



# Kapiti Fly Fishing Club

## November 2019 Newsletter

**This month's photo: Some people go to great lengths to improve their casting skills, a fishless day at the Otaki Forks photo by Wayne**

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**Club activities**

Date	Event	Coordinator
<b>Monday 25 November</b>	<b>Club Auction</b>	
<b>Sunday 1 December</b>	<b>McWilliams Shield – Waikanae River</b>	
<b>Saturday 7 December</b>	<b>Pohangina River</b>	<b>Pete</b>
<b>February 2020</b>	<b>Mohaka River</b>	
<b>March 2020</b>	<b>Whanganui – Whakapapa River</b>	
<b>April/May 2020</b>	<b>Manganui o te Ao – Tuki Tuki River</b>	

**I would like to remind members that Sporting Life are our sponsor and you are encouraged to visit their website or contact them when you are next looking for a fly-fishing item to purchase, Graham will give you a generous discount as a club member.**



## *President report*

Well, the year is rocketing along, and we are well into the New Season and now I suspect we have mostly ditched our waders for the summer and are wet wading plus Dry Fly and nymph dropper rigs are starting to be used. If I listen hard, I can almost hear the cicadas chirping!

A couple of weeks ago four of the Mid-Week group had an informal trip into the Otaki Forks which was great fun however no fish were sighted. The weekend prior had been the first low water weekend of the season and my understanding is that the area had an influx of keen anglers which may have sent all the trout for cover.

If you wish to join this group let me know and I will add you to the list.

The poor old Kapiti rivers have been consistently running high over the last few weeks and I, for one, are looking forward to some fine and sunny weather.

The Monday 25th club night is our last club night of the year and also our bi-annual Auction so please bring your partners if you want and come along and snaffle some amazing bargains. There are around 80 items, mostly with nil reserve prices. You have all been sent the list of items . I have my eye on a few and I hope we get some heated bidding.

This weekend is our first ever trip to the Retaruke River and ten of us are staying at the Blue Duck Station and hopefully you will get to hear lots of embellished stories from the trip, and maybe even a few lies.

Check out the trip list shown in this Newsletter. Apart from a month-long break over the Christmas and New Year period there is a lot happening with our major event being the Otaki Kids Fish out Day on February 8th to coincide with the Otaki Kite Festival. We will be seeking help on the weekend from as many members as possible to make this a memorable event. Malcolm, Wayne and Nick are the hard-working team who, along with the Horowhenua Club reps, are putting the event together and they are doing an amazing job.

Don't forget to book with Pete for our club Christmas Dinner, for members and partners, to be held at the Jolly Pub on Friday December 6th. It will be a fun night to cap off a busy year.

Hunting & Fishing Otaki hosted an amazing fly-fishing evening last week with Kyle Adams from Manic Tackle talking on things fishing and we all got to try out the new Primal rods and Airflo lines. Club member Chris Moy's partner Di won the draw for a new Primal Stash six-piece travel rod. The smile on Di's face was priceless! A big thanks to Ben and the Otaki Hunting & Fishing team as well as Kyle and Rene from Manic. It's a great store selling great product

Remember that it is your club and we welcome any ideas for both trips and club nights so give Steve, Leon, Pete, Nick, Kras, Ashley, Malcolm or me a call for a chat. We cannot do it all by ourselves and appreciate your input

Tight lines

Michael



Di Moy's and the new Primal Stash six-piece travel rod she won at the Otaki Hunting and Fishing event.

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*You are invited to our next Club night on Monday 25 November where you can upgrade your tired fly-fishing gear and put in a bid on some new stuff at the club auction night.*

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## *Back to the Future! By Nick Weldon*

Fifty-four years ago, two young, gangly teenagers walked through the front door of the Greyhound Hotel at Stockbridge, Hampshire on the banks of the hallowed chalk stream, the River Test. Aged 14 and 12, the boys were brothers and they were there to learn the art of fly fishing before setting off for their first fishing holiday on the banks of the river Spey in Scotland.



**The Greyhound Hotel**

The tutor was the man that created the General Practitioner salmon fly, Colonel Esmond Drury.



The course lasted all weekend and included an endless day and a half of casting practice in a field right next to the river Test where trout could be seen rising to mayfly and the occasional salmon breached. Talk about frustrating! Not allowed to cast on the water until right at the end of day 2, the casting lessons made the right arm bicep muscles grow exponentially! The evenings were spent tying flies, including of course the GP. Drury was a good tutor, and much was learned before being allowed to set up for an hour or so of actual casting to fish late in the evening, with flies that each attendee had tied. Usual result...zilch! But it was an experience not to be forgotten.



### **The actual field used to learn how to cast**

A week later the two boys set off to Scotland with Mum and Dad to put their newfound knowledge and skills to the test on Speyside. Now Rome was not built in a day and 10 days later, neither boy had caught anything. The rivers were very low, and few fish were caught. Then on the last day a heavy downpour had raised the rivers overnight, and on one of the Spey feeder streams the eldest boy was casting for seatrout with wet flies on a floating line. Mum and Dad were desperate to set off back to London and the usual “right, last cast” went up.

Well, this time the last cast produced results! A sizable seatrout took the fly right at the end of the swing and the fight was on! Not being used to actually having a fish on, the technique employed to play the fish was rudimentary to say the least but after a few minutes a fish of about 6 pounds was coming to the net. “Come on, we’ve got to go, get a move on” shouted Dad, who hated fishing anyway. So, the lad put more pressure on the fish, dropped the rod tip to net the fish and it was gone!!! Tears? Could have caused another flood!

**54 years later**, June 2019, the elder brother flew from NZ to England to stay with his brother and celebrate their mother’s 100<sup>th</sup> birthday.

By chance, the younger brother was managing a 3 mile stretch of the river Wey near Alton in Hampshire on behalf of a small syndicate of chalk stream fly fishers. As the manager, he had contacts with a number of chalk stream management organisation, one of which was having their annual association day.

The Test and Itchen Association is known throughout the world and it had kindly invited him to come along and attend talks and demonstrations and do some fishing on the, you guessed it, River Test! The younger brother also asked if his ‘expert’ fly fishing older brother from New Zealand could possibly go too. As a special case, they kindly allowed both to go.

So, almost exactly 54 years after first trying fly fishing, the two brothers walked into the same hotel, on the same river, where it all started. No longer gangly, they were a wee bit shorter and certainly more portly!

The next day, the Test and Itchen Association open day was fantastic. Presentations were given on how the rivers had been managed, what the state of the rivers were, the pests that now exist, including strip weed and American crayfish. Photographic and biodiversity talks were interesting

and varied. Then the brothers had a master class with Charles Jardine in which he discussed setups, casting techniques (in particular double hauling), flies, nymphs and fishing techniques. Next, they met on the river itself and he demonstrated his nymphing techniques, promptly catching a nice fat brownie right in front of us!



And then the two brothers, one with a gammy knee, were allowed to fish both the river (strictly catch and release with barbless hooks) and a spring fed lake (put and take), with the following result...



**The two brothers, ably assisted by my brother's son, John**

A wonderful day and fantastic memories relived, 54 years apart!

PS. I still have the original second-hand Hardy split cane rod and reel that I learnt to cast with.

PPS. When I asked what a day's fishing on the Test or Itchen costs now, I thank heaven for NZ and its public, not private, waters regime. I am so fortunate!

### ***Horizons' Didymo Dave wins New Zealand Biosecurity Award: Wanganui Chronicle***



**Didymo Dave in action, spreading the Check, Clean, Dry message**

Didymo Dave has been named one of New Zealand's biosecurity champions.

David Cade, known as Didymo Dave for his work in the Central Plateau region, has received the Minister for Primary Industries' Biosecurity Award for his efforts to stop the spread of freshwater pests.

The award, presented at the New Zealand Biosecurity Awards this week, acknowledges an individual, group or organisation that has at least 10 years of continuous outstanding contribution to biosecurity in New Zealand.

"He's widely known for being a passionate and long-standing champion and volunteer for freshwater biosecurity, pest control and conservation," O'Connor said.

"He is a tireless promoter of the Check, Clean, Dry campaign to stop the transfer of freshwater pests and prevent the introduction of new ones. "David truly illustrates the impact a passionate person can have in making a difference for biosecurity in New Zealand."

