



The Vice



Newsletter of the Tasmanian Fly Tyers' Club Inc.

Volume 15 , Issue 15 Autumn 2021

Inside: Halkyard Hike, Casting Day 2021 and much more...

Cover Shot – Zuie Casting - Salmon Ponds 2021 – DM

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<http://tasmanianflytyersclub.org>

President's Report

The trout season has mostly closed for this year and it has been very busy one for the Club. Tasmania is returning to a more normal, post COVID, way of life. Our Annual Dinner is back this year with the trial of a relaxed lunch. The plan is either Saturday 24th or Sunday 25th of July. This is on the traditional last weekend before Opening day so keep a keen eye on your Club emails.

On the topic of emails, some club members have had unauthorised use of their email accounts. Please be aware if you receive an unusual email from someone in the Club, please delete it and contact our secretary. Thanks to our resident 'IT Guy' Steve Butler for helping sort these issues out.

On the 2nd of May we had our Casting Day at Salmon Ponds. As usual this was very well attended and many people competed in the casting competition. I was happy to be mid field for the Dry Fly and was less than successful in the Wet Fly. It is a great time to catch up and talk all things fly-fishing. I managed to cast a few different rods and was very impressed with Chris Hilton's Hardy Zenith.

Thanks to the casting instructors, Wayne, Zuie and Adrian, who set up the course and scored all the competitors. James Jones wooed the crowd not only with his Dry Fly score, but that he was using a cane rod that was built in 1940! Craig Granquist beat all comers in the Wet Fly. The overall winner for the Casting Combined Trophy was David Hemmings. Lunch was constructed to it's usual high standard with Chief Cook David Travalia and his team of well qualified helpers including Doug 'Editor' Miller, John 'Spence' Spencer and Malcolm 'Hall of Fame' Crosse.

After lunch the assembled Casting Instructors gave a master class to the Non-Casting Instructors about various practice techniques including varying casting angle and arc distance.

After the day wrapped up, I managed to fish the Tyenna River for an hour and a half. It was in prime condition with a good clear flow. I cast to several rising fish only to have my fly drowned by one of them with no hook ups. As the sun was going down, I had a very pleasant drive back to Hobart after an awesome day out.

Tiger Hut Fly Tying Sessions are almost here and it looks that both parts are fully booked. It will be run to the usual Club formula of food and flies! Thanks to Cubby for his organizational skills again. There will be

a combined BBQ at Sunday lunch for both groups so I look forward to seeing you there.

A Bream Fishing Day is planned for Sunday 27 June. This will be a perfect opportunity to learn some new skills from experienced bream fly fishers. Boat and shore options are available so register on the web site.

Zoom Fly Tying is back as of last Tuesday. Kicking off at 7:30pm Steve Butler is guiding the loose arrangement/general sledging. There will be a different guest each week so keep an eye on your club email. Chris Medwin was very informative about both competition flies and how to fish them. Chris will hopefully run a practical Czech Nymphing Day planned early next season.

A few weeks ago, Paul Hazel, a friend of mine, who is a keen photographer, took some pictures of some of my trout flies. I have included these for publication. I am very pleased with the results!

Lastly a special thank you to Doug 'Editor' Miller for producing yet another fine edition of the Club's Vice Newsletter, A job well done!

Tight Lines

Andrew Reed



Photos by Paul Hazel – grumps64



Steve at Spot On fishing tackle has kindly provided the Club with 4 vouchers to the value of \$30 each for the coming season. Many thanks for this kind support, and continue to patronise Steve’s shop. Vouchers can be picked up from the Editor at your leisure!

This time the vouchers go to Peter Rasmussen (to share with his son of course) and ‘Elderly’.

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

Send your stories to 55dmiller@gmail.com

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Editorial

The Autumn Vice 2021 has a number of interesting reports.

For the avid reader, the Hard Yards at Halkyard report, written by an anonymous member known as ‘Elderly’ although he certainly is Young in many ways!

Provides a great and non-litigious read for those with a few hours to spare. I was pleased to be able to include a cartoon from the inimitable Kev Bailey that beautifully describes the tent situation that confronted the sprightly treasure on the final day of the trip!

