

No. 117 June - July 2005

# THE SEA CANOEIST NEWSLETTER

Annie Perkins in Preservation Inlet, Fiordland, with a whopper fish.  
Photo: Dave Campbell (see story on page 8)



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

## KASK

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

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

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

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

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

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### LRB3 - KASK HANDBOOK

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

e-mail: kayakpc@xtra.co.nz

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THE LRB3, or the Little Red Book 3rd. Edition, is a mammoth compilation on all aspects of sea kayaking in New Zealand, by many of the most experienced paddlers in the Universe. Following a brief introduction, the handbook is divided into six sections:  
- Kayak, Paddle & Equipment  
- Techniques & Equipment  
- The Elements  
- Trips and Expeditions  
- Places to Go  
- Resources

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## THANKS

To all the contributors.

**DEADLINE FOR  
MATERIAL FOR NEXT  
NEWSLETTER  
15 September 2005**

**REMINDER  
Annual subscriptions for the  
2005 -2006 are now due.  
Please send your cheque  
promptly to:  
KASK Administrator  
PO Box 23  
Runanga 7854  
West Coast**

## EDITORIAL

In May, I met with Jim Lott and Susan Tucker of MSA in Auckland, and went to the National Pleasure Boat Forum in Wellington, at which 20 representatives of recreational and government agencies attended.

The main issue relevant to sea kayaking noted or discussed were:

### Personal Locator Beacons

From 1 February 2009, the satellite system that tracks distress beacons will stop processing 121.5 MHz analogue signals, and will only detect beacons transmitting on the 406 MHz frequency.

A 406 beacon can be detected more quickly and accurately than a 121.5 MHz beacon - to within 5km as opposed to 20km for the analogue beacons - which has obvious advantages in an emergency situation. The 406 MHz frequency can also be linked to a database of registered owners held at the MSA Rescue Coordination Centre. This allows search and rescue staff to access valuable information in an emergency such as contact details and vessel type. The MSA RCCNZ is reminding existing owners of 121.5 MHz beacons to change to 406 MHz beacons, and also for people considering purchase of a beacon, that the 406 MHz is the best choice.

### Lights for Paddling at Night

A white light is essential for paddling at night, particularly in highly congested boat traffic areas such as Auckland and Wellington harbours, and the approaches to Picton and Havelock in the Marlborough Sounds. An all round white light mounted on a stubby mast, aft of the cockpit is one approach many paddlers have taken, but a bright white torch can be used to signal your presence to an approaching vessel. Whichever method used, it is a legal requirement, under either the Maritime Rules or regional council bylaws, for vessels (including kayaks) to display a white light when underway at night.

When paddling at night, do not display a strobe or flashing light as this is the distress signal for man/woman

overboard. Having said that, if you are in the water and requiring a rescue, that is the time to turn the strobe light on. Recent night exercises involving Wellington Coastguard and local paddlers proved the effectiveness of quickly locating paddlers in the water who had strobe lights attached to their lifejackets.

### Infringement Notices

At the recent Wellington meeting of the National Pleasure Boat Forum, of which KASK is a member, comment was made of regional council harbour masters issuing infringement notices for failure to either exhibit white lights at night or wear/carry lifejackets. Both the Lake Taupo and Southern Lakes District (Wanaka, Manapouri and Te Anau) councils have a zero tolerance policy on the non-wearing of lifejackets. Although the MSA rules and regulations apply to all New Zealand waters, regional councils have their own set of navigation bylaws covering their own patches.

### Safety Message Getting Through

Also at the recent forum, KASK was complemented on their efforts with the work involved and promotion of the colour brochure, 'A Basic Guide to Safe Sea Kayaking.' As of March 2005, 20,000 copies have been distributed, and since November 2004, there have been no serious incidents involving drowning or serious injury with sea kayakers. Bulk orders of the brochure are still available from Water Safety NZ for any commercial outfitters who have run out of copies.

### Safe Boating Advisors

KASK was approached by MSA with respect to volunteer safe boating advisors. The main role of advisors would be providing safety information packages at launching ramps or popular kayak launch sites. More on this to come after the committee set up the process with MSA.

### New Website Address for Southland Sea Kayaker's Network

The Southland Sea kayakers Network has a new web-site address as follows [www.sskn.uniformnz.com](http://www.sskn.uniformnz.com)

## KASK

### President's Report June - July 2005 by Susan Cade

Not much paddling recently, but I have been enjoying some excellent pool training nights with keen Wellington Sea kayak Network members. The winter months do seem to provide a good opportunity to develop skills in the warmth of heated indoor pools. It is exciting to see more members perfect the art of rolling. I note the Southland Sea Kayaker Network are also conducting regular pool training sessions.

One recent weekend paddle, with Michael Hirst, was from Okiwi Bay in Croisilles Harbour to D'Urville Island which is an interesting bit of coast. From gorgeous flat seas on the Saturday, to the Sunday's return with lots of squalls - at one stage on the open coast, squalls coming from completely opposite directions in short succession - it certainly made me feel invigorated and grateful to be alive!

The KASK Committee has devoted significant time to support member mandated projects and is currently in discussion about the ways we plan to do this. However KASK continues to, seek funding for safety initiatives and also to develop and strengthen relationships with other organizations. A primary approach is with joint projects, supported in different ways by the parties involved, usually in the form of funding, skills or resources.

KASK has submitted a funding application for three projects to Water Safety New Zealand (WSNZ). Specifically our projects fit under Boating Skills and Safety (safe operation and safety awareness) and Environmental Safety Skills (Surf). The projects also provide education aiming to:

1. Prevent death by drowning
2. Provide awareness of the need for safe practices in the water
3. Provide good quality applied research or experimental developmental work related to the prevention of drowning.

The KASK projects submitted to WSNZ for the 2005-2006 financial year were identified and/or endorsed by the 2004 KASK members' survey. These projects included:

1. A fourth edition of the KASK Handbook, 'A Manual for Sea Kayaking in New Zealand'. This edition is currently being prepared which involves reviewing, adding or updating some chapters.

2. Supporting regional and forum sea kayak training workshops around the country. The very successful 2005 KASK Forum held at Anakiwa showed overwhelming support for practical training skills and knowledge. KASK plans to hold and actively support other events with similar goals. Currently there are already three training weekends organized for this year, two in Wellington and one in Tauranga.

3. Incident Database. The KASK incident database of all sea kayaking incidents, involving fatalities, serious injury or rescue by outside authorities, from 1992 -2004, was used to highlight safety material for the safe sea kayaking brochure. A statistical evaluation of the incident database is planned to look at causes of incidents, age groups involved, with a view to highlighting future KASK safety education initiatives.

We have to wait until September 2005 to hear whether or not the funding applications were successful. KASK is also seeking funding from other sources, including the Maritime Safety Authority of New Zealand. We have also been in discussion with the New Zealand Outdoors Instructors Association in relation to KASK developing its training initiatives.

'Safe NZ Week' will be held 7 -13 August 2005. This is coordinated by ACC with a focus on injury prevention and awareness. Drowning is a leading cause of death in New Zealand, therefore WSNZ is going to play a prominent part of Safe NZ Week. As further information comes to hand this will be promoted also on the KASK website. If possible, a good week for members, networks and clubs

to promote the safe sea kayaking message over this week. Which could be as simple as a note in the newsletter or some practical training.

We have had a good response so far to the KASK renewals, on the separate mailout sheet. Thanks for forwarding them back promptly. The KASK Administrator advises that they are being returned at a steady rate.

I will be attending the WSNZ AGM in September to represent KASK, so it will be good to catch up with what is happening around the country with safety initiatives.

My thanks go to the KASK Committee and Vanessa Hughes, our Administrator, who continues to work actively for KASK; also to Sandy Ferguson for the great work on the web-site. Also to Paul Caffyn for editing the 'Sea Canoeist Newsletter', attending The National Pleasure Boat Safety Forum and the excellent liaison work he has been doing with MSA and WSNZ. Lastly to Cathye Haddock for great coordination and follow through with some current projects.

