



Commodore's Corner

January 2021

Hello and happy new year to all. I hope you all had a good rest over the Christmas break and got in a bit of fishing between eating food and sipping on cold beverages. Our club tractor is back on the beach at Ngawi and has scrubbed up nicely. January's club weekend was just held with smooth seas on Sunday. 11 boats fished with some good fish weighed and a wide variety of species were caught like groper bluenose, gemfish and bass. Next club weekend is Feb 20th and 21st and the weekend of the big 3 Hope to see you out on the water.

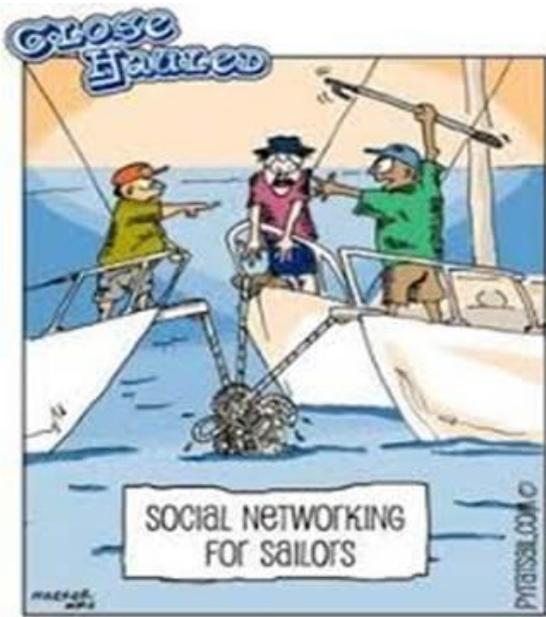
Commodore Heath



Our re-furbished tractor! Looks just like a new one. A big thank you to all those involved in helping with this job, especially Kim Lace & his team, well done guys.



A photo from June 2016 when a crew of members installed a fillet table at Ngawi. From left to right Don "Hohepa" Finlayson, Gary Warren, Terry Trillo, Warwick Anderson, George Daines, Butch Carrington, Heath Riddell, Liz Warren & Ian Warren.



Three fat Snapper caught off Ngawi by Paul Catt

I miss the good old days... Remember when you could actually have an opinion without offending somebody?



Wiremu was in a terrible accident at work. He fell through the floor and ripped off both of his ears. As he was permanently disfigured, he settled for a very large sum of money and left the company. At first he was highly self-conscious about his disability and he stayed at home, keeping himself to himself. A few months later, however, Wiremu decided to invest his money in a small, but lucrative, franchise business. After weeks of negotiations he bought the company outright. But, after signing on the dotted line, he realized that he knew little about running a business. He decided he had to hire someone who could help him out. After advertising in the local press he received several interesting CVs and eventually set up three interviews.

The first candidate was very promising. He was intelligent, friendly and seemed to know everything he needed to. As the interview drew to a conclusion, the applicant commented, "I couldn't help but notice, but you don't appear to have any ears."

Wiremu was very disappointed by his lack of tact and decided there and then that he was not right for the job.

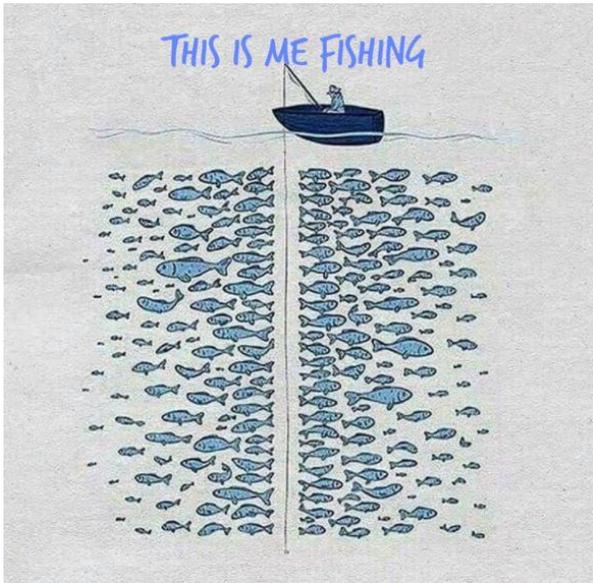
The second interviewee was a woman and she was even better than the first. At the end of the interview he asked her directly: "Do you notice anything different about me?" She replied: "Well, you have no ears." Wiremu again felt slightly offended and decided not to employ her.

