



2018 April 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

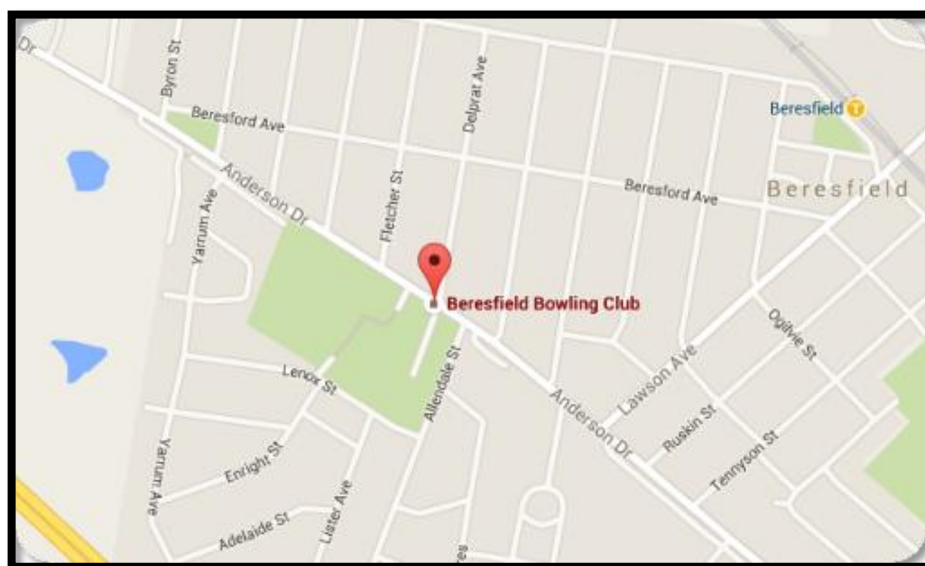
Jeff Yates

Noel King

Rob Probert

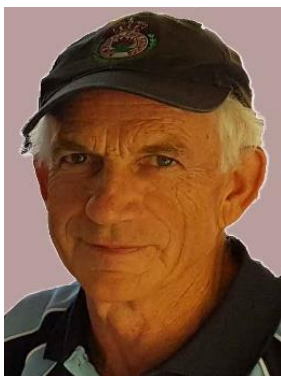
Hunter Valley Fly Fishing Club meets on the first Wednesday of each month at:-

Beresfield Bowling Club
Anderson Drive
Beresfield
At 7.00 pm



Editor's comments

Jeff Yates



This month has been a busy one for me with 3 trips to the Central West, baby sitting in the school holidays and heaps of other running about, but I still managed to get in a couple of fishing trips.

The Lithgow club trip was an absolute success, with Rod Fox organizing it like a military operation. Beautiful meals, great company just a shame about the extreme weather. But everyone is keen for a rerun next year minus the wind.....

Darren, Peter and myself had an impromptu bass trip to St Clair during the week. The season is just starting to turn, with a little nip in the night air. We only had 2 hours on the water but what a magic time. There were smelt jumping from the water taking emerging insects, and regular large boils in the shallows as the bass rounded up the smelt. We ended up landing 9 fish and lost a few in the ever present weed.

Matt has written an informative article on his Texas fishing trips, great story lines and a beautiful surprise at the end.

Peter has sourced and bought 2 new gazebos after the disastrous winds of the club weekend. We will have to give them a go at our June outing to St Clair.



President's Report

Welcome all to the April Newsletter.

I look forward to reading up on Rod Fox's trip to Lake Lyell. As windy as it was, I hear everyone had a great time and the trip looks set to be a repeater for 2019. Well done Foxy. I missed out on the weekend due to our first great-grandchild being christened.

The first fly swap for the year run by Rod Dillon has wound up, looking forward to seeing the different variety of ant patterns.

