

HUNTER VALLEY FLY FISHING CLUB



President – Darren Foster

Vice President – Cherie Blackburn

Secretary – Tony Ward

Treasurer – Justin Smith

Newsletter Editor – Jeff Yates

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Peter Sewell

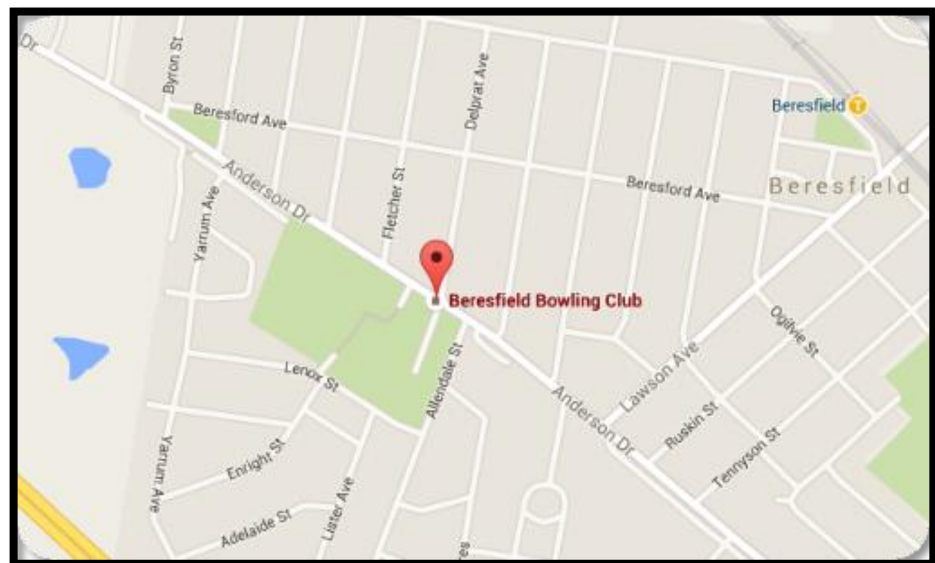
Brent Blackwell

Jeff Yates

Lawrence Blackburn

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

Beresfield Bowling Club
Anderson Drive
Bersefield
At 6.30pm



Editor's comments

Jeff Yates



It's fantastic to see the enthusiasm shown during our recent Salmon outing at Swansea. A couple of trip reports sent to me, the more the merrier I say, as there is less work for me. The quality of the photos is getting better and certainly the writing is terrific. If anyone has anything that they would like to contribute, don't be shy, send it to me. If it needs tweaking, I'll do it with the author's approval.

I have added another overseas trip report, this time to Wales. A stunning place and well worth the read.

Lawrence shares his woes with an article about his boat trailer wiring and trying to get it sorted for a trip. I think we can all relate to this story.

Peter has contributed his fish burger recipe for Salmon, though it does look a bit professional and plagiarized. Salmon comes up well in fish pies, smoked and sashimi. Just a matter of googling a recipe and adapting. Give it a go next time you catch one, and you may be pleasantly surprised.

President's Report

Darren Foster



Welcome all to the club's August Newsletter. Welcome back to Jeff and Fred from their overseas journeys. Jeff for presented a slide show at the last meeting on his holiday around Ireland, UK and Wales regaling us all with his tales tall and true with Fred interjecting occasionally with his own experiences after a visit to the motherland.

The club enjoyed another outing, this time the saltwater adventure to Swansea chasing the fabled Australian Salmon. Look out for the Tripmaster's report and also a story from Justin sharing his adventures with Lawrence in their quest for something fishy under darkening skies.

The club hosted the 11th RISE Film Festival at Bero Bowlo this month. Look out for the report on the film night to see what you missed out on. Everyone enjoyed the night and Nick is keen to return in 2017.

Enjoy the newsletter and remember if you have an interesting story, a tasty recipe for cooking your catch or a fly recipe you wish to share please forward to the Newsletter Editor Jeff Yates.

