



AUCKLAND FRESHWATER ANGLERS CLUB INC
PO Box 63016, Manukau City 2241
<http://www.aucklandfreshwateranglers.org.nz/>

March 2015



First Cast – March 2014

A dozen of us are just back from another very successful AFAC Club Trip to the W(h)anganui River. An excellent trip not only because some great fish were taken, because of the work put in by Club Captain Hugh Hutchinson aided and abetted by Past-President Brian Young whose diligence in ensuring that all the team received the benefit of his experience and knowledge of the river, made for some great fishing on what is an iconic river in my view. Thank you guys, much appreciated.

It's the dry-fly time of the year and what is more satisfying and adrenalin boosting than having a fish rise and take your dry fly?? The March meeting will be all about dry-fly fishing and thanks to Belinda Thomas of *Totally Fly* we will be hearing from her English friend Lisa Isles (alias Missiles...) who is visiting NZ and who is an accomplished expert in the field. Come early and see how an English lady casts. (And bring your rod or try some of *Totally Fly's* new rods too.)

It is still warm and the fish will be in the cool water, in the riffles and the deeper pools. I am going to plagiarise an excellent summary written in the Editorial of the *Hamilton Anglers Club* Newsletter by their President Nigel Juby. It could not be put better. Quote "At this time of year I have one rule – find cool water. This may mean heading south to the central plateau, fishing cold tributaries and their plumes in local lakes, spring creeks or shady areas and earlier in the day in local streams. If you can't find cold water (less than 20C), find water with plenty of oxygen – turbulent riffles or the heads of pools below rapids. If fishing warm water, please treat fish carefully as they are already under pressure and may have trouble recovering from the stress and exertion of capture – play them quickly, don't touch them if possible and release into oxygenated water. This link will take you to the temperature reading for the Mangatutu Stream

<http://www.waikatoregion.govt.nz/Environment/Natural-resources/Water/Rivers/Water-temperature-levels-in-the-Waikato-region/Mangatutu-River/>

There was good advice in the January "reel life"

newsletter from Waikato F&G. They said that when drift diving in mid-summer on warm streams, the fish were clumped together and frequently all the fish that were normally spread over a section of stream would be schooled in one hole. Their advice was to move quickly until you find fish and then to slow down. This is pretty good advice anyway. For me, I like targeting rising fish and the local spring creeks provide dry fly action in plenty. I'm not talking about chasing "Waihou sardines" but 1-3lb rainbows with the potential for bigger browns. The Pokaiwhenua, Little Waipa, Oraka and Waiomou are all great dry fly fisheries with good access." End of quote – thanks Nigel.

And talking about the *Oraka*, I had the pleasure of seeing some great anglers in action, as a Controller for the Regionals held there. (A very worthwhile exercise.) However I was most concerned at the extent of the very invasive aquatic weed Water Celery (*Apium nodiflorum*) or Fools Watercress, in the river making the fishing quite dangerous in places. Following the Regionals and discussions had between the *Waikato Regional Council* (WRC) and club member Garth Plank, the WRC has agreed to spray much of the river which will make it a much safer place to fish and of course, and more importantly from the WRC's point of view, to reduce the likelihood of flooding.

Talking about taking sensible precautions while fishing, I must say that a wading stick is a must in rivers such as the Wanganui. (Not just because as we get older we get less agile either!) May I suggest that this becomes a compulsory accessory? It does not need to be a high end telescopic one, a modified ski-pole or similar will do the trick well.

I look forward to seeing you at the March 9 Club night if you can make it – and on a river sometime...

Jan Rodger

President



cover: Whanganui!

