



2020 October Newsletter

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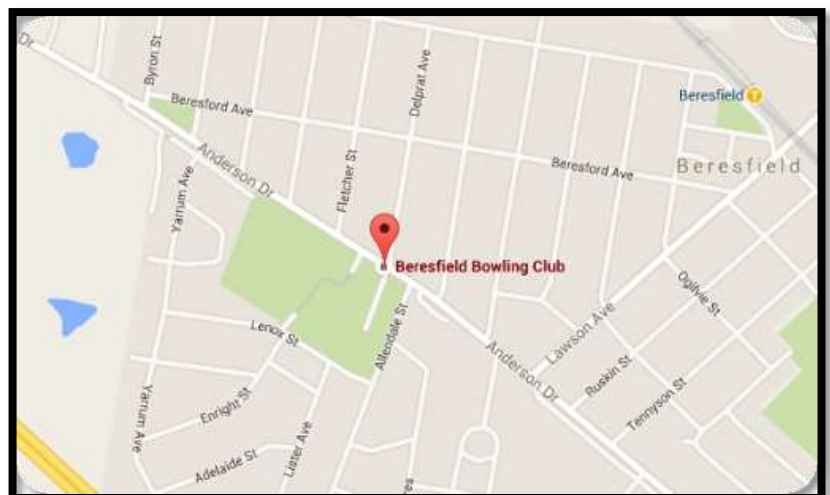
Peter Sewell

Kevin Croft

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

Beresfield Bowling Club
Anderson Drive
Bersefield
At 7.00 pm



Editor's comments

Jeff Yates



October has been a busy month, with an unofficial Lake Lyell club trip and several St Clair trips. I was unable to get as far as Lake Lyell due to family commitments, but I did pop down to Thompsons Creek for a throw. Peter met me out there, the others must have had a premonition of the night ahead and stayed in camp. We fished hard from 5pm until around 10pm with little action. Maybe the empty carpark was a giveaway, however, the scenery was spectacular, hills lovely and green from winter rains, and we did walk 13.7 kms over the session, enough to get our aging hearts thumping.

St Clair has recovered after a winter fish kill, with several trips this month scoring good fish. Now the water has started to warm, yellas and silvers have been a welcome surprise. One particular trip with Darren, Peter and Lawrence, saw Lawrence score more than a dozen bass before dark fishing rocky drop-offs using a weighted fly. See his interesting and humorous article on his fly and how he fishes it.

Shane has also been getting amongst them, and nearly hit the St Clair grand slam of bass, silver and a yellow. Unfortunately, a catfish got in the way of a yella, but I would be happy with that, as a cattie is not an everyday catch for us fly fishermen.

Brad and Brent have been out and about the Northern Tablelands, and had a session at Ebor, but found the going tough having to share the waters with a throng of baities and lure fishermen. Brad has included a report on the trip, and Brent has reported on a new found spot on the Williams.

It may have gone un-noticed, but I have been digging up old photos and adding them to galleries within each newsletter. My apologies to those that I have not included, but I can only work with the photos I have, mostly which I have taken. If you go fishing in a group or on your own, please send your photos through with a story. Try and take shots that tell a story and talk about it for all of us to enjoy. It's your newsletter, not mine!

Allan has again generously provided another article for our enjoyment. He is an accomplished caster and fisherman, and I enjoy reading his words of wisdom.

Thanks to the numerous contributors this month, it really makes my job easier. Don't make this a one off, please keep contributing to your newsletter and help make it a success. Are there any offers on taking on the editors role?

President's Report



Welcome to the October Newsletter for 2020.

I hope all of you and your families are staying healthy and well. Please continue to do the right thing by practicing good hygiene and social distancing whilst out and about. It goes to show that by doing the right thing obviously makes a huge difference within our community.

After asking in last month's newsletter if members were keen to start meetings again or stick to zoom, with the overwhelming replies or lack there-of I would say we will continue with the zoom meetings for the time being.

I finally got out for a fish with Pete, Jeff and Lawrence at St Clair. Although only landing one fish for the evening, it was good to get back to waving the big wand again. The casting was a bit rusty which high-lights the fact that practice can and does make a huge difference.

Next month's Let's Fish Lake Mac competition kicks off on Friday 13th November and finishes on Sunday 15th November, all you have to do is catch, photograph and release the four target fish species: bream, flathead, tailor and whiting. With more than \$20,000 in prizes up for grabs, what could be more special than to win a prize on fly.

Check out www.lakemac.com.au for more info.

Remember, if you have a fly pattern or something else fly related and you want to share it with the club, utilise the club's email or the club's Facebook page or send it through to Jeff for inclusion in the newsletter.

