

# HUNTER VALLEY FLY FISHING CLUB



## 2016 Sept Newsletter

**President** – Darren Foster

**Vice President** – Cherie Blackburn

**Secretary** – Tony Ward

**Treasurer** – Justin Smith

**Newsletter Editor** – Jeff Yates

### Committee Members

Peter Sewell

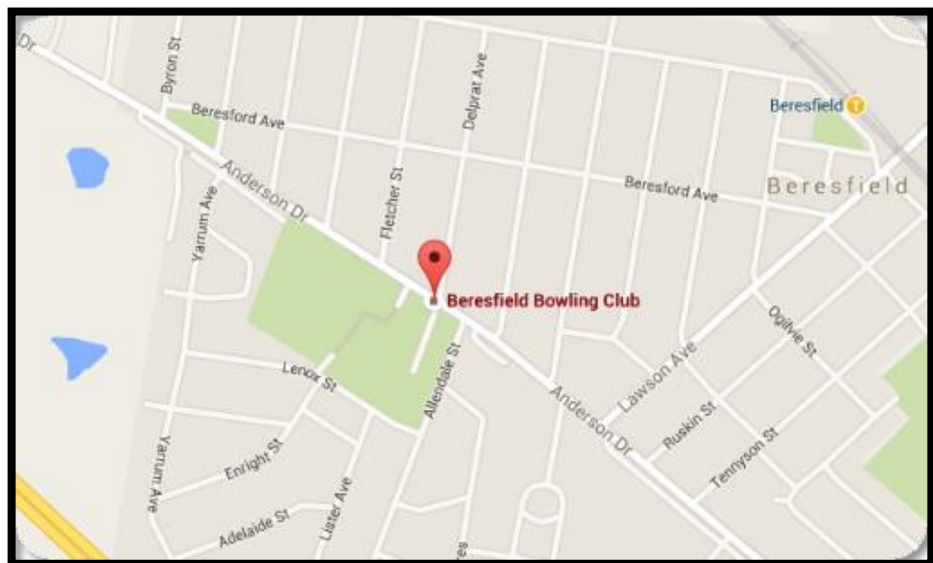
Brent Blackwell

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



The September trip to Port Macquarie hosted by the Hastings Fly Rodders was another success. If trips are measured by fish alone, then it wasn't our most bountiful outing, but my measure of a good trip is the friendship and camaraderie between friends, sharing like passions, and this was certainly that. Dawn and her team at Hastings Fly Fishers really turned it on for us with hospitality, banter, top tucker and good old fashioned country charm.

The Salmon bonanza continues at Swansea with another report from a most recent trip. It must nearly be time for the great sporting fish to turn South for the summer months, and we will rest up, tweak our gear and get ready for another season early May 2017.

One man's journey to finding his perfect Nirvana, Noel gives us an insight on how he arrived at that point. Thanks for your report Noel, and I'm sure there are others out there willing to share their experiences with the club.

Another overseas fishing trip, this time to Rutland, the smallest county in England in the east midlands area. An important bird habitat, and as I found out, a fantastic fishery. Rutland Waters is a must do on any English trip, so smuggle that travelling rod into the suitcase and shout yourself a day on the water, you won't be disappointed.

While surfing a country charity shop I came across a copy of "Fly fishing for trout down under" by Peter Julian. I often see articles by the author in Flylife and I had to buy it at \$1, and as it turned out, a bargain and a great read, particularly for those new to the sport. He covers a heap of subjects from flies, gear, to insect stages and how to imitate them, and interlaces all this with his own personal experiences. The read was enjoyable regardless of the price.

## *President's Report*

Darren Foster



Welcome all to the September issue of the Hunter Valley Fishing Club's Newsletter. It is good to see members turning up for the monthly meetings in large numbers. After all, it is your club and you have the right to have a say and be heard. The larger numbers make for great discussions across a broader range of knowledge and catch-ups (fish talk) about who's been doing what and where are more detailed and interesting coming from a larger group.

Recently some club members travelled to Hastings for an inter-club outing with the Hastings Fly Rod Club. Look out for trip master Lawrence's report.

