

STEWART ISLAND NEWS

CELEBRATING RAKIURA

DECEMBER 2005-JANUARY 2006

\$2

Happy Holidays and Happy New Year!

Stewart Island is putting the *NEW* in *New Year*...Oban welcomes 2006 with a new pizza place, a new wharfside café, a new menu at the South Seas, and...

drum roll please...a brand new
MOVIE THEATRE!!

The weather has been brilliant for the most part, but for the recent battery of Easterlies, which have "decked our halls" with boughs of holly-acres of stinky seaweed. (Keen -- gardeners have been scooping it up.)

In more serious unfortunate tidings, the loss of a home to flames on 22 Nov made an eerie hat-trick of devastating November fires (the island lost the Nunnery in Nov 03, and Grace Darling succumbed to fire in Nov 04).

No matter the wind, whatever the tide,
may the New Year bring everyone
Wonderful Tidings.



Now, seeing a movie won't cost the price of a movie ticket plus a roundtrip ticket across Foveaux Strait. After years of perseverance, Gavin Ferguson has finally realized the dream of bringing a state-of-the-art movie theatre to Stewart Island.

Log of the Wanderer



Many locals remember Kicki and Thies, the friendly couple who visited Stewart Island this past winter on their yacht the Wanderer. Following is an excerpt from a letter to Noeline Fife describing their incredible and harrowing journey:

Departure Dunedin, New Zealand 17 April – Arrival Chiloe, Chile 25 June. 70 days.

We've arrived! – though still not at our destination. Puerto Montt where we can finally clear customs, is still 18 miles away. Today (27 June) we sailed the 45 miles from our Chiloe anchorage to Calbuco. Here we have run out of tide and daylight. With some luck we can manage the last 18 miles tomorrow and get this message off to you at the nearest e-café after customs. Today we had a following breeze. That has been a very rare thing on this 5700 mile passage!

We know many good people who have done this trip. We even know people for whom this
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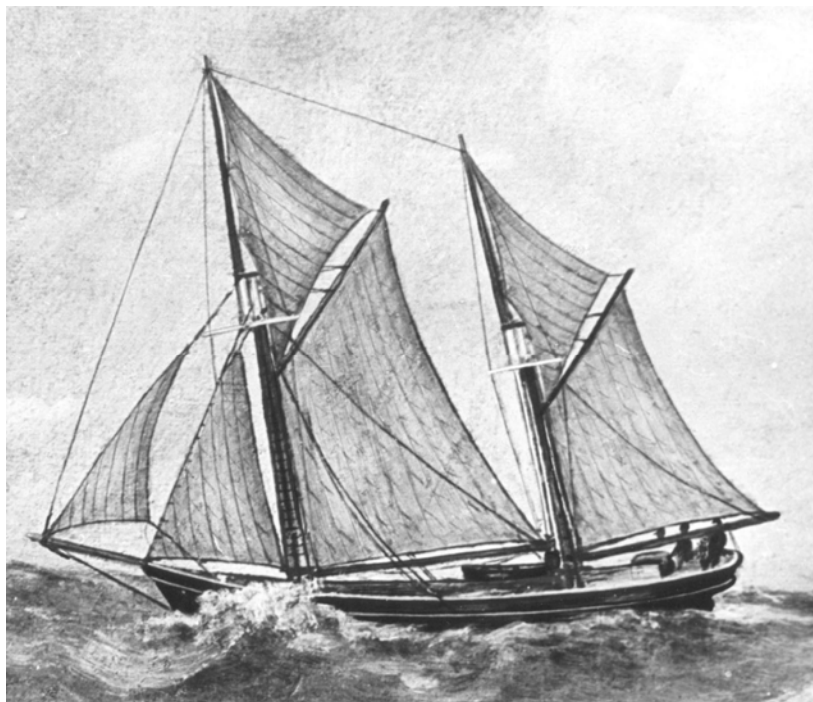


"Charliez Angels"



Health Day

William and Russell at the Health Walk-a-thon finish line

Boat of the Month**ANNA**

Painting: Rakiura Museum.

Another old one for you this month! A 27 ton wooden ketch, built at the Catlins River in 1875 by McPhee & Phillips. She measured 55' 6" x 15' 6" x 6', and was later equipped with a 10hp oil engine.

She was engaged in the coastal trade under Captain Stephen Tall, a well known mariner in local waters, but on 21st May 1880 she was found floating upside down at the entrance to Bluff Harbour with no sign of her crew of three (including Captain Tall). She had been seen the previous evening off Ruapuke Island, and was heading for Riverton.