Happy paddling everyone  
Susan Cade  
KASK President

### 2005 KASK FORUM SUMMARY REPORT by Helen Woodward

The Cobham Outward Bound School at Anakiwa proved to be a great venue, with great catering by the resident chef, plenty of indoor room for workshops and socialising, and of course those brilliant drying rooms and hot showers, roomy bunkrooms, not to mention being just across the road from the water, with plenty of room for storing kayaks on the grounds.

From an organiser's point of view it was ideal, as most of the work was done for us ably assisted by our Outward Bound "host" Dave Mangnall who was on hand to assist the organisers all weekend, and ensure the smooth running of the Centre. Thanks Dave for giving up your Easter weekend. This freed the organising com-

mittee up to concentrate on the programme and registration packs. A big thanks to Susan Cade for facilitating this work.

Although the weather was slightly wet, the wind kindly stayed away, thus not affecting the on-water sessions. The weather co-operated for the over night camp out, at Mistletoe Bay. We awoke on Monday morning to a gloriously sunny day, and a pleasant paddle back to Anakiwa topped off a great excursion.

At the Monday debrief, all attendees agreed that the venue was fantastic, and that we should have another forum here in 2007.

The attendance at this forum was slightly disappointing at only around 70. For an organisation of over 500 this is of some concern particularly since this is the National KASK forum rather than a regional "mini forum". I would welcome any feedback from members as to why this may be so.

On the positive side, we made a small profit of just over \$500, which will go towards assisting future forums.

So, lets make the 2007 forum at Anakiwa a success, and achieve a "record" attendance. The date will be in March. It was co-incidental that Easter fell on the only available weekend in March this year. We will be informed of the available weekend towards the end of this year when Outward Bound determine their programme.

In the meantime, we look forward to the 2006 national forum at a venue still to be determined at time of writing. Please support your national forum, it is not only a great opportunity for training, and socialising but also, through the AGM, to be heard on your views on how KASK should be working for YOU, not to mention the one opportunity in the year to meet your committee. Updates will appear in the newsletters, and also on the KASK website.

See you at the 2006 Forum  
Happy Paddling  
Helen Woodward  
KASK Forum Officer

## LETTER TO THE EDITOR

### **Kayak Lights** **From:- Sandy Ferguson** **20 June 2005**

Now I'm confused, "a strobe should never be used.... [except] as a last resort when collision is imminent" - page 6, No 116 newsletter. Page 3 and page 6 conflict on the wording of this, page 3 saying "never" and page 6 saying "if".

In the real world situation - you are to all intents and purposes stationary, as far as a 20 knot power boat is concerned. If paddling in a harbour, all that they might see are masses of street lights, including your "stationary" all round white light. At what point is "a collision imminent" and can you actually see where this power boat is that is approaching from behind? Personally I could argue that the collision was imminent as soon as I left the shore at the start of the trip.

As for the suggestion of "sounding 5 short blasts", what power boater would hear the type of horn that a kayaker could carry, over the noise of their motor? Five short blasts, taking 8 seconds in all means that the power boat at 20 knots must be a long way off to hear them all and still have time to react after they've realized what they had heard, figured what the direction was and then changed course. Maybe someone should do some experimenting and checkout "real world performance".

20 knots = 37k/hr = 600 metre/minute = 60 m in 10 sec. Note that at 20 knots the power boat would only be up on the plane and likely to be going faster.

Allow 100 metres so there's 50 metres to turn in. Actually you could need 200 metres to allow "thinking time". How many decibels to be heard at 100+ metres over the engine noise?

Maybe it should be worded - "an all round white light and a strobe" as I've seen the Coast Guard use, regardless of what the rules say.

There is the law and there is safety and they don't always match in all situations. Flashing lights on bicycles were always illegal. They have finally been legalized because they are seen to work and everyone uses them. Similarly with flashing turn indicators on cars, the law was changed to accommodate what had become the default standard. Note of course that none of this (flashing strobes) applies to a super tanker and international collision rules tend to be written for the big ships.  
Sandy

## WEBSITES & REQUESTS

### **Kayak Night Lights**

Wellington paddler Beverly Burnett is writing a comprehensive article on lights for paddling at night. She is seeking input from other paddlers as to various forms of lights used. The final report will appear in both the KASK and Wellington network newsletters. Contact details are:  
email: [bburn55@hotmail.com](mailto:bburn55@hotmail.com)  
snail mail:  
4/110 Muritai Road,  
Eastbourne, Wellington.

### **Greenland Kayak Building Site**

From: Alex Ferguson  
A web site by Wolfgang Brinck, the author of a book about building the Aluetian kayak. He has now "moved east" and gives the steps on building a Greenland boat.

<http://www.wolfgangbrinck.com/boats/boatbuilding/greenlandprocess/index.html>  
Sandy

### **Antarctic Expedition Website**

The John Rymill Memorial Antarctic Kayak Expedition team, which comprises Laurie Geoghegan, Stuart Trueman and Andrew McAuley, are planning a paddle along the west coast of the Antarctic Peninsula. For more information check out the expedition website at:  
<http://www.andrewmcauley.com/antarctica.html>

(more on page 15)

## NEW ZEALAND TRIP REPORTS

### **Crossing Cook Strait in a Wooden Kayak with a Greenland Paddle and a Fast Paddling Partner.** by Pete Notman

On 18 April 2005 two kayakers completed a crossing of Cook Strait. There was nothing particularly spectacular about the effort other than I used a home built cedar strip kayak and a Greenland paddle. And who said you need a rudder to cross Cook Strait or to qualify as a sea kayak?

In contrast, Dave Fisher, my accomplice, used his partner's Quality-kayak 'Skua' with a rudder and all the sea kayak trimmings. Both boats performed well and if anything I had to dig deep at times to keep up with the "fleet" Dave Fisher. Our crossing took 4.5 hours, leaving from Makara and heading West past the Southern Brothers Island then north around Cape Koamaru.

While conditions weren't perfect on the day, the neapest of neap tides and a light sea state left over from a dying southerly, demanded the minimum of navigation and paddling skills. All we

Ready to Launch



had to do was to keep those paddles moving.

Good conditions for crossing Cook Strait are most likely to be found with a large, moderate high pressure cell (1024 hp) centred over Wellington. A number of successful crossings by swimmers seem to occur in March. Picking neap tides isn't a bad idea because that will minimise the impact of tidal streams.

Conditions that we weren't looking for would be: jack-rabbiting across Cook Strait before a nasty unpredictable frontal system that is usually preceded by gale force north west wind followed by a strong cold southerly wind. Fronts are best avoided 'like the plague' and I wasn't interested much in any sort of a northerly which seem to only come in the "15 knots or more" variety.

March 2005 came and went with a procession of fronts with many 'squirrelly' ultra high pressure systems (1030 hp) taunting us. An ultra high pressure system can sometimes be as bad as a low pressure system. At 1030 hp, the gradient between the high pressure and anything else seems to produce strong winds.

So we just cooled our heels and waited and waited and waited. Indeed, saying we will have to wait for the next high was starting to wear thin. Then with the passing of daylight saving

time, things were beginning to look like we wouldn't be paddling across Cook Strait this year at least.

But on 18 April we got most of the weather forecast that we were looking for and "went for it".

Getting to Makara was a blur of throwing gear together and packing kayaks onto the car early in the morning. The early start still didn't get us across Wellington city before the morning rush hour traffic.

The usual rat race route to Makara via Aro street and down though a wicked zig-zag and on through to Karori was blocked by street works. A handy detour sign guided us to the left in which seemed to be a likely alternative route. But then the red detour signs took us left again ("Hmmm, must be a bit of a gully, it will go right soon.") But then the red arrows took us left and then left again in a huge unnecessary loop. Finally we got back on track, heading to our launch point, but dizzy after a waste of a good 15 minute's driving time.

Sometimes starting is the hardest part.

Consequently it was a relief to finally get to Makara, unload the kayaks off the car, park the car outside a friend's place and then rig up our paddling apparel. Today I was wearing a home made tuilik in a suitably high viz red with a dorky but sun smart white hat and shorts. Dave was wearing a nice paddle jacket with a sensible red hat. I don't know why anybody needs to know this because the only things that would be seeing us would be a lonely fishing trawler heading south in the distance, some albatross, shearwaters, cape pigeons and a few curious dolphins that came over to check us out as we neared the Brothers Islands.