On fly swaps, I have been called up for Swapmeister duties again, this time overseeing two separate groups on the Facebook page Kangaroo Carp. Both groups of six get to tie and share their favourite carp fly with the group. This should be interesting with members spread far and wide around Australia including two of our own members Patrick and Tallis. I will keep you up-to-date with an article for the newsletter when the swap ends in June.

The next trip on the calendar is a day trip to Morpeth where you can never be sure of what you might catch in the mighty Hunter River. The following trip is to St Clair where we will get to sample our new club gazebos (after the other two were destroyed by the wind at Lyell).

Thanks to Peter whom sourced and purchased the new Oz-Trail gazebos at a very good price for the club. Well done.



Here is a random pic I found whilst searching for nymph patterns.

Talk about matching the hatch.

Scruffy flies and big fish.

Darren Foster

President, HVFFC 2018

2018 calendar



Month	Date	Venue/Event	Trip Master	Contact Number
January	20 th	Saltwater Fly Tying with Lawrence & Cherie	Lawrence B.	0432989797
February	07 th	Club Meeting at Bero Bowlo	All	
February	16 th – 18 th	Hawks Nest – Saltwater	Tom Jones	0406662713
February	20 th	\$4\$ Bass fingerlings release at St Clair	Darren	0413392774
March	07 th	Club Meeting at Bero Bowlo	All	
March	TBA	Forster Fly Muster – Day Trip	Darren	0413392774
April	04 th	Club Meeting at Bero Bowlo	All	
April	13 th – 15 th	Wallerawang – Lake Wallace	Rod Fox	0407195508
May	02 nd	Club Meeting at Bero Bowlo	All	
May	12 th	Hunter River – Morpeth (Day Trip)	Darren	0413392774
May				
June	06 th	Club Meeting at Bero Bowlo	All	
June	TBA	Lake St Clair - Bass	Peter Sewell	0428685101
June				
July	04 th	Club Meeting at Bero Bowlo	All	
July	TBA	Lake St Clair - Bass		
July				
August	01 st	Club Meeting at Bero Bowlo	All	
August	10 th - 12 th	Swansea Salmon Slam		
August	TBA	RISE Film Festival – Bero Bowlo	Darren	0413392774
September	05 th	Club Meeting at Bero Bowlo	All	
September	TBA	Hastings	Lawrence	0432989797
October	3 rd	Club Meeting at Bero Bowlo	All	
October	5 th – 7 th	Windamere Dam	Chris Moloney	0422144382
November	18 th	Club AGM Meeting @ 5.30pm	All	
November				
December	5 th	Club Meeting at Bero Bowlo	All	
December	TBA	Christmas Dinner	Lawrence/Cherie	

Babylonian Proverb – *The gods do not deduct from a man's allotted life span, the hours he spent fishing...* (thanks Rob)

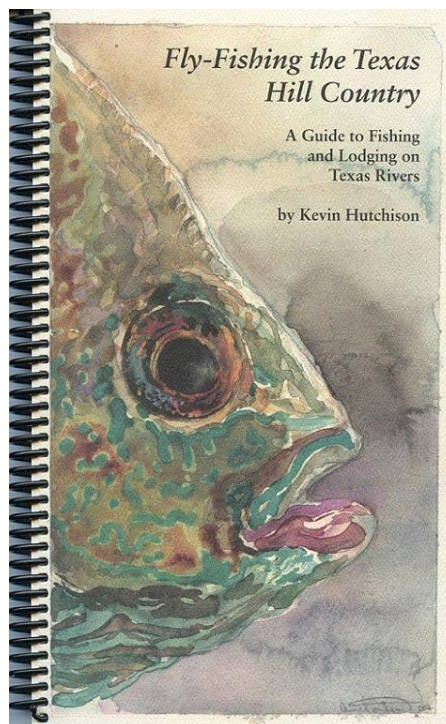
There's fish in them hills

Matt Jordan

Fly fishing the Texas hill country

Exactly what constitutes the Texas “Hill Country” depends on who you ask, but it’s generally considered to be the rocky, mountainous area to the west of Austin, a series of granite and limestone outcrops jutting out from the otherwise flat landscape of the state, marking the transition between the southeast and southwest of the USA. The Llano (technically pronounced “Yano”, actually pronounced “Lan-Oh”) river wends its way through this region, a spring-fed oasis in an otherwise arid landscape. The North and South arms of the Llano meet at the small town of Junction, before continuing to join the mighty interstate Colorado river and heading down Mexico way. Although the Llano might

