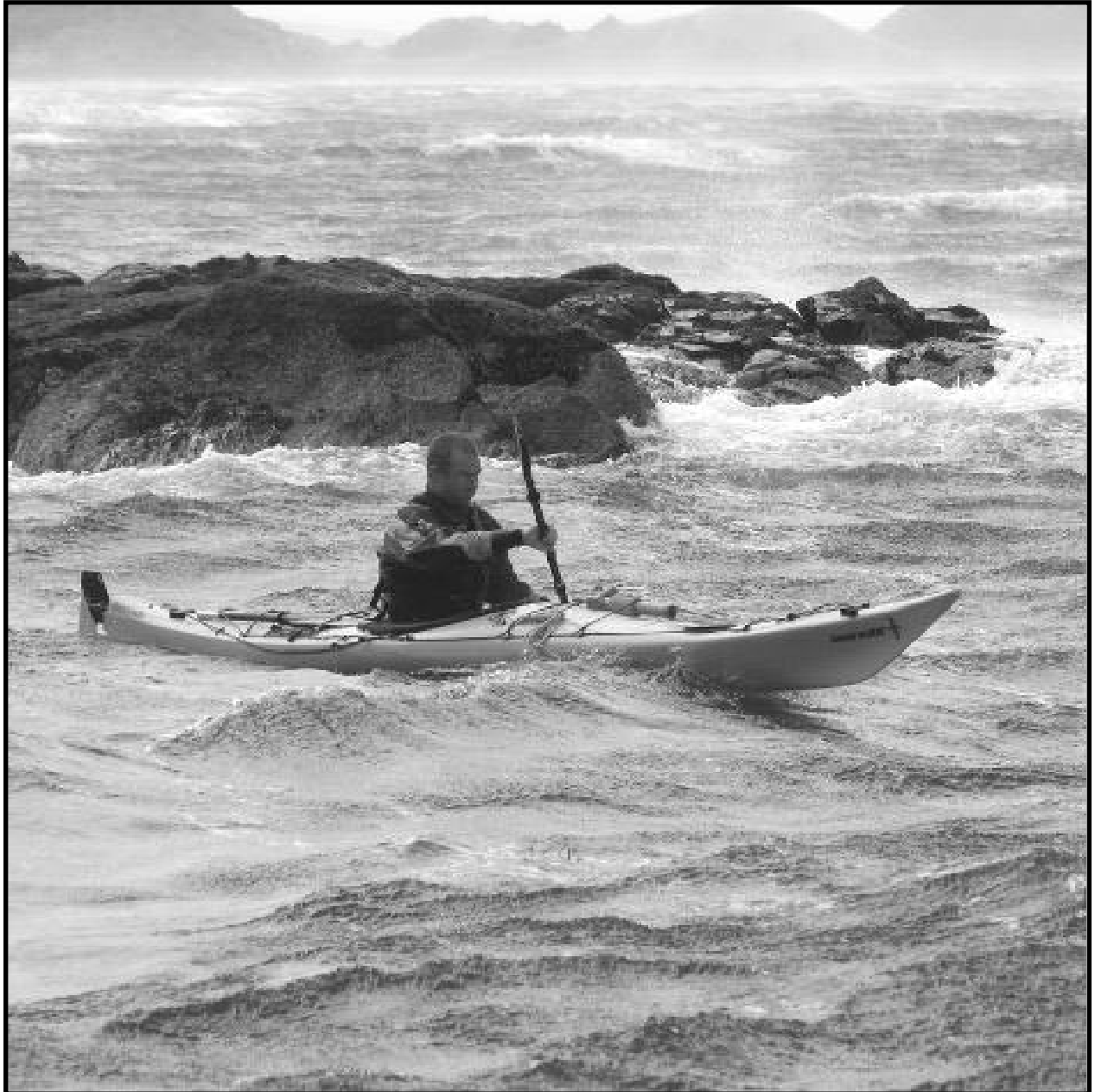


No. 122 April - May 2006

# THE SEA CANOEIST NEWSLETTER



Roger Leigh off the coast of Stewart Island  
Photo by Liz Cave

**The Journal of the Kiwi Association  
of Sea Kayakers (N.Z.) Inc. - KASK**

## KASK

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

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

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

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

Send in a plain brown envelope, or via cybermail to:

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### KASK Annual Subscription

\$35 single membership  
(\$105 for 3 years; \$175 for 5 years)  
\$40 family membership.  
\$35 overseas

A subscription form can be downloaded from the KASK website. Cheques should be made out to: K.A.S.K. (NZ) Inc. & mailed to:

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### LRB3 - KASK HANDBOOK

For a copy (or trade orders) of this mother of all sea kayaking handbooks, contact Paul Caffyn, RD 1, Runanga, 7854. West Coast.

e-mail: kayakpc@xtra.co.nz

**Price: \$24.00**

New members: gratis

Make cheques out to KASK (NZ) Inc.

THE LRB3, or the Little Red Book 3rd. Edition, is a mammoth compilation on all aspects of sea kayaking in New Zealand, by many of the most experienced paddlers in the Universe. Following a brief introduction, the handbook is divided into six sections:

- Kayak, Paddle & Equipment
- Techniques & Equipment
- The Elements
- Trips and Expeditions
- Places to Go
- Resources

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## THANKS

To all the contributors, and Liz Cave for the cracker cover photo.

## DEADLINE

For the next newsletter, 16 July 2006

## EDITORIAL

### The Newsletter

No sooner than I have dropped boxes of newsletters at the Greymouth mail sorting centre, it seems time to start another newsletter. But this time I didn't have to lean too hard on paddlers for reports, and there is some excellent reading. Two reports are well worth stewing over and considering what you would have done in similar situations.

The Tory Channel incident, written by Sue Cade, with additional comments from her co-paddler, could have resulted in the death of one or both paddlers. If it had not been for the eagle eye of a woman playing cards at the Perano homestead, who spotted Susan capsized by a wave in the channel, we may well have lost our president to the sea.

Separate debriefings of both paddlers were later carried out by John Kirk-Anderson and Cathye Haddock with a joint analysis report planned for the next newsletter.

Incidents such as this one do happen rarely in New Zealand waters, and when reading this story, I would suggest not being too harsh in your judgement of decisions made at the time, but consider what lessons you can learn from the incident to apply to your own future trips.

Because of the obvious embarrassment factor with being rescued, I had to initially pry the details from Sue. It takes no end of courage to present the details of such an incident when there obviously will be harsh critics of decisions made at the time. I thank Susan and Mike for bringing this story into the paddler domain, and hope we can all learn lessons from what transpired.

Both Mike Scanlan and John Kirk-Anderson have written reports where long coastal voyages were curtailed, because of adverse weather and sea conditions. The desire to reach the planned goal of a trip can sometimes override good judgemental decision making, but in both instances deci-

sions were made, I feel wisely, to either turn back in the case of Mike and Sandy's trip, or in John's case to charter a helicopter to fly out from the wild west coast of Stewart Island.

### First Sea Kayak Trips

At Coastbusters I heard secondhand criticism of the KASK newsletter, that it was only for experienced expedition paddlers. My reaction at the time was, 'Bollocks', but the newsletter is for all paddlers, from just starting out, to the more experienced. We all have had to start paddling at some stage, which is why a new series of 'My First Kayaking Trip' stories is appearing in the newsletter. Kerry Howe kicked off the series in the last newsletter and both John Kirk-Anderson and Kevin Dunsford have rather entertaining/gripping first paddle trip accounts. If you have a good story of your first paddling experience, please send a report to the editor.

### Meetings

On 9 May I attended the National Pleasure Boat Forum, held in Wellington, and the following weekend attended a face to face meeting of the new KASK committee in Auckland. In her president's report, Sue Cade has touched on the many issues raised in Auckland and noted many of the projects that are underway or planned. As a result of a previous NPBF held in Auckland last December, Kerry Howe is now steaming ahead with a sea kayaking module to be included with future Coastguard Education day skipper or boatmaster courses.

From the recent Wellington forum, a project is in preparation to prepare a 'Basic Guide to Safe Sea Kayaking on Si-on-Tops.' Maritime New Zealand is considering funding of the project, which will be similar to the Kask Basic Guide to Safe Sea Kayaking pamphlet, but with photos of sit-on-tops. Early stages yet, but if you have any cracker photos using a sit-on-top kayak, please get in touch with the editor.

### Reports

A KASK report has been filed with the Nelson coroner on the drowning of an English tourist in Golden Bay,

early November 2005. I am indebted to Al Rynn of Southern Exposure Kayaks, Marahau, for his time and effort in compiling a detailed report of the incident. He liaised with Police, the backpacker's owner who rented the sit-on-top kayak, photographed the kayak and equipment used, and supplied details of the weather and sea conditions on the day. In my affidavit style report to the coroner, I used a list both of contributing factors supplied by Al and recommendations to try and prevent further such incidents.

Once the inquest has been held Nelson, I will provide a more detailed report on the drowning, but one issue that may help in future such incidents, is the provision of a paddle leash, so that in the event of a capsized paddler can pull the boat back and either climb back on, or drape themselves across it. Following this Golden Bay incident I had discussion with Nick Woods of Cable Bay kayaks and also recently with Max Grant of Q-Kayaks.

Nick's view was a leash is best from the kayak to the paddler, for instance tethered to the lifejacket, while from my wave ski and boogie board experience, my view is a leash is best from a sit-on-top kayak to the paddle. I noted also during the lousy weather conditions during the recent Marlborough Sounds Pilgrimage, that many of the Wellington sea kayakers attending were using paddle leashes, from the kayak to the paddle.

If anyone has firm views on the use of paddle leashes, both with sea kayaks and sit-on-top kayaks, please drop a line to the editor for the next newsletter.

### **Vikings and Virgins Pilgrimage**

For a second time, the weather was absolutely atrocious for this planned weekend. The weather gods must have serious concerns about the dress theme. Kevin Kililea was marooned in Ruakaka Bay as he had paddled out to the venue earlier in the week, while only 10 hardy souls braved a gale warning for Cook Strait. The paddle was shortened to a DoC campsite at Momorangi Bay, where we were able to stay out of the heavy rain in cara-

vans with awnings. Dress standards were high, with some excellent costumes. Sue Cade took the prize for her revealing Viking costume, with the horns on her helmet about a metre between the tips. AJ stole the show by first showing up in a Santa Claus costume, and then with an armoured breastplate and rubber mask of Japanese showgun.

### **Northland Mini-Forum**

The Northland Canoe Club is organizing a mini-forum for 11 - 12 November 2006, to be held at a lovely venue on McLeods Bay. The last one was a beauty, and apart from the lectures and local paddles, one of the highlights was a dance with a jazz band on the Saturday night.

### **Expeditions**

Bevan Walker and Russel Davidson are currently paddling down several thousand miles of the Mackenzie River in Northern Canada. They aim to complete the trip at Tuktoyuktuk on the Arctic Ocean coast.

Simon Marwick, a fisherman from Stewart Island and Stan Mulvany, an adventurer/doctor from Invercargill, achieved a massive paddle, tramp, portage trip in Fiordland, back in February, from Lake Hauroko to Doubtful Sound. They used a 3.9 metre blue inflatable kayak, weighing a mere 15 kilograms. Total distance covered was 215 kilometres, 170 kilometres paddled, 5,500 metres of ascent and descent, for a first remarkable traverse of this unique route in Southern Fiordland. Stanley has provided a rather long account of this expedition, which I hope to trim down for the next newsletter.

