

WWFFG - END OF SEASON ROUNDUP



November 2019

We have started the 'Big Raffle' to be drawn at our Dinner in November - £1 a ticket.

The Guild Dinner - Friday 15th Nov.

Reminders:

- The Photo Competition - the theme is 'The Countryside'. send Email files to Roger or bring prints to the meeting or the dinner.
- If you have any photos (and maybe write-ups also) for Robert and Colin's mid - season roundup please send to me (Roger) and I will forward to them.
- If you are coming to the Guild Dinner it would be much appreciated if you could bring an item for the raffle.

We don't get many chances to thank the Committee, Jon, Roger and Alan, for their hard work with organising Guild matters throughout the year, so let's put up a marker to toast them at the Guild Dinner.

Guild Trophy Winners 2019

At the Committee meeting on Friday 18th October the submissions (Inc. photos) submitted for the various trophies were discussed and the trophies will be awarded and presented at the AGM in February...

- NYEFORD TROPHY - Heaviest Stillwater Brown Trout

A beautifully marked brown trout, returned after a quick photo.

Colin Burbedge - 4lb 12oz

- The BILL AVON SHIELD - Heaviest Rainbow Trout

A superb specimen

Al Logan 8lb 14oz

- The RIVER BROWN TROPHY - Heaviest River Brown Trout.

At 17"+ the largest brown from our stretch of The River Frome for several years.

Jon Jonik - 1lb 12oz

- The Tam Pearce CHEW BOAT CUP - Heaviest bag

Robert's seven fish bag was six more than anyone else on the day.

Robert Eadie - 18lb 5oz

- The WILF SLEIGHTHOLME TELLISFORD SHIELD -

Presented for the largest seasonal catch on the River Frome.

Mike Brewin

- The RON LONG MEMORIAL TROPHY Annual Photographic Competition

By tradition the judging of entries will take place at our Annual Dinner on Friday 15th November. To be announced

- The VIC WILLCOX MEMORIAL TROPHY

Presented to the Guild member who in the Chairman's opinion has done most in the past year to benefit the Guild

To be announced

Congratulations to the winners!

OCTOBER

Guild Meeting Wed 9th October - Butterflies & Moths

Guest speaker - Maurice Avent (member of Wiltshire Butterfly & Moth Conservation). This was a fascinating presentation - Maurice is a Lepidopterist of exceptional knowledge, experience and dedication and for an hour he gave us an impassioned presentation on the ups and downs & exceptional beauty of the UK's Butterfly & Moth population. He described the environmental and climate pressures, national surveys conducted and the extraordinary efforts being made to provide special habitats for species under threat. His presentation was peppered with images of extraordinary beauty - even the humble moth look magnificent in close-up. His talk was interactive and very much appreciated by members.



'New' type of brown trout found in species-rich loch



NS

A distinct "species" of brown trout that has never been reported before has been discovered in a Perthshire loch.

The specimen was one of four species of the fish found in Loch Laidon, suggesting biodiversity in freshwater habitats is greater than first thought. The new species differs from the common form in having lighter skin, and a larger mouth and eyes. It was discovered by a team from Inverness College, which is part of the University of the Highlands & Islands. The study, led by Prof Eric Verspoor, found four genetically, ecologically and visually distinctive species that have evolved in the loch over the last 10,000 years. One of the species, a "Profundal Benthivore", has not as yet been reported to occur in any other loch in the brown trout's native range. It inhabits the deep, dark waters of the loch where little light penetrates and feeds on organisms on the loch bottom.



**Open water
surface feeder**



**Shore line/shallow
bottom feeder**



**Deep water
bottom feeder**

10cm

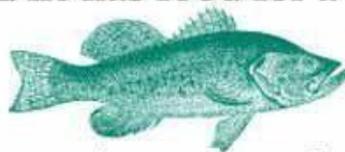


**Wide ranging
fish eater**

Image copyright COLLEGE Image caption The four species of brown

Prof Verspoor, director of the college's Rivers and Lochs Institute, said: "This is essentially a distinct species of brown trout, never before reported, and the total number of forms found in Loch Laidon is the highest number so far found in a single lake." While that in itself is exciting, what's more significant is that the study strongly suggests that the amount of biodiversity in Scotland's lochs, and indeed many of the freshwater lakes in the northern hemisphere, has been massively underestimated." This is because, unfortunately, few of our lochs have so far been studied with methods such as those we employed that are better able to resolve such diversity when it exists." Thus findings such as those for Loch Laidon may well be the tip of a biodiversity iceberg in Scottish and other northern lakes; the true size of this iceberg will only become clear once we study more lakes using methods such as those we employed." The research on the Laidon trout by Professor Verspoor and Dr Mark Coulson, of the Rivers and Lochs Institute, and co-workers was published in the journal *Freshwater Biology*.

