

# TIGHT LINES

THE OFFICIAL NEWSLETTER OF THE WELLINGTON FLYFISHERS CLUB INC.

## MARCH 2015

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**Cover:** Early morning at the Reed Pool ,  
Tongariro River by Piero Bertocchi

Any articles published in this newsletter are the opinions of the author alone and do not necessarily represent the views of the club as a whole or other members of the club.



# **MARCH CLUB MEETING**

## **Monday 2<sup>nd</sup> March**

Tararua Tramping Club Rooms, 4 Moncrieff St., Mt. Victoria  
7.30pm

### **CHASING THE GHOST FISH**

Strato will present his recent experiences chasing  
Bonefish and Trevally on the flats of Aitutaki

A club meeting is usually held on the first Monday of every month  
(except January) even if the Monday is a Public Holiday  
(Waitangi Day, Easter Monday, Queen's Birthday or Opening Day)

#### **Events This Month**

Club Trip: 28-29<sup>th</sup>

Fly Tying: 16<sup>th</sup>

On-Stream Day: 15<sup>th</sup>



#### **Future Club Meetings:**

April 6<sup>th</sup>



## President's Report

The explosion of the social media phenomenon gives groups such as our club the opportunity to expand our message to the general public in a way never before available. The Club's magazine is now publicly visible on our website and others are able to comment on its content.

RJB's latest article on the New Zealand falcon was in his normal tongue in cheek style a reminder that in venturing out into the outdoors we can come into contact with flora and fauna which is protected and in the case of the New Zealand falcon can be a danger to our own health if we venture too close to nesting pairs. I'm sure all those that read the article received this message loud and clear but some did not appreciate the other tongue in cheek comments that accompanied the message.

The club does not countenance the destruction of any protected species and while we have a passion for trout fishing we can also understand others having a similar passion for their own spheres of endeavour.

Social media therefore places a responsibility on us to ensure that we do not alienate other groups who may not have the same understanding of individual authors' sense of humour.

Having said that, the club desperately needs articles for the magazine on a monthly basis and we are sure that there are many of you out there having fishing experiences that would be great for the magazine. You don't need to tell us your secret location, just the exhilaration of being out there doing it.

Congratulations to Paul Baker who won the Wellington Regional in the weekend on the Ruamahanga in very difficult conditions with the river being very low and clear. Most of the fish caught were either round the 20cm mark, or between 40 - 50 cm, with few in the middle range. This would appear to indicate that a year class is missing.

We are getting good participation of club members on flytying nights, club trips, on-stream days and fishing pond activities so join us and enjoy the benefits of being a club member.

I've recently had the pleasure of spending a few days on Aitutaki Island improving my tan and chasing Bonefish and Trevally. Come to the March meeting and I can share my experiences with you.

*Strato*



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## The Wanderer

*“But of that day and hour knoweth no man,  
no, not the angels of heaven,  
but my Father only.”* Matthew 24:36

*“But the day of the Lord will come  
as a thief in the night”* Peter 3:10  
... and that is just as it should be.

... ..

I would have been about six when I first accompanied my father to the Tongariro River. We packed our gear into Dad's pale green Morris 10. My “gear” consisted of a toothbrush, striped pyjamas and a spare pair of underpants packed into my leather school bag. Dad had rubber waders, a dented little fly tin, a split bamboo rod in a green bag with an aluminium travelling tube, and his reel in a zip-up plastic bag. Dad did not have much stuff of his own, a suit for work, some cheap tools, and his old black bike; the rod and reel were his most precious possessions. I still have them tucked away in the basement rafters. The rod is 9'10", L.R.Hardy “Rogue River” and the reel, a Hardy Bros “St. John”. Both rod and reel are in excellent condition save for some wear to the cork fittings of the rod.

Otherwise Dad's gear was the same as mine. We had a thermos, a loaf of uncut bread, about a dozen hard boiled eggs, a fruit cake that my mother had baked and packed in a tin, a lettuce and some spuds from my granddad's garden. A jerry can full of water in case the car overheated on the way up to Raetihi was stored in the boot, and that, as I recall, was it.

