

No. 101 October - November 2002

THE SEA CANOEIST NEWSLETTER



Dusky Sound, Fiordland. photo: Susan Cade (see trip report on p. 13).

**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:

**Editor: P Caffyn,
RD 1, Runanga,
West Coast .N.Z.
Ph/Fax: (03) 7311806
E Mail address:
kayakpc@xtra.co.nz**

KASK Annual Subscriptions are:

\$25 single membership
\$30 family membership.
\$35 overseas

Cheques should be made out to:
K.A.S.K. (NZ) Inc. & sent to the

**KASK Treasurer:
Max Grant, 71 Salisbury St.
Ashhurst, 5451
Ph: (06) 326 8527 home
Fax: (06) 326 8472
email: max@q-kayaks.co.nz**

Correspondence to the Secretary:

Maurice Kennedy
PO Box 11461
Manners St.,
Wellington.
e-mail: eurotafts@xtra.co.nz

KASK Website: www.kask.co.nz

KASK HANDBOOK

For a copy of this mother of all sea kayaking handbooks, contact KASK Treasurer, Max Grant,
71 Salisbury St.

Ashhurst, 5451
Ph: (06) 326 8527 home
Fax: (06) 326 8472
email: Q-KAYAKS@xtra.co.nz

COST:

New members: gratis
Existing members: \$14 + \$1 p&p
Non-members: \$18 + \$1 p&p
Make cheques out to KASK (NZ)IncTrade enquiries to Max Grant.

THE LRB2, or the Little Red Book 2nd. 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

Each section contains up to nine separate chapters. The Resources section, for example has chapters on:

- guide to managing a sea kayak symposium
- Paddling Literature
- Author profiles
- Guides and Rental Operators
- Network Addresses
- Sea Kayaks in NZ listing

SEA KAYAKING NETWORK ADDRESSES

NORTH ISLAND

Northland

Brian Lamerton
Tel (09) 437 2858

Auckland Canoe Club

Rona Patterson, Secretary
PO Box 45020, Te Atatu Peninsula
Waitakere City.

Newsletter Editor: Margaret Thwaites
Ph: 09 2927 883

Hauraki Kayak Group

Pelham Housego
PO Box 46-146, Herne Bay, Auckland

Waikato Contact

Waikato Region
Phil Handford
Phone 07 834 3395
email phil.handford@clear.net.nz.

Ruahine Whitewater Club

71 Salisbury St., Ashhurst.
Ph: 06 326 8667 Fax: 06 326 8472
www.q-kayaks.co.nz/canoecub.html

Bay of Plenty

Alan Hall
Ph: 07 579 2922 Fax: 07 579 2923
email: alanhall11@hotmail.com

Rotorua/Taupo Area

Emma Haxton
email: Emma.haxton@waiariki.ac.nz
Phone: 07 357 4660

New Plymouth Contact

Bob Talbot,
110 Ranfurly St., Waitara.
ph 06-7544191(H) or 025-457038
email: ecobiz@xtra.co.nz

Wellington Sea Kayak Network

Christine Coshan
PO Box 5276, Wellington
email: wellseak@hotmail.com
Web site: [Http://home.clear.net.nz/pages/wellseak](http://home.clear.net.nz/pages/wellseak)

SOUTH ISLAND

Sea Kayak Operators Assoc. of NZ

Bronwyn Duffy, Admin. Officer
c/o PO Box 255, Picton
Ph: (03) 573 6505
Fax: (03) 573 8827
Email: jandb_duffy@hotmail.com

Marlborough

Helen Woodward
Tel (03) 578 5429
h.woodward@xtra.co.nz

Nelson

Martin and Karen Clark
Tel (03) 548 5835
kmclark@xtra.co.nz

Canterbury Sea Kayak Network

Andy & Deirdre Sheppard
53 Kent Lodge Ave
Avonhead, Christchurch. 8004
Ph: (03) 342 7929
email: d_sheppard@clear.net.nz

Otago

Rob Tipa
(03) 478 0360
robtipa@clear.net.nz

Southland

Stan Mulvany
03 215 7263
eiger@xtra.co.nz

INDEX

EDITORIAL

KASK COMMITTEE COLUMN

by Vincent Maire p.4

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Kask Membership p.5

Kayak Outriggers p.5

NETWORK NEWS

OSKA

by Rob Tipa p.6

CONSERVATION REPORT

by Rob Tipa p.7

TRIBUTES FOR

DAVID HERRINGTON

by Max Grant p.8

by Libby O'Connor p.8

by Kerry Howe p.9

NEW ZEALAND TRIP REPORTS

Mercury Islands

by Max Grant p.11

Lake Hauroko to Milford

by Trevor Wright p.11

Dusky Sound

by Susan Cade p.13

BOOK REVIEW

'The Fjords of Fiordland'

review: P. Caffyn p.16

TECHNICAL

Towing

by Karin Mentzing p.18

NEXT NEWSLETTER

DEADLINE

January 20, 2003



Whites Bay, Port Underwood; site of 2003 KASK Forum.

KASK 2003 FORUM

The above photo shows the magic site at Whites Bay, Port Underwood, where the 2003 KASK Forum will be held from 28 - 30 March. If you are attending, please return the preliminary registration of interest form, that was enclosed with the last newsletter, to Helen Woodward,

82 Hutcheson Rd., Blenheim.

Fax: (03) 578 5429

email: h.woodward@xtra.co.nz

Numbers are necessary to sort out catering requirements DoC camping ground fees are: \$5 per night for adults, and \$2.50 for school kids.

KASK ROTORUA LAKES SEA KAYAK SYMPOSIUM

21 - 23 February 2003

A registration form and programme will be included with this newsletter. This should be a cracker get together of North Island paddlers at a wonderful site. Please return the form promptly or get in touch with Emma Haxton to register your attendance:

email: ehaxton@xta.co.nz

EDITORIAL

DAVID HERRINGTON

Sadly to report long time KASK member and one of New Zealand's most experienced sea kayakers was killed in a tragic motor bike accident in mid-October. Moving tributes for David Herrington are included from Max Grant, Kerry Howe and Libby O'Connor.

HOSTING

Work on guidelines for hosting visits from out of town paddlers is almost

completed, and a questionnaire will shortly be sent out to those people who expressed interest in the concept. Any new KASK members, who would be interested in joining a list for hosting visiting paddlers, please get in touch with the editor (contact on p.2).

JOKE PUNCHLINE

How many readers worked out the missing punchline for the 'Late for School Excuse' joke in newsletter No. 100? The last line was left out with the final printing. Are the jokes appreci-

ated or are they a waste of space? I had only one enquiry from AJ in Nelson, as to what was the #*#@ punchline. It is: 'Ever since 6am this morning, I've been plucking chooks!'

THANKS

Thanks to the contributors, Max Grant for arranging the printing, Maurice Kennedy for the labels, and the Ruahine Whitewater club for mailing.

KASK COMMITTEE COLUMN

by Vincent Maire

Today (1 December) has been full-on sea kayaking. I was on the water at 0930 on a club trip to the Manukau Heads. There were a good number of us and we landed on both the south and north heads and did quite a lot of walking. We had perfect conditions and everyone had a great time. I didn't make it home until 7pm, which gave me just enough time to wash my gear, the car and then my body. At 8pm I had the six weekly KASK committee meeting, which was done while eating dinner. You could say I'm kayaked out!

The committee has been looking at a number of issues of late. We have two great sea kayak forums coming up in the New Year and urge everyone to make the effort to attend either the Rotorua Lakes or the Port Underwood forum.

The committee has also been grappling with the thorny issue of developing a training and qualification programme for sea kayakers. We are not there yet but hope to have something to announce in the New Year.

In recent weeks I have had enquiries from club/network leaders around the country re public liability insurance. KASK now has a policy in place. The main aim is to offer protection to people running the KASK leadership course and the people running the KASK forums. The area of public liability insurance for clubs seems to be very much a grey area, mainly because there have been no major court cases to test the current law.

Our recommendation is this. If you have a club or a network that is organising trips, then get yourself insured. If something does go wrong and the police and/or the aggrieved party decided to take court action, you will likely end up losing your house as well as your shirt to pay the legal fees.

If you want to make contact with the company who has organised the KASK insurance I suggest you contact the KASK treasurer, Max Grant on max@q-kayaks.co.nz to obtain the details.

Which leads me to the ideal sign off for 2002. Please kayak safely this summer. For the number of sea kayakers in New Zealand, it is a minor miracle that we have had no major disasters. So whatever you do this summer, make sure you do not become a case study in the KASK Bugger File.

Happy Paddling
Vincent Maire
President
vincent.maire@xtra.co.nz

WEBMASTER WANTED

When we conducted the membership survey mid-year, we discovered that you were not too impressed with the KASK website. We agree that it needs updating and are seeking a volunteer to manage this process for us. It is not a difficult job and all the material will be supplied. If you can help, please contact Vincent Maire at vincent.maire@xtra.co.nz and include your evening telephone number.

NEXT COMMITTEE MEETING

Next teleconference meeting will be February 2, 2003. Any KASK members who would like anything brought to the attention of the committee, please get in touch before that date.

URAPUKAPUKA ISLAND

I have just been informed by Tony Dumper of the Yakity Yak club that camping facilities are now available for sea kayakers on Urupukapuka Island. This is the largest of the seven islands located in the south-east of the Bay of Islands. Sea kayakers were always prohibited from staying at either of the campsites on island because of the need to have your own chemical toilet. The facilities at Zane Grey camp (Otehei Bay) are now under new management and a paddock

has been set aside for sea kayakers. It is also possible to hire one of the cabins there. The people to contact are Penny or Jamie at Paradise Bar and Restaurant on (09) 403-7009. Cars can either be left at Rawhiti motorcamp (\$3.50 a night) or find someone or somewhere to leave them at the Russell / Long Bay end of the Bay of Islands.

