



## Kapiti Fly Fishing Club February 2024 Newsletter



At our next Club meeting on Monday 24 March our guest speaker will be Corina Jordan Chief Executive of Fish & Game and Maggi Tait Principle Advisor Communication for Fish & Game, this promises to be a interesting meeting so please make sure you come along and meet Corina and Maggi.

**In this month's newsletter:** This is a photo is of a nice 6lb plus Tongariro Brown trout caught in the Judges pool by a young lad from Hawkes Bay, after numerous photos were taken the trout was released. Please refer to the enclosed article 'We should have been here yesterday' photo taken by Malcolm

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## Club activities

Date	Event	Coordinator
March 23 – 24 March	Club trip to Wairarapa rivers	Graham Evans
Monday 24 March	Club meeting – Guest speaker Corina Jordan CE Fish & Game	Graham Evans
April 12 to 17 April	Rotorua District - please refer to page 27 for details	Wayne Butson
Monday 22 April	Club meeting – Guest speaker TBC	
Weekend 12 to 14 May	Turangi area – we have booked the AFAC Lodge	Kras Angelov
Monday 27 May	Club meeting and AGM	Graham Evans
Weekend 7 to 9 June	Turangi area – we have booked the AFAC Lodge	TBC
Monday 24 June	Club Meeting – Gust speaker TBC	
Weekend 12 to 14 July	Turangi area – we have booked the AFAC Lodge	TBC
Monday 24 July	Club Meeting – Gust speaker TBC	



## *Presidents report*

Another month has gone by, I trust that you have managed to wet a line and had some success.

I'm in awe of those who can get into the back country for several days at a time, as seen on YouTube and other platforms.

I have great intentions, but I really have to work at it to actually get out onto a river.

My consolation is that the Otaki mouth is just 2km from home, and the kahawai are in prime breeding condition. Great fun on the fly rod.

We had to move our club meeting this month and had a light attendance, but hopefully back to normal next month.

The fish are still looking up, so try those dries, even when there is nothing obviously rising.

Tight Lines



Graham



At our club meeting on Monday 24 March, you will be able to meet Corina Jordan the Chief Executive of Fish & Game New Zealand who will be our guest speaker and keen to meet our members and answer any of your questions.

If you have been following the Fish & Game news you will be aware that Corina is having a very positive impact on our organisation and the sport of hunting and fishing, look forward to seeing you at the meeting starting at 7:30pm

## *Fly Casting Tuition by Gordon Baker*

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.

## *Mid-Week Fishing trips by Hugh*

For those members who are lucky enough to be able to fish mid-week during the forthcoming season please confirm if you wish to be included in the mid-week fishers email list to:

[hugh.driver.nz@gmail.com](mailto:hugh.driver.nz@gmail.com)

The emails are often sent out only giving very short notice to take advantage of the prevailing conditions and members availability, as an example the afternoon of day before the proposed trip.

**If you are interested in participating on any mid-week fishing trips, please email Hugh Driver with your contact details and you will be added to the email list.**

## *Slide and Negative Scanner*

If any KFFC member would like to digitise slides or negatives (with colour reversal) I have a scanner that you are welcome to borrow, at a cost of a small \$5.00 donation to the club.

Please email me to arrange: [hugh.driver.nz@gmail.com](mailto:hugh.driver.nz@gmail.com)



## *Kapiti Women on the Fly by Leigh Johnson*

### **Practical Skills Sessions are in Demand**

Women on The Fly NZ's, 2024 series of Sunday fly fishing skill sessions got underway with a great session earlier this month for women in the Wellington region. 13 ladies turned up for casting tuition from Gordon Baker at Haruatai Park in Otaki. The ladies travelled as far as Wairarapa, Manawatu and Wellington city, with a third having never held a fly rod previously.

These practical sessions are planned for the 2nd Sunday of the month. The next session, targeting beginners and novices, is at 10.30 am on Sunday 10th March at the Otaki Bridge Club. Topics covered will include three essential fly-fishing knots, three basic leader set-ups, introduction to fly lines and essential fly patterns.

### **Planning ahead**

The steering group, (currently I, Gordon Baker, Greg du Bern and Betty Mani) met recently to plan for 2024 and beyond. As well as running local activities, we are now supporting women from clubs in other regions to host events - currently the Tauranga Anglers Club and Christchurch Fishing & Casting Club. It is heartening to find women leaders in other regions to grow the community and leverage the knowledge and experience that WoTF has acquired over the past three years.

We have also recently had discussions with Fish & Game NZ on how we can collaborate on growing female participation. Also, please keep an eye out for a Stuff article in mid-March promoting women and fishing.

### **WoTF NZ Mission Statement**

As New Zealand's best-connected community for women who fly fish, Women on the Fly is dedicated to enriching women's lives, emphasising the benefits to mental, physical, and social well-being, and fostering respect for our natural environment.

We connect anglers, host events, and promote women-led initiatives through collaboration, building skills and confidence for everyone from curious beginners to experienced enthusiasts.

Please follow our activities on this [Facebook Page](#). There is also a private [WoTF Facebook group](#) that provides a safe space for women who fly fish, (or would like to fly fish) to share information, arrange fishing activities, and learn from each other about all things fly fishing.

Or contact me directly at [leigh@leighjohnsonnz.com](mailto:leigh@leighjohnsonnz.com) or visit [www.womenonthefly.nz](http://www.womenonthefly.nz) to receive regular updates.





**Group of the ladies who attended the February Casting workshop**



**CEO Corina Jordan and Dame Lynda fly-fishing**

Please keep an eye out for a Stuff article in mid-March promoting women and fishing, there is a clue in the photo above. If you miss the article you will find in the next club newsletter.

## *My South Island trip by Graham Evans*

I am writing this sitting in a campervan at the Ohau C campsite at the head of Lake Benmore. A thunderstorm is rolling across the clouds above us, but interestingly not much rain, although the countryside is desperately in need of water.

We picked the van in Rangiora on Saturday and the first night was spent at the Rakaia Gorge campsite, overlooking the river. It was clear and quite beautiful. I was trying to get familiar with the operation of the van, so didn't get out the rod. Several people were fishing, all with spinners, and no success. As dark approached I got my gear ready for the morning, but as the NW got up and it was raining heavily further up the valley, as a front came up the West Coast, I wasn't optimistic.

