



Hunter Valley Fly Fishing Club.com.au

2017 Nov Newsletter

President – Darren Foster

Vice President – Patrick Tobin

Secretary – Tony Ward

Treasurer – Wayne Hunt

Newsletter Editor – Jeff Yates

Grants Officer – Lawrence Blackburn

Committee Members

Peter Sewell

Brent Blackwell

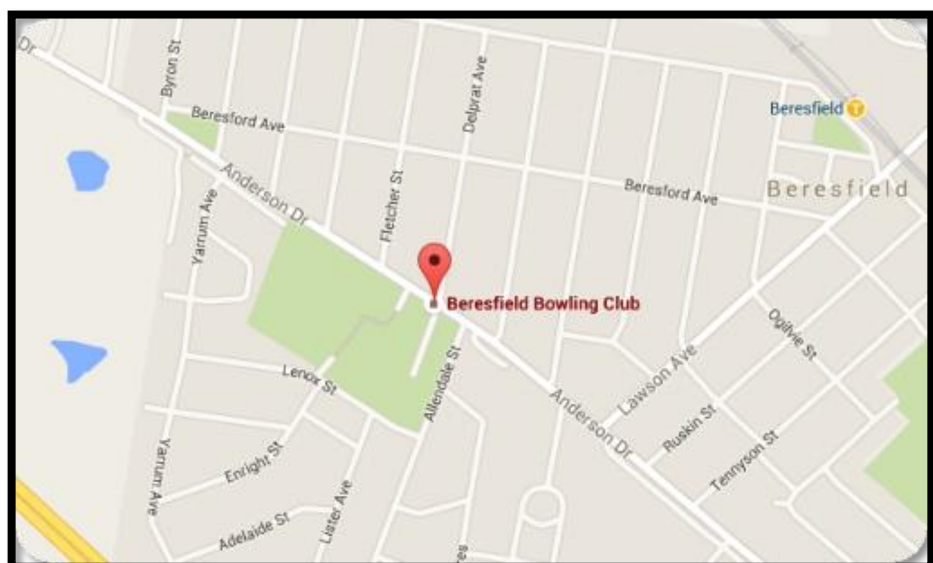
Jeff Yates

Noel King

Rob Probert

Hunter Valley Fly Fishing Club meets on
the first Wednesday of each month at:-

Beresfield Bowling Club
Anderson Drive
Bersefield
At 6.30pm



Editor's comments

Jeff Yates



The AGM has come and gone with little change to the executive. Cherie and Lawrence are backing off a little bit after a long time on the front line, while Patrick and Rob are welcome on to the committee.

The monthly outing to Windamere coincided with a fluctuating barometer, making conditions tough for fly fishing. While the fishing was hard, the camp was superb, right on the edge of the lake on flat ground with a harbor to moor the boats beside the tents. It's a shame no fish were caught in Windamere, but that's fresh water fishing. You go out

another day and they are all over the flies. Just keep going! Chris was the trip master and has put a positive spin on it, because it is a good fishery.

A story of a large trout caught in the Snowy system, prompted an article on catching big fish.

A long association on the executive of our club has come to an end for Lawrence and Cherie. They are backing off a little to concentrate on their business. As a means of a tribute there is an article on Lawrence and also Justin who are original club members, for their contribution over the years, and what it means to have steady people at the helm. They certainly set an example for the club members as a whole.

President's Report



G'day members,

The Hunter Valley Fly Fishing Club's AGM (and general meeting). I would like to take this time to welcome in the new committee for the HVFFC for 2017/18:

Vice President –
Secretary –
Treasurer –
Newsletter Editor –
Grants Officer –
Committee Members –

Patrick Tobin
Tony Ward
Wayne Hunt
Jeff Yates
Lawrence Blackburn
Noel King
Rob Probert
Peter Sewell
Jeff Yates
Brent Blackwell
Cherie Blackburn

Raffles Coordinator –
(subject to acceptance as Brent was absent from the AGM)
Special Events Coordinator –

I would like to thank the above members for stepping up to take on new roles or carry on roles from the previous year. Thank you for your dedication to the club. Also thank you to the members that turned up for the meeting, your attendance is greatly appreciated.

