

# STEWART ISLAND NEWS

## CELEBRATING RAKIURA

FEBRUARY-MARCH 2007

\$2

Long warm summer days have made the island an inspiring arena for sport. Yachties enjoyed their race from



Dolphins in Horseshoe Bay, 19th Feb

with toi toi grass, and lined with

spectators basking in the sunshine. The fierce competition resulted in airborne bodies, bruises, a chipped tooth, elbow impacts, and a rare outcome: the pakeha team won for the first time in years! (Score:38-30). Afterward the crowd feasted at the Butterfield Beach hangi, which was so good it was repeated the next day.



Ladies loo at the Hotel gets a seal of approval.

Bluff, and golfers had a ball (losing balls) at the recent Ringa Ringa tournament (p.11). Scavenger hunters worked up a sweat tracking down an eclectic list of items for Vicki; kids cooled off

wharf jumping; and Shaun the policeman has been learning to wakeboard.

The most exciting event was the annual Waitangi Day Maori v. Pakeha rugby match. The field at Traill Park was marked

Pakeha victory wasn't the only rare occurrence this summer: Comet McNaught lit up the southern skies in spectacular fashion, drawing a crowd to Observation Rock to see what looked like a bright star smeared down to the horizon.

*Don't miss the Library*  
**BOOK SALE**  
3rd March 10am-5pm  
Community Centre



19th Jan: Standing room only at Ob Rock to see Comet McNaught, and not for naught — everyone was thrilled.

There have been some unusual indoor activities too: the sea lion managed to get into the back door of the South Sea Hotel, down the hall and into the women's restroom. She

gave staff a shock and entertained pub-goers. A few weeks later she was back, this time attempting the front door (p.11) but she was denied entrance. (Nobody relishes cleaning up after her— she's almost as messy as certain rugby clubs who occasionally visit.)

See page 10 for *SIN's* new feature: YARNs. Hopefully this will motivate other locals to tell their stories in these pages and inspire everyone to visit the Oral History Exhibition "Island" on 31st March at the Hall.



Tom's victory stance after Waitangi Day rugby match.

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## BOAT-OF-THE-MONTH: **LILLIE DENHAM**

[The following article is from *The Evening Star* Dunedin 188?]

Little is know of the **LILLIE DENHAM** prior to her appearance in New Zealand in 1881 except that she was a wooden steamer built at Balmain Sydney by H. Allen for Bellett & Manning who probably used her around Port Jackson. As she was ketch-rigged it can be assumed that she made the passage under sail to New Zealand, steaming only when necessary. She arrived at Timaru sometime in 1881. In November of that year her new owners H. Bradley and J. Leask applied for a licence to ply for hire and offered to tow surf boats to and from vessels in the roadstead at 10 pence per ton register. When the licence was granted for a fee of \$2 she began towing work as well as taking up any other work that might be offering at the port, which included taking health, customs and port officials to vessels arriving at the roadstead.

In January 1882 the full-rigged ship **CITY OF CASHMERE** began to drift towards the shore when a shackle on her cable gave way. The **LILLIE DENHAM** tried to arrest the drift but found she had insufficient power to haul the ship off and, as the steamer was also being taken shorewards, the towline was let go. The **CITY OF CASHMERE** went ashore and became a total loss, but her crew was saved.

Soon after this it was decided that there was not enough work in Timaru to justify keeping the steamer and she was sent down to Otago. They must have been keen to get there, for on the passage she burnt out several boiler tubes and had to return to Timaru under sail for repairs.

Eventually on 24 January she arrived at Port Chalmers under Captain Andrew Moir. At about this time she changed hands when T.H. Dobson, hotelkeeper of Port Chalmers, became her owner. He had her drawn up on Isbister's Slip for overhaul and repainting. Besides running a ferry service on Sundays between Port Chalmers and Dunedin, she carried out towing work around the harbour during the week, where available.

She maintained the Sunday ferry service because no trains ran on that day at that time. Her timetable was arranged to enable passengers to leave Port Chalmers at 9.30 am and 6pm for Dunedin, from where she returned at 2pm and 7pm for a fare of 2/- return.

She was one of the many steamers that came into the harbour to commence a ferry service that only would last a short time. In the case of the **LILLIE DENHAM** this came to an end on 27 June 1883 after a little more than 14 months. George Williamson bought her and sailed her down to Bluff for trading to Stewart Island.

She was later used in fishing. On 19 December 1883 she left Bluff under Captain Robert Scollay for the fishing ground off Stewart Island. When she developed a sudden and serious leak she headed for Bunkers Island in Foveaux Strait where it was hoped she could be beached, but before she could reach the island the rising water extinguished the fires and as she was in immanent danger of going down, the crew took to the lifeboat, making Stewart Island next morning.



