

FLY LINES



MAY 2020

May Meeting with Cameron Westaway from NSW Fisheries

Cameron will be our guest speaker for the May meeting. He is Senior Fisheries Manager Inland for the NSW Fisheries and will be keen to tell us how the New South Wales trout fishery is travelling these days, including the measures the NSW fishery managers are taking to preserve and improve the trout fishing there, particularly at this time when the coronavirus has affected so much of our lives.

This will again be a Zoom video presentation, commencing at 8:00 pm. Because of the restrictions imposed by COVID-19 our guest speaker will not be able to speak to us in person at our scheduled meeting on May 21. Instead, our president is organising for Cameron to make his presentation to us using the Zoom computer video conferencing application that will enable us all to see and hear Cameron on our laptops or home computers or iPads whilst sitting at home.

Not quite the in-person presentation we would prefer, but a very worthwhile alternative. No travel, no parking costs, and no long trips home afterwards, so our country and other members who don't live in Melbourne will be able to enjoy Cameron's presentation without the travel issues.

Thursday, May 21,
8:00 pm,
via Zoom



Members need to note that some days prior to May 21 Terry Rogers will email us all with detailed instructions on how to log in to see Cameron and hear his presentation.

Those who listened to our April speaker, James Laverty, will agree that it was a simple process to make the connection and the April presentation went really well.

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IMPORTANT NOTICE

Members are reminded again this month that it is important that we have your correct email address. This is necessary as important notices to members are constantly being emailed by Terry Rogers or our president Chris Gray.

It is vital that we are able to contact members for a variety of important reasons. But keeping

track of all members' details is a challenge.

If you have recently changed your postal address, or email address, or phone number, or are not certain that we have these details correct for you, then please tell us.

How do you do this? Contact our editor - Lyndon Webb - on 0488 555 724 (text or call) or send an email to lgwebb@bigpond.net.au

President's Message

It was wonderful to see so many members join us for the April presentation by James Laverty from Fly Odyssey Australia presenting on the fly fishing in New Caledonia, Cuba, Tahiti, Kiribati, Papua New Guinea, Cook Islands and Argentina. It was amazing to see the vibrant clear water and the variety of fish species they encountered on their trips. Due to some technical challenges were not able to show a video from James's desk, so please let me know if you would like to view the video and I will email a link to you. It may be sometime before a trip overseas will be available, so look into Fly Odyssey's Australian guided trips.

Sadly, Past President Peter Campbell passed away recently. Peter served as president in the years 1999 - 2001 and became a life member in 1998. He joined the VFFA in 1962. Our condolences to Marlene who he referred to as "Blondie".

It's important for us to stay active while we're in isolation. I've been busy tying some flies, something I have not done for many years. Rick and Jo at Aussie Angler were quick to despatch an order to me with an array of items, and a phone call to Ray Brown for some "phone coaching" on a couple of his flies followed by a few tutorials from YouTube fly tiers, and I was off and running. I hope the trout take a liking to a few rough looking flies.

As well as fly tying, I've been on the phone to stay in touch and had a wonderful catch up with Peter and Di Hayes last week. Tasmania has a different set of rules for fishing and managing the social distancing measures. Peter managed to get out fishing just prior to a lot of Tassie's water being closed to



access, and fished the northern midlands rivers, a rare event for him to fish socially. The day would be great in anyone's books: a Taransky cane rod, 17 fish with the largest measuring 60cm, eight fish missed, three wind knots and two break offs. Even the best of us encounter a wind knot or three.

Di and Peter had their wedding ceremony on the beach at Binalong Bay Beach and two days later Di broke her leg. I hear Peter went looking for a warranty! Congratulations are in order and we wish Di a speedy recovery. Their honeymoon was spent home at Brumbys planting



A 60 cm brown caught by Peter Hayes from the Lake River

berries along the fence line and bringing forward the usual winter maintenance schedule. We look forward to our return to Brumbys and the great fishing on offer.



Peter and Di Hayes planting berries at Hayes on Brumbys. Transporting your wife in a wheelbarrow is rather brave Peter.

Looking for something to fill in your time? Sort your gear. Some of us will relish the opportunity for the downtime.



Dave Wakefield and Jon (Gadget) Kenfield packing for the trip home from Tasmania. That's a lot of gear for a week's fishing gents.

>>>

Rick Keam recently published his book entitled "Keilor to Footscray Mr Solomon's Maribyrnong". His fresh account of the Solomon era is placed in a wider context, from Charles Grimes' 1803 exploration, through the degradation of the river as an urban-industrial drain, to its renaming and rehabilitation as today's Maribyrnong.

Victorian Fisheries Authority is reviewing the Recreational Fishing Licence Trust Account (RFTLA) and how these funds are optimized for the purpose of improving recreational fishing. There are a number of actions and recommendations to come from this report. It is worth looking at this on the VFA website. The review will be conducted over two years with five key recommendations to come from the review.

The Australian Trout Foundation is planning some activities after the

Covid-19 restrictions are lifted, with the first being a Steavenson River review of riparian and in-stream habitat to determine and record where restoration works are required. The intention is for volunteer anglers to walk through all sections of the river between Buxton and Marysville. This 10 km section of the iconic Steavenson River has been neglected and needs quite a lot of love and attention. The VFA, GBCMA and ATF have been working on the issue of angler access and measures are being taken to alleviate this problem.

Your council will continue to maintain the best possible delivery of communication to you.

- Our council meetings will continue via video conference links;
- Lyndon is keen for articles for the newsletter;
- General meetings will continue, albeit via our video conference facility using the Zoom application. Terry Rogers will email out his usual invitation

each month with the link to connect via Zoom. Our May General meeting will have Cameron Westaway from NSW Inland Fisheries presenting. As for our April meeting Terry Rogers will email the details to connect via Zoom.

There will be differing opinions as to whether we should take the chance to go trout fishing before the season officially closes in June! If the restriction is not lifted we'll miss out on a few "mental health days" on a river or a lake. However, if the restriction is not lifted then I guess the trout will be left alone during the early spawning run. It's a win/lose situation and it appears we won't know what will transpire until May 11.

Some useful links for you to check:

VFFA Web site is www.vffa.com.au

VFFA Facebook page is <https://www.facebook.com/www.vffa.com.au>



A screen shot of just some of the members Zooming in to hear and see James Laverty's presentation at our April meeting



Binalong Bay, Queensland, where Peter and Di Hayes recently celebrated a wedding



A Very Different Donger Report

Members may remember that last year the annual VFFA vs Bairnsdale Fly Fishing Club annual challenge, the Dudley Lee Donger, was cancelled because of the atrocious weather. However Bruce Houghton, Peter Clayton and Matt Cole stayed at the Mitta Lodge until the Sunday morning and fished as the water cleared. Matt caught some fish, including one that would have won the trophy had the competition been held.

Peter Clayton has since decided that as this year's Donger was cancelled because of the Covid-19 restrictions perhaps he could write a report on last year's Donger in verse, Banjo Paterson style. (Rick Keam assisted a tiny bit.)

