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Fish Stories – An Essay from Liar’s Code

By Richard Chiappone

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With age, there comes a point at which you just don't care if others know that on any given day of fishing you caught nothing but little fish, or junk fish, or really little really junky fish. Or nothing at all.



My father did not fish. I had no older brothers to introduce me to the sport. And yet, somehow, by the time I was eight years old, I was already a fanatic. While on a family vacation in the Finger Lakes that summer, I harangued my folks into buying me a fiberglass casting rod and an Ocean City level-wind reel. Both are now long gone to wherever old fishing tackle ends up. But there is a photo of me dated 1956 in which I'm holding that rig with one hand, and a rope stringer in the other. Dangling from it is what appears to be a mooneye, a small trash fish of the sort I spent the rest of my childhood pursuing. I've been fishing ever since.

I got up early and drove 120 miles to the confluence of the Kenai and Russian Rivers to meet my old fishing partner Will Rice. We marched for two miles uphill on a well-maintained trail, clambered down a near vertical, boulder-strewn obstacle course into the Russian River canyon, and fished our way downstream—a murderous jumble of slippery, pyramid-shaped rocks underfoot much of the way. Late in the afternoon, we dragged our sorry keisters back up to the parking lot.

When I arrived home after a three-hour drive through Alaska's endless road construction, I could barely swing my legs out of the truck cab. I considered sleeping out there in the driveway that night, but managed to make it to the house. This time, the post-fishing self-medication required not only the usual ibuprofen, but also a couple muscle relaxants and more vodka than I'd admit to my doctor. That night, feeling

surprisingly well again, I made plans to meet another pal at the Anchor River the next morning.

Recently some wiseacre asked me, “Would you rather fish or fornicate?” Okay, that wasn’t the particular word used, but I answered as honestly as I could: “Well, at my age, I can still fish for hours without resting. In fact, I can still fish for hours, several times a day.” All of which is to say that I’m not dead yet, but I am also not a boy anymore. Not that I’m complaining. Well, I am complaining about the physical aches and pains and the fact that I used to be able to do exciting and pleasurable things all day long—like cast into the wind, or fish the Russian River—without medication.

But there are also some benefits to being one of the greybeards on a river now. Don’t get me wrong: I’m not claiming the legendary wisdom that’s supposed to come with age—I’m still waiting for that to kick in—but, one of the blessings that actually does arrive is freedom from the slavery of deceit, or at least the option to choose a more factual telling of a day’s fishing efforts at every opportunity. There comes a point at which you just don’t care if others know that on any given day you caught nothing but little fish, or junk fish, or really little really junky fish. Or nothing at all.

It was not always this way. I’m the first to admit I may have reshaped the facts of a fishing trip or two into a form that presented my modest talents with rod and reel under generously favorable light. But I’ve seen a hell of a lot worse big fat liars over the years.

In 1982, when my wife Lin and I moved to Alaska, I took her fishing for the first time in her life. Somehow she had never sampled the joys of trying to outwit scaly, coldblooded creatures with marble-sized brains, had never even held a rod in her hand before the day we went fishing for cohos in a small river just south of Anchorage.

Lin’s first fish ever was a silver salmon that must have weighed twelve pounds. She also caught two others nearly as large. To put that in perspective, in the first ten years I fished, all the fish I caught, in total, would not have come close to the combined weight of the three salmon she landed her first day. Was she elated? Converted? “Hooked for life,” as the cliché goes? Not quite.

She fished exactly twice more after that: one lovely afternoon on a Kodiak Island stream catching small Dolly Varden on dry flies; and another catching grayling and lake trout in the foothills of the Alaska Range. And then she hung up the tackle and quit. Forever. The whole undertaking—selecting the perfect fly, making the best cast, fooling the fish—simply left her unmoved. Whatever it was that made me mad for the sport did not take root.

To this day she loves to go fishing with me, loves to be on the water, but has no desire to catch fish herself. None. Apparently, she does not in any way feel that her self worth is tied to her skill at catching fish. (Women are incomprehensible.) Which means, of course, she has no reason to lie about catching fish, and therefore cannot imagine why anyone else would blatantly massacre the truth in such matters.