It was great to get a story from new member Peter Rasmussen who contributed a story written by his son at he age of 14. It is everything that you would want from a family that loves fishing and to pass on the joys of fly fishing is certainly a gift that lasts a lifetime!

The Salmon Ponds Casting day was a gain a triumph and I urge all members to have a go at it. Even if you don’t want to compete the setting and food is worth turning up for. Thanks to David Hemmings and his team for organising the casting and to David Travalia and John Spencer for coordination of the food and catering side of the day.

The Fly Tyers Bookshelf gets another run in this edition with one of my favourite tyers in Barry Ord Clarke. Check it out and please consider writing a short bit about any book that you use or love about fly fishing. I would love to publish it!

Finally, do try and make a space on Tuesday evenings to join in on Steve Butlers Zoom tying sessions. They are really god fun and are an easy way to learn from some of the absolutely brilliant tyers that are associated with this club.

Join Zoom Meeting

<https://us02web.zoom.us/j/88181331675?pwd=SEx3UEJjU3pXdTVIN2RUTzB5QzYvUT09>

Meeting ID: 881 8133 1675

Passcode: 007

DM



Hard Yards at Halkyard

a lurid fantasy masquerading as a report on the TFT Club's 2021 Western Lakes Walking Trip

(A true story. Only the facts have been changed)

[The report of this year's Lake Halkyard walking/fishing trip presented the editor of The Vice with something of a challenge. For it wasn't just one report, but two: one of them coming across as the self-serving fantasies of a deluded crackpot, the other – which purports to be a 'minority report' – best described as a garbled, semi-literate, crudely hand-written half-baked stream-of-consciousness. The latter was apparently cobbled together by the (evidently intoxicated) 'majority' of the participants. Work that out!

I have tried my best to knock this unsavoury melange into something comprehensible, but I'm by no means certain that I've succeeded. I wish those subscribers to The Vice who attempt to read it the very best of luck. Next year I hope to do better. Ed.]

* * *

Executive Summary

Here's a riddle for you:

What do you get when you add four fishermen to three days and three lakes?

Answer: one fish!

Don't get it? Then read on...

* * *

Majority Report

1. Introduction

It looked so promising. The long-distance weather forecast had been splendid for a couple of weeks: warm, light winds, a bit of cloud. And for once, a goodly number of punters had booked, eight at least.

Then there was the customary attrition: lock-downs, pressure from work, car break-downs, unexplained disappearances...

And so the number of starters dwindled to four, three old stagers: Spud, Ecto and Elderly (a trio of crusty septuagenarians),¹ and a newcomer – a much younger man – a sprightly 61-year-old. In fact, let's call him 'Sprightly'; it suits him.

As for the weather! From the time the cars parked at Lake Mackenzie to the time they left four days later,

¹ For the origins of this unlikely trio of names, see *The Vice* vol. 15 issue 3, p6, where all is more or less explained. Ed.

there were north-easterlies, nagging chilly north-easterlies, ripping the surface of the water to a froth and keeping the flies sensibly tucked up in their beds. It was a tough gig from go to whoa! How could Bureau of Meteorology have got it so wrong?

Not much to write about then? We'll see about that!

2. Day One

And it wasn't just that day's weather that impacted on the trip. The heavy rains of two weeks earlier had also left their mark, a high-water mark! For Lake Mackenzie, the shores of which had to be negotiated to get to the track proper, was running a banker. And for a while the old codgers were not walking but climbing. Rock climbing!



Sir Edmund Spud does his thing

Then there was the battle with the swollen Fisher River at the southern end of the lake...



Spud and Ecto brave the torrent

Then there was the flooded track...



Elderly demonstrates bushwalking, Halkyard style

The party had reckoned on a four-hour walk to get to Lake Halkyard, but it took them five. Some of them even longer...

In fact, by the time Elderly arrived, Ecto, Spud and Sprightly were already putting up their tents.

In the wrong place!