Despite my excitement I slept most of the way as the sturdy little Morris climbed the Parapara, but I was awake when we got to the Bridge Lodge in Turangi. In those days “The Lodge” consisted of a weatherboard building containing a reception area with a dining room off to the right. Behind the building in three orderly rows were old “Ministry of Works” single men's huts. They were painted white with green tongue-in-groove doors locked with a black pressed tin latch opened with a long shafted key. The paint was peeling and inside the floor was bare wood, the only furniture a set of single bunks and a stool that doubled as a bedside table. There were “ablutions blocks” one at the end of each of the two dusty dirt

tracks that separated the rows of huts. I could smell the long-drop's stink on the summer air.

The proprietor of the Bridge Lodge was bald and enormously fat. I had started school and had an elastic belt with a buckle that consisted of a snake shaped as an "s" lying on its side. The head of the snake passed through an eye on the belt's other end and there was a metal band that adjusted the length of the elastic. In the '50's all school children had identical belts save for the stripes which changed depending on the school's colours. The proprietor's belt consisted of three, possibly four of these school belts with the snake heads fitting in to the eye of the next belt and stretched to breaking point to circumnavigate his enormous belly which hung over his grey flannel trousers. There was a stain below the button-up fly and the frayed cuffs covered his dirty canvas shoes. He was as loud as he was fat and told me he would give me a sixpence if I could eat the whole steak he was cooking for my dinner. He laughed too much and I did not like him.

I recall the sun was low in the west and I could see past the man's bulging gut down to the river, a ribbon of light as it flowed towards Lake Taupo. The air was thick with insects. Huge dragonflies hovered over the stones, bees buzzed, flies droned and myriads of other insects whizzed frantically in the rays of the dying sun. Cicadas in the poplars were quietening as the day closed in. As I sit here I can still smell pollen from the yellow lupin, redolent in the evening haze.

I had never had steak before. I didn't get the sixpence, all I recall was there was no gravy and the dry meat was tougher than my leather sandals. I did though get a banana split with two scoops of ice cream, chocolate sauce, hundreds and thousands and a pink wafer; crisp on my tongue. Utter luxury in 1951. As my spoon chased the last vestige of sauce from my bowl the man came over, laughed his hearty laugh and patted my shoulder with his flaccid hand. I could feel his moistness through my cotton shirt.

I am giving you this detail so you will understand that my memory of what followed is as clear to me now as the blue waters of the mighty Tongariro were then.

At the time I didn't know where Dad chose to fish; much later I was to learn the names of the Tongariro pools. In the morning he had let me sleep in so the sun was high when we parked the car under trees above the Stag Pool and Dad then fished up towards Cattle Rustlers. We had

eggs, bread and cake for lunch, I drank water from the river, Dad had a cup of tea. At some point in the afternoon we went down river, back past the car dumping our gear and 3 large trout in the boot. It was very hot and I snoozed under the tea-tree as Dad fished Admirals Pool. When I woke Dad had vanished so I followed him down the river. He had another couple of fish lying at the river's edge and he asked me if I would carry them back to the car and bring back his thermos.

To be honest it was a bit much for a small boy but I struggled back through the heat with the fish and got his thermos. I came down the track out of the bush and looked at the expanse of shimmering stones ahead of me. It was unbearably hot and I sat for a few minutes and rested looking down river towards the cliffs above the bend to the top of the Admirals Pool. Perhaps I was there longer than I thought. After a time, I have no idea how long, I saw the shimmering silhouette of a man coming towards me; perhaps 200 meters away. In the heat the figure sometimes elongated, sometimes shrank and even disappeared before reforming as it steadily approached.

He was dressed in dark clothing and as he drew closer I saw he had a dog walking to heel on his left side. He seemed to move easily; more easily than the terrain should have allowed. On my short legs progress was a series of jumps and bounds from one stone to the next, smoother for adults with longer legs but he seemed to walk as though the stones were flattening out before him. Soon I could see more detail; he wore shorts and boots, a brown check shirt and carried a rod. The rod was not like Dad's it was smoother and shorter and the line from the reel was light, almost yellow in colour whereas Dad's was dark green. The reel was uniformly peppered with holes and the metal was the colour of the luger my dad had kept as a souvenir from the war. The dog was fine boned, a sheep dog with a greying muzzle. I registered all this in the periphery of my sight; it was his face that held me in thrall. His skin was tanned; his brown eyes never wavered as he looked far in to the distance. There were lines around his eyes, he was clean shaven and his hair under his wide brimmed hat was grey. His eyebrows were flecked white. I felt perhaps somewhere, sometime, I had met him, but I could not quite recall.

