



The Vice

Newsletter of the Tasmanian Fly Tyers' Club Inc.

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Autumn Vice April 2013

Presidents Report



With the season drawing to a close and listening to the members reports on the catch rates over the past few months, it does not sound as if it has been the best of seasons.

Like a lot of states and neighbouring countries the weather since late December has been dry and this has impacted on the levels and temperatures of the lakes and rivers. This has been reflected in the bags taken by anglers. The low levels and reports of exposed and rotting weed on Little Pine have been cause for concern and reported by one of our club members.

Interestingly this brought on further environmental discussion, with reports of cattle feeding and roaming in Woods Lake. It is common knowledge and a worldwide problem that the waste material produced by animals and birds has detrimental effects on the water quality of lakes which impacts on the quality of fishing.

I have just returned from New Zealand and spoke about this matter with officers from the Department of Conservation and they are now deploying helicopters to take water samples from lakes considered in danger and have real concerns in the problems of lake pollution.

I guess what I am driving at here is that all users of our finely balanced eco system should be doing all possible to ensure that our much lauded pristine waters are looked after.

Doug has included in this edition of the Vice an article from Martin Cottis who is known to many of you. As you will see he also raises concerns about our angling practices. Martin travels the world visiting many fishing locations and is well qualified to make the observations he has scripted in his article.

On another matter, the shack upgrade program with Brian McCullagh and Tony Dell at the helm at the Great Lake is due to commence and we will see a much improved water system and driveway surrounds soon. Also the live-in weekend at the Tiger Hut is drawing near so I encourage those interested to book in with Lyndon Cubbins as there is a limit to beds available.

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Coming events

	Date
Casting Day – Ross Scrim’s Place	7 April
Tiger Hut Fly tying weekend – see Lyndon Cubbins	31 May – 2 June
Snowy Ranges Family Day	June 16



*A nice little fish taken on a stream in NZ just recently .
The beautiful handmade Huon Pine net was a gift to me from
John O’Halloran many years ago.*

*“They don’t have to be big to be memorable.”
-Malcolm-*

With autumn and Easter on us we will be looking for the Jassid beetles, ever hopeful of large falls of them and rising fish. This would be nice to close out the season.

Tight lines,

Malcolm

Editorial

The Autumn Vice started out slowly with just an article by me and the promise of one from Craig Granquist. I thought it might be a little light on but then...

It all started with a wonderful article by David Young about his trip 'out west' and continued with a great contribution from Martin Cottis with some very thought provoking comments and some brilliant pictures to add even more interest. To begin it all Malcolm has written eloquently about his ideas for our smaller lakes and the importance of thinking to the future

One theme that seems to have emerged is that many of our club events seem to be pretty light on for attendance. I know the committee has discussed this and I am wondering if there are any suggestions or thoughts about this and whether it is an issue for members or not.



It was also great to attend the Wooden Boat Festival this year and see some wonderful wooden boats owned by some of our club members on display. There were the beautiful handmade boats belonging to Malcolm Crosse and Ross Scrim



The highlight for me was seeing Dennis Abbot's Fazackerly Dinghy – The Mayfly – on display in PW1. Dennis told me a few stories about this very special little boat which I hope to record for future editions.



Thanks to everyone for being so positive about The Vice. It is much appreciated.

DM



The boys at Spot On fishing tackle have kindly provided the Club with 4 vouchers to the value of **\$30** each for this year's **competition**. I'm sure everyone will join with me in thanking the lads for this kind support, and continue to patronise Steve's shop. Vouchers can be picked up from the Editor at your leisure!

**So...Write the best story and win a
\$30 Spot On voucher!**

Have a go
Simply send your entry to Doug Miller
douglas.miller@education.tas.gov.au

*This time the prize goes to **David Young** for his remarkable (and strangely calamity free) account of his trip into February Plains. It is always good to read entries from such a skilled writer as David.*

Vitamin Dee

Everybody knows that Tasmanians need a regular dose of Vitamin Dee. So it was for this very reason that Chris and I set off late on Friday night, boat in tow, for Dave Chote's Dee Lagoon weekend in late February this year.

I always enjoy the trip up to the Dee. The road through Strickland is unsealed but always interesting. Travelling at dusk means wildlife and lots of it, so we drove slowly to avoid skittling too many of the local species. It always seems further in the dark and we eventually reached the turn off to Dave's camp at about 9.30pm.



Now the track in to the camp is not for the faint hearted or owners of newer vehicles to say the least. It is very narrow, rough and overgrown – deliberately so. Dave doesn't want to encourage too many visitors to his paradise! As we finally pulled into the camp we were greeted by the fire in the magnificent stone fireplace and immediately set out to see if the beers we had brought with us had survived the trip. Luckily they had.

