

STEWART ISLAND NEWS

CELEBRATING RAKIURA

April—May 2015

\$3.00

WELCOME, PRINCE HARRY!

*Tranore
Rona Bay
Eastbourne
Wellington
N.Z. 25/4/16*

The people yell and cheer and wave goodbye. The boys hang over the sides and get up the masts and the boats are just one mass of Khaki, they also wave and yell and call goodbye. The boat goes out, out, out farther away each time away, away, away till you can only just manage to see the white hankies in the distance. Then if you look around at the people on the wharf you will see that they are all crying, not only the girls, but men and women too, they only cry when the boat is out of sight they never let the boys see them it would make them sad, they the people are brave too aren't they?

— from a letter Elaine Hamilton has shared which was written to her father Archie dated 25th April 1916, the very first ANZAC day. Get your hanky and see page 6 for the entire letter.



Elaine has also kindly shared the diary of her great Uncle Theodore Laugesen who experienced the horrors of war including combat in Gallipoli during the Great War, and died of illness aged 33. See pages 10-13 for a harrowing glimpse into the trenches of World War I. (Warning: not for the faint-hearted.)

This ANZAC Day 25th April marks 100 years since the landing at Gallipoli. The Rakiura Museum has a special collection this month commemorating the centurion ANZAC Day, see page 18 for more information or drop by the museum.

Recently I saw a news story about a monument being created to commemorate this centenary. School children were asked to write what they would say to the soldiers. A dear little boy said “Lest we forgot.”

One wee girl summed it up best. She said:
THANK YOU FOR BEING SO BRAVE.



Klaartje Van Schie aka Claire races along Horseshoe Bay Road during the Tour of NZ pre-race. She went on to race seven days through the South Island and win second female overall and first in her category.

I'm putting a box of tissues next to the pile of *SINs* at the shop this month. Whether or not you've succumbed to man-flu, you will surely sniffle when you read this special ANZAC issue. Thanks to Elaine Hamilton for sharing powerful mementos of war with us from her personal family archives.

Last month Kylie Moxham shared the legend of Hananui and the “great blush” of

Rakiura skies with the Rugrats. This month we have seen a full flush of colour in the skies—day and night—with double rainbows, awesome sunrises, dramatic sunsets, the blood moon, an eclipse, and aurorae.

A big grateful nod to Pete Ross who has coached the HMB kids to great success, most recently at Southland Schools Swimming Champs. Congratulations to Tyler who won the 100m sprint at Southland Primary Schools Athletics.

Yes, it's true...a king on our shores: all the yapping about YEPs last month must have made a bigger penguin jealous... go to page 17 to see

a king penguin at Doughboy Bay.

Speaking of rare and royal visitors to our shores...

The Stewart Island community welcomes HRH Prince Harry.

Lots of chatter and activity leading up to the weekend...

worrying about the weather, wondering if he'd like muttonbirds, giggling about Cinderella's glass

gumboot, fussing over our gardens and polishing our windows and double-checking the loo for stray sea lions and doing whatever we can to spiff up the place to say a proper *Haere Mai Prince Harry!*

We don't have a flash red carpet to roll out or the nicest weather forecast, but we DO have the best kai moana in the world, the “crown jewel” Ulva Island, and a whole bunch of people thrilled and honoured that the Prince has included this special place on his itinerary.

We sincerely hope he enjoys his visit!



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Why I want to be a Captain

In number 1 of the Swedish magazine "Utkiken" we found the following, written by a 10-year old British schoolboy :

"I want to be a captain when I grow up because it's a cool job that's easy to do. Captains don't have to go to school such a long time. They only need to learn figures so they can read instruments. I think they also have to be able to read maps so they don't get lost when they sail.

Captains have to be brave so they don't get scared when it's so foggy that they can't see and when the propeller falls off they have to know what to do about it. Captains have to have eyes that can see through the clouds and they mustn't be afraid of thunder and lightning which they have closer to them than what we have.

The captain's wages is another thing I like. They earn more than they can spend. That's because most people think it's dangerous to drive a boat, except captains, because they know how easy it is. There's not much I don't like, except that girls like captains. All the girls want to marry a captain, so captains are always having to chase them away to get some peace...

I hope I don't get seasick, because if I get seasick I can't be a captain and I'll have to start working."

Thanks to Mona Wiig for sharing this (her brother sent it to her).

The bake sale organized by the Oban Presbyterian Church to help storm ravaged Vanuatu raised more than \$1,000. Their bake stall to help Nepal raised \$1,500.



12 things about Stewart Island that Prince Harry won't learn from a guidebook:

We have hot sparkling sunny days on the island... honestly.

It's true... a sea lion once snuck into the Pub loo.

Muttonbird is delicious ... better than duck!

The world's southernmost giant outdoor chess set is here.

The world's southernmost Starbucks is NORTH of us.

You can actually *earn* money playing golf at Ringa Ringa, the country's southernmost course. You get a dollar for each ball you return to the golf rental depot (also the flight centre and post shop) so if you find more balls than you originally rented it's possible to make a profit!

Raw kina (urchin) roe is considered a hangover remedy by some locals.

Whitetail deer here are *fucivorous* — seaweed eating — so their prints are often seen on our beaches.

The western side of the island is a hot spot for *ambergris* — the extremely valuable whale vomit prized by perfumeries.

Some Island men can get hairless rings around their calves from gumboot chafe.

Paua (NZ abalone) are haemophilic.

Crayfish have blue blood.



PHOTO: KITTY KAIN

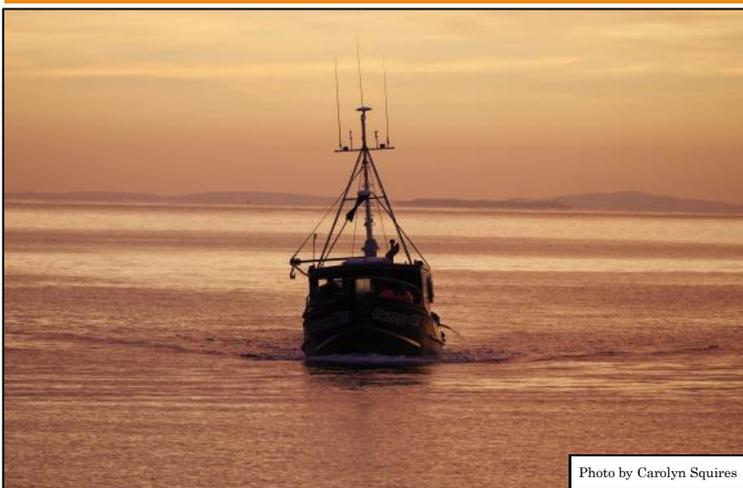


Photo by Carolyn Squires



Photo by Bev Cowie

ATTENTION RUNNERS! If you love running and you love Stewart Island, check out the new Facebook page *Rakiura Runners*. Post your tales from the trails!

