



Kapiti Fly Fishing Club

August 2017 Newsletter



PRESIDENT REPORT

The only time I have had the opportunity to head out onto a river for a fish this month happened the weekend of 12 August when four other members, Tony J, Leon, Michael and Peter K joined me on weekend in Turangi to attend the Sporting Life - Fly Fest. Both Peter and Tony headed up on Friday morning while Leon, Michael and I travel up early in the afternoon after Leon completed a few tasks related to installing loos.

Early Saturday morning we headed out to the end of Greys Road for a flick hopping to have this part of the river to ourselves, sadly nine other anglers thought the same thing. I managed to hook and lose one while both Michael and Leon landed a fish each, Tony and Peter headed to another spot on Tongariro River and enjoy some success.

We headed down to Sporting Life to register for the Fly Fest to join another 150 plus keen anglers ready for the beginning of a very valuable day. There were numerous demonstrations of casting and the opportunity to try new rods and different fly lines, Rene Vaz and his team were on hand to show us how to cast a line. Rene has a 'skill set' that I can only dream of, his ability to pick up a rod and start casting to the other side of the Breakfast pool with both a 'heavy bomb' and then add a 2-gram lead shoot was well worth watching.

Young Noel and Lyn Thomas with Noel number two and his wife were busy cooking 400 sausages ready for lunch break and it was great to catch up with Noel and a few other well-known faces from the world of fishing and at the dinner on Saturday evening I manage to touch base with another past member Chris who moved to Hamilton.



On the Sunday morning, I experienced first-hand the importance of wearing a wading belt, not sure what happened but one minute I was happily fishing at the head of the Blue Pool and next thing I knew I disappeared into the river. Thankfully for me Leon saw me disappear into the river and rushed over and help me out of the water and back up on my feet. Not a pleasant experience but one that proves the importance of always wearing and wading belt. My thanks to Leon.

Front cover: Michael Matthews – Out there doing it on club trip to Tongariro River

Any newsletters success is influenced by the contribution of others so please pass on any truthful or Imaginative stories otherwise you may find 'yourself' as part of future tales from the river bank. malcolm1@xtra.co.nz

*You are invited to the next KFFC Club Night on
Monday 28 August 2017 when your general
knowledge will be required by your team
mates in our Quiz Night Special*

FROM THE TYRE'S BENCH AT SCHOOL ROAD –THE SPIDER PATTERNS

Over the past few months a number of members have asked me questions on the Spider Flies and how to fish them, the following article will answer most of these questions.

The Spiders Patterns of Northern England By Philip Bailey, UK Flies & photos by Donald Nicolson, Scotland.

I have a season ticket on the wonderful Wharfe River at Bolton Abbey in North Yorkshire which is only 20 minutes from home and one of the best rivers in that county. Over the past couple of years this has been my home for fishing. Just recently I was fishing a particular section of the Wharfe and I remember a rather special fish. I had just made a perfect cast to my right which I knew would allow the flies to sink in the water before swinging upwards through the current. Making sure that my rod did not get in front of my line I concentrated on the feel of the line as it began to swing across and upwards through the current.

Was that a touch? Did I perceive a small slowing of the line? I pulled firmly, but not too hard, against the line and felt the weight of something on the end. A fish exploded through the surface. I had him. A 3lb brown trout. I had seen this fish taking emerging Baetis mayflies some 20 minutes before. I had noted where he was laying and had worked my way slowly down the run picking up a couple of smaller fish on the way before I prepared to 'trap' him with my flies.

The small 'spider' patterns that I had been fishing had done their job again. Just as they had on the other dozen or so fish I had caught that day. And there was still a lot more fishing to be had yet. Why had I not used them at home in Australia?

This season I have been concentrating on learning and using the 'spider' patterns of northern England. The season has now been open for 3 months and I have already fished more than I would in a normal season. Due mainly to the fact that work commitments have not been as intensive as normal.

What is a 'spider pattern'? A 'spider' fly is defined as 'a soft hackled pattern, rarely with wings'. These flies are not intended to represent a natural spider. The term 'spider' was probably inherited from Scotland and was a tradition made famous by W. C. Stewart (more about Stewart later).

'Spider' patterns were used exclusively by the fly fishermen of the northern parts of England for some time before venturing further afield. Indeed, you do not see them very often in tackle shops or featuring in fishing articles. These mediums of fly fishing seem to dispense with the old traditional flies and concentrate on the more modern fly patterns and their myriad of variations.

Do 'spider patterns' work? When fished properly they are deadly and if the weather conditions are right it is not unusual to catch many fish in an outing. In a four-day period recently where I was able to get out fishing each day and I had been able to catch and release over 100 fish in a five-mile stretch of Wharfe.

Soft hackled flies first appeared in the ***Compleat Angler*** when Charles Cotton wrote his famous book in 1676. Indeed, it is likely that they were around for some time before Charles Cotton as the patterns and materials used at that time probably meant that 'soft hackled' flies were in use even in the Roman occupation period.

Apart from some writings by James Chetham in 1681, new works on angling were almost non-existent for two centuries. Soft hackled flies were again introduced to anglers in 1816 when G. C. Bainbridge wrote ***The Fly-fishers Guide***. Another 60 years were to pass before three more valuable works featured soft hackled flies.

W. C. Stewart wrote ***The Practical Angler***; W. H. Aldham ***A Quaint Treatise on Flees and the Art of Artyfichall Flee Making*** in 1876; T. E. Pritt ***Yorkshire Trout Flies*** in 1886 (which was re-titled ***North-Country Flies*** in a later edition). All these books featured extensive writings on soft hackled flies. But in 1857 the greatest influence on using these patterns in England occurred. W. C. Stewart was a renowned fly fisherman from the Scottish Border area and it was Stewart that put 'spider' patterns in the fly box of all the north of England fly fishers in the late 19th and early 20th centuries.

It was to be another 80 years before a major writing on the use of soft hackles was to emerge. During that time, there were many references to these patterns. Macintosh, Ronald's, Skues and others all reference the use of these patterns and the characteristics of soft hackles.

In 1949, the great American angler James E Leisering wrote *The Art of Tying the Wet Fly* which was added to by his long-time fishing friend, Vernon Hidy, and released as *The Art of Tying the Wet Fly and Fishing the Flymph*. The soft hackled fly, aka the 'spider' or 'flymph' had arrived into the modern era of fly fishing. A synopsis on the soft hackled flies can be read in *The Art of the Wet Fly* by W. S. Roger Fogg (1975).

So apart from the northern rivers of England, why do we not see or use them? Tony Brothers is the only person I know who uses some of the patterns in Australia. I never see them in tackle shops, nor in fishing articles or in the fly boxes of other anglers yet they are tremendously successful. Some fly fishermen in England never use any other pattern, preferring to change spider patterns depending on the time in the season, water conditions and temperatures.

They can be a complete fly representing an emerging insect, a drowned dun or a nymph (depending on where the fish sees it), or an emerging caddis and they are very deadly in the hands of an experienced 'spider' fisherman, yet they are an extremely simple fly to tie. Is it that we anglers are always trying to seek something very special - a fly that we can call our own and one which, if all other fly fishers used it, would make us famous? Is it that we simply want to experiment and create our own patterns and enjoy their successes and failures (probably more of the latter)? Are we not confident enough in our own fishing ability and are led by others who we believe are better; therefore, we use or make many patterns that they use in order to be successful? Or is it that something so simple is difficult to believe it will catch a fish.