The crossing progressed rather swimmingly (for someone who was sitting snug and dry in a kayak tracking across the ground at 4+ knots). One of the many thoughts that crossed my mind during our crossing was: "Bugger swimming this. It must be a long, long, lonely slog for those swimmers that cross Cook Strait. Those 'Cook

Strait swimmers' must truly be a hearty breed."

Dave and I shot out of Makara Bay at close to 5 knots GPS but deliberately tempered our enthusiasm with a unanimous decision to settle the pace down to a touch over 4 knots (saving something in reserve?). We also agreed to have a rest break every hour to have a snack. This carved our crossing into quarters. With the passing of each hour, we ran down another 4 NM and the Brothers Islands got progressively closer and closer.

A light-moderate stern quarter wind made conditions slightly lively and slowed our pace a little. It was actually fun bobbing and swooping about and for once I could really say that I was a "sea kayaker". But the conditions were otherwise comfortable. Timing our run to be halfway across at slack water seemed to be working excellently. A transit of the Brothers Island light with Cape Koamaru indicated that we were hardly being pushed sideways off course and everything was on track. I stopped monitoring my GPS, only to use it to check our speed over the ground every now and then.

Instead I kept a look out for imaginary sharky fins that I didn't see. I saw plenty of suspicious looking bits of seaweed though. There was a good variety of seabirds including a few albatrosses to test my bird identification skills. One little cape pigeon flew right across my bows several times and then almost clonked himself on the bow itself. Gee that wouldn't read well and I wouldn't even begin to know how to tell the designer, Nick Schade, that among other things his Guillemot [Expedition single] had skewered a cape pigeon in the southern ocean.

The sea life picked up as we neared the Brothers with the oceanic bird species being joined by the more sea-shore gull species. Just as things began to get boisterous, dolphins came to visit us as well. In all the excitement, I heard or rather felt a buzzing through the hull of my kayak: "Mmmmmmm". WHAT WAS

THAT? Possibilities raced through my head: dolphins? sharks? Earthquake? Sharks? Did I say sharks already? "Mmmmmmmmm" there it was again. Could it be a cow? Out here? Mooing????

Then I realized it was my bloody cell phone. I can't stress how annoying having a cell phone in a kayak can be. I once caught a kahawai on a fly rod from my kayak in Evans Bay and it was the angling thrill of a lifetime. It was a big kahawai on a very thin 'tippet' trace. The battle raged for what seemed like 20 minutes. But the experience was marred somewhat by my freaking cell phone ringing at least 3 times.

Then and there I had vowed never to take a cell phone kayaking with me again. However, in my rush to get away I had left my cell phone 'On' and in the pocket of my shorts. The cell phone was ringing in my shorts pocket, wrapped up in my gear, in a drybag, jammed somewhere behind me down the aft hatch. Yet it still managed to vibrate against the kayak hull and baffle me with its cow like baying in the middle of the Strait. Later on, I found out that it had been a call from work, but there was no way I could get to the phone and answer it or do much from a kayak in the middle of Cook Strait. Darndest thing though.

After a straight forward crossing, the land fall was the exciting part. The currents around the Brothers themselves slowed us down at first. There

was a fairly impressive tidal rip running off the south end of the southern Brother. The rip was making its best impression of being a river rapid. With the occasional 2m plus swell marching through as well, we decided the best strategy would be to skirt around the rip rather than barrel through.

So for a very short while we paddled south against the wind and away from Cape Koamaru itself. Then when we deemed that we were beyond the worst of the rip we swung off down wind heading for Cape Koamaru. With the following wind and seas our speed over the ground lifted to a good 6 knots. We were smoking and it was exhilarating.

But the crossing was not over yet. We hit another rip about 200 metre short of Cape Koamaru. This slowed our speed over the ground to only 2 knots. That wasn't any fun, so we ducked close to shore, out of the rip, and soon after rounded Cape Koamaru with the shore only 10 metres away and without further ado.

It was at this point that I said, "Dave, we can swim from here, well done, that was a Cook Strait crossing".

We Paddled around Cape Koamaru and into Queen Charlotte Sound and then straight up wind for about a further half hour to a landing on a likely looking bay on Arapawa Island. For an old (46 years) fart, I was in pretty good shape. I did get a bit of a twinge from stomach cramp when I leaned

Peter off the Brothers. Photo: David Fisher



forward to pull off my spray skirt. The old arms were a bit stiff but the only thing I had to really show for my efforts were some blisters on my left hand. A small price to pay.

We paddled on our way heading steadily towards Blumine Island, the likely place that we would be spending the night. I had packed some food, a fly tent, sleeping bag and sleeping mat etc. and would have been comfortable enough. However I was starting to regret not putting in a bucket more of food supplies.

Dave was keen on getting a water taxi to pick us up and whisk us off to Picton, the ferry and then home. This option wasn't looking too good because it was Monday and pretty much into the off-season. There didn't seem to be any water taxis to be found.

Finally Dave talked to a chap that was doing the last run of the day, stopping off at Bay of Many Coves at 6 o'clock. We did the math and with the persisting headwind, that wasn't going to

happen. We asked if we could persuade him to come further north to Dryden Bay and he said "Yup, be there at 6:15."

Indeed our prospects were looking up. Instead of dry bread, vegemite and 'noodles in a cup' we were looking at Blue Cod fillets in cognac sauce, with sautéed vegetables all washed down with Monteiths Black ale. The very thought was enough to dig deep into our reserve energy stocks and we managed a turn of speed that brought our average speed back up to a touch under 4 knots for the day's (8.5 hours) paddling.

We reached Dryden Bay wharf just on dusk with 15 minutes to carry the kayaks to the end of the wharf and change before the water taxi came around the point. Then it was off to Picton and catch the ferry back to Wellington (after the blue cod and cognac sauce of course) by midnight to cap off a grand adventure.

Things I would do differently next time?

1. Go a bit slower and enjoy the moment. Dave set a fierce pace which enabled us to literally fly across the strait in double quick time. But we didn't have to go quite that fast and we didn't really have enough time to enjoy the experience. I put this down to first time crossing nerves and we should be a bit more relaxed next time.

2. Daylight saving would give you more options at the end of the crossing to set up camp and celebrate the auspicious occasion.

3. Summer would be warmer for the 'après crossing' activities.

4. Take more food so that you don't have to rely on water taxis and then the crossing could be followed by a bit of a Sounds cruise.

Pete Notman  
Wellington, New Zealand

## PRESERVATION INLET

### **Sandflies, Seafood and Paddling: A Fiordland Story. by David Mangnall**

The vibration on the tent roof sound like rain but I knew it wasn't. The rain like sound was in fact hundreds (maybe thousands - I never stopped to count) of sandflies who'd decided to hold a breakfast meeting in the cavity between our tent and fly walls. Although behind our protective mesh screen we were safe, Paul and I knew it was time to try and out run our awaiting posse as it was another superb Fiordland day outside. Rain and sandflies both synonymous with Fiordland and both inextricably linked to this landscape and to each other.

We had started paddling from Preservation Inlet two days earlier and were now camped at the head of Edwardson Sound. The ideal conditions that had accompanied us so far looked set to continue as we planned to explore the

surrounding area before heading back down the sound to the head of Chalky Inlet.

If you are going to be weather bound on a Fiordland island then Chalky Island is an ideal location. An absence of sandflies (probably due to there being no freshwater on the island), a sheltered campsite and an abundant supply of Paua helped make our stay comfortable while we waited out a passing front and its accompanying 50 knot winds, driving rain and sea conditions, uninviting for sea kayakers. It was now day eight of our two week trip so we were all ready for a change from our daily routine of paddling and camping. Now being predator free, Chalky Island has a network of tracks made by DoC staff to facilitate the eradication programme and subsequent introduction and monitoring of Kakapo.

Sadly no Kakapo remain, some succumbing to a mystery illness and the

rest being evacuated before it was too late. We did enjoy close encounters with Saddleback, Fiordland Crested Penguin and Sooty Shearwaters, the Sooty Shearwater encounter most memorable for Paul. While waiting with his Sony camera, as one flew into him as it descended through the bush canopy to its burrow one evening.