Gerry and Trish Maire are paddling a Klepper folding kayak down the Danube River. Vincent Maire has provided a report backgrounding this trip but I have had to hold this over to the next newsletter.

## **TECHNICAL**

### **Kayak Sailing with Windward Rigs**

**From: Kevin killilea**

If you really want to 'sail' a kayak, you must upgrade to a complete kayak/sail rig. There are several systems commercially available, which incorporate a system which includes rudder, mast, sail, aka, amas and leeboard(s). These components enable one to sail upwind to about 45 degrees off the wind. Stability is high and some are even designed to join two kayaks together as a catamaran with a trampoline in between ( which can be used for extra gear storage, a fishing platform, etc).

The most sophisticated units have an fully battened airfoil sail which can be quickly reefed via large # 10 full sail width horizontal zips. This enables one to keep the kayak centre of effort (CE) low, sailing the kayak relatively flat, preventing the downwind ama from diving, which would create unwanted drag. I have successfully used such a rig sailing on a close reach, in a measured forty knot wind, without any dramas. Plus I have used the same rig comfortably sailing close hauled into a twenty knot wind.

The aka on a hard shell kayak can be positioned far enough forward to enable one to paddle with a normal stroke, when the complete rig is in place, necessitating only that the leeboard(s) is (are) is in the raised position.

Proper ballast placement (gear storage) and the total amount of it, is one concept not often emphasized as to the difference it can cause in kayak stability. Experimentation will demonstrate the best method for the kayak in use and its properties under various stowage regimens.

Check these websites for more detailed information:

[www.balogsailsdesigns.com](http://www.balogsailsdesigns.com)  
[www.easyriderkayaks.com](http://www.easyriderkayaks.com)  
[www.folbot.com](http://www.folbot.com)

# KASK

## **PRESIDENT'S REPORT** by Susan Cade

Since the AGM that was hosted at Coastbusters, the new KASK Committee has held a telephone conference meeting, and a strategic planning meeting in Auckland

### **The KASK Strategic Meeting**

The new committee began identifying both, activities and projects which KASK is already involved with, and immediate future projects. This is vital for any organization that is operating today and certainly doesn't mean projects can't be reviewed when then need arises. The section below reflects our KASK constitution:

### **KASK mission statement**

To promote safe recreational sea kayaking' - With Primary objectives of:

- 1). To create appropriate and relevant publications.
- 2). To support sea kayaking forums.
- 3) To promote safe sea kayaking practices through education.
- 4) To maintain and ensure ongoing advocacy on behalf of members with relevant organizations.
- 5) To generate income for projects from external funding sources.

### **Review Of Current Activities**

Initially it was amazing to look at all the activities that the KASK Committee and other key people are already busy working on. This will be presented in an article in the next KASK newsletter. I will cover some of the current or newer projects the committee is working on:

### **Membership - Payment On Line**

As requested at the 2006 AGM, KASK this year is going to 'on line' option of membership. This will be available over the Internet, providing this choice for members to join or renew their KASK membership. This is a commonly utilised practice now and many people prefer this rather than the use of cheques or other forms of payments.

### **Forums**

We are looking at having an Auckland area forum early 2007, to offer a focused event for upper North Island KASK members. The KASK 2007 AGM will be held at Anikiwa Forum (Marlborough Sounds) 23-25 February and will be a focused practical and theoretically based forum (which was received so very well in 2005). KASK is also very happy to support the a planned Northland Mini Forum for 11 - 12 November 2006.

### **Website development**

The KASK website be further developed and utilised, to inform and promote safe sea kayaking. This will involve the enhancing of current material on the website and the development of new material.

### **Safe Recreational Sea Kayaking - Education and Promotion**

One area of concern was with an increase in the number of boats being sold, there are specific safety practice needs, particularly in Auckland (with its large population base) there, and hence large number of sit on tops and sea kayaks, but also around New Zealand. The goal was to improve the safe use of these. We identified a number of projects, optimizing the networking and cultivation of these relationships with commercial outlets and organizations, as well as clubs and networks. The projects identified for this included, supporting trade, in their safety messages to those purchasing these boats, an education package that can be presented in liaison with the NZ Coastguard and increased promotion of materials such as 'A Basic Guide to Safe Sea Kayaking,' to raise the awareness of KASK and promote membership.

### **KASK Handbook**

On going projects is the new revised edition of the KASK Handbook to be completed all being well by late July 2006.

### **KASK Incident Database**

This comprehensive incident database is being used to increase awareness of the causes of incidents, and reduce the number of sea kayak incidents, both near misses and fatal incidents. There

will be ongoing development of the KASK incident data base and analysis with a published report in 2007 Our data is being included in the National Outdoor Incident Data Base that is being hosted by Mountain Safety Council.

### **Mini Training Forum Weekend**

KASK is going to co-ordinate a Central New Zealand Mini Training Weekend Forum. Probably, in the Wellington Central North Island location. This will be for maybe 6-12 participants There has been interest expressed for more advanced training for those that wish to develop their own sea kayak skills and also support the voluntary training they do for networks and clubs.

There have been a few successful training weekends already run for sea kayakers that have a commitment to this, in Wellington and Tauranga, with interest expressed from other places. Also a number of clubs have been running their own training forums. With sufficient interest, I am envisaging a focused weekend of more advanced training, with a practical and theoretical component. The instruction will be by level 2 Sea Kayak instructors. KASK has a commitment to strengthen the skill resources for those who don't have ready access to this level of training. More details to follow.

### **Land Access & Conservation**

This will be continued to be followed up - we are currently looking at how best to develop this. If you wish to get involved, please let us know.

### **Instructional DVD Library**

KASK is also looking at the possibility of having a DVD library for KASK members on instructional sea kayaking.

### **The KASK Committee**

Iona Bailey, Paul Caffyn, Kerry Howe, Julie Reynolds, Phil Oster and Nadia Lehmann

Outside of the core Committee: Alex Ferguson (Website), Linda Ingram (Administrator) As well as others, too many to name here.

**Water Safety New Zealand  
Non Powered WaterCraft Forum -  
29 April 2006**

I represented KASK at this Wellington Forum. There was good representation from organizations that KASK has strong links with, and others that share similar concerns. This was the first meeting of this group.

From this, positive networking was initiated by Water Safety NZ and NZ Outdoors Instructors Association (NZOIA). Another meeting is planned later this year to support funding proposals. There were expressed similar safety issues and concerns as KASK has, by many non-powered watercraft clubs and the industry sector. Of interest, there is joint work being done with trade to promote and support the safe use of sit on tops and sea kayaks.

NZOIA is planning another training series in the forthcoming year which will include another pre assessment weekend training, and also a day on instructing rolling. Both of these towards the Sea Kayak 1 Instructors award. Maritime NZ is undertaking major promotion of material, and noted our safe sea kayaking pamphlet is a very successful publication. The current use of watercraft each year, is seen as one person in seven owning a vessel, and one in three embarking on a vessel. Mention was made of the need to increase the development of research on incident data, and analysis to support safe boating.

**In Conclusion**

My thanks to the KASK Team for your work and commitment to KASK. It looks like a busy year. Happy paddling

**NEW  
ZEALAND  
TRIP REPORTS**

**Stewart Island  
Circumnavigation,  
Circumspection &  
Circumcision**

**by John Kirk-Anderson**

'I'm worried that paddlers are starting to think that Stewart Island is an easy trip.'

This concern expressed by Liz Cave, owner of Rakiura Kayaks, island born and bred, and the daughter of a commercial fisherman, was born of local knowledge. Four days later, as I listened to the marine forecasts from the shelter of Doughboy Bay hut, on the island's exposed west coast, the idea of an easy trip seemed laughable indeed.

Circumnavigating Stewart Island solo was something I had long planned, and when Paul Caffyn suggested an exploration of the island's Port Pegasus with himself and Kevin Kililea, after a planned trip into Fiordland was aborted, it seemed now was the time. My leave was already booked, the tides were favourable, and I was paddling fit. All I needed was suitable weather. That's all, just suitable weather. Hold that thought.

At 46° south, Stewart Island is tucked nicely into the Roaring Forties, with no land mass to slow the winds from Antarctica, and a fetch circling the globe. Having been to the island three times previously, I had no illusions as to the potential fury of the weather.

My plan was to catch the ferry across Foveaux Strait to Oban, the island's only town, and start paddling anti-clockwise. I gave myself 10 days to get around the north coast, down the exposed west coast, and around the south capes, the crux of the trip with their tide races, before meeting Paul and Kevin in Port Pegasus. We would then spend several days exploring

there before heading up the more sheltered east coast back to Oban. If the weather was suitable I would then paddle back over Foveaux Strait to Bluff.

I had given myself plenty of time as I didn't want to race around the island, but to explore several locations on the way. I also expected to be storm-bound for a couple of days in that time, as fronts tended to blast through in a hurry.

A big high sat over southern New Zealand as I left Oban, waved off by Liz who knew better than most what was ahead of me. She has herself circumnavigated the island by kayak, and has spent her childhood on boats in these waters.

Pushing into a lazy tidal stream, I wasn't worried by my pace as I wanted to check out the coastline and had only 25 km to go that day, before reaching Christmas Village Hut. This would allow me to climb Mt. Anglem, the highest feature on the island, the next day.

The north-eastern coast in calm weather is a paddler's delight. Sandy beaches surrounded by thick bush, wild strands of kelp fanning out across the sea like hair, and water so blue it seemed unreal.

Early the next morning I was well up Mt Anglem, wading through the mud for which Stewart Island tracks are renowned. Looking across a mirror-calm Foveaux Strait towards the South Island, Bluff Hill and the chimney of the Ocean Beach Freezing Works stood clearly visible. Views from the mountain's rounded summit extended to the Mutton Bird Islands in the south-west and Paterson Inlet in the south-east.

On the way up I saw my first signs of deception on the island. Let me explain.

Stewart Island has a reputation for the number of Kiwi (birds) that can be seen, especially during daylight. Many people have claimed to have seen them, and some even have photo-



Campsite at East Ruggedy. Photo: John Kirk-Anderson

graphs. These people are liars. After three visits to the island, I can safely declare that there are no Kiwi on the island as I haven't seen a single one. The whole idea is surely a trick by the Stewart Island Promotion Agency, in cahoots with the Department of CONSERVATION!

What happens, I believe, is that a DoCon worker, wearing shoes with Kiwi prints on the bottom, wanders around leaving sign, and that is what I saw at 900 metres on Mt Anglem. Didn't fool me.

After lunch back at the hut, I continued paddling, again with no wind and flat seas. A tiny tide race off Saddle Point gave me one brief surf run, but that was the only sign I was pushing into the flood tide.

Ducking into Yankee River for a look at the hut, I met a bearded chap who was collecting water for his nearby camp. He peered at my boat and asked what sort of kayak it was, in the tone that meant he knew little of them. But

when I replied that it was a Nordkapp he said, "I thought so, I had one in 1990 to cross Cook Strait. Bloody nice aren't they." He must have noticed my glance at his girth because he explained that he had put on a little weight since he did that year's Xerox Challenge, an adventure race the length of New Zealand!

Something about him seemed familiar, and he identified himself as John Judkins, brother of Coast to Coast organiser Robin Judkins, the man who started the global craze of multisport. This country is too small at times.

