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THE VICTORIAN FLY-FISHERS' ASSOCIATION INC.

MAY 2009

Organisation No. A0024750J

C/- The Kelvin Club, Melbourne Place, Melbourne 3000

PRESIDENT

Peter Boag
20 Bridport Street
South Melbourne 3205
Tel: 9389 8003 Bus
9690 1017 A/H

HONORARY TREASURER

Tony Mitchem
PO Box 7424
St Kilda Road VIC 8004
Tel: 9832 8405
0407 309 797 Mob

HONORARY EDITOR

Lyndon Webb
1 Coachmans Square
Wantirna 3152
Tel: 9801 6151
Email: lgwebb@bigpond.net.au

VICE-PRESIDENT

Rick Dugina
12 Middle Street
Ascot Vale 3032
Tel: 0401 963 601 Mob
9370 9328 A/H

HONORARY SECRETARY

Colin Morrison
Apt 706/701 Mt Alexander Rd
Moonee Ponds 3039
Tel: 9375 2298 A/H
0412 107 326 Mob
Email: colinmo@attglobal.net

ASSISTANT EDITOR

John Pilkington
112 Hodgkinson Street
Clifton Hill 3068
Tel: 9225 8616 Bus
9489 2186 A/H

**NEXT MEETING – GUEST SPEAKER: JIM ALLEN – CATCHING SHARKS ON THE GREAT LAKE,
AT THE KELVIN CLUB, 8:00PM, THURSDAY 21 MAY 2009**

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

APRIL MEETING

JULIAN NEWTON-BROWN

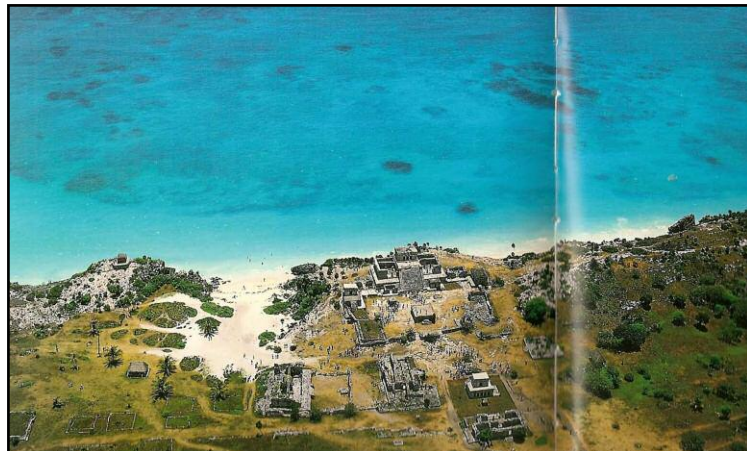
On the 16th April Julian Newton-Brown gave a very entertaining talk on his adventures bone fishing on the Yucatan Peninsula in Mexico and chasing huge salmon in British Columbia. This is a heavily edited account.

BONE FISHING

For many years on his visits to Hic Cup Hall with Bill Beck at Little Pine Lagoon John Heine asked me if I could go to Dean River with him and others including Jim Allen, to fish for steelhead. As the time was always in the latter half of July such a trip was impossible due to it being a busy time at my lodge in Falls Creek. My wife and I ran the place and cooked dinner each night for up to 70 people. Our son Charlie had worked with us before and agreed to fill in for me.

I decided that I would go bone fishing on the way in Mexico. The arrangements were for Jim and I to fly to Los Angeles, spend a night there and then fly to Cancun on the Yucatan Peninsula in Mexico where we would meet with John Heine and be taken to Boca Paila for the bone fishing.

The place we stayed in was close to the beach and inland was a series of shallow lagoons joined together with naturally occurring canals. We were the only three anglers staying and we had two guides between us. On the first morning I caught ten bonefish and missed another twenty. John and Jim did not do so well. Our guides were Mario and Alphonso. After motoring to their selected spot they would pole the boat out looking for fish for us to catch. They were really good spotters and had what we call Abo's eyes. I say this with some affection and the term is in no way derogatory. Their ability to see fish and predict their movement was amazing. They would spot the fish and then direct our casts to them and then call: strip...wait...strip...wait a few times and often we hooked up. I can't recall how many bone fish we caught but there were plenty. They were not big fish, running to between two and four ponds but they had plenty of go. We used flies called 'Crazy Charlies' and I have some samples of these, mostly self tied, for you to look at.



Mayan ruins at Yucatan.

We would alternate, sometimes fishing alone with one guide and the other two with the other guide. We came in for lunch and I must say the food was exceptionally good. It was

prepared by the mother of the two young blokes who actually owned the place. After the day ended we would take a swim in the ocean. One day there was some surf and I was able to catch a few waves. It was a great way to cool down after a day in the hot sun. Pre-dinner drinks were few. That is to say about two...margaritas. Drink one of those and you could be anyone. Drink two and you were. Sometimes we would relax with a drink outside, other times at the bar telling lies.



Julian's bone fish.

There was another fish that we did target when the occasion arose. That fish was the permit. I had heard of permit before but did not know much about them except that they were highly thought of. Our guides were very excited about permits and had a lovely expression they used when spotting evidence of one. They would claim our attention, "look...look...nervous water...permit...look...look nervous water". Permit love to

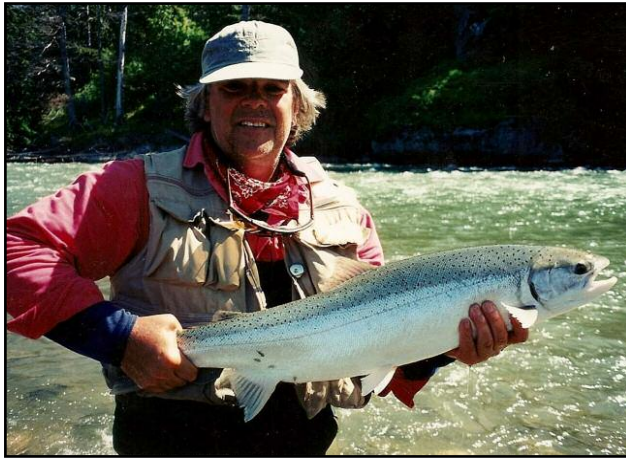
eat crabs and as they chase and eat crabs in such shallow water they disturb the water and this disturbance is visible on the surface. If you can get a crab fly to them at this time and succeed in hooking one you are in for the surprise of your life. I hooked only one and lost it after a while but the speed at which the line disappeared and the amount lost was astounding. Jim and John both got one. Heine's was about twelve pounds and took over an hour to capture and return.

The term 'nervous water' has embedded itself in our vocabulary as it well describes changes in surface movement to reveal the presence of a trout. Often you will hear a rise and look about to see the nervous water left behind for a short time afterwards.

After our five days at Boca Paila we left to meet John Heine at his house at Woodside just out of San Francisco. We spent a night in Vancouver and then flew on to the Dean River via Bella Coola. The Dean River enters the Dean Channel which is many miles of salt water and a long way from the coast. Due to low cloud we had to fly below it and so took the long way up the Dean Channel from Bella Coola in a twin engined Islander. When the strip came into view it looked too small to land on hemmed in by small trees.



John Heine with permit.



John Heine with steelhead.

