

November 2017



Established in 1949

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NZ Registered Magazine



Canterbury Anglers' Club (Inc.)  
P O Box 16-778 Hornby  
CHRISTCHURCH 8441

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**Club Night: November 21st, start time of 6:30 p.m.**

The end of year pot luck dinner.

# Canterbury Anglers Club Inc.

## Executive

President	Ian Joseph	021 259 4042	<a href="mailto:ianjoseph792@hotmail.com">ianjoseph792@hotmail.com</a>
Vice President			
Secretary	Liz McDowell	(03) 355-7709	<a href="mailto:clubadmin@canterburyanglersclub.org.nz">clubadmin@canterburyanglersclub.org.nz</a>
Treasurer	Barry Swaney	(03) 310-6834	<a href="mailto:swaney@xtra.co.nz">swaney@xtra.co.nz</a>
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## Committee

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Garry Hill	(03) 322 6206	<a href="mailto:garryjohill@xtra.co.nz">garryjohill@xtra.co.nz</a>			

## Convenors

Activities	Mark Taylor, Fred van Slooten	Fish of the Month	Garry Hill
Building	Garry Atkins, Warwick Burton	Hut Bookings	Yvonne and Graham Cargill
Club Archives	Fred van Slooten	Membership	Dave Sherriff
Club night	Graham Cargill & Garry Hill	Trophies	Garry Hill
		Welfare Officer	Bill Bennett
<b><u>Out of committee convenors</u></b>			
Magazine Editor	Andrew Wells ph. (03) 332-8459	Librarian	Grant Holmes

## Life Members

Bryan Coulter	Ted Gilliver	Len Isitt
Alan Lynn	Richard Marles	Ken Twyman

**General club meetings:** 7.30 pm on 3<sup>rd</sup> Tuesday of each month except December & January

**Meeting venue:** Waimairi Lions Club, 338 Avonhead Road, Avonhead, Christchurch 8042 (the cricket club/ tennis club entrance).

**Committee meetings:** The Committee meets on the Monday following the Club Meeting, currently at a private residence since the Fish and Game rooms are not available for our use. You are welcome to attend – please contact a committee member for details of the meeting venue. There is also a Committee meeting on the last Monday in January.

## Club trips, events

Trip	Based at	Date	Convenor
Lake Brunner	Moana	17th – 19th November	Fred van Slooten
Chidgey Shield	South Rakaia	26th November	Garry Hill
Salmon/ Sea run fishing	Don Brown Lodge	10th & 11th February 2018	Mark Taylor
Nelson Lakes Area	TBC	3rd - 10th March	Mark Taylor
Lake Taylor	TBC		Mark Taylor
Moeraki Charter	Moeraki		Mark Taylor

# The (Anglers') Angle

November 2017

The Official newsletter of The Canterbury Anglers' Club (Inc.)

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## Editors bit

The last magazine of the year, on the eve of a holiday weekend. I am of the "cup half full" lookout – I haven't looked at the weather forecast yet, and if it rains or blows, then so be it. There will still be plenty of relaxing to do whether it's fishing or plain old chilling out.

So far our spring has lived up to its reputation, for its ability to deliver 4 seasons in one day. At least all of the rain we had through September and October has helped to hold the river flows up around the region, although once consent holders start to irrigate I think that the local river flows will drop accordingly.

Next week's club night is the popular Pot Luck Dinner – more details on the next page. Don't forget the early start time of 6:30 pm.

That's it from me for the year – here's to not having to think about the next looming deadline approaching. I am looking forward to a break from the magazine, with Paul Centofanti having volunteered to take over as editor from February. Let the fishing begin!

Thanks again for the contributions and photos this month, and please keep sending them in.

*Andrew*

[andrew.wells@xtra.co.nz](mailto:andrew.wells@xtra.co.nz)

## President's Report

At our last club meeting we had two Gents from the Canterbury Surfcasting Club speaking about the different species of fish they target and the methods they use for catching them. It was good to find out what bait they used for the different species and the times and tides for the best fishing. Altogether it was a most informative night and hopefully we can use the information on the 26th November at Rakaia. Also they contacted each other by Facebook to see where each of them was going, wonder if that would work for some of us?

The annual Pot Luck Dinner is on the 21st November last year it started at 6pm with the meal scheduled to start at 6.30pm. Bring along a plate of finger food, sandwiches, savouries, or sweets. BYO your own drink as we don't have a licence, tea and coffee supplied.

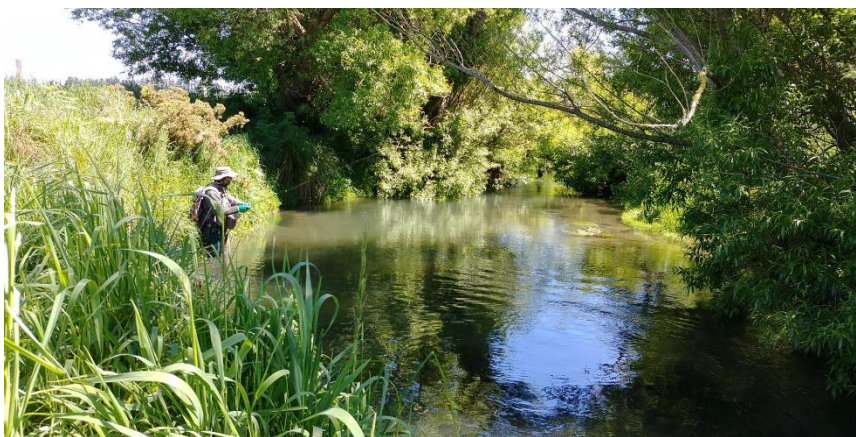
Over the last couple of months I have had correspondence and conversations with members about other clubs using our huts. My own opinion is that it would work okay but non-members would have to pay extra or they could become members of our club. We will be discussing this at our next committee meeting.

Hope to see everyone at the next meeting. Have a Merry Xmas and a good New Year.

Cheers,

*Ian Joseph*

**President**  
**Canterbury Anglers Club**



**Next club meeting:**  
**November the 21st: 6:30 pm**

**Closing date for articles and info in the next issue:**  
**4th of February 2018**

## Club trips & activities

### Club night program

**November club night:** Tuesday the 21st.

This is our usual Christmas function, and the format will be the same as the last few years with a 6.30 pm start. Members, wives and partners are all very welcome.

Please bring along a plate of finger food such as sandwiches, savouries, pizza, chicken nibbles, cheerio's, savoury platters, dips, sushi or something in the sweet line to have with our tea and coffee. Please bring along your own drinks as we do not have a Liquor Licence.

It is our chance to catch up before the Christmas break. Look forward to seeing you there.

*Graham Cargill*

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### Club trips

**November: Lake Brunner; Show weekend Thursday 16th to Sunday 20th (3 nights)**

For the Lake Brunner trip we are staying at Ruru a couple of km before Moana - this is the third year at this location. We have more beds (up to 12) and plenty of parking. The place has a bit of charm with some nice internal wood panelling to set the scene. Call Fred van Slooten for more info.

**The Chidgey Shield surf casting competition**

This is being held at South Rakaia on Sunday the 26th of November, and we hope to put 1 or 2 teams in the event. Those going are staying all or part of the weekend at the Rakaia Lodge, so if you are interested please ring Mark Taylor or Gary Hill.

**2018**

**February 10th – 11th. Rakaia Fishing Weekend**

We will be staying at the Lodge. There are 8 beds available so be quick to secure yours. There may be others who wish to bring caravans, motorhome's or tents. This will be our first get together for 2018 ...come and enjoy the weekend.

**March 3rd - 10th. Nelson Lakes Area**

This is a week-long trip, so the sooner that you advise me if you want to come along the better, as I need to book accommodation. I know that there will be 3 -4 boats going. The plan is to fish Lake Rotoiti and Rotoroa and surrounding rivers. This is an area we haven't fished before. Planning to base ourselves at Murchison or St Arnaud. If anyone knows of suitable accommodation in the area please let me know ...

**April: Lake Taylor**

Proposing to go to Lake Taylor or maybe a weekend at Lake Clearwater in the Club Lodge.