**Give a man a fish
and he has food for a day.**



**Teach a man to fish
and he has to buy bamboo rods,
graphite reels, monofilament lines,
neoprene waders,
creels, tackleboxes, lures, flies,
spinners, worm rigs, slip sinkers,
offset hooks, gore-tex hats,
20 pocket vests, fish finders, depth
sounders, radar, boats, trailers,
global positioning systems, coolers
and six-packs.**

JULY

WWFFG CHEW BOAT CUP COMPETITION

'Whenever will it get easier?'

Ten Members of the Guild met on 10th July 2019 for breakfast at Woodford Lodge with a great feeling of excitement and anticipation.

By 10:00am Jon allocated our boat partners and boat numbers and we were off for a days fishing with the intention of catching a boatful of trout.

The weather was near perfect, a nice warm breeze, a gentle ripple on the water and good company. What could be better? The answer to this is to catch a few more fish for supper!!

We broke for lunch at 1:30pm to find that Jon and Robin were missing. The engines of their boats had both 'packed in' and looking out across the lake to see them being towed back to the jetty.

Only one rainbow was caught that morning and was generally agreed that strong sunshine had pushed the fish down to the lower layers of the lake.

The afternoon sky had clouded over which luckily had brought the fish up to about a foot of the surface and one Member (who will remain nameless) started catching loads of fish (well, seven actually). He was using a floating line with a long leader . The fish were caught on a red glass buzzer and a red-headed diawl bach and were caught about three quarters up Villice Bay near the reeds.

Unfortunately not a lot of fish were caught this time and it made one think, after all these years of club outings on Chew will we **ever** have a perfect day wetting our nets with bagfuls of fish? It WILL happen sooner or later for sure!

On this day the fish were feeding on flies/nymphs with a red flash on them. Gerry B. came up with a good tip - if we wanted to change the colour of a fly that we were using, get a waterproof indelible felt-tip pen and create a daddy-long-legs foam body from plain to red. Neat idea!

In spite of a poor fishing day it was still great to get out on the lake in a boat and enjoy the Fullness of Nature!

John S. and Roger H. had to leave earlier in the afternoon.

Thanks must go to Jon for organising the event and to the Guild for a £10 concession on the ticket price.



The results of the Competition are:

1st. Robert Eadie with 7 rainbows for 18lbs 5oz and the biggest 3lbs 8oz.

2nd. John Sheppard with one at 2lbs 8oz.

Joint 3rd Tim Pullen and Jon Jonik who both had one at 2lbs 4oz each.



Guild Members enjoying the outing



Catch of the day

AUGUST

CANCELLED BECAUSE IT'S SO HOT!

Guild day at Bushyleaze Lake Wed 14th August

The lake was closed due to the heat!

Bushyleaze lake was closed due to the hot weather and is unlikely to re-open until September/October so our planned fishing trip on Wednesday 14th August was effectively cancelled barring a miracle.

During this time the fishery will be carrying out maintenance so re-opening may not be an option for some weeks, even with a drop in water temperature.

EVENING RISES

There are 3 different types of flies regularly hatching (sometimes prolifically) at present on rivers. Upwinged flies (ephemeroptera) having hatches of Pale Watery Dun, Small Dark Olives and Blue Winged Olives which are all good sized food for trout. When these hatches occur they run from 15 minutes to occasionally as long as an hour. To match these, look to see if the naturals, when they are on the water, have their wings pointing upwards. Larger flies are easily identified if they are almost half an inch long with two tails - they should be Pale Wateries. Olive colour naturals with 3 wings will be Blue Winged Olives and smaller upwings about a quarter of an inch long will be Small Dark Olives.

