

THE SEA CANOEIST NEWSLETTER

Issue 61

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EDITORIAL

Congratulations and a hearty well done to Brian Roberts, who completed the first solo, unsupported circumnavigation of the South Island at Picton on February 5, 1996. The account of his trip is a mix of what Brian wrote during his bad weather sojourn at the 12 Mile, brief notes I recorded of the intervening sections, and a letter from Brian at the end of his trip.

Sadly, Russel Ginn, our veteran KASK Titahi Bay paddler passed away in January. He will be sadly missed by family, friends and KASK members.

KASK Forum

Peter Sullivan has finalized organization for the annual forum at Picton. The change this year is to bring together the traditional organized fo-

rum clinics, lectures and slide shows with an overnight paddling trip. The overnight venue is a DOC campsite at Mistletoe Bay, with room for 40 tents, plus a large shed which can be used for cooking and shelter. A key is also being provided to KASK to allow vehicle access via the Kenepuru Road for those unable to paddle around. Mistletoe Bay, at the head of Onahau Bay, lies 10 kms by kayak north of Picton.

At last year's Titahi Bay forum, the idea of a 'sea kayak meet' was suggested, with paddlers getting together for an overnight or multi-day paddle. Generally, the frenetic pace and regimentation of the forums allows too little time for fraternizing and chin wagging. Hence this year, the short paddling trip and overnight camp will allow a chance to meet and socialize with paddlers both on the water, in the convivial surroundings of a secluded bay. Participants are requested to provide food, equipment and selected bottles of Australian hermitage wines for the evening.

For prospective paddlers or couples short of a boat, Alistair Rynn has three rental doubles and a single he can bring from Nelson (30% discount for the occasion).

Write to Alistair at 71B Tahunanui Drive, Nelson or;

Ph/fax: (03) 546 4038

Batphone: (025) 374 037.

Reminder:

Please notify Peter Sullivan of your intention to attend the forum. Numbers are necessary to arrange the catering. The forum notification was included in Newsletter No.60. Peter's address and contact numbers are included with the newsletter information.

NETWORKADDRESSES

Auckland Sea Kayak Network (ASKNET)

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newsletter editor: Sandy Ferguson
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Trip & event contacts:
Stephen Counsell:
(03) 366 9305 work
Peter & Diane Sullivan
(03) 388 3389 before 9.30pm

Waikato/Bay of Plenty

Vincent Maire of the Auckland Sea Kayak Network (ASKNET) has written to more than 30 kayakers residing in the Bay of Plenty and Waikato regions suggesting they get together to organize trips and other activities.

ASKNET has a number of members from the area and the Coastbusters Symposium always attracts paddlers from south of the Bombay Hills.

The idea is for ASKNET to promote trips for sea kayakers in the region and it is expected these trips will also attract paddlers from Auckland.

Any paddlers wanting to know more about the idea, contact Vincent at (09) 424 2293 or fax: (09) 480 5719

SIKE
South Island Kayaking
Expedition 95/96

by Brian Roberts & P. Caffyn

Paddler: Brian Roberts

Trade: electrical engineer

From: Denver, Colorado

Age: 29 years

2 years previous sea kayaking experience; came from climbing/skiing background; quit his job 2 years ago; wanted to travel; bought a klepper; wanted to see things from a different viewpoint; read John Dowd's books; packed up the boat; went paddling in Fiji; 3 weeks in Australia paddling;

Timetable

Brian's goal was to paddle around the entire length of the South Island coastline in a clockwise direction. Since he couldn't convince friends to accompany him, it was a solo unsupported effort which was a daunting prospect to start, but proved personally satisfying.

Brian commenced his trip from Picton on 22 October 1995, on the first leg down to Christchurch. Went out through Tory Channel where he explored sea caves just south of channel; on the first leg his only problem was dumping surf just before Kaikoura; didn't break anything but injured a knee. While trying to break out, a big wave flipped the kayak over Brian while he was launching. Pegasus Bay crossing was his longest day; 20 to 30 knot NElies, and 90 kms in 13 hours to Sumner.

Brian then took a two week break in Christchurch; a recce of the West Coast and Fiordland with his cousin; changes made to the boat with few modifications to back rest and the rudder foot pedals. Started again; lots of NElies and calm days and he made good time down to Dunedin; worst stage of trip was coastal bluffs and gravel beaches down to Dunedin. Otago peninsula was enjoyable and he was told about a dairy behind the beach at St. Clair; wet suit swept off the kayak while landing. The breakout from St. Clair was one of his toughest breakouts; stopped dead by some of the waves.

Only night paddle was to avoid headwinds; went round Nugget Point at 4am in the morning; lovely coast-

line to Porpoise Bay; stopped at Bluff for food.

The following is a more detailed account of Brian's trip around Puysegur Point, which he wrote while waiting for the weather at the 12 Mile:

'Five days. Waiting. I was glued to the AM and VHF radios listening to the weather forecasts praying for a change in the winds. 'Foveaux Strait is a bit unrelenting, eh?' I rhetorically asked myself. Up until now, I had some pretty good weather to help me along the East Coast. In fact, I would wish for unfavourable winds at times so I could rest. Maybe I wished a little too hard because it all came at once and in the wrong spot: Bluff. Gale force NW'ers had been consistently churning up the seas leaving little hope for a kayaker to get into Fiordland.

So frustrating... I could feel that 'expedition edge' begin to wither inside me. After three days of sitting at a backpackers, I figured I'd just better grin and bear the wind. So I launched from the protected harbour at Bluff and clawed my way into it. After several hours and only 17km, I decided it wasn't worth the struggle. I landed through the surf and set up the tent for another two days. At least I had a good book to read - the voyages of Captain James Cook. And I was happy to learn that he had some incredibly bad weather in this area as well (...misery loves company). The book was so absorbing that I was reluctant to leave when the winds subsided. But, change was in the air; it was 3 degrees when I packed up the kayak to push myself through the strait.

I stopped in at Riverton to notify the local coastguards of my intentions and continued to Colac Bay for the night. At 5am, I listened to the marine weather bulletin predicting south-easterlies in the morning (you beauty) and northerlies in the afternoon (bummer). I launched hoping to make a little more progress. The 4m swell from the dissipated NW'ers was quite impressive to watch as it battered the rocky coastline with tremendous force. I had to move quickly and get myself into Te Wae-wae Bay before the winds changed direction. But, they never came. The SE'ers persisted the entire day giving me the opportunity to reach Sand Hill Point by evening. It turned out to be a beautiful day for paddling. But, then I went ahead and ruined it by picking a

terrible spot to come ashore - my worst error in judgement. After a white-knuckle ride through the confused surf, I climbed to the top of a steep rocky beach and surveyed the situation; 300m to the left or right were much calmer areas with better sleeping surfaces. Ug... I was too tired to carry everything one way or the other. My punishment for the night was to squirm around on rubgy-sized rocks trying to get comfortable. At least there was a beautiful sunset and no rain.

I was on the doorstep of Fiordland. And the coastline in front of me to Puysegur Point is considered the crux of a circumnavigation because there are no landings in rough seas. Gates Harbour (near Puysegur Pt.) provides some shelter, but is quite exposed to the southerly swell. Anxiety welled up inside me as I listened to the weather report; SEerlies in the morning turning to 50 knot northerly by the end of the day. The radio broadcaster announced it twice so that there would be no confusion: FIFTY... FIVE ZERO knots. With apprehension, I packed the kayak and punched through the subsided surf at 7am. Hopefully, I could make it to Gates Harbour before the hurricane set in.

The winds pushed me along as I admired the bush that covered the low lying hills. A spark was rekindled in my spirit as the unspoiled wilderness of Fiordland began to unfold. I had stared at so many grassy hills with white specked sheep on the East Coast that I forgot bush does exist in NZ. (And don't forget the dreary Canterbury plains; 40' cliffs and shingle beaches as far as the eye can see - for days.) Now, the hills gave way to mountains, ever increasing in height. Ah...this is kayaking! The day moved on and the winds drew calm. I found myself at the Green Islets; a collection of volcanic rocks scattered around a protruding head. And since the swell was down to 1m, I weaved myself in and out of their maze like structure. Caves led to other openings. Archways towered above me. Seals stared at me in confusion. I had bummed into another crown-jewel in NZ's coastline. And the splendour continued as I worked myself west along the shore-

line. Waterfalls tumbled off of high forested cliffs, glissading down to white sand beaches. The sun came out and lit up the shallow waters in an array of deep blue hues. Wow... I didn't expect this during the 'crux'! But, I couldn't stay long. The weather could still turn bad. I pressed forward into Gates Harbour and startled some fisherman resting on their boat. I asked about the weather and the skipper was confident that it would remain calm for the rest of the day. "And even tomorrow," he added. "I'll take today... if I can," I replied and he explained to me where I could find the Kisbee Lodge in Preservation Inlet.