And so, it was. The morning showed the river in full spate, brown and much wider than before. Then someone pointed out to the salmon running up the rapids. Just momentary glimpses of large black backs as they rolled. Absolutely awe inspiring. Never fished for salmon, but watching was better. It was obviously a big run as we watched them for over an hour.



Next night we stayed at Fairlie as we needed power to get the fridge down to cold, the Opihi River and other rivers were just flowing.

Then off to Benmore, I've been out a couple of times. Landed a small brown on the launching ramp this morning and saw a much bigger brown crossing it - twice in fact, but I wasn't ready either time.

Then I got smashed on the take off the front beach. Bugger!

Now the rain has started, the caravan has a drip coming out of one of the ceiling lights, and my sister-in-law hasn't got any tools aboard. But I'll get out again tomorrow before we head further south.

## *Let the rivers flow as they should by Zane Moss of Southland Fish & Game*



Science now recognises that rivers need to be allowed to behave as naturally as possible, writes Zane Moss of Fish & Game.

We Kiwis are passionate about our rivers, and so we should be. While they vary in character, they provide a sense of a wild, natural environment often close to our farms, towns, and cities. Whether we fish them, walk the dog, swim with the kids, or just gaze as we cross the bridge, they're inherently interesting.

Mana whenua, local authorities, environmental organisations, farmers, and wider communities all want the best for our rivers. However, differences can arise when it comes to how things have traditionally been done and what contemporary science is telling us we can do better.

Historically, Kiwis have straightened and manipulated rivers to direct them where we wanted them to go. This has allowed us to develop farmland on river plains that would otherwise be flooded whenever there was moderate rainfall. Similarly, it's allowed us to build towns and cities in locations where rivers would have either flooded, or perhaps meandered and eroded, were it not for engineering intervention.

River geomorphologists have termed this approach to river management "command and control". The scientists who study river behaviour now consider that such approaches are no longer appropriate, and if continued without adaptation, will become increasingly risky.

Perhaps surprisingly, it's now recognised that rivers need to be managed in ways that enable them to behave as naturally as possible. This provides for greater natural character, healthier ecosystems, and resilience to the increasing frequency and magnitude of floods we're predicted to experience through climate change.

Put simply, our current approach effectively speeds up rivers, causes faster floods with higher energy, so that if a stop-bank fails, the damage is potentially catastrophic for communities.

Progressively stepping back and broadening river fairways (the area between the stop-banks), although obviously difficult to achieve, would slow down floods, reducing their peaks and lowering the risk of catastrophic failure.



There's a temptation to look at a river and see exposed gravel bars that change after each flood. It's easy to conclude that gravel is building up, and in a few reaches of our rivers, it is. However, it's just as common for reaches to be "starved" of gravel, caused through decades of extraction for uses such as roading and concrete.

Because most of the headwaters of the rivers of the Southland Plains are not from highly eroding hills, such as Canterbury or the West Coast, the bedload and migration of gravel is far lower than people appreciate. Generally, movement of gravel is simply a river re-working historic glacial outwash plains, attempting to recreate the same sinuosity and meander patterns that they've had in the past.

Often perceived changes in gravel are caused by changes in river channel morphology. A good example is at the Mossburn Bridge on the Oreti River, where Environment Southland (ES) had received complaints about the risk to the bridge, due to an apparent increase in gravel.

ES re-surveyed the levels and found that while the gravel was higher in some areas, it had eroded against the rockwork they'd placed. This deepening of the channel caused it to deposit gravel on the beach, and seemingly build it up. However, the actual fairway capacity had not changed and nor had the risk to infrastructure.

I've heard complaints, primarily from one or two related parties, that the solution to flooding risk in Southland is to dig gravel out of rivers. I've also heard repeated allegations that Fish & Game has opposed consents to extract gravel to protect bridges and infrastructure. That is simply not true. To the best of my knowledge, Fish & Game has never opposed a consent application in Southland to remove gravel if it poses a risk to bridges or roading infrastructure.

ES is responsible for managing our river engineering infrastructure. They've recognised that our current approach isn't without its risks in the short and medium term, with predicted increases in flood magnitude and frequency. ES has commissioned Ian Fuller, Professor in Physical Geography at Massey University, to help develop a strategic document to inform gravel management on Southland's rivers. As co-director of Massey's innovative River Solutions Centre, Fuller's expertise is second to none.

It's unhelpful to continually table-thump about gravel and blame gravel for all that's apparently wrong with our rivers. Instead, ES needs support for its adoption of a science-led approach to ensure that as a community we make the best investment in future management of our rivers, to ensure we balance the needs of riverside farmers, downstream towns and cities, and instream river values.

I often remember one of my young sons listening to a work conversation I was having with a farmer about gravel and flooding. Once I was off the phone he asked, "But Dad, isn't flooding caused by too much rain?"

He's not wrong, but it's not quite as simple as that.

***This article appeared in the Farmers Weekly Preview***

## *Club trip to Taumarunui and Whakapapa rivers by Graham Evans*

Our club trip to Taumarunui was a bit disappointing. Only 4 of us, Kris, Kelvin, Rod Lawson from Wellington Fly Fishers, and me.

We stayed in the cabin, which was a bit spartan to say the least. Not even a table to sit at and a dearth of cooking utensils and pots and glasses. Mind you, the communal kitchen was right next door, so we managed.

I think the units would have been a much better, and cheaper, option.

We arrived at midday and so couldn't get into the room until 2, so we started at the pool directly outside the campground. Kras got broken on almost his first cast under the bridge. I'm sure that pool gets hammered but Kras landed a couple, and I got one.

Then we moved to Mahoe Road, a couple of lovely pools and a lot of bouldery pocket water. Kras again had a frustrating time losing a number of rainbows in the fast water below him.

I was given a lesson we should all remember, on putting the guys into what I thought would be great water, I moved down to a flat glide below. My first cast was no more than a rod length out, the indicator stopped, and I yanked the line thinking I'd hit bottom.

No, it was a 6lb+ brown that I had on for about 5 minutes until he dropped the (barbless) hook. Fish your feet first is the lesson! We all worked hard but the fish weren't there, then in fast pocket water I fluked two trout in 3 casts.



The next day we headed to the Whakapapa river, one of my favourite rivers. We split into 2 groups with Rod and I heading downstream at the glowworm grotto.

Perseverance paid off and I was fortunate enough to land 3 and missed another, the photo of Graham holding onto an example of a Whakapapa river Rainbow.

