



PRESIDENT:	HS Tham	Emu Plains P/O	Pending
VICE PRESIDENT:	Matt McHugh	Lane Cove Environmental L/O:	Matt McHugh
PAST PRESIDENT	Rico Van De Kerkhof	Parramatta River Environmental P/O	HS Tham
TREASURER	Derek Sonter	Bents Basin P/O	Rico Van De Kerkhof
SECRETARY	HS Tham	Bass Catch and Point Score Officer:	Derek Sonter
EDITOR	Lyn Lazarus	Raffles	HS Tham
<p>Email: info@Basssydney.com</p> <p>Battler Submissions: lynlazarus@optusnet.com.au</p> <p>miltonlazarus@optusnet.com.au</p>			



President's Message



Another bass season has been and gone! I'm a bit stunned by it all actually! Have we had summer?! Was that it? I guess it must be because it's the second day of winter as I write this! Life sure has been tough in the last year to say the least. I blame the weather for not getting out after bass as often as I should.

Last weekend I volunteered for a day planting dozens of plants along Schoolhouse Ck, a small tributary of the Nepean near Penrith. It was organized by Hawkesbury-Nepean Landcare Network and Ozfish. This is a great way to do some volunteering now that our involvement at Russell Street has come to an end. It was a very pleasant day - see story later in the Battler.

The bass lures will be idle for another three months, but there are plenty of fishing options available to us in the Lucky Country. Good luck to everyone who has a go. As always, I'll be turning my attention to bream and blackfish for the next few months.

Meanwhile, please continue to support your club by paying your membership fees ASAP. The new financial year for the club is April. We actually need to finalise our numbers for our membership of NSW Confederation of Freshwater Anglers (NSWCFA).

HS Tham

NORTHERN RIVERS BASS ADVENTURE (PART 2)

By Jason and Rico

On our way south to Taylor's Arm we stopped in Coffs for a bite to eat and do a proper check on the coming days' forecasts. When we left Grafton, I had received a few texts from mates who knew I was on a kayaking trip warning me about the wild weather expected on the mid north coast in coming days. As anticipated, when we checked BOM and various weather apps, the picture was far from ideal. With Taylor's Arm being slightly inland, it looked as though we would be spared the worst of the weather that would impact the immediate coastal strip to the east and broader regions just to the north of us, but there was no escaping the fact that we were going to get pretty wet at some point. We both agreed to fish on, and if conditions really deteriorated, we would just pack up and head home.

We arrived at the campground at Taylor's Arm, set up camp and decided to head across the road to the famous Pub With No Beer for an afternoon ale and a quick chat to the locals before we went for a fish. After time spent reviewing Google Earth to ascertain reasonable access points over a couple of local schooners, we headed back to camp to rig up and hit the road. Our plan was to hit our first chosen spot about an hour before dusk and then move if need be and fish into the evening in hope of a good surface bite.

The water was tight in the upper reaches of "The Arm". Access at spot 1 was via a typically steep and weed infested bank beside a bridge on a narrow country road intersecting farmland. The water looked beautiful....it was flowing fast and clear over pebbly riffles into hazy turquoise pools. The undercut banks were lined with lomandras and there was plenty of overhead tree cover in the form of huge casuarinas and some remnant rainforest species that remained from a time before the land was cleared. Anticipation was high, and after a few exploratory casts around the wooden bridge pylons, Rico and I headed off in separate directions to explore. After half an hour of casting into all the likely looking spots for no result, we decided to move on to spot 2, which was just a little further upstream.

It was almost dark by the time we parked the car and headed down the embankment at the next bridge. This time we stayed together and worked the same stretch of bank, leapfrogging each other to cast our surface lures from breaks in the bankside vegetation. The stream was a bit wider in this section, with a full cast just reaching the far bank. It was only a few casts in when we both had hits but failed to hook up. A few casts later I landed a healthy Bass at 290 followed soon after by another at 260.



Just after releasing the second fish, we were startled by what sounded like a shotgun blast. As we looked at each other in surprise a spotlight beam began to pierce the night and a few dogs began to bark. We both took this as a not so subtle "get the f..k out of my creek!" from an irate nearby landowner and walked back to the car as quick as we could, only using the headtorches sparingly to maintain our footing on the steep bank. We were both annoyed as we had done nothing wrong. We had remained near the

water's edge well below the top of the embankment which marked the start of the floodplain, however it was certainly not worth hanging around to argue the point! That was it for session one!

Over a cold beer from the esky and one of Rico's awesome pre-prepared meals back at camp, we spent more time checking maps for possible access points and planned an early start.

