

fly fishing club. cambridge.

President: Norman Shippey <normanshippey@btinternet.com>; Chairman Lawson Wight <lawson@camsweep.co.uk>; Treasurer Alan Prevost <alan@prevost.net>
Secretary/Newsletter Editor Peter Reeves <piscator2003@yahoo.co.uk> tel: 01223 511992.
Bookings officer John Caldwell <john.caldwell@unep-wcmc.org> tel: 07956 275485.
Affiliated to the Angling Trust, and the Federation of Midlands Fly Fishers (Anglia)
Website: www.invictaffc.org.uk



SEXAGENARIAN SNAFFLES SIX POUNDER AT CHEW. EXOTIC SPECIES INVASIONS (-Yes, I am really short of copy for this edition.)



Inveterate competitor, Invicta fashion advisor and international Tarpon abuser, Chris McLeod, well known for his voracious appetite for crackling - having recently sacrificed a hog to roast at Ashton to celebrate his 60th Birthday, is shown above brandishing an early birthday present... a 6 lb. Brown trout extracted from Chew on a recent Invicta raiding party.

Well done Chris and congratulations. There are, as yet, unconfirmed rumours of retirement. Whether it be industry (!) or indolence in the future, keep pulling them out and holding them up for the camera!



Conservatives rule! No not just the political party wearing that name or the other one eschewing the name and hijacking the policies but those who wish to resist change. Conservationists... or maybe really Luddites... who can say?

Anyway the Wild Trout Trust is championing the gene pool fund in our natural Brown Trout population (known to many Americans as "German" Trout for some obscure reason) and I am sure we wish them, the WTT that is, well in their objective and perhaps many of you are actively supporting their cause. If not, why not?

Irresponsible but well intentioned introductions can cause local problems, Rabbits in Australia, Grey Squirrels in Europe etc. etc. with Conservationists and Ecologists getting knickers in a twist. There has I notice, not been any widespread outcry at the Midland Reservoirs over the huge tonnage introduction of imported (exotic) Rainbow trout but some element has objected to the new 'Black Plague'.. i.e. Cormorants. The Red Signal Crayfish, pictured above on a rod handle, also from the USA does have a bad press though. However I hear, on purely anecdotal evidence, that where this freshwater mini-lobster is established - the trout fishing actually improves! Any experience on this anyone? One thing that this exotic invader has got wrong - like the Rainbow - is that it tastes good!

invicta calendar of forthcoming fishing events

Jun. 12th	EYEBROOK. Carr cup points apply Choice of partners	8.30 for 9 am
Jul. 11th	GRAFHAM (PRESIDENT'S CUP) Carr cup points apply Draw for partners	8.30 for 9 am
Jul. 26th	GWFFA FLOATING LINE COMPETITION Grafham Water	tba
Aug. 15th	DRAYCOTE Carl Hunter Bowl & Carr cup points. Draw for partners	8.30 for 9 am
Aug. 18th	INVICTA TUESDAY EVENING LEAGUE FINISHES Grafham Water	5.30 for 6 pm
Sep. 5th	RAVENSTHORPE. Carr cup points apply. Choice of partners	8.30 for 9 am
Oct. 7th	HANNINGFIELD. Carr cup points apply. Choice of partners	8.30 for 9 am
Aug. 18th	INVICTA TUESDAY EVENING LEAGUE FINISHES Grafham Water	5.30 for 6 pm
Sept.16th	GRAND MAX Floating Line Competition Bewl Bridge	tba
Nov.tba 14th	ELINOR Invicta Fur & Feather Bank event	tba

*** Please note that the date for the President's cup has been changed in order that you can fish it and still volunteer to Bobbie Worker to act as Boatmen for the English Youth Teams qualifiers on July 12th.

*** The Invicta series of winter meetings commence at Harston Village Hall, 7.45 for 8.00 pm on Thursday 15th October. A full programme of these meetings will be circulated once finalised.

