

THE SEA CANOEIST NEWSLETTER



*Images from the 2006 Fourth Edition of the KASK Handbook.
Photos: top - John Kirk-Anderson Bottom - Paul Caffyn*

**The Journal of the Kiwi Association
of Sea Kayakers (N.Z.) Inc. - KASK**
No. 123 June - July 2006



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 Subscription

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

A subscription form can be downloaded from the KASK website. Cheques should be made out to: K.A.S.K. (NZ) Inc. & mailed to:
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4th. Ed. KASK HANDBOOK Updated to July 2006

For a copy (or trade orders) of this mother of all sea kayaking handbooks, contact Paul Caffyn, RD 1, Runanga, 7873, West Coast.

e-mail: kayakpc@xtra.co.nz
RRP: \$ 34.90
Price: \$ 20 (for KASK member renewals only, to November 2006)
New members: gratis
Make cheques out to KASK (NZ) Inc.

The fourth edition of the KASK Handbook, 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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INDEX

EDITORIAL	p.3
LETTERS TO THE EDITOR	
Paddle Leashes & Night Lights John Kirk-Anderson	p.5
Tory Channel Incident Alan Byde	p.5
AT Sea Kayak Paddles Don Allardice	p.6
OVERSEA REPORTS	
The Danube from Vincent Maire	p.7
Crossing the Ditch Victorian email	p.17
NEW ZEALAND TRIP REPORTS	
Fiordland Reunion by Mike Rowley	p. 8
Voyage of the Gumotex by Stanley Mulvanyp.	p.14
100kms in One Day (Waikato R) by Mike Bell	p.17
FIRST SEA KAYAKING TRIPS	
1986 Dusky Sound Expedition by Bill Anderson	p.9
THE 'BUGGER!' FILE	
Near Miss in the Surf at Mount Maunganui by Steve Knowles & Iona Bailey	p.12
NETWORK REPORTS	
Waikato from Evan Pugh	p.13
CALENDAR	p.17
TERRIBLE HUMOUR	P.19

THANKS

To all the contributors

**DEADLINE FOR
MATERIAL FOR THE
NEXT NEWSLETTER
16 September 2006**

EDITORIAL

ISSN

The Sea Canoeist Newsletter has now been assigned an International Standard Serial Number (ISSN), which will appear on the top right of the cover. The ISSN is the worldwide identification code for serial publications.

Sometime ago, I had an email from a chap researching the history of Hokitika paddler George Park. Although he was able to access the newsletter index on the website, he was not able to find copies of the newsletter in the Wellington National Library.

So I inquired to the legal deposit section of the library, and received a positive response:

I am sorry this newsletter has not come to our attention over the years as it is the type of publication we are interested in. It also falls within the scope of being deposited with the Library under Legal Deposit requirements. This would ensure that the copies supplied are kept by the Library in perpetuity and would be available for research purposes.

We would be interested in receiving future issues of the *Sea Canoeist* for our collections and would appreciate any back-issues you are able to supply; hard copies of these are preferable.

Fortunately I managed to cobble together a full set of 122 newsletters; using some master copies and only one photo-copied newsletter. They were couriered to the Wellington National Library, which will also be added to the newsletter distribution list.

As the newsletter is an on-going history of New Zealand sea kayaking, I believe this move has been well worth the effort.

COASTGUARD EDUCATION

Kerry Howe has now completed a sea kayaking module, that can be included with either the Day Skipper or Boatmaster courses, which are run by Coastguard Boating Education. The concept for this module came from discussion at the December 2005 National Pleasure Boat Forum with Neil Murray who is the training and development manager for CGE.

Neil Murray noted that approximately 3,000 and 2,000 people every year take the Day Skipper or Boatmaster courses respectively, and with sea kayaking as the fastest growing segment of recreational boating in New Zealand, the new module will add to their safety and confidence by emphasising safety issues and giving greater relevance to both both course by including a sea kayaking perspective.

With respect to delivery of the module, Neil Murray noted an intention to use selected existing tutors who have relevant sea kayaking experience, and would be willing to take KASK's advice on this.

The KASK committee was asked by Kerry for comment on the module, plus David Fisher, John Kirk Anderson and Jim Lott of Maritime New Zealand (MNZ). The module now has the full endorsement of both KASK and MNZ. A hearty well done to Kerry for his time and effort on the module, for which the next stage is review by the CG course development committee.

KASK HANDBOOK

The fourth edition of *The KASK Handbook, A Manual for Sea Kayaking in New Zealand*, is now with a Christchurch printer, and due from the binders in mid to late August.

Many years ago, Peter Sullivan - who undertook the editing and layout work of the first edition - noted this was a living work, something that would continue to be updated as time went by. This fourth edition is 204 pages, with another 58 pages added to that of the third edition.

The cover includes four pages of colour photos, that is, including the rear cover and the inside pages of these two. The cover has been redesigned, but following feedback from KASK paddlers, a white coated metal 'wiro' binding is retained to allow the pages to lay flat when the handbook is open. The cover and binding flap will wrap around the wiro bound text pages, which will create more of a book feel.

The printer suggested the inclusion of a clear plastic 'packet' at the end of

the text - an excellent idea - which will be used to include both the KASK membership and *A Basic Guide to Sea Sea Kayaking* brochures.

There are many completely new chapters, plus most chapters have been amended, corrected and updated. A prodigious amount of effort has gone into the new edition, not only writing of new chapters, but peer reviewing of those chapters and proofing of the whole caboodle. I wish to acknowledge and thank those paddlers who have volunteered their time and effort below, and briefly describe new material and changes that have been made.

Firstly the list of contents has been extended to two pages. Several paddlers has requested an index, but given the amount of effort to generate an index, I have accommodated this request with more detailed listing of chapter topics.

Thanks to the following authors for their new chapters:

- 'Rescues' by John Kirk-Anderson. This describes practical rescues with photo sequences to allow clarity.
- 'Making and Using a Greenland Paddle' by Kerry Howe
- 'Using a GPS Receiver' by Kerry Howe'
- 'Marine Communications' by Peter Simpson
- 'Trip and Expedition Planning' by Kerry Howe
- 'First Aid and Medical Kits' by Iona Bailey
- 'Hypothermia and Other Environmental Challenges' by Iona Bailey.

Rewritten chapters include:
'Customising Your Sea Kayak' by Stephen Counsell
'Clothing for Sea Kayaker' by Stephen Counsell

Updated chapters include:
Resources section on commercial operators, list of kayaks, network/club addresses etc., by Sandy Ferguson and the editor.

Thanks to the following paddlers for peer reviewing chapters:
David Fisher
Kerry Howe

- Jim Lilley
- Colin Quilter
- Kevin Dunsford
- Cathye Haddock
- Paul Chaplow
- David Mangnall
- Susan Cade
- Chris Gulley
- Dr Jenny Visser
- Dr Stanley Mulvany
- Jo Piggins

For proof reading, my thanks to Giselle Clements for meticulously checking for errors in the third edition of the handbook, and Julie Gough for her work with the new edition.

Thanks also to Jim Lott and Zoe Brangwin of Maritime New Zealand for checking the content of the third edition.

For photographs; David Campbell and Annie Perkins for the cover photo; John Kirk-Anderson, Max Grant, Dave Winkworth, Susan Cade, Guy Hughes.

My thanks to Guy Noble at Spectrum Print in Christchurch for a smooth transition to the printing process and Rose Brown for her tweeking of my cover design.

Financing the handbook

KASK gratefully acknowledges a grant from Water Safety New Zealand of \$6,000 towards the cost of production and printing of the new handbook. Of this amount, \$1,000 went to John Kirk-Anderson for his work on the rescue chapter, leaving \$5,000 towards the print run.

As KASK still intends to provide gratis a handbook copy gratis to new joining members, we had to go for a biggish print run to keep the unit cost down. With KASK having to provide \$5,300 towards the printing, I would ask members to mail their subscription cheques promptly so the coffers stay in the black.

Handbook Pricing to KASK members

Although I do not have the final weight and thickness of the handbook- which will affect postage cost - the view of

the editor and committee was to provide the opportunity to KASK members to purchase the new handbook at the unit print price plus cost of post and package. \$20 should do this, and a order form will be included with the annual subscription notice included with this newsletter.

Promotion & Publicity

I view publishing of books in three phases; the first is the writing, the second layout, proofing and printing, the third publicity, promotion and distribution. All three phases are equally important, and it is for the final phase I ask for the help of KASK members to help promote and publicise the new handbook - to local kayak retail shops, libraries and polytech outdoor departments.