The return paddle around Gulches Head was the antithesis of the previous week's calm conditions, when we had enjoyed exploring every nook, cranny and sea cave along the coastline. A four metre swell intensified our feelings about this exposed headland between Chalky and Preservation inlets. The sea crashing over Balleny Reef to our right was intimidating and the rebounding swell off the cliffs to our right kept us focused and heightened our awareness of our surroundings.

This was no place to capsize - a moment's inattention, one mistake,



could put others at risk as effecting a rescue here would be a serious and testing proposition.

Our already adequate food supplies were being readily supplemented by the results of Dave and Annie's fishing skills. *Continental Four Cheeses* is no match for a steady diet of Hapuka, Paua, Scallops, Trumpeter, Gurnard and Blue Cod. Having access to such a bountiful and accessible supply of seafood was a real highlight of the trip but also a sad reminder of what my home waters of the Marlborough Sounds may have once been like.

Our last few days were spent exploring Preservation Inlet. Visits to the infamous Puysegur Point lighthouse and weather station, the Alpha Battery above what was once Cromarty, and a paddle to the head of the aptly named Long Sound before it was time to rendezvous with the other groups and hitch a ride with Iain and the 'Jewel'.

David Mangnall.

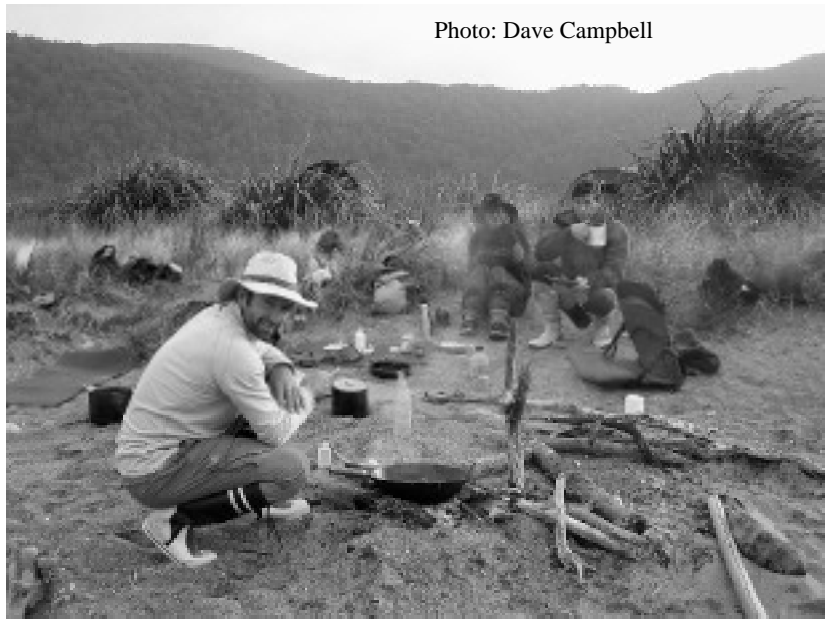


Photo: Dave Campbell



Headnet protection for Fiordland's sandflies. Photo: Paul Chaplow



Annie Perkins with a whopper fish. Photo: Dave Campbell

# A Touch of Fiordland

## Hollyford River to Deep Cove, Doubtful Sound

By Bob Wishart

### Day One

Max Grant and Ian Algie, caught the 1.30am ferry on 30 April from Wellington and were down in Christchurch by 10.30am, and that was only part of the trip. They picked up myself, Bob Wishart and my Prijon Kodiak and headed down to Invercargill... Fiordland was our destination.

Just on dark, we arrived at Ray Phillips, one of the local radio hams, just north of Invercargill. After listening to and relying on his local knowledge, we changed our plan to paddle north, from Te Waewae bay to Deep Cove in Doubtful Sound. Instead, because of predicted gale force southerlies across Foveaux Strait, the new route to Deep Cove was going to be south from the Hollyford River, across Lake McKerrow.

After making a plan to sched back at 6.30pm each night we hired a mountain radio set and took up Stan and Belinda Mulvaney's offer to stay a night. Both have a vast knowledge of Fiordland, are passionate about the area, have walked, climbed, and paddled a large percentage of it and don't need to be told what a paradise they have at their doorstep. We could have stayed up all night listening to their stories and seeing their photos, but after a time, beds became quite an attraction, especially with an early start planned for the morning. Going by the noise Ian made during the night, some of us were very tired!

### Day Two

A plate of Stan and Belinda's muesli followed by a couple of cups of tea and we were off. The snow covered mountains, the native forest and deep valleys to our left all the way up, giving us a glimpse of the country that was going to be our environment for the next week. We called into the little

township of Manapouri on the way to see where we would be finishing, the beauty of the lake making us impatient to get started. Before we left we called into the DoC headquarters and told them what we were planning to do.

Finally we arrived at Hollyford area, excited to get started, but thinking, even, for some reason we couldn't, the trip into the area, with all the glorious scenery would have still made the trip worthwhile. The pouring rain and the cold didn't put us off at all. We stopped at the shop at Gunn's camp and arranged to leave the car there. While talking to the woman behind the counter, Mr. Gunn, a well known identity, took his feet out of the stove in the next room, stuck his head round the door and muttered some derogatory comment about our plans, then, without waiting for a reply, closed the door and took his feet back to the warmth.

We unloaded the kayaks at the end of the road where the famous track starts, still with the rain pouring. Max was going to drive the car back to Gunn's camp, leave it there, then run back down the two or three kms to the kayaks. Just as he was deciding to do it, an attractive woman walked out, just finishing the tramp. One look and Max decided to give her the keys to the car [and Ian's wallet and all the gear that we decided not to take], so that she could take it back to Gunns Camp instead. We still have no clue to this day who she is or where she comes from. As Max was spending a bit of time talking to her, two youngish, again attractive American women were walking to the start of the track. Ian and I talked to them and it turned out they were planning to stay their first night in the same hut that we would be. That brought out a few more remarks, one of them being, look out, as Ian can snore. One of them promptly turned around and got something out of her car. She said that she had just gone back to fetch her earplugs!

What is the saying? Is it "Every great journey starts with a single shove down the bank"?

We were straight into the rapids. The river was up so we made good time. It is quite similar to the Wanganui, lots of flat stretches to paddle, log jams to bypass, a multitude of rapids, a couple of exhilarating slots with pressure waves to go through and lots of eddies, that I tended to go round and round on. We soon passed the hut where the American women were going to stay and got to some big rapids that we had to portage around. Three of us took a kayak at a time and we were soon back on the water. We sped past Pyke River that leads up to Lake Alabaster and got to the Lake McKerrow hut just before dark. We were cold, wet and tired but soon had the fire going and dry clothes on. We were so glad that we were in the hut that night, as it bucketed down with rain and gale force winds. All through the night we could hear the river roaring - it sounded right on our door step.

### Day Three

The morning broke to a fine day, and what a glorious day it turned out to be. Lake McKerrow was like glass. When we paddled out of the sandfly zone [to the middle of the lake] we were accosted with the silence.

The forest edge sloped right down to lake side, close by, the calm waters stretched forever and disappeared into mist, and the mountain tops, covered in snow, reflected rays of sun back down on to us. Behind us, a rainbow rose out of the forest and sank into the lake, and in front of us we saw the splashing of a pod of dolphins. We headed them off, hoping that we could play with them, but the fat trout at the river mouth held more attraction. Looking behind us, watching the family of dolphins with their little ones, looking at their size as they jumped out of the water, and taking in the incredible scenery, highlighted with the rainbow, was probably one of the most memorable events of the trip.

Midday we talked to some carpenters on the edge of the lake, who were building an upmarket DoC hut to replace a beautiful DoC hut a couple of hundred metres further along the shore. We shook our heads and carried on.

At the start of the river going out of the lake, there is an area called Jamestown, that was settled in the 1860s and 1870s, and has since reverted back to bush. Stories of the utmost joy and incredible hardship come from this area. Reading Alice McKenzie's book "Pioneers of Martins Bay", it could almost be called the land of shattered dreams. A lot of the surveyed land from Jamestown has been sold to private owners. On one title, there is a large, well equipped lodge with its own airstrip and jetty. We stopped there hoping to bludge a shower, but the lodge was deserted.

