



# Kapiti Fly Fishing Club

## August 2020 Newsletter

**This month's front cover: Now where are they hiding? Photo by Stuart Ayres**

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**Club activities**

Date	Event	Coordinator
<b>Monday 21 August</b>	<b>Club Night</b>	<b>Michael</b>
<b>Sunday 5 September</b>	<b>Day Trip Hutt River</b>	<b>Malcolm</b>
<b>September TBC</b>	<b>Turangi Region</b>	<b>TBC</b>
<b>Monday 28 September</b>	<b>Club Night – guest speaker Jack Kos</b>	<b>Michael</b>
<b>Thursday 1 October</b>	<b>Opening Day</b>	
<b>Monday 19 October</b>	<b>Hunting and Fishing Otaki – Learn to Fly Fish</b>	<b>Malcolm</b>
<b>Monday 26 October</b>	<b>Club Night – guest speaker Steve Bielby DoC Community Ranger</b>	

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*You are invited to the next KFFC Club Night on Monday 27 August*

*Leaders, Loops and Lines*

*Meeting starts at 7:30pm looking forward to seeing you there*

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## *President report*

Well, the Winter days are starting to lengthen considerably and with Daylight Savings starting on September 7th and the Open fishing Season on 1 October things are looking positive so let's hope that remain in Level 2 or better and we can make the most of our opportunities and get out into the wide outdoors a bit more.

Mind you we had seventeen keen members blitz the Turangi area last weekend and made the most of the amazing (well, for some) fishing available, including our two Juniors Zac and Noah. A big thank you for those members who made their houses available and to Stuart who hosted the Saturday night potluck dinner. Generally social distancing wasn't a problem as without the Auckland based angler's river pressure was quite good.

For some the fishing was amazing and for some of us fairly average however the weather was amazing with little wind and lots of sun and good frosts. Most of the hard fighting rainbows caught were in great condition with a number of quite large ones in the mix.

What impressed me the most was the willingness of many of our experienced members to take the boys under their wings and mentor and guide them for half day periods over the full weekend. Such knowledge and experience are not gained easily any other way so a big thank you from me as it shows the club is in good heart.

Don't forget Club night is Monday next 24th September where casting Maestro Gordon Baker will lead a session on lines and leaders so bring your problems along and let's see if we can learn some great tricks and maybe impart some of our own. Noah broke the loop at the end of his flyline at Turangi in the weekend which was very kindly quickly fixed by our friends at Sporting Life (thanks Pete) however with a bit more knowledge and the right bits and pieces we could have done this on the river.

Now is also the perfect time to check all your gear and make sure it's all shipshape for the upcoming season

Don't forget to support our sponsors and businesses that help us out frequently and in recent time Sporting Life, Taupo Rod & Tackle and Hunting & Fishing Otaki have certainly helped us. When you pop in and see these Guys and Gals make yourself known and you will get great advice along with good product.

See you on Monday night

Kia Kaha

Michael



## *Trip to Turangi and my First Wild Trout by Noah Burton*



**Noah about to net his trout**

We headed up to Turangi with Michael on Thursday after school. I was very excited and looking forward to catching some trout. We stayed at Leon's Bach and had a fly-tying competition the first night which Chris won. Chris has his own YouTube channel and showed us how to tie some different fly's. He is cool. We went to bed about 11 and were up at 5am. Zach and I went fishing that morning with Michael which was fun but none of us had any luck.

We went to Sporting Life after that to fix my loop which the guys at the shop did for free. We also bought some fly's there.

We went out with Pete that afternoon; Zach had a couple of hook-ups but didn't land one, but Pete did. That night we did some more fly-tying.

Saturday morning, we slept in and got up at 8. Zach and I went fishing with 2 other guys who helped us with our casting and Zach caught his first trout on a fly rod and then caught 2 more. I had no luck, nearly fell in the river and was feeling pretty frustrated, especially when Zach caught the third one right where I had spent 3 hrs casting and had just stopped to change fly.

That afternoon we went out with Chris and Leon and learnt to use a streamer. Zach had another hook-up with a good fish, but it got off at the bank.

Saturday night we had a BBQ dinner in Pukawa with all the guys. It was a bit hard to find but once we were there it was good to hear how everyone else had gone with fishing and hear their stories. We left about 9, we were all very tired.

The last morning, we got up at 8. I went out with Michael and Steve. We tried a few spots with no luck then had a fish at the bank of the Bridge Pool as there weren't many people around and finally, I caught a fish!

That was definitely the best bit! I caught 2 and lost 2.

Because we out fished Zach and Pete that day (even though Pete got an 8 pounder!) they now have to make us cups of tea at the next Club meeting. I let the hen go but kept the Jack and smoked it when we got home to Kapiti.

I learnt a lot about what fly's to use, casting, tying fly's, placement of casting and what pools to look for. I really enjoyed getting to know all the guys and would love to go on another trip.

### ***My first club trip to Turangi by Zachary Thompson***



Thursday afternoon came around and Noah and I were chomping at the bit to get in the car and make our way up to Turangi with Michael. We definitely brought way too much stuff with us and barely got it all to fit in Michaels car. The trip up to Turangi was surprisingly quick but felt like an eternity as I could not stop thinking of what was to come.

I was extremely nervous to meet the guys we would be staying with for the next 3 day. But as the night went on, I got to know them better and they were an amazing bunch of fly fishermen and great guys, we went to bed and got up at 5am frothing to get out on the water.

