

# “GONE FISHIN’”

*THE ROUND-NEW ZEALAND CRUISE OF THE KARROS II*

BY JILLIAN INGLIS

At 9.00 pm on February 9 last year, the 42ft launch *Karros II* quietly dropped her mooring lines at Westhaven marina and put to sea.

A casual observer, watching the preparations for departure, might have presumed that owner-skipper Dave Jackson and his two companions were just off for a couple of days fishing. Certainly the modest amount of gear taken on board indicated nothing more, and there had been no visit to the fuel jetty to top up the boat's 1000-mile range diesel tanks.

In reality, Dave Jackson and his longtime friends Ernie Seagar and Bill Boulton were off on a fishing trip, but it was one which would not see them back in their homeport for seven weeks, and would also incorporate a circumnavigation of New Zealand.

The idea of doing the round-New Zealand trip just developed in general boating conversation between the three— they finally set a date, and simply went.

Dave, a boatbuilder who built *Karros II* himself some eight years ago, points up the rather casual air with which they made their departure: “Ernie (a marine engineer) and I didn’t knock off work until midday the day we left. Bill (owner-driver of a beer tanker) had a couple of days off beforehand, but there was no fuss about it. We didn’t even bother to fuel up until Whitianga, and as far as provisioning went, we had plenty of ports of call coming up.”

Their first was Matiatia, on Waiheke Island.

*Powerboat:* “You leave on a circumnavigation at 9.00 pm? And stop at Waiheke? It seems an odd time, and a rather— tentative— first passage?”

*Dave:* “Not really. We had a certain amount of things to see to on board— and Matiatia was just a convenient spot to stop for the night.”

*Ernie:* “Actually we’d had a few at the club (the Westhaven yacht club patronised by the trio) and figured we had better get going while the



getting was good.”

*Powerboat*: “Ernie’s log entry for the departure night mentions ‘Smiling Nigger in complete control’. Who or what is that?”

*Dave*: “Ever seen that face of the Calypso guy on a Coruba rum label?”

It’s amazing how so much can be conveyed by so few words.

The following day, they began the voyage in earnest, enjoying a good run of 73 miles in eight and a half hours to Whitianga, in a 10 to 15 knot north-easterly. The Saturday they spent as a lay-day in Whitianga

— renewing acquaintances with many friends amongst the local fishermen, and enjoying the convivial atmosphere of the Whitianga Club and the local bowling club. The bowling club was a popular spot for the seafarers due to the presence of Snow Stevens (ex Kawau Island), now retired to Whitianga and currently believed to be head greenkeeper at the club.

After topping up the fuel and provisioning, *Karros II* was ready for the Sunday run from Whitianga to Tauranga, in which the lads hugged the coast all the way, keeping out of the westerlies, going inside Slipper Island, and reaching Tauranga at 3.00 pm, where the Harbour Master came on board the launch, had a chat with the crew, and allocated them a much-appreciated berth.

Tauranga was voted a good spot to stop— not least of all due to meeting up with a mate of Bill Boulton’s (almost predictably, a hotelier!)

The fifth day at sea took them from Tauranga to Hicks Bay via volcanic White Island, in very pleasant conditions with a 10–15 knot westerly and slight seas astern. They caught their first tuna— scoring three skipjack for the loss of two lures. Annoying, but on the whole a reasonable exchange.

The first tuna was caught just 50 yards off White Island. Maybe they like the warm water— Ernie recalls from his years as an engineer on coastal cargo vessels that crossing the Bay of Plenty, temperatures taken every four hours rose dramatically while a vessel was drawing nearer to White Island, and then falling away progressively as it left the island behind.

Hicks Bay was reached on radar at 9.30pm— very few lights made navigation difficult, although a large guest house up high on the port hand



does provide a reasonable guide.

On February 14, St Valentine's Day (although the crew give assurances there were no unusual displays of affection amongst them!) *Karros II* left Hicks Bay in a 15–20 knot West-south-westerly, rounding East Cape two and a half hours later via Te Araroa , going inside East Island. Another of Dave's fishermen mates, this time a crayfisherman with a 26ft jet boat, came to meet them, at the same time making a welcome donation of three crays to the ship's stores.

They dropped anchor in Tolaga Bay at 7 pm, having steamed via Waipiro and Tokomaru Bays, and catching a kingfish and a kahawai en route. Adventurous attempts by both Dave and Ernie to run to the beach by dinghy ended wetly.

Ernie's capsize, when he was going ashore for stores is immortalised as "engineer in the hog-wash".

*Bill*: "The dinghy beat him to the beach by a good boat length— really good." Powerboat: "Naturally you tried to render every assistance?"

