

ISSN 1177-4177

THE SEA CANOEIST NEWSLETTER

No. 143 October - November 2009

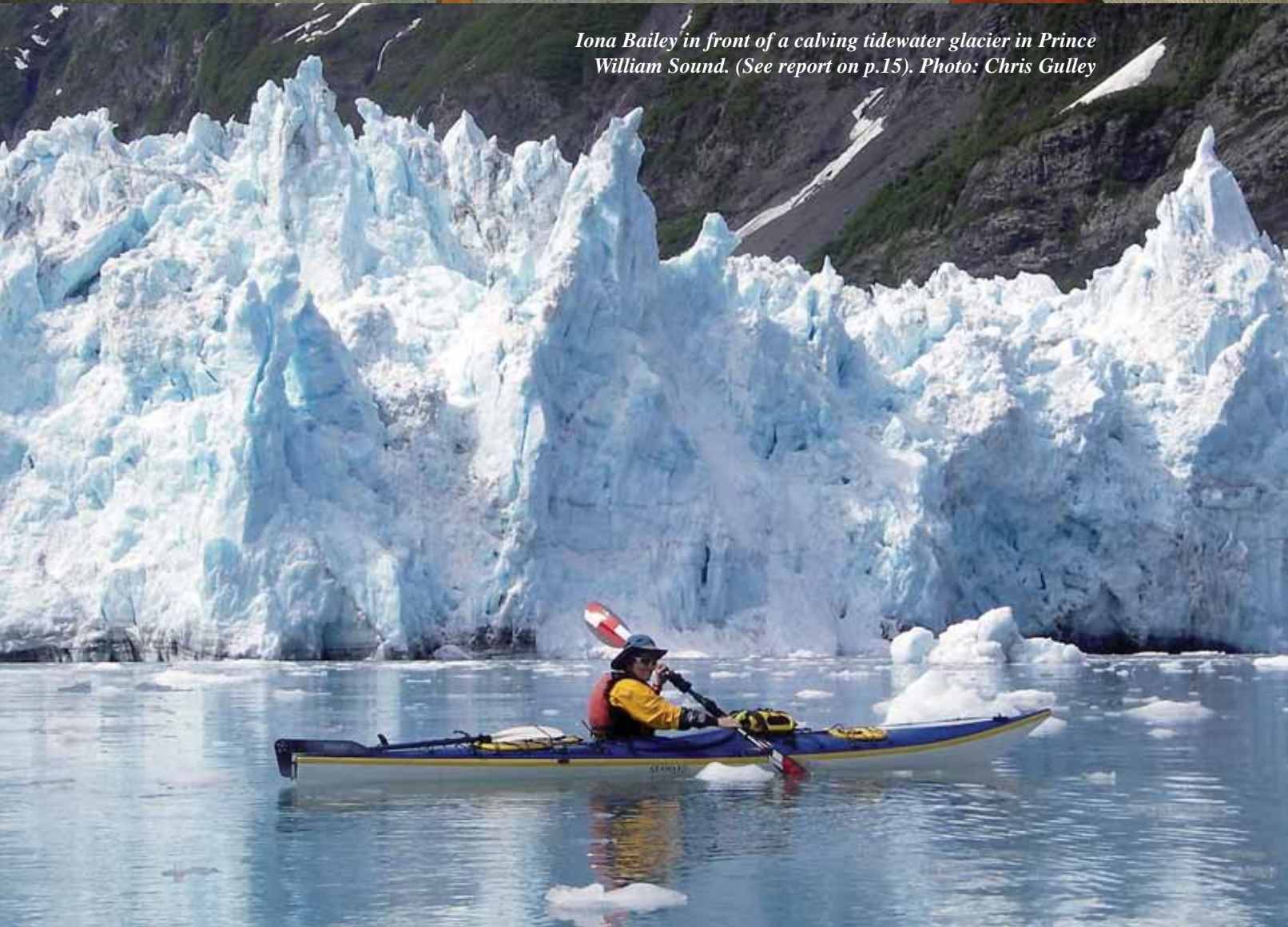
Iona & Jenny, at
Tofino, Canada,
Clayoquot Sound
in the background



The Journal of the Kiwi Association of Sea Kayakers (NZ) Inc - KASK



John Flemming, inventor, with his home made 'how to keep fit' paddling machine. (See profile on p.5). Photo: Ruth Henderson



Iona Bailey in front of a calving tidewater glacier in Prince William Sound. (See report on p.15). Photo: Chris Gulley

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**DEADLINE FOR NEXT
NEWSLETTER:
17 JANUARY 2010**

**Thanks to all the
contributors of reports and
photographs**

EDITORIAL

**ARC Navigation Safety
Bylaw Clause: 2.17**

The amended draft bylaw was adopted by the Auckland Regional Council on 28 October. Paul Hayward has written a comprehensive report on the final stages of the consultation process and the lessons that can be learned for paddlers (see p. 4). Also included, the final revised bylaw wording.

KASK Safety Initiatives Update

Databases recently brought up to date include: paddlecraft/marine press clipping listing, with 500+ entries, now in spreadsheet format, which includes source, date (incidents), region, and a category. From August 1990 to date. - KASK database recreational paddle craft incidents involving fatalities, serious injury or rescue. From 1983, and now to date now with 93 records.

Sit-On-Top (SOT) Brochure

At a recent committee meeting KASK has agreed to progress this brochure. A WSNZ grant of \$6,500 to KASK for development and printing of 40,000 brochures has been signed off. Once a mock up is completed, this will be forwarded to both MZN and CBE, also SOT manufacturers and retailers for comment. If you have any thoughts, input or SOT photographs, please get in touch with either Paul Caffyn (kayakpc@xtra.co.nz) or Sandy Ferguson (kayakamf@gmail.com)

**Proposed Mandatory Wearing of
Lifejacket Rule for Consultation**

KASK will be making a submission with respect to the following proposal. If you wish to have comment included in this submission or wish to be part of a peer review group, please email either KASK President John Hesseling (john.hesseling@bouldecrcni.co.nz) or Paul Caffyn (kayakpc@xtra.co.nz) before 12 December 2009.

Jim Lott, manager of recreational boating for MNZ has noted the following:

The amendment to Maritime Rule 91, in particular the mandatory wearing of lifejackets in recreational craft less than 6m unless the skipper permits them to be taken off is now out for public consultation. The consultation period ends on 18 December 2009. The proposed wording for the amended rule is on the third to last page. The rest of the document is about making a submission, which we would welcome. There is also an amendment that clarifies the role of the Director of MNZ in relation to setting reserved areas in places that are under MNZ jurisdiction. Regional navigation safety bylaws already include this provision.

Here is a link to the Invitation to Comment document, including the Advisory Circular and rule:

<http://meridio/Meridio/browse/downloadContent.aspx?documentId=258466&sendAsRef=1>

It is also listed on our website at the following address:

<http://www.maritimenz.govt.nz/Consultation/Public-consultation.asp>

Trip Update

Max and Melz Grant's South Island Circumnavigation (see photo on p.24). Just a short note to let you know Melanie and I have completed a bit more of our trip around the South Island, this time from Dunedin to Timaru. To follow progress: <http://southislandcharityexpedition.blogspot.com/>

Festive Season Wishes

Paddle safe and enjoy this summer. For the fizz boat congested areas, please ensure to make yourself as highly visible as possible. Never assume an approaching boat has seen you. Paul Caffyn

Photo credit correction:

Photo credits with Robbie's Orca encounter off Great Barrier in the last newsletter: Photos by Rod Voyce, not Ted.

COVER PHOTOGRAPH:

Cover photo: Travel doctors Iona Bailey (left) and Jenny Visser (right), were attending an international Travel Medicine Conference at Vancouver, and took the opportunity of paddling in Clayoquot Sound, despite inclement rainy weather. Photo: Briar Campbell

KASK

PRESIDENTS REPORT – November 2009 by John Hesselning

Amazing how time flies; Christmas is nearly here and Paul is requesting another report for the newsletter. The Auckland Regional Council has finally passed Rule 2.17 of their Navigation Bylaw on kayak visibility. The rule as adopted requires that all persons operating a kayak or paddle craft less than seven metres in length when navigating more than 200 metres from shore shall take steps to enhance visibility to other vessels. The rule then makes recommendations on appropriate measures and these include a bright coloured boat, using a brightly coloured flag on a pole and so on. Although KASK would prefer a recommendation as adopted by Environment Waikato we consider that the Rule as adopted by the ARC is an acceptable compromise given the busy waters in the Auckland Region. KASK would like to acknowledge the effort of Auckland paddlers including Kevin Dunsford, Paul Hayward and Gerry Maire in working with ARC Councillors and Harbour Master to arrive at the final wording.

Paddlers should monitor Regional Council's around the country to ensure that if the Councils are considering amending their navigation safety bylaws, that kayakers are consulted early in the process. We note that Environment Canterbury is reviewing their bylaw in the near future and that KASK has ensured that it will be consulted. The KASK committee will be only too happy to assist any local paddlers with consultation.

Early in November I attended the 20th meeting of the National Pleasure Boat Safety Forum in Auckland as Paul Caffyn was not available. Funding options to promote safety in small craft and how to present a case to government for that funding were discussed. The forum also noted with concern the spike in the number of boating deaths in October associated with small craft. We do

note that no kayakers were included in the drowning statistics over the last two years but this does not mean that we should be complacent. Safety, including wearing a life jacket, when paddling should be a priority at all times.

The KASK committee has received funding from Water Safety New Zealand to produce a sit-on-top brochure similar to the sea kayaking brochure. Please check out the KASK web site and if you have any comments or suggestions please forward them to Sandy Ferguson or Paul Caffyn.
John Hesselning

SAFETY

Great Result for ARC Kayaker Visibility Struggle

by Paul Hayward

On October 28 2009, the full Auckland Regional Council (ARC) adopted a revised version of the much reviled Clause 2.17 of the Navigation Safety Bylaw 2008.

Much work had gone into revising the wording – to be more sensible for real-world sea-kayakers; but until almost the last minute it was going to remain a requirement. Of course, it was not going to suit Waka Amas, surf-skis and other racing kayaks – there simply had not been sufficient consultation to work that out.

By the very end of the process, enough ARC councillors were brought to see that the best way forward was what kayaking groups had always said – let there be recommendations and let individual paddling groups foster whatever best-practices work for their own members or participants.

The wording was revised and then changed from a 'requirement' to a 'recommendation' after an unprecedented uproar from NZ paddlesports. Supported by many hundreds of paddlers from around the region (and indeed the country), about a dozen kayakers focussed the outrage

of our community and convinced the ARC to change its mind.