Whether we could actually fish our chosen location would depend on access. Although we were well within our rights to walk the banks and wet-wade the stream below the first lip of the floodplain, we agreed that after last night's "incident" we would have a chat to the land owner and request permission. When we approached the tiny rickety bridge and crossed the stream, we could see it was a beautiful stretch of water. The landowner's house was on the nearest hill and we drove up doubtful that there would be any movement given the sun had only just risen. To our surprise, a teenage boy was playing in the yard with their dogs and after a quick chat with him over the fence he went to get his mum. When she came out we could see instantly that she was uneasy and was surprised by our request to fish the creek. Clearly it was not a request she'd had recently. She told us that there had been several break-ins in the area recently and most of the local landowners would not take kindly at all to anyone in the creek. We offered our licences for her to take pics of and any other details she felt necessary and she agreed to allow us access to the creek. Once we had done this she relaxed and began to tell us where all the best swimming holes were which obviously meant slightly deeper water. We gifted her a bottle of red from the car and she left happily to drop her son at school.

We decided to fish downstream first. The water was much shallower and tighter than the sections we fished the afternoon before. The water was gin clear with mostly a pebble substrate and there were big exposed root balls and shallow but undercut banks on the bends. The thick overhead tree cover gave us confidence that even in 30cm-1m of water, the prime spots would hold fish. Nearly every pool we fished held multiple tandan catfish which was great to see, however the Bass were proving elusive. After half an hour or so we came to a longer, deeper pool with two huge sunken trees that just had to hold fish. After peppering all the prime looking spots and several lure changes, I finally tempted a small low 200s Bass out from a fallen casuarina with a small Rapala Jerkbait. I had gone for the most natural looking hard body I had in the box and one that I could twitch and pause. The Bass raced out with pectoral fins erect and stopped with its nose only a few centimetres from the paused and slowly floating lure.



After a few seconds I gave the lure another twitch and Bass raced off but stopped a few feet away and turned to again observe the lure. One more twitch and it raced in and smashed it. Even though it was a small bass, watching all this in crystal clear water metres from where I was standing on the bank in beautiful surrounds really makes the effort worthwhile. After a quick measure at 230fl and release we flogged the rest of the pool for no result before

turning around to fish the section above the bridge.



Immediately above the bridge was a long pool which looked to be about 3m at its deepest point, deeper than anything we had encountered downstream. Rico got a hit straight away from a nice fish that followed his plastic out from the bank in plain view but refused to have a second go. As we

worked our way slowly upstream, we saw dozens of Bass and scores of tandan catfish. Some of the Bass were nice fish and looked to be in the high 300s range, and were holding in some awesome spots. They were incredibly flighty, and we quickly went into stealth mode before approaching the water and

looking to cast for fear of spooking all the fish in the tiny water. I had changed to a small double clutch in a natural baitfish colour pattern purely for the reason that this lure suspends and can be twitched and paused on the spot for long periods, whereas the small Rapala was a floater.

It wasn't too long before a twitch and pause in a deeper section next to a huge root ball was smashed. The line sprung tight and the fish instantly peeled a few metres of drag as I lifted the rod. After grabbing the spool and stopping the fish short of the root ball I was able to steer it away into the shallow pebbly pool and ease it up into the pebbly shallows. It was a beautifully conditioned, fit, olive coloured stream fish which went 347fl. Despite the lack of numbers, we were both having an absolute ball. We had seen scores of nice fish, and sight casting to them in such shallow clear water was such an enjoyable challenge. This fish had already made my day



The next fish was even more fun, but unfortunately for Rico, this is where the frustration set in. We were both getting follows on every other cast but tempting a strike was the real challenge. I had offered Rico another double clutch but he had politely refused. I suggested he try the Chasebaits Wiggle Bomb, which is an incredibly lifelike tadpole imitation, and he agreed. First cast over a shallow log in a shady pocket and a fired up mid 300s Bass charged out and attacked the tadpole multiple times but unfortunately didn't hook up. Despite the excitement and both of us yelling, the Bass was not perturbed and followed the wiggle bomb to about 2m from Rico's rod tip where he let it rest on the bottom with slight twitches. It appeared that Bass had worked it out by this point, so I lobbed the double clutch a short 3m cast and twitched it towards the Bass. Much to Rico's disgust, the Bass turned and clobbered it without hesitation and tore off across the shallow pool, and I couldn't help but laugh.

There was nothing more he could have done to hook this fish; it just wanted the double clutch more!
This one went 335fl and swam off strongly when released in the nearby riffle.





