

# STEWART ISLAND NEWS

## CELEBRATING RAKIURA

AUGUST-SEPTEMBER 2006

\$2

[Warning: I recently heard someone down at the Pub say *I'm all kakapo'd out*. If you share this sentiment, you might want to skip pages 1, 3, 5, and 11.]

*This particular issue of S.I.N. made me pine for enough funds so our little paper could afford to use colour ink — black and white just doesn't do justice to a kakapo, an octopus tattoo, Noeline Fife's birthday quilt, and the excellent costumes from Go Yellow day...*

It has been a busy time for the Island. In a strange confluence of events, the Prime Minister, a group of tattoo artists, a friendly kakapo, a posse of Press, and the drunken Clutha rugby club *all* descended upon Halfmoon Bay on 12th August. Fortunately, only a few feathers were ruffled, a few pint glasses smashed, and everyone seemed to enjoy themselves (p.3)

Before his trip to Ulva, Sirocco rested in the Bay and locals had an opportunity to view him. Young and old went to the Visitor Centre and had a peek. Dozens of children sat at the glass and Sirocco spent minutes on end staring right back at them. A kakapo's lifespan has been estimated at

close to 90 years, and Sirocco is only nine. Think of it: all of those enraptured wee

ones could someday bring their grandchildren to see the same bird. If he's still touring like a rock star, and why not? *Tattoo You* was my first record and the Rolling Stones are still on the road! (Speaking of tattoos, see page 7.)

Only one of 86 kakapos left on Earth, Sirocco is a particularly humanised bird. He has been known to jump on a person's gumboot in a most provocative way. On the subject of "gumboot romance", the second annual Stewart Island Singles' Ball is upon us. Have fun, everyone!

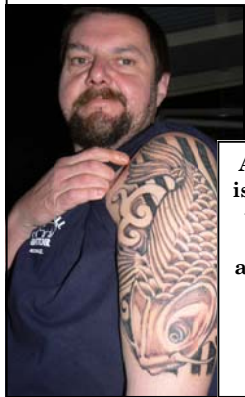
Recent events include the hilarious pool fundraiser *Go Yellow Day*, fishing competition, shell workshop, library party, Noeline Fife's 90th birth-

day (where she was presented with a beautiful

quilt)(p.8), and a Community Cuppa at the Fire Brigade where a call was made for more volunteers (p.6). A longstanding volunteer organization on the Island quietly came to an end last month: the Stewart Island branch of the R.S.A. is no more (it has now joined the Bluff R.S.A.) See page 8 for a bit of this fine institution's history.

We welcome the new cop Shaun Palmer and his wife Bronwyn to the Island. The "Halfmoon Bay Beat" is back!

*If you want to see some of these images in colour, call DOC and get yourself on the boat to Ulva to see you-know-who; visit Noeline; or see if you can coax Pete to roll up his sleeve.*



And this isn't even the colourful arm! See p. 7 for Pete's other side.

### STEWART ISLAND WELCOMES ALL of the SINGLES' BALL-GOERS!

Who is watching who? Sirocco visited with HMB locals at the Visitor Centre, 10th August. DOC counted over 800 visits through the door

that night, (many folks went through more than once). The enthralled look on the children's faces was priceless, and the big green parrot seemed equally interested in his audience.



Prime Minister Helen Clark has some "face time" with Sirocco the kakapo on Ulva Island, 12th August (page 3).

PHOTO: JESS KANY



Knight in shining fairy gown. "Best costume" winner Kim Knight helped to raise money for the swimming pool (p.7) during the *Go Yellow!* scavenger hunt.

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And much more!!

BOAT-OF-THE-MONTH:

**HARBINGER**

Photo: Margaret Hopkins.

Built at Sandy Point, Invercargill, by the Francks Brothers — can find no record of the date, but suspect it would be about the 1890's because the same men built the **CORDELIA** there in 1889.

Her early history is obscure, but she turns up as part of the Jones fleet in the 1960's, and then was included in the sale to Skeggs Fisheries in 1967 - 68. About then she was skippered by Alan McMurtrie who made a name for himself by codding at the Traps with his wife and brother-in-law as crew, and a small baby kept on deck during the day in an open suitcase!

Jack Parry was a later owner / skipper, followed by Eric ("Bones") Mackay.

Unfortunately, on the 25th January 1978, she hit a rock off Steep Head south of the Neck, and was holed and driven ashore on Ocean Beach. Mackay and his crew Jim Manser got ashore safely.

She was considered beyond repair, and the hull was stripped of the engine and gear and the remains burnt. **HARBINGER** was 11.5M overall and powered by a 3LW Gardner diesel engine.



## Halfmoon Bay Police Beat

I suppose the best way to start off this edition of Halfmoon Beat is by introducing myself. My name is Shaun Palmer and I am your new cop. I am not a rent a cop but very permanent. To the people I have met so far thanks for the warm welcome.

It also may assist to answer those three questions everybody wants the answers to: How old are my kids? how many? and are there any more?. I have two, they are 17 and 19 and there are no more. So sorry I can't help with numbers at the school. I also am married. Bronwyn who came down with me and made sure when we unpacked everything went in the "right place" has left to go back up north to finish off her work contract.