This month:
The First Cast
Whanganui trip reviews
Ngaruroro 2015

- **The club meets on the second Monday of every month (except January) at 7.30pm at Panmure Yacht & Boating Club, Kings Road, Panmure.**
- **Turangi Club Lodge: 3 Te Hei Place, Turangi. Bookings & enquiries: Robyn Arrowsmith**
- **Puniu Club Hut: Newman Road, off Bayley Road, south of Te Awamutu Bookings & enquiries: Robyn Arrowsmith**
- **General inquiries to: The Secretary, Auckland Freshwater Anglers Club, PO Box 63016, Manukau City 2241. Ph 278 1528**

Classified Ads

Members who wish to buy or sell any fishing-related equipment can place an ad in Riffles. There will be no charge for members provided it is limited to 25 words or less. All ads should be placed in electronic form and forwarded by email to the Editor on or before the 25th of the month.

ARTICLES FOR THE NEWSLETTER

The Editor would love to have members' input into the magazine.

Have you been fishing lately in an interesting spot, had a funny experience, learnt a new technique or just have a good story to share?

Please email any contributions to editor@afac.org.nz or post them to the club mail box, P.O.Box 63 016, Manukau City 2241.

All opinions expressed by contributors to this newsletter are solely the opinion of the contributor concerned and do not necessarily represent the views of AFAC or its other members

Hon Solicitor: Alan Jenkinson 1990-

Past Patron:

Michael Beddek 1973-96

Rt. Hon. Sir Michael Hardie Boys GNZM GCMG QSO 1996-2008

Past Presidents:

Hon Life Members:

Robert Hunter 1972-74

Brian Roland 1974-75

David Lyon 1990

Brian Frankpitt 1975-78

Dan Hartley 1997

Colin Kennedy 1978-81

Derek Carter 2002

Ron Walters 1981-82

Derek Eustace 2002

Colin Kennedy 1982-85

Frank Ciochetto 2002

Alan Peak 1985-89

Neil Hirtzel 2002

Scott Murray 1989-92

Noel Osborne 2002

David McLellan 1992-93

Chris Christianson 2003

Doug Rankin 1993-94

George Lammie 2003

Brian Hetherington 1994-97

Brian Hetherington 2004

Mike Batty 1997-2000

Virginia Duncum 2000-2002

Ian Gibbs 2002-2005

Hugh Hutchinson 2005-2008

Doug Snell 2008-2011

Brian Young 2011-2012



Speaker March Meeting

Our speaker and excellent dry-fly practitioner vising from the UK, Lisa Isles. Lisa is a friend of Belinda Thomas's from *Totally Fly* and comes highly recommended.

Come early and do some casting with some experts, including Lisa, up on the hill from 6.15 on prior to the meeting.



Review of my first weekend trip (February, 20th - 22th, 2015)

By Andres Lillo

It took me over three years to start receiving part of the added value I thought I would have moving to live in New Zealand. Yes, the main reason for migrating were my grandchildren, to live near them and watch them grow. This objective had been fully achieved, but I had other things to accomplish too and one of them was to be closer to places of quality in fly fishing. In Chile, 1000 kms at least separated me from this beautiful activity, here, the last weekend, I had the opportunity to meet a beautiful place, traveling less than a third of that distance.

For a couple of years ago that I wanted to join a fly fishing club, where to find the camaraderie that exists between fly fishermen, but for one reason or another, always left it for later ...

I finally did, and fortunately between my registration, my first meeting, and my first trip to fly fish, elapsed just a few weeks.

The night before I left to Taumarunui, it was a bit difficult to me to fall asleep. Many new things were coming. First, I was going to meet Bruce, my travel companion, who kindly offered to pick me up at my house, then would come the fly fishing spots, fly fishing itself, and to meet new fellow fly fishers. Would they be like my fellows of Nuevo Caudal (New Flow) in Chile?.

I had been in the region of Taupo before, over 7 years ago, when I came on vacation to New Zealand to visit my family, so I already knew of its beauty. At that time I stayed in a house at Turangi, so I could know a bit about Tongariro River and Lake Taupo. The fishing had been good at Tongariro but I never caught a big trout (two beautiful pieces cut my tippet). I never tried to fly fish Taupo Lake.

