

No. 159
June - July 2012

A man and a woman are standing on a rocky beach, smiling. They are both wearing bright orange sea kayaking jackets with reflective white stripes. The man is wearing a green cap and has a black kayak helmet in front of him. The woman is wearing a black wetsuit top. They are standing next to a red and black sea kayak. The background shows a beach with waves and a dark sky.

NEW ZEALAND SEA CANOEIST

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



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Big mobs of thanks to all the contributors.**Deadline for articles and photos for next Newsletter:****25 September 2012****Editing and Layout:****Paul Caffyn****email: kayakpc@xtra.co.nz****Proof Reading: Sandy Ferguson & John Gumbley****EDITORIAL****KASK MEMBERSHIP RENEWAL FORM 2012 – 13**

A renewal forum is enclosed with this newsletter. Please continue to support the good work of KASK. If you have paid in June or July this year, and received a receipt from Kay Pidgeon (KASK Administrator) you have current membership until 31 July 2013.

2013 KASK Forum

This newsletter includes a four page centerfold pull-out registration form for the Raglan 2013 KASK Forum. Evan Pugh stresses that numbers at the venue are limited to 100, and with 20+ registered all ready (bush telegraph), please register early. The Saturday after match speaker is Aussie Sean Smith, whose book *The Fat Paddler* was reviewed by the late Eric Soares in newsletter No. 156. For more info on Sean, see: <http://fatpaddler.com/about/>

Winter South Island Paddlers

Back in 1978, I thought I had it tough when paddling the upper South Island's West Coast. With no end of violent trashings in massive lines of breakers between Karamea and Cape Farewell, then losing a hatch cover while self-rescuing on the bar of Whanganui Inlet, and finally losing touch with Keith Dekkers off Big River for two days, I was exceedingly pleased when we finally turned eastwards around Farewell Spit.

Massive surf trapped Babs Lindman for three days on shore after she rounded Kahurangi Point, and I clearly recall her ringing at midnight in tears from the tip of Farewell Spit when the low tide left her way out on the tidal flats of Golden Bay.

Although Fiordland has the worst reputation for paddlers in terms of lack of sheltered landings, big seas and the highest number of gale days

in New Zealand, this section of coast from Karamea to the base of Farewell Spit cannot be rated as a, 'walk in the park'.

Those wee epics for myself and Babs seem minor when talking to Sim Grigg after he and Tara Mulvany lost touch with each other for five days on that very section of coast. At the Heaphy River mouth, Tara and Sim launched together but only Tara made it clear offshore, while Sim made seven attempts to clear the lines of breakers. It must have been so worrying for both paddlers not knowing where the other was.

Barry (Baz) Shaw – who paddled around the South Island with Justine Curgenvin - has been following Sim and Tara's blog and noted in an email: 'Sounds like they had a few spankings on the West Coast. I read that Sim managed to lose his partner for about five days. Unbelievable! I tried that one with Justine and the most I could manage was 20 minutes.'

The Young Folk of Today

During this northern summer, Joe Leach has paddled around mainland Britain in 67 days, beating the record set a year or two earlier of 80 days and Mike Jones has paddled around Ireland in record time. In times of yore, BF time, (Before Freya) the time taken to complete a South Island paddle was not a boasting issue. There were quite a few who had a go and pulled the pin. And to my knowledge, none of those successful circumnavigators (BF) claimed any time record (myself, Brian Roberts, Chris Duff, Bevan Walker) – it was sufficient just to have paddled around the South Island and survived. It is so good to see Sim and Tara not attempting to break a time record around the South Island but facing a very serious challenge of circumnavigating in winter. Paul Caffyn

PHOTOGRAPH CREDITS

Cover: Sim Grigg and Tara Mulvany safely ashore after a dusk landing at the 12 Mile, West Coast. See trip report on p.4
Photo: Paul Caffyn

Opposite page: Top left: Tara and Sim in the soft light of dawn heading down the Maitahi River for the open sea. Photo: KT
Bottom left: Tara and Sim nearing the Maitahi River mouth at Bruce Bay, on the West Coast of the South Island. The dark object on the far left that looks like either an orca fin or a driftwood stake, is fact a seagull on the wing.
Photo: Stanley Mulvany.

New Zealand Trip Report

The South Island in Winter by Sim Grigg & Tara Mulvany

8 June 2012

We are in the big city of Fox Glacier for the day - made it as far as Bruce Bay where we spent a week in the luxury of KT's dad's pad on the tranquil 'Willigans' Island. KT has officially joined the team as our 'Landing Analyst and Ground Specialist', which has been awesome. The seas haven't been too ideal and we are not really sure when we will get a break to head north - 4 m swells with no sheltered landings could make for a good read! Depending on the swells we might make a break for Gillespies Beach near Fox tomorrow - gotta love the West Coast weather!



Luxury accommodation at Bruce Bay; from left, KT, Sim and Stanley Mulvany. Photo: Belinda Mulvany

16 June 2012

Bruce Bay to Okarito (from Tara)
After spending more than a week at Bruce Bay, we finally got the weather window that we had been waiting for. With an amazing panorama of the Southern Alps out to our right, we cruised north, feeling a little apprehensive about our inevitable messy landing at Gillespies Beach. Rumour has it that Gillespies is one of the gnarlier dumping surf beaches on the West Coast, and the advice that I had been given was to avoid it. At least it wasn't an 'avoid it at all costs' piece of advice - definitely a good sign!

When we arrived early in the afternoon, KT informed us on the radio that, 'Waves were breaking further out but that we would be sweet as, a welcome relief.' I went in first and made it within a couple of meters of the beach before getting rolled. Sim got smashed further out, before mak-

ing a clean run in to the beach - so far our combined roll count is sitting at five.

The following day we paddled north to Okarito in pristine conditions. Timing it between the sets, we managed to surf in over the bar and into the lagoon mouth without too many dramas. So far we are a month into our journey, but of that month we have only managed to paddle a total of eight days. Two more paddling days should get us to Hokitika, and one more day to Greymouth. Progress has been slow but I guess that is what you get paddling on the West Coast!

23 June 2012

Okarito to Hokitika (from Tara)

It's about time we kept our readers happy with some epic West Coast antics! We were starting to get worried our adventure seemed boring, so here goes:

'We left the small town of Okarito early in the morning of the shortest day of the year. The tide was low as we paddled out of the lagoon mouth and into the surf. We were relaxed as it didn't look too epic but the first big wave I punched, launched me backwards and flipped me over. I rolled up and tried to gain forwards momentum before the next one hit.

For a couple of seconds, I was teetered on the edge with a paddle blade clawing at the top of the wave, trying to hold my ground whilst the rest of the wave tried to suck me back. After finally breaking through, I boosted out the back and looked over to see Sim making it though no worries.

The sun was rising as we paddled towards Abut Head and within about an hour, I could not hold it off any longer and I gave the fish a wee feed. The going was slow and as the hours ticked by, I kept chundering. The closer we got to Greens Beach, the more we realized that we weren't going to make it by nightfall. We had a

look on the map and it looked like it might be an okay landing about 6 km before Greens. When we finally paddled into view of this beach, large waves rolled in and the thought of landing through this surf didn't seem too appealing. It was 5 pm and the sun had just disappeared - if we boosted it, we might get to Greens before things got really dark. The lemons were adding up but we decided to go for it.

Daylight was disappearing fast and we tried to radio KT to get an update on our landing situation. No luck. A tiny orange dot in the distance momentarily put our minds at ease. KT obviously had a fire going on the beach. At least we would have somewhere to aim for. We finally negotiated our way in through the surf. Sim went in first and disappeared. I followed and managed to get in a wild, side surf in the darkness. After a second side surf, I launched up onto the sand.

KT's comment was, 'a bit on the late side, but I call that a success'. Being on land was awesome, and having a raging fire going and dinner on the go, was a job well done by KT! It was a long day - nothing quite like paddling 45 km on a packet of Raro!

Next morning we were up early, ready for the 45 km paddle to Hokitika. Sim cruised off through the surf first and made it out the back - sweet. I followed and managed to get about half way out before getting slammed and back surfed most of the way back in again. Wave after wave, I couldn't make any headway - the sets just kept rolling in. I was getting dominated. After feeling like I couldn't take any more, I finally I made it out the back.

The day was as perfect as could be, until we neared Hokitika later in the day. Huge waves rolled into the Hokitika River mouth. This was clearly not a go-er for a landing. We

paddled further north towards the edge of town where KT was waiting for us.

The waves were breaking way out and it looked like it could be messy. I went in first and just as I got into the surf zone. I saw a huge wave about to eat me. I threw myself into it but it trashed me upside down. I rolled up and took a few strokes before the next one slammed into me. I was upside down, rolled half up, got smashed by the next one then did the long swim of shame into the beach. Sim made it in sweet with no dramas at all, not even a broken paddle. When I finally got on land, my pants were around my knees.

At least all that was hurt was my pride and the only casualties were a jandal and a sponge. Maybe a bit on the damp side, but I'd call it a success! Character building I think it's called.