Welcome to our newest club members:

Tony Muir and Tom Muir (Sydney)
Cherie Forbes and Brett Clarke (Central Coast)

As the dinner was an informal one after the meetings and a lack of attending members, it was decided that the club awards would not be held this year. A couple of special mentions go to: Rod Dillon for organising the club's fly swap which is now in it's second successful year; Fiona Meredith for landing not only her first Bass ever on a club outing but several more that followed as well; and Patrick Tobin and Tallis Rixon for participating in the fly swaps, learning to tie flies.

I look forward to seeing you all at the club's last meeting on the 6th December 2017.

Cheers
Darren Foster
President, HVFFC 2017/18

2017 Calendar



Month	Date	Venue/Event	Trip Master	Contact Number
January	21 st	Fly Tying/Fishing with Lawrence & Cherie	Lawrence B.	0432989797
February	01 st	Club Meeting at Bero Bowlo	All	
February	17 th —19 th	Hawks Nest—Saltwater	Tom Jones	0406662713
March	01 st	Club Meeting at Bero Bowlo	All	
March	10 th —12 th	Lithgow	Rod Esdaile	0418667949
April	31 st M—2 nd A	Swansea	Darren	0413392774
April	05 th	Club Meeting at Bero Bowlo	All	
May	03 rd	Club Meeting at Bero Bowlo	All	
May	Sat 20 th	Morpeth Day Trip	Darren	0413392774
June	07 th	Club Meeting at Bero Bowlo	All	
June	16 th —18 th	Lake St Clair—Bass	Peter Sewell	0428685101
July	05 th	Club Meeting at Bero Bowlo	All	
July	28 th —30 th	Lake St Clair—Bass	Cherie	0410555019
August	02 nd	Club Meeting at Bero Bowlo	All	
August	4—6 th	Swansea—Saltwater—Salmon	Darren	0413392774
August	24 th	RISE Film Festival—Bero Bowlo	Darren	0413392774
September	06 th	Club Meeting at Bero Bowlo	All	
September	15 th —17 th	Hastings	Lawrence	0432989797
October	4 th	Club Meeting at Bero Bowlo	All	
October		Possible fly tying		
November	10 th —12 th	Windamere	Chris Moloney	0422144382
November	18 TH	Club AGM Meeting @ 5.00pm	All	
November	18 th	Dinner/Awards @ 6.30pm	Cherie	0410555019
December	6 th	Club Meeting at Bero Bowlo	All	
December				
December				



2017-18 AGM

Annual Fund raiser draw:-

1ST prize hand carved timber fly tying cabinet - Kurt Thomson

2nd prize Peter Morse book – Kevin Croft

3rd prize Caddy station - Dawn Hopkins

4th prize Box Fedeles hand tied flies - Dawn Hopkins

Congratulations to the winners and thanks to all who participated. Proceeds go towards keeping our club afloat.

AGM in progress and Patrick taking
on the V/President position



Rod, Fly Swap and
photographer Master

WINDAMERE

Chris Moloney



Big thanks to all the members who made the trek across to Windamere for what hopefully will be the first of many trips to this location. With the possibility of sight fishing to large Yella's I have been very excited about the possibilities of this location since first discovering this dam earlier in the year.

While the fishing didn't work out for us, we made some good in roads at exploring the lake and learning its layout for future trips. And time on this lake will matter, with it being a very large impoundment with many bays and snags to explore.

