



Clarence Catchlines Clarence Catchlines



Newsletter for the Members of the
Clarence Licensed Anglers Club Incorporated ("Clarence Anglers")
P.O. Box 291 ROSNY Tasmania 7018

March 2007 Newsletter

To make "Clarence Catchlines" an interesting newsletter the editor is after articles to include each month, so if you have something of interest please forward it to the Secretary or President; eg if you have a fishy story, a new fly or something to sell, please let us know about it and it will get in the newsletter.

Next Meeting

14th March 2007

Lindisfarne RSL Club

28 Lincoln Street, Lindisfarne

The next meeting of members will be held on 14th March 2007 at the **Lindisfarne RSL Club** starting at the usual time of 8.00 pm.

Note that the date for the March meeting is the 14th, not the 7th as stated incorrectly in the Calendar of Events.

At the meeting you will be able to advise how you want the Club to develop, or not, the site at Arthurs Lake. We will also our events for April and May.

Committee members please note that there WILL be a committee meeting prior to the event.

Subscriptions now over-due!

Annual subscriptions are unchanged as follows:

- Seniors \$30.00
- Juniors \$5.00
- Family membership \$50.00

If you have not paid your subs, please pay to Treasurer, Ron Stow soon.

Wooden Boat Show

Thanks to Lionel Lewis, the Club had the opportunity to provide volunteers to assist with the running of the Wooden Boat Show on the Friday before the Regatta Day w/e, as follows:

1. Adam (Donna's boyfriend)
2. Adrian Tanner
3. Alan Shaw
4. Alex Smith
5. Andrew Simmons
6. Charlie Harris (before going to NZ)
7. David Driver (before going on field trip)
8. Donna Cribbin
9. Lynn Simmons
10. Mike Tatlow
11. Neil Pinkard (before going to NZ)
12. Norm Cribbin (before going to NZ)
13. Rick Franklin (came down from Sidmouth!)
14. Warwick Bonney

Thank you all for your efforts

The Club will receive a payment for their services!

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	Ron Ruthven	
	Geoff Watson	

Reports & Articles

Further Reports from NZ

or "Tasmanian over-stayers"

Geoff is still catching fish and they are on the cicadas now so he is having fun and catching some BIG Browns.

Bye for now

Text generously supplied by Ross & Pip Baker, of the Tongariro River Motel, who have had the dubious honour of bearing witness to Geoff & Barbara's exploits in NZ.

To be continued

Geoff & Barbara Watson in NZ (Turangi)

Tarraleah & Nive R

Dear Norm,

Looking through some folders I came across this hand written account of fishing & reminisces of the Tarraleah area in the 1940's & 50's.

Maybe you could use all or some of it in the Newsletters.

As I know you have fished the NZ rivers, you could relate to this fast flowing Nive River which, before Liapootah Dam, flowed freely to join the Derwent River.

Can you imagine me, in the episode of the loss of my D. T. K ingfishers fly line with possible about a 12 pounder out in the main flow, frantically following it down along the power station side wall, only to see the "backing" parting. The bugger jumped twice in the glide at the bend. [Apprentice wage 25/- per week, K ingfisher cost?]

Well Norm, see you soon at the meeting.

Sincerely,

Lionel

Tarraleah & Nive River

When I went to Tarraleah in 1941 & until the completion of the Liapootah Dam on the Nive River some 2 miles below the Tarraleah power station for the Lower Derwent Power Development, the Nive River ran free with beautiful pale green & opalescent water fast flowing & cascading over & around the boulders on its race to join the Derwent River.

Looking down on the Tarraleah Power Station from the Valve House adjacent to the Chalet, one could plainly see the inky button-grass-stained water discharging from the turbines with the clear demarcation line in the Nive River until the two waters mixed & tumbled away down the gorge.

Prior to the Tungatinah Scheme's advent, with no control of the Nive River catchment, it was subject to seasonal flooding. There was one exceptional flood in the mid 1940's which undercut & washed out a large section of the high retaining wall resulting in the blacksmith's shop & part of the substantial services building being washed down river. The turbines were kept running & I recall standing on the machine floor & seeing the flood waves higher than this level. The pelton wheel turbines, being designed to discharge freely with no back pressure, had to be progressively shut down. In the early hours of the morning the flood peaked, level with the station walkway.