During the current situation you may feel overwhelmed by all that is happening. If you are struggling, please, and I really stress please, talk to someone. If you have no one to talk to there are other options:

Life Line Phone: 13 11 14 (24 hours/7 days); Text: 0477 13 11 14 (6pm – midnight AEDT, 7 nights); Chat online: <https://www.lifeline.org.au/crisis-chat> (7pm - midnight, 7 nights)

Or: NSW Mental Health Line: 1800 011 511: Mental health crisis telephone service in NSW.

If you are looking for answers or advice check out: www.health.nsw.gov.au or health.gov.au

Stay safe people and I look forward to talking with you on Zoom or over the phone (when I can).

The bass were just dying waiting for me to come and catch them. (yes, there is an “artificial” fly in its mouth)

Darren Foster
President, HVFFC 2020



Month	Date	Venue/Event	Trip Master	Contact Number
January	18 th	Fly Tying @ Mai Wei with BWC Flies	Darren	0413392774
February	05 th	Club Meeting at Bero Bowlo	All	
February	28 th , 29 th , 01 st M	Lake St Clair — Bass, Yellowbelly	Rod Fox	
March	06 th	Club Meeting at Bero Bowlo	All	0407195508
March	27 th , 28 th , 29 th	Lithgow — Lake Lyall	Rod Fox	0407195508
April	03 th	Club Meeting at Bero Bowlo	All	
April	11 th —TBC	Bunyah — Silver Perch	Patrick	0458781675
April				
May	01 st	Club Meeting at Bero Bowlo	All	
May				
May				
June	05 th	Club Meeting at Bero Bowlo	All	
June	12 th , 13 th , 14 th	Lake St Clair — Bass, Yellowbelly		
June				
July	03 rd	Club Meeting at Bero Bowlo	All	
July	18 th —TBC	Xmas in July & Club Awards Night	Cherie	0410555019
July				
August	07 th	Club Meeting at Bero Bowlo	All	
August	TBC	RISE Film Festival — Bero Bowlo	Darren	0413392774
August	TBC	Swansea Salmon Classic		
September	04 th	Club Meeting via Zoom	All	
September				
September				
October	2 nd	AGM/General Club Meetings at Bero Bowlo	All	
October	16 th , 17 th , 18 th	Lithgow — Lake Lyall	Rod & Narelle Fox	0407195508
October				
November	06 th	Club Meeting Zoom	All	
November	13 th , 14 th , 15 th	St Clair Club Presentation Day	Rod & Narelle Fox	0407195508
December	4 th	Club Meeting at Bero Bowlo	All	

The Grand Slam

Shane Navin

What an extremely tough year of fishing it has been, with rapidly falling water levels the entire winter season. Fishing was pretty well non-existent, with the banks covered in a thick weed mat in excess at least 15 ft from the shore. In search of a fishable stretch, I have walked the entire shoreline from the old ramp at the dam wall to the furthest point of Lemon Tree, believing there will be a good run to fish somewhere. However, after hundreds of miles walked and many thousands of loops thrown, I had not experienced much joy in the catching department.

It's amazing how the environment changes the fishing conditions, it's all a learning experience to adopt new techniques and new areas are forced to be explored.

Turn back the clock a year to the day, when I experienced one of the best sessions of fishing during the middle of the day with Brett Clarke, where cricket scores of bass were caught, I still wonder now how that was possible. After that day an idea was conceived, how can this possibly be topped? The new challenge to land a silver, bass and yellow in the one session; *the St Clair grand slam*!

After some good rain, a blessing and also the cause of many dead bass. Who would know the numbers, definitely in the high hundreds, if not more. It was not a good sight walking past all the dead frames scattered along the banks.

September 27. Twin soaks

Warmer weather is here and other areas had been fishing well, so I thought that Twin Soaks would be my best chance. After 10 minutes of fishing I had landed a good silver in the mid 40s. A short stroll further towards the rock wall, I managed 2 bass and I was feeling pretty good at this point, after all the fishing has been tough to date, but, hopefully the lake has turned.



Skipping the rock wall and starting again at the point looking out to the lake it dawned on me that all I need now is a Yellow Belly. I have not caught one for a while, but with how the other fish took the fly, I was hopeful one may be cruising the shallower warming water. The next fish I hooked I knew was definitely not a bass by the fight; *is this it*

Nope a healthy cat fish.

A new leader was attached due to a wind knot "shit cast", as I proceeded to fish the final stretch. First cast with the new leader and the take was powerful; I was not sure if it was a really big bass or something else, then during the fight with the

changing direction and deep dives I guessed a silver and it was, a great fish going 54, a quick photo and a good release. In no more than 10 casts in the same area I managed to pull another silver from the same area in the mid 40s.

No grand slam but that was good enough for me. A great day was had, resulting in 5 bass, 3 silvers and a cat fish, all fish were caught on Brett's flies and the silvers taking a liking to the green variation.

