



• REGISTERED BY AUSTRALIA POST: PUBLICATION NO. VBH 2899 •

VOL. 61 NO.11

THE VICTORIAN FLY-FISHERS' ASSOCIATION INC.

OCTOBER 2013

Organisation No. A0024750J

P.O. Box 18423 Melbourne Bourke Street, Melbourne 3001

www.vffa.org.au

The VFFA AGM

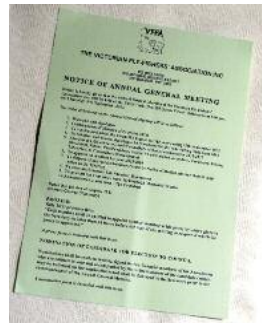
Thursday, September 19, 8:00pm at the Celtic Club

The September general meeting is our Annual General Meeting. President Terry Rogers reminds us that all financial members are eligible for nomination and election to the Council.

Notice papers relevant to the AGM are included with this newsletter, including the Nomination Form, Appointment of Proxy Form, and the Notice of Annual General Meeting.

The Meeting will be preceded by Dinner at the Celtic Club, commencing promptly at 6:00 pm.

All members are invited, but PLEASE make a Dinner booking by 5 pm on Wednesday, September 18. Phone 0498 254 497 and leave a message.



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Advance Notice – The September AGM

The September meeting is traditionally the Annual General Meeting. It's now just a week or two away, and our President is keen to remind us that all financial members are eligible for nomination and election to the Council. Notice papers relevant to the AGM are included with this newsletter, including the Nomination Form, Appointment of Proxy Form, and the Notice of Annual General Meeting.

Council meets regularly and all the management issues involved in running the Association are dealt with there. Thus the general meetings are given over totally to the advertised activities – guest speakers, auctions, fly tying demonstrations ...

So if you have some experience and talent in management, and a keen desire to see our Association remain strong and vibrant and responsive to the needs of members, please give some thought to nominating for Council. Be assured, meetings are lively and entertaining, and you will be enriched by your participation, as well as contributing your skills and knowledge to assist our Association.

The date – Thursday September 19, at the Celtic Club.

Advance Notice – October Meeting with Rick & Hamish

Have you ever thought about fishing in Alaska?

Last July Rick Dugina and Hamish Hughes spent two weeks at The Alaska Adventures lodge on the Alagnak River. This is in a remote part of the Katmai National Park some 300 miles south west of Anchorage. They fished every day for rainbow trout, char, dolly varden and grayling, as well as the various species of Salmon. They saw lots of brown bears. They also camped in the wilderness for two nights on the shore of remote Lake Kukalek (where the photo on the right was taken).

If you want to see what they saw and hear what they caught and how they caught them come to their presentation at the General Meeting on October 17 at the Celtic Club.



Jim Allen at our Annual Dinner

'An Entertaining Look at the Disease of Angling'

(The transcript of Jim's talk at our recent Annual Dinner)

When Terry Rogers asked me to speak tonight at our Annual Dinner I was asked to reflect on our history and my memories of early days and the past personalities who ran the VFFA. I thought about this, and on reflection I didn't think I could bring alive with much amusement the likes of Fred Stewart, Alf Probert, Paul Chaplin and other past president of the Association. So I called Terry back and asked if I could stray from the topic a little but still reflect on times past.



I hope at the end of this dissertation that I have not offended too many, and I also hope the editor uses some discretion when he goes to print, as I believe in the old adage – 'what's said in club stays in club'!! Anyway here goes!

Wives just don't understand why their husbands fish, or for that matter shoot ducks or hunt or kill. However these pursuits were the traditional sports of men after the time of the gladiators of Rome. 'Sport' today is a name that has been stolen and hijacked by those who play *games* like cricket and football and tennis. Thank God the Olympic Committee still calls them 'Games'! Just like those who bat for the other side have stolen the title 'gay'! Once upon a time I might have been described as a gay bachelor - sadly no longer! But the real sports are hunting, shooting and fishing.

Wives and girlfriends have simple reasoning - they think it would be far quicker to go and buy some fish, and why would you want to go out in a howling gale and get badly sunburnt, all in the pursuit of some slimy trout.

I remember some years after I left school and became ensconced in the fishing tackle trade mates would call me and tell me that they have an eight year old son and all he wants to do is go fishing. How should they handle this problem? I'd tell them to drop him off at the local pier and pick him up later. He'll be on the nose and the family cat will love him, but he'll have had a great day and come to no harm. Alternatively, and even worse for an angling dad is the eight year old who wouldn't consider going fishing, and if he did go it was only under sufferance. I'd laugh and tell them all that fishing is simply an incurable disease, a throw back from a Neanderthal past. And I believe it is.

The International Game Fish Association is a world authority on recreational angling. In a research study they asked 60 year old anglers who fish more than five times a year what age they started fishing. The result was startling - 94% were fishing before the age of 8. Before any real decision-making age, before they could drive a car, or cycle anywhere without parental control. Why? Because it is inbred - a throwback from a Neanderthal past. Nothing can stop the desire or craze, call it whatever you want. Tonight I am referring to it as a 'disease', but really it's probably not!



Women do fish, but statistically men are 95% of the fishing population. Why? I don't know, but tonight let me explore some possibilities. To start, let me take you on a walk down history's lane to a Neanderthal time long past - to a time when men were men and women were grateful. We are not allowed to make comments like that today in our politically correct world. However in an Association like this it is still ok. Or, it might be just on the edge of being permitted, especially when the blokes are in the bar. At least I hope so.

But lets think about this: two men today have a fight in a pub. They go outside and punch each other's lights out, and an hour later they're sitting beside each other happily drinking a beer together! When two women come to blows they won't talk to each other for months, if ever again.

Two blokes go to a party both wearing the same tie. They smile and say, "Hey bro, great taste!" Two girls are in the same dress at the party and they won't go anywhere near each other all night. In fact they will rant and rave, fuming because the other has the same dress on!

Why? Well, back in our Neanderthal past the blokes went out hunting and they looked after each other because if they didn't a sabre tooth tiger took the hunter falling behind. It's the same today. Blokes make up after a dispute. They might fight over issues, but they don't compete like their opposites, they team up together. Anyway, back into our Neanderthal cave for a moment. The girls there competed with each other for the best bloke. Even then their dress was important - they had to look good. They competed for the best hunter, and dare I say it, the best stud. And in return they ended up in the warmest part of the cave.

Why? Because they wanted safety and security for their children. Let me tell you, that fight was important. And they are still the same today! Girls consider family more important than business, and I think that's ok. They still want that security and they certainly still compete, even if they pretend not to.

When you look at the thousands of books written on piscatorial pursuits you discover they are nearly all written by blokes, because blokes go fishing or hunting or shooting for much more than the thrill of the kill. For us blokes it is no longer food related. I think the words of that great lawyer and judge John Voelker, better known to anglers by his pen name Robert Traver, put it

best in his great book *Anatomy of a Fisherman*. And if you will forgive me I shall précis a few of his thoughts:

“I fish because I love to; because I love the environs where trout are found, which are invariably beautiful, and hate the environs where crowds of people are found, which are invariably ugly. Because of all the television commercials, cocktail parties, and assorted social posturing I thus escape. Because in a world where most men seem to spend their lives doing what they hate, my fishing is at once an endless source of delight and an act of small rebellion.

