



## 2020 January Newsletter

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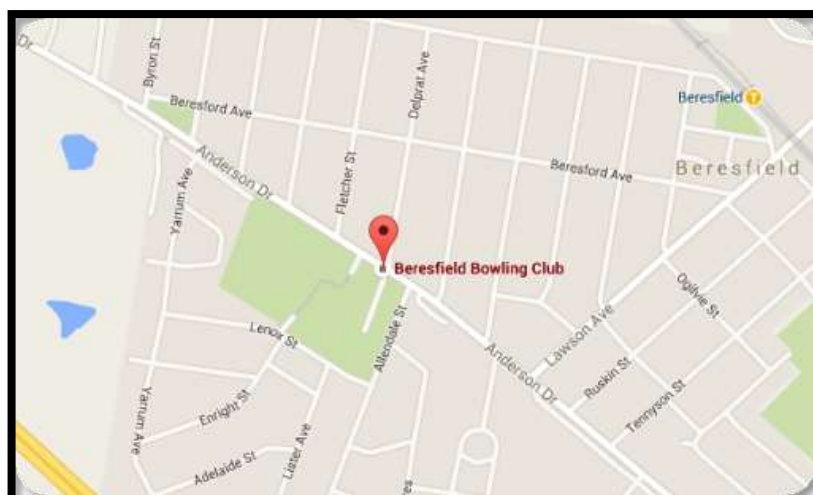
Peter Sewell

Kevin Croft

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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



Welcome to the first newsletter for 2020, and hope this finds you all ready and rearing to go.

Matt Jordan has had time away from his job and has submitted not one, but three articles, scripted in his own quirky way. Thanks Matt your input is inspiring and always welcome.

Rod Dillon had his first bass outing over Xmas for quite a while, when Glenn and Mark took him out for a trip to Glenbawn. We miss Rod's fly tying and fishing skills, and it was a welcome site when he attended the recent fly tying day at Mai Wel with Brett and Cherie. He tied a couple of flies, albeit, with some difficulty, but top points for trying.

Talking of Brett and Cherie, Darren organized a fantastic day of fly tying with the master at the vyce. Brett has so much patience, and his techniques and practical approach to fly tying is refreshing. His flies are tied to perform, as he and Cherie trial every pattern that they sell; if it doesn't catch fish, then it is not sold. I for one, learnt heaps from the day. And Patrick did himself proud as the head caterer for the day. Tea, coffee, cold drinks, slices and scones for morning tea, nibbles and a selection of continental hot dogs for lunch. The food was superb, so look out for Patrick's recipes.

Our good friend and master caster from Coffs, Allan Ekert has sent me through another article on casting. The Coffs club put a lot of time into correct casting techniques, and are lucky to have Allan on board for his tuition and advice. I welcome anything that may make our fishing successful.

There are still a number of months that need trip masters for the remainder of this year. If you have a good fishing trip in mind, bring your ideas along to the next meeting sothat we can fill all the dates in the fishing calendar.

Our gigantic value packed HVFFC raffle with prizes worth \$1380 is now open. If you fancy a Tassie 3 day holiday stay on Arthurs Lake for you and your mates, or a new 8wt fly combo or a set of fantastic flies, go to the back of the newsletter (page 24) for details on how to purchase tickets. This raffle is being run by the ever reliable Cherie Blackburn, so get behind the raffle and support our club. The prizes are the best ever offered, no limit to ticket purchase numbers.



## *President's Report*



G'day members,

Welcome all to the first Newsletter for 2020. I hope everyone has enjoyed their Christmas and New Year breaks and all is going well for the beginning of the New Year.

The first club outing for 2020 was a fly-tying day at Mai-Wel with Brett and Cherie from BWC Flies. Brett showed members how to tie the Raw Prawn with the hook point up and the hook point down (we put the hook point up, we put the hook point down, we tie on the materials and rotate the vice round and round, we spread the uv resin and hit it with the light and that's how we tie the Raw Prawn). Sorry not sure where that sprung from at the time of writing. With 23 members turning up, world class fly tying and some pretty scrumptious food on offer, the day was declared a success. Patrick (supported by Rokia, Mai-Wel) provided lemon slice, rocky road and lemonade scones with jam and cream for morning tea and for lunch treated us to a smorgasbord of hotdogs feeding the masses with Danish, German and American style hotdogs with potato salad. Patrick has included the recipes for the lemon slice and rocky road this issue and will be providing the recipes for the hot dogs for the next issue.

Our commiserations are with Tom and his family after losing Tom's father earlier in the month. Unfortunately, the Hawks Nest trip will not be on in February. However, Rod and Narelle Fox have agreed to run an outing at St Clair on February 28<sup>th</sup>, 29<sup>th</sup> and March 01<sup>st</sup>. Thanks guys, looking forward to a fish despite the low water levels.

Current dam levels: St Clair 37%; Glenbawn 39%; Lostock 43%.