Soon after we turned back as we were looking forward to lunch and a cold beer at the pub. In a likely looking section that had only produced one “looker” on the way upstream, we stopped to cast again. Rico had a soft shell on now, and fired to the opposite bank underneath some overhanging foliage and close to a gnarly looking fallen branch. He let the lure drift with the flow right into the zone and it was met with a solid boof. He was on but, only briefly unfortunately. It pulled a few metres of drag instantly and busted him off on a submerged branch. I waded over to see if I could recover the cicada and when I approached the snag it was clear to see why he had lost the battle.

There was a maze of submerged branches immediately below where his lure was smacked. The lure was nowhere to be seen, so we headed back with no further action to report.



Over a great feed and a couple of great mid-strength beers from the Great Hops Brewery in Armidale, we chatted to the locals and shared a few of our tales, which brought both laughter and many suggestions on where we should try for the afternoon session.

We followed their advice and headed to a stretch less than a kilometre from the pub. It was easily the biggest and deepest pool we had seen, but the bank was steep and overgrown. This session proved a frustrating one, which we cut short to return to the pub. I managed one mid 200s Bass on a jitterbug but we both lost several lures to unseen snags and ran into another irate local, who gave us a serious verbal spray before warning us that people get shot around these parts for doing what we were doing. When I responded that we had been given the tip by locals at the pub and that we were not on anyone's land, he backed off a bit and we left it at that. We both agreed that a few beers were far more appealing than this situation so we called it a day.

After a quick change it was now dusk and we headed back to the pub, which by this stage it was lively with locals. Several of the guys we had been chatting to at lunch were still there and they were certainly not standing straight at this point. We could only guess at how many schooners they had put away. When we shared our tales of the pissed off local who threatened us and the lack of fish, they were surprised and apologetic. A tour bus soon arrived full of Asian travellers and I can only imagine the culture shock when they entered and stayed for dinner. Country pubs are such a fun experience, and for those from the city who have never experienced them, they are certainly an eye opener.



The raffle was on and after no fish for the day, Rico's luck had changed when he won first prize which was 20 schooner vouchers! We were suddenly everyone's best mate and the bids to buy them came thick and fast, which was a source of amusement for all within earshot. After we enjoyed a few ourselves, Rico did the generous thing and shared the majority of them among the locals, who were very appreciative. A stroke of genius from Rico which I wasn't there to witness, was him bartering schooner vouchers with one of the locals for him to play a few songs on his guitar. And this guy could sing! We had an absolute ball listening and singing along to some hilarious tunes, and we could tell that the locals were happy to see "outsiders" enjoying their pub. The publican was a lovely bloke and joined the group for a chat and a beer once dinner service had died down. When we finally bid our farewell at about midnight and thanked them for an awesome night, the collective response was, "Welcome to Taylor's Arm on a Wednesday!" As we stumbled back to our tents, we both pondered aloud.....if this is Wednesday, what the hell does Friday and Saturday look like?!



The heavy rain set in overnight and we woke to a soaked camp area. After another check of the forecast, we quickly made the call to head home to Sydney. The rain would not only make the fishing uncomfortable, but also dangerous. Heavy falls in a big catchment with a small stream mean rapidly rising water levels. Unfortunately, we were leaving two days earlier than planned, but it had been a fantastic trip, and most definitely an adventure!

We will be back!

Cheers, Jason & Rico.



WYANGALA DAM WEEKEND

By Alan Izzard

I must say I had a most enjoyable weekend. Started off Thursday evening at Milton's place for dinner where we polished off a very nice bottle of red. Up reasonably early, for me anyway, Friday morning and headed off to Brian's place just about 5 minutes away. Managed to get all my stuff into his car and boat for the trip and was soon headed south to Goulburn. As we crossed the couple of bridges over the Hawkesbury/Nepean we noticed that the usually quiet waters were raging, looked like another rise in the H/N, nowhere near as bad as the one a couple of weeks prior thank goodness. We stopped at Crookwell for a cup of coffee and one of the best pies I have tasted in a long time, Lamb & Rosemary, and then continued on to Grabine. The cabin was fine though I think a max of 3 guys per cabin would be ample, the bunk setup was a bit cramped. The social side of the weekend was great, but the fishing left a lot to be desired, was extremely difficult for all of us, though the young guns did manage to get a few, but that was through persistence and luck.



