



'WWFFG Mid Season Round-up'

We'll start where we left off in October 2019.....

NOVEMBER 2019

At our November 2019 Guild Meeting,.....

A talk on 'Wildfowling' by WWFFG Member Al Logan.

Al is a member of Glos. Wildfowling Association which has 30 miles of tidal foreshore on both banks of The Severn.

Alistair explained the historical shooting regulations which depend entirely on where you shoot from i.e. within the low water or high water tide marks. Nearly all shooting takes place at dawn or dusk and a good retriever is essential. He brought along his gun and non-lead cartridges, a selection of deco ducks of which there are many different species and as all the quarry are wild ducks you really need to be a good shot especially in poor light conditions. Being able to put up with the mud and cold is essential.

The Glos. Wildfowling Association have in conjunction with the Slimbridge Wildfowl Trust successfully ditched and flooded sections of farmland back to tidal flooding expanding the wetlands habitat.

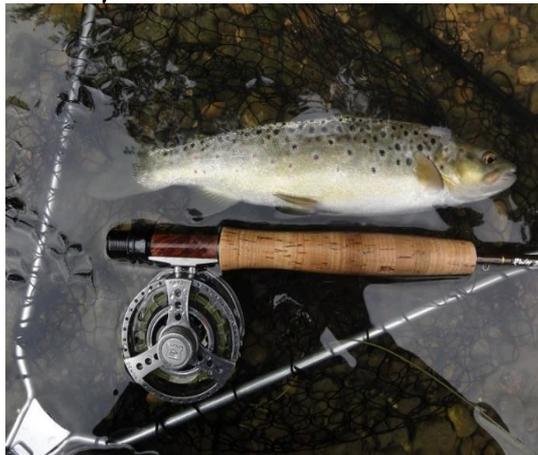
It was a superb presentation and generated a great deal of interest. Members thanked Al for a fascinating talk. Al invited any member interested in finding out more to get in-touch.

River Frome Report November 2019

Fly-Fishing Returns:

Based on catch returns by 7 members and visits by the Guild River Keeper.

- 7 members made a total of 23 fly-fishing visits
- Fly-fishing catch returns - 10 brown trout, 34 rainbow trout, (plus 9 chub)
- Average approx. 2 game fish per visit - a significant increase on previous years



Brown Trout from beat 16 - Sand Bar 24th May during a mayfly hatch (C&R)

The biggest brown trout caught was over 17", caught by Jon.

Congratulations to Mike Brewin who wins the **Wilf Sleightholme Shield** for the largest seasonal catch.

The Annual Guild Dinner was as usual a most Sociable Event.

Sarah had excelled with the table decorations, each of the three tables for 10 diners, was most beautifully set out, giving a most Splendid 'Christmas is coming' effect.

This sets the scene - the crackers were pulled paper hats donned and daft jokes groaned at, putting everyone in the Party Mood.

The wines were a perfect match to the delicious meal that was duly served to us. Everyone really enjoyed their Dinner, the Table Quiz caused a few furrowed brows but brought each table together in a grand spirit of camaraderie.

Gerry Barnes' legendary raffle up next, such fun, loads of 'shake the bag' going on. Members were most generous with their contributions to the table of prizes, leading to much hilarity. Gerry is the Raffle King!

The evening wound up with some kind words and thanks for Jon Jonik and the Organising Committee, very well earned too.

The Guild Dinner Photo Competition, November 2019 :

We had 25 super entries which were judged by our Ladies, covering a very wide range of 'countryside' topics so particular congratulations to John DeCesare whose charming photo of a Puffin wins him **The Guild Trophy**.

2nd - was also John DeCesare for another Puffin photo (who can resist a puffin?)



3rd - **Gerry Barnes** for his beautiful photo capturing Worton Fishery lakes at sunset.



The Grand Fishing Raffle Held at the Guild Dinner :

1st ,,,,,,£75 Tim Pullen

2nd ,,,, £50 Charles Freemantle

3rd ,,,£25 Robin Sewell

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DECEMBER 2019

The Christmas Hamper Competition at Manningford Fishery, Nr Pewsey on Sunday 8th December.

This was a very successful event - ten members took part and everyone caught.



