



# NEWS LETTER



Photo: Jack Russell

TONGARIRO & LAKE TAUPU ANGLERS CLUB P.O. BOX 149, TURANGI. AUGUST 2010

New Zealand  
Turangi No. 1



P.O. BOX 149, TURANGI, NEW ZEALAND

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<b>Vice Presidents</b>	Marion Hall, 2 Fernwood Court, Wellington	04 477 0061
	Rob Martyn, 22 Enfield Road, Napier	021 687 8518
<b>Committee</b>	Stuart Connolly, 498 Riddell Rd, Auckland	09 575 8669
	Robyn Gray, 8 Surrey Street, Wilton, Wellington	04 475 9572
	Barry Waite, 1473 Rangioru Road, Te Puke	07 573 8534
	Adrian Rickards, 8 Danbury Drive, Torbay, Auck.	09 73 5549
	Graham Whyman, Town Centre, Turangi	073868996
	Tony Burt, 1449 Rangioru Road, Te Puke	07 573 7670
	Ken Haines, P.O Box 88 012, Clendon, Auck	09 264 1181
	Charles Andrews 567 Featherston St P. North	06 357 0793
<b>Secretary/Manager</b>	Mary Nisbet, 239 Taupehi Road, Turangi	07 386 5573
		OR 07 386 8879
<b>Hon. Accountant:</b>	John Billing, 357 Mangorei Road, New Plymouth	06 758 8821
<b>Hon. Reviewer</b>	Mack Butts, 10 Penrhyn Rd, Epsom, Auckland	09 630 0663
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## PRESIDENTS REPORT



### Greetings to all Members.

Where has the year gone? Well over half the year has been and gone and before we know it Christmas will be here !!! A reminder to those who have forgotten, your subscriptions were due as at the 1st January !! Also a reminder that it is not acceptable to ring Mary at 9.30 at night as one member did recently. Please have some consideration and respect and ring at an earlier hour - it is not hard to do.

The Club is ticking over very nicely at the moment and financially we are very sound, which has been a major aim of your Committee. We also have a steady call for membership which is great to have as that is helping to keep finances healthy and filling the gaps left by those Members dropping out for various reasons. The membership has remained steady for a number of years now.

On the fishing scene, for those who have not been recently, there have been some very nice fish caught this year - a big increase in size and quality, the condition has been superb with lovely orange coloured flesh which smokes up beautifully. It will only get better as the runs of spawning fish get bigger and more frequent.

Another reminder to follow the instructions for cleaning fish which is on the wall in the cleaning room - we don't want the Health Department or neighbors on our back !! Please co-operate - it is not hard to do. It was very pleasing to see Members cleaning their fishing gear and waders etc. in the Didymo drum after fishing Hinemaiaia, and other water as well as Tongariro - well done guys. That's it for now,

Bent Rods,  
Graeme.



## A MESSAGE FROM DIDYMO DAVE



Dear TALTAC members,

Thank you for your hospitality on the evening of your A.G.M.

Graeme has invited me to submit an article covering some of the points we discussed.

Firstly, Didymo remains a very real threat to the rivers and lakes in the Taupo area. While we can all take some credit from the fact that to the best of our current knowledge Didymo is not here, we all still need to keep up our efforts to keep it out. The behaviour of this invasive species continues to be unpredictable and to add to this puzzle, Dr Craig Davey from Waikato University has now identified 2 different strains of Didymo in the South Island.

The other key reason for not letting our guard down is that other aquatic weeds are also making their presence felt. Hornwort was 1st discovered in New Zealand in 2001 and is now ranked NZ's worst submerged weed. It is present in Lake Taupo, particularly in Tokaanu Bay and Lake Rotoaira. But it is not present in Lake Otamangakau or Lake Kuraia. So it really is vitally important to clean your boat and gear every time you go out and in particular if you are moving lakes.

Also, Alligator weed is slowly being moved upstream on the Waikato River and because it grows on land and in water is showing up in a number of new subdivisions in and around Hamilton. It can be spread by all sorts of ways, including being baled up by mistake and sold as stock feed, which can find its way all over the countryside.

So the bottom line is quite simple. Don't get too concerned what weed is where, just CHECK CLEAN DRY (CCD) every time you move from a river or lake to another river or lake. While ideally we should clean between catchments, for example the Tongariro and Tauranga - Taupo Rivers, it is most important to CCD when coming in and out of the Taupo catchment. That way, we keep what pests we already have to ourselves, and don't bring any new ones into our waterways.