THE ENGLISH DISABLED FLYFISHERS/GWFFA/INVICTA ETC. EVENT 2009

The English Disabled Fly Fishers enjoyed an outstanding day's fishing last week when they had their annual get together with Grafham Water Fly Fishers, Invicta and some of the other local clubs as well as the English Ladies. This get together/match is fished to sensible reservoir rules. Fishing conditions were near perfect with bright, broken cloud and a gentle warm south westerly breeze and a rod average of over 5.

1 st	Harley Smith & Roy
Palmer	16 fish for 36lb 6oz
2 nd	Cyril Proctor & Chris
Lane	16 fish for 35lb
3 rd	Danny Peet & Jayne
Cutting	16 fish for 34lb 9oz
4 th	John Roberts & Steve
Ellerbeck	16 fish for 33lb 8oz
5 th	Don West & Kevin
Appleton	15 fish for 32lb 12oz

Chris Lane had the best bag of the day with 8 fish for 19lb 14oz. Andy Newman (INVICTA) took the best fish with a typical Grafham over wintered Brown trout of 4lb 1oz.



Andy Newman, who has a remarkable ability to get his photo in this newsletter more often than most, is shown above holding hands with a lady. Andy has not indicated whether this is part of his prize situation for biggest fish or if the lady concerned was intent on controlling the location of his hand - but of course he does have another.

WHY DON'T WE SEE THIS MORE OFTEN?



It is a puzzle. here on the left (courtesy of Fishypics showing Martha Thomson on opening day) we have an image of a lady playing a lively rainbow trout from the bank on one of Anglian Water's exceptional fisheries.

What concerns me though (other than the orange blob in its mouth) is that this is a relatively rare event. My experience is that when one does encounter a fellow fly fisherperson of the distaff side, they are exceptionally good... but why are they so rare? National statistics, in which one assumes we can place a measure of trust, would appear to indicate that circa 50% of our population is female - well the circa bit allows for some essential uncertainty, it is not always easy to tell. On this basis every other fly fishing person encountered will be female - maybe even a nubile damsel in distress waiting for a gallant gentleman to come to her aid with a landing net. This is again another instance of statistics telling lies - it does not happen. Why not?

We all must have noticed persons about the house of excessive zeal, overly obsessed with domestic cleanliness, tidiness and ikebana (- as well as finding one unwanted and unnecessary tasks.) These we understand are the fair sex pre-occupied with trivia but why do they not get a life and experience the joy of the fly rod?

You owe it to them to do some pretty drastic missionary work. Grab a woman and point her in the direction of the true faith. Don't attempt to teach her to cast yourself... it's a disaster waiting to happen - you can't do it and would not try to teach her to drive would you? Bite the bullet and pay for professional casting lessons and truly share the real pleasures of life. This way lies true salvation and domestic harmony. Remember also to pay her subs to Invicta by the way.

You might try to view me as being somewhat more than mere breakfast



..... Oh forget it!
(Yes, it is the same fish)

OH DEAR! IT IS THE SILLY SEASON AGAIN... YOUR EDITOR CLIMBS UNSTEADILY BACK ON HIS SOAP BOX TO ASK "INTERNATIONAL RULES - ARE THEY FANTASY COMMANDMENTS UNFIT FOR PURPOSE?"

All competitive sports must have rules to establish fairness and logical order and fly fishing is no different. However, I have to question the rationale (if any) behind the International or Loch style rules as they are sometimes referred to which currently apply and which do not appear to have any basis in normal practice.

The first question is who drew these rules up and on what authority did they do so? They seem so strange and illogical that it would be interesting to know exactly who was responsible and what rationale/criteria was applied. I would also question precisely how 'international' these rules are and why such arcane local measurements are used, 15/16th of an inch for example. In the first instance why not one inch (can 1/16" make all that difference?) and if international why not in international measurements of millimetres? Also how many Countries contributed to this set of "international" rules as they seem to be essentially British in nature? There seems little input or representation from other areas - Kenya, Spain, Italy, Germany or the USA for instance.