To meet Bruce was already a good omen. Nice conversation about each other and our families, made the trip shorter and nice. Arriving at Holyday Park, a warm reception by other peers as Hugh and Brian, who told us where we would sleep, increased my confidence that I would have a good weekend. A good dinner and a very friendly conversation after,

were a magnificent close that Friday night. Now we had to sleep, on Saturday we had to get up early to make toasts and have breakfast before going fishing. The breakfast was very well organized, as everything after, and delicious. The assignment of pairs and fishing spots, including a site map was something pleasantly unexpected. The generous technical assistance from Brian and the talking with my phlegmatic teammate, Ian Rodger, increased my sense of wellbeing and feeling lucky to be there. The assigned fishing spot was beautiful, as beautiful as the rivers of southern Chile. It was a beautiful morning and I felt a little sad when it was time to return for lunch, but I still had two additional half days of fishing. After the lunch, another fishing spot as beautiful as before, and then a wonderful dinner. Although Hugh apologized about the beef he cooked, mine was exactly as I liked. The awards for the results of the fishing was another pleasant surprise, what a nice detail. The wine and beer flavored the good conversation and many participants agreed that fly fishing is perhaps a welcome excuse to meet and share with more people. Each of the companions that I talked to, were an interesting and distinct person, and this learning gives us a feeling of inner growth. The laughter and good times strengthen the spirit too. Although that night went to bed a little later, on Sunday we were having breakfast at 7 am and again to meet another beautiful fishing spot. This time my fishing companion was Bruce, my travel mate. The place was quite different from the previous two. The river was narrow and surrounded by trees like a creek. A just wonderful landscape. The time was spent quickly and returned to Holliday Park to give account of we were still alive, and then we started our return to home. This time the trip was longer and a little heavier. I said goodbye to Bruce, and after a shower, I started thinking in retrospect about what happened those last 3 days.

Fishing for me had not been good, only a small trout, several touches, of small trout too, and hooking a larger one that cut my tippet, were no things to tell stories about my fishing. I mentally went over my possible technical mistakes and discovered several of them, which I would avoid in the future. But I felt very happy. I had experienced



once more the gratifying feeling that simple things give to us, like fly fishing and friendship. Indeed, had been a good idea to enter AFAC, I had found great people, always willing to give their effort and friendship so that everything runs smoothly. I deeply thank everyone and especially those who worked in the organization of the trip, before and during it. I am convinced that these efforts are of the sort of, that coupled with others, contribute to making a better world.

Please, do count me for repeating such beautiful moments like the trip to Taumarunui.

Thanks for a lovely trip fellows.

Regards,

Andres

Auckland 27, Feb, 2015

A WHOLE NEW EXPERIENCE

Having attended the first meeting of the year there was never any doubt that this is the club I would like to belong to. Thanks to you Hugh and Ian for making me most welcome. In fact all the members I met were easy to get along with making it easy to settle in.

The Whanganui trip was the first time I fished in New Zealand and also a first on any river. Not having the right equipment I only had a little time to put together the basics I needed to fish.

Arriving at Taumarunui was one of the most fantastic feelings I have had on any fishing outing. All the previous trips I have had back in South Africa and all of them were to lakes and dams. The last being over ten years ago. I couldn't wait for the next morning to fish the river

The evenings sitting around the table having supper and talking were great. This for me was an excellent way of getting to know your club mates.

The first day on the river was a huge experience. As the day started and members were gearing up I started making mental notes of gear I need in order to be comfortable next time round. Having only caught numerous small trout and no particular one of note was still a great feeling just being out on the river with a fantastic fishing partner who guided me from the start.

During the course of the weekend I also had the pleasure of having Brian showing me some new casting techniques on the water. What rang in my head the rest of the day was "Block 1, block 2, block 3 etc." He talked me through many things on the water so hopefully next river outing I can use his knowledge wisely.

