

FLY LINES



OCTOBER 2016

The October Meeting – with Gavin Hurley

The guest speaker for our October meeting is Gavin Hurley, manager of Hurley's Fly Fishing tackle stores. Gavin organises a number of fishing trips each year to exciting locations in such places as Tasmania, New Zealand, Chile, Christmas Island, UK, Scotland, Iceland and Alaska. At the October meeting he will provide members with information, pamphlets and details for each of these trips, and his presentation will include spectacular photos of the fishing opportunities at these venues, along with some stunning recent video material.

He is also keen to show us some of his new range of packs, travel bags, accessories, and fly fishing equipment and clothing, and will bring samples of his stock for members to check out.

So, mark it in your diary – Thursday, October 20, 8:00pm at the Celtic Club.

For those who wish to join us for dinner in the dining room prior to the meeting PLEASE make a Dinner booking by 5:00 pm on Wednesday, October 19, by phoning 0498 254 497 and leaving a message.

Thursday, October 20,
8:00pm at the
Celtic Club



THE VICTORIAN FLY FISHERS' ASSOCIATION INC.

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November Meeting with Andrew Briggs

Andrew Briggs is a Catchment Coordinator for the North East Catchment Management Authority. His particular interests and areas of responsibility include the Ovens and King River valleys.

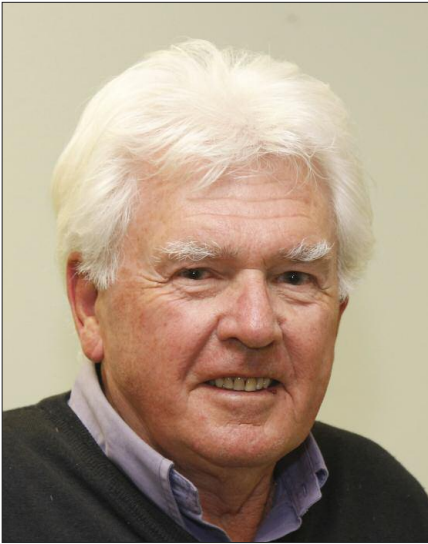
Andrew has extensive experience in river health restoration, with a strong focus on the reintroduction of fish habitat into waterways. Over the last decade he has played a major role in project managing and implementing fire and flood recovery works across the catchment. Andrew applies his expertise and innovation to address challenges such as Biochar and Virtual Fencing. He has an excellent knowledge of the North East region and is passionate about working

with community groups to deliver natural resource management outcomes.

Andrew is also a very keen and experienced fly fisher, and is one of the presenters at this year's Wild Trout Conference at Mansfield in November. We will give more information about Andrew and his intended topic in the next issue.



President's Message



I am honoured to be elected to the role of President of the VFFA and I can assure you, never in my wildest dreams had I ever expected to find myself in this position.

For those of you who attended the AGM last month, my apologies, as you will be familiar with the following remarks as they formed part of my acceptance speech.

To out-going President Hamish Hughes. He came into the Presidency at a time of extreme personal turmoil and literally threw himself into the role. He attended every meeting and event on the calendar, or so it seemed, while still finding time for countless fishing expeditions around the world. He has devoted hours and hours of time every month over the last two years to the VFFA.

Hamish has made a significant contribution to this Association, has truly left his mark and very large shoes for me

to fill. I doubt that my best efforts to try to fill them will come close, but I will do my best.

There are many members who I do not know personally, and I hope to get to know more of you during my tenancy of the President's office. What I do know about our members is that there are plenty of you who have already forgotten more about fly fishing than I will ever learn.

I am not a fly tier, although I once was; I am not a champion caster, as many will attest to. However, I do seem to catch my share of fish, most of the time.

For those of you who don't know me, I first became a member of the VFFA in the mid-1960s, thanks to encouragement from Jim Allen. An overseas posting in the early 1970s saw me leave the Association and not rejoin (again at Jim's suggestion) until some 30 years later.

I love the outdoors, mountains, rivers, wildlife and trout fishing. I have fished in several parts of Australia, New Zealand, England, Wales, France, Italy and Corsica. While living in the USA for several years I fished rivers in Michigan, New York State, Colorado and Alaska. As Terry Rogers reminded me, I am also fond of the occasional red wine and a dram or two of single malt Scotch, so maybe I can claim some credentials.

I am a fervent supporter of the VFFA and believe strongly in its role of helping to protect and develop fly fishing in this State. And I will do my utmost to defend and promote that role during my term as President.

Mike Jarvis

The September AGM

Twenty-one members attended our 2016 Annual General Meeting on September 22. AGMs are important and necessary, but are not necessarily the most riveting and exciting events on the calendar. So it is good to report that this year's AGM ran very smoothly and efficiently, and included some significant and poignant moments.

Retiring president Hamish Hughes gave a comprehensive report on the Association's activities over the past year, and his report included a PowerPoint presentation of photos representing the year's major meetings and events. The full text of his report can be found on the Association's website.

Treasurer Tony Mitchem presented the Financial Statement for the year 2015/16. This was followed by the election of office bearers.

Our new Council for the coming year will be led by President Mike Jarvis, supported by John Permewan (Senior



Our new president - Mike Jarvis

Vice-President), Kevin Finn (Secretary and Website Administrator), Tony Mitchem (Treasurer), Lyndon Webb (Editor), Rick Dugina (Librarian), and eight Councillors - Alex Evans, David Grisold, Dermot O'Brien, John Pilkington, Jason Platts, Terry Rogers, Ian Sambell, and Hamish Hughes (Immediate Past President).

At the end of the meeting there was a strongly supported vote of thanks expressed to retiring president Hamish Hughes for his excellent leadership and countless hours of hard work over the past two years. The vote of thanks was endorsed with a very lengthy and enthusiastic round of applause.

A very important item of business during the AGM was the election of a proposed Honorary Life Member, with this year's candidate being a very deserving and popular choice, unanimously supported – past president Peter Boag.

Peter's contribution to the Association over many years has been immense. As well as serving as a very effective and hard-working president in the years 2008



New Honorary Life Member Peter Boag receiving his badge



Retiring president Hamish Hughes gave his annual report on VFFA activities over the past 12 months

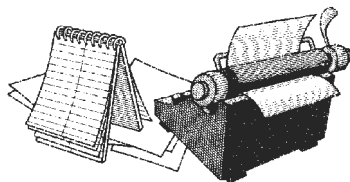
– 2010, Peter has been a driving force in the production of the trilogy of books published by the VFFA, the last of these being *Time Flies*, which was released at this year's annual dinner. He has been a major contributor during his 12 years on Council, and was heavily involved in the restoration of the Alfred Ronald's grave in Ballarat and the organisation of our first Art Show. In every year of his membership of Council he has helped in the collection of raffle prizes from our

donors for the annual dinners, and has spent countless hours cataloguing and assisting with our yearly auctions of books and equipment. He has contributed in countless other ways too, and his legacy will be ongoing for a long time to come. He is a most deserving recipient of this honour, which is only bestowed on those who have made a significant contribution over a number of years to the work and activities of the VFFA.



The retiring president passes the President's Plate, the HL Ford Plate, to our new president

From the EDITOR'S DESK



“Here, then, is this a river of rhapsodies – turbulent, menacing in places, variable in its water levels as befits a snow-fed stream, subject often to discolouration, but possessed of grandeur in many forms. Here and there the poplars grow gracefully, and the kowhais scatter their gold in spring. And, to add to the opulence of the place, there are stretches of the river where genuine hatches occur in the summer evenings and the rainbow unexpectedly rises to the dry fly.”

This striking description of a river is from “Trout at Taupo” by O. S. Hintz, a prominent New Zealand journalist who served for many years as editor of the *New Zealand Herald*. Hintz was a passionate fly fisher and fished the rivers around Lake Taupo for most of his adult life. The quote above is his description of the glorious Tongariro.

Yes, New Zealand has some sensational rivers. I’m heading off in late November with VFFA Councillor Dermot O’Brien to harass the trout in the magnificent Mataura. It’s way down south and a long way from the Tongariro, but a fabulous fishery too.