As mentioned earlier the rules are also sometimes referred to as 'Loch Style rules' so they represent traditional loch style practices then? No, get real and think again. The fly/hook sizes would seem to imply artificial flies to represent natural food items on British still water but traditionally no fly size restriction would have been applied to any Loch and in many cases the chance of a Sea Trout or Salmon would positively indicate larger sizes. Further why establish a maximum size which precludes much loved food forms such as close copies of an adult mayfly or damsel nymph? Try dressing these to comply with international size rules or even a Daddy Long Legs. Mind you, other natural food forms such as bright orange Blobs are seemingly quite ok! Get real somebody! More odd though is the fact that Loch fishing does imply fishing for wild brown trout which are territorial and do not tend to shoal when mature. Does it make any sense at

all to take loch practices then and apply them to midland reservoirs which are mainly stocked with rainbow trout which are opposite in habits as they do shoal and are not generally territorial?

The engine shall always be to the left when fishing - great if you are not left handed.. but what if you are? In any event adjustable drogue fixing points are more often employed now allowing much more control over the boats drift - so why?. Thou shalt not use shooting heads! Why not? All manner of floating, sinking and hybrid lines seem permissible and in all full line profiles - what on earth is wrong with a well presented shooting head? And I can assure you that a shooting head can be as well presented as a full line but not perhaps by those who habitually fish from boats and accumulate bad casting habits. Believe me any finesse in presentation is not a priority in any competition I have been involved with and the objections raised in the past to their use have never carried any validity. Fly size restrictions I have mentioned earlier as a strange arbitrary decision but why no weighted fly? Fast sinking lines (if not shooting heads) are ok, hooks as heavy as you like but put one tiny tungsten bead on a fine wire nymph hook or a light lead underbody and you are in immediate trouble. WHY for heavens sake? On the other hand you can lash up massive and lurid foam Booby eyes on your Tequila Sunrise Blob and nobody bats an eyelid. Rules should embody total clarity and obvious rationale but all too often ludicrous questions arise such as is a particular seat back 'legal' or is this or that drogue fitting 'legal?' Where on earth is the sense in this and why is all this nonsense perpetuated. Isn't it time to radically re-write the so called International rules and this time apply commonsense and maybe even a slight element of reason? Whilst similar questions are constantly being raised can they be in any way considered fit for purpose? Is there any edict in the rules which can be justified? What do you think about this matter? F1 by the way also experiences current rule questioning!



MEMBER'S PROFILE No. 16 - Peter Reeves interviews Dr. Ian Wilson. Ian is different in that although not a junior member he displays hair (assumed to be his own) which is neither grey, white or absent! His work is in computer technology and alternative passion is photography.

PR - Ian, do you remember when you first started fishing?

IW – I was the proud possessor of a “crab line” from the age of about 5, and I would spend hours in Whitby harbour attempting to catch the little blighters. A couple of years later my parents bought me a rod and reel (to shut me up, probably) and I targeted the big stuff: dab, plaice and small coley, known locally as “billet”. Usually I ended up catching those wretched crabs, however! By 11 I saved up for my own float rod, and spent many happy hours catching small roach, perch and gudgeon while sitting by assorted lakes and rivers. Rumours that I went fishing in order to run away from home and get some peace and quiet are almost entirely true...

PR - When did you first target trout and was it with fly or bait?

IW - I grew up in Bradford, relatively close to the River Wharfe, but such delights were for the “posh” people who could afford it. I have my wife to thank for introducing me to fly fishing a couple of years ago, although I suspect she regrets it now. We were on holiday in Scotland, close to Loch Awe, and there was a small stocked fishery which offered tuition. She left me there for the day (again, probably to shut me up) and, after some basic lessons in casting, I spent the rest of the day thrashing the water. I actually hooked a rather nice rainbow towards the end of the afternoon, but a “more experienced” angler managed to lose it for me at the net. No matter: the seed was planted, and it was fly fishing for me from then on.

PR - In your early years (supposing you can still remember) was fishing readily available to you?

IW – There was plenty of coarse fishing around where I grew up, although I was limited to those locations which were close to bus stops. The rivers (Aire and Calder) were fairly polluted at the time, but the reservoirs and lakes were fine. I went as often as I could, until work pressures for “O” and “A” levels took their toll. By the time I got to University, I’d all but given up.