We then we moved up to Stone Jug Road, a couple of cars were parked in the parking area and one of the guys told us where they had gone. So, we split into two groups again,

Rod lost a rainbow that jumped 3ft in the air, and I landed a brown and a couple more rainbows. Crossing the river was difficult, to put it mildly. Greasy cannon balls and fast flow, even in the tails of the pools. And deep too, the last crossing wet my navel.

The Sunday saw us at the Quarry off Miro Street, and again, great looking water, but a definite lack of fish.

I had a talk to Ollie Basset, one of our superb young competition fly fishermen, who had been guiding on the Saturday and was giving a lesson on Czech nymphing on the Sunday. He said that the fishing had gone off quite markedly as the river cleared and dropped without rain about 2 weeks previously.

I will be back; the Whakapapa is open until 30 June and the running fish are great fun.

## ***Getting your fly-fishing gear organised and ready for the winter season on the water by George Daniel***



Every winter I look forward to prepping for the upcoming fly-fishing season. I like to set the stage for a successful season with gear maintenance and preparation. For me, organisation is the key to an enjoyable time on the water. There are those who can excel in a chaotic and disorganised environment, but unfortunately, I'm not one of them. The only way I can reduce my anxiety and increase my enjoyment on the water is to maintain some level of fly gear organisation.

In truth, only within the last few years have I become efficient at this. Best practices for preparation, organisation and gear maintenance are a matter of personal preferences developed over many years of trial and error. Here are a few things that work for me—thoughts and concepts that I use to prepare for each new season and stay organised. Hopefully, they'll work for you, too.

### **Check your fly lines for cracks**

The first thing I like to do is to run my hand up and down my fly lines to locate cracks or areas where the line's coating is damaged or torn. If not repaired, these cracks will become larger and affect the castability of the line. The easiest way to repair a crack or other damage to your fly line's coating is to fill voids using a super glue gel or a medium texture UV resin. Make sure to smooth out the glue or resin to avoid creating a bump.

### **Clean your fly lines**

I'm always surprised to learn how few anglers conduct regular maintenance on their line, which cost anywhere from \$100-\$150. Failure to clean your lines regularly will shorten their lifespan and increase the chance that you'll have to invest in a new line this season. Years ago, my father had the pleasure of fishing with Leon Chandler—a true gentleman who ran the Cortland Line Company for years. My father was surprised to see Leon was using a 5-year-old fly line during their trip. Leon mentioned he cleaned every one of his fly lines after each outing.

Any dirt or sediment left on your fly line can slowly abrade not only the fly line but also your rod's stripping guides. All it takes to increase the life of your lines is take a few minutes cleaning your fly line with mild, soapy detergent after every trip. Not only will it increase the life of your line but also its performance (e.g. slickness and shoot-ability) during your next trip to the water.

## **Label your fly lines**

Most fly lines today are labelled with laser printing. However, these labels tend to fade after a brief time. If you fish with multiple lines, it's easy to forget or confuse which line is which. A great tip which came from my mentor, Joe Humphreys, is to place individual bands (a 5-weight line gets 5 distinct bands, for instance) near the tip of the fly line with a permanent marker. I use black with most floating and intermediate fly lines and a metallic grey marker with darker coloured sinking lines. If you carry multiple tapers of the same line weight, then you can adjust the width of each band to indicate both line weight and taper type.

Another added benefit of placing black bands towards the front end of your fly line is increased visibility when fishing through glare. It's easier to see black strike indicators when glare is present, and the same is true for a fly line laying on the water.

## **Create a 'Blow out' kit**

There's a wise saying: *Two is one. One is none*

The take home point here is that it's crucial to have a backup of certain fly-fishing essentials. Fly fishing accessories are small and easily lost. Every angler differs with the tools they use, so it's important to identify the handful of items you couldn't live without and carry a backup of each with you on the water, or at the very least in your vehicle if that keeps it within reach.

My favourite "blow out" kit container is a clear Orvis Silver Sonic Waterproof Pocket, which I stock with two spools of tippet, a few strike indicators, sighter material, mitten clamps, a standard trout leader, fly floatant, and a small container of split shot. Your blow out kit doesn't need to be extensive; it just needs to contain enough to keep a lost or broken piece of gear from putting an end to your fishing day.

## **Put contact information on all your fly boxes**

Each year I find several well stocked fly boxes either floating in the water or laying near a streamside trail. Surprisingly, I've never found a fly box with any contact information. A fully stocked fly box is a large investment in either time, money, or both—so why not take a few moments of time to place your contact information on each of your fly boxes? I also put identifying information on almost all my equipment to increase the chances of being reunited with lost items. In my experience, most fly fishers are honest and will be quick to call after discovering lost gear.

## **Use a tether to ensure you do not lose your fly box**

It's easy to forget to zip a pocket or to drop a fly box when your hands are wet. This tip, which aims to prevent those aforementioned lost boxes, comes from my friend and former Fly-Fishing Team USA competitor, Loren Williams. Loren would use heavy monofilament or old fly line and tether his large working fly box to his pack or vest.

My working box is a C&F Chest Patch, and I use 15lb backing to create loops on either side of the box. Then, I use mini snap clamps to connect the box to my waders or pack. The key is having a tethered system that can easily detach when needed.



## **Carry a fly patch**

Always carry a patch to place all your used flies on. For years, I'd toss any of my used patterns back into my fly boxes, immediately after each use. Many of these flies would rust, cause other flies to rust. Sometimes, the fly's colours would bleed out onto other patterns in the box (this is especially true with streamer patterns).

I keep it simple. I use Velcro to attach a piece of sheep skin to my working box. At the end of the day, I detach the patch from my working box and place it on my vehicle's dashboard to absorb more heat/light. Once dry, I take the flies off the patch and place them back into my box.

## **Purge your fly boxes**

I'm always shocked to see how many unusable patterns find their way back into my fly boxes, week after week. Therefore, I've begun conducting a weekly fly box purge to insure my box contains only usable patterns that can be used during the upcoming week-trip. My goal is to carry patterns for the conditions I expect to fish within a 1–2-week period.

Another tip I suggest is discarding any pattern from your box that you haven't used in over a year. If you haven't used it in a year—you'll not be using this season, either. Regardless of what fly box you carry, space is limited. You'll be surprised how much space you'll open up once you start disposing of patterns that haven't touched the water in over a year.

Avoid paralysis by analysis. Having options is good, but too many options can create clutter and disorganisation.

