

NZFFA September 2023 Newsletter

{name} - Welcome to Your Newsletter

We Desperately Need Input

You may have noticed the paucity of articles of recent times, and we do struggle at times to obtain sufficient input to make a Newsletter worthwhile.

Hopefully, you can help us with our quest by providing material.

It can be humorous anecdotes, factual articles in the news or simple tips.

please send any contributions to newsletter@nzffa.com

The Number One Election Issue 2023 - Democracy!

by Tony Orman

In 2017 former prime minister Sir Geoffrey Palmer wrote a startling blog post expressing concern about the state of democracy in New Zealand.

It surely should have been headline news but it wasn't. Which raises a large question marks about the media's competency and sense of responsibility. But I digress.

Palmer's statement was aimed at a National government, led by John Key.

Palmer had very good reason to be concerned for various issues around the John Key led National government. Among a number, one action by the government was totally unprecedented.

Almost eleven years ago, on April Fool's day 2010, Nick Smith, then minister for the environment and government by pushing the ECan Act through Parliament, sacked the democratically elected Environment Canterbury (ECan) council and replaced it with sycophantic state commissioners.

The move outraged the Law Society Rule of Law Committee which denounced the ECan Act as repugnant to the Rule of Law. Most were appalled.

But it went through pushed by National's Nick Smith.

Democracy Dumped

But harking back to 1984, might Geoffrey Palmer be arguably accused of hypocrisy? Ironically "1984" is the title of George Orwell's famous novel about a society characterised by a "Big Brother" dictatorship.

In 1984 Palmer was a senior cabinet minister in the 4th Labour government which had swept to power in the election of 1984. The new government had pledged open government and promised full democracy.

It started well. Led by David Lange as PM, the 4th Labour government held a Summit Conference proclaiming a new day in democracy and public consultation.

But within months Rogernomics was born and democracy was tossed into the incinerator.

Public assets were sold without asking the owners, i.e. the public.

Democracy was under attack.

The erosion has gone on and accelerated since.

So somewhat hypocritically in 2017, Geoffrey Palmer gave his strong warning of democracy being under siege.

But then it's underlying every issue - and the outdoors is no exception.

For example, in April 2016 Nick Smith was at his dictatorial best when he removed the right of local councils to consider and hear submissions on 1080 poison aerial drops and put the final and only say with himself as minister. The public's democratic right to input was abolished. The point is the merits or demerits of 1080 isn't the issue.

The alarming aspect was the undemocratic way in which a dictatorial measure was installed rendering the public mute.

It was strange philosophically for a National government. The 1080 issue and the ECan takeover were akin to dictatorial state control.

Select Committees

I can recall making submissions on trout farming in the early 1970s where I was allowed to speak for an hour and then answer questions from MPs for half an hour. I made submissions to other Select Committees. To the Maori Fisheries Bill 1990 I was granted over an hour. In the same year 1990 to the Conservation Law Reform Bill almost an hour.

But the erosion of democracy was already underway and gathering pace.

In 2004 the government's ERMA review of 1080 was a "kangaroo court" with the vast majority of submitters restricted to only five minutes. It was a token gesture to consultation - lip service only.

The two big poison spreaders DOC and OSPRI had requested the review. That was a pointer to it being a farce. Not surprisingly the ERMA review in 1080 gave the poison the green light even before all public submissions had been heard.

The Council of Outdoor Recreation Associations of New Zealand (CORANZ) expressed deep concern a couple of years ago, that parliament's select committee democratic process was being undermined to the detriment of the public giving submissions.

Current CORANZ Chairman Andi Cockroft made an oral submission to a select committee dealing with the Resource Management Act (RMA).

After being beforehand, granted 15 minutes speaking time the chairman Labour's Duncan Webb interrupted Andi Cockroft's submission after five minutes and said the committee had heard enough thereby cutting the oral presentation short by ten minutes.

It was an insult to CORANZ, to Andi and to democracy.