There was a brilliant campsite at Lake Halkyard, Elderly remembered it well. He'd camped there with club legend Ashley Artis (his real name) a decade earlier. But it wasn't here, not where these three imbeciles were struggling to erect their tatty old sheets of patched canvas.

By God, Elderly would show the morons the error of their ways!

Without even stopping to dump his pack, he shot off south.

With sceptical sneers on their faces, the remaining trio abandoned their half-erected tents and tagged along. For nearly a kilometre they bashed their way south through the scrub.

But no campsite was there to be seen!

Eventually, Spud, Ecto and Sprightly had had enough. They exchanged meaningful looks, rolled their rheumy old eyes, shook their shaggy old heads and wandered grimly back to their chosen camp. They'd seen it all before. They'd wasted enough fishing time over the years, indulging Elderly's silly misadventures.

Elderly, meanwhile, grew desperate. Was his memory failing? Were his comrades right: had he really lost his marbles? He floundered round in the bush for another half hour, hopelessly searching for the lost camp of distant memory.

But finally, defeated and humiliated, he too trudged wearily back to the inadequate substitute camp and its scornful inhabitants.

Then suddenly it dawned on him: Ashley's beautiful campsite with its manicured lawns and sculpted bushes was not to the south where they had searched. But to the north. *The north!* He pointed, he expostulated, he ranted. The other members of the party, with their tents now up, merely shrugged and smiled - nastily.



The slum and its nasty inhabitants

Undaunted, Elderly sped off again – this time north. And there, a mere fifty metres distant, was the site he recalled. It was magnificent. Why, it was a fitting site for the grounds of a **Nasty smiles** stately home!

And so, without pausing to consult the slum-dwellers to the south as they loafed in their unkempt hovels, Elderly set up his own private camp. In splendid isolation!



The stately lawns of Elderly Towers

Tensions between the two settlements developed. As you would expect!

But before this happened, there was a fish! In fact: there was THE FISH!

Spud caught it.

It was a sitter. A mere three metres from the shore. Scoffing spinners. Any fool could have caught it. But Spud did. Can't be denied.

And then two Victorians turned up. One cast bang into Spud's spot. Got a fish. A four-pounder! See, point proved: any fool could have done it. Even a Victorian. But Spud did! Bugger him!!

It was a good fish too. Every bit of two pounds. Well, pound and a half anyway. And Spud slew it! Ignored its pleas for mercy and slugged it square between the eyes.



Vain plea from Spud's hapless trout

And then he ate it. Cooked it and shared it with his two slum-dwelling companions.



The fate of the fish

Poor Elderly was granted a small taste of it, merely. Just to show him what he a treat he was missing.

The tensions between the two settlements grew. Oh how they grew!

3. Day Two

Wednesday dawned bleak and windy. Elderly donned his state-of-the-art Gortex waders and Simms boots. He liked to think that he looked the part. If only he were back in Patagonia, not wasting his time hobnobbing with these ignorant yobs.



The Compleat Angler in Patagonia

The slum dwellers, of course, hadn't thought to bring any waders with them. What a motley crew!



The Motley Crew

Both parties circled Lake Halkyard. It took all day. The motley crew didn't touch a fish. There were a few claims of missed takes. You can believe them if you like.

Spud even gave dead-lining a go.



Spud tries dead-lining

It didn't work.

Elderly fished a nymph hanging under a Chernobyl Ant, casting it over drop-off after drop-off. The repetition became mesmerising. The poor old soul started to nod off. Then suddenly his line tightened! His rod bent! He snapped back to consciousness, confused. 'What, what, what', he thought – *and tightened his grip on the loose line.*

Ping!

The rod snapped straight. The leader minus the nymph flew into the air. A huge silver shape was briefly glimpsed a foot below the surface. And that, dear reader, was that.

'Incompetence', sneered Sprightly.

'Too old', muttered Spud.

'Tee, hee, hee', sniggered Ecto.

'Just you wait', said Elderly. 'Remember, I'm writing the report of this trip. The way I tell it, the readers will understand. They'll sympathise. A perfectly natural mistake. Could have happened to anyone...'