Kayakers spearheading this effort often represented several organisations or interest groups. Whatever their background, there was a remarkable degree of consensus amongst those with interests in competition, recreation, commerce and education. Kevin Dunsford put together a great website and joined with the others in email discussions, planning sessions and direct discussion meetings with ARC Councillors and officials. Listing the core group (with some of their affiliations) is the best I can do – all contributed mightily:

Paul Caffyn (KASK)
Kevin Dunsford
Ian Ferguson (Fergs, NZ Racing, NSCC)
Paul Hayward (Coastbusters)
John Hesselning (KASK)
Gerry Maire
Colin Quilter
Pete Townend (C&K, SKOANZ)
Miles Usher

The keys to success were:

- Working out clearly what we wanted to achieve
- Getting that message out and rallying support for it
- Engaging with the bureaucratic 'process' in a measured & reasonable way
- Making the depth of support visible to the politicians
- Avoiding becoming entangled in the political infighting

In the finish, we were able to convince them that a law was not required

What we learned from it:

There are a dangerous number of people who feel a need to make others 'safer' or 'better' in spite of themselves. These well-intentioned people have an honest belief in their mission - to tell others how best to run their lives. At least one Sub-Committee member was always sure that we were mad not to welcome a law that "made us all safer". The point is – it always was, of course – that the law can't make us safer, it's our behaviour that keeps us safe (or not). Plus the behaviour of others, of course – we don't tend to collide with each other.

You can make a difference – and change silly laws - if you are willing to work at it.

So please, if you chose to go paddling dressed and equipped in Freya black, do it advisedly and know that you have enhanced neither your chances of being seen nor of being loved by the rest of the boating community.

Revised wording
– as passed by the ARC:

Clause 2.17 visibility of kayaks and paddle craft

Every person operating a kayak or paddle craft of less than seven metres that is navigating in waters beyond 200 metres from the shore shall take steps to enhance its visibility to other vessels. It is recommended this include:

By day

- Taking at least two of the following actions:
- paddling a brightly coloured kayak or paddle craft;
- wearing a brightly coloured PFD or paddle jacket;
- exhibiting a brightly coloured flag on a small mast.

At night

showing an all-round white light; and having ready an electric torch showing a white light which must be exhibited in sufficient time to prevent collision.

Advice note

- Recommended minimum flag pole length 1 metre.
- Recommended flag size 0.03 m² or larger.
- Recommend the use of reflective tape on equipment.
- Recommend a brightly coloured hat.
- Recommended an all round white light in the inner harbour

Paul Hayward

PADDLER PROFILES

JOHN FLEMMING
80 year old Adventurer
Freshwater paddler
(see photo on page 2)
by Ruth E. Henderson

Energy, enthusiasm, vitality, wit - John Flemming is full of it!

I first heard John speak at a KASK forum about a two week pilgrimage around the Rotorua Lakes, paddling 300 kms and portaging about 70 kms, a journey he does annually and has done so eight times! Subsequently we've communicated by email a bit, and I knew he was up to something special, "a big trip" to celebrate his 80th birthday. I did not guess neither just how special nor how big until out of the blue, he shared a story with me. It turned into one of many stories. John had extended himself. He had set out to paddle 1200 kms, on the North Island's lakes, mainly solo. If he ever stopped paddling - I just had to meet this man in the flesh!

There was no mistaking his Rotorua home. Swinging from the rafters of the open garage were three kayaks, including a double. On the lawn there was another, on the concrete pad one awaited repair, and on a rope and pulley arrangement in the workshop - a sea kayak, with his trade mark four hatches, in the process of being glassed.

John greeted me with a warm handshake and a quote from a friend, Mark Self, "You can't call yourself a kayaker unless you own at least six kayaks."

He then showed me his absolutely final boat – with just enough room for him, a couple of cans of Speights and a bar of Whitakers chocolate - the one he'll be lying in while we are singing hymns. Looking at the kayak-shaped casket, a paddle and pair of tramping boots on the lid and looking and listening to the man, I thought the last boat a bit premature!

But John Flemming is a pragmatic realist and hasn't got this far in life

without being a tactician or as he says "There is no such thing as good luck - it is good organization, being prepared. Don't wish you could start tomorrow, don't wish your life away - prior to a trip, spend weeks planning, preparing, drooling, extending your life – then have your weeks of activity, then months on your memories, drooling – that's what life is about – memories."

Leaving the workshop, it was time to settle down and ask the how, why questions - but first - he demonstrated his latest invention – a paddle exercise machine set up in his living room. Aha – was this his secret weapon - his means of getting and staying paddle fit? Apparently not - he finished the machine after he finished 1000 km of his self-challenge paddle, and now every morning he does 4 minutes or 200 strokes. (see photo on p.2)

Mostly John paddles with the Bay Association of Sea Kayakers (BASK). On one trip that he led, in a group of 15, there were eight over 70 year olds, and in his usual pod of eight, there is one slightly over 70 year old and two 78 year olds. However, he likes to associate with younger paddlers - they are handy to help lift the boat off the van!

If that's the case I ask, how does he cope with the physicality of going solo? Mostly he loads and unloads whatever is needed from his custom made four hatch kayak at the shore.

The bow hatch has his survival gear – first aid kit, sleeping bag, fly sheet. If the weather is foul, he can put up his flysheet, a 4 x 4.5m piece of extra light spinnaker cloth, then put his kayak on wheels, and unload under cover.

The second hatch houses bulk cooking gear and clothing. The third food, and the rear a folding stretcher, fly poles, cheap folding chair without arm rests. All organised, so not every hatch is necessarily accessed if for instance he needs to wait up for a few hours for conditions on the water to improve.

For such a gregarious chap, the next obvious question was, "What's the attraction of going solo?"

"I don't mind my own company, I like spending the day thinking about whatever I want to think about, not having to make conversation. I can set myself a goal, avoid other distractions. I'm not bound to times; I can pull up wherever I like. I can watch a gorgeous sunset by myself, its just wonderful."

Although he aimed for the "good round figure" of 1200 kms in six weeks and 'only' achieved 1000, he did the first 930 in 16 days of paddling. These were not all consecutive - "At the end of a particular section of my paddling I returned home to restock with tucker and wait for the weather to improve" - but that's an impressive average of 58 kms a day!

John chose his weather windows well - every night he slept under the stars, not even needing to use his flysheet which he kept handy "just in case, it all turned to custard and I needed to draw it over me." On the final night, he slept on a friend's veranda, the only evening it rained.

To accumulate his mileage, John started on Lake Waikaremoana, paddling the equivalent of two circumnavigations, and then did his first lap of Lake Taupo before hitting the very familiar waters of Lake Rotoiti, Lake Rotorua and Rotoma. Lake Okareka was given eight laps, and Tarawera two. Lake Taupo was circuited a second time, a particularly memorable trip as he had to fix a loose rudder cable, whilst balanced precariously on a rock.

He then took a break to do some repair work on his boat, before doing a few day trips to top the total up to a tidy 1000, but ignominious end. On his last day "the bow of my boat rose from the lake like a horse getting to its feet" and he was 'thrown' off his stead, or more accurately, rolled from his holed boat, skewered on a submerged tree stump.

In that instance the water was only knee deep and he bandaged his boat up with duct tape. How did he deal with capsized and self-rescue

'normally'? Much to my surprise I discovered that he could not roll nor did he carry a paddle float. Since he has been paddling a sea-kayak for 'only' 15 years and coming from a background of Canadian canoes he has a slightly different outlook to most sea-kayakers: Prevention and Patience. Firstly he tries to "not put myself in a situation where a rescue is needed. I look at the conditions on the water and if I feel uncomfortable at all, I do not go out. I use common sense and only go out if I feel I can handle it - and get ashore if the weather gets up.

If I have to wait a couple of hours or a couple of days, I don't mind. If I can't get ashore I talk to myself, do not panic, and keep the nose of the boat in to the swell coming towards me. I'm always sussing out the land, looking for a landing all the time. I paddle the shoreline for the scenery and for the security. My life is important to me - I try to look after it."

"I've been capsized twice over the years, with a near capsized on Lake Tarawera. I'd left Hot Water Beach late, there was a brisk wind bringing big waves with it. The wind blew my paddle, which was on a leash, out of my hands. I went over; my left shoulder touching the water, dog-paddled like mad, and popped back up."

So, when he is waiting out a storm - the wind is howling, the trees thrashing, white caps and waves are catching up with each other - what does he think? "Keep safe. Wait it out. I have no time limits - I can always paddle longer the next day to make up time."

And what does he do? "Make pancakes, have a cuppa, pull out the stretcher, and have asleep. Or go for a walk with my PLB. When paddling I have it tethered to my buoyancy aid."

Other gadgets he carries for safety and general communication, include a cellphone in a drybag, and when there is no coverage, a Mountain radio. He used the latter when on a 12.5 day trip around Lake Te Anau and found it useful for not just weather forecasts but getting messages out and the responses back. Normally though, John makes up maps marked

out in kilometres, so when he phones friends looking to rendezvous or to help out in an emergency he can tell them he is camped at '58' or '62.' He doesn't use a VHF as mostly there is no reception inland.

After gear and gizmos long distance paddlers want to know about food. Recalling Pete Townend saying at an Initial Skills Course - if you usually have a cheese or ham sandwich and a cup of tea for lunch - stick with that, don't suddenly change your diet and switch to muesli and nut bars - I asked John what he fuelled up on?

It seems he sticks to this premise and eats basic good tucker - dehydrating his own meals and eating fresh for the first 3 - 4 days - chipolatas, stew, corned beef with lettuce, coleslaw and tomatoes for lunch and dinner, perhaps with a tin of salmon for a change. Porridge pre-mixed with dried milk powder, salt and sugar for breakfast, maybe weetbix. Then for pudding, sachets of custard powder and dried fruit.

Figuring that he paddles for 10 to 12 hours at a stretch, day after day, I asked John how he coped with aching muscles and injury - what was in his first aid box of tricks?

He said "I sit down and have a beer. I carry Anti-Flamme, anti histamine, just in case. Can't remember the last time I had aching arms or shoulders."

Then he went on to recount an injury. "It was on the "Seven days, Seven dam's trip - 303kms on the Waikato River. We were portaging on slippery ground and I slid under the boat and bruised two ribs. Lifting was torture. Turning over in bed was agony. But I suffered it." Of that trip Evan Pugh apparently said "Flemming was always out in front, we never had to wait for him."