Horizons Regional Council has employed Didymo Dave on a casual basis since 2013 to spread the Check, Clean, Dry message in the Central Plateau area, Horizons environmental co-ordinator Craig Davey said.

"Dave is a conservation hero and extremely passionate about protecting our waterways from pests for future generations," Davey said.

"We have been fortunate to harness this passion and have him join us in engaging people from all walks of life in conservation conversations when he's visited popular sites over summer. From riverside chats to events – you'll know what you need to do to better protect our special places once Dave has encouraged you to make a difference."

Davey said that over the years Didymo Dave had come up with innovative ways to gain attention for the cause.

"From a poem about the blue duck to talkback radio calls and alter egos Dame Didymo Davina and Victor the Viking, Dave's use of all media platforms and memorable personalities to get cut-through knows no bounds. His passion for kaitiakitanga is contagious, his care is genuine and his ability to encourage behaviour change is effective.



**Forestry Minister Shane Jones (right) presented David Cade with the award**

"There are only a handful of people that stand above the rest by not only walking the talk but impacting on others to make a difference. It's fantastic that his efforts have been recognised with this award.

Gillian Visser, who owns Adventure Lodge and Motel at Tongariro National Park, nominated Didymo Dave for the award.

Visser said she got to know Didymo Dave as he talked to guests in the lodge kitchen. "Dave is always spreading the word to all the tourists who stop here about biosecurity in New Zealand, often going as far as scrubbing their boots for them before they leave," Visser said.

"He is constantly working and goes above and beyond with his efforts.

"My daughter heard about the awards and suggested I nominate him. It took a bit of work to pull together all the information and references, but I kept thinking on those late nights that this will all be worth it – someone like this deserves an award big time."

Davey said Didymo Dave would be out and about again this summer on behalf of Horizons.

### ***The Kid – he only talked of fishing by Domenick Swentosky***



The kid was ten years old and small for his age, but his legs were strong, and he waded without fear. He fished hard. We shared a passion and a singular focus, so I enjoyed having him on the water. He stood just tall enough not to lose him in a field of goldenrod and he weighed less than the family dog. But he was sturdy, tough and determined, with an unwavering perseverance that kept him focused during the inevitable slow days with a fly rod.

He only talked of fishing. It was likely safe to assume that his conversations carried more variety with others, but the kid and I rarely strayed from the devotion. Trout. We chased wild browns and stocked bows across every lick and run in the county that was cold enough to hold trout and small enough for the kid to remain upright in a moderate side current.

In point of fact, he fell in or went over his hip boots nearly every time we fished. Ambition tended to outweigh reason, and the pocket water off the far bank often seemed fishier than what was on the near side of the Midcurrent. On many an occasion, I'd watch him climb back out of the river

to find a suitable log, take a seat with a chuckle and proceed to dump the water from his boots before ringing out his socks and redressing. The kid was efficient, and I admired that.

Brook trout streams were our favourite. It was the size of water he could manage, and I found, in the kid, a friend that would walk for miles for small fish and abundant scenery. He intuitively understood that the fishing was somehow secondary — that the walk would make the memory.

He tied flies that looked like hell, but I never mentioned it because they caught fish and it made him smile, so that was enough. The kid's ideas about how to catch a trout were amusing to me at first, but I soon learned restraint in offering any advice. Instead, I was instructed by watching his instincts with a fly rod — which often outperformed all the things that are supposed to work.

He was the most dependable fishing partner I've ever had. With the unbound freedom of a ten-year-old's short list of responsibilities, he was always available, would always fish and never folded plans. Conditions didn't matter. On one rainy, cold, November day, with holes in his patched boots, frozen hands, a wet hat and no raincoat, he slung his cheap rod with the old and cracked fly line, and I watched as he lit up the stream. On days that he didn't, he kept fishing anyway.

I don't know where his natural way with trout came from. His father was not a fisherman, and the kid was mostly self-taught — honest-to-goodness self-taught, without YouTube videos or even much influence from any decent fishing literature. He was just an innately fishy kid with instinct and the desire to be on the water.

One horribly windy day, with storms rolling through, we decided to fish anyway. The kid's Mom told me he could go as long as I would, "make sure a tree doesn't fall on him." No problem, I assured her, and I heroically rescued the kid from all the falling timber that a single day could bring (which is to say, the kid and I went fishing together).

After a couple years of sharing the water, we knew each other well and worked the river as a team. I took the bigger waters and deeper chutes while the kid jumped above to pick off fish in the skinny riffles. It was a good partnership.

One early summer weekend we took a long drive. Winding the backroads before dawn, we slowed progressively as we travelled northward, fighting fog in the cool valleys and dodging deer that we frightened with the headlights. Finally, as the yellow sun rose over a line of spruce trees, we parked in the ferns, gathered our gear and walked into the silence.

We followed the sound of trickling water, upstream into the dense forest with the objective to walk until we broke out of the floodplain. We walked the lower stretch of the stream among the roots and fallen oaks with massive broken limbs pushing earth and widening the valley — miles of curving streambed redirected from one season into the next. The kid fell repeatedly into the leftover trenches overgrown with deep green plants.

I turned once to see his hands pushing himself upright against the mossy ground. We shared a grin, and then we pushed forward. We walked for hours. When the dominant undergrowth finally gave way to adult hemlocks, the forest shaded the mid-morning sun, and we stopped walking.

The fishing was as it should be in such a remote place. We threw dry flies into the black and brown corners of falling water, hooking native brook trout gems as small as the kid's fingers and

no larger than my hand. The water flowed down the mountain as we moved up and through it. We climbed a watery trail that narrowed as the hours past. We rarely spoke as we worked in tandem among the evergreens, cold water and gentle rain that had set in, releasing one fish after another.

We fished until sunset and then hiked east on an old logging road. It was dark when we found the truck in the ferns again, and with satisfied exhaustion we drove dirt roads, then hard roads that widened like the stream itself as we travelled south down the mountain.

The kid fought off sleep the whole way home. We talked of trout and winding rivers.

### *The secret to tying articulated streamers by Chris Hunt*



I'm a self-styled fly-tier who's likely better at imitating fly patterns that, to my repeated surprise, often catch fish, than I am at crafting my own creations.

No, they're often not pretty. But, generally speaking, they're pretty enough.

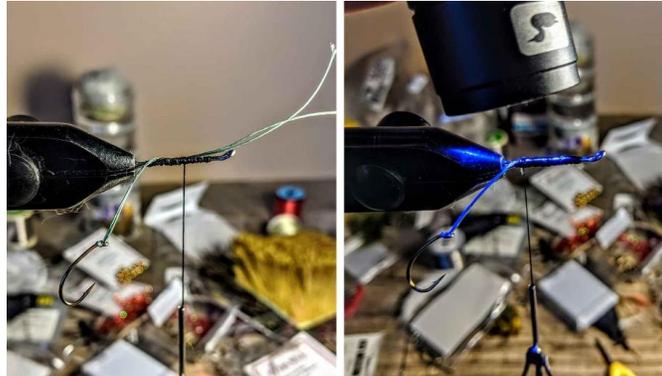
But, for the longest time, I struggled tying articulated streamer patterns—you know, the big, ugly suckers that cast like a wet diaper but tend to be the patterns that pull hog browns out from under log jams when nothing else seems to do the trick. The part of my brain where pragmatism dwells can be a bit difficult to access at times, and I struggled mightily to figure it out. When I finally did, it was a total face-palm moment.

Whether you're tying full-on articulated patterns or just tying streamers with trailing "stinger" hooks, the secret isn't in knots or, depending on the type of fish you're after, in the material you use to connect the main body of the fly to trailing section. The secret is in the tying itself. In fact, good articulated patterns aren't tied using knots at all.

Over the years, I've watched other vise-monkeys like me offer different methods for tying the lead hook to the trailing hook, or the body of the fly using articulated fly shanks to the stinger hook, and I'm convinced that I've finally stumbled upon the easiest method.

First, as I mentioned, it's not about a knot. Instead, treat the material you're using to connect the trailing hook just like any other material you might tie into a fly pattern. With your hook

connected to your trailing line (I'll get to the material shortly), simply place the line atop the lead hook or shank, and tie it down, starting at the bend in the hook and working your way toward the hook eye.