not have the same standing in folklore as is afforded some of the more venerated US trout streams; such as the San Jaun, Colorado and Yellowstone rivers, it does have a certain place in fly-fishing lore, being the birth place of the DH1 (a fly that’s highly effective on Aussie bass, and one that Darren has demo-ed for the club), the Llanolope, Llano Bug, and Swamp Monster flies, among others. As far as fish go, the Llano holds largemouth bass, Guadalupe bass (the state fish of Texas), white bass, alligator gar, numerous species of sunfish, and a few very warm stocked trout over the winter months. As such it is one of the few waterways in Texas to be considered a primarily fly-fishing destination and is covered extensively in the seminal publication “Fly-Fishing the Texas Hill Country”.



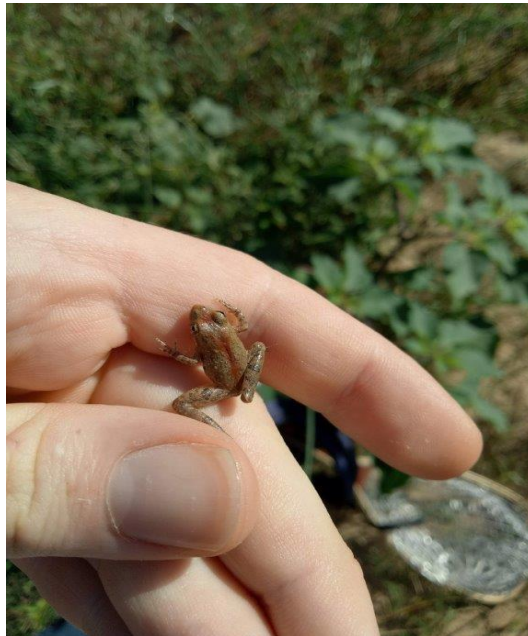
Essential reading for any inland Texas fly fisher.

There are multiple access points for the Llano river, both above and below the junction of the two arms. I was fishing for the day with a new Texas buddy, Ryan, a plant molecular biologist and keen fly fisherman. We put in at

“Long’s Fish ‘n’ Dig”, towards the lower end of the river and started fishing the small pools and granite runs that characterise the waterway. With plenty of small insects and frogs in evidence, we both opted to fish

surface flies, me a DH1, him a popper, before the sun got too high. Both flies were almost immediately met with some very enthusiastic,

but ineffective, strikes from small panfish. Ryan got a good strike from what he thinks was a bass, but it failed to find the hook.



Not everything is bigger in Texas

As the sun got higher, the bite got harder, and we went deeper. Ryan drew first blood on a small streamer, but decided the fish wasn't worth the effort of a photo. Shortly afterwards

I somehow managed to hook a long-eared sunfish (*Lepomis megalotis*) that couldn't even fit my swamp monster in its mouth, I was not, however, above taking the photo opportunity.



A couple of swamp monsters

We continued downstream, rotating through our fly boxes to see if we could tempt a bass. The countryside is fairly open, but the pools and riffles are quite small, so the casting is challenging without being infuriating. After trying a few vampires and weighted wooly buggers, I tied on a fly that I have dubbed the “Borski Bunny”, essentially a Borski slider with a zonker strip tail in place of the

traditional synthetic hair. I’d had a good largemouth eat one in Town Lake and thought that maybe these skinny water models might also be interested. The spun deer hair offers some buoyancy to counter the lead eyes and push some water, while the hair collar helps avoid weed fouling. I have grand plans for this fly over the deeper St Clair weedbeds.



