

No. 107 October - November 2003

THE SEA CANOEIST NEWSLETTER



Kayaks lined up on the beach at Taurikura Bay, near Whangarei, at the KASK Northland Mini-Symposium (photo: P. Caffyn).

**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,
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COST:

New members: gratis
Existing members: \$22
Non-members: \$24.95
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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INDEX

EDITORIAL	p.3
PRESIDENT'S COLUMN by Vincent Maire	p.4
KASK SYMPOSIUMS/ TRAINING	
Northland Report by Mike Randall	p.5
Coastbusters 2004 Notice	p.8
KASK Training Update by Susan Cade	p.17
OVERSEAS TRIP REPORTS	
JKA in Scotland by John Kirk-Anderson	p.6
Nth. Queensland Croc Warning by David Winkworth	p.9
Alaska - History Link by Edwin Siemion	p.9
NEW ZEALAND TRIP REPORTS	
Caswell Sound to Doubtful Sound by Bevan Walker	p.10
Fiordland Updates P. Caffyn	p.11
Lake Taupo Nov. 2003 by Evan Pugh	p.12
Doubtful Sound - Lake Te Anau by Susan Cade	p.12
WILDLIFE	
Orca Sighting by Vincent Maire	p.15
French Dolphin Encounter by Vincent Maire	p.16
IN THE MAILBAG	
British 'Canoeist'	p.16
'Sea Kayaker'	p.16
TECHNICAL	
Rescues and John Wayne by Sandy Ferguson	p.17
HUMOUR	P.18

**DEADLINE FOR N/L 108
15 January 2004**

THANKS

To the contributors, also Max Grant and Maurice Kennedy.

EDITORIAL

FORESHORE SEABED UPDATE

The KASK submission from the editor was one of 1700 received by the government on the proposal for ownership of the foreshore and seabed. Deputy PM Michael Cullen said no deadline had been set but the government hoped to prepare draft law before the summer break so voters would have a clear idea of the planned changes before they headed off to the beach.

QUEENS CHAIN KASK SUBMISSION

A submission prepared by the editor will be mailed to the government before the closing date of 30 November. This one is critical as it is apparent that some 30% of the coastline around New Zealand is not under crown ownership. This Queens Chain is not a designated form of title, but encompasses a host of various titles, such as foreshore reserves, marginal strips, esplanade reserves, road reserves etc.

COASTBUSTERS MARCH 2004.

The KASK AGM will be held at Coastbusters, and this is the first notice of the AGM, with time to think about issues to be raised or standing for one of the committee positions.

MATANAKA CAVES

Can anyone shed any light on the location on the Matanaka Caves? The September/October issue of North American 'Paddler' magazine has a full page photo of what appears to be a limestone cave, with three double sit of top kayaks on a sandy beach. Flowstone and stalactites on the cave walls and roof indicate the cave has formed in limestone, and it appears one would have to paddle into this cave to the beach. The photo is taken by David Wall. No one I have contacted in the North Island knows of the cave, and it is definitely not on Matakana Island, according to Barbara who emailed: 'I have finally caught up with my son and he informs me that he has never seen any caves in the

Matakana area (near Warkworth). As you may recall, he has worked extensively in the pine forests and they often travelled by amphibian vehicle to get there. A proper Miss Terry. Is it in fact on a tropical island in the South Pacific? Let me know please if anyone knows the location.

NORTHLAND SYMPOSIUM

Vincent Maire has written about the success of the Northland weekend in his president's report. I also thoroughly enjoyed the weekend. One of the highlights for me was meeting Simon Osborne and viewing his slide show of his paddle around England, Scotland and Wales, quite a nostalgia trip for me, and a great memory test for Simon and myself to draft an outline map of the Old Country (see photo).

On behalf of KASK, I would like to thank the organizers, John Cook, Sue Drake, Liz Jolly, Louise Mason, and Mike Massey.

**SUMMER APPROACHING
Rubber Hatches**

For paddlers with oval or round rubber hatches on their kayaks, now is the time to give them a good treatment with either Silicone spray, Revive or Armorall. Applying the spray on the inside of the hatch cover rims also makes them a little easier to put on or remove.

Wax and Polish

For fibreglass boat owners, a good wax and polish of the hull and deck helps minimise scratches and scrapes on the hull and on the deck helps to lengthen the life of the layup. However, after a good wax and polish, watch launching off steep beaches. I've been caught several times sliding down a beach before the sprayskirt is in position, after a recent hull polish.

Pod Safety

For the summer group trips, keep in pods, keep in communication range, and paddle at the pace of the slowest paddler. Best wishes for the festive season, here's hoping we are in for a good paddling summer.

PRESIDENT'S COLUMN

by Vincent Maire

The KASK Northland Sea Kayak Forum was a HUGE success. It had all the ingredients that make for a successful gathering of sea kayakers; great people, great topics and a great location. The Manaia Baptist Camp on the Whangarei Heads slopes down to a lovely little bay. The camp itself had facilities to sleep 100 guests plus a large hall with very good kitchen and catering facilities. For those who wanted to sleep under canvas, there was a large lawn above the beach. The venue is situated some 25 minutes drive from Whangarei so on Saturday night our dancing did not disturb anyone save perhaps the odd oyster catcher.

As well as being very well organised by members of the Northland Canoe Club, the forum borrowed an idea from the Rotorua Lakes Sea Kayak Symposium and that was dancing on Saturday night. As dinner was coming to an end the band arrived. A lady on double base and four gentlemen with banjo, piano accordion, 12-string acoustic guitar and an electric six string guitar – an not one of them would have been under 55-years of age. In fact they looked like the audience – all gnarly and furrowed and burnished by long distance paddling.

The band struck up a number from about 1910 and club president John Cook and his wife Judy took to the floor with what might have been a waltz, or perhaps a foxtrot or maybe it was a two-step. But no, it turned out to be a snowball and after a minute the music stopped, Judy grabbed this wallflower, John grabbed another and off we went, stopping every so often to yank another wallflower from his or her toe-tapping repose until just about everyone was dancing.

And so the evening went on. This marvellous band that didn't play anything later than about 1970, wasn't too loud and were a joy to watch and listen too. In closing on this topic I have two things to add. Firstly, in my

capacity as President of KASK please, please can we have more dancing at our sea kayak forums, but no loud music! And secondly, I hereby publicly apologise to all those lovely Northland ladies for ruining their blue suede shoes!

Over the past two months I have received news of two more sea kayak networks starting up around the country. Stan Mulvaney has picked up the torch in Invercargill and has started the Southland Sea Kayak Network. Like all good networks it is run out of a computer and the group has already published two newsletters and had a weekend trip to Lake Manapouri.

The other new network is located in the Waikato and is being organised by Evan Pugh. Evan's group is also computer based and he is promoting trips to both Auckland and Bay of Plenty paddlers. Contact details for both these groups are in the inside cover of this newsletter and both group welcome new members.

Mid-year I received notice of another sea kayak group that had started up in Whakatane. This was just before the big computer crash of 03 in which the details were erased from my hard

drive. If there are any members from this group wanting to use these pages to promote this group's activities and contact details then please contact myself and/or our editor Paul.

KASK membership continues to grow with the website bringing in many people. The site has a subscriber list (see the home page) and we now have some 150 names on the list. This is used sparingly – once a month at the most – to alert members to the latest news and events in the world of sea kayaking. The site has information on the assessor training project and very soon the Coastbusters programme will be posted there. You can also download a membership form and we also feature back issues of the Sea Canoeist newsletter.

Planning for the KASK Coastbusters Sea Kayak Symposium is going ahead well. It is being held once again at Orewa and will take place over the first weekend of March. This year the KASK annual general meeting will be held during Coastbusters and this will give upper North Island-based members an idea of what KASK contributes to sea kayaking in New Zealand. We hope to see you there.
Vincent Maire

NORTHLAND SYMPOSIUM



Paul Caffyn and Simon Osborne, with their memory drawn map of the old country. Both have paddled around England, Scotland and Wales; Paul with Nigel Dennis in 1980, and Simon in 2002.

Northland Symposium Report from Mike Randall

Report. on the 2003 KASK Mini Symposium held recently up North, In which the author gets to touch paddles with some of the world's great sea kayakers.

They called it a Mini-Symposium
I would have called it Max
It was KASK that underwrote it
There was nothing about it lax.

It was held at Taurikura
Not far from Whangarei Heads
The possie was drop dead gorgeous
I also liked the beds.

The folk up there in Northland
Really did us proud
Liz, Sue, Brian, John and others
They are just a brilliant crowd.

I always like Paul Caffyn's talks
They keep me up to scratch
He gives me inspiration
To get out and load the hatch.

The paddle in the harbour
Was rather nice and calm
Until we hit the homeward stretch
The wind caused some alarm.

The food was quite amazing
Morning teas and lunch and stuff
The people who provided it
Made sure we had enough.

The dinner in the evening
Was evidence of this
The main course and the puddings
Were all too good to miss.