The third and final interviewee was the best of all three, a young graduate fresh out of business school. He was very smart, he was very easy to get along with and he seemed to have more about him than the first two put together. Wiremu was apprehensive, but went ahead and asked the young man the same question: "Do you notice anything different about me?"

To his surprise, the young man answered: "Yes. You wear contact lenses."

Wiremu was shocked, and said, "What an incredibly observant young man. How in the world did you know that?"

The young man replied, "Well, it's obvious really. You can't wear glasses if you haven't got any f....g ears!"



A nice feed of fish from the crew of La Barca

Me and every campfire EVER!



How true, Murphy's Law!

Once upon a time, long ago, there lived a sailor named Captain Cambo. He was a manly man's man, who showed no fear when facing his enemies. One day, while sailing the Seven Seas, his lookout spotted a pirate = ship, and the crew became frantic.

Captain Cambo bellowed, "Bring me my red shirt!" The first mate quickly retrieved the captain's red shirt, and while wearing the brightly coloured shirt, the Captain led his crew into battle and defeated the pirates.

That evening, all the men sat around on the deck recounting the day's triumph. One of them asked the Captain, "Sir, why did you call for your red shirt before battle?"

The captain replied, "If I am wounded in the attack, the shirt will not show my blood. Thus, you men will continue to fight, unafraid."

All of the men sat in and marvelled at the courage of such a manly man's man.

As dawn came the next morning, the lookout spotted not one, not two, but TEN pirate ships approaching. The crew stared in worshipful silence at the captain and waited for his usual orders.

Captain Cambo gazed with steely eyes upon the vast armada arrayed against his ship, and without fear, turned and calmly shouted, "Get me my brown trousers!"



Great eating groper & a nice fat Bass caught by Commodore Heath & his Crew

My friend's father is so proud of his family of 6 children.

He frequently referred to his wife as, "Mother of Six," much to her annoyance. Finally, she cured him of his habit.

At the end of a party, he called out loud enough for everyone to hear, "Ready to go, Mother of Six?"

"Anytime you are," she replied, "Father of Four."



An attractive woman arrived at a party and while scanning the guests, she spotted Wiremu standing across the room, alone. She approached him, smiled and said, "Hello, my name is Carmen."

Wiremu replied, "That is a beautiful name. Is it a family name?"

She answered, "No, as a matter of fact, I gave it to myself. It represents the two things that I enjoy most – cars and men. Therefore, I chose Carmen."

Then she asked, "What's your name?"

He answered, "Wiremu Titsenboats"



I got pulled over by a copper last night on my drive home.

He said, "This is a spot check"

I said, "I've got two blackheads and a boil on my arse"

A man goes to the Optician for his eye test.

The Optician asks him what he can see.

'I see empty airports, empty football grounds, closed theatres and closed pubs'

That's perfect says the Optician

YOU'VE GOT 2020 VISION.=



When I was in Ev's bar the other day, I heard a couple of plonkers saying that they wouldn't feel safe on an aircraft if they knew the pilot was a woman. What a pair of sexist. I mean, it's not as if she'd have to reverse the bloody thing!

Below is our current list of Club Spot Prize Sponsors, the Committee would like to thank everyone who has donated prizes for this annual Fishing Competition.

Forest Management (N.I.) Ltd.

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Telephone Survey –

Last month, a worldwide telephone survey was conducted by the UN. The only question asked was:
"Would you please give your honest opinion about possible solutions to the food shortage in the rest of the world?"

The survey was a complete failure because:

In Eastern Europe they didn't know what "honest" meant.
In Western Europe they didn't know what "shortage" meant.
In Africa they didn't know what "food" meant.
In China they didn't know what "opinion" meant.
In the Middle East they didn't know what "solution" meant.
In South America they didn't know what "please" meant.
In the USA they didn't know what "the rest of the world" meant.
And in Australia, New Zealand, Canada, and Great Britain everyone hung up as soon as they heard the Indian accent.



Pete settled on an old porthole he had hung up in his shed for 30 plus years. Great choice cobber.

My cobber Pete Beech was rummaging around in a second hand shop the other day. He came across this opening Porthole off the Wahine. He already has a design where he is going to fit it in the Tutanekai. 😊

(Unfortunately these Portholes did'nt fit thankfully, might have bought some bad luck using those Ports???)