Salvaged and refitted, she was re-registered at the Port of Invercargill in 1881 under the ownership of G.R.Waddell, who had her until 1889. Her owners since then were:

1889 to 1894	Bluff Fish & Oyster Coy.
1894 to 1898	J.G.Ward.
1898 to 1905	William Hanning.
1905 to 1908	Wm Hanning's widow as executor.
1908 to 1915	Tom Crocket.

In April 1915 she was broken up in Leask Bay by the Leask Bros. Under Wm Hanning she once made the trip from Bluff to Lonnekens in two hours, and made at least two trips to the Auckland Islands.

Sadly, six men were drowned off her over the years, Wm Hanning and John Joss being lost in Foveaux Strait on 25th November 1905 while on a passage from Chalky Inlet to Bluff, when ANNA was swept by three big seas in a gale of wind between Centre Island and Ruggedy.

Hanning left a widow five children, while Joss lived with his mother and family. His father had been drowned at sea, and Hanning's father and brother also went to watery graves some years before. The sea is a hard taskmaster!

Two snippets from the Southland Daily News account of the tragedy – Hanning took a spoke of the wheel with him as he went overboard, but it was learnt that this had been broken and repaired at Chalky! It was also suggested by Gilroy – one of the passengers -- that Hanning should lash himself to the wheel, but he didn't consider it necessary! Anglem and Gilroy, the two passengers, sprang into the rigging and saved themselves from the seas that crashed aboard.

That's it for this month. A Happy Xmas & a Super New Year to all our readers.

Merv King.



ban Globetrotter off-island adventures

This month's Globetrotter comes from Sheila Natusch (nee Traill). A prolific writer, Sheila has authored dozens of books including the well-loved *An Island Called Home*, *Roy Traill of Stewart Island*, and *On the Edge of the Bush*. This tale comes straight from the pages of Sheila's travel journal, illustrations and all!

TRAVELS with an OLD AIRNZ BAG



See Rome and...WHAT?

My old sketchbook/ diary, missing for several years, has just turned up. It is hard to realise that our journey was made nearly thirty years ago. Though Europe's dreadful war wounds were beginning to heal, Germany was still in two pieces, and few prophets could have had any idea of what the next thirty years would bring troubled humanity, individually and collectively. We ourselves were still young enough to heave weighty luggage from low platform on to high train, after racing and chasing furiously from wrong level to right in the nick of time. Later jaunts to the Northern Hemisphere, through revisiting old friends and making new ones, brought us closer to various heartlands, with the help too (for me) of a better grasp of foreign languages. However, by 1983, luggage was heavier, and we looked round for the trundlers I don't remember seeing in '75. There were porters, but we did all our own porting, by and large. Not in Rome though!

Thirty years on ---

The last travellers' phrasebook I saw made my eyes pop. "Officer, this man is following me" had been replaced with clear instructions to make sure the young Apollo *did* follow. It was boy sights girl, boy chases and captures girl, who then instructs him, step by step, in terms that would make Don Giovanni blush, how to proceed. No nonsense about praying to Mother Juno, goddess of respectable matrimony, to turn the young lady into a tree!

Useful Phrases

- Please do not disturb
- Prrière de ne pas déranger
- Bitte nicht stören
- Si prega di non disturbar
- No molestar

My husband, an investigations officer in the old Ministry of Works, was due for well-earned long-service leave, some of which (it was intimated) would be best spent examining and reporting on siltation problems in high-level dams, and what could be done about them. "All right, but what about my wife?" -- "Send her home, of course." Those were the days when engineers' wives knew their place; in the back seat (if allowed on field trips, sometimes as unofficial cook and bottle-washer) while their betters discussed cusecs and kilowatts up front. However, I had a fan among the Powers That Were: he had read all my books, and arranged that if we could both fit within the food and accommodation allowance there would be no need to push me off ahead of time. Moreover, I knew French fairly well, Italian a little (mainly from opera), Icelandic in its ancient form (it hadn't changed much) and was working on German, having acquired a certain amount to further a couple of projects. It was no trouble fitting into the food and lodging requirements as we were both frugal by nature. I think some of that money was supposed to be spent in entertaining host engineers; instead, they kindly looked after us; indeed; they took it upon themselves to save us money (I was, for instance, done out of a gondola ride -- a real one, in Venice).

Electricità di Roma had been written to. We would stay at the Hotel Aberdeen (not very Roman, I thought, thinking of Lucy Honeychurch) and Signor Martini would see that we saw those gritty dams. But there was no one to meet us. An eager lad dashed up with a hand barrow, loaded our stuff into it, crying "love?" Where to indeed? We had no idea how far it was to our hotel, but we told him its name, and off he dashed, with us tagging along as fast as we could after our long journey. I don't think he overcharged us -- it was a good Roman mile at least -- enough that he got us there.

