



2022 April Newsletter

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Peter Sewell

Rod Fox

Jeff Yates

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

Beresfield Bowling Club
Anderson Drive
Bersefield
At 7.00 pm



President's Report

Hi all,

Welcome to another edition of the HVFFC newsletter. We have a diverse range of articles in this issue, and I hope you can find something to entertain, and maybe even inspire a submission of your own. Remember, you don't have to be Hemmingway, and it's the editor's job to make you look good. On that note, I'd like to welcome Jeff Yates back into the editor's seat for this edition. I know I always enjoyed his editorial musings and am pleased to have him back, especially since he didn't ask for a pay rise.

On the water La Nina seems to be outstaying her welcome, with rivers still running dirty at this end of the catchment. While this has put a damper on the Autumn estuary fishing, it's probably good news for the fish, providing the bass with plenty of water to make their breeding migration, as well as giving the systems a good flush. It's also great to see St Clair topped right up to the brim, though I hear the campground has shrunk dramatically! I've also heard some of our members have been taking full advantage of the water rise and have been stalking the bass as they gorge in the freshly flooded margins. Hopefully this bodes well for the June and July club outings scheduled there.

On the topic of club outings, they were not spared the wrath of la Nina. The Paterson outing had to be relocated, our bass transformed to trout, and our pizzas switched for steaks and schooners - mind you, I didn't hear anyone complain. The Laurieton trip went ahead as planned, but dirty water and big seas meant that the location possibly didn't live up to its full potential. I'd like to thank Ben Hall for the time and effort he put into coordinating the trip and ensuring attendees had a good time and found some fish. Hopefully we'll be back next year with a friendlier forecast.

Our next trip is scheduled for the 13th – 15th of May at Lake Wallace. I'm unable to make it, but from what I've read about the big, wily trout in there, it should be a good one. If you'd like to go, be sure to register your interest with Rod Fox by the 2nd of May so he knows how many will be attending.

Since our last newsletter (in between furiously checking river levels and rain forecasts) I've been getting to know bucktail. It's an interesting material, and one I never gave much thought to beyond clousers and gurglers, but there's a lot of variation in the properties of the hair from one end of the tail to the other. I know there are some hard-core bucktail nerds out there who understand the intricacies of different grades and their uses, but for now I'm just enjoying playing with the idiosyncrasies of this versatile natural material.



Messy desks make tidy flies,
Matt.

Acting Editor's comments

Jeff Yates



Well, it's been a while since I last put out a newsletter, but when I got the email from Matt requesting expressions of interest in doing the job, I offered my services as an interim measure to keep the newsletter rolling. After all, it aids in documenting the history of the club, keeps the social communication flowing and informs members of all things fishy. Lawrence uploads the newsletters to our web site for all to see.

Next point, but most importantly, I would like to pay tribute to Patrick for doing the newsletter for the past year, and putting his stamp on the publication in a clever and interesting style. I haven't got his flair for presentation so I've gone back to the format I know. Patrick, thanks for keeping the ball rolling, particularly through Covid, and I know that your major frustration was similar to mine in the past, starved of fly fishing articles to include in the publication. So, if members want the newsletter to continue please contribute, as I know many of you go out to fish, share and allow everyone to enjoy. I am only too happy to tidy up your jottings and format, so don't be put off.

Matt has produced a humorous and detailed article on the Patterson/Moonan Brook outing, which by what I read may be an annual event, though, having lived in the Upper Hunter for 30years, I know the majority of the summers can be dry and cruel, leaving only a dribble of water in the Hunter tributaries. But hey, let's enjoy the good years in such a lovely place, and review if needed.

Ben has produced his first newsletter for the club, with a trip report from Laurieton. Ben put so much effort into the trip planning, with maps, food and accommodation details. The weather is a fickle beast and I'm sure that had a lot to do with the poor attendance, however, people will read your report and think what a great trip they missed out on, and I'm sure it should have a place in future event calendars. Ben welcome to the writing clan, I welcome any stories that you would like to share in the future.

Peter and myself had a very successful trip to St Clair recently, with the dam at 100% and stable, the bass are biting their heads off. All fish caught were fat and full of fight. Match the hatch and you'll score heaps.