**Stay organised out there.**

## ***“Should have been here yesterday” by Malcolm Francis***

My neighbour Peter rang me to see if I was interested in heading up to Turangi for a quick trip, up Sunday and back on Monday, my response was “do bears poo in the woods?” After breakfast Sunday morning we headed north in anticipation of having some time on the Tongariro river once we completed a few tasks that was the main purpose of heading up in the first place. On completing the required task, we headed down to the Judges pool from the Major Jones swing bridge and saw a number of anglers in the Breakfast Pool and others further downstream waist deep in the Major Jones, no one seemed to be catching any trout.

We arrived down at the Judges Pool where four anglers were enjoying their time on the water, after 30 minutes there was only one angler left who was wet wading and nymphing his way upstream towards Peter and me. The next thing the tip of his rod hit the water and he was into what looked like a good fish and then the fun started as the fish did not like the idea of a hook in its mouth.

Peter was convinced he had hooked into a ‘slab’ as the fish never broke the surface but stayed down tugging away at the line, sure signs that the young lad had hooked into a nice Brown trout. We slowly walked down towards the angler as he slowly worked the fish into slower water but as soon as the trout hit the shallow water it headed straight back out into the fast deeper water and

the battle continued. The young lad slowly played the trout with excellent skills and brought the trout back into the shallow water, after a few minutes the trout did a number of 'rolls' trying to break free but was unsuccessful, reaching for his landing net he was able to land the fish with a very wide smile on his face.



As you can see from the photo it was a nice typical Tongariro Brown trout that weighed in at just over 6lb and had taken a small Pheasant Tail nymph. After a few photos the trout was released back into the river.

We enjoyed a chat with the angler who advised us this was his best trout that he had ever caught on this river, so it was 'congratulations all round.' This was the only trout that we had seen landed and were advised that very few people had landed a fish all day.

We headed back to Peter's house to organise tea and planed our Monday morning fishing; I was anticipating spending a few hours fishing in the morning as it had been well over six months since I last wet a fly line. We were up as day light appeared through the window, we headed down to the Judges pool, overnight the weather had changed to overcast skies and threat of rain was on its way.

We never saw another angler on the river on our way down to the pool and when we arrived it was empty of anglers, we spent the next four hours working our way through the pool casting to imaginary trout trying different nymphs and set-ups but not one touch. Two other anglers joined us in the pool, and they did not last very long before they head home for breakfast, it was interesting to see a guy with three rods set up with different set-ups.

After everyone left there was just Peter and I left when it started to rain, it was time to head back to the house and pack-up ready to head home. As we were walking along the track towards the Major Jones swing bridge Peter called back to me and said, "We should have been there yesterday when the trout were hungry."

True, but I enjoyed the feeling of casting a line out across the water as it had been a very long break from fly fishing and spending time with a great friend on one of our classic trout fishing waters in New Zealand.

## *Down and Dirty: deep water nymphing for winter trout by Kubie Brown*



Wintry weather sends trout into hiding. Like rabbits scurrying into thick cover when a hawk passes overhead, trout will flee before a sweeping cold front and head into the deepest darkest water they can find. During these times, the fish become extremely sluggish, hugging the bottom, and only feeding on prey that drifts right by their noses.

Most trout anglers give up during these chilly times of the year, putting their rods away and waiting for warmer temperatures to make the trout more cooperative. However, it's entirely possible to still have a good day on the water during the winter by dropping your flies down into the deep holes where the trout are hiding. With only a few simple modifications to a basic nymphing set-up, you can get keep landing fish no matter how cold it gets by getting your flies right into a winter trout's living room.

### **Fish small heavy flies**

While large stonefly nymphs and big bright jig patterns are always worth a try, in the winter you're going to have better luck with smaller nymph patterns. This is especially true when you're fishing in the low, clear-water conditions that come with the season. It can be challenging thing, as smaller nymphs don't sink as quickly as larger, heavier flies, often forcing you to add a ton of split shot to your nymph rig to get down to the bottom.

However, adding split shot to your line can make your set-up drift unnaturally in the current, drawing less attention from the cold, lock-jawed winter trout lying along the bottom of the river. But, by being a bit more selective with your nymphs and choosing small fly patterns made of material that sinks quickly, you can get around this problem and bring more fish to the net.

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One of the quickest and easiest ways to get heavier nymphs is by tying or buying nymphs made with tungsten and using them in place of standard fly patterns. Tungsten is a heavier metal than steel or brass, and when it's used as a bead head for nymphs it makes them sink like a rock. For example, instead of using a [brass bead head pheasant tail](#) as your lead fly, swap it out for a [tungsten head pheasant tail](#) and see what a difference it will make.

When fishing with multiple nymphs, use the heavier fly as your top fly and then use a lighter, unweighted or lightly weighted nymph as your dropper. This lets the heavy fly act as an edible weight which will tow your smaller lighter patterns down to the bottom, giving picky trout multiple feeding options.

### **Lengthen your leader**

While it may seem obvious that a longer leader is necessary for fishing in deeper waters, figuring out exactly how much length to add to your leader can be a challenge. The rule of thumb in nymphing is to use a leader that is roughly half again as deep as the water you are fishing, if you're fishing in 2- meters of water use a 3-meter leader. As flies drift with a small bend in the line from the leader being pulled along in the current (unless you're tightline nymphing) this rule will keep your flies within a foot of the bottom as they drift. During the winter, though, when fish are less willing to move for a fly, you often need to be fishing deeper than you think is necessary so that your nymphs are drifting within an inch or two of the bottom of the river.

To properly gauge your leader length for winter fishing, you want to figure out the exact depth of the hole you are fishing. The easiest way to do this is by clipping a pair of forceps or some other heavy but easily detachable object to the end of your line and sinking it down to the bottom of the deepest part of the water you are fishing. Mark the depth and attach your indicator to the line at the highest point so that it barely sticks out of the water.

Once you've determined the water's depth, add a 600mm to 1.2 metre length of tippet to your line using a shorter length for heavier flies and a longer length for lighter flies. This will give you room to play as you drift, trimming a few millimetres off the bottom of your leader if you're constantly getting snagged or adding a bit if you're not hitting bottom at all. This will ensure that your flies are drifting a millimetres from the bottom of the hole, right where winter trout will be holding.



### **Go low and go slow**

Slow drifts are the name of the game when fishing in deep water. You don't want to monkey around with fast-moving runs that won't give your flies time to sink down into the strike zone. Look



for more sluggish water that's moving at a walking pace or slower and so deep enough you can barely see the bottom. Or better yet, you can't see the bottom at all.

