

The logo for the Hunter Valley Fly Fishing Club features a stylized illustration of a fly fisher in a river, with mountains in the background. The text "Hunter Valley Fly Fishing Club.com.au" is written in a bold, sans-serif font across the middle of the illustration.

**Hunter Valley Fly Fishing Club.com.au**

## 2019 March 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

Taking a break this month and Darren has graciously offered to do the newsletter. Thanks Darren



## *President's Report*



G'day members,

Welcome all to HVFFC's March Newsletter for 2019, celebrating 20 years of fly fishing.

Unfortunately, Jeff is recuperating at the moment so you will have to put up with my dysfunctional, unorganized scrambling of a newsletter this month. I wish Jeff all the best and a speedy recovery and I am sure he will be back full of baked beans and wire, ready to put out another bumper issue for April.

The report for the Lithgow trip will be in the next newsletter as the two Rods (F & D) are up north living the dream chasing toga's, barra and cod. Hopefully we'll have a report on that trip too. And on that note, don't forget to write up a short blurb for the newsletter and share your recent trips or outings with the rest of the club. It doesn't have to be a club outing to make the newsletter.

In this issue, Lawrence has a good write up about a recent trip to Jindabyne and Matt tells a tale of casting for bass but ends up catching carp instead. The fly-tying day on the 30<sup>th</sup> March at Mai-Wel with Brett (BWC Flies) demonstrating several cod patterns went well. Look out to some step-by-step fly-tying patterns coming soon.

The next club meeting is on Wednesday 3<sup>rd</sup> April at Bero Bowlo: see you all there for the 7.00pm start or earlier for a meal.

Don't forget Australian Fly Fishing Festival is on at The Rower's Club, Nepean River on 6<sup>th</sup> April.



Articulated Cod Bloop tied on a 6/0 hook

Scruffy flies and big fish.

Darren Foster

President, HVFFC 2019

Month	Date	Venue/Event	Trip Master	Contact Number
January	19 <sup>th</sup>	Fly Tying with Lawrence & Cherie	Lawrence B.	0432989797
February	02 <sup>nd</sup>	Fly Tying @ Mai Wei with BWC Flies	Darren	0413392774
February	06 <sup>th</sup>	Club Meeting at Bero Bowlo	All	
February	22 <sup>nd</sup> , 23 <sup>rd</sup> , 24 <sup>th</sup>	Bombah Point – Saltwater	Tom Jones	0406662713
March	06 <sup>th</sup>	Club Meeting at Bero Bowlo	All	
March	8 <sup>th</sup> , 9 <sup>th</sup> , 10 <sup>th</sup>	Lithgow – Lake Lyall	Rod Fox	0407195508
March	16 <sup>th</sup> , 17 <sup>th</sup>	Forster Fly Muster		
March	30 <sup>th</sup>	Fly Tying @ Mai Wei with BWC Flies	Darren	0413392774
April	03 <sup>th</sup>	Club Meeting at Bero Bowlo	All	
TBA	TBA	Bunyah – Silver Perch	Patrick	0458781675
April	6 <sup>th</sup>	Aust. Fly Fishing Festival		
May	01 <sup>st</sup>	Club Meeting at Bero Bowlo	All	
May		Possible change for the Bunyah Trip		
June	05 <sup>th</sup>	Club Meeting at Bero Bowlo	All	
June	15 <sup>th</sup> , 16 <sup>th</sup> , 17 <sup>th</sup>	Lake St Clair – Bass, Yellowbelly		
June				
July	03 <sup>rd</sup>	Club Meeting at Bero Bowlo	All	
July	20 <sup>th</sup>	Xmas in July & Club Awards Night	Cherie	0410555019
August	07 <sup>th</sup>	Club Meeting at Bero Bowlo	All	
August	23 <sup>rd</sup> , 24 <sup>th</sup> , 25 <sup>th</sup>	Swansea Salmon Classic	Cherie	0410555019
August		RISE Film Festival – Bero Bowlo	Darren	0413392774
September	04 <sup>th</sup>	Club Meeting at Bero Bowlo	All	
September	21 <sup>st</sup>	Fly Club 20 <sup>th</sup> Anniversary	Cherie	0410555019
September				
October	2 <sup>nd</sup>	AGM/General Club Meetings at Bero Bowlo	All	
October				
November	06 <sup>th</sup>	Club Meeting at Bero Bowlo	All	
November				
December	4 <sup>th</sup>	Club Meeting at Bero Bowlo	All	
December				

# The Cod Gobbler

By Darren Foster

I tied this fly for Murray Cod to use on the Bens Falls Retreat trip in December 2018. It turned out to be a bitch to cast, but a successful pattern overall. It is quick and easy to tie and I guess open to other color variations although it was tied with the natural only theme in mind (with a bit of flash).



