

Nelson Trout Fishing Club's Newsletter

Issue 224- August 2025



Sophie recently
with a Moi fish

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2021 Tony Entwistle 2025 Don Clementson 2025 Cameron Reid

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76-81 Chappie Chapman 03-06 Richard Boyden 06-08 Lester Higgins 08-09 Ross Walker
09-11 Dennis Ealam 11-13 Ray Day 13-15 Tony Entwistle 15-17 Maree Peter
17-19 Michael Stevenson 20-22 Barry Howell 22-23 Don Clementson 24-25 Kevin Earl

The Nelson Trout Fishing Club

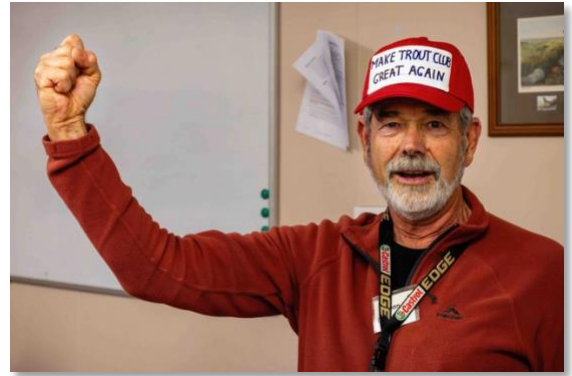
Meets once a month at: Fish and Game Offices, 66 Champion Road, Richmond
Normally the 3rd Wednesday of the month at 7:00pm
Please phone (Don's phone #) if unsure

Any views expressed in this newsletter are not necessarily those of the committee, club or editor
Webpage: www.nelsontroutfishingclub.com

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President's Flyline

Nelson Trout Fishing Club



August 2025

Welcome to the August newsletter. Not too many sleeps left to opening day but if you're a real fisherman you would've been out all winter apart from June and July.

One would assume that after the recent floods our rivers would be devoid of trout but this seems to be far from the truth. I have been out on the Motueka river recently a few times and have been surprised at the amount of small fish that have survived.

This season is going to be a bit exciting with all the new water that the floods have created especially the Motueka. It will be like going to a completely new river.

The floods have flushed out a huge amount of sand which now is laying across farm paddocks that has been building up over quite a few years and created some really great rocky runs. On some days there have been good mayfly hatches appearing at around 2 pm so that tells us that there is hope for the coming season. In the next few weeks the fishing should be starting to ramp up so get out there with little competition from others apart from Michael.

September is looking like a really busy month for the club with our annual auction not to be missed. If you're after some quality fishing gear at a reasonable price come along and dig deep into your pockets and support your club.

We have two casting days planned, the first is at Saxton field behind Garin college and then another day down at the appleby river followed by a BBQ. A good chance to brush up on your casting skills and be rid of some of those bad habits and yes you know who you are not mentioning any names.

On a sad note long time club member Ian Sowman passed recently. He attended our meetings regularly and always turned up on our special events like the dinner and BBQ. He will be certainly missed.

Let's make our club great again from your president Donald.

Buy & Sell

1. Rod

For Sale Sage 6 wt 9ft 4 piece rod with spare tip and also with BVK reel and 6 WF line .
All in good condition . \$850



Contact Don Clementson on 0274376019 or clementsondon@gmail.com

2. Wading Boots

Felt soled Wading boots, brand new, never been used.
Ideal for, and legal for whitebaiting. Size 14 US,47 EU
Price: make me an offer

Contact Chris Clenshaw 0274377630

3. 18ft (5.5 metre) Panga boat

Ideal for lake or sea fishing. Centre consul, walk around, underfloor buoyancy so virtually unsinkable

40 HP 2 stroke Yamaha outboard motor. Only 38hrs use from new.

Also a Minn Kota electric motor for silent trolling or lake creeping.

