



2019 December Newsletter



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Treasurer – Wayne Hunt

Newsletter Editor – Jeff Yates

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Special Events – Cherie Blackburn

Raffles – Brent Blackwell

Public Officer

Tony Ward

Committee Members

Fiona Meredith

Peter Sewell

Kevin Croft

Robert Probert

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

Beresfield Bowling Club
Anderson Drive
Bersefield
At 7.00 pm



Editor's comments

Jeff Yates



Peter Sewell and myself have just returned from Tasmania Central Highlands where we had lousy weather but a magnificent time. Great place to visit, and I think even a better place to live. I have included an article on the place and if you read through the lines you may see some interesting flies that could be a hit down the snowy.

We will be running a raffle in the New Year for 3 days for up to 7 adults in an upmarket shack on Arthurs Lake in Tasmania, due to the generosity of friends in Hobart (see brochure p 22). We will include really good 2nd and 3rd prizes as well. Get behind it when it is announced as all proceeds will go to our Bass stocking for St Clair. I'm sure your spouse would love a trip down there, if not take a mate!

Running short of articles as the Xmas period approaches, so I have regurgitated a couple from 2004 and 2005 to pad the newsletter out. I know most of the older readers will relate to the stories, as Lake Liddell was a regular hunting ground for us in the Upper Hunter. The carp were big and plentiful and gave us a lot of enjoyment. I'm sure the environment was also better off because of the regular extraction of the pest.

I have bagged up fur for those who replied to my email message. I'll try and get it to you next outing, maybe the fly tying day in January. Just remind me prior to our next catchup.

Apologies in advance to jet skiers, as Leunig takes a dig at the noisy, disruptive sport in a classic cartoon at the back of the newsletter (p 16).

If you are travelling this festive season, drive slowly and safely and come back in 2020 to fight a few more fish. Happy Christmas everyone, may Santa be kind to you and your family and bring you heaps of fly fishing gear!



President's Report



G'day members,



Welcome all to the last Newsletter for 2019.

Sadly, the dams have dropped further still with Glenbawn now at 41%; St Clair down to 41%; and Lostock Dam at 55% with all dams still dropping.

There will be no release of fingerlings this year. Glenn from Searle Aquaculture has informed me that the DPI Fisheries left it very late in the year to give the go-ahead for the \$4\$ scheme, therefore making a late start to breed the fingerlings. Apparently, the fry never developed swim bladders and did not survive the transition to the bigger ponds. So unfortunately, no release this year.

Another reminder with the weather warming up to be aware when walking the banks of your favourite fishing spot as the snakes will well and truly be on the move. Remember to carry a basic first aid kit with at least one (two or three would be better) compression bandage in your kit.

Please take time out your busy schedule to think about those less fortunate than our selves. Thank you to the Committee members for your attendance, help and participation at the 2019 meetings and I look forward to working with you in 2020. I would like to take this opportunity to wish the members and their families a very merry Christmas and a safe, happy and prosperous New Year.



Scruffy flies and big fish.

Darren Foster

President, HVFFC 2019



Month	Date	Venue/Event	Trip Master	Contact Number
January				
February				
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December				

Tassie Trip

Jeff Yates

We arrived with predictions of 0-5 degree days and 50kph winds and it didn't disappoint. But spare a thought for the World Fly Fishing Championships that coincided with our trip to the Central Highlands. Poor buggers had to fish the lakes from boats during this dismal weather; we had a choice! Don't know whether it was the bleak climate of England that gave them the advantage, as the English took out the individual trophy, and French, the team trophy.



Team members battle a blustery wind loading a competition boat on Little Pine Lagoon, ably assisted by Fisheries staff during a round of the World Fly Fishing Championships

Anyway, back to our trip. We arrived in Hobart, after cooking back home in stinking hot weather and noxious smoke from the numerous bushfires along the east coast, and surprise, surprise, I needed to break out a couple layers of extra clothing, including a down filled coat and beanie as I got off the plane. Our host, Peter J, met us at the airport and after renewing old acquaintances, had us on the way, but not before a delicious piping hot scallop pie and coffee at Brighton Bakery.

On the way up we noticed that the drought and cold weather had also affected Tassie. The grass was short and brown and sheep were being driven along the main mountain highway to greener fields at higher altitudes. We drove through one flock of over 5000 sheep, and if the car did not force an opening, then we might still be down there trying to get through.