**Hook:** Gamakatsu O'Shaughnessy 4/0

**Tail:** Metallic Rainbow Sparkleflash

**Body:** Natural Brown/Grey Turkey Marabou

**Eyes:** 9mm Sea Eyes 1.1 grams Black; Silver/Black Prism Stick-on Eyes

1. Stick prism eyes in place on to the Sea Eyes.
2. Position eyes behind the eye of the hook on the underside so the hook rides point up. Lash securely into place.
3. Tie in Sparkleflash tail.
4. Tie in turkey marabou by the tip and palmer along the hook shank towards the eye.
5. Tie off the marabou behind the Sea Eyes and trim.
6. Go catch a Murray Cod

*I was bouncing this fly off the bottom of a deep pool, stripping up and letting drop, then stripping up again. On the 3<sup>rd</sup> cast a small cod followed the fly all the way to just below the surface before rolling over to drop back into the pools depths. I laid the rod over sideways and twitched the fly as it started to drop beside the cod. The cod turned and took the fly.....game on.*



# 2019 February Jindabyne.

## One week of hard fishing.

By Lawrence Blackburn

It's 4:20am Saturday the alarm starts sounding, I roll over and turn it off, I turn to Cherie and say it's time to get up Pete and Jeff will be here in an hour for breakfast, Cherie mumbles under her breath "I'm going to kill those two guys, whose idea was this anyway to cook them breakfast?", I'm not going to say it was hers. We get up and wander into the lounge where two bags are packed, the esky, wine, food, fishing cloths, rods and tying gear are assembled near the front door. I turn on the outside front light to make it easy for the guys to get up the stairs and head for the shower while Cherie starts preparing the huge breakfast for the seven-hour road trip.

Jeff pulls up at 5.25am and within 30 seconds Pete turns up with the boat, we start transferring the gear from the house and Jeff's car to the boat and Pete's car, halfway through the transfer we hear the call, "It's ready, come on it'll get cold", we're nearly finished, so we keep going until the second call from inside the house, "COME ON, IT'S ON THE TABLE", we carefully consider our options then head straight upstairs for a great breakfast of bacon, eggs, mushrooms, toast and tomato, washed down with a coffee.

Road trip, road trip, let's crank up the Guns and Roses and get going, then I look around at the driver and second passenger 70 and 69 years old respectively and think maybe not. At the start of any long trip the chatter is non-stop the weather, politics, what's the fishing going to be like, climate change, coal fired power stations, wind farms, solar panels, greenies etc and within two hours we have solved all the world's problems, we pull up at a roadside stop just south of the Narellan Road bridge, grab a coffee and stretch the legs. After a toilet stop and driver change, we are on the road again, (*I just can't wait to get on the road again*) the chatter slows and after three or so hours driving, we pull in to Cooma, park up and head to the Aussie Pub to meet up with Ian who has been travelling from Sydney.

A tradition of this trip is the Cooma stop, lunch at the Aussie and then to Coles for the weeks shopping, we walked into the pub and looked around, carpet pulled up, paint peeling off the walls, dark and dingy, about three other people are in the pub, it looks derelict, we look at each other with



the same thought in our collective minds and walk out the front door in search of a new venue for lunch. After lunch we head to Coles and split up into two groups with two trollies getting everything on the list and some extras we thought we might need, but as it turned out we didn't. Next stop The Alpine Angler to buy fly fishing tackle that we didn't know we needed but it was shiny and thus needed to be brought. The young guy behind the counter was full of information that we later analysed and discussed, and later threw out. Not true, we did try one of his recommendations but were unsuccessful, but I did manage to get a two minute video of Jeff ripping off his cloths after being attacked by a team of meat-ants (he was standing on their nest) while he was trying to get that perfect photo of a snow gum, photography is a risky business, lets all look forward to seeing the video at Christmas in July (with sound effects).