My overnight spot was going to be the next hut, Long Harry, 9km away, but the up-dated map in Yankee River hut showed that it had been moved and was no longer close to the coast. So, while the great weather held, I felt like pushing on, confident that there were plenty of spots to land and wriggle into a bivvy bag.

Exposed now to the westerly roll, this late afternoon paddle was fantastic.

Sooty shearwaters, or Titi, the famed Mutton Birds for which Stewart Island is renowned by Maori, were returning to the Rugged Islands, which were indeed. No landing spots there! The shearwaters were masters of air surfing, getting lifts off the pressure in front of waves, peeling away to get another when the energy was gone. They were a joy to watch.

I pulled into East Ruggedy beach, 15 km past Yankee River, as the sunset played across the rippled sand. Inland stretched sand dunes, with the hut 1.2 km away, too far to have appeal in the gloom. Finding a flat spot in the tussock, I soon had the tent up and a brew on. This was the first time I had used my new anti-sandfly head net, and I learned that you can't drink tea through a head net.

The marine forecast the next morning offered a late SW change, and the barometer was dropping, along with some light rain. Looking at the map I knew I was facing a long day at the office, with few landings on offer and



Mutton Birds. Photo: John Kirk-Anderson

a long stretch across Mason Bay before the shelter of the Ernest Islands. Kilbride Homestead, an old farm at the southern end of Mason Bay, had been on my list of places to visit but Liz had said it was now locked up.

There was still no wind, so I snuck easily between the Rugged Islands and Rugged Point, with a low grey swell climbing towards the low grey clouds. The Ruggedy Mountains (notice a pattern?) were indifferent to my passing, standing staunch and aloof.

The rain increased and visibility dropped to less than 1 km, a very different day to the past two, but I felt sharper because of it. My GPS was churning out numbers, giving my location, but I made a game of using dead-reckoning to give me a grid reference and then checking my accuracy.

Sliding through the rain, with long slow swells rolling through, I shared this special time and place with hundreds of shearwaters who were chasing fish. Ignoring me, they moved away only at the last minute, having decided I was no threat to them or competition to their fishing.

I could hear surf breaking in the murk to my left, and by the time I was close to Little Hellfire Beach, I decided to see what it was like. Edging in quietly, it didn't look too bad in patches, with reasonable gaps between bigger sets. I timed it well until the last minute,

when I was clobbered, broaching to shore.

'I'm as happy as a pig in shit'. That thought suddenly burst out, and I laughed as I looked around. There I was, standing in the pouring rain, nothing around except sea, surf, wet sand and cloud, on the desolate and exposed west coast of Stewart Island, and I was having a picnic. My tea and biscuits tasted better for the circumstances.

Breaking back out through the surf, I began to wonder if I might get to spend more time at Little Hellfire. One set broke just in front, and I did the most beautiful back-loop I have yet managed. Watching the bow come right over, I got a glimpse of land

before touch down. Using the wave's energy, I quickly rolled back up and headed out for another try.

Picking my time carefully, I accelerated into a wave, trying to punch through before it broke. My loaded boat was too slow, and I was picked up and surfed backwards. Leaning as far forward as I could, I tucked into a bow rudder stroke (or is it a stern rudder at the bow, I'm not sure?) trying to stop the stern from burying and looping me again. The stern buried and flicked me over the high side and sent me surfing backwards and upside down towards the beach. This wave didn't want to let go, and tried to steal my paddle but I had no intention of giving it up, so we wrestled for a while. When it grew bored with monsterring me, so I rolled up and tried to work out a better way.

Brute force had failed so I had to get sneaky. When I saw a gap, I took it, igniting the afterburners until well clear of the breakers. All my surfing practice in sea boats paid off.

Later, a check of my GPS log showed my maximum speed was 32.1 kilometres per hour! Backwards and upside down! No wonder my sinus passages were clear.

Eventually the shapes of the Ernest Islands appeared ahead and I aimed for The Gutter, between them and the mainland. Maps I saw had been

John Kirk-Anderson





marked that it was suitable only in calm conditions. I don't know about that, as it is not a gutter but a ridge, with bush growing on parts of it. Looking at the map, I had the option of a 5km back track or a 600 m portage. Figuring that the back track would take 30 minutes I chose to drag my kayak. Forty-five minutes later I regained the sea, wiser about portage times. I also learned that bull kelp is better than Teflon as a sliding surface.

Faced with a swell from the southwest, breaking on the shallow beach, I had another gentle sinus flush, this time upright, before beginning the last leg towards Doughboy Bay. This last 10km was a grind, with steep cliffs dropping from low clouds straight down to the sea, where a swell smashed into them.

Arriving in Doughboy Bay, the colour that struck me was brown, the surf stained by tannin carried from the bush by the rivers. It was a weird end to the day, like someone was playing with the palettes in Photoshop.

The Doughboy Bay hut was empty and, within a nano-second, I had converted it into a drying room. I find it remarkable how quickly sea kayakers can transform any pristine environment into something resembling a Chinese laundry struck by a laser-guided bomb.

Little did I know that I would spend the next six days in that hut, as a series of fronts passed through, bringing gales every day, swinging from the SW to the NW. Listening to the marine forecasts I longed for a tiny gap, anything below 20 knots would have been nice, but I also knew that I needed a serious break of some duration in order to venture from my sheltered bolt-hole.

Access to current marine forecasts, sent as text messages by my wife, Mary, to my rented satellite phone, allowed me to carefully consider the options. I knew what the coast was like to the north, having just paddled down it. After playing in the surf on a mild day, I knew landings in the current conditions would be brutal, and a



Wilson

one-way trip ashore. A look at the map showed worse country to the south, and at least two days were required to get around the southern capes with their tide races and reefs. Walking out from Doughboy Bay is not fun at the best of times, with the tracks very steep and more mud than solid. But I was in no danger where I was. If needed I could walk out, but my kayak and gear would have to stay.

Life in the hut settled into a routine. It was spent cutting firewood, reading the eclectic collection of magazines ranging from women's gossip mags, to huntin', shootin', fishin' titles, cutting firewood, staring at the map and forecast, cutting firewood, and wandering the bush, trying to spot the ranger from DoCon with funny shoes.

I had packed a colossus of a book, journalist Robert Fisk's 'The Great War for Civilisation. The Conquest of the Middle East', all 1366 pages. Liz Cave was aghast when she saw it, weighing it in her hand before saying I shouldn't let Paul Caffyn see it, with his minimalist approach, he would be horrified. While I can't say I understand the problems of Middle East any better, I am now better informed.

I also made a friend. Wilson may have appeared to others as just a discarded fishing float, unwanted flotsam that washed up on the beach.

But to me, after I drew a face on him by felt-pen, he spoke of the hard life he had endured to reach this point, and, besides, he was a good listener.

The funny part is, later that very day, Mary joked that Hollywood was going to make a movie about me, titled 'Doughaway', starring Tom Hanks.

On hearing that the following 10-day forecast was for gale force SW, W, and NW, I had started to consider other ways of leaving Doughboy Bay, with Paul and Liz both checking options. A fixed-wing pilot was prepared to land on the beach, but could not pick up my kayak. At the time I got that message, I was standing near the beach, braced into a westerly gale. He may have been prepared to land in this cross-wind, but I would not have got on board for the take off.

Being picked up by fishing boat was another possibility, but there were none in the area. Walking out, I would have needed three return trips to carry out my gear, slung on a pole over my shoulders. Each way would take six hours, on tracks that were more swamp than not. This would have still left my kayak, but I did do a reconnaissance of the track to check the feasibility of carrying it. While possible, it would have been a hell trip.

That left a helicopter, a means of travel I love, but one I have never

## NEW ZEALAND TRIP REPORTS

### Cape Reinga to the Bay of Islands (well almost) March 2006

#### photos & story by Mike Scanlan

Saturday 18 March

Sandy and I were on the road to Cape Reinga after previously deferring our trip for a week because of a 35 knot SE marine forecast. I was going to miss Coastbusters, but never mind.

To give a little background about us - we had each paddled the 1300km from Mahia, (south of Gisborne) to the Bay of Islands. I had done this over the previous four summers, mainly with John Humphris, while Sandy had stretched it out longer and done most of it solo. I have just moved to Snell's Beach north of Auckland but we have both spent decades surfing Gisborne's beaches.

We arrived at the beautiful Tapotupotu Bay DoC campsite in the early afternoon, in sunny weather and set off in empty kayaks for the 4km paddle to Cape Reinga, Sandy in his Prion Kodiak and me in my Barracuda

View back to the Cape Reinga lighthouse, on the background skyline



before had to pay for. Facing a bill of \$1,600, I delayed, looking again at the forecasts, hoping to spot a break I had missed. I called the VHF operator in Oban, asking for a real-time report from the fishing boats working at the south of the island.

Her reply made up my mind. "There's no one down there. It's too rough and they've all come home."

If commercial fishermen used to working the seas off Stewart Island, not men known as a pack of sooks, had decided to pack it in, then it was no place for a sea kayak.

Typical! Waiting for the helicopter next morning, the sea in the bay was the flattest it had been and I regretted my decision to leave. When I told the pilot he laughed and said, "Wait till you get up".

The sea was covered in whitecaps to the horizon, and the westerly was blowing williwaws off the points in Paterson Inlet, easily 45 knots.

Looking on the bright side, Stewart Island is still around. So am I.

I didn't make a stupid decision to 'Just take a look' when I knew what the weather was like. Had I done so I would have come to grief, without question. I know my limits and into wind, I stop moving forward when it's blowing 30 knots, and when it blows 35 knots, I'm going backwards. The lee shore would have welcomed my arrival with unforgiving rock and exploding swell.

It was a lesson, albeit an expensive one, in practical risk management, far removed from completing a RAMS form and then ignoring the real world.

It begs the question:

If to paddle around an island is a circumnavigation, and stopping to consider the approaching bad weather is circumspection, is cutting the trip short a circumcision?

John Kirk-Anderson

Beachcomber.

Once clear of the bay we were immediately challenged by very disturbed water. Although there was only a small to moderate swell running the water seemed to want to stand up on end and our empty kayaks were thrown all over the place. We cautiously paddled to here we could see around Cape Reinga and then retreated. I felt as though we were on the edge of a flat earth and could fall over the edge at any moment. We got back to our campsite a little disquieted thinking about getting around North Cape.

That evening some fishermen arrived dragging behind their boat a shark the size of a bull.

Sunday 19 March Fine,  
10 knot headwind.

We left Sandy's four wheel drive at the camp hoping it would still have all four wheels when we returned at the trip end. Spirits Bay was wild and stunning. Ultra clear water and a brilliant blue sky. Once again the water along the cliffs was very bumpy, but the following long pristine beach was superb. Lunch was at the northern end of Spirits Bay and then it was more cliffs to Tom Bowling Bay. At the far end was our intended campsite, just before the cliffs leading to North Cape.

A Maori shore fishing party assured us that it was OK to camp there. They had taken an hour to get there in their



Campsite near Noth Cape

four wheel drive from the road. In the evening we walked to a ridge top from where we could see the ocean on the other side of North Cape. The hills were covered with struggling Manuka and very dry. 32km for the day.

Monday 20 March Fine, 10 knot headwind.

We were on the water by 7am and kept this up throughout the trip. In late March this meant getting up a little earlier than the sun. The day started with cliffs, bumpy water and no wind, but the wind soon reappeared. It is 12km around North Cape and cliffs all the way. I would definitely not want to be there in anything but good conditions.