Month	Date	Venue/Event	Trip Master	Contact Number
January				
February	2	Club Meeting Bero Bowlo		
February	18-20	Clarence Town		
March	2	Moonan Brook	Matt	0428193984
March				
April	6	Club Meeting Bero Bowlo		
April	8-10	Laurieton	Ben	0417291593
April				
May	4	Club Meeting Bero Bowlo		
May	15-16	Lake Wallace	Rod	0407195508
May				
June	1	Club Meeting Bero Bowlo		
June	19-20	St Clair	Peter	0428685101
June				
July	6	Club Meeting Bero Bowlo		
July	22-24	St Clair Awards BBQ Lunch	Rod & Narelle	0407195508
July				
August	3	Club Meeting Bero Bowlo		
August		Swansea		
August				
September	7	Club Meeting Bero Bowlo		
September	18-19	Glenbawn		
September				
October	5	Club Meeting Bero Bowlo AGM		
October	16-17	Windamere	Mik	
October				
November	2	Club Meeting Bero Bowlo		
November	20-21	Williams River - Seaham	Tangus	0401960973
December	7	Club Meeting Bero Bowlo		

When the wheels fall off

Matt Jordan

Part 1 – Check your wheel bearings

It was a simple plan, meet up with Tangus, check the river depth prior to the Paterson club outing, and catch lots of bass. What could go wrong?

I wrangled a half-day off from work and parenting to coincide with a nice morning high tide and a favourable weather forecast. I loaded the boat, packed rods, flies and tippet, and headed up to Paterson to spend the night, ready to meet Tangus at the boat ramp at dawn and implement our flawless plan. Everything was going quite well, until about halfway down the track between the house and the road, where this happened...



See there's your problem.

I'm no mechanic, but even I could tell something was awry, as I was reasonably sure the trailer had two wheels when I left the house a few minutes earlier. I was also pretty sure that I couldn't fix it myself, and that no one else was up yet. So, doing the only logical thing, I jacked up the trailer, unhitched it from the car, and went wade fishing instead.

After Tangus confirmed my assessment that the trailer should have a minimum of two wheels, we made our way to a bridge access on the Allyn River. First cast Tangus hooked up on a disco shrimp, but the fish threw the hook after his line tangled on some rubbish. We slowly made our way upstream, casting surface flies into the snags and swinging wets through the holes. The river level was up 30cm or so, but with decent visibility, probably the best time to fish it if your legs are long enough. After fishing through a couple of unproductive pools, I cast at the head of a log under an overhanging willow, and my low-rider cicada disappeared in a boisterous splash. After circumnavigating me a few times, a nice fish of 30ish cm came to hand to be photo'd and released. On the next cast my fly got slurped by a slightly smaller fish in almost exactly the same spot. Grinning stupidly, I put another cast in, which drifted by unmolested before a third fish charged out and hooked up on the fourth drift. Three fish in four casts isn't perfect, but it's not bad. Meanwhile Tangus was entertaining himself by teasing a school of bass sitting in midwater off a snag, as they took turns nipping at the tail of his fly less than a metre from his legs. I don't know how common this kind of bass school is in rivers, but I've seen it a few times in this system, though they're rarely so bold/teasing.



First of three housemates

We slowly made our way upriver, Tangus comfortable in waist deep water, me less so at armpit depth. Alternating between surface and streamers Tangus managed two, and I got one on a Super Bugger swung past a snag. After losing the bugger to a tree I switched to a little jig-hook yabby I had tied as an each-way bet for trout streams that turn into bass creeks. Hopping/swinging it past a stump there was a delicate pluck on the end of the line, before the 5wt bent through to the cork. Fortunately the fish ran out into the flow, rather than back to its home, and soon there was a healthy bass of around 40 cm swimming around my belly. Unfortunately it threw the hook before I could get my thumb in its mouth (pretty sure there was a net in the boat), but I was pleased to see such a healthy fish in a system that was hammered by drought a couple of years ago.



**Super bugger
sucker**

After a few more casts Tangus' curfew was looming and I got a call from Dad saying he was in the process of bush-engineering a hub to get the trailer to the work shed. So we headed back to the cars. Plan A wasn't as foolproof as I thought, but plan B certainly wasn't bad.

Part 2 – Work Perks

Most of the time I'm a soft-handed lab monkey, working in a dingy lab at the University of Newcastle. Occasionally, however, I'm required to go out "on site" to the industrial plant we're building at Muswellbrook. So it was that a meeting was called on site a couple of weeks after Part 1's misadventure. But rather than baulking at the idea of 3 hours travel for a 1 hour meeting, I chose to see the silver lining, and started looking for stocking records and access points.

