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THE VICTORIAN FLY-FISHERS' ASSOCIATION INC.

FEBRUARY 2008

Organisation No. A0024750J

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**NEXT MEETING IS AT THE KELVIN CLUB  
8.00PM SHARP THURSDAY 21 FEBRUARY 2008**

ASSOCIATED CLUBS: ALPINE (BRIGHT) • WANGARATTA • BAIRNSDALE • WARRNAMBOOL • LATROBE VALLEY

## FEBRUARY GENERAL MEETING

The next general meeting will be held at the Kelvin Club on Thursday 21 February 2008 commencing at 8 p.m. sharp. This is our traditional “Liars Night” where members can recount their tall tales and true of their angling exploits over the summer break. Remember “*All fishermen are liars unless they are calling other fishermen liars*”.

Members and their guests are encouraged to have dinner at the Kelvin Club prior to the commencement of the meeting. Can you try to be seated in the dining room by around 6.30 p.m. so that we can commence the meeting on time.

## VFFA PHOTOGRAPHS NIGHT

Tony Brothers has prepared a draft of the history of the VFFA, which will in due course be published as a book. It will follow on the heels of the very successful *Geehi to Great Lake*, which has all but sold out.

Tony is looking for photographs, old or more recent, of VFFA activities and identities to place in the book. The March General meeting will take the form of a photo night. Members will be able to submit their photographs and look at the photographs of other members. It should be very interesting and, you never know, some of your photographs might make it into the history.

Would any members interested in submitting photographs please contact Tony on 9578 8271.

## SUBSCRIPTIONS

### **Subscription Policy**

The issue has been raised in relation to subscriptions for membership part way through the membership year and it has been requested that a policy be prepared for consideration by Council.

### **Background**

Currently annual subscriptions are issued in September each year although the Association has a June balance date. The reason behind this is to conform with end of year function and alignment with the trout fishing season.

Any new member during the year is required to pay the nomination fee together with a pro rata membership fee.

### **Proposal**

Nomination fees are payable unless waived by Council. No other Association member has the authority to waive the fee. Any membership application submitted without the nomination fee will be accepted subject to subsequent payment of the fee. The Treasurer will issue an invoice to the new member for the total due accounting for any part payments received.

Any application prior to December will be at full fee. Any application after that date will be pro-rata of the annual fee.

## DATES FOR YOUR DIARY

1-7 March 2008 .....Brumby's Creek Trip  
Thursday 12 March 2008 .....General Meeting - Photo Night  
Thursday 15 May 2008 .....Scholes Book Auction  
TBA .....End of Season BBQ Weekend  
24-27 June 2008 .....Art Show

E. & O. E.

## Bairnsdale Fly Fishers Club Inc. DONGER TROPHY WEEKEND

The Bairnsdale Fly Fishers Club are holding the Donger Trophy weekend for the first time in their new Lodge. All members are invited to join them on the 16 and 17 February at the Mitta Lodge. A barbecue tea will be provided on the Saturday night for all to attend.

Preceding this will be their Annual Dinner on Friday night at the Bairnsdale Motor Inn, Pentagon Restaurant at 6.30 pm Friday 15 February 2008.

Please contact: Mick Rosenboom on 5155 2810 – Secretary, BFFC or Peter Campbell on 0425 766 532.

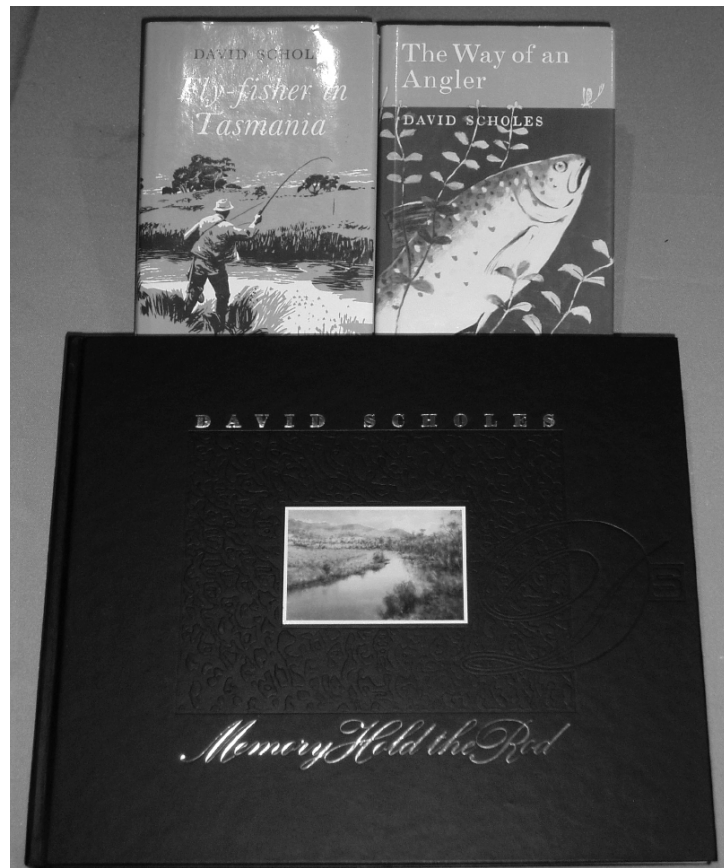
*David Grisold*

## MAY AUCTION

David Scholes' personal collection of fly fishing books will be auctioned at the Kelvin Club on the evening of Thursday 15 May 2008. A catalogue of the books to be auctioned will appear either in the March or April Newsletter.

David Scholes is Australia's pre-eminent fly fishing author. He was also a member of this Association. His books have great sentimental value and it is expected that there will be strong competition.

Don't miss out.



# President's Message

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Well here we go again. Another day in paradise.

I underwent my radical prostatectomy on Friday 23 November and was released from hospital on Wednesday 28th, and it is wonderful to be home. My biopsy results were all good. I go back to the surgeons mid February for blood tests and then three years of tests every six months. As long as all goes well with no PSA in my blood, I will then get the all clear. I would like to take this opportunity to thank everybody for their cards, flowers visits and phone calls. I sincerely appreciated everybody's best wishes.

Gentlemen. If you have not had a prostate check, PLEASE DO! You never know you might even enjoy it.

Before entering hospital I attended the funeral of our great mate Vic Bell. It was well attended by VFFA members. I will miss seeing Vic at our dinners and on his seat at Ray Butterworth's Flowerdale property. Victor's last fish from one of Ray's dams was a memorable three pounder.

Isaac Walton wrote:

*"O the Gallant Fly fishers life  
It is the best of any  
Tis full of pleasure void of Strife".*

Tight lines young "fella".

The Big River weekend was once again a great success. Congratulations must go to Pilks for providing the accommodation and Stewart for his superb catering. You wouldn't believe that two blokes who don't drink could get so much enjoyment watching others enjoying the pleasures of the grape!