It looks like I might have a few things to do before we leave, including tying some flies. Which flies? I’ve managed to construct some long lists of ‘absolutely essential’ patterns, culled from books and magazines and suggestions from VFFA members who have fished the Mataura. It’s a perplexing issue. The temptation, in an attempt to cover all eventualities, is to tie a huge pile of different patterns, ... just in case. But how many flies will I really need?

Over my years of fly fishing I’ve accumulated tying details on a multitude of flies, all of which were highly recommended, of course. Tubs got filled with countless pages ripped from magazines and rough notes and diagrams scribbled on the backs of envelopes. I finally relented and painstakingly documented the lot using a database program. But of course the number of entries continued to grow relentlessly over the years, and now I find I have detailed recipes for some 500 fly patterns. But here’s the rub - in my normal fishing in the streams and lakes I regularly visit I invariably use just three or four favourite nymphs, perhaps half a dozen different wet flies (big ones and small ones), and maybe ten different dry flies. These are the patterns that have consistently worked for me and which I have confidence in. And I suspect this might be true for many of my fly fishing compatriots.

So I was intrigued with an article written by Yvon Chouinard in the May 2016 issue of the fabulous UK magazine *Trout & Salmon*. Chouinard is the founder of the Patagonia company. He is also a very keen fly fisher (among a multitude of other exciting outdoor pursuits), and following an itch to simplify his fishing, decided to fish for a whole year with just one fly. And this included using minor variations of this fly in fishing for salmon, trout, and saltwater species.

Chouinard confesses that it’s hardly a new idea. He quoted the example of Arthur Wood, a prominent and innovative salmon fisherman, who used a

March Brown salmon pattern for a whole season and a Blue Charm for another season, and caught as many fish as before, finding that his success with either fly was hardly different.

Art Flick, the Catskill angler and fly tier who wrote *The Streamside Guide to Naturals and Their Imitations* apparently ended up using mostly one fly, the Grey Fox Variant. Jim Teeny fished only one pattern, the Teeny Nymph, from 1971 onwards, and some of the most successful salmon fishermen in Canada use only a Muddler Minnow.

The Yvon Chouinard article is long, and laced with plenty of insightful fishing theory. So, to cut to the chase, what was the result, what did he learn, and what was the fly he used? Chouinard fished for salmon in Labrador and Iceland, for steelhead in British Columbia, for trout in the spring and summer in Wyoming,

Montana, and Idaho, and for bonefish in Cuba and the Bahamas. He caught heaps in all of these places, and was often more successful than other anglers fishing the same waters using more traditional patterns. His conclusion confirmed his belief that the action and size of the fly were more important than its style or colour.

And the fly? He suggests that it had its roots back in the time of Dame Juliana Berners, who wrote describing the wet fly patterns used in England in the late 1400s. The fly is called the Pheasant Tail and Partridge. How is it tied? Check this month's Fly of the Month.

So there you go – another pattern to add to your collection. I wonder how it will go on the Mataura.

Tight lines and wet nets,

Lyndon

This Month's Yarn

(... from October 1965)

"You know, fish can be landed in some strange ways," said Alf rather reflectively, whilst topping up McTaggart's lunch glass. "Just as an example, they tell me that John Permewan had a lucky experience with a big rainbow up at Purumbete recently. He hooked this fish on an Olive Yeti and it jumped and jumped and jumped, eventually landing right in the boat with him. So there's an easy capture."

"Something much stranger than that happened to me once," said McTaggart. "I actually landed a fish that I didn't actually hook."

"Were you fishing legally at the time?" asked a rather apprehensive Paul Squires, who had just joined the gathering.

"Oh, it was absolutely legal," responded McTaggart. "Let's clarify things. I was

fishing at one of those Pensioner Ponds up near Ballarat that David Featherstone is always talking about, and I hooked a small rainbow but landed a sizeable brown."

"Well, go on..." said Squizzy.

"It happened like this," said McTaggart. "I was fishing just on dusk with a large caddis pattern, as there were a few of these fluttering around. Then this lively little rainbow snatched the fly and started jumping all over the place. I forgot to lower my rod on one of his leaps, and the fly fell out of his mouth and skated back across the surface. Blow me down, this huge brown charged up from the depths and leapt on it. So I played it out and finally landed it. It's not every day you hook a small rainbow and land a big brown!"

This Year's Christmas Dinner – with Philip Weigall

Members will be delighted to hear that the guest speaker for our Christmas Dinner on December 15 will be Philip Weigall. Philip hardly needs any introduction, being so well known to us all as a top Victorian fishing guide, author, fly fishing commentator, and editor of the very popular online magazine *FlyStream*.

Philip is also a long time member of the Association, and has been a very popular speaker at a number of our major dinners. Further details, a dinner invitation, and a brief statement about Philip's topic for his presentation will be given in the November issue.

We'll keep you posted.



Philip Weigall

Warrnambool Trip in November

The very popular annual trip to Warrnambool and District - from Friday, November 4, to Sunday, November 6, is on again.

Members will fish a number of local rivers including the Merri, Hopkins, Mt Emu and Moyne. These rivers offer a



variety of fishing to some very big browns.

The President and members of the Warrnambool Fly Fishers will again guide us, and join us for a magnificent evening meal at Jim Blakeslee's Winery on the Saturday evening (November 5). Jim and his wife Trish will be our hosts. Members will each share the cost of the meal and byo drinks.

Those who are interested in participating should contact Hugh Maltby on 0423 283 079 or email: redntag@hotmail.com.

A Notice of Major Event (NOE) for this trip is was included in last month's issue.

Jim Blakeslee fishing the fabulous Mount Emu

Notice of Event for VFFA February 2017 Tasmanian Trip

The Event: A week with fellow VFFA members at Hayes on Brumbys Fly Fishing Lodge, Cressy, with the objectives of fishing in groups of two or more during the day and of sharing tales of the day's adventures over dinner. 14 positions are available. On Thursday February 16, fellow VFFA members living in or visiting Tasmania will be invited to join us all for drinks and dinner from 6:30 PM. Dress will be smart casual.

Dates: Arrive Saturday, February 11, AM - depart Friday, February 17, PM.

Address: Hayes on Brumbys, 1696 Cressy Road, Cressy, Tasmania, 7302.

Travel: You are responsible for making your own travel arrangements to and from Tasmania. You are also responsible for arranging to share a car for the week. 4WD vehicles are not required. The lodge is about 20 minutes from Launceston and 2 hours from the Devonport Ferry Terminal.

Cost: \$650 for twin shared accommodation, linen including towel and face washer, breakfast, dinner, evening drinks, including beer and wine. \$350 deposit is to be paid by December 16, 2016, and the remaining \$300 by January 15, 2017. Direct debit BSB 182 512, account 9605 47289, include your name and TAS 2016 or post a cheque to Tony Mitchem, VFFA Honorary Treasurer, PO Box 185, Toorak, Victoria 3142.

Guiding with a Peter Hayes' guide on a river, weir or lake is \$450 cash per person per day based on twin share. Peter has kindly heavily discounted the rate for VFFA members, so payment must be in cash.

Fishing locations: Mainly in the North and Midlands for streams and the Central Plateau for lakes. Select from a wide range of streams from small creeks to large rivers, local weirs, and small to very large lakes. Some are in remote locations for which you must be properly prepared. Some locations can be physically challenging.

Fishing license: A current Tasmania license is required. Well before departure to Tasmania you may purchase one by the Internet on www.ifs.tas.gov.au

Mobile phone: Coverage is patchy. Good in most townships and on major highways, but poor or non-existent in many angling areas.

Strongly recommended personal equipment: Waders/wading boots, gaiters for wet waders, brimmed hat, sunglasses, sunscreen, wet weather gear, warm clothes, insect repellent, wading staff, Personal Locator Beacon (PLB), torch at dusk onwards, mobile phone in waterproof container, handheld UHF radio.

Essential equipment if intending to fish out of direct sight of other participants: UHF radio.