My apologies if I have missed anyone from the handbook thank you list.

NORTHLAND FORUM

Planning is well underway for a Northland Canoe Club - KASK forum to be held at Taurikura Bay just north of Whangarei.

Date: 10th - 12 November 2006
Cost: \$110, which includes all meals from Saturday breakfast to Sunday lunch, accommodation and social.
Limited to: 100 paddlers

For registration details see the Calendar section of the newsletter.

The forum will be held at the Manaia Baptist camp, which has both undercover accomodation plus tent sites. As well as fronting the sea, the camp has a large hall for talks, not to mention a dance on Saturday night. The dance at the 2003 Northland Forum with a live jazz band provided a memorable night, oh and the paddling trips and lectures were great also.

KASK SUBS

Renewal subscriptions for the 2006-7 year are now due. Please renew promptly. The renewal notice includes a limited offer for the 4th. Edition of the brand new KASK handbook.

Roll on summer!

PaulCaffyn

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Paddle Leashes/Night Lights

Dear Sir,

I wish to comment on two points raised in the last newsletter.

In reference to the issue of paddle leashes, I would like to offer my humble observations on their use in Ireland and the UK.

I saw paddle leashes used frequently in these countries, and I witnessed three occasions where experienced paddlers capsized and failed to roll, which I attributed to their reliance on paddle leashes.

Because they used leashes they were used to letting go of their paddle, knowing that it would float close by and be easily recovered. As a result, they did not have a 'Death-grip' mentality about paddle retention, and in all three capsizes they said afterwards that they had let go of their paddle in the chaos of the capsizes.

I suggest that if they had been used to maintaining contact with their paddle under all conditions, they would have been less likely to release it when under pressure.

Just my two cents.

Kevin Dunsford's excellent article on kayak lighting raises many issues, and should get people thinking, particularly about regulations versus safety, as the two are not always as mutually-supportive as many would like to think.

I am firmly of the view (excuse the pun) that paddlers should preserve their night vision, enabling them to avoid trouble, and only advertise their presence when needed. See without being seen. Incidentally, the Collision Avoidance Regulations are very clear on this, requiring us only to show a white light when required.

On a recent night paddle I had organised, one paddler turned up with a

stunning display of lighting. He had a large torch in each compartment, making his kayak the 'irradiated carrot' mentioned. A large LED, flashing red, was mounted on his back, a similar, white version was on the bow, destroying his vision past two metres. A head torch with the power to melt steel completed the bizarre picture.

I'm sure that analysts in some US bunker would have been looking at the satellite image, trying to work out what it was.

I told him that while the display was very pretty, he would not be paddling with us while he had them turned on. We went on to have a very pleasant evening, and everyone was much more observant than they would have been during the day.

Save that night vision and carry a big torch.

John Kirk-Anderson

Tory Channel Incident

Date: 12 Jun 2006

From: Alan Byde

Refer: Susan Cade epic, New Years Day 2005. I have not been in a situation as bad as that. There were times when I was certain I had maybe 30 seconds to live before being ground to fragments on rocks by a racing tide, or on socketed limestone cliffs by incredible clapotis. My duties as warden of a kayaking 'youth' centre in Oxford - oldest member 65 - kept me busy at least one night a week in Blackbird Leys baths teaching youngsters every stroke from paddling to hand rolling.

Observing all faults I gained an understanding of what to expect. The pool mostly was level. How could one in such easy water prepare for a monster looping curling smashing breaker out at sea? You know the wave, it advances and the trough sags lower, sucks you forward as the wave piles higher and higher then it drops on you.

Paul told me about the dreadful things you did to a derelict slalom kayak on

one occasion. (This is a reference to the very first sea kayaking pilgrimage when a replica of a slalom kayak was stoned and burnt). I've been in grade 4 conditions briefly, rolled up, used huge bracing strokes, and generally had to think hard about the way the water moves and how to accommodate it. My advice is, don't look down on river paddlers, especially white water enthusiasts; they know a thing or two. Those reflex moves translate to surviving on the sea. Sea paddling is very much to do with foresight, days ahead sometimes, or as little as five minutes but come the wallop from on high, white water skills kick in.

Wales, Easter 1966. I was in the sea for 20 minutes off the Black Rock at Portmadoc. The water was calm but we had novices who were gripped with cold and fear and we had a union capsized: One out all out.

Came the last of five rescues. That boat had no buoyancy at either end and was loaded with free surface salt water. I was at the end that sank swiftly as the contents surged my way and I went down. I'd put my paddle in its park to do the rescue but couldn't find it inverted.

Very cold water has two immediate effects: firstly, instant stupidity. Reason went. Secondly, chest muscles seized in immediate spasm and remained that way. I could breathe only by panting like a dog using belly movement. The chest muscles could not allow chest expansion. My inflatable lifejacket, an ex RAF device had a metal screw down valve. The valve was stuck with salt. I managed to unscrew it a little whereupon the little air it had escaped. I then tried to inflate it orally but the cold metal skinned my lips and my restricted breathing did not allow for inflating an air bag.

I swam for 20 minutes towing two waterlogged kayaks, one of which, not mine, was tending to sink if not dragged along. Normal good sense would advise, leave the bloody boats and make it swimming at speed to shore, two hundred yards away. When I arrived at the craggy Black Rock I was fortunately lifted out by the neck

of my overalls. The two painters had to be prized from my rigid clawed hands. I reckon there are four stages into hypothermia and I wavered on the verge of the last, unconsciousness and soon after, the Grim Reaper. When death beckons, you are always on your own. 'Fewer than three there should never be,' is great advice, but practice for being alone. In a gale none can hear you or your whistle. Your hands are far too cold to use a flare.

Good on yer, Susan.
Alan Bye

Susan Cade epic.

Date: Tue, 13 June 2006
From: Alan Bye

Right ho. I have an em from Susan. Where you put it is up to you. (Sounds deadful!) I can add to the Blackrock epic. It was widely published at the time, by the Army, RAF, canoeing mags and newsletters, so it had relevance then and now. We didn't have the experience or the gear then that is now available.

Here's the rest of it:

I arrived at the Black Rock, about 80 feet high, more or less vertical with jug handle holds. Two people were down there with me, over their heads in the surge, trying to grab hold. The sea state was calm but against the rock each small wave surged me forward, whacked me against the weed covered rock, then sucked me back, away, then up on the next crest to be slammed against the rock and weed. I couldn't get hold on weeds and my clawed fingers left falling tracks in the weed. Four or five times I oscillated in a rhythmic dance of despair.

Next I remember I was near the top of the Black Rock where rock eased off onto grass. A young woman, bright red head, held my head up and tried to get brandy into my mouth. (Brandy on the rocks with just a touch of ginger). My jaws were shut tight. Survival training kicked in and I murmured through my teeth "Head down" but so quiet they couldn't hear me. I tried again calling on whatever en-

ergy was left. They heard me. Next I was head down, facing away from the guy who held me, back of my head against his knees and my legs crooked over his shoulders. Return of reason was immediate.

Next I tried to walk. Painless. Next I was face down tasting earth and grass. Then I walked again, again earth and grass, three times I blacked out and fell on the way 100 yards to a holiday caravan. Two others of our group were in there recovering from hypothermia, both skinny youths. I stood at the door and stripped off my overalls as I was soaking wet and water sluiced out as I got the overalls off. That was before wet suits. It was an RAF wading dry suit. These were used by 'ground staff' to handle the great Empire class flying boats pre war in shallow waters. There was a built in inflatable collar.

Stark naked at the door I stumbled in. Crowded. Someone handed me a large towel. That was odd behaviour for me as always until then I was a tad coy about exposing myself. I did not shiver. Not then. I had my hands on a hot cup and tried to drink but couldn't. I lay down on a bed and curled up in the fetal position to wait for better times. Worse times arrived.

As my core temperature improved I started to shiver. That was the bone wracking tension of exhausted muscles. There was pain, heaps, and weariness beyond description. Twenty minutes later, I was being timed, I was helped to sit up as my shivering was easing. Until then the bed shook.

There was a bowl of soup, cooled. The reason I couldn't drink from a cup was it was too hot and my jaws were clamped shut. This time I could get the warmth into me and felt it all the way down. Then I lay down for another few minutes as clarity and full consciousness returned. It had been a dream world of pain until then. The youths for whom I had been responsible went to the van and brought my clothes. I changed very shyly this time, conscious of my bold entry which was contrary to my nature.

