

THE SEA CANOEIST NEWSLETTER

No. 135 June - July 2008

ISSN 1177-4177

The Journal of the Kiwi Association of Sea Kayakers (NZ) Inc - KASK



INDEX

EDITORIAL p. 3

KASK

President's Report June 2008
by Julie Reynolds p. 4
Notes from an ARC Meeting re Clause
2.17, Navigation Safety Bylaw
by Julie Reynolds p. 9

OVERSEAS REPORT

P.O.S.S.U.M. President visits NSW
by David Winkworth

SAFETY

Do I need to? Can I do it?
by Iona Bailey
Cold Water Immersion
by Stanley Mulvany p. 9

CONSERVATION

Project Island Song Update
by Pauline Moretti p. 8

LITERARY

Epic Tale of a Paddle
by Paul Caffyn p.11
Snippet in French
by Alan Byde p. 8
Age Shall Not Weary Them
by Ruth Henderson p.19

NEW ZEALAND TRIP REPORTS

Whangarei to Bay of Islands
by Lynn Burson p.12
D'Urville Island
by Evan Pugh p.14
A Week On The Barrier
by Sandy Winterton p.16
Canterbury Network trip to Nydia Bay,
Queens Birthday 2008
by Lynette Hartley p.20
Canterbury Network News
by Fiona Fraser p.20

HUMOUR p.21

BREAKING NEWS (22/6/08)

The Australian production company Essential Media & Entertainment has announced its production run for 2008-2009. Of interest to sea kayakers around the world is the scheduled production of a doco called 'Solo' for National Geographic US, BBC and ABC. It is the story of Andrew McAuley's ill-fated attempt to cross the Tasman from Australia to New Zealand. 'No word yet on an expected release date.

EDITORIAL

KASK Subscriptions

Due 31 July 2008

Please renew your annual subscription promptly, either with a cheque or via internet banking. The KASK coffers are down to less than \$400 currently. Paying the invoice for printing and mailing of this newsletter is dependent on a veritable flood of rapid renewals.

Please ensure you mail your personalized renewal form back to Linda Ingram, KASK Administrator, PO Box 23, Runanga 7841, West Coast, and not to Format, the Petone printer as some folk did last year.

Why should you renew? Apart from the exceedingly brilliant newsletter, and better than average rates to purchase the mother of all sea kayaking handbook, what does KASK do for your dollars? KASK maintains a national voice for recreational sea kayaking, through membership of Water Safety NZ, the National Pleasure Boat Forum, and liaison with government and local agencies involved with recreational boating safety. What else:

- annual KASK Forums, with superb overseas/Kiwi speakers and instructors
- assistance with network and club mini-forums
- incident database, press clipping history and trip report files
- support for coastal access or conservation issues

The rationale behind building the KASK incident database was to be able to draw conclusions as to why fatalities and rescues were occurring and then target specific safety initiatives to address the causes. The article by Iona Bailey in this newsletter is a brief summary of a 33 page report titled 'An Analysis of Some Sea Kayaking Incidents in New Zealand

1992 – 2005' which Iona completed earlier this year. Such research is vital if KASK is to continue to highlight, promote and publicize safe sea kayaking initiatives.

KASK funding applications to Water Safety NZ have allowed very successful safety initiatives to take place, the basic guide to safe sea kayaking brochure of which over 50,000 were distributed in two years, also printing and preparation of the fourth edition of the KASK Handbook.

If KASK does not continue to push safety initiatives nationwide, emphasizing the mantra of 'education and liaison and not regulation', then it is my belief that we will see more onerous bylaws or regulations such as the ARC are introducing on 1 July (see below).

Much of the KASK liaison work goes unrecorded in the newsletter - the work is all voluntary, for example Susan Cade's attendance at Water Safety NZ meetings, my time with the MNZ meetings, supply of safety brochures to commercial outlets.

What else? Well the terrible jokes. The bane of some newsletter readers, and the humour page that other paddlers always seek out first.

Please keep renew your annual subscription to KASK promptly and allow the good work to continue.

ARC Claws 2.17

All those paddlers in the Auckland region who were unaware of the dastardly introduction of Claws 2.17 on 1 July 2008, and since newsletter 134 are clearly but belatedly informed, have expressed nothing but disgust and bitterness at this apparent move by the Auckland Regional Council (ARC) harbour masters to throw the onus of responsibility onto paddlers to make

PHOTOGRAPHS:

Cover: Sandy Winterton in glassy conditions off the coast of Great Barrier Island (see story on p.16). Photo: Susan Cade

Top Left: Entering the narrows of French Pass between D'Urville Island and the South Island. (D'Urville Island paddle story on p.14)

Bottom left: Paddlers off Victory Island, D'Urville Island.

Both photos: John Hesselting

themselves visible to boat skippers rather than skippers maintaining a proper lookout!

Given the rapid, vehement email response from paddlers, KASK President Julie Reynolds set up a meeting with ARC harbourmasters on 5 June, and attended with Peter Townend who represented the Yakity Yak clubs and commercial kayak interests. (See page 9 for a comprehensive meeting report from Julie).

If you recall, the justification from Jim Dilley (deputy ARC harbour master) for the introduction of Claws 2.17 was three serious incidents involving boat-kayak collisions. The RNZYS collision was one, a second that Julie Reynolds related to me after the meeting. It occurred when a large floating gin palace ran over a kayak, turned around to see what the bump was, saw a kayak and paddler in the water, circled once or twice around, then made off without offering assistance. Apparently advertisements were placed in Auckland newspapers for the offending gin palace skipper to own up, or be dobbed in, but with no response. The third I believe was a paddler run over, but the skipper stopped to render assistance.