The talk was of the weather and that there was virtually no insect life. Nothing was hatching so there were precious few rises unless there were wind-lanes

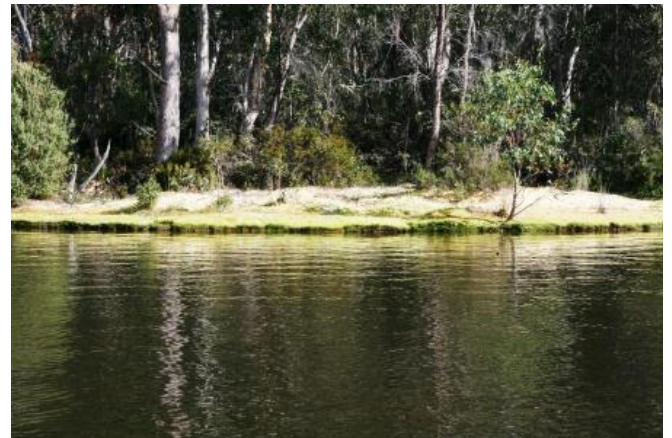


An early start was planned but the wind in the trees at 'sparrows' suggested that the hoped for wind lanes wouldn't really eventuate so a sleep in until 7.00 and a leisurely breakfast was in store. When we went out on the

lake though we found that there were indeed the wind lanes we wanted but they were rapidly being dispersed by the prevailing winds. Curses!



The winds continued to pick up and the temperature rose making fishing difficult. I managed one nice brown and Dave kept a very nice rainbow of about 2 ½ pounds. Surprisingly both fish were full of brightly coloured beetles. These were nowhere to be seen – not in the air or floating in the water – a mystery that remained unsolved for the whole weekend.



The decision was made to set up the spit in front of the fire and put on a leg of lamb – one of Dave's specialties. This proved to be a splendid idea and five hours later we tucked into the sweetest and juiciest meal I have had in a long time. Stories and beverages flowed as the day moved on.

The image of a *gulp* (the very suitable collective noun) of cormorants 200 strong sweeping through the lake was particularly vivid. Dave said he had caught fish with puncture marks in their flanks. He also said that there were no fish cruising the edges like they normally did, and for the whole trip I saw none!



We fished the non-existent evening rise and then returned to camp in order to check that the red wine we had brought with us had survived intact. Luckily it had.

We polished off the last of the lamb and talked bush craft. Dave is a walking encyclopedia of how to camp magnificently. If I were to become lost in the bush I would probably managed to linger pathetically for a while before succumbing to the powers of nature. Dave would survive. In



fact he would actually thrive!

There is an inherent beauty in a well organised camp site and pleasure to be derived from the many rituals of camp living. Dave revels in this and it was a privilege to witness his mastery of the camp site. We went out fishing again in the morning and Dave packed up camp. When he left the site that was so civilised, so ordered was completely returned to nature. Not a skerrick of evidence of his 10 day stay was left other than the magnificent rock fireplace. It was, if anything, cleaner than when he arrived! This was the art of camping at its highest.

The weekend was brilliant. The company was excellent. Dave was the perfect host – knowledgeable, entertaining,
The Vice Tasmanian Fly Tyers' Club



and generous to a fault. The only disappointing part of the trip was that there was only the three of us sharing this weekend. I would urge all club members to support this trip – it is an absolute highlight of the fishing year and all of us need a bit of Vitamin Dee!

Now if only the jassids that were all around the car on the way out were to come on...

Doug Miller

Fly Tying on the WWW

The World Wide Web is a treasure trove of information and tips for the fly tyer. YouTube in particular reveals a staggering number of responses to the most basic search. In this new trial section of The Vice the focus will be on some interesting tyers and techniques. If you have any favourites that you think should be shared with our members please send them in.

DM

With the sad loss of Bridges Bros the options for refilling fly tying boxes has been somewhat thrown in to disarray. Our good friends at Spot On do a great job and deserve our support but many people might now begin to look to the web for more exotic gear.

These are just a few local sites that have been suggested that you might like to check out before looking overseas.

The Fishing Connection
Hobart



<http://www.spotonfishing.com.au/hobart.html>

(Ross Pullen will post
stuff overnight)



<http://www.essentialflyfisher.com.au/>

<http://flyshop1864.com.au/>



<http://www.rodandfly.com.au/>

[Fly Life Online Stores](#) –a list of advertisers that support them



February Plains in February

I'm sometimes disappointed that more members of our club don't avail themselves of the 3,000 or more lakes that pepper the Central Plateau. All right, some of us have bad backs or knees, others have young families and a few probably can legitimately claim to be too old. But as I approach 70 (less than six months now and counting), I'm a bit sceptical about that excuse!