Cheers
Darren Foster
President 2016

Month	Date	Venue/Event	Trip Master	Contact Number
January	TBA	Fly Tying/Fishing with Lawrence & Cherie	Lawrence B.	0432989797
February	03 rd	Club Meeting at Bero Bowlo	All	
February	13 th – 14 th	Hawks Nest – Saltwater	Tom Jones	0406662713
February				
March	02 nd	Club Meeting at Bero Bowlo	All	
March	13 th	Casting Day at St Clair with Peter Morse	Darren Foster	0413392774
March	19 th – 20 th	Clarence Town, Williams River – Bass	Mik Ewin	0407898317
April	03 rd	Fly Tying for Barrington – Trout Patterns	Darren/Jim	0413392774
April	06 th	Club Meeting at Bero Bowlo	All	
April	16 th – 17 th	Barrington Tops – Little Manning – Trout	Justin Smith	0417478138
May	04 th	Club Meeting at Bero Bowlo	All	
May	20 th – 22 nd	Lithgow – Glenroy Crossing, Coxes River	Rod Fox	0407195508
May				
June	01 st	Club Meeting at Bero Bowlo	All	
June	18 th – 19 th	Lake St Clair – Bass	Peter Sewell	0428685101
June				
July	06 th	Club Meeting at Bero Bowlo	All	
July	16 th	Xmas in July at Bero Bowlo	Cherie	041555019
July				
August	03 rd	Club Meeting at Bero Bowlo	All	
August	5 th – 7 th	Swansea – Saltwater – Salmon	Darren	0413392774
August	11 th	Rise Film Festival at Bero Bowlo	Darren	0413392774
September	07 th	Club Meeting at Bero Bowlo	All	
September	16 th – 18 th	Hastings	Lawrence	0432989797
September				
October	5 th	Club Meeting at Bero Bowlo	All	
October	14 th – 16 th	Lake Liddell - Carp Classic	Lawrence/Cherie	0432989797
October				
November	11 th	Club AGM at Bero Bowlo	All	
November	18 th – 20 th	Hawksbury/Colo Rivers	Rod Fox	0407195508
November				
December	7 th	Club Meeting at Bero Bowlo	All	
December				
December				

Swansea Salmon 2016

by Darren Foster and photos compliments Rod Dillion

Another successful club outing has come and gone leaving memories to last a lifetime. The unpredictable and inclement weather neither dampened nor discouraged members from enjoying the Swansea outing chasing Australian Salmon (the salmon didn't mind the weather, they're already wet). Whether it was getting out amongst the fish or encouraging a young fellow in the caravan park riding his tredley through water puddles and falling off to enjoying a spit roast lunch on Coon Island, and also members enjoying a meal and cool ale at the Swansea Workers Club on Friday night after a hard day on the Salmon fields.

This trip had it all: a good coverage from club members, it was really good to see the Sydney guys come up for the weekend and good to see Rod Dillon come down from Muswellbrook as well; a good number of Australian Salmon caught; fine food and outstanding companionship from within the club.

Justin (The Spitmiester) and Lawrence put on a sumptuous lunch on Saturday with roast lamb (done on the spit of course) and gravy, potato bake and pasta. The guys even catered for our resident vegi-head Fred with a special pasta dish just for Fred (until everyone else found out and started to help their selves as well, of course). By the time the guys were ready to clean up there was nothing left but scraps for the bins.



Even the dogs missed out with club members Rod, Justin, Patrick and Tallis defending their bones to the marrow.

Quite a few members had encounters with seals and sharks, just to spice things up a bit. The two Rod's from Sydney raced over to a huge surface boil expecting hard hits and screaming drags only to be confronted by two scuba divers surfacing in the middle of the actual boating channel. Obvious contenders for the 2016 Darwin Awards. For those of you that haven't heard of the Darwin Awards, they recognize individuals who have supposedly contributed to human evolution by selecting themselves out of the gene pool via death or sterilization by their own actions. Lawrence had a nice salmon on until he felt nothing but slack line. All was not lost though as he still managed to land the head. Feeding the seals is mandatory at this time of the year, especially when fishing for Salmon.