Lowrance fish finder/sounder. Purpose built trailer, spare wheel, road cover, trickle battery charger, plus many other extras

\$19,750

Contact Chris 0274377630



Chris' Panga boat

4. Sea fishing gear

Large quantity of good quality sea fishing gear: Rods, Reels all types of end tackle ,long line, nets,Soft baits lures etc.etc. All priced to sell.

Please Contact Chris at 0274377630

5. Simms Travel Bag



Can accommodate at least two fishing rods.

Offers to James Macdonald at c2skye@gmail.com or 540 3520

FLY FISHING WITH TONY
Improve Your Fly Fishing Skills with a Range of Learning Opportunities
Success Starts With You
www.flyfishingwithtony.com **BOOK NOW**

The advertisement features a background image of two anglers in a river. The text is overlaid on the image, including a logo of a fish and a fly, the main title 'FLY FISHING WITH TONY', a subtitle 'Improve Your Fly Fishing Skills with a Range of Learning Opportunities', the slogan 'Success Starts With You', the website URL 'www.flyfishingwithtony.com', and a red 'BOOK NOW' button.

Go to: <https://www.flyfishingwithtony.com>

HI-HO TO McKERROW

BY JIM FOWLER

In New Zealand's southern waters where the fish run big and are there for the taking



Unpacking the gear from the amphibian on arrival at Lake McKerrow.



The plane taking off from the lake after dropping us.

"Victor Mike—Calling Invercargill—on the Deck Te Anau"

Seated alongside a pilot of Amphibian Airways Widgeon aircraft I heard this call go out over the radio. It all started in a fishing camp at the head of Lake Wanaka, where Donald, Hugh and myself have had our annual fishing trip for many years. One night around the fire Donald said, "Say next year we go to Lake McKerrow—They say the fishing is extra good and we can be flown in by amphibian aircraft"—So there it was all arranged and here we were taxing out on the lake ready for the take-off. We had motored through to Lake Te Anau the evening before, stayed the night in Donald's cottage having previously arranged for the aircraft to pick us up with our gear next morning.

A roar of engines—a splutter of spray flying past and we were airborne—and what a thrill to think that in a matter of 40 minutes we would be landed in the back of beyond—a journey that would take days overland.

It was a glorious day as we swung along up the Eglinton Valley over Lakes Gunn & Fergus into the Hollyford Valley where for miles and miles we could look right into the ice of the Glaciers and see below the river we were to fish—our Eldorado—the much talked-of Hollyford.

It seemed only a matter of minutes when Jim Monk, our pilot said, "Look ahead—there she is—Lake McKerrow" This was a moment in our lives to be sure. As the plane circled in to land we could get a glimpse of our river and it looked good. We were all agog with excitement.

"Calling Invercargill—Victor Mike—on the deck, McKerrow." Our safe landing was being reported to headquarters in Invercargill. Yes—we had actually landed and were taxing in to shore.

It did not take long to grab a bundle of gear and trot up to have a look at the cabin that was to be our home for the next few days. Everything seemed in good order—well equipped and with a comfortable bunk each. Situated on the edge of a magnificent grove of kowhais overlooking the lake and only 100 yards from the river, the setting for a fishing camp appeared to be all that could be desired. If the fishing was to be in keeping we were certainly in for a good time.

I was making for the river just for a first look when Hugh called, "Not yet Jim, bottoms up first.—Let's drink a toast and then we'll all look together." Coming from Hokonui of course Hugh never misses an occasion to celebrate this or that event. However, we both willingly co-operated and a few minutes later stood together on the banks of the river looking at it as only anglers can, (this time not through rose-coloured glasses). Very wide and of reasonable depth, a good current to help a fighting fish and with just enough shallow and beach to make fishing comfortable. We could see an odd fish moving out in the heavier water but it was not until we moved upstream a few hundred yards to the first ripple that we really saw what has made this river so famous. Like troops set out in formation we could see fish lying in the gradually deepening water—plenty of fish and of a size to thrill.

Then a voice behind us, "Well boys, there you are—go to it. You are lucky the river is in good order and I want to see you with a fifteen-pounder at least when I come back."