Around the cape, the vast Great Exhibition Bay opened up before us - the wind became an easier crosswind and conditions generally became much more mellow. We stopped at the first beach - Waikuku Beach- and stocked up on water at the stream. On past more cliffs and the Parengarenga Bar loomed ahead. At the bar two metre high cresting and breaking waves extended in a line well out to sea - in fact we couldn't see the seaward end of them. We paddled further in towards the harbour but realised this would take us a long way in, so picked a gap in the surf lineup and headed across towards it.

A high speed run through the gap and

I thought it was over but in fact it was just the start; another 3km or more of a minefield of randomly breaking waves lay beyond, from close to the shore to well out to sea. Eyes spaced evenly around our heads would have been a real asset and we probably looked like tennis spectators as our heads swivelled back and forth trying to second guess the waves as they suddenly reared up and broke around us. Sandy collected one that surfed him backwards but managed to paddle out of it. Copious adrenaline release later and we were through, but still had to be watchful for the erratic depth changes that meant unexpected surf. The beach stretched on forever and eventually we headed in towards the shore to look for a campsite.

I looked back to see a monster wave curling up behind and a rapid U turn and flailing paddle just got me through it as it broke. Closer in, a wave crested beside me and pulled me into its embrace. Years of kayak surfing and a big brace into the wave didn't save me and the world went green. When things settled down I rolled up but my good leather hat was gone. We had what was probably only a moderate sized swell and in anything bigger I would rate the bar as very serious and suggest a long detour out to sea. In that event getting back onto the beach would be interesting. The beach was very barren and our campsite basic but we were pleased and relieved to have made it thus far. 40 km for the day.

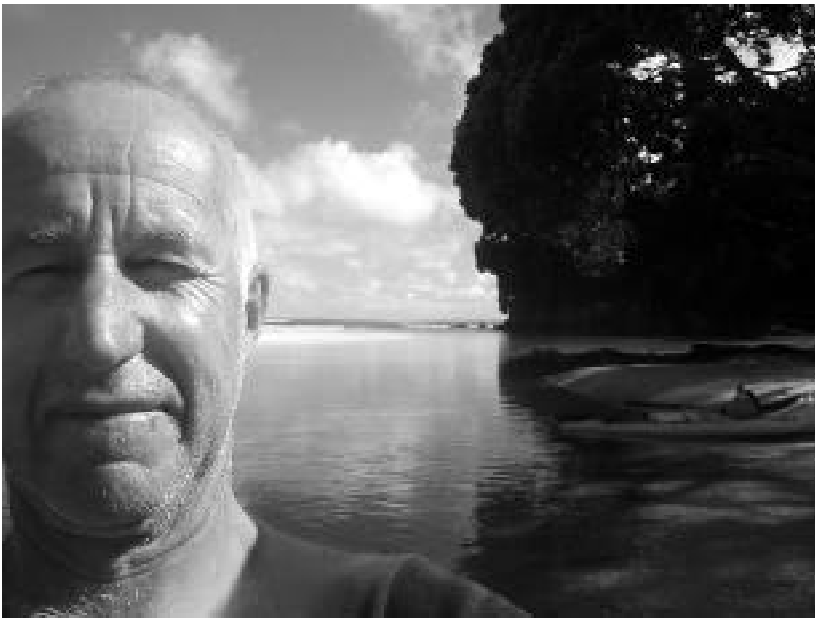
Tuesday 21 March

Fine 10 knot headwind

Funny how the wind changes direction to remain a headwind. No dramas getting out through the surf and the long paddle down the beach went on. And on. Rawera Beach had a beautiful little stream and lagoon and a DoC campsite. We lunched there and paddled on, enjoying a coastline that wasn't just unending white sand any more. It seemed quite a long way but we eventually got to the headland of Houhora Harbour. We decided a motorcamp was what we wanted and set out to find it. The camp turned out to be just inside the harbour entrance, but was a bit of a disappointment with no shop, a 'café' that closed at 4pm

Sandy





Mike Scanlan

and had very little for sale, and dribbly showers that required two 50 cent coins. There was also a game fishing contest on which meant a stupendous parade of boats returning to the harbour in the evening and very loud and nocturnal boaties at the motorcamp. 32km for the day but it seemed further.

Wednesday 22 March Fine and calm with little wind until afternoon. More very long white beaches curved ahead to a very distant horizon and Cape Karikari. It seemed improbable that we could paddle that far in a day, but that was the deal. We stayed offshore to shorten the distance and kept paddling for four hours before stopping on a postcard beautiful beach. Nonstop 3-4 hour paddling stints tended to be our routine and seemed to suit both of us. If the morning had been mellow, the afternoon woke us up. As we reached the start of the cliffs at the end of Cape Karikari, the sea started into its best breakdancing routine yet. A big fishing launch cruised slowly past going the other way and I imagine we looked somewhat out of control. The cliffs and concentration went on for what seemed a long time before Matai Bay started to open up and we were able to relax. As usual the conditions inside were perfect and the people at the DoC campsite watching us come in would have thought it all looked very easy. The campsite was big and al-

most empty and had clean toilets, water and cold showers. 43 km for the day.

Thursday 23 March  
Fine 15-20 knot headwind.

This was a worry bead day with three looming problems – getting past the cliffs and points between Matai Bay and Doubtless Bay, getting across Doubtless Bay with a strong offshore wind, and getting around Berghan Point, which had featured in a very negative way in trip reports I had read. The first two presented their difficulties but were dealt with, while, to my relief, Berghan Point was not too bad. We did a U-shaped course across Doubtless Bay. Past Berghan Point the conditions mellowed out mark-

edly and we were able to paddle close to the cliffs for the first time without seas seemingly on 'P'. We camped at Motukahakaha Bay which was another perfect place. 42 km for the day.

Friday 24 March Cloudy, headwinds. With a lot of the scary stuff behind us, I was starting to think the trip was in the bag – silly boy. The day's paddling was fairly routine –I find that a succession of cliffs, points bays etc tends to blur in my memory compared to the more dramatic big beaches and crossings. The weather became a bit dark windy and threatening but eventually we arrived at the motor camp at Matauri Bay. This is a GREAT place. Great shop, very helpful people, excellent free showers - 10 out of 10.

It looked like another day should get us inside the Bay of Islands but the weather outlook was starting to assume pear like dimensions with a reported cyclone lurking somewhere out there. I was getting nervous thinking about the 20 km of cliffy stuff leading up to Cape Wikiwiki. 37 km for the day.

Saturday 25 March Cloudy, 15 knot headwind increasing to gale force. The morning did not look good. We set off into a strong headwind with spray jackets on trying to keep close to shore to escape some of the wind. It was a struggle all the way and I was conscious that soon it would be 'Decision Time'. About three hours later, and some 3km past Toronui Bay we

Paddling along the cliffs, out towards North Cape





Leaving Matauri Bay

came to a headland and the start of 15-20km of cliffs leading to Cape Wikiwiki.

The skies were darkening and the sea looked hostile. The wind was building all the time and it was evident to me that this was not a good place to be. I made a personal decision to go back before over committing myself and paddled over to confer with Sandy. Fortunately he had come to the same conclusion so it was a fast run back to Toronui Bay with the wind and waves behind us.

The Met. forecast on my cell phone was for 40 knot winds for the next three Karikari Bay



days and it was evident that our trip was over. Sandy immediately grabbed a ride with some surfers out to the highway and was Cape Reinga bound, to pick up the vehicle while I stayed to look after our kayaks and gear.

Toronui Bay is a curious place. It is Maori lease land and has a locked security gate about 4 km up the road. You need a PIN or zapper to get through. The (European) people with houses there were a mixed lot; the first I encountered told me not to block his beach access with our kayaks, but those I met through the afternoon were much more welcoming with one visiting my tent three times

with offers of dinner and a shower (Probably not in that order). And another person offered shelter in his double garage. However I thought it best to stay with the tent and gear in case Sandy turned up looking for me and reinforced all the tent pegs with the biggest rocks I could find. The wind and rain got worse by the minute, and I hoped the tent was not going to collapse as it had done once at East Cape. At 10pm, incredibly, Sandy arrived back with the vehicle after an amazing hitch hiking effort to Cape Reinga. He wisely elected to sleep in the back of his four wheel drive while I stayed in the wildly billowing tent. About 20km paddled (GPS battery failure)

Sunday 26 March.

Gale with rain

As soon as it was light, I was knocking on Sandy's window. The gear was thrown in, kayaks double tied to the racks and we were gone.

**Summary**

We paddled about 260km before turning back, 15km short of the Bay of Islands. Average speed was only 5.4 km/hour which I put down to loaded kayaks and persistent headwinds. The weather and swell conditions we had, were very good, but despite this I found the trip challenging. In particular the sea conditions off the cliffs and headlands were very disturbed despite the only moderate swell. I have since been told that this is the result of the cliffs staying vertical below the water and reflecting waves directly back, rather than a sloping profile that dissipates the waves somewhat. In less favourable conditions I would personally not want to be paddling there. I was able to get cell phone coverage from North Cape on, (had to walk up a few hills) and this was excellent for Met. forecasts via their website, and texts to home to keep them informed. I had a VHF but saved the battery in case of real need. Campsites and water were never a problem.

The Far North is very beautiful, often very remote and very special.

**Party:**

Mike Scanlan & Sandy Gibson

## THE 'BUGGER!' FILE

### Unforgettable Rescue New Years Day 2004- 2005 by Susan Cade

On Friday 31 December 2004, New Years Eve, Mike and I caught the Lynx ferry from Wellington to Picton. The goal of our trip was to paddle around Arapawa Island if the weather was okay - we had had this on our wish list for some time. Both of us were experienced multi-day paddlers, Mike paddling a Torres and myself a Nordkapp.

Early evening, while it was still light, we launched Picton for Blumine Island. Our only pause en-route was in fading light, just off Ruakaka Bay, when two boaties came over and said we weren't very visible. We were a little amused, as they came well out of their way to tell us this, which was generous of them. Both of us were wearing bright colours, with our lights already on and we weren't that far from shore. Mike had a visibility flag up and we were keeping an eye out for boats, as we were aware it can be a hard time to spot anyone on the water.

By nightfall we were well over half-way to Blumine Island (a 25km trip). Mike used his GPS, to close on the campsite, and I was able to pin point camp slightly more precisely from memory and night vision. We had both been out there so often at night, it was very familiar to us.

After a well-earned sleep, on Saturday morning we were up bright and early, starting soon after first light in misty light rain on a tranquil, flat sea. The marine forecast was for a 15 knot southerly. Subsequently we learned that even though it wasn't a strong wind, that anything from the south isn't so good for the Perano Head/Tory channel area. Seeing only one boat heading towards the East Bay on Arapawa Island, there was a peaceful sense of being on our own.

Good time was made out Queen Char-

lotte to Ngaturuturu Rocks, just before Cape Koamaru, where we had a break in the lee of the shore and rocks. After a brief snack in our boats and doing a final check, we also talked about whether to do a trip intention report (TR) to Maritime radio on the VHF.

*Mike: "I didn't want to do a TR because on previous trips, coming into Tory Channel, he had experienced difficulty using his VHF due to not having his hands free in rough conditions and not wanting, if we were overdue, to cause an emergency call out."*

I wasn't assertive with my view at this time, as I didn't agree but chose to let it go. I think I was keen to keep going and maybe not create dissonance. I would have done a TR and made contact when I could - then if something did go wrong, it gives an advantage. However the risk was at a low level as far as we understood at this point.