Stewart Island Ball Labour Weekend

Saturday 24th October

Stewart Island Community Centre
7.30

the theme is B for Ball

Now is the time to start thinking of what you could wear that starts with the letter B

Butthead, Bob the builder, Beautiful Babe, Blackbeard

Bountious Supper and Cash Bar

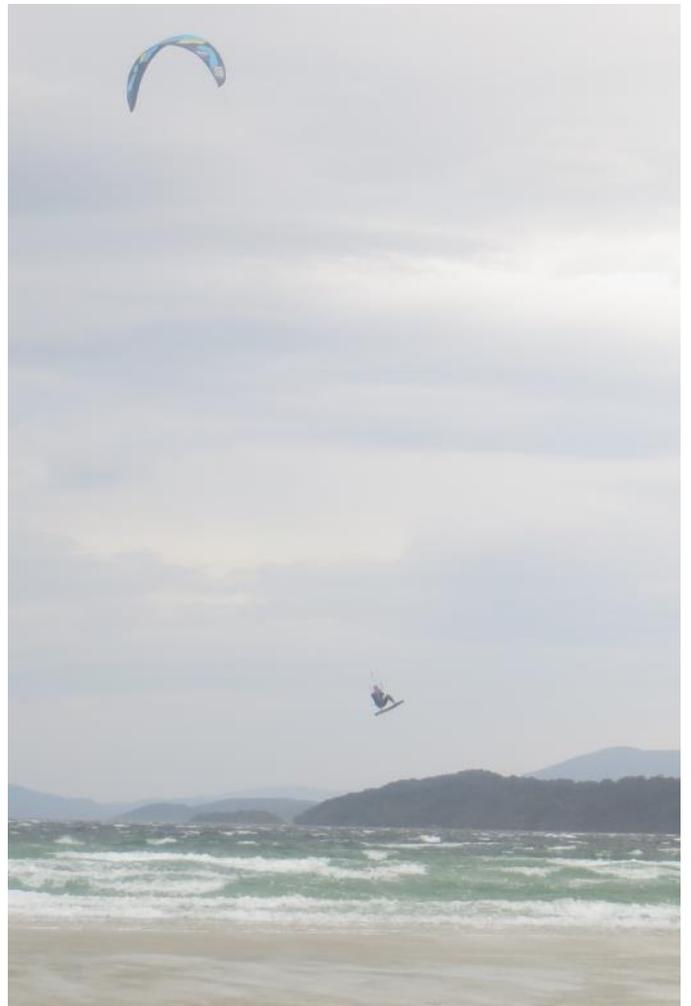
The Band is Quantum from Invercargill and we hear they are bebopping beauts

Courtesy Car will be available

Village Centre, Oban : glowingsky.co.nz



Glowing Sky Merino. All You Need.



Shop Talk *by Jules Retberg*

The warehouse, the warehouse, where everyone gets more than they bargained for!

“We’re going to the warehouse!” I exclaimed gleefully as Jill, Fern and I left Stewart Island a couple of weeks ago. Regardless of how often you go to Invercargill, a visit to the big red building on Leven Street shouldn’t generate THAT much excitement. But I wasn’t talking about *that* Warehouse. We were going to the Foodstuffs Warehouse in Dunedin.

Foodstuffs supply Four Square, New World and Pak’nSave supermarkets and we’d scheduled a tour of the Dunedin warehouse whilst there to attend a general merchandise roadshow.

The general merchandise roadshow was held at Forsyth Barr Stadium in Dunedin. It was a full-on day, talking to suppliers about goods ranging from Christmas Crackers to SIM cards and I learned from an underwear sales rep that 1 in 7 men regularly wear womens’ underwear. I don’t know whether his cheerful demeanour was due to teasing me, or because he was comfortable in his undies!

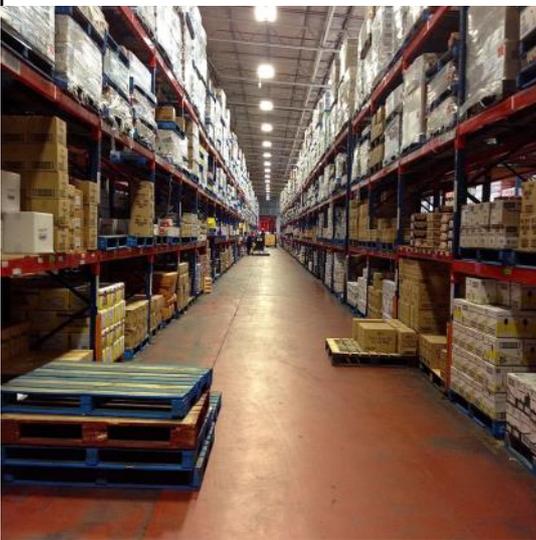
But onto the warehouse. Being an ex-forkie I was uber-excited about seeing the warehouse forklifts in action. Once inside the massive warehouse, sporting *de rigueur* orange high-vis jackets, our tour began in the office where orders are received from New Worlds, Pak n Saves and Four Squares in the South Island.

Instructions were communicated via headset to ‘pickers’ driving ‘palletisers’ which are nifty vehicles with forks at the back, long enough to carry two pallets. Crown’s WP3000 pallet truck series, if you’re interested ...

Palletiser drivers were directed to various locations throughout the 3-acre warehouse, where enormous shelving stacked pallets of goods sometimes 5-high. They would pick the items according to the order, stack them onto a pallet and drive to the docking bay where a packer would wrap the pallet in jumbo clingwrap.

The finishing touch was a huge yellow barcode slapped on the side that contained the store name and delivery location, number of cartons on the pallet, number of pallets making up the whole order, who’d picked and packed the order - an incredible amount of information contained in a few black stripes! The forklift operator scanned the barcode, took it to the relevant loading bay, loaded it onto a freight truck and Bob’s your uncle! Fascinating stuff that I could have watched all day.

When our warehouse tour guide told me I could stand at the helm of a Palletiser I was like a child at Disneyland. Except I was a forty-something year old woman wearing a fluorescent orange jacket in Dunedin - dream come true!



Tramore
Rona Bay
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N. Z. 25/4/16

My dear Archie,

Now, I was glad to receive your very welcome letter. It is really lovely to think that I now can always look forward to receiving a letter from my true lover. Your clever little epistle caused much wonder in my family and many questions too, you see, they did not know that I have at least one friend who thinks of me sometimes, and of course they were very curious about that Halfmoon Bay post mark, but I did not enlighten them – only Elsie – cos this is between you and I, Archie isn't it? I have had quite a good time lately. My Uncle owns a launch, only not as nice as the "Miranda" but quite as big, and he bought her over to Rona Bay last Saturday and we all went for a picnic, we, means myself, Elsie, the rest of my family and some friends. In the launch we went to a place called Sunset Bay, such a pretty place but not a bit like Thule or Ulva or any of those places, instead of Rata trees like the Island, this bay is overgrown with Weeping Willow trees. I cannot remember seeing any Willow trees at the Island.

I suppose your Dad gets any amount of oysters now, don't I wish I were down there again so that I could have a good old feed.

What a brave man your Uncle is to go to the war. We see all the soldiers here you know. First we see them as civilians marching into camp in their ordinary clothes and next we see them all marching out of camp as soldiers. The camp is such a big place too, and it almost takes your breath away to see so many thousands of men. I have often been out to the camp with my mother and father, ever so many of my friends and cousins have gone to the front.

It is a great sight Archie to see the soldiers marching the day they go away. Thousands of people line the streets and all the girls have flowers, fruit and cigarettes to give to the boys as they pass.

