

Cressbrook & Litton Flyfishers

Fishing Report
17 August 2015

The evening of the 5th was still and warm so I popped over to Millers' Dale for a couple of hours. I called in at Duffers to drop off some stuff and bumped into Paul Brown and his son, who had been enjoying a day up in Chee Dale. After a pleasant chat I left them to their supper and walked down to the Anglers, with a view to fishing back up through Signposts.

I was pleased to see that the drilling rig had gone but it is still a mess down there. Apparently the contractor hit some particularly hard rock and broke the drill bit. The company has since gone bust and we are awaiting an update from Severn Trent about what happens next.

Ignoring the mess, I was soon in the river and surveying the pool above the footbridge. It looked gorgeous, just the right amount of flow, gin clear with luxuriant weed growth. I could see every stone and golf ball on the bottom. Seriously, what is it with these golf balls? There must be a major water hazard on Buxton Golf Course!

As I watched, a fish rose in the main stream, and then another a little further up. But I knew that there would be a fish in the shallow water so I covered this first and wasn't surprised to see a rainbow materialize, pink stripe in full view, and turn down with my Elk Hair Caddis. A lovely fish of around 12 inches. Kneeling down on a cushion of weed, I tried the spot where I'd seen the first fish but it wasn't interested. Drag probably. Without moving I lengthened my line and tried for the second. Up it came but I struck too soon and missed. I tried a few shots into the quiet water under the bushes but there was nothing at home, then the slightly slower

water on my side of the current. Another rainbow grabbed the fly and cavorted all over the place before letting go. I went up over the weir and quickly fished up round the bend and past the little garden and then concentrated on the deeper run on my right under the tree. As usual, there was a good fish there but I fluffed my chance this time, as it rose to my fly while I was changing position and it had gone before I had time to react. An hour had passed since I started and with only one fish to hand I was starting to get irritated with myself. I took stock and had a good look at what was happening. There was very little fly in evidence, just the odd caddis zooming around. I changed to a small Light Tan Klinkhamer and although this was attractive I still only managed a couple of fish, small rainbows, out of half a dozen offers.

As I reached the viaduct, St Ann's Church clock was striking 8, so just an hour or so left to get my act together! I figured if there was going to be any spinner activity this would be the time, so I changed to my little Parachute Spinner with the orange post. As I emerged from under the viaduct I could see several fish moving further up the pool so I fished steadily up to them. Two nice rainbows came from the centre current,

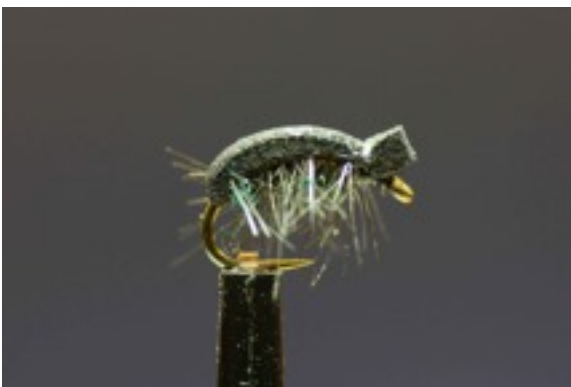


then I missed a good one in the edge, directly below some trailing branches. At the head of the pool there were several fish moving and in short order I managed to hook all of them, landing six despite all the

commotion in what was a relatively compact area.

All the fish had been wild rainbows apart from one lean fish that could have been a stockie. The only browns I'd seen all evening were Paul and his son at Duffers! I still had the feeling that I hadn't interpreted the evening correctly. As I waded through the head of the pool to leave the river, there were clouds of tiny spinners around me, although these were much smaller than the size 18 I'd been using. They seemed to be drifting about aimlessly, unlike most spinner activity I've seen. I managed to catch a few and transfer them to one of Crofty's test tubes so I hope he will be able to ID them for me. I've a feeling they were *Caenis* but my eyesight was not up to the job.

