

THE SEA CANOEIST NEWSLETTER

Issue 77

October - November 1998

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The Sea Canoeist Newsletter is published 6 times a year as the official newsletter of the Kiwi Association of Sea Kayakers (N.Z.) Inc.

Subscriptions are \$20.00 per annum & should be made out to K.A.S.K. (NZ) Inc. & sent to the KASK Treasurer: Helen Woodward, 82 Hutcheson St. Blenheim Ph: (03) 578 5429.

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EDITORIAL.

Firstly my profound thanks to those kindly folk who have written or emailed and said how much they enjoyed the last newsletter, particularly the marvellous report by Donna Hammond on the trip around Stewart Island. Donna's account had all the ingredients of a good read, exciting dramatic moments, humour, encounters with the locals, building up vignettes of the participants for the readers, and lovely personal touches with reference to Donna's mum.

This newsletter is rather lean on trip reports, largely because the weather has been of the 'tickle your arse with a feather' variety, or said in more propitious terms, 'particularly nasty weather'. I had to blackmail Conrad Edwards, for his two rather brief albeit well written reports, by withholding addresses for overseas second-hand book addresses, but the blackmail was worthwhile. If he does not promptly produce a superb account of our recent Greenland trip, a photo of the young fella sunbathing on a stranded ice floe will appear in the next newsletter.

Thus bereft of absorbing trip reports for this newsletter, I am indebted to cybermail searcher Sandy Ferguson for some superb and inspirational reading that he plucked off the net. Some years ago Ralph Diaz, editor of 'Folding Kayaker' newsletter and author of the manual 'Complete Folding Kayaker', interviewed Hans Lindemann. For those not aware of this remarkable man, Hans Lindemann crossed the Atlantic first in a dugout canoe and then repeated this feat the follow-

ing year in a folboat. Although Franz Romer was the first to paddle/sail a folboat across the Atlantic in 1928, from Portugal to the Virgin Islands, he disappeared without trace on his last leg to New York when he was caught in a hurricane. Hans Lindemann survived both crossings and his 1958 first edition account of both trips, 'Alone at Sea', has been reprinted and is still available (see Book Section for ordering addresses).

Ed Gillete is another understated inspirational adventurer, whose exploits have not been widely acknowledged or publicized. Ed paddled most of the length of the west coast of South America, before threats to his life from local bandits forced a premature abandonment only some 400 miles short of his goal at Panama. Then in 1987, Ed paddled and parafoiled a Tofino double kayak from the Monterey Bay on the central Californian coast for some 2,400 miles out to Hawaii, this totally committing trip taking 63 days.

Hugh Canard has again raised the subject of qualifications for amateur sea kayakers. Vincent Maire broached the subject in an earlier newsletter with a muted response received from readers. As Hugh notes the SKOANZ qualification is an assessment of guiding and instruction skills, not a skills development course. The KASK Handbook is a positive step for promotion of safe paddling, and perhaps the next step for the committee is to consider the subject of an amateur qualification.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

ABEL TASMAN
NATIONAL PARK

from Allan & Joyce Singleton

Our family first visited Abel Tasman National Park in January 1979, when we camped for a week at Totaranui. We have been back a further four times:

- in January 1983 I paddled an open canoe from Totaranui to Marahau while the other family members walked the coastal track.
- in January 1987 we tramped the complete circuit of inland and coastal tracks.
- in September 1993 we sea kayaked Marahau to Awaroa return.
- in July last year Joyce and I kayaked from Marahau to Shag Harbour and back.

For a Hamiltonian, I am thus fairly familiar with the park.

In January 1983 I did not see any other paddlers at all. In September 1993 we hired kayaks from one of the long established operators. Our group comprised a double kayak and three singles. Another double set off at the same time as us, and we met one other group of about five singles during our five day trip.

In July last year all the 'established operators' were closed for the winter, and we hired from the one company open for business. On the day we set out, our operator accompanied two clients on a day trip. When we came back three days later, we met him with another two day-paddlers, but in between we had not seen another kayak. We always paddle with our eyes open, so where is the problem with overcrowding?

Obviously kayaking the coast has become rather more popular in January since 1983, and it gets similarly crowded at Easter (and perhaps Labour weekend?), but does overcrowding for about six weeks of the year require restrictions on kayak opera-

tors and the number of kayaks? What about the trampers, the fizz boaters and the yachties? Did Geoff Gabites give a breakdown of the numbers of each sector and the proportion of day visits to overnighing?

The introduction to the 1976 edition of the Park Handbook states, 'The Park is essentially a sea coast area deriving its unique qualities from its golden beaches.' What better way is there to access such an area than by kayak? As an association we should vigorously promote sea kayaking, and at the expense of other forms of recreation if necessary. If DOC wish to cut visitor numbers down, then they should close the coastal track from Marahau to Awaroa to walkers during periods of high Park usage. Kayakers, after all, do not require tracks and bridges that are expensive to maintain, and servicing of the coastal huts and campsites is all done by boat, not via the tracks.

Personally (and I still do a fair bit of tramping) it would not worry me if the Marahau to Awaroa track was closed permanently, and KASK should advocate this if necessary. There are plenty of other places to go tramping, but the coast from Marahau to Onetahuti Beach is ideal for kayaking, especially for introducing novices to coastal paddling. It is likely that this would also provide more off-season clients for the commercial operators.

KASK should leave the commercial operators to sort themselves out, it is none of our business. The cowboys will eventually find the going too tough and disappear, but a good level of competition for clients is necessary to keep prices down and service standards high.

As far as finding a beach to your self in mid-summer or at Easter is concerned, forget it! Even with some restrictions it will not get that good again. Put your wetsuit on and go in the winter. The weather can be just as good, and you can have your choice of all the deserted beaches and islands that you could ever wish for.

GUIDING, TRIP LEADERSHIP - QUALIFICATIONS - DO WE NEED THEM? from Hugh Canard

John Kirk Anderson's article on SKOANZ was an excellent backgrounder. My thanks to John for building bridges between the commercial and non commercial (amateur doesn't sound right) sea kayakers.

SKOANZ developed a Sea Kayak Guides qualification out of the sheer necessity of setting a standard in the absence of any credible New Zealand standard at the time. We did not want to follow the slippery path that the commercial rafting operators found themselves on, with client fatalities and a cowboy image. All their businesses suffered for the actions of a minority in their industry.

The commercial operators involved in setting up the scheme received a great deal of assistance from Mick Hopkinson and Brett Whitely, both wearing their NZOIA and NZCA hats. KASK members with heavy duty sea going experience also were very helpful when we came to deciding on the skills base requirements. The result is a workable scheme which has built its own mana. The polytechs and outdoor trusts quickly picked up on the SKOANZ syllabus as a basis for their outdoors leaders and adventure tourism courses.

What may not be readily understood is that the SKOANZ scheme is a qualification, and it is based on an assessment process. It is not a skills development course. It is also focussed on assessing guiding skills not necessarily how good a paddler you are. Where and how you obtain the skills has been something the commercial operators have left to individuals to get from wherever they can - 'Training Providers' such as Polytechs and outdoor trusts or clubs or the School of Life

The need for a skills qualification and the attendant training courses is one that SKOANZ recognised at the outset, but decided that it was not our role. We tapped into NZ Coastguard,

First Aid, Risk Management, Outdoor Leadership etc., but the big gap remains - a specific sea kayak safety course which covers all the rescue skills base and what I think of as 'planning journeys in low energy self propelled craft on the mighty ocean' stuff.

Some amateur, ie., recreational paddlers might like to gain the SKOANZ Guides Certificate in order to formalise their experience and skills attained in trip leadership of groups of friends or club type situations. After all in NZ, what else is there? I would caution those people with the warning that the SKOANZ certificate is a guiding not a leadership or pure technical skills ticket. It may come as a surprise to some quite skilled and experienced sea kayakers to find out the difference between guiding and expedition leading. Don't sit a SKOANZ assessment to find this out!

I became a professional sea kayaker in 1992. My background was an amateur canoe club paddler with heaps of trip leader mileage, mainly on river trips, and quite a lot of sea miles with friends in small groups. Like many KASK members I did a lot of solo sea trips. I fondly imagined sea kayak guiding, especially in the Abel Tasman would be a doddle. What I quickly found out was how much I needed to learn about guiding. What I would like to get across to KASK members is that there are a whole lot of other skills one has to add to one's sea kayaking skills to be a guide. These are empathy based people skills, such as dealing with absolute novices every day, people who have no sea instincts at all, English is a second or third language, and who are on holiday, not on a course. Cooking skills and simply being an interesting and interested person helps enormously.

What makes a good trip leader or instructor may not always make a good guide. My experience was that some outdoors instructors and good paddlers made wonderful guides, and some very competent outdoor instructors, or even skilled and widely experienced sea kayakers were disasters as guides. Being comfortable in either role is a bonus.

My plea to KASK is to try and put together some basic sea kayak skills qualification and to develop the top level 'Expedition Leaders' ticket. KASK doesn't have to run it, or do the courses, just set the standard. Then you decide who runs the assessment process. Ask yourselves the question, 'What would one need to know and be capable of putting into practice in order to safely run a week long sea kayak trip for a group of average paddlers around D'Urville Island or Banks Peninsula?' (My definition of an average paddler is someone who owns their own sea kayak)

I don't think we need a clone of the BCU's super duper instructor's scheme here. Not with our resources and with our general dislike for diluting our paddling time with voluntary paper work. There is this need out there. The wonderful KASK forums, by their very nature, have a limited reach. How many sea kayaks are sold each year in New Zealand?

