



The Vice

Newsletter of the Tasmanian Fly Tyers' Club Inc.

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Spring Vice 2014



Inside this issue:

Christmas Island, Macquarie Weekend, Thread types , Old Timers and much more...

Cover shot – Ian Stokes stalking Mr Speckles at Mt Moriston Station Broadwater October 2014

President's Report

The season is well under way with some good catches despite tough conditions.

Field trips have gone well thanks to the hard working organisers Brian West, Craig Granquist and Tony Abel. "Stoksey", our activities man, has put together a fine tuned program for the year so let's make the most of it.

"Macca" with support from "Delly" have both shacks in top working condition just waiting to be used. It's not hard to get a shack booking these days and so let's beat the 17% occupancy we had last year. The Sorell shack is a great place to stay, a bit of a rustic step back to the past with the gas lighting; a base for Lake Crescent, and a good place for a trophy fish. The new committee is aiming to provide an exciting program to make the club more active and provide opportunities for members to get to meet, know other members and promote mateship. Chris Medwin, who is looking after the interests of our young members, sees helping people to find a fishing mate as a high priority. You can help by asking someone to go fishing with you; perhaps someone you have not fished with before. We are looking at something for the web page to link up people wanting to fish with a willing partner. We are also looking at giving the John Fowler Trophy another run in a simplified form.

Still looking for someone to look after older bloke activities and some young blokes to launch boats, and cut wood.

Well done David Young, Doug Miller and Delly for putting together the club inventory. David has done further work in sorting and preparing material for the archives and the fishing museum which offer safe places for our valuable material.

As I write this report from the shores of Lake Sorell I wonder why I am not out with the younger blokes who have been fishing Lake Crescent since the crack of dawn. I also feel grateful to be a member of such a great club but I wonder what we will be like in 10 years time? I really think we should all think about the future and take action while we are strong enough to sustain and enhance this great club.

A hot day today, insect life is building, the nymphs are active with a few duns emerging; you beauty! Its all about to happen!, Get your dry fly gear ready, grab a mate and head for the lakes. Do what we need to do as a club - get active.

John T Smith

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Editorial

The Spring Vice sees a welcome return to the warmer weather and a new President for our Club. The redoubtable John Smith will bring his wise leadership and years of experience to the club following on from the truly amazing Malcolm Crosse who did a fantastic job and has more energy than anyone I have ever met!

I assume the cribbage stakes will rise in importance to previously unseen heights under the watchful but dubious eyes of John. As I write this, the Committee is up at the Miena Shack in temperatures that the weather sites claims to be -1.5C but feels like -8.5! there are two good things about this – they will not be distracted by fishing and – I am home in comfort and not up there!

This issue sees a report on Pete's trip to Christmas Island and a bone fishery to dream of. He has done a brilliant job of it and has taken some great pictures. Those who heard him talk about his trip at the September meeting will enjoy this extra bit.

Craig Granquist again organised the Macquarie Trip at Mt Moriston and it was wonderful as usual – particularly on the Sunday when the wind finally dropped out.

Immediate past president Malcolm has submitted a wonderful and heartfelt report about a really successful trip with some of our clubs 'elders'. It is great to see that age has not wearied them!

Finally I should mention that I paid my first visit to Crescent for a very long time. It was really windy but was a fantastic experience exploring this lake that is now coming back onto the radar. The fact that I caught my biggest ever trout - outside of the Snowy Ranges that is – really added to the day. I assume that this will lead to the revitalization of the Sorell Shack.

If you are thinking of going on a trip, have bought some new gear or just have some issues you would like to raise then please put pen to paper or fingers to keyboard and send your thoughts in so that The Vice can become broader in its scope and more representative of the exploits of the wider club.

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
vice@tasmanianflytyersclub.org**

*This time the prize goes to **Pete Murphy** for his wonderful and inspiring Christmas Island Diary. No doubt this will inspire those of us who have been toying with the idea of visiting this fishing paradise before it becomes world famous.*



Macquarie River Brown



Christmas Island Diary 2014

Kiritimati (pronounced Christmas) has the greatest land area of any coral atoll in the world, about 388 square kilometres; its lagoon is roughly the same size. The atoll is about 150 km in perimeter, while the lagoon shoreline extends for over 48 km. Christmas Island comprises over 70% of the total land area of Kiribati, a country encompassing 33 Pacific atolls and islands. The photo below was taken from the International Space Station.