*Bill*: "Not exactly. In fact, Dave and I sat on the boat and laughed. But we were thinking of him."

Log of the day concludes simply: "Crayfish and gin for tea".

Day six of the voyage began with an 8.30am departure from Tolaga Bay to Gisborne, in warm sunny conditions, a light south-westerly and seas slight. After a 12.30 pm arrival at Gisborne, the crew according to the log "had a shower and clean-up at the cement store".

*Ernie*: "No, I know most people don't go to a cement store for their showers, but I happen to have a mate who runs the Wilson's Cement store there."

Further local assistance came via Dave's cousin Malcolm Sutherland, who directed them to a local supermarket for their providoring requirements.

*Bill*: "When Ern shops, he likes to shop big. The only thing to do is let him have his head. Dave and I just quietly put back the super giant-sized packs Ern grabbed and replaced them with something more sensible. It worked well until Dave swapped a little pack of dried peas for a big 5kg



pack of frozen ones that Ern had just thrown in the trolley. Ern's not slow—he noticed the difference quite quickly.”

While the crew were attracting an increasing amount of public attention through their shopping squabbles, Dave discreetly withdrew.

The departure from Gisborne at 1.00 pm next day was accompanied by a light south-easterly, a slight swell, and faintly audible sighs of relief from various parts of the Poverty Bay capital.

The wind swung round to a 10 knot NNE, with no sign of the forecast moderate to fresh southerlies, and the *Karros II* rounded Portland Island after a little less than five hours, and headed up to anchor for the night off Waikokapu.

The large bay, tucked right inside on the south-western side of the Mahia Peninsula, provides an excellent anchorage in anything from an north-easter round to a westerly. *Karros II* found calm conditions, although the crew did mention the need when rounding Portland Island to keep well clear of Bull Rock.

The period of fine weather ended on the following morning, when the circumnavigators left Waikokapu in over cast conditions and a 10 knot north-easter after a night of continual rain. The run straight across Hawkes Bay to Napier was trouble-free, while four skipjack and a kingfish gave their lives in a good cause during the passage.

Strong SSE winds kept *Karros II* in Napier for four days, however the companionship of the local fishermen made the unscheduled stopover more than just bearable! Assured by the professionals that in the prevailing conditions they “wouldn't get round Cape Kidnappers”, the Aucklanders contentedly accepted their fate, along with many instances of home hospitality from the fishermen and their families. The local weather vane is worthy of comment.

*Ernie*: “Outside the local pub is a fibreglass light standard. All the local fishermen have to do is look out the window— if the light pole is vibrating in the wind, they know it's too rough to go out, so they just order another round!”

The berth for *Karros II* in Napier was at Port Ahurari, tied up with the commercial fishing boats.



By February 22, the wind had abated to a light easterly, with a moderate easterly swell, and the *Karros II* left at 6.15 am.

The wind swung to a NNW of 15–20 knots during the day, and by 6.45 pm the launch was abeam Castle Point. They took a brief look inside the point, and carried on. The forecast was not good, and the crew considered going in to Wellington.

Off Palliser at 3.00 am, they steamed across Palliser Bay until 5.00 am, then decided to make straight for Cape Campbell (the point north-east of the Kaikoura coast). A contingency plan in case the weather deteriorated was to make for Port Underwood at the southeastern extremity of the Sounds, but conditions encouraged them to continue on, and the passage took them straight to Lyttelton. Abeam Cape Campbell at 9.00 am on the 23rd, they had a wind shift to a 20 knot north-easter, with a following sea that gave them a good ride down the Kaikoura Coast. The log includes the mystifying comment “Bottle-opener (Bill) has his first taste of krill”.

Ernie and Dave explain that krill is a tiny red shrimp, found in vast schools, which provide a main food source for many species of whale. There were “literally acres of krill” off the Kaikoura coast. Bill apparently decided that what was good for whales was not necessarily palatable to human seafarers.

The other problem with krill is that it is so small that it easily gets into the ship’s plumbing through any sea cocks, and actually caused a problem with a condenser pump which had to have an impeller replaced after being clogged by the tiny shrimp.

They made Lyttelton harbour at 1.00 am, departing at 4.00 pm for Akaroa which they reached at 8.30 pm. The log reads, in part “Checked town and locals out” which translates into an enjoyable time exploring the little French-influenced township, a couple of hotels, and a session of playing pool with the local people.

The 11 hour run from Akaroa to Timaru was enlivened by having to correct an apparent autopilot error, largely due to the very strong sets along this stretch of coast. The very low land profile in this part of the country also rendered the radar largely ineffective, as the land is so low that the radar was reading over the top of it.



Arrival at Timaru at 7.30 pm is followed in the log by the cryptic “Skipper and Bottle-Opener refused to return to vessel. Kahlua king again.”