Then, stretch the leftover material toward the bend, and tie back to the original tie-in point. This is where I like to dose the entire stretch of tied-in material with either a thin coat of head cement or, even better, a coat of very thin UV-activated resin. Splash the coating with a UV light and you've got yourself a virtually unbreakable connection between your lead shank and your trailing hook.

As for the line between the lead and the trailer, consider your target. For trout and bass, a nice segment of heavy mono (15-pound test or better) should work.

And you have some options here. You can go with a single stretch of line, tied to the trailing hook eye in a somewhat traditional method, or you can choose to attach the trailing hook by looping the material through the hook eye and tying both ends of the material to the lead hook shank. Both work, but I prefer the latter, because I think it adds to the strength of the fly, both by providing two lengths of line to the trailing hook, and by giving it two attachments to the lead shank. Honestly, though, it's a preference thing.

As for length, consider two things:

The length of the material that stretches behind the lead hook or shank, like the marabou or the stretch of rabbit or bucktail ... or whatever:

you choose to attach to the trailing hook, if anything at all (obviously, a stinger hook will be bare, and shouldn't extend past the tail material tied to the lead shank) should cover the hook so it blends nicely with the material from the lead shank.

You can also double the durability of the fly by choosing to lash the trailing material to the trailing hook, much like you did to the lead hook. Rather than loop the material to the trailing hook eye, stretch it a bit farther down the shank and tie it in. Then, dose it with cement or resin. This adds more strength to the finished product, and for most angling situations, stronger is so much better.

No, it's not rocket science. It's actually a fairly easy method for crafting good articulated patterns, and for those who've spent time trying to use the knot method, this might seem overly

simple. Give it a try and see if you don't like the outcome. I know I like not tying knots which often break over time.

## ***KFFC Turangi Trip – 19 – 20 October 2019 by Steve Taylor***

Members participating on the trip were: Mike, Leon, Stuart, Tony, Mike, Chris, Mark, Robert, Hugh, Steve

There was a good crew of ten anglers on this trip. With boats in tow, we had a plan to fish the lakes, chance our luck on the new season's waters, and even fish the regular rivers around Turangi.

The accommodation was shared between Leon and Roberts' houses. Tony had the fire going, and he had been successful on the "TT" by the time Leon and myself settled in on Thursday night. The plan was to get a calm day to fish Lake O. Friday dawned cold, cloudy and without wind. Perfect conditions on the lake. However, after a couple of missed fish, and a serious amount of casting, it was back to the house to re-group and re-charge.

Back to the water we went – being a small river by National Park. This time with success with a good condition Rainbow to Leon. Tony was again successful on the river swinging lures.

Weather conditions for Saturday were poor with strong winds and showers forecast, but we still decided to make tracks to Lake Rotoaira, as Stuart and Chris had already found success there on the Friday, landing nine, with the biggest being 3 pounds.

The two Mikes, "Mathews and Murphy", launched Mike's new Takakat on the lake for its maiden voyage. Conditions were far from perfect and after hooking and dropping a fish at the net, it was back to Homebase. Stuart and Chris stayed on the lake, catching two fish and also relocating to Lake O for another two fish in Chris' custom-made boat.

The crew at Robert's place were fishing the rivers, with Hugh catching plenty, and a mixed bag of success for the others. We all assembled at the Tavern for a debrief, a good meal, and to watch England beat Australia. Then back to the Bach for a late-night viewing of the All Blacks game streamed on Stuart's laptop.

Robert and Mark were onto good fish on Sunday with Robert staying on to Monday to have more success in Mike's lucky pool. Leon and I fished the Hautapu on the way home without success as the river was high and dirty with no fish seen. The two Mikes were having "fun" with one leaving his boots at home, and the other, leaving his new net on the river. I was down to one boot in my waders, so there may be a visit to the fishing shop for some of us.

A great trip, good company, with success for some, and I'm looking forward to the next trip to the Retaruke River in November.

I would like to thank the two Bach owners, Leon and Robert, for kindly letting us stay at the houses. Also, thanks to Mike Murphy for his organisational skills.

Steve

## *Getting into the swing of things by George Daniel*



**Releasing a fine brown trout**

Building wet flies into your nymphing rig can double your chance of success.

Springtime in central Pennsylvania is hatch time, which means numerous mayflies, caddis, and stoneflies hatching in strong numbers. Along with ideal water conditions (clarity and depth), these hatches create a perfect storm for the angler during which all tactical options are on the table – dry flies, wet flies and nymphing. During a hatch, one of the deadliest approaches can often be swinging wets, emergers and/or soft hackles.

Unfortunately, wet fly tactics have become sort of a lost art with many of today's anglers. This is a shame because wet flies, like any given tactic during the right conditions, can be the fly fisher's best way to consistently catch fish. This is with good reason. Wet flies are intended to imitate emergers, the most vulnerable stage of the insect's life during which it is transitioning from larva stage to adult.

Trout know these insects represent an easy meal and will often focus on emergers. The question that often faces anglers is whether, at any given time during a hatch, whether it would be more effective to switch to swinging wet flies or stick with their nymph rig. The answer may be a little bit of both.

Fortunately, by meshing nymphing with wet fly tactics, there is a way to kill two birds with one stone.

Typically, trout need to be in an active feeding state in order for wet fly tactics to work. But, despite how effective wet flies can be, there are few times when wet flies will out produce nymphs. This is why I rarely stick to a rig with all wets. Instead, I'll build a wet fly approach into my nymphing rig.

While there are countless ways you can build wet flies into your nymphing rig, one of my favourite methods is to tie a wet fly off the bend of a nymph. For example, as the sulphur mayfly actions begins to pick up here in central Pennsylvania, I'll tie a yellow Puff Daddy CDC off the bend of my favourite sulphur nymph. I'll place a split shot (size/amount depending on water

depth/speed) approximately 200 to 250 mm above my sulphur nymph. Then I attach a 300 to 400 mm of tippet to the bend of the sulphur nymph and tie on the yellow Puff Daddy.



**Puff Daddy**

The tactic is simple and is best when fished with a tight line presentation – which means not using an indicator. First, cast up and across stream to dead drift your rig. I prefer up and across rather than straight up as this angle will allow you to better manage your line and put you into a better position to begin the swing.

As the flies begin to drift straight across from you (i.e. the point where you can no longer lead the nymphs without slack accumulating) slowly elevate the rod tip. This lift will take out any slack that may have accumulated during the dead drift. The key is not to pull your flies off the bottom but simply to eliminate any slack. Once the rod is elevated and slack is taken out of the rig, now it's time to swing your rig.

As the fly's drift below you, keep the rod tip pointed in the direction of the line and/or leader on the water and rotate your shoulders so that you begin pulling the rig across the stream. This is when the soft hackle pattern on the point works its magic. As the flies slowly swing through the current, the wet fly will flutter immediately below the surface, imitating an emerging insect. When a fish strikes, it will usually hook itself due to the tension created during the swing, so a hook set is usually not needed.

It is important to keep your rod tip positioned in a way that will create enough tension to detect a strike but not too much – allowing a fish to break the tippet during a strike. Strikes during the swing are typically aggressive, which means the rod tip must be in a position to absorb an aggressive take. To create this shock absorber, simply keep your rod hand low to the water but break the wrist so the rod tip is angled upward. In other words: you don't want your rod, line, and leader to form a straight line during the swing. When all three are in a straight line, there is no cushion for a hard strike, and you will likely break off the fly.

By building a wet fly into your nymphing rig and putting a swing into your presentation, you can easily double your chances when insects are emerging, and trout are actively feeding.

