

## The Bushman's revisited

By

Graham Neary



*This as far as I can judge is the last trip Graham did before his heart attacked him. The upside of that unfortunate event is that Graham who is housebound was able to knock up this article.*

My first trip to this little piece of paradise was about two and a half years ago (article in bobbin Feb 2012). It was early December and there had been a fair bit of rain, so the river was full and fast.

This trip was mid-May so the river extremely clear and slow because it is out of the wet season. This time I was better prepared tackle and flies wise. Marco picked me up early on the Friday morning and after a chow stop along the way to Snowflake cottage we were on the water by 9.30.

As I was still largely inexperienced I followed Marco for a while and then went off on my own. We saw a few fish but they were very skittish and didn't stay around to find out what our intentions were. The big pool downstream from the cottage also proved unprofitable although we did see some fair sized fish there.

Just before the lunch break we arrived in the hatchery area and each got one small fish. The day was clear and had become quite hot so with a good thirst we worked our way home. Deep in discussion over tactics and some refreshment we laid our plan of attack for the afternoon session. Much walking, many fly changes, more discussion and result the same as the morning session. I must admit that I did not worry too much as Marco has done this type of fishing way more than me and his score card read like mine.

Ian arrived late afternoon and immediately went off upstream and arrived back after dark empty handed as well. (No I caught Roger)



Saturday dawned quite chilly but the good thing is this time of the year you don't have to be on the water at sparrows. Ian gave Marco and me a lift about two kms downstream to a little stone cottage (Hendersons) that we know quite well. More hints and advice from Marco and off we went upstream. There is a small tributary that comes in just up from the bridge where we started from and I followed this for a way with no sightings at all. We made our way up to just short of the big pool and then got on the tar road for the rest of the way to the cottage. Again we saw a few and Marco got one.





After lunch Ian`s friend Mike arrived and ended up getting two small fish almost in front of the house .For the rest of us once more scant reward. That evening we enjoyed a braai out in the cold mountain air while enjoying the contents of a hip flask or two and then retired to the warmth of inside where we had a fire going .The usual intelligent BS went on for quite a while during which we had a few Grappa coffees .Don` t knock it till you`ve tried it. They fuel Ferraris on this stuff.

After a leisurely brekkie on Sunday morning it was decided to take one for the team and go back for more. We all went our separate ways and ended up back at the house simultaneously at about ten having conceded defeat. Although we saw a number of fish again they were very skittish and so obviously in spawning mode in the bigger pools.



A very pleasant outing and I look forward to the next one in April next year. Yes Cox has already booked a weekend, what did you think, you can` t keep this man away from here.

Thank you Ian for organising and to Marco for the coaching and advice.

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