



Hunter Valley Fly Fishing Club.com.au

2018 Nov/Dec Newsletter

President – Darren Foster

Vice President – Patrick Tobin

Secretary – Jim Manley

Treasurer – Wayne Hunt

Newsletter Editor – Jeff Yates

Grants Officer – Lawrence Blackburn

Special Events – Cherie Blackburn

Raffles – Brent Blackwell

Committee Members

Fiona Meredith

Jeff Yates

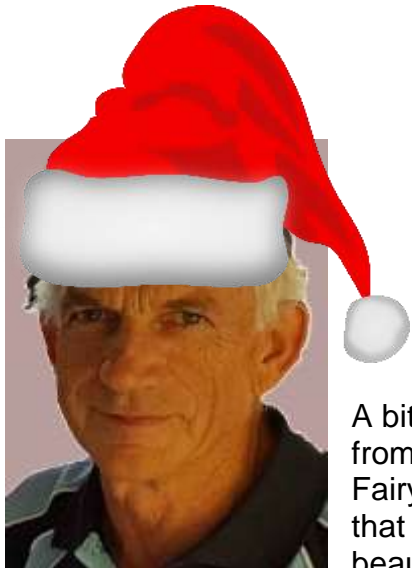
Noel King

Robert 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

A bit of a rush to get this newsletter out. I have just returned from a short notice trip to the Grampians and south to Port Fairy. Lush and green down there, and you would hardly know that there is a drought in Eastern Australia. Looked at some beautiful water, but no room for a rod; maybe next time. Having just arrived home, I was back on a plane to fish Tassie central highland lakes, prior to getting ready to fly out to attend a 2000 guest wedding in India on New Year's eve, so this is the last and Xmas edition of the newsletter for 2018.

I had a visit back over to look after my dad at Kandos and couldn't help but throw the kayak and a rod in for the trip, hoping to get a window of opportunity to wet a line, and as luck would have it, the opportunity for a few hours off later in the week gave me a chance, and I struck a wonderful bycatch. See the article.

Peter has submitted a story on St Clair bass. He seems to have a mortgage on that place and is wired into it fairly well, and is always generous with his guidance with all new comers.

Tangus has given us some interesting reading about his African trip. Well done mate, and we expect more of these interesting stories of your exploits.

We are back from Tassie after a freezing, wet, windy but brilliant time. I feel like selling up and buying myself a shack in the highlands, but I don't expect Lyn will join me!



Holly reading the latest Flylife to dad, Matt. See Matts great Luderick article, showing what we can get in our area if you think more laterally and experiment.



President's Report

G'day members,

Welcome all to the last newsletter for 2018. The weather is certainly warming up now with the cicadas singing, the bass on the chew and the festive season is upon us with Christmas only just around the corner.

On November 14th 2018, the HVFFC held its Annual General Meeting at Beresfield Bowling Club. The 2018 Committee was dissolved and a new committee elected for 2019. Before I go any further, I would like to take the time to thank the 2018 committee for their support, help and dedication to the smooth running and operations of the club throughout the year. I thank you all.

Now I would like to take the time to welcome in new (and old) members of the Committee for 2019:

Vice President – Patrick Tobin

Secretary – Jim Manly

Treasurer – Wayne Hunt

Assistant Treasurer – Patrick Tobin

Newsletter Editor – Jeff Yates

Grants Officer – Lawrence Blackburn

Raffles Coordinator – Brent Blackwell

Special Events Coordinator – Cherie Blackburn

Committee Members - Jeff Yates

- Robert Probert

- Noel King

- Fiona Meredith

I look forward to working with you all over next 12 months.

Lastly, thank you all for voting me in as your President for 2019, it is more a privilege than a position and I look forward to fishing with you all in the New Year.

From my family to each and every one of you and your families I would like to wish you all a very merry Christmas and a safe, happy and prosperous New Year.

Scruffy flies and big fish.