So I continued and paddled around Puysegur point in calm winds, feeling rather fortunate. The caretaker at the Kisbee Lodge welcomed me with a hot shower and a first-rate feed of venison stew to finish off one of the best days of the trip.'

Brian took a rest day at Kisbee lodge; good yarn with the caretaker named Peanut; who took Brian out fishing for the day; blue cod technique. Northerlies starting to pick up; went over to Cavern Head and soaked up some history; up to Cape Providence, and Nlies came in; next two days tried to make progress against Nlies. Southerlies then and a fast ride to Dusky. Camped in Wet Jacket Arm; same campsite as Max & Paul. Christmas Eve; one of his best campsites; caught a cod. Then a short day to Breaksea Sound with northerlies picking up; tried to contact fishermen but all out for Christmas. Made it by evening to Breaksea Island, but the DOC hut was locked; he decided to stay but no room to camp; seals and rocks on beach; ended up nailed in the hut doorway for four nights with gale force northerlies; just about to break into the hut when the storm subsided. Brian left at noon on roughest sea conditions; very confused; boat popped out of water and made it to Doubtful Sound; stopped at the hut by The Gut on Secretary Island. A stroke of good luck after a paddle up to Deep Cove; cadged a ride with a fishermen over to Te Anau for New Years' eve. Fell asleep at 10.30am. Stocking up on food, Bill and Daphne took Brian back to Deep Cove. Next section, two days to Dees Cove, lots of NWers;

days with repairs to kayak; picked up a cold in Te Anau, which then made the next section through to Barn Bay the most frustrating, despite good weather, a day resting, a day paddling, couldn't shake the cold, Dees to Looking Glass Bay, to Poison Bay; straight past Milford to Martins Bay; to Barn Bay; rest day, northerlies and three days at Barn Bay; shook the cold in the comfort of the fisherman's cabin; then good progress, seven days to Greymouth

Re-supplied at Haast Beach with food; punched a hole in the stern by dragging the kayak over some logs; didn't realize stern was holed until Moeraki; sleeping bag drenched; some food lost; perspective had begun to change with less frustration and anger when things went wrong; patched holes in stern with duct tape; to north of Bruce Bay; then to Okarito which was a highlight; stayed in backpackers; a shower, conversation with people; people who run a kayaking shop gave him a loaf of bread; from Okarito two days to the Taramakau River mouth. Got in through some of the breakers but a huge wave which swept him in for 20 to 30m, had a kick at the end which dumped Brian; he tried rolling; separated from his boat; swam after boat for two to three minutes, always 2 to 3 m in front; finally caught up with kayak; dragged boat around end of the bar and into the river mouth; a local chap John Edwards was BBQing there; offered Brian some tea, and rang Paul Caffyn.

On January 20, I found Brian packing at the Taramakau River mouth, and helped him launch. The sea had eased a little over night and Brian made a clean run out through the northern channel, easily missing a big line of breakers toppling on the bar. Three hours later I picked him up at Blaketown lagoon, the fishermen's harbour in the Grey River.

A cold front, big seas, then strong north-easterly winds nailed Brian for five days at the 12 Mile, but he launched at 7am from the 12 Mile on 26 January and had a superb run with tailwinds and calm seas to Farewell Spit. The following is from a brief note Brian sent me at the conclusion of his trip:

Day 76: lunch at Seal Island; entered Constant Bay at Charleston for a stretch, then camped at Carters Beach.

Day 77: calm all day; camped inside Little Wanganui River mouth (sth end of Karamea)

Day 78: Northerly breezes 10 to 15 knots. Made it to the Heaphy River and entered at high tide through low surf; slept in the DOC hut.

Day 79: Westerly breezes; talked to research scientists on a boat moored near Otukoroiti Point: "This is the calmest we've seen it in three years...." Camped a couple of bays north-east of Whanganui Inlet.

Day 80: Paddled through Archway Islands and Pillar Point; westerly winds gusting to 30 knots - pushed me down Farewell Spit in no time. Ran over a shark along the way. Camped on the easternmost islet of the spit.

Day 81: Light winds in the morning; cut across Golden Bay to Separation Point. Lunch at the Awaroa Bay cafe. Camped near Pitt Head in Abel Tasman National Park.

Day 82: Paddling by 5am, on a course east for French Pass. The forecast was for northerly winds in the afternoon so I was hoping to get to Pepin Island or further. The winds never got above 15 knots, so I made it to Cape Soucis; camping on a very exposed beach south-west of the cape. Not a good place to land but I was quickly running out of energy; my body was shutting down.

Day 83 & 84: I lay comatose for 24 hours, mustering enough energy to cook a meal every now and then. After the second day, my strength had returned.

Day 85: NWers had blown for the past two days so it was a challenge to break out of the surf. Breezes at my back all morning to push me through French Pass. The current was with me. What a ride! I averaged eight to ten knots from the pass to Clay Point. A one way ticket. I rounded Cape Jackson in the evening and came ashore in Ship Cove after dark.

Day 86: I woke in the morning to see 'No Camping' signs everywhere'...oops. Climbed into the boat quickly and battle headwinds all day to make it to Picton in the afternoon. A quiet ending, but many congratulations from Dave, Sara and the team at Marlborough Sounds Adven-

ture Company (who stored my boat and gear as I headed off for a good feed.)

Trip Summary

Distance: 1,554 miles

Total time: 86 days

Paddling days: 55

Rest/weather: 31

Paddling day average: 28.3mpd

Fiordland Summary

Distance: 340 miles

Total time: 26 days

Paddling days: 13

Rest/weather: 13

Equipment List:

Kayak - fibreglass Southern Aurora by Quality Kayaks. It was 3 years old, purchased second hand. The sliding foot rests connecting to the rudder were replaced with stationary foot rests and toe control for the rudder cables. The back rest was replaced with closed-cell foam padding and padding for the knees was added. The seat was well padded with 1/2" foam.

Outside of kayak:

Paddle - light weight fibreglass, thin blade, split, Zypher by Nimbus. 235cm
Spare paddle - old, indestructible, plastic blade and aluminium shaft (very heavy). 240cm

Hand pump - plastic

Helmet

Sea anchor by Boulter of Earth (Canada) - attached to bow

Drink bottle

Plastic map case

On the paddler:

Wetsuit - 3mm, Farmer John style

Neoprene booties

Polypro top

Paddle jacket

PFD - pockets containing: 8 mini hand flares (red), compass, mirror, whistle, knife

In the cockpit:

Sleeping pad - closed-cell foam. Placed under feet for cushion.

Water bag - plastic, 2.5 gallon. Pushed past foot pegs.

Bailer - plastic milk container cut in half

Pogies

Sponge

1 hand-held flare - red

1 hand-held smoke flare - orange

Night glow sticks

Paddle float

Leg rest - dry bag holding: baliclava, fleece jacket, AM/FM radio (Sony Sport, weather resistant) and emergency food (in case I am forced to sit in the boat overnight).

A tray in the cockpit held the following: lunch for the day - scroggin, biscuits and an orange

VHF hand-held radio - ICOM IC-M10A, in waterproof radio bag. Six AA alkaline batteries. Registered with NZ Ministry of Commerce.

Camera - Olympus Superzoom 80wide, weather resistant, automatic, 28-80mm zoom.

Placed in small dry bag:

Odds+Ends bag - Sun screen, lip balm, sun glasses, light rope, bug repellent, headlamp

(Everything in the cockpit was attached to the boat by string in case the cockpit gets flooded - Which happened recently. And everything stayed with the boat expect the pogies and the sponge, which were not strung up.)

In the back hatch:

Sleeping bag - synthetic, 3 season by North Face, in dry bag

Tent - 2 person by Moss. The extra room was appreciated when all of the gear could be placed inside, in sandfly country.