I managed 1 lonely Carp that committed suicide. I was able to collect some wood for a fire, or several fires, and we sat up till midnight the first night, up reasonably early the next morning and set off for our first real attempt to catch a Wyangala Murray Cod. Zip on any fish that day and the following but the camp fires each night where we all got together and commiserated were great, really social. Would I go back? I think so, Wyangala Dam is a pretty good place, and I am sure the lack of fish caught was just 1 of those things that can happen anywhere anytime.



Some fireside photos follow. It always a great time to sit around the camp fire after a big day on the water, talk about the action (?), which lures you left snagged on a tree and how you were going to do better tomorrow, that is of course if you can get out of bed after all the port you drank.



I'm dreaming about the metre long Cod I'll be catching tomorrow.

Cheers, Alan Izzard.

WYANGALA

By Jason and Rico

The fishing at Wyangala was tough to say the least, but it was still a very relaxing and enjoyable getaway. The weather was as good as we could have hoped for, the cabins were spacious and well-appointed, Al's evening fires were toasty, and the company and the banter were first class as always.

The temperature never dropped below about 10C, which was far warmer than we were expecting for mid-May in this area! I also expected to see plenty of mice given the recent media reports, however we only saw two, one of which made a door stop out of itself when slid the cabin door closed!



Dams are known to be fickle places. The water temperatures seemed quite warm with temps ranging from 17C or so in the early morning to 19C or so on the exposed shorelines in the afternoon. But the fishing was definitely not hot. We had enquired on how the dam was fishing at BCF in Goulburn on the trip out and the response did not fill Rico and I with confidence; "very few cod about, a few yellowbelly but mainly at night on worms". When we arrived at the park at Grabine we also asked there when checking in. Another somewhat discouraging response; the local fishing comp had been on the week before; "no cod, only a couple of yellowbelly caught deeper and a few carp". Well, we were still going to give it our best crack, and if that failed, a few beers and some banter around the fire followed by some good sleep would hardly be bad.

Our first session was a donut. We hit the water on a still, warm afternoon and headed up the Lachlan River arm to look for a likely spot to hunt for our first cod. After plenty of casts in what we thought were likely looking locations we came up empty. But we decided to stick it out for at least an hour or so after full darkness in the hope of freshwater angling glory; a thumping surface take from an obese metre long "greenfish". We knew the chances of success were very slim, but you won't catch a cod sitting around the fire, so we put the casts in. We had no interest at all in our giant surface offerings, but we marveled at the stars and enjoyed the tranquility as our lures bloomed along on the mirror calm surface.

Session two on the Abercrombie arm started in much better fashion, with Rico landing a nice 43cm yellowbelly at 8am on a small blade near a large isolated boulder amongst a large stand of drowned timber. It was nice to be on the board! I had a solid hit on a similar blade nearby a few casts later, but that was it for the morning – no further action.



After a big lunch, some re-rigging and a blissful afternoon siesta, Rico, Tham and I hit the water in the fading light for the afternoon session. Dams can be daunting places, and as we sped across the main basin we were awed by the 50+m of water showing on the sounder. At Tham's advice, we had decided on some trolling and started a run along a steep looking bank in the main basin. The first hour or so was uneventful apart from a few snags, but in the dying light in a shallower 5metre section of bank toward the dam wall, Tham's OarGee Plow was whacked and he was on. The fish gave very little resistance once was the outboard was knocked out of gear and we were guessing at either a yellow or a small cod. We were all pleased to see a small cod in the mid 40cm range materialize and glide into the net. It was only tiny, but we were all happy to see it, and it certainly gave the confidence a bit of a boost. Despite trolling some great looking rock walls until the last of the light was gone, we had no more interest, so retreated to the warmth of the fire.



Session 3 on the Sunday morning was by far our best. Rico and I decided to push further up the Lachlan arm after Al and Brian had reported great structure up there. We found some great looking water, and I decided to fish lighter with small plastics, taking an each-way bet on yellowbelly or carp as I was eager to bend a rod; at this point I was still on a donut. Rico persisted with bigger lures in the search for cod, but soon joined me in downsizing his offering. Carp were regularly jumping or rolling on the surface, so I was hoping it was only a matter of time until at least one of them found a lure. It wasn't long until my small OSP yabby imitation plastic was plucked in 3m of water and I set the hook on a heavy fish. I had never caught a yellowbelly, and given the reports of their lack of fight, we were both confident I'd hooked a carp. After a fun battle, a 53cm mud marlin hit the net and was quickly and humanely dispatched. Thankfully, I was off the donut.