***Editor's note: George Daniel is the author of a very good book called *Dynamic Nymphing* (Stackpole, 2011).***

## *They're not your fish' by Kennedy Warne*



**Brown trout resting on the bed of Lake Waikaremoana photo by Irene Middleton**

*In a column on Newsroom a few days ago, Emma Espiner spoke of her need, in the wake of Christchurch, to be “reminded of the whakapapa of racism.” Such events, she wrote, have “a lineage” which should be identified and exposed.*

*Racism’s lineage was on Kennedy Warne’s mind when he wrote a recent story about the sunken forest of Lake Waikaremoana for New Zealand Geographic. In the course of researching the 52-year legal battle of lake tribes with the Crown over ownership of the lakebed, and the equally drawn-out resource-use battles over trout, hydroelectricity and tourism, he found a persistent drumbeat of prejudice and injustice directed toward the lake’s traditional owners.*

*Here he focuses on just one of those resources and finds that the way Māori were treated over the introduction of trout to their lake was as stinky as a fishmonger’s apron.*

It began with the usual promises and paternalism. In 1895, a year before rainbow and brown trout began to be introduced to Lake Waikaremoana, Premier “King Dick” Seddon assured lake Māori (Tūhoe, Ruapani and Kahungunu) that trout would provide them with an excellent new food source, and talked about enabling them to conduct the releases and look after the fishery.

That didn’t happen. Like the autonomous Tūhoe native reserve act, legislated in 1896 — the same year that trout started swimming around in Waikaremoana’s waters and getting a taste for the lake’s native fish as prey — the Crown’s actions didn’t match the kōrero.

That was consistent with virtually every dealing Te Urewera people had with the Crown. As the Waitangi Tribunal’s 8-volume, 4000-word Te Urewera report, puts it:

*“What is astonishing, in our view, is that in all the evidence and papers available to the Tribunal, the various Government departments and Ministers never once seemed to consider what would benefit Māori or what was in their best interests. Indeed, they had actively sought to defeat the rights claimed by Māori.”*

As a result, from the early 1900s, local Māori watched while Pākehā anglers motored around their lake, caught and cooked the fish that were living in their lake, and never once asked for permission or thanked them for the privilege.

In its report, the Waitangi Tribunal records a revealing conversation that took place in 1905 between John Ward, manager of the government's tourist lodge at the lake, and Te Reneti Hawira, a representative of the local people. Hawira tells Ward that Pākehā sport fishing must cease, because the owners never gave their consent for anglers to fish in the lake.

“But friend Reneti,” Ward replies, “the fish these Pakehas catch in Waikaremoana are not your fish. The Pakeha paid a lot of money to have them brought from England to New Zealand and paid men big salaries to get them up to the Lake, and have their eggs Hatched, then watch the eggs hatch out young fish, and grow into Big Trout. Don't you know that?”

“Yes, I know that. But of what moment is it? (E aha kei ena?)” Hawira retorts. “Oh! It's got a lot to do with it,” Ward insists. “If the fish these Pakehas catch in the Lake here were Maori fish, there would be a cause for what you are now telling me! But they are not Maori Fish!”

Not Māori fish. Not Māori freshwater. Not Māori foreshore or seabed. The refrain continues to this day. What Ward was really saying is: “They're not your fish, despite the fact that they're in your lake, eating its food and displacing its indigenous fauna. And because they're not your fish, you have to ask people like me for permission to catch one. And if you take one without asking, I'll have you arrested.”

Ward takes it upon himself to educate his friend on the issue of access. “Don't you think the Lake is free to all good men — Pakehas or Maoris — and therefore no one has the power, you, or me, or even the Government, to stop people going on it if they desire to do so?”

Hawira did not think so and set Ward straight on the matter: “No one has any right on Waikaremoana Lake without I consent for them to go on it!”



**Within 10 years of trout being released into the lake, anglers were taking large hauls. Photo: T W Brown album, Alexander Turnbull Library**

That didn't go down well with a government eager to promote the lake as a new tourism destination. Native Minister James Carroll — who was Kahungunu, and therefore had some mana whenua in the lake himself — when informed of Hawira's protest, dismissed it, saying there was “nothing in the objection.”

In a letter to Carroll, Hawira made his position clear, not just about the fishing but the use of a government launch on the lake. It was the principle he objected to; the government was

freeloading. It was collecting revenue from fishing licences and not sharing it with the lake's owners.

"O Friend," wrote Hawira about the boat, "I object also to the steamer which is eating the riches of the Lake the same as the fishing is. Free use is made of my Lake, and I get no benefit therefrom, that is why I say that they must be sent back."

For the Waikaremoana people, trout and its licensing regime were the thin end of an expanding wedge. The government had already established an imported game reserve around Waikaremoana, and, in 1903, it prohibited hunting of both native and imported animals. Traditional Māori hunting, trapping and fishing were coming under increasing government scrutiny and pressure. Māori were being squeezed by the Crown in terms of their ability to go about daily food-gathering activities, the heart of their economy.

Reactions like Hawira's to that growing threat were hardly surprising. As the Waitangi Tribunal put it:

*"The Government and the Western economy having arrived at the lake in a very material way, the people's response was that the lake was their economic asset, not the Government's, and that the Government should not use it without their permission and without paying for it."*

Patronising responses like Ward's were hardly surprising, either. Ward's superior, the superintendent of the Tourist Department, told him not to take any notice of "the old Maori. I presume he is quite harmless."

By the time the Native Land Court found in favour of Māori over ownership of the lakebed in 1918 — a decision the Crown fought for half a century before eventually accepting it — the government's presumption of dominance had hardened considerably.

John Salmond, solicitor-general at the time, declared it was "out of the question" that Māori should have freehold title to lakes or other freshwater bodies. "Such titles would enable the Natives to exclude the whole European population from all rights of fishing, navigation and other use now enjoyed by them," he wrote.

Do those words have a modern ring to them? They should, because such thinking has never been laid to rest. Divisive "Iwi vs Kiwi" sloganeering remains a reliable strand of nationalist rhetoric.

In January of this year, the Wanganui (without an "h") Ratepayers Association engaged in some race-based fearmongering when it trotted out the claim that if local parks and reserves came under joint management by iwi as a result of the settlement of their Treaty claim, there was a risk that access could be charged for or blocked.

Yet history shows that it is invariably Māori who have been denied access by Pākehā to that which is precious to them, not the other way around.

There were other odious aspects to the lake trout saga as well. For three years, the government operated a trout hatchery on land near Waimako Pā, at Tuai, but paid no rent. The manager justified that decision on the basis that "we do not know where a thing like that might end, especially as there might be several natives with a communal interest in the property."

A group of Māori owners suggested granting five free fishing licences in lieu of rent for the hatchery, but the district manager of the Tourist Department in Rotorua resisted even that modest request, judging that it was an “effort to get something extra.”

A report commissioned by the Waitangi Tribunal noted with bitterness that the accusation of seeking “something extra” was “particularly mean-spirited when that is just what the department received from Māori for the use of land and water for three years.”

Equally sad, in the wider environmental picture, is that to protect their trout investment the government ordered that colonies of kawau, or black shags, be shot. These birds were revered as guardians, and their loss would have been keenly felt and deeply grieved.

A century later, the situation is different — dramatically so. Like the Whanganui River, Te Urewera is now a legal person. Legislation in 2014 declared that Te Urewera — “ancient and enduring, a fortress of nature, alive with history” — has all “rights, powers, duties, and liabilities of a legal person.” It is owned by no one. It owns itself. It has its own kawa, central to which is managing people for the benefit of the land, not the other way round.

This political reset is powerfully symbolised in Tūhoe’s new building at the lake edge — Te Wharehou o Waikaremoana. On a façade of blackened timber evoking the scorched-earth devastation of colonial times glows a declaration of enduring identity: “Mauna, moana, iwi, tanata.”

The consuming fires of prejudice and oppression are extinguished by the long-awaited waters of justice.

### ***Regional Council River Works - Waikanae River Consents - the short story by Hugh Driver and Malcolm***

Fish & Game (and KFFC) are now generally supportive of the administrative process that Greater Wellington Regional Council Flood Protection have proposed regarding future river works activities. KFFC will be following the lead provided by Fish & Game it being unlikely that we would withdraw our objections until there is some resolution regarding governance especially with respect to Mana Whenua.

Despite this situation the Regional Council Flood Protection Group have embarked on the data gathering and planning of future works with the expectation that the provisionally agreed administrative process will be adopted. I was advised there will not be any river works implementation activities until the consents are secured.

On Thursday 14 November a group of 60 plus people from the wider community participated with GWRC Waikanae River Walk Over, both Hugh and Malcolm joined the group as we progressed slowly upstream from the Waimanu Lagoon. There were numerous interesting discussions as we progressed upstream with many people highlighting the issue of the gravel build up in many parts of the river, even at ‘high tide’ we could see a build up in the main river right where the lagoon joins the river.