We made it to the spot at 6 and we were the only people there, this was definitely the warmest morning of the trip. Noah and I started fishing but I had no takes, Noah had a couple of touches but not sure if they were fish. As the morning went on Noah got more and more takes and I continued to get nothing. To add to my frustration 3 people hooked up at the same time one being Michael. It must have been a big fish and it managed to break his 6lb tippet halfway between the bomber and the nymph. The other two landed and were great fish. I still caught nothing, we decided it was time to make a move after 4 hours of fishing this pool and many tangles.

We went to the local bakery and got a feed and a cup of tea from Leon's batch and met Pete for the first time. We decided to go down the cattle rustlers and see if we could pull out a fish or two. Pete's first cast caught him a little Jack, and I hooked and lost a fish. Noah and I were just net boys this day.

That evening Chris, Noah and I decided to have a fly-tying competition with all the other guys as the judges. We all tied for an hour and put in our best two flies. Chris only put in one and still managed to win it, with these new flies we went out the next morning it was freezing! I could barely use my hands now and we had to cross a rapid to get to the secret pool and I did not have a walking pole. I picked up a good-sized stick to use and it stuck to my hand. It was that cold.

It was worth it, after an hour of fishing I managed to catch my first trout on a fly rod, and it was on the second place fly I tied the night before. About half an hour later I hooked and landed another one. I ended up catching 3 fish and hooking 7 or 8. I could see Noah was getting pretty frustrated as I was lucky enough to land my third fish out of the same pool he had been fishing for 3 hours on my second cast.

Luckily on the last day he managed to hook and land 2 fish and lost a couple at the bank as well. I was incredibly happy for him and so glad he could end his trip on a good note. I learnt so much and was so happy I had such a great opportunity with a bunch of amazing people. So, thanks to everyone who made it possible. I hope to see you all at the next meeting.

P.S keep an eye out for me and Pete making tea and coffee for Michael, Steve, and Noah as we lost a bet that we would catch more fish on the last day.

**The following are a few photos taken by Stuart Ayres over the weekend trip to Turangi**





The following are photos of just two on the many fish landed over the weekend.



Leon Smith



Chris Moy

## ***Fly Casting Tuition***

Club member Gordon Baker is available for one on one casting tuition. Gordon is a casting instructor with Flyfishers International (USA). He is available to help beginners get off to a good start and to assist more experienced members improve their distance casting skills. Although not yet an approved two-handed casting instructor Gordon is a keen learner willing to share new skills.

Email Gordon [kiwiflyfisher@gmail.com](mailto:kiwiflyfisher@gmail.com) or phone 0274946487 to arrange a suitable time for a lesson. There is no charge.

## ***Seeking Fly-fishing Gear- Ray Deklerk***

One of our new members Ray Deklerk needs to purchase and invest in a whole new fly fishing set up, Ray has been actively fly fishing prior to immigrating to NZ but left all his gear behind. So, Ray needs to invest in set of new gear that will keep him going for a few years, the following is on the list:

- Quality Fly-Rod 5/6 or 6/7 weight
- Reel with line and backing
- Fly Box
- Fly's
- Fly fishing Vest
- Landing net
- Waders
- Odds and ends.

If you have any quality fly fishing gear that you wish to sell, or no longer require please contact Ray:

- Email: [Ray.Deklerk@ace.co.nz](mailto:Ray.Deklerk@ace.co.nz)
- Phone: 04 472 4830
- Mobile: 027 2000 622



## *Save our estuary*



Plans to scrap the Resource Management Act will benefit the health and safety of many waterways, including the Waikanae River estuary which is partially blocked by shingle build-ups and by silt, creating "quicksand conditions."

Both Labour and National have promised to replace the RMA with more user-friendly alternatives.

The entire Waikanae estuary and lower river are included in a Department of Conservation scientific reserve, created in 1987 with no forewarning that in line with an upcoming RMA it intended to minimise human interference and let nature take its course.

The result is that shingle is blocking the free tidal flow. The level of shingle has reached the point where public safety will be at risk from floods, and DoC has publicly warned of "quicksand conditions" from uncontrolled siltation.

The condition of the estuary is now so bad that even DoC itself can only list the estuary at 759th on its scale of environmentally valuable assets around the country and the minister was asked to delist its scientific reserve status.

Hopefully, the scrapping of the RMA will allow Greater Wellington Regional Council to get on with its statutory flood- protection role of safeguarding local residents and improving the environment for marine life.

Chris Turver. Waikanae

## Valued introduced species recognised in Biodiversity Strategy – Fish and Game NZ

Fish & Game New Zealand welcomes the inclusion of valued introduced species into Te Mana o Te Taiao - Aotearoa New Zealand Biodiversity Strategy 2020.

"It is encouraging to see the strong recognition of the place of valued introduced species, such as trout, salmon and ducks, in New Zealand's biodiversity," Fish & Game New Zealand Chief Executive Martin Taylor says.

"The strategy represents a cohesive document that balances a number of interests and reaches an outcome that all New Zealanders can stand behind. The inclusion of a strong te ao Māori perspective, missing from the prior strategy, will also be critical to the ongoing success of this document."

"Sports fish and game birds represent a hugely valued recreational and cultural resource to over 150,000 New Zealanders."

New Zealand is an internationally renowned trout and salmon fishing destination offering a unique opportunity to fish for large fish in spectacular scenery. New Zealand offers a wide variety of angling opportunities, from backcountry fishing throughout the nation, winter-run fish, and superb lake fisheries.

As well as freshwater fishing, over 40,000 people purchase a New Zealand game bird licence through Fish & Game each year. To this can be added the vast number of rural land occupiers who hunt on their own properties. Game bird hunting has a strong history in New Zealand, and game bird hunters tend to be strong conservationists that seek the protection of wetland habits.