Essential equipment for Remote Locations: Compression bandage, UHF handheld radio, water, prescribed medicines for those with a medical condition which could recur, mobile phone if coverage available.

Weather: Varies from very hot to very cold, and can be windy and wet. Latest forecast will be at the lodge every morning.

Guiding: All Peter Hayes guides are fully qualified and members of their professional body. Drift boats on Brumbys, the Macquarie and other rivers are a speciality. Depending on weather, opportunities exist to be guided on one of the many highland lakes including "shark fishing" on the Great Lake. And those who love wading rivers and creeks will be well looked after.

Event Registration Form (ERF): Register by sending the Event Co-ordinator a completed and signed copy of the ERF by email as an attachment or a hard copy via the post. "First in best dressed". Obtain your ERF from the VFFA website www.vffa.org.au or pick up one at a General Meeting.

Event Co-ordinator: Hamish Hughes; mobile 0418 108 686,
email: hthughes@bigpond.net.au
Postal address: 22a Moorhouse Street, Armadale, Victoria 3143.

Date of this Note of Event: September 2, 2016

Web Fish

Cast regularly at vffa.org.au

About the VFFA web site:

The VFFA web site has a comprehensive coverage of VFFA events, meetings , trips, ...updated monthly making it easy to track dates and times.

Features of VFFA web site:

- Monthly Newsletter delivered to members in full colour.
- Live access to more than five years of past Newsletters
- Newsletter in PDF format for easy reading on computers / iPads / tablets & smart phones
- Newsletter in PDF format that can be read and saved on iPads and tablets like eBooks
- Calendar of all activities that can be synced with all you digital device calendars
- Gallery of events - Photos and Event reports
- Where to fish directories: Victoria, Tasmania, NSW, New Zealand

Report from Out West – Christmas Island in July, 2016

(What's it like to fish for Bonefish at one of the world's very best locations? Here is a fabulous account of a week's great fishing at Christmas Island, courtesy of Jim Blakeslee.)

Bob Loch, Bill Hewett and I had barely returned to Warrnambool from our fantastic trip to Weipa in August last year when I started pondering our next adventure.

On the last day of the Weipa trip Bill's rod had been shattered by a bull shark, so when he visited Gavin Hurley at his Melbourne store to get the broken rod replaced, I suggested he enquire about the three of us signing up for a Christmas Island (CXI) Bonefishing trip in 2016. The rest is history.

Unfortunately, Bob Loch became ill just before the trip and had to cancel. So Tim Goodall, another Warrnambool angler, was recruited. Now Tim prefers fishing with a spinning rod and soft plastic lures, and he valiantly persisted with a fly rod for the first four days of our sojourn at CXI, with moderate success, then succumbed to temptation, returned to his evil ways and, yes, caught some magnificent fish with his spinning gear. He returned to Australia a very happy man indeed.

Anyway, the following is a brief account of what we experienced on Christmas Island so that any intrepid VFFA members who are game to join us will know what to expect when we return in 2017.

Day 1:

After a year of planning and tying Bonefish flies, we arrived at CXI on Wednesday, July 27, at 6:20 AM. It had been a marathon 24 hours travelling. As we stepped off the plane the Trade Wind was blowing out of the east and it was 28°C. For the rest of our week on the island it was the same: east wind, 28°C in

the AM, warming to 32°C in the afternoon, with scattered clouds and virtually no rain.



Jim connected to another Christmas Island Bonefish

After buying our \$A50 fishing permit, collecting our bags and clearing immigration, the 17 members of Hurley's contingent gathered outside the airport. The support team loaded our gear, then we climbed into a couple of mini-buses for the 45 minute trip to our accommodation - Ikari House at London, CXI's main village on the north-west end of the island.

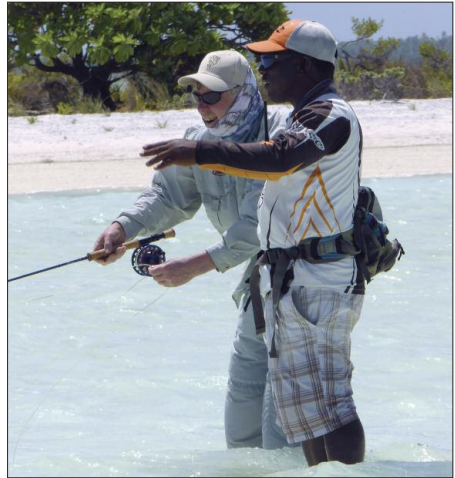
The drive left the impression that many of the local people appeared well-fed, but were relatively poor and definitely living a "developing-country" existence. We also heard from Helen, a fly fisherwoman and retired nurse who had been there for two weeks, that medical facilities were rudimentary. So you DO NOT want to get sick on CXI, and you do need to bring a good first aid kit of your own, including antibiotics, in case of an emergency.

On arrival we found our accommodation was basic but fine. Air conditioned rooms with electricity and hot running water were allocated on a twin-share basis. They were clean and serviced daily, which included laundry, and the staff were friendly and efficient.

After breakfast Hurley's 17 keen anglers got ready for the day's fishing, putting on 50+ sunscreen and sunglasses, then donning protective clothing, hats and wading boots. We were grouped into fours with two guides and a boat per group. By 9:30 AM we were ready. A two-minute mini-bus ride transported us to the lagoon, where we met our guides for the day, climbed onto our boats, and were off! Tim, Bill and I teamed up with Zoryn Vasic from Melbourne. David and Pedro were our guides.

After a 30 minute boat ride we stepped off onto our first Bonefish flat near Arthur Island, a bird nesting sanctuary in the lagoon. It turns out that CXI is not only the world's largest coral atoll and Bonefish Central for the planet, but it is also one of the largest tropical seabird nesting areas in the Pacific. The birds are curious and showed no fear of humans. So it's a great destination for bird watchers as well as fly fishers.

We waded over silty, sandy bottoms with areas of coral rubble in water that was mainly ankle to knee deep. There was an incoming tide, the water was crystal clear, and with the sunny skies that predominated throughout our stay, conditions were ideal for polaroiding fish. The guides made things easy for us, too, by ensuring that whenever possible we fished with the sun and wind behind us. We were using 8-weight rods for the Bonefish and 10-weights for GTs, both rigged with tropical floating lines and the recommended tippets of 15-20 lbs. Pedro and David picked the flies from our



Guide and client

boxes that were the most likely to catch fish, with sparse, #6 orange or pink Crazy Charlies being popular choices. They coached us on casting and retrieving our flies in a way that would avoid spooking the fish and entice them to take. That first morning's lesson was well worth it, and paid dividends for the rest of our stay.

I like spotting my own fish. So during the trip I let my fishing partner (Tim on this first day) have the services of our guide, Pedro, for most of the day. Bill and Zoryn shared David. It didn't take us long to get the hang of polaroiding Bones. We fished until 1:30 PM then returned to our boat and dug into the Esky for lunch - sandwiches, fruit, snacks and plenty of bottled water on ice.

During that first session I soon managed to spot the pale, blue-grey shape of Bonefish cruising slowly up-current, looking for shrimp on the bottom. As instructed by Pedro, a great guide, I would then cast my Crazy Charlie well in front so the splash of the fly didn't spook the fish. I then waited until the fish was about 6 feet from the fly, then began retrieving it with long, smooth >>>

strips. When the fish saw the fly it would rush at the Crazy Charlie as it scooted across the bottom. A short pause, followed by a final long strip-strike, usually resulted in a hook-up. Then all hell broke loose. The Bonefish would race off across the flats. In a few seconds all the loose line would zoom through the guides until the line was on the reel. Then it was time for the drag on the reel to really sing! In a few seconds any fish over a couple of pounds was well into the backing. Truly amazing, even more so the first time you hooked a big one. The Bonefish I hooked fought tenaciously, with several long runs before eventually tiring, and only then could they be "landed." In those first few hours I caught and released at least a dozen from ½ lb to 2½ lbs in size, and was keen to have a go at a bigger one in the afternoon. As it turned out, we all saw, cast to, hooked, lost, caught and released a heap more fish that first day, but nothing big.