**May: Moeraki Sea fishing Charter Boat.**

If interested in any of these trips, please put your name in the events book at clubnight, or get in touch with me.

*Mark Taylor*

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### Hut Bookings

The new online booking system for hut bookings is now running [on our website](#), so please have a look at it before ringing Yvonne and Graham Cargill, to see if a bed is available at your lodge of choice.

The method to make a booking is very easy - if you need to select several days then click on the starting date on the calendar, then click on the end date. If you need to select one day, then you should click twice on the date you need. The dates you select will change to show a black header, rather than green. Scroll down, and change the number of persons to show the number of beds you require (if you want to book the entire facility, please book the maximum number of beds available per lodge).

Scroll down a little further and complete the form with the information requested: name, email address and phone number. You have to enter a message - this proves that you are not a robot (don't laugh - it's for real...) and gives us any further info needed; "Double bed please", "Double for me and Paul can have the bunk room", or "We will take the whole place please" being some examples. Then click on "Book Now".

If you have done it right you will notice a message saying "Your request has been successfully sent. Please wait for approval." That will generate an email back to you to confirm the process has worked, plus send one off to Gary B. He will confirm as soon as he is able to. If you have made an error just let Gary know, and he can cancel the booking, and while you are doing that you can re-book the correct dates or lodge making sufficient notes so that he knows which booking is correct.

If you don't have a computer then it's the old fashioned way – ring Yvonne and Graham Cargill.

### Excerpts from the minutes of the last Committee Meeting

- Huts

*Cass:* Fred reported that Barry Drummond had wanted to do some more fencing around Cass Settlement. The fence has actually been placed along the long boundary. There are sheep in the paddock to keep the grass down. We already had a budget of \$300 for fencing so we could put this to the fence which is there now + some extra.

*Moved:* "That we pay Cass Holdings up to \$600.00 for the new fence at Cass."

*Clearwater:* The water is on and the hut is ready to go. Liz to organize the tank being emptied.

*Rakaia:* Warwick will be going to Rakaia at Show Weekend so will do a bit of painting.

- General Business

*Hut Bookings:* Bookings for the huts are starting to fill up. Most of the bookings are coming through the website which shows that it is working.

*Magazine:* We need more advertisers for the magazine.

*Membership:* It is a pity that new members are not being formally welcomed into the club. There was a pack that Grant Holmes had put together. Dave is going to get in contact with him to see what he has got.

*TaKF:* Take a Kid Fishing – 14th October 2018. 4 people have been given free memberships.

*Website:* Andrew does not have time to update the website and the club really needs to find someone to update it on a regular basis.

*Welfare:* Ian is going to send a card to Dexter Hodgkinson's family on behalf of the club.

### Fish of the month

Fish of the month this month goes to Heather Peirce with a 5.59 lb rainbow from Lake Aviemore.

*Garry Hill*

### Recipe corner - Cod in Mushroom Sauce

This is a dish for as many people as you wish, just adjust quantities.

You Need:

- fillets of Cod
- a jar of creamy mushroom pasta sauce
- chopped onion
- mushrooms
- cauliflower
- parsley
- a lemon
- coriander leaves dry or fresh
- unsalted butter

Method:

1. Pre-heat oven to 160 degrees
2. Lay fish fillets in an ovenproof dish. Squeeze lemon juice over, and sprinkle with coriander.
3. Panfry onions in unsalted butter, add other vegies and enough sauce to cover, simmer till cauliflower is slightly soft.
4. Spoon a little sauce over fish then add vegie mix.
5. Bake 10 to 15 minutes depending on thickness of fish fillets.

Serve with cooked rice or cooked pasta tossed in the rest of the sauce. Enjoy!

*Verna Burton*

### October Club Night

The last club meeting we had the two Greg's from the Canterbury Surfcasting Club speaking about their club, which was formed about 2 years and now has ~ 70 members. They make use of social media (Facebook) to stay in touch about where they are going fishing and what the conditions are like.

They spoke about the different species they target and the different types of rigs they use, also when the best time is to go fishing. Altogether it was a most informative night, and the info they gave us we will put to good use at the Chidgey Shield at Rakaia on the 26th November. I have been in touch since to thank them and got the gen on where to catch paddle crabs for bait at the completion.

Thank you to both Greg's for the informative presentation.

*Ian Joseph*

### New Members

We have had a couple of new members join recently, and in addition we ran a competition at TaKF giving away 4 memberships.

Welcome aboard to the following:

Chris Clark	Senior member - Chris was a member some years ago
James Bowman	Family member
Jesse Lewis	Family member
Rob d'Auvergne	Senior member
Rod Thompson	Senior member
Simon Curnow	Junior member

### **Life Members**

#### **Life membership has been awarded to the following members:**

Mr Don Brown	1963 - 1985	Mr Richard Marles	1989 -
Mr George Bligh	1977 - 1990	Mr Alan Lynn	1991 -
Mr Bert Danielson	19?? - 2006	Mr Fred Nicoll	1993 - 2013
Mr Ron Kennedy	1981 - 2014	Mr Bryan Coulter	1993 -
Mr Doug Mackenzie	1981 - 2004	Mr Barry Holmes	1994 - 2014
Mr Vic Mehrtens	1981 - 2008	Mr Don Neale	1999 - 2014
Mr Barry Brightling	1981 - 1998	Mr Ken Twyman	2006 -
Mr Eber Hollander	1981 - 1987	Mr Kevin Lynch	2011 - 2015
Mr Ray Ramsay	1984 - 2001	Mr Len Isitt	2013 -
Mr Al Creedon	1986 - 1991	Mr E (Ted) Gilliver	2015 -
Mr Joe Chidgey	1987 - 2010		



◆ ANGLERS OUTFITTERS ◆

359 Lincoln Road, Christchurch  
(over the railway line)

Phone 338 3131, Email [info@fishermansloft.co.nz](mailto:info@fishermansloft.co.nz)



## Take a Kid Fishing

### The Outing at the Groynes 15 October 2017

On Saturday the trustees were at the pond early to set up the gazebos, signage, BNZ tent etc. in preparation for Sunday. Security staff stay overnight to ensure no fish go missing by untoward means.



The weather forecast for Sunday looked reasonable but overnight we had some heavy rain showers, so a few of us were a bit nervous. In the end as daylight took over the rain cleared. The day started out clear and cool, and as it wore on, it came out fine and warm. Perfect for the crowds but it made the fishing slow very quickly.

First up Nathan and Penny were on duty giving out TAKF fliers to the cars prior to entry of the car parking area, newly convened by the Hornby Lions Club. Meanwhile Pat, Andrew and Keri and a few others pitched in to set up the Club display photos, which attracted a good number of visitors. The Help station did

plenty of work sorting out rods and tangles and also passed on plenty of advice to get the young budding anglers on their way.

We also ran a free competition to promote the Canterbury Anglers Club. On offer was 2 free nights' staying at one of the Club Huts, as well as 3 free Club memberships.

The Fish out pond close to Clearwater Resort wasn't the usual success we have been accustomed to, so the one on one fishing was cancelled so as not to get the punters hopes up or keep them waiting in queues for little result. Not only was this due to the sunny day, but also due to the weed bloom that had occurred.

Attempts to improve the situation did make a difference, but the weed gave the fish plenty of places to hide and avoid capture. As mentioned



last month, there had been a couple of working bees to remove the weed. It improved the ability to fish but we would have liked less weed.

On the up-side the #3 pond that the CAC look after had reasonable success with fish being caught from 9:00:30 (a friend of Andrew and Keri's daughter under careful tuition of her Father and Andrew catching the first fish on the pond) up until the end of the Official TAKF close of time at 1:00 pm. Interesting to note was the capture of a few brown trout of about 1 ½ lb. These were resident fish of the ponds.





There were about 800 salmon and a good number of large rainbow trout released. Some nice rainbows were caught with a prized specimen of 8lb landed. Others broke the lines of some anglers.

A special thanks to all those who helped especially those from the Canterbury Anglers Club. The event is run on a very small budget and this can only be achieved due the support from so many volunteers.