Unfortunately there are many power boats on the market that give drivers limited options to look over the top of the screen in choppy conditions. Any publicity campaign should target power boaters that can't see where they're going. Perhaps instead of ARC handing out stick-on reflective tape for paddlers, they should distribute 'LOOKLEFT, LOOKRIGHT, LOOK AHEAD FOR KAYAKS' stickers for power boaters to stick on their dashboards!

This seems like a move to reduce the requirement for power boaters TO WATCH WHERE THEY ARE GOING! It is difficult looking into the glare when the sun is low to the horizon, after sunrise or before sunset let alone try and see clearly through wet salty boat windscreens.

Wellington Speak

If anyone else had trouble understanding the update on the MNZ Safety in Kayaking Strategy, from John Marshall on p.10 in newsletter 134, you are not alone. I emailed John for 'kayak speak' language and John quickly and kindly provided the note below, but it was a tad late for the last newsletter.

'MNZ consulted on its draft report Safety in Kayaking Strategy at a meeting of the WSNZ convened non-powered craft forum in November 2007. As a result of the feedback, MNZ is looking to revise sections in the draft strategy which deal with qualifications and safety management of commercial operations. The revised draft strategy is due out in August 2008 for formal consultation.'

New Zealand Trip Reports

After the focus in recent newsletters on the overseas women paddlers (and Barry Shaw) attempting the South Island, it is so good to see several well written trip reports by Kiwi paddlers, accompanied by excellent photos. The reports by Sandy Winterton and Ruth Henderson in my view are superb examples of good descriptive writing, allowing a reader to vividly picture the setting and sounds of some of our stunning scenery, seen best from a kayak. And so good to read from Lynn Burson and Ruth about the camaraderie of paddling in a group.

Cold Water Immersion

The short article by Stanley Mulvany on coldwater immersion is very pertinent for the winter months. For more information on the subject, see pp. 24-28 in the February 2008 'Sea Kayaker' magazine.

East Greenland

By the time the newsletter reaches you, Conrad Edwards and I will be plying our way through ice bergs and sea ice in a 700 mile journey down the south-east coast of Greenland, following a trip undertaken by Gino Watkins, August Courtauld and Percy Lemon by small boat in 1931. My thanks to Linda Ingram and Format for arranging to send this newsletter out on schedule.



**President's Report
From Julie Reynolds
June 2008**

In my first President's Report the most appropriate thing to do is briefly introduce myself and then let you know about a few of the things the committee is working on.

I'm an Auckland-based paddler, and before those members south of the Bombay's groan, I'll assure you that as much as I now love Auckland, mainly for it's proximity to Water and the Theatre, I was in fact born and educated in Hastings, my 20's were spent in Christchurch, the early 30's in the Bay of Plenty and now my partner and I live South of Auckland in a small rural community called Pukekawa.

I am also a member of the Manukau Yakity Yak Club and try to get out on the water as much as possible. Although I admit there are times when work and other commitments take over and my boat develops a solid coating of dust. I think I'm not alone in this however.

I'd like my time as KASK President to be a productive one and am more than happy to hear from members on any subject dear to you. You can email me directly on:
juliekask@xtra.co.nz

The KASK Committee are all very much involved with a number of projects to do with water safety and education and we will publish regular updates in the newsletters. Currently plans are underway for the annual Forum at Anikiwa in February 2008 and we should be able to publish details in the near future.

The new projects for this year will be updating of the KASK constitution and strategic plan along with setting policies on water safety and education with the recommendation from KASK members and other paddle sport entities. In order to do this, we will

seek your input on questions put to us by the likes of Water Safety NZ etc.

I hope to continue the good work that Susan has done over the past four years and look forward to your input and feedback going forward.

I've now been in the job as KASK President for a split second but so much seems to be going on. It's been great to get stuck in and get my gloves off with the ARC Bylaw debacle which you will all read about further into this newsletter. Next stop will be Environment Waikato for the same conversation/debate.

We've also started on the redesign and upgrade of the KASK Website so keep an eye out for the new look in the next few months. Paul and Conrad are off to Greenland and we wish you all the very best with this trip and am looking forward to the trip reports and photos once you return. Paul has done a sterling job making sure the newsletter is published on time in his absence and a big thanks goes to Linda Ingram, KASK's administration manager for ensuring the newsletter gets through.

I'm hoping that I will have more to report in the next edition. Thanks to all who readily sent me input for our battles with the ARC, I appreciate your support. Please don't hesitate to let me know your thoughts on any matter that KASK should be involved in.

Julie Reynolds

**DEADLINE
FOR NEXT
NEWSLETTER 16
SEPTEMBER**

THANKS

To all the writers and photographers who supplied material for the newsletter.

**KASK
SUBSCRIPTIONS
DUE 31 JULY 2008**

OVERSEAS REPORT

**P.O.S.S.U.M. President Attends NSW Sea Kayak Club
Rock 'n Roll Weekend!
by David Winkworth**

In a shock move, the Australian Department of Immigration permitted P.O.S.S.U.M. (Paddlers Opposed to Sympathy and Succor of Undesirable Marsupials) President and Founder, John Kirk-Anderson, to enter the country to attend the NSWKC Annual Rock 'n Roll Weekend, held at Batemans Bay in April 2008.

Mr Kirk-Anderson is well known in New Zealand for his possum extermination practices where the cute little creatures are in plague proportions. He is reported to have recently attempted to impress a couple of American girls at a paddlers' campsite in New Zealand by ritually disemboweling one of the creatures. When interviewed by Flotsam on this matter Mr Kirk-Anderson expressed surprise:

"Look, I don't know what went wrong really. It was six o'clock in the evening, there were six of us around the campfire and the little bastard..... the...er....possum came into our camp. I did my standard truck with the possum's head and a tree trunk. If the girls were Kiwis, they would've been very ermpressed."

