



2022 May Newsletter

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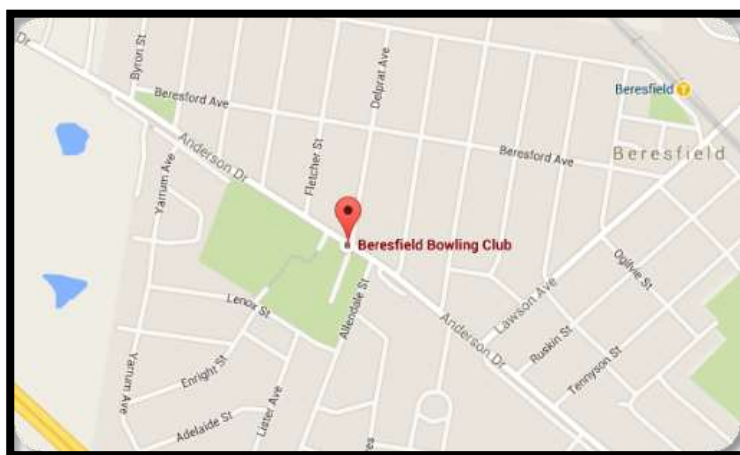
Peter Sewell

Rod Fox

Jeff Yates

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

Beresfield Bowling Club
Anderson Drive
Beresfield
At 7.00 pm



President's Report



Hi all and welcome to the May 2022 edition of the HVFFC newsletter. The days are getting shorter and colder, and as I'm looking at the forecast for next week we could be in for some winter weather right from the start of June. Still, the fishing can be really good this time of year, with a mixture of warm and cold-water species sometimes available around our coastline. This is also my favourite time of year to chase bream around the mangroves, and while some folks snub their nose at the "humble" bream, I think they're an excellent fly target. They're picky and inconsistent, and can really make you work hard, but they're a lot of fun when it comes together. I'd also hazard a guess they're within half an hour drive for most of our members.

If the salt isn't your thing, some members have been getting amongst fat bass in St Clair. As can be the case this time of year the fishing has been hot and cold (more of the latter for me) but there have been reports of good catches of fish in excellent condition. I can only assume more of the same for our next club outing in June, remember to let Peter Sewell know if you're coming and be sure to book a site.

July's outing is also at Lake St Clair and will serve as the Club presentation and awards weekend. Once again we are looking for Club-person of the Year, Rookie of the Year, and Club Memorable Moment. Have a think and send your nominations through to Mik Ewin (unmbig@gmail.com). We will also be having a catered lunch on the Saturday, plus raffles and lucky door prizes, including for the kids. As with all outings this is a family affair, and I know my daughter is keen to come along, though I don't know how much fishing I'll be doing while she's there. If you're keen to come or have any questions, send them through to trip-master Rod Fox.

In addition to the upcoming club fishing outings, we have a casting clinic this weekend (28th and 29th) with Peter Morse. Saturday will see some of our best casters learning and training for their CCI exam, whereas Sunday will be a little more rudimentary, for those of us looking to brush up on skills or set a good foundation for their casting education. Positions filled quickly for this weekend, so we'll be looking at having Morsie back later in the year to give those who missed out a chance. The club will also be providing a gourmet Mediterranean feast for the Sunday session courtesy of Pat Neylon. All are welcome, but let Pat know ASAP so he can cater.

On the topic of casting, we are in the process of organizing informal casting practice sessions amongst members. Let me know if you're interested in tightening up those sloppy loops and I'll send through the facebook group link, particularly if you'd like to help facilitate running sessions. We're still working on the best way to coordinate it, so watch this space.



Messy desks make tidy flies,
Matt.

Acting Editor's Notes



Well, we have had a hectic start to the year, with club outings on the agenda again, club awards coming up, new members biting at the bit and heaps of interest in fly fishing. Covid tried to keep us down but the HVFFC members have prevailed!

We have a bumper edition for the month of May, with trip reports from Lake Wallace, Brad touring the Snowy area and getting in tune with the Man from Snowy River. A humorous article from Matt on a recent family holiday that went awry, and only Matt could pull off the end result! I put a couple of articles together, one for the adventurous and another on a recent Swansea outing. Keep the articles coming, I'm sure you all love to read them, and if you don't, then tell someone that cares! Facebook is ok, but a more indepth article would be better to keep the newsletter rolling off the press.

Check out the new club uniform in Rod Fox's article, thanks to Fiona and the clothing committee.

Next outing is Lake St Clair 17,18,19 June and the numbers are filling fast. We are coming to the premier time of the bass fishing calendar, so make a commitment and go up and enjoy each other's company and catch a few fish.

This weekend the club is hosting a social BBQ at the Peter Morse fly casting day (29th of May, Branxton RV oval). My apologies up front, I won't be there as will hopefully be chasing trout at Thommos, but looking at the weather, I'll need to pack the winter woolies. Please take photos and maybe an article.