So we arrive at our accommodation for the week, a four bedroom fully kitted our barn style house, complete with large kitchen, dish washer, laundry, two bathrooms and a large TV that for the full week was never turned on. We unpacked the clothing, bedding, wine, food, rods and reels and last but not least the fly tying gear.

You would like to think that after a seven-hour drive that there may be a little rest in store prior to fishing the next day, but apparently not.

Jeff heated up dinner and within an hour we were outside rigging up

our gear, discussing what flies to use, intermediate line or floating (better take both just in case), 6lb tippet? No, at least 10lb preferable 12lb, well we had come to catch fish not get broken off at the



critical moment. Jeff and Pete had their secret fly, which on the first night landed fish for the two of them. This was a good sign for the secret fly, whose name I still do not know, but the following day we had a tying session where I tied up four of the original style using olive colours and then four red/brown variants including gold ribbing. Yes, there was one still in the vice when this photo was taken. It was now time for me to cook dinner and with a couple of reds already under my belt from the tying session how hard could it be? Garlic, ginger and soy

marinated chicken thigh fillets pan fried with mash and a large salad, large enough for two nights as it turned out. With our stomachs full and fish awaiting we cleaned the table, filled the dish washer, psyched ourselves up for a big night and readied our gear. The tension was mounting as we march down to the lake and boarded Pete's boat.

Initially I felt privileged to have been invited on this week away (and Jeff said I should), but it soon became apparent I was the only one nimble enough to pick up the anchor put it in the front well on the boat and then push the boat out from shore and jump on before the water became too deep, even for me. With the old folks and their zimmer frames loaded we set sail, with the help of a 60hp motor. Pete's a gadget man when it comes to the boat, so the first few minutes of the trip sees up going aimlessly in circles next to the shoreline as Pete turns on gadget after gadget to track our current position and then track our trip from location to location. This of course is very useful when returning in





complete darkness as you can display the outward bound trace and follow it to return safely to your starting point.

Not to be outdone in the gadget category I had my sports watch on which I can use to trace our path, distance and speed (and heart rate if the fish wanted to play) which is of no help at all coming back (which is why they gave me the Mega-Bright 2000 light to shine on the shore) but gives a very accurate map for later viewing pleasure and inclusion into this here story. The image on the right shows day two leaving from camp to heading to kangaroo bay, using the olive version of the fly tied earlier and after a few casts I had my first hit, casting back to the same spot I had a take and the fight began, within no time at all I had landed my first fish of the trip a healthy 6" rainbow. The photo did not do it justice.



I persevered with the olive version for a quite a while without any further success, when I approached this week, I made a conscious decision to regularly change flies, vary my retrieve rates, try floating and intermediate lines, use tried and proven methods but also go out a limb and try something different. The second fish of the night came as I deliberately tried something that had



worked once before, I had put the red/brown variant fly on that I had tied and tried without success the usual methods of retrieve, slow slow retrieve, slow retrieve, retrieve, strip retrieve, fast retrieve, you get the picture. It was time to move on to a different spot so this time a fast-continuous retrieve onto the reel was in order. With the all line just about onto the reel there was a terrific swirl five metres in front of me, I instinctively raised my rod and hooked up onto my first good fish of the week, as it was so close to the bank it was landed quickly, within a matter of moments the official photographer of the trip appeared out of no-where and got the happy snap. This was a positive outcome for the evening, we returned to the boat for our halftime cuppa and digestive biscuit (keeps you regular), reviewed the tactics that had and had not worked, there were no standouts nothing was creating great results, all four of us had tried almost every fly in the box and all was quiet, too quiet. Ian had had multiple hits in one particular area and missed all but one, so naturally we surrounded him to take advantage of his spot, sure enough Pete was successful and landed one nice rainbow. The night was drawing to a close, so we hopped back into the boat and coasted back to camp for a red wine or two and discuss the success or lack of success of the evening.