It was Jim Monk, dragging the small boat down to the water for us to use if we wished to fish the other bank.

After sorting our gear and stores in the hut: a quick boil up—and the rods were up ready for

action. We had come prepared for both fly and spinning, as we had been told that the river with so much natural food such as whitebait and smelt made the fish hard to rise to a dry. Being fly fishermen we all naturally had our fly rods up. I chose a No. 10 Red Tip Governor dry while Donald & Hugh decided to start with a large lure fished wet. There were plenty of fish, some lying close in and others more out in the current. I started operations on a likely-looking five or six-pounder lying in a handy position. A few false casts and the fly was over and above—not a move. Again I made a perfect presentation and not a move. Funny—anywhere else that fish would have been a "sitter!" Eight or nine times I gave that fish a perfect fly and not a move. Next I saw him move over to the right, almost break water, and obviously feed on something. Yes—there it is! Smelt—shoals of them—enough to feed all the fish in New Zealand—Yes, I think the dry will be tough going, I mused. Directly ahead, out in midstream there was suddenly a great commotion. Fish rising and actually thrashing the



Our small but comfortable cabin. This was situated on the edge of a grove of magnificent kowhais overlooking the lake.

water like porpoises—big fish—obviously feeding. I watched this mad rise appear to recede downstream and fade out in a matter of minutes.

How's the luck!" It was Donald carrying a beautifully conditioned fish of about seven pounds. "I just threw out into the middle of one of those mad rises. I could see the fly, when up comes this fish and takes it beautifully." Yes; that seems the answer—a lure. However, I decided to carry on with the dry as the day was warm and the water perfect. Three fish in succession rose to my Governor—the first two I know that I struck too soon, but the third I hooked firmly and away he shot. I was into my first McKerrow trout—what a run!

Yes, these fish are all that has been said of them—real fighters. My wee 7 oz. rod bent double as I attempted to steady him. At first I had a feeling of helplessness in this big water with the wee rod and light tackle. After a few good runs he seemed to steady down and then I began to feel that I might really land him. Working quietly down stream I managed to get him on to a shallow beach in about 14 minutes. Hugh came along at the right

time to kick him out.

Shining like silver, in beautiful condition he looked really good. I drew out my scales—5½ lbs. I thought at first I had a fish of 8 or 9 lbs.

All that wonderful afternoon we fished lazily. I changed later to a wet fly; and what an afternoon—we had caught a total of seventeen fish ranging from 3½ lbs to 9½ lbs. The first few fish were kept for our immediate needs and the rest carefully returned to the water. And we had been told that the afternoon would only be a prelude to the evening rise!

After the excitement of the trip in and the initial fishing, we were beginning to weary. I suggested camp and a meal. And a good meal it was! Donald is a farmer from the Hokonui, a grand mate and just the best camp cook. Well fortified with Hugh's "Product of the Hills," we were in great form for eating—so much so that after it was over all we could do was to turn in and snore off.

The weather was gloriously fine. The warm currents of the Tasman Sea make this place very mild even in winter. There were no mosquitos, only at the break of day myriads of sandflies ready to start operations. However, these did not trouble us as with the aid of "Dimp" and like preparations we were able to fish and laze in comfort.

One could not imagine a more beautiful spot. Surrounded on two sides by high mountains lush covered to the water, the river is truly picturesque and gives one a feeling of complete satisfaction and comfort with the world we live in.

For three days we fished, lazed and fed in complete content. We caught fish on the dry fly, wet fly and spinner with equal success, although we did find the fish were at times hard to get to rise to a dry.

The day came when we were due to be picked up again by the aircraft and the afternoon before Hugh said, "Well boys, say we fish the evening rise tonight and get a few fish to take home fresh. We'll put the big whitebait holding pen in the river and keep what we want alive." The weather was so hot that keeping fish would have been difficult, so we decided it was not a bad idea.