Thanks to all those members who have contributed to this big edition, more input is always welcome. I can tidy up any of your messy scrawlings and pictures, well I can at least try!

Club Calendar 2022

Month	Date	Venue/Event	Trip Master	Contact Number
January				
February	2	Club Meeting Bero Bowlo		
February	18-20	Clarence Town		
March	2	Moanah 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	Red	0407195508
May				
June	1	Club Meeting Bero Bowlo		
June	17,18,19	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		

The Manning Gorge

Jeff Yates

Sleep failed me, my mind drifted aimlessly without latching onto a slumber provoking thought. I looked at the clock, it was 12.38am, time to relieve the bladder and try again to get a rest. As thoughts rumbled around my tired brain, I recalled memories of the Manning Gorge, and the rugged terrain that drained the upper Manning over several waterfalls, before it escaped the escarpment and formed one of our biggest East Coast River systems.

Foremost on my mind was the road trip to my destination; the ever changing environment, leaving home in the dark and watching the rising sun, dodging roos along the fog shrouded foothills, climbing mountains until



*Sun
starting to
rise over
the
Barrington
foothills*

entering the state forest and Barrington Tops National Park. The huge forests of Blackbutt, Messmate and other commercial timber species, were dissected with high altitude rainforests of Antarctic Beech, with it's under storey of beautiful tree ferns and moss carpeted floor. It is where I stopped for breakfast, with the resident Lyre birds mimicking currawongs, whip birds and even camera shutters, though I suppose mobile phones and digital cameras would hail the end of camera shutter calls now.



*A lyre bird
joins me
for
breakfast
in a high
altitude
rain forest*

What's the time? I seemed to have been tossing and turning for an

eternity, and the clock only shows 1.45am. My thoughts are not so much random, but solidly focused on the Manning Gorge. I decided to get out of bed and jot some notes, otherwise my thoughts will disappear when I doze off. I mind map my trip for later reference, a bit of scribble, but it will guide me as I regurgitate the memories.

Back in the car, I drive along a well maintained logging road, past Cock Rock and onto Thunderbolts Trail. If I turn left off this road onto Gummi Road I will cross the

upper Manning and end up at the Water Gauge, but instead I will continue along for a kilometre or two, until I come to Gummi trail. A left turn here and drop down the hill until a logging track emerges on my right. Take this for a kilometre or two and it abruptly ends in a stand of timber; I am now high above the Gorge, as my mate (never do this trip alone, your loved ones may never see you again!) gets anxious at the sight of the task ahead.



*Aptly named Cock
Rock not far from our
destination*

This trip is not for the faint hearted. Once you enter the gorge, you have to walk/wade/swim upstream for several hours, before exiting and returning up a timbered 45° slope, back to the track, and safety of the car. My second trip with another friend a few years later saw us exit a little

early, missing the track and having to walk an extra 5kms, getting back to the car after dark.

I doze off, my thoughts locked in scrawl, that only I will be able to interpret.

The next day, the forecasted storms have forced me out of the garden, seeking shelter and a cup of tea. I turn on the computer and start hitting the keys as I decipher the mind map from the night before. We excitedly get out of the uplifted Subaru Brumby and organise our little back packs. I have a heavy duty plastic bag with food, jumper and first aid kit folded and secured with heavy duty rubber bands. Fly gear is tossed in separately, conscious of weight, and our 2 piece rods (yep 4 piece rods a luxury then) strapped onto a stick for added protection for our decent and bum slide down the steep scree and timbered ridge, to the river, 1000ft below.

We plunge into the freezing water, dressed in quick drying trousers and shirts, offering little protection against the cold. The Volley sandshoes are full of water, as they will be for the remainder of the day, but the backpack keeps me afloat. This section of river we entered, is just upstream of a 60m waterfall, the tallest on the Manning. The river is around 10m wide and flowing fast, but the boulder strewn bed makes for good pocket water. My first impression of the gorge is, wow.....! Steep wooded slopes on both banks, virtually unscaleable, rising sharply to the mountain tops high above. This is my first trip in here, and I reckon that the chances of seeing another human on this water is remote, so there is no fishing pressure. I unstrap the rod, thankfully undamaged, after the bruising decent. I tie on my trusty #14 black possum fur nymph, as there are no rises evident. The first cast aimed at the back of a boulder, comes out as a coiled bundle, fatigue and nerves have clouded my



senses. Settle and recast I mutter to myself, and this time the line lands straight and soft. The fly sinks, uninfluenced in the pocket water by the river flow. I repeat this operation several times behind various boulders before I'm rewarded with my very first gorge rainbow, a healthy 1lb hen.

The morning got better, as we took it in turns to spot fish from elevated positions for the other to cast to.