We found the Electricity Department next day, but nobody had been expecting us. Sr Martini was summoned, and promised to help. But what had happened to our letters of introduction and explanation? Everyone looked embarrassed and apologetic. We had heard, in France (our previous stop) that there had been some trouble with a mail train. This train, with an ever-increasing pile of mail, had been shunting back and forth between two far-flung stops. I have an idea that the mail was not even sorted. Anyway, some one must have said to himself "basta è basta", thrown up his hands in despair, and put a match to the lot. This is the first and only example I know of anyone's winning a round of the paper war.

The most ravishing young woman I have ever laid eyes on then appeared to whisk my beloved off to the plan-drawer room. Hair a cloud of honey-blond (the real thing), eyes of lustrous black, generously fringed; graceful as Bernini's Daphne (no sprouting leaves though)--details which, I well knew, would be lost on any New Zealander of the cusecs-and-kilowatt brigade. The staff looked knowing and amused, knowing no better, as I stumped off with my sketchbook and diary to wait for him in the Forum.



Seated on a bench, gazing in awe at my fellow-antiquities (I was then well on the wrong side of forty), I was joined by a friendly lad, just out of school I'd have thought but wearing a man's hat, who asked in halting English where I was from and if he might join me. I moved along, with a "St. Mihihi Zealandia". He turned out to be a medical student with little English but lots of French (good, I'd picked up a few useful phrases like "en cas d'un sinistre") and of course torrents of his mother tongue. When he offered to show me round the Coliseum and the Baths of Caracalla, which he pronounced "beds", I said that would be nice but I was waiting for my husband, who, I was sure would like to come too. But he wasn't due for another quarter of an hour, and the boy had to be back in the medical school before then. Oh well, I thought, he doesn't look like a sinister type; and in any case I could probably knock him over with my Air New Zealand bag if push came to shove. So I scrambled into his shiny little car, and off we went at top speed in 'the Italian manner.

Whoosh! That was the Coliseum. Whizz! Those were the Baths of Caracalla. Swish! We were in a shady, leafy lane, and he was gently removing my shoulder bag. Forgetting that Leporello's "no no no no no" would have done perfectly well, I let out an outraged "NON!", adding with a touch of music-hall "miffé fais non". The boy looked puzzled: had Madame a hang-up of some kind? His special line, he added, was psychiatric medicine.

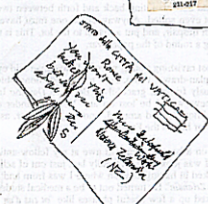
Hang-up be blown! I had a husband, who would certainly be a problem if I kept him waiting for any reason whatever. Please could I go back to the appointed meeting place?

So I was set down, at exactly the right place, handbag and virtue intact, amid courteous regrets about our little misunderstanding. I felt more flattered than shaken; I was no Vivien Leigh as in "The Roman Spring of Mrs Stone", let alone Audrey Hepburn on her "Roman Holiday". Then, I suddenly remembered the word *gigolo* and looked it up. Age, it seems, cannot wither them..

"Well," said my husband, triumphantly bearing maps and plans, "how did the morning go?"
 "Well," I said, "a funny thing happened ..."



Moral: when in Rome there is no need to do as the Romans would have you do



Please do not disturb
 Prière de ne pas déranger

Bifite nighi aqien
 huna o au ne hae, aha aqien

Sheila Watson

CHOCOLATE AWARD

Lee Wadds writes:
 I must congratulate the Health Committee for the wonderfully organised 'Hooked on Health' day. I went off on that beautifully sunny day thinking "I'd rather be doing the gardening. Oh well I'll just pop in, whizz around and go home." Well two and a half hours later I was still there chatting, eating, collecting pamphlets, listening to the entertainment and lining up along with quite a few, for the health check. I never did get back to do the gardening, but I did enjoy the afternoon. Thanks to everyone - I know many many hours must have been put into the planning.