Because trout do not lie or cheat and cannot be bought or bribed, or impressed by power, but respond only to quietude and humility and endless patience. Because I suspect that men are going this way for the last time and I for one don't want to waste the trip. Because mercifully there are no telephones on trout waters. Because only in the woods can I find solitude without loneliness, and because bourbon out of a tin cup always tastes better out there. And finally, not because I regard fishing as being so terribly important, but because I suspect that so many of the other concerns of men are equally unimportant and not nearly so much fun.”

He finishes with the salient point - it is fun!

Tonight I would like to make a point, and if I leave you even thinking humorously about what I've said I'll consider I've done a good job.

We are losing the plot; we are losing the fight against liberty. John Mortimer, that great old English lawyer who is better known for his comment that “to cross examine is not to examine crossly”, pointed out some years ago that true liberty is to defend that which you do not necessarily wish to pursue yourself, but to defend another person's right to pursue it. In NSW, Queensland and Western Australia we no longer have the right to shoot ducks or quail.

In Victoria members of clubs both male and female, like the VFFA, have recently been in danger of having their exemption removed from the equal opportunity act of continuing to be an exclusive club for men or women. Fortunately for the moment the issue is on the backburner, but it is likely to get another run by our zealous bureaucrats. But to lose our right to associate with whom we like is quite outrageous.



Hare coursing, cock fighting and falconry have all gone into history, as has fox hunting in the UK only a year or so ago. Puntgunning for ducks went years ago for conservation reasons, and so it should have. But for a few moments tonight I wish to dwell on the dangers of losing our liberty to Governments who increasingly wish to guard us from ourselves with rampant tidal waves of new regulations. I received this email a while ago and I shall share it with you tonight. It has the headline: 'All people over 50 should be dead'. Then it is addressed to the survivors.

'According to today's regulators and bureaucrats, those of us who were kids in the 50's, 60's and 70's probably should not have survived. Our baby cribs were covered with brightly coloured lead-based paint. We had no child-proof lids on medicine bottles or cabinet doors. When we rode our bikes we had no helmets. As children we had no seat belts in our cars and we even rode in the back of a ute on a sunny day. We drank water from a garden hose, and four of us would share a bottle of lemonade - and no one died.

We ate cakes, and bread and butter with hundreds and thousands, and drank cordial with sugar in it, and few of us were fat because we were always outside playing. We would leave home in the morning, go bird-nesting, collect cicadas, build a shangai ... just play all day. The only rule we had was to be home when the streetlights came on. No-one could reach us all day. There were no mobile phones - it's all quite unthinkable.

Remember building a billy cart out of scraps and then rushing down the hill with no brakes. Well we learnt a lot after running into the scrub a few times. We didn't have PlayStation, Nintendo, X-boxes, video games. We didn't have Pay TV with 50 channels, surround sound, MP players, iPods, a computer, or even an Internet chat room. We had friends and we were outside with them. We fell out of trees, broke an odd bone or tooth, and there were no lawsuits from these accidents. What on earth has happened to accidents!

We made up games with sticks and tennis balls, although we were warned against poking out anyone's eye and were told it would happen. But I don't ever remember anyone losing an eye. We had to compete to get into a cricket or football team, and not all of us made it, so we learnt to deal with disappointment. If we got into trouble and the police took us home our dad was on the copper's side, and we probably copped a hiding. Imagine that today. In fact you're not allowed to hit a kid.



Our generation has produced some of the best risk takers and problem solvers and inventors ever. The past 50 years has seen an explosion of innovation and new ideas. We had freedom, failure, success and responsibility, and we learned how to deal with it all.

Congratulations - you are part of all of that before the regulators, lawyers and governments stuffed it up!

I think true liberty has a bleak future unless there is a major change to our society. I look back at my time in Melbourne as a boy - the hundreds of hours spent on Station Pier catching barracouta and selling them to the merchant seamen from the steamers. Threepence each and up to ninepence for a big one.

I remember all the big ships – or at least they were to a small boy. The Orion, the Oronsay, the Stratheden, the Strathnaver, and the Strathaird. I could still tell you their tonnages.

We had the run of those ships - the bridge, the boiler room. There was no security in those days. We were just young boys fascinated by the big ships, and no one ever touched us. All we had to do was get off them when the departure bells rang an hour before sailing. I'm not sure I'd be happy as a father to let my 13 year old do these same things today if I had a son. But today security won't even let you on to the pier, let alone a ship.

I remember Saturday nights as young teenagers in Melbourne coming home on a tram from rabbiting out near Bacchus Marsh, with a box of ferrets and a .22 rifle and a bunch of dead bunnies hanging around our necks. We would sell them to the crowds coming home from the footy at 'one and six a pair'. Can you imagine what would happen if you saw a 16 year old with a rifle on public transport today. Yet we all had them back then for cadet training - war issue 303's were on trams in the hands of teenagers, and no one turned a hair. We have certainly lived in good times.

We as senior sportsmen have had a good life. In fact Albert Facey stole the title of my autobiography with his book *A Fortunate Life*, should I ever write it.

My speech tonight is supposed to be a humorous look at the disease of angling, and not a grim look at the present or the future. My whole life has been around anglers, and let me tell you they are a little queer - and not in a limp wristed way. But let me explain. As a retailer in the tackle trade for 40 years I've sold Mustad hooks, from a company that has made fish hooks in Norway for 200 years. The hooks came in boxes of a hundred, and the number of hooks and the name on the box were never wrong. But you still had to open the box and hold them up to your eye and check. Then on the way home you'd call into Luigi at the milk bar and buy a box of Cadbury chocolates - but you never bothered to open this box and check the contents. It wasn't a matter of trust, but of passion. The hooks were important while the chocolates really didn't matter.

Fishing is different things to each of us. Some of us have to race up miles of a river or fish a distant lake, while others contemplate around a single pool all day. For some it's a 'numbers game' - the most, the biggest, a 'trophy'. For others it's a bit of snobbery about dry flies and the Latin names of insects. Or perhaps its designer clothing with pins and badges from all the tournaments they've fished. Perhaps for you it might be the good feeling of releasing a trout. A few like being office bearers in a fishing club and hardly ever wet a line. I used to struggle when in Canada or America at some fishing lodge when seeing 60+ year-old men in baseball caps depicting some far destination or tackle brand.

For me personally it has always been a passion for sight fishing. It started for me as a young boy watching leatherjackets darting out from the pylons under the Portsea pier in Victoria, to polaroiding giant black marlin off the flybridge on a game-fishing boat off the Great Barrier Reef. Today nothing gives me greater pleasure than a day on the Great Lake in Tasmania polaroiding 'golden sharks' in the waves as the brown and rainbow trout feed on the beetles on the surface.

Whatever fishing is to you there is one important advantage in that when you meet or fish with another angler the odds are he will be a good bloke. Anglers come from all walks of life, and one of my greatest joys was to see the Prime Minister of Australia being shown a new fly or receiving strict instructions on some piscatorial matter - and neither party either knowing or being interested in the other's standing in the community. Angling takes one to the most beautiful parts of any country, and as an angler one has, or can immediately find, friends in every community.

Even in Argentina I found common bonds with fellow anglers and language difficulties paled into insignificance

I look back on my life with some warmth in being able to follow a pursuit where the book is 100 pages long and there is not enough time allotted to us to get to page 10; yet there is no frustration. I look back with some warmth on the friendships made and the times spent with a rod in my hand or around a fishing or shooting campfire. And as I grow older perhaps the memories may become greater than the next trip.