The next club meeting is on Wednesday 5<sup>th</sup> February at Bero Bowlo: see you all there for the first meeting of the year at 7.00pm start or earlier for a meal.



COD Predators  
BIG hooks = BIG fish

Scruffy flies and big fish.  
Darren Foster  
President, HVFFC 2020

Month	Date	Venue/Event	Trip Master	Contact Number
January	18 <sup>th</sup>	<del>Fly Tying @ Mai-Wel with BWC Flies</del>	<del>Darren</del>	0413392774
February				
February	05 <sup>th</sup>	Club Meeting at Bero Bowlo	All	
February	28 <sup>th</sup> , 29 <sup>th</sup> , 01 <sup>st</sup> M	Lake St Clair – Bass, Yellowbelly	Rod Fox	
March	06 <sup>th</sup>	Club Meeting at Bero Bowlo	All	0407195508
March	27 <sup>th</sup> , 28 <sup>th</sup> , 29 <sup>th</sup>	Lithgow – Lake Lyall	Rod Fox	0407195508
March	TBC	Forster Fly Muster		
March	30 <sup>th</sup>	Fly Tying @ Mai-Wel with BWC Flies	Darren	0413392774
April	03 <sup>th</sup>	Club Meeting at Bero Bowlo	All	
April	11 <sup>th</sup> - TBC	Bunyah – Silver Perch	Patrick	0458781675
April	TBC	Aust. Fly Fishing Festival		
May	01 <sup>st</sup>	Club Meeting at Bero Bowlo	All	
May	10 <sup>th</sup> , 11 <sup>th</sup>			
May				
June	05 <sup>th</sup>	Club Meeting at Bero Bowlo	All	
June	12 <sup>th</sup> , 13 <sup>th</sup> , 14 <sup>th</sup>	Lake St Clair – Bass, Yellowbelly		
June				
July	03 <sup>rd</sup>	Club Meeting at Bero Bowlo	All	
July	18 <sup>th</sup> - TBC	Xmas in July & Club Awards Night	Cherie	0410555019
July				
August	07 <sup>th</sup>	Club Meeting at Bero Bowlo	All	
August	TBC	RISE Film Festival – Bero Bowlo	Darren	0413392774
August	TBC	Swansea Salmon Classic	Cherie	0410555019
September	04 <sup>th</sup>	Club Meeting at Bero Bowlo	All	
September				
September				
October	2 <sup>nd</sup>	AGM/General Club Meetings at Bero Bowlo	All	
October				
October				
November	06 <sup>th</sup>	Club Meeting at Bero Bowlo	All	
November				
December	4 <sup>th</sup>	Club Meeting at Bero Bowlo	All	
December				



# Something Shrimpy

Darren Foster

On Saturday 18th of January, the club held its first fly-tying day for 2020 at Mai-Wel. By 8.30am members started dribbling in from far and near, setting up with the usual club outing preamble of catching up and swapping stories. It was very good to see so many wives come along. Even better to see Rosemary enjoying the day tying flies alongside hubby Alex. Brett and Cherie brought along a huge range of materials suitable for tying the day's flies to purchase on the day if members required.



Brett started off by tying his new Raw Prawn (hook point down) giving a detailed explanation of the materials he uses to tie each pattern and why he chooses a particular material and the expectations of how that material is expected to perform once in the water. Cherie, also an accomplished tier, was ever present answering questions about tactics and equipment walking around the room helping out where she could and helping members with tying materials purchases and advice.



Brett went through the steps for both the Raw Prawn patterns featuring hook point down and hook point up presentations and showcasing the new PRO Sportfisher Shrimpsell backs. These shells make your fly look something pretty special indeed (takes the focus off my crappy tying skills). The key to a great shrimp pattern is achieving a nice, full tapered body rather than producing an anorexic shrimp that (with my luck) the fish would feel sorry for and leave alone. From spacing, positioning and securing the material and positioning the eyes to utilising the uv resin to hold the materials in place. Brett explained each step carefully and thoroughly. Nothing was left out and with each question put forward, Brett took the time to answer explicitly with nothing left out.

Once Brett had demonstrated a fly, it was back to everyone's own vice to have a go at tying their own unique version of the fly Brett had just tied.



The third fly to hit the vice was Cherie's Purple Popper for bream, bass and ep's. Note the stinger hook in the tail. A lot of thought and work goes into these designs. Such as: how far back to put the stinger hook; what size main hook to stinger hook; the material used to attach the sting hook to the main hook. Notice how the fly has no eyes. Is it really necessary to add eyes for a fly to be successful? Or are they added simply to catch the fisherman first.



Last fly for the day was a new bass fly designed in conjunction with Shane Navin whilst fishing the banks of St Clair. I have personally seen the amount of fish caught on this fly. To put it in simple terms: "It works".

Everyone retired over to the Olympic building for Patrick's smorgasbord lunch and if you were really lucky, you even got to sample one of Patrick's Soda Stream flavours. It would seem that the ginger beer was a hit flavour on the day.