Half pie dressed up to boogie
At the hooley afterwards
The company was jumping
The band - there are no words..

Sunday, sun and gale force winds
Were the start of an interesting day
After a sumptuous breakfast
We were ready for the fray.

First up to speak was Vincent
He spoke of this and that
But in the main the subject was
Where kayak quals are at.

To all those generous sponsors
Who helped the thing along
Spot prize surprises are always fun
Thanks to everyone.

Steve Tapp the kayak fisher
Could only make us gape
At all the gear he lugged around
From anywhere to the Cape.

The youngest guy to paddle
Around U.K. alone
Was Welshman Simon Osborne
There were many skills to hone.

The reason for his venture
Was a promise previously made,
To his young brother, who died of cancer,
To raise money for research.

The wind it kept on blowing
But we didn't mind that stuff
So 'twas off to Limestone Island
To see a Kiwi in the rough.

Awakened from her sleeping
Kiwi, wild, as wild could be
But in Patrick's arms she calmly lay
For the six of us to see.

So finally it ended
That Max Symposium
With hugs, good-byes and laughter
We headed off for home.

And thanks to all the people
Who organised it all
It couldn't have been better
I really had a ball.

EXCUSES, EXCUSES

A bit of light relief forwarded for your info - must have been a bit slow yesterday - took me a while to see the point. Background is that Sharkie emailed wanting to know where his newsletters were, hadn't received the last two. I checked the database and replied that the reason was that he hadn't renewed his sub, and this is his reply.

LATE KASK SUBSCRIPTION EXCUSE

Hi Maurice,
Thanks for your prompt reply.
Two tourists went exploring in Northern Queensland. One was a Czechoslovakian touring with his German mate. The authorities had for some time been concerned for their safety as no contact had been made for a period of over a month. Search and rescue were eventually mobilised and after a time their campervan was found deserted beside one of the more remote N.T. waterways, notorious for it's dangers.

After a thorough search of the area adjacent to the abandoned camp, the searchers assumed the tourists had either been drowned or claimed by quicksand.

Just as they were leaving the area one noticed a pair of enormous crocodiles, and another possibility presented itself. The searchers managed to capture the female and cut her open to find to their horror, the entire torso of the German inside
So they assumed the Czech was in the Mail.
Shakey

ADVERTISEMENT

"The Humble Kayak Trolley"
To find out more about our kayak trolley, please visit our web site:
www.cadkey.co.nz - updated with new pictures.
Gerard Boterman

OVERSEAS TRIP REPORTS

JKA IN SCOTLAND by John Kirk-Anderson

“Now, I don’t want to get a reputation for being mean, but I need this planning exercise completed by the morning”, declared Doug Cooper as he handed me a great pile of books, maps, charts and tidal information.

As I was now in Scotland sitting my Level Three Coach Assessment, I wasn’t expecting such concern for my well being, or the assessor’s reputation. It wasn’t Doug’s fault that I was being loaded down with work, it was nearing midnight and I was hours late after a train journey from Anglesey that wouldn’t have been out of place in a ‘Carry On’ movie, and now I was facing the ‘pleasures’ of assessment. Level Three is the old Senior Instructor award, and I had heard many tales of the brutal treatment dished out to candidates.

This was the last rung in an ‘accelerated assessment’ that I was doing on the BCU coaching ladder, and in the last week I had already been through Coach Two assessment, Coach Three training, and the Coaching Process course. As a result I was used to jumping through hoops.

Two other candidates were facing this assessment, another Doug who was an instructor at a local Outward Bound school, and Gavin, who was involved in a kayaking club. Doug C (as he shall be known for clarity) had worked with both of them before and had some idea of their skills, and so I was the only dark horse.

Over the next two days we were tested on our navigation, leadership and coaching, and, contrary to the tales of ridiculous scenarios, it was all conducted in a very professional and fair manner.

It was also completed in almost continuous rain.

The locals just ignored the downpour, except for hunching a little deeper into their paddling jackets, and simply carried on what they were doing. During lunch I was fascinated to watch the potato chips in my bag float for a little while, before succumbing to the rising water levels and sinking into mush. Scottish food is sometimes described as stodgy, and I may have just discovered why.

At the post-assessment debrief I was gutted to discover that in a written test I had got 114 out of a possible 115, dropping one point. Apart from that error everything else went very well and I passed, which effectively made me a Level Four Coach as I had already completed my Coaching Process course, and had held my Five Star award for five years already, both requirements for the step from Level Three to Four.

Gordon Brown, one of Scotland’s top sea kayak coaches, picked me up the next morning on his way south to collect a load of kayaks, before returning to his home on the Isle of Skye. I had paddled with Gordon and his wife Morag when they visited NZ a couple of years before, and now I was here to steal ideas for coaching.

They were frantically preparing for the Scottish Sea Kayak Symposium, which started in a week. At the same time Gordon was taking out clients and Morag was nursing their new daughter, so I made myself useful where possible. My strength proved to be in answering the phone, as people who rang to ask long, involved questions about the symposium were stunned into brevity by my Kiwi accent. Those hoping to wheedle a late entry (the symposium was booked out two months in advance) were given a short shift. Who knows how many potential clients of Gordon’s business thought he had a call centre in the Colonies?

During one coaching session a brand new kayak, which I had tied down, leapt from the trailer and ground a hole in the keel. Flying kayak number three!

The symposium, which runs every two years, alternating with one in Jersey, was held in a very flash Gaelic college several kilometres from Gordon and Morag’s home on the Sleat Peninsula.

The start of the programme was marred by the apparent theft of a kayak, taken from a vehicle overnight. Police were called, statements taken, and everyone felt hurt that such a thing could happen.

At the welcome meeting Gordon asked if anyone had seen anything suspicious, and a small voice from the crowd announced that he had BORROWED the kayak, despite not knowing the owner, for an early morning paddle, and had then left it somewhere else. The worst part was, the confession was in a Kiwi accent! The only other New Zealander present, who was now living in Scotland, was quickly labelled a fool and I was forever after having to explain that I wasn’t the guilty party. I actually said that he was probably an Australian, as they were from a convict background, and was just pretending to be a Kiwi.

The symposium had gathered a huge number of senior coaches, and I took advantage of observing them where I could. Doug Cooper, my assessor from the previous week, looked a bit embarrassed when I arrived part way through a class he was taking on expedition cooking, explaining that all his technological aids had failed, leaving him with a felt-pen and sheets of paper. True professional that he was, experience and imagination saved the day.

While helping with a rolling class I was able to show I was an outstanding coach. Well, that’s how I saw it. What really happened was a woman asked for some assistance for her partner, who had never tried to roll before but was keen to try. With my guidance he rolled, unassisted, on his SECOND attempt, and on his fifth I pushed him over while he was talking. He rolled up with a smile! Hell, I’m good.

Later in the weekend, I was collared to give a presentation on kayak pho-

tography, which meant scrounging gear and trying to find appropriate slides. I began with my, by now common, statement that I wasn't the "Kiwi who stole the kayak". There was a very good turnout, and to fit everyone in, we had to open adjoining lecture rooms.

I felt very privileged to be asked by Franco Ferrero to assist with an impromptu tidal paddling workshop that he was running that afternoon. Franco, author of several sea kayaking books, is also the head of kayaking at Plas y Brenin, the UK National Mountain Centre. He asked if I was OK in tidal streams, and Nigel Dennis, attending from ASSC, overheard and laughed, "He's bomb-proof", which was high praise indeed.

The tidal stream in the channel between Skye and the Scottish mainland was much weaker than expected, and it was great to watch how Franco maximised the group's learning. What could have been tame with a less talented coach was made challenging under his enthusiastic guidance.

Once again it was time for farewells, but the process was spread out over a few days as many paddlers were staying on Skye for the following week to paddle parts of the stunning coastline.

I was then given the opportunity to observe on a Five Star training course being run on the Durnish Peninsula, on the northwest coast of Skye. People said the coastline here was either, "The best on Skye", or "The best in Scotland", or even "The best in the UK". Whichever, it promised to be good. The objective of the course was to practice leadership and navigation, after which some of the trainees would be assessed for their Five Star award.

As all the trainees were military adventure training instructors, and one of the trainers was also military, I was looking forward to a tough three days. Before departing I said to Gordon, "Being army they should push the envelope a bit", but he pointed out that while the paddlers were military, the training they were doing was a civilian, BCU-recognised course, and

the standards should be the same regardless of who conducted it.

Leaving Loch Beag at 5pm, the cloud was slowly lifting, and visibility extended to about 2 kilometres on a flat sea. We had a journey of about 20 kilometres, with our destination the first safe landing, Lorgill Bay.

As we approached Idrigill Point, on the southern end of the peninsula, the wind picked up to about SW 15 knots (Force 4), which gave a helpful push along. The coastline was one of bare cliffs, with their tops lost in low cloud. It appeared identical to Banks Peninsula, my home waters, with the same challenges of no landing, exposure, and clapotis.