When we arrived back to Ikari House at 5:00 PM the rest of the group were already there, enjoying "happy hour". The beer fridge was well-stocked, and we joined the others with a drink in hand for the de-briefing. There were two other visitors there. Allan, an entomologist from Victoria University in Wellington, New Zealand, was there studying and exterminating exotic species of ants that were playing havoc with the local ecosystem. Jack had joined us too. He was a fly fisherman from the USA who had been to CXI before, and was staying at Ikari House for four weeks! He was a retired military pilot, now based in Hawaii. He had a guide named English and a boat to himself. Jack had come back to CXI specifically to catch a trophy Giant Trevally (GT), and had landed a 65 lb GT that day on a weight-12 rod!

After appetisers it was time to get cleaned up for dinner. Tim and I had settled into



Another fine Christmas Island Bonefish

room no. 4, a fortuitous choice as the Wi-Fi router was right outside our room, giving us good access to the internet. Consequently our wives could contact us each evening to check how we were going.

The dining room was a spacious, traditional-style building with a grass-thatched roof. Dinner was a buffet selection with choices of a half lobster, steak, grilled tuna and an assortment of vegetables. Dessert was a slice of cheesecake. Finally, there was coffee or tea for those who chose a hot drink rather than another cold one. Our next six dinners were all of similar quality.

After dinner, with guide Nathan at the whiteboard we selected partners, fishing venues, guides, and mode of transport for the following day. Depending on where we were going and the target species chosen, we needed to rise at 5:00 - 5:30 AM, have breakfast at 5:30 - 6:00 AM, then be on our way by 6:00 - 6:30 AM.

Day 2:

Breakfast was a hearty selection of cereal, yoghurt, fruit salad, "juice", coffee or tea and, if you could fit it in, a cooked breakfast of eggs, bacon, sausages, toast and jam.

Jack was off chasing GTs again. Allan was placing poison baits for ants. Gavin and crew were heading offshore to target Sailfish, Tuna, etc. The rest of us were off to various flats in the lagoon, chasing Bonefish, the odd GT, and Triggerfish.

I was with Bill, Tim, Zoran and guides Pedro and Tokky. It was another Bonefish fest for all of us, but nothing over 3 lbs. I had a shot at a couple GTs in the morning, but had to cast into the strong wind and couldn't get the fly in front of them. Later that day, at another venue at the south end of the lagoon, Pedro spotted a GT crashing into small Milkfish against the edge. I cast a #1/0 Blue and White Deceiver in its path, then ripped it back. The fish charged and smashed the fly, then raced out into deeper water. The reel screamed ... then the hook pulled free. I was devastated!

So imagine how green I felt when I caught up with Zoran later that afternoon. He was holding his wrist, but had a huge smile on his face. Pedro was grinning too. Zoran had fought an epic battle with a big GT he hooked using his #8 rod. Luckily he had 500 metres of

backing on a quality reel as the huge fish raced out into the lagoon. Pedro told him to tighten his drag as his rod could handle it, and to lean into the fish as hard as he could. After almost an hour Zoran landed it – a magnificent 45 lb GT. Unreal!

Days 3 & 4:

I decided to go with Chris, Mark Cohen and Bill Hodgson and try the dawn-patrol offshore. We were targeting Milkfish that school-up and feed on weed drifting in windlanes, west from the lagoon entrance on an outgoing tide. Naturally we had to try weed-flies. We cruised around until our guides, Pedro and Kurt, found a school, and then we tossed flies in their path again and again over the next two hours. They refused all we offered them. (Bill Hodgson and I tried Milkies two more times on following days. I eventually hooked one but after about a minute's excitement the hooked pulled out. Not fair! A day later, Bill landed a nice Milkie about 8 lbs).

We finally retreated to Smokey Flats in the lagoon to take out our frustration on Bones and Triggerfish. Triggers are a fish

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Jim's fly boxes. He was busy prior to the trip



Jim's 7 lb Peach-Face Triggerfish – with a magnificent set of dentures

that have a cult following on CXI, similar to that of “Blue Bastards” up at Weipa. They are smart, wary, easily spooked, and will give your fly a careful inspection before picking it up. They also spend a lot of time “standing on their heads” with their tails out of the water as they grub around on the bottom excavating for crabs, clams and shrimp.

When we started seeing a few Kurt recommended that Chris and I tie on a crab pattern. Chris was the first to cover one and hook up. After a 10-minute battle, the hook pulled out. A few minutes later I saw one, tail-up. I snuck up behind it, tossed the fly well past to avoid spooking it, let the crab sink to the bottom, then slowly pulled it towards the fish in a series of short strips. The Trigger saw it, swam over and went tail-up over the fly. I pulled, felt resistance and strip-struck. Fish on! It took off with an astonishing burst of power and speed, heading for its home – a hole in a patch of coral nearby. I was using 20 lb tippet so I hung on, not giving line, and managed to stop it. The Trigger made several more powerful runs, but eventually was scooped up by Kurt's net. It was a beautiful Peach-Face Trigger that would have gone about 7 lbs.

After that one I was hooked too, and changed to a crab fly and had a cast at every Trigger I saw. Over the next few days I spooked lots, hooked another three, and landed two. The one that got away was a Moustachio Trigger that went into its hidey-hole. When I waded up and tried to pull it out it dashed between my legs. The leader got wrapped around the coral and cut me off. I finished the day adding to my species tally, catching a couple of species of Trevally, a couple of Goatfish and a big Ladyfish (giant herring) that leapt half a dozen times like its cousin, the Tarpon.

Day 5:

Bill Hewett, Tim, Zoran and I took a bus ride, two hours each way, with David and Pedro to fish the wave-platform at a site called the “Korean Wreck” on the south-east ocean-side of CXI. We started at low tide, spotting Bones and a few big GTs. Both Bill and Zoran landed a couple of powerful Bones to 5 lbs, while Tim and I had to be content with fish to 3 lbs. As the tide rose and surf rolled ashore, the wading got a bit spooky as some sharks moved in. I didn't mind the small 3 - 4 foot long black-tipped Reef Sharks, but when some other 6 - 8 foot long toothy critters moved in and started racing up and down the shore chasing Bones, Milkfish, and Trevally it was time to get up on the beach. Eventually the water got milky with the wash from the waves on the beach and we had to give up on polaroiding.

Day 6:

Another morning chasing Milkfish with Bill Hodgson, Zoran and Helen, with guides Timmy and Tokky. I hooked and lost one. Defeated again. We returned to the lagoon to chase Bones and Triggers. We got some bigger ones with Zoran landing the best for the day – about 5 lbs.



Bonefish spotted – will he take the fly?

Day 7:

The more experienced hands kept talking about fishing for the big GTs and Bones at the Huff Dam Milkfish Farm. I just had to check it out, so took another bus ride, 1¾ hours each way this time, including changing a flat tyre. If the tide was right, the Milkfish from the farm were supposed to try escaping through holes in the dam wall where big, hungry GTs were milling around on the other side, waiting to eat them. This would give fly fishers a chance to catch the GTs!

Unfortunately, the tide was wrong so GTs were elsewhere. Timmy was guiding David de Pedro, Helen, Zoran and Mark Cohen, while Clive (a one-armed fly fisherman) was with me and head-guide Ray. Ray took Clive to a nice looking point to spot fish for him, while I wandered along the shore nearby. I spotted a number of schools of Bones coming my way, with a few big ones mixed in with the smaller guys. Time and again I set the trap: I would cast my Crazy Charlie well in front, wait for the school to approach, then long strip, long,

long ...strike! ... and catch another small one that would dash in and take the fly before the big one could get to it. I did spot a few big ones cruising alone, but managed to spook them.