It is interesting to note that we do trust some of the traditional patterns. Who would not be without a 'Red Tag' in Tasmania; a Brown nymph on the lakes around Ballarat; or many of the other patterns that are successful on specific waters? So why is it that flies designed thousands of years ago, fished extensively on rivers similar to those in Australia, are the favourites of world class fly fishermen and which are very deadly, are excluded from our fly boxes.

I do not have ready answers these but I can let you know how to tie and fish them successfully. I can tell you that I am now a convert to 'spider' fishing.



The dressing of Spider patterns is very simple. The only two difficulties are (a) making sure that you don't use too much body material and (b) tying soft hackles onto the hook. These flies are sparse and I mean very minimalist in appearance. So, you will need to conquer a few natural tendencies to overdress the patterns. They only work well when tied correctly.



Hooks are generally very small and in sizes 16 - 18 of normal length. You can use either light or heavy gauge hooks. I use both as sometimes I want the fly to drift in the surface and get this effect with a lighter hook. You can go up in size but no bigger than a size 12. I use these sizes when I see large duns or caddis emerging. I believe that we use too large a hook anyway. If you want evidence of this then you only need to cast out a size 12 dry fly on the lakes in Tasmania when duns are hatching. You will easily see your imitation mixed in with the naturals.

If you think the hooks are small, then the body is even smaller. In these patterns, the body commences in line with the point of the hook never longer, and the thickness of the body is kept slim for translucency. If you want to read about translucency on flies then you should read J. W. Dunne's (1924) *Sunshine and the Dry Fly*. There is definitely something to learn from these old masters.



The materials used can vary from just tying thread, dubbing or feathers. The thread used must be a close resemblance to the underside or abdomen of the insect that you are trying to imitate. For a dun it would be a pale yellow/green or pale brown. For a caddis, it would be more yellow. Now is the time to get out your insect catching materials or look under rocks to determine the right colour. They do vary between insects and waters or even within waters. The thread is taken down to the hook to immediately above the hook point. If you are simply using tying thread to form the body, then you take it back up the hook to the point where you would tie in a hackle. In this case neat turns are required.

If the pattern calls for dubbing then the tying thread is dubbed before it is returned to the hackle location. Now this is the first challenge. Make the dubbing very sparse. You must be able to see the thread through the dubbing. If you think it is about right, then it's a good bet that you have too much. I cannot stress enough the need to use only a very small amount of dubbing.

On my flies (and those of the traditional patterns) a dubbed pattern is only marginally thicker than a pattern where tying thread has been used. Dub the material up to the point where you will tie in a hackle. Some of the dubbing commonly used is Hare's Ear (used in the March Brown Spider), Mole (used in the Waterhen Bloa) & Seal's Fur. Recently I have been using the under fur of a possum skin over a 'Greenwell's' coloured thread (obtained by pulling the thread through beeswax).

If you are to use feathers, be frugal in the amount you use. Common feathers used for a body are Peacock, Pheasant Tail and Heron. Recently I have also used CDC feathers which can provide a very buoyant body.

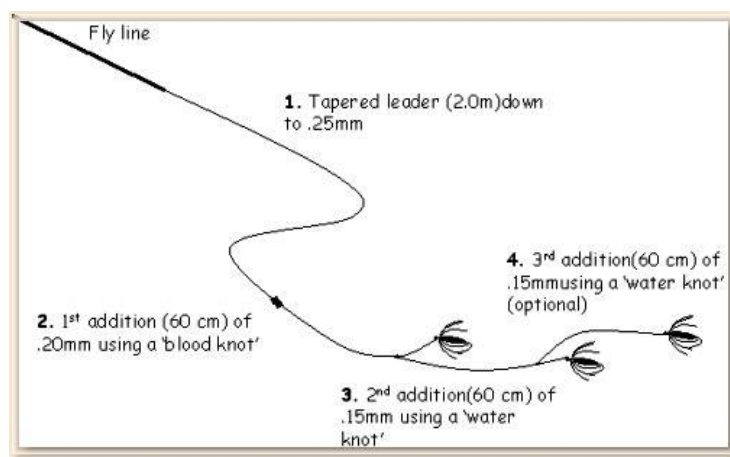
Now for the next challenge. The key to the success of these flies is movement. Therefore, the hackles will be very soft and longer than those used in common wet flies or dry flies. This should give us a guide on what feathers to use. Traditional flies used Lapwing, Plover, Dotterel (all three now difficult or impossible to obtain) Pheasant, Grouse, Partridge, Starling, Snipe (again difficult to obtain), Woodcock and Waterhen. In addition, there is a frequent use of hen and game cock hackles. In earlier times (and when some of these birds were more prolific) the feathers were probably obtained from dead birds located during a day's fishing or individual feathers that a live bird has lost. I have yet to discount other types of birds, for example the breast feathers of a 'Shellback' duck, or a longish collar of possum fur.

Correct hackling of a 'spider' pattern is very sparse. One or two turns at the most. The only variation would be when a hen or game cock hackle is used. Feathers are tied in at the tip end and wound around the hook. Again, I cannot stress enough the need to be frugal. If you feel that you need to take one extra turn then it's a sure bet you will put too much hackle onto the hook. A trick I use is to strip one side of the feather and then wind two turns for a game bird (e.g. Grouse or Partridge) and three turns for a hen hackle. This works fine.

There are plenty of old books featuring soft hackled flies, you need to read them and try a few. Typical patterns are: Snipe and Purple, Waterhen Bloa, Orange and Partridge (these three patterns are used predominantly by the 'die-hard' spider fishermen of the north country), Greenwell's Spider, Pheasant Tail, March Brown and many more. But you can personalise these by matching the insects. I have been using what I refer to as the 'Possum and Partridge' which is a body of possum with a partridge hackle and 'Greenwell's' coloured tying silk. This pattern has accounted for the 100 plus fish I took over the 4 fishing days.

Fishing 'spider' patterns is almost as simple as the flies themselves when explained briefly - cast across and let them swing back downstream. But in effect it is a real skill and once mastered and used with small sparse flies it is very deadly. Be aware though that the fish tear these flies apart and you will need a few of them, especially those using Partridge or Grouse. Just as well they are a simple and quickly tied fly.

To fish these correctly you must have both the right outfit and approach. Rods must be no shorter than 8'6" and anything over 10' is too long. Lines should be floating and can be either a double taper or weight forward. I prefer a weight forward as it loads my rods faster when casting short lines. Leaders need to be a little longer than normal and be able to hold multiple flies. I use a 10' to 12' leader with a dropper. Some fly fishermen use three flies and I have used both two and three flies but have not noticed any difference between them. Anyway, two flies are enough to control.



When fishing in Australia I have always made my own leaders and still prefer to do so. The trouble here in England is that it is difficult to get the right thickness for butts and next two sections. So, I use a 9' tapered leader with a 3lb breaking strain point from which I remove the bottom third. I then attach a 3-foot piece of 8lb leader material of .25mm thickness using a normal knot; in my case a blood knot. To this I attach a further 3-foot piece of 6lb leader material which is about .15mm thick. In other words, double strength leader materials. I attach this using a water knot and make sure that at least a 4 - 5-inch piece of 8lb leader protrudes from the lower side of the finished knot. Clip off the tag on the upper side. This enables you to attach two flies to the leader. If you want to try three flies then use a water knot for the first section or attach another section using the same method.