One of the conditions on Mr Kirk-Anderson's Australian visa, was that his activities were strictly monitored at all times. Prior to, and after, the Rock 'n Roll Weekend, veteran NSW Kayak Club member David Winkworth was charged with supervising Mr Kirk-Anderson.

Mr Winkworth recently spoke to KASK, "Phew, I'm glad it's all over really, I tell you! He was all over the place and I had trouble keeping up with him. We camped in the national park at Jervis Bay and possums of course came into our campsite at dinnertime. Well, didn't John go off? He was shouting marsupial obscenities, dribbling at the mouth, slashing at the possums with his spoon - he wasn't allowed a knife! I eventually wrestled him to the ground and tied him up with duct tape for the night. Those possums owe me big time!"

Mr Kirk-Anderson was escorted aboard an Air New Zealand flight home recently. It is believed no possums were harmed during his visit.

*Mr Kirk-Anderson searching for possum sign on the NSW coast.
Photo: by Australian KASK correspondent, David Winkworth*



SAFETY

Do I need to? Can I do it? by Iona Bailey

These are the questions we should always be asking ourselves before we venture out on any sea kayaking expedition. Most sea kayaking incidents occur because people make poor judgements and decisions; mostly overestimating their ability to cope with the prevailing conditions.

Over the last few years I have been analysing fifty incidents which have occurred in New Zealand between 1992 and 2005 with funding from Water Safety NZ and KASK. The analysis was based on data collected by Paul Caffyn over that time, often from media reports.

In recent years information has also been collected from sources such as eye witnesses, expert local sea kayakers, police reports, met service reports and coastguards. The analysis looks at date, location, age, gender and nationality of people involved, equipment used, weather and sea conditions, ill-

ness and injury, safety and signalling devices used and causal factors. The severity of incidents was rated using an internationally recognised severity rating scale. I received assistance from key people especially Cathye Haddock, Paulo Chaplow and John Kirk-Anderson.

In this study I discovered some interesting information which will help us understand the contributing factors which can lead to serious incidents. It was apparent that these incidents were complex events involving many variables. It appeared that young men have more incidents, often in rough, windy offshore conditions.

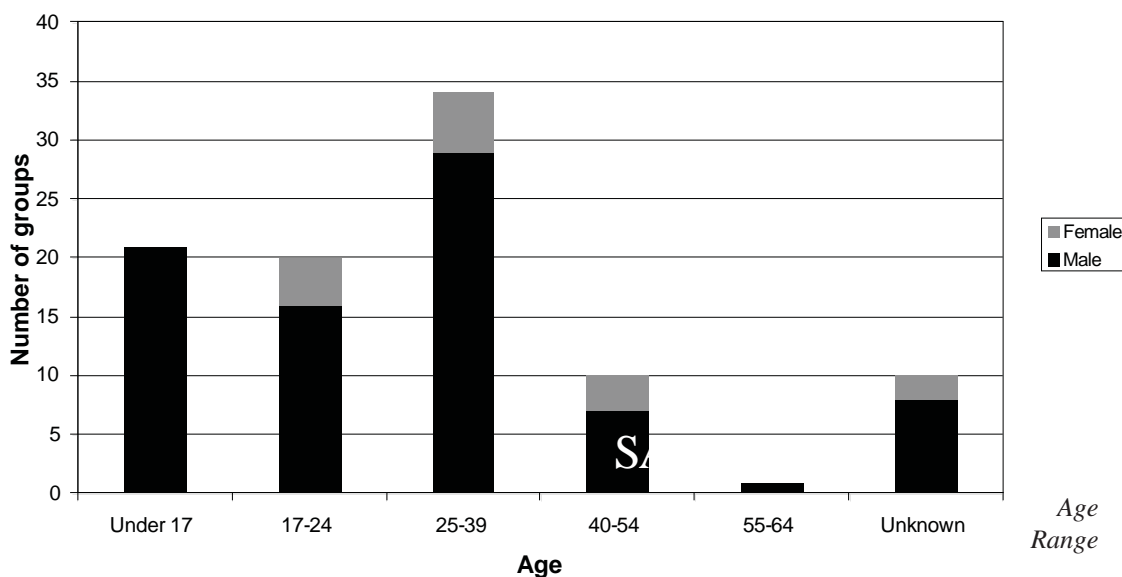


Figure 1. Age and gender of people involved in the incidents.

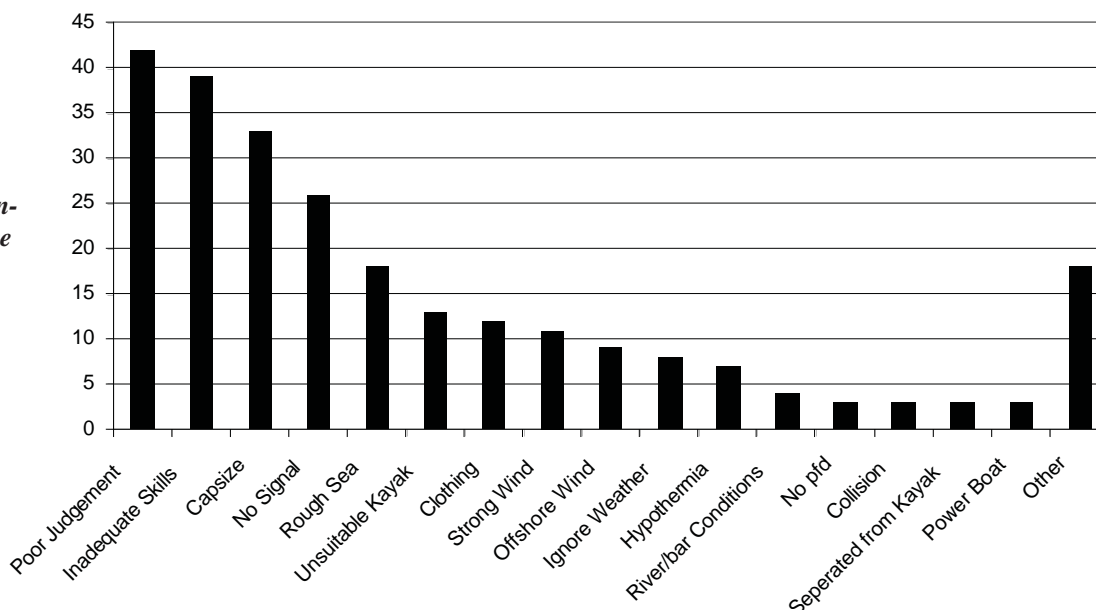


Figure 2. Number of incidents where each causal factor was present.