This is great news for sea kayakers. This area of the Bay of Islands offers at least two days easy exploration in well-protected waters. It is also an ideal end / start point for Cape Brett.
Vincent Maire

KAYAK FOR SALE - NEW / UNUSED

I have for sale the following:
Sisson Voyager Racing Double Sea Kayak
S-2000 Wing Paddles (2)
Cockpit Covers (2)
Spraydecks (2)

All the equipment is brand new (yet to be delivered) and was won as a prize at the 2002 Lake Taupo Cycle Challenge. The total value (retail) according to the prize voucher is \$5,624 with delivery anywhere in NZ. We want to use the money to purchase other types of outdoor equipment more suited to our interests. If you are want to know more then please contact me on any of the following:
neville@woodwalton.co.nz
(07) 578-0174 (Work)
(021)176-5105
(07) 578-7171 (Home)
WatkinsFamily@free.net.nz

If you are not interested but know of anyone who might be then I would appreciate you either advising me or passing this message on to them.

Yours sincerely,

Neville C. Watkins

Kiwi Association of Sea Kayakers (NZ) inc. Notice of Annual General Meeting

The 2001/02 Annual general meeting of the Kiwi Association of Sea Kayakers (NZ) inc. will be held at 5.30 PM on Saturday 29 March 2003 at Whites Bay Port Underwood, Marlborough in conjunction with the 14th Annual KASK forum.

All notices of motion/remits/apologies etc. should be forwarded to the KASK Secretary:

Maurice Kennedy, P O Box 11461, Manners Street Wellington
Email – europafts@xtra.co.nz
Phone: 04 970 7154 Pvt. 04 499 7559 wk 04 473 1603 fax

It is a requirement of KASK's constitution for all notices of motion and remits to be in the hands of the secretary 30 days prior to the start of the meeting. This means a deadline of no later than **Tuesday 25 February 2003**.

The AGM will also elect officers of the association, these are, President, Secretary, Treasurer, Safety Officer, Conservation Officer, Instruction Officer, Publications Officer, and Forum Organiser.

Nominations for Officers must be submitted by members in writing, signed by proposer, seconder, and nominee prior to the AGM.

Nomination forms are available from the secretary at the above address.
Maurice Kennedy November 2003

- Put these dates in your diary now.
- Make your contribution to KASK and recreational seakayaking by having your say at the AGM. A great opportunity to contribute to KASK's annual programme, have your say on issues facing the recreational seakayaker, and to influence the future direction on national initiatives for seakayaking like training and conservation.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

KASK MEMBERSHIP etc.

20 September 2002
from Phil Bengé

Please find enclosed my cheque for \$25 for the annual subscription to KASK. I have completed the questionnaire. I would like to make the following comment referring to Q6 - The KASK Handbook.

The handbook is excellent on the basis that it is positive in the approach to problem solving. Many such practical books are written in the negative and have too many, 'Don'ts etc.'

It was really good to be able to read the various subjects and go out and try a particular skill that interested me at the time, e.g., launching from a beach in rough weather.

I had my kayak for nearly 18 months before I became aware of KASK. I

would have definitely appreciated being able to refer to the manual when I purchased the kayak. (I was 55 years of age and had never sat in one before, so it was a neat learning experience.)

In essence I was self taught and supplemented my learning by speaking to people, going to the local library and using a lot of common sense. I am happy with the kayak and the skill base attained to date and in due course desire to get further tuition.

When reading the book, it inspires confidence yet has a, 'crawl before you walk,' theme and is easily related to New Zealand conditions.

So thanks for a great publication and the work that you and your committee do in this organisation.

Phil Bengé.
Eastbourne.

KAYAK OUTRIGGERS

from: Ralph Cummings
26 November 2002

Having sold my last yacht after a lifetime of sailing, I still wished to get out on the water and when I read an article on sea kayaking, I decided to give it a try. I joined KASK, read the LRB2 (second edition of the KASK handbook) from cover to cover and bought a Challenge Breeze. As I intended to solo paddle most of the time, I thought there must be a better way of providing stability for a self rescue than a paddle float.

I have made and fitted (to the Breeze) extending tubular outriggers which fit along the sides of the cockpit but can be extended by releasing one clip. In addition to having the stability for re-entry, I can deploy the outriggers while having a lunch break on the water, sailing downwind using an

umbrella and (the system) should work well for fishing.

Other kayakers may like to try the idea. I have found it a great addition and it only adds about 2kg to the overall kayak weight.

I am going to build a larger wooden sea kayak, incorporating an outrigger system to enable me to adjust the kayak stability to suit varying weather conditions.

The Breeze, complete with sprayskirt and folding outriggers, is for sale at \$1,100.

I will write again with details of the new boat after completion and sea trials.

Ralph Cummings
106 Te Haumi Dve., Paihia
Ph/fax: (09) 402 8599

WANTED - PADDLING COMPANIONS

I am from central Waikato and hoping to go to the Kask forum at Port Underwood (top of the South Island) March 28/29/30. While in the area, I would like to spend an extra five days or so exploring Pelorus Sound. I am keen to find some others from the North Island that may like to go to the forum as Port Underwood I am told is a beautiful spot and so is Pelorus Sound. If anyone up here is interested please contact Evan Pugh ph 07 883 6898
email: sheepskinsnstuff@xtra.co.nz

FOR SALE

Kayak: Baidarka, 24ft beam very efficient extras include
A carbon fibre paddle.
A Sail
A Bilge pump
\$1000 ono
Contact Benjamin at:
email: thecressys@watchdog.net.nz

LOOKING FOR SOLO WILDERNESS

The BBC Natural History Unit would like to speak to individuals planning solo expeditions, or those intending to work on their own in challenging wilderness environments for a possible television series. Your plan should have a purpose - for example breaking a record, reconstructing a historical journey, fulfilling a childhood dream, following the path of an animal migration.

Please contact :
ted_oakes@hotmail.com
with a brief description of your intended plan and your contact numbers.

Looking forward to hearing from you.
Ted Oakes
Producer, BBC Bristol, UK
ted_oakes@hotmail.com

NETWORK NEWS

Otago Sea Kayaking Association (OSKA) Revival December 2002 From: Rob Tipa

Sea kayaking is thriving in the deep south, judging by support for the revival of OSKA, the Otago Sea Kayaking Association.

OSKA slipped quietly into recess in the mid-1990s when much of the work involved in keeping it going rested on the broad shoulders of a few enthusiasts.

In its latter years, OSKA was held together with a bright and breezy newsletter that kept paddlers informed of who was who and who was doing what, with whom, when and where. Sadly, the newsletter lapsed when southern paddlers flinched at the prospect of having to pay a modest subscription for this subsidised service.

Seven years on and sea kayaking in the south (and nationally) is on the

crest of the proverbial wave. When the numbers of Kiwi Association of Sea Kayakers (KASK) members in Otago reached 30, it was obvious the interest was there to dust off OSKA and kick it into life, albeit as a regional network operating as an affiliate under KASK's national umbrella.

The main reason for reviving OSKA was to provide a regional vehicle for running leadership, safety and training courses for sea kayakers in the south.

OSKA sent out a questionnaire to KASK's Otago members and got a positive response from 50% of members who took the trouble to respond. There was strong support for organising a leadership course and holding a weekend mini-forum later this summer.

Dunedin paddler Mark Robertson volunteered to put together a newsletter. He did a grand job on design and layout in quick time and the first issue was sent out in October. Within a matter of weeks he has compiled a

mailing list of about 60 members - and growing fast.

OSKA then approached the Otago Canoe and Kayak Club to make sure it was not duplicating its efforts or reinventing the paddle. We had nothing but encouragement from stalwarts of the sport like National Kayaker of The Year Maggie Oakley. Many OCKC sea kayakers have since added their names to our mailing list.

The group organised an impromptu surf session at Warrington, Blueskin Bay, in mid-October and 15 people turned up, including one paddler, who drove hundreds of kilometres from Lauder, in Central Otago, to attend. Lauder is about as far from the sea as you can get in Otago.

OSKA has since organised a rescue skills session at Broad Bay on November 16. We had a dozen boats on the water and plenty of new faces that turned up eager for a salt water dunking, despite the cold southerly and regular, fresh-water rinse cycles (ie horizontal rain).

All eight participants in the leadership skills course, held on November 22-24 and subsidised by KASK, are active sea kayakers who regularly lead groups on excursions around the southern lakes and coastline. The instructor was KASK's training spokesman and New Zealand's best qualified sea kayaking instructor John Kirk-Anderson, from Christchurch.

The course started with a three-hour classroom session to assess different leadership styles and safety issues. On Saturday, November 23, the group took to the water at the Broad Bay Boating Club to practice and polish up rescue techniques, boat handling and towing skills.

On the following day, these skills were pushed to the limit around Quarantine Island when the group had to deal with such dramatic scenarios as simulated first aid emergencies (there were shoulder injuries, panic attacks, resuscitations and epileptic fits worthy of 'OSKA' awards), gear failures and multiple capsizes.

The course has proved to be a catalyst for further OSKA activities this summer. The association is now planning a social gathering to discuss its future direction and to consider hosting a weekend forum, possibly at Aramoana, later in the summer.

