

# THE BOBBIN

[durbanflytyers.co.za](http://durbanflytyers.co.za) / [facebook.com/DurbanFlyTyers](https://facebook.com/DurbanFlyTyers)



April 2019

## CHAIRMAN'S CHIRP

As we slowly draw to the close of another year with the AGM planned for May I'd like to challenge members to reflect on their contributions to the DFT club. Stelios has been begging for contributions to the Bobbin with a few members prepared to help out and provide content for the Bobbin. Those whom have done so we are grateful as it is the life's blood of the club with our monthly meetings.

Perhaps members are holding back because they have doubts about their writing abilities? This should not be an issue as the submission can be edited if requested. Perhaps people are too busy to put pen to paper? Your committee members all lead busy lives and still find time to organize meetings, tyers, club outing, etc. So what your excuse? This needs airing and I have asked that this be a topic of discussion at the AGM.

This weekend is the DFT Snowflake trip with 6 members participating. Heeding members' requests we also need to look at a trip to a dam or alternatively a salt water trip. Not being much of a salty myself is there any volunteers to look at options around a second trip? Let us know please.

Till next time...

## FROM THE EDITOR

After once again whining and crying for Bobbin content from members, this edition we have two member submissions. Bruce Curry, our club secretary, provides us with a peek into who he is and Steve Brooks gives a great inside to his fishing experience from carrying a jam jar with a string handle and a net catching stickle backs in a little UK stream as a kid - to fishing competition in Holland. Both these submissions fit with my idea that the Bobbin is a newsletter about and for members – and Bruce and Steve show that this is possible. I hope that this will give members an incentive to write something!

So, who is next in line? I wait in anticipation because I know that there is vast experience, knowledge and memories amongst our members that are well worth sharing!



### NEXT MEETING

**6 May 2019 /19.00 for 19.30/ Room G1 Westville Library**

The next meeting will be our **Annual General Meeting**. The current committee has some pertinent issues to discuss regarding the club, its operation and its future. Please make sure that you attend, engage with the issues and be ready to step up for nomination to the committee.

**Your club needs you!**

## GARY GLEN-YOUNG: BLOODWORM

### MATERIALS

- **Tail, Body and Thorax:** Red spanflex
- **Head:** thread
- **Thread:** Nanosilk 18/0 or thinnest you have in white.
- **Hook:** Nymph hook in #14 to #18

### TYING STEPS

**Step 1:** Wrap hook with thread around the eye

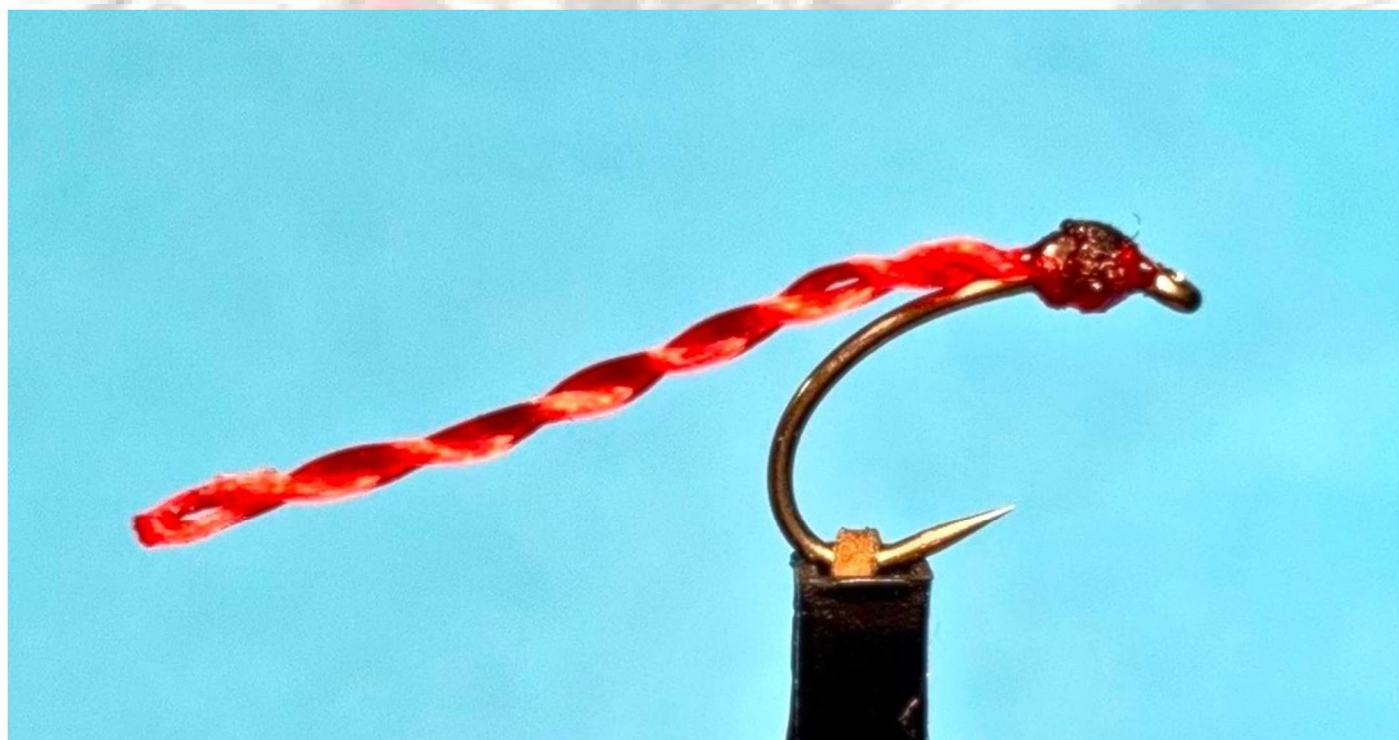
**Step 2:** Take a piece of red spanflex about 10cms long and twist so that it furls