Proud wharf jumper Poppy LeQuesne.



Island gardens have been producing some giants this summer. Helen Cave's artichoke forest included a 17-cm diameter beauty; and Alan Gray grew a 1.5 kilo tomato!



Department of Conservation  
Te Papa Atawhai

## DoC Spot

### Sea Lion behaviour

The past three months have seen a number of ‘close encounters of the sea lion kind’ around the Oban township, with a young female New Zealand Sea Lion (formerly known as a Hooker’s sea lion) hauling out on a

regular basis. DOC staff have had to move her on a number of occasions when the places she has chosen to rest have brought her into conflict with humans. One evening in January she even had to be evicted from the pub - obviously she’s heard the rumour that the South Sea Hotel is the place to hang out on a Saturday night!

Once widespread throughout New Zealand, sea lions were hunted by early Polynesian settlers for food and later by European sealers for their fur and oil. They became a protected species in 1893 when numbers had become alarmingly low and extinction was threatening. Today they are among the rarest pinnepeds in the world, with recent population estimates between 12,000 to 14,000, the vast majority of which are located on the Sub Antarctic Islands. It has only been in the past 20 years that they have started to return to mainland New Zealand.

Their return to populated beaches around the country means at times humans and sea lions come into conflict. It is important to remember they are wild and therefore unpredictable. By following the simple guidelines below you can fully enjoy a sea lion encounter without compromising your safety or that of the animals:

1. Always stay at least 10m from sea lions on land
2. Do not obstruct the path of moving sea lions
3. Do not make loud noises or throw



*Nap time! Please keep your distance - I don't want to chase you ...*

4. Keep dogs and children under strict control around sea lions
5. Do not enter the water with sea

lions unnecessarily  
6. Never touch or attempt to handle sea lions as they do carry diseases  
7. Be careful not to disturb mothers and pups

If you are concerned about the safety of a sea lion please contact the local DOC office immediately on 03 2190002 or phone the DOC Hotline - 0800 DOC HOT (0800 362 468) A \$10,000 fine is possible under the Marine Mammal Protection Act for harassing sea lions.

### Selaginella Treatment

The DOC weed team has just finished Selaginella (African Club Moss) treatment around the bay. We plan to treat Selaginella every three months to try and get a handle on it before it spreads too far. It is most commonly found around paths and walkways and is spread via tiny spores that can get transported around on footwear. It is listed as a banned species, which means it must not be grown or propagated and needs to be reported if found.

Selaginella has the potential to be very damaging to the natural environment by invading the forest floor and preventing the recruitment of native species. It is therefore imperative that we try and knock this weed on the head before it invades into the natural forest outside of the bay area. It has an amazing ability to spread and if not controlled will eventually smother the surrounding forest floors and impede native seedling growth. If you see this plant please contact Robyn or Blair on 2190002, and we will remove it for you.

In addition to Selaginella treatment we will continue the ‘maintenance’ phase of Barberry eradication, and in

the next month or so focus on the increasing infestations of Chilean Flame Creeper around the bay. We will also continue to work out at the Community Nursery. We welcome any volunteers that are willing to help out at the nursery on Wednesday mornings between 8.30am and 12pm. Any cuttings, seedlings or seed from native plants would also be much appreciated as we are trying to increase our stock levels after several intensive planting programmes in the past few months. It looks like a busy time ahead!

If you have any queries regarding weeds or the Community Nursery, please contact Robyn on 21910002, or visit us at work.

### More introductions

In last month’s DoC Spot we started to introduce some of our new staff, this month since we have talked about the weed control, we thought it appropriate to introduce Robyn and her team:

Hi! I’m Robyn Newham, the new team leader for the weeds team in the Halfmoon Bay area of Stewart Island. I have just recently moved down to the island after having spent the past four years in Dunedin studying at the University of Otago.

This is my first full time job after university, so this working life is all very new and a little bewildering – but I’m learning fast!!! Interestingly I actually studied Zoology and Wildlife management, so the swap from animals to plants will be a challenge – but one I look forward to. I decided to take on this position on Stewart Island to gain experience and skills within DOC, and to take full advantage of living in such a unique place. Right now I am enjoying the peace and quiet, the wildlife, the scenery and the lovely people on Stewart Island. I look forward to meeting more of the Stewart Island community as our team moves around the bay in the never ending battle against weeds.

Our weeds team is a relatively new

*(Continued on page 5)*



# ban Globetrotter *off-island adventures*

*Four Islanders recently traveled to the Chatham Islands. Following is Jon Spraggon's account of their journey:*

The trip all started May last year when it slipped that Loosie and two other islanders were heading towards the Chatham Islands for a week early in 2007. A brief confrontation in the local hotel and the party size had increased to four and Spragg was on his way to a New Zealand destination he had always wanted to get to, but had never made.