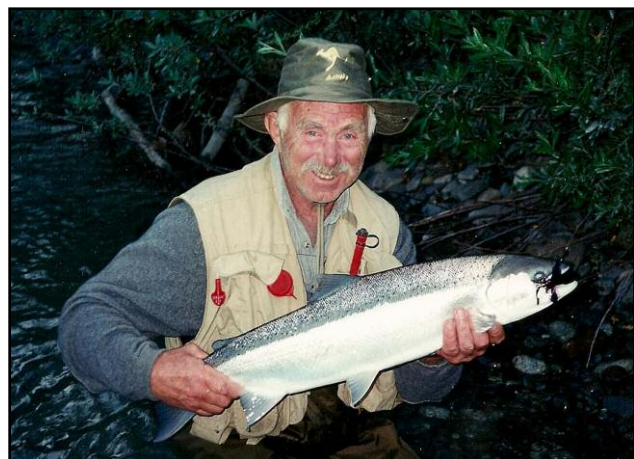
Fishing the Dean River is strictly controlled with the numbers allowed allocated annually. Heine manages to secure a slot in this allocation each year. Nakia Lodge was set among native forest with some flower beds about the buildings. The procedure was to rise before dawn and to fish until lunch time when a huge meal was served. I remember that for one of these we were served a whole roast chook each, complete with roast vegetables, a soup and sweets. Each chook could easily have served four people. A siesta followed for a few hours and then it was off to fish again until

almost dark when we returned for a few beers and a light supper. The afternoons were quite warm and one day it was very hot for a while until the sun got lower in the sky. I could not find any place to get out of the heat until the sun went behind the trees.

Nakia Lodge is owned by Judy Hill. Tragically her husband Tony was drowned in the river a few years earlier. The Lodge is situated just below the canyon, a narrow area of fast flowing water. The scenery is spectacular. Below this there is a series of runs and pools with names such as 'meat hole', 'archeological', 'Tony's Run', 'Upper' and 'Lower Tidal'. Some of us would be dropped off at those spots from the guide Adam Travender's boat. Adam had taken the job as guide after Tony's death and subsequently married Judy.

The fishing was fantastic. I don't remember how many steelhead we caught. They were in the range of fifteen to twenty pounds and incredibly powerful fish. We caught quite a few pink salmon around the eight pound mark which do not grow as big but give a very good account of themselves. I must say that flogging a wet fly for steelhead all day is not my preferred way of fishing even though the fish are exciting once hooked. After casting across the current there is a lot of line mending done using a modified roll cast to ensure the fly itself arrives at a possible fish before the body of the line. We used large streamer flies. Many were tied with marabou feathers.

There were two options for fishing and we alternated. There is a canyon a few miles above the river mouth containing a number of pools and runs, and above the canyon is a range of shallower and wider water. To get above the canyon to this water, a distance of about six kilometres, we were provided with four wheel motor bikes. An inflatable was then used to get to the far side of the river. One day on this side I was about to cast a fly and nearly fell over in the water as a king salmon of



Julian with pink salmon.

huge proportions suddenly leapt three feet above the surface about ten feet in front of me. On another occasion I was fishing with Mark Penny at 'Lower Tidal' and he yelled out that he had a king salmon on. It was huge and decided to return to the sea with Mark chasing it downstream. He could not hold on to it and with all line and backing out it spooled him. Fortunately the point was weaker than the backing and he got the line back.

The whole trip was a lot of fun with like minded people and so we departed and caught a plane from Vancouver which passed over Mt Washington covered in snow just out of Seattle.

I was back in Falls Creek snow in no time at all it seemed.

Vale Jim Neville

Jim Neville passed away a few months ago. He was one of the 'founding fathers' of the Bairnsdale Fly Fishers' Club, and chaired the inaugural meeting of this club in 1967 (a meeting that was attended by several VFFA members, including President Fred Hall and Secretary Tom Riley). Jim was President of the Bairnsdale club in the years 1982/83, and was a tireless worker in all its projects and activities. He spent many hours helping in the construction of the Club's original lodge on the Mitta River that was tragically destroyed in the fires of 2003. The opening of this first lodge was a significant local event, attended by dignitaries from the Omeo Shire Council and by Peter Campbell as the VFFA representative. Jim has been described as a great contributor, a loyal friend, a thoughtful angler (who fished with cane rods) and a great mate who is missed by all.

VFFA Meetings & Activities

MAY

- 17 End of Season Mystery Tour
- 21 **General Meeting** – Speaker: Jim Allen ('Shark Fishing' on the Great Lake)
- 27 Council Meeting

JUNE

- 7 Sunday Casting
- 11 Partners' Dinner
- 14 Cane Day
- 18 **General Meeting** – Speaker: Chris Wisniewski ('Eradication of Carp from Tasmanian Waters')
- 21 Sunday Casting
- 24 Council Meeting
- 28 Sunday Casting

JULY

- 5 Sunday Casting
- 11 Warrnambool Annual Dinner
- 12 Sunday Casting
- 16 **General Meeting** – Auction
- 17-19 Art Show
- 19 Sunday Casting
- 22 Council Meeting
- 26 Sunday Casting

AUGUST

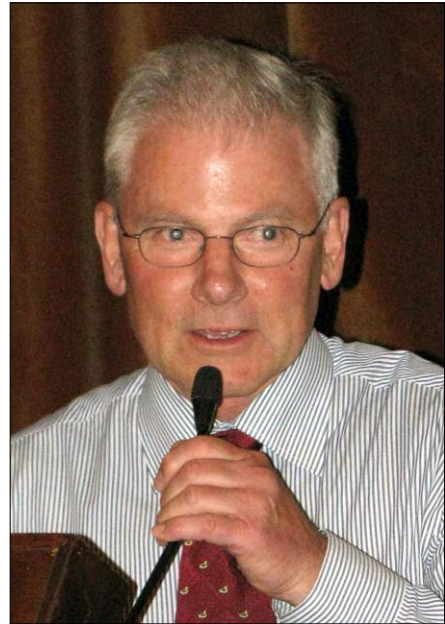
- 2 Sunday Casting
- 9 Sunday Casting
- 16 Sunday Casting
- 19 Council Meeting
- 23 Sunday Casting
- 28 **Annual Dinner**
(Guest Speaker: Greg French)
- 29 President's Casting day

President's Message

May has come around very quickly, and for many of us it probably means the end of the fishing season. For some of us who fish throughout the year, the approaching winter brings different challenges and opportunities.

For a number of reasons, I cannot remember fishing less in a season, and I have sorely missed the sport I enjoy so much.

In April I did take the opportunity to attend Peter Hayes' Conclave at Cressy, Tasmania, for a three day live-in. Peter had a team of 'instructors' to help him run a very successful programme to do with all manner of matters fly fishing, including casting, fly tying, casting with cane rods etc. etc. For me personally, it was very stimulating.



I want to thank Julian Newton-Brown for his very interesting talk at last month's General Meeting. A meeting report appears elsewhere in the newsletter. It should also be mentioned, Julian is a regular contributor to the newsletter.

In mentioning the newsletter, I would like to acknowledge the excellent job Lyndon Webb is doing editing the expanded newsletter. In Lyndon's words, he wants it to be "a good read", and for this we require a lot of material monthly. We have been blessed with a wealth of very good contributors over its history, and we need for this to continue.

In the previous surveys of members in 1976 and 1996, the newsletter was recognized by the membership as the most important service provided by the V.F.F.A. I am very confident this would continue to be the position today.

Malcolm Elms continues his rehabilitation after further surgery, and is hopeful of being fit and able for Sunday casting commencing June 7th.

I have enquired re the Red Tag Pool at Fairfield, and for the moment at least, plans to remove it seem to have been put on hold.

Former president Hubert Reichelt has had his prostate removed, and for a man who needs follow up radiation, he is very upbeat and relaxed about it. He is tying flies, and instead of three weeks fishing as per last season, he is planning six weeks next season. We wish him all the very best for his recovery.

We have a very full programme of meetings and activities over the next few months. Please make the effort to take a note of dates and mark them in your diaries.

Just a gentle reminder, subscriptions are well overdue. Treasurer Tony Mitchem is doing a fine job with the books, but please remember the V.F.F.A. relies on your payment, and like any other operation, cash flow is critical.

Well known VFFA member and fishing personality Jim Allan is the speaker at the next General Meeting. This promises to be an interesting evening and I encourage as many members as possible to come along for the meeting and if possible have dinner (6.30pm) prior to the meeting (8.00pm)

Peter Boag

The May Meeting – Sharks in the Great Lake

Our guest speaker at the May Meeting will be our own Jim Allen. Jim has lived and fished in the Tasmanian highlands for many years. His skills and experiences are legendary. There would be very few who would know more about the trout fishing in Tasmania's central plateau.