Major hatches of midges are also occurring. These can be an eighth to half an inch long. Look particularly for these on rivers with siltier bottoms and around large bends in the rivers where the water slows down and there is like to be more sediment. Griffiths Gnat is an excellent fly to use if you think they are midges.

The other hatch that could be occurring at this time in the evenings is the Cinammon Sedge which is about half an inch long. Try an Elk Hair Caddis or Balloon Caddis to match these. All the flies above are hatching generally in the evenings.

One final fly that may be hatching is the sand fly which is a member of the caddis family. The sand fly actually hatches throughout the day.

THE RIVER MOLE



About 10,000 fish have been killed by an agricultural pollutant, the Environment Agency have said.

An investigation revealed roach and trout died in the **River Mole**, South Molton. The Environment Agency said the source of the chemical-based pollutant which impacted 5km (3.1 mile) of a river had been identified and it would now be working out how it got into the river. The results of the investigation should be released later this week. There is no longer a danger of the pollution killing any more wildlife in the river because the officers on site got as much pollution out of the river as possible, the Environment Agency said. "It is continuing to restore oxygen levels to the river to protect wildlife."

PS. From Malcolm.....

Alex Gibson seemed to think, from initial EA comments, that the 'agricultural digestant' pollutant went into the river just above or just below the road bridge by the caravan park and STW, i.e., the road from Bish Mill.



STOCKING RIVER at TELLISFORD on 28th AUGUST 2019

Stocking went well today - with 100+ 12" to 14" vigorous rainbows released.

Special thanks to Robert, Colin, Al and Jon for lending an invaluable hand, but thanks also to those members who also offered to help if needed.

We stocked in five batches down to Pomeroy Wood - at each of the points where the blue pipe covers the barbed wire.

Prior to stocking we cleared the access points & casting positions of nettles etc.

The attached photo - Beat One next to the Packhorse Bridge - the first stocking point, showing the flat section of bank cleared of nettles providing a perfect casting position and easy access to the river.

Now they just need catching ! And they are 'for the table'



August stocking at Tellisford

EA ELECTRO-FISHING at TELLISFORD on 29th August 2019



I took my grandson down to Tellisford yesterday and found the EA was electro-fishing. Photos attached . I had a good chat to the chap in charge about that and other river matters .

As you'll be keen to know ...Unsurprisingly to you and me, but a big surprise to them - they found 20 +rainbows at Wilf's Oak! That'll teach them not to liaise! Plus 3 browns, 3 eels and various chub, dace and perch. We'll get a full report in a few months.

Roger

SEPTEMBER 2019

Tellisford 10th September I fished with a tapered leader, size 14 barbless weighted pheasant tail nymph with a silver thorax and caught this beautiful wild brown trout in Oak pool. I guess it must be 3 years plus and in prime condition for spawning. The net is 17" across which gives a good indication of size. I caught a bigger stocked brown trout in Pomeroy Woods during the Mayfly hatch but this was the biggest wild brown trout that I've caught at Tellisford.

Jon



IT IS A FIFTY - FIFTY THING - suggests Courteny Fish

On a note of pure nostalgia (and at a real risk of boring the [Terry Wogan] 'reader') I was brought up on the 50/50 thing - you know, the 'fair's fair' principle. Not hammered, but guided by parents who believed in half and half shares; that sort of thing between them. Avoiding unfair advantage. My father even had an old Ford 8, which proudly displayed RD 5050 plates (true!) as its registration in Reading. This in the '50s, (of course), way before personalised plates became such a thing. Wish we'd hung on to those plates!aaaaagh, the wisdom of hindsight. I do remember the car, et al, were sold to a young newly-wed couple, friends in the neighbourhood. For a song needless to say. (I didn't say that, and) it still hurts.

So, quickly on to the main topic. Bear with me fellow piscators and let me recount the first of two very recent outings to Valhalla; shades of Norse Heaven indeed. Call them my September pilgrimages even:-

A breezy afternoon near Shepton Mallet and I find myself sitting in a lakeside idyll, staring at the water. The great man, Walton, left many wise words. Amongst these he said'Be quiet and go a angling'. I keep these in mind; and that, my piscatorial friend, is what I am doing, **for a long, long while**. Or aspiring at least to do so. Now I am not a disciple of Zen and that sort of thing, but after a while I reach a state where I imagine. I imagine a state where my outer-body consciousness ascends, and I feel I am almost looking down at myself, in a near meditation state, thinking**What the Hell am I doing here!!!!** It's called boredom of course - or pretty close-to. Conducted in inanimate silence.