It lies 232 km north of the Equator, 6,700 km from Sydney, and 5,360 km from San Francisco. Kiritimati is in the world's farthest forward time zone, The opportunity to go on this trip came up unexpectedly when an old friend, Owen, who now lives in Victoria, contacted me to see if I was interested. This year was his third trip and he was going for two weeks, I went for the second week. I bought an 8-weight rod and reel, tropical floating line, leaders from 10 to 20lbs, 150 metres of 50lb backing, and a lot of sun protection gear. On Owen's advice I

typed about 150 flies, mainly Christmas Island Specials and Naked Charlies, in sizes 4 to 8, with varying weights through different size bead-chain or dumbbell eyes.

Day 1 I arrived on the island at about 6.30am local time after leaving Hobart at 6.00am the previous day. I had managed to get about an hour of sleep in this time (the hardest part was 10 hours at Nadi airport). The first thing that struck me was the state of the airport buildings, very dilapidated. I felt for the 100 or so other passengers who were flying on to Honolulu. They were told there was a stopover of an hour for re-fuelling and they would have to go to the transit lounge, which is also the departure lounge. The only facility in the lounge is a rather dubious looking toilet, no air conditioning, 30 C outside.





There were 10 of us collected by the Ikari House bus (the trip was organised through Gavin Hurley of Pro Angler). The drive to London took half an hour or so. Not many people about except for some kids on their way to school, almost no traffic.



We were given breakfast then prepared our gear and left to go fishing at about 9am. We were taken by boat to Paris 1 flats to chase a school of bone fish. Bone

fish school for spawning on the full moon and often stay in schools for several days after. It was a couple of days after the full moon.

We left the boat and started searching for fish, my guide, Peter (to avoid confusion) soon found one but I couldn't see it. I could however see the school, a brownish smudge on the surface. When the school came in range we all started casting frantically into the wind towards it and several people soon had fish on, me included. I was not really prepared and the fish took me 50 or 60 metres into the backing before I was able to turn it. After a couple of smaller runs I brought it in and was surprised that it was only about 2 or 3lbs.



The next one I hooked was considerably larger and raced off past several of the other fishers, again taking me well into the backing. The line then went slack when the leader was cut on some coral. This happened on several occasions during the week. I caught a couple of Picasso Triggerfish as well as another bone. The Picasso is a very colourful fish resembling a Leather Jacket. I didn't know Pablo had been to Christmas Island.



By about noon the wind had increased making casting hard so we returned to the boat for lunch and afterwards went to Texas Flats where we waded in knee-deep water looking for fish. The water was slightly turbid so I had no hope of seeing them and was relying on very precise instruction from Peter the guide – “cast 1 o'clock, 30 feet....wait slow strip, wait....slow strip..... cast again”. I caught a couple like this while the other more experienced guys, who could see the fish, caught many more (of the 11 of us in the group I was the only first-timer).

We returned to the lodge about 6pm for a well earned beer or two. I was sitting looking out over the water, barely able to keep my eyes open, when something crossed my vision. At first I thought I might be hallucinating from fatigue, then I realised it was flocking flying fish!

What I wanted most was a good sleep, but over dinner it was decided that we should leave at 5.30 the next morning to secure positions at Paris 1 so we could again attack the school. There was no need to set an alarm because our room adjoined the kitchen and the staff started at 3am!



Day 2 We arrived at Paris 1 about 6am, no others in sight. Peter decided he and we should wait until the tide dropped. So we did. When it had dropped enough he decided to wait until the sun was higher so we could see fish. So we did. I really enjoyed standing in the water for an hour or so to secure a position when no one else turned up and I could have been in bed. However I did catch several from the school, including a 6 pounder, which was exhilarating. I was also broken off when I didn't control the slack line and it wrapped around the rod butt.

Later we walked the nearby flats and I managed to see a couple of bone fish. We also saw a number of black-tipped reef sharks and a trigger fish. By the afternoon I was seeing fish reasonably well and caught 5 or 6.



