



2018 August Newsletter

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Brent Blackwell

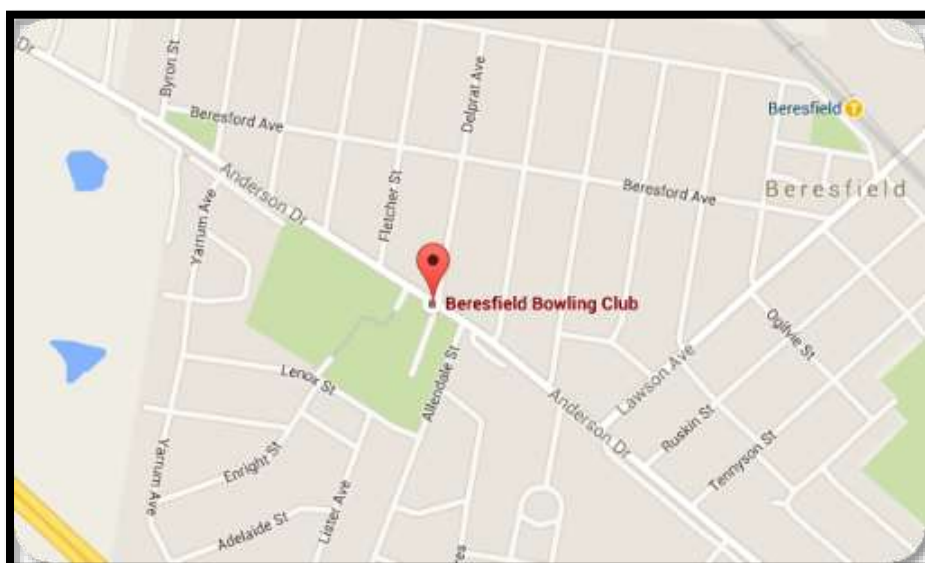
Jeff Yates

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



I get a buzz out of meeting other likeminded fly fishermen. We have had two recent trips where we were able to mix and chat with members of other clubs. We are the envy of these guys with the variety of fishing which surrounds our area. Within a couple of hours drive we can catch trout, bass, cod yellowbelly, silvers, carp and saltwater fish. The club encourages social interchange and share our thoughts, flies and fishing locations with all.

Read on, plenty for everyone.....



President's Report

G'day members,

Welcome all to the August Newsletter.

Another month has almost passed at the time of this writing, another month closer to Christmas (the months just seem to be flashing by?) I hope everyone is over their winter bugs or touch wood haven't had the bug this winter. Four weeks on and I still have a chest infection I can't shake.

The Swansea salmon Classic went off with a resounding well done to Cherie and Lawrence for working non-stop from Friday morning through to Sunday morning to see that everyone was fed and well looked after. It was good to catch up with old acquaintances and make new ones with a couple of guys from Coff's Coast Fly Fishing Club joining us for the weekend. Although the Salmon chose not to entirely play along, they were there for some slim pickings. If you haven't been down to Swansea yet to have a crack at them they should still be there until around the end of September.

Friday the 24th was the RISE Film Festival held again at Bero Bowlo. Our members and visitors came along for a great night of watching promos on up-coming fly fishing DVD's. The RISE Film Festival travels not only all around Australia but is viewed all around the world. See the write up and promo shots inside the newsletter.

The next club outing is the Hastings Inter-club outing, Lawrence will send out some info on that trip soon. The accommodation and hospitality at Dawn's property on the Hastings river is exceptional, and a trip to enjoy.

The trip after Hastings is to Windamere. The yellows and cod will be lined up waiting for anyone keen enough to chase them.

The next club meeting is on Wednesday 5th September at Bero Bowlo, see you all there for the start at 7.00pm.



Scruffy flies and big fish.

Darren Foster

President, HVFFC 2018

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
March				
April	04 th	Club Meeting at Bero Bowlo	All	
April	13 th —15 th	Lake Lyell	Rod Fox	0407195508
April				
May	02 nd	Club Meeting at Bero Bowlo	All	
May	12 th	Lake St Clair — Bass, Yellowbelly	Darren	0413392774
May				
June	06 th	Club Meeting at Bero Bowlo	All	
June	15 th , 16 th , 17 th	Lake St Clair — Bass, Yellowbelly	Peter Sewell	0428685101
June				
July	04 th	Club Meeting at Bero Bowlo	All	
July	14 th	Christmas in July	Cherie	0410555019
July	15 th	Swansea Day Trip (self-cater)	Jeff	0427002766
August	01 st	Club Meeting at Bero Bowlo	All	
August	10 th , 11 th , 12 th	Swansea Salmon Classic	Cherie	0410555019
August	24 th	RISE Film Festival — Bero Bowlo	Darren	0413392774
September	05 th	Club Meeting at Bero Bowlo	All	
September	21 st , 22 nd , 23 rd	Hastings	Lawrence	0432989797
October	3 rd	Club Meeting at Bero Bowlo	All	
October	5 th — 7 th	Windamere Dam	Chris M.	0422144382
October	12 th — 19 th	Elm Grove Mountain Retreat - Trout	Rod Fox	0407195508
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	0410555019

