



# NEWSLETTER

November, 2004

## *Happy Christmas Everyone!*

At our November meeting we were pleased to welcome two new members: **Kerry Mitchell**, and **Paul Goodey**. Here are their details so you can add them to you list of members:

Kerry Mitchell  
3 Seafarer Place  
Banora Point 2486  
Tel: (07) 5524-2027

Paul Goodey  
12 Chatswood Ct.  
Robina  
H: (07) 5575-7724  
Mob: 0409629049

Welcome, Guys. We hope you enjoy our band of long wand miscreants.

We also had two visitors: **David Reverdito** and **Tim Spackman**. We hope we will be seeing more of them.

### **Good News!**

We have finally received our grant for equipment for our Junior Coaching Programme and have purchased rods, reels, and lines for teaching. We also got some instructional DVDs by Peter Morse which are really great to go along with the outfits.

Tom Boylan brought up a problem we are now facing. We now have these teaching aids, our barbeque, the banner and some tying materials. We will be accumulating more items as we go along. We desperately need a Gear Steward who will store and keep track of our club gear. Tom asked for a volunteer at the meeting...Silence was the stern reply! Out of all the members we now have, surely one of you has a bit of room to store our gear and be willing to look after it!

We once again were privileged to have **Gary Prerost** give us the low-down on catching Bass at Clarrie Hall. Gary is a knowledgeable and entertaining speaker and we hope he will visit us often.

### **A new addition!**

**Duncan O'Connell** and his wife **Jannelle** are pleased to announce the birth of a son, **Lachlan**. Congratulations, Duncan and Jannelle. Get him a flyrod as soon as he can hold one!

## **One Fly Comp for the New Year – January 8th**

This is to be held at “Spot X”. For those of you new to the club, Spot X is the lake at Lakewoods, which is just near the junction of 19<sup>th</sup> Ave. and Guineas Creek Rd., Currumbin. This is an artificial lake which holds a lot of fish. The idea of the comp is to have one pattern of fly, in one colour, on one size of hook and fish only that for the day. Any fish over 30cm, or legal size if it is over 30cm, counts. The morning high tide will be at 7:30 and the evening high at 7:30 (or something like that). The place is best fished just before the top of the tide. We will have a barbeque at 7:30PM.

## **Brian and Tom’s Excellent Adventure.**

By Brian Kirkley

“The tides are almost perfect on 15<sup>th</sup>, so we can be on the water at 6am for Goldens, and then give the Longtails a go later in the morning”, was the gist of the email from Nat Bromhead, so I couldn’t wait to confirm the booking for a day on Harvey Bay.

It seemed like an eye-blink before a month had passed and Tom and I were stepping into Nat’s well presented rig, set up for fly fishing, and motoring out of the boat harbour at 6am on 15<sup>th</sup>.

There was a slight chop but the boat handled it well as we swung north east and accelerated across the bay towards Frazer Island.

Within a short time we were seeing birds working and swung onto a small pod of Longtails and as Nat worked on positioning the boat, I prepared for my first cast at Longtail Tuna. Nat was very polite and reassuring about my cast and didn’t mention how the line speared out across the water then curved amazingly up and sideways, caught in a 15 knot headwind. Instead he quietly encouraged me to punch the line down at the water the next time instead of aiming above the horizon. I managed to stuff up several more opportunities before we got across to the flats to search for the elusive Golden Trevally. The water was fairly clear and inviting and we spent some time drifting and searching for any flashes, and then, wading a nice bank at the mouth of a creek, where Tom caught a nice little flathead, and I got surrounded by 6-8 courting rays. There was a classic bait ball shimmering darkly about 20 meters out and we all thought it would only be a matter of time before something greedy smashed into it. It was just a little out of casting range—and while the bottom was soft and muddy enough to be appealing to Goldens, it was pretty hard wading, so we were caught a little off guard when something ferocious ripped the bait ball to shreds. Tom and Nat agreed it was possibly salmon.

Within an hour we had decided that the action seemed more opportunistic chasing the pelagic schools and clambered back onboard. It was Tom’s turn in the ‘hot seat’ and he carefully selected and tied on a fly and settled himself against the casting bar as Nat nursed the boat out across the choppy swell.

“The baitfish gather in this area and you can see how the Tuna school them up in the deep water and drive them up against that drop off”, said Nat, as several small bust ups foamed the water in front of us. Nat eased the boat in an arc that intersected with a small school and at the perfect moment, Tom’s line snaked out across the water and settled like a long feather. There was a silent count of **one thousand, two thousand**. And his line tightened like a guitar string and his reel screamed momentarily then went quiet.

I think I would have stood there mutely wondering if I’d lost the fish, but Tom, being an old hand, started reeling in line as fast as he could, shouting that the fish was running back under

the boat. He was right on that score and as his rod loaded up and started to curve under the boat, Tom managed to step forwards, and with dexterity on the tossing deck, arc his rod around the bow of the boat and then give the fish its head.