Chocolates donated by Promotions Association



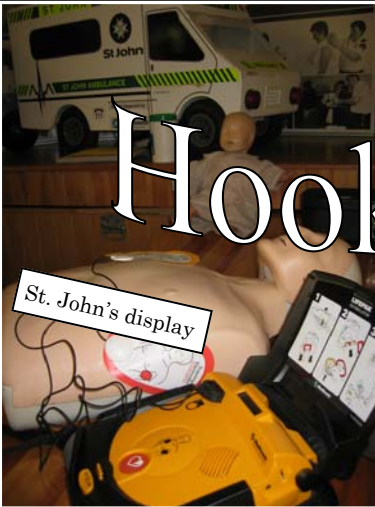
Mystery seal found at Murray River 1910

Stewart Island Museum News
 It has been a busy year at the Museum, most of the work going on behind the scenes. We now have a majority of our collection which is in storage labelled and shelved appropriately, enabling us to easily find a particular item.
 Another ongoing project is the book Fishing Boats and little Ships in Southern Waters compiled by Merv King. We have reached the stage of submitting material on disc to publishers for prices to publish the first volume. I am sure there will be a lot of interest in this book

when it does finally hit the shelves. It will be a wonderful reference book as well as a nostalgic trip for all the boaties out there.
 Many of us are familiar with the exquisite paintings of orchids and fungi done by the late Mrs. Dorothy Jenkin. At the moment we are having prints made of her original artwork and hope to have a small exhibition of some of her work in the Museum early next year. I will keep you posted on dates.
 There has been a lot of interest in a brass seal we have in the Museum, we unfortunately have no

history on it other than it was donated to the Museum by Mr. D. Hudson of Invercargill. I managed to trace two other items Mr. Hudson also donated to the Museum and one was a postcard of mill workers at Kaipipi Mill all posing for the camera in their Sunday best. Mr. Hudson was named in the photo and the card was dated 1924. We look forward to any further information that can help to verify the authenticity of the seal.
 To all who live on our special Island a very Happy Christmas and many Blessings in 2006.
 Loraine Hansen

Highlights include the Garden Circle's herbal delights, dozens of friendly and instructive health professionals, snacks, great music, free health checks, tug-of-war, and socializing at the pub that night with local and visiting volunteers (not everyone was feeling particularly healthy the following morning...to their credit they showed up for the Walk-a-Thon!)



St. John's display



Darcy Weka chats with the kids.

The Weka Boogie



Health Walkers

Hooked on Health

Health Day was a hit. Islanders young and old enjoyed the informative event on 25 Nov., and the Fun Walk the following morning.

The day was wonderfully sunny, and a big success. Many visitors and locals took part. The most frequently visited stand was, of course, the blood testing. It actually had queues so long that some locals missed out being tested. The poor nurse hardly had time for a cuppa!



Russell ain't Saint Nick



The entertainer Jason was a bit loud for some peoples' liking, they could not understand the info given to them at some stands. Makes me think we should include a hearing test stand next Health Day...

\$489.65 were raised, through raffles and gold coin donations, all in combination with the walk-a-thon on Saturday. It was great fun.

Prizes were contributed by local business, again thank you (I put up a note to that effect on the notice board last week).

Raffle winners were:

- 1st Prize 2 free pizzas at Charliez: Neville King
- 2nd.Prize 2 movie passes at Rakiura Theatre: Colin Hopkins
- 3rd. Prize 1 salmon from Sanfords: Mia Davis
- Second Raffle: Would you believe it or not all 3 prizes taken by Al and Cath Lyall!
- 1st Prize 1 return flight Stewart Island Flights
- 2nd.Prize T-shirt from Glowing Sky (Rakiura Art)
- 3rd. Prize 1 salmon from Sanfords.

—Hilli Maas-Barrett

Moturau Moana

The annual tidy-up at Moturau Moana was again undertaken by a small group of conservation volunteers at the end of October. The concept of paying to work in someone else's garden may seem strange to some but for a regular like Alan Beaven who has returned here each year it is a chance to combine a visit to the Island with an opportunity to help with a worthwhile project.

The clean up project was initiated 5 years ago by DOC and each year Elaine Hamilton has hosted the volunteers at her home and helped with the work in progress. As a neighbour Elaine keeps an eye on the gardens throughout the year and regularly sprays the paths to keep them free of weeds.



Conservation volunteer Alan Beaven, described by Elaine Hamilton as 'a treasure' for the hard work he has put in on his annual visits to help maintain the Moturau Moana gardens.

Southland District Council administers the gardens for the Island residents and visitors. Alan Gray is responsible for mowing the lawns but also puts in extra voluntary hours during the annual clean up alongside conservation volunteers and local residents like Jayne Wilson who regularly helps.

Don't forget to take your visitors for a walk or a picnic at Moturau Moana this summer, the beautiful fern fringed paths and hidden corners are well worth a visit.