Spiders can be fished upstream or downstream. W. C. Stewart was an advocate of the upstream approach and Leisering of across and down but they are mainly used downstream by modern anglers. I use them in three situations - downstream searching or targeting specific fish, upstream to a rising fish - and they work in all three.



Good water. The prime run is to the right of the picture. To fish this particular stretch, you would position yourself in the middle of the stream which would allow you to cover both sides. Four fish were taken in this stretch in one session

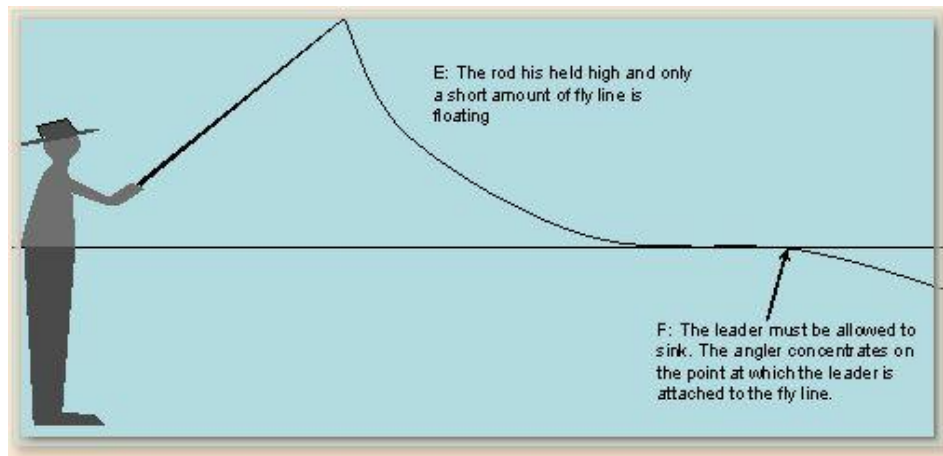
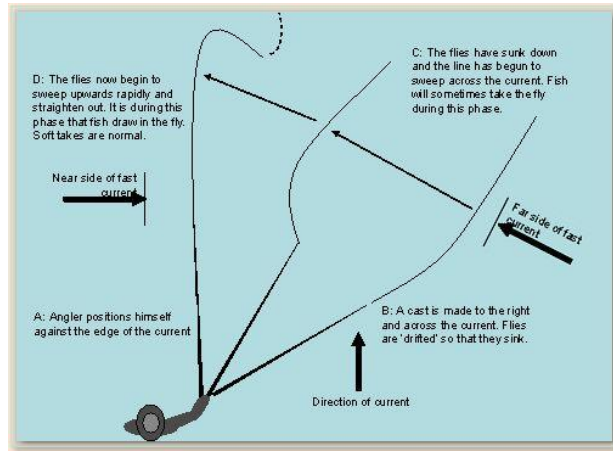
The downstream searching approach is where spiders are deadliest. The method is easy but very specific in technique. Only two rod lengths of fly line are required beyond the rod tip. Any more and you begin to lose contact with the flies. Therefore, it is probable that you will be doing some deep wading to reach the right type of water. The use of spiders is not too effective in fast rapids. It is in its element in the strong flows immediately upstream or downstream of a riffle or fast water but is still effective in the slower sections of a stream. So you need to position yourself where the water to be fished is right up against your casting side.



Slow glide below the above fast flowing water. Spiders do work in this type of water but I would probably leave this and move on to faster water. An option is to drift a 'dry' on the point down the far side and leave the 'spider' on the dropper

The flies are cast at a right angle from where you are standing and directly across the current. This can be reduced to between 45° and 90° in the slower sections. It is important that you mend line to ensure that the rod remains behind the flies. You must keep the rod behind the flies at all times so you need to watch the speed at which the leader travels. Do not mend the line once the cast has been made as this will alter the drift of the flies. You can move the rod to the opposite side of your casting arm if you want to extend the drift.

Hold the rod high. This means that the rod tip will be above a 45° angle to your body and high enough to ensure that only about 2' of fly line sits on the water. You should notice that there is a very large curve in the fly line from the tip of the rod to the water. This curve is the secret to catching fish. The way in which the flies move in the water means that the takes are very soft and if the rod is lower it will result in a lot of short takes and missed fish.



Once the cast has been made, allow the flies to sink 'dead drift' in the current. They should drift for 7 - 10 yards before sweeping across the current. Keeping the rod high and only having a small length on fly line on the water helps this. As the current begins to take control, the flies will swing across and upwards through the current which in turn imparts movement into the fly. Exactly what the flies are designed to do. You must be alert as a take can occur at any point during this latter stage. Concentrate on the point where the leader and fly line join. I keep the fly line in my left hand right throughout the cast and more than often can feel the take before I see any change in the leader.

If you think you feel something or observe a change in line speed, then lift. Takes are quite varied, sometimes they are very vigorous and right near the surface, other times it will be a slight pull on the line. Don't strike hard. A steady lift is all that is required and keep the rod high or you risk losing the fish. If there is no take, then repeat the cast and take one step forward. The step forward means you are covering new water and will also help the flies to sink.

The other two situations still require the same technique but differ slightly. For a fish that rises in front of you while you are fishing downstream, then quietly approach the position where the fish was observed and make a cast about 45° across, in front and to the far side of where the fish moved. Where an upstream cast is required you make a cast similar to that made with a dry fly. I also grease the line right up to the fly in these situations.

So, there you have the 'spider' patterns of northern England and how to fish them.

Would these flies and fishing technique work down under? I am convinced that they will. The streams that I have fished here in England are very similar to the majority of streams on the Australian mainland and in Tasmania. Freestone Rivers with runs, riffles, deep pools and long flat stretches just like the Mitta Mitta, Goulburn, Swampy Plains and the rivers of Tasmania.

Why not try it? You might be surprised.

Editor: There are a number of key things I have picked up along the way with tying and fishing Spiders:

- *Hook size I found works well are 14, 16 and 18 and I use a TMC 3769*
- *The silk I use is Gossamer Pearl's Silk and I do sometimes wax the thread as this influence the colour of the body.*
- *I tie in a small thorax as this helps the hackle flair out from the body.*
- *Limit the number of turn of your hackle to a maximum of two and use small feathers such as Starling and Grey Partridge.*
- *Peacock herl body and Starling hackle works very well on a number of our local rivers.*

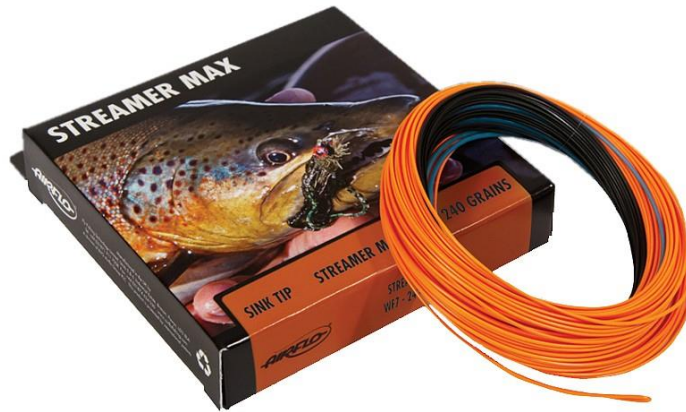
REPORT FROM OUR TURANGI CORRESPONDENT – NOEL THOMAS

It was good to see our club represented at Sporting Life's very successful Fly Fest weekend. Hopefully those that attended will spread the word so we can have even greater participation next year. It is not all about buying stuff (although Graham appreciates whatever is spent). It is a good way to keep up with developments in our sport and pick up some tips along the way.