Fish were caught, landed and lost; lines were tight, broken (hopefully leaders only) and limp; flies were munched, crunched, straightened and broken but all had fun. Even the sharks and seals had a ball.



One of the Salmon I managed to land has a tale to tell that would have been a hit as a comedy skit. There I am at the stern (that's the blunt end and the back) with a salmon doing it's hardest to spool me when all of a sudden the spool springs off the reel and overboard. With

a fish heading into the briny deep and no reel to play it on, the spool slowly unravelling as the boat is drifting in the opposite direction, it's all hands on deck; man the harpoon; let go the main sail; heave to ya land lubbers. In reality, I dropped the rod to hand line the Salmon in whilst Fred hand lined the spool in. Salmon landed, fly line and backing (at Fred's feet- "I'm not moving a foot" in an Irish Brogue) and with spool in hand, mission complete.

I was also privileged to have Fred in my boat as it was his first time hooking up with a Salmon on fly. There were a few other members that managed their first salmon on fly including Jim Manly and Mark Schmidt. Mark made the trip up to have a fish on the Friday and managed to land several Salmon on board Pete's boat but unfortunately busted his rod on the last fish of the day.



Fred and salmon



Rod Fox with a nice salmon



Patrick and Tallis out frolicking the water



New boat ramp



Tallis with a new hat adornment



Mark on that fatal last fish of the day



Double trouble



Mono Rod

To quote the start of this tale: "Another successful club outing has come and gone..." what does constitute a successful club outing? Rod Dillion's remark to his wife when he got home on Sunday sums it up: "I said to my wife it was the best weekend I have had fishing and socialising for years".

Llyn Clywedog Wales by Jeff Yates

Nestled in the Welsh mountains, this beautiful man-made reservoir was built to supply water for the English Midlands, and captures the many springs and creeks erupting from the steep countryside. Llyn Clywedog is accessed through the town of Llanidloes where the wonderful Severn River winds its way through the country, before entering England, and is the longest river in the UK at 354 km. Clywedog is also reputed to be the premier still water fishery in Wales.



But I'm jumping ahead of myself. On the day of the Brexit vote, we head off from Reddich at dawn weaving our way through the hedgerows and narrow byways that make up the English countryside. Dodging badger carcasses and the occasional pheasant we come to the Welsh border where the language changes to 'squelch'. We have some bacon and eggs at a

truckie's stop to sustain us for the day ahead, then on to the reservoir. The Water Warden issued the day licence of £18 which allows for 6 fish/day. We elected to fish from the easily assessable banks rather than the Lough dories.

The day was a pleasant 15 degrees, sun shining and with a nice ripple on the water, unfortunately, a little cool for a decent hatch to commence, so I started with an intermediate line and my old favoured #10 bead headed Olive Wolly bugger.

I tramped the banks looking for signs of movement, almost on cue, a grey shape glided effortlessly from the shade of a Sycamore on a steep bank, through a long ribbon weed bed, before disappearing into the inky depths. I cast in the direction of departure with anticipation, let the line sink out of sight, before a deliberate slow and pulsing strip back toward the bank. The planets were aligned as the 5wt line stretched with the power of a lovely 3lb rainbow. I was constantly aware of my 4lb tippet as the fish fought for its freedom, sometimes breaking the surface with handfuls of water weed clinging to the line. The cool oxygenated water ensured a prolonged fight with plenty of aerobatics.

Travelling light I don't take a landing net, so carefully removing the camera, wallet and glasses from pockets, I leaned over the bank and swam the fish to hand to enable me to lift and land it. I repeated this manoeuvre 7 times during the day, losing only one rainbow of around 4lb, when it slipped from my grasp, snapped the tippet, taking the fly with it.



