

Issue 174, Spring 2020



# TROUT FISHER

New Zealand's dedicated trout fishing magazine

**GIVING IT A GO**  
**A BIG SURPRISE**  
**HIDDEN IN PLAIN SIGHT**  
**A SEASON FOR OPTIMISM!**  
**OUT OF LOCKDOWN, INTO THE UNKNOWN**  
\$9.90



Issue 174, Spring 2020



# TROUT FISHER

New Zealand's dedicated trout fishing magazine

## **2 A season for OPTIMISM!**

By Andrew Harding

## **6 Giving it a go – Competitive Fly Fishing**

By James Fuller

## **12 What could be!**

On The Swing with Simon Hoole

## **16 Hidden in plain sight**

By Damon Taylor

## **20 River Curry of Trout & Potatoes**

Wild to the Table with Tony Smith

## **24 Out of Lockdown, INTO THE UNKNOWN**

Stories from the Bach by the Lake, by Peter Gould

## **30 NEW PRODUCTS**

From Manic, Kilwell and ILFF

## **34 An Angling GOLDEN AGE Approaches**

Cruising The Mainland with Zane Mirfin

## **38 A Big Surprise**

By Les Hill

## **42 The Blame Merry-Go-Round!**

Wandering the Waitaki Lakes with Mel Hollis

## **44 Relearning the MATAURA**

Southern Waters with Mike Weddell; featuring an extract covering the same area of the lower river from Dougal Rillstone's, Upstream on the Mataura

## **48 Adelsheim**

Garrett Evans recalls childhood memories

## **COVER**

*Fish On!* (Andrew Harding)

## **COPYRIGHT**

No part of this magazine, in either ISSN 1173-1761 PRINT or ISSN 2230-6420 DIGITAL (available via Magzter.com) form, may be reproduced in any way without prior permission of the publisher. Enquires to: Peter Storey PO Box 10105 Rotorua Mail Centre Rotorua 3046 NZ peter@nztroutfisher.co.nz ~ 07 (+647) 3628 914 ~ 0274844494 ~ www.nztroutfisher.co.nz ~ @TroutFisherMagazine



# HERE

New seasons create anticipation. Getting back onto the water and into a few fish, of course, and here in the Rotoroa Lakes next season is looking promising – early August the entire Eastern Region has received plenty of rain and, so far, little flooding. Tarawera, for instance, is higher than it's been for a long time and even if that level falls back by October, this and all other local lakes should have benefitted – most of that rain fell at low teen degrees Centigrade. Hopefully, it will also have lessened the side effects of the Diquat put into the lakes to kill exotic weed, early June. I've not seen dead trout for some time.

Something else I look forward to each season are those unexpected events that make fishing outings memorable, successful or not. Last season one was finding this Puriri Moth floating on the lake one morning, like a Spent Spinner. I suppose it had been blown out of the bush and was unable to take off again with that massive wingspan but that's not what made this event memorable. When I first started fishing here nearly 40 years ago, Puriri Moths were common in Spring. Now they seem a rarity and maybe, that's simply because I'd be pushed to show you a local Puriri tree. I'd have no problem with exotic Radiata Pines, however. They're everywhere, intentionally and unintentionally, with the latter increasing every year. Yet oddly, our regional council, so hot on exotic aquatic weed, seems unconcerned.

Would it make commercial sense to plant fast-growing natives like Puriri rather than just more Radiata, in reducing our carbon footprint? This colourful tree's environmental contribution is 100% positive and the timber from its typically straight 20m by 1.5m trunk light, ground-durable without treatment and to quote J. T. Salmon, 'one of our most valuable hardwoods'. Looks pretty amazing too . . .

Tight lines this season,  
Peter.



STORIES FROM THE BACH BY THE LAKE

*Fishing and other outdoor adventures from paradise; Episode 8*

# Out of Lockdown, INTO THE UNKNOWN

By Peter Gould



N



A photograph of a person fishing in a large, clear blue lake. The person is wearing a hat, a plaid shirt, and a backpack, and is holding a fishing rod. The background features rolling hills and mountains under a blue sky with scattered white clouds.

# A BIG SURPRISE

By Les Hill

**T**he Christmas gift from my brother, Ho, last year was not one of those neatly wrapped boxes, colourfully adorned with a bow atop. Instead I was handed a plain envelope with the words 'To Les – Merry Christmas' written on the front. Intrigued I tore it open, then unfolded the A4 sheet it contained. I read the print quickly. It promised three night's accommodation for two at the Bealey Hotel.

'I've always wanted to fish that area,' said Ho. Clearly, he was going to be the other of the two!

The waters of the region were not unfamiliar to me although more than 30 years had passed since I was last there – tramping the riverbed of the upper Waimakariri River or

skirting the shores of lakes Sarah, Hawdon, Marymere or Blackwater.

Lake Marymere, beautifully positioned in a basin open to both the north and south and flanked by imposing hills on its western shore, was the place I recalled best so that is where we headed first.

Several decades earlier the walk to the lake from where we parked our car was no more than a stroll. Our 70+ year old bodies found it somewhat more than that, however the impressive panorama that unfolded as we eventually dropped into the basin made the effort worthwhile.

The conditions were perhaps not the best for fishing but certainly ideal for spotting. A mere zephyr brushed the surface of the sunlit