"The strategy represents the optimal balance between ensuring that protection is given to New Zealand's unique indigenous biodiversity while acknowledging the important role that introduced species play from a recreational, economic and subsistence perspective."

"We are also encouraged to see that the freshwater environmental work that Fish & Game has undertaken to the benefit of all species, indigenous and introduced alike, has been acknowledged."

"This document represents a positive start in reversing the decline of New Zealand's biodiversity, but it is critical that all remain unified to ensure that the goals and outcomes of the strategy are implemented."



## Your ticket to Adventure



We hope you have enjoyed the opportunity of getting out and made the most of the great fishing opportunities New Zealand has to offer. If you are already planning your adventures for the coming season, we have got some great news. 2020/21 fishing Licences are now available online and at your local outdoors retailer at the same price as last year.

The new fishing season opens on 1 October 2020 and runs through to September 2021 and remember, every bridge you cross or lake you pass, North Cape to Bluff, is a fishing opportunity.

We would love to see you back and help get the most out of your licence. Check out the range of licence categories below and pick the best one to fit your type of fishing and lifestyle.

1. **Full Season**, fish anywhere and on any day, you want all year. Total flexibility and the best value by far for one person. Adult \$133, Junior 12-17 \$27 and child under 12 Free.
2. **Family**, (full season) allows the primary licence holder to take a partner or spouse and up to four children or grandchildren under 18 fishing. The secondary licence holder cannot fish alone but can take the children named on the licence fishing, and fish themselves. \$173.
3. **Local Area**, (full season) available to be used in only one Fish & Game region at a reduced price, great if you fish in one local area. Adult \$106.
4. **Loyal Senior**, this is a full season licence discounted for adults 65 and over who have been a full season licence holder for 5 years or more. Fish anywhere and on any day, you want \$113.

There is also a range of shorter-term Licence's available if you fish less frequently but the Licence's listed above present the best bang for your buck.

Buy your licence now and be ready for the earliest opportunity to put your line in the water.

Buy you licence [here](#)

This season might be the best time to explore our backcountry rivers. Any full season Licence can be endorsed to fish designated backcountry fisheries.

Want to know more about fishing the best spots and how to catch fish? Subscribe to "Reel Life", the free monthly email newsletter [here](#).

Follow us on [Facebook](#), [YouTube](#), and [Instagram](#)

We look forward to seeing you and the rest of the clan on the water!

**The Team at Wellington Fish and Game**

### ***Mountainous magnificence by Mike Yardley***



**Lake Pukaki is overshadowed by Aoraki Mount Cook and Southern Alps**

Immersing yourself with nature's unplugged glory is life's restorative elixir. The majesty of the Mackenzie region could have been pre-ordained and purpose-created for restorative getaways.

Aoraki/Mt Cook reigns supreme in its namesake national park, permanently cloaked in snow and ice — even in the height of summer. No matter Mother Nature's mood, the promise of dramatic scenery is always part of the package. In fact, much of the Mackenzie region, which enjoys an altitude more than 700m above sea level, boasts snow-draped landscapes deep into spring.

After enjoying an early winter break in Tekapo, I drove across Mackenzie's arid plains of snow-speckled golden tussock, as Aoraki/Mt Cook National Park's theatrical vertical grandeur shuffled into view. This gilded landscape of awe and saga — the shifting light, the ruffled immensity, the loneliness — compelled me to pull over to take another photo. After taking my fill of Pukaki's luminous beauty, and the distant vistas of Aoraki, I followed the western side of the lake to Mt Cook village, where a world of wondrous walking opportunities await. The most surprising aspect to Aoraki/Mt Cook's surrounding terrain is just how easily accessible it is.

You don't need to be a mountaineer or mountain-goat fit to undertake intimate wilderness walks that get you blissfully up-close with our highest peaks and glaciers. Routinely decorated as New Zealand's greatest day walk, the Hooker Valley Track is a gentle three-hour jaunt. Heading up the valley with unbelievably good views, you will traverse golden tussocks, swing bridges, get up close with the Mueller and Hooker Glacier, and be rewarded with views of Mt Cook and the Southern Alps. If you are planning a trip later in the year, the added spectacle of summer wildflowers heightens the spectacle.

I also adore the Kea Point Track, which starts from The Hermitage and can be easily completed within 2 hours. It's also a relatively flat walk, emblazoned with golden tussock and subalpine grasses, leading you to the Mueller Glacier moraine wall. The walk culminates with sumptuous close-up views of Mt Sefton, The Footstool, Aoraki and the Mueller Glacier lake. The monastic silence is pierced only by the thunderous booms of calving ice, breaking away from the glacier at its terminal. My third must-do walk is in the Tasman Valley, a 8km drive from the Hermitage. The short 40-minute return walk to Tasman Glacier Lake slinks past the Blue Lakes to a viewpoint on the moraine walls, lording over Tasman Glacier's terminal face.



**The Hooker Valley Track with Aoraki Mt Cook in the background**

The walk has a gradual incline but keep it leisurely paced and you'll be fine. The glacier terminal lake is frequently speckled with icebergs, adding to the drama of this stunningly primal walk. Winter can also make the lake freeze over. The southward views across Tasman Valley are sigh-inducing. The lake is a recent chapter in our history as it was formed in 1974 as New Zealand's longest glacier retreated. Once 100km long, it now stretches for just 27km. Part of the track leads through the glacier's old terminal moraines (rock and stone debris left when a glacier retreats), marking the foot of the glacier and its subsequent retreat, vividly illustrating nature is ever-changing.



