



Club Newsletter

September 2015

Welcome everybody!

Well here we are at yet another newsletter. Firstly let me thank this issue's contributors. Once again the bulk of the heavy lifting is done by Bob Knott and Jason Stratford whose tireless contributions form the backbone of this here publication. Also Brian Kirkley has given us a round-up of the recent Qld trials at Uncle Billy's. And Tom Boylan has again provided us with our quarterly joke quota. Thanks again, gentlemen, it's much appreciated!

THIS MONTH'S FEATURES

Kicking off this edition we have Bob's final instalment of our club history, bringing us up to date. Followed by a report from Brian K on the recent FFFA Trials at Uncle Billy's. Then we have Tom's quarterly joke followed by a review of the Sage Pike rod from myself. Jason then gives us a rundown of his trip to Rompin and a review of the new Redington Behemoth reel which he deflowered there. And, finally, my review of Benny Godfrey's Barrier Reef film, Aquasoul.

A packed 26 pages! Hope you enjoy it.

ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING 2015

As we do every year in August, the old guard is dissolved and a new mob is elected to the club committee. This year saw Alex departing his role as Secretary to be replaced with the incomparable (or is that incorrigible?) Mark Drewett.

Welcome Mark!

We'd also like to bid farewell to Alex (from the committee, not the club!) and thank him for his fine years of service.

Thanks Alex!

So the make-up of the committee now looks thus:

President:	Paul Goodey
Vice-President:	Stu Jamieson
Secretary:	Mark Drewett
Treasurer:	Peter Nolan

IMPORTANT DATES

14 October 2015

Club Meeting

November 2015

Trip: Wyaralong/Ebor?

Date and location TBA

11 November 2015

Club Meeting

29 November 2015

Club Day – Snakes!

December 2015

Trip: Clarrie Hall Dam

Date TBA

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CLUB DAY 29 NOVEMBER 2015 – Snakes Alive!

President Paul has organised a club day to educate us all in the ways of snakes. We all come across snakes from time to time so this is an invaluable presentation by Snakeologist, Tony Harrison.

The day starts at 8:30am at Currumbin Community Special School, 5 Hammersford Drv, Currumbin Waters (thanks Kylie!). There'll be the usual lunchtime fire alarm and casting and flytying hijinx throughout the day, wrapping up around 3:00pm. Please let us know if you are coming for catering purposes.

2015 FLY TYING COMPETITION

Winners for this year's flytying competition were awarded at the AGM and the worthy recipients are Brian Kirkley and Jon Burgess. Well done gentlemen, you have rightly earned the accolades and adulation of your peers for your unparalleled fly tying prowess!



Each winning fly was critiqued by Jim Williams in a most informative and entertaining fashion upon the presentation of each trophy. Good show, sir!

SEPTEMBER CLUB TRIP – TOONUMBAR DAM

A number of us had to pull out at the last minute for various reasons but a handful of club members did get to Toonumbar. Fish were thin on the weekend but this was because Blommy and Lando had interfered with all the willing fish prior to everyone else arriving. This was okay, though, because we're all into flyfishing for the romanticism of it all and any fish we catch are just a bonus. *Photos courtesy of Lando.*



MEMBER OF THE YEAR TROPHY 2015

And finally, the Member Of The Year Trophy was this year awarded to myself! I can't adequately articulate how flattered I am about being the recipient of this year's trophy. Looking at the previous recipients puts me in some very esteemed company indeed! Many thanks to anybody and everybody who deemed me worthy of this award. It's a great honour. :)

Photos courtesy of Mark Drewett – "Club Master Photographer/Creative Genius".



See you at the next meeting on 14/10/15, folks!

Stu Jamieson
Vice President

THE HISTORY OF THE S.E. QLD. FLYFISHERS CLUB INC.

By Bob Knott

Part 3: The Convention Years

In 2005 we decided to act on Glenn Court's suggestion that we hold a live-in convention. It was decided that Camp Bornhoffen in the Gold Coast hinterland was the ideal location.

We were very fortunate to have Mark Hosking involved in the planning of this event. He makes his living estimating and very early on in the process he could tell us, to the man how many punters we had to pull to be in the black. He had our costs worked out to the dollar almost as soon as we started to plan the event!



Our first convention was a roaring success! Everyone who was there thought it was the best fly fishing event they had ever been to. Everything went as smooth as silk due to the members who attended pitching in and getting done whatever needed to be done. No one had to say "Let's get those tables out etc." because they were out already. The appointed crews had someone to do it.



We had a good bit of serendipity when we discovered that the other camp had not been booked and we were free to use the whole area. Normally the camp is divided into two sections and rented out to two groups. As we got going we realized that we not only needed the whole area but that it would have been a disaster to have a troop of Boy Scouts tripping through Sage rods, or a bunch of Girl Guides listening to someone yelling, "I don't f*%^&@ing believe it. Have another f&*%*ing tangle in my leader!"

The weekend started on Friday afternoon with all of us just getting things together. As the guests began to arrive we opened the bar and people started to get to know one another. Before we knew it the place was set up and we were into party mode. Peter Morse arrived with more expensive fly rods than anyone had ever seen in one place. We got settled in and our managers and cooks, Ray and Carol cooked us up a great meal, with the choice of beef or chicken. The food was great all through the weekend with enough to satisfy everyone. The mood for the weekend was set and from then on we had presentations from Peter Morse and Nat Bromhead to finish off the first evening.