—Margaret Hopkins

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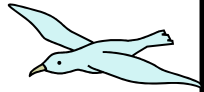
was this best ocean passage. NZ to Chile. The westerly are more or less guaranteed. Sure, you'll have gales, probably even a storm. One front usually chases another in swift succession of NW and SW winds. An occasional low might sweep across your path and hopefully the sea will not get a chance to build. But day after day you can expect to clock up the miles with a following breeze: 120, maybe 140, miles a day. Not so for us.

—we got wrapped up in a nasty low that just didn't want to let us go—

Our most common wind, by far, was some kind of easterly and the weather systems were slow moving. Contrary to expectations we had slow moving lows to our north and a high to our south. Already a week out of Dunedin we got wrapped up in a nasty low that just didn't want to let us go. It gave us nine days of storm with 40-50 knot winds. Day 10 we had a knock-down. Yes, a full-fledged Knock-Down...The tail end of this storm pushed us into an area of reefs and vigias we had intended to leave to the north. Luckily we were just beyond the area when we were beset by an infuriating five day calm.

Our second storm started on day 58. It followed a five day period of very light easterlies in which we had struggled to make a mere 250 miles. Incredible this was an EASTERLY storm, again with 50 knot winds. We were 1000 miles from Chile when it started and we tried to stay hove-to so as not to lose our hard-won miles. For four days the barometer stayed completely stable, wouldn't budge. We started preparing ourselves (mentally) for the contingency plan. Soon we would have to run with the wind and we decided we would sail the 900 miles to Easter Island, fill water, and then head for Mangareva, some 1800 miles beyond. Chile never seemed further away. On day five the barometer started to drop. That was good news. That night it dropped even more, without an increase in wind. By the next morning the wind shifted to a 30 knot northerly and we could set our trisail and storm jib in a lumpy sea.

Between the first and second storms, each a thousand miles from departure and arrival, we had westerly winds for a grand total of 163 hours. (I consulted the log-book so that I wouldn't be tempted to exaggerate the lack of westerlies, and I counted every wind that had a westerly component, no matter the strength – or, more typically, lack thereof). The



(Continued on page 8)

RAKIURA RESOURCE RECOVERY CENTRE OPENING HOURS

SUNDAYS CLOSED

Christmas Day and Boxing Day **CLOSED**
Tues, 27 Dec - *Collection Day (Yard Closed)*
Wed, 28 Dec to Sat, 31 Dec **Yard Open 1 - 4.30pm**

New Years Day and the 2nd Jan **CLOSED**
Tues, 3 Jan - *Collection Day (Yard Closed)*
Wed, 4 Jan to Sat, 7 Jan **Yard Open 1 - 4.30pm**

From Monday, 9 Jan - Normal Operating Hours which are 1.30 pm – 4.30 pm
Monday, and Wednesday through Saturday.

Phone: 2191 581



This Israeli adventurer made the solo voyage in five days. Previous sea conquests include a circumnavigation of Tasmania. Read more about his trips at www.ohad.info

Alon Ohad on the first leg of his journey paddling around Stewart Island in a three-piece rudderless sea kayak.



Stewart Island/ Rakiura Community and Environment Trust

PO Box 124, Stewart Island

Ph: (03) 2191 533 e-mail: habitat@glowingsky.co.nz www.glowingsky.co.nz

Project Workday

by Kari Beaven

Thirteen volunteers gathered at Traill Park on Saturday 3rd December, armed with secateurs, loppers and a couple of rather more interesting-looking gadgets. The work-day which followed, saw volunteers carting rat traps (made at earlier community work-days), cutting access lines where needed, and marking the way for future volunteers to “adopt” that line of traps to check.

The day, aimed at boosting the Halfmoon Bay Habitat Restoration Project, was “great fun,” according to the volunteers who were there. “It’s a chance for people to meet up with other volunteers and the trustees” said one volunteer, “I enjoy checking my line of traps, but it’s also nice to work alongside other like-minded people in this sort of atmosphere every now and then.”

After this very successful day (and by the time this goes to print), the first stage of the Restoration Project set-up phase will be complete. A network of possum and rat traps has been established, ready to drastically reduce the pest numbers from Ackers Point back to the Golden Bay rd (about 210 hectares). Volunteers have so far been operating 35 of these trap lines (approx 600 traps), not to mention the individual traps checked by home owners around the bay.

Traps are only set-up with the consent of land-owners. The Project has received so much valuable support in this respect, that we have been able to cover the entire area appropriately for this sort of operation. Our thanks to all landowners in the area who have given their consent.

With the set-up of this first stage behind us, we can now look to completing the first major knock-down of wild pests. Later this will be reduced to a less intensive, but ongoing maintenance regime to keep the pest numbers extremely low.