Then you hear the bands playing

and the tramp, tramp of the men keeping time with big, big drums, on they come, sometimes the girls rush out of the lines and kiss their special soldier for the last time, these girls always get cheered, sometimes the cheekier boys kiss all the girls they can, even if they don't know them at all, there is generally a great deal of noise and excitement on those days, everybody is shaking hands and saying goodbye for the last time maybe. Such crowds and crowds of men, you think they are never going to stop coming. They walk in fours with their bayonets fixed and they look such strong brave men. When at last they have all passed, the crowds rush down to the wharves to see them go onto the boats. Oh such a crush and such a dreadful crowd there is always a dreadful struggle to try and get on, but I always manage. I make eyes at the policemen and they always let me on. It is wonderful to see how they get the soldiers on the boats. There are generally three or four boats, the soldiers are lined up alongside their special boat. Then the roll is called and as each man's name is called he goes up the gangway on to the boat and is not allowed off again. Calling the roll takes hours, so if you have any friends you have time to find them and say goodbye again, at last they are all on the boats, the gangway is down, the whistle blows and the boat starts to move away.

The people yell and cheer and wave goodbye. The boys hang over the sides and get up the masts and the boats are just one mass of Khaki, they also wave and yell and call goodbye. The boat goes out, out, out farther away each time away, away, away till you can only just manage to see the white hankies in the distance. Then if you look around at the people on the wharf you will see that they are all crying, not only the girls, but men and women too, they only cry when the boat is out of sight they never let the boys see them it would make them sad, they the people are brave too aren't they? I have often cried even when I do not know any of the soldiers.

Now Archie I do not want to make you feel sad, oh no, but I have written all about this because I know you have never seen it and must wonder what it is like, and as I know

boys are interested in soldiers I thought you would like to know something about your own brave sex. You see Archie I live here, you can say, almost next door to the camps and I know all about it and have a better opportunity of seeing them go away than anybody else who is far from Wellington and as you do not see them like we do, (not even on the mainland) I thought I would let you know a little about it. It would set your little brain wondering if you were here and saw these thousands and thousands of men drilling and preparing for this dreadful war.

People do not realise what it is like or what war means until they come here to Wellington and then they understand it.

Now I am going to change the subject, I so glad your Thule friend is A. 1. Are your lessons very hard? I remember when I used to have to do homework too and I did not like it either. No Archie I will never have another sweetheart, I'll just stay here and wait for you so there!!

So hurry up Archie I don't like waiting long you will have to eat a lot so you will grow big! Just fancy you thinking I had forgotten you. Why I also promised your Dad at Dr. Collins place one night that I would write. I always keep my promise dear.

It is very cold here now and it makes me like my bed very much indeed, also the hot water bottle.

You will have to excuse my bad writing but I have such a crowd of letters to write and as you come first in everything in my eyes I wrote to you first. I have written such a long letter to you that I will only have time to scribble a few lines to Sally and Gertie Collins. Elsie sends her love to you and your Dad. Goodbye.

A big kiss for yourself,

I remain yours to a Cinder

Greta

REMEMBERING ELSE

Contributed by Jim Watt

Else Bentsen (nee Andersen) died, in Seattle Washington on 14 March 2015 at the age of 93. She is survived in Seattle by her husband Ernst. Her son Rolf advised her passing in an email he sent the next day. He knew how much she valued the memory of child-hood months at Stewart Island. Her older sister, Aud, pre-deceased her on 13 March 1998 in Sandefjord, Norway.

Both girls lived at The Whalers' Base (Kaipipi Shipyard) with their parents Markus and Palma Andersen. Their father was Manager. The family occupied the Manager's House, and they were there together for the period October 1929 to March 1931.

They had succeeded the Johansen family and their two young sons. Both boys Arvid and Ernst, and then both girls Aud and Else were the only children to live at The Base. They had their own pram dingy, were never short of volunteers to take them fishing, and at the house they had a pet deer, a pet sheep, and two large Newfoundland dogs. Vivid in Elses' memory were rowing to the Kaipipi Mill site in the spring to pick daffodils, and on 3 February 1931 feeling the Hawke's Bay earthquake.

Herman Olsen, the steward in charge of the Cook House and Mess, was a special friend. In the photo below, Else is shown standing in front of him. Her older sister Aud is on the right. In the 1950s Aud returned to New Zealand more than once as a nurse on the Dutch immigrant ships. She had then taken the name Aud 'Tange'. Herman Olsen died in 1935 and is buried in the Halfmoon Bay Cemetery.

With Else's passing there is no longer anyone still living who actually resided at The Base. So ends an era. However, Else's name remains with the snekke *ELSE*. While it was in the ownership of the Johnson family this boat was often moored in Horseshoe Bay. She is now in the Coromandel. But still at Stewart Island is the snekke *ARVID* in the ownership of the Hunter/Bonner families of Ulva. With Peter Leask's *WINNIE*, surviving Norwegian small craft carry special memories into tomorrow.



At The Whalers' Base (Kaipipi Shipyard), 1930. Herman Olsen (centre); to the left an unidentified mess boy; in front, Else Andersen; and on the right her sister Aud. *Photo: Jim Watt collection.*

Halfmoon Bay School students were asked to write poems based on 'The Wild Wet Wellington Wind' - by Joy Cowley and 'The Town' by James K Baxter. Here are the results from Angus, Leeym and George:



The fizzing, furious, Foveaux, froth
 Gale warning
 Gale warning

 In the fizzing, furious, Foveaux, froth

 Trip aborting
 Trip aborting

 In the fizzing, furious, Foveaux, froth

 Radio calling
 Radio calling

 In the fizzing, furious, Foveaux, froth

 Gulls soaring
 Gulls soaring

 In the fizzing, furious, Foveaux, froth

 Flares Launching
 Flares Launching

 In the fizzing, furious, Foveaux, froth

by Angus



James K Baxter Poem

The Bay was usual enough; it had a wharf, a shop, a pub, a workshop, a school and even a swimming pool that I trained in. My mates and I Did what boys do - hanging out in the playground, buying junk food, feeding the ducks, bombing off the wharf, concrete boarding at lunch time, swimming in sea - diving like dolphins, running around like lunatics, crafting spears
 Doing nothing really important

by Angus



James K Baxter poem

The Bay was usual enough. It had a wharf, a pub, a garage, a stadium, a post office and even a shop. My friends and I did what dudes do, zipped around in dinghies, hooped on motorbikes, shot animals in the bush, snorkelled for paua and drove jeeps in paddocks.
 Doing nothing important.

by Leeym

The howling hazardous Horseshoe hurricane

 The waves rise high
 The waves rise high
 In the howling hazardous Horseshoe hurricane

 The birds don't fly
 The birds don't fly
 In the howling hazardous Horseshoe hurricane

 The boats won't sail
 The boats won't sail
 In the howling hazardous Horseshoe hurricane

 The clouds rain hail
 The clouds rain hail
 In the howling hazardous Horseshoe hurricane

 The rain will pour
 The rain will pour
 In the howling hazardous Horseshoe hurricane

 No knocks at the door
 No knocks at the door
 In the howling hazardous Horseshoe hurricane

by George



Pull on your Storm-line leaders
 Pull on your Storm-line leaders
 In the stormy squally Stewart Island Strait

 Pull on your gumboots
 Pull on your gumboots
 In the stormy squally Stewart Island Strait

 Pull on your jacket
 Pull on your jacket
 In the stormy squally Stewart Island Strait

 Pull on your gloves
 Pull on your gloves
 In the stormy squally Stewart Island Strait

 Pull on your hat
 Pull on your hat
 In the stormy squally Stewart Island Strait

 Put on your shades
 Put on your shades
 In the stormy squally Stewart Island Strait

by Leeym

What does the Health Committee do?