**Step 3:** Tie in furred portion so that it is about 20mm long

**Step 4:** Tie in a thread head and tie off

### FISHING THIS FLY

Early season as part of a dry dropper or nymph rig.





## MEMBER PROFILE: BRUCE CURRY

### DURBAN FLY TYERS CLUB SECRETARY

**AGE:** Old enough to..... Never mind that question it's just too damn insolent

**NICKNAMES:** Many that are derogatory in nature and cannot be repeated in public domain.

**TIME I HAVE BEEN FLYFISHING:** since 1990 odd.

**HOW DID I GET INTO FLY FISHING?** My brother-in-law is pretty good at flyfishing, kept on nagging me to give it a bash.

**FIRST ROD:** Silstar 5# 8ft6- which I still have- bought with an Okuma reel and a floating line. Next rod was a Malachite 10# 9ft with a Scientific Anglers System 2 with an Airflow intermediate line. It threw like a brick and after an hour's fishing, one walked off the beach dragging your right hand on the deck, like when someone gives you a lamie on your bicep. Oh yes, I still have that rod, as well.

**LENGTH OF MEMBERSHIP DFTC:** Before the rinderpest.

**FIRST FRESHWATER FISH:** A 'bow', up at the small lake, Highmoor, Took me nearly 6 months after I started fishing before I was able to say I had caught my first fish on fly. That triumph was tempered by us putting the Land Cruiser, on its side whilst coming down from Highmoor. About 6 months later I hooked my first river fish on the UMzimkhulu.

**FIRST SALT WATER FISH:** A wave Garrick, all of 8" caught at Cape Vidal

### FAVOURITE FLIES:-

Salt water: ABC, Graeme Neary's Evil eye, Lefties Deceiver, Salty Bugger, Maxi's Dogs' Breakfast and a Gurgler

Fresh water: Black Woolly Bugger, DDD, White death, Zak Nymph, Graeme Neary's 5N, Red eyed Damsel.

**INFLUENCES ON FLY FISHING:** Without a doubt, Jack Blackman who befriended me and helped to launch me into a hobby of fly tying and fishing. It was he who took 3 of us to Underberg to cut our teeth on river fishing, as well. He also encouraged us to join the FFA and the DFTC. Alan O Conner, was my salt water mentor.

**MY CLOSE GROUP OF FLYFISHING FRIENDS:** "Da Dung Beetle", Graeme Neary, The Gastronome AKA, Laurence Davies, Neil van Rooyen and the unforgettable, unflappable Haydn Daykin

**OTHER LOVES:** Family, been married for 29 years, 2 kids and 3 grandkids. Also birding, a bit of photography- really at it and fighter aircraft, especially WW2.