Once you've found a few spots and have an idea of the leader length and flies necessary to fish it, you want to drift the hole as slowly as possible. Cast your rig upstream and make a sharp mend so your nymphs sink close to the bottom. Once you start drifting, you want to continue to make small mends so that your fly line is floating in a loose loop slightly above your indicator, dumping a small amount of slack into the drift with each mend. This is called stack mending, which is the best way to ensure your flies continue to travel as slowly and deeply as possible.

Winter trout are sluggish and will often take the nymph by simply opening their mouths and inhaling it gently as it drifts by them. On a long leader, this can be difficult to detect so you want to set the hook anytime the indicator twitches, bobs, or even hesitates as it goes through the water.

### **Fight the cold**

Winter can be the most depressing time for fly anglers. The days are short, the water is cold, and everything seems to be swathed in a bleak film of grey. Yet when you know how to nymph in deep water, winter doesn't have to be so bad. Deep-water nymphing allows you to add a bit of colour to the dull season in the vibrant form of the trout you pull from their deep hiding places, ensuring that you have a bit of trouty cheer all winter long.

### ***The farmers who would rescue a river by Richard Walker***



**Nick Street, left, with Travis Carter checks out the Whanganui River's turbidity, watched by Dan Steele, while Natasha Cave collects samples**

The longer you look, the more you see in this fantastical world. Slowly, the swimmers and crawlers make themselves known, emerging from the gravel at the base of the tray. A caddis fly in its pebble case, a slender bloodworm, a stonefly.

They are in teeming company, with any number of other bugs around them, after being scooped up from the riverbed.

Kids and old farmers love seeing this. Who wouldn't?

The Whanganui River is no crystal-clear mountain stream; here at Ohinepane, southwest of Taumarunui, with a slightly tea-like appearance. From the bank, the riverbed disappears from view a few metres out. That relative clarity can be measured using a tube with a movable disc inside it - once you lose sight of the retreating disc, that's how turbid the water is.



And the tray with all the critters shows how very much alive it is. Invertebrates can be given a score to measure the water's quality.

The small group of farmers huddled around the tray can gauge the water's quality using a guide that attributes numbers from one to 10 to each tiny animal. Some of them, like snails, will be everywhere; others - the 10s, like the caddis flies in this sample - are better indicators of health.

See, says one of the farmers, it is a good river. If they have their way, it will get better. The farmers are part of the Whanganui Region Catchment Collective, locals doing their bit for the environment.

### **Read the first in the Guardians of the Land series**

Such volunteer groups have been springing up around the country in the last decade as farmers and others recognise the role, they have to play in restoring the health of waterways.

The health of these groups, with the full catchment covering 750,000 hectares from upper Ongarue in the north to the coast, will help determine the health of the water. So far, so good on the volunteer front. But, Cave says, this is a problem 100 years in the making and any fix won't take five years, or even 10.



Different catchments are at different stages. Farmers Nick Street and Travis Carter are in Taumarunui West, which has clocked up three years of water analysis, giving them a solid data baseline for their mitigation efforts.

Street has been a driving force for the group. Partly out of dismay at the stick he saw farmers getting, he got talking to others and a catchment group was born.



**Nick Street enjoys the river with his dogs**

“I thought that farmers were better than what was being portrayed, and I didn't like that. And I wanted the message to be changed.”

In any case he wanted to do right by the land and the river where his family has farmed for generations. “I feel like I've had a connection to the river. I fish the river for trout a lot, take my kids down to the local camping site, and I like spending time on it

“And I thought, you know, we contribute to the quality by what we do on the farm, and I want it to be better.”

There was further motivation; the local school had closed in 2008, taking with it the community hub. The catchment group goes some way to bringing people back together again, he says, giving them a reason to meet, both for education and to socialise.

So, these volunteer-run catchment groups can serve more than one purpose. They provide what Cave describes as a safe learning environment for farmers to learn about mitigations. “Farmers learning off farmers is proven to be one of the best ways to tackle stuff.



The groups will go where they go, and that may change over time. Back at Lauren's Lavender Farm, quarter of an hour southwest of Taumarunui, Cave spreads out a map of the area on a table.

“These guys, obviously, they've got whio [blue duck] in their catchment so trapping has been quite a big thing for them to protect their whio,” she says, pointing to one.

“This is another group that's different again because they've got three townships. These guys up here, they've got a major issue with willows in their waterways.”

The groups can also pivot to meet challenges of the moment, she says. Street says the collective has, for instance, provided feedback on impending legislation, based on its own data.

“It's a moving beast that goes and flows, I guess, just like water really, and you can go wherever you want with it.”



Dan Steele, who has arrived by jetboat from Blue Duck Station to the south, says Wellington bureaucrats often have little connection to the land or practical knowledge. “So, the catchment groups are a way of saying, well, these are practical people who know exactly what they’re talking about. We understand that stream and that moving hillside and what’s going on, and we’re collectively coming together as a community to say, ‘hey, how do we fix it? How do we make things better?’”

The challenge is formidable.

Carter has one measure. His family farm took on a retired Doc-trained dog expert at sniffing out cats. In two years, it bailed up 500 of the feral killers. Since then, he says, birdlife has flourished, including bush robins. “That’s pretty massive.” They even have kiwi in a bush block across from their house.

Steele has also witnessed the persistence of predators. “It’s pretty daunting. I’ve been running a pretty major on-farm trapping operation for 20 years. And someone asked me last week, ‘are you noticing a big difference?’”

“I think I’ve killed more stoats in the last month than I’ve ever killed. You know, and I’ve been going for 20 years - where’s the end of this? But imagine if I wasn’t killing them, I suppose.”



In Steele’s case, it’s partly about preserving who. Carter asks him if they have the data comparing blue duck numbers 20 years ago to today.

Steele says they have done surveys, as has Doc, and the numbers haven’t changed much. It’s about halting the decline, before increasing numbers.

So, Steele, an eloquent showman wearing a trademark broad-brimmed hat, has a long commitment to conservation. It doesn’t take data to tell him things have got to a sorry state. “I can just see that physically, when you’re out there, the streams and the rivers are far too polluted,” he says.



**The river is surrounded by bush and farmland**

“What we’re trying to do is get ahead of the regulations, springboard ahead of our greater community’s expectations. We want swimmable rivers. These are our homes; we want to make them more beautiful.