The 13<sup>th</sup> Annual ~~Carp~~ Classic is on again. I would like to acknowledge the huge efforts that Lawrence and Cherie have put in to keep this year's event in place despite a major set back with the closure of Liddell to all fishing

activities. However, the popular annual event and main money raiser for the club is still going ahead with a few changes to fishing venues. Lawrence will put out more info soon on the trip.

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

# 2016 Calendar



Month	Date	Venue/Event	Trip Master	Contact Number
January	TBA	Fly Tying/Fishing with Lawrence & Cherie	Lawrence B.	0432989797
February	03 <sup>rd</sup>	Club Meeting at Bero Bowlo	All	
February	13 <sup>th</sup> —14 <sup>th</sup>	Hawks Nest—Saltwater	Tom Jones	0406662713
February				
March	02 <sup>nd</sup>	Club Meeting at Bero Bowlo	All	
March	13 <sup>th</sup>	Casting Day at St Clair with Peter Morse	Darren Foster	0413392774
March	19 <sup>th</sup> —20 <sup>th</sup>	Clarence Town, Williams River—Bass	Mik Ewin	0407898317
April	06 <sup>th</sup>	Club Meeting at Bero Bowlo	All	
April	3 <sup>rd</sup>	Fly Tying for Barrington—Trout Patterns	Darren/Jim	0413392774
April	16 <sup>th</sup> —17 <sup>th</sup>	Barrington Tops—Little Manning—Trout	Justin Smith	0417478138
May	04 <sup>th</sup>	Club Meeting at Bero Bowlo	All	
May	20 <sup>th</sup> —22 <sup>nd</sup>	Lithgow—Glenroy Crossing, Coxes River	Rod Fox	0407195508
May				
June	01 <sup>st</sup>	Club Meeting at Bero Bowlo	All	
June	18 <sup>th</sup> —19 <sup>th</sup>	Lake St Clair—Bass	Peter Sewell	0428685101
June				
July	15 <sup>th</sup>	Club Meeting at Bero Bowlo	All	
July	16 <sup>th</sup>	Xmas in July at Bero Bowlo	Cherie	
July	17 <sup>th</sup>	Possible Carp Cull at Raymond Terrace		
August	03 <sup>rd</sup>	Club Meeting at Bero Bowlo	All	
August	6 <sup>th</sup> —7 <sup>th</sup>	Swansea—Saltwater—Salmon	Darren	0413392774
August				
September	07 <sup>th</sup>	Club Meeting at Bero Bowlo	All	
September	16 <sup>th</sup> —18 <sup>th</sup>	Hastings	Lawrence	0432989797
September				
October	5 <sup>th</sup>	Club Meeting at Bero Bowlo	All	
October	14 <sup>th</sup> —16 <sup>th</sup>	Lake Liddell—Bass Classic	Lawrence/Cherie	0432989797
October				
November	11 <sup>th</sup>	Club AGM at Bero Bowlo	All	
November	18 <sup>th</sup> —19 <sup>th</sup>	Hawksbury/Colo Rivers	Rod Fox	0407195508
November				
December	7 <sup>th</sup>	Club Meeting at Bero Bowlo	All	
December				
December				

## *Port Macquarie*

By Jeff and Lawrence

This is our second visit to beautiful Port Macquarie, and I suppose it is now officially an annual event, thanks to the efforts of Lawrence and Cherie and the invite from the Hastings Fly Fishing Club (HFFC) who made it possible.

We were accommodated at Dawn and Ron's farm on the Hastings River, and were welcomed and looked after by Dawn from the moment we arrived. After setting up camp, Fred, Peter, Lawrence, Jeff and Glenn hit the water at the bottom of Dawn's street and fished to Settlement Point. A few small flathead were caught on small white Clousers at creek outlets, but results did not reflect the effort invested. As the wind got up, I managed to bounce a lead eyed Clouser off my head and Peter was also a fair target, so we called it a day.