It looks like hundreds of miles more to be walked and many thousands of casts to be had, *in the hope of the elusive grand slam.*



Mojo

Jeff Yates

Definition - slang: *Mojo* is defined as good luck, charm or skill that seems to come from something magical or supernatural, which comes and goes, for reasons unknown. Some may call it “arsey”.

Have you ever been fishing with someone, and they seem to catch fish after fish, and meanwhile you are side by side using the same rig, fly and retrieve style and are consistently missing out, and you shout “I’ve definitely lost my *mojo* today!” You compensate by casting harder, further, retrieving faster, striking at any bump and commenting about luck, arse, better water, arthritis, etc etc. Numerous fly changes, leader replacements and praying to your particular fishing deity just doesn’t seem to bring results.

I think *mojo* is a sixth sense, it’s a special feeling you have as you retrieve your fly, it’s the way you hold your tongue, it’s the feel on the end of the line, the smoothness of the cast, it’s confidence in your ability and tackle, it’s a number of things; but when you lose your *mojo*, it can be really deflating.

By way of example, a trip to NZ a number of years back, fishing with club members both present and past, and our super organiser, Justin, had well and truly lost his *mojo*. As the days passed and he went fishless, all finesse was thrown out the window as he thrashed the water to froth, went off his tucker and cursed, trying to score just one decent fish. It must have been the long walk, down the midge infested Timaru creek and over the many kilometres of smooth river stones lining the lake’s edge to the back of Lake Hawea, where a number of large cruising rainbows were sighted. Justin, like all of our small troop, was sucking in the big breaths and peering into the water at these apparitions. Were they real or imagined? He pulled out his 80mm feathered fly, more suitable to a salmon, but hardly a trout; still, nothing else had worked for him to date. Is it worth tapping him on the shoulder and offering advice, or should you just allow him to work things out for himself? In this case we just wisely stepped back and watched him. Acknowledging he had lost his *mojo*, I was now wondering whether he had also lost his marbles! Still, when your *mojo* deserts you, **only you can change things around**. Justin let fly with a beautiful cast and a pirouette, crossed himself and spat a curse.....

The line was pulsed back in with measured short tugs, and bang he was on. Much excitement, but it didn’t last. The fish flicked off, a further deflation of the ego. A lesser man would have snapped his rod over his knee, and anyone else’s who may unfortunately be watching, but not Justin. An inner strength, that sixth sense reared its head at last, he confidently cast out over the weed bed, into clear water beyond. A deep breathe, a calculated mend to the line, a purposeful caress of the 6wt floating line, another short pulse and all hell broke loose. Justin’s reel drag screamed as the muscled leviathan sought freedom in the lake’s depths. The struggle went on for what seemed ages, Justin running to the water’s edge in response to powerful runs, then backing up the cobbled shores as the fish tired, before, the now patient and enthused angler, led the solid silvery fish to the landing net. The whooping, handstands, fist pumps and kisses that followed were a true indication that his *mojo* has returned!

To those who doubt the presence of *mojo*, the above example is real, not imagined, I witnessed the transformation of a man down in the dumps, but having got back his confidence (aka *mojo*), went on to catch a number of beautiful fish, every one caught with total confidence and ability. Check out the photos, the face tells the story.....



Fly by Design

By Lawrence Blackburn

After over a year away from Lake St Clair, mostly due to work commitments I had the opportunity to fish with Darren, Peter, and Jeff a couple of days ago. As I was being driven there, taken to where all the fish are and Cherie said I could go, what else was there to do but tie a few flies the afternoon beforehand, as I'm presently out of work I've got time on my hands.

I sat down in front of the TV with a glass of wine at hand and rummaged through the box holding some but definitely not all of my tying material. I had an idea that I should tie another Trev's variant which has been highly successful over the years. I always tie four of the new patterns, if it works I have spares, if it doesn't work I have flies to give away. Note: be wary of people giving away flies!

When I fish the lake, I use an intermediate line often in moderately deep water about five to ten metres, I can fish shallows, but the retrieve has to be reasonably quick to avoid snags on the bottom. The fly I tied, magically overcame some issues that I have had in the past and I am now going to claim them as part of the original design, i.e. I meant to tie it that way.



So I noticed when I had tied the fly and I dropped it on the table that it immediately sat down with its tail sticking up in the air (as above), obviously the bead head was doing that, but it was in conjunction with the fact that I had used a light nymph hook size 8 and the fact that I had done six to eight wraps of a size 14 dry fly hackle. This gave the hackle some level of rigidity, which when getting to the bottom allowed it to keep the barb of the hook away or bounce over any potential snags, *obviously part of the design*.