**The view across Tasman Glacier lake**

Needing a caffeine fix, I headed to the charismatic Old Mountaineers' Cafe, close to the Department of Conservation visitor centre. Under the command of Mary and Charlie Hobbs, The Old Mountaineers' Cafe was the subject of a rip-roaring David v Goliath battle 20 years ago, before it could be built and finally opened by Sir Ed Hillary.

You can read all about the drama in Mary's book, *Matagouri and other Pricks*. Charlie is one of New Zealand's most acclaimed mountain guides — he was on hand when double amputee Mark Inglis climbed Aoraki and then conquered Mt Everest. The convivial cafe-bar-restaurant showcases an extensive historic photographic gallery, brimming with grit, character and spirit. If you're up for some serious alpine adventure, from heli-skiing to glacier kayaking, Charlie's team offers a wealth of options.

If you are itching for some aerial spectacles, to fully appreciate the grandeur of New Zealand's sky-piercing giants, take a scenic flight.

I drove back to the southern end of Lake Pukaki, where some pristine picnic areas await you under the pine trees. Turn left off the main highway, just as you approach the base of the lake. Right across the road, for a night of supremely languid boutique indulgence, with an unbeatable perch discreetly overlooking Lake Pukaki's long vista towards Aoraki, is Lakestone Lodge. Exclusively located just above the southern shores of Lake Pukaki, this contemporary off-grid, solar-heated eco retreat has been ingeniously designed to maximise the panoramic views.

You could not get a more primo location to watch the sun dipping behind Mt Cook/Aoraki.

## *The Fish in the Sea by Tom Davis*



She didn't break my heart. She may have blindsided me a little, but it's not as if she took my legs out and left me writhing in agony. We didn't have enough history for that; there had been nothing promised. She simply vanished from my life—a life in which her appearance was at best a memorable cameo.

Not that I was blessed with the kind of telescopic perspective that enabled me to see that at the age of 17, when every word, glance, and gesture from a girl you're interested in is freighted with earth-shattering significance.

Except in passing, I hadn't thought of her in years. But then, having lunch at a crowded restaurant, I saw an attractive, nicely built brunette about my own age who reminded me of her—meaning the her I imagined she might have become—and I was overwhelmed, suddenly and desperately, by the desire to find out where she was and what she'd made of her life. Not to contact her or initiate any kind of lamentable "relationship," but just to *know*. It was as if, after gestating for nearly 40 years, my inner stalker had emerged. I wolfed my meal in a distracted rush.

You have to trust me on this: I'd never, ever, tried to locate a person from my past. The idea had always seemed pathetic. But now I fired up my computer, brought up Google, typed her name and a couple other keywords into the Search field, and hit Enter.

She'd gotten away a long time ago. But to a degree I hadn't been aware of until that moment, she'd never gone away.

I'd been wondering what made it so important to find her, what it was that hollowed out a space and lodged there, preserved like the encysted shrapnel some war veterans carry. Then I remembered the way my eminently practical mother used to say "There are other fish in the sea" whenever I was moping around after a girl, and it occurred to me that, in love as in fishing, the ones we can't forget tend to be the ones that get away—the objects of desire that escape, elude,

or otherwise confound us. The big crappie in northern Minnesota that left my 8-year-old self in tears when the hook tore out as Dad attempted to lift it into the boat; the bonefish on Exuma that my guide, the great Will Rolle, thought was a shark when he first spotted it; the chrome-bright steelhead that I fought to a standstill on a Lake Michigan tributary but ultimately lost in the heavy current; the first permit I ever fooled in Belize, a devastating Atlantic salmon that rose to a dry on the Gaspé, the two decent muskies I've had on flies in the lake country of northern Wisconsin ...

A catch is always in some sense an ending. But a loss can mark the beginning of something.

First, there is pain. It takes different forms, of course. Early in the arc of one's angling career, losing a fish hurts because possession means everything (and as an aging baby boomer I grew up in that antediluvian epoch when releasing a good fish was as inconceivable as driving a Japanese car). If you don't get it into the boat, or into the net, or to your hand, it doesn't count. It's like a long out in baseball, a putt that sings the cup ... Round up the usual sports analogies.

It hurts because it means you missed a chance to tack a skin to the wall, too, and for better or worse whatever cred we establish as anglers is all about the big ones. Until you reach certain benchmarks, you can't be a member of the club. You're outside, looking in. Long-distance release? What a crock.

Later, as your values as an angler putatively evolve, while it's still gratifying to bring a fish all the way in—and while there's an added urgency with fish of a size you'd like to tape or photograph—the sting of loss mostly stems from the degree to which it strikes you as a referendum on your abilities. Or, perhaps more accurately, your lack thereof. To say nothing of any metaphors it seems to offer for your sad, wasted life.

Assuming you haven't attained that state of Zen-like serenity that allows you to rise above such ruinous trivialities. These oases of angling calm are rumoured to exist although in all my travels I've met only one, a fly-fishing flower child I'll call Monty.

Even as the 20th century gave way to the 21st, Monty kept one stocking-waded foot firmly planted in the Summer of Love. Those who frequented the same waters universally had the experience of encountering him sitting streamside (few recall him actually *fishing*), a beatific smile on his stubbled face and, if the wind was right, the faint aroma of cannabis. When queried about his luck, his reply would invariably be some variant of "I've had a great day. Took three browns between 16-and-18 inches and a rainbow that pushed 20, all on dries."

When his interlocutor expressed astonishment at this and asked the secret of his success, he'd explain, without a trace of irony or self-consciousness, "I caught them in my mind."

She was a waitress at a hole-in-the-wall pizza joint, a place we didn't know existed until my buddy Dick scored a coupon. In those days when gas was cheap, driving all the way across town to get two bucks off a large combo was a no-brainer.