Saturday got into the real meat of the Convention: Peter Morse gave individual casting lessons and Gavin Platz had set up a display of tying materials and rods and was giving casting lessons in the field adjacent to the display room. Shaun Ash and the late Muz Wilson were set up with their vices tying flies. Rod Harrison arrived later in the morning and pitched right in teaching casting even though he had just flown down from Darwin the night before and was running on very little sleep.

We realised how lucky we were to have all these well known fly fishers to donate their time to give individual attention to each of our guests throughout the weekend. Everyone had a chance to cast a wide range of rods with casting lessons from the best there is.

We went on to have a convention in 2006 which also was a success, not only in financial terms but in our standing in the flyfishing community. We were beginning to be taken seriously!

In 2007 an important event took our minds away from conventions; we as a club had been going for 10 years! This was certainly a cause for celebration. Mark and Deb Hosking kindly invited us to hold an anniversary party at their new house up on Tallebudgera Creek. We made it a catered affair so a firm came in, served us a nice meal and cleaned up afterward. Everyone who could attended and we really had a great day! A few of the original members were there as well as newer members. We all had a great time! Members with children brought them along. The pool and the tennis court were busy all the time.



In 2008 we held yet another convention which was again a success. We were beginning to think we couldn't fail...then we tried again in 2010. This time the early figures were not looking so good. We stepped up the publicity and still it was looking iffy. But we always came out ahead didn't we?

The 2009 AGM saw the end of Tom Boylan's benevolent dictatorship as he handed the president's chair to Mark Hosking. Tom had been acting as president since he joined the club. He was actually elected to the position in 2001 and had served the club ever since. Mark was the perfect successor having served on the committee since that time himself and had benefited the club in too many ways to mention.



In 2010 when we decided to hold another convention we were pushing our luck. After three successful events we were sure we couldn't fail. But when the figures started rolling in we realised we weren't going to get the numbers to make this one pay. We were, in fact, in deep ca ca. We had passed the date at which we could cancel and get our \$4000 deposit back! We pulled everything we had out of the bag; we took in "day trippers" which we had never done before. When the day was done we still lost money, but only \$800 compared to the bath we would have taken had we lost our deposit!



In the past few years we have had 6 members qualify as certified casting instructors, a record few if any other clubs have achieved. After Mark's tenure, Paul Goodey became President and has held the post ably since being elected. Paul is one of our better flytyers, and we have some good ones!





Well, that brings us up to date. I'm sorry that there are lots of things I didn't mention in this brief history. I just hope someone in the future continues it and maybe fills in some of the gaps I have left.

TRIP REPORT: FFFA QUEENSLAND TRIALS – UNCLE BILLYS

AUGUST 2015

By Brian Kirkley

One stage of the Queensland Trials was run at Uncle Billy's in August 2015. A few prospective members from SEQFF also fished, and have joined, or are considering joining the FFFA.

Jon and I arrived at Uncle Billy's about lunch time, and as always felt at home. Jim, Ez, Pete and Tony were already there, setting up gear and having a 'bit of a fish'. Jon and I headed back to the gravel pits to do the same.

There are rare occasions when the stars align, or the Gods smile and everything goes right. The next few hours were like this for me, and I hooked a fish almost every cast. I mean FISH, big strong fish that gave me a super run for my money. Jon was doing well too. By the end of the session I had netted double figures of solid 'footballs' of fish between 55 and 65, and several small ones. I was in fisherman heaven. I had the time and opportunity to compare different flies and retrieves and the experience added to my knowledge.

We all rolled up on dusk and as always, settled down with a few drinks and one of Ez's amazing antipasto trays. As always, he excelled himself and we were soon chatting and catching up while the flames in the fireplace grew in heat and the volume of our conversation grew in volume. We dined on home made pea soup and ham, and individual sticky date puddings with caramel sauce that Robyn, generously provided.

Plans were made and teams chosen and agreement was reached to have three sessions on Saturday and one on Sunday morning.

Jon and I drew the gravel pits for the first session and I was excited at the prospect after Fridays results. Needless to say, the fishing was not the same, and I worked hard for two very small fish. Now who would be surprised by that?

Ward could do no wrong, and Jon and Ez did well followed by Pete B and Tony.

Tony was surprised to hear Ez call then seemingly disappear, and had trouble finding him for a bit. Ez, who had been wading, stepped into a hole and slowly disappeared into a sticky viscous mud hole. He started to panic as the water rose above his waist since he could not extract either foot from the icy grip of the sticky bottom. No laughing matter when you continue to sink. Fortunately he managed to drag himself clear, and all was ok.

Apple and her husband Allan (AKA Orange) arrived late Friday night and also fished the weekend. Apple has been practising casting for months and while she has had a few 'goes' in salt water had not ever caught a fish on fly.

Jim took her under his wing and coached her a little on flies and strip styles, and to her almost overwhelming excitement she hooked up to a large strong fish. Her yells of excitement could have been heard in Ben Lomond and she displayed a new and unorthodox method of reeling in, but it all worked and she was over the moon to land her first fish. She followed that up with several more before the weekend was over.



As always a weekend at Uncle Billys was an excellent escape from daily life and the fishing as usual was great.

Thanks to Tony for a magnificent breakfast and to Allan for some awesome ribs as well as a huge follow up of delicious food by Jon.

There will be further trials for the Queensland titles through out the rest of year and into 2016—I think.



FLY YARNS

Young man visits his granpa.

“Hi where is your girlfriend Laura?”