Another purpose (designed of course) of the multiple hackle wraps is that it pushes a lot of water as it is pulled through (I noticed this when I was about to cast and had the fly near me in the shallows) and creates a pressure wave that our friendly bass pick up through their lateral line and come looking for a feed.

The bead head serves two purposes, it gets the fly down nice and quickly and helps to some degree to drag the 14lb tippet through the water. When I am retrieving like most people I strip three times then pause, with the addition of the bead head the fly gently goes up, up, up, then is taken back down by the bead head which if you think back to your lure casting days was achieved similarly by raising the rod tip up then winding in loose line as the rod tip went back down, often resulting in a strike as the lure was heading back down.

You can see from the photo below with the fly sitting level the hackle is longer than the hook gape is wide, this, as part of the design (I believe) helped me avoid any upcoming snags, as it was front heavy the hackle helped the fly 'trip' over any potential branches or weed. I did manage to pull up some small weed but in a fishing session from 4pm to 8.30pm no fly was lost to the lake.



As bass have quite a sharp mouth and can tend to destroy flies, I paid particular attention during the tying process to using glue/cement on a regular basis, after the bead was on the hook I wrapped the black thread behind the bead to keep it in place then down the length of the shank then applied a layer of cement.

I then got two small Cocky Bonddu (dark brown) feathers from the cape, one from the left side and one from the right side and measured them to the length of the hook and tied them in so they splayed out from each other (not that visible in the photo), I added the tip of the brass wire (32 gauge) and then applied cement to the end and let it set. As you can imagine the wire not only provides the rib effect but also holds the dubbing in place making the body more robust.

For the dubbing I used what I had in the box, it happened to be Life Cycle Nymph Dubbing Medium Olive which I blended with Antron Dubbing Red Brown in colour, for me natural colours work best and the blend of the two colours works more better. I wound black thread up to the back of the bead with the dubbing along the hook shank, I then did a quick loop knot and a bit of cement. I then wound the wire ribbing in the opposite direction along the body and did a few extra wraps behind the bead and tied it off, and again a drop of cement.

From there I loosely took the thread back about 4mm and tied in the size 14 dry fly hackle, in my case I could turn the handle on the fly vice to rotate the fly and lead the hackle to the front of the fly, from there it was tied off and trimmed. When putting the hackle on make sure it points slightly backward, you will find winding in one direction the hackle will lean forward to the eye of the hook and in the other direction the hackle will lean backward towards the pointy bit, we want backward leaning.

When attaching to the 14lb tippet I always use a loop as I find this gives the fly much more freedom to swim as naturally as it can when attached to the leader, there are no set rules as to how to fish this fly, vary the retrieve to see what works. I caught fish on this fly from 4.30pm in bright sunlight right through to about 8pm (daylight saving time) when the sun had fully set and it was quite dark. At this point it is time to bring out the Craigs Night-time and start again or pack up and find a cuppa.

Hopefully this story might at least give you a few ideas on your next bass pattern, I can say it worked very well at Lake St Clair in moderately deep water and I didn't have to walk far along the bank.

The following photo shows the fly in action, well after the action with a happy fisherman and not so happy bass, he was released back to the water and lived to fight another day.



Happy days on the water, below Jeff casting into the bright sunlight.



The bass are out there you just need to find them. Good luck on your next adventure.



Williams River at Bandon Grove

Brett Blackwell

Some time ago, I was talking to Les, he had been fishing at Bandon Grove. I put this into my memory.

It was a wet day and I needed to get out, so off I went to explore. Heading towards Dungog, taking the road to Chichester Dam. About 12km out of Dungog there is the bridge crossing the Williams, here you find a park. I am not sure if camping is allowed, this needs to be checked with Dungog Council. The lower area is a bit rough and muddy, but it is mowed, and there is a toilet block, picnic shelter and bins.



Upstream of the bridge, there is a small weir. Access is a bit rocky. Once down on to the weir, good access to the water allows you to proceed up stream. While standing on the weir, a mullet jumped.





There is access to the river at the base of the bridge. Here you can travel downstream. I will have to look at coming up here for an afternoon fish during summer.



Ebor

Brad Kershaw



Brent and myself ventured to Ebor for the season opener weekend. Friday night at the pub everyone was excited and ready for an early morning kick off But we were surprised at some.

Brad called "coffee on," at 7 am which finally moved the worker from his cot. I thought retired guys were supposed to be the ones that lie in bed.

By the time we hit the water beside the point there were 8 fisher folk in the closest 2 holes, 11 between there and the falls and growing in numbers. But no one catching anything.

The water was a little browner than usual but still relatively clear and insects were hatching, mainly greyish spinners; but no rises. Ahh, we put that down to the number of spin sticks throwing metal into the water turning it to froth.

Try as we may, not one touch on the fly. I think I spooked one in the rapids but not sure.