2007 was a big year and I want to thank everybody who has attended our dinners and trips. Also to all who have helped and contributed throughout 2007. 2008 is shaping up well. We have a full list of activities and guest speakers. Please refer to this year's calendar of events in this newsletter.

In May we will have a very special event. The private book collection of David Scholes has been given to the VFFA to auction. Please pencil this into your new year's diary.

Also the VFFA will hold an Art Show in July. For further details please contact: Paul Squires on 0427 047 926.

The VFFA History! If you have old photos, stories and information that could be used in our next book and you wish to contribute, please contact Tony Brothers: phone 9578 8271.

Our hard working editor has been receiving some members' contributions for the newsletter which he is very appreciative of. Stories of fishing trips, a special fly, a handy hint or a poem. Please put pen to paper and you might one day have an article published in our next anthology.

Whilst holidaying this year in Tassie. I had the very good fortune to meet Mary and Steve Faulkner. I have known Steve for several years and this year I met his wife Mary and young son Nicholas. Mary is the granddaughter of the late Reg Clayton. Reg was a keen and skilful fly fisherman who spent many years fishing with his great mate David Scholes and featured prominently in several of David's books. Reg was born in Victoria and later moved to Tassie. He was a foundation member of the Fly Fishers Club of Tasmania. On the last day of our trip, Mary with the permission of her father, presented the VFFA with her grandfather's fly rod, a 9 foot 6 weight Hardy split cane Palakona. This rod will go into one of the glass

display cabinets in our library. On behalf of all VFFA members, I want to say a very special thank you to the Clayton family for their kind and generous donation. Please read David Scholes valediction to Reg also in this newsletter.

Two big events for February are “liars night” and the Bairnsdale Fly Fishers annual dinner and “Donger” weekend. Come along and have dinner at the Kelvin Club on “liars night” before the liars do their worst and then let the fish out of the bag and tell a few porkies. The Bairnsdale Fly Fishers have their annual dinner and Donger weekend. February 15, 16 & 17, it is also the opening of their new Mitta lodge. All are welcome. Please contact Peter Campbell 0425 766 532.

I want to sincerely wish all members and their families a healthy and prosperous 2008.

*‘Time that one enjoys to waste  
Is not wasted time at all.’*

*David Grisold*

## **Reg Clayton’s Rod**

*Reg Clayton was immortalised by David Scholes in many of his books. Clayton was David Scholes’ fishing mate until his death in September 1973.*

*The Clayton family have very generously donated his beloved Hardy Split Cane Palakona to the Association. They have also provided a copy of David Scholes’ obituary to Reg which appeared in the October 1973 newsletter of the Fly-fishers’ Club of Tasmania which is reproduced below. The rod will soon be on display in a glass display cabinet in our library room at the Kelvin Club.*

It was with profound shock that we learnt of the sudden death on September 5th of Reg Clayton.

A Foundation member and past President of the Club, Reg delighted in all kinds of fly fishing; indeed it had become a very real part of his life. But dry-fly fishing held a special charm for him, particularly on the rivers. Not that he found the lakes unattractive; it was just that he preferred the streams.

His favourite stream? Not the happy and bubbling St. Patricks, nor the sparkling and superb North Esk, not the glorious Macquarie, nor the beautiful Break-o’-Day. No, Reg gave pride of place to the lively little Liffey. He loved the Liffey and I rather think the Liffey loved Reg. Certainly she looked upon him generously and welcomed his footsteps. I know, because I was usually there with him, and I could tell.

Seldom, surely, does an angler have what one might call Reg’s good fortune in that his last cast was made only a couple of days before his death. For, had you been out on the Meander backwaters that Monday morning and looked hard, you’d have found him there – the fast, powerful cast, the forward lean and famous hat – all unmistakably belonging to Reg Clayton.

Amongst the very beautiful flowers at the graveside was a single carnation of the deepest red, together with a piece of fern that you might find growing in the shade beside a mountain stream. It is doubtful if the message on the card would mean much to ordinary people, but between parting anglers it means everything: “Tight lines, Reg”.

*The Fly-fishers’ Club of Tasmania, Newsletter October 1973.*



# HISTORY

WE NEED OLD PHOTOS OF VFFA  
FISHING TRIPS, DINNERS, GROUP SHOTS...  
TO GO INTO OUR NEXT BOOK.

## *A Complete History of VFFA*

PLEASE CONTACT TONY BROTHERS  
ON  
9578 8271



# VFFA Meetings and Activities - 2008

## FEBRUARY

- 15-17 Bairnsdale Annual Dinner and Donger Weekend  
21 **General Meeting** – Liar’s Night

## MARCH

- 1-7 Fishing Trip – Brumby’s Creek, Tasmania  
13\*\* **General Meeting**  
– Historical Photo Night

## APRIL

- 17 **General Meeting**  
– Speaker Les Hawkins

## MAY

- TBA End of Season BBQ Weekend  
15 **General Meeting** - Auction Night and David Scholes Book Auction



## JUNE

- 1 Sunday Casting  
5 Dinner with Partners  
8 Sunday Casting  
15 Cane Day  
19 **General Meeting**  
– Speaker Daniel Hackett  
22 Sunday Casting  
29 Sunday Casting



## JULY

- 6 Sunday Casting  
13 Sunday Casting  
17 **General Meeting** – Fly Tying  
20 Sunday Casting  
25-27 Art Show  
27 Sunday Casting

## AUGUST

- 3 Sunday Casting  
10 Sunday Casting  
17 Sunday Casting  
24 Sunday Casting  
29 **Annual Dinner**  
– Speaker Bob Hart  
30 President’s Casting Day

## SEPTEMBER

- 18 **Annual General Meeting**

## OCTOBER

- 16 **General Meeting**  
TBA Opening Weekend

## NOVEMBER

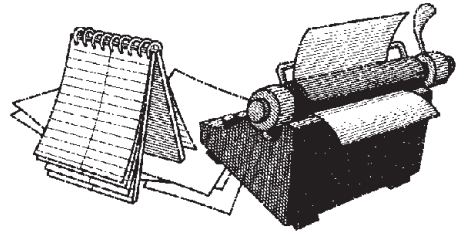
- 20 **General Meeting**  
TBA Fishing Trip – Big River

## DECEMBER

- 18 Christmas Dinner

\*\* date altered as usual Thursday night too close to Easter.

# From the EDITOR'S DESK



This newsletter contains a letter from Tony Brothers and a media release relating to trout and redfin being included in the 'Native Fish Recovery Following the Removal of Alien Fish Species' tender. I have also reproduced an article from Freshwater Fisher Newsletter, the newsletter of the NSW Council of Freshwater Anglers Inc which puts this issue in perspective.

