

SINGLETON FLY FISHING CLUB INC. 2002

PROMOTING THE ART OF FLY FISHING IN THE HUNTER VALLEY NSW



YOUR 2013 EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE

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Newsletter- Autumn 2013



Things are happening so fast in 2013 it feels like most of the year has passed.

On the fishing front it is fair to say things have been a little tough.

In my part of the world the bass were on fire in the Nepean in the run up to Christmas but then the rain came and end of story.

Even Glenbawn was quiet over the new year.

Reports from the club trips to Clarence Town and Eucumbene told of a few fish but many casts in between them.

Even the Blue Mountains are not giving up fish but hopefully this will change as the weather cools down.

One thing we fly fishers can always do is play with our toys and/or tie flies.

As can be seen by the lovely reel pictured above my will power gave up and I went shopping.

No I didn't need it and I certainly could not afford it but my new Cheeky Ambush is the sexiest reel I have ever owned and looks brilliant on my Winston.

Never give up and keep believing that on the fishing front the best is yet to come.

Cheers

Glenn

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

Maitland City Bowling Club
14 Arthur Street
Rutherford
At 6.30pm

Relationship Advice From Darren Foster



A fellow was walking down the street when a particularly shabby-looking homeless man asked for a couple of dollars for dinner.

The fellow took out his wallet, extracted ten dollars and asked, "If I give you this money, will you buy some dinner instead of beer?"

"Yes, I had to stop drinking years ago," the homeless man replied.

"Will you spend this on a new rod and reel instead of food?" the fellow asked.

"Are you NUTS!" replied the homeless man. "I haven't fished in 20 years!"

"Well," said the fellow, "I'm going to take you home for a shower and a terrific dinner cooked by my wife."

The homeless man was astounded. "Won't your wife be furious with you for doing that?"

The fellow replied, "That's okay. It's important for her to see what a man looks like after he has given up drinking and fishing."

Thanks for sharing such wisdom – Darren. There is something in this story for all of us.

Australia Day at Sussex Inlet

(Photos by Ross Hardy-Barker)

This event was organized by The Australian Men's Shed Association.

So what is a Men's shed?

The following is reproduced from their web site. Please take time to read this.

Most men have learned from our culture that they don't talk about feelings and emotions.

There is little encouragement for men to take an interest in their own health and well being.

Most men are reluctant to talk about their emotions and that means they often don't ask for help. Probably because of this many men are less healthy than woman. Men drink more, take more risks. Relationship breakdowns, divorce or retrenchment are just some of the problems men find hard to deal with on their own.

This fine association is one of the most powerful tools we have in helping men to again become valued and valuable members of their community.

For further information their website is www.mensshed.org



Through Lawrence, Cherie and Jenna Blackburn our club was invited to promote fly fishing at this event. Glenn, Brent and a friend Ross also joined in.

A great day was had Saturday putting on casting demonstrations and fly tying sessions and generally talking to people about the mysterious art of fly fishing. Flies were tied and given to people who came by and had a chat.

The day was spent meeting and greeting people and generally having a bit of fun. Casting demonstrations helped get people interested as they saw how easy it is to cast a line.

We have already been invited down for next year for those who may want to consider coming down and having some fun. The event acted as a fundraiser was very successful.

Maybe next year others may be able to get involved.



Strange Co-Incidence but True



Best Wishes to Lawrence and Cherie

Love the kinky leg accessories!



My Island Dream

by Rod Dillon

I am sure that at some time we have thought how good it would be to travel to an island where we could fly fish to our hearts content, where the fish have rarely seen a fly and you have magical beaches and a river from the sea all to yourself. Where the weather is kind at a constant 25 to 30 degrees daily whilst at home temperatures were reaching the high 40's. where the wind is indeed my friend and for all bar two days was a light breeze. Nevertheless the two windy days were unfishable so 4 out of 6 wasn't bad

Well such a place I recently visited much to Lorraine and my delight and we will return for longer visits where possible. No I am not telling you where it is suffice to say that it was one of approximately fifty islands in its proximity.

My host Shayne, a keen fly fisherman, wanted to show me a spot where he had caught salmon, albeit on lures, and the plan was to fish a river in the north east of the island on an incoming tide. He stated the tide became quite strong as it flowed in and we would only have a limited window being the last of the run out and perhaps twenty minutes of the run in. It was necessary for us to walk onto drained flats that would fill with the incoming tide and if we left our departure too long we would be wading out through some strong and deepish water.

