

Arthurs Lake in February Stephen Long

Some time ago I read in Tight Lines that the best way to break a Tasmanian drought was to organise a Field Day where the majority of club members camped and fished at Arthurs Lake with a camp setting at the Jonah Bay camp grounds. I don't know the significance of the name, or how it came about, but tradition has it that this weekend will generally cause a change of weather pattern in the State.

The lead up weather in the preceding weeks was quite exceptional, warm sunny days with the eternal hope of a good hatch and solid rise for the weekend where the fish would take what ever was on offer. Come the days leading to the competition and it started to change, it started to rain, heavily, how unusual, and campers were contending with water flowing through and under tents. Remember, this is Jonah Bay! By the time Friday came and members were setting up camp the weather was actually quite pleasant and things were looking brighter.

Saturday morning and early starters were out chasing our piscatorial friends (foes) but they were not inclined to co-operate fully. In spite of all efforts they were proving most elusive to even the most skilled or dedicated angler, those who did manage the rare satisfaction of a tight line only experienced it on the odd occasion, most of the time it was only small fish that were put back. By evening the weather had changed as a Southerly front came through but still the fishing went on with most members having the satisfaction of a fish to weigh in and being competitive. Night time had the usual throng around the fire where lies and more lies were swapped in time honoured tradition. Best tale, actually factual according to a witness, belongs to Wayne Seabrook who got hammered by a monster from the deep, which broke the Loomis. This meant that he ended up with a truncated version of a fly rod, actually a very expensive boat rod, with which to play the fish until he could regain the front section and join it up to continue the game.

Sunday morning and those who were capable of rising early were at it again, not that the fishing was any easier. Wind lanes were found but were not producing the goods, only the odd fish was being landed by the time-honoured method of "chuck it and chance it". By noon anglers were assembling for the weigh in with hopes, although slight, of maybe winning. Graeme Davis and James were coming in with light bags, for a change, and at last the playing field was being levelled. Then they informed the assembled throng that David Hemmings was cleaning his fish, late in the morning they had a purple patch when they came across fish taking Black spinners quite readily off the island. Oh well there is always next time!

Congratulations to David on his win on the weekend with the heaviest bag of 3.845kg
A total of 14 members attended with most having at least one fish to weigh in, the average weight for the weigh in was 0.847kg.