*There was movement at the Mitta, for the word had passed around
That the annual Dudley Lee was on again,
And the Mitta was revealing fish weighing more than a pound
So the cracks all hoped for weather without rain.
All the tried and noted anglers from the cities near and far
Had come and gathered for a great weekend,
For they love the hardest wading where the wild fishes are,
So they started straight away their drinks to tend.*

>>>

*There was one who made his pile from the papers he could sell,
The President - that grand old Trevor Stow;
Few could ever match him when the stream was fishing well -
He would go wherever wading staff could go.
And Mick from Bairnsdale had come along to lend a hand,
No better fisherman had cast a fly;
For never fish could break him which his tippet could withstand,
He had learned to fish with nymph beneath a dry.*

*And one was there, a stripling - a small and weedy beast,
He was something like a ferret undersized,
With a camper full of gear and three spare rods at least -
All such as are by other anglers prized.
He was hard and tough and wiry - of the sort who just looked wise.
There was calmness in his slow and patient tread;
And he bore the badge of gameness in his dark and bushy flies,
And the slow and looping arc of his shooting head.*

*But still so slight and weedy, one would doubt his want to stay,
And the old man said, "That river just won't do -
Look at the fast and coloured water - lad, you'd better stay away,
That dirty mess is not for such as you."
So he waited sad and wistful - Bruce and Pete his only friends -
They said; "I think we ought to stay and watch,"
"We warrant he's caught fish when the weekend's at an end,
For the man and his gear are both top notch."*

*"He hails from Mitta Valley, up by Dartmouth's side,
Where the river's twice as deep and twice as rough,
Where anglers can risk slipping on every single stride,
The man that holds his feet is rare enough.
And the Mitta fishers near the lake have made the place their home,
Where the river runs those big blue hills between;
I have seen so many anglers since I first began to roam,
But nowhere else such fishers have I seen."*

*So they went and found the river looking not so very bright -
And packed away their gear - things would be slow,
And the old man said, "Let's go, the water is an awful sight,
No use for fancy fishing here, you know.
But, Matt, you can stay here for at least another night.
Fish boldly, lad, and always try the runs,
For never yet was an angler who could get the fish to bite,
When once they need some shelter for their lungs."*

*When he reached the river's shoulder, even Matt just took a pull,
It well would make the boldest hold their breath,
The water ran so thickly and between the banks was full
Of rocks and snags, a slip would mean your death.
But the man from Mitta Valley entered at the current's head,
And cast his fly line round and gave a sneer
As he waded the wild torrent down along its hidden bed,
While Peter watched and had another beer.*

*So Matt just tried to feel them - he was fishing on the swing
Where the best and boldest fishes take their place,
And he traced his streamer past them, and he made the river sing
With the fly rod, as he met them face to face.
Then he halted for a moment, while he swung his bulky brush,
But the trout just saw a morsel in full view,
And they engulfed the tempting fly with a sharp and sudden rush,
And off into the wildest water flew.*

*He sent the leader flying, but kept it tight and neat,
And took those slippery rocks right in his stride,
And the man from Mitta Valley never shifted on his feet -
It was grand to see that fisherman just glide.
Through the pools and runs, on the rough uneven ground,
Down the river's course he slowly went;
And he never drew the line until fish hooked were safe and sound,
Then back into the stream they were sent.*

>>>

*He was right among the fishes as he waded with a thrill,
And the watchers on the bank just standing mute,
Saw him cast his fly line sweetly, he was right among them still,
As he waded down the river in pursuit.
Then they lost him for a moment, where two torrents rushed and met
In the distance, but a final glimpse reveals
On the dim and distant bank the wild trout taking yet,
With the man from Mitta Valley at their heels.*

*And he fished on single-handed but the gloom he could not dodge.
He'd followed like a bloodhound on their track,
Till he halted still unbeaten, then headed for the Lodge,
Unassisted, he made his lone way back.
Though he'd been so successful he could scarcely raise a trot,
He was wet from heel to shoulder from the rain;
But his luck was still ongoing, and his courage fiery hot,
For ever yet oblivious to the pain.*

*And down Omeo way, where the tree-clad ridges raise
Their torn and rugged battlements on high,
Where the air is clear as crystal, and the white stars fairly blaze
At midnight in the cold and frosty sky,
And where around the Mitta the willows sweep and sway
To the breezes that cause the duns to hatch,
The man from Mitta Valley is a household word today,
And the fishers tell the story of his catch.*



The April Meeting with Fly Odyssey's James Laverty

James is the Travel Director of Fly Odyssey Australia and is also Vice-President of the Ballarat Fly Fishers Club. Now based in Ballarat, James has been fly fishing throughout Australia and many other places since he first picked up a fly rod in Scotland more than 25 years ago. He completed an Honours Degree in Aquatic Science and then worked on water quality projects around the country as well as working in the tourism industry for many years in management. He also worked in some dive master roles along the Great Barrier Reef.

At our April meeting James gave an overview of Fly Odyssey Australia, his worldwide Fly Fishing Travel Agency that has been operating in Australia since 2015 and in the UK since 2006. Fly Odyssey Australia's purpose is to send fly fishing clients to a range of fabulous overseas destinations.

James began by describing briefly some of the different travel options Fly Odyssey Australia provides, including specific Couples, Family and Hosted group trips to an impressive range of destinations around the world. He discussed the benefits of booking with Fly Odyssey Australia, these being impartial advice, detailed pre-trip preparation, established relationships with lodges and guides, and the ability as a full service travel agency to manage every aspect of your holiday booking.

As one of many businesses currently impacted by COVID-19, they are looking for on-going support and your consideration when planning your next fly fishing escape.

James presented members with images and reports from a range of different fly fishing destinations they have taken clients to in recent years, including Papua New Guinea, Colombia, Cuba, Argentina and Anaa Atoll in Tahiti.

Commencing with Papua New Guinea as a destination, James took us on a journey to the Forgotten Atolls in the Coral Sea, which they visited in November 2019. These atolls were packed with a variety of saltwater species that were taken on fly gear, including giant trevally, bluefin trevally, triggerfish, job-fish and a range of coral trout species. James explained their approach to the fishing - wading the flats and fishing from the Pangas (boats) with great success. Big fish were targeted, so they were mainly using 10-weight and 12-weight outfits.

James then took us to Colombia, where they were based at the Akuani Floating River Camp and chased giant 3-barred peacock bass on fly gear. These are a stunning, hard-fighting and colourful fish flanked with orange, yellow and red.

James described his trip there with clients last February and the adventure that this trip entailed in the far east of Colombia near the Venezuelan border. The journey to the El Tuparro National Park region was an adventure in itself as it included seeing vampire fish and a huge range of wildlife and prolific birdlife.

James then briefly described a couple of hosted trips they have planned for 2021, including trips to the Isle of Youth off Cuba where clients will be accommodated on a luxurious



A magnificent peacock bass



A fine tarpon from Cuban waters

mothership to target permit and bonefish and the huge numbers of tarpon found on the flats there. Fly Odyssey has been taking groups to Cuba for the last eight years and James rates it as one of the best fly fishing trips in the Caribbean.

In late January and early February next year Mark Weigall will be hosting two groups on an Argentinean three-lodge experience in Patagonia. They will be fishing for brown, rainbow and brook trout on a trip that has been designed to encapsulate everything that's great about fishing in Patagonia. James gave us a brief summary of this trip, describing the stunning scenery

and giving details of the trip to our members.

In wrapping up his talk James gave an insightful presentation on Anaa Atoll, a large island in French Polynesia about an hour's flight from Tahiti. Fly Odyssey Australia has been working there with the local community and the Island Initiative Charity to assist with the declining population and youth retention problem facing many Pacific Island communities including Anaa Atoll. It is a very proud island, with the King of Anaa once ruling the whole Tuamotu's Archipelago, but population there is now down to about 500 people. However, the Atoll has one of the most diverse fisheries in the Pacific.