In the following two days I continued to drive the van and trailer and the eight youths from a public school to river areas. They told me where to go next, as I had lost any sense of enterprise. During those two days tears would come to my eyes and I struggled to retain composure. Emotionally I was shot. I was 38 then. Full self control returned about three days later.

'Big Swim at Black Rock' was the name of the epic. (Refers to the film 'Bad Day at Black Rock')

Alan Bye

(Alan Bye was a pivotal figure in UK canoeing circles by both introducing and educating padders to the sport, before he and his wife Joan emigrated to New Zealand. His six books on either building kayaks, or instructional books such as *Living Canoeing*, are blamed by such New Zealand kayaking notables, such as Grahame Sisson and Max Grant, for taking up paddling and building kayaks.)

Subject: AT Sea Kayak Paddles
5 July 2006

Hi there,
We are importing Adventure Technology (AT) crank-shaft sea kayak paddles from the USA. The AT crank is designed to reduce fatigue and increase efficiency by aligning the wrists and arms in a more natural position, and as we are only selling direct to the public (not through retail shops), we are able to offer very good prices on these quality paddles. We'd love to be able to spread the word to KASK members via your news letters or website and would appreciate being put in touch with the relevant contact person within KASK if possible.

cheers
Don Allardice and Sabine Ullrich

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For more information about the complete range of AT paddles visit:
www.atpaddle.com

OVERSEAS REPORTS

THE DANUBE from Vincent Maire

Gerry & Trish Maire have embarked on a major expedition down the Danube River. They have joined Tour International Danubien, (TID for short) an event now into its 51st year.

The Danube is one of the largest rivers in Europe flowing through more countries than any other river in the World. The length of the tour is 2,082 kilometres or 1,301 miles. It starts at Ingolstadt, Germany and ends in Silistra, Bulgaria, going through Austria, Slovakia, Hungary and Serbia. A few starters occasionally continue past the official end all the way to the Black Sea. The tour is for kayaks, canoes and rowboats.

The TID has considerable international impact. From the beginning in 1955 the most important objectives were: the meeting of citizens from other countries, the acceptance of their lifestyle, culture, customs regardless of political or religious beliefs and racial origins. Its aim is to promote friendship among each other and with the citizens of those countries they go through. The strengthening of friendship between the tour members and the people they meet consequently supports the friendship and peace of those living along its shores.

According to the charter, all TID participants should be given free camping sites, free use of health facilities and if required, first aid. At the beginning these services were free, however, with the passage of time this changed somewhat. The different amount of symbolic contributions, depending on the country visited, is still only slightly more than the organizers' expenses. The TID organisers in each country operate as non-profit entities and without exception they contribute their time free of charge.

For the last thirty-one years the TID started on the last Sunday or the Sunday before that every June and ended during the last days of August. Fifty-one to fifty-two camping sites are used and the complete tour takes about 65 days including sixteen to seventeen days of rest. Considering previous notification the tour can be started or finished at any point and everybody can use their time to their liking in each section.

The participants have to meet certain physical and mental challenges. Regardless of the weather, the daily sections are 40 to 65 km. Entrants have to be prepared to paddle six or seven days without a break, spending five to seven hours in the boat per day.

While conducting research on the event, Gerry was put in contact with one other Kiwi who has completed the trip, a kayaker called Biffy Fredrickson who now lives in Bratislava. Biffy has been very helpful with advice and I have included an email from her with an overview of the trip.

All sorts of boats are used for the trip, including German groups in rowing eights and fours. Last year there was a flat-bottomed boat, rectangular looking, wooden, homemade boat that went as far as Silistra. There are a lot of single and double falt boats, especially Kleppers and also some old Russian type boats (Puch?) as well as variations on fibreglass and plastics. Also, many open canoes.

It wasn't necessary to carry a lot of extra supplies, although some people did - one Czech couple even had a little fridge tucked away at the back of their old canvas covered double. I carried a little gaz bottle that lasted the whole trip - depends how often you want to cook though, or if you need a morning hot drink to get you going each day. A white spirit stove would be easier to find fuel for along the way.

Yes, there are plenty of mosquitoes from Serbia onwards. Buy repellent along the way once the need arises. Weather last year alternated between

hot enough to want to paddle naked (some did, I think) to wearing two layers of polypro and a rain jacket, hat, gloves.

One interesting factor is the 'delegate' tradition, especially in Germany and Austria. Almost every night (apart from major cities) there was a little ceremony with a local dignitary - sometimes just the local canoe club big shot, sometimes with the local mayor - even going to the town 'rathaus.'

As the only New Zealander on the trip I found myself in the position of being the NZ delegate - sometimes this was fun, got me a better meal, or a bottle of wine but sometimes I hated it, being expected to rush to wherever the ceremony was before I had even set up camp properly. However, I was conscious that I had to keep smiling about it as all Kiwis were probably going to be judged by me. (On my first trip I had three TV interviews in Yugoslavia.)

The tradition includes giving a little souvenir to the bigwig. I didn't know this on my first trip and was embarrassingly empty-handed until I got to Vienna and the NZ Honorary Counsel helped me out with 100 little stickpins. Last year, I came equipped with pins.

Accommodation conditions get very basic by Hungary. BYO toilet paper!!! But, also some of the best, most tranquil camp sites are in those eastern countries. One feature that I like on European waterways, is that they are all km marked. In Austria and Germany, there are marks every 100metrea, and further east they are still every km most of the way to Silistra, so you always know exactly how far left to paddle.

You need to bring all your camping equipment and you need a suitable boat trolley for wheeling the occasional schloss (locks, dams) and also for getting to and from the campsites (usually right at the river bank, but the trolley saves time and energy between river and tent pitch.)

NEW ZEALAND TRIP REPORTS

Fiordland Reunion at Lake Tarawera by Mike Rowley

Lots of sunscreen is essential, as is lots of wet weather clothing. Most people don't bring kayak helmets, but I do, and wore it one day when the river was flooded and only a few of us got on it (the rest went by bus). People are supposed to bring buoyancy aids and I wore it during bad weather and lake crossings in Serbia.

Some sites are at canoe clubs, especially in Austria and Germany, and usually hot water and showers are available. This dwindles the further east you go. You need to be self sufficient with food - but most days there are shops along the way so I never carried more than a couple of days food and only the drinking water I needed for each day.

A bonus though, is that frequently a light evening meal of sorts is provided at no cost, salad, sausage and bread, gulas - usually by the host canoe club, further east maybe by a village, or even the army. Also, eating out gets cheaper as you go east. Internet cafes permitting,

Gerry and Trish have bought a Klepper, and hope to email the occasional progress report on the journey. Meanwhile, anyone interested in finding out more about the TID can visit www.tid-deutschland.kanu-bayern.de or contact the organiser, Max.Scharnboeck@t-online.de.

Vincent Maire

After 20 years had elapsed since our club's memorable expedition in Fiordland, Max thought it would be great to have a reunion to celebrate and remember that great trip.

Max contacted Bill, Mike and JC and various scenarios were explored among the group. Finally a weekend of paddling, camping and soaking in hot pools at Lake Tarawera was decided upon. Ken Parlane was invited to join us as was Tui Craven, also Eric Terzaghi who had paddled in Fiordland and inspired us to make an 'out and back' to Supper Cove, at the head of Dusky Sound. The first such trip!

On 20 May, we met up at Ken's, some of us even early! What ever happened to Canoe Club time? We loaded up Max's 'Pumpkin' and of we went. We stopped for coffee at Waiouru where Bill (who shall from now be known as Bryce. But that is another story!) met up with a work colleague. We got to Rotorua to find Eric and John & Tui had been waiting for some time.

We got to Tarawera, where Mike was pleasantly surprised to see the same passenger launch that was there when he visited the lake 42 years previously. We loaded our kayaks and paddled out onto the glassy lake. We talked and paddled for an hour and a half on our way to Hot Water Beach. We found really good sites for our tents. We checked out the hot pool and found it occupied by a bloke with a blonde and a bottle of wine. So we decided we would go there after dinner.

Well, dinner was very formal. We all dressed for dinner, the blokes in suits, John and Tui in the wedding outfits! Max, who had done so much organizing for us, raised the flag as he played God defend NZ on a transistor radio! Toasts were made to the expedition and absent friends, including Graeme and Ian, who were invited but not able to attend.