The Pizza King was dimly lit and mostly empty. We seated ourselves at a table, and when she arrived to take our order it was as if we'd been robbed of the power of speech. She was pretty enough, in that Midwestern girl-next-door way, with shoulder-length brown hair and sea-blue eyes—but she had the kind of super-curve figure, shown to spectacular advantage by a clingy sweater, that made us break out in a hot sweat. In retrospect I'd describe her proportions as "Junoesque," but that wasn't in my vocabulary then.



Out of our league? She was out of our solar system. Having no girls comparable to her at our high school, we assumed she must be a student at one of the local colleges. This only served to enhance her aura of goddess-like unattainability. The idea that either of us could hope to date such an otherworldly creature was laughable.

Except it wasn't. A couple weeks later, during my lunch break from the sporting goods store where I worked on Saturdays, I wandered into a bookstore and almost literally bumped into her. She looked amazing (she was wearing another clingy top), and in that clean, well-lighted space I saw that she had a sprinkling of freckles, like flecks of golden-brown sugar, on her nose and cheeks. This accentuated her wholesome good looks and made her seem more real, if that's the right word. Or at least it made her seem more approachable, so I screwed my courage to the sticking point and asked if she was still waitressing at the Pizza King.

She turned, gave me a slightly quizzical smile, and said "You've eaten at Pizza King? It's such a dump ..."

That broke the ice. Her name was Cindy, and far from being the college student I imagined her to be it turned out that she was, like me, a junior in high school. This intelligence blew my mind—she laughed when I confessed that my friend and I thought she had to be in college—and it also blew open the door to that possibility I hadn't dared entertain. Screwing up my courage again, I asked if I could call her sometime.

"Sure," she said, and told me where to find her in the phone book.

It was one of the most purely euphoric—and triumphant—moments of my life. I could hardly believe it had happened, and I couldn't wait to tell Dick. He was going to *s-t*.

There's another category of fish that get away—a sub-category, really—and while their numbers are fewer the place, they occupy in our personal history manages the neat trick of being somehow both deeper-rooted and closer to the surface. Mystery Fish, they might be called, the ones that stay deep and pull hard, the ones you make little headway with and lose before you ever lay eyes on them.

And, more tellingly, before you're able to ID them, which is why, long after the fact, they continue to exert such a powerful hold on our memory, and on our imagination. We're wired with the need to know, to wrap things up in tidy packages—and when we can't even wrap them up in a messy package, which I think is what we do with fish we get a look at before they shake free, the loose ends crackle and spark, prodding at some ancient part of our brains. Powerless to turn off the juice, we revisit the incident time and again, searching for answers we know we'll never find but mostly just wondering. And then wondering some more.

I'd hoped I'd not have to invoke that overworked term "closure," but I fear it's unavoidably appropriate here.

There was the fish that took in the indigo water where an inshore Lake Michigan flat dropped off, a fish that transmitted an alarming sensation of mass and purpose while I frantically torqued on the drag trying to slow it down. It was no use. I was left with a sheared tippet, a lifeless line, and the mystery of what manner of rough beast I'd tangled with. Trout? Salmon? Carp? I have my theories, but I'll never know for certain.

Cindy and I went out on a couple of dates, I hung out with her at her house once or twice. We played gin rummy, which I liked to think I was pretty good at, and she kicked my ass. She was hard to read, and not just at cards. It wasn't so much that the signals were mixed as that they were indefinite. So, not wanting to overplay my hand in the game of romance, I kept my trembling ardour in check and took it slow, waiting for things to come clear. A goodnight kiss on the front porch was as far as we ever went, although when I held her close and felt the magnificent compression of those majestic breasts—even through several layers of clothing, and even for just a few seconds—the thrill was indescribable. As was the agony.

Maybe it's just as well that that's as far as it went. As impressionable and inexperienced as I was, further exploration might have damaged me irreparably.

This was in the spring, at the end of the school year. That summer, Cindy went to England on some kind of exchange program. She sent me a sweet and sunny postcard that led me to believe she might be ready to take our relationship to the next level (not that anybody said that then); she even signed it "Love."

But something changed, and to make a short story shorter I never saw her again. I called her several times, but she was terse, and chilly, and she always had "other plans," and as puppy-hopeful and hormone-addled and thick-skulled as I was, the rational part of me finally won out and I was forced to conclude she wasn't interested in me. I was hurt, but more than that I was perplexed. Was I too nerdy and bookish for her, too straight, too uncool? We went to different schools, we had no friends in common, and of course this was decades before the rise of social media, so I had no way of knowing the answer, and no avenue for finding out.

Truth to tell, I got over Cindy pretty quickly, helped along by my mother's counsel but more propulsively by the attentions of a free spirit named Shari, a wannabe hippie chick for whom no garment was too revealing to go braless in. Cindy's memory shrank, but it never went away. There was too much about her—damn near everything, in fact—that I didn't know. The space of wanting had become inhabited by her mystery.

The ancient Greeks, who mapped the abyssal topography of human nature 2,500 years ago and left it to the rest of us to crawl around among the snakes and scorpions, recognized this paradox. What is perhaps the oldest riddle in Western Civilization concerns a group of boys who flummoxed Homer, considered the wisest man in Greece, with the challenge "What we have caught we leave behind, but what has escaped we carry with us."

The Riddle of the Lice, it's called.

I don't see many Mystery Fish in my future, to be perfectly honest. As I stumble down the sporting road, I seem to spend less time fishing, in the sense of lobbing out a hook and taking whatever comes, and more time hunting for fish. This is the essence of flats fishing (not that I get to do that very often), but even my trout fishing these days is mostly about spotting risers and casting to them, not drifting nymphs or swinging streamers. Plenty get away—I'd have dearly loved a better look at the brown that shot out of an undercut bank one day last April and savaged a caddis imitation with the ferocity of a smallmouth blasting a popper—but they don't sear themselves into my memory the way they used to. They don't leave me wondering.