5 July 2012

Hokitika to Westport (from Sim)

We have made it up as far as Westport, after a few good weather days and fortunately there is more to come! So after landing at Hokitika, we left our boats in the capable hands of Brian at the Beachside Holiday Park and headed up to wait out some rough weather with our mate Jono in Greymouth. During that time, there were up to 6 m swells out on the coast - no fun for kayaking. While in Greymouth we had a chat to the local outdoor education students about what we were up to and where we work in Fiordland. We also met Paul Caffyn and got some good local knowledge on landings further up the coast.

When the weather improved we set out again from Hokitika at first light for a very tough day. After pushing into a 15 knot north-easter for 11 hours during which I had one of my rudder lines break halfway through the day, we made a surf landing at Greymouth, again in the dark! Only 35 kms. Fortunately we had a good crew of KT, Ben and Jono on the lookout for us and they quickly found us and got us back to Jono's. KT told us it had been a tropical 1°C when they picked us up.



Tara and Sim at the 12 Mile, very pleased to have completed the Milford to Greymouth stage of their winter South Island circumnavigation.

Next after a few repairs in the morning, we set off to 12 Mile where Paul Caffyn lives, a much more pleasant paddle than the day before. Tara was happy we arrived just before Paul got home as she took a roll right outside his house in small surf after taking the landing a little too relaxed!

Leaving the next morning was a bit sad, as KT was heading home after being our support crew for the last month or so. Thanks heaps KT! From 12 Mile, we made our way up to Woodpecker Bay and paddled into the Fox River to camp for the night. Getting in at 3 pm was great, as we had a bit of time to enjoy daylight on land and dry some gear before it disappeared again.

At dawn, Tara and Sim made a successful breakout from the 12 Mile. Photo: KT.





Tara passing the granite-gneiss cliffs south of Charleston.

We had a great paddle up to Westport around Cape Foulwind in perfect conditions, and the weather looks like it is to continue to play the game so we hope to be up around Farewell Spit and off the wild West Coast soon.

22 July 2012 (from Tara)

More than two weeks have passed since leaving Westport and our last blog post. It has taken us a while longer to conquer the remainder of the West Coast than we had expected, due to a little 'epic' at the Heaphy River mouth. At the moment we are staying at a crib in Stephens Bay near Kaiteiteri - thanks heaps, Max Grant. A hot shower and bed with sheets is luxury!

On 5 July, we camped in the red light district of Westport - just inside the breakwaters of the Buller River mouth, under a huge red navigation light. The next morning we left in the dark, ready for a big push north while the weather was good. Easterlies made progress slow as we were being constantly blown offshore. We landed just past the Mokihinui River mouth that afternoon, and Sim took his 3rd roll since leaving Milford.

Two days later, we arrived at the Heaphy River mouth and both managed a clean run in through moderate surf. Sleeping in the Heaphy Hut was mean and we were feeling confident that we would make it up and around Farewell Spit and the end of the West Coast in the weather window we had. Little did we know that this was not to be, and that the West Coast was about to hand us our most 'exciting' epic yet!

On the morning of 9 July, we paddled out of the Heaphy River mouth and into the surf. I went first and somehow managed a clean run out through huge breakers that went out for several hundred metres. I got out the back and waited for Sim. I waited and waited for Sim, but he was nowhere to be seen. A stiff easterly offshore was blowing out of the river mouth and it was freezing.

My view of the beach was pretty minimal. All I could see was the backs of huge waves. After about half an hour and still no sign of Sim, I figured he had probably gotten smashed and maybe taken a swim, and was taking a while to sort himself out. There was no way I wanted to run the surf back in again.

The sun slowly arrived, shining straight in my face making it even harder to watch the surf for Sim. After an hour, I put my helmet back on, and slowly edged closer into the surf zone. Paddling frantically for a few minutes and, being slammed a few times, I arrived on the beach unscathed. No sign of Sim. No footprints. No boat drag marks in the sand. I went back to the hut and left a quick note, 'Sim I'm paddling north to Whanganui Inlet. Tara.' He must have missed me in the surf between the swells. Maybe I was too far out the back. He wasn't anywhere, so he must have gone north without me. He must have thought I'd gotten tired of waiting.

From Sim:

When Tara made her run back into the Heaphy River mouth, Sim by this time had been done over well and truly while attempting to breakout, and

had drifted north under the cliffs of the Heaphy Bluff. Luckily he found a scrap of sandy beach to land to bail out his kayak. Climbing up on rocks, he was able to watch Tara make her run in, and a while later, watched her cranking out through four to five lines of massive breakers.

Visibility was not good for Tara to spot Sim, as the rising sun was in her eyes and Sim was yelling and waving in the morning shadow of the vertical cliffs. The forward hatch cover of Sim's kayak had imploded during one of his attempts to breakout, which led to a flooded compartment and a struggle in shallowish surf to tow the boat to shore. The only serious water damage to kit was a saturated copy of Ranulph Fienne's autobiography *Mad, Bad and Dangerous to Know*.

From Tara:

My last run out through the surf was sketchy. I got most of the way out the back before a huge wave about to break, slammed into me, pinning me on the back deck of my boat. I made it though, only to be slammed by the next one, again my helmet hitting the back of my boat. I thought it was game over, but the sea gods were kind to me. I boosted north, paddling about 35 km and landed that night alone near the Anaweka River.

Max and Melz told me about this hut they found on their South Island circumnavigation. Some farmers told me where it was and I stayed there that night with a cranking fire going. I had the tent and Sim had our big fly and a bivvy bag. Sucks to be him! I figured we would meet in Whanganui Inlet. Next morning, I paddled away early and after arriving in the inlet early afternoon, I made my way to a farmhouse and called Fi. Fi and Brian are brilliant at times like this - they really are awesome at what they do. I didn't want anyone to over react as it was most probably a case of 'misplacing' Sim. He would turn up. I didn't loose him on purpose! Honest! Some valuable lessons were learnt.

I paddled off and found a sweet hut where I spent my second night alone. The next day I paddled back to use

the phone. Fi and Brian had managed to find out that a fishing boat had seen Sim at 3.30 pm the previous day before, about 10 km south of the Inlet. I waited all day but still no sign of Sim. On the 4th morning since losing Sim, he made a call to Fi to say that he was paddling into Collingwood from the end of Farewell Spit.

Turns out Sim never left the Heaphy without me. It also turns out that it was actually me that had abandoned him! My bad! He had been only one wave behind me when we left the river mouth. Sim had gotten smashed, rolled, smashed, rolled, smashed, and ended up about 200m north of the river mouth, around the point and pushed into rocks. He managed to get onto a tiny beach surrounded by cliffs.

He had seen me go in through the surf and back out again. He tried over and over to get out through the surf and off his beach, but every time he kept getting smashed. His roll count went from three to about 10. On his 5th attempt, he got smashed and ended up swimming. After two more attempts that afternoon, he slept under a flax bush for the night. The next morning on his second attempt, he finally made it out and left the Heaphy River mouth behind.

That day he paddled to about 5 km south of the Whanganui Inlet - I had the maps so Sim had no idea how close he was. Lucky we had worked out that all we had to do was keep the land on our right and we should be sweet. He was convinced I'd be making the most of the good weather and be boosting north. So the next day Sim paddled all the way to the end of Farewell Spit, arriving in the dark, expecting me to be there. But I wasn't. At 4 am, near high tide and in darkness, he set off again on the water and rounded the end of the spit and paddled into Collingwood, with the aid of Ben and his I-Pad navigation. He was joined by a pod of Orcas! Jealous! The next day - day 5 of our 'separation', Sim got a lift back to the Whanganui Inlet and found me in my hut.



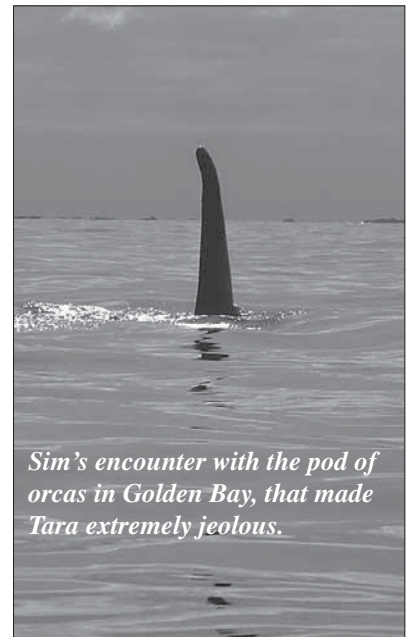
Tara and Sim's camp by the Farewell Spit Lighthouse.

We waited for a few days in bad weather before we made an attempt to head north for Sim's second trip around the Farewell Spit. But it turned out a 4 m SW swell was not really ideal for getting out of the inlet. The surf was huge, but we were eager to leave. We pushed on probably further than we should have before I got back-surfed and rolled about 500 m offshore - not ideal! Sim yelled at me, "This is stupid!" and we quickly turned around and frantically paddled back to the safety of the inlet.

On 19 July, we dodged huge surf and made our break from the inlet and put in a big day's paddle to the end of the spit where we camped under the lighthouse. The next day we headed south down past Separation

Point and into Abel Tasman National Park, stoked to be off the West Coast. We camped at Totaranui and the next day we Freya'ed it, and paddled the whole of the Abel Tasman in an afternoon down to Stephens Bay, where we are now.