**Waimanu Lagoon**



**Looking upstream from Lagoon**



**Wild flowers alongside the track at Lagoon**



**Morning tea and one of the speakers**



**Example of gravel build up - Cooks Park**



**Lunch stop time to have a chat**

I found the time spent talking to people, showing them the odd trout and hearing the message 'we are going to allow the river to breath and take its natural course' was encouraging, it will be interesting to see if this is what happens. It was rewarding to see so many people who have an interest in the Waikanae river and recognising its value to the wider community, well worth the time spent walking the river. I will be back next year and would encourage all members to consider joining me, my thanks to Hugh.

## *Wairarapa's Mangatarere Stream wins at NZ River Awards*



The Mangatarere Stream, a tributary of the Waiohine River, was one of three rivers awarded in the Most Improved River category of this year's NZ River Awards, held last night in Wellington.

Following a decade of restoration and improved effluent management, the waters of the stream have progressively improved, resulting in lower levels of E.coli and a higher macroinvertebrate community index (an indicator of water quality), which stands at 110 – the highest of this year's Most Improved Award finalists

“Water quality in the Mangatarere is slowly but surely improving, and this is a great result for the river, and a real success for the many people and groups involved.

“We want to thank the Mangatarere Restoration Society, our enlightened Wairarapa farmers and Carterton District Council for making a huge contribution to what is a very positive result,” says Greater Wellington deputy chair Cr Adrienne Staples.

The key to the clean-up has been a combination of activity, including stock exclusion and riparian planting by farmers and volunteers, lower discharges from Carterton's waste-water plant particularly during summer and lower stocking numbers and effluent discharge at Reid's Piggery.

“This is a great example of co-operation, Wairarapa style,” says Cr Staples.

“Farmers are increasingly looking to environmentally sound practices with many working with Greater Wellington on farm environment plans that protect water quality. Local volunteers in the Mangatarere Restoration society, and farmers, have put their backs into riparian planting along the stream. Effluent discharges from the local water treatment plant and piggery has been significantly reduced.



**Farmers and Volunteers working bee**

“Combined, they’ve put the river on a course for long term improvement and shown what can be achieved when we work together.”

According to the Award’s citation, all dairy farms in the catchment have been riparian fenced – this work began more than 20 years ago. It is estimated that in 2010 around 30% of the main catchment was fenced and today that figure is around 75%. The most immediate benefit is the exclusion of stock. Improved management of dairy farm effluent has also helped lower nutrient levels in the catchment.

“Improving our rivers is a long-term communal enterprise. The water quality of the Mangatarere Stream remains unsatisfactory. The level of e-coli, phosphorous and nitrogen are below average or in the worst 25% of comparable monitoring sites. We still have work to do to restore the health of this stream, and of others throughout the region,” says Cr Staples

### ***Mystery surrounds identity of angler who allegedly caught 50-pound trout in Mackenzie by Matthew Littlewood***



**Eyewitnesses report seeing an angler land a 24.9kg (55 pound) brown trout in the Pukaki-Ohau canals**

The angler reported to have hooked a world-record brown trout catch in the Mackenzie hydro canals remains elusive.

While mystery still surrounds the identity of the person who allegedly caught the 50-pound trout sometime this month, Twizel Community Board chairwoman Jacqui de Buyzer says the monster catch has been the "talk of the town."

Eyewitnesses have reported seeing an angler land a 24.9kg (55 pound) brown trout in the Pukaki-Ohau A canal, near Twizel. If confirmed, it would be a new world record for a brown trout.

However, Central South Island Fish and Game communications officer Richard Cosgrove said no further information about the catch has been received. "We understand that the man who caught it does not want to come forward, and we respect his privacy. We just hope we will get to see this fish."

Cosgrove said even if the fish had been taken to a taxidermist, it could be "several weeks, or even months" before the fish could be prepared and mounted.

"It's really a long waiting game," he said.

Adrian Bentley at Hunting and Fishing North Otago said he had heard "all sorts of rumours." "We've heard the fish was certified and put on the scales, but I won't believe it until I see it," Bentley said.

"From what I understand the guy who caught the fish is a bit camera shy, but I hope he comes forward at some stage. It certainly sounds like it was an impressive fish."

Calibre Taxidermy owner Grant Drew said the interest in the fish had been nationwide.

"We've been trying to find out more about this fish ourselves. I've prepared a lot of large fish which have been caught in the canals, but this one hasn't come to our place," Drew said.

"I imagine the fish is still in someone's freezer."

Lance O'Rourke, of O'Rourke Taxidermists in Pleasant Point, said no one had approached their business about the fish, although he had also heard rumours about it.

The Mackenzie hydro canals have been a haven for large catches over the last few years. In September 2016, Nelson fisherman Bryce Helm caught a brown trout in a canal near Twizel which tipped the scales at 19.05kg. Three years earlier in 2013, Otwin Kandolf, reeled in a 19.1kg trout in the Ohau Canal.

De Buyzer said the alleged monster fish catch had been a hot topic in the town. "There's certainly a lot of buzz about it, particularly among fishing circles," de Buyzer said.

"It would be great if the person who caught it would come forward."

## *A Day Out at Fonterra's PR Farm by Alex Braae*



### **One of the many similar signs scattered around Fonterra Open Gates Event in Mangatawhiri**

Were Fonterra's Open Gates events a shallow PR stunt, or was there something deeper going on? Alex Braae went to Mangatawhiri to find out.

Walking into the Fonterra Open Gates event in Mangatawhiri, the first animals to see weren't actually dairy cows. In an enclosure just next to the welcome tent, there were three beautifully clean and fluffy sheep. Their faces were sharp and alert, like the healthy energetic dogs that herd them. A throng of kids hung around them, reaching out to touch the exotic creatures.

Unfortunately for the poor old dairy cows, they were relegated down the order for another set of attractions. There was gumboot throwing and tractor rides for the kids, and a coffee cart for their parents. The local school was doing a fundraiser sausage sizzle. The heavy thunderstorm being threatened hadn't broken yet, and apart from the Fonterra information tent; the whole scene looked for all the world like nothing more than a typical country fair.

The Fonterra Open Gates programme was the subject of a few stories in the weeks before they were held. Critics noted that only 14 farms were taking place around the country, with most being quickly booked up. The accusation was that they were nothing but a shallow publicity stunt for an under-pressure industry trying to greenwash their image.

It is absolutely right to say they were an exercise in PR. But that doesn't really tell anybody anything new – of course branded open days with activities for kids are PR exercises. Much more interesting is what Fonterra is trying to say with such events, whether there is an underpinning of truth to that messaging, and what it all says about how rural and urban New Zealand struggle to communicate with each other.

To do this they used real farms, which Fonterra's managing director of co-operative affairs Mike Cronin says are broadly representative of the wider industry. Farms self-selected, and then there was a light vetting and preparation process undertaken by Fonterra to ensure they met the standards. An immense amount of work appeared to go into each Open Gates event behind the scenes, and hundreds of people turned up at each one.

The Lyon farm – just on the Waikato side of the Auckland border – has dairy and beef cows on the paddocks along the Mangatawhiri Stream, and sheep up in the hills above it. The marketing material around their farm indicated that the stream would be the focal point of the visit.



**Jamie Lyons speaking to a Tour Group in front of the milking sheds – photo by Alex Braae**

And here, Jamie and Lu Lyon had the perfect points to show. When new fencing rules come into effect, they'll already be past the five metres they need, at least in the parts we saw on the tour. There was now a way to get across the water without getting wet hooves, with a bridge built over it, featuring a muddy track showing most cows walking straight down the middle.

Riparian's were being planted – in fact, visitors were invited to get involved and plant a tree along the riverbank. There's no doubt that any encouragement to plant a tree should be welcomed, and a few families picked up shovels. They might happily remember that forever and go on to plant more trees, even if these particular plants might have a tough time growing in the rapidly approaching summer heat, at least according to [Dairy NZ's advice](#) about riparian planting seasons in the Waikato.

The animals looked healthy. They were well fed. There were big water troughs. The paddocks were a lush green. The milk tanker turned up on time. It didn't even smell heavily of cow shit. Why weren't all dairy farms like this.

