

ROTORUA ANGLERS ASSOCIATION

Incorporated 16/06/1949

AUGUST 2021 NEWSLETTER



Brendon and Cormac Davis at Lake Rerewhakaaitu. Photo: Larry Ware

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Contribution Deadline: 20th of each month

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The content and comments in this newsletter are those of the authors or by participating members and not necessarily those of other Association members

PRESIDENT'S REPORT

This midwinter month of July has just been particularly busy. It started with the three-day Home Show, where we got considerable interest and enquiries for the A-Z course. A working bee was held to neaten up the storeroom and a new shelf was installed. We planned and re-planned a Tuki Tuki trip, but it rained out both times. Owen donated a Grayling wine and home knitted beanie for the raffle, and Chris again donated a lovely 2.3 kg Okataina rainbow trout.

The lockdowns last year resulted in the club reopening later and, as a result, the AGM gave little time for the new committee to draw up a good calendar. Therefore, we have brought forward the next AGM to 25 August. Please give any written and seconded proposals to Ian by 18 August. Also note other dates for August.

The Whakatane club asked if we would like to help sell their raffle tickets which have some cool prizes. They also arranged a joint weekend outing to Lake Rerewhakaaitu and this was well attended by BOP anglers, with many camping overnight in camper vans. Note this was in the middle of winter. Let's schedule more of these for next year. At one lake I met Dick who does salt water flyfishing with Ian Fear and I hope he could give us another talk sometime.

Richard's working schedule has changed and he can now continue with his beginner's fly tying evenings. Our barman Willem has resigned, and a volunteer replacement would be appreciated. Last month we heard that Bruce Holt has passed. He was club secretary and did a great job of this key position. Anyone needing Jackie's phone number, please contact me.

This month we sent out membership renewals and are processing the responses. Don Stotter said he had not been too active lately so did not renew his membership. We had a few nice fishing trips together.

Fish of the Month forms were updated as well as a bar and raffle reconciliation form. We have kept our free ad in the HIP booklet. A working bee was held at the hatchery to tidy up the octagonal for the next week's Kids' Fish-out, and all is ready for the kids and parents. See you all there!

Pete Otto

FISH OF THE MONTH



Pierre Vuilleumier:

Fly fishing,

5.2kg, Rainbow Male

Waiteti Stream

The winner of the Fish of the Month Award will receive a \$10 voucher redeemable from Hamills Rotorua



1271 Fenton St, Rotorua

07 348 3147

FISH OF THE MONTH



Photo: Photo: Bassfishing-gurus.com

AUGUST UPCOMING EVENTS & REMINDERS

- 2nd Mon, Fly tying 7 pm at clubhouse by John Olds. New moon
- 8th Sun. Kid's Fish-out at the Ngongotaha Trout Hatchery. Members and volunteers arrive from 8:00am for a 9am start
- 16th Richard beginners' fly tying at **6:30 pm** at the clubhouse
- 18th Please give written AGM proposals to Ian Ferguson by this date
- 20th Lake Aniwhenua outing. Stay over Friday and Saturday night. Also, Surf-casting AGM
- 25th Club AGM, 7pm at the clubhouse
- 26th Thurs, Committee meeting 7pm at clubhouse
- 27th Fri, Club pot-luck dinner from 5, to eat at 6pm. Potluck.

CAMPERVAN ADVENTURE

Roger Bowden

The first major trip in our new campervan was to Twizel.

The plan was to drop Britta and Dion off at her sister's small farm in Lincoln and travel to my fishing destination on my own. It took 3 days to get to Christchurch amid copious rain showers, which made cooped up in the van pretty miserable. However, the weather brightened approaching Christchurch and a wonderful window was to open until the 100-year rainfall event 10 days later.

I set off on my adventure mid-morning on the Wednesday and stopped for one of the famous McKenzie pies at Fairlie. I called into the Burkes Pass Cemetery in perfect sunshine to have lunch. The plan was to stop in at the Tekapo Canal on the road between Tekapo and Pukaki. I arrived there mid-afternoon.