The Great Lake is a huge and forbidding fishery. But it consistently produces large trout – both rainbow and browns - hence the designation 'sharks'. Jim knows this fishery well, and will be telling us all about stick caddis feeders, wind lanes, foam lanes, and especially "shark fishing" – polaroiding the waves for those large dark shapes cruising just beneath the surface. Jim's intention is to entertain and educate us all, and to make converts of those who are dismissive of lakes as just "unfathomable paddocks".

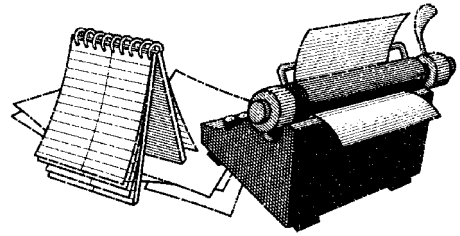
This promises to be an excellent night with one of our most skilled and informed Tasmanian anglers.

New Zealand and Tasmanian Trips

Members are reminded that our two major annual trips – the trip to the South Island of New Zealand and the trip to Tasmania – are again being planned and organised. While dates are still to be finalised, the New Zealand trip will take place in the last week of November and the first week of December later this year, and the Tasmanian will take place in the last week of February next year.

Rick Dugina will again be arranging the New Zealand trip, and Hamish Hughes will organise the Tasmanian trip. Future newsletters will contain more information as it comes to hand.

From the Assistant EDITOR'S DESK



As I write the Editor is taking a well earned break in New Zealand. It is only by standing in for him that it is apparent the huge amount of time and effort that he puts in each month to produce our excellent Newsletter. He continues the high standard set by our previous editor and we are indeed fortunate to have the benefit of his expertise and thoughtful approach to all matters concerning the Association.

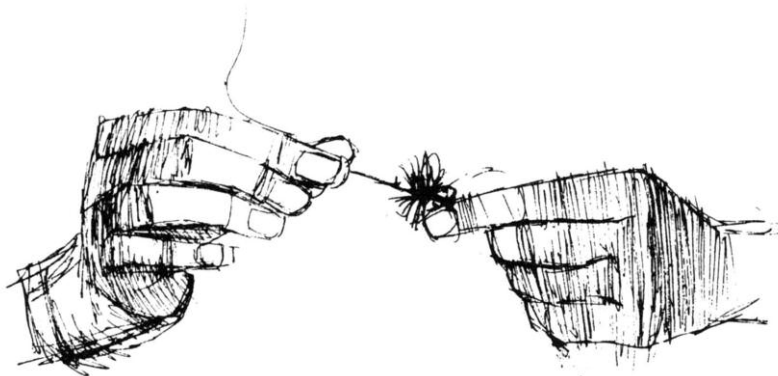
What does a trout do in a bushfire? In the case of one large releasee into Lake Eildon who was minding his own business in the Big River Arm in early March when the fires swept along the Eildon–Jamieson road, he bolted upstream. Following his large, hooked jaw he reached the rocky barrier of the waterfall just above Enochs Point and took up residence in the beautiful pool below the falls to wait for the spate to arrive so he could continue his journey.

And that is where he became another victim of the terrible fires. A small celta, at the end of a heavy line, dexterously flicked under the tea-tree was all it took. The rainbow, a magnificent specimen, well over six pounds and with vivid scarlet sides, was a sitting duck. Others unable to flee to clean water must have perished and still more choked when the rain finally came to wash ash and debris into the streams. The Steavenson and Acheron and that old favorite the King Parrot to name but a few of our streams have all been seriously affected and will need restocking when nature has done her work and they run clear again.

I hope that I may be excused for dwelling on the health of our sport in the face of such human and property loss caused by the fires but it seems to me that sport and recreation are such integral parts our lives that their restoration is a very important aspect of the healing process.

The cold weather has arrived, rain has our streams running again and the trout are loving it. Time for a last hurrah for the season before we pack our gear away for the winter, put another log on the fire, get out our tying gear, and start dreaming of Spring.

John Pilkington



FLY FISHING QUOTES

"An angler is a man who spends rainy days sitting around on the muddy banks of rivers doing nothing because his wife won't let him do it at home."

(Author Unknown)

"A trout that doesn't think two jumps and several runs ahead of the average fisherman is mighty apt to get fried." (Beatrice Cook, Till Fish Do Us Part, 1949)

"There is no greater fan of fly-fishing than the worm."

(Patrick F. McManus, Never Sniff a Gift Fish, 1979)

THE JULY AUCTION

The July general meeting, to be held on Thursday, July 16, will be an auction of equipment and books. Tony Brothers has again accepted responsibility for the organisation, and has indicated that members wishing to sell equipment or books will need to contact him with all relevant details of vendor lots by Wednesday June 24 at the latest, to allow for cataloguing and advertising in the July newsletter. None will be accepted after this date.

Descriptions of items must be provided in writing to Tony Brothers at 1/113 Thomas Street, East Brighton 3187, or via email – tonyjazzman@gmail.com, so that lots can be appropriately listed in the catalogue. The full list of lots to be auctioned will be forwarded to the Editor for inclusion in the July newsletter on Wednesday July 1.

Items for auction will need to be delivered to Tony's home address in the week from Wednesday July 1 to Wednesday July 8. (Members should note that for health reasons second-hand waders are not sold at VFFA auctions).

No reserves will be permitted on items under \$200, a 15% commission will be deducted from the proceeds of sales, and purchasers will need to pay by cash or cheque on the night.

Tony has indicated that these conditions will be strictly adhered to.

CLOSING WEEKEND



****Magical Mystery Tour****

Sunday 17 May

Fishing Day and BBQ
Meet at the Gordon Pub, Gordon
9.30am

Please bring own BBQ food and drink

Call Kossie: on 0430 091 300

Numbers will be strictly limited

VFFA DINNER WITH PARTNERS

KELVIN CLUB
THURSDAY JUNE 11th
@ 7.00 PM FOR 7.30 PM

\$38.00 PER PERSON

Drinks: On consumption paid by individuals

3 Course Dinner

SOUP



Lamb Shank and Vegetable

MAIN COURSE (CHOICE)

Lamb Saag Curry with Jasmine Rice, Naan and Raita

or

Chicken Breast with Salmon Mousse and Roasted Tomato Sauce

or



Roast Beef with Mushroom Sauce

DESSERT

Kelvin Sticky Date Pudding

Coffee and Chocolatier Chocolates 

RSVP: COLIN MORRISON - 9375 2298 or 0412107326

THE INAUGURAL CANE MAKERS' DAY

**Saturday, June 13, 2009
9:00am to 3:30pm**

**Northern Pool, Yarrambat Park,
Yarrambat (Melways reference 184 F5)**

The Makers' Day is all about experienced cane rod makers passing on their knowledge through discussion and demonstration.

They will have tools on hand to show most processes involved in Cane Rod building.

Makers on hand are Nick Taransky and Peter McKean.

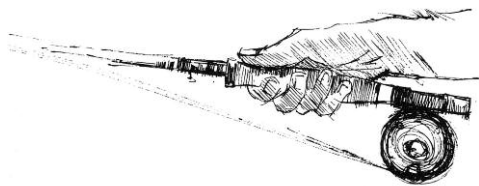
Bring along your current project or problem processes.

“IT’S ALL ABOUT LEARNING”

Northern Pool is an all weather venue, bring along a raincoat in case the weather turns.

For further information contact:
Andrew Connell on
bamboo@netcall.com.au
0418 530 073

or
David Grisold on
david.grisold@chocolatier.com.au
0419 558 462.



VFFA CANE DAY 2009



**Sunday, June 14
9:00am to 3:30pm**

**Red Tag Pool
Yarrabend Park,
Fairfield
(Melway's reference 2D H2)**

VFFA will provide BBQ lunch and refreshments.