Off we set each carrying a corner and tied it in a handy position in the water. That evening we selected 9 fish ranging in size from 7½ lbs to 9 lbs. As each one was hooked it was carefully steered down the river to the pen, unhooked and placed in. In the morning these fish were alive and frisky and appeared none the worse for the change.

Packing up being the order of the day we got cracking after breakfast and about 10 o'clock the hum of the returning aircraft was heard. "Right boys," said Donald, "You and Hugh go up and kill those fish in the pen and I'll take the first load of gear down to the beach. We watched the plane make a wide circle and come in to land. "Let's have a toast," said Hugh — "McKerrow—May it Never Change."

(Continued on page 31).

- 7 The Parker-Hale 17 rearsight with six-hole eyepiece has quarter-minute click adjustment for both windage and elevation. The sight bar can be removed by a quick release for safe transportation of the rifle.
- 8 The bolt action is exceptionally smooth and rigid with fully enclosed cocking cams and a positive safety catch.

Undoubtedly the new dual purpose B.S.A. Century is a first class rifle which will do much to enhance the B.S.A. reputation even further. The B.S.A. range now covers every aspect of New Zealand shooting and further enquiries regarding delivery can be made at all sports stores.—(P.B.A.)

HANDLOADING PROMISES TO BE POPULAR

With the early appearance on the N.Z. market of handloading tools, many keen rifle shooting enthusiasts are turning their attention to the fascinating hobby of loading their own. Already interest is mounting and a club, known as the N.Z. Handloaders' Club has been formed in Christchurch with members all over N.Z.

Prior to World War II tools and components were available in this country and quite a number of keen rifle shots loaded their own. The war, however, intervened, and it is only during the past few months that a very limited supply of tools (mostly Australian) has been available. This has, of course helped to revive interest in handloading, and with the early arrival of a reasonable supply of a good range of the necessary tools, powder, bullets and primers, it is expected that many more sportsmen get more pleasure and fun out of their shooting by "rolling their own."

Diana

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HI-HO TO MCKERROW

(Continued from page 10).

We had killed and cleaned the fish and were admiring them all laid out on the grass when a voice behind, "Did you catch those fish here?" It was Leslie Marr, Reg. Parnell and Peter Whitehead, English racing car drivers who had come in with the plane for a few days' fishing. We enjoyed meeting these grand chaps. They were intensely interested in the fish, the country and everything and also the "Product of the Hills," which somehow Hugh seemed always to have at hand. We were able to tell them all about the fishing, what baits to use and when and where to fish. It was a great joy to us to see each of them with a good sized fish before we returned to the hut for lunch. Here we were joined by Tony & Mrs Gaze also from England who had come in by another aircraft to join the party.

More toasts and still more kept us there for another hour until Harold Bennett our pilot appeared and said, "Right boys—we're into wind."

It was sad leaving this spot we had been so happy in together.

"Looks as if we're going back to old clothes and porridge," said Donald. "Another forty minutes and we'll be back in civilization. Yes—here it is!"

"Calling Invercargill—Victor Mike—on the deck Te Anau." We are taxiing in and I can see my car where I'd parked it along the lake shore what seems to be a year ago. I feel sad and I don't know why. I want to go back.

Yes, someday we'll be there together again.

NOW IS THE TIME TO OVERHAUL YOUR TROUT TACKLE AND HAVE IT IN TIP-TOP CONDITION FOR NEXT TROUT SEASON.

We undertake all types of Rod Repairs including—
Rebinding, Varnishing, Recorking Handles, New Rings,
New Sections and Ferrules.

Alternatively, for those who would like to repair their own rods etc., we stock Sharpes Spliteans (all lengths to 5'6"), Greenheart and Dogame Sections. Also: Silk, Varnish, Rings (snake, bridge or agate), Corks, Reel Fittings, and Ferrules. For re-dressing Lines: Bob's at 11/6d.; Williams at 7/6d. Fly-Tying Materials 1/9 each, 8 packets 12/.

Our Catalogue will be sent on application.

