



Club Newsletter

March 2015

Welcome to all,

First up I'd like to thank those that responded to my "call to arms" in the previous newsletter for contributions. We've had several members come forward with content for this and future newsletters which is just fabulous. It's a great start to the year which provided not only ample content for this edition but also fuel for the next. Your contributions are much appreciated and when the quality is this good we all benefit from it. So great work all.

THIS MONTH'S FEATURES

Kicking off this edition we have Bob's first in his informative multi-part series on the history of our club. Followed by some sage advice from BrianK on how to slay the salmonids in Rotoruan lakes. Then Jason muses on the merits of learning to cast properly and finally a review from moi on Taz's fine film debut, *Black Torpedoes*.

NEW SEGMENT

Making it's debut in this edition is a new column suggested by Tom, *Fly Yarns*. This is a column devoted small (and possibly tall) tales of fishing exploits, accidents, embarrassing moments and general all round entertaining guff which is unsuited to a full sized article. So dig up your stories folks and send them in. Embellishment is encouraged and you don't have to name names if you don't want to. Also you can submit the story anonymously if you wish but if you do we reserve the right to apply the mantle of "baitfisher" to your eternal shame. Tom has kicked us off with the first entry to set the tone (but not necessarily the standard 🤪).

CANCELLED TRIPS – BOO!

As you all know, the Borumba Dam trip was aborted due to an incursion of blue green algae and now our planned trip to Lake Keepit in April has also been abandoned. After reducing the dam water to 5% of capacity earlier in the year, the powers that be have decided to drop the water level further to 2% and the carp are displeased. So no club trip to Keepit until further notice and lots and lots of rain down there.

CLUB MEETING 11/3/15 – CHRISTMAS ISLAND FLIES

This coming meeting we will be tying some flies for Christmas Island, led by President Paul who will demonstrate his expertise. Crazy Charlies – which can, of course, also be used to target local species - will be on the menu so bring along your vices and get tying. Materials and tools will be there for those who don't have them but bring along some orange or yellow thread if you have it.

IMPORTANT DATES

11 March 2015

Club Meeting – Christmas Island Flies

20 – 22 March 2015

Brisbane Tuna On Fly Comp – Bribie Island

May 2015

Uncle Billy's/Dunmore
Date and location to be finalised next meeting

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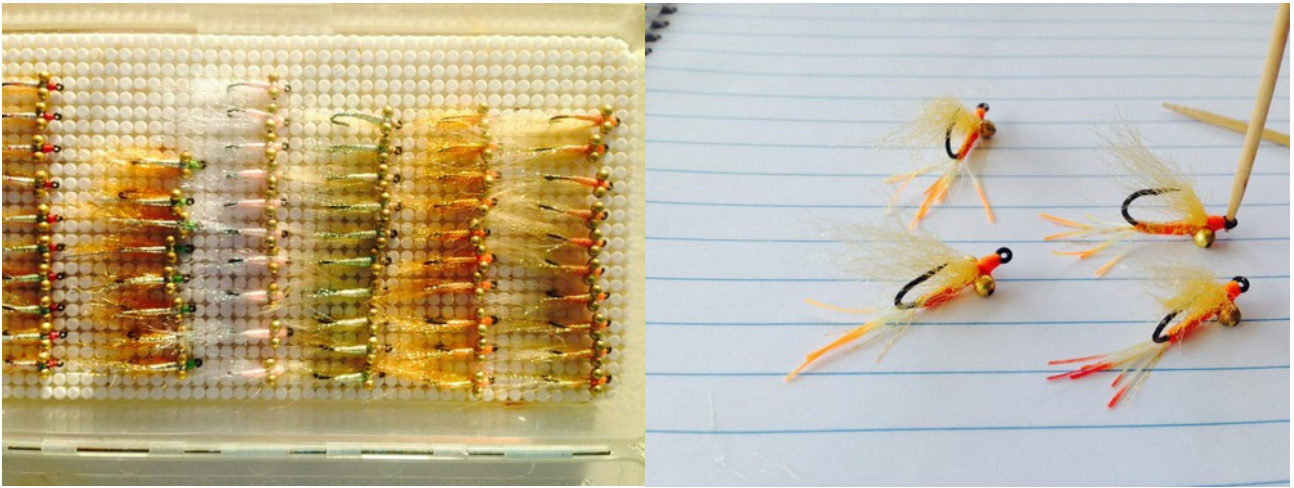
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Here's some that Paul prepared earlier:



See you at the meeting, folks!