## ANOTHER KIND OF FISHING: STEVE BROOKS



I was born in Northern England in Hyde, Cheshire, in 1945, the son of a grocer's assistant turned Bren gunner in the South Lancs Regiment and a factory worker, who supported the family by working twelve hours per day at home on an industrial sewing machine, while I played on the floor, breathing in all the chlorinated solvents used to deposit waterproofing chemicals on the raincoats she sewed. I still suffer from Asthma.

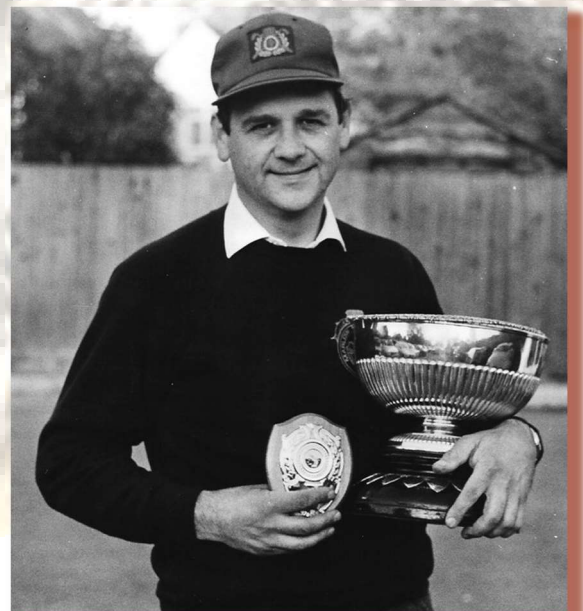
I went fishing for the first time in 1950 with my father and a jam jar with a string handle and a net. We caught one stickle back in a little stream, which was dead the next morning because I kept trying to stroke it, like a cat with a bird. My first experience of how sensitive fish are and how because they are alive when you go to bed does not mean they will survive the night.

From then on I spent many hours fishing with hands and jam jars in Tym's brook. A lively little stream that would have excited many small stream fly anglers here in KZN. I caught stickle backs, stone loach and frogs in that stream and took them all home. Some lasted years before they died, some didn't.

On the golf course, separated from the public footpath by a fence, was Wynn's pond, which had fish in it but was forbidden to fishers by Mr. Jack Wynn, the farmer. One day, an acquaintance of mine, Roger Bradley, said his dad was taking him in the car to Wynn's farm to get maggots from the pig bins to fish in the pond. I can't remember how I managed it, but there I was, scooping up handfuls of stinking wriggling maggots that were dropped into sawdust and very quickly cleaned themselves. I didn't have a rod but I had a stick that transformed into a fishing rod with some monofilament and a crow's feather quill for a float. I caught many perch, for they were suicidal, but more important, I became one of the chosen few that was allowed to fish the pond. For the next twenty years, Roger and I went all over the UK and Ireland fishing. Now, he fishes for Salmon in the Tweed and the Aberdeenshire Dee, where he lives near Aberdeen.

I needed a rod and my uncle Bob, married to my father's sister was the fisherman. He made rods out of two piece tank aerals with wooden handles carved from broomsticks. He was a poacher, the black sheep of the family, and was often unemployed because he skipped work to go fishing or stealing birds eggs from which he raised the chicks or rabbiting with his two ferrets; indeed the perfect uncle. I met him one day at the annual fair. I was a teenager with my girlfriend and I was trying to win her a cuddly toy by throwing darts at playing cards, but I was hopeless. Out of the darkness came Uncle Bob: he threw three darts, won a big cuddly toy for all the darts in same card and was promptly banned from every darts stall on the fairground. He was also, as are most demon dart players, a serious student of alcohol and its consumption. Some ten years later, he asked me to give back the tank aerial. I did without a thought. Now I would love to give it to my grandson, in the hope that he would have as wonderful a time with it as I had.

East Cheshire had some wonderful streams and rivers that should have held everything from trout to minnows, but they were all polluted, everyone a victim of the industrial revolution, so there was the Peak Forest Canal and some small reservoirs to fish, when you were old enough and fortunate enough to have.... a bike. To fish these waters one had to join the local club. Hyde Albion Angling Club had these waters, but they also had a monthly Sunday coach outing, which took the members all over Yorkshire, Lancashire, Lincolnshire, Shropshire and Nottinghamshire to fish rivers. These trips were important because young boys like Roger and I learned a lot very quickly from the older more experienced members. Each trip was a pegged down five (sometimes six) hour match, for which each participant bought a ticket and the top three took the money. By the time I was fifteen, some of my trips were paid for from winnings and the





older guys invited us on day trips on other weekends. Thus began the habits of almost a lifetime and a never ending love affair with the rivers Severn, Trent, Witham, Swale and Yorkshire Ouse.

