



## 2016 Nov/Dec Newsletter

**President** – Darren Foster

**Vice President** – Cherie Blackburn

**Secretary** – Tony Ward

**Treasurer** – Wayne Hunt

**Newsletter Editor** – Jeff Yates

**Grants Officer** – Lawrence Blackburn

### **Committee Members**

Peter Sewell

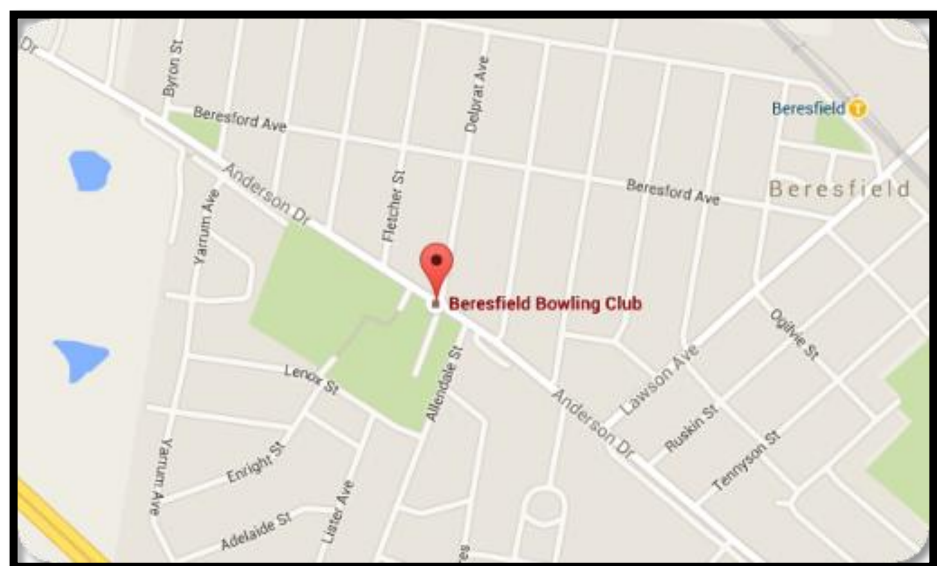
Brent Blackwell

Jeff Yates

Noel King

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



2016 is coming to a close and this is our last edition until 2017. I would like to thank those contributors who have filled the pages of our newsletters throughout the year. Many hands make light work, and this is the case with the newsletter. It is always interesting to read about the adventures of our HVFFC tribe, and everybody has a story to tell. I encourage and challenge each member to write at least one article for publication in 2017. You can send it from your phone or computer and I will do the rest. A few pictures also saves a lot of words.

Congratulations to our new committee elected at the AGM. Wayne Hunt, our new Treasurer and Noel King who is on the committee. New faces are always welcome to bring in fresh ideas and spread the workload. Welcome aboard and we are looking forward to working with you for the next 12 months.

Rod Dillon has graced us again with his superb photography on a recent trip to the Cox's river at Glenroy. Rod has combined his passion of photography and fly fishing and wrapped it up to tell a story of typical fly fishermen journey, where the environment and fishing have an almost equal weighting.

Noel was at the ever popular Forster Fly muster, and enjoyed the experience immensely. He fished from his yak and caught several fish, putting his new found skills to good use.

Rod Fox has written about the November outing AT Lower Portland fishing the Colo and Hawkesbury rivers for bss, estuary perch and herring.

I have been recovering from the aging process, and decided that the Snowy Mountains was the therapy that I craved for. The article by Steve Williamson from Jinderbyne backed up our experience fishing over the last week at Eucumbene and Jinderbyne. Unfortunately, we didn't get to wetting a line in the rivers, as the dams were on fire, but it all looks good for the coming summer. See Justin's beautifully written article; I'm sure he was a journalist in a previous life.

Have a happy Christmas and read the stop press for the latest action at Thompsons Creek dam, and shout yourself a trip there for Santa.

## *President's Report*

Darren Foster



Welcome all to the club's December Newsletter.

The club had their last meeting for December with a good turnout.

I would like to extend a warm welcome to our newest member Chad Plooy whom joined up at the December Meeting. Chad was part of the Peter Morse Casting Day and recently attended the Rise Film Festival as well. I look forward to having a fish with Chad in the near future.