'Readers!' snorted Sprightly. No one *reads* those reports. You're lucky if they even look at the pictures.²

And so day two ended – fishless!

Back at camp, while Elderly – in the splendid isolation of Elderly Towers – brooded on what might have been, the slum dwellers plotted.

What were they plotting?

They were plotting to write *a minority report*, that's what! Hard to believe – but in this instance *true!*

* * *

[Excerpt from 'Minority Report':

'Cripes, what a carry on. Someone shoulda took that Elderly and drowned him. Calls hisself a flyfisher? He cudnt catch a fish in a fish farm. Thinks hisself lawd of the manner just cos hes got his own privat lawns. Lawd muck he thinks he is....(and so on)']

Just to give you a taste, dear readers. Quite sufficient, I think. Back to the so-called 'Majority Report'. Ed.]

² Rubbish! Ed.

3. Day Three

Thursday dawned bleaker and windier.

Giving up on Halkyard, the aging quartet made their geriatric way through scrub and over rock-scrub – past lakes Douglas, Chambers and Johnny – to the lake that dares not tell its name: the fabled Lake Nameless. There the howling wind blew the waters into a veritable maelstrom and the fish sheltered under rocks. The anglers (if you look carefully, you can see two of them in the photo below) were only able to cast a line in secluded bays.



Anglers of sorts

The lake that dares not tell its name

They needn't have bothered!

After a while, the party split up. Elderly fished the entire eastern shore of Nameless in lonely magnificence, casting dry flies out over the drop-off, one after the other.

Bloody ungrateful fish ignored the lot of them. He might as well have scattered his beautifully crafted³ flies on the water like confetti.

Disgusted, he sauntered back to his Halkyard estate to brood once more on what might have been.

Not so the Motley Crew.

As Elderly learned later, they had returned to Halkyard via Snake Lake, a scene of former triumphs for Spud and Elderly, where in their distant youths both had caught splendid fish. And now, Elderly brooded, Spud – his old mate Spud, Spud his one-time bosom pal – had betrayed him. He had presumed to introduce his two new chums, the low-lifes Ecto and Sprightly, to this hallowed water. Without him. Without Elderly!

'My curses upon them all', he muttered to himself while choking back a sob.

* * *

³ You can believe *that* if you like! Ed.

[Unfortunately, the only record of what ensued at Snake Lake is to be found in the so-called 'Minority Report'. I regret that its literary quality falls well short of the standard normally to be expected in The Vice. But, for authenticity's sake, dear reader, I have decided with some trepidation to print it verbatim. Ed.]

'Sproitlee sees the ferst fish. Cripes, he sez. Thats a biggun! Woch this! An he carst art is loyn. An bleedin ell the fish takes is floy. Cripes, sez Sproitlee agin. E sets is ook an orf it runs. An dunnit go!

Woch art fer that rok I tells im or yor gonna lose it. But rarnd the rok is goes.

Done pull so ard I tells im. But too late. E pulls loik buggaree and...

Ping!

Boi boi fishee. An Sproitlee brakes down an croys.

I was jest abart to tell Sproitlee wot e dun rong when Spud sees annover. Kwik as a flash e rips orf is nimf and ties on a droy. Art it goes. An so elp me the fish takes it. An up goes Spuds rod.

An then...

Ping!

Art the bugger stratens!

His bleedin flise cum undun aint it? Ees gorn an tied a dud not!

Fer gawds sake E sez, dont tell Elderly!

I tell yer, it was loik weed bin cursd!⁴

[From what I later pieced together, it would appear that, remarkably, all members of both parties safely made it back to their tents on day 3, with the next 'incident' taking place in the half-light of dawn on the fourth and final day. It is only described in the 'minority report', Elderly seeming to have slept through the event and therefore remaining silent on it in his 'official' report. The outlandish language in which this section of the 'minority report' is written suggests that Spud might have been responsible for penning it. Once again apologies for lowering the tone of The Vice. Ed.]