I had an email from Tony Goodwin the other day. This is what he told me - "I had a quick couple of hours fishing on Beat 8 last Saturday evening. I fished upstream of the Bobbin Mill and started in quite bright conditions which, allied to the low, clear river, made stealth very important. By moving slowly, using a 2 weight line, minimizing false casts and using a long leader with a fine tippet, I managed to pick up fish here and there, all in first class condition. I was using a size



20 beetle pattern of mine and the fish seemed to approve. On my way upstream I spotted a very large brown trout but it seemed well aware of my presence so I

moved on. However, a chance cast to a tiny dimple on the way back downstream resulted in a well-bent rod and the very angry aforementioned brownie. It turned out to be a fish measuring 22 + inches in fantastic condition. (Got to be around the 5lb mark. Ed.) Suffice to say yet another fish of a lifetime from our wonderful river. I figured that after a fish like that it was as good a point as any to head back to the car, have a coffee and maybe head for home. However, standing on the bridge, coffee in hand, I became aware of a procession of BWO Spinners heading upstream. Off

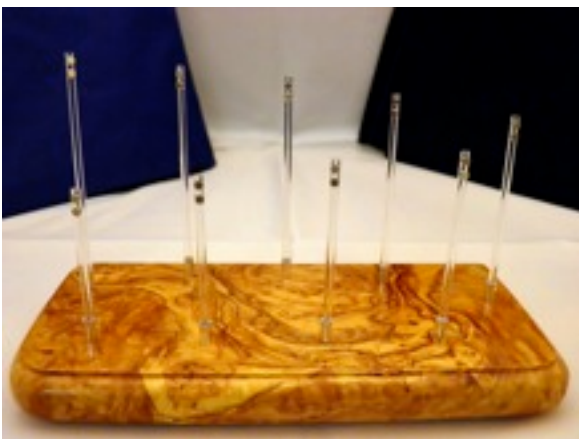


came the beetle and on went a spinner pattern and back went I. The resulting half hour was spectacular, fish rising all over the river, many of which took the dry spinner. When I left, the river was still alive with rising fish. I should fish the evenings more often! Crofty is correct as usual."

I was going to finish my report here but I had a rare morning session last Saturday. There had been heavy rain the previous day and although the river had a tinge of colour, it looked good to me. I parked up at the Locked Bridge with the intention of walking down to New Bridge and fishing back up in time for lunch with the EHK and the President. I couldn't resist a cast under the bridge and I had the perfect rise to my Klinkhamer as soon as the fly hit the water. A rainbow of about 16 inches. I pressed on down the true right bank and

crossed over below the cattle drink. Once on the path I saw immediately that the cattle had somehow managed to break in. As I proceeded down stream I became increasingly annoyed by the damage they had done to the path. Not only that, it seemed that one had tried to sit on one of Chris Dore's seats with disastrous results! They had damaged the banks and had crossed the river and ruined the paths on the other side too, as far down as New Bridge. They had trampled through the beautiful fields of meadowsweet and made such a shitty awful mess of everything that it quite put me off my fishing. I was almost as angry as I get when we've had poachers. Even the regular sight of the kingfisher and the gorgeous bankside flowers didn't improve my mood and although I did catch a few fish on the way back, my heart wasn't in it. Chris told me later that the cattle had pushed down a gate to get at the lush bankside grass and must have been in there all night. He'd called the farmer and it had taken them hours to round them up and get them back in the field.

I met Carl Brumby on the way back to the Hut where he showed me a selection of his exquisitely made Fly Tying Stands, which



he makes from pieces of burr wood. The actual fly stands are tipped with small magnets which hold the flies remarkably well. If you are interested in acquiring

one, contact him on member@cbrumby.freeserve.co.uk.

Catch returns to the end of July showed that numbers of fish caught were up 13% on last year at 10,937 and the Fish per Rod Visit was 8.68 compared with 8.03 for the same period last year. So give yourselves a pat on the back!

Tight lines!
David Marriott