

No. 104 April - May 2003

THE SEA CANOEIST NEWSLETTER

Cover photo from the LRB3 - Third Edition of the KASK Handbook
Just wait till you see it in colour!



Bevan Walker, paddling into a strong nor-wester, Thompson Sound, Fiordland.
Photo: Craig Hornblow

**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.

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KASK Annual Subscriptions are:
\$25 single membership
\$30 family membership.
\$35 overseas

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LRB3 - KASK HANDBOOK

For a copy of this mother of all sea kayaking handbooks, contact KASK Treasurer, Max Grant, 71 Salisbury St. Ashhurst, 5451
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COST:
New members: gratis
Existing members: to be advised
Non-members: \$to be advised
Make cheques out to KASK (NZ) Inc. Trade enquiries to Max Grant.

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

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

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DEADLINE FOR MATERIAL
FOR N/L No. 105 = 15 July 2003

EDITORIAL

LRB3

With a huge sigh of relief, I sent the new mother of all sea kayaking handbooks to the printer on 20 May. Although the overall format is unchanged, the third edition has many changes. Most conspicuous is the cover with a brilliant colour photo of Bevan Walker paddling into a bit of a breeze in Fiordland. The pic, taken by Craig Hornblow, is one of the best I have seen of sea kayaking. Although the rain is teeming down, and Bevan is punching into a lousy chop, the huge grin shows he is enjoying himself immensely.

Already, I have had two moans about the cover pic; the marketing side of our esteemed president wants a pic of a sunny, calm day off Rangitoto Island with skimpy bikini clad paddlers, while our hardworking treasurer is concerned that kayak manufacturers will be peeved with the kayak shown! New chapters include Kayak Kookery, GPS Navigation, the Rotorua Lakes and Tidal Streams. Nearly every chapter has been rewritten or updated. I would like to thank all those involved for their time and effort:

John Kirk-Anderson
Stephen Counsell
Innes Dunstan
Conrad Edwards
John Flemming
Max Grant
Maxine Handford
Phil Handford
Rebecca Heap
Mark Hutson
Kerry Howe
Neville Jones
Vincent Maire
Ann Schofield
Andy Sheppard
Deirdre Sheppard
Peter Somerhalder
Peter Sullivan
Margaret Thwaites
Alison Wagstaff
Special thanks to proof readers Lynda Ferguson, Kay Costley and Pagemaker spellcheck.

If you see any glaring errors in the text, apart from punctuation and formatting, let me know please.

Prayers or Safety Equipment?

The 'Bugger!' File report, on the couple rescued off St Heliers, brought to mind two instances of prayer and sea kayaking. The February 'Reader's Digest' has a story titled simply 'SOS'. A 28 year old Hawaiian paddler, an evangelical youth pastor, was into the third day of a week long coastal cruise. He had a sail up and was capsized by a squall. His rescue equipment was a mobile phone, but as he was progressively blown out to sea, he had no way of providing his location to the USA Coastguard. Rescue planes flew overhead but without a signal mirror or flares he could not signal the aircraft. One night a Japanese vessel almost ran him down. He was unable to signal for a rescue - no light or flares!

160km out to sea, an astute Coastguard officer was able to guesstimate his position from the time a rescue plane flew overhead and the position of a distant island with respect to the sun. This bloke was praying and writing his will in his bible, when the pilot saw a 'flyspeck of red kayak and yellow vest'. A rescue helicopter plucked this bloke to safety. I only hope the Coastguard gave him a good talking too, with respect to carrying flares, a signal mirror and a VHF radio if he ever paddles out to sea again!

The second instance involves a slide show I gave to the Balclutha Lions Club, many moons ago, on the Round Australia trip. Following what I thought was a riveting talk, I was shocked and stunned when the president asked me, "If I believed in God?" When I answered, "No," he commented, "More fool you." It has always niggled me that I should have said to him, that when caught in a storm off the Baxter Cliffs, no amount of prayer or faith would have helped my survival. It was solely my physical skills, inner strength, mental toughness and pre-visualisation of worst case scenarios that carried me through the night.

To sum up, for those who rely on prayer to get through a dicky situation, make sure you have all the vital safety equipment items, to ensure your prayers are answered promptly.

KASK Committee Column by Vincent Maire

Training

On a recent club trip I met up with Chris Gulley of Outdoor Discoveries with a group of trainees. In this case the paddlers were on the final day of their three-day SKOANZ assessment to become qualified sea kayak guides. Later in the day I returned to the beach just as the last of these hopefuls was strapping her kayak to the car. "How did you go?" I asked. "I did it. I'm now a qualified guide," replied Leona, who was obviously thrilled and proud and excited all rolled into one.

Tony Dumper of Takapuna was also a successful graduate of this group. Tony is an experienced recreational sea kayaker who has worked hard at upskilling himself. Tony is also a very strong supporter of the need for recreational paddlers to have their own qualifications.

The KASK committee has devoted a great deal of time and energy to this very important matter. Along with SKOANZ and NZOIA, we are working with SEFRITO to implement a set of paddling qualifications that starts at the recreational level, moves up to the guiding level and ends at the level of advanced instructor.

In the coming weeks we expect to announce a scheme whereby assessors of the recreational qualification can be trained. Once this has been done, the qualification structure will be in place and club and network paddlers from around the country can, in their own time, and for minimal expense, gain a set of qualifications that could, if they so wished, take them on that journey to being a professional guide (SKOANZ) and on to the advanced instructor level (NZOIA).

My congratulations to Tony and Leona, both of whom are members of KASK, on committing themselves to seeking formal sea kayaking qualifi-

cations. May many more recreational sea kayakers follow their example.

The KASK website

When we did the membership survey last year, the results clearly showed us that the KASK website needed to be upgraded. This has now been completed. A new page devoted to training has been added; the home page has a news section and members can now go into the site and subscribe to the news service.

As webmaster I can assure you that you will not be inundated with email messages from KASK. So far five messages have been posted. What happens is that I post the full message on the news section of the home page then distribute an alert via the subscription list. The system is working well as we always get a significant rise in visitors following an alert.

The other promise I can make is that companies selling Viagra, home loans and other irritants over the Net will not pick up your address. The address list is totally secure.

The website also has a membership form. So if your sub is due, or overdue, go to the membership page and download the page and the address and sub. details. A website is an excellent way for an organisation to keep in contact with a membership as widespread as ours. Please make use of it.

Happy paddling
Vincent Maire
President

New Zealand Home Kayak Building Website

Grant Glazer of Waiheke Island has re-launched his website and devoted it to home-built kayaks. Grant writes, 'I'm developing this site to get as many Kiwi builders as I can to contribute to it and hopefully help out others. At the KASK Rotorua Lakes Sea Kayak Symposium 16 of the 91 kayaks there were home made so DIY'ing is becoming popular.' To find out more visit the KASK homepage at www.kask.co.nz and see the news section at the bottom of the page.

New Committee Members

ALAN HALL

I first heard of kayaking in 1959 as a 16 year-old first year apprentice, from a work mate who had got hold of plans for a kayak.

Ever since childhood I have been a lover of the outdoors and wild places and the thought of kayaking in the west of Scotland where I lived, fired my imagination. I found out that there was a kayak club not too far away which held social meetings in a cafe every Friday evening. Off I trotted as an awkward, shy teenager to find out about this kayaking. The club turned out to be The Scottish Hostellers Canoe Club, which is one of the oldest kayak clubs in the world and is still active to this day. I was made very welcome and promptly invited to join them for a weekend paddling and camping on Loch Lomond.

And so I had my first trip in a kayak, the 'club double' with Fred at the helm. Fred was the club secretary, a middle aged bachelor whose whole life was kayaking. We spent the weekend paddling around and camping on the islands on the loch. I was absolutely mesmerised, and to this day I have vivid recollection of paddling into Balmaha Bay on a calm summer Sunday morning. With the backdrop of forest and mountains it could have been Canada or North America.

I was absolutely sold on kayaking and set about building my 'Clyde' kayak which was designed by a man called Joe Reid in 1958 along the lines of a Greenland kayak brought back to Scotland from an earlier trip. The Clyde was built from a series of ply frames and timber stringers glued and screwed together. The finished frame was covered in heavy canvas and given numerous coats of paint. Although by today's standards, these boats may seem a bit 'Mickey Mouse', they were extremely seaworthy - I actually did a three week trip in this boat. For anyone interested I still have the plans of the Clyde and I built another one a few years back, as a sentimental journey.