Eight hundred dollars each for the Chatham Islands air fare and 7 months later the four of us, Loosie (Brett Twaddle), Stu Ross, Ian Munro, and self-invited Spragg (Jon Spraggon) were checking in at Christchurch Airport and being issued



The Pitt Island visitor terminal had blown off the hill!

our seat numbers before our great excursion. We had all been issued individual seat numbers but these were irrelevant as the lovely Chatham hostess sized you

up as you boarded and re-allocated the seats accordingly. We were a group of four tourists so we got Row 7, the last row with windows. The locals with all the items you would expect on a Stewart Island flight got the seats behind, no windows but plenty of space for their Kentucky Fried Chicken, fresh plants, etc.

In no time at all we were off in



The summit of Mount Hakepa on Pitt Island features a series of sculptures.

our great lumbering workhorse of a plane, 30-plus passengers and three or four pallets of freight, heading East for our home for the next six days. A cup of coffee, pack of sandwiches and snooze later and the Chathams appeared rather flat and inhospitable at first glance, but this first appearance was soon to prove so wrong.



Rare endemic sow-thistle



Spragg and Ian check out an old wreck.

with Loosie as driver and tour guide and headed towards the north-eastern tip of the island 50 km away and Kaingaroa which was

our home for our stay. This was a township on the coast with a school, fish factory and chartered club surrounded by a few homes.

The changes were immense with tar sealed

roads in the airport area and then gravel from then on, productive farmland and then miles of low scrub covered peat

land as we first headed south then north as we circled the edge of the huge lagoon that forms an important part of the Chatham landscape. Finally rich farmland again and appearing from nowhere the settlement of Kaingaroa and the Ultimate Hide-away holiday home, with

commercial style kitchen, four bedrooms, two lounges including bar, laundry, and panoramic view that was to be our home.

Once we settled a quick visit to the Club was needed as somehow messages had gone astray and the basic ingredients that were to be in our house on arrival were missing. It wasn't really a problem as Loosie who had visited the year before quickly had us at the Club where we were supplied with

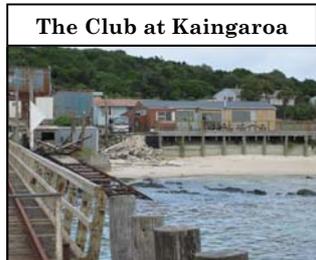


PHOTOS: STU ROSS

Loosie and Spragg with a Moriori dendroglyph (tree carving).



The basalt columns: a product of ancient volcanic activity.



The Club at Kaingaroa

food to get us through the night and more importantly liquid refreshments to quench our thirst

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The Forty-fours (so named for their latitude)

(GLOBETROTTER Continued from page 4)

caused by all the dust from the roads. This was our first real touch of Chatham life, not only did we meet some of the locals and spend some time in their homes with

them before getting back to cook our evening meal, but we bought our first six-pack of men's stubbies (Quart bottles) at \$70 to take away. Same price if you drink them on the premises.



Cray pots

The next six days were hectic with a flying visit and a day on Pitt Island, population 27, where we enjoyed a tour with the locals. From the landing on the grass strip, Pitt Island was a constantly changing

landscape and experience for us: starting with the terminal building, a caravan that they were going to set up to sell souvenirs to tourists which was lying in a crumpled heap on its side over the fence following a recent windy period; then a climb to the top of Hakepa to see its unusual sculptures and then a lunch of paua and crayfish in a private home. The old jail was carved out of the cliff face and certainly not a place to spend too much time. Our tour was planning to build a lodge in Flower Pot harbour there, and once completed we are all going back to enjoy the hospitality and the beauty of this island again.



Many Chatham Islanders are descendants of the German missionaries.

A visit to Day 2 of the annual Chatham race meeting was most interesting with the races being run in pairs 20 minutes apart and then up to a two hour break while they rested the horse and jockeys, before the next series. A real picnic day with islanders remembering to take liquid refreshments to stop dehydration in the sun, the sunscreen lotion to stop sunburn, but ... forgetting to take any food. It was a great day but I'm not sure if we all remember leaving the race course.

Over the remainder of the days we explored all aspects of the main island each day thanks to Loosie the tour guide who came up with new highlights including the carved trees, the basalt columns, Port

Hutt, Owengo, Waitangi West, the South Coast, the local weather station, Golf Club, the hotel at Waitangi, and floundering in the Te Whanga Lagoon. Although I think this was really an excuse for drinking a few stubbies at the sea-

side as the only whitebait we saw were Ian's and my legs as we waded around a bluff on the shoreline.