The club is very lucky to have Brett and Cherie as members, who are so willing to travel to show off their tying skills and the flies that are sold on the BWC Flies website. And for Patrick too whom is always willing to lend a hand or cook a meal. Well done guys and a great start to the new year.

Lunch was a simple affair (can't eat for too long, there's more flies to tie) with Patrick and Tallis manning the barb-b-que cooking up sausages, chicken kebabs and fried onion for everyone to make sandwiches with. This was also a Bunnings free site with patrons capable of deciding for their selves on just how and where their fried onion was positioned on their sandwiches.

After the BBQ lunch had been decimated to a few mere scraps, we were back at the main vice ready for Brett's next tie.



Not quite a shrimp but still a crustacean, Brett demonstrated how to tie a Turneffe Crab. The Turneffe Crab was originally designed by Craig Mathews for the permit and bonefish of Turneffe Flats of Turneffe Atoll, Belize. The Turneffe Crab is now renowned as a good all-round saltwater pattern for a variety of saltwater species.



Last but not least and never one to be left out (bloody bass always trying to steal the limelight), the Simple Bass Popper utilising the double barrel popper heads. Brett and Cherie have been having good success on this little winner.

With several members looking at a lengthy drive home and with six fly patterns tied for the day, it was time to call it quits by 2.00pm. A huge thanks to Brett and Cherie for travelling up to participate on our fly-tying day and to demonstrate tying several flies, also bringing along some materials to purchase. Thanks to Cherie for the chocy biscuits too, they went down a treat with a cuppa. Thanks to the members that turned up for the day especially the Sydney guys (always good to catch up with the club's southern chapter) and thanks to Patrick and Tallis for helping out on the BBQ too.



A few pics from the day.



## *Portages and platypus*

Matt Jordan

I've noticed my trip reports often start with the line "My partner and daughter were busy doing \_\_\_\_\_, so I went fishing". This one is no different. With the two of them visiting her ancestral home of Wagga, I packed up the kayak and the dog to spend a few days on the family farm and surrounding waterways.

Our farm is just outside the township of Paterson, with some frontage on a tidal section of the Paterson river. It's also about 10 min drive from several access points on the Paterson and Allyn rivers, so there are a few options for small waterway bassing. For this trip I settled on an inter-bridge section of the Allyn, a comfortable half-day paddle if you're not in a rush. I even conned a mate into meeting me at the take-out point by telling him he could soak a bait for some

carp, the man has a vendetta against ferals, and who am I to stand in his way.

I arrived on the Friday afternoon, did a few jobs for mum and took the dog to do his sniffing and barking at things duties. The car was packed ready to make a speedy getaway in the morning.

After a quick coffee and a series of reproachful canine looks, I headed off to the launch point, a low bridge about 5 minutes from the farm. By the time I got to the river the potential for a surface bite was rapidly diminishing as the sky lightened and the birds sang. I quickly loaded up the kayak with my rod, flies, tippet, and drinking water. I decided that if I brought the spin rod I'd use it, so it stayed in the car as I pinned all hopes of glory on the 4 wt.



*Tying poppers without eyes makes them better for blind casting.*

I dragged the 'yak towards the river.

And kept dragging.

And dragging.



The water was lower than I expected, in fact, it was lower than I'd ever seen it. With the creek not flowing at all, it was a matter of dragging the kayak/millstone between pools and then fishing from the bank (N.B. The Australis Squid is ok as a

small kayak, but I wouldn't recommend it as a backpack). In spite of the lack of water, the pools were in pretty good shape, plenty of weed, not much algae, and loads of insects. Unfortunately, also loads of carp, but more on that later.



*Beautiful trout water, about 10 degrees too hot.*

Pulling into a longer pool, I saw something muddying along the bank ahead of me. At first I called it for a carp, then a water rat, before it resolved into the ungainly and endearing shape of a platypus, dipping, diving, scratching and

generally frolicking its way towards me. After he starred in a short amateur video we went our separate ways, obviously the ecosystem was still in reasonable shape.



*A still from the video, he wasn't keen to pose for a photo.*

With the sun well and truly up I hedged my bets with a “headstand” streamer pattern that I thought would take bass and carp. It’s based on the McTage headstand, which uses a tungsten bead and beadchain to get a grub hook to stand almost upright (see Flylife #97). I wanted to achieve a similar attitude, but on a different hook pattern, and without using the big tungsten bead that a larger hook necessitates. The solution I tried was

to tie a bristle from a wire brush in behind the beadchain and epoxy it in place. After tying the rest of the fly, the bristle “legs” are bent down to form little kickstands, holding the fly up. This worked pretty well, but after a while the epoxy didn’t hold, and the kickstands would rotate flat against the belly of the fly, so it still needs some work.



