



Kapiti Fly Fishing Club

April 2022 Newsletter



This month's cover photo: This is a photo of the Hinemaiaia Stream just upstream from Lake Taupo, photo taken by Malcolm Francis

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Club activities

Date	Event	Coordinator
Monday 25 April	Club Night – Quiz night, who's in your team?	Malcolm
Tuesday 9 May	Fly Tying Workshop Waikanae Boating Club	Gordon
15 to 21 May	Lake Rotoiti club trip	Chris and Ralph
Monday 23 May	Club Night – AGM	Malcolm
3 to 6 June	Club trip to Turangi – staying AFAC Lodge	Malcolm
Monday 7 June	Club Night	TBC
Tuesday 14 June	Fly Tying workshop Waikanae Boating Club	Gordon
15 to 17 July	Club trip to Turangi – staying AFAC Lodge	
19 to 21 August	Club trip to Turangi – staying AFAC Lodge	
16 to 18 September	Club trip to Turangi – staying AFAC Lodge	

At this month's club meeting is on Monday 25 April meeting starting at 7:30 pm Quiz Night and light super

Presidents report

At long last we will be able to hold a normal club monthly meeting at the Turf Pavilion Sport Grounds, in Scaife Street, it will be great to have a catch-up and see lots of smiling faces again. Our plan at this months meeting to hold a Fun Quiz Night, so you best start swatting up on your dry flies, knots and many things linked to the sport of fly fishing.

Over the past couple months, I have not had the pleasure of spending time on a river or lake fly fishing but did manage to spend time with my grandson at Te Horo beach and sent out my Kontiki with my grandson. What a great couple of hours of fishing, one 'set' and we landed 11 fish including a one 4 kg and one 2.5 kg snapper plus two smaller brothers, we gave a couple were Surf Casting two nice fish fresh to take home.

One of the challenges of writing a club newsletter is finding material that will be of interest to members, its often been quoted that we need more reports on club trips and from our members adventures on the water, so where are they? All you need to do is send through a few photos and a summary of your time on the water and I would be happy to create a short article, if you want to keep your 'honey spot' secrete that not a problem.



Last week Matt Kavermann rang me wanting to come along to one of our meetings to request help from our members. As most of you are aware the trout population in the Waikanae River has been declining over the past few years and the results from Fish & Game drift dive surveys indicates that the trout numbers continue to decline.

So, we are looking for volunteers to walk the river and identify any spawning fish as well as possible redds.

If you are out on the river enjoy a walk over the next few months and you see a couple of trout paired off or you see a possible Redd (photo above is of a redd) can you, please email me the details so that I can pass on the details to Matt.



On Monday 23 May we will be holding our clubs AGM, this is the time of the year when you have an input into the clubs future going forward by volunteering to join the Management Committee, four of the present committee who will not be seeking re-election so please consider putting your name forward.

If you are interested in putting your name forward, please contact me or one of the present Committee members, we look forward to hearing from you.

I would like to remind our members that Sporting Life and the Fly Shop are important sponsors of the Kapiti Fly Fishing Club so please keep this in mind when you are next looking to purchase any fly-fishing or fly-tying materials.

Look forward to seeing you Monday evening, warm regards Malcolm

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 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 your desire to be included in the mid-week fishers email list to:

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.

Lake Rotoiti trip by Ralph Lane

Chris Bryant and Ralph Lane are planning the annual trip to Lake Rotoiti and Rotorua Lakes area, at this stage 8 members have indicated that they are interested in going.

The date for this trip is from 15 to 21 May and the house used last year for this trip has been booked, there is room for more members so if you are interested can you please contact Chris or Ralph.

Chris email is: cjaybnz@outlook.com

Ralph email is: ralph.jill@xtra.co.nz

On past trips to this area a number of our members have landed a number of 'personal best' trout, you are spoilt for choice when it comes to fishing with a number of stunning lakes and rivers at your doorstep, the Ngongotaha Stream holds large trout and is an exciting river to fish.

Fly Pattern of the Month –Fuzzy Wuzzy

Fuzzy Wuzzy



If you think these patterns look the same, just different colours - you're right. The Fuzzy Wuzzy was designed by Fred Fletcher of Taupo in the 1930's as a Koura imitation for night fishing. The Red Setter was designed by Geoff Sanderson of Turangi in the 1950's. Both patterns are very useful for river and river mouth fishing, day, and night.

Hook: **TMC 5262 size 2 to 10**
Thread: **Black Monocord 3/0**
Tail: **Black or Red Fox squirrel**
Body: **Chenille**
Hackle: **Black or Natural Brown**

Please note that if the next fly-tying meeting is held at the Waikanae Boating Club at 7.30pm **Tuesday 10 May you will need to bring your club membership card.** If you haven't received yours yet you may do so at either the club or fly-tying meeting.

Feather Merchants (NZ) sponsor our fly-tying group. Go to their website www.flyshop.co.nz to see their wide range of top-quality tying materials, tools and flyfishing accessories.



Kapiti women on the Fly by Leigh Johnson



Leighs trout from the Motueka River

We have a number of planned events including the following two trips:

Planned trips for WOTF a

Hatepe and Turangi

June 24th to 26th (Friday is Matariki.)

July 28th to 30th

We are fortunate to have access to a lovely house at Hatepe with plenty of beds. The plan would be to arrive on Thursday night or come for whatever period suits you. Don't think you're not good enough to join in. We're all learning together. Please book your bed now! 🗨️

Central Plateau Women's Social Fly-Fishing Tournament on May 26th to 28th

This event is being hosted by the ladies of the Taupo Fishing Club. (More details here: <https://fb.me/e/1n2WP3Gjl>)

I'll be there! There is a limit on numbers, but they still have room for more.

Wellington WoTF Spring Workshop

Plans are forming for a weekend workshop in late November.

Casting sessions

Grant and I are still away in the South Island learning how to catch SI browns. 😞 However, if you would like some casting or any other sort of tuition, please drop me an email and we can get things organised.

Guys, please forward this message onto any ladies you know who fly fish or would like to give it a go. Thanks in advance.

Leigh can be contacted at leigh@leighjohnsonnz.com.

Kapiti Women on The Fly is now on:

www.facebook.com/WomenontheFlyKapiti, www.instagram.com/kapitiwomenonthefly/ and at www.kapitifyfishing.org/kapitiwomenonthefly.

I can be contacted at leigh@leighjohnsonnz.com.

Auckland Fly Fishing Anglers Clubs Lodge in Turangi

I'm the Secretary of the Auckland Fly Fishing Anglers Club (AFAC). We have a lodge in Turangi that we would like to promote. Would you be kind enough to share this information with your members?