I have been in the job for 21 years spending most of it in country stations. The last seven years I have been in Northland working at Rawene a small town in the Hokianga harbour then the last five years at Mangonui. Mangonui being a small fishing village on the east coast about 45 minutes away from Kaitaia. The area I covered had a population about 6500 people and there were 2 cops to look after the area. It was very busy and demanding.

Stewart Island is like a breath of fresh air in more ways than one. I am a country cop for want of a better term. I enjoy working in smaller communities and the challenges and diversity of jobs that occur. I am looking forward to these challenges down here and hope by becoming part of the community I can contribute to the community.

*Quota* has been a word that has floated around in the media as of late. There have been various connotations applied to this word. I don't have a quota. (The only one I know of is the fishing limits).

What I have though is a sense of fairness. As said most of my time has been spent in the country; I know and understand how two words "traffic enforcement" can and do bring out all the comments. I know I've heard most of it and some I agree with. I go back to what I said about fairness. I will be fair but don't flaunt the rules. Enough about that.

It was good to go up to Bungaree last week with some Doc staff and Phred our local HFO (Honorary Fishery Officer) to catch up with some possum trappers who couldn't measure. It seemed they thought any size of paua was okay for them. They were wrong. As well as getting a lesson on what a

ruler looks like they also received a quick sharp message about fishing regulations. I think they understood. I also understand that MAF met them at Bluff where they received some paperwork that will make them think next time they go after pauas. I'm sure their mates will also get the message about taking undersized shellfish.

Of interest is that on arriving here I had two files relating to two burglaries that had happened on the Island in the last couple of months. The first in June where the Church Hill Cafe was burgled. Taken was a substantial amount of cash, camera and laptop computer. The loss of these items caused considerable stress and hardship to the owner. It would be nice to get back the laptop and camera at least.

Also the Community Hall was burgled and a quantity of alcohol taken. If anyone has any ideas who is responsible for these offences give me a call or catch up with me.

I may be hard to find at times over the next month. I have a number of court cases still to sort out up North which mean me being away for at least 3 days at a time. Hopefully a "rent a cop" will cover whilst I'm away. Perhaps even Duncan.

—Shaun Palmer

### PRIME MINISTER VISITS HMB and kicks off Kakapo Encounter

After a wander around Oban and a tramp to Port William, the Prime Minister went to the Wharfside Café where she was greeted by various dignitaries and members of the press. Michael Skerret greeted the group in Maori and welcomed Mrs. Clark, referring to her as a kotuku (white heron), and Peter Goomes and Mayor Frana

Cardno also spoke. The PM, still in her tramping gear, spoke of her lovely day spent in Halfmoon Bay where she "experienced four seasons in a day." She kept her talk brief, as she was on a tight schedule what with plane connections that evening to bring her back north. She spoke of her fondness for the Island and her enthusiasm for the kakapo recovery program. The rain began to lash the windows of the café

and she remarked wryly, "another one of your seasons has just arrived." Then Ulva Goodwillie, the official guide, advised we all check our bags for stowaway rats, and it was time to board the *Aurora* for Ulva Island. I overheard some of the television crew members joking about getting an *Ulva '06* tattoo upon our return to the Bay (the South Sea Pub was



PHOTOS: JESS KANY

(Continued on page 5)



The PM feeds Sirocco grapes and nuts.



Mayor Frana Cardno, Prime Minister Helen Clark, and guide Ulva Goodwillie.





# ban Globetrotter *off-island adventures*

*Gwen and Garry Neave recently returned from a vacation in Rarotonga. Following is Gwen's account of their trip:*

## PARADISE VISITED

A tour guide told us there were between 14,000 – 18,000 Rarotongan natives living on the island of Rarotonga. That may well be so but I bet there are 30,000 roosters (all in fine voice) and 30,000 dogs in residence there!

The former are everywhere and a curse to anyone hoping to sleep past the hour of 5.00am. The latter are generally the fattest and most benign canines one could hope to meet. There is a sign on the main road leading south east from Avarua the capital of the Cook Islands reading "Dogs Crossing". I didn't see *one* four legged pedestrian taking advantage of this courtesy sign but they sure crossed the roads and lay on the roads every place else. It's rather amazing that the two species seemed to ignore each other completely and seem to live in relative harmony. Roosters, hens and chicks roamed freely through private grounds and posh hotel environs without censure. Some even wandered through the outdoor area of the café where we had lunch one day oblivious of the dining patrons but greedily scavenging for crumbs and tidbits.

I must confess that Garry and Shorty were not so tolerant of the roosters after having their early morning sleep disturbed by the resident birds at the complex where we stayed for eight glorious days. They never missed a chance to chase the poor cocks to the edge of the grounds with a great deal of arm waving and cussing. By contrast the resident dog rolled a lazy and tolerant eye at the birds and wondered what all the fuss was about.