As we headed towards the end of the river, we could hear the waves roaring on the other side of sand dunes. It was a sobering sight when we climbed up and looked over their tops - all along the beach, huge waves were crashing down, and breaking from a long way out.

The landing site at Martins Bay was not the easiest, a fast flowing river mouth and large slippery rocks to contend with. The hut is great, a good fire place, and sights to see such as a very prolific seal colony and yellow crested penguins.

#### Day Four

This morning started with a shake - an earthquake at 3.15am. I don't know if there was an aftershock or if it was just my heart bumping. The sleep until daybreak had thoughts of tsunamis. Taking off through the waves was still out of the question, so it was decided that we would paddle back up the Hollyford, cross over the sand dunes to the beach and drag our kayaks right down to the southern end of the beach, where it seemed that the surf was a bit smaller.

Martins Bay is a long beach, particularly when dragging a loaded kayak. A wave tipped Max's kayak over, breaking the rudder shaft. He fortunately had a spare shaft and was able to fix it there and then. Tired of dragging his kayak along the beach, he then made an attempt to get out through the waves, as Ian and I had continued along down the beach. He was pulverised in the process and things could



Ian and Bob studying a 'way out' through the surf at Martins Bay. I did try but got an absolute going over and after a loop and roll, and some very desperate paddling, was able to make it back to the beach. There were some really fierce waves rolling in and thinking back, I was real stupid to have tried to get out. We ended up waiting it out for a day and the sea flattened out for us. Photo: Max Grant

have been bad, if he had not managed to execute a desperate roll and get back to the beach.

By the time we got to the end of the beach it was too late to try to start the trip down the coast so we set up our tents and explored the area. Max and Ian found the remains of the old McKenzie homestead, I found a nest of wasps.

On the wall, by the tap at the Martins Bay hut, there is the standard DoC sign saying pretty much that you drink the water at your own risk. That afternoon, when Max took his last swig of his water container, he discovered a 6-8" long worm partly in his mouth. It looked very similar to the worms that appear after giving young pups a worm pill and it was still wriggling around [He dosed himself soon after getting home!] Thunderous waves were crashing all night.

#### Day Five

We were up well before dawn, impatient to see what the sea would be like; keen to go as strong southerlies were forecast in two days time. There was a definite break in the pattern of the wave sets.... It was all go! The joy of putting wet long johns and

sodden tops on with a frosty morning! We all left the beach OK; I had to twice, as I left, stupidly, of all things, my life jacket behind the first time.

What a fantastic paddle down the coast. A big lazy six metre swell coming up from the south but the current was with us and the surface was like a mirror. There was no wind, except for the gentle breeze that we could feel on our cheeks as we surfed down the face of each swell - a constant wake left on each side of our bow. The swell was tearing itself apart on the rocks far to our left, sending spumes of water tens of meters up into the air, the thunder of it reverberating across the water.

Civilization appeared at the entrance to Milford Sound, a couple of fishing boats and a large tourist launch. We managed to find a landing spot on Fox Point, right at the entrance to the Sound, had a quick bite to eat and toilet stop then set off again. Being wet through, it doesn't take long to get cold sitting around.

Seabreeze Point stood out way in the murky distance, and concentrating on paddle strokes, and trying not to think of our burning shoulder muscles, we managed to get around it and into Poison Bay. The only campsite was as



Ian off the automatic lighthouse on St. Anne Point at the entrance to Milford Sound. Photo: Max Grant

far in as we could possibly go, but well worth it. A lovely spot boasting a sandy beach and a small river with sparkling water.

We were amused to find that we had blundered on to what seemed to be the scene of a fisherman's vendetta. There was a well used campsite there that had been trashed. All the camp gear, pots, tarpaulin and all had been put into a pile and burnt, all except a pair of gumboots that had been left. When I inspected the boots, each one had a rotten crayfish in it! Scavenged potatoes from the site proved a treat when roasted in the embers that night.

### Day Six

We started early with the prospect of another long day. The sched the night before still talked about the approaching gale force southerly. Again we had the large swell and pleasant paddling. My shoulders must have been getting used to it as I felt the going seemed to be getting a bit easier. Max had had some crook scroggin, and

with the worm still on his mind, was a bit off colour, he had a bad day. Ian was as usual out front, leading the way and as happy as a sandboy.

We were definitely in Fiordland as we had three Fiords to pass, Sutherland, Bligh, and George if we were to get to Caswell where we hoped to camp the night. As we paddled past each sound, we would get a blast of cold air coming out of the valleys onto the sea from the snow covered mountains.

We came to Looking Glass Bay and decided it was time for a break. There was a small rocky cove right at the entrance which I landed on. The waves threw me on to the rocks, filling the kayak with water and, as I found out later, cracking the rudder mounting. As I was so often to think; I was glad that we all had plastic kayaks - all three took a beating at various stages. Max saw what happened, so decided to land on a sandy stretch further around. Apparently, a wave caught him and gave him a fast surf onto the

beach and when he decided to come back off, another wave gave him a good going over. He had to do another roll and doing so managed to lose our only map, and, worse for him, he lost the special sou'wester which, obtained in Canada, he has had for years. Ian saw what happened to the both of us and decided to stay in his kayak! [about 9 hours total]

Max has done countless sea trips and up until now, had never had to do a roll. This trip he had to twice, justifying the decision off both Max and Ian to take their flat paddles and not the wing paddles that they normally use. Max said that he can not roll with a wing paddle.

Being map-less and relying on memory, we made it to Caswell Sound and camped just around the corner of the entrance into the sound. As the sides of the Sound are so steep we were lucky to find this spot. It was a bit eerie. Slips had smashed down from hundreds of feet up above and

huge trees had been pulverised into matchwood. The rain from a couple of days ago had spewed further debris over most of the area. We were stretched to find three tent sized reasonably flat sites, one had been occupied by a deer a few hours before. Going to sleep brought up thoughts of rocks tearing through our tents. We did receive some good news though, through our mountain radio that night. The marine forecast for the next day had changed from a gale force southerly to a strong north-westerly, confirming what we had been told by a fishing boat earlier that day. Ian also received news from his brother that he now owned a house he had been negotiating to buy before the trip.

### Day Seven

We were a little bit late with getting started. We launched our kayaks then Max realised he had lost his spare paddle shaft. He went back to the campsite and managed to take on a partly submerged tree in the process. He rejoined us without the shaft but with a beautifully stoved in nose on his brand new kayak.

The radio sched at the end of yesterday promised nor'westers, the southerly forgotten about. Along with rain they arrived with vengeance. Going round the point, out of the sound, was like paddling through a washing machine. If we had changed hats we could have been on bucking horses. With that in mind, it was a frenzied gallop down the coast. The waves started to get pretty big. The strap from my head warmer came undone, and with the wind from behind, it was stingingly striking my face. The only thing I could do was to hold it in my teeth. I didn't dare take my hands off the paddle to do it up.

Half the time we seemed to be out of control, it took all our efforts to even attempt to stay in a straight line. Often we would be careering across each others bows or worse still, left nearly straddling our mate's stern. While doing all this I couldn't help but think that all our sea rescue techniques would be really tested if we had to use them.

We whizzed past Charles and Nancy

sounds and the corner of Secretary Island directed us into Thompson Sound where the waves and the wind were much kinder. Even so when we put our paddles up in the air and didn't paddle, with the wind behind us we were still moving along at a brisk pace.

Just as we entered the sound, the rudder mounting on my kayak gave up and broke clean off. I hate to think what would have happened if it had broken while we were gallivanting down the coast.

We arrived at a hut in Deas Cove, but despite being wet through and cold, we decided to move on. The hut had been condemned because of a huge slip up above it, and beside we had managed such good time up to then.

At Blanket Bay we talked to some volunteer workers who were sitting on the deck of Fisherman's Cafe. They were cleaning up all the rubbish off the beaches.

Gut Hut, just around the corner was

Ian and Bob off the entrance to Crooked Arm in Doubtful Sound. Photo: Max Grant



worth paddling to. We had it to ourselves... no-one else to hear the screams from the cold shower or to be embarrassed by the naked old men hurriedly donning dry long-johns to get warm. Max found his spare paddle shaft as he unpacked his kayak!

