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1901
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Annual Cruise

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THE YACHT "MAWHITI,"

1901-2.



(BY T.S.M.P.W.)

ON Christmas Eve, 1901, that fine craft the "Mawhiti," a two and a-half rater of local design, owned by Messrs. Moore and Sargeant, started for a cruise in the Pelorous and Queen Charlotte Sounds, in charge of L. Sargeant (Millie), and a crew consisting of E. Seager (Tod Sloan), C. Griffiths (The Shag), N. R. Stone (Pills), and F. G. Hawthorne (The Wanderer).

We weighed anchor at 7 o'clock, and started with a light north-east breeze, which fell away when off the Pinnacles. The Port Watch, which consisted of Millie, Pills, and the Wanderer, was here called out, and took the yacht as far as Toms Rock. It now being 12 o'clock the Starboard Watch (Tod Sloan, The Shag, and W. Moore, who had come for the run across), were turned out, and

piloted the hooker to the Brothers, where the wind fell to a dead calm. and all hands were called on deck to whistle for wind. Here we drifted with the tide half way across the mouth of the Queen Charlotte Sound.

As all hands were feeling a bit peckish, Willie Moore got to work, and dished up a very enjoyable breakfast of lamb cutlets and new potatoes. We had hardly finished when the Shag (who was at the wheel) sighted a shoal of porpoises off the port bow, and Tod, armed with a harpoon, made a desperate blow at one, but, owing to its tough hide, he was unable to drive the harpoon home.

A light south-east having now set in we proceeded on our journey, but could not get round Jackson's Head owing to the tide being against us, so we went about and anchored under the Head until the tide turned. As soon as the anchor was dropped, The Shag and Tod Sloan having a wager on as to would catch the first fish, soon had their lines over the side, and before a minute had passed The Shag landed a lovely blue cod. Fishing now started in earnest, and in less than two hours we had landed about three hundredweight of cod, trumpeter and other fish. The tide being now favourable we got under way again.

Off Port Gore the Shag dished up Christmas dinner, which consisted of fried trumpeter, cold ham, Christmas pudding, preserved pears, and bottled ale. Having a steady breeze with us we entered Guard's Passage, and were soon bowling along up Pelorous Sounds. Being anxious to reach Torea Neck by daylight we decided to sail all night, and reached that place at 5 o'clock on Thursday morning, having made a very successful run of thirty-four hours from Wellington. After breakfast, Mr. Moore left us to catch the steamer at Picton. We then

straightened up the yacht, and proceeded to Waitarai Bay, where we were hospitably treated by the Hendersons. Here a large quantity of oysters were gathered, and stewed in milk for tea, after which all hands, feeling very tired, turned into bunk.

Friday brought forth a beautiful day, so a party was made up, and we sailed to the head of the Kenepuru Sound to Mrs. Blamires', where about a half-hundred weight of cherries were picked. While the others were looking around the farm, Tod and the Wanderer went out shooting, and were successful in securing a good bag of game. After we had done justice to afternoon tea, a start was made back for Henderson's, where tea was waiting for us. After tea the musical instruments were brought out, and a very enjoyable evening was spent.

Next day (Saturday) we left Waitarai Bay, and had a delightful sail down to Paradise Bay, arriving there about 12 o'clock. During the afternoon we paid a visit to Mr. and Mrs. Maule, who invited us to tea.

On Sunday, Tod Sloan, the Wanderer, and Millie, headed by Mr. Maule, went on a pig-hunting expedition, while the Shag and Pills gathered oysters. After having tea at Mr. Maule's, we spent the evening in music, then returned to the yacht, and, after indulging in an oyster supper, turned in, feeling very fit.

Having secured Mr. Maule as pilot, on Monday we started for Havelock, with a good breeze behind us, and arrived there about 11 o'clock. After berthing the yacht at the wharf we went up to the town and had dinner at the Masonic Hotel. Owing to the rain having set in, we were unable to look over the place, so we stayed at the hotel for the rest of the day.