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BLAST FROM THE PAST

The family that fishes together

By Zane Mirfin

"In our family there was no clear line between religion and fly fishing," said Norman McLean in his epic book A River Runs Through It.

In the Mirfin family, fishing probably is our religion. It's been a major part of my life for as long as I can remember, and I get great joy watching my kids developing an unhealthy obsession in the fine art of fishing, too.

Being the spring school holidays, we like to get away and have fun together, and for the kids, that means doing some fishing together.

Getting away these days is always a mad panic of packing up, cleaning the house, finishing jobs in the office and just plain getting organised. This year, we've had to take two vehicles and a boat to fit two adults, four kids and all the necessary gear in.

It's a big job going on holiday because we like to be ready for any contingency or opportunity. This year, we've got the gear to handle floundering, whitebaiting, trout fishing, clothes for the theatre and feral pigeon and rabbit shooting.

7



Jake, Ike, Rosie and Charlotte Mirfin. Photo by Martin de Ruyter

As always, we never get as much done as planned, tiredness catches up with us, the weather doesn't cooperate, the tides are wrong or, as in this holiday's epic, we all fall victim to the plague.

Vomiting bugs all round and an ear infection for our younger daughter made for a fun holiday week.

Despite the drama, we managed a great few early days at Lake Rotoiti at the family bach before heading off to stay with Aimee's family. We got some trolling in despite rough, cold weather, with modest success on the local trout population. Trolling is where lines are towed behind the boat at varying depths in the hope of crossing the path of a trout.

We have most success in the alpine lakes of Rotoiti and Rotoroa with leadlines (lines with a lead core) that get the lure deep, a long 10-20m leader of 10lb maxima nylon, and the favoured Tassie Devil lure.

The boys particularly enjoyed the boating, and it was great to see them developing confidence in driving the boat and handling it at the ramp and on the trailer - I noted with satisfaction that it won't be too many years before the boys are taking me out fishing.

Many of the waters we fish as a family are open year-round. While everyone is tripping over themselves on up-country waters, it is rare for us to see another angler.

Fishing from a boat is a great way to go anyway you keep your feet dry, keep the kids corralled and safe, and get to go where others have trouble getting to. There are virtually hundreds of places you can go in the northern South Island, and we've had a lot of fun as a family trying out differing locations.

It is true that it is getting harder for families to experience the great outdoors as the pressure on them continues to ratchet up. Fishing opportunities close to major urban centres are becoming harder to find, people are busier and work harder, and many of the outdoor skills of generations ago have been lost.

To be successful on the fishing front, you need to be more savvy and, most of all, be prepared to put the time in to learn and adapt.

My parents Stuart and Sherry were always great believers that family fishing and hunting had to be fun.

Dad was always dreaming up "soft adventures" to take my brother and I on. He would never push us, and made the adventures progressively more demanding and exciting as we gained confidence and proficiency.

Dad told me recently that he believes parents should always try to be heroes to their children and lead by example. If I can be half the man my father was as a parent, I would be very proud.

Finally, the stars aligned on our family holiday and we were ready to go.

Three great evenings out fishing for big trout, with more yet to go. Evening one, No 2 son was insistent we go despite the strong cold southerly winds.

It worked a treat, and big, beautifully coloured brown trout came easily to the net. In the half-light as I trailered the aluminium boat, I was already being asked by an excited little boy about where we would go fishing the next day.

Evening two was a cracker. Warm evening sun and no one else around.

I was taking my father-in-law's excellent GP and his two lovely daughters out on the girls' first ever fishing trip.

Steve, Lucy and Katie weren't quite sure what to expect, and couldn't believe it when the rod tip bucked strongly and Lucy, 11, was into her first big brown trout.

The fish came stubbornly to the net and we all cheered as I hoisted 8lb of trout over the side of the boat. Katie, 9, managed another trout nearly as big soon after, and when the girls had caught another one each, we decided to head for home. Steve texted the same night to my mobile - "Bragging pix already in the UK. Awesome evening the girls will never forget".