Soon after we saw a single large tree sitting a short distance from the bank in an otherwise featureless stretch. I maneuvered the boat over with the electric and we both lobbed small blades in close to the main trunk to sink them deep amongst the branches. On Rico's second drop he came up solid on a heavy fish which immediately pulled a few metres of line and found structure. The 8lb leader didn't last long and the unseen fish was gone. Cod? Big yella? Carp? We'd never know, but the hookup was at least a confidence booster and we decided to rest this piece of structure and come back to it in an hour or two to see what happened.

We headed further up the arm and after another fruitless hour of casting a brief on-water catch up with Brian, Al and Tham in the other boat, we headed back to the solitary tree for round two. What happened next was easily the highlight of the trip for Rico and I. Rico lobbed his blade into the exact spot where he got busted off earlier and on the second lift hooked up on a nice yellowbelly. I slid the net under his fish and dropped my blade into the same spot, hooking up instantly. This fish gave a bit of resistance, even taking a couple of metres of line and I guessed it was a better yellowbelly. This proved correct and a solid yella appeared from the green murk. Rico had kept his fish in the net waiting so we could add mine and get a pic of both. As my fish arced towards the boat, a pale shape appeared beneath it and I yelled out that there was another yellowbelly following it up. But very quickly that pale shape materialized into a huge cod. The white was the underside of its chin as it hovered below positioning itself for a shot at the struggling yella. My reaction got Rico's attention very quickly and he leaned over to see the massive fish swirling beside the boat chasing my hooked yella. I gave my fish some line hoping that the cod would engulf it and I would do my best to land it from there. Twice it mouthed my fish but couldn't quite get it in properly and spat it out. By this point Rico had grabbed his rod with a big swim bait tied on and lobbed it right next to the angry cod, which I reckon was in the 105-110cm range. Agonisingly, the cod showed no interest in the swim bait, made one more pass below the yella, and disappeared.

Our yelling had got the attention of the guys in the other boat who were fishing a few hundred metres away on the other side of the arm. They came over to check out commotion, and were amused by our tales of the immense cod. What a privilege to see such a beast! Its mottled green bulk and the white highlights on its huge paddle tail will haunt me until I one day hopefully catch my first. We later lamented the fact that neither of us had a Go Pro on to capture the action. Rico's yellowbelly went 43cm and mine 48cm. We attempted to release both, but mine was not in good nick after being mouthed twice by the big cod. After watching it struggle briefly Tham decided he'd love to eat it so we netted it again and put in the livewell



Several more casts in the vicinity with bigger lures failed to raise any interest from the cod so we moved on. Soon after, I hooked up on a blade in 12m of water and thinking we had finally "cracked the code", we briefly called it for a bigger yella until persistent runs and heavy weight suggested a solid carp.

This proved correct, and after a fun battle next to submerged timber, I landed and dispatched a 58cm pest.



From there we travelled further back toward the main basin and Rico soon landed another smaller, weird looking, “bug-eyed” yellowbelly; his third for the trip. This fish came from 8m of water but looked like it had suffered barotrauma. Its eyes were popping out, yet when released in swam off strongly. After this, we headed back for lunch with the plan of returning to the same snag in the evening to see if we could find and tempt the big cod.



Tham joined us again for the late session and we started with a troll run along a deep rock wall Rico and I had sounded out on our return from the morning session. After no luck there we headed further upstream to cast at some new water until sunset and then headed straight back to the tree where the big cod had surprised us earlier. Despite dozens of casts around the tree and it's surrounds and numerous lures changes with everything from huge plastics to rat imitations to giant surface paddlers covering the entire water column, there was no interest at all. About half an hour



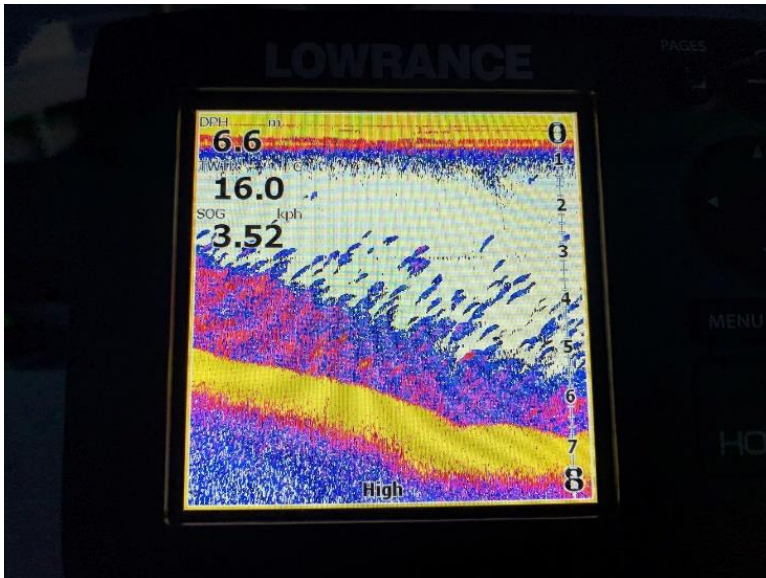
into total darkness we gave in and returned to camp. Our boat total for the trip was 7 fish: 3 yellowbelly for Rico (best 2 both at 43cm), 1 yellowbelly for me (48cm) plus 2 carp (53 and 58cm) and 1 small cod for Tham.