Darren Foster

President, HVFFC 2018/19

Month	Date	Venue/Event	Trip Master	Contact Number
January	19 th	Fly Tying with Lawrence & Cherie	Lawrence B.	0432989797
February	06 th	Club Meeting at Bero Bowlo	All	
February	02 nd	Estuary Fly Tying with Brett Clarke	Darren	0413392774
February	15 th , 16 th , 17 th	Pending - Saltwater	Tom Jones	0406662713
March	06 th	Club Meeting at Bero Bowlo	All	
March	8 th , 9 th , 10 th	Lithgow	Rod Fox	0407195508
March				
April	03 th	Club Meeting at Bero Bowlo	All	
April				
April				
May	01 st	Club Meeting at Bero Bowlo	All	
May	12 th	Lake St Clair – Bass, Yellowbelly		
May				
June	05 th	Club Meeting at Bero Bowlo	All	
June	15 th , 16 th , 17 th	Lake St Clair – Bass, Yellowbelly		
June				
July	03 rd	Club Meeting at Bero Bowlo	All	
July	20 th	Xmas in July & Club Awards Night		
July				
August	07 th	Club Meeting at Bero Bowlo	All	
August	23 rd , 24 th , 25 th	Swansea Salmon Classic	Cherie	0410555019
August		RISE Film Festival – Bero Bowlo	Darren	0413392774
September	04 th	Club Meeting at Bero Bowlo	All	
September	21 st	Fly Club 20 th Anniversary	Cherie	0410555019
September				
October	02 nd	AGM/General Club Meetings at Bero Bowlo	All	
October				
November	06 th	Club Meeting at Bero Bowlo	All	
November				
November				
December	04 th	Club Meeting at Bero Bowlo	All	
December				
December				

AGM 2018



Fishing for gold

Jeff Yates



Is there a more beautiful and tranquil lake in Australia?

I was over with Dad at Kandos for the last week of October, and on the off chance, I happened to throw on the yak and fishing gear. I know its closed season for our iconic Murry Cod, but the chances of me getting out to wet a line were very slim. With a box of yellow belly flies trying to spring out of my fly box, I was looking for an opportunity.

I spent the first 5 days mowing the orchard, netting trees and doing maintenance around the property and house, and playing nursemaid to my aging dad.

But, on the Monday before I was to leave, I got up to a 1017 rising barometer, and a promise of light winds and clear skies; what more could I ask for other than time. I passed on my care baton to one of my siblings and headed for the reservoir after lunch. I had a 4 hour window, having a dinner date at 6pm and its now 2pm.

The trip in to the spot is getting worse. I locked in the hubs at the gates and selected low/low and crept the 2km from the main road onto the water. Ruts almost a meter deep in places are bypassed by parallel rough tracks, and the ruts with water covered a booby trap that I didn't wish to explore.

Arriving on the water at 2.30, I was happy to be the only angler there. I slid the yak off and loaded it with the essentials; rod, reels, flies, lip gripper, net, drinking water, sunscreen, line, camera....whoops still back at the house. I left it behind in my hurry to go fishing, so I will have to use my phone, bugger, bugger, bugger!!!

The pedal up the dam was exhilarating; the birdlife around the water included divers, swans, shags, pelicans, a sea eagle and a harrier trying to scoop a feed off the raft of coots scurrying along in the shallows. It wasn't long before I reached a cliff line, directly below the sea eagle's nest. This is where the original Cudgegong River used to flow before it was dammed.

Coincidentally, this cliff line lies on the easterly side, so it is now well shaded. I had a slight zephyr drifting the yak slowly along, parallel to the bank, as I cast to the shadows under the rock face. Floating ribbon weed was a constant nuisance, catching the fly and necessitating a quick retrieve and recast. My cast landed beside an ancient red gum log, angled at 45 degrees to the bank, and I counted the fly down several feet before I attempted a retrieve.



The first pulse was met by a savage pull, as the fish surged for cover. I peddled the yak out to open water and slowly played the fish until he joined me in the battle. Fishing from the yak is fun, as the fish circumnavigated and turned the yak around several times, eventually tiring and was landed. I photographed the 3kg cod and sent him back to his home.



I was conscious of the time, and quickly got back to work, peppering the shadows of the easterly bank. The next fish hit with a tremendous thud and kept going. I donated that fly to the big fish, all the time thinking that if it wasn't closed season I would be beefed up a lot more.