AFAC would like to extend an invitation to financial members of your club to use our lodge in Turangi. The lodge is located in central Turangi with easy access to the Tongariro, Tauranga-Taupo, Hinemaiaia, Whakapapa, Whanganui Rivers, and many others.

We are currently offering the lodge for bookings to financial members of other fishing clubs. Our rates are **\$130 per night for the entire lodge (Sleeps 7)**.

We would love to have your members using our great facility and getting most out of the fishing experience in Turangi.

Please note that the club has booked the Lodge accommodation for a number of club trips, please refer to the Club Activity table for the dates. If you are interested in joining one of the trips, please contact Malcolm and book your bed.

The secrets of fishermen – by Tim Schulz

Which secrets can an angler share? And which must be kept to oneself?



*Fishermen acquire the talent.
They start out lying to themselves and, before they know it,
they're lying to anyone who'll listen.
—Paul Quinnett*

The Latin word for witness is *testis*, which—according to ancient lore—arose because male Romans testifying in court were required to place one hand over their “jewels” as they swore to tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. Thanks to the sensible evolution of modern law, this threat has since weakened to the more moderate *pains and penalties of perjury*. But even that is too much for most of us to tolerate, so we fishermen swear no oaths.

We lie because people expect us to. Unlike the duplicitous politician with one hand on our shoulder and the other in our pocket, we mean no harm. We revise and stretch the truth to protect our egos and reputations from the woeful certainty that most of our casts don't catch fish, and—unless we fish in Lake Woebegone—most of the fish we catch are smaller than average. To paraphrase C. S. Lewis, pride gets no pleasure from catching some fish, only from catching more and bigger fish than the next guy.

Here in the Upper Peninsula of Michigan, another type of fish story protects our secret places—our Shangri-Las—from the harsh reality that the great places to fish are great because few people fish them. Understandably, then, the few fortunate fishermen who find these places guard their secrets with the noblest of fish stories. “Ever fish the North Branch?” you ask. “No,” they lie.

On occasion, a person motivated by self-pride and a compulsive need for the approval of others stumbles into great fishing. Believing the coveted status of local fishing demigod is finally within their grasp, they draw maps, guide trips, and do whatever it takes to convince all of their friends—and most of their foes—that they have found and experienced spectacular fishing. John Voelker called these people *kiss-and-tell fishermen*, and, without exception, he did not fish with them. “Most fishermen swiftly learn,” he wrote, “that it's a pretty good rule never to show a favourite spot to any fisherman you wouldn't trust with your wife.”

When a kiss-and-tell fisherman sees great fishing destroyed by their self-aggrandizing actions, the results are almost always chronic and severe. “Tis better to have loved and lost than never to have loved at all” is excellent counsel for matters as simple and ordinary as personal relationships. But Lord Tennyson's creed rings hollow for something as complex and rare as great fishing. Experience, many have said, is something you don't get until just after you need it. And there is nothing—absolutely nothing—a fisherman with this type of experience will do to endanger their fishing again.

Several years ago, a friend who spends a few weeks each summer in the Upper Peninsula asked if I'd take him fishing. He's a good guy, and most of the year, he lives over a thousand miles away. So, I took him to one of my favourite spots. The place is remote enough to feel like it's out there but still accessible enough that it's easy to get there. I explained the harm the wrong people could inflict on a place like this, and he seemed to understand.

Last summer, I ran into my friend and a couple of his cousins who, unlike my friend, do not live over a thousand miles away. They were fishing the next day, and my friend asked if I could recommend some spots for them to try.

“Don't worry,” he whispered as he pulled me aside, “I won't tell them about your secret place.” He opened his gazetteer to the region they planned to fish, and I started to show them a few widely known spots with easy access and decent fishing.

“What's that?” one of the cousins asked as he pointed his chunky finger—notable for what I recognized as worm dirt under his fingernail—toward a red circle drawn around a river bend with the frightful designation: *Tim Schulz Honey Hole!!!*

“Get over it, Tim. You don't own the river,” my wife said while I pouted and brooded for the next several weeks. Her wisdom exceeds mine on many matters, but this is something she simply

doesn't understand. With assistance from the fine people of the Glenlivet distillery, I worked my way through denial, anger, bargaining, and depression. Just as I finished with acceptance, I received a compelling note from my friend Jerry Dennis:

If I could get up your way today and tomorrow, could you fish? This is wild-hair time. Need a getaway.

Jerry's book, *A Place on the Water*, is one of the first books I read about fishing and living in the Upper Peninsula. In addition to giving me optimism during a challenging time in my life, his book has been a guide for how I view the outdoors in general and the Upper Peninsula in particular. The comfort and joy I've received from Jerry's writing should have been enough, but one sentence he wrote in another book settled it:

Maybe, just maybe, if you strapped me to a chair with barbed wire, shoved ice picks under my fingernails, set fire to my hair, and crushed my toes one after another with pliers, I'd tell you where I caught that big brown trout last summer.

After the catastrophe with the cousins, I swore I'd never share a fishing spot again, but, geez, if I couldn't trust Jerry with a secret spot, who could I trust? So, I took him to a place even better than my no-longer-secret honey hole.

A few weeks after his visit, I met up with Jerry in the Lower Peninsula. He was an awful mess. His head was devoid of hair and covered in ghastly scars; his feet mangled and confined by calf-high casts; his fingers so badly swollen he could barely grasp the crutches he used to steady his stance. My immediate concern, of course, was that he had cracked and given up my spot. But his proud smile and subtle wink assured me my secret was still safe.

Jerry was returning the favour. He took a few of his friends and me to a secret place called Alligator Bend, and although I didn't catch many fish, I made some new friends. One was a talented artist named Chad who took me to a secret place called *The River* later in the week. On my way back to the Upper Peninsula, I visited another dear friend named Adam, and he took me to a secret place called *The Creek*. I had a blissful week of fishing, but none of it would have happened if my friends hadn't shared their secrets with me.

Lewis Carroll said one of the deep secrets of life is that all that is really worth the doing is what we do for others, and this is the challenge of the fisherman's secret spot. Voelker didn't warn us not to share our secret places; he only warned us to pick our partners well.

'Tug is the Drug' – Fly-fishing the art of deception by Warren Gamble

"Have fun, that's the main thing, have fun," says fly fishing guide Zane Mirfin as he takes Stuff journalist Warren Gamble on his first trout angling experience on the Motueka River. Despite a skills handicap, some fun was had.

As a New Year resolution, Stuff journalist Warren Gamble decided he needed a new hobby. Here he dips his toes into the genteel but obsessive world of fly-fishing.

"Tug is the drug," Zane Mirfin says as we wade into the Motueka River.

