity we were able to access a property and use it as an exit point.

The weather was magnificent unfortunately I had sustained an illness earlier in the week that turned out to be a bad infection which caused me to loose my voice which ultimately took the shine off the weekend. However the show must go on, upon putting in I had big plans and wanted to rack up a cricket score worth of bass 2nd cast produced a fish and within a few minutes I had 3 catching fish seemed easy and it didn't matter where I threw my lure I pulled little 200 mm fish regularly however after an hour this trend stopped and it was becoming increasingly difficult catching fish.

Meanwhile the other fellers were braining them we were all using similar gear and lures yet I wasn't catching them, and the others were. This was the story of the day as everyone went through peaks and troughs some pools fired and others were baron. Benny Gibson was using modified chatter bait with great success he was braining them left right and centre. I managed a 350mm fish at the bottom of a rapid and on 2lb fire line and 5lb leader gave a good account of itself. We bumped into Harold and Bill on the river and had a yarn those boys had 80 odd fish between them, it was quite depressing hearing that kind of talk none the less we pushed on. Close to our get out point we started catching the odd fish on surface lures which always adds excitement to the trip. We reached the exit point and enjoyed a few quite cold refreshing ales courtesy of "Gibbo" jumped in the vehicles and headed for home.

We finished the day With Dave C 35 Ben 20 odd Nev and I 15.

The pub was the place to be on a Saturday night and it didn't't take much to get us

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excited. The country music and rum made my ailments temporarily ease alas it was only momentarily as we headed back for the raffle and caught up with the boys. Most guys with the exception of Alan and guru Les seemed to do it tough and everyone reflected similar stories. However the weather was magnificent and I enjoyed the weekend immensely.

Bellbrook Sojourn,

After a couple of years of speculating about fishing this area Dace C, Nev, Dave S and myself headed north of Kempsey to fish the trophy waters of the Macleay river. The boys headed up North on Monday and I didn't join them until the Wednesday. Bellbrook itself is quite a small town right on the Macleay River near Nulla Nulla creek which is Slim Dusty country. Upon arriving on Wednesday arvo the weather was gorgeous mid 30s and quite hot we cooked up a late arvo lunch and the boys spoke about there previous days fishing. Whilst they had all caught fish they hadn't encountered and monsters and they were amazed at the distances involved in doing stretches of the river they were all buggered after nearly 18hours of fishing in a day and a half. After lunch we cracked out he maps and Dave and Nev put us onto some prime water about 3 minutes from were we were staying. It was a bit of a hike to get access but it wasn't too bad. We decided to