At this stage, OSKA is a voluntary network of southern paddlers linked by e-mail. While it welcomes new members, paddlers are encouraged to join its parent body KASK, which has an annual subscription of \$25. KASK publishes a regular newsletter and an excellent handbook, both of which are provided free with all new subscriptions.

If any southern kayakers would like to join OSKA or KASK, contact either Mark Robertson (mark.robertson@xtra.co.nz) or Rob Tipa (robtipa.clear.net.nz) for details.

Conservation report by Rob Tipa

Minister of Conservation Chris Carter has signaled an increase in tempo for the creation of new marine reserves in a letter to KASK.

Mr Carter said he was concerned about the slow progress in expanding the number of marine reserves under the current Marine Reserves Act, which has led to frustration and significant delays in establishing new reserves despite meeting the criteria for protection.

About 0.1% of coastal reserves are protected at present. The Labour Government has set a goal of protecting 10% of marine areas by 2010 and Mr Carter says marine reserves are the favoured means of achieving that. New laws were necessary for the Government to meet its target, he said.

The Marine Reserves Bill, which was introduced into Parliament on October 15, is the culmination of two years of consultation and policy development to replace the 30-year-old Marine Reserves Act.

"This bill is one of the most significant advances in conservation legislation since DoC was established in 1987. It will facilitate the protection of both special and representative marine areas," he said. "Rare black corals warrant protection in marine reserves but so do more typical marine communities, such as mangrove-lined estuaries."

"A fundamental principle of the bill is that people will have free access to enjoy these protected areas, as long as the natural values are not harmed."

"In the 30 years since the Marine Reserves Act became law, only 16 marine reserves have been created. Those around the North and South Islands average just 1000 hectares each and in total cover just 0.1% of the coast. By contrast, we protect about 30% of mainland New Zealand in national parks and reserves. It is time to pay more attention to marine pro-

tection," Mr Carter said.

A key feature of the bill is that fishing (commercial, recreational and customary) will not be allowed within a marine reserve.

The new bill has had its first reading in Parliament and has been referred to the Local Government and Environment Select Committee for consideration. The public will have a chance to make submissions on it once it is advertised by the select committee.

Marine Farming Moratorium

Also on the political front, a year has slipped by since the Government imposed a two-year moratorium on marine farming to halt a speculative rush of applications for new "lands" for aquaculture.

Some regional authorities were overwhelmed with applications for new marine farms, particularly in the Marlborough Sounds and around Banks Peninsula. Otago and the West Coast were also targeted growth areas. The moratorium was imposed to give Government time to revamp legislation to control this burgeoning industry.

That leaves KASK one year's grace to review our policy on how we plan to deal with marine farming applications in future. In the past, we did not have the resources to make submissions on every case, nor would we want to. We were not opposed to marine farming per se, but concentrated our efforts against marine farms which we viewed as navigation hazards or those which restricted sea kayakers' access to the coast, particularly in popular sheltered waterways such as Akaroa Harbour and parts of the Marlborough Sounds.

If you have strong views on the subject or concerns about a marine farm coming to a town near you, we'd like to hear from you. KASK's conservation officers for the North Island Bob Talbot (ecobiz@xtra.co.nz) and South Island Rob Tipa (robtipa@clear.net.nz) would welcome feedback over the next few months so we can put together some notes for the national executive.

Rob Tipa
South Island conservation officer

TRIBUTES FOR DAVID HERRINGTON

David Herrington, one of New Zealand's most experienced sea kayakers, was tragically killed in a motorbike accident on 13th October 2002. He is survived by his wife Glenys, and daughters Sandra, Donna and Justine, and families. A member of KASK and the Ruahine White Water Club, the following tributes have been written by his kayaking companions Max Grant, Kerry Howe and Libby O'Connor.

Remembering Dave from Max Grant

I first met Dave in the late 1980's during a club trip on the Otaki River. It was a cold winter's day and the river was in flood, not really ideal conditions for someone's first kayaking adventure. Dave took on all the elements the swollen river dished up to him that day. This tough and rugged individual still managed a smile at the end of the trip and was keen to join us again for the next one. Little did I know at the time that for Dave, this trip was merely to gain experience to take on his real ambition in kayaking – to take his kayak out beyond the breakers and explore the sea.

During the years that followed, Dave took part in many club sea kayaking trips to the Marlborough Sounds, D'Urville Island, Cape Kidnappers, Kapiti Island, Little Barrier Island, and Abel Tasman National Park.

During these trips, Dave and I became good paddling companions and great mates. I came to realise that many of my weaknesses in sea kayaking were Dave's strengths. His maritime knowledge of the weather, tidal flows, respect for the sea, and his endurance & mental toughness when the going got tough, were qualities I truly respected in Dave.

Dave also had a desire to paddle Cook Strait, one of the many goals he had set himself in life. In total he kayaked across the Strait 19 times, sometimes with other paddlers, but more often alone.

Many a time we would spend the day kayaking at Akitio, either in the river training for some future triathlon, or taking on a sea trip, often in marginal conditions, or just playing in the breakers practising our surfing and rolling techniques. We would always end up at Dave's beach house for a hot shower and drinks with his family, where we

would make plans for our next sea kayaking adventure.

Some of these trips included kayaking to White Island, Mayor Island, across Hawk Bay, Foveaux Strait, and circumnavigating the Chatham Islands and Stewart Island.

Dave was always aware of the people around him on a club trip, and you would often find him offering encouragement to anyone who was making hard work of it. He was also highly supportive of promoting sea kayaking in New Zealand, and was often invited to speak at seminars on the technical aspects of sea kayaking. He also did an enormous amount of work in helping to organise the early National KASK Forums at Wellington and Napier.

In 2001 Dave was awarded the Graham Egarr National Sea Kayaking Award for Outstanding Contribution to the sport of Sea Kayaking in reward for his support to sea kayaking.

At Dave's funeral service, good friend Kerry Howe spoke fondly of his memories spent with Dave and what an inspiration he had been to so many of us who kayaked with him. As we carried him from the Church, through a guard of honour made up of his kayaking friends, I felt that we had lost someone who was very special to us all.

It is said that like climbers who are roped together during their climbs, on the ocean swell there is an invisible tie between kayakers, which can only be broken by death. But I feel that Dave will always be out there somewhere on the ocean. For those who knew him well, his calm strength will live on through us, and encourage us to keep pushing our limits. He will be sadly missed, but never forgotten.

from Libby O'Connor

David had so many attributes that made him special – his wisdom yet his very unassuming nature, his ready smile and willingness to help anyone, his ability to fit in with and contribute to a group and yet his strength as a solo paddler.

On peaceful trips, I was often grateful for the quiet tips on more effective navigation or some advice on reading the weather that David would provide. He had a vast store of practical knowledge in a wide range of areas. On rougher trips, David was the one we could rely on to look after whoever was most in need of his expertise and calm competence. While the rest of us concentrated on coping with big seas and looking after ourselves, David had the skills and strength to provide support for others.

A recent KASK newsletter had an article about the dangers of offshore winds. It immediately reminded me of an incident where David played a role that summed up the sort of person he was. Six of us were paddling around the Pinnacles area in southern Wairarapa. Strong offshore winds were forecast, and although three of us asked to turn back before they arrived, a stronger paddler insisted that we continue. When the winds arrived, there was nowhere to land, and we all had to battle the ferocious gales. Exhausted, the less capable paddlers really struggled to make progress. Eventually, despite the horrendous conditions and the risk to his own safety, David towed me. After fighting the offshore winds until we were both totally drained, David measured his progress with me in tow against a mark further around the bay. Later, when we were safely onshore, he said that in 10 minutes of desperate paddling, we had made no progress at all towards the beach. Obviously, having a dead weight (me) behind him prevented David reaching the

TRIBUTES FOR DAVID HERRINGTON

safety of the shoreline. That would have been the point at which most people would have realistically accepted that saving one person was better than both of us drowning and cut me adrift. I was too worn out to have cared – quite honestly, drowning seemed quite a pleasant alternative to the endless battle that we weren't winning.

Being David, he didn't give up, but summoned extra reserves of strength from somewhere and got us both to shore. Horrified onlookers rushed to help – they'd been sure they were watching a tragedy.

That night, tents blew away and throughout the next day the storm raged unabated. We walked around the coastline, checking out the gravesites of all the people who had drowned in the area. I would certainly have been one of them if not for David.

I've often told people that, although I really enjoy my life in Brunei, what I miss most are the special people I was privileged to be friends with in New Zealand. David was certainly one of those. I'm very grateful for the years he was my friend.

from Kerry Howe

David was someone who was kind to strays. That's how I met him. It was back in the 1980s when I got my first seakayak. David, who didn't know me, drove from Dannevirke to Palmerston North to pick me up in his ute, and then miles on to Plimmerton for my inaugural paddle. We paddled around the coast from Plimmerton to Pukerua Bay. It's a short distance. But I thought we had just about circumnavigated the North Island. David must have had a dreadful day, dawdling along at my snail's pace and listening to me skiting about my new seakayak and how well I was doing in it. Only later did I find out that he regularly paddled across Cook Strait. Indeed he completed 19 double crossings. But that was David - prepared to give up his time to help others, inter-

ested in others, and very quiet about himself. Indeed he was a very shy person, always standing at the back, reluctant to put himself forward, but always there to help.

Over subsequent years we shared many seakayak adventures. The Ruahine White Water Club was seakayak active in those days. There were club trips all around the southern half of the North Island, and in Queen Charlotte Sound, and around D'Urville Island. David was a comforting and reliable paddling companion, always keeping an eye on others less able. Probably most of what I know about seakayaking I learned from him.