The kayak I was paddling, which had been unwrapped only that morning, was a new addition to Gordon's fleet and had been labelled, "Not for beginners!" A lively creature, I was working to keep it in a straight line in the one metre quartering sea and this despite using full skeg, the first time I had used one. Making a mental note to pack stern-heavy tomorrow, I regretted my decision to spurn my old love, an NDK Romany, in favour of this flashy lass.

Out of habit I was travelling at the back of the group as we closed to within one kilometre of our landing, when "J", paddling at the front, capsized. Two of his colleagues righted his kayak, and rafted with him while pumping out. When the boat had been pumped dry and J had his paddle back, his colleagues sent him on his way.

It was obvious that he was very unhappy, and I sprinted over, but was too slow and he capsized again. As I pulled up alongside I was amazed at the depth he had gained on wet exit as bubbles were bursting a long time before he surfaced. Looking a little stunned, he followed orders and was quickly back in his boat, a fellow trainee rafted alongside and the trip leader and I towed the pair to our overnight spot.

An interesting thing happened when

we landed through low surf. J and his helper both looked very unhappy, and then J rolled around in the sea. It turned out that his helper, rafted on a lumpy sea, had vomited down J's back, some of the material finding its way inside his paddle jacket.

Next morning J, the swimmer from the evening before, stated that he was apprehensive about continuing. It later emerged that he had discussed with his fellow trainees about walking out and arranging a pick-up for his kayak. The winds had increased to SW 20 knots (Force Five) with a 1.5 metre swell, and this did nothing for his confidence.

Leaving J and one trip leader on the beach, the remainder of the group returned to a sea-arch close to where J had capsized, with the intention to practice leadership and group control around such features, but the sea conditions made close approach impossible. One of the trainees, bracing frantically in the heaving sea, told me he wanted to put on his helmet. Asking him why, he said if he was going through the arch he wanted head protection. Watching a wall of water smash into the cliff, sending a geyser out the other side of the arch, I thought if he went in there he needed his head read!

Sense prevailed, and we returned to Lorgill Bay, where J had remained with the other trip leader. After discussion with him it was decided to tow him north, with a following sea and into a strengthening tidal stream. A rafted tow was set up, with three kayaks towing in-line. The sea conditions were knocking the paddlers around, and they changed to a fan tow, while I replaced the other trip leader who had been in the raft.

J was very unhappy with his state, and said he was never going to paddle again. A senior Non Commissioned Officer, he said he had been shot at, but "Was never this scared". Aware I had a NZ Army background, he asked if I paddled in civilian groups. Replying that I had been out of the army for many years, and paddling with civilians was all I did, he tellingly asked,

“Do civilians ignore weather forecasts as well?”

Landing in Ramasaig Bay, J planned his escape via farm tracks. He was told he would not be walking out, but would instead paddle himself, supported by the group. The wind had dropped, and by staying close inshore we would miss the opposing tide, until rounding Neist Point, where we could expect to meet wind-over-tide conditions.

Within 200 metres of leaving the beach J was in trouble again, and put on a rafted tow. The wind very quickly picked up to SW 20-25 knots (Force Five-Six), with a quartering sea peaking at two metres. Several other members of the group started to show signs of being near the limit of their ability, with two dry-retching, and one being close to capsize as he reacted with a very rigid brace to every broach.

As we rounded Neist Point the seas stood up. US Navy Sailing Directions describes the waters thus; “The currents in the vicinity of Neist Point are strong and cause a confused sea.”

Paddling alongside the towed raft, I found myself quite detached, mentally checking off what I would do if they capsized in the big seas. My conclusion was I would be able to rescue them in these conditions, but I really hoped I didn't have to.

After yesterday's wandering ways, I had packed my kayak stern heavy, even loading a four litre water bag as far back as I could reach, but still it weather cocked. I used the opportunity to work on my hanging stern draw!

Arriving in Loch Pooltiel, the first point with road access, and the end of a sixteen kilometre rafted tow in following seas and against a tide, transport was arranged and J dropped off. He was very happy to be ashore, and those who had done the towing were pleased to unclip their towlines.

After a quick blast along the sheer cliffs of Dunvegan Head, with a steep

following sea allowing long surfing rides, we were kept honest to the end with a four kilometre ferry-glide across Loch Dunvegan to our over-night stop on the island of Isay.

That evening, after tents were up and people had reflected on the day, I visited the trainees in turn and asked how they felt. Most said they had learnt little, except that their limits were further than they thought, and had gained nothing about leadership.

Since then, I have thought long and hard about the trip, and how I had responded.

While I had really enjoyed the paddling, the trainees hadn't and most were on the edge of control, physically and mentally. It was probably only their strong self-discipline developed by their service background that stopped further problems arising.

Afterwards, other paddlers questioned the wisdom of a trip along that coast, given the conditions. They were surprised that we had completed the trip, expecting us to be either storm-bound or to have gone elsewhere.

Still, it has given me lots of ideas for future training scenarios!

I left the group the next day, as they continued on towards assessment while my time paddling here was over. Hammering alone into a southerly wind, I reflected on what had I learned, after a month of paddling, symposiums, training, assessments and making new friends.

How did their coaching scheme stack up? I saw some superb coaches, and some very average coaches, showing that regardless of systems, everything comes down to people.

How did I cope, dealing with those inflexible paddlers bought up on the rigid BCU system? I found people more open minded than most Kiwi paddlers, and always keen to try new ideas.

What about that thing they have about rudders? Everyone I spoke to about rudders recognised there were times they would be an advantage, as long as the design and construction was sound. Because they had learnt to paddle without relying on them, their boat handling skills were, in general, better developed than our own.

What about their boats? I paddled many kayaks, and enjoyed most of them. A criticism often levelled at British kayaks is their weight, given that so many of ours are made of Kevlar. They need to be strong, as demonstrated by Nigel Dennis who showed that his boats would support his full weight standing on the deck, and shortly afterwards had to escape to calmer waters from the tide race of Penrhyn Mawr by hauling his kayak over an island.

If anyone finds that they have an NDK Romany-sized space in their baggage out to NZ, let me know.

Was it worth it? Yes, I learned a lot, paddled great waters, and met wonderful people. The memories will remain, long after the certificates have faded.

John Kirk-Anderson

KASK COASTBUSTERS SYMPOSIUM 2004

**A must for all seakayakers - the 10th Auckland Sea
Kayakers' Symposium with New Zealand and International
speakers and workshops - at Puriri
Park, Orewa on March 5 - 7**

NORTH QUEENSLAND CROC. WARNING

The KASK Newsletter, No.84, December 1999 - January 2000, carried a gruesome trip report of a crocodile attack on a sea kayaker on the North Queensland coast. In August 1999, three New South Wales paddlers, Arunas Pilka, Mike Snoad and David Winkworth set off from Cairns to paddle to Cape York. They had stopped on Macarthur Island, a small reef fringed island with sandy beaches, for lunch. When Arunas went for a cooling off swim in the sandy shallows, in only waist deep water, a large crocodile grabbed him by the upper thigh. He tried to prise the croc's jaws off his leg but David ran out and straddled the croc's back, and eventually the croc let go and swam off. David and Mike stopped the bleeding, made Arunas comfortable and set off their EPIRB. After two hours, a Coastwatch aircraft flew over, and shortly afterwards a helicopter arrived and flew Arunas to the Thursday Island hospital. David and Arunas recently completed a Cairns to Darwin paddle and:

On the subject of expeditions Arunas Pilka and I have just completed a Cairns to Darwin paddle (minus Weipa to Nhulunbuy) called the Rolling Boil Expedition. It was a great trip with enough croc incidents to satisfy us for quite a while. We went back to Macarthur Island returning to the scene of the crime so to speak. As we paddled in to the beach there, I turned around to see a big croc tail submerging right behind my kayak. You wouldn't last one minute in the water there. I've been advising friends to give Macarthur Island a big miss on any North Queensland paddling expeditions

Arunas didn't have the leave to paddle around the Gulf with me and I haven't quite worked out my kayak sleeping arrangements for the paddle straight across the Gulf yet...but I will! We jumped on a cargo ship to get across the gulf.

We took lots of slides on the trip and have put together a slide show of the trip. There's not much left now of the old Carpentaria light station near Vrilya Point which you'd remember - slowly rusting away. Somerset was a disappointment. I'm going to write to Queensland National Parks about it - what a mess for a very important part of northern Australian history. Anyway Paul, enough from me - enjoy your paddling this summer. Cheers
David Winkworth

HISTORY - ALASKA

I am writing to you because I cannot find a specific web site or email address for Paul Caffyn. My name is Edwin Siemion. About 15 years or so ago (somewhere around 1988 I think...) I was commercial fishing with my father in Chignik, Alaska. We had anchored up for the night under the protection of Grass island (I believe) because the weather was a little rough and raining fairly good, and had started cooking dinner. We had a tv/vcr combo and we also going to watch a movie before bed.