After changing into togs (some even in Speedos) we clambered over the rock and down into the hot pool in the bush, where we soaked, drank, yarned and laughed for the next couple of hours.

Next morning, across the stream bed, we observed a sinister group of men looking very subversive, all dressed in camouflage and carrying firearms, pretending to be hunters. They viewed us with suspicion as we lowered the flag to the national anthem.



At Lake Tarawera, the re-union team: from left, John Craven, Bill Anderson, Max Grant, Mike Rowley, Ken Parlane & Eric Terzaghi (who did a similar trip 4 months before ours)

We struck camp, packed our gear and paddled off to the south end of the lake, where we pulled up our boats and walked over the track to Lake Rotomahana, where the world famous pink and white terraces had been before the Mt. Tarawera eruption covered them with ash.

Our next stop was another thermal area, where sat on the sandy bottom of a creek with water at bath temperature and ate a leisurely lunch and tried to catch the tiny fish or tadpoles swimming around our legs.

As we started to paddle back to the cars, a bit of a chop came up, but never from quite the right direction. Never the less, we changed our heading at times to get a few little 'rides', before getting back to the correct course for the cars.

A final coffee at the Café and farewells to Eric and John & Tui and it was all over, but for the drive home. A really great weekend full of fun and camaraderie. Thanks Max for organizing it all. Well done.

Footnote: The waitress at the café turned out to be an awesome sea kayaker who had paddled around Stewart Island in a day less than Max! But didn't paddle Foveaux Strait to get there! She also had gone from Te Waewae to Milford Sound.

Bill Anderson

Photograph below:

Tarawera Reunion - From left; Max Grant, Mike Rowley, Bill Anderson, John Craven, Tui Craven (in front) Eric Terzaghi, Ken Parlane

OUR FIRST SEA KAYAKING TRIP

1986 DUSKY SOUND EXPEDITION By Bill Anderson

Party: Bill Anderson, Max Grant, Mike Rowley & John Craven

It was 20 years ago when we embarked on our first sea kayaking adventure. Prior to this we had done several one day trips in a variety of white water kayaks across Cook Strait



and over to Kapiti Island. But we considered this trip to be our first real sea kayaking adventure, 14 days in Fiordland National Park with all our gear packed into kayaks designed to be used for sea conditions. The following is the original report written by Bill Anderson, 20 years ago.

On 16 May 1986, four budding sea kayakers set off for Dusky Sound, Fiordland National Park. Bill Anderson with a *Nordkapp*, Max Grant with his new *Puffin* (finishing touches still being added) Mike Rowley and John Craven with a fibreglass double sea kayak, *Raider Double*.

We loaded us and our gear onto and into Max's 'Mitsi' ute, which was a bit of a crush and drove all night to arrive in Manapouri by 0900 hours. From here we carried our kayaks onto the tourist launch which was to take us to West Arm, on the other side of Lake Manapouri. From there the kayaks travelled on the back of a Datsun ute across the Wilmot Pass and down to Deep Cove in the head of Doubtful Sound.

After packing up, we lugged the now heavily laden kayaks into the water and set off at 1430. The mist hung low over the hills and the water was like glass, reflecting the majestic scenery that we'd heard so much about.

We made good time on the fresh water current that flows out of the tail race at Deep Cove, and by 1630 made our first camp at Betty's Brook, opposite Crooked Arm. It had started to rain and the temperature had dropped - we were wondering how we would handle two weeks of rain. But a change of clothes, some good food and sleep made things look better and by morning we had a blue sky and sunshine.

We put in at 1100 and had to paddle about 100 metres down-stream as the tide was now out. From here we had a tail wind and following seas, so we surfed down Malaspina Reach where we meet the R.N.Z.N. research vessel *Wakakura* heading up the sound. It was not long since the sinking of the *Rainbow Warrior*, and we had a good

laugh when a voice from the bridge jokingly inquired, "Are you French"?

Stopped for lunch with the sandflies in a cove on the south side of the entrance to Doubtful Sound and quickly found we were on the menu. We soon discovered that the best way to avoid being carried away, was to splash on large quantities of Dettol and baby oil and then proceed to have lunch while pacing up and down the beach. This method became common practice at many of our landing sites.

After lunch and a team talk, it was decided that we would head out of Doubtful Sound and down the coast to Dagg Sound. There was a 2 metre swell running and a flat sea, so we made good time and arrived at Fuchsia Cove by 1630, a good site with no sandflies.

Mike & John went fishing, but failed to land anything while Max lit the 'Great Fire', which yielded a lot of smoke, but not much heat. 36km covered today.

There's nothing like pulling on a wet wetsuit in the morning as the ice is forming on the deck of the kayak beside you! But despite all the antics to warm up we were on the water by 1000.

Met a puaa fishing boat whose crew questioned our sanity, then we rounded Towing head to proceed down the coast to Breaksea Sound.

Stopped for lunch in Coal Bay and when we paddled out of the Bay about an hour later a strong N.N.W'y had whipped up some big surfing waves. Max and Bill rocketed off on some great rides, but despite the fun you still had to concentrate on the job in hand.

The seas subsided once we rounded Oliver Point and it was a long slog to Sunday Cove where we made camp in a fishermen's storage area, fishermen's rubbish dump would have been more fitting. 37km covered to-day.

Left Sunday Cove at 0935 and with a good tail wind travelled down the

Acheron Passage. In the narrowest part of the passage we saw a large school of Dusky Dolphins approaching. They first swam past us, some surfacing quite close, then circling around behind us passed back in the direction from which they came. We paddled after them but they quickly disappeared.

About half an hour later as we entered Dusky Sound we came across some seals. Bill and Max were able to get quite close.

We rafted up for lunch but ended up taping Bill's 'well baked' Tararua Biscuits to the decks of our kayaks to soften up in the drizzle, while we paddled in the direction of Supper Cove. Passing Cooper Island, we came across the *Ranginui* and the old Bluff tug anchored up in a cove where they were being used as helicopter pads.

Here we meet the *Aires* and Max inquired as to how much were the crayfish. The *Aires* was however a deer recovery boat, not a cray boat, but after some friendly bartering, Max exchanged some wine for some sausages. They were not too keen on the Tararua biscuits!

We left the *Aires* very happy with Max's score, and arrived at Supper Cove Hut at 1610. We had paddled 33km to-day and 122km in total, so tomorrow would be a holiday.

The next day was spent just fishing and looking around Supper Cove. In the afternoon a float plane landed to drop supplies for Ian & Jane, a couple who were staying in the hut, plus to pick up a family party who had also been in the hut. The fishing had been excellent that morning, with the fish biting before the line had hit the bottom, so fresh fish (Blue Cod and Tarakihi) for tea followed by 'Spongy Puds'.

The following day the snow was down to 200ft and made an impressive back-drop as we said farewell to Supper Cove. We met a seal off the entrance and it played amongst the kayaks for several minutes before disappearing.

We paddled on down the south side of Cooper Island to Sportsman's Cove and then through East Passage south along Long Island. It had been cold with light showers all day, but by the time we reached Cascade Cove the sun was out and it was quite warm. We found the hut with ease, Ian and Jane had spent some time there fixing the place up and had told us to just look for the smiley face painted on the rock, "You can't miss it".

The hut was small but cozy and we spent the evening discussing how lucky we had been with the weather and celebrating as this was to be the farthest point south on our journey. Later we were entertained by Max's attempts to get himself and his lilo into the top bunk without disturbing the mice above. 39km to-day (our longest day)

Woke up to a cool morning and were on the water by 0945. Paddled around to Astronomer's Point in Pickersgill Harbour, where Captain Cook located the exact position of New Zealand.

Then onto Anchor Island and Luncheon Cove where we found dozens of seal pups frolicking about. We were able to get quite close. You begin to wonder exactly what seal pups like to eat when they start sniffing at your hands. One ended up sitting on the front deck of Max's *Puffin*.

After lunch on a sunny rock and a talk with one of the local cray boat crews, we headed back to Cascade Cove via Indian Island and Canoe Harbour where Cook had found the only Maori family living in Fiordland. We found only a stone lined pit as evidence of their existence.

Back at the hut the beach was bathed in sunlight so we thought we'd go for a swim armed with the soap. It turned out to be a rather hurried affair with much wailing and gnashing of teeth in the frigid water.

Up at 0600 the next morning and departed Cascade Cove at 0815. John and Mike paddled east of Indian Island, while Bill and Max went to the west.