I do not have any experience at targeting Yella's on fly, so while I talked to a number of people with experience on what to tie, I still brought across some tying materials in

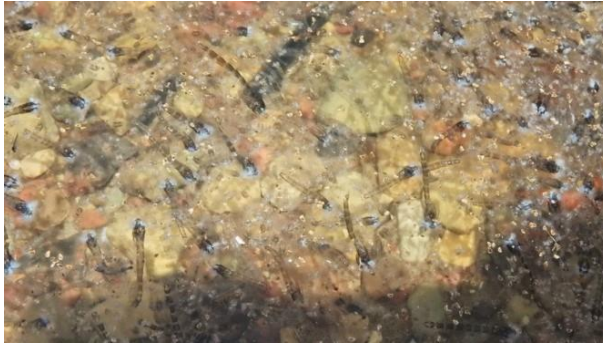
case I needed to adjust my flies. So with no interest in the flies I had been fishing with, I made a desperate effort to tie some in other colour combinations and sizes to try and tempt these fish, these didn't appeal to the fish either.





Once again thanks to all those who attended the trip, it was another great club trip with plenty of fishy chatter and company.

While we have a great awning light setup for the club area we could not turn it off fast enough, as it was a great beacon at attracting the millions of midges. They were best described as a 'Black Cloud' around our lights. Fortunately, they didn't enjoy the firelight. See the pic beside of a bay Wayne and I found with the midges that didn't make it to the air (I am happy to note the midge pattern I tie for trout looks very similar to what is pictured).



Beautiful Bylong Valley connecting
Newcastle to the Central West



The Weir

Jeff Yates

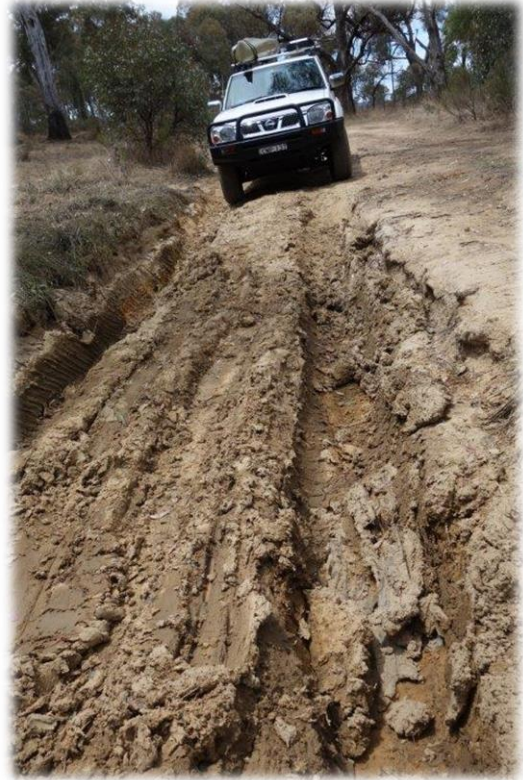
One of my milestones on the path to *nirvana* is peddling my Hobie on cool, clear rippling waters on a picture perfect day in a pristine environment. Now enhance that a little and add catching colourful big cod and yellowbelly and I think you will get the drift.

This was to be a club weekend to Windermere, but my spritely 95yo dad lives in Kandos, not far from the dam, and insisted I stay with him. Now how can you not do that, when you are not sure when your next trip to visit him will be your last. However, I had forewarned him that I would be catching up with my mates at Windermere.

Arriving in Kandos on the Thursday at around lunchtime, I scoffed freshly baked scones, jam and lashings of double cream with a nice hot cuppa; anyone would think I was spoilt. I suggested to Dad that we pack a picnic and head to the Weir for a look. He could not get into the car quick enough, armed with his 10x40 binoculars to do a bit of birdwatching. The track in to the Weir was not too flash, taking about 15 minutes for the 2 km trip, but that is a good thing, as only the serious 4x4 driver will make the trip.

I unloaded the Hobie and wheeled it 50m to the water's edge, before loading up for a session. You know the normal organizational processes that one goes through before heading off; have I got water (whoops it is actually the Kandos/Rylstone water supply). Next the fishing gear, reel, rod, flies, boga grip, pliers, net, camera,

thermos, coat, glasses, blackout, etc..... All organized, so lets go.



The weir looks good, close to 100%, regardless of the dry spring of only 7mm to date, but it does help that it is fed by the Cudgegong River which exits to run into Windamere Dam below Rylstone, where the HVFFC members were to camp.