Time was also spent on a local farm visiting the old



Sea cave



This amphibious plane met its demise after a knucklehead set up the buoy runway with a rock between two buoys!

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one in the bay. Many of you will have already met Blair Jarvis and Jade Lanauze who have been here since October. Tracy Du Plooy has also just recently joined the team. Jade, sadly, will be leaving us in a few weeks to head back to her trainee ranger course in Nelson. She has worked hard over the past few months and her bubbly nature will be missed around



The DOC weed team (clockwise from back, left): Robyn Newham, Blair Jarvis, Jade Lanauze and Tracy du Plooy.

the office. Both Blair and Tracey are on two year contracts for the weeds team. Blair was born and bred in Invercargill, having an interest in fly fishing, tramping, golf and water sports. He has previously worked for DOC in Te Anau and is also experienced in farming. Blair brings technical expertise onto the weeds team in terms of plant pest spraying and gen-

Tracy comes from Cape Town in South Africa. She lived in South Africa until she was nine, moving to sunny Dunedin for a few months, then moved to windy Wellington where she has been based for the last seven years. She has a great interest and wide knowledge in conservation, especially in the biodiversity side of DOC. Tracy's area of expertise is Darwin's Barberry, its control and eradication techniques. Stewart Island seemed like the place to work after she experienced the beauty of the Island during a tramping trip, and finds the best part of living and working on the Island is being away from the harsh big city life and the constant rush to be somewhere doing things!

eral weeds work around the bay.

**Book Review:**

“When the Wind Blows”  
(author James Patterson)

by Sue Ford

James Patterson is an acquired taste in authors – some of his books I enjoy, some I don’t, and then there is “When the Wind Blows”. The style of writing is the usual Patterson patter, which – if you like the American thriller/crime story, described in the reviews as ‘fast-paced’ – is his usual standard. What is unusual is the storyline.

Kit Harrison, an FBI agent still in the grieving process following the death of his family, has been following up some far-fetched theories regarding the deaths of doctors, unrelated except by their having worked in the complex fields of bio-technics and gene-tampering. Kit’s superiors in the Department order him off his wildly imaginative investigation and insist that he take leave. Kit is endangering his career by disobeying that direct order, and following up leads which take him to Bear Bluff, Colorado.

In Bear Bluff, Frannie O’Neill, the

local veterinarian, is also grieving following the murder of her ‘gyn-ob’ researcher husband. Frannie and Kit are drawn to each other – aah! the love interest! But a friend – a colleague of Frannie’s husband — is found drowned and with a broken neck in his own swimming pool. Did he dive or was he pushed? We, the readers, already know the answer to that one. And Kit Harrison adds the doctor to his list of medical personnel deaths, which includes Frannie’s husband.

Then there are The Children: living at The School, a totally unknown and unrecorded ‘facility’. Is The School connected to Boulder Hospital? And who in the district is a ‘goody’ and who are the ‘baddies’? The Children are an unusual Patterson factor. They are – not to spoil the story for you – different. They are gifted beyond servant-status, but are surprisingly well-adjusted with moral codes and ethics beyond that of most of the human race. They are sweet (unbelievably so most parents would say). Can such children really live on to a ‘happy ending’? They can’t if the greed and fear of the scientists wins out. But if The Children, who recognise the evil in their

‘guardians’, have any say in the matter, the scientists will pay the highest price. And that may mean The Children will die in the attempt.

It’s an odd story, and raises very pertinent questions about where we are going with medical research. For instance, can the ends ever justify the means? The ‘means’ in this story are truly appalling and not beyond the bounds of possibility, but the ‘ends’ are spectacular. And these ‘ends’ – are they where we want the human race to go anyway?

Patterson draws a brilliant picture of the amazing future humankind could aspire to, but he doesn’t mince words when he describes the potential sacrifices and intense suffering, mental and physical, of the most vulnerable, needed to achieve that future.

Not the best book I have ever read, and not even the best the author has written in my opinion, but certainly one of the more thought-provoking Patterson thriller plots. And you would never guess the ending, which is, perhaps, the true mark of a decent thriller writer.

(GLOBETROTTER Continued from page 5)

German mission station, the seal hatchery and the remains of the old Sutherland Flying Boat that was holed in the lagoon some years back. Loosie tried paauing but got the tides four hours wrong. It didn’t look good for a while but the paau were so keen to get caught we still got plenty for him to prepare a meal of his personal recipe patties.

On our last day, the wind died down, the seas calmed, and even non-seafaring Spragg headed to sea and 22 km of the coast to the 44’s, a series of columns rising straight from the sea and today the home for albatross and seals. A huge cavern like a cathedral is hollowed into one and a passage large enough for the fishing boat to pass through is in another. An

amazing experience and far superior to what the tourists flock to in the Bay of Islands in New Zealand’s far north. Two hours later we were back home paying our skipper for our fantastic trip and receiving a crayfish meal before our departure, and the wind and sea were staring to rise again.