Our plan from here is to skip Nelson and paddle across to Cable Bay on 24 July, before heading through French Pass and making our way down the East Coast. Hopefully the weather gods are kinder to us on the east side! Thanks heaps to everyone who's helped us get this far - it's been really cool to have so many people interested in our adventures. Follow Sim and Tara at: www.winterkayakers.blogspot.co.nz/



Sim's encounter with the pod of orcas in Golden Bay, that made Tara extremely jealous.

KAYAK FORUM KALENDAR

VSKC Paddle Fest (Victoria)

Date: 9 – 11 November 2012

Venue: Phillip Island

www.vskc.org.au

KASK Forum

Date: 8 – 10 March 2013

Venue: Raglan

See Registration form pp. 11-14

NSW Sea Kayak Club Rock and Roll

Date: 16-17 March 2013 at

Venue: Jimmys Beach, Port Stephens area

www.nswseakayaker.asn.au

DVD REVIEW

THIS IS THE ROLL

By: Justine Curgenven

2.5 hours run time

PAL DVD

Filmed in High Definition 16:9

Widescreen

Available from: cackletv.com

Reviewed by: David Winkworth

ROLLING WITH THE BEST

In 2004 we saw the first of the sea kayaking DVD quadrilogy *This is the Sea* from Justine Curgenven. It was totally new for sea kayaking! From there she has gone on to present to us many sea kayaking stories, expeditions and personalities from around the world, winning numerous adventure film awards along the way.

This is the Roll, this time a purely instructional DVD from Curgenven, is probably a natural progression for her. She has the video and editing skills, she knows the rolling experts, so why not have a go at it?

Well she has, and the result *This is the Roll* is a cracker! This DVD appears to be aimed at the novice roller, the competent roller and the instructor – there is plenty in it for everyone.

Curgenven stays behind the lens this time and lets two of the world's best Greenland rolling experts, Cheri Perry and the hirsute Turner Wilson, present their stuff. They focus on three rolls, the standard Greenland roll which we might call the Pawlata, the screw roll or the lay-back roll, and two forward-finishing rolls – the reverse sweep and the storm roll. These rolls, says Wilson, are the foundations for all other rolls. It makes sense doesn't it! I like their back-to-basics approach.

Their presentation is smooth and confidence inspiring – they want you to have a go at this! Yes, you can do it! From Cheri's smiling face to Turner's smooth-as-bourbon exhortation to, 'move your head

last,' it's clear that much work has gone into developing the script for this DVD.

Although the primary focus is on using Greenland paddles, I didn't find any difficulty in translating the moves to a euro blade. Indeed, although euro blades only feature for about 15 minutes in the DVD, there are plenty of cross-over references and you don't need to use a Greenland stick and a low volume kayak to get great stuff from this DVD. Actually, a variety of kayaks are used during the water sessions.

This is the Roll is pretty long at 2.5 hours duration and is best taken in bite-size chunks - but thanks to the extensive menu, that's easy to do. There are sections on fundamentals and troubleshooting for each roll, equipment, stretching and much more – even subtitles in a few languages. Just go the menu, choose your piece and watch.

Rolls and set pieces are repeated many times by the presenters and students, with clear views above and below water from many angles. They show us what's correct and what's not so good. Great stuff! The commentary from the presenters is

just right too – not too brief, not too long-winded. It's all very watchable stuff and will have you rolling around on the lounge room floor doing the exercises.

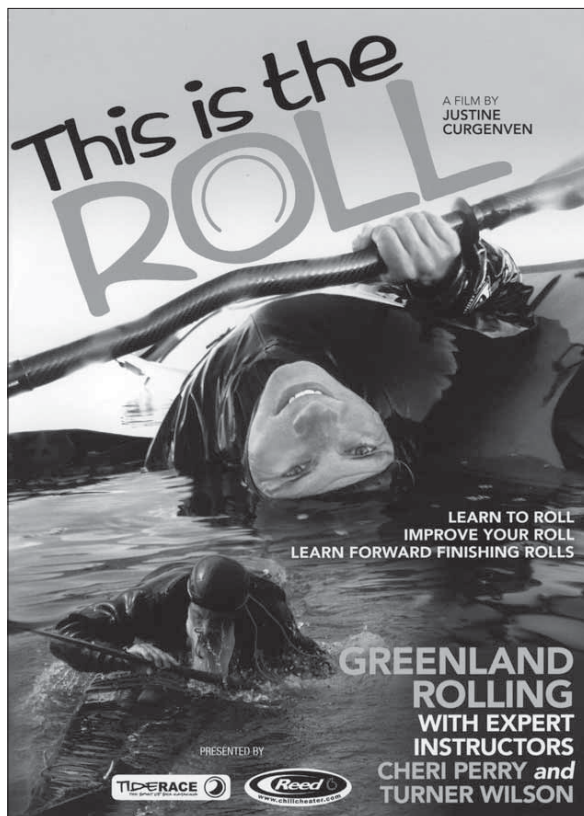
Can I be picky for a minute? The bubbly bits in the section headers did annoy me a little but that's like saying you don't like the number plates on your new car! Overall, it's a great package.

Rolling is a fundamental sea kayaking skill. There's not a self-rescue method for sea kayakers that comes close to it. However, regular practice and refinement of your rolling skills are essential if you want your roll to work first time every time. *This is the Roll* will keep you enthused and keen to practice.

Can't roll yet? *This is the Roll* is a great DVD for showing you the techniques of rolling. I'll bet many paddlers will teach themselves to roll using this DVD.

The bottom line: *This is the Roll* is a great production. Make some room for it on your bookshelf.

David Winkworth.



TECHNICAL

Lightweight Rescue Line by Sandy Winterton

A standard entry on the paddling checklist is a tow rope, and on any major paddle it is taken along. But many people don't bother or remember to take one for less serious trips. No more excuses - here's a lightweight multi-purpose version small enough to live permanently in your PFD, so it's always handy and you can't leave it at home.

It's a tow line, a leash if you're in the sea and need to attach yourself to a kayak, or a swim line. It can become a mooring line or be used for emergency repairs. It stays in a compact hank until you need it and it self deploys when used. (See photo 1 below).

To make one, you need five metres of Spectra line. Cut off 80 cms and set it aside. With a breaking strength of almost 300 kilos (2 mm) and 450 kg (3 mm) it's strong enough for most towing in moderate conditions. This one was made using 2 mm line.

Attach a snap hook to one end in a way that will not come undone. Spectra line can be very stiff, and some normally reliable knots do not hold. If using a bowline it is neces-

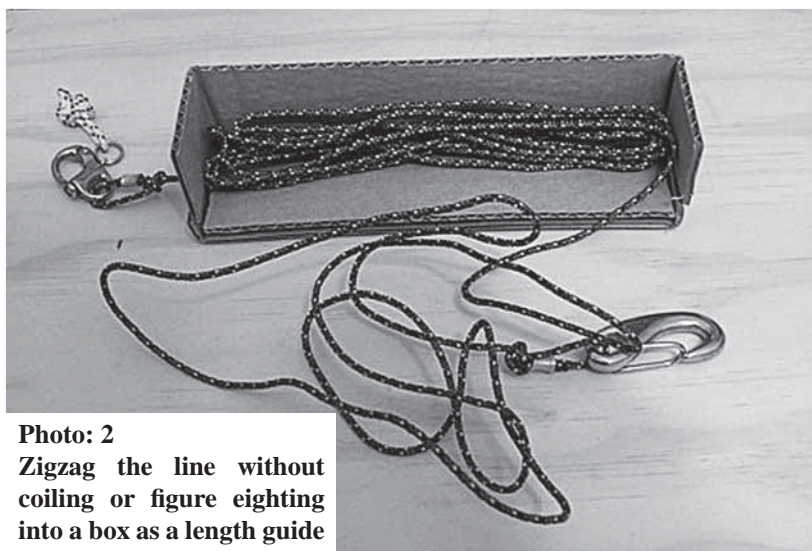


Photo: 2
Zigzag the line without coiling or figure eighting into a box as a length guide

sary to crimp or otherwise secure the loose end.

On the other end you need a quick release device such as a snap shackle. The smallest size (32 mm long) is adequate and weighs a quarter as much as the next size up. In use, the snap shackle will go at the paddler's end to allow a quick escape if necessary. Use a bead or a bulky knot as a grab toggle. Test the split ring by giving it a good pull. If it deforms, replace it with one from a fishing tackle shop.

There are two keys to success for neat stowage and quick deployment of the line. The first essential is to prepare the line carefully, so you know it will pull out cleanly when you need it. You must not roll or coil it as it will tangle on deploy-

ment. You want the loops of line to slip cleanly through the rubber band retainers when either end is pulled. Use a corner cut from a small cardboard box to ensure your loops are all the same length.

Snip half way into one end to hold the line. Slip the line into the cut with about 2 cm between box and snap shackle. Fold the line from one end of the box to the other making sure you zigzag it and you're not making a long coil or a figure 8. This is really important as both of these arrangements will tangle when you come to use the line. (See Photo 2 above)

Leave a couple of centimetres of line between the end of the box and the quick release by adjusting the length of the final zig.

The other key requirement is for neat stowage that will hold the line firmly but release the moment you need it. For storing the line, you can use normal rubber bands, but they perish quickly, and the line could tangle.

The best thing found so far is 'Nooski' replacement rings. They're soft doughnut shaped rubber rings obtainable from big hardware stores. They're made for Nooski brand rodent traps and you get a pack of 20 replacement rings for three dollars.