Dave explains: “Ern wanted to go home to bed. Bill and I didn’t so we were late back. Ern got quite ratty because he had been slaving over a hot galley to cook dinner and we weren’t there on time to eat it.”

An 11 hour passage had the *Karros II* tied up at Port Chalmers that night, after which the crew made straight for the hostelry, 50 yards away. Varied comments indicate that there were “lots of pubs”, and “lovely people there, but they’re all sharks on the pool table”.

They spent the next 48 hours between Port Chalmers and Dunedin, and included in the itinerary an inspection of a boat-building operation— “one of the last builders of big wood vessels in the country”— where a large wooden scallop-dredging craft was under construction. The *Karros II* cruising the placid waters of Milford Sound, the peace disturbed only by the throb of her diesel engine and the beating wings of 8 million sandflies!

Launched shortly after, the scallop boat thankfully escaped being damaged in a fire which, just a few weeks later, burnt out the builders’ shed.

The departure from Tairoa Head was delayed until 11.50 am on sailing day— February 28— and the *Karros II* finally cleared the head in heavy fog and calm seas, encountering a new cargo ship on her maiden voyage, and a pair of seals, christened by the ship’s company ‘Dad and Dave’.

The fog lifted around 2.30 pm, but the launch was running on radar for much of the day’s passage, making False Inlet for the night. Although this shows as an anchorage on the charts, the *Karros II* crew do not recommend it due to the considerable swell there. General opinion was that it would be satisfactory with the wind in the west, but otherwise not good.

On the passage from False Inlet to Paterson Inlet, Stewart Island, the engine showed the first signs of giving trouble— after logging 1182 nautical miles on the voyage so far.

An embarrassed Ernie Seagar takes the blame. “It was a slight blockage of the fuel filter”, he says. “We started to lose revs about an hour out from Paterson Inlet. As an engineer I should have remembered that we had done in two or three weeks what the average pleasure launch does in two



or three years as far as engine running time was concerned. You wouldn't run your boat for three years without checking the filters, would you?"

They anchored in the beautiful calm waters of Paterson Inlet by 6.00 pm, with the day's log recording "Catch of the day on a spinner— one angry albatross. What a water-skier!"

The albatross was understandably angry, and undoubtedly an accomplished water-skier by the time the *Karros II* had come to a halt for the crew to try and release the hitch-hiker.

"With a wing-span of 12 feet, a mean look in his eye, and a vicious beak there was nothing else we could do but cut the trace as close to the spinner as possible and hope the bird was able to get rid of the rest himself", says Dave.

The ship's company enjoyed a comfortable night, and in the morning (March 1) checked their set net, which had caught "10,000 carpet sharks and doggies, one tarakihi, 2 cod and one blue thing." No-one could throw any light on the identity of the 'blue thing'.

They took a run up the 9 mile length of Paterson Inlet, encountering, inevitably, "the locals" and tied up at Golden Bay wharf for the night.

The lads recall their first meeting with one of the Stewart Islanders: "There was a local boat, whose skipper had better remain nameless, that cruised past us, all looking very curious as to who we were, and where we had come from. Later we realised that, because *Karros II* is built very much in the style of a commercial fishing boat, but without any registration numbers, we did rouse a certain amount of curiosity. We waved to them, and them to us, then after a while they came back past us again. Finally one of them called out 'Are you the three loopies from Auckland? We've been told to watch out for you!' It wasn't an elaborate warning system that had preceded us round the coast at all— a mate of ours in Auckland who knew the Stewart Islander had written earlier on, asking them to keep an eye out for us.

We had a long yarn with them, making sure of course that no-one died from dehydration at the same time, and then they suggested we follow them to Half Moon Bay. When they put their boat on a sand-bank (it took half an hour to grind her off!) they re-thought the matter, and decided that



they would follow us to Half Moon Bay!”

While tied up at Golden Bay wharf, the Aucklanders were taken by truck over the hill to the pub at Oban. The truck owner, Roger Hicks, loaned them the truck to return to the boat later, carelessly suggesting that they just leave it on the wharf. “Where shall we put the keys?” the boys asked. “Leave them in the ignition”—

“What if someone steals it?” Such obtuseness could only come from an Aucklanders. The local shrugs “What if they do? Where are they going to take it?”

That’s Stewart Island for you.

On March 2, while cruising through Whale Passage en route to Pearl Island, they encountered a Virginian stag swimming. Having brought a rifle for some possible hunting in the lower sounds area, the crew potted themselves some venison on the hoof, dressed out the beast, and as recorded in the log “No further problems for meat!”