The Moonanbrook area had been on my radar for a little while after hearing reports of trout from a couple of mates. DPI stocking records supported these claims, and google maps suggested a nice little campground on the banks of the river. Huon Oliver was also super helpful in not only confirming that, yes, trout do live there, but even giving details on how to catch them. I justified extending my "work trip" to include the night before, threw the swag and 2wt in the car, and headed west.



About an hour out of Muswellbrook I was greeted by a lovely, well-maintained campsite, right on the bank of the river. The water looked promising, but I still wasn't sure it held trout as I tied on a dry-dropper and climbed in. Working upstream my dry occasionally dipped and dove, but it wasn't until I came tight to a feisty fingerling rainbow that my doubts were fully put to rest, there were indeed trout in these hills. So followed a pleasant hour of feisty and willing (if diminutive) rainbows, culminating in a nice brown taken on a sz16 dry just as the light faded. I made my way back to camp to enjoy a can of cold beans, a tin of colder beer, and a night of solitude.

**Quite a lovely
campground**



**The rumours
are true!**



**A better
brown for the
evening**

The next morning I drove out to a bridge on another creek which a mate had mentioned. It wasn't long before the tiny rainbows showed themselves again, regularly crash tackling my dry fly, and occasionally hooking up. As I made my way through a deeper pool, I noticed a cork zigzagging its way across the stream. Given that this is unusual behaviour for champagne corks, I grabbed it on the way past, revealing a gut-hooked rainbow of around 34cm. Sadly I think the poor bugger was the victim of a setline that snapped above the float during the night, as the line was very heavy and I can't see it having broken during a normal fight. After giving the unfortunate rainbow last rites, I moved on to fish one more pool, ending the trip with another nice brown (mid 30s-ish) on the dry, before sloshing back to the bridge for breakfast. With waders off and workboots on, I rocked up for the meeting with minutes to spare, smelling faintly of fish and smugness.



**So much
possibility**

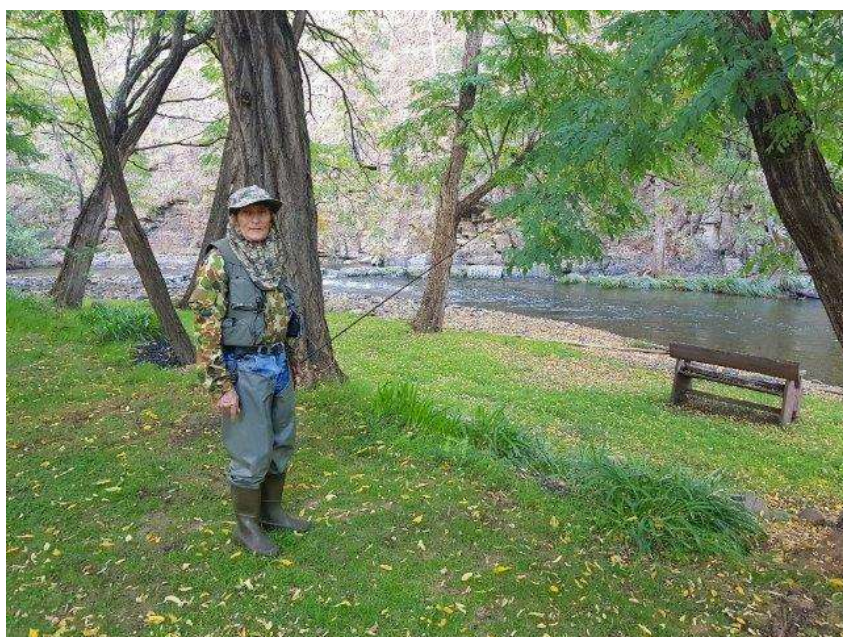
Part 3 – Silver Linings

As mentioned in Part 1, the March club outing was scheduled to be held at my family farm in Paterson. It's not the most glamorous location, but it does feature several fairly diverse options for bass and other eastern natives, as well as a woodfire pizza oven and all the eggs you can eat. Unfortunately last year's outing was dampened by floods which, despite subsiding in time to leave a dry campsite, meant the fishing was not at its best. This year we moved the outing a month earlier and hoped for drier weather, but unfortunately a tempestuous little Spanish girl had other plans, and the trip was completely washed out. A little over a week before the outing, with the Paterson campsite much more aquatic than ideal, the call was made to move the outing to Moonanbrook and see whether the trout would be as accommodating to a larger group of fly flingers.