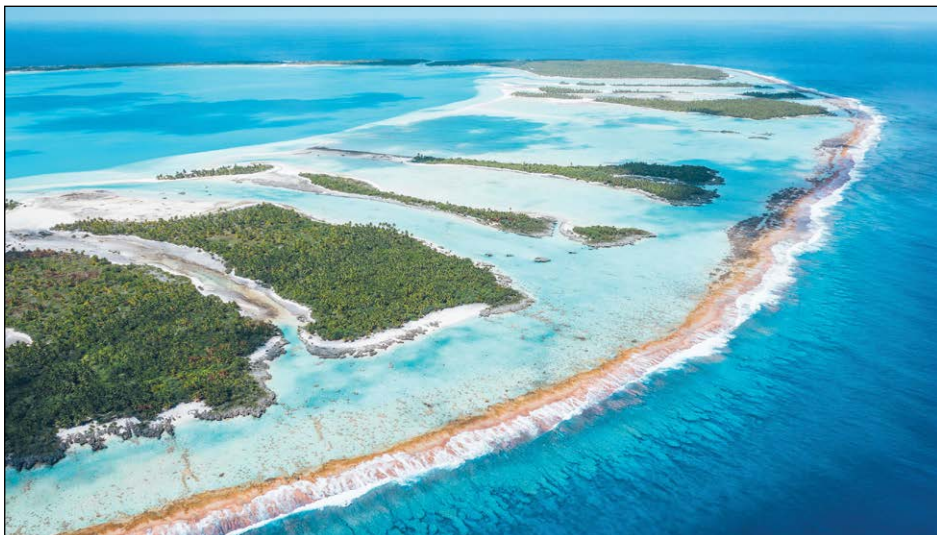


Mark Weigall in Patagonia. He gets around.

>>>



Matt and James were well kitted out, and clearly successful



Aerial view of Ana Atoll.

Over the last five years the Anaa Atoll people, working with Fly Odyssey, have implemented the most intensive bonefish research program ever conducted anywhere in the world, with the scientific results paving the way for a community-initiated fisheries management program which now protects the large spawning bonefish for the critical three spawning months of the year.

As a result of this work bonefish numbers have multiplied, and fly fishermen going there now have the wonderful opportunity to fish and experience this amazing tropical island where they can target bonefish,

bluefin trevally, Napoleon wrasse, giant trevally, Bohar snapper and triggerfish.

James showed us a range of stunning images of the Atoll and described some of the cultural activities, including “Patia-Fa”, the local spear-throwing sport where contestants try to hit a single coconut spiked on a pole far off in the distance. He described Anaa as the most beautiful place he has ever visited.

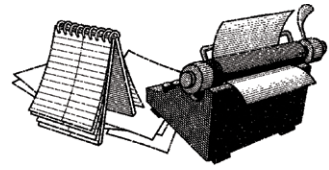
To finish he shared a short film called “Kio Kio”, which took us through the journey to Anaa Atoll and how fisheries science and fly fishing together are making a huge difference to this island community.



Patia-Fa competition in Anaa Atoll. Spearling a coconut on a pole 20 – 30 metres away requires skill and practice



From the EDITOR'S DESK



"Fly fishers need a certain level of optimism if they are to prosper, or at least remain sane."
(Mark Cloutier, *River Song*)

"A victory, no matter how small, goes a long way to restoring some self-belief and that all important ingredient, confidence." (Mark Cloutier, *River Song*)

"The great charm of fly fishing is that we are always learning." (Theodore Gordon)

"Good fishermen can cast, wade, find and stalk trout, select fly patterns, tie strong knots and all that, but only the very best anglers share a more important gift – patience. Patience, arguably more than any other thing, including fly selection, fly delivery, strategy, or optimism, is paramount when fish are indifferent to your presentations. Tom McGuane wrote in his fine book 'The Longest Silence': 'What is most emphatic in angling is made so by the long silences – the unproductive periods.' And goodness knows we all have 'unproductive periods' galore. ... Judged against other sporting pursuits, the time between successes in fishing is extraordinarily vast by comparison. ... My dear late mother used to recite to me time after time after returning home as a boy angler with no catch: 'Bobby – everything good comes to he who waits.' As I've discovered over time, there's a whole bunch of truth to that." (Bob South, writing in issue 100 of the *New Zealand Fish & Game* magazine)

We are certainly exhibiting plenty of patience these days. This confounded Covid-19 virus has stopped us getting to our lakes and rivers, let alone finding some fish when we get there. And I know all about those unproductive periods, though they do give us a sharp appreciation of our successes. I can spend a couple of hours flicking a fly into every corner of some river up near Thornton and getting nothing to show for my trouble. Then some half-witted ten-inch rainbow will grab my fly and the day is immediately a success. All that petrol and time spent travelling and the hours on the river are totally justified.

I've been told that in Tasmania these days a reasonably competent angler fishing with a guide will, on average, land just two fish in a day's fishing that involved six or seven hours on the water. In Canada and the northern states of the USA people fish for steelhead rainbows

– a truly magnificent species, but also known as the 'fish of a thousand casts'. There's lots of unproductive periods in that lot.

Then again, those 'unproductive periods' can still be times when we enjoy ourselves. Just being on the river, away from all the pressures of everyday life and revelling in the sheer delight of an enchanting stream in some gorgeous surrounding bush, is so relaxing and restorative. And fly fishing as a skill brings its intrinsic rewards – the pleasure of using gear that we love and casting flies accurately into all the likely spots.

Theodore Gordon is right – we are always learning new things in fly fishing, when we're on the water and when we're not. Even a day with too many unproductive periods and too few fish will bring its lessons and new insights.

I have a brother (and I know I've mentioned this before) who is an

engineer. He lives by the mantra: "There's a better way of doing this. Let's find it." Fly fishing provides a rich field for this philosophy. While I've been stuck at home in this Covid-19 house arrest I've been thinking about some of the new things I've heard about in recent months and whether they are a 'better way'.

I was part of the VFFA group that last visited Millbrook, and Mark Weigall, the manager and owner, spent some time guiding us. He suggested that blindly flogging wet flies tended to drive the fish away from the edges out into deeper water. It's better to try to find a fish first, then cast specifically to it.

He also told us that when a fish rises in a lake you can often tell which direction it heads in after the rise by looking at the rings it created. The fish will push water ahead of it as it swims away, and this means the waves in the rings will be a bit higher at this point.

A final piece of Mark's wisdom came in the evening when, on his advice, we stayed on to fish the evening rise he was certain would happen. He pointed out that midges get caught at the junction between flat water and the ripples, so this is where the trout will be found. And he was right.

Jim Jackman, our other guide for the day, also offered invaluable advice. At one point I was casting to a fish that rose in a small bay, and in my usual style got hooked up in the trees behind. Had to tie on a new tippet and find another suitable fly while the fish kept rising. Jim then demonstrated how it is possible to cast effectively in this situation with a very short back cast. You flick the line back as for a normal back cast but then start the forward cast much earlier than you normally would, so there's much less line behind you to catch in the shrubbery. And surprisingly, at least to me, it worked beautifully. Give it a try.

Which reminds me of a recent YouTube video I saw of a UK casting constructor who put a 7-weight double taper line on a 4-weight rod and demonstrated that by heavily overloading the rod you can make roll casts and normal casts with very little line behind you. Only a small amount of the much heavier line is needed to load the rod for a quite reasonable forward cast. And this one worked for me too. I put a 6-weight line on a cheap 3-weight rod (yes- being careful and a bit sceptical) and again it worked. A new trick for those heavily overgrown streams.

I was interested to read Howard Croston's comments on his tactics when fishing the rivers in last year's World Championships. He was the ultimate World Champion fly fisher. He took four rods to the river sessions – two set up for nymphs, one for fishing a dry fly and one for fishing a streamer.

This is obviously a fishing competition tactic, and four rods is an overkill for our normal fishing. But taking two rods to a river (or lake) offers some useful alternatives – you might, for example, fish a promising run with a dry fly, and if nothing showed you could then take the second rod, already set up with a nymph, and run the nymph through the same water. I have often spent a lot of good fishing time on rivers fiddling with my gear, swapping bits around. If time is a premium then two rods set up differently might increase the possible tactics and also increase your actual fishing time.

One final trick I saw some months ago. The literature on the French Leader nymphing technique emphasises that if the fish aren't up the top feeding then they're most likely down grubbing around near the bottom, so you need to have your nymphs consistently touching the stream bottom as they drift back after each cast. But this can lose you lots of your well-tied nymphs. The >>>

suggestion was to tie a small spherical lead sinker on the end of your tippet and have your two nymphs tied on droppers above this. Then when you cast your nymphs upstream the sinker will happily bob along the bottom catching on nothing and your two well-tied nymphs will be close to the bottom but not catching

on anything except fish. I haven't tried this yet, but must give it a go when they finally let me out.