It was now 4.30pm, leaving me just 30 minutes to fish. I hate being on a time constraint when I'm fishing, but that's life. The #6 olive fur fly was doing the job for me and luckily, I had a spare. I returned to the old red gum log, and dropped the fly down the log, and again I hooked up. This fish was smaller than the first, but still gave a fair account of itself. I lip gripped

the beautifully green and yellow marbled fish, removed the fly and released it. Time was now up, as I slowly peddled back to the car, still high on adrenalin after the short but magical afternoon session I had the pleasure of being a part of, shame I couldn't share the moment, but maybe you will read this and understand my love of this magic spot.

As I ate my pub meal in Rylstone later that night, I marveled at the opportunities we have of catching quality fish within a 4 hour trip of Newcastle. Quality bass, trout, yellow belly, cod, salmon, flathead, bream, whiting, mullet, carp and the list goes on. We must be the envy of many of our colleagues.



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Flying high on synthetic weed

Matt Jordan

It's worst in winter.

The cold wind, the short days, the skies bereft of insect chatter. At first you can't put your finger on it, a vague uneasiness at the back of your mind, an itch you can't quite locate. Strange tics, fingertips tracing a phantom figure-8 retrieve and dreams of double hauls. Then there's a trigger, a feather on the breeze, a tuft of fur on a barbwire fence, or the lonely croak of a cicada, too late to the party for a mate to ever hear his song. The call is recognised, but with less than 10 hours of daylight and bass and trout seasons closed it's hard to get a fix. Sure, the bass impoundments are full of roed up slobbs, and salmon are harassing whitebait in the lake, but sometimes you need immediate gratification. It was under these circumstances that, like so many before me, I turned to weed.

I told myself it would be a one off, rigging up a floppy fiberglass rod from childhood with a float and a sz 10 caddis hook, I wandered down to the foreshore to while away the afternoon. The thing is, I didn't realise how hard it is to score weed if you don't have someone to hook you up. The first few attempts were miserable failures, until I stumbled across a patch of high quality "green". From there it was a matter of learning a whole new fishing craft, carefully balancing the float, watching for the slightest aberration in drift, before setting the hook (sometimes) into a stripy vegetarian brawler. The addiction grew and suddenly I was outlaying cash on a dedicated luderick outfit and struggling with the intricacies of a centrepin reel. Still, it was just until the rivers opened again, I told myself I could quit any time.



It's a gateway drug

Before long however, the natural high wasn't enough, I wanted to catch these feisty fish on fly. And so I turned to synthetic weed.

It was a slow transition, first tapestry wool, still "natural" enough to keep fooling myself, but the achingly slow sink rate had me searching for a faster hit. There were whispers online of a superior product on the market, a synthetic dubbing that was even better than the real thing. Heart in throat the order was placed on BWC flies, one ready-made fly and a bag of green to roll my own. By now it was October, and I was in too deep to turn back.



A woolly bully

The day after the delivery arrived I rushed from work to the foreshore, cursing the super-car induced congestion. Hurrying from the car I passed two other luderick fisherman carrying the tools of the trade. “Any luck?” “Nah, they’re quiet, been here a few hours and only got a couple of downs, no fish. You chasing them on fly eh? Good luck!”. Oh well, the plan was to get a couple on bait before switching to fly if they were on the chew anyway, so at least I was still in with a shot. That plan came quickly unraveled upon reaching the water and realizing the nut on the back of the centrepin had worked its way off. Tony Alvey may have had some great ideas, but foregoing a locking nut was not one of them.

So this was it, no safety net as I sent the fly drifting down the berley trail, the indicator weighted to a hair trigger. The first few drifts came up empty, then my indicator dipped just under the surface, I struck hard and came up empty handed. Two more phantom strikes and I was thinking maybe my indicator was just getting waterlogged. The fourth time the fluff slipped gently under I gave it half a second more before firmly strip striking. This time the line came tight and the battle commenced. I’ve always felt there’s some similarity between the fight of a luderick and a brown trout, no big runs, but lunging and thrashing with dogged determination, and this fish was textbook. Eventually I guided the fish into the net, fly well and truly lodged in its gullet.