Gawd strike me pink cobbbers, I'd never heard the like. It couda bin a flaming army galloping parst. I sticks me ed

*arta me tent and I sees it. Orrible it was. A near nekkid man crashing throo the bush in the dark, is ed all glowing it was and hes cussing real bad. And e seems to be chasin this green flappin thing. Like some orrid gost it was. And it flapt strate into the lake with this gosty geezer arter it. An in ee gose too. And e chuks hisself on it and ressels with it still cussing an is ed still gloing. Arter a bit e lets art a grate rore an turns and starts cummin strate twords me. I tell yer cobbbers Im fare sh***ing meself-*

From interviews with the survivors, I have managed to ascertain roughly what took place:

It seems that Sprightly arose before dawn, intending to walk back to the cars before the others, for he had an early appointment in Ulverstone that day.

He therefore awoke in the dark and started to take down his large green tent. Unfortunately, he made the mistake of pulling out all the pegs before bending down to brew a cup of coffee.

As he was struggling to light his stove in the pre-dawn wind, a sudden gust picked up the tent.

Sprightly heard the commotion. He looked up.

What he saw was a flapping green object disappearing swiftly down the shore of Lake Halkyard.

In horror, he realised what had happened.

Clad only in his jocks and a head torch, he set off in pursuit.

(This was the glowing spectral form that so terrified Spud.)

⁴ It would seem that Ecto, a Londoner of sorts, wrote this part of the sorry tale. Ed.

Then a sudden change in the direction of the wind blew the tent out over the lake.

Undeterred, Sprightly charged after it into the icy water, barely managing to hurl himself on top of it before it was gone.

By now Ecto had also emerged from his tent, and was as petrified as Spud at what he saw. Soon, though, it was clear to both of them that the dripping form that squelched its way out of the lake towards them, a soggy mass of green fabric clutched to its chest, was none other than their old mate, Sprightly.

'Well', he thundered at them, 'What youse two gawpin' at?'

And he stalked back to the ruins of his tent site to continue his packing in stony silence. Ed.]

'Official' report

4. Day Four

An early start. Elderly slept like a log. Spud and Ecto strangely quiet. They tear off ahead as if they can't wait to get back to the car. Elderly watches their retreating backs fade into the distance. Just like me in the old days, he thinks. Up front. Leading the pack. Those were the days!

Eventually, the party struggles once more across the swollen Fisher River. Arrives at the southern end of Lake Mackenzie. Starts wading around its shores.

Suddenly, Spud stops. Points.

'Look', he gasps.

'Eek', squeaks Ecto.

'What can it be?' thinks Elderly. 'Sprightly? His drowned body, green and bloated, bobbing in the slop?' And a grim smile contorts the ruins of his once handsome features.

But no, it is not Sprightly lying there in the crutch-deep water.

'The t- t- tent', stutters Ecto.

And sure enough, there it is, roughly stuffed in its stuff bag, the huge green tent floating in the scum.

What can have happened? Did it fall off Sprightly's back? Did Sprightly jettison it to lighten his load? Or had the tent foiled in its first escape attempt, tried again?

Not stopping to consider the answers to these intriguing questions, Spud hefts the waterlogged tent onto his back and continues manfully on.⁵

⁵ Readers curious about the fate of Sprightly's tent are advised to keep a close eye on E-bay. Ed.

Back at Ecto's car, the trio of walkers collapse, surrounded by the detritus of their adventures.



All over for another year

Already, some of them are dreaming of next year's trip. The scenery, the fishing, the company...

[Please, no! Or if they must, I strongly recommend that they find a few younger club members to look after them. And also to write the trip report for The Vice. I don't think that this venerable journal can stand many more tales like the one you've just read. As for that Elderly, he really needs a full-time nurse.⁶ Ed.]



Cartoon courtesy of Kev Bailey

⁶ 'I wish!' Elderly.

AdVice 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.

DM

As the fishing season draws to a close the time is ripe to attend to those things that you promise you'll do every time you come back from a trip – clean your fly lines.

I know there are many members for whom this is a naturally occurring event but for me it always seems to slip my mind. I always end up finding something else to do and dread the inevitable tangles that occur when you strip off line onto the floor and then try and run the line through the cleaning cloth. If only there was an easier way...