The warm weather has increased the strap weed around the shallower perimeter, so where I have caught fish on previous visits are out of the question. I paddled along looking at the terrain and anticipating where the old river bed runs, as this will be the deepest area and should be free of weed. I'm sure a sounder would have been easier, but I am yet to fit one to my yak, old habits die hard.

There are two large sea eagle nests overlooking the dam, and the parents were gliding the skies looking for a meal for their young. I happened to start fishing immediately below the top nest, which was perched precariously high on an old grey gum above a rocky headland.

I had several casts at the weed margins, rock walls and sunken trees, but one particular tree took my fancy. Disappearing into the dark shaded water at an acute angle, the 1m diameter semi submerged tree is the perfect spot for fish to be sheltering on this sunny afternoon. I cast my #4 Rabbit fur thing at the tree and let it sink. A small strip and I was snagged on one of its many branches. Not to be daunted, this is a positive sign as it indicates good cover. On with another fly and throw to the opposite side of the drowned tree, counting the sinking seconds of the sink tip line to estimate the depth of the fly. At 6in a second, I estimated 20 seconds should put me into the strike zone.

It wasn't a hard take, more like hooking a slow moving car. I had to ensure it wasn't a branch moving, snagged underwater, or the yak moving on an unyielding object. In a flash the fish let me know, as it dived deeper and was virtually unstoppable. I was soon snagged deep down in the shaded pool, but I should not panic. I patiently moved the yak around to get a better angle, and with as much encouragement that 14lb line can give, the fish kicked and burst out to further harass me. It had the yak spinning slowly around as it soared below. Each time I spun I was able to peddle the fish a little further away from its cover until eventually we were in the middle of that narrow section of the weir.

After about 15 minutes, the tables were turned on my quarry. I saw the white fringed fins and tail, on a mottled green back coming into vision, and my heart thumped; a magic cod. I swam the fish to the side of the yak with a little pressure, knowing that too much weight and the cod will do his crocodile roll, and prematurely end the battle. The Boga grips firmly grasped the fish as I slowly peddled to the shore. Conscious not to lift the fish and do any damage, I wet the green shore line and pulled the fish into the shade for a couple of snaps before releasing it back to fight another day.



I was chuffed, and sent a message to Darren advising him that the fish were on just in time for our club visit.

Then it was time to check in on my Dad, and have a tea break. A few hundred meters to the corner and I could clearly see Dad patiently sitting

under the shade of an old gum tree. I excitedly related the story of the cod fight to Dad, but all Dad wanted to know was what I had done with the fish, and he took some convincing that it feels better to release a fish than to bang it on the head, and boil it in fat, and besides it was closed season. In a moment of reckless compensation, I rather rashly promised him a yellowbelly before the weekend was finished.

I caught up with the club next day at Windamere. They had a beautiful flat camp by the water and slowly the numbers swelled. I went off in the yak with Rod Dillon to a known haunt, but try as we may, we couldn't turn a scale. Unbeknown to us at the time, but that was going to be the story for Windamere for the entire weekend.

It was getting on towards dark, so it was time to head back to Kandos to dodge roos and wild goats that abound in the area, particularly now that it's so dry.

Since there were no fish caught on the Friday at Windermere, I decided to try my luck at the Weir the next day. I commenced the day with a flat white at the coffee shop in Rylstone and caught up with a local who told me of the great fishing he has been having at Windamere. Dubious to say the least, probably tells all the tourists the same yarn.

I went back to my favourite spot on the weir and cast for 2 hours before deciding to take a rest in the shade. The forward hatch of the yak doubles as a picnic basket and table and a quick cuppa and a lie down in the shade revitalized me for the next session.



I changed tactics and cast parallel to the strap weed margins. The new tactic paid off, as a slow pulsing retrieve attracted a fish which tailed the fly, so I dropped and pulsed the fly around the yak, until the temptation was too great, with fins and gills flared, its colour seem to glow as the fly was engulfed and rushing back to cover with its temporary owner.