They hit some rough stuff but saw the seals on Seal Rock. We all met up again at Pigeon Island and with the weather deteriorating, and the temperature dropping we looked into Richard Henry's (the birdman) Cove, then on up to the top of Goose Cove.

We sat and shivered as we ate lunch in a sheltered hole wondering how close to hypothermia we were? Later the rain cleared, the temperature rose and we all felt much warmer by the time we had lugged the boats across the 200m portage to Woodhen Cove.

From there we paddled about 3km out to find a force 5 N'y wind whipping up large waves. The kayaks would go up the face of the waves without sitting in the trough or sticking out over the crest. We would climb one only to dive through the next. After ploughing through a particularly nasty breaker, we had a team talk and decided it would be best to head back into Woodhen Cove and make camp.

We were all glad to be on dry land and spent the evening playing cards and drinking wine. The mountain radio was set up in the tent, and we had one of our best radio schedules in which we received a message from Margaret in Ashhurst. Home seemed a long, long way away!

In the morning Max found his pogies still on the beach after they had been in the sea all night. The wind had dropped considerably and we set off in a lumpy sea paddling for the SE point of Breaksea Island. We passed a seal and a huge bird that looked intent on taking someone's head off as it swooped in low over Max and Bill. (A Mollymawk I think)

After rafting up for lunch in the lee of Breaksea Island, we cruised amongst the Gilbert Island and into Disappointment Cove, which was far from being a disappointment with an excellent campsite, good supply of firewood and a sandy beach. We decided to camp here instead of carrying on.

At 0808 we paddled but of Disappointment cove past Breaksea on our

way up the coast. It was an overcast day with a confused swell from three directions, not an easy trip as it made us all feel a bit off colour. Coming in through Towing Head into Dagg Sound, the swells were surging in over the rocks - an eerie feeling looking down on the rocks as you coast by.

We were all glad to reach Fuchsia Cove for lunch at 1330. It was good to get ashore except the sandflies seemed prepared to eat us as a takeaway.

From there we proceeded up the sound and again met with the paua fishing boat *Alert*. First we were invited onboard for a coffee then, after helping load a chopper with a load of paua, we were invited to tea. So after a hot shower, and with our wet gear in the dryer, we settled down to the meal of a life time, paua, cockles, mussels, octopus, horse mussels, kina and wine. It was midnight after various alcoholic beverages and political discussion before we made it into soft warm bunks. Great South Island hospitality.

Woke at 0700 to a massive breakfast, packed our boats, launched them from the *Alert*, thanked the crew (George, Heather and Kevin) for their hospitality and paddled the rest of Dagg Sound to the portage to Crooked Arm.

The portage took us five hours with two return trips. You should try carrying kayaks over a mile through the bush while stumbling over tree roots and rocks up to your knees in mud.

We had a slow trip down Crooked Arm and, on reaching Doubtful Sound, a decision was made to press on to the hut on Secretary Island. Bill and Max went on ahead to find the hut as it would soon be getting dark, while John and Mike in the double brought up the rear. With a following sea and wind we made good time and the double arrived at The Gut in time to see Max disappear into the sunset. After following Bill and Max through the Gut and failing to find the hut, Mike and John battled into a head wind back through the Gut to check out a small bay they had noticed.

They found the hut and it was almost total darkness when Bill and Max paddled onto the beach 15 minutes later, it was good to have the party back together.

Our total distance to date was 288km, so decided tomorrow would be a lazy day. After breakfast we went down to the beach and meet Willy the Weka. The *Alert* called to say 'Hi' and George assured us that Weka Burgers were excellent, but we didn't think that would be a wise move.

Later, while fishing from the rocks, Max and Bill had frequent visits from Willy as he begged, stole or borrowed their bait fish. Between us we caught 14 Red Cod.

Later in the afternoon we paddled around the corner in the rain to check out the Blanket Bay Hotel we'd heard so much about. We found a green corrugated iron construction on stilts just offshore adorned with Mount Cook Airline and DB Stickers, but there was only one cray boat tied up. Yet another fisherman was convinced we were mad.

Headed back to the hut for a feed of fish and then played cards until midnight, it rained solidly most of the night.

Next morning we were on the water by 0806 and meet the National Parks ship *Renown* just outside Blanket Bay. The rain over-night caused hundreds of water falls to flow, creating spectacular cascades from the tops of the mountains, down through the bush to the coast. The wind came up; yet again a tail wind and we surfed on very lumpy surf back to Deep Cove.

George and Kevin from the *Alert* gave us a hand to load our gear on the Datsun ute, then it was over the Wilmot Pass and down to Lake Manapouri where we meet the local keas and had a tour around the power station. Then all that remained was the trip across the lake back to civilization.

Thanks to Max who politely invited the rest of us to join him on a quick visit to Milford Sound. We visited the Milford Tourist Hotel and took in the view from their front lounge where we sat and ate chocolate. Our luck still held as we were probably the last vehicle allowed through the Homer tunnel before snow closed the road.

The rest of the trip home was uneventful and we all agreed that it had been the best trip we had been on - 317km of sometimes quite challenging conditions and unsurpassed scenery. And those Tararua biscuits!

Bill Anderson

THE 'BUGGER!' FILE

Near miss in the surf at Mount Maunganui By Steve Knowles & Iona Bailey

Date: 24 April 2006

Location: Mount Maunganui Beach opposite Rabbit Island

Time: 1730 NZST
Sunset at 1745 NZST.

Weather and sea conditions: The swell was registering 4m on the Pukehina Wave Buoy. The wind was about 17-18kt from the NE. It was drizzling on and off. Visibility was poor.

A male sea kayaker, in his late 20's, was lucky to survive after becoming separated from his kayak in big seas at Mount Maunganui in April this year. The man in an *Ecobezhig* kayak ventured into the surf late in the afternoon, when waves up to four metres high were breaking out to Rabbit Island, about 500 metres offshore. It was drizzling, the visibility was poor, and the sun was setting.

The location is a regular spot used by this kayaker and others to surf, due to the full force of the swell being blocked by Rabbit Island. The man had been surfing here frequently during the summer sometimes in big seas, though never this big. The difficulty with this spot is the strong rips, and a 'washing machine effect' which develops as the swell wraps round the Island.

The kayaker had phoned Steve Knowles, a local sea kayak retailer and instructor, late in the afternoon to see if anybody wanted to come out for surf. Nobody wanted to, due to the short evening daylight hours, and conditions being marginal. The kayaker contemplated purchasing a helmet but decided not to. He also mentioned a loose front hatch strap but didn't fix it

Supper Cove, 1986. From left, Bill Anderson, John Craven, Mike Rowley & Max Grant.



before going out, due too lack of appropriate parts at the shop.

The kayaker was seen on the beach launching by an English tourist, and a local person at 1730 NZST. He was dressed in a rashie shirt, baggy shorts and a buoyancy aid. He carried no signalling gear, did not wear a helmet but did carry a paddle float, and pump.

As he reached the first set of breakers, the front hatch strap failed allowing the lid, and neoprene cover, to come off, flooding the forward compartment. He returned to the beach, emptied the water out and swapped the strap over to the back hatch, before going out again. He was seen paddling out through the surf and got 'out the back' but then the two witnesses lost sight of him.

As the day light was failing, the local person decided to phone Steve Knowles for advice. Steve advised her to wait a few minutes, to see if he turned up. After a further 10 minutes, when the kayaker had not appeared, Steve advised the witness on the beach to phone the Police whilst Steve drove down to the beach himself.

By the time the Police and Steve arrived it was dark. The police searched east and west along the beach from where the kayaker had launched. There was a strong rip, sweeping west, then out to sea.

The kayak was soon spotted on the beach at Shark Alley, west of the search area. On inspection, the rear hatch was open and flooded, the paddle float was inflated and attached to the end of the paddle. The paddle was attached to the kayak by a paddle leash.

The search for the kayaker then resumed along the rocks on the eastern side of Leisure Island. About 15 minutes later, the kayaker appeared on foot along the beach with the English tourist. He had swum ashore to a spot approximately from where he had launched.

The kayaker told Steve that he had paddled out through the surf and got

dumped on by a large wave, which caused the faulty strap to fail on the rear hatch, allowing the compartment to open and flood. The kayak capsized. The paddler attempted a paddle float rescue but this was unsuccessful due to the water in the kayak. He was being dragged further out to sea by a rip, so decided to let the kayak go and swim for the beach.