Day 3 A few of the group went out to sea chasing sail fish and tuna. Gavin had caught an 11 foot sail fish on a fly the previous week – he used a rod rated 14 to 16 weight which he said you couldn't really cast with because it was too rigid. The technique used was to troll a teaser until a fish appeared, then feed out the fly behind the boat. It didn't really sound like fly fishing to me. Anyway, they caught a few yellow-fin tuna, so we had sashimi entree and tuna steak for dinner. They reported that the guides removed the hearts from the tuna as soon as they were pulled in, and ate them raw, while they were still pumping! Apparently they are thought to be the equivalent of Viagra. This, of course, resulted in some terrible jokes at dinner (Is that a gun in your pocket, or have you been tuna fishing?)

We went to Little Plantation where I hooked a large fish which took huge amounts of line in seconds. The guide yelled at me to run, I didn't know why but did as I was told. Then the line went slack, the fly had dislodged. It turned out that the fish was heading towards one of the many channels and deeper water, so there was the potential for the line to be badly damaged from dragging through coral on the drop-off, hence the need to run.



Later that morning we found 20 or 30 fish lined up and feeding in a tidal current. They were in water about 15cm deep, tail fins showing. I caught 4 from the group by casting a couple of metres upstream and letting the fly drift down to them, but couldn't get the big ones to take.

After lunch we went to Ricks Flat. By now I was seeing fish well and caught 9 or 10, some without assistance from the guide. In general it was much harder to catch fish in the afternoon, they were very easily spooked by the fly hitting the water, or by seeing the line. Accurate casting and good presentation were essential.

Day 4 we fished an area known as Back Country where there are a number of small islands with a few scrubby bushes on them, all occupied by nesting birds of various types. One of these is these was the Great Frigate bird which is prehistoric in appearance and seems to survive by hovering above the lagoon waiting for a smaller bird to catch a fish. It then harasses it until it regurgitates the fish which the frigate bird then grabs!

We found plenty of fish there and I out-fished Owen for the first time. He wasn't happy but I did have the benefit of the guide. I also caught a couple of Giant Trevally (small ones) which put up a good fight. It was my most successful day with 20 bone fish.

Day 5 we left at 6am and drove for about 2 hours to a coastal area known as the Korean Wreck. Unfortunately it was fairly rough so casting had to be done in the calmer moments between waves. Usually there was time for a few strips before the line was washed ashore. I caught a few GTs and a Blue-fin Trevally, but no bones. We didn't stay long and continued through coconut palms to the southern side of the lagoon. It seemed that every palm had a name carved into it. I assumed that indicated the person who had harvesting rights, but Peter said "No, people just like carving their names into trees". There isn't a lot to do on Christmas Island.



Day 6 - Overcast and very windy with heavy rain later in the day. We fished Y Side where there were very few bones. I had some fun chasing a large trigger fish, but I couldn't get it to take, they are bottom feeders so the fly needs to be placed very close. Eventually I scared it off.

We returned early because of the weather.

Day 7 - The final day we asked to go to the milk fish farm. This is an area of lagoons which have been fenced off with stone walls across channels which allow tidal flow but stop the milk fish getting through. That's the theory, but a few of them get through anyway and large, opportunistic GTs patrol the channels. When a fish escapes all hell breaks loose as the GTs smash it. For large fish (we saw some up around 100 pounds) they can move extremely quickly.



Owen had taken his 12wt rod, with the drag wound up as far as it would go, and some very large clousers. When we arrived he cast one into the channel below the wall and retrieved it slowly. It had almost reached the bank when the water erupted as a GT took the fly and headed for the lagoon. He followed it for about 100 metres along the bank of the channel until he could go no further, then after about 10 minutes, managed to bring the fish in. It was about 50 pounds, and as with all the fish we caught, it was released. We fished outside the farm until lunch catching bones, then went into the farm aiming to catch Lady Fish, also called herring. They tend to swim with schools of milk fish, but the guides were able to pick them out. I caught one small one.