Home for the weekend

Arriving on Friday arvo, having collected Stuart en-route, I found Peter, Fred, Fiona and Ray already at camp, having a chat with Ron the local fisheries officer (who still owes me a carton, by the way). Apparently people have been visiting the river and filling their boots with the tiny rainbows that are currently in good numbers. After ensuring we were adequately licensed, and had no intentions of plundering the river, Ron said farewell and we started fishing. We divided and conquered, so I can't say who caught what when, but everyone caught fish, with techniques ranging from euronymphing to single dry. The highlight for me was a 39cm rainbow that took a little parachute dry right on dark. On a light rod in decent current, it was too much fun. I didn't have my phone with me for a shot fresh out of the water (I managed to temporarily lose it within 5 minutes of arriving), but it was a lovely looking fish, strong, sleek and healthy.



“Hurry up and take your damn photo Peter, I want to fish.”

Back at camp we sorted ourselves out for dinner before retiring to Fiona's raging campfire to tell fishy tales, including how Pete cunningly stole one of Fred's flies by catching a fish that had broken him off. Personally I enjoyed the séance ambiance, though I was a little worried about what the tall tales might be summoning. Also, if you don't think it's possible to stoke a candle, Pete Sewell will prove you wrong. Eventually we dribbled off to our various accommodations, ranging from kids-size swag (me) to kitted out caravan (Pete and Ingrid), to refresh for a fresh onslaught in the morning.



Fiona's campground summoning.

The next morning I drove to revisit the second creek I fished on my recon mission a few weeks earlier, and was greeted by more of the same: tight casts, a handful of small rainbows on nymph droppers, and two better sized 'bows taking a generic stimulator dry. Despite the water being plenty warm enough to wet wade, I acquiesced to creature comforts and donned the chest waders for the morning session.



The eyes have it



Generic rainbow on a generic dry.

Arriving back at camp our numbers had swelled, with Graeme Kempton arriving to camp the night, and Les, Jim and Dillo up for a day trip. The day trippers were already getting stuck into the campground's resident fish, while Pete, Fred and Stuart went for a drive, and Ray and Fiona negotiated with the locals upstream. I dithered about camp, lighting the fire, replacing a few flies, and preparing some trout for happy hour smoked fish. Throughout the afternoon we drifted in and out of camp, catching fish as we went. Jim, Dillo and Les proved that you didn't have to move more than 30 m from home to find trout, including Rod's first fish on fly since his stroke. For a period in the early afternoon the water briefly turned brown and turbid, apparently the result of some upstream earthworks, but it cleared within a couple of hours and the fish didn't seem at all perturbed. That afternoon also saw the only brown of the trip (as far as I'm aware). It was sitting in some very rainbowy water and required repeat presentations and three strikes at a stimulator thing I tied beside the fire some 20 min earlier.

Taking a break to talk tactics



Restocking the box





**And the fish
that fell for it,
the sole brown
for the club trip**

Not such a Happy Hour for the fish.



Eventually our stomachs dragged us all away from the fish and back to camp. Unfortunately there is no way my pizza oven would survive a journey out of its home postcode, let alone along the corrugations in to the campground. Luckily for us, however, Moonanbrook features a pub. After farewelling the day trippers we headed to the bistro for a feed, a few cleansing drinks, and some more fish talk. The meals and the beer both went down well, and I don't think anyone was too upset about missing out on pizza. We went back to camp to contemplate the universe in front of a slightly

more dramatic fire than the previous night (sorry Fiona), before turning in, satisfied with the day.



Bigger candles



Graeme in action

The next morning dawned crisp and clear, the car thermometer reading 6°C as I stole away under cover of darkness. I decided to fish the same creek as the day before, but push further and see what lay upstream. Apparently I wasn't as silent as I thought, because just as I finished putting on my thermals, jumper, and waders, and made it down to the water, I was greeted by Graeme, clad in footy-shorts and masculinity. Graeme decided to drive further and look for another access point upstream, while I walked upstream.



You can't tell just how sloppy that loop is in still

Second cast on an upstream pool I lost sight of my fly in the glare and couldn't find it again, the location of the fly became apparent when I went to recast and found a healthy mid 30's rainbow had taken it down to the bottom of the pool. Moving on the upstream creek became increasingly overgrown, and I was glad to be fishing a short, light rod. Even so there were some frustrating moments where every second cast managed to catch some vegetation.