I was a polite little boy and I called out, "good afternoon sir." Neither the man or his dog acknowledged my greeting, they did not pause, they did not even glance in my direction. He drifted over a patch of sand and walked on, his dog close by his side. I watched until they disappeared

in to the darkness between the trees. I stood, suddenly shivering in the summer heat.

I needed my dad's company and shot off down the river and gave him his thermos. He was cheerful and gulped his lukewarm tea, tousled my hair and said maybe it was time to head home. On the way back I asked, but he said no man had passed him. I was glad my dad was with me and I scrambled close in his footsteps as we made our way back to the car. We walked over the little beach where the man had walked, my dad leaving tracks in the otherwise unblemished sand.

That face has stayed in a corner of my mind. I have recalled it often over the years. As my father aged there was a growing likeness between them, but always there was a difference. The nose in particular, Dad's was craggy, his was not. There was also something about his eyes and the man from the river was a little shorter.

One day, when I was in my early fifties I was shaving and I saw in the mirror the hint of a likeness in the shape of my face. I dismissed it as the vagaries of a boy's distant memory melded with my ageing; but over the 20 years since the likeness has strengthened and now when I look in the mirror, he is there. The thief has visited me, he has stolen my future and in the night he has completed the drawing of the lines around my eyes.

In early March I will drive to Turangi as the heat of summer peaks. Over the last few months I have found a moment to talk to each of those I hold dear and afterwards they will remember my words of love and encouragement. All my debts are paid, the garden is tidy and I will mow the lawns before I go. I am content.

On a day when the weather is hot and mirages form on the road ahead, I will go alone to the Stag Pool car park. Carrying my rod, I will make my way down the track to sit once more looking out over the shimmering stones. I know the time cometh and when we meet I will simply turn and, reunited with my dog, we will walk into the cool of the trees and on along the river bank beyond.

On and on, until the waters cease to flow.

*Richard Benefield*

## **CLUB EVENTS THIS MONTH**

### **ON-STREAM DAY**

#### **Next onstream day - Sunday 15<sup>th</sup>**

The On-Stream Day will be on the **Wainuiomata River**. On-stream days are opportunities for members who are new to flyfishing to learn from an experienced angler. Attendance at one or two on-stream days will help in gaining an understanding of fishing rivers. Develop rudimentary casting skills at our Hataitai Park sessions before coming to an on-stream day. It is your responsibility to have a current NZ sports fishing licence. These can be purchased from Hunting & Fishing, 444 Cuba St Alicetown, or online from Fish & Game.

Contact Strato (386-3740) before 9pm on the Wednesday prior to get details of where to meet. Limited numbers can be accommodated and acceptance will be on a first come first served basis.

#### **Casting Practice Hataitai Park 6.30 pm Wednesdays**

Casting tuition is available throughout summer until daylight saving ends, except on on-stream days when casting practice is held on-stream. Being able to handle windy conditions will do much for your confidence and success on-stream. Any member who needs help with casting but is unable to attend the scheduled sessions should phone Gordon Baker (027 494 6487) to arrange an alternative time. Gordon is a Federation of Fly Fishers certified casting instructor.

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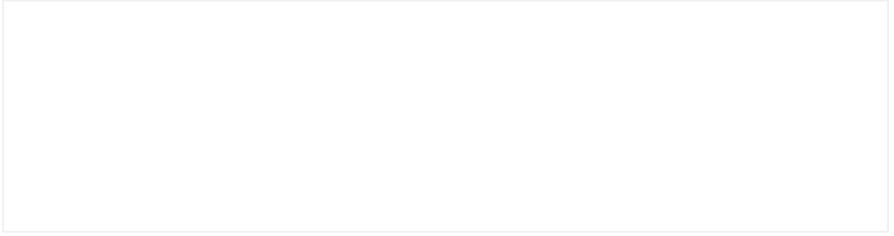
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Hours: Tuesday, Wednesday, Friday: 9am – 5.30pm