Stu Jamieson
Vice President

THE HISTORY OF THE S.E. QLD. FLYFISHERS CLUB INC.

By Bob Knott



Part 1: Our Beginnings

Our first meeting was held on 16 July 1997 at Gecko House, an old school at Thrower Bridge in Currumbin. The idea for a flyfishing club came from Chris Ellemor who owned a tackle shop, "Fishing Fever Currumbin" just across the street.

Our records show that those present were: Chris Ellemor, Maree Ellemor, Peter Fielder, Greg Erbs, Jon Makim, Mario Demaio, Eddie Bonner, Ross Johnson, Alan White, Peter Morrison, Adrian Heath, Chris McFerren, Leanne Payne, Steve Brinsly, Mark Beauchamp, Wayne Beggs, Phil Lomas, and Goeff Keer. The only ones who are still members are Mario Demaio and Jon Makim who is now an honorary member since he resides in Germany.

That means Mario is the only active member who was at that first meeting!

The first office holders elected were:

President: Peter Morrison

Vice President: Chris Ellemor

Secretary: Greg Erbs

Treasurer: Maree Ellemor

We established the objectives of the club which were modified in 2000 but were basically the same as the objectives on our web page today.

Our first AGM was held at Gecko House on 17th Sept. 1997. There were 28 members present with two apologies. We held our second election and, as there were no nominations the old committee was returned unopposed. Our first club outing was announced: A casting day at The Goose Pond!

The next few months saw Warwick Northcott, Mark Hosking, Mark Miller, Glenn and Annette Court, Brian McDuffie, Steve Routleff, Chris Addy, John Best, Dave Denis, Yours Truly and a few others join the fold. The club was kicking along and we started having regular outings.

At the AGM of 1998 Peter Morrison resigned as President and Chris Ellemor was elected. Steve Routleff became both Vice President and Secretary and Maree Ellemor was elected Treasurer. Warwick kindly offered to audit our books annually, which he did for all the years he was a member.

After only this short time our club was becoming known as one of the more active fly clubs in Australia. We had been noticed by Rod Harrison, Peter Morse, Peter Hayes, Gavin Platz and Shaun Ash among others. These well known flyfishing "Gurus" helped our club in many ways. We cannot thank them enough for their support over the years. (I just hope I haven't left a name out!)

In the year 2000 we got a new member who was to have a big influence on the direction the club was to go in future years. I knew Tom Boylan from Sydney, and had known him for years but neither of us knew the other was into flyfishing! When Tom came around to my place to sort out some superannuation for me (he had worked for GIO when we met) he saw my tying gear and we immediately regretted the years we hadn't fished together.

I told him about our club and invited him to come along to our next meeting. By the time our AGM in September of 2000 rolled around Tom was a financial member.

Only sixteen members bothered to turn up for that AGM and there was a notable lack of enthusiasm when members were asked to stand for office for the following year. I suggested that the club had two possible ways to go; either members started shouldering some of the load of running the club, or we just forget the whole idea!

I tried to nominate Tom for President, but he declined on the grounds that he was only a new member. He did however accept the nomination for Vice President and Wayne Beggs accepted the nomination for President. Wayne, however, soon found he was not suited to the task of chairing meetings and disappeared from the scene, leaving Tom the role of President!

Mark Hosking accepted the nomination for Secretary under the condition that someone else take care of the newsletters. I agreed to do the newsletters as long as he gave me a hand (I was pretty new to computers). Jon Makim accepted the role of Treasurer and we were off and running with a new team. It goes without saying that all were elected unanimously.

This began a period of change which was to be an important turning point for the club. We decided to look for a new venue for the club. Gecko House was going to be closed for renovations in October anyway so the time was right.