Rarotonga is your perfect dream tropical island. It is only a three hour flight from



Auckland. The currency is the same as NZ which means hassle-free buying. Most tourists take advantage of the scooter or car hire services and the relaxed license arrangements for these vehicles. It takes about forty minutes to drive around the whole island at a sedate 45 kph, which is the speed limit, and we soon became very familiar with this main road. The first time we did drive it we were amused to pass a cyclist we all recognised – Helen Cave. With cheers of "Well done" and "Yaah, Go Helen" we waved and carried on to the resort where the large Stewart Island contingent was domiciled.

It was great to see them all in relaxed mode around the hotel pool, some a delicate pink, others a virulent crimson. Meeting them for drinks and dinner later was a good introduction for us to the nightlife on Raro which turned out to be fairly similar to here – just warmer! Seriously, Raro offers a wide variety of restaurants, cafés and nightclubs. Some of the other group ventured into the latter but, as they say, "what happens on the tour stays on the tour" so I'm afraid I can't reveal any steamy details about hijinks on the dance floors or in the bars. If you're really interested ask Debs and Karen or maybe Wayne.

Although we arrived on Raro during a heavy tropical downpour at 10pm (a local wag told us that Air NZ always lands at night because the runway is really too short for big planes) and were hustled into the main airport under large umbrellas the air temperature was a balmy 19 degrees and the precipitation only a minor irritation. However, our welcoming staff member



at the Muri Beachcomber was dressed in a thick knitted jersey and was stifling shivers. She had remained on duty to welcome us

at 11.00pm when our airport shuttle dropped us off with orange juice and to guide us to our units.

At midnight despite the violent wind and rain whipping the palm branches above the beach decking the white beach was just visible as a sandy stretch to be enjoyed and explored when the morning came and the sun (hopefully) appeared. And yes, we were not to be disappointed.

Our bure style cabins overlooked a lawn edged by palms and a deck with steps leading down to the loveliest beach and gentle lagoon beyond which waves crashed on the outer reef. The water was divinely warm. It was safe. It was Bliiiisssful. A morning and afternoon dip became de rigueur for our eight day stay and only a nasty bout of food poisoning interrupted that regime for us.



On the advice of the other Stewart Islanders we took a safari trip one day that promised to give us a look at the interior, the only waterfall on Raro, a potted history of the island, and would conclude with a barbecue feast. Our driver was a young native of Aitutaki in the Northern Cooks who had lived on Raro for sixteen years. He was like a Billy T. clone, full of cheeky patter and jokes who would break into song whenever the 4WD vehicle tackled steep, muddy and near vertical tracks. He certainly provided a lively commentary that attacked Australians and Kiwi in good humour in equal parts. His stories of the ancient tribal strife and the coming of the missionaries to Raro were riveting and I personally found the account of the departure of the vaka (waka), including Takitimu, for

*(Continued on page 5)*

*(Globetrotter continued)*

Aotearoa very moving. The beach barbecue was excellent offering marlin and salads as we were entertained by our versatile guide serenading us as we dined.

Music is a large part of Rarotonga culture. We attended an island night that included singing and traditional dancing that must have originally made the missionaries blush! (Thank goodness the latter did not manage to outlaw these beautiful expressions of grace and rhythm.) We attended a church service at the Takitimu village Cook Islands Central Church where the congregation's singing was glorious and a huge luncheon was laid out for visitors to share following the service.

We said our goodbyes to the island with huge regret. The elderly gentleman at the airport who greets every flight

strumming his ukulele and singing popular songs of welcome and farewell was on hand at 4.00am (yes! 4.00am) when we checked in for our flight back to Auckland. He called greetings to local travellers and wished folk like us a speedy return to our homes. The delightful sense of informality about the airport check-in epitomizes the laid back feeling of Rarotonga. Incoming passengers left their queue lines before going through customs to pass through outward bound passenger lines to the toilets. The gentleman singer moved amongst the arrivals shaking hands and chatting. Airport security was unfazed and calm but I cannot imagine such a scene in Auckland or Christchurch. The sweet sounds of Harry Belafonte's "Island in the Sun" then Tom Jones's "Green, Green Grass" followed us as we walked across the tarmac to our plane and a new dawn began to break on the horizon.

**PM visits** *(Continued from page 3)*



hosting a tattoo show that evening). Each person was handed a torch at the Ulva wharf, and we followed the guide to Sirocco's enclosure. Kakas shrieked in the trees around the group, and kiwis screeched from the bushes.

Sirocco seemed curious about his visitors, and continually pressed his big beak to the glass, peering into cameras and faces. His minder hung a torch from a branch so we could see, but the dim lighting and the raindrops on both sides of the glass had a TV news crew asking for some additional lighting, and a squeegee to clear the glass.

The parrot didn't seem to mind the lights, but the squeaky sound the squeegee made against the glass sent him up his branch with an indignant squawk. His feathers weren't ruffled for long, however, and he returned to the glass for another look (he could be just enraptured by his own reflection).