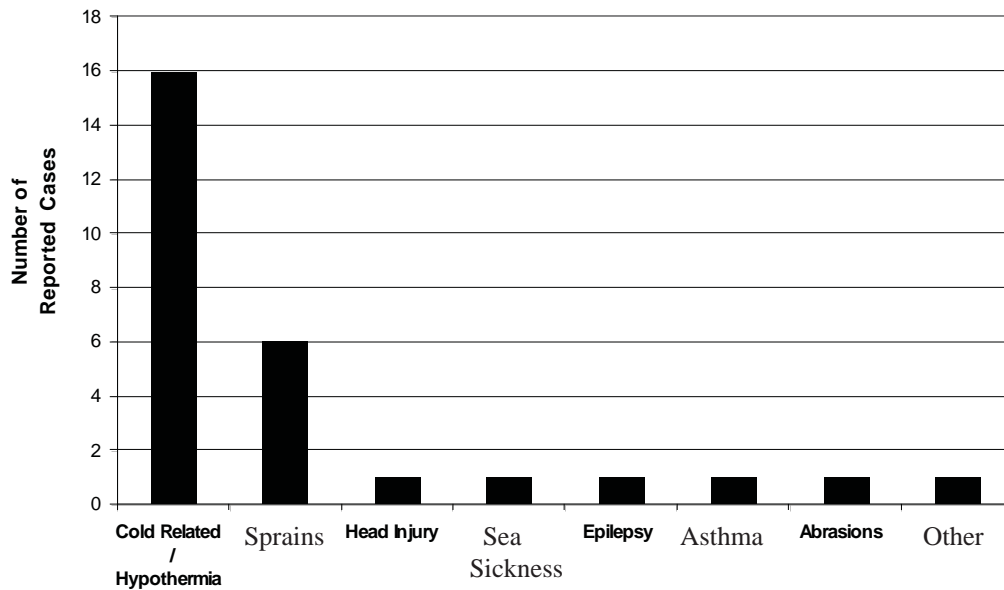


Figure 3.
Number of reported cases of illness and injury

There were many causal factors identified but it is apparent that human actions such as poor judgement and poor decision-making were the most common causes of these incidents.

Hypothermia and sprains were the most common reported injuries.

Figure 3 shows the number of reported cases of illness and injury.

The severity of incidents appears to be increasing with time.

Collisions with powered vessels often had fatal outcomes.

Of particular interest is that staying with the kayak after capsizing seems to increase the chances of surviving an incident without suffering serious harm or loss.

Figure 5 (next page) shows the relationship between average severity rating and various outcomes including whether the kayaker remained with the kayak after capsizing.

The research raised many questions and highlighted the need for further research for even greater understanding of sea kayaking incidents.

Some of the lessons learnt from the Research

1. Personal Attitudes & Behaviour.

It is clear that our behaviour and attitude towards safe sea kayaking is crucial to reduce sea kayaking incidents.

Men aged 17 – 39 years old then are particularly vulnerable. This is not something that we can easily learn without some sea kayaking experience and guidance in the company of