On Tuesday we hoisted sail, being very glad to get away from Havelock, and sailed for Nydia Bay, arriving there at dusk. After tea we went ashore, and were welcomed by Mr. Gould and his family, at whose house we saw the old year out and the new year in, and after having supper we went aboard and turned in.

New Year's Day we were up at daybreak, preparing for a pig hunting expedition, and after breakfast went ashore, where we were joined by Mr. Gould's sons and their dogs, and the whole party then made tracks for the bush. We had not been in the bush more than a quarter of an hour before the dogs had bailed up a fine big boar. Tod soon let him have a couple of charges into his head, which started him off down the hill with the dogs hanging to his ears; then there was a scramble through some very thick bush, and when the bottom of the hill was reached the dogs had him bailed up. A bullet behind the ear soon passed in his marble.

Tod, who was very anxious to get his knife into him, soon had the pleasure of cutting his throat, and secured a fine pair of tusks. After this we made our way back to the homestead and had dinner. The afternoon was spent in a cricket match between the crew of the Mawhiti and the residents of Nydia Bay, which resulted in a win after a very exciting game for the Mawhiti crew by six runs. The teams were entertained by the ladies to afternoon tea, and then rowed back to the yacht, where, after partaking of some liquid refreshments, we went ashore to the homestead to tea.

Next day (Thursday) we set sail for the World's End a distance of about 18 miles, but as the wind fell very light we put into a pretty little cove which we named

Mawhiti Bay. As we had fasted for about nine hours we soon made short work of a nice pot of stewed game and turned into bunk.

On Friday we got up about 8 o'clock, and were soon busy catching blue cod, which were very plentiful, and on landing enough to last us for three or four meals we proceeded on our journey to World's End. Special mention must here be made of the beautiful scenery in this part of the Sounds—picturesque bays with bush down to the water's edge, which have so far escaped the axe of the settler, but not for long, as the surveyors are now busy surveying this part of the Sounds for closer settlement.

After a short sail we reached the head of World's End, and dinner being over a visit was paid to Mr. Archer, who is a very old settler in the Sounds. From this place there is a track into the Rye Valley, and you can ride to Nelson in about five hours. To reach there by water it would take a little over double the time. Since Tod and The Shag have been in the Sounds they have taken a great interest in farming, and have decided to take up a section there very shortly (when they get a lady of their own), so that in future years we hope to see little Tods and Shags welcoming us when we go cruising there.

Next day (Saturday) was another beautiful day, and after a bathe off the side of the yacht we set to work to make a hole in a fine lot of boiled cod and potatoes. Before setting sail for our next port of call (Hikoekoea) we gave the yacht a good scrub out and got under way about 11 o'clock, with a good south-east breeze; passing Maud Island with the wind abeam at 1 o'clock, from this point to Guard's Passage (which place we passed through at 4.15 p.m.) was a dead beat to windward. From the Passage to Hikoekoea a stiff breeze and a big sea were met with, in

which we could have done with a tuck in, but we hung on to our sail and drove her through it. Notwithstanding the canvas she was carrying the yacht made splendid weather of it, riding the seas like a duck. We dropped anchor at Hikookoa at 5 o'clock, thus ending a good day's sailing. As only a light luncheon was procurable while sailing we were soon doing justice to the banquet provided by our able cook The Shag.

Before going to tea we set our lines for big fish, and on Tod going to examine his line he had something on it a little bigger than a spotty, which after taking a good deal of hauling up was found to be a shark about nine feet long. As soon as we got it aboard The Shag came to light with his sheaf knife and on cutting the shark open about forty young sharks a foot long were discovered. After killing the young ones we cut her tail off as a trophy and it may be now seen on our bowsprit end, the body being committed to the deep without a burial service. Having to be up at daybreak next morning to catch the tide round Jackson's Head our couches were sought at about 9 o'clock.

On Sunday a start was made about 4 o'clock for the Queen Charlotte Sound. With a stiff south-easter blowing and a couple of reefs in, we soon left Aligator Head behind us, passing Lambert Head at 6.15 a.m. The wind had now freshened considerably, and having the tide with us Jackson's Head Rip was passed through at 7 o'clock. While passing through the Rip, The Wanderer, who was having a sleep below was awakened by the crash of the sea against the yacht, and thinking she had struck a rock made his way on deck to prepare for a swim. After passing Jackson's Head we had a dead beat up to Ship Cove, arriving there at 9 o'clock.