Due to the precautions taken & the sound construction of the Power Station building, no damage was sustained but, on the normal river level being restored, many large trees & logs had to be removed from the tailrace area.

Being young & energetic, another chap living in the Staff House & I at weekends often

used to go bushwalking along the canal & transmission line clearings. One Sunday, having heard that there was an old surveyor's track downstream from the Tarraleah Power Station, we took some lunch & my spinning gear & set off. It was pretty rough going but by lunchtime we reached the point where Wilson's Creek discharged into the Nive River - about 2 ½ miles below Tarraleah p/s.

On the return journey upstream, I found places where I could reach the river's edge & cast my light spinner up behind rocks & into runs. Suddenly my spinner was savagely taken by a rainbow of about 3lbs which soon showed me who was boss. It took off downstream into some snags & away went rainbow, spinner & all.

Anyway, on our way back to the power station I hooked 2 more lovely rainbows of 2 & 3lbs. Eventually with my mate's assistance & after great excitement, we managed to scoop them on to the bank.

The Nive River then was a truly fine rainbow habitat, very difficult to fish, with vegetation right to the water's edge, with a constant full flow & strong currents due to the considerable drop in elevation in a comparatively short distance.

There was also difficult but rewarding fishing at the power station tailrace, where large brownies lurked in the eddies & backwaters, growing fat on the food brought down the canal before being chopped up & discharged by the pelton wheel turbines.

We usually fished in pairs because on hooking one of these large fish, anything from 3 to 8lbs in weight, the other chap would go down on a rope, with the net or gaff, to a rock nearer the water level & the lucky angler would

manoeuvre the fish to with his reach. Once netted, you then helped your mate back up the rope to the walkway.

To reach the power station we walked from the Village down what was known as the "pine track" which brought one to halfway down the "Haulage" beside the penstocks. It was then a knee-jarring jog down the 50° slope of the haulage way to the station. After a few hours fishing it was the long climb back up the haulage & track. This sounds a very arduous way to catch fish but at times very rewarding.

As I recall, one evening I was using a large black hen-hackle fly in the turbulent tailrace & within an hour had three brownies of 10, 4 & 3 lbs weight which was certainly exciting stuff playing them in to a small backwater & kept my mate busy, with the rope & net. This was a successful evening.

One afternoon disaster struck. I had been fly fishing the river above the power station & decided to try the tailrace before leaving for the climb back to the Village. Well, I soon felt a mighty solid take; obviously a very large fish which decided it was leaving the tailrace & off downstream. My first obstacle was the flying fox across the river. I managed to get around this but lost a lot of line in the process. Still downstream, the great trout headed. As it was well out in the mid-stream current I had no hope of guiding it into the bank. At the end of the walls below the power station I was paying out "backing" when, horror of horrors, the "backing" parted & the last I saw of my "D. T. Kingfisher" line was attached to the monster fish as it twice jumped in the glide at the river bend. I was not very happy as I climbed back up the haulage way.

Another way of catching the Nive rainbows was discovered by one of the power station fitters who, after lunch one day, was throwing his lunch scraps into the river just above the tailrace. He saw these being taken by several lively fish, so he soon had a system of attaching a triangle hook to the sandwich. Many a fine rainbow met its end at lunchtime.

These are a few reminiscences of the mighty Nive River which was Tasmania's nearest approximation to the fast flowing NZ rivers & home to magnificent fighting rainbows.

Well the HEC taketh away, but it also giveth. With the creation of the Tungatinah system of storages we soon transferred our attention to Brontë, Brady's, Binney & Tungatinah Lagoons. From the latter two especially we were soon hooked to beautiful brownies of up to 8lbs weight. Fellow fly fishermen, Dick Franks & Eric Fields, joined me on some memorable evenings, shore fishing these lagoons through the 1950's but this is another chapter in the saga of my earlier years of stalking, losing & landing these trout. Just as enjoyable as fishing were the many hours spent observing the bird & animal life, as well as just being there.

Lionel G Lewis.

[The Pilgrimage to Burbury](#)

Word was spread on what a good w/e the Club has on our Burbury trip.

This was about our 12th excursion to this beautiful lake, & those who know the West Coast have been considering themselves fortunate that the weather has been favourable on all but one of them.