This fish gave a good account of itself, and eventually I landed a colourful prime conditioned yellowbelly of 6lb. A couple of photos and I was back in business.

I fished more weedbeds and I was further rewarded with another yellowbelly. I would really have loved to share the moments with a friend, but maybe next time as I rejoiced in the moment of my *nirvana*.



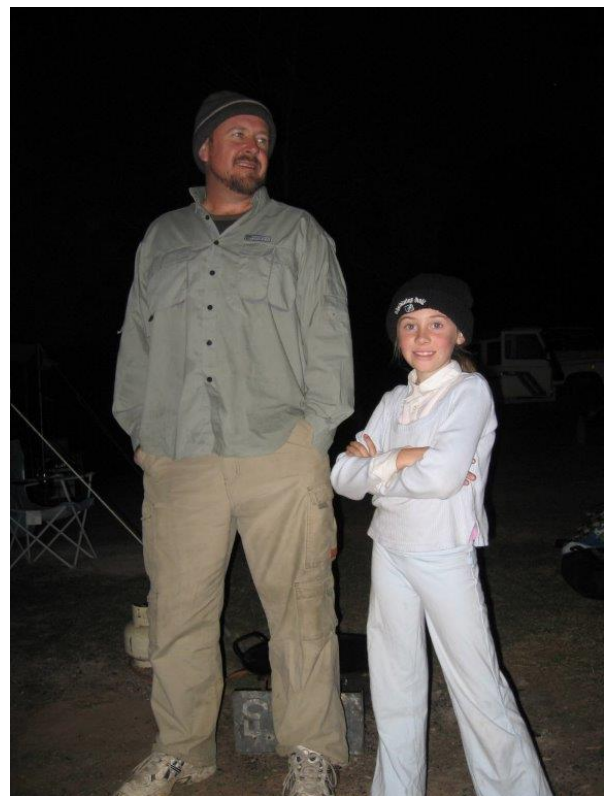


A profile of two original club members

Jeff Yates

The only good thing about getting old is the memory of great times had in the past. Young people have not got that data base, but as one gets older the memory fills until you get to my age and it starts to overflow. I would like to share some of my finest memories of trips gone by and friends, acknowledging those who helped make those memories so vivid. With that in mind I would like to select just 2 of our longest standing members.

By nature I'm a self-proclaimed loner, but that doesn't mean that I don't enjoy the company of other like-minded fly fishermen. Now where do we start? What about the early days of the fly fishing club. Together, Justin and Lawrence have been there from the start, and only this year has Lawrence indicated that he would like to back off a little from the executive fray, after all, we are in good hands, the HVFFC club is running smoothly.



Who can forget the rascal with Lawrence, Jenna is one of our youngest ever members

and the first female member of the fly fishing club.

Justin has been there for all of us over the years, his quirky humour and articulate scribblings are a joy to behold. I think he has lost his calling as he is also a great cook as can be seen from a trip to the snowy, many moons ago, when he smoked up a batch of fresh trout.



The guys also catch their fair share of fish.

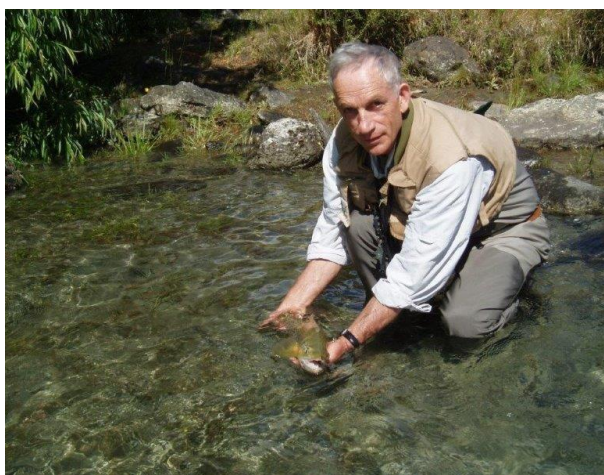


There are many memorable trips but one that I enjoyed most was a trip that Justin organised to Tassie. Four of us stayed in Miena, a small town perched on the shores of the Great Lake. What is so memorable about this trip? The fish were small, the weather cold, but the company made it. Under the guidance of Justin, who had organised this trip to the nth degree, we flew to Hobart, collected 4x4s and headed to the mountains.