It is hard for the *Karros II* crew to isolate what most appealed to them about Stewart Island. The assistance, advice and friendship of locals such as Neil O’Connor, Roger Hicks, and Rex Bradshaw— the sheer beauty of the island itself— the strong, splendidly maintained fishing boats— the fishing and the wildlife all combined to make this part of the voyage a major highlight.

They spent a considerable time just watching a seal making a meal of an octopus at Paterson Inlet. It was a good sized octopus, and the seal would just get a firm hold with its teeth, and flick the creature around until it detached a tentacle. That finished, it would retrieve the octopus for another nibble, and repeat the process.

Rex Bradshaw and his fishing boat Coaster figured prominently during the crew’s stay at Stewart Island. When their refrigeration began giving problems, the Coaster’s freezer facilities were put at their disposal for perishable foodstuffs; Rex marked up the *Karros II* charts for the passage from Stewart Island up to the fiordland regions; his deckhand Joe Murphy, apart from being, as Ernie says, “the greatest teller of tales ever”, loaned them his ‘slightly un-warrant of fitnessed’ Austin 1100 for a trip into Invercargill. The fact that the fuel gauge showed half full just a couple of



miles before the tank ran dry was a small matter— it was the kind gesture that counted!

Heavy fogs marked the whole of the period spent in the southern part of the South Island, and the circumnavigators recommend that to avoid this, they would time the voyage a month earlier— that is, aim to be in the waters from Port Chalmers-south from late January instead of late February. “There is a lot of foul ground around Stewart Island, and even without the fog, you have to be very careful with your navigation,” they warn.

They spent three days in Bluff, enjoying the facilities of the local yacht club, and also very thankful for the welcome and assistance they received from Bluff Engineering, where they were once again able to obtain freezer holding for their supplies. After three days in Bluff, the *Karros II* began the passage to Preservation Inlet, rounding the notorious Puyseger Point. This area is recognised as producing some of the most consistently bad weather in New Zealand, and it was when the locals advised them that the time was right to make the run that *Karros II* cast off, heading west through Foveaux Strait in conditions that varied from a light northerly to a fresh southwester, finally settling as a moderate nor-wester, with a big north-west to westerly swell.

They anchored for the night at Revolver Bay, dining on “venison steaks and blue cod chowder”.

(Whatever happened to salt pork and biscuit for intrepid men of the sea!)

On Saturday, March 10, the *Karros II* steamed up Preservation Inlet where, just 10 minutes after leaving their anchorage, the crew spotted two red deer on the beach. They showed no alarm at the boat, just stood and stared. It appears that it's only helicopters the red deer of the fiords are wary of. An old fishing boat moored at the head of the inlet was inspected— to find that it's now used only as freezer storage. Depending on the season, it is used for holding venison or crays. A helicopter space on the aft deck caters for the deer hunters. Voted a beautiful spot by the crew, Preservation Inlet appeared to have just one flaw. As Ernie comments in the log: “Sandfly population 8,000,407”.

They steamed round to Chalky inlet in a south-westerly of 10—15 knots.



Their entrance, inside Bellamy Reef, is described as “not very nice at all.” Questioning reveals only that the lads would not like to make the entrance as strangers, in the dark. In short, navigation needs to be spot on!

In Fisherman’s Bay for the night, tied up alongside a cray boat, the crew enjoyed “lovely people from Riverton, lovely crays, lovely beers”.

Features of Chalky Inlet included the old Marine Department lighthouse tender “Stella”, now beached on a small island— the vessel after which the present lighthouse tender is named.

Through the clear water covering a sandy spit between Great Islands and the mainland, they were able to watch sea horses “walking” along the sandy bottom.

The passage up to Dusky Sound was marked by a fresh south-easter, a big following sea, and a great haul of blue cod at the entrance to the Sound. A diversion into Cascade Inlet to have a look at the old Bluff Harbour tug which is used for fuel storage and freezer holding facility by local fishermen, ended when the *Karros II* was “driven out by sandflies”.

After overnight in Duck Cove, they left at 9.00 am on March 12 to run slowly up the Acheron Passage inside Resolution Island and had a look at the seal colony at Breadsea Island. Dave’s intention of taking the dinghy ashore with a camera to preserve the scene for posterity met with disapproval by the bull seals. His recommendation: make do with a telephoto lens and shoot your film from the boat!

They made Doubtful Sound (Blanket Bay) and picked up a crayfish mooring for the night, with a stern line onto the shore. The deep water right close to the shore makes anchoring impractical, and the circumnavigators are emphatic: “Don’t go in after nightfall— it is completely black, with no lights, and the hills rising up sheer from the water’s edge all around make it darker than just dark!”

The Blanket Bay Hotel is certainly worth a visit. Situated on an island of no more than about three-quarters of an acre, it comprises a shed to one side, a telephone and a big freezer running at full bore. Not five star stuff, perhaps, but a boon to cray fishermen working the area.