Day tripping usually involved getting into Ian's car and heading to Jindabyne for a coffee and maybe a cake if Jeff thought we had been good. Day three saw us take on the advice from the young fella at Alpine Angler and head to the



dam wall and a nearby bay, we dropped Jeff and Ian on the shore so they could wander, Pete and I cruised the bay and dropped the drogue with the aim of drifting into the bay but allowing us to use intermediate lines to get down deep. It worked, we got down deep! The changing wind direction saw us going around in circles for a while then heading back towards shore, there were no fish in this bay.

Ian managed to hook up onto a great tree trunk under the water and at that stage he had set up a three fly rig, all different colours

and was not keen to lose all three, Pete and I came to the rescue and manoeuvred the boat into position and recovered all three. We then recovered Ian who by this time was ready for a coffee in town.



Jeff on the other hand had perched himself high on a rock overlooking the bay and spied a large rainbow cruising past, he had no time to change flies and all he could do was present what he had on, but unfortunately the rainbow showed no interest. With hope in his heart wanning Jeff waited for the rainbow to return, and waited, and waited, then we turned up and suggested coffee in town, Jeff climbed on board and lamented the lost opportunity.



There are various methods of traversing the lake, one is a big boat which comfortably holds three geriatrics and one young whipper snipper, all the rods you could ever need and enough tea to make you want to go for a leak in an hour or two. Jeff and I sit back and ready ourselves for the next four hours fishing while Pete takes a few snaps and Ian fishes a likely location protected from the wind.

It's not all about the fishing and boating, there are clearly other great ways to get around, when we pulled up in this bay we found a canoe in great condition, well it was folded in half but we put our thinking caps on and got the craft ready to hit the water, as you can see I was ready to catch some monster fish once I worked out how to get it in the water, apparently this was not going to be as easy as I had anticipated, once in the water I realised that I had no method of propulsion, I considered taking the electric motor of Pete's boat, or even the 60hp motor, but alas twas not to be and with not even a paddle in sight I ditched the idea of using our newly recovered canoe and returned to the relative comfort of the cruiser.

At this point I was beginning to wonder if I was going a little crazy with the amount of fishing we had already done and still had to go, so I thought it might be time to do some calculations lets looks at our combined ages,  $70 + 69 + 64 + 57 = 260$  years of life experience, take off 60 years for youth

prior to fishing and you are left with 200 years of fishing experience, with this behind us how hard can it be to catch a few fish or more for the amount of time spent on the water.

So how much time was spent on the water I hear you ask, if we average out the time spent during the day time fishing then subtract it from the average combined time spent of four men fishing from 6pm to midnight for seven days and use the average daily temperature of 27 degrees as an exponential



negative factor we come up with 168 hours spent fishing. Now if I jump forward to the end of the trip and confirm that we put fourteen fish on ice to take home we can deduce that it took 12 hours to catch one fish. One might say "that's hard fishing". The rest of us would have to agree.

Therefore, using our combined fishing years of 200 and divide that by the number of fish caught you end up with 16.67 years/fish caught, therefore to fish Lake

Jindabyne and catch one fish you need 16.67 years of fishing experience and a spare 12 hours per day to bring home the prize. Which makes going fishing very hard work, and you tell that to your wife, and she won't believe you. Well the proof is there, now you know why and can quite eloquently justify the reason that you need to go fishing for a week at a time, anything less and the chances of coming home with the big one are very slim you would have to agree.

**The Conversion Factor:** What is it and how accurate is it, there are certain times of the day that produce the best catch results, for us around 7:30pm was the first of two prime times, just as the sun went below the hills there was a level of activity that lasted only 20mins, you had to have your line in the water and strip pause strip, sometimes it worked sometimes not.

The second time was the time of a hatch, it happened only once or twice during the week and became a time of great frustration when quite a few people had hits hooked up and lost the fish after feeling the weight and pull of success. The conversion factor was a calculation of the number of fish landed compared to the number of definite hits, sadly this was generally a low percentage number for some, 50% was good = one fish landed and one miss, 25% or less and you were generally an unhappy camper, 100% meant one fish landed for the one hit.