Later we also had another discussion about timing of the tidal stream flow for Tory Channel and along the coast. High tide at Tory channel was at 1pm, but the implications of the tidal flow needed interpretation. I don't think we were absolutely clear about the best timing for this; there was a difference in our understandings. I think Mike was clearer than me! As we headed further along the coast the wind was increasing slightly. I thought it wasn't any stronger than 15km for some time.

*Mike said "from Cape Koamaru that the wind seemed to be more than 15 knots and that we had 4.5 hours to cover the 18km to Tory Channel before high tide and that it was raining steadily. Once outside Arapawa Island we found there were few places to land. Both the wind and sea kept increasing as we progressed down the coast".*

I paddled closer to the shoreline, aiming for easier paddling, and staying in calmer seas. Mike tended to paddle just off shore probably using more energy, in the main tidal stream flow.

About an hour or two along the coast, there was a possible easy landing beach. These were very uncommon along this shoreline. Mike queried whether to stop, if I didn't feel the need to do so, and wanted to keep going, to get the best conditions for Tory Channel. We decided to paddle on, though there was some discussion about what the timing was for Tory Channel was!

If we had stopped I wonder if Mike would have put on more clothes and we may have checked our timing more clearly. A bit further along we also talked about whether to keep going or to turn around. The wind and sea had increased a bit, and we identified that if we turned around we would have a following sea and wind. I had paddled in a lot worse conditions before and felt very comfortable continuing at this point. It was a bit rougher around the odd point but basically wasn't too bad as far as I was concerned. I still paddled in the quieter sea conditions closer to shore and Mike, I thought, was enjoying the rougher conditions. I felt a bit anxious in case Mike tipped out and at one stage called him in a bit, but he clearly was happy to paddle further out and eased out again. Later I wondered if I should have been more assertive, as Mike would have been too far away for me to rescue him.

I wondered what conditions would be like around Perano Head. As we paddled along the coast, a red Westpac rescue helicopter flew out of Tory Channel, checked us out, then returned the same way. I wished we had done a TR so they would have known we were in the area. For some reason I didn't think about doing a TR then. Latter the Heberleys told us that the pilot had been looking for an activated emergency locator beacon.

*Mike: "As we approached Perano Head, both wind and tide grew steadily worse. I was taking three paddle strokes to get up some of the bigger breaking waves, and as we passed Perano Head I was getting cold. I did see a small stony beach to land on for a break and warm up, but it was exposed to the wind and constant rain. I ruled out landing there. I wasn't*

*thinking properly as I should have discussed this with Sue but didn't.*"

When we passed around Perano Head, I was relieved that sea conditions weren't too bad - we could actually paddle between Raukawa Rock and the cliffy shoreline. There wasn't powerful clapotis (rebouncing breaking waves of the coast) like a previous Cook Strait crossing. Mike was tending to paddle a little ahead but not too far. He spotted a seal at the back of some rocks, and pointed this out. I asked Mike a little later whether he was okay and he said, "Yes."

A little further on, conditions were misty and we were starting to cross a large bay. When Mike was close to me he sung out, indicating that he was heading for the point on the other side of the big bay which was about 2km across. Once again, how come I still hadn't ensured we stayed together, or pick up that Mike was cold. Perhaps I could have been more forceful re checking him out. I probably had more experience and knowledge about the need to address cold issues quickly. Also we'd had no food for some time. I don't believe this was an issue for me, but may have impacted on Mike. He was also a more powerful paddler and due to staying with me, paddling at my slower paced optimum would have been colder for him.

I hadn't seen the point through the mist and had been going to follow the coast, the sea being fairly flat here. Mike then accelerated, gradually leaving me further and further behind. I groaned to myself as I would have liked to do the quiet amble around the bay and stayed in the lee of the conditions of wind and sea, but there was no choice and I felt I needed to follow Mike as best I could. From then on, though at times I got a bit closer to Mike, once I came out from the bay I was really struggling to see him in between the waves and troughs partly from the sheer distance of separation. I am afraid I cursed and swore in his direction, and then thought I better not do this as it wasn't nice, but then identified that it was energising in a kind of funny way.

My concerns were that we both now had a very small safety margin, as we could only offer each other support if we were in very close proximity. A short distance of about a boat or two lengths is really essential, to be able to know if your paddling companion is in trouble or there is a need to negotiate a change in the paddling plan, or provide some support, otherwise you are on our own.

I also didn't have a VHF radio so I had no way to contact Mike, or other help very easily. I had flares but no one to possibly sight these, damn! So I know at this point I was in effect a solo paddler and I had a large degree of concern about Mike and my own safety. If anything happened to either of us, we could offer no support or even know where the other person was. If either of us came out, it would be like spotting coconuts in the water for a potential rescue; I think almost impossible in the turbulent sea.

As I paddled towards the entrance of Tory Channel, I wondered which route I should take. The sea was breaking but was manageable where I was. I wasn't sure about going right into the entrance of the main Tory Channel as the sea clearly was much bigger, and breaking significantly more. There was no sign of Mike.

As I got closer to the East Head, I was relieved to see Mike. He was indicating to go in behind some big rocks, off to the right, close to the shore. So I carefully paddled along the coast keeping out from the waves that were picking up to break on the shore, and slipped in the quiet water behind the rock. I had wondered what was going on for Mike before I spotted or talked to him.

*Mike: "On the last bit of this coast after Perano Head there are few landing spots. You feel like you have to keep going. The last 3km was bloody rough with more than the odd wave breaking over me. Two km from Tory Channel in terrible conditions, paddling up breaking waves. I found myself doing pro-active bracing as a safety measure. I've never had so much water go into my boat, through the*

*spray skirt. When I went up a wave, I could feel water sloshing into my seat, and I had always thought my boat was a very dry one. By this stage my hands had seized on the paddle and I was shivering; my chest felt really cold and my right arm was seizing up. We were quite a distance from each other as I was further out in the rougher water, trying to use more energy to keep warm. I felt my only option was to speed up and go ahead to Tory before I got any worse. I did this without discussion, as we were too far apart to communicate. Tory Channel was horrendous as the tide was now going out, also it was wind against tide. There had been no way we were going to get into Tory via the normal entrance. I sheltered by a large rock in the East Head crop of rocks, near the entrance of Tory Channel, waiting for Susan.*

There was an outgoing eddy through a channel behind the rocks and we paddled hard to get through into Tory entrance. Mike had come back with determination to show me the route. At one point I had to seriously brace as I went with the tidal stream through a narrow channel between some rocks, Mike was right behind and was most relieved that I didn't fall out. (Thank goodness to training).

The area just inside Tory Channel entrance looked calm and flat. There was no indication of rough seas as we watched a large passenger ferry turn. We decided to keep in close to the right to keep out of the tidal stream. Mike suggested we paddle around the shoreline and I suggested we paddle straight across the bay to the old whaling station, and unfortunately we chose the latter. Why didn't I listen to Mike? *Mike: "We decided to cut the corner and stay in the stronger tidal stream."*

Both of us thought, and acted, as if we were home and dry. Mike soon took off again, the distance soon stretching out between us. I felt just a little cold and paced my paddling as there seemed to be no urgency. I was thinking I needed another layer of clothes on. There was a yacht making its way in on the other side of the channel.

I noticed the wave pattern changing. I noticed a few waves break near the shoreline on my right. I looked back towards the entrance of Tory Channel and saw a very large steep faced wave heading for me, and had only moments to make a decision, I knew I didn't have time to turn around. I didn't think of broaching (I am not that skilled in surf re big waves and I mean big).

In the end I kept paddling forward and was inevitably tipped over. After sitting overturned for a few moments, I thought, 'Oh well I better do a wet exit,' and did so. I didn't even consider trying to roll up (I knew I could roll my Looksha in a sweep deck roll or in a pawlata roll, but hadn't done so in an emergency - the Nordkapp for me was harder to roll).

I got organised to do a paddle float self rescue. I had my night light still on my back deck, on a mount and had secure hold of my paddle. I was wearing a manual inflating life jacket (with CO2 canister) I didn't inflate this, which wasn't a conscious decision not to do so. After an unsuccessful attempt to re enter in which I got part way up, I decided to be very methodical and give myself the best chance by removing my night-light.

The Nordkapp (narrower than the Looksha) was more unstable, with the small cockpit keeping my body weight

higher, for longer, making it a harder task. Meanwhile I noticed that I was being swept out the entrance of Tory channel. (The Heberley's latter told me this was due to being in a rip) and I was heading closer to some huge black jagged rocks, which I had an aversion to be swept onto.

As I drifted closer, I was getting somewhat worried, though part of me realised that maybe the main flow of water would flow past rather than towards the rocks. In fact I was swept past the rocks but they certainly looked large, black and intimidating. About this time I spotted a commercial fishing boat (The Heberley's local fishing and farming families' boat) heading my way and I got ready to be rescued.

The boat crew were clearly eager to get me on board as quickly as possible, I handed my paddle up. My night-light, that was hanging to the boat by a thread of string, broke away from the kayak about this time and I got hauled up onto the boat. Then my very heavy multi-day loaded sea kayak followed me over the side rail of the boat, to suffer some damage in the process, due coming up bow first and not sideways up.

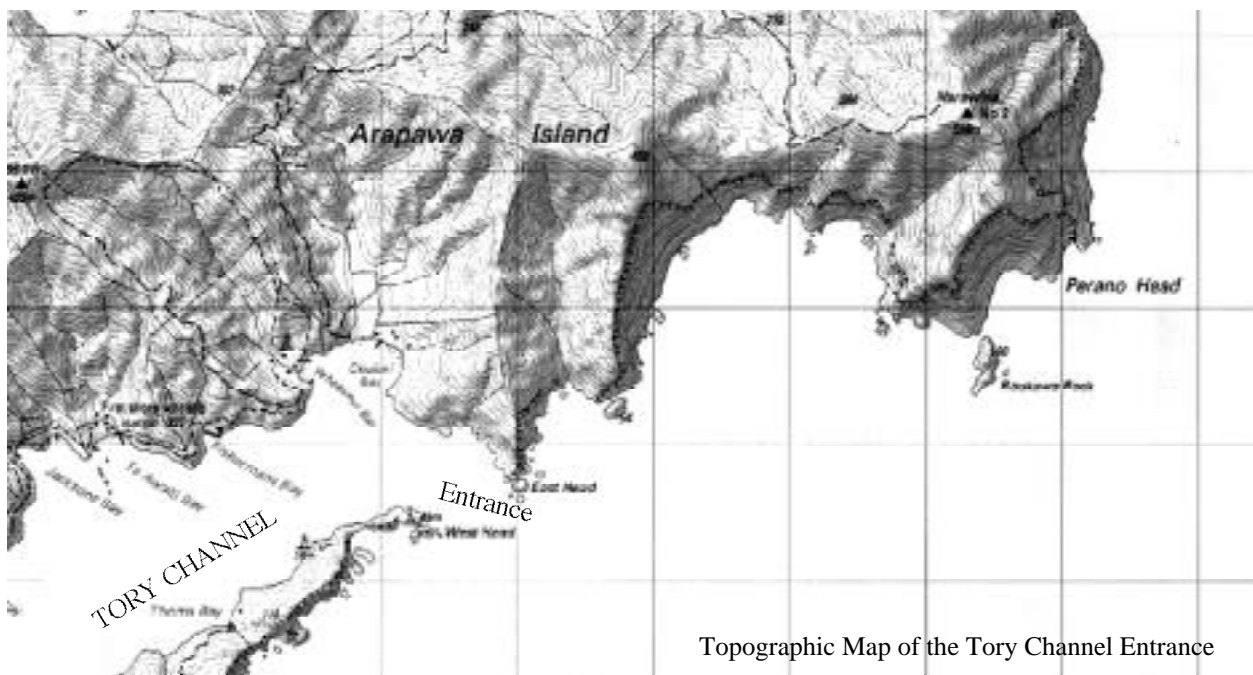
But I was safe and felt okay, and talking clearly as far as I can recall (I hadn't felt cold in the water had been busy - but I would have been clearly

cooling down significantly). I was wearing a polyprop full body layer and a paddle jacket, so consequently I got a bit shivery by the time I got to the Heberley's jetty. The rescuers rushed me on a quad bike up to the house for a hot shower and food, preventing any serious hypothermia. Possibly I was experiencing a little post shock with the seriousness of the incident.