I continued to paddle into my twenties, swapping the Clyde single for a Clyde double when my wife to be came along. Eventually as life does, family life took over and I fell away from paddling. I didn't paddle much for quite a long time although I was involved heavily in other sports. I have never been a one discipline fanatic and have been involved in many different sports over the years. I have been a lifelong cyclist and was a member of a famous cycle club at the age of 13 in 1956. In 1980 I became a member of the Glasgow Wheelers, a very famous club, producing several world class cyclists. I helped run winter training and was to become chairman for a few years. If it hadn't been for my bike I could not have paddled in my young days, as not many people had cars in those days, I could cycle down to the club boathouse on Friday night (about 40km) and cycle home on Sunday night.

I was a member of the Scottish Ice Speed Skating Club, and skated competitively. I was into scuba diving for quite a number of years and was a competitive water skier for many years, skiing at national championship level and represented Scotland in a few minor competitions.

Looking back it was just sport and work, a bit crazy at times but interesting. I have met some amazing characters from the world of sport over the years and now I have met Paul Cafyn.

After sustaining an arm injury in the late eighties which caused me problems for many years, I found myself doing exercises with a physio which reminded me of the way you turn your wrist when paddling so I thought I would try it. To my surprise I could paddle, a bit painful after a while but bearable. I was just about to go on holiday to a lovely area of the west coast, near the sound of Mull, so I managed to borrow a nice sea kayak and had two week's paddling in a fabulous paddling area. The arm got steadily better and I got hooked on paddling again.

I became involved in the Scottish

Canoe Association and paddled with them, mainly weekend trips; I loved it and made many good friends. I also became a member of two kayak clubs which were very training oriented. Although I was not much interested in qualifications as such, I did however get a BCU three star award.

In the sixties I was interested in coming to live in New Zealand and was offered a job in Lower Hut but sadly I was young and easily swayed by the prophets of doom, who told me New Zealand was the pits. I have however hung onto the desire to come here all these years and at the ripe young age of 58, finally made it with my partner Pam who is also a kayaker

I quickly made contact with the kayak group in the BOP and got out paddling with them. The thing that I found most amazing was the Kiwi attitude to training and skills, it seemed to be, 'just get out there and do it'. I was meeting solo paddlers with no experience whatsoever out on Tauranga harbour in a kayak with no spray deck on and all sorts of bizarre things. So I thought I would try to set up a skills training thing amongst the local paddlers. Some people jumped at the chance and were very keen, sadly however some others were very resistant. I was even told that Kiwis don't like people telling them what to do, which is sad, as a skilful paddler is a confident paddler and confident paddlers make the paddling better for everyone and can pass on skills and therefore confidence to other paddlers.

Sadly after 40 odd years in the building trade and sports activities, and the subsequent injuries that go hand in hand, this poor old body that I inhabit is getting near its sell by date. Arthritis in my spine is making sitting in my kayak for more than a few hours at a time a bit uncomfortable without resorting to painkillers. However it is a great sport, I know I am preaching to the converted, but I intend to get as much out of it and give as much back to it as I can for a while yet.

I am extremely honoured to be invited to join the committee of KASK.

I have always considered myself a bit of a 'back seat' kayaker, being not very adventurous, and happy to let others lead. I am a bit over awed by some of the kayakers I have met here, but equally look forward to working with them to the benefit of the sport.
Alan Hall

DOUG VICKERY

My outdoor activities mainly revolve around the Rotorua Tramping Club, combining tramping and sea kayaking. I have more recently kayaked in Stewart Island (Patterson Inlet), Marlborough Sounds and Abel Tasman. A group of us frequently go to Coromandel and Taupo Lakes as well as our local Rotorua Lakes. Also Treasurer and MC for the recent Rotorua Lakes Symposium

Other interests include cycling (Taupo Bike Challenge) Rock 'n' Roll and the occasional Irish Ditty (being a POM with a touch of Irish).

Doug Vickery
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Sea Kayak for Sale

Fibreglass Southern Aurora sea kayak in good condition – red & white.
Accessories include:
Fibreglass South Star split paddle, three piece paddle, Macpac PFD, Macpac long sleeve paddle jacket, paddle float, neoprene spray deck, cockpit covers, compass.
Would prefer to sell kayak and all the gear for \$1500.00 or near offer.
Contact: Bob Huck, Phone (06) 857 8282

Kayak and gear can be seen at Q-Kayaks, Phone (06) 326 8667

NEW ZEALAND TRIP REPORTS

Stewart Island 25 August 2002 - 3rd Attempt by Richie Bailey

Bruce Robb, from Herbert, was my paddling companion. I was paddling a Penguin and Bruce a Sisson Fibreglass Arctic Raider.

Notes as written day by day:

Here we go again. Things haven't worked out too good this winter. First I have had two operations on my eyelids, which combined, with my annual flu attack kept me laid up for almost five weeks. Then Roy breaks a small bone in his ankle, laying him up for three weeks and also ruling him out of the trip. I phoned Bruce with just a week's notice and he is still keen, much to my relief.

With a day to go, the weather has been just dreadful, but after talking it over we decide maybe now is the time to go as a big high is sitting just west of New Zealand. I phone Ron Tindal to say we are coming over - he is surprised as he said the seas had been really rough. Ron says he will pick us up off the ferry and put us up for the night. Sure enough Ron is there and says he has already organised tea, which is really appreciated. We have a good catch up with Ron and Elspeth. Ron even cooks us a great breakfast before delivering us to the beach.

28 August (Day 1).

Conditions look good and we leave just after 8.30am. Kayaks are really heavy seem to glide along OK. Tide is with us for the first two hours but a light SW headwind. We stop at Bungaree Beach after 2.5 hours. Tide has now changed and we make slow progress. Next stop is Lucky Beach; arms are starting to complain so we rest up for almost an hour before continuing on to Yankee River, arriving at about 4.30pm. Good hut at Yankee. Spent night with three young Ameri-

can boys. Highlight of day – passing a whole group of fur seals off Saddle Point. Distance for day 36km.

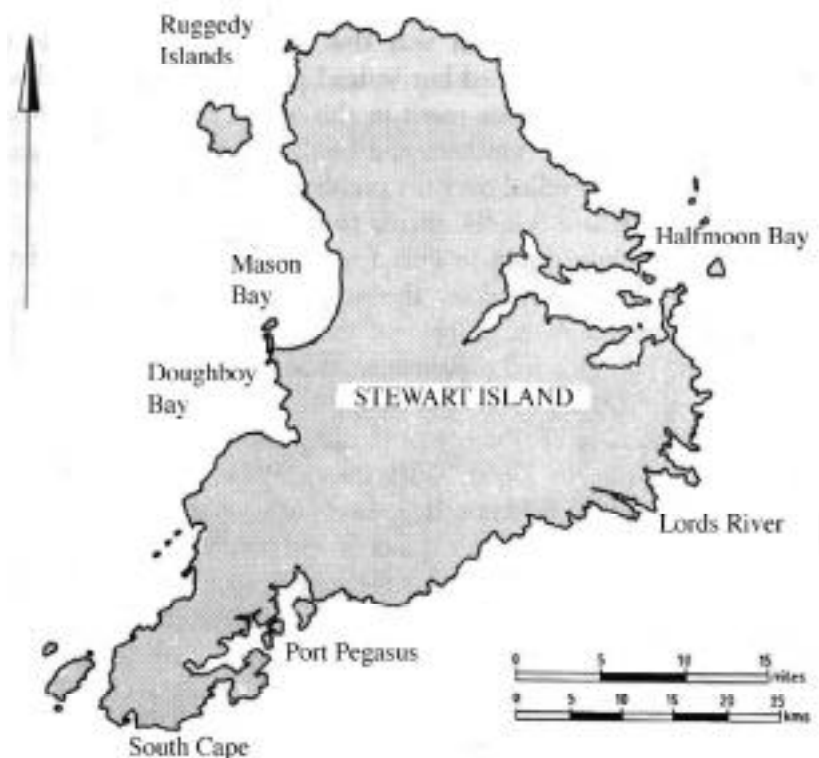
29 August (Day 2)

We are up early as the tide will be favourable for the first four hours. Disappointed to see cloudy with SW wind, also drizzle. We decide to give it a go and leave the beach at 7.30am. Progress is good at first, but as Black Rock approaches the wind and seas become quite threatening. We are taking the wind on the nose. Very slow progress past Black Rock. Breaking seas adding to the problem, we decide to head in to Smoky Beach, which we manage after a difficult crossing of the bay. Exploring around we find a hunters camp and light a fire to warm up. It has taken over 1.5 hours just to cover this short distance (5km). After lunch we make the decision to try for East Ruggedy, but as soon as we leave the shelter of the bay conditions become rough and had wind. We decide to return and spend the night at Smoky. Although it's a handy shelter there is a plague of rats on the island this year and despite our best efforts we are kept awake most of the night with the rats running around. Even some bread I hung from the ceiling has been eaten. I don't know how they could possibly have got there.