MP Public Servants

Usually not acknowledged is that MPs are really public servants voted in to serve the public and the public interest. Calling our Prime Minister our leader is a misnomer. National's John Key and Bill English, Labour's Jacinda Adern and Chris Hipkins were simply the most senior public servant in NZ.

The National government was voted out in 2017.

But the new coalition government of Labour continued the government trend of diminishing democracy.

Firearm law changes following the Christchurch March 15, 2019 mosque tragedy, were rushed through in just a few days. Over 12,000 submissions were considered in just two days - defying credibility.

It's not outdoors related so much but recently the Labour government pushed the Maori Wards Bill though its final reading in Parliament in a few days.

Jordan Williams executive director of the Taxpayers' Union said "This law is a brazen attempt to hijack local democracy, and the use of Parliamentary urgency betrays of the promise of open and transparent government."

Plato and Apathy

Digressing it's important to make the point **not to stereo-type** all of those of Maori descent as demanding privileges above non-Maori New Zealanders. I am certain it's a small minority who are strident and demanding. Perhaps 2 or 3%?

Former NZFFA president the late Ted Bason, was strongly of Maori descent, a fine chap and a very close friend.

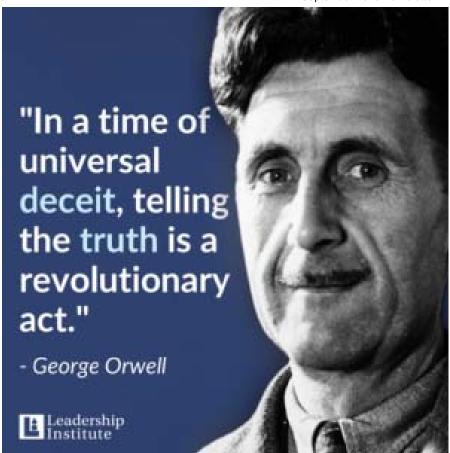
Whether the issue be the firearm laws, 1080, ECan, the Rakaia River's Water Conservation Order protection currently under threat or Maori wards or the review of Fish and Game or others, the common and important aspect is the alarming erosion of democracy.

Some columnists have examined the erosion of democracy. A number even centuries ago, have identified the cause as complacency by the public - or in other words apathy.

Greek philosopher Plato wrote "The price of apathy is to be ruled by evil men."

I'm deeply concerned that New Zealanders are oblivious. Some were numbed by the Rogernomics dictatorship of the 1980s.

Others just couldn't give a stuff born out of selfishness with no thought for future generations.



Complacency

Recently respected writer and columnist Karl du Fresne looked at complacency, saying: "One thing we do very well in this country, besides rugby, is evasion of responsibility. We get reports and inquiries, hollow apologies and hand-wringing ... and then it's back to business as usual". He found there is a glaring "accountability deficit" throughout New Zealand.

The public believe Parliament is the place of democracy - where you could get a fair hearing from elected representatives based on a historical and moral constitution of honour, truth and justice. It is not a charade.

But it has become a charade - more than a bad joke.

Little wonder then that the public rates politicians, political parties and governments as among the most untrustworthy.

You and your interests - in our cases the outdoors, rivers, streams and their health are in the political game.

Politics in fishing and the outdoors is simply "cause and effect."

New Zealand urgently and desperately needs a restoring of democracy.

It should be, indeed it must be, the number one issue in the 2023 election.

Footnote: Tony Orman is a founding member, former president and currently life member of the NZ Federation of Freshwater Anglers



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Tony Orman - "Politics in fishing and the outdoors is simply 'cause and effect.' New Zealand urgently and desperately needs a restoring of democracy."



CROSSING THE ATLANTIC OFF

By Colin Taylor

Atlantic salmon have eluded my fly fishing rods for the past 60 years for one simple reason - they live in the 'wrong' ocean.

Having lived in California for several years and having made four trips to Alaska, I have caught all the Pacific Ocean species except one - the Sockeye salmon.