The rapids gave way to rock bars across the flow. This created deep, dark pools on the top side and interesting plunge pools below. As the day warmed, the gorge seemed to generate its own micro climate, with still warm air, which in turn started spontaneous insect hatches. In those days, I suppose we lacked the knowledge, experience and finesse that we have since developed, so if a fish failed to take a red tag, then it would surely take a grasshopper pattern!



The Manning falls just above the Gummi trail bridge. This is around 8m and easily accessible, there are several more falls further downstream in the gorge, plus the 60m falls. Leeches are a hazard while wading the river.

It's now lunchtime, my legs and particularly feet are freezing from the water originating around 4500ft elevation, kilometres further upstream. I lay back on a large rock in the centre of the stream, gazing up at the beauty around me. Birds nest ferns in the mossy crevices, rock orchids hanging from the shaded sides of moss covered cliffs, and in some spots, a canopy of trees had almost formed over the stream, and of course the droning chorus of cicadas. We were able to build a little fire, and luckily my companion was a smoker, and had wax matches. My feet were blue, and while inspecting the numbness, I noticed red ooze coming from my trousers, and there hidden was a big fat leech, bloated on my blood. I hate cigarettes, but I can assure you that leeches dislike them more, as I gave him a hot bum. We ate all our energy food, drank heaps of water and when thawed, decided to continue our fishing, as we

weren't quite sure how much further we needed to wade, forward or swim before we made for the exit point.

At around 4pm we arrived at a spot just below a 23m waterfall, and from our calculations and our topo map, if we hit the bank here, climb the ridgeline and trek up a gully, we will end up on our car track. In theory we were right, but after a long day immersed in freezing water, the 2 hour walk out was extreme. I have never tasted a better cup of tea, and after changing clothes and putting the fishing gear away we motored our way out in the dark, destined for a slow trip back to camp on Polblue Swamp. I had the best night's sleep and reminisced on what an incredible place the Manning gorge is, losing count of the fish we caught, including one of some 3lb.

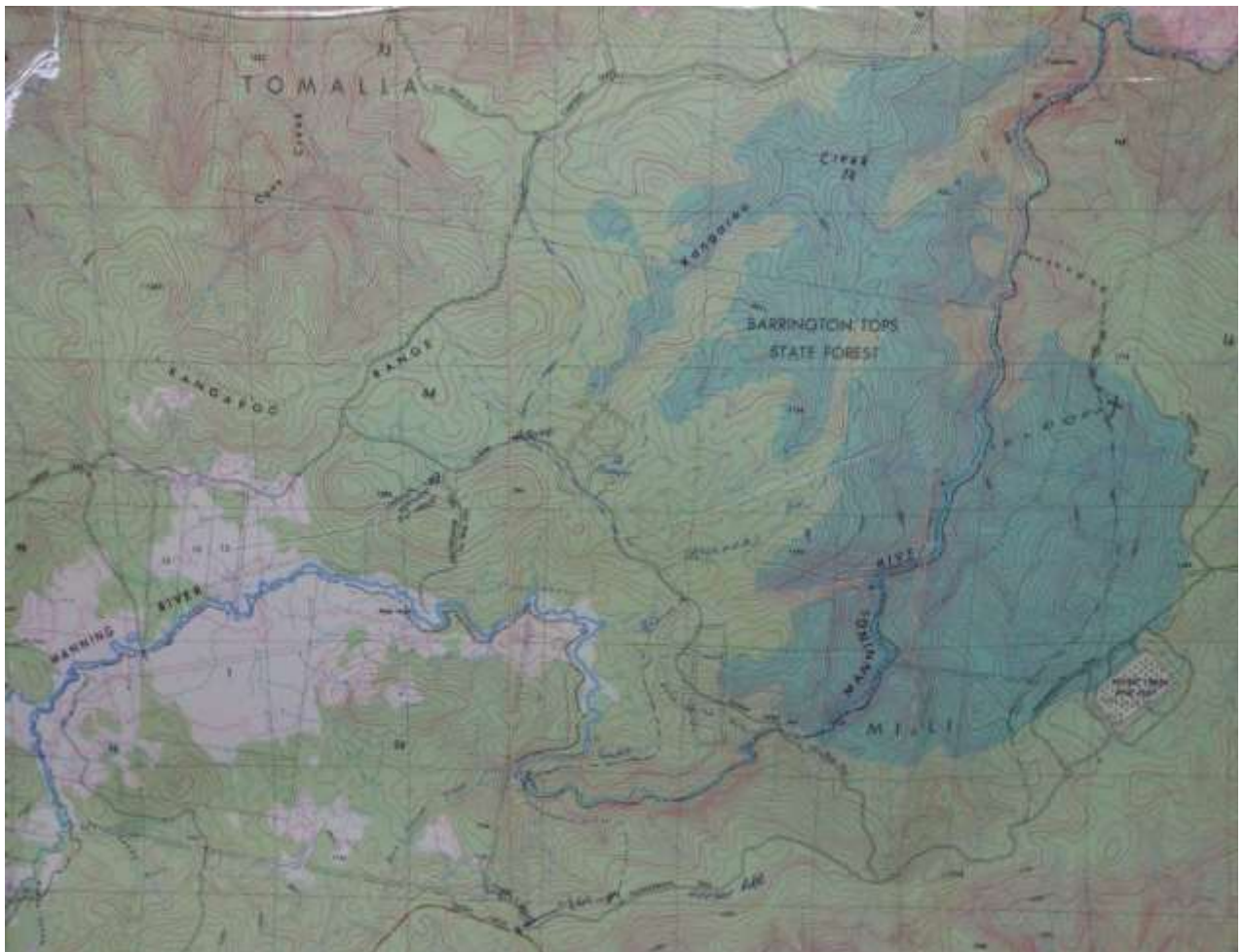
This first trip took place over 35 years ago, and it was tough. I did a second trip a year or two later, but then decided that I had rolled the dice twice, and will leave any further trips to others, keen for adventure and wanting to experience extreme fishing in our own backyard.