Her first contact with what I’ve come to understand is normal angler bullshit (NAB), came as a shock to her. One autumn Friday afternoon in those early years we drove the

200 miles from Anchorage to the Anchor River, near the town of Homer, so I could fish for steelhead. Lin was in grad school, again, and she planned to study while I fished. It was steelhead season, so the weather was predictably gray, cold, and rainy. No problem for Lin; it would not be the first time she happily sat in a warm, dry truck reading while I stood in a river in a downpour getting soaked.

Every river we crossed was already high and muddy and still rising. And the Anchor was the longest of them, with the most tributaries. No one could fish it. No one would try. Not even me. I spent the weekend mostly in the bar of the Anchor River Inn pretending to watch football, but mostly eyeing the rain slashing at the windows—hoping, as only a fisherman might, that somehow it was going to abate and the river would drop enough to fish. It was still raining as we headed north for Anchorage on Sunday.

On Monday, Lin stopped by the job I was working on in a new office building. One of the new tenants, an insurance representative, was moving into his office. I heard him hammering on the walls and I peeked in to find him hanging framed photos of himself gripping trout and salmon. I struck up a conversation with him, and Lin stopped by just in time to hear him tell me he'd caught twenty steelhead over the weekend. In the Anchor River.

Lin's chin dropped. She started sputtering. I rushed her out into the hallway before she could say it. "He's lying! We were there. Nobody could fish in that mess, could they?"

I agreed that she was right on both counts: nobody could fish that mess, and yes, he was lying.

"But why would anybody do that?" she asked, astounded.

I tried to explain the concept of natural angler bullshit. But she would never understand that if you aren't catching anything, you crave just one fish. If you're catching some fish, you want to catch more, lots more. If you are catching lots of fish, you want to catch bigger fish. How could I explain to her that if you've had a great day of fishing, the only thing that makes it better is telling someone how good it was. And, more to the point, if the fishing has been abysmal, the same response is called for—telling someone how good it was.

Lin has spent 35 years with me, and still has not fully come to accept the concept of NAB. Probably never will. Not because she's a woman, but because she doesn't fish.

(Abridged)

Richard Chiappone is the author of Opening Days: A Fly Fisherman Writes (Barclay Creek Press, 2010) and Water of an Undetermined Depth (Stackpole Books, 2003). This essay is from his new book Liar's Code (Skyhorse Publishing, 2016)

Fan Casting With Spinners

by Jim McIntosh

Spinner fishing for trout has always been a favourite of mine. Many of these tips, however, are good to keep in mind whenever you fish with spinners.

So read up, take some notes, and start catching more trout on

While it might seem silly to go to a lake or stream and repeatedly cast your favourite spinner to the exact same spot, I'm sure many of you are guilty of this at least a couple of times; I know I am.

Often this happens if I am having a conversation or distracted for some other reason. In general, this is a bad plan. Sure you might get lucky and find out that the fish are right in front of you, but often it's not.

"Fan casting" refers to covering more water with your lure.

Visualise the water in front of you as a clock. Don't just cast to 12 o'clock; instead cast from 9 o'clock to 3 o'clock. Cover all the water within your casting radius.

Sometimes I wonder if the need for fan casting isn't one of the causes of "beginners luck."

Personally, I don't believe in luck, so instead, I try to figure out what causes it. Why do beginners sometimes seem to have unexpected success? I

There maybe a reason in this.

Inexperienced anglers often have little control over where their lure goes. The result is that they fish randomly in many different directions, so, even if by accident, they are fan casting.

Who knows, maybe I'm crazy!

Counting Down

Another mistake I notice a lot of anglers make is that they begin to reel in the spinner as soon as it hits the water. If the trout are feeding near the surface, you'll be fine; but this is not always the case. If the trout are holding deeper in the water, chances are it will be a very slow day.

The solution?

Count your lure down.