Rod Makers in attendance:
Peter McKean, Nick Taransky,
Brad Waggener and a cast of thousands.
Compare (cast and look at) the new with
gems of the past;

Meet the Turvilles, the Sharps,
the Hardy's and others.
Unwrap your dear old friend and bring it
along to meet the new boys on the block.

“IT’S ALL ABOUT THE CANE”

Red Tag Pool is an all weather venue,
bring along a raincoat in case the
weather turns.

Please Contact:
David Grisold on 0419 558 462 or
david.grisold@chocolatier.com.au

THE FIRST FISHING TRIP TO TASMANIA

(Julian Newton-Brown)

I moved to Tasmania in 1941 at the age of nine from a small town in West Australia, and then moved to Melbourne in 1949. After graduating as a pharmacist I returned to work in Tasmania for some months but later moved to Falls Creek. My mother returned there in 1957, after my elder brother married a Tasmanian girl and set up house there. So I was no stranger to Tasmania.

I married for the second time in 1967 and in 1968 took my new wife over to visit my mother and brother. At least that was the excuse, but fishing was certainly on my mind. Our first stop was at Miena, and we stayed there for a few days en route to Hobart. It was November 18 - my 38th birthday.

In the bar we met a lot of fishermen, including some with fish in their creels that were at least two or three days old. One of these fishermen was Peter Boris, a butcher from Glenorchy. He invited us to join him next morning at 4 am. He made himself at home in our kitchen at breakfast time, and cut some steak from a rump for lunch. He put his little boat in at Pumphouse on Arthurs Lake, and we set off for the Cowpaddock. It took ages with his tiny 2hp motor, and Peter spat the husks of pumpkin seeds into the water all the way. When we finally arrived he inspected my flies and selected those he felt were worth using - all wet flies, as that's all he used. We flogged wets all day for a just few fish. On the way back he stopped at the Lilly Ponds, where he recommended a brown nymph. It, too, was successful, but the fish were smaller.

On the way to Hobart we stopped at the Salmon Ponds at Plenty. Most fly fishers know of this delightful spot and its history of rearing the first trout in the southern hemisphere. I had been there before and had seen the fish but was in for some education this time. Other visitors were feeding the fish with 'Twisties', which are light but could be thrown. I observed with some interest how trout could see the Twisties going through the air and would swim to intercept them before they landed. In view of their eyesight and co-ordination I concluded that when prospecting with a fly it would be more productive to keep on the move to attract a fish, rather than to stay in one spot flogging the water.

We paid a visit to Lake Leake while the weather was mild, because at the time we were short of money and relied on camping as much as possible. We slept in the car, and our cooking utensils were a billy, a small frying pan, two plates knives and forks, and a plastic ice cream container. On the way there we passed a shop with a sign in the window - "MUSHROOMS 20c". I went in and when I saw the size of the mushrooms I asked if they were 20 cents each or per pound. The bloke said: "Yes!" This turned out to be "yes" to both requests, as they each weighed about a pound. We had never seen such size in mushrooms, but enjoyed them fried in butter, and had a delightful time at Lake Leake with a few trout caught.

After some time in Hobart we moved up to the lakes. On the way up we stopped near Bridgewater, as I had heard about sea runners being caught in the Derwent. I tried some wet flies there without success. However I remember catching quite a lot of trout at Meadowbank in the evenings using a tadpole fly.

Back at the Miena Pub we caught up with Peter Boris again, who insisted we stay at his shack

on Little Pine. I also met Brian Vanderveen there and came to know him on later visits. He told me to use his boat at Little Pine. Interestingly I saw him again after many years at the Liaweena field day in 2008. He showed me some casts of what he claimed were thylacine foot prints obtained quite recently. Most people are skeptical of such claims but a photograph or a body may change their minds.

Beth was not impressed with the Boris shack and its collection of rats, so we stayed only one night. In the morning I heard some noise outside and went out to find Amy Pulford putting some rabbits in a safe for Peter Boris. She was another who I came to know well over the years, and was a frequent visitor to the new pub at Miena while I was building it and running it. She drank sherry, and returned the two litre jars full of milk, along with a few dozen eggs. Thus we established a barter system. Amy achieved some fame when the ABC's "A Big Country" program did a story on her. She did droving, fencing and all manner of jobs usually done by men. Sadly about 20 years ago she saw a car coming toward her at high speed and pulled over beside the road, but as fate would have it this young driver still managed to hit her car and kill her dog. She suffered a broken spine but remained conscious throughout the whole ordeal. Jim Allen and I visited her in the Austin Hospital. She spent the rest of her years as a paraplegic in a wheel chair and died in February 2008.

Not so long ago at Bill Beck's shack 'Hic Cup Hall' I related the Peter Boris story to him. He listened with some amusement, and then told me Peter was his original partner at this very shack. Hic Cup Hall was typical of the rather 'agricultural' design and construction so common at the time. I recall having seen some with flattened-out kerosene tins covering the outer walls. Nevertheless the now demolished and relocated Hic Cup Hall was the scene of many a happy and hilarious occasion and was certainly quite warm and comfortable.

The fishing in Little Pine was good, but I had previously relied on advice from some of the locals I had met in the pub who fished only wet flies. With my new-found knowledge from the Salmon Ponds I walked and cast once or twice at five yard intervals. This method worked well in the cold blustery weather at the time.

When we arrived in Devonport we took the short drive to Ulverstone, where an old school mate, Tony Copeland (also a chemist), was managing his father's pharmacy. When I told him of our plans he said he loved trout so I promised to bring him one when accepting his invitation to stay at the Copeland's on our last evening in Tasmania.

On our last day we stopped at lake Sorrell, where I set out to catch a trout for Tony Copeland. I waded out into some water near a small island and caught a very nice trout, which I cleaned and then tied to my belt so as to keep it cool dangling in the water. I waded a bit further and became stuck in some very soft deep mud and was absolutely unable to turn around and return to safer ground. It was indeed very frightening. Further on I saw a vertical stick in the water so I thought if I could reach it I may, with it's help, manage to turn around. This proved to be possible and I was able to pull the stick out of the mud and use it to steady myself. It was a very nasty ordeal and without the stick I don't know what I could have done.

When I did get out of the water I found the fish had worked it's way loose and had sunk. When we arrived at the Copelands I was able to tell Tony I had caught and cleaned a trout for him and then lost it. After a lovely evening with Tony and his delightful wife Meryl, an eventful and memorable trip came to an end.

AUTUMN ON THE ESK

(Andrew Braithwaite)

There are two Esk rivers here in northern Tasmania. The North Esk begins its journey from the majestic slopes of Mt Ben Lomond, trickling and bubbling along the flats up above Whisloca and then gaining momentum as it drops down past Ballroom and quickly onward to Corra Linn; there to come in contact with outer suburbia, where it finally flows at a more sedate tempo and eventually joins its sister river below the Gorge in the Cataract Basin in Launceston city, finally flowing sedately out into Bass Strait. Then we have the South Esk, an altogether different river to its smaller cousin. It is almost double the size of the North Esk and gathers water from a much larger area – the whole mountain range up behind St Mary’s contributes to its flow and as it moves downstream, it is joined by the famous Break O’ Day River and then further down the St Paul’s River; both contributing to the huge volume of water which eventually flows through the Cataract Gorge and meets the North Esk to form the Tamar River.

I am writing here about my beloved South Esk River, a river which is terribly underrated as a trout fishery and which receives little or no angling pressure.

I recall the late David Scholes commenting: “the South Esk comes into its own when all of the other rivers have dropped below reasonable summer level and the trout have become lethargic.” Over subsequent years I have come to realize that he was right – in autumn, when the local rivers have generally dropped to an almost impossible level due to lack of rain and the scourge of irrigation, and anglers have become almost as lethargic as the trout, then those in the know turn to the South Esk River.

And what a picture she presents to the keen angler as the days draw in and the temperatures drop to cooler levels. The water flows clear and low down through the main riverbed, and willow leaves from the nearby trees in shades of yellow through to deep orange drift slowly past on the surface. The occasional insect flutters past and eventually alights on the water, and if one is lucky – as I was last season - the guttural grunt of a rutting fallow stag deer breaks the silence as he paces through the willow thickets, to be answered by another equally amorous stag, doing the same ritual just some one hundred and fifty yards away!