But it is a warm and mellow feeling to know that I have been so fortunate to have been born 'a brother of the angle' as Dame Juliana Berners put it in 1496 when she (and note that I said *she!*) wrote her famous *Treatise On Fishing With An Angle*. Which was really the first writing ever that treated fishing as a recreation. And note - it came from a woman.

And so perhaps all that I've indulged you with tonight might just be pure fantasy. But I've enjoyed sharing the thoughts anyway!

Thank you.

Bairnsdale Donger Weekend

This is an open invitation to all members to enjoy a great weekend of fishing and fun.

Our hosts will be the Bairnsdale Fly Fishers, the date is Friday October 25 for their Annual Dinner, followed by fishing on the Saturday and Sunday for the Dudley Lee Donger. You can then stay on if you wish for the Sunday night and fish again on the Monday, leaving after lunch.

The Bairnsdale Fly Fishers' Mitta lodge is five-star accommodation. It sleeps 12 and is very well appointed. I have been attending this weekend for about 30 years and can assure you of a truly great time.

The main meal on the Saturday evening is roast beef with all the trimmings, followed by desert consisting of my renowned apple pie with lavish helpings of cream. There is a barbecue lunch on the Sunday at 1 PM, following the official weigh in.

The fishing in this area can be quite challenging. However you will be given plenty of advice and guidance and possibly even guided by one of the Bairnsdale club members on some delightful stretches of the justifiably famous Mitta Mitta River. He can also fish some of the many other surrounding streams. They should all be flowing well and running clear by this time.

We need to know numbers at least two weeks prior to the date. If you would like to be part of this great weekend then please contact either Peter Campbell on 9744 3308 (after 8 pm) or Mike Jarvis on 9822 4017.

President's Message

The evening of Friday, August 23, saw the holding of this year's VFFA Annual Dinner at the Celtic Club. The dinner was attended by close to 70 members and by all indications was a very enjoyable event. Jim Allen delivered a most amusing address on "Why men fish". Details of Jim's dissertation can be found elsewhere in this Newsletter.



I would extend my personal thanks and that of all members of the VFFA to the generous donors of amazing and expensive items that formed part of the Raffle on the night. We were able to offer 10 Raffle prizes to lucky winners with each one worth hundreds of dollars. Thank you for your generous ongoing support of our Association. I would encourage all members to take note of who our donors are and make sure that they invest with them whenever they are adding to their range of equipment. Our thanks also to Peter Boag and David Grisold for their effort in canvassing the donors and collecting and categorising the prizes.

The President's Casting Day was conducted on Saturday, August 24, following the Dinner. This year the Casting Day was conducted purely as a Social Occasion, without the casting competition. This decision on the day was made by consensus as many members who would normally attend this event were unavailable for various reasons, and others who did attend were not able to stay for the time needed to conduct the event professionally. It was decided that the Official Casting Competition will be held on the first of the Sunday Casting days at the Red Tag Pool next year, which is Sunday, June 1, 2014. The event will be extensively promoted in the Newsletter before the close of the season in order to attract a very large number of participants.

Whilst talking casting, many thanks to Joe Haslauer for his sterling effort in running the Sunday Casting this year and having a "perfect record" in not having missed one day. I would also thank Peter Campbell for his usual "top job" in catering at the President's Casting Day.

Please make a note in your diaries that the Annual General Meeting will be held at the Celtic Club on Thursday, September 19, at 8:00pm. As usual, those wishing to dine prior to the meeting need to register their intention by phoning the VFFA Message Service on 0498 254 497 before 5:00pm on Wednesday, September 18.

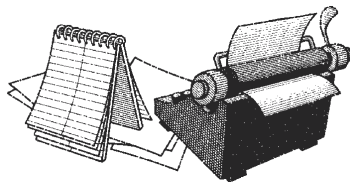
Whilst your diary is out also make a note to keep the evening of Thursday, October 17, free in order to attend the October Meeting to hear and view the presentation by Hamish Hughes and Rick Dugina on their recent expedition to Alaska.

Bookings are now open for the Bairnsdale and Warrnambool Weekends in October and November respectively. Details of each of these events are contained in this Newsletter. They are both extremely popular, so don't delay - BOOK NOW.

Best wishes,

Terry Rogers (President)

From the EDITOR'S DESK



“During the season one or two days are set aside for shooting trout. An ordinary hard-nosed .303 bullet is used, and the best time of day is the afternoon. The fish are generally seen in groups. The stalker must be sure the bottom is shingle or hard sand, and the water two feet or less in depth. If the shot is a good one the fish will slowly float to the surface, belly up, and be carried away downstream. A day’s stalking may yield a sack full of fish averaging seven to ten pounds each. When friends are invited and a larger haul is required, a net is put across the entrance to the stream. This allows very few to escape.”

Or this: “Dynamite is very freely used in their destruction. A favourite modus operandi ... is to drive all fish from above and below a bridge to take shelter under the bridge itself, ... and then when a sufficient number have collected the ruffian on the bridge drops his death-dealing charge over the parapet and lies low for the explosion. After that he has simply to reap his harvest.”

Good heavens! Where and when did these scurrilous activities take place? Both accounts, in fact, describe fishing practices in New Zealand in the early 1900s, and were written up in reputable New Zealand sporting books of that era. They were quoted in an article by New Zealander Bryn Hammond on angling ethics.

Angling ethics are, of course, a step beyond the rules and regulations laid down by the bodies that manage fisheries. These bodies prescribe the open and closed seasons, allowable methods, size and bag limits, and so on. Beyond that there are sometimes stipulations and conventions set down at the local level for particular fisheries. As an example, many rivers in the UK are owned or at least managed by clubs, and these clubs set such rules as ‘no nymph fishing before July – dry fly only till then’ (or so I’ve been told).

In 1981 I lived near Hamilton in New Zealand, and on a number of occasions had the pleasure of fishing the fabulous Tongariro. At that time the conventional method was to fish big wet flies on sinking lines, casting them across the river and allowing the line to swing down and around in the current. Then you retrieved your line, took a few steps downstream, and repeated the process. Thus you worked your way steadily down the pool. If someone arrived there after you had commenced fishing then the local rule was for them to commence fishing upstream from you and follow you down. In other words, if you were there first you got first crack at the fish as you worked your way downstream. But 1981 was just a few years after the big revolution – when anglers discovered that fishing nymphs upstream under an indicator on the Tongariro was often a lot more productive. And of course the nymphers commenced at the tail of the pool and worked their way upstream, and later arrivals were obliged to drop in behind them and follow them up the pool. I can’t recall now what happened when a downstreamer and a nymphers were both fishing the same pool, but it was no doubt riveting to watch. At the height of the season the river was quite crowded and it was not unusual to see up to eight or nine anglers fishing some of the bigger pools. Things could get a tad testy. I heard stories of anglers getting caught up in the trees behind, laying their rods down to go back into the shrubbery to untangle their kit, and discovering on their return that someone had jumped all over their rod tips with big heavy boots. Not sure how that fits with angler ethics and local rules.