Basically we are there to support our nurses in whatever way we can – fundraising, working bees, trying to find practical solutions to problems,

lobbying Southern Health about things that concern us as Islanders ... If you are interested in joining our team, we would love to welcome you aboard! We don't have regular meetings but they are fun ones, when we

do! If meetings aren't your thing but you would like to help with working bees, great! Please contact our secretary, Sue Munro (2191327) or me (2191092).
 —Raylene Waddell, Chairperson

SOUL KITCHEN

by Lania Davis

As the days gets crisper and the air cools quicker in the evenings, the first fingertips of winter can be felt through-out the bay. Gone are bbq dinners and beers on the sun drenched decks, or the snorkels in the ocean (well for those of us game enough to risk the very real threat of being a meal for the shark boat fed great whites). Out come the winter jerseys and in flock the coughs, colds and viral flus, well so it seems!

I recently caught the "man flu", and I call it this as I had it worse than anyone else!! Feverish, sniffles,tired, sore throat. Lacking the wife I needed to mother me back to health I took a harden up pill (as mothers so often have to do) and proceeded to make myself better.

Bring on the humble onion! They have so much healing power these little balls of tear-bringing gems. Onions were used successfully in some households to fight off the plague in the early 1900s -- this was done by placing a peeled onion in every room of the house! Onions are said to absorb the bacteria or virus in a room. Ayurvedic medicine has been using onions to make a poultice for the chest and feet to cure coughs, fevers and flus for centuries. This poultice is also used to reduce pain and inflammation in joints. Homeopathic doctors also use the healing power of the onion to heal viruses and illnesses.

Onions can be used to eliminate mould smells in draws/ closets (I recently tested

this and it worked a treat!) So obviously once you have cut an onion don't leave the other half in the fridge or bench to use later as they absorb bacteria! Onions are great for detoxing the liver and can help the body detox heavy metals like lead and arsenic and cadmium.

The onion is the richest source of dietary quercetin a powerful antioxidant flavonoid that has been shown to lower **cholesterol**, to **thin blood**, ward off **blood clots**, fight **asthma**, **chronic bronchitis**, **hay fever**, **diabetes** and infections and is even linked to inhibiting certain types of cancer.

Onions are also **naturally anti-inflammatory, antibiotic and antiviral!** That is of course when you eat them!

So armed with my onion power information I set to work and made myself a healing bowl of French onion soup, this one's for you Doc Marty, as you're always saying to make onion soup!

FRENCH ONION SOUP

- 4 large onions brown or red, peeled halved and thinly sliced
- 50g butter
- 2 tsp oil
- 4 sprigs of fresh thyme
- 1 bay leaf (optional)
- 1 cup of red wine
- 1 litre of beef stock
- 2 cups of water
- 1-2 heaped TBsp flour
- Salt n pepper.

Add oil and butter to a heavy based large pot and melt, add sliced onions and stir. Add thyme and bay leaf, you are sweat-

ing onions down and caramelising them, this takes around 25-30 minutes, keep at a medium heat and stir often. Once caramelised remove thyme and bay leaf and add the cup of red wine and cook out, this takes around 10-15 minutes. When all wine has evaporated add the flour and stir gently cook out the flour for 10 minutes. Add stock and water and heat, once hot taste and season according to taste. You can either use a stick blender to create a smoother soup or leave as is. **This can easily be made gluten free, just use gf stock and gf flour.**

To me this French onion soup reminds me of a rich onion gravy! I loved it and so did the whole family, and I must say after eating 5 bowls over two days I recovered quickly from my man flu, and life carried on.

Sock onion -- an onion sliced in half cut side down against sole of foot covered by socks and kept on overnight, (used this on Winiata and he was much better by morning.)

Half an onion diced finely add honey, add both in a jar and mix, leave for a few hours and use to soothe a sore throat.

Earache: slice a ring of onion slightly warm and gently place inside ear...

All of these onion tricks are worth a try and at worst you lose a few onions, and best a really cheap multi-purpose natural healer and deodoriser .

WINTER WELL, LOOK AFTER EACH OTHER, AND WATCH OUT FOR THE MAN FLU, DON'T LET IT GET YOU!

MARGARET: an Exhibition of Margaret Fairhall's Work

Stop jumping up and down! That's not what you're meant to do in the presence of ART!!

In one of those I'm-an-awful-and-crazy-mom moments I actually caught myself shrieking this at my boys on Easter weekend. I'd taken them to the exhibit of Margaret Fairhall's work, and fuelled by chocolate they were hopping around the Community Centre like Peter Cottontail on Cadbury crack.

Margaret's family and Island friends loaned their paintings by her to Toi Rakiura for the weekend display. Her paintings were arranged around the main social room: muttonbirds, dinghies, boat sheds, dazzling light over water, coves, Mason Bay, kakapo, fantails... the Stewart Island Margaret celebrated and brought to life with pigment, skill, and love.

The cards next to each picture included the name of the person who had loaned the piece, and it was heartening to see that Margaret's work decks the halls of so many island homes.

I walked around the room once, twice, three times, and then for a moment just stood in the centre of the room and shut my eyes. The layout of the exhibit was obvious: line the walls with her work. But the overall effect was one of comfort, and I think people who loved Margaret or her work would want comfort walking amongst her paintings and remembering her. It's a great sorrowful pill to try to gulp down: the fact that we no longer have Margaret with us. But standing in the middle of the room surrounded by her beautiful Island images, I had the brief sense I was in a kind of embrace of paintings.

My boys' unholy ruckus snapped me from my reverie and I dragged them away. On the way home 5-year old Moby piped up happily from the back seat: "Mum, I loved the pictures of the boats!" I wiped a tear from my eye but I had to smile. Margaret's paintings brought us joy, after all. Who am I to say you shouldn't jump up and down in the presence of art?

Thank you to Toi Rakiura, to Margaret's family, and to everyone who loaned paintings for the exhibit.

—Jess Kany

A few entries from the 50-page World War I diary of Elaine Hamilton's great uncle Theodore Laugeson who died 5th September 1916, aged 33. (His final entry dated the day he died is on page 15.)

-7-

AUGUST 25th.

Went into the trenches last night at half past seven, got into our harness and got loaded with two hundred rounds of ammunition and our overcoats for throwing over bombs, that drop into the trenches and besides they gave us a lot of long logs to carry to place over our trench. Well away we marched and I wondered if I was to come back after twentyfour hours. After tramping in single file up hills and across the flat the bullets whizzing past our heads just like a bee buzzing past your head - not a man ducked. Then we entered the sap and it was very low and not finished. The Turks could see any post sticking up in the air and they sent a perfect raid of bullets.

I can't say I was not afraid. I had all my work cut out getting around the bends of the trench. It was a jamb all the way, for we were passing over our men who were flattened against the sides of the trench, and in small holes at the sides. By the time I got up to the trench where the others were I was dead beat.

The 4th Waikato's had the post of honour. We were on the extreme right and the trench we held was taken by us two nights previous from the Turks. We did not get all the trench and where I was placed in the morning there was just one row of sandbags across the trench, separating me from the post that the Turks still held. There were four corpses, four Turks and one poor Otago chap there. They were all swollen and black and the stench was awful. Where I was posted I just had my rifle across the bags separating me from the Turkish trench and every now and then blazing away.