While Don Norris (our cook and cork man) was cooking, my father (Ted Siemion) looked out the door of the cabin. His remarks to what he was seeing was, "what the hell do we have here!" with a kind of chuckle. My brother (Frank Siemion), our other deck hand (Gordon Mackentire) and myself looked out the door to see a man in a kayak heading towards us.

Now mind you there is about two miles between where we were anchored and the main land on our left (facing north) and the Gulf of Alaska is on our right, so seeing someone in a kayak out in the middle of nowhere is like seeing a UFO! Anyway this man paddles up along side our boat and with a somewhat familiar accent asks "do you have the weather?".

Well being the type of people we are, we invited this gentleman to come in out of the rain and listen to the weather report. "Peggy" was the gal on the single side band, who read the reports

every night at 6:00pm sharp. My brother and I lifted his kayak on to the deck of our boat and Paul (as he introduced himself) got out of his gear and came inside the cabin. We listened to the weather report and invited Paul to stay for dinner and watch a movie. It was quite an evening, Paul told us of his adventures in Australia and Europe and was heading for Chignik for a food drop. (We were still dumbfounded by being anchored up and a guy in a kayak shows up!!) I can't remember what we had for dinner, but it was an enjoyable evening.

The funny thing is, after dinner we started to watch a movie and Paul stated that he needed to set up his camp for the evening on the island, well we offered for him to stay on the boat where it was warm and dry, but he insisted that it was OK and he would head on his way. Come to find out, Paul said he was feeling a little sea sick, as he was not used to being on a boat that was slowly rolling and rocking, but he was used to being jarred around!!

Paul thanked us for our hospitality, gathered up his gear and paddled to the beach and set up camp. The next day we headed out towards Aniakchak where we seine for sockeye salmon and never saw Paul again. That fall I picked up the two books he wrote and told us about, but through the years, they disappeared off the boat. What's interesting is that I could not for the life of me remember how to spell his last name and every attempt to find him on the internet was a failure. Also every book store I went to had no records of his two books and my searches always turned up something bogus.

Today I went to Google.com and typed in "Dark Side of the Moon" and to my surprise I found all kinds of information as well as the correct spelling of his name. If you can, forward this message to Mr. Caffyn. I would like to know how his journey around Alaska ended. Thanks for your time

Edwin Siemion
Soldotna, AK

New Zealand Trip Report Caswell Sound to Doubtful Sound February 2003 by Bevan Walker (photos: Bevan Walker)



Russell Davidson unloading the folding kayak at the head of Caswell Sound.

Caswell Sound, Fiordland, was our destination. Russell Davidson and I planned to paddle south to Deep Cove and then across Lake Manapouri.

Kim, the Fiordland Helicopters pilot, dropped us off at the head of Caswell Sound and helped to get the double Feathercraft kayak out of the helicopter as well as the rest of our gear. With a wave from Kim and a roar from the machine, he was gone, leaving us with a flooding tide and a beach that was steadily vanishing.

By late afternoon, we had assembled the kayak and packed all our gear. We were off Styles Island, at the sound's entrance, to camp for the night. We landed after 8pm, on sloping granite slabs, as there is no beach on the island. We pitched the tent on the hard rock, had tea, and slipped into our sleeping bags. The granite slowly released its warmth all night - just like an electric blanket.

Moa bones in the Caswell Sound cave.



Next morning we walked to the seaward side of the island for some fishing, passing a cave with a moulting penguin. We fished for a good half day, catching a variety of fish. But the sea was beginning to lift, and at high tide, there was not much room between the tent and the sea. We feasted on fish that evening.

Next morning was windy with outbreaks of horizontal rain. We decided to pack and move back to the head of the sound, where there is a hut. We had a tail wind all the way. On the northern side of the sound, there is a small marble cave which Paul Caffyn and I found on our last visit, not far

above the high water mark. We stopped just outside the surge line, and I jumped out with camera and torch, while Russell stayed in the kayak. About 30m inside, there is a small shaft up to daylight, at the base of which lie the bones of a Moa, which had fallen down the shaft. My footprints were still there from the visit four years ago.

We stopped in comfort at the hut that night. The Parks Board want to pull it down and remove it, saying it does not get used enough. It was originally built as a deer hunter's hut.

Next morning dawned with no rain and very little wind. We wanted to head to Charles Sound, and it took about an hour to reach the open sea, around Styles Island. This part of the Fiordland Coast is very steep with sea stacks rising vertically out of the surge, and only occasional boulder beaches. A large south-west roll was coming in with a confused north-west lump on top. Paddling past the Juno River mouth, we saw smokies breaking over a reef - no place for a kayak landing today. On the south side of Charles Sound, about 5km in, there is a small cove with a good camping spot. After setting up camp, Russell put on his wetsuit and snorkel and got some large paua.

We awoke to a strong north-westerly next morning. We packed and were on the water soon after sunup. We paddled past Hawes Head and in the

distance, could see the entrance of Nancy Sound. The wind was building from astern with a white-capping sea. I would have preferred the conditions a little calmer. Passing a reef, just north of Entrance Island, the sea was a heaving mass of confused water. Passing on the inside of the island, and around Burnett Head, we reached calm waters in Nancy Sound. We rested for a few minutes and slowly paddled up the sound. Within minutes the wind had lifted from astern, turning the sea into a heaving mass of foamy white water, with great clouds of spray being lifted into the air. The tops of the waves were being lifted off. Our speed was amazing and we were not even padding.

Nancy Sound is more vertical than either Caswell or Charles. There are limited camping spots, but we found one in Heel Cove, on a small shingle beach. We had heavy rain all night, a waterfall on the other side of the cove getting bigger.

We woke to a calm day, and just after first light, we pushed off. It took an hour to reach Entrance Island. We watched a seal killing a large cod, tearing it apart within seconds. The island is a large rock with no landing, and just some grass on top. To our annoyance, the sea had lifted already; we were pushing into the tidal stream, head wind and head chop - everything was being thrown at us.

In the distance was Thompson Sound, not far on a calm day, but on a heaving sea, it felt like hours. It should have only taken an hour, but it took two. We both pulled hard on those paddles and I had a death grip on my one. From bottom of the trough to the swell crest, it took nine paddle strokes - it was gripping stuff.

The sky was full of sea birds. Many Mollymawks came close, and occasionally a royal Albatross came close, one even eyeballing us up. We saw one gannet. These birds were amazing to watch and helped to take my mind off the wild sea.

We paddled to the south side of the Thompson Sound entrance, as the tide

was still rushing out. A great relief to reach the shelter of the sound. We passed Open Cove and surfed over the bar at the Pandora River mouth, and paddled up-river for about 400m to the first rapid. Returning to a sandy beach near the mouth, we pitched the tent under a silver beech tree, had lunch and snorkelled for paua.

The next day, being calm and sunny, we loaded fishing gear in the kayak and headed out fishing. Many different fish were caught; Russell caught a large Terakihi and I landed a Groper. At 7.30pm, I heard a forecast on the radio for three days of gale warnings with snow down to low levels. Within minutes, we were loading the kayak, and paddled down to Deas Cove where there is a hut. We landed just on dark, unloaded gear into the hut, and cooked all our fish. By midnight we slipped into our sleeping bags.

We breakfasted early for our last day in Fiordland. The day was squally with heavy rain most of the time. We made good time with a tail wind,

sometimes losing sight of Secretary Island when rain squalls descended. Pendulo Reach was soon behind us with Deep Cove in our sights. We were now in Doubtful Sound with Crooked Arm on our Starboard side. It was still very squally with the tops of the chop being blown off and the wind tugging hard on our paddles. By the time we got to Deep Cove, the rain had eased off but the waterfalls were putting on a great show.

Doubtful Sound has two kayaking outfitters. One took us over Wilmot Pass to Lake Manapouri. The day was well into the afternoon, but we still had time to get to the east side of the lake. The wind was still squally but the rain had gone. It was 8.50pm at our landing spot - 65kms for the day and thank goodness it was all down-wind.

It was a great trip and we are already thinking of another one next summer. Bevan Walker. Nelson.

The kayak in Caswell Sound.



FIORDLAND UPDATES

1. The Deas Cove hut, in Thompson Sound, has been closed recently by DoC, according to Susan Cade, as a recent rockfall/landslide has come close to the hut.
2. The kayak portage route, between Dagg Sound, and the head of Crooked Arm (Doubtful Sound) is no longer feasible, according to Susan, as a large landslide has fallen across the route (see Susan trip report this newsletter).
3. Bevan Walker advised of a portage route between Long Sound and Cunaris Sound (Chalky Inlet) which avoids the prevailing gnarly conditions off Gulches Head. It lies between Last Cove and Cliff Cove, and is best attempted at high tide, as there are some swampy flats to pass.