A tough man indeed whose philosophy is "It's there to be done."

A condensed version of this profile by Ruth Henderson appeared in the September 2009 *Wilderness Magazine*. For a paddler profile of Ruth, see the next page.

PADDLER PROFILES

RUTH HENDERSON by Debbie Dunsford

In a relaxed, uncomplicated way, sea kayaking forms an essential part of Ruth Henderson's life. Her home on Kawau Island in the Hauraki Gulf means that Ruth's kayak is the "bike" she uses daily to get around visiting friends and popping across to the mainland when necessary. However, paddling has also provided Ruth with formative experiences and the opportunity for reflection — as seen in her many outstanding photographs.

Like so many paddlers, Ruth came to sea kayaking through a lifelong love of the outdoors. She traces that affinity back to growing up on a dairy farm, her father's interest in Forest & Bird and then early tramping with the Waikato Tramping Club.

Kayaking also made an early appearance. Using an Auckland Canoe Club kayak mold (passed around the tramping club) Ruth and a friend built a fibreglass kayak in 1977. Most of this early kayaking was river-based, although she recalls trips to Waihi Beach for the surf. Her transition to sea kayaking developed in the early 1990s, after a five day adventure with a niece camping, paddling and tramping, using a hired

double sea kayak to explore the Abel Tasman National Park.

Ruth's career was as a horticulturist. Photography has always been a hobby and she is known at KASK forums for being a formidable competitor in the photography contests. She currently uses a Canon Power Shot but has yet to buy the perfect waterproof camera. Her "must-have" requirement in a digital camera is a LED screen *and* a viewfinder. She has not gone down the waterproof case route, as these are usually as expensive as the camera itself. The trade-off is that she reckons on replacing her camera around every three years, as saltwater takes its toll. She welcomes any equipment suggestions or recommendations from other paddler-photographers (ruth_e@farmside.co.nz).

Ruth's greatest kayak adventure was undoubtedly going to Alaska in 2002 with Chris Gulley and Outdoor Discoveries, to celebrate her 50th birthday. She had not done any big expedition trips before that and says she completed Gulley's Inaugural Round Auckland Paddle & Portage to prove she could paddle 25 kilometers in a day.

Today Ruth describes Alaska simply as "life-changing". Before that trip, she enjoyed TV2's serial Shortland



Ruth at the 2008 Coastbusters

Street so much she would have every episode taped while she away on holiday, so she wouldn't miss out on any of it. After Alaska, she decided life was too short to waste on soap opera and she needed to be out there living it for herself.

Ruth believes most sea kayakers take safety very seriously and are only too aware of the risk on the water and how to manage them. However, with the huge increase in sit-on-top kayaks, she thinks it is often too easy for the inexperienced to find themselves on a yak without a full understanding of the effects of wind and tide. She can see the need for more education especially at this level and believes this is the way to go. She agrees with the recent changes to the Auckland Regional Council's by-law 2.17 that changes the measures for kayak visibility from a rule to a recommendation.

Ruth is busy enjoying life on all fronts, not just paddling. Her regular kayaking buddies are the North Shore Yakity Yak Club and she ensures she gets away with them for a weekend trip about once a month. She has her eyes set on land not water for her next big outdoor challenge however. She intends walking the Wainwright Coast to Coast walk in England in 2010 with her non-kayaking husband Ian.

Ruth Henderson with Brodie, her great nephew. Photo: Kay Cleaver



The 'Bugger!' File

The Challenges of Leadership by Ruth E. Henderson

This was written as a narrative for a recent Yakity Yak Leaders Up-Skilling Leader's weekend – complete with a spinning wheel 'take off' of the TV advertisement about making the right call at intersections. The outcome could have been any one of the sixteen scenarios depicted from scratching one's boat to drowning.

The trip plan – pretty 'simple' really - I was a new leader, so make that 'innocent.' Paddle over to Kawau on Friday night, stay at our holiday house - Saturday, early start - Kawau Island circumnavigation.

Met Service Forecast issued at 1036 hrs for 21 Nov 2003:

'Wind warning in force for all areas apart from the Manukau Harbour. Hauraki Gulf and Bream Head to Cape Colville Southwest 25 knots, sea rough at times, occasional showers.'

Friday - 1500 hrs. But - what about the weather? Rang Yakity Yak North Shore 'headquarters' – "Let's look at your list – hmmm - Paul, Natasha, Gordon, Charlie, Greg, Guy, Dave & Jacqui. With that lot you'll be OK." Yeah?

1600 hrs - Charlie was already on his way. Dither, dither do I? Don't I? Oh well we could always catch a water taxi over, (& go tramping) - \$50 for 4 including kayaks. Greg and Guy agreed.

1700hrs - Gordon phoned to cancel. That should have been sufficient warning!

1900hrs - Wind seemed to have died, but I'd already booked the taxi. Guy generously shared the ride, the others were all gung-ho after a week of pushing pens, and paddled over. It was a doddle. So much for the forecast - much ado about nothing. A waste of \$25.

Saturday, 0600hrs - VHF was centre stage on the breakfast table. Someone said, "Oh I don't know why you're

bothering to listen to that – we're going!" 'Westerly up to 25 knots changing to SW in the afternoon.' Gulp! Oh well – we'd be protected 'around the back' of the island. And going in a clockwise direction – on an outward tide - with a bit of luck, we'd have a tail wind driving us home on the last leg. The others aren't fazed.

0700 hrs - we set off. Calm, balmy, a bit of swell, bit of a breeze – but soon around the top and into sheltered waters.

0800 hrs - a piddle stop at Sandy Bay

1000 hrs - another pit stop at Burgess, re-applied the suntan lotion – a great day aye! You betcha!

1100hrs - around Challenger Island, then BANG! BUGGER! – the wind had turned alright – turned to the north-west and was a smack into our faces – a direct headwind, of 20 - 25 knots with 1.5m waves, white caps - double BUGGER!

1200hrs - for the life of me I could not keep my nose pointing in the right direction, again and again my nose swung around, and I was getting further and further away from the group. Paul saw what was happening and put a tow line on me.

1300hrs - we pulled into the Twins for a rest and lunch. Everybody ate, and then fell asleep in the sun for about an hour and a half. Never seen this before or after. Charlie maybe, but not everybody.

1500hrs - revived we set off again. Was it possible – the waves and wind were higher? I battled and battled and finally when in sight of the house, with only a couple of kms to go, I'd had enough. Charlie put me on tow. Guy paddled within cooe.

I was in agony. My eyes were burning up with the most incredible pain. The suntan lotion combining with the salt water was gouging my eyes. I just wanted to fall over, capsized and

drown - anything - to stop the pain in my eyes and exhaustion of my body.

1700hrs - we pulled into Poplar Bay. I was lifted out of my boat. And all I could say was, "Keep Ian (my husband) away." I did not want him to see this way – a little ball of misery - red raw eyed and crying. I did not want him to 'lay down the law', to wag his finger!

After a spa, a feed, a sleep – happiness was restored – sort of. I felt traumatised, in state of shock. My face and eyes took two weeks to 'heal'. I had an allergic reaction to the salt and suntan lotion mix – and came out in pimples - scores of them.

Lesson One: never put suntan lotion on your forehead; keep it on the nose and under the eyes.

Lesson Two: wash in fresh water before re-applying lotion. Carry spare water for this.

Over the following months my brain went over and over the events. Why were Natasha and Jacqui OK, able to keep up? What was the difference between us? I had 10 to 15 years on them, but I was as fit as I thought I could be. I walked the dog 5 kms a day, was a gym 'bunnie' and went hiking or kayaking every weekend.

The only difference, and only changes I thought I could make, was to improve my paddle strokes? But after 25 years - yeah right! And change my boat; my Storm was too big, had too much windage for me. For years Neil had been telling me I should look out for an Albatross. So I bought Paul's old purple Southern Skua. And blamed 'my tools'.

Lesson Three: this has been a long time coming, and has taken a long time to register, also to learn:

The biggest thing I could change was my attitude both as a leader and my attitude as a paddler, and to know my own limitations.

And this is the lesson – especially for NEW leaders whether you are THE trip or pod leader, or just a member of a pod. You are the captain of your own ship and must make your own decisions.

Do NOT be over awed or intimidated by other leaders, or people you regard as more experienced than you.

Don't be a leader and then follow the leaders, falling prey to a false sense of security or being fearful of appearing to be a wimp. Don't feel bullied or pressured, giving in to peer pressure.

If YOU are not comfortable with the conditions or predicted conditions:

- stick to your gut instinct do not go or let someone else lead Plan A while

you lead Plan B (which could be a bush walk!) or switch everyone to Plan B. Once upon a time I was going to write a story about this – and call it “The Weakest Link.” But now, six years later, with this perspective, I have a different slant and would change that to, “Lead, don't follow.”

Ruth Henderson

The 'Bugger!' File

THE 'BUGGER!' FILE

Surf Ski Rescue

An account of rescuing a surf ski during a waka ama race and the lessons learnt by Pete Notman

A few weekends ago I was out participating in a waka ama race at Plimmerton, Wellington. The course started at Ngati Toa domain next to the Mana Yacht Club, went along to a mark on the leading lights near the motorway, then around the reef in the middle of the Plimmerton, back to a mark just past the start line and finished with a leg to that first mark and back. Not having a waka ama or a surf ski, but wanting to participate, I was using my cedar strip plank expedition single sea kayak. Things were going well enough with me firmly set in the middle of the field, but trailing the two other sea kayakers in the race (Sandy Winterton and Dave Fisher) by about 100 m.

My race strategy was to wash hang a likely looking 6 man waka ama which had started well, but soon run out of youthful exuberance. By the time I realized that I could out-paddle the 6 man waka ama and passed them, I had lost contact and the opportunity to keep close contact with my main opposition of Sandy and Dave in their sea kayaks. Doh!

As I rounded the reef in the middle of Plimmerton I came upon a capsized surf ski. Mark was having difficulty getting back on board and his efforts were confounded by cold water, a half

meter chop with a surge and perhaps a bit of clapotis [reflected waves from a structure or feature that tend to produce nodes and anti-nodes = generally throw a kayak around] rebounding off the reef. The onshore wind and choppy conditions were pushing him towards the reef.

I offered to assist Mark back onto the ski by rafting alongside. Although a surf ski does not have any perimeter lines I was able to grasp the open cockpit and provide good support so that Mark could get back on board. Being wary of our proximity to the reef and a couple of nearby rocks I offered to tow him out, but he insisted that he would be alright. Mark paddled away but only managed to paddle about 20 m before capsizing again.