A broken reel a blessing in disguise

That hook suffered a bit of structural readjustment in the process of removing it from the fish, so I switched to one of my own blend, this time with an absurdly bright green tungsten bead for weight.

At the end of the first drift with this new strain of synthetic the fly took off so fast I got line burn when I tried to strike. Clearly this fish had not read the textbook, and had a couple of attempts to head out to Stockton before succumbing and coming quietly to the net. It was a little tackier, just on 27, but it definitely wanted that fly. Even the kids are getting into synthetic.



The kids are hooked on synthetic



Purple haze

One more (stunningly purple) fish rounded the day out before I decided my leave pass had probably expired and headed home. Claire wasn't quite sure why I was excited about making the process of catching a fish harder for myself, but mostly wanted to reiterate that she wasn't going anywhere near the fillets (there's no accounting for some people's taste).



A Malaysian curry with all the forbidden seafoods and a homemade sourdough roti

Fish frames in the garden, fillets in a curry, and an excuse to tie up some more flies. Maybe it's the synthetic weed talking, but I think I'm looking forward to next winter.

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WRINKLES

**Something other people have,
Similar to my character lines.**

The Bunning's Bass

Peter Sewell

It's funny how some fishing trips come about isn't it? It doesn't take much to get wheels rolling. Lawrence couldn't make it to Chris's club outing at St Clair so we said we should catch up and do a separate fish when he was free. Well last weekend Ingrid and I were at Bunnings and we bumped into Cherie who said Lawrence has got a couple of free days next week and he was thinking of getting in touch for a fishing trip. So here began the Bunnings Bass Trip.

The word was put around and Darren, Fred, Lawrence and I headed to St Clair on 1st November, one of the hottest days we've had for a while. We decided to fish The Spit at the top end of the lake, which isn't the spit when the water level is up. We slipped and slid in the mud, got our boots stuck but managed 5 bass between us before dark so all was good with the world. The bass were short taking or nipping at the fly so we had to slow things down to get them to take properly. Fur flies and Craig's Night Time flies seemed the go. The gear used was Intermediate lines with leaders varying from 8lb to 14lb and 6 to 8wt rods. Lawrence even had his tracker on so we weren't going to get lost and we also knew how far we had walked.



The bewitching hour arrived (It was Halloween the day before too, wasn't it?) anyway the sun was setting so we decided to move to another spot called Lemon Tree so named for the obvious reason. We (Fred, Darren and I, because Lawrence had departed) wandered down as the wind was starting to put a good ripple on the water and I caught a nice bass on a fur fly on my first cast. We thought that was a good sign. We fished till around 9.30 for only three more fish and a couple of snags. A nice surprise for Fred, was his first Silver on fly from St Clair, even though he thought it was just another prickly bass. According to Fred all of these prickly fish look the same.

It's funny how sometimes you just know a fish is near your fly even if it hasn't yet grabbed it. Not long before we left I felt something was near my fur fly so I just paused a little longer than normal and then felt the slightest of taps and then bang, crash, wallop. I was hooked into a monster, I had no hope of holding it though I tried because I didn't want it to hole up in the weeds. After the fish had travelled about two metres, (probably just putting a huge arch in my rod at that stage, my 14lb leader was snapped like cotton! So much for "the One That Got Away", I'll never ever know what it was or how big it was. Damn! I'll just have to keep going back and see if contact can be made again one

day. What should I do though? Go easier on the fish but risk it snagging me up on weed or a log? Use 20lb leader? Was it a bass? Do they really pull THAT hard? Was it a Cod? Somebody said that they thought there were a few cod in there but I've never seen one. So a quick afternoon trip resulted in nine fish being caught, a huge fish disappearing into the blackness of the night and the dark depths of the lake and a bit of good fun. All thanks to a chance encounter at Bunnings.



The sun setting on another top bass fishing trip at St Clair



Brad and his Barbershop group having a sing jam

Fazaa Tanguis in Africa

By Tanguis

Early in September my partner Maddy and I flew over to Africa to visit some relatives and join in on a trip for my Aunt's 50th.