A run up the sound to Deep Cove allowed the crew to go ashore and inspect the Park Board Hostel, the power station, and tunnel outlet for



water from Lake Manapouri via the West Arm Power Station.

Down Thompson Sound to Deans Cove, the *Karros* tied up alongside a purple fishing boat crewed by three young fishermen from Nelson. The two crews investigated rum and cokes and smoked blue cod to the satisfaction of all concerned, judging by the log. Bill began catching small Tarakihi from the stern, but after a gallant battle with the sandflies, finally waved the white flag and gave up.

The cruise from Deans Cove to Milford Sound took just seven hours in a light south-wester with a big swell, including time out to pull in some good tuna.

At Milford Sound, they tied up with the tourist launches, and also tied up with Vince Martin (no— not that Vince Martin!) and Tui Brown for a convivial hour or three at the local.

On March 15, Bill's birthday ("*27 again*" *comments scribe Ernie snidely*) the rain set in, and as recounted by the log, "looks like a win for the public bar again!"

Lester Sowby (son of Auckland's first charter skipper Len Sowby) in charge of the fleet operations of the THC charter boats at Milford Sound, joined with the *Karros* crew, "Uncle Vince" (apparently the best leg-puller and story-teller in the Sounds) Tui Brown etc., for a highly rated sampling of the hotel dining room fare.

For the next two days they stayed in Milford Sound, fuelling and provisioning the boat, doing the washing, and "watching the tourist trampers hobbling in off the Milford Track in the rain".

From Milford Sound they made an overnight passage north, and after some slight confusion between Hokitika and Greymouth arrived at the notorious Greymouth bar at 3.30 pm. The photographs tell much of the story. A big southerly lift, coupled with an absence of local knowledge—and more importantly, no means of getting local knowledge!—placed the boat in genuine danger for the only time on the voyage. Ernie: "We read the *New Zealand Pilot*, which was no help. We tried to raise a coastal radio station, but no-one was answering. All we would say is don't attack it at low water. It's definitely the worst bar in New Zealand, and with the entrance only about 300ft wide, when you broach you don't have much to



come and go on, believe me!”

*Bill:* “I was starting to look for a Bible.”

The log describes it with admirable restraint. “Went over entrance sideways in breaking sea. Not very nice.”

After tying up alongside the *Diana*, owned by Axel Larsen, the trio went ashore for the evening with Axel, Dick Williams, and Ray Kahlase.

Talley’s Fisheries earned the crew’s gratitude by loaning facilities, giving ice, and even loaning a van for sightseeing!

As if it had tested them sufficiently on the way in, the Greymouth bar was calm when they departed on March 18, bound for Westport where they arrived six hours later to take up a berth outside the fishing fleet. With the weather favourable for commercial fishing, this meant a busy noisy night, with the crew up to shift the Karros at 3.00 am so the fishing boats could move out!

A 24 hour cruise, with a stop for breakfast in Tasman Bay, saw them reach Nelson at 3.00 pm on March 21, where they found a berth alongside the Westport dredge— in Nelson on survey. After refuelling and provisioning, they cruised to Croiselles Harbour on March 22, anchoring for the night at Okiwi Bay. The forecast 45 knot winds gave an extra effort, producing a 50— 60 knot gale.

*Ernie:* “It was a big blow. On a lee shore with the anchor warp out horizontal!” *Dave:* “It was really the only night of the trip we thought ‘My God— that’s blowing!’”

The following morning they left Croiselles, still in a strong south-easter, and at 5.15 pm reached their anchorage off Portage Lodge, Kenapuru Sound, via French Pass and Waitata Reach.

“Nice night ashore at the Lodge” reads the log.

The truth comes out.

“We used up all their milk for Brown Cows. Ernie decided enough was enough, and cut off the kahluas. Bill and I tried a couple of kahluas and Coke, but finally even we decided the boat was better,” Dave recalls.

Portage Lodge, its operators and guests, rate high recommendations



from the crew, as being respectively a great place to stop over, and very nice people.

The *Karros II* began her passage up the west coast of the North Island on March 24, with both wind and sea dropping.

Egmont light was abeam at 6.30 am on the 25th, and Manukau Heads abeam at 2.20 am the following morning.

This stage of the passage was marked by the “GREAT SUPERTANKER HOAX”.

Bill on night watch, was well aware that it was necessary to keep a weather eye out for the Maui gas tower, and, quite naturally, expected to spot an excess burn-off flare somewhere in the darkness.