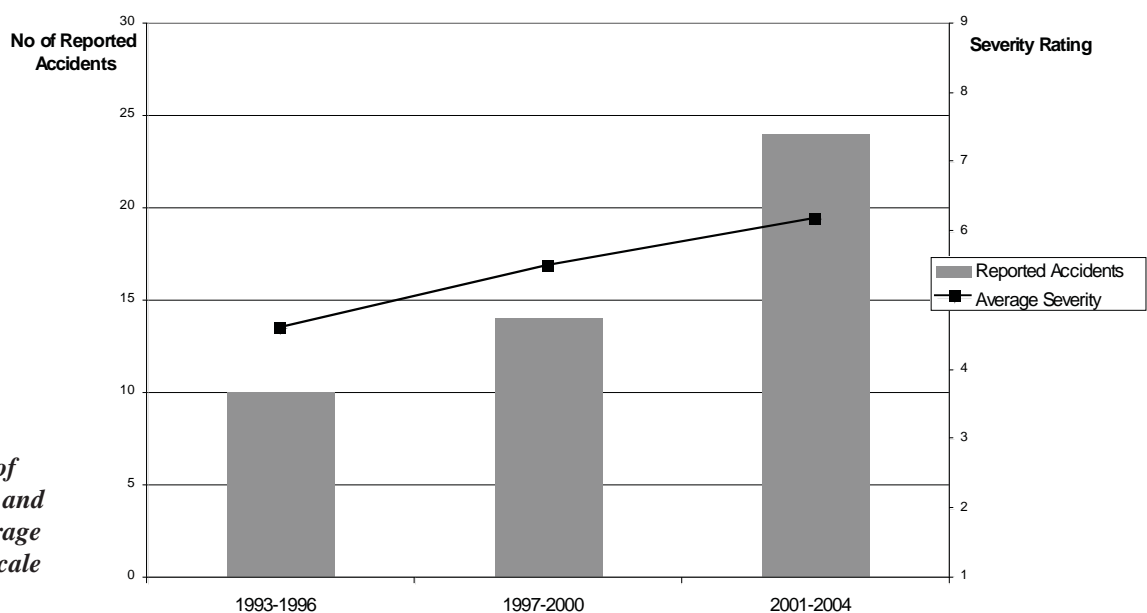
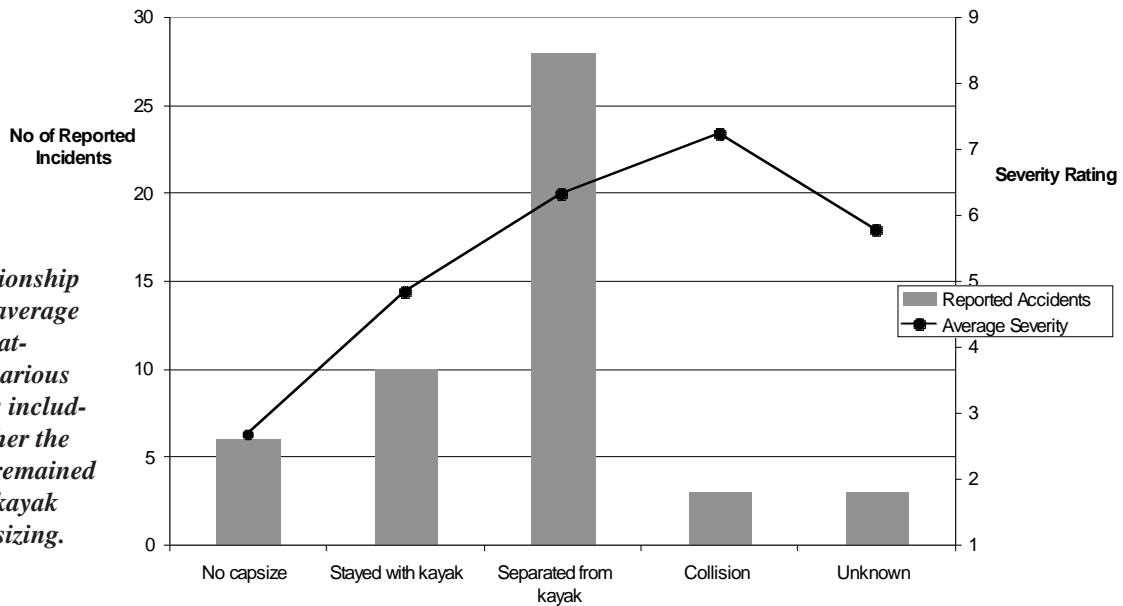


Figure 4.
Number of incidents and their average severity scale rating.

Figure 5.
The relationship between average severity rating and various outcomes including whether the kayaker remained with the kayak after capsizing.



experienced sea kayakers. Joining a sea kayak club, attending kayak skills training and reading some of the excellent sea kayaking publications helps tremendously. And join KASK!

2. Skills

Never venture out in conditions for which you are unfit and lack the skills to cope; particularly if you cannot confidently self-rescue.

It is essential to practice rescue skills in wind and rough water (in controlled conditions of course!) Be self-sufficient.

3. Injury

Always wear clothes which will keep you warm if you get cold and wet. Prepare for immersion even on summer days. Ensure your kayaking equipment is suitable for the conditions, comfortable and set up to fit your body. Acquire knowledge of first aid and have a high degree of respect for the dangers of hypothermia.

4. Rescue

Every kayaker should carry safety equipment which must include a reliable form of signalling equipment. Seriously consider a VHF Marine radio as a minimum requirement

and an EPIRB as a life saver on off shore trips.

5. Capsize

Do not leave your kayak if you capsize. Always wear a PFD.

6. Stay well clear of powered vessels and do not expect them to see you.

Recommended reading

1. Outdoor Safety. Risk Management for Outdoor Leaders. Haddock, C. 1993. NZ Mountain Safety Council.
2. A Manual for Sea Kayaking in New Zealand. 4th Edition 2008. KASK.

CONSERVATION
Project Island Song Update
by Pauline Moretti

The plan to eradicate rodents from the islands of the eastern Bay of Islands has been postponed. The Department of Conservation was hoping to carry out the aerial poison drop this winter.

The Northland Regional Council has requested more information which has meant the hearing, scheduled for 22 April, did not go ahead. The hearing is now planned for mid July. An operation late in winter could compromise

the success of the rodent eradication, so resource consent pending, DOC has decided to postpone baiting till winter 2009.

The eradication is part of a shared vision to restore the area to a healthy ecosystem by enhancing and reintroducing native flora and fauna.

Updates on progress can be viewed on the Department of Conservation website: www.doc.govt.nz

LITERARY SNIPPET

Note from Alan Byde, re the June 'Canoiest' magazine which had a tribute to Oliver Cock, an English canoeing manual author:

As I scanned the pages I was reminded of a riddle Oliver J Cock wrote down and gave me decades ago in phoney French:
"Pas d'elle yeux Rhone que nous."

I disappointed OJC because instead of trying to pronounce it, I tried to translate it. You know that feeling when you've just cracked a great joke and nobody gets it? A sort of vacancy in the belly laugh department.

SAFETY

KASK

Cold Water Immersion by Stanley Mulvany

This is a summary of an excellent article on this pertinent subject in the February edition of *American Sea Kayaker* magazine by Chris Brooks. (February 2008 issue)

Water does not need to be drastically cold to kill you. You can drown quickly if you are not mentally and physically prepared for cold-water immersion.

There are four recognised stages:

- cold shock - kills in 3-5 minutes
- swimming failure - kills in 5-30 minutes
- hypothermia- kills in 30 minutes
- post-rescue collapse - kills during or hours after rescue

The first two causes account for about 50% of fatalities. Cold Shock occurs mostly in water below 15°C (common locally in the surrounding ocean and nearly always in our Great Southern Lakes). The colder the water the more severe and faster the onset of cold shock. You cannot 'will' it not to happen. It begins with rapid skin cooling. Then there is a huge inspiratory gasp followed by severe hyperventilation (up to 65 respirations per minute). In water less than 15°C, your breath holding ability is reduced by up to 50%. In water near 0°C, it may be as low as 12 seconds.