Apart from matters of technique and maritime knowledge, what impressed me most was his calmness and mental toughness in challenging conditions. He appeared to be utterly fearless. He never seemed to get scared, or cold, or tired. He was also amazing fit and strong. David was as hard as nails, or liked to give that impression. Where most of us would sleep in a tent, on a mattress, and in a down sleeping bag, David might sometimes roll himself in a piece of black plastic and sleep outside on the ground.

But his was never a mindless sort of toughness. He had enormous knowledge, skill, and experience. He was highly intelligent, utterly dependable, practical, resourceful. He could do anything. And under the rugged exterior he was a pussy cat - gentle, caring, concerned. I never heard him utter a nasty word about anyone. He was also invariably smiley and chirpy. He had some amazing expressions, a wonderful sense of humour, and a wicked cackle-cum-chuckle. I think he invented the now famous 'Yeah, right!'

His own seakayaking feats, often with Max Grant, have become legendary. There were some amazing trips - his numerous Cook Strait epics when he might paddle up to 20 hours on the trot; and the trips out to those distant offshore islands and back - such as Mayor Island, and White Island. And

there was a circumnavigation of Chatham Island, as well as Stewart Island. I'll never forget the story he told me about the encounter with the great white shark half way back from Mayor Island. Apparently he saw the thing off in the distance and immediately turned and paddled towards it. It sank out of sight. Later it appeared directly behind him and eyeballed him. 'Weren't you scared?', I asked him? 'Well,' he said shrugging, 'I was doing what I do, and it was doing what it does.'

This is the second time for me that David has died. There was once a dreadful club trip north of Whirinaki, north of Napier, in about 1996. It was blowing like hell off-shore and we should never have been on the sea. But we were. The nor'westerly wind suddenly increased to 40 knots or more. There was utter chaos - people out of boats, boats blown away. To cut a long story short we all finally managed to get ashore onto rocks. Except David who, after rescuing a few people, headed back out to sea to try to retrieve some of the abandoned kayaks. But then the wind increased to probably 60 knots. The noise was unbelievable. The sea was just white. There was no way David could ever get back to shore.

We rang the police on a cell phone, pleaded with them to rescue David who must have been miles out to sea by then. We waited what seemed like hours, the dismal late afternoon getting darker and darker. I pictured myself in David's position. I'd have panicked and given up at the very idea of being blown out into the Pacific. I thought that he had probably drowned, and was psyching myself to accept the news.

Suddenly the phone rang. It was the police. A searching boat had picked David up. 'Is he alright?' 'Yes, he's fine, he was paddling along, still towing a rescued kayak.' I remember Max Grant letting off red flares in jubilation, and nearly setting fire to the dried grass hillside we were clinging to.

TRIBUTES FOR DAVID HERRINGTON

Since David couldn't come straight back to shore against the wind, he'd set a course across wind, right across Hawke Bay, aiming for landfall miles away at Cape Kidnappers. He'd figured he would have got there about 10 that night. Apparently he wanted the rescue boat to take on the towed kayak, while he continued his paddle to that distant point. I think he was rather smartly ordered aboard.

That episode has haunted me ever since, but it has also been an inspirational lesson in courage and coolness. Instead of panicking, he'd worked out a viable survival strategy, and simply got on with it. He'd conquered the fear in his head. Because that's the only real danger that there is.

David was not one to talk about himself. Only gradually did I learn a little about his past and his other lives. He was an immensely proud family man. He was a top dressing pilot, a police constable, a shearer, contractor, scuba diver, crewman on the Spirit of Adventure, farmer, cray fisherman. He went into triathlons and marathons.

Each marathon he ran he got faster. He figured that by the time he was 100 years old, he'd be clocking under three hours. He cycled, he tramped.

Whatever he did it was absolutely, totally, completely 100% effort. He saw the challenge or the dream and just went for it. Legend has it, for example, that he saw a plane in the sky one day and decided that was for him, so went out and got his commercial pilot's licence. At age 30 he decided he needed a bit more formal education, and so went and did School Certificate English.

Earlier this year he got a motorbike and was keen to go touring. It suited his interests and character. Motor cycle touring is a bit like seakayaking, with its love of basic technology, and its elemental simplicity in the landscape. He phoned his wife Glenys not long before his accident. He'd been touring East Cape with a Dannevirke motorcycle club, and was on his way home. He was happy and excited by the experience. He died doing something he loved.

News of his death came as a shock, yet also it didn't. David lived life to the max, pushing the limits. He did what some people would call dangerous things. But danger is a state of mind - he felt the fear and did it anyway.

The tragedy of course for family and friends is that he died in his prime. He still had so much to do and to give.

But in striving to look for something positive out of this dreadful event, he was a man who lived life on the go - maximum effort, maximum results. And he gave so much by way of encouragement and example. For some of us he was, simply, an inspirational person. And he was killed in action, so to speak. I never could see David in some awful retirement home. And he won't be. Instead, those who knew him will always have him as a travelling companion. He'll always be somewhere out on the open road, and around the New Zealand coastline.

Kerry Howe



David Herrington

NEW ZEALAND TRIP REPORTS

MERCURY ISLANDS TRIP REPORT by Max Grant

Blue skies and a calm sea were all we could have asked for, as we started out from Kauotunu Beach for our two days of kayaking around the Mercury Islands group. Dave Herrington, Ian Algie and I were in high spirits as we pointed our kayaks to the southern shoreline of Mercury Island. Ian and I were greatly amused by Dave's new paddle, something he had constructed in the cow shed after lengthy conversations with Kerry Howe on the advantages of using a specially shaped wooden design – not to be confused with something that had fallen off the shed wall!!

After a leisurely two hour paddle we entered Peachgrove Bay, and landed on a sandy beach, edged by huge Pohutukawa trees which seemed to dominate the coastline with their bright red plumage. This was one of several beaches that all had an assortment of large boats and yachts anchored, with their occupants out fishing, swimming or just enjoying the sun.

After a snack and a look around, we smeared on more suntan lotion, donned our sun hats and set out past Mercury Island for Red Mercury Island. We paddled on past several bush covered Islands, enjoying the plentiful bird life and crystal clear waters, until we reached Red Mercury, the furthest Island out. All of the Islands had large DOC signs on them warning people not to land, but by the time we had paddled around Red Mercury, it was mid afternoon and we were ready for a break.

There was a small secluded beach on Double Island where no DOC signs were to be seen. After stopping for a snack to eat, we were refreshed and ready to continue our kayak back to

Mercury Island. Before entering our kayaks, Ian and I couldn't help but notice that Dave had put aside his 'Kerry Howe Special', and took up his usual paddle for the return trip. Dave set a blistering pace and we were soon back to Mercury Island, making our way up the eastern shoreline to Rocky Bay, where we planned to camp for the night.

A shallow reef guards the entrance to Rocky Bay, preventing the larger motor boats and yachts from entering it. A haven for kayakers to camp for the night as no other craft can enter.

An early start next morning saw us round the more rugged northern end of the island and by mid morning we were entering Huruhi Harbour. This was an insight as to how the other half lives, or is it the other 5%? There, in the shelter of the harbour, were dozens of luxury yachts and launches and some of the most beautiful holiday houses I have ever seen. We spent the next hour cruising around the harbour talking with the occupants and sharing cups of tea & coffee, etc. I think they were quite impressed with our small sea faring craft, as they were vastly different to the smaller sit-on-top kayaks many of them had strapped to the deck of their boat.

By lunchtime we were back at Peachgrove Bay, where we rested up for some time, relaxing in the sun and enjoying a swim in the warm waters of the Bay. Up till now, Ian & I, probably the more lazy two, had convinced Dave that he was paddling much faster with his 'Kerry Howe Special'. (He was actually going at a much slower pace that suited us) But when he swapped it for his usual paddle, we knew it was going to be a quick trip back to the mainland.

After making a slight detour to check out Korapuki Island, we paddled towards our starting place at Kuaotunu. We were assisted by a moderate tail wind, just good enough for some good surfing rides, and a good break on the beach to finish off the trip. A great two day paddle, which I would recommend to anyone wanting a relaxing, sun bleached sea kayaking trip for a

couple of days.

NB. The paddle around the Mercury Islands was a training run to test our kayaks and gear for our planned trip around Stewart Island. Needless to say, we convinced Dave that his home made wooden paddle was "not the best". We went on to successfully paddle Foveaux Strait & around Stewart Island. Dave used his trusty old "Nimbus" paddle.

LAKE HAUROKO TO MILFORD

from: Trevor Wright

Paddlers: Tom Orchiston, Tim Barry and Trevor Wright.

Dates: 7/3/00 - 30/3/00.

It was a mighty adventure that has gone down in adventuredom as quite the epic. A bit of hard graft, a slice of scared to death, an overload of grandeur, a cackle of laughs, big beach fires and a safe return to relay the trip.

That was paddling around Fiordland. 550km in total and not a single dip of the paddle that wasn't remembered. Some days we paddled too much and others due to life restricting environmental conditions, we paddled not at all. The journey originated with rather humble beginnings. At the time I was up to my ears in writing a thesis, and word on the street was that under no circumstances was anybody to coerce me to go and get amongst the outdoors. Then one fine day at the start of February 2000, the phone rang. On the other end was my pal Tim Barry. At this time Tim was a sea kayak guide in Milford Sound. The conversation was short and to the point. "Trev, I'm going to paddle around Fiordland in a few weeks, do you want to come?"