Evening three was maybe even better. My brother Scott, his wife Kirsty and our nephews Lochy and Ryan were in town for the day to spend quality family time together. After a great day doing other things, we headed out for a family fishing effort with two small boats.

Shambolic is the word, as Aimee and Kirsty rugged up the kids with warm clothes and lifejackets while Scott and I launched the boats and readied the equipment.

What fun we had for a couple of hours until the small children wore out and the tears began. By then, Lochy, 4, and Ryan, 2, had caught their first trout, among other fish landed, hooked and lost by our kids.

Ryan's nearly 3kg trout was almost too much for him but with help from the other kids, it was safely netted. When rain threatened and we could feel the cold of the advancing southerly front, it was time to go.

But the special memories and photographic images obtained will probably last a lifetime.

Family fishing is fun and highly addictive.

Hey, it's time to go - I've got a six-year-old tugging on my arm telling me that his rod is loaded in the truck and it is time to catch another big trout.

What's luck got to do with fishing?

By Don Clementson

On a number of occasions when out on the river I have been asked "had any luck" and my standard reply is there's no luck involved it's all skill.

Over the years I have built up in my mind a library of events that will be with me for life. Some of these events vary from just minutes to a whole day.

Two such events happened last year in the middle of the passion hopper period. A week before these events Tony was mentioning that trout can see insects before they hit the water and I haven't ever witnessed this until last year. I was in the upper Motueka and spotted a nice fish right hard against the bank with willows slightly hanging over. He was moving and rising quite rapidly and it was a matter of luck that I would get the fly right in front of him so he could see it. Fish that are right on the surface only have a very small window so the fly needs to be almost on his nose. I waited for him to go back to his little pozzie and then a cast was delivered. Out went the hopper pattern and before it hit the water a big head came out to meet it mid-air and inhaled the fly. It all happened so quickly and I don't know who got the biggest surprise me or the fish but I hooked it and landed a nice 5 lb jack. So I put it down to skill and not luck but others that were with me reckon it was luck so now they don't get invited out anymore.

The other similar event happened on a smaller stream at about the same time in the season. I spotted which I thought was a disturbance under a hanging willow on a very small bit of flat water about the size of a table hard against the bank. The surface was like a mirror so I couldn't see the fish. I waited and watched for a bit then suddenly a very large head came out and took a hopper. It was an almost impossible bit of water to cast into with the willows overhead and dragging currents so going forward was it going to be luck or skill that would bag this fish. Well even to this day I am not sure if skill had anything to do with it. The first cast must have landed right on his head and I reckon he saw it coming through the air. No sooner it hit the water a big snout came out and inhaled the hopper and it was all on for a while. He took me up stream into every under-cut bank he could find. That meant I had to follow so here I am up out in the middle of the stream up to my chest chasing this fish that I didn't know how big he was. Finally I got him down steam out away from the willows and it turned out to be a beautiful fat 7 lb jack. So I reckon it must have been skill with a little bit of luck added in.

So that day in itself turned out to be one of those events with landing 8 big fish all on hoppers and I reckon I must have picked a lucky day or was it a skilful choice of the right day.

The more days you get out the more skill you will develop so get off the couch and stack up those brownie points before the season starts.

Didymodon your President.



Don & the lucky brownie



Grant McDonald fishing the Rai for the first time Last Thursday (August 21).