30 August (Day 3)

I am up early but the weather looks just the same. Headwind, passing showers, calm in the bay but white caps still visible further out. We are not in a big hurry as we know we will be lucky to make East Ruggedy in these conditions. Sure enough once out of the bay it's just as rough as last night, but with all day ahead we decide to plug on. The tide is with us but a headwind is making progress hard, also breaking seas on a 2m swell. As we near Cave Point a big line of breakers extends off shore. Not liking what we see, we land in the sheltered beach of Long Harry and decide to scramble out over the rocks to the point for a closer inspection.

We stumble across a cave and I'm really surprised to see a whole lot of Fiordland Crested Penguins. It seems they are nesting. Hopefully I get some good photos. Reaching the point from our high vantage point we can see a path through, so we decide to head back and give it a go. Sure enough we pull past the point safely, but find the wind strengthening making us work to gain every yard. At last we pull into the shelter of The Ruggedy Islets and land wet and cold on East Ruggedy Beach. Just 9km travelled!





The bivy cave at Doughboy Bay

We carry the kayaks along the beach then paddle up the creek, before sorting our gear for the night and tramp off 20 minutes to the rat proof East Ruggedy Hut. Tomorrow will be decision day, as once past this point I believe we are committed to going around.

31 August (Day 4)

Saturday dawns with a clear starry sky. We are up early, things are looking good, NW wind to 30km forecast.

Porridge for breakfast then tramp to kayaks. It's 8am as we paddle down the creek and out through small surf into the bay. First challenge is the gap between Ruggedy Islands. The tide is running hard through and as we reach the far side it's quite rough, combination of meeting the west coast swell and rebounds off the sheer cliff faces.

The breeze is behind and we make good progress, surfing the swell. Probably 2.5m and just breaking. Leaving Codfish Island behind we meet fishing boat 7781. He is really surprised to see us, as we are 2 to 3 miles off shore on a lively sea. We get a forecast from him, which sounds good. Four hours and we reach the outer points of Ernest Island a relief as I had always worried about this particular stretch of coast. Inside the point the sea is unbelievably calm and clear. It takes half an hour to slowly paddle in to land on the beach in inch high surf. We are elated!

Plan is to boil the billy then portage through the Gutter and continue on down the coast to Doughboy. Sand flies are really bad so we drink up and go for it. Just outside of the Gutter really amazing rock formations, but a rough and confused sea. No place to linger, a school of dolphins chasing fish as we pass. After 1.5 hrs we land at Doughboy Bay. Beautiful sandy beach. We have had a good day. 40km paddled. It takes us over an hour to find the cave where a Japanese woman once lived. We decided to pitch tent but spend the evening in the cave with a big fire and lots of good food. I feel really good now, as passing East Ruggedy was a real head thing for me as my previous two trips had ended there. We Are Committed!

1 September. (Day 5)

1st of September. First day of spring. But it's rained most of the night and as we look out at first light, the surf in our sheltered bay sounds quite a bit bigger than yesterday. Looking at the clouds it appears the wind is north-west. We decide to go for it, thinking that the shelter of 3 Legged Woodhen isn't far away if it gets too rough. "Well" outside the bay and the sea is rough with a big swell, maybe 3-4 m but we have turned south and it would be difficult to turn back. South Red Hen seems to take ages to reach and the seas are now really rough. Although maybe 0.5km offshore the size of the waves are causing rebounds, making things even worse. Progress is really slow but the seas are now

huge, the biggest and worst we have ever paddled. Huge haystack waves are exploding around us. At last we round Red Head but the situation is still getting worse. Progress is so slow and I start to doubt. Can we survive this?

At last we turn to head for shelter, but now with these huge seas coming from behind us we dare not paddle as we don't want to surf on these huge breakers, just brace and hope to slide off the back of them. At last we are in. I drop my paddle I've been gripping so tight for 2.5hrs. The relief is enormous. I see Bruce smile. We both know that was a close call. We should not have been out there. It's blowing quite hard now we are both soaking wet. The priority is to find shelter on the small beach and light a fire. We camp for the night on the beach beside a creek. 18km for day.

2 September (Day 6)

We both have blistered hands from gripping the paddles so tight. Up early and it's overcast but not blowing. We decide to venture out, but are both a bit gun-shy after yesterday's close call. The sea is much calmer. No breaks, but rain curtains on the horizon don't give us much hope of a good day. We decide to at least go for Easy Harbour, about one hours paddle. Rain comes in with a bit more wind, but we are making good progress. Easy Harbour comes and goes with small offshore islands giving us shelter. Our confidence starts to return, South Cape Island is now in full view and we now set our goal of reaching Nicholson Harbour.

A great spot to launch an attack on the two southern most points, South West Cape & South Cape. These points have always been in the back of my mind as the biggest challenge, as the tide races and big seas are legendary. We are paddling into the tide but still making good progress. Now even the sun comes out, the day is really picking up.

The south of Stewart Island surprises me, as it's not as barren and hostile as I've been led to believe. On a sunny day as this one it's really beautiful. We can just make out the small huts



Approaching the crux of the Stewart Island trip, South Cape.

on the Mutton Bird Islands as we close on Nicholson.

Nicholson turns out to be a beautiful small sheltered sandy beach. At last we stop after 3.5 hours to boil the billy and now turn our thoughts on to South Cape. The weather now is just perfect, so we decide to go for it. Slack tide is about 3 o'clock, so we think we will take our chances with the tide race off South West Point but aim to reach South Cape at 3 o'clock slack water. As we approach South West Cape, the seas pick up and a big swell is still running, but we are confident and make it through no bother. A fishing boat appears from nowhere and gives us a friendly wave and shouts, "you are through the worst now".

Just on 3pm we reach South Cape, big seas but no breakers, we pass easily. We are on a high; with the shelter of Broad Bay we decide to pull in for the night as my arms are getting tired. We have paddled almost 8 hours and had a wonderful day. We finish off the day by finding a great campsite in Broad Bay called Settlers Cove.
39km Paddled for day.

3 September. (Day 7)

Morning arrives with the sound of rain on the tent roof. "Gee," the weather is changeable down here. Looking out the clouds are really racing across the sky from the North East. It doesn't look good. We decide to climb a hill behind our camp for a look out to sea and also north to Pegasus. It takes most of the morning but as we break out of the scrub we can see a very rough sea with the wind

blowing in exactly the wrong direction for us. We do however get our first glimpse of Pegasus. Tantalisingly close but unreachable.

Weather clears later in the day but seas still really rough. No progress Day. Arriving back at camp we surprise a big Elephant Seal lying in the grass. It takes off lumbering down the beach not happy with us.

4 September. (Day 8)

Bruce is up early keen to get moving after yesterdays no progress. It's raining so I'm not so keen, but the wind has dropped and it looks like we may just get away. 8.30am we leave beach and head out. It takes an hour to paddle across Broad Bay to the exposed headland. The huge seas of yesterday are gone, just a 2-3m swell and tide race off the point. We make good progress and leave the south coast behind. We are now in the Pacific Ocean.

As we approach Pegasus the wind is coming away from the west. As we close on the south passage the wind is really getting up. The peaks of Gog and Magog look magnificent in the distance, but it's no time for photos as the wind and waves are making forward progress really slow. At last we can turn and run with it into Acheron Passage, we think there may be a hut there. We see a group of seals lazing on the surface. We didn't expect them to notice us, but as we get closer they become aggressive. At first it seems like fun, but these seals are quite different from the small fur seals we had

encountered further north. They swim right in, then almost clear the water right next to the kayak. They also start bumping the stern of the kayaks. This goes on for ages - it's just as if they are seeing us off their patch.

These seals were later identified as Hooker Sea Lions. We find the hut and it's a welcome sight. Nobody around so a good chance to wash and dry all our smelly clothes. The wind is about gale force, just screaming over the hill behind us. Blue cod for tea and a good hut, what more could you ask for. Paddled 16km today.

5 September. (Day 9)

Raining as we awake, but the wind appears to have gone down from yesterday. We decide to venture out. Leaving beach at 8.30am. It's an offshore wind so hopefully it should be good. We plan to make Lords River by dark, with a stop along the way. We experience every type of weather, one minute it's raining, then sunny. Wind is coming and going but mostly tail. We leave Pegasus behind but still plenty to explore there. Landings are few and far between on this coast and I'm getting really hungry. Just muesli for breakfast is not enough for me. But Bruce is going really strong and keen to keep going.

We stop to talk to a friendly fisherman of Big Kuri and my spirits re revived, just an hour now to Lords. 'Bursting for a Pee'. Closing on Lords River entrance, the sea becomes quite rough with the meeting of the two currents and rocky shoreline. We surf into the shelter of Lords. It's been maybe 18 years since I was last here on a hunting trip. Brings back some good memories and a friend who is no longer with us. The hunter's camp is a real mess, but we tidy up and light the fire. Tomorrow could be our last day as we are within four hours paddling of Oban. We paddled today six hours non-stop.
Distance 44km.