Glenn and Lawrence picked up a very expensive map from the service centre at Taree (it may have said Free Map, not sure), after a quick chat with Peter and Jeff on the mobile phone they were made aware that there was no power at the McDonalds, KFC and Subway, but there was at the Coolabah which had fresh wraps and somehow made an acceptable coffee.

The reason for mentioning the map is that after discussion with team HFFC they directed L & G to a particular river that appeared to be up to the left of the boat ramp towards the main bridge over the river. Pete mentioned that the map may not be as accurate as first thought (what does Pete know seriously?). But L & G followed the map right the way to the bridge, and sure enough there was no river inlet to be found, there's 30mins gone, back to the ramp and up the next creek, now they were back on track.

Glenn and Lawrence persevered and fished until the sun was going down, then on one of Glenn's last casts he felt a



bump from a fish, next cast he was connected to a nice bream, at that stage the sun was low in the sky and it was time to return to home base. Back at camp team Dawn and associates had dinner prepared.

When we arrived back in camp Wayne had arrived and we met up with the rest of the Hastings Fly Fishers, where we renewed acquaintances both old and new and shared a lovely meal prepared by the Blonde and Blind, Dawn and others. We discussed strategies with the locals, and were invited down to Laurieton the next day to chase fish in the Camden Haven river and lake systems. Rodney and Iain



were keen to show us their favourite fishing haunts and get us up and running.

Saturday morning arrived with a chorus on daybreak from the local Kookaburra choir. Noisy bludgers woke us up earlier than the alarm settings, so after an early breakfast we pushed off for a 30minute ride to Laurieton. Now if I had to choose a place to retire to I would certainly pick Laurieton. Perched on the Camden Haven River and surrounded by several large lakes, it is truly a beautiful place. We met up with Rodney and Iain at the ramp, got the relevant instructions and headed off. Glenn and Lawrence went up the river to Watson Taylors Lake and we went down river past Googly's lagoon to fish for blackfish.



Well tied olive crystal ice weed flies were soon being flung at numerous fleeing blackfish, until Fred managed to snare one on the bottom fly, and Wayne on the top fly as he bent over to net Fred's fish. I am not sure whether Wayne sought his revenge, but we were told that Fred was dropped off on a sand spit to fish, and ended up walking into a water hole while laying down the anchor. "**Puddles**" quickly became his nickname to everyone's amusement except Fred....

It was time to investigate other spots so up the Camden Haven we headed toward Watson Taylors Lake. The fishing on the way up was poor with Peter catching a small flathead. Not long after we met up

with Lawrence and Glenn, who indicated that they caught a mixed bag of 6 fish.

The mixed bag consisted of Glenn catching five fish, after the first three were caught Lawrence decided to change over to a pink clouser which was Glenn's fly of choice, sure enough after several thousand casts Lawrence managed to land a flathead at least three times the size of Glenn's previous flathead's.



Glenn however managed to land the fish of the day, a reasonably sized stingray, in the wing, once he managed to get the fish near the boat he suggested to Lawrence that he lean over and retrieve the fly, now

Lawrence is not overly comfortably with stingrays and that stinger in the tail, Glenn tried lifting the heavy ray into the boat, the line broke, much to Lawrence's relief. So not going there!

After a long day in the sun we headed back to Dawns for a shower and clean up. That night we caught up with the rest of the club members, joining them in a great BBQ with fantastic deserts to follow and their club raffle. During the meal Ron lit a large fire in the paddock and it heated ones rear end from 10m away. The best thing about the fire is if you stood close enough, it kept the sandflies at bay. The raffle results went in favour of Glenn and Lawrence, two prizes each, and much

chanting of "Hunter Valley Fly Fishing Club" in practice for the Bass Classic.