During the chaos of packing for the trip, a 6wt fly rod (and floating & sinking lines, and a variety of flies) somehow got mixed up in the clothes and was packed securely into our bags. After the two trains, 3 planes and uber ride from Seaham, Australia, the rod made it to Maun, Botswana. This is where we picked up our Land Rover kitted out with camping gear from my Uncle, and began the roughly 2000km drive. We headed across the South African border towards Punda Maria Rest camp in the north of Kruger NP, where we met up with the rest of our camping convoy.

From there we travelled through Mozambique on rural sand roads and into Zimbabwe to spend a bit over a week in Gonarezhou NP. Gonarezhou's climate has distinct wet and dry seasons, with the dry season typically being better for seeing animals as there is less bush to look through and the animals congregate around the available water.

We saw a lot of game including elephant, kudu and leopard and had some spectacular views on the days cruising around the park.



In Gonarezhou there are two rivers, the Sabe and the Rundi. Both of these rivers are teeming with crocs, hippo and fish. As the rivers were low during our trip, the many fish were restricted to the few deeper pools and you could see them from many of the view points along the rivers. Huge catfish, tilapia and tigerfish were easy to spot through the crystal clear water.

One of these pools had a high bank that looked well out of crocodile reach, so we lobbed a few bass flies I had in my box - these were quickly broken off by the aggressive tigers. I switched to a red and black clouser with a wire trace and after a few casts set the hook in a nice tiger.

After almost a week roughing it at the campsites we crossed the Rundi river and stayed at the spectacular Chilo Safari Lodge just outside the Gonarezhou park for two nights. The pool below the lodge was deep and had lots of fish movement. We spent the second afternoon at the lodge trying our luck at the pools until the sun went down, I had a lot of hits on surface and subsurface flies, but sadly no hookups.



The next leg of our trip saw us leave our camping crew and Gonarezhou NP behind, and make the journey towards Victoria falls, in the north of Zimbabwe. Shortly after arriving in Vic Falls, I serendipitously met a fly fishing guide - Clint of Umdingi Safaris. Clint and I hatched a plan and managed to head out one early morning together on the Zambezi river, about a ten minute drive from where we were staying. I was chasing tigers on the surface and Clint was after yellowfish with a dry dropper setup. There was a lot of hits over the morning and Clint landed a number of fish but none the elusive Yellowfish. Clint has run various safaris; fishing, photographic and overland and can be found at www.umdngisafaris.com



Yellowfish

Tigerfish



After Vic Falls, we began the trip back to Botswana where we said our goodbyes to the Land Rover. We then returned to South Africa and finished the last days of our trip exploring Cape Town before flying back to Australia.

With the aid of google I was able to find some excellent fly fishing shops in Johannesburg and Cape Town, specifically Mavungana in Johannesburg and Upstream Fly Fishing in Cape Town, both of which were super helpful. The guys at Upstream pointed me towards the Cape Piscatorial Society (www.piscator.co.za) which would be worth contacting next trip to Cape Town.

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Central Highlands of Tasmania

Jeff Yates

“Every ending is a new beginning” a popular quote, is pertinent in our case. We have been through another learning exercise in the life of trout in the Central Highlands of Tasmania. Places to fish in prevailing winds, best flies to use, how to fish structure, rises and more importantly, the art of listening and networking with informed locals. The next trip will be another beginning, but rest assured we will have learnt from the ending of the last.

So, we will start at the beginning. Peter Sewell (PS) and myself have spent many months planning this trip to Flintstone on Arthurs Lake, at the invitation of a most affable shack owner, Peter Sylvester (PJ). We have tied numerous flies from past experiences, YouTube and fly fishing books; great starting place but things change up there in the highlands; every lake has its own peculiar character.

We departed Newcastle by train and overnighted in a Mascot hotel, for an early morning flight to Hobart. Arriving at Hobart Airport 2 hours later, we were met by our host, PJ, with renewed acquaintances of the two Peters, and me meeting PJ for the first time, I was struck with his friendly welcoming. I could feel that this was the start of an action packed week.