A new venue should be more central on the Gold Coast to attract members from a wider area. Tom got on the case and our November meeting was to be held at the Mermaid Beach Bowling Club. They were happy to have us and happy for us to take advantage of their bar and kitchen as well! No more lugging cases of beer for the meetings!

Our move had an additional benefit in that we could canvass tackle shops from Southport, Benowa and other suburbs for support. They were happy to hand out our flyers and as a result membership began to swell.

We made a few changes to the structure of our meetings. It was generally decided that it was not important to read the Treasurers Report, Minutes of the Previous Meeting, and discuss in detail the Incoming Correspondence and all that stuff. We had a committee to deal with those things; club meetings were meant for speakers, fly tying, casting and the fun bits of flyfishing.

It was also decided that we were not going to try to build up a big treasury; our club money was to go back to the members in the form of barbecues at our trips and the like. On our outings nobody has to put a hand in his or her pocket to pay for a beer or a sausage! To do this we needed to raise the membership fees a bit, but most of our income was generated through our monthly raffles, and most of our raffle prizes were donated by the local tackle dealers.

This was a real turning point for our club. Meetings were now fun to attend and we began to get together for a meal first which turned the meetings into social events!

To be continued...

FLY YARNS

My mate and I stopped the 4x4 next to the river, both wearing old, floppy track pants and proceeded to get our gear, waders, rods etc. together.

He stopped, claiming a need to go to the toilet so grabbing a toilet roll he disappeared behind a large gum tree. In a short while I heard him cry OH NO! OH NO!

Concerned I asked what was wrong. he replied "I've just shat on my wallet"

I have ribbed him forever suggesting that he was shy of ever producing his wallet in public saving a fortune.

Submitted by Tom Boylan

TRIP REPORT: ROTORUA, NEW ZEALAND

DECEMBER 2014

By Brian Kirkley

I'm just back from NZ and at the risk of being banned from ever being allowed back into the North Island I am willing to share the secrets of fishing Rotorua.

Rotorua is a 'shallow' lake and as such it warms up in summer. Not that the summers around it are anywhere as fearsome as the current summer at the Gold Coast but enough that the locals complain about it being hot when its sunny and 24 degrees. Believe me, I am seriously thinking of deserting the Coast for December and January and finding a 'batch' somewhere in NZ every year from now on.

Even on 'hot' days, the nights are cool (about 14 degrees). I'm ashamed to admit I was heard on several occasions to say it was "Gods own country". I never sweated for three weeks there, until I stepped off the plane last night on returning to the Gold Coast.

However I digress--

The locals in the know, watch the readout online from the buoy in Rotorua which lists temperature per foot depth. The ideal temperature is 22 degrees but anything over 18 is worth a fish on a hot afternoon. Note --- it has to have been a HOT day and about 1pm it's worth while arriving for a fish, until about 4pm.

There are four ideal places to fish depending on the wind direction. All these spots are at the mouth of a spring stream that flow into the lake, and are VERY cold. The technique is to wade out to hip/waist deep and move until you are able to fish the division between the cold water from the stream and the warmer water of the lake. It;s quite easy to feel the temperature change through your waders.

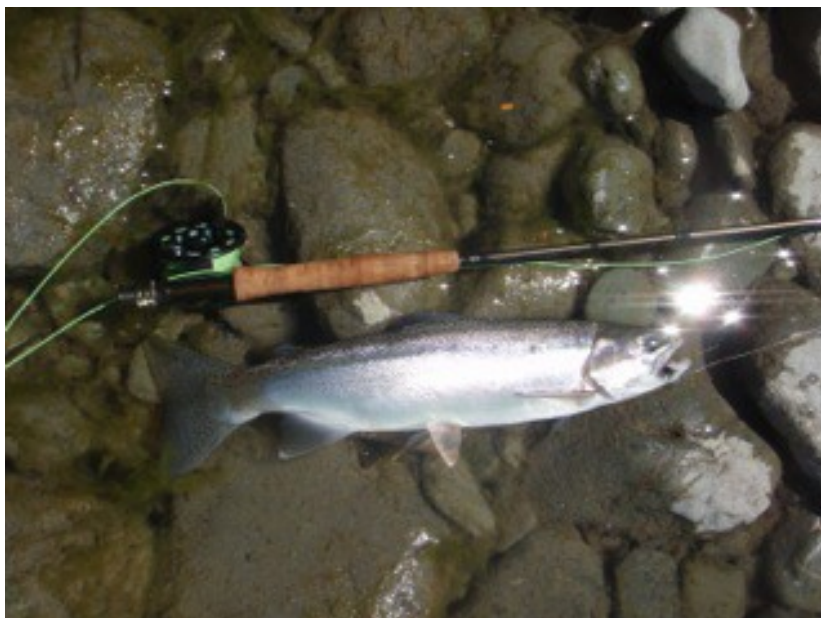
FLIES:

Various flies work depending on what the trout have been feeding on. Smelt patterns of various sort (grey ghosts, rabbit flies) and flies that imitate 'bullies', (little spotted fish about 25mm long - Mrs Simpsons, fur flies, damsel flies). Good old olive woolly buggers are a good stand by too (with a little red).

The purists like to use hare and copper or pheasant tailed nymphs in olive or brown or black and about 14/16 and a strike indicator that's very light wool.

The alternative is long casts and very slow figure eight retrieves.

The first two trout I cleaned contained snails and small shiny green beetles respectively and a local told me that was an indication that the smelt were not available in numbers. So when I wasn't doing any good, I used an intermediate line, and a medium sized blue and then a green 'blowfly' pattern (humpy) I had got in the south island.



On that day the fish were 'rolling' and just breaking the surface but I could see nothing 'eatable' on the surface, so I wondered if the 'beetles' were already submerged. When I cast across current and allowed the intermediate line to pull the fly under the surface, the water exploded, and I was onto a six pound rainbow that took me over 5 mins to land and that included two runs into the backing and several exciting leaps, These fish are strong and powerful and have a cross section more like a tuna than a trout. I have never hooked trout that were so powerful.

BROWNS:

While the locals generally fish for rainbows since they consider them worth the sport, there is a quiet faction who only target browns, and there's a good reason for that. I've seen big browns in the south island but these are ENORMOUS!! I saw pics taken while I was there of several 12-14 pound fish and personally witnessed a guy land one about 10 pounds, and the size of that fish was mind blowing. He broke a sage doing it by the way.

The technique for browns is as follows:

Clear skies plenty of sun, clear water and be on the lake at an estuary about 11am to fish till about 4pm or 5pm.

Then if you are in the 'right place' you can practice looking into the water searching for them. Anyone who has searched for bonefish for a couple of days and then your eyes miraculously see them, will understand. It takes practice and if you are fortunate, a local will point to a couple for you while you squint blindly at the bottom and see nothing.

After a fruitless afternoon standing searching I met this guy who stood beside me and pointed to THREE with in casting distance. He told me there was always this many around and it was 'just a matter of dropping your fly close enough to interest their curiosity'. Yeah right!!

Later that day I saw five in quick succession, but could not get a successful take. (I guess another trip is in order).

I saw two more a couple of days later lurking close in to shore while the 'rainbow guys' were waist deep and 100 meters out flogging the water to foam.

A guy had caught an 11 pound brown there the afternoon before about the same spot – close in and the water clear and about knee deep.

Guys – these are huge fish!!

I also met a really nice young guy who is guiding around the area and he showed me pics a few days old of his clients holding gigantic browns from the lake and streams. SO the secret is water temperature in the lake.

The hard part is being there when its hot enough for the magic to happen and in general that's between mid December and end January. I was there end January several years ago and was part of the excitement as the fish 'stacked up; as the locals call it. There were thousands in the streams and stream mouths, but at that time I thought it was a very rare phenomenon.

Sadly I don't have a lot of photos. I thought I had a go pro working but for some reason it didn't turn on.

Well I've corrupted you enough now---tight lines

A PADAWAN'S TALE – THE MERITS OF LEARNING TO CAST

By Jason Stratford

Standing with a mate a few years back, the both of us with fly rods in hand about to start 'practice casting', he turned to me and announced that he had been *'taking lessons from a fly casting instructor'*.