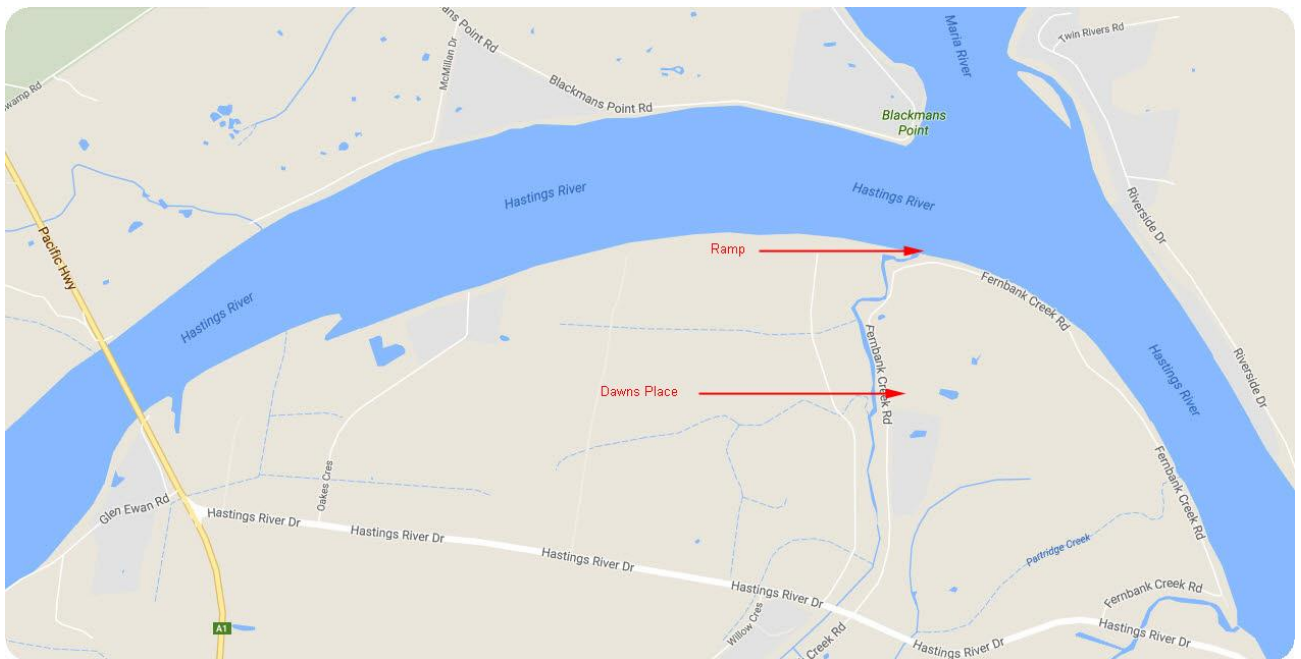
Sunday morning came with the prediction of showers from HFFC club weather man Dave. Almost on cue a sprinkle started, so we packed up the tents. Peter and I departed early and Wayne and Fred keenly went back onto the Hastings to try for more Flathead. Glenn and Lawrence

chose the early departure option and hit the road for an early arrival at home.

A great weekend had by the 6 members who attended, and we will certainly be back next year if invited.









## *Another Salmon Quest*

By Jeff Yates

With the salmon season calendar quickly coming to a close and buoyed by success at our recent club event, Peter suggested one last trip to chase a few fish. From experience we need to hit the water before sunup and start looking for those tell-tale signs. Fish will fin on the surface with their sickle shaped dorsal fins working as a symphony, gently slicing the water surface, or the 'nervous' water with its riffled surface, in what is an otherwise flat ocean. These critical signs can easily be overlooked, but close observation, and you may be onto a large school of fish.

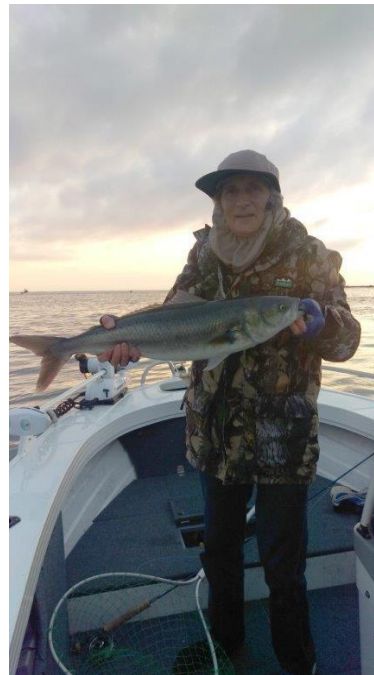


With Fred joining us, we launched at Blacksmiths and were soon onto our first signs of salmon, unfortunately they were in close proximity to a number of luderick fishermen, but all's fair in love and war, so a couple of casts to the fish, and we had our first of many double hook ups.