The fishing guide legend has a playbook of sayings and stories as colourful and extensive as the boxes of artificial flies, lines and tricks honed over 36 years of duelling with the royalty of freshwater fish, the redoubtable trout.

“The world is seriously messed up; the best thing you can do is to go fishing,” he says.

It’s hard to argue as we leave pandemics and parliamentary protests behind and head for the nationally protected river that winds through undulating countryside 45 minutes from Nelson city.

I’m on a quest to find a new hobby. Inspired by my friend Meg Goodman, I figure I may as well try something different. She was bitten by the fly-fishing bug four months ago and now has a rod, a growing assortment of flies, and an insatiable appetite for scrambling around waterways in the top of the south.

She can talk for ages about the trout she has caught on her back-country adventures and the ones that got away, and the sheer joy of the accompanying nature fix. “You get so engaged in it; there’s no room for anything else,” she says.

At our first stop, I get ready. I look the part, if faintly ridiculous, in waders, boots, a fisherman’s vest and a floppy camo hat. However, clothes do not maketh the fisherman, especially fly-fishers.

That’s because it’s seriously tricky. To be good you need a grasp of entomology, psychology, geology, meteorology, and that’s before you set up your line. You need a weird combination of skill and temperament to get that line in the right spot to entice the trout to take the fly and the hook. Even reeling it in is a mission.



First attempts at casting were less than ideal, but it's a beautiful spot

A lot of fly-fishing involves the art of deception.

As fly-fishing enthusiast and *Stuff* visual journalist Martin de Ruyter says you just need 427 things to go right. “If it was easy, everybody would be doing it,” he says.

I’m not naturally practical and have a dodgy knee, so it was with low expectations that I wobbled over limestone rocks to one of Zane’s favourite spots on the river. I only fell once getting to the riverbank, but at other times I resembled a drunk trying to keep his balance and dignity.

“Don’t write yourself off,” Zane says with a smile. “Miracles can happen.”

I think Zane has bitten off more than even he can chew. “The main thing is to have fun,” he says, lowering both our expectations. But he didn’t get to be one of the country’s best guides, mingling with movie stars here and in Colorado, without having a laser focus on results.

He casually clambers into the river and hooks two smallish brown trout in quick succession, one leaping out of the water, all speckled and furious, and running off downstream. He lets it tire itself out and gives me the honour of reeling them in. “Keep your hand off the reel, keep the rod bent, let it run, then wind in a few times when it stops.”



Kissing the first trout of the day as a mark of respect; the trout looks unimpressed.

I’m dubious about Martin and Zane’s supposed ritual of kissing the netted trout as a mark of gratitude and respect, but the adrenaline sees me pucker up anyway. The trout looks indignant at this insult added to injury.

Now is the time for purists to look away. We are using a different technique today; one Zane thinks will improve my admittedly small chances of pulling off a miracle.

The traditional fly-fishing cast is something that makes a golf swing look easy. It involves a rigid see-sawing of the forearm, back and forth, back, and forth, to load the rod and get the light line into a tight loop, so it can be sent upstream of a lurking trout with enough distance that the sharp-eyed fish can’t see you.

On the end of the line there is a hook concealed in an artificial fly, an art form in itself, mimicking the insects that float down the river ready to become trout snacks. Choosing the right fly for the right river, even for the right time of day, is another piece of the puzzle.



Choosing the right fly for the right trout in the right part of the river is part of the big puzzle for trout fishers.

Flies that float on the top are called dry flies (even though they get wet). Today we are using a technique called euro nymphing, with flies that sink down in the river, mimicking water nymphs, which are also highly sought after on the trout menu.

The euro nymph cast is easier because you don't have to worry about holding line loose in one hand while you cast with the other.

Zane explains it's like a fencer, making the first move in a duel. I've never tried fencing either. My first attempts are as elegant and wooden as a barrier arm. The line goes virtually nowhere.

I make small improvements, but then you have more to worry about. You have to keep the rod at an angle ahead of the sunken nymph as it drifts with the current. There's a brightly coloured indicator on the line that should be kept just above the surface of the water, so the nymph travels along the riverbed.

We go to a wider stretch of the Motueka, near a picturesque bridge, fringed by willows.

I cast and cast again. Angle, tension, drift, indicator. I'm so focused on this I forget what the actual end result could be. There is an aforementioned tug. I'm so surprised I forget about the upward flick you need to get the hook embedded. The trout gets away.

It's called a strike. I strike out.



But I'm getting more into the groove. I visualise a fencer; I say to myself "en Garde" as I point the rod at an imaginary foe. The line arcs out, more, or less where it's supposed to go. I'm ready next time when I feel the strike, I lift upward, the hook sticks and I have a brown trout on the end of the line.

It runs away downstream. I let it go, then reel in. Zane scoops it into the net; and there it is, my first trout. Not the biggest specimen but I'm stoked at the beauty of it, wet and shiny brown along the top, black dots on its sides.

The barbless hook comes out easily, and I resist the urge for another kiss before it swims away. I imagine it will be mercilessly mocked by the other trout for being caught by such a novice.

I feel a little more confident now, but that doesn't go a long way in fly-fishing. In the afternoon we go to another spot, reached through a patch of native bush. The sun has come out, turning the river a brighter green.

Across the far side I see trout breaking the surface, a beautiful sight, known as rising. The warmth has brought out one of their favourite treats, passion vine hoppers, and they are oblivious to our approach a few metres away as they gorge.



I try the traditional cast, but my loops are as loose as a goose. The line collapses into the water far from the trout’s feeding ground. Zane steps up and sends the fly zipping to the right spot, just upstream, and bang, he has a good-sized brown leaping into the sunshine.

What makes a good fly-fisher? “Practice,” he says. “Lots of practice.”

Meg echoes the sentiment, but at four months she already has the basic technique to catch brown and rainbow trout in Nelson and Marlborough rivers, known as some of the hardest in the country for fly-fishing.

“It’s a beautiful sport,” she says. “So much is about skill, not luck. It’s such a rush when you get that strike and bring the fish in.”

Her only disappointment is that there aren’t more women, especially younger women, encouraged to take up the traditionally male pastime. The 33-year-old has yet to meet a woman angler on her trips.

“It would be nice to have a focus to get more women involved because it’s so awesome and builds so much confidence with things like bush skills and river crossings.”

I see the attraction, the potential addiction, and even if I don’t have the execution there’s the chance of a miracle. At the least, being out in the middle of a lazily flowing river is a calming, reflective business - when you’re not cursing your casts or the ones that got away.



A number of our present Committee members will not be seeking re-election to the Committee at this year’s AGM, we are looking for a new Treasure plus three Committee members.

Please consider putting your name forward as a Committee Member or Treasure, we need your ideas and energy to keep the club moving forward.