Depending on the shape and size of the spinner, a good rule is that it will sink one foot (30 cms) per second. After you make your cast, wait and count.

This will give you an idea of how deep your lure is. I will usually reel in one cast on the surface, then let the next one sink down for two counts, then four, six, eight counts, and so on.

Eventually, you will know where the bottom is. This will help you focus on the entire water column.

Now for some advice that might sound silly at first.

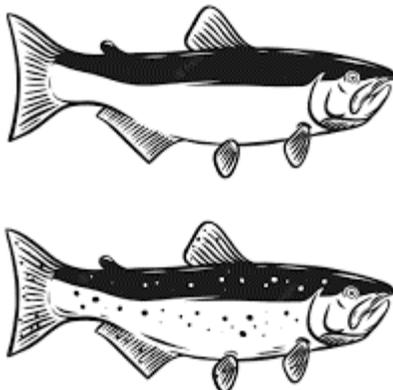
I count out loud.

I don't scream it, but loud enough so I can hear myself. Why, might you ask? Well if you catch a fish on an "eight" count, wouldn't it make sense to count down to eight again the next time?

Of course!

Sometimes though, in the heat of the battle with the trout, I will forget what number I was at. I find counting out loud helps me keep track of where I was. Maybe this won't be an issue for you. Just thought I'd throw it out there.

So there you have it, between fan casting and counting down, your lure you will be covering much more of the water in front of you, and reaching more trout. You're already on your way to being a much more effective spinner fisherman!



Handbags and Fishing Vests.

When I was just a lad entering the workforce, smoko was when you discussed the world, why all bosses were bastards, and the meaning of life. I remember a particular older colleague (Robbie). Us young bucks thought that he was so much wiser than us. This raconteur's stories suggested that there wasn't too much in life experience that

he had not done.

One day he interrupted our post-adolescent analysis of life and leaned slowly across looking over the top of his copy of "The Truth" (or was it the "Peoples' Voice"?). In the days before everyone had TV we relied on a raft of such newspapers for our daily dose of misinformation. His cigarette stayed stuck on his lip, he placed his tea mug (we never got coffee back then) on the smoko-room table and his features developed that "wise look" he had cultivated over the years.

"There are two things that you boys will never fathom; even if you live to a hundred", he said with an assurance that left us in awe. After pausing long enough for effect, he then added "What women really want" (or something similar) and "The contents of a woman's handbag".

Subsequent smoko conversations usually focussed on the former in our male dominated job. In fact the handbag comment rarely crossed my mind; until recently that is.

I decided to give my fly fishing vest a wash. This only happens once or twice a year. I emptied it. It took a beer carton to hold all the contents.

The comparison with a handbag came to mind immediately. I recall an in-law (female of course) once finding reading glasses in her handbag that she had lost two years prior. Emptying the pockets of the vest was a real treasure hunt.

The contents were laid out for the photo. Even I was surprised at how much it contained. I guess it does have a lot of pockets!



The items were (left to right), starting from the top:

Row 1: Survival blanket. I am always worried about twisting/breaking a limb miles from anywhere and having to keep warm while the sheriff sends out a posse. The survival blanket is cheap and excellent insurance. Next to this are a light weight parka and the traditional wool "fly cemetery"

Row 2: My fly boxes – feather lures, nymphs, wee wets, my "secret flies", and the dries.

Row 3: Fly floatant, sun screen, dimp, two packs of indicators, and spare leaders.

Row 4: Magnifying (Warehouse) glasses, spools of "slick shooter" and tippet (10, 6 and 4 pound), plus a couple of pieces of rubber for taking the kinks out of tippets.

Row 5: Forceps (for hook removal), a torch, spare spool (sinking tip), sticking plasters (yes; I hook myself at least once a year), hook file, kiwifruit spoon for removing the fish's kidney, nylon snipper.

Not shown here: the small toilet paper roll in a snap lock bag, a spare leader, a folded bag for holding any fish kept, and my (weighing)

landing net. These and the survival blanket go in the back pocket. The net hangs on the back of the vest. One of the best investments I have made was to get the magnetic connection for this net. It holds it in place and requires only a small effort to free it up when the time is right.