In my opinion the major danger to the Murray Darling Basin and, indeed, the waterways of the south eastern Australia, is lack of water. This is important to all Australians. It is very important to anglers. I know of no fish that can swim in air or on a dried up river bed. Our rivers are under pressure on two fronts. First, reduced rainfall caused by climate change has in turn led to a reduction in the volume of water in rivers and water storages. Secondly, there has been a growth in the past few decades in the area of land under irrigation. These factors have depleted our water reserves to the point that they are at an all time low. Something has to give. If the reduction in average rainfall is permanent then irrigation authorities will be unable meet the irrigation allocations. This will inevitably mean then the area of land under irrigation will have to be reduced. If there is not such a reduction, the lower reaches of some of our major rivers will cease to flow and will become a series of stagnant pools. This would lead to a risk of the outbreak of blue green algae. This will not be beneficial to native fish. If you think this risk is overstated, then read the text of Charles Peck's speech at the Christmas Dinner which has been reproduced in this newsletter. He reported that last year there was an outbreak of blue green algae in Cataract Gorge where he once caught sea run trout.

It is a pity that those who govern us did little to address the effects of climate change on our waterways until the water crisis was upon us and an election was looming. The time has now come for a comprehensive and dispassionate rationalisation of the preservation and use of water in Australia. Such a plan should ensure that the area under irrigation be reduced to the point where water allocations can be guaranteed whilst at the same time ensuring a reasonable flow down the lengths of our rivers. Such an outcome would be beneficial to native fish.

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## LETTER TO THE EDITOR

From R.A. Brothers

*As the VFFA's seventy-fifth year 2007 comes to a close, the Melbourne Herald Sun Newspaper of December 30th ran the following story, which bears reproducing in full here. It has grave implications for all Victorian Fly Fishers' Association members and indeed all anglers of every persuasion who fish for trout. The article is included as current history in the making, but if good common sense prevails, may not come to pass. Could this be the start of the VFFA's next crusade?*

## **HANDS OFF OUR TROUT!**

Trout could be banned from Victorian waters under a plan to eliminate the State's rivers of foreign fish.

The popular game fish has been declared an alien species and put on a hit list for eradication in a move that has outraged anglers.

Trout would be culled from major Victorian rivers, such as the Murray, Goulburn, and Yarra despite the Brumby Government pouring in about 400,000 trout into our waterways each year.

Industry experts warn any ban could cost the Victorian economy up to \$300 million a year, and threaten small towns which rely on tourism.

The Murray Darling Basin Commission is pressing ahead with the investigation.

It has advertised for tenders for "native fish recovery following the removal of alien species."

The Commission will launch a study next month into the impact of reducing numbers of trout, redfin, carp and oriental weatherloach (?) in Victorian waters.

It will also analyse the cost and impact of removing the fish.

Goulburn Valley fishing guide, David Pickering, said the move was "extreme and stupid" and anglers around Victoria would fight it.

"We need trout because they drive a huge tourist dollar and could drive an even bigger tourist dollar," he said.

Commission chief Wendy Craik conceded the removal of trout was a sensitive issue.

"I can understand that fishing people might be upset about this, but we need to look at what is best for our rivers and native fish" she said.

Australian Trout Foundation president, Geoff Hall, said Victoria's fishing industry was worth \$1.3 billion a year. Rainbow and Brown Trout alone were worth about \$288 million.

This will devastate local and regional communities, Mr. Hall said.

*(Article by Peter Rolfe Melbourne Herald Sun, Dec 30th 2007)*

This astonishing announcement, made on a Sunday in the middle of the Christmas-New Year period, would appear to have been made deliberately when most anglers, no doubt, would be on holiday – perhaps interstate – and away from newspapers. Also, angling clubs and societies, including the VFFA, would be at least one and possibly two months away from their next meeting. This announcement was designed to be introduced as quietly as possible so as not to garner organised opposition. It is to be noted that where once trout were labelled as *feral*, they are now an *alien* fish, an equally emotive term used here to deflect attention away from the former equally emotive, but erroneous term.

This proposal follows on from: the banning of anglers from fishing the Water Board

controlled waters in the 1930's, the concentration on native fish production at the expense of the trout in the 1970's, the loss of the 'Fly only' water on the Kiewa in the 1980's, the one time push for the ban on fishing in general by the animal liberation lobby with the threat of poisoning certain mountain streams where the trout were accused of devastating the population of a certain frog species, the Spotted Tree frog, on the grounds that it faced extinction, as well as the accusation from time to time, that the trout has caused the demise of the native fish population. That is all apart from the threat from nature herself in the form of drought and bushfire and predation by native waterbirds.

In my personal experience I have caught only one trout which had in its gut the remains of another fish, which I identified as a native Blackfish, but which also might have been a fingerling trout, so it is not by any means a common or every day occurrence. Trout, being non-aggressive and usually confined to the colder waters, seem to be able to live in perfect harmony with all other existing species, native or otherwise, and to accuse them of being the cause of the decline of native fish is not necessarily based on hard fact. It was well known that the demise of the Australian Grayling in the Yarra River in the 1800's was as much a factor of pollution by factories along the river pouring in their waste, unchecked, as by any other set of conditions. What is known is that this demise occurred before the trout had been even introduced into the Yarra River, according to Mr. Barry Tunbridge of the Fisheries and Wildlife Department in 1973.

When has a trout ever threatened the might of a warm water Murray Cod or a Macquarie Perch, or the ferocious and territorial native Trout Cod?

Yes, trout do feed on mayfly and caddis larvae and adults and also small native galaxidae when available. Also the odd blackfish and the occasional frog may sometimes be found in a trout's gut but these losses to the environment must be balanced against the enormous benefit to mankind as both a food source themselves and as an extremely popular recreational facility provided by the trout. It is a proven fact that trout are by far the most sought after target fish of all the possible fish species occupying anglers' endeavours in Victoria.

In regard to the Australian Grayling in the Yarra River, according to the view expressed in the *Australian Trout* by Jack Ritchie 1988 Brown Trout were first introduced into the Yarra River in 1901 from the government hatchery at Studley Park. The 1876 release was of Chinook Salmon from Ercildoune and they went in at McVeigh's in the *Upper* Yarra well above Warburton. The Salmon weren't heard of again. According to information from the Fisheries and Wildlife Department's writing on the subject in 1977 – trout were declared innocent in the demise of the grayling as the said decline had occurred before trout had been introduced into the Yarra River.

It is sad to reflect on the VFFA's role, particularly that of Mr Les Vail, the aspirations and hard work of so many – the foresight of the early anglers – in bringing the Fisheries and Game Department, later, the Fisheries and Wildlife Division of the Department of Conservation and Sustainability, into being in the first place. Trout have proven themselves to have been a useful introduced recreation species which have contributed to the lifestyle and general wellbeing of the Victorian community, and to the food requirements of many in those early post-colonial days.

The experiences gained from carp and English Perch infestations and the difficulties met in trying to eradicate these species alone, should indicate the impracticality and huge financial commitment the Government would face and be sufficient deterrent alone to bring about dropping of the scheme.