After all fishing ethics are simply good manners, courtesy and thoughtfulness applied to angling activities. The fisherman there first gets first go at the fish, and should be given plenty of space to do so. If ‘angling ethics’ or ‘fly fishing ethics’ is entered into Mr Google there are heaps of sites bouncing up, all saying much the same. At this point I’ll stick my neck and suggest that in my experience fly fishers mostly exhibit ethical behaviour. It’s those other practitioners who mostly let the side down. Just one example, typical of many, occurred to a colleague at Warrnambool some years ago. He was fishing the lower Merri and had seen a fish rise two or three times, so sat quietly for a few minutes to see what it might be taking. Along came one of the local Bogans with a snapper rod and a monstrous conglomeration of metal, blades and feathers hanging off the end. The fish rose again, so he stepped right in front of my dumbfounded mate, hurled his lure into the spreading rings, wound it back in vigorously, caught nothing, made some comment about the stupid fish obviously not feeding, and charged on upstream, splashing his way through all the water my mate was hoping to fish.

As I said, fly fishers just wouldn’t do that sort of thing, which is why I enjoy their company. I trust the new season, now open, is kind to you all.

Tight lines,

Lyndon Webb

ELDER STATESMAN – Hubert Reichelt

Dermot O’Brien continues his series on the VFFA’s Elder Statesmen.

Hubert is an elite fisherman who has become an expert in New Zealand’s South Island Rivers.

How and when did you get interested in Fly-fishing?

Near the end of the war my family relocated to a picturesque village in the Bavarian forest nestled in a valley surrounded by trees. The most fascinating part was a beautiful little stream that flowed through the village that teemed with coarse fish such as redfin, eel, roach and catfish. Upstream from the village the stream continued through the forest for at least another 15 miles, thus forming a beautiful freestone section with clear and highly oxygenated water, ideal for the trout.

This stream became the training ground where I honed by streamcraft. My first fishing outfit consisted of a fixed line attached to the end of a stick that was a straight shoot from a hazelnut bush. The line was some strong thread out of mum’s sewing basket and the hook was a bent pin that also came out of the sewing basket. Although you were not allowed to fish there without a licence, no-one took any notice of a 6 year old dangling a line in the water, not even Mr Bucher who owned the fishing rights.

Unfortunately there was nobody there who could show me how to fish, as the men were still at war. It took me two seasons to work out a few fundamentals: firstly, the fish were eating worms throughout the season and grasshoppers, beetles and house flies in summer, and secondly, the fish would not take the bait if they could see me. So I did most of my fishing on my knees or laying on my stomach and pushing the rod over the bank.



As I grew older Mr Bucher's tolerance grew thinner, to the point where I not only had to conceal myself from the fish, but also from him. Luckily he never saw how many fish finished up in mum's frying pan. I could no longer carry a rod to the river, so I hid a number of them along the river and only carried some monofilament and hooks in my pocket. I fished like this with great success until age 15, when I had to stop because the consequences could have been serious had I been caught poaching.

After I came to Australia I began to fish again in 1968. I found it a fisherman's paradise with near unrestricted access to thousands of miles of trout streams. I still bait fished with either scrub worms or mudeyes, using an outfit consisting of a soft-action fly rod and a small spinning reel with a six pound line on the spool. I was in my element walking upstream casting to sighted fish. Apart from netting, there is no deadlier technique than bait-casting for catching trout.

During the 1975 summer holidays I stayed with my family and two other couples in a private lodge at Falls Creek. One morning, when it was still dark, I drove to the river at Glen Wills to catch some trout for a dinner we had planned for that evening. This was the day I took my first step to becoming a fly fisher. When I returned I had 16 trout in my bag with the best weighing 2 lb. Later that afternoon I came across Don, an old acquaintance. I invited him for dinner but he declined as he was holidaying with another couple. That was quickly resolved when I told him that they were also welcome. When the two couples arrived, Don introduced me to a young Tony Brothers. Tony's attention was instantly drawn to two baking trays in the kitchen, filled with trout. He was very interested to find where I caught them. Before we'd finished the first glass of wine, Tony and I had decided to fish the evening rise on Rocky Valley dam the following evening.

Tony was first at the rendezvous point and was dressed like a male model in a catalogue. He wore a silk scarf and a beautiful open-necked shirt and pressed trousers to match. I have never forgotten his expression of utter disgust when he looked me up and down. I was already in my chest waders with a belt around the waist, holding a tin of mud-eyes. I am sure that when Tony gave me the look he was thinking, "How did I get involved with this bait-flicking scrubber?"

We drove to a bay protected from the wind and fish were rising everywhere. Tony was casting to them within a few minutes and the rhythmic action of his fly casting looked to me like poetry in motion. That evening I decided that this was the way I wanted to catch trout. On my return to Melbourne I bought a fly fishing outfit and a book (*A Fly-Fisher's Life* by Charles Ritz) to learn how to use it effectively.

The biggest hurdle for me was learning to cast and it took several fishing trips with Tony before I caught my first trout on the fly, which Tony made me release. As my casting improved my fish bag bulged and smelled of fish, much to Tony's dismay. I was slow in taking up catch and release until Tony put his foot on the accelerator. One morning we pulled up next to a small creek with a strong hatch in progress. We decided to split up - Tony opting to fish up from the car and I walked up the valley for half an hour before I started. This was one of those days when all the fish in the river were out to feast on the hatch and our flies. At the end of the hatch I had just over

20 fish in my bag and decided to walk back, anticipating that Tony would compliment me on my haul. It wasn't to be. As I got closer Tony gave me that 'Falls Creek' look again, and when he inspected my fish bag he lost it! He began his abuse with: "I hope you choke on the fish bones and die a slow death." After he calmed down I got a long lecture on conservation, limited resources, and sharing with others, etc.

Later that day, on Tony's recommendation, we held a small ceremony with the lowering of my smelly old fish bag into a rubbish bin in the main street of Corryong. From then on it was strictly catch and release, and eventually Tony conceded that I had become a fly fisher and suggested I join the VFFA.



Did your interest in fly tying kick in?

Very soon after I took up fly fishing I also became interested in fly tying. Again it was Tony Brothers who showed me some basic techniques, and later I took part in a tying course organized by the VFFA. There is an added satisfaction in deceiving a trout with a fly you tied yourself, and you can become creative and develop your own flies for your favorite waters.

This adds a new dimension to your fly fishing and fly tying as you have to acquire extra knowledge about the insects, their behavior at different stages of development, where they are accessible to trout, and their sizes, shapes and colours. You also need to experiment with different materials in respect to translucency, buoyancy, durability, textures and shades of colours.

Where do you enjoy fishing most these days?

There is a popular belief that people have an instant affinity with places. For me, this place was the South Island of New Zealand when I first visited it almost thirty years ago. Over the years I have made long term friendships with farmers and guides, and have fished dozens of rivers with gin clear water. In recent years I've made the South Island town of Gore my base, as it is central to more than twenty rivers all within an hour's drive from it.

The main draw card is the Mataura River. It is said to be the world's best brown trout fishery and the townsfolk tell you the river level would drop a foot if you took all the fish out of it. This river produces spectacular hatches of small mayflies (*Deleatidium Vernale*) and caddis. It does not get any better than having the choice of a large number of rising fish to cast to. What makes it even more interesting is that the fish switch to different stages of the hatching insect, thus requiring keen observation and the matching pattern to keep catching these risers. When the fish are not rising there is excellent sight fishing along the edges. There are no prizes in guessing that the Mataura River at Gore is my favorite fishing spot these days.

Gear: Do you keep it simple or do you have a small tackle shop at home?