Swansea Salmon Classic

Jeff Yates/ Darren Foster



The inaugural Swansea Salmon Classic was always going to be a winner with Cherie and Lawrence at the helm. Cherie has organised the weekend to the ninth degree, with accommodation, dining and kitchen facilities arranged, food bought and meals prepared which were a real hit for hungry fishermen.

Some of the participants, like the Coffs duo of Dave and Alan, arrived mid-week to get a crack at the Salmon before the weekend warriors arrived. Alas,

someone forgot to tell the Salmon. I got a call from Dave on Thursday to enquire about their whereabouts, as they had arrived the day before and didn't see a fish, and they had not turned up this morning. However, their day got no better, with no fish sighted, not what we wanted to see with the big weekend looming.

Friday arrived and a few of us headed down for an early start. The morning was cold and fishless, so at around 8am we decided that a hot coffee may be in order. Just under the bridge on the Lake side is a terrific coffee shop, so, while the boat was safely moored at a nearby wharf we ducked up to get a fix. The coffee did not disappoint, and with renewed vigour we boarded the tinnie and headed back to the channel. It was not until around 11am on the first of the runout that we landed our first fish. This was the start to a great little session, and after around a dozen fish we called it a day on the water. As we left the boat ramp, a large flock of birds were working in Salts Bay, good tidings for the coming event.



Back at the van park, we assisted with the camp setup under Cherie's direction, while she put on a hot meal for dinner. Meanwhile, members and visitors started to arrive and old acquaintances were again renewed. Much talk and hype continued into the night about the coming prospects of a good catch. We even had time to compare notes with those who had fished this day. Mark scored a triple header of a flathead, salmon and trevally. It was also exciting to witness and cheer on Tallis as he hooked into 2 very big salmon, for his first catch of the species. At first, Tallis thought he only had a small salmon on. I think it was just lulling the rookie into a false sense of security as once it got near the boat it really showed Tallis just how hard they can run, and pull line off your reel. But this fish met its match and with every attempt at an escaping run, Tallis would burst out laughing. It was evident though that he had a torrid time on his 6 wt rod and trout reel, as his hand was too sore to

shake for the rest of the day. To make the catch even sweeter, Tallis caught his first two salmon on the surf candy he learned to tie with Brett from BWC Flies.



It would be remiss of me to try and single out too many individuals, but most caught fish, and if they didn't, then there is always tomorrow. At dinner time we were served a choice of 4 hot meals, we've never had it so good.

After a hot breakfast on a chilly Saturday morning, everyone headed for the water to claim bragging rights for the big night