This is the time of the year when it’s best to be out on the river by 11 am. The sun has warmed enough to encourage a smattering of fly life, there is a comfortable feeling of contentment just to be out on the river, and trout see this time as the chance to put on condition prior to the rigors of spawning. Mayfly activity, previously the stalwart of the trout’s diet, has tapered off and the trout have, once again, reverted to ‘anything trout’ - that is, they will take most flies that look like food and whether it be a grasshopper, a spinner or a dun, an ant or indeed a simple Red Tag or Royal Wulff, the trout will generally rise with gusto and put up a good fight.

As you stroll along the banks with the sun warming your back and your whole being attuned to all that surrounds you, there is a feeling of deep contentment within your soul and a trout landed and dispatched into the bag is a rather pleasant bonus!

How I love and treasure Autumn on the Esk.

Andrew Braithwaite – March 2009

REPORTS FROM TASMANIA

(From Mike Stevens:)

Central Highlands

I fished the 19 Lagoons area last weekend with some success and there are still a few fish to be had.

Reports keep dribbling in about a jassid hatch and if they do get to the water trout seem unable to resist them. This would be a great wind up for the season and inspire anglers to fish right until the end.

At Great Lake as we drove past Swan Bay Sunday afternoon we saw fish rising. After grabbing a pie from the shop we drove down to the shore to see a huge midge hatch in progress. The fish that were rising close to the shore had moved out of easy reach though and all we could do is cast in frustration.

Driving through Cressy we saw swarming ants and we knew somewhere fish would be going nuts on these and some lucky anglers would be making the most of it.

Liawenee Trout Weekend, May 23 & 24:

For anyone in Tasmania in May, it's on again - the IFS Trout Weekend at Liawenee, on the Great Lake. This year the IFS base will open its gates both on Saturday 23rd and Sunday 24th May at 10 am till 3 pm. Come and see hundreds of brown trout on their annual spawning migration. Plenty of activities for the kids including the fishout pond. Trade exhibits, freshwater aquaria, fisheries management displays, demonstrations and helicopter rides.

Come and see what the IFS and trout fishing is all about and enjoy what is a fun weekend for all.

(From Daniel Hackett:)

March and Early April fishing Report

March is typically my favourite month to fish, but this past month was best described as sporadic. In Launceston rainfall was at a 25-year high for the month, which meant that plenty of frontal systems crossed through the state – these days were hard for fishing, while the preceding humid days prior to the arrival of a front was good for baetid and ant falls. Unfortunately, whilst we did have good hopper action, the increased rain and greener paddocks led to a shortened hopper season.

In summary, a dozen excellent ant and baetid days were experienced, along with a couple of solid hopper days. The highlight fisheries for the month were the Lower Macquarie (ants, baetids), St Patricks (hoppers, baetids) and the Mersey rivers (ants).



Fly of the Month Index

The Fly of the Month has been a feature of the newsletter for many years, and thus provides a very useful resource for members who are keen tiers. But if you needed to find the details of a particular pattern, then a long hunt through piles of old newsletters might be required. To facilitate the process, an index of all flies since February 1999 has been prepared (in Month order – but note that not every month had a ‘Fly of the Month’):

Issue	Fly	Issue	Fly
February 1999	Barry Lodge Emerger	April 2001	Humpy
March 1999	Black Beetle Wet	May 2001	Bag Fly
April 1999	Great Lake Beetle	June 2001	Noel's Nobby
May 1999	Zulu	July 2001	Mrs Simpson
June 1999	Greenwell's Glory	August 2001	Rickett's Chironomid
July 1999	Alexandra	September 2001	Riffle Beetle
August 1999	Brown Quill	October 2001	Onion Bag
September 1999	Shannon Moth Pupa	November 2001	Caenis
October 1999	Kosciuszko Dun	December 2001	Kite's Bare Hook Nymph
November 1999	Coch-y-bondhu	February 2002	Willow Grub
December 1999	Rickett's Chironomid	March 2002	Wickham's Fancy
February 2000	Shannon Moth	April 2002	Yellow Peril
March 2000	Dad's Favourite	May 2002	Clouser Minnow
April 2000	Adams & Parachute Adams	June 2002	Gold-ribbed Hare's Ear
May 2000	Black Beetle Wet	July 2002	Halford's Male Black Gnat
June 2000	Tom Jones	August 2002	Red Quill
July 2000	Highland Dun	September 2002	Lunn's Particular
August 2000	Hare's Ear Bead Head Nymph	October 2002	Aussie Muddler (Phil Bailey)
August 2000	Watson's Fancy	November 2002	Feather Duster Fly
September 2000	Penstock Brown	December 2002	Bailey's Stick Caddis
October 2000	Water Boatman	February 2003	Parachute Adam's
November 2000	Nymbeet	March 2003	Possum Emerger Variant
December 2000	Woolly Worm	April 2003	007 Nymph
February 2001	Tup's Indispensable	May 2003	Wickham's Spinner
March 2001	Shaving Brush Fly	June 2003	Purple Nymbeet

Issue	Fly
July 2003	Matuka Streamer
August 2003	Pheasant Tail (Dry)
September 2003	Coachman
October 2003	Brown Seal's Fur Nymph
November 2003	Marabou Damsel Nymph
December 2003	Ray Butterworth's Termite
February 2004	CDC Emergers
March 2004	Little Marryat
April 2004	Ray Butterworth's Hopper
May 2004	Fuzzy Wuzzy
June 2004	Webb's Wonder
September 2004	McCaskie's Green Cat
October 2004	Red Palmer
February 2005	Stick Caddis
March 2005	Tup's Indispensable
April 2005	The Early Brown
May 2005	Alf's Geehi Beetle
June 2005	Red Tag
July 2005	Blue Dun
August 2005	Grey Wulff
September 2005	Morgan Impaler
October 2005	Little Pine Dun
November 2005	Liam's Irresistible
December 2005	The Last Hope
February 2006	Flies for Dragon & Damsel Fly
March 2006	Sparkle Dun
April 2006	The Andelle Fly
May 2006	Kelly Hopper
July 2006	Hardy's Favourite
August 2006	Keam Mudeye Series
September 2006	Sawyers Killer Bug

Issue	Fly
November 2006	Blue Winged Olive
December 2006	Blue Dun
February 2007	Prickly Stick Caddis
March 2007	Red Quill
April 2007	Ray Butterworth's Foam Hopper
May 2007	The Lyrebird Fly
June 2007	Zwar's Geehi
July 2007	The Great Lake Beetle
August 2007	The Real Great Lake Beetle
September 2007	Leisenring's Dark Olive Nymph
October 2007	Chernobyl Ant
November 2007	Black Alder
December 2007	Klinkhammer
February 2008	Dick Woodard's Dragonfly
March 2008	Lunn's Particular
April 2008	Flies for the Angler of Advanced Years
May 2008	The Whisky Fly
June 2008	CDC San Classic
July 2008	Hubert's Mataura Nymph
August 2008	Andrew Mossman's Red Spinner
August 2008	Hubert Reichelt's Mataura Red Dun
September 2008	Philbrick's Nymph
October 2008	Hubert Reichelt's Foam Hopper
November 2008	Parachute Blue Dun
December 2008	Aussie Muddler
February 2009	Kossy's Damsel Nymph
March 2009	F Fly
April 2009	Neil Grose's Possum Emerger

MIDGE FISHING ON BRONTE LAGOON

(Andrew Braithwaite)

It's always nice to receive an invitation to go fishing. It's even more pleasant to be asked to be on the water for a specific event. So it was in early November 2008 when a phone call from a friend suggested we meet in Tasmania's highlands to fish for 'midge feeders' at Bronte Lagoon. Little did I know that at that time of the season in the lake country, it would still be quite cold and frost was to be part of the picture!