Best wishes, take care and please stay safe,

Lyndon



VFFA Offering Columbia Shirts



Designed for fishing with vented rear panels for maximum comfort. The PFG signature stands Performance Fishing Gear! Best fabrics and design for most fishing environments.

The VFFA is celebrating this release with a special offer for each shirt purchased – it is offering a free VFFA Cap, normally sold for \$15.

Shirts are in sizes S, M, L, XL & XXL.

A brochure is included in this *Fly Lines* edition explaining the order process for members.

The Columbia PFG shirts are in Blue and Khaki:



FISH EASY

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COOLING

Mesh-lined back vents let a cooling breeze in and out in the hottest conditions.

PERFORMANCE DETAILS

Four chest pockets offer plenty of room for small gear. The roll-up sleeves can be secured with tabs. The rod holder frees up your hands.

- Omni-Shade UPF 30 provides maximum protection for long hours in the sun
- Hidden vents at shoulders add bonus breathability
- Quick dry
- Relaxed fit

For ordering by email: merchandise@vffa.org.au with size, colour and payment details as given on the brochure.

Vale Peter Clive Campbell

... a tribute from Iven Affleck

Peter passed away on April 15 in Ballarat, following a short, brave battle with cancer. He was 77 years of age.

Peter joined the VFFA in 1962 when he was just 18 years old, so was approaching 60 years of membership of the Association. With his big happy smile and obliging way he never failed to contribute to the life of the VFFA.

Peter was a 'people' person. He had a great knowledge and remarkable memory of the VFFA – its members, times, events and places. He often provided assistance to members by encouraging them to attend meetings or join in on fishing trips. If members were unwell he would often call them to inquire after their welfare and offer a cheery hello. For his



services he was awarded an honorary life membership in 1998, and felt great pride in serving the Association he loved as president from 1999 to 2001.

For many years he attended the Bairnsdale Fly Fishers' annual dinner and the Donger VFFA versus BFFC competition that followed. Along the way he became a member of the Bairnsdale club, as he knew so many members there and loved fishing the Omeo district. I'm not sure now which side he fished for in the Donger competition.

Peter was a practical man who could turn his hand to many tasks, so in his passion for fly fishing that meant tying flies, building and restoring fly rods, and even hand making landing nets from Australian native timbers. He loved the cane rods he used when he started >>>

fly fishing and meticulously restored many for himself and others. He assisted Tony Brothers in conducting fly tying classes for members and later ran these classes himself.

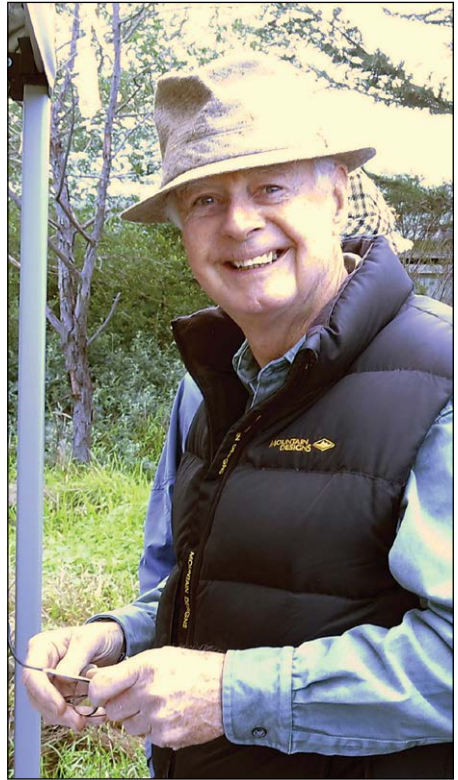
Peter's enthusiasm saw him organising VFFA fishing trips to the Mitta Mitta at Eskdale. These were very popular and enjoyed by many members. He was chief cook and bottle washer at countless VFFA events, and particularly the President's Casting Day after the annual dinner.

Peter's immediate family included his wife and soul mate Marlene, his son Nick and daughter-in-law Tanya, and his budding sportsmen grandsons Deegan and Lincoln.

Members will perhaps not know of his other interests. He was a keen bicycle rider as a young man, then became a long distance runner in middle life, completing the Big-M marathon. After retirement he again took up long distance bike riding, thus keeping amazingly fit in his seventies. His other passion and consolation while in hospital was music. He was a well-informed fan of the big band era and jazz.

In recent years Peter has joined me on annual trips to Tasmania. While we stayed in a shack at Little Pine he was always keen to fish the Great Lake in the evenings - trying to catch the big one that 'got away' many years earlier.

One of the lasting memories I have is of Peter fishing Little Pine at the corner down from the shack following a lunch where we enjoyed his special homemade beef and burgundy pies. In the morning he had tied up some possum tail duns and he was using these during the dun hatch with a rod he had built himself. With two beautiful "Pine" fish on the bank he retired for some refreshment and



to start the dinner preparations, a very happy man.

Well Pete, wherever you're fishing now I hope the fish are rising, the beer is cold and the plates are hot.

Your mate Iven



Our June Meeting with Charley May

Charley May will be our guest speaker for the June meeting.

Originally from England, Charley is a biologist by training and a marketer by trade, and has been mad about fly fishing since she was a kid.

She's been sharing her fishing skills with friends and family for years and in 2017 decided to launch her part-time guiding business - Charley May Fly Fishing. Since then she has inspired scores of people to cast a line for the first time or take their game to the next level. Her clients have included the Governor of Victoria!

Last year Charley returned to the Old Country to sit her Certified Casting Instructor (CCI) examination and celebrate turning 40. Not only did she pass the test with flying colours to become Australia's eighth female CCI, but she also spent a magical day on two of England's fabled chalk streams with her dad to celebrate her four decades on earth.

Forget the Test and Itchen. Charley is going to tell us about the Lathkill and Wye Rivers in Derbyshire, and why you need to head to northern England to find gin clear water, dazzling wild brown trout, and romantic landscapes that will stain your soul.

With a heavy dose of nostalgia, Charley will be taking us for a walk down memory lane, sharing her knowledge of the area and rivers, and inspiring us to pack our twig rods and 'head up north' next time we're in the UK.

This will again be a Zoom video presentation, commencing at 8:00 pm.



Charley preparing for a day's guiding

Fishing in South Africa

... from Tom Sutcliffe's *Hunting Trout*. Tom has written a number of books. Here is a delightful example of his description of fishing in an isolated South African stream.

I went upstream, and Ed wandered down-river in the direction of a kloof (gorge). The stream was a typical mountain beck, deep enough in places to form attractive glides, where I saw fish holding nervously in a few sun-lit pools, the pools joined by sparkling, fragile runs. The trout seemed to have the same luminous quality as the water; almost transparent, like cylinders of olive glass. Spectral fish, often only their shadows giving them away. They wouldn't be easy to find in broken water, and the fishing would be testy.

I did what I could to improve the odds, falling back on a wispy 7X tippet and the smallest dry fly I could find - an Adams about the size of a matchhead.

I crept up on the first run. There was a fish at the back end, well on the feed, slipping lazily from the seam into the thread of the current, taking the odd insects coming through in the drift. I cast a short line at it. The fly was a speck of soot on the water. It danced lightly in the lattice-lace of surface currents, came quickly to the trout, passed over its head

and had almost drifted through the run before the fish suddenly swung back, hung under the fly for half a second, then softly sipped it off the top.