I had noted that an inspection port (which I later discovered was just to a little day hatch and wasn't important) was missing from the front of the cockpit. Seeing this I wrongly assumed that the ski was possibly full of water and that was why Mark was having so much difficulty. Flipping the surfski upside down and pulling it over my cockpit to do a teeter totter draining was no problem (since it wasn't full of water in the first place and this was when I discovered that the missing inspection port was inconsequential).

While I was doing all this, the surge and wind had drifted my kayak with the surf ski some distance away from Mark and I had to push the ski and paddle back quite a distance.

This time I re-rafted the ski, ordered Mark back onto his surf ski and told

him to 'hang onto the back of my kayak' while I towed him around the corner. Mark literally must have held onto the stern of my kayak as the surf ski bow was just beside and in front of my cockpit. With the surf ski tucked in beside I was able to paddle both sides and we picked up good speed. We soon turned around the top of the reef away from the clapotis and that brought the chop and swell behind (rather than abeam) us.

At this point I judged Mark probably wouldn't have any more problems. I said, “fly free my pretty,” and Mark shot off into the distance finishing the race well ahead of me. I lost a few places during the two minute rescue, but picked them up before the finish of the race. So the brief distraction didn't cost me a thing (such are the fortunes of racing).

The good things:

- There was a good outcome. Mark was out of the water and back into his surf ski in less than 2 minutes (twice) and he finished the race
- You don't have to drain a flooded surfski
- A viable and stable raft was easily possible by grabbing the edges of the open surf ski cockpit
- An effective stabilized tow was possible with Mark holding onto the stern of my kayak enabling me to paddle both sides and steer (possibly helped by the surf ski rudder?). So, a successful tow can be achieved without tow ropes or towing points. Try it some time.

- Getting away from the clapotis, disturbed water and reef into clean following seas resolved the 'problem' and Mark never looked back.

The not so good things:

- Mark was dressed for racing and not immersion – he was cold and vulnerable if he was to remain in the water for any length of time.
- Marks surf ski recovery technique wasn't adequate for the conditions.

This poses the question how and where can you practice rough water techniques? Maybe you could do it at a place where shelter was 'just around the corner' of an exposed point or something like that. I go surf kayaking because it is fun and serves as mandatory roll practice - no matter how good you are you WILL get rumbled.

But you want to be wary of any rips. This also raises the concept of the 'skill trap'. As you get more skilled and comfortable with your kayak you can get out in rougher and rougher conditions. If you don't capsize, you 'get away with it'. Bet there have been times when you might have thought to yourself ... "uh, oh it wouldn't be a good thing to capsize right now!" rather than forget about things after the moment passes, consider up-skilling some more so you could cope with a capsize.

Mark had apparently told Sandy Winterton and Dave Fisher as they passed him, that he "would be all right" ... and since it was a race, they had carried on. From my own experience a capsized racer goes through a number of emotions including being 'pissed off' at capsizing in the first place; anguish over lost places and embarrassment about capsizing. So you want to be a little suspicious of somebody who has capsized, been in cold water for any time, in the middle of rocks with a leeward reef nearby saying that they will be 'allright'. (If Dave or Sandy had offered assistance, that would have helped me to catch up to them! – the cads).

The missing 'day hatch' was a distraction. I assumed that the missing

inspection lid and a flooded surf ski was the root of the problems. Mark had certainly covered a lot of rough water to capsize where he did. The irony of it all was that Mark would have capsized just before turning for, and making safe water.

Get the 'victim' to hold onto the bow or stern of your kayak if you are going to attempt a teeter-totter drain of the kayak. This will act as a sea anchor and keep all the important components of the rescue in one place. I was suitably impressed about how far and how quickly my kayak and Mark's Surf Ski had gone away from Mark bobbing in the water during the seconds that I attempted to (unnecessarily) drain his ski.

As rescuer I could possibly have taken a bit more control of the rescue in the first instance and demanded, rather than mention the towing option. Once Mark was back on his ski the first time, he insisted on paddling. On the one hand, this seemed reasonable as Mark was clearly a strong paddler but on the other hand as Mark had been in the water for a while, he would have been cold, was starting from a dead stop (tippy kayaks are much easier to handle with a bit way on) and he was still in the area where he had difficulties in the first place.

The conditions at the time weren't immediately life- or gear-threatening

so we could afford to give Mark a try. But there would be times when you wouldn't have the luxury. Then clear and concise directions from the rescuer would be vital.

Be safe out there.

YOUR HOMEWORK

1. Practice rafting
2. Go out and do an assisted buddy rescue
3. Try a tow like the one described in this rescue

Pete Notman Paddling Biography

Pete Notman has been kayaking since he was 15 when he bought a beaten-up fibreglass white water kayak off a school mate. Pete proceeded to beat that kayak to a pulp in the rivers around Nelson/Marlborough. During his university years many adventures were had in the Marlborough Sounds in a borrowed Nordkapp.

Presently Pete has built too many wood and skin-on-frame kayaks; doesn't do enough kayak cruising; is an active 'mid-fleet' multisport racer; managed a Cook Strait Crossing in 2005; and dabbles with Wellington's Kupe Canoe Club 1st of the month white water trips and is a regular 'coach' at the Freyberg Wednesday night pool sessions.

Pete's email address is: piratepete@clear.net.nz





The Waka Ama Race. Photo: Chester

Response to Pete Notman's 'Bugger!' File article from Sandy Winterton

With reference to the 'Bugger!' file report on the race at Ngati Toa domain earlier this year, there are certainly some points that merit discussion. Luckily this was not a serious incident, but Pete raises some good points.

In a race, when do you rescue someone who has just had a spill and considers themselves to be in no need of help?

After a certain time, or number of failed attempts to regain their boat unaided, assistance should be given rather than just offered. The person in the water has had the opportunity to get themselves back underway, and is probably getting colder and losing strength. In weighing up if it is the right time to step in with assistance, the conditions and circumstances dictate the decision.

From my limited race experience, competitors will always help someone in trouble, but they will not stand by patiently just in case they are needed while a capsized tries to get back in, as would happen on a cruise. Well done Pete, for making the choice to assist.

Putting myself in the situation I would certainly want to have several attempts at remounting/re-entering before accepting assistance. To insist on rescuing me straight away would deprive me of the opportunity to test my self-reliance. Since there is always

the risk that 'doing unto others' may not be what they want, a degree of circumspection is called for, and I do not think it is necessarily appropriate to rescue someone unbidden unless they are struggling or there is danger present.

Common sense and standard surf ski and sea kayak race rules require that any competitor seeing another in real danger shall render all assistance in his or her power. The issue is of course deciding when someone is in real danger. There are many circumstances that influence this, and passing a fellow paddler in the water is not a decision anyone should take lightly. Factors to consider include the person's experience, ability and physical condition (if known), the presence or absence of any significant hazards and, importantly, what would happen to them if they were unable to get themselves back underway.

In this case my view was there was not any significant danger present at the time the surf ski paddler capsized. Any concern that he could have been injured was alleviated by his assurance that he was fine and in no need of help. The fact that he had not yet attempted a remount and that there were many people yet to come past meant that he would have plenty of opportunity to obtain help should it be needed. The deciding factor in allowing him to

practice his self rescue unaided was that if he had been unable to remount at sea, he would have drifted to the safety of reef a few metres downwind in a very short time, enabling an easier remount.

The second point of concern, is that a leg leash was not used by the surf ski paddler and consequently he lost contact with his boat. Surf skis are easily fallen from, have no deck lines or easily grasped edges and are slippery beasts. Any paddler separated from their boat is at serious risk, and a surf skier's leg leash prevents this happening. A quick release at the driver's end must be present for emergency escape e.g. if tumbled in surf. In major surf ski races leg leashes are obligatory and I believe they should be a standard requirement in local races just as PFDs are.

The access hatch issue illustrates the point that most sea kayakers are unfamiliar with other kayak types. The difficulty in rescuing the ski could equally well apply to a traditional sea kayak encountering a sit-on that is in trouble. Product knowledge and practicing rescues of other types of paddle craft would be an advantage.

Sandy Winterton

TECHNICAL

RIPS IN THE SURF ZONE by Patrick Miller

A couple of times recently when I've been at a beach kayaking, people have been caught in a rip. The first occasion was at Matapouri when after we'd been kayak surfing one day, two children attached to our party got into difficulties in a rip and had to be rescued by their Dad and another passing beachgoer, who stripped off to his undies and went to their aid as well. Fortunately they weren't out far enough to be out of the adults depth and everything ended well.

The second occasion was after Lynn Burson and I had completed our Bream Tail to Bream Head crossing at Ocean Beach and both of us got tipped out when landing. After being on the beach for 5 minutes, I remembered I'd been wearing a hat when I tipped out and it was still in the sea. A lady pointed it out to me and I went in to get it just as

it got caught in a rip and kept getting further from shore. Each wave took it further out and I caught it when I could still just touch the bottom on tiptoes. I wasn't particularly worried as I still had my buoyancy vest on, but I couldn't make headway back to shore and had to be towed in by a surfer.

I've plagiarised this next bit from the internet at: www.slsa.com.au. I thought it might be of interest to people, should they ever get into similar situations.

Definition of a Rip:

'A rip is a strong current beginning around the shore, extending through the surf and running out to sea. Rips are the cause of most rescues performed at beaches. Rips can be dangerous as they can carry a swimmer or wader out into deep water in a matter of seconds.

Identifying a Rip:

One or more of the following features might alert you to the presence of a rip:

- Darker colour indicating deeper water.

- Murky brown water caused by sand stirred up off the bottom.
- Smoother surface with much smaller waves, alongside white water (broken waves)
- Waves breaking further out to sea on both sides of the rip.
- Debris floating out to sea (including hats & paddles)
- A rippled look, when the water around is generally calm

Escaping From a Rip:

- Don't panic – stay calm
- Float with the current, don't fight it, and signal for assistance. If you are a confident swimmer, swim parallel to the shore until you reach the breaking wave zone, then try and swim back to shore.
- If you don't think you can swim parallel to the shore away from the rip, stay calm, float with the rip and signal for assistance.
- Remember to stay calm and conserve your energy.'

(reprinted from the Northland Canoe Club November 2009 newsletter)

REVIEW

Man Vs Sea TV1 'Sunday' 11 October 2009

Solo, a documentary on Andrew McAuley's journey by kayak across the Tasman to NZ waters

Review by Fiona Martin

Having been lucky enough to have seen the uncut video footage retrieved from Andrew McAuley's kayak, I was keen to see what the edited edition would come up like.