Fishing in all Taupo rivers continues to be good but some spent fish are starting to appear especially in quite water. If you are not catching fish you are either in the wrong place (so move around) or you are too light. Weight is the key at this time of the year as the trout have their noses stuck to the river bottom and are not prepared to move far to take food.

The new regulations are now in place but I struggle with DOC believing it was necessary to increase the take home limit to 6. Their concern that there were too many trout for the available food seems to have been disproven this year when there has been a significant increase in the condition of the trout being caught. Sure, there has been some bad years, 2005 when the lake didn't mix and there was no food for the smelt so the trout went hungry over the 2006 summer, we then had a couple of years of skinny trout until the numbers dropped off to what the available food could sustain.

It is after all a wild fishery and nature will play a major part in dictating the success or otherwise in a given year. I would like to think, as fishermen, we have respect for our quarry. I struggle to have empathy with a fisherman taking 6 fish back to their car. It seems, although now legal our resource is being exploited.



Editor: One of the gems from the Fly Fest for me and a number of our members who attended the event was the introduction to the Streamer Max fly line by Airflo, if you are into fishing streamers or wets I suggest you learn more about this line. We had the opportunity to try this line out in both the swimming pool and grassed area, very easy to cast and it goes a long way.

TO THE FUTURE OF FLY FISHING BY WADE FELLING PHOTOS BY MAX LOWE

A Montana conservationist with deep ties to the rivers of his home state writes a letter to future generations of anglers

"We need to protect what we have when we realize we have it, not just assume that it's going to be here forever."



To the future of fly fishing,

The reality is this: we're inheriting a very different sport from our parents. And if we hope to live this fly fishing lifestyle and pass it, on we're going to have to do more than #keepemwet and pinch our barbs. We need to fight for our rivers. Now. Though each generation before us has had a responsibility to protect fisheries for succeeding generations, and many before us have done great work, we are now heeding a much more urgent call.



Those of us lucky enough to fall in love with rivers have the duty to raise awareness about threats to them and take action to protect them.

My Mom and Dad strapped my bassinet to their 14-foot Avon raft and took me on guide trips when they founded the [Big Hole Lodge](#), and since then I have been immensely grateful for the opportunity to grow up on the rivers of southwest Montana. But I realize that with it comes a significant set of challenges.

Those of us lucky enough to fall in love with rivers also have the duty to raise awareness about threats to them and take action to protect them. We are the voice for the voiceless and we have to work together now because our fisheries are on a slippery slope. Our climate is warming, our population is growing, and our rivers are suffering. The landscapes of the West are changing, and changing quickly; and though trout are often resilient to change, their ecosystems are not. Moving forward, we must be proactive in protecting the quality of water that sustains bug and plant life so crucial to our fisheries.



Wade's father on the Big Hole River

The reality is that many of our country's best trout streams are at risk.

Over 40 years ago, our nation's leaders recognized that the waters of the United States were in trouble, and they set forth a strong system of rules based on science to reverse the degradation and pollution of our waterways. That system has largely been viewed as red tape and, in many cases, ignored all together. The reality is that many of our country's best trout streams are at risk.

I truly believe we can protect our rivers and our fisheries before it's too late. How? [Join and support](#) your local watershed groups working on the rivers you love. Local advocacy provides the catalyst for change that I believe

every western river deserves. There's a distinct need in the West for all of us who care about our rivers and fisheries to take the steps necessary to protect our most vital resources.

Many generations before us have been forced to answer a call to action in protecting our country. We aren't being sent to war in this; we have a choice to fight this battle. Let's protect these fisheries, if not for our own quality of life and the future of the sport, then as a thank you to those who handed it down to us. We can do this.

Keep 'em wet, keep 'em cold, keep 'em clean, *Wade*



KFFC TRIP REPORT – TONGARIRO RIVER BY MICHAEL MATTHEWS

A fair-sized group of keen members signed up for a trip to Turangi for the last weekend of July to “hook some bigguns!”. By all reports the fish were running hot and half the north island trout fishing population were going to convene on the Tongariro River to share in the spoils. The only spoiler was the weather – a big storm came through that week and it looked like the central North Island was in for a drenching (read: unfishable river). However, after a couple of withdrawals the team comprised Murph (head-honcho/organiser), Leon S, Mark V, Tony J, Aussie, Pete H, Hugh D and myself (one of two “Michael Ms” on the trip – both being lefties as well...).

We had a few cars traveling north. I hit the road after work on Friday. Arrived in Turangi just before 8pm and received a message from head-honcho that the boys were heading to the pub for a pizza. Good timing! I dropped my stuff off at my TALTAC digs and headed over to the pub. A few fish were landed on the Tongariro and Tauranga-Taupo during Friday so at least some fish were around.

Saturday started cold and quite windy. We converged on Leon's place at 7am to come up with a plan – which was simply pairing up and heading to wherever we thought might be good fishing. As a relative novice Tony very kindly took me under his wing for some expert tutoring.... he must have the patience of a saint!

We hit some pools up river and Tony landed the first fish on a nymph in some quite shallow water south of the Blue Pool around 9am.... a nice specimen around 3lbs I guess. We fished on through the morning with a number of hook-ups and fish landed (not by me unfortunately!). Fish were not huge but all in pretty good condition, and some good fights put-up.

The conditions were hard going with the strong wind gusts so we headed back to Leon's for a late brunch.... MasterChef hopeful Tony knocked together scrambled eggs and bacon (and with parsley, I might add) which went down a treat + hot mugs of tea. At that stage, with the wind and cold, it would not have been too hard to sit around all afternoon talking about catching trout rather than actually trying to catch trout. However, duty does call, so out we headed again. Tony & I went up north of the Admirals Pool and had some success. A few landed for each of us which was pretty good going.

We then headed down to the Bridge Pool to see the action down there and catch up with the other guys. A number of fish landed in the afternoon with the best being around 5-5.5lbs (Leon). Then back to digs, clean 1 x trout to keep for the oven, clean pair of jeans.... off to Turangi tavern. Noel joined us at the pub to join in with the evening's

banter. A busy night at the pub due to Super Rugby semi-final, however, a good chance to swap fishing stories, the ones that got away, the ones that didn't, where the fish were sure to be tomorrow, will the Hurricanes make the final? After a good meal and a couple of pints off to set-up the gear for an early start on Sunday. ETA Leon's place 7am.

Awoke before 6am on Sunday to ice on the windscreen. I left my wet boots and waders in the back of the Land Rover overnight and they were stiff as boards with frost when I tried to put them on. My boot laces were like No.8 wire! I arrived at the house at 7am to no sign of life. Lazy buggers! After a few minutes, some life stirred and rather than hang around I headed to the river to catch up with Tony a bit later on.