Why so many fly boxes? It is because I am not a "purist". I fish rivers and lakes of all sizes, and occasionally the canals, so I need to be prepared for the lot. They are all small fly boxes after all.

The only thing that I'll discard is the dimp. I am more convinced than ever that it actually attracts sandflies.

In the top pocket of my chest waders I also carry my cell phone in the sealable compartment and a small walkie talkie in a zip lock bag tucked in the front pocket. The walkie talkies (\$59 a pair) have about a 5 km range and keep the better half in touch from her deck chair throne back at the car. Being somewhat hyperactive I often cover big distances. In years gone by the cell phone only came with me when we are in range; quite rare in the Canterbury back country. As I now release so many it's good to photograph them on my phone, especially if they are possible fishing club prize winners. I have also added a small tape measure as an accessory in the photos for validating my claims of size.

Once upon a time I carried an emergency muesli bar. They never seemed to stay fresh. Perhaps it was the heating up in the car followed by the rough treatment etc. These days I sometimes add a wrapped sandwich or an apple to the back pocket, but usually I am too busy enjoying the fishing to stop for mundane things like lunch.



You may have noticed the badges on the vest. I never got over the enjoyment of being in cubs and scouts as a kid. I guess that badge fixation is a carryover from those days. I am currently a member of the Christchurch Fishing and Casting Club, and Canterbury Anglers. I wear their badges with pride; ditto for my "Upper Clutha" badge which is larger and adorns the back of the vest. My hat carries my NZ Salmon Anglers badge.

Trout fishing has an essential component called camaraderie. The clubs provide that; plus knowledge and like-minded people to listen to our stories, whether true or stretched versions of truth. I guess the photos show that the handbag aspect of vests is "true".

Rex N. Gibson

Want to Catch a Salmon This Summer?

by Jim McIntosh

Salmon fishing technique for New Zealand salmon rivers are

fundamental and for anyone beginner or expert, there are basic principles to follow to give you the best chance of success. The big rivers in North Canterbury and South Canterbury like the Rakaia, Waitaki and Waimakiriri and Hurunui have good runs although varying from season to season. The Clarence and Wairau Rivers in Marlborough have runs too.

If you're on the West Coast, salmon runs peak in the Paringa, Taramakau, and Hokitika rivers plus a few others.

Best Months

Salmon begin returning mid-November to start their migration up to their spawning grounds in the head water tributaries. The main run is anywhere from January to mid April. The Rakaia run for instance usually peaks during February and March.

The type of salmon in NZ is the Quinnat, (also known in the US as the Chinook or King). Some NZ seasons produce larger fish, but overall they average between 10 to 15 lbs.

Fish deep.

Salmon hug the bottom of the river so you must have your lure close to the bottom to be successful.

I like to feel the lure tap tapping it way down the pool as it bounces off the rocks on bottom. Salmon never stray far from the main channel and will travel in the deepest water.

Spoons

In tapping the bottom you might lose the odd lure. Don't worry. If you're going to give yourself maximum chance of hooking into a salmon, you'll have to sacrifice a lure or two.

Cover the water thoroughly.

Start at the head of the pool and work your way down, shorter casts first and lengthen them out. Take a step down stream every 2 - 3 casts. But spend most of your time in the eye of the pool, fishing the most likely water.

Look for a pool where salmon are likely to rest up before carrying on

their upstream trek. In braided rivers where two channels join and meet into a pool is a likely spot.

Casting.

Every pool is different but generally cast out at 90 degrees to the bank. If the water is deep or fast adjust that up stream so that the lure has time to sink to the bottom as it passes you at 90 degrees.

If you cast down stream at less than 90 degrees the lure won't sink to the bottom as freely making for a wasted cast.

Persevere.

Stick at it, you won't catch a salmon if your lure is not in the water!

Put as many factors as you can in your favour, then stick at it as you will catch a salmon hopefully sooner rather than later. Remain positive and anticipate a hook up on every cast.