The club's first event in 2017 will be a saltwater fly tying day at Cherie and Lawrence's in preparation for the Jimmy's Beach outing organized by Tom Jones. See the 2017 Calendar for more details. Also, we need a Trip Master for the Lithgow outing in March and the Swansea outing in April.

Our fingerlings are still pending the all clear from the dreaded Nodavirus, but hopefully will be ready for release in mid to late December. I will keep all informed and apologize for the short notice but that is how it is with these little bubbas.

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.

I would like to wish you all and your families a very Merry Christmas and a safe, happy and prosperous New Year.

Darren Foster  
President 2016/2017

## **President's Report for HVFFC AGM, November 2016**

I would like to welcome everyone to this special and historical occasion, the first Annual General Meeting for the Hunter Valley Fly Fishing Club on this 11<sup>th</sup> day of November 2016.

It has been an honour and privilege to serve my First Term (2015-16) as President of the Hunter Valley Fly Fishing Club and certainly throughout the club's historic name change from Singleton Fly Fishing Club to the current name. I hope that you, the members, have been happy with the club's progress over the past 12 months and certainly since the name change. I certainly have had a blast. One of the things I like about this club, even though I am the President, the club is not run by one person alone but rather each and every member that regularly attends meetings and participates in the decision making processes that make this club what it is today. If I have but one criticism though, I would like to see more input from members when it comes time to vote for the annual club awards and election times. After all, the awards are all about recognising your peers' achievements and we cannot run the club without a committee. And please don't not attend the Xmas in July because it's not an Aussie thing but rather, attend the night for the awards, fun and friendship.

It has been good to see the number of members attending club outings in such large numbers. Outings such as the Barrington and Swansea trips seen larger than usual numbers of attendees. The Liddell Classic was a bit of a let down with attendance but those that chose not to go this year missed out on an awesome event filled with not so much fish but bucket loads of fun and socialising. Members need to be aware that this event is our major fundraiser for the year with monies raised going towards stocking St Clair with bass fingerlings. Rod Dillon deserves a mention for starting up and running a very successful club fly swap for 2016. I look forward to Rod's Fly Swap in 2017.

You cannot be the President of "Anything" let alone a fly fishing club without due support from your committee. So, to Vice President Cherie, a huge thank you for all you do, not only in day-to-day club business but for all your efforts in organising and running Xmas in July and the Carp Classic over the years please keep on keeping on. To Secretary Tony, your work is exemplary and unsurpassed, thank you for your services as secretary. Justin AKA "The Spitmeister", thank you for taking on the Treasurer's role, you are more capable than you give yourself credit for. Thanks to Brent for all the work put into organising raffle prizes and running the raffle at each meeting. To the committee members Jeff, Peter and Lawrence your guidance and critic are always treasured and each of your dedication towards the smooth running of the club from behind the scenes is exemplary. Last but not least thanks to each and every member for everything you have done over the last 12 months be it simply turning up to a meeting or attending an outing or helping out at various outings with setting up gazebos and bbq's, without you we would not have a club such as the one that we do, the envy of all other fly fishing clubs.

*Darren*

Month	Date	Venue/Event	Trip Master	Contact Number
January	Sat. 21 <sup>st</sup>	Fly Tying - Saltwater	Lawrence/Cherie	0432989797
February	01 <sup>st</sup>	Club Meeting at Bero Bowlo	All	
February	17 <sup>th</sup> – 19 <sup>th</sup>	Hawks Nest - Saltwater	Tom Jones	0406662713
February				
March	01 <sup>st</sup>	Club Meeting at Bero Bowlo	All	
March	17 <sup>th</sup> – 19 <sup>th</sup>	Glenroy - Lithgow		
March	TBA	Fly Tying - Saltwater	Jim Manly	
April	31 <sup>st</sup> Oct – 2 <sup>nd</sup>	Swansea		
April	05 <sup>th</sup>	Club Meeting at Bero Bowlo	All	
April				
May	03 <sup>rd</sup>	Club Meeting at Bero Bowlo	All	
May				
May				
June	07 <sup>th</sup>	Club Meeting at Bero Bowlo	All	
June	16 <sup>th</sup> – 18 <sup>h</sup>	Lake St Clair - Bass		
June				
July	05 <sup>th</sup>	Club Meeting at Bero Bowlo	All	
July	15 <sup>th</sup>	Xmas in July at Bero Bowlo	Cherie	041555019
July	29 <sup>th</sup> – 31 <sup>st</sup>	Liddell Bass Classic at St Clair ???	Cherie	041555019
August	02 <sup>nd</sup>	Club Meeting at Bero Bowlo	All	
August	4-6 or 11-13	Swansea – Saltwater - Salmon	Darren	0413392774
August				
September	06 <sup>th</sup>	Club Meeting at Bero Bowlo	All	
September	15 <sup>th</sup> – 17 <sup>th</sup>	Hastings	Lawrence	0432989797
September				
October	04 <sup>th</sup>	Club Meeting at Bero Bowlo	All	
October	13 <sup>th</sup> – 15 <sup>th</sup>	Lake Liddell - Bass Classic ???	Lawrence/Cherie	0432989797
October				
November	03 <sup>rd</sup> or 10 <sup>th</sup>	Club AGM at Bero Bowlo	All	
November				
November				
December	6 <sup>th</sup>	Club Meeting at Bero Bowlo	All	
December				
December				