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A bomb thrower was standing just behind me and every now and then he would throw a bomb over my head to the Turks who were about a chain along the trench. It was a good job the trench took a bend just ahead or they would have had me with a machine gun. Only three yards along the trench a gruesome object showed ahead, a Turk had been trying to get out of the trench and schrapnel had caught him just before he had drawn his legs out, and he had been there for over a week. One foot had been blown off and his stomach was hanging out, and where his eyes had been were only two black holes, and his head was twisted around as if he was staring at me, and as soon as the flies got about they were going in and out of his eye sockets. And next to him loomed another body up in the scrub. Then turning around and looking back into our trench just two yards back on the edge of the trench another, and I heaped a bit of earth over the front of him just to get him out of my sight. Then a bit further back on the top of the trench was a New Zealander. When you stood in the trench by the side of him if you put out your hand you could have grasped his which was turned up as if imploring and was black. We could not bury him. If you put your head up at once a machine gun would scatter the earth over you, and the bullets would also rip into the dead ones, and the trench would become hell, so we kept our heads well down. It was as near hell as ever I want to get. We were twentyfour hours there before relieved, and the bread was brought up to us. As soon as it was put down the flies made it black, after sitting on the dead they went on the bread. I could not eat and so for twentyfour hours I only had a little rum and water, so you can imagine what it was like.

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a lot of us go under. I hope our efforts will have done a little good to finish this war.

AUGUST 28th.

I am fairly lucky to be able to take up this diary, as I am the only Waikato man to come out of this charge unwounded. There were three hundred went into the charge and only 29 came out unwounded. There were 35 of our Waikato Regiment went into the charge and I am the only one to come through. We charged in broad daylight and we started about 4 o'clock in the afternoon. It was a bit trying sitting down in the trench dodging shrapnel. A hot lump of shell fell into my lap, the Connaught Rangers were in the same trench as us and acted as our support. When the word came to charge the Connaught Rangers helped us out of our trenches. I threw my rifle out of the trench and was hoisted out by two Irish Connaught Rangers and we had orders to charge over two lines of trenches and hold the third on the brow of the hill. It was quite in the open, just small scrub on the slope. Well I crouched low and sprinted for the first Turkish trench. There were two machine guns and shrapnel turned on us besides rifle fire. We had about 50 yards to run and the poor chaps were falling all around me. About three feet from the Turkish trench I knelt down and fired at the loopholes in the trench that the Turks were firing from. Then I had a bomb slung at my waist, and undoing it I lifted it and threw it into the Turkish trench and it killed three and wounded one. I then sprang over the trench and one wounded Turk put up his arms for mercy. I shouted to him to stop

-9-

In the morning the enemy got on to us with shrapnel, it should be called 'deathnel', as it makes a man just a wreck of nerves. When you hear the bang you listen for the whistle of it and duck and flatten yourself at the side of the trenches and make yourself as small as possible, then when she gets overhead she bursts and she fairly lifts you up and deafens you for a while and you quiver all over.

The order came along that we had to dig ourselves in and it was as hot as hell all day and the place was black with flies, and the corpses got blacker and blacker and the stench worse.

Well at last we were relieved about ten at night. The Turks made one counter attack but we drove them alright. I was glad to get back to our quarters that night and I just stretched out and went to sleep and slept till morning.

AUGUST 26th.

Had a rest today from the trenches, but was put on fatigue, building a bomb proof shelter for a general. Had a bathe in the sea and a Good swim, went early as the Turks shell the beach with shrapnel. Went for water and was nearly sniped. General Godley gave us a speech tonight and we are in for a bayonet charge tomorrow so this may be my last entry in this diary and I hope that if anyone posts this that Julie will get it. My thoughts go out to my dear ones across the sea in dear New Zealand and Tennessee. Goodnight as it is too dark to write.

AUGUST 27th.

We are all getting prepared for a charge and it may come off in daylight, if so, there will be

-12-

AUGUST 29th.

In the rest camp, but it is not very safe here. One of my mates had his hand shot through by a shrapnel bullet. I have just had my hand dressed and bandaged for septic poisoning. If you get a small bit of skin knocked off it will go bad and if you don't get it dressed your hand will swell up, the flies poison it as there are so many corpses lying about. My word, I would give anything to be in peaceful New Zealand again. It is beautiful weather now but the nights are getting very cold.

Our aeroplane is sailing overhead. We always like to see them as the Turks do not dare to fire, as they would give away their gun position. The aeroplanes would send a wireless message to the warships and the guns would soon be smashed.

There was a German machine over us this morning and she dropped a couple of bombs but they did not do any damage. Our aeroplanes chased her away.

AUGUST 30th.

We were sent into the trenches today and acted as inlying pickets. There were only 13 men of the Waikato troop fit for duty, only two of them are main body men that are left. We were placed in a stinking trench, dead mates all around us. I got a periscope and went along to where I charged from, and had a look at that fateful fifty yards where all our poor mates were wiped out. The shrapnel had hit

-11-

there and rushed on till I got into a Turkish sap and followed it along crawling over a lot of our wounded mates who were groaning horribly. At last we got to the second trench and held it although there were only twentytwo of the three squadrons left to carry on. There were also fourteen behind me and eight in front and the Connaught Rangers failed to follow us and ran into another support of New Zealanders whose officer drove them out with his revolver and a lot of them were killed. If they had only followed us up we would have got the third trench, but we had to wait for supports and the Turks throwing bombs on top of us all the time.

One of my mates called Gunning Sympkins was hit on the head and was crying out for water so I crawled and gave him a drink. I tried to take his equipment off but had to cut it with my sheath knife. I then got his water bottle for him and then had to leave him. At last reinforcements came up and we got the wounded out to another trench but they had to lie all night and the next day before we could get them out. I was nearly killed a dozen times that night but we held the trench in spite of the Turkish counter attack. I was relieved the next night. I nearly lost my voice by a shell bursting only a yard away and covering me with dirt. It was a horrible sight, pieces of men lying about. I think the New Zealand Mounted some of the bravest troops, they never waver in a charge. I saw one poor chap I knew charging with one hand blown off. This war is hell on earth. I hope they don't put me in another charge for a while.

-14-

and you have to keep sticking your head up to see if the Turks are charging.

SEPTEMBER 1st.

Same as the other day, all night in the trenches. The flies are terrible. You have to keep sweeping your hand across your face continually, and the Turkish trenches are full of lice, and you are covered in no time.

SEPTEMBER 2nd.

I do hope they will soon give us a rest. Night after night we have to stand holding our rifles, no wonder some go mad. Another of our chaps killed while he was asleep. You are not safe anywhere. War again in the trenches. The Turks do not fight in the daytime, but at 7 o'clock at night both sides start throwing bombs and it makes the night hideous.

We keep sending up sky rockets to light the ground ahead, and if you see a Turk creeping up through the loose scrub you shoot him. You can't walk anywhere without falling over a dead Turk. After coming out of the trenches this morning I was so tired I did not have any breakfast and lay down, then my name was called and I had to join a fatigue party to go and clear up the trenches and we had nothing to eat till dinnertime.

Carrying heavy ammunition all the morning out of the trenches and was nearly blown to pieces with a seventyfive. The shell buried itself about a foot away and burst, knocking me flat and half burying me in earth. My head is still ringing with it. There is some talk about us having a rest, I hope it is true.

-13-

the loose scrub and a fire had swept over all my poor dead mates, and there they were all lying blackened corpses. I turned away sick at heart, and went back along the trench where I could not see them. Several of the chaps have gone mad and have had to be taken away and others are going grey. Mine is alright yet.