The obligatory coffee and pie stop en route to Flintstone gave us a chance to chat about weather conditions, lake levels and what fishing to expect for the week ahead. A plan was hatched, so that we hit the road running.

Arriving at the once shanty town of Flintstone, on Arthurs Lake (now more upmarket due to permanent land tenancy and enforced building codes), we unpacked and slipped into more comfortable fishing outfits. Fishing gear loaded, we jumped into the truck and headed for the Cow Paddock on Arthurs to stretch our legs and rod arms.



***My first
fish of
trip at
Arthurs***

Cow Paddock is large shallow bay of Arthurs that can be walked across at lower water levels. We pulled up on the predominately windward side which has a defined drop off some meters from the shoreline. We cast shaving brushes and possum emergers at anything that rose amongst the water weed and drowned kerosene bush. As the sun dropped in the west, we headed for a sheltered area, surrounded by gums and yet more kerosene bush (called **bunch of bastards** bush because of its magnetic attraction to flies

and line). A change of flies caught me a couple of fish on a boof-headed nymph. PJ and PS persevered and were rewarded with nice browns as well.

As the light disappeared we headed back to the shack to a beautiful venison casserole, red wine and a fishing debrief. Talking of venison, Fallow deer wander about the area at night and have been known to graze right up to the shack.

Willy weather advises that we will have showers the next day, so we hatched a plan to fish the Cricket Pitch area on Little Pine. The day was dismal, with a light wind and cold showers dogging our every movement. Even the fish decided to huddle down and after a 6 hour session and just a couple of fish and aching legs and back we decided to call it a day. This was to be our one and only trip to this challenging but pretty lake.



*Lone figure on
Little Pine*

To seek better fishing conditions PJ suggested we fish Woods Lake, some 200m lower in elevation than Arthurs. He said that you will get dun hatches here when the weather is not so conducive at the higher elevations.

We started the next morning with a coffee at the local shop/garage. This place had very little stock and later in the week had run out of petrol, milk and then coffee. The new owners have a steep learning curve on how to run a business on nil stock!

The 20min trip into woods on a 40kph track was interesting, and granite and basalt predominate the landscape. The mountains have had a fortnight of consistent rain, and judging by the lack of road kill and green vegetation, it's not a bad thing.

We headed across the lake to the far side to fish the lee of a timbered hill. When we arrived there was a spinner and dun rise happening; not prolific but at least a rise. We had a few hook-ups, but the rise was put down by a cool, brisk NE wind. I put a boof headed nymph (origins Dave Pinder tied on cat fur) and caught a couple, the fly was later copied back in the shack and took a number of fish during the week. We ended up catching 5 fish over 400mm, which was ok considering the conditions. The fish were full of bits of timber up to 30mm long, housing the stick caddis. The timber I suppose approximated the boof-headed nymph for size and colour. We then headed home for venison sausages, yummy!



*Peter
casting to
dun rises
on Woods
Lake*

Building on our experience from the previous day we hoped to be in the zone when we arrived at Woods the next morning, but not the case. The fish were turned off all day with only 1 caught. A Jan Spencer possum emerger had a fish to the boat and another dropped. It floated all day with floatant applied to wing only. This now meant that we were on the lookout for a roadkill possum to tie up a batch.

Wind blew constantly out of the NE and blew out every shoreline. Shame but that's fishing, and what I soon learnt is that it always blows here, it's only a matter of the degree. The locals take a cup with them and drink from the lakes. We drank our tap water during the long day of fishing and walking and PS filled up his water bottle with Woods Lake water. Later that night Peter drank the water and within hours had the worst stomach bug. A crook night but as a true Spartan he is, up the next morning to fish the Cow Paddock with us, but he faded towards the afternoon and was back into bed as soon as we hit camp.

Cow paddock was blown out when a NW wind turned South, so we went to a lee shore near Meina on the Great Lake. We fished hard along the generally featureless shoreline, and never saw a fish. Feeling windswept and tired we headed back to the wood fire in the shack for another feast, this time homemade curried beef pies. We saw a couple of herds of deer, and couldn't help thinking of the lovely Bambi cold meat and chilli chutney sandwiches we had for lunch.