“She got gonorrhoea and died.”

“But you don’t die of gonorrhoea Granpa!”

“You do if you give it to me!”

Submitted by Tom Boylan

GEAR REVIEW: SAGE PIKE 1090-4

By Stu Jamieson



On the back of a very good closeout deal, two years ago or so, I picked up a Sage Bass Smallmouth rod. I had actually ordered the Bluegill (on the strength of [Paul Goodey's review of kayak rods](#) from a few years earlier) and the Smallmouth was sent in error. But when I cast the Smallmouth, I didn't want to send it back! So after a quick negotiation with the supplier, a shipping refund was issued and the rod was mine.

I quickly fell in love with the Smallmouth; a very versatile rod whose deep progressive action provides tonnes of casting feedback and allows you to cast just about any line you care to put on it. Later that year I found myself trout fishing with a 6wt DT line on it despite the rod being rated for 290gr!

When a Bluegill came up for sale again (from the same supplier) I eagerly snapped it up; willingly gambling with the possibility that they may, yet again, send a Smallmouth. No matter, though, I had a willing buyer in Jason Stratford should the error be replicated. Sadly, for Jason, this time they sent the right rod!

What has this all to do with the Sage Pike, you may ask?

Well a couple of months later I attended one of Peter Morse's casting clinics at Lake Keepit near Tamworth and I was professing my love for the Bass rods to the Great Wildfish One and bemoaning the fact that Sage made these rods in only 7'11" lengths and not 9'. Morsie, being a Sage Ambassador, pulls out a Sage Pike and says, "Here, try this."

So I have the Pike accompany me to the waters edge for some one-on-one action and bugger me if this baby doesn't have the same moves as the Bass rod. It's love at first sight and in the great tradition of servicemen naming their weapons, I call the Pike, "Rosamund".

(I cast another rod of Morsie's that day - a Sage Circa 5wt - and I fall in love with fair "Katherina" also, but that relationship remains, for the moment, unconsummated.)

As it turns, Rosamund feels like a 9' version of a Sage Bass because that is precisely what it is. It seems I was not alone in lusting after a 9' Bass and Sage had answered our prayers.

So Rosamund and I parted ways after Keepit but was never far from my mind. There was a brief dalliance with a Redington Predator - the Predator is much cheaper but, as my mother is wont to lecture, cheap love doesn't last and the Predator's rigid nature merely sent my thoughts drifting back to the slender, compliant casting curves of my beloved and sorely absent Rosamund. But come my birthday this year, it was time for Rosamund and I to be reunited. Phwoar!



The first thing that must be noted about Rosamund is that she is a heavy weight. Not a heavy weight in the sense she is heavy (she is not) but heavy in that she hauls a 10wt line. As such she's probably more a 9' incarnation of the Sage Bass Peacock than the lighter Bases I already possessed.

As stated above for the Bass, the action is smooth, progressive, deep but fast in the way she snaps back to after the cast. She's a very tactile rod, providing lots of feedback. The caster is never left wondering what is happening at the tip, the rod telegraphs her actions clearly. As result, Rosamund (like the Bass) is an easy rod to cast and would possibly make a good rod for a beginners.



One of the major issues I felt as a beginner caster was "feeling" the rod. To a beginner, casting feels a bit like waving a stick around in the wind and there's a length of string tied to the stick.

Feeling the string load the stick is a finer point of casting which is tricky for the novice to acquire. With the line supplied with Rosamund, and her associated action, there is no mystery as to the loading of the rod. It is obvious, gradual and easy to control.

Speaking of lines, the supplied one is a Rio Pike 10wt with a 29' sinking camo tip. The line has a heavy 400gr head with an aggressive front taper for flinging chickens with a single back cast. But like the Bass, she's easy-going with your choice of line. The Smallmouth's 290gr line had her firing nicely and she was just as happy with the 230gr line from the Bluegill. Not so tolerant with the overlining though; my 450gr skagit head seemed to overpower her, suggesting that she is already overlined to her limit with the supplied line.

As a 9' complement to Sage's existing excellent Bass series, the Sage Pike fits the bill perfectly.

Score: 5 Kriegers

TRIP REPORT: SAILFISH IN KUALA ROMPIN (MALAYSIA)

SEPTEMBER 2015

By Jason Stratford



While casting flies at carp on the banks of Lake Keepit back in November 2014, the discussion with a mate had turned to chasing sailfish on fly in Kuala Rompin, Malaysia.

Having read the stories of a few SEQFF club members that had already been to Rompin and now hearing that my fishing colleague was planning a return trip in September or October 2015, I knew this was not something to miss out on.

Excited was an understatement when came the words “Sure mate, you’re most welcome to come along. I’ll send you the details soon”. This was closely followed by roaring laughter and ‘trout strike’ as I missed the carp I had just cast to. Clearly my mind had already begun to ‘sail’ away.

Step forward to early September 2015 and by this time I had booked airfares, equipped myself with two 12wt rods and reels, acquired several different floating and sinking fly lines, tied a gazillion tube flies, driven to the Gold Coast three or four times for casting help from Jon B and basically got myself all ‘frothed’ about heading back to Malaysia (where I grew up) to target this iconic species.

The final week before the trip and I was suffering sleepless nights. I had packed my bag and re-packed it 3 times already. I had more ‘backup’ gear than my local fly shop ever holds in stock. But still I couldn’t settle. A bad feeling was growing that I couldn’t put my finger on.