A ute was in the carpark and I could see a person fishing several hundred yards up the canal. As I was gearing up, a guide and two clients turned up and took off up the canal. I followed and fished with them for a while before they decided to fish their way back to the vehicles. Nothing was caught! I managed a small one and after they were well gone, I decided to fish back to the camper as well. I put the pack and net on my back and started fishing downstream with the usual egg drift set up, when a sudden, heavy resistance and head shake heralded a very good fish on. After an exciting battle, I was very glad of the large net I had brought and landed a fat, silver, gleaming 25lb rainbow hen, which was promptly released. I was very happy to open the score. After that session, I motored up to the Tekapo canal below the Mt Cook salmon farms and couldn't believe my eyes because there was a procession of cars and campers parked along the canal edge. I thought if this is what it's going to be like, I am off home. However, the excitement was about a 41.5lb rainbow Jack caught and displayed on facebook. All the guides and people in the area had come to have a look. It certainly was a magnificent fish and was wrapped in gladwrap ready for taxidermy.

The next morning, I was up at the canal before daylight after camping at Lake Pukaki overnight. It was blowing quite hard and I cast out in the dark as someone

had given me the advice, tongue in cheek, I hope. He was good enough to stick with me, giving up his fishing time and after a thrilling battle, landed my fish with his big net and scales. It was a huge silver Brownie and it weighed 34lbs. What a thrill it was to hold it, then watch it recover and swim away.

The next morning saw me at the canal again before daylight using glow in the dark egg patterns on #14 grub hooks. I fished quite hard all day with many others for no bites. Only a couple of fish were caught, and general consensus was that it was very hard fishing.

Day 4: I caught a tiddler of 15 lbs before daylight again, and a fellow fisherman's comment "A fish a day keeps the doctor away" is certainly true.

Day 5: I caught a beautiful 26lb one after daylight which broached and cart-wheeled on the other side of the canal after I hooked it. What a sight, never to be forgotten, of a huge silver rainbow cavorting at the end of your line, breaking the calm canal surface on a perfect morning. Once again I was content and had unselfish help from Nathan to net and photograph the catch. This was quite a sacrifice of fishing time for him as the fight lasted approximately 30 min



Tekapo Canal. Photo: Roger Bowden

Day 6: I had my old fishing mate Dave from Timaru with me. This was a great reunion after 30 years. I latched onto a good fish almost immediately, before daylight again, and Dave netted it for me. We weighed it at 28lbs and it was a prime silver specimen. After a week of perfect, sunny days the hoar frost set in that afternoon and it lasted for 2 days. It was a fantastic spectacle with icicles hanging off trees, but bloody cold.

The last morning, I hooked another beauty before daylight and it took off downstream and then up over 100 yards, causing me to warn other fishermen to wind up in the dark to avoid tangles. This fish took me right up to the salmon farm and under it eventually snagging up and breaking off.

I considered myself extremely lucky to land 5 trout weighing a total of 128lbs, as there was very few other fish caught. The company was outstanding, very social fishing and everyone is keen and willing to help land fish, take photos, and give away secrets and flies/gear. It would seem that the fish are less numerous, but larger, a point echoed by the many people I talked to, but with all fishing, I could be totally wrong. I certainly hold with Gareth's theory that a fish a day keeps the



Hoar frost. Photo: Roger Bowden

doctor away and after getting my early morning fish fixes, I was content to just relax and socialise most of the time, enjoying the world's most scenic environment in perfect sunny weather.

When the hoar frost came in, I decided to leave and, on the way to Tekapo had several stops for photos and I also saw a truck lying on its side. A good time to leave.



Roger Bowden with a Tekapo Canal trout. Photo: Nathan

THE LAKE TUAI ODESSEY

Joe Fleet

Tuai is a village and rural community located around Lake Whakamarino, in the Wairoa District of the Hawke's Bay Region, on New Zealand's North Island.

The local Tuai Power Station was opened in 1929 on the shores of Lake Whakamarino, as part of the Waikaremoana power scheme. Genesis Energy has controlled the power station remotely from Tokaanu power station since the early 2000s. (Wikipedia)

Lake Whakamarino (also known as Lake Tuai) is small but exceptional lake where fish average 2.5 kg but frequently producing fish over 4.5 kg with some going over 12 kg to both boat and shoreline anglers.