The subject matter doesn't lend itself to 'light and fluffy', but this documentary didn't bog itself down in detail.

It was gentle on Andrew's family and went down quite well with the general audience it was aimed at, from conversations I have had with people who watched it.

The film touched on why someone would leave his wife and son to go kayaking with the odds of a good outcome stacked against him, and pointed to the Australian Authorities reluctance to let the trip go ahead, but didn't press the hard questions. The use of interviews with Andrew's wife, the kayak builder, weather forecaster and a friend was a nice touch, giving the viewer a sense of who Andrew was.

I was disappointed that they didn't explain the significance of the Albatross that sat with Andrew, in the

uncut footage he was really taken with that bird, and the company it provided. I think that the physical and mental impact of the trip on Andrew could have been given more emphasis.

Many kayakers I have spoken to have voiced their disappointment in the lack of depth regarding the more technical aspects of the trip. The subsequent NZ coroner's report gives very good commentary on the technical details associated with the trip, I would recommend that to anyone who is interested in the detail.

KAYAKING KALENDAR

COASTBUSTERS 2010

Weekend of 26 – 28 February 2010 - Auckland See: www.coastbusters.org.nz

KASK FORUM 2010

16 – 18 April 2010 - Venue: north of Whangarei at the Manaia Christian Camp. Right on the edge of Whangarei Harbour, with camping, bunkroom and chalet accommodation. Key note speaker is Jeff Allen from the UK, who has paddled around Japan and South Georgia. The following week, 19 – 25 April, is scheduled for semi-organized social paddling, in the area north of Whangarei up to the Bay of Islands.

OVERSEAS REPORTS

WEST ISLAND BITS by David Winkworth

Victorian Sea Kayak Club AGM

The Victorian Sea Kayak Club AGM was held on 6 - 8 November at Anglesea...on the coast just to the west of the Port Phillip Bay entrance. The venue was Eumeralla Scout Camp on a headland with sweeping coastal views – just beautiful. Not only that, conditions were warm and calm! That doesn't happen very often at VSKC AGMs in my experience! It's usually a gale!

The program at these events is similar to KASK Forums - a few speakers, on water trips and instruction...and Saturday night dinner for about 100 people.

Friday night speakers were Tina Rowley, John Evertze and Russell Blamey. This trio recently completed a SW Tassie paddle, including a detour to windswept Maatsuyker Is. off SW Cape. Beautiful photos with lots of on-water shots of kayaks – that's easy with a trio of paddlers but very difficult for solo paddlers! It was a good presentation.

The landing at Maatsuyker Is. is difficult – it's a surgy rock landing in a cove - and you have to displace the seals to get ashore! It seems there are changes coming to Maatsuyker. Landing may soon be prohibited in the cove to protect these seals. All resupplies for the two weather observers there come by chopper so there is no longer a need for the cove access to be maintained. And how's this: there is NO heating for the residents except for their electric blanket run from a generator! You'd have to good friends, wouldn't you?

Tina, John and Russell pulled their kayaks well up from the surge on landing but at re-launch the next day they found the seal's favourite launching pad was directly above their boats! The seals spooked when they

came down the track and one massive bull launched right onto Russell's kayak below! Some fair damage to the bow but fixable with the ubiquitous duct tape.

A note about Tina – she recently completed a Western Bass Strait crossing to Tassie via King Island with John and Greg Murray – Tina is the first woman to do this challenging 110km crossing. She is most certainly one of Australia's very best sea paddlers.

Some crash and burn on Saturday with a paddler dislocating his shoulder in a beginner's surf session. While no fault of the instructors, it does illustrate how easily these accidents can occur. Keep those arms close in folks!

Sandy Robson won the afternoon Rolling Competition - in a Nadgee!

The Sat. Afternoon AGM covered plans for Freya's landing at Caffyn Cove at the end of the year. There are plans for pollies, the media, an after-party - you name it. No doubt about the VSKC – they do an excellent celebration!

Sandy was the guest speaker on Saturday night – she presented her long Australian paddle (SLAP). A great presentation! Sandy started her big paddle a few years ago from Caffyn Cove and many of the Vic. paddlers who kept her company on the Vic. coast were able to catch up with her again. This was her first time back in Victoria since then.

Sandy Robson at the VSKC AGM.

Photo: Dave Winkworth



The weekend wound up on Sunday with some technical presentations, looking at boats and more chatting. A great weekend!

Spring Weather

How's the Spring weather in NZ? Over here we're experiencing a November heatwave. Spare a thought for Adelaide – Six or so consecutive days over 36 degrees. Not only that, their water tastes awful!

VHF Radio Call Signs

Do you use a VHF radio on your big trips? Do you have a call sign that is well known....AND listed on your EPIRB information sheet?

A few of us were chatting about this on the weekend and remembering the tragic tale of Andrew McAuley when his land crew at Te Anau didn't know his call sign. It's a lesson we should remember.

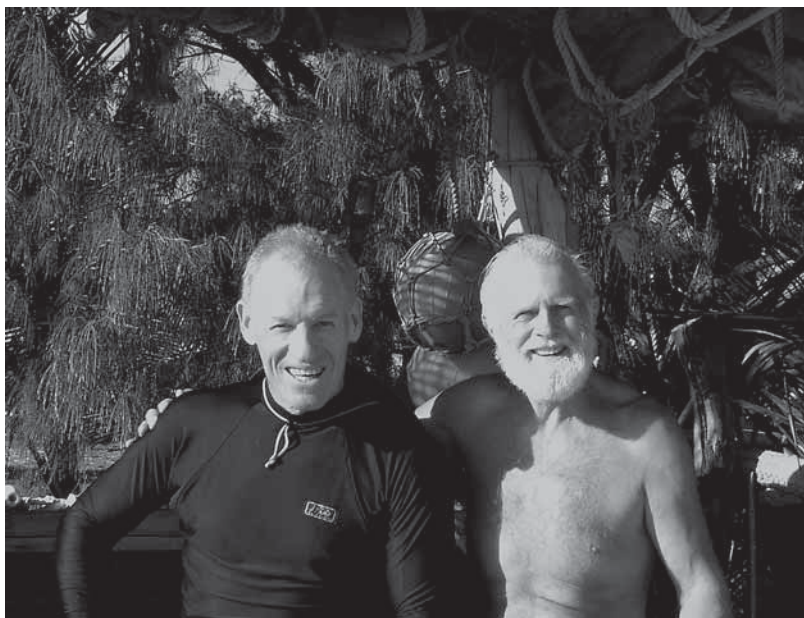
Another point worth noting is that a VHF radio is the only way you can chat to a rescue chopper or plane. There are no mobile phone numbers printed on the wings!

Restoration Island

'Caught up with an old mate on the phone yesterday: Dave Glasheen is the Lord and Master of Restoration Island off Cape Weymouth in far north Queensland. Dave is an all round nice guy and welcomes all paddlers to his island home. He picked Sandy Robson up from Cape Direction after the croc attack on her kayak and hosted Freya earlier this year on her way north to Cape York.

Dave had his 15 minutes of fame earlier this year when he posted an advertisement on a website looking for a lady companion. The national TV media picked it up: "Robinson Crusoe seeks Girl Friday." They flew him to Sydney, gave him a haircut and set up a few dates. I asked him how his love life was going: "Not too good" he said. "They all want to sit under the coconut palms and be served pina coladas."

Dave says the weather up there is just beautiful at the moment – some light SE winds and a few light northerlies. He says he might even make it south



Dave Glasheen (R), Lord and Master of Restoration Island off C. Weymouth in far north Queensland, with the other Dave. Photo: Dave Winkworth

to Queenscliffe for Freya's landing.

"Resto" was the first landfall for Captain Bligh after he and some crew were set adrift near Tonga following the mutiny on the *Bounty*. Adventurer Don McIntyre plans to re-create that momentous longboat voyage next year. Read about his expedition at www.bountyboat.com. True high seas adventure!

SA Regulations

KASK members would be well aware of those proposed kayak visibility laws from Auckland. Recently, South Australia went one better: In September this year the S.A. Dept of Transport amended their marine regulations to prohibit human powered craft venturing more than 2 nautical miles off the coast without the written permission of the Transport Dept CEO. Fines were set at around \$1500. For some unexplained reason, rowing boats were not included as human-powered craft!

We think these amendments may have been in response to a double fatality in Backstairs Passage in 2005. The two paddlers who died then were ill-equipped with everything: their choice of kayak, their clothing and their timing.

The feeling among paddlers over here was that the new laws would only pick

up the responsible paddlers who are well equipped anyway. Everyone else would continue on unconcerned.

It was a crap law – government seen to be doing something without actually spending any money! And you just know that once these laws are bedded in, they are very rarely repealed. Why are governments like that?

I posted some information about the new regulations on our Sea Kayak Forum website and was amazed at the lukewarm response! "Yeah, well...it probably won't happen in our state," was a common response. By contrast, the S.A. sit-on-top fishermen were aghast because they regularly fish the reefs further out than 2 nautical miles.

I contacted Peter Carter in South Australia. South Australia doesn't have a sea kayak club but they do have "CanoeSA" which is the peak body of kayaking / canoeing in South Australia. Peter is a stalwart of CanoeSA and a longtime sea paddler. He told me that the new regulations were introduced without CanoeSA consultation. What annoyed him as much as the silly laws themselves, was that CanoeSA is government-funded to provide advice on canoeing-related matters!

Kevin Dunsford sent me an email outlining his thoughts on combatting

silly laws and governments following the Auckland sea kayak visibility "battle," which I forwarded on to Peter Carter. Thanks Kevin!

I contacted Paul Caffyn and obtained a few copies of the excellent KASK Guide to Safe Sea Kayaking brochure. Victoria has a similar brochure in circulation. I started writing letters to the SA government, including copies of the two brochures in my letters. Meanwhile CanoeSA were having meetings with the relevant minister of the SA government.

Well, something worked because the SA Dept of Transport has said it will repeal the offending sections of their regulations! Sea kayaks can again go anywhere unhindered. Unfortunately for the sit-on-top paddlers, they are further restricted to less than 400 metres from shore without a permit! They are going to be pissed!

I'm still amazed at how little governments know about sea kayak capabilities. Here's a little side story to illustrate my point: Not so long ago two friends of mine were planning a kayak trip across Bass Strait. Nothing unusual about that – it's a regular occurrence these days. The Victorian Water Police Chief heard about their proposed crossing and called one of them: "What are you going to do if you tip over? All your gear will fall out!"