The fish decided to lead us to the open sea, hugging the breakwall on the way

out. Judging by the large swirls below the fish, they had good reason to scamper. Eventually, what turned out to be acres of fish, schooled up between Moon island and the coast and were willing participants crunching our flies at regular intervals. A couple of triple hook-ups, and a bruised sternum compliments of the rod butt, added to our excitement. This session saw double figure releases for us, with the Surf Candy lethal as usual, but Fred also had his own fly, of slightly smaller proportions like him, which worked a treat. Once hooked the larger fish had you tied up for at least 15 minutes. Fred commented that he couldn't wait to go trout fishing again for a rest!



The adrenalin had stopped working and with lethargy setting in we decided to head back inside for calmer waters for a cuppa, snack and more hydration. It's difficult to drag yourself away from a hot bite, but we had the confidence that the fish would still be about when we later returned.

Mid-morning back at sea trying to pick up from where we left an hour before hand, saw active vigilance around the island area. The school had departed, but to where? It didn't take long before their whereabouts was betrayed by a raft of 6 seals and a grey nurse shark. The salmon were busily feeding on baitfish, leaving bits and pieces throughout the 12m of water column. Meanwhile, the seals were grabbing 3 kg salmon, flinging them about like rag dolls, shredding pieces off to the waiting seagulls. The seals seemed to be more interested in the salmon row, as carcasses were being discarded.

The fishing we enjoyed earlier was repeated, but the wash from the rocks and the choppy sea, had us queasy. It's hard fighting fish from a rocking platform, all the time looking at the horizon, and trying not to look down too long while releasing the fly from the fish's mouth. Dry mouths and sick stomachs forced us to call an end to the session and the day.

What terrific sport Australian Salmon are on fly, and can't wait for next year to share the adventure again with mates, when the fish return to the channel.





## *Rutland Waters*

By Jeff Yates



One of the largest man-made lakes in Europe, Rutland Waters boasts a surface area of 10.86 sq kilometres. Located east of town of Oakham, in the county of Rutland, which, incidentally is also the least populated county in England, and has the distinction of being the only county not to possess a fast food chain. I hope this continues, as it's sprinkled with some of the counties' most traditional and pretty towns. Rutland is 2 hours NE of my base in the Midlands.

Arriving at the lake mid-morning, I dodged a family of swans having a wander through the carpark, and called into the fishing shop to purchase my obligatory permit at £26 catch and release. A couple of the rules are;

Barbless hooks

8lb minimum line

No landing net

Kill only 1 fish, being the first landed



***Greeting party of swan and family***

A map of the lake access points, and a discussion about possible fishing locations with the water bailiff was necessary, as a strong westerly had blown the lake out, making it unsuitable for craft other than sail. So, needless to say we needed a well-protected bay to fish from the bank.

The scribble on my map pointed to the designated spot and on arrival it would make a New Zealander go weak at the knees; sheep everywhere, and the car park was full of land mines. Out with the gumboots and squish my way to the back of the 4x4 to rig up the 7piece 5wt travel rod. On-line research indicated the use of floating lines, and generic English fly patterns. Can't wait to hit the water and do my own research.

Early indications were a little disappointing, with a strong wind blowing down the bay. After a period of observation I got serious, but it was hard to keep in touch with the line, as the 18ft leader regularly caught up in the thigh high stinging nettles high on the bank behind me, proving quite a chore to untangle. I rolled 2 fish on a haystack during a 2 hour session, both bombed when I got too excited on the take and struck too soon. I decided to have a break, a cuppa and vegemite cheese sandwich, suitably perfumed by the sheep droppings.