### Day Eight

Fiordland weather, the rain and the wind from yesterday had transformed into a glorious morning. Doubtful Sound at its best. With the mirror surface, the wisps of cloud hovering halfway up the mountain tops, total tranquillity, it was nearly blasphemous to plonk our paddles in the water.

Euphoria is short lasting, the mirror surface, battling against the current, no wind behind our backs, and our destination, way, way in the distance, made us realise we still had a bloody long way to go.

Midday the wisps of cloud gathered together and a wind was soon blowing up the sound and on to our backs. Waves started to appear and we surfed onwards to our destination. The feeling as we rounded the corner to Deep Cove, altogether, can probably be only appreciated by a person who has pushed themselves that little bit fur-

ther, who has... taken on the challenge and succeeded... and who has stunk like a pole cat for the last week and knows that a long hot shower is not far away.

What's better? Jumping into the shower first, while the others wait around, or standing there wet cold and shivering, while the others shower, but knowing that when you finally hop in you can be in there for as long as you like?

Reg and Jo from "Adventure Kayak & Cruise" couldn't do enough to help us; they towed our kayaks over Wilmot Pass and took kayaks and all on their boat across Lake Manapouri. It was pouring with rain when we arrived at the township and they took us up to the backpackers at the local pub, leaving our kayaks in their shed.

The steaks went down very well at the pub and we didn't realise that you could eat so much when you had a 'continental' breakfast.

The next day Reg and Jo drove us back up to our car at Gunn's camp, Max was very quiet on the way up as we mentioned that the car could be anywhere in the South Island, maybe

even going back over Cook Strait without us. But it was there when we arrived.

We had only been there 5 minutes, when Mr. Gunn came out, shook all our hands and had a great conversation.

The rest of the coast of Fiordland hopefully awaits us next summer - if you are female, reasonably attractive, and happen to walk out at the right place, you could possibly acquire some cheap and quite nice transport to do a tour of New Zealand in.

### Kayaks:

Max: Q-Kayaks Tasman Express (plastic)

Ian: Q-Kayaks Penguin (plastic)

Bob: Prjion Kodiak (plastic)

**Distance:** approx 220 kms

1st day 25km

2nd day 22km

3rd day 47 km

4th day 62 km

5th day 40 km

6th day 24km

**Time:** 7 days kayaking [six paddling]

Paddle Strokes: [45/min] 144,000 approx.



From left, Ian, Max and Bob at Deep Cove, Doubtful Sound.

## BOOK REVIEW

**Title:** 'Siku Kayak'

**Sub Title:** Paddling the Coast of Arctic Alaska

**Author:** Ray Jardine

**Published:** 2005

**Publisher:** Adventure Lore Press, USA

**Contents:** 251pp, b&w pics, maps

**Size:** 230x 150mm

**Cover:** Limpbound

**ISBN:** 0 9632359 6 6

**Price:** NZ \$27 (US\$14.95)

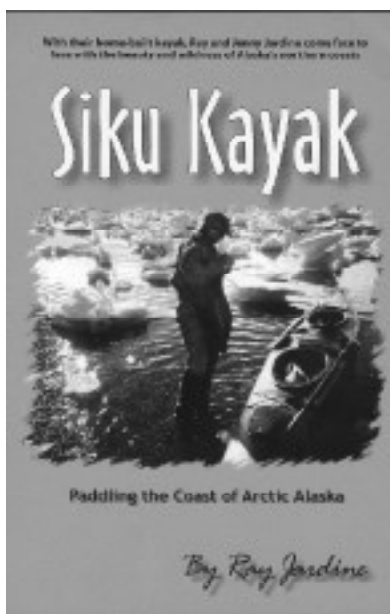
**Reviewer:** Paul Caffyn

**Availability:** Canoe & Outdoor World, Christchurch

In 1987, Ray and Jenny Jardine set off from Anacortes, Washington, and paddled a double kayak 1,100 miles up the west coast of British Columbia to Skagway in S.E. Alaska. After portaging the Chilkoot Trail, they paddled 2,000 miles down the Yukon River to its mouth in the Bering Sea. In 1995, with a home built double kayak, Ray and Jenny paddled 600 miles from the Yukon River mouth north along the coast of Alaska to the small village of Shishmaref.

'Siku Kayak' is the story of their 1,400 mile trip in 1996 from Shishmaref around the northern coast of Alaska to Kaktovik. Their plan was to complete the trip at Inuvik, the only road accessible village on the northern coast of Canada. As I had paddled this section of coast back in 1991, from Nome to Inuvik, I was keen to get my hands on a copy of the book to see how Ray and Jenny fared in the ice bound waters of northern Alaska.

After a brief prologue, Ray details with photos and text, the building of a new lightweight double, for the 1996 trip. It was named 'Siku Kayak' after the Inupiaq words for sea-ice boat. Unable initially to fly the kayak to Shishmaref, they set off from Nome on 7 June. After a capsizing during a surf landing, and problems with a tent unable to tolerate strong winds, they turned back for Nome. A new tent on order, they arranged for the kayak to be flown into Shishmaref, and launched again on 19 June, and picked up the new tent in Kotzebue.



The story then follows their progress up to Barrow, the northern tip of Alaska, then eastwards to the Canadian Alaskan border. Twelve miles short of Heschel Island, and with 200 miles remaining to reach Inuvik, on 19 August, they turned back to Kaktovik. Ice floes were packed in hard against the beach, and the onset of winter was being felt with snow falling overnight and freezing temperatures.

The story is told in a trip report 'day by day' style, with section maps showing the daily campsites and main geographic features. Numerous black and white photos are pasted in with the text, up to two a page, but mostly uncaptioned and the quality of the photo reproduction is poor. I would have liked to have seen some contrast to the day by day narrative with insights into the local history, people, fauna, flora and maritime history.

An author's profile concludes the book, with an amazing list of adventures that Ray and Jenny have achieved, including a 53 day row across the Atlantic Ocean in 2002. Ray is well known in climbing circles for his invention of the cam device known as a Friend.

To conclude, an insight into the highlights and lowlights of paddling the coast of Arctic Alaska, told in a trip report narrative style.

Paul Caffyn

## MONTANA BOOK AWARDS

**from: Kerry-Jayne Wilson**

KASK members dominate the Environment section of the Montana Book Awards. Of the three books on the short list two are written by KASK members. Graham Charles, Mark Jones, Marcus Waters and Sarah Moodie's 'The Frozen Coast', sea kayaking the Antarctic Peninsula; and 'Flight of the Huia', ecology and conservation of New Zealand's frogs, reptiles, birds and mammals by Kerry-Jayne Wilson, are both listed. The third book is 'Tiritiri Matangi', A model for conservation by Anne Rimmer, who I don't believe is a KASK member.

## WEBSITES & CONTACTS

(continued from p. 5)

### Tasmanian Circumnavigation

Alon Ohad recently completed a successful circumnavigation of Tasmania with Misha Hoichman. You can find the details in this web site: <http://www.hoichman.com/tasmania>

### Mangakino Contact

Mike Peers was around Mangakino and bumped into this chap - Bill Davis. He was very helpful and has volunteered his services in finding good cheap accommodation and car shuttles, etc. at reasonable rates. He has asked if this can be put in the next newsletter for anyone visiting that area.

Bill notes he can help anybody who is looking for accommodation in Mangakino. You can call him on 07-8828484 mostly evenings as he is very busy during the day. If anybody calls to Mangakino during the day, Bill will be working in the community second hand shop next to the pub/hotel.

## OVERSEAS TRIP REPORTS

### Sea Kayaking at Milos from Iona Bailey

“Then he spoke and the sea was born  
And I saw and marvelled  
And in its midst he sowed  
small worlds in my image and  
likeness:  
Steeds of stone with manes erect  
and amphorae serene  
and the slanting backs of dolphins  
Ios Sikinos Serifos Milos”

‘Odysseus Elytis’ from Axion Esti.  
Translation: Kimon Friar

I have always dreamt of visiting and exploring the Greek Islands. So when I caught sight of an advert in the ‘Sea Kayaker’ magazine for a kayaking holiday on the Greek Island of Milos I wasted no time in arranging a trip there in May 2005. It fitted neatly into our travel itinerary during my sabbatical overseas.