• So, when my lovely wife Charmaine and I, decided to celebrate our 51st wedding anniversary by touring in a rental car around the east coast of Canada - having previously thoroughly covered the Canadian west coast - I was surprised to find there was the opportunity to fish for Atlantic salmon and cross them off my 'landed' list.

I had not factored in mentally that eastern Canada - Quebec, New Brunswick, Newfoundland and Nova Scotia - offered Atlantic salmon fishing.

I had thought that in a year or so I might go to Iceland where famous Yardbirds and Cream guitarist Eric Clapton had caught successive record annual Atlantic salmon on the fly in the Vatnsdalsa River - the first weighing 28lb in 2016 and the second in the same river in 2017 hitting 25lbs.

However, Eastern Canada had simply not registered on my Atlantic salmon list. So, in an attempt to delete the Atlantic salmon from my 'not caught' list, Charmy booked four days in the Salmon Lodge overlooking the Grand Cascapedia River in Quebec.

This was no mean feat, because, as we were later to discover, the fishing lodges on Quebec's Cascapedia, Bonaventure and Petite rivers are highly sought after with bookings up to two years in advance.

In fact, regular Canadian anglers compete strongly for reservations at the lodge in the prime months of mid June to July; and they are moved up into the coveted 'accepted' date slots as older annual clients gradually die off - like a kind of salmon primo booking tontine.

We were therefore lucky to get a cancellation at the end of September - a week before the lodge closed for the year.

Unfortunately our booking dates also coincided with the arrival of Hurricane Lee which passed through Quebec and Nova Scotia dumping huge amounts of rain in the surrounding area.

As a result, the rivers didn't clear until the third day of our visit and, even then, they were abnormally high and fast.

The lodge and its breakfast and dinner menus were great as were the house staff.

I had brought no gear - waders, rods, reels etc with me and hired everything at the lodge. This did not prove expensive with my salmon fishing licence, purchase of streamer flies and gear hire totalling \$240 for the four days.

Atlantic salmon are not plentiful in Quebec so anglers at the Salmon Lodge are only allowed to land a maximum of two fish a day with compulsory catch and release. Also it's fly fishing only - no spinning rods, or bait can be used. Yay! Additionally it's only one fly at a time tied on the trace.

What was sobering on our first night around the dinner table, was to learn from four experienced Canadian anglers, who regularly come to the Salmon Lodge each year, that they hadn't caught any fish at all over their four day period. Thankfully the Bonaventure River, I was allocated to fish, cleared from the Hurricane Lee silting by the third day - although it remained high in volume, a bit murky and fast running.

My keen 29-year-old guide Kevin Seguin explained that we would fish from a canoe and when he spotted salmon, I would stand up and cast several metres in front of the salmon using a size 9 heavy wet line wielded by a size 9 fly rod.

We would start higher above the salmon's location and gradually move backwards until, with successive casts, the fly was transversing right across the salmon's face.

Fly casting from a narrow canoe without a steadying keel in a fast flowing river is pretty unnerving for a 77-year-old geriatric like me! And especially when the guide stands up also in order to sight the salmon with his polaroids which makes the canoe decidedly top heavy, rocky and wobbly.

The Quebecois salmon fly fishing technique is to cast across the river and mend the line upstream immediately several times in the fast running water so that the streamer fly hopefully gets down to the salmon resting near the bottom of the river.

It's not that easy to achieve this when the river is flowing high and fast.

Unlike wet fly fishing at the river and stream mouths of New Zealand rivers like

Lake Taupo's Waitahanui, Waihora and Waihaha Rivers, the method of fly
retrieval is inconsequential.

Apparently the Atlantic salmon always hit during an across river downward swing and usually in the middle of the swing.

Once the line has straightened out from a cast there's no point in doing any form of fast or slow or fancy retrieves. It's simply a matter of retrieving line at speed and casting across again.