Back on the water, the wind had slowed to about 20 knots, so I sat and watched for



signs of fish. Nothing for a while, then a few discrete sips, hardly discernible, and irregular. I put on a Tom Jones and slowly pulsed it through the chop, and after some time a solid take had me connected to a fine fish. The flashing flanks glistened in the sun as the rainbow soared through the chop and occasionally aerialised to display its finery. I brought the fish to hand to admire, take photos and release unharmed.



### ***A fine 2lb rainbow taken on a Tom Jones***

I noticed an increasing number of swallows swooping low over the water, in pursuit of insects, indicating an imminent hatch. At the same time the sips became more regular, allowing me to target a fish. I had a #14 midge buzzer suspended below a haystack and cast out to allow it to float along a submerged weed margin with the aid of the breeze. A moment of day dreaming cost me a fish. Time to concentrate.

Another cast in the same spot saw and the haystack disappear as the line cut through the water. I played the fish gently, picking up a little weed in the process, praying that the fish did not bury me in the lush green forest below the surface. After what seemed to be a long battle I drew the fish to hand and gently removed the midge fly from the scissors of its jaw. This fine fish had taken the midge from 6 inches below

the water surface, and taken it with conviction. I repeated the exercise for a second fish before the wind became too strong and I had to move on.



***A duck swam past with a clutch of 7 ducklings, quite a large family. Within a few rod lengths there was a boof and out scuttled mother duck and now only 6 ducklings. It's a rough world out there but a mother pike has now been nourished.***

A gentleman some 100m further down the bay, cast out and was rewarded immediately. This happened again on 2 more occasions, so I just had to investigate. Roger, my new found friend explained that he had just spooned one of the fish and it was full of pin fry (young of coarse fish). To prove that it was no fluke, he cast out to hook a 4 lb wintered rainbow (not a recent stocky, but fish with fully formed fins), which gave him a grand fight. Roger showed me his beautiful fly box, explained what flies he used and when, and donated a pin fry fly to me. This fly could only be described as a hare's ear with a foam parachute head. While talking we watched small terns dive bombing a wind lane to share in the action. I have met fishermen and gentlemen during my trips in the UK and Roger was both. He explained that he lived locally and fished almost daily since retirement; sort of sounds familiar!



***Roger and a lovely 4 lb rainbow***

I was told that the lake holds trout to 15lb, Zander and Pike. This sounds like a further challenge for another trip? This lake is the biggest and best I have fished in

England for quality fish and beauty of landscape and I enjoyed it immensely.

Anyway, time to go, fill in the returns ticket for 3 fish and drop it in for the bailiff. We head back through the medieval villages, with their cream coloured stone buildings and stone shingle roofs, onto the motorway and homeward bound to Astwood Bank. A special thanks to my mate Clarry for introducing me to this magic spot, and sharing with me another great fishing adventure.



***My travel fly box with a shortage of Tom Jones, Olive Wolly Buggers and midge emergers. Not hard to see what was working.***

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## *My journey to the long wand*

A personal profile by Noel King

My journey to the long wand started when my son was given a fly rod on his 18th birthday. I soon followed him purchasing one in 2000, after several attempts at fly fishing and failing miserably the fly rod was put away for 12 years. I took it up again while recovering from major surgery.

My first foray back to fly fishing ironically was with a fly line fitted to my bream rod as the bush around the creek I was fishing was too thick to even attempt to cast a fly rod, I ended up with a few of carp for the weekend. Realising I needed help with casting I looked online for the nearest fly fishing club, which was the Singleton fly fishing club, now the Hunter Valley Fly

fishing Club. I attended a couple of meetings and joined the club. My first outing with the club was at St Clair where Greg Hayman took me under his wing and taught me the basics of fly casting and I ended up landing my first bass on fly.

Five years on and I am now well and truly addicted to fly fishing, tying my own flies (not very well). I have a 4wt, 2x 6wt, 8wt and a 9wt fibreglass epic that I built from a kit by myself, and which I pick up as fly rod of preference to any of other rods. My species list is slowly growing with bass, bream, barra, ep's, yellowbelly, flathead, tailor, wrasse and carp all ticked off with whiting, murray cod and eventually trout on the bucket list.