He also has a canny farmer's take. "In the end, the vision, the longer-term vision, is creating higher value for New Zealand products, and being able to demonstrate that the food quality is higher because we're producing it from a high-quality environment, looking after the environment as we go."

Not that anyone's feeling overwhelmed. Steele says most towns have people running conservation initiatives. Cave says up around Whakapapa, with a good fishing river, a lot of anglers are interested and mana whenua is also coming on board.

Recently, the catchment collective, which is supported by Ministry for Primary Industries (MPI) funding, had a win when it found homes for 18,000 mānuka seedlings donated by honey producer Comvita.

Planting mānuka, there's a turn-up. Street says he's been planting the native shrub in a riparian area after his father spent most of his life cutting down trees on the farm. His dad picked up a batch for him and said: "Your grandfather would just about turn in his grave if he saw what we're about to do here."

Steele sees a huge shift in awareness. "We've now collectively got a heap of people working for the good of New Zealand and that's pretty bloody exciting. It's probably the most exciting thing nationwide I've seen because leaving it to Doc - I've always said we can't."

There's something of a theme here.

"The conservation, the biodiversity, the climate change, the water quality, these are far too important issues to leave to government."



Doing their bit for the waterways are, from left, Travis Carter, Dan Steele, Natasha Cave and Nick Street.

Step in, catchment groups. Cave says they are typically farmer-led and tended to be farmer funded in the early days, though more have since started applying for funding that's become available.

"I guess they've been viewed as a good spend from government, I suppose you could say, but quite a few of them have been started by farmers out of farmers' own back pockets."

The Whanganui collective, supported by NZ Landcare Trust, is getting a total of \$950,000 from MPI's Essential Freshwater Fund, part of which funds her part-time role.

Water sampling is at the heart of the work. There are 51 sites in the Whanganui collective area, with samples taken monthly from the same spot. The analysis, done by a Palmerston North lab, is

for nitrogen, nitrite, nitrate, total dissolved inorganic nitrogen, dissolved reactive phosphorus, E Coli, and turbidity.

Cave started in her role just under a year ago and can point to concrete gains since. One example is a trap “bank” for the Retaruke group. The organisation got just over \$6175 in biodiversity funding from the Horizons regional council, and bought 23 traps, including 10 live capture cat traps, for farmers to borrow.

Further north, in Waimiha, a streambank restoration is planned as a showcase project. “They’ve got a really major willow problem up there, so we’re looking at different ways of taking out different willows depending on the problem that they’re causing within the stream and then coming in behind with natives.”

That will be about bank stabilisation as well as habitats for fish. They’ve brought in a river engineer for advice, and someone from Doc to advise on helping the whio population. They also met with mana whenua, who gave them some of the history of the site. “If we don’t have the answer, we’re going to find it from somewhere, basically.”

The learning will, in turn, be passed onto farmers.



Stream health days are another way of passing on the learning, turning over stones, scooping up gravel, showing the life on the streambed.

Those are always good days, Cave says. “This is always a really cool activity to do with farmers and kids, because they’re just like, ‘wow!’”

This is about hearts, as well as minds.

Street has witnessed older farmers get into it like five-year-olds. “That’s when we caught them, that was quite amazing.”

- ***This is the second in a three-part series about New Zealanders working to restore their patch of Aotearoa. [Read the first here.](#)***

## *The trout will let you know by Tim Schulz*



*If no one's swinging, it's probably because you're not throwing strikes.*

The great Ted Williams once watched three pitches go by without offering the slightest evidence of a swing. The umpire yelled “ball” each time, and—upset with those calls—the young catcher behind the plate turned and complained.

“You’re squeezing us, man!”

“Listen, bud,” the umpire responded, “when your pitcher throws a strike, Mr. Williams will let you know.”

Ted Williams was among the most potent hitters to ever play major league baseball. His hand-eye coordination and physical skills were superb, and he devoted nearly all of his substantial intellect to the game. The comedian Billy Crystal once met Mr. Williams on the field at Yankee Stadium, long after the baseball icon had retired. Crystal told him he had a thirty-year-old home movie of Williams striking out against Crystal’s beloved Yankees in the second game of a doubleheader, to which Williams replied, “Curveball, low and away. The catcher dropped the ball and tagged me, right?” He was right.

Because Williams devoted so much of his mind to the game he loved, the respect umpires gave him was understandable. If he didn’t swing at a pitch, it probably wasn’t a strike. Williams was also a skilled fly fisherman, so he likely gave the same deference to trout that the umpires gave to him. If a trout didn’t take his fly, I suspect he knew it wasn’t a strike.

I thought about that as I stood in the middle of the river, clipped off Clarence Roberts’ Drake, and replaced it with Ernie Borchers’. Clarence Roberts and Ernie Borchers aren’t household names like Ted Williams, unless the household is in Michigan’s Crawford or Roscommon Counties. They might be there, though, because every fly shop around the Au Sable River system sells the patterns they invented, and nearly every angler on those rivers carries at least a few of those flies in their boxes. Roberts’ fly has a deer-hair body tied with yellow thread to imitate a light-coloured mayfly. Borchers’ has a turkey-quill body tied with black or brown thread to imitate a dark-coloured mayfly. With those two flies in small, medium, and large sizes, you can fool most of the trout most of the time. But not all of the trout all of the time, because—after all—you are still fishing.

The previous evening, I used an odd little emerger pattern and caught every fish I put it over. Tonight was different. Tonight, the trout ate every fly on the river except for the ones on the end of my line, and this was the tenth time I changed the pattern, the size, or both. My friend Dave was fishing downstream, and his story was the same. When another ring expanded just upstream, I turned and protested to the fish. *You're squeezing us, man.* Then I cast the Borchers and begged the fish to eat as the little imitation drifted toward its target.

"He took the Borchers! He took the Borchers!"

I don't usually yell when I hook a fish, but I don't usually get squeezed like this either. "Looks like a big fish," Dave said as the line sped from my reel. "Big, or foul hooked, or both," I said.

After a couple of long runs, I realized I'd hooked the fish in its side, so I tightened up to break the line. Just then, though, the trout swam straight toward Dave, and he tried to land it. But the fish rolled when Dave made his move, and the line snapped.

I fished alone the next evening on the same stretch of river. About an hour before sunset, a colossal cloud of mayflies hovered in the air, darkening the sky. Airplane silhouettes of dead bugs soon covered the water's surface, inspiring the trout to gorge. I had a half dozen trout within casting distance, but I focused on a large one that stayed just out of range. Everyone who fishes this river enough eventually encounters the same situation. A monster of a fish surfaces like a porpoise as it gorges on mayfly spinners, rising perpendicularly to the current while swimming in a random zig-zag pattern up and down the river. And, like me, the obsessed anglers will ignore several good fish while chasing after their siren's song.