Special thanks to everyone who put in all the hard work to make the weekend a success. Without guys like you clubs would not exist.

Patrick Counihan







**FISHING PROTESTS – ALL noncommercial
FISHOS**

**BOATIES - LANDBASED - KAYAK
FISHERS
LADIES AND KIDS**

Recreational fishers are angry, and they have had enough of the bullshit and lies handed out by the MPI/Government/Commercial and in particular Dave Turner the Director of Fisheries who has sanctioned many of the reported dumping by various trawlers.

Recreational fishers are a force to be heard, and we intend to be seen and publicly get our message out....

We are organizing several Protests around Auckland, and Wellington –
Or Your Town in the very near future.

The inshore fishery is not sustainable as the MPI claim and certainly not managed to the best practices.

**WE ARE SENDING THIS LETTER OUT TO
ASCERTAIN INTEREST FROM FISHERS.**

**WOULD YOU WILLING TO JOIN US TO
PROTEST – YOU WILL NEED A BOAT
TOWED BEHIND YOUR VEHICLE WITH
SIGNS AND BANNERS.**

And please share this on your Facebook

Purpose:

Want Dave Turner to resign
Enquiry into Eight Bells illegal
dumping
Trawlers out 12 nautical miles

Banners and Signs ideas:

BAN THE TRAWLERS

**WHERE ARE OUR RESERVES
STOP OVERFISHING
STOP HIGH GRADING
TRAWLERS OUT 12 NM
NO INSHORE TRAWLING
WE WANT OUR COASTLINE**

BACK

**DAVE TURNER MUST RESIGN
ENQUIRY INTO FISH**

DUMPING

You must register your name and cell phone number plus email with us.

Please tell us how you intend to be involved and are you bringing a boat and what other involvement you could have?

Which is the best time for you to participate – weekend or weekday.

Are you willing to share this with your friends and database.

On behalf of Protest organizers

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Graham Carter, Editor; Fishing and Outdoors newspaper; 021 02600437; PO Box 10580, Te Rapa. Hamilton 3240. WE SUPPORT LEGASEA Check out the newspaper online at www.fishingoutdoors.org - www.facebook.com/fishing.outdoorsnewspaper

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Ngaruroro 2015 – Steve Doughty

(Article courtesy of The Hutt Valley Angler)

It has been said that the anticipation of things is the best part. With that in mind my annual trip to the Ngaruroro River started in April 2014 when we booked the helicopter and paid the deposit. With the transport booked, entomology was next on my mind and my attempts at matching the local delicacies. Madame X who had proved herself to me on last year's trip was first in the fly box and in numbers. Overhanging trees, tight spaces between rocks and those flies that leave the line between the back cast and the forward cast can chew through a fly supply at a rate of knots. The standard green Cicada could not be left at home and this year I invited a new fishing partner, a Cicada pattern I found with a red and black striped body who became one of my best friends in a very short time. Gear was checked (and checked again), rods inspected for nicks and bumps, spare reels, fly line, enough leader and tippet to save me in the wilderness from line hungry rivers and fish and I was set.

We drove in to Puketitiri on Monday afternoon to prepare for our flight early the next morning with Chris Crosse of East Kaweka Helicopters. However we arrived to the news of a change in plan. Due to poor weather conditions expected the following day we were told had better get ourselves organised as we had an hour before we were flying in. The weather was our friend in this case and we had caught trout that night before we were originally scheduled to leave and no jet lag to contend with.

Our arrival at the hut was also filled with anticipation. Would we be alone or would there be a tramping party in before us with no manners, terrible body odour and a snoring problem that even the Stihl shop could not repair? The helicopter hovered over the tight landing area directly in front of the hut and it looked deserted, fears allayed and adrenalin pumping. In our excitement it was important not to forget to get out of the helicopter with your head down and well away from the tail rotor. Having negotiated those hazards we quickly threw gear on a bunk, reached for the rods and set off without delay to seek out another hazard; fast water, sharp hooks and

slippery rocks.