<https://nzfishing.com/eastern-rotorua/where-to-fish/whakamarino-tuia-lake/>

This trip to Tuai is a new one on our calendar and a great deal of interest was shown by club members. I believe the possibility of hooking into a really big fish whetted their appetites. Ten enthusiastic souls headed out of Rotorua on Friday. I left town around ten. The trip was pleasant but uneventful to TeWhaiti. From here on the road changes from seal to metal and one needs to concentrate a little harder to avoid running into someone coming the other way. Have you ever noticed that you always seem to meet on a bend?

I stopped to investigate streams on the journey. In the upper Whakatane, I latched onto an aerobic 1 kg rainbow, which made a head-long dash down a couple of rapids before I could subdue it. I got one of my knee-high gumboots filled with water in the process.

At Ruatahuna I met my first local inhabitant, a horse, who appeared to be reading a bullet-riddled road sign. Sensing this was a good photographic opportunity, I stopped and reached over to the passenger seat to get my camera. The horse raised its head and ambled over and looked through the window. 'Yeah, giddyay' it said. You can imagine my surprise. I had always been lead to believe that only Maori was spoken in Ruatahuna. You learn something new every day, don't you?

The next few miles up and over the top of the Huirau Range, down through the beautiful beech forest to Lake Waikaremoana has always held a profound fascination for me. I travelled around the lake and arrived at Tuai where I met up with Eddie Bowman. Even though we were both familiar with Lake Tuai, we



Lake Whakamarino

were still awed by it all. Eddie often worked in the area, because of his job with N.I.W.A., and I had camped near the lake on numerous occasions with my family. The rest of our companions arrived during the day. In my promotion of the trip, I had talked about catching a 10-kilo fish so I couldn't wait to get on the water.

Lake Tuai's bed is, for the most part, blanketed by weed in the shallows, about two metres below the surface, with somewhat deeper channels and holes. Its pristine waters flow from Lake Waikaremoana, through the Kaitawa Power Station and Reservoir, then down the penstocks into the Tuai Power Station into Lake Tuai. There is little or no sediment. There are lots of snails and much the same species of aquatic life one would find in a similar lake elsewhere.

On Saturday, our first real days' outing, the lake was dotted with a smorgasbord of colourful craft. Neil and Graham were in their float tubes; Dave and Bevan and Eddie and I were in our rowboats and John putted along in a twin-hulled pontoon come lazy boy craft, specially imported for the occasion from the USA. Jimmy and Carol paddled their kayaks. The occupants were festooned with an array of equipment of every description. It was great to have Phil Sinclair a member of the Tauranga club with us too. I would love to buy a float tube but not until someone has come up with one with an in-house urinal.

The cries of jubilation were frequent along with the cries of despair when one was

broken off or weeded. Arguably, these fish were the best fighting fish I had encountered for some time. The wily Bevan Lash caught the biggest fish of the weekend, a 2.6 kilo Rainbow, a magnificent fish.

The wind was so strong at times that at night, while the others were home exhausted, Eddie, Neil and I stayed out after dark to fish. The stronger it blew, the more strikes we got. When the wind spun our little dinghy a full circle we had to give it away. Back at the house, while the sensible ones went to bed, some of us continued to drink and relive the day into the early hours. On Sunday, everyone returned to Rotorua except Eddie, Jimmy Spiers, and that other lucky retired person who captured another splendid Rainbow jack in the upper Whakatane. Over the weekend, up-wards of thirty-five plus fish were caught and many others lost. We had a ball and thanks gang, for making this a memorable one.



View of the lake from a lodge.

FLY TYING: CRAIG'S NIGHT TIME

Phil Trautmann

Author Keith Draper writes that it is now 80 years since Eric Craig of Auckland picked up some pukeko feathers on the Waitahanui River bank and tied a pattern of his own fancy. It was an outstanding success.