Gerry Barnes won the **£60 Christmas Hamper** with a bag weight of **10lb 2oz**.

Robin Sewell was 2nd with 8lb 10oz and Richard Arney 3rd with 8lb 4oz.

Robin not only came 2nd he won the bottle of wine for his 4lb 13oz rainbow.

Particular thanks to Alan K for organising the event and his wife Janet for sourcing everything for the hamper and presenting it all so appealingly.

JANUARY 2020 - Happy New Year!

Fly tying dates 8th January and 12th February. Open to all Members. to come and tie a fly. For Newcomers to the art or for the experts!



Photo by Gerry Barnes

How TO Fish A Diawl Bach Fly – (My number one fly!)

The Diawl Bach fly pattern can be fished on any line, from high floater to ultra-fast sinker, from just under the surface to very deep. Fish it up and 'on the hang' on a fast sinker or fish it slowly on floater, as you would a team of Buzzers. British fly fishing competition fishermen use many combinations of nymphs and streamers, the most common perhaps being a Diawl Bach, suspended between two boobies or having a single booby on the point of the leader and using the Diawl Bach. The chasing trout are lured by the booby, but when the retrieved line is stopped and the flies left to hang in the water, Trout will often turn and take the nymph.

The Diawl Bach flies can also be fished anywhere on the cast; often on the point, but regularly used on either the top or middle dropper as well. Your cast must be balanced, if using a Diawl Bach on the point make sure that your flies above it are not too heavy or too big in proportion with your tail fly or you will get your line tangled. The heavier fly on the point helps to get the flies down straight in the water as well as aiding turnover in the cast.

Some fishermen like to place a brash bright fly as 'disturbance' fly on the top dropper with epoxy buzzers or Diawl Bachs behind them. The fish often follow the top dropper but as they get near the bank see the more natural looking flies and reject the attraction of the top fly. If it is really windy just use one dropper because the more flies you use the more tangles you risk.

Chris Ogborne and John Horsey have recommended fishing a team of three Diawl Bach with size 14 on top dropper, size 12 on middle dropper and a size 10 on the point. Larger Diawl Bach are used as deep water point flies.

The Latest from Tellisford - May 2020



Photos by Roger

Tim's Famous Salmon/Trout Pate Recipe.....

220 grms Salmon (smoked/tinned, or Trout)

125 grms Cream Cheese

125grms Melted Butter (unsalted is best)

Half cup Mayonnaise

Salt & Pepper

2 Tbsp Lemon or Lime Juice

Mix all together in food processor

Chill in fridge

Serve on Brown Buttered Toast

DELICIOUS!

If all else fails, give TICKLING TROUT a go!

Selecting a quiet spot, just above a hole beneath the bank - a likely resort for the spotted beauties - the operator lies down flat and gently places his open palm on the surface of the water, keeping it there hardly kissing the liquid. Presently a gentle touch will announce the presence of a trout - unable, like women, to restrain their curiosity at the strange object. Patience and a delicate touch are all that is required for the operation; as the fish gradually becomes more and more tame, and comes time after time to rub his back or his sides against the innocent-looking hand, the operator may gradually feel his way forward to the gills, close his fingers gently downwards round the trout's neck, gingerly tickling him the while, when a sudden grasp will secure the prize in the only part of it's body that can be securely held, viz., the gills, and the trout may be hauled out in triumph, unless the tickler, in his excitement, has overbalanced himself and fallen ignominiously into the stream.

Taken from The Fishing Gazette, 11th January 1878.

OoOoOoOoOoO

January and February 2020....Few fishing reports but the fly tying on Guild Meeting Nights has again been a great success and a big Thank You to Andy Greatwood for showing and teaching us the fine art of fly tying.

February 12th held the Annual General Meeting. The Guild asks if there is a Member who would consider taking on the Treasurer's role or to join the Committee.

The Committee had also agreed to subsidise three Guild activities during the year one bank and one boat outing by £15 per ticket and the Guild Dinner by £15 per member.

At the AGM, Trophies that were won in 2019 were presented

NYEFORD TROPHY - Heaviest Stillwater Brown Trout, Colin Burbedge - 4lb 12oz.

