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THE PART REPORT – NEW ZEALAND



We are pleased to again have The Part Report for our newsletter. John Part (left) has been fishing New Zealand every year for over 20 years (except for the Covid closure). He does an outstanding job of relating his adventure and describing the joys and challenges of fishing NZ's crystalline streams and rivers. John has achieved a degree of notoriety in that he has now released 81 brown trout in excess of ten pounds - note: one rainbow is included in the 81. Below is his full report which describes this special experience.

After a three and a half years' absence, return to a reopened New Zealand - top of the South Island; brown trout territory, serious fishing skills required, mostly provided in my case by Scotty, my guide supreme for over 20 years. It was good to return for good natured abuse from Scotty, and ritual humiliation from the trout - a

much recommended form of masochism, provided (and it's a big 'provided') that once in a while there's a bit of magic. There was this trip.

Years ago, before I retired and started living seriously, I got the best advice from one of the industry's sages. Leave salmon and sea trout. Start fishing upstream, go to New Zealand, and tackle the big brown trout. Book a good number of days. You'll lose a third of them for bad weather etc. Most of the rest will be grinding out a result, but with luck you'll also have a day or two of magic. This trip he was right.

Two days of sunshine, spent helicoptering to the high back country. Desolate valley just below the tree line, ridiculously extravagant flights, clear braided river through a dusty landscape with high mountains all around and upstream, as far as the eye could see. Big trout, spotted feeding quietly. Not a lot of them, but every so often one would let his (most of them are big males) companions down by actually taking the fly, and spitting it out just too slowly to beat a quick strike. Others will ignore the fly completely, quiver slightly (Scotty takes that as a sign of approval), or even saunter over to look closely, maybe nosing it to create the illusion



of a take. In other words, complete bastards. Left on the table for another year.



But over these two magic days Scotty treated me to one brown over 11 pounds, and two more trout nudging just over ten pounds each, one of them a rainbow, obviously lost and far from its more southerly home. Four more (two 9 pounders, and two 8 pounders) were over the 'trophy' threshold of 8 pounds. The few others, 7 and 6 pound fish which would have been champions in many lower altitude rivers, and indeed in most other countries, still greatly appreciated, but slipped back to grow bigger. All of them wild fish, descended from the ova and fingerlings planted by early European settlers. 'Such stuff as dreams are made of'.

So that's it really. As I fly back towards London just a few grip and grin photos on my iPad to remind me that it really happened,. Worth it? Never in doubt. So, I asked the expert, what do I do when I tire of New Zealand? "Ah, that's the problem," he replied quietly; "there's nowhere better."

CAPTAIN DEAN HEALTH UPDATE AND BELIZE TRIP REPORT

Captain Dean Update



From Belize – many of our regular readers are aware that the Rising Tide Captain, Dean Myers (at left), has been dealing with severely infected wounds on his lower legs (www.flyfishbelize.com). This situation began almost two years ago and has been evolving. In November of 2022, he spent a month at a Cancun hospital for treatment. It appeared that he was healing and so began the 2023 season with high hopes. However, as the first half of 2023 unfolded, the wounds began to get worse to the point that he was unable to guide. A wound specialist was located who practiced in three different Central American countries. In June, he entered a special six week in-clinic program where he received 4 or 5 hours of treatment a day. He recently completed the intense six week program and the infections have been contained and he's returned home. The healing process is continuing and seems to be progressing well. As soon as he is completely healed and able to move forward with his usual maintenance

program with the Rising Tide and to be on the water guiding as normal, we will begin taking bookings for the Rising Tide. We anticipate it will be another two months before his condition reaches that point. Look for more updates as we move along.

The Belize Catamaran Mothership?

Our son, Scott, and I had a Rising Tide trip booked for the last week of July. Obviously, with Captain Dean's treatment program, that wasn't going to happen. However, Scott has a very tight schedule and the only dates available for him to travel were the last week of July so we began looking at options. We love living on the water in Belize (our family has been doing it for over 35 years) and using a mothership as our home base while we explore the varied flats for tarpon, permit, snook, bones, etc etc. We decided to try something different and chartered a 50' Catamaran which came with a captain and cook. We brought along our own pair of guides – these were guides we knew well from our many years of fishing with them while on the Rising Tide.



When it comes to preferred species, Scott's passion and mine differ. He is a passionate tarpon (above right) addict while I'm fully committed to taking 100 permit (at left) by time I'm 85 years old. The mothership approach allowed each of us the flexibility to fish in the areas that were most productive for our preferred target fish. This did involve one of us each day taking longer boat rides than normal in the past when using the Rising Tide. With the ability to move our home base daily, it worked out fine. However, as conditions unfolded during our week, tides and winds were more favorable for tarpon – we had the worst possible west winds which blew the water off our favorite permit flats making finding fish difficult. Below is a report on the tarpon and permit results.

Tarpon



Conditions for Scott's tarpon fishing were good with low tides helping pull "baby" tarpon (10 to 30# fish) out from the mangroves and making them more available. He had a week with lots of activity, having more than 25 tarpon eat his fly, almost all sight casting. Mixed in with the "baby t." were some large fish up to one of approximately 120# that was on for 45 minutes before pulling free.



The fish in the series of photos below was taken sight fishing on a long-time favorite tarpon flat:



Permit and the Catamaran



Why is the small permit at left worthy of a photo? For me, it was a significant fish because it was my 75th permit released and it was taken in the last hour of our last day. As referenced earlier, permit conditions were tough, but there were special moments with tailing fish on the flats. There were some "eats" and getting to #75 was my goal for the trip. I'm fortunate enough to have released many permit of 15 to 25+ pounds at the Ningaloo Reef in Australia, Cuba, Mexico, and mostly in Belize, but this little one has a special place in my memories. Incidental fish taken included bonefish (taken from a school of permit!), snook, and a collection of mangrove snappers.

Living on the water using the catamaran was a good experience. While not as roomy as the Rising Tide, it was very comfortable. It carried sea kayaks and paddleboards for extra activities. Most surprising is that it had 4 smallish queen-sized beds – photos below, left to right: bedrooms were tucked into the pontoons; cook, captain, and meals were outstanding.



WHAT WE DO AT FLY FISHING ADVENTURES

This is a link with a description of who we are and what we do.....also, listing the destinations around the world that we can provide reliable information regarding the experience and how to prepare for your visit: [Fly Fishing Adventures - About What We Do](#)

AUGUST MEMORY PHOTOS



The Terry and Gary Butts family is back in our newsletter. Over the years, this family has provided us several stories and photos from their own secret slice of heaven – a special “unknown” small stream located somewhere in Colorado. Left to right is Mother Terry with a dry-fly taken rainbow, son Michael, and granddaughter Sophie. I’ve been told that they would tell me where this stream is, but then they’d have to eliminate me permanently so it remains a secret slice of heaven known only to them!

An enthusiastic traveling fly fisherman,
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