Don't try to pull or stretch them open by hand. Roll them onto the item you want to put the ring round. Roll one Nooski band over the snap hook

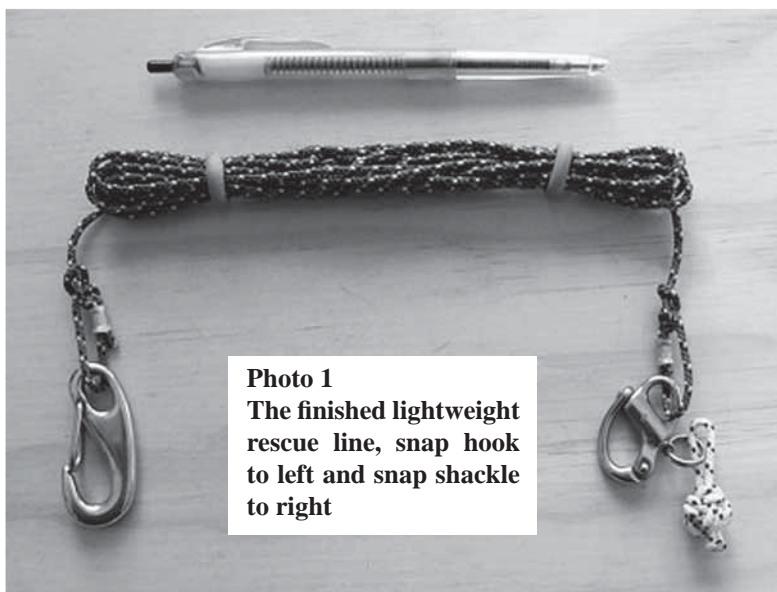


Photo 1
The finished lightweight rescue line, snap hook to left and snap shackle to right

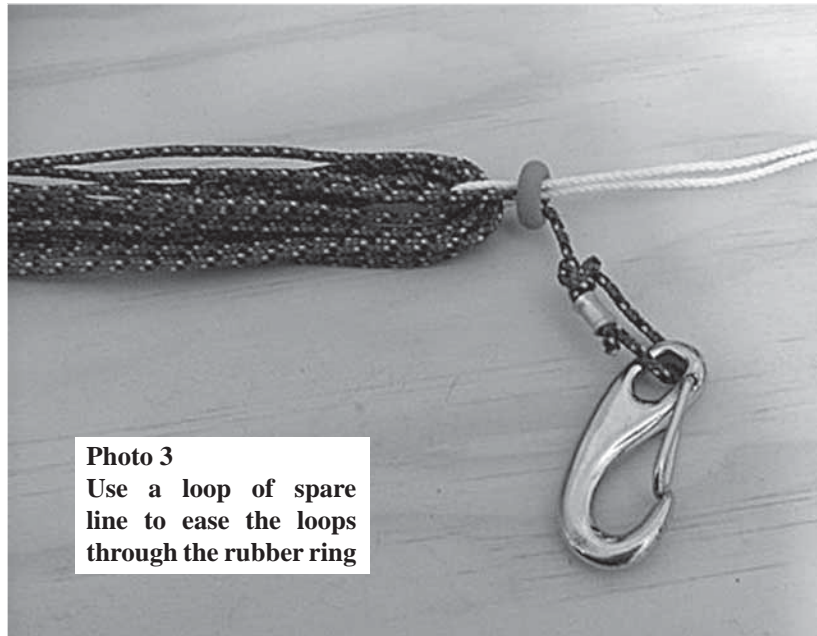


Photo 3
Use a loop of spare line to ease the loops through the rubber ring

and another over the quick release shackle – they will easily stretch over an object fatter than a thumb.

Remove the hank from the box. True up the bights of line at one end and thread a piece of spare cord through all the loops. Double this cord and thread its ends through the Nooski ring. Roll the soft rubber band over the end loops of the hank of tow line. Do the same at the other end and tidy the hank up. On soft lines you might need a third ring in the centre. The line is ready for use, but you need something to attach it to. (See Photo 3 above)

Most people secure the tow line to their PFD. An easy way to do it so you don't have to grope around behind you is to first attach a towing tail.

Find a strong place as a tow point on the back of the PFD. The mid point of the waist band webbing is good. Take the 80 cm piece of spectra line and find a way to pass the end around the webbing of the PFD without causing damage. Tie it off with a reliable knot to attach the tail. This will take the force of the tow so it needs to be really firm.

Tie a figure eight loop in the loose end of the tail big enough to take two or three fingers. This loop is what you'll attach the snap shackle of the tow line to. Most people don't want

a tail dangling behind them, but it's simple to fix it lightly at the front of the PFD where you can easily reach it. Stitch a Velcro tag onto the loop end. Bring the tail round the side of the PFD and stitch the opposite gender of velcro somewhere toward the front of the PFD where you can easily find it. If necessary, adjust the length of the tail.

An ideal system would be to attach the rescue line hank to your PFD tail loop and make some sort of retainer such as a pouch or sleeve to keep it safe so it's always attached and ready to use, and you can't possibly drop it.

An easier but less foolproof method is to keep the hank of line in a pocket of the PFD and when needed, slip the snap shackle onto the loop of the towing tail with the line still stowed in its bands.

To tow a kayak, clip the snap hook onto the toggle of the boat to be towed, and just paddle away – the line will deploy itself behind you as the zigzagged loops are pulled out through the rubber rings.

If you're in the water in windy conditions and using the line as a safety leash to keep you with your boat, don't pull out line, but keep the hank intact. You may want to attach it to a different bit of your PFD. While you're in the water, keep the line stowed in the rubber rings to reduce

risk of entanglement. It will make itself longer if you move away from the boat.

A swim line is something multi sport paddlers use so they can tow their kayak to the river bank or shore in the event of a spill. You can swim with both arms and progress is much faster that if you have to hang on to a kayak as well. For this use, the towing tail is the ideal attachment.

For any safety device, use good quality materials such as stainless fittings and high grade line from a sailing shop. Check the quick release shackle now and again as the spring component will eventually rust.

Sandy Winterton
May 2012

KIWI KAYAK CALENDAR

MARLBOROUGH SOUNDS PILGRIMAGE

24 - 25 November 2012
Ratimera Bay

Comic Book Heroes Dress

South Island contact:

Paul Caffyn: kayakpc@xtra.co.nz

North Island contact:

Conrad Edwards:

conrad@conradedwards.net

KASK FORUM 2013

8 - 10 March 2013

Raglan - West Coast North Island

A superb venue by Raglan Harbour has been booked, and the location offers excellent on the water instruction venues, both inside and outside the harbour.

If you are keen to offer instruction sessions or indoor presentations, please get in touch with the planning team (via email) with:

Evan Pugh:

sheepskinsnstuff@xtra.co.nz

John Hesseling:

john.hesseling@bouldercni.co.nz

John Gumbley:

gumbleyj@wave.co.nz



2013 NATIONAL KASK FORUM



Where: Raglan Kopua Holiday Park, North Island
When: Friday 8 - Sunday 10 March 2013

**A SOCIAL FUN WEEKEND WITH PLENTY OF OPPORTUNITIES TO PADDLE,
SHARE IDEAS AND LEARN, ON AND OFF THE WATER**

**Speakers and instructors topics include: solo and group rescues; surf landings and launchings,
group paddles in the harbour, and evening speakers, flare demonstration**

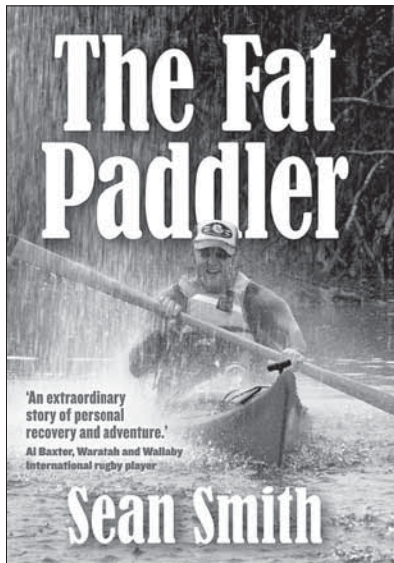
**Great opportunities to take part in practical and theoretical sea kayak training
A chance to see and share ideas on sea kayak design, gadgets and equipment
Advice on local conditions, places to go and exploratory paddles
The KASK AGM, dinner, awards
KASK Photo Competition, bring your favourite photo prints to the Forum
Post forum paddling in the West Coast harbours**

How to Get There:

From Hamilton, head west on highway 23 which takes you direct to Raglan

The Raglan Kopua Holiday Park is at 61 Marine Parade, Raglan, West Coast, North Island
Site marked by the asterisk in the map below.



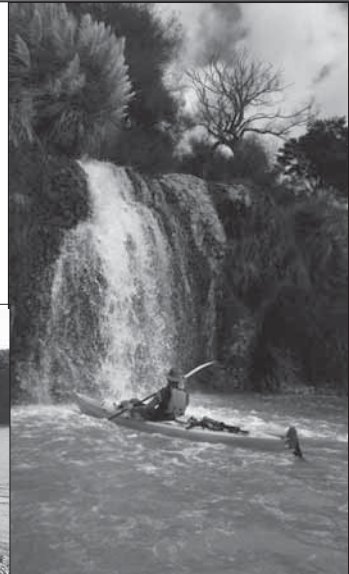


Saturday night guest speaker is Sean Smith, aka The Fat Paddler.