.PR -What is it about fly fishing that appeals to you?

IW – It’s a mixture of lots of things, in fact. Ignoring the occasional “concrete bowl”, many of the locations are absolutely stunning – as is the



Ian receiving the Carl Hunter Bowl trophy at our previous dinner/trophy presentation.

wildlife which lives there. Fly fishing is an “active” sport, rather than sitting around waiting for something to happen; and casting (when it works properly) is a joy in itself. I love tying flies; and, even better, catching fish on my own creations (some of which even resemble the proper item, but the fish don’t seem to care).

PR - What is your preferred method of fly fishing?

IW – Based on very limited experience (a season and a half, as I write) I’d say it would have to be straight-line nymphing with a floating line on relatively calm water. On the few occasions I’ve been able to try it, fishing with dry flies and emergers is also great fun. I’m only just starting to get to grips with sinking line tactics, which is my main excuse when Kieran Caulfield outfishes

me. Don't mention buzzers or the "Trevor" fly at Rutland to him, however...

PR - Do any other species than trout interest you?

IW - I'll happily fish for pretty well anything, as I love being out in the open and surrounded by nature. I confess I don't really understand the current obsession with over-bloated carp, but that's another story. In terms of fly fishing, I'd love to learn to fish on rivers (my experience is limited to a handful of still waters at the moment), so the grayling will be in my sights at some point in the future.

PR - Where would be your dream fishing venue?

IW - Difficult to say, given my limited experience, but probably a midge-free version of Scotland...

PR - Do you have any unfulfilled fishing ambitions?

IW - Lots, as you might expect. Being able to cast properly is at the top of the list! I feel like I've only just started to scratch the surface of fly fishing, and each time I go out I realise quite how much there is still to learn. In terms of ambition, stocked rainbows are all very well, but I'd love to target wild fish in beautiful surroundings. I want to be able to fish on rivers, which will undoubtedly mean learning to wade. Like I said, I've only just begun.

PR - Has the attraction of fishing been constant?

IW - The attraction has been constant, but the opportunities less so. I took up coarse fishing again after I got married (no, not to run away from home and get some peace!) but the arrival of children soon put paid to that. Occasional family holidays on canals or the Norfolk Broads have allowed brief "resurrection" periods, but otherwise it's been a pretty lean few years. My kids are older now (20 and 14) so there's much less of an issue when I run away, rod in hand. The discovery of fly fishing has rekindled the passion I've held since childhood; all I need to do now is to find a way to give up work...

PR - What was your most memorable fishing experience?

IW - Probably beating the pants off Kieran Caulfield at Rutland last year. Or was it this year? No, wait - it was both years! We don't mention experiences at Bewl or Grafham however...

PR - Do you have any misgivings over fishing at all?

IW - Only two. I could never stomach the idea of live-baiting as a kid, and that feeling hasn't changed at all. The other is the gaff, which is an instrument you'd never find in my arsenal. Providing fish - and the environment in which they live - are treated with respect, I'm a happy bunny. Mind you, anything which thinks an orange blob is worthy of attention can't be especially discerning...

PR - Where do you go from here in a fishing context?

IW - Learn new skills; visit more locations; catch more fish. I genuinely believe that fly fishing is one of those pastimes where there's always something new to learn, and this is very much part of its attraction for me.

PR - How important has your involvement with 'Invicta' been to you?

IW - Serendipitous, and extremely important. I did a "Google" search for a fly-tying evening course in the Cambridge area, and discovered that there was a motley bunch of miscreants who met a couple of hundred yards from my front door! Apart from the meetings, two things stand out from my association with Invicta: first, the opportunity to share a boat with many different people, each of whom have their own particular skills, prejudices and idiosyncrasies; second, learning to tie flies in the comfort of Peter Reeves' sitting room while sampling the output of breweries near and far. Mustn't forget the "matching" blue shirt and orange cap, either...