Here in Rotorua, Hamill's manager the late, great Nigel Wood introduced our club to it, saying he thought it the "best night fly" he had ever used. Mainly, it has a black chenille body and blue OR black Pukeko feathers, 3 or more, tied flat over the back of the hook (not exactly easy to do!). My own first experience was at my favourite stream mouth on Lake Tarawera, on a black night, Nigel evident only by his voice, catching fish. Gentleman that he was, he invited me in and I caught one as well. Cast out, wait a few moments, retrieve with slow pulls. It became my favourite night spot on Tarawera. Interestingly, it has become a favourite spot of our club's President, Pete Otto. Shhh!



Materials:

Hook: Black Magic, A8 / 6 / 4.

Thread: black 6/0

Tail: stub of red wool

Body: medium black chenille

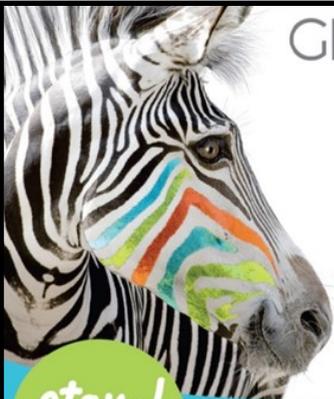
Rib: medium silver oval tinsel

Wing: 3-5 blue-black pukeko feathers

Hackle: Often left off. If desired, black, or bundle of yellow feather fibres or Jungle Cock eye.

Procedure:

1. Cover hook with thread, in touching turns, from front to back, just above level of barb.
2. Tie in wool tail, clip just beyond level of hook bend.
3. Tie in tinsel rib at level above barb, then tinsel just ahead of that.
4. Wrap thread to an eye-length behind eye.
5. Wrap chenille in touching turns, tie off, then counter-rib with tinsel, tying off just ahead of chenille. Prepare Pukeko feathers: pull off lower fibres until feather can be tied down on the shaft only, without thread touching feather fibres (important, to avoid crumpling feather edges). Tie with curve down.
6. Tie in 3-5 feathers to just jut over stub tail. Start with gentle wraps, finish with firm
7. wraps.
8. Finally, tie in any hackle/topping desired. Finish with a whip finish. Done!



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THE RERE GATHERING

Gavin Corbett

The literal translation of Rerewhakaaitu is “Land of the Wandering Spirits”. This is an apt description for the thirty or more anglers who met at the Homestead Arm camp site in July. Fishermen from the host club, Whakatane, were joined by anglers from Taupo and Rotorua for a weekend of socialising and fishing.

It was a weekend of highs and lows. The highest daytime temperature was a warming 14 degrees, but then it sunk to minus three overnight. The “brave but foolish” award went to Larry Ware. Perched atop of his vehicle in a flimsy-looking canvas shelter he endured below-zero temperatures. It seemed that no one could deny him the award. But then, Brendon and Cormac Davis arrived. Father and son spent the night in a tiny little dome tent, sleeping on the hard, cold ground. Brendon assured me that “It wasn't too bad,” but when did a fisherman ever tell the absolute truth? The wise ones spent the weekend comfortably ensconced in a variety of caravans and motor homes, and it was pleasant indeed to socialise at the different venues on offer.

Fishing was difficult, with the number of fish caught for the man hours expended, laughable. Even the anglers who ventured out into the lake proper with a variety of craft, fared little better. It seemed that the thousands of trout that are known to inhabit the lake had found a new and secret place to gather. The traditional spawning shoals that gather at Ash Pit Road, the Domain and Homestead Arm were simply not present. The only anglers who succeeded were those possessed of dogged determination - cast after cast, after cast. I'm sure we have all been there, done that. Good practice though. I believe I added a few more metres in distance, giving me just enough to reach the drop off out front from where I was rewarded with a fine fish. Not a great fish, but good enough to earn not one but two chocolate fish from the official judging panel.

On reflection, it was a very enjoyable weekend because there was the opportunity to renew friendships with anglers from the visiting clubs, do a little bit of fishing, and a great deal of socialising - the perfect mix for a meeting of wandering spirits.



People and dog enjoyed Lake Rerewhakaaitu. Photos: Larry Ware