I know there is antipathy in the KASK culture for anything which smacks of formality or bureaucracy. It's that club thing again. However, KASK has an unmatched pool of sea paddlers with experience to share. What I am asking is for KASK to consider what is the most effective input it might have into promoting safe and enjoyable sea kayaking across a broad front.

I believe that KASK could define the skills required, give a lead to those who run the courses, and it could set standards of achievement for aspiring paddlers to aim for. It would be a valuable evolutionary step in the advancement of sea kayaking in New Zealand.

All journeys start with a single dip of the paddle.

Hugh Canard

PADDLE WEIGHT from Derek Wakeling

Your article on paddle weight set me thinking and I enclose an article for your consideration. I am afraid I am one of those folks who cannot help trying to work out the why and wherefor of anything I am interested in. However I am very conscious off the that fact that I am a newcomer to kayaking. Pam, my wife, and I having taken it up late in life when our knees were suffering from the effects of bush walking. We have messed about in small boats for most of our lives but have a great deal to learn and practice as far as kayaking is concerned. Whilst I have tried to write so as to compliment your article and feel the points I make are important, I am a bit worried that it could be seen as in some way contradicting your article which is the last thing I want. After all you have already made the point about the importance of paddle weight and that's what set me thinking more deeply about it. If you feel my article is helpful and will be taken as genuine debate that's OK but if you feel there is any danger of people taking it as criticism please either forget about it or suggest possible alterations, I would very much appreciate your comments. I look forward to hearing from you.

Yours sincerely

Derek Wakeling

PS I would like to say how much I appreciate all the work you put into editing the Newsletter and Manual. Thanks.

FURTHER THOUGHTS ON PADDLE WEIGHT by Derek Wakeling

Paul Caffyn's article on paddle weight in Issue 75 of this Newsletter amply demonstrates the importance of using a light-weight paddle, but further analysis of the movements involved in paddling show that the weight distribution between the blades and the shaft is even more important than the total weight. So this article explains the effect and importance of both aspects.

The motion of paddling essentially involves moving the ends of the paddle around a central point. The centre of gravity of the paddle is in the centre of the shaft and this point does move a bit but nothing like as much as the blades. The paddler is not actually lifting the weight of the paddle with each stroke because the centre of gravity stays in much the same place, however total weight is important because it is obviously more tiring to hold a heavy paddle out in front of you than a light one.

The laws of physics show that much more energy is required to change the direction and/or speed (momentum) of a given weight than just supporting it. A mathematical analysis of paddle and body movement would be extremely complicated but the important points are:

- Firstly a lot of energy is required to change the speed and direction, that is the momentum, of a moving object such as a paddle.

- Secondly speed is more important than weight or more correctly mass. (Energy is directly proportional to the mass and proportional to the square of the speed, twice the speed - four times the energy).

As the action of paddling moves the blades at the ends of the paddle faster than the shaft, weight in the blades is more important than weight in the shaft. It is all the changes in direction and speed of the paddle blades that soak up the unproductive energy - that is energy that does not contribute to moving the kayak.

This technical stuff is maybe too much to bother about for those who just like to enjoy their paddling but fortunately it is simpler to understand by just imagining, or if you feel like it, actually trying out, a small experiment.

Imagine fixing a 250 gramme weight with sticky tape to each blade of your paddle. Then imagine sitting on a chair and going through the motions of paddling. You can certainly feel the effect of those weights every time the paddle blades change direction and the faster you paddle the more effect those weights have.

Then imagine removing the weights from the blades and fixing them to the centre of the shaft and again sitting on your chair. The paddle now feels much the same if you keep it still but when you move it you feel the difference. As soon as you start paddling the blades feel nice and light and you hardly notice the weights, yet the total weight of the paddle and weights is the same. This might be a good demonstration for a class but if you try this at home, mind the television or you may prove more than you intended about the energy involved in changes of momentum.

So saving the small extra weight of a smart shaft mechanism in the centre of the shaft will have little effect on reducing the unproductive energy used but saving the same weight in the blades would save a lot of energy during a long paddle. After all as Paul pointed out in his article you move the paddle around 3600 times in each hour of paddling. In fact you change its momentum, that is use energy, every time you push it up, down, back or forward or change its speed, and you do this maybe 14,400 times each hour. Of course the more smoothly you paddle the less energy you waste by changes of momentum but these figures are used to make the point.

The nearer the weight saving is to the ends of the paddle the greater the amount of energy saved. As Paul pointed out saving weight in the drip rings is a good idea. Do away with the drip rings if speed or efficiency is more important than getting wet. How heavy are blade tip reinforcements and are they necessary for deep water paddling? Even a few grams saving is important at the ends of the blades.

This is all a rather long winded way of pointing out why it is important to have light-weight paddle blades but it is worth saying as I would like to bet that most of the weight difference between one paddle and another is in the blade. So we really ought to be asking for weights for both the shaft and the blades to compare one paddle with another. If the answers are not forthcoming, the best you can do is twist each paddle around to see which feels lightest in the ends.

A BOLLOCKING FOR THE EDITOR

The Right Honourable KASK
Newsletter Editor
Nordkapp (Ruddered & Pomless) House
Saltspray Lane
The West Coast
The Mainland
(Home of great scenery, good rugby, and decent paddling Real Blokes)

Dear Sir,

I wanted to say how much I enjoy your most excellent newsletter, and your well informed approach to Editorship (or should that be Editoriak?). While most newsletters have been of the highest quality, I feel that recently the standards have slipped slightly, and what is needed to re-establish the 'Sea Canoeist Newsletter' as the leading international sea kayaking publication is an increase in the pursuit of topical, gritty issues. Consequently I propose that each newsletter should include 1-2 articles which feature ritual humiliation of Poms and all things British, the frequent use of the word 'bollocks' (preferably in bold and underlined), and regularly taking the piss out of bickering narrow-minded, gluesniffing kayak manufacturers.

On that note, I'd appreciate the editorial pen being slashed through the following manufacturer's latest outpouring.

Yours sincerely,
Glyn Dickson

P.S. Although of European descent, I am at pains to point out that only a tiny (and completely insignificant) percentage of my ancestry is English, and I have been able to ascertain that the seafarers of that lineage all had rudders on their chosen craft.....

Please find enclosed a couple of photos of our new X Factor, which is now fully in production. I thought you may like some information on the X Factor for the newsletter so with no further ado

X FACTOR **by Glyn Dickson**

Designed to be a highly responsive "full blown" sea kayak for the 50 - 70kg paddler, or a fast day/overnight kayak for the larger paddler. Extensive hull development has produced a very easily driven kayak that will allow less strong paddlers to keep up with the bunch, while the stronger paddler can enjoy a level of performance not far below that of the Slingshot. Of particular note is the excellent energy efficiency when paddling into wind and waves, which is an area where smaller/lighter paddlers are at a significant disadvantage compared to those larger/stronger. The X Factor's distinctive low profile shape has been designed to minimise windage, without sacrificing storage volume. Stability is good, making the kayak suitable for the intermediate to advanced sea kayaker, although a beginner could manage quite well, as long as they are prepared to invest in their initial skills development.

The X Factor's styling features very distinctive curves, leading to a smooth contemporary look. The "sunk down" deck detail ahead of the cockpit takes advantage of a normally wasted area, and creates the landing space for deck storage, which is then secured by the innovative rubber mesh bag. The rear deck has a purpose built molding for paddle float re-entries, and plenty of space for storage of split paddles, paddle floats, hand pumps etc. Again, careful thought has gone into maximising the storage volume behind the seat by raising the deck profile, thus utilising the greatest load carrying area of the kayak.

The cockpit has been developed to combine comfort, with ease of use, and to provide sufficiently good ergonomics for advanced paddling. The opening is sufficiently large (Sea Bear 1 size) for most paddlers to seat themselves before bringing their legs in, yet the deck shape offers excellent bracing points for the knees while Eskimo rolling. The padded bucket seat and low cockpit rim allow the paddler to comfortably lean backwards, again helping with Eskimo

rolling, or paddling in surf. The footrest is our proven system from the Sea Bear 1 which uses a single spring pin for adjustment with self adjusting steering lines.

Construction options are Standard Kevlar (22kg) \$3558, or Economy Fibreglass (23kg) at \$2970. Dimensions are 5310mm long, by 570mm wide.

We are running a promotion until Christmas where every purchaser of a new Paddling Perfection sea kayak goes in the draw to win a Kevlar X Factor. Contact any of our retailers for more information.

Cheers,
Glyn

HISTORY **A TALK WITH DR.** **LINDEMANN:** **INSIGHTS ON VOYAGE** **by Ralph Diaz**

(reprinted with permission from 'Folding Kayaker' May/June 1993)
How does one approach a near-deity? I recently had a chance to find out when I telephoned Dr. Hannes Lindemann to interview him for an article for the Fall 1993 issue of Sea Kayaker. For many of us Dr. Lindemann holds a high position in the pantheon of seafaring in small boats. His epic 1956 crossing of the Atlantic is particularly inspiring for us folding kayakers because it was accomplished in a folding Klepper Aerius double not appreciably different from the current stock model and strikingly similar to double Feathercrafts, Folbots and Nautiraids. You don't have to be a Klepper enthusiast to revere Dr. Lindemann and his achievement.