I straightened the rod smartly. The fish sped around the run like a kite in high wind, and when I brought it in it was cold to the touch and full of quick shiver. It was a watery, gunmetal colour, heavily spotted, with bright amber gills, pale-silver flanks and a chalk-white belly. Its tail was as broad as my hand and its fins appeared to be a shade too big for a fish its size. It had the typically rakish look of a wild-bred mountain trout.

Before I slipped the fly off its lip I led it into the head of the run downstream, so it wouldn't rush around telling its friends it just got caught. It sat still for a moment, too stunned to move, but in time recovered and, as trout do, vanished in a wink. Hooking him must have startled the rest of the fish in that long run, because in the white water at the head, where normally you would guarantee a fish, I only got a tentative glance. It was that sort of stream.

The FlyLife Years

... *FlyLife* magazine has been part of our fly fishing experience for 25 years. We all know it – a classy production reflected in the high quality of the articles and in the glossy pages filled with superb photos. The last issue was #99, so the 100th was in production. But then came COVID-19. Rob Sloane has very kindly offered to give us his reflections on his 25 years as Editor of *FlyLife* magazine.

So near and yet so far. It's perhaps ironic that 99 editions of *FlyLife* might end up being the easy bit, with *FlyLife* #100 now stalled while our world is turned upside down by a virus, and not

something computer related. All the content neatly filed in my FL#100 folder is now in limbo until the industry can shake itself off and look forward with

some confidence to a new season of tight lines and prosperity.

I can't complain; it's been a good run. But as you can imagine, I have been working towards 100 for quite some time, filtering out material worthy of this milestone. By this I'm talking about things that particularly interest me, and reflect my own fishing life. Self indulgent, I know, but surely I've earned some latitude. Along with landmark retrospectives from Tasmania, New Zealand and the saltwater world, I've chosen to focus on waterbugs, citizen science, environment, and some uniquely Australian species and landscapes, with a pinch of philosophy thrown in.

Usually I put my personal tastes aside in favour of balancing content to appeal to a broad cross-section of interests, skill levels, ages and tastes. As I have come to realise, not all fly fishers have a PhD in sight fishing and a single-minded determination to catch fish. Now I look back, my father hardly ever caught a fish, though he did sigh a knowing sigh when I started adding numbers to his immaculately hand-written fishing diary. I think I've now come full circle.

There was no great marketing strategy in place when Libby and I started the magazine back in 1995. If you haven't guessed, I'm a bit of a perfectionist, and was never quite happy with the editorial and design standards applied to my stories in the mainstream fishing mags. Why couldn't we produce something akin to the American *Fly Fisherman* magazine, ditch our greys and khakis for bright reds and blues, and capture images worthy of Valentine Atkinson?

Having already served time in fisheries research, management and administration, I was ready to take on a new challenge. Landing the top job in my

chosen field (Tasmania's Inland Fisheries Commission) at age 28 left plenty of time for a career change, and my passion for fly fishing and a suppressed creative gene took control.

Meanwhile, our spare-time publishing sideline (Tas-Trout Publications) had six successful titles already in print (*The Truth About Trout*, *The Truth About Trout Flies*, *More About Trout*, *Fly Fishing Fundamentals*, *Trout Guide* and *Champagne Fly Fishing*) and I was confident that Australia was ready for a fly-only magazine. Not just trout, and not just Tasmania, but by encompassing Australia and New Zealand and embracing the brave new world of 'swoffing', I figured a new publication might attract a sustainable advertising and readership base.

Annual fly-only specials were being well received at that time, so why not a quarterly? Through our books, we already had a relationship with a Hobart-based printer and a good network of book stores, tackle shops, fly fishing clubs and mail order contacts. It might seem odd nowadays, but pushing flyers under the doors of every shack in the Tasmanian highlands was how direct marketing worked back then.

With three teenage boys to clothe and feed, it was a giant leap of faith, propped up just a little by Libby teaching full time. I can't imagine we saw it as a long-term proposition back then, but 25 years down the track the magazine still sustains an enviable fishing lifestyle.

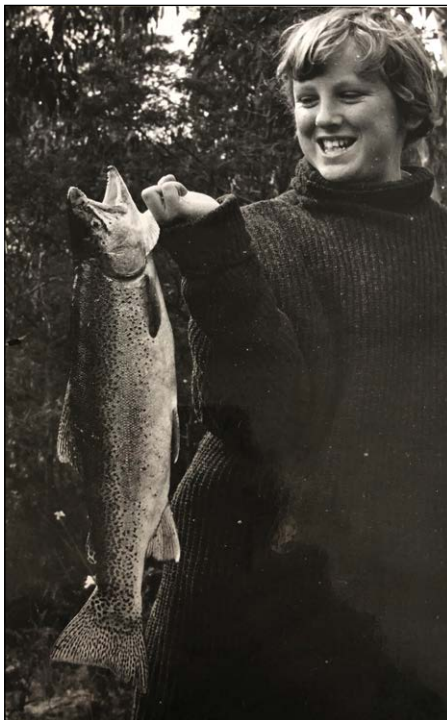
As for my own efforts over the past 25 years, have I ever been happy with a finished copy of *FlyLife* back from the printers? No, the first one always goes straight in the bin. But years, sometimes months, and occasionally weeks later, I can flip through a copy and reckon >>>



Rob scribbling some notes whilst at Dee Lagoon

it wasn't too bad. With Muphry's law of editing at work, and the vagaries of photo reproduction and the four-colour printing process, there is always room for improvement. (If I don't get a prompt email from Rick Keam, I know there can't have been too many clangers in the latest issue.)

While fly fishing for trout was hardly short on good literature back in 1995, the saltwater realm was not quite cricket. My own conversion to the 'dark side', led by the likes of Kaj Busch, Peter Morse and Dean Butler, encouraged many *FlyLife* readers to follow, to a point where chasing bonefish and permit in the 'closed season' is now part and parcel of being an Aussie fly fisher.



A photo of Rob in his teenage years. He was well on the way to being a highly skilled angler then.

The magazine certainly led me on a grand tour of the Pacific and right around our coastline, and some of my fondest memories of the *FlyLife* years relate to those saltwater adventures. In fact, I'm often tempted to say that my best day's fly fishing ever was an unforgettable session on the flats in the far north of New Caledonia, when everything just clicked — even my supercilious French guide was impressed.

Every skill I had ever developed in sight fishing for trout in Tasmania made perfect sense on the saltwater flats. Battling the wind, spotting the fish, presenting the fly, sensing the take. The only part that had me a bit confused was what the hell to do next, after setting the hook! How hard can you pull with an 8-weight and 20-pound tippet? Everything was new

and extremely exciting — like turning back the clock and starting out on a completely new fly fishing journey.

After more than 20 years of fly fishing travel, punching out words and taking pictures, these days I prefer to ration my fishing days while holidaying with my wife. Travelling with a bunch of blokes no longer holds much appeal. Yes, Libby has caught trout on fly in the River Test, grayling in Finland and rainbows in the Chilean fjords, but she is just as happy to sit in the boat and read a good book. Three days fishing in three weeks was our latest holiday effort, in Spain. How things have changed.

It might border on cliché, but through my role as an editor I have come to appreciate that fly fishing means so many different things to different people, and no, it is not just about catching fish. No individual attitude, level of commitment or fly fishing focus is more valid, worthwhile, or fulfilling than the next.

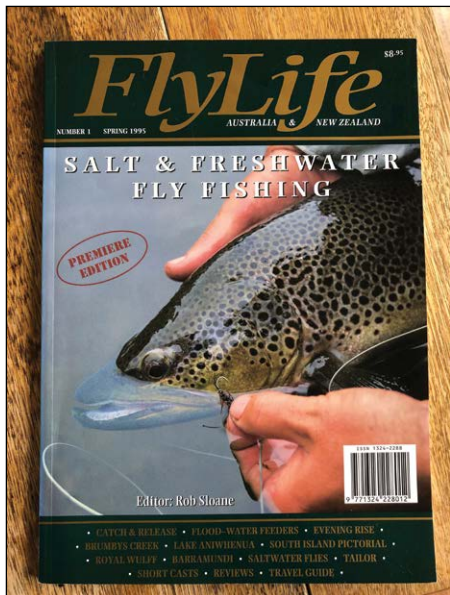
My father, for example, took an intellectual approach, always reading, making notes, tying flies and experimenting — more thinking than doing. Others thrive on the gear and gadgets, casting as far as is humanly possible, or burying themselves in a world of fur and feathers. Some fish clinically with a single-minded precision, whilst others wander aimlessly, staring at the clouds and chatting to a mate. Is it lunchtime yet? Is it beer o'clock?