I headed to a spot upstream of the Admirals Pool and had a good touch after a few casts but the fish didn't hook up. Never mind. Tony arrived a bit later on and we fished the morning with Tony having a couple of really good hook-ups. One trout was a real goodie with plenty of fight, it headed across the river and none of Tony's efforts could stop it. It eventually took out a heap of line and then unfortunately broke off.

A chap trout fishing down from us wandered up and made some conversation before deciding to cross the river just y down from where we were fishing. He asked permission but my assumption was he was heading quite a way downstream after Tony told him to politely try elsewhere. Anyway, without too much regard for us he crossed across the bottom of our pool and probably stuffed up the fishing.

By late morning it was time for a break so to the bakery and coffee car for some sustenance. A lovely day with a clear sky and no wind (a marked contrast to Saturday). After refuelling we headed up river for a quick fish at the Blue Pool with some final fishing for the weekend.

I must also mention that I saw two blue ducks on the river – I love seeing those birds. The first time saw them was up the Whirinaki River on a deer stalking trip in the late 90's – a sighting was a pretty rare experience. It's great achievement for the conservation efforts that you can now see them from the Tongariro River main walking track.

We didn't keep a tally across the group for the weekend but probably in excess of 25 trout were landed over the weekend. A real success despite some challenging conditions and everyone landed a fish at some stage. A great trip and terrific bunch of guys to spend a few days fishing with. I'd especially like to thank everyone, and especially Tony who I spent lots of time with, for their advice and encouragement. Real "gold" for someone like me who has done a bit of fishing but has never had instruction on how to do it properly! In my opinion, first hand advice and tutoring is far superior to watching it on a DVD, a real benefit of KFFC membership.



A DOG - A BEAUT FISHING BUDDY BY TONY ORMAN

Several months ago, I lost a beaut fishing companion to bone cancer. He was called Jive and was coming up to his 12th birthday.

It was an emotional moment when the vet held the x-ray up to the light and murmured, "Not good news, I'm afraid." She then explained.

Emotion welled in my eyes and I fought it off, stemming any tears. "Jive is coming up twelve. He's getting to be an old dog. It would be kinder to act sooner rather than later," she said and explained. "Dogs can be in excruciating pain but they never let on. They always eager for a walk."

I left the vets with a heavy heart. The vet was right. I had to be kind to Jive - "sooner rather than later." The vet was correct on dogs that no matter how dire the circumstance, Jive would be eager for a walk in the hills to look for a deer, fly rodding for kahawai or a morning or dusk time on the local trout river.

Three weeks later I took Jive's ashes to a favourite gully in the Waihopai and scattered his ashes, handful by handful, punctuated by pauses with memories flooding back. He loved fishing. I have increasingly chased kahawai with the fly rod and Jive would stand beside me optimistic that any moment a kahawai would take, do a tail-walk or two or more and tear off line and into the reel's backing. Then on landing a fish, Jive would gently position himself and endeavour to retrieve and carry the fish up the beach.

But in his impetuous youth he still had to learn the gentle side. He was nine months old when one evening I took him to the Opawa River where brown beetle buzzed in the November evening and the fish started rising. I hooked a beaut brown and was endeavouring to net it when Jive enthusiastically launched himself into the stream to help. Puppy and trout floundered around. I had visions of trout and young dog in the landing net together. Somehow in the dim light, out of the melee by shouting I got Jive back on the bank and the 3-kg fish into the net.

I discouraged him from retrieving trout in case of "catch and release" and he quickly learned.

As a six month, old pup I took him on some easy hunts. One evening I shot a good boar that rolled down the hill to come to rest by us. Jive could not work it out what this large black creature was that had landed near us and stood off and growled at the boar. I took a photo of him with it but he would not sit by it, preferring a good metre between him and it.

Jive' had excellent eyesight enhanced as he matured by exhaustive patience. He would just stand or sit by me as I cast, looking, watching and never giving up. He was the ultimate optimist. Jive was always looking for fish and if they were surface feeding - either trout or kahawai - his interest, excitement and expectations increased.

As a companion, dogs are without peer. You cannot fault their nature.

French president in the 1940s, Charles de Gaulle was credited with saying "The better I get to know men, the more I find myself loving dogs". You just cannot help forming a deep attachment to a fishing and hunting companion like a dog. But you should be warned. Rudyard Kipling summed it up when he wrote "Brothers and sisters, I bid you beware of giving your heart to a dog to tear."

It is heart wrenching when it comes time to take your canine fishing and hunting buddy to the vet for the final time. But there are so many good things to a dog. They are always eager to go for a fishing or hunting, never late, never grumble, never fuss unduly and they never, ever tell others where your favourite places are - unlike the tendencies of many humans. And they are very loyal, loving companions.

An on a lighter note to quote an e mail, I received not so long ago, entitled "Who Is Your Best Friend?"

It went: - "This really works...! If you don't believe it, just try this experiment. Put your dog and your wife in the boot of the car for an hour. When you open the trunk, which one is really happy to see you?"

The life span of a dog is cruelly short when compared to a human. Kipling's advice "Brothers and sisters, I bid you beware of giving your heart to a dog to tear," is oh so true.

Jive has gone but he has not departed. He is in the past, in the present and future as there's hardly a day currently passes that I don't think of him with a moistening of the eyes and a quiet smile of so many indelible memories particularly when at the river mouth with the fly rod or working a Wairau River pool upstream with a nymph or dry fly.

Every so often I catch myself turning out of habit as I used to do, to see where Jive was. Or look in the rear vision mirror of the 4WD wagon to where Jive's nose would be questing the air coming in the partly open back window, as he ascertained where we were headed.

There's still tinges of sadness that he's not there but time and the good memories heal they say.



Jive was always interested in fishing especially with a hooked fish

DON'T BLAME YOUR FLY ROD FOR YOUR LOUSY CASTING IT'S NOT THE STICK IN YOUR HANDS, IT'S YOU BY CHAD SHMUKLER



A skilled caster can make it happen with any rod photo: Chad Shmukler

We write a lot about fly rods. We write about which ones we like, ones we sort of like and sometimes about ones we don't like at all. We discuss their action, recovery speed, accuracy and so on, all in an effort to help anglers determine which rod is right for them. The driving force behind this practice is the idea that certain rods are better suited to certain casting styles and skill levels and are thus better suited to certain anglers than others. And while this is no doubt true, it is important for all fly fishers -- especially beginners -- to remember that the truth of the matter is that any rod will do.

Is this to say that one rod won't be better than another at delivering dry flies with grace? Of course not. And another rod will be better at chucking a heavy nymph rig. But if you're having fundamental casting issues, it's not the rod. Not ever. It's you.

The fly rod in your hands isn't responsible for your backcast slapping the water every time you've got more than 30 feet of line off your reel. It isn't preventing you from learning to double haul (or single haul, for that matter). It's not making you throw tailing loops. It's not why you have trouble shooting line.

I have a number of friends I've introduced to fly fishing over the years. Being only a slightly above average caster myself, I'm a half-assed casting instructor at best, but simply by being an experienced angler it is easy to break down first-time casters into two groups: those that intuitively understand the basic physics of a fly cast and those that don't.