Here we have Ian, our resident hunter, note how easily he spots animal tracks (on a working cattle farm) and sure enough after a night of tracking the animal he came home with nothing. But undaunted he prepared the following night's dinner, albeit at the risk of burning down the entire accommodation complex, bratwurst sausage on the BBQ, fortunately Pete and I had Jeff on hand who is a volunteer fire fighter in his local area, here he is with hose in hand and safety tee-shirt ready to quell any outbreaks, dinner was served with no immediate damage to property, life and limb.



So what are the rewards for a weeks fishing Lake Jindabyne, the rewards are many, great company, great laughs, great expectations, great results, great food, a visit to Gaden Trout hatchery to see what real trout and salmon look like, a visit to Wildbrumby gin distillery (bringing home a nice bottle of pear schnapps), catching a rainbow on this trip was a good result, for me on the last night the reward was catching a lovely brown trout, the smile below says it all.



*Glengarry, Jindabyne*



# A Change of Plans

By Matt Jordan

The great thing about fishing is that, if you're open minded and versatile, there's something to target every month of the year. The bad thing about this particular fisherman, is that he always decides he's desperate to catch something right at the end of its season. I'd been planning on catching a pet bass since September, but somehow kept getting distracted in the salt, targeting flathead, bream, garfish, bonito, etc, etc. Whilst I had done a couple of creek kayak trips over summer, I'd decided against the effort of trying to traffic a fish through the various portages and rapids, and so as March rolled towards April, it was time to carve out some time and find the smallest, dumbest bass I could.



The river is shallow and open for much of this section, but the deeper holes hold bass.

The date was penciled in weeks in advance, but after a litany of minor illnesses, and with a teething toddler, things weren't looking promising. Nevertheless, my partner and I organized our irritatingly flexible work schedules, did the two-car shuffle to work around Holly (the aforementioned toddler and merciless empress) napping in the car, and made it out to the family farm, so that I

eventually got to the water just as the sun reached its zenith on a 35 degree day. With only an hour of fishing time (Holly truly is a tyrant) I decided there wasn't time to walk to the deeper holes upstream, and I didn't like my chances of finding a bass in the shallow open sections near the access point. Fortunately salvation was at hand, in the form of two large carp tailing in the first pool. I decided to make the trip an effort to sight-cast a carp, and if I could pull a bass from a pocket of shade, all the better.

Non-slip footwear, where safety meets style.

I tied on a Carp-It Bomb and lined up a shot at the bigger of the two fish. The cast was text book, assuming the book in question is titled "How to Spook Fish and Spoil Your Shot". I could almost see a smirk as the fish shrugged its way through the fly line and continued on its beat. As it moved away I started casting at the smaller fish. This fish also steadfastly ignored my fly, coming closer and closer until it passed under my rod and spooked, cruising away with disdain. By this stage the bigger fish had worked its way back into casting range and was moving faster.





I put a cast in front of it and started stripping back, the carp's trajectory changed slightly as the fly passed its nose, and I think we were equally surprised to discover it ended up in his mouth. The line came tight as the fish slowly turned and moved away, giving a couple of irritated headshakes. Neither of us seemed quite sure what to do next, he moved up a couple of gears, while I cleared my line to fight him on the reel, then we started to slog it out in the 1 ft deep water.

I've heard carp described as "freshwater bonefish" or "mud marlin", if that's the case, I won't be booking a trip to Christmas Island any time soon. The fish was strong, certainly, but didn't seem to want to go above about 3rd gear, as such it was more like fighting a tractor than a sports car. I've also noticed carp don't seem to have the sense to head toward snags like their native brethren. So we went toe-to-toe in the open, shallow pool, the 6wt bent almost double and the reel quietly ticking away, eyes locked on one another in a battle of attrition.



The Carp-It Bomb, snatched from the blubbery jaws of death.

