

Eucumbene- Dry Fly Days.

Paul (and Pat)



I was lucky enough to spend some time fishing at this wonderful lake over the last few weeks. It can be a very fickle lake to fish for large parts of the year, but on its day, it can produce some amazing fishing. The last few weeks have produced some excellent dry fly fishing to trout cruising the edges. The culprit for this fishing bonanza is the grasshopper. A plaque of them to be exact. The right combination of stable water level, grassy banks down the water's edge, benign water temperatures (up until last week!), and a steady wind has produced a constant stream of hoppers that get stranded on the lakes' surface. Brown trout are quick to identify a food source and were quick to get on the hopper train.



Although hoppers were the primary diet, trout were looking up and were willing to eat a variety of terrestrial insects. The technic was simple. Find a nice grassy bank, preferably one that has not been fished for a few hours, and with a good population of hoppers on it. Walk the edge until you see a trout cruising along the bank. They are often only a couple of meters from the edge and in about $\frac{1}{2}$ meter of water. Cast your hopper or beetle imitation and watch the fish slide up and sip in your fly, lift your rod and feel the weight of the fish

Next thing you know, the long forgotten dusty backing is rattling out through the guides!



Not all the fish were that easy. Just getting front of the fish required galloping along the bank to get in a position to cover the fish. They were cruising very quickly. Many displayed typical unnecessary brown trout pickiness and needed and change of fly to something smaller to entice a take. We observed several fish on enormous beats. Travelling several hundred meters before returning along the same path. Patience proved worthwhile when waiting for the fish to return.





The windward rocky headlands were a surprise. We caught several nice fish fishing blind from a barren rocky shoreline. There is something surreal in watching a 4 pound trout rise-up from the depths to pluck a size 4 madam X from the surface whilst the wind and waves pound the shoreline.