The welcome at the Open Gates event was very different to that received by environmental activist Geoff Reid when he went to visit some farms earlier in the year.

He was campaigning against winter grazing – the practice by which a large number of animals are crammed into a small amount of space and then literally eat everything they're standing on. There are huge concerns about effluent and nutrient runoff, not to mention animal welfare.

Reid took his campaign to Southland, an area which has seen a massive expansion in dairying in recent decades and, incidentally, a region where there wasn't a single Open Gates event this year. He says his presence sparked an almost vigilante-like response from locals.

He listed off a reel of allegations against local farmers. "Vehicle rammed, window smashed, road blocked, the place where we were sleeping surrounded. Everywhere we drove we were chased."

And what did he see around Southland? “Just about every farm in Southland is a complete embarrassment to our country,” said Reid. “As a photographer, one of the hardest things for me is documenting the sheer scale of environmental degradation.” Reid said farmers were acting like gangsters. Farmers, in turn, accused his group of trespassing, though a counterargument could easily be made that the wider environmental effects of such practices were in and of themselves a trespass against the public environmental good.



**An example of the winter grazing photo by Geoff Reid**

The episode garnered nationwide media attention and was one of many that illustrated how quickly arguments about farming practices became extremely polarised. It also cut to the heart of how the New Zealand dairy industry is branded – with rolling green fields basking under sparkling sunlight.

In contrast, many contend that the branding is largely a true and accurate reflection of farming, and that it is just a minority who let the rest of the industry down. “That’s what we want to show,” said Cronin about the farms that were picked for Open Gates. “They’re a representation of a large number of our farmers.”

“Sometimes some of the more difficult, challenging stories are the ones that get across. And we accept that’s the case, we’re not hiding from that. It’s just knowing there are plenty of farmers doing a great job, and we wanted to champion them,” he added.

Someone who can see many viewpoints around the impacts of dairying is Glen Herud, founder of Happy Cow Milk.

“The problem with the dairy industry around the world is they’ve just got bigger and bigger, and more intensive. They’ve got their head down and ignored what the public are thinking, and now they’re into such a spot, where their system doesn’t really look that good from the outside.”

“If they turn around and argue that animals are needed in an ecosystem, nobody believes them anymore,” he added, making the argument that the most environmentally problematic system of farming is a monoculture.



**Founder Glen Herud with his cow 47**

“When you put cows and diverse species, and trees and crops and rotate them around – basically the mixed farming model that we all used to do in the 50s, you have a really sustainable farming system.” He added that entirely plant-based agriculture would also come with huge problems around fertiliser use, which isn’t actually a major problem currently for the dairy industry because cows produce more than enough of their own fertiliser.

On the other hand, when it comes to something like winter grazing, he’s very clear that the campaigners are right in saying things have to change. “You can’t have miserable looking animals like that, and what that means is fundamental change for a lot of dairy farmers. What used to work – having very efficient intensive dairy farms – is not going to work in the future.”

That underlines one of the most interesting aspects of the public relations battle around the environmental impact of farming – that when it comes to behavioural change, public pressure from urban New Zealand actually works.

It sounds counterintuitive because the vast majority of milk produced in New Zealand gets exported. But those exports rely in part on dairy producers being able to tell a good story to the world about the quality of their product. As such, public pressure has been an extremely effective tool in getting environmental standards strengthened and enforced, as well as forcing farmers to demonstrate that they’re actually making improvements all on their own.

The recent accommodations around emissions reductions are a classic example. When the current government came out with their opening gambits, there were howls that they would bankrupt farmers. But if anything, the calls for farming to do their bit to reduce the massive share of emissions they contribute to the country’s total profile were even louder.

So farming organisations came to the table, and after long and often ugly wrangling, they ended up thrashing out a carrot of a compromise deal which – if it is actually followed through on – will see farmers manage their own emissions down. There’s every reason to suspect that if it isn’t successful, the public pressure for the government to swing a huge stick at farmers instead will be immense, and rightly so too given the involvement of farming organisations in coming up with the system.

Sometimes farmers make the case that urban New Zealand's concerns are hypocritical or disingenuous. That's certainly one subtext that can be read into Dairy NZ's 'The Vision is Clear' PR campaign on freshwater quality, which includes, for example, none too subtle radio advertisements encouraging people to go and take part in a beach clean-up or rubbish collection day. They're right of course – those are problems, especially in cities. But they come across as more than a little self-serving from an organisation that advocates on behalf of dairy farmers.

The point stands on stronger ground when it is applied to the rivers that run through farmland. Mangatawhiri River Catchment coordinator Matthew Dean farms just down the road from the Lyon family and was there for the Open Gates event. He was very clear about why the group formed in the first place.

“It was basically started in response to this feeling that we were being presented through the media as being environmental vandals, that we didn't care about our local waterways. And other farmers thought they were doing a lot of things on their own, had their own private projects going. We became aware that if we all coordinated together, we could tackle a project as one.”

They've since successfully shored up the Mangatawhiri stream's banks through the construction of groyne which help reduce erosion. The project cost about \$90,000, paid for by the farmers, with half of that reimbursed on completion by the Waikato River Authority. And Dean believes that the water quality of the stream now is better than it was fifty years ago. He tells a story that outlines how the river was once treated.

“I remember swimming in the Mangatawhiri when I was 15, still at school. As I was swimming, I put my hand into something squishy and sat up – it was a dead pig.”

As to the attitudes from urban New Zealand, farmers often feel like there isn't an understanding that rivers are their livelihood, he said. “City folk would like to think of the New Zealand farming countryside as like their park, you know, where they can go out into the country and enjoy. They want to enhance its recreational value – that's the way they view it.”

Incidentally, 'swimmable' is no longer the quality standard that waterways will be required to reach. Rather, they'll have to meet overall ecosystem health standards, based on rivers being healthy on their own terms being the most important priority.

But on the urban-rural divide, perhaps the most interesting factor in how farms were selected was where the demand was coming from. The farms selected were almost entirely within an hour or so drive from a big city, and Fonterra says that was largely based on demand.

Mike Cronin noted that when he was growing up, almost everyone in the cities had some connection to the rural world, and the idea of going to visit a farm wouldn't have had any sort of novelty value. “Most of us would know or have connections to farms somewhere. And so, it seemed a bit more accessible then. I think as cities have got bigger; it has been a bit harder. So, I don't think there's that opportunity that we used to have to just be on a farm.”

Hundreds of people took that opportunity to go to the Lyon farm in Mangatawhiri, and thousands more have done so in the last three years that the Open Gates programme has been operating. It was easy going into it to be cynical about what would be there to see, and much less so after being earnestly shown around the farm by Jamie Lyon.

Answering the question about whether the programme was a shallow exercise in PR became much easier too. The experience spoke to a much deeper, more fundamental level than that. Because at the end of the day, the Open Gates events aren't really about the cows. They're about humanising the people who farm them – it becomes much harder to criticise an industry when there's a human face attached to it.

**Editor note:** On a recent trip to Turangi I spent a week fishing the Tongariro River and while walking upstream from the Major Jones swing bridge the track followed a dairy farm and I experienced this farmer's 'winter feeding practices.'



As you walked along the track you could see where the brown wastewater ran from this paddock into the river that was within a stone's throw from where these cows were living, in fact you were walking through cows poo.

## ***More than a 1000 trout released into Lake McLaren and Ruahihi Canal by Bay of Plenty Times***



**Ava Carroll, 4, Wikus Mostert, 10, and Tyler Carroll, 6, help release trout into Lake McLaren**

The secret life of Lake McLaren's trout could soon be uncovered thanks to a fresh shipment of the sportfish from Rotorua.

Fish and Game released the 1500 trout - 1000 rainbows and 500 browns - into the calm waters of the picturesque lake and the nearby Ruahihi Canal tonight as part of a yearly restocking programme.

One thousand of the fish have been tagged to provide insights into their growth, survival and the success of the release.

The lake and the canal are popular trout fisheries in the region but limited natural spawning habitat means stocking is necessary to boost the population.

Fish & Game officer Mark Sherburn said there was no robust data on the location. Tagging, in addition to the normal fin marking, provides better-quality information about the fishery," he said.