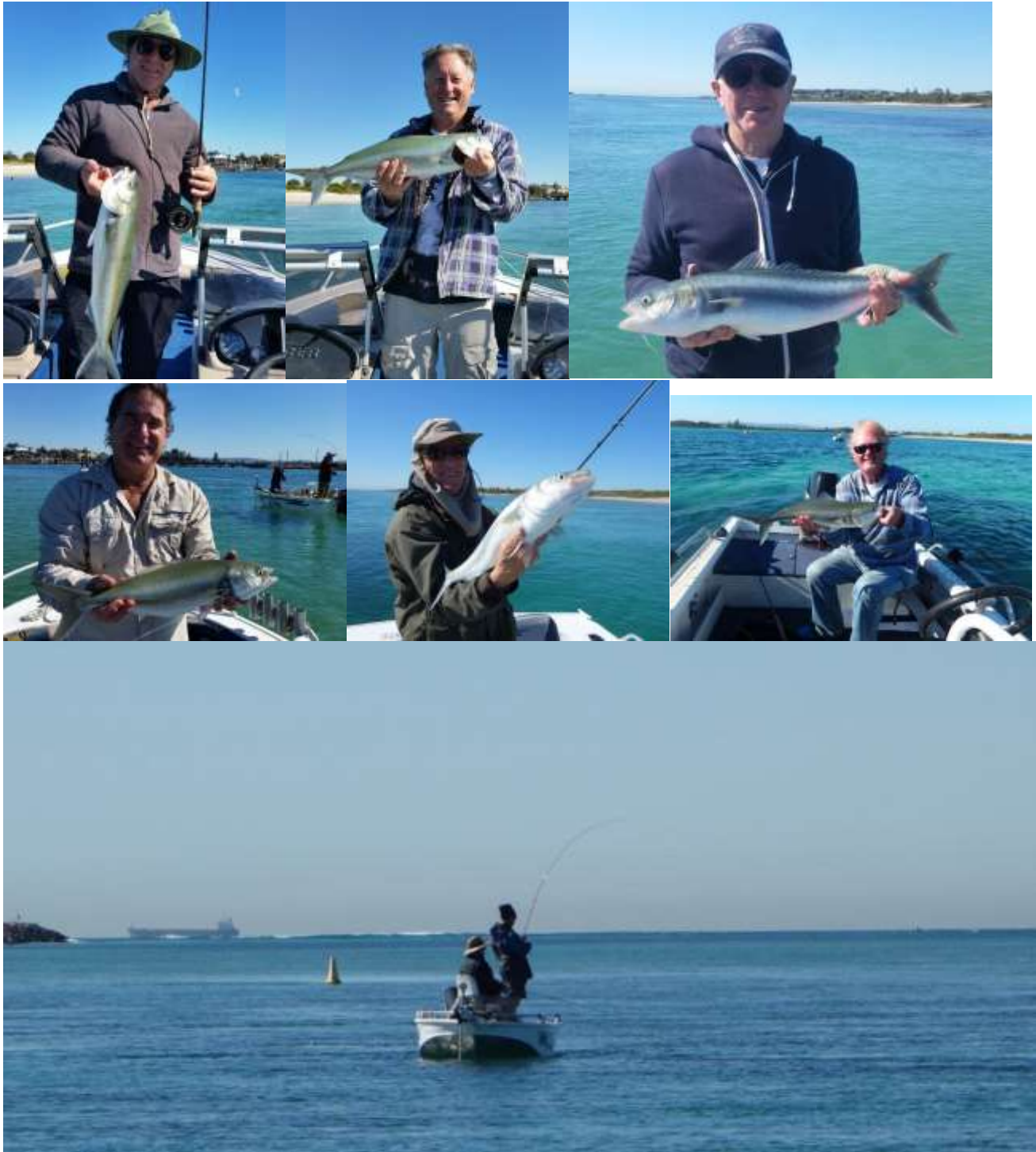
to come. The well set up ramp complete with floating dock is just outside the van park with a 5 minute ride down to the fishing grounds. We must have been first down there, and immediately come onto some action below the RSL club. Not to be left out, a yak joined us in the hunt and the owner was soon hooked up. The yak did a number of 360 degree turns until the fish was finally subdued. Matt held up the prize, and I thought, what a terrific way to start the day. Noel had a pretty good time of it not only landing a flathead and two trevallies but also his first salmon on fly as well. It's good to see when the salmon are not playing, members can adapt to target other species as well. After all, that's what makes us so versatile as fly fishers.

Saturday was a funny sort of day, with the fish popping up in different places, and the boat traffic, or scrum, paid an end to any serious fishing. The birds, whom are usually a good indicator of where the fish are were not very cooperative either. There were plenty of diving birds taking the odd baitfish but unfortunately, bigger fish were not lurking beneath. At one stage there was a seal working around the bridge moorings in front of the RSL Club, but even it was struggling to find a feed. Not everyone caught fish, but we all enjoyed ourselves.



Saturday night started with another great meal and desert, followed by the club bass stocking raffle. Everyone brings an item along for the raffle and along with a copious amount of chocolate crackles, the prizes were wide spread, from bottles of wine, to flies and even a few thoughtful cans of red salmon thrown in for a laugh. Thanks to Paul Fedeles for donating coupons that were redeemable at the end of the night for a selection of Paul's extraordinary tied flies. Lawrence and Cherie did a good duo act with tickets being drawn and Lawrence doing his best "What's in the box Lawrence? spiel". Doesn't quite have that same 'ole ring to it does it! It was more like the Knock & Kirby ads from days gone by.

Talk around the campfire (tables and chairs inside a room this time) was that everyone enjoyed their selves despite not everyone catching a salmon and there seemed to be a positive vibe with members and guests saying they were keen to return in 2019. It's always good to catch up with old acquaintances and to make new ones as well. The Swansea Gardens Caravan Park turned out to be an excellent venue and the park staff were very helpful and accommodating.