We arrived at the shack in Flintstone, on the shores of Arthur's Lake, in good time for an afternoon fish. The outside temperate had plummeted, but we hopefully had on enough layers to keep warm. I donned 6 layers and later in the week I wished I had an extra layer! Now, Peter J is an experienced fisherman, so we listen to his advice when it is offered. Today the wind is 60kph from the south, forget the boat, look for a sheltered bay. Woods, Penstock and Little Pine were closed for the Championships, so Peter suggested Hydro bay on

Arthurs. On arriving, his hunch was correct, with the wind roaring over the hill behind us. Today was only a practice trip, just to get our trout brain working again after a long idle time. We were soon in the groove, but the wind changed direction constantly, making casting a little difficult.



Peter J caught a nice fish on a tadpole pattern. An interesting fly, made of black cross cut rabbit and a yellow fur head tied on a #10 hook. I knocked out a few when I returned to the shack later that evening, meanwhile Peter Sewell headed back down to the lake for a night time fish.

Day 2 was a struggle day, with gale force S to SW winds sending us back to Hydro bay. The only excitement I managed was when sharing a sheltered rock in the sun

with a large fat Tiger snake. I thought he had his head buried under the rock, but his head was in the shade, and viewing later showed his resolute stare, as I fumbled for a close up photo. On the way back to the shack we saw a number of Fallow deer in the clearings, and co-incidentally we ate a venison pie later that day for dinner.



The next morning we got up to another cold, windy day, so after a leisurely breakfast we headed down to Arthurs for a fish. Had our exercise in the crisp air, and decided to check on the WFFC at Little Pine. The 4.2m boats were being tossed around in the 60kph gale force winds, as they utilised their drogues, trying to slow their drifts as they plunder the water ahead of them with a team of wets. Tough fishing conditions but they were up to it. I'm sure you will read all about it in the next issue of Flylife, who were one of the major sponsors of the event.

Day 4 was our coldest and windiest. We headed for Penstock, but the weather stopped any chance of a rise. Lovely drive, shame about the fishing.

Day 5 brought new hope to our team. The weather had broken, and the WFFC has finished, so we decided to head to Woods Lake, which, at a 200m lower altitude should give us a better chance of getting the monkeys off our back. This is the best lake ever outside Ireland to go fishing on. The bankside is manicured by grazing animals and surrounded by teatree and bottlebrush, the lake is



shallow and vegetated by an abundant growth of strap weed, almost luminous fernlike weed and red weed. It is an underwater garden fully surrounded by mountains.

As the 5.2m Savage powered by the 90hp donk skipped across the water toward the old log cabin, our hopes rose and plans hatched.

Peter S and myself fished back from the log cabin, through the timber toward the boat, now moored in the southerly end of the bay. As the wind dropped, so did the hatch begin. Duns majestically sailed over the water surface driven by a slight breeze; the occasional sip indicated another gum beetle being devoured from the numerous windlanes; damsels crawled out of their weedy water homes to hatch from critters to beautiful blue flying machines on the rafts of strap weed. The choices were numerous, and what a dilemma to have!

I dropped a couple of fish until my mojo returned. I noticed big porpoising fish, and particularly fish slashing around the nearby strap weed. What were they on? Our tried and proven search pattern, the Partridge damsel, was sent out fossicking around the strap weed, and on a number of occasions, it came up trumps. Sustained fights in the 8 degree water, and shallow weedy environment provided great sport; this is what we have been wishing for all week!



Magic colours of a 570mm brown in a Garden of Eden. The bright colours and distinctive spots are a sight to behold. We have finally hit the jackpot!



The ankle deep water produced a number of good fish, and the short window of 4 hours gave us a heap of fun. This is what Tassie fishing is all about, the nirvana of the south. It hasn't the numbers of fish of NZ but it is certainly the best Australia has to offer.

Like all good things, they soon come to an end. The next 2 days were an anticlimax, with fluky cold winds stopping the insect hatches, but it did give us the opportunity of some socialising, when Peter J's son Mike, turned up with his 12 yo son Max. Mike has made a generous donation of his shack for a couple of days as a raffle prize to help raise money for bass stocking in Lake St Clair. This shack is better than most of us live in, with an ample supply of fire wood and only a short walk to Arthurs Lake. I'm already lining up for tickets, which will be on sale when we can match suitable 2nd and 3rd prizes into the New Year sometime. Young Max is into snaring rabbits and possums and being a young entrepreneur, thinks he can corner the niche market with local fly fishing fur supplies. He's also a drummer, archer and excellent sportsman. Reminds me a lot of how we used to live back in the 50's and 60's when most young people lived outdoors and only come home when hungry or when it was dark.