I wish finding Cindy hadn't been so easy. What my Google search returned was her obituary—a document so parsimonious in detail, so truncated and flat and *rote*, that I could only stare at it with my fists balled and my mouth open and think *This can't be all*.

But it was. She'd died of unspecified causes in a crummy little town in Iowa, she left a husband and children, she was "a devoted mother and homemaker." Nothing else. The sadness of that was crushing.

This time, she broke my heart.

## ***Where water and culture collide by Lydia Wevers***



***The Ministry for the Environment's recent freshwater report outlines the scale of the country's pollution problem and makes many references to Māori ways of thinking, but what does it take to really understand an issue from another culture's perspective? ask Emeritus Professor Lydia Wevers and Associate Professor Maria Bargh.***

Take Lake Horowhenua, for example. One of New Zealand's most polluted lakes, it is apparently so toxic that an unnamed scientist from the National Institute of Water and Atmospheric Research (NIWA) said in 2012 a child could die if enough of its water was swallowed.

It is also a significant taonga for Muaūpoko and Ngāti Raukawa iwi, and like all lakes, wetlands, and waterways of Aotearoa, it was an important food basket and a place of outstanding beauty for Māori. Early maps show the lake and the coastal system it is part of thickly inscribed with Māori names revealing centuries-old use and knowledge. And yet there is now a proposal to exempt it from the new freshwater standards because there is "no feasible fix."

For Māori, the heavily polluted lake could be described as nearing a state of wai-kino—meaning the mauri (life force) of the water has been altered and has the potential to harm all living things. The phrases for water in te reo Māori often have a metaphysical dimension and link back to the fundamental conception of whakapapa in which everything is connected and has its own being—something now recognised in the legal personhood of Te Awa Tupua (the Whanganui River). Personal health and the health of the iwi are also linked to the health of waterways, rivers, wetlands, and lakes.

Māori names for water bodies tell you about their properties and their being. Names such as Wai-rakei (the place where the pools were used as mirrors), Wai-rarapa (the glistening waters), Wai-whetu (the star waters), and Wai-taki (the tears of Aoraki). These phrases offer a glimpse of the pre-European world, where metaphorical names tell you about places and what people did there, constituting a web of knowledge sedimented in time.

European descriptive naming practices for water, on the other hand, tend to focus on physical properties or size, such as river, stream, creek, and pond. Or the movement of water: cascade, rapids, waterfall, bog, and flood. The difference in naming approaches is highly instructive about our different forms of cultural thinking, and how our cultures respond differently to the natural world.

Much of current ecological and environmental planning, such as the recent report from the Ministry for the Environment, *Our Freshwater 2020*, acknowledges the stake Māori have in water and refers to their ways of thinking about it. In order to improve understanding about how perspectives on landscape are cultural, we have created a bicultural series of free massive open online courses looking at landscape as an expression of culture, with the third and final course focused on water (wai). **New Zealand Landscape as Culture: Wai** (Water) is a bicultural conversation based on the structure of whakapapa and teases out the ways in which our two cultures collide, ignore, and talk past each other.

The Ministry for the Environment report shows, graphically and in other ways, the scale of the problem we confront to restore both the resource and the mauri of our water. Europeans tend to think of water's first role as providing benefit to people through irrigation, power, drinking water, sewage disposal, and recreation. What can a different cultural perspective offer as we look for solutions?

In the case of water, it means thinking of water bodies as living beings with histories and individual characteristics, populated by an immense diversity of flora and fauna, interconnected with surrounding biodiversity and for which we may all have obligations as kaitiaki. When you do that you start to see a different kind of loss, and the path to a different kind of gain.

It is not good enough to say there is no 'feasible fix' for Lake Horowhenua. Let's start to talk properly about what a Treaty-based process might mean for all our waterways.

## ***Match Matcher by Domenick Swentosky***

It was the summer before college — before the real world started, they said. Although, college life never proved to be anything like the rest of the world. I was working for a printing company, spending three hot months in a delivery truck, shuttling press orders to the docks and doorsteps of western Pennsylvania companies.

As I drove repetitive miles across the Keystone state, I was most attentive in the valleys. From my tall perch behind the worn-out steering wheel, I peered over each bridge crossing, wondering and dreaming about trout. I knew of western Pennsylvania's struggles to harbour wild trout. I knew about its troubled past with acid mine drainage, but I'd seen marked improvement in water quality over my young life. And I had explored enough to expect surprises — trout can be anywhere.

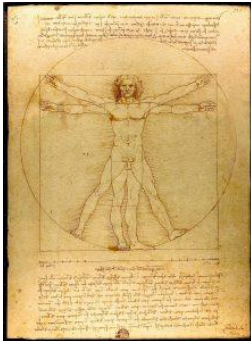
So, every skinny ditch, every wide river, every length of flowing water gained my consideration. I was at a point in life where anything was possible. I still believed in the undiscovered.

The company tracked the hours on my deliveries but not the miles, so I made detours on my lunch breaks — quick scouting trips into the valleys below the most promising bridges. While taking water temperatures, I looked for a rise or any sign of trout. I kept a Delorm atlas of the area and highlighted it with a colour code: blue for stocked trout, orange for wild trout, and red for no trout.

I'd fooled around with fly fishing off and on but never committed myself to it. In a two-hundred-yard wooded section between two bridge crossings, that all changed. I found a group of rising trout one late July morning. And they were consistent.