What he didn't expect was to encounter a giant blip on the radar screen, eventually spotting what looked like the navigation lights of a massive ship. In keeping with the boat's policy of the man on watch calling up the off-watch if unsure of something at night, he roused Ernie. Together they pondered over the 'giant supertanker' for some time, before the penny dropped. The Maui rig burn-off flare is inland— therefore, this was no supertanker but the tower itself! Back to bed for Ernie.

Working up the west coast in a 15 knot north-easter, the sea became much calmer as they cruised up under the land, about five miles offshore after passing Kaipara Heads at 7.00 am on the 26th. They enjoyed excellent fishing all the way, particularly skipjack and kahawai, and anchored for the night at Ahipara Bay.

Not sparing the feelings of those of us who dangle lines in the Hauraki Gulf for days at a stretch with little return, Ernie enters in the log “Caught 22 schnapper, then gave up.”

They left Ahipara Bay at 1.30 am on the 27th, the early hour being dictated by the need to make Whangaroa Harbour in daylight. Abeam Cape Maria Van Dieman at 7.30 pm and North Cape at 11.00 am, they began the run down the coast in a fresh easterly and a heavy swell, reaching Whangaroa Harbour at 6.30 pm.

Log: “Just ran out of gin. More skipjack, and finally lost lure. Hello North Island. Stephens to Stephens (S. Bay, South Island to S. Island, Whangaroa)



65 hours steaming— 536 miles”.

A leisurely day, after the night at the Kingfisher Lodge followed. They had punched into a 30 to 35 knot easterly coming across the top of the North Island, and were free to admit that making harbour was definitely pleasant.

Not so pleasant were the conditions outside when they left early on the morning of the 29th, bound for Erkharts Bay, Whangarei Heads.

A strong north-easterly, rain, and rough seas made the trip anything but pleasant. Fishing boats were sheltering while the *Karros II* was heading out to sea. Visibility was bad, and they were on radar most of the time. In the big seas they encountered no other vessels but Australian Navy!

On Friday, March 30, the last day of the voyage, the *Karros II* left Erkharts at 8.00 am, still in a strong north-easter and heavy seas. They ran inside Kawau for a beer and lunch, changed the filter and primary fuel pump, and subsequently tied up at Westhaven at 5.00 pm, 7 weeks and 3094 miles after their departure.

A few recommendations from the crew for anyone contemplating the same voyage:

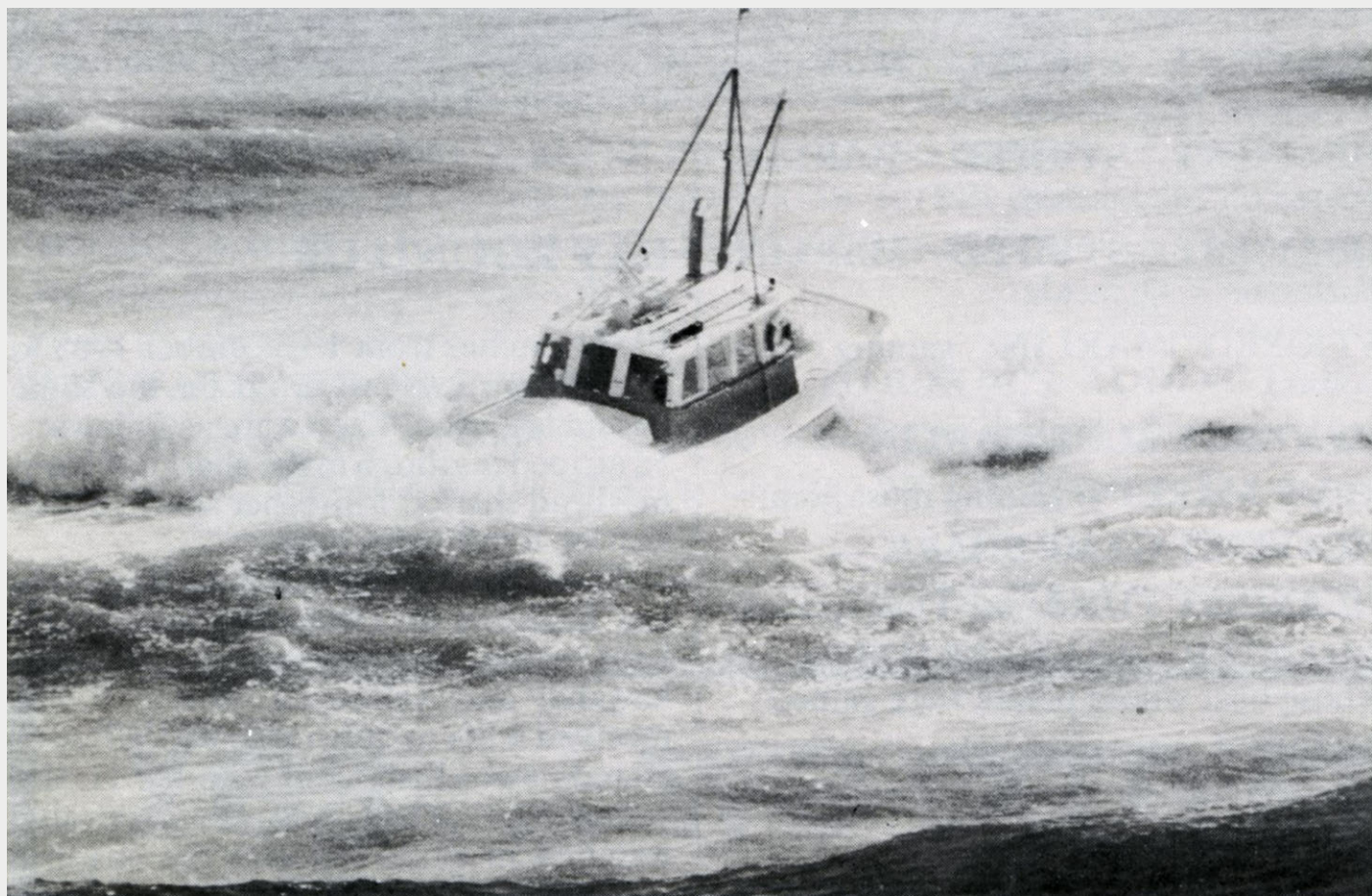
- Equip your boat with SSB and CB radio. We found the locals (fishermen, etc.) in most places worked CB.