Then some young guys came past and told us "We bagged out at 4am this morning, but haven't caught a thing since." They also said some were leaving the water when they arrived. I saw only two other fish over the weekend. Both in the 2-3lb size and slabby.

The story emerged over the weekend talking to fishermen and a truck driver, that the bushfires had annihilated the rivers and streams around Ebor. The locals bought in a truck load of 3lb trout from the hatchery, 2 weeks before the opening and dumped them in the pool next to the pub for the tourists. No fish of any other size were caught.

Well the scenery was great and we had a great few days wandering the banks and flicking a line. Maybe next year.





The Trout Season

The original banner for *Casting Around* used to read” The random ravings of a certified casting instructor.” That got lost in the production of the new banner but it still applies to what I write and how you should read it. This is a column by a mad keen fly fisher on everything to do with fly fishing and casting. Each month as I fly fish, watch people fly fishing and teach people fly casting; something grabs my attention and becomes the subject of my random ravings. This month, the talk of the town, is the opening of the trout season.

Southern readers will be wondering why I am talking about the opening of the trout season in October. In Tasmania the season opens in August and in Victoria you can fish for trout in September (if you are not in lockdown). Meanwhile, here in Northern NSW we have to wait until October before we can venture into the mountains in pursuit of trout. Mind you, fishing at Ebor in October will be a lot more pleasant than some of the opening days I can remember in the snow in Tasmania.

Opening day in Tasmania is an outing not to be missed. After a long, cold winter trying to keep warm, tying flies and cabin fever; the official start of the trout season is eagerly anticipated by fly fishers. Still in the last month of winter, the weather is often cold and miserable and the fish not always co-operative. But that’s not enough to dent the enthusiasm of a true trout fly fisher. Armed with boxes full of newly tied flies, maybe a new rod and line, and layers of warm clothing, you just have to get out on opening day...then it’s time to put the gear away until the weather warms up in November!

You might think that having opening day in October in NSW is the perfect time to start the trout season. The weather is warm, the insects are hatching and the trout are out and about. But with school holidays in full swing, everyone wants to get to the mountains and catch a trout. I no longer fish opening day as I did in Tasmania. Instead of looking forward to the start of the season, I look forward to my first chance to wander a small Ebor stream without the crowds. The months before the Christmas are my favourite time. If the fish have survived the droughts, fires and the catch and kill brigade, the New England Tablelands can be a fantastic fishery.



In recent year I have become much more of a saltwater fly fisher. The new *Casting Around* banner reflects this. Now I chase trevally more than trout. I still regard myself as a “troutie” but I have had to learn about fly fishing in the salt for a whole range of new species. It has been a long but enjoyable learning curve and has allowed me to fly fish when I haven’t been able to travel to chase trout. These days I don’t have to wait for opening day as there are always places to fish close to home and fish to chase.

The transition from trout to trevally on fly is difficult but so too is the shift the other way. With a foot in both camps, I can see why your average saltwater fly fisher has a steep learning curve if they want to succeed on a trout stream. This may not be true for experienced saltwater fly fishers, but for someone just getting started, the move to trout can be daunting. So if you have only caught flathead on fly and you want to catch your first trout here are a few important pointers to help you succeed. Even if you have a few trout under your belt you may find this advice helpful. I know I need reminding at the beginning of each trout season and make an effort to practice these casts and skills.

As this is a column about casting, I won’t dwell on rod selection, flies, tactics and the like but concentrate on aspects of casting that the saltwater fly fisher has to learn if they want to succeed on a trout stream. You won’t find much about these in your saltwater fly fishing books but you had better learn about them if you want to become a “troutie.”

To successfully catch trout on fly you have to make casts that are not used by most saltwater fly fishers. I can think of a number of casts I would use on an Ebor stream that I rarely use in the salt. Trout are particular about the movement of their food and want the fly to come to them naturally without dragging. Presenting the fly with a drag free drift requires the use of slack line casts where there are enough twists and turns in the leader to allow the fly to move naturally before the current starts to take hold. Casts such as the wiggle, bucket or puddle cast will enable you to do this. Look them up and learn them. Every trout fly fisher needs these casts.

The roll cast is one of the most useful casts you can ever learn. There are even uses for it in the saltwater world. But the roll cast comes into its own on a trout stream. Being able to make a cast without room for a backcast is a must in the confined quarters of a trout stream. Every trout fly fisher should have this cast in their repertoire.



Have you ever played FlyGolf? Our casting group has been using this game to practice their casting skills. The long “drives” from the tee favoured the saltwater casters but when it came to the short “putts” the trouties came into their own. It was surprising how many didn’t know about the bow and arrow cast and how to use it. Casting on a trout stream demands precision at short range and the bow and arrow casts fits this bill. If you want to be successful on a trout stream you must be able to make a bow and arrow cast.