We have to be vigilant against this type of 'slip it in unnoticed' legislation. You can bet that government marine transport departments of all Australian states were watching South Australia to see how these regulations bedded down.

So how did the KASK Safe Sea Kayaking brochure figure in all this? Well, Peter Carter told me that several people at the high level meetings had copies of the KASK and VSKC brochures and that the brochures made a 'very good impression.' CanoeSA now plans to produce a similar publication.

You know, that little KASK Safe Sea Kayaking brochure has achieved amazing penetration in the NZ sea kayaking fraternity, something any

advertising exec would die for.

I'm reminded of a little story from one Paul Caffyn a few years ago: 'Seems he was about to catch a Cook Strait ferry at Wellington, with his kayak on the car roof rack, when a woman walked up to him (which in itself is encouraging), gave him a copy of the safe sea kayaking safety brochure and said, "you should read this if you're going paddling!"

Well done KASK!

Saltwater Still

'Don't know that this will interest too many paddlers in NZ...where it seems to rain a lot, but I'm developing a little saltwater distiller for sea kayaker's use in Australia where it doesn't rain a lot! It all came about on my Gulf of Carpentaria trip (story coming soon Mr Editor!) last year when fresh water security was a bit of a problem.

The 850gm unit fits in a 20cm hatch and uses available firewood to boil sea water in a sealed container. The steam is then condensed in a cooling water bath. Results so far have been very encouraging: I've been getting a 100% condensate return at a rate of 1.5 litres per hour.

If I can paddle off into the sunset with 20 kgs less fresh water weight in the kayak...or 20 extra days of food... then it could be something good for extended remote area trips.

If interested, send me an email (kayak21@aapt.net.au) and I'll send you back the story so far.

Dave Winkworth

Australian KASK reporter Dave Winkworth - 'still' trying after all these years.



OVERSEAS TRIP REPORTS

PRINCE WILLIAM SOUND

by Iona Bailey

(see also colour photo on page 2)

"Never run from a bear. Don't be alarmed if he comes forward, however if he begins to snap his teeth this is a very bad sign!"

This pre trip advice from our guide left us excited but not a little apprehensive about our remote Alaskan paddling adventure in the Outer Prince William Sound. Furthermore it was made clear that we should expect plenty of rain and man eating BUGS.

To complete the picture there was explicit advice about how to avoid bug bites whilst successfully completing toileting duties. Toilet visits should be below high water mark and all paper waste must be burnt or carried out in zip lock bags (sanitary pads and tampons had to be washed and rinsed in sea water first). "Act quickly and prepare everything before you drop trou. Stick your butt into the wind and apply bug dope before your pants reach your knees."

Our trip began on 5 July 2005 in Anchorage for the scenic drive down Turnagain Arm to the Whittier tunnel. Whittier is a somewhat unattractive town built for troops in WW2, where all the residents, their shops, offices and schools are accommodated in one high rise building. However, it was at Whittier where we boarded our water taxi which was to take us on the 1 1/2 hour journey out to Knight Island.

After being introduced to our six companions we quickly loaded the kayaks and all gear required for the week including bear spray, loads of insect repellent, head nets (to deter the bugs) and gum boots to keep our feet dry in the predicted wet environment. The sky was deep blue, the sea flat; the snow capped mountains and glaciers glistened invitingly in the distance. Before long we were jumping up with cameras and binoculars as we motored into a large pod of Orcas. Over the next seven days we were privileged

to see a number of whales, mainly humpbacks, and sometimes as close as a boat length from our kayaks.

Our first campsite was at the northern tip of Squire Island, a fantastic spot with incredible vistas of the Knight Island Passage and Chugach Mountain range. From here we could watch the whales working the area and the many pelagic birds; we counted over 20 varieties of sea bird. In the far distance we could see what appeared to be yachts with billowed sail. In fact they were icebergs having been calved by the many glaciers that make it to the sea. Tents were quickly erected on the shingle above high water mark. "Even on cloudy days, when the rain stops, the pebbles dry out first"

The pebbles were surprisingly comfortable to sleep on and being on the beach meant minimising the impact on vegetation. The kitchen and eating area, with any food or other attractive smelling items, was kept well away from our tents. Hopefully this would reduce the risk of wildlife (bears...) being attracted to sleeping people. I had a vivid memory of the picture in NZ Geographical of Paul Caffyn's tent ripped up by an inquisitive bear on his trip up the Alaskan Peninsula so reluctantly I parted with my (nocturnal) emergency stash of chocolate bars.

When breaking camp each day we were very particular to leave the campsite as we had found it. This involved packing out all garbage and food scraps in zip lock bags then returning the pebbles and rocks to their original locations.

After a quick snack we were off to explore Mummy Bay at the northern end of Knight Island. What a ripper day- truly this was paradise. We spent three hours paddling up this section of coast, as far as into the bay as we could go. There was not another soul to be seen, only the mountains covered in lush undergrowth with mainly spruce and hemlock trees plus many waterfalls tumbling down to the clear cold sea.

That night after a hearty dinner we sat on the beach as the sun dropped



Campsite overlooking Harriman Fiord. Photo: Iona Bailey

down to the horizon. It was never truly dark and I only remember using my head torch once on the whole trip. Our guides took care of all the food preparation and clearing up, allowing us to sit around the campfire swapping stories and jokes whilst scanning the sea for signs of whales or other wildlife. We generally did not retire before midnight and enjoyed very much getting to know our American friends. We were able to educate them a little about Kiwi culture; they were particularly interested in rugby but couldn't quite understand why anyone would want to 'play' a 'game' where there was the possibility of paraplegia, eye gouging or even traumatic extraction of the testicles from the scrotum. They had a point.

Each day followed a similar pattern. We generally emerged from our sleeping bags about 9am and started the day with a cup of fresh brewed coffee. We usually did not leave the campsite before midday and then would paddle up to 20 miles at an average speed of 3-4 mph., frequently stopping to investigate interesting places and wildlife.

We saw plenty of seals, whales, birds, and especially otters. Sea otters frequently popped up their heads to watch us glide by. They would lie on their backs eating or nursing their

babies. Twice we spotted black bears in the distance on the hillside and Wendon swore he saw what was later possibly identified as a wolverine – very rare.

On our last full day kayaking, returning to camp, a huge humpback whale surfaced briefly within 50 meters. Bald eagles were abundant. On our first morning we watched a bald eagle plummeting into the sea to grasp a sizeable salmon. The salmon was too large for the eagle to carry and fly; we watched fascinated as the eagle swam to shore with the salmon in its talons.

The next day we paddled into Copper Bay until we reached a fresh water stream cascading down the hillside creating a natural, if somewhat chilly, shower. The craggy snow covered peaks of Knight Island rose to heights of over 2000m above us. The hillsides were covered with boggy peaty soil covered in moss and a wide variety of flowers and shrubs. Because it never gets dark in summer the flowers never stop growing and flowering at this time of year. Several days we pulled our kayaks onto a beach and went for short hikes to explore. The terrain was often steep and of course there are no tracks. The ground was soft, wet and springy underfoot and we encountered many more bugs on

these walks. I used DEET repellent and permethrin treated clothing; it seemed to discourage the insects from biting.

Our guides and companions proved a rich source of knowledge about all things related to the flora and fauna. It took careful searching of the coastline to find a suitable campsite each night. The tides in Prince William Sounds can rise 20 feet and will catch out the unwary camper. Our guides were also careful to scout around for evidence of recent bear presence; although we saw plenty of fresh bear scat on our walks we never had a bear close to our campsite that we knew of! On the second night the skies had become overcast and it was feared that rain may eventuate (it never did). We had been informed in the pre trip advice that this area of Alaska was a temperate rainforest and to expect 'precipitation' "Have an effective rain management plan," we were told.

The Alaskan way to manage rain whilst camping is to string a lightweight tarp over the tent to provide a place to store wet gear and change before entering and exiting the dry tent. It also keeps the tent drier when it is taken down because the whole shooting match doesn't get soaked. It is a great concept. Incredibly (we were informed) it was mostly warm and sunny on this trip.

Day three saw us explore Drier Bay. There were remains of several old salmon canneries and gold mines. That night we camped at Rocky Point near the entrance to the bay and again were treated to wonderful calm, sunny conditions.

The next day we meandered around the headland between small islands towards Squirrel Island. We could hear and see a humpback working close by. As we approached Squirrel Island we were met by 20 or 30 sea otters popping up around or boats. We glided into a beautiful protected cove where we stripped to t shirts and shorts and basked in the sun on the beach. Much to the amazement of our American friends the weather was so

warm that we were able to swim in the sea. Although the sea was very cold!

It was agreed that this was a 'primo' campsite and by way of celebration our guides produced marguerites after dinner. A merry time was had by all and a 'not so merry night' by some as a result.

The importance of good hygiene was emphasised to us before this trip. "Wash your hands. This will be your best line of defence from getting you and your companions ill"

We usually were able to find fresh water for washing ourselves; it was an invigorating experience. Dishes were washed with sea water. Getting

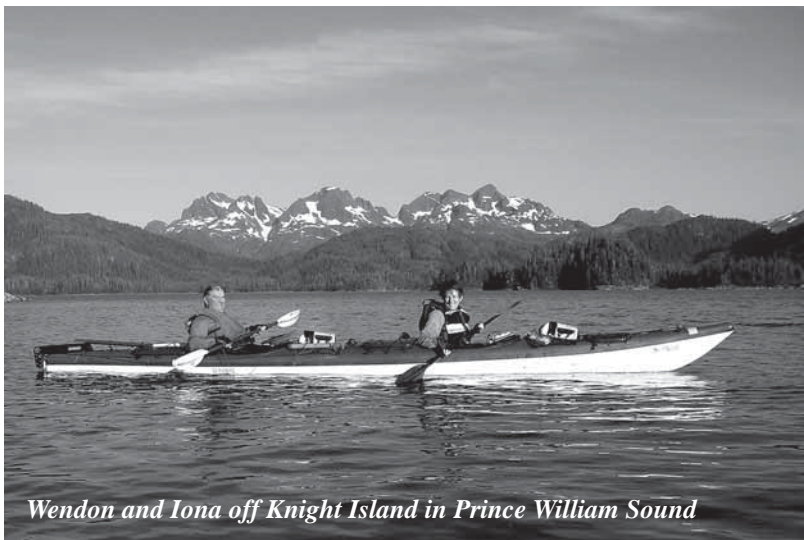
sick or having an accident in this environment could have been serious because we were so far away from help. It was comforting to know that our guide carried a satellite phone and VHF radio plus a comprehensive first aid kit and he had advanced first aid training.