My mind said no and my mouth uttered yes and that was that. Scholarly solitude was out and finding a way to go sea kayaking was in. A couple of days later our friend Tom arrived back in Dunedin after a traverse from Mt Cook to Arthurs Pass and he was all for a mission around Fiordland too. With the standard problem of being broke and having no sea kayaks between us, we pooled resources and

came up with the Otago Uni Kayak Club leaking tub that loved nothing better than to lose the rudder, and two kayaks from Rosco's sea kayaks in Fiordland. One of which had fallen off the back of a trailer and had been dragged half way to Te Anau leaving the bottom of the nose with a two foot length missing. The deal being I fix, I could use. A couple of hundred kilos of plastic weld, food, mountain radio and the awe inspiring account of Paul Caffyn's sea kayaking circumnavigation of the South Island tucked under the arm later and we were off.

Basically we left a car at Milford, organised a food drop at Deep Cove, and our friend Gareth dropped the three of us at Lake Hauroko. The next morning, with mist rising off the lake we began. After taking on the might of the grade two Waiharitari river in fully laden sea kayaks reminiscent of Cook Strait Ferry maneuvering, we arrived safely at the South Coast. That evening we ate possum and had an honest helping of home brew with a guy called Peanut who lives in the bush and eats possums. The weather promptly packed up, thus beginning a good dose of thumb twiddling. However our restless souls were keen for action and so it was that two days later we paddled out in rough seas, raging winds and with nowhere to land safely. Our first experience of the South Coast turned into a miserable if somewhat humbling experience, culminating in turning around and going back. After getting mowed by a rather angry wave, followed by a brisk 300 m swim to shore, I made it in (all gear accounted for). Luckily the others fared much better. Much to Peanuts surprise we were still alive and to show his appreciation we ate possum and drank home brew.

Two days later with our fitness in grave jeopardy we awoke to magnificent weather and moved westward along the south coast to Waiatutu River. Another round of bad weather waiting followed. Two days later, when the swell got below three metres and the wind wasn't breaking the sound barrier, we ventured 55km and took on the formidable Puysegur point. After all that we had heard it didn't

seem too bad at all. But Puysegur couldn't let us just float around without a little say in the matter, so 4km out from rounding the point she introduced us to an instantaneous 20 knot head wind. No consideration was given to the fact that we had been paddling for some seven hours at the time and thus to get around took another hour and a half of bloody hard graft.

After entering Otago retreat, the night was spent at Kisbee Bay. The next day we checked out some amazing historical locations with a little bit of island seeing thrown in. Making our way past Gulches Head in the most confused washing machine water I have ever seen, we camped on the north side of Chalky Island looking out to Cape Providence in the distance. This looked on the map to be the toughest section, and it was. The rounding of Cape Providence and up past West Cape into Dusky Sound is a distance of over 35 km. Everyone was running on extreme doses of adrenalin. The stretch of cliffs running away in the distance was a stark reminder there was nowhere to beach if we needed to. With a six metre swell marching in, we didn't want to risk the house sized breakers smashing onto the Cape Providence rocks, so paddled 4 km out to sea before setting a northerly course for Dusky Sound.

With the fear of God up us, we paddled like the bunch of petrified paddlers we were. In record time we made it past West Cape. As we neared Dusky Sound a rising tail wind whipped up white caps across the swell direction. Easing of the swell and wind signaled the entrance to Dusky Sound. When we pulled into a little cove, the realization that we had completed the second of the two crux's hit home. Happiness was in the air. It was us, the sun, the sandflies, a table and a three course meal. That night we stayed at a place called Luncheon Cove on Anchor Island. The place where Captain Cook had lunch in the *Endevour* and also the site of the first house and boat built in N.Z. Then off we trotted up Dusky Sound through loads of dolphins up to Cooper Island to reside in Sportsmans Cove for the night.

It rained and we got wet, so we decided to check out Supper Cove Hut on the Dusky Track, at the end of the fiord. A day off was announced. Revived, we slid back up the fiord to the Acheron Passage separating Resolution island from the mainland. Staying close to the edge of the cliffs we managed to avoid the worst of the head wind, finally setting camp on the north side of Resolution Island. Then it was off up the coast again, only to be stopped in our tracks a couple of hours later by a ferocious head wind. Coal River offered a beach 1km recessed from the main coastline so we pulled in. Quite a swell was running and the next morning we got up early to get to Dagg or Doubtful Sound. But, by the time the sun came up, I was in shock with a mild case of hypothermia. It was the result of paddling through the shore break and meeting a big set of waves, one of which broke on top of me, pulled me out of my boat, bent it in half and ripped open a 40 cm split right along the nose weld. Laughter was at a minimum.

After lots of hot drink and a good smacking to put the boat back into shape, followed by some silicon and duct tape to repair the nose, we ventured back out and only narrowly avoided a repeat of the mornings performance. Justifiably, I was expecting my boat to sink sooner rather than later, especially with the continual banging of the boat over wind swell. With this in mind we made tracks for Doubtful Sound and camped about 10km past where Thompson Passage joins. Had a look at Crooked Arm then off to Deep Cove to get our food drop and assess the situation

The boat had held out very well so I decided to carry on. After the biggest aborted attempt at a night on the lash in Manapouri I have ever had the displeasure to be involved with, (got a free ride to west arm and boat to Manapouri, to find no one had any money, followed by a cold sleep on the beach and a trip back to Deep Cove), off we toddled in search of more of Fiordland. Passing Nancy and George sounds, we lodged in Caswell Sound for the night. Off again

and the old head wind stopped us at Looking Glass Bay, which turned out to be another amazing deserted beach that was celebrated with a massive bonfire and a feed of curried spiny dog fish on rice. Milforditus was kicking in, so we shot up to Poison Bay.

On arrival in the dark, we pitched camp said hello to all the hunters and played watch the hunters eat venison and potatoes. Early next morning we made for Milford before a bout of extremely bad weather was due to strike. At exactly 2:18pm we landed outside the Shark in the Bar Tavern right in Milford Sound. 30 seconds later, we had a beer. 12 hours later we went to bed reflecting on a wonderful experience that most people would only dream about. People often say words do little justice to a place, and it is true of Fiordland. Here we were in these fiords with no other people around at all. And to think it's in our own back yard, as remote and wild as it has always been but fully accessible to those that wish to seek it.

Trevor Wright

NEW ZEALAND TRIP REPORTS

**Dusky Sound
2001/02
by Susan Cade**

Wow! what a treat to express interest in a trip and get to go. This happened to me, and I was delighted, Dusky Sound here I come.

The Team was:

Wayne Stevens – Slingshot
Jeanine Langvik - X Factor
Lyndsay Fletcher – Sea Quest
Sue Cade - Looksha

As background I had been reading anything I could get hold of on the area, and it was the richness of other's notes, the history and remoteness that just delighted me. The Begg brother's writings and John Hall Jones in

particular I found most helpful (see reading list at end of the article).

In 1770 Captain Cook's first voyage around New Zealand, he sailed into a sound, but 'Dusk' intervened, hence 'Dusky Bay' was named. He returned in 1773 and explored this area. Since then other people such as Richard Henry who fought to protect the rich bird life and many others have left their mark.

Day One

We flew in to Supper Cove from Te Anau, with Southern Lakes Helicopters, the four kayaks tied to the Jet Ranger struts. Richard our pilot was very knowledgeable about the area and also had special pin pointing search and rescue equipment on board for more accurate location of activated emergency beacons. It was good to know that Richard was so experienced, as he checked which route to take through the intermittent cloud-covered tops and passes. He checked two passes before flying us over the third pass, which I think, was Centre Pass. Once over we dived down into clear views of the Seaforth river valley. Richard was Deer spotting, as well as pointing out features on the Dusky Track below.

It seemed moments later, that we dropped down on a small grassed shingle flat just east of Supper Cove Hut. What a rush to unload and untie the boats. Before we knew it, we were on our own, surveying a mountain of gear and considering whether we could fit it all into our boats.

We ferried gear in our Kayaks to the boat shed which is not far from the hut. Supper Cove Hut is a 16-man hut, with lots of room, sited on a terrace with a great view over Dusky Sound. Towards the entrance of the sound you could see the 400m+ Duncans Seat, a prominent cliff face. And yes, lots of sandflies welcomed us whenever we left the hut. Gradually I felt myself connect with the beautiful surroundings. We were finally here.

Day two

With a new dawn, a very glassy sea beckoned me. Ah! a magic paddle,

watching a lone shag slumbering, on a dead tree trunk protruding from the water and being at one with the tranquillity. I paddled up the Seaforth River as far as I could and up some of the other small streams, such as Henry Burn.

By the time I got back to the hut, the rest of the party were getting organised to depart. With a struggle we managed to get all our gear onboard, including utilising the top of the boats.

We headed out from Super Cove paddling around Girlies Island, which started with a passage through a crack which had created two vertical sides a few feet apart. Soon we started seeing the first of the many beautiful waterfalls that would grace our trip.

Then across to Nine Fathoms Passage and into Cooks Channel to a good lunch spot just east of the entrance to Fanny Bay. After that there were many moments of discussion about camping choices, as with an increasing head wind we paddled west, hugging the shore. We in fact continued along Cooks Passage, eventually past Cascade Waterfall and into Cascade Cove. Boy did I need a break by the time I got there. Over a 30km day and all afternoon with a headwind.

Cascade Cove is wonderfully sheltered and steeped in history. There are some great-established campsites with readily available water. The trip routines were established, and also the various styles of managing the sandflies, be it Wayne's use of hair flyspray, or insect head nets.