Lawrence landed a nice brown in Pine Tier Dam, one of my favourite spots.



Another trip that Justin organised was to the land of the long white cloud. Many fine fish were landed, and the beauty of the areas is an indelible mark on my mind. The fishing varied from the wide free stone alluvial rivers of Twisel to the raging Clutha River of Wanaka. This trip was an exercise in logistics, and as usual Justin had it under control. From memory, the cost was reasonable with backpacker accommodation and limited guiding.



Who could forget our Barrington trip of a few years back. A few small fish were landed, but everyone to a person, had a ball. The nights were crisp and the days sunny, but best of all the food was scrumptious thanks to our mates.



The club encourages fly tying, as the greatest thrill is to catch your first fish on your own tied fly. Lawrence has held a few tying days at his house on the Lake. As can be seen from the photo, it was a popular choice, with many turning up. Lawrence demonstrated his Clouser fly tying skills.



To save the embarrassment I will make a final tribute to the gents. It is obvious that they enjoy the culture of the club as can be

seen from a Xmas in July function, doing some pretty cool moves.



The last picture tells the full story as they exchange gifts, congratulating each other for being the best dancers on the night and set an example to all of us on how to enjoy life.

Keep up the good work fellas we love your knowledge, guidance and company and you epitomise what our club is all about.....



Big Trout

By Jeff Yates

An article in a fishing magazine sent to me by Wayne, prompted me to pen a story about big fish.

A monster brown trout caught at Khancoban, NSW, last weekend weighed in at 23 pound and 90 centimetre long, caught at 4.30 in the morning.



Fly fishing with 6lb line, it took the angler around an hour to land the fish, and by that time it was truly spent, and could not be released.

With no net or waders the angler tail grabbed the fish to land it. This would have to be one of the largest fish caught in Australia, however, those familiar with tailrace and channel fishing in New Zealand know that they produce the occasional leviathan up to that size or larger.

I was chatting with an angler last year fly fishing on Lake Lecerne in Switzerland, and by way of conversation, he showed me a monster he had caught the day before, and I grabbed a phone shot.



Only 2 years ago at Eucumbene, I saw a beautifully conditioned brown of 10.5lb caught by an acquaintance from Ballarat fly fishing club, and thought that was something special, but the above 2 fish are more than double the size.



All 3 fish had something in common. Firstly, they were landed after dark. Secondly, they took home made flies and thirdly, but most importantly, they were caught with fine line.

Coincidentally, some 20 years ago, I was staying with friends in Lithgow, and got itchy feet, with a still evening and plenty of insects flying around the windows, I excused myself and said I'd be back after a quick toss in nearby Lake Llyle.

The evening had turned on a lovely rise, mainly ants and non-descripts, making it difficult to match the hatch. I had packed light, with a 5wt rod and a box of flies, no coat, net, waders or light.

Having tried several patterns, and the light fading quickly, I decided to go below the surface, and I tied on a small Rabbit and Ostrich fly onto a 5lb tippet. Big mistake, my second cast into a Pensioner's Bay sunken creek bed was hammered by something large.

A fight into the dark had commenced and I wasn't about to blow it. Some 20 minutes later, the twilight was now dark, and I was only just seeing my line after playing the fish into the backing.

A large swirl indicated that the fight was really worth it. A friendly fisherman watching my antics came down to lend a hand and net my fish. With the glow of his headlamp, his

scale's net weighed the fish at 8 lb, my very finest to date. This mirrored the scenarios of the fishermen above, so certainly no coincidence.

Unfortunately, after a big fight on light gear, the fish is seldom able to be revived. I first was aware of this during one of my fishing adventures, chasing marlin. We caught several fish on 8kg and 15kg rigs and they were mostly spent. This caused a premature exit from my marlin fishing exploits.