The kayak washed in by itself and he made it back to the beach after being in the water for about one hour.

Above all, the main factor leading to this incident was **poor decision making** on the part of the kayaker.

Other identified 'lemons' are as follows:

- A kayak which was not seaworthy
- Failing light
- Very rough seas with BIG surf
- No clear trip plan left with anyone
- No signalling gear.

If this kayaker had been unable to reach shore it was highly unlikely he would have been found. The conditions were too rough for the Surf Lifesaving IRB to launch and only a helicopter with powerful lights would have had a hope of finding him. He had no reflective gear and no light to make him more visible in the water.

He had let go his kayak and paddle - these would have made him easier to find, and also allowed him to get out of the water, partially at least, thus delaying the onset of hypothermia.

He was poorly clad for prolonged immersion in the sea. He had no helmet to protect him from the fury of the seas, his waterlogged kayak or passing rocks.

The seas were building, and in fact the waves reached eight metres the following day.

He was lucky!

Steve Knowles & Iona Bailey

NETWORK REPORTS

Waikato Network from Evan Pugh

February 6, Lake Tarawera five of us at short notice out on the lake for a paddle with the wind picking up a tad sending two home leaving Des, Graeme and I to finish off a good day's paddle with a bit of surfing on the way home.

Mid February three days on lake Taupo; 167kms around the shoreline by three of us in very settled weather enjoying a couple of our favorite camp sites.

Early March I headed over to Taranaki on my lonesome, and paddled the lovely lake Rotorangi on the Patea river. Conflicting differences in distance of the lake, I used my gps on the way back - the lake is 39kms long, but from either end if you follow the shoreline on the eastern side, from dam to bridge, it is 59kms including the side arms. I had a map, thank goodness, as others would know it is quite confusing - which way to go some of the time, with the side arms the same width as the main lake.

End of March, Mike and I paddled from Cambridge to Mercer on the Waikato river, brilliant weather and 101kms. During this trip we were bombarded from a bridge by youths with rocks half the size of rugby balls, scary stuff for a while; the Huntly police were called the next day.

An interesting month as while out with a group of 11 kayaks we had one of our number collapse in their boat just after leaving a rest stop. Some quick work by a couple of us got the paddler to shore with the words "no pulse" mentioned. The member came too shortly after thank goodness but had been out of it for several minutes.

End of April, 16 paddlers on lake Okataina, from the Waikato and the BASK club in Tauranga enjoyed a nice day with a 20km paddle in mainly light winds.

NEW ZEALAND TRIP REPORTS

Voyage of the Gumotex by Stanley Mulvany

May 7 no wind, fog to start the day off then sunshine as 11 paddlers enjoyed lake Maraetai up the Mangakino stream then nine of us up to the Whakamaru Dam, also and through a good current and standing waves to the spillway for a rest and a bit of a play in the current before heading back to the carpark; 28kms covered today.

Getting on to winter mid May we organised a training course with John Kirk Anderson over at Tauranga. Seven participants turned up to learn from basic surf skills to rescues, and paddle strokes with a variety of kayaks and skills to start with. On day two, we had some metre high chop to contend with, during some rescue practice, but no problems and some trainees suprising themselves with their new skills learnt.

During these training sessions, it is great to see the confidence levels grow in some that were very nervous to start with, and the continued smiles during tip outs, even in the small surf we encountered on surf day. Everybody learnt something new from stern rudders to different rescue methods as well as trying to keep warm in the cool conditions.

May 28 three of us on Lake Taupo, for a 30k paddle that turned into 39ks along the northern shores in very flat conditions and back again with a slight tail wind .

Winter time, but it makes no difference as a hardy keen bunch will still get out on the water whenever possible.

Evan Pugh

An account of the Gumotex Expedition across southern Fiordland, from Lake Hauroko to Doubtful Sound 3-15 February 2006, by Simon Marwick and Stan Mulvany. Total distance 215 kilometres, 170 kilometres paddled, 5,500 metres of ascent and descent. First traverse of this unique route in Southern Fiordland

Simon Marwick, a fisherman from Stewart Island and Stan Mulvany, an adventurer/doctor from Invercargill used a 3.9 metre blue inflatable kayak, weighing a mere 15 kilograms. The idea of the trip had been a long time in germination, but it seems Simon's chance sighting of the Gumotex on a visit to Dunedin set them on their course. A glance of the map of Southern Fiordland shows a nest of long north-south lakes and deep fjords on the west like the spokes of a wheel, with a lot of water and relatively short portages between them.

Stan and Simon arrived on the shores of Lake Hauroko on 3 February 2006.

The day was overcast but dry. The Gumotex was laid out and a foot pump used to inflate it. The boat was loaded, so it appeared to disappear under their weight. A light headwind made for a wet start as water splashed up from bow waves. Still we made fast time and covered 11km to Teal Bay Hut in 2.25 hours.

Next morning we were up early and on their way. Landing at the southern end of Lake Hauroko, near the mouth of the Wairaurahiri River, we took our gear into the forest to pack it away. Our rucksacs were huge as we shouldered them and set off on an old hunter's track across the ranges to Lake Poteriteri; crossing a wide undulating plain to a ridge, then a gradual climb to the tops. The indistinct track curved around high ridges for quite a while before dropping steeply to Lake Poteriteri (Lake of Weeping Skies). We reached a flat plain and walked for a long time through the forest to reach the lake, and stopped for the night at a hut.

Next day we set off paddling northwards for 21km to the Princess Burn Valley. The day brightened up and the rain died away and the tops came out. There was even the odd ray of sunshine. Then we were off to Princess Burn where we landed a short distance up the river.

Stanley Mulvany during one of the arduous portages





The intrepid paddlers on the tops; Simon on the left, Stanley on the right

Here the Gumotex was packed away and we set off up the creek bed to the junction of the Kakapo Creek. There was a steep climb up a bluff on the true left for about 100m and then we followed good deer trails to Lake Kakapo which we reached early evening. We then paddled 1.5 kilometres to the far end and camped on a grassy bank there. There were some black swans out on the lake. A fire was lit and camped pitched and a pleasant evening was spent there.

Monday we were up early and climbing towards the Richard Burn Saddle on deer trails which we reached at lunchtime. After lunch we paddled off to the south-west. Rounding a corner in the lake we were surprised to see two stags studying us closely, no doubt the sight of a Gumotex at 755m being an unusual sight. We landed at the far end of the lake and then set off down the Richard Burn Valley. This is a long valley about 7.5km long, draining Crescent Lake and emptying into Long Sound at Cascade Basin. It was now early afternoon on a bright blue skyed day as we made our way down tussock clearings, between copses of beech forest. We eventually found a delightful camp at 410m in a clearing, made by the deer close to the river.

Tuesday we found good deer trails mainly on the true left, and lost height rapidly on these to arrive at the south

branch in an hour. Here the valley flattened out and the river broke up into innumerable channels. Below this the river started to drop into a chasm so we veered off onto the true left and followed a ridge dropping towards Long Sound. There was great jubilation when the sea was seen and more so when we waded out into the stream at the outlet. This however resulted in Stan taking a short swim which was unfortunate, as the weather was packing up and it had turned a bit chilly.

The sea was calm however so we set off in the Gumotex arriving at Last Cove 11.5kms away at 2.30pm. It was now raining and cold so we decided

not to linger for lunch and quickly packed up and set off into the bush for Cliff Cove, on Cunaris Sound. This is a two kilometre walk on an old hunting trail and went quickly. We launched and set off for the Small Craft Islands, 9kms away at the junction of Cunaris and Edwardson sounds.

The weather was slowly deteriorating and the rising wind pushing up a bit of a sea. This began to look somewhat ugly as we neared the islands and we were only ashore when it rose to gale force. It blew strongly during the night and then the rain eased off. In the early hours of the morning the tent was seen to be nestled in a tiny clearing on an isthmus between two islands. The wind still blew from the south-west and although it was calm in the cove, it was white water over on Divide Point at the junction of Cunaris and Edwardson sounds.

We decided to 'give it a go'. At first it was flat but soon enough the waves rose and we surged forwards with the wind at our backs. Once past Divide Point we entered Edwardson Sound where conditions were a bit easier. We cut across the sound to the western shore and landed on a beach to empty out the kayak as we were both sitting in water by now. Once this was done, the boat seemed to have a new lease of life and sprang forwards into the waves. We flew along with the following sea and 20 knot wind at our

The Gumotex on an alpine lake



backs and covered the 12.5kms in short time. Near the head of the sound the wind died and we pulled up near a waterfall coming down from Lake Cadman.