*A stand up character.*

After hiking (not paddling) down to the bigger pools I’d managed a half-hearted take from a carp, and a take (and mercifully, a spit) from a meter or so of eel. I’d spooked plenty of small bass from the weeds, but the low water meant I was on top of fish before I could cast.

Finally reaching the slightly deeper, more open section near the bottom bridge, my phone started to ring. Apparently my mate was waiting at the

take out point, and uncertain of the legalities of entering the water from a bridge, was waiting for me so he could dilute any blame. It’s never a good idea to alienate your ride home, so I paddled (finally!) through the last few pools and joined him to fish from the bank at the bridge. One of the pools I passed through was absolutely loaded with carp, swimming in pods of 3-10, along with some bigger solo cruisers.



*High and dry.*



After being disdainfully refused by a few sight-cast at the bridge, I put a cast up under a willow in a small but slightly deeper pool. The end of the flyline moved almost imperceptibly, and a “just in case” strip strike came up tight to a decent carp. The #4 was working overtime to get some leverage, but thankfully stupidity prevailed, and the fish stayed in open water. A few surging runs

later I had it doing laps at my feet, rubbing its face against the rocks in an effort to dislodge the fly. Eventually the fish tired, the graphite relaxed, and the unfortunate fish slipped into the keeper net to await a date with a Bangladeshi curry (if you’re interested, the fillet was ok, the head was disgusting).



*Face only a mother could love. And a carp.*

My mate was struggling in the clear water with his heavy mono and big sinkers, so with the local pub calling we packed up. On the way back to the car I put a couple of casts in under the bridge. First cast and the line jolted immediately after the fly

landed, but the hook didn’t bite. Next cast I was faster, and struck the tiny bass clear out of the water to land at my feet. A quick snap and he went back to tell tale of his wild ride, while we went to the pub, satisfied we’d earned it.





*I don't have big hands...*

This section of the Allyn river holds some decent bass at the right times, and plenty of carp at all times. The water is pretty clear, so sight fishing is a fun option, and at low levels it's wadeable. If the club is interested I would be happy to host an outing on our property where it fronts the Paterson river. That section of river is quite different; bigger, tidal (but fresh), and more turbid, but also fishy, especially from a boat or kayak. From that section of the farm there are several river crossings on the Allyn (including the one detailed above) and Paterson rivers between 5 and 30 min drive away.

It's worth noting, however, that this trip was done at the start of November, and sadly the river is in

much worse shape now. Big sections are completely dry, and the pools have become choked with sickly looking algae. I think the next couple of seasons could be a write-off for bass, though I'm sure the carp will bounce back fast. I've fished further up the Paterson river more recently and it's much healthier, with water releases from Lostock, it's still cool, flowing and full of life. Unfortunately in order to fish it, particularly with fly, you really need a kayak. In any case, the rivers tend to fish best around November-December so it's something that could be kept in mind for trips in years to come, assuming it rains between now and then...



*A few pics from the fly tying day*

## *How to not catch fish in Tasmania*

Matt Jordan

The last newsletter included a great article about on the exploits of Jeff and Peter in Tasmania, and the beautiful browns they caught. I was down there at the same time (I think we even drove through the same mob of sheep), and thought I'd provide some info for people who want to go to Tassie, but don't want the bother of catching any fish.

### *Tip 1: Pick the weather.*

We were greeted in Launceston by a stiff breeze, which over the next 6 days worked its way up to a gale. This point is especially helpful if a #2 is all that will fit in your luggage.

### *Tip 2: Try to coincide with the World Flyfishing Championships.*

This is tricky, as the competition has only been held in Australia 3 times in its 38 year history, but if you can line it up, you can be sure that some dangerously productive waters will be out of bounds. This point is only useful if you plan your trip to include competition venues.

### *Tip 3: Be a crap caster.*

When tip one fails (the wind dropped early some mornings), and tip 2 isn't applicable (we were camping next to a small creek not included in the competition), bankside vegetation can save the day. Sassafras creek is a lovely waterway, and I spotted fish up to about a pound, but there's all manner of overhanging branches and brambles to catch your fly if you're loops are sufficiently sloppy.

### *Tip 4: Have a toddler.*

This one is a bit of an investment, but it pays off. With a demanding and erratic toddler in tow you will find your opportunities to fish grossly diminished. Particularly handy as it applies anywhere in the world, and is effective for several years.

### *Tip 5: Look for areas of raging flow.*

Again, this is best coupled with only having a #2, and especially when combined with tip number three. The Tyenna and Styx rivers hold a lot of fish, but if they're running too high to wade, your chances to fish them will be safely curtailed.

### *Tip 6: Ignore the hatch.*

In foolish desperation I spent an hour or so fishing the Hobart rivulet just before we came home. I saw several trout, ducks and a water rat in this surprisingly picturesque stormwater drain, but one thing I did not see were any mayflies or caddis. As such, I was safe to fish a klinkhammer with relative impunity. When I switched to a CDC beetle just before the toddler woke from her nap (see tip 4) a small trout rose to inspect it, highlighting the dangers of imitating something the fish are actually eating.