Charlie B. says to John L.,
"What ya talkin into an envelope for?"
"I'm sending a voicemail ya fool!"

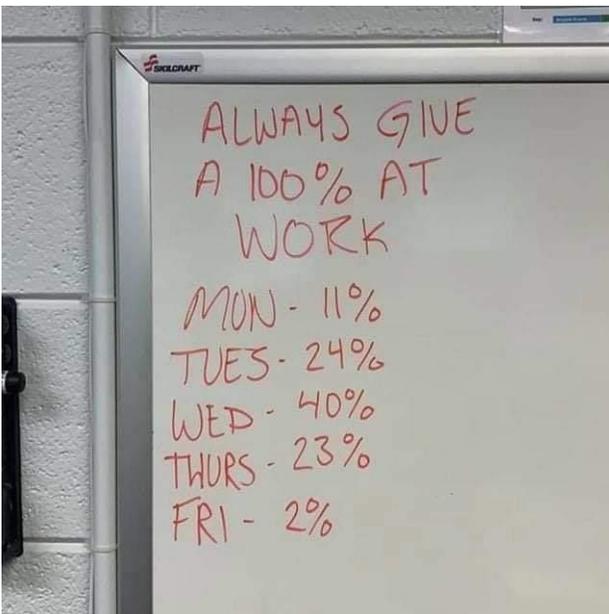


First person received the new Vaccine ...
He said he feels great 😊

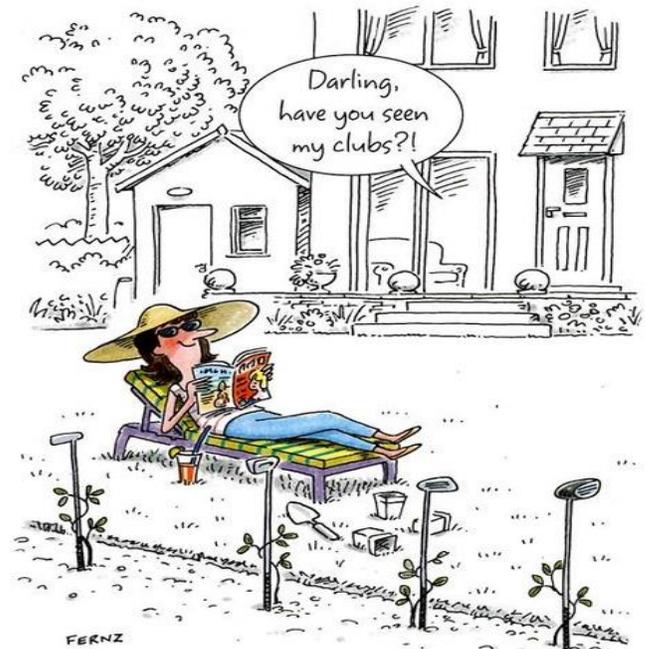


Heaviest Fish so far for the 2020/2021 season

Barracoutta:	Jacob Warren	3.80
Blue Cod:	Liz Warren	3.02
Blue Nose:	Leisa Riddell	4.85
Groper:	Chris Oakly	29.52
Gurnard:	Don Finlayson	1.29
John Dory:	Chris Simmonds	2.72
Kahawai:	Tony Farr	1.99
Kingfish:	Liz Warren	10.53
Red Cod:	John Crawford	3.58
Tarakihi:	Warren Edwards	2.59
Trumpeter:	Gary Warren	9.21



Fortunately, none of my past staff have had this slack attitude, however, Wendy reckons it is very close to my work percentage.





My neighbour knocked on my door at 2:30am this morning, Can you believe that 2:30 am?! Luckily for him, I was still up playing my Bagpipes.

On Gary's Ute:

"Don't sleep with a drip. Call your plumber."