Postscript It was a wonderful week. Long day, mostly we were in the boats by 7am and back by 6pm. It was almost all sight fishing with accurate casting essential. There were several broken rods in the group, so a spare rod is a good idea. I was lucky in that Owen was experienced and preferred to rely on his skills to see and catch fish instead of using a guide. This meant I had exclusive use of a guide (mainly Peter) for the whole time. The guides are amazing in their ability to spot fish. They are very well trained and professional – each of them had been through a course and 2 years of practical experience. The islanders have very little, but are friendly and generous. We were very well cared for. I hope to go back in a couple of years time.

Pete Murphy

Ad-Vice Tips and Tricks

Gadgets, gear and good ideas are always close to the surface whenever fly tyers get together. This 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.

I have never really liked the head cement that I had. I tried various brands and different ways of applying it but they always seemed to dry up too quickly or were really sloppy to use. I tried buying some of those remarkably expensive for what they are plastic bottles with the fine metal tubes coming out from them but found that they gummed up really quickly and were basically useless for me.

Everything changed when I was at the Tiger Hut and I saw people using glue in a nifty little yellow and blue container. It sat on the bench in 'go' position. I immediately thought it must be super glue but found that it was simple model glue. It cost less than \$10 and was readily available at the Model Shop next door to McCann's Music shop in Elizabeth St.



I was an immediate convert and have since found that there are many in the club who have been using this for years and will use nothing else. In fact many of them have only bought one bottle and this has lasted them for years!

Another form of glue is the UV resin. This involves the use of a UV Torch to set it. Basically the UV light cures the gel into a reasonably hard finish. It is fantastic for bringing out the colour in various threads and has the added advantage that it can be built up in layers. I have even seen a very simple buzzer tied on the hook itself being simply coloured in red with a permanent texta and then coated with UV resin. The result was a clear finish with a red bloodline running through it!

The UV Resin comes in thick and thin depending on what you prefer or the type of finish you want. Buying a set of basic UV resin and a torch often costs up to \$50 in fishing shops and this distressed me somewhat.



After speaking with my teenage daughter she suggested I try nail gel. This is apparently useful for people who want to make their fingernails even more beautiful!

As a result I bought some online and tried it out. The verdict... I can't tell the difference between this and the specialist fly tying stuff. The difference for me was that I managed to buy 3 bottles of the stuff online for \$7 which included free delivery! The torch came from eBay and cost about \$8 delivered.

I find this much less alarming for the hip pocket!

So far I haven't found any fault with this resin although others more experienced than myself may notice the difference. I have read that the torches with the single UV globes work better than those with the multi LED globes. Might need further investigation...



Macquarie Weekend 2014



When the wind blows from the East

The fishing's poor for man and beast

And when it blows from the Nor-nor west

It's an absolute prick too

Anon

The trip up to Ross and the Mt Moriston Station was interesting. I got a phone call from Craig to pick up the permission notices from his place on the way, which he had forgotten in his enthusiasm to get going. So a trip up the Yellow Brick Road in Baskerville was a bit of a treat.



We arrived at around 8.30 – just on dark so there was no opportunity for fishing, just a chance to eat and this of course was not a bad thing as anyone who has been to a Ross weekend will attest. The gourmet selection was simply remarkable and there were some wonderful wines to wash it all down. Those in attendance were Craig Granquist, Lyndon Cubbins, Tony Dell, Chris Berndt, prospective new member David Travalia, Ian Stokes and of course the editor.

Saturday morning brought wind and more wind and there were no fish showing at all. You could see the clouds hurtling through the sky and it was obvious that none of the other places open to us would be fishable in such a gale. Instead we focused on

exploring the Mt Moriston property and managed to find sheltered corners where fish should have been.



Chris and I were however prepared – he better than me though. We had brought along our float tubes to explore the broadwater from different angles and positions. In my haste to leave I had neglected to bring the foot pump and had to blow it up by mouth and the ensuing head-spins made me slow down more than normal. It was then that it occurred to me that I had only brought along my waist-high waders – but what is the worst that could happen?



The broadwater is around 200m long and 50m wide. In the middle it is around 3m deep. It is also very cold in October...