- Allow plenty of time. We took seven weeks, but next time we will allow 10 at least.

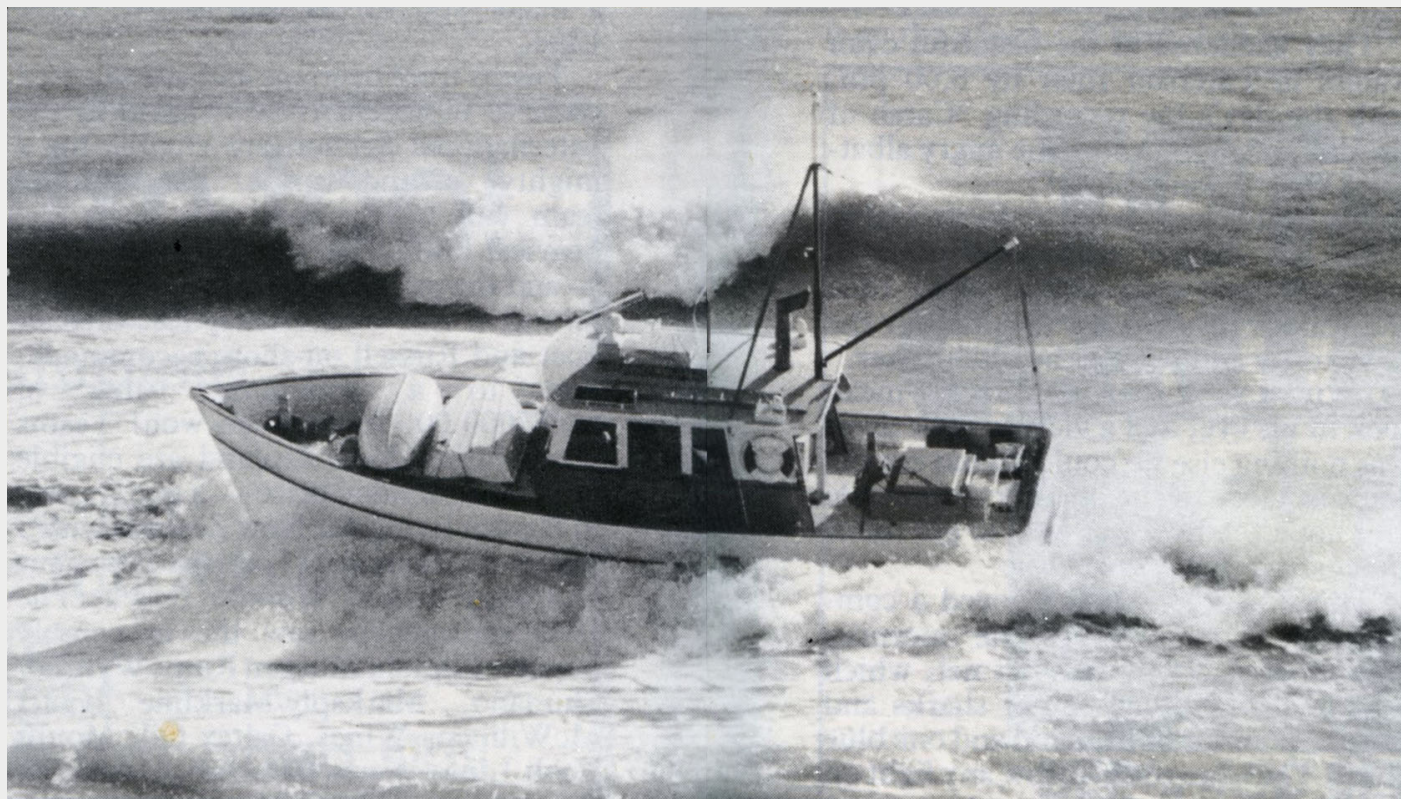
- Don't even consider going without a good radar system.
- Make sure your vessel is totally sound.
- DO YOUR HOMEWORK FIRST!