ENHANCE YOUR WARDROBE WITH INVICTA DESIGNER WEAR

Newer members particularly will be interested to learn the the widely coveted orange cap referred to by Ian above cannot be purchased but is awarded to Invicta team members when representing the Club. However, the fashionable blue shirt, suitably embroidered, is available to all members as well as the smart grey caps, woven vest badges and metal lapel/hat badges etc. These are available from our treasurer at most competitive rates. Contact Alan Prevost at alan@prevost.net or telephone 01954 230678 and he will give you full details of availability and price --- well, always supposing he is not off on yet another cruise that is.

ANOTHER HIGHLAND EXCURSION, THIS TIME TO THE



To be honest I had intended this year to sample the machair lochs of South Uist. However, I found it impossible to synch. ferry crossings to available accommodation. A facet which you would imagine islanders wishing to relieve mainlanders of spare funds would have long since organised - but these are after all charming Hebrideans. So at late notice I searched for a mainland alternative and struck very lucky as I was fortunate to secure a booking at the Scourie Hotel. Now I have been aware of this hotel and its legendary fishings for over 40 years, it was the base for the TV series Nick Hancocks Fishing School as some of you Sky subscribers may recall. It was late notice but someone must have died... there would be no other valid reason to cancel a booking as vacant periods are as rare as hen's teeth and 'possession of' probably features in wills.

At 650 or so miles away it is a long drive but it does take you through some wonderful countryside and the roads have improved over the last 40+ years. Upon arrival it was clear this was a hotel with a very clear sense of purpose - cased fish caught locally, were everywhere as were flies, antique rods & reels and other fly fishing impedimenta. OK, possibly a little contrived but it made me feel at home, well, home from home but the food was fabulously better! Like most highland hotels the assumption is that guests have a morbid fear of malnutrition but in this case the quantity in no way compromised great quality. Now booking in is an important feature at the Scourie Hotel as they utilise a Boardmaster beat selection system and your name is added to the board in order of arrival... so it is a race to get there. Essentially your name is added to a board and at 9.00 pm - after a less than light gourmet dinner - one makes one's selection from the extensive range of tempting options in order. Then the name at the top is moved to the bottom of the list for the next evening. Democracy in action and wonderful for the proprietors as the Boardmaster, is an experienced hotel guest so that the Hotel is protected from any argument as to who fishes where. Very clever, but not restrictive as the quality overall is supreme anyway.

Now, for the actual fishing. The weather on arrival had been again classed by the general tourist as 'wonderful' i.e. cloudless blue skies, little or no breeze and as hot as hell's kitchen - let's face it 'mega midge weather.'. The winds when present

had been from the north. Yes, you have guessed it - the words 'another lousy day in paradise' sprang immediately to mind. Starting from a lowly position on the board I waited until the better informed had made their choices for our day one and requested immediately Loch Caladail. Now wait! Did nobody sit up suddenly? The archbishop of Canterbury when asked where he would like to be would possibly reply heaven... I am not an archbishop and my idea of heaven is Loch Caladail... this opinion is also shared by Stan Headley (he of the 'Loch Fisher's Bible') - what you have not read it? Proceed immediately to Amazon, do not pass Go, order it, stand by your letter box until it arrives then drop everything and read it. Some may call it a 'bloody good read' others may opine "a complex but comprehensive intellectual dissemination of the factors involved in the more important aspects of a truly fulfilled life." Take your pick but **READ IT!** I was successful and thus another lifetime ambition achieved. Thank you God...well er, Boardmaster! Loch Caladail is one of the fabulous limestone lochs in the Durness area surrounded by peaty, acid lochs. Wonderful feeding for spoilt choosy fish leading to brighter colouration, greater size and energy. Not easy to fish but well worth the challenge. Also one of the few surcharge lochs. Most of the extensive selection of beats (which can include several lochs plus river) from the Scourie Hotel are totally free to guests - including boats. The surcharge for Caladail was £40 ... about the same for a day on Grafham. We left Scourie to travel north to Durness in ideal conditions but on approaching Loch Caladail the wind had changed direction to due north and seemed to be blowing with near gale force. Now a word about boats in the Highland. They have a near unique system of propulsion which eliminates all that pulling of starting cords and accompanying expletives, it is called oars. Now these are not the midland reservoir oars placed in the boat as a form of decoration and line trap - they are working oars. If you do not pull on them you go nowhere other than downwind!!! I apologise for any nightmares incurred by this statement but it is for real. Given the wind levels getting out of the boat moorings was not a simple matter. Getting anywhere upwind far from easy. Rowing up a drift can take 30 - 40 minutes but fishing that drift may take a mere 3 or 4 minutes... this is not a logical use of energy... but it is essential. There is no rest. The boats have no