Helen Clark entered his pen and spent about 15 minutes feeding him grapes and nuts while the TV cameras filmed. Both bird and politician seemed well used to the constant photographing. Sirocco did some elaborate wing stretches, and shook his tail feathers, and behaved in a highly active and curious manner. Then it was time to troop back through the bush in single file with our torches.

Each *Kakapo Encounter* trip includes a volunteer community member who stays at the tail end of the group to ensure no *twitcher* (rare bird chaser) goes astray. On this particular night the project manager for the event, Jo Learmonth, was the "caboose." (Jo also accompanied Sirocco on his flight from Wellington; she said that every time the captain or flight crew made an announcement the parrot answered with a big squawk, much to the delight of the passengers.)

Back on board the *Aurora*, various journalists sat with the PM and interviewed her, while other folks just buzzed about the kakapo — it was the

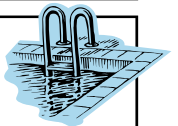
first sighting for most of the people present. Upon arrival at HMB, Helen Clark went straight to the airstrip and the others went to the Hotel for tea (and no, no tattoos).

(While it was a shame the PM did not have time to dine, some hotel management actually felt a *teensy* bit relieved as there had been a worry about the behaviour of the Clutha rugby team, some of who'd been drinking since the early morning. The thought of the PM and partying rugby boys under one roof seemed a potentially disastrous mix. All went smoothly, however, and if the biggest hiccup seemed that the parrot disapproved of the squeegee, it was a very successful visit for all.) (And who knows? Maybe he *liked* the squeegee...).

A DOC rep has reported that their phone is "red hot" with bird enthusiasts from as far away as Japan, England, the U.S.A. and the far north (Auckland) making bookings for *Kakapo Encounter*. Locals too are most welcome to visit Sirocco, contact DOC (2190 002) for details.

**THANK YOU to everyone who contributes photos, articles, suggestions and support to the *Stewart Island News* each month, and to S.I. Flights and Maurice at Executive Car Service who see it safely to and from the printer.**

Drink slinger Vicki Coats recently organized "Go Yellow!" Day in order to raise money for the community pool (p.7). This hasn't been the first such effort: Garth Barnesdale sent me a newspaper clipping harking back to the 1970s describing an earlier, and perhaps stranger, effort by Islanders to raise money for a swimming pool. The article, entitled "Stewart Island cuts country adrift" gives an account of Island "rebels" who staged a "secession" from New Zealand on the steps of the Invercargill Town Hall. Those involved, including Neil Carver, Jack Plato, and rebel leader Michael Goomes, called upon the gathered crowd to donate money for a Stewart Island swimming pool. If you'd like to view this article, a copy is available for perusal at the library.



**Stewart Islanders – are you MAD?**

*by Chris Visser*

In July Barry Rhodes and myself went to a Community Board Conference in Lower Hutt. The highlight of this conference was a speaker from Australia called Peter Kenyon – who gave a presentation on Healthy and Sustainable Communities. Peter told us of an Australian Survey in which two thirds of respondents said they didn't TRUST their neighbours. The 7 of us from Southland looked at each in amazement as we couldn't simply imagine a community like that – but around us some people from other parts of the country looked at each other saying "oh that's about right".

Yikes. This really got me thinking about what we take for granted in our community.

Peter Kenyon issued us with a challenge to take back to our communities – are we made up of people who are

MAD or not? MAD – Making A Difference. So with the help of around 40 people who turned up at the Fire Brigade for a Community Cuppa on Wednesday 26 July – I've come up with this of 44 Volunteer groups in our Community through which people in our community give their own time and effort to make our community a better place to live:

Badminton, Bridge Club, Choir, Churches, Civil Defence, Clay Target Club, Community Board, Community Centre Trust, Education Trust, Environment Trust, Fire Brigade, First Response Team, Fishermen's Association, Garden Circle, Golf Club, Gymnastics, Health Committee, Indoor bowls, Knitting Group, Lawn Bowls, Library, Lions, Mataitai Committee, Meals on Wheels, Motorau Gardens, Museum, Netball, Pavilion Trust, Pest Management Liaison Group, Promotions Association, Road Safety Liaison Group, Rugrats, School Board of Trustees, Search and Rescue, Starfish, Stewart Island News, Stewart Island

Players, Toi Rakiura, Ulva Island Trust, Victim Support, VIN Trust, Winter Sports Club, Winton Rotary and Yoga.

This is an amazing number of groups for a small community and the people who are part of them deserve a BIG thank you. Look closely though and many of them are the same people – and ponder this; "Communities can be compared to Rugby Test Matches – where 300,000 people who need the exercise sit back and watch the 30 people who don't".

If you value the life you have here – it is time to step up and get involved and support the people who are already contributing. Some of these groups struggle – The Fire Brigade for example is desperately in need of new recruits and Jed has written more on this.

We have strong and caring community and we deserve to celebrate this. But please don't take it for granted. Go MAD – *Make A Difference.*

**YOUR FIRE BRIGADE NEEDS YOU!**

Our numbers have dropped to a level that impact on our performance. The speed of fire demonstrated on the TV ads is for real. The more firefighters we have the faster we can do the job. It makes the difference between saving your house or losing it but saving your neighbours. It also impacts on the safety of our firefighters in that we can not have a rescue team standing by to save our own should they get into trouble.