The Tassie fishermen are generous with both advice and their secret flies. I have a few patterns in mind to tie when I get the materials, one in particular is a chocolate cdc dun pattern. The tadpole pattern mentioned earlier and also the Partridge damsel are all local patterns. Thanks fellas for your invaluable advice, hospitality and fly selection.

Back to the fishing. The fish on the lakes were really selective. Some full of gum beetles, others stick caddis, but mostly, blue damsels. These were the ones feeding around the strap weed.

Well, that's it for another year, meanwhile I hope for the firefighters and farmers sake the bushfires abate and we get ample rain. Sounds like a perfect Xmas present for everyone, thanks Santa!



Liddell Carp Capers

By Jeff Yates

Here's a story about carp to share with my fellow fly flicking fishing fanatics from 2004.

I await the phone call from builder Greg, working away from home and in dire need for a fish; his withdrawals more akin to that of a drug addict. 4 o'clock on the lake is the call. Biting at the bit to get out on time, I scurry out to the car and hit the edge of the lake in no time.

On go the chest waders, fasten the gaff in the belt, strap on the camera, rig the rod and off into the bull rushes. The swans honk to my approach and the black coots scatter. I spook a big carp feeding in the shallows, a bit hard to see in the late afternoon light, as it departs with a muddy swirl and bow wave for deeper water. You're on borrowed time, I think to myself. I wade further out to the Cumbungi water weeds and look closely for signs of movement. Still a little early, so a few prospecting shots are delivered.



Greg turns up all jovial and full of enthusiasm, not unfounded as we are soon onto fish. The take is far from subtle, with a hard hit on the gay looking woolly bugger. Line rips out and a good fight ends at the gaff. The fish aren't wasted as we soon have the company of a large eel, swimming between and around our legs. They are surprisingly tame, with their little black eyes peering up from the water, seemingly to accept our presence. The eel soon finds a dead carp and performs a few body rolls to get purchase onto a soft spot.



*Another carp
being
retrieved
from the
sludge and
soon to
become eel
food*



*Greg's' on
again. This is
fish number 4
and the sun is
just setting.*

All looks good for the best time of the twilight half hour. The power station begins to glow with lights turning on, like a huge ship on a silky black ocean. Darkness descends and our catch increases. Today's score of 11 from an hour or so of fishing helps to brighten the night.



While it's fun to polroid and cast to individual fish, numbers increase 10 fold on low light and into dark. Bigger and bushier flies are a must during this time and the takes are solid. Anyway, that's it for another session on our favourite carp lake as we make our way back through the mud and rushes to the barbed wire fence. The fence marks the boundary to where fantasy once again becomes reality. Off come the waders, pack up the rods, a shake of hands and head in opposite directions back home.



Another day at the office

By Jeff Yates

A story written in 2005, indicating how to get through a busy day at work and keep smiling!

Looks like another fine day at the office. The sunrise beckons me to work, but work only pays the bills, what's really on my mind is the regular lunchtime fishing jaunt.



The view across the lake shows the recent influence of rain on the lake level, and the reformation of those special swamp lands. The water has been steadily rising over the last two weeks and the big carp now frolic in the newly flooded pastures.



I look across at the power station again and hope that the conditions will be the same at lunchtime in 5 hours time. Back to the grind, put on my work face and play the game. Busy morning with little thought about tactics for those big mothers waiting for me in the swamp.

Hunger now starts gnawing away at my vitals, a sure indicator that lunchtime is close at hand. The clock struck 12, and I hurry over to my clothes locker, pull out the fly rod and gaff, wack on the hat and sunnies and start my brisk 10 minute walk to the swamp. Tactics now start regurgitating in my mind. Will I fish light or heavy; what is the magic fly for the day?

I'm here now puffing and looking along the swamp edge. I can see ten meters of newly flooded ground before it disappears into the Cumbungi rushes; ideal for foraging carp. The polaroids bite through the water sheen and reward me with the sight of a big fish, head down, sifting the muddy bottom for anything that moves. These fish are suckers for flies dropped into their mud cloud.



Bang, I'm on, its heading straight for the rushes. Fly line zips through the fingers and 8lb line cuts through the drowned grass: lost him, damn it! A large fish scale flies back at me, impaled on the hook. The hook has slightly straightened, not enough time to change flies, so I gently bend it back to roughly the right shape. Bugger! A couple of false casts and I'm back in business.



The count down is on, been fishing for 5 minutes, ten minute walk back, 5 minutes left to fish. I sight another large forager 50 meters further down the bank. The wolly worm whistles through the air and lands in front of the mud cloud. Controlled line movement; twitch, twitch, bang, on again.....and gone just as quick. Losing one fish is bad enough, but not two.

