

From: [REDACTED]
To: [State Development, Natural Resources and Agricultural Industry Development Committee](#)
Subject: Christopher john gatti
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I would just like to express my empathy towards my father [REDACTED] over the years of his 40 year first generation fishing career he has been trod on and stepped over by Australian government and numerous state legislations, I could hardly call myself or my brother second generation fishers, we try our best though. Over the years [REDACTED] has fished in numerous fisheries around the country from NSW up to the gulf NT and even across and even over to WA in his 20's...on a note changing each state fisheries spending tens of thousands on re doing the master fisherman 3 skipper 2 that he already had,..He is 54 years of age, he owns no fishing endorsements nor his own vessel to fish from...You see, my father [REDACTED] started fishing at a very young age, at 14 he left school to enter the fishing industry on gulf trawlers, and by age 19 he resurfaced back down in redcliffe where his parents were residing at the time...recent talks with my father brought up the conversation of licences and how he had every endorsement there is, being issued to him from the Qld state government (He could not read of course) Few years went by and he received letters explaining how he needed to hand back any endorsements relating to fisheries he did not fish in, at the time [REDACTED] thought nothing of it, he was only line fishing for reef fish at the time, after a couple more years, [REDACTED] started working on trawlers once again as he had acquired his skippers tickets a few years beforehand, (in a twelve ft tinny) and subsequently, no money for his own trawler, handed his other endorsements in, having no idea of the future consequences involved...that was a pun lol...My father was illiterate for many years, it was only in his late 20's he began reading writing and doing the maths, as he would lose a fair bit of wages not realising the numbers that mattered...percentages usually...My father is a brilliant man, he designed a handful of superior catch trawl nets in his hay day...these nets were completely banned at the exact time exclusion devices were implemented mind you...even though to this day, the by catch rate would still be significantly less than the now turtle exclusion devices...He had made many attempt to purchase trawlers and line fishing vessels in the years to come, these were MEN deals, where he believed men still had integrity and a handshake would suffice in the lease purchase of these vessels, you would think he would have learnt the second time, its not a laughing matter...I love my father, more than my mother I could say...He is a slave to the system, making ends meet...all he ever wanted to do was fish for himself...I mean, he makes a good wage today, nothing substantial though, pays his mortgage, keeps his 1986 land cruiser ute on the beaten roads to drive his fresh live product out, 12hr drive from out of the mud, he is now in the crabbing industry, working for some other mob up there...he tells me you lot are going to take this livelihood from him aswell, through your mismanaged observations rules regulations and legislation... Which are all restrictions at the end of the day...Wishing everyday that he could run his own family business, thinking of the days when he had ALL these said endorsements...Fishing is my fathers livelihood, [REDACTED], my father works his livelihood as far away from society and its corruption, in the furthest reaches of the swamp...yes of course he's been in trouble with you lot before, he doesn't like you much either, my father [REDACTED] [REDACTED] is a fisherman, for how much longer I don't know, his eye sight has weakened from the ocean glare, says he's the fittest he has ever been, quadruple handling a half ton load of Aussie caught live product once every ten days, crabbing is not easy you know...His back is worn out and both shoulders are near gone...broke his wrist ten years back, wrapped around a niggerhead on a 60ft trawler as he couldn't find a crew, I think of this, I'm saddened, he did that trip for his family...to get a foot ahead in life...anyway, for how much longer he can handle it all, between the elements and you lot trying to find the next barrel...he still sayz, I'm gonna fish till the day I die, master of fishermen, man of men, My father [REDACTED].