

# SINGLETON FLY FISHING CLUB INC. 2002

*PROMOTING THE ART OF FLY FISHING IN THE HUNTER VALLEY NSW*



## YOUR 2012 EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE

President: Mik Ewin

Vice President: Justin Smith

Secretary: Greg Hayman

Treasurer: Lawrence Blackburn

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## Newsletter April 2012



So much has been happening on the fishing front for our club and so much more is coming up. It seems every time I open my email I see another club member beaming with a great fish. Now if only I could get the body working a bit better and finish all this study maybe I could join in the fun.

What about the rain ? Lynne and me finally managed to book in a few days at Goobarragandra and straight away it became “build and ark” time. The great little 40cm deep riffle at Mac’s Crossing became a 6 meter riffle and the road relocated to the bottom of the river!

We have stories from Clarencetown, Josie Crows and some great pictures in this newsletter plus some of my usual ramblings.

Congratulations to Brent for solving the Donald Duck question. No prize but success and fame is it’s own reward.

I hope you enjoy the newsletter.

Glenn O.

## Presidents Report-April 2012



Mik is missing in action-hopefully fishing!



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

Singleton RSC, Dorsman Drive, Singleton  
Heights at 7.00pm

### A Hard Rains Gonna Fall



This picture was taken at the Penrith boat ramp over a week after the rain stopped. The white posts you see lead to the upper level of the jetty. There is another railing below this. If you look carefully you can see the high water mark about one meter up the grass.

No more bass fishing this season but some stories are starting to filter through about a few BIG trout being caught in the area.



It was a grey Friday afternoon as I arrived at the Clarence Town camping area. Mik and family, with the assistance of Peter Godfrey, had set up the camp. As it had been raining earlier in the week, we were lucky that the weather had relented.

The crowd from Hastings, Bob & Janice Dove; Tony and Terena Druce had been camped since earlier in the week. They had borne the brunt of the rain. Still, they had explored Clarence Town and Raymond Terrace.

On the Thursday, before I arrived, the crew had fished the river with some success; a few small bass were landed.

Having set up my camp, I found my chair and joined the afternoon sit in the shade, it was Beer O'clock. I decided as it was a bit windy not to venture out. Fishing from a kayak in wind is a bit difficult. Rod Fox appeared. He was camped in the upper caravan park. Brad was camped in an adjacent site. Brad not well, something about being baited. (glass stomach) I then was given the guided tour of Rod's new van. A nice little traveler.

Having returned to the camp site we waited for those arriving Friday evening to appear. As usual the BBQ was fired up and dinner prepared and munched followed by the evening progressing into the red haze. Lights out and off to bed.

During the night, there were a couple of light showers, not enough to top up the puddles. The early birds, Greg and Les were up with the sun. Not sure about the sun as it was a grey sky. They were rattling about, so I raised myself up and put the kettle on. Greg and Les left intending to go upstream and fish down. Slowly people dragged themselves out to greet another day. Breakfast was cooked, fisher folk arrived. Justin appeared looking for Tom.

Plans were made, boats readied and the waters awaited our presence. With our usual steadfast casualness we ventured forth. Mick and Peter were fishing together; Brad (I don't feel well, where's Ralf) and Rod; Tom and Justin (sorry Tom) and I was in the yak. On to the water, we all fished downstream.





I paddled across the river, and worked the shoreline with a deer hair thingy. Foxy and Brad went further down. Brad drove as he was not capable of much else. Foxy did well with a gurgler (aka The Black and Gold). Justin was showing Tom the ropes. It was Tom's first attempt at fly fishing for bass. Mik and Peter worked the shoreline and were rewarded. I poked about, eventually landing a small bass. We all returned for lunch.

After a break for lunch, we settled down for a quiet afternoon. Greg and Les returned. They had been upriver, but as the waters were up, had not been able to access the river. They had fished downstream of Clarence Town.

Around 5pm, those of us up to fishing pushed off, fishing opposite the camp. Those in kayaks mosied about close to the shoreline. The boaties a little further out. Flies were cast, the occasional small bass responded and was released.

As it approached 7pm, I decided to return to camp where there was a red waiting. The ladies and kids had gathered and put out some munchies and were having a good time.



After a few tales and drinks, the BBQ was fired up for dinner.



We all had a good evening, tall tales told, and a few pleasant wines.



Sunday morning, slowly people appeared, and began to have breakfast. After breakfast, we all began to pack up.

Another successful fishing trip.

(Story by Brent Blackwell- Photos ???)

## Stacks of Speckles!





**RAFFLE RAFFLE RAFFLE RAFFLE RAFFLE RAFFLE RAFFLE**

Rod Harrison has donated a flyrod to the club. It is a Temple Fork Outfitters 9', 4 piece, #6, BVK. This is being raffled; it will be drawn at Christmas in July.  
Price \$5-00 per ticket. Club members only. No, you don't have to be at the party to win. I will try to have the ticket book at outings and meetings. Tickets on sale now and up to Christmas in July.

Brent

**RAFFLE RAFFLE RAFFLE RAFFLE RAFFLE RAFFLE RAFFLE**

## Places We Visit



Picture submitted by Peter Sewell



Picture submitted by Mik Ewin



Picture submitted by Greg Hayman



## Josie Crowes 2012

(Story by Brad Kershaw).

A fine body of men (individually suspect though) descended on Cooma for our annual shop at Woollies. Oh this is a fishing trip, I thought it was the Gaelic gathering in the park. Some of my chums knew I was on a health kick so bought me a foot long sausage roll, the first of our excesses for the week. ( nuff said)

Every year you think it's a short trip in to Josie's, until the first drive up the driveway... the 7 hour road trip to Cooma, followed by  $\frac{3}{4}$  hour to the blue letterbox, then two gates and another 25 minutes of bumpy rocks and this is what you see... then it's all worthwhile.



Are we there yet ???



Time for a stretch.



Home for the next week

Foxy started the ball rolling, nice first fish for the week.



We had a walk around the old copper mine.



What do you think this was used for...

There have got to be fish here.

Footnote :- last year I parked my car the other side of those sunken trees in bush shoulder high. How much change a year of water makes.



We had a day on the Gungahlin, the river was running but clear. It's a beautiful stream as you can see on these pictures and I caught 4 fish in this section.



The fish of the Gungahlin are small, but fun, as you catch a few per hour and it teaches you good stream craft.







The highs and lows of fishing the river somewhere. Good river fish Lawrence and gardening aint you strong point. The hat says size matters.



This will make someone laugh. I sat down to take this photo, and for the second time this day I was bitten on the A (derriere) by ants. This is right beside the highway and both Lawrence and I caught fish here.





Some do it tough though. 😊



Well done Foxy, that's the best fish for the trip.



The goodies...

The top Crew



And the man with the last laugh, finally got one to take home. Congratulations Brent...



## Classic Cartoons





## Fishy Links

Another 2 links follow. Many thanks for sending them. Please keep up the good work.

<a href="http://vimeo.com/28795881">http://vimeo.com/28795881</a>	Bit over 5 minutes on the elusive brook trout. Not the same as Aussie brookies but a pretty fish!
<a href="http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=HzxDEzY3oOk">http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=HzxDEzY3oOk</a>	Half an hour of DIY in the art of rod building.

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More than ever I appreciate the need for wading boots that are comfortable and stop me from damaging the few remaining parts of my body that work.

If you are in the market for a new pair of boots at a very competitive price give John a ring and have a chat about these Willy J. Boots. Nothing grips like felt but at the same time felt can be dodgy on icy grass. These are a felt sole with rubber toe and heel tip. Maybe the best of both worlds and at \$140 they won't break the bank.

The only catch is that John only has them in size 10 as they are the last of the current stock which explains the great price.



Several years ago I was happy to say that I never tied my own flies. I recall Greg H. taking me aside for a fatherly chat and I now have a fly tying box that resembles a shipping container!

If you are just starting out this is a great way to start as this kit has most tools and materials you will need to get you up and running.

Take this kit to a club fly tying night and in no time you will experience the thrill of landing a fish on

your own fly.

\*Disclaimer-Fly tying is addictive!!

## Newsletter Wrap Up



That's it for this newsletter. I already have a great article for the next newsletter from Justin on the Barrington Trip and Brent has an article in the pipeline on a special little creek that only he can access.

Lynne and I are off to Goobarragandra in early May so I might even catch a fish and put some fibs together.

Always remember that if a skunk and a rottweiler have a disagreement the dog, in theory, would win but a fight won't happen because the stink is not worth the victory. So until we next meet enjoy your club and play nicely with each other.

Cheers

Glenn O.