Went down and had a swim tonight. You get gradually weaker and weaker as if you were drunk. It is very cramped up in the trenches for so long. Had a good sleep tonight.

AUGUST 31st.

Same old game, went into the trenches as a lying in picket. Went along and had a look where I had charged across, it is all black now. We are all getting very thin. There was an enquiry today on the chaps who are missing, and I had to give evidence as I was the only one to come through. We have half our men held in reserve and when the Connaughts did not support us, they all charged to our rescue and we lost most of them. The gallant 4th Waikato Squadron of 108 men, now comprises 9 men and three of them are main body men, so that leaves 6 men available. We have lost our Commander, Lieut. Moore badly, also Lieut. Cittle, killed. All our sergeants gone, and three men and one sergeant gone mad. The people at home do not know what we go through.

It was far better when the men fought in the open. Now you get packed into a trench, two deep, and wherever a bomb falls in there are four or five men blown to pieces. Then you have the shells bursting overhead and the machine guns and rifles sweeping over the trenches



Self-setting traps controlling island rats

The Department of Conservation (DOC) has learned a lot about using self-setting traps to rid islands of rats from a trial just completed on Native Island, off Stewart Island/Rakiura.

The trial began in December 2013 when Goodnature A24 traps for rats were deployed by DOC staff and volunteers over the 64 hectare Native Island which is only 30 metres off Stewart Island. Ship and Norway rats have been prolific on the island; they were monitored at 85% before the pest control project began.

A year later, rats had reached an undetectable level. A rat dog capable of sniffing out any remaining rats scanned the island without detecting presence of rats.

A rat was monitored on the island six weeks after but this was expected sooner or later and wasn't a huge concern for the conservation efforts, according to DOC predator expert Darren Peters who is leading the project.

"Native Island is so close to Stewart Island that until we get rid of the rats off there as well we will get constant re-invasion," Mr Peters said. "By using self-setting technology, we've got traps constantly ready and waiting when they arrive, therefore providing added biosecurity."

A noticeable increase in the numbers of tomtit/miromiro on the island shows the success of the rat control project, Mr Peters said.

"This is a great result for local wildlife as well as the local community that have been closely monitoring the island restorative project."

At a community meeting with self-setting trap manufacturers Goodnature Limited, DOC and locals said the technology was a valuable tool in their conservation efforts.

Di Morris, trustee of the Stewart Island Rakiura Community Environment Trust (SIRCET), said the trust has limited volunteer resources and self-setting trap technology enables them to ensure more of the project area is being actively trapped.

"The traps have been used in less accessible terrain that is more difficult for volunteers to work in. We currently have about 60 traps in the project area, and plan to install another 25," Di said.

"From a safety aspect, it's great to have trapping in these places

without putting volunteers into muddy and slippery areas more often than necessary."



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Jeanette Mackay on 027 681 8589

for current listings.

Community Centre Update *from Phil Dove*

A big thanks to all Trustees and helpers and all folks out there who helped with (and ate!) mussel kebabs & fritters over Easter - an important and successful fundraiser for us. Great to see the Stewart Island Patchwork Group & Knit & Natter have a successful exhibition in the Centre foyer too!

On Friday 10th April the Community Centre was the 'hub' for the 'Tour of New Zealand Cycle Race' fun cycling event, with 25 riders from "overseas" and local riders buzzing about.

The Stewart Island Community Centre Annual General Meeting will start at 5:15pm on Monday 22nd June in the Centre Meeting Room. All are welcome to attend.

We are still working on finding out all people who have access to the Community Centre using keys. Misuse and potential safety risks continue to concern the Trustees. Please - if you have a KEY let Denise (the Centre Manager) know in person or call & leave a message on 2191 477. Please ensure all lights are turned off and doors locked when you leave.

Need a Resource Consent?

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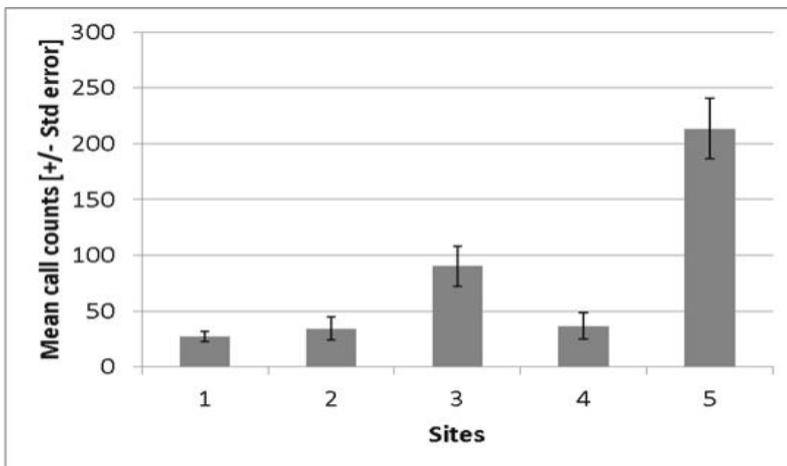
Ph/fax 03 2191494 cell 027 4646147 jed.stewartisland@xtra.co.nz
202 Horseshoe Bay Rd, Stewart Island

Bird call analysis using Acoustic Recorders

on behalf of the Predator Free Rakiura Governance Group

In last months SIN, I described how we were using digital recorders to look at the abundance of birds at a variety of sites. The aim was to see if areas that had received long term pest control had higher numbers of birds than other areas. It would also give an indication of the change in bird numbers that we could expect if we removed predators from around the township. The sites selected were Ackers Point, Dancing Star Foundation and Ulva Island as areas that had received long term predator control, and Port William and North Arm as sites that haven't had this control.

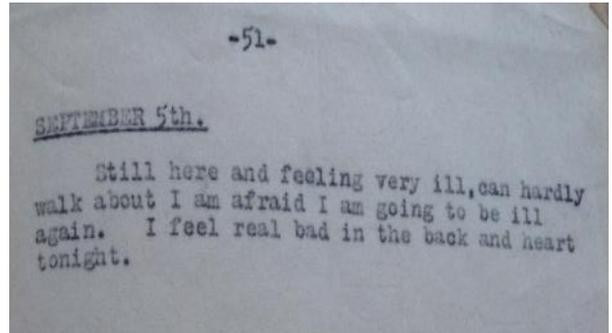
The following graph really speaks for itself.



MEAN CALL COUNTS FOR NATIVE BIRD SPECIES PER 5 MINUTE SAMPLE INTERVAL. SITES: 1 = NORTH ARM, 2 = PORT WILLIAM, 3 = DANCING STAR, 4 = ACKERS POINT, AND 5 = ULVA ISLAND.

Ulva Island is setting the standard for what we would expect from an island that has been pest free for almost 20 years. The rat invasion and eradication a few years ago has obviously had little long term negative impact. The other outstanding feature is the high level of birdlife at the DSF site, with about twice as many birds as the other sites. This clearly shows the benefit of the predator fence and seven years of ensuring that any invading predators are removed.

If we set Ulva Island as the level that birds should be at in our forests, then you can see how poorly these native birds are doing in sites without any control of rats, cats and possums. Perhaps also it suggests how much we have to gain should we follow through with the predator free Stewart Island concept.



This is the last entry in the diary of Theodore Laugesen. After months of trench warfare he succumbed to illness at the age of 33 on 5th September 1916 during the Great War. More from his diary can be found on pages 10-13. Much thanks to Elaine Hamilton for sharing this with us (Theodore was her great uncle).



Rakiura Rugrats raised \$2,000 with their Easter Egg hunt, bake stall and auction fundraiser on Easter. Thanks to everyone who helped!

Photo from Serena Dawson



What's Up, DOC? from *Jennifer Ross*

Port Pegasus Tin Mining Maintenance Volunteer Trip



Volunteers Graeme Richardson, Judy Fotheringham & Lisa Holliday with Louise Chilvers from Massey University on top of Bald Cone at Port Pegasus Photo Credit: Dan Lee



The Surveyor's Track was cut in 1888 to provide tramway access to the tin field at Port Pegasus
Photo Credit: Dan Lee

The Port Pegasus Tin Mining Maintenance volunteer trip left Bluff on the *Southern Winds* DOC vessel on Monday the 9th March. This annual volunteer trip focuses on maintaining the historical horse drawn tramway by cutting vegetation and digging water tables to drain the track where the old wooden rails and sleepers have been uncovered. The volunteers painted metal and wooden artefacts at the surveyor's site with preservative and checked on the condition of the stone dam and other structures of historical significance from tin mining days. The group spent their one day off climbing to the top of Bald Cone, which afforded them views North toward Gog, Magog, and Doughboy Bay. They then head to the old shipbuilder site for a look around! The *Southern Winds* crew were incredibly hospitable and the volunteers worked very hard to get all the work done in the one week timeframe.

Port Pegasus Sea Lion Pup Tagging

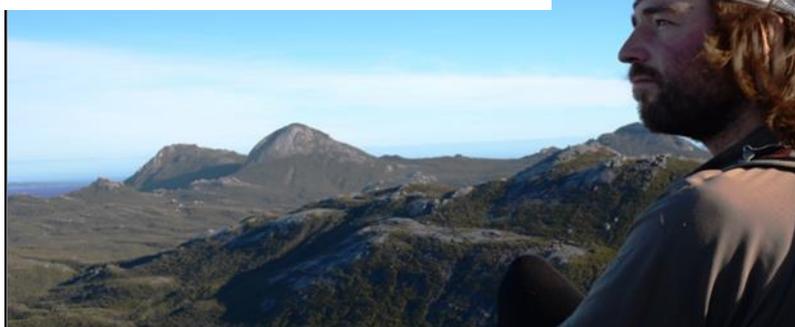
DOC Services Ranger George Nicholas & Louise Chilvers from Massey University travelled down to Port Pegasus aboard the *Southern Winds* DOC vessel with the Tin Mining Maintenance volunteer trip and searched Port Pegasus for sea lion pups to tag. The search involved taking a boat along the shore, and looking for visible lines up into the bush where sea lions may have dragged themselves in. When a sign was spotted the next step was to jump off the boat into the bush and follow the lines up to look for pups! When pups were found George held them down by the back of neck while Louise put little yellow tags on the back of one flipper. There is a unique number on each tag so that the sea lions can always be identified.

Sea lion numbers are rising steadily due to a combination of increasing numbers and improved finding and tagging techniques. This year, for the first time in five years George and Louise counted over 35 sea lion pups at Port Pegasus. This is fantastic since 35 pups is the minimum number required for it to be deemed an official sea lion colony. This means that if we continue to count 35 sea lion pups per year for the next four years (five years total) then we will have an official sea lion colony at Port Pegasus making it the only colony in mainland New Zealand!



A group of three tagged sea lion pups at Port Pegasus Photo Credit: George Nicholas

Dan Lee on top of Bald Cone at Port Pegasus
Photo Credit: George Nicholas



DOC Staff Spotlight: Services Ranger, Dan Lee

After seven years in the Royal Navy Submarine Service and nearly three years spent as a domestic gas fitter in the UK, Dan Lee returned to university to study for a career in conservation. He came to New Zealand in September 2012 to work and travel and first joined DOC on Stewart Island/Rakiura as a volunteer in January 2013. Dan went on to pick up some temporary work as a Services Ranger and became a permanent staff member in May 2014. Dan helps maintain the tracks and huts around the Island, sets bait stations for pests,

fighters weeds, and enjoys talking to trampers and visitors in the field about the Island and the work DOC is doing. When he is not working, Dan can be found fly fishing on the mainland, learning the blues saxophone, and getting mixed up with George.

Halfmoon Bay School Complete the Rakiura Track as entry to Virtual Great Walker Competition

Halfmoon Bay School students Leeym Thompson, Angus Kenny, Winiata Edwards and George Conner walked the Rakiura Track from Friday the 13th to Sunday the 15th March with Principal Kath Johnson and Sue Graham (Dids) as part of an entry into the Virtual Great Walker Competition.



Leeym & Angus enjoying a nice warm dinner

Highlights from the trip included jumping off the new Port William wharf, fires on the beach at Port Wililam and North Arm with fantastic weather and a great group of kids said Principal Kath Johnson. Good luck to the group in entering the competition with the video presentation they have put together to show the DOC and Air New Zealand judges their chosen Great Walk. Have a look at the presentation using the following link and find out what Great Walk they are hoping to win:

https://docs.google.com/file/d/0Bzl0SkXd0JtpWmNERUlxWEpiekk/edit?usp=drive_web



King Penguin at Doughboy Bay!

An uncommon visitor to mainland New Zealand was moulting on the beach at Doughboy Bay while a team of DOC workers were working there in March.

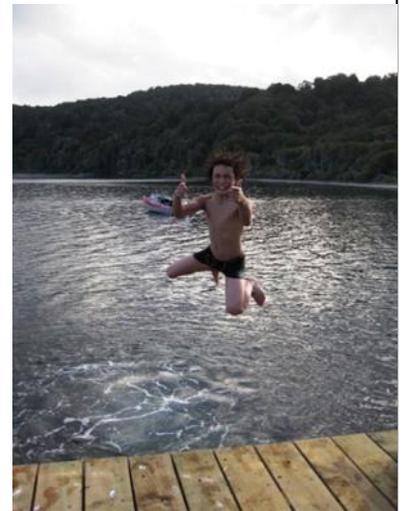
The king penguin is the second largest species of penguin at 70 to 100 cm tall and weighs 11 to 16 kg. In size it is second only to the emperor penguin.



Moulting King Penguin at Doughboy Bay
Photo Credit: Jake Osborne



George roasting marshmallows on the beach



Winiata jumping off Port William wharf

Rakiura Museum Matters

— Jo Riksem

Here are a few snippets from some very old papers regarding Stewart Island for the month of May.

Many ships like the one here were frequent visitors to our shores.

Shipping: May 7, 1860

“Amelia Francis”, Master – Ford, sailed for Stewart Island with half ton flour, half ton salt and 2 bags sugar.

Advertisement: Otago Witness 4 May 1861

Steam to the Bluff, Invercargill and Jacob’s River

(Calling when inducement offers at Stewart’s Island)

The Screw Steamer “OBERON”

Will Sail as above from the 15th and 30th of each month.

For freight or passage apply to
FREDERIC GREER & CO

I wonder what inducement they had to have to come to our island and only twice a month.

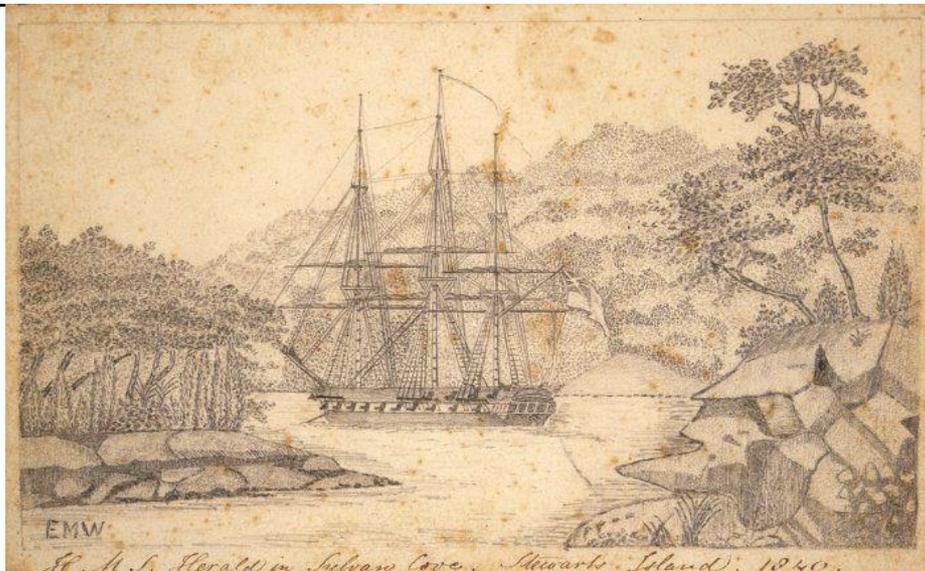
Advertisement: Colonist 20 May 1862

THE VICTORIA STEAM SAW MILLS,
STEWART’S ISLAND

Being now completed and in full operation, the undersigned are prepared to execute
ORDERS FOR SAWN TIMBER
TO ANY EXTENT.

BULLOCK & WALKER

Love the phrase “to any extent.” I guess nothing



was a problem.

Other Happenings:

Lots of searches for families including Robertson, Newton, Cross, Lee, etc.

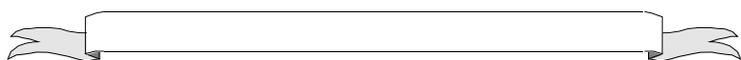
Chris Currie, our exhibition designer for the new museum has been down for a visit to start the process of designing the inside of the museum. Very exciting. Many school groups have been through and more are booking all the time keeping our volunteers very busy.

DONT MISS our new Anzac exhibition in the museum that will be up for at least three months. Thanks to Loraine Hansen and Emma Hopkins for their great work.

Opening hours are now:

Monday - Friday 10 am - 12 noon,

Saturday 10 am - 1:30 pm & Sunday Noon to 2 pm



Chocolate Awards!

The Stewart Island Health

Committee would like to recognise the wonderful support Dee Bayne, Debbie Barry and Brenda Hicks give to the Health Clinic, to our nurses and to us, the Community.

Dee provides home help, Debbie looks after the gardens and

Brenda keeps the Clinic spotless.

So, thank you, Dee, Debbie and Brenda! Enjoy!



Wendy celebrates her 80th Birthday at Bird on a Pear.

Photo from Raylene



SIRCET Update

by Shona Sangster

Thanks to all who entered our quiz! The first prize of Stewart Island Flights tickets were won by Amelie Olive, and the second prize of a \$150 Glowing Sky voucher was won by Tim Schaenzer, a visitor. Huge thank you to Flights and Glowing Sky for providing our wonderful prizes. Both winners were thrilled!

Since 2004 Environmental Management students from the Bay of Plenty Polytechnic have been coming to Ack-

ers point to research change to the vegetation using permanent sample plots. A copy of the most recent report is available at the Environment Centre and on the SIRCET website (www.sircet.org.nz) and makes for very interesting reading.

Thanks to our latest volunteers Cécile and Jerome, and to Ann Pullen and E Hayes and Sons for providing their accommodation.

On Easter Monday the Island's fourth kiwi avoidance training session for dogs took place at the Ringaringa Heights Golf Course. The day went well with 30 dogs attending – the most in a single session so far. The dogs were well behaved throughout the day, responding to their owners in spite of an increasing amount of pee-mail that needed to be read, considered and responded to (caution – don't eat the mint from the corner of the shed). Good dog control and responsible dog ownership are the cornerstone of kiwi protection, supplemented by avoidance training like this.

It was great to see the continued support from dog owners returning to give their dog a reminder that our kiwi are a "don't touch" item for dogs, and to see some first timers and cribbies too. It only takes a few minutes to put each dog through the training or re-testing, but those minutes might one day save a kiwi's life. With kiwi turning up literally in our backyards it is important to do all we can to ensure we continue to enjoy the company of both kiwi and our canine companions. A big thank you goes to the golf club committee for providing the venue.

Autumn is a great time for planting so check out the plants available at the Community nursery, only a \$2 donation per plant. As a regular feature in SIN and in our newsletters we are featuring some of the interesting plants available at the nursery. This month's feature is...

Easter Orchid, Raupeka - *Earina autumnalis*

This is a species of orchid that is endemic to New Zealand. Its small white flowers produce a strong fragrance - a generally pleasant scent which is often compared to vanilla in nature. . The white, waxy flowers have yellow or orange markings. The panicles are up to 10cm long with many flowers 5mm across during February to May. Its stems are up to 80cm long. These are erect if short and droop down if long. Its roots are fibrous rhizomes. The shiny dark green leaves are 4-12cm long and 5-8mm wide they are widest near the base, narrowing towards the tip. It generally occurs as an epiphyte or lithophyte (Lithophytes are a type of plant that grows in or on rocks. Lithophytes feed off moss, nutrients in rain water and litter) When growing as an epiphyte it frequently grows in close association with other endemic orchid species such as *Winika cunninghamii*.



Sandy, Alan and Beau





MPs Winston Peters and Clayton Mitchell visited last month for a meeting to discuss how to stop the shark cage diving near Stewart Island. Local fisherman Brett Hamilton took them out to Edward Island so they could see how close to our community the shark cage businesses are operating. Photo from Kate Hamilton



A curious sea lion at Port Pegasus Photo Credit: George Nicholas



So many people helped to get our war memorial ready for ANZAC Day. Thanks to the SI Women's Institute who worked hard to fundraise and paid for everything along with the former Stewart Island Garden Circle who donated a fair chunk of cash. Most importantly though, thanks to the following people who helped; Shona Sangster for cleaning out the original planters and for discussing the plant choices with us, Kirsten Hicks for the awesome help also with the plant discussions, with the painting AND replanting the planters, my wonderful sister-in-law Margaret Cowley who works at Diacks Plant Nursery who helped us out by sourcing and held plants for us, Graham Cowley for the chainsawing and cutting of the wood for me (since I'm scared of



skillsaws) and for getting the white shell, Graham Okey for painting the white walls, Chris Dawson for getting me more shell and most importantly Sharyn Hensman who made the most fabulous ceramic poppies. I hope we have done justice to the brave people for whom this memorial is for.

—Megan Cowley

Congratulations

Newlyweds

Pip and Andrew Leask

Proud parents

Laura and Jarrod
(and big sister Sarah)

Welcome Baby Boy

Proud uncle

Prince Harry

Thrilled about
his new niece

Newlyweds

Phil and Annette Dove

Alexander Fraser Bair

Her Royal Highness Princess

Charlotte Elizabeth Diana
of Cambridge



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