There are to my knowledge about ten club members who regularly walk to the Western Lakes. Even so, what used to be the annual club walk to Lake Lunka or Halkyard or wherever has almost disappeared from our Activities calendar. This year the programmed walk was replaced by the trip to Fergus. Last year Peter Langton and I were the only starters, and I suppose it's fair to say that our hopeless misadventure (to cut a long story short, we got lost!) didn't exactly encourage fellow members to emulate us.

And so, before Peter and I and fellow walker, Steve Martin, set out on a three-night trip to February Plains in February, I decided I'd write a piece about it for *Vice* in an attempt to stimulate fellow club members into lifting their game.

Of course, I expected to be able to recount the capture of scores of fish. But in the Western Lakes that rarely happens. So the account that follows, while not filled with screaming reels, bowed rods and whoops of success, is closer to a typical trip: a number of fish sighted, almost as many hopeless stuff-ups by over-excited anglers, a few fish - and a few tales to tell.

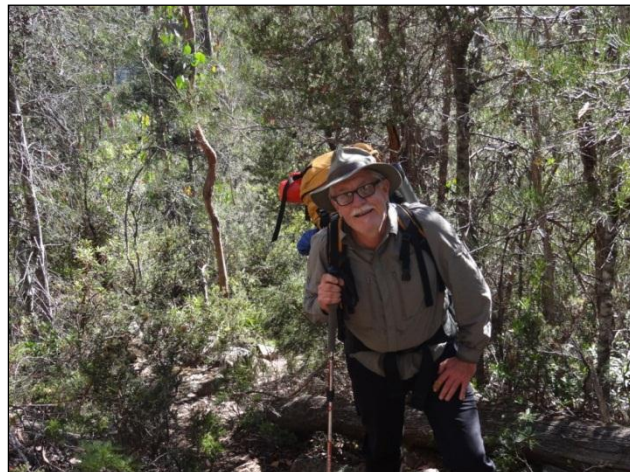
For any inspired by this article to fish the tarns of February Plains, don't expect to see many fellow anglers. Although an article about fishing the area appeared in *FlyLife* a couple of editions back, few it seems have followed in the footsteps of the anglers featured in that story, none other than our own Danny Rimmer and Chris Walsh, who regularly fish there for early season frog feeders.

Peter, Steve and I met one other angler in February Plains, a young chap called André who was already camped at Home Lake when we arrived. He visits the area a couple of times every year, he told us, and we were the first fellow fishermen he'd seen there - ever.

Maybe distance is the problem. It's a four-hour drive from Hobart to the start of the walk. But if you break that journey at the club shack, you'll have plenty of time the following day to drive, walk to the campsite and fish. That's what we did. The drive from the club shack goes past Mole Creek, and then takes the road to Lake Rowallan. But before that lake is reached, there's a road to the right just south of Lake Parangana called Maggs Road. A left fork leads down Arm Road to the start of the track, which is well sign-posted: the Arm River Track.

And it's steep! Not at first, but after quarter of an hour there's a pinch that tests your fitness level. Plenty of rests are in order. After about an hour and a half you come to

Lake Price. Almost as soon as we arrived we polaroided a 3-pounder there, but decided to press on to the campsite, about two hours - fairly easy walking distance. But for those with less time on their hands, there are good camp sites on the southern shore of Lake Price, and the fishing there is good, as one of us discovered a few days later.



And it's steep

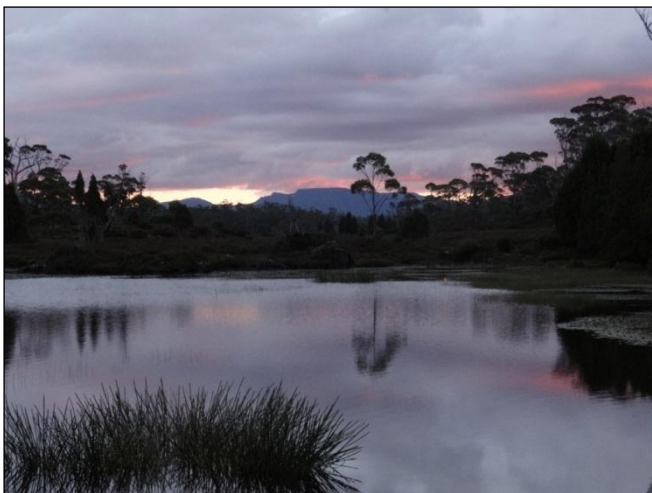


Plenty of rests are in order



Lake Price, Mount Pillinger behind it

If you want to walk further into the system, you'll need the Rowallan 1:25,000 map. There's an unnamed lake, christened by Danny and friends Home Lake, centre round map reference 264735. To get there, you push due north from Lake Price through light scrub to get to a very open valley through which a nameless creek runs. There are quite a few reedy tarns on the creek, and Danny said that they hold fish. So I guess they would - in spring after a wet winter; but in February they looked pretty sad and fishless.