Local Paddles on both Saturday and Sunday

Flare demo on the Friday evening



KASK PHOTO COMPETITION

Bring along your finest prints from the last 12 months for the prestigious sea kayaking photo competition.

Entry Guidelines

Photos may be entered for any or all of the following categories (ensure appropriate category)

- Open – knock your socks off photos
- Action (sea kayaking)
- Seascape or coastscape (kayaks or people do not dominate the picture)
- Coastal/marine flora or fauna
- Kayaking bloopers / salty humour (new category)

First, 2nd and 3rd places awarded per category, and a forum paddlers' choice for the best overall photo. Prizes and certificates will be awarded. Limit of four photos, per photographer, per category.

Format/Techniques:

Colour or B&W prints to a maximum size of A3. Note on each photo's back: category, caption or locale, name, mail address, e-mail address. No slides please; only digital or colour/B&W prints.

Submission:

Entries can be submitted on arrival at the forum, up to 0900 hrs 9 March 2013. Sorry no mail entries. While every care is taken, KASK will not accept liability for damage to entries.

Use of Photos

Winning photos may be published in the KASK Newsletter. Photo competition entrants agree to allow their entries to appear in the KASK newsletter, and agree to enter into discussion with KASK re their use in either KASK safety promotional material or the handbook.

Display of Photos

The photos will be displayed throughout the weekend and the winners announced at the Saturday night dinner.

2013 NATIONAL KASK FORUM REGISTRATION FORM

Name (s): _____

Address: _____

E-mail: _____

Phone: _____

Mobile: _____

Emergency contact while at Forum

Name:

Relationship:

Address:

Phone:

ACCOMMODATION

Please **circle** your choice, as there are 55 bunkroom beds and plenty of camping. If you wish to make your own accommodation arrangements, there will be a cost reduction. Bunkroom or camping accommodation is included in the registration cost.

Bunkroom or **Camping** or **Off Site**

MEALS

Your registration fee includes Friday night supper, Saturday breakfast, lunch, dinner, Sunday breakfast and lunch. It may pay to bring some snacks in case you are on any long paddles or sessions away from camp. Lunches will be pre packed so can be eaten at camp or away if on a paddle.

Do you require vegetarian meals? **circle if required** **YES**

FORUM REGISTRATION FEE:

\$190 per person for KASK members

\$225 per person for non KASK members

(This will include KASK membership to July 2013 and up to six issues of the *NZ Sea Canoeist*)

I enclose my/our registration fee of \$190 (\$225 non-KASK) per person for ___ people

Total: \$ _____

Payment by Cheque:

Make out to 'Sea Kayak Forum 2013' and mail with your completed registration form to:

**EVAN PUGH
RD2
PUTARURU 3482**

Payment by Direct Credit:

Direct debit with your name to Westpac Putaruru

Account number: **03 0418 0165427 00**

FORUM ENQUIRES:

To Evan Pugh

Phone: (07) 883 6898

email: sheepskinsstuff@xtra.co.nz

This registration form is also available at: www.kask.co.nz and go to the Events page.

Refund Policy: No registrations fees are refundable after February 15th - this is due to catering and set up costs for the forum.

SKILL LEVEL:

Please circle your skill level

Novice Just started kayaking and/or very little skill level

Intermediate Some support strokes, can do wet exit and assisted rescue in calm conditions

Advanced - Intermediate Can complete an assisted and self rescue in moderate conditions and have completed day trips in a variety of conditions

Advanced Can roll a kayak in rough conditions. Have completed several challenging sea kayak trips

How many years paddling?: _____

LEADERSHIP EXPERIENCE

Please circle your response

Do you currently lead trips in your area? Yes / No

If yes, are you happy to lead a pod of up to eight paddlers at the Forum? Yes / No

SESSIONS/EVENTS

Please circle your response

I am available to lead a workshop/instruction session Yes / No

If so what Topics: _____

I am willing to share some great slides of a recent trip Yes / No

Note: All participants will be expected to abide by the forum rules

Overseas Reports

WEST ISLAND BITS

by David Winkworth

Well, I'm still here dammit!

Reluctantly I've postponed my winter tropical paddle for this year. The little salt water distiller I'm having made is still not ready and, as it was to be THE test item for this trip and the key to longer stays on offshore islands, I decided to hold off till next year.

Actually, I'm probably a whole lot more comfortable here at home (but I'd never admit it!) because we're getting a long succession of high pressure systems sweeping over mainland Australia this winter. These high pressure systems generate very strong winds onto the Queensland coast and across the Gulf of Carpentaria. As the systems are slow moving, the strong to gale force winds blow for days and weeks.

Did We Do This?

A few issues back in *KASK NZ Sea Canoeist*, we were chatting about PLBs – personal locator beacons – and how they are just not made for sea kayakers. The problem is: if you're in the water (probably in very rough seas), how do you hold one of these units up out of the water for hours so that the unit can transmit a signal?

Well, now ACR electronics have come up with a neat little PLB unit – called the 'ResQLink' which solves a few problems for sea kayakers.

Firstly, it floats (Model 2881). Here in Oz, PLBs are required to float and some manufacturers have got around that by putting them in neoprene bags which is a pretty cheap solution. ACR have added some air volume to the plastic case of their 2881 unit. That's one problem solved.

Secondly, how to attach the unit to your shoulder or neck? Face it, you

just cannot hold a PLB up for hours in rough seas - so the unit needs attachment points. The ResQLink has belt loops molded in to its base. Neat. Another problem solved.

Thirdly, the antenna must point skywards to transmit – no use having a horizontal antenna! ACR have given this little unit a multi-positional antenna so that it can point skywards irrespective of the unit mounting on your PFD. Another tick.

I like giving credit where it's due! Check them out at: acreelectronics.com

Risking Life and Limb

Have you noticed how fund-raising in outdoor pursuits is changing? It seems these days that challengers have to risk life and limb to attract sponsorship. What does this say about us? Are we now only prepared to part with cash if there is a definite risk to the participant(s)?

There are now consultants popping up who will actually link challengers to potential charities! There are a lot of charities out there competing for donations and it follows I suppose that media organizations are going to give greater publicity to stunts and expeditions that are riskier and more extreme. If you attempt something that might get you killed, then companies and individuals might be more prepared to pay up!

I have noted in recent years that adventurers take on a sponsored challenge in a particular sporting discipline without long experience in that sport. That can be dangerous.

Now, suppose you take on a challenge for sponsorship. Would you then be under more pressure to succeed in your adventure due to sponsorship commitments? Sometimes, knowing when to turn back is hard enough, even without that pressure. Adventurers take care!

Sea Kayaker Boat Tests

I reckon every sea paddler has had a flick through issues of the American magazine *Sea Kayaker*. Because most of the travel articles deal

with northern hemisphere paddling locations it's easy to dismiss the magazine as not having too much relevance for us down south. I have a good stock of *Sea Kayaker* going back to 1986 on my bookshelf and regularly flip through old issues.

For me, the boat tests are a outstanding feature of the magazine. Taken individually, the pages of boat statistics – prismatic coefficients, righting moments, centers of buoyancy etc., don't mean too much, especially if you're not familiar with the kayak being tested.

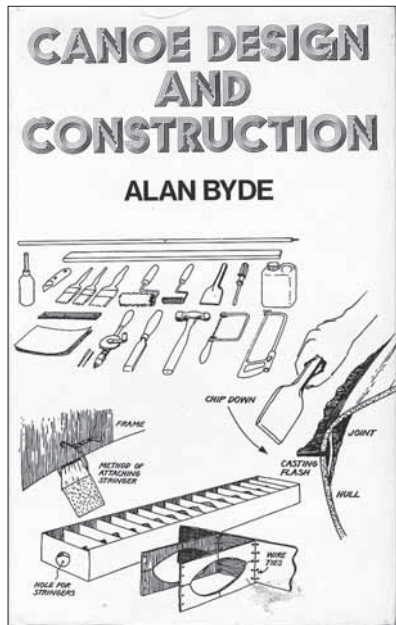
However, given the decades of kayak tests now on file, there is a wealth of information in there, inviting comparison of boats. And it is in comparison of statistics that real value can be found. Sure, there are different testers for each kayak and their comments are always subjective and sometimes unintentionally vague - 'boat didn't weathercock with skeg deployed' etc., but look past these to the stats page, find a kayak that you know and have paddled (for comparison) and a wealth of relevant information will be available to you for your next kayak purchase.

Kayak tests are available on the *Sea Kayaker* website – you don't have to shell out for a whole magazine.

Kayak tests are something of a rarity in *KASK NZ Sea Canoeist* and the Australian sea kayaking club magazines. I wonder why that is? Couldn't be bothered perhaps? Afraid of sticking our necks out? 'Be good to see some more of that I think. 'Difficult to come up with reliable stats. but general impressions of a kayak would be a start.

The Gospel According to St. Alan

I sometimes say, 'kayakers have a high capacity for boredom,' paddling long distances of open ocean as we often do. On many occasions during paddles, I've turned my thoughts to boat design. Perhaps paddling a boat that slaps severely in a head sea, I'd say, "I could build a better kayak than this," and my thoughts would run on from there.