After searching far and wide on the Interwebs (a sure fire distraction for me) I came across a homemade device that I thought I could adapt for the purpose of line cleaning. It looked simple enough for a woodworking novice to make and there was an outside chance that it might work. Surprisingly it was and it did!



I reused a reel seat from a broken old spinning rod, a piece of broom handle, a couple of hose clips and a bit of leftover radiata pine to make the device.

I secured an old fly reel with the hose clips and used the spinning reel seat mechanism to hold the fly reel with the filthy line.

The next step was to simply tape the leader onto the old fly reel, wind the line onto it and then wind it back onto the original reel, all the while running it through the Mucilin pad that I used to clean the line.



And... it actually works! I wonder if I should take out a patent? *



*Definitely not as I just might have stolen the idea.

DM

The Gift



Attached is a reflection by my son Stewart on his love of fly-fishing. He was 14 years old at the time of writing. As many in the club will know, it is such a joy to pass on your passion to family members. When he wrote this I was a very proud dad, (still am of course) I reflected at the time that my job was done - mission accomplished!!

Peter Rasmussen

It's always peaceful, even on the worst of days. The water never looks the same, not once. On a perfect evening just before the sun goes down, if you're lucky you will get a feeling, not an emotion, a personal feeling. It is one that only you experience, and only on those amazing evenings. Even though you went to fish, it doesn't matter if you just stand there for one or more hours in complete solitude. Almost leaving one world into another. You think about nothing but concentrate on everything, taking every little thing in, even something as little as a misquote dancing over the water leaving only the slightest disturbance.

All this is why you go fishing; it's not just the fish but also the experience. In a split second though, all this can be quickly interrupted by a break in the ever staring, smooth reflection. All of a sudden you land back into consciousness; adrenaline kicks in and the excitement hits you hard, just like the excitement from a kid when he hits a six against his dad in the backyard. On a freezing night, it is at that moment, the cold breeze disappears and; you don't feel a thing. The sound of the tall gums creaking and groaning disappears. All of a sudden your cast turns from a lazy back cast to a direct shot, like a bullet from a gun. Sometimes your artificial fly that you made leaning over a lamp late at night, that you trusted would serve you well, sinks. So not hesitating

you quickly pick it up of the water, give it a few air casts, and as quick as possible lay it gently back down exactly where you want it, trying not to disturb the fish, if it is not already. Those are the best casts that you make.



Again that all too familiar feeling of cowardice returns and unwillingly you whole body tenses up in anticipation. Nothing goes through your head except wait...wait. and if, and when, you get that illusive splash, no matter how big or small your arms react without warning, shooting into the evening sky like you've just burnt yourself on a hot stove. And if you are lucky enough to feel the solid thumping of a trout on the end of your line the very next thing you think is, now I remember why I flog the water day after day, this is why I keep trying.



I don't think there is one person, not even men that are wise in the ways of trout and fish for a living, that don't have a second of self doubt when they see the fish jump high out of the water and throw their glistening body from side to side. At that exact moment your life seems to go in slow motion as you view the silhouette of a trout, high out of the water, knowing that you are the only person in the whole world, who is witnessing this incredible show. It gives you a funny tingling feeling inside.

Those feelings continue on for the whole time, a time that seems to be much longer than it really is, but they don't just stop as soon as you have won the battle, and the courageous trout admits defeat while being scooped out of the water in one swift motion, even when you have lowered it onto the misty shore and laid it into the lush green grass, the feelings still continue. You end up with a hundred or more different memories each with different feelings connected with them.

I have been told that I should release the fish after I have won the battle and I am sure I'm not the only one who has returned one back to the murky depths. But when you have potted a trout cruising the shallow shores & engaged in a fair contest if you manage to win I think it is fair to keep one or two of the species which has been perfectly made in every possible way.