### *Tip 7: Have fun anyway (imperative).*

It was cold, windy, and frustrating, but it was still a fun family trip. We saw rainforests and alpine plains within 10 min drive of each other, platypus (wild) and devils (captive), waterfalls and wilderness. I'm looking forward to going back and expanding this list sometime soon.





## *Xmas at Glenbawn*

Rod Dillon

Lorraine drove me from home to Glenbawn Dam, arriving at 6 am, as arranged with Glen and Mark.

First problem....how to get on the boat with my dicky right leg and hand. After considerable discussion it was decided to allow me to try, with the boat still on the trailer. Using the mudguard of the trailer, I stepped uncomfortably onto the boat. *Problem solved.*

Next problem was more easily solved. My eyes are presently gone due to another problem, but Mark came to the rescue by tying my lure on. *Problem solved.*

Next problem. Casting. I attempted to cast but failed miserably. I then choose to just

drop the lure in the water and allow it to settle. *Problem solved.*

Next problem. Would my injured hand be able to hold the rod with a fish on? This was answered in the first run when a bass struck. It was the first fish of the day and was particularly satisfying. Although it was painful to land, I managed without any help. The further 3 fish I caught were the same. The guys caught a similar number of fish. *Problem solved.*

Next problem getting off the boat. After a discussion with Mark he held my hand for support and I clambered out the front of the boat. *Problem solved.*

Thanks Glenn & Mark for a wonderful day.



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Fishing season hasn't opened yet and a fisherperson who doesn't have a license, is casting for trout as a stranger approaches and asks: "Any luck?"

"Any luck? This is a wonderful spot. I took 10 out of this river yesterday," he boasts.

"Is that so? By the way, do you know who I am?" asks the stranger.

"Nope."

"Well, meet the new fishing inspector."

"Oh," gulped the fisherman. "Well, do you know who I am?"

"Nope."

"Meet the biggest liar in New South Wales!!"

(With compliments of Fiona)



## Bream Bites

Matt Jordan

When my brother and I first started lure fishing, bream were untouchable. They were there, common in fact, but somehow we couldn't convince them to eat any of our expensive wiggly things. After months (years?) of trying, a kind of delirium set in, every bite was undoubtedly a bream, right up until (and sometimes even after) the indignant flathead slid into the net. Eventually we broke our duck (me on a stiffy fat-one, he on an atomic hardz crank), and so the mystique of *Acanthopagrus australis* began to fade. I still love flicking lures for bream, and I am a long, long way from having them figured out, but so far none have yielded the same sense of joy, pride and excitement as that first crankbait cruncher sliding into the net.

So what to do on the far side of disillusionment, when the unattainable becomes attainable?

You pick up a fly rod of course.

On the surface bream seem an excellent target for saltwater fly fishing. They're often found in shallow water, they eat all kinds of things that could be imitated with a fly, and they're common enough to give you a pretty fair chance of encountering some on any given day. So why are they so bloody difficult? I don't know, but it seems to be a common theme, and there are musings from much better anglers than I on the whims and fancies of the humble bream. Although I'd caught small bream on bread flies in a berley trail, I'd never had one eat a fly on its own merits. With unsuccessful trips and hours at the vice, the old anticipation and ambition started to return, the little fish was turning back into a white whale.

One of the challenges in targeting a new species, or trying a new technique, is not knowing what you're getting wrong. Are the fish here? What depth are they at? Are they feeding? What are they feeding on? Would I be struggling regardless? Is this the right fly? Am I fishing it right? Too fast? Too slow? Too erratically? Too sedately? Is my leader too short? Too long? Too heavy? Am I maintaining contact? Would I even notice if I got a bite? Was that a bite...?

Success came incrementally, and there were a lot of fishless trips in between, but bit by bit my confidence started to build. Takes that I failed to convert, dropped fish, and crushed hooks all started to paint the picture. They were there, they could be convinced to eat, and eventually one would make it to the net.

In the end it was lateral thinking that did it; targeting bream by pretending they're bass. When the cicadas start singing in summer, bream and bass both begin looking skyward for a meal. I've had a couple of successful sessions over the years throwing small fizzers in Dora Creek on Lake Macquarie, nothing of great size, but exciting and visual fishing. As well as the thrill of seeing a fish eat your offering, the other advantage of surface fishing is knowing if you're getting halfhearted strikes or enquiries, even if you don't have constant contact with the lure or fly. So some poppers were tied and the kayak loaded, ready to bass fish for bream.

The day was a mixed bag: overcast (read smoke haze filled) skies and a high tide on dark seemed a good omen, but I was less keen on the cool, gusty southerly occasionally ruffling the surface. The air didn't feel quite right, like a storm had already passed, rather than was building, and the barometer was slowly dropping. I don't know how much difference these things actually make to the fish, but it's always nice to have a bag of excuses to fall back on.