It also impacts on our ability to make "a snap rescue". A snap rescue is what we do on arrival to a fire where "persons are reported missing". It is a very big decision for the Officer in Charge to commit firefighters to entering a burning building without backup at that stage of the job.

The Brigade is funded/obliged to train and equip 15 "operational" firefighters. We currently have about 10 on the

role some of which are non-operational and some are not trained yet. So we have about 7 qualified operational staff which is just not enough.

We only train for 1.5 hrs a week so it takes about a year to be trained to a competent but basic level. Also the trainee can gain the NZQA Firefighter Qualification if he or she desires. This is the same qualification as the professional firefighters in town. It qualifies you to do everything required but there are many more courses available, e.g. Driver training, Hazardous chemicals, rope rescue...

Ideally we would like fit young people committed to staying on the Island for life, who are prepared to train to a high level. But we are prepared to give anyone a go. Most of the work is heavy and often in difficult conditions and sometimes with a life and death level of stress. Bad backs and minds are out. Perhaps the most important thing is the ability to work in a team in the above conditions

without losing your cool. The Brigade currently enjoys a relaxed friendly environment and one arsehole can ruin that. If you find your life stressful, full of disputes and dramas then please think twice about joining the brigade.

My way of coping with the role is to treat it professionally. Just like any other job turning up on time/regularly for training is expected. Conduct on the job needs to be professional. That involves treating your work-mates and "customers" with respect and courtesy. But there is plenty of scope for humour and camaraderie at the same time.

The command structure is a little bit military. It is that way so the officer in charge can have total control and get the job done ASAP. If you have trouble taking and carrying out an instruction because you have a better way, you need to have a team talk to feel you are contributing, you felt put out that the instruction seemed abrupt...please do not join.

So what motivates people to do a job that is tough, dirty and dangerous for no pay? Community spirit? A desire to help others? A vague feeling that you should contribute/return something to the community? Self preservation in a sense of being able to save your own house/loved ones? Is it reasonable to expect someone else to turn up and do it for you. Especially if you are able bodied and spent the last year of Monday evenings on the couch watching TV?

I believe that everyone should contribute some volunteer time to the community. That's what community is. There are approximately 44 volunteer groups. If you feel that the Fire Brigade is one you can contribute to PLEASE BE AT THE FIRE STATION 7.00 PM EVERY MONDAY.

We look forward to seeing you there.

*Cheers, Jed*

### South Sea Hotel paints the town yellow!

by Vicki Coats

Go Yellow! Happened on the 29<sup>th</sup> and 30<sup>th</sup> July. The Kids' Dress-a-Lemon kicked off events with all the entrants looking fantastic. Logan won, in a close-run competition, with



his mo-hawked action-man. Enjoy your prize, buddy!

After this the yellow scavenger hunt was on with many cheerfully bedecked vehicles joining in the fun. The Yolks were first back and went on to win the \$100 prize. A beautiful mirror, donated by Seabuzz, was awarded as a special prize to Joline who had put heaps of effort into their costumes. Kimmy won the prize pack and another mirror for best fancy dress with her fairy queen outfit (what happened to witchy-poo?)



The yellow quiz on Sunday had a popular turnout, part in thanks to the publicans who joined in

with gusto. Helen's Hecklers, re-named Yellow Mellow for the night won the bar tab; it didn't last long.

In total, with all the money raised from the scavenger hunt, collections in the bar and the auctioning of my yellow attire by the publicans (don't ask!) we raised a



total of \$565 for the Community Pool which is a fantastic effort by everyone who donated. Scooting aficionados will be pleased to hear of the return of the Scavenger Hunt 3 on 9<sup>th</sup> September. To make things a little different (and also because my brain is running out of random items!) we have decided to let you pick the items this time! All you need to do is drop in a suggestion for a single item written on a piece of paper in a sealed envelope. On the day 30 envelopes will be picked at random, and the resulting list used. Anyone can pick an item whether they intend to join a team or not, get your thinking caps on! The quizzes are still going great guns, although you can tell that it is winter as the teams are dropping in numbers! It starts at 6:30pm Sunday and is generally finished by 8pm and is a great laugh for all involved. We emptied the charity tin again on 6<sup>th</sup> August; this time \$200 was voted to go to the Community Centre, not the Lo Loma Charity Fund, sorry Squizzly!

Hope to see you there!



### BODY ART AT THE SOUTH SEA HOTEL

Timm, Naith, "Knuckles" and Alistair (left) came down from of Absolution in Christchurch ([www.absolution.co.nz](http://www.absolution.co.nz)) and spent a day at South Sea Hotel Pub for the island's first tattoo exhibition. During their visit they created ten tattoos (the PM did not get one) and heaps of piercings

Pete's got 10 arms ... this colourful tat gives new meaning to the term "octopus ink." →



### Stewart Island R.S.A. ends after a good spin

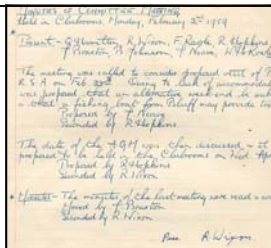
A few Fridays ago Ted Rooney went down to the Pub and organized the Friday night R.S.A. raffle, just as he had done every Friday for 18 years. What made this one special was that it was the LAST one. The Stewart Island chapter of the Returned Services Association quietly closed last month, after functioning on the Island since 1931. There are no longer enough members to keep it viable (five are needed to vote) so

it is joining the Bluff R.S.A.