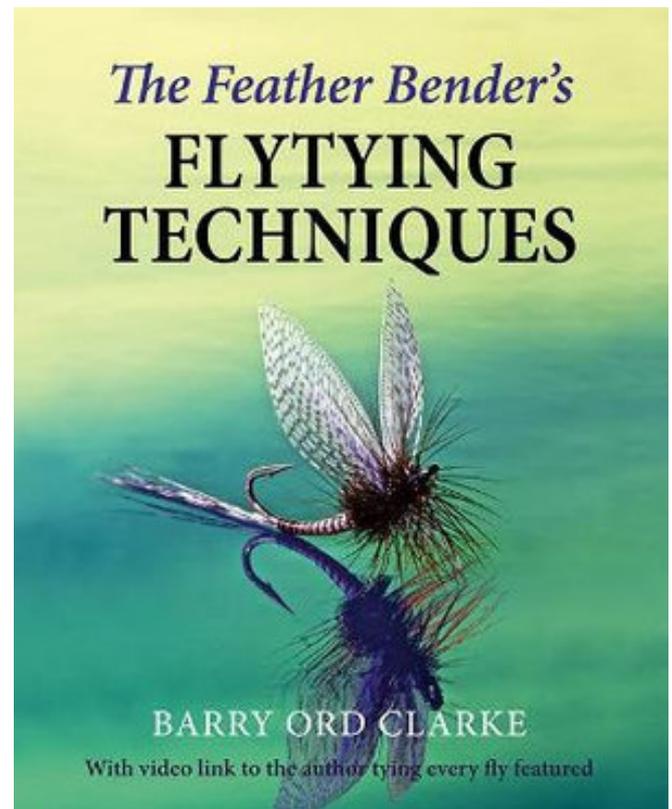
Now I'm not a veteran by any means but I know one thing for sure, if you can appreciate all of these feelings then you have been given a special gift. Whatever it is it is something you know you have to pass on, I have tried. But you will never really understand what the gift is until you feel a bold trout at the end of your line.



Stewart Rasmussen

Fly Tyers Bookshelf

There are so many books surrounding fly fishing and fly tying you could fill a library so it seems appropriate that The Vice has a section for book reviews.



Chris Hilton kindly let me borrow his copy of 'The Feather Bender's Flytying Techniques' by Barry Ord Clarke. (<https://thefeatherbender.com>)

I have been a fan of Barry's tying skills on YouTube for a while now. He is one of those tyers that explains things beautifully and I always pick up some tying tip on practically every demonstration that he does.

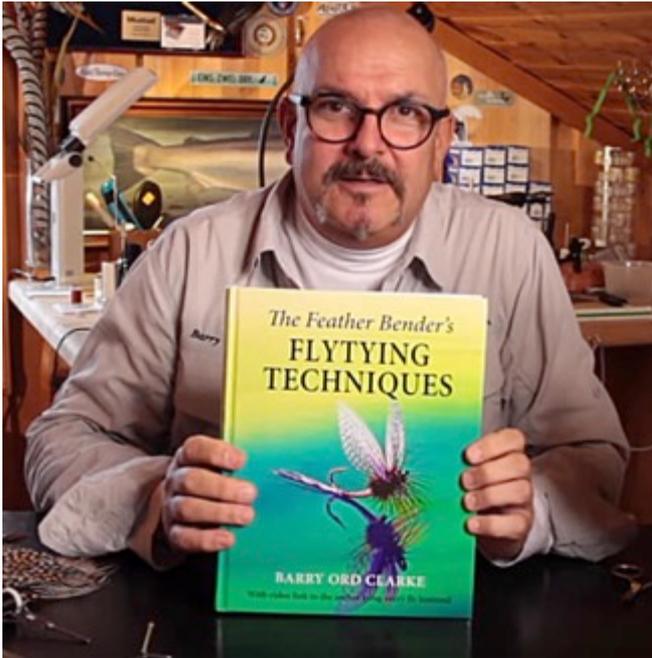
The book itself is a real coffee table piece with wonderful photography throughout. Barry is a professional photographer as well as a fly tyer.

It is logically set out with tips on tying and tool maintenance interspersed with a really great array of flies. His advice on tricky tying skills like tying parachute hackles is well worth looking at.