It was the first time I'd seen a Tuna run, and I was gobsmacked at the power and ferociousness. Line peeled off the screaming reel, and the winding handle was a blurr for what seemed an eternity before Tom could start to grab the handle and slowly pump and wind to retrieve some line.

There were several more searing runs before he eventually landed a spectacular fish.

I reflect in admiration and appreciation of the experience Tom demonstrated, in what seemed like a simple process. He had selected his fly well, the Tuna were feeding on very tiny baitfish as he had noticed earlier and his fly was a tiny clear beadhead eye. His cast was true and controlled and fell ahead of the boiling pelagics, and he was ready to get the fly moving as soon as the leader settled a moment. One cast, one fish!

After Nat had snapped off some pictures it was speared back and I clambered up for a go. Nat checked my drag and changed my fly—and I was impressed with the test he did on the knot to the hook eye. He hooked the fly through an 'eye' near his console and after wrapping the leader round his hand he pulled with both hands. Considering the number of times I've hooked up and lost the fish and discovered a little curly end on the leader indicating my knot was crappy, I admired his care, and reckoned there would be few occasions his knots would fail with that sort of testing.

Now we enter a stage of proceedings I think I'd rather forget. It seemed several hours passed and while Nat was reassuring on the difficulty of conditions and encouraging in many of my casts, I learned about the parallel to 'buck fever' as my casting went to the pack, as I tried to speed everything up to catch that moment when the boat pointed the right way, the fish were in casting distance, and the wind wasn't trying to force a loop of line down my throat. I had more than my fair share of time and tries before something happened and there was a moment of calm and everything all came together and my line straightened and hissed and my reel tried to tear a knuckle off. "Keep your hand away from the reel", cautioned Nat, as I went to cup my hand around the spool, and backing streaked out through the wave tops.

I have no idea whether it was 5 minutes or 5 hours before the reel slowed and I was able to pump and wind the fish back. Even that took an eternity, but eventually Nat was hoisting it out of the water and easing it into my arms for some pics. The biggest fish I have caught on fly! I was pumped with excitement and delight!! I didn't actually do an Eddie squeal (thank God!) but I think I almost came close!

So Tom was back upfront, certainly not for equal time, and for that I felt a little embarrassed after all the time I had floundered up there. Nat guided the boat to several more little schools but the conditions were fast deteriorating, and each cast Tom made was into worse and worse conditions. The schools had all been small, with 8-10 fish in them all day, and only stayed on the surface a min or so before diving and resurfacing 50 meters away. Now they just weren't showing up and so we decided that it was possibly a good sign to head back to the Marina, watching along the way for any bust ups (which didn't eventuate).

We had a good feed that night at the Boat Club after a couple of beers with Nat and a few of his fishing buddies and an early night and sleep in before heading back home the next day.

Have a look at Nat's website [www.saltwaterflyfishing.com.au](http://www.saltwaterflyfishing.com.au) for some of the details of his charters. I can recommend him as a professional and friendly guide with years of experience who will make every effort to make your trip a success, while making the experience as comfortable as a day of fishing with a mate. Thanks Tom for your company and advice and stories.

Thus ended Brian and Toms Excellent Adventure



## **CLUB TRIP TO CLARRIE HALL**

Last month's club fishing trip was to Clarrie Hall dam, just over the border, a tad behind Murwillumbah. It's a beautiful dam, mostly tree lined banks and plenty of inlets to explore. The water was up due to recent rains and we were warned by the guest speaker at our monthly meeting to be ready to get amongst the bass.

Four club members arrived on the Friday night, Gary Sheppard Sean Connelly Vince Margossian and myself. Vince giving his beloved Kingies a break for the weekend. There were several clubs represented at the picnic area when we arrived and we were made to feel very welcome.

After registration, which included a nice little lure pack, we settled back to talk fishing, flies and fly material with a lot of new found friends. Someone should tell NASA about the time dilation properties of bourbon, because after only a seeming few glasses, time had slipped away to midnight and we retired, ready for the 3am start.

The morning was a clear starlit one and we put the boats in as dawn approached and electricked out onto the glass smooth dam. Within minutes we heard the familiar splash of a bass hitting a surface popper and a joyful shout as a neighbouring boat started the action.

A few minutes later, Gary, fishing one of his hand made gurglers got a strike like a bullet hitting the still black water and landed a 28cm Macquaria Novemaculeata. Almost immediately I got a hit on my popper but he got away, or so I thought. After a second missed take I examined my fly and realised that the first bloke had broken and taken the hook off it. A lesson in how using a fly in salt water, even once can be detrimental to your ironmongery.

Gary's gurgler scored another bass while I changed to my "Magic Vampire". This red and black marvel, was tied and given to me by Gary as a birthday present and has never failed me. It's score till then was roughly 33 bass. A bit tired and bedraggled looking it was (just like me I guess) but on the second strip of the first cast toward the water-lily edge I felt that marvelous hit and pull as number 34 fell to the "MV"'s spell.