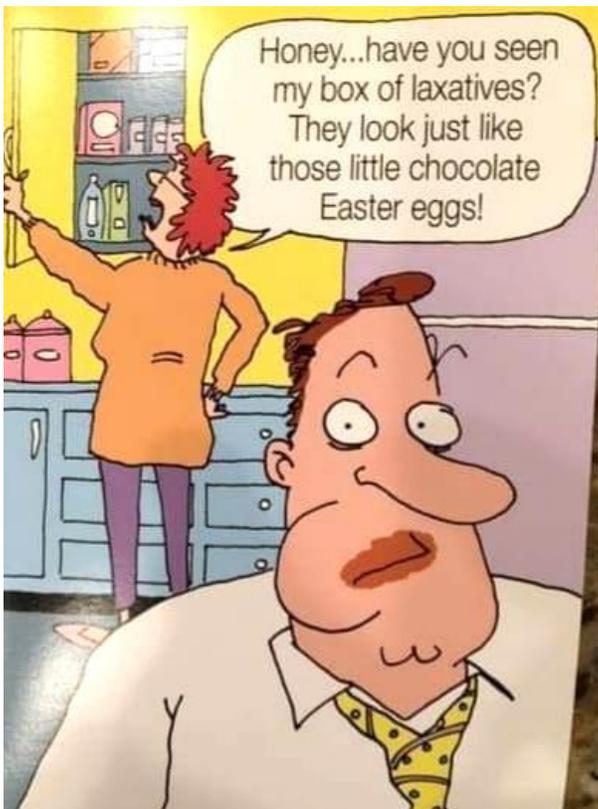
A bloke walks into a Glasgow library and says to the prim librarian, 'Excuse me Miss, dee ye hev any books on suicide?'

To which she stops doing her tasks, looks at him over the top of her glasses and says,

'Fook off, ye'll no bring it back!



New Years Eve on Wiremu's Waka, Bo, Holly & Terry with some nice eating Tarakihi. (Thanks Chris Simmonds ☺)



The other day the wife and me tried a new tantric sex position called "The Plumber". You stay in all day and nobody comes.

(sorry GAZ, I could't resist this one ☺)



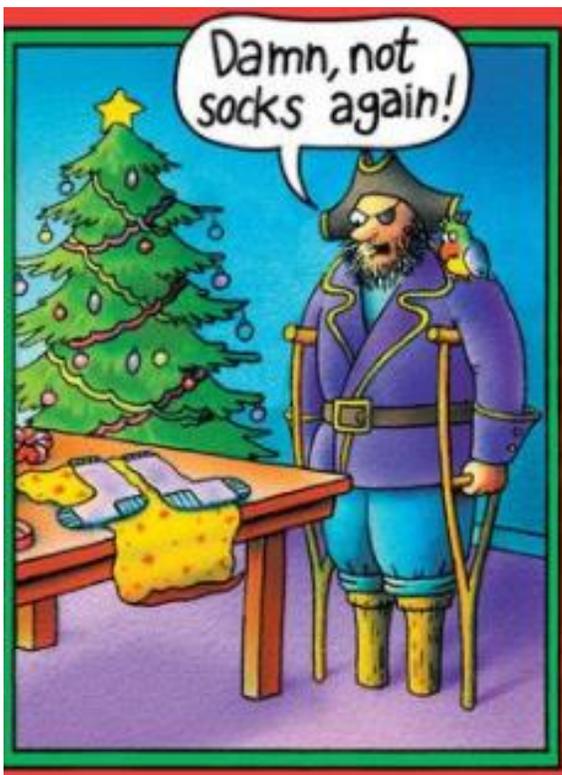
A Maori painter by the name of Colin "Gizzy" Jones, while not a brilliant scholar, was a gifted portrait artist. Over a short number of years, his fame grew and soon people from all over New Zealand & Australia were coming to Manatuki , just out of Gisborne to get him to paint their likenesses.

One day, a beautiful young American woman arrived at his house in a stretch limo and asked if he would paint her in the nude. This being the first time anyone had made such a request he was a bit perturbed, particularly when the woman told him that money was no object; in fact, and she was willing to pay up to 10,000 Dollars.

Not wanting to get into any marital strife , he asked her to wait while he went into the house to confer with Catherine, his wife. They talked much about the Rightness and Wrongness of it. It was hard to make the decision but finally his wife agreed, on one condition.

In a few minutes he returned.

"The wife says it's okay. So I'll paint you in the nude.... all right; but I have to at least leave me socks on, so I have a place to wipe me brushes."



Just got back from my mate's funeral.
He died after being hit on the head with a tennis ball.
It was a lovely service.

Burglars are getting very clever these days .Last night my wife woke me up and said "Darling! Darling! There's a burglar downstairs!" So I go down and check every room and don't find anyone. Then I realised I don't have a wife, and when I get back upstairs my bed and TV were gone.