As a footnote to the Barrington area, those of us that are a little more mature, may remember that Malcolm Naden, Australia's most elusive fugitive, was on the run for 7 years in the Barrington mountains, before his capture in 2012, wanted for the murder of two people, he would most certainly have traversed this area. He was known to have moved along the great divide, from around here and nearly to the Qld border. He shot and wounded a policeman during an ambush on his bush camp, but was later captured with the assistance of a police dog in an isolated cottage.



The main pool at the Water Gauge, several kilometres up from the gorge. A place I have visited and fished many times. Tumbling rapids and oxygenated pools proliferate along the upper Manning. I am disappointed that digital cameras were not around when I did this trip, but I will keep vivid pictures in my memory until my last breath!

For those interested, young and in good health pick up a topographic map 1:25 000, of Pigna Barney 9234-3-N available from the Central Mapping Authority. When reading the map you will notice things like 60r or 23r beside the river. This indicates that the river drops “relative” to the surrounding landscape. Just read it as meters and be prepared to bush bash around or exit below. There are easier ways in and out of the gorge, other than as I described, so the topo will aid in your decisions. Don’t take any notice of the scribble tracks on the topo, as they are not necessarily correct, too long ago to remember! It would also be prudent to check on upstream stocking for the last couple of years as these fish were flushed into the gorge.



Swansea mixed bag

Jeff Yates

It's the end of April, and recent reports of some salmon showing up on high tide prompted us to check it out for ourselves. An early start just on high tide should have been ideal for a show, but a scout around Salts bay, and up the channel to the bridge did not see a fish. It was still too early for a coffee at the Tides coffee shop, so we decided to head out to the Eastern face of Moon Island.



Rounding the tip of the island in choppy conditions, the sounder indicated fish, and as if on cue, a few fish started to crack the surface. I almost got knocked off my feet a few times by the slop, but Peter was able to get a shot in with an instant take as the fish peeled off plenty of line. This was no salmon or tailer run, but as the fish started to circle the boat we soon realised that he was hooked onto a small Mac tuna. The fish soon was out of puff and we were able to boat it for a quick shot. This is where I stuffed up badly, being tossed around and not willing to look too long into my tackle box for my glasses, I went with my camera settings, took a few shots and hoped for the best. When I later checked my pics I realised that my settings were still on macro, and most shots were out of focus; bugger! Maybe sea sickness is preferable to bad shots or is it?



We hung around for a little while waiting for the tuna to resurface, but my gut decided that I needed terra firma, so we headed back in to the coffee shop for a fix. It was while we were digging into a toasty and coffee that Peter mentioned that he had a couple of new rollers for the boat trailer. We would replace them while the boat was moored at Blacksmiths, but that will be later.

We searched the channels down past Blackneds bay, through to Salts bay, me throwing a large chartreuse and white Clouser and Peter using a smaller Clouser. Not a flathead, salmon or tailor to be seen, though we did spook a school of mullet taking shelter under the hull of the boat.

A slow drift through the bay was quite interesting. We had a few short takes, like a bream hit, but no hook-ups. We saw a few large whiting, and had our flies chaperoned on a number of occasions by what looked like large leatherjackets. Try as we may by, slowing the retrieve, pulsing, continuous retrieve and speeding it up could not get a take. One last throw before we started to relocate, Peter hooked into a lovely tailor. It put up a nice fight, and was unlucky as the fly was impaled in the jaw scissors, thus preventing a severed line from their razor teeth. A few more drifts and a flounder hit the deck after swallowing a 100mm Clouser. What a mixed bag, but no salmon!



Meanwhile, we decided to head back to the ramp for a cuppa and look at the boat trailer.

Peter drove it up on the verge so that we could keep an eye on the boat while we worked on the trailer. The old trailer rollers were absolutely stuffed, and the split pins were rusted in place, requiring a bit of bush mechanics to do the changeover. The new rollers were grooved, which supposedly would catch the keel and send the boat to the middle of the roller: great in theory!

