

Stanley Groves was known by family friends and club members as Bill Groves. Going through club records he is even entered as W. Groves. Many never knew his real name. Bill fished Pedder from the mid 70s, he was taken there for the first time to catch a huge trout by his son John who had been there fishing. Bill used to spend months at a time staying at the Strathgordon caravan park with his wife Mavis (known as Bub by most) and daughter Diane. I remember my grandparents being away at Pedder for months at a time over summer fishing. Bill was well known to many of the older members who all most likely have a story to tell. He is featured in the club records and was active in supporting club events. He provided wood to the caravan park from his wood yard in Mornington. A retired policeman, his death at the serpentine boat ramp made the newspaper in January 1985. He suffered a massive heart attack while trying to put his boat on the trailer in strong winds. It was a traumatic time for my grandmother and auntie who were present and have never visited the area since. While writing this, I visited my grandmother to ask her of her memories of my grandfather fishing Lake Pedder, her first words were "we used to live there. We were there all the time". They caught many large trout in the early days and spent a lot of time with Graham Parker who managed the caravan park and the Oates clan who were also caravan park regulars. Their boat and caravan were left at Graham's place in between trips to Pedder. They had many a party at the caravan park with her still having many fond memories of the times at Pedder. Pop spent many hours fish caking Mcpartlans and the Traps. He would often pull up on the side of the road on the way up to have a few casts. He had a passion for making his own lures and often carved his out of King Billy. John remembers a trip with Pop at the back of Crumbledown, when fishing was quiet so it was time to try his latest invention. His new lure dragged the bottom like a stump jumper and expected the snags to come with it but his rod bent and after a lengthy battle he landed a 11lb fish. John has this lure in his tackle box today and won't use it but laughs when he remembers its history.

My earliest fishing memories at Pedder are the compulsory stops at the national park hotel and staying in the caravan with my father and grandfather. We used to camp with dad and pop at Scotts Peak, sleeping on the back of his truck under a tarp he had made for that weekend camping spot. I can remember catching a large trout that got away and pop patiently fighting the trout for ages and commenting how large it must have been. He was a diabetic and always carried lollies with him in case he had low blood sugar. I used to enjoy the lollies on the way home from our fishing trips. There were many big fish pictures I was given by my grandmother to look at for the newsletter, most are of fish laying on the caravan park tables as she tells me they were too heavy to hold up. My grandfather loved Lake Pedder, he instilled this love for the place in the rest of the family. On his death the family arranged for a memorial shield for the club and a fishing competition eventuated from this. It was held on the November long weekend (for northern Tasmania) to allow the family members from the north and north-west of the state to come down to fish. The competition was conducted from 1986 til 2000. The winner was decided by the heaviest fish caught. It turned out to be a great family event with the Groves stopping at nothing to beat each other in very rugged November conditions. Looking at the shield most of the Groves have won it at one time or another. Pop would have been proud that we all fished the lake for so long after his death. We feel a special connection with him when we arrive at Pedder to fish each time. In 2009 the club offered to commence the memorial shield again, this time it was moved to the January club event, strangely this was the event he died at in 1985. The heaviest fish emphasis has long gone due to alleged cheating at the November competition. Hence the award is now for members and given for the average weight.

*By Sharon Mallinson*

*Photos taken on the way home from the Groves Memorial competition in 1994. Peter Chew towed our boats through the snow in his new FWD as the boats and FWDs became bogged in snow on Mt Boyd.*