RISE Film Festival

By Darren Foster

In its thirteenth year, this film festival promised to be a big hit with Aussie locals as the feature film was about chasing the iconic Murray cod on fly in some of Australia's pristine wilderness. The awesome footage showed some magnificent trout and Atlantic salmon caught in Russia followed by more brown and rainbow trout being caught in New Zealand by Rene Vaz, Nick and Chris Reygaert.



The first short film of the night by Aussie Fly Fisher titled ***Goodoo*** featured the iconic Murray cod, which is Australia's largest exclusively freshwater fish. These aquatic icons can eat a full-grown duck in one hit and still find room for lure of fly as well. They are the apex predator of our inland rivers. Joshua Hutchins and his crew hunt for the ultimate prize: the elusive one metre Murray Cod on fly. These guys travelled by four-wheel-drive, helicopter and foot to some of NSW's best native fisheries with hard hits, wild Aussie

landscapes, and clear water sight-fishing to chase their dreams.



Three Runs was a film about wild brown trout and Atlantic salmon. The Fly Fishing Nation crew fished the Ponoï River in Russia for some exciting catches of big hook-jawed male brown trout and massive Atlantic Salmon.



Gin-Clear Media's ***Pure Fly NZ***, a New Zealand based fly fishing TV show was another highlight of the festival. This year we watched a preview episode from the third series. The episode features Rene Vaz as he explores Otago and the surprising variety of winter trout fishing available. We even seen some footage of Nick Reygaert and his brother Chris fishing some of what New Zealand has to offer.



My Mum Vala was a film about a single mother working at the family fishing lodge in Greenland and raising her ten-year-old daughter Mathilda in Reykjavik, Iceland where she has been teaching Mathilda the art of fly fishing. The story is narrated by Mathilda as her mother Vala heads off to Greenland to work at the lodge. Vala grew up learning to fly fish with her father and is now in turn teaching Mathilda the same skills and life values that were bestowed upon her by her own father.



Atlanticus (several years in production) was about the mighty Tarpon, kicking off on the beaches of Gabon (South Africa) through to Mexico, followed up by going deep into Central America. In Mexico the crew fished a plague of locusts, these hoppers were enormous (you would need shares in a foam factory to make a hopper big enough to match-the-hatch).



Please note that some of this material (pictures and words) was sourced from Gin-Clear Media's website from the Press Kit for the RISE Film Festival.

My Space

Jeff Yates



We all need our own space. For years I was nagged about the moth balls, feathers and fur on the floor, rabbit skins, cat skins, deer squares, roo patches, chook capes, loose hooks, almost a menagerie of animal coats, throughout the house. Hope visitors didn't take offence, I think they would understand, but Lyn didn't get it! I tried hard to keep it all in order, in plastic boxes, desk drawers, filing cabinets and wherever I could find a nook in the spare bedroom after the kids flew the coop. It was a battle that I was never going to win.

Push ahead 20 years, I build a new house with a dedicated tying room. I painted it out, hung the split cane rods with their old English fly reels on the wall, set up enough lighting to run the power meters hot, hung up the fishing calendars and fishing pictures; I was feeling really chuffed, except those bloody moth balls. I was again banished, this time because "she who must be obeyed" wanted the room for visitors, (on top of the other 2 spare rooms). I was beginning to feel indignant and threw the occasional tantrum, but I was never going to win!

So, for the peace of all, I headed under the house to carve myself out a little space in the workshop. Then comes the need for storage, a desk and lighting. A visit to Vinnies and I found a \$50 roll top desk, a street throw out gave me a high boy with heaps of draws, but this was still not enough space. A visit to Bunnings, more charity shops and Officeworks got me filing drawers and other gadgets, so I slowly started to piece together a half decent space. Left over down lights gave me good overhead light and the computer sacrificed its chair. Finally, I can claim this as my own little dunghill, without any interference or comments about bloody mothballs.

I spend countless hours whittling away the time tying flies for salt, trout and bass. I'm safe down here because I use liberal amounts of moth balls and camphor flakes, probably poisoning myself but anything to preserve my precious fly tying collection, but do you know what, my spouse has not once visited me in my dungeon. I know that I'm safe here amongst the moth balls and happy in my own patch. Am I just a grumpy old man or do others share my pain?

Dunmore Waters

Jeff Yates

I received a couple of photos of mega trout from our Coff's connection, and I was gob smacked. I initially thought they were stud Thompsons Creek fish but the background was not right. On enquiry I was advised that they come from Dunmore Trout Waters. I googled it and came up with the following info for anyone who would like to make the trip.