From here we also saw some fantastic views looking north-east over prominent peaks. The lighting effects at sunrise and sunset were just fantastic.

Day Three

Christmas Day we had an exploratory paddle, venturing out and around Indian Island. We visited Indian Harbour via an almost completely concealed narrow rocky channel. This small harbour that was used by Maoris, was close to where Captain Cook first met Maoris in 1773. We didn't explore by foot, however on a high van-

tage point, I gather there are the remains of several Maori hut sites.

We then circled around the northern side of Indian Island, sea conditions remained calm so we paddled between the Seal Islands. Then we headed west to pass through the narrow passage between Crayfish Island and the mainland, through which Captain Cook took the 'Resolution' ('Scarcely twice the width of the ship') into Pickersgill Harbour. We first saw the Brass plaque that Begg brothers had placed commemorating Cooks visit, and then entered Ships Cove. 'Resolution' was moored there for a month in 1773, where the ship was worked on and a small brewery made to brew beer from rimu, and manuka tea was made. It was magic visiting Astronomers Point; here Cook's astronomer fixed accurately the position of Dusky Sound and New Zealand. You can still see the stumps remaining from this clearing. There is a protective boardwalk around this site and a lookout platform.

As the others headed back to camp, I took the opportunity to follow quite a good track following Cook Stream to Lake Forsyth. A magic quiet spot completely enclosed by bush and ridges. A welcome moment to read my book for a little and just be. Potential here for really peaceful camping. This lake has been recorded as having New Zealand native trout. Paddled about 12km today.

Day Four

With calm weather we broke camp, to head up the Acheron Passage. Lyndsay had acquired a white plastic seat, which he added to his deck load, nothing like paddling with camping comfort. It actually made Lindsay's boat a lot more visible from afar

We paddled between Indian Island and Long Island, east along Bowen Channel, eventually crossing to Resolution Island. We had lunch just north of Passage Point. It did look feasible to camp here with a bit of effort. From there it was north along Acheron Passage. There are some great waterfalls along this stretch and as we came out of the passage we had an impressive thunder and lightning storm. All ex-

cept Lyndsay hugging the shore with some muttering about the potential of being a lightening focus out in the wide-open passage. As we turned into Breaksea Sound it was pelting down with rain. I can recall just being delighted with the pattern of rebounding droplets on the sea's surface. It would be just so hard to capture the magic on film. We camped at Beach Harbour. Good spot here, just to the true left of a stream. We had plenty of open grassed space, and even had a good meat safe we used to cook in, away from the rain and sandflies. About a 35km days paddle. By the way, Breaksea Sound was originally explored by Cook and named 'Nobody Knows What'.

Day Five

We headed east along Breaksea Sound enjoying the waterfalls and then had the delight of a pod of friendly dolphins. It was just amazing what paddling power the rest of the party had in the chase. Myself a plodder at the rear missed the moment, but what glee for the others, with the cavorting of the dolphins. Chatham Point was impressive. It is a 935-metre cliff face that divides and commands the head of the Sound, with Vancouver and Broughton going off on either side. About 1791, George Vancouver in the 'Discovery' and Broughton in the 'Chatham' they explored 'Nobody knows what' and converted the name to 'Somebody knows what' and the two arms were named. We made camp in a prominent bay on the true left of the entrance to Broughton Arm. The tidal flats here were big with a good stream just south. About a km up this stream I gather there is an impressive waterfall. The afternoon adventure was a paddle to the head of Broughton Arm; there are two very impressive river valleys here, both with good potential for tramping and camping. 32km today.

Day Six

For once, no moving of camp and we had a day trip exploring Vancouver Arm. More magnificent country. Today I had my best dolphin moment. At the front of the party, the dolphins were jumping and where I paddled, I had them swimming under me, belly

up, riding the bow wave and within touching distance. Lyndsay caught two cod on the way back. This was another gorgeous day. We paddled up a beautiful, significant side stream towards the head of the arm, that could well have been a magic campsite if time had allowed. 30km today.

Day Seven

Time to retrace footsteps now and we headed back. We had a break at Sunday Cove, where Richard (the helicopter pilot) had an ex navy boat moored, which was complete with helicopter pad, solar panels, great accommodation and all the trimmings. There also was a fishermen's barge, which didn't impress us, as there was an open bottomed long drop over the side and a lot of rubbish on the shore where we stopped. I gather that the accommodation hut is built on a moored fuel pontoon and the roof also doubles as a helicopter pad. We stopped on a small beach on the true left, where we found a lot of fisherman's rubbish.

After this we had a relaxing paddle to the entrance of Wet Jacket Arm. More time spent enjoying waterfalls and seeing dolphins cavorting in the distance. The prominent peninsula that looks like an island at the entrance of this sound, isn't, but is worth a look around. Tucked in behind it, on Wet Jacket side is Stick Cove and Stick Island. This Cove made a very pleasant campsite, with a little bit of establishment time. 24 km worth today.

Day Eight

One of our longest day paddles to the head of Wet Jacket Arm. (40km return). This also has some wonderful camping opportunities with some good river flats. However one highlight here was about the elusive Moose hunt. Some background first. Canadian Moose were introduced into Dusky sound in 1910. This was the second attempt to introduce Moose to New Zealand. Southwest Fiordland with its high rainfall and precipitous terrain, by some was judged to be a crazy choice, as they believed the environment wasn't conducive to their survival. However the Moose were released in Supper Cove. Four bulls

and six cows that had been hand reared, in Canada and then quarantined on Soames Island. When the ten-month-old moose calves were released, some actually returned to their crates and had to be tipped out. Over the years there have been a few shot. Ken Tustin did a lot of research about the Moose. There seemed to be some evidence that the last Moose was shot in 1971. Over the latter years, there has been ongoing interest and evidence about Moose still being in the area, particularly from camps based in the Herrick Creek area. In fact Tustin made a television documentary on his search. Wayne got to meet an enthusiast who was based at Herrick Creek. The Moose researcher shared that he grew nuts and some people thought he was nuts. He spends 40 days every summer here and had for the last 30 years, in his search for Moose. He clearly knew the area well and spoke of sending evidence such as hair away for analysis. Certainly a wonderfully isolated area to retreat to.

Day Nine

We paddled with a following sea down the Acheron passage and this time we went alongside Resolution Island and into the entrance of Duck Cove. Just inside this on the western side there is a very sheltered harbour. There is a helicopter pad here and also in the bush we found a fisherman's net, creating a corridor in the bush...a bit of concern for the animal life. We had lunch and talked about camping, but we weren't totally taken with the spot. The camping conversation continued, as we paddled on, and just before Fixed Head, there seemed to be potential for camping in a sheltered harbour. However there didn't seem to be any readily available flat sites, so in the end Lyndsay headed back directly to Cascade Cove. The rest of us took the opportunity to paddle across to Luncheon Cave on Anchor Island.

Luncheon Cove is a very sheltered, with fresh water, its protected by the Many Islands, approximately 25 islands, all- steep and bush clad. This was where in 1792 the first European house was built in New Zealand and the first ship was built in Australasia.

From 1795 there were 35 people, who had stowed away in the Endeavour, who spent two years marooned here. In fact around this time there were 244 people in the Sound, more Europeans than anywhere else in New Zealand.

The area was also like stepping into a tropical paradise. Just very sheltered and peaceful. Sea conditions were wonderful and we met and had a chat to the crew of a French yacht, that was anchored among the little off shore islands. There was also the noise and a momentary glimpse of fur seals. Then it was back to Cascade Cove once again with a following sea. En route we had good views of Five Fingers Point (Cook named this, due to it looking like a large hand rising from the sea) and I felt as if we could have paddled out to open sea. It was a bit disconcerting to also see a very large cruise boat exiting Dusky sound. Richard later told us that about 35 ships visit the area a year, paying large amounts to do so. This traffic has occurred since the sea floor has been mapped accurately. A surreal sight really, when you feel that you are really miles from anywhere and having a wilderness experience. En-route back I loved looking through the magic clear water at the sea life. Great diving country. About 36km today.

Day 10

A long awaited rest day for some in Cascade Cove. I went for an early morning paddle to explore the cove further. T was magic, the fish life and the signs of human habitation to contemplate. I spotted an old sealer's boat run, the smooth path of about 5 feet wide extending into the water with larger rocks piled to the side. There was a fisherman's barge and also a local yacht 'Breaksea Girl' that commercially cruises in the area. Quite a sight seeing it sail out of the cove, in the still morning.

After this I did a couple of walks, one to see if I could find the historical Maori cave and the other, to climb up behind the campsite, to get a view. Both proved interesting. The former proved elusive but it was interesting to imagine walking on some of the vantage points, as to what it may have

been like to live here. Some Maoris had lived in a natural cave which had an exit climb inside it, going up to the top of the cliffs, providing a good natural lookout. The bush, for doing a climb, heading towards the tops, from behind the campsite was relatively easy going, but due to overcast conditions I didn't go that far.

Day 11

We paddled along the southern side of Long Island. Just before East Point, paddling through a narrow channel (which at high tide, makes East Point into an island) led into the Bowen Channel. By this time the sea was flowing strongly towards Sportsman Cove and we spread out a bit. Racing into Sportsman Cove with a following sea, I felt like a rat going down a drainpipe, and wasn't too happy about this decision, I certainly didn't fancy coming out in the same strong sea. Once we cleared the entrance we were fine. Sportsman Cove has a very narrow entrance between prominent cliffs, into a large very sheltered harbour. It was just as well that we camped here, for the night, until the sea calmed some. There were some good bush camps near a prominent stream. We were entertained again with another good thunder and lightning storm. About 20km today.