## *A Battering*

By Rod Dillon

Most articles in this newsletter are fishing reports accompanied by the obligatory hero shot so I thought it time that we had a look at what really goes on behind the scenes on a fishing trip.

Travelling without incident to Glenroy for a few days fishing I set up my Cub camper Trailer, parked the car and prepared my #4 Flight 7 ft 6 ins rod for fishing the Cox which was some 20 metres distant from my camper. My thoughts were to walk and fish the Cox on most days with a trip to Thompson's Creek Dam thrown in. As it was late in the day decided to confine my efforts at the small fish rising in front of Foxy's and Darren's camp which was the start and end of day meeting point (meals and drinks).

Next day saw Fred, Foxy Darren and myself head upstream with the aim of fishing to the waterfalls. Those of you who know me would understand that it would be disaster had I ventured out without a camera of some sort but fear not I had 2, my Olympus EM1 and Olympus Shock. So I was well armed in this respect.

Fishing small pools, riffles and runs along the way the scenery was starting to get the better of me along with the locals. The EM1 came to hand and went to work.

***A local sunning itself (below) was hard to resist.***







*Similarly this mayfly who alighted on Darren's thumb!*

*The small rapids attracted my lens and the greenery was superb. I mentioned to Darren that I wish I was carrying a tripod instead of a flyrod. True*



The trouble with taking multiple shots is that you tend to chimp a fair bit checking shot after shot as we got nearer to the falls.





*At last the falls and well worth the hard slog to get there.*

*Going back again many photos and one river crossing*





At this point the battery failed but was I concerned? No sir, I have 2 spares back at camp.

Back at camp for a late lunch I checked the camera bag and Horror! Horror! No batteries, they are in another bag at home. How will I live with this. My right arm removed. Oh well I have the Olympus compact.

Next morning I take a photo of the mist rising off the water, well that was the intention but the battery in the compact is dead. I think I have killed a Chinaman.

We all decide to go to TCD and I will take Foxy and Nacelle with Fred taking Darren. Come time to leave I get in car and turn starter. I am stunned to hear that dreaded sound...absolute silence. Battery dead flat. Well, I think to myself, it is 5 years old but why decide to cark it now. Jumper lead start and we head off. Try Cut Price Autos, Auto Electrician, Repco and finally Holden. They can have one in tomorrow at 10.30 am and will install. Price was competitive with the others.

Next day jump start and travel into Lithgow and leave car. Receive a phone call at 11.40am. The battery was not delivered however the spare parts man Alan had sourced and picked up another. Would be fitted in about 1 hour. At 1.45pm received call car is ready so pick up and ring camp that I wouldn't be long. So now nothing should go wrong.

Back at camp decide to ring Bride to let her know all is ok. Have had no problem with phone up until now but no reception shows up. Check with the boys and they all have reception. Fred and Darren decide to go downstream and I take a drive to see if I can get reception. Nothing all the way to Lithgow and back. Noticed that the battery was discharging rapidly so put on charger but it made little difference. Next morning phone flat with no reception we go into town and Telstra fixed problem.

Thank god nothing else can go wrong. Spent afternoon and evening at TCD and return late for tea. Darren and I decide to share what food we have and I start cooking on my U-Bute with the aid of my headlamp. You guessed it, light decides to call it a night. Thankfully the light in my camper saw it out.

You could say that I took a battering over the few days. You can also believe fishing is not only about catching!