And yes, whilst my season used to comprise a frenetic parade of travelling, driving, camping, boating, back-packing and bush-bashing, I have now slowed down and narrowed my focus, just a tad. I sometimes joke that I fish one-and-a-half lakes. Mostly Dee Lagoon where we have a shack, and Little Pine Lagoon at mayfly time. Yes, sight fishing in open water still fascinates me, and you just can't beat a good dun hatch.



The never-ending editing task. Each issue of a top magazine like FlyLife requires hours of painstaking work.

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The cover of the first issue of FlyLife magazine – 25 years ago

But I still fish vicariously through the words and pictures that cross my desk, from contributors far and wide. I love helping young writers and photographers get started, and perhaps value their refreshing contributions most of all. Encouraged by my father Tony (an occasional fishing magazine contributor), I had my first fishing story published in *Australian Outdoors* (circa 1972), when I was still at school. It was about dun feeders at Bronte Lagoon, and the title 'Nobody Knows It All' was brash to say the least.

So, yes, it is wonderful to see young men and women joining the ranks and rediscovering the delights that have sustained the magazine for 25 years. I do fear that in a future world without print, we will lose something that is extremely valuable. I wonder if the likes of David Scholes had been content to document their fishing days in ephemeral videos and phone-snaps on YouTube

and Instagram, would we still have that lasting legacy of their work today?

Why am I writing this here and now? Time on my hands, isolation from grandchildren, banishment from my shack in the highlands (in what was shaping as the best jassid autumn I have seen since my teenage years!). I'm sure this is a once in a lifetime opportunity for us all to sit back and reflect. And why aren't these musings destined for the pages of *FlyLife* #100? Well, writing a story about yourself in what is seen as your own magazine would be just a bit too self-indulgent. But maybe Leighton Adem, the Commander in Chief of *FlyLife* these days, will give it a run on our website.



Rob often fishes Little Pine, and invariably successfully

Autumn Fishing ...

... from David Scholes' book *Trout Quest*. Used with permission. David Scholes is simply one of our best. His stories about his trouting exploits take you right along the river with him.

1965 was a good year. Wednesday, 8th of April, was a glorious day, but I was unable to get away at any price, the feeling of vexation being made ten times worse because I knew that Reg Clayton was out fishing.

I was not really surprised when, after his return, he telephoned to say how good it had been, and how they were lying out in such numbers — the bigger ones included — and how they would have nothing to do with a dry, some even apparently terrified of it, but how they were such good takers on the beetle, and how could I have missed it all, and how he came upon two especially good fish — larger than he had ever seen in this part of the river — and how he had frightened both of them, and what a pity it was because they were such beauties but never mind because amongst his bag limit were several decent fish well above the stream average, and it was all really good and how he enjoyed the day and the warm sunshine, and what a pleasure it was with no wind, and how he had the whole beat to himself.

Need I go on? I know very well that he revelled in all this. But even while he was still crooning and bragging about his great day a diabolical scheme began forming in my own mind. "Where exactly were these two fish?" I asked. And how carefully I listened to his disclosure, picturing and fixing the places from memory as I sought the fullest detail, which, I will say, he divulged without a qualm, all unsuspecting of my intentions.

A full week I waited before the next similar day. Then, on Wednesday, 15th of April, there was no holding me. I was off

like a shot for the river, my enthusiasm even more feverish since I knew that today the tables were turned and it was Reg who was chained inescapably to the desk. In April the angle of the sun is so low that even on the calmest and sunniest of days there is little real warmth in the atmosphere until eleven o'clock, while by four there may once more be a definite chill in the air. Because of the sun's low angle, too, effective polaroiding is only possible for about four hours of the day.

Accordingly I made my arrival at the bridge towards eleven, put up a Black Beetle and headed off downstream. But I was quite unable to resist peeping over the bank now and then, especially at both the places where Reg had seen a good fish. At the first there was no evidence of trout, but at the second, even prepared as I thought to see a much larger than usual occupant in the pool, I was pleasantly surprised to find a regular whale in attendance.

He was a remarkably alert trout — this possibly to some degree being the reason for his above-average size. We saw each other almost at the very same moment and, unlike many of his kind, he did not remain there frozen to the spot waiting for me to make the first move. Instead he turned about instantly and bolted a yard or so downstream to the sanctuary of a great pile of driftwood. But I had seen him and knew exactly where he lay on his feeding station, and this was of definite advantage to me as will be seen presently.

It was really a beautiful day — calm, mild and sunny. The willows were steadily shedding their golden foliage, every few minutes a fluttering leaf landing >>>>

with a delicate ring on the water's surface. The air had the dry scent of autumn while, for the angler, the peculiar, indescribable but quite unmistakable feeling of regret, even of sadness, that comes with April was strikingly present. But, odd that it no doubt sounds to the sceptic, this is a pleasant kind of sadness! I have several times referred to the thoughts of Lord Harmsworth. On this subject I find his words irresistibly fitting when he says:

"These last fishing days of the season are very pleasant ones . . . Your memories of these days, even if at the end of them you return to the inn with an empty creel, will linger happily with you during all the dark months of the coming winter."

Starting at the bottom of the beat I met with immediate success. The Black Beetle, fished on a cast greased to within six inches of the fly and dropped about a foot ahead and a shade to one side of the trout, was taken so readily that I changed to a dry Black Spinner to see what happened. But although the fish were clearly lying on the lookout for food — some of them rising — and although there were quite a few naturals about, the mixed reception that my floater received soon drove me back to the beetle. This is an interesting observation. How often you can fall back with success on a sunken fly when the dry is refused, but how comparatively rarely in reverse.

Thus I beetled my way up the length until I approached the lie of the big one I had scared earlier. More than three hours had elapsed since then, so I felt fairly confident of his return. Knowing precisely where he would be was so helpful. Instead of making my way conspicuously along the elevated bank I climbed down onto a flat ledge of hard clay almost at water level, well shielded by the overhanging willows behind. From

here I was able to get quite close to the huge pile of snags through which the river flowed, in front of which I had seen him and under which he had retreated. Peering ahead through the accumulated rubbish I found I could see three fish — two a good bit short of a pound — but also, to my delight, the bigger one, looking even larger than ever beside this pair of ten-inchers.

Of the three he was fortunately the nearest. I therefore knew I could at least put to him without frightening one of the smaller ones and so in turn scaring the lot. Being so confined I decided on a backward flick cast by holding the fly between my left thumb and forefinger until the bend of the rod felt ready for release. The fly went just as far to the right as I had intended it to go to the left, but luckily the distance was right, some eighteen inches ahead of him. Immediately he rushed forward to meet it, humping the water slightly as he took it confidently. The strike, delayed a couple of seconds, was solid — I could scarcely have missed.