Having got an estimate of the turn of the tide and allowing for our trip time of approximately one hour (fair sized island eh!) we set off. Arriving at the mouth we could see that the tide was still on the out. We discussed several locations and both agreed that the go was where we were advised 2 posts were sticking out of the water about 100 metres apart on the river bed at low tide was the go.

Walking the drained flats we could see that had in fact turned. elected to midway point the posts and Pink Thing. I down to the nearest the and tied on a White with black This fly is a on the clouser and is still to tie.



across flats we the tide just Shayne start at a between tied on a moved post mouth Simple Clouser eyes. variation ordinary simpler Second

cast had me snagged on some rocks which I had in fact thought was weed. Glancing along the bank I was aware of a steep drop off and the rocks ran all the way back to Shayne and beyond.

As I walked past Shane I said it was too rocky and I would try further down towards the other post. He said that he had had a small whiting follow. Walking along looking at the water I saw a large sandy area between the rocks. I fired out a cast a reasonable distance and back upstream and allowed the fly to run with the current. The 300 gram intermediate sink shooting head did its job and got it down. Reaching IRS downward swing I gave a tentative strip and immediately felt the full weight of something that was certainly not a small whiting.

Shayne had seen the strike and yelled out could he help in some way. I replied ***Yeah, come down and take a photo for me*** and then realised how stupid that was as the hard work in landing the fish had only just began. Fortunately I was using my Sage XI3 and not say a Thomas & Thomas and so pressure was applied straight away with me moving the rod to counteract the fish's movement. It took some line but the whole fight was hand lining it in. It travelled sideways back and forth and on reaching the drop off I could tell it was not a happy chappie. This was the first time we saw colour and Shayne correctly called salmon and a good one. The water was only ankle deep after the drop off so one of its sideways rushes I made the decision that now was the time and lifted the rod high and walked backwards with full pressure on the fish. Nope didn't work until the next time when I managed to drag it from its comfort zone into mine.

Shane quickly tailed it and it was brought clear of the water. It was a nice fish at 4 to 5 pounds and had given me a good idea of the fighting ability of a salmon on fly.



Rod and the salmon

Having taken the obligatory photos it was time to high tail it out. We kept the salmon as Shayne wanted to smoke it saying they were a delight to eat that way. The unfortunate thing was that we only had a window to fish of approximately

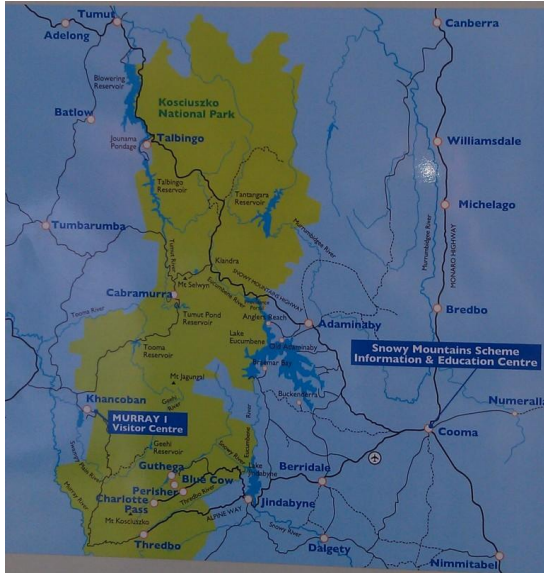
30 minutes on this occasion and if we had done our sums right it could have been a lot longer. We fished a couple of other locations on the way back but to be quite honest the Canon DSLR I was carrying seemed to take precedence over the fly.

We further fly fished another couple of days off a pier and managed a number of Silver Trevalley which on a 5 wt put up a good fight. The pier accounted for a number being lost.



Eucembene 2013 Pictorial

Article by Brad Kershaw. Many thanks to the various photographers.



We started from a new location near Adaminaby opposite Josie Crows so it should have been as good.



We start each day with a hearty breakfast (hey don't show that to my wife)