Two minutes to departure, another fish, another cast and another hookup and miss. What in the bloody hell is going on? The hook tells it all!



I trudge back to work, kicking rocks and attacking grass heads with the gaff. I always check the fly after a loss, but time restraints made me short cut and I paid the price for it.

Morale of the story, scales are tough and don't give, check your hooks after any lost fish, and once a hook has straightened it will never be as strong if rebent; take your time and tie on a new fly!

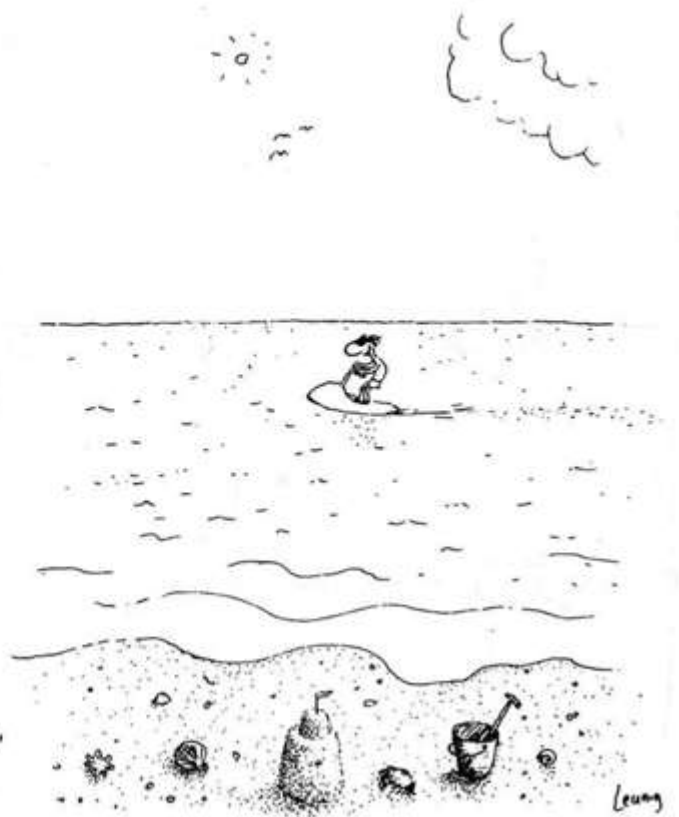


*Next
time
sucker...*



ODE TO A JET-SKI PERSON

Jet-ski person, selfish fink,
May your silly jet-ski sink.
May you hit a pile of rocks,
Oh hoonish, summer coastal pox.
Noisy smoking dickhead fool,
On your loathsome leisure tool,
Give us all a jolly lark
And sink beside a hungry shark.
Scream as in its fangs you go:
Your last attention-seeking show.
While on the beach we all join in,
With, "three cheers for the dorsal fin!"