When I setup a course for our FlyGolf games I always try to place an obstacle like bushes or posts between the tee and the green. Trout streams are not always open and straight. To get your fly to a trout you need to be able to curve a cast around obstacles. It's not difficult to learn curve casts but you need to practice. You may not use curve casts very often in the salt but you will on a trout stream – and playing FlyGolf.

A flathead loves just about any fly dragged in front of it. You can catch a trout dragging a fly in front of it too. My first trout on fly was caught dragging a Mrs Simpson in the Wyangala River. I was going to use the correct terminology of stripping a Mrs Simpson but that sounded even worse. If you are a saltie and don't know, a Mrs Simpson is a wet fly designed to be pulled through the water like a streamer or lure. You can catch trout with streamers in much the same way you catch flathead in the salt. Stripping streamers is a legitimate way to catch a trout on fly and for the saltwater fly fisher this is the easiest way to get your first trout.

Nowadays, I prefer to catch my trout by watching it eat an insect imitation off the surface or a nymph drifting in the current. To do this the fly must be presented with natural movement and no drag. I've already talked about the casts that help you do that but you also have to learn to mend the line. This involves moving the line in the air or on the water after the cast has been made. These are skills not often needed in the saltwater world. Being able to mend line, especially reach mends, is essential to success on a trout stream. If you are coming from a background where you have only caught flathead on fly these are all new skills you will need to learn. If you are already a "troutie" make sure you can execute them well.

Writing this has got me excited about opening day of the trout season again and I am looking forward to my first trip up the mountains. I still have time to practice my casts and mends so I can make the most of my time on the streams. Putting it in writing has made me realize how tough it must be for a saltwater fly fisher to learn if they want to succeed on a trout stream. Whether you are transitioning from trevally to trout or a seasoned trout fisher, make sure you practice these casts and mends so that you can enjoy the opening of the trout season.



So How's St Clair Fishing?

Jeff Yates

With rising water levels after winter rains and a small fish kill due to organic matter deoxygenating the water, spring has sprouted and with it, increased fish activity. The land looks green and the water looks healthy, the drought and bushfires now just seem like a memory of the past few years.

There has been a number of successful trips up to the dam lately. *Shane Navin managed 3 silvers the best going 54, 5 bass and a cat fish, quite a mixed bag and a fantastic surprise getting the silvers. Foxy and Brian escaped Sydney and set up camp at St Clair and caught some nice bass and Foxy also caught his personal best Yella from the boat launch area. This area has always been productive, is it that the big ones hang around for Fisheries to dump in another load of fry, or is the stirred up water from the boaties attracting them or are they trying to be like salmon and head back to where they were born. What's your take on it?*

A couple of us went up for a mid-week trip, stopping for the essential coffee at Singleton before hitting the banks of St Clair. The day time temperature was the mid-twenties, but the humidity must have been in the nineties, as the sweat oozed during the trek to the water. Being the middle of the school holidays, there were no shortage of speed boats, skiers and wake boarders, throwing up waves as they sped by, completely oblivious to us wading fly fishers. No doubt the more protected bays like the one we intended to fish also appealed to them. Once darkness descends we will reclaim the waters back again.

The strong daylight hours produced 3 fish from a variety of flies, and it wasn't until it was pitch black that the fish fully co-operated. What do we always turn to for results? You guessed it, our trusty Craigs. Normally with trout, we use the Craigs under a floating line, but for bass we like to use it with a clear intermediate line or sinking tip. Now I have fished it both ways, but generally find it more successful with the intermediate line.



Along the more exposed banks, with a fluky wind blowing from all directions, making casting quite difficult, it is important to have the right line selection. The intermediate line enables the fisherman to limit the influence of the wind on the line by riding below the surface, hence no bows in the line, and direct contact with the fly. The bass hit hard, with little indication of their presence other than a very occasional crashing in the waves, as they swamp some unsuspecting terrestrial insect. We started to chalk up the numbers as we neared the more protected bay adjacent to St Clair Island.

Here we could detect the presence of fish lurking close to the banks, in comparatively shallow water.

We made numerous casts without a touch, until a muscular bass slammed the fly. Its uncanny night time fishing, when your 6th sense kicks in, you can anticipate a take, all outside influences disappear with the darkness, it's all about feel and finesse. The fish certainly performed better than its 490mm length, but a magic sight when landed, measured and then swimming freely through the headlamp beam to the security of deeper water.