On my lunch break, I swung the company truck down the gravel road, parked in front of a hissing gas well and walked to the river. I watched feeding trout from a riverbank while passively eating a sandwich and wishfully digging to the bottom of the brown bag for more. I did the same thing for three days until it occurred to me — these trout were feeding on just one thing. And if I was to catch them, I'd need the fly rod, some really thin monofilament and even smaller flies.

Careful to keep my company khakis clean, I leaned far over the bank, behind the rising trout, and watched the water. I saw no bugs, so I poked further through the shade. And where a narrow ray of sun found the river, I watched the surface, leaning so close that my nose skimmed the water. The temperature and humidity were different there — a thin zone where the air mixed with evaporating mist — it was foreign to me, but home to what I searched for.



One after the other, I finally saw them — tiny mayflies with clear wings stretched aside like Da Vinci's Vitruvian Man, tripling their size, and balancing on the surface.

Then I noticed the tails, twice as long as the spindly bodies and each perfectly divided in a V.

I reached into my back pocket to find a round Skoal (tobacco) can. The long-cut, wintergreen tobacco was nearly gone, so I made it all gone as the last half-pinch went to my lip. I swished the can in the water, then dried the inside with my shirttail. I plucked four of the itty-bitty flies from the water and dropped them in the can.

After work, I hurried to the fly shop and found the owner.

“What are these, Woody? I asked, plopping the container on his old oak counter. “I found a group of trout eating them, one after the other. They do it every day.”

Woody grinned as he thoughtfully rotated the open Skoal can in his palm, peering over his glasses into the short cylinder.

“Well that's one way to go about it,” he said.

Woody looked at me with some measure of satisfaction. I was learning, I was young and ambitious, and I'd brought samples of the bugs I needed to match. Woody knew he could send me off with a few flies and a little advice, then probably receive a success story in return.

"Those are Trico Spinners," he said. "The cream ones are female, and the black ones are male."

"Why do they have to be so tiny?" I asked.

Woody ignored the question and didn't look up. "They're size twenty-fours. And they're gonna be a bitch to fish with." He paused, still looking at the bugs in the can. "Do you want a half dozen or a dozen.

I left the shop with twelve flies in a clear plastic puck and an empty can of Skoal.

"Wait!" I heard Woody call to me just before the crack of the door closed out the cedar scent of the fly shop. So, I turned around.

"What?" I shrugged.

Woody dug behind the counter, into his own fishing vest. He fiddled with zippers and Velcro before exhaling a satisfied sigh. He then turned to me, leaned over the counter, and offered me a spool of tippet in his open hand. The label was faded and crinkled, as though it had been through a few rainstorms.

"Use 7X until you get used to getting good drifts with those little bastards . . . and I don't know why they have to be so tiny."

"Thanks, Woody." I said.

I stashed the spool in my pocket in front of the empty Skoal can. Before I walked out the door again, Woody lent some final advice: "Don't get hung up on wanting to see your fly, either. Just set the hook-on *maybes*."

"Alright," I nodded.

Two fishing trips and three days later, I finally fooled my first rising trout.

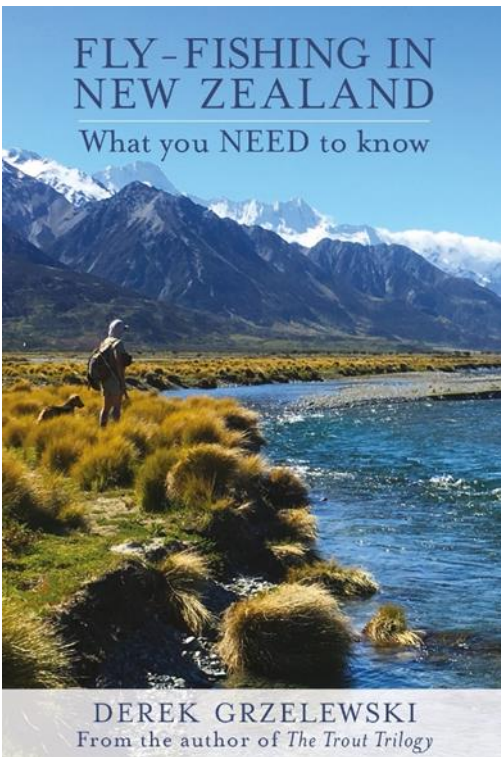
Two fishing trips and three days later, I finally fooled my first rising trout.



## Top New Trout Fishing Book on “How to” by Tony Orman

Book Review. “Fly-fishing in New Zealand – What you Need to Know”, by Derek Grzelewski. Published by Bsteman Books. Price \$39.99

Derek Grzelewski is already an accomplished author of deservedly well acclaimed trout fishing books, his first being the delightful “The Trout Diaries.” Basically, his latest book takes the reader through equipment needed, casting, food of trout, techniques and so on. While it might be assumed this is a book for the new chum the experienced fly fishermen should read it, for the author imparts a lot of wise advice. Plus, as they say, “you never stop learning in going trout fishing.” It’s the ultimate, eternal challenge a point the author emphasises.



### Takes Time

Derek Grzelewski writes “It takes me and many visits and fishing experiences to learn a river.”

“Fly fishing is not difficult,” he writes. “but it is complex and there are plenty of experts out there who insist on making it even more so, perhaps because this makes them feel more knowledgeable and important.

” The beginner can be confronted with theories that are “overwhelmingly complex” and unnecessary.

“I am not proposing to make fly-fishing easy or simple —it is not and you wouldn’t want it to be anyway—A great majority won’t put time and effort required and instead they continue to hope the next gadget, new rod or magic fly will get them to connect with the dream fish, not realising that a cleaner and more direct way to fly-fishing competence is through investment in oneself.”