It is now day 6, and the fishing has been steady but not spectacular. Things need to improve to live up to previous trips. Back to the shop/garage for a coffee, where the owner was able to scrounge up enough milk for us three, from partially empty bottles, shame about the other customers. One of the locals had set up a stall out the front and was selling flies. We mentioned that the fishing was tough and they were full of stick caddis. The stand owner sold PS a couple of sparsely tied damsel looking flies and said they would work, and work they did.

To get out of the 20knot winds PJ dropped PS and myself into the 7lb Bay on Arthurs, where we fished under a hill. The wind ripped around both sides, but the lee was like a mill pond. PS caught 6 lovely fish over 400mm using the said damsel on a super slow return. Later that night I copied the pattern using whatever we had at the fly tying bench in the shack. We christened the new fly Bitsa, and it turned out equally as good as the bought one, slightly lighter and different colour, but effective.



Peter with a beautifully marked Arthurs Lake brown taken on a Bitsa

Day 7, we caught up with Ray and Fiona at Wilberville, another shack shanty town down the road, but their shack was far from a shanty; it would not be out of place back home in my street. They were impatiently waiting on a lost bag to turn up from the airport holding all their fishing gear. We offered our spare rods and reels as we commiserated over a cuppa, and were surprised when a taxi pulled up in the drive with their bag. This the first time a taxi has been seen up in the highlands, and was most welcome.



Our host PJ with Ray, Fiona, me and PS in the comfort of the shack

Strong winds were making most lakes unfishable. This was the 2nd day of summer, and gale force gusts to 50knots blew menacingly through the trees, and churned up the lakes to froth. Willy weather said it was 2 degrees and feels like -15 and I believe it! This was not a day to fish, as the occasional snow flake turned to sleet and peppered our exposed cheeks. Thanks again to our in-house guide, as he took us to the sheltered Hydro Bay in Arthur's to fish the shallow margins. Throwing to big trout in less than a foot of water, is a challenge, but fun. We caught a couple of fish each on the Bitsa and when we examined the fish at the end of the session, we found them chockers with stick caddis, with their cocoon formed of grass stems.

Day 8 no fishing! Weather foul, 50knot gusts, freezing 7degrees max, 2 min so we have gone to Launceston, to check out the Essential Flyfishers shop for possum tail, partridge feathers and hooks. While in civilisation we got some essential supplies of milk for the local shop, only to order a coffee the next morning, he had the milk but no coffee beans. He did offer sawdust as a replacement but we passed it up. Fiona and Ray came around for dinner that windy and wet night, but the warm company, wine and wood fire made us quickly forget the weather outside.



The shack's fly tying bench, check out the stick caddis stomach contents of 1 fish with the little animal on my index finger, tie up a batch of flies to match, go catch a fish!



The next morning we headed home with the quote of ***“Every ending is a new beginning”*** resonating in our ears. The experience we have gained will be invaluable for the future, and we have all learnt something from the trip, even our hospitable host gleaned many snippets of knowledge. Look out Tassie we are coming back in 2019, only a week later and hopefully a degree or two warmer, and we will begin where we ended.



***I can see a
cruiser in
centimetres of
water between
the “bunch of
bastards” and
the weed beds***



***Hooked,
played and
netted***



***Winners
are
grinners***

////////////////////////////////////



*A well-conditioned 4.5lb
Lake Otamangakau
rainbow with snow-
capped Mt Ruapehu in
the background from
Wayne's recent NZ trip*



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Brett and Cherie at it again, goes to show that BWC flies come up trumps

Fishy Pics



*Peter with St Clair bass caught
on our last club outing*

**Dear Santa, this
year please give
me a big fat bank
account and a
slim body. Please
don't mix those
two up like you did
last year. THANKS.**



Scape Pics



*Tangus
on safari
in Africa*



*Rod Dillon
Fishing
the plains*

*HVFFC members wish to “thank you”
SPONSORS*



Flies by Fedeles



<http://flytyerman.blogspot.com>