One may ask how the eradication is to be put into place? Eradication of the so-called,

emotively named, 'alien' fish suggests the implementation of total, blanket *poisoning* of every waterway, from the head-waters down, which risks wiping out *all* species therein – fish and insect life alike. Then, regeneration possibly occurring in certain streams from sea-run Brown Trout, out of reach of the poison used.

Perhaps by *electro-fishing*, which is hit and miss at the best of times; or by *discontinuance of stocking* salmonids in streams. This would allow for the natural recruitment of those trout remaining and considered resident, to flourish.

Spill, from nearby fish farms along the rivers, is yet another possible source of ongoing regeneration. Suggestion was once made by a British biologist for controlling or eradicating carp by introduction of a fish specific virus. This was fortunately not acted upon by the F.&W. Division, as the long-term effects were not known or that it may linger well after its job was done.

Genetic engineering may well be the modern method, however.

To quote from a Fisheries and Wildlife Department publication, *Fur Feather and Fin* No. 130 1971:

*“The task is impossible, at our present level of knowledge, of eradicating carp. Control is possible, but extremely costly and in order to give some perspective on costs it might be useful to state that the approximate cost of controlling carp in a body of water the size of Eildon Lake and perhaps achieving a kill of about 97% would be in the vicinity of \$20 million for chemicals alone and poisoning would probably need to be repeated every few years.”*

The proposal, if implemented, already looks doomed to failure and could be considered, bureaucratic vandalism on a huge scale brought about by misguided and ill-informed decision, to appease a particular single interest lobby group, bent on its view of political correctness.

Is this to be the next fight the VFFA, with all other trout angling forces to be fought? Seemingly it is. Hopefully when the next phase of this Association's history is recorded, it will be a fading, but unpleasant memory of yet another obstacle put in the path of trout fishing by those of puritanical mind.

*To destroy the trout fishery, as is being proposed, would be a travesty!*

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## **MEDIA RELEASE FROM VR FISH ON 25 JANUARY 2008**

VRFish, the peak recreational fishing body representing all recreational fishers in Victoria, has written to Wendy Craik, Chief Executive, Murray Darling Basin Commission (MDBC), highlighting its objection to trout and redfin being included in the 'Native Fish Recovery Following the Removal of Alien Fish Species' tender.

VRFish has a strong policy supporting the retention of both Brown and Rainbow trout as desirable angling species and believes that it is long overdue that these repeated attacks on the status of trout by ill informed bureaucrats was stopped, and the status of salmonid species in our waterways as desirable sporting fish be recognised accordingly.

These fish are the backbone of a multi-million dollar fishery in rural Victoria and the idea of their removal will undoubtedly cause an angry reaction from all recreational anglers and rural businesses already suffering from the aftermath of fires, floods and drought.

At a workshop in Canberra the, MDBC gave an assurance to VRFish members that there would be no action taken to remove trout from waterways in the Murray Darling Basin, and yet here we are only a few years on and the issue is being raised again.

VRFish would like to make it very clear that the majority of freshwater recreational fishers place enormous value on Victoria's recreational trout fishery, which is evidenced by the successful campaign by VRFish to have closed seasons and size and bag limits for trout reintroduced in this State.

VRFish would like to remind the MDBC that trout and redfin are both highly valued recreational fishing species in Victoria and VRFish totally disagrees with the MDBC direction to include these species in their tender.

VRFish will strongly oppose any management decision that may in any way impact on the current management of trout and redfin in Victorian waters.

Chairman Geoff Cramer concluded "the best thing the MDBC can do for our native fish is to ensure we have regular flows in the Murray River and its many tributaries".

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## **MDBC CALLS FOR TENDERS TO RESEARCH REMOVAL OF ALIEN FISH**

*From Freshwater Fisher Newsletter No 31, January 2008  
The newsletter of the NSW Council of Freshwater Anglers Inc*

The Murray Darling Basin Commission has issued a request for tenders on a project to assess "Native fish recovery following the removal of alien fish species."

According to the project brief the objectives are:

- To review the current knowledge of the impact of the alien fish species on native fishes that occur in the Basin.
- To document the current control activities related to the alien species across the Basin.
- To determine the impact of levels of reduction of the alien species population on the recovery of the native fish community in a field location.
- To provide a cost/benefit analysis of a number (at least 2) of levels of alien species removal in relation to the benefits to the native fish community.
- Provide recommendations for similar studies for other alien species across the Basin.

The brief states: This project will provide initial data on the impacts of controlling alien species on native fish populations and provide a template for similar studies to be undertaken in other parts of the Basin. Although the emphasis to date has been on the control of carp within the Basin, the Commission will consider application related to any of the currently established alien fishes, but priority species are redfin perch, eastern gambusia, carp, and oriental weatherloach. The impacts of salmonids on species other than galaxids is also a priority.

A number of recreational fishing organisations and numerous individual anglers are understood to have complained to the MDBC about the tender, on the basis that it seemed designed to lead to the eradication of trout. But in the Border Mail on 31 December, Wendy Craik, the head of the Murray-Darling Basin Commission denied this was the case.

She said the commission had only issued a tender for a study into the effect of alien fish on the native populations. She said trout is one of 11 fish on the list and claimed that consultants will investigate just two species (although the project brief states that the effect of salmonids is identified as a priority).

She stated "This study is about quantifying the issue."

"Any decision on the future of trout or any of the other alien fish is a decision for governments.

"There has been a lot of talk but very little in the way of research into most of the alien species, other than carp.

"The final document, due in 2011, will establish the environmental, social and economic benefits of control measures. It will be then up to governments to decide what is best."

The tender document is at:

[http://www.mdbc.gov.au/data/page/1920/Final\\_RFT\\_Native\\_Fish\\_Response\\_to\\_alien\\_fish\\_removal.pdf](http://www.mdbc.gov.au/data/page/1920/Final_RFT_Native_Fish_Response_to_alien_fish_removal.pdf)

# ALL ARTISTS, SCULPTORS & PHOTOGRAPHERS

*you are invited to enter the*

## Victorian Fly-Fishers' Association 2008 Art Show

The Victorian Fly-Fishers' Association (VFFA) is holding a show of angling art at the Victorian Artists' Society in Melbourne next July. For 75 years the VFFA has encouraged the art of angling; now the VFFA is pleased to encourage angling art.

The show is for original works from artists working with watercolour, oils, acrylic, pen and ink, pencil, photography, sculpture or mixed media.

- The artwork must relate to angling.
- It must be new, original, the concept of the artist and owned by the artist.
- Prizes will be awarded for the best in various categories.

The show will open at the **Victoria Artists' Society, 430 Albert Street, East Melbourne** on the afternoon of **Friday, July 25** and will be open to the public all day over the weekend. The works of art will be offered for sale during the show at the sale price stipulated by the artist on the understanding that the VFFA will take 20% commission on all works sold to help cover costs. Full details of the scope of work which will be considered for showing are on the entry form.