"I've decided to give up nymphs"

After several minutes of to and fro, and a couple of more determined runs away from the bank, I guided the fish's considerable bulk up onto the rocky beach. It was then that I realized how anxious I had been to land this fish. I'd caught loads of carp on fly at one of the club's carp bashes, but the fact that I'd had to work repeatedly to convince this fish to eat my offering, sans berly, made for a much greater emotional investment. He was quickly dispatched of and left on the bank as I headed upstream to prospect the next pool. This river has no shortage of carp, and they weren't shy about coming up to grub about in the sediment plume I was sending down river, but other than a few half-hearted follows they weren't interested in my fly. Upon returning to the access point I put a few casts into a collection of driftwood in the shadow of the bridge. On the second cast there was an almost imperceptible tap, and on the third the line came up tight to possibly the smallest (and probably the stupidest) bass in the system. I thought all my Christmases had come at once and that I'd managed to achieve both of the trip's objectives, however, with a delicate flounce, the fish looped over an errant piece of bamboo and threw the hook. That seemed as good a point to end on as any, and I moved the deceased carp further up the bank and headed to the car.



Humanely dispatched of.

As I drove away I found myself considering two things: 1. buying a car for which locomotion and air-conditioning are not mutually exclusive, and 2. that it is often the process of convincing the fish to take your fly that is the most gratifying part of our pastime. Carp aren't the most glamorous fish, nor the most elusive, but the challenge of convincing a big rubber-lipped herbivore to take a fly can make them so much more rewarding than many people appreciate. I still don't have a pet bass, but now another species has staked its claim on my busy fishing calendar. Bugger.



Despite the carp, there's plenty of aquatic weed.



I'll be back for you, bass.

## Cod Flies.....Big Cod Flies.....6/0 Cod Flies

By Darren Foster

Following on from throwing another shrimp on the vice, I approached Brett to do a cod fly tying day. Initially, I thought maybe six participants which was a good number for Brett as there can be a bit more involved in tying big flies for cod. Numbers soon reached nineteen but as the day drew nearer, numbers dwindled to a final tally of eleven people for the day.

With hook sizes from say 2/0 anywhere up to a whopping 8/0 and overall fly length anywhere between 100 to 300mm, despite being a bigger fly they are not always quicker and easier to tie.

So, on this rainy start to the day, we all watched Brett tie some very interesting cod flies as well as the usual tying tips and fishing tips thrown in for good measure. As always Brett excels as a fly-tying tutor with a wealth of tying knowledge to share. It was good to see everyone getting in and having a go at tying these bigger flies for a change. Brett is so thorough in explaining how to tie a particular fly and why it is tied in a particular way, it's almost as though your tying the fly yourself.

Brett has graciously provided the information below on each pattern he demonstrated.



### Cod Weapon

Designed to be fished down rock walls and along rock ledges. Not limited to those applications though. Tied with a mixture of synthetic and natural materials selected for the durable and movement qualities of the materials along with a nice meaty profile. All of the regular color ways can be utilized.

### Cod Bloop Articulated

Topwater presentation where the articulated head is the key to success for surface presentations for Cod. Allowing the hook to hang further down in the water which results in improved hook up rates. Something to consider would be to down size this pattern for Bass with the same principles in play for better hook sets.



### Cod Bunny

Tied to represent a Baitfish profile with some good contrasting colors. Super light in weight with 54lb guards fitted for crawling through timber, along weed edges and over rocks. Ideally fished in the shaded corners with a floating line or allowed to sink in to the depths with a full intermediate.



### Cod Inhale

A large fly tied to represent a bigger meal in the water though can be tied to the sizes according to the conditions. 4/0 and 6/0 work really well on this pattern which is tied with mostly natural materials that will puff out in the water, pulse with each strip adding to the movement of the materials. Can be tied in a bunch of colours to suit.



### Pacchiarini Tail concepts

New materials from Pacchiarini and John Everett being demonstrated to showcase what new materials are available along with some sample PVC saddle replacements that have just been released on to the world stage. Modern materials are making the process of tying larger flies so much faster, more durable, lighter in weight and offering a load of movement. The version tied is really aimed at those 1m plus Flathead though whack a set of guards on the front and it transforms in to Cod fly or Barra pattern. The colors and sizing options available in this new age gear are endless along with the applications to a host of fly targets.





One of our recent members Bobby said he had a great time and enjoyed the day. Apparently, this was the first time he had ever tied a fly after getting kitted out from BWC Flies with all the necessary gear. Well done to Bobby for putting in a solid effort and tying some really nice flies for the very first time.



Bobby's first fly ever: a 6/0 Cod Bunny.