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## *Forster Fly Muster*

By Noel King

The Forster Fly Muster last month was attended by 70-80 like-minded fly fishers, including Chris Malony, along with his son and myself. A number of events were organized for the weekend including casting lessons, fly tying demo's and some 'on water' casting with spey rods. Free time was allocated so that fly fishers could put into practice what they had learned.

I arrived Friday morning and quickly set up the caravan. I then headed out for a fish on the flats before the Friday afternoon briefing /meet and greet. During the session I managed to land a couple of legal flathead but had forgot to put the battery into the camera, so no photos. I caught up with everyone on the foreshore.

Saturday saw everyone up bright and early ready for the day ahead. On the agenda was roll casting and another modification to roll casting. It was then out on the water for some fishing, however, I never had a touch fishing the flats.

On arrival back at the foreshore, the fly tying demo's were under way. There were some interesting flies revealed as well as the raffle draw, with money being donated to the starlight foundation. Sunday saw me out on the water nice and early to catch the tide. I headed behind the racks to see if I could land a fish or two. Having some success, I landed flathead, bream and a whiting before going back to shore for final meeting, then departed for home.



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## *Hawkesbury Weekend 18,19 and 20 November*

By Rod Fox, photos compliments Wayne Hunt

The weekend was very enjoyable with Jim and Helen hosting the weekend at their property. It was not well attended but the five who did attend, had a great weekend.

Fred and I went out as soon as we arrived on the Friday. I caught a 300mm EP and Fred caught a bass. Wayne and Brent arrived Friday night.

With Fred in my boat and Wayne and Brent in Wayne's boat we set out to find the elusive fish of the Hawkesbury and Colo rivers.

Due to the tides we did not hit the water until mid-morning. We fished along the rock wall opposite Jim and Helen's property. The fishing was slow so we headed up the Colo river arm. The fishing got better and we all caught fish. We travelled about 5 - 6 kms up the river. By the end of the day we had caught Bass, Herring and EP's. Fred had a great time trying out various types of flies.

When we arrived back at the property by 3pm. We had intended to have a night fish but there were too many speed boats using the river. Narelle and Helen organised a happy hour so we all chilled out and sat around the fire telling tall tales and true.

And what may ask did Narelle do whilst we were fishing - she went shopping and out to lunch with Helen! And Jim had to work - someone has to!

Sunday morning we got up early had a brew and hit the water. As the fishing was quiet we came back and had breakfast.

There was a total of 19 fish caught, 8 of which were EP's.

Jim and Helen were great hosts and stated that the club is welcome to come and fish on their property any time.







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*The track into Josies*

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## Josies 2016, midges and more midges

### **the same but different (Justin Smith)**

For Peter, Jeff, Wayne and I, the journey begins at crack of dawn on the last Saturday of the month of November. It has been this way for many years now, although I am a relative newcomer to the foursome that come together for 1 week every year to share the magic of Josie's.

Although the travelling starts before the sun is properly up, we rarely pull up to our cabin before 3pm, and more often, after 4. Even when one has arrived at the front gate of Josie's property, there is still a near 40 minute drive on the roughest of dirt tracks where each protruding bolder, hole or cliff edge promises catastrophe should your eyes stray from the road.

But on arrival, as in previous years, there is a tremendous feeling of being somewhere special, somewhere where expectation meets promise, where memories are reignited and new ones are eager to be made. It is summed up simply... 'we're here, here at Josie's'.

Lots of words are synonymous with Josie's but one of them is weather, above all other variables, this one dictates our lives for the next 7 days. In trips past we have been blasted with electrical storms, rained to a muddy sodden standstill or cold-fronted by blizzards, snow and sleet, confining us to our cabin and much cherished fire fuelled stove. But this year, this year was different, surprising and unexpected. Warm sunny mild days, followed by moderate cool comfortable nights followed day after day for the duration of our stay. All we could do is look up at a dazzling blue sky or in the evening, one dotted with a billion stars and wonder in thankful amazement....which we did.

Often the first day-night sets the tone for the rest of the week. As a pre-fish of sorts, that first afternoon, despite our weariness, we are all keen to 'test the waters' so to speak, just see what's waiting. Such a venture is mostly blind. We don't yet know how or where the fishing is on or what's hatching, what fly will work or not work, nothing. Last year's

performance has little bearing on what we will encounter this year. So, with limited time, we will head to a part of the lake we know, and just, 'have a go'.