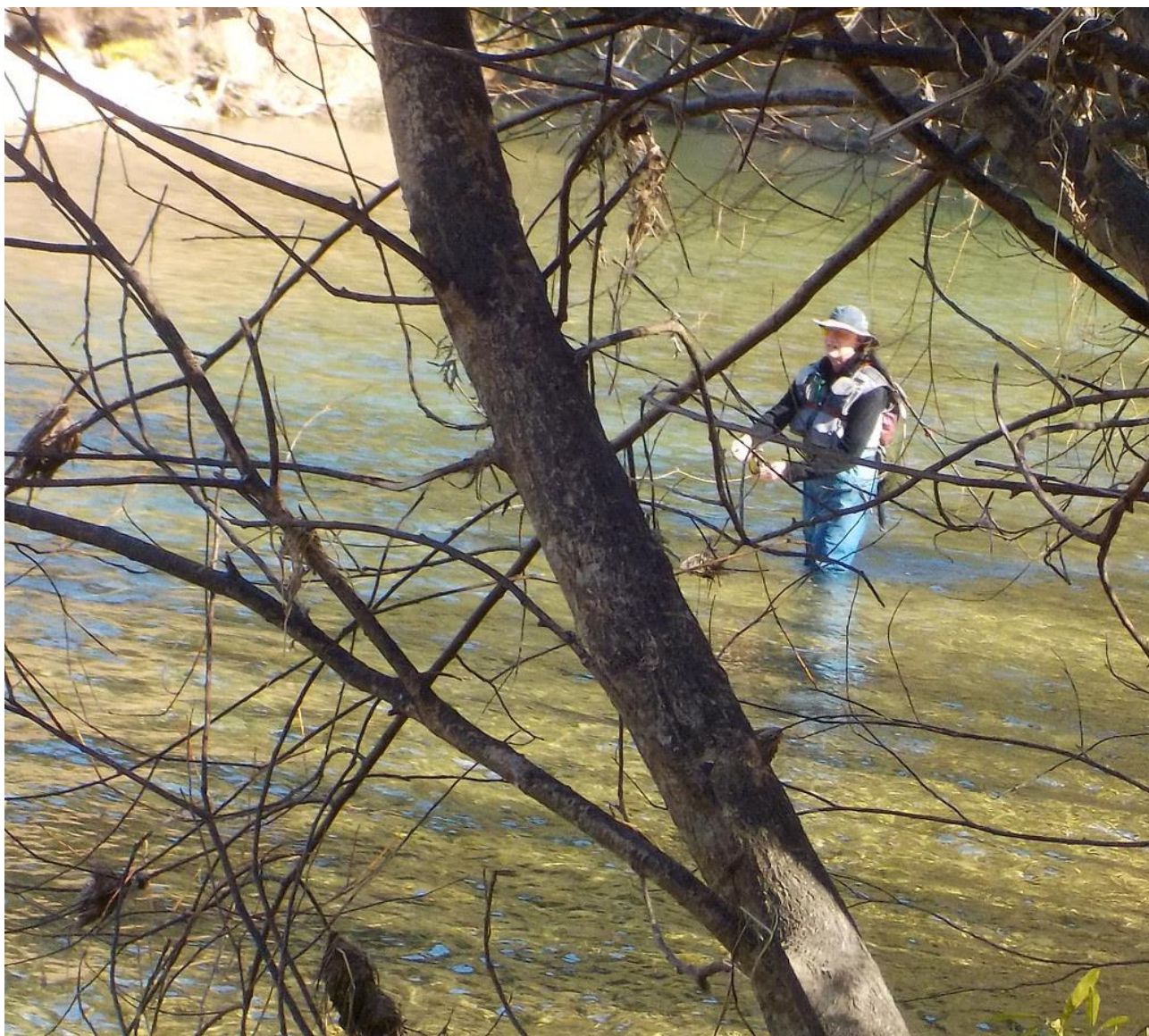


Photo submitted by Michael Stevenson

**Special Offer to Nelson TROUT Fishing Club
10% off New Season 2025-26 Fishing Schools**



FLY FISHING WITH TONY



If you want to give fly fishing a go, or feel the need to improve your existing skills these [Learning Opportunities](#) with Tony are designed to help you find new and better ways of approaching real-life fly fishing situations, and achieve greater self-reliance. The bonus is, there will also be plenty of chances to catch trout along the way.

First Steps - The Basics of Fly Fishing

There are **two options** this season for the popular introductory course **First Steps - The Basics of Fly Fishing**.

OPTION ONE is structured over **two x 2-hour evening** classes (7 - 9 pm, plus **one x 2-hour morning** fly casting session).