We took the trailer to the ramp and tried to load the boat but unfortunately the keel spline jammed between the roller and its bracket, and was stuck so solidly that the boat floated the trailer off its wheels. Much pushing and shoving eventuated in dislodging the boat from the trailer and landing Peter into 2 meters of water, phone, wallet and the works.

More work followed, reversing rollers and playing around, before more unsuccessful loading attempts were made. An analysis of the problem seems that the self centering rollers were made for a narrow

keel spline, and the wider one on the Top Ender was just not suitable for this roller. We have a plan to fix the problem but that will mean another trip to the water – can't wait, but the salmon will have to co-operate next time!



*Where have all the
salmon gone?*

////////////////////////////////////

Robinson Crusoe

Matt Jordan

Tropical paradise means different things to different people. For my partner it means lush greenery, turquoise water, and cocktails. For my daughter it means eating out and a pool without too many other kids. And for me it means clear flats, waving tails, and a fly rod. When a deal came up offering cheap flights to Hamilton Island, we decided to pull the trigger and see how many of those definitions the Whitsundays could match.

Bringing fishing gear was a contentious issue before we even packed. I was told that it was ok, as long as I didn't "get preoccupied with fishing" and it didn't "become the main thing of the trip". Having agreed to these terms, we loaded the car and headed down to Sydney in anticipation of warmer climes.

It was raining steadily when we pulled up in the airport carpark, I had a throbbing migraine, and our daughter was a little volatile. Claire unpacked the boot while I dithered about and felt sorry for myself and my sore head. She locked the doors and we hurried across the sodden asphalt to catch the bus to the terminal, making it just in time. As we lurched our way toward the airport I did a quick headcount of family members and luggage. While there were the appropriate number of passengers, we were missing something arguably just as important - we had left the rod in the boot of the car. Claire hadn't noticed it as she was unpacking, and I didn't realise neither of us were carrying it to the bus. I'd like to say I took it well, with the kind of casual, laizenfaire attitude befitting a tropical holiday, but that would be a lie. I was fuming, and was a deeply unpleasant person to be around for the next 6 hours or so.



A rare moment of blue sky

Once we arrived on the island a mini-bus ferried us from the terminal to our accommodation. By this point my migraine had eased to the point that I could open my eyes without blinding pain and waves of nausea, so I was looking out the window at the palm trees and cockatoos, trying not to think about fish. After ruminating on the plane I'd

narrowed things down to two options: 1. Sulk, or 2. Improvise. I'd settled on option one, and was settling into a really good funk, when I noticed a forlorn, broken spin stick standing next to a bin. The bus continued along and dropped us at our accommodation, but I made a mental note of where that rod was. Once we were settled in and my daughter had finished doing victory laps of our bungalow ("We're finally here! I dreamed about it and now we're finally here!"), I mooched my way back to the bin and scavenged the broken rod, like the noble vulture I am. It was a 4-7kg, 10ft Catana, a workable length, but much heavier than me and my shoulders would like. Still, desperate times call for desperate measures, and I saw potential in its worn eyelets and flaking finish.

With a Leatherman, some electrical tape, and a can-do attitude, I cut the extended butt off the rod and used it to splint the break in the top section. The rod was now even heavier and more unbalanced than before, but at least it was a two piece again. I attached a fly reel with an 8wt sink tip and had a few casts on the lawn out the front of our bungalow while the wallabies looked on with bemused derision. The rod was heavy and cumbersome, it could throw the line a short ways, but it wasn't pretty or fun. I decided it probably wasn't worth the effort and packed the rod away. Ah well, the fishing would probably have been crap anyway.



One man's trash



On the operating table



In post-op



Let's call it a fighting butt



Results are just like a bought one



Paradise should always include duck



I wasn't the only one sulking at times



Her own version of paradise

A couple of days later, having thoroughly investigated the breakfast buffet and pool, my thoughts returned the Frankenrod propped in the corner. The stiff breeze that had been our constant companion began to intermittently drop, and the sun poked out between rain showers. With the tide just about bottoming out and the rest of the household going out for cocktails/mocktails, I loaded up with flies and low expectations and hit the beach.



The fish that saved a holiday



Beautiful eyes but could use an orthodontist. I call this filter "water on the lens"

Wading out toward the rocky reef my hopes dropped further, there would be no sight fishing under the cloudy glare, and I didn't spook a single fish. At this point the best I was hoping for was to avoid death by Irukanji. Between the flat and the reef there was a shallow channel, and I stopped at its edge to have a cast. Clumsily double hauling into the breeze, I did my best to send the fly out over the reef, this time with an audience of bemused snorkelers. After a couple of casts I was just about ready to acquiesce to the complaints of my deltoid and trapezius, when something crash tackled my Clouser. Frankenrod barely bowed in acknowledgement of the fish, but I was stoked when a very tropical looking parrotfish came to hand, was photo'd for proof, and released back into the water.