That's why, in an alarming, exciting and unexpected in a way, when the first cast comes up tight, when an occasional rise turns into a smorgasbord board of potential hook ups. The angler is almost not ready, despite, ironically, the planning and preparation that has been undertaken, to be thrown into brilliant fishing from the get go seems improbable. On this afternoon and evening, it seemed almost too easy. Fish were rising, obviously to midges, but fish were taking a variety of flies. Nymphs, buzzers, wets all took fish that first night, as did we, all of us. Mostly rainbows, mostly a little on the small side, but browns too, right till late in the evening. It seemed all too easy....and it was, and that's Josies.....

The next two day-evenings were ground hog days, the same balmy weather, cool clear evenings, the late afternoon breezes followed by a gentle stillness. The insects were still there, midges by the million-million, and the fish too, we could see them! We could hear them, sipping or porpoising, slurping, gulping and jumping. But could we catch those damn pesky finned frustrations? It would appear not. What worked on the first night was ignored, was refused and avoided on the subsequent two nights!

So again, this is Josie's. Never take it for granted, neither the fishing or the weather or the reliability of clean water or power. Nothing is the same, unpredictability is the only constant and this year's fishing and problem solving that was to follow would prove nothing less. Over the years, we have developed a number of friendly associations with many of the kindred spirits of Josie's. Gentle fly fishers like George and Allan, who were up again from Melbourne and fishing well. Whilst we were failing miserably in our conversion rate, they seemed to be consistently fishing and catching well. Now I'm not going to say they were persuaded to give up their piscatorial secrets just because I slipped them a fresh smoked trout, but subsequent to this friendly gesture, we learned their secret. Tiny red and black buzzers, with a tuft of white casing, continuously moved in the top portion of the water would more often result in a take and hook up.

So on the forth night, armed with the latest intelligence, converted into a frenzy of front line fly tying, we set forth armed and confident that our fortunes would turn. And they did...mostly. Definitely more hook ups, definitely more fish were brought to hand, but as for size, yearling rainbows beat any half way decent fish to the fly just about every time. Lots of fish were caught but few were keepers. Still, a corner had been turned and at the evening's end, with Wayne alone having landed over 15 fish, he proclaimed the conundrum was conquered; or in his words, 'I've cracked it'!

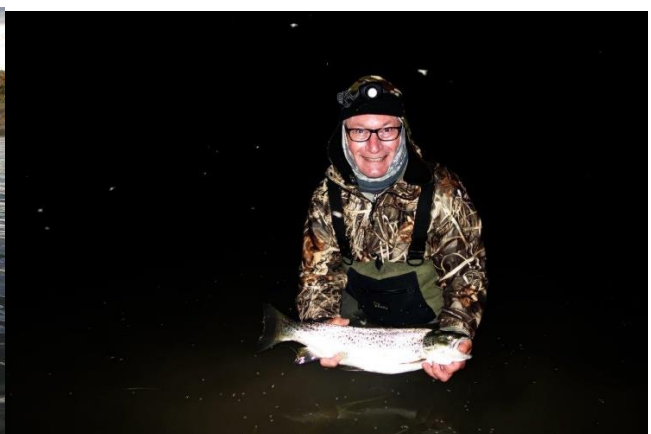
However, it is often when the hatch has subsided, when the last brilliant sunset colour is leaving the sky and the stars turn up their sparkling intensity that we transition expectantly from small buzzers, nymphs or dries to those go-to big wets. This part of the evening belongs to the big browns emboldened to come in close looking to mop up or hunt down the many crayfish who leave their holes in search of food. All of us took our best fish at this time, searching and probing, pulsing jerking, pausing and attracting the imaginary brown trout that cruised in the dark water at our feet.

In the dark, other senses are keener. You can hear everything, insects chirping, fish splashing, your dirty fly-line scraping through the runners. More than in the daylight, you can feel the weight of a loaded rod, and sense the shooting line streak forward and unfold

before you to an unseen waters' surface. In the dark stillness you can distinguish the difference in how the fly retrieves as to whether it is swimming as it should or is corrupted by a single strand of weed.