For your copy of the VFFA Art Show Entry Form please send an email to [squires @eftel.net.au](mailto:squires@eftel.net.au) or call Paul Squires on 0427 047 926.

Entries close on **Friday, May 2** so don't delay and apply for your entry form today.

# CHARLES PECK'S ADDRESS AT THE ANNUAL DINNER

*The Christmas Dinner was very successful with a large number of members attending to hear Charles Peck reminisce about his many years fly fishing in Tasmania. This is an edited text of his speech.*

My interest in the upper Ouse system was kindled from a discussion with David Scholes in 1954 when lunching at the Board Mills Cafe where he was a commercial artist. I was employed by the auditors and knew David from our common interest in fly fishing. We fished the same waters but never together. I took Reg Clayton, his close friend, out a couple of times when David could not get about in the early 1970's.

It was about three years later, after fruitless searches to find a Lands Department map, that one of my brothers and another friend and I decided to tackle the mountain, using the sketch I had retained. The only formal map then showed a dotted line of the cliff tops, Meander Falls, the summit of Mount Ironstone and little else. Proper maps were about five years away when aerial photographs and mile to inch coloured and contoured maps of this area arrived.

Our first attempt failed as firstly the sawmill was gone, new logging tracks changed the area completely, so we simply took a bearing to there we thought the cleft in the cliffs might be and headed off with our packs on the climb of two thousand vertical feet in about three miles to the plateau edge. Nearing the top we were up on some massive scree at the cliff base when thick fog rolled over the top. Visibility was about ten yards. We fished the Meander River back below until a violent storm sent us home. Another attempt a year later resulted in discovery of the well-contoured and clear old track under dense Hakea scrub

only twenty metres away from our first abandonment. Once on the plateau, stone cairns marked the old trappers' route across the mountain and served us well for about ten years in fogs and snow falls until we discovered a new track made by the Dixons from the Meander Falls track up Staggs Rivulet. They were cattle grazing up there for a few years until the leases were cancelled.

Over the years we fished most of the lakes, including Julian and Pillans systems, from this access which is very steep but miles shorter than the walk from Lake Augusta to the upper Ouse. Being young and very fit helped. One memorable day trip involved a 3.30 a.m. start, on top by dawn, fishing almost to the Julian lakes by lunchtime when the fog came in, temperatures dropped below zero in a few minutes and snow started to fall. In the fog we walked all the way back up the meandering Ouse to its start, following a compass bearing to the top, with a Victorian friend (who talked his way into the trip) delirious with mild hypothermia due to poor clothing. He insisted we were lost and wanted to go the opposite way and had to be restrained. I have participated in two searches up there. Fortunately both were successful except that a teacher we found lost a few toes from frostbite. He was stark naked, walking in a circle in snow when found by a chopper. Adequate clothing and preparation is vital even in summer in this exposed area. My elder son found the teacher's shoes and some clothing under a rock overhang when we were fishing near there several years later.

Later expeditions to the Chudleigh Lakes started in 1960 when a bushwalking friend mentioned seeing lots of “little black flies” which trout were jumping at. The slides I am showing touch on a few of my favourite haunts in the Western Lakes between Great Lake, Cradle Mountain and Deloraine.

Age prevents me seeing some of these now, but my children continue to venture there when their commitments allow. I hope to get into one or two places this summer.

The rivers and streams which I fished as a youth in the late 1940’s through to 1980’s, mostly flowing from the Western Tiers to the sea on the northern coast, are unrecognisable today. Some no longer exist, which is tragic. Where I caught my first trout from the creek on grandfather Peck’s farm is now a ploughed flat paddock. The concrete culvert under the Pipers River road is still there as the only vestige of existence.

Last summer we had blue green algae in the South Esk at Cataract Gorge where I used to fish for sea runners. An agronomist friend told me that the only flow in the Meander River near the junction of the Liffey below Carrick was the outflow of the Carrick sewerage treatment ponds. This is the sorry story statewide.

If you drive from Launceston to the lakes via Longford and then Cressy to Poatina by the back road you will see the haze of massive pivot irrigators over thousands of acres of crops. Expansion of irrigation from every small stream and “on farm” storages, some massive, accompanied by removal of old fences, hedges, amalgamation of small farms into bigger units, is an illustration of the change in Tasmanian agriculture state wide in the past five years.

I don’t wish to finish on a dismal note. There are positives if you can adapt to fishing either farm storages, some of which are producing magnificent fish with good fly hatches, or the mountain streams, which mainly offer tiddlers but can require an adventurous spirit and good maps. They at least are largely free of the Crack Willows now infesting our remaining larger rivers. There are a few interlake waters on the Plateau which carry reasonable size – even monster trout – which are rarely fished. Also further west trout occur in the many streams flowing into the upper Derwent, Lakes St. Clair, King William, in the south end of Cradle/St. Clair National Park, and even down the Lyell Highway to the Collingwood and others. The remnants of the Mersey between Lake Rowallan and Mole Creek or the river above the lake through Lees Paddocks which is beautiful, full of weedy sections and small rainbows all offer good stream fishing. Also the upper Forth and Leven Rivers in the North West. Watch out for snakes and leeches in Lees Paddocks and further west.

Or finally the new Huntsman Lake now due to reach full by January 2008, which I sincerely hope will restore the Meander River, my favourite river until about five years ago when it really began to disappear in early summer. The system has cool water, being close under the mountain, and has good black spinner and a few red spinner hatches and lots of Anaspides – the mountain shrimp – well down from the Falls.





## BACKWATER BROWNIE

The day was hot and cloudless as I fished my way up the river, casting my hopper pattern in all the likely spots. It became evident that although the fish were in the runs, they were not yet fixated on feeding on the hoppers that lived along the river banks. Sometimes I watched with sheer disbelief as my hopper floated down bubbling runs and along grassy banks with no response from a trout. But after a quick change to a small Red Tag, Mr Speckles showed his hiding spot and rose to the smaller fly. Yet the in the next run trout would rise fiercely to my hopper.

As I sat on the river bank for lunch the solution dawned. In the runs below willows, the small flies worked. Where there no willows the hoppers were on the menu. I quickly finished my sandwich and headed upstream to test my theory. I approached a large stand of willows with a big slow pool below. I fished up the pool with no action. There was not a rising fish in sight. As I reached the willows there was a small flow of water running into a large shallow pool to the side of the willows. As I stood and pondered my next move, a large shape swam in the backwater into my peripheral

vision. I positioned my self behind a small clump of willows and watched as a large brown trout glided confidently around his backyard, picking up small morsels of food as the bubbling water constantly delivered this smorgasbord to his back door. I could not see what he was eating but it was small and the Red Tag I had on was too big. I did not want to scare this big fellow. So as I added an extra section of lighter tippet, I rummaged through my bag and found the fly box that contained the size 18 Tups Indispensables. I had used the Tups in this situation before with success.