Hyperventilation will make you dizzy, cause muscle spasms in limbs and chest and the risk of inspirating water. It only takes 150 mls of water in the upper airways to cause drowning, which is a combination of cardiac arrest and respiratory failure. Cold shock lasts only a few minutes, so if you can survive that we have the next hurdle - Swimming Failure.

Swimming Failure is caused by rapid cooling of muscles and nerves and can kill in 5 -30 minutes after immersion. It is caused when the mouth and nose can no longer be kept above the surface. It is very dangerous to swim in cold water. Normally the angle of the

body swimming is about 18° but this increases, as the body cools so that it becomes more vertical as the person becomes more exhausted. Shouting for help decreases buoyancy and causes the body to sit vertically in the water. Without a PFD, a person will sink beneath the waves. The rapid onset of weakness and cold induced incoordination, makes rescue that much harder. Simple tasks now become incredibly difficult to perform.

Psychology of Survival

In an emergency situation, our ability to process information is severely curtailed, so rescue or capsize recovery should be well thought out in advance. There is little time to lose as the life clock ticks away. Therefore, regular practice of self and assisted rescue is so vital for sea kayakers.

Then there is the Self Denial mentality - it will never happen to me. Wrong! Do enough sea kayaking and, like mountain climbing, you will have a life-threatening situation.

Prevention

Dress for the water temperature not the air temperature. What you are wearing at the time of coldwater immersion is critical. If you experience any symptoms of cold shock the object of the first few minutes is to keep your nose and mouth out of the water and to activate your well-thought-out scheme of survival.

You can acclimatise yourself for a cold-water paddle by taking daily cold showers for about three weeks prior to the trip. This will reduce the symptoms of cold shock for up to a year.

In a capsize, you should be wearing your PFD – hold onto your kayak. Its an old adage never to abandon your boat and to get as much of your body as possible out of the water to lessen the onset of hypothermia.

Practice your self and assisted rescue techniques regularly. Learn to roll and do re-entry and roll so you never have to wet exit.

Notes from Meeting with Auckland Regional Council re Clause 2.17 Navigation Safety Bylaw 2008 5 June 2008

Report by Julie Reynolds

Attendees:

- Jim Dilley
(Deputy ARC Harbourmaster)
- Christian Moss
(In coming Deputy Harbourmaster)
- Julie Reynolds (KASK President)
- Pete Townend (Director Canoe & Kayak Ltd, Yakity Yak Kayak Clubs)

PURPOSE OF MEETING

Discussion of the new Auckland Regional Council Navigation Safety Bylaw 2008 clause 2.17, and

- Concerns over lack of consultation with local kayaking bodies
- Lack of notification of Public meetings
- To gain a better understanding of the impact this clause will have on kayaking
- To clarify what constitutes high visibility in relation to this clause
- To question how this clause will be enforced
- How paddlers will be notified and educated about this clause
- What penalties could be expected
- What responsibility is placed on powerboats etc to be aware of kayakers
- Timeline for compliance from retailers and commercial operators
- Impact on retailers holding stocks of PDF's considered not compliant
- Risk management for commercial operators with regard to liability insurance

- Investigate the possibility of having this clause revoked

CLAUSE

2.17 Visibility of kayaks and paddle craft

1. Every kayak and paddle craft that is navigating in waters beyond 200 metres from shore shall ensure they are highly visible to other vessels. This shall include:

- (a) wearing a high visibility vest or high visibility PFD; and
- (b) use of reflecting tape on oars or paddles and also on clothing; and
- (c) at night, showing a continuous white light visible in all directions from a distance of two nautical miles.

ARC responses to questions from Julie Reynolds & Pete Townend

1. Concerns over lack of consultation with local Kayaking bodies

ARC: We ran tests with the Auckland Canoe Club on visibility and when we reviewed the results with them they disagreed with the implementation of a bylaw and supported education. We didn't consult with any other kayaking groups but we held Public consultation meetings. This bylaw passes into place on 1 July 2008 for a period of five years. At that stage the bylaw will be reviewed and concerns can be raised then.

2. Lack of notification of Public meetings

ARC: By law we are required to publish one notice in the local Newspaper. We placed two notifications, we also emailed over one hundred registered interested parties.

Julie: 'Who is in this database of interested parties? Please include KASK and Canoe & Kayak going forward. Given our relationship with ARC we should have been notified.'

ARC: list of parties located.

Julie viewed the list of notified parties and only one kayaking group was listed - Auckland Canoe Club. This on a five A3 page contacts listing.

3. To gain a better understanding of the impact this clause will have on Kayaking

ARC: ARC is concerned with safety in the Auckland waters and there have been three incidents where kayakers have been struck by boats and we want to ensure kayakers are made safe by being effectively visible.

Julie: In those three incidents were the kayakers at fault?

ARC: No. In all incidents the pilot of the boat was at fault having failed to keep a proper look out. In two of these three incidents we fined the pilots, in the third we have not been able to identify the boat as the pilot fled the scene.

Julie: This clause disproportionately attaches the responsibility for visibility on the kayaker. Of all the water sports kayakers are the most safety conscious, with firm education programs around water safety and skills, the boats are brightly coloured, the clothing is brightly coloured, flags are used, we could go on and on. Surely this clause removes the responsibility for safe boating from power boat operators.

ARC: The maritime laws apply: boaties are to adjust their speed suitable to the conditions and water congestion, a proper lookout is to be kept and safe practices are expected at all times. We've never prosecuted a kayaker but we have pilots.