Two days ahead of my planned departure it happened. An announcement came that the Australian Border Force would be implementing ‘stop work action’ for set hours each day, over 10 days. Travellers were urged to arrive at international airports at least 2 hours earlier than normal to clear immigration before the strike actions started.

Bloody great...not so easy when you are booked on the 1st flight of the day coming in from a regional airport and so can't arrive 'early' to make the connecting international flight.

But 'Border Farce' wasn't going to keep me from Rompin! So flight cancellations followed and it was a departure for Sydney, by train, one day earlier than first planned.

The night before departure, I lay awake in a Sydney hotel, listening to an Irish couple going at it in the next room. Trust me, this guy had no rhythm at all so despite the accent, I assumed it wasn't Michael Flatley!

I did however get a laugh when at 2:15am the offbeat bumping sounds stopped and the woman finally moaned 'aw just stop...I can't feel a feckin ting'.

So I finally got an hour or so of sleep, then I packed up my roller duffel and dragged it into the hallway. Passing the 'tub-thumpers' room, which by now was pitch black and silent...it was payback time. I banged several times on the window and growled loudly in my best Irish accent, 'wake up you noisy feckers!' I quickly scampered down the hall giggling to myself like a little kid and was now wide awake and ready to catch the first shuttle bus of the morning to the airport.

Still smiling when I stepped out of the lift, I was amazed to see the Irish couple standing ready to catch the first shuttle too. Were these two feckin leprechauns??? They happily bid me good morning as fresh as two spring daisies...although I knew one hadn't been properly deflowered a few hours before.

I mumbled 'good morning' then dejectedly bypassed the shuttle and caught a taxi instead.

On reaching the airport, I checked in for my flight and passed through 'Border Farce's' immigration section and was into the Airline Lounge faster than I had ever experienced. Funny...I was disappointed at NOT being delayed.

The flight was great and in Singapore met up with the other guys who would be joining the trip. 5 other blokes in total from all over the place. The group even had a whopping big American who proudly proclaimed in a typical loud yank accent "Yeah mates...I'm from Detroit...where we used to make shit!" He was a really funny guy and could cast darn well. I later found out he had been an IFFF MCI before parting ways a few years back.

So in addition to myself, there was the American firefighter paramedic and ex-marine, a Surgeon who was writing a book about human eating pattern changes through history, a carpenter who sidelined as well...a hilarious shit stirrer, a retired Australian Consular Diplomat and soon to be CCI, AND finally 'the iconic Australian Fly fisherman, Master Casting Instructor and celebrity...Peter f#cken Mor-see' as the yank jokingly announced for all to hear each and every time we were in a crowded restaurant!

Personalities aside, this was certainly a mixed bunch as half of the group had never targeted sailfish before. It would be very interesting to see how things worked over the next week.

On arriving in Kuala Rompin, after a planned 4 hour drive that actually took 7 hours due to traffic delays exiting Singapore, we unpacked and settled into the shared house and then headed for dinner.

We were split into two groups of three, to fish on separate boats the next day. It was agreed that the team on the boat that caught the least amount of fish each day would buy the wine for dinner that night and that teams would be rotated each night.

Rotations turned out to be a good thing as there were very different approaches being used by the 'old hands' to that suggested by the local hosts. Essentially it came down to the local guys preferring floating lines and popping flies while the old hands wanted to employ sinking lines and weighted flies.

So without getting too wound up in the details, by the end of day two, despite a couple of bust offs and a few jump offs, I was still fishless. Standing in the bottle shop (again) I was wondering why I was the only one who still hadn't landed a sail AND how I would feel after a week if things didn't change.

Luckily though...things did change.

By day 3 I had decided to ditch the sinking fly approach. That's just 'nymphing' anyway right? Why not apply some trout mentality and use the more skilled approach of throwing 'dries'. Well a floating line and a local 'house' popper fly. It was worth a try as I was already on a first name basis with the friendly bottle shop owner Ang Su.

I also changed the position to which the fly was cast as the teaser was being ripped from the water, opting now to go about 1.5m past the right shoulder of the incoming fish rather than the left (nearer the boat wake) as per the previous 2 days.

Immediate success followed as I landed my first sail by mid-morning.



Looking at the photo, there is a clear 'look of relief' present. Probably because apart from desperately wanting to catch a sailfish, there was the added pressure of having been asked to 'test' and prepare an independent 'review' of the new Redington Behemoth 11/12 reel. I can assure you that over the first 2 days, more than once the question of 'what will I do if I don't land a fish' had passed through my mind.

But the job was done and it was time for more action.

Over the next few days I landed more fish and had begun 'pinning' almost every fish cast to. Still suffered jump offs near the boat but hey...'the tug is the drug' when it comes to the runs of these superfast fish.

By day six I had taken 5 fish and had probably double that in jump offs / bust offs. Despite this, I had overtaken about half of the other guys in numbers of fish landed. Just as importantly, I had only visited Ang Su in the bottle shop one more time. She seemed happy for me but I suspect didn't care either way as she was still selling wine to someone from our group!

Day 7 was the final showdown. As it turned out...the three experienced sailfish guys or 'nymphers' were on one boat and the 3 new 'dry fly ole chaps' on the other. Heading out that morning I was prepared for a final visit to Ang Su's bottle shop...but it wasn't to be. That day, sea birds, which normally give away the sails' location, were few and far between. Combined with extreme smoke haze from Indonesia's agriculture industry 'development' (aka burning down their rainforests) had covered the fishing grounds like a thick fog. Conditions were far from ideal.