As owner/skipper, Dave Jackson deserves the last word on the voyage: “There were many, many high spots in the trip for all of us, but for me I think the real highlight was just going. Finally heading out with no fuss— just drop the mooring lines, and we were gone.”





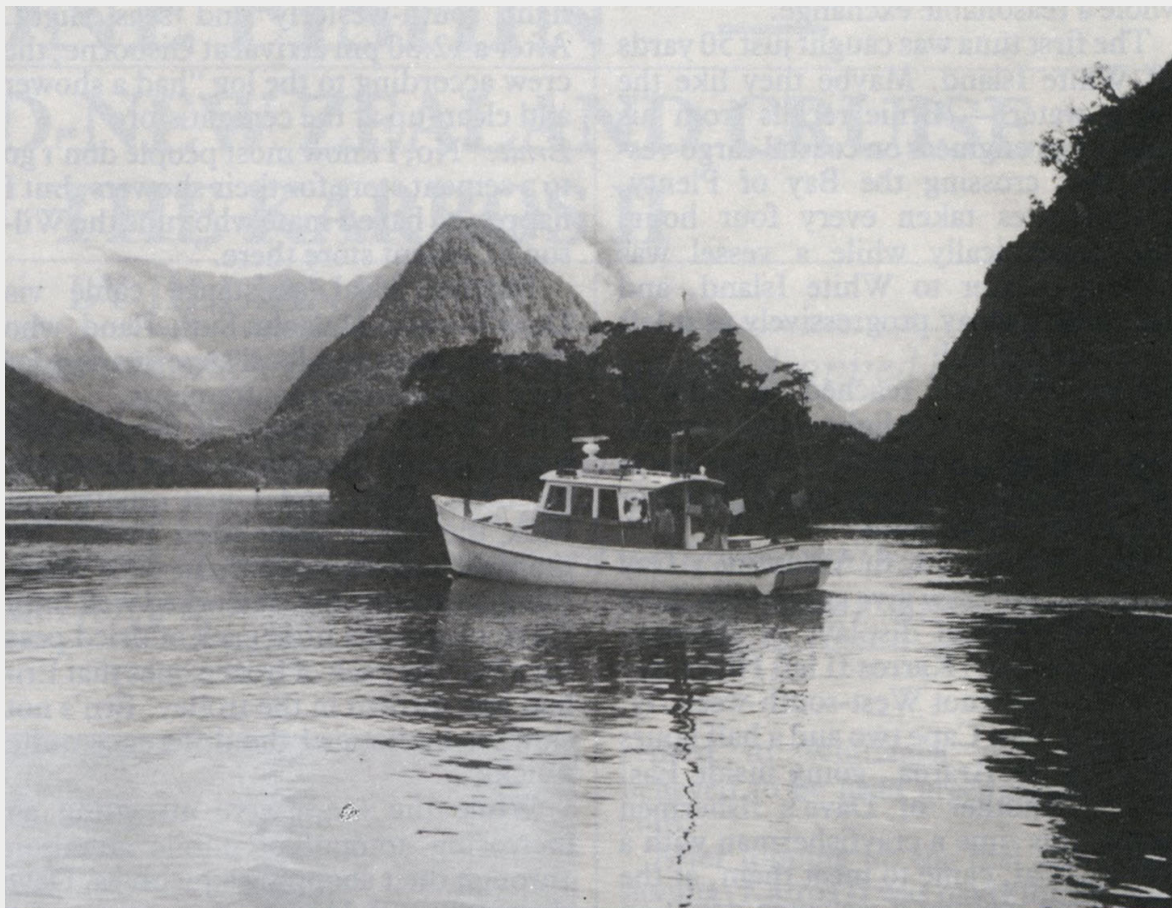












*The Karros II cruising the placid waters of Milford Sound, the peace disturbed only by the throb of her diesel engine and the beating wings of 8 million sandflies.*