After I sated my appetite with fish, I started to suck in the atmosphere. Here I am in the Welsh mountains, not a house to be seen, the wild flowers of all varieties and colours painting the sloping meadows. The violet foxgloves and golden buttercups were especially gorgeous in the fields of green. Gold finches, green finches and robins flitted through the brambles and bushes, the finches in search of seed and the robin on the lookout for tasty insects. In the distance, a pair of Osprey nested on a platform on the edge of a wood. Their 2 youngsters were almost ready for their maiden flight and exercised their downy wings in anticipation.



I came to Llyn Clywedog with good friend Clarry and his tree surgeon mate Rhian. They, like myself shared the exhilaration and fun of catching these chunky rainbows. All the fish were taken on sinking lines, with a variety of flies, like Damsels, Cats Whiskers and minnow patterns. The Cats Whiskers have strong possibilities for our Bass fishing, so I will knock a few up in anticipation, however the Olive Wolly Bugger reigned supreme.

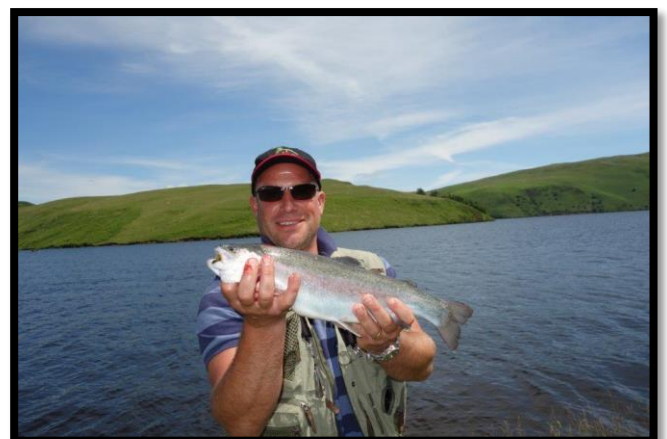


Clarry started off slowly, but after some lunch and a rest, made up for lost time. He has one of the strongest casts I've seen, and effortlessly punched the line out into the wind. The fish would sometimes take the Cats Whisker on the drop, other times when it was double hauled at speed. My last fish was my most memorable; a cute, beautifully coloured wild Brown, only 250 mm in length, but a pleasure to catch and admire. Dark brown, with large finger marks of chocolate brown, probably related to the original ancient strain of Brown Trout inhabiting these streams. Size doesn't always matter, or so I'm told!

This lake has lived up to its reputation as being Wales premier fly fishing location.

The trip home, after a full day in the sun, was tiring. We stopped for a break at the historic town of Ludlow, with its castle perched over the bend of the river Teme. This historic medieval town has a chequered history, with the Norman castle being built around the 11 century it has seen many bloody events and served for a period as the Welsh capital, during the reign of Edward IV. But to the present day, and we were served up a great takeaway of cod, chips and mushy peas in the old town. Back on the road again (sounds like a Willie Nelson song), and an hour down

the track we fall into our house at Astwood Bank quite fulfilled by our day's adventure.



The Best Laid Plans.....

by Lawrence Blackburn

There is nothing more exciting than planning a day out on the water chasing salmon from my tinnie. Having recently purchased a new (second hand, BF MKII Falcon ute with tradesman pack on the rear) car with tow bar already fitted, I could see that the safety chain connection was further under the car than my previous vehicle and so new chain would have to be purchased.

My planned day to fish was Tuesday so on Monday I purchased some chain and as the high tide was not until 1:30pm Tuesday I had time in the morning to cut the chain to length, clean the boat, set the rods, get some fuel and be on the water at Coal Point boat ramp by 11:30, no problem.