With renewed hope and vigour I launched the Clouser back over the reef and started a staccato retrieve. A few casts later a flash of silver interrupted the fly's progress and Frankenrod took on a far more stooped attitude. The fish only stayed connected for a few seconds (a rolled hookpoint), but I'm

calling it for a trevally of some kind. Switching to a tan Fuzzlebunny I made my way further along the gutter. Soon another trevally tackled the fly - this one had gold bars, took line, and stayed connected right to my feet. Unfortunately the goldie must have been a little camera shy, as it threw the hook as I went for the tail grab, but at around 45 - 50 cm it was stupidly fun and beyond anything I'd expected to hook.

After that a group of snorklers moved through, and although they would have weighed well, I think they're a protected species. Once they'd moved on ("I haven't seen any fish, is there even anything here?") I started casting again, landing another small parrotfish along with a slightly better coral trout. I've seen plenty of coral trout on TV and in print, but the way those iridescent blue spots lit up in the storm-tinged sunlight was breathtaking. With the tide making its way from my navel to my armpits I headed back to shore, surprised and satisfied with the hour or so's fishing.



Those spots!



He wanted it!

The next day I found myself (deliberately) unoccupied an hour or so after low tide. Since it would be a shame to travel all this way and rebuild a rod for just one hour, I wandered back down the beach to see if there were any particularly stupid fish left. It wasn't long before my fuzzlebunny was once again intercepted as it moved from the reef to the channel.



Another species for the Fuzzle-bunny, unfortunately a lot smaller than the previous day's



Fuzzle-bunnies before and after meeting the locals

Unfortunately this golden was much smaller, but at least it was willing to be photographed. A few minutes later its twin fell for the same trick and was also photographed and released. By this stage the Fuzzlebunny had completely unravelled and had earned retirement. The water was also getting deeper, and I'd seen what looked like better sized goldies moving through in small groups. I cycled through some heavier flies, including goldy classics like the VGDC and Kwan, but saw no more action for the day. With the water once again lapping my nipples I headed back to shore to see how the rest of the family's pursuits of paradise were going, have a beer, and pat myself on the back.

The next day we flew back to dreary Sydney, releasing Frankenrod back into its natural habitat; propped beside a bin waiting for another disorganized angler sulking their way through a tropical holiday. I'm not sure how much my 8wt enjoyed its 5 day holiday in the boot, but I think the rest of us managed to find a little piece of our personal idea of paradise. That said, next time I'll double check the luggage before we jump on the bus.



*Even the crabs up
here are on for a
blue*



Lake Wallace Weekend

Rod Fox and Peter Sewell

Rod:- Lake Wallace I arrived at the Lake Wallace campsite at Wallerawang and set up camp. This lake was used as a water supply for the nearby Wallerawang power station, but since its closure, the lake is used for recreational purposes only. Expect to catch rainbow, brown trout, Australian Bass, and of course, the noxious redfin or English Perch which was dumped into the Cox's river system a few years back by some environmental vandal, hell bent on destroying a good trout fishery. But there could be another surprise catch, read on! Meanwhile, Rod Esdaile and Rod Dillon arrived, and set up their camps. Over lunch we decided to take the Hobies out on the lake for a pedal and paddle.

This is where the fun and games began. As I was just about to launch the kayak, I stood on a slippery part of the bank and slid into the lake. I had hold of the front of the kayak it dragged me further into the lake, up to my waist. After having a good laugh, me soaked, we continued across the lake to have a fish. We fished for a while, then noticed a number of fish rising close to the bank. We moved over and had a few casts. Rod E then came over and asked how we were going, and I said that we hadn't caught anything, then all of a sudden I was on. I caught and landed my first Tiger Trout, and this is a first for our club and a total surprise to all.

A little research indicates that in a first for NSW, 1500 tiger trout fingerlings have been stocked into Thompsons Creek Dam, with larger fish released into the upper Cox's River system. The Tiger trout is a hybrid bred fish from female Brown trout and male Brook trout, and features a spectacular colouration and have a reputation as being an aggressive and hard fighting sportfish. Known to feed strongly, the Tigers are expected to grow very quickly, as they don't waste energy on trying to spawn. As Tiger trout are sterile, stocking is the only way a fishery can be established and maintained. Monitoring to assess the effectiveness of the stockings, including impacts on redfin and fishery performance, will be undertaken as part of a three-year trial. The fish releases will make the upper Cox's River impoundments one of only a few locations in Australia where tiger trout can be targeted.



3 Rods and Alex in their new club uniform.

Tiger Trout safely in the yak before being released

We fished for another hour, and then it started to get cold, particularly those of us who went for an intentioned swim!

Meanwhile, Peter, Fred, Wayne and Brent arrived, set up camp and headed out to Thompson Creek Dam.