4. To clarify what constitutes high visibility in relation to this clause

(a) wearing a high visibility vest or high visibility PFD; and

ARC: Our tests were inconclusive. On bright sunny days Black was best but on duller days Red, Yellow and Orange worked well. The only colour not deemed visible was grey.

(b) use of reflecting tape on oars or paddles and also on clothing; and

(c) at night, showing a continuous white light visible in all directions from a distance of two nautical miles.

ARC: We tested a number of versions but have not found any on the market that are effective at two nautical miles. There isn't a compliant light available,

but we hope manufacturers will be pressured to develop one.

5. To question how this clause will be enforced

ARC: We have no intention of being out on the water on 1 July, policing and enforcing this clause. We have this clause in place in order to gain funding and drive education. We consider bylaws tools to be enforced when it suits us. There may be no benefit to enforcing this clause. It's a discretionary issue.

6. How paddlers will be notified and educated about this clause

ARC: We are waiting on funding approval in order to run a summer education program. We'll put ads in related magazines, hand out brochures and talk to clubs if invited.

7. What penalties could be expected?

ARC: We have no intention of prosecuting kayakers, this is a safety education motivator. We will fine boaties if they behave unsafely.

8. What responsibility is placed on powerboats etc to be aware of kayakers

ARC: Boaties are expected to operate within the boundaries of the Maritime laws and the regional bylaws. A proper lookout is to be maintained and suitable speed around other vessels adhered to.

9. Timeline for compliance from retailers and commercial operators

ARC: As we've pointed out we won't be enforcing this clause from 1 July when it comes into place. We agree that an education program needs to be implemented and time given to make changes and communicate these changes.

10. Impact on retailers holding stocks of PDF's considered not compliant?

Julie: Retailers are carrying stock of PDF's that comply with the Maritime laws, are they expected to dump these and only sell high visibility PDF's? The estimated cost would run into the tens of thousands of dollars.

ARC: Our intention is not to create cost but to motivate manufacturers

to supply suitably visible equipment. This may take a long time but we hope this clause will allow us to work with the manufacturers and insist on complaint equipment. We hope that over the next five years better safety standards will be met.

11. Risk management for commercial operators with regard to liability insurance

Julie: Commercial Operators and Retailers who take customers out on the water in kayaks have to carry liability insurance. If a group is run down by a power boat and the pilot claims he didn't see the kayakers the boaties insurance company will be able to argue the ambiguity of this clause. In all other industries 'high vis' is considered to be fluorescent yellow, orange, green. This leaves the operator wide open for a negligence claim.

We feel putting in place a clause with no definitions, is not a responsible move by the ARC.

ARC: We would be happy to visit all commercial operators affected by this clause and assess the equipment and practices and write a letter of exemption. Our intention is not to excuse irresponsible boating practice but to make kayakers safer.

ADDITIONAL POINTS

In the two weeks KASK has been made aware of this new clause, and has had the opportunity to gauge response from kayakers, the reaction has been fast and unanimous. The following comments have been made:

- o Is this the beginning of the end? Will kayakers not be welcome in Auckland waters?
- o Ineffectual at best, counter-productive
- o All incidents have been skipper negligence why should kayakers be punished
- o Skippers might now relax –onus is on the kayakers to be visible now
- o The intent is clear – not to make kayakers safer but to make boaties safer from prosecution

o Clause is diametrically opposed to the intention of Maritime Law – firstly Maritime law bases requirements on the length of a craft with lesser crafts having lesser restrictions. Secondly Maritime law implies obligation on skippers to keep a proper lookout and avoid colliding with any vessel, the clause places the responsibility on the kayaker to be seen.

- o If kayakers are expected to increase their visibility can skippers expect harsher penalties for running us down?
- o What penalties will kayakers face for non-compliance?
- o Does this not obscure the real reason kayakers get hit? Skippers not paying proper attention.
- o This forgives careless skippers who are not maintaining an adequate watch
- o Are we now targets unless we prove ourselves visible?

SUMMARY

A unanimous consensus amongst kayakers is that we already take full responsibility on the water to be seen and to be safe.

ARC has no means to police or enforce this clause so does this not render it impotent?

All that this clause will achieve is to shift responsibility from skippers to kayakers.

A minefield of legal angles will result.

With no clear definition of 'high visibility' or guidelines on compliant equipment, it is impossible for kayakers to comply. Equally it is impossible for retailers and commercial operators to comply.

Julie Reynolds
KASK President

**EPIC TALE OF AN PADDLE
by Paul Caffyn**

Freya Hoffmeister had a very bad day on the West Coast, when she lost her favourite carbon fibre wing paddle to a dumper (see newsletter No. 132).

February, an email from Freya said her paddle had washed up on a remote beach north of Ross, and would I collect it, then pass it on to Justine who would take the paddle back to the UK, then pass on to Freya in May.

I requested more detail, and was sent several emails: 'My name is Flow. Reason I found it was because I swim in the sea. The day before, I had lost a flipper in rough waves - one minute it was there, the next it was six feet away, and then I got repeatedly annihilated, to make it worse, hence my wanderings up the beach to look for my flipper. I found it about 2 km north of Ross.'

Delegated by Fraulein Hoffmeister to recover the paddle, I was a tad reluctant to undertake this mission. I had met Flow at a Wet West film festival, a tall attractive, lass with long shoulder length blonde hair, but was told later Flow was a transgender person.

On the arranged morning, I knocked on the door of Flow's house in Ross, and she emerged in a rather, cheeky and clinging, floral sundress. I knew from the outset I had gotten off on the wrong foot when I said, "Pleased to meet you mate." Flow had contacted the local police re any reports of a missing paddle, then placed a for sale note on Trade Me. This led to two quick email responses, one suggesting it may have been Andrew McAuley's paddle, a second - obviously a discerning KASK member - noting Freya had lost a paddle off the Wanganui River mouth.

