

SINGLETON FLY FISHING CLUB INC. 2002

PROMOTING THE ART OF FLY FISHING IN THE HUNTER VALLEY NSW



YOUR 2012 EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE

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Secretary: Greg Hayman

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Newsletter- August 2012



Firstly, how good was Christmas in July?

Great company, location, food and wine. So many activities to keep everyone involved and embarrassed in some cases with good reason. I promise to never again spend time surfing the net looking for stuff on

My Little Pony!

As the photos of Darren elsewhere in this newsletter show and as you have probably guessed it is still winter although spring is near but this has not stopped some of our hardy members from flogging flies. Well done.

Glenn O.

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

Maitland City Bowling Club
14 Arthur Street
Rutherford
At 6.30pm

Lochlorian July 2012

Story by Darren (Dazza) Foster

After a recent trip in May, the girls decided that they would like to see Lochlorian with a healthy dusting of snow. Now I've been travelling up to Lochlorian in June for five years with my late mate Chad always hoping to get snowed in (we even took extra supplies but still no snow) so July, bring it on!

After a pie and cuppa at Gloucester and picking up of some last minute supplies we headed off on the last leg of the trip up and over Kar Killer Mountain (AKA Carson's Peak, Thunderbolts Way). On arrival the weather at Lochlorian was sunny, breezy and a balmy ten degrees at the house and even balmier seven down at the cabin.



Once the gear was unpacked, food stowed and drinks on ice, rods were rigged and the tinny readied. No wait, the drinks were already on ice from Gloucester. Beer O'clock.

Out on the water the mantra soon became "was that a hit" with the mandatory reply "dunno, can't feel my fingers". Despite the cold I kitted up in the waders got dropped off over the other side of the dam and went

wading. After following and casting to a rising trout along thirty metres of bank without even so much as a look at the little ice-block I was presenting to it and all the others rising around me, some within two rods lengths away and sometimes closer. I was just about to cast to a likely victim when my concentration was broken by my sister yelling out that she'd just caught her first trout ever. Now I'm still not sure whether she actually landed the trout in the tinny or whether the trout jumped in to the tinny from sheer fright. I know I was shivering! Or was that just the cold?

Now here's a tip to keep warm on a cold winters day. Cut some firewood with the trusty axe. And get some much needed exercise (puff, pant, whheeezzze). Or better still; stand by the nice warm fire whilst your older sister cuts firewood with a pull saw. Priceless.



Friday night fell with the promise of snow. Temperatures plummeted to one degree and at one stage what sounded like rain on the ole' tin roof after further investigation turned out to be sleet. Oh well, back to the fire. A few more drinks, a bit of planning for tomorrow and off to bed. Still no snow.

Saturday dawned with bright sun, patches of cloud with a light breeze and managed to climb to an extreme all day high of four degrees. The water looked good, trout were rising and everyone was pumped and ready.....to stay in the warmth of the cabin. Come on guys. A close inspection of the feeder creek revealed a few small trout sitting in the headers building

up stream to go through the riffles into the next little pool. Billy's Creek which the dam over flows into on the bottom side showed trout with the same determination to head up stream. I managed a nice rainbow to 360mm in the head of the dam. Regaled in full spawning colors this young buck was a splendid sight indeed.

After a full day of flogging the water for a total of four trout we made a bee-line for the cabin for some well-earned warmth around the fire or gas heater, hot cuppa and a bit of afternoon tucker. Later on after tea we all retired to the fires edge for a few libations before bed. Then came the mad dash for the beds where pinned under sheets, blankets and dooners we all slept the sleep of dreamers. Still no snow.

Sunday dawned, a bright and clear blue sky with a light dusting of minus four degrees.

Trout were rising everywhere so with a quick change of flies out I head. Now I've had the runners ice over before on previous trips but this time the runners were ringed with ice from the wet line passing through them. The only reason they never iced over completely was from the friction of the fly line constantly passing rasping through which by the way sounded like a blunt chainsaw working its way through hardwood. I spotted more trout rising further along but by the time I reached them my fly rod was completely frozen over. I thought the battery was going flat as the tinny made its way back to shore slower and slower. The battery either froze over or the cold drained the power.



One of the few trout caught over the weekend. Stealth has nothing to do with it here at Lochlorian I can assure you. When they are on the chew here they will hit anything no matter what and when they're not, they're definitely not. I have had trout swim through my legs whilst feeding on fish pellets and practically ignore anything else in the water around them. On other trips I have caught a trout every second to third cast. The trout of Lochlorian have fallen to all manner of spinners of colors, shapes and designs on

their own or rigged behind a dodger or cowbell rig, soft plastics, hard body lures and off course flies. Madam X's, Craig's night-time, pink Czech nymphs, woolly buggers, egg patterns, yellow stimulators, deer hair caddis are all successful flies. My preferred outfit is a 5/6# Strudwick Explorer with an Osprey Graphite reel, 6WFF line with a 6lb leader.

Well, we didn't see snow, but we caught some trout, ate some fine food, and had a few drinks (ok, probably more than a few). All agreed to a successful weekend and a return in the future although the girls have voted for a warmer climate.

Stress Test (Thanks Darren for Caring!)

This is an excellent stress test!

The following photo has 2 identical dolphins in it.

Look at both dolphins jumping out of the water. The dolphins are identical.

A closely monitored, scientific study of a group revealed that in spite of the fact that the dolphins are identical; a person under stress would find differences in the two dolphins. If there are many differences found between both dolphins, it means that the person is experiencing a great amount of stress.

Look at the photograph, and if you find more than one or two differences, it's time for you to go fishing.



Photos from Our June Outing

And if you blow up the photos like I did you will see the flys Greg tied that worked so well.





Bass on Wednesdays

By Justin Smith

Every now and then, a mate comes up with a great idea that simply has no down side.

So when a couple of week ago, Laurie rings me up at work and suggests that this Wednesday, we should leave work a little early, head up to St Clair and target inshore Bass, I hesitated for just a second to look at the size of my 'in-tray', and said, 'yep count me in'.

On our first soiree to the 'lemon tree' shore line at St Clair, Peter Sewell, Lawrence and I collectively took in the late afternoon vista of Lake St Clair and vowed we would never take it's beauty for granted before we rigged up and walked to the shore for our first casts.



For two weeks in a row now, we reached these shores in peak fishing time. Most activity being between 5 to 7pm, with fish rising and gulping, foraging close in and also on the edges of drop offs.

On the first week Peter Lawrence and I took the plunge, with Brent Blackwell making up a foursome on the second session.

In our first week, both Peter and Lawrence both scored fish, four taken for the session. All robust football heavy shouldered bass in the 35cm range, and in the second afternoon I employed that age old successful technique of sticking with and casting over the line of whoever happened to be catching fish at any particular time and this worked a treat.

We collectively took 6 fish for the session with many more being lost in bust offs and straightened hooks.

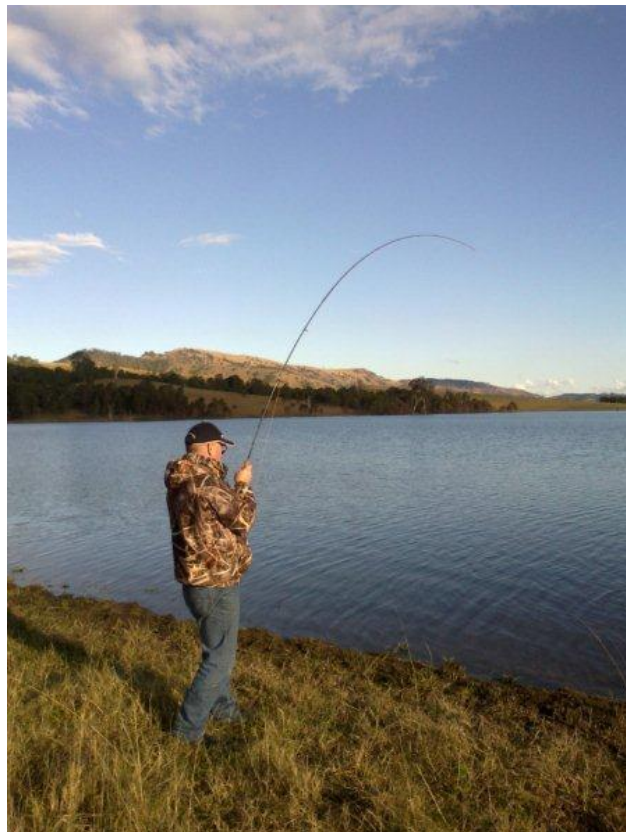
The flies of choice so far have been Trev variants, bushy variants, and vampire variants. This one below accounting for the biggest fish of the session at 40cm.