After changing my clothes, hanging my waders up to dry and pumping myself full of warm coffee I went back outside to see how Chris had fared. He had caught 3 fish and lost a few others. In total he bagged 6. This was done mainly by prospecting the likely spots along the banks, little pockets between the weeds and the lee of the willows. He was very happy with himself! The fish took red tags and very small (#16) Shreks which were tried on the advice of Tony and Craig. No one else did any good at all.



The evening meal was again a highlight. We fired up the barbecue, which was in one of the outbuildings that the shooters use. All manner of meat was cooked to perfection and more wine and stories ensued. The hope of a better on Sunday was never far from our collective minds.



When Sunday morning dawned with a breeze still blowing we decided to start cleaning up and getting ready to go. But then the wind suddenly dropped and the air started to warm. Swallows appeared from nowhere and things started to 'glass off'.

I thought I saw a rise just down between two willows and headed down with a black spinner tied on to try my luck. Within 5 minutes I banked and released the first shore based fish of the morning. It was a brown of about a pound but in lovely condition.

This brought on a flurry of activity as all the group started heading out. (All except for Tony who had to head home and missed the session).

I decided to take the camera just in case there was some good action and managed to witness some of our club's very talented fly fishers in action.

First I asked Craig to catch one so that I could take a few shots. He obliged almost immediately with a lovely fish of around 2.5lbs.



From then on it all started happening with hungry fish rising all along the river. They were really close in, just on the edge of the reeds.

I watched Stokesy, standing a long way back from the edge hook up with just the end of his leader in the water. Another beauty.





The fishing was fast and furious with everyone contacting fish. I lost a really nice one which I just couldn't get through the tangle of tree roots and reeds but it didn't matter as there were so many takes.



The final tally for the weekend was over 20 fish between us.

For anyone wanting a fantastic river fishing experience you should pencil yourself in for the Macquarie Weekend. Craig does a fantastic job organising it and we were all really grateful for his efforts on our behalf - Roll on next year!

DM



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.

When I first started tying flies I knew that the thread you used was important. In my typical observant manner I noticed that there were other colours available other than black. Very soon I had a rainbow collection most of which I have never used!

Then I became aware of various thread weights ranging from the strangely named 6/0 (6 ought) and the much finer 8/0 and even a spool of 12/0 that kept breaking every time I tried to use it - The higher the number the finer the thread. These were generally waxed UNI-Thread and this still forms the main bulk of threads I use. Other thread weights are expressed by the industry standard known as 'denier'. In this system the higher the denier number, the thicker the thread. It seems to go up by factors of 70 with 70 having around a 1lb breaking strain or the base unit. Comparing it to the 'ought' system can be problematic though.

When Ashley Artis first demonstrated how to split Marc Petitjean thread at the Tiger Hut about 7 years ago I had a new type to play with yet again. I ventured into the world of the flat-waxed thread.

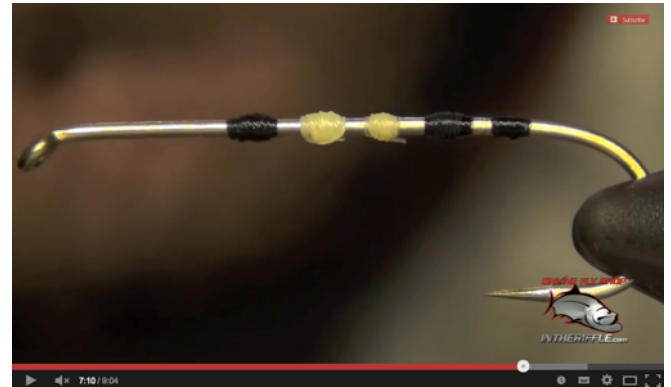


For a basic overview of thread types this clip is not too bad – just don't tell your children that you are watching YouTube clips about thread!

Now as I get a little more particular about the proportions of the flies I tie I am starting to look at the way threads are wound. This affects the amount of bulk that you can create, the smoothness of the thread layer and much more. There are more brands too with Petitjean, UTC, Veevus to mention just a few.

They are really useful when you need a really smooth body or an extra shiny head on your flies.

This little YouTube clip describes some of the



differences each thread type makes.