anchors and I did not take a drogue (on unknown waters with skerries or semi-submerged rocks, a drogue can be lethal in high winds risking capsizing.) Notwithstanding this the fulfillment of a dream is special and despite the hard work, fished hard and I feel quite well, releasing two hard fighting brownies with ambitions to be Polaris missiles neither of which would have exceeded one pound but when my cherished Redington Redfly 2 4 piece rod suddenly became a five piece, decided to call it a day and we went off to explore the famous Smoo Cave in nearby Durness.

The following day we decided to take advantage of the bright sunshine in the morning to visit the Isle of Handa which is a bird sanctuary and were delighted with the beauty of the place, the tranquility wonderful views and the abundance of birdlife with Great and Arctic Skuas, Puffins etc. After lunch it was back fishing from the bank starting with pretty Loch Clar where the residents



Loch Clar with Arkle in the background

proved to be totally unco-operative so we looked at a couple of other Lochs before finishing up on Loch Bhagh Ghainmich where I had great fun with much more receptive fish with both wet and dry flies until dinner beckoned.

Later, via the board, we secured Loch Claisfearn, a roadside loch with a boat and plenty of wind. The loch had a number of small rocky islands on one of which a pair of Black throated divers were nesting and their antics to discourage our fishing too close was amusing. I must have lost at least as many fish as landed - one one occasion a good fish hooked close to some water lilies due to my forgetting to take a landing net with me in the morning, in the end I ended up releasing 17 fish and determined not to do any more rowing the following day.

Having negotiated Loch Mhuirt with the Boardmaster we set off about a mile into the hills. Now 40 years ago I spent much time in the Highlands fishing and hillwalking but that was some 40 years ago. My impression was that the hills were suddenly much steeper and my lungs much smaller. However, after a struggle and many rests we eventually arrived at the Loch system which was long and narrow lochs in a valley. The wind meantime was very strong and gusting making line control rather a problem. Some of the smaller lochs which had been pointed out to us as well worth trying certainly looked appealing but had weed growth making them difficult. The main loch however had no such problem and I concentrated on keeping my flies in the water and out of the heather... with variable levels of success - fish were taken but nothing of any size. Not being ready again for a boat the following day and opting for a short walk we claimed a loch system named "Mrs. Littles." The walk was about half a mile and we were advised to park on the old road and follow the burn up to the Lochs. Well, I did find the old road but could not see any sign of a burn. I took a compass reading from the OS map and confirmed my worst fears. Half a mile maybe but straight up through heather and scrub in waterproofs as it was very wet and extremely windy. On arrival, slightly exhausted, we were greeted with a hazy view (through the horizontal rain) of some most most attractive areas of water. The smaller lochs had been recommended to us especially and although subject to weed growth I did manage to extract a hard fighting brownie from one. Returning to the main loch it was already close to lunchtime and since we were both



Loch Claisfearn

very wet indeed decided to return to the hotel, change into dry clothes and eat the sandwiches in the bar with some hot soup and a pint of Yellowhammer (an excellent brew.) After lunch

since everything was saturated and in the drying room, fishing was put on hold and we opted for 'an easy' walk to the bone caves at Inchnadamph which we did not manage to fit in last year. It had by then stopped raining but the track was at parts running like a stream. The easy walk turned out to be not quite as easy as envisaged and quite steep in parts with white knuckle stretches with sheer drops down the hillside from a very narrow track, disconcerting in a wind that was trying to take you off your feet! Anyway we eventually reached the caves which were well, just holes in the hillside basically but which were inhabited some 8,000 years ago and had yielded up animal bones such as reindeer and bears etc. We met several other hardy souls including a large American lady (are there any small ones?) who mystified me by enquiring "Say, are you really from Alabama?" I realised that I was wearing a cap with 'Albania' written on it and assumed she was either dyslexic or had never heard of the Country.