Lloyd Gledhill, who oversaw tonight's release, said the tags would also provide an insight into where the trout travel in the watercourse.

Tagging fish was common in Rotorua, and, as a result, it was regarded as the most carefully managed fishery in New Zealand, the Fish & Game officer said.



**Wikus Mostert, 10, and Tauranga Anglers Club committee member Clive Woodward help release trout into Lake McLaren**

Anglers who catch tagged trout and report it online go into the draw to win a fishing licence for the following season. The tags are yellow and positioned on the left side of the fish near the dorsal fin.

Tauranga Anglers Club president Rebecca Taylor said the release had become an annual family occasion, with many families taking part. "The Lake and canal are right on Tauranga's doorstep and provide a safe resource for kids to get into fishing ... something Tauranga Anglers Club is keen to promote."

The fish released tonight were yearlings between 150-200mm long. The fish, sourced from Fish & Game's trout hatchery at Ngongotaha, were transported in a fish tanker and released via a delivery pipe at the rear of the truck.

The rainbows were bred from Lake Tarawera stock and the browns for Ngongotaha stock.

## ***Taking a walk along the Waikanae River by Fuseworks***

Last Thursday around 70 people gathered for Greater Wellington Regional Council's annual Waikanae River Walkover to discuss the work being done to protect and enhance our region's rivers.

Representatives from Friends of the Waikanae River, KCDC, the Department of Conservation, and local residents gathered at Waimanu Lagoon. We set off at 9am, finishing at 2.30pm, with the group stopping along the river to discuss Greater Wellington's Natural Resources Plan, river maintenance, track erosion, restoration works and new trail signage.

Hot topics were certainly water quality, the progress of GWRC's resource consent for extraction activities in the river, estuary ecology, and the ongoing frustration we all feel for the careless few who continue to drive vehicles through the estuary which endangers the nesting birds.

On this last topic, GWRC officers shared that we have recently served four abatement notices to drivers breaching the no-vehicles by-law. Thumbs up I say.

The day provided a great opportunity for various groups and individuals to share their thoughts and concerns about the future of our beloved river. Thanks to the efforts of Friends of the Waikanae River and other local volunteers, the river corridor continues to experience improved habitat restoration and recreational amenity.

There's no way Greater Wellington Regional Council could achieve all of the environmental restoration work on our own. It says a lot about the community of Waikanae that so many people want to commit their time and energy to helping with environmental projects along the river.

From a personal perspective, the walkover was a welcome opportunity to acknowledge and celebrate the successes of the breadth of river projects.

And after the 'hurly burly' of election time, it was very restoring to be reminded of the important role regional council plays in our communities to protect and enhance environmental biodiversity and how well we achieve that when we work with our communities.

## ***The Faroe Islands: In the 'Land of 10,000 Waterfalls by Kelly Smith***

The grassy island with its sheer rocky cliffs jutted from the sea, not a tree in sight.

As I hiked along a footpath, I saw the snow-capped mountains of other islands in the distance. Seabirds squawked and soared through the blue skies. From the stout red and white lighthouse perched at the end of the island - the object of my hike - the sea stretched endlessly across the horizon.

I felt like I had reached the end of the Earth.

It was merely the far tip of Kalsoy Island, one of the most northerly of the blustery Faroe Islands.



**The small village Gásadalur and the Mulafossur waterfall**

I'd come for that sense of remote wonder, but I was just one of an increasing number of people who seek out these tiny specks on the map between Scotland and Iceland. Travellers come for the panoramic vistas, waterfalls, puffins - and paradoxically, an escape from the crowds.

A few years ago, the stunning views were largely left to the islands' 50,000 residents. But since 2013, the number of tourists has increased an average of 10 per cent a year, according to Visit Faroe Islands. In 2018, a record 120,000 people visited the volcanic isles.

"Instagram is probably the biggest reason people come," 25-year-old farmer Johannus Kallsgaro told me, lighting a cigarette. "We're all over Instagram."

Since 1698, his forebears have lived in Trollanes, a village on Kalsoy with only three families who for generations have made a living by raising sheep and rappelling cliffs to collect bird eggs. The village became reachable by car when tunnels were carved through mountains in the 1980s, but it remained isolated - until tourists began arriving a few years ago, lured by dramatic images of mountain peaks from a lighthouse.

Now Kallsgaro said his once secluded land gets 20,000 visitors a year, forging dirt paths that didn't exist centuries before.

Although the farmer is now a part-time tourist guide, it hasn't all been a boon for him. Overflow crowds park cars on his fields; some hikers litter and others leave his red gate open, allowing his sheep to escape. If a hiker is injured, Kallsgaro calls a helicopter rescue, a free service for the hiker. (A local newspaper said helicopters rescued 20 people on the Faroe Islands in 2018, half of whom were tourists.)



### **Village of Mikladalur, Faroe Islands**

The volcanic islands are part of the Kingdom of Denmark, but they are self-governed with their own flag, culture, language and distinctive landscape - a secluded paradise for visitors who can island-hop by ferry, helicopter or car through tunnels under the sea.

With a few exceptions, they offer largely free, unfettered access to the scenery. But last April, the islands temporarily shut down major sites for maintenance. Some farmers are starting to impose fees to trek across their land.

While the number of travellers is a sliver of what other places draw (for instance, Iceland has surpassed 2 million visitors a year), the small Faroe Islands are trying to keep up with their growing popularity. The islands, which encompass an area half the size of Rhode Island, were voted the top destination by National Geographic Travellers' readers in 2015.

Since then, Airbnb's have popped up. Two hotels, including the first chain hotel, a Hilton Garden Inn, were being built when I visited last spring in the capital, Torshavn, (pronounced like "Toesh-ow-n").

"It's a little dot on the map, but there's a lot of things going on here," said David Whale, a British transplant who co-owns Heimdal Tours.

Visitors are drawn to the fresh air and dramatic mountain and North Atlantic vistas as an antidote to their fast-paced life, he said. "You come here and literally take that deep breath." In fact, there are only five traffic lights and more sheep than residents across the 18 main islands, known for windy and wet weather.

"It becomes the land of 10,000 waterfalls," Whale said.



**Fossa waterfall in the Faroe Islands**

I made my solo weeklong trip before peak summer tourism. To save money and avoid driving alone through narrow, dark one-way mountain tunnels, I skipped a car rental - a challenge for sightseeing on any island, but even more so in a place with limited public transit and an emerging tourism industry. (There are also two well-lit, two-way subsea tunnels and crews are building a third one that's slated to open in 2020.)

Instead, I booked tours with two companies, which offered excursions only on certain days, a scheduling challenge. I also relied on public ferries, buses and a helicopter, all of which had limited hours and destinations. In a pinch, I hitched rides from an American, an Irish couple and other kind strangers along the way.



**A busy Puffin on Mykines island**

The sun was shimmering on the sapphire blue ocean when I boarded a ferry on the island of Vagar (pronounced "vowar"), heading to Mykines (pronounced "Me-ch-ness"), the westernmost island.

The boat passed mountains dusted with snow as the red, white and blue Faroese flag whipped in the cool wind at the stern. Other tourists and I gawked at Drangarnir, iconic sea stacks with a slanted top and doorway-shaped hole in the middle, and the islet of Tindholmur, its five sharp peaks rising above us. In the distance, the waterfall Mulafossur plunged over a cliff into the ocean next to mountains and the tiny village of Gasadalur. (The day before, I had gotten an up-close view of the magical scene, no one else in sight.)

The ferry usually sails twice a day each way, but bad weather can halt it, as an American I met found out and was stranded overnight.

Most visitors paid the \$15 fee to hike on their own. (The collected money goes toward protecting the island's iconic bird life and nature.) But about a dozen of us joined Heini Heinesen, 67, whose father was the last lighthouse keeper. The fit retiree with a grey beard walked with a wooden hiking stick, leading us on unmarked paths as he chatted about the history and climate. He paused as if deep in thought.

"What do you hear? You'll hear nature only," he said in a hushed, reverent voice. "It's beautiful."

He pointed to white and grey fulmars flying overhead and big gannets diving into the sea. At the puffin colony, the whish-whish sound of thousands of birds filled the air. A sign urged viroing, respect, for the birds, and Heinesen hustled us past.