The BILL AVON SHIELD - Heaviest Rainbow Trout, Al Logan- 8lb 14oz.

The RIVER BROWN TROPHY - Heaviest River Brown Trout. Jon Jonik - 1lb 12oz.

The Tam Pearce CHEW BOAT CUP - Heaviest bag- 7 fish, Robert Eadie - 18lb 5oz.

The WILF SLEIGHTHOLME TELLISFORD SHIELD - Mike Brewin.

The RON LONG MEMORIAL TROPHY- Annual Photographic Competition, John De Cesare.

The CHRISTMAS HAMPER COMPETITION- Heaviest three fish bag, Gerry Barnes - 10lb 2oz. Robin Sewell the bottle of wine for the heaviest fish- a 4lb 13oz rainbow.

The VIC WILLCOX MEMORIAL TROPHY- Roger Henderson.

The PRESIDENTS TROPHY – was awarded to ROGER HENDERSON.

..... CONGRATULATIONS TO ALL.....

After the presentations Andy Greatwood kindly gave us a step by step demonstration on how to tie a Mayfly Nymph and the dry fly showing which materials to use.



A LESSON TO BE LEARNT....

"I had a good day's fishing on Friday so I thought I would celebrate, went to the liquor store on the way home on my bicycle, bought a bottle of Scotch and put it in the bicycle basket.

As I was about to leave, I thought to myself that if I fell off the bicycle, the bottle would break. So I drank all the Scotch before I cycled home.

It turned out to be a very good decision because I fell off my bicycle seven times on the way back."

FEBUARY'S GREAT WINDS AND FLOODS Storms, 'Ciara' and 'Dennis' will be remembered for a long time.....

Apparently the British Tea colour chart can be used to describe the colour of rivers.

Jon and Roger attended The Friends of the River Frome AGM and there was an excellent presentation illustrating how the River Frome suffers very badly from agricultural land run-off during periods of heavy rain.

The Speaker said the best colour match for The Frome was currently...**Iron-Brew**.

I think The River Biss today was - **Cuppa Cabana** !



This chart is intended for use as a visual aid in the correct preparation of the United Kingdom's most popular hot beverage.

MARCH 2020.....

This is what we, who are aged 70 or 80 years plus, can look forward to.

This is something that happened at an assisted living center. The people who lived there had small apartments but they all ate at a central cafeteria. One morning one of the residents didn't show up for breakfast so my wife went upstairs and knocked on his door to see if everything was OK. She could hear him through the door and he said that he was running late and would be down shortly, so she went back to the dining area.



An hour later he still hadn't arrived, so she went back up towards his room but found him on the stairs. He was coming down the stairs but was having a hard time. He had a death grip on the hand rail and seemed to have trouble getting his legs to work right. She told him she was going to call an ambulance but he told her no, he wasn't in any pain and just wanted to have his breakfast. So, she helped him the rest of the way down the stairs and he had his breakfast. When he tried to return to his room, he was completely unable to get up even the first stair step, so they called an ambulance for him.

A couple of hours later she called the hospital to see how he was doing. The receptionist there said he was fine, he just had both of his legs in one side of his boxer shorts.

I'm sending this to my children so that they don't sell the house before they know all the facts.

FLY VESTS AND FORAGES AFLOAT

Fly-vests are a traditional, much-loved, and necessary part of our fly-fishing sport. A badge or emblem if you like of our endeavour - sometimes even prowess (some of us sew on Trout-master successes, display metal or material club badges, that sort of thing).

This in mind, I must tell you a month or so back I agonised, literally, about the weight around my shoulders. Of this - the vest. More specifically, the many contents I had stashed away in its pockets over the course of several months - if not indeed recent seasons. It was not doing my back and shoulders any good, despite the much-advertised sales-pitch (years back) of its panelled yoke construction giving improved support. So, bad enough that I thought OK, I'll remove all unnecessary items; but first I weighed it. Five and a half pounds! - every goddam' ounce of it. I've heard since from reliable other sources that, in their case at least, this has been surpassed to the tune of 7lb - in my reckoning half a stone of surplus lumber to wreck the backbone! Weigh your own by all means, it may surprise you. Whilst I understand the concept that a thing with that many pockets is *meant* to carry things, I'm sure we can still overdo it. I counted my own vest and notched up no less than 28 pockets. Plus the zinger/scissors etc. attached. I now travel lighter whilst (regrettably all too often) trying to avoid the addiction of slipping extras - floatant; priest, marrow-spoon; sharpening stone, even more fly-boxes - in its folds. Getting old I suppose. But why carry extra weight? ... Simple!- that Ancient Mariner chappie could warn reliably against it. Unless you think (eventually, if not sooner) that's rot?