After laughing a bit...my response went something like...

'Why waste money on having someone tell you how to cast a fly rod...get on the internet! There are heaps of videos and stuff and you just need to copy what you see mate. Save your money for important stuff like a better rod!'

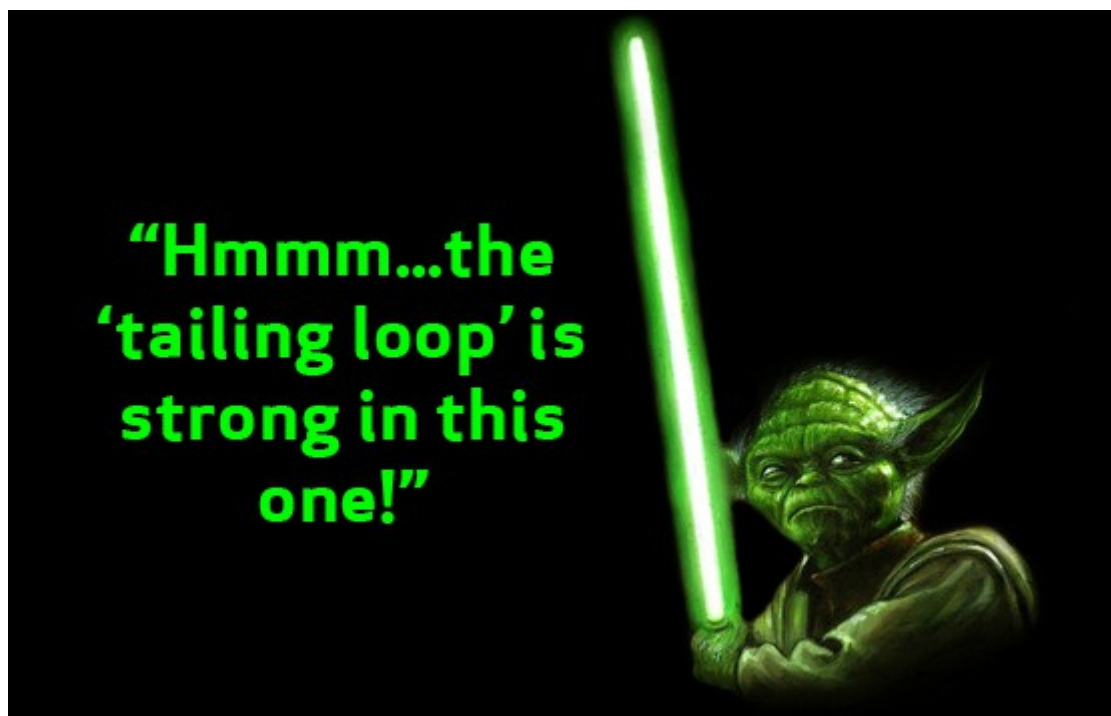
He laughed and then began to practice cast...noticeably with less effort and more accuracy than I had ever seen from him before. I was impressed (but wasn't going to tell him that).

The practice session continued with the both of us casting at lily pads on the dam - me much less successfully than my buddy. After about an hour or so of having my casting faults exposed by simply not being able to come close to what my mate was doing, it was time to ask...

'so mate...who is this casting instructor?'

Some discussion followed and plans were in place for a lesson with this Certified Casting Instructor. Now as there are a few CCI's in the SEQFF club and not wanting to 'promote' anyone in particular...this CCI will be called...'Yoda'. (Not a real name...more correctly a direct recognition of the fly casting 'wisdom' this CCI held).

At the very first session, Yoda patiently analysed my casting mechanics, identified many, now well 'ingrained' casting faults that had clearly come from 'the dark side'. Well...not really the dark side but certainly from the 'learn to fly cast from YouTube' approach I had employed until then. Yoda' then systematically set about deconstructing the cast to eliminate these faults. (I think this might be termed 'going back to basics!').



What was clear, after sessions with Yoda, was that my casting improved noticeably each and every time. I look back now and appreciate how dramatic this improvement has been...in terms of improved accuracy and distance as well as now casting with much less effort. It's these key things which make fly casting & fishing much more enjoyable!