In the afternoon we had a pleasant paddle up Lake Cadman, then through the wee river connecting it to Lake Carrick. At the north end of Lake Carrick we rolled up the Gumotex and set off for Lake Purser. Lake Purser is 80m higher and it took us 1.5 hours to reach it. At the far end was a sandbank in the Oho River where we camped.

Thursday, it was a quick bowl of muesli, hot drink, pack the tent and rearrange the food and dry bags before we set off into the forest. Again we sought deer trails and made steady progress up the banks of Oho Creek, taking the western fork to the base of a steeply rising ridge running to peak 1156m. We climbed about 60m up a vegetated gully onto the ridge on the left. This was covered in pungas or fern trees and a nasty tangle of scrub higher up necessitating a smash, push, pull and twist technique. The term technical scrub was used!

However higher up, once we were established on the ridge there were good deer trails and better going. At 750m, we reached the bushline and were rewarded with splendid views down the valley of the three lakes and the surrounding mountains. The day was bright and sunny after the previous days gloom. It was an easy walk

across tussock slopes to a beautiful lake at 860m just east of Sunny peak where we camped and went climbing in the afternoon.

Friday we up at 6.30am and an hour later heading towards the outlet of the lake. We crossed to the true left and descended some cliffs into a hanging valley 100m below. From here the descent was exceedingly steep to Fanny Bay. A yellow sack was tied in a tree, marking the site of our food cache. Earlier, Geordie, a fisherman friend had dropped it off two fish buckets full of food. On top were 6 bottles of beer.

We had lunch here and then set off into a westerly breeze down Cook Channel bound for Cascade Cove. This was not particularly due to breaking waves and we pulled in to camp in the forest opposite Long Island.

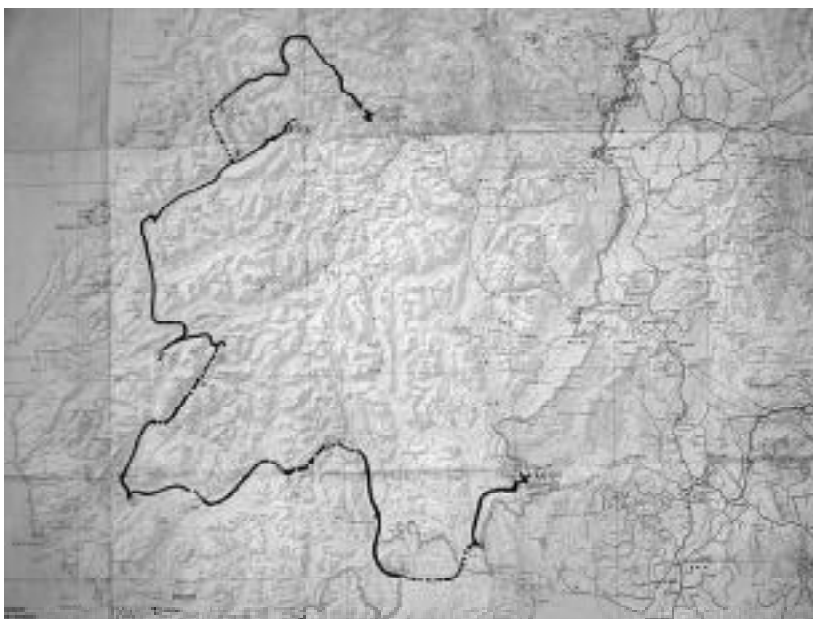
We were up at 4am next morning and on the water an hour later. It was pitch dark and every paddle stroke caused a blaze of phosphorescence. We headed back along Cook Passage and rounded the eastern extremity of Long Island. We steered a course for Passage Point at the entrance of the Acheron Passage. The water was mirror calm. A pod of dolphins saw us and came over shadowing us, diving underneath us and breaching in front and on either side of us. They stayed with us for some time and then were gone. It was lightly drizzling and the tide was flooding down the Acheron Passage.

By lunchtime we reached Sunday Cove after a 24 km paddle. We carried on up Breakea Sound to Vancouver Arm. It was a long day to reach the head of Vancouver Arm where we camped on a sand bank. This was the longest paddle day - 46 kms. We retired at 10pm but at midnight Stan suddenly awoke to find water in the tent, the billy afloat and the seas literally all around them. We had camped below high water mark! A hasty evacuation into the bush at midnight then followed.

Dawn brought a dismal scene to the upper Vancouver Sound. Rain slanted down upon the now dry tidal flats and in a marshy area on the forest fringe a bleary eyed man emerged from a blue tent. It was mid-day before we got up and moved camp back into the forest to a river bank which was high, dry and mossy. Then a fire, and brunch which cheered up the party. In the afternoon Simon went on a recce of the Jaquery Pass and reported a possible route over this 600m pass. Meanwhile Stan had been drying or rather smoking his sodden clothes over the fire. The barometric pressure rose and the rain has eased off. Stan noted an alternative route to Doubtful Sound via Dagg Sound further south if things do not work out on the Jaquery.

Next morning we followed rather indistinct deer trails up valley and soon left the valley floor for a rockfall on the right side of the valley. The going deteriorated into a vertical vegetated grovel up ferns, mossy cliffs and fallen rotten trees and at 330m we could not progress any further. Rather than waste any more effort on this we retreated back to the sea, launched and paddled 9kms back to the 'Valley of Sorrows' as Stan later named this valley.

Tuesday dawned overcast and raining. Away by 7am following deer trails up valley. The valley is 10 kilometres long and has a saddle at 6 kms in and 400m above sea level. Then it drops 4kms steeply to Dagg Sound. We moved up on the true right and got into some awful country of big boulders, mossy fallen logs and ferns under a dense canopy. All the time it rained. The hours ticked past slowly



and it rained and rained and the river roared in flood. By now we were on the true left and moving through some densely wooded country, across swamps and sidling hillsides with only a vague impression we were still gaining height. On and on we plodded soaked, cold, hungry and weary.

Sometime in the afternoon, the land suddenly started dropping to the north, the rains stopped and the sun shone briefly. Needless to say this lifted our spirits and more so when we discovered old track markers on trees and a track in places. It had all the hallmarks of an old deer cullers track. Now we were moving along losing height rapidly but it was still 4 kms to the sea, and it took us all day to reach it - 13 hours in total. We threw up the tent, lit a fire, had a big meal and crashed.

Wednesday dawned grey and overcast. Shortly afterwards we glided out of the river mouth into the dark waters of the sound. It was about 2km across to the head of the sound to an isthmus about a kilometre long leading to Crooked Arm, a branch of Doubtful Sound. It is a long way down Crooked Arm and we were paddling towards Turn Point when suddenly a huge white Real Journeys catamaran came around the corner and stopped. There was a bizarre scene played out as the numerous gaily dressed tourists aboard lined the rails gaping at the two desperate fugitives paddling furiously past in a tiny blue boat. The lads had the grace though to give the tourists a wave.

In the main channel we had a following sea and fair raced along. Several boats passed. Rounding that last headland, houses swung into view and then the wharf and boats. It was with some sadness we ran up onto the beach. A chap from Deep Cove Hostel arranged for a lift to Manapouri and 10 minutes after arriving, we boarded a bus with all their gear.

Note: A Sunny Gumotex is not a seaworthy inflatable kayak and should only be used in sheltered waters. The trip described above is not easy and the participants are highly experienced mountaineers and sea kayakers.

100kms in One Day (Waikato River) by Mike Bell

Giddy, I'm Mike from the Mighty Waikato. Most of my paddling is done with a bloke who goes by the name, Evan. If you've read his trip reports you'll know he has a reputation for long tours. Whether they are multi-day or single day trips with a group or on his own.

Before Sunday arrived, the usual emails would go back and forth with suggestions on where to head. Depending on weather conditions and other commitments it was usually a last minute, 'meet you here or meet there and on the water at some Godawful time of the morning.'

The decision this time was to meet at my place in Cambridge at 5.30am Sunday and kayak down the Waikato River to Mercer. A distance of 102kms. The flow of the river was an obvious help but we still needed to average 9kms/h or over (as read from a GPS unit) to achieve our goal if we didn't want to use headlights.