With the fishing as tough as it was, Rico and I decided to leave early in the morning and drive home via Lithgow to have a session on Lake Lyell. We figured that even if the resident bass and trout proved hard to find, surely, we could rely on some redfin action. After a quick stop in Bathurst and the most awesome double bacon & egg roll, I'd ever had, we arrived at Lyell at about 10.30am. A quick chat with the park manager was very helpful as he confirmed some nice trout were being caught up toward and into the river arms of the dam and that we shouldn't have trouble finding redfin if they didn't find us first. There had been very few bass stories reported though.

As tipped, it didn't take too long to find the redfin, with Rico onto the first one casting a lightly weighted plastic in a shallow weedy stretch where we were hoping for a trout. After methodically working a bank with sections of drowned timber and dark shady pockets, we soon found an active school and the tally was quickly into the 20s. I'd never caught a redfin, so was pleased to add it to the capture list. We left them biting and moved on in hope of finding a trout or two and possibly a bass, however all we ran into was more redfin. They were not big fish, with the best of them probably around the 30cm mark.



It's worth noting that the closer we got to the Coxs River inflow, the water quality worsened visibly.



With reports of fish kills and blue green algae in the river this past summer, it was not a great shock. We did a troll run up the Coxs in our search for trout, but stopped part way up due to the amount of algae and suspended weed in the water. It did not look healthy at all and even the redfin appeared absent.

We decided to head back to the section where we left the redfin action and found them biting close by to where we had left them. After a few more redfin Rico set

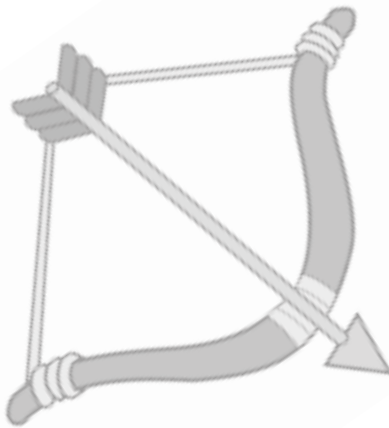
the hooks on a heavier fish which immediately took a bit of line and we both knew straight away it wasn't a redfin. Soon a lovely 47cm rainbow slid into the net and joined the mass of redfin in the live well. The redfin bite slowed and as the sun dipped we began to see a number of trout rising as they disturbed the mirror calm surface. I began firing casts at the rising trout with a 2inch lightly weighted baitfish profile plastic (Keitech easy shiner) and on the second shot managed to hook a small rainbow which unfortunately escaped beside the boat. A slow troll run though the rising fish and along a tree lined bank produced another smaller rainbow for Rico and added to the serious feed of fish in the live well.



After a few more redfin on another bank, we decided to call it a day just on dusk as we were hungry and still had a 2.5hr drive to get home. Final tally from Lyell was 22 redfin for me and 13 redfin, 2 rainbows for Rico. It was a fun session and at least we had put a tiny and temporary dent in the voracious redfin population. Rico's in-laws would also certainly appreciate the fish feast! Another great trip.... always look forward to the next one!



Cheers, Jason & Rico



SUNDAY MAY 2 2021

Bow and arrows to fight carp

MAL HOLLAND

BOWS and arrows could be the next weapon in NSW's war on its most infamous feral fish.

The Department of Primary Industries has released a discussion paper open to comment after an 18 month trial of "bowfishing" for carp in the state's inland waterways.

Bowfishers use specialised archery equipment — fishing arrows and reels attached to traditional recurve and compound bows — to shoot and retrieve fish.



Under current laws, bowfishing — as well as spearfishing — is not permitted in NSW inland waters.

During the trial, more than 200 bowfishers were able to apply for a special permit allowing them to bowfish for carp.

The discussion paper follows a review of the trial which found bowfishing in inland waters was safe and could be made a legal, recreational activity in NSW to help reduce the plague of European carp which damage rivers and lakes and compete with native fish for food and habitats.