I definitely belong to the tackle shop classification. I have 15 rods, 19 lines, 6 landing nets, 5 fishing vests, 3 pairs of waders, and 2 pairs of wading boots. For fly tying I have acquired 41 top

capas and numerous other boxes of deer hair and furs, every colour of tying thread, well over 2,000 hooks, 3 tying vices and last time I counted, some 261 fishing books.



When I go fishing I don't travel light. I take two rods - a four weight and six weight. This allows me to adjust to different sized rivers, and I have a spare in case of a breakage. I also take two reels, with a spare spool for each, and a landing net. My fly vest holds most of the weight. It weighs 9 kg without lunch and water supply added. On the positive side, there is nothing I am missing while I fish. I still carry nine fly boxes. So far I haven't been concerned about the extra weight as I have been reasonably physically fit. When the day comes that I have to reduce the weight, that will be the day when I have to let the fish come to me rather than me chasing them.

Favorite set-up (rod, reel and line)

My favorite set up is the one I use in New Zealand. I fish a variety of rivers there. Some are big, some are fast, and some are big and fast, with fish in the four pound plus range not uncommon. I tend to stay further back from the fish when I cast so as not to spook them, and as I release all my fish I want to bring them to the net fairly quickly to avoid overstressing them. Finally, you need a bit more grunt when the wind picks up. All of this calls for a strong rod. The best compromise for me is a 9 ft 6 weight fast action carbon fibre rod. A quick action is beneficial in fast water when there is still slack in the line when you have to commence the back cast. The bigger arch of a long rod allows you to pick up more slack before commencement of the power stroke, and the fast action requires a relatively small angle for the power stroke to finish in the vertical position. At the moment my preference is a Sage One, not only for the above attributes but also for its superior accuracy. In Australia I fish almost exclusively with a 9 ft 4 weight Loomis rod. This was a good rod when it came on the market, but I plan to replace it with an 8'6" 4 weight Sage One. The shorter length is an adaptation for the many overgrown smaller rivers in Victoria.

The importance of a good reel for trout fishing is somewhat overrated in my view, as it only has to store some line. To balance my 9' 6 weight rod and to make use of the above refinements, I now use the Sage 4280 Large Arbor reel with a Rio Gold #6 weight forward line. With respect to accuracy, this line performs well both up close and at distance with both small and larger flies, thanks to its positive front taper. The long back taper makes it easy to mend and roll cast. I like this line for its all-around features. When the wind gets up I change to a #6 Sharkskin line, which performs better in the wind due to its higher line speed. The tradeoff is a slightly less delicate presentation which is somewhat compensated for by the wave action created by the wind.

Thoughts on Leaders:

As I mentioned earlier, I started my fly fishing journey by reading the book *A Fly-fisher's Life* by Charles Ritz. I treated it as a textbook as I still was a blank canvas, and I adopted his formula for the 9' precision trout leader that I then used for many years. When the knotless tapered leaders came on the market I wasted no time in adopting them. My leaders are now very simple, maybe

even unsophisticated. In Australia I start off with a tapered 9' 5X leader and when it gets shorter from changing flies I tie on a 4 lb 15 inch fluorocarbon tippet. In New Zealand I fish with a 12' 4X tapered leader and tie on a 6 lb fluorocarbon tippet up to five feet long, depending on the depth the fish are feeding at and the speed of the current. These leaders work well for me and I have never had a knot on the tippet come undone since I started using them.

Are you a river or a lake man?

Without the slightest hesitation I can say that I favor rivers. More fish can be seen, the trout lies are more predictable, and it is more challenging to catch a fish and land it in moving water. The fishing scene is constantly changing with every bend in the river, it demands more skill to avoid or to minimize drag, and it is easier to hide yourself from the fish. For me the biggest attraction is simply the enjoyment of being there. I sometimes don't catch a fish, but I never think I've had a bad day if I was by a river. Just to see the water carrying your fly and threading itself past the rocks and other obstructions while listening to the ever-changing sounds of moving water is enough to totally relax you.



But there is also a lot to be said for lake fishing. In fact some fly fishers I know prefer lakes. I fish the lakes when rivers are flooded and dirty. Also during summer, when the cicadas are on the wing, there is some spectacular fishing in lakes that are surrounded by brown tussocks or native bush. When the wind comes up the insects get blown into the lakes where the fish are waiting for them. If you pick the bank with the offshore wind you can cast to rising fish as they swim back and forth looking for cicadas. However, on the downside it can be very slow fishing the lakes when the fish are not rising or not patrolling the edges.

Does the array of gear available today help or hinder?

When I started fishing as a boy of 6 years, with an outfit that came out of mum's sewing basket, I would have thought that this is all I needed. Later, when I saw for the first time monofilament line and barbed hooks I didn't waste any time in sacrificing my pocket money for these new innovations. The next time I spent money on fishing tackle was in Australia. The new equipment was again a massive upgrade from what I had before, and I saw no need to acquire anything else that could improve my fishing until seven years later when I geared up for fly fishing. From then on I spent almost every Friday evening at McKillop Street, looking for another nice-to-have fishing utensil, which became increasingly easier to find after I took up fly tying. In addition, there is also an ever-increasing choice of purpose made clothing and fly fishing literature. The explosion of fly fishing materials and equipment over the last 10 years is an indication of a growing sophistication in our sport and I hope it won't slow down soon. The nice part is that it is up to the individual how much she or he wants to collect from all that is on offer. A bigger choice means a better chance to find what you are looking for, and I am therefore all in favor of expanding the range even further, as there are products that are still not yet available.

(Part 2 of Hubert's Elder Statesman story will appear next month.)

In Praise Of Wet-Wade Fishing

(by Bob Roles)

Getting wet when fishing is not always a pleasant experience. At twilight, or after dark, there is usually a chill in the air and waders of some sort offer warmth and comfort. This is usually the case when lake fishing, especially in Tasmania, or in the Snowy Mountains region. Early and late season fishing on our rivers often involves cool windy days, and water temperature to match, so staying dry in waders has much appeal.

In north-east Victoria, from November onwards, day temperatures gradually increase, with hot to very hot days through January, February and March. This is grasshopper time, the most exciting part of the season, and wet-wading the rivers and creeks at this time holds many pleasures. It is a wonderful experience on a hot summer morning to feel river water against your skin, to be immersed in the environment, to have a sense of 'connection' with that place. In waders it is not the same, they screen you from this sensation. And as the day heats up, so does the wader-attired angler, with no relief other than in the shade of a tree.

Getting wet, and staying wet, is what makes hot day fishing enjoyable. Unencumbered by waders, it is possible to fish a four or five hour session, over a considerable distance, provided you continue to 'stay wet' and rest occasionally in the shade of trees. This is usually the time for my streamside sandwich and apple, which always enhances the experience.

Our esteemed past president, and long serving past editor, John Philbrick, is a great wet-wade fan. John prefers the bare legs approach and his trademark voluminous shorts, with feet protected by large, chunky Simms wading boots, and believe it or not, no socks! On one outing with John, I noticed he was hobbling, and in apparent discomfort. When I commented on this, his reply was minimalist: 'Pebbles'!

My preference is for non-designer gear and pre-loved denim cotton jeans. My footwear is canvas gym boot style of runner (Converse brand). On summer holidays and fishing each day, two sets of pants and shoes allows for end of day laundry (quick clean-up) and next day drying. My footwear is light and comfortable, and encourages distance fishing. This type of set-up is good for negotiating wire fences, but electric fences must be treated with extra care, as wet clothing will ensure a full electric shock if the wire is touched. A good means of testing 'on/off' is by touching the wire with a piece of green grass (not wet). If the fence is 'on', there will be a vibrating sensation through the grass stem.