In the dark, expectation of a take is multiplied and too easily over executed or missed altogether. In the dark, angling chaos is just a bad cast away and patience is tested and skill applauded. It is in the dark, at the end of a day's fishing that we return to our little hut, tired but satisfied. Those fish that were lost are lamented, those taken are celebrated. The cork (screw top) off a good bottle of red is removed, the cheese and crackers come out and the night is relived and the next day imagined and planned.

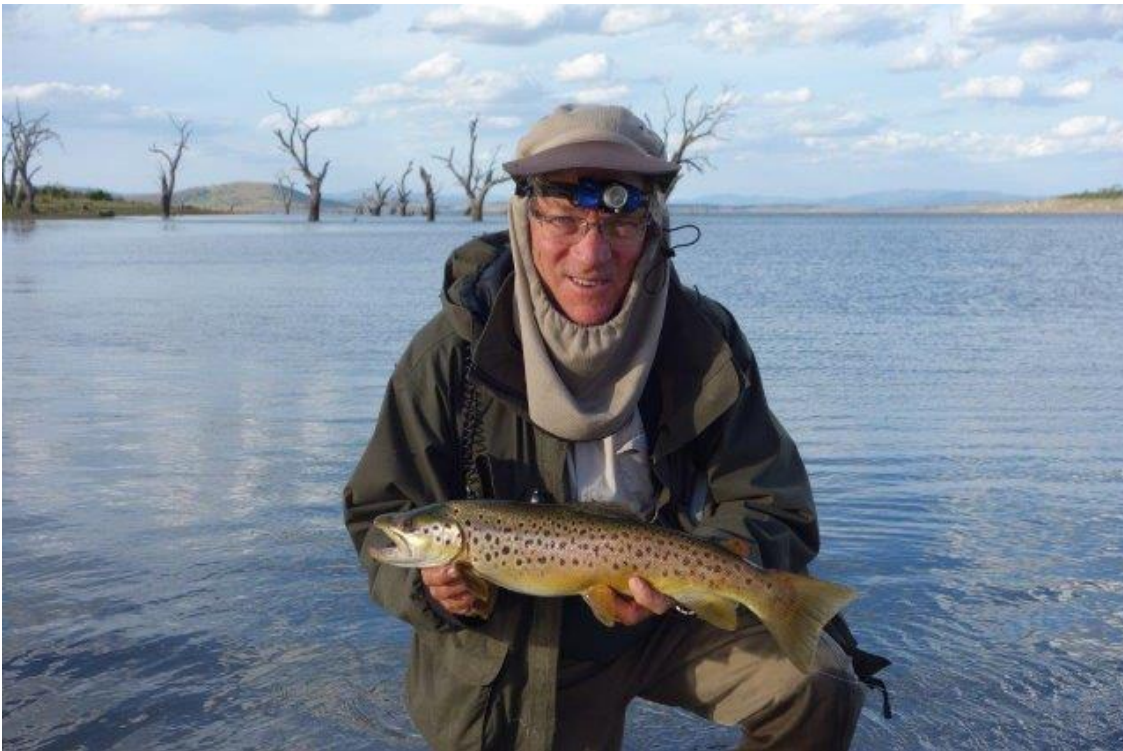
The next day we are greeted with another beautiful sunny day, All we could do is look up at a dazzling blue sky or and know that later we will see a billion stars and wonder in thankful amazement....which we did and will again, hopefully at Josie's.













***STOP PRESS,,,,,,,,,,,,, STOP PRESS,,,,,,,,,,,,, STOP PRESS,,,,,,,,,,,,,***

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*A collection of memories from the Snowy*

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## *Pre Xmas at Thompson Creek Dam*

By Jeff Yates



It's the 2<sup>nd</sup> week of December, the water temperature is rising and the terrestrials flutter energetically over the water; brown beetles, blown from the nearby bushland hit the water, and for a moment breast stroke, then disappear in a swirl on the separation line between window water and the ripple. Caddis flutter around me in an ever increasing swarm, touching the water in their graceful dance, but what is happening below the water?

Not much while the sun is up, however, another insect is about to arrive soon after dark when the conditions suit. The warm day, and over cast conditions will make for a warm night, just what the dragon fly larvae (mud-eye) needs for its metamorphosis into the dragon fly. This time of the year at Thompsons Creek heralds the first of a regular hatch, and I want to be there for it.