The moral of the story is that there are big fish out there, but they are normally the ones that find the flaws in our gear or fishing technique. So, when you next have a take after dark, relax and play the fish on its merits, and maybe you will be in with a surprise with a monster like ones above, then again beef up your line for a more certain capture and for the health of the fish.

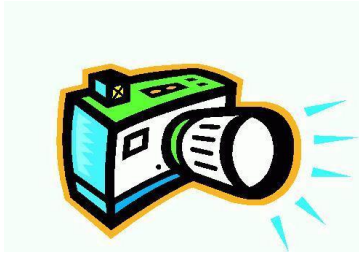




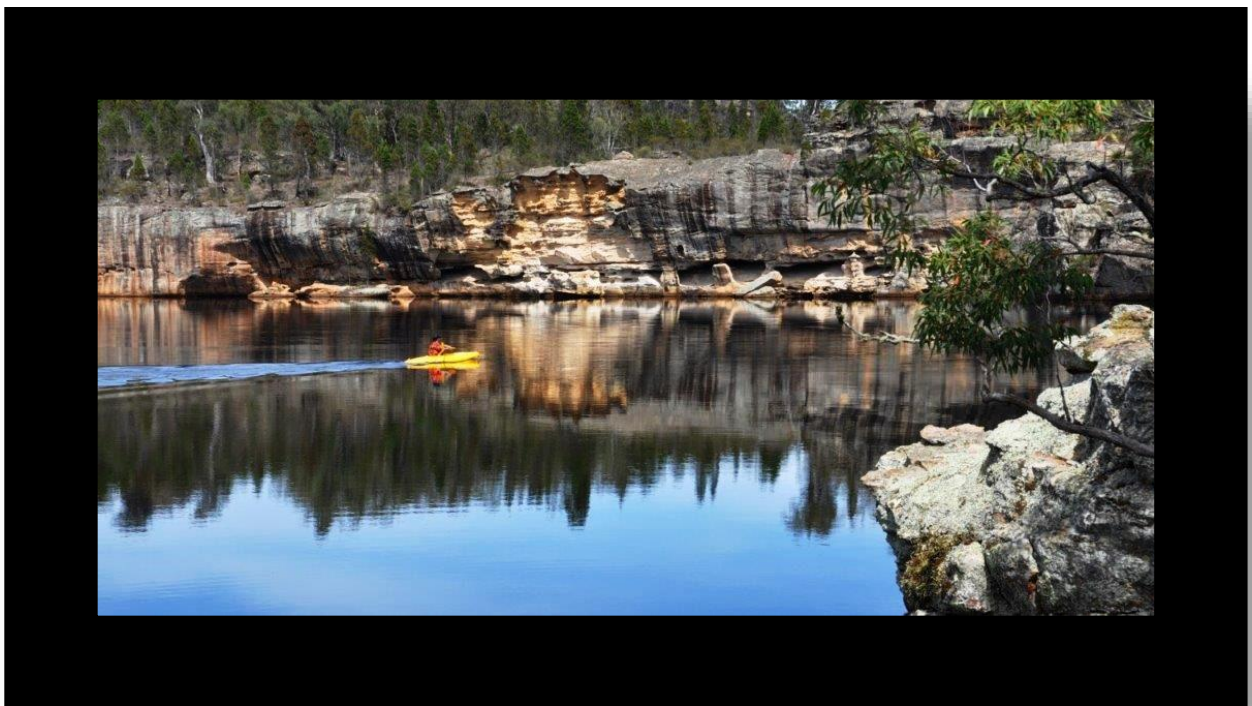
Fishy Pics



Justin on a Eucumbene trip in 2014



Scape Pics



Beautiful Dunns Swamp

*HVFFC members wish to “thank you”
SPONSORS*

Check out Sydney Fly Outfitters and Guiding on-line shop



Flies by Fedeles



<http://flytyerman.blogspot.com>

*Tie flyer extraordinaire, check out Paul's website
for your favourite fly*