A woman with wide-set eyes by Tom Davis



I confess to knowing little more about women than I ever did.

I'd been on a Jim Harrison binge in the wake of his death—easy to do given his prodigious output. In particular, I'd been enjoying the stuff set in Michigan's Upper Peninsula and two recurring characters, both classic Harrison anti-heroes, who hail from that land lost in time: Sunderson, the retired cop and borderline alcoholic who still carries a torch for his ex-wife but doesn't let that deter him from bedding everything in sight; and Brown Dog, the irrepressibly raffish vagabond of mixed Finnish and Chippewa ancestry who lives entirely "off the grid" and is, if anything, even more priapic than Sunderson.

Indeed, the only activity whose rewards rival sex for this pair, or that commands a comparable percentage of their attention, is trout fishing. The events that propel the novel *The Big Seven* are set in motion when Sunderson buys a cabin on a trout stream, while in the novella "Brown Dog Redux" Harrison writes of the title character "He was observant of the multiple torments people seemed to have daily and felt lucky that he could resolve his own problems with a couple of beers and a half dozen hours of trout fishing..."

It's also the case that while their tastes in trout (as in women) are catholic, given their druthers they'll take brookies every time.

All of which helps explain why brook trout had been on my mind even more than usual—and why, when I stopped at the fly shop for a couple spools of tippet material and heard a guy offhandedly mention that he'd caught "big brookies" in a certain northern Wisconsin stream, I locked on like a pointer with a nose full of quail. Still, I tried to tamp down my excitement and play it cool, hoping that by feigning indifference I might finesse a few instructive details out of him, if not the GPS coordinates.

I needn't have been so cagey. As if it were some terrible secret that he couldn't wait to unburden himself of, the guy not only told me the name of the town closest to the good water but pulled up a picture of the stream on his phone!

The photo showed a pretty boulder garden of moderate gradient flanked by wooded banks that looked to be at least 30 feet apart—plenty wide enough to wade and cast a fly, in other words. This is no small consideration in Wisconsin, where (as in Harrison’s U.P.) there are hundreds if not thousands of miles of brookie water but precious little of it is conducive to fly fishing, at least as the term is normally understood. Much of it is so brushily tight that even a bow-and-arrow cast is problematic.

“Great pocket water,” the guy said, expectantly.

“Yeah,” I replied, “I can see that.” I was already riffing through my mental calendar trying to determine which obligations I could juggle, cancel, or simply duck in order to wet my waders there ASAP. And I was already imagining myself swimming a Pass Lake, my go-to brookie pattern, through that murmuring, tea-coloured water, tensed for that fist-tight boil and the tug on the end of my line.

As I close out my sixth decade and prepare to enter my seventh, I confess to knowing little more about women than I ever did. Of course, this mystery is central to what makes them fascinating. They are not unlike trout streams in this respect—beguilingly enigmatic, predictable only to a point, and by turns generous with their favours and stingy with them. Sometimes your approach and presentation make all the difference, and sometimes they seem not to matter at all.

One thing I have determined, though—and it only took me 60 years to figure this out—is that the physical characteristic shared by the women I find most attractive is wide-set eyes.

Not what you were expecting, I know.

When I think of the women whose beauty makes me want to fall to my knees—Rita Hayworth, Emmylou Harris, one or two others whose names I dare not confess—this is the common denominator, the *sine qua non*. And while I can’t tell you much about the young woman who all but stopped my heart the moment, I stepped into the convenience store where she was working, I can tell you that she had wide-set eyes.

Needing gas, I’d swung into the town my fly shop source had mentioned and, after almost driving past, located its lone C-store. The woman—barely more than a girl, really—was standing behind the counter, and her impact struck me like a physical blow. I had to force myself not to stare, but in the few seconds it took for me to ask where the rest room was, and for her to tell me, I noticed that those eyes were dark and almond-shaped, that her hair was jet-black and pulled behind her ears, and that her skin, the colour of café au lait, conveyed such an impression of mousse-like moistness it looked as if it would swirl beneath the pressure of a fingertip. A Native American in her early 20s, she was absolutely breath-taking—and a woman of breath-taking beauty was absolutely the last thing I expected to see in that desolate place.

I knew of it by name but had never been there until that day. It proved to be one of those old logging towns of the kind you find scattered across the North Country from Maine to Minnesota—a boom town gone bust that limps along like a crippled dog, surviving for no apparent reason other than force of habit and, I suppose, human biology. To add another layer of misery, it lay in the pain shadow of a reservation that, like reservations everywhere, suffers from the litany of afflictions spawned by grinding poverty and pervasive, unrelieved hopelessness.

The irony, of course (it's tempting to call it "tragic" but I think the tragedy lies elsewhere), is that more often than not it's places like this—forgotten, on the road to nowhere, and with little else to recommend them—that are where the best brook trout fishing is found.

Naturally I wondered what the hell such a lovely creature was doing in this rathole, betraying in the wondering the prejudice toward physical beauty that permeates every nook and cranny of our culture—as if simply by being uncommonly attractive she somehow deserved "better." It occurred to me, too, that Harrison, who wrote persuasively from the perspective of women in extremis, could have written a novel about this girl. Everything about her, and everything about this place (including its alleged trout stream), was right in his wheelhouse, a hanging curveball over the middle of the plate just begging to be knocked out of the park.

It hit me then, hard, that she could have been the model for Dalva, the eponymous heroine of the novel that I and many others consider Harrison's masterpiece. She looked the part—as in direct from central casting—and it may be that that's why I was so taken with her: She was the Dalva of my imagination made flesh.

That's as far as it went, of course. I dawdled in the C-store for a while, pretending I was looking for something and finally buying an overpriced vanilla Bun Bar that I didn't especially want. A purple-faced schlub sipping coffee from a Styrofoam cup and ranting about "them Moslems" tried to get me to rise to the bait but I pretended not to hear him. I toyed with the idea of saying something to the girl—you know, some profundity like "Do you have any idea how gorgeous you are?"—but couldn't think of any purpose it would serve other than to brand me in her mind as a pathetic old perv, undoubtedly one of the many who'd tried to hit on her over the years. One of the benefits of age is no longer giving a damn that you might be making a fool of yourself, but you shouldn't abuse the privilege.

So, I paid for my candy bar, allowing my gaze to linger wistfully on the side of her face while she made change, knowing there was every chance in the world I'd never lay eyes on her again. Then, after consulting my Gazetteer for directions (I'm not really a GPS guy), I drove out of town, past the windowless taverns, the sad little houses, and the auto salvage yard that crowds the county highway, its heaped and rusting contents putting me in mind of the piled-up bones of bison.