After walking through 20 or so metres of heavily overgrown river, I came to what seemed to me to be prime real estate. It was a deep (for this creek), fast running chute, with complex currents and trees overhanging from each side. There had to be a fish in there, the challenge would be delivering a fly to it. I lengthened my leader a little and tied on a tungsten-beaded wet/streamer I had tied with just such situations in mind. The bulk of the fly would impede the sink-rate relative to a euro-style nymph, but I wanted to deliver a big enough meal for the residents to notice and bother to move towards it the swirling current. Given that I don't work for a rod manufacturer, casting the fly on my 2wt was out of the question, so I lobbed it into the fast water, keeping the fly line just clear of the surface. The first couple of "casts" registered a tap or two, but no hookup. Just as I was thinking I could never make a trout real-estate agent, there registered a solid whack and the rod bent through to the cork. Between the fast current and overhanging vegetation it was heart in mouth stuff, I was irrationally invested in this particular fish. Eventually the fish tired and came to the shallows. At around 35cm it wasn't the biggest fish of the trip, but it may have been the most rewarding, having demanded analysis of the conditions, a change of rig, and a full-on fight in the fast water.



Rainbow in the sunshine

By this point a light breeze was setting in and the sun was getting higher, but of course the bends set in and I had to see what lay further ahead. The river seemed much the same, runs and shallow pools with overhanging trees, but the fish seemed to go a little quiet, with several likely-looking runs not even yielding one of the ubiquitous sardine-sized rainbows. Eventually the lure of breakfast grew too strong and I headed back to the car. As I came toward the bridge I came across Graeme and his cold legs. Apparently access further up the road wasn't great, so he had come back to the bridge and fished the pools I bypassed on my way up.

Back at camp most people were in various states of departure, except for Huon Oliver, who had managed a half day leave pass and decided to come out and join us. I was pleased to see him and thank him in person, as he'd been invaluable in providing info on the river level in planning the trip. Waving goodbye to most club members, Huon and I decided to investigate Stuartsbrook, a more open river further down the road. We didn't see any fish, but the river looked great, plenty of hoppers, baitfish and some monstrous mayfly nymphs. It was also much more open than the other creeks in the area, and would better suit the longer rods (9') that proved ungainly in the tighter sections. Unbeknown to us Graeme had headed a little further upstream, where he encountered 3 fish, so the river obviously also has potential. Having worked a few hundred metres in 45 min or so, Huon and I jumped in our cars and headed back to Newy.

So ended another club trip, not the one I initially planned, but (in my eyes) a success all the same. Attendee reports were positive, we all caught fish, and the weather was even kind. Because I mostly fished solo, this report has been largely about the spots I fished and the fish I caught, but if you speak to any of the other members who came, I'm sure they could regale you with similar tales. If rainfall remains sufficient, the venue may even find its way onto our regular club calendar. If not, I'm sure there will be a silver lining.

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**Chris Wright
with first tuna
on fly**

Changing face of St Clair

Jeff Yates



No longer part of the mainland, St Clair Island (middle of picture) has now reverted back to an island, thanks to the filling of the dam by recent flood rains. For at least 10 years we have tramped around it, and watched the cattle grazing on it, but now we would need a snorkel to access it. Enjoying the short walk down from Twin Soaks, it provided access to different types of structure, which favoured the resident bass.

Today we will head back to our old haunts of Lemon Tree and beyond, at the rear of the dam.

The weather predictions are for more rain later in the week, so we must get a trip in. Recent reports of a few fish around the margins, wet the collective appetites as we jump in the trucks for the 2 1/2 hour trip to St Clair. On arrival at Lemon Tree, we found that we were spoilt for choice. Having less tree cover allowed greater access to the flooded banks. We decided to go downstream for a few hours and check it out, then head back up to Lemon Tree bay on dark. Well, we never quite made it back to Lemon Tree, as the fishing was far too good to move from where we were.



Telstra bay is flooded back to the road, with the gully and large trees almost submerged. The water was clean with a little colour, and flotsam on the banks indicates that the dam has reached its maximum level and holding. Looking at the water trying to get inspiration for a fly selection, you can't help but wonder at the absolute pot-pourri of insects on and in the water. Dragon flies and Damsels dancing through the pin grass, beetles, ants and other drowned insects floated along the wind lanes and smelt. Jumping into the fly box I pulled out a black and purple unweighted Wooly Bugger on a floating line to target margins. After a couple of casts the fly found its target, with a fine fat bass.