Well after all our talk the weather was not too kind this time. Although it could have been a lot worse! *(It wasn't too good for those with tents, compared with those comfortably ensconced in warm vans! Ed.)*

By the time I arrived on Thursday morning 4 groups were already set up & raring to get out into their favourite "nook & cranny" (ie bay!) & there are hundreds on this 27km long lake.

I shot out to the bay opposite our camp site at Thureau Hills & was rewarded with a nice Brown whilst trolling with a red/green/gold Cobra & the mandatory Matuka fly dropper preceding my cobra. The brown firmly attached himself to the dropper thus proving it pays to use them on the rig. As the light was fading a small 26cm rainbow latched onto the lure – definitely not a keeper so back it went.

A few more "trippers" had arrived in time for tea.

Friday morning saw the "early birds" out on the lake at sunrise – others find it harder to leave their warm beds.

The weather was the main factor for the remainder of the w/e with continual fronts of annoying drizzle passing overhead – in between these fronts we had many periods of clear skies & were able to get in some quality fishing.

Some nice fish were being landed – both Browns & Rainbows.

One of the biggest points of interest was aboard "Savage" where Norm was pitted against his brother Peter.

Peter had received a "leave pass" & flew down from the "big smoke" to sample one of Tassie's best kept secrets –Clarence Licensed Anglers Club field trips. The lessons he learnt at Eucumbene etc were soon put to the test. For the majority of the w/e he out-fished "Monk", much to the good natured ribbing from those present. Norm, it must be said, rose to the occasion & they finished the w/e 7 fish apiece. It's remarkable how you can position the boat so that the best fishing is on your side! Eh Norm?

Each evening we set ourselves up in the shelter shed, cooked our meals & fed pine cones into the home made brazier supplied by Andrew & Lynn. As usual Norm wanted to hog all the smoke as it followed him around the "pot"

By the time Saturday night came & went, the West got a bit nasty. Around 4am strong winds came in from the south & disrupted the sleepers – eg, Neil was up re-pegging his tent & I was up doing the same to my awning. This was a good time to check out the boats which were beached & secured in the safe bay behind us. Only one was misbehaving, Bruce's Quintrex had managed to get chummy with Norm's Savage & had to be parted & repositioned.

When dawn broke it was obvious that little fishing was possible so by general consensus we all broke camp, put boats on trailers, & agreed to meet at Derwent Bridge for a cooked breakfast at the Wombat Café on the way home.

Despite the inclement finish to the Burbury trip, the 22 members present (a record attendance!!) managed to weigh in 44 fish with some released to fight another day.

Thanks to all those who came along – you help make another successful CLAC weekend.

See you all at Jonah Bay

David.

Best Rainbow: Peter Cribbin 945gms

Best Brown: David Driver 535gms

Best Bags: Vince, Norm, Peter 7 fish each

Average Weight: 435gms

Total Catch Weight: 19.62kgs

Best Boat Dismount: Charlie Harris with a score 8.5 (backwards flip with splits!)

Ghost Fishing Award: Bruce Andrew & his Quintrex

Bush Basher

No doubt our OA (Original Ace – not to be confused with Order of Australia) will have taken note of the following "event"

New member Peter Molony, obviously doesn't listen carefully to the car ads!

Peter, the Paris to Dakar rally has been won 5 times by a MITSUBISHI 4WD not a Holden!

As it turns out Peter inexplicably missed the turn at the bridge end of the Crotty Road thereby launching himself, complete with 4WD & boat into the scrub. Thankfully Peter wasn't hurt except for his pride, his front bumper bar & his boat winch.

Many hands make light work – his vehicle got back on the road – his boat was launched (at the correct location) & the winch was beaten back into shape by willing mates.

Dobber

My "Brontë 2007" Trip

Here I go again. Brontë is my least favourite place to fish – coming just after the Sahara, Simpson & Gobi deserts! Get the drift? (Pardon the pun?)

Being an OT (original tripper) I go to all field trips because they are generally great fun & a way of putting the worries where they belong. Brontë is the exception! Brontë is the worry! Brontë is still living on its past history & should be filed under "A place to steer clear of" - but I get sucked in every year!

I arrived Friday afternoon to find Bruce busy sawing wood on his campervan bed & Jeff removing his boat from the lake before proceeding elsewhere.

Having arranged with "Stranger" Granger to try out Lake St Clair I suggested to Bruce that this was THE destination for the w/e. The Club advised we could fish in the Brontë vicinity & St Clair was only 35 minutes away

It was decided that we'd find a "freebee" camping spot at St Clair but as there were too many signs around prohibiting camping we were expected to pay fees to camp. So off we went to the top of LKW to our usual spot only to find someone had pulled the plug out! No water in the bay! The launching ramp was high & dry, at least 100m from River Derwent. In fact the whole bay was a scene of puddles & forlorn stumps. No way could you see navigable water - even with binoculars! Eventually we put our campers near some WA caravanners.

Next morning we launched at St Clair & then found Stephen trolling by Pump House shore. By late afternoon Stephen had 4, I had 1 (lost a beauty) & Bruce was still waiting. The day was spent moving around searching for the elusive fish & taking in the majestic area. Lake St Clair is in a National Park & was formed by glaciers. It has water that is beautiful, clear and cold & very, very deep – my sounder showed 433 feet. I believe that the depth may go beyond 600 feet.

Stephen invited us to spend the night at Brady's Lake at a friend cottage – good move, nice & dry - so we utilised the electricity & comfort before adjourning to our campers.

Sunday was spent on Brady's Lake which was reported to have a good head of trout & Atlantic salmon. Bruce came in my boat & we worked around the lake, down the canal with a quick visit into Binneys before returning to Brady's for some drift spinning.

The sounder was registering a lot of echoes but the fish were proving very fussy until finally

Bruce's rod almost bent double with a huge strike. After 15 minutes of hard reeling the fish came to the boat before diving a number of times. This was a seriously big Atlantic Salmon! On the 3rd try it finally stayed in the landing net but it took the two of us to get it into the boat. It weighed in at a very respectable 9.81kgs making MR ACE the top rod for the trip.

Being the gentleman he is, Bruce shared the spoils with me. I can attest that it had huge steaks of lovely red flesh.

Brontë? Who cares? I don't!

David Driver



On the way to the opera!

Well, not actually the opera - let me explain.

Harold ("Captain Seaweed") organised a fishing trip to Maria Is (Sunday Jan 21st) to take out a friend to do a bit of King Flathead fishing & to drop a net in the hope of pulling in a few Snotty Trevally (Warehou).

The weather forecast was "favourable" – a 1.5m swell - yep we can handle that! We launched at Boomer Bay (Dunalley) at the ungodly hour of 6am & made our way past the many directional markers as they twisted & turned following the whims of the channel. "Keep to the left here." "There's a reef over there to the right where the red buoy marker is!" You get used to the circuitous route but a good pair of eyes (Captain Seaweed) is an advantage!

Whilst the Tasman Sea did have a swell of 1.5m they forgot to mention a very short sharp chop allied to a confused sea. It was a bit "bumpy" on the 40min trip to Maria Is, but we were going fishing & Harold's 6m Allison, with 130hp Yamaha V4 donk, handled it well.

A net was set close to shore with great expectations before we made our way 1km up the eastern side of South Maria to do some bottom fishing for "Kingies".

In 50m deep water lines with ½kg sinkers didn't have a chance with the boat rising & falling,

rising & falling, ... – I think you get the drift (which was also so fast even with a drogue out)- the poor fish were never going to catch up to us as we rose & **#@ fell! No fish!

This was given away as a bad joke as our friend turned into Kermit ("It's not easy being green!") & provided the berley despite 2 previously taken tablets! Mind you, your's truly felt a bit green at times but recovered to convey "deep felt sincerity" to Kermit.

So we returned to the "somewhat quieter" waters of Mercury Passage to try our luck there. All we got were Gurnards!

Back to the nets – 3 fish, a Gurnard, a big "Red Emperor look-a-like", & a nice Snotty

By this time Captain Seaweed & I were exchanging knowing looks. "He doesn't look too good!" A good captain always looks after his passengers, so we steadily made a 45min trip back to Boomer Bay with a following sea whipped up by a nor-easterly change now slowly abating. In the more passive waters of "the entrance" we tried fishing again which perked up our mate. He had now assumed a grey complexion which returned to "normal" after some water & dry bread.

Fish? Just some kelpies which we released - carefully!

"What's this got to do with 'It happened on the way to the Opera'?" you ask. I'm getting to that!

We were navigating up through the beacons on our journey back when we noticed "something" in the water against a beacon – we paused & backed up the boat only to realise that it was a very large seal lying there with his head occasionally lifting it out of the water to look at us – just like we were looking at him! As we backed closer to see if he was OK, he helped close the distance a few feet between us by also moving closer. "Gee, he appears very friendly."

How friendly do you feel when a ½ton seal decides to hitch a ride on the pod of your boat, barking at Harold when he tries to "pat" him?

Well what do you do when a seal looks like he is going to join you in the boat?

Abandon ship? Mess you pants? Get the hell out of there? Well, 2 out of 3 isn't bad!

We gunned the Yamaha to full bore but the seal hung on for a few metres before slowly sliding off, not wanting to ride with those "hoons"!

The last we saw of our hitch-hiker he was casually returning to his sun-baking by the beacon - no doubt with a big smile on his dial & saying "I bet I scared the living daylights out of those guys!"

We'll go out again to try our luck but the weather had better be right & we won't be so curious about seals.

David Driver

Lake Levels

Below FSL as at 1/03/2007

Lake/Lagoon	Metres from full	Comment
Lake Augusta	1.98	Steady
Arthurs Lake	3.66	Steady
Great Lake	17.26	Steady
Trevallyn Pond	0.21	Rising
Shannon Lagoon	0.1	Steady
Penstock Lagoon	0.11	Steady
Lake Echo	9.02	Steady
Dee Lagoon	0.31	Steady
Bradys Lake	2.44	Steady
Bronte Lagoon	0.69	Steady
Pine Tier Lagoon	2.58	Steady
Little Pine Lagoon	0.95	Steady
Laughing Jack Lagoon	7.8	Steady
Lake St Clair	1.89	Steady
Lake King William	11.27	Steady
Lake Liapootah	0.49	Falling
Wayatinah Lagoon	0	Spilling
Lake Catagunya	0.17	Falling
Lake Repulse	2.41	Rising
Cluny Lagoon	1.16	Falling
Lake Meadowbank	0.5	Falling
Lake Pedder	1.46	Steady
Lake Gordon	30.59	Steady
Lake Burbury	4.57	Steady
Lake Plimsoll	4.76	Steady
Lake Murchison	15.55	Falling
Lake Mackintosh	4.16	Steady
Lake Rosebery	0.61	Rising
Lake Pieman	2.63	Steady
Lake Mackenzie	6.75	Steady
Lake Rowallan	8.67	Steady
Lake Parangana	1.15	Steady
Lake Cethana	3.45	Falling
Lake Barrington	2.19	Rising
Lake Gairdner	4.47	Steady
Lake Palooa	0	Spilling
Woods Lake	2.78	Steady

Most Consistent Angler Award

Vince continues to lead, but Norm is on the move! David continues to clock up points through consistency and persistency. Charlie has slipped but may sparkle at Arthurs after his NZ experiences. Sam may be the dark horse.

Vince Coyte	99.6
Norm Cribbin	82.6
David Driver	70.1
Sam Kjorsvik	53.9
Charlie Harris	47.3
Peter Molony	46.9
Paul Millhouse	46.5
Tim Holloway	37.0
Neil Pinkard	33.5
Bert Thunig	30.5
Andrew Simmons	30.0
Ron Stow	29.6
Bruce Andrew	29.2
Ailene Stow	25.0
Jeff Freeman	25.0
Lynn Simmons	25.0
Adrian Tanner	17.9
Tristan Coyte	15.7
Alex Smith	15.0
Harold Schiebel	15.0
Stephen Granger	15.0
Warwick Bonney	15.0
David Riley	10.0
Greg Brown	10.0
Linda Riley	10.0
Madeline Riley	10.0
Barry Ritson	5.0
Dan Newbury	5.0
Dylan Brown	5.0
Gary Davy	5.0
Greg Allen	5.0
Michel Granger	5.0
Rick Franklin	5.0
Ron Ruthven	5.0
Damien Granger	0.0
John Tanner	0.0
Luke Riley	0.0

Photo Gallery

A good catch by GD



Gary Davy with a 3kg Salmon from the Pigsties South Island NZ



Norm was tested by this Brown Trout at L Heron



Brownie tricked a nice brownie below the power station on the Upper Tekapo



Camping at Maori Lakes



Greg with a beauty from the Mataura R – 1st cast!



Greg with a big Quinnat Salmon from L Heron



and another!

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