Before parting with the really light take-apart paddle, I gave it a trial on the Grey River. Freya has no show of getting it back. I have seen the light! It goes with me to Greenland, and I am counting on it to allow me to keep up with the young fella.
Paul Caffyn

NEW ZEALAND TRIP REPORTS

Whangarei to Bay of Islands January – February 2008 by Lynn Burson

Paddlers:

- Lynn Burson is a retired business woman, offshore sailing experience, nearly an intermediate kayaker.
- Diana Galbraith, a vet, experienced offshore yachter, and kayaker.
- Rosalie Horsfield, semi-retired caterer, cyclist, adventurer, novice kayaker.
- Chris Quinlan, a computer wizz, runs her own luxury guest house and kayaking guide of 9 years. On vacation for this trip.

Day 1: 24 January

In near silence we loaded mountains of gear into the four kayaks at Urquhart's Bay, situated under the majestic Whangarei Heads. We needed to work a 3 knot tidal stream, which was due to start running out at 9.30 am. So much stuff - would it all fit, what could be eliminated? Fins, togs, books, jumper, and more. We seemed to all visibly relax as our boats took up their loads. Having left Kerikeri at 7am, we'd begged our transport officer of the day, Michael Winch, to stop so we could get a coffee fix. All begging fell on deaf ears. However, Jane Barr to the rescue - she arrived with coffee, tea and her famous ginger loaf. What a send off!

10.45 am; on the water with a 10kn SE breeze at our backs. The short choppy $\frac{3}{4}$ m swell was very manageable, however surf landings on Ocean Beach were out. So we rafted in the joggle, to renew our energy levels with whatever food we had in our cockpits. On again but all planned landings were too daunting; we checked out Awahoa, and Taiharuru Bay for camping, past Ngamatengau Point. Finally we paddled to the surf break at Papuni and asked a swimmer if it was possible to land and camp. He suggested we round the corner and cling to the left to avoid the bar and voila' we'd be in the safety of the Pataua River



Rosalie on the sand bar at Pataua after her capsize. Photo: Lynn Burson

with a commercial camping ground. Surf against tide and that bar looked mighty challenging with rocks to be navigated around too. I picked my spot and moment, weeee, what a ride, and I was through and still upright! Not so the other three. Waist deep on the Te Whangai Head they waded with their heavy water logged boats up the sand bar to empty. Back into our boats to paddle the last few metres and we landed at low water far too far from our camp sight. Putting straps under each boat we staggered them above high water. Those hot showers were very welcome after our 1st days' 32 km non-stop paddle.

Day 2: 25 January

We climbed Pataua Pa to view the sea conditions and declared a lay day. The sea and weather forecast did not bode well and the many white caps confirmed it. We enjoyed a day of paddling on the Pataua River with its numerous channels and arms, and had fun slipping in and out amongst the mangroves. It was my turn to capsize. In dead calm, flat, knee deep water, my iridescent flag caught in the overhead branches of a tree and I went over!

Day 3: 26 January

Sitting having breakfast, we asked a returning, early surfer what the conditions were like. His report wasn't favourable, and my recognition of him wasn't instant, but the delight was great when I realized the surfer was a nephew - Greg. Once again we four women climbed the Pa to inspect the bar and sea. They looked more favourable than the previous day

- only the occasional white cap. We then crossed the isthmus to Papanui. At 8.30 the surf looked doable. We'd get Greg with his trailer and army of friends to help portage our boats and gear. By 11am the surf looked somewhat fearsome, however we'd put so much effort into getting our boats carried and packed that it was worth a go. Diana was to break out first. With the help of two strong men she was thrust out but their enthusiasm was such that she hadn't fully fastened her sprayskirt and the chap on the aft put pressure on her rudder bending it about 60° to starboard. We watched in awe as her bow pointed vertically skywards followed by her stern, out of sight in the trough. There she was again, her boat pointing skyward, still upright and paddling hard. Again she was through and another big one and again she was over, only to be repeated again. She was out, but her boat was very waterlogged. What a spectacular break-out.

I was next and this time the timing was perfect - my Barracuda Beachcomber rowed the conditions well. I nearly hesitated when confronted by a steep breaking top, but Chris's whistle was blasting short shrills telling me to power forward, I was out and dry.

Rose was to follow. Three gallant attempts later she abandoned the effort. Diana and I didn't fancy our chances of returning safely through the surf and the bar looked inhospitable as well. We'd heard that kayak rudders had been snapped off there the year before. In a 2.5 to 3 m swell with a

chop (short aft of the beam), we let the others know we were heading for Tutukaka, a known harbour to me, 14 kms on.

At the narrowing of the entrance, the seas had increased to 4 m with breaking tops. Simultaneously a 32 ft launch was descending on the pass, along with a yacht of similar size, and we were keen to give them clear water, so headed for the starboard side. At the same time the coastguard were doing a rescue exercise which entailed lowering a line between a helicopter and their boat, and as we learned later, had to hold a straight course, which happened to put us directly in their path. Six vessels in a narrow pass together.

We were paddling hard in large irregular breaking seas. My concern was the effect the helicopter's down draft would have on the already challenging conditions. Its wind hit with frightening force, driving my boat downward into the sea, but I was still upright. I glanced over to Diana to see she had capsized, having been caught beam-on by a breaking wave. By the time I got to her, she was back in her very water logged Prion Seayak. Bailing wasn't an option. Waves were breaking into the cockpit faster than the water could be removed. Full of water the kayak was sluggish and unmovable. Another wave toppled them over again but she was back in, in no time, thanks to the help of her simple home-made paddle float.

By this time the coastguard had reappeared and were offering help. We declined but asked if they had a bailer, and could they stand by. A large stainless steel fire bucket was offered. Too big I said, so after searching an aