

# Two and a Half Pound Friday

The last day before we had to pack up and head home on the Tassie trip back in February, Dave Woolcock and I set out for the Western Lakes quite early - 8.00am and we were at Botsford.

Even at that hour there were three cars already parked there. We decided to head to Ada Lagoon.

We were gearing up, when in the distance a fellow fisher popped up from nowhere. He was nearly to the end of the lake and appeared to be heading to come back the other side. Another car came to the lake, but they drove on down past the shack and parked, then headed off over the walk bridge to fish Lake Ada.

Geared up, Woolly worked his way along the Eastern shore. Having remembered a large fish being caught in the shallows at the Northern end where the truck was parked, I decided to give that area a go. This is where the Little Pine River comes out of Ada Lagoon.

There was a reasonable breeze blowing at 60 degrees to the shore, creating a nice ripple on the water. I cast out and into the breeze, letting the Shaving Brush drift around with the wind. Less than twenty minutes and my fly was taken with a nice rise. A moments pause, then a strike and I was into a very active fish that was quite indignant at having his day spoiled. The fish gave many strong runs and jumps, trying another trick of rolling over and over, only compounding its predicament by rolling the leader around its body. My Penny Knot was not going to give. This fish was a very good two and a half pound Brown Trout which was quite silver in appearance.

I continued to fish along the edge - the silty bottom prevented me from venturing to far out into the water. I was walking along very slowly, when I spied the back of a large black tiger snake disappearing into the rocks ahead of me. Naturally I gave him a good wide berth. I saw more snakes on this trip overall than on all the other trips put together.

We fished Lake Ada for a while but did not see a rise or any fish cruising, but did spot where the two fishermen mentioned previously were fishing - one for the memory.

We potted around and headed back to the Lagoon. I went for a walk and headed for the far end of the lagoon, keeping an eye for any trout on the way. I used the track which runs along the side of the lagoon, probably from six to ten metres from the bank. On the way back I

was more intent and spotted a "moving log" working near the bank. I was at least six metres from the bank, and I slowly began to position myself for a shot at the fish. I reckon it spied me at the same time I saw it, as it just quietly disappeared into deeper water.

I worked my way to a rocky point where there were some insects coming off the water. I had a few casts when I saw a flash in the waves. Not long after and a heavy splash quite



close startled me. Towards the middle in the weed beds, a very large fish jumped out of the water. I was not happy how my fly was sitting in the water, and put on a Parachute Adams. Initially I was going to put on a Royal Wulff, but when I tested the knot the hook started to straighten. This was no place for poor quality hooks.

I was still casting at an angle into the wind and letting the line and fly drift with the breeze. I was dusting off some midges which were annoying me, when as it so happens when you are otherwise occupied, that my fly disappeared into a nicely formed ring on the water. I struck but to no avail - bugger (or words to that effect). Missed chances are annoying, none more-so than in Tassie.

I hung around in the hope the fish would be hanging around. Not long later and my fly disappeared into another good rise. I struck and was into another good fighting fish. This fish fought just as well as the other one - a twin. It also weighted two and a half pounds and again was quite silvery in appearance.

We headed back to Doug's Place, even though the day was still young. The other guys returned from their trips - Jeff and Allan having fished Gunns and Little Lakes where they had some very good success.

After dinner, it was a toss-up if we were to fish the evening rise in the Great Lake, or finish off the red wine. Woolly and I decided to spend some time fishing the rise and headed below Doug's Shack. There was a good Caddis hatch developing, with quite a few, albeit small fish, working away in close, with some larger specimens out further, beyond our casts. (Should have put our float tubes in) I tried a Parachute Adams, Shaving Brush, Red Tag, and Elk Hair Caddis but could not entice a strike. Remembering that Doug advised us to make a foam beetle pattern using fiery brown seals fur on the body, I put on a Fiery Brown Beetle pattern, and whammy, a fish took the beetle. I struck and was into another. After another fine battle I landed a very dark coloured Great Lake Brown Trout weighing, you guessed it, two and a half pounds.

I finished the trip in fine style. You may ask - sure, you only caught three fish for the day, but those who have fished Tassie will know that that's not too bad. As a group we had some good days, but there was a very lean time - nearly a week, when nothing was happening. Typical Tassie you say.

Bring on Tassie 09.

*Bryan Clyde*

*Footnote: Another Tasmanian fishing story - it seems that most of the fishing has been happening in Tasmania. Or is it that the only people writing about fly fishing are those that went to Tassie. Remember that you don't have to write a big essay, even though those from Allan Semmler are hard to match. Just put together a couple of paragraphs and a photo or three of your next fishing trip and forward them to the Editor. It is much nicer, and makes putting the newsletter together that much easier, if we have local content.  
Editor*