There are many "unsung heroes" in the community, people who spend many

years quietly volunteering to keep various organizations running smoothly. Ted Rooney spent 18 years as the secretary-treasurer of the R.S.A. While the involvement meant hours of work, it was a friendly, social club as well, and Ted has fond recollections of meetings and parties over the years.

He even has happy memories of "colourful funerals." Upon request, one R.S.A. member made sure that his funeral was a memorable occasion. "The casket had a porthole in the top and we could see him through it," remembered Ted. "He was quite a



hard case." The funeral wasn't a terribly sad occasion. "He'd had a good spin," said Ted.

When Ted first joined the R.S.A. there were 12 returned servicemen onboard. Now, every one of them is gone. (And it's been this way with RSAs across the country, so the membership rules have changed: today, anyone can join the R.S.A. as a social member.)

Date	Alt.	Income	Expenditure	Balance
	c 290	Topping Fund	1976	
April 26th	By Balance Forward			205:66
March	Annual Public Appeal	2:06		207:70
May 26th	Autumn	2:99		210:69
	Toppings - New R.S.A.		6:78	203:91
	State Topping Donations	8:70		212:61
	Spectator Sticker - Wreath		20:00	192:61
	Computer Cheque Book		3:00	189:61

As secretary-treasurer, Ted has been the record-keeper. The old

ledgers, dating back to the 1930s, carry minutes of meetings ordinary and extraordi-

(Continued on page 9)



# Happy Birthday Noeline



Family and friends came from across the Tasman and across Foveaux Strait to attend Noeline Fife's 90th birthday celebration in Invercargill. She was presented with gifts including a beautiful quilt created with much love by Stewart Island ladies.

Rakiura friends each signed one of the 80 squares of the blanket with warm wishes for the "birthday girl." Following is a poem that Noeline has shared with us:

### My "Get Up and Go" Has Got Up and Went

Shared with us by Noeline Fife (on her 90th birthday)

How do I know my youth is all spent?  
Well my "get up and go" has got up and went  
But in spite of it all, I am able to grin,  
When I think where my "get up and go" has been.

Old age is golden, so I've heard said.  
But sometimes I wonder, as I get into bed,  
With my ears in a drawer, and my teeth in a cup,  
My eyes on the table, until I wake up.

Ere sleep dims my eyes, I say to myself,  
Is there anything else to be laid on the shelf?



I'm happy to say, when I then close the door  
My friends are the same, or perhaps even more.

When I was young, and my slippers were red  
I could kick up my heels right over my head.  
When I grew older, my slippers were blue,  
But still I could dance the whole night through.

Now I am old, and my slippers are black,  
I walk to the store, and puff my way back.  
The reason I know my youth is all spent  
Is my "get up and go" has got up and went.

But I don't really mind when I think with a grin  
Of all the grand places my get up has been.  
Since I've retired from life's competition,  
I busy myself with feigned repetition.

I get up each morning, dust off my wits  
Pick up my paper, and read the "Obits."  
If my name is missing, I know I'm not dead  
So I eat a good breakfast, and get back to bed.

Written by Mrs. F. Wineson (aged 90 at the time) Reprinted courtesy of The Psychotherapist September 1972





R.S.A. (Continued from page 8)

nary, and tallies of payments and dues (early ones listed in Pounds and shillings). The names, even in 1931, are familiar: Bragg, Turner, Smith, Traill, Whipp...The different secretaries are evident with the changing script.

The pages tell a story. Leafing through them, Ted sees the day they all met with brewery reps to discuss putting tapped beer in the Pavilion. Ultimately, they opted not to. "We thought we'd better use the Pub as we usually do," said Ted. Anyway, "everyone would bring a half dozen to the meeting and we'd have several happy hours to follow."

Ted recalls the formation of the Pavilion Trust in 1988, when the R.S.A. had to become incorpo-

rated to join the Lions and the bowling club. "It was a devil of a job and cost us a packet!" he chuckled.

Island R.S.A. has done many tasks to serve the community, handling a bereavement fund, a welfare fund, and the Frank Rawle Trust. The Fire Brigade will now run the Trust: each year the principal of HMB School selects a student who is about to go away to secondary school, and the R.S.A. assists that fam-



Captain G. M. Turner and the Stewart Island R.S.A. unveiling the 1937-1945 tablet of the Soldier's Memorial in Halfmoon Bay on 21st September, 1947

ily with a donation of \$250.