Alan Byde signing one of his books at a Picton KASK Forum.

HISTORY

by Alan Byde

Not long ago my daughter said “Dad, You’ll never go gaga.”
 “No?” I responded. “Why?”
 “I’ll use a pillow.”
 We respect each other.

Each time I tackle the memory of a monster tide race west of Ramsay Island, Saint David’s Head, South Wales, it reveals many facets. About six months ago, Duncan Winning OBE invited me to tell what got me going as a canoeist? I reckon he had my obituary in view. There could be changes. In 1943, I took the School Certificate in Darlington UK and obtained a credit in maths. The maths bloke Pip Newton was both pleased and dismayed. “*Just think what you could have done if you’d tried, Byde.*” That is inextricably wedged in my psyche.

Les Guest, a teacher colleague from Wolverhampton, and I took off for a week touring the west Wales coast. We were river paddlers and started youngsters in baths canoes, which we built in GRP. The effects of sun and moon on the sea were vaguely recognized but unknown. My Dad told me long decades ago, “*If it were necessary to know everything before attempting anything, nothing would ever be done.*” That is a possible reason for what followed at Whitesand Bay, St David’s Head. We camped at the Bay site, heated a can or two and admired the full moon in its glory.

Next morning we carried our river kayaks, no skegs, to the sea’s edge. Tiny ripples came in, the horizon was dead level, no waves, no wind, it was low water springs. We didn’t know what that meant, then. Clear sky, full sun and two colleagues from school happened to meet us. “*We are going round Ramsay,*” we said. “*When do you expect to return?*” “*Oooh, four pm?*” I replied with all the confidence of ignorance. I am gifted with strange powers, we did arrive to meet them at four pm, two altered souls.

And then one day in the early 90s I came across *Canoe Design and Construction* by Alan Byde in my local library. I borrowed that book many times, and I confess to photocopying several sections until I tracked down a copy of my own.

Wow! Here was a great book on kayak design, plug and mould making - a veritable boy’s own annual. I devoured it!

I could do this! Many pieces of tracing paper later, I produced a design and laid it out on hardboard profiles according to Alan Byde’s instructions. It magically became a kayak as I threaded the profile

sections onto strongback tube and strung them with long lengths of timber. Then came cardboard paneling and ‘glassing. I’d made a sea kayak plug and I was stoked!

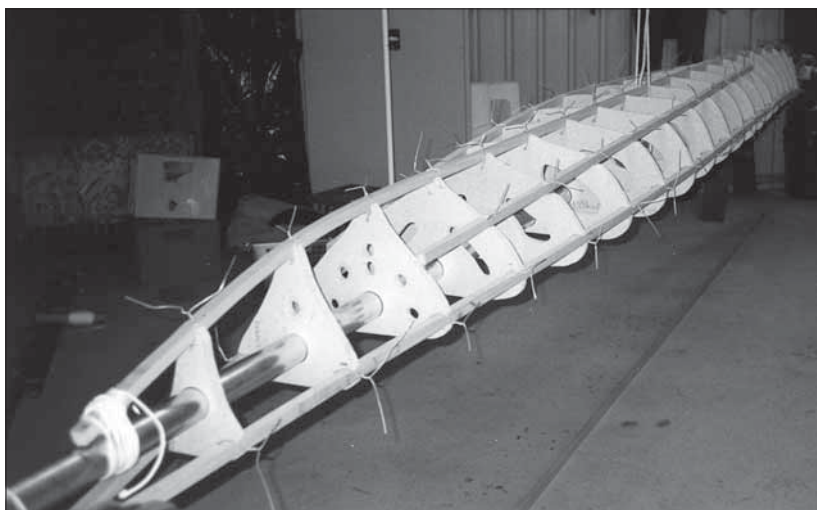
It was still quite a few years from there to finished product because of testing but it worked. The kayak was commercially successful. A most satisfying project indeed.

And now as I sit here, not on my planned paddle, surrounded by sheets of pencil kayak sketches, I’ve decided I’m going to do it all again - just for fun. Perhaps it’s a boy thing!

Thank you Saint Alan.

Dave Winkworth

The plug for David Winkworth’s new kayak design, using concepts that Alan Byde wrote about in his 1975 canoe design book.



St David's Head is the northern 'gatepost' to Bristol Channel, tide range 40 ft at springs, second only to Bay of Fundy greatest tide range in the world. As the tide rises the ocean piles in from the Irish Sea. Cubic miles of water gather speed and hit 8 knots in the Ramsay tide race where we were heading. Our route was planned using a Bartholomew's quarter inch to the mile road map. It lacks the feathered arrows indicating tidal flow.

On our way four miles to North Bishop half tide skerry, I saw that although the sea was flat it wasn't. Les a few yards abeam was looking down on me then I looked down on him. The surface between had an oily menace. Intimations that all was not what I expected entered my innocent mind.

Les seemed happy though. Glancing back to St David's Head, the promontory, it was a lot further off than our 'lazy river' paddling rate suggested. We left no wake. We moved as one with one of the monster tide races in Britain. There are more dangerous places but Ramsay is a snorter. It groans as great boulders sixty feet down are rolled. We were bound to go where it took us.

In the shelter of North Bishop skerry, soon to be underwater, we looked back. A clear tidal highway ran north to south along the west side of Ramsay. Gwilym Jenkins told us later in St David's Rugby Club that it 'feels bottom' in 60 feet. On the sea, we were on a succession of standing waves common on rivers in the tail of a rapid. They are usually 50 yards long.

These were out of sight several miles south out in the Irish Sea where they caress skerries, 'Hen and Chickens' and 'Hats and Barrels.' (Lovely names eh!) Before they get that far, they thunder on the 'Middle Bishop' toward which we were moving speedily. My anxiety became fear. The nearest I've been to that in NZ was in Christchurch on 23rd December last, a 5.8 followed by a 6.00 magnitude quake. The sense of helplessness was hard upon me. The

quakes lasted about a minute each. This went on for about two hours. My headache was special, my stomach churned too. I was conscious of my responsibility to Les and I knew that where we must go I could do nothing for him. I took a transit on the Bishop Light but it was changing places too fast, we were on huge swirls and boil-ups.

Then we were very close to the huge standing waves, steep on the north face, long slopes on the south face. The crest of each monster was curling, maybe a three feet high cruncher perched atop a house size standing wave. In fear verging on terror I entered the shoulder of the great wave, smoothly menacing yet my paddling rate remained steady.

There was no breeze, sweat and salt were on my face. Using a river technique, ferry glide, I edged on and up the face with a wary eye on the curl at the top. Several things happened in swift succession. I was surfing the wave, planing really. I leaned on my eastward blade and looked at the curl above waiting to engulf me. My wake was carving a clean slot straight through it. If I had to go through it, it would not be difficult.

An epiphany is a sudden realisation of some cosmic truth. That which was terrible was helping me! I laughed a great belly laugh and my 'orrible 'eadache was gone on the instant. In a minute or so my heaving stomach ceased to heave. There are moments of great joy in life and this was one of them.

That is when I thought of Little Len, headmaster of an old Victorian school, high windows, no view, who was a mini sadist. He enjoyed his power over assistant masters of which I was one, 38, a probationer in my first year as a teacher. His power over me ended in five minutes when one Monday morning I placed the card of my Union rep. on his desk and stated his presence was necessary if Little Len was to continue his tirade. Great oppression was lifted from me that moment on a roaring wave off Ramsay.

Gwilym Jenkins was skipper of a fishing boat with a dozen visitors on it, watching our progress along the wave. One visitor thought we were whales as our paddle tips carved the air. He gave us a lift back to Whitesands Bay beach, kindly dropping us off just out of sight round a small headland by the lifeboat slipway. We landed more or less at the feet of our colleagues who were impressed by our timekeeping. It was four pm. The Rugby Club that night was quite an occasion, everyone knew our story.

Then will he strip his sleeve and show his scars, And say 'These wounds I had on Crispian's day.' Old men forget; yet all shall be forgot, But he'll remember, with advantages, what feats he did that day. (Henry 5th)

Alan Byde

Overseas Reports

Vietnam Adventures by Cathye Haddock

Wow - what a stunning place Harlong Bay is. A karst landscape in the sea! A thousand islands rising steeply out of the ocean, many with caves, limestone features and formations. But wait there's more! Benign seas and a beach full of sea kayaks, including some Quality Kayaks from NZ. Kayaking and caving from a luxury junk in Vietnam. Pete and I thought we must have died and gone to heaven.

We were in Vietnam for a motorbike tour around the country followed by a few weeks exploring Cambodia. Prior to starting the motorbike trip, we shot up to Harlong Bay, a three-hour minibus ride from Hanoi.

The sights through the countryside were diverse, from quiet villages set among the green paddy fields to dirty mining towns, with black coal dust up the main streets and everyone and everything covered in it. Hillsides and mountains were scarred with the open cut mines and our guide told us there were underground mines as well. Health and safety is not a big in



Huang giving kayak instruction Harlong Bay

Vietnam so accidents were frequent and a lot of lives were lost every year.

On the way we stopped in at a big arts and crafts shop. The items were made by people with disabilities from the American war. It's not called the Vietnam war there. Everyone in our group bought silk tops or shirts and some bought art work such as exquisite silk-stitched scenes, each taking several months to make.