Our last day was spent paddling down the coast to Herring Bay and our pick up point for the water taxi. We stopped briefly to watch a brown bear feeding on berries on a beach in the distance. As we sat around the campfire for the last time that night we reflected on our truly memorable wilderness experience. We felt privileged to have been guests in this amazing place.

We saw only two other boats (at a distance) on the whole trip and no other campers. For each of us there was a special highlight- for me the idyllic campsite on Squirrel Island in the company of so many otters.

Wendon remembers the night after the marguerites. As it turned out we had hardly seen any rain, the bugs had not in any way rivalled South Island sandflies and it is remarkable how quickly one adapts to dunking one's butt in the sea to avoid the difficulty of disposing of toilet paper. And - we never came closer than 200 metres to a bear.

For all of us there had been new challenges, new friendships and memories that will last for ever.



Wendon and Iona off Knight Island in Prince William Sound

Iona chatting up Father Xmas at Tauranga to ensure he does not miss topping up her Xmas stocking this Christmas. Photo: Barbara Phillips



Iona in Prince William Sound with a backdrop of a tidewater glacier



NEW ZEALAND TRIP REPORTS

D'Urville Island. Labour Weekend 2009 from Marty Smith

(see colour photos on p.23)

What an awesome sight as you come out of the native bush onto pasture land after a long drive on a gravel road and in the distance below, Current Basin, French Pass and the southern end of D'Urville Island.

Steve and Wendy, Helen and I left Blenheim at 8am on Saturday, arriving at French Pass about two and half hours later. We looked out towards the Trios, it was flat calm. With loaded boats we set off knowing that before too long the tide would turn. We made good use of the tide flow as we headed south west towards Le Brun Peninsula.

It was decided this time the M.S.K.N. would do an exploratory and fishing trip rather than a circumnavigation of the island and that we would camp somewhere in Manuhakapakapa Bay. I had made some enquiries, contacted one of the locals and got permission to camp on their land.

I'd been around the island twice before and it's always a rush to beat the weather, not really having time to explore. I've always wanted to have a closer look at the Paddock Rocks.

We pulled up at one of the nice sandy beaches, made a brew and had a bite to eat. The weather was superb and the views were stunning. The water was clear and inviting so we were soon back on the water heading out to Paddock Rocks. The rocks are fascinating, protruding out of the water, some maybe 40 or 50 metres high with sheer bluffs, also with tunnels and caves. It appears they are all part of a reef. We carried on to our camp site and met the local residents who were very hospitable and gave us directions as to where we should camp, and if the weather turned bad we were able to use their sleep out. You couldn't wish for anything better.

Steve (mad keen on fishing) was eager to get out and try his home made lures and also catch cod for the evening meal. He had the lure out for about 15 seconds and wow! He had a beauty Kahawai! He let it go knowing his handy work was successful. Not far out in the bay there's a rock that we used as an anchor and within half an hour or so we had caught our quota of cod, then headed back to camp for tea.

Sunday's weather was fine so we headed off for Greville Harbour. It took about two hours at a leisurely pace to reach the beach. From the DoC camp site we could see some people had been busy planting native trees. The swans with their chicks looked beautiful on the lagoon. The map showed a walking track around the lagoon so we headed off meeting up with the local DoC caretaker Bernie. He is an ex- Blenheim chap, and as it turned out, both Steve and Helen knew him.

We set off after having lunch noticing rough seas and white caps developing in the Bay. The waves of about 2 to 2 ½ metres high were quite intimidating and uncomfortable to paddle in. The outgoing tide against a nor' west wind creates some huge seas. Even though once across the bay, it was still uncomfortable with some waves breaking. It was a relief as we rounded Okarewa Point into Manuhakapakapa Bay.

The wind continued to blow putting a stop to the evening's fishing. In the morning we got up early so we could have a leisurely paddle back and beat the incoming tide at the Pass. (Too

much too leisure as it turned out). In one bay we noticed thousands of stingers, or Blue Bottles as they are known in Australia. These little creatures, the true name being Portuguese Man O' War, are jelly like marine invertebrates with stinging tentacles, and are not jellyfish. Possibly blown over from Australia.

We stopped off at Hautai Island to get a good view of the surroundings but also to look at two very old Maori graves situated on top. Reading the map later we found landing was by permit only. Oops!

We continued heading towards the pass, noticing there wasn't much of a tidal flow, and wondering if it was closer to slack water that I thought, we hurried on. We were too late, tried as we may, we were not going to get through. We pulled into the beach close by, and had a brew, resting while enjoying the view. The weather in Cook Strait can have a bearing on the tide times in French Pass

Considering the water pours through the narrow gap at 7 knots we thought it was going to be a long wait, possibly 4 or 5 hours. Surprisingly enough a couple of hours after the change, we could paddle through the Pass at Fisherman's Passage, with very little effort required. Half an hour later we were back in Elmslie Bay feeling very pleased with our efforts and experiences.

Steve and Wendy were paddling a Current Design Cross Wind double. Helen in Nordkapp and myself in a Southern Skua.

BOOKS & MAGAZINES

Sea Kayaker Magazine - Maggie Oakley is looking for a good home for 57 magazines from 1988 through to 2003. If anyone is interested in making an offer for the lot, please email the editor at kayakpc@xtra.co.nz, otherwise I will take them up to the 2010 KASK forum to sell individually.

My North Island book, *Cresting the Restless Wave* is down to six copies. It will not be reprinted. Be quick if you want a copy. And I do have copies of the 2nd edition of *Obscured by Waves* - you do not have to pay up to US\$87 for a copy on Amazon books. For a cattedog of new and 2nd hand books, send a request to kayakpc@xtra.co.nz

Plans are afoot for a 25th anniversary edition of *Dreamtime Voyage* in 2010.

CANNIBAL COVE **September 2009** **by Grant Timlin**

Earlier this year, at the tail end of a glorious summer a group of us paddled out to Blumine Island in the Marlborough Sounds to celebrate one in the party's birthday. We had a great time and all agreed, that we must do this again soon.

Well, four months and a rather cold winter had rattled by and once again we were trundling our boats onto the 1805 Friday ferry. This time there were only three of us. At the Picton end of an uneventful sailing we trooped around to the beach, and watched by Donald Duck, metamorphosed from ordinary folk to mariners. I had built a wooden kayak over the winter and this was her first trip away. She is rather slim and slender so I wasn't sure if I could fit all the gear inside but she swallowed it up with room to spare. On the previous trip we had paddled out past the Snout and across to Kumutoto Bay to camp for the night but it was two in the morning by the time we were tucked up in bed. This time we paddled in the calm darkness to the first patch of grass and were in bed at a much more civilized hour. The weather forecast for the weekend wasn't too promising. I had been mesmerized over the last few days by weather maps, isobars, satellite images and the like but felt that if we could tolerate a bit of scruffy weather around the edges the majority of our time away would be good.

Saturday dawned calm and slightly overcast, so after breakfast Ian and I slid our two beautiful wooden boats stern first into the tide, followed by Brent in his plastic boat. We paddled lazily down the Sound entertained by gannets circling high above. Occasionally one would break from its holding pattern and plummet dramatically to the sea, exploding through the surface to catch small fry shoaling below. On the shore spotted shags perched in hollows and ledges, scalloped into the sandstone by the action of the weather. As we passed they jostled and peered as if we were creatures never seen before.

As the day progressed the weather closed down with light rain getting heavier and visibility falling to a few hundred meters. We were heading for Cannibal Cove and as we neared the open water of Cook Strait the wind increased. For the last hour or so of the day we were pushing into a fifteen to twenty knot head wind.

We arrived at the beach at Cannibal Cove early in the afternoon in heavy rain and strong winds so, battling with flailing nylon, quickly threw the fly and tents up. After a couple of hot brews we defied all the rules and got a good fire going to warm us up and lift morale. The camp site was flooded and it was raining heavily so the chances of the fire getting out of control were about as likely as Rodney Hyde growing dreadlocks. Despite the weather it had been a satisfying day. After a good feed, a cup of sweet sticky wine and a yarn around the fire we hit the sack.

Sunday morning arrived gloriously calm and clear, the dawn chorus of bellbirds was great, and the views across the channel magnificent. We decided to head back to the camp at Blumine, where we'd stayed four months previously.

We paddled casually across to Motuara Island where DoC is in the process of building a flash wharf and boardwalk up to the viewing tower. Scrambling up through the mud and construction zone we met robins, saddleback, kereru and bellbirds — pretty special given that most places with such rare wildlife have strict no landing rules. From the top the view is spectacular with islands and inlets contrasting with the snowy tops of the distant Kaikoura range. We slithered back down, slipped the boats into the water and cruised around the northern end of the island, stopping at the DoC landing on Long Island for an early lunch. Ecologically this island is spectacular and yet has such an unimaginative name.

I had spent five days on the island a year or so earlier, gathering Fluttering Shearwater chicks for transfer to Mana Island on the eastern side of the Strait. Joe Puketapu, of the local Iwi, told me then that Long Island was known locally as Kokomohua, which to me

sounds more appropriate. This area is rich in history, from Maori occupation, to Cook's arrival, and more recently the concrete defence bunkers of the Second World War.

As we left Kokomohua a sea breeze sprang up with a following sea. We surfed our way briskly across to Blumine Island arriving early in the afternoon to a vacant camp site. After spreading out our tents and gear to dry from the previous wet day, we spent the rest of the day relaxing, reading and loafing in the spring sunshine. In the late afternoon, we watched the sun sink rapidly toward the skyline between McMahan and Stokes. Ian gave us a brief lesson on clouds and jet vapour trails, drawing from his time with the Met Service on Campbell Island in a previous life. Not a bad way to spend a Sunday afternoon.

Monday morning was fine, albeit a little blustery. We packed for home, smug in the knowledge that most other good folk were heading off to work while we were still enjoying our small adventure. We were a bit concerned that the wind was going to really crank up as we surfed up Queen Charlotte Sound.

By the time we reached Snake Point, however, the wind had vanished and we were drifting along in calm sunny conditions, watching arcs of diamond droplets cascading from the paddle tips. We paddled to a small beach on the western side of Allports Island for lunch, then on to Double Cove for a reminiscent prowl around before heading across towards Picton. As we neared Wedge Point, a classic wooden launch wallowed around the headland. He waved out as we passed port-to-port, probably thinking how well our slender craft were cutting through the short chop which was making his passage so uncomfortable.