When I went to Leeds University, the match fishing stopped and other types of pictorial pursuits took over. The university angling society had lots of permits from university old boys to fish some very good trout waters and exclusive fishing in the grounds of stately homes. For eight years I fished like a syndicate member and started flyfishing using the university club's tackle. I no longer had the mentoring of Hyde Albion and I tried to make up for it by reading angling books. Most of them I still have and if I could keep only two, there would be many candidates for the second, but number one would be Still Water Angling by Richard Walker. Roger and I went off on salmon fishing excursions to Scotland and fishing and girl's trips to Ireland. I can't recall meeting a single Irish colleen that I didn't like.

I suppose I became what you would call a specimen hunter. After graduation, I stayed on to carry out research for a Ph.D. in organic chemistry at Leeds and Roger went off to join Shell Oil and make enough money to retire and go salmon fishing every day. Well, I used to go fishing on Wednesday afternoon with Mick Bowker, from Scarborough, also a research student, now a well-known authority in the pharmaceutical industry on systems of drug delivery. We fished long into darkness, poking rods through bushes on the rivers Swale, Ouse and Nidd, catching big chub and barbel (*Barbus Barbus* that is yellowfish, not the ugly things called barbel in South Africa). The excitement was indescribable. We would stop at the river Wharfe near Whetherby roundabout on the A1 north of Leeds, and go paddling with jam jars just like twenty years before, lifting up stones in the fast, shallow water, whereupon the stone loach under them always shot off downstream into the jam jars. They went into a bucket with a lid and were finally lip hooked on size 4 Mustad-Kendal Round hooks 9143, cost £0.6 per hundred. The loach were free lined under and into bushes and were generally taken immediately, whereupon all hell would break loose and some big fish would be triumphantly lifted out of the river, or a sickening slackness in the line, or worst still, everything would go solid, stuck in the branches, the line to be snapped off as far down as we could reach in the hope that the fish would not be left dangling to die.

All too soon, that came to an end and I was looking for work. My dream job at the University of Illinois working on Penicillin derivatives fell through when President Nixon delayed funding to the universities and many other things to pay for the Vietnam War. I never liked that guy. I was lucky enough to be offered a post as junior lecturer in organic chemistry at the University of Manchester, which involved also research into large carbon rings, but also allowed time for fishing. By now it was the 1970's, but the polluted rivers around Manchester, the coach trips to the Severn and Trent, carried on much as before, but I joined Denton Sports Club and not Hyde Albion because Denton had some famous anglers, like Ian Heaps, world champion, who I used to go and watch if I wasn't catching. Learning from other people can be faster and more effective than learning from books.

My time at Manchester came to an end when Mrs. Margaret Thatcher, then Minister for Education, decided to make a name for herself as the pioneer of nursery schools, the money for which would be taken from universities at the other end of the education spectrum. Nursery schools never happened, but the financial consequences made it necessary to quit and move on. I went into the pharmaceutical industry, working for Sterling Drug Company in Newcastle upon Tyne. I had fished the River Tyne as a student in matches for Leeds against Newcastle and loved the dace fishing there, but I only lasted one year, before I was on the move again, this time to Mars Confectionery, Slough, Berkshire and the River Thames.

The Thames in 1975 was a river full of fish; big chub and Barbel, bream, Roach, Dace, Bleak in huge numbers and some trout. This was, I think, because the Thames Conservancy operated size limits for taking fish, for any reason, including putting them in a net, so in matches many of the fish were put straight back after unhooking. The Thames suited my approach and styles of fishing. In the first two years I was twice Marlow Angling Club Championship runner up, but I was destined to be on the move again.

In June 1978, Mars sent me to Austria for two years. I had been spending most working days either in Austria or flying there or back, so it was no surprise. In order to take Linda with me, we would have to get married, so we got married one week before departure.