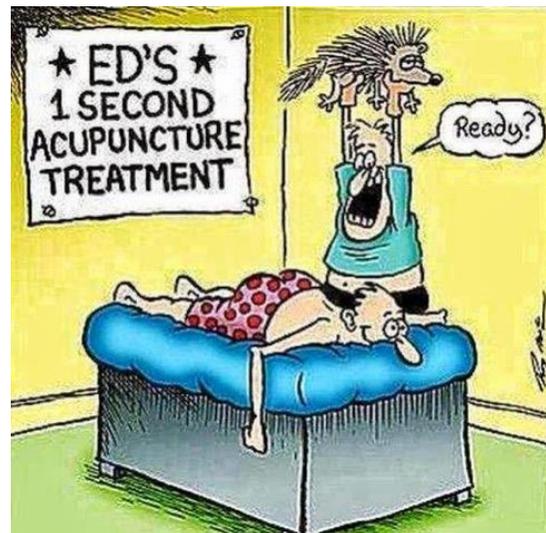


A little girl was diligently pounding away on her grandfather's word processor. She told him she was writing a story.
"What's it about?" he asked.
"I don't know," she replied. "I can't read."



"Of course, when I first started here, the North Pole looked very different."

When my grandson Connor and I entered our vacation cabin in the Everglades, we kept the lights off until we were inside to keep from attracting pesky insects. Still, a few fireflies followed us in. Noticing them before I did, Connor whispered, "It's no use Pop. Now the mosquitoes are coming after us with flashlights."

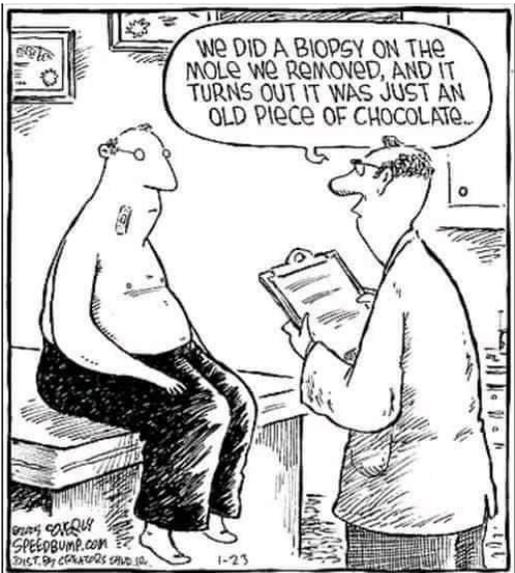


I used to work in a blanket factory, but it folded.



Colin
"Gizzy" Jones with a nice hapuku he pinched off someone else's line. 😊

When your Dad helps you dress up for Halloween :)



. A grandmother was telling her little granddaughter what her own childhood was like. "We used to skate outside on a pond. I had a swing made from a tire; it hung from a tree in our front yard. We rode our pony. We picked wild raspberries in the woods." The little girl was wide-eyed, taking this all in. At last she said, "I sure wish I'd gotten to know you sooner!"





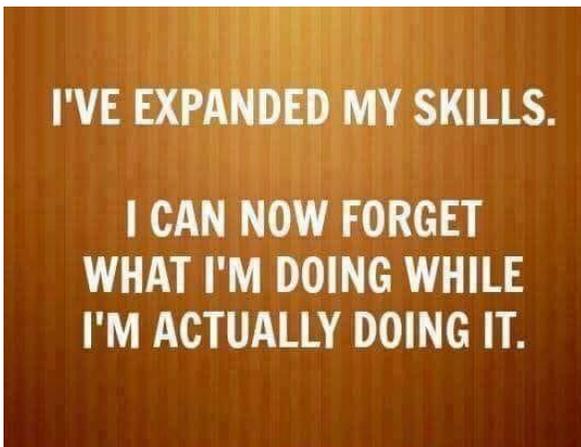
Radio Watch Channel 4.

First call up from 7.30 am

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**Next Club weekend 5th & 6th
December**



A second grader came home from school and said to her grandmother, "Grandma, guess what? We learned how to make babies today." The grandmother, more than a little surprised, tried to keep her cool. "That's interesting," she said. "How do you make babies?" "It's simple," replied the girl. "You just change 'y' to 'i' and add 'es'." ☺



LEGASEA
FISH FOR THE PEOPLE

Ian Warren was delivering his grandchildren to their home one day when a fire truck zoomed past. Sitting in the front seat of the fire truck was a Dalmatian dog. The children started discussing the dog's duties.