Peter scored with an Egg Sucking Leach, but I'll let the pictures tell the story:



If you look at the HVFFC Facebook home page picture, you may get an idea of where we were fishing. Time to rest the spot until later and move on. Over the wall of a washed out cattle dam, our chatter started on snakes, and how these warm, humid conditions with an abundance of undergrowth will bring them out. Well, you should be careful what you wished for, as I was wading around the head of a gully, I saw a black flash in the greenery. I stopped and almost on cue, the red belly black slid slowly through the grass toward me. Rather than stepping back, I stopped and observed as it kept dipping its head into the grass, only to surface and repeat the stunt. On about the 4th or 5th plunge, the snake came out almost on my boot with a 50mm frog in its mouth. I was able to get a few shots without disturbing it, and Peter came across on my beckoning to also photograph it. It was truly a beautiful specimen, with eyes only for its prey. After it swallowed the frog, it made its way off into the long grass. You would not believe it, but only 10m further on I came across a second snake, but this one took flight to allow me to fish the drowned gully beyond.



Going, going, going, frog almost gone.....

Meanwhile, leaving snake gully behind, we arrived at the submerged road bay, where 2 distinct gullies feed the deep wide bay. We changed lines to intermediates and tried fishing deeper with limited success, though we did catch a further two stud fish. Just on sundown, large bass started to cruise and crash the margins, some were smelting and others were mopping up large red bull ants dropping from a submerged tree. Now I haven't got a bull ant fly, but it was time for a rethink for the evening ahead. Craigs always works, plenty of dragon flies about, so loading a floating line I headed back to Telstra bay. Just as I arrived I heard a hollow from Peter who was into a nice one hidden in the trees somewhere.

Second throw I came up solid, then dropped. Another throw and same result. This never happens, so I checked the hook, and surprise, surprise, I had tied up a batch on barbless hooks, so with that in mind, I varied my attack. Peter arrived to join me as I landed another fish, but I must admit I dropped as many as I landed, but I won't complain, as it's the first trip I have gone home without having the battle scars of the bass's savage gill rakers. The fish would discard the fly once pressure was released. What a night..... I was teasing the bass with short, slow returns, punctuated with a dead stop and super slow retrieve. You could feel the fish suck on it and only fight when the hook was set.

Double figure returns from a magic trip. The fish were fat, full of fight and willing takers, what more could you ask for? Try some freshly smoked trout, cheese and biscuits, and a hot cupper on the tailgate of the truck at trips end!



North Haven/ Laurieton trip report

Ben Hall

When I first started trying to sell this outing to North Haven/ Laurieton as the best outing in a long time (actually, 2nd since Covid), I promised fine weather with no rain. Looking at the forecast it looks like there's going to be rain, but this shouldn't worry the fish as they're already wet. Thankfully the wind forecast doesn't seem to be over 20kmph. Talking to one of the locals up there, he said the water has some colour, hopefully it might just clear up a bit before the weekend.

So, if fishing in the rain is not for you, I can recommend a nice take away pizza, or one of several coffee shops, in fact we are spoilt for choice; there is also a good club or why not try the Italian restaurant; something there for everyone, but enough of the foodie talk, I want to talk fly fishing!

Unfortunately, only 3 of our members were able to make the trip. Patrick Neylon arrived on the Wednesday to fish for a few days, as he had to attend a wedding on the Saturday, but was lucky enough to change his booking at the Park. Patty fished outside on the Wednesday arvo and Thursday morning with no luck.

I arrived up there on Thursday and my room wasn't ready to check in so why waste time? Patty and I launched my boat. The swell was too big to venture outside so we targeted bream in the river. We pulled a couple of nice fish both towards that 40cm mark and a nice flathead that were worthy of a photo we thought. A quick fish, time to check it and plan our arvo.



The weather then decided to turn nasty and it flogged down, but as quick as it came, it cleared again, and we hit the water with the sun shining.

We attempted to fish some deep holes, but with a decent breeze blowing against the out-going tide, it was difficult to stay in contact with our flies, so we called it.