We also had a good discussion on what I refer to as Conservation Intelligence and the impacts that people with a low level of CI are having on the rivers. For instance I am in the process of building a trout out of discarded nylon found in car parks and on the riverbanks. To date I have picked up 21,000 m of the stuff! I have 3 recycling bins full every week of cans, bottles etc that mainly come of the riverbanks and the lady at the dump has had enough of me showing up with pig guts, sheep guts and pelts and general offal that is discarded in places like the Stag pool carpark. We all have a responsibility here to be good role models in keeping our rivers clean.

So when you are out enjoying your sport, remember to think about what condition your actions will leave the river and the fishery in for our future fishers. Fishermen like you have been our greatest supporters in this fight, and we need your continued support so we can all keep making a difference.

If you need any assistance I can be contacted on 027 240 9603.

Didymo Dave

## CLUB NEWS



### Midwinter Christmas Dinner.

The annual midwinter Christmas Dinner was held on the 10th July, with 25 Members enjoying another great meal and excellent company. Once again everybody was treated to puaa fritters, turkey, ham, wild duck, roast beef, chicken etc as well as a great variety of vegetables and salads. This was followed by delicious sweets and a lovely Christmas cake. It was great to welcome some new faces this year as well as catching up with old friends - conviviality at it's best !!! A fishing competition was held as usual and a number of fish were caught. Wayne Smith was rumored to have caught and released 17 fish in the Hihemaiaia, with other Members all catching fish in the Tongariro. Russell Bee had a Japanese girl staying with him and she also caught her first fish ever in the Tongariro. Roll on next year's midwinter Christmas Dinner!!!

Bread bags are great for putting fish guts and heads into for disposing of. It would be a big help to the Club if Members were to fold and keep them, and put in the fish cleaning room each time they go to Taltac, instead of throwing them away.

I wish to extend to all members who have assisted and supported the club recently a very big "thank you". Everything that you do is noticed and appreciated. Just the other day Russell Bee and Steve Carrigan trimmed a hedge for Jim and Helen, wow, well done guys, and Russell polished the seats on the verandah during his stay as well. And yes he went fishing.

I have in my possession 1x Kiliwell 8' 2 piece graphite rod which was left in one of the cabins. Would you like to check your gear and let me know? Thank you. I am fairly sure it would have been in late June early July??

With the support of the Department of Conservation we are supplied with spray bottles to clean your gear before changing waterways. You know the drill. This comes at no cost to the club, and I believe we should support them, may I ask that you do not take a new bottle every time you are here. We have detergent available at the club that you can refill your bottle. You co-operation on this one would be appreciated.

As this is a busy time of the year and bookings are fairly steady, I must remind all members that you may need to share a cabin. The offer frequently made of paying for the cabin/ two beds is not an option. Sorry, but it is not fair on other members that wish to stay.

To those who pay via direct credit, excellent, thank you. Just one small reminder please include in your payment particulars such as who you are and what you are paying. I have had two deposits lodged one in January with the details "171 7" and one in July with details of "deposit"? Can you help me out with these please?

A small reminder to those who are introducing prospective members to the club please be prepared to have them stay with you as a guest to enable them to learn how the club operates. Thank you.

Tongariro National Trout Centre has two more children's fish out days left for the year they are 3rd October and 24th October 2010. The Centre needs our support please read the article from the new Administration Manager Kevin Farrington.

Please read the note in this issue of the newsletter regarding the weighting in of fish for the club competition.

Always forgive your enemies- nothing annoys them so much. Oscar Wilde.



# HARDSHIP



Recently I was reading a book about life in the 1870's at Martins Bay, written by the daughter of one of the early settlers, Alice Mackenzie (nee McKenzie)

If you feel the urge to go to Martins Bay you proceed from the end of the Hollyford Rd down to the junction where the track forks just above the head of Lake McKerrow where, unless you are ever so slightly bereft of reason you turn left. Of course I did not take the turn and blundered on straight ahead, continuing on following Lake Alabaster to the tail of the Pike River on and on with many trials and tribulations for two days to the sea at Big Bay. From there you turn south and continue for another day around a beautiful wild coast to the hut at Martins Bay. Apart from being caught on the tops in the Kawekas in a snow storm, the tramp from the Pike to the sea was among the hardest I have done. Many hours in a trackless swamp, frozen feet and with sleet slashing in my face, and that was in March! There are huts at Alabaster, half way up the Pike at Olivine and then down past Lake Wilmot at Big Bay. These days there is probably a bridged & benched track & posh huts full of Germans. Back then it was a track with wataatals to mark the way in the swamp.