Club members helping: Ian Joseph, David Sherriff, Pat Cahill, Colin Woodward, Grant Holmes, Tony Hallams (as a Ranger), Gary Hill, Lindsay Papps, Paul Stikkelman, Andrew Wells, Keri Steventon, Karl & Nathan van Slooten & friend Penny Howes, Rex Gibson CAC and Christchurch Casting Club Member.

*Fred*

**Previous page:** Top – the club display. Middle: Karl assisting a young angler – who turns out to be Simon Curnow – our new junior member, Bottom: The Club President at the bait station.

**This page:** Right, one of the 8 lb trout. Below: the previous week one of the larger rainbows being released.

Go, take thine angle, and with practiced line,  
Light as the gossamer, the current sweep;  
And if thou failest in the calm still deep  
In this rough eddy, may a prize be thine.  
Say thou'rt unlucky where the sunbeams shine;  
Beneath the shadow, where these flowing waters creep,  
Perchance the monarch of the brook shall leap.  
For fate is ever better than design  
Still persevere: the giddiest breeze that blows  
For thee may blow with fame and fortune rife;  
Be prosperous, and what care if it arose  
Out of some pebble with the stream at strife,  
Or that the light wind dallied with the leafy boughs?  
Though art successful - such is human life!  
Author: Thomas Doubleday, 1818





## What a Beautiful Bitch

### High Country Opening Competition – Lake Coleridge

I sat there at the Inter Club Prize giving on the side of a parked boat trailer with a couple of “old Timers”, the sole representative of our club. Not to worry. New Brighton only had one member there too. Reminiscing about High Country Opening days was the conversation. Wonderfully busy, hugely attended, 200 plus my new Scottish mate mused, over in the marquee, schnapps offered by women guarding the entry to the upper Coleridge Station. Nobody got by without buying raffles and paying entry fees. Fabulously anticipated fish varieties and grand sizes entered into the competition. Trophies intensely competed, grams separating winners from those also rans. Campers all over the place, boats coming and going from Friday afternoon to evening and the noise of boat trailers and trucks clattering by tents first thing in the morning heading out onto the lake in search of the “big one”.

This opening weekend we were still searching for the “big one” but in depleted numbers, and the “big ones” were kind of smaller than memory serves. Seems that all who were there are getting older and not many younger ones stepping up to fill the gaps! Thanks must go to the staunch few organisers, bless their cotton socks for the wonderful job they do.

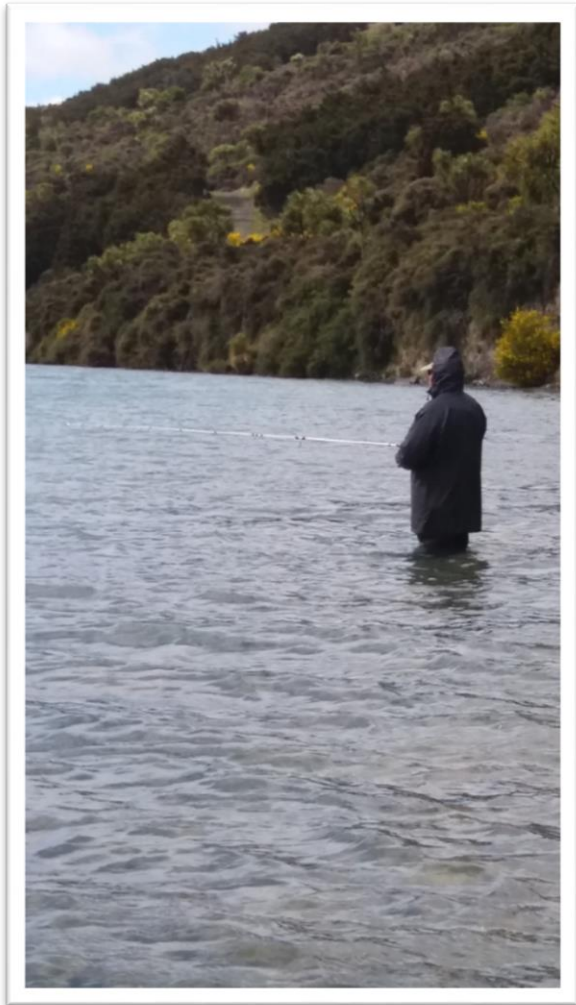
For this shore fisherman, passing the baton is something dear to my heart on this very special date on the fishing calendar. My mate Rob and I have been making the opening trip for more than 30 years now and have been a part of the changes happening over the years. No baches, no toilets, lots of baches, lovely eco dunny, no baches, no eco dunny – NO CAMPING allowed!!?? We used to travel up on a Friday, a crowd of mates in a truck with double cab, a 9 x 9 white tent with a green roof, all our fishing gear and enough alcohol to start our own brewery! Now just the two of us are still going each year. Rob's son has been tagging along of late, so keen and showing us how to catch fish. Rob's daughter came along this year, last year it was my daughter's turn. I've also had each of my daughter's husband / partner along – wonderful stuff!

The morning trek down to the picket fence seems to be getting longer – what's that about? The level of the lake is always a surprise. This year there was barely enough gravel to land a fish with the Matagouri clutching at clothes, hats, lines, lures and rods! At one stage in time long ago we stood shoulder to shoulder with guys who could throw a lure 100 miles out into the lake it seemed. Tangle ups were commonplace and the colourful language offered up to boats venturing too close was classic! Boats still troll close into the shore fisher zone but far fewer in numbers today are there to offer up a caustic word to those ignorant enough to trespass. I counted 10 fishers there max at peak time Saturday am.

The weather was at all points of the compass this year which may have dampened the enthusiasm of some to attend the opening. The sun shone brightly, warmly. There is something very special seeing the sun come up over the mountains! Fish on!! The clouds laden with rain drifted over the mountain peaks, blotting the view of the snow sprinkled tops. Fish on!! Wind fit to cut you in half, blew in squalls over the surface of the lake. Rain pockmarking the water with little volcanoes of water leaving bubbles floating all around! Fish on!! Rug up, stamp your feet to keep blood circulating, pull the hat down over the ears, parka hood up, what the hell am I doing here, freezing my proverbial bollocks off! Fish on!! The tell-tale bobbing of the expectant rods around me, the flap of the struggling salmon or occasional trout all part of it! Fish on!! Fish on!!

The smell of the flowering broom was heady, the sounds of the spring lambs special, the





cattle sounding off and the bird song in the stillness of the remote lake was perfectly in sync with the wild, desolate environment that is Lake Coleridge.

How lucky are we to have this precious resource. Maybe it is that we are not catching quite as many or so large fish as in years gone by. The weather and the lake are a constant. The changes I've pointed out are what they are and put into motion by people who have the best of intentions at heart, I'm sure. This lake is a total "bitch" unforgiving and uncompromising to fools who come unprepared doing silly things, but my word it is beautiful in ways mere words cannot describe – I have a photograph of it on the wall in my bedroom given to me by an Aussie I took along a number of years ago. I'll be back again for the High Country Opening next year. I'm just off now to take off the fillets of salmon I've had in the smoker! Oh yes, the fruits of our sport! Fish on!!

*Garry Hill*

**Previous page:** Amelia's first fish. The Walkers trying to get a Lure out of Robin's shoulder

**This page:** Robin with his back to the elements

Three priests were fishing on a boat when they ran out of bait.

The first priest got up and walked across the water to get some more bait.

After 2 hours they ran out of bait again and the second priest said he would go get more bait, so he got up and walked across the water.

After 3 hours of fishing, they ran out of bait again and the third priest said he would get more bait. So he stepped out of the boat and went straight to the bottom.

The first priest turned to the second priest and asked, "Should we have told him where the rocks were?"

## When a 9 lb Brown isn't big enough

### High Country Opening at the Cass Lodge

Okay the title does sound a bit prosperous, please read on and you will understand.

I was meeting Andy Sheppard for High Country opening on the Friday night at Cass. I went up a day early to do some river fishing only to encounter rain, clouds and wind. No blue sky. To whittle away the day I drove into Arthurs Pass for a few hours. Then watched some TV and read all the fish n game magazines inside the club hut. Yes I was suffering from cabin fever, so at 2:00 pm I rugged up and ventured out to look at the river. It was high a dirty, meaning that the fish should move into the clear water streams that flow into it.