Our boat however got off to a cracking start. The first fish of the day came up hot on the teasers and after a well-placed cast and delayed hook set by the former diplomat...it was 'fish on'.

The boat's captain gunned the engines forward to assist the hook set during the first run. Everything then settled down for the next 15 odd minutes before the leader was in hand and the fish released.



The other boat, which was in sight but a long way off, had an early hook up but reported a 'jump off' over the radio. The 'mind games' began as we reported a jump off in reply...all the while being happy to have one fish on the board!



Some time passed before we could raise another fish and our second angler, the Surgeon and writer, stepped up. The fish initially came toward the boat but bugged off before a cast could be made. Still, knowing there was at least one sail in the vicinity, the captain circled back around and this time the fish came up hot on the teaser.

The standard calls then came quick and fast.

Deckhand: 'Left Teaser! Left Teaser!'

Teaser man: 'Fly in the water?'

Surgeon: 'Fly is in the water!'

Teaser Man: 'Angler ready?'

Surgeon: 'Ready!'

Teaser Man: 'Cast!!!' and at the same time the captain knocked the boat out of gear. Surgeon lifts the fly from the water to begin his backcast.

Teaser Man: 'U-turn!' and the captain swings the drifting boat hard right to ensure momentum carries it away from the prop wash. It's also at this point that Surgeon's forward cast happens and the fly hits the water.

I remember thinking 'that's shit' as I'd just witnessed the worst cast of the week. The fly had dumped into the water about 5m behind the boat and about 2m in front of the hot fish. This is the worst place to position the fly as a take from behind has the least chance of success of hook set in the hard bony mouth of the sailfish. Still, the fish grabs the fly and Surgeon 'trout strikes' to complete a total screw up.

Unbelievable as it was, the angry fish then returns and grabs the fly again...this time from a side on angle. Even more unbelievable, Surgeon doesn't see the fish grab the fly and head about 8m meters with the fly in it's mouth.

Teaser man calls 'Bang him! Bang Him!' and Surgeon reacts instinctively and trout strikes one more time, still having not seen the fish. Of course, no hook set results.



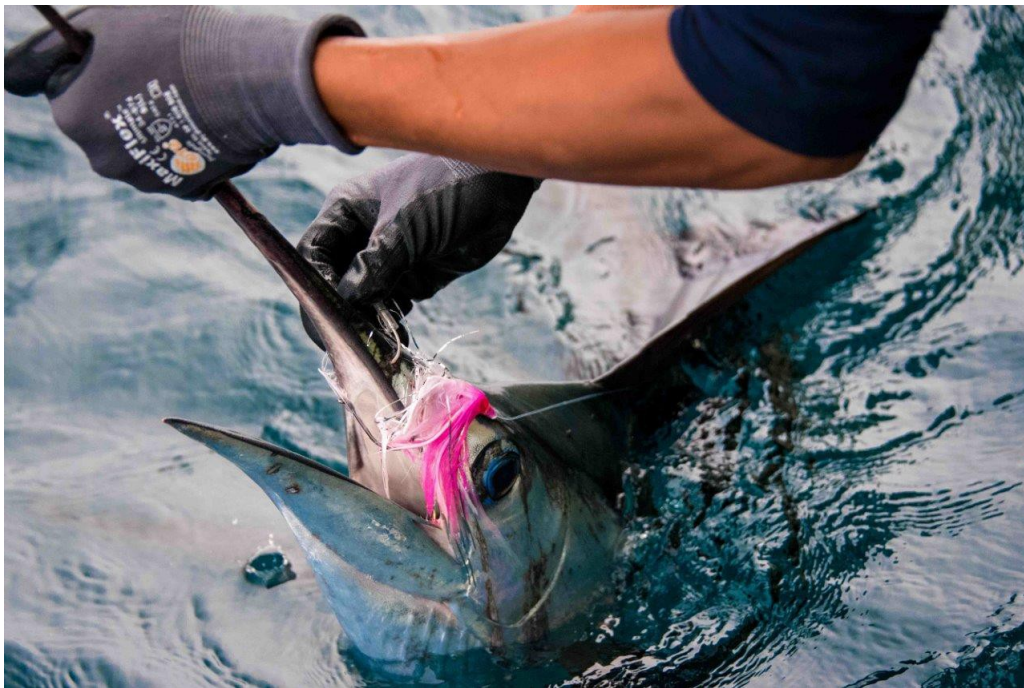
Diplomat looks at me and says nothing. But in the heat of the moment I quite undiplomatically call to the Surgeon, 'You're sacked man!'

Surgeon looks at the Teaser Man and protests 'the fish never took it' knowing this results in an angler change.

As Teaser Man calmly responds 'Rotate!...Next angler ready?' Surgeon clears his gear up and steps to the front of the boat and has a bit of a sulk.

Teasers go back in the water and I'm set. Thinking about Diplomat's earlier cast and hook-up I was strangely relaxed. Hell...we're the new guys, we're one fish up...no pressure at all. So we wait and wait until finally another hot fish comes in.

As is the way with sailfish action...I can't remember for sure how things went other than hearing the Teaser man call 'Perfect Cast' and soon after was hooked up. The drag was screwed down hard and the fish landed in double quick time. Strong reel that Behemoth!



Diplomat and I congratulate each other on the perfect cast to fish landed 'conversion' when we hear the other boat has had another jump off.