Of course, the R.S.A.'s presence is most evident during Anzac Day. Ted points out that while

it's a big day for the R.S.A., it's always a community effort. "Every year Mrs. Denis makes a wreath and gets a bottle of Baily's in lieu of payment," said Ted. The members kick off the day with sandwiches, then rum and coffees at the Pavilion.

"The shop won't take money for our sandwiches, and last year the Pub sent round scones and jam and cream. It was beautiful.

"Yes, there are very generous people here."

***The community thanks Ted Rooney and all of the other Stewart Island R.S.A. members for volunteering so much of their time over the years.***

**THE GALLEY** *Welcome to the second installation of S.I.N.'s new feature The Galley. The wealth of culinary knowledge on this island could fill volumes of cookbooks. If you have a favorite recipe, go ahead and share it with the community! Don't be shy, send SIN your recipes!*

As the librarian I am aware of other peoples' reading habits, so I know I'm not the only person guilty of "armchair cooking": reading fat glossy cookery books with no intention of actually following the long tedious gourmet recipes. But I do like to look: meals pornographically photographed, accompanied by two pages of fussy instruction. A paragraph for the preparation of ingredients; a paragraph for the mixing of dry foods; a mixing of wet things; a combining of the two; a cooking of the two; and finally, the garnishing and serving of the dish. And all of this for mushroom soup!

I recently acquired a copy of *Kiwi Cookbook* published in 1968, and cracked its spine to discover the other end of the recipe spectrum. For example, a recipe for swan (yes, swan) is as follows: "swan, flour." No quantities, no bruised and slightly toasted pine nuts. No need to braise, no call to fricassee. The garnish is the beak.

I've always got my cooking tweedles waving for a happy medium. The recipes from the Oban Presbyterian Church and HMB PTA booklets are nice old tried and true: flip to any page, and often you can press your

thumb over the emboldened ingredients and a few fingers over the direction of any given recipe. That's a five-finger-rule: if you can block the text with one hand then it's manageable. I know I mentioned the website [www.epicurious.com](http://www.epicurious.com) before and I'll sing its praises again: use its search engine to type in whatever ingredients you have on hand (except for muttonbird, I tried it) and it will produce recipes for you. Let's say, just for example, that you are metrically challenged, and you order 35 kilograms of pork chops to be sent on the Wednesday night ferry from New World for a two-person household, well, you might have your tweedles waving for some pork chop recipes. Never mind.

Here's a recipe for easy and tasty tartare sauce

**Start with:**

Half a small red onion, chopped up fine  
A squirt of lemon's optional, so's a glass of wine (The lemon's for the sauce, the wine for Chef You)  
Some dollops of Best Foods Lite Mayo (the Shop, Aisle 2) (When I said *some dollops of mayo* I meant half a cup.)  
Two tablespoons capers, all chopped up

**Directions:**

Go fishing, catch fish, fillet  
Bring home, fry, in skillet  
Mix ingredients (except wine), and serve with fish.  
Feel happy you live here, say grace if you wish  
*Enjoy. (I know this poem stinks but the sauce is *delish.*)*

And send *SIN* a recipe for your favourite dish!

## Muttonbirds Pursue Endless Summer Across Pacific

*Press Release by National Institute of Water and Atmospheric Research*

It's an epic journey for a small bird. A team of scientists from New Zealand, the US, and France has discovered that sooty shearwaters (known to Kiwis as muttonbirds or titi) make a 64,000 km round trip each year, chasing summer across the Pacific.

'This is the longest animal migration recorded via an electronic tracking device', says Paul Sagar, a seabird biologist at the National Institute of Water & Atmospheric Research, who took part in the study. The results will be published online in the prestigious American journal Proceedings of the National Academy of Sciences in the week beginning 7 August.

Sooty shearwaters are one of the most abundant seabirds in the world, but populations are declining.

Following their movements could help

shed light on the causes of this decline, thought to be linked to climate change and entanglement in fishing gear. But tracking a bird that spends 90% of its time at sea isn't easy.

Recent developments in technology are now enabling scientists to track birds as small as sooty shearwaters, which are about the size of a small seagull. For this study, the team used small light-sensitive electronic tags to follow the migration of 19 sooty shearwaters from breeding colonies on Whenua Hou (Codfish Island) and Mana Island, New Zealand. The tags used light and temperature levels to record each bird's location every day over a migration period lasting several months.

All the tagged birds followed a figure-of-eight pattern across the Pacific, crossing between southern and northern hemispheres in pursuit of an endless summer. Each bird covered an average of about 64 000 km in 200 days, covering distances of up to 910 km per day.

Scientists previously thought that the birds spent the northern summer roaming around the north Pacific. This study revealed that, instead, the birds remain in one of three areas - off Japan, Alaska, or California.

This finding has implications for muttonbird conservation, as levels of fishing and ocean productivity are different in these three areas.

'This extraordinary migration probably allows muttonbirds to feed in nutrient-rich waters throughout the Pacific', says Mr Sagar. Because they range so widely, and are at the top of the food chain, muttonbirds may make good indicators of climate change and ocean health.