Patty and I enjoyed a nice meal and some cold beers and live entertainment at the club, talking about all stuff "fly fishing" and our game plan for the next day. Well, the next day (Friday) had arrived and we put in some difficult yards, fishing hard up against rock walls with no success. We called it a session, since Patty had to drive back home. After he left I launched the boat again, since there was hardly a breath of wind, and the sun was shining. The first bank I fished I came up tight on a flathead, only for it to throw the fly while head shaking, however, another half a dozen casts, and I was on again. It was only a small flattie, but it saved me from a donut. The weather was changing, and the next day (Saturday) was forecasting rain, but it arrived a little early, so I pulled the boat out of the water before needing to put on a raincoat.



Wayne Hunt arrived late afternoon after an extremely wet trip, but fortunately, the sun appeared on the final leg of the journey from Kew, which helps when you are camping.

Wayne and I enjoyed tea at the club and some beers where we hatched up a plan to fish the midday tide on the Saturday in my boat.

After breakfast I went looking for sand flats to have a cast out of the wind, found one I knew would be protected. I was going to go back and get Wayne to fish this flat with me, but a local was eyeing off the flat at the same time, to fish it with soft plastics. I decided to just have a few casts knowing that by the time I got back with Wayne it would have already been fished. I managed a small flathead and a bream, however, the spin fisherman didn't catch a fish! Wayne found me and we fished together for a bit in this location, I suggested moving to another spot since I had already worked the best of the water in this area. We fished together on another flat where we could see small whiting and poddys swimming around, but couldn't get a bite.

Time for some lunch, before heading out on the boat, as originally planned. I set Wayne up on the front casting deck giving him the best opportunity to catch a fish, and fish the banks first. The fishing was tough, but I managed one flattie, along some rock walls, but after losing a few flies to snags we moved to a sand bank that I thought would hold a few fish. I anchored the boat and suggested to Wayne to work this area thoroughly while I sat back drinking a beer that Wayne kindly brought on board for me. It wasn't long and Wayne had his first flattie on fly. We kept moving along this bank taking turns fishing up the front, I did manage to hook another fish, but it threw the fly shortly after being hooked. We were happy so called it a day.



Our Sunday morning plans were to fish the flats on foot, but early morning coffees from the Sandbar Cafe was about as good as it got, with no success catching a fish, though we enjoyed casting on a glassed out flat.

That was the end of our weekend, unfortunately, with all the weather we have copped along the east coast, the river was pretty dirty and it really wasn't the best North Haven could offer. I was happy with the fish we caught, the good company of Patty and Wayne, but the highlight was Wayne catching his first flatty on fly, although it didn't break any records, I'm sure Wayne will always remember that first one.

Congrats Wayne.

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Golden Sparkler Fly

This is a scaled down mini streamer perfect for when the imitative approach doesn't work. I read about it some time ago, and in a moment of madness, I knocked a few up and added to my already over laden fly box, for a recent trip to Thomson's Creek dam. These fish are large and well educated, and sometimes frustrating!

I polroided quite a few fish, hooked and lost 2 before a cold easterly wind put the fish down. While searching the fly box for inspiration, I pulled out a Golden Sparkler and clearly remembered the reason for tying it. I also remembered the strip, which is more like a saltwater retrieve, long, moderately quick strips.

Using an intermediate line I cast and retrieved it over one of the many drop-offs that the lake is notorious for. Yes notorious, signs at the dam entry clearly state that waders are not to be used and not to enter more than a meter into the water.

I hooked two fish on what was an otherwise dead session. Was it coincidence or was it the fly working as designed? The following steps are the sequence to tying the pattern. For variety I have also knocked a few emerald green patterns up for Tassie, when places like the Great Lake blow up, work it at 45° across the wind-blown shores.



Use a size 10 or 12 solid long shank hook



Tie in a hank of about 20 strands of Flashabou at the bend leaving about 12mm at the back. Move hank to eye and tie in neatly all the way. Tip – spit on the hank and it will hold together!
Tie in a flat metallic body wrap and a silver wire at the bend.



Neatly overlap and wrap body and bind off an eye width back from eye. Spiral wire over body wrap and bind off.



Loop the overhanging Flashabou level with the tail, bind in at the head with contrasting cotton. Cut through loop to form up a double thickness wing.



Finish head with uv cement, and go catch fish!

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MEMBERSHIP RENEWAL – 2022/2023

Fees due by 30th September 2022

**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 2022 until 30th Sept 2023

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 c3091769@uon.edu.au and headstarting@bigpond.com

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 2022 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