"They use him to keep crowds back," said one grandchild child.

"No," said another. "He's just for good luck." A third child brought the argument to a close. "They use the dogs," she said firmly, "to find the fire hydrants."



Perhaps this Cat had a part in a James Bond Film?? Pussy Galore?

After living in the remote countryside of Ireland all his life, an old Irishman decided it was time to visit Dublin.

In one of the stores, he picks up a mirror and looks into it.

Not ever having seen a mirror before, he remarked at the image staring back at him.

'How 'bout that! he exclaims, 'Here's a picture of my Fadder....'

He bought the mirror thinking it was a picture of his dad, but on the way home he remembered his wife didn't like his father, so he hung it in the shed, and every morning before leaving to go fishing, he would go there and look at it.

His wife began to get suspicious of his many trips to the shed. So, one day after her husband left, she went to the shed and found the mirror.

As she looked into the glass, she fumed, 'So that's the ugly bitch he's running around with.'



**You don't get lunch.
She thought I was you
and fed me twice.**



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Gavin Hodgekiss 0272 468 641
Charlie Baldwin 0272 441 602
Shane Baldwin 021 515 039
Warwick Anderson 0220 725 349
Chris Simmonds 0272 433 489
Rob Glanville 0275 600 092
Kim Lace 0274 819 888



"13 out of 12 people don't know what a baker's dozen is"



**A Husband's point of view!
Poem possibly by Pam Ayres**

**The missus bought a paperback, down
Shepton Mallet way.
I had a look inside her bag – t'was "Fifty
Shades of Grey."
Well I just left her to it, and at ten I went to
bed.
An hour later she appeared, the sight filled
me with dread –
In her left she held a rope, and in her right a
whip!
She threw them down upon the floor, and
then began to strip.
Well fifty years or so ago, I might have had a
peek,
But Mabel hasn't weathered well, she's eighty
four next week!
Watching Mabel bump and grind, could not
have been much grimmer.
And things then went from bad to worse, she
toppled off her zimmer.
She struggled back upon her feet, a couple of
minutes later.
She put her teeth back in and said, "I am a
dominator!"
Now if you knew our Mabel, you'd see just
why I spluttered,
I'd spent two months in traction, for the last
complaint I'd uttered.
She stood there nude and naked, bent
forward just a bit,**

**I went to hold her, sensual like, and stood on
her left tit!!
Mabel screamed, her teeth shot out, oh dear
what had I done?
She moaned and groaned then shouted out,
"Step on the other one!"
Well readers, I can tell no more, of what
occurred that day.
Suffice to say my jet black hair, turned fifty
shades of grey!**



**Paddy walks into the site office
carrying a flask.
Murphy:
"What you got there then?"
Paddy:
"Tis a new flask"
Murphy:
"What's it do then?"
Paddy:
"It keeps hot tings hot and cold
tings cold"
Murphy:
"So what you got in it then?"
Paddy:
"Two cups of coffee and an ice
cream"**

Adam is talking to God and asks him: "God, why did you make women so beautiful?"

God replies: "So that you would find them attractive."

Then Adam asks: "Okay. God, but why did you have to make them so stupid?"

God replies: "So that they would find you attractive."

I refuse to go bungee jumping...
I came into this world because of a broken rubber, I'm not leaving because of one.



Al Cundy with the perfect sized groper for Steaks.



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The Fence Repair –

Three contractors are bidding to fix a broken fence at a Government building. Simon is from Auckland, Nigel is from Wellington, and Wiremu is from Carterton. All three go with an official to examine the fence.

The Auckland contractor takes out a tape measure and does some measuring, then works out some figures with a pencil. "Well," he says, "I figure the job will run about \$900. That's \$400 for materials, \$400 for my crew and \$100 profit for me."

The Wellington contractor also does some measuring and figuring, then says, "I can do this

job for \$700. That's \$300 for materials, \$300 for my crew and \$100 profit for me."

The Ngaruawahia contractor doesn't measure or figure anything, but leans over to the government official and whispers, "\$2,900."

The incredulous official, says, "You didn't even measure up the job, like the two other guys. How did you come up with such a high figure?"