I drove down to one of them and preceded to walk down stream with the intention of fishing back. There was no chance in hell that that was going to happen. The nor-wester was howling down the valley and I would have more fun pissing into it than trying to cast a fly. So I decided to cast downstream wishfully thinking for a fish.

I eventually came across a "fishy" looking shape in the water under the hazed roughed surface the nor-wester was causing. The closer I got the fishier it looked. So I lay a short cast (two metres) to it. The shape move to its left took and took the nymph. As I struck the hook, the brown waved its "shovel" tail at me in defiance and slapped the line, breaking the tippet. It proceeded to jump twice trying to throw the hook that was still in its mouth. I blame my use of 4lb tippet material in losing a lot of fish, but I'll keep using the Maxima Treasure, as I also catch a lot of "line shy" trout with it.

I tied on a woolly bugger and continued downstream, with the wind and rain howling into my back. I worked my way down to where the clear water and dirty water were mixing. There was a log sitting half in the water and half out. Next to it was a large brown trout slowly cruising looking for its next feed. I cast the fly to the left of the trout and he slammed it with speed. After a 10 minute fight I was able to glide the trout into the net. To my utter amazement the scales were pulled down to 9 lbs. The brownie wasn't in perfect condition and I believe when it does get back into shape it will tip over 10 lbs. The fish I lost earlier was bigger than this fish, hmmm what could have been? Satisfied with my day I went back to the Cass lodge. Andy arrived later on and we set about planning the next day.



Up at the crack of dawn, bacon and eggs for breakfast, lunch made, car packed, gear on and we were off. The plan was to fish on or two of the high country lakes. To our surprise when we arrive there was no-one there, nor did anyone else turn up to fish, except the Ranger just checking our licences. There was some blue sky in-between the clouds and lots of wind and lots more wind as the day progressed.

I gave Andy two of my new flies called the Woolly Mudeye, a similar version to the Woolly Bully I also tie. We split left and right and fished along the shore. I encountered a couple of browns that refused my offering as I slowing made my way along the lakes edge. I caught up with Andy about two hours later who told me he had landed a 5 lb brown on my "Woolly Mudeye".

I left Andy and moved back to where I had been fishing earlier. There, in the deep, was a blue headed brown submarine, cruising and ping the depth. I cast the "Woolly Mudeye" into its path and the leviathan surfaced at break neck speed and slammed the fly. I was attached to a monster. This trout was far bigger than the one I landed yesterday and bigger than the one I lost. He cruised along the shore line as if being attached to me, via the line and rod, was an inconvenience to him, not really trying to break free, a couple of half-hearted jumps and some head shacking was all he was doing. I was just mesmerized at seeing a trout so big cruising in so close attached to my line.

After about 20 minutes of this, I believe he got a bit sick of being connected to me and shot off like a rocket, heading toward the centre of the lake, my flying line spun off the reel in quick time followed by the backing, then PING. Slack line. There was too much drag caused by the fly line pulling through the water for the 4 lb tippet to hold.

Alas, 3 fish hooked, one landed, weighing 9 lbs and being the smallest of the three. Andy fared better netting another 5 lb'er later on.

Sunday saw us back again at the same lake. Wind blowing, raining in patches and lots of cloud. Still no other anglers.



I lucked out for the day, but Andy suffer the same fate as me, hooking into a double figure brown, on the Woolly mudeye, and after a 10 minutes fight, only to have the hook pull. We lasted another 4 hours until the rain hit hard and didn't stop for the half hour walk back to the car.

Great weekend fishing, great company and lousy weather. Well as the immortal Michael Andy Lee sings "Two out of three aint bad"

Footnote: The "Woolly Mudeye" has now been patented in both Black and Green and is under copy right protection. Pay heed Andy Sheppard 😊

Tight lines,

*Paul Centofanti*

**Ballinger's**

*Hunting & Fishing*

**New Zealand**

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## The road to Clearwater

By Len Isitt

In past times a club committee member had been responsible for each of our huts. I had been responsible for the Rakaia hut (Don Brown), and arranged to build a new deck with great help from Fred Van Slooten and his father John and others to make more room, but try as hard as I could I was unable to get the members to use the hut. We had competition from the Riccarton Working Men's Club across the road who had three four wheel drive bikes and almost zero membership charges and they had little occupancy. My time seemed to be spent mowing the lawns.

Then I was invited to take over the Clearwater hut, whack o, what a challenge! My first trip was with Kevin Lynch and while he fished Lake Camp, with sugar soap I washed some of the ceiling to discover that under the grim there was signs of white paint. The old coal range was a temperamental brute, some swore they could get it drawing without billowing smoke but most of us failed. There were two large tables in the room, broken lino on the floor, kapok mattresses and pillows on the bunks and a slow water supply, cleaning the hut was a quick wipe down of the bench and sweep of the floor.

Sue and Paul Stikkelman started the painting in the bunk room and Len Friend removed the coal range and installed a bugger log burner.

With the range out I was able to remove the lino from the floor and take the kapok mattresses and pillows to a skip (the advantage of being boss man was on the spot decisions can be made), a gas cooker was installed which needed the knobs to be depressed. Kevin Lynch and Richard Marles were not aware of this and had cold tucker on their next trip.

About this time David McDowell appeared on the scene, so now there was a capable new boss at the helm who was a qualified electrician and natural leader. I gratefully took the role of navy and followed, lending a hand when possible - of course it was not all work, the fish population of lakes Emma, Mystery and secret lakes plus rabbits and other undesirable creatures were controlled, firewood collected and red wine drunk.



Early on a solar panel was installed charging a large series of batteries sourced second hand from fork lift trucks. Those batteries were very heavy to install and David did the wiring. It is still operational and provides instant light and power to the water pump. David sanded the floor and varnished it, everyone who looks through the door including me says "Wow"

One of the large tables was removed, the servery area was modified and a Good Samaritan built a cover outside to store the gas bottle (sorry I do not know who built it but would like to).

About this time I became president for three years and apart from my last night it was a very enjoyable time. It was our wish to make Clearwater lady and family friendly and grants were obtained to put in a septic tank, ablution block, woodshed, concrete paths, water tanks etc. On the East side of the section were very mature pine trees (since removed) when we cleaned the water down pipes they were completely blocked with pine needles, the water supply improved dramatically.

The front of the building was only wide enough for one car to park, removing the bank almost to the uphill neighbours boundary allowed space for a deck to be built, this was intended to be larger but our grant went only so far. It is now possible to park more cars in the front and to store a boat under the deck, I was most impressed to see the stonework on the South side and the stone steps leading to the deck, (well done Elizabeth and David) the woodshed has a fine cover to keep the birds out (well done Mark).

Some years ago Andrew Wells drove Fay and I from Rakaia to Clearwater with many others viewing some for the first time, we did appreciate it Andrew.

This Labour Day David and Elizabeth drove us, a real treat, Fay and I supplied the lunch, smoked chicken, tomatoes lettuce cheese and fresh bread rolls with a fine aged red wine, eaten in the building watching the occupants of other batches and visitors enjoying the scenery and just

being there, as I don't drive much now. As I looked around I could see some areas where I had contributed but know that the real brains were David McDowell's, it was privileged to be able to help and thank all those who have contributed in many ways.

There is still more to be done, may I suggest that insulation under the floor would help.

We are a very wealthy club \$\$\$\$ wise with three lodges, but the real wealth of our club is in our executive and members.

Thank you all.

*Len Isett*

**Editor's notes:** I can be fairly sure that it was ex member Dave Fazackerley who rebuilt the frame over the fridge and log burner and clad it in fibre-cement board, to create a place to also store the gas bottles. Athol McLeod and I were between jobs, and filling in time working for Garry Atkin, whose right-hand man at the time was Dave Faz. Dave took an almost perverse pleasure in loading up my truck with materials and tools and sending me off to Clearwater over two weekends when the forecast for both was for a nor 'west gale. He knew I would have plenty of time to add the flashings and punch the ventilation holes to finish it off, and to deal with a number of other small jobs around the place he had identified needing doing. A few months before Dave McDowall and Gary Monks had redesigned the water system, to take advantage of the spouting cleanout that Len talked about, shifting the water tanks to their current location and plumbing into the lodge and ablution block. After the ablution block was finished Garry Atkin, Dave and Greg Kemp (amongst those I remember) pulled the left front window out, and installed the sliding door to the deck.