The atmosphere post dinner became tense as the next day was to be the last and our name was now high up the list. There was much sounding out of others intentions matched by much evasion and suggestions of lochs with long walks. I only had one destination in mind, Lower Duart, Three interconnected lochs, by the roadside, two with boats and also a stretch of river. As it turned out at least half of the other guests had the same ambition but my timing was right. We were allocated Lower Duart by the Boardmaster and there was a tangible sense of my sudden unpopularity. Wonderful!!

Saturday was a pleasant day, sunshine with broken cloud and a light breeze and after breakfast, an easy short drive we were at Lower Duart having been advised that the upper of the Lower Duart lochs was worthy of attention. So it was to be, I did take a look at the middle loch with the intention of navigating to the river section - but could not find an obvious route through - so returned to the upper part. Both the lochs investigated had large areas of weeds, Rushes, Reeds, Water Lilies, Bogbean etc. but open areas also. Ideal for interesting fishing and also, in my experience, good quality fish. Initially the light breeze was constant and fish rises evident. Although many were covered there were no takes - clearly this was not going to be easy. As the wind strengthened during the day there was more ripple but also the boats was moved from weed patch to weed patch more quickly making fishing more demanding. Many were the tussles with water lilies but also some active skirmishes with very lively and strong fish but time melts in such circumstances and we needed to pack and load the cars in readiness for an early start on Sunday morning so I rowed back to the mooring point. I did have a few casts from the bank however and added another small brownie to my tally and left with a sense of great satisfaction. It was a great privilege to spend time at Scourie. If you would like more information Patrick & Judy Price can be contacted on 01971 502396 - or what your appetite in their website www.scourie-hotel.co.uk/



Part of the Lower Duart Beat... an ideal finish to great week. Easy access with hard fighting quality wild brown trout.

NATIONAL FISHING WEEK 2009 - 24TH JULY TO 2ND AUGUST

The Angling Trust who shortly expect to be confirmed as the governing body for Angling in England, has been appointed organiser and promoter of National Angling Week 2009.

Working with the EA, Angling Trades Association and with support from Sport England, The Angling Trust “seeks to elevate this celebration of fishing to a new level.” The Trust offers assistance to those

wishing to organise events in England and Wales and looks to encourage young anglers, educate the public over benefits of angling, have angling issues included in development and environmental decisions and encourage greater diversity amongst those taking part in the sport.

So look out for events and initiatives which may be announced.

THIRTY YEARS AGO

- A LOOK AT EARLIER INVICTA NEWSLETTERS

EXTRACTS FROM NEWSLETTER NO. 9
DATED MAY 1979 PRODUCED BY
DAVID JONES

“I am pleased to record that 1978/79 will be remembered as a year of growth for the club and that we now have in excess of forty members. I would like to thank everyone especially our speakers who have contributed to making this year such a success. Somewhere amongst the membership I now feel there must lurk someone who will put their summer experiences on paper. The more (in this case greater than 1!) contributors we have the more often the newsletter can be produced.” - *Nothing new here then! Ed.*

“...I didn't expect one of our members portrayed in that doyen of nymph presentation ‘The Sun.’ Alas not quite page 3 material but what, the uninitiated may enquire was he doing in the vicinity of

Westminster? It can now be disclosed that the said man - who shall remain nameless - was clad in bright green chest waders, carried a 28' B&W prototype and was last seen heading in the direction of Father Thames. A suspicious character indeed. It appears that our salmon expert has been exposed. Not for him an exclusive beat on the Tweed but hopefully seeking the first rod caught Thames Salmon and £50,000 as the prize I believe.

I well recall some years ago I was interviewed by the police concerning a murder which happened near Grafham “Only loonies go fishing on cup final day.” Let me see now... beady eyes... small ears set close to the head... I've never felt the same since.”