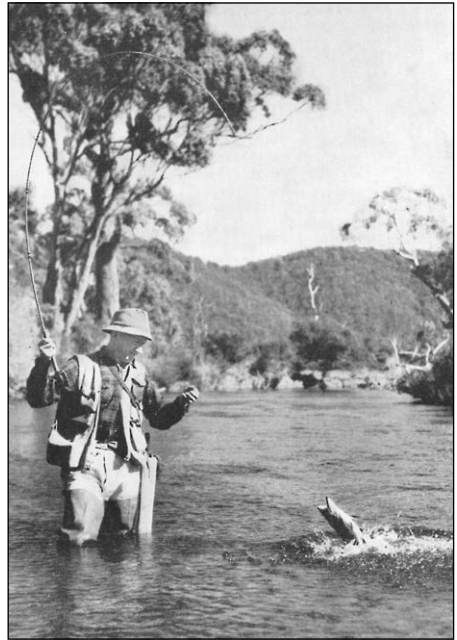
The resultant mêlée was all that I expected, the whole pool being abruptly and rudely changed from a scene of tranquillity to one of total uproar. I half hurdled and half fell over the obstacles in my urgent effort to gain ground and so improve my impossible position. But just as I did so — or maybe before — he dived back under the snags and I felt the cast and line rasping over them horribly as he continued the struggle unseen in the depths. The rod was bent cruelly, but other than capitulate meekly there was little I could do. Grimly I hung on. Then, little by little, I began to gain line. There was still the sickening feeling through the rod of something rasping on the snags, but I was now definitely on the winning side.

Suddenly half the cast became visible and in another moment he was there, splashing and thrashing on the surface at my feet. Beaching him was out of the question so as quickly as possible I reached for the net, at the same time keeping him up near the surface. This, I reckoned, was the lesser of two evils; I had to choose between a return to the depths under the snags and an almost certain loss, or a possible loss through the wild commotion on the surface.

Luck was with me, a rare thing indeed; everything held firmly and I soon had him vanquished in the net. But he was far from a good trout to look at, this being not so much due to an over-large head as to its rather ugly shape. And although he had good shoulders and a well-rounded back he was unduly flattened below, as if he was built especially for the shallows. In addition his general colour was somewhat grey and sombre, without bright spots or golden patches. Still he weighed almost two and a half pounds and regardless of looks this was spectacular for a stream with an average size of less than a pound.

The remainder of the day produced nothing worth adding. I saw no sign of Reg's second good trout, nor anything else that would have bettered the average. In actual fact I left the river at the place where Reg had seen this fish and went straight to the car at the bridge, my bag containing nine fish — one outsized and eight others. I have no doubt the limit of a dozen could have been reached, but the absence of this rather special trout combined with the fact that polaroiding was no longer possible seemed to pervade me with a feeling of sufficiency.

But probably the best part of all this most enjoyable day was my report later to Reg that the good one he had found in front



They weren't all ten-inch fish in the rivers around Launceston that David fished

of the log jam had taken my Black Beetle and pulled like the devil, and he weighed more than two pounds, and how good it had been, and they were lying out in numbers, and how could he have missed it all, and what good takers they were, and how pleasant it was in the sunshine with no wind, and the whole beat to myself. And so on! But afterwards, when we talked seriously over both of our outings, the most prominent common point to emerge was the outstanding success of the Black Beetle and our agreement once again that for some odd reason this fly in the autumn is particularly effective.



Tasmanian Report

... from Chris Wisniewski, Tasmanian IFS

The good thing is that when we finally battle through this coronavirus calamity the trout will be waiting for us!

It has been an interesting few months here in Tasmania. First, we had the crazy wild weather in early December that tested all involved with the World Fly Fishing Championships. Then the bushfire season came early, but fortunately Tasmania was not impacted to the extent that Victoria and NSW were this year.

Then came Covid-19! It affected the number of visitors coming to fish our waters, so angling licence sales were down considerably. This is of concern as the sale of licences is the main income stream for the IFS and the loss of this income will affect our operations if it continues.

So things have been much quieter than usual, particularly in the highlands. Despite this the fishing has been good.

Arthurs Lake continues to show signs of improvement, and an important milestone was the re-opening of Lake Sorell in early February after all those years of being closed due to carp management. Although not the fishery that it was, as the carp removal program is reduced the impact this has on the trout population will also diminish, thus allowing the fishery to rebuild naturally over the coming years. That is something to really look forward to.

There has been good fishing across the highlands with the standout being Lake Augusta. Due to maintenance work being undertaken in Liawenee Canal, Lake Augusta filled and flooded out over the flats, inundating Howes Bay Lagoon and rising into the bushes through late summer. The fish gorged themselves on the insects coming out of the bushes, and there was some exceptional polaroiding and trout tailing through February and March until access was shut off due to Covid-19.



Talbotts Lagoon near Burnie in north-west Tasmania

The other standout water has been Talbots Lagoon up behind Burnie. I know I have mentioned this before, but with the improved access this water has provided consistently good fishing throughout the season. There have also been lots of good reports on the fishing in our rivers, and rain through March freshened things up - all to be put on hold by Covid-19!

So that now leaves us to plan for next season. Most of our field work has been put on hold, so we have prioritised the adult trout transfers on the highlands and the collection of 220,000 ova that have now been laid out at the Salmon Ponds. The brown trout spawning run commenced with their arrival in Liawenee Canal at the start of April. We are working to our 2020 Stocking Plan.

Of note is that we are reducing the number of trout that we transfer into Penstock Lagoon. This number will be reduced from 3,000 to 1,500 adult brown trout. There has been some criticism that the size of fish in anglers' catches has decreased in recent years at Penstock and it is not the trophy water it once was. When Arthurs Lake was underperforming we made a conscious

decision to put more fish into Penstock to cope with the increased fishing pressure there, but now that Arthurs is showing improvement we are expecting the pressure will come off Penstock, thus allowing reduced transfers and hopefully larger fish in anglers' catches.

We are doing daily transfers of fish as they run into our traps on the highlands. You can follow this on the IFS website <https://www.ifs.tas.gov.au/fisheries/stocking/> as it is updated each evening at 8:00 pm. The team is regularly providing photos and interesting short videos on what they are up to for our Instagram page under the name troutfishtasmania. We have also been putting more videos up on our website - <https://www.ifs.tas.gov.au/> and YouTube channel <https://www.youtube.com/channel/UCOB5aZ-XT6itHZSnnnv3omg>

We are still looking for entries to our photo competition with good prizes to be won. <https://www.ifs.tas.gov.au/news/2020/jan/10/trout-fishing-photography-competition-2019-20>

We look forward to seeing you on the water here in Tassie in the new season.



A magnificent brown taken recently from a flooded Lake Augusta

FLY OF THE MONTH

An Australian Classic – Zwar's Geehi



(The photo here is from the VFFA book *Time Flies*, and was taken by Vlad Bunyevich)

This fly is truly a wonderful Australian fly. It is often called the Geehi Beetle these days but is more correctly called Zwar's Geehi. It was written up in our June 2007 newsletter, so is well and truly ready to be featured again in our Fly of the Month segment.

According to Rick Keam's notes in *Time Flies* this fly was originally created sometime before World War II by VFFA country member Keith Zwar. Since then it has certainly become a standard inclusion in most Australian trout fishers' fly boxes.

Keith managed his family's tannery at Beechworth in north-east Victoria, where he was also at one time the Mayor. In one modern Australian fly pattern book, and in more recent online articles citing it, he is elevated to 'Dr' Zwar. Now Keith was neither a medico nor the holder of a PhD, though many fly fishers would have happily awarded him one for the pleasure his fly has brought them.

A bit of related trivia is that the writer/actor/director Adam Zwar is connected to Keith Zwar's family.

Here is a photo of Keith (standing on the right) taken at Reid's Hut on the Geehi River in March 1929 (photo provided by Rick Keam).



Keith Zwar is on the right. This photo was taken at Reid's Hut on the Geehi River in March 1929. Rick Keam provided this photo, which was given to him by Keith's son David

Materials for the Geehi:

Hook: #14 - #8 dry fly.

Thread: Originally specified as brown, 6/0 or 8/0.

Tail: At least six golden pheasant tippets no shorter than the hook shank.

Body: For hook size 14, three good quality peacock herls twisted together and wound on as a rope. To maintain body thickness larger hook sizes require four or five herls.