6 September. (Day 10)

Up early weather looks good although forecast says strong north-west winds. We leave Lords River with high hopes of finishing today. It's quite rough

through the passage between Owen Island, but we get through no problems, we have a slight headwind and making good progress. After two hours we pull in to a small beach just south of Chew Tobacco a quick stop just to refuel and relieve myself. But as we paddle back out of the bay towards the headland a strong North wind is making big whitecaps. We push on taking a real hammering. We manage to pass two other headlands but progress is impossibly slow. We have to give in to nature and turn and surf back into Chew Tobacco.

We find a good hunter's camp and call it quits for the day. We spend an hour

or so bush stalking. Plenty of sign but we see nothing. We have now been away 10 days with little rest and both feeling a wee bit weary. Just on dark we see yellow-eyed penguins coming ashore; I scramble through the bush and hopefully get a photo. 20km Paddled for day.

7 September. (Day 11)

Awake early to rain and still windy, but not nearly so bad as yesterday. We decide to break camp and give it a go. 8.40am we are punching out into a moderate northerly. It's not nearly so bad as yesterday and we soon pass headlands that proved impossible yesterday. Progress is slow as we have to

work for every metre, wind and tide against us. We strike the strongest tide race of the whole trip off the Neck, and entrance to Patterson Inlet. But at last we pass Ackers point and now with the breeze behind us we cruise into Halfmoon Bay. Quite an emotional moment for both of us. We meet Elspeth on the waterfront; she is really pleased to see us. Also put on a great lunch before we depart from our Island Adventure. 22km paddled on last day.

Total distance paddled 249km. Only 1 day with no progress.

Richie Bailey

LAKE MANAPOURI CIRCUMNAVIGATED

FEBRUARY 2003

by Evan Pugh

sheepskinsnstuff@xtra.co.nz

My plan was simple. All I had to do was drive 1500 km from the Waikato in two days and meet John Flemming at the Lake Manapouri waterfront Friday morning. It all went to plan and about 9am we were on the beach ready to go, our two vans were left at the camp ground for safe keeping.

We departed Frazers Beach near the township and headed anticlockwise on a real ripper of a day, gliding past Supply Bay where two barges are parked ready for use, we continued to Shallow Bay and passed the Waiau River which feeds from lake Te Anau. There is a good strong current from the river and shallow sand banks all about, as I found out and had to get out and push. We stopped for a snack on the sandy beach then continued on and camped on a beach in from Buncrana Island our first day done (22km).

Day 2 we leapt into forward gear and after 11km, the wind was rising and we stopped at a beautiful little beach for a few hours and thought let's check around the corner and try to make some progress. We paddled around the corner 500m and the wind was howling down what is called Hurricane Passage, so we retreated and camped at Hurricane Bay for the night.

Day 3 in the morning the wind was down and from the opposite direction so we happily paddled off past Pomona Island and up North Arm where we had lunch at the hut next to the river. Carrying on along the coast line, we headed out of North Arm and up West Arm into a strong wind. We arrived at the power station and decided to carry on around Safe Cove and back up to Fairy Beach where we camped after a 43km day.

Day 4 was calm and we continued down South Arm stopping at the end for lunch then out again and around to Stockyard Cove where again we camped on a beach and I placed rocks all around on my tent fly as the wind was blowing. We were out in the open at this beach so I didn't want to blow away during the night. We had covered 34km

Day 5 calm again we paddled down Hope Arm around George Bay, Circle Cove, Surprise Bay and back to the start point which was 42km.

The total shoreline trip was approx. 152km and there are heaps of beautiful sandy beaches. The wind comes up strong and funnels through the tall mountains surrounding the lake but we were lucky and had a tail wind more often than not. There are some areas with no easy landing spots for up to two hours and being a North Islander the sandflies were horrendous and annoying. The bays on the lake have names which mean what they say, example Hurricane Passage or Safe Cove.

The trip was well worth it and the lake is very scenic and clean.

New Zealand Trip Reports Chalky and Preservation Inlet, Fiordland by Brent Harrison Date: 8 - 16 March 2003

Party: Anthony Chainey, Ian Daniel, Peter Gates, Malcolm Gunn, Brent Harrison

Fiordland, my favourite corner of New Zealand, this time to visit the southern most fiords of Chalky and Preservation. An area steeped in history, sandflies, rocky coves and caverns, bush and mountains, changeable weather and more sandflies.

Bluff, late evening 8 March found us aboard our chartered launch 'Boonari Likoo' an ex Coral Sea 60-foot wooden fishing boat. After a long drive from Picton it was great to at last be on our way motoring, thankfully, too on a flat sea through Foveaux Strait.

Sunrise saw us south of Puysegur Point and the excitement and anticipation grew as we at last steamed into our drop off point at North Harbour, Chalky Inlet. We tied up to the rusting hulk of the 'Stella' before cooking a late breakfast of blue cod caught during a brief, drift and hook, fishing session off Passage Islands. Here we off loaded our kayaks and a mountain of supplies in perfect calm late summer conditions. Even the ferocious sandflies did little to distract us from the postcard scenery around us, as we packed our kayaks and waved goodbye to our transport.

The next four days we explored and paddled the coastline from Cape Providence, North Port, Edwardson Sound, Lumaluma Greek, Lake Cadman, Cunaris Sound, South Port and around Gulches Head into Preservation Inlet. The weather until now had been pretty much perfect and with the crux of Gulches Head and its washing machine sea now behind us, we did not mind the couple of squally days that

followed. We walked from our campsite in Seek Cove to South Port, a flat 25 minute amble though bush connecting Preservation to Chalky Inlet and hence a potential portage in wild weather. At South Port we checked out a rusting boiler and relics from days gone by when whalers and sealers frequented these shores.

Cavern Head with its numerous coves, caves and caverns was like being in fairyland, a real little gem. Around the corner is Cuttle Cove the site of a former whaling station and worthy of an hour or two scratching around. Preservation Inlet is fairly littered with delightful islands and coves and the vista around every corner kept our attention keen. Of great interest were the Sealers Caves on Steep-To-Island, occupied many years ago by a group of marooned sealers. Embedded in the ground of the largest cave were three sawn stumps that supported the keel of the boat that they painstakingly built.

Another highlight was visiting a very small round island with a very large sheltered cave whose entrance was hidden from the sea by scrub and foliage. The approach to it was a magical sight, like something out of Jurassic Park. Evidence in the way of a deep pile of mussel shells, cut punga logs and a flax binding made it clear that it was once inhabited by Maori. The cave floor was dry and the absence of sandflies would have made it an appealing refuge.

We spent the two last nights camped on a grass bench at Kisbee Bay from where we explored the surrounding area including the remains of Cromarty township. It was here in the 1890's over a thousand people fought out a living mining for gold and timber

milling. A large boiler in surprisingly good condition still lies at the bush edge. From here we followed a still well defined tram track to the Golden Site Quartz Mine some 10km away in the Wilson River. The giant stampers were still upright surrounded by rusting water pipes and nearby the powerful pelton wheel lying on its side. I salute all those hardy men and women who tried to make a living from this harsh environment – one such person being William Docherty, explorer and miner who died on 20 March 1895 and is buried on nearby Cemetery Island.

Our last day was spent paddling down Otago Retreat where we stopped to check out the remains of another abandoned settlement Te Oneroa before carrying on towards Puysegur Point. We pulled ashore at the Oilstore, the original landing for supplying the long gone lighthouse community 2km away. DoC now maintain it as a basic shelter and accommodation for wayward travellers. I was intrigued to see a note on the wall from 'paddler extraordinaire' Bevan Walker and partner who were stuck here for nine days waiting for calmer seas on the way to Riverton.

The short walk to the lighthouse was spectacular, the rugged coastline, foaming sea, and the windswept bush all making for a grand finale to a great trip with a great group of guys.

Some of us intend to return (next time by helicopter) as we ran short of time and did not get to see Long Sound, Cascade Basin or Lake Widgeon.

Kayaks used were an ancient wooden Sea Bear, Looksha IV, Southern Aurora and two lightweight Tasman Expresses – all performed admirably.

Malcolm Gunn, en-meshed in diary writing, among the sandflies in Preservation Inlet



2003 KASK FORUM APPRECIATION

From Malcolm Geard

I would like to commend all those who made our Whites Bay Kask Forum in March so enjoyable and successful.