Lindemann's voyage was one of the first things I had heard about when I first wandered into the realm of folding kayaks. Indeed, the ability of his folding kayak to take on the rigors of the Atlantic was a key selling point that convinced me to buy one (not that I was going to do anything like it, but it was good to know, just in case). At

that time, I searched all over New York City to buy a copy of his book, *Alone At Sea*, with no success. A few months later, I found one in an antique book store in Nashville of all places. In pristine shape and for just \$7; inlanders just didn't know the gem they had in their possession. Like others of you, I regularly re-read the book each year because it is a tale worth reliving over and over again.

So, I was finally going to talk with Dr. Lindemann for an article. And I was losing my nerve. What do you say to someone you and others idolize and are reminded of every time you touch the soft fabric of your boat? You procrastinate. I cleaned house, did some plumbing and worked on the car. My wife was hoping I would drag my feet some more and give the apartment a much needed coat of paint. No such luck.

I'm not the only one willing to confess to some knee shaking when faced with contacting Dr. Lindemann as I recently learned from Peter Schwierzke, owner of Klepper West. Peter is the person who has arranged for Dr. Lindemann to come to the West Coast Sea Kayaking Symposium in September and is behind the upcoming, new translation of *Alone At Sea*. Late last year he was driving down a German autobahn toward Dr. Lindemann's home for their first face-to-face meeting when it hit him. "Oh s*#t, I'm about to see a living legend in the flesh!" His mouth got dry during the last hour of the drive as he went into semi-shock at the prospect.

Luckily for Peter and for me, Dr. Lindemann, for all of his accomplishment, is a very accessible, open individual. He made Peter feel at home during his visit. And he put me at ease in our phone conversation.

The interview went differently from what I envisioned. Like any reporter, I confess that I approached Dr. Lindemann with some preconceived ideas of what I wanted him to say and was hoping to steer him into saying them. Dr. Lindemann didn't cooperate with my preconceptions and the interview contained some revealing

surprises about his voyage not published before.

Below are the key points that I think folding kayakers will find most useful, some of which will appear in the upcoming Sea Kayaker article.

What It Took

To the unaware, Dr. Lindemann's cross-Atlantic voyage in a folding kayak might seem a foolhardy adventure. Probably, with a less-prepared individual at the helm, it would have been. However, Dr. Lindemann had some great strengths that reduced the risks. Understanding these strengths is the key to the lessons we can draw from his voyage.

First, he was a small-boater par excellence. He had several dozen years of experience in small boats ranging from folding kayaks to sailing vessels. Dr. Lindemann had done plenty of paddling in his youth in Germany prior to WW II and, in the years following, had embarked on lengthy voyages in various craft. He not only knew the art of small-boat handling. He also was thoroughly grounded in what to expect on the open sea, not from reading books but from direct contact with that fickle element.

Dr. Lindemann attaches great importance to this strength. In our interview it came out during a question I asked regarding how he sees sea kayaking today. He used the question to focus on the issue of required skills. While he is happy to see a resurgence in the sport he feels that many kayakers venture out unprepared. "I think people want to do things with a bang. They go too fast, rah rah. They are suicidal." Regarding his own perilous voyage, he said "It is alright to attempt things when you have the experience."

Second, Dr. Lindemann had a clear understanding and control of his mind. He possessed some strengths in mental outlook that helped see him through.

These came out during the course of our interview in the unexpected answers he gave to my questions. When I asked what was the most important

thing he brought with him, he quickly replied, "My optimism." Ever the Folding Kayaker editor, I was thinking about equipment, but he clearly was concerned about more important intangible things. His positive attitude was key to the success of the voyage which was marked by severe storms, adverse winds and several capsizes.

"I never suffered anxiety even in the worst of it. I was always sure I would pull through."

Dr. Lindemann believes that so much of pulling through is mental and in the will to press on. His book frequently discusses the question of survival using examples dating back to the last century of people cast adrift by disasters at sea. Why do some poorly equipped individuals survive while others better provisioned die within the first few days? The latter gave up, the survivors did not.

Earlier, Dr. Lindemann had crossed the Atlantic in a 23-foot Liberian dug out canoe and found that he lacked an ability to meditate. He indicated during our interview that he had worked for months on learning how to meditate in preparation for the second crossing. He meditated often during the trip and the effort would bring him to what he told me was a "Buddha-like state."

Which leads to another intangible that came out during the interview. "I also prayed a lot. My prayers were not those of any organized religion. My belief was in pure religion, a biological religion. A belief in what we call 'a holy spirit'. It helped me to keep calm."

All of this combined to get him into a state of mind in which he was one with the elements surrounding him. "During the voyage, particularly the last three weeks, I sensed I was in flow. I achieved the state reached by musicians with their music and instruments. It was as when shooting a bow and arrow when everything lines up perfectly: eye, muscle, arrow, bow and target."

Most Difficult Moment

Still, I felt there must have been some problem, some moment of doubt. So I

asked him what was his most difficult time. I was thinking he might respond, for example, by pointing to the night his kayak had capsized during a vicious storm and he hung on to the upside down boat freezing and waiting for dawn to come when he would have enough light to safely right his kayak. That was a particularly hairy moment in *Alone At Sea* when everything seemed to be lost.

His response? "Buying the Klepper! That was my most difficult time. I had no money. I had to pay for it out of my own pockets and they weren't deep." Now there's an answer most folding kayak owners can relate to!

What About The Boat

I was curious about his thoughts regarding the folding kayak that he used, a stock Klepper Aeriis II which he ordered without fanfare from a dealer in Germany and had mailed to him in the Canary Islands. The Klepper company was not aware of what he planned to do, didn't even know he had bought one of its boats. It was a far cry from today when getting corporations to fork over gear and equipment is de rigueur.

Did the boat let him down? What did he think of it? "It was a perfect boat," he responded. "Oh, it was an inland sea boat obviously not built for the open Atlantic. No small boat is. I added the outrigger and the mizzensail for the conditions that would prevail on the Atlantic and did other modifications to prepare it for the open sea." Indeed, throughout *Alone At Sea*, Dr. Lindemann writes very fondly about his folding kayak and its reliability and performance during the voyage.

One of the reasons why he crossed the Atlantic a second time, after doing it in the long African dugout canoe was that he wanted to revert to the folding kayaks of his youth. Part of this was to also to pay homage to one of his own heroes, Captain Franz Romer. Romer had crossed the Atlantic in 1928 in a custom-built 19 ft. folding kayak. After reaching Puerto Rico, the captain and his boat disappeared without a trace during a hurricane on the way to the US mainland. Dr.

Lindemann felt that by doing it again in a folding kayak it would be a fitting reprise to Romer's earlier effort.

Indeed, Dr. Lindemann confided something that was never mentioned in *Alone At Sea*. During the second voyage, he felt that Romer was with him at all times. "It was a cosmic feeling I had."

Comment On Aussie Challenge

Many of readers of this newsletter followed the attempt by Eric Stiller and Tony Brown to circumnavigate Australia in a folding kayak. Dr. Lindemann had learned of the voyage from Peter Schwierzke. It came up during the interview.

Dr. Lindemann asked me how the Aussie Challenge was going. When I told him that the voyage had ended after 4,000 miles in Darwin, he seemed very impressed by their getting that far in what he knew were treacherous waters. He asked me what had happened: had they been hurt; had they given out physically. I told him no and went into Eric's feeling that they had been issued just so many luck tickets at the beginning of the trip in Sydney and that they had run out of these just short of Darwin in gigantic overfalls. "They were right to get off the water immediately," he exclaimed. "If you no longer feel you belong there, you don't belong."

HUMOUR

(Plucked from the ChCh Press)

Legally Dead?

A lawyer questioning a doctor about an autopsy came unstuck in a trial in the USA. He began badly by asking the doctor if he had checked for vital signs such as pulse and breathing before starting the autopsy. The doctor logically answered, "No". "Then how did you know the patient was dead?" the lawyer asked. "Because his brain was in a jar on my desk," was the reply. Undeafened the lawyer persisted. "But could the patient still have been alive?" "Yes, he could have been practising law somewhere," said the doctor.

TRIPREPORTS

On the Dark Side of Mana by Conrad Edwards

On Wednesday morning I oversleep, miss the train and catch the traffic, wasting in the most tedious way a gloriously post-southerly morning: still, crisp and clear. Glances from the office show that the winds aren't freshening much. I brave the early evening traffic back to the boatshed and launch the Spirit of Lomas.

Tide assisted we head against a gentle, warm northerly out of Porirua harbour. A large launch speeds past: in my sprint to catch the wash I just have time to zip my sprayskirt up but not slip into the braces: an exhilarating but soaking ride follows, the Nordkapp ploughing a wall of spray as she surfs the left hander. My free ride's heading too far north, so I back off left.

Pleasant seas to Mana Island as I head anti-clockwise around the dark side, as sternly dramatic as ever. Around the south end two rogues rise from the background of gentle swells, catching my mind in its usual neutral, despite having encountered exactly the same in the same place two weeks before.

Then, I had paddled around Mana with Tony Baldwin, on the finest summer evening Wellington had seen for a month, a short lived lull in the otherwise incessant northerlies. A classic paddle: glassy blue seas; teaming Kawhai breaking surface in unison; the sun setting in front just as the full moon rose behind; that odd rogue swell to keep one alert in the rock gardens each end of Mana; and finally tea, biscuits and yarns at Mana DOC station courtesy Tony Henry. Moonlight around Mana, one of the finest trips imaginable, and none the worse for being on one's doorstep.

Leaving Mana beach by the full moon, Tony B discovers that he's lost his sunglasses. Why he needed them I do not know. After unsuccessfully scouring the beach we settled on a pleasant paddle back to Titahi Bay and the traditional beer on the beach.

The next day Tony H phones from Mana. He had found the glasses - miraculously still lying at the sea's margin - but by then the northerlies were back with a vengeance, and the mainland cut off. By Sunday morning the winds had dropped to some 25+ knots, so Tony Jennings and I headed out. The going into a 2m swell was wet fun, but Tony J was piloting one of those slow, plastic sit-on-top contraptions. Half way and we had to turn back so he wouldn't miss his footie practice. Surfing back into the bay I rode a prolonged, soggy broach, landing to find the Spirit's rudder severely bent.

It was the following Sunday before I had time to replace the blade, but with 45 knots forecast I paddled close in-shore that day. The winds dropped again on the next Wednesday, which is where this story began.

So, that second Wednesday, as I rounded Mana's south point, I was keen to land to collect those sunglasses lost two weeks before. The sun had set, and naturally there was no moon now. In bright twilight I landed, a few northerly gusts cautioning me to what the next hour or two might bring. That's the trouble with northerlies. Southerlies are worse, but at least they advertise their intentions. The northerlies sneak up on you out of a clear sky.

After a misdirected jog up and around the hills, I find Tony H in the boatshed by my kayak. Glasses retrieved and gossip caught up on, Tony helps me launch into the dark, assuring me that the new Seacat ferry is not due through for a while. Those tiresome northerlies have strengthened, so it's jacket on and I'm powering into a metre's breaking sea. I'm thoroughly soaked, but warm and comfortable, and pleased with how the body's performing after a summer's idleness, courtesy El Nino. I am pleased also with how the Nordkapp handles the invisible sea, steady through the onslaught, albeit by deflecting the rogue water over me. For the best part of an hour I am alone in the dark, soaking wet in a wild sea, paddling by feel. At last the Spirit and I approach the scattered lights of civilisation and reach the

shelter of Plimmerton channel. Before the hour's up I'm in dry clothes in the brightly lit boatshed, sipping beer, and drying and stowing boat and gear. As so often happens, the paddle is almost a dream already. Have I really just been pitting body and soul against the black forces of the sea?

I leave the shed and lock the door. My boatshed key is green, strangely alluring amongst its chrome and brass fellows. The thought occurred to me that it was really a key to a magic garden. Ahead of me, lights, traffic and tarmac front rows of neat suburbia. Behind me, a door beckons to a different world of excitement and uncertainty, beauty and danger. Who knows what adventure that green key will unlock next?

THE END OF THE SELLOTAPE

by Conrad Edwards

One Monday evening in August I am driving home in the dark. Porirua inlet glistens clear and black, so I detour to the boatshed. I cannot resist taking the K1 out for a spin.

My training K1 is an old boat, of ugly, raw yellow-brown kevlar. It's sealed in places with waterproof Sellotape from when I dropped it portaging the Roto race some years ago. Ugly or not, we've had some great trips in the last few years; dodging rocks, riding washes, chasing dolphins, surfing home. Glorious balmy evenings, howling cold southerlies, warm gray northerlies, and winter nights as calm as ice, like this one. Titahi Bay has it all, unfortunately.

K1s are the most unseaworthy boat in production, so they make great training kayaks. Low decked, knife-bowed, large cockpit Jaguars like the Sellotape boat are the tippiest of the tippy. For short inlet and fair-weather coastal trips I prefer them to a sea kayak: they keep your technique scrupulously honest. I struggle to balance the K1 after five weeks in a Nordkapp, but between the wobbles and support strokes have another wonderful paddle.

Back home I contract a gruesome cold, a souvenir of my dear nephew

Benj the germ bag's weekend visit (not, I'm sure, of winter night paddling). That has me out of commission for a few days, so it's Saturday before I return to the shed. On the jetty I find my paddle, and kick myself for absent mindedly leaving it out there: it could easily have blown away. I stow it back in the shed, noticing with horror the empty K1 rack.

No boat visible, but it's high tide. I return at low tide to scour under the boatsheds, and around the inlet's margin. Nothing. My boatshed neighbours noticed it on the jetty a few days ago, but weren't worried: he knows what he's doing, they wrongly thought. It wasn't there yesterday. The following day I report its loss to a disinterested policeman.

That afternoon Brent of Mainly Tramping fame phones. He's paddling around the inlet that morning and notices something brown in the water on the Police College side. Not entirely unusual, but Brent investigates anyway. My boat is on his lawn for collection. Seems OK, but stern damaged. Spray deck gone. I thank Brent and my luck, and pick her up the following evening.

The boat is damaged more than somewhat. Not only is the stern open, but the coaming is broken off, and a rudder cable has torn itself out along the gunwale. Both hull and deck are horrendously scraped, as if by some persistent clawed beast. The boat must have been bounced by the southerlies against the rocks and sheds for a day or three before going floatabout.

Life without a training K1 is of course unbearable, so I phone around. Nothing going in Wellington, but Mike Hayes in Auckland tracks down another Jaguar in Hamilton. A kind Palmerston North lagoon paddler collects it, and I pick it up from there. Brown kevlar and black carbon, albeit with splashes of red gelcoat. Light, fast and raw, and with some tape over old fitting holes it floats. A fitting successor to the Sellotape boat. I expect same great trips together.

That week, following years of delib-

eration, I upgrade my stereo system with a quality tuner. I am particularly keen to pick up Pirate FM, a Wellington station whose fine repertoire doesn't quite reach the Titahi Bay coast. I have a man wander around the roof with an oscilloscope, and soon have a hideous aerial, beautiful reception, and another large bill. Three days later Pirate FM goes off the air. August is an expensive month.

Conrad Edwards

HISTORY

George Park (1863 -1939) West Coast Pioneer, Pioneer Canoeist & Adventurer by Trish McCormack Ross

(Reprinted with permission from the West Coast Times', Thursday June 20 1991.)

West Coast canoeist George Park did some great pioneer canoe trips last century - a crossing of Cook Strait by Rob Roy canoe, many hazardous open sea trips around New Zealand, and a daring coast to coast crossing of the South Island by the Taramakau and Hurunui Rivers.

He was one of Westland's foremost explorers, and does not seem to have been given the place in the history books that he deserves. But thanks to the enthusiasm of historian Peter Lucas of Hari Hari, a record of George Park's canoeing has been put together, and this reveals some fascinating information.

Mr. Lucas researched extensively for his book on George Park, which he entitled 'Flashing Paddles or Exploring by Canoe', but unfortunately this work is not widely available.

The Hokitika Canoe Club was formed in 1886, with George Park as a member and founder. Both he and his brother Jim, a well known local solicitor, built canoes for the club. George tried building canoes from a variety of native timbers. He built the 'Waterwitch' out of kahikatea, the "Geni" out of kawhaka and others out of kauri.

Waterwitch' weighed 8 pounds, but may have been a larger canoe. 'Gem' (14 feet long, 27" wide and 7" deep) weighed only 60 pounds. The canoes were clinker built and could be used with sails for Cook Strait crossings and other expeditions.

The Park brothers began their canoeing adventures close to their Hokitika home - on places like the Styx River, Lakes Kaniere and Mahinapua and the Totara Lagoon.

The late 1880's also saw George making several canoe trips from Hokitika to Greymouth, launching himself out over the breakers under the gaze of an attentive local audience.

Such cruises only whetted his appetite for more adventure. Once he and his brother met a school of sharks after they canoed out over the Hokitika bar. The canoeists had to kill one shark with a pocket knife, as it was showing a rather unhealthy interest in them, and they were pleased to canoe back to safety and warn the locals against going swimming.

In January 1889, George Park was in Okarito contemplating a return to Hokitika over the rough tracks that were the roads of last century. But gazing up the coast he came up with a better idea - a canoe trip up the dangerous coastline in his canoe 'Sunbeam', one of his smaller craft.

George also had business at the Saltwater near Hari Hari and reasoned that it would be easier to visit by sea than taking the inland road.

He avoided obstacles such as treacherous rocks at Commissioners Point, and a large shark south of the Saltwater beach, before cruising up the Saltwater Lagoon as darkness approached. There he astonished the locals who turned out in force to see him launch himself out into the sea next day. He later landed at Ross, to the delight of a group of children before heading on to Hokitika via Lake Mahinapua.

After this voyage George Park predicted that canoeing up and down the coast between Okarito and Hokitika by Rob Roy canoe would become a popular activity, but this has never

come to pass - possibly because few others have had such adventurous spirit and daring. However it became a regular trip for George himself, as he used the route during his courtship of Caroline Burough of Holly Farm, Okarito, whom he later married.

In December 1889, George with his brother Jim, set off on the biggest adventure of all - a trip from Hokitika to Lyttelton by inland waterways.

They began their journey after launching their canoes 'Sunbeam' and 'One One' onto the Taramakau River. On Christmas Day they battled up the river, hauling their canoes through rapids with ropes, and camped at a hut near the Otira River. They then dragged their canoes and provisions over Harpers Pass, a job made more difficult by the fact that lightning had created havoc by gouging out chasms' and covering the few available tracks with slips.

This part of the expedition took two days of hard toll, before the Parks could descend to the Hurunui River on the Canterbury side. The Hurunui country was unknown to them, but they soon discovered the river to be unnavigable in places, and had to lower their canoes down rapids with ropes.