'Rakiura Maori are excited with the results of this research into their Taonga', says Tane Davis, chairman of the Rakiura Titi Island Administrating Body, who supported this study. This type of collaborative research supports one of the many objectives of the Kia Mau Te Titi Mo Ake Tonu Atu research project.

## STEWART ISLAND PROMOTION ASSOCIATION

**The 2006/07 General meetings of the Association will be held quarterly - on Aug. 31, Nov. 30, Feb. 22, and May 31.**

**Members will be advised of the venue prior to the meeting.**

**The executive committee of the association meets on the first Thursday of each month in the Fire Brigade Hall.**

**Members are urged to support their executive by attending meetings and taking an active part in decision making.**

**Queries / opinions / concerns can be brought to the meetings or forwarded to the Secretary at P.O.Box 90, Stewart Island.**

## Shell Workshop

Stewart Island Garden Circle held a workshop on 5 August at the Fire Station, which drew a group from the very young to the mmmmm not so young, to work with shells.

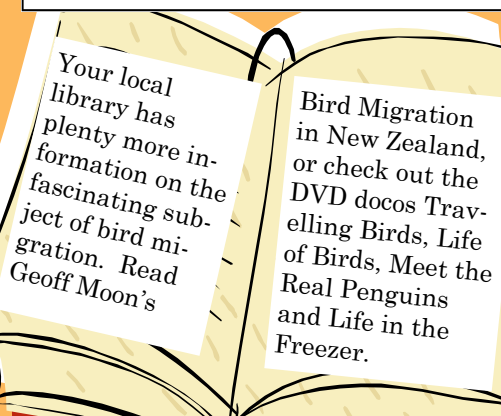
Once we had mastered the technique of using the glue gun and getting glue on the shells instead of ourselves, and with Carolyn's enthusiasm rubbing off on us all, we were away, the results of our labour varying from shell animals, flow-

ers, and candle holders to 'interesting' objects.

We enjoyed a shared lunch (including popcorn) and continued into the afternoon. The atmosphere was more than pleasant with other people popping in from time to time to see how we were progressing.

All in all a delightful workshop with huge thanks to Carolyn (Mrs Richard Squires) for not only sharing her special gift of working with shells but also sharing with us her huge and interesting selection of shells.

—Jenny Gell



**STEWART ISLAND GARDEN CIRCLE.**

The next meeting of the Garden Circle which is also the A.G.M. will be held at the home of Wendy at 2.0 on the 14<sup>th</sup> September. Lorraine has kindly agreed to give us a travel talk.



**Fire Brigade Contacts –**  
**Fire Chief – Jed Lewis – 494**  
**Deputy Fire Chief - Brett Twaddle (Loosie) – 366**  
**Secretary – Neville Bennett – 199**  
 For bookings for Fire Station call Chris on 494

*For water deliveries call Jed / Chris in the first instance (but please be aware that our ability to do water deliveries is limited by firefighters having time during the week. But they can be done easily during Monday night training.)*

You can't change the past but you can ruin a perfectly good present by worrying about the future — anon

**CHOCOLATE\* AWARD**

Someone anonymously nominated the students of Halfmoon Bay School for the “smiley face” note they put in everyone’s PO Box a couple of weeks ago.

*\*The chocolate was mixed with apples and raisins.*

**“Beastie & the Beaut”**

Stewart Island Players’ most recent panto.

Starring – well – half the Island population really.

**Last few videos available at \$10.00 each**

from Sue & Bruce Ford, 5 Argyle Street

Relive the moments that made you laugh (and cry)!  
 Send one to the rellies so they can see how Islanders really are!

Pass one to friends who won’t believe it till they see it.

**Get your copies now while stocks last.**

**STEWART ISLAND LIONS CLUB.**

Members of the Lions pride will be out and about this month. The following projects are in September:

**Street Collection** for Ronald McDonald House.  
 Friday, September 1

Collectors will be rattling the box for this worthy cause outside the shop. Your support is welcome.

**Clothing Collection.**

Clean, used ( but no longer wanted ) clothing will be collected during the week of Sept.18 – 25. Clothes to be packed in plastic bags and left in / outside the basement at the Pavilion.

This year clothes will be donated to the St. Vincent de Paul Society in Invercargill.

Stewart Island News is published on a monthly basis as material permits. Contributions relative to Stewart Island are welcomed and can be sent by email (preferably as MS Word attachment).

**Jess will be away next month so please send articles and enquiries to Kari at Box 124, or to sirect@callsouth.net.nz**  
**The deadline for the next issue is 14th Sept.**



Like most of the Island kids, this wee girl couldn't get enough of Sirocco. I don't know what was more fun, observing Sirocco or watching the kids watching the parrot (and vice versa!)

If you wish to have Stewart Island News posted to you or a friend, please fill out this form and forward it with a cheque made payable to “Stewart Island News” to P.O. Box 156, Stewart Island. The cost is as follows:

12 issues to an Oban address \$24

12 issues to other New Zealand address \$30

Yes, we can arrange for international subscriptions — contact editor

Name of Recipient: \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_



The new sign that greets Ulva Island visitors.