Rear Hackle

(Palmered): Coch-y-Bonddu (substitute furnace, plain red-brown, or ginger)

Front Hackle: Coch-y-Bonddu (substitute furnace, plain red-brown, or ginger), wrapped densely. (Note that the rear palmered hackle is smaller than the front hackle, perhaps about two-thirds the size of the front hackle.)

Rib: Fine gold wire, fine gold twist, or (originally) brown tying thread.

Tying Procedure:

1. With the hook in the vice run close turns of thread from behind the eye to just before the hook bend.
2. Tie in the golden pheasant tippets for the tail.
3. Also tie in a short length of fine gold wire for the rib.
4. Wind the thread back along the hook shank to a point about a third of the hook shank length from the eye. Tie in the palmer hackle at this point.

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5. Wind the thread back towards the bend and tie in the peacock herls that will form the body. Wind the thread back along the shank to just behind the palmer hackle.
6. Twist the herls to form a skinny rope and wind this rope carefully up the shank to just behind the palmer hackle. Take the thread there and tie the herls off, then trim the waste.
7. Carefully wind the palmer hackle in close turns towards the rear of the fly. Keep holding the hackle in your hackle pliers at the end of the hook shank and secure it with a turn of the gold wire rib. Then wind the gold wire as a rib through this hackle back towards the eye to hold it in place. Use the thread to tie off the gold wire and trim away the waste.
8. Now tie in the front hackle (which is a bit bigger than the palmer hackle) and wind close turns up to the eye of the hook. Tie it off, whip finish and add a small drop of head cement to complete the fly.

Two Special Bonuses This Month

First from Richard Kos, who says this:

As Axel Wessolowski wrote in his article on fly hooks in *FlyLife* No. 98 (page 37), "Just for a single type of hook of one size, thousands of variations can be calculated based on the number of alterable characteristics".

"So a few years ago I started a quest to eliminate the need for one shelf of my fly tying materials cupboard to be taken up with "Hooks" (I'm getting there) by creating a freshwater fly hook cross-reference chart. This quest will be ongoing as new brands become available, and in my case, the need to find barbless equivalents of currently used hooks continues. When watching videos or reading about new patterns we are usually given information about brands and model numbers of hooks recommended to tie these patterns, so if you do not have that particular hook then before you go out and buy it, check out my cross reference chart for a substitute that you may already have. Happy Tying, Kossy"

So Richard Kos, who ran our fly tying lessons recently, has prepared a chart showing several popular hook brands and their equivalent hook models in the other brands. Thus, for example, the popular Kamasan B175 hook is very similar to the Partridge G3A, the Daiichi 1550, the Mustad 3906 and the Tiemco 3769. Richard's table of equivalents is given on the next page. You will find it very useful.

A Free Fly Tying Manual

Tom Sutcliffe, our very generous South African friend and supporter of the VFFA, wrote a most impressive and comprehensive fly tying manual some years ago. It is called *The Elements of Fly Tying*. Tom has decided to make this manual free to all.

He said in an email: "My book, *The Elements of Fly Tying*, is yours to do with as you wish. I would be delighted if you made it available and I hope that it gets a few anglers behind a vice. To my mind, fly tying is as much a part of fly fishing as running water."

To see Tom's book go to:

<https://themissionflymag.com/2020/03/26/free-download-tom-sutcliffes-elements-of-fly-tying/>

If you go to the site listed above you will find a link to download Tom's book about five sentences below the photo. If you are at all into fly tying or thinking of trying it then this is a great place to start - and at no cost. Our thanks to Tom for his very kind offer.

Kossy's Freshwater Fly Hook Cross-reference Chart

Partridge	Kamasan	Gamakatsu	Daiichi	Mustad Signature	Mustad	Tiemco	
G3A	B175	L10-3H	1550	R70	3906	3769	
YK12ST	B220 #		1270	C53S	80050	200R	B220 heavier than equiv #
YH1A	B175	L10-3H					
K6ST			1770		80150	400T	
L3AY		S10-B	1190		94845	900BL	
L3A	B401 *	S10	1180	R30		5210	DAI-RIKI 305
CS17			2340			300	
D4A	B800 4XL	S11-4L 4XL	1720 3XL	R74 / R73 4XL 3XL	9672 4XL	5263 3XL	DAI-RIKI 710
			2441		36890	7999	
			1750		9674		
H1A		P10-2H2L	1280		94831	5212	
L2A	B401 *	S10	1170	R50	94840		DAI-RIKI 300
L3A		S10	1100		80000	100	
K1A	B410	S10S	1110	R48	94859	101	
			1140		37160		
YK4A	B100/110	C12	1130	C49S/C67S	80200	2487	
H1A	B830	S11-2L	1710		9671	5262	DAI-RIKI 730
K4A	B820	S11S-4L	1750		9674		
L3B	B440	S10-U	1330		94842	500U	
K2B			1140		80250	2487	
L4A		S10-3F	1100		94833	5230	
	B200	S11-3H2L					
			1560	R90	3906B	3761	
	B405	S12-VH	1530		94838	921	
		C10U				205BL	
K2BY-BL	B420		1150			226BL 206BL	HENDS BL547
	B170	S12-VH					
		S13S-M	1480		94859	501	
	B810	C11	1730				

*B402 is barbless version of B401

This chart does not list exact equivalents, but attempts to list hooks based on similar applications. BL = Barbless.

Richard Kos 11/04/2020 ©

VFFA 2020 meetings & other activities

(Please Note – all General Meetings on Zoom will commence at 8:00 pm. We plan to deliver the events as listed, though the format may change depending on Federal and State Government Regulations to deal with COVID-19.)

May 2020

- 21 Thursday General Meeting: Speaker – Cameron Westaway, Senior Fisheries Manager Inland from NSW Fisheries. This again will be a Zoom video presentation, commencing at 8:00 pm.
- 27 Wednesday Council Meeting – 6:30 pm, via Zoom

June 2020

- 18 Thursday General Meeting: Speaker – Charley May, VFFA member and fishing guide. This again will be a Zoom video presentation, commencing at 8:00 pm.
- 24 Wednesday Council Meeting – 6:30 pm, via Zoom

July 2020

- 16 Thursday General Meeting: Speaker – Karen Brooks, fly fishing guide at Driftwater, Tasmania, and one of Australia's top women fly fishers. This again will most likely be a Zoom video presentation, commencing at 8:00 pm.
- 29 Wednesday Council Meeting – 6:30 pm, via Zoom

August 2020

- 21 Friday Annual Dinner – 6:30 for 7:00 pm - hopefully at the Kelvin Club: Guest Speakers – Philip and Mark Weigall
- 22 Saturday President's Casting Day at the Red Tag Casting Pool, commencing at 10:00 am
- 26 Wednesday Council Meeting – 6:30 pm, at the Kelvin Club

September 2020

- 17 Thursday Annual General Meeting – 8:00 pm – hopefully at the Kelvin Club
- 30 Wednesday Council Meeting – 6:30 pm, at the Kelvin Club

October 2020

- 15 Thursday General Meeting: Speaker – Andrew Fuller from the Flyfisher Melbourne store – talking about the best of Argentina and notes on the latest and greatest in fly fishing equipment.
- 30 Wednesday Council Meeting – 6:30 pm, at the Kelvin Club

VALUED DONORS

The following made donations for the raffle at the 2019 Annual Dinner:

- AFN Fishing & Outdoors • Armadale Angling • Aussie Angler
- Australian Trout Foundation • Compleat Angler (CBD) • Essential Flyfisher
- The Flyfisher Melbourne • Fly Finz Fishing Tackle & Books
- FlyLife magazine • Hook Up Bait & Tackle • Hurley's Fly Fishing
- J.M. Gillies • Mayfly Tackle • Millbrook Lakes and Victorian Fisheries Authority.