*A selection of great fish caught by Noel over the last few years*

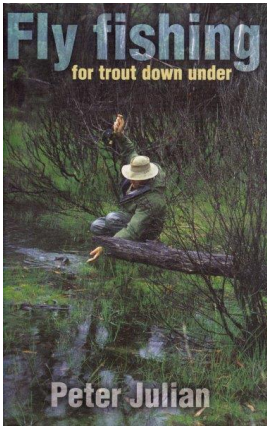
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## *Fly fishing for trout down under*

### *Book review*

By Jeff Yates



This book was first published in 2001 and was a superb effort by the author, Peter Julian to demystify fly fishing. At 130 pages it is not a big read, nor is it a technical article, I saw it more as a guide for the novice to inform and educate them on trout gear and behaviour.

After selecting your fishing gear, the fly selection is all important. The author emphasises that fly selection is not all that difficult. It is about matching your flies to that stage in an insect's life that may be unfolding in front of you. To do so, you need to have your eyes open and fit together all the clues that are in front of you. It may be the insect size, colour, flight or it could be the trout behaviour that alerts you. This is the exciting part of fly selection.

Trout are very sensitive to temperature. While trying to unlock the mysteries for us Peter constantly refers back to his experience and events to explain how trout are affected and how you may use that knowledge to your advantage.

Wet flies are an essential item in all our boxes and there are several pages dedicated to their use and selection. Presentation is just as important in wet fly fishing as it is in dry fly fishing.

There are several chapters about terrestrials, nymphing techniques, duns and spinners. The insect stages are explained as well as the technique and selection of flies required to give you an even chance of hooking your first trout.

I do all styles of trout fishing, but summer time, particularly on the lakes requires fishing from evening and into the night. Peter covers this concept very well. Of particular interest is the discussion of stripping styles for night fishing.

As you are aware by now, fly fishermen have a certain amount of fishing etiquette. This is obviously a pet subject practiced by Peter Julian as he explains the guidelines that should/shall apply to fly fishermen. There are a couple that reflect on us as a club and as individuals, firstly, leaving nothing behind on the bank with all discarded line and rubbish transported out and secondly, always seek permission to access the water being fished if it is through private land.

Last but not least, trout are introduced fish, are there for our sport, and an occasional meal if so inclined. I seldom take a fish from a stream, as I reckon the time invested in catching and the close proximity to them is sought of like killing your pet corgi, but then I will take lake fish. There are several recipes in the back of the book for your enjoyment.

A good read and well worth searching ebay or 2<sup>nd</sup> hand shops for a copy.

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## *Carp latest*



A report on [www.msn.com](http://www.msn.com) says that early research into the release of KHV could lead to dramatic side effects in the river system.

Researchers at the University of Adelaide have been putting dead carp into 800 litre tubs of water to try to measure the amount of oxygen the decomposing fish use up. Researcher Richie Walsh said it was showing some dramatic results.

"We found that at 20 degrees, one carp can almost completely remove oxygen from the water in less than 48 hours," he said. "There's a lot of things we need to determine, but so far my research does indicate that there will be huge side effects for the rest of the ecosystem."

If the herpes virus is released, there is the potential that millions of tonnes of rotting fish will have to be removed from the system.

In the report Matt Barwick from NSW DPI

said nothing would go ahead without a series of environmental and social approvals.

"We will need to have a very effective clean-up strategy in place to protect water quality both for human use and to protect our native species," he said. "This is a fantastic opportunity, one of the biggest ecological interventions that we will have seen in our generation that will result in our waterways, the health of our waterways and fisheries transforming.

Biosecurity SA said further research was needed to develop a "comprehensive national release strategy that would minimise potential risks to water quality".

"The [SA] Government will not be rushing into a decision to support the national release without comprehensive scientific information regarding the host specificity of the virus and the environmental risks of a mass carp die-off," it said in a statement.

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## *Fishy Pics*



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*A lovely beam  
coming to the  
side of the yak*

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*Noel King*





# *Scape Pics*



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*Full moon over  
the Hastings River  
near Port  
Macquarie.  
Jeff Yates*

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