I arrived at Brady's Lake the afternoon before our agreed fishing day in conditions that were warm and pleasantly mild – so very different to the following morning! Dinner was completed and an early night was committed to, as an early start of 4:45 am was planned.

I awoke at the scheduled time and after dressing and a quick look outside at the heavy frost, we left the shack and drove to the selected shore at Bronte Lagoon. We arrived just as dawn was breaking. The grass in every direction was white with frost and the temperature was checked at -5oC. However it was immediately apparent that a wind-lane had already formed on the lagoon and was close into shore. The grass crunched under our waders as we made our way towards the water, and the stillness was palpable at that time of morning. A slight breeze moved the leaves of the closest gums as we moved away from the shore to be where the wind lane came right into the edge. The gathering light aided our powers of observation, and we saw trout working along the edges of the wind lane so we geared ourselves up to move towards the shore. Damn, it was cold!!

We followed trout as they moved up and down the wind lane, but with little success. They were feeding on 'midges' – read 'chironomids' for those familiar with Lake Eucumbene in the Snowy Mountains.

Interestingly, unlike Eucumbene midges, these insects didn't 'ball-up' but remained single, so trout generally plotted a path swimming along and gathering up as many individual insects as possible.

The morning warmed ever so slightly as the eastern sky gradually lightened with the approach of sunrise, and as the light strengthened the faint breeze slowly dropped out and conditions became completely still. The wind lane flattened out to a perfectly still lagoon surface; thus aiding us in seeing feeding trout along the entire shore and up to a distance of about fifty feet out into the lake.

And there were not just a few trout but they were feeding in numbers – we estimated upwards of 30 to 40 fish feeding from the close edge near us to a distance out into the lake. Trevor was trying out two new midge patterns he had created – small green-bodied patterns tied on size 16 hooks but with different wings. Then it was a matter of picking out one particular fish and literally running after it along the shore, casting ahead of the feeding trout until it either took the fly, refused it or changed direction, which was often the case.

The morning brightened, the temperature slowly warmed, the frost vanished and trout continued to feed right across the bay we had chosen. The sun eventually rose above the horizon and at around 8 o'clock there appeared to be a clear slowing of the rise. We moved back up to the vehicle parked some distance from the shore and disassembled our tackle, whilst keeping one eye peeled on the water.

Gear was all but put away when we noticed a few new distinctive rises just out from the shoreline, and then more and more appeared until some thirty fish were actively feeding within casting range. "They've started again", I said to Trevor. He put his rod back together and we returned to the closest part of the shore. Taking turn and turn about, we chased feeding fish up and down the shore using one rod between the two of us. As one person caught a fish and landed it, the other one took over, and so on it went. At about 9:30 am the rise began to taper off so we returned to the vehicle with our catch. Nine fish in the bag with eight more hooked and lost – not a bad morning's effort, with the best being a 2 lb brown in top condition.

As we drove back to the shack we passed a number of cars heading off to where we had been. Trevor's comment to each and everyone was: "Good morning, you're too late!", accompanied by a small wave as we passed.

Midge fishing here in Tasmania is every bit as exciting as it was all those many years ago in the Snowy Mountains – its just a matter of being prepared to go that one step further and be on the water when the fish are feeding and then to use the correct fly pattern. If you receive an invitation to go fishing, never refuse – you never know what you may find!

Andrew Braithwaite – April 2009

CASTING TUITION WITH PETER HAYES



This is an early notice to let members know that we have arranged a Casting Clinic for VFFA members with Peter Hayes. Peter is respected throughout the world for his expertise in fly casting. He represented Australia at two world casting championships, and is the only Australian to win medals (two silver) in fly casting events. On one occasion he cast an amazing distance of 74.5 meters using a single-handed fly rod.

Peter has held the Australian casting 'Champion of Champions' trophy a total of nine times, and still holds seven Australian casting records. He has also established a reputation as Australia's foremost casting teacher. So come along and learn the techniques that Peter has perfected from over 20 years of competing in casting and fishing competitions.

Date: Sunday, October 18

Venue: Red Tag Casting Pool at Fairfield

Cost: (To be confirmed) About \$100.00 per member, and this will include a BBQ Lunch.

Spaces will be limited, so members keen to attend should book their spot soon by contacting Richard Salvado on 9817 5252 or 0400 752 302

An Article by David Scholes

It is generally agreed that fly fishing is best begun on a lake where there are no obstacles behind in which to get ones' fly hooked up; a problem often present on a stream or where there is flowing water. Much has been written on this subject by some who know much about it and others who think they do. Yet comparatively little has been penned about why men fish. The obvious answer is to catch fish but there is much distance to go beyond this. Fishing remained as a more 'by kill than skill' affair until about 1676, when the writings of Walton and Cotton made going fishing a pleasant event, as the Dame had claimed in her Treatise so long before. The sentiment piscator non solum piscatur (there is more in fishing than catching fish) now has permeated much of the vast literature on fishing.

Angling has sometimes been described as a disease, an affliction for which there is no cure. But for the sufferer himself, the illness is pure bliss and anything likely to interfere with "his condition" is met with displeasure. But like the awareness of happiness, fishing is best in memory. Perhaps this is why we remember the trout that get away more than those we land, especially the big ones.

Few anglers would deny that rather than a disease, it is more a passion. The one passion, Logie Bruce Lockhart wrote "that grows increasingly feverishly uncontrollable and unforgettable with the passing years." Surely this is a more accurate answer as to why men fish. But why is it that fewer books have been written about this side of the fly fishing picture than the 'how-to'tales of success and 'look at me and all the fish I've caught'?

Far too few books give an account of how and when the author began to fish. Those of us for whom this wondrous time occurred in childhood are indeed fortunate. How delicious it is to look back on those days. Now, having run to various degrees life's race, possibly seated at the fireside on a cold winter's night, those happy days of yore come drifting back. Perhaps their details are shared by the help of an angling diary and a glass of fine port. Certain it is with all the finest anglers I have ever known, they have in one way or another been introduced to the fly at an early age. Some by their fathers, some by veteran anglers and some I suppose like me as a small boy, perhaps perched on a log dangling a worm into a deep dark hole catching blackfish. Then, oh! what joy when a small unfortunate trout seizes the worm; its beautiful shape and colours instantly setting me on a new pursuit to become a self-taught fly fisher. Now, had I not learnt what Walton terms "An art worth learning" until much later in life, look what I would have missed! Do you know I can recall these early years with extraordinary clarity.

Some come to it in unusual ways. I was more than interested a few weeks ago to learn about such a one. The man concerned had been given a fly fishing outfit for Christmas, but since trolling was his normal method of fishing, he had only the vaguest idea on how to use it. Tied to a stump at Lake Leake's eastern shore he noticed, at intervals, a trout cruising in the shallows along the shore. I know exactly what he saw. Had I not years ago, been taken to the same shore by a regular visitor? And had I not watched him extract two of these cruisers, firstly from his boat and then from the shore? My chance came of course but with the same consistency that never deserts me, I got hooked up behind and spoilt it all. Between us, however, we went on to undo several others.

Anyway, back to our friend. Thinking he'd have a try at fly casting before leaving for home, he rigged up his outfit which now lay at the bow of his boat. But looking at the distance to the shore his hopes faded. But suddenly his mind was gifted with wisdom.

Quickly slipping into his waders and propping the rod against the side of the dinghy, he carefully deboat and slowly made his way shorewards, holding the leader in one hand and pulling the line from the reel. Gently dropping the fly in the shallows he slowly returned to the boat. The surface was oily calm, sheltered by the tall gums behind. Eventually a brownie came sauntering along, closely followed by a smaller one. The first took no notice of the fly, the second only a close look. But still our friend watched and waited, his fly now having drifted slightly into deeper water. At length a rainbow came from the opposite direction, went straight to the fly and took it confidently. Now, just you remember if you point a finger at him in scorn that three of your fingers are pointing back at you because in surprised excitement, his strike being more of a heave, the fish took off with the fly in its jaw and our friend was solidly hooked.