Lures

Zed Spinners, Tickers and Colorado Spoons. I have heard yellow is a good colour but I wouldn't be too fussy on that. Focus on fishing your spinner - whichever one you use - slow and deep.

Fly Rod

Here's a challenge for fly fishermen. Some innovative anglers catch salmon using deep sinking fly line and a fly lure. I saw the late John Morton get two fine quinnat salmon on the Rakaia River using a deep sinking fly line and his favourite streamer the Hob Nail Boot. But again fly pattern is nowhere as important as getting deep and retrieving slowly.

Get it deep and tantalisingly in front provoking the salmon to snatch.



Hunters or Gatherers?

By Rex N. Gibson

I wrote the original draft of this story a few years ago. I had just returned from a mid-winter trip to Twizel. The canals do not excite me, or even attract me, in summer. In winter it is a different story. Many clubs are now organising winter canal trips; institutionalised masochism perhaps.

Canal fishing has always had its fans, but Malcolm Bell of the Complete Angler has developed a cult following for it by organising canal fishing clinics and posting fascinating video clips on his website and You Tube. Even if you are a fair weather fisherperson they are worth checking out as you snuggle up next to the cat on the couch. The videos may even convert you?

I did a trip was with some old "fishing mates". I arrived down at Twizel with my better half, the only non-fisher, on Friday evening. The others had spent most of the day up on the Tekapo canal with some success.

Saturday began with breakfast at 7 a.m., and topping up the flask. As usual I probably ate it far too quickly for my health. The lure of a big one seems to do that to most anglers. The night's light dusting of snow was scraped of the car windows with a strip of cardboard. Five layers of clothes went on, gloves pulled on, and the journey to the

Tekapo canal followed. That day's temperature never reached 5 degrees; thank goodness for thermal singlets.

The fish there seemed to have a built in GPS style angler detection system. Wherever we went they ended up against the opposite bank. The clear water in that canal that day probably had something to do with that.

Sunday's fleeting glimpse of the mountains from below Ohau B.



Throughout the weekend we observed numerous others braving the temperatures to try and entice the canal fish into their nets. A large net is essential; something like the rock-perching inhabitants of Macintoshes' hole on the Waimakariri use to land their sea-run salmon. The usual squads were positioned just below the salmon cages and there were scattered groups along the canal as far as the dam above Pukaki. Here another fishing army lined many of the vantage points around the pool above the dam. This is where this article's heading comes in. I saw each group of those intrepid fishers as either hunters or gatherers.

The **“gatherers”** were planted in their deck chairs, cars, caravans, or campervans, gazing zombie-like into the distance, telling lies to their mates, having a smoke or vape, or just snoozing. A forlorn fish wife sat on the steps of a campervan quietly knitting. The temperatures certainly favoured knitted woollen socks. These anglers often had an ingenious system of a bell hooked to the rod tip to alert them to underwater activity on their terminal bait. A few had floats, but most were using rigs involving a sinker. The bulk of the gatherers use shrimps as their terminal bait, but worms, glo-bugs, and huhu grubs are not unknown. On a weekend like the one we experienced (maximum temperature about 4 degrees), the gatherers were definitely dedicated to “chilling out”.

A recent gaggle of “gatherers”



I define the **“hunters”** are those who cast, retrieve and cast again and, if you are hyperactive like me, move around from spot to spot searching for prey. Largely thanks to Malcolm Bell there has emerged a new breed of hunter; the egg rollers. They cover several kilometres as they fish down their chosen stretch, walk back up, and repeat it over and over again with the blind hope of a gambler who spends the whole night on the same pokey machine. Check egg-rolling out on

You-Tube. During our weekend, there was room to move along the banks, but sometimes the key locations on the canals have a "picket fence" line-up of anglers.

Some hunters cannot help themselves. If fish are rising 100 metres away, and they are not currently catching anything, then they will move to where they predict those fish will be. If their terminal tackle does not bring results the hunter will try plan B, or even plans C, D, E, and F.