While I was in dire straits, I was so lucky that a lady playing cards at the Perano house, which overlooks the entrance of Tory Channel, saw Mike and I paddling in and the large wave approach me (exceptionally large with the change of tidal flow) and saw me tip out.

She phoned the Heberley's and they rapidly launched their fishing boat. (Meanwhile the Perano farm owner went out in much smaller boat to see if he could assist but decided it was too dangerous). The Heberley's checked with Mike, who was paddling towards the coast on the way out, as to how many was in the party. When I spoke latter to a lady from the Perano house, she said another lady who had spotted me there had guided the fishing boat to me, as the boat crew couldn't see me in the water, due to conditions.

*Mike: "When we got into the stronger flow coming inside Tory Channel, some large swells came in and I had a*



Topographic Map of the Tory Channel Entrance



*really good ride surfing ahead, this time with no concerns at all. Then I heard a great noise, looking around all I could see was a wall of white water. I survived three of these and don't remember how, though I do remember broaching. Looking over, the other kayak was still okay. In what I thought was the next minute, a fishing boat came along side asking about other kayaks. I didn't comprehend what they were on about. They then took off to the entrance."*

While I was being rescued Mike went out along the shoreline and watched in a state of disbelief, realising that more minutes had passed than he realised.

*Mike: "From the time Susan came out of her boat, to when the fisherman got to her, it must have been about 15 minutes and I thought it was less than a minute. My brain had gone into neutral. Susan, who can do a re-entry in less than two minutes, didn't have a show of getting back into her boat due to the rough conditions and by now had been taken out to Cook Strait by a fast moving tide; the cold and tiredness would also have been a factor. I paddled back to the jetty at Okukari bay and found I couldn't stand up after getting out of my boat due to cold etc. (Clearly I was hypothermic). A 35km trip in 7 hours with out getting out of the kayak, this had been the hardest paddle I've done".*

After the event the Heberley's said they had advised the authorities of the rescue in progress and if it had been any later, they would have had to wait for the tidal flow to change before trying to rescue me. Tory Channel actually looked quite flat a bit later. They said that they had heard the weather report, but had realised that conditions would be rougher than indicated for the day. So fishing wouldn't have been an option for them.

They also said, that they had used the narrow stream route by East Head with small boats and that if we had hugged the shoreline after we had got in, they thought we would have been okay, but they were also clear about the seriousness and dangerousness of this event

The Heberley's made us very welcome in spite of, having a house full of guests, were completing renovations and had a wedding just around the corner. It also being New Years Day which we completely forgot! Heather a great author of a number of books and she shared some of her wonderful memories with us. Mike bought some books and we stayed at the Heberley's woolshed for the night. On Sunday morning we visited the Perano farm and gave our thanks.

For interest sake, the safety equipment that we both carried included paddle floats, spare paddles, first aid kit, flares, boat emergency repair gear, and full camping kit including tents. Mike also had a VHF radio, emergency blanket and I had an EPIRB.

Post incident, we had two debriefings, the first with John Kirk Anderson and a second with Cathye Haddock. We believe it is critical to learn from this events, rather than bury it in the mist of time, and are determined not to repeat the same mistakes. We are well aware that we could have both lost our lives and that others put themselves at risk in rescuing me.

Considering the cold issue; Mike was clearly suffering from hypothermia during the incident period. He had identified that he wouldn't be able to help me and feared that he wouldn't be able to hold his paddle, as he was getting so cold, therefore had paddled on. He hadn't let me know, or identified, the need to put on warm gear when first got cold, or that there had been an option of landing in the big bay. Mike thought if he had stopped then, it would have been colder and worse for him due to the rain and weather / sea conditions, therefore had not realised the option as viable.

Mike is also a strong paddler used to using strength. I am aware more of checking more fully, re paddling companions' comfort levels, as well as ensuring closer proximity, so new decisions can be made and we can support each other if we need to.

*Mike: "What worries me is when would I have realised there was a*

*problem, and then put out a mayday? Another 15 minutes could have been too late! Although we had all the gear, we still had a major incident. My main problem was getting cold and not talking about it before it affected my thinking. Maybe just recovering from the flu and being on antibiotics didn't help. And we had too much spatial separation."*

We have gratefully given a copy of Paul Caffyn's South Island book to the Joe and Heather Heberley and the Perano farmer Mike Radon, also a donation to the rescue team. (Joe presented it to the Marlborough Coast Guard). If this rescue hadn't been managed in such a efficient rapid response, I believe there is a high chance that I would have died from hypothermia or drowned.

Both Mike and I have been working on our stroke and skills training since then, and I have started to master the re-entry and sweep torso twist rolling my Nordkapp. We are both actively taking steps to strengthen our knowledge base and decision making, to have a greater awareness of safety margins on trips, also the need to check with local expertise and knowledge; also vital to practice skills in conditions likely to be encountered.

For me, it interesting to reflect on the difference in my judgment to leading a trip and making safety judgments, as against paddling with a paddling mate and perhaps having a different risk/judgement processes. I consequently paddle with more caution, and notice I have a higher level of discomfort and caution in rough conditions. I definitely have a heightened awareness of risk, margins of safety, and the power of the sea and conditions. And I have subsequently fully inflated my life jacket and felt like cumbersome unsinkable object. I have now put the partial inflation process in my emergency procedures.

Susan Cade  
with invaluable input from  
Mike Wilkin

## TECHNICAL

### Night Lights or not Night Lights Is that the Question?

by Kevin Dunsford

At the recent Coastbusters in Auckland, Sunday was spent on the water. We were organised into Pods of 6 kayakers and given various scenarios to perform. I have participated in these in previous years, and they have always been interesting. This year was no exception. However, I am detecting a subtle change that is occurring with kayakers, and I'm not sure I like it at all. To illustrate this change here is an example conversation about lights:

Pod leader:

"At night every kayaker must have a light."

Pod member 1:

"Yes, and it has to be a white all round light."

Pod member 2 (from overseas):

"We find strobes the best in groups."

Pod member 3:

"But they (strobe lights) are illegal here, a white strobe is an emergency signal and blue is for police."

Pod member 4:

"In a group or in busy areas, a fixed light is good but when paddling solo in remote areas, a fixed light wrecks night-sight so I find it better in these conditions to travel in the dark and have a powerful dolphin light ready in case it is needed."

Pod leader, Pod members 1, 2, 3, 5 and 6 all chime in together:

"No, that's illegal you must travel with a light at night."

Guess who pod member 4 was! There was no way there could even be a discussion on the topic, it was illegal and that was that. It was not that this sort of talk could have led inexperienced pod members astray; all but one was experienced, some very experienced.

To plug this dangerous talk, Pod leader quickly quoted a kayaker who was nearly run down, without lights, 400

meters from the shipping lane in Auckland. We'll come back to the philosophical issues later. In the mean time I'd like to make a deviation to look at night sight.

By coincidence, the week after Coastbusters I happened to be listening to Kim Hill on the National Program (Radio NZ for people who listen to stations with ads), and heard a scientist talking about colour and how humans see during day and night. Discussing night vision, he said we humans, after a suitable period of night vision adjustment in the dark, were capable of detecting a flickering candle at a distance of 20km. Now, I have never seen a flickering candle at 20km in the dark. In fact I need glasses to see one during the day at 20m, but I do know that I can see well while kayaking at night, after my eyes have adjusted to the dark.

One of the most amazing things about human vision is the incredible range it has. We can see in very bright sunlight, and we can also see in nearly total darkness. The human eye operates differently at night than it does during the day. During the day the eye relies mainly on cones, a specific receptor cell within the eye, to see. The cones bring information about colour in the world around us.

At night, however, the cones are not terribly useful, and the rods become our main way of seeing. The rods occupy the centre part of the human eye and specialize in telling light from dark and in detecting motion. The rods do not detect colour, they see only grey scale. The eye has to adjust to low light however, and basically has to turn on the rods before they can see well at night and also open up the pupil to a wider dilation. If you are interested in this there is a good discussion at:

<http://science.howstuffworks.com/question53.htm>.

There are two often quoted reasons for a light at night, apart from the legal issue. Firstly, it may increase the chance that people on other vessels will see you, and hopefully avoid running into you. Secondly, it may in-

crease the chance of you seeing other vessels that have a light showing.

If you have ever driven your car at night and your passenger turns on the inside light to read a map or dial for a pizza, you will know that your vision ahead is severely reduced. People in other vessels are often 'driving with the inside light on' whether that light is in their cabin or on their mast. Their night vision is severely restricted and they are relying on you to light up your kayak so they can see you. Talk with these boaties; ask them if they saw your light while you bobbed around on the surface. The resounding reply I get is, "I didn't even see you."

A few years ago some mates and I conducted a test in the Auckland harbour. We kayaked over from the City to Devonport, keeping, we thought, well out of the way of the ferries. One mate had an all round white light mounted on a one meter pole, another a white strobe, another a blue strobe and yet another a small torch. I had a yellow light on a pole. Just before Devonport, I looked around to see the Quickcat bearing down on us from behind.

I also had a Dolphin torch which I quickly turned on and shone right at the wheelhouse and the Quickcat altered it's course to avoid us. Later, speaking to the skipper we found that he did not see any of the fixed lights or the strobes, the first he was aware of us was the Dolphin turning on and shining right at him. He explained that he does not see lights; he looks for shapes and movement at night.

You can not rely on other boat skippers seeing your kayak light. Their night vision is impaired by their lights and those of other boats around them. In a harbour or if you are inshore from other boats, they will probably not pick out your tiny light from the many lights on shore.

Since we cannot rely on other skippers seeing our light at night, what can we do? We must detect other vessels first and take appropriate action. When you think about it, this is exactly what kayakers do during the day. Do you

rely on the fact that the guy driving the fiz boat or sailing boat knows that they should give way to all non-powered vessels, or do you keep well out of their way? What happens if that big monster is on auto pilot?

Unfortunately, if you are sporting your all round white light on a one or two meter pole, the light reflected off the sea, or the deck, means you are 'driving with the inside lights on'. Your night vision is impaired, your rods are defective and you can not see shapes and movement in low light conditions, the same shapes and movement that the experienced Quickcat skipper was depending on.