New Zealand Trip Reports

Lake Taupo Nov. 2003. by Evan Pugh

I had paddled around Taupo before but had not done a proper circumnavigation, the full 160km so John Flemming collected me from my place at 7am on the Wednesday and we were on the water at 9am leaving from Two Mile Bay to the east of Taupo township. We paddled close in to shore and paddled our way past town and Acacia Bay then around Whakamoenga Point and on to the modern Maori carvings for a peek. Into Whakaipo Bay then Whangamata Bay to Kinloch which is a long way in and a long way out again. The next bay is Kawakawa Bay and we stopped along at the end of the first beach and set up our tents on the sand for the night. The day had been calm and sunny, we had a couple of stops as we do each day and completed 45km .

Thursday we were away at 7am paddling along the beaches and into Boat Harbour which is a tiny little bay with a narrow entrance and a sandy beach but gets very full in summer with campers. The wind was picking up a bit and small waves were appearing, as we paddled along I heard a small voice (from John) say "Evan I'm stuck on a rock." I back paddled to John as he was teetering on his V hull paddling desperately to stay upright and he grabbed my boat and we managed to get him off it after a bit of a battle so it saved him from having a swim. After here there is the big Otupaio Falls and cliffs till Wahaha and on the way we had some good washing machine waves to contend with. Once at Waihaha, we paddled up the River to the falls which is about 3.5km upstream and well worth the trip with a beaut spot for lunch as well as heaps of Tuis. After coming back down stream we paddled past more cliffs and waterfalls and onto Cherry Bay which is another cosy little hidden bay. We were getting battered a bit by a northerly wind and waves now but crept around to the start of the

Karangahape Cliffs and had a nice tail wind all the way down until we turned into Te Hapua Bay for the night. 41km + 7 on the waihaha river for the day. Friday away again at 7am again past some big cliffs and Kuratau then past Waihi where yet another big waterfall comes from the hill tops. As we turned around the end of the lake the wind came from the south and gave us a good push up past the Tongariro River and onto Stump Bay where there were heaps of frogs croaking from the shoreline along the way, then we stopped for lunch and a break before deciding to carry on as it was getting rougher on the lake now. After another hour we stopped on a beach at Te Rangiata as I knew the further north we were getting the rougher it would get so we sat for a few hours then pitched our tents on the Domain in front of some houses without any complaints and with some trees for shelter thankfully. We had completed 42km with ease that day.

Saturday we stayed in our tents till we decided it may have settled a bit so at 10.45 we left and had a bit of a tail wind most of the way but waves from our left all the way with the occasional one breaking at neck level and trying to tip you out. We stopped before the white cliffs for a break as we knew it was then hard to land for a while and then continued on and into Rotongaio Bay which is then a long hard slog up the straight beach and finally around the corner and soon back to our start point. This was a hard days paddle even though it was only 32km but we got back at 5.25 completing 167km (incl. river) in the 4 days. The lake was quite high luckily as there are lots of areas where rocks are just under the surface and with the rough water makes them hard to see so we stayed out quite a way from shore in most of the areas that we knew about. Also the only time it rained from those big clouds above us was for a little while at night so it got quite rough but the weather was otherwise good to us and as I said to John if you do not paddle in the rough stuff when you have a choice you wont be happy to when you don't have a choice.

Evan Pugh
sheepskinsstuff@xtra.co.nz

Doubtful Sound - Lake Te Anau, Octob-Nov 2004 Rain, Wind and Flames. by Susan Cade

Finally after much plotting and an absolutely rush of hectic activity Giselle Clements, who paddles a Southern Aroua, and I with my Nordkapp, arrived at Manapouri township. After last minute unexpected negotiations and frantic loading of our gear, we were on our way across Lake Manapouri to West Arm (site of the Manapouri Power station), by boat with Reg Calder who runs Adventure Kayak and Cruise. After a van ride over the Wilmot pass to Deep Cove, we finally made it to Deep Cove. (This was named by the Acheron survey because it was "so deep, there was no anchorage"). Thank-you Reg for being patient with our hurried packing and sharing your wisdom.

Once there I had a delightful time packing my boat (with my recent sewing spree of designer lace up bags) and managed to get everything below decks including tramping pack, boots, and far more than a week's food. Giselle didn't have as smooth a time and finished with some gear above deck also leaving gear with the Hostel Manager, compounded by our rapid trip start. There is a real art to getting sussed for multi day trip.

By early evening we were on the water and exploring the end of Hall Arm, which is believed to have been named by the sealer Captain John Grono. This very attractive arm with bush clad sides and magic waterfalls is in fact a bigger arm than Deep Cove. After a rushed Mountain Radio schedule with Invercargill, we were camping in the bush.

From Hall Arm we paddled from almost dawn to dusk. Paddling down Doubtful Sound into the Malaspina Reach (named after the commander of the Spanish expedition in 1793), what a sight it would have been to see the Spanish ship here. We paddled around the corner to the Pendulo Reach, which the Spanish had thought

was perhaps a harbour, not observing Thompson Sound. By now the reach was picking up with a north-west wind. We headed into the shelter of Bradshaw Sound, named after a mate on the 'Acheron', where we had a brief exploration up a major stream just East of Evans Peak, which had a pretty rich lush growth of a ferns and bush. The sound had a lot of slips down the steep faces. We then explored Precipice Cove - apparently you can go up the Rea river, but I think that would have taken a carry to get around some entry rapids before getting into flat swampy territory, so we flagged it.

Our final destination for the day was Gaer Arm (meaning in Gaelic for short). We eventually camped at its end in Shoal Cove. At dusk I visited an anchored yacht, 'The Breaksea Girl'. I had last visited it at dawn nearly two years ago in Dusky Sound. It was great catching up with the skipper Lance. He recommended a trip up Camelot River, which we had planned for tomorrow. The yacht runs catered trips for commercial tourist trips. I paddled back to camp in the dark to the beckoning light of Giselle's gas tilly lamp.

In my tent that night, as it poured with rain, I did my usual set up in the foyer, with my spirits cooker. However I had a surly cooker that decided to flare unexpectedly, giving me a bit of a faceful, complete with incinerated hair - terrible aroma and some curiosity of just how much, I had lost of eyebrows and lashes. Thank goodness for a damp tent and glasses. Cooking was terminated for the night!

After a more relaxed morning start, the we paddled up the Camelot River for about 2km along a very flat, generally deep tranquil river, surrounded by beautiful pristine bush clad river flats. We stopped at the first rapid. This river was originally named by surveyor D. Mcpherson in 1918, who also named the Bedivere Falls (where a hut used to be) much further up the river, named after Sir Bedivere of Camelot fame. I think Sir Bedivere would have liked the river!

With a 15 - 20 knots forecast, we paddled out to Thompson Sound, with a forceful oncoming sea. We saw a solitary dolphin jump in the reach. I gather the dolphins were just starting to return to the sounds after the discoloured waters had cleared from the many slips and damage caused by the recent earthquakes in the area. The earthquakes having been centred on Secretary Island with still ongoing smaller after shocks. There was one while we were there, I gather.

That night we camped next door to a rather tranquil pebbly beach, just north of Lyall Bay. I had been a bit concerned about paddling on to the Deas Hut area as I knew it was closed due to a large slip that had fallen alongside the hut.

Next day the sea was glassy calm and we paddled up to the 12 bunk Deas Hut, which is about 30 metres inshore near a wonderful sandy sheltered cove; almost to Pandora River valley, enough towards the heads to get a clear view of the open sea.

From there we crossed over and headed south along the side of Secretary Island, We had been told that there were few landings on this side but if absolutely necessary we thought we could survive if we had to, perhaps not comfortably. We did spot, what we thought was a very large dolphin just floating a little under the surface but this didn't really make sense, in retrospect it may have been a whale. It moved gently seawards passing between our boats.

Once again we were on a mission, as the forecast had indicated the wind was going to pick up and I wanted to get safe passage to Gut Hut, and out of what we had been told was potentially a very rough reach. As it was, we had a following wind and sea and were pleased with our timing and were soon turning into Blanket Bay. The Blanket Bay Hotel was bathed in sunlight, just behind a small off shore island. Men involved in the fishing industry built the wharf and living conditions in 1967, with all materials coming from Bluff. Additions were gradually made including fuel tanks, large

freezer, and helicopter pad. Apparently the facilities were used by fishermen as far away as Bligh and Dusky sounds, initially for frozen craytails and then latter for live crayfish. The hotel serviced local fishermen who brought their catch here to be flown out, an icon to a past age, the services are no longer operating.

We then headed towards Bauza Island, which was named after the Spanish cartographer Feline Bauza, (the alternative Spanish name being island of mosquitoes) crossing part of the Te Awaatu Channel Marine Reserve. The six bunk Gut Hut on Secretary Island our destination, being near a narrow channel between the two islands. We found a great sunny spot below the hut to dry the tents and have a washing session. Once again the sea had calmed off and I wondered if we should paddle on, but the sun was too good!