Milos is one of the SW Cyclades group of islands in the Aegean Sea. It has a surface area of 151 sq. kms. and a coastline of 125km. Being at the latitude of 36° it has a pleasant climate with plenty of sunshine and temperatures in the low to mid 20’s°C in May with an average rainfall of half an inch.. The population is about 5000, mostly living in eight villages in the northern part of the island. It was in one of these villages, Triovassalos, that we stayed for the duration of our ‘Explore Milos’ experience.

Milos is in the volcanic arc of the southern Aegean and the resulting geological formations result in an unique array of colours and morphology. The coastline is always changing with beautiful sandy beaches interspersed with cliffs, caves and offshore islands. Hot springs are to be found; one day we kayaked to a natural sauna in a sea cave. Hot sulphur gases have left sulphur deposits on Milos which lend a yellow tinge to the cliffs. Sulphur, along with other minerals have been mined on Milos since

pre Roman times and there is still evidence of some of these ancient mine workings. Nowadays minerals including bentonite, perlite, kaolin, barite and sulphur are exported from Milos. Other important industries include farming, fishing and tourism.

We flew from Athens with Olympic Airlines - a 40 minute flight. We arrived at the airport in Athens to find that our flight was departing in 10 minutes. However this was no problem for Olympic Airlines who not only held up the flight for us but managed to get our luggage on the same plane. It was only a short 10 minute taxi ride from the airport on Milos and we were at the Kaffeino Perros in Triovassalos. Here we were staying in very comfortable and spacious rooms rented by Petronella, wife of our guide, Rod Feldman. Rod is an Australian who met his wife, a local Greek woman, whilst working for a mining company on Milos. At that time he used to explore the coastline by kayak in his spare time and so when his job finished he set up a sea kayaking business about 5 years ago. Petronella and Rod are related to many of the people in Triovassalos.

The village is a dazzling cluster of white concrete buildings interspersed with a maze of narrow winding roads. There are very few tourists on Milos, and providing a visit is planned outside of the Greek holidays ( June and July) the place is peaceful and re-

laxed. Although few of the local people spoke English they were always friendly and helpful. With Rod’s help we were privileged to gain a valuable insight into island village life.

Human habitation on Milos dates back to Stone Age era ( 7000 - 2800BC ) when man fashioned implements out of stone. Milos became richer than its neighbours because of the existence of obsidian, a hard black volcanic rock used for making sharp implements and weapons. There are many relics and artifacts from Milos’ past in the local museum and some interesting archeological sites to explore including a Roman amphitheatre and the Christian Catacombs. However the most famous ‘find’ on Milos was undoubtedly the statue now displayed at the Louvre, Paris called ‘Venus de Milos’

Rod met us each morning at 9am in the Kaffeino to discuss plans for the day. The tides in the Aegean have little impact on kayakers, however the wind dictates the days activities. The wind is either from the north (more common in summer) or the south. It can be very strong at times. Each day Rod would download a forecast from [www.weatheronline.co.uk](http://www.weatheronline.co.uk) which apparently gives very accurate wind speed and direction. Rod appeared to know every inch of the coastline and has day trips planned for all conditions. We generally left the village at 10am stopping along the way to buy

Kayaking at Milos. Photo: Iona Bailey





fresh baked bread for lunch. The kayaks were mainly Italian made Rainbow brand. The designs appeared similar to Q kayaks and seemed adequate for the conditions.

Most days the skies and sea were a deep blue and the air temperatures in the mid to upper 20's C. The water is crystal clear enabling a wonderful view of the sea with it's multicoloured jigsaw of rock formations. We saw very little marine or bird life. However this was more than compensated for by the fascinating coastline. Each day we explored a different area, meandering along in and out of caves and around islands. Rod's knowledge of the local geology enabled us to understand the rock formations and identify mineral deposits. Swimming, snorkelling and practising kayaking skills were all on the agenda. The distances paddled each day were modest (10 - 20km) but the variety of the terrain meant it was never boring. We visited several small fishing villages hugging the cliffs and in some cases actually built into the rock itself. We



Iona on the beach at Milos.

usually finished each day about 5pm which gave us plenty of time to explore the local eating places in the evening.

The week flew by and too soon it was time to pack up and move on again. Rod's enthusiasm and fondness for

Milos and it's people was infectious and left us feeling that we had experienced something special. We had a wonderful memorable week and loved the relaxed and friendly lifestyle so rich in culture and history.

Next stop UK and then Alaska.....

## BREAKING BOOK NEWS

### **'Obscured by Waves' almost back in print.**

Kev, at Canoe and Outdoor World in Christchurch, always asks me when the second edition of the South Island book will be back in print. Last time we chatted on the phone, I said it was close, but I needed a good wind up to tidy up the photos. So he gave me a tune up, and I spent three solid weeks tidying up the photos, proofing, doing the layout of the colour plates and designing a cover. On 13 July the completed book went to a Christchurch printer on two CD's, and is due from the binder in mid-August. I will pick them up after I have parted with big mobs of folding stuff.

'Obscured by Waves' was first published by John McIndoe in 1979, with a print run of 2,500, and it was completely sold out by 1984. Some people

have gone to great lengths to obtain a copy, including borrowing from a library and photocopying. And I understand prices in the secondhand bookshops and on the web auction thingy, are up to \$100 for a copy. I have had great difficulty in trying to track down a mint copy in the secondhand shops.

Back in 1993, I gained the publishing rights back from McIndoe, and set about typing out and getting the original copy scanned. The original colour plate separations and maps had been lost, so I had to work up the maps from scratch again using Freehand software. And with experience gained from working on the KASK newsletter, I was able to lay a whole new edition out, with photos and maps included.

This second edition is not a copy of the original format, but a total new book in the same sort of format as

'The Dreamtime Voyage' - big and bold with more black and white photographs. The preface includes an update on all those characters who featured in the original South Island trip.

The main change to the text is changing the term canoe to kayak, with a few tense changes to cover the lighthouses being fully automated. Most of the print run will be limpbound (softcover), but I have also requested a limited run of casebound collector's edition, which will be numbered and signed. Hopefully by the time the next newsletter is printed, I will have information on availability and price.

Lastly, thanks Kev for the tune up. It worked.  
Paul Caffyn

## In the NEWSPAPERS

### **Kayaker Rescued near Opunake 'Greymouth Evening Star' 22 June 2005**

'A capsized kayaker spent two hours in freezing waters off the South Taranaki coast yesterday before being plucked to safety by a rescue helicopter. Police said had it not been for the quick actions of his fishing colleague on shore, Kapuni farmer Derek Cruikshank, 49, would have perished in the rough seas. A gust of wind tipped Mr Cruikshank from his sea kayak as he was setting fishing lines off Puketapu Rd, about 10km south east of Opunake.

Police, two teams of ambulance paramedics, Opunake surf lifesavers with two inflatable rescue boats, and a crowd of onlookers had gathered on cliff tops to watch the rescue. A rescue helicopter dropped two rescue divers into the freezing water, about 800m offshore, just before 10am. The trio was picked up and returned to dry land about 10.10am, after Mr Cruikshank had spent almost two hours in the water.'

### **'Playing Possum' Christchurch Press 9 April 2005**

'Two visitors from the United States were enjoying the peaceful ambience of a Marlborough camping ground, hoping for a glimpse of some native wildlife. Spotting the two eyes of a furry animal in the dark, they were stunned when a New Zealander, who also caught a glimpse, sprinted over, chased it up a tree, seizing it by the tail, dispatched it straight to possum heaven. The two gobsmacked tourists quickly learned how Kiwis feel about pesky possums.'

The writer of this report kept the identity of the possum chaser secret. The camping ground was in the Marlborough Sounds, and the tourists had arrived by rental sea kayaks. Also arriving by kayak, was none other than eagle-eye photographer John Kirk-Anderson, who obviously has excellent tree climbing ability.

### **'Abel Tasman to get new status' Christchurch Press 15 July 2005**

'Reserve status for the foreshore of Abel Tasman National Park would allow measures to be introduced to better manage commercial activity there, Conservation Minister Chris Carter says. He announced yesterday he had given the go-ahead for the park's foreshore to become a scenic reserve. The foreshore reserve should be in place this summer and would be jointly managed by DoC and Tasman District Council.