It all goes to show that regardless of how the seed is sown, that's it. Well nearly. Take the noted American author George La Branche, undoubtedly a remarkably fine angler who actually gave up fly fishing because he found it too easy! No challenge remained. The end was known before the beginning. He could catch trout with consummate ease. There was no reason why he should even bother to try. Although his name will long be remembered in angling literature, it is difficult to understand this decision. If fly fishing isn't pure pleasure then it's nothing. Consider the word creation. If going fishing isn't re-creation for you then maybe you are not one of us. Otherwise join the club – we are all learners.



SPECIAL OFFER

COLUMBIA SHIRTS/LOGO

\$70.00 each

POLARFLEECE JACKETS/LOGO

\$40.00 each

POLARFLEECE SLEEVELESS VEST/LOGO

\$35.00 each

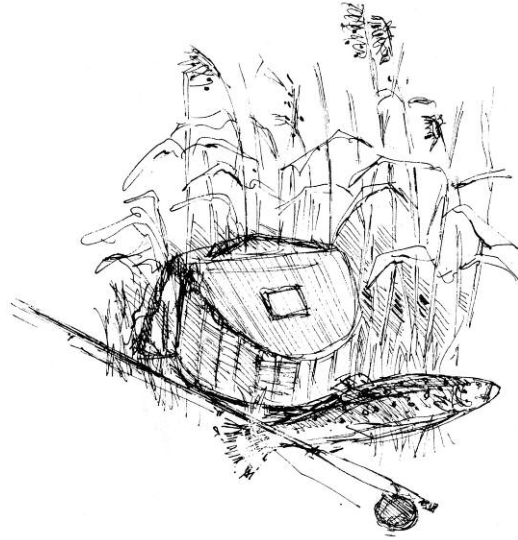
To order a shirt or two contact
Hugh Maltby on Work: 9455 9000
Mobile: 0400 887 065

FISHING IN THE NORTH EAST

Andy Zarro reports that he has been having fun with willow grubs. Abundant hatches around Khancoban in recent times and fish feeding well on them have set the locals to trying to work out new patterns. The fish are very selective and frustrated anglers returning to their tying vices each afternoon were the order of the day. Usually a magic pattern that deceived one fish would not work on its fellows and perhaps Andy will share his secrets with us one day if he hits upon the answer.

Andy tells of popular member Bob Roles who, having spent two weeks trying conclusions with some success was preparing to leave for home last week. Around midday, with camp packed, he washed, shaved and dressed in clean shirt, moleskins and highly polished RM's, resplendent to be seen, and with Andy took one last look at the river and spotted a large fish feeding greedily on grubs. What was Bob to do? Out came the rod and reel and the battle of wits began. The fish would shelter under some debris and as Bob tried fly after fly the trout would dash out only to turn away at the last instant leaving the perfectly presented fly lying on the surface. This went on for some hours. At one stage Andy asked Bob what he would do if he hooked the fish as the presence of a submerged log suggested that the only way of landing the fish would be to get into the river. Bob mumbled something. Eventually it happened. The trout was deceived by a Roger Booth #18 isopod imitation and was on. Into the stream went Bob meaning business and was rewarded with a magnificent 3lb 6oz brown. He left for Bendigo at 5:40 pm. It is not known whether he had dry clothes but he was certainly happy!

A thirteen pound brown was caught by trolling in Khancoban Pondage last week. The Mitta Mitta is fishing well around Eskdale



EILDON REPORT

Mick Hall reports that both the Acheron and Steavenson are still running dirty and severely affected by ash coming down around Marysville.

The Rubicon, low until recently, now has had some rainfall. The headwaters come off Mount Torbreck which rises to just under five thousand feet and a cold flush of water could mean an end to any mayfly hatches for a while and if it does get cold as predicted fish the running water as the fish will head in there to get the oxygen. So forget the dry flies and try gold beadhead nymphs down near the bottom.

The Pondage has received around 1500 trout over the last few weeks and is well worth a look. A further twenty thousand fish are to be released there at five thousand per month over the next four months for those that enjoy winter fishing.

The Victorian Fly-Fisher's Association Art Exhibition

Entry form for 17th to 19th July 2009

Registration details (Please complete in BLOCK LETTERS)

Surname _____ First name _____

Nationality _____ DOB ____/____/____ (circle) Male

Female

Postal Address _____

State _____ Postcode _____ Country _____

Artists ABN if applicable _____ (Australia only)

Email _____ Fax _____

Telephone 1 _____ Telephone 2 _____

Art Work Details

1. Title _____

Medium _____

Size (cm) H _____ W _____ Dated _____

Sculpture – approx weight & preferred display requirements

Sale price of work in Aust \$

2. Title _____

Medium _____

Size (cm) H _____ W _____ Dated _____

Sculpture – approx weight & preferred display requirements

Sale price of work in Aust \$

3. If 3 or more entries, please copy form and attach tick if you have attached 2nd page

Number exhibits entered.....x AU \$10.00 fee per exhibit = total cost enclosed \$ _____

All entry fees include GST. Tax Invoice Receipt will be sent upon receipt of entry

Delivery and pickup arrangements indicate your method of delivery, and pickup if unsold

Personal(tick) OR Australia Post OR courier

or

Agent's NameAgent's ph.....

Payment details (Australian dollars only)

Chq enclosed for VFFA Art Show for \$.....(Aust only) or debit my **MasterCard / VISA** card
(circle applicable)

Card number _____ Cardholder's name _____

Card expiry ____/____ Cardholder's signature _____ Date ____/____/____

Competition declaration :I have read and understand the rules of the competition & agree to abide by them.

Signed _____ Date ____ / ____ / ____

Mail your entries to : OR **email to:** squires@eftel.net.au

VFFA Art Show 2009

5 Netley Rise

Doncaster 3108 Australia

Enquiries: Ph 0427.047.926 or squires@eftel.net.au

The Victorian Fly-Fishers' Association Art Show

17th to 19th July 2009

Location: Victorian Artists Society Gallery
430 Albert Street, East Melbourne, Victoria Melway 2G A1

VFFA: 5 Netley Rise Doncaster 3108 Email squires@eftel.net.au ph enquiries 0427.047.926

Conditions of Entry

- 1 The Victorian Fly-Fishers' Art Show (VFFA AS) is open to the public and all art work must relate to angling.
- 2 Entry forms, photographs of artwork and entry fees of **\$10 per item** must be received by **VFFA by 31st May 2009**. Late or incorrectly completed forms will not be accepted. Artists whose work is accepted for exhibition will be **notified in writing by June 14th 2009** – no correspondence will be entered into.
- 3 Mediums of **painting, photography, mixed media and sculpture** will be considered.
- 4 All works must be new and owned by the artist. No artwork which has previously won an award at a major competition may be entered.
- 5 All works must be original and the concept of the artist. The finished work must not exceed 180cm x 180cm
- 6 In the case of photography the work must be framed and no smaller than 30cm x 30cm. Photographs may be created by conventional light exposure or with digital control. Images taken with film cameras must not be adjusted beyond a level that would be applied in conventional optical printing techniques. Digital images are only acceptable if adjustment is limited to levels, curves, colour, saturation, contrast and minor cleaning work. Sharpening and cropping is permitted.
- 7 Entry into the VFFA AS will be **by preselection**. Each entry **form must be accompanied by a photograph** of each of the items listed, to a maximum of 4 items. The submitted photograph must be labelled with the artists name, title, size and medium and price.
- 8 Any freight and freight insurance costs to and from the VFFA AS must be born by the artist
- 9 All artists will allow their artwork to be reproduced for promotional and other purposes by VFFA AS
- 10 The artist agrees that all works submitted and selected are for sale. The sale price will not be discounted.
- 11 Art works selected for exhibition must **be received at the Victorian Artist Society 430 Albert St. East Melbourne 3002 on Thurs 16th July 2009 between the hours of 10am and 3pm.**
- 12 Judges appointed by the VFF AS will choose the prize winners. The judges' decision on all competition matters will be final and no correspondence will be entered into.
- 13 If delivering artwork by courier or Australia Post, prepaid return freight vouchers and return address label must accompany the work. If your artwork is sold the freight voucher will be returned to you. Unsold returning artworks will be packed back in your original packaging.
- 14 The VFFA will retain a **commission of 20% on all artworks sold**. Net sale proceeds in the form of a cheque will be forwarded to the artist within 45 days of the show.
- 15 The VFFA and VAS will exercise all responsible care in handling the work, but will not be responsible for loss or damage to any work while in their custody. Artists are advised to provide their own insurance for their work.
- 16 After the close of exhibition on Sunday 19th July all **unsold works can be collected from the VAS at 430 Albert St East Melbourne between 5 and 6.15pm**. If unable to meet this time, prior discussion with Paul Squires on 0427.047.926 may be able to offer a solution and assistance with later pick-up.
Any shipped artworks will be returned in their original packaging , therefore it's the artist responsibility to provide adequate packaging and labelling for return shipment.
If any artwork is not collected by Tuesday 21th July 2009 4.00pm the VFFA reserves the right to sell the artwork.
- 17 Submission to the VFFA AS automatically accepts the terms and condition of this entry form. The VVFA reserves the right to vary or change the conditions of entry at any time.