Those that "get it" right out of the gate typically become competent fly casters very quickly. For some, this can mean developing a respectable, fishable fly cast within as little as their first 15-20 minutes. But almost all anglers that instinctively understand the dynamics of a fly cast are competent fly casters by the end of their first day on the water.

The folks that don't have that instinctive understanding are the ones that flail and feverishly wave the rod back and forth in an effort to cast the fly with the rod, and these are usually the anglers that take the longest time to learn to become adequate casters. This isn't because they're less dexterous or physically equipped, it is because they lack a fundamental understanding about what they are supposed to be doing.

For some, after a few days, weeks or months, it eventually clicks and off they go. Others simply give up and quit.

But many anglers never seem to intuitively understand the basic premise of the fly cast. They eventually come up with a fishable cast, but it takes ages longer than it needs to, and their casting ability is forever limited and constrained by their fundamental lack of understanding. Instead of developing understanding, they develop crutches that help them cast just well enough, but are forever stuck on them, unable to run.

This fundamental premise is one we're repeatedly taught as beginning anglers -- that *you're not casting the fly, you're casting the line*.

Again, for the newcomers that "get it", this makes intuitive sense and barriers to developing an advanced fly cast don't exist. The line is something these anglers can play with, manipulate and make do what they want. The rod is simply a tool that makes doing so easier.

But how do you help the guys that don't? I fish with anglers that to this day, despite saying it till I'm blue in the face and trying my best to demonstrate it, simply can't make their brains latch onto this reality. How do you convince them that they *really are* casting the fly line and not the rod or the fly? How do you kick out their crutches and force them to learn?

It's a question that vexed me for years, but one that has since been answered by another angler that introduced me to Braide Sessions. Sessions is a fly casting instructor from Ashton, Idaho and the creator of the now defunct All Cast Fly Casting Championship. According to Braide, these folks -- and perhaps all anglers -- are taught to cast the wrong way by people like me and many others. So, what should we do?

Take away the rod.

That's right. Take away the rod. Give them the line and tell them to cast it with their bare hands.

A fly line can't be cast without a fly rod, you say? Of course, it can, unless you don't believe the old adage that you're casting the line and not the rod. The fact is that you can cast a fly line (or any type of line for that matter) without a rod and the fundamental understanding that results from doing so will provide a platform on which to build a better and better cast. But don't take it from me, take it from Braide, in the video below.

Go to: <https://youtu.be/TLoVqSRjpFk>

DEEP AND GREEN – MINING THE WATERS OF CHILEAN PATAGONIA FOR TROUT PERFECTION



We got our first look at the Rio Yelcho as we motored across a bridge spanning its mouth on the way to the lodge from Chaiten's small airport. We'd been driving through Chile's northern Patagonian rainforest for the better part of an hour, our attention diverted by the Jurassic flora and mountain scenery that just kept getting better with every passing bend.

Since we had arrived at sea level, an hour or so prior, our host from Yelcho en la Patagonia, Sebastian, had been a font of local knowledge, filling our travel-tired brains with details about his little corner of the trout universe. As we travelled through the town of Chaiten, he relayed tales of the 2008 eruption of the Chaiten volcano, which had layered the town with mud and ash up to a meter thick, destroying much of it. A week or so later, the Chaiten River rerouted itself around the fresh volcanic deposits, carving a new path directly through town, wiping out much of what the mud and ash up to a meter thick, destroying much of it. A week or so later, the Chaiten River rerouted itself around the fresh volcanic deposits, carving a new path directly through town, wiping out much of what the mud and ash hadn't. Almost a decade later, Chaiten is still largely in shambles, with recovery only coming slowly.

As we left Chaiten behind, Sebastian's focus turned from volcanos to tales of precisely what we had travelled across the globe in search of—big brown and rainbow trout. But the excitement of being half a world from home and only a couple dozen miles from our destination began to wear off and the bone-weary exhaustion of the better part of two days spent in airliners and commuter planes began to kick in. The car ride served to lull us into a state of semi-consciousness, and only when we saw the river—and the lake that fed it—were we able to perk up and focus. There, below us as we traversed the bridge, were the deep, green waters of Rio Yelcho, flowing out of Lago Yelcho on its way to the ocean. To our right, we saw a wading fly fisher casting into a tail-out, and to our left, a small boat held steady in the outflowing current while an angler appeared to be trolling with a fly rod.

"The baby salmons, they gather there on their way to the sea," Sebastian said, pointing to the boat. "The big trout's, they come up and eat them". Wait. There are salmon?

Then it hit me. In the mind-fog during the plane ride from Puerto Montt, I remembered gliding over dozens of giant net pens laced throughout the waters of the Southern Ocean—salmon farms every one of them. Over time, some Atlantic salmon have escaped these enclosures and have done what they might do naturally, even in the wrong damn ocean in the wrong damn hemisphere. They've migrated. They've spawned. They've become wild.

And it isn't just the Atlantics. Pacific king salmon have also found their way to Chilean waters. Now, in early summer here in Patagonia, Atlantic salmon smelts were on their way to the Pacific to grow fat and happy in the salt. And, in just a week or two more, adult king salmon will make their way up the Yelcho to spawn in the lake and rivers farther up in the Andes.

Not only did the lush, green of the mountains remind me of a prehistoric landscape, but the unintended consequences of trying feed the world from massive net pens put a phrase from that first iconic Jurassic Park film in my head.

“Life finds a way.” And for two far-flung fly fishers, this was a good thing.

The Lake

Lago Yelcho's trout are rotund, to put it mildly. Lake fish without a doubt, they're round and plump, thriving in this lush environment where dragonflies hover over the water, and their aquatic nymphs swim beneath it, along with baitfish and other critters ranging from leeches to amphibians. And of course, small trout and salmon.

Neither Chad nor I would consider ourselves avid lake anglers. We both prefer moving water that's readable and full of features. It just feels more natural, as fly anglers, to cast to trout in obvious holding water, like tail-outs, riffles and deep holes. But Lago Yelcho's big, dry-fly eating trout beckon even the most narrow-minded of anglers.



A Brown Trout from one of Yelcho Lakes sun-bleached flats

Lago Yelcho has lots of features—crystal-clear flats where we were able to cast to cruising browns as if they were tropical bonefish, glacial river inlets that stain the clear waters of the lake a brilliant emerald green, drop-offs that plummet a hundred feet from water so shallow it might tickle your shins if you waded it, and sheltered bays and inlets rife with weed growth that looks more suited to pike or bass than it does to trout. And there are inlets and outflows of storied rivers like the Yelcho and Futaleufu. And all around, the Andes shade the lake, holding water hostage in high glaciers, releasing dozens of cascades that take your breath away.

Our guide that first day, Adrian, sifted through our “big fish” streamer boxes, ignoring the patterns we suspected would pull big browns out of cover. As he flipped his fingers through my flies he settled on something of which I had precious few to spare.

“Use this,” he said matter-of-factly, handing me a small streamer. “A green Woolly Bugger.” Only, with his Chilean accent it sounded much more mysterious. “A grin whooly bawger.”