A downside to my lightweight footwear is that they are slippery on river stones. To offset this I carry a lightweight three-piece telescopic wading (or walking) stick. I have a lanyard attached with self-closing clips, which allows the stick to be trailed along from behind my belt. When not in use I store it in my sugar bag with a strap, making sure that the lanyard is connected to the strap clip. It is easy to lose a stick from a bag if this is not done. The wading stick is also very useful in getting down, and out of, streams with steep or scrubby banks. I'm using an Italian brand 'Fizan ultra lite 158 grams, compact' (model ALU7001). For wading across large flowing rivers like the Murray and Swampy Plains, a quality wading stick is a small price to pay for the added safety it offers.

Some people might think that wet-wading invites snake bite. I've never been threatened by a snake when fishing, though I've seen probably hundreds over the years, just as people in waders do. The safest bet is to leave a snake in peace, but remember where you saw it for when you return!



Footwear potential. The lightweight runner is inexpensive if purchased from K-mart or Target stores, but as mentioned previously, the rubber soles usually offer poor gripping on smooth river stones. If industrial grade felt, say 8mm or 10mm thick, could be attached by a boot maker as an 'over sole', in-stream performance would go to another level.

At days' end I like to change into dry pants and socks at the car, relax in a camp chair and reflect on the fishing day with a mate and a cold beer. Could there be anything better?

Bob Roles

President's Casting Day

It wasn't too bad weatherwise – cool, overcast, and not much wind. The members started arriving around 11 am and by lunchtime there was a goodly number gathered around the barbecue. Some 30 members attended over the day, but they came and went at different times. Jim Higgs was one of the keen casters, and he had clearly spent time working on his casting. He was giving it a lively workout in superb style and his casts easily managed to reach well beyond the width of the casting pool. That's a long cast, and very impressive.

A few others pulled out rods of varying shapes and sizes and used the opportunity to get the arthritis out of the casting arm prior to the new season. But most of the interest was simply in enjoying a relaxed and very convivial social gathering. Old mates and colleagues who had

known each other for years devoured a sausage or two whilst standing around chatting about the issues, trivial and serious, that occupy the attention of keen fly fishers when they get together.

The day usually ends with some serious competition casting, as there's an important trophy at stake – the Tom and Frank McDonough Memorial Trophy. Joe Haslauer, our very organised manager of the Sunday Casting program, was all set to go but the contenders were reluctant. So after some serious discussion it was decided that the Trophy deserved a more worthy occasion. So casting for the Tom and Frank McDonough Memorial Trophy will now be held on the first day of Sunday Casting next winter. Which gives us all plenty of time to do some practice.

So ended a very pleasant gathering. Our thanks to Peter Campbell for organising the barbecue and magnificent apple pie, to Joe Haslauer for his time and effort in helping set up the day, and to all those members who came and whose presence added to the occasion.



Bullen Merri Trip - August 2013

(... Richard Kos)

Mick Crewes and Gordon Baker arrived at Lake Purrumbete Caravan Park mid-week, to be greeted by some foul weather which was not quite bad enough to stop them launching their boats and trying for some of the near double-figure trout that had been captured in previous weeks. By the time I arrived on the Thursday afternoon Gordon had opened his account with a brown trout of about 3 lb, taken on one of his fiery brown pot-scrubber nymphs, and Mick had caught and released a small Chinook salmon, 25,000 of which had been stocked a couple of weeks earlier.

Friday morning's planned early start was thwarted by the weather. We woke to the sound of pelting rain, howling wind, and Gordon's cry of 'bloody hell' as he slammed the door shut and quickly retreated back to bed. On Friday afternoon we were joined by Lester Walton, and then David Wakefield and Ray Boucher arrived from Gippsland, with Terry Rogers and John Permewan close behind.

In the afternoon the weather cleared a little, so we all fished, either land-based or from boats. Despite some serious endeavour the end result saw no fish landed, so as evening fell we adjourned to the rotunda, fired up the wood fire, enjoyed a barbecue supplemented with our beverage of choice to ward off the cold, and consoled each other.

Saturday morning saw Bob Lock and Bill Hewitt arrive from Warrnambool. They launched their boat at Purrumbete and joined the boats of Mick and Gordon. The rest of the crew located themselves at various points along the shores of Bullen Merri and Purrumbete. Mick and I anchored off the waterfall shore, some sixty feet from Gordon. Gordon then managed to land nine small Chinook salmon and a 2½ lb brown, while Mick and I couldn't get a touch! No one else was lucky or clever enough to land a fish during the day.





Saturday evening saw our group of 10 all neatly scrubbed and preened and suitably attired for the meal at John Menzies' house. We were greeted by John with his bagpipes, and just prior to the commencement of our dinner, the haggis, carefully carried by Gordon, was piped in by John. Mick followed with the implements of destruction. Our three-course meal, prepared by Wendy and ably assisted by Virginia, was outstanding; there were lots of exclamations of "We'll definitely be back next year!"



It is with much gratitude and appreciation that we extend our thanks to our host John for his generous hospitality, and to Wendy for her cheerful nature and fantastic culinary skills. A most enjoyable evening was had by all, and it is hoped that this annual tradition will continue. Thanks to those who supported this trip and a special mention to Hugh Maltby who set the ball rolling earlier in the year.

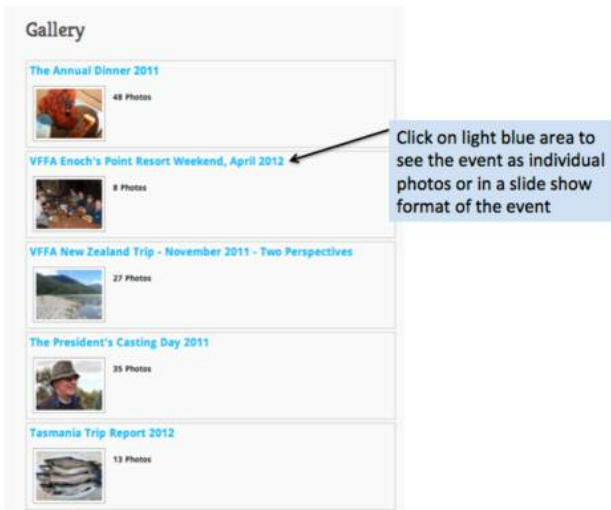
New Member Welcomed ...

It is our great pleasure to welcome Tony Armstrong into our ranks. We trust that he enjoys many years of pleasurable and fulfilling membership of the VFFA.

Gear Review Tab: This tab features video reviews of various types of fly fishing gear. The below image shows the format.



Gallery Tab: This section is a pictorial of VFFA events and trips. It is presented in a list of event titles with the number of photos about that event. See below format.



Members Tab: This area is allocated primarily to administration of our Association broken into ACCOUNTS, FORMS & PAYMENTS as shown below.



By opening this tab, the below image explains its contents.

Accounts, Forms & Payments

Annual Accounts to June 2012 - [download](#)
Event Registration Form - [download](#)
VFFA Risk Management Program - [download](#)
AGM Notice - [download](#)
Form Proxy 2012 - [download](#)
VFFA Nomination Form - [download](#)

Payments

Payments to VFFA can be made by direct deposit or BPay, details of where payments should be lodged are detailed below.