We have a very slow rest of the morning with nothing more than one or two 'lookers' raised to the teasers and no casts are made. We stop for 'chicken and rice' for lunch which was not dissimilar to the 'rice and chicken' we'd had each day that week. It was still good. Early in the afternoon we hear the other boat proudly announce over the radio that they have landed their first fish. Hmmm...it's still 2 – 1 to us...but the other boat thinks they are in front. More mind games!

Almost simultaneously a hot fish came up on the teasers and its action stations again. Diplomat drops another cast 'in the zone' and the fish grabs it and heads off happily the fly in its mouth. After feeding line to the sail for what seems like an eternity...Diplomat bangs the hooks in and calmly boats his second fish.

I think to myself, that's 2 casts for 2 fish...he just doesn't miss...maybe Diplomat was really a Sniper???

Anyways...Surgeon is now back on cast as we spend a few hours cruising around dragging Teasers with nothing at all happening. Its 3-1 to us at the moment and still the other boat thinks we are yet to land a fish!

It's getting late in the day and we haven't had a fish come to the teasers for nearly 1 and a half hours. The mind wanders and the boat morale drops like a drug addict coming off a high!

Finally another hot fish comes up to the teasers and Surgeon gets another spectacularly bad cast away. Almost like watching an action replay of his earlier effort, no hook-up and the Teaser man calls for a rotation. Surgeon protests again and I slip past with rod ready as the teasers go back in.

Quite quickly another sail enters the teaser spread and the guys coax it over through the boat wake to the preferred left side. The cast goes right where it was intended, to the right and behind the sail's head but the fish continues forward toward the back of the boat. I give the fly a quick pop and the sail responds perfectly, turning and heading away from the boat directly following my fly line and smashes the fly and keeps swimming – a perfect bite scenario!

Allowing stripped line to feed out for what feels like 20 seconds but was probably more like 2, I set the hooks...hard! Again, a solid hook-up and a fish landing follows. Diplomat and I are two casts for two fish each. 4 fish for the boat with the other boat still only on 1 – a spectacular effort for the 'dry fly chaps'.



Diplomat then does something that I couldn't do...he hands off his turn to cast to Surgeon! That is a big hearted effort with your last chance to nail another sail! So we now have less than 20 minutes of fishing time to go.

The fish are starting to be seen on the surface and Surgeon gets another shot. Staying true to form he throws an even worse cast than the first two and the fish is gone. By this stage, I so much wanted another shot but followed Diplomat's lead and handed my shot to Surgeon too. This was not because I was a nice bloke. It was because at that point I had a perfect cast to fish landed record going!

With 10 minutes to go on the final day of fishing, the other boat hooks up and lands their fish...but it doesn't matter...we are still on 4 and they now have 2. We have done it...we have beaten 2 MCI's and an experience sailfish angler and would be taking in that sweet free wine tonight!

Or would we? Diplomat suggests...'maybe they have been playing mind games with us?' On the trip back, we closely watch the other boat and are beside ourselves when we arrive to see the other boat flying only two flags denoting landed fish.

Once moored up, the 'nymphers', proudly pointing at the place where our flags should be and to their two flags, began calling out their wine orders for the evening meal. In return we casually removed the teaser pole from the floor of the boat to which we had attached 4 balloons (as we had no flags on our boat) and placed that into the flag holder.

Jaws hit floors as the nymphers took stock of what was happening and without any reference to the flags, I turned and said...'Please say thanks and good-bye to Ang Su for me guys!'

To close out the report...the totals stats for the week (all anglers on 2 boats) went like this:

Raised Fish: 519	Casts: 257	Takes: 174	
		Bust Offs: 9	
		Jump Offs: 17	
		Landed: 38	Personal: 7

So sailfish on fly is NOT as easy as it may appear. So many things need to go right to catch a fish...just one thing can go wrong and you'll lose it! But the sheer numbers of fish in the Rompin area mean you do have a higher chance of landing one there. Mark it in your calendars...October 2016 is only 12 months away!



GEAR REVIEW: REDINGTON BEHEMOTH 11/12 REEL

By Jason Stratford



Gear failure and breakages are common in fly fishing, so before heading to chase sailfish in Kuala Rompin (Malaysia), the search had begun for a 'back-up' 12wt fly setup. Had picked up an old, but unused, Redington Wayfarer 12wt (5 piece) a few months back so just needed a 'budget' backup reel to go on it. (Don't do a lot of heavy saltwater work – well for now).

Anyways...there had been a fair bit of 'interest' regarding the new Redington Behemoth reel and, like others, I had a bit of scepticism about the 30 odd pounds of 'drag' the reel has been claimed to generate - mainly because the 11/12 Behemoth is available for USD \$129.95 RRP.

At the time there were no published reviews from anyone that had actually 'fished' this thing. The price was very good, so I took a punt and stumped up for one. To be honest, I wasn't expecting much in terms of performance / reliability.

The reel arrived pre spooled (as a favour from a mate) with 500m of 50lb fins braid. So it was time to tighten the drag and see just what this reel could do.

Yep...with no scientific approach, I tied the backing to a Besser block and actually pulled that around in the back yard without any line being released. I then actually lifted the Besser block (not with a rod...just on the reel drag) knowing these weigh around 11.2kgs or 25 pounds – again...no drag slippage at all. So I am pretty convinced this thing does generate 30lb of drag but couldn't exactly confirm that for sure using the 'block' method.