"Giving reserve status to the Abel Tasman foreshore will enable better management of commercial activity and visitor numbers along this outstandingly beautiful stretch of coastline," Carter said. About 160,000 people visit Abel Tasman each year, and increasingly people were entering by kayak and water taxi. "With growth in visitors there is a risk the natural environment will be degraded and that overcrowding could spoil people's enjoyment of the area."

Carter said that at present there was no legal mechanism for controlling commercial activity on the foreshore, or for controlling the number of people entering the park by means of commercial activities. "Reserve status will allow measures to be introduced to better manage this." It would initially apply only to the foreshore areas that had been surveyed, around two thirds of approximately 90km in total. Remaining areas would be brought into the scenic reserve once they had been surveyed.

Once the foreshore reserve was created, the next step was preparing a management plan for it. Carter said the public would have input into this plan. The proposal for the scenic reserve came out of a 2001 report facilitated by Nelson Mayor Paul Matheson. He had been appointed to consider foreshore management options in conjunction with an advisory board made up of council, DoC, commercial operations, resident's groups, the Nelson/Marlborough conservation Board and iwi.'

### **Kayaker to the Rescue 'Christchurch Press' 28 March 2005**

'Dunedin. Police urged people to be aware of rips on a Dunedin beach after a surfer was rescued there yesterday. Senior Sergeant Brian Benn said a man got into difficulty after being caught in a rip while surfing alone off Smaills Beach in Dunedin about 1.45pm. The man's friends on the beach became concerned at how long it was taking him to return and asked a kayaker to help. They also called emergency services, but by the time they arrived, the kayaker had rescued the man, Benn said.'

## MAGAZINES

The June 2005 'Sea Kayaker' magazine's main feature is 'Camping in Comfort.' Also some nifty mouth watering meals options in articles on 'Camp Cuisine' and 'Momentous Meals'. The gear review section continues with the camping in comfort theme, including a portable shower unit with water heating from a pair or propane fuel canisters and a six volt pump. Several innovative tips also, such as estimating high tide level on shore before setting up camp by using a plastic bag full of water, and using black rubbish bags for 'solar' warming of water for a scrub.

The paddler featured in the profile article, is Jon Turk, author of the book 'Cold Oceans' which was published in 1998. Jon's longest trip commenced in 1999, after he had planned a trip from Hokkaido up Russia's Kuril Island chain towards the Kamchatka Peninsula. A new book on this trip, 'In the Wake of the Jomon' is due for release shortly.

An over the side rescue is featured in the technique section, and editor Chris Cunningham writes of paddling Croatia's Elafiti Islands. The 'bugger file' safety feature is a story of a solo paddler who dislocated his shoulder during a capsize and was exceedingly fortunate to be spotted and picked up by the crew of a yacht.

## HUMOUR

### Out of the mouths of Youngsters

A little girl was talking to her teacher about whales. The teacher said it was physically impossible for a whale to swallow a human because even though it was a very large mammal, its throat was very small. The little girl stated that Jonah was swallowed by a whale. Irritated, the teacher reiterated that a whale could not swallow a human; it was physically impossible. The little girl said, "When I get to heaven I will ask Jonah". The teacher asked, "What if Jonah went to hell?" The little girl replied, "Then you ask him".

A Kindergarten teacher was observing her classroom of children while they were drawing. She would occasionally walk around to see each child's work. As she got to one little girl who was working diligently, she asked what the drawing was. The girl replied, "I'm drawing God." The teacher paused and said, "But no one knows what God looks like." Without missing a beat, or looking up from her drawing, the girl replied, "They will in a minute."

A Sunday school teacher was discussing the Ten Commandments with her five and six year olds. After explaining the commandment to "honor" thy Father and thy Mother, she asked, "Is there a commandment that teaches us how to treat our brothers and sisters?" Without missing a beat one little boy (the oldest of a family) answered, "Thou shall not kill."

One day a little girl was sitting and watching her mother do the dishes at the kitchen sink. She suddenly noticed that her mother had several strands of white hair sticking out in contrast on her brunette head. She looked at her mother and inquisitively asked, "Why are some of your hairs white, Mom?" Her mother replied, "Well, every time that you do something wrong and make me cry or unhappy, one of

my hairs turns white." The little girl thought about this revelation for a while and then said, "Momma, how come ALL of grand-ma's hairs are white?"

The children had all been photographed, and the teacher was trying to persuade them each to buy a copy of the group picture. "Just think how nice it will be to look at it when you are all grown up and say, "There's Jennifer, she's a lawyer," or "That's Michael, He's a doctor." A small voice at the back of the room rang out, "And there's the teacher, she's dead."

The children were lined up in the cafeteria of a Catholic elementary school for lunch. At the head of the table was a large pile of apples. The nun made a note, and posted on the apple tray: "Take only ONE. God is watching." Moving further along the lunch line, at the other end of the table was a large pile of chocolate chip cookies. A child had written a note, "Take all you want. God is watching the apples."

### Football Final

A man sits down at the Crusaders final next to an empty seat. It's a sell out event. As the game begins, he comments to the man on the other side of the empty seat that it's surprising someone bought a ticket and didn't turn up. "This is incredible" said the man. "Who in their right mind would have a seat like this for the Crusader's final, the biggest sporting event of the year, and not use it?" The first guy says "Well, actually, the seat belongs to me. I was supposed to come with my wife, but she passed away. This is the first final we haven't been to together since we got married in 1967." "Oh ... I'm sorry to hear that. That's terrible. But couldn't you find someone to come with you - a friend or relative, or even a neighbour to take the seat?" The man sadly shakes his head, "No. They're all at the funeral."

### Why I Fired My Secretary

Two weeks ago was my 45th birthday and I wasn't feeling too good that morning.

I went to breakfast knowing my wife would be pleasant and say, "Happy Birthday!" and probably have a present for me.

As it turned out, she didn't even say good morning, let alone any happy birthday.

I thought, well, that's wives for you, the children will remember. The children then came in to breakfast and didn't say a word.

So when I left for the office, I was feeling pretty low and despondent. As I walked into my office, my secretary Janet said, "Good morning, Boss. Happy Birthday!" And I felt a little better that someone had remembered.

I worked until noon, then Janet knocked on my door and said, "You know, it's such a beautiful day outside, and it's your birthday, let's go to lunch, just you and me."

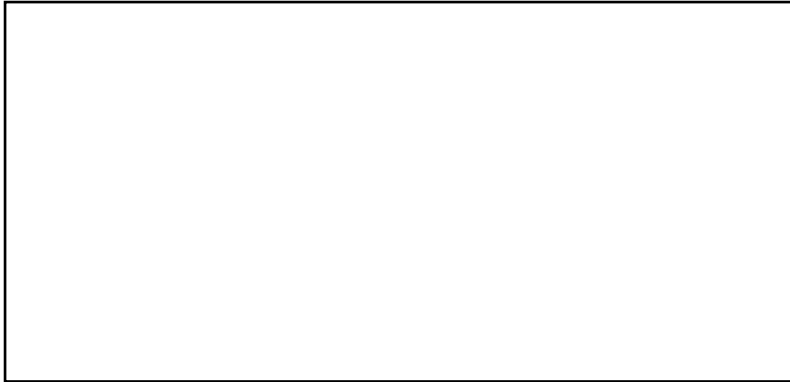
I said, "By George, that's the greatest thing I've heard all day. Let's go!" We went to lunch. We didn't go where we normally go; instead we went out to a private little place. We had two martinis and enjoyed lunch tremendously.

On the way back to the office, she said, "You know, it's such a beautiful day. We don't need to go back to the office, do we?" I said, "No, I guess not." She said, "Let's go to my apartment."

After arriving at her apartment she said, "Boss, if you don't mind, I think I'll go into the bedroom and slip into something more comfortable." She went into the bedroom and, in about six minutes, she came out carrying a huge birthday cake - followed by my wife, children, and dozens of our friends, all singing Happy Birthday.

And I just sat there - on the couch - naked.

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### **KASK MEMBERSHIP POLICY**

Current membership fees are:

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