While most Atlantic salmon don't feed at all during their time in the rivers to spawn, it's thought they hit the flies out of feeding habit and automatic reaction to the presence of prey in the Atlantic Ocean; or out of territorial annoyance hyped up by competition for spawning space.

Unlike the Pacific salmon, including New Zealand's introduced King or Quinnat salmon, Atlantic salmon don't die immediately after spawning but swim back to the ocean and can return to rivers to spawn several times.

As a result they can grow to huge sizes with the largest Atlantic salmon ever recorded netted in 1960 in Scotland in the estuary of the Hope River - weighing in at 49.44kg (109lb).

On October 7, 1922, 31-year-old nurse, Miss Georgina Ballantine, claimed the world's biggest salmon caught with a rod and reel on Scotland's River Tay. It weighed 64lb and she battled for two hours to land it.

Well, back to my sought-after but much more modest Atlantic salmon, which hit my fly on the third day.

Just as Kevin predicted, it didn't slam the fly, and just as Kevin instructed, I didn't strike but I simply lifted the rod tip slowly upwards.

Kevin then guided the canoe quickly to the bouldered shore where I could battle the salmon with my feet fixed firmly on the shingle river bed.

The fish, realising it was hooked took off like an express train down the swollen river -

running off the fly line and two colours of backing before finally turning around to allow me to gradually garner back some line between a number of powerful

runs.

Kevin instructed me to stay in the water above the knee and not to pull the fish towards the shore.

It seems Atlantic salmon will panic and get a renewed burst of energy to head back to the middle of the river if they get into shallow water and feel the river bed on their stomachs.

Kevin ran off downstream with a landing net and was led a merry dance - taking three attempts to net the fish after 25 minutes of dogged fighting.

The netting was different also. Kevin told me not to try and lift the salmon's head up to allow him to net under it because they will again struggle vigorously if their nose gets out of the water.

Instead, I had to wait until he was directly behind the fish, which faced upstream towards me and then lower the rod. This had the effect of causing the salmon to turn around with relaxed pressure on the line and swim directly into the open landing net.

While it was no huge trophy fish, my Atlantic hen salmon of unknown weight provided a great thrill and was released immediately after being unhooked.



So now the only salmon species I haven't landed is a Sockeye. Maybe next year?

Renowned Nelson flyfishing guide and me mate Zane Mirfin tells me that small, bright red, spawning, landlocked sockeye salmon of around 2lb can be seen from the State Highway 8 bridge over the Twizel River during Autumn - March to April.

But it's illegal to catch them.

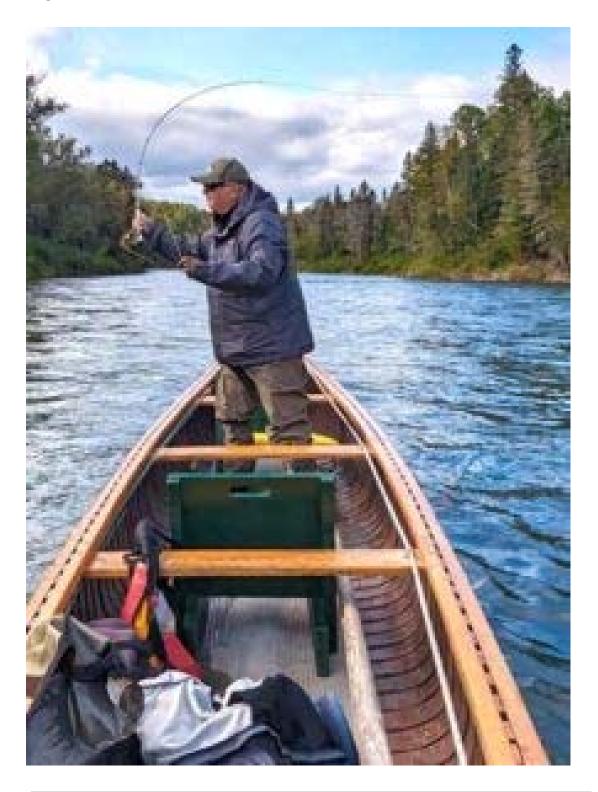
Ah well, I guess I need to start making a booking for Oregon, British Columbia or Alaska.