I smirked, not sure what to say. I spent the week before the trip tying weighted streamers that looked like small chickens in anticipation of massive browns and leaping rainbows. And this guy wants me to use a green ‘bugger? Yelcho is home to a prolific dragonfly population—these two-inch-long critters are nothing short of terrifying when they hover near your ear. But, when the wind picks up, a few of the fat daredevils inevitably end up on the water, bringing tremendous strikes from hungry trout below. In their larval form, these dragonflies resemble a size 6 green ‘bugger. In the weedy shallows and along sudden drop-offs, this was the fly of choice, and both Chad and I managed to pull a number of 22- to 24-inch trout to the boat with the help of perhaps the most elementary streamer ever tied.



View of the Yelcho glacier from the shore of Yelcho Lake

On the second day, we asked Adrian to take us to the lake mouth where Lago Yelcho dived into the gorge and became the Rio Yelcho. Adrian piloted the little skiff into the current seam where the lake transitioned into the river where the water boiled with trout chasing salmon smelts just below the surface. We busted through every baitfish pattern we had that morning, catching nice 16- to 20-inch trout at will. We used small Clousers, Deceivers, Divers and even poppers that I'd tied for pike the summer before. I even caught a fat rainbow on a small Gotcha that somehow found its way into my streamer box.

On the lake, it was mostly a three-fly game. Fat dragonflies or hoppers for the dry-fly chasers, green 'buggers for fish in the weeds and along drops and more traditional baitfish for "blitzing" trout in the outlet.

Running low on both, I managed to tie up a few in the evenings spent between cocktails and some of the best lodge food I've ever had the pleasure of eating. Adrian brought us a few size 6 hooks, and I settled in to tie a few flies at the lodge's vise here and there, all the while enjoying lush glasses of carmenere or the occasional gin and tonic. The lake's big trout didn't stand a chance.

But, at Yelcho, it's not just about the lake.



Floating the Rio Futaleufu

The Futaleufu

A handful of rivers flow into Lago Yelcho, none more storied than the Futaleufu. Higher up, the river is a big-fish paradise, but lower, near the inlet and upstream maybe a mile or two, the river rushes through a rich, green canyon and boasts classic trout water.

Adrian hustled the little skiff up the river some ways, and then proceeded to float us back down to the lake, stern first. We casted to more traditional holding water—we found our comfort zones again—and caught a bevy of browns and rainbows in the 15- to 17-inch range. While the fish were smaller, the sheer canyon walls and the glaciers that dripped into waterfalls above us more than compensated.

We spotted some cruising fish sipping dries along the near bank and shooed a couple of rangy Brahma cows out of the way to find the right casting angle. A carefully placed cast later, I was hooked to toad of a brown trout but, alas, the 4x tippet was simply not enough to keep the big fish attached. The “ting” of the break-off was heart-breaking, but after the better part of two days spent slinging protein imitations and blind-casting over weed beds, most of the satisfaction lay in hooking a big Patagonian trout on a size 14 Adams.



A glacial silt-laden tributary of the Yelcho River

The Yelcho

A short boat ride from the lodge, the Yelcho flows beneath that bridge we crossed the day we arrived and then cruises through a high-walled gorge. The Yelcho boasts a mix of deep cutbanks choked with sunken deadfall, dense tree-lined banks sheltering an abundance of shady lies, boulder gardens and gravelly runs, all of which beg to be explored and dissected methodically on foot. But, like most of the region’s most productive rivers, the Yelcho courses deep and green and deceptively hides its torrent-like flows. The places where the Yelcho welcomes wade fishermen are few and far between, and so we float.

As our drift began, instinct told us to focus our attention on the serious caddis hatches that peppered the river and which were reliably bringing greedy fish to the top. But our guide, Roland, was quick to point out that the risers were almost exclusively small fish. It was all about the streamers, Roland promised.

I tied a bullet-head orange-and black-streamer that I originally crafted for Dolly Varden on southeast Alaska’s Prince of Wales Island, and was rewarded quickly with hard strikes from spirited browns in the 16- to 18-inch range. Swinging flies through fishy runs and teasingly along submerged deadfall brought brutish takes and admirable battles from fish that coursed with wild Patagonian vigour, solid trout that used the river’s heavy current to their advantage.



A fine Rio Yelcho rainbow trout

We rounded a bend in the river—which was running high and slightly off thanks to recent heavy rain—and came to a L-shaped eddy that featured all the makings of a big-fish paradise. And then we saw the noses. Big noses. Size-of-your-fist big.

Roland put the boat within casting range of the risers, and, try as we might, we couldn't get them to hit the dries we offered. We switched to small streamers and started to pick fish off from the school. The light shifted and we could see trout mingling about a submerged snag—a handful of which would likely push the tape into the mid-twenties.

Chad switched to a big streamer and plopped a cast close to the snag and let it sink. As he started his strip, a massive brown appeared out of nowhere, eliciting gasps from both me and Roland. The fish moved to strike, but, at the last second, turned away. We groaned in disappointment. But we kept playing, and we kept catching fish. We'd wrestled at least a dozen fish from the frenzy but the tape-pushers kept us at work, hoping to bring the biggest of the lot to hand before finally moving on.

I'd spotted a big rainbow resting just under the surface and I put a half-dozen flies under its nose, resorting to big nymphs and even floating Girdle Bugs under an indicator. Remembering a trip to Argentina a couple years earlier, I removed the big fly and put a simple San Juan Worm on my tippet. On the first drift, the rainbow grabbed the worm and rocketed from the water. A short fight ensued as I tried to keep the two-foot-long fish from diving under the snag. It leaped again and was gone with a big splash.

Working from the front of the boat, Chad looked back at me when he heard the commotion and saw me standing in the stern, dejected, the big rainbow I'd been pursuing for the better part of an hour let loose after an all-too-brief encounter. "Nice job, asshole," he said. I just stared at the hole in the water where the fish had just disappeared. Asshole, indeed.



A whole lamb cooks at a first night asado at Yelcho en la Patagonia

The Palena

Unlike the Yelcho and the Futaleufu, which are reached by boats launched from a put-in a stone's throw from the lodge bar, the Palena is a minor slog. Once the boats are loaded on trailers, it's roughly a 45-minute drive down one of Chile's recently improved highways until a turnoff onto a gravel road that leads to private access to the Palena through the property of a farmer Yelcho en la Patagonia's guides have a handshake partnership with.

We unfastened makeshift gates in fencing that was fashioned mostly from barbed wire lashed to river-worn tree limbs and bounced slowly through a verdant pasture whose intermingled cast of occupants was so diverse—cattle, pigs, chickens, horses, ducks, goats and geese—that it felt as if we had plagiarized the whole experience from the pages of James Herriot's *All Creatures Great and Small*.

The pasture led right to the Palena's river-rock shores and before long we were speeding upstream, the skiff's outboard humming behind us. It was thirty minutes more before Adrian finally cut the motor and our eyes

immediately fixed on a deep cut back on the far side of the river. Here, the Palena was only 60 or so feet across, and before long, Adrian had oared us across the current and put us in place to make a few well-timed casts before the current swept us downstream, one of which swung neatly through the deep trough and landed Chad a feisty, darkly coloured 21-inch brown trout that we admired briefly before letting it fin off.

As the Palena courses, it gains steam and grows in width at a clip. Only an hour or so later, the river had doubled in size and we spent more time working its margins, pulling almost exclusively brown trout off its deep banks. The fishing was steady, and the fish fat and shouldered with a consistency we'd not seen anywhere else, save for the lake. But the Palena saved its best for last.