The secret fly !

The session also presented a surprise or two, with the following picture showing me being absolutely buried by a large eel which took a liking to a bait fish fly on my second cast of the afternoon.





I never got the chance to see if this eel was foul hooked or not, but either way, it was out of control and in deep over the drop off before I could say where's my camera!



So the smile says it all. It looks like I was the star of these expeditions, which is far from the truth. Thanks again to LB, who put me on fish again and again.

For the absolute purist catch and release souls amongst us, please looked away now, as I mention as a foot note that a bass or two made it to an oven that evening, set at 180 degrees, for about 20 minutes, simply wrapped in foil with some seasoning lemon and butter, and all I can say is yum!

The in-tray will always be there, but these magic winter sessions will not.

What would you decide?

Warabrook Fishing

No story but most would agree carp are fun.



Brad's New Rod

Those who attended Christmas in July would know that Brad was the winner of the Temple Fork fly rod generously donated by Rod Harrison.

The rod was christened the following day as Brad's email outlines.

"I christened the 6wt rod this arvo, please check out the photos attached.

The Carp I caught in Warabrook dam was over 6lb and pulled the kayak around the dam for probably 10 minutes, before I could get it near the net. It almost didn't fit.(technical details Burley bread, Bread fly, size 4, tippet 6lb, taken just sub surface, on a figure of 8 retrieve.)

Regards Brad

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SFFC Answers the Big Questions (Again)

Dear readers.

As you all know your beloved editor is not afraid to tackle and expose the big issues.

Remember how we outed Donald Duck and exposed the person who discovered how to milk cows?

Well again I have fearlessly answered a question that has been argued about over generations.

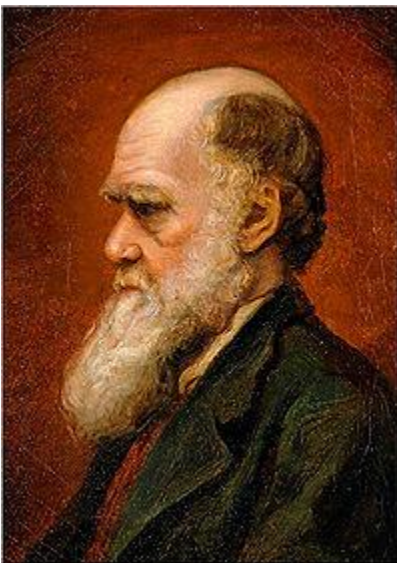
Lives have been taken and red wine spilt around the campfire but no more!

Today we solve-What is correct?

Did we evolve or were we created by a benevolent omnipresent being?

Darwins Theory of Evolution versus Creationism?

Or



Battles



As detailed elsewhere in this fearless newsletter Brad Kershaw recently won a fine 4 piece fly rod and christened it on a 6lb carp.

What you may not know is that not long after while casting it in his yard it broke and **evolved** into a 5 piece rod which rendered it useless.

Another member of our club who shall remain nameless some time ago purchased a 5 piece fly rod **created** by the benevolent and omnipresent R.L. Winston Rod Co..

The years have gone by but the created rod continues to cast awesomely and catch fish in a manner unsurpassed by rods that evolved from 4 pieces into 5 pieces.

This proves conclusively that Darwin was wrong and that perfection comes from a creator.

Classic Cartoons



My wife once reminded me that I can never remember birthdays or other important dates but can identify nearly every fly ever tied.

Let this be a lesson to all members!

Fishy Links

Thanks Mik and Brad for some new links.

http://midcurrent.com/experts/learning-the-double-haul/ http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=d8idd4kgXY4	Double hauling made possible.
http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=NQ-AXvVbKkE&feature=related http://www.youtube.com/user/reelresources	Wisdom from Lefty Kreh. Need I say more?
http://www.youtube.com/watch?feature=player_detailpage&v=2rPpr5s-c-s	Nail knots made easy by John Coles
http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=WwRrKaq0IyY	Our new club song?

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Newsletter Wrap Up



Well that's all for now.

The warm weather is just around the corner and the weed in St Clair is dying back.

In only a little over a month the trout season opens followed by the carp bash and just in case you are looking for more club activity our casting weekend is on 8th September (talk to Terry Ellis for more information or check your emails). Did I mention the Rise Film Festival?

Always remember that a day without fishing is like a day without sunshine.

Untill we next meet stay safe and play nicely together.

Glenn