After lunch we all climbed into the mini-bus, and while we were driving slowly along the shore Ray spotted a GT cruising parallel to us. He and I jumped out. I ran, false casting a big #1/0 Deceiver whilst trying to get ahead of the fish, then landed the first cast in front of it. Ray said "strip!" I did. The fish turned and clobbered the fly. I struck. The crowd in the mini-bus cheered!!! The GT bolted for the deep water as all the loose line sailed smoothly out through the guides. Looking good. The reel began to scream and ... you guessed it, the hook fell out. Why me?? Later on Ray put me onto some good Bones; sort of a consolation for a lost GT?

Then, just as we were about to call it a day I spotted a GT cruising past and instinctively cast my #6 Crazy Charlie. Without hesitation the fish took it

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and belted off around a coral head. I was sure I was about to be cut off as I held the rod high. But the line suddenly popped free and the fish sped off again. Then it all went slack. When I reeled in the leader was badly chaffed by the coral but hadn't broken. Instead, the small hook had straightened. Why me???

Back at Ikari House I eased the pain with a G&T and listened to Tim's and Bill's exploits in the lagoon with Pedro. Bill landed the biggest Bonefish of the trip – an 8 pounder. Tim cleaned up on GTs, Queenfish and a thumping big Moustachio Triggerfish ... on soft plastics, of course.

After that, I got cleaned up and joined the gang for the final night's Farewell Party. Along with the feast featuring a whole roast pig, lobster, tuna and an assortment of salads, we were entertained by the Bamboo Boys playing poly-pipe vibes, a hula dancer and a choir made up of the staff. Finally, some group photos before envelopes containing tips were handed to our hard-working guides.

Day 8:

Only seven of us of us decided to rise early, one more time, to get in a half day's fishing. Under an overcast sky that threatened rain, we took a short ride south to fish the flats around Paris Island. Bill and I set off wading the north end of the Island. The rest waded the flats to the south. I'm glad I went. The sky quickly cleared and I began seeing fish - Triggers and big Bones. In the four hours that we fished I was initially in too much of a hurry and spooked some Triggers and a couple of big Bonefish that I polaroided. Meanwhile, Bill landed several good fish.

Then I relaxed and settled down to enjoy my last time fishing on CXI for 2016. I caught half a dozen average sized Bones, then several beauties around 5 lbs.



Jim enjoyed the company of very experienced local guides

I finished with a terrific battle with my biggest Bonefish of the trip – maybe 6 lbs. It followed my #6 orange Crazy Charlie to within a rod's length before it scooped the fly, then powered off across the flats taking all of my fly line and 150 metres of backing on the first run. I gained back half of the backing before the Bone took off on another run. After 10 minutes I had retrieved the backing and fly line, and had the fish at my side in knee-deep water. I slid the hook out of its jaw and sent it on its way to fight another day. A fitting way to end my trip.

An hour later I was back at Ikari House. I showered, packed my gear, had lunch with the rest of the team, and all the time was thinking, "How long will it be before I could, once again, wade the flats in the lagoon, chasing the magnificent Bonefish of Christmas Island ... and maybe even the score with a few GTs and Milkfish, too?"



Olympic Games, 2016

(... with Alan Pilkington, who fished with brother John and nephew Ben in Washington State, USA)

The Olympic Peninsular defines the western side of Puget Sound in Washington State. The rain forested, mountainous tract roughly one hundred miles long by fifty miles wide, running north and south along the North-west Pacific coast of the USA, derives its name from Mount Olympus to the south. From its northern edge one can see Vancouver Island in Canada lying north of the Straits of Juan de Fuca, and the wide entrance to Puget Sound to the east. It is the home of two great Pacific North-west icons, the rain forests of fir, spruce and cedar and the lumber industry, the latter not always a friend of the second icon, the Pacific salmon and their rivers which drain west to the ocean from the mountainous spine of the Peninsular. Oh, and if you believe they are iconic, Sasquatch (or Bigfoot) are supposed to live there, the giant mythical humanoids of the deep forest.

When I moved to Seattle two years ago I started an active exploration of the Peninsular rivers, all storied steelhead and salmon streams - the Elwah, Sol Duc, Calamah, Hoh, Queets, Bogashiel and Quillayute.

My journeys coincided with a trip my brother John and I had been contemplating, spending time together fishing some North American waters. We had agreed on the Peninsular as our destination, for the third week of August this year, and accompanied by John's son, Ben, also a keen man with the fly rod. It was the sort of adventure just made for brothers and a father and his son: new rivers, new fish (at least for Australian anglers), and if not in wilderness then fairly close to it, as most



5, 6, and 7 weight tackle on the raft

of the Peninsular is National Forest. I did some scouting during winter steelheading trips and settled on the town of Forks, close to the junction of several rivers, as the center for our activities, and found a nearby lodge, the Quillayute River Resort (QRiverResort.com), upstream about five miles from the river's confluence with the Pacific Ocean.

During the summer I tied flies, switched reels to right hand wind for John and Ben, matched them up with five and seven weight rods, and prayed for rain. The coho (or silver) salmon run usually starts early August, but is first triggered by rains, and we'd had a dry spell through much of June and July. Summer run steelhead also find their way into the rivers through higher flows at that time, waiting in the ocean for waterborne signals and a spate to move into their natal streams. And following the lead of these two anadromous fish, the coastal cutthroat trout follow along too, so rain was important. >>>



Alan with a fine coho salmon caught on Bogashiel River, Washington State

In the second week of August we had some encouraging but prophetic news from our guide, Jim Webb (Raincoastguides.com), before we left Seattle – the fish were in the river, in spite of the absence of rain. He said, 'They're here alright, good numbers of them, including some kings and sockeye. But we can't get them to take a fly!'

Our lodge overlooked a beautiful run below the junction of the Sol Duc and Bogashiel Rivers, after which it became the Quillayute. Arriving on a Sunday, we were surprised to learn that Monday and Tuesday were the allotted days for the Quillayute tribal people to net the river and late in the day we watched the main pools and runs being pegged out with nets.

'We might be off to a bad start if the guide wants to fish either the Bogashiel or the Sol Duc,' John said, looking at the coho milling around a pool opposite our cabin, just below the netting area. But next morning, after a 5:00 am start, Jim reassured us there were plenty of fish already in the river system upstream of the nets, and that we'd be fishing the Bogashiel that day.

The water was low and clear in all the area rivers, with levels dropping quickly without rain and daily air temperatures in the low 90 degrees Fahrenheit. With three fishable species (steelhead, coho salmon and cutthroat trout) targeted we switched back and forth between floating lines on 5 weight rods and fast sink-tip lines on 6 weight or 7 weight rods, as the water we

covered by boat or from the bank changed between rapids, riffles, long runs and deeper pools.

Sometimes we waded shallow rapids to allow the guides to maneuver the rubber rafts unladen through shallow water. The low, clear water required long – twelve to fifteen feet - leaders and light, 6 or 8 lb tippets, and longish casts. We tried to keep false casting to a minimum so as not to line the spooky fish. The coho were moving upstream in groups of two to a dozen fish, and accumulating in deeper pools through the heat of the day; the steelhead likewise were more active in the cooler mornings before the sun was on the water, but they were not in the river in the same abundance as the coho.

Flies were constantly changed – bright, sparsely-tied bucktail streamers with tungsten heads strip-retrieved for coho holding in deeper water, classic hairwing patterns for the steelhead cast across and fished on the swing, and reverse spider patterns on a fast retrieve for the cutthroats. Having spent much of our fishing lives casting the dry on small streams with often frequently repeated false casts, the heavy sink-tip lines and their slowly unwinding back casts took a day or so to get used to, especially from a moving raft, although by the second day we seemed to catch our rhythm. But as the week wore on it seemed that was about all we caught.



A popular fly – the Red Squirrel Tail



John playing a spirited 'Jack' coho salmon

Angling is not all about catching fish, but in my humble view at least, is about the complete experience, and John and Ben, unused to the northern rain forest environment encountered much that was new to them, in addition to the rivers. Included was the magnificent rain forest itself, with some second growth trees already higher than 100 feet and eight feet across their bases, not to mention some first growth stumps up to fifteen feet across that were logged a century ago.