That's where I found out my visa did not work so Liz put our stuff on hers. This was a bit of a worry. Pete's visa card had been stolen when his wallet was pick-pocketed in the Hanoi night markets the night before - and now mine didn't work. A phone call to the Westpac bank and they sorted it within a few days.

On arrival in Harlong Bay, we were taken out to the *Dragon's Pearl* luxury junk by a smaller boat. Stepping up onto the junk - we were greeted by the crew and taken directly to the top deck where our table was set with white table cloths, a cool fruit cocktail in one of those glasses with straws and a slice of lemon over the lip.

This was the height of luxury to Pete and I, not used to travelling in this sort of style! Lunch was a seven-course affair, with every course more tasty than the last. As we devoured course after course, we

were motoring out through the steep sugar loaf islands with all manner of junks, fishing boats everywhere, and freighters in the distance. Wow! Was this for real?

When we were taken to our cabins, we were blown away again by the opulence. Windows down one side looking out to the stunning scenery, white bedspreads and our own luxury bathroom. We had about half an hour to digest our lunch before being whisked off on the small boat again, to a beach on one of the bigger islands. We had been told to prepare to swim, kayak and walk through a cave.

The cave had been a fishing family's home for several generations, and they had been 'moved out' to a house-boat in a floating village nearby to have better access to schooling. The island was now the base for a tourism operation. The cave had a double chamber, with a narrow passage between, and double entry. It had some nice formations, stalagmites, stalactites and flowstone etc. It was lovely and cool inside compared with the 35°C temperature outside.

After the walk through the cave, we were fitted out with kayaks and paddles and given some basic dry-land instruction before paddling off around one of the bigger islands with the guide. Some minor details about the kit we were given included: the



On the water in Harlong Bay.

zips did not work on the life jackets, the kayaks had bulkheads but no hatch covers, there were no spray decks, and almost all of the rudders had broken off. The sea conditions here were benign we were told, so off we went! It was a brilliant afternoon exploring the limestone features on our circumnavigation, and enjoying the encounters with little woven bamboo fishing boats, few house-boats, and watching the sea eagles riding the thermals on the sharp island peaks.

We had a lovely swim in the warm pristine sea on our return to the beach, before being whisked back to the mother ship - the *Dragon's Pearl*. We had sun-downers on the top deck in the balmy breeze as we chugged our way to our anchorage for the night. We watched the sun set over the islands to the west, while a full moon rose to brighten the clear sky in the east. Wow.

Dinner was another gourmet affair with every type of sea-food you could imagine, including crab, prawns, fish, cockles, clams, scallops, yummy

The stunning tower karst terrain in Harlong Bay.





Water taxis under a limestone arch in Harlong Bay

salads and veges, including morning glory which tasted like a cross between spinach and water cress. The chef also made exquisite carvings of a lotus flower from a watermelon, a sea eagle from a pumpkin and two cranes from a turnip.

To finish off the evening, we were introduced to each of the crew members. The 20 passengers were asked to sing a song from each of our countries. The ten Kiwis sang Te Aroha and the French, Italian and Spanish guests sang folk songs from their counties. We all joined in with the songs we knew. The crew sang some Vietnamese songs and our local guide finished with a love song in English. Karaoke is a big thing here apparently.

After a great night's sleep, we had an early breakfast and made our way to the floating fishing village of Vong Ving. On arrival we were met by a small fleet of woven bamboo boats, and two by two, were rowed around the village, through a limestone arch, and back to the junk, by our local guides. Our guide was 23, and looked about 14. We were taken to the school (which was closed for the school holidays) and the pearl factory where we watched village girls seeding oysters.

On our return to the mother ship, another stunning lunch awaited us.

Tourists on Harlong Bay



We managed to consume this on our way back to the port, where we disembarked to our waiting minibus. Huang, our local guide, met us and our driver drove us back to Hanoi, on some different roads than the ones the previous day. The trip back to Hanoi was also interesting.

We passed a funeral procession, which was on foot - walking down the roadside to the first cemetery. The procession walked in pairs, with the coffin on a trolley at the front, people dressed in black pyjamas, a long banner carried over the heads of the next lot of people and then some plain clothed people at the end. Huang said it was a traditional funeral.

In Vietnam, this means the body is first buried in a cemetery for three years, then exhumed and all the flesh etc removed. Then the bones are buried a second time in the 'family plot'. Some of the modern generations ask their families to cremate them so they do not have to go through this tradition. The older generation usually prefer the traditional way.

This was a most stunning experience, and the photos do it some justice. I have to say, in all my travels, this 24 hours would have to be 'right up there'.

If you are interested in reading more about our adventures, check out: www.getjealous.com/cathye

Peter Simpson & Cathye Haddock



BOOKS

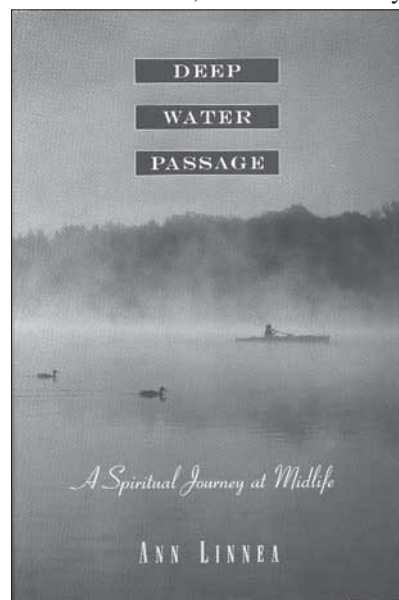
Journeys from My Armchair

by Val Burns

There are several things that give me pleasure in my leisure time: kayaking, reading and photography being at the top of my list. And the ultimate is being able to combine all three. However, when time, work commitments or weather hamper my attempts to get out on the water, what better way to spend my time than reading a good book, and a good book about someone else's kayak adventure has 'scratched my itch' on more than one occasion.

Book selection is a very personal choice. Back in 2004 I was searching for a 'deep and meaningful' book, as you do from time to time in your life. I remembered a book I had read years ago about a man who had rowed or kayaked the Mississippi River solo that I had enjoyed so much. I searched the internet for it. I didn't find that book but came across this book by Ann Linnea called *Deep Water Passage (A Spiritual Journey at Midlife)*. The write up said it was a true story written by Ann who had kayaked 1,800 miles around Lake Superior in 1992. Sounded like my kind of book.

Ordering a book online from USA was a first for me, but it arrived in my



letter box less than a week later and I was delighted at the condition of the hardcover flyleaf. I embarked on the journey of this woman on her rite of passage. The physical aspect of kayaking this huge lake (so large that there is no land on the horizon and huge ships travel from port to port), required a great deal of courage and mental strength. Even though she had a paddling companion from time to time, this was her journey. As well as enjoying reading of her day to day kayaking, the highs and lows of the physical fitness, weather conditions and distances, what I enjoyed the most was Ann's spiritual connection to nature's elements, and her true self. Her physical journey became a spiritual transformation and it gave her the courage to follow a new path in life when her Lake Superior adventure was over.

After reading Ann Linnea's book it gave me the courage to set myself a bigger goal, and with careful preparation and being aware of my personal limitations I could achieve my goal.

I have gone on to read other kayaking books and they have all inspired me in a different ways.

The Frozen Coast by Graham Charles, Mark Jones and Marcus Waters is a beautiful hard-covered account of the trios' kayak adventure down the Antarctic Peninsula. It is full of colour photographs, which really add to your journey with them. You can feel the freezing temperatures and see the stunning blue icebergs. They have included maps showing their journey and the odd inspirational prose to provoke thoughts:

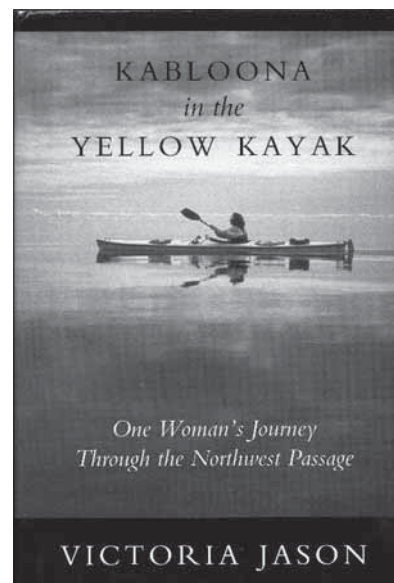
'Great opportunities come to all, but many don't know they have met them. The only preparation to take advantage of them is simple fidelity to what each day brings' said by A E Dunning.

Meeting Mark Jones when he came to Taupo to present a slide show of their adventure soon after, was most interesting as I got to view many more photographs that never made it into their book.

A Boat in my Baggage by Maria Coffey convinced me that I would never want to kayak the River Ganges in India. Maria and her husband had a Feathercraft folding double kayak and paddled The Solomon Islands, The River Ganges, Lake Malawi in Africa, the Danube River and Ireland over a year. Their journey was definitely an intrepid one. How they survived the water supply in India is beyond me. I don't mind roughing it a bit when I have to - it's part of the adventure, but these two made me uncomfortable just reading about some of the food and sleeping possibilities. I admired their ability to communicate with others who didn't speak their language though, and they respected the different cultures in each country they explored.