The Borski Bunny, coming to an Aussie bass dam near you.

I also thought that the larger profile of the Borski might help separate the piscine wheat from the chaff, so I was excited when I felt a distinct tap as I stripped the fly out of the shade of an overhanging tree. Unfortunately the fish came back and committed, revealing

that another tiny sunfish had somehow managed to get the hook in its mouth. This time it was a redbreast sunfish (*Lepomis auritus*) notable for having longer ears than the long-eared sunfish.



Redbreast sunfish, sans red breast.

We continued to make our way downstream to the limits of the property, but after doing battle with the freshwater behemoths above, we were starting to feel the call of Whataburger (a Texas burger chain with startling artery clogging potential) and decided to call it a day. On the walk back to the car we watched two small largemouth working a beat in the open shallows. They were spooky and totally indifferent to our flies, but at least I had some proof of bass in the river, and it was

interesting seeing this behaviour from what I'd come to think of as a structure-oriented fish.

Sadly, I never made it back to the Llano, but apparently in spring it can offer some great action during the white bass run. At other times of the year it can be hit-and-miss (I'd chalk this trip up as more of a miss), but the open banks, easy wet-wading, and promise of a big skinny-water bass, make it a great way to escape the city and connect with Texas's rural roots at any time of the year.



Ah the serenity.

P.S. There is one other catch to report...



Proudest catch of all.

Mum and bub are both doing really well, and although her casting action still needs some work, expect to see Holly at an outing near you before too long.



.....

Lake Lyell Club Trip

Rod Fox

The weekend started off well with myself, Rod E, Peter and Rod D arriving at the camp around the same time. We set up tents and Rod E and Peter were off to meet up with Jeff at Thompsons Creek Dam (see separate report). Meanwhile, Tony and Jim arrived, set up camp before joining Rod D and I to walk the banks of Lake Lyell. I saw a couple of trout rising but that was the extent of my fishing experience that day, and as it turned out, for the weekend!!

Jeff caught two trout that night at Thompson Creek - one good brown and a rainbow, and Peter had a number of hits. It started to rain just before the boys returned from Thompson Creek. We sat around the two Pigs and chatted for a while, until it cooled off, and people decided to retire to their warm beds.



Late Friday night and early Saturday morning the winds arrived with gusts ranging up to 60 km an hour plus. Due to the severity of the winds people were up throughout the night attending to their tents. Morning dawned and the winds did not abate. After breakfast, Peter, Rod E,

Tony, Jim, Brent, Patrick and Tallis all headed to Thompson Creek for the day. Rod D, Alex and I decided to stay back at camp to keep an eye on things because of the ferocity of the winds, which proved to be a godsend, as it turned out.

Winds became so severe that Tony's tent was blown down six times and in the end we dropped it until he came back; Brent's tent was also damaged. One of the pivots of my fox wing snapped, so it had to be collapsed and put away and the club awnings were lowered to a metre off the ground but still ripped to pieces.

The boys at Thompson Creek had to be called back to camp at around 2pm because of the severity of the winds. As a result not much fishing happened on Saturday.

Notwithstanding the above it, it was decided that we would soldier on and stay until Sunday. Later that afternoon, as I was the bush cook for the weekend, I baked two red wine roasts, potatoes, vegetables and gravy on the two pigs and topped it off with apple pie and custard for dessert with a few bottles of good wine. We were very fortunate that the wind abated during dinner. We were joined for dinner by Jeff, Mark and Glen.

The strong gusting winds started again after dinner and continued throughout the night and into Sunday. On rising Sunday morning, Tony advised that he had been up and down all night with his tent and Tallis said that he had to move his swag as a limb fell across it.

Although the weekend, as a fishing weekend was a bust, a good time was had by all!!
Lots of good cheer and matesmanship.

Thompsons Creek

Jeff Yates

On a balmy autumn afternoon I was met at Thompsons Creek Dam car park by a contingent from the Lake Lyell camp. Peter, Rod E and Wayne were waiting for me as we planned our attack for the afternoon and night fishing session. Even though the average age was close to 70, we decided to head up the back, a 5km rough hike to some really good water; if only we had fore warning of the upcoming event we may not have ventured so far from the cars.

The trip up was uneventful. Two new fences to exclude feral goats meant that we could not take the preferred straight line, but instead had to walk down the hill to the water's edge through a gate then back up hill. Endurance tests and retirees can't be used in the same sentence.

Meanwhile we reached our destination, and Rod E and Wayne took up positions in a sheltered bay among the dead trees which were literally covered in mudeye husks. Peter and myself walked a little further to take advantage of cross wind ripple. The walk in waders sapped our energy levels, and we probably lost a litre or more in sweat, judging by the water consumed on the way. Peter hung his wet clothes out in a tree, making the best of the last of the sunlight and the breeze.



A construction channel leading down the hill o the lake marks one edge of an old quarry identified years ago when the level had receded. We fished either side, casting nymphs out into the bountifully weeded bottom of the dam. An hour passed and not a touch. We were now losing our light and tonight there would be no moon.

The last glimpse of light struck the back of a substantial porpoising brown, and I covered the expected direction of travel and the surrounding area but to no avail. Time to change flies for the night session.

Peter called a couple of bumps and as yet, I was still to touch a fish. On enquiry, he was retrieving extremely slowly and I was bringing in the tandem flies at a normal pace; time to slow down.

A couple of fish rings a rod length out gave my heart a thump. I was in the final stage of retrieval before a recast, so had to leave the fly in the water a little longer until it was almost in the runners, that's when the line went taunt and the action commenced. I could hear the aerial display of the fish, indicating a rainbow and was pleasantly surprised when I landed a plump 2.7lb hen. It had devoured a Craig's Nighttime, which has caught the majority of my fish this summer.

A little while later I hooked into another fish, this one I thought was quite substantial as it had me into the backing on a number of occasions. Patience eventually tired the fish and when it entered the shallows I realised that I had it hooked through the anal fin! The beautiful brown was probably a little underweight at 4.3lb, and measuring 620mm.

Just then we saw the headlamps of Rod and Wayne, who had not seen a fish and

had come to join us. No sooner had they cast a line, the wind picked up its intensity and the air chilled as the big raindrops fell. The still lake suddenly became a washing machine with waves crashing the banks; fishing over for the night!



Our walk back to the car seemed longer than on the way up, as we were lashed by the wind and rain. I was just so happy when the cars loomed up large under the light from our head lamps. We departed company, the 3 boys headed back to Lake Lyell to curl up in their sleeping bags inside their wind-blown tents and me to Lithgow for a hot shower and a queen size bed!

Bugger the wind, Willyweather charts for Saturday show gusts to 70kmh with a



steady westerly at 40-60kph. Makes fly fishing a dangerous occupation.



Devastation of camp with Jim re-erecting a tent

Jim sent this nice note of appreciation through to Tripmaster Rod F:-

*Hi Rod,
Thank you for a most memorable weekend which has now become another legendary event.
Despite the extreme gazebo demolishing damaging winds, and the limited opportunity to fish due to weed and wind, I will mostly recall the brilliant teamwork to save the campsite, the great camaraderie, awesome food as well as the traditional after dinner red wine "true stories".
Best wishes,
Jim*

*Evening meal preparations
on pigs (pot bellies) with
Rod and Alex*



Fishy Pics



*Darren hooked
up and landing
prime St Clair
bass*



Scape Pics



*Preparation for the
evening St Clair bass*

HVFFC members wish to “thank you”
SPONSORS

Check out Sydney Fly Outfitters and Guiding on-line shop