They saw cow elk and calves crossing downstream, river otters playing among rocks at river's edge and feeding on salmon, a pair of raccoons jauntily climbing the river bank, black tailed deer fording the river, bald and osprey eagles, blue heron and chattering kingfishers, and, perhaps best of all, the miracle of the salmon. It is one thing to see the great salmon runs on film, or see photos or read of them, but to witness one of the most amazing sights in nature is a lifetime event. At one point, on a long Quillayute pool, John's guide, Ryan Bullock, called out, 'Here they come', as a school of coho riffled the surface, heading upstream towards the raft, as Ryan struggled to get it in position for John's cast. No luck. >>>



Ben, John and Alan under a giant Red Cedar by the Quillayutte River, Washington State

Although modest by the standards of some runs, to be with the salmon up close, to see them fighting the currents, surging and splashing upstream toward the protected side streams and overhung creeks where they spawn, was a treat for us all.

Now, all that is well and good, but we did at least expect to catch a few fish; John and Ben had travelled thousands of miles to do so. And we did. We all caught a few 'Jacks', immature coho males returning to the river after only a year in the ocean, a couple of years ahead of schedule and weighing 2 to 3 pounds. We caught coastal cutthroat trout in sizes ranging from 3 to 12 inches, sometimes taking a salmon fly almost as long as they were.

And we caught steelhead - small, immature resident fish, or ones that had not yet made their first seaward journey. Then there were strikes, or 'takes'; Ben's from a nice coho that took him by surprise, snatching his fly as it passed a sunken log; mine, twice, with the 'tap, tap, tap' of a steelhead take, and each time I was either too slow, too fast or not awake; and John's with a coho that left him before he could hook it with a strip strike.

Except for the Hoh and the famed Queets, we fished all the area rivers through the week - the Bogashiel, Calamah, Sol Duc and Quillayutte, and reached our fifth and last day, Friday, without a salmon of any size, or a steelhead on the bank or in the net. We had fished diligently, leaving our lodge in darkness at 5 am, returning at 6 pm tired and without success with the larger fish. Our guides had worked hard trying to get us connected to one. The day was forecast to reach almost 100°F, the hottest of the week, and we found ourselves on new water, the middle section of the Bogashiel.

Ben, fishing with Ryan, drifted ahead of us, and that was the last John and I saw of them till the take-out in the early afternoon. John, Jim and I worked downstream, fishing the deeper pools and runs with no success other than with a few small cutthroat. We arrived at Jim's destination, the 'Elbow Pool' - enticing water about sixty yards long and curving to its left about halfway along. Jim put John at the head of the pool on a midstream sand bar with water spilling on either side.

Within a couple of casts John was fast to a nice Jack of around 3 pounds, the biggest Jack we had seen all week, and after giving him a good runaround into the bag it went. I was fishing at the point of the 'elbow', casting across the deep pool,



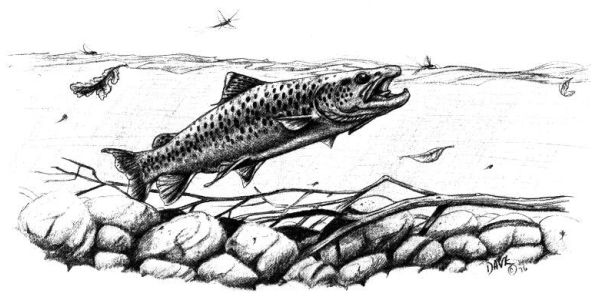
The Yellow Bucktail Streamer – a top coho salmon fly

getting the fly down deep and stripping erratically, when a salmon took, turning out to be a fresh, silver-sided male coho of around 10 pounds, which leapt from the water, giving me a good run for my money. We were allowed to keep one fish each and I decided to do so to share with our family on our return to Seattle, so he joined John's Jack in the bag.

I waded back in and covered some of the water where John had taken his Jack, as John rested on the bank, enjoying the scenery. Suddenly I had another hook-up with a strong coho, and within a second or two it had me into my backing. I retrieved line and after an aerial splash it ran me into the backing again. The fish felt and from what we could see, was similar in size to the first. It ran upstream towards me and as I tried to get the slack line on the reel it went limp as it caught around a sunken snag by the opposite bank and broke off at the tippet.

I'd had my best angling action of the week condensed into five minutes! And that was it. Sunlight was now covering most of the pool and the runs downstream and the lockjaw the bigger fish were afflicted by all week returned. So we put our rods up, floated down to Ben and Ryan and called it a day. Or a week. Then, like the Man from Snowy River with his horses, we turned our heads for home.

Some of us are fortunate to spend time on the water with our family or friends with fly rods in our hands and I count myself among them. I'd like to have done more of it through my life, with John and Ben. But as they say, and it was true of this trip and its fishing, it's not the quantity that counts, it's the quality, and with fly fishing it's never too late to find new water. The pristine rivers of the Olympic Peninsular were another catalyst in John's, Ben's and my connection, and I hope it's not the last time we fish them together.



Fishing Hinchinbrook

... from Clinton Isaac, Queensland fishing guide

It was a few years back when I first meet VFFA president Hamish Hughes whilst in Alaska. After chatting for a while he expressed interest in sampling some tropical north Queensland inshore fly fishing at Hinchinbrook Island. After touching base we eventually locked in some dates when he could bring along three other VFFA colleagues: Robert Tuck, Dave Wakefield and Gordon Baker, who were also keen to try their luck at some flats and sight fishing for some of our inshore species. The boys planned to be up north for eight days with six days fishing.

On their arrival we had a short debrief over a BBQ dinner at my lodge. The weather looked superb for the following day, so we planned on chasing some permit, these being the pinnacle of saltwater fly fishing. The following morning we headed down to the bottom end of the island to fish the vast areas of sand flats there. I had Hamish and Robert on my boat, and Dave and Gordon went with Dave Bradley, the other guide. As the sun got higher the permit started making an appearance. I was aware that for most of these guys this was their first experience chasing these tough appointments, and for a couple it was their very first experience with saltwater fly fishing. But I believed that if you can cast a fly rod you are in with a chance, and with light winds and permit on the flats the opportunity to try to catch one was hard to ignore. They all gave it their best efforts and had multiple shots at feeding permit, but we had no luck on this first attempt. But that's permit fishing; they are difficult fish.



Well done Hamish!

Conditions were the same the following day so we headed back to the same area. This time there weren't as many permit around, which was unfortunate as I know the guys were very keen to try their luck again with the knowledge they had gained from their first day. But once again the permit eluded us. However Robert managed to connect with a respectable golden trevally that was feeding next to a shovel nose shark. He made the perfect cast, putting a shrimp fly exactly where it needed to be. On Dave's boat Hamish caught his first fish of the trip - a diamond trevally that we had spotted near a creek mouth. So it was a good day's fishing.

On day three Dave took David Wakefield and Robert out to the inshore blue water, whilst I stayed in the channel. I took Gordon and Hamish to a flat where you can often find large golden trevally feeding. We poled the flats for a while and then I spotted a golden that was



Gordon Baker connected with some fine Hinchinbrook barramundi

feeding. Hamish made a good cast and was unlucky not to get a bite. Gordon was next to try his luck, and it wasn't long before we spotted another big golden. Gordon made a perfect cast and after a couple of bumps on the fly the fish engulfed it. Fly line went shooting out through the guides when we suddenly realised we had a problem. A knot had formed in the fly line and as it rattled up through the guides the tip section of the rod was pulled off as the fish raced away. Gordon did a great job fighting the fish with the tip section missing, and when he eventually drew it close to the boat I managed to clear the knot and we landed the fish - a very respectable 90 cm golden trevally, and a real trophy. After that episode I took Hamish over to some GTs that were feeding off the surface and smashing baitfish. Hamish managed to

pluck a nice one from the pack. When the other boys arrived back at the lodge they also reported a great day casting to big schools of tuna, and both caught some longtails and macs. We enjoyed some magnificent fresh sashimi that night as an entree.