You know how it goes; we arrived at the river a mere three minutes walk away, to the usual "nice looking water". The question was would it yield its residents to us or would we have to enter in to some serious negotiations? Rather than go in aggressively we decided to quietly offer a morsel to one or two of the residents we saw out for an evening cruise close to the river bank. It appears they were out foraging and although reluctant at first they soon moved forward to receive our offering. We had come in peace but it was apparent that upon taking our offering of a Cicada that they were not happy. They became aggressive, tried to get away from us and put on a wild display of thrashing and jumping to indicate to us that this meant war.

This changed things, and we decided that for the next three days we would show these fish who was boss. Sure there were a few that managed through speed and stealth to evade us but putting it bluntly we proceeded to cause mayhem on the river taking these residents one by one, teaching them a lesson and returning them to the river only after they had settled down.

Needless to say the fishing was excellent apart from one morning when the rain came; the Cicadas stopped singing so the fish stopped biting. Lunch time that day was a place of reflection and cogitating over why the morning was producing less fish. After a short conversation and a sandwich it appears the stand off between the Cicadas and the trout was resolved and the trout agreed to start biting again if the Cicadas would start singing. So with the merry bush song back it action it was a resumption of catching fish and the slow morning was quickly forgotten.

Having been relatively successful it was now time to consider if there were other flies in the box that might work better. The friendship that I have had for some time with Madame X sadly came to an end on the first day of the trip. I do miss her but given her refusal to take trout she was relegated to a difficult pocket in my vest because I would not need her any time soon. The standard green Cicada had become our new friend but she was about to be ditched as well. As the red and black bodied Cicada I



bought on a bit of a whim gently touched the water her allure drew a trout from some distance across the river. She performed this manoeuvre a number of times and the fact that we were running low on green Cicadas was no longer front of our minds.

There were a number of good fish, some of them left us with fond memories such as the one that decided I needed to check my backing. I am sure my green fly line was there when it struck but

a quick glance down found the reel was only showing backing. My fish had gone down river so fast that catching up was a test of my fitness and the ageing process. I caught up with it to find that in those few seconds I was not its only enemy. A very large Ngaruroro eel had sensed the trout was in distress and thought it would race me to see who could get to it first. A bit of a fight with the trout and a wading stick over the head for the eel and I won by and landing a nice rainbow hen. Interestingly we had about five similar eel experiences over the three days and some of them were huge

Another one I will remember is casting to a sighted fish who was showing little interest in my fly when two nice fish passed by at a gentle pace but very intent on heading downstream. Quickly forgetting about the trout less interested in my fly I cast a Cicada in the path of these two missiles. Well that's not actually true, I tried to do that and it landed behind them. The last time I looked trout don't have eyes in the back of their head but I had time for one more crack. A swift back cast and a minor length adjustment and I got the next cast right in their path. Without a second thought one of them came up and took my fly, very satisfying.

Each fish has a story and having just had one of the most successful and enjoyable fishing trips in my short fly fishing experience I don't have room to tell them all. There are some aspects of the trip that were not related to the fishing but were just as memorable such as my attempt at the Jacques' Cousteau award and needing to take my waders off on the other side to relieve them of the water content in the legs; the Sika deer whistling in the forest park day and night (where was my gun when I needed it) and the breathtaking beauty of this country we are so

privileged to live in.

Those that don't fly fish always ask me if I brought the trout home or did I eat one while we were there. I have no objection to taking a trout for food but all we caught went back. Not because it's the right thing to do but there is something in me (I know it might be a bit touchy feely) that believes the wilderness we were fishing in belongs to the wildlife and we were the visitors. Returning a trout to the river and seeing it swim back into its wild habitat gives me the same shivers up my spine that catching them does and it leaves the area that gave me such a wonderful experience for others to enjoy as well.