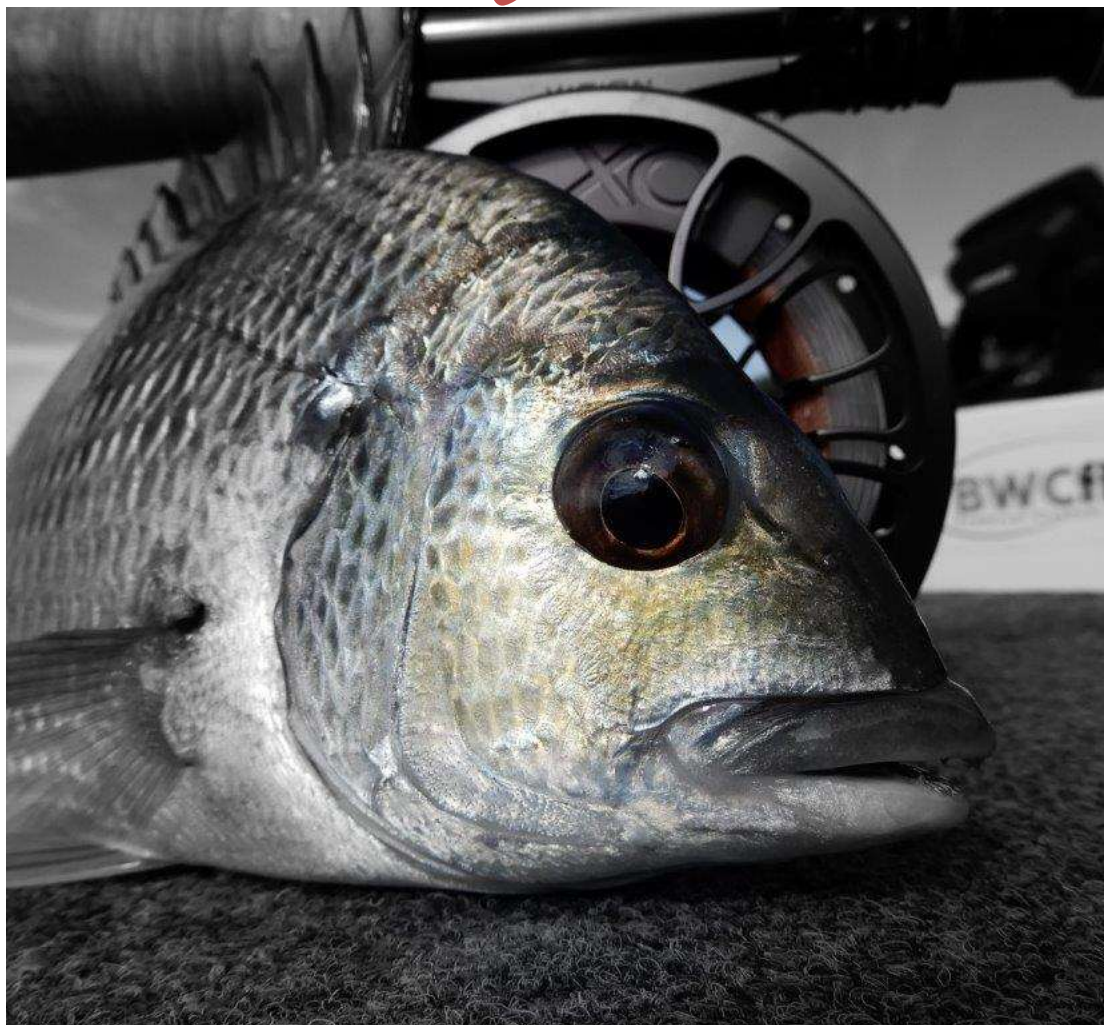
Proudly displaying a 6/0 Cod Inhale







# *Fishy Pics*



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*Cherie and Brett with a fine  
bream and great picture.*

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# *Scape Pics*



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*The Jindy weather was hot,  
trout scarce but the cuppa  
was most welcome.*

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*The Thredbo River below Gaden Trout Hatchery*



Eucumbene Arm of Lake Jindabyne

*HVFFC members wish to “thank you”*



## **Flies by Fedeles**



<http://flytyerman.blogspot.com>