The process was early preparation I guess. As early March found the both of us, said fly vest and me, floating , mercifully on (the right side of) the water, in an even numbered boat [a Bristol Waters superstition thing for luck] on a chilly Chew morning.... Opening Day in fact. A good Lodge breakfast enjoyed at the outset. A pleasant and enjoyable start to the day and new season.

Or so we thought, Robert and I. So if you might be expecting a joyful account of what next unravelled, you could be excused. But at that stage, it would mirror closely our own eager expectations of what, hopefully, lay in store for us that day. Admittedly, this based on our good luck on previous years Open Day visits. Certainly was not repeated this time unfortunately.

We set up in favourite positions. This varied; from boat locations near Denny Island, North Shore, to Hollow Brook etc. where a decent cast, for range, could

put our flies near the wind-blown bankside reeds. And by close I mean in many cases no more than one to three feet away from the beautiful but stark upright stems. Water-level at Chew was absolutely full as you can imagine - no surprise there then,. Particularly after all the deluge rainfall of previous weeks.

Some may think it a little dopey, but we always fish floating lines and it was splendid, nay therapeutic, to watch the beautiful elliptical curve of our prospecting lines and leaders as we leisurely retrieved the flies back to the thwarts of the boat. Then the important hang..... Result? Nothing of course. 'Nul points' - European Song Contest results came to mind. But while 'the fat lady still sang", we remained cautiously optimistic.

The sun even came out to greet and warm us on a few rare occasions. And then on one such, the line suddenly tightened. Holy Moly! it was a fish! Yes, it was a fish, but rather disappointingly it turned out in our glee to be a marauding pike. Two more would follow (up to 6lb.I guess) later in the fishing. Unwelcome, not what we wanted, but at least a vital, galvanizing moment amongst the hundreds of other fruitless retrieves back to the boat.

As I remember it, (and a common occurrence at that), Robert was the first to contact the fish we actually went there for. A nice rainbow that surfaced on feeling the hook and immediately showed its dimensions. I was congratulating him on his success when, mere seconds later, it was lost to the net. Then another long long episode of nothingness. In order to save the yawn detail in between, we eventually caught a total of five rainbows. Bright, superb condition specimens; maybe a tad under 4lb. the best fish. This a triumph of persistence over difficulty. 'Technical fishing' as our American cousins call it; which translates in proper English as plain, dumb 'difficult' stuff.

The fish were typical Chew quality - hard-fighting, superb, and in pristine condition. Other boats had admittedly done far better than us and at the scales we saw two rainbows which registered 7lb 7oz. and 7lb.8oz. apiece. These when the question was asked were caught on a mixture of Boobies, Blobs and FABs (black and green). Stripped fast on sinking lines. **The fish were down deeper.** That was the lesson we learned on the day. But obstinate as we surely are, we'll probably **still** be loathe to adopt these methods. Not purism you understand, but I would admit a tad masochistic perhaps in its resolve. That's just how (some) of us fishermen are. Our only mitigating plea? - hopefully warding off justified allegations of madness - the fact that we 'caught 'em last time', same methods and conditions; and plenty at that.

Without doubt, location is key; and an in-depth look at this can help (literally). The fish may not be in the 'area' you choose if you get **the depth** of fly you're swimming wrong. Rainbows tend to move in horizontal depth layers below the surface - whether for considerations of food, security, temperature comfort, or a mixture of all three. As an example of 'food', the water flea is known to sink lower in the water layer in bright sunlight. Travelling often as a blanket, or cloud, this valuable fish-food, does just the reverse when conditions are overcast. Note that clarity of water is also - it follows - of important consideration in this [how far the sun penetrates for instance; to what depth]. Daphnia is tiny, but its dry weight constitutes 50% protein. When it is healthy it has a pink colour. Something we may have guessed, but in all it makes it a very important and visible food source to the hungry trout.