### Attitude

The importance of oneself i.e. attitude and the mental approach, is one aspect I would have liked to have seen enlarged upon. Nevertheless, Derek Grzelewski has written a fine book, well-illustrated with black and white and colour photos, among which is an excellent double page spread of aquatic insect life cycles.

Again, as I’ve mentioned it with reviewing quite a few other non-fiction books, why is there not an index? A book of this instructive nature cries out for it. A beautiful cover, and liberal black and white and colour photos enhance the author’s easy-to-read style.

A top catch - Go and land one!

### Just in time for Father’s Day

## **Otaki Hunting and Fishing Store – Learn to Fly Fish Monday 19 October**

The following is from Hunting and Fishing latest catalogue:

*'Here in beautiful Aotearoa we're lucky enough to have some of the world's best fly fishing right on our doorsteps. When they can, people travel from all over the world to fly fish in our pristine rivers, lakes, and coastal waters, and are often amazed at how few locals are out there on the water.*

*Throughout September and October, Hunting and Fishing New Zealand and Manic Tackle Project will be hosting in-store evenings to teach you all you need to know to get started on your fly-fishing journey. Whether you've never touched a fly rod in your life and are a little curious about it or have given it a whirl but want some pointers on casting and some basic concepts then these evenings are for you.*

*Please do not be shy; women are especially welcome, so do come along as we want to help unlock what could become a lifelong pastime, or even a passion. We look forward to seeing you in-store to offer genuine expert advice on the techniques and the gear to suit your needs. Our aim is to arm you with enough knowledge to hit the water and be confident that you're making the right moves to bring fish to the bank. We may even share a few secret spots with you.'*

**OTAKI Hunting and Fishing will be hosting the workshop on Monday 19 October at their new store on the Main Road in Otaki.**

Ben and his team at the Otaki Hunting and Fishing Store have been great supporters of the KFFC by providing us with great sponsorship for 'Take a Kid Fishing Day' and provide our members with a discount when buying gear. If you have never been to this kind of event before I would recommend you make sure you are free to attend. Personally, I always come away with learning something new as well as buying new gear, there is a new Scott rod out called Scott Centric, now that does sound interesting.

### ***From the Committee***

#### **Financial report:**

At our last Committee meeting Ashley informed us that there were still a number of members who have not paid this year (2020-21) annual subscription of \$20.00, if you are one of these members, we would appreciate payment as soon as possible please.

#### **Club trips:**

- 5 September – Day trip Hutt River
- September dates to be confirmed – Turangi area
- Manawatu Day trip date to be confirmed

If you have any ideas on where you would like to go, please let one of the Committee members know.



## **Fly Tying workshops**

The Committee has agreed to run a 'Fly of the Month' fly-tying workshop, we are in the process of organising a venue (KCDC Community Centre). Once we have everything confirmed with the day and time you will receive an email with the details, Feather Merchants have agreed to sponsor the fly-tying materials. The workshops will be open to all members from the novice to potential expert's, if you have any question please contact Gordon Barker or Malcolm Francis.

## **Membership Survey**

Gordon Barker has been ringing each individual member of the club seeking feedback from members on how the club is progressing, if you have not received a call from Gordon you will do shortly. Big thank you to Gordon.

## **Club Trophies and Awards**

Over the past two months the Committee has been discussing ways in which we can recognise the participation and contribution of members by 'Annual Awards,' – these are under investigation at present:

- **Graeme Water Memorial Cup** – the family have agreed to the concept, Ralph Lane will liaise with the family on behalf of the club.
- **Annual Presidents cup - Most valued Senior Member** of the year award
- **Annual Presidents cup - Most valued Junior Member** of the year award
- **Article of the Month** – to encourage members to submit articles for newsletter

If you have a suggestion on an annual or monthly award that will encourage members participation, please contact Michael.

## **Christmas Function**

We have agreed that we will target the middle of November for this year dinner, watch this space.

## **Memorial Seat for Austin and Lorna Fraser**

A formal application has now been sent to KCDC and they will liaise with Greater Wellington Regional Council to confirm the location, once this process has been completed the Memorial Seat will be erected.

Please remember you are welcome to attend any of our Committee meetings.

## ***Are you a keen photographer? By Malcolm Francis***

On the front cover of our newsletter each month I like to include a picture that is linked to fly-fishing or spin-fishing environment, you will see on the front cover of this newsletter a stunning photo that was taken by one of our members on a recent club trip.

If you have photo from your adventures on the water then please send them through to me at: [malcolm1@xtra.co.nz](mailto:malcolm1@xtra.co.nz) and each month I will select one to go on the front cover of the newsletter each month. You never know it may be worth a 'prize.'

**Ngā Manu**  
NATURE RESERVE

**KIWI NIGHT  
ENCOUNTER**

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BOOK**

**Share in the magical  
night world of kiwi !**  
\$5 Discount for  
Friends of Ngā Manu

**1 ½ hour experience:**

- Adult (Age 16+) - \$35
- Child (Age 7 -15) - \$25
- Row of 5 seats - \$150

Since the last newsletter, the breeding Kiwi's at Nag Manu the first fertile egg has developed and is now Pukaha at Mount Bruce in an incubator until the egg hatches and then as a young Kiwi she will return to Nga Manu. The breeding Kiwis have now laid another egg which if fertile will stay with its parents until it hatches as well.

If you have never seen a Kiwi in its natural environment (near natural) then I would recommend the Kiwi Night Encounter at Nga Manu, you will need to book as it is limited to 10 people each night.

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

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**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.

**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*

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