The following day with north-westerlies and a gale warning forecast, we made an early start in flat conditions, heading straight up Doubtful Sound, not chancing a visit to First Arm. We did decide to take a chance on visiting Crooked Arm (named by its distinct bend) we had heard that with a driving north-west wind that this was a difficult arm to get out of. In fact we had to plug into a north-easterly driven sea to get into the arm, but generally had pleasant conditions. This I think was one of my favourites with some very impressive waterfalls, flowing well in the rain. .

At HaulAshore Cove (where the Acheron found 'good shelter 3 cables off the shore,') we pulled our kayaks fairly high up in the swampy headwaters, leaving them tied while we explored the portage track to Dagg Sound. This is about a 40 minute walking track. We turned back after having a fossick for the track, beyond a recent substantial slip close to Dagg Sound end. If you did the portage currently it would be a bit of a mission through the side debris of fallen trees. Apparently Captain Dagg collected 4,759 sealskins from the area in 1804, what an impact! When we returned to the boats the sea had been approach-

ing the kayaks, gently rolling under the large piles of mulch. I found this a curious scene to behold while we ate our lunch. On this arm there seemed some pretty promising options for camping, the least promising at the start of the portage track which was rather swampy and low-lying.

On the last cliff edged paddle to camp, in the last substantial cove on the true left, we struck a head wind and an outgoing confused sea. I felt like a tossed floating cork, making slow headway. I was a bit irritated when Giselle who I had paced back a bit to stay with, pulled ahead and then left me behind, going into the shore of the deep bay we were moving into. I had slowed a bit, perhaps due to a slight wrist injury. When I turned into the bay, I took it cautiously and took a wider run, so if I did take a spill to have a clean drift into the bay and not be swept along the steep cliffs.

We discussed this subsequently, about responsibility, my number one issue being safety. The conclusion being the need to stick together with the stronger paddler's responsibility to stay with the slower paddler. With rough conditions the faster paddler can pull ahead, inadvertently due to their own anxiety and this was a factor. However it doesn't take much distance before it's impossible to hear or see if the other paddler is in trouble, or to severely delay a rescue or emergency raft up. We got there, but took an unnecessary risk, which we both resolved wasn't OK. Ironically we watched the sea calm rapidly whilst we established a campsite on some flats on the true left of the stream.

Next day we headed off early and were pleased to have a following sea to Deep Cove. Lots of rain en-route, with some more great waterfalls. Reg Calder was out in a support boat for a small guided kayak party and we chatted about equipment. Giselle had a Uniden Marine Radio model which was poor in holding its battery charge, even when turned off. We had planned to use it with boat to boat, but had had no success, due to radio problems. By lunch time we were enjoying the shelter of the Deep Cove Education Trust

Hostel at Deep Cove, which had a great verandah to sort out our gear, being kept on our alert by a sharp footed Kea.

After some hassle we managed to get a trip back over the Wilmot Pass, starting to paddle from the head of Manapouri at 6pm. Concluding we had insufficient hours to go to North Hall Arm hut, we camped on a nice beach, grumbling about wet gear- a hut would have been nice. The morning paddle was across the lake to Manapouri township, with a quartering sea from the north-east and a following sea in the last leg. I found the exhilaration of almost ferry gliding and keeping the sea behind me, quite fun.

After a dry out, replenishment of gear and trip intentions it was less than 24 hours before we were paddling again from Te Anau township to Middle Arm of Lake Te Anau. We had a head wind and slightly breaking wave conditions most of the way, with a bit of a turbulent crossing of the opening to the Southern Arm. I think a crossing from Te Anau Downs would have been really rough. What was magic on Te Anau was the amount of stunning snow on the tops, really adding depth to the beautiful mountains. We paddled around the Murchison Mountains and passed the Te Anau glow worm cave jetty, (quite an establishment now, with two big buildings and a generator going).

Only one brief stop, wondering if we could make it to camp outside of Takahē country, with the time allowing. But after a good seven hour's paddling, we rounded Aurora Point and headed into Middle Arm to explore the camping opportunities on the islands. The current was driving easterly between the islands with a cool wind and we were paddled out. Eventually we decided on the first sheltered sunny beach that we had spotted on an unnamed island just South of Doubtful Island. There were good soft tent sites on the deep mulch under the trees.

Next day as we headed west in a good driving wave conditions, we spoke to

some fishermen who were planning to fish on the Snag Burn River. We latter waved as we ploughed over slightly breaking seas towards the Erin Islands. Once we poked our head around the exposed edge, I felt the driving wind and noted the picking up conditions and called a halt. We knew that further up where the Middle Arm narrowed to about a km and then divided into two arms, it was sure to mean rougher conditions with few escape options.

So we rafted up for a stint and turned, making great progress back without lifting a paddle. When we parted, the Nordkapp felt as light as a feather and skittish on the water - it took me a few minutes to settle into quartering conditions and making way. Meanwhile Giselle had found the transition anxiety provoking, maybe also due to having a good pack load on the back of her boat, and headed for a landing on a cold southerly exposed beach. We called it quits with just three hours on the water, with warm tents and books calling. That night it blew with a cold southerly chill and when we left we noted a lovely fresh drop of snow on the tops, including a bit below the bushline.

From there we had a smooth trip to the head of the North West Arm and the portage to Lake Hankinson. I have been fascinated with this area, which was originally explored by Richard Henry and Robert Murrell in 1899. There are so many wonderful hunting and exploratory stories involving canoes, rafts in this treacherous beautiful country, and I was finally here! After a number of 15 minute walks carrying boats and gear across the portage, we had a wondrous trip across 5km of lake. The snow clad mountains and roaring waterfalls were magnificent. With a final paddle up the Wapiti river to the first rapid, we arrived at the twelve bunk Hankinson Hut. This was a beauty with two rooms and a comfortable aspect.

The Wapiti River used to be known as the Rugged Burn, but this is now confined to the west branch sometime after the arrival of the wapiti in 1905. Due to limited time we sorted and

packed doing a three-hour tramp to the eight bunk Thomson Hut. There were two, good three wire bridges on the track and there was some tree fall and bits of clambering, it was an interesting track. Just before the hut the track to George Sound heads off, with a solid bridge giving a good view of the Wapiti River crashing into the gorge to pass over ten metres below the bridge. Thomson Hut has a nice view out over a wonderful rich moss covered stones of the Wapiti riverbed, it does have a feel of rain forest. Once again we just made the radio schedule.

I would have loved to do the trip to George Sound but the forecast was shocking with heavy rain and strong winds, and our time was too limited.. In the morning we were greeted with low clag and continuous rain, so we mooched our way back down to Hankinson Hut, seeing the increased roar of waterfalls and the significant rising of water levels. The comfort of Hankinson Hut was certainly appreciated, Giselle kept the fire roaring.

To my surprise, Lake Hankinson was flat when I checked it in next morning, as we were still getting some quite strong wind gusts, so we packed and took our chances. The river had come up so far that we were able to launch in the overflow path that had been dry when we arrived. When we reached the boatshed on Lake Hankinson, before our portage, there was no longer a welcoming beach, so we actually used the slipway to get our boats clear of the lake.

We had following sea conditions out of Middle Arm, increasing at times with the length of the reach. On a roll, we decided to see how far we could go and on the big Te Anau Reach, where we had an exhilarating quartering sea. I liked the slight adrenaline flow and the feeling of getting the power of the sea behind me. The Etterick Burn River was really pumping into the lake, with some strong cross currents where the lake and river flow met, so we crossed well out. Soon afterwards due to time, conditions and comfort, we called it quits, having our very last wet camp.

In the morning I packed the best I could for the possibility of needing the tent another night, but I prayed I wouldn't. We in fact did the last leg of about 22km to Te Anau in three hours with generally a good following swell, so although we were a cold pair on the exposed wind chilled beach, we were very satisfied. Eleven days of adventure with at least 300km of paddling and a dash of tramping behind us and some amazing country visited. George Sound I will be back.

Thanks so much to Giselle for her company. To the Christchurch Mountain Radio Service for the great service they provided, we checked in almost every night to get valuable marine and mountain forecasts. As well as Paul Caffyn for the Nordkapp fine-tuning enroute. Not forgetting Daphne Taylor from the Fiordland Wilderness Experiences, Sotty the Deep Cove Hostel Manager and DoC for the valuable information and support.

Susan Cade

WILDLIFE

Orca Sighting by Vincent Maire

Recently I was driving along Whangaparaoa Road and passing Little Manly Beach I spotted an Orca. I stopped the car and my daughter Victoria and I watched for about three minutes as this magnificent beast doddled around some 200m offshore. Even from that distance it was huge with the dorsal fin standing more than a metre above the water. It spent more time under water than above and a lone black-backed gull looking for morsels tracked its movements.

I was so thrilled by the sighting that I came home and went into Ingrid Visser's website:

www.orcaresearch.org to record the sighting. Dr Ingrid Visser comes from Northland and is a world authority on Orca. I have even seen her driving down the motorway in her 4WD towing her inflatable, obviously on her way to more whale spotting.