On Saturday, Alex Hartsuyker arrived and went fishing out on the lake with Rod D. Rod E and I headed below the wall at Lake Wallace where we caught 10 Redfin and 1 Trout.



2LT

9 May at 15:37 · 🌐

FURTHER GOOD NEWS FOR LOCAL FISHERS

In another boost for local fishers, the Wallerawang Branch of the Central Acclimatisation Society has today (Mon 9/5) overseen the release of 2,500 tiger trout into Lake Lyell and Lake Wallace, Wallerawang.

The fish, which are approximately 6 months old, and vary in length between 15cm – 18 cm, were bred at the Gaden Hatchery, Jindabyne.

This is the second year of a three year release program aimed at controlling the number of redfin in the local waterways.

(photos courtesy of the Wang C.A.S)

On Saturday afternoon Rod E, Alex and myself went out on the lake with the kayaks and caught 2 large Redfin. Wayne and Rod E went bank fishing and Brent went to Thompson Creek.

Later in the night when all had returned to the campsite, and a discussion was had it was evident that fishing at Thompson Creek Dam was hard going.

Sunday morning dawned and guess what, it rained, so we had a wet camp to pack up. Overall the weekends was a success and a good time was had by all.

Rang Tang, a local guide in the area and a participant in

the stocking fraternity of the Blue Mountains area advised that the fishing of the lakes and streams in the area are very productive.

Peter:- Shaving at Thommo's Having joined Foxy and his motley crew at Lake Wallace (Lithgow / Wallerawang) on Friday and set up camp we, Fred and I, decided to pay Thompsons Creek Dam a visit. While we were up there Wayne (Sammo) Salmon and his mate Brett turned up so four of us were enjoying the fishing solitude after the long walk down the Eastern side of the dam. We thrashed the dam till it was foam but those huge trout that dwell in the depths just couldn't be found.

We did find a school of recently released Rainbows which were like a school of tailor on the surface so I thought I'd try one of our Tassie flies on a floating line seeing that I couldn't raise a scale on wets/nymphs on the intermediate line. I managed to catch a Rainbow straight away then missed about three or four takes, finally hooked another one which became a long distance release. The fish I caught was tagged so we photographed the tag and informed DPI on their website. So the secret or not so secret fly was a **Shaving Brush**, hence the title of this article. The shaving brush is an emerger pattern which is taken well in Tassie when the mayfly are hatching. We fished till after dark but no other fish could be found.

On Saturday Fred, Tanguis and I returned and evil eyed Tanguis, maybe it was the



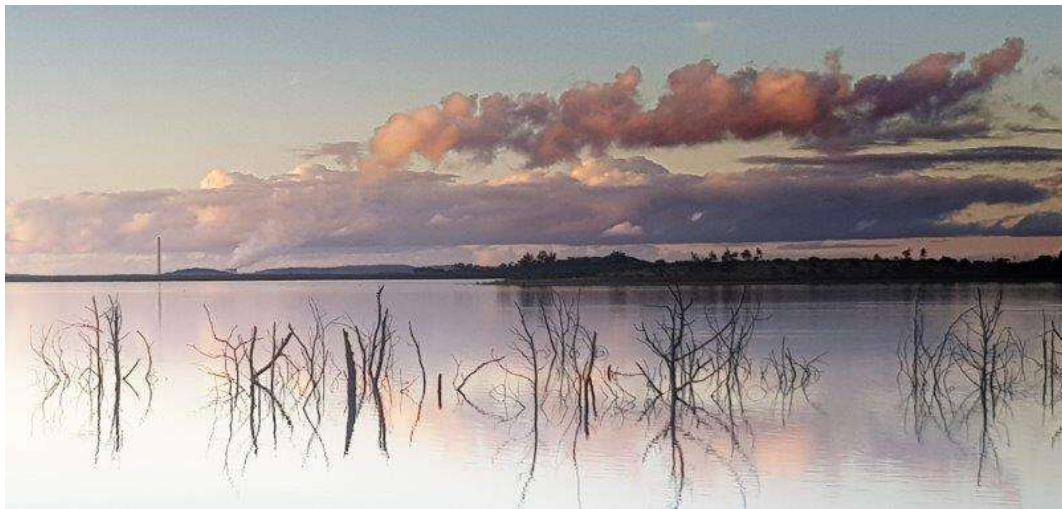
altitude advantage he had, spotted fish rising in the small dam you pass on the way to the main Thommos Dam. So we peeled off and caught a few small fish in the corner, they looked like they'd been recently released too. I'm sure they'll get bigger.