Quite a few tying notes suggest using a very fine thread known as Spider Web which seems to come mainly in a light almost white colour. People use permanent markers to colour the thread as they need which means that you can put a red butt or head on without changing thread at all. With the careful addition of UV glue your flies get a real sheen to them.

THREAD DENIER COMPARISON CHART		
UTC		
Desc.	DENIER	MATERIAL
ULTRA THREAD GSP 50	50	GEL SPUN POLYETHYLENE
ULTRA THREAD 70	70	NYLON
ULTRA THREAD GSP 100	100	GEL SPUN POLYETHYLENE
ULTRA THREAD 140	140	NYLON
ULTRA THREAD GSP 200	200	GEL SPUN POLYETHYLENE
ULTRA THREAD KEVLAR	200	KEVLAR
ULTRA THREAD 210	210	NYLON
ULTRA THREAD 280	280	NYLON
UNI		
Desc.	DENIER	MATERIAL
UNI 17/0	40	POLYESTER
UNI 8/0	72	POLYESTER
UNI 6/0	135	POLYESTER
UNI 3/0	180	POLYESTER
UNI BIG FLY	440	POLYESTER
UNI CORD 12/0	50	GEL SPUN POLYETHYLENE
UNI CORD 7/0	100	GEL SPUN POLYETHYLENE
DANVILLE		
Desc.	DENIER	MATERIAL
SPIDERWEB 18/0	30	MONOFILAMENT
FLYMASTER 6/0	70	NYLON
FLYMASTER 3/0	116	NYLON
FLYMASTER PLUS	210	NYLON
FLAT WAXED NYLON	210	NYLON

OLD TIMERS FIELD WEEKEND



Starting in the early 70s Cliff Ludford and I would make a date for a fishing trip for the Hobart Show weekend. We always left on the Thursday Show Day and first ventured off with tents and camping gear to camp on the Silver Plains shore of Lake Sorell.

We sometimes got a good day or so fishing but mainly it blew, rained and snowed. The tent leaked and the Trangia stove did not warm us much. I never remember putting in the full weekend.

A trip to Lake Gordon at show time staying in an old HEC lakeside hut was to be a chance to check out the Lake Gordon browns. Again the weather was foul but we did manage to make a heater out of a four-gallon drum and an old truck muffler. We still pulled the pin and were home early.

Cliff rang one year just before our annual trip – “Now we are set mate I have just got a pop up camper, internal stove, dry beds - we can't fail!”

Again it was Lake Sorell and Silver Plains with the wind whistling off the hills hitting the side of the camper with Cliff and me inside hoping that we would not be blown into the Lake. - Another aborted trip.

Now many years later, and not one for giving up, we planned for another go at a Show weekend trip - This time to my shack at Penstock with Ross Scrim and Noel Wilson for support.

No Show Day Thursday start but we all made it for Saturday and out for a fish. At the end of the afternoon top rod was Cliff who at 88 boasted his best ever Rainbow and two other fish. The rest of us ran poor seconds.



Sunday the weather was not good but we persisted to no avail. Monday's weather was cold south-westerly but Noel and I braved the day for five fish, two of which would please any fly fisher.

With things getting worse weather wise the boats were all pulled out and made secure. Nothing has changed weather wise.

The evening agenda started with Ross's home made gin and tonic, biscuits, cheese and a sumptuous dinner of steaks, new potatoes and so on all on hot plates, cooked up by Noel. Sweets of apricot sponge, custard and cream came courtesy of Crosse.

With the wind howling outside and horizontal snow we all laid back in our recliner rocker chairs in front of a comfortable heater to race each other to sleep.



Oh how times have mellowed our angling outings. In conversation we worked out that we have some 150 years of so of club membership between us and all agreed that being members of the Fly Tyers Club has been a big part of our life and thankful for it. I am sure we would all like to think that we will be able to 'do a Cliff' if we make 89. Well done, old mate!

Crossey.

Macquarie Weekend Shots



For payments to the club

BSB: 807 007

Account No: 12130456

Name: Tasmanian Fly Tyers Club Inc

Then email the details to

Andrew Blackwood treasurer@tasmanianflytyersclub.org

Please remember to clearly identify yourself for ease of recording your payment

Club Website



<http://tasmanianflytyersclub.org>



Crescent is back...