Perhaps the overall highlight, and it is hard to choose, was the Seafood Night at the Club when people come from all the Chathams and enjoy the hospitality of the people of Kaingaroa. Dozens of seafood dishes, including a real tasty egg and paau pie, all prepared by the local families

raising money for their community. What a fantastic feast. They also had a band from Auckland playing so I’m sure you can imagine what a night it was. It was followed by a dance on Saturday night and recovery session on Sunday. Almost sounds like Stewart Island and what Jack is planning for the Singles Ball.

All too soon we were checking in at the Chathams airport again, seat allocation this time just being sit wherever you like, as we headed back from Paradise to Christchurch. A fantastic break with so many wonderful experiences and Spragg and others just waiting to head back.



Spragg, Mount Hakepa



# WAITANGI DAY 2007



## Notes from another small island

*Chris Visser has shared a view from Saturna Island sent by her Canadian relly Briony.*

Twelve and a half thousand kilometres from Stewart Island is an island called Saturna Island. It lies on an almost identical latitude but in the northeastern part of the Pacific Ocean. The island is largely composed of ancient granite, formed as a batholith somewhere near the palm-studded Tuvatu. This ancient volcanic island moved northwards riding along the Pacific plate at about the speed your hair grows. By sheer bad luck the North American continent was in the way 60 million years ago and the island became inextricably attached by a shallow bridge that is uncovered whenever the glaciers make an appearance. The last appearance of this land bridge to the continent was about 10,000 years ago which is about the time we lost our large mammals to what some argue as over-zealous hunting techniques of the first Polynesians.

The island was colonized, it is theorized, by an early wave of Polynesians, followed by a later wave of Polynesians brought by Captain Cook and pakehas which the natives named aptly *hwinitum*, or hungry people. There are now 300 *hwinitum* living on the island with the odd Polynesian thrown in. The population swells every summer as the loopies arrive in number by various ferries, planes and personal watercraft. Tourists don't stay in the winter as it rains all winter and the moss, mildew and cold viruses put off all but the most eccentric or foolhardy. Two thirds of the island is a national park and islanders have mixed feelings about the arrival of well-uniformed young park officials who don't generate sufficient children or stay around long enough to keep the school open. On the other hand, there are various services to be provided which can supplement the declining incomes derived from fishing, logging, farming and other industries that earned them their name. Every year there is a lamb barbecue that bring islanders together to air their grievances, view who has

shacked up with who and generally rearrange the living arrangements for the following winter. It is often surprising that the natural birth rate is not higher except that the population is ageing and in the last census it was discovered that the majority of people lived off retirement pensions and investments. Two thirds of waterfront properties are now owned by wealthy refugees of undemocratic banana republics like the United States.

There are huge beds of kelp around the island that once teemed with rock cod, orca and porpoises and now teem with loopies which the locals look upon disdainfully as if their living didn't survive on it. There are lush forests of cedar trees with carpets of sword ferns lining the forest floor interspersed with open grasslands with gnarled hardwoods and wildflowers. The granite mountain tops have ancient stories attached that warn children against developing greedy natures and wise resource use. Children point out that there parents routinely ignore these teachings. Kingfishers, oystercatchers, shags (called cormorants, shagging is an activity reserved for long winter nights) and herons inhabit the shores and provide endless subjects for postcards to sell to loopies. Wrens, robins (which aren't really robins but some Englishman thought they were) and other songbirds appear less frequently in tourist literature and are vulnerable to the *hwinitum* hunger for chopping down native trees to get ocean views. Wolf, cougar and bear roamed for years pursuing the black-tailed deer, now it is just hunters pursuing the deer. Hunters are identified by their camouflage gear, squished cans of beer left near fire rings and rude remarks about greenies. Greenies are identified by their goretex, muesli grains left near immaculate campsites and rude remarks about hunters. The only remnant of the dinosaurs are the alligator lizards which sun themselves on the rocky outcrops but are now in danger of extinction due to feral cats and goats. In the island newspaper, called *Island Tides*, there is an ongoing dialogue on the issue of cats and goats. Possums thrive on a neighbouring island but so far have not arrived on Saturna. This is good because that would

fully clog up the newspaper with more debates on the issue of possums.

Debates are endlessly well-balanced in what many call an island surrounded by a difference of opinion. Politics are if nothing else good sport. Everyone is obliged to join at least one committee and is thereafter scarred for life. Ongoing issues include all the above plus monster holiday houses vs affordable housing for the locals, sewage, fish farming, helipads, cellphone towers, invasive weeds brought in by tourists and overzealous gardeners, and which fire engine to buy.