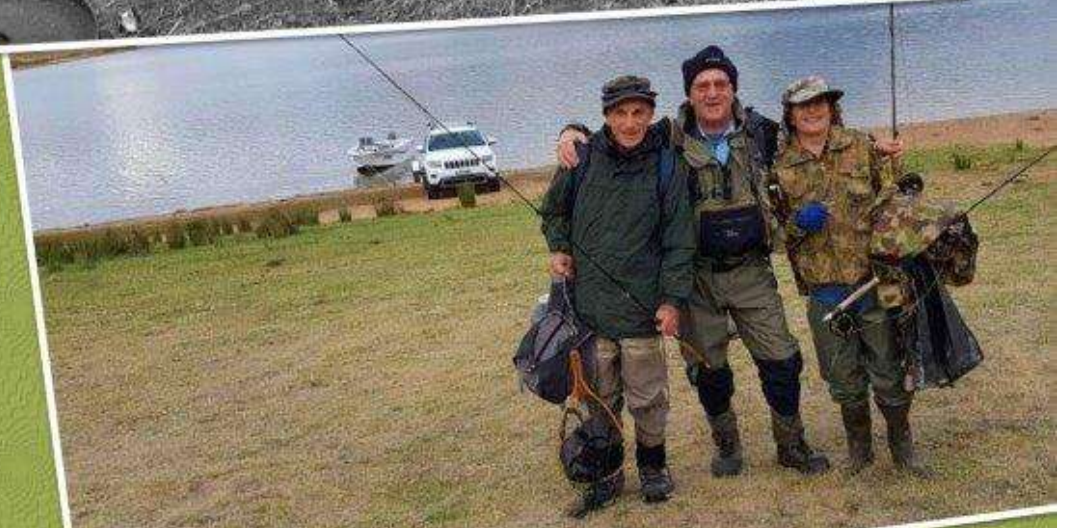
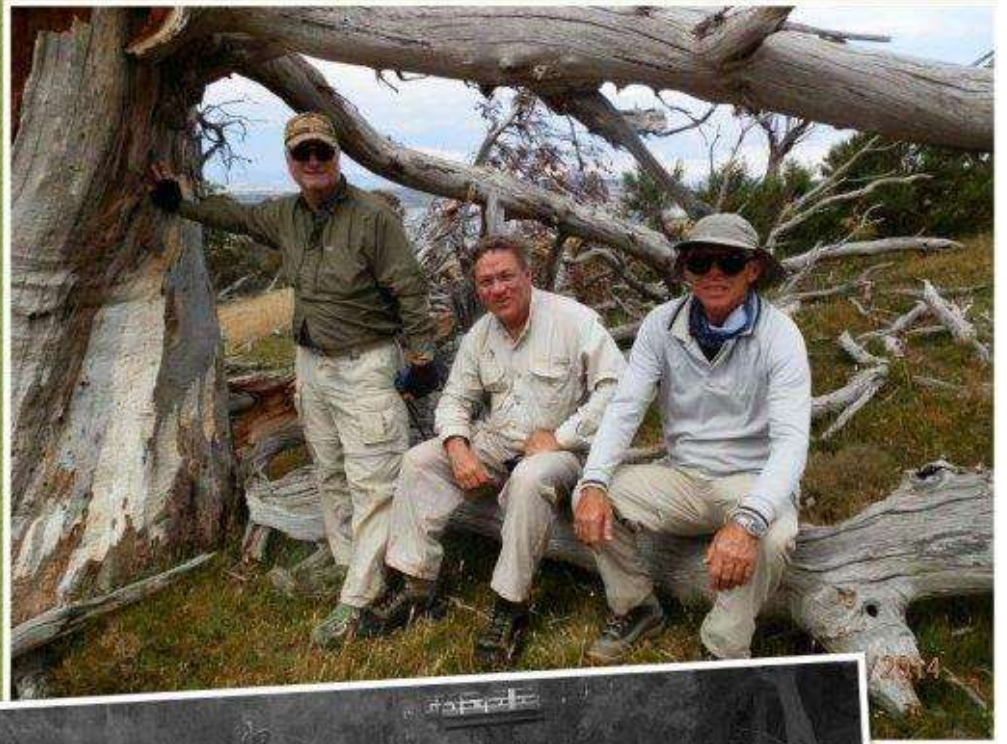
I was commenting earlier that I would like to repeat Shane's antics and get a mixed bag, and as I dwelled on the thought, the line stretched taunt as a fish run away with the fly. This fish fought differently, and I quickly decided that it wasn't a bass, and with a little coaxing, I banked the nice Yella through the Spiky Rush, growing along the banks. The golden flanks were a welcome change from the silvery fish we had been catching all night.



Daylight saving creeps up on you. It's an hour later than a week ago, and we decided that we should call it a night. We groaned and moaned as we trudged along on our 70 yo legs back to the cars parked on top of a distant road cutting. Along the way jackets were discarded and the last of our water consumed. A more pleasant sight has seldom been seen as we lit up the cars with our headlamps. A look at the health app shows that we had walked 11,000 steps during the session, not bad considering most of it was in the dark.