Then we come to consider the legal issue. The rules about lights were devised primarily for powered and sailing vessels at night. The skippers of such vessels hate rocks, and keep well away from shore at night. Most recreational boaties are anchored and ginned up well before dark.

In our kayaks at night, we are often close to the shore. Many of the obstacles we are close to, are not lit and are often of a dark hue; rocks, beach, buoys, surf and the occasional night swimmer. We need to be able to see these. We rely on placing our paddles in the water between swells, or on the crest of a swell; we need to see the water as well. If there is a moon it is not too much of a problem. If there is no moon we definitely need our night vision.

Power boats make lots of noise. Noise travels further at night than day because the temperature is less, the wind is usually less and there is less ambient background noise. Power boats are easy to detect at night, especially if they are following rules and using a light, but don't depend on it. Around dusk and early evening many fishermen don't bother with lights, maybe because they don't want to wreck their night vision. Sailing boats also make noises, the noise of water slapping against their bow, grinders, sound of wind on sails or people talking. Sail boats often motor at night when close to land because of the reduced breeze. Most sailing boats carry lights, which makes them easier to see as well, but

it reduces their skipper's night vision.

If we paddle alone at night we are very sensitive to our conditions. Every movement is detected, shapes and noises become heightened. We sense the rise and fall of the swells and are more at one with everything around us. If you have ever done any hunting you will know the same feeling when stalking prey. Switch on a light and much of this sensitivity is instantly lost.

This argument is not so valid when paddling in a group. A kayaker in a group defers much responsibility for their own safety to the group, whether it is warranted or not. In a group you feel safer, although I would argue you are probably less safe paddling in a group than alone – but that's another topic. In a group at night you feel like you need to know where others kayakers are, you communicate more babble, and are less conscious about conditions around you. I suspect this is the same psychological effect that brought people together into villages originally. Lights are useful for short range communication at night in a group. The overseas pod member said they put a light inside their kayak and the whole thing shone like an irradiated carrot. This might be worth trying.

When I kayak solo, particularly at night I am entirely responsible for my own safety. The objective is not to hit another vessel and not to be hit by another vessel. If I make a mistake I will suffer the consequences, and they could be dire. I am inclined to be ultra cautious at night, make the best possible decisions to avoid a collision, rely on my intuition and alertness, and yes, often this includes kayaking without a light but with a Dolphin torch on my lap at the ready.

To me, this discussion seems reasonable. Then why would kayakers at a convention, when they get together to exchange experiences and consider safety, start quoting rules and regulations instead of real safety? In a similar vein, a general safety discussion about gear and boats seemed to get stuck on OSH, ACC and boat hire. But Pod member 4 had learnt his

lesson and kept well clear of this one.

Is it the over regulated period we live in? Or is kayaking going the way diving went in the late seventies and eighties; the imposition of regulation and commercial pressures, forcing us to part with dollars and prop up the industry in the name of safety. Whatever it is I smell something rotten in the state of Denmark.

Kevin Dunsford.

#### **EDITOR'S COMMENT**

1. At the National Pleasure Boat Forum held in Wellington on 9 May, I broached the subject of a specific coloured light for sea kayakers at night. In Auckland I had seen a very cunning night light, which was a clear perspex tube with a strip of blue lighting like the boy racers attach under their cars. Unfortunately the reaction from the Police attending the forum was negative on this, as this is the colour used by the water police.

2. At the recent pilgrimage, Nelson paddler AJ showed off his recent night light development - a selection of solar powered lights from the red shed, which could be added to the top of a metre long mast. With a small solar panel on top, automatic switching on at night, and a small rechargeable battery, these 'solar powered garden' lights may be well worth considering, particularly as the black basal surround of these lights would enable a paddler's night vision to be maintained. AJ had a selection of solar garden lights, one of which had a stainless steel base. Waterproofing with a caulking compound to stop salt water corrosion would be necessary, but the prices are rather good.

3. Energizer produce a lightweight headtorch with a central red LED bulb and two white LED bulbs on either side. Switching on the red light at night allows map reading without loss of night vision. The lens/bulb section can be rotated up to 90°. Powered by three AAA batteries, although it would survive saltwater immersion, this headtorch is ideal for night reading of charts or maps without losing night vision. Cost about \$40.

## My First Sea Kayak Trip

by Kevin Dunsford

On a guided river trip down the Whanganui in the early eighties, as a first time paddler, I knew kayaking was for me as soon as I lowered my backside into the kayak. It felt so comfortable, natural, as if I had been doing it all my life. While others complained of bad backs and cramped legs, I just didn't want the day to end.

As soon as I got home it was off to the kayak shop. "What sort of kayak do you want?" I was asked. I loved river kayaking, but Auckland was so far from white water rivers. We lived on the Wairau creek, a tidal estuary leading to Milford beach on Auckland's North Shore so I decided on a compromise. "Something good for rivers and good for sea kayaking," I replied. I left the shop, proud as punch, with a new plastic bright red Venturer, complete with all the gear.

I could hardly wait for the end of the week, and beginning of my holiday; my first sea kayaking trip. I bought food and goodies, packed the gear into black polythene rubbish bags and crammed it all into the kayak on the back lawn. Saturday morning. I dragged the kayak down through the bush to the creek's edge. It was so heavy! Exiting the creek entrance I first noticed the wind. It must have been 15 plus knots from the south west but fortunately, from behind. I had determined to head north, hugging the coast to the base of Whangaparaoa Peninsular then out to the end or even on to Tiritiri Island for the first night (Tiritiri was an island farm then), a total distance of about 35km.

Fifteen minutes after leaving the creek, the wind had increased to 20 knots and was rising. I thought that if I left it too long, it would be too windy to get to the end of the peninsula. But I had another option, cut out one side of the triangle and head directly for the end of the peninsula, a distance of

about 20km. By this time the sea, too, was rising and soon I was running before a metre high wind-swell. My five days of Whanganui River kayaking experience was beginning to be tested. I would climb each swell with the heavy laden kayak then slide down the other side. The Venturer had no rudder. I didn't even have to paddle forward, just steer using a stern rudder stroke. I was having great fun. Half way across, the wind had risen to 30 knots. The swell had increased to 2m and was beginning to break. I surfed up the swells and broached down each slope. Every now and again a breaking crest would swing the kayak around, then down the slope we would go, any old way into the trough, the kayak rolling from side to side. I was whooping with joy. This sea kayaking was great fun.

It was about this time a thought arose. What would happen if I went over? You might think it strange, but this had not actually occurred to me before then. In my mind I went through the scenario. Upside down. Out of the kayak. Big hole in the kayak where the spray skirt was. Water inside. No pump, although I had a bailer. No waterproof bulkheads and no float bags. Black rubbish bags would float for 10 minutes, maybe. Kayak made of heavy plastic, heavier than water? Shite! No cell phones or portable VHF's less than the size of a shoe box in those days. No flares. I stopped whooping with joy and an urgency to stay upright replaced it.

There was no turning back; I was being driven onward towards Shakespear Park on the end of the Peninsula. Approaching land, the swells suddenly increased in height, the roller coaster ride notched up a slot and I was exhausting my new stern rudder and low brace skills. Finally, through the broken surf I was deposited, upright, on Shakespear Beach at the low tide mark. I had made it. I had not paddled forward for the last three hours of the 3.8 hour ride. Working it out later, that was an average of 5.7 km/hour, without paddling!

Sitting in the kayak, on the beach, I tried to summon the strength to stand

up and get out, which took some time. Emerging, legs shaking, I thought: 'boy do I need a pee'. It was low tide and watching me from the camp at the top of the beach was a group of four or five guys.

They laughed at my failed attempt to pull the kayak up the beach, and sniggered as I carried the first and second loads up to the camp. By the time I had carried up the fourth load they had fallen silent, just staring. It was not until I unloaded the bottles of wine that they suddenly took an interest, and sidled down to give me a hand. "Look at all that stuff in there," I heard one say. I let them carry the kayak with the rest of the gear up the beach and you should have heard the comments about the weight. By this time, thanks to their expectation of wine that night, we were great mates.

Next day, after a night's very deep sleep, I could not face rounding the peninsula, through the notorious Tiri passage in a 25 knot south -westerly, wind against tide, and was relieved to accept an offer from a departing couple to transport my kayak and gear across to Army Bay on the northern side of the peninsula, where I expected it to be sheltered.

After setting off westwards towards Orewa, blow me down if the wind didn't swing around and come directly from the west. Now I struggled into a 20 knot headwind. It made up for all the forward paddling I had not done the day before. I ploughed on most of the day to reach Orewa and camped the night. The next morning as I contemplated more 20 knot winds I had my second good idea of the trip. My wife arrived to take me home an hour later. Thus ends my first journey in my first 'sea' kayak.

I learnt many valuable lessons from this trip. The foremost was the art of visualising what could happen. Over time I even discovered how to do this before setting off, but not until my wife had shouted me rolling lessons. But that was because of another epic, and that's another story all together.

Kevin Dunsford

## My First Sea Kayak Trip

by John Kirk-Anderson

My first time sea kayaking involved trespass, theft, and armed police. It was to be a decade before I tried again.

In the early 1980s, while stationed for two years in Singapore with the NZ Army, a climbing friend, Derek Shaw, and I were frustrated by the lack of opportunities to get out on crags, as there were none in this built-up island nation.

We had tried an old quarry in the Bukit Timah Nature Reserve, turning up with ropes and harnesses, only to be warned off by puzzled security guards. Derek then found an old rifle range behind our camp, a relic from the British Empire that offered a brick wall scarred by bullets.

After cutting back the jungle, we spent hours using a hammer and chisel to improve holds, working until dark, which fell quickly in South East Asia. A highlight was when trying the wall for the first time; Derek jammed his hand in a hole only to have a small snake wrap around his arm. He bounced.

Returning from an extended exercise in the Malaysian jungle, we found our climbing wall had disappeared, the area scraped clean by a developer's bulldozer. Foiled again.

Studying a map, we soon found an Outward Bound school on the island of Pulau Ubin, two kilometres off the north-eastern coast of Singapore. Figuring that they would have an area suitable for rock climbing, we never gave a thought to asking permission, but instead plotted a way to get out there. A ferry from the mainland arrived at the far end of the island to where we wanted to go, but we didn't fancy the tramp required to reach our destination.

The next weekend, after a few Singapore Dollars had crossed a villager's

palm, Derek and I were paddling across the Straits of Johore, sitting in an open fibreglass kayak, jammed in by rock climbing gear.

With no clue as to how to paddle, and ignorant of the consequences of a capsize, we muddled our way towards the bush-clad island, being dodged by bumboats and ferries, whose passengers must have been curious about the two Europeans in the children's toy boat.

Our plastic paddles bending with every inefficient stroke, and with no coordination between the pair of us, we took a very zig-zag route, cursing the craft's tendency to turn in circles against our will, oblivious to our own lack of skill.

Arriving at Pulau Ubin, remarkably without incident, we snuck along the coast past the Outward Bound school until we found their climbing area, shielded from the school by jungle.

Pulling our craft well ashore, we unloaded and set up top ropes, using the supplied bolts and anchors, being careful to keep our noise down.

I was half way up the wall, belayed by Derek, when I looked back to the beach and saw a boat hauled up and our kayak, our only means of escape from the island, being loaded aboard.