At the best I can manage, there is a latent excitement in this whole process after all. I refer to it as **The quest**. And this amongst the most lovely scenery. Immersed, and cocooned even, within priceless, sublime and special 'peace and quiet'. Where else can you find that nowadays? - serious question. And all this while, I have been staring at half a dozen crusts thrown in (as free offerings to the lake gods), which have drifted into the reeds nearby. As I watch, my eyes a little bit jaded now, I yawn expansively, careful to restrict any instinctive arm movement. Suddenly, and with no fuss or forewarning, a huge pair of lips appear noiselessly through the surface, engulfs one of the pieces of bread, ripples fan out, and an immediate and huge explosion of water destroys the overwhelming silence. The water absolutely erupts as a large carp bolts far out into the lake middle and the centre-pin reel screams. The speed of the fish is absolutely electric. My hook-bait was amongst the floating offerings, and a beautiful carp is firmly hooked. A mini-battle ensues to try to keep this fish, in full flight, from diving into the weeds far out, and thereby safety and escape. Weedbeds and lily-pads are everywhere. With no small measure of luck, a mirror carp is finally netted, unhooked, and slipped safely back. Around six pounds. Not big in carp terms, but (unabashed) is big in my estimation and fishing experience. I have heard it said, disparagingly, that to even begin to impress anyone with a carp, you pretty much have to crack ten pounds. Each to their own. 'Their' absence, and space, around the water I fish is welcomed. I am not referring to carp.

On a personal note, I consider with global warming; dog-days of Summer on Chew and Blagdon and all - or wherever you favouritely fly-fish - this presents a good (and equal?) opportunity to continue our waterside sport all year. I will quote the American writer, John Gierach at this point, who incidentally fishes for both trout and carp species. He says, a tad controversially, 'if you wanted a fish that could sip white wine and discuss Italian poetry, you'd look for a trout. If you needed a ditch dug, you'd hire a carp.' In the States they have long been denigrated, calling them backyard bonefish and worse. But Gierach, amongst many, now fish for them. And angling for them- with the fly if you prefer - becomes increasingly popular here. To return, however, to the peace and solitude of carp heaven; read on. This lake is remote and feels distinctly wild as you sit there quietly. You are back to Nature and the only one there; alone. The evening light is failing.

To my right, previously unseen and with eerie stealth, a mist develops and rolls silently across the lake surface. A noticeable drop in temperature makes me reach slowly for the top button of my shirt as I fail to suppress a shiver. Nearby, again with imperceptible guile, a ripple quietly forms - appearing as if from nowhere. Something is afoot. Whether you believe in such things or not, a sensation of magic forms around you. Not tangible as such, but an atmosphere - an atmosphere almost of foreboding? Of spooks and things that move unknown in the failing light. And, naturally, of prospects that might unfold. As you mull such things over, the defence corner of your eye detects the very slightest movement. As if by magic, something has disturbed the breadcrumb flotsam at your feet - it moved no more than a fraction of an inch, but movement it surely was. Then nothing... and yet more nothingness. Suddenly, so suddenly that you almost fall backwards in your seat, a huge pair of lips envelops the bread and **all Hell breaks loose**. You react and tighten as an unseen monster tears away at breakneck speed. Your very surprise has delayed this reaction; which allows the fish to turn before it feels the barbless hook, and it is now half-way across the lake at

incredible speed. The line moves so fast it has burnt your fingers, painfully so, as you fail desperately to regain control.

After a long-to-be-remembered struggle, luck has held, and a beautiful common carp comes grudgingly to the net. I can not adequately describe in words the euphoria felt at this moment. Not an absolute monster, but a fin-perfect specimen in pristine condition around ten pounds. A thing of absolute beauty. It is a joy to capture then behold in front of you such a wild creature - the barbless size 12 has fallen out already in the landing-net - and it is quickly slipped back.

The end of a perfect day.