These hunters leave their "chilling out" until they are supping their mulled wine in front of a log fire back at the Inn or huddled over a heater back at the camp ground.

I guess that I am a compulsive hunter. On my annual winter trips to the canals, I have swapped between a fly rod and spinning gear; sinking and floating lines, veltec-style lures soft baits and even a Colorado. The amazing thing is that most methods have worked, even the Colorado (at least once anyway). I have to admit though, that soft baits have been the most successful for me. Their action in the water is hard to beat for realism; especially since the paddle tails came in.

The hope is that they imitate small salmon that have escaped from the canal cages. Salmon see nothing wrong with cannibalism. Rainbow and brown trout share our human craving for fresh salmon also. The soft baits hopefully fool their fingernail sized brains.

On this trip I was surprised by the large numbers of drink bottles littering the canal banks. There was little other rubbish. Beer bottles, energy drinks, alcopops, fruit juice, water bottles, numerous cans, and even a milk shake container, were nestled amongst the rocks and grass. The next question is "Who is to blame?" Is it the hunters or the gatherers; the sedentary or the mobile? In the absence of real evidence I'll leave it to you to decide. Either way it is poor image for anglers.

Discarded sunken bottles and cans are common in the shallows of lakes populated by boats. I once even cast with great stealth, several times, to a submerged beer bottle near the top of Lake Sheppard, but that is another topic! For several years I joined the annual clean-up of the canals organised by the locals but the message is sadly still widely ignored.

Enough gripes; we fished the whole range of local canal sites. Almost everywhere there were very few successful anglers though on that weekend. The biggest catch observed was just north of the bridge upstream of the Tekapo canal cages. Another friend had arrived and he experienced some small fish 'action' near the Ruataniwha outlet fish farm.

Fortunately the evening was "kinder" to me. A ten pound salmon below Ohau B, on a soft bait, made my weekend. Like Skinner's rats we fishermen only need intermittent reinforcement to maintain an interest.

It took softly, fought well and then conveniently turned on its side within netting range. My autopsy revealed a stomach full of insects and snails. Not a fish pellet or fry to be seen! Good info for another series of theories on what will work best in the Mackenzie hydro canals.

The Hunter and his Prey



A Yesteryear View on Angler Patience

by Arthur Ransome

Arthur Ransome was an English author and journalist. He is best known for writing and illustrating the Swallows and Amazons series of children's books about the school-holiday adventures of children, mostly in the Lake District and the Norfolk Broads.

Here - abridged - from a New Zealand Fishing and Shooting Gazette magazine, April 1941, is his view on "Fishermen's Patience".

Nothing is more trying to the patience of fishermen than the remark so often made to them by the profane, "I have not patience enough for fishing."

It is not so much the remark itself (showing a compete and forgivable ignorance of angling as it does) that is as annoying as the manner in which it is said, the kindly condescending manner in which Ulysses might tell Penelope that he has not the patience for needlework.

What are they, these dashing, impatient sparks? Are they the rough-riders, playboys of a Western world, wild, desperate fellows who looks for a spice of danger in their pleasures?

Not a bit of it. They hit the ball backwards and forwards over a net or submit to the patient drudgery of golf, a laborious form of open-air patience in which you hit the ball, walk earnestly after it and hit it again.

These devotees of monotonous artificial pleasures who say that fishing is too slow a game for them seem to imagine that fishing is a sedentary occupation. Let them put on waders and fish up a full river and then walk down it, on a hot summer day.

Let them combine for an afternoon, the arts of the Red Indian and the mountaineer and in the intervals of crawling through brambles and clambering over boulders, keep cool enough to fill a basket of fish.

Let them discover that they have to take their coats off when salmon fishing on a day when the line freezes in the rings. They will find they get exercise enough.

Some forms of fishing are sedentary in the purely physical sense in that a man who has anchored a boat for perch, he keeps still. But he has not attained a sort of Nirvana, like a crystal gazer isolating himself from Nature by concentrating on a miserable ball.