Day 12

Sportsman Cove to Supper Cove. Fortunately the sea was much calmer and we managed to get out of the cove smoothly. It was interesting to consider that on the other side of the channel, William Doherty lived for many years. He started prospecting here from 1875, working in the area for about 20 years looking for minerals, mining asbestos and copper. Also he had hoped to find gold.

When we got closer to Supper Cove, Lindsay clearly got the scent of the hut and was off, the rest of us paddled into Shark Cove for a looksee. It was quite different. I paddled up a stream and went for a little wander and the sheer amount of moisture and rich water saturated vegetation was beautiful.

This time Jeanine and Wayne headed off to check out the Seaforth River

and it was my turn to paddle in to Supper Cove Hut. A journey almost completed. A 24km day.

Day 13

The day looked wet and claggy with low cloud over the head of the valley. We packed and walked our gear to the shingle flats and waited, half thinking that we were sure to be staying longer. But with lights shining, the helicopter flew in on schedule and before long we were saying adieu, carrying all our memories.

The struggle for some of the party was too many good days for paddling, though the weather had some variety most days, a mixture of rain, sunshine and wind at times. In actual fact we kept exploring more and more because the weather and sea conditions graced our stay. Hence approximately about 283km paddled

We had a mountain safety radio schedule every night, which Lyndsay kept. I carried an EPIRB and took it on my more extended walk. We saw or spoke to three fishing boats, two yachts and one cruise boat.

Overall on my wish list is another visit to see more of the historical points and the hidden lakes and climbs. Particularly around Richard Henry's work. Let's face it I didn't want to come home! Thank you Wayne, Jeanine and Lyndsay for having me along.

READING LIST

'Dusky Bay' 'In the Steps of Captain Cook' by A.Charles Begg and Neil C. Begg, 240pp, published 1966, reprint 1968.

'Richard Henry of Resolution Island', by Susanne & John Hill, 364pp, published 1987.

'Fiordland Explored' 'An Illustrated History', by John Hall-Jones, 148 published 1976.

'The Fjords of Fiordland'* by John Hall-Jones, 171pp, published 2002.

*See book review in this newsletter.

The first three titles will only be found in either libraries or secondhand shops.

BOOK REVIEW

Title: 'The Fjords of Fiordland'

Author: John Hall-Jones

Published: 2002

Publisher: Craigs Printing Co., Invercargill.

ISBN: 0-908629-56-7

Content: 171pp, 338 b&w and colour pics, sketches, paintings, index, bibliography

Cover: Hardback

Size: 300 x 220mm, landscape format

RRP: \$59.95

Reviewed: P. Caffyn

New Zealand history books can be a tad dry and pithy, as dates, daring deeds and names are listed, but this latest book by John Hall-Jones has melded a magic mix of old and new - ancient but crisp black and white photographs of early explorers and shipwrecks alongside stunning colour plates of how the identical sites appear today. And much of John's recent Fiordland travels have been in a double kayak!

Although landscape format books poke too far out of a bookshelf for my liking, the format is ideal for this book, with the numerous old paintings and stunning colour plates, which are large enough to feel the grandeur of Fiordland.

John's passion for Fiordland dates back to the 1950's when he was a member of Canterbury Museum expeditions which explored and mapped the unknown hinterland of Charles and Nancy sounds. As a longtime honorary ranger in Fiordland National Park, he has assisted with DoC surveys of historic places and has marked a number of such places with plaques. John's first book 'Early Fiordland' was published in 1968, and since then he has written an impressive total of 28 historical books, half of them on Fiordland.

I first met John in 1976, at Cuttle Cove in Preservation Inlet. Keith Dekkers and I had walked in along the tops to the head of Long Sound from West

Arm of Lake Manapouri. We linked up with a Southland caving club expedition that was based at Cuttle Cove, the site of an early whaling station, and close to Cavern Head. We were exceedingly fortunate to have John as native guide for a week, when we visited an old pa site on Spit Island, then early settlements and gold mines close to Puysegur Point. At that time our transport was either by hitching rides on crayfishing boats or in a small aluminium dinghy. And an old dunger of a kayak was used for access into the caves on Cavern Head. But in January 1976, I had not the faintest interest in sea kayaking, and yet only two years later, Max Reynolds and I paddled around Puysegur Point into Otago Retreat, and the entrance to Preservation Inlet. I always blamed two years of teaching music to high school students for my rapid immersion in sea kayaking, but now looking back, I feel John Hall-Jones has a lot to answer for, as he certainly opened my eyes in 1976 to the early history of the Fjords.

Paddling in Fiordland is not everyone's cup of char; parting clouds of sandflies in order to see the view, horrendous sea and tide races on the outside coast, a distinct paucity of Abel Tasman National Park type beaches and campsites and an overabundance of the sky falling on paddlers' heads. But the rewards on a gloriously fine day are marvellous; to be able to paddle into some of the places visited by Captain Cook, to glide alongside sheer cliffs with tumbling cascades of water, and to park up on a remote gravel beach for the night with no other sod for miles around.

But to be able to fully enjoy the experience of expedition paddling, I am a firm believer in researching every aspect of the area to be visited, including early history, the fauna and flora, geology, weather, sea conditions and landings. To paddle into a bay such as Luncheon Cove, in Dusky Sound, with the foreknowledge of the early history (first European house, first sailing vessel built) adds to my overall enjoyment of a trip.

There are 12 chapters, the first discusses the naming of the sounds/fjords, with a brief discussion of the geology. Then successive chapters cover Dusky, Doubtful, Milford, Sutherland, and Bligh sounds. The next two cover the goldrush in Preservation Inlet and the history of Chalky Inlet. Caswell, George and Charles sounds are the next three chapters, with a final chapter titled 'Cruising the West Coast Fjords' which details early voyages and shipwrecks, and touches on the waterborne means to visit the fiords today, including sea kayaks. A bibliography and index complete the book.

Dagg and Nancy sounds are mentioned in the text, but miss out on full chapters perhaps because of a lack of early history.

The book is not solely the early history of the Maoris and early European explorers, but works its way through to

the present day, with discussion of the early 1950's Canterbury Museum expeditions and modern day surveys of the old historic sites. Fiordland's fauna, both exotic and endemic, is described, with early and current attempts to save endangered endemic species, and there is an incredible photo of a breaching humpback whale off the entrance to Milford Sound.

I have one minor niggle. I would have preferred to see the chapters in sequence from south to north (or vice versa) that is starting from Preservation Inlet and working sound by sound, north to Milford Sound.

For readers planning a paddle in any of the fiords, or those who wish to broaden their knowledge of the history of this remarkable area, I strongly recommend the acquisition of John's book. Put this one on your wish list from Santa this Xmas.



Picnic in Hall Arm, Doubtful Sound. page 159; photo: J. Hall-Jones (reproduced with permission of the publisher)

SOUTH ISLAND GUIDE OUT IN JANUARY 2003

Sea Kayaker's Guide to New Zealand's South Island by Alex Ferguson

With its numerous inlets, bays and lakes, the upper and central South Island offers a wealth of opportunities for easily accessible, sheltered paddling. Add the fantastic scenery, particularly in the Marlborough Sounds and the central lakes to the mix and it is no wonder that the number of sea kayakers are growing as more and more people discover the pleasures of this enjoyable and rewarding activity.

Detailing more than 90 kayaking tours, spread over nine regions, with over 25 useful maps and 16 pages of full colour photographs, the *Sea Kayaker's Guide to New Zealand's South Island* presents the beginner as well as the experienced kayaker with specific information on trip preparation, radio frequencies, marine map and chart recommendations. It also details the easiest way to reach your launch site, and a few helpful camping tips along with some general information on safe kayaking practices. The author's many years of experience of kayaking in the South Island also enables him to offer a 'stroke by stroke' commentary on places of interest along the way to one's destination of choice. The regions covered are: Golden Bay; Abel Tasman National Park; Tasman Bay; Marlborough Sounds; North-east Coast; Banks Peninsula; Canterbury to Otago; Mackenzie Country and the West Coast.

With sea captains and ship owners on both sides of his family, from sailing ships to Cunard liners to harbour dredges, it's not surprising that Alex Ferguson has some involvement with the sea. He started building his own kayaks in 1983 and has designed four models to date. He is a founding member of the Kiwi Association of Sea Kayakers (KASK) and jointly set up the Canterbury Sea Kayak Network (CSKNet). He has previously written about sea kayaking in the Marlborough Sounds and remains passionate about this area.

NEW HOLLAND PUBLISHERS
RRP \$29.95
JANUARY 2003

TECHNICAL TOWING by Karen Mentzing

There are numerous occasions when towing can make life so much brighter for a group of paddlers, and there are even occasions when towing can be the difference between an ordinary rescue or a big disaster. For me, a proper working and quick operating towing system is as important as any other safety equipment and it is always a buoyancy aid, ready to use at any time. I often carry a loose towing system as extra, to be handed over to someone else if needed.

A few examples when towing is useful:

1 - Somebody in the group gets ill, seasick, exhausted, developing a sore wrist, elbow, shoulder etc. Try to be aware of starting towing at an early stage, when the one that needs towing is hopefully still able to paddle and stay upright. It's not very hard to tow one person that is still paddling (I call that 'Tandem Paddling') but it's hard to pull along two kayaks by yourself, which is what you have to do when the person has become so ill that they can't manage any more and needs another person to hold the kayak in balance. If you have to tow two kayaks, there should be two of you towing in a line, the strongest in front.