If this daphnia bloom is on the menu, trout will naturally follow their movement. Clever eh? So clever in fact that we numbies got the larger picture entirely wrong. But like Army General Douglas MacArthur [Phillipines, WWII], **we will return!** Refreshed, if not any brighter? I should comment at this point, for obvious reasons my words are not necessarily the view of The Editor - who was sat in the other end of the boat on the day!!

There are so many vagaries, and other factors [building up an alibi] which affect in-between the three factors mentioned. The depth of a shoal of fish may be a fleeting thing, maybe an apt word for what probably happens if they are being attacked by pike from below; or dreaded cormorants from above. But the main core element to focus on I believe, is the **food** factor [keeps you sane]. So at times they will move between these depth layers, but I suggest in most cases food items will be the spur as to where fish will be in the water column. One reason why we are so keen to examine stomach contents when we catch a fish - eg. winged insects will denote fish eating close to the surface; bloodworm the opposite. A hatch of fly is a two-fold convenient example. When this happens, good old Mother Nature assesses the conditions *for* this best to happen (above and below the surface) to obtain maximum success and survival for her brood. This triggers the whole food-chain - ie. the rest follows. Now **that is** clever. We can only guess, as mere mortals, at the permutations necessary to calculate this. Thank God for Nature - it's been taken out of our hands.

At this point, enough of the theorising. It makes my brain hurt, as I once heard someone say. Instead I would like to tell you - as respite - of the best definition of a 'dilemma' moment I've ever heard. It stems from destination fishermen who have fished all over North America and Canada. Where this has involved fishing rivers in remote, grizzly-infested backwood wilderness areas, many scary bear

stories/narrow escapes have come to light. The 'owners' tell them at the slightest provocation, often around the camp-fire at night - and I think there is something in our primal nature that draws us all to the thrill and 'frit' side of it. The most chilling but simple story is my choice. The Chinese story-teller tells that in the mountains of his home province, bears would sometimes sneak up behind hikers and tap them on the shoulder. The locals knew that if you ignored the tap and kept walking, the bears would leave you alone, but if you turned around to see what it was, they'd probably kill you. With this, the story-teller gazes out the window and says "It is very hard not to turn around."

Lastly, a few snippets. Bristol Fisheries reported only the other day; and I quote :-

'a monster rainbow from Chew bankside of 12lb 3ozs, taken on a small orange lure'. From Herons Green Bay I believe. This keeps the dream alive even on those difficult days of which there seems to be no end.

There follows the 'six-inch mesh' dimension to this connection. And no, I am not about to be rude. Have I told you about the rather endearing Irish blessing, or wish, that says 'May the fish you catch be never smaller than the holes [mesh] in your net'. I love the sentiment of that. So delightfully Irish. And they have so many splendid and unique sayings like this - you could write a book. Just words perhaps; but intriguing, uplifting and inspirational. So very much was I [Saul/Paul] converted on hearing this, that I promptly went out and bought a landing net with - **six**-inch mesh! Well there's nothing wrong with ambition - Right? And with this news from Chew, lightning could strike twice? At least we can all live in hope. So as Dave Allen (comedian) used to say, 'May your God go with you', and (from me) let's get out there and enjoy! As soon as

Here I think it both inspirational, and apt, to quote again from American fishing author, John Gierach. Be sure I genuinely sense you flinch; your yawns, and maybe even outright disagreement, but he speaks of Life - at least as he, a fisherman of both rivers and stillwaters sees it. Seems appropriate in these difficult times:-

'I don't have illusions about permanence.....It's just that I can live with any number of things going straight to hell as long as these streams continue to hold up. If this amounts to living in a fool's paradise, don't waste your time trying to explain that to the fool'.

It may at first appear to be a fairly shallow reaction, you have to read his books to get the full picture, but like the rapid torrents and streams in the canyons he fishes, the longer you look, the deeper it seems.