Some overcast weather was pushing through the next day, which meant we couldn't fish the sand flats. So we spent the day chasing barramundi on the mudflats and up the creeks. However the fish were sluggish, swirling at the flies but not willing to commit, though a couple of the boys managed to get a few to the boat. This is always a great experience, as barramundi are such an iconic fish. When the tides weren't quite right for casting to barramundi the boys spent some time casting to queenfish and GTs on the deep corners using Clouser-style flies. >>>



Some fine captures here. And no, they weren't travelling incognito – the tropical sun is rather hot



On the following two days the weather was not good, so we decided to do a bit of sightseeing. On the first day we visited the Murray Falls, which are a short drive from Cardwell, and I took Robert for a leisurely round of golf at the local course. On the next day we took a tour to the Tully gorge with its stunning crystal clear river with huge rapids and boulders.

After a couple of days of relaxing and a few fly tying sessions on tying saltwater flies the team were ready for the water

again. The next two days saw the weather settle a little and the barramundi were more co-operative. It was very enjoyable week and I'm sure they all learned a lot about saltwater fly fishing over the week. Sincere thanks to Hamish for putting the group together, to Rob for doing the washing up every night, to Dave for sharpening every one of my knives, and to Gordon for the very interesting topics he shared with us over the evening meals.



Fishing the Croton Watershed Tail Waters

(Christie Arras has been the editor of the Bairnsdale Fly Fishing Club for a number of years. She was recently in New York and has sent us a brief account of her fishing experiences there.)

This summer I returned to my former stomping grounds in New York, where I first cut my fly fishing teeth. These are the tail waters of the most amazing watershed system for New York City which come by aqueduct all the way from the Catskills. Just sixty miles northwest of the city, even before you reach those famed Catskills, lies this trusted fishery.

While in New York I stay with my fishing mate, Pam, who fishes the local rivers almost daily. Invariably we head to the west branch of the Croton River to her favourite fishing spot, 'Frustration Pool'. This fairly short branch of the Croton is the only catch-and-release section in those parts and, as a result, is heavily fished. Wild rainbows and browns come up from the reservoir below; none are stocked. This is a pretty river, heavily wooded, with riffles and pools and is about 9 to 12 metres wide.

Being watershed property, one needs not only the regular fishing license, but a watershed permit as well. Waders and boots are also required, to protect the future drinking supply. Many fly fishers from NYC travel up on the metro train to Croton Falls and walk the half kilometre to the river, passing by a section of the East Branch river to get there.

This year toward the end of June the water temperature was incredibly cold. I froze on our first day there, even though the air was toasty, and added a second pair of wool socks to my travel waders and felt-soled boots that I keep at Pam's place. Some caddis were rising, as well as midges, and the rainbows and browns were hungry and frisky. Pam was fishing

with a 1-weight rod and using 8x tippet.

She often returns to this stretch of water and is tolerated by the handful of trout she catches each trip. I have never managed to outfish her, but have caught the few required to bring me back. Most were in the 9 - 11 inch range, though Pam pulled out a beautiful 16 incher on the last day of the season last autumn.

On another day we took a side trip up to Vermont near Manchester, home to Orvis, where a friend of Pam's invited us to stay. Of course we shopped in the Orvis outlet, buying line and leaders and gifts, and then checked out the main store where we bought flies. The trout pool outside was loaded with massive rainbows that hungrily gobbled up the fish kibbles that was available nearby. I threatened to come back with my rod after the store closed.

Late June proved to be too late for the best fishing that the Battenkill is known for. The water was too warm and, even more frustrating, was filled with every type of paddling or floating contraption splashing down the waterway. I pulled a couple of small ones out of a wide riffle, then drove up to another pretty stretch where, unfortunately, the tubers made us scurry home. We tried the Otter Creek at the suggestion of our friend's tree man, but didn't find accessible water where we explored. I suspect his secret spots require a 4WD and juicy bait.

So back to Westchester and Frustration Pool which we had to abandon because the water was too warm for the stressed-out trout. The DEP was not releasing water from the bottom of the reservoir dam but allowing it to go over the >>>

We drove up county (Putnam) for a try at a stretch of water between East Boyd's Corner reservoir and the West Branch reservoir. I loved the deep pools stuck under the fast flowing stream where I pulled out a couple of lively and pretty browns. I had missed this fishery when I had lived in Westchester and was delighted to now give it a try.

My hoped for adventure up to the Catskills failed to eventuate, so the fishing for this year's trip back to the States was rather uneventful, with few bragging rights.

For any readers interested in finding out more about this fishery, check <http://www.nyc.gov/html/dep/html/recreation/index.shtml>

Christie

Australian Trout Foundation – an Important Survey

The ATF is conducting a brief survey on angler attitudes to size and bag limits for trout in our Victorian waters. Details are given below. The survey takes just a few minutes to complete, and the results will be used at meetings with DEPI people to indicate the wishes of Victorian trout fishers.

Dear Fisher,

In 2014 many of you participated in a survey conducted by the ATF. We are conducting a new survey and we are asking for your participation once again. (You may get a couple of these emails, as we are trying to communicate via a number of channels, so no doubt there will be some duplication.)

The survey can be accessed in either of two ways:

1. Log into Facebook (an active Facebook account will be required) and go to the ATF Facebook page. From there you will find a link to the Survey.

OR

2. Copy or type this address "<https://www.surveymonkey.com/r/troutregs>" into your internet browser.

For those using Facebook, Trevor Hawkins has generously donated a couple of trout water colour paintings for those completing the Survey, and the ATF have provided a number of trout lures. You need to complete the Survey and then "share" on Facebook to be in the running.

Again, we seek your cooperation in completing the survey.

Good fishing, and thank you,

Tony Borrack (Secretary ATF)

Email - a.borrack@bigpond.com

Mobile - 0417 328 360

Paul Squires Fishes the Jackson Hole One Fly

To quote from their website, the purpose of the Jackson Hole One Fly is: "To generate, manage and grant funding for projects and education which environmentally benefit the future of trout and fly fishing by annually sponsoring a three-day event uniting enthusiastic fly fishers from around the world with premier regional guides who all endeavor to celebrate the joy and spirit of the sport during the fishing, social and fundraising activities of the event, and who throughout the year, promote that same joy and spirit of fly fishing and the future of the trout."

I was invited this year to fill a place left open by Glenn Eggleton, who was competing at the time for Australia in Canada and the USA. Our team, the "Australian Leaders", was made up of John Cummins, Scott Terrey, Shelby Jarrell and myself. Unfortunately, John Cummins was called back home before the two-day competition got underway, so he was replaced by local guide Jaason

Pruett. The members of the "Australian Leaders" team knew each other via Ken Orr, as he has been our trout guide in Tasmania for many years.

This year's One Fly was made up of 40 teams of four anglers each that came from all over the world. Each team member is allocated two separate beats to fish on each day of the two-day competition, and fishes with another competitor and a guide who acts as judge. Guides are rewarded by their teams' scores over the two days and they win prizes depending on these scores.

On each day you must choose one fly to fish with for the entire day. Your guide provides advice regarding which fly you should use, but you can choose differently if you wish.

I won't elaborate on the scoring system used, as it is quite complicated and detailed. You can read about it on this website - <http://jacksonholeonefly.com/one-fly-event/jackson-hole-one-fly-event-rules/>.



Paul and friends – a winning team

Our team was ranked third on the first day and then came second overall. Our prizes were a plaque and an engraved Hatch reel - and a lot of pride in winning.

Paul Squires

Early Season – Fishing the Edges

Those of us who have read David Scholes (and who amongst us hasn't) will recall those wonderful tales he tells of his early season fishing in Tasmania. The late winter rains would flood the rivers, which then burst their banks and spilled out into the surrounding paddocks. And the trout, some quite large, then followed, searching for drowned fodder. David would be there too, often accompanied by his regular fishing companion, Reg Clayton, and the pair would be firing big wet flies into all the likely spots. Readers will be pleased to hear that our own Bernard Holbery has been exploiting those same conditions here in Victoria. Here is his account of his experiences of just a few weeks ago.