We meandered our way along the dam wall stopping only to Ohh and Ahh at the huge Trout feeding along the edge of the wall! Tempted as we were we obeyed the local rule that says NO FISHING FROM THE DAM WALL! The last fish we saw was 50m from the western shoreline where we could fish. The Western side was unproductive for us but the scenery was as spectacular as it always is up there. We silly old buggers decided to do a lap of the dam and Tanguis was up for it too, although his legs are longer, younger and fitter we noticed. I captured a mental image of a bow wave heading for a lonely black insect on the surface and the insect disappearing in a mighty gulp but no matter how much I persevered, the Shaving brush emerger I had on wouldn't entice even a look. Maybe I should have put on a small black beetle pattern, now I think...why didn't I match the hatch? Maybe next time. Anyway, I figured the water was too calm, that was my excuse anyway.

Tangus and I made it around the back to the Eastern side and in a fantastic fishy looking little bay I cast my shaving brush out and admired it floating on the glassy water telling myself that with no rises, no insect activity, glassy water I didn't have a chance. Then, my fly disappeared, I lifted and was onto a feisty mid-sized Rainbow that cartwheeled around the place about a dozen times until it became another long distance release. Well so much for my wisdom about not catching fish in glassy water with no rises or insects to be seen.

Once again we fished till dark, Tangus landed some more feisty little fish and another tagged fish on the Eastern side.

So another great weekend bites the dust, we covered around 20km on shank's pony, caught a few small fish, had a great social time with the guys sitting around the campfire at night and can't wait to get up there again. I need to learn a lot more about fishing Thompson's and the only way is more practice...well that's my excuse.



Brad, the Man from Snowy River

I was sorry to have missed Ben's Laurieton trip, as I was down Mexico way to visit Cousins in Victoria, whom I haven't seen in 3 years because of Covid, but also to witness:-

*The Man from Snowy River let the pony have his head,
And he swung his stockwhip/ flyrod round and gave a cheer,
And he raced him down the mountain like a torrent down its bed,
While the others stood and watched in very fear.*

Ruth and I stopped at a freebie along the road 8 km south of Tumbarumba. A really nice flat spot with a creek, the type of camp us fly fishermen like.

The creek was not that big or deep but one of my mates asked for a fly fishing casting session, so I had to oblige while we still had light. Out comes the 6wt, a bit of overkill I know, but easier to teach with. He did a few good casts on the bank, so I said lets tie on a fly and have a fish. There was no fish at the camping hole, none at the next, so I had a turn and this little beauty slurped the caddis pattern from the surface so perfectly I think I have a convert.



A couple of casts later its little sister has a slurp of my offering and comes to hand. Another became a flying fish all of 4 inches long, as I thought it was a bit of weed caught on the line.

Now the best bit was my padawan cast into the bubble line and watched his fly slip down the throat of a beautiful Brown. Wow, what a thrill to watch someone catch his first fish on fly. The smile says it all.

Better finish with the poem to end my story.

*I was down the Riverina, knockin' 'round the towns a bit,
And occasionally resting with a schooner in me mitt,
And on one of these occasions, when the bar was pretty full
And the local blokes were arguin' assorted kind of bull,
I heard a conversation, most peculiar in its way.
It's only in Australia you would hear a joker say:*



*"Howya bloody been, ya drongo, haven't seen ya fer a week,
And yer mate was lookin' for ya when ya come in from the creek.
'E was lookin' up at Ryan's, and around at bloody Joe's,
And even at the Royal, where 'e bloody NEVER goes".*

*And the other bloke says "Seen 'im? Owed 'im half a bloody quid.
Forgot to give it back to him, but now I bloody did -
Could've used the thing me bloody self. Been off the bloody booze,
Up at Tumba-bloody-rumba shootin' kanga-bloody-roos."*

*Now the bar was pretty quiet, and everybody heard
The peculiar integration of this adjectival word,
But no-one there was laughing, and me - I wasn't game,
So I just sits back and lets them think I spoke the bloody same.*

*Then someone else was interested to know just what he got,
How many kanga-bloody-roos he went and bloody shot,
And the shooting bloke says "Things are crook -
the drought's too bloody tough.
I got forty-two by seven, and that's good e-bloody-nough."*

*And, as this polite rejoinder seemed to satisfy the mob,
Everyone stopped listening and got on with the job,
Which was drinkin' beer, and arguin', and talkin' of the heat,
Of boggin' in the bitumen in the middle of the street,
But as for me, I'm here to say the interesting piece of news
Was Tumba-bloody-rumba shootin' kanga bloody-roos.*

or hear it

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=Z1VZ6OfHRSU>

Who's catching fish this month?



Ben did well with a nice Jew (check out the Gamechanger in its gob!), Longtail Tuna, bream and his first trout





***Kevin and Janice on the Eucumbene at
Dennison, and nice trout in the net on
his 3wt at Bright in Vic***



***Matt with some nice bream from
around the mangroves with his deadly
shrimp pattern.***



Edward fished Lemon Tree Passage for some quality flathead, as well as a chunky bass at St Clair.



Last but not least, Brad sent me a video of some character being pulled in by a monster fish. Not sure if you were fantasizing Brad but it would be good to be attached to something like that on fly, but I would like it to be in cleaner water!



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

--Sponsors--