Now back at the car, the rods were dismantled, waders and boots stripped off under a veil of smelly steam, as the cooler night air hit like a pleasant dream. We had a thermos, snack, bid our farewells and departed along the roo corridor to Singleton and then onto the Hunter Bypass to Newcastle. Great trip, good company and planning another sortie in the near future. However, I felt for Russell Humble, who indicated that he would love to come up after work, but fishing doesn't pay the bills, and he got caught up and wasn't able to make it. After hearing our great results, he is busy planning a trip up later this week.







Fishy Pics



This was an unlucky fish. Rod E, using a 2 fly rig, snagged one on a log and busted off the main leader. Some hours later an unsuspecting brown took the free floating fly. The splashes on the water alerted us to its presence. Peter waded out and netted one unlucky fish tethered to the log, and retrieved the 2 flies busted off earlier.



Scape Pics



*On the way to Lake Lyell, a farmer
getting in his first crop of oaten hay after
a number of years of drought*



MEMBERSHIP RENEWAL – 2019/2020

Fees due by 30th September 2019

Hunter Valley Fly Fishing Club Incorporated (the “**Association**”)
(incorporated under the *Associations Incorporation Act 2009*)

I,
[insert full name]

of
[insert address]

.....
[insert email]

.....
[insert contact number]

- Full member (\$40.00 p.a.) Junior member (\$20.00 p.a.) Family membership** (✓ applicable) (\$50.00 p.a.)

I hereby apply to renew my membership of the Association for the period 1st October 2019 until 30th Sept 2020
By renewing my membership, I agree to comply with and be bound by the constitution of the Association for the time being in force.

.....
Signature of applicant

Date:

** Members renewing a Family Membership must complete the information on page 2 below.

LODGEMENT AND PAYMENT

Once completed, please sign, scan and email back to darrenfoster65@bigpond.com

Or alternatively mail to:

Darren Foster
20 O’Donnell Crescent
Metford NSW 2323

Membership fees can be paid by cheque or via bank transfer.
If paying by bank transfer, please use your name as a reference for payment so your payment can be easily identified.

Bank transfer should be paid to the following account:

Name: Hunter Valley Fly Fishing Club
BSB: 637 000
Account No: 780 089 059

Please make cheques payable to **Hunter Valley Fly Fishing Club**

Important Note: Your renewal fees must be received by the Association no later than 31st October 2019 to avoid your membership lapsing, after this date your membership will no longer be valid.

Application for Family Membership

To be eligible for Family Membership, and have the Association’s insurance cover extend to include all applicable family members, the following conditions will apply:

- Family Membership is available for a member and their immediate family members only (i.e. wife/husband/partner and children under 18 years of age at the start of the new membership term) and does not include Grandparents or member’s siblings or other relations, etc.
- Member’s children 18 years or older will be required to join as a full member
- Each family membership is only entitled to 1 vote at club meetings.
- the requested information in the following table must be supplied in respect of all people proposed to be covered by a Family Membership:

Full name	Date of birth	Relationship to member

Office use only:

Date payment received:

Membership fee received: \$.....

Payment method:

HVFFC members wish to “thank you”

Arthur’s Lake Retreat



Arthur’s Lake Retreat is located in the Central Highlands of Tasmania at Arthur’s Lake. The home is located just 3 minutes’ walk from the lake, in a private setting. This makes for a perfect weekend getaway. Please contact Rachel on 0428451720 or Michael on 0400721544



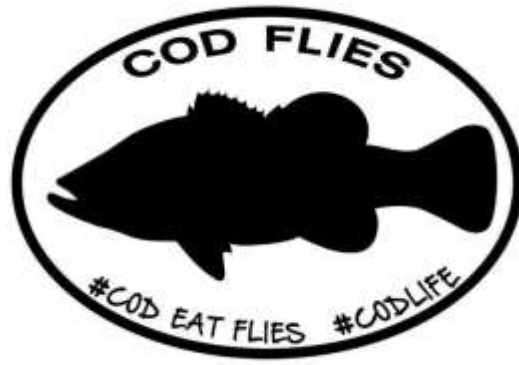
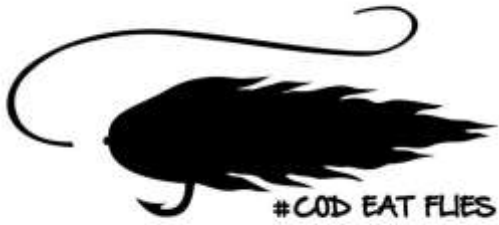
<https://bwcflies.com.au/>



Flies by Fedeles



<http://flytyerman.blogspot.com>



JASON STRATFORD

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