Happy Christmas Jetskiers



Fishy Pics



*Beautiful Woods Lake
brown*



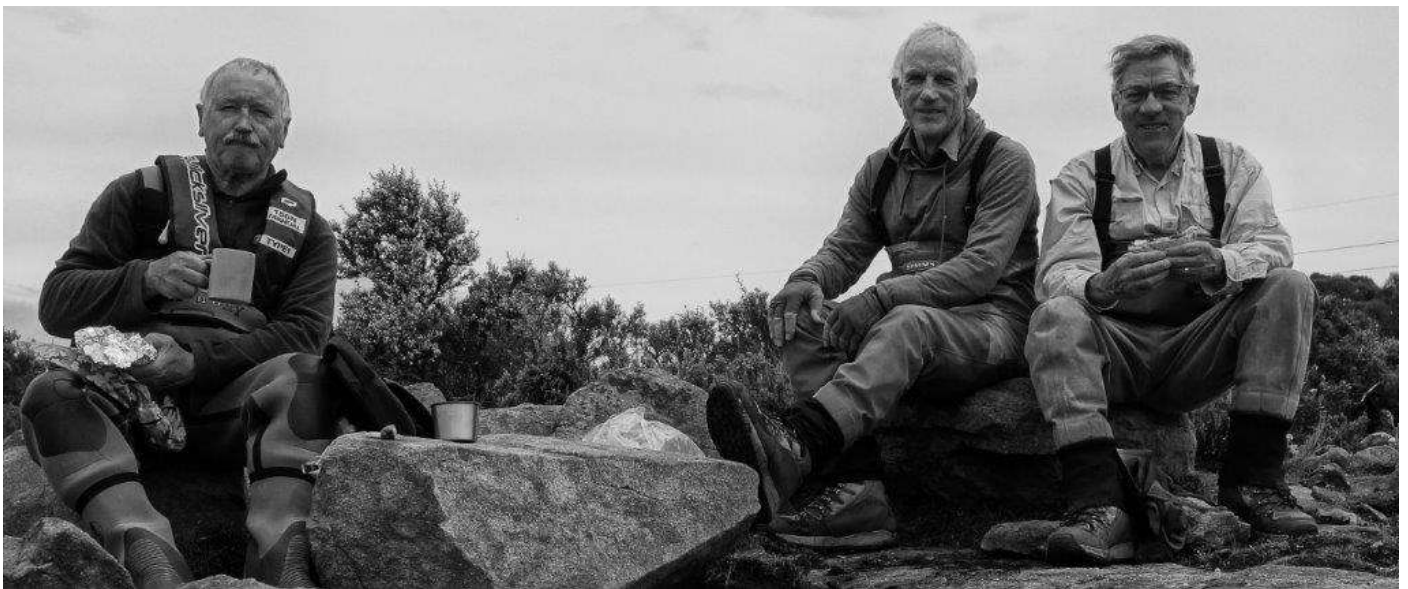


Scape Pics



*Woods Lake shoreline,
wild, pretty and productive*





Doing it tough on Arthurs Lake



MEMBERSHIP RENEWAL – 2019/2020

Fees due by 30th September 2019

Hunter Valley Fly Fishing Club Incorporated (the “**Association**”)
(incorporated under the *Associations Incorporation Act 2009*)

I,
[insert full name]

of
[insert address]

.....
[insert email]

.....
[insert contact number]

☐ Full member
(\$40.00 p.a.)

☐ Junior member
(\$20.00 p.a.)

☐ Family membership** (✓ applicable)
(\$50.00 p.a.)

I hereby apply to renew my membership of the Association for the period 1st October 2019 until 30th Sept 2020
By renewing my membership, I agree to comply with and be bound by the constitution of the Association
for the time being in force.

.....
Signature of applicant

Date:

** Members renewing a Family Membership must complete the information on page 2 below.

LODGEMENT AND PAYMENT

Once completed, please sign, scan and email back to darrenfoster65@bigpond.com

Or alternatively mail to:

Darren Foster
20 O'Donnell Crescent
Metford NSW 2323

Membership fees can be paid by cheque or via bank transfer.

If paying by bank transfer, please use your name as a reference for payment so your payment can be easily identified.

Bank transfer should be paid to the following account:

Name: Hunter Valley Fly Fishing Club
BSB: 637 000
Account No: 780 089 059

Please make cheques payable to **Hunter Valley Fly Fishing Club**

Important Note: Your renewal fees must be received by the Association no later than 31st October 2019 to avoid your membership lapsing, after this date your membership will no longer be valid.

Application for Family Membership

To be eligible for Family Membership, and have the Association's insurance cover extend to include all applicable family members, the following conditions will apply:

- Family Membership is available for a member and their immediate family members only (i.e. wife/husband/partner and children under 18 years of age at the start of the new membership term) and does not include Grandparents or member's siblings or other relations, etc.
- Member's children 18 years or older will be required to join as a full member
- Each family membership is only entitled to 1 vote at club meetings.
- the requested information in the following table must be supplied in respect of all people proposed to be covered by a Family Membership:

Full name	Date of birth	Relationship to member

Office use only:

Date payment received:

Membership fee received: \$.....

Payment method:

HVFFC members wish to “thank you”

Arthur's Lake Retreat



Arthur's Lake Retreat is located in the Central Highlands of Tasmania at Arthurs Lake. The home is located just 3 minutes' walk from the lake, in a private setting. This makes for a perfect weekend getaway.

This voucher entitles the winner to three nights' accommodation for up to seven adults, and has been donated to the HVFFC. The voucher is to be used within about 12 months of issue.

Value \$780

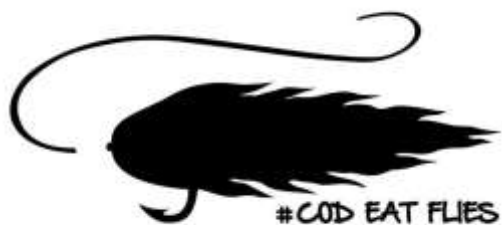
Please contact Rachel on 0428 451 720 or Michael on 0400 721 544



Flies by Fedeles



<http://flytyerman.blogspot.com>



JASON STRATFORD

LOGICUS Images

E: jason@LOGICUSImages.com

M: 0468 46 54 54

<https://www.flickr.com/photos/logicusimages>

