

## Cressbrook & Litton Flyfishers

Fishing Report  
3 August 2015

Since my last report it seems that the river has been fishing very well, considering that we are now entering the so-called dog days of summer. I can see that there have been some good hatches of olives, judging by the comments on the return sheets, and spinner falls on evenings when the conditions were right.

On my return from Iceland, I popped down to the Locked Bridge, ostensibly to fish but as it turned out, to take lunch with the EHK. Amazingly, I had Beats 6 & 7 to myself, so I went downstream whilst waiting for my lunch to arrive. There was very little activity at the surface so I thought I would give a little Olive Copper Squirrel a run through. This brought me a fish almost immediately, so I continued up river picking up small fish in most runs, the takes being shown by just the slightest hesitations in the progress of the indicator. Back at the Hut, I changed to a small beetle pattern in the hope of tempting one of the residents of the Bridge Pool. As it was, the first fish was a small brownie, whose struggles woke up the big fish, one of which grabbed the brownie sideways on and swam off with it. It eventually let go and the fish was released unharmed, if a little shaken. A cast or two later and the beetle was taken



by a much larger rainbow of around 2 pounds which I beached on the shingle.

By and by the Erstwhile arrived with a clutch of meat & potato pies from his favoured butchers, New Close Farm Shop of Bakewell. In his capacity as Head of Catering & Events, he wanted to try out these pies before rolling them out for wider consumption by members. In his other role as Head of Health & Safety he was rightly quite insistent that they should be thoroughly cooked through in the barbeque before being served with mushy peas and Henderson's Relish. This took longer than he thought but eventually the pies were done to his liking. The peas might have been an issue, due to the absence of a tin opener, but ever resourceful, he produced a huge knife which performed the task adequately, if a



little messily. We then sat down to feast in the Hut, for it had started to rain. My only criticism was the paucity of potato in the pie but as the EHK pointed out, they had been made by a butcher. Any worries that they might not have been cooked through were unfounded, as the burns still evident on the roof of my mouth attest.

After lunch the rain had passed and a remarkable event took place. THE EHK ANNOUNCED THAT HE WAS GOING FISHING! Something he had not done since 2013. He expounded his theory of fly fishing as he tackled up. Either an F Fly, a Griffith's Gnat or a Klinkhamer. As most of the contents of his fly box had provided three square meals a day for some feather mites over the past two years, the choice was easy. A Klinkhamer it had to be, it being the only one left uneaten. The loss of these flies is actually a minor tragedy, since they had been shamelessly scrounged from the likes of Oliver Edwards, Stuart Crofts, John Glynn and Paul Procter.

We proceeded up the true right bank and didn't get very far before I spied a large rainbow in very shallow water near the bank. I tried it with a small nymph but it remained oblivious to my offering. It quickly became apparent that there were large numbers of fish in the vicinity, and big fish too. Just my luck then to hook the smallest of the bunch, which put the others down. I don't often come up this bank, being a southpaw, but I was struck by how many good fish there were in this stretch. Probably because it is a tricky pool to fish whichever way you approach it, being slow moving, bushed in and with a rocky bottom. I was in Quaker before the EHK caught up with me, soaked through by a shower. He'd had a couple of fish but I knew that the rain would send him home.

On the way up to Beat 6 I found a massive wood ant nest at the side of the path. I think these are the ants that all take wing at the same time but looking back in my



diary I see that in previous years this has taken place mid-July so perhaps they have been and done that for this year. If not, make sure you have some ant imitations in your box, because trout love 'em if they get on the water.

I've not fished up the Dale for a while so I strolled on, fishing here and there between showers as I came across rising fish. I was hopeful that I would find some good fish up at the Stones, but the cattle had been eating the butterbur and left the place looking like a herd of wildebeest had gone through. The bottom of the pool had a strange yellow appearance which didn't look good either, possibly due to the cattle getting in the river. The cattle were on the true right bank and one of them stopped what it was doing and watched me intently as I fished up the pool, making me feel most uncomfortable.

The next pool is a slow moving shallow with some deep holes on the bends. It has very little weed and a stony bottom and to all intents it seemed devoid of fish. I was caught in another heavy shower so I stood under the trees and waited for it to pass. It was really hammering down, yet I was surprised to see the caddis continuing about their nuptials untroubled by the raindrops. What happened next I found amazing. As soon as the rain stopped, fish started to rise all over the pool and I could see others turning about in water where minutes before I'd seen nothing. I assume that some flies, unlike the caddis, were caught out by the shower and were beaten onto the surface, resulting in the activity. Whatever the reason, I quickly took a couple of good fish on the Klinkhamer I'd been using to explore the pocket water in the Stones. Any other day I would have walked past this pool without a second glance.

Tight lines,  
David