Recently, a non-academic conference was held (on the island that has possums on it) on the topic of Islands. Anyone was invited to present a paper on any island topic from ancient history to contemporary issues. The conference was well attended by representatives from over 18 islands surrounding Saturna including retired academics, carpenters, ex-fishermen, housewives (there are still two on Saturna) and people in the tourism industry. After listening for two days to all the presentations and detecting that regardless of whether you were interested in fossils, ferrets or fish farms, one presenter Dr. Katherine Dunster proposed that all our interests would be looked after and all our problems would be solved if we just adopted a manifesto of Slow Islands. The term is borrowed from the Slow Food movement which is an international movement started by an Italian farmer who blockaded a McDonalds fast food joint in his town as he saw the end of a way of life, including the farming, landscape, eating rituals and convivial company on long lazy afternoons. Slow Islands like Slow Food celebrates everything slow. Slow food, slow roads, slow conversations, slow development, slow fishing and hunting, slow logging, slow ferries, slow communications, slow farming, even slow loving. The movement was declared launched at that conference and now islanders from the north Pacific are slowly spreading the word to help sister islands that there is a simple way out to solve many of our problems. All

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My holidays are finished. The Rent a Cops have been and gone. Summer must be nearly over. It's good to be back at work but I did enjoy having some time off and having a good look around the South Island. I even managed to get a tan.

Isn't it great Super 14 has started again and the Hurricanes are winning even though Tana tried to help the Chiefs by not scoring.

Work has been steady with the odd incident to sort out.

Of concern is the unlawful taking of a car from out front of the Community centre. It was found crashed in the creek on Hicks Road.

no one seems to have seen anything.

Also some gear was stolen off one paua divers boat. It stuffed up a days diving for those guys.

If anyone knows anything about either of these incidents they can give me a ring.

I've also dealt with hunters over at Mason Bay who thought the rules didn't apply to them. They got a bit of a shock seeing the blue uniform instead of the green DOC one. Their attitudes also changed pretty quickly when they realised what could happen to them.

The car was totalled and the owners are now out of pocket and also minus a car. I have spoken to a few people but

Just a bit of a reminder if you are going hunting and one of your mates or someone in the party is unlicensed, if that person has a firearm in their possession they must be supervised by a licensed person. This means that it's only one firearm between the both of you. Remember if something does go wrong and you gave a person a firearm and didn't supervise them it makes you also liable to a number of offences. Its about keeping safe.

After Christmas a kiwi and penguin road sign went walk-about from a couple of locations on the island. They have though managed to find their way back to their correct homes. I know they look good as a wall hanging but it's not worth the hassle of being caught with them. They cost about \$150 each.

—Shaun Palmer

(Continued from page 8)

that is required is to build a slow island principle into the preamble of your island community plans and all decisions thereafter are easy.

*Manifesto of the Slow Islands Movement*

Hush the Rush. Hike and Bike

Don't Go Far With Your Car,

Explore Your core – less is more

Act with care. Try to be fair

Remember to share – life is a prayer

Let's think globally and eat locally

Be content with no event

Don't be tired. Get unwired

Read a book. Learn to cook

Take your time. You will shine

Plant a tree. Embrace mystery

Toss the T.V and your C.V

Try to be clear. Let go of fear

Stay close to home. Grow your own

Conservation Preservation

Check out quiet. Why not try it?

Take a walk. Forget the clock

Follow your heart. Forget being smart

—Nina Raginsky, Salt Spring Island, Salish Sea BC.

**EXHIBITION OPENING**

Two years ago Toi Rakiura Arts Trust engaged broadcaster and writer Halina Oganowska-Coates and Juliet Nicholls of Christchurch to produce an oral history exhibition.

The result is an exhibition called 'Island' which will feature photographs and stories of islanders. This exhibition will be opened on March 31 in the Community Centre and will combine audio and visual recordings of ten people who have lived or are still living on the island.

**“Island”**

*Saturday 31st March, 2007  
Stewart Island Community Centre*



**Yellow-eyed Penguin Trust news.**

Things seemed to have settled a bit on the penguin front.

The as yet unexplained spate of chick deaths experienced in November and December has ceased, and the survivors are carrying on as normal. I was able to visit Pegasus for a couple of days last month and quickly found seven nest sites from this season. Six of these were still active and had a total of 10 chicks. This said to me that whatever happened on the Anglem coast this season has not happened everywhere on the island. Phew!