After spending five minutes observing the fish on his beat, he disappeared. I could not believe the bloody fish had the cheek to disappear when I was ready to lay my trap!

Then I saw him. I thought “don’t breathe”. He was right at my feet, not moving. Does he sense me? Oh no, I’ve blown my chance. I can’t believe it.

After a minute or so he moved off and started to cruise his pool. Just cruising, not eating. Is he full? Is he digesting his lunch or is he just checking out a new beat? Ah! He is feeding again, but this time his beat comes right to my feet and through

even shallower water. Sometimes his back breaks the surface.

I pluck up the courage and cast my Tups as the fish swims away. As he returns my fly has moved out of his beat. Again I try but to no avail. Has he seen my Tups or I have been unlucky and the fish has just not seen my fly. I remove the fly and blow it dry, and then apply the drying powder to the fly and grease my leader. I am ready again.

As the fish, a big brownie swims confidently away from me, I cast the fly to the left of him. The fly lands delicately with no response from the fish as my fly again drifts across the pool. The fish swam right on by. In sheer frustration I pick up the fly and slap it down on the pool surface. The trout responds immediately and swims towards my Tups. As he gets closer I move the fly ever so slightly and Bam, the fish accelerates and scoffs my Tups. I set the hook. He stays connected and Wham this fish goes flat out across the pool looking for the exit.

After a short battle the fish comes to the net and I discover this fish has a large hole in his gill cover, probably caused by a bird. I photograph the fish and his wound and release him back to the water, he swims away in good nick with only a slightly bruised ego.

I am walking on water with a highly inflated ego. Thanks again. *Tups*



*The brown from the backwater. Note the hole in the gill plate which is probably a wound from a cormorant.*



## 75TH ANNIVERSARY LEATHER GOODS

The Compleat Flyfisher has made special arrangements with a leather producer in New Zealand to do a one off run of Reel Pouches, Fly Wallets and Hip Flasks imprinted with the VFFA logo and the words "75th Anniversary" on them to help celebrate this very important club milestone.

Below are the special discounted prices offered to VFFA members.

### **Leather Reel Pouch**

- VFFA price \$60 (normally \$90)

### **Leather Fly Wallet**

- VFFA price \$60 (normally \$90)

### **Leather Hip Flask**

- VFFA price \$60 (normally \$90)

All orders need to be at Compleat Flyfisher no later than 31 October to allow delivery before Christmas.

Contact: Chris Batty of Compleat Flyfisher (03) 9621 1246.

# CONFIDENCE

© Kevin Hindle

Ric is working on one up ahead. I might as well wade up and watch him. My fish has just fled. Here I am in the middle of the Mataura, which has been hard work all day. This was the first *rising* fish I've seen all day. I got so close I could practically have flicked his tail with my rod tip. Then I botched the cast. Damn. But Ric is doing better. Sort of.

At least he hasn't spooked the fish, but he hasn't looked like catching it either. Not for want of trying. He's in the perfect position. He's tucked in on the true right bank with the water sweeping at a sweet pace around a little promontory that hides him from the fish but doesn't impede his casts. And there have been plenty of them. Almost as many as the creative array of expletives he's yelled as the fish rejects every fly that he throws over it. Wading up, I've seen him change his fly at least five times. And he tells me he's tried four others. Right beside him now, I'm close enough to see both that his drifts are perfect – not a scintilla of drag – and that the fish is interested. It follows every fly he casts, gives it a close inspection, rejects it and returns to feeding on the real thing. Whatever the real thing may be. But who cares. I know what this fish wants, even if the fish doesn't know it himself. That's confidence for you.

'Give it a rest for a minute, mate', I say, 'and I'll tie on the right fly. I know just what he wants.'

'Bullshit', Ric answers. 'There is no right fly. I've tried everything.'

'Are you going to trust your guide, gillie and man of wisdom or keep frothing the water to foam. Flick that line over here and do some deep breathing or something useful: like twiddling your thumbs.'

People talk a lot about the importance of

confidence in fly-fishing. Usually, this talk is both cheap and insincere. Most of the time, most fly-fisherman are one breath away from praying for a miracle. Just think about the nature of our game. Here's this silly little concoction of feather and fur you tied up last winter when your fingers were cold, your eyes were bleary and a bit of red wine stained the antron fibre in what was supposed to be a pure white wing-post. That's you, in the red corner, and your chances are ludicrous. Out there somewhere, in some blue or turquoise green or gin-clear corner of the pristine river is a masterpiece of evolution, programmed to perfection to recognize edible creatures and tuned to every nuance in a complex, fluid medium, which is his commonplace and your mystery. Now, all you have to do is cast your crazy artificial concoction with perfect accuracy, obtain a perfect, drag-free drift, make sure the fish does not see the ridiculously unnatural line to which it is attached, strike with perfect force at precisely the right instant and then control a surging torpedo that will use every snag, weed, rock, current and grain of survival instinct to break you off. Let's face it. Every fly-caught fish *is* a miracle. That's why we do this. Given that we need not just one but an intricately linked series of miracles to catch any wild trout, the stats book says that confidence is not warranted, ninety-nine percent of forever.

So, how can that much valued commodity, 'confidence', ever come your way?

Well, it's like this. Once every second Shrove Tuesday, when the moon is blue and the barometer is just so – or perhaps some other special time, such as right now – it really happens. There falls upon the favored fly-fisherman a shining, moon-beamed ray

of confidence that is majestic in its clarity. Yes, every now and again, when your stars and vital bodily fluids are in cosmic harmony, there comes a time, a place and a mood where you are ordained by a blessed certainty. You just *know*. The fish has no chance. Experience comes into it; a bit. Logic comes into it; less than you'd like to think. Other variables, well, they vary. Wind, weather, current, luck, whosit, whatsit, thingummy. Yet the most important factor is always the same. It is to be serenely relaxed: almost to the point of smugness. In this sublime state, nothing can phase your sense of destiny: the inevitability of outwitting a mere fish.

In the present case, I am in a rare comfort zone, swathed in the soothing self-satisfaction of having caught a four-pounder less than half an hour earlier. It had been an impossible fish, polaroided from a high bank, nymphing in a deep hole, protected by fierce, jagged spears of malevolent overhanging branches and the mocking, gargled laugh of three conflicting currents. The job required an impossible cast, the perfect drift and a precisely timed strike using a tiny nymph at ten feet depth. (Otherwise known as a helluva lot of luck). The fish was lightly hooked and hard-fighting. He ran me to the backing twice and required precision timing to get into the net. (Otherwise known as a helluva lot of luck). He had been one of the most memorable fish I had ever caught. And so, the job had been done. After that, why wouldn't I be confident? Invincible would be a better word. The greatest fly-fisherman in history had just conquered the Mataura, the South Island, New Zealand and the world. Not only could I *not* lose, I could not care less if I *did* lose. This is the place to be. I, personally, did not need another fish, today or ever. This is the mood you need for real, genuine, authentic, 24-carat confidence to brew. (Can you brew gold? Anyway, you know what I mean).