Home Lake at dusk

Once you've reached the same latitude as Home Lake, a short push west uphill through light forest takes you to the lake itself. If you go round the top end of it to get to the great camping on the far shore, you'll come across a sign telling you that you've reached Lake Steers, which your map shows you to be about 2½ kms further west.

The sign was erected as a memorial to the late and legendary Basil Steers, the last Tasmanian snarer, who worked the area and built several huts there. Why his friends, who put the sign up, got the lake's name wrong I don't know; or maybe it's the map that's wrong. But for one of our party - no names, no pack drill - it was neither map nor sign that was wrong, but the guide. And not for the first time!

Eventually, we agreed that we were indeed where we were supposed to be, and pitched our tents by a stunning grove of pencil pines. The views of Mt Pillinger and the more distant peaks along the Overland Track to the west were stupendous.

Most of the water close to the shore of Home Lake is shallow in high summer and we saw few fish there, just a couple nosing around in the weeds at dawn and dusk. We tempted none on the first night and consoled ourselves with St Agnes Brandy. And in the bush, even that tastes good!



Even St Agnes brandy tastes good

The following day we headed for the chain of lakes holding the true Lake Steers, open walking north-west along Wurragarra Creek (the main creek system of the area), then south-east up a tributary flowing out of an unnamed lake centred on map ref. 245729.

It's a beautiful little lake with many bushes to hide behind, rocks to polaroid from and gin clear water. Peter spotted a good fish right away - and spooked it. Steve hooked one soon after; it rose from nowhere, engulfed his fly, ran like an express train - then straightened his hook. He was still blaming himself as he walked out two days later.

We all saw more fish, and as is common on a first day in the Western Lakes, spooked them or missed good takes. We then walked north-west a few hundred metres to the true Lake Steers, another beautiful lake with rocks, weed beds and more magic views. And fish! This time it was my turn to miss a good take. I set the trap, watched the fish all the way to the fly, then pulled it clean out of its mouth.



A beautiful little lake

The next lake up this system is long, slim and shallow. Peter walked the uphill bank, Steve and I the lower. Not one of us saw a fish. And so to the top lake of the system, a shallow disc of water little more than 100m in diameter. We didn't expect much from it. But right in the middle there was a dark shape. Was it.... ? Yes, it was moving. I'd seen it first, so my fly was out before anyone had a chance to challenge. And this time, for a change, both fish (a 3-pounder) and fisherman did everything right.



Doing everything right for a change

We concluded that it was the only fish in the small lake (André told us later that it wasn't), and walked back down the long skinny 'fishless' lake. This time I took the high side, and almost at once saw a 4-pounder cruising under the bank towards me. I responded brilliantly by catching a tree. The fish disappeared as miraculously as it had appeared. Where did it go? Where had it been? How many others were there, cleverly concealed in that slender knee-deep pool? We saw no fish in Steers, but covered quite a few taking a scattering of gum beetles in the nameless lake below it. To no avail.

The next day we walked the 4 kms north to Lake How, the most celebrated lake on February Plains. Greg French says of it: 'you can wade all over the lagoon. Polarizing is superb - the fish stand out against the pale silt-flats.' We hadn't brought waders, but Peter and I had trousers the lower legs of which unzipped. Steve, though, had to throw modesty

to the winds, which he did from a discrete distance - happily well out of camera range.

And so we 'wet waded'. Between us we covered most of the lake, the water nowhere more than knee-deep. And it was warm! That, we felt, was the problem. The fish were too hot. But where they were hiding was a mystery. We knew that they were there, because André told us that he'd caught one the day before, and fishermen never lie. But after a couple of hours we'd had enough and trudged back to Home Lake.