From one old fart to another [ie.me], I confess to a certain alignment with this viewpoint, and it at least makes you consider more seriously 'Life' in general and what fundamental aspects of it really keep you happy. I know where I stand. May your own God go with you.

Courteney

Does fishing mean anything? By Thomas McGuane

I don't normally do this. On principle, I am sort of against people lecturing us on what they see as important issues. But if you are prepared to (possibly) waste 50 minutes of your life (perhaps not too onerous to do at present) you might just think you are glad you took the opportunity to listen to this great man's eloquent and edifying words. In an interesting and often amusing lecture, to an audience I guess heavy with kindred fishermen, he explains in a rather moving way how fishing can be advantageous to us. Almost in a spiritual way, it can provide the more unfortunate amongst us with a direction and guiding influence - it's Nature I suppose - instilling us with hope and inspiration during difficult times. But don't bother listening to me rattling on. I urge you to take the bait and listen to Tom McGuane's words - in his MSU library Lecture entitled '**Does Fishing mean anything?**' Available on YouTube, or Google, Dec. 2018.

A very simple question perhaps -but I'm of the opinion it does enhance our lives - but see what you think. Please prove me wrong.

He is an acclaimed American writer, not only of things fishing, but if you fancy a good read, I have mentioned before my admiration of his book '**The Longest Silence**'. A great writer.

Courteney

Friday March 13 The Corona Virus Covid 19 has taken a grip on the UK

Monday March 23rd LOCKDOWN... No fishing for the foreseeable future!!!

MAY 2020



Who is the masked angler ? Answer on last page

There are a lot of gorgeous things left in this 'bug-worn' place we at present find ourselves captive in. But we tend not to see them unless they're somehow thrust under our nose - and that raises the point. They are actually there all the time, if we care to look a little closer. Getting on with their own mysterious life; blissfully unaware of what wretched 'Mankind' - ultimately I guess - has done to his own home quarters. And to *their* world of course. So I'll cut to the point.

It was early morning, the sun shining, but the day still had that rather tactile feeling which senses that the dampness of overnight dew had not yet been burnt off and hung still in the atmosphere. A bit of a light breeze present. I was set to re-charge the couple of bird-feeders hanging from the branches of the tree in the shady corner, and to do so I stepped first towards the pond in my back garden. A bit of a habit thing this, as on the way I often get a sight of the family of newts grazing in the shallow water there, and enjoying the quietness of the morning. Or a chance and special sighting of a goldfinch on the bird-bath. And as I did so, the eye and (to be honest, sleepy) brain arrested me and I literally froze mid-step. One more movement would have been brutally fatal.

There, prone on the ground, was the most beautiful emerging dragonfly. A pristine, glistening, emerald-green miracle of Nature. As the gentle sunlight caught its wings they sparkled and shone. Words fail miserably to reflect the visual perfection of the creature I sighted. In every way inadequate to do it proper justice. Seemingly helpless, it shimmered and gently swayed this way, then that way, as the morning breeze caught its four large, stretching wings and moved it like a diaphanous sail, just as it might a baby, waterside willow frond. I was captivated, and watched, rooted to the spot - an unexpected privilege to be there, at the exact time, to see this new miracle unfolding in front of me.

I don't say 'miracle' lightly. This still-frail and vulnerable thing had determinedly pulled itself out of the pond, over the gradually warming concrete edge, and now lay, presumably exhausted and inches only from its former confinement, upon the welcoming grass. Where now, it clung precariously to the straggly yet helpful blades of grass, and in doing so gently airing its wings - I watched its several moves (and legs) as they struggled to find best purchase on the stems. Casting my eye momentarily sideways to the pond, there floating on the surface lay the intricate, albeit ugly brown case from which it had emerged. Ugly Duckling into Beautiful Swan.

I was there I don't know how many minutes - time seemed, and was, of little consequence. Spell-bound, trying to take in every fascinating detail, I nonetheless noticed that many brown ants were showing untoward interest in the 'Swan's' presence mere inches above them, and I protectively feared for its safety. It moved, dangerously so, as it became a little more buffeted by an unsettling breeze and looked as though it might fall. At this point I must have blinked because the next second it took awkwardly and unexpectedly to the air - its next embracing home - on its airborne maiden flight. Just imagine that if you will. If only we could all fly in its boot-straps! And in another blink of an eye, the breeze caught its wings and it was gone!..... Gone irretrievably Call me names if you wish, but as this happened I felt somehow a deep but real, and almost irrecoverable sense of loss.

The Gods must feel the same emotions, surely, over each and every one of their lovely hatching insects and butterflies, left to fledge alone and survive in their own wild and uncertain world. Facing dangers every day. (Serious note please:- the author certainly draws no comparisons or qualities, deity or otherwise, between him and such gods!!! - anyway I find their staple diet contains rather too much rice for my liking??).

Indeed, on a personal level, something very beautiful happened that day. Just as the chance sighting of swallows all the way from Africa lifts our spirits when they first arrive in the year. Returning back to us in essence - an affirmation of our continuity. My chance sighting of the dragonfly acted as a timely reminder of what bounty we have in the Natural world. It was a moment to treasure, and symbolise perhaps a new start; with all the understood excitement that a brand-new life brings. A spur also to dispel negative gloom and pessimism.

So, a joy to behold and a fitting symbol to take on board new hope and inspiration (for the season ahead?). What more could we want? - a bit of fishing... ?

C. Fish

STOP PRESS

HOORAY

GREAT NEWS

After 2 Months of Lockdown, we have been informed that on **Wednesday 13th May**

We will be able to FISH AGAIN!!

AS long as we observe social distancing

Hurrah! we can now fish Tellisford again.

Thanks to the pro-active lobbying by The Angling Trust (we pay club membership).

They did a great job on our behalf in persuading MPs et al, by pointing out, among other things, angling

"is a largely solitary sport where self isolation occurs naturally and has proven benefits for mental health and social well-being". I suspect that as many MPs are anglers the A T was pushing at an open door, but nevertheless...good work.

On to other Guild business:

- There will not be a meeting or social fishing event in June.
- We are anticipating that the Chew boat day in July will go ahead but we will keep you up-to-date.

- We anticipate that we will have our social fishing day at Woolaston Fishery, Nr. Chepstow in August
- We're adding a 2nd theme for this year's photo competition - '**The Joy of Fishing**'
If you can capture on camera how it feels to be able to go fishing again please do so and email it to me.

Roger



Fishing Passport Update

Tuesday 12th May 2020

We are glad to announce that as of tomorrow (Wednesday 13th May), Passport beats in England will restart fishing with bookings possible as of **6pm this evening**.

We are glad to announce that as of tomorrow (Wednesday 13th May), Passport beats in England will restart fishing with bookings possible as of **6pm this evening**.

Passport fisheries in Wales will remain closed while full lockdown restrictions on travel are still in place that side of the border.

Some English fisheries will also remain closed - specifically those where social distancing will be difficult to maintain or where owners have requested closure to continue.

Otherwise, the following conditions apply:

- Bookings will be **online only** for the time being. Telephone bookings

will resume once the Wye & Usk Foundation office reopens.

- Fishing on Passport beats in England restarts at dawn on Wednesday 13th May. No fishing is permitted before then.
- Anglers should take every precaution when visiting a fishery to protect themselves and others from the spread of COVID-19. This includes staying more than two metres away from anyone else, wearing gloves to open gates or climb stiles and to wash their hands thoroughly when they return home. If you have to stop for fuel, wear gloves when using the pump and use contactless card payment if you can.
- Owners always retain the right to close their fisheries with immediate effect.
- If the restrictions are changed by the Government, the Passport could close again immediately with all outstanding bookings for the restricted period cancelled and refunded.

We expect that after weeks of lockdown, there will be something of a rush to make bookings. Conditions for Wye salmon fishing are good from Ross downstream. Meanwhile for trout anglers the Lugg and Arrow, although low, should provide some fun.

Hopefully, we will be able to open the Welsh fisheries soon but only if this partial reopening is successful and providing we avoid another tightening of the restrictions on activity and movement.

Once again, we urge all anglers to please adhere to the Government rules on preventing the spread of COVID-19 at all times.

OoOoOoO

Our next 'Roundup' will be the Winter Edition in November

Our stylish masked angler was of course... Robert E.