Yesterday, fishing with Ric and Nigel, I had caught six fish without an ounce of confidence. Every drift was fraught with tension. Today, on the same beat, I have only one fish but infinite confidence. After today's miracle fish, caught brilliantly in the pool from hell, I could die happy, but I know I don't need to because: first, I can catch any fish I want, whenever I want, but second: I don't care whether I do or don't. That's confidence. Hey, brother, I am in the zone. Today: *que sera, sera*. After that fish, a fish for the ever memory, nothing else matters to me. I am satiated with triumph. Even spooking that recent easy fish hasn't really bothered me. I'm confident there will be plenty more, because, when a fisherman is truly confident that he can catch any fish he ever wants to, he will not be swayed by mere proof. And as for Ric's fish, of course, nothing could be easier. Rising mid-water and seemingly un-spookable, it is going to be just a soda.

Confidence. That's the thing. And a really good knot.

'What's that you're tying on?'

'Enrico, my boy. Yours is not to reason why. Yours is to cast as sweetly and neatly as you have been doing, full of faith in your invincible friend, guide, companion, mentor and gillie and the fly he has chosen for you. Then, strike smartly, play the fish with confidence, swell in triumph when I net him for you and smile fulsomely when I take the victory photo. It's all arranged. Now get into position, that's a good lad.'

The fly I've chosen for my skeptical brother of the angle is a size-16 Klinkhamer Special. It's probably the world's best emerger pattern. Tied on a pre-bent hook, the body (simulating the shuck of the pupal case from which the insect is emerging) hangs down vertically in the meniscus while the grizzly hackle floats the other third of the fly above the water. This section consists of a twist of peacock herl (emerging thorax), a head of tightly wound

black tying thread and the wing post around which the hackle is wound. The post is bright white, highly visible to middle aged men standing in rivers waving sticks. The submerged body is of olive seal's fur with a hint of chopped sparkle-yarn dubbing mixed in. Now, I started this trip with four of these champion flies and there's only one left. It is in far from pristine condition. I forgive it of course. This is the very fly with which I caught and fought that magnificent five-and-a-half-pounder on the Brightwater, four days ago. It has since seen Yeoman service and accounted for a few and been spat out by many Mataura browns. Right now, I just love the look of it. It is so battered that it looks hyper real. I know that Ric's busily rising fish will salivate (or piscine equivalent) at the very site of this irresistible morsel. How do I know? Let's just say I'm very confident.

The fly's seal's fur body is so scraggy and torn that bits of bare hook glint through the ragged manes of dubbing yarn. I'm confident that glint will look like the flash of a trapped air bubble that real emergers produce and trout react to. The hackle has been serrated by so many trout teeth that it is loose and frayed and has risen nearly all the way up the wing post. With my fingernails I force it back to the half-way mark. This will mean, of course, that half the wing will float underwater as well as all the body. Not what the designer intended. Of course, I like it. I'm very confident that this will make the fly look like a *crippled* emerger – a fly in the process of failing to emerge. Trout love cripples. They can't escape and fly away. They are trapped in tragic failure. Sodden and feeble from its frantic, doomed struggle to fly free, a crippled emerger is easy meat for a lazy trout. Looking at the brilliantly blighted wreck of what was once a trout fly, I am supremely confident. Far from being a ruined old Klinkhamer that any self-respecting fly-fisherman should discard, the

battered relic that I have tickled and stroked is without any shadow of doubt whatsoever at all thank you very much, the best crippled emerger fly in the history of angling. No working fish, whatever else it may be focused on eating, could possibly resist the attraction of this dainty morsel of mangled mayfly. I am supremely confident in it, of it, around for and by it. This fly will be a front line winner. The fish will hit it with full force and no hesitation. And the knot will hold. It is a Penny knot, carefully tested after I've tied on a new leader section of fresh tippet material. Ric, what have you done to deserve me?

'OK Ric. No false cast. Just whack it about a foot above the outside ring of his next rise.'

'But ...'

'Don't "but" – cast!'

Of course you know the rest and we don't have to dwell on it.

If you've ever observed the French Bullet train rocketing along the rails at 300 kilometres an hour you will have a pale but adequate impression of the speed and directness with which the fish hits the fly. As expected, it fights at about 50 pounds above its true weight of three and a quarter pounds as measured by the scales on the net with which I assist the capture, in exactly the manner I had so confidently promised. With the pictures taken and the fish released, Ric is in seventh or higher heaven.

'I want to fish with that fly for the rest of the day', he says: 'why did you cut it off?'

'It's had it' I tell him. 'Look, the hackle's up the post, the dubbing's chewed through, it's stuffed.'

'You're right' he says. 'Got any more?'

'No, it was the last one'.

'Pity.'

'It doesn't matter. You'll get them on something else. I've got another fly for you. It'll be deadly.'

'What makes you so sure?'

'Let's just say I'm confident'.

## *Great Australian Fly-Fishing Stories*

Les Hawkins is the founder and life member of the Greenwell's Fly-fishing Club of Albury, and author of *Trouting Tales* and *Basic Fly Fishing*.

John

Do you have a cover available?

Hawkins is a long-time admirer of American fishing anthologies and managed to persuade ABC Books to publish a similar anthology of Australian fly fishing, *Great Australian Fly-Fishing Stories* (2006). Though uneven, with some chapters on fly tying and other matters that sit uneasily in such a collection, it unearthed several long-forgotten gems. It has been specially welcomed by younger anglers without the wherewithal to have yet built up their own anthologies.

The fact that ABC Books subsequently released a companion 2 CD-set of the best of the stories, read by actors John Derum and Hugh Wade, went completely unpublicised and unreviewed and very few people have even been aware of its existence. The predictable result has been that at least one ABC Shop has recently been remaindering it.

### Comments:

- (a) Physical presentation. Nice cover, but the plastic retainer clips holding each CD in place inside are hopeless – it is virtually impossible to open the box without one or both discs falling out – a disaster given that they will mostly be used in the car to while away long road trips. Poor work, ABC – sack your suppliers!
- (b) Narration. Given that the narrators can have had little preparation time, they perform generally well and enjoyably. There is an occasional stumble over fly names, and the anglers in Steve Morgan's 'Her Pool' are voiced to end up sounding more like morons than dedicated catch-and-release fans – there is nothing either in the printed or recorded version of this piece to point out that the subject is clear-water fly fishing for Murray cod – a disappointing oversight in a collection which claims to be not just about trout.
- (c) Content. Some classic narrative by Lewis Russell ('A Day on the Delatite'), Harold Down ('A Fly Fisher's Tale') Douglas Stewart ('The Duckmaloi') and a previously unpublished BBC Radio talk by Stewart's frequent fishing companion, the great Australian poet David Campbell. Other contributions from the current generation of Australian writers including VFFA members Philip Weigall, Peter Julian and Rick Keam.