Wet wading Lake How

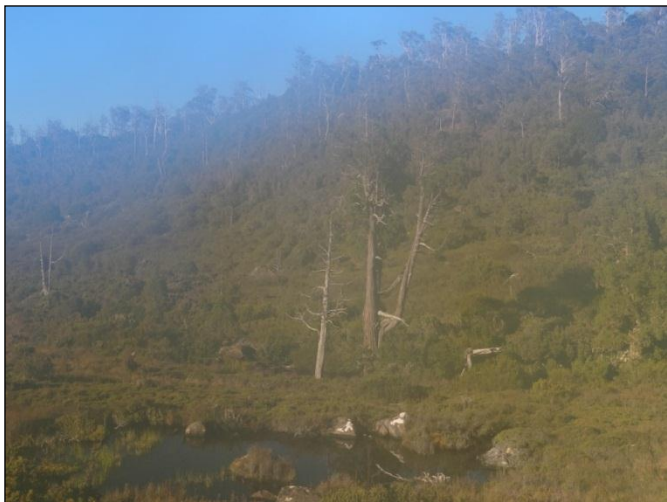
It was a long, hot walk, so hot in fact that Peter decided to take a dip in a small pool just above Home Lake, while Steve and I walked on. As he pulled his naked body out of the pool - so he told us later - a March fly landed on him. Making use of the skill he'd perfected over the past few days, he swatted it - then tossed its corpse in the water a few metres from him. Needless to say, a trout rose from the depths and ate it. Luckily Peter's attempts to catch it with an artificial fly failed or the new Olympic sport of nude fly-fishing might well have been born, with Peter more than likely its sole exponent.



Steve and I had no success wading in Home Lake either. Though in the middle we did find deeper water - and fish. They were skulking on the bottom, no doubt conserving their energy in the lukewarm water, reluctantly moving off when virtually kicked.

The following day we walked out, with Steve and Peter fishing Lake

Price while I climbed to the top of nearby Mount Pillinger. Once again they spotted fish, and this time Peter caught one: he saw it rise (one of the few rises we'd spotted on the trip), put a fly in front of it and ten minutes later had a 4-pounder on the bank. Sadly, I and my camera were too far away to capture the moment. I tried to persuade Peter to put a bend in his rod by hooking a rock so that I could fake a picture that way. But he wouldn't. Too honest by far, that lad!



Sheer beauty



Sheer beauty

So that was it: four days, three fishermen, two fish and one straightened hook. We have done better in the Western Lakes, much better. But we've done worse too. If you want lots of fish, the area can't be recommended - though often the fish you do get are big.

But for scenic beauty, the chance to enjoy great company, a touch of adventure and the kind of fishing that's as close to hunting as angling can get, the Western Lakes region has no equal. More club members should find out for themselves. For me it's the acme of our sport.

David Young

Ad-Vice -Tips and Tricks

Gadgets, gear and good ideas are always close to the surface whenever fly tyers get together. This regular section of The Vice features recommendations, quick reviews and tips to make the fishing experience even richer. Please feel free to send in any tips you might like to share.

This is the first of a planned series of Ad-vice gleaned from members with many years of experience in setting up their boats specifically for fly fishing. If you have any tips to offer please drop me a note and it will feature prominently in the next Vice.



Dave Chote has one of the best organised boats I have been in. It is a Stacer Bass boat which he has fitted out himself. It has casting platforms at the front and rear and storage for everything built in. The result is a perfectly clear fishing surface with no tangle points at all. He is particularly pleased with the wide gunnels he had installed as these not only add strength to the boat they provide a safe place for two fully rigged fly rods.



The team at M.A.S.S. Welding in Moonah did all the form work and Dave fitted the marine ply and carpet himself.

I used them to modify my boat too by adding a step and a rail on the back. This makes it an absolute joy to climb in when launching and saves my dodgy hips and remarkable level of agility. It is also really useful when I go diving and want to get back in with my wetsuit on.

Andrew Dyson sent these shots in and said – ‘I don't know if it's too late or not but I just saw the minutes from the last meeting and thought I would send through some photos of my Quintrex 385 Explorer.



I bought it new in 2008 as a normal open tinnie and a mate and I did the fit out to fish the bream tournaments but it works just as well for fly fishing.



We welded in 25X50 box aluminium for the frame and then it was all sheeted with 12mm exterior ply which we primed first. All the timber was then covered in marine carpet and after 5 years is still like new.



*If anyone has any other ideas about setting up your boat please take a shot and send them in. It doesn't matter how simple it seems to you – if it makes fishing more enjoyable or boating easier then please share it with the Vice.
DM*

A Pom down under

My son is studying Chemistry at Bath University. In his third year he had to opt to do research or go for an industrial placement. He opted for research, and that led to my recent trip to Australia. His research work was to be at the University of South Australia in Adelaide. 19th May was his starting date (poor lad had barely put his pen down from his end-of-second-year exams, when I was waving “goodbye” at Heathrow Airport).