The clay bank was removed by a large crew over 3 weekends during September 2009. Dave, Athol McLeod and myself toiled away for a day and a half, shifting the spoil to level off the ground behind the ablution block (and other spots around the reserve). The ladies (Liz and Keri) kept us watered and fed and Len supervised the whole shebang. The following weekend Athol, Graham Cargill and myself sourced more rocks from the roadside and paddocks, and laid them under the tutelage of Greg Kemp, while Dave ran the concrete mixer. Some finishing work took place the last available weekend before the low country season got underway.

In recent years a number of people have spruced up the exterior with a good coat of paint donated to the cause: Gary Batchelor, Barry Swaney, Garry Hill, Graham and Yvonne, Colin Woodward and his wife amongst others who took time out to go up one weekend, with Mark Taylor and the late Mike Wilkinson coming up the following day.

The hut book at Clearwater (and indeed all of the lodges) make for interesting reading...

**Pictures - Previous page:** This is the most recent view of the front I have – Queens Birthday 2010, GRC and I called in to turn the water off. Note the snow on Mt Guy which we had experienced first-hand the day before on Benmore. **This page:** The ablution block (2014), fresh paint on the trim and doors, and bird netting on the wood shed.





## Fisherfolk and Happiness

Recently I listened to a psychologist talking on Radio NZ about the difference between happiness and pleasure. Like all experts he slipped into klingonese-type jargon about hormone interactions of the likes of dopamine, serotonin and oxytocin, but he also came up with some simplifications. Pleasure was basically a short term “fix” to be followed by the desire for a repeat (ASAP), while happiness is a satiated pleasant and stable state of mind.

I interpret that as pleasure coming from hooking/fooling the fish, whilst happiness is that contented feeling we get when walking leisurely home after a great day fishing; whether we caught something or not is often irrelevant. We are captivated, even hypnotized, by the ambiance of the environment, the absence of everyday stress, and the quality of the company (often just our own!).

Another aspect of happiness was that it often comes from doing something for others. These may be individuals, mankind in general or, in some cases, your trusty and trusting dog. It is invariably a consequence of “volunteering”. I am always impressed with those who give something back to the sport of angling. Some people write about it, others assist different people to enjoy it, and many are fighting to save it for the generations to come.

I recently joined a F & G led group who set out to restore a spring creek that flows into the Selwyn River. It had been modified to a straight ditch; the plan was to reverse that “straightness”. The name “Snake Creek” is interesting. Perhaps it was its original shape.

It had become choked with weed (watercress etc.) and the spawning red counts of trout there had dropped from 357 in the 1980s to 57 last year. E. coli, phosphorus, lack of biodiversity and sediments were all issues for this stream. Eight different organisations are listed as involved, but manpower still had to be supplemented with volunteers. That is where several of us ‘fisher folk’ got involved.



The work included filling bags with gravel to support the banks and create bends, riffles and pools, by bagging and planting the banks with a very strong carex grasses/tussocks and creating weirs. Waders, grubbers and spades were all part of the equation. Apart from my aging back balking at bearing the weight of the gravel bags (over the fence) the work was quite pleasurable. The results were quite easy to see after just a few hours. The fisherman in me was happy to see the original patterns of nature being recreated. This project is a part of a major, if belated, attempt to revive the Te Waihora/Ellesmere catchment.



The greatest project for volunteers locally, to ‘put something back’, has been the Take a Kid Fishing day each October at the Groynes Park (northwest of Christchurch city). I have seen pleasure and happiness, and occasionally other emotions, on the faces of children, parents and grandparents at this event for over 25 years. The ‘guru’ for TAKF in Canterbury is Dave Denton. He is a former fishing-gear retailer who is the guiding force behind the trust that runs the event. They have a very well-oiled ‘machine’ to deliver the fishing experience to the children; several thousand each year.

I get one of the good jobs – assisting on the pond, there are four, which caters for the “under eights”. Although it is up to four metres deep it is quite small so only float fishing is permitted. Predictably pellets and shrimps ‘out-fish’ the artificial worms. The days of getting 5 – 7 year old to impale a real worm on their hooks have faded into folk lore.





This year the pond was dominated by family groups with more mums than ever there encouraging their children's efforts. For the volunteers the day was mainly spent helping with the rigging-up, demonstrating how to cast, netting and administering the last rites. Without exception we were thanked, and the overly assertive behaviours of some parents in years past have gone; hopefully forever. At times the pond's banks looked like they had been visited by a bus load of Japanese tourists as kids, and sometimes families, posed for their triumphant photos. Each catch was often photographed several times.

The Groyne's ponds are open all year round, and restocked often, for children to fish. It is a great asset for the future of the sport. Despite its rural, non-pastoral setting, the nutrients in the waters have encouraged prolific growth of the *Lagarosiphon* type of weeds. A few weeks before the event it became obvious that "crop harvesting" would be needed if fish were to be caught. Volunteers worked with the Trust members to cut and then remove excess weed. We had some unusual help from the periodic detention "inmates". They loaded the trailers and disposed of the harvest. They got a cup of coffee and biscuits at the start, which their supervisors also provided for us, and a sausage, bread, etc., at lunchtime.

Along with fellow volunteer, Alan Ball, we operated a dinghy, and with a rake dragged ashore the floating mats of cut pond weeds. They were "bloody heavy", but the former oarsman (Captain) Alan did the hard work as the galley slave. The PD boys took it from there. They perked up when we reminded them that could tell their mates that they had spent the day harvesting "weed".

The Kids Fishing Charitable Trust is strongly supported by several of the Christchurch fishing clubs; Canterbury Anglers, Canterbury Fly Fishing Club, Christchurch Fishing and Casting Club, The Lure Fishing Club, NZ

Salmon Anglers, and more. F & G and the Isaac Conservation & Wildlife Trust are essential contributors to resourcing the event with 800+ fish (mainly salmon) each year in Christchurch. TAKF is however a nationwide phenomenon; from Lake Pupuke (Auckland) down to Te Anau. The TAKF days are spread throughout the season. The timing depends on the local conditions. All rely on happy volunteers who get pleasure from participating in the event; dopamine, serotonin, oxytocin and all.

*Rex N. Gibson*

#### Photos:

**Previous page;** top right, Snake Creek stabilisation. Lower left, Snake Creek weir.

**This page;** Top left, Snake Creek's new riffle. Right, The Groynes "under 8s' pond".

**Next page;** Top Left, Happy fisher. Top Right, Happiness. Bottom, Alan's weed clearing efforts.



Have you ever noticed that trout seem to take better as our fly gets more ragged? Think I'll start tying ragged flies. Hell, on second thought, I don't even have to think about it, because my flies come out of the vice that way.

Author: Jimmy D Moore

Stalking along from log to log, or plunging their long legs in the oozy swamp, two large herons paid no attention to my presence, but occupied themselves with their own fishing arrangements, as if their wilderness were their own.

Author: W.C. Prime -I Go A-Fishing- 1873







# Alphabet Trout

## Part 2

**I for me is...** So there you go. 6 odd years since I started this and there was no "I" in this list...So the pressure is on – which means trawling through the Reeds Atlas, and its Lake Ida and the Inangahua River.

Like Ryton Bay the gloss ran off Lake Ida around the same time that the club caravan and the Ryton Hilton were evicted from Ryton Bay, because access to Lake Ida became very difficult. Before that Lake Ida was well off the beaten track. The lake then was full of small fish and I don't remember any outstanding fishing days. To be fair most of my time at Lake Ida has been spent ice skating on its frozen top, in the company of a number of old friends – amongst them Fred and Delia van Slooten well before marriage and likewise Paul Stikkelman – even before I remember Sue being on the scene... Christchurch is after all a small place.