Welcome to postcard-pretty northern Wisconsin. At least the sun was shining.

But it hadn't been a day or two earlier, when heavy rains pounded the area. I located a couple road crossings where the touted stream looked promising but, swollen and running at a rate that induced a significant pucker factor, it rendered the idea of wading-up a non-starter. Maybe I'd come back in the fall.

I made a strategic retreat, angling west and north along the ragged seam where hardscrabble dairy farms meet scruffy second-growth forest. My destination was a tributary whose flows, owing to the unique character of its watershed—ag land, mostly, and table flat at that—are about as stable as freestone streams can be. It's also the single most reliable producer of brookies that I know, generous almost to a fault. The rains had left it a tick high and a touch off-colour but whatever effect this had was likely to be positive.

I'd been depressed thinking about the girl's bleak prospects in that town, also disappointed to find the new stream I'd been excited to try in unfishable condition, but now I felt the clouds begin to

lift. I was in a familiar place, the portents were favourable, there was reason to believe I'd be rewarded.

I tried on a Pass Lake, stepped into the murmuring, tea-coloured water, and started fishing, thankful to be on a stream that gave me plenty of room to cast.

The winding Waikanae River: A source of drinking water, scientific discovery, and spiritual connection by Kate Green

The Waikanae River runs from the Tararua ranges to the Kāpiti Coast, and the local community is working hard to preserve it.

A person can survive three weeks without food, but only three days without water. With climate change a looming certainty, there will be nothing more crucial to our survival. But the source of our water is increasingly tainted. In the second story in a series on Wellington's waterways, Kate Green reports on the health of Waikanae River.



Waikanae River looking towards Jim Cooke Park

The Waikanae River meanders through sloping ranges of mature forest, regenerating bush, gravelly banks, and open pasture, down to the coastal sand dunes of the Kāpiti Coast.

Now, local iwi and local authorities have joined forces to create a group called Waikanae ki Uta ki Tai (“mountains to sea”) to improve the health of Waikanae River. Comprising Ātiawa ki Whakarongotai, district and regional councils, and the Department of Conservation, they secured an [\\$8.5m four-year Jobs for Nature grant](#) last year.

Local resident John Barrett (Ātiawa ki Whakarongotai) is just waiting for the day he can once again serve freshly caught eels from its depths on the marae.

Barrett is a member of the governance group for both the Waikanae Jobs for Nature programme and Waikanae ki Uta ki Tai. To mana whenua, a river is not just a body of running water but has direct links to mana (spiritual health of the people) and manaakitanga (kindness).

Restoring the river's health was a long-term project, Barrett said, and many governing bodies and community groups were involved. "There's a hell of a lot of work going on, and a lot of planning," he said. "What we are seeing is significant and tangible community input into the planning to make the money worthwhile.

Rigorous predator trapping was taking place in the Akatarawa ranges, at the headwaters of the river, and planting was ongoing along the banks and in the estuary.

Some quick facts:

- The river is about 25 kilometres long
- Tributaries include the Maungakotukutuku Stream, Ngatiawa River, and Reikorangi Stream
- Catchment covers 125 square kilometre's



A photo of the Waikanae River from the Alexander Turnbull Library, taken in the 1890s

Much of the riverbank falls into protected zones identified by the regional council as "Key Native Ecosystem" (KNE) sites along the river. They are some of the best examples of lowland riparian forest in the region with hugely diverse ecosystems.

Regional council biodiversity management team leader Richard Romijn said these were home to nine plant and five freshwater fish species listed as nationally threatened, and two plant and one bird species listed as regionally threatened.

Chair of Friends of Waikanae River Russell Bell pointed out it wouldn't take much to see the whole length of the river's course protected in this way.

The Friends of Waikanae River group grew native seedlings, giving them out to anyone who wanted to plant them on the riverbank in the area from Old Main Rd down to the estuary. "We already have trees growing for next year," Bell said.



The Waikanae River's key native ecosystem (KNE) site, outlined in yellow, following the riverbanks

The catchment's diverse landscape was an important connector between the mountains and the sea, Romijn said. "It creates an ecological corridor that links the Tararua Ranges, the Waikanae River estuary, the Kāpiti Marine Reserve, and the Kāpiti Island Nature Reserve."

This formed "a network of habitat steppingstones" allowing forest birds to forage and breed throughout the area.

The biggest threats to the river's ecology were weeds and pest animals, Romijn said, and Bell said the river was often choked by weeds, with banana passionfruit particularly fast-growing.

Drinking water supply.

The river has been supplying Waikanae, Paraparaumu and Raumati with drinking water since 1977. and now served more than 38,600 people.



KCDC Craig Guthrie explains how water is taken from the river

During periods of low flow, groundwater from the Waikanae bore field is used to recharge the river, meaning water can continue to be sourced from the river rather than putting bore water directly into the supply.

The Waikanae Bore field was last used for river recharge on 6 March 2021, and to top up the water supply on 8 April 2015.

But water from the bore contained more phosphates, so the long-term effect of this solution was unknown, Bell said.



Bore water meets the Waikanae River at the recharge scheme outlet pipes

Flooding

Regional council's flood protection manager Graeme Campbell said the river was prone to flooding, so work had gone in to protect homes, trails, and the integrity of the riverbank, including a recent upgrade of stop bank at Jim Cooke Park last year.

“A major flood in the Waikanae River could cause millions of dollars’ worth of damage,” Campbell said.

A section of the poplar Waikanae River Trail had already eroded away, and the council was working on an option to provide the river more room, while still allowing the roughly 80,000 annual visitors to keep using the trail.

Frequent floods in the spring and summer of 2017 caused hundreds of thousands of dollars in damage to river trails and flood defences, and in 2019 about 3000 cubic metres of gravel was scooped from the river, costing around \$80,000. (Editor’s note: The work carried out in 2019 was in the section of the river by the Expressway overbridge down pass El Rancho and linked to unfinished Expressway work).

River health

Marine and freshwater team leader Dr Evan Harrison said the lower reaches of the catchment bore the negative impacts of land runoff, sedimentation, and human activity. The regional council undertook monthly nutrient-level testing (for phosphate and nitrate) and yearly ecology testing (for macro invertebrates).

E. coli testing was done weekly in November and December, then fortnightly during January and March, at two points along the water. The site at Mangaone Walkway was not rated; the Greenaway Road site was rated A.

Swim safety was predicted each day by a model informed by the latest data and published on the LAWA website. As of June 10, sites at State Highway 1 and Jim Cooke Park were both marked as suitable for swimming.



Toxic algal blooms could occur in rivers and streams which were generally considered to have good water quality. Especially during summer, warmer temperatures and long dry periods caused cyanobacteria to form extensive blooms which were toxic, particularly to dogs.