Your hosts Peter and Cath Ivey have had a long association with Trout and Trout Anglers. Peter from his younger days has sought out trout in the many streams around 'Woollala', those being The Mordeun, Georges, Paradise and Sandy Creeks. Dunmore Trout Waters was used mainly as a private fishery, situated on their sheep and cattle property "Woollala" but with the inclusion of the lakes and the establishment of a three bedroom lodge together with a built barbeque area, they decided to open the fishery to all fisherman.

Dunmore is located near Wandsworth, a tiny dot 35 km north of Guyra and just west of the New England Highway. The fishing getaway cottage is part of the Ivey family's farming property "Woollala".

The main lodge is situated right on the largest lake of the property. Solar power provides all the comforts for family visits or angling groups, and provides a welcome refuge from the changeable weather that is a feature of the northern tablelands. Most winters provide a reasonable snow fall. The lodge can accommodate up to 14 people (I'm told that 7-8 is the comfort zone). With two lakes below the main lake, and five smaller lakes above the main lake, all stocked with fighting trout, it brings the total number of fishing impoundments to eight in this area.

Tariff \$120 per day

<https://www.dunmoretroutwaters.com.au>

Fly Swap

Jeff Yates

I have finally found time to join in Rods Fly Swap. The last swap was beetles, and I was impressed with the skills some of the new comers are showing; it's been a real learning curve for the new guys.

The next swap will be hoppers patterns so look out for the photos of some crazy and not so crazy patterns.



Alex at his tying desk with “The Most Improved Fly Tyer” award and on the right, a variety of flies from the beetle swap

For Sale

Orvis Recon 9ft 8wt 4pc fly rod which has never been used. It is brand new in an aluminum rod tube and cloth wrap. \$450

Contact Ray or Fiona on 0408451835



A virgin no more

By Jeff Yates



Years ago Gordon and myself would take Col, a pensioner, out to Thompsons Creek to fish the evening rise and on into the dark. Col developed Parkinsons, but he continued to go out, totally unfazed by the crippling disease. He even purchased a French lever operated fly reel, which allowed him to cast and play fish one handed after he lost the use of his left arm. On his last memorable trip he managed to hook and land an 8lb brown, a monumental task, considering that he lost his balance and fell back into the water. He continued to play the fish, half submerged, on his back in the water, until it was safely in his landing net.

Anyway, I digress, Col has since gone to angler's heaven, and I have been trying to get Gordon up to Lake St Clair, from his home at Dory Creek. After several years, I finally had him convinced, so we discussed gear and tactics over the phone, and agreed to rendezvous at Singleton Maccas for a coffee and travel in convoy to our preferred destination.

After a bit of tuition on leaders, flies and preferred habitat, we headed off to the lake's edge. During winter the bass generally prefer the warmer water in the top reaches of the dam and around the weedy margins. I tried hard to get Gordon on to a bass, as he has never landed one. We fished the shallows, the edges and the rocky drop-offs on the Carrowbrook arm and couldn't get him a hookup. Peter had no trouble landing a lovely fish, but Gordon just wasn't holding his tongue right. His beautiful casts and patient retrieves couldn't buy a fish. Time to switch tactics and head down the lake to deeper water.

I was lucky enough to get onto a couple of fish myself, and at this stage Gordon was getting a little dispirited. The coffee back at Singleton has had a diuretic effect on Gordon, so when nature calls you have to go. Casting out his line to get it off the ground and supporting the rod under the arm, he was enjoying the relief one gets, when you wouldn't know it, a bass hammers the slow sinking fly! When you have been fishless for half a day, you start to become anxious, but that is probably not the word for it, as the bass tries his hardest to escape, while Gordon tries to keep his dignity intact, but also not lose the fish. The next 5 minutes was quite comical, from my perspective anyway, as he battled with loose line, zippers and raucous laughter. The fight wasn't in vain, and after some composure he managed to bring the fish to the bank, for a photo and release. No longer a virgin.

A fun if not unconventional way to land your first bass, but I hope it is the first of many, but to catch more than one he may have to swallow a few more coffees!

This is my mate Gordon, obviously relieved that he has broken his duck, with vanity intact, and hope to see him on the water again soon.



Fishy Pics



*Matt being towed around by a
rampaging salmon in his yak
during the Salmon Classic*



Scape Pics



*Twin soaks on Lake St
Clair drying up in the
evening sunlight but still
holds plenty of bass*

*HVFFC members wish to “thank you”
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Flies by Fedeles



<http://flytyerman.blogspot.com>