A few years ago Ingrid was a keynote speaker at Coastbusters and was both fascinating and also very amusing. If you ever get the chance to hear her talk, don't miss out. Ingrid responded to my sighting as follows:

Hi Vincent,

Just wanted to touch base with you and say thanks for taking the time to send in an Orca sighting report. I am sorry it has taken me so long to get back to you. I was overseas, then had an Orca stranding when I got back home and now am trying to wade through all of my mail!

I would guess, from your information on the sighting sheet that the Orca were in so close as they were hunting for rays. This is typical of NZ Orca, but is not seen in other Orca populations around the world. The large fin that you saw is easily 1 m high - they reach nearly two metres at times. The black-backed gull that was following is doing just as you suggested, picking up tit-bits, most likely the liver from the rays as this floats due to the high oil content. The Orca don't eat the livers, and they often get broken up like 'bread crumbs' and the gulls follow along to pick them up. Often I find the Orca after a report, by looking for a bunch of gulls, and then sure enough, after a while the Orca pop up under them.

I really appreciate your information and each and every sighting is important for my database as it helps me to monitor where the animals go.

Once again, thanks very much

Best wishes
Ingrid



FRENCH DOLPHIN ENCOUNTER

French sea kayaker Bernard Moulin does most of his paddling from his hometown of Douranenez in western Brittany. Dolphins are not uncommon in these water and Bernard says, "this dolphin has followed my Barracuda kayak for many hours over July. I have had great fun with him. He tickled my rudder and made somersaults around us. Sadly he has since moved on." Bernard tried out a Barracuda when last in NZ and was so taken with the boat, which is made by Gordon Robinson in Silverdale, he arranged for one to be sent to him. Bernard and I met while hitchhiking in Wales in May 1974 when I was on my Big OE. We have kept in touch ever since and it is ironical that both of us have ended up being very involved in sea kayaking and both of us have written books on this wonderful sport.

Vincent Maire

IN THE MAILBAG

British 'Canoeist'

The October 'Canoeist' magazine has an article by editor Stuart Fisher on the highlights and lowlights of paddling around Britain. Over the past 15 years, Stuart has paddled sections of the coast, compiling excellent paddling guides which have appeared in the magazine. The guides are an excellent mix of history and geography, which can be viewed on the website: www.canoeist.co.uk

The December 'Canoeist' has an article by Simon Osborne on his paddle around Britain in 2002, and he was

the youngest at 23, to complete the trip. The November issue has John Kirk-Anderson's story of his visit to Ireland (KASK n/1 No.105), with the pics in full glorious technicolour.

'Sea Kayaker'

The October issue has travel features on paddling New York's Hudson River and a circumnavigation of Gozo and Comino, the two smallest of the Maltese Islands in the Mediterranean Sea. Technical articles include discussing breath-holding skills for kayakers, and eyewear solutions for paddlers. Editor Chris Cunningham has as his editorial a glowing tribute to kayak historian John Heath, who died in July 2003. John earned a worldwide reputation as an authority on

traditional kayaks, and for the last several years had been working on a book, a compilation of his drawings and knowledge of traditional kayaking skills. He passed away while the publisher was preparing the material to go to print, however his wife and son have dedicated themselves to finishing the project.

The December issue has travel features on paddling the Potomac River, Washington DC, and sea kayaking in the Outer Hebrides of the UK. Satellite phones for paddlers are discussed, also a do it yourself waterproof solar battery charger. The KASK Handbook (LB3) is listed only in the books received column.

KASK Training Update Susan Cade

Training the Assessors for the Proficiency Certificates has now been completed in Auckland, Tauranga, Wellington and Christchurch. This was well received by the attendees, who are now are developing their roles in their areas. The next stage is being developed for candidates wanting assessments. Auckland is planning to have 2 monthly scheduled assessments, with a pre assessment evening before hand. Tauranga and Wellington plan starting assessments early in the New Year. The South Island is looking at doing some assessments around the mini forums next year.

There are a number of issues raised that the KASK Training Committee and KASK Assessors are addressing. We are also developing plans to address the other identified training around the country, such as Leadership Training.

Any questions please contact me. Phone Susan Cade on 04 5675593 or by e-mail at susan.cade@xtra.co.nz From The Training Coordinator Susan Cade.

CAUSE FOR ALARM

Sent., November 18

Subject: Kayaking in the Sounds

I heard an interview on the National Radio this morning and if the statements are correct I believe that this needs to be followed up – probably best by KASK. The interview was about the local boating organisation complaining about a new levy being applied to boats to fund a “safety service” that will run all year and provide a patrol vessel to monitor all activities in the Marlborough Sounds.

During that interview it was stated that the Regional Council has passed a bylaw forbidding kayaks to be on the water in the Sounds until 1 hour after sunrise and after 1 hour before sunset. The interviewee rightly stated that “any boating person knows this is the calmest time for a kayaker to be on the water!” Your thoughts?

Regards, Ian Calhaem 18/11/03

TECHNICAL

Rescues and John Wayne by Sandy Ferguson

The proposed certification and assessment documents from KASK mentioned two self rescue methods that might be used to demonstrate one’s proficiency. One was the “re-enter and roll”, the other the “John Wayne” method. There’s actually a better name, “The Lone Ranger* and Tonto” but this refers to Hollywood characters of an era older than many of the paddlers out there. Some of us greyer bearded paddlers had parents who would have remembered the films.

The method refers to getting back into a kayak cockpit by climbing on to the aft deck and sliding along it sitting up. Yes, I know it sounds ridiculous considering that the conditions that caused the capsize in the first place would most likely have been due to sitting up in the cockpit, a much lower position than **on** the aft deck. It probably came about from someone demonstrating a “party trick” on a demonstration day and others picking up on it, forgetting the situations under which rescues must be performed.

The most common cause of a capsize is the effect of wind. If it happens in surf then the more pressing requirement is to get ashore. If the capsize was caused by a breaking wave in deep water one would expect there would be more such waves coming. The same with wind, what got you can get you again. So? The lower your centre of gravity the better. That means the worst thing you can do is try and sit up on the aft deck. The paddle-float rescue method expects the paddler to keep low so any other method should be done in a similar way - low.

One method I have used and it appears

to work in rough water is the “kick, slide and twist”. Grasp the cockpit rim, one hand on each side. Kick as hard as possible so your body is horizontal and in one move, slide across the cockpit and twist so you are sitting in the cockpit. Your feet will be in the water and can act as stabilisers or can be kicked to assist with balance. In this position you can assess the situation and you are out of the water so you are not losing heat to the water. When you are ready you can rotate and put your feet into the cockpit. If you have a small “ocean” cockpit, this will not be easy. However they are not common and a lot of paddlers with such cockpits are quite capable of doing a re-entry and roll.

While on the subject of rescues, how often have you heard that a rescue was performed but the rescued paddler capsized again and again and the situation became desperate? The alternative is that the rescued paddler be supported by another paddler and someone then has to tow two boats. Something that should be tried and practised is the “support tow”. The rescued paddler holds the end of the rescuer’s boat and the bow is attached with a short towline near the cockpit of the rescuer’s boat. The rescuer can paddle and the rescued has support. If there is a tow then the rescuer can assist and make it a bit easier to keep the group moving. I mentioned the rescued paddler holding the other kayak. He can hold it at either end so it is a pull or a push. Just make sure the rescued kayak has its rudder up. If it is a push “tow”, the rescuer has face to face contact and can assess the rescued paddler’s condition. It may be that once confidence has been restored and maybe conditions have improved a little, the rescued paddler will be happy releasing and paddling.

*Clayton Moore played the Lone Ranger and the first movie serial appeared in 1938.

HUMOUR

Rangi

"I used to get on well with me mate Rangi when he was a pakeha, but now that he is a Maori things are different. In the old days he used to be called Mark and we'd roam the rivers and beaches as friends with scarcely a care in the world. These days he hates me, wants to own the rivers and beaches and only uses a bone fish hook as a decoration about his neck.

I have no problem with him being a born again Maori, except that I think he's being a bit one-eyed about the whole deal. It started with him researching his family tree, which unlike pakeha trees, only has branches up one side. Actually, I think it originally had branches up both sides, but Rangi is pretty adept with a chainsaw and it took him no time to lop the pakeha ones off.

This must have made his Maori ancestors proud that he has gone to such lengths to embrace the old culture, but it must have annoyed the hell out of his pakeha grandmother that he'd disowned her. I mean, surely his grandad wouldn't have married her if he thought she was trying to rip him off. I feel sorry for Rangi, because both my grandparents gave so much to me and it must be a real bummer to have only one grandparent that did anything to be proud of. Of course, it's easy for me because I wake up in the morning and say, "I'm a kiwi and bloody proud of it." Poor Rangi wakes up in the morning and says, "I'm proud of 25% of me."

Rangi does have an advantage over me because he can slag my heritage without being racist. The moment I stand up and give voice to the argument, I instantly take on that mantle. I don't think I'm racist, I just like the playing field to be level. If the same rules applied to both sides, the world would be a different place.