Last week all surviving chicks in our monitored nests were caught and weighed. We've done this every year

in the first week of February to get an idea of chick weights as they near fledging. We can also compare weights between monitored sites, and

between years. When the chicks fledge (go to sea) they are no longer fed by their parents and have to fend for themselves from the moment they enter the water. The heavier they are at this time the better their chance of survival during the initial period when they are learning to feed themselves. Past research in other areas has shown that chicks weighing less than 4.5kg when they fledge are unlikely to survive.

The chick weighing "Team Penguin 2007" consisted of Phred Dobbins



**Fledgling YEP**

(DOC), Joanna Wright (YEPT), Jess Kany (able scribe), Annett Eiselt (photographer & equipment overseer), Annett's mum Elizabeth and myself. Everyone had a job to do, and after the second chick we

were operating like a well oiled machine. As well as weighing we were measuring each chick (to determine its sex), taking feather samples (for further information about its recent diet via stable isotope analysis), and inserting a transponder or microchip (to allow us to identify each individual in future). Our one surviving chick on the Anglem coast topped the scales at 6.2kg – a good weight for a chick. This chick is no longer "Big Fluffy". While still big it is fully feathered with

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*This is a new feature for the Stewart Island News. Share your story with us!*

*For those of you shy about writing something yourself: I'd be happy to swing by to record your tale, just call me.*

**Excerpted from the journal of Sheila Natusch (nee Trail):**

...I have other memories of trips to the camp [Sheila's father's camp in the Ruggedy Flats—ed]. Sometimes Dad, Mum, Alex and I went by ourselves. Sometimes our old friend Mr. Marshall came too. Once Mr. Farrant came with us, and Alex and I found to our surprise that, for a schoolteacher, he was remarkably like the general run of men. We almost forgot that he had

a strap. Then there was Don, the dear old black and tan sheepdog. He was not a sheepdog by breed—or even by vocation, although he might have been if Uncle Arthur had kept him, along with the rest of his brothers, for use on the Island Hill run in the Mason Bay Flats. He was "mostly dog", with a generous dash of collie; he had a black coat, a brown muzzle, and circular brown "eyebrows." I have wept over generations of cats that died of old age, and kittens that had to be drowned, but never more than the time Don ran in the path of a bullet that was meant for a deer. But that came later.

Mr. Marshall kept us amused. While we were splashing through one of the drearier bogs, he would lift up his voice and say "All here? Number off!" We numbered off as follows:

Dad: "One!"  
Mum: "Two!"  
Mr. Marshall: "Three!"  
Me: "Four!"  
Alex: "Five!"  
Don: "Woof!"  
When we sat around the campfire, or pulled down the river in the dinghy, Mr. Marshall would say with a glint in his eye "And have you ever heard the tale of the old iron pot?"  
"No," we chorused, eager for a yarn.

"But you mustn't say no."  
"No, we haven't heard the tale of the old iron pot."  
"But you must not say no we haven't heard the tale of the old iron pot."  
"All right, we won't say anything then. Tell us the—"  
"You **MUST NOT** say we won't say anything then. Have you ever heard the story of the old iron pot?"

To tell you the truth, I have never heard the story yet....Mr. Marshall

had a remarkable fund of knowledge concerning the opera, theatre, world affairs, and various other topics, but he talked like any honest Stewart Island fisherman (actually he was a shopkeeper.) And that suited Alex and me very well indeed. If it wasn't stories it was chocolate, and what more reliable shortcut is there to the youthful affections?

It is some years since I have visited the camp at Island Hill, but I still remember the last time we left it. The morning was young, and the sunlight caught myriads of cobwebs that hung on the manuka-bushes and ferns. Each lacy cobweb was sparkling with drops of dew, but when the sun caught one of those bright drops at the right slant, it gleamed like copper in the firelight, or shone blue-green like the sea.



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not a trace of fluff. It should fledge sometime in the next couple of weeks. We wish it well.

Also last week, I had an interesting chat with a local about their recollections and experiences of yellow-eyed penguins. The subject of moulting penguins came up as they were telling me of how they had warned others not to disturb moulting birds which would die if they had to go into the water. This is absolutely true.

Penguins, like all birds, replace worn out feathers with new ones every year – i.e. they “moult”. However, unlike other birds, penguins moult all their feathers over a very short period of time. This is because while their old feathers are falling out and new ones are growing penguins are no longer waterproof and can’t go to sea to feed. If they did they would die of hypothermia; it would be like diving all day with no wet suit, or a very holey one at best. If they take too long to complete their moult they will die of starvation. To see them through this period of enforced fasting they must put on a lot of weight before they start. A skinny penguin just starting to moult is likely to starve before it is finished. Yellow-eyed penguins take about 4 weeks to complete their moult, and they lose around 45% of their body weight during this time.