The Inangahua River is a place I want to spend more time on. Keri and I had a great afternoon there 10 or more years ago, and well before that I have fished it possibly a handful of times. All I can recall of each session was the sandflies – still there were fish.

There are plenty of rivers whose names start with I: The Irthing Stream – one of the Five Rivers in Northern Southland – I have stood on the banks many times. Island Stream just south of Oamaru looks worthy of consideration, and Ida Burn in the Maniototo – holds the promise of Brook Trout each autumn when the race is closed down for the yearly maintenance.

**J is for the Jacobs River**, AKA the Aparima River. At Riverton it's known as the Jacobs River (right with Riverton in the background), and immediately upstream of the estuary it becomes the Aparima... Confused? The Aparima is one of Southlands better known trout rivers. I like it best in the upper reaches – above the Hamilton Burn which is also a fantastic river. My Brother in law, Simon managed a property in the 80's with the Aparima on one boundary, and the Hamilton Burn on another. Heaven for trout fishers. I haven't fished either for a long time.



There is also a Jacobs River on the West Coast that has a Jumbo Stream running into it. Neither are likely to feature on my horizon although I have read that the Jacobs (Westland version) has a good trout population below State Highway 6, and especially in the white bait season. Jollie Brook is doable however. It runs into the Hurunui on the opposite bank to Sisters Stream so the walk isn't too far. Let's put it on the "to do" list. I have heard good things about the Jollie River from an ex guide, so it is also on my "to do" list.

**There are any number of rivers and lakes whose name starts with a K**, not surprising considering that so many place names start with K – for Kai.

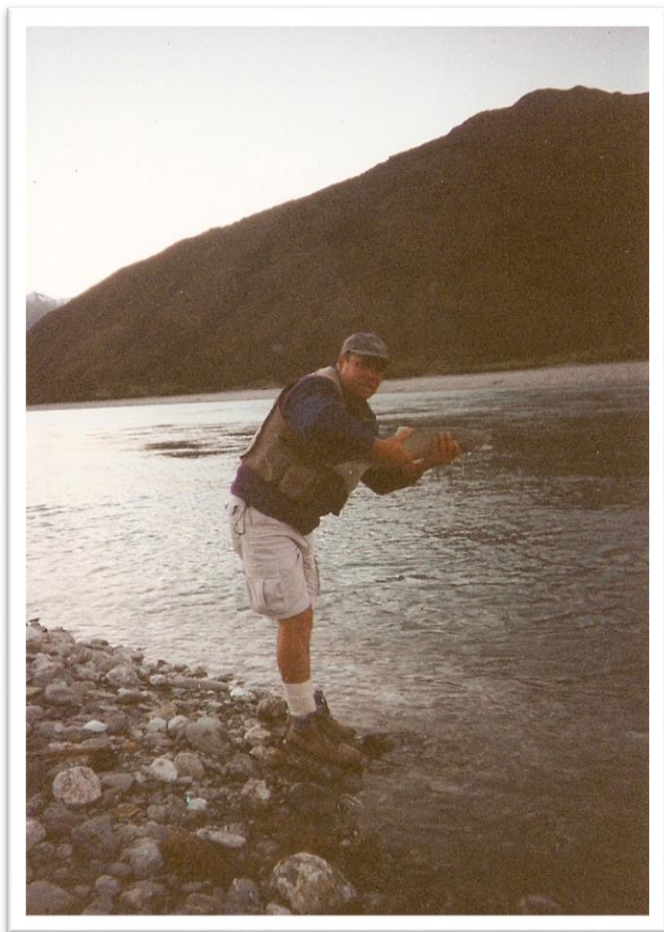
The Kaiapoi is one I have fished and white baited although not for a few years now. Kempy tells me he caught a rainbow in the stretch below Silverstream a few winters back. It's the only one I have fished starting with a K though, but there is plenty of scope for the years to come. The Kahutara south of Kaikoura had one of the first commercial salmon farms in the late 80's – is there still a supported run? I have yet to fish it – I have often observed the whitebaiters there in season and wished I was there dipping my net in the flow, and not heading north for something else.

The Kaihiku and Kurawao Streams are in South Otago, and I have often stopped and looked at the small trout on my travels south. Kaituna River is close to Christchurch – I know it has trout but can't remember fishing it. The Kapitia and Kumara Reservoirs are close together on the West Coast, and were the site of an early liberation of perch thanks to the former Mayor of Kumara "King Dick" Seddon. He was a keen fisherman as well as a popular Prime Minister. Both also have populations of trout – I guess that's a few more places to add to the bucket list?

**L is for Lake Lyndon**, the first place that I caught a trout. I had recently re-discovered the joy of fishing, and had been testing the waters at a variety of locations around the island during my travels as a Sales Rep. Up until that Thursday evening in 1987 I hadn't caught the target species though. Then that night it all clicked into place. That first fish taking a Black Toby was the start of a slippery downhill slope which has shown no absolutely no sign of levelling out – and with it the collection of fishing gear has grown accordingly. I only have ~~10~~ ~~11~~ 12 fishing rods with room for more. I once read that no collection of fly rods is complete without a Sage XP, and a two handed Sage would be awesome! Anyway – I digress. Larry's Creek on the West Coast, and Lee Stream close to Dunedin are also on my bucket list too BTW.

**M is for the Makarora River**, a river that I have spent a lot of time fishing as my oldest sister and brother in law had a bach/ holiday house behind Cedar Lodge until just a couple of years ago. While we tended to favour the river close by the house which was about 400m away over





a paddock (that prior to the 1995 flood was the Cedar Lodge landing strip), we roamed up and down the river on foot, by 4WD and in my brother in laws "owned it since almost brand new, and still does" Jet 44. My favourite spot and I will share this freely, is the pool at the bottom of Muddy Creek. The reason I share it freely is because it involves a boulder hop down 750 or more metres of steep creek bed from the road. If your knee joints are up to it go and have a look. That pool has produced a good number of the largest fish that I have caught in the Makarora, but the most dependable place to catch a fish is below the Wilkin River where the river is open all year.

Despite what you may read the lower river is accessible from the road if you ask for permission, and is suited to fly fishing - Tongariro style, or swinging large lures either single or double handed. The best days fishing I can recall on the Makarora was a day in the lower river with Keri and I accompanying my brother in law, and his older brother Roger, fishing each pool from the mouth to the house and return after lunch. The pool below Flaxmill Creek yielded a pair 5 lb'ers for each of us, with the first being caught right under the back of the boat by me before the rest of the team (Roger getting over the first of his hip replacements) were even out of the boat.

BTW (this is one for the golfers). There is a little known Jack Nicklaus designed 3-Hole golf course at Makarora. It's in a paddock in front of Cedar Lodge, on what used to be the air strip. It was laid out by Jack and his son Gary - both were regular visitors as were a number of other celebs (having read a number of Billy Connolly's books it seems he was another regular). Initially the "course" was a bit rough - a par 3, par 4 and par 5 on the return and more a "hack and sink" type place. Last time I saw it was 4 years ago and it was starting to look more like Lake Coleridge course used to in the 70's - rough and ready but doable. (Left: Makarora River one summer evening).

**N is for the Nevis Valley** and a place that is magical. In the later part of the 19<sup>th</sup> century it was one of many locations in Otago where hardy folk mined for gold. These days the gold is in the form of trophy sized browns in the river. Having been into the valley to fish it a few times, I naturally made an objection to plans to dam the river below the crossing. I am glad that the environment court listened to us - and that Gollum the Galaxiid (more specifically *Galaxias gollumoides*) was found to be present in the valley, because Gollum proved to be the ace up our sleeves, and the Nevis will now be spared of Hydro development. Gollum is better known as a sub species of the Southland Galaxiid variety, and has survived in the Nevis due to a river capture event that took place 500,000 to 800,000 years ago. Prior to that the Nevis flowed south to drain to the Maitai system, but tectonic uplifting brought up the Garvie and Remarkable Ranges and the river system was turned 180 degrees to flow into the Clutha.