© Although not huge or trophy material, my Atlantic salmon provided a real thrill in a swollen and fast flowing river



© Standing up and casting in a rocking narrow canoe with no keel on a big fast flowing river can be pretty challenging for a geriatric

angler.



Now here's a prediction that definitely came true.

This very important short story will explain a lot about the goings on in the world today!

The king wanted to go fishing, and he asked the royal weatherman to forecast for the next few hours.

The palace meteorologist assured him that there was no chance of rain.

So the king and the queen went fishing.

On the way he met a man with a fishing pole riding on a donkey, and he asked the man if the fish were biting.

The fisherman said, "Your Majesty, you should return to the palace! In just a short time I expect a huge rain storm."

The king replied: "I hold the palace meteorologist in high regard. He is an educated and experienced professional.

Besides, I pay him very high wages. He gave me a very different forecast. I trust him."

So the king continued on his way.

However, in a short time a torrential rain fell from the sky. The King and Queen were totally soaked.

Furious, the king returned to the palace and gave the order to fire the meteorologist.

Then he summoned the fisherman and offered him the prestigious position of royal forecaster.

The fisherman said, "Your Majesty, I do not know anything about forecasting.

I obtain my information from my donkey. If I see my donkey's ears drooping, it means with certainty that it will rain."

So, the king hired the donkey.

And so began the practice of hiring dumb asses to work in influential positions of government.

The practice is unbroken to this day.

What is a Trophy Trout?

By Al Simpson.

Published by kind courtesy Allan Simpson Fly Fishing Website
Abridged

Judged by blogs and books, it seems that most anglers are obsessed with catching a trophy trout.

But what exactly is a trophy trout? Although it measured only six inches, the first trout that I caught remains in many ways a "trophy trout" to me. I remember it well, my parachute Adams drifting slowly under the outstretched branches of a streamside sycamore tree, then disappearing from sight. I tightened my line and instantly felt the pulsing resistance of my first trout. I'm not alone in this feeling of a "first-fish trophy", as most anglers can recall in vivid detail their first trout.

But for most anglers, a trophy trout means a big trout. So what does it take for a trout to become "big"? I think there are three essential requirements. The first is cover from predators. As fish grow, it is increasingly difficult to hide from predators. One location is deep water. Fish measuring in the upper teens or greater need at least four feet of water to feel comfortable. But that doesn't mean trout require big streams to grow to such a size. Small streams that have some deep pools often hold big trout. Other sources of cover include logjams and undercut banks. Thus it should be apparent that stream structure rather than simply the size of a stream determines its ability to hold big fish.

Food Need

The second element is abundant food. Eighty to ninety percent of a trout's diet consists of aquatic insects. Thus, healthy streams with many species of aquatic insects providing food through all four seasons are a necessity for growth. But as trout become bigger, their diet starts to incorporate larger bites. These include minnows, including their own firy, snails, crayfish, and even mice. Big brown trout are notorious for eschewing daytime feeding of hatches, and only emerging from their holding lies to feed on these other items at night. Thus a wide variety of abundant foodstuffs is essential for big trout.

The third element is time. In most streams, it takes at least five years for a trout to approach twenty inches, (50 kms) and six to seven years to attain an even greater size. Few trout, only one to two percent, survive long enough to reach twenty plus inches.

Another Definition

So, back to my original question, what is a trophy trout? Two excellent books, Landon Mayer's "The Hunt for Giant Trout", and Kelly Galloup's "Modern Streamers for Trophy Trout: New Techniques, Tactics, and Patterns", put the bar at thirty inches! For most anglers. Thus, trying to catch such a fish would require a lot of travel and frequent stays away from home. Most of us simply don't have the time and/or resources for the devoted pursuit of such a fish, and therefore, are unlikely to land a trophy trout thus defined.