Moulting, for yellow-eyed penguins, takes place from January through to May. The juveniles and non-breeding adults can start as early as January, although most start in February. Breeding adults generally moult in April – May, after they have stopped feeding chicks and have had time to put on enough weight to get them into moulting condition. Other penguin species can moult at slightly different times, depending on when they breed. I noticed sign last week that some little blue penguins are already



Phred prepares to weigh a chick.

moulting, and I’ve seen Fiordland crested penguins moulting in January in past years. Both these species start breeding earlier than yellow-eyed penguins, and so their moult is earlier.

Generally, penguins will choose a quiet secluded place in which they can moult undisturbed. Some however choose an entirely inappropriate place. Last summer a Snares crested penguin chose to moult on the rocks beside the boat sheds at the bottom of Peterson’s Hill. In such cases the biggest threats are from curious onlookers and dogs. Moulting penguins look like the most miserable creatures on earth, sitting all hunched up with their feathers falling out, but really there is nothing wrong with them – they’re just moulting. People often think they are sick, and try to pick them up or just get too close. This disturbance causes stress which burns up precious energy, leaving the penguin with less in reserve. On land penguins have no natural predators, but uncontrolled dogs are a real menace. A penguin can out-swim a dog any day, but on land it is completely defenseless, and when moulting the option of escaping into the water just isn’t an option. It will die.

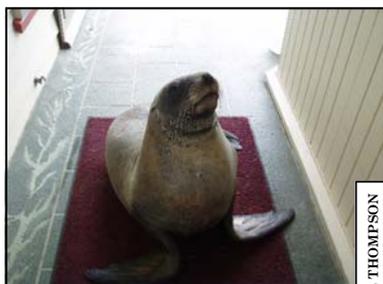
So, if you come across a moulting penguin of any sort during the next couple of months:

- LEAVE IT ALONE – give it space
- Tell someone at DOC if you are concerned for the penguin’s safety. Keep dogs under control and don’t let them wander. —Sandy



Feather sampling

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“Let me in! Let me in!”

(Not by the fur on your finny-fin- fin!)

Unwelcome visitor at the South Sea Hotel.



PHOTOS: NICOLETTE THOMPSON

**Ringa Ringa Golf Club**  
*Electrix Trophy, 17 February*  
 15 four-person teams—Ambrose

**Division One**

1st The Four Horse Persons	36
2nd Tom’s Team	36.5
3rd C.O.D Team	38.5

**Division Two**

1st S.I Experience	40
2nd Bobbets	41
3rd Top Guns	41.5

**Division Three**

1st Lions & Witches	43
2nd Short & Tall	43.75
3rd Fire Brigade	46.25

**Nearest pin**

On 2 & 6: Jon Spraggon
On 3: Stu Cave

Heaps of people stormed Squizzy’s boat during a recent Scavenger Hunt organized by Vicki. Along with a sheriff’s badge, Beatles album, completed Suduko puzzle, and a branch of fresh fruit, competitors were required to bring a team photo taken aboard the *Loloma*. Everyone had heaps of fun and \$50 was raised for the Community Centre.



*In December, one of our visitors had a moped accident and injured her leg. The following is excerpted from a card she sent to those who helped her on the Island:*

Once the leg is healed, I will have recovered completely with the only lasting legacy being a few bolts in my leg—this will give them a thrill at airport security screening. The assistance of the Stewart Island emergency services immediately after the accident has ensured this great outcome. Thanks again to you all.  
Regards, Susan

**CONGRATULATIONS**

*Proud parents*

Jo and Kyle Learmonth  
Welcome Zoe Jasmine!



**STEWART ISLAND GARDEN CIRCLE**

The next meeting will be held at the home of Jenny Gell at 2 O'clock on Thursday 8<sup>th</sup> March. Competition: A Dahlia flower, a Rose flower and something edible.

**Community Library Fundraiser  
BOOK SALE**



**Saturday, 3rd March  
10am-5pm, at the  
Community Centre**



**We've got HEAPS of books to offload: Paperbacks; hardcovers; picture books; fiction and non-fiction; encyclopaedia sets; and valuable rare books for bibliophiles and book collectors. Plus puzzles, CDs, and hand-crafted Rakiura Library magnets.**

**Prices start at just 50 cents for most paperbacks and \$2 for most hardcovers. Rare books sold at half their market value.**

**If you run a lodge, motel or holiday rental home, why not create a wee library for your visitors?  
All proceeds go toward new books!**

*The Island mourns the passing of our friend and neighbour Neville King. His absence has left a big hole in the community. We offer our sincere condolences to his family.*

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).

**Please send articles and enquiries to Jess Kany at Box 156, or to editor@stewart-island-news.com  
The deadline for the next issue is 17th March.**

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 for rates*

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