We cruised into the sandy beach at Picton, unloaded, and took turns to head down to the two dollar hot shower at the wharf. Wandering around the almost deserted streets in the late afternoon, we waited for an even later Ferry. The end of a very satisfying long weekend.

CONSERVATION

Marlborough Network Report by John Bown

Saddlebacks Transfer in the Sounds

Chee, tee, tee, tee ... cheee, tee, tee, tee ... Chee, tee, tee, tee now pierces the air at Blumine Island in the outer Queen Charlotte Sounds. It was this penetrating call that enabled 14 tieke or South Island saddleback to be caught, for they are very territorial birds and will race in to challenge strangers. Mike Aviss, DoC Sounds Area biodiversity program manager and Bill Cash, DoC ranger responsible for the islands, utilized this trait by overseeing two teams who set up mist nets on Motuara Island 7 km away.

Saddleback calls were played on portable sound systems to draw jackbirds (juveniles) into the mist nets. The method was straightforward but the outcome was uncertain as at critical moments when a jackbird was about to dive into the net, a bellbird would suddenly crash in or a falcon sweep by panicking the jackbird to wing it for cover. Mid week iwi representatives came to bless the transfer with a karakia and farewell the birds from Motuara Island then give them a powhiri to Blumine Island.

These transfers are not without risk - on Blumine the saddleback will run the gauntlet of weka and as Blumine is open to the public, there is always the risk of introducing rodents, weed seed, disease and disturbing the wildlife. Researchers at Otago found that the heart rate of little blue penguins, hidden away in rocks, doubled when visitors walked nearby. So we all need to be aware that while we may appreciate and like to view wildlife the sentiments are not always mutual. We can't be in the face of wildlife.

The flip side is each transfer is another flight away from the edge of extinction as more populations are established on secure islands. From the original 36 south island saddlebacks rescued from Big South Cape Island in 1964 a success story has unfolded because the saddlebacks are now no longer on the nationally critical list as now about

1000 birds are holding their own on secure islands.

This outer Queen Charlotte Sound area is accessible by kayak and is rich in history. Captain Cook claimed British Sovereignty on Motuara Island and set up gardens and a hospital for his crew there. Across the way is Ship Cove. To make the most of exploring this area, take two or three days - there is a DoC campsite at Cannibal Cove nearby. Boat operators run a regular service from Picton and some will carry kayaks. Blumine Island, also with a DoC campsite, makes a good overnight trip.

As well as the wildlife, one can check out the WWII gun emplacements, range finder bunker and flights of concrete steps reaching way up the hill giving an appreciation of the Spartan life the soldiers led. For those who

like to crank along, a circuit around Blumine as a day trip from Waikawa makes a great paddle.



Drawing saddlebacks into a mist net with recorded calls.

Photo: John A. Bown

Releasing a saddleback from the mist net. Photo: John A. Bown



South Island saddleback guarding its territory, Motuara Island.

Photo: John A. Bown

HUMOUR

Canine Zoo

A bloke took his kids for a day out at the zoo but as they walked around, they couldn't see any animals in the cages. Eventually they saw some movement in one of the cages, which turned out to be a small dog. They called to one of the zookeepers and complained that the only animal they'd seen all day was a little dog. He quickly replied, "Yeah it's a shitzu!"

How is Norma?

A sweet grandmother telephones St. Joseph's Hospital. She timidly asked, "Is it possible to speak to someone who can tell me how a patient is doing?" The operator said, "I'll be glad to help, dear. What's the name and room number of the patient?"

The grandmother in her weak, tremulous voice said, "Norma Findlay, Room 302." The operator replied, "Let me put you on hold while I check with the nurse's station for that room." After a few minutes, the operator returned to the phone and said, "I have good news. Her nurse just told me that Norma is doing well. Her blood pressure is fine; her blood work just came back normal and her physician, Dr. Cohen, has scheduled her to be discharged tomorrow." The grandmother said, "Thank you. That's wonderful. I was so worried. God bless you for the good news."

The operator replied, "You're more than welcome. Is Norma your daughter?" The grandmother said, "No, I'm Norma Findlay in Room 302. No one tells me shit."

Tree Huggers

The NSW Government and the NSW Greens were presenting an alternative to NSW Farmers for controlling the dingo population. It seems that after years of the farmers using the tried and true methods of shooting and/or trapping the predators, the tree-huggers had a more humane solution.

What they proposed was for the animals to be captured alive, the males would then be castrated and let loose again. Therefore the population would be controlled.

This was actually proposed to the NSW Farmers and Grazier's Association by the NSW Government and

the NSW Greens. All of the farmers thought about this amazing idea for a couple of minutes.

Finally, one of the old boys in the back of the conference room stood up, tipped his hat back and said, "Son, I don't think you understand our problem. Those dingos ain't screwing our sheep - they're eatin' 'em!"

Gone Fishing

Four friends spend weeks planning the perfect backwoods camping and fishing trip. Two days before the group is to leave, Frank's wife puts her foot down and tells him he isn't going. Frank's friends are very upset that he can't go, but what can they do? Two days later the three get to the camping site only to find Frank sitting there with a tent set up, firewood gathered, and fish cooking on the fire. "Damn man, how long you been here and how did you talk your wife into letting you go?"

"Well, I've been here since yesterday. Yesterday evening I was sitting in my chair and my wife came up behind me and put her hands over my eyes and said, 'Guess who?' I pulled her hands off and she was wearing a brand new see-through nightie. She took my hand and took me to our bedroom. The room had two dozen candles and rose petals all over. She had on the bed, handcuffs and ropes! She told me to tie and cuff her to the bed and I did. And then she said, 'Do what ever you want.'"

"And here I am."

Native Guides

An anthropologist was on an expedition to Borneo where he hired a guide with a canoe to take him up the river to a remote village where he would study the people. At noon on the second day going up the river they began to hear drums. "What are those drums?" he asked the guide, knowing that he was in cannibal country.

The guide replied, "No worry. Drums OK, but very bad when they stop."

They both went deathly pale when the drums suddenly stopped. The guide crouched in the bottom of the canoe, covering his ears.

"Do as I do," he said, "Very important." "Why? What does this mean?" asked the panicked anthropologist. "Drums stop. Next come guitar solo."

Dogmatic

A guy is driving around the back woods of Montana and he sees a sign in front of a broken down shanty-style house: 'Talking Dog For Sale'. He rings the bell and the owner appears and tells him the dog is in the backyard. The guy goes into the backyard and sees a nice looking Labrador retriever sitting there.

"You talk?" he asks.

"Yep," the Lab replies.

After the guy recovers from the shock of hearing a dog talk, he says "So, what's your story?"

The Lab looks up and says, "Well, I discovered that I could talk when I was pretty young. I wanted to help the government, so I told the CIA. In no time at all they had me jetting from country to country, sitting in rooms with spies and world leaders, because no one figured a dog would be eavesdropping.

I was one of their most valuable spies for eight years running. But the jetting around really tired me out, and I knew I wasn't getting any younger so I decided to settle down. I signed up for a job at the airport to do some undercover security, wandering near suspicious characters and listening in. I uncovered some incredible dealings and was awarded a batch of medals. I got married, had a mess of puppies, and now I'm just retired."

The guy is amazed. He goes back in and asks the owner what he wants for the dog.

"Ten dollars," the guy says.

"Ten dollars? This dog is amazing! Why on earth are you selling him so cheap?"

"Because he's a liar. He never did any of that shit."

Eating Proper

I went to the doctor for my yearly physical. My blood pressure was high; my cholesterol was high, I'd gained 5 kgs weight, and I didn't feel so hot. My doctor said eating right doesn't have to be complicated and it would solve my physical problems. He said just think in colors. Fill your plate with bright colors...greens, yellows, reds, etc.

I went right home and ate an entire bowl of M&M's. And sure enough, I felt better immediately. I never knew eating right could be so easy!

KASK

KASK, the Kiwi Association of Sea Kayakers (N.Z.) Inc., a network of New Zealand sea kayakers, has the objectives of:

1. promoting and encouraging the sport of sea kayaking
2. promoting safety standards
3. developing techniques & equipment
4. dealing with issues of coastal access and protection
5. organizing an annual sea kayak forum
6. publishing a bimonthly newsletter.

The Sea Canoeist Newsletter is published bimonthly as the official newsletter of the Kiwi Association of Sea Kayakers (N.Z.) Inc.

Articles, trips reports, book reviews, equipment reviews, new techniques, letter to the editor, and moments when the word 'Bugger!' was said singularly or often {referred to by some as incidents} are sought to enliven the pages of the newsletter.

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4th. Ed. KASK HANDBOOK Updated to March 2008

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- Kayak, Paddle & Equipment
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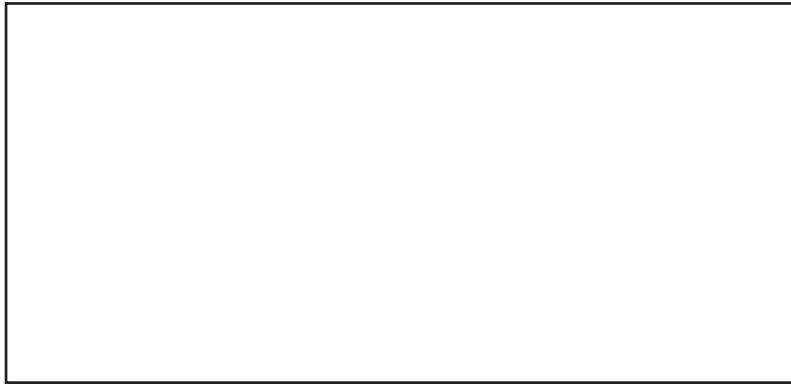


*Top: Steve and Wendy off the coast of D'Urville Island.
See trip report on p.18. Photo: Marty Smith*



*Steve's Kahawai. He is very pleased with his home made lure.
Photo: Marty Smith*

MAILED TO



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Melanie Grant heading north out of Otago Harbour with Taiaroa Head lighthouse in the background.

Photo: Max Grant

KASK MEMBERSHIP POLICY

Current membership fees are:

- \$35 for ordinary membership
- \$40 for family or joint membership
- \$35 for overseas membership
- new members receive a free copy of the handbook
- members should endeavour to renew by 1 August
- the KASK financial year runs 1 August to 31 July the following year
- a subscription due notice and up to two reminders are sent out with the newsletters between June and October
- if a membership renewal is not received by 30 September, membership lapses
- new members who join between 1 June and 31 July automatically get their membership credited to the following year, receiving a 14 month membership
- the KASK committee puts its emphasis confirming renewals from existing members from July to October; and promoting new KASK memberships from November to February.