We lived most of the time in a lovely house in Neusiedl am See, overlooking the Neusiedlersee, which is a shallow (6 feet deep) Steppes lake about 36 Km long and 9 Km wide, situated 40Km from Vienna and with part of it in Hungary, which was at the time a communist country under Russian domination. I learned to love it and it is still a favourite place. There was just one problem; the local fishing was rubbish. Continental Europeans eat just about everything that swims and there were pike-perch (Zander), pike, bream and roach on restaurant menus and bath tubs of live fish for sale on the markets. Fortunately, I



had many other things to do, like learning German and Austrian dialect, suffering near death by a thousand invitations to dinner or weekends away (Austrians are extremely hospitable), riding around Austria in Summer, learning to ski and skiing in the mountains every weekend in Winter (when I wasn't working), making wine, visiting wine makers, drinking wine, gymnastics, playing football and more. There was never a dull moment. I would go back to live there, but at down as low as -30 C from mid-December to February, the winters are too cold for an adopted son of Durban.

After two years, we returned to Slough and back into match fishing in the Thames Valley like I had never been away. I was now travelling all over the world almost every week and my wife, Linda, took charge of the bait; buying maggots, cleaning them, turning some into chrysalis, caring for the worm farm. She drew the line at breeding special maggots.

It was about that time that Marlow Angling Club decided to enter a team in the National Federation of Anglers annual national championship. There were four divisions with about 120 teams in each and Marlow AC would have to start in division 4 as newcomers. The top ten teams were promoted and the bottom ten fell out of each division. A match team was created to fish together in matches regularly as a team and from that team would be chosen the teams for the national championships and for the NFA Southern Region annual championships. I was fortunate enough to be invited to join the team.

It was the beginning of fishing going out of control, like some crazy addiction. We fished as a team, "The Marlow Boys," or as individuals most Saturdays and Sundays, then we had team meetings during the week and before big team matches to hear or tell what methods were working. I won a number of big matches around that time; most memorable for me was the Marlow Rose Bowl in 1983, fished by around 100 anglers over two miles of the River Thames at Marlow. It was my home venue and very satisfying to win against the best anglers in the South of England. I won it again 10 years later; at the time, I was the only angler to have won it twice.

Over four years, the team went from division 4 to division 1 in the national championships and the year we missed promotion, it was only by a couple of places. We won the NFA Southern Region championship in 1984 and had the individual champion the previous year. Most years, we went to Ireland in the spring months to fish the big matches at Ballinasloe in Eire and Enniskillen in Northern Ireland. I met and became friendly with a lot of well-known match anglers from all over the UK and learned a lot from fishing against them.

In spring 1985, I was asked to move to Mars Veghel, Holland, as Chief Scientist. The move was no longer so easy to do, because we had three children by then, two already going to school, and Dutch is not easy for English language speakers. I moved in September 1985 and the family joined me when I had bought a house. At weekends I returned to the Thames valley but slowly backed out of match fishing and finally at the end of the course fishing season in March, packed away my tackle, not knowing when I would use it again.

For more than a year, I did not unpack my rods and reels, but a chance conversation at work with a colleague led to an invitation to fish a match on Sunday morning on the Zuidwillemsvaart canal in Veghel, which was just behind the Mars factory. It is difficult to go five miles in Holland without crossing a river or canal, and many canals flow like rivers due to the boating traffic, mainly barges. Holland has a mix of small roads and crowded freeways, which are supplemented by river and canal barges for goods traffic and a wonderful rail system. I once asked at the Eindhoven Station what would happen if the train was late arriving with only five minutes before my connection in Breda would depart for Rotterdam. "The train is never late," was the reply, and it wasn't.

The Zuidwillemsvaart at Veghel is a mighty canal, in parts more than 100m wide and over 12 feet deep; it was 75m wide where the fishing matches were held. I rustled up some red worms from a local tackle shop and some maggots and breadcrumb. Normally in Holland the matches were restricted to pole fishing. I had five poles going up to 14 metres long, but these matches allowed rod and fixed-spool tackle as well, so for me it was more like the Thames in summer than a canal. From that day onwards, I was known as "De Engelsman." I more than doubled the weight of the angler in second place. I fished the remaining matches because it was a series and won all except the last one. The series winner had the fewest points, based on 1 point for first place, two points for second and so on, with one point more than last place for missing a match, so I could not win that, having missed the early ones. Soon I