The trees were remarkably quiet as I paddled past, it hasn't been a big cicada year in Newcastle, but surely there had to have been some sort of hatch by now. I cast at all the likely places: grass lined banks, overhanging trees, submerged snags, mangrove roots, but there was no sign of life beyond the mullet practicing for an air show. After about an hour without a touch, a long cast with a heavy splashdown was rewarded with a swirl. The fish came back for a second look, but alas didn't take the fly under. I made a note of the snag (fly suicide if I hooked anything) and moved on. A few casts later the fly disappeared halfway through the retrieve. The line came tight and then almost immediately went slack again as the fish

spat the popper. It felt like a small fish, but I was still sad to lose it.

Working up the creek and then back down I made a crappy cast to nowhere in particular. Quickly popping it back to cast again, a flash of bronze

blindsided the fly and continued its trajectory without slowing down. He dove and he ran, and even took some line between my fingers, before my first fly-caught bream graciously slid into the net.



A couple of photos and he was back on his way, while I proceeded to decisively hook a casuarina. The line broke, no mantlepiece retirement for that fly. As the sun started to set in earnest the cicadas and the rain both put in an appearance. Not much of either, but enough to keep me fishing back to the car. Before long I had my second fish in the net, one of 3 hits in 4 casts. With a modest chorus of insects to score the scene, it looked like the fish

were a bit more comfortable feeding off the top. However, satisfied with the afternoon, I headed back to the car before full dark. Climbing up onto the bank, I noticed the fly I had broken off nonchalantly riding on the back of the 'yak, apparently it had ambushed me as I floated under the branch I broke it off on. I pocketed the fly and headed for home, thoughts of bream 3 and 4 on my mind. Call me Ahab I guess.



*Bretts Flies*



**February 2020**

## **Tennis Elbow**

It may seem funny to be writing about tennis in a column about fly casting but let me assure you if you suffer from tennis elbow it is no laughing matter. Tennis elbow, or lateral/medial epicondylitis, can be a problem for all of us. Whether you play tennis, golf, baseball, or any racquet sport; participate in rowing, weightlifting, swimming or a variety of activities that involve bending the elbow, you are at the risk of developing tennis elbow. At its worst tennis elbow can cause debilitating pain and seriously disrupt your normal way of life. I know, because I have suffered from tennis elbow for some time and a recent flare up almost caused me to cancel a trip to New Zealand.

Tennis elbow is the result of a buildup of small injuries to muscles in and around the elbow. At first these small injuries might not be noticed or only give minor discomfort but over time they can cause damage where the muscle attaches to the bone. Carefully managed you can live with tennis elbow with little disruption to your daily life. But when you have a major flare up as I did you know you have a problem. Severe pain prevented me from lifting my arm to cast a fly rod and using my fingers or wrist for simple tasks like tying on a fly or handling the line. However, in the end it wasn't the casting that made me consider pulling out of the trip to New Zealand, it was the limitations of having to do everything one handed and with my non dominant hand. Try tying your shoe laces, cleaning your teeth, putting on clothes etc and you

will see how difficult that can be. I could cast left handed but it was all of the other tasks that would have made the trip unbearable for me and the others.

I'm not going into the medical side of dealing with tennis elbow and will leave that to the professionals. In my case I went to see my doctor and we devised a plan which saw me able to use my elbow again and enjoy the trip to New Zealand. I want to share with you some of what I experienced so that it might help you. Tennis elbow can happen to all of us and I would strongly urge everyone to take it seriously. Heed my warnings; consider my experience but most of all seek medical advice if you have a problem before it forces you to have to contemplate canceling a fishing trip.

My tennis elbow was caused by too much casting. It started when I was preparing for my CI Exam when I was practicing nearly every day. When the discomfort first started I learnt to rest my right arm and practice with my left. I also learnt the importance of having a relaxed grip on the fly rod. With careful management I got through all the practice sessions and eventually the exam. Since then I have been able to avoid major issues with tennis elbow and up until the week before I was due to leave for New Zealand never had a problem. It all changed in a matter of minutes when I made a few bad decisions in a practice session with friends. We were working on turning



over long leaders into the wind (it's always windy in NZ!). The drill was to try and set off a mouse trap with the fluff on the end of the leader at 30 feet. The secret was in the abrupt stop of the rod with a tight squeeze of the hand. Being a bit too competitive I was determined to hit the mouse trap and made 20 or 30 casts in rapid succession. The mouse trap finally went off; I put the rod away and thought no more about it – until I woke the next morning unable to lift my arm. Tennis elbow had struck with a vengeance.

The straw that had broken the camel's back (or in my case the elbow) was one too many casts with too tight a grip on the fly rod. I had badly damaged the extensor muscles attached to the back of the arm resulting in a severe case of lateral epicondylitis. Before I tell you how I managed to recover from this and still go on the trip I want to talk about how I had avoided this problem for so long and what I had forgotten in those few minutes of "bad" practice.