Perhaps then it is not unreasonable to consider another definition of "trophy". I would propose that catching a trout of a size that only one-two percent of the fish in a given stream attain, be considered a trophy trout. In some streams that would be thirty inches, while in others it might be twenty inches, or even twelve inches. The skills needed to find and hook such a fish are the same. Only landing them is a different challenge.

© A trout that was big for the small stream, caught on a size 22 dry fly



Hopes For November Brown Beetle Buzz Time

by Tony Orman

The last several years of summer trout fishing have been frustrating here in Marlborough. Not so much for the aspects of guides and anglers exerting unceasing, injudicious detrimental pressure on unique back country rivers like the Wairau and a couple of once lovely tributaries, but for the weather.

Damn it, climate change is unavoidable. I'm not referring to Man's influence with emissions and the theory of global warming but to weather's cyclic nature as a natural course of events. You see to my disappointment a favourite time of my trout fishing is around November when the brown beetle hatch.

Given warm, balmy evenings trout go dotty over the buzzing insects plopping into the river from bankside grass and willows. It's a fantastic fishing time of only short duration, perhaps three or four weeks at the most, but more or less, during November.

I said "more or less" for the reason that over the last few years in Marlborough and other New Zealand regions, November's weather has been punctuated by cool easterlies. Beetle hatches are best during warmer, balmy evenings - the cool easterlies stifle the hatches. I've got my fingers crossed for this coming November that cool easterlies will revert to yesteryears and be few and far between.

Trout and Latin

The brown beetle's latin name is "Costelytra zealandica" but who cares really? Trout don't because they don't know Latin. Nor do I. I took Latin in the 5th form and struggled with it and chucked it in favour of art. Stupid youth!

Brown beetle are the bane of gardeners because buzzing swarms can defoliate fruit trees in just a few nights. Gardeners, orchardists and pastoral farmers hate them. But trout love them. And I love brown beetle time.

On a warm, balmy evening the beetles hatch and can swarm with sometimes a loud buzzing on willows. Inevitably a good few drop onto the water. Trout respond quickly and settle into a steady feeding rhythm. The hatch brings out the very big trout.

In local rivers I've had good hefty browns of 2 kg to 3 kgs - and even bigger.

In the half light, it's virtually impossible to see an imitation dry fly but you have a pretty good idea where it is. So when a gentle rise occurs where you guess your fly to be, you don't have a clue how big the fish might be. Several seasons back on a warm, balmy evening with beetles buzzing everywhere and trout slurping the surface in the half light, I hooked into a fish that I played to just beyond my feet on the grassy bank. By torchlight in the crystal clear water, I could it was huge, **well** into double figures in pounds weight. Twelve Pounds? Fifteen pounds? I can only guess but it was an outsize fish.

Net Too Small

The big brown made ponderous yet powerful circuits of the crystal clear water in front of me. Rod in my left hand I reached with my right for the landing net.

The landing net looked puny. I managed to get the net ready, when the giant fish made another surge.

I felt an odd resistance then the leader snapped. My reaction was a contrasting mix of disappointment and relief. I would've released the monster anyhow. On reflection it was a satisfying result - no one won. It was a draw between a big fish and angler.

Next morning in daylight I returned, mystified as to why the nylon tippet had broken. For night fishing and with the greater likelihood of a big fish particularly at beetle time I end to a heavy tippet of 3 kgs or even more. In daylight it was revealed the trout had swam under an underwater old willow branch embedded in the silt.

I've been broken by other browns too but I doubt if as big as the one I just told of. The exciting aspect with fishing to the rising fish in the dim fading light, you cannot tell how big the trout is. It might be just an average kilo or two or it might be a four, five or six kilo leviathan.