Well pickle my walnuts!! - apologies, I nearly forgot to mention the bait. It's bread of course as you know. But what you may not be surprised to hear is that it's **50/50!** sliced loaf; Kingsmill [alternative brands are available]. Equal brown and white. Also Robert is welcome company at the lake, as we try to discover just how big the carp may be in our relatively new venue. He has caught many fine specimens - some of which are shown in the accompanying photos. (incidentally the reel shown is 5.5" diameter!)



Remembering that fifty-fifty thing, (we are a fly-fishing club after all), **the trout!!** The ninth of September found me in Boat 43, for an afternoon session on Chew Reservoir. Long awaited I might add, since weather and wind-speed had conspired to keep the old floating platforms off its hilly surface for ages. The 'Elf & Safety' of course comes first. The water looked grey-brown and clarity was poor - not a confidence booster (at best) as I motored out. Destination was Herons Green Bay across a reasonably uncomfortable wave mid-lake. This was far more than a pleasant ripple despite the previous night's weather forecast. Herons provided a bit of shelter from the awkward wind-speed, and it was noticeably pleasant to be there. Eyes were working hard on entering the bay, anxious to spot any give-away movement on the surface - the prospect of fish. There was none.

This new paragraph is indicative, and saves commenting on a long interval in between without contact or sight of any fish. At the end of which I was about right and ready to up-sticks and try elsewhere. I had tried drifting loch-style across the bay for an appreciable time, then anchoring in good casting distance from the bankside weedbeds. Advised by reports and counter-staff at Woodford Lodge to try the washing-line method, I put two red Diawl Bachs on the droppers, but chose not to tie on a Blob or Booby (as recommended) on point. In its place I tried a foam Daddy Longlegs to hold the flies up. Result? - Nothing!! I started to realise why John Horsey (obviously not fishing himself) and even John Harris, the Lodge manager booking me in, had given me a rather querulous look when I said, despite the conditions, I would give it a try. I was finding out why!

A lonely spot. Despite all the other evidence (there were very few other boats out on the lake, and I was in splendid isolation, alone in the bay) my eyes were telling me there were sporadic visits of sand-martins, low over the waves. And these were becoming more frequent. A hatch of flies! - so surely the fish in the wet stuff would be equally interested? Perseverance was to pay off. At the end of a slow retrieve from the edge of the weeds, I hung the flies and dabbled the point along the surface. The slightest of takes; nearly failed to tighten-up (the Daddy was so close to the boat), and a sizeable rainbow powered off and narrowly avoided ploughing into the weeds several times before it eventually succumbed to the (oh so grateful) net.

To cut a long story short (Thank Goodness!) and in order to get to the point of this narrative, I caught a couple more rainbows on the red holographic DBs. Then, surprisingly, a few fish started appearing on top - just 'dimples' on the riffled surface of an otherwise unoccupied desert. In reaction to this, I cut off the two droppers and went into 'dry-fly' mode. All too late it seemed, time was ticking on - but it worked! The visibility was a matter of question, so an orange bodied Daddy was tied on point. Nothing very scientific in this; really a matter of great uncertainty and confusion at the time of decision, as to what to try for the best. And fingers crossed! Long intervals the pattern in between the fish taken.

The fly was cast on a fairly long line towards just-visible weedbeds. The moment this alighted on the surface (that far away), a trout would show perhaps ten feet only from the boat!! There is an obvious irony in this: 'movement' in the roof of an area otherwise barren for the preceding umpteen hours.



Fortunately on three occasions later, the fly settled on the surface and was immediately taken at range. The line just tightened; yet very gentle takes, - one secured freedom with no great effort at all. Big fish as well - the current average for Chew is 3lb.1oz - and what a tussle to get them in avoiding the weed. So, a best fish of 4lb.4oz, two fish of over 3lb. and the Orange foam-bodied Daddy the star turn. Dry flies here we come! I spooned the fish taken - each were completely empty. Zilch! Conclusion? - 50/50% of nothing is still nothing. But on that same basis, absolutely nothing was lost either. A day when all seemed lost, and yet ended memorable for the untold pleasure derived. And a rare chance of inner peace. This from a wonderful sport that gives us so much - 'Doubt not but angling will prove to be so pleasant that it will prove to be, like virtue, a reward to itself' [Izaak of course].Be quiet and go a fly-fishing. Can't wish you more than that.....