Toxic algae blooms can occur in rivers and streams with good water quality when the weather is warm.

But algae wasn't the only thing growing and making its home in the river.

Wilderlab founder Shaun Wilkinson said a couple of things stood out from samples of eDNA taken from two river sites, at the end of Greenaway Rd and within the estuary.

The tests showed traces of dwarf galaxias, which were not known to live in the Waikanae. "It's likely DNA was carried down from a population much further up in the ranges," he said.

There was a "fair bit" of lamprey DNA present – "which is always a good thing", Wilkinson said – and traces of horses. "Meg [a Wilderlab colleague] mentioned there were lots of them milling around."

There were four species of flounder in the estuary samples. "It seems like the estuary could be an important nursery habitat for these species." There was no trace of hornwort or other invasive macrophytes. "We picked up loads of hornwort from the Ōtaki, so it's encouraging to see that it doesn't seem to have made it to Waikanae – yet."



The estuary is a working scientific reserve – something the group wants the public to keep in mind when they use it for recreational purposes.

Out at sea

Waikanae Estuary Scenic Reserve chair Robin Gunston said the group had planted around 66,000 native seedlings in 17 years, around two thirds of them raised in their on-site nursery.

The scientific reserve was set up by DOC in 1987 and fell into disarray, but in 2004 a group of locals set out to tidy it up. It was mostly sand dunes then, overrun by blackberry and gorse, and to this day the group unearthed old building materials and rubbish dumped there more than a decade before; they'd once discovered the base of a Bach in the dunes, and only this week uncovered a massive tractor tyre.

Today the group was 165 members strong and raised more than 3000 plants each year. The estuary was a working scientific reserve, hosting studies which could hold huge implications for our future.

We get pretty upset when we find dogs off-lead, making deposits and digging up plants – it takes three years to raise a plant,” Gunston said. “We need greater public understanding. We’re trying to do this for the greater benefit of New Zealand as a whole. Estuaries were “places of enormous change,” Gunston said. “Over a year the entrance of the river from the sea can move by 100 metres.

Recently they’d noticed “the increasing power of the sea”, with significant erosion already happening in the lower estuary, the result of climate change and extreme weather. Intense rainfall washed fine sediment down the river into the estuary, with rocky sediment lodging mid-stream and forming islands which slowly became their own little ecosystems as the water stagnated and plants began to grow.

Channels dug to straighten the river had the effect of concentrating the flow, making it faster. “Instead of things settling on bends in the river, they get carried downstream.



Waikanae Estuary, with Kāpiti Island in the distance

The final destination of the river was the sea. The plume from the outlet of the river was quite visible from aerial photos halfway out to Kāpiti Island, Gunston said.

This was an area of potential future study. What was sustainable here in terms of the nutrient levels? And what effect would the changes to the river have on the inhabitants of the marine reserve?

Only time would tell.

Who was O.W. Smith? By Tom Davis

How did the memory of an iconic American fly-fishing writer disappear from angling history?



Smith captioned this photo of himself "I resort to night fishing when I have caught a glimpse of a square-tailed monster that refused to show any interest in my daylight lures"

One summer day in 1937, the mother of Simon Schultz—his given name was Clarence, but no one called him that—sent him on the kind of errand most teenaged boys only dream about: catching a mess of trout for supper. Like a lot of families in Depression-era Wisconsin, the Schultzes, who lived in Washburn on the shores of Lake Superior, depended heavily on hunting, fishing, and foraging to keep the larder stocked and their bellies filled.

There were a lot of Schultz bellies to fill, too: Simon was one of 16 children.

Armed with a telescoping steel casting rod and a Colorado spinner, Simon hiked to the Sioux River to try his luck. It wasn't good—and as his frustration mounted, he began to vent it by uttering words that shaded towards the blue side of the language spectrum.

Then, mid-curse, he was startled to hear a voice call out to him. He turned to see a grey-haired gentleman on the riverbank, where he was kindling a small fire.

"I'm about to make a pot of coffee," he said. "Why don't you join me?"

They chatted, and sipped their coffee, and after a time the man, who had a kindly, somewhat bemused demeanour, asked Simon if he'd ever tried fly-fishing. When Simon explained that fly-fishing gear was beyond his family's means, the man said "I'll tell you what. Meet me at seven o'clock tonight at the café in town, and I'll give you a fly-fishing outfit."

Back home, Simon told his mother what had transpired on the river.

"Did this man tell you, his name?" she asked.

"O.W. Smith," he replied.

“Reverend Smith!” she exclaimed. “Well, if he promised to give you something, he will.”

Red-faced with shame over the language he’d used in front of a man of the cloth, Simon slunk into the café—and Reverend Smith was as good as his word. He gave young Simon a fine split-bamboo fly rod, a rod he fished with for the rest of his life. Over time, the spark kindled by Smith’s gesture blossomed into a flame, and as word of Simon Schultz’s mastery spread, he came to be regarded, among the outdoorsmen of Lake Superior’s south shore, as a trout fishing savant.

Give a man a fish, and he eats for a day. Teach a man to fish, and he eats for a lifetime.

O.W. Smith—the initials stood for Onnie Warren—taught a lot of men to fish. While serving as a Wisconsin clergyman for some 46 years, he also found time to write, prolifically, for numerous national publications. He became so popular, in fact, that he earned the nickname “Outdoor” Smith. The Angling Editor for *Outdoor Life* in the 1910s and ‘20s (shortly before the venerated Ray Bergman took over the job), he held the same position at *Outdoors*, another popular hunting-and-fishing title of the day, from 1936 until his death in 1941.

Smith also authored seven books on fishing and fly-tying, the best-known of which was *Trout Lore*. Published in 1917—and said to be a best-seller both in the United States and England—it was perhaps the most comprehensive “how to” trout fishing book of its day, with chapters on everything from tackle and techniques (fly, bait, and hardware), to how to dress for a day on the water, to how to cook your catch. He even provides several recipes for homemade mosquito repellent.

“The author,” according to the dust jacket, “has cast his line in many waters of America, east and west. He is a keen observer, an ardent seeker after knowledge and a wonderful teacher or guide. Moreover, he is a humourist and a philosopher.”

Indeed, Smith was a philosopher, and this contemplative bent, which has characterized the best writing about fishing since Izaak Walton inked his quill nearly 400 years ago, is the mark of his work. As he put it in another book, the posthumously published *Musings of an Angler*, “... the belief which has been the backbone of my philosophy is ‘It is not all of fishing to catch fish.’” Predictably, Smith’s writing is peppered with quotes not only from Walton, but from Emerson, Thoreau, Robert Louis Stevenson, and numerous lesser lights from the realms of philosophy, literature, and natural history.