The secret to avoiding tennis elbow is to use the right equipment; good technique and the correct approach to practice. Make sure your outfit is balanced and as light as you can safely go for the task at hand. Being a troutie means I do most of my casting with rods which are inherently light and with the advances in modern technology are becoming lighter with each new model. I also like to use light weight reels which balance the rod and contribute to a comfortable swing weight for the outfit. One thing that I have done for my casting rods is build up the thickness of the rod grip with tennis racquet tape. Not only does this keep the cork clean when you are doing lots of practice, the added thickness and compression contributes to a more relaxed grip.

The correct technique to grip a fly rod with the hand tightening and relaxing takes some time to master. Most people grip a fly rod with white knuckles as if they were afraid someone might steal their \$1000 pride and joy. Good technique requires the grip to change throughout the casting stroke. Joan Wulff has an excellent drill for teaching this using a sponge. You simply grip a sponge as if it was the handle of the fly rod. Your hand is relaxed with the thumb facing up and your elbow is close to your side. The sponge should retain its full shape at this time. As you raise the hand and arm, pressure is applied to stop the "rod." The sponge is compressed. After the stop the pressure is released during the follow through helping to dampen any vibrations in the rod. To make it more fun try soaking the sponge in water or maybe using a jam sponge. Both methods will be messy but you will soon learn about gripping a fly rod correctly!

Even if you never practice you are still at risk of developing tennis elbow. As I found just five minutes of "bad" casting can cause a major problem. That same five minutes can happen to any of us when fishing. Lack of preparation, poor technique and unsuitable outfits can take their toll at any time. Most people who play sport know you need to build strength and flexibility before participating. Warming up and warming down is part of their regular routine. Fly fishing is no different. If your muscles are not ready for casting you risk doing damage. The late Captain Tom White was a great advocate of building up strength in the wrist and arm muscles. He used a beer bottle full of sand which he practiced with as he drove his campervan around the country teaching casting. He was a great teacher, a great caster and probably never had a problem with tennis elbow.

*As you can see from the photo below my elbow came good in time for the trip to New Zealand and I was able to use both hands to show off one of the fish I managed to catch.*



Although still not fully recovered I can cast again and use both hands with little discomfort. The successful treatment consisted of ice packs, rest, exercises and the use of an arm brace. Under doctor's orders I followed this plan for the week leading up to the trip and was fortunate not to

have to resort to cortisone injections or cancellation. If tennis elbow becomes a problem for you seek help from a medical professional. I've learnt my lesson and will be spending more time concentrating on prevention rather than worrying about treating the problem.



Page 24 has the details for the club raffle, a fantastic opportunity to win one these 3 great prizes

## *Catering for the Fly Club*

Patrick Tobin

On Saturday 18<sup>th</sup> January, the fly-fishing club had a fly-tying day at Mai-Wel. Darren asked if I wanted to cater for the meals on the day. I said yes, so once we had the final numbers, Rokia (Mai-Wel Support Worker for my cooking class), and I picked and planned the meals for the day.

There were 23 people fly-tying on the day. A big thankyou to Brett and Cherie for coming up and making time from their busy schedules to show the members of the club their fly-tying skills and the flies that they also sell to the public. The weather on Saturday morning was raining, drizzly and cold. It was good weather for fly-tying but not good weather to go fishing in. The flies that were tied on the day were Brett's Raw Prawns with the hook point down, and hook point up, as well as Cherie's Purple Popper and a new bass fly that has been working well at St Clair.

For morning tea, we picked lemon cheesecake slice, rocky road and scones with jam and cream because they are my favourite snacks to make and eat.

I picked hot dogs and potato salad for lunch because I had a recipe for the Danish sauce that I wanted the club members to try.



On the Friday night prior, we bought most of the food and made the slices and sauces ready for the Saturday morning. The rest was prepared on Saturday morning ready for lunch.

I get asked all the time why do I like cooking and what do I get out of these sorts of days? The reason I decided to cater for this many people was to see if I could cook for large numbers, and one of my goals in life is to own and work in a food truck. I found that if you are prepared and organised you can cook for a lot of people and do it very well. One of my NDIS goals is to learn to cook and cater for large groups. I will be doing some formal training soon covering food and the business side of catering and cooking. I also look forward to cooking for the fly club again soon.