Like a purposeful worker on a production line, I cast my fruitless fly, let it drift over the fish, clipped it off, replaced it with another, and did it all again.

*Cast, drift, clip, tie. Cast, drift, clip, tie. Cast ...*

The big fish ignored nearly all of my offerings, forcefully rising to devour a natural fly just behind, in front, to the left, or to the right of mine. Finally, when I offered an extended-body pattern smaller than the others I had been using, the big fish rose toward the surface in pursuit of my fly, then gently pushed the counterfeit to the side.

*You're squeezing me, man.*

Then, like a spurned lover on the rebound, I cast my fly in frustration toward the first new riser I saw, and that fish took.

With darkness descending, I hoped for a brief scuffle so I could get back after the big fish, but the fight lasted longer than the light. With the fish finally corralled in my net and resting in the water, I removed the fly from its jaw and reached for my camera. Then I noticed an odd growth on the fish's side.

*Wait a minute, that's a fly. Not just any fly, that's a Borchers' Drake. Not just any Borchers' Drake. That's mine.*

"Listen, bud," the fish seemed to say. "I know you think we're being unreasonable out here, but we'll let you know when you throw a strike."

## *The sound of thunder – Lessons learned in the School of Hard Knocks* by Tim Schulz



*Time was a film run backward. Suns fled and ten million moons fled after them.*  
—Ray Bradbury, *A Sound of Thunder*

The sign on the wall caught my attention the way a Mepps silver spinner sometimes catches a trout's: ***Ignite Your Day With the Sunrise Burrito***

My alternative was another Nature Valley Oats 'n Honey granola bar, just like the ones I'd had the day before and the day before that.

"Fire one of those babies up for me," I told the guy behind the counter with the misaligned eyes and Green Bay Packers beanie clinging to the left side of his head.

"You betcha, Harold," he replied, looking at both me and the day-old hot dog in the rotisserie broiler on the counter, which he must have named Harold. Shortly after the bell rang in the microwave, he handed over my prize with two three-gram packets of Tabasco pepper sauce. "Enjoy, eh?" he instructed and asked simultaneously.

The burrito was what I'd imagined prison foo to be, although Tabasco pepper sauce sometimes serves as a sort of culinary Botox for rural, filling station cuisine, and it didn't seem that bad.

This was my fourth day on the road and my fourth of listening to nothing but Jimmy Buffett's latest release, *Barometer Soup*. Bill Clinton was President, Selena was murdered in the spring, Timothy McVeigh and Terry Nichols blew up a building and killed 168 people in Oklahoma, Superman fell off his horse and was paralyzed from the neck down, *Windows 95* was the hottest operating system on the planet, and I was a day from starting my fourth year of teaching at Michigan Tech. And in about two months, O. J. Simpson would be found not guilty of murdering his ex-wife and a restaurant waiter.

*Follow in my wake, you've not that much at stake*  
*For I have ploughed the seas, and smoothed the troubled waters*

It had been a rough summer in many ways, and this was my chance to put it behind me. I was a novice fly angler, and because the guys who were going to invent YouTube were still in college, I had to learn the craft the old-fashioned way: One mistake at a time. I had a copy of Bob



Linsenman's and Steve Nevala's book, *Michigan Trout Streams: A Fly-Angler's Guide*, on the passenger seat, right next to Delorme's *Michigan Atlas & Gazetteer*. I'd never used a GPS, didn't own a cell phone, and still used pay phones to check in at home.

*Come along let's have some fun, the hard work has been done  
We'll barrel roll into the sun, just for starters*

This would be the biggest river I'd fished during the trip and the one with the most famous name. I drove to where the *Michigan Trout Streams* book said I should, but a modest pool of copper-coloured water covered a dip in the dirt road. After giving it about as much thought as a mouse gives to a dollop of peanut butter atop the Victor label, I decided driving another fifty feet was worth the risk. So, I set the Blazer's transmission to four-wheel drive and released the clutch. A sickness stirred in my stomach as the wheels sunk to the axles in the muck living below the pool.

*Just for starters, barometer's my soup  
I'm descended from a deckhand on a sloop  
I travel on the song lines that only dreamers see  
Not known for predictability*

I locked the truck and backtracked the path I'd driven into the woods. The highway was over a mile away, and the nearest town was seven miles from that. About a half mile into the walk, I saw a guy loading suitcases into a Ford F-150 outside his cabin.

"Hi. Do you have a phone I can use?"

"What do you need it for?"

"My truck is stuck on a two-track by the river. I'd like to call a tow truck to pull me out."

"Today's Sunday. No one around here is going to be open."

"Well, I guess I can call my wife and have her come and get me."

"Houghton." "Shit, that's a long way. I need to get back to Wisconsin, but I guess I can pull you out. Get in."

As we drove down the road toward my Blazer, the guy shook his head in disgust when he saw what I'd tried to do. "I know. Pretty stupid."

We got out, and the guy hooked one end of his tow chain to a ring on the front of his truck, then handed the other end to me. "Put this hook somewhere that won't pull your bumper off, then get in your truck and give me a wave when you're ready."

"Okay."

I put the transmission in reverse, waved, and then released the clutch when I felt the backward pressure from the chain. Twice, it felt like we'd make it out, but the guy backed off to let the Blazer slide back into the puddle. On his third attempt, we both gave it hell on the accelerators, and the Blazer popped up and out just as a link on the tow chain gave way with a loud bang.

“Thank you, sir!” I told the guy, then offered him three twenties, accounting for all the money in my wallet.

“You don’t need to pay me.” “No, I want you to use this to buy a new tow chain.”

*Sail the main course, sail it in a simple, sturdy craft.  
Keep her well stocked with short stories and long laughs*

After he drove away, I parked in some brush on the safe side of the pool, pulled on my waders, and walked to where I believed the *Michigan Trout Streams* book said I’d catch some fish. I caught two small brook trout right away on a fly I knew as the Adams Humpy. I liked that one because it floated for a long time, and it would be years before I carried amadou patches to squeeze water from a fly and containers of desiccant powder to make it new again. Now, in my junior year at the School of Hard Knocks, when a fly started to sink, I cut it off and tied on another.