Please identify your name and reason for payment in the deposit spaces provided.

Direct Deposit from another bank account to VFFA account

- BSB 182 512
- Account number 960547289
- Bank, Macquarie

BPay

Bill Code: 667022

Ref: 960 547 287

Report and forms down loadable by clicking on the blue highlighted link

Payment to VFFA details, BPAY or direct deposit

Sponsor & Related links Tab: This tab is dedicated to acknowledging our sponsors and providing a list of fly fishing related web links, seen below are those current links:

VFFA VICTORIAN FLY FISHERS' ASSOCIATION

HOME ABOUT NEWSLETTERS ACTIVITIES & MEETINGS FISHING MEMBERS SPONSORS CONTACT

Home > Related Links

RELATED LINKS

Sponsor & Related links

Links:

Related Links

The following are some helpful information links to fly-fishing related subjects.

They include peak Australian fishing bodies and New Zealand sites.

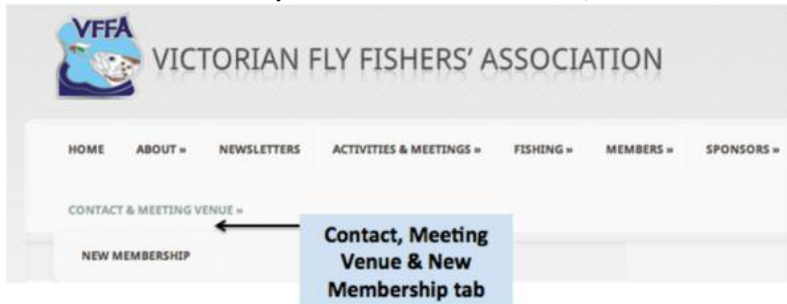
Information generally fly-fishing related subject.

Name of link	Link
Australian Trout Foundation	http://www.atfonline.com.au/
Bureau of Meteorology	http://www.bom.gov.au/
Fly Fishing by Wikipedia	http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Fly_fishing
NSW Fisheries	http://www.dpi.nsw.gov.au/fisheries
NT Fisheries	http://www.nt.gov.au/d/Fisheries/
NZ Fisheries	http://www.fish.govt.nz/en-nz/default.htm
TAS Fisheries	http://www.ifs.tas.gov.au/ifs/
VIC Fisheries	http://www.dpi.vic.gov.au/fisheries
VR Fish	http://vrfish.com.au

Live related links

Contact Meeting Venue & New Membership Tab:

This tab covers the above subjects in detail as discussed below;

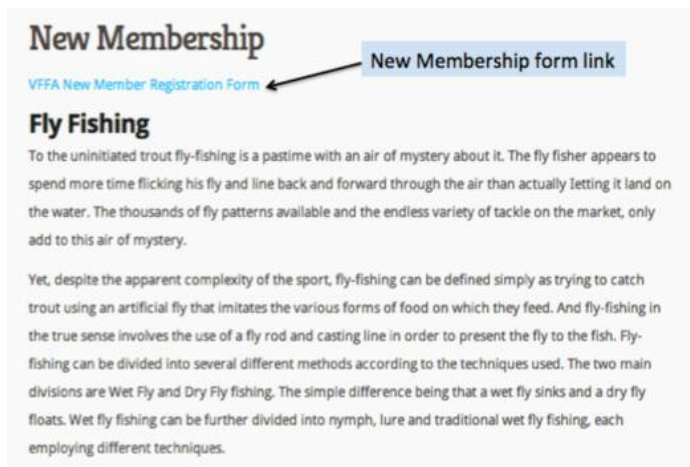


Contact details show:

Contact details are provided for the VFFA Organisation, President, Secretary and all current council members and office bearers. Other details include email addresses to current office bearers, monthly meeting venue address and dinner booking information, and a list of all office bearers' names.

New Membership:

The new membership tab provides an introduction to fly fishing and a link to download new Membership Form as shown below.



Warrnambool Season Opener Weekend & Dinner

It's on again – the Season Opener to Warrnambool and District - from Friday, November 15, to Sunday, November 17. Following magnificent visits to the Warrnambool area over past years we will do it all again for this year's opening weekend.



Accommodation has been booked at the Surfside Holiday Park - a very comfortable complex in a great location. The accommodation has been booked in cabins from arrival on the Friday until departure on the Sunday.

We will fish a number of local rivers including the Merri, Hopkins, Mt Emu and Moyne. These rivers offer a wonderful variety of fishing to some very big brown trout. Both wet and dry fishing styles may be employed, depending on the height and clarity of the water.

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. Jim and his wife Trish will be our hosts. Members will each share the cost of this meal and provide their own drinks.

The Notice of Event (NOE) was published, with all relevant details, in the last (August) newsletter.

This will be a great weekend, so reserve your spot now by contacting Terry Rogers on mobile 0438 553 326. Hugh Maltby is the official convener but he is away for a few weeks.

When he arrives home he can be contacted on - mobile 0423 283 079, or email address: redntag@hotmail.com.



Tichborne Watercolour - McLaren Lake

FLY OF THE MONTH

Gary LaFontaine's 'Emergent Sparkle Pupa and Deep Sparkle Pupa', as tied by Hubert Reichelt



The Emergent Sparkle Pupa



The Deep Sparkle Pupa

(Hubert offers the following background on these two quite deadly patterns.)

Gary LaFontaine is credited with discovering the triggering characteristic of hatching caddis flies and the subsequent development of fly patterns that display this trigger in a lifelike and dynamic way. His research is now legendary in the history of fly fishing – three years of painstaking work, with hours spent in scuba gear lying on the bottoms of pools watching trout feeding and taking, among other things, caddis at all stages of their life cycle. His investigations revealed that trout are primarily attracted to the light reflections from gas bubbles in the loose filmy skin surrounding the fully developed caddis during the hatching stage. When the insect cuts itself free from the pupal cocoon the thorax section of the sheath surrounding the insect fills with gas as it drifts along the stream bottom.

This is one important stage when trout feed on caddis, and the insect is best imitated by the Deep Sparkle Pupa. When the envelope is filled with enough gas the insect becomes buoyant and floats to the surface, where it hangs on the underside of the surface film to hatch. During the time it takes to cut through the pupal shuck and fly off it is floating downstream in the current. This is the stage where trout feed on the hatching insect, and is imitated by the Emergent Sparkle Pupa.

The big challenge in developing patterns to imitate these stages was the construction of a pupal shuck that retained air bubbles while the fly is in the water. After countless experiments Gary La Fontaine came across a new type of synthetic fibre, a trilobal filament called Antron, developed by DuPont for the carpet industry. Antron fibres have the following unique properties - they are highly reflective of light, and more importantly, they resist meshing together in the water. Each strand retains a space around itself, forming small traps to hold air bubbles in the water.

To tie these flies it is important to use Antron made by DuPont, or the only other satisfactory alternative – “Creslan”, made by the American Cyanamid Corporation. Many other reflective fibres have entered the market, but none are as effective as Antron or Creslan, and thus are not recommended.

How effective are these sparkle pupa flies? I can recall an episode when I was fishing a freestone river in New Zealand with John Basemore. John was ahead of me and fishing a section of river without moving. When I caught up to him he pointed to the run ahead and told me there were eleven trout lined up there, all visibly feeding on the bottom. He had tried every nymph in his fly box without a single take, so he invited me to try my luck. I had seen some caddis flies fluttering around in the air so tied on a weighted Deep Sparkle Pupa. Success was instant; in a little more than half an hour I caught nine of the eleven fish.