Tent poles

Stove - Peak 1 by Coleman, burns white gas

Pot with lid

Maps - 9 maps covering the South Island, scale 1:250,000 - in dry bag

Reading book - in dry bag

Hiking shoes

Plastic tarp

Food - in dry bags; Breakfast: muesli, coffee or peppermint tea; Dinner: pasta n' sauce packets, rice, potatoes, carrots, onions, garlic, crackers, fish

In the front hatch:

Clothes - polypro long johns, fleece pants, shorts, cotton shirt, polypro gloves+hat,

spare paddling hat, parka, plastic rain pants. sandals

Fuel Bottle for refilling stove

Water filter - MSR Waterworks

Repair kit - duct tape, multi tool gadget,

epoxy, neoprene glue, needle+thread, etc.

First Aid kit

Bivy sac

Coffee mug - big!

Fanny pack - journal, pins, money, checks, passport, etc.

Personal bag - toothbrush+paste, TP, fishing tackle, candles, batteries, etc.

Radio Coverage

The VHF radio proved useful, primarily for weather reports. Most of the East coast is covered by repeater stations which are used by Maritime Radio authorities to broadcast weather information and warnings three times a day. There is a gap in the Catlins, however coverage is good in Foveaux Strait. West of Te Waewae Bay, the coverage ceases until Greymouth so I relied on fishermen to transmit my position and intentions via Single Side Band radios to local safety coordinators. Repeaters do exist in Fiordland, however, I was told that I would have to venture a few miles off the coast to access them. The VHF radio was only useful for boat to boat contact, which I would use in case I became stranded.

NZ National radio transmits marine weather bulletins at 3am and 5am each morning which I was able to receive on my AM radio. Even in Fiordland, although it was difficult at times, I was able to receive the bulletins. When the weather was bad (lots of cloud cover), the signal faded in and out. But, after listening to both reports I was able to piece together the situation.

Sandflies were a constant annoyance in Fiordland. In order to function properly outside the tent, I would cover myself from head to foot in clothing. Polypro long johns covered the body, arms and legs, light polypro gloves covered the hands, socks on the feet and mosquito netting over the head. After burning a hole in the tent while cooking inside (to avoid the sandflies), I cooked and ate outside. I used bug repellent sparingly, since the stuff I had was 95% Deit (bad for the skin).

Brian Roberts

EXPEDITIONNEWS**Japan Update from Takehiro Shibata**

A young Japanese paddler, Tetuya Nogawa, finished his trip around Japan on December 30 1995. Paddling a VCP Pintail kayak, he started and finished at Togawa Harbour, near Choshi. He did the trip totally alone and it took him eight months. He paddled outside of Shikoku Island, whereas another circumnavigator, Mikio Inoue, took the Inland Sea passage between Honshu and Shikoku in 1989.

Tetuya actually tried the Japan circumnavigation two years ago in a Feathercraft folding kayak, but he quit after a week. The Kujukuri surf was too much for him and his kayak. This time he was very well prepared and was very happy all the time. He never thought of turning back.

The interesting thing is that he spent just 300,000 yen (NZ\$4,225) in eight months. That includes alcohol and food.

He met only two paddlers during his trip but he found your footprints in many different places. Fishermen still remember you and also Mikio.

A funny story. He wanted to have fresh sandwiches for lunches. He was spreading jam and peanut butter out of a glass bottle while seated in his tippy kayak with a low deck. By the time his sandwich was ready to eat, waves washed his deck and his sandwich. This happened often, he said.

GREEN ICE TRAVERSE

The Australian outdoor magazines 'Wild' and 'Out There' recently carried recent a brief report about a team of Australian paddlers who paddled 110kms from Angmagssalik down the East Greenland coast to Isertoq. They then hauled their kayaks up onto the Greenland Ice Cap, and using them as sleds, crossed 540kms of ice using a steerable kite called a Quadrafoil. Weighing less than 4kgms, and with a surface area of only 4 square metres, the Quads pulled the Australians and their 80kg kayaks easily, even when the wind was as slow as five knots. Half of the total distance across the ice cap was covered with the Quads.

After 28 days on the ice, the kayaks were lowered down a 20m terminal ice face onto a river bank on the western coast of Greenland. After a short paddle on glacial fed whitewater, the two kayaks were rafted and the three men, Eric Phillips, Ben Galbriath and Wade Fairley, with their 200kg cargo strapped on top, paddled the final 30kms downstream to their destination, Kangerlussuaq.

The combination of ski, kayak, and Quadrafoil, proved an extremely lightweight and innovative form of travel for the first unassisted sea to sea crossing of Greenland in 20 years. A three man film crew also spent a month filming the people, culture and beauty of East Greenland. The expedition documentary will screen on ABC television in Australia and hopefully we will get a chance to see this on New Zealand screens.

BOOKREVIEW

Title: 'Kabloona in the Yellow Kayak'

Author: Jason, Victoria

Published: 1995

Publisher: Turnstone Press, Suite 607, 100 Arthur St., Winnipeg, Manitoba, Canada, R3B 1H3

ISBN: 0-88801-201-2

Subject: Woman's kayak/sled trip through the Northwest Passage; Hudson Bay to Gjoa Haven with Don Starkell, Gjoa Haven to Fort Providence solo.

Cover: Hardback

Contents: 298 pages, 5 maps, 33 colour pics in two sections

Size: 170 x 250mm

RRP: US\$22.95

Reviewed by: Paul Caffyn

In 1995 I heard of a book by Don Starkell, of a kayak trip from Hudson Bay to Tuktoyaktuk, titled 'Paddle to the Arctic' and a second kayaking narrative 'Kabloona in the Yellow Kayak'. Don Starkell is better known for his trip from Winnipeg in Canada to the mouth of the Amazon River in South America with his son in a Canadian canoe, and the book 'Paddle to the Amazon'.

I tried to order the two books, however Alpen Books in the USA had never heard of the 'Kabloona' title. A week later, and totally out to the blue,

a care package arrived from a Canadian friend, with a copy of 'Kabloona in the Yellow Kayak' by Victoria Jason.

The trip: In 1990, at the tender age of 46, Victoria Jason bought her first kayak and a primer on paddling strokes. The following year she joined Don Starkell for the start of a planned trip from Churchill in Hudson Bay through the Northwest Passage to Tuktoyaktuk, near the mouth of the Mackenzie River. They reached Repulse Bay on the Arctic Circle the first year, and in 1992 had their kayaks and equipment towed behind skidoos on sledges to Spence Bay near the base of the Boothia Peninsula. Don and Victoria then hauled their kayaks 109 miles south to Gjoa Haven, where Don pushed on solo for Cambridge Bay and Tuk. Overexertion through the kayak hauling, had led to muscle breakdown, heart strain and edema for Victoria. In September, Don was rescued on the Tuktoyaktuk Peninsula with frostbitten fingers and toes, which were later amputated.

Fully recovered, Victoria paddled down the Mackenzie River to the sea in 1993, and soloed eastwards to Paulatuk. In 1994, she soloed the missing leg from Paulatuk to Gjoa Haven.

The book: For me the book was an inspirational read. From the worst possible introduction to sea kayaking, paddling with a temperamental, selfish tyrant who made incredible navigational blunders, this lady kept her eyes and ears open, learnt from the early mistakes, and by 1994 had evolved into an accomplished, veteran solo Arctic kayaker. Particularly with her solo trips, all the necessary attributes for successful expeditioning are revealed in the text; thorough research and planning, listening carefully to advice of the locals, prior range practise with a shotgun for dealing with bears, and optimizing favourable weather and sea conditions while exercising restraint and patience on shore in bad weather.

The text is semi-diary style, but very readable. I found the short sentence writing style a bit monotonous after a while, and although there are numerous snippets of Arctic exploration history and the flora and fauna, I

would have liked more solid meaty descriptions of what transpired at some of the areas she paddled through. Her descriptions of the colourful characters she met and her easy interaction with them are well written. Victoria easily expresses her pleasure and satisfaction of capably surviving in what most people consider a hostile, barren and cold environment.