One of the standout things though is the inclusion of a QR (Quick Response) code and web address that takes you to his YouTube site and a video demonstration of the skill (or fly) in question. This makes the book 'interactive' in a way that I have not seen in others.

Barry recommends that you start off by using the QR and watch him tying so that you can familiarize yourself with the patterns and techniques he is offering. There is also an extensive index to help

navigate the book. This makes it ideal for both the beginner and more seasoned tyer.



Some people have commented to me that the book is similar in many ways to the Fly Tiers Benchside Reference by Ted Leeson and Jim Schollmeyer but I don't own that (yet) and have never looked very closely at it. This one is certainly cheaper! Maybe another club member could write a review of that one for a future edition of The Vice!

To find out more about Barry check out his biography on the link below.

<https://thefeatherbender.com/about-barry-ord-clarke/>

Publication details:

The Feather Bender's Flytying Techniques

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Merlin Unwin Books 2019

First Skyhorse Publishing edition copyright 2019

DM

The book begins with tips and tricks for organising yourself and getting the most out of the tools you have. I can vouch for his method of getting more grip out of a set of hackle pliers. It works well. There is also a good section on the materials you need to tie the flies he has featured.

The section on tying thread is also very good. His fly tying techniques involve flattening thread by spinning the bobbin anti-clockwise for achieving smooth bodies on flies and then spinning it clockwise to round it up and strengthen it for tying off and so on.



If you think you've got a lot of gear check out his tour of his tying room. He is a professional tyer and obviously would need lots of stuff but... wow!

<https://youtu.be/pQFNGQzVpy0>

The book is then dedicated to tying the flies (28 in total). Each fly is accompanied by a materials list, the QR code, the web address and step-by-step instructions with fantastic photos as a guide.

Salmon Ponds Casting Day 2021



Casting at the Salmon Ponds is about as good a day as you can get - Especially when the autumn weather is as wonderful as it was! Even though it was the final day of the regular season there was still a strong turnout. Apparently the President found time and inclination to sneak u to the Tyenna for a final cast at Mr Speckles before heading home!



As usual the prizes up for grabs were the Margaret Knight Dry Fly and the Hedley Griggs Wet Fly trophies. Each competition focused on different casting skills but accuracy and consistency was paramount overall. The best performer of the day would win the shield as the champion caster of the club.



The first session was the dry fly event. Casters had to cast at five hoops set at varying distances. Three shots were allowed at each hoop with 5 points allocated for the initial cast then 3 and 2 points respectively. A 'false cast' was essential between each shot. Surprisingly, the closer targets often proved the most tricky and a few competitors had their fly grabbed by the beautiful deciduous trees surrounding the main pond.



Jim Jones stunned the group by taking out the competition with a fifty year old cane fly rod that he had lovingly restored. It was a very impressive victory especially with the perfect casting conditions and the plethora of expensive modern rod technology present!

The Hedley Griggs Wet Fly competition followed on quickly after thanks to the wonderful organisation of David Hemmings and his team of organisers. This again involved five target hoops but this time they were in a straight line, all about a metre apart. The same scoring system was in play but after the very first cast there was no 'false casting' allowed at all. The idea was to shoot line after each set of 3 casts. I found this extremely difficult and in spite of hitting targets in the brief practice session I didn't bother the scores at all in the real competition.

While all the competitions were going on David Travalia and John Spencer were busily preparing a feast for the lunch break. Rolled Porchetta, sublime salads, hamburgers and Lentil patties and cauliflower roast was prepared for the hungry 'athletes'. It all went off very smoothly and was completely delicious!



Trophy presentations to Jim, Craig and overall champion David Hemmings were made. Place getter certificates were also handed out. What a great day it was!

Craig Granquist proved to be the master of this event and was a worthy winner.



DM

Index of Vice Articles

I have compiled a list of contents from previous editions of the Vice as some members have asked about various stories and the like. All these can be accessed directly from the club website under the link to The Vice. I will include it in all future editions and add to it where possible.

<http://tasmanianflytyersclub.org>

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