On another occasion I was with a guide on the Mataura River when we came across some rising trout. The guide suggested that I tie on a Dad’s Favourite, which I found a bit odd, as some of the rises were quick and splashy, indicating they were taking caddis. I didn’t want to argue with the guide as he was the boss, so went ahead with his suggestion. The fish kept rising but ignored my Dad’s Favourite as it floated past. Eventually I suggested to the guide that I would like to try a caddis pattern, and I tied on an Emergent Sparkle Pupa. In quick succession I caught four trout, two of which were just over 4 lb.

As there are many different types of caddis in our trout waters I strongly recommend that anglers obtain some samples from their favourite streams so that they can match the colours and sizes when buying or tying sparkle pupa patterns. Brown is a very common colour for caddis flies, and olive or green and grey are other common colours. The patterns given here are tied in brown:

The Tan and Brown Deep Sparkle Pupa

Hook: Mustad 94840 in mainly sizes 14 and 16, though very occasionally size 12.
While the Mustad hook is my personal preference most nymph hooks would be suitable.

Thread: Brown 8/0

Weight: Fine lead or copper wire

Underbody: A dubbed mix of 50% Tan Antron Yarn and 50% brown fur (possum for preference). The underbody needs the Antron as this adds sparkle to the pattern.

Overbody: Tan Antron Yarn

Antennae: Dark Partridge fibres

Head: Three or four brown marabou fibres (or a couple of turns of short brown ostrich herl).

Tying Procedure:

1. Tie thread on the hook shank from the eye back to the bend.
2. Wind the copper or lead wire along the hook shank from about a quarter of the distance back from the eye to three quarters of the shank length, and then cover it with thread to secure it.
3. Separate one ply out from some four ply tan Antron yarn and completely fray about 3 inches of it with a fine comb or an old toothbrush.
4. Spread the strands sparsely along the top of the hook shank and tie them down at the bend of the hook, then trim off the stubs.
5. Cut off 1½ inches from the yarn and leave the frayed piece dangling off the rear of the hook.

6. Repeat steps four and five with a similar piece of yarn tied under the hook shank.
7. Take some of the prepared dubbing mix and dub the chopped blend onto the thread and wind the underbody three quarters of the way up the shank towards the eye. Then pick out the thin underbody to make it shaggy. The hook should now look like this:



8. Pull the top strands of Sparkle yarn overbody forward and spread the strands evenly and sparsely over the top half of the underbody. Tie these down lightly in front of the underbody. Repeat this procedure for the strands under the shank and tidy these strands on the bottom side of the shank. Tie these down loosely too.
9. The overboard now covers the entire underbody in a sparse envelope, the operative word being sparse. Before trimming the excess stubs in front of the underbody take a dubbing needle and pull the overbody sheath strands even looser.
10. Now tie down both parts of the overbody hard in front of the underbody and trim off the stubs.
11. Tie in a few long wisps of soft Partridge hackle fibres so that they sweep back along the lower half of the fly on both sides and extend just beyond the hook.
12. Tie in three or four strands from a brown marabou feather just in front of the tied off Antron yarn, then wrap these strands clockwise around the thread to form a rope. Wind the covered thread to the eye of the hook. Tie off the formed head and add some cement to complete the fly.

The Tan and Brown Emergent Sparkle Pupa

- Hook: Mustad 94840 in mainly sizes 14 and 16, though very occasionally size 12. However for this pattern, which is designed to hang in the surface film, a dry fly hook is needed.
- Thread: Brown 8/0
- Underbody: A dubbed mix of 50% Tan Antron Yarn and 50% brown fur (possum for preference).
- Overbody: Tan Antron Yarn
- Wing: Deer Hair
- Head: Three or four brown marabou fibres (or a couple of turns of short brown ostrich herl).

Tying Procedure:

1. Here the tying steps are the same as above for steps numbers 1 – 10, except that step 2 is obviously omitted as this pattern is not weighted.
2. With the point of the scissors pull a few of the strands of the top overbody free so that they dangle off the back. These represent the loosening sheath of the emerging pupa.
3. Cut a pinch of dark brown deer hair with speckled tips from a deer skin and level the tips in a hair stacker.
4. Tie a short wing on top of the hook with the tips level with the upper overbody (as per photo above).
5. Again, tie in three or four strands from a brown marabou feather just in front of the tied off Antron yarn, then wrap these strands clockwise with the thread to form a rope. Wind the covered thread to the eye of the hook. Tie off the formed head and add some cement to complete the fly.

VFFA Glasses

The VFFA has a very innovative and energetic marketing man. Hugh Maltby organizes the stocks, and is always on the look-out for new items to attach a VFFA logo to and sell to members. Thus we have badges, caps, shirts, polar fleece jackets, cloth badges for fishing vests, ties, diaries, and even a fine BBQ apron decorated with the VFFA logo.

And the latest addition – fine sets of wine glasses or whisky glasses. These are of excellent quality, and come in a set of six, for the modest sum of \$40 per set. An excellent gift – for yourself, spouse or colleague.

Stocks are kept in the VFFA room at the Celtic Club, so members wishing to purchase a set of these glasses merely need to bring their money to a meeting.





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 Peter Boag 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
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 2013 Annual Dinner:

- Aussie Angler Pty Ltd • Armadale Angling • Australian Fishing Network
- Bernard Holbery • FlyLife Magazine • Hayes on Brumbys • Hookup Bait and Tackle
- J. M. Gillies Pty Ltd • Mayfly Tackle • Millbrook Lakes Lodge • Mountain Stream Company • Nick Taransky Bamboo Rod Maker • Pro-Angler Tackle • Ray Brown Onkaparinga Flies • Stevens Publishing Pty Ltd • The Compleat Angler Box Hill
- The Flyfisher Tackle Store • Vision and Pisces Fly-Fishing Tackle

VFFA Meetings & Activities

September 2013

- 11 Council Meeting – 7:30 pm at the Celtic Club: preparation for the AGM
- 19 **Annual General Meeting - 8:00 pm at the Celtic Club.**

October 2013

- 17 **General Meeting - 8:00 pm at the Celtic Club: Alaskan Adventurers
– Rick Dugina & Hamish Hughes**
- 23 Council Meeting – 7:30 pm at the Celtic Club
- 25 – 27 Re-scheduled Donger Challenge at the Bairnsdale Fishing Lodge

November 2013

- 15 - 17 Annual Warrnambool Trip – Convenor Hugh Maltby
- 21 **General Meeting - 8:00 pm at the Celtic Club – Book and Gear Auction**
- 27 Council Meeting – 7:30 pm at the Celtic Club

December 2013

- 12 **Christmas Dinner at the Celtic Club - Guest Speaker: John Diggle
(CEO Tasmanian IFS)**

February 2014

- 12 Council Meeting – 7:30 pm at the Celtic Club
- 15 – 21 Annual Trip to Tasmania, staying at Hayes on Brumby's
- 27 **General Meeting: 8:00 pm at the Celtic Club (TBC)**

March 2014

- 20 **General Meeting: 8:00 pm at the Celtic Club (TBC)**
- 26 Council Meeting – 7:30 pm at the Celtic Club