**PLANTING FOR THE FUTURE AT
SCHOOL HOUSE CREEK, REGENTVILLE
MAY 29TH**

By HS Tham

I recently volunteered for a Landcare event organised by OzFish and Hawkesbury-Nepean Landcare Network. It was the first event I've been to since joining OzFish 2 or 3 years ago. It's also my first Landcare outing since the end of Russell Street. I also wanted to meet a few members of the H-N chapter of OzFish.



The job was to plant dozens of plants along School House Creek, a small tributary of the Nepean which actually empties into Mulgoa Creek, just before its junction with the Nepean. The land we were on was private land owned by a lovely couple Scott & Sue who has lived there for around 40 years. They were into landcare and have been working hard on their property for many years, but they are getting on and a bunch of people turning up to help turned something that would have taken them weeks to do, only took a morning of easy labour to accomplish.

I met Katherine Clare from the Hawkesbury-Nepean Landcare Network and Angus Fanning the Project Manager – NSW Coast for OZFISH. There was also an ecologist who was to take us on a quick guided walk around the property pointing out plants, etc. We had plenty of tools including a motorized hole digger which made things pretty easy. Barely 3hrs later we were done then got treated to a slap-up feed for lunch! Gourmet sandwiches, wraps, fruit, coffee, tea...

It was a mixed group of people – Scott & Sue the property owners of course, the organizers, the ecologist, a young couple, then a couple of guys who were fishos. Weather was supposed to be wet and horrible, but turned out to be absolutely lovely. I promoted our club to the 2 fishos who turned up.



The HNLN & OzFish people, Katherine & Angus had another day, cleaning up of Cattai Ck, arranged for the next day.

I intend to do more of these "other" volunteering opportunities in the future. I encourage our members to do so too. They are well organised, pretty easy and you get to meet other people.

HS Tham

OZFISH CATTAI CREEK CLEAN UP

By Milton Lazarus

OzFish Unlimited Hawkes-Nepean Chapter, Galston-Glenorie Fishing Club, Local Environmental Partners and others came together on Sunday May 30th at Newman Road Glenorie to clean up Cattai Creek as part of The Hawkesbury Valley Flood Recovery.



The day, which is a partnership between Council & Clean Up Australia will see four sites across the Hawkesbury-Nepean Catchment cleaned up by volunteer groups following the devastation of the recent March floods.

Cattai Creek is a much-loved fishing spot so the day was a chance to give back to the waterway which has given us all so much. Volunteers met on site at Nelson Reserve by 9-30am to hear a briefing from OzFish's Angas Fanning about the morning, supply us with bags, pick up tongs etc and directions about the task.



Volunteers were split up into three groups, boats, kayaks and bank walkers to clean-up a 2km reach from the bridge over the creek on Cattai Ridge Road downstream. Angus spread out a large tarp then added name tags so we could split up all the rubbish into individual piles for a photo shoot then everything was transferred to a skip bin nearby provided by Council. In the end the tarp was almost covered with rubbish.



There were two boats, six kayaks and a bunch of bank walkers including Alan and I. We spread out and spent about three hours on the job and in the end, it was amazing how much stuff we collected. The guys in the boats returned with mostly floating objects, timber, tennis balls etc. even a 240 litre wheelie bin which they piled high with timber etc. The kayak guys picked up the smaller floating stuff and the walkers anything they could lift, mainly plastic and glass bottles as well as spare wheels and tyres. etc.

I'm sure there will be a report about the day along with some photos from OzFish in due course. It was a great morning and everyone was super enthusiastic about what we achieved. In the end there were 24 volunteers which was an epic turnout so thanks to all who came along and helped.

Cheers, Milton.

RUSSELL STREET EMU GREEN RESTORATION

By Milton Lazarus

Saturday June 5th was a chilly morning at Russell Street, the plan was to meet Jess Whittick, Lachlan Baird from Penrith Council, some Greening Australia folk and other volunteers about 8-30. On arrival Jess had the gazebo set up with the sign on sheets, gloves, pamphlets, morning tea stuff and so on, all ready to go.



Our welcome Committee



The root balls are just behind me in this photo

As it turned out Jess Whittick was one of our late Patron Wayne Erskine's daughters who we met at Wayne's funeral so sometimes it's a small world. A nice surprise to meet Jess again just the same.

All the holes were pre-bored and the guys were inserting water crystals and fertilizer so it was our job to plant the tubes, assemble cardboard shrouds and stake them. Greening Australia had a water cart and they watered after we finished and their responsibility will be to keep the weeds down and water in future until the plants are well established.