Eight people live year-round on Mykines, but the island now attracts 15,000 visitors a year, he said. He worries people will destroy the puffin colony and suggested limiting the number of ferry passengers or restricting walks through the area during nesting. "We just have to control it more," he said.



**Village of Saksun located on the island of Streymoy, Faroe Islands**

According to Visit Faroe Islands, two-thirds of residents viewed tourism as a "net positive" in 2018, but a majority want legislation related to access to nature. The tourist agency has a new plan to preserve its land and said it will advocate for a "nature preservation fee" for visitors.

In Klaksvik, the second-largest city (pop. 5000), I felt guilty as I boarded my first-ever helicopter ride.

Some locals lament visitors' use of government-subsidized helicopters (my 15-minute trip cost \$32), which is vital transportation for residents. However, the tourist board and guidebooks tout island hopping by helicopter. Without a car, it was an efficient way back to Torshavn, on the island of Streymoy, gliding over the sea, villages and windmills below.

Back in the capital (pop. 20,000), I splurged on Faroese tapas at Barbara Fish House with two New Yorkers, devouring mussels, fish soup, langoustines, smoked salmon and local beers. The Danish brewery, Mikkeller, opened up next door in a 500-year-old turf-roofed, wooden house.

Nearby, Tinganes, red government buildings with grass roofs, stand in an area that was once the Vikings' general assembly. Evidence of Irish and Viking roots are scattered across the islands - from Viking burial grounds to Kirkjubour, a settlement from the Middle Ages.

The Faroes are also known for hunting pilot whales. One guide said about 1000 whales of the hundreds of thousands of whales in the region are killed a year and the meat is shared among locals - more Earth-friendly than shipping food from faraway places, he said. They also rely on sheep and fish and can't grow much beyond rhubarb and potatoes.

After a tour of Saksun, a valley overlooking a turquoise lagoon on Streymoy, we passed dried fish hanging outside buildings, rings of salmon farms in bays and potato farms on a beach. After being sprayed with mist at Fossa, the highest waterfall, we snacked on delicate pancakes topped with rhubarb jelly. Every village we passed, no matter how tiny, had two landmarks: a church and a football field.

As we returned to Torshavn, the tour driver snacked on dried whale pieces as if they were chips. Grey clouds rolled in as we zipped by rowers paddling across a lake and sheep dotting fields. I marvelled at waterfalls cascading down hillsides around every bend and hoped that the Faroes would find the right balance between protecting its raw landscape and welcoming visitors who come to see that very thing.



## Auction Items for sale Monday 25 November

Item Description	Condition
Float Tube - U-Boat 2000 Super Combo Supplied by The Creek Company. Purchased in NZ, US made - Full Kit supplied - high capacity pump, fins, mesh net	Excellent plus
Hunting and Fishing Inflatable Life Jacket	Very good
Riverworks Wading Jacket size XL	Excellent
SAGE RPL III Graphite rod 8#, 2 pieces Ideal Tongariro rod	Excellent
Danforth Sand anchor x2	Excellent
Grappel rock anchor	Good
Boat net	Excellent
Penn Boat Reel	Excellent
Penn Jigging Boat reel	Good
Penn Boat Rod	Good
Penn Boat Rod good jigging rod for Kingfish	Good
Scientific Anglers W F 6 Floating - Ultimate Trout Taper – Sharkskin	New
Assorted Capes and Feathers	
Anchor Wrap 150 feet	Good
Earmuffs for outboard motor	Good
Battery Charger	Excellent
Simms Fishing Shirt	Excellent
Greys reel case	Excellent
8# CD XLS Fly Rod and Reel Set with Okuma SLV with 3 extra spools with lines Airflow Ballistic WF8F (New), Plus, Clear Intermediate Sinking, and Fast Sinking Shooting Head	
Daiwa 40HV Reel with New 15kg line	
Fly Rod Flymaster Flow 4/5#, 4 pieces	
Kilwell Spinning Rod 8ft, Graphite Composite	
Okuma Predator Surf Rod 14ft, 3 pieces	
Kilwell Power Play Surf Rod 14ft 6in, 3 pieces	
Okuma Axeon Reel with extra spool and line	
Manic Torque Fly Reel 7/8# with new Airflow Ballistic WF7F line and 10ft Polyleader Superfast sinking	
Satchel containing assorted Surf fishing rigs and traces	
Taimer TT Fly Reel 5/6# with WF6F Ridge Whitewater line	
Small Landing net	
Fishing Vest size Small	
2 x Loon Accessary clip-ons	
Box of assorted freshwater items	
Box of 19 Fishing books	
Box of assorted surf fishing stuff	
Gravel Guards	New
Sawyer Water Filter kit	New
Berkley Sunglasses Polarised, 1.5 magnifying	
Cliff Float Patch for watercraft	
Magnetic Pad for small flies and slot for larger patterns	New
Head Lamp LED hat clip / tilting	
Fly Box Simms	New
Fly Box Gray	New
Cortland Fly Box	New
Fly Box Crystal River	Used
Hang Scale	
Box 100 plus mixed flies	
Bennet Engineering Metal Rod and Reel - Vintage, could be used as rapier	Old
Fishfighter Telescopic Rod & Silstar FT40 Spin Reel	
Sealey England Old Gold Fly Rod – Vintage	Old

Item Description	Condition
Kilwell Customline 52-105 Fly Rod 2.7m, 8'9", AFTMA 7/8 #	
Abu Garcia Diplomat 178 Fly Reel with spare spool, both with lines	
Abu Garcia Diplomat 278 Fly Reel with spare spool, both with lines	
Dam Quick Finessa Spin Reel - Vintage, spare spool	
Fly Box	Used
Mitchel 758 Fly Reel - Vintage, comes with manual	
Fly Reel spool	Used
Dragonfly Cartridge 355 Fly Reel - Vintage, with spare spool, both with lines	
Small box with assorted spinning lures	
Small box with assorted spinning lures	
2 55gm Metal Lure silver	
Airflo Fishing Vest – adjustable	Excellent
Grey Fishing Vest	
Assorted Spinning lures	
Fly Tying Vise and Assorted tools	
Brando PR600 Spinning reel	
MAF Dry Bag	
Four Boxes of assorted fly-tying gear	
CD 7# 2-piece Downunder fly rod with Taimer reel spare spool, with 7# floating and sinking lines	
CD 8# 2-piece Downunder fly rod with Taimer reel spare spool, with 7# floating and sinking lines	
CD 9# 2-piece Downunder fly rod with Taimer reel spare spool, with 7# floating and sinking lines	
Sage Graphite 3 896 RPL #8 Line 2-piece Black Rod Tube	Very Good
Sage Graphite 3 896 RPL #8 Line Rod and Reel with tube	Good
Killwell Graphite 9089 9' *8 to 9 # (Black Tube Gold Top)	Good
Tim Rajeff Echo 2 896 -10 FW-4X 9'6"to 10' 8wt two tips change length and performance of the rod	New
Dragon Flt Cartridge reel with three cartridges loaded with 9wt Floating, 9wt Shooting head and a Teeney	Average
Riverworks Breathable Waders Large 3/4 layer for size 11 /12 boot – minor hole in one leg	Needs TLC
Columbia PGF S4FS1000 Fishing Vest	Good

Please note if you are unable to attend the Clubs Auction on Monday 25 November and you wish to bid on one of the listed items please contact Krasimir Angelov by emailing him at [krasimir.angelov@gmail.com](mailto:krasimir.angelov@gmail.com). Please advise Kras of the item you wish to bid on and your maximum bid.

**Purpose:**

**To promote the art and sport of Fly Fishing.**

**To respect the ownership of land adjoining waterways.**

**To promote the protection of fish and wildlife habitat.**

**To promote friendship and goodwill between members.**

**To promote and encourage the exchange of information between members.**

**Club meetings**

You are invited to attend our club meetings that are held on the **Fourth Monday** of each month.

The venue is the **Turf Pavilion Sport Grounds**, Scaife Street, Paraparaumu,

Our **meetings start at 7:30pm** with fellowship followed by speakers of activities.

Club Committee meetings are held on the first Monday of each month and the meetings are held at various member's homes and start at 7:30pm.

**Contacts**

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

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