The valley has numerous preserved gold diggings - one study I read prior to the hearing described it as the most intact goldfield in Otago. The river is one of a few in Otago with the water colour looking like a medium cup of tea, and so far I haven't fished it but instead have targeted the numerous tributaries which are of a small stream nature and are Gin clear. If you get a chance to go there take it - the journey over Duffers Saddle (which at 1173 m asl is the highest public road in New Zealand) gives you spectacular views of Cromwell and Central Otago and as far east as the Rock and Pillar Ranges. The solitude on arrival is just to die for.

**O is for the Otukaikino**, or the South Branch of the Waimak to



anyone raised in Christchurch. I never gave it a serious look before I started fly fishing, but a good portion of my time has been spent there since. Some seasons it is full of searun's some of which can get to 5 or 6 lb, but the average size tends to be 1 – 2 lb. It gets a lot of fishing pressure now which I suppose is a reflection on fuel going up in cost, so you have to pick your access spot or be out super early to avoid getting jumped. As a result the fish get super picky so your fly has to "match the hatch" exactly.

In recent years the council (some work assisted by members of the Canterbury Fly Fishing club, other parts performed by PD workers) have removed a large number of willows below the Groyne's, and in addition cleaned up the area below the Groyne's dog park. While this has reduced the chances of losing a fly in a willow it has also meant a reduction in habitat for the trout, and there does seem to be less fish present now. For a bit of variety try above the Groyne's and into the stretch alongside Clearwater Resort. The water here is deeper and there is more habitat for the fish to hide in so it makes for exciting fishing when they take.

The most memorable fish I caught in the Otukaikino was one which I lost. Athol and I had been fishing below the Groyne's and had got back to the old dog park. The fish here are were quite cunning as numerous dogs running in and out of the water generate a steady stream of dislodged caddis down current, so there used to be a queue of fish just below the park waiting for a juicy caddis to appear. I had worked my way slowly upstream cut off from the bank by numerous willows and toi toi bushes, and was watching for a fish to appear. Before long a large 5lb. plus fish appeared from under a toi toi and started to feed. Within a couple of casts I had him on, and he gave me the guerrilla trout tactics; across current, under stumps, under the toi toi, back across current, then ran downstream. I managed to keep up with him and forced him back upstream – which with my 4 weight was no mean feat, when he decided to run downstream again – but this time between my legs. The tippet went across the toe of my boot and snapped...

**P was for the Percival.** Where is the Percival you ask – it's close to Hanmer being one of the rivers that bisects the Hanmer Plain. It has recently been ruined by a farmer whose land borders it – he decided to channel it without consent and how he has got away with it is anyone's guess. I read an interesting take on it on a Canadian Website: - they were flabbergasted too. Before it was ruined it was willow lined and surprisingly deep in places and meandered towards Hanmer and just shy of the first sign of civilisation it split into two, with the Chatterton heading off to the golf course, and the Percival itself then going into the forest where I have never seen a fish – they all seem to go up a small tributary - Dog Stream. Lower down and just above the Waiau it was a classic Canterbury willow lined river with plenty of smaller fish. I never saw a large one – possibly they were too clever. It used to be a good standby river when the Waiau was blown out and there was a nor'wester brewing.

P is also for the Pareora River – best early season, ask any resourceful fisherman. I haven't fished it for 20 years or more when it was good for a fish in the evening below Taiko Crossing. We drove over the same ford about 3 days after the season started 2 years ago and there were two vehicles parked at the ford – popular still.

The Pahau River is another, a small stream that bisects the Amuri Plain. It is seen as a nursery river for the Hurunui so it now has its own rules in our schedule. Athol once told me he caught his first salmon in the Pahau just above the State Highway Bridge, when he was a youngster living at Culverden in the 60's.

**Q is a problem.** There is a Quail Burn down south - it doesn't look the biggest on Google Earth and has a dirty great centre pivot irrigator alongside it too boot. There is a Quail Valley Stream south of Nelson – worth a look at one day. There is a Quarry Creek that feeds into the Landsborough – again off my radar. That leaves Quartz Creek – of which there are a few. One is a feeder stream to the Wairau and every time I have been over it (mostly as co-driver in a rally car/ sometimes retrieving a rally car) it has been dry. Another is over the back of Mt Peel at 2000m asl. That leaves the third Quartz Creek, a small feeder stream in the Stevenson's Arm of Lake Wanaka. That's doable! Otherwise I might have to look at river names in China!

*Andrew W*

Somewhere in the wide range of activity between the hard physical effort of wading for long hours against a swift current in a rocky stream, casting steadily, and the indolence of lying quietly in the sun waiting for a bobber to go under there is a type of angling to suit everyone's mood and everyone's pocketbook. Fishing is fishing wherever it is found... Angling's problems are never solved.

Author: Lee Wulff 1939

Fish sense, applied in the field, is what the old Zen masters would call enlightenment: simply the ability to see what's right there in front of you without having to sift through a lot of thoughts and theories and, yes, expensive fishing tackle.

Author: John Gierach



**THE THREAT**

Didymo is an invasive species that can form massive blooms. Thick growths can adversely affect freshwater fish, plant and invertebrate species by reducing the number of suitable habitats.

If you require more information please visit:  
**[www.biosecurity.govt.nz/didymo](http://www.biosecurity.govt.nz/didymo)**

To report a suspected find of didymo please call 0800 80 99 66

## Creasy's Column

By Hugh Creasy

In the hills where bright water flows clear and clean, filtered by tree roots and silvery gravels, young fish, parr-marked and swift, swim the pools and runs. They gather in schools and when it rains and streams run bank to bank, these young fish go with the overpowering flow, downstream through high country valleys where snow-melt clouds the water, down through forest-shaded rapids and tumbling over shallow waterfalls, driven by the power of the spring flood and powerless in its might.

They swim where they can and some find shelter from the flood, behind bedrock deformities in the streambed and in the back currents created by stable boulders and the twists and turns of the valley floor. But the majority, numbering in their hundreds, are driven on towards bigger waters and great danger. Their numbers have already been thinned by predators and competition. The weakest were taken early, many before they left the redds. The survivors still have strength, and as the power of the flood dissipates they wash into the force of the main river.

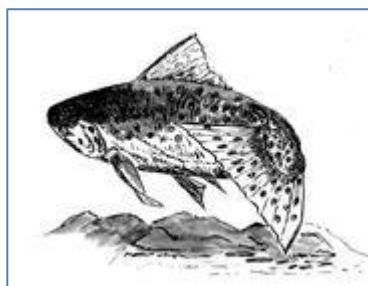


On a boulder, white-streaked with ordure, a white-faced shag spreads its wings to the sun. On a nearby totara, skeletal and dead-branched, the shag's partner flies to a straggly nest and regurgitates a pulped mass of fish into the gaping mouth of its chick.

Below the dead tree, where the stream falls into a wide pool at the head of a long reach, the young trout tumble. They circle their new surroundings, holding a tight formation. The pool's breadth and depth are strange to them and they swim with a wariness they will need if any are to survive to maturity. For an hour or two they are safe from the menace from above. The shags have dined well on another school of young trout that fled the pool and dispersed in a downstream rapid.

There is still a menace from below. An eel, sinuously loops through gaps in the stream bed, pausing, mouth gaping and gills pumping, aware of the young fish, through smell and movement. It tastes blood, invisible but enough to awaken its hunting instinct.

At the tail of the school of young trout, an injured fish struggles to keep pace. In the tumble over boulders its skin was torn and its flank bruised – enough damage to interfere with its swimming action. It gives off a strange vibration. The eel waits as the school passes, then lunges, its mouth snaps shut on the injured fish and after a brief struggle its life is over. Shreds of the dead fish fall to the bottom of the pool. From crevices between boulders and bedrock crayfish emerge to feed, their claws extend daintily to grasp the moving morsels. The nymphal forms of mayflies, stoneflies and caddis extend clawed feet to grasp the tiniest particles, and in the shallows water boatmen take their share. There is no waste.



A dead fish is a treasure to the life of the river. Even those creatures that do not directly feed on its flesh take advantage of the carelessness of those attracted by its presence. In calmer waters dragonfly larvae are lethal hunters of smaller creatures, and dobsonfly larvae hunt the shallows for careless nymphs.