The ironic thing, given how prolific and apparently popular he was, is how comprehensively his memory vanished following his death. There isn’t a single mention of Smith in Ernest Schwiebert’s encyclopaedic *Trout*, nor does his name appear in the discussion of literary figures in *Exploring Wisconsin Trout Streams*, the guidebook authored by Born et. al. that, for my money, is a model of its kind. So little biographical information exists, in fact, that were it not for the heroic efforts of University of Wisconsin-Green Bay archivist Debra Anderson, who scoured church histories, census records, and the like, even this skeletal rendering of Smith’s life and career would have been impossible.

Certainly, the timing of Smith’s death, at the outset of World War II, contributed to his later obscurity; only the brightest light could have penetrated the war’s long shadow. But I think the larger reason is that he had a very romantic, 19th century sensibility, a sensibility that would have

struck readers in progressive post-war America as distinctly old-fashioned: a horse-drawn carriage in an atomic-powered age. Consider this passage from *Trout Lore*

“A poet has asserted that ‘perfect’ days come in June; but I do not agree: May produces them. The air was soft and caressing, with that peculiar piquant odour characteristic of early spring, and palpitant with the hum of bees, as they sought far and wide for scarce sweets. A first brood of Mayflies brushed the surface of the rippling stream with gauzy wing, seeming as much creatures of the water as of the air; perhaps one could call them embodied spirits of the evanescent ripples.

Flowers, modest and retiring—hepaticas, spring beauties, arbutus, anemones, trilliums—rank on rank, marched down to the very water’s edge to watch the insects at their sports and nod encouragement. In the trees, for it was the high-tide of warbler migration—those beautiful wee sprites, the aristocrats of birddom, called incessantly, ‘Sweet, sweet, sweet’; while in the low shrubbery the more humble but not less lovable birds poured out their very souls in a torrent of melody.”

A bit (OK, a *lot*) on the syrupy side—especially for a generation gravitating to the likes of Schwiebert, A.J. McClane, Arnold Gingrich, Vince Marinaro, and the other pioneers of the modern fly-fishing canon.

Born in Weyauwega, Wisconsin, in 1872, Smith caught his first trout from the nearby Waupaca River when he was a little boy—and was hooked for life. But if the call of the trout stream was always strong, the call to be a fisher of men was even stronger. In 1895, after attending college preparatory school for one year, Smith was ordained a Methodist minister.

One of his first assignments took him to the fabled Wolf River country in the north-eastern part of the state, where he served several small churches as a “circuit rider.” The history of one of those churches notes that Rev. Smith “stayed until 1903,” adding that “those were the days when oats, hay and straw were a substantial part of the minister’s salary, and some of the families did most of their paying that way.”

Sometime in the early 1900s Smith switched his affiliation to Congregationalism. While he served a number of Congregational churches over the years, his longest-tenured position seems to have been in Oconomowoc, a small city about 30 miles west of Milwaukee which in those days, the 1920s-30s, had a population of around 4,500. At the time of his death, in September 1941, he was minister of the First Congregational Church in Mondovi, a village of about 2,000 on the northern edge of the Driftless Region.

According to the church history, “The most famous man that ever filled our pulpit, Rev. Smith was a sportsman of the first water ... He was an avid reader as well: The full truckload of books that he brought with him to Mondovi surprised a good many of his parishioners.”

Smith was also “summer pastor” for a church in Washburn, an arrangement that allowed him to spend extended periods of time at his cabin near the mouth of the Onion River on Lake Superior—and during prime trout season, too.

John Teeter, a former Washburn resident who in 2001 republished *Musings of an Angler* under the title *One Man’s River*—which I gather was a somewhat unhappy (read: money-losing)

experience for him—told me that the regular minister didn't like spending summers there and was eager to "swap" with Smith.

Smith was not a kiss-and-tell writer; he almost never divulged the names of the streams he fished. (Reading between the lines, I suspect he in fact did very little fishing beyond the borders of Wisconsin.) Teeter confirmed, however, that the stream Smith frequently referred to as "my river" was the Sioux—the site of his encounter with Simon Schultz. *One Man's River* is, in essence, an extended declaration of Smith's abiding love for this wild Lake Superior stream.

Not only its fishing, but the entirety of the experience, the sensory exalted to the spiritual:

"The song of the gentle rapid is the song of the self-contained and satisfied, ministering to the disease of us moderns who must always be going somewhere, doing something, making a noise in the world. To throw ourselves down upon a mossy couch above such a rapid, and let the world go by with the singing water, is the sort of medicine we need more than we need anything else in the world ... I suppose that each angler hears what he wants to hear, what he has prepared himself to hear, when he listens to the soul-stirring notes of his favourite stream."

That, at least, hasn't changed. One morning not long ago I was wading a boisterous rapid on the Peshtigo River, one of the few streams Smith cites by name, using a technique that would have been utterly familiar to him: swinging a pair of wet flies on a tight line through the likely holding water. I was picking up brookies with pleasing regularity, none of them big but all of them big enough.

And, it goes without saying, miraculously beautiful. Good scrappers on a three-weight rod, too, especially in that frisky current.

It was the fourth Wisconsin brook trout stream I'd fished in three days, and I hadn't seen another angler on any of them. There were the flutelike notes of thrushes and the urgent throb of drumming grouse; the modulations of the river's music from slow and murmuring to swift and sluicing; the tingle of anticipation as each cast landed with a soft *plop* and the flies sank from sight in the tea-coloured water.

That morning on the Peshtigo, beyond sight and sound of civilization, the sense of a grand and brooding solitude was particularly intense. It may not have

been wilderness, strictly speaking, but from where I stood it was a distinction without a difference.

O.W. Smith would have felt right at home.

Growing older, not up. by Tim Schulz



Much of the fun of getting to know a new fishing buddy is the slow and pleasant process of asking questions about their life and answering questions about yours.

“Where'd you grow up?”

“What do you do for a living?”

“If you could have any superpower, what would it be?”

That's the routine Tom Hazelton and I worked through during our first trip together when he asked a question I didn't expect.

“Are you retired?”

Retired? I suppose I'm old enough to have children Tom's age. Still, for that to have happened, I'd have had to muster the courage to speak to a girl—any girl—in high school. Because I didn't develop that particular superpower until I'd made it through four years of college, both of my children are much younger than Tom.

Early middle aged? Maybe. *Retired?* No.

In fairness to Tom, this wasn't the first time someone had mistaken me for an old guy. The AARP once sent an invitation for me to join their association, but only because some anonymous bureaucrat had mistakenly put my name on their list of old people. Tom's mistake was different. He stood next to me where he could see the same young man's face I see in the mirror. Ragged old Felson hats must make early middle-aged men like me look older.

About the time I'd recuperated from Tom's question, I met a young man named Elliot who follows my writing and knows the rivers I've written about at least as well as—and probably better than—I know them. I'd been on the river for six straight days, and two cold fronts had shut down the fishing for most of that time.

If Elliot saw me struggle through another fruitless evening, he'd undoubtedly peg me as a fly-fishing writer who can't catch fish. Like a hockey player with a full set of teeth, a pirate with two good eyes, or a politician who can't lie, I'd reveal myself as a fraud.

Hoping to dodge such an embarrassing unmasking, I snuck off to a wide section of the river where I crossed, hid in the woods, and wished for a good fish to rise. I uttered a few prayers too, and just when the sun dropped below the treetops, and the last of its rays were off the water, the big-fish gods answered my pleas. A throng of huge trout rose, and I caught them all. The river was my canvas, the rod was my brush, and I painted a masterpiece. Luck smiled, and I smiled back. Eight trout in less than two hours, and all were seventeen inches or longer. It was by far the best evening I'd had all week and one of the best I'd had in my life.

Two guys were fishing downstream from me, and one of them was Elliot. I had just bought a new Hardy reel, and I was using it for the first time. If you are familiar with the sound a Hardy reel makes when a fish pulls line against its drag, you will understand that Elliot knew how many fish I caught and how long it took to land each one of them. Hardy, I suspect, uses the same sound technology in their drag systems that Honeywell and other companies use in their fire alarms. They are designed to be heard. The following day I was surprised and delighted to receive a kind and thoughtful message from Elliot.

Hey Tim, it was great to meet you yesterday. Had a fun time chatting, and fun to watch you work your magic on those fish! I take comfort in the fact that 5 years of fly-fishing experience is nowhere near enough to master it, and if I stick with it, someday I might be the old guy across the river slaying the fish on a bamboo rod!

Old guy?

“All of this ‘old guy’ and ‘are you retired?’ stuff is starting to piss me off,” I wrote to my friend Jerry Dennis. His quick reply endorsed my position.

I know. I'm getting pissed off too. Especially because just a year or two ago I was the guy looking across the river at the old man (sixty!) and thinking how great it was that he could still get around at his age.

I hate to tell you, old friend, but it gets worse. Not long ago I went to a coffee shop and the tattooed, 22-year-old hipster counter jockey said, “What can I get you, young man?” I dove over the counter and throttled him until he was unconscious, wrote “I Am a Condescending Shit” on his forehead with a marker pen, and stole his wallet. Young man, indeed.

I suppose old guys like Jerry and me can hold off the inevitable by throttling innocent hipsters or trading our fedoras and vests for trucker hats and backpacks. But eventually, we'll have to concede that ten, twenty, or thirty more years have gotten behind us. The grey hairs, receding hairlines, and aching knees are awkward—and obvious—reminders of your evolution from whomever it was that you once thought you were into that old guy across the river. Time is a good teacher, though, and if you keep your eyes open along the way, you can learn a few worthwhile lessons. Assuming, of course, that you wear a good pair of corrective lenses to compensate for your diminished vision, and you make a simple five-point list, so you don't forget.

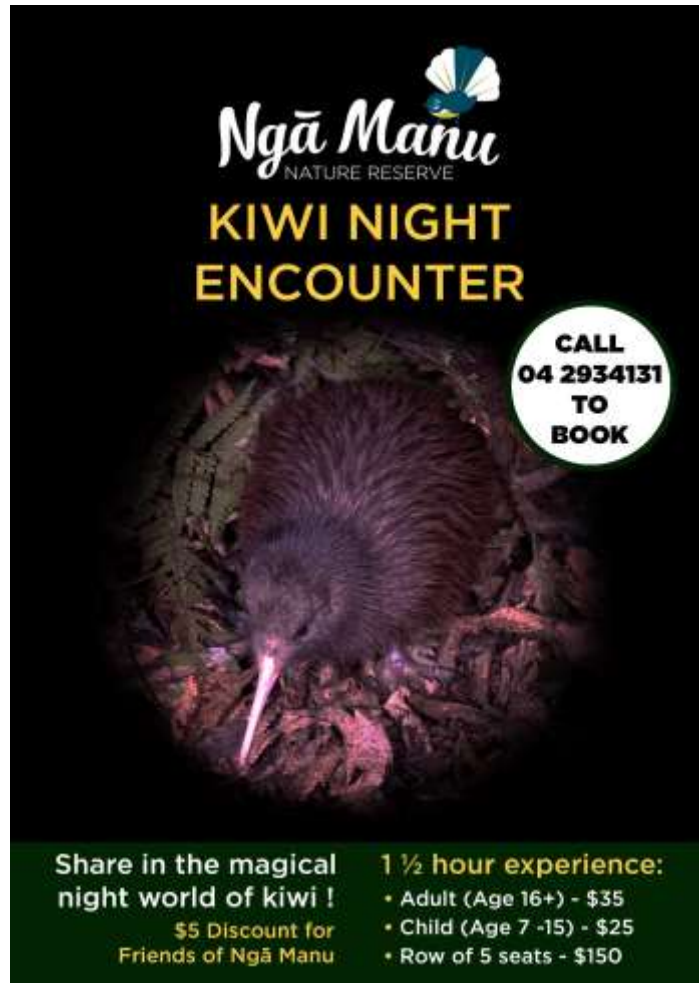
1. *Short casts catch more fish than long casts.* If you want to get closer to something precious, shorten your shadow, soften your steps, and weaken your wake.
2. *You're only as strong as your weakest knot.* If you don't want to lose the catch of a lifetime, check your knots twice. Then recheck them. They are the only things that keep you connected.
3. *Don't leave fish to find fish.* A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush. The grass is rarely greener on the other side. You know that sort of thing.
4. *Don't be afraid to change flies.* Loyalty is important, but you'll miss many opportunities if you are unwilling to change.
5. *You can't fix a fouled leader with more casting.* When you're in a hole, drop the shovel. Stop doing the things that caused the problem in the first place. Random yanks on the line will just worsen the mess

Of course, Tom, Elliot, and the tattooed counter jockey are right. Jerry and I have grown older and, I hope, a little wiser. But that doesn't mean we have to like it. And it sure as hell doesn't mean we have to grow up.



A number of our present Committee members will not be seeking re-election to the Committee at this years AGM, we are looking for a new Treasure plus three Committee members.

Can please consider putting your name forward as a Committee Member or Treasure, we need your ideas and energy to keep the club moving forward.



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 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.

*Newsletter copy to be received by
Second Monday of each month; your
contribution is welcome just send it to:*

malcolm1@xtra.co.nz

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

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