The first accolade has to go to Helen Woodward who prepared and managed the event with a team of, well, herself alone, for the most part. Perhaps there is something in the Marlborough waters that makes her paddlers resolutely non-organisational individualists. I know that Helen would have welcomed help on the local scene though and fortunately 'the old sea dog', Paul Caffyn and his ebullient Antarctic pal, Kevin bowled up on the opening morning to help her assemble a marquee, organise a generator and a thousand and one other jobs.

A big vote of thanks also to those who drove back and forth to Picton to cart North Islanders like me, to the venue. I know Paul and AJ were to the fore here and there are doubtless others whom I don't know. It was very generous of you all. Many thanks.

Presenters are invaluable at a forum too. Paul's more or less ad lib talk on navigation was extremely beneficial, even to those of us who don't expect to circumnavigate countries... unless we happen to be caught short by bad weather. I am keenly awaiting production of the new handbook in whatever form it emerges. Paul reminds us every so often, that we have some of the best paddlers in the world in our little islands. Most of us won't get near that elevated status so we're lucky to be able to absorb what we can of their wisdom. I'm really looking forward as well to the distillation of this collective know-how as the national standards begin to take shape. I am sure they will help beginners, average weekenders like me and so on up the scale, to improve our paddling skills and our risk management, the two going hand in hand, of course. I couldn't be at Cathye's risk management presentation unfortunately as I was talking about wooden boats to those who were interested. Many thanks to John Dobbie who bowled up and generously added some real know-how to my backyard building observations. It was John's elegant, strip-

plank kahikatea kayak on display at an earlier forum that probably switched on a small light in my head that led to some stitch and tape building in the garage and front room.

Thanks also to those with the confidence and skills to lead the paddling pods. It was very nice to have you there in reasonably clapotic (if that's the word) conditions here and there. I enjoyed experiencing the conditions in my new single which I don't know that well yet. I hope I learnt a few things. I very much enjoyed chatting to some very interesting and pleasant people, amongst whom many thanks to Max Grant for a copy of his concise and well-written booklet, not only about his own excellent boats but also about skills, gear, judgement and locations. Get hold of a copy, paddlers.

Last but not least, thanks to the Kask National Committee, without whose oversight, initiatives, regular conferencing and generous time commitments, we wouldn't have an association. You are very much appreciated by us all I'm sure.
Malcolm Geard, Wellington

OSKA/KASK mini-forum at Aramoana, March 15-16

from Rob Tupa

Forget the camouflage gear, Spit Beach was a visual symphony: about 40 vivid, multi-coloured sea kayaks and pilots lined up like an invasion force for OSKA's mini-forum at Aramoana in mid-March.

It was the first official sea kayak gathering in Otago since OSKA was revived in October 2002 and probably one of the largest collection of sea kayaks seen on Otago Harbour in a decade.

Aramoana (which means pathway to the sea) is 20 kilometres north-east of Dunedin at the entrance to Otago Harbour. It is a great venue for a sea kayak forum because there are three launch sites within a few hundred metres of the local domain, offering

inner harbour, outer harbour and open sea paddling.

Over 40 paddlers registered for the weekend's activities, most of whom claimed they were novices or intermediate paddlers. A bunch of seasoned paddlers from the Canterbury Sea Kayak Network drove down on Friday from Christchurch and there was a healthy sprinkling of freshwater aficionados from Central Otago.

Organisers had their fingers crossed that a month of fine, settled weather would hold. It did but there was a beauty wee tropical cyclone that wound itself up into a frothy lather way out in the middle of the Pacific, creating a messy 2-3 metre dump on Spit and Aramoana beaches.

That kept all but a handful of the fearless inside Taiaroa Head (the harbour entrance) practicing paddle strokes and surf landings on Saturday morning. Eight brave souls ventured north along the coast but a steep dumping surf on Kaikais Beach tested their 'bomb-proof' rolls to destruction. They came back looking wet, windswept and interesting.

In the afternoon, discretion proved the better part of valour and the brave joined the nervous for a wildlife tour of Taiaroa Head to see shags, seals and the famous northern royal albatross up close and personal. A fresh wee sou'wester and a fickle tide made for a challenging paddle home and stretched a few tow ropes.

OSKA's champion organiser Mark (Possum) Robertson fired up the barbie and dispensed a few hot snarlers before we adjourned indoors for the evening's guest speaker, Murray Broom, of Firstlite Kayaks, who has developed lightweight (some under 10kgs), portable kayaks for the trampler with everything.

Sunday was calm and fine and, after the compulsory lawn rescue session, Christchurch design wizard Peter Sullivan dazzled the congregation with his explanation of why our kayaks behaved so badly in the surf on Saturday. There was a conspicuous improvement in technique when we later launched and landed off Spit Beach for a leisurely paddle around the outer harbour.

It was a fairly casual, laid-back weekend at the beach thanks to some great organisation and planning by Mark, with help from survivors of KASK's leadership course last November.

Some participants are already asking about a winter forum. Now THAT'S keen!

Book Review - Chris Duff's 'Southern Exposure'

Title: 'Southern Exposure'

Sub Title: A Solo Sea Kayaking Journey around New Zealand's South Island.

Author: Chris Duff

Published: March 2003

Publisher: The Globe Pequot Press, USA

ISBN: 0 7627 2595 8

Content: Softcover, 266pp, 16 colour pics, 6 maps

Size: Portrait format, 150 x 230mm

Price: RRP \$29.95

Availability: Discerning kayak shops in NZ, or order through your local bookshop.

Reviewed by: John Kirk-Anderson.

New Zealand readers of this book must first realise what it is not. This is no travel log, where every day's paddle is faithfully recorded, and every bay passed is checked off on the map.

Rather it is one man's story of a journey, written as the tale might be told while sitting on a beach at the closing of a long day. The highlights sparkle like reflected sunlight, while the routine is blurred like a distant headland in the mist. Hundreds of kilometres of coast paddled get no mention, while other detail is recorded in microscopic detail.

Chris shares with us his inner dialogue, and his times of doubt. After his kayak is smashed outside of Milford Sound, he says, "I didn't want to continue. I wanted to walk off the plane in Seattle into the arms of my friends."

But, as he reached inside for the strength to continue, other people reached out to him to help. He seems slightly embarrassed by the support, but it showed how his humble personality touched the people that he had met on his journey, and those who learned of him.

I have long awaited the publication of this book, after the privilege of hearing Chris speak at the Christchurch KASK Forum, only days after the journey was over. He said then that he needed time, and distance, for the whole trip to sink in. In this book's prologue he says, "Had I known what was going to be required of me, I wonder now if I would have set off."

In his writing he has a lovely gift of placing you beside him, whether battling the urge to wet-exit in horrible surf, or dripping on the floor while listening to a shop keeper question the wisdom of his trip.

The Kiwi reader will note mistakes in the book. On the maps, some locations have wrong names, and some spellings are incorrect, even allowing for the Americanism of English.

To me, this didn't matter or weaken the book. Just as a good yarn told around the campfire might be a little blurred on the edges, it's still a good tale told by a great story teller.

Miss-named headlands matter not, this is a story about a person.
John Kirk-Anderson.

Title: 'Southern Exposure'

Reviewed by: Cathye Haddock

I attended Chris Duff's excellent slide show at the Christchurch KASK forum in 2000. Chris Duff had completed his solo circumnavigation of the South Island on 17 April 2000, just days before the forum. Looking back on the slide show, it was no wonder many commented on how moving and emotional it was. The experiences recounted were raw and fresh, still being processed in Chris's mind. His pictures and words took the audience on a journey of the gruelling days and weeks in survival mode, the simple and spontaneous generosity of people along the way, the terror and beauty of the ocean and coast and his inner most thoughts and feelings. I was moved to tears at times.

So I was excited when Chris Duff's book *Southern Exposure* arrived in the post from Paul Caffyn. I was not disappointed. The book intertwined the physical and inner journey beautifully. There were gripping sections where I just could not put the book down. The most terrifying of which was when Chris was trashed in the surf north of Milford Sound. He had to make a decision:

'It is an awful gut-twisting paradox to be in the relative safety of deep but huge seas and know that there are no options but to enter the surf zone ... seconds later I was upside down ... with every change of direction, the hydraulics would seize my upper body ... and try to rip it from the boat ... the paddle ... spun and whipped around my head and shoulders like a broken

helicopter rotor ... from the waist up I had to relax as much as possible to minimise any muscle strain. From the waist down I was locked in as tightly as I could brace inside the boat ... I waited for an eternity for the wave to let me go .. Mentally I turned inside. I went deeper into a physical place at the centre of my chest and ... stayed with the burn in my lungs and tried to block out the voice that was now screaming in my ears ... Somehow through that inner focus I bought another few precious seconds while the wave began to ...release it ... I unwound into my roll ... sea water pouring out of my helmet and streaming over my face as I exhaled, spitting water and sucking in desperate gasps of pure sweet air. ... When the second wave hit I got a few last gasps of air and

was over ... back in the same violent submerged tumbling as before only ... I didn't have the strength to hang on as long.'