THIS MONTH'S YARN ...

(Members of many years may recall those delightful, whimsical, quirky, mischievous little tales that Ron Mackenzie wrote for the newsletter back in the 1960s and 70s. The following yarn is from the July 65 newsletter)

"Have you ever set a night-line, when you've been camping?" asked Alf, with a mischievous twinkle in his eye, which McTaggart apparently didn't notice. "Yes," answered the latter seriously, and just as seriously pushed his lunch-glass forward for replenishment. "Funny," he went on, "I had a somewhat unusual experience last time I set a night-line. This was years ago. I was coming down from western New South Wales with a mob of sheep. We camped one night beside a Murray billabong, and were very short of tucker, so I thought I'd chuck a line in. We had only one fishing line in the outfit - a strong flathead line - and three hooks. I baited 'em all up using a dead rabbit I found, and threw the line well out into a clear patch of water near a big gum tree. It looked a good spot for catfish, if for nothing else, and they're not bad. When I went down in the morning I couldn't see the line at first. It wasn't in the water". "Then where was it?" asked Alf. "It was going straight up the gum tree," replied McTaggart. "The business end was out of sight up amongst the branches. I pulled, but for a while nothing would budge. Fortunately, as I told you, it was a strong line, and it suddenly came adrift. There was a plop and a scurry on the ground near me, and then I saw what had happened. There was a small platypus on one hook, a water rat on another, and a big goanna on the third. I reasoned that the platypus had swum ashore with the line, the water rat had taken the second bait and carried it up the bank a bit, where the goanna had swallowed the third one and run the lot up the tree." "So your night-lining didn't do you much good," remarked Alf. "No, not a great deal," said McTaggart, "The platypus was quite inedible."

WEBSITE PROGRESS REPORT

In an effort to retain a presence, gain a wider audience, provide information in the context of current technology the council has agreed to construct a web site for the benefit of members and other interested parties. It may also induce more fly fishers to become members, raising our profile and giving a bigger say in the realm of trout politics.

The website is gaining some momentum. At this stage the committee consists of Rick Dugina (Convenor) and Lyndon Webb. If any member considers that they have something to contribute they are welcome to submit a proposal for consideration or advise us of their skill level.

Council has agreed to use the domain name "vffa.org.au" . This should allow for easy searching over the web. Several production companies have been approached and meetings are scheduled to discuss design and functionality. The design is obviously subject to costings within the budget allocation.

The website will include a home page where anyone can get information about the VFFA, history, some photos, etc. There will also be a login section for members to access the rest of the site. Here the plan is to publish the newsletter, info on activities, a photo gallery, fly tying section, info sections, Library section and if budget allows a discussion board (forum). There should also be a section for email, at least inwards.

FLY OF THE MONTH

Ken Meek's Cicada



Ken Meek is a retired farmer, now living down near Inverloch. He is also a very keen and effective fly fisher. (Anyone who sits in his car beside the Powlett River estuary at 2:30 in the morning, waiting for the tide to turn so that he can cast to the estuary perch he knows will then start to move, has to be classed as 'keen'!)

Ken is also a very enthusiastic and creative fly tier. Not content to churn out known and established patterns, he is constantly experimenting with new patterns to imitate the bugs and insects that he sees in the lakes and streams he fishes down in Gippsland. His water boatman pattern has won him many a fine trout.

Earlier this year he was out fishing one of his local streams. But despite 3 hours of hard labour in sunny conditions and several changes of fly and tactics, he hadn't touched a fish. So he pulled out a new creation – an attempt at a Cicada imitation - and landed five fish in less than an hour. According to Ken, they swam up from the depths and smashed it! In subsequent expeditions it has continued to draw interest from Mr Speckles.

So here is Ken's Cicada:

Materials:

Hook: Size 10 or 12 long shank dry fly hook

Tying Thread: Black 6/0 Unithread

Body: Black 2 mm Fly Foam (Wapsi) – tapered at both ends

Wing: Very fine white gauze. (Ken uses a material called 'Web Wing' which he purchased whilst on a recent trip to New Zealand. The editor tried to purchase some of this material at various local angling shops but no-one had it in stock, so he ordered two packets from New Zealand – www.flyshop.co.nz - and it arrived in a couple of days. In the meantime the editor also tried the local Lincraft store and managed to buy some white lace ribbon that was very similar to the 'Web Wing' material in texture and appearance).

Head and Thorax: Olive deer hair – tied in to produce a bullet head.

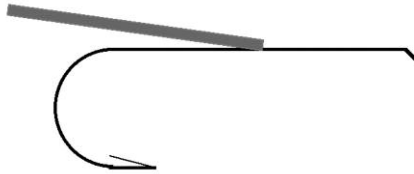
Legs: Fine black rubber legs – two tied in on each side behind the head.

Method:

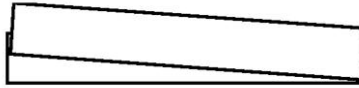
1. Cut a piece of the black foam about 14mm long and 2.5 mm to 3 mm wide and trim it to this shape:



2. Tie the foam on the hook at the midpoint of the hook shank so that the foam sticks out over the back of the hook slightly:



3. Take the wing material and cut a rectangular piece which is about 30 mm by 5 mm, fold it in half and then slightly displace the two halves:



4. Now tie in the wing over the foam so that the wing is tied between the foam and the eye of the hook. Trim the end corners of the wing to shape them a little.
5. Take a small bunch of the olive deer hair and tie the middle of this bunch in on the hook shank between where the wing is tied in and the hook eye. Before tying the deer hair in roll it around the hook shank a little, then tie it in tightly. Add a small second bunch of deer hair, and then push the deer hair that extends over the eye back to form a bullet head. Tie in the deer hair tightly.
6. Prepare four fine black rubber legs and tie them in – two each side of the body, and each pair tied in just behind the bullet head. Cut the legs extending forward so that they are shorter than those extending back.
7. Go catch a fish.





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:

Book "Geehi to Great Lake"	\$45.00 each
Columbia Shirts	\$70.00 each
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
<i>The Australian Trout by Jack Ritchie</i>	\$20.00
<i>(Special offer – buy one, get one free!)</i>	
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 2008 Annual Dinner:

- Armadale Angler • Aussie Angler • Australian Fishing Network • Compleat Angler Box Hill • Compleat Fly Fisher Melbourne • Daniel Hackett, RiverFly, Tasmania • Fly Life Publications • J M Gillies • Lowes Furniture • Mayfly Tackle • Mick Hall www.kossiedun.com.au • Michael Steven's Publishing • Millbrook Lakes Lodge • Nick Taransky - Bamboo Rod Maker • Pro Angler Fishing Tackle • Ray Brown, Onkaparinga Flies & Cane Rods