He was quickly released and we continued down the lake, Gary (purely to be sociable) opened his lure pack and tried out the spinnerbait rig which quickly resulted in a 20cm hookup as we trolled by a lily pad bed. He too was let go and we resumed our fly fishing.

In a quiet inlet, just as the sun came properly up I saw one of those little lily pad bays that shouted BASS! I flicked the "M V" into it, let it sink a tad and strip! Jag!!! PULL. she was on. My trusty Gillies 5wt bending over but brought her in with ease. No monster but a good 35 cm bass put up a good fight and in a little while I saw her on her way.

Between landing some nice fish Gary experimented with his latest toy, a marine radio. Sean and Vince in the other boat however proved almost impossible to raise, possibly due to the high ridges between us. OR, they were purposely ignoring Gary's calls and concentrating on their fishing.....hmmm I wonder.

The sun was up now but with it came a disturbing breeze and some dark clouds. We stopped for a bite and a bit a rest but as we started off again it began to shower and the breeze became a wind. It was the end of fishing for the day, unfortunately. The day had begun so promisingly but we had to head for home as the drizzle became a downpour and (I believe) the dropping barometric pressure put the bass completely off the bite.

Back at camp we compared notes as much as we could but the rain became almost torrential, so we decided to up stumps and head for home.

What action we had been able to fit in before the rain was excellent and I can hardly wait for my next trip across the border to Clarrie Hall. I just hope it doesn't bloody rain!

I am saddened to announce that last Friday 19th November, a tragic boating accident on Lake Eucumbene resulted in the death of Robert Moss and Eddie Collett. There is little detail to add and the actual cause of the accident is unknown. Robert was a member who contributed a great deal to the fishing community at many levels, but especially with children, involved with NSW Fisheries projects. Eddie was a more recent member, and a fisherman with a great deal of experience as expected of a gentleman of 70 years of age. Both were attending a "Council of Freshwater Anglers" meeting scheduled for that weekend.

The current funeral arrangements are expected to be Eddie on Friday, and Robert on Monday. We will notify everyone when the details are known, and request that you do not contact the families concerned unless you are a close personal friend.

The Sydney Fly Rodders Club and its members extend its heartfelt sympathies to the family and friends of Robert and Eddie - their passing will be greatly felt.

Best regards,  
Mike Chapman  
Secretary - Sydney Fly Rodders Club Inc.

## **Christmas Greeting from Tom**

I shall not be at our December meeting; instead I will be in Sydney to celebrate Christmas with family and friends. Don and Bobby Nash also extend their apologies as they too will be visiting their family in Sydney. We may hold an interclan fishing comp.

I would like to take this opportunity to wish all of our members and families a safe, happy Christmas and New Year.

Thank you for your support and enthusiasm over the past year. Together we have consolidated our club as one of the most progressive and friendly in Queensland. I frequently and proudly receive complimentary comments from people, who have attended one of our meetings or have met our members at various locations, and I am asked for further information. When we get our website up and running, we could consider an absentee membership for those not living on this coast but keen to occasionally fish with us.

Next year will be filled with activity. Apart from our fishing calendar, we have the Junior Coaching Programme to get underway and possibly another expo.

Achieving all these objectives will require an all out effort from our members. We can do that! We are a collective club and work well together.

Kind regards, Tom

I would like to wish you all a very Happy Christmas. Here's hoping the coming year will bring happiness and lots of good fishing!

**Quote of the month: Avoid criticism....don't do or say anything.**

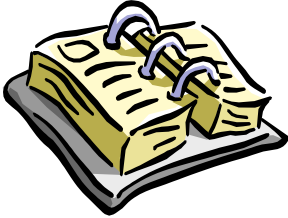
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***Tight Lines and bent rods!***

***Your Scribe***

## Coming Events



### CASTING ARVO

**1st Sunday – Pizzey Park – Miami  
1:30**

### NEXT MEETING:

**Tuesday, Dec. 21st - 7.30 p.m.  
Mermaid Beach Bowls Club,  
9 Markeri Street, Mermaid Beach**

### NEXT CLUB FISHING TRIP:

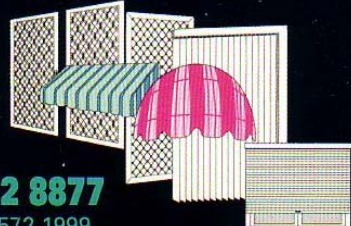
**Sat. Jan. 8<sup>th</sup> – Lakewoods “Spot X”  
Target – Anything that swims  
Time: Get there when you can!  
Barbeque – 7:30 PM**

South East Queensland Flyfishing Club Inc. – Contacts:

President	-	Tom Boylan 55646660
Vice President	-	Gary Sheppard 55637470
Secretary	-	Angus Collins 55355499
Treasurer	-	Mark Miller (02)66724364
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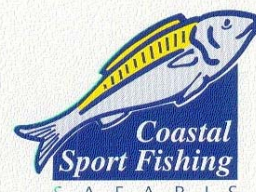


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