The morning was progressing swimmingly, the chain was cut and fitted, the boat was cleaned, the rods were assembled and flies attached, next was to head to town to get fuel and as always I check the indicators on the trailer by turning on the hazard lights. When I went to the back of the boat to check the lights the right turn indicator was flashing (as expected) but the tails lights were also flashing, that's new.




I then checked the left turn indicator on it's own with the hazards turned off, no flashing at all, hmmm, I turned the lights on expecting to see the tails lights working, nothing. At this point I asked Cherie to come down and check all the lights one by one, right turn – "OK", left turn – "looks light a Christmas tree, lots of lights flashing", tail lights – "nothing", brake lights – "nothing".

As you can now imagine my stress level was rising, I had been given a day to go fishing, everything except the indicators on the trailer were good to go and I just *knew* that this was not going to be a quick fix.

There is a standard colour code and numbering of the wiring and pins on the seven pin flat trailer plug (as below). You will note that the numbering of the pins is non-sequential, odd, but not a drama as

each plug and socket when opened shows both the pin number and its designation, R-Turn, L-Turn, Brake etc.

7 Pin Flat Plug & Socket		
PIN No.	CIRCUIT	COLOUR
1	Left-hand turn	Yellow
2	Reversing signal	Black
3	Earth return	White
4	Right-hand turn	Green
5	Service brakes	Blue
6	Stop lamps	Red
7	Rear lamps, clearance & side marker lamps	Brown



7 Pin Plug

Now more tools are being pulled out of the car including a multi-meter and the trailer socket on the car removed and opened up, the colour coding of the wires in the diagram above is quite specific, and unless you are colour blind, standard on ALL sockets and mating plugs. That was not the case here it was something of a random pattern with the wires in which ever pin that looked good.

So second call to Cherie, plug pulled apart and pen and paper at hand, we managed identify the right turn, left turn and tails lights with the multi meter, but no brake lights, “just try putting the car in reverse for a minute, please”, the brake light wire (red) now had 12volts on it, which as you can imagine meant any time the car was reversing the brake lights on the trailer were on, ok, the problem is now further under the car.



Thankfully the car has reasonable clearance at the rear so with fishing headlamp on I found the wiring loom, cut a few cable ties and removed the metre or so of insulation tape that covered the connections and exposed the splices that had been used to connect the trailer socket loom.

Now Ford aren't silly they know that if you are going to buy a tradesman style ute there is a very good chance that you will install a towbar to drag around a box trailer with all your tools and gear, so what did they do, in the original wiring loom for the tail lights and indicators etc for the ute they factory installed an additional socket so you can just plug in a pre-made cable for your trailer socket (available on EBay for \$33 delivered). Well that makes sense.

But did we do that, no, we individually spliced wires just on the other side of the plug avoiding it all-together, with Cherie's foot on the brake I located the wire used for the brake light and disconnected the one for the reversing light and re-spliced, re-taped and cable tied back up into the chassis. Socket and plug put back together and boat plugged in for final testing again

with Cherie, all checked out ok, happy days.

By now it is about 1pm, the fishing trip cancelled, but then the phone rings, its Pete, "How about a fishing trip to Swansea this Friday to chase the salmon?" – "Book me in Pete, thanks, see you Friday". Then the phone rings again, "Hey Lawrence, can

you come up to Williamstown this afternoon to quote the wiring on my shed" said Paul, "Sure thing Paul, see you around 3:30pm, cheers".

The cars fixed, I'm going fishing this Friday and I have a shed to quote, all-in-all a pretty successful day, cheers.



RISE Film Festival 2016

After a two year absence the RISE Film Festival (now in its 11th year) returned to the Hunter last night hosted by our Club at Bero Bowlo. The Rise Film Festival is still going strong showcasing homegrown talented films from Australia and New Zealand and has expanded it's tours from around Australia and New Zealand to South America. RISE now screens across 15 countries playing over 70 shows.