Rangi argues that his ancestors got to New Zealand first, making them indigenous people and entitled to privileges ahead of the rest of us. Ed Hillary

was the first to the top of Mt Everest first, which bodes well for the rest of us kiwis. Now that we are the indigenous peoples of the Nepalese highlands we should be able to charge royalties on all those that roam there. Cool, eh?

Rangi would have to agree with my logic, because according to his family tree, his ancestors own the rights to the haka. He now wants royalties for his whanau every time the All Blacks perform it. It is only fair that one culture shouldn't miss out.

I can live with that, because the royalties we get back every time Rangi performs Ten Guitars at the hui will be immense. And now that the National anthem is sung half in Maori, it's going to be good to see the haka performed half in English. After all, it's only fair that we recognise the customs of both cultures in this country.

Rangi has a point when he argues that he has customary rights and should be entitled to do as his forebears did, but I think he's getting a little carried away with the concept. Fishing is the obvious one. Rangi reckons that fish is his traditional kiamoana and that, if he's holding a hui, he should be able to get a feed for the gathering. "What about the laws that apply to the rest of us?" I asked him recently.

"That's the beauty of customary rights," he replied. "Those are pakeha laws and don't apply to me." "But Rangi," I pointed out, "Your ancestors caught fish for food. They didn't take it down to the pub to raffle it for monetary gain." I went on to point out that the 3 tonne of crayfish on the tray of his ute was very obviously destined for the black market, and not a hui. By doing that, he was flouting customary Maori law.

"Whooley to you." He shot back. "It's the pakeha part of my ancestry that's doing that and customary Maori law doesn't apply to pakehas."

The argument heated at this point, with Rangi claiming that the crayfish had been caught legally, under quota

in commercial pots. He added, that as most commercial fishermen slept at night, they couldn't blame him for getting to the pots first under the cover of darkness and pinching them.

"But that's illegal, Rangi. That's breaking the law." I countered. Not as Rangi sees it. He reckons that because he was first to the pots, it made him an indigenous fisherman and it was his customary right to help himself. Not normally one to get petty in an argument, I blame frustration for causing me to resort to hitting below the belt. "If you want your customary take Rangi, shouldn't you be using customary techniques for catching your fish?" I went on to suggest that it would only be fair if he rowed out in a canoe and fished with bone hooks.

Rangi smiled and dragged his fingers through his crop of thick, blonde hair before fingering the carving about his neck. "Nah mate, that would be turning my back on progress and besides, you'd need a big canoe and a truck load of line to get to the orange roughly beds."

I could see that I was fighting a losing battle and that the argument was always going to be one-sided, so I took a leaf out of Rangi's book. I have since researched my family tree and with pleasing results. It turns out that I can trace my ancestry all the way back to Adam and Eve. I guess that makes me an indigenous people wherever I plant my feet, so the laws of the indigenous people now equally apply to me.

I have already applied for a trademark on the haka, Ten Guitars and the National Anthem. I will soon be claiming royalties on the sun and anyone who uses, or enjoys it will have to cough up. Whenever I wish to go fishing, I will write myself a permit retrospectively and if you don't believe me, pop down to the pub and take a ticket in my raffle. Thursday nights I will be raffling scallops, Friday oysters and Saturdays I will be specialising a fisherman's basket. Rangi's. I got out there under the cover of darkness and raided his pots. Being there first made me an indig-

enous fisherman and entitled to my customary take.

You can do the same, thanks to our ancestors, Adam and Eve. Isn't it great to once again be able to roam the rivers and beaches with scarcely a care in the world?

Subject: Cultures

On a chain of beautiful deserted islands in the middle of nowhere, the following people are stranded:

- Two Italian men and one Italian woman
- Two French men and one French woman
- Two German men and one German woman
- Two Greek men and one Greek woman
- Two English men and one English woman
- Two Bulgarian men and one Bulgarian woman
- Two Japanese men and one Japanese woman
- Two Chinese men and one Chinese woman
- Two Irish men and one Irish woman
- Two American men and one American woman
- Two Maori men and one Maori woman

One month later, on these absolutely stunning deserted islands in the middle of nowhere, the following things have occurred:

- * One Italian man killed the other Italian man for the Italian woman.
- * The two French men and the French woman are living happily together in a ménage à trois.
- * The two German men have a strict weekly schedule of alternating visits with the German woman.
- * The two Greek men are sleeping with each other and the Greek woman is cleaning and cooking for them.
- * The two English men are waiting for someone to introduce them to the English woman.

* The two Bulgarian men took one look at the Bulgarian woman and started swimming to another island.

* The two Japanese have faxed Tokyo and are awaiting instructions.

* The two Chinese men have set up a pharmacy/liquor store/restaurant/laundry, and have gotten the woman pregnant in order to supply employees for their store.

* The two Irish men divided the island into North and South and set up a distillery. They do not remember if sex is in the picture because it gets somewhat foggy after a few litres of coconut whiskey. However, they're satisfied because the English aren't having any fun.

* The two American men are contemplating suicide, because the American woman will not shut up and complains relentlessly about her body, the true nature of feminism, what the sun is doing to her skin, how she can do anything they can do, the necessity of fulfilment, the equal division of household chores, how sand and palm trees make her look fat, how her last boyfriend respected her opinion and treated her nicer than they do, and how her relationship with her mother is the root cause of all her problems, and why didn't they bring a cell phone so they could call 911 and get them all rescued off this forsaken deserted island in the middle of nowhere so she can get her nails done and go shopping...

* One of the Maori men has eaten the other, got the Maori woman pregnant, insisted that the English men provide food, accommodation, education and te reo for the child and denied everyone else the right to use the beach and foreshore.

FISHING STORY

Every Saturday morning he's going fishing. He gets up early and eager, makes his lunch, hooks up his boat trailer and off he goes... all day long. Well, one Saturday morning he gets up early, dresses quietly, gets his lunch made, puts on his long johns, grabs the dog and goes to the garage to hook up his boat to the ute and down the driveway he goes.

Coming out of his garage, rain is pouring down; it is like a torrential downpour. There is snow mixed in with the rain, and the wind is blowing 50 mph. Minutes later, he returns to the garage. He comes back into the house and turns the TV to the weather channel. He finds it's going to be bad weather all day long, so he puts his boat back in the garage, quietly undresses and slips back into bed. There he cuddles up to his wife's back, now with a different anticipation, and whispers, "The weather out there is terrible." To which she sleepily replies.....

"Can you believe my stupid husband is out fishing in that shit?"

Subject: The Joys of Being Elderly!!

Two old ladies were outside their nursing home, having a smoke, when it started to rain.

One of the ladies pulled out a condom, cut off the end, put it over her cigarette, and continued smoking.

Mavis: What's that?

Betty: A condom. This way my cigarette doesn't get wet.

Mavis: Where did you get it?

Betty: You can get them at any chemist.

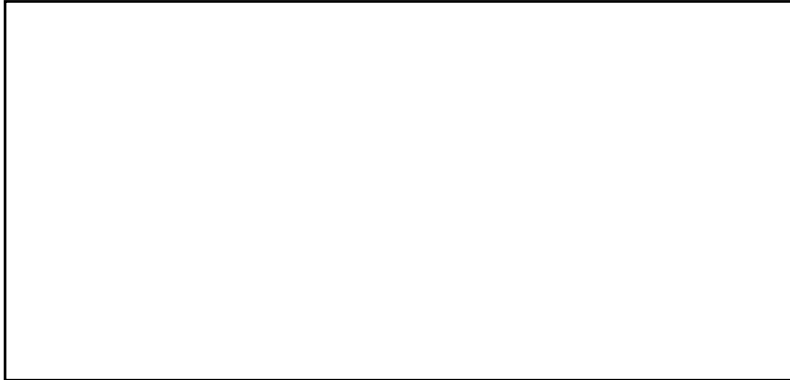
The next day, Mavis hobbles herself into the local chemist and announces to the pharmacist that she wants a box of condoms.

The guy, obviously embarrassed, looks at her kind of strangely (she is, after all, over 80 years of age), but very delicately asks what brand she prefers.

Mavis: Doesn't matter son, as long as it fits a Camel.

The pharmacist fainted.

MAILED TO



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

KASK MEMBERSHIP POLICY

Current membership fees are:

- \$25 for ordinary membership
- \$30 for family or joint membership.
- new members receive a free copy of the handbook.
- members should endeavour to renew by the start of our new year which is 1 August, and runs to 31 July the following year.
- a subscription due notice and up to two reminders with red notices stickers etc., are sent out with the newsletters between June and October
- existing members who leave their renewal to months before the end of the year (that is during June and July) have their sub credited to the following year. They in effect get a membership of up to 14 months as an incentive.
- new members who join between 1 April and 31 July automatically get their membership credited to the following year. Again in effect receiving a membership of up to 16 months as an incentive.
- the KASK committee puts its emphasis confirming renewals from existing members from July to October; and promoting new KASK memberships from November to February.

Maurice Kennedy, KASK Secretary.