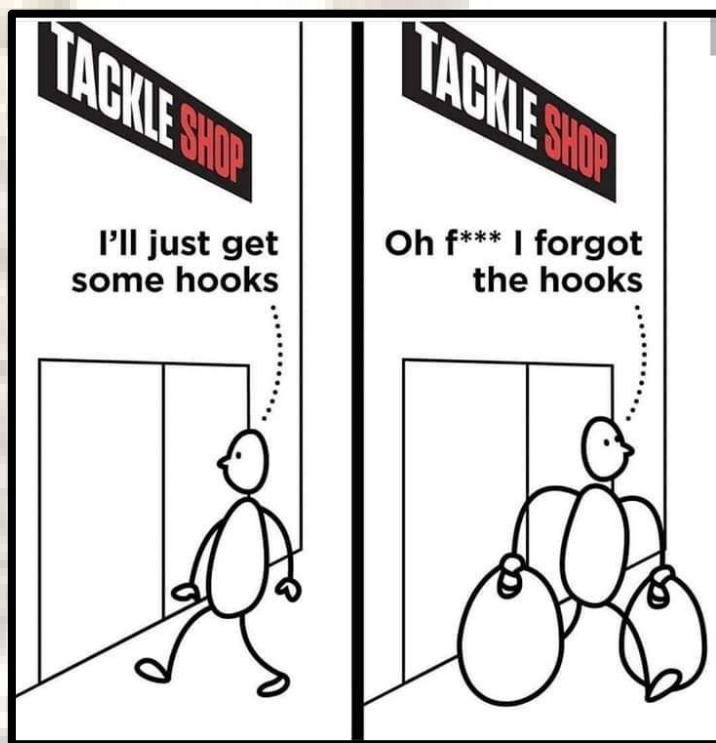
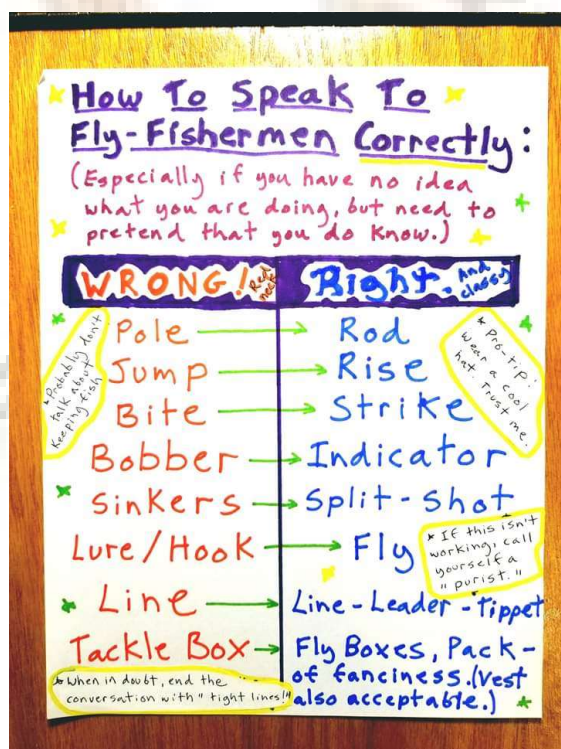


was fishing the Dommel River on Saturday mornings, the Zuidwillemsvaart somewhere on Sundays or the big regional matches on the River Maas or the Waal for Schyndel, the club that I joined about a 10 minute drive from my home in Son en Breugel, near Eindhoven. Encouraged by success, I entered the 1986 Dutch Open Championship, fished on the River Maas, another big river, and came 15th from about 400 anglers.

In Holland, it is generally the rule to give prizes in kind rather than cash and the bigger matches always have trophies, much as in England. I came home with picnic hampers, wine, tools, kitchen gadgets, packs of meat and fishing tackle; most of the last named I kept without knowing why and it is those things that I ended up using, and still use, for fly fishing.

In 2003, Linda, the girls and I went back to the UK for family reasons, but did not stay long, before I moved to S Africa in 1995 to become Technical Director of Beacon Sweets in Durban and the family followed in 1996. Before I left I did manage to win the Marlow Rose Bowl again and I captained Marlow AC in the 1994 Div. 3 National Championships at Kirkstead on the River Whitham. Once in S Africa, I did not fish again for three years, because my daughters were reaching the age where they would soon be moving away for university or overseas and I had missed a lot of time I should have spent with them and Linda. Also, I was still travelling frequently to the UK, USA and Europe, leaving the family to cope in a strange land again.

Eventually, I started doing a bit of fly fishing and fly tying, encouraged by Alan O'Connor and Bruce Curry. Measured against bait fishing, I am not great at either tying or fishing flies, but now my spare time is under control and I have fished some awesome places in the company of some wonderful fellow flyfishers.



## DURBAN FLY TYERS COMMITTEE

<b>Chairman</b>	Andrew Mather	083 3090233	andrewmather@telkomsa.net
<b>Vice Chairman</b>	Stelios Comninos	083 255 3334	stelios.comninos@gmail.com
<b>Treasurer</b>	Dave Smith	083 251 1629	smiffam@absamail.co.za
<b>Secretarial and entertainment</b>	Bruce Curry	082 774 5514	Bruce.curry.too@gmail.com
<b>Membership Development</b>	Andrew Mather	083 3090233	andrewmather@telkomsa.net
	Terry Andrews	083 2519264	81tbone@gmail.com
<b>The Bobbin</b>	Stelios Comninos	082 574 3722	stelios.comninos@gmail.com

## MEMBERSHIP SUBSCRIPTIONS

Subscriptions for 2018 are now due and payable. At the AGM the subscription was raised marginally. Subscriptions are now as follows

<b>Joining Fee</b>	R220 senior R120 Junior
<b>Senior Member</b>	R240
<b>Junior Member</b>	R140
<b>Family Member</b>	R240 plus R50% of fee for each subsequent family member

Cash will only be accepted by Dave Smith at meetings of the DFT. All other payment to be made by EFT into the club bank account. No direct cash deposits.

### Bank details

Bank: Standard Bank, Westville

Branch Code: 045 426. Account #: 053 189 647

*Note: If you pay by EFT, please e-mail Dave Smith*

*smiffam@absamail.co.za with your proof of payment stating the type of members and the member(s) names.*

## QUICK LINKS

### DURBAN SHOPS THAT STOCK FLY TYING MATERIAL

The Complete Angler	Shop 1 6 Village Rd Kloof, 3610, Tel 031 764 1488 <i>Superb freshwater selection of fly tying materials. Salty stuff too</i>
Kingfisher	<a href="http://www.kingfisher.co.za/shopp.php">http://www.kingfisher.co.za/shopp.php</a> <i>A wide selection of fly tying materials balanced more towards the salt</i>
The Fish Eagle	105 Victoria Rd, Pietermaritzburg, KwaZulu-Natal <a href="https://www.facebook.com/THEFISHEAGLE">https://www.facebook.com/THEFISHEAGLE</a> <i>Jan Korrubel runs this shop. Say no more!!!</i>

### SOUTH AFRICAN ONLINE SHOPS

Frontier Fly Fishing	<a href="http://www.frontierflyfishing.co.za">http://www.frontierflyfishing.co.za</a> Situated at Coachman's Crossing, Centre, Peter Place, Bryanston, and Johannesburg.
Netbooks	<a href="http://www.netbooks.co.za">http://www.netbooks.co.za</a> The Home of Craig Thom
Stream X	<a href="http://www.streamxflyfishing.co.za">http://www.streamxflyfishing.co.za</a>
The African Fly Fisher	<a href="http://www.theafricanflyangler.co.za">http://www.theafricanflyangler.co.za</a>

### KZN FLY FISHING GUIDES/CASTING INSTRUCTORS

Jan Korrubel	083 99 33 870 <a href="mailto:jlkorrubel@gmail.com">jlkorrubel@gmail.com</a> <a href="mailto:jan@wildfly.co.za">jan@wildfly.co.za</a> Small streams and custom fly tying, casting
Grevin Price	082 896 3688 <a href="mailto:grevin@wildfly.co.za">grevin@wildfly.co.za</a> River and still water (including yellowfish)
Juan-Pierre Rossouw	076 208 5602 <a href="mailto:juan@wildfly.co.za">juan@wildfly.co.za</a> River and still water (including yellowfish)
Leon Vermeulen	082 442 4846 / <a href="mailto:leon@wildbrowns.co.za">leon@wildbrowns.co.za</a> River fishing
Graham McCall	793 033 735 Casting Instructor
David Weaver	083 303 4230 / <a href="mailto:eff@ohs.dorea.co.za">eff@ohs.dorea.co.za</a> All things about Sterkfontein: local knowledge, boat and or accommodation.
Jeremy Rochester	083 607 6100 Casting Instructor