Nick presented Gin-Clear's **Freaks of Nature** featuring the colossal rainbow trout of Jurassic Lake in Patagonia where the trout can be from ten pound to twenty pound, caught on huge streamers and surface flies you would be more accustomed to flinging at bass. Freaks of Nature will be released later this year.

Other short films included: **Turning Points North** which was about two men working in mundane jobs to becoming foremost angling authorities converging on Alaska to catch Pike on Fly; **Jungle Angler** is about catching Dorado deep in the Amazonian jungle where the natives hold them in high regard. The

Dorado prey on another fish, the Sabalo during their annual migration. The anglers also target on fly the Pacu (you know - the fish with human-like teeth); **Pure Fly NZ** is a fly fishing TV series based in New Zealand.

The episode screened was shot at Lake Otamangakau on the North Island. Nick said that each episode will feature two new and different hosts chosen for their expertise in their particular fields be it fresh or saltwater. Pure Fly NZ will air on Sky Sports in September 2016. For more info check out www.facebook.com/pureflynz

This year Nick's feature film took a back seat and Nick chose to feature another film instead: Parallel Lines by Benny Godfrey. This film also features Benny completing a traditional painting depicting iconic fish and locations of Australia. The film features Bretto Wilson and Shannon Kitchener and is shot at Weipa, The Gorge and Hinchinbrook with some narrative from Clinton Isaac (Clinton did a presentation on Hinchinbrook at one of our meetings last year).

Thank you to those that turned out on the night to support the event, including people that were not members of our club (which by-the-way out-numbered our club members nearly two to one). Thanks to Nick (Nick said he was keen to be back and is looking forward to next year) for another brilliant show and all I can say to those that didn't turn up.....na, na, na na, na.

Swansea Salmon

By Justin and Lawrence

Hunter Valley Fly Fishing Club have some cracking fishing opportunities on our door step. Each Winter brings Australian Salmon into our estuaries in huge numbers, following the bait fish and in turn being closely followed by packs of sharks and seals.

Club members Jeff, Darren and Peter had already in the preceding weeks, completed a number of pre fishes in preparation for the clubs Swansea outing, and from their reports this trip was likely to be a good one.

Lawrence and I decided to hit the lake on the first Friday getting onto the water from the Coal Point side of Lake Macquarie by about 6:30, following Jeff's advice that the fishing was best early. I was keen to get my Quintrex Bowrider on the water as I had recently completed a couple of simple mods to make it more fishing friendly, including removing the rear bench seat and Bimini which opened up the rear cockpit significantly.

First impressions of the lake and weather were mixed. Initially, the air was still, the water glassy, but the sky held heavy threatening blankets of rain clouds which were to deliver throughout the day, squalls of cold spitting rain accompanied by a slight chop of the water in the exposed parts of the lake. Knowing that the Swansea channel and lakes entrance inlet on the sea side of the bridge had been showing salmon over the past few weeks, Lawrence and I put our heads down and gunned the 4 stroke across the lake and under the bridge.

Already, several boats were mulling about, looking for bird activity or jumping fish which might indicate where the Salmon were lurking. Not surprisingly, Jeff and Peter were already on the water, but had not yet found or hooked up to any salmon. I looked out past the heads in the distance and noted the ugly remnants of a post east coast low sea, messy choppy and uninviting. "Shall we duck out for a quick look" I mused to Lawrence, after noting some bird activity just beyond the south entrance break wall. We nodded and ventured beyond the comfort of the break wall.

Cautiously, after donning our life jackets we motored to the channel entrance, and almost immediately noted several seals raiding an active school of Salmon. With our 8 wts rigged with heavy leader and bait fish flies, it wasn't long before Lawrence was into our first Salmon of the day and as hoped, explosive takes, hard fighting acrobatics followed by dogged bottom hugging runs were the order of the day. While ever we were in contact with the school, fish after fish found their way to the net, but not before testing every inch of our tackle, from rod butt to fly.