My wife and I started formulating plans, but with her teaching there was only the possibility of a quick visit over Christmas or Easter (unlike Australia and New Zealand our authorities don't consider unpaid leave in any circumstances). Of course for me, January February and March are ideal times to travel down under, as I will not be guiding on our lakes (closed until late March) and there would be the added bonus of getting a few days fishing in Southern hemisphere waters. My wife has been thinking about a career change for a while, so in the end decided to hand in her notice to quit at Christmas thus freeing us to travel as we pleased.

We arrived in Melbourne on our son's birthday – his present being tickets to the Australian Open tennis, where we watched the splendid game between Roger Federer and Jo-Wilfred Tsonga. That fabulous game was followed by the women's doubles semi-final featuring rising Aussie star Barty – the sensational sixteen year old! From Melbourne we went on to Adelaide. Having spent a fair amount of time with our son we were all happy about moving on, and he in any case had to get back to his research. So, after the Great Ocean Road drive, we flew to Hobart. It is ten years since my last trip here, but thankfully not a lot was different! I spent the first few days in a beach house belonging to Phil and Di Thompson at Cremorne. It was idyllic and it was difficult wrenching ourselves away from there. It helped that each day we saw a sea eagle (two at times), had a school of dolphins display to us one afternoon and had good fishing for flatheads, and a few encounters with hefty stingrays!

We moved on to Malcolm Crosse's shack at Penstock lagoon. On the way I stopped at the airport to meet a doctor friend – Steve Bishop from Adelaide. I got to know Steve when he was living and working in Bath – he did

about eighteen months there and wanted to learn to fly fish during that time. For years we had talked about a trip to Tasmania, and so as soon as I planned this one, Steve signed up to join me. We launched one of Malcolm's boats on Penstock almost before we had unpacked. There was barely an hour of the day left, but we both managed a decent fish to start the holiday off.



The next day we had a chance to look around the lake a bit more. I was astounded to see so many boats out on a midweek day – schools were back, so the holiday season was over. I could see at least sixteen before we went in for lunch, though I forgot to count again later. All sorts of craft were afloat. At least two anglers were fishing from kayaks, there were a couple of rowing boats like ours, and then there were some serious bits of kit operated by guides. Not much was being caught. Steve and I managed a brace each – both managing to land a brown and a rainbow, all four on dries and all of decent size, with Steve's brown being over five pounds.



I know that Malcolm has long campaigned to have Penstock and similar sized lakes restricted as to the size of motors allowed out (never mind the size of the craft launching!), and having witnessed the activity on our day on the lake I can certainly understand his reasoning.

Next day we headed off to Arthur's lake. This lake on my previous visit was the most wonderful place to fish. The

dead gum trees in the water were just stunning to look at, and fish around; the fly life was amazing and the fishing superb. This time on a decent day for fishing I felt confident that we would see some fish up and have decent sport, but it was not to be. We tried plenty of fishy spots and barely saw a rise.



Eventually we found a few fish feeding in marginal weed and managed to catch four fish. All were thin, I would say emaciated, and didn't really offer much resistance. They were also rather small. The best of the four might have nudged a little over the pound mark. I later heard that there is a huge amount of these small fish in the lake this season and when they are feeding it is difficult to get through them to the larger fish!

As the fishing at Arthur's was not great we put the boat back on the trailer and headed over to the Great Lake. We only had a couple of hours to fish here but we saw some good fish and all three of us managed to hook (if not land) fish that were much larger than at Arthur's. I spent about forty minutes in the boat (I landed one and lost one) before I fished along the shore for an hour. I fished my small dries, placing them in scum lanes or behind likely rocks and attracted the attention of around a dozen fish. As usual, on my first trip on a new lake I was far too fast on the strike for several, but I landed two lovely fish and had another three shed the hook whilst playing them in through the rocks. It was lovely fishing though.

Next day we headed to the Western Lakes. First off we launched our small fibreglass boat that we took in on the roof rack, on Lake Ada. Steve and Malcolm fished from that whilst I worked my way round the bank. We agreed to meet at the stream that feeds through to Ada Lagoon. I walked slowly and had the best morning's fishing of the trip. The sun was up and the wind was light and so I was able to polaroid the shallow water close to the bank. As on my other trips in Tasmania, I opted to stay with dry fly. This was an easy decision as there was the odd trout rising and plenty of insects were buzzing around. I had not walked too far when I saw a fish cruising. The fly went out and the trout rose to it, only to turn away last second. However, I had a dropper on (a size 14, as opposed to the size 12 on the point), and after I had given the leader a twitch, the

trout came and engulfed the smaller of the two flies. What a fight! Many yards of line were taken as the brownie ran out through the shallow water and even more amazing was that in such clear water in the bright conditions I could see every twist and turn as the fish tried to rid itself of the fly. However, as I don't compromise on my leader (I rarely find a need to fish lighter than 3X as with dry fly THE big issue is getting the leader under the surface film, with light breaking strains tending to get trapped by surface tension) I soon had the trout by my feet. Without removing it from the water I unhooked it and let it rest for a few minutes before watching it swim away out of sight.