Although Chris made it to shore unscathed himself, the boat was a complete wreck. After resting, it took some time before Chris looked at the boat. When he did, it was with shocked disbelief that the damage became grossly evident. Amazingly, Chris found the strength to repair the shattered fibreglass and broken dreams and continue on his journey.

Hilarious anecdotes of kiwi culture were refreshing to read through the eyes of a traveller. The funniest of these to me was the story of going mustering for a day with farmer and

dogs in the steep hill country near Cape Farewell. While Jack, Blue, Bess, and Sue put on a sheep mustering show any farmer would be proud of, canine Clyde demonstrated how easily everything could "turn to custard". And the farmer excelled himself in colourful language that made absolutely no difference to Clyde's mustering skills.

I found Southern Exposure an inspirational read. The pages capture the kiwi generosity of spirit that was important sustenance to Chris along the way. Equally, it captures the spirit of adventure and inner processing of his great quest, that is undoubtedly this man's life sustenance.

Cathy Haddock

THE 'BUGGER! FILE'

Kayakers' Romantic Date ends in Midnight Salvation

From 'The New Zealand Herald'
- 28 April 2003

By P. Gower and M. Dearnaley

A first date was rescued from near disaster when two policemen leaped from a helicopter and saved a couple struggling to stay afloat after over four hours lost at sea. The couple were kayaking home from an Anzac Day date on Rangitoto Island when the 22-year-old woman was tipped out by the wake of a passing ferry. (The kayak was a racing /tri kayak.)

Her date jumped from his kayak to support her, and the pair began swimming the 3km towards the Auckland city shoreline in the moonless night, rather than back towards Rangitoto.

"She wanted to go towards the lights because they gave her hope," her 34-year-old date, who did not want to be named, told the Herald yesterday.

Both wearing lifejackets, they began their swim about 7.45pm, trying not to think of sharks or of being hit by the black silhouettes of boats cruising past them without noticing the SOS flash of the small torch the man held. It was

about midnight by the time they got close enough to shore to yell out, but the woman was beginning to lose consciousness and starting to struggle.

"If it had been another quarter of an hour, it really could have been the end," said the man. But a woman on the St Heliers shoreline had heard their cries and called the police.

Three police constables had stripped to their underwear on the 'sandpit'-sized beach at Ladies Bay and were preparing to swim the 500m to them when the Eagle helicopter - which does not have a winch - offered to drop them out.

Constables Greg Fallon and Omar Suleiman were flown out and told to jump from about 25m above the couple, but asked the pilot to take them lower, and they eventually jumped from about 10m.

"I wasn't sure if the water was deep enough," said Mr Fallon, an experienced surf lifesaver. "I was pretty stoked it was deep enough, just quietly."

When they reached the couple, Mr Suleiman said the woman was "frothing at the mouth, her eyes rolling and mouth gurgling". The constables handed the couple extra flotation de-

vices and stayed with them until an inflatable rescue boat arrived.

Once on shore, the woman, with hypothermia and a body temperature of just 25°C, was taken to hospital, where she was initially reported to be seriously ill, but had recovered well by last night. The man was exhausted and in shock, but unharmed.

The rescuers were cheered by a crowd of about 50 people who had gathered to watch the drama. The thankful man met his police rescuers yesterday when he picked up one of the kayaks that had been recovered.

They were critical of onlookers, including three Asian fishermen who had heard their cries for help but not acted on them.

The couple, both committed Christians, had met at church the week before and were praying aloud together in the sea.

"We were praying our little hearts out," the man said. "We were asking God to send us a helicopter or a boat, something to keep us safe. In the end we got both."

The two rescuers saved their praise for the team effort of police involved,

especially that of fellow Constable Natasha Bryce, who had been the first to strip off for the swim but missed out on the helicopter trip because there was not enough room.

She had been the one who spotted the man's torch, but was left in her underwear on shore with the onlookers - including many of her male colleagues, said Mr Fallon. "It was a pretty gutsy effort in front of all the boys."

EDITORIAL COMMENT

What was this couple doing at night with one paddler in a top of the line racing boat? Why was a deep water rescue not attempted? Where was the safety equipment, flares, VHF radio? Where were the night lights that are obligatory for small craft? It is rather obvious that their prayers would have been answered a lot sooner if safety equipment had been carried. If the woman at the St Heliers shoreline had not heard the cries for help, it appears the woman in the water would not have survived!



Constables Suleiman, Bryce & Fallon, with the recovered racing /tri kayak.

TECHNICAL BOOK REVIEW

Title: 'The User's Guide to the Australian Coast'

Author: Greg Laughlin

Published: 1994

Publisher: New Holland, Australia

ISBN: 0 7301 0515 6

Content: Hardback, 213pp, colour pics & figures

Size: Portrait format, A4

Price: RRP \$49.50

Availability: Order through your local bookshop, or from a good friend over the other side of Lake Tasman.

Reviewed by: Paul Caffyn

Although this book is devoted to the Australian coast, the theory with respect to climate, wave and wind essentials apply equally in New Zealand. It is a technical book but written so that a lay person can gain a fuller understanding to all the elements that cause grief and drama to a sea kayaker.

The 'Wind Essentials' chapter has a two page spread on the Beaufort Scale, with effects on land and sea with estimated speed equivalents. The Beaufort Wind Scale, named after a rear admiral, was instigated in the early 1800's to communicate information on ship speed, sail carrying ability and survival to those involved in the blockade of Europe. Numbers range from 0 which is calm, to 12 which is a hurricane. The New Zealand marine forecasts do not mention

the Beaufort Number (it is used in the UK), but give the range of wind speed in knots. Even so, each Beaufort Number is listed with its general physical description, such as Gale (B.No.8), with good graphic descriptions of wind effects on land and sea:

- land: twigs break off trees; people have difficulty walking (sounds like Wellington on an average day!)
- sea: moderately high waves break and form spindrift; well defined streaks.

- potential wave height of 7m
- wind speed estimated at 10m: 34 - 40 knots, 17.2 - 20.7m/s, 62 - 74km/h, 39 - 46mph

and lastly the wind strength symbol used on weather maps is shown.

Terms such as veering and backing are defined for the Southern Hemisphere, and the method for determining wind direction and strength from the isobars on a weather map are shown. What I found interesting was the effects of landforms on wind strength and turbulence; when a wind is blowing offshore, over a vertical cliffline, the width of the wind separation bubble (moderately sheltered) is three to four times the cliff height. For a cliffline with an onshore wind, the separation bubble is approximately half the height of the cliffs. The causes of sea breezes are discussed in detail, with a section on day-night variation.

The Wave Essentials chapter is also full of good meaty information for a paddler. A classification of sea waves lists the forecast conditions and physical sea appearance; smooth for example has a wave height of 0.5m with small breaking waves. The table showing the Beaufort wind scale and potential wave height is disturbing - 22m high waves! The table shows wind speed, potential wave height with estimated wave period, wavelength for varying fetch and duration of the wind blowing. Fetch is the distance of open water over which the wind is blowing.

Ocean current and tides are given excellent treatment with a colour coded map showing variation in tidal range around Australia, from one to two metres for much of the southern coast to over 11m in King Sound.

The Severe Weather chapter discusses cloud types and warning signs of approaching bad weather, tropical cyclones and storm surges. Extremely low pressure, associated with either a deep depression or a cyclone, can cause a significant sea level rise particularly if at the same time as a spring tide.

The book concludes with a detailed reference list for further reading, and a good glossary.

HUMOUR

Alternative Fuel Source

British Police have set up a flying squad to catch hundreds of tax dodging diesel car owners who are using ordinary frying pan oil as fuel to cut costs. The tax dodgers could get seven years in jail for their slippery behaviour, British tax officials fume.

The cooking oil costs around NZ\$1 a litre compared with Britain's tax inflated diesel at more than NZ\$2 a litre. Traffic police are sniffing out the tax dodgers because the fumes smell like chips cooking. Cars are impounded. One of our well-travelled reporters says a tour boat operator in the Hawaiian island of Kauai has been using filtered cooking oil from the local Colonel for some time, and reckons his marine diesels run better and smell sweeter than ever. It saves fuel costs and helps the environment. The only problem is that his boat is constantly followed by flocks of hungry seagulls. (press clipping from the local newspaper).

HUNTING SEASON OPENS FOR JET SKIERS

JET SKIERS forward from: JKA

This posting was on the Paddlewise list {Paddlewise@paddlewise.net} as part of a humorous series on hunting jetskis.