We had a second breakfast, and then went ashore in search of cherries, but the trees had the appearance of having been visited by somebody who had a liking for them as well as ourselves, so we returned to the yacht and set sail for Resolution Bay.

Leaving Ship Cove at 11 o'clock we made a board over to Long Island, and then went about, and stood into Resolution Bay, arriving there at 2 o'clock. The afternoon was spent in fishing, and in the evening a visit was paid to Mr. and Mrs. Ewing.

On the following morning (Monday) an early start was made for East Bay, where the yacht Viking (who was cruising in the Queen Charlotte Sounds) was met. Dinner being over preparations were made for a wild goat hunt, and, with Mr. Berg as guide, we started on our journey over to Wellington Bay. After a very stiff climb we got on the track of a fine mob of goats. There were three rifles amongst us, and each rifleman was told off in a different direction to round them up, and when within a hundred yards of them fire was opened. The fun then began, goat after goat fell to the rapid firing of the rifles, and you could hear them bumping down the cliffs into the sea, a distance of about one hundred feet. When we had finished dealing it out to the goats, wild sheep (which are very plentiful on the cliffs) were sought for, and a mob were seen about a mile away, but, as a lot of very thick bush had to be gone through to get at them, the chase was given up, and we wended our way back to the yacht, feeling very tired and hungry.

After getting outside a leg of mutton and potatoes, we joined the crew of the Viking, and with our musical instruments a very enjoyable evening was spent at Mr. Berg's house.

Next day (Tuesday) we left East Bay for Picton, with a light south-east breeze and arrived there about 5 o'clock. After tea we made ourselves look pretty (Millie especially), and then proceeded to take Picton by storm. Things were a bit slow outside, so we soon made our way inside, and had a real good time at the Federal Hotel, for which many thanks are due to the proprietor, Mr. Storey.

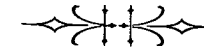
On the following day we wandered about Picton till dinner time. In the afternoon a cricket match between the Publicans and Consumers was played on the Picton Oval, and as both teams were short two of our crew were asked to play, Tod playing for the former and the Wanderer for the latter. The match resulted in an easy win for the Consumers by 56 runs. In the evening, Pills, Millie and The Wanderer stayed aboard while Tod and The Shag went ashore and amused themselves with "Ping Pong."


Next day (Thursday) we left Picton for Tory Channel at 10 o'clock, arriving at our destination at 2 o'clock. Dinner being over all hands went to Te Awaite to the Whaling Station, and were shown the remains of four large whales, which were caught last season, it being the most successful season they had had since 1896, and resulted in each man getting £50. In the afternoon Mr. Jackson paid us a visit, and it was very interesting to listen to the exciting whale yarns he had to tell. After tea Tod took the dinghy and caught a few cod for breakfast, and then we retired to our bunks.

All day Friday was spent in fishing, and by tea time we had a fine haul, including a big Hapuka and two sharks, which gave us some good sport hauling them in. When enough fish for our requirements had been cleaned

we turned in, as we had to be up early next morning to sail for home.

Next day (Saturday) was the last day of the cruise and we were up at 5 o'clock getting everything ready for the trip back to Wellington. A race had been arranged with the yacht Viking, so we weighed anchor and cleared Tory Channel together. With a light nor-west breeze we soon took the lead, and by the time Sinclair Head was reached, where a heavy tide rip was met with, the Viking was about two miles behind us. On getting through the rip a flat calm was met with, which lasted for about an hour and gave the Viking a chance to make up lost ground. A light nor-west off the land was then picked up, and by the time Chaffer's Passage was entered the Viking was a mere speck on the horizon. After a steady beat up the entrance we arrived at our moorings at 3.45 p.m., thus ending a most glorious holiday, and all hands are now anxious for next Christmas to hurry up and come round.





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