Small trout feed on small insects. If there are enough of them a young trout's growth will accelerate at a phenomenal rate, and within a few months it will be large enough to fend off all but a few predators, and most of those will be sea-run.

But time has passed for the school, and pangs of hunger stir to life the dozing shags. They spread their wings and croak their calls. With a swift clatter of flight feathers they leave their perches, beady eyes alert for movement. They fly for some distance before diving, perhaps to engorge their flight muscles with blood to sustain them in chilly water. Then they dive and with light splashes they enter another world where, with peculiar swimming motion, they seek their prey.

The trout are alerted by the splash of the shag's entry and dart about, trying to keep formation, but the birds, with as much skill under water as they show in flight, break the formation and the fish scatter in panic. The slowest are easily taken, while the swiftest and luckiest head for the tail of the pool and the rapids below. There they find temporary refuge in backcurrents in fast water.

Their journey has just begun and already their numbers have been heavily thinned. They left the redd in hundreds and now number only in double figures. They have yet to find safety. The need to feed will keep them on the move until they are large enough to win battles for the best holding water. Some will run to sea and face predators much larger than any faced in the river. Only the swiftest and fittest will survive to return to the river and resume the dominance battles that will see their progeny once again take part in the eternal circle of survival.

When an angler brings a fish to the net, and admires its perfection of form and function, its beauty of colouring and the way it fought to survive, he or she is looking at the very best that natural selection has to offer – the best that the river can produce, and a survivor against the odds that deserves our deepest respect.





## Club Trophies

### The annual trophies competed for by financial Club Members are:

Adams Brown Rooster	The heaviest fish caught by a junior, on a club trip
Anniversary Trophy	The best photograph taken by or of a club member (see convenor for full rules)
Ashby Berg Cup	The best conditioned rainbow trout, caught by a male member
Benmore Trophy	The best-conditioned fish caught on the Alf Palmer Memorial Trip
Bryan Coulter Trophy	The heaviest fish on rod & line, on a Club Boat Trip
Canal Trophy	The heaviest fish caught in the Waitaki Hydro Canals
Coleridge Brass Monkey Trophy	The heaviest fish caught during the Coleridge Brass Monkey Competition
Conservation Cup	For conserving the fish population on the Alf Palmer Memorial Trip
C.R.Ogier Cup	The heaviest salmon caught by a club member
Cromb & Merritt Shield	The best conditioned brown trout, caught by a male member
D.C.Wilson Shield	The heaviest fish caught in surf, on rod & line
Drewery Cup	The heaviest trout caught by a club member
Fly Anglers Shore Trophy	The heaviest fish caught by a shore based angler on a fly, on the Alf Palmer Memorial Trip
Junior Delegate's Trophy	The junior member who catches the heaviest trout, on Junior Day
Kevin Lynch Trophy	The member of the Alf Palmer Memorial Trip Team, who caught most fish
Lady Isaac Trophy	The heaviest Salmon caught at Rakaia whilst staying at the Don Brown Lodge
Marles Benmore Trophy	The heaviest trout caught on the Alf Palmer Memorial Trip
NZ Farmers Cup	The best-conditioned trout caught by a lady member
Richard Marles Challenge	The most fish caught on the Richard Marles Challenge Weekend
P.G.Ellis Cup	The best-conditioned trout caught by a junior member
Salt Water Lure Cup	The heaviest fish caught on a fly, in the sea
Secretaries Trophy	The heaviest rainbow trout caught by a club member
Spackman Cup	The heaviest trout caught on a Club Trip

## Hut Fees

### Fees for the Club huts are as follows:

<b><u>Member's</u></b>	Flat rate: \$20.00 per person per night if you are willing to share with other members. To book the facility exclusively for yourself, or your group, then refer below. The rate for children is: Under 5 yrs. free, 5 - 18yrs. - \$10 ( accompanied and booked by a senior member)
<b><u>Accompanied non-members</u></b>	As for club members
<b><u>To book a hut for yourself</u></b>	Clearwater and Cass = \$50.00 per night (maximum) Rakaia = \$100.00 per night (maximum)
<b><u>Caravans/campervans on site:</u></b>	Casual = \$15.00 per night, plus \$10.00 for each additional person Long term = by arrangement with the Committee.

## Hut Rules

1. Huts may only be booked by financial members of the club.
2. Bookings may be made, no more than 90 days in advance.
3. The Club member who makes the booking must be in residence when the hut is used and is responsible for the behavior of guests and any damage, should any occur.
4. Only one hut booking can be made at any one time.
5. Any damage must be reported immediately.
6. Empty gas bottles must be returned to the booking convener for refilling.
7. At peak times – Christmas to 15th January and all long weekends hut bookings shall be considered exclusive, but will be subject to a ballot if more than one party wants to book. The ballot shall be held 60 days prior to the occupancy date.
8. Through the balance of the year bookings shall be on a first come basis.
9. Bookings can only be for a maximum of seven days.
10. All hut users to take note of specific instructions on the safe use of equipment in the huts as detailed in the manuals provided in each facility.
11. Intentions books are placed in each hut, please use them, it may save a life.
12. If the lawns need mowing when you are staying at any of our lodges, it is expected that you mow them. Fuel cost for the mower will be reimbursed. The reward for mowing them is that you can shout yourself a beer when they are done.

**Canterbury Anglers Club (Inc.): Membership application & renewal form**

Please tick the appropriate box:

Are you ☐ A new member

Or ☐ An existing member

Type of membership (tick one)

Fee: (All less \$10.00 if paid prior to the 1<sup>st</sup> September)

<input type="checkbox"/>	Junior (under 16 years)	\$40.00
<input type="checkbox"/>	Intermediate senior (16 to 20)	\$45.00
<input type="checkbox"/>	Senior (over 20 )	\$70.00
<input type="checkbox"/>	Family (principal adult/partner & dependant junior children attending secondary school up to and incl. Yr. 13)	\$75.00

**Magazines will be distributed by email, please confirm your email address below unless the following applies:**

- Require magazine by mail as I do not have a broadband internet connection (tick the box)

- Require a hard copy of the magazine - \$20.00 surcharge for this applies to the above subscription (tick the box)

<input type="checkbox"/>
<input type="checkbox"/>

Name:

Address:

Post code:

Phone:

Fax:

Mobile:

Email address:

Family members: (please list partner's name, and dependant children's name and D.O.B.)

Which of the following types of fishing do you do?

<input type="checkbox"/>	Trout - spinning	<input type="checkbox"/>	Salmon - spinning	<input type="checkbox"/>	Sea - boat
<input type="checkbox"/>	Trout - fly	<input type="checkbox"/>	Salmon - lure	<input type="checkbox"/>	Course fishing
<input type="checkbox"/>	Trout – trolling/ harling	<input type="checkbox"/>	Surfcasting	<input type="checkbox"/>	White baiting

**Payments:** Please return this form and remit with appropriate amount to the Treasurer at a club meeting, or post (cheque only) to:

Canterbury Anglers Club Inc., P O Box 1602, Christchurch Mail Centre, Christchurch 8140.

Direct credits can be made to: 11-7800-0048004-11. Please include your name for reference.

**Canterbury Anglers Club (Inc.): Competition entry declaration form**

**Member details**

Name:

Address:

I hereby declare that on:

I caught on legal tackle a:

(Specify species)

Details of fish – weight:

Length (trout only):

Tick if applicable:

(all that apply)

<input type="checkbox"/>	Club trip
<input type="checkbox"/>	Caught in the surf
<input type="checkbox"/>	Boat trip

<input type="checkbox"/>	Junior on juniors day
<input type="checkbox"/>	Junior - other time

**Witness name:**

**Date:**

Details of scales and date checked:

NB: To enable the Trophy Convenor to determine which trophies you might be eligible for, please detail where the fish was caught.

**Signature of Angler:**

**Date:**

**Received by Trophy Convenor:**

**Date:**

Declaration to be forwarded to the trophy convenor as soon as possible after each catch. Entries for the current season close on the 3rd Tuesday in June. Any individual can only win fish of the month once in each financial year.