*Look out for Patrick's Cooking Corner in the newsletters where I will share my recipes.*



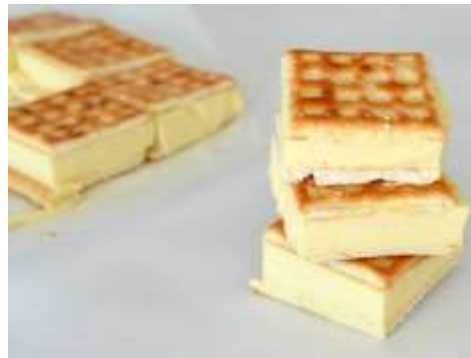


## *Patrick's Cooking Corner*

### **Lemon Cheesecake Slice**

#### **Ingredients:**

- 2 Packets of Lattice biscuits
- 250g Unsalted butter
- 250g Caster sugar
- 250g Philadelphia cream cheese
- 1 10g Sachet gelatine
- 1/4 to 1/3 Cup of lemon juice



#### **Method:**

- Cream the butter, sugar and cream cheese
- Heat the lemon juice in a microwave and stir in gelatine. Add this mix to the cream mix until smooth
- Line a rectangle baking tray with grease-proof paper, leaving some flapping out the sides of the tray. This makes it easy to lift the slice out of the tray when set
- Lay out the biscuits in the bottom of the tray (shiny side down). You may have to cut the biscuits so they fit right to the sides of the tray
- Spread the creamed mix evenly over the layer of biscuits. Then add another layer of biscuits on top of the mix with the shiny side up. Leave in the fridge to set. Once set, remove and cut into slices.

### **Rocky Road**

#### **Ingredients:**

	<u>Marshmallow</u>	<u>Rocky Road</u>
Group 1	{ 45g Gelatine 180g Cold water	500g dark or milk chocolate 200g marshmallows
Group 2	{ 795g Castor sugar 375g water	75g Toasted coconut 100g various nuts
Group 3	{ 50g lemon juice 20g Rose water	100g snakes



#### **Method:**

- Soak gelatine in cold water
- Bring to the boil Group 2 and add soaked gelatine and boil for 20 minutes, then pour into a mixing bowl
- Add Group 3 and whisk until 3 x volume and pure white
- Pour into mould or pipe onto a tray
- Dust tray with icing sugar and cornflour (combined at a ratio of 2:1)
- Dust the marshmallows with the mixture. When set, cut up into pieces
- Combine rocky road ingredients with marshmallows and chocolate
- Leave in fridge to set. Once set, break up into pieces

# *Fishy Pics*



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*Brett, fly tyer extraordinaire,  
with a lovely bream which  
fell victim to one of his  
popper creations*

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## *Scape Pics*



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*Fires in the Blue Mountains scarring the countryside for many kilometres, and a Grey Kangaroo and joey in the safety of Thompsons Creek Dam catchment.*

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# STOP PRESS STOP PRESS STOP PRESS STOP PRESS

Hi everyone

As some of you may be aware Hunter Valley Fly Fishing Club is commencing a raffle today with some amazing prizes and we invite our members and members from Sydney, Hastings and Coffs Harbour to join in if they wish.

**1<sup>st</sup> Prize** is three nights for up to 7 people at Arthurs Lake Retreat located at Arthurs Lake in the Central Highlands of Tasmania, generously donated by Rachel and Michael Sylvester valued at \$780.00

**2<sup>nd</sup> Prize** is an SP 8# fly rod and reel combo complete with backing, fly line, leader and extras worth approx. \$350.00

**3<sup>rd</sup> Prize** is a \$150.00 BWC Flies voucher, plus additional flies for total value of \$250.00

Check out the pictures for more details.

It's easy to purchase a ticket. Tickets are \$5.00 each. All you need to do is deposit the funds into the club account – details are below and then advise me via email to this email address [admin@lbelectricalcontracting.com.au](mailto:admin@lbelectricalcontracting.com.au) and I will send you back your ticket numbers.

The raffle will be drawn at our club meeting in March which will be held on Wednesday 4<sup>th</sup> March 2020.

**BANK ACCOUNT DETAILS**  
Hunter Valley Fly Fishing Club  
BSB: 637 000  
ACCT: 780089059

Thanks Everyone  
Cherie

## *Arthur's Lake Retreat*



Arthur's Lake Retreat is located in the Central Highlands of Tasmania at Arthur's 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 between 1 April 2020 and 31 March 2021.

**Value \$780**

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





**MEMBERSHIP RENEWAL – 2019/2020**

Fees due by 30<sup>th</sup> 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 1<sup>st</sup> October 2019 until 30<sup>th</sup> 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](mailto: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 31<sup>st</sup> 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:

<b>Full name</b>	<b>Date of birth</b>	<b>Relationship to member</b>

Office use only:

Date payment received: .....

Membership fee received: \$.....

Payment method: .....



*HVFFC members wish to “thank you”*

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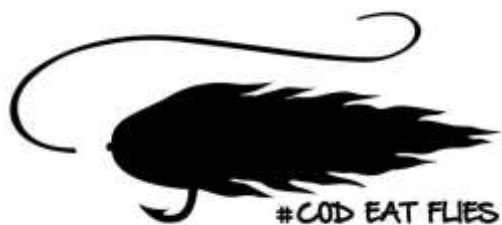
Please contact Rachel on 0428 451 720 or Michael on 0400 721 544



## **Flies by Fedeles**



<http://flytyerman.blogspot.com>



**JASON STRATFORD**

LOGICUS Images

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M: 0468 46 54 54

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