### KZN FLY FISHING AND FLY TYING CLUBS & ASSOCIATIONS

The Fly Fishers Association (FFA)	<a href="mailto:flyfishersassociation@gmail.com">flyfishersassociation@gmail.com</a>
The KZN Fly Fishing Association (KZNFFA)	<a href="http://www.kznffa.org/public/index.asp?pageid=847">http://www.kznffa.org/public/index.asp?pageid=847</a>
The Natal Fly Fishing Club	<a href="http://www.nffc.co.za">http://www.nffc.co.za</a>
FOSAF	<a href="http://www.fosaf.org.za">http://www.fosaf.org.za</a>
The Underberg and Himeville Trout Club (UHTFC)	<a href="http://www.uhtfc.co.za">http://www.uhtfc.co.za</a>
Wildfly	<a href="http://www.wildflytravel.com/index.php?option=com_content&amp;task=view&amp;id=282&amp;Itemid=451">http://www.wildflytravel.com/index.php?option=com_content&amp;task=view&amp;id=282&amp;Itemid=451</a>



## ADVERTISEMENTS

*Advertisements are free for club members. A modest advertising charged is levied in respect of advertisements placed by non-members. Contact Dave Smith For details. [dave@durbanflytyers.co.za](mailto:dave@durbanflytyers.co.za)*

### MAGNETIC READERS



Hang around your neck so they never get lost or damaged.  
Click open and closed.

ONLY R100.00 each.

STRENGTHS : From 1.0 to 3.5

Colours: Blue, Red, Black, Brown, Grey, Pink, Tortoise Shell

Contact:

Linda Arbuthnot: 082 7750 555

Paul Leisegang: 082 338 0026

### J-VICE FLY TYING VICE



Jay Smit

Cell: 0832508211

Email: [jay@ismit.co.za](mailto:jay@ismit.co.za)

Web: [jvice.com](http://jvice.com)

### THE ULTIMATE LANDING NET



Made in South Africa

Hand crafted Landing Net made in 2 Exotic woods.

The mesh is hand knotted using a soft multi-strand nylon to protect the fish which is to be released. The lease clip allows the net to hang high up horizontally on your vest so it will not get caught up in vegetation. Personalised name an optional.

Contact: Harvey Mulder Cell: 076 0365 123

Email: [harvey.mulder@yahoo.co.za](mailto:harvey.mulder@yahoo.co.za)

### HONEY

[anniversaryhoney@difu.co.za](mailto:anniversaryhoney@difu.co.za)  
+27(0)31 2665367

# Anniversary

# HONEY

IT IS NORMAL FOR RAW HONEY TO CRYSTALLIZE. HEAT GENTLY IN WARM WATER TO DISSOLVE.

**NATURAL RAW HONEY FROM KWAZULU-NATAL**

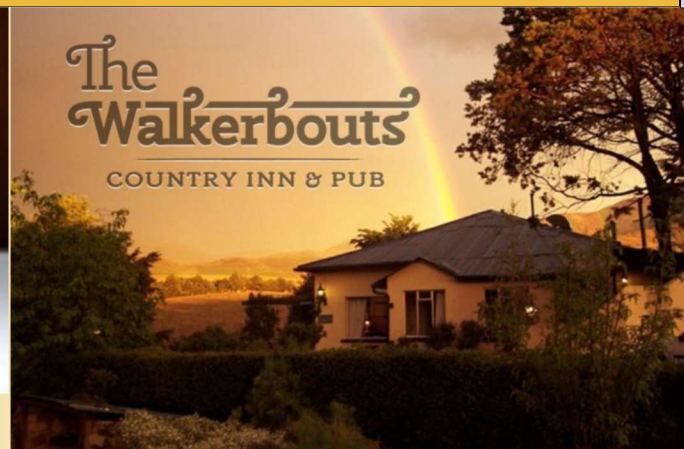
Honey sales: Anja Smith 0832951669

Bee removal: Dave Smith:

083 251 1629



[explorerflyfishing.co.za/](http://explorerflyfishing.co.za/)



Walkerbouts Inn - Rhodes

[bookings@walkerbouts.co.za](mailto:bookings@walkerbouts.co.za): 045 974 9290

[walkerbouts.co.za](http://walkerbouts.co.za)