

Cressbrook & Litton Flyfishers

Fishing Report 1 July 2015

Chris and I need not have worried about this year's Mayfly after all. They emerged late, and carried on longer than usual with (eventually) some good spinner falls. A good example was the evening of the 22nd when I spent an hour below the Locked Bridge on the pool beside the A6. I started off with a Parachute Adams and had some half-hearted rises. A fish took a mayfly in the air right at the side of me, prompting a change to a Dun pattern, one of Philip White's I think, with an olive dyed deer hair wing. Immediately I was into fish, with solid, determined takes which were hard to miss. I carried on in like manner, up the deflected current from the fallen tree, picking up fish regularly, topped by a cracking rainbow of around 2 lbs. Unfortunately I had to cut the session short to attend a committee meeting, otherwise I'm sure it would have been a memorable evening.

A couple of days later the conditions in the evening were perfect but domestic matters prevented me from getting down to the river, much to my frustration. So I was not surprised to hear from Stuart Crofts the next day, that he had experienced one of his best ever evenings on the Derwent. Things had been quiet up to about 8.30 pm, when fish started to move, displaying typical spinner rise forms. His Cranked Shank Spinner proved to be just what they wanted and he

just knew, when the fly was on target, that he would get a take. Within half an hour it seemed that every fish in the river was rising and he was spoilt for choice. As the light intensity dropped, the rises changed to a more splashy, urgent type. Stuart suspected that the fish had changed their attentions to caddis as the spinners reduced in number and a change to a sedge pattern confirmed this. As darkness fell, the rise forms changed again to a more leisurely movement but this time he was unable to deduce what they were taking and he decided to call it a day. But before getting out of the river, he took out his little sampling net and held it in the flow for a minute or two. Of course it was too dark by now to see what was in it, so he carefully rolled it up and put it in his pocket. When he got home, he unrolled it and put it in a tray of water. It revealed Caenis, a fly that often hatches at night and in the early hours of the morning. It's not often that Stuart is stumped for an answer but he admitted that Caenis had never entered his head.



On the 26th we had Stuart as the main attraction at our annual Bugs and Burgers Evening, supported by Dave Southall

demonstrating the Italian Casting technique and the Erstwhile Head Keeper on catering duty. Conditions weren't ideal, the early evening promise of a Blue Winged Olive spinner fall being dashed by clear skies and a drop in temperature. Even so, Stuart is such an amazing communicator that no one could have failed

to take away some new knowledge to put to the test next time on the river.

The following day I'd arranged to meet the President for a late afternoon/evening session. It was a lovely day and I had high hopes of similar evening conditions to those experienced by Stuart earlier in the week. The afternoon turned out to be quite interesting. There was little moving in Quaker Pool, so I opted to try an unweighted BWO nymph, figuring that these might be the predominant insect in the water column. After a couple of casts, the line drew forward and I was attached to a nice little rainbow. Then another came easily to hand, I suspect an escapee from the stock ponds judging from its lank body and big head. I caught sight of a rise in the faster water of the run in, then another opposite me on the other side of the tongue of faster water. Looking about, I could see that the air was now filled with egg-laying Yellow Sallies and I wondered if these were the cause of the surface activity. When I see these stoneflies, I put on a small, light olive Klinkhamer, s18, with an olive dyed grizzle hackle and a pale green Aero Wing post. I tried the one across the current first and he had it first drift down, avoiding drag by holding all the line off the water and tracking the rod downstream. The next one took in the fast water, shooting straight downstream before I could get it under control. I waded back down to this fish once it had played itself out on a long line and picked it out - a fin-perfect wild rainbow of around a pound.

John had reminded me that he had caught a large upwing the previous night, can't remember the name but it is one of the flies that in its nymphal form is a stone climber. The next pool up from Quaker has some steady water, ideal for upstream nymphing. Its depth and pace warranted a heavier fly, so I put on one of Oliver Edwards' Heptagenid Nymphs with a NZ



strike indicator. I searched the pool assiduously and eventually the indicator paused. I never cease to be amazed when a fish is there on the end, and this one turned out to be the first brownie of the day, a lovely butter-yellow fish, richly spotted with red. A couple more followed, one slipping the hook before I could get to it. Looking upstream, I could see John in the next pool so I got out and strolled up to see how he was getting on. It was getting on for 6.00 so we decided to have a break and pop into Bakewell for a pint and a take away, which we ate at the Locked Bridge Hut to pass the time until the heat of the day had subsided.

Back on the river at about 8.00 pm, I was feeling confident that an evening rise would develop, since the air was full of spinners (mostly Olive Uprights, joined by Blue Winged Olives later). I sat and waited for the action to begin but apart from the occasional rise close to the bank, there was nothing doing. I didn't want to flog the water, so I waited patiently, only casting to fish I could see moving, with one of Stuart's Cranked Shank Spinners. A couple of small browns were fooled, but I didn't feel that I was offering them what they wanted. Spinner activity increased but by 9.30 the temperature had dropped markedly and they disappeared back into the bushes. A few caddis were zooming around, so I put on an Elk Hair & CDC pattern in desperation and this did bring up a very good rainbow. It looked to be about

2lbs but it got below me and came adrift. By now it was fully dark and the surface remained sullenly unbroken by rises. I got back to the hut to find John waiting for me, remarkable because invariably he is the last off the water. We both agreed that the evening had not lived up to its promise.

Don't forget our Mid Season Hog Roast at Cressbrook Hall on 14 July. This is a departure from our usual format so I do hope it will be a success. The staff from Orvis Bakewell will be joining us to demonstrate their new rods, which you will be able to try out on the lawns. Spouses, partners and friends are most welcome - the cost is £27.50 per head.

Tight lines!
David