In the middle of the ruckus, the phone rang, but with a double hook up imminent, none of us were keen to pick up.....and then, in the middle of an epic fight with a better than average fish, Lawrence's line took off in the direction of New Zealand! The reel screamed and then the line went slack....and emerging from somewhere near where the fish should have been, an appreciative seal surfaced with a large

salmon in its mouth, and waved, perhaps in thanks, at the free meal provided by a somewhat annoyed angler...

When we checked our phone messages, coincidentally, Peter had just left a message warning that one of their fish had been taken by a whaler shark, one of many in the system following the food. We didn't spot any sharks during our foray, but the seals were always present, active and feeding, and this helped us find the school which remained continuously on the move.



Above 3m Bronze Whaler checking out the boat and below a seal wallowing after a feed of salmon



I'm no expert when it comes to catching Salmon on fly, but some simple basics are always helpful in bagging one or ten of

these beautiful green backed torpedoes. Firstly, it's all about finding the fish.

Constantly, Lawrence and I were on the lookout, scanning for obvious bird activity or bait fish breaking the surface as they rush to escape the schools of marauding Pelagic hunters. If obvious activity is absent, more subtle indications can put you onto fish; like nervous water or changes in water colour. Such colour change would normally be associated with deeper water or the presence of a weeded bottom, but on this occasion, acres of densely packed salmon duplicate this appearance of coloured water. Seals feeding in team work precision also enable the angler to target the moving schools.



A feeding frenzy off Moon Island Swansea Heads

But, whether found or not, the fish will not always willingly come to the fly and it pays to mix it up, whether a change in fly, or leader lengths or retrieve style will all make a difference. I started my day with a Leftys combined with a pretty crude heavy short leader and this enabled me to fearlessly put some extra hurt into each fish hooked, knowing I had breaking strain to spare.

As the morning progressed, I stopped hooking up, but Lawrence was killing it, so the fish were there, but my mojo wasn't? After LB was onto about his third or fourth fish in a row with me not getting a touch, he suggested a fly change and an adjustment to my leader.