Another book I found on the internet is *Kabloona in a Yellow Kayak* by Victoria Jason - 'Kabloona' meaning 'stranger'. She became known by this name as tales of her spread through the villages she travelled. This is another inspirational true story of a lady's kayak adventure that can only make you have great admiration for her strength of character and desire to reach her goal. Paul Caffyn has told me recently that he had invited Victoria to come to NZ to talk at a KASK Forum, but she passed away before she was able. She was 54. This makes her incredible journey so much more meaningful, as, even though she did not have a long life, she had done so many things that many of us would only dream of doing.

She wanted to kayak the Arctic Circle from Churchill in the east to Tuktoyatuk in the west. Why she thought she needed an experienced kayaking companion is a mystery to me as she had all the skills to go it alone for the entire trip. The man she chose to paddle with for the first two legs of the journey nearly made me put the book down, never to pick it up again. He made some pretty bad decisions against her well-informed ones. Her navigational skills were excellent, but he refused to listen to her, even though she was always right. So, I struggled through the first half of the book. She had to



abandon her trip, but never gave it up. Over the next two summers she kayaked alone and was enriched by her amazement that she was actually there, actually doing it, alone. How that must have empowered her! For a little lady, she must have been physically strong. She was very practical and aware of the dangers she could encounter and well prepared. She paddled for long periods of time, mostly through the night (still light in the summer months), to make the most of the tides and currents. It is almost like she knew she would not be long on this earth, but wanted to see as much as she could in her time.

There are many other kayaking adventure books I'm sure, but these are just some that I have read and been inspired by. They have made me realize that the things I love about kayaking are not just mine - other people have gotten the same sense of peace and 'being at one' that I have.

Val Burns BASK



HUMOUR

Dole Bludger

A young dole bludger walked into the local WINZ office to pick up his unemployment cheque.

He marched up to the counter and said, "Hi. You know, I just HATE drawing dole checks. I'd really rather have a proper job. I don't like taking advantage of the system, getting something for nothing."

"The social worker behind the counter said, "Your timing is excellent. We just got a job opening from a very wealthy old man who wants a chauffeur and bodyguard for his beautiful daughter. You'll have to drive around in his 2012 Mercedes-Benz CL, and he will supply all of your clothes."

"Because of the long hours, meals will be provided. You'll also be expected to escort the daughter on her overseas holiday trips. This is rather awkward to say but you will also have, as part of your job, the assignment of satisfying her physical urges as the daughter is in her mid-20's and has an overactive libido."

"The young bloke, just plain wide-eyed, said, "You're bullshittin' me!" The social worker said, "Well, you started it."

Exercise for Paddlers over 50

Begin by standing on a comfortable surface, where you have plenty of room at each side.

With a 5-kg potato bag in each hand, extend your arms straight out from your sides and hold them there as long as you can. Try to reach a full minute, and then relax.

Each day you'll find that you can hold this position for just a bit longer. After a couple of weeks, move up to 10-kg potato bags.

Then try 50-kg potato bags and then eventually try to get to where you can lift a 100-kg potato bag in each hand and hold your arms straight for more than a full minute.

After you feel confident at that level, put a potato in each bag.

Zoo Keeper's First Day

A bloke starts his new job at the zoo and is given three tasks. First is to

clear the exotic fish pool of weeds. As he does this, a huge fish jumps out and bites him. To show who is boss, he beats it to death with a spade. Realizing his employer won't be best pleased he disposes of the fish by feeding it to the lions, as lions will eat anything.

Moving on to the second job of clearing out the Chimp house, he is attacked by the chimps that pelt him with coconuts. He swipes at two chimps with a spade killing them both. What can he do?

Feed them to the lions, he says to himself, because lions eat anything. He hurls the corpses into the lion enclosure.

He moves on to the last job which is to collect honey from the South American Bees. As soon as he starts, he is attacked by the bees. He grabs the spade and smashes the bees to a pulp. By now he knows what to do and shovels them into the lions cage because lions eat anything.

Later that day a new lion arrives at the zoo. He wanders up to another lion and says, "What's the food like here?"

The lions say: "Absolutely brilliant, today we had Fish and Chimps with Mushy Bees."

Scottish Doctor's Advice

A woman goes to her doctor in Glasgow, worried about her husband's temper and threatening manner.

The doctor asks, "What's the problem, Janet?"

The woman says, "Weeell Doctor Cameron, I dinnae know what to do. Every time ma hubbie comes home pished, he threatens to slap me aroon'."

The doctor says, "Aye, well... I have a real good cure for that. When your husband arrives home intoxicated, just take a wee glass of water and start swishing it in your mouth. Just swish and swish but don't swallow it until he goes to bed and is sound asleep."

Two weeks later she comes back to the doctor looking fresh and reborn. She says, "Doctor that was a eefin brilliant! Evrae time ma hubbie came home pished, I swished with water. I swished an' swished, and he didnae touch me even once! Tell me Doc....wha's the secret? How's the

water do that?"

The Doctor says: "Janet hen, it's really nae big secret. The water does bugger all. It's keeping your mouth shut that does the trick...."

Outback Ventriloquist

A visiting ventriloquist walks into a small outback village and sees a local fellow sitting on his porch patting his dog. He figures he'll have a little fun, so he says to the man, "Hey, mind if I talk to your dog?"

Local: "The dog doesn't talk, stupid." Ventriloquist: "Hello dog, how's it going mate?"

Dog: "Doin' all right."

Local: (look of extreme shock)

Ventriloquist: "Is this bloke your owner?" (pointing at the local)

Dog: "Yep."

Ventriloquist: "How does he treat you?"

Dog: "Real good. He walks me twice a day, feeds me great food and takes me to the lake once a week to play."

Local: (look of utter disbelief)

Ventriloquist: "Mind if I talk to your horse?"

Local: "Uh, the horse don't talk either - I think."

Ventriloquist: "Hey horse, how's it going?"

Horse: "Cool."

Local: (absolutely dumbfounded)

Ventriloquist: "Is this your owner?" (pointing at the local)

Horse: "Yep."

Ventriloquist: "How does he treat you?"

Horse: "Pretty good, thanks for asking. He rides me regularly, brushes me down often and keeps me in the barn to protect me from the elements."

Local: (total look of amazement)

Ventriloquist: "Mind if I talk to your sheep?"

Local: (in a panic) "The sheep's a liar."

Premature Irish Death

Gallagher opened the morning newspaper and was dumbfounded to read in the obituary column that he had died. He quickly phoned his best friend, Finney.

"Did you see the paper?" asked Gallagher. "They say I died!"

"Yes, I saw it!" replied Finney. "Where are you callin' from?"

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, trip reports, book reviews, equipment reviews, new techniques, letters 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
For trade orders of this mother of all sea kayaking handbooks, contact Paul Caffyn, RD 1, Runanga 7873 West Coast Ph: 03 731 1806
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The 4th edition of the KASK Handbook, is a mammoth compilation on all aspects of sea kayaking in New Zealand, by many of the most experienced paddlers in the Universe. Following a brief introduction, the handbook is divided into six sections:
- Kayak, Paddle & Equipment
- Techniques & Equipment
- The Elements
- Trips and Expeditions
- Places to Go
- Resources

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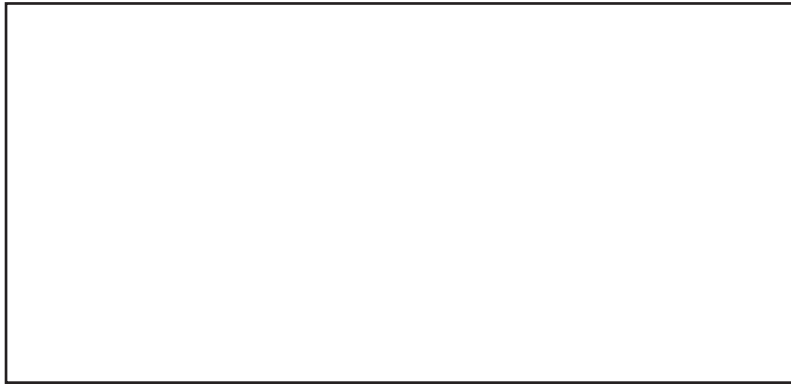
On a glassy afternoon, Sim Grigg paddles along what looks like a stretch of the Sahara Desert, but which is in fact the long, curving sandy ridge of Farewell Spit. See story on p.4



*Water taxis under a limestone arch in Harlong Bay, North Vietnam. See story on p.17
Photo: Cathye Haddock*



MAILED TO



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Dawn at Bruce Bay, with Sim and Tara paddling down the glassy surface of the Maitahi River before crossing the bar and heading north along the West Coast of the South Island. Photo: KT

Latest News: Sim and Tara reached Kaikoura on 8 August 2012

KASK MEMBERSHIP POLICY

Current membership fees are:

- \$35 for ordinary membership
- for new members \$35 or \$50 to include a copy of the KASK Handbook
- \$40 for family or joint membership (\$55 to include a Handbook copy)
- \$35 for overseas membership (PDF newsletter only);
\$50 for new o/s members plus cost of overseas postage for a copy of the KASK 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 on confirming renewals from existing members from July to October; and promoting new KASK memberships from November to February