2 - If a rudder or skeg is failing, the paddler might find it very hard to stay on course if it's windy. To put a tow on the kayak and keep it on course makes an enormous difference in effort for the one with the failing rudder/skeg.

3 - If you are in a group with a big difference between the fastest and slowest paddlers, it might in some cases be helpful to consider Tandem Paddling. You might need to make a crossing or reach a particular site within a certain time. It can be due to tidal or weather conditions, daylight or whatever, but you need to be there before 8 o'clock and you should always keep a margin for changes in weather with everyone in the group arriving in a good state. Again Tan-

dem Paddling can make the difference between a nice trip or a stressed trip.

4 - Somebody capsizes near rocks or a surf line. The water is cold and the swimmer needs to get back in the boat as quickly as possible but you don't want to end up on the rocks or in the surf. Well, person A does a buddy rescue while person B with a towing line on person A's kayak pulls the whole package to safe waters. You can use the same technique for rescuing in high breaking seas to bring the kayaks bow into wind and waves. A sea anchor will do the same job if there isn't a third paddler available.

Most people that go out paddling with kids go in a double kayak. I can assure you that both kids and parents will have a lot more fun if everyone is paddling their own kayak. When the kids run out of energy it's actually a lot easier to tow a kid's kayak than to paddle a double on your own. It's rather a simple thing to build a kayak out of plywood and I'm sure Sandy Ferguson can tell you where to get a plan for a kid's kayak and he will probably give you advice on how to build it as well. Don't put a kid in an adult's kayak though! They are too wide and high for kids to paddle comfortably and might kill all their future interest in kayaking.

Towing should be done somewhere near the centre of your kayak to the end toggle. Some paddlers prefer to have the towing line attached to the deck of the kayak just behind the cockpit. For several reasons I prefer to have it around my waist or chest. You must be able to release yourself from the towing system if you end up in danger during towing and it's much easier and quicker to find the release buckle on your belly or chest than behind your back.

With the towing system a bit higher up, it's also less risky that the towing line gets tangled up in the spare paddle or other equipment you carry on your aft deck. I can tell you it's definitely bad news to have a towing line wrapped around a rudder! If I paddle a kayak other than my own, I will still

have my towing system, if I carry it on me rather than on the kayak.

The towing line should normally be about 1.5 times a kayak length, so not shorter than 7 metres and not longer than 9 metres. There are occasions when you would like it to be shorter, like when doing a quick rescue tow out from a rock garden (If you don't use a throwing bag for such occasions) or if you are towing in calm water and want to have the other person in talking distance. Some paddlers solve that by having a short towing line as the standard and carry a loose extension line.

There are also occasions when you would like the towing line to be longer, like when towing in a following sea and there's a risk that the kayak behind you suddenly comes surfing past you ... or into your neck, or when the person that you're towing is very angry. Anyway, around 7 - 9 metres should normally be a good length. It is also a good idea to wrap a piece of the towing line around a piece of bungy cord nearest your back which makes the towing smoother. It's a good idea to have the line in a bright colour which is easy to spot.

The carabiner should be big enough to handle with cold hands and strong enough not to snap at a critical moment. A plastic carabiner will not do the job. Climbing carabiners are good stuff and the best ones are those with the closing mechanism made with a steel thread in a loop. They don't need to have the sharp tooth where they close together, these teeth always get stuck in a cord when they shouldn't. My experience is that the anodised carabiners last in salt water better than others, but you will still have to look after it and make sure it's not stuck, spray it now and then with something like CRC66 or WD40.

Many buoyancy aids have a towing system attached when you buy them. They are mostly WW buoyancy aids, but it is becoming more and more common that buoyancy aids for sea kayaking also have them. The towing strap is normally attached quite high up and I haven't noticed any big dif-

ference in effort to tow from my chest compared to my waist. I once got the kayak I towed far out on my side, got pulled sideways, and ended up half capsized, desperately sculling. I might not have capsized if the towing strap had been around my waist instead of my chest, but I'm not sure, and after all this is not a very common situation. If your buoyancy aid hasn't got a towing system you can easily make a loose one to wear around your waist. One advantage with a loose system is that you can hand it over to someone else. It should be one of the strongest paddlers in a group doing the towing but not the one in command if the group has a leader.

To make your own towing system you need a rather broad strap, about 5 - 8 cm. Get the buckle first so you know that the strap and buckle will fit together. The buckle should be of a kind that has a flap to open and close quickly. On the inside of the broad strap you sew on a short and narrow piece of strap at the middle of your back (when the buckle is on your belly) The towing line is fastened around the broad strap and through

the narrow strap, so it all stays together if you have to release the towing system. On the outside of the broad strap, just beside the narrow strap, you sew on a pocket for the towing line to be stored when not in use. Fold up the line bit by bit and put it in the pocket. If you wind it up it's a bigger risk that it tangles when you use it. I make the pocket so that it is held shut by the carabiner. When I take off the carabiner and put it on another kayak the pocket opens by itself and I only need to paddle off without any more fussing. When not in use you wear the towing system loosely around your waist with the buckle on your back and the pocket on your belly.

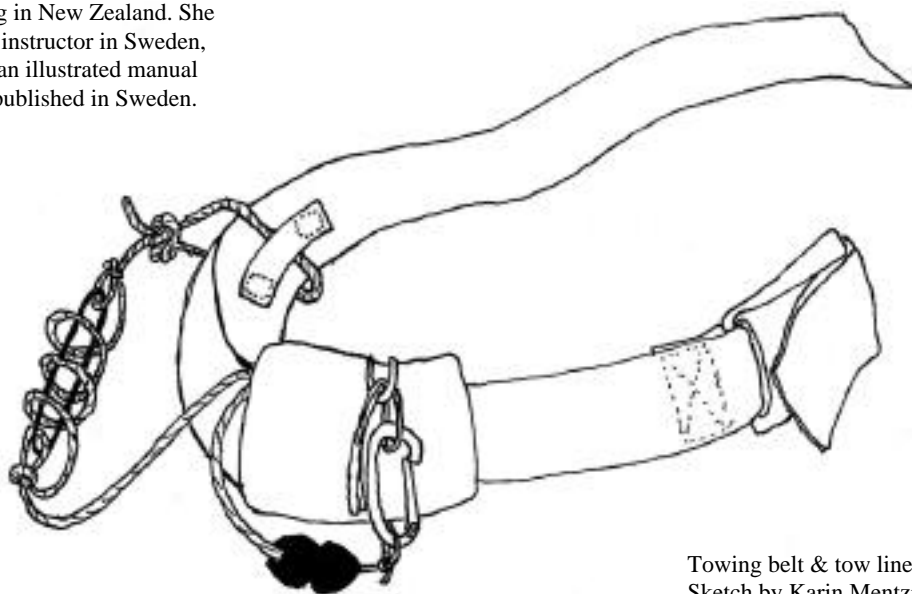
When you start towing the pocket will slide around to your back, either to the left or right depending on which side you fixed the carabiner, no fussing with getting the line on the wrong side of your body. When the pocket gets to your back you will have the buckle on your belly, easy to pull open if you need to get free. You can make your system floating or sinking, as you prefer. There are advantages and dis-

advantages with both and it's no big deal if you lose the whole thing if you make it sinking. It's normally attached to your body or the other kayak or even both. If the system is sinking it might get tangled in kelp or a submarine and put you or the one you are towing in trouble. If it's floating, someone swimming in the water might get tangled.

The risk for any of these things happening is rather minimal. If you want your system sinking, no problems. It will sink if you make it as described. If you want it floating, you should use a line made of polypropylene. Both the carabiner and belt will need a float on them. For the carabiner it could be a piece of cork, a fishing net float, or what ever you can find that makes it float. For the belt, you can simply sew a piece of foam in the pocket. Try it out in fresh water! What floats in the Pacific, might sink in a lake. Don't forget to try out your towing system and practice towing, so you know how everything works the day you need do it in a hurry surrounded by angry seas.

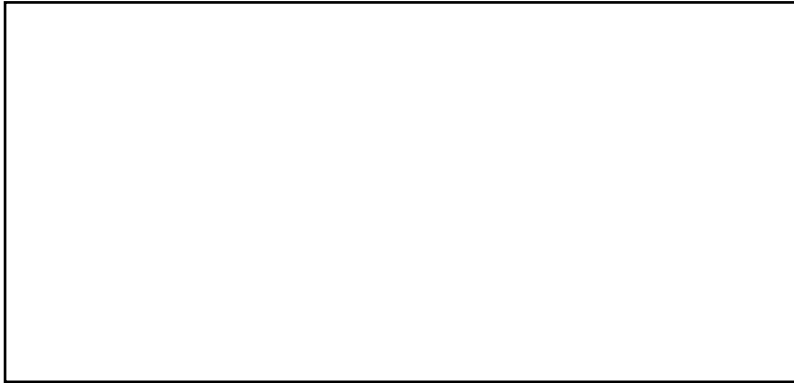
NOTE ON THE AUTHOR:

Karin Mentzing is a very experienced Swedish paddler, who has spent two summers paddling in New Zealand. She has worked as an instructor in Sweden, and in 2000, had an illustrated manual on sea kayaking published in Sweden.



Towing belt & tow line.
Sketch by Karin Mentzing.

MAILED TO



If undelivered, please return to:
Maurice Kennedy, PO Box 11461, Manners St., Wellington. 6034