Anyways, the Behemoth then sat in the box in the lead up to the Rompin trip. During that time there was growing interest in the reel's performance on a few fly fishing forums.

SO...a conscious decision was made to fish the Behemoth (and Wayfarer) as the primary setup in Rompin. Hell...easy decision knowing that my more expensive rod / reel from another manufacturer would be on stand-by. Plus... if the Behemoth did fly to bits... everyone on the boat would enjoy the laugh!!!

First Impressions...

Being relatively new to the market...no-one in the group of fly fishermen I was with had seen the Behemoth 'in the flesh' and only one knew of its retail price. Absolutely no shame came from placing this reel (and cheap rod) alongside much more expensive setups.

Everyone...boat operators & fellow fishermen included...really liked the styling of the Behemoth. To most, the Behemoth looks like a racing mag wheel. So if 'looks' and the 'oohs and ahhs' of onlookers are your thing when you bring out your gear...you won't be disappointed with the Behemoth.

Unlike some fishermen though, big, hard pulling fish don't care in the slightest about 'the look' of your gear. From what I experienced in Rompin...a Sail's screaming first run and aggressive jumps & violent head thrashes will expose any part of your system that is not up to scratch. Failures were witnessed during the week with knots, fly lines, hooks and even a couple of 'smoked' drags on some more expensive reels.

For the first Sail hooked, the drag setting on the Behemoth was set in the order of 6lb, well less than the common '1/3 of the class section' in the leader, which in this case was 30lb fluorocarbon. The Behemoth remained well balanced during the rocketship first run and while the drag did not sound as nice as the Tibor Pacific another counterpart had...it's 'whizz' was in no way offensive!

Line released from the Behemoth very smoothly with no jerking or frame vibrations of note. As the run slowed, the drag pressure was raised to around 12lb to subdue the fish and the reel did so effortlessly. No heat build-up in the frame was noticed at any drag pressure used during the week.

Approaching the end of the week...the Behemoth had helped land 5 sizable sails in the 35-40kgs range. It had also withstood powerful, long runs (200m+) of quite a few more sailfish (a lot more than I would like to admit to here), that had 'jumped off' close to the boat due to poor hook sets OR were snapped off while trying to skull drag the fish close enough to allow the crew to grab the leader and add to the boat's tally of landed fish.

On the final day, I changed the leader setup to 'straight through' 80lb Jinkai, with the intention to really test the Behemoth's stopping power. This very nearly proved to be a mistake!

The first fish hooked that day tore away as normal but quickly (within about 80m) stopped, then turned to face the boat where it head thrashed from side to side, non-stop, for almost 10 seconds. Luckily the hook set held in the fish's bill as it headed down in the water column...clearly not 'liking' the force it was having to work against. More head thrashing was felt through the line & rod. The fly line was back on the reel and the fish neared the boat in bit over 2 minutes – ultra short for a Sail. That's when the next lot of 'fun' started.

The fish was unable to peel line with the drag set so high and therefore just zig-zagged from side to side, passing under the boat three times. Each time it took some serious hot-stepping to get the rod tip down in the water to clear the outboards and make sure the fly line didn't connect with the hull or props which would likely have meant a cut fly line and losing the fish OR worse still...forming a nice hoop and breaking the rod. Luckily the fish then played the game and was leadered & released quickly after.

The final fish of the trip copped about 80% drag pressure (based on drag knob rotation) and it too was raised and leadered very quickly after also playing games under the boat. So if you have a reel like the Behemoth that can stop these guys so quickly – be prepared for a much more 'dirty' close in fight than you get by simply letting the Sail tire itself out dragging 30m of fly line and 200m of backing around for 10-15 minutes.

Some Observations...

It was clear to me that the Behemoth has the serious stopping power Redington are claiming and did not appear to get hot while it was doing its thing. (Other reels actually got quite hot!). While I have no idea what sort of magic Redington has put inside the drag system...in short - it works!

Now if there anything I didn't like about the Behemoth it was the reel handle. I would like to see a slightly larger version to allow a bit more finger & thumb contact and allow easier winding under load. On the positive side though, the soft touch handle grip inserts actually felt pretty good with no slipping experienced – even when wet. This is in no way a deal breaker.

Another minor observation is that the reel paint work suffered a few wear and tear scratches from being thrown around the boat, in / out of vans etc. – due to bad handling by myself. So the Behemoth, like any painted reel, will probably benefit from having a little more care applied than say a heavy anodised one.

The Verdict...

These very minor quibbles aside, the Redington Behemoth is highly recommended for anyone who does casual 'big fish' fishing trips and doesn't want to pay \$1000 for a reel that still only has ½ the stopping power of the Behemoth. I'll be ordering a couple more (in various sizes) very soon!

Final words...

Just taking a punt here...but as the word gets out about the Behemoth, I expect stocks to run out here in Australia pretty quick...prices to go up...OR both!!! So get in quick and get your Redington Behemoth 'fish stopper' now!