I caught four fish and missed (struck too soon again!) another two, whilst I also spooked a couple of fish. But, that was wonderful fishing! I am so envious of anyone living within reach of these fisheries. Wild fishing at its best...yet!!!! My enjoyment was suddenly shattered as a huge boat with a very large motor on the back rounded a headland and headed towards me. The "guide" was oblivious of my presence as I was sitting on a rock taking in the atmosphere, enjoying the sounds and smells of wilderness fishing. When he eventually spotted me on the rock, I was already being swamped by waves and surrounded by the smell of petrol fumes. How can you allow such boats onto wilderness lakes? You have surely one of the most amazing fisheries in the world, yet you are setting it up to be destroyed! I collected several empty beer cans, bottles and crisp wrappers that day and subsequent days! How can anyone carry in a full bottle or can, and yet not be bothered to carry the empty (and so much lighter) container home? I was not too fussed about fishing after that – and it didn't help that the wind got up and cloud covered the sun.



The following day, as the weather was still set fair we returned to Western lakes. This time we fished Lake Kay to start with. But, considering how good the conditions were we saw no fish. I again walked the shore and after over half a mile and not a single trout (but three tiger snakes encountered) we decided on plan B which was to walk up to the smaller Double Lagoon, which was about two kilometres above our lake. We set off, with Malcolm saying he was not certain about the exact direction as he had not

done the trip for thirteen or so years! Several times in the next hour I climbed onto a fence post (whilst being supported by both Malcolm and Steve) to scan into the distance. At last we found our destination and relaxed for the last couple of hundred metres. Imagine our disappointment at arriving on the bank to find a husband and wife couple having a break from fishing for their lunch, and two other anglers round the far side thrashing the water! Apparently there is now a decent track to enable anglers to drive to within a couple of hundred metres of the place... At least we found an easier field to walk back across so that we could head for home!



The only boat out on Lake Kay that day was a pontoon boat. That is a most sensible way of fishing this fragile environment and should really be encouraged. I hoped that we would get close enough to the guy fishing to have a chat, but we

thought it best not to disturb him, and so made a wide berth of the area he was in. Back at Malcolm's shack, with an amazing sunset to watch, I again noted a load of boats out on Penstock lagoon.

On my return to the U.K., I opened my "Salmon and Trout" magazine. The first article that I read was by Stan Headley – a man who has fished for Scotland many times and a regular columnist in the monthly. His article was about how rarely the trout rise and feed on the surface on many Scottish lochs these days. He remembered how it was common place to catch twenty or thirty trout a day back when the ghillies had to row the boats around lochs. Now, he says with the introduction of five horse power motors (and even, heaven forbid, ten horse powered machines) it is obvious that the fish are being frightened away from the surface and from boats generally. Interestingly, this is exactly the view of ex-world champion (he won his gold medal in 1995) Jeremy Herrmann. Jeremy fishes in Ireland a great deal – he has bought a property on the banks of Lough Corrib and flies over whenever his diary allows if he hears that the fishing is good. He uses local ghillie Larry McCarthy most of the time.

Jeremy is a very shrewd angler and he has become aware of the fact that in the clear limestone water, now that more anglers are returning their catch rather than killing, the fish have become incredibly boat shy. He tries to fish with the boat showing the smallest profile, thus, he will not drift broadside on. He also spends much time on islands fishing from the shore so that there is no boat at all to spook the fish. Now that is on a lough where very few motors would be larger than fifteen h.p., and where the boats are generally traditional and of subtle colour, and compared with boats in Australia, pretty small!



So, I really think that moves ought to be made to look into the regulations regarding access to wilderness fishing! As I said earlier, you have something really special – unique. Once it is gone it is gone...