Don't take the chance; turn left down the Hollyford Track. The Demon Hut is half way down the lake and from there the Demon Track takes you to Martins Bay. You will pass the site of Jamestown on the way.

Lake McKerrow is curious body of water, very deep. From the surface it just looks like any other glacial lake. If you happen to have put a diving bell in your pack though and you descend into the depths you are apparently in for a bit of a surprise. Once upon a time this was a fiord running parallel to the north of the Darran Mountains from Milford Sound with the Hollyford River flowing in at the head. About 10,000 years ago an earthquake raised the mouth of the sound cutting it off from the Tasman Sea. Since then the Upper Hollyford has debouched in to what had become a lake and flushing out through the land bridge and flowing into the sea about 3 kilometres beyond the end of the lake. The story goes that the fresh water being lighter than salt water only affects the top surface of the lake and that as you travel in your diving bell into the darker depths you enter a pure salt water ecosystem that has been uninterrupted over the ages. Good yarn but I wonder if this is true; I would have thought over the eons that sediment would have raised the bottom and by now the salt water would be long gone? If you pass this way pack a wet line, I would be interested to know whether you can catch a cod.

In 1870 the land was sold off at £2.10s a section for a new town to be formed half way down the lake. Jamestown was surveyed and Alice McKenziels father, a journalist from Hokitika took a holding. God only knows why, it is heavily bushed over solid rock and is a fit place only for the mosquitoes and monster sandflies that live there in the cold and the drenching rain. Apart from these minor negatives there was no road and no communication. "In September 1878, in view of coming events (she was heavily pregnant) my mother wished to go to Dunedin. The USSCo's steamer Maori was to call on her way from Grey mouth to Dunedin. Whenever she called she lay off Martins Bay and sent a boat ashore with mail and provisions. As she did not stay long anyone wishing to travel by her had to be at the landing place when the boat came in. The date of her arrival was always uncertain and she might be a week later than expected. Anybody wishing to travel had to be there and this was quite impossible for the people of Jamestown several miles away and out of sight of the sea. There was nobody to leave in charge of us so my sister Helen, 10 years of age was given full care of us and although I was only four years younger I looked upon her as quite grown up. It was quite an ordeal for so young if that sound tough the next passage is even worse! Later that same month...

Heavy rain fell constantly for a week and Lake McKerrow rose rapidly. I remember my father giving us out tea and putting us to bed as mother was ill. He then set out in his little boat for the Lower Hollyford to see if Mrs Robertson, the only woman available, could come to my mother. Mrs Robertson had a baby of two months and as it was a wild and stormy night, he was not sure if she would attempt the trip. A hard gale was blowing with heavy rain, the little boat was nearly swamped and a mile down the lake he put ashore at the home of an old bachelor named Taylor. He asked him, if the gale went down before morning to take the boat for Mrs Robertson. He then set off on foot for our home. (Incidentally this was a punge hut.) Not only was the lake beach under water, but the flood extended far into the densely matted bush, and several creeks on the way were raging torrents. The journey home was a nightmare. Dangerous logs were being washed down the swollen creeks and trees were being washed out by their roots. Falling down the banks in the darkness, forcing his way through the undergrowth, buffeted by logs and branches, he at last arrived home a wet, bruised and battered...

I recall on my travels in the short piece of track between the place where the track branches following the river down to Lake McKerrow, and the hut at the top of L Alabaster, you come across Chair Creek. When I first crossed it the banks were over 2 metres down to a little stream chuckling at the bottom and then up the other side, a final trial for tired legs. When we came back up the lake we crossed it again as we were spending the night at the Alabaster Hut. It rained all night and in the morning the lake was under the hut. We waded through to the track

on our last leg up to Gunnis Camp. When we got to Chair Creek it was frothing, spilling over its banks and we had to traverse up the true right a long way to where it branched. We followed the branch and eventually came across a beech tree that had fallen over the creek and we hacked our way over through the branches. A little further on we managed to ford the other branch before bush-bashing back down some way to the track and resuming our tramp for the road and. Imagine that, at night, exhausted and bone cold, with your wife giving birth in the darkness of a flooded hut, and her alone apart from your children the oldest of which was 10! The desperate drama of it takes my breath away.