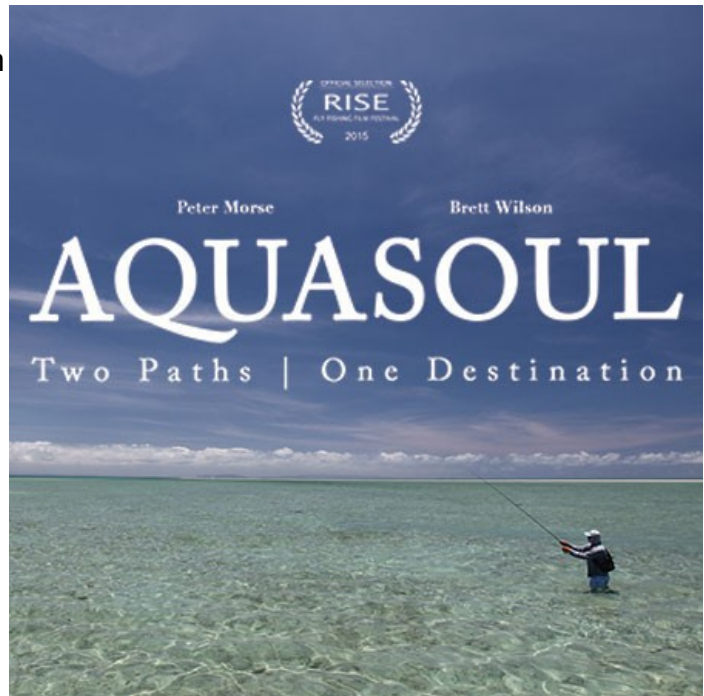
FILM REVIEW: AQUASOUL

By Stu Jamieson

If there's one thing that has become apparent with each successive RISE Film Festival it's that technology is shrinking the equipment requirements for making professional-looking feature films. Gin Clear set the bar by shooting their films on expensive RED Epic cinema cameras - cameras which list in the tens of thousands of dollars - and the results have always spoken for themselves.

But the landscape is changing rapidly.

Aquasoul director, Benny Godfrey, shot his film on a prosumer DSLR - a Panasonic GH4 - a camera body which retails for less than \$2000! And the video quality from what is primarily a still camera is nothing short of superb!



His underwater footage is shot on a Go Pro and, again, the quality is very, very good. It illustrates how accessible film making has become. What was once the domain of moguls is now in the hands of Average Joe.

This is great news for anybody who wants to pick up a camera and give movie-making a go but the flip side is that this leveling technological playing field brings into sharper focus the quality of the storytelling in the film. This further raises the bar of fishing film making and will be the main point of differentiation of films in the future. This, of course, is no bad thing, representing a wonderful challenge to future film makers and can only lead to great movies for us humble viewers.



We have already seen significant inroads into the adoption of quality story telling in fishing films such as Gin Clear's documentary style [Planet Fly Fish](#) films, the more recent *Carpland*, and most notably Rolf Nylinder's [Only The River Knows](#), which is a fully fledged attempt at fly fishing fiction. (Let's not include Robert Redford's *A River Runs Through It* here as Redford was at a clear advantage!)

Which brings us to *Aquasoul*.

The subtitle to Benny Godfrey's film is "Two Paths, One Destination" - a clear suggestion of an impending narrative. The film has celebrity Aussie fisherman, Peter Morse, and the lesser known Brett Wilson, two fellas from disparate backgrounds coming together to fish the Great Barrier Reef aboard the [Nomad](#) sportfishing vessel.

The film is moderately successful in relaying the "two paths" of the featured fishermen. We learn a fair bit about these guys as it pertains to their fishing but it would be nice to hear more about them as people. As fishermen, they're quite similar with similar interests, but what does their everyday life look like? What makes them different? What are their respective origins? We don't hear a lot about their "paths" outside of their passion for flyfishing (with the exception of Brett's clear passion for surfing).

The "destination" side of the equation, however, is amply catered for. The reef location is exquisite and Peter and Brett pull some very pretty and exotic fish out of the blue expanse.

As noted above, the video footage is spectacular; each fish presented in glorious, colour-popping detail against a backdrop of purest oceanic blue. Benny Godfrey's shot composition is also uniformly impressive. One close-up shot of Morsie's casting sees the fly sail through the frame over his shoulder. It's detail like this that sets *Aquasoul* apart - just superb!

Unlike most films in the saltwater fishing genre, *Aquasoul* doesn't linger on any given species but rather showcases the multitude of species which the Great Barrier Reef has to offer. The one exception to this rule is the "Blue Bastard" but given the scant documentation of this species in previous films, this is a justifiable and indeed worthy inclusion. On the whole, though, the number of different fish species caught are so numerous as to be difficult to recall at the film's end but rest assured each one caught is a wonder to behold.



The presentation could be further improved by a bluray release but alas it is not be. The reality is there is insufficient demand for fly fishing blurays which makes for an unfeasible proposition. Hopefully over time the accelerating adoption of hi-def televisions will betray the outdated capacity of DVD and we will see films such as these presented in a format befitting their quality. On the plus side, RISE patrons will have been treated to a superb presentation of *Aquasoul* in all it's uncompressed glory - a presentation even better than bluray. But, in the meantime, the DVD presentation will impress nonetheless.

Close observers will spot some familiar faces in the background (Gavin Platz from [Tie 'n' Fly](#), Tim Kempton, Paul Arden) who, while not featured participants of this film, were present on this expedition.

On balance, *Aquasoul* is a very fine film. In some ways, it's a fishing film of a kind that we've seen a fair bit of before (flats fishing, offshore pelagics etc.), and it's narrative elements would benefit from more depth, but if you have a sweet tooth for salt, bluewater fishing then this is a candy store. The video quality has rarely been better - and probably never better on this budget. The locations depicted are as exquisite as the myriad of exotic species hooked and Benny Godfrey has a good eye for a great shot. Recommended.

Score: 4 Joans

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