The Ngaruawahia contractor whispers back, My quote is "\$1000 for me, \$1000 for you, and we hire the guy from Auckland to fix the fence."

"Done!" Replies the government official.

And that, my fellow taxpayers, is how a Government Tender system works - and retains the spirit of the Treaty.

Paddy had been drinking at his local pub all day and most of the night, celebrating St Patrick's Day.

Mick, the bartender says, "You'll not be drinking anymore tonight, Paddy."

Paddy replies, "OK Mick, I'll be on my way then". Paddy spins around on his stool and steps off. He falls flat on his face.

"Damn," he says and pulls himself up by the stool and dusts himself off. He takes a step towards the door and falls flat on his face, "Oh bloody damn!"

He looks to the doorway and thinks to himself that if he can just get to the door and some fresh air he'll be fine.

He belly crawls to the door and shimmies up to the door frame. He sticks his head outside and takes a deep breath of fresh air, feels much better and takes a step out onto the sidewalk and falls flat on his face.

"Be-Jesus - I'm in bloody trouble," he says.

He can see his house just a few doors down, and crawls to the door, hauls himself up the door frame, opens the door and shimmies inside.

He takes a look up the stairs and says "No bloody way."

He crawls up the stairs to his bedroom door and says, "I can make it to the bed." He takes a step into the room and falls flat on his face. He says "Damn it" and falls into bed.

The next morning, his wife, Jess, comes into the room carrying a cup of coffee and says, "Get up Paddy. Did you have a bit to drink last night?"

Paddy says, "I did, Jess. I was bloody pissed. But how did you know?"

"Mick phoned - you left your wheelchair at the pub."

(I had a similar experience but it involved a bike.)



There is a lot of truth in this one alright.....



**WHY DO MEN SNORE WHEN THEY
LIE ON THEIR BACKS?
IT'S BECAUSE THEIR BALLS FALL
OVER THEIR BUTT-HOLE,
WHICH CAUSES A VAPOR LOCK.**



BY FRANK NEILL

The time is rapidly approaching when clams will be fished out of the Ōtaki coast, Ōtaki Beach resident Doc Ferris predicts.

Mr Ferris has some expertise in fishing and sustainability. He and his family have a long history of involvement in the fishing industry, and he is a keen fisherman.

A company called Cloudy Bay Clams has been dredging this coast for clams, he says.

Only bigger clams are used by the company, and the smaller ones are returned to the water.

They do not survive, however. That is partly because of their shape, but mainly because they cannot dig themselves back into the sand.

“They’re not built for fast digging,” Mr Ferris says. “The clam doesn’t have a big tongue like a tuatua or a pipi.

“Because they can’t dig in, small creatures like sea lice get in and strip the shells.

“Then the shells wash up – millions and millions of them – and it only happens when the clam boat comes here.

“If you go out and have a look when that happens, you’ll see that the only clams that wash up on the beach are the small ones.”

It is not just clams that are being decimated, either. Other species are affected by the dredging also.

“These clam boats would have almost wiped

out sea snails from along this coast too,” Mr Ferris says. “The dredging is indiscriminatory. It wipes out everything it passes over.”

The operation raises a lot of issues, such as the sustainability of harvest methods, and whether enough due diligence has been done on the catching methods.

When you talk to the Ministry of Primary Industries (which is responsible for monitoring commercial fishing), they say things like the dredging has virtually no impact on sustainability, that the clams released dig back into the sand again and that Cloudy Bay Clams technology is proven to be sustainable.continued page 13



Unsustainable Clam Fishing

...continued from front page

“The fact that the government has not pressured this crowd to get their technology so that these clams can dig themselves back into the sand is negligence at its finest.”

Mr Ferris says he has counted 300 shells in one square metre. Even if you allowed for 250 shells per square metre, that would mean there would be one million shells between the south

end of Ōtaki Beach and Waikawa after the clam boats had been dredging.

“According to MPI, this is okay.”

“It is most definitely not okay. In fact, we are close to the time when the clams will be fished out,” Mr Ferris says.

Another aspect of the clam fishing is that it is happening in an area where Māori have customary fishing rights, rights that will be wiped out when the commercial fishing takes its toll.





Why has this been allowed to get to this point? MPI should have been investigating these dead shellfish as soon as they appeared on the beach!

To date, nothing has been sorted but Legasea is now aware of this issue & is endeavouring to get more information.