Tackle shops you may not be aware of:

'CLIVEY TACKLE'

6 Clivey Lodge, Dilton Marsh, Wilts., BA13 4BA

Not easy to find but look for a pub-type sign on the main road saying Clivey Tackle' at the turning to a short single-track lane. Run by Chris Haines - someone who has spent a lifetime in fishing including designing fishing tackle for well-known brands and a running a carp fishery. Open usual business hours, but if you are travelling a distance phone him to check on 07815937816.

The shop is rammed with tackle, mostly carp and coarse but some fly fishing kit too. Chris is extraordinarily knowledgeable about all aspects of freshwater fishing.

Opening in November -

'WESTBURY TACKLE' Carp specialists

Maristow Street (near the Air Ambulance charity shop), Westbury

[www.westburytackle](http://www.westburytackle.com) .com

OoOoOoOoO

Dead Penguins - I never knew this!

Did you ever wonder why there are no dead penguins on the ice in Antarctica? Where do they all go?

Wonder no more! It is a known fact that the penguin is a very ritualistic bird and lives an extremely ordered and complex life. Penguins are extremely committed to their family and will mate for life, as well as maintain a form of compassionate contact with their offspring throughout the remainder of their life.

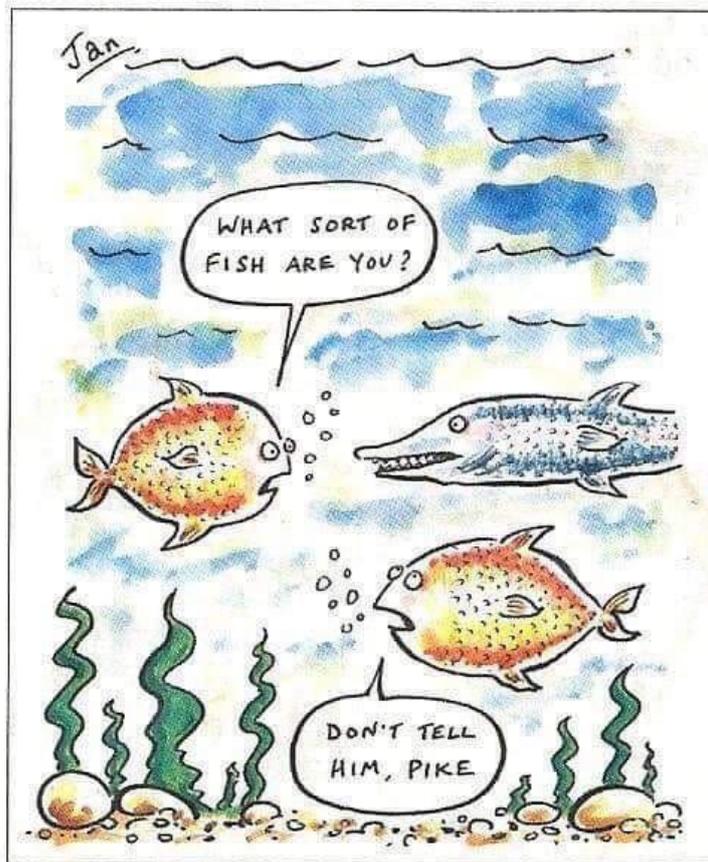
If a penguin is found dead on the ice surface, other members of the family and their social circle have been known to dig holes in the ice, using only their vestigial wings and beaks, until the hole is deep enough for the dead bird to be rolled into, and buried.

After packing the ice back into the hole, the male penguins gather in a circle around the fresh grave and sing:

"Freeze a jolly good fellow."

"Freeze a jolly good fellow."

You really don't believe that I know anything about penguins, did you?



Editors note....The next edition, 'The Early Summer Roundup' will be June 2020. In the meantime, if you have any photos or stories with a small connection to our hobby, please send them to Roger or myself for inclusion in our next newsletter. Thanks.

The Christmas Festivities will be here before we know it - so hope it's not too early to wish you all a Happy Christmas and a Happy, Healthy New Year

from the Guild's Committee, Colin (Courtney Fish) and myself.