Details of Victoria's early life are very brief; her first experience of the North was in 1961 when her husband was transferred to work on the Hudson Bay railway. She was 16 years old, had two babies under two years old, and was trapped in a marriage to a man she hated. After a divorce in 1989, she was working for Canadian National Railways as a keyboard operator when her love affair with sea kayaking began. A brief quote from the end of the last chapter, when Victoria paddled in to Gjoa Haven, sums up for me how this lady achieved so much:

I could understand what an abundance of respect, determination, and humility could accomplish.

One map shows the entire route, while the four stages are shown in slightly more detail. The maps all lack a scale, and reference to a larger scale atlas or 'National Geographic' map of Arctic Canada is necessary to locate many of the areas described in the text. The photos, in two colour plate sections, provide a simple visual record of the trip, but large white borders diminish the impact of the photos.

To conclude, a superb book of an inspirational adventure by a remarkable grandmother.

#I have suggested to Stephen Counsell at Canoe and Outdoor World that he try and obtain copies for sale. Until then all I can suggest is ordering through specialist books shops, writing to the publisher, or asking a friend in North America to mail you a copy.

POPRIVETSATSEA

by Bevan Walker

We have some of the saltiest water in the world. Aluminium against steel, in sea water, is not a good mix.

To illustrate practically the problem, we were at Archway Island, near Cape Farewell, last summer and had to break out through surf. On reaching clear water, I noticed a lump on the deck of the Feathercraft. On close inspection I could see some rivets had popped. Back at home I had a close look at the pop rivets and could see steel nail heads left inside the aluminium rivets. Within two years of use, the aluminium had corroded through, allowing the rivets to pop. I replaced the remaining corroded rivets with new aluminium rivets that had the steel nail heads punched out.

Most kayak manufacturers use pop rivets with cadmium coated steel nails as part of the aluminium rivet. Within days of being used on the sea, the steel nail head will begin to corrode. To avoid this, punch the steel nail head out of the rivet, leaving the rivet hollow. The best rivet is a solid rod of aluminium cut to length with both ends ball paned over.

When riveting stainless steel to stainless steel, use stainless steel pop rivets or stainless steel bolts and nuts. Avoid using steel against aluminium.

If you use blind pop rivets, make sure that the nail head and rivet are of the same metal.

TRIPREPORTS

WHITE ISLAND TRIP

by Max Grant

Date: 30/31 December 1995

Paddlers: Max Grant & Dave Herrington

We had planned to complete the return trip to White Island in three days; to paddle the 4.5 nautical miles from Whakatane to Whale Island where we would spend the night, then continue next day to White Island, a distance of 22.5 nautical miles. On the third day, we hoped to paddle the 27 nautical miles back to Whakatane.

After a lot of 'watching the weather patterns' we decided to set out to Whale Island on the afternoon of December

30. After 1.5 hours of battling a 25 knot westerly wind, we camped at the eastern end of Whale Island and set up camp for the night.

At 5.30am next morning, after listening to the latest marine weather report, we set out for White Island. The wind had turned around to the south during the night which, although behind us, was not very pleasant to paddle with as there was still a metre swell from the west. This gave us a confused sea to paddle on. However we made good time and at 11.30am landed on a small beach at the eastern side of White Island.

I have never seen such a derelict island before. Our small beach sloped gradually into a huge crater, which had steam rising out of it and a strong smell of sulphur hung in the air. Except for our landing beach, the crater was surrounded by steep barren cliffs. At one side were the remains of an old jetty which led up to the old sulphur factory, which stood in ruins. About a kilometre across the crater lay the spectacular crater lake, a huge mass of boiling water with large vents which on its far shore, shot huge jets of steam into the air. Although the area resembled something similar to a desert, there was an air of mystic about the place that had a beauty all of its own.

During the afternoon we paddled around the island before pitching our tents on the small beach and settling down for the night.

At 6.30am next morning, we set off back to Whakatane. A 10 knot south-easterly was blowing in our faces, which allowed for a comfortable 8.5 hour paddle back.

N.B. If you plan a trip to land on either Whale or White Island, you must have permission from the Department of Conservation at Whakatane.

Max Grant.

NOTQUITEKAYAKING

from the 'Christchurch Press':

A girlfriend set up a romantic candle-lit dinner on the Heathcote River bank, complete with roses and soft music. The couple then adjourned into a canoe, where a bottle of bubbly was cunningly hidden. The canoeing couple then drifted down

the river, apparently oblivious to passers by. The birthday boy must have been enjoying himself for a jogger nearly ran into a tree, and one motorist drove past three times.

from the 'net':

It's common practice in England to ring a telephone by extra voltage passing across one side of the two wire circuit and earth. When a subscriber answers the phone, it switches to the two wire circuit for the conversation. This allows two parties on the same line to be signalled without disturbing each other.

Anyway an elderly lady with several pets called to say that her phone failed to ring when her friends rang; and on the few occasions when it did ring, her dog always barked first.

The telephone repairman proceeded to the scene, curious to see this psychic dog. He climbed a nearby telephone pole, hooked in his test set and dialed the lady's number. The phone didn't ring. He tried again and the dog barked loudly, followed by a ringing telephone.

Climbing down from the pole, the telephone repairman found:

- a. the dog was tied to the telephone's ground(earth) pipe via a steel chain and collar
- b. the dog was receiving 90 volts with the signalling current
- c. after several jolts, the dog began barking and urinating on the ground.
- d. the wet ground then completed the circuit and the phone would ring.

**FROMMAILAND
NEWSLETTERSRECEIVED:**

1. Notification of the 5th ICF World Marathon Championships, to be held August 22 - 25, 1996, at Vaxholm, Sweden. To coincide with the championships, three kayaking safaris with varying degrees of demad, will be conducted;

- a. a 300km trip from Finland to Sweden
- b. tours in the Stockholm archipelago
- c. day and night trips.

Kayak rentals for the tours are available at moderate prices.

One of the major sponsors, the Swedish Navy with the regiment of Swedish Marines, are also hosting the 3rd. International Military Kayak Pad-

dle, a demanding 360km race over eight days.

Anyone interested, write to me for the brochure or get in touch with:

World Marathon Championships
S-185 83 Vaxholm, Sweden
Ph: +46 8 541 708 00
Fax: +46 8 541 709 92

E-mail: canoe96@medcom.se

2. Windrush Sail Rigs (Canada)

A brochure and photos of a kayak sail rig, with an outrigger system, mast, sails and leeboard. Notes, easily installed on any single hardshell kayak, equipped with a rudder; collapses easily; sails as close to the wind as most small sailboats; both sails furl easily from the cockpit. Any one interested, write to me and I will forward the brochure.

3. Queen Charlotte Islands: Canada

Brochure on guest house accomodation, kayak rentals and guided expeditions

4. Cook Strait Crossing

The February 1996 'Korero' newsletter of the Ruahine White Water Club has a five page article, including photos and a map, of a team of five paddlers crossing Cook Strait on January 6, 1996, from Titahi Bay.

5. Skegs

The February 1996 'Sea Trek' newsletter of the Victorian Sea Kayak Club has an article by South Australian Peter Carter on built in skegs or 'fins' as he calls them, and the dynamics of using them. This type skeg is mounted in a skeg box, 20 to 25% of the hull length along the hull from the stern. It is raised/lowered with a shock cord or push/pull cable from the cockpit.

Unfortunately the author destroys his credibility at the end of the article by noting:

a rudder is not for steering, but to trim. Sea kayaks are steered with the paddle, like all kayaks and canoes.

For a photocopy of the article send me a few \$ of stamps and a stamp addressed envelope.

6. Folding Kayaker

Vol.6. No.1, Jan/Feb 1996, has a three page Cyberspace Guide for folding kayaks, and an article on the pros and cons of kite flying.

7. Kiwi Kayakers in Alaska & the Yukon

From Stan and Belinda Mulvany, a delightfully put together A4 size, 37

page account of their northern summer adventures in a Feathercraft folding double, on the Yukon River from Whitehorse to Dawson, and across Prince William Sound from Valdez to Whittier. Colour zeroxed photographs, sketches and maps round off the account. Stan has also sent a slimmed down version, of which I will try and include the account of the Prince William Sound trip.

8. SKOANZ Newsletter No. 6 Feb. '96

This contains a meaty equipment review of three double kayaks, used in the rental business. I will endeavour to print this in the next newsletter. The next guide assessment course dates are:

April 22 - 26 & May 6 - 10

Contact Roy Dumble for details:

Ph (09) 307 9999

Executive Officer Bruce Maunsell has been focussing the past few months on:

1. Liason with Water Safety Council and Maritime Safety Authority
2. Co-ordination of the Sea Kayak Safety Course
3. Guides Assessment Scheme Redraft
4. Pre Guides Assessment Training
5. Approved Operator System
6. Membership - 34 current SKOANZ operators

BOOKLAUNCH

On 21 December 1995, Graham Egarr's book 'New Zealand's South Island Rivers: A guide for canoeists, kayakers and rafters' was launched at Mapua.

This book was virtually completed before melanoma took its toll on Graham. It was aimed as a companion volume to Graham's book 'North Island Rivers' which was published in 1989.

Over 15 years ago, Graham and his wife Jan wrote paddling guides on a regional basis to the rivers of New Zealand. These were published by the New Zealand Canoeing Association and are very difficult to get hold of now, even in secondhand bookshops.

If this new South Island book is not available in your local bookshop, I would suggest writing to the publisher:

Nikau Press
PO Box 602
Nelson.

TRIPREPORT**Puysegur Point to Doubtful Sound.
22-30 January 1996.**

Phil & Max Handford in double sea kayak 'Endeavour'.

ROUTE MAP ON PAGE 12

January 1996 turned out to be the start of the trip of a lifetime for Max and me. Ever since our first aborted trip to Fiordland in 1992 there had been some unfinished business that was going to nag away at me until I had been to Puysegur Point. Since 1992 we had never really been in a position to both take three weeks leave from work and this year we thought we could stretch it. And even better, in Spring 1995 it looked like the El Nino weather pattern had gone and La Nina had arrived which meant typically more Easterlies and less Westerlies and ideal for paddling in Fiordland.

In 1992, six of us were going to paddle in two doubles and two singles from Te Waewae Bay to Doubtful Sound. That February, westerlies forced us to abort the idea of going from south to north and we went up to Manapouri to start at the Doubtful Sound end. We spent so many days in Doubtful waiting for the weather to clear that we ran out of sufficient time to complete the trip. We never got past the Hares Ears at the entrance to Doubtful as the SW and NW swell persisted and the NW never seemed to stop blowing. We learnt some valuable lessons about Fiordland and did come home with memories of sandflies, rain, and NW gales, and forgot what the sun looked like, but did end up with a good video thanks to Peter Garlick.

Departure date from Hamilton was 20 January 1996 and there didn't appear to be much sign that La Nina had arrived in Fiordland. The forecast was pretty shocking and certainly not paddling weather. The old nervousness and doubts returned as they do on these big trips. As much as I would like to paddle the southern coast from Te Waewae Bay to Puysegur Point it wasn't practical as the chances of it being suitable at the start of our holiday were about nil. We were fortunate to make contact with Gordon Johnston from Campbelltown Seafoods of Bluff who was taking the 60ft 'Cindy Hardy' from Bluff to Preservation Inlet on

22nd January. They would be staying in the Preservation to Breaksea area until the end of March doing dive trips. Normally the 'Cindy Hardy' transports crays back to Bluff from Fiordland in the crayfish season and harvests oysters in Foveaux Strait.

We arrived in Bluff, the day before one of those rare balmy hot Southland days. We'd left Hamilton in shorts and T-shirts and were still in them. The 'Cindy Hardy' wasn't leaving until 10pm so in the morning we loaded our gear and secured our 22 foot long 'Endeavour' to the top deck, well out of harms way. We claimed the two bunks in the 'honeymoon suite', had a brew with the skipper Kevin, and deckhand Tracker, then set off to explore Bluff and various lookouts overlooking Foveaux Strait.

Soon after 10pm a dive party of 15 arrived. It started to pour with rain as we lifted the mooring ropes and left Bluff Wharf at 10.30pm. It was going to be a long night as it takes 8 to 10 hours around to Preservation Inlet. We headed off to bed once we were clear of Bluff heads. Things soon got pretty rough with a big SW swell, I spent the night dozing in a state of semiconsciousness hoping not to get thrown out of the top bunk.

Day One. I set my alarm for 6am as I didn't want to miss going around Puysegur Point. I got up as we were just passing Big River, still a couple of hours from Puysegur. There was a good 3m SW swell running and Puysegur looked as awesome as I had imagined, as swells crashed onto rocks around the point. It was still drizzling and the cloud was down as we steamed around the northern side of Coal Island, in a classic dull misty day with poor visibility.

We pulled in behind Steep-to Island and dropped the divers off in pairs for a 30 minute dive, long enough to collect plenty of crays, scallops, paua and kina for breakfast. We had already got to know these Otago-ites from Milton and they generously gave us some of the catch. One crayfish for dinner and one for breakfast. Near Cromarty was to be our departure point and already the sun was coming out, the skies clearing and our bodies warming up. We loaded 'Endeavour' on the deck, and

with help, lowered her down about the 6 foot into the water. I hadn't practised getting into the kayak from this height and its not very beamy at 28 inches, I could just see us taking a swim in front of all these people who already thought we must be mad to paddle up this coast. Luckily all went okay. We thanked them for the crays, said we might catch up with them in Dusky and then paddled the short distance to Cemetery Island. Here we collected our thoughts and let it sink in that we were actually in Preservation Inlet. Once the Cindy Hardy had gone there was just the two of us with one little kayak in about the most isolated place in New Zealand. As crazy as it seemed, all we had to worry about now was being able to get out of the place.

A SW of 15-20 knots was still blowing so we decided to run with it and paddle up Long Sound, pushing into at least one knot of tide in parts of Narrow Passage. These were the biggest tides for some time but would gradually drop as the days went by. We were only going as far as Sandy Point where there had been an old sawmill. This was a bad place to have our first camp. The sandflies were horrendous. On the brink of a mutiny we departed as early as we could the next morning. Fortunately nowhere else did we strike such bad sandflies. Overnight the wind had changed from SW to what was to be many days of SE-E winds and clear skies, as a large anticyclone moved south and remained south of Stewart Island.

Day Two: Puysegur Point was one of the 'must visits', so off we went. By the time we arrived at Cromarty there was a good 20 knot SE coming out of the bay. We briefly met up with Peanuts, the Cromarty Lodge caretaker, on his way out of the bay in a dinghy, head down as he baled out rain water. The lodge is apparently pretty impressive, although not completely finished, it is now on its second owner and rarely used. We didn't want to hang around until Peanut came back to show us around. He did tell us an American paddler had recently paddled up the coast around

Puysegur. I was a bit surprised to hear this, as this is only the second time it has been paddled solo. We later worked out it was Brian Roberts.

We arrived at the Oil Store, as the Puysegur landing is known, and enjoyed lunch in the sun on an old boat ramp with few sandflies. The building that housed boats and various stores is now home to a few old beds and rats, the roof is still good and the water tank is still useful. A note on the wall from two Nelson paddlers, including Bevan Walker, 'stuck here for 10 days waiting for the weather', reminded us that we too could be delayed getting home. Although spending a night here in these conditions was pretty tempting, conditions on the other side of Puysegur were quite different.

The graves that have been remarked at the landing are a reminder of earlier hardship; all perished due to drowning between 1895 and 1914 when this area was at its busiest with gold and whaling. James Cromarty is buried here, drowned in 1895.

The old tractor track out to the light house is rapidly growing over and subsiding. It is now mainly used by hunters following removal of the light house keepers 15 odd years ago. There is plenty of deer sign and fat wood pigeons on the track out to Puysegur. On a fine day it is a really beautiful walk with surf breaking on the rocks and reefs in Otago Retreat. A sole crayfisherman, the only one in Preservation over the summer, waited for his craypot buoys to surface as the tide turned in the narrow gap between Puysegur and Coal Island.

There is only one building remaining at Puysegur now, all the other buildings and radio masts have been dumped over the cliffs into Otago Retreat, slowly rusting away and slowly hidden by the scrub. The lighthouse is not as big as I'd imagined but has an impressive bank of light bulbs. The large banks of solar panels, that charge the batteries for the light, are very securely attached to the ground to avoid being blown away. The skies were clear but a good 30 knots of SE covered the sea in whitecaps and as a SW swell crashed into the rocks below the point where the spray was caught and whisked away by the wind.

The wind was enough to keep you well back from the cliff edge. The view to the south was impressive with the prominent Solander Islands 50 km in the distance rising steeply up out of the sea and the swell breaking over the Marshall Rocks south of Puysegur. To the north we could see as far as Cape Providence and we could clearly see the swells breaking on Balleny Reef, offshore from Gulches Head. Inland there was hardly a cloud to be seen, we could see the prominent entrance to Long Sound marked by Narrow Bend and high mountains further back. Treble Mountain stands out as a prominent peak between Preservation and Chalky Inlet.

Paddling back up towards Cromarty we kept on the leeward side of Otago Retreat as the SE coming down off the hills around Te Oneroa was now more like 30 knots with the odd bit of spray being lifted over by Coal Island. When we reached the point between Te Oneroa and Kisbee Bay, we ran with the wind to the passage between Coal Island and Steep-to Island; it was an exciting ride and we were quite pleased that Steep-to Island provided some shelter for the rest of the paddle across to Cavern Head and the bay inside Spit Islands.

As we arrived the tide was receding and the sand spit out to Spit Islands dried. We cooked tea at Spit Islands where there was ample driftwood and few sandflies, and returned to the mainland to camp on the sand dunes once the sandflies had gone to bed. Such a beautiful spot; with its gently sloping golden sandy beech and the gold pingau grass on the sand dunes with bush right down to the dunes. Easy to see why a small group of Maori once had a pa here. The large sandy beach, which is such a feature of this spot, is now used occasionally to land light planes.

Day Three. As usual the alarm went at 4.55am and I reached over and turned my head lamp on, turn the radio on, plugged the earphones in and got out note book and pen. Caught the 5am news and then the Marine Forecast at 5.05. 'Easterly 20 knots, SW swell 2m reducing, outlook, similar'. The

wind that was blowing that night had gone, and there was not a cloud in the sky, in fact when I could see clearly, the water was oily calm. We rose early as it was likely to be a big day. The sandflies were bad that morning. Max and rice and apricots had a disagreement about staying down. We were gone by 8.30am on our way to Gulches Head and our first feel of the open sea. We paused before entering Gulches Head so Max could have some more food to replace the missing breakfast. Gulches Head is an impressive steep, 500ft high, broken headland and not a place you feel like hanging around in the swell apart from a quick photo or two. As we rounded Gulches Head, ahead lay the white cliffs of Chalky Island which made an impressive sight in the early sun.

The swell felt good as we progressed over to the inside of Chalky Island without a breath of wind. Chalky Inlet looked inviting with The Brothers forming a prominent mountain backdrop. There were places we wanted to visit in Chalky but the perfect conditions meant we could not pass up an opportunity to get up to Dusky Sound. You feel you are given these days as a special gift and to think you will get another tomorrow is being foolish.

The rock gardens in Bad Passage make another variation, but there was still some swell pushing in here and a lot of submerged rocks so we were a bit cautious. As we paddled directly for Landing Bay inside Cape Providence, the sea was still oily calm, apart from the swell. At Landing Bay it was low tide and I knew there was a reef sheltering the sandy beech, but the swell seemed to be breaking well out. The gap in the reef is on the western side where the waves weren't breaking and although needing careful navigation at low tide we reached calm waters behind the reef. Sitting in our kayak inside the reef taking a few photos I noticed a shark fin; the lagoon was full of sharks, obviously fishing on the incoming tide. Being so calm and clear it was like sitting on a 10 ft deep fish tank with about 20 ft visibility. Grey sharks, six to eight foot long, were cruising around us, not particularly interested in us but maybe a little curious. The fish life

here was quite amazing.

We lifted the kayak up the beach ahead of the incoming tide. The kayak wasn't getting any lighter. The worst thing about paddling a fully laden double is that it's so heavy to lift. My worst fear was losing grip and dropping it on some rocks and damaging the hull. Lunch, sitting on the beach was the standard bread, mustard, cheese, salami, cucumber and tomato. And occasionally there was a jelly made the night before. Stopping here gave us time to assess the situation and decide to carry on around Cape Providence and West Cape into Dusky Sound. A very light breeze, only enough to ruffle the surface, came up and there was still not a cloud to be seen. We got extra food out onto the deck and departed at 1.30pm.

Cape Providence is one of those places where you can be extra cautious and go around very wide and add extra time to the open sea passage, or dodge inside the offshore rocks and breaking reefs and take the short route. We chose the short route, but you are forever watching for boils that mark shallow rocks or occasional set of swells that are about 3m instead of the average 2m. We bucked our way through here but by the time we got to the Providence lighthouse, about 2 km north, the sea was a lot more comfortable and the breeze had disappeared to nothing. West Cape (the western most point of NZ) lay ahead and Puysegur had disappeared from sight astern. Reefs along the coast protect the rocky beach, much of which you could walk along. Behind the beach, cliffs and steep faces which rise up to 1-200 ft and covered in low stunted scrub, block out a view further back apart from the distant mountains like Mt. Inaccessible, The Stoper and Mt. Bradshaw that rise up to 3500 ft about 15 km back from the coast.

We paddled a line direct for West Cape which kept us outside of numerous offshore reefs along the coast. We were well offshore and crayfish buoys made good stationary points against which to gauge our progress. The gentle swell was almost enough to send us to sleep on this long passage. West Cape itself is unimpressive but a major point on the voyage, as when you pass it you are looking up to Five Fingers Point, on the northern

side of Dusky and you lose sight of Cape Providence and all points to the south.

A light tail wind of 10 knots helped us along and woke us up. I had calculated our times based on 6.5 km/hr, which included stops, and this worked out perfectly as we reached Fannin Bay inside Dusky by 6pm. 'Dusky' Bay, as Cook named it, looked so soothing. Such a huge area of low lying islands with a backdrop of steep mountains over 3000 ft. We paddled to Indian Cove on Indian Island. The sea-breeze that had been helping us along dropped away to nothing. Indian Cove turned out not to be such an exciting place to camp, so we made our 8pm scheduled radio call on SSB mountain radio to the Invercargill base and then headed for Cascade Cove. It wasn't getting dark until after 10pm and by the time we had set up camp and cooked tea, we didn't get into bed until midnight.

Day Four. We had slept well after our big paddle (65km) and decided a climb onto the tops would give the bodies a rest from paddling and a chance to see the beauty of Dusky from another angle. The forecast was still good and the weather was perfect with another clear day. We chose a steep narrow spur behind the beach and climbed clear of the bush and scrub within 2 hours. Within 3 hours we were on top of a 3,500 ft peak that gave us views in all directions, still blue skies and not a breath of wind, it was just unbelievable. To the west we could see South Point and Fannin Bay and the swell breaking on Seal Islands and Five Fingers Point. To the north we could see up into Goose Cove, Earshell Cove, Duck Cove and the entrance to Acheron Passage. To the east where the mountains rise over 5000 ft there was not a cloud to be seen. To the south we looked over to the Kakapo Range which rises up from Edwardson Sound in Chalky. We looked down on Pickersgill Harbour. This was exactly the same view of Dusky Bay that Dr. James Hector, the provincial geologist of Otago had sketched in 1863 and appears in John Hall-Jone's book, 'Fiordland Explored'.

We had watched the 'Cindy Hardy' cruise up the far side of Long Island, so when we heard a boat coming into Cascade Cove that evening, we knew

who it would be. They were coming in to restock with fresh water at the crayfishermen's barge and to stop the night. They invited us on board for a shower which we couldn't say no to, so collected our gear and paddled the 500m around to the barge. By this time it was about 9pm so after showers, crayfish on bread with mayonnaise, Speights, leftover roast and veg, more Speights and a few lies, it was well after 11pm. We managed to enter the kayak from the boat which was now anchored in the middle of Cascade Cove, and paddled off into the dark, much to the amusement of the divers. What moon there was, had gone down, and we had a little bit of discussion where our camp was but managed to find the landing without much difficulty.

Day Five. The weather was still very settled but there were forecasts of NE in the outlook. We wanted to paddle up to Breaksea as it looked like the weather might hold long enough to get up to Doubtful Sound the following day. With the settled weather, it meant we could do the portage at the head of Goose Cove inside Five Fingers Peninsular and around the top of Resolution Island into Breaksea.

We took a bit of a zig zag route. We visited Pickersgill Harbour and Astronomers Point and moored 'Endeavour' where Cook had moored 'Resolution' for six weeks in 1773. Then across to Luncheon Cove on Anchor Island, where the first European house and boat were built in 1792. Here we met an interesting Swedish couple on a yacht who had been sailing around the world for the past three years and had last sailed into Dusky 10 years ago. We carried on to Earshell Cove on Resolution Island with its beautiful white beaches and brilliant red rata flowering all around us. We had lunch here, but didn't linger as there was a bit of wind coming up, and we were getting behind schedule to catch high tide at Goose Cove. We wove our way inside Pigeon Island and into Facile Harbour for a look, before carrying on around Whidbey Point into Goose Cove.

There is a 2km tidal estuary at the head of Goose Cove and the tide

pushed us in strongly. It was the most picturesque place I think we went to with clear waters, bush down to the water and rata flowers. We only had to get out of the boat for the last 20m. It is a portage of less than 200m to Woodhen Cove on the Breaksea side of Resolution Island. It is all grass and only rises a few metres above sea level. By the time we had transferred gear and boat to the other side and had a feed it was 7pm.

Paddling out of Woodhen Cove we saw a hind and fawn grazing the high faces of the cove in the evening sun. Out into the open sea proper there was no wind and only about one metre of W swell. Once around into Breaksea, the last of the afternoon sea-breeze helped us along. From this angle you get views of the rugged outside of Breaksea Island with its many pinnacles and vertical faces rising up out of the ocean. We paddled inside Gilbert Islands and set up camp at a sandy beach inside Disappointment Cove on Resolution Island. It was after 8.30 and we had missed our radio sched. The bird life on Resolution is impressive but the deer population seems to have exploded and the undergrowth has been grazed very hard.

Day Six. We awoke to an even better forecast of variable 10 knot winds and one metre SW swell, with a similar outlook. We were packed and gone by 9am on our way to Doubtful Sound. There was low cloud around the hills but this was burnt off by 10.30. Breaksea Sound has much higher mountains rising up out of the sea than the outer parts of Preservation and Dusky. We paddled over to Entry Island and the entrance of Acheron Passage hoping for a good view down the passage but with the low cloud and darkness it didn't look as impressive as we had hoped, just rather gloomy.

We knew the 'Cindy Hardy' was going to be in Breaksea at Sunday Cove, the same night we were, to change dive parties, but didn't think we would meet up. Shortly after, the 'Cindy Hardy' appeared from Sunday Cove, another crayfishermen's base, and headed for Entry Island. It made a great scene; this large wooden fishing boat heading out in the mist; the dark mountains behind on a sea that was so calm, it looked like a piece

of glass. We stopped briefly for a chat with Tracker and replacement skipper Gordon who warned us of the sea breezes that can blow up or down the coastline between Breaksea and Doubtful. Fortunately we hadn't chosen to paddle up Acheron Passage the day before as Tracker said there was a 20 knot breeze blowing in Breaksea. He was quite surprised that we had virtually no wind.

We departed Breaksea by 10.30, still no wind and one metre W swell. Coal River was to be our lunch spot. A tail wind lifted as we neared Coal River and I was amazed at the way the wind was getting dragged into the deep bay at Coal River, 15-20 knots in the bay while offshore there was nothing. It was pretty much a W swell coming straight into the bay and so it didn't make much difference where we landed on the 1km long black sandy beach. Its is quite shallow so we had a double break to get through, but only broached once coming into the beach. We lifted the boat up the beach and then climbed up onto the high sand dunes for lunch amongst the Pingau grass. Behind the dunes lay the tidal estuary of Coal River and a big wide valley ran back to the mountains at the end of the valley.

Paddling back out of the bay into a head wind wasn't too bad as we knew it would be better outside. Once around the point it returned to the one metre swell with no wind. We were able to keep closer to shore which made the trip more interesting paddling inside the various rocks that lie along this coast. The coastline is all pretty much the same but none the less impressive with the mountains rising straight up out of the sea to open tops and lower down, heavy bush sprinkled with red Rata flower. Certainly not much coastline like this around.

There wasn't the sea-breeze going into Dagg Sound that I expected and we stopped off Castoff Point for a rest and snack. The entrance to Dagg looks an unfriendly place and obviously a long way inland to any decent landing. Paddling on from Dagg Sound, the sea-breeze increased to the point that it was pushing us along well; the white caps were increasing in number and size. Stopping to eat and drink had to be done with a bit

more caution. We entered the familiar ground of Doubtful Sound in good time. This is still one of the grandest sounds with its wide entrance and steep mountains rising straight up thousands of feet. We took some video of the Hares Ears and swell to compare to 1992, then caught a very fast 25 knot tail wind to the Shelter Islands, arriving at The Gut Hut on Secretary Island by 7.30pm.

Here we read a log book entry from Brian Roberts that he had spent six days stuck at Breaksea waiting for the weather to settle. To paddle from Puysegur to Doubtful without a break in weather still seemed amazing and here we were with all this food left and even the last of our fresh tomatoes.

Day Seven: Still a fine day and a leisurely paddle down Doubtful Sound to Olphert Bay opposite Elizabeth Island. The 20+ knot following sea-breeze made it pretty easy paddling although we had to watch for gusts and the odd bit of spray was being lifted down by Elizabeth Island. I was a bit concerned that Fiordland Travel might not ferry our kayak from Deep Cove over Wilmot Pass to West Arm after reading some comments in The Gut Hut. As I found out that night, that was the case. The old Leyland bus we used in 1992 was now obsolete.

Day Eight: We packed the kayak in a light drizzle, the first rain since day one, and paddled off into the mist and Deep Cove. At Deep Cove we met up with Daphne, on a Fiordland Wilderness guided kayaking trip, who kindly offered to give us a lift over the pass the next day. In the meantime we met up with David and Fiona who look after the Deep Cove Hostel and they generously offered to put our kayak on the trailer when they went over to the power station that afternoon. By 2pm we were at West Arm, Lake Manapouri among the sandflies. We were promptly in our kayak and gone within 20 minutes. The last two hours of our crossing to Manapouri township was the worst two hours of our whole trip as we battled a head wind. The last 30 minutes of gale and driving rain into Manapouri confirmed we had got out just in time.

Phil Handford

*TRIBUTETORUSSELGINN
FRIENDANDKAYAKER*

by Conrad Edwards

It is with great sadness that I record the death of Russel Ginn, peacefully at his home in Titahi Bay in January 1996. Russel, a veteran sea kayaker, will have been known to many of you.

Reserved and thoughtful, with a delightful, sly humour and turn of phrase, Russel loved the sea, the mountains, poetry and music. He was a family man: his wife Ellinore, as flamboyant as Russel was quiet, died in 1995, and he is succeeded by their daughters and their families. He also loved solitude, and reading and musing on voyages and exploration: maritime, desert, polar and historic. This tribute focuses on the kayaking side of Russel's long and interesting life, although it can only hint at aspects of it. I write it for Russel, and on behalf of his kayaking friends.

Russel had since the 1950's forged the family dream of building an ocean going yacht and sailing the family off in it. Ages were spent in detailed plans, stacks of timber were purchased, but the keel was never laid - only some small sailing dinghies eventuated. Russel commenced kayaking around 1970, initially in long, broad wood and canvas craft that he and some neighbours built and used in the Titahi Bay surf. He increasingly marvelled at the elegant simplicity of kayaks, their freedom and versatility. A boat so small that it could be manhandled with ease, so seaworthy it could ride out gales, and so easily propelled that long tours were possible. Early in his kayaking life, Russel would act as if sailing a ketch, choosing campsites for their anchorage potential, but he soon shrugged off the constraints of sail. His only expressed regret was that he had not discovered the potential of sea kayaking earlier.

In the late 1970's Russel constructed his first wooden Hereshoff kayak, a five-planked clinker design that he modified to three-planked stitch-and-glue: at 16' and 80lbs, it was affectionately known as the battleship. He constructed two more, lower and shorter, the final white version so fine tuned that it fitted him

perfectly. {This was the kayak Russel paddled at the 1995 KASK Forum}. For convenience, in the last few years, Russel also paddled his lighter fibre-glass Puysegur and Arctic Raider; but he took greatest pride in his wooden craft. He was a great believer in the skeg rather than the rudder; he fitted his Hereshoffs with adjustable skegs, and was adept in their use.

In 1983, Russel had his first long kayaking trip, transferring his tramping and hunting gear to the Hereshoff, and setting off with David and Jo Banks to Mount Stokes (an unusually high objective for a kayak trip), via Picton and Kenepuru Sound. In the following decade, averaging at least two trips a year, Russel developed a love and intimate knowledge of New Zealand's beautiful rivers, lakes and coastlines; Abel Tasman National Park, Lakes Taupo and Waikaremoana, the Wanganui River, but especially the Marlborough Sounds. He knew practically every bay and camp site, every sound and reach. Russel occasionally travelled solo but mostly with groups of friends, especially Mike and Kathy Peers, David and Jo Banks, Hugh MacRae, but many others also.

Despite his companion's complaints, Russel insisted on paddling in his oldest, most worn cottons, woollens and oilskins. After a day's paddling, he would let them dry on him, before eventually changing into his Paisley pyjamas, keeping the 'going home' clothes' he always carried for that purpose alone. Russel satisfied his impressive appetite with solid home-made bread, eaten with cheese and dates, and washed down with wine or a whisky and ginger wine mix - sipped from a glass of course. When the resultant warmth reached his toes, it was time for bed.

Russel enjoyed his sleep on trips, unperturbed by his dogs. One night Mike Peers mistook a tube of poison for toothpaste. With a swollen tongue, Mike woke Russel, who slowly put his reading glasses on and examined the tube. "One thinks it would take a considerable amount of this to be fatal, Mike", he concluded, as he dropped back to sleep. Endless cups of tea were required to coax a grumpy Mr. G to strike camp in the morning.

A late starter by nature, Russel like fossicking around, enjoying where he happened to be; windy days off were not wasted on him. For such occasions, he carried an umbrella, and always a book of poetry. Only once does anyone recall Russel approaching anger: being woken an hour too early for a dawn start. Otherwise, whether up to his neck in water or shivering in a howling gale, Russel was impeccably polite and composed.

However, once on the water, Russel was off; paddling comfortably and with a full head of steam, he did not want to stop, and would keep going into the evening. Not bad, for an ol' fella with one lung. Russel circumnavigated D'Urville Island while in his early 70's. Tony Jennings, encountering Russel on the water many a time around Mana Island and Plimmerton, was surprised to find on his death, just how old he was.

Russel paddled often around his Titahi Bay base. He enjoyed the tranquillity of the Porirua and Pauatahanui inlets, as much as the stark beauty of the coast and Mana Island. Keeping a boat in his shed on Titahi Bay beach, in the luxury of retirement he would often paddle to one of the neighbouring bays for lunch. Mike Peers, who has survived more trips with Russel than anyone, recalls with equal pleasure, their chance encounters while paddling separately around the rocks of Titahi Bay, usually resulting in them paddling together into the evening. Russel also acted as the local kayaker's guardian, keeping a watchful eye - with his powerful vintage binoculars - from his cliff-top home for any overdue paddlers, and meeting them on the beach after long trips.

For myself, the memories I cherish most of many are of cosy winter evenings at Russel's, chatting with him in front of the fire - armchair kayaking - perhaps with a glass of wine or a book of poetry, always with humour and friendship. I miss him.

Russel had many dreams that will now not be realized: to continue his explorations of the Marlborough Sounds and other coasts, and to paddle across Cook Strait {see the correspondence in the last newsletter No.60}. Neither will the massive timbers in his back yard ever form the

keel of his yacht. But his lately developed love of sea kayaking had probably superseded that dream, anyway.

Change was his mistress, Chance his counsellor

Love could not hold him, Duty forged no chain;

The wide seas and mountains called him

And grey dawn saw his camp fire in the rain.

Anon, from Russel's collection.

As an epitaph what could be more appropriate than that chosen by his family:

Russel, 'the oceans, the mountains and spacious quietude salute you.

Your friends do too.

Conrad Edwards,
15 March 1996.

KASKHANDBOOK

The handbook is shaping up well with Peter Sullivan's time and effort. A final editing session plus obtaining quotes for printing an initial run of 200 is planned for March, with a launching scheduled at the KASK Picton forum. Big thanks to all those who contributed and proof read.

KASKPICTONFORUMUPDATE

Information for this years KASK Forum, from organizer, Peter Sullivan:

Tentative Cost at present: \$75 per head which will include the evening meal on Friday night, three lunches, camp fees at Mistletoe Bay, venue hire, and a copy of the KASK Handbook. This cost is subject to a confirmed quote from the caterers.

Venue: Queen Charlotte Yacht Club. Ray Forsyth has offered to open the club rooms early and will act as sort of resident caretaker to keep an eye on stored kayaks etc. It is a green building on the water's edge, due east across the sound from the ferry terminal, and just past the old scow 'Echo'. Kayaks can be stored inside overnight for security. There is ample parking.

Date: from 4pm, Thursday 25 April to 1pm Sunday 28 April.

Speakers: Speakers include Cathye Haddock, Conrad Edwards, John Kirk-Anderson, Stephen Counsell, Mark Hutson and a local representative of DOC. Brian Roberts, the recent South Island circumnavigator, will present a talk show and slide show of his solo, unsupported trip. Kayak manufacturers who have responded to Peter's invitation to demonstrate their boats at the 'Show and Tell' include Quality Kayaks and Paddling Perfection.

Kayak Hire: As well as Alastair Rynn (see p.1), Marlborough Sounds Adventure Co. are willing to provide a forum discount of 20% on kayaks (at \$32 per person per day) and equipment. Boats available include: singles - Puffins and Sea Quests doubles - Sea Bear, Southern Light and Dusky Bay
Please make your own prior booking arrangements for kayak rental, contact Dave Wilson,

Marl.Snds. Advent. Co:
1 Russell St, Picton;
PO Box 195, Picton
Tel: (03) 573 6078
Fax: (03) 573 8827

Accommodation: Unfortunately we can not 'live in' at the Picton Yacht Club rooms. The closest motel/cabin/camping accommodation is the Blue Anchor Holiday Park. approx. 5 minutes walk from the yacht club. The address is

70 - 78 Waikawa Rd., Picton.

Ph/Fax: (03) 573 7212

Costs are as follows: Motel units - first 2 persons \$68, extra adults \$12 each (sleep 5)

Tourist flats - first 2 persons \$53, extra adults \$12 each. (sleep 2 > 5)

Tourist cabin - first 2 persons \$42, extra adults \$12 each. (1D/bed, 4 bunks, supply own bedding)

Standard cabin - first 2 persons \$32, extra adults \$12 each. (sleep 4 > 8, supply bedding & utensils)

Caravan/tent sites - first 2 persons \$18, extra adults \$9 each.

Please make your own bookings for accommodation this year.

Overnight Trip to Mistletoe Bay

At 3.30pm on Saturday 27 April, we will depart by kayak in several small groups for Mistletoe Bay. The paddle will take 1.5 to two hours. Participants

in this overnight paddle, please bring paddling gear, camping gear, cooking & eating utensils. Forty tent sites are booked for KASK. There a double garage for shelter and cooking. There is no power. A key is available to anyone who prefers to drive to the site, however no camper vans or vehicles are allowed to remain in the camp area (there is a car park up the hill a bit).

Reminder

Please notify Peter Sullivan of your intention to attend the forum. Numbers are necessary to arrange the catering. The forum notification was included in Newsletter No.60. Peter's address and contact numbers are included with the newsletter information.

FORUMTIMETABLE

The Tentative Timetable for the Picton Forum is included on page 15.

Suppliers of Nautical Pilots

A note from Conrad Edwards to say Transport Pacific Marine have a good selection of Pilots, with an overnight supply service (provided you have plastic money). British Admiralty Pilots and Sailing Directions (Canada), plus supplements updating information are available. They are not cheap, approximately NZ\$100, but they are the start point for planning an expedition.

The address:
Trans Pacific Marine Ltd.
PO Box 1874
121 Beaumont St
Westhaven
Auckland
Ph: (09) 303 1459
Fax: (09) 307 8170
Freephone: (0508) 800 600

Old editions of Pilots and Sailing Direction often contain more pertinent information for kayakers; sources of freshwater, boat landings etc. Nautical sections of New Zealand second hand bookshops are the place to find them, generally at a fraction of the cost of new Pilots.

If undelivered, please return to Sandy Ferguson: 12 Dunn St., Christchurch 2.