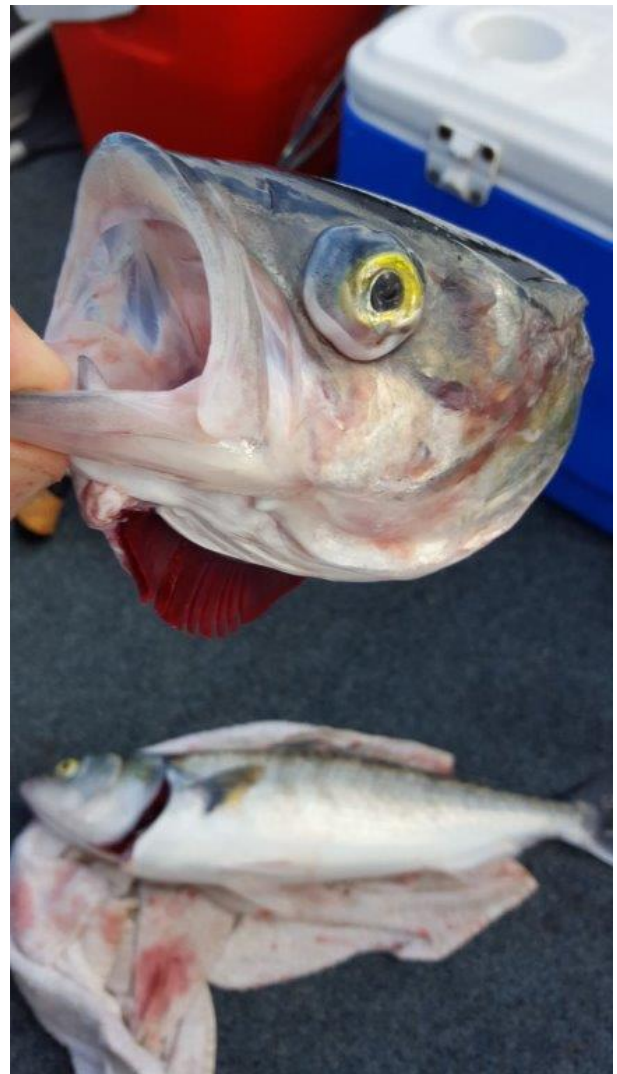


By changing to an anchovy style soft head fly, one of eight tied by Lawrence the night before, I was on to a fish next cast, and didn't stop catching fish till my arm was ready to fall off. Together, Lawrence and I lost count of the fish caught and released, all big shouldered hard fight fish of two to four kg.

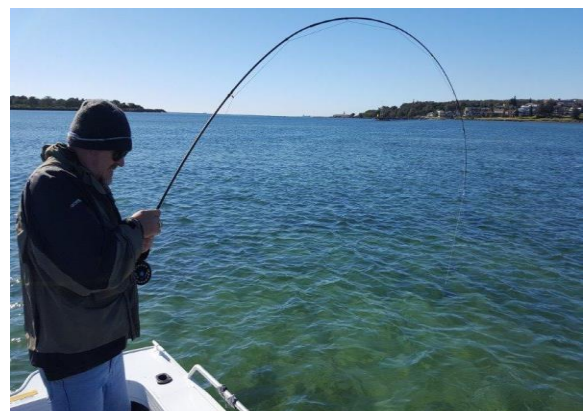


The afternoon finished with each of us proclaiming, 'just one more', and then after several more explosive hook ups, progressing to a more challenging 'how bout just one more double hook up' and then ultimately with, 'jeez, I'm buggered, let's go home'. And on that note, a casual cruise back to coal point capped off a sensational session on fly, chasing the legendary *Arripus Trutta*; Australian Salmon in Lake Macquarie, Swansea

heads and inlet, home turf of the Hunter Valley Fly Fishing Club.



Surprised salmon never saw seal coming



LB testing the critical bending radius of an 8wt fly rod.

WEDNESDAY

FISH & WHITE BEAN BURGERS

SERVES 6 PREP 15 MINUTES (PLUS CHILLING)

COOK 20 MINUTES **\$3.75 PER SERVE**

500g skinless firm white fish, pin boned, roughly chopped
420g can cannellini beans, drained
1 cup fresh breadcrumbs, plus ½ cup extra
2 eggs, lightly beaten
Juice and zest of 1 lime
1 bunch chives, chopped
20g butter, plus extra for spreading

1 tablespoon olive oil
6 burger buns, split
1 large tomato, sliced into rounds
1 avocado, seeded, peeled, sliced
½ bunch watercress
Mayonnaise, lime wedges and fries, to serve

STEP 1 In a food processor, combine half the fish with cannellini beans, breadcrumbs, eggs, zest and juice. Process to a smooth paste. Add remaining fish and chives. Pulse briefly until just combined but slightly chunky. Season to taste.

STEP 2 Using lightly floured hands, shape fish mixture into 6 even-sized, flattened patties. Coat with extra bread crumbs. Chill until required.

STEP 3 In a large frying pan, heat combined butter and oil on medium. Cook patties for 3-4 minutes each side until golden and cooked through, then drain on paper towel.

STEP 4 Meanwhile, lightly toast buns and spread with butter.

STEP 5 Fill buns with tomato, avocado and watercress. Top with fish patties, a dollop of mayonnaise and squeeze of lime. Accompany with fries. >

TIP Fresh fish is best cooked and eaten on the day of purchase.

To store for 1-2 days, wrap in plastic wrap on a shallow tray in the coldest section of your fridge.



Try this meal with your Salmon catch next outing, compliments Peter Sewell



Fishy Pics







Scape Pics



*More fish and
bird frenzy off
Swansea
heads
Jeff Yates*

*Stormy day off
Swansea
Rod Dillion*

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