The pair had many adventures crossing Lake Sumner - Jim's boat bottom was ripped badly by a rock, and they had no sooner got that fixed when a gale sprang up on the lake. Many more adventures followed in gorges and rapids further down the Hurunui. Jim had to end his journey near Waikari, as 'One One' was leaking, but George decided to complete the last 40 miles and headed out at the river mouth and went on round by sea to Lyttelton. He arrived there on 5 January 1890, having covered 230 miles in 13 days.

George's enthusiasm was undimmed, and he headed off for the North Island where he completed more canoeing adventures, before setting off to cross Cook Strait in February 1890 with his brother William. George's boat was the 'Mermaid' and his brother's was 'Sunbeam'.

The Parks were probably the first to make the crossing by Rob Roy canoes as Mr. Lucas's research reveals that they were told at the time that it was impossible and that no one had succeeded before.

A photo from the Alexander Turnbull Library has an inscription to the effect that two brothers G and W Fitzgerald made the first crossing in 1890, but as the Park's expedition was in February, and given the publicity it aroused, it hardly seems likely that two other brothers had made the crossing a month or so before.

From Wellington the brothers headed out of the harbour and made for Mana Island where they broke their journey exploring Maori sites and local landmarks. They also returned to Porirua for provisions.

After a false start which sent them scurrying back to Mana Island in the teeth of strong wind, the Parks were ready to set off for the South Island.

They calculated the ebb and flow of the tides which could be used to help them on their way and left Mana island at about midnight. A freshening easterly encouraged George to hoist his hundred square feet of sail, and he towed 'Sunbeam' - an exhilarating experience.

As they approached Queen Charlotte Sound they were kept busy with a rip and the threat of being shipwrecked on the rocks. They eventually rounded the cape and sought shelter in a bay for a brew before continuing to Endeavour Inlet where they stayed the night. They had crossed the Strait in five hours. Next day they scudded off down the sound in north-west gale, and arrived at Picton at five o'clock.

It was hailed as a remarkable feat, especially when 'Sunbeam's' length of 14 feet and depth of seven inches was considered. 'Sunbeam' had two water tight compartments, weighed 75 pounds and was powered by a silver pine paddle (and sometimes a sail!).

George Park's later canoeing was curtailed by family responsibilities and

an accident causing the amputation of half of one of his feet.

But he did get out on the Hokitika River when he was quite elderly, to demonstrate how to do an Eskimo roll. Peter Lucas records that heads were shaken over this as he was considered too old, but no mishap occurred.

Trish McCormack Ross.

FOOTNOTE TO TRISH'S ARTICLE
In 1848 George Park's family arrived by boat at Dunedin and he was born in 1863. While still a child, his family moved to Westland where George finished his schooling.

George passed away on 29 August 1939 at the age of 75 years.

EDGILLET'S HAWAII TRIP

When I said that I was planning to paddle across 2200 miles of open ocean in a twenty-foot kayak, people looked at me as though I had told them I was going to commit suicide. My listeners projected their deepest fears on my trip. Wasn't I afraid of losing my way on the trackless ocean, starvation, thirst, going mad from lack of human contact, or being eaten by sharks? They were seldom reassured when I told them of my thirty thousand miles of sailing experience and 10,000 miles of ocean kayaking along the most formidable coastlines in the world.

But I was confident that my kayak and I would arrive safely in Hawaii. Most people think large vessels are the most seaworthy ones. But this is not always true. Survival at sea depends on preparation, experience and prudence - not on boat size. I turned my kayak into one of the most seaworthy little boats in the world. I did not need to carry a life raft - I paddled a life raft. Inside my kayak, I crammed 60 day's food and 25 gallons of fresh water. With my reverse osmosis pumps, I could make unlimited amounts of additional drinking water from seawater. I carried fishing gear, tools, and spare parts. In a waterproof bag I had

a compact VHF radio to contact passing ships, and an emergency radio beacon to alert aircraft flying overhead in case I needed to be rescued. Flares, signal mirrors, a strobe-light and a radar reflector ensured that I would be seen.

My kayak was as stoutly built as any fibreglass sailboat. I wanted to paddle a true kayak across the ocean - not a specialized sailboat masquerading as a kayak. I used a stock Tofino double kayak with no mast, sail, centreboard or keel. My boat had a foot-operated rudder and a wooden floor inside so that I could sleep a few inches above the water sloshing back and forth in the bottom of the boat. To stabilize my kayak while I slept, I inflated pontoons which I lashed to both sides of the boat. When the pontoons were deployed I could move around in my kayak without fear of capsizing. A sailor's safety harness fastened me securely to my boat.

To find my way at sea I used a sextant and a small calculator programmed to work out navigation sights. I could figure my position to within a few miles - when I could see the sun. I chose the crossing to Hawaii because the summer weather patterns are stable and the winds and currents are almost always favourable. The trip seemed to me to be the kayaking equivalent of climbing Mt. Everest. It was the most difficult trip I could conceive of surviving.

On a cold foggy morning three kayaks glide out of the harbour at Monterey. My wife Katie paddled one of the boats. At the one mile buoy off Lovers point, we said goodbye, embracing from the kayaks. Pointing my kayak west and heading out to sea was the hardest thing I have ever done. Tears rolled down my face and I could hear Katie crying. I looked back from 50 yards away and I knew that we were thinking the same thought: that we might never see each other again. I felt utterly foolish attempting to paddle to Hawaii. Who was I to attempt such an improbable feat? Despite extensive preparation, my confidence was soon shattered by the relentless pounding swell of the Pa-

cific Ocean. I had underestimated the abuse my body - especially my hands - would take on the 63 day crossing. After only a few days at sea, my butt was covered with salt water sores and I could find no comfortable position for sitting or sleeping. Within a week, the skin on the backs of my hands was so cracked and chapped that I took painkillers to make paddling bearable.

Running downwind off California, I wore several layers of synthetic pile and polypropylene clothing - the type of clothing which is touted to be warm when it is wet. I stayed warm as long as I wore everything I had but I was certainly wet.

I was miserable but I spurred myself on with the thought that when I reached the southern trade wind latitudes, I would find warm, sunny weather... Sailors can have two distinct waking night mares: too much wind and too little wind. Heading south from Monterey, California, I lived through the first bad dream. The howling gray north-westerlies nearly devoured me. For two weeks I headed southwest before 30 knot winds surfing down 15 foot high breaking swells. The seas snapped my half-inch thick rudder blades as easily as you might break a saltine cracker. I needed every bit of the skill and strength I had acquired from years of kayaking to stay upright.

The nights were unspeakably grim. I set out two sea anchors and stretched out on the floor of my kayak. Tortured by salt water sores, I snatched a few moments of sleep while great waves crashed over my kayak, forcing themselves into the cockpit. As the ocean slowly filled my boat, I tried to ignore the cold water soaking through my wet sleeping bag until the rising tide forced me to sit up and pump out the kayak. When the kayak was dry I settled into the bilge and the miserable cycle repeated.

The cold wind was relentless. When I poked my head out in the mornings I screamed into the wind, I don't want to die! I felt as exposed and as stressed as I had on long rock climbs. I relied on my skill and equipment for sur-

vival - even a small mistake could prove fatal.

A thousand miles southwest of my starting point I found the flip side of the nightmare - calm weather. In the calm conditions, I dried my sleeping bag and clothing and my skin lesions healed, but my progress slowed dramatically.

"This can't be!" I shouted at the empty blue sky. For about the fiftieth time, I looked at my pilot chart. Sitting motionless in my kayak in the middle of the Pacific Ocean, a thousand miles from land, I cursed the winds that had abandoned me. There was no swell, no wind - no sound. Without the boisterous trade winds and the westward current they spawn, it would take me two more months to reach the Hawaiian Islands. I did not think that I could survive that long. I had been at sea in my twenty foot kayak for 30 days. I was thinner and weaker than when I began my trip.

As night overtook me, I snapped a lightstick and placed it over my compass. However slowly, I had to keep my kayak moving towards Hawaii. Where were the trade winds? The night was so still that the bowl of bright stars over my head shimmered and danced in the calm sea I felt as though I was paddling off the edge of the earth and into space.

For two weeks I pushed my kayak slowly westward, until I reached longitude 140 west. Nine hundred miles from my goal, the trade winds blew strongly enough to launch my parafoil kite. This colourful flying sail did not replace paddling, but the kite's pull doubled my speed, and I averaged fifty miles a day.

A school of blue and gold mahi-mahi fish played about my boat, frolicking and jumping in my bow wave. Catching them was easy since they always seemed voraciously hungry - fighting each other to be first to bite the lures which I trailed behind on a handline. I even trained them to gather close to my boat when I knocked on my hull by feeding them cut-up pieces of bait. Once a day I slipped a fish hook into

a piece of bait and another mahi-mahi became sashimi.

Those days were the best of the trip. The strong trade winds were ideal for paddling. The royal blue surging swells were no more than six feet high and my yellow bow skipped over the waves as if my kayak knew the way to the islands.

Three hundred miles from the islands, I was caught up in a northerly current. The wind shifted from north-east to south-east, and the strong current set me north at the rate of thirty miles a day. If that current had not changed, I would have landed in Japan, missing the islands by hundreds of miles.

I thought that if I was soon to become a life raft, I ought to prepare my life raft equipment. I rummaged through my storage compartments, collecting my emergency radio beacon, flares, and signal mirrors. If I were going to miss the islands, my best chance for rescue would come when I crossed the shipping lanes fifty miles north of me. On my sixtieth day at sea, I ran out of food. My school of mahi-mahi had left me a week before. I had eaten my tooth paste two days earlier. There was nothing edible left in the boat, and no fish were biting my lures. Looking up, I watched a line of jet aeroplanes heading for Hawaii. I thought about the passengers eating from their plastic trays. My food fantasies were so real and so complete that I could recreate every detail of every restaurant I had ever visited. I could remember the taste, texture and smell of meals I had eaten several years ago. I thought about how I should have gone to a grocery store in Monterey and bought fifty cans of Spam, or chilli and stuffed the cans into my boat.

I had nearly completed the world's longest open ocean crossing, but I did not feel any closer to land. I had been scribbling different latitude and longitude numbers on the side of my boat, but I had no sense of progress. My kayak trip seemed as though it would last forever. In my 63rd day at sea I was taking my usual noon latitude sight. When I swung my sextant

to look at the southern horizon, I was annoyed by the mountain filling my sextant viewfinder and fouling up my view of the horizon line. "That damned mountain..." I thought. Seconds later, I realized I was looking at land! That dark mountain had to be Mauna Kea, 80 miles away on the big island of Hawaii. The island of Maui 40 miles ahead was hidden under a blanket of squally clouds piling up on its windward shore. As the clouds cleared, Haleakala reared its head and I knew I was almost home.

I whooped for joy when I saw land. I had only been pretending to be a sea creature. I was a land creature travelling through a hostile environment. My survival depended on the life support system I carried in my kayak, and my support system was exhausted. Nearing land, I felt as though a weight was being lifted from my shoulders.

After paddling and kite sailing all night, I brought my kayak into the calm lee of Maui outside Kahului harbour. The scents of rainwashed soils and lush tropical plants washed over me like waves of perfume. No one greeted me when my bow dug a furrow into the sandy beach. Stepping onto the beach for the first time in more than two months, I could not make my legs obey me. They crumpled underneath me and I sat down heavily in the shallow water. A local character staggering down the beach asked me where I had come from. When I told him that I had paddled my kayak from California, he whistled.

"That's a long way", he said. "Must've taken you two or three days, huh?" "Yeah", I said.

I talked him into helping me drag my kayak up the beach, then he wandered off. Reeling like a drunken Popeye, I marched off in search of a junk food breakfast.

Ed Gillet

BOOKS

BOOK REVIEW

Title: 'CANOE and KAYAK BOOKS'

Editor: Jerry Cassell

Published: 1997

Publisher: The Wilderness Collection
716 Delaware Court, Lawton.

MI 49065. USA

Subject: Guide to paddling books.

Cover: Softback

Contents: 144 pages.

Size: A4, comb bind.

RRP: US\$29.95

Availability: from the publisher

Reviewed by: Paul Caffyn

I hate it when books like this are produced. Just when I vainly reckoned my collection of paddling books was bursting at the seams, I bought a copy of 'CANOE and KAYAK BOOKS' and sadly realized just how many paddling titles have been produced over the years.

For bookaphiles, or bibliophiles which is the proper name for obsessive book collectors, this book is the world's most comprehensive compilation of paddling titles. The subtitle notes: 'A guide to over 2,000 English Language books and ephemera written about the canoe, the kayak and other paddlecraft.'

The introductory section explains the rationale for the guide, and the criteria used for inclusion and exclusion of material. Material excluded is:

- magazine articles
- theses and research papers
- canoe manufacture catalogues
- general histories
- videos, films, artwork etc.
- foreign language books.

This is followed by recommended reading lists from 12 paddlers in various parts of the world. Ten bibliographic reference sources follow and a guide of how to source books with various mail order book suppliers.

The bulk of the book is then an alphabetical listing of author, with the book title, publisher, date of first publication, size, cover, illustrations, maps, index and a brief synopsis of content. For example:

Lindemann, Hannes; ALONE AT SEA. Random House, NY, 1958, 180pp, 8vo. Frontis. Quarter Cloth. Reprinted in softcover with additional information and photos. (See Peter Schwierzke's reading list.) Extreme sea kayaking in folding boat. Author sails in Klepper Aeriuss across Atlantic, testing survival techniques. First half of book is about same crossing in African canoe made the year before. Very interesting reading. Toy 552.

Perhaps upwards of 70% of the titles relates to canoeing, whitewater paddling and rafting. An appendix at the rear of the book carries a chronological listing of over 550 books and ephemera in the guide published before 1950, with entries listed by the first known date of publication.

The book format is similar to the KASK Handbook, A4 size with a plastic comb binding.

Apart from its value for bookaphiles, this compilation is an ideal source for paddlers seeking knowledge of areas where they are planning expeditions and for those interested in such areas as Polynesian outrigger canoe voyaging.

As Jerry noted in the introductory section, the listing is not a bibliography. He and his wife are book dealers, not bibliographers. There are some eight titles, related to both New Zealand paddling and military kayaking, which I found not listed. But as Jerry notes in the letter below, he has another 400+ titles which need to be added to his 1997 compilation.

Naturally I sent away for a current book catalog from Jerry Cassell, and requested information on pricing on the book for New Zealand bookaphiles. Jerry sent the following response:

Thanks for the kind words about the Canoe/Kayak Guide. It is far from perfect, but I went ahead and printed some for my customers so they could at least have something to work with.

What you said about your 'meagre' collection is true for all of us. I was

amazed when I started putting the list together. I thought I would have about 500/600 books at best, then more and more just kept popping up. If I would edit it now, I could add another 400+ titles, including some older books.

I recognized your name right away, as I sell some of your books. I see you have done some pretty impressive stuff. Congratulations on some exciting paddling!

We do sell a lot (for a mom & pop business operating out of our home) overseas, however we have no customers in NZ. We sell the guide for \$29.95 US plus \$4.00 surface shipping (6 - 8 weeks to NZ). Air mail (7-10 days) is \$13.00 postage cost. Payment has to be in US funds, as we do not take credit cards.

If you or some of your friends would happen to see something they could use, a group order would make things a lot simpler probably. I may have forgot to mention that we offer a 10 percent discount to anyone in the 'trade'.

Jerry Cassell

The Wilderness Collection

716 Delaware Court

Lawton.

MI 49065

USA

Jerry's latest cattedog (Summer/Fall 1998 #12) contains a 30 page listing of both second-hand and new titles. For a cattedog you can fax or email Jerry:

Fax: 001 616 624 5309

email: Wilcobooks@aol.com

Lindemann, Hannes; ALONE AT SEA.

The 1993 reprint of this book, in softcover format, is available both from Jerry Cassell at US\$23 plus \$4 post and packing or from 'Sea Kayaker' PO Box 17170, Seattle, WA 98107-0870, USA at US\$25.95 plus \$1.50 for surface mail.

This reprint has additional photos and maps, plus an additional informative chapter telling of the lessons learned from the two trips.
P. Caffyn.

HISTORY-AUST. EXPEDITION TO EAST GREENLAND

The following two articles were plucked off the P & H web site by cybermail searcher Sandy Ferguson, and reproduced with permission from Julian Patrick of P & H Canoes UK.

East Greenland Kayak Expedition.

Reproduced from the "Weekend Australian Magazine" Dec 13-14, 1986

Team members - Earle Bloomfield, Graeme Joy, Larry Gray, George Pompei.

Kayaks used on expedition - P&H Icefloe

There is an Indiana Jones quality about Earle Bloomfield, the 36 year old quiet achiever whose entire adult life has been a quest for supreme challenges, a doctrine that has taken him to the last great frontiers.

Bloomfield, who began sea kayaking when he was 11, first heard of Gino Watkins and his Arctic exploration nine years ago. Watkins' words 'A man can achieve absolutely anything if he really wants to', haunted and imprisoned Bloomfield in that he felt obliged to do everything he felt he could do - thus the Arctic emulation this year.

The raison d'être of the \$600,000 expedition, largely sponsored by a Melbourne stockbroking firm, was the making of a film to be shown on Australian television. Earle had responsibility not only for the lives of his fellow expeditioners but the camera crew as well.

Passionate about exploring Earle is motivated by curiosity and challenges. "People respond best to challenges and threats" he explained. If he had died on the trip all he wanted was a simple unmarked grave and the place marked on a map.

In retrospect the journey held different highlights for each expedition member, but all were equally humbled by the absolutely uncompromising environment, where just to survive is an extraordinary accomplishment.

In the afterglow, memories of frostbite, trench foot, sprained ankles and being frozen to the bone are all but forgotten.

Memories most vivid for the four explorers are the majestic bergs, the Northern Lights or Aurora Borealis which appear in winter when the sun disappears for six months, the harsh lifestyle of Greenland's natives, who are just as vulnerable to nature's vagaries as the intruder. Here the difference between life or death is slitting open the torso of a bear and sheltering inside for warmth.

While the four kayakers were seasoned outdoor challengers none had experienced an expedition on this scale.

During the 1000 km trek down the tortuous east coast of Greenland, the biggest ice mass in the northern hemisphere, the four braved subzero temperatures, 280 kph winds, heaving seas and perhaps the greatest danger of all, collapsing icebergs. The expedition retraced the open boat British Arctic Air Route Expedition (BAARE) made in 1931 by the great explorer Watkins from Angmagssalik to Julianehaab (Watkins was killed by a collapsing iceberg during the second stage of BAARE in 1932.). This new journey was fraught with danger for the four explorers and one from which they were lucky to return. The trip down the coast was timed to start at the beginning of summer, but problems delayed them by two months forcing them to begin at the start of the Arctic winter, when conditions are virtually inhuman. That delay said Earle made the trip 100% more hazardous.

Whilst risk taking is the accepted lot of the explorer, the prospect of death was ever present as they paddled down the coast. The four kayakers were shadowed by a support boat, a 14 m.

steel strengthened yacht, the Eleanor Rymill.

Within 14 days, towards the end of the trip in September-October near disaster struck 3 times. Each time lives came horribly close to being lost and a lot of prayers were offered. The volatile nature of the mountainous, imperceptibly-moving icebergs means there is hardly ever more than a few seconds warning before they collide and explode.

While passing through a maze of bergs at the end of the most serious ice sector at Kap Mosting, Larry Gray came within what felt like a hairs breadth of being crushed by falling icebergs. Two bergs had collided and in the explosion a one ton block of ice landed on Larry's kayak. "I thought it was death. I looked up and all I could see was ice coming down on me" Larry said. Graeme Joy, who was ahead of the collision, said when the two bergs crunched, "it sounded like a double barrelled shotgun going off...a pregnant pause of two or three seconds and down came the ice".

George, who was thrown from his kayak by the force of the collision, said the team was a lot more wary of the bergs after that. Luckily nobody was hurt although this was more a stroke of luck than anything else.

Only days later it began to snow heavily and the kayakers were forced to seek shelter in a cave-like area on the coast. As Earle described it "at one minute to eight we were sleeping peacefully. Bang on eight I was floating on two feet of water". The icy water had caught them out. Throughout that night, with an increasingly rising tide, they had to move camp six times. During the first incident the sea had claimed tents, fuel, stoves and most of their food and clothes. The support boat was a long paddle away. After six days surviving on meagre uncooked rations, they met three Eskimos and spent two days with them as they waited for bad weather to subside. Earle, who had studied Greenlandic in preparation for the trip, was able to communicate with the Eskimos. The East coast of Greenland

is inhabited by only about 2700 natives and most are primitive Eskimo hunters.

On October 1st the kayakers finally rejoined the Eleanor Rymill near Skjoldungen. They decided to set off to the calmer West coast and rejoin the route on to their destination, Julianehaab.

But disaster struck again. On October 7th. It was to be their worst encounter with the Arctic elements. At anchor, at Kungerduluk, the infamous Arctic blasts began and at 5 am the Eleanor Rymill was rammed by an enormous Iceflow. The anchor was snapped and the support vessel was blown out to sea and forced to ride it out in what, from photos that survived the episode, resembled a cauldron of boiling black oil. The presence of huge icebergs increased the danger level.

By late afternoon the winds had reached over 280 kph and it was not possible to even go out on deck. At 5.40 pm the yacht was knocked down and rolled 180 degrees by a massive wave. Damage included one kayak missing, one destroyed, snapped boom, inflatable boat and motor lost, main sail overboard, broken rudder, lifebuoys lights and windows smashed. Below though the most serious damage was to sailing master, Tony Axford, who had suffered pelvic and spinal injuries. Otherwise the bilges were filled, electronic radio and navigation aids waterlogged and food and gear lockers emptied. Fortunately the life raft was retained.

All said it was the longest night of their lives, one in which several prayed - George is said to have sung hymns - and all contemplated death. Certainly nobody slept. By late the next day the storm was subsiding and the coast was visible.

The Eleanor Rymill was rescued and towed into Nanortalik by a freighter, the Johanna Kristina. Forty eight hours later they reached Julianehaab and the journey was ended.

The White Hat

by Derek Hutchinson
(from the P&H Web Site)

I've just finished making a TV movie for a US film Company called "Any Place Wild". They do a very popular adventure series on Public TV in the US. That's the equivalent of our BBC. The whole affair turned out to be very interesting. First a team came over for a recce two weeks before the actual shoot. I had already persuaded them that the Farne Islands would be far more exciting than the west coast of Scotland. The trouble was that when they arrived it was so calm you could see the image of the Inner Farne lighthouse reflected in the North Sea. They looked at me like they would at a pick pocket and it was obvious they thought I'd been shooting a line about the tidal streams and all the rough water they could expect.

It was during this visit that I was told that I could not paddle an all white kayak. This was something to do with white being too bright on video. I took me a day to paint the deck of my boat British racing green!

When the whole team finally arrived for the actual movie, the Farnes lived up to their reputation. It was rough and it was spring tides. The host of the program, who I would accompany out to the Longstone had not done a great deal of paddling on the open sea so he tended to be a little 'apprehensive' during or on the water shoots. On some of the crossings his face was decidedly pale. However he turned out to be made of strong stuff.

We were all milling around in Seahouses Harbour on the first morning prior to our first two mile paddle out to Inner Farne Island. It was then I was given some bad news. I was told that the new, rather stylish, white hat I was wearing with the stiff brim (it prevents water going down your neck) could not be worn because the whiteness would affect the quality of the film. In righteous annoyance I told them I would not change. Things got quite heated. Anyhow I eventually weakened and said I would allow them

to stain the hat brown with coffee from one of their numerous flasks. With some reluctance I gave my hat to the director who wandered off with it out of sight

He returned about 20 minutes later with what appeared to be dirty, limp looking rag. This was my hat. It now looked like a floor cloth that had been used for washing out the Saturday night toilet pans of a public convenience. "We couldn't get the coffee to take so we stuck it down into the mud on the bottom of the harbour but I think it should be dark enough now!" What followed could not be described as an ugly scene but after that things were never the same between us.

I did get my own back however.....

Our second day filming would start as John Vietnam and I would be 'shot' dragging our kayaks across the scrubby marsh grass that grows on the mud at the beginning of the Holy Island Causeway. This causeway is exposed for two miles at low tide. It is only at this time that it is possible to walk across these dangerous sand flats and get to the island of Lindisfarne.

We got our crackled instructions on our radio link from the Director. "On ACTION," he said, "I want you both to drag your boats in the direction of the mainland" We let him know we understood what was needed. "ACTION!" We started to drag the kayaks. After 30 seconds came the cry "CUT!" We stopped.

In the distance we could see the camera crew changing their position. They obviously wanted a head on shot. The voice came over the radio once again. "When I say ACTION I want you to drag your boats forward toward us. You see that shallow pool of water up ahead. Well I want you to wade through that with a bit of splash. OK?" Before replying, I said to John, "Watch this" Then through the radio I said to the director, "I see it. Could you check it out for depth for us?" His reply was impatient. It's only shallow - but - Oh, OK!". We watched him approach the pool. The bottom was black and smooth and it appeared to be covered

with about two inches of clear water. The director approached the pool and without any hesitation planted his foot firmly into it about 12 inches from the edge. For some unknown reason he suddenly seemed to kneel down onto the dry side knee. The other leg vanished downwards out of sight. Now the only thing shallow about that pool was the thin film of clear water on the surface. The jet black ooze which formed the bottom went all the way down to Australia. A leg covered with black slime was the first thing to reappear. Shortly afterwards, a Wellington boot was extracted from the now black sump hole. A toneless voice came over the radio. "No - er don't walk through that pool. Err...on 'ACTION' just cut across to the left!"

Should I write a book and call it "The memoirs of a Kayak Star"?
Derek Hutchinson

Editorial Note: Derek has designed several sea kayaks in production by P&H Canoes and is the author of several good books on how to sea kayak and rolling. He made the first crossing of the North Sea and has been on expeditions to the Aleutian Islands and Prince William Sound.

WANTED TO BUY

Hello Paul
Enjoyed the latest newsletter immensely. Great trip reports on Stewart Island and Cape Jackson in Cook Strait.

Also, I would like to put a "wanted" ad in the next newsletter

Am looking for a second-hand Blue Marlin, Southern Skua or Arctic Raider (prefer fibre-glass, but would also be interested in kevlar).

My details are as follows:
Duncan Atkinson
tel: 03.546.4957 (h)
03.547.5255 (w)
e-mail: casatahuna@ts.co.nz

We enjoy and appreciate the work you are doing!
Duncan

INCIDENT REPORTING

Double Kayak Rescues & Broken Rudder Blades by Bill Gibson Fiordland Wilderness Experiences

(reprinted with permission from the SKOANZ newsletter #12.)

During the 97/98 season our business experienced for the first time a situation where clients required outside assistance in a capsize situation. The two rental clients were on a multi day trip paddling in Doubtful Sound in a Tofino double kayak. Both paddlers were New Zealanders with significant outdoor and paddling experience between them. The capsize occurred while crossing (15 minutes paddling time in normal conditions) the main reach of Doubtful Sound in rough windy conditions (gusting 40 knots). The two paddlers had received our normal safety briefing and been given instruction on the use of the self rescue equipment we provide to all double kayaks paddling alone - a sea anchor and paddle float.

Approximately half way across the main reach the rudder blade snapped off without warning immediately below the support shoulders leaving them with no rudder steerage. The two paddlers ferried across the remainder of the reach and turned to run with the wind and waves approximately 200 meters off the northern shoreline. Conditions at this stage had moderated somewhat and they were able to run with the wind and waves reasonably comfortably maintaining control with a stern rudder. Having started to relax a bit they were then caught out by a sequence of larger waves combined with a huge wind gust which put them in the water.

They righted the kayak and deployed the sea anchor and set up the paddle float. Having organized the equipment the rear paddler got back into the kayak. At this stage rather than immediately replacing his spray skirt and getting the front person onboard he became concerned by how the kayak was basically awash and making like

a submarine and tried to bail water from his cockpit using the hand bailer. This had no effect. He then got out of the boat and they both tried bailing their cockpits before getting in again.

Again this had no effect, waves replacing the bailed water as fast as they bailed. Their concern about re-entering the boat with all the water in was that the dramatically reduced stability would capsize them again before they could pump out the water with bilge pump. After about 20 minutes of bailing a motorboat was sighted coming down the reach towards them and sensibly they decided to get assistance and set off two mini flares.

As an operator we learnt a number of things from this episode:

1. That many paddlers, even very experienced paddlers have little or no first hand experience of dealing with a capsize situation in rough 'real' conditions.
2. That when faced with a kayak completely awash clients may well be psychologically reluctant to try to get back into the boat, replace spray skirts and start pumping even though that is what they have been instructed to do.
3. That although provided with a paddle float they felt that this while allowing them to re-enter would not provide enough stability to allow a completely swamped kayak to be pumped out in rough conditions. Especially in their situation where one paddler had a good brace stroke but the other didn't.
4. That double sea kayaks with large cockpits and no rocker are perhaps not suitable for sending out alone on a rental trip due to their proneness to extreme swamping in a capsize situation - further aggravated if one or both storage compartments are low volume.
5. That marine grade aluminium rudders may resist corrosion but in terms of metal fatigue have a relatively short life span due to the flexing that is happening more or less continuously to them when the boat is being paddled - the rougher the conditions the

more flexing. The rudder blade on this kayak had had some minor previous bends straightened out but had never been badly bent and weakened. A week after this event I snapped off the blade on our other Tofino surfing and then broaching on a standing wave in the Doubtful Sound tail race current.

We have modified our rental operations policy with regard to a double kayak travelling alone and now:

1. Issue two paddle floats to maximise stability for re-entry and during pumping out.
2. Issue two bilge pumps rather than one to speed up pumping out.
3. Do not allow Tofinos out on a rental trip alone - although personally I really enjoy paddling these boats - especially down hill.
4. Put even more emphasis during the briefing on re-entering, replacing spray skirts and then pumping.
5. Spend more time discussing personal experiences and a range of strategies for dealing with a capsized.
6. Replace all Aluminium rudder blades on our double kayaks that are two or more years old with stainless steel - (which is still subject eventually to metal fatigue).

If you're doing rental briefings make sure that you have got out there yourself and practised capsizes in a variety of boats in "real" capsize conditions so that you can relay first hand the realities of self rescue. Keep in mind that what seems easy to you in terms of re-entry and control will not be the case for clients out there by themselves faced with their first ever capsize for real.

Bill Gibson

RADIO COMMUNICATION IN THE GREAT OUTDOORS

The following is a brochure received from Peter Sullivan, which has been jointly published by The New Zealand Search and Rescue Inc. and NZ Mountain Safety Council. Reprinted without permission, but in the interest of safety, I feel the two publishers would not mind.

MOUNTAIN RADIOS

Advantages

Compact, lightweight. Two way conversation with bases and other sets for weather forecasts, message services or knowledgeable assistance. Communication is available from most mountain areas. Regular nightly contacts. A record is maintained of your route which can speed searches.

Disadvantages

Long wire (40m) antenna that has to be erected. This may be a problem for an injured person. Night-time interference possible. Communication in some areas may only be possible at scheduled calling times (normally early evening).

Use

Know the listening times of the base stations and what channel to use. Try the Christchurch channel during the day. Use concise, planned messages. Agree with the base station on contact times. Keep the aerial centre high and clear of trees, use in an open area (broad-side to the base station). Carry spare batteries on long trips.

Cost/Availability

Low cost hire, typically \$25 per week, from Mountain Radio Services in Whangarei, Taupo, Napier, Wellington, Christchurch, Dunedin, Hokitika, Invercargill. See the Mountain Safety Council pamphlet "Mountain Radio Service" for hire details.

Comment

In most cases mountain radio is the preferred choice for trampers undertaking overnight or longer trips. While

the services endeavour to provide a fast response to emergencies many factors may prevent or delay communication and the response. Extended monitoring times are more likely at peak times (summer holidays) and in the central South Island. Best choice for most South Island areas.

EMERGENCY LOCATOR BEACONS (ELTs/ELBs/PLBs)

Advantages

Compact, lightweight, satellite detection, remote activation possible, International distress frequencies, aircraft detection and homing possible. Activation and detection possible day/night. Response dependent on when a satellite or aircraft detects and locates the signal, and emergency service response times.

Disadvantages

Currently one way alert signal only (success uncertain), untested in steep mountain valleys/gorges. Limited to emergency use only; problems caused by false alarms and multiple activations. Designed for sea/air emergencies.

Use

Use only in an emergency. Ensure the battery is replaced regularly (before trip). Extend any aerial to the full length. Try and use in a clear area; avoid deep narrow gorges or heavy foliage.

Cost/Availability

\$300-\$700 per unit, may be hired, available from ships chandlers and specialist NZ manufacturers.

Comment

ELBs available for 121.5MHz, 406MHz and 121.5/406MHz. Satellite position fixing is more accurate with the 406MHz ELB. Aircraft are equipped to receive the 121.5MHz ELBs only but this should change. Further technology advances are expected for this equipment. Average signal detection is some 1.5 hours. The response will be slowed by the evaluation and callout procedures. No confirmation of alert detection. No messages currently possible. ELBs may have some advantages for a solo trumper when injured.

CELL PHONES

Advantages

Compact, lightweight, two way conversation, unlimited choice of contacts including 1 1 1 services. Service available in most urban areas, main roads (SH.1), some open ridge/hill top coverage mainly in the North Island. Coastal coverage in many areas.

Disadvantages

Cellphones are designed principally for city and surrounding areas, use in the outdoors is a bonus. Very little mountain valley coverage; very limited coverage in South Island or more isolated North Island mountain areas. Flat batteries often when required. Not designed for emergency communications in remote areas.

Use

Reliable communication cannot be assumed in most mountain areas especially river valleys. Send a concise, planned message. Use the 111 service. Include the phone number as the Police and SAR may need further information. Arrange suitable contact times during the initial call for assistance, and turn phone off at other times. Ensure you remain at a point where the phone will work, open mountain/ridge tops are the best locations. Battery conservation is essential - don't ring friends.

Cost/Availability

\$50 upwards, plus rental, readily available from communications stores.

Comment

Access to ridge tops may not be possible due to weather. Better than nothing; plan carefully for best results. Carry a spare battery. Line of sight to a service providers' cell-site antenna is usually required.

GENERAL COMMENT

All communication systems have limitations. Ideally at least two different types of emergency alert system should be carried (e.g. Mountain Radio plus an ELB). Consider carefully your particular circumstances and needs before setting out.

Consider -

Time to get help
Location
Activity
Group size
Party skills and experience
Medical problems.

Remember the golden rules for safety in the outdoors -

Appropriate experience
Adequate clothing, equipment, food & drink
Local knowledge & navigation skills
Don't travel alone
Respect rivers and weather.

Leave party details/intentions with a friend or relative.

If assistance is required, plan carefully. Write out your message giving maximum information to assist SAR personnel reach your location with the required equipment and skills. Provide details of location, assistance required, urgency, party details, weather and terrain, disabilities or medical problems, time, how and when to contact. Communication can be by runner or radio.

Make your location clearly visible from the air - use bright colours, light a smoky fire, use movement to attract the attention of searching aircraft and search parties. Carry a whistle.

In remote mountain country, mountain radio is the best choice for communications.

MORE INFORMATION

Batteries

Batteries should be new (or fully charged), carry spares. Conserve batteries - don't make unnecessary calls, and only turn on radio/cellphone for short periods at agreed times. Keep batteries warm when using.

Ensure all party members know how to use the communication device.

NEWWEBSITES

SOUTHERN EXPOSURE

SEA KAYAKING WEB SITE

Just a quick note to let you know that the SOUTHERN EXPOSURE SEA KAYAKING web site is now (finally!) up and running. There are still some minor changes to be made ie. logo change, which will happen over the next couple of months. Check it out at <http://www.nzkayak.co.nz>. Our first full colour brochure is out now (along with more of my hair producing it!!) also. Al Rynn

A.Rynn@southexp-seakayak.co.nz
<http://www.nzkayak.co.nz>

AUCKLAND CANOE CENTRE WEB SITE

Auckland Canoe Centre has a new e-mail address:

Auckland.Canoe.Centre@kayak.co.nz
If you wish to e-mail Peter, Su, Mike or any of the staff personally, you can do so by addressing mail as follows: Peter@kayak.co.nz, Su@kayak.co.nz etc, just changing the recipients name.

Our web site is up and running. There will be changes and add-ons in the future, but you can access it currently on: <http://mysite.xtra.co.nz/~AklCanoeCentre/>

LRB2-KASK

HANDBOOK2nd.Ed.

The 200 print run of the LRB2 is almost sold out. For a copy of this mother of all handbooks, contact KASK Treasurer Helen Woodward: 82 Hutcheson St.

Blenheim

email: h.woodward@xtra.co.nz

COST:

New members: gratis

Existing members: \$10 + \$1 p&p

Non-members: \$18 + \$1 p&p

Make cheques out to KASK (NZ)Inc

Trade enquiries also to Helen.



If undelivered, please return to: Helen Woodward, 82 Hutcheson St. Blenheim.
SUBSCRIPTIONS - \$20 - due 28 February 1998