We look forward to seeing more of the fantastic results noticed around the Bay this year.

If you would like more information about becoming a volunteer, giving consent for the project on your land (within the Restoration areas) or supporting the project’s future, please contact the project manager, Stewart Island/ Rakiura Community and Environment Trust; PO Box 124 or e-mail sircet@callsouth.net.nz.

Thanks to the expertise of seasoned gardeners and track workers, and the number of people who gave a hand, the work was all achieved in a couple of hours. Workers were so dedicated that our photos were blurred by their high speeds.(see image at right!)



As usual, the library shelves boast dozens of new books through our

various circulating collections. *Three Views of Crystal Water* is a fictional account of the generations of female pearl and abalone divers in Japan. Pharolophiles (it’s fun inventing words) will enjoy the *Ultimate Book of Lighthouses*.

Thanks to Boat Guru Merv King for his donation of a wonderful set of leather-

bound boat books. The nine volumes include *Vikings, Pirates, Seafarers, Explorers, Windjammers, Dreadnoughts* and *Whalers*. Each one is beautifully illustrated and well worth a look. Merv is on the cusp of publishing the first volume of his own boat book which will be eagerly received by all resident boaties!

The Community Health Day inspired me to peruse our health-related books; we have some interesting reads on shelf, including *Complications, Walk on Water, Scurvy*, and the

terrifying *Demon in the Freezer*, a horrifying account of smallpox.

Recover with something lighter...brush up on a quirky history or two: *Devil’s Cup* and *Black Gold* tell the story of coffee; e=mc2 is the “biography” of a formula; *One Good Turn* is the history of the screw and screwdriver, and *Potato* speaks for itself. “Cap” this reading list with our new history of hats. *Happy Holidays, Happy New Year and Happy Reading from Jess, Jenny, Kerry, Pat, Margaret H. and Liz.*

Ship to Shore
 Thanks you for your continued support throughout the year.
 ☆
A \$20 purchase will earn you a place in the draw for a big basket of goodies the week before Christmas. ☆
 We wish you a wonderful holiday and a very happy

Weights and sinkers don't grow on trees. Last month, some fishermen and paua divers spent an afternoon slaving over a hot stove, brewing up these tools of their trade. Ingredients: a bag of scrap lead, a mould, some serious heat, and a steady hand.



The metal is carefully poured into the mould. The "chef" wears a mask, as lead is poisonous.



Molten metal. It's like Harry Potter's kitchen: you'll see nails *floating* in the pot! The non-lead bits rise to the top and are skimmed off — this debris is called the slag.



The lead hardens in 30 seconds, and with a rap against the stone floor a weight is born!

(Continued from page 6)



rest of our weather was dominated by slow moving highs between 42°S and 50°S and lows developing to the north. We were stuck in-between at about 40°S facing SSE-erlies of 30 to 35 knots most of the time. We didn't have a single front. The idea of choosing one's latitude (in winter) is pure fantasy.

lously they gave us NE-NW wind changes. They were so closely spaced that we had nearly endless rain. Luckily we had a full moon and Thies could also use it for his quick action celestial sights. We hand steered for the last 80 miles to be sure of our course and hoped to get a sight the next morning. When the clouds and then the fog rolled in during the small hours of the morning we felt at the end of

the next morning was, "northerly 60 knots, gusts 80." At least we were spared that.

Day 64, by contrast, was a good day. In my diary I wrote:

The elation of seeing Corona lighthouse, in driving rain, was intense...

Now for two days already we have had glorious 35 knot westerlies. A front has come through and given us clear high-latitude skies with a deep blue sea. The birds are celebrating with us. Pintados, white-chinned, storm petrels, prions, shearwaters and albatross swoop and soar around us with delightful antics. In groups of fours, fives, and sixes they rush down the waves and frolic in the crests. This flying festival is occasionally graced by a regal Wandering giant. Our bow wave gurgles and giggles while the Walker log merrily spins every mile. This is west wind sailing at its best.

our tether. We could not be sure of the strength of the Humboldt current. We headed into the dense haze, ready to turn back out to sea if we found no lane where we expected it. The northerly had risen to 40 knots.

The tedium of bashing into first south easterlies and at the end north easterlies for such a long trip is hard to put into words. With every wind shift we would hope to find, at last, the predictable westerlies. Time and time again these hopes were dashed. We told ourselves that once we reached the Easter Island High, surely, we would get steady westerlies. A few hours of rising hope, maybe a good day, then the wind would creep slowly round to the front again. Not to mention that the knock-down put a crack into my hitherto unfathomable faith. All I can say is: never again, not the Southern Ocean in winter.