The heavy early spring rains this year caused widespread damage in many country areas. But they also created some fabulous fishing opportunities. I'd been watching the news and weather charts with great interest, and was prompted to make a phone call to my friend Andy, who lives on the Acheron River at Taggerty. We had just experienced five days of heavy rain, so how were the rivers in the area faring?

Andy's summation was that there was a lot of water in the valley, but while the rivers were very high they were still running clear. What's more, the Acheron had flooded out into the paddocks between the site of my old fly fishing shop and the property of another friend Chris. The river had burst its banks at this point and spilled out into an area where there was normally a large bend.

This has happened in previous years too, following heavy rainfall, and I remember as a youngster trying to cross to the Acheron River at this point with my friend Lou, with the paddocks covered in water, making the river look more like a lake. While we were trying to find a point where we could cross Lou spotted a fish just a few metres out from where he was standing. He flicked a fly out, and to our total surprise he hooked and landed a brown trout of around 4 lb. I recall that we then ran very excitedly back to the cabin to show people there this



Bernard – that's a very nice rainbow

wonderful trout he had taken on a dry fly in water barely ankle deep.

Trout of course love newly flooded areas in paddocks and marshes, as new water over the grass lifts worms up out of the soil. The trout know this and are in there in a flash. They can often be spotted in really low water, sometimes even with their fins exposing their positions.

I decided after Andy's report to give it a couple of day's fishing, regardless of the continuing rain. I drove up and passed through the Black Spur, seeing the rivers and creeks there running hard. The



a fine brown taken from flooded backwaters ...

Graceburn at Healesville and the Watts at Fernshaw were both high and fast. The Steavenson was a raging torrent too, but running clean, and so was the Acheron at Narbethong. Further north, the Acheron below Buxton was a swollen river struggling to remain in its banks. And Andy was correct - a section of the river near his property had flooded out into the paddocks.

I arrived early and rigged my rod, then started quietly walking the flooded edges. Just 10 minutes in and I spotted my first fish. He was big, and in clear water that was barely knee deep. I had tied on my St Fillans fly – a cross between a Mrs Simpson and a fly I had named after a property at Narbethong where a murder had occurred in the late 1800s. (So it's a killer fly – ha ha.)

>>>



... and another!



A photo taken early this year – Bernard fishes some beautiful water in streams close to Melbourne

Without hesitation the fish took the St Fillans on my first cast, and I soon had him in the net - a rainbow of 3½ lb. I then came across and caught more fish up to 3 lb, with a couple closer to 4 lb. Most were in top condition, and after that first one all the others were browns. Most took my St Fillans, though in some deeper areas a weighted Woolly Bugger proved the better choice. The day was really special, and a memory that will light my imagination for years to come.

Fly fishing those flooded margins is a top alternative when the rivers are high and otherwise looking unproductive.

Bernard Holbery



Another superb rainbow from small local stream

FLY OF THE MONTH

The Pheasant Tail & Partridge

*(... from Yvon Chouinard article in
Trout & Salmon Magazine, May 2016)*



Here are the details for tying the Pheasant Tail & Partridge pattern, described in this issue's Editor's Desk. It can be tied and fished as a spider pattern or a nymph.

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Materials needed:

Hook:	Dai-Riki 075 or Tiemco 3769, sizes 10 – 16 for trout
Thread:	Dark brown 8/0.
Bead:	(Optional)
Tail:	Pheasant tail fibres – three to five.
Abdomen:	Pheasant tail fibres.
Rib:	Copper wire.
Thorax:	Peacock ice dub.
Hackle:	Brown partridge

Tying Procedure:

1. If using a bead then slide it around the hook shank so that it sits hard up against the eye.
2. Put the hook in the vice and wind some turns of thread behind the bead to hold it in place, then run some turns down to the point where the tail is to be tied in.
3. Tie in the tail fibres.
4. Then tie in a short length of ribbing wire and some pheasant tail fibres to form the abdomen.
5. Wind the pheasant tail fibres up to about halfway along the shank, then tie them off.
6. Wind in the ribbing – counter winding it so that it will add some durability to the fly.
7. Tie in the hackle by the tip and then wind one and a half to two turns of the hackle, then tie it off.
8. Tie in the dubbed ice hackle for the thorax last, so that it pushes hard up against the hackle and keeps it from laying against the body.

Some Tying and Fishing Notes:

Yvon Chouinard writes: the Dai-Riki 075 or Tiemco 3769 are similar hooks that sink a bit and better imitate a rising emerger. Fishing for trout in the spring and summer in Wyoming, Montana, and Idaho I fished a size 10 is an attractor. When a hatch came on, I would switch to the appropriate size. Regardless of the colour of the naturals or whether they were mayflies, caddis or stone flies, the PT in the proper size outfished the more exact imitations.

My wet fly technique is simple. I cast 45° downstream and mend the line to slow the swing. When the line starts to straighten, I slowly lift the rod to straighten it even more. Once the line is straight I give an occasional small twitch with the tip of the rod. I'm trying to imitate an emerging caddis or mayfly swimming to the surface or struggling from a chuck. Nine times out of ten times the take is right after the twitch. I also tie knotted leaders, because the increased water friction helps to straighten the line. I can't emphasise enough the importance of giving action to the fly.





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 or one of his assistants 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.

V.F.F.A. ITEMS FOR SALE

The Association has the following quality items for sale:

Book "The Country For An Angler" (the History of the VFFA)	\$70.00 each
Book "Geehi to Great Lake"	\$45.00 each
Book "Time Flies: A Victorian Fly Fishers' Association Fly Box 1932-2015."	\$70.00 each
Columbia Shirts.....	\$70.00 each
Polarfleece jacket with VFFA logo	\$40.00 each
Association ties (blue or maroon)	\$35.00 each
Wine glasses and whisky glasses inscribed with VFFA logo, set of 6	\$45.00 per set
Cloth badges.....	\$7.00 each
<i>The Australian Trout</i> by Jack Ritchie	\$20.00
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 0423 283 079.

VALUED DONORS

The following made donations for the raffle at the 2016 Annual Dinner:

- Aussie Angler Tackle Outfitters • Armadale Angling • Australian Fishing Network
- Essential Fly Fisher Launceston • FlyLife Publishing • FlyFinz Fishing Tackle and Books • Gavin Hurley's Fly Fishing & Pro-Angler • J.M. Gillies Pty Ltd
- Mayfly Tackle Pty Ltd • Millbrook Lakes • Ray Brown Onkaparinga Flies
- Stevens Publishing Pty Ltd • The Flyfisher Tackle Store Melbourne
- Hook Up Bait & Tackle •

VFFA Meetings at the Celtic Club & other activities.

October

- 2 Sunday Latrobe Valley VFFA Dam Day at Thorpdale
- 7 – 9 Trip to Purrumbete, staying at Purrumbete Caravan Park
- 16 Sunday Calder Fly Fishing Association Open Day at Woodend
- 20 Thursday General Meeting – 8:00 PM.
Guest Speaker: Gavin Hurley – Fishing Guide and Tackle Retailer
- 24 Monday Council Meeting - 7:30 PM

November

- 4 – 6 Annual Warrnambool Trip – details TBC
- 17 Thursday General Meeting – 8:00 PM
Guest Speaker: Andrew Briggs – Senior Project Officer, North-East Catchment Management Authority, and keen fly fisher
- 21 Monday Council Meeting - 7:30 PM

December

- 5 Monday Council Meeting - 7:30 PM
- 15 Thursday Christmas Dinner – 6:30 for 7:00 pm
Speaker: Philip Weigall – top fishing guide and prominent author and speaker

February 2017

- 6 Monday Council Meeting - 7:30 PM
- 11 - 17 Tasmanian Trip at Hayes on Brumbys
Event Co-ordinator – Hamish Hughes
- 23 Thursday General Meeting – a lunchtime meeting – 12 noon in the Shamrock Restaurant.
Guest Speaker: Rick Dobson, from Aussie Angler.