Thursday: 10am – 7pm, Saturday: 9am – 1pm



John Gamble, 4kg brown, Whareroa

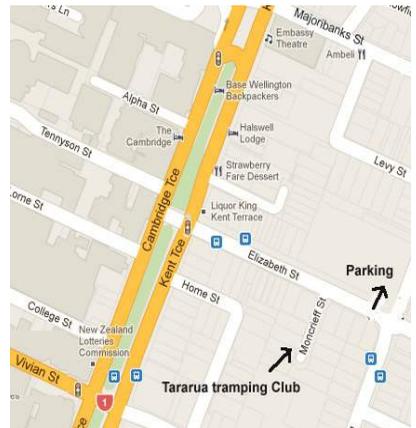
## **MEETING VENUE (TARARUA TRAMPING CLUB ROOMS)** **4 Moncrieff St., Mt. Victoria**

### **From motorway:**

Follow Vivian Street and turn left onto Cambridge Terrace, then first right into Elizabeth Street at the next set of traffic lights.

### **Travelling South on Kent Terrace:**

Turn left into Elizabeth Street at the first set of traffic lights after the Embassy Theatre (by the Liquor Store). Additional parking is available at the Clyde Quay school – use the top gate.



## **PLANNED CLUB TRIPS**

Contact Strato Cotsilinis for details.

Weekend Club Trips away from Wellington are organized each month.

Accommodation is usually prearranged for the Friday and Saturday nights (dates given are days fishing). Transport is arranged as necessary, with costs shared.

Contact each organizer at the club meeting. Novice fishers are encouraged to participate.

Although assistance will be available, basic casting and fishing skills are required and will make your trip more enjoyable.

### **March**

Dates: 28-29<sup>th</sup>

Destination: Mohaka

Organizer: Strato 386 3740

### **Upcoming trips:**

April

# Feather Merchants Fly of the Month



Venue: Tararua  
Tramping Club  
Library  
Monday 16<sup>th</sup>  
March, 7.30pm

(Access through side door on north side of building)



## Nelson Brown & Buller Caddis

Two very good nymph patterns created and developed by Nelson flyfishing guide Tony Entwistle. The Nelson Brown is a relatively light pattern designed to suggest the larger mayfly nymphs. Fish with split-shot for added weight.

The Buller Caddis is a very useful net-building caddis and creeper imitation.



### Nelson Brown

Hook TMC 5262 size 10-12  
Thread Black 6/0  
Underbody 0.015 or 0.020 lead wire  
Tail Red-brown hackle fibres  
Rib Sml-med dark copper wire  
Abdomen Red/brown possum fur  
Thorax Dark brown possum fur  
Wingcase Peacock herl & peacock Krystal flash

### Buller Caddis

TMC 3761 size 8-12  
Black 6/0  
0.015 or 0.020 lead wire  
Black possum or squirrel tail  
Dark copper wire  
Blue grey possum fur  
Dark brown possum fur  
Peacock herl & Krystal flash

[www.feathermerchants.co.nz](http://www.feathermerchants.co.nz)



If anyone has suggestions for fly patterns they would like to see tied at the flytying meetings please let Gordon know 027 494 6487. This will give an opportunity to plan ahead and order materials well in advance.

## NEWSLETTER CONTRIBUTIONS

Deadline for the next issue is **10pm Monday 16<sup>th</sup> March**

As a guide for article length – anything from 250-450 words per page. Early submission preferred – items not received by the deadline may not be included. Fly patterns requiring NZ falcon feathers will not be accepted. Please copy and paste text into an email: Attached files will not be opened; Images exceeding 1Mb will not be downloaded. Mail copy to PO Box 9236, Te Aro, Wellington; or email the editor [chrispa@hotmail.com](mailto:chrispa@hotmail.com).

The newsletter is dependant on contributions from club members and all articles are eligible for the annual Literary Prize awarded at the AGM in May each year.

**Advertising:** The club has a policy of only accepting advertising relating to fishing. Commercial rates \$25 per half page, members no charge. Centrefold (Promotional material only) \$75. Contact the club secretary. **Please support our advertisers** – tell them you saw their ad in *Tight Lines*.

### **Receive the Newsletter as a pdf via email**

Contact the editor and/or club secretary to be added to the mail list (Please check your email settings so that the newsletter is not deleted as 'spam')

## **COMMITTEE MEETING** – 5.45 pm, Monday 9<sup>th</sup> March

Any club member who has matters which they believe should be considered by the committee may discuss them with a committee member by phone, or at the club meeting, or write to the secretary. Committee Members – the meeting will be at Petherick Towers, 38 Waring Taylor St.