Module One: Thursday 21st Aug: 7 - 9 pm (Nelson-Marlborough Fish & Game Rooms)

Module Two (Flycasting): Sunday 24th August: 9 - 11 am (opp the Velodrome at Saxton Fields)

Module 3: Tuesday 26th August: 7 - 9 pm (Nelson-Marlborough Fish & Game Rooms)

OPTION TWO is structured **over one day**, at the Nelson-Marlborough Fish & Game Rooms, 66-74 Champion Rd, Richmond, including a fly casting session at Champion Green, opposite the Velodrome at Saxton Fields.

Session 1 - Equipment and how to Rig it.

Session 2 - Introduction to Fly-Casting.

Session 3 - Fly Fishing Strategy.

Both courses are limited to eight participants ... cost to NTFC Members **\$135.00 pp.**

Follow these links for the full Winter - Summer Schedule of fun classes and fishing field trips for the upcoming 2025-26 trout fishing season.

- ['First Steps' Course, 3 modules ... starts Thurs, Aug 21st 7-9pm](#) - NTFC **\$135.00 pp**
- ['First Steps' Full-Day Course ... Sunday 5th October](#) - NTFC **\$135.00 pp**
- [On-River 'River Skills' Day Courses ... 4 options](#) - NTFC **\$256.00 pp**

- [Three-Day Fishing Field Trips ... 2 options](#) - NTFC **\$810.00 pp**
- [Fly Casting Lessons](#) - NTFC **\$135.00 per sessionp**
- [Personalised Mentoring](#) - NTFC **from \$720.00 pp**

Email: tony@flyfishingwithtony.com

Phone: 027 473 2483

[BOOK](#)



www.flyfishingwithtony.com

Annual Auction

17 September, 7pm, Fish & Game Rooms, Richmond

Dear Fishing Club Members,

Each year our fishing club runs an auction night, where members bid on various fishing items that have been donated (or sold on behalf) by others. Aside from being a fun night for all involved, the auction is a win-win-win for everyone:

- members donating gear they no longer use get to clean out the garage (making room for the purchase of more fishing gear!);
- members making purchases at the auction obtain equipment at very reasonable prices; and
- the Fishing Club raises funds that are used to support future club events for members as well as fishing-related community events, such as the Youth Fishing Trust. Last year, the auction raised over \$1,300.

First, we need the gear that you or your friends would like to donate to the auction, or alternatively, sell on behalf, in which 15% of the sale value goes to the Fishing Club. Items for auction are to be limited to freshwater trout fishing.

Please give a list of the items you wish to donate or have sold-on-behalf to the auction coordinator, Cameron Reid (camnvic@xtra.co.nz), no later than 10 September - no late entries.

Give Cameron a full description of what you are selling (name the item, the brand, the size, as much detail as you can); and say whether you are donating the item or selling on behalf (15% to the Club).. Then arrange to drop things off to Cameron in Stoke (021 822 749, camnvic@xtra.co.nz); or Don Clementson in Richmond (027 437 6019, clementsondon@gmail.com); or Paul Taylor in Nelson (021 045 7545, ptaylor05@gmail.com).

If you know of any non-members who have fishing gear to donate or sell, we will accept their items on the same conditions.

Let's all contribute to a fun and successful auction again this year!

The NTFC Committee.



Photos supplied by Didymo Don



Photos by Gebhard Krewitt

Annette Walker and Jacob Lucas spoke to us at the August Club meeting. Annette discussed her recent book (*Up the Lake: the story of Rotoiti*, available from Page and Blackmore – see <https://shop.pageandblackmore.co.nz/p/up-the-lake>). Jacob discussed the state of our rivers after the floods. Also Neil Anderson discussed the Club's library and President Don advertised the upcoming Auction, which will include products from a local distillery.

Request

Your editor is seeking people who are willing to put together a short article on their fishing life; just one page plus photos.

Those who are interested please contact James at C2skye@gmail.com