Morning over the lake looks good



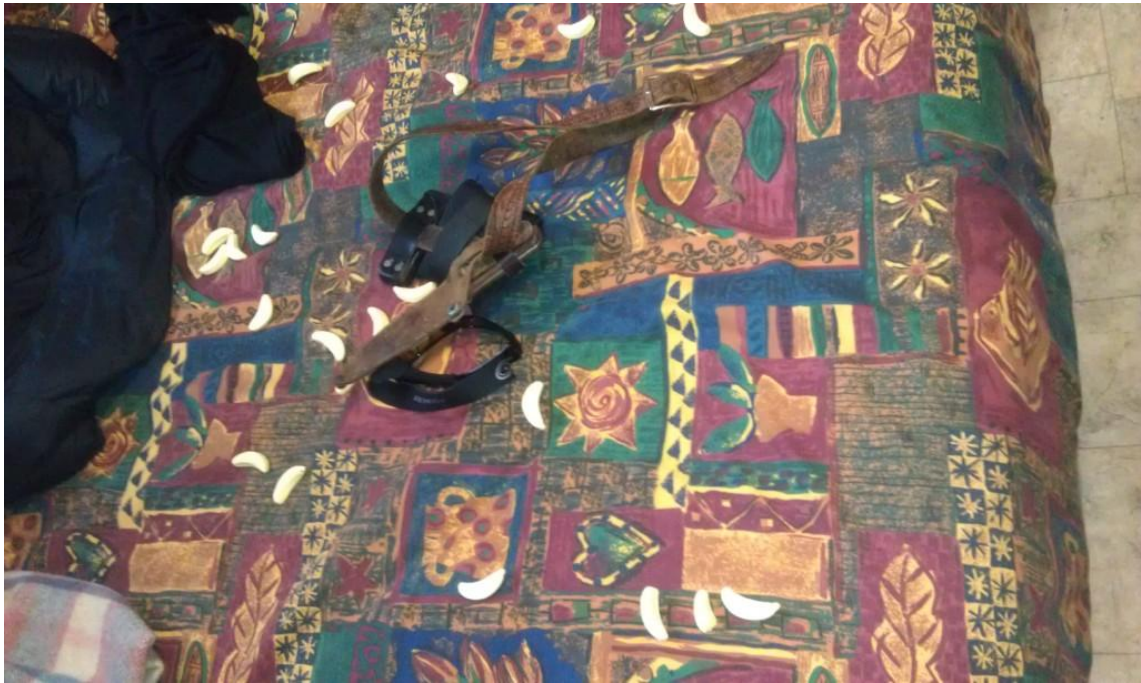
Coulamine hut on the way to Blue waterholes looks like a good place for lunch



Wish you were here



Copper infused water at Blue Water holes but no fish



If you can't catch fish catch Bananas



Yippee one to write about



It's a dray mate



Brent took us to Tantangra bike riding



6 Km later, the crossing



Good cast Foxy now where are those fish you just spooked



We saw Brumbies wild



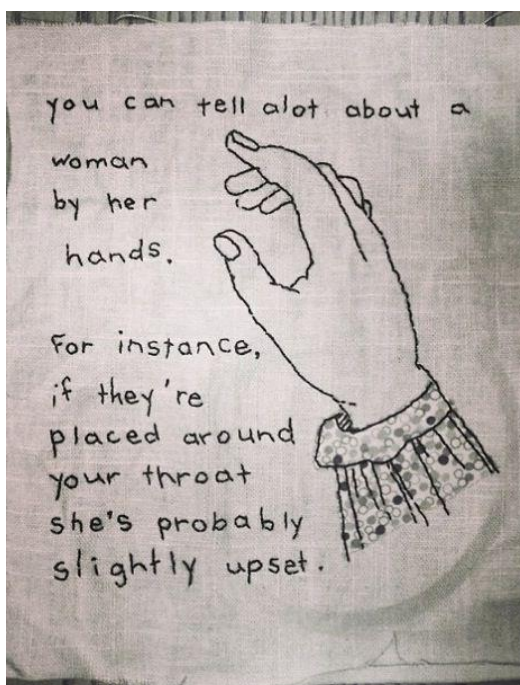
Heather and Benny joined in

Will we be back next year of course

Fishy Links

http://deaddriftflies.com/	Inspiring stuff. No excuses for not having a go !
http://www.flyangleronline.com/flytying/fotw2/121001fotw.php	I tied this fly and can vouch that it works
www.flytyerman.blogspot.com	Many of you will know Paul Fedeles from Sydney Fly Rodders. He is a master fly tier and this site is great

Classic Cartoon



Sponsors 2013



www.proangler.com.au/



<http://www.flynguide.com.au>

John will be moving the shop to 17 Brodie Street Rydalmere shortly.
Directly opposite Rydalmere railway station. Await further news.



Newsletter Wrap Up



Well as Bugs Bunny said that's all folks.

Thanks so much to all the members who contributed to this newslettter.

Lot's of fishing coming with trips to the Blue Mountains and Pejar to look forward to.

Nothing beats playing in a new pond.

See you all on the water somewhere soon.

Cheers

Glenn