A funeral at Kandos of an old friend gave me an excuse to continue onto Lithgow for a few days of reconnaissance on Thommos. I organised a night with my Lithgow mate Curly (bald as a badger) and another friend, Lucky. Neither had been out to Thommos since last season, and dropped everything to join me on the dam. The 25 degree day, soon turned into a near freezing night under a blanket of

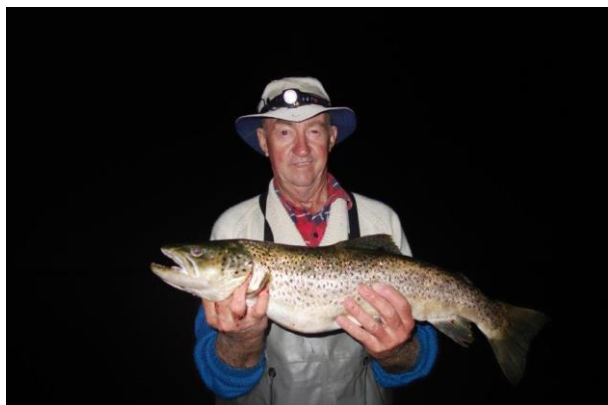
stars on the side of Mt Lambie. We back packed jumpers, coats and beanies into our fishing spot and were extremely grateful for it as the sun disappeared.

An occasional gulp echoed from the black water on this inky night. I took this for big fish on the beetle hatch, but a number of dry fly changes could not win a fish. Time to go back to my benchmark flies for this time of the year; a Craig's and a Churchie. The first 2 rainbows took the Churchie and performed admirably with their jumping and characteristic initial hard runs. The 3<sup>rd</sup> fish hit hard and had me in the backing for a good 5 minutes before I could gain line. A well-conditioned 4lb rainbow, double the weight of similar length fish from Eucumbene caught during a recent trip. The next rainbow put on another power run, and after tearing through the lush water weed, was finally subdued along with a bale of subterranean greenery.



Three hours after sundown fishermen must be off the water, so as Lucky and myself trekked back toward the car we were discussing how Curly would read the conditions. In true form, as we neared the man with a grin like a Cheshire cat, we could only marvel at the lovely brown he was holding. He targeted the fish with

large flies and managed this on a wooly bugger.



Next day, armed with my prior knowledge, I headed back out to Thommos. I was on my own and keen to get to the water. While walking along the bank, well before sundown, I cast to a rise only meters from the bank. This rise was an obvious beetle take, but against better judgement, I cast a mud-eye pattern into the vortex of the rise made by the disappearing trout. I twitched the line and saw the bow wave of an oncoming trout in 6 inches of water, before it smashed the fly and disappeared in an eruption of water. This pretty fish graced the net, was photographed and sent on its way again; fly fishing at its best.



I finally made it to the previous night's location, and stripped off to put on the

warm gear and rehydrate after the 45 minute hike in. After dark, there was little happening so I decided to move to more sheltered water with its nearby soak. I could hear the tell-tale gulping of hungry trout taking what I suspected as mud-eyes (and it is an overcast night). After two casts to cover the rises, I hooked into a big fish. By its hard, head shaking run, I rightly identified it as a brown. The fish was coaxed into the waiting net, the 720mm length no indication of its real weight. It was a poorly conditioned jack of around 5lb, but nether-the-less a promising start. But what was that crawling from its mouth? Clearly a green spider mud-eye, the results of its last meal!

More gulps toward the tail end of the backwater, closer to the soak, were fish clearly taking mud-eyes. I cast and got smacked. This fish jumped clearly out of the shallow water several times before it made a power surge for the depths of the lake. This is the best fight that I have had for ages. I did not pick it for a brown, but when it was subdued and swam into the waiting net, I was surprised and excited at the brawn of this hen brown I had just landed. It was around 5lb again but clearly 150mm shorter than the previous fish, and had muscles that a body builder would envy.

Well, I needed an early night, so after a few more casts with my tattered Craigs and another released rainbow, I gathered my belongings and thoughts, and reminisced about the magic fishing I had experienced over the last 2 nights.

***Thompsons Creek is my favourite fishery, and as a blue ribbon fishery, only 2 fish are allowed per person. Its small annual stocking of 5000 fingerlings ensures that quality fish are maintained for all to enjoy.***





# *Fishy Pics*



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*A rainbow on midge emerger at  
Eucumbene  
By Jeff Yates*

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# *Scape Pics*



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*A stormy sunset on Eucumbene*  
*By Jeff Yates*

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