What other people mistake for patience in anglers is really

nothing of the sort, but a capacity for prolonged eagerness, an unquenchable gusto in relishing an infinite series of exciting and promising moments, any one which may yield a sudden crisis with its climax of triumph or disaster.

Fishing, properly so called, is conducted under continuous tension. The mere putting of fly or lure in or on the water is an action needing skill, an action that can be done well or ill and consequently a source of pleasure.

Many an angler returns with an empty basket after a day made delightful by the knowledge that he was putting his fly exactly where he wanted it, casting a little better than usual or dropping his spinner with less splash at great distances. The mere athletics of casting give the fishermen all the golfer's pleasure in good driving or putting.

But here is the point, there is no red flag to show the angler in what direction he should aim, to take from him all initiative, to put him as it were, in blinkers.

His free will is limited only by his skill in execution.

The ultimate test is one of time. Patience is a virtue required when time goes slowly. Fishermen's wives are unanimous in deploring the hopeless unpunctuality of their husbands when out fishing. If on occasion they do eat in leisure at the waterside, it is with the peculiar relish that accompanies stolen fruit. They run a race with the sun and are always finding that it has beaten them and is casting their shadow on the water.

The only time that seems to the fishermen longer than it is, is that in which he is paying a big fish. Then indeed, his drawn out anxiety makes him apt to think he spent an hour landing a salmon which was actually on the bank in 15 minutes.

But no one will suggest that those minutes were so dull that

they needed to be patiently borne.



Arthur Ransome

Jest a Minute

The Athiest

An atheist was spending a quiet day fishing when suddenly his boat was attacked by the Loch Ness monster. In one easy flip, the beast tossed him and his boat high into the air. Then it opened its mouth to swallow both. As the man sailed head over heels, he cried out, “Oh, my God! Help me!”

At once, the ferocious attack scene froze in place, and as the atheist hung in mid-air, a booming voice came down from the clouds, “I thought you didn’t believe in Me!”

“Come on God, give me a break!”, the man pleaded. “Two minutes ago I didn’t believe in the Loch Ness monster either!”

Postings From the Website

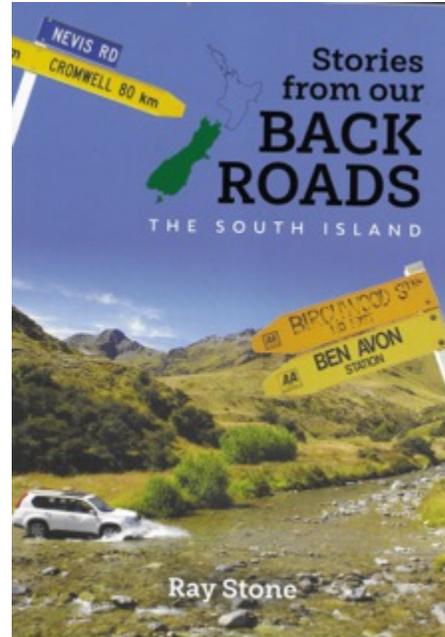
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Originally intended to be a comment attached to David Williams story here about noncompliance with the Rakaia NWCO, NZFFA Chairman Peter Trolove's thoughts elevated to a full post. Thank goodness...

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Big irrigator's water takes 'potentially non-compliant'

Original posted at <https://www.newsroom.co.nz/big-irrigators-water-takes-potentially-non-compliant>
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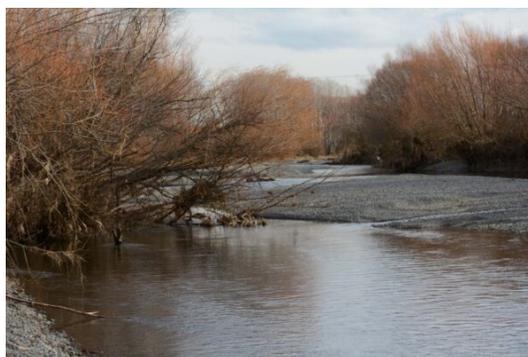
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