To the uninitiated the brown beetle weeks can be frustrating. The usual dry flies will not work. I was not even aware if the importance of the brown beetle in the 1960s. It was then I first

encountered the brown beetle "hatch" on Hawkes Bay's Tukituki River not far from Havelock North. Naturally it was a November dusk. Behind Te Mata Peak downstream from Rochfort Road there was a big willow tree overhanging a pool. In the half light, I found several fish rising in a steady feeding pattern just below the willow tree. I tied on dry fly after dry fly - the English styled ones such as the then popular Blue Dun, Red Tip Governor and the like - but with no success. It was on a Black Gnat that significantly tended to a chunky body, that I eventually fluked a fine 2 kg rainbow. I took it and at home found the stomach and gullet, "chocker" with brown beetles.

Coch-y-bondhu

I read up a few books. The Coch-y-bondhu dry was talked of as a beetle pattern. Significantly it tended to a fat, chunky body. I tied up a couple of "Cockies" accentuating the fat body of peacock herl. The next evening I caught three fine rainbows - all three trout stomachs were crammed with brown beetle.

The shape of the fly is undoubtedly a key to imitating the insect. The Red Tip Governor old English styled dry flies are rarely seen in tackle shops today. American patterns based around the Adams and Royal Wulff dominate. However one American fly that ideally imitates the shape of the brown beetle is a size 12 Humpy.

Or you can tie your own version of a brown beetle. Try a beetle imitation made from deer hair, clipping the body to the beetle shape. At front a red brown cock hackle. For the beetle back, brown raffia is ideal. Hook size 12.

A wet fly version for day time use is worth tying by simply a raffia back over a fat body of hare fur, ribbed with copper wire.

I've taken trout in November during the day that have had brown beetle inside, possibly taken at dawn or first thing as drowned beetles come down with the flow.

But back to that magical twilight time. Positioning yourself is important at dusk. From a generally eastern bank location, the after-glow of the sunset reflected on the water allows you to see rises.

Just Half an Hour?

The brown beetle rise is quick and over perhaps as short as 30 minutes? So don't mess around. It's good planning to get to the river ten minutes or more before twilight, but don't fish immediately. Sit and wait for the hatch to begin and trout to begin and settle into a steady rising pattern. I try to select a pool, usually with willows or long grass near the water and get into position early and just wait as it gets darker.

Fishing in poor light means you don't see your fly on the water but you know roughly where it is. Cast above a rising fish, watch and if a fish rises about where you guess your fly to be, pause "one, two, three", then tighten.

On hooking into it, try to lead the fish downstream so as not to scare any others.

Don't switch a torch on until netting time. If you have wisely led the fish downstream a bit, it will not matter using the torch to net it. A head lamp is ideal so you can have both hands for rod and net to use.

Prospect and familiarise yourself with the water or pool during the daylight hours. In the dark you don't want to step into deep water should you chance to wade!

Since my "discovery" of the brown beetle hatch on the Tukituki, I've found the brown beetle rise can happen just about everywhere - season allowing it.

Both browns and rainbows feed on the buzzing banquet. Apart from the Tukituki, I've used it on the Maretotara (Hawkes Bay,) the Manawatu, Mangatainoka, Ruamahunga, Canterbury's Styx, the Wairau and Motueka Rivers and others.

Let's hope this November the brown beetle rise will eventuate.

I'll be ready and prepared for it.

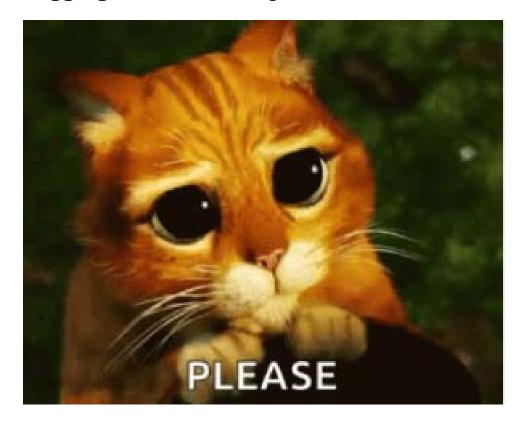
© The Humpy Fly - a good brown beetle imitation



© A simple brown beetle wet fly imitation



Begging Notice - Part Quattro



To those who have already made a contribution to our cause, out gratitude - Thank You, Thank You, Thank You!