The invite was from 8-30am to 12pm, but it turned out a day long exercise which caught Alan and I out as we had prior afternoon arrangements, however I think many others stayed on to complete the job.

We had morning tea about 10 then stopped for a Pizza lunch at 12 which was a nice surprise and completely unexpected. The group of about 24 were super enthusiastic, we all worked in harmony

and enjoyed each-others company. Nice to see our two local ladies Kerith and Nicole come down to help.

We started planting down the road after the corner near the aero club gate and continued down further past our old BBQ spot and one lower level. We then relocated to an area beside the root ball storage and finally up to the area looking over the airfield as you drive in.



The road out & the airfield is to the right



Our happy group

So, all in all a good day and everyone enjoyed themselves. I think it reinstalled some enthusiasm in Alan, myself, Nicole and Kerith because after the floods in March we were deflated and battled a bit wondering how we were going to get back on track and push on, so I think we might be keen again. Finally, these working days are continuing each month until Christmas so if you are free to help any time that would be appreciated. See the flyer below for the dates and two final photos after the water receded.

Bye, Milton

Thanks Milton for inserting the many great photos into the appropriate place within the text, Lyn



PENRITH

FISH HABITAT RESTORATION AT EMU GREEN RESERVE

HELP US RESTORE THIS AREA TO COMPLEMENT RECENT RIVER IMPROVEMENT WORKS.

Saturday 3 July – Planting day
Saturday 7 August
Saturday 4 September
Saturday 2 October
Saturday 6 November
Saturday 4 December
All sessions run from 8.30am-12pm
Online registrations are essential.

PENRITH.CITY/EVENTS

PENRITH CITY COUNCIL

RESNAGGING? REPURPOSING? COARSE WOODY DEBRIS? WHAT DO THESE TERMS MEAN?

We're restoring native fish habitat along the Nepean River using coarse woody debris such as logs, root balls and branches to create structural components of the river. We've been stockpiling these at Emu Green Reserve and now they are in place in the banks of the river to assist in the restoration of native fish habitat by increasing refuge and resources for our fish. Many Australian fish species will benefit including the Australian Bass (*Macquaria novemaculeata*) and the threatened Macquarie Perch (*Macquaria australasica*).

Council is partnering with Bass Sydney Fishing Club with funding provided from the NSW Department of Primary Industries (DPI) Fisheries' Recreation Fishing Trust's "Habitat Action Grant Program" to restore fish habitat along the Nepean River.



Photo sources:
Front: Scenic – Penrith City Council
Back: Top – NSW Soil Conservation Service; Australian Bass – DPI



Department of Primary Industries

PENRITH CITY COUNCIL

A note from Jess:

We partnered with Greening Australia for World Environment Day on Saturday 5 June at Emu Green Reserve, Emu Plains. Twenty volunteers joined us and planted over 900 native trees to assist with restoring this beautiful area on the banks of the Nepean River. We were very excited to welcome the Mayor, Cr Karen McKeown and we made SBS World News on the day!

Another very special thank you is in order to Bass Sydney Fishing Club Bushcare group for their ongoing care of this area.

Join us next time as we will be planting here again on Saturday 3 July to assist with fish habitat restoration. All welcome. Register here: <https://www.penrithcity.nsw.gov.au/upcoming-events>



Hard at work



Albi from SBS on the job



SOCIAL MEDIA



<https://www.facebook.com/BassSydneyFishing>



Follow us on
Instagram

https://instagram.com/Bass_sydney/

Username: @Bass_sydney

OUR GREAT SPONSORS:



www.nepeanrivertours.com.au/



www.abafishing.com.au



Light Spin to Light Game Tackle
Ph/Fax (02) 4739 1542 Mob: 0439 316 781
34 Bunbinla Ave, Mt. Riverview NSW 2774
email: anglin1@bigpond.net.au

Millerods

www.millerods.com.au/



BOATING • CAMPING • FISHING

- BANKSTOWN -

www.bcf.com.au/bcf/Bankstown



www.facebook.com/DuskRods/



Dream it See it Catch it

Buzzbaits & Spinnerbaits hand-made locally
in the Blue Mountains.

www.dreamfish.com.au

www.webstore.dreamfish.com.au



Luxury Bass Fishing House



www.daiwafishing.com.au



Bass Sydney Fishing Club Inc.
BRANCH OF NATIVE FISH AUSTRALIA



Affiliated with
The Council of Freshwater Anglers