Our joy was short lived.

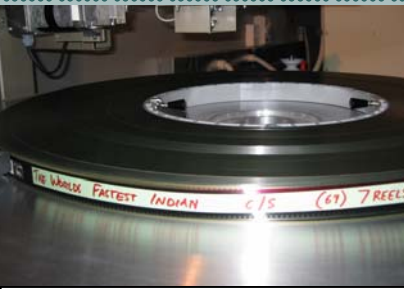
—The last 600 miles were plagued with NE gales and fog—

The last 600 miles were plagued with NE gales and fog. As if to make up for lost time we had one front after the other and ridicu-

Eighteen miles from land we sighted a ship. From its gps position we could interpolate ours, this allowed us to confirm our DR and therefore feel that much more certain about identifying the land we sighted some three hours later. The elation of seeing Corona lighthouse, in driving rain, was intense after the anxiety of the last days and the misery of the head-wind plagued passage. We anchored that afternoon — on our 71st day out of NZ — a few miles south of Corona. Their station report

Wanderer held up extremely well and we lie here in anchor at Calbuco with a dry boat. 70 days of Southern Ocean and we have dry bunks and clothes. Puerto Montt just gave the weather report: "Rolando" from S to NE early tomorrow. Also this weather is atypical for the area. When we left Puerto Montt in July five years ago we experienced the normal SW-NW pattern. Oh well, looks like our final day, the last 18 miles of this voyage, will fittingly be spent beating into a 20 knot headwind.

with love from Kicki and Thie



On 2nd December, the eagerly-anticipated Charliez Pizzeria and Rakiura Theatre finally opened its doors for business. The restaurant was packed until late at night with people gobbling pizza, wine and imported beer, and rocking to live musicians. The ultimate draw card was the screening of *The Worlds Fastest Indian*....the Island's first movie! This exciting new enterprise is run by Stewart Island Adventures.



“When I first came to Stewart Island I thought it was Paradise except it was lacking two things: pizza and movies. Oh, and good beer.”—Gavin



World's Fastest Indian screens at 8:30 pm each night.

Warning!!

(to all Possums and curious humans)



This is a timely, safety warning for you, your children and your visitors this season. As most of you will now know, the Halfmoon Bay Habitat Restoration Project is operating from Ackers Point to the Golden Bay Rd. The possum traps pictured below are being used to remove the possums which are devastating our treasured, native wildlife (as well as our gardens).

These traps are DANGEROUS.

Traps are hidden from view and made difficult to access, but if you see them.....

PLEASE DO NOT TOUCH THEM

Please ensure your visitors and children are aware *not* to approach the traps. All traps have large warning signs and are placed high up on trees.

Please contact us if you have any questions at all regarding the project or the traps. (Contact details can be found at the top of page 8)



On behalf of the Stewart Island/ Rakiura Community and Environment Trust (SIRCET), thank you and have a Merry Christmas.



**HALF MOON
BAY BEAT**

Seasons greetings to all,

The year has really flown by, time to look back and reflect on it...where did it go!!!

A big thanks to all those groups and individuals who have helped police and ourselves over the year. Without the support of the community police simply cannot function, especially in a remote place like this.

One thing that continues to impress me here is the way that the community looks after itself and each other. Unfortunately it is quite rare these days and you just don't see it in a lot of places. It is one of the things that make the island a special place to live.

Well, not really too much to report this month, which is positive.

However, one thing which comes to my notice too frequently is the matter of dog control. There are several instances lately of dogs not being controlled as they should. If you are a dog owner you have set obligations. A few people are giving responsible dog owners a bad

name and this is not on.

The Dog Control Act 1996 outlines requirements. A key quote to remember from this legislation: *"The owner of any dog shall keep that dog under control at all times"*.

Offences incur heavy penalties and in some circumstances require that the dog be destroyed. This is a sad outcome which can be avoided by following simple rules.

There are local council bylaws as well and we have a dog ranger. For day to day issues, Bruce Ford can be contacted to deal with these. For serious matters the police will become involved. If you don't want to follow the rules, simple; don't own a dog. Other people don't want **your** dog problems. Any queries see Bruce or myself please.

The festive season. Have fun in moderation, moderation, moderation. Enjoy a few beers, but don't go overboard

If you're drinking out, a plug for the licensees.

Don't get so intoxicated that both you and the licensee are put in an embarrassing situation. Duty managers are

placed in a position of authority and they have strict obligations under the Sale of Liquor Act. They must take action to deal with intoxicated patrons which means refusing service and removing such people from the premises.