From: Paddlewise@paddlewise.net
Subject: Jet Ski Disagreement

As a founding member of PETAJ (People for the Ethical Treatment of Adrenaline Junkies) I am appalled by the recent postings regarding the hunting of Jet Ski's. PETAJ believes strongly that as more highly evolved beings we have a duty to act humanely toward those less fortunate creatures. Having participated in the rescue of two Jet Skiers (one grounded in the flats outside a channel and the other immobilized by sucking its own tow rope into the impeller) I feel that I have a better understanding of these creatures than most in the general public. They are not the foaming at the mouth, bent on destruction, totally mindless creatures they sometimes appear to be. Some have even been known to act courteously and slow down when passing kayaks and canoes in narrow channels. However their addiction to the adrenaline rush often causes them to act irrationally and create dangerous situations. The excess adrenaline blocks the higher cognitive functions leaving the Jet Skier without the ability to recognize

the danger and nuisance that they are creating. Their actions are often not intentionally meant to endanger and outrage others, but are simply the result of the instinctive behavior created by the need for that adrenaline rush. Additionally the Jet Skier lacks the ability to appreciate any aesthetic value in nature (possibly any aesthetic value at all). This makes it very difficult to reach an intellectual solution to their actions. They simply see no reason to be outdoors except to get 'The Rush'.

Difficulties with Jet Skiers are more prominent than with other adrenaline junkies. Rock climbers, sky divers, and extreme skiers are usually found in the more remote areas and have less contact with the general public. Skate boarders do present many of the same interaction problems as Jet Skiers. However they do not possess the incredible speed and power of the Jet Ski (like comparing Grizzlies to Raccoons) and therefore are not generally feared and despised as the Jet Skier. I also believe the pitiful looking clothing worn by most skateboarders fosters more compassion than the blazing colors and graphics found on most Jet Skiers. Despite the problems we at PETAJ feel that hunting is not the proper corrective action.

When meeting Jet Skiers we recommend trying to maintain a proper distance, being aware of their potential

for sudden unexpected direction changes, and avoiding areas known for large congregations of Jet Skiers. Note: The lack of clothing and certain physical behaviors suggest that there may be some mating rituals involved in some of these Jet Ski 'schools' when members of both sexes are present. In groups of males there is a strong tendency to territorial displays which may be very dangerous to nearby kayaks. Further we suggest you avoid loud aggressive vocalizations and provocative hand gestures as this may just increase the adrenaline in the Jet Skier and create more problems. Rolling over and playing dead is not seen as an effective response either since the Jet Skier is likely to just move in closer and circle out of curiosity.

PETAJ does recognize that certain Jet Skiers are just too dangerous to be allowed to continue unchecked. On water hunting is not selective and relatively inefficient method of dealing with these 'nuisance skiers'. Currently we recommend tracking these dangerous Jet Skiers back to their launch sites, recording their identifying numbers and notifying the appropriate authorities. Although not supported by our entire membership, we have proposed legislation that would allow the 'dangerous Jet Skier' to be quickly and humanely executed by clubbing at dockside in plain view of large groups of other Jet Skiers. We

feel this would have a deterrent effect on the Jet Skier population and eventually would improve the overall gene pool without the need to vastly reduce the population.

PETAJ does have a Jet Skier Conversion program. We supply carefully selected Jet Skiers with kayaks and take them on specially designed paddles. Although very few give up Jet

Skiing many do develop a more courteous (at least less dangerous) attitude. If you would like to donate a kayak or other equipment to this program please contact me back channel. Greenland paddles, men's medium paddling jackets, drytops, and lifejackets, and men's size 8 Chotas would be especially welcome. We are non-discriminatory and gladly accept plastic, composite, or wood kayaks.

Surfing kayaks are especially good for starting to wean the Jet Skier away from his/her former addiction (I do not own one so that would be a real winner for me).

Sincerely,

Mark J. Arnold

VP. B.S for PETAJ US..

PaddleWise Paddling Mailing List

In the Newspapers 28 April 2003 Jet Ski Mishap.

A female jet skier took an unexpected turn for the worse at New Plymouth's Lake Rotomanu on Saturday. The jetski and rider came off the lake, took out a fence, went across the road and down a bank on the other side, a Taranaki Ambulance Service spokesperson said. She received minor injuries in the accident which happened shortly after midday.

Sounds like the hunting season opened early in Taranaki!

Wanted to Buy

Nordkapp wanted, preferably made after 1986.

Chris Ingram

Ph: (07) 578 3738

Wooden Kayak Kitsets in New Zealand

Hi Paul,

I'm writing from Canada. I plan to return home to NZ with my family after 4 long years up here. We have some room left in our shipping container & I thought about bringing a few kitsets back with the intention of onselling them as kits or building them into completed boats for sale. I know the attraction to me is their beauty, but their strength & performance is outstanding as well. A complete kit for an ocean going kayak is approx. NZ\$1540 (this price includes epoxy resin & varnish.)

Additional charges will have to be added to cover importing costs, hopefully buying in bulk will allow me to keep the price down. I imagine commercially manufactured kayaks with comparable performance would retail for around NZ\$3,000. I know of completed wooden kayaks selling for around NZ\$4,000 in the US. The Canadian company that manufactures these kits (there are 10 different models, both single-chine & multi-chine designs) has been in business for 50 years. After researching most North American companies I feel this Canadian Co. offers the the best quality & design features. If you think it's a good idea or a complete waste of time & money introducing these kayaks into NZ I would appreciate your advice Paul, as I have no idea what the current market trends for kayaks in NZ are. Thanks.

John Smyth

fonda33@hotmail.com

Letter to the Editor

Kayak Sponsons

I have been having a clean-out of my shelves and have come across this 'Sponsons' material which I downloaded some time ago.

Now, I realise there are some very skilled and fit kayakers that will poopoo this sort of apparatus, but let's be honest - how many weekend kayakers can Eskimo roll?

How many sea kayakers have practised paddle-float re-entries in other than mill pond conditions?

If the water is rough enough, and perhaps cold, a dunked paddler will lose body temperature very quickly and the kayaker's strength for re-entry will be considerably weakened.

If you have the time, please read through this information as some of it may be of use.

I do enjoy your interesting newsletter as well, of course, the pleasure of sea kayaking.

Charlie Pringle.

EDITORIAL COMMENT

Peter Sullivan reviewed the Sea Wings sponsons in an earlier KASK newsletter. For a paddler unable to roll, and without a paddle float, they would be a great bit of kit to allow stabilising of a kayak for a rescue. Charlie has sent me a pile of information on the sponsons which I will add to my technical file. If anyone would like a copy, get in touch and I will send a photocopy.

KIWI ASSOCIATION of SEA KAYAKERS (NZ) INCORPORATED**INCOME & EXPENDITURE FOR YEAR ENDED 31st JULY 2002**

INCOME	2002 (17 months)	2001	2000
Subscriptions	15953.69	6501.33	6,423.25
KASK handbook sales	2919.65	3363.50	2,274.00
KASK badge sales	263.00	92.00	118.43
KASK hat sales	50.00	60.00	-
Coast Busters/Donations	6394.54	-	30.50
Interest	371.00	319.95	230.89
Annual KASK forum	486.87	1694.41	6720.00
Water Safety Council Grant	-	2080.00	-
TOTAL INCOME	26438.75	14111.19	15,797.07
EXPENDITURE			
ADMINISTRATION			
Cheque duty / bank fee	11.50	36.44	7.50
Stationary	520.05	294.08	78.80
Postage	2644.71	1329.73	1445.45
Phone	412.71	282.21	26.39
Sundry	698.00	40.00	50.00
AGM Expenses/travel	1129.14	936.00	-
Accountant fee	50.00	-	-
Handbook	5622.75	4721.63	2811.38
Annual KASK Forum	1170.33	905.00	4831.96
Regional courses	2216.55	686.00	200.00
Web Site	759.30	-	-
Advertising	540.00	-	-
Newsletter	7279.88	4126.64	2503.87
Software	-	-	1146.28
TOTAL EXPENDITURE	\$23004.92	\$ 13,357.73	\$13,101.63
EXCESS INCOME/EXPENDITURE	\$3433.83	\$753.46	\$2,695.44
FUNDS			
Westpac Trust Cheque Account	\$2,599.92	\$1,769.76	\$923.35
Westpac Trust Savings Account	\$15,430.80	\$12,086.80	\$11,681.36
Forum Account	-	\$740.33	\$1,238.72
Total Funds	\$18,030.72	\$14596.89	\$13,843.43

Increase in total funds - \$3433.83

Assets as at 31st July 2002:

94 Handbooks	940.00
3 Hats	24.00

TOTAL ASSETS: 964.00

Prepared by Max Grant

SEE PAGE 18 FOR MAX GRANT'S TREASURER'S REPORT

Treasurer's Report

Briefly summarizing the accounts for 2001/2002.