*It was nearly midnight on Sept 24 1878. The lake had risen so much that the house was standing in water. He waded through the front door to find a foot of water over the floor of his home. My mother's bed stood in the water and on it she lay with her two hour old son beside her...*

Up until only a year before this man was a journalist, not a labourer injured to the hard life of a pioneer. His wife: "I can well remember seeing her sitting up in bed with her dark curly hair hanging over her shoulders, smiling and looking quite happy in spite of her awful surroundings as she held her baby son up for me to see..."

Mrs McKenzie, marrying a journalist would have had the expectation of a more genteel and cultured life. I sometimes think we use the word "heroic" a little glibly these days. The McKenziels were true heroes.

...In the afternoon Mr Taylor arrived with Mrs Robertson. They had a very hard journey against the strong current of the flooded Hollyford down which uprooted trees were floating. Mrs Robertson had bought her baby daughter with her and she left four or five other children at home."

What was the woman thinking? The baby was two months old! What would Child Youth & Family make of this 132 years on?

When you get to Jamestown now the only mark this place was once inhabited is the DOC sign telling you so. In most places like this a bit of a fossick usually finds at least the pathetic remains of a cemetery but here the beech forest has reclaimed every last thing. We brewed a blinne on the shingle beach and wondered at the desperation that had possessed these pioneers to try to tame this ffitler land.

Don't think that in their hardship these people always gathered together to share the burden of their misery. They could be feisty. "One day the schoolchildren quarrelled and when they went home told their grievances to their mothers. Very soon a number of women were out on the beach carrying on the children's dispute. The men came home, found their wives engaged in a violent quarrel and joined in the fray. The men were soon fighting, some with knives in their hands. Some of the women were tearing each others hair, and some pulling off their stockings, put stones in them making a most unpleasant weapon." There was of course no policeman but the appointed Government Agent, Duncan McFarlane wisely stayed at home until there were just two women left standing. These he put in separate cells in the lock-up until they cooled down. At Martins Bay that would not take long. How sensible the Law was then!

"a most unpleasant weapon!" An equally unpleasant thought has occurred to me: Names and moans won't break my bones.

I think I will be more careful to watch my "p.s.d.s" when arguing emotional subjects. Like whether a blue centre in a glo-bug makes an idea of difference. The kitchen tables @ TALIAC has witnessed many a robust debate. The book goes on steadfastly recording the most piteous tales of tragedy and extraordinary courage on the road toward ultimate failure and abandonment of the settlement; drowned husbands and dead children. Amazingly this incredible book is devoid of self-pity, it is not numbingly depressing as you might expect, it is a fabulous read.

What is the point of all this? Other than proving than there is sometimes fantastic reading in those slim little red books of yesteryear forgotten on dusty shelves; not a lot. But from the perspective of a fisherman, if, as Marion Hall & I did recently, you find yourself at Tanawera standing in 80cm of water in the torrential rain, dressed in a rubber suit trying fruitlessly to catch a trout with your carbon fibre lightning conductor while the thunder roils and crashes against the hills and lightning forks through the first light of dawn, then think about the McKenzie's and contemplate the real meaning of hardship. That should cheer you up!

Richard Benefield

*Pioneers of Martins Bay by Mrs Peter Mackenzie  
Printed by The Otago Daily Times And Witness Newspapers Co. 1947 Price 10/6*



# TONGARIRO NATIONAL TROUT CENTRE

## Supporter Panel Tiles

The Tongariro National Trout Centre is undergoing a major expansion of its visitor centre and museum, and its Genesis Energy Aquarium is nearing completion. One funding source supporting these projects is the Walkway Donors Board. Fishermen, conservation-minded people, organizations and visitors are invited to help finance these projects by buying a wall tile. \$125 puts your name and location on a Supporter Panel prominently situated at the entrance of the Trout Centre and Aquarium. (Commercial supporters rate is \$150 GST Inc). For further details please contact the Trout Centre ph 07 386 8085 or visit their website [www.troutcentre.org.nz](http://www.troutcentre.org.nz)



# WEIGHING OF FISH FOR COMPETITION

## IMPORTANT NOTE

ALL fish entered into the TAL TAC fishing competition MUST be weighed on the existing weighing apparatus at the club. It is appreciated that the scales may weigh differently from your scales or that of your fishing net scales but if everyone weighs on the same machine you are all at the same advantage or disadvantage.

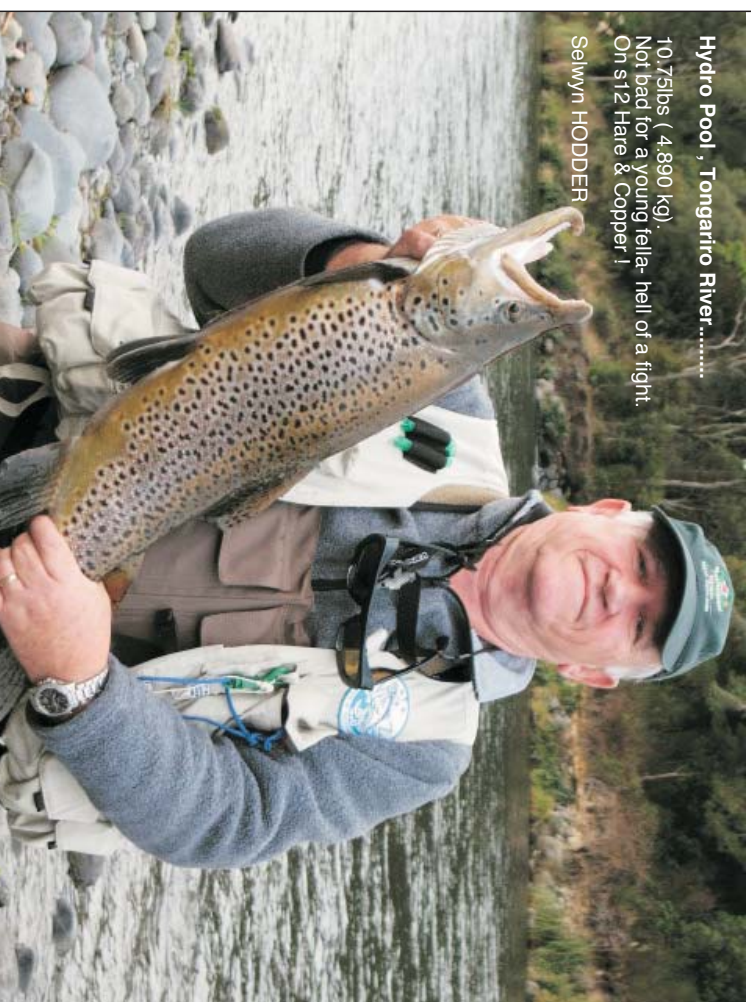
At some time in the future the club may invest in a set of electronic scales but for now the existing scales are the only scales to be used should you wish to enter a fish in the club competition.

Small reminders when entering the competition please fully complete the card supplied and ensure you have this witnessed. Thank you.

Hydro Pool, Tongariro River.....

10.75lbs (4.890 kg).  
Not bad for a young fella- hell of a fight.  
On s12 Hare & Copper !

Selwyn HODDER





# MEMBERSHIP APPLICATION

## TALTAC MEMBERSHIP APPLICATION FORM

Membership in TALTAC is available to anglers who identify with the Club's purposes of fostering and promoting angling; accept the benefits and obligations of belonging to this Club by accepting its rules and participating in its activities; undertake to act ethically when angling.

I would like to become a member of TALTAC

Signed \_\_\_\_\_ Date \_\_\_\_\_

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

Phone \_\_\_\_\_ (Pvt) \_\_\_\_\_ (Bus) \_\_\_\_\_ (Mobile) \_\_\_\_\_

Occupation \_\_\_\_\_ Other Skills \_\_\_\_\_

The Support of two members is required

Name \_\_\_\_\_ Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_ Address \_\_\_\_\_

Signed \_\_\_\_\_ Signed \_\_\_\_\_

Date \_\_\_\_\_ Date \_\_\_\_\_

Return this form, together with a cheque for the total amount due to:  
The Secretary Manager, TALTAC, PO Box 149, Turangi. 3334

	Entry Fee	Annual Subscription	NZFFA* Levy	Total
<b>Adult</b>	\$70.00+	\$35.00+	\$3.00	.....
<b>Double/Family</b>	\$100.00+	\$50.00+	\$6.00	.....
<b>Junior</b>		\$5.50		.....
Security Master Key for Clubhouse entry @ \$16.00 each				.....
TALTAC Lapel Badge @ \$8 each				.....
<b>Total for which cheque enclosed herewith</b>				<b>\$ _____</b>

\*The New Zealand Federation of Freshwater Anglers is an organisation, which looks after the interests of all freshwater anglers nationwide. Without the Federation we could have Channel Catfish in all our waters, Marron eating our fish diet, not to mention trout farming and no access!