Evan turned up at 5.15am. Put my kayak and gear on board his van, then we put in at the Cambridge boat ramp. On the water at 5.57am, loaded with lots of food, snacks and drinking water we headed for Hamilton. The river flow was low and down by 1.5m, so more paddling would be required.

Weather was calm with hardly a breeze, and cloud cover was going to be welcomed during the day. We moved silently past some enormous homes and got to Hamilton early. This meant there wouldn't be too many idiots who would see us as targets when we went under bridges.

Only one powerboat was met during the day and that was up river of Ngaruawahia. We moved to the right and he eased past towing kids in their biscuit. All good, and after our first break, paddled through to Ngaruawahia with not too much of a problem and then... Huntly.

As we approached the pedestrian bridge a group of young fools decided kayakers were good targets to drop plate sized rocks onto. Harsh words were uttered after a small stone hit Evan in the shoulder but they knew to run when we made for the west bank. Being powerless we pushed on but made a point of reporting the incident to the Huntly police Monday morning. So... if anyone is thinking of doing a similar trip, it's a good idea to phone the police to let them know you're coming through.

By now the river had slowed but overall average was above 9.5kms. Another break was made near Rangiriri to stretch legs and eat more lunch. I sent a text to my wife to meet us at Mercer. (Another time for those who thought paddling home would be a good way to finish). Shallow parts slowed our pace so we dug in as Meremere came into view. Not far to go and as the sun sank toward the horizon we arrived at Mercer 12hrs and 12mins later. Average speed was 9.1km/hr with 1.5hrs total for rest and food stops.

Kayaks secured, warm clothes on, gear in back then a quick meal at the food mall before driving home. The next trip was being planned on the way home. That report will come later.

Mike Bell

CROSSING THE DITCH (email from Victoria)

Two young blokes from Sydney in a purpose built seakayak are going to attempt it this summer. They estimate the 2220km trip will take them 45-55 days. Hope they have a LOT more seakayaking experience than what they have listed on their website!

Paul Caffyn attempted this trip from Hobart many years ago in a double, but had to turn back when his paddle-partner got crook. Apparently a big cold front was coming right up their tail at the time also. See: www.crossingtheditch.com.au

CALENDAR

Northland Canoe Club/KASK Mini-Symposium

Date: 10 - 12 November 2006

Cost: \$110

(this includes all meals from Saturday breakfast to Sunday lunch, accommodation and social)

Limited to: 100 people.

Venue: Taurikura Bay just north of Whangarei; Manaia Baptist camp, which has both undercover accommodation plus tent sites. As well as fronting the sea, the camp has a large hall for talks, not to mention a dance on Saturday night.

Contact for registration: Sue Drake

Ph: (09) 4389-021

email drakesuenz@yahoo.co.nz

A registration form (Word document attachment) is available by emailing Sue Drake:
drakesuenz@yahoo.co.nz

Otherwise send a letter to Sue Drake, with a cheque for \$110 made out to the Northland Canoe Club, with your contact details; mailing address, phone number and email address to:

Northland Canoe Club

PO Box 755

Whangarei

New Zealand Recreation Summit

Date: 16 - 17 September 2006

Venue: Te Papa, Wellington.

KASK has an invitation from Hon Chris Carter, Minister of Conservation, for two delegates to attend this meeting. At this stage Susan Cade and Paul Caffyn will attend as KASK delegates.

The registration brochure notes the summit will explore the current status of outdoor recreation and then consider in more detail recreation trends that will shape the future of land managed for conservation. If any KASK members have any issues that they feel should be raised by KASK at the summit, please get in touch with Susan at: susan.cade@xtra.co.nz

or Paul Caffyn: kayakpc@xtra.co.nz

KASK 2007 Annual Forum

Date: 25 - 26 February 2007

Venue: Anakiwa (Marlborough Sounds)

The last KASK forum at the Outward Bound venue at the head of Queen Charlotte Sound was an absolute cracker, with a strong emphasis on the practical side of sea kayaking.

TERRIBLE HUMOUR

MAKEOVER

A middle aged and rather obnoxious woman had a heart attack and was taken to hospital. Whilst on the operating table she had a near death experience and saw God. So she decided to take advantage of the situation and ask him a question.

"Is my time up?" she asked.

"No" said God.

"Do I have much longer?"

"Yes"

"Well, how much exactly?" she demanded.

"You have another 43 years, 2 months and 8 days to live." God replied.

So, upon recovery, the woman decided to stay in hospital and have a real makeover. Seeing as she had so much more time to live, she figured she might as well make the most of it. So she had a full facelift, liposuction and a tummy tuck, a nose job, ankle re-shape, new boobs and hair implants.

After her last cosmetic operation, she was released from the hospital. She walked out the main doors and was crossing the street when she was run over and killed by an incoming ambulance.

She arrived in front of God and was not pleased.

"I thought you said I had another 40 years?" she yelled. "Why didn't you pull me from out of the path of the ambulance?"

"I didn't recognize you," he said.

PUNISHING DOG JOKE

Once there three male dogs who set eyes on a beautiful female poodle.

They all rushed over to her. Aware of her charms, she said, "I will go out with the first one of you who can use the words 'liver' and 'cheese' together in an intelligent sentence."

Immediately the Lab said, "I like liver and cheese."

"No imagination at all", said the poodle.

Next was the muscular Rottweiler, who blurted, "I hate liver and cheese." "That's worse than the Lab," she replied.

Finally a tiny Chihuahua smiled at his opponents, gave the poodle a knowing wink, and said, "Liver alone, cheese mine."

HAIR RAISING JOKE

A rabbit walks into a pub and says to the barman "Can I have a pint of beer and a Ham and Cheese Toastie?". The barman is amazed but gives the rabbit a pint of beer and a ham and cheese toastie. The rabbit drinks the beer and eats the toastie, he then leaves.

The following night the rabbit returns and again asks for a Pint of Beer and a Ham and Cheese Toastie. The barman, now intrigued by the rabbit and the extra drinkers in the pub (because word gets round) gives the rabbit the pint and the toastie. The rabbit consumes them and leaves.

The next night, the pub is packed, in walks the rabbit and says, "A pint of beer and a Ham and Cheese Toastie, please barman." The crowd is hushed as the barman gives the rabbit his pint and toastie and then burst into applause as the rabbit wolfs them down.

The next night there is standing room only in the pub, coaches have been laid on for the crowds of patrons attending, the barman is making more money in one week than he did all last year. In walks the rabbit and says, "A Pint of Beer and a Ham and Cheese Toastie, please barman", smiling and accepting the tributes of the masses. The barman says, "I'm sorry rabbit, old mate, old mucker but we are right out of them Ham and Cheese Toasties".

The rabbit looks aghast, the crowd has quietened to almost a whisper, when the barman clears his throat nervously and says, "We do have a very nice Cheese and Onion Toastie". The rabbit looks him in the eye and says, "Are you sure I will like it?" The masses bated breath is ear shatteringly silent.

The barman, with a roguish smile says, "Do you think that I would let down one of my best friends, I know you'll love it". "OK." says the rabbit, "I'll have a Pint of Beer and a Cheese

and Onion Toastie". The pub erupts with glee as the rabbit quaffs the beer and guzzles the toastie, he then waves to the crowd and leaves.... NEVER TO RETURN!

One year later, in the now impoverished public house, the barman (who has only served four drinks tonight, three of which were his) calls time. When he is cleaning down the now empty bar, he sees a small white form, floating above the bar. The barman says, "Who are you?" To which he is answered, "I am the ghost of the rabbit that used to frequent your public house". The barman says, "I remember you, you made me famous, you would come in every night and have a Pint of Beer and a Ham and Cheese Toastie, masses came to see you and this place was famous."

The rabbit says, "Yes I know". The barman said, "I remember, on your last night we didn't have any Ham and Cheese Toasties, you had a Cheese and Onion one instead." The rabbit said, "Yes, you promised me that I would love it". The barman said, "You never came back, what happened?"

"I DIED", said the Rabbit.

"NO!" said the barman, "what from?". After a short pause. The rabbit said... "Mixin' -me-toasties".

FACTS OF LIFE

A teacher is in class telling the children about the facts of life. "The stork flies through the air and when it sees the mother below, it swoops and down and drops the baby into the mother's arms."

"That's not correct," said little Johnny. "My sister has just had a baby and she said hers came from a shag on the beach!"

MAILED TO



**If undelivered, please return to:
KASK , PO Box 23, Runanga, West Coast. 7841**



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.