Adrian oared us through a boulder-garden, taking time to allow us to explore an eddy that formed atop a perch before the river spilled over a lip and took a hard-left turn. Not finding any trout, we pushed back into the current and into the river's bend, quickly pushing off as the boat came around into a soft edge that sat below the spillover, where we could toss long casts and swing them through the brisk current. As the flies swung downstream of the boat, they moved through water that might have pushed 25 feet deep.

We hauled our lines in and lashed on heavier sink tips and led them with even heavier flies—cone headed leeches and dolly llamas and the like—and before long, the best of the Palena's brown trout were grabbing at our flies as they swung to a stop and dangled in the deep, poling current. The grabs were hard and biting, and hook-ups came far less often than strikes. Still, in the course of 30-or-so minutes, half a dozen browns, each which looked like they'd been pulled from a different river, came to hand, none less than 22-inches long.

A little bit of everything

We got to experience a little of everything, in terms of Patagonian weather. Bright sun fried our pale skin one day, and the next, we were huddled in every thread of raingear we could muster as Adrian or Roland motored the skiff over choppy Yelcho waters to likely fishing spots. And each evening, freshly made pisco sours greeted us upon our return which were washed down with truly fine Chilean beers, individually introduced to us by Sebastian, who has a love for finely crafted beer that even led him to find a way to import a few high-quality American IPAs from the states. Each night, our hunger was sated by truly good food, from simple soups and salads to hearty meals, punctuated by varieties of my new favourite wine, carmenere. Oh, and dessert. Any weight we might have kicked fighting the cold rain was quickly restored thanks to dessert.



Dessert in the main lodge.

There's something about far-flung travel and the innate surprises that come with it. We spent our days tangling with Chile's miraculously wild browns and bows, each as diverse as the landscapes and waters in which they swam and staring, jaws agape at lush Patagonian forests and glacier-capped mountains capes—in this one corner of Chilean Patagonia—were in such abundance that it seemed like we were drifting, floating and driving through a highlight reel of the entire breadth North America's most scenic overlooks.

Our evenings were spent in Yelcho en la Patagonia's comfortable and luxurious lodge, recounting the days adventures and striking up conversations with other lodge guests—including a transplanted Indian couple ("IT, not casino," the gal was quick to point out) from Atlanta who stopped in for a break from a driving adventure from one end of Patagonia to the other. Other guests, visiting from Europe and elsewhere, spiced up our evening discussions, making the adventure more memorable.

It's cliché, but the fish are just part of the experience. The trout come and go. Patagonia stays with you.

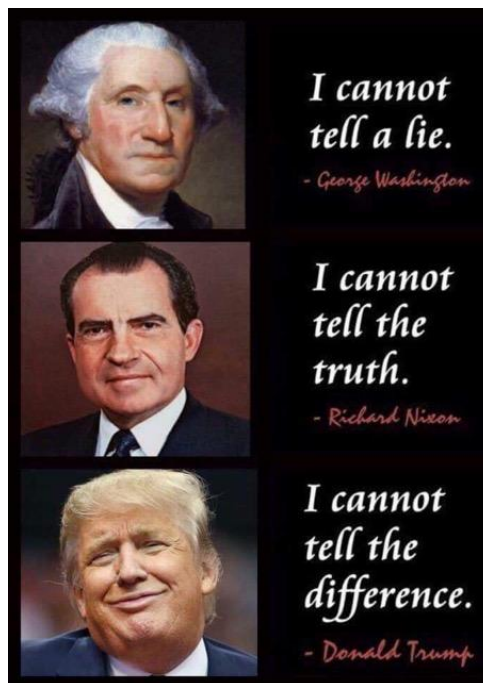
- All the photos in this article were taken by Chad Shmukler.

Editor - I would like to thank the following member for their contribution to this month's newsletter:

- **Philip Bailey** - *The Spiders Patterns of Northern England*
- **Noel Thomas** - *Report from Turangi*
- **Wade Felling** - *To the future of Fly Fishing*
- **Michael Matthews** - *Club trip to the Tongariro River*
- **Tony Orman** - *A Dog - a Beaut Fishing Buddy*
- **Chad Shmukler** - *Don't blame your fly rod for your lousy casting. It's not the stick in your hands, It's you.*

Your contribution is welcome so if you come across an interesting article then please forwarded to me at malcolm1@xtra.co.nz.

AMERICAN HISTORY CONDENSED THROUGH THREE CHARACTERS



CLUB ACTIVITIES OVER THE NEXT THREE MONTHS

There are numerous benefits from participating in the club trips and activities outside of the great companionships and that the opportunity to learn from other members of the club. Many members are more than willing to share their knowledge as I found out recently on the trip to Lake Otamangakau, I now have these strange looking snail flies in my box.

Date	Event	Contact person
Weekend 19 20 August	Tukituki River TBC	Peter H
Monday 28 August	Club night How good is your knowledge? Quiz night	Malcolm
Sunday September 17	On the water Hutt River	Peter K
Monday 25 September	TBC	
Sunday 1 October	Opening Day Waikanae River	
Monday October 2	Interclub Fly Tying Competition host Hutt Valley	Malcolm
Monday 23 October	Club Night - Fishing the Waikanae River	Malcolm

I would like to remind members that Sporting Life are our sponsor and you are encouraged to visit their website or contact them when you are next looking for a fly fishing item to purchase, Graham will give you a generous discount as a club member.



Please note: I if you have an item or items you would like to sell then please advise the editor and we can include your advertisement in the newsletter.

Kapiti Fly Fishing Club

Purpose:

- *To promote the art and sport of Fly Fishing.*
- *To respect the ownership of land adjoining waterways.*
- *To promote the protection of fish and wildlife habitat.*
- *To promote friendship and goodwill between members.*
- *To promote and encourage the exchange of information between members.*

Club meetings

You are invited to attend our club meetings that are held on the **Fourth Monday** of each month.

The venue is the **Turf Pavilion Sport Grounds**, Scaife Street, Paraparaumu,

Our **meetings start at 7:30pm** with fellowship followed by speakers of activities.

Club Committee meetings are held on the first Monday of each month and the meetings are held at various member's homes and start at 7:30pm.

Contacts

President: Malcolm Francis: ph. 06 364 2101
Email: malcolm1@xtra.co.nz

Secretary: Peter Haakman 04 904 1056
Email: phaakman@xtra.co.nz

Treasurer Hugh Driver: ph.04 902 0177
Email: drivers@paradise.net.nz

Past President Craig Gutry: 04 902 2078
Email: craiggutry@gmail.com

Newsletter Malcolm Francis: 06 3642101
Email: malcolm1@xtra.co.nz

Committee: Peter Kettle: ph. 04 902 2892
Email: peterkettle@clear.co.nz
Rob McMillan
Email: r-mcmillan@clear.net.nz
Kras Angelov
Email: krasimir.angelov@gmail.com
Michael Murphy 027 591 8734
Email: mnkmurf@gmail.com.

IMPORTANT NOTICE

Please remember that the club has two Five Weight 8'6" fly rods that members are welcome to use, just contact Malcolm Francis.

Newsletter copy to be received by Second Monday of each month, your contribution is welcome just send it to: malcolm1@xtra.co.nz