NZFFA still needs ongoing funds to help us with our ongoing representations on your behalf.

Legal fees are never going to be cheap, and there are several issues needing our immediate attention.

Anything you can do to assist would be so much appreciated - either a one-off or a regular monthly contribution.

See here at https://nzffa.com/all-donations-gratefully-received/



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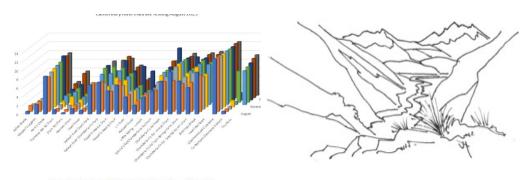
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Postings From the Website

Some of our more recent posts from the website (see

https://nzffa.com)



Is Your Fish and Game Ownership Being Filched?

Canterbury Rivers Nitrate Testing August

Currently the Wildlife Act is being reviewed by Government, i.e. the Department of

by Government, i.e. the Department of Conservation. Tony Orman highlights a vital president Dr Peter Trolove do not make for the most section of it that prevents public ownership pleasant bed-time reading. The full spreadsheet can be downloaded from

 $https://nz ffa.com/downloads/resources/2023_NO3.xls$

Read more...



A Court Case of National Significance

Dear Secretary We are seeking financial help from every freshwater angler in the country to fight for our Water Conservation Orders. Environment Court for the Rakaia River WCO Declaration Proceedings...

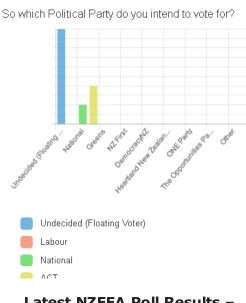
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A Fishing and Hunting Minister Welcome But There's Misgivings says NZ Outdoors & Freedom Party

Press release The National Party's proposals for a Hunting and Fishing Minister in Government is very welcome says Alan Simmons, President of the NZ Outdoors & Freedom Party and a...

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Latest NZFFA Poll Results – Interesting – 63% Undecided

So, NZFFA members have a differnt set of beliefs than our MSM polsters would have you believe. We show Undecided voters sitting on 63%, with National only gaining 12% and...

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An Enlightening Invaluable History of one of New Zealand's Greatest Trout Fishing Rivers

Book Review "Fishing the Tongariro – A History of our Greatest Trout River" by Grant Henderson, published by Bateman Books. Price \$59.99. Reviewed by Tony Orman Several years ago, Auckland...



A Top Kiwi Nymph – Hare and Copper

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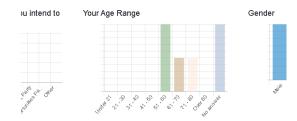
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Elevated from a comment BY HAZEL ATKINS TIMEJUNE 14, 2023 PRINT "The river runs through my veins," said Katie Cahn, selftaught fly fishing expert and active volunteer for Casting for...



ONE FACT ABOUT FLY FISHING

by Didymo DaveFly fishermen who fish the Taupo area are keen to know when the spawning runs have commenced? They ask questions like are there many fish in the...

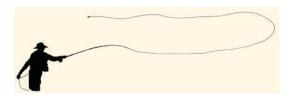
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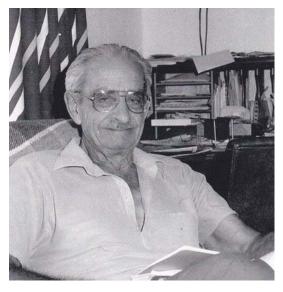
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by Tony Orman Back in the 1980s I discovered a fabulous small trout stream. I've always had a soft spot for small streams. After all I began my serious fly...

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