# FLY OF THE MONTH

## *Dick Woodard's Dragonfly*

We have all had the frustrating experience of watching trout, sometimes quite large, jumping madly around the margins of slow flowing marshy rivers and lakes taking dragonflies on the wing. When they are really on the dragonfly, these trout become fixated and will take nothing. If you are able to see them in the water they will be moving at considerable speed here and there through the water following the course of dragonflies as they fly above the water. When the dragonfly hovers or comes close to the water to lay its eggs, the trout gets its chance.

These trout are regarded by some anglers as being close to uncatchable. They are not. They can be taken on a retrieved small green matuka or similar wet fly on occasions, particularly if it is windy. I seem to recall that Jim Allen caught four or five trout in Leake's Lagoon on the Goulburn River employing this tactic many years ago. In *The Way of an Angler*, David Scholes described a day fishing to trout fishing to damsel fly feeders on the Macquarie River. Trout feed on damsel flies much in the way that they feed on dragonflies. The main differences between the two insects are that damsel flies are smaller and daintier and when inert sit with their wings folded as distinct from dragonflies which hold them out like airplane wings. Scholes noted that if he was able to land his fly in front of the fly just after it took a damsel fly and was looking up for another one, it would quite often rise and take the fly.

Dick Woodard, who loved fishing the Macquarie River and Brumby's Creek where dragonflies and damsel flies abound, has taken this one step further. The story of this fly has been told by Tony Ritchie and Rick Keam in *Dick's Great "Horse" Sting* in the now defunct *Fly Fisher*. They said that the genius of his design lies in the way he creates the illusion of life in the appearance and behaviour of the fly. He has achieved the right balance to allow fast casting but the fly to fall lightly towards the surface. This fly can and does deceive dragonfly feeders. Indeed, Peter Hayes who fishes Brumby's Creek extensively, swears that he has seen a trout take one of Dick's flies which was being cast by a client whilst it was still in the air and wafting down to the water's surface.

The beauty of this type of fishing is that trout will on occasions feed voraciously on dragonflies when it is windy. Without the dragonfly feeders the angler would be left with few options. Dragon fly feeders also tend to have a beat which allows the angler to concentrate on the one fish. Unfortunately it is rare to have the advantage of the high bank that was enjoyed by David Scholes on his red letter day of the Macquarie. However, if the angler persists casting the fly quickly into the area where the trout last rose, patience can be rewarded with a rise. The theory is that sooner or later the fly will be gently falling onto the water just at the moment when the fish looks up to devour its next dragonfly.

The down side of this fly is that it is not available commercially, it is very hard to tie and is extremely difficult to find hackles that are large enough to tie the fly. Here is the tying as given in Tony and Rick's article:

**Hook:** #4 or #6 Partridge H1A Captain Hamilton or/s/nymph/wet fly/stream hook. Alternatively Kamasan B800 #6 or #8.

**Thread:** Black.

**Tail:** Two matching medium size cree or grizzle cock feathers dyed dark green and faced in concave (dull) sides inward, projecting one whole hook length behind the hook bend, the tips held together with a small drop of waterproof adhesive.

**Body:** three strands of peacock herl ribbed with split yellow floss silk.

**Hackles:** A rear hackle of cree or grizzle dyed dark green, palmered concave (dull) take side forward over the rear two-thirds of the hook shank, followed by main hackles of (1) the same dark green wound concave side forward, (2) dyed red wound concave, and (3) dyed dark blue winged convex side forward. The radius of the main hackle should be as close to the length of the main hackle as can be achieved.

**Head:** Prominently built up with black tone thread.

I have found that a large black Zulu or Geehi Beetle can work quite well with these fish, the key again being quick and accurate casting in the hope that the fish sees the fly land on the water just as it is looking up.



## A CREEK SOMEWHERE

High in the hills around Ben Lomond there is a wonderful little creek falling down a mountain side into a picturesque valley. Where trout breed like mice and fly fishermen go weak at the knees. The sight of these feisty little fish jockeying for position to grab any morsel of food that is washed down stream towards them gladdens the heart of the angler. The water is crisp and clean. The stream side vegetation is thick and clings hungrily to wayward fly and tippet. A bow and arrow cast is essential around the trees.

In my few years fly fishing I have never experienced anything like it. Ten fish per pool, all eager to please and willing to try any fly on offer. This truly is heaven or as my fishing companion proclaimed, Fish City!

Tasmania, I am sure, is full of many such streams. So please do yourself a favour, buy a map, take your 7 foot, 4 weight and go hunting for a creek somewhere. You won't be disappointed.

*Choco!*



## LIBRARY NEWS

All members should remember that the Mick Martin Memorial Library is one of the most extensive collections of fly-fishing literature in Australia. It is valuable in its own right but is a great asset to members wishing to expand their knowledge or who simply enjoy sitting by the fireside and vicariously enjoying the exploits of others. In addition, the library boasts a number of videos on trout fishing. Our librarian Marty Rogers will be available prior to each general meeting to assist members wishing to borrow books or videos.

The library is divided into three parts.

Part 1 Books available for loaning to members.

Part 2 Books available for reference only and not to be taken from the library.

Part 3 Books bequeathed to the Association and not to be taken from the cabinet.

## OVERDUE BOOKS

Our librarian reports that a number of members have failed to return library books on time. Could all those book loving members who have failed to return books promptly do so.

## V.F.F.A. ITEMS FOR SALE

The Association has the following quality items for sale:

Polarfleece jacket with VFFA logo .....\$40.00 each

Association ties (blue or maroon) .....\$35.00 each

Cloth badges .....\$7.00 each

Diaries .....\$2.00 each

***The Australian Trout by Jack Ritchie .....\$20.00***  
***(Special offer – buy one, get one free!)***

V.F.F.A. car stickers .....\$2.00 each

Members wishing to purchase any of these items should contact  
Hugh Maltby prior to the monthly General Meeting on telephone 9455 9017.

### VALUED DONORS

**The following made donations for the raffle at the 2006 Annual Dinner:**

- Armadale Angler • Aussie Angler • Australian Fishing Network • Balwyn Newsagency • Compleat Flyfisher • Fly Life Publications • J M Gillies
- Mayfly Tackle • Michael Steven’s Publishing • Millbrook Lakes Lodge • Neil Grose - Guided Fishing • Nick Taransky - Bamboo Rod Maker • Pro Angler Fishing Tackle • Ray Brown, Onkaparinga Flies & Cane Rods • Shakespeare Australia • Small Stream Fly Fishing