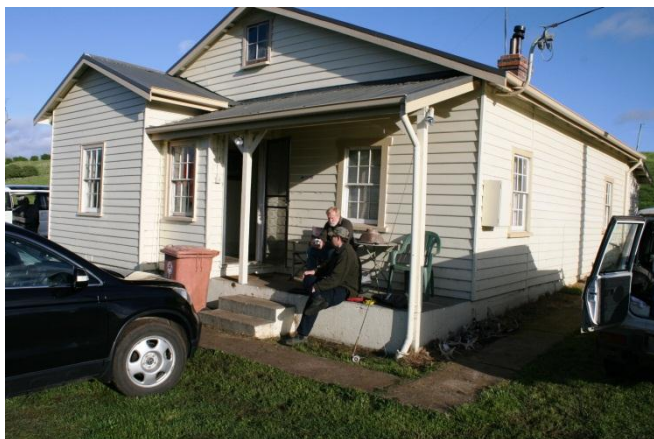
On a better note to end, I must say how welcome I was made to feel all round Australia. I was treated to meals, invited to stay in shacks and houses, loaned cars, offered flies and advice, and just generally made to feel at home. I moved on to New Zealand for two weeks after my month in Australia, and experienced some similar kindnesses, but to nothing like the extent that I experienced in Tasmania. My wife and I discussed our time in Australia as we were driving around and we both concluded that if we had our time again we would certainly make the move to the great outdoors we found on our trip. I am so envious of almost all aspects of your life down under. I am seriously hoping that my son thinks of a life with you once he has returned to Bath and completed his degree – then I will have a really good reason for visiting much more often! And, surprisingly I think my wife is of the same opinion even though she would find it difficult encouraging the boy to live several thousand miles away!

Martin Cottis

The Macquarie River Trip

This report was held over to encourage more members to attend the next rip proposed for November in the new season. Don't miss this great trip as the new venue is terrific!

DM



This year the Macquarie River field trip was held at a new location, Mount Morriston property situated 17km from Ross on the Tooms Lake Road.



We stayed in the river cottage that is located on a large Broadwater. There are beds for up to a dozen people with the space to pitch a tent outside if you wish. Everything that you need to be comfortable is supplied and everyone who attended was happy with the accommodation. We also had access to our other regular properties, Bloomfield, Fosterville and Ashby. Unfortunately due to there being a new farm manager at Beverly I was unable to gain access to this property. However we had plenty of river frontages to keep us busy.



The Vice Tasmanian Fly Tyers' Club

On the Friday night Doug Miller and I fished downstream from the cottage and I managed one fish on a midge pattern.



Members who attended were Doug Miller, Andrew Blackwood, John Smith, Peter Murphy, Bruce Barker and David Hemmings.

There were fish caught on each day although the fishing conditions were not ideal. Saturday was a tough day, I managed one fish from Fosterville late in the day. Some of the members went out to Tooms Lake on Saturday and landed a couple of fish.



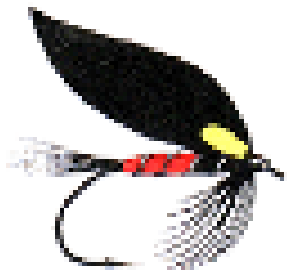
On Sunday I managed one fish from a run on Mount Morriston and three fish from Bloomfield. I fished here with David and Bruce. We had a good day, fishing to rising fish. The fish were few and far between but if we found rising fish they would take a well presented fly. We did have a short interlude where we had to convince a Tiger Snake that the other side of the river was a better place to be after it swam over to see us. After Bruce and David left I managed to get another couple of fish with one of those being one that David had dropped earlier whilst we were having lunch.



Overall we had a good weekend with some good company and good food, as always. I will be again trying to book this venue for the next trip.

Craig Granquist

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For Sale	Public Notices	Subscriptions
<p>(WWWD Revisited)</p> <p>What Would Westy Do? Well he would sell you his rod!</p> <p>It is a Sage Z Axis 10' 6 weight that has only been used about 3 times and is in mint condition</p> <p>Asking price \$320 ono</p> <p>Contact Westy at brian.west@westnet.com.au</p>	<p>For payments to the club</p> <p>BSB: 807 009 Account No: 12130456 Name: Tasmanian Fly Tyers Club Inc.</p> <p>Then email the details to</p> <p>Andrew Blackwood andrew.blackwood@education.tas.gov.au</p> <p>Please remember to clearly identify yourself for ease of recording your payment</p>	<p>Annual subscriptions will be due before the Annual General Meeting which is due to be held on August 19</p>
	<p>Club Website</p> <p>http://tasmanianflytyersclub.org</p> 	<p>Community Notice</p> <p>Your new committee</p> <p>President: Malcolm Crosse (03) 6244 7009 Vice President: Tim Munro Secretary: Peter Murphy (03) 6243 0288 Treasurer: Andrew Blackwood</p> <p>Committee Members Malcolm Crosse (President) Tim Munro (Vice President) Andrew Blackwood (Treasurer) Pete Murphy (Secretary) Tim Lewis Guy Nicholson* John Smith</p> <p>*Guy will be acting secretary whilst Pete goes swanning around the world for a couple of months</p>