Among my many subconscious quirks is something I call travel constipation. When I hit the road, the computer in my mind calls a subroutine that shuts down my bowels until I’m back within easy walking distance of safe and comfortable facilities. Because of this, I didn’t worry much about having to crap in the woods, so I didn’t have a small roll of emergency toilet paper in my L. L. Bean vest. Remember, this was my junior year in the School of Hard Knocks.

*Go fast enough to get there but slow enough to see  
Moderation seems to be the key*

About six hours had passed since my friend with the misaligned eyes invited me to *Enjoy, eh?* the first hint of what would come gave me barely enough time to wade from the river, disrobe, and find a sturdy tree for a backrest. I tried to employ a handful of maple leaves for clean-up duty, but you don’t learn that particular skill until your senior year in the School of Hard Knocks. So, I improvised and used my underwear.

At this point, I was completely naked and in urgent need of personal grooming. So, I took my clean undershirt as a towel of sorts and my unclean underwear as a washrag of sorts and waded back into the river like a Baptist seeking spiritual cleansing and rebirth. That’s when I first heard the voices. One male and one female.

The bow of the bright red canoe rounded the bend first, and with no chance of retreating to the woods along the shore, I sat down in the river so the water would hide everything below my ribs.

“Are you okay?” the bikini-clad girl in the front of the canoe asked.

“Sure, I’m just doing a little swimming.”

“Are those your waders and fly rod on the shore?” the shirtless, muscular guy in the stern said.

“Yeah, the fishing was a little slow, so I thought, What the hell? I’ll go for a swim.”

“Well, you better hurry. There’s a big thunderstorm coming through the valley, and you’ll want to have your clothes on when that gets here.”

“Thanks. Have a nice float,” I said as they paddled around the downstream bend.

“We’re hoping to get out before the sky turns loose.”

The sky was mostly blue above my head, and even though I couldn’t see much of it from my position in the wooded valley, I wrote the guy’s warning off as misinformation and went about the slow business of carefully washing and thoroughly rinsing. “I’d like to start this day over,” I thought, “Put all the chess pieces back and make different first and second moves.” I was still naked and, in the river, when I saw the flash of light and heard the foreshadowing boom. It was the sound of thunder.

## ***Kapiti Fly Fishing Club trip to Rotorua Lakes***

**Date From: Friday, 12 April 2024 to: Wednesday, 17 April 2024**

Photos of location:



Description of location: Rotorua is a world-class destination renowned for its geothermal landscapes, rich Māori culture, and incredible backyard of with ancient forests and sparkling lakes. Best locations include the northwest side around Ngongotaha and the Waiteti Stream mouths and at the Hamurana Stream and Awahou mouths which all fish well in summer but can produce fish throughout the year. The Oahu Channel and Kaituna River also provides options. Lake Rotorua is a high catch rate area for rainbow and brown trout. There are 8 lakes and 8 rivers within easy distance from the accommodation. Boat fishing has a high success rate

Fishing techniques/equipment suitable for location: Flyfishing or spinning. Waders and wet weather gear. Floating and sinking lines. Smelt flies, Woolly Buggers, and boobies with trolling or harling tackle if boating.

Trip organizer: [Wayne Butson 0274962461 and waynebutson@gmail.com](mailto:waynebutson@gmail.com)

Trip party size/spaces available: a total of 8 spots with two already taken

Travel Arrangements: TBA. I will be taking a car and boat. I will be there before the 12th

Meeting time and place for start of trip: TBA and agreed by travelers

Trip grade:

Easy      Suitable for all no special equipment required.

Suitable for junior anglers (need KFFC parental consent form): No

#### Accommodation:

Unit 5/25 Robinson Avenue, Holdens Bay, Rotorua. Sleeps 8. Some off street parking. The house has 4 bedrooms, 1 bathroom and 1 kitchen. 3 rooms will be shared with a mix of bunks and singles and 1 room will have queen bed.

Nightly cost and spending money required: should be about \$20.00 a night but depends on final numbers.

What food to bring: lunches and any meals you want to cook. Multiple food opportunities in the area and a supermarket just down the road (5 mins drive).

What bedding to bring: Must supply your own sheets, pillowcases, and towels. Duvets provided.

Google map point and/or website links and access maps: Suggest you go to our club website or Facebook page and my presentation on Rotorua will set the scene

Personal location beacons, smartphones, and medical/First Aid kits:

Medical Center by supermarket and basic first aid (I am very accomplished at removing flies from body parts of others having lots of practice on Oahu Channel over the years). Bring a PLB if you have one.

If you are interested in attending this trip, can you please contact Wayne Butson on 027 496 2461 as there is limited space available.

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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.

### ***Newsletter content with built-in links to other documents by Editor***

Readers of our newsletter may not realise that when you see a name or wording underlined in an article, as an example [a Harvey leader](#) this is a link to another article or video where you can find more information. All you need to do is hold down your CTRL key and click on the words and the link will open.

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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 Tuesday of each month and the meetings are held at the Waikanae Boating Club 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*

**Contacts**

**President:** Graham Evans  
Email: [graham@breakerbay.co.nz](mailto:graham@breakerbay.co.nz).

**Secretary:** Greg du Bern  
Email: [kffcsecretary@gmail.com](mailto:kffcsecretary@gmail.com)

**Treasurer** Kras Angelov:  
Email: [krasimir.angelov@gmail.com](mailto:krasimir.angelov@gmail.com)

**Vice President** Leigh Johnson  
Email: [leigh@leighjohnsonnz.com](mailto:leigh@leighjohnsonnz.com)

**Past President** Wayne Butson  
Email: [Waynebutson@gmil.com](mailto:Waynebutson@gmil.com)

**Committee:** Malcolm Francis:  
Email: [malcolm1@xtra.co.nz](mailto:malcolm1@xtra.co.nz)

Peter Blaikie  
Email: [drpblaikie@gmail.com](mailto:drpblaikie@gmail.com)

Mike Noon:  
Email: [mike.noon@outlook.com](mailto:mike.noon@outlook.com)

Gordon Baker:  
Email: [kiwiflyfisher@gmail.com](mailto:kiwiflyfisher@gmail.com)

**Club Coach** Gordon Baker:  
Email: [kiwiflyfisher@gmail.com](mailto:kiwiflyfisher@gmail.com)

**Newsletter** Malcolm Francis: ph. 027 384 6596  
Email: [malcolm1@xtra.co.nz](mailto:malcolm1@xtra.co.nz)