Any problem behaviour is normally followed up with a 'bluey' (trespass notice). Staff of licensed premises have the full backing of the law and the support of police so please behave. If your mate is acting like a clown, remove him or her. Don't spoil the party.

Drink Driving. Yes again the same message. Firstly take responsibility for yourself. Make prior arrangements to take the courtesy coach or ride with a sober driver. The **WRONG** time to make a decision is when you are already affected by alcohol.

Secondly, don't let your mates do it. Be firm about it. You simply don't have the right to put others in this community at risk.

That's all for this year. Enjoy the festive season and with luck the golden summer will continue.

Take care and look after each other.
Senior Constable Tod Hollebon

Power Outages Frustrating for Everyone
by Mark Browne, Manager of the Area Engineers' Business Unit, Southland District Council

Full generating capacity on the island should be restored before Christmas, bringing an end to recent disruptions to the power supply.

Many times over the past three months, the problems have been difficult to isolate straight away, and the focus has been on getting the power restored as quickly as possible. While we have kept the Community Board and your Councillor fully informed, I would like to take this opportunity to let the community know what has been happening.

Number one generator blew

a head and pistons in late September. On investigation, it became clear that there had been ongoing problems with this generator since 1989. We then had to consider what action would produce the best outcome for electricity consumers and SIESA.

During this time considerable work was done to bring the standby generator into the network, but this was still under way when number three generator failed and was found to be irreparable.

Because of this, all other issues were "parked" while we sourced another generator, and staff from both SIESA and Gough Gough and Hamer worked days without a break to get the new generator to the island. This process normally takes

months, but due to their efforts, installation of the new generator and motor will be completed before Christmas, restoring the powerhouse to three generators plus one for backup.

The island was never in danger of being without power. However, we continue to have teething problems with the backup generator and we have to also plan for those things that under "Murphy's Law" will always happen at the most inconvenient time.

We apologise for the outages and lack of direct communication with individual consumers, but please be aware that a large number of people have been working long hours to overcome the issues that we have been confronted with.

SOUTHLAND DISTRICT COUNCIL

I wish to advise all ratepayers and power consumers on Stewart Island that the Area Office now has EFTPOS available for payment of power accounts, rates and other S.D.C accounts. The use of this is purely for payment of accounts – cash will not be issued. I trust that this will make things much easier for those needing to make payment of these accounts. I am sure the hotel and shop will be relieved to have an end to issuing cash to meet the needs of the locals wanting to pay their accounts in cash. Thanks to them for the help they have given.

Colleen Dawson
Stewart Island Area Officer



A great idea for a holiday present

Give the gift that keeps on giving (for 12 months)... a subscription to the *Stewart Island News!* Your friend will receive this "beak-written" card along with their first issue.

Dear [your friend's name],
You now have a 10-month subscription to the
Stewart Island News, compliments of
[your name, your family's name, or your company name],
your South Seas Santa.
Hope you enjoy these tidings
from beautiful Rakiura.



Happy Holidays!

Just fill out the following form and send it to Box 156, along with a cheque (\$30 for NZ mainland; \$24 for Stewart Island; contact editor for overseas rates).



YES, I wish to give my friend a great holiday gift. Please send a 12-month-subscription to:
Recipient's Name and Address:

Please sign the following name[s] to the holiday card that will be enclosed with the first issue:

WASTE BUSTING

Did you know ...

- It takes 500 years for a plastic bottle to break down.
- Up to 49% of your waste can be recycled (paper, cardboard, glass, plastic types 1 & 2, aluminium and tin cans).
- 25 Milk bottles can be recycled to make a polar fleece jacket.
- Adding compost to your garden will promote soil fertility, moisture retention and encourage plant growth.

- Kitchen waste makes up about 10-30% of the average household rubbish bin.
- 1.3 million Tree's are felled each year to keep kiwi babies in disposable nappies.
- Recycling 1 tonne of cardboard save 17 trees.
- 'Green Bags' are 100% recyclable and one green bags saves four plastic bags.
- Cellphone batteries can be recycled

through supplier outlets eg Vodafone or Telecom.

- An estimated 3-4 million tyres are disposed to landfill annually.
- It takes glass 1 million years to breakdown.
- Recycling one aluminium can save enough energy to run a light bulb for four hours.

Have an environmentally friendly New Year.



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Please send articles and queries to jessy@stewart-island-news.com, or post to P.O. Box 156, Stewart Island

The deadline for the next issue is Sunday, 15th January.

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Happy Holidays
from the
Stewart Island
Garden Circle