Actually getting past the idea that you can 'teach yourself' to cast a fly rod 'effectively' was a huge step. BUT...it's clear that if I hadn't found Yoda...with great patience, knowledge and instructional skills...then I would have probably quit fly fishing by now.

Why?

Being highly competitive...I would not have enjoyed standing beside my mate...watching him cast so much better than I could and improving all the time under Yoda's guidance.

Yoda...showed me glimpses of the realms of the 'Jedi Fly Caster'...opening my eyes to how easy it is to be accurate & long with good fly casting technique AND in doing so, kept me competitive when casting with mates!

If anyone is considering taking up fly casting OR more importantly...have been doing it for a while and now admit you need help to actually do it right...

'...seek Yoda you must'!

FILM REVIEW: BLACK TORPEDOES

By Stu Jamieson

No, it's not an inter-racial stick flick, it's the debut film from Aussie fisherman Tarron "Taz" Jefferys, or to give it its full title, *Strip Strike - Fraser Island: Black Torpedoes*. But for the sake of brevity I shall hereafter refer to it simply as "Black Torpedoes".

Black Torpedoes was one of a selection of very high quality films presented at the 2014 RISE Fly Fishing Film Festival and although it could reasonably be considered the most amateurish effort presented that year, in the company of those other films, this is no criticism. When the baseline is as good as *Black Torpedoes*, then the quality of fly fishing films generally is becoming very high indeed.

But RISE only presents highlight reels of its featured movies and now that we have the opportunity to see the complete film, it's clear that the best material was extracted for the RISE cut. This is evident in mostly two ways: the RISE cut lacks much of the "talking head" commentary of the finished film; and it is heavily weighted towards the end of the DVD where the best footage is located.

On the first point much of the commentary is provided by a handful of fishing guides and whilst they clearly know their stuff, their Ocker laid-back nonchalance translates as indifference on TV, even though it actually likely belies their discomfort before the camera. Put a rod in their hands, however (preferably with a fish on the other end), and they quickly lose themselves in the moment, letting their true personalities shine through. This is how we like to see them and, no doubt, how they would like to be seen.

In retrospect, the film would probably have benefited from Taz providing most all of the narration himself (with advice from his guides) and leaving the pictures to his subjects catching fish. This is, of course, what we really want to see - catching fish, casting, tactics and flies - not talking heads. There's no shame in this drawback as a first film, however, even Gin Clear's debut [*The Source - Tasmania*](#) suffered from this until they quickly realised that pictures speak louder than words and it is the pictures that the audience wants to see.

Secondly, the film is divided into chapters representing the species targeted, beginning with permit, Trevally and Queenfish - species of which many many videos have been made - nothing new here. The RISE cut, however, chiefly takes its content from the latter part of the DVD which features tuna. In retrospect this is no surprise as this is where Taz's footage really shines. Indeed Taz himself seems to recognise the significance of this chapter - longtail tuna being the inspiration behind the film's title.

Tuna on fly is a unique subject amongst the fly fishing film fraternity, indeed I've not seen this species featured in a fly fishing film before. Taz has acquired some fabulous footage of these "torpedoes" hunting in packs across the flats and peeling off one at a time to investigate rapidly stripped flies. It's edge-of-the-seat stuff which results in many near misses but when a fish does take, it's game on! I've never caught tuna on fly before - now I want to!

This segment does contain the occasional cut from high quality 16:9 widescreen footage to lower quality 4:3 full screen footage stretched to 16:9 which can be a little jarring. But I suspect this to be a consequence of budgetary constraints and the resulting lack of access to a second hi-res camera. On the whole, though, it's a small point that many probably won't notice.

The film concludes solidly with some great footage of the [Wildfish](#) man, Peter Morse, and retired guide, Mark Bargaquast, nailing marlin off the sand flats before using more traditional methods of teasing the fish from the depths.

Whilst the film initially embarks on a well-trodden path, by the conclusion we will have witnessed something special, not the least of which is the passion of Jefferys, the quality of the fishing at Fraser Island and the technology at the disposal of the film maker to capture it all.

Score: 3 Lefties and a half Joan

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