## **THE HELPDESK**

Helpdesk is an opportunity for those attending club meetings to have their questions answered. This is a chance for newer members to have fly fishing mysteries unraveled. Tying techniques and problems, rigs, knots, fly selection, issues, casting, how to and where to go. Bring your problems and try the Helpdesk out. It will be manned by a different senior club member each month.

## FISH'N TIPS

Late summer fishing and rivers are low, clear and warm. Warm water lowers oxygen levels, so fish seek out faster flowing rapids where they can obtain more oxygen with less effort.

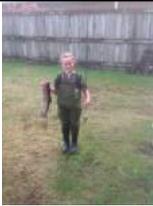


Try very small nymph or dry fly patterns fished through the rapids, paying particular attention to pockets of water behind boulders. Fish will be found lying in the shallowest pools – often with barely enough water to cover them.

## CLUB WEBSITE & FACEBOOK PAGE

The club website and facebook page provide online information about the club, contact details and activities, as well as links to river level data, weather and fishing information.

<http://www.wellingtonflyfishers.org.nz>



## BEST FISH AWARDS

Current records:

1 April 2014 - 31 March 2015.

### ***Stirling Sports heaviest fish (junior)***

**Christie Moncrieff**, 1.55 kg, rainbow, Tongariro

### ***Hunting & Fishing heaviest fish (senior)***

**Paul Whitburn**, 9lb 2oz, Rainbow Jack, Rotoaira

(NOTE: entries for heaviest fish of the year must be received within 30 days of capture. Entries received in March for fish caught outside the 30 day period will not qualify)

### ***Wallace Condition factor: best-conditioned fish***

**Chris Anastasiadis**, 3.67kg, 53cm, rainbow Jack, Tongariro, CF 88

### ***This month's best fish*** (month to date of newsletter deadline)

**John Gamble**, 4kg (8lb 13oz) brown, Whareroa, woolly bugger, CF66.9

### **Runners up:**

If you think your fish qualifies phone Peter Nagle (479-4944) or email [peter.nagle@xtra.co.nz](mailto:peter.nagle@xtra.co.nz)

\* Calculate your condition factor online at the Wellington Flyfishers

## WELLINGTON FLYFISHERS CLUB MISSION

To establish, maintain and conduct a club for the encouragement and promotion of flyfishing and all activities pertaining thereto.

### 2014-15 COMMITTEE

<b>President</b>	Strato Cotsilinis	386-3740
<b>Past President</b>	Paul Baker	970-2595
<b>Vice President</b>		
<b>Secretary</b>	Heather Millar	387-3405
<b>Treasurer</b>	Carmen Cotsilinis	386-3740
<b>Newsletter Editor</b>	Chris Paulin	027 874 7326
<b>Librarian</b>	Warren Horne	387-3405
<b>Website</b>	Peter Nagle	479-4944
<b>Club Trips</b>	Strato Cotsilinis	386-3740
	Piero Bertocchi	025 540 960
<b>Catering</b>	Marion Hall	477-0061
<b>Catering</b>	Robyn Gray	475-9572
<b>Print Manager</b>	Peter Nagle	479-4944
<b>Fly Tying &amp; Casting</b>	Gordon Baker	384-6513
		027 494-6487
<b>Club Competitions</b>	Paul Baker	970-2595
<b>Committee</b>	Peter Buxton	472-3456
	John Fahey	021 636 033

### CLUB MEMBERSHIP

To join the club: collect a form at a club meeting; download a copy from the club website; or phone a committee member to have a form mailed to you. Mail the completed form to PO Box 9236, Te Aro, Wellington, or hand it in at the next meeting with your subscription and joining fee.

**Meetings** are held at 7.30 pm on the first Monday of every month except January at the Tararua Tramping Club rooms, 4 Moncreiff Street, Mt. Victoria, Wellington.

**Tight Lines**, the club newsletter is published monthly, except January, and is also available to club members via email as a pdf – contact the editor to be added to the distribution list.

### Fees 1 April 2014 - 31 March 2015

Full member or family membership \$35, Junior membership no fee.  
Joining fee \$10 Overseas Newsletter postage \$45