Membership:

Membership is at an all time high at 500+. Increasing our annual subs by an extra \$5.00 and including a dual/family membership of \$30.00 has helped cover costs for producing our KASK web site, extra money spent on advertising and regional courses, and to help off-set the free copies of the handbook which are sent to each new member of KASK. Approximately half of our present membership are new members, which has meant we have had to give out over 250 copies of our handbook.

Handbook sales:

Handbook sales to shops and hire operators are down on previous years. I am not sure how to improve our sales in this area, as it is always a struggle to encourage shops to stock our hand-

book. Sales to Polytechnics around New Zealand are increasing.

Water Safety Council Grant:

This Grant was given to be used to assist training courses throughout New Zealand. We did not apply for a grant this year as the Grant of \$2080 we received at the end of the previous year had not been used. We used all of this Grant during the last fifteen months, plus some of our own funds. Funding to assist courses was sent to: Wellington - \$480
Auckland & Tauranga - \$800
Christchurch - \$800

Administration:

General administration is up a little because of the larger membership. The cost of the small KASK pamphlet, which we distribute free to shops, hire operators, etc., is included in stationary.

This year the company of 'J.R. Courtenay' financially assisted KASK to produce 3000 copies of our pamphlet, resulting in a much better looking product which has been printed in two colours.

Annual Forums:

Both forums held at Nelson and Wellington during the last financial year made a profit. I would like to congratulate all those people responsible for running these events so successfully.

The Auckland group who have been organizing the Coast Busters forums during past years, closed their account last year and forwarded their accumulated funds of \$6394.54 to KASK. The out going Coast Busters committee said that they would like to see KASK put some of this money towards paying for instruction courses run throughout New Zealand.

Funds:

Funds have increased by \$3433.83 from the previous year.

I would like to thank everyone who have assisted me during the past year, especially those people who have helped with the distribution of the KASK newsletter.

Max Grant
Treasurer

KASK NOTICES

Annual Subscriptions 2003 2004

**A subscription renewal form will be included with this newsletter.
Please make sure you note whether you are re-subscribing or a new member.
Please send off promptly to the treasurer your \$25 for single membership
or \$30 for family membership
or \$35 for overseas membership
You can also download/print the membership form from www.kask.co.nz**

LRB3 - The Mother of All Sea Kayaking Handbooks.

**The third edition of the KASK Handbook is now with the printers.
This has been a massive revamp of many chapters, with nearly all updated by the original authors. Weather map websites have been added to the Weather chapter. New chapters included: GPS Navigation by Neville Jone, Kayak Kookery by four lovely Auckland paddlers, Tidal Streams by the editor and a destinations section on the Rotorua Lakes and Lake Taupo. The listing of operators in the resources section has been brought up to date by Vincent Maire and the listing of manufacturers, boats and network addresses also brought up to date. The cover is in glorious technicolour.**

Cost of the LRB3 (Little Red Book, 3rd. Edition) is not known yet, but start saving now. The editor will be most disappointed, following weeks of staring at a wretched computer, if you do not add one to your library.

HUMOUR

IRISH PROSTITUTE

An Irish girl went to London to work as a secretary and began sending home money and gifts to her parents. After a few years they asked her to come home for a visit, as her father was getting frail and elderly. She pulled up to the family home in a Rolls Royce and stepped out wearing furs and diamonds. As she walked into the house her father said "Hmmm - they seem to be paying secretaries awfully well in London."

The girl took his hands and said "Dad - I've been meaning to tell you something for years but I didn't want to put it in a letter. I can't hide it from you any longer. I've become a prostitute."

Her father gasped, put his hand on his heart and keeled over. The doctor was called but the old man had clearly lost the will to live. He was put to bed and the priest was called.

As the priest began to administer Extreme Unction, with the mother and daughter weeping and wailing, the old man muttered weakly "I'm a goner—killed by my own daughter! Killed by the shame of what you've become!"

"Please forgive me", his daughter sobbed, "I only wanted to have nice things! I wanted to be able to send you money and the only way I could do it was by becoming a prostitute."

Brushing the priest aside, the old man sat bolt upright in bed, smiling. "Did you say prostitute? I thought you said PROTESTANT!!!"

CONSULTANTS

A Canterbury farmer was checking his mob of sheep when suddenly a brand new BMW advanced out of a dust cloud towards him. The driver, a young man in a Broni suit, Gucci shoes, Ray Ban sunglasses and YSL tie, leaned out the window and asked the shepherd, "If I tell you exactly how many sheep you have in your flock, will you let me have me one?" The shepherd looked at the man, looked at his mob, and answered, "Sure."

The yuppie parked his car, whipped out his notebook and connected it to a cell phone, then surfed to a NASA page on the internet, where he called up a GPS satellite navigation system, scanned the area, and opened up a database and an Excel spreadsheet. He sent an email on his Blackberry and received a response. Finally, he printed out a 150-page report on his miniaturized printer, turned to the shepherd and said, "You have exactly 1586 sheep."

"That is correct; take one of the sheep," said the farmer. He watched the young man select one of the animals and bundle it into the boot of his BMW. Then the farmer said, "If I can tell you exactly what your business is, will you give me back my sheep?" "OK, why not?" said the young man. "Clearly, you are a consultant," said the shepherd.

"That's correct," said the yuppie, "but how did you guess that?" "No guessing required," answered the shepherd. "You turned up here although nobody called you. You want to get paid for an answer I already knew, to a question I never asked, and you don't know sweet fanny adams about my business. Now give me back my dog."

MOTHER'S DRIVERS LICENCE

A mother is driving her young daughter to her friend's house for a play date.

"Mommy," the little girl asks, "how old are you?"

"Honey, you are not supposed to ask a lady her age," the mother warns. "It is not polite."

"OK," the little girl says, "How much do you weigh?"

"Now really," the mother says, "these are personal questions and are really none of your business."

Undaunted, the little girl asks, "Why did you and daddy get a divorce?"

"That is enough questions, honestly!" The exasperated mother walks away as the two friends begin to play.

"My Mom wouldn't tell me anything," the little girl says to her friend.

"Well," said the friend, "all you need to do is look at her driver's license. It is like a report card, it has everything on it."

Later that night the little girl says to

her mother, "I know how old you are, you are 32."

The mother is surprised and asks, "How did you find that out?"

"I also know that you weigh 140 pounds."

The mother is past surprise and in shock now. "How in heaven's name did you find that out?"

"And," the little girl says triumphantly, "I know why you and daddy got a divorce."

"Oh really?" the mother asks. "Why?" "Because you got an F in sex."

FRENCH CHEWING GUM

An American is having breakfast one morning (coffee, croissants, bread, butter and jam) when a Frenchman, chewing gum, sits down next to him. The American ignores the Frenchman who, nevertheless, starts a conversation.

French man: "You American folk eat the whole bread?"

American (in a bad mood): "Of course."

Frenchman: (after blowing a huge bubble) "We don't. In France, we only eat what's inside. The crusts we collect in a container, recycle it, transform them into croissants and sell them to the states." The Frenchman has a smirk on his face. The American listens in silence.

The Frenchman persists: "Do you eat jam with the bread?"

American: "Of Course."

Frenchman: (cracking his gum between his teeth and chuckling). "We don't. In France we eat fresh fruit for breakfast, then we put all the peels, seeds, and leftovers in containers, recycle them, transform them into jam and sell the jam to the states."

The American then asks: "Do you have sex in France?"

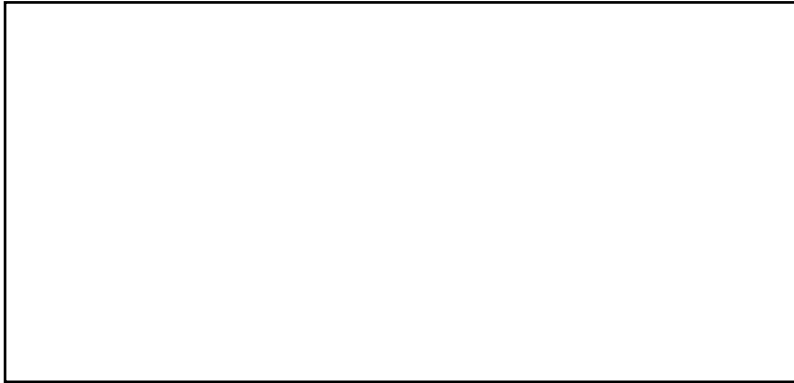
Frenchman: "Why of course we do," he says with a big smirk.

American: "And what do you do with the condoms once you've used them?"

Frenchman: "We throw them away, of course."

American: "We don't. In America, we put them in a container, recycle them, melt them down into chewing gum and sell them to France."

MAILED TO



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