I called out to Derek, who tied me off and ran down to the beach, too late to stop the water-borne thief, despite his yelling and cursing. From my vantage-point I saw the boat heading north towards Malaysia, while from the Outward Bound school appeared staff members, alerted by our noise.

We were in no position to claim innocence, with me half way up their climbing wall and Derek jumping around in fury. With an International Incident brewing, (we could imagine the headlines in the Straits Times – 'Kiwi soldiers invade') as at that time Pulau Ubin was administered by the Singapore Armed Forces, we feigned righteous anger and demanded they help us find the thief.

Packing away our gear while waiting for the police, Derek and I realised that we had to keep the act going as talk was turning towards trespass. I'm sure the Outward Bound staff saw right through us, as they were smiling by the time we left on a police launch, complete with machine guns and grenade launchers.

A fruitless search of the local area followed, during which the Singaporean police were careful not to stray into Malaysian waters, which would have had interesting consequences. Tales of chasing smugglers on dark nights kept us entertained, and afterwards we were delivered back to the kampong from which we had hired our kayak, where our new friends in the police told the luckless owner that his boat was gone and we were not to blame.

Counting our blessings, Derek and I caught the first taxi back to camp, hoping that we wouldn't be dragged before God, otherwise called our Regimental Sergeant Major.

We did no more climbing in Singapore, and it was nearly ten years before I again sat in a kayak.

John Kirk-Anderson

### TECHNICAL TIP From: Paul Nicholls

In your KASK Hand book - the section on customizing your cockpit - it mentions using Sellys liquid nails for doing foam in the cockpit. This product is no good for this job, as I found out my second trip out - the product is water soluble - really! I had bits of foam floating around in cockpit with very little water exposure. On reading the instructions - no good in wet areas made it all clear. Alternatively, I have used another product to put foam bits back in the kayak. It is a holdfast product called FIX ALL - an adhesive and sealant with outstanding initial grab, solvent and isocyanate free. When you need to replace foam no big mess can peel sealant of kayak surfaces. Hope this info saves others from the foam flotsam in the kayak scenario. cheers, Paul

## Kayak Review of the Q-Kayaks 'Shearwater'

by Andy Blake

The new Shearwater from Q-Kayaks has only been on our shelves for only a couple of weeks but already it has begun to turn heads.

Ever since the first sightings of the skin on wood kayaks paddled by the natives of the arctic regions of Asia, North America, and Greenland; the modern kayak designers have been continually trying to improve on these primitive models. In our quest to produce the finest kayaks, kayak manufacturers have improved on the materials used, redesigned the shape of the kayaks and enhanced the fittings and features.

The Shearwater is a moderate length polyethylene roto-moulded sea kayak that is 4.8 metres long and 61cm wide. The truth is the Shearwater has the same hull (bottom half) as the Penguin but has a slightly larger cockpit. The increase in size is not only beneficial to the more 'solid' paddler but there has been a significant improvement in the manoeuvrability of the kayak.

The standard weight of the Shearwater is 26.5 kg and the lightweight version is only 23 kg. Even I can lift that onto

my car. Due to the universal hull, the speed of this kayak should be identical to the Penguin. Good safety colours of yellow, red, orange or flame help with visibility.

The kayak has a combined storage capacity in both front and rear hatches of 143 litres, which is a couple of litres shy of the Penguin.

The difference though is very apparent with the increase in cockpit size from 160 litres in the Penguin to a whopping 190 litres in the Shearwater. This may mean that the kayak is more prone to windage (something Wellington doesn't have much of!). The change of hull shape in the water as the kayak is edged over to one side changes the turning of the Shearwater significantly. Actually the kayak turns on the spot. Four or five good sweep strokes enable the Shearwater to complete a speedy 360° turn, sometimes even less - try achieving that with another sea kayak.

Other improvements include a security/ towing bar located behind the cockpit combing, a new seat and padded backrest, a sturdy new rudder with a larger wheel to facilitate raising and lowering the rudder with ease, and a recess for the paddle to enable the paddler to fish, read a chart or make coffee with the paddle in an easy to reach position.

Q-Kayaks have successfully created a stable, highly manoeuvrable multi-day sea kayak that is at home rock

gardening, on expeditions or just playing around in the surf - and I want one!

Kayak reports or 'opinions' can be very subjective and one person's Lamborghini is another person's Morris Minor. The best advice on which kayak best suits you should begin with a chat with your local Canoe and Kayak retail salesperson and then by trying a few kayaks out on the water to narrow your search. Only by spending a fair amount of time can you accurately assess each kayak in varying conditions.

Andy Blake  
Wellington

Andy is an instructor who works at Canoe & Kayak in Wellington. (See also the Liz Cave cover photo of Roger Leigh paddling Shearwater in gnarly conditions on the coast of Stewart Island).

## NZ Weather Reports by HF Radio

**Date: Tue, 11 Apr 2006**

**From: Peter Treby**

**<ptreby@mctreby.com.au>**

Hello Paul,

I was wondering if anyone uses HF radio to obtain coastal weather forecasts in NZ sea kayaking? I reckon it is the best thing since sliced salami here, since you can get a good marine forecast with a schedule every four hours in remote locations, with a side band tuning HF receiver.

I notice HF broadcasts scheduled on the NZ Met website:

[http://www.metservice.co.nz/default/index.php?](http://www.metservice.co.nz/default/index.php?alias=highfrequencyservices229166)

[alias=highfrequencyservices229166](http://www.metservice.co.nz/default/index.php?alias=highfrequencyservices229166)

Peter Osman has written something about this for NSW:

<http://www.nswseakayaker.asn.au/magazine/58/radios.htm>

Is this useful in NZ?

Cheers

Peter Treby

(Peter Treby is president of the Victorian Sea Kayak Club)

Andy Blake in a Shearwater



## TERRIBLE HUMOUR

### WHO DOES WHAT

A man and his wife were having an argument about who should brew the coffee each morning.

The wife said, "You should do it, because you get up first, and then we don't have to wait as long to get our coffee."

The husband said, "You are in charge of cooking around here and you should do it, because that is your job, and I can just wait for my coffee."

Wife replies, "No, you should do it, and besides, it is in the Bible that the man should do the coffee."

Husband replies, "I can't believe that, show me."

So she fetched the Bible, and opened the New Testament and showed him at the top of several pages, that it indeed says..... 'HEBREWS'

### THE SILENT TREATMENT

A man and his wife were having some problems at home and were giving each other the silent treatment. Suddenly, the man realized that the next day, he would need his wife to wake him at 5am for an early morning business flight. Not wanting to be the first to break the silence (and LOSE), he wrote on a piece of paper, 'Please wake me at 5am.' He left it where he knew she would find it.

The next morning, the man woke up, only to discover it was 9am and he had missed his flight. Furious, he was about to go and see why his wife hadn't wakened him, when he noticed a piece of paper by the bed. The paper said, 'It is 5am. Wake up.'

Men are not equipped for these kinds of contests.

### TRAFFIC POLICING

A Central Otago Traffic Patrol Cop watching for speeders, but wasn't getting many. Then he discovered the problem. A 12-year-old boy was standing up the road with a hand painted sign, which read 'RADAR TRAP AHEAD.' The officer then found a young accomplice down the road with a sign reading 'TIPS' and a bucket full of money.

(And we used to just sell lemonade!)

### BETTER

A motorist was mailed a picture of his car speeding through an automated radar post in Central Otago with a fine of \$160 included. Being cute, he sent the police department a picture of \$160. The police responded with another mailed photo of handcuffs.

### BEST

A young woman was pulled over for speeding. As a Central Otago Cop walked to her car window, flipping open his ticket book, she said, "I bet you are going to sell me a ticket to the Central Otago Police Ball."

He replied, "Central Otago Police don't have balls."

There was a moment of silence while she smiled, and he realized what he'd just said.

He then closed his book, got back in his patrol car and left. She was laughing too hard to start her car.

### FLOOD RESCUE

A man is trapped on his rooftop in a raging flood. In due course, a Police helicopter comes by and hails him: "Do you need a rescue?" But he answers, "No, the Lord will save me." The floodwaters continue to rise, then a rescue boat fights its way up to the house and hails him, "We are here to rescue you." But he shouts back, "I'm OK, the Lord will save me." The floodwaters continue to rise and he is swept away to drown. The man reaches Heaven and faces the Almighty.

"Lord, I kept my faith to the last, but you didn't save me."

God booms back, "What did you expect, I sent you a boat and a helicopter!"

### Subject - Zipping Up

A man walked into a supermarket with his zipper down.

A lady cashier walked up to him and said, "Your barracks door is open." Not a phrase that men normally use, he went on his way looking a bit puzzled. When he was about done shopping, a man came up and said, "Your fly is open." He zipped up and finished his shopping.

At the check-out, he intentionally got in the line where the lady was, that told him about his 'barracks door.' He

was planning to have a little fun with her, so when he reached the counter he said, "When you saw my barracks door open, did you see a soldier standing in there at attention?"

The lady (naturally smarter than the man) thought for a moment and said, "No, I didn't. All I saw was a disabled veteran sitting on a couple of old duffel bags."

### AGEING

I feel like my body has gotten totally out of shape, so I got my doctor's permission to join a fitness club and start exercising. I decided to take an aerobics class for seniors. I bent, twisted, gyrated, jumped up and down, and perspired for an hour. But, by the time I got my leotards on, the class was over.

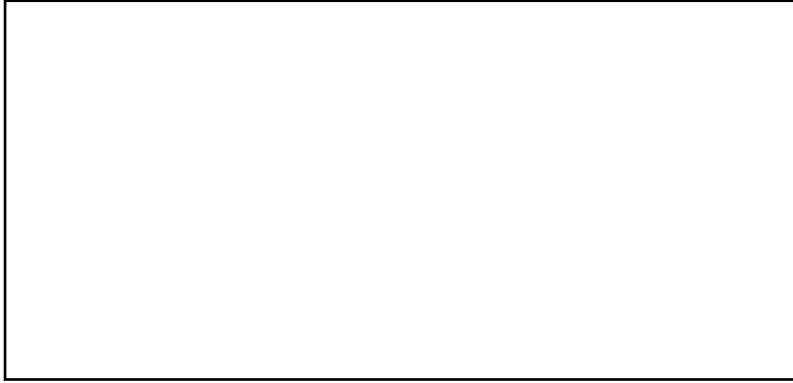
Reporters interviewing a 104-year-old woman: "And what do you think is the best thing about being 104?" the reporter asked. She simply replied, "No peer pressure."

Just before the funeral services, the undertaker came up to the very elderly widow and asked, "How old was your husband?" "98," she replied "Two years older than me." "So you're 96," the undertaker commented. She responded, "Hardly worth going home, is it?"

I've sure gotten old! I've had two bypass surgeries, a hip replacement, new knees. Fought prostate cancer and diabetes. I'm half blind, can't hear anything quieter than a jet engine, take 40 different medications that make me dizzy, winded, and subject to blackouts. Have bouts with dementia. Have poor circulation; hardly feel my hands and feet any more. Can't remember if I'm 85 or 92. Have lost all my friends. But, thank God, I still have my driver's license.

An elderly woman decided to prepare her will and told her preacher she had two final requests. First, she wanted to be cremated, and second, she wanted her ashes scattered over the local Warehouse. "Warehouse?" the preacher exclaimed. "Why Warehouse?" "Then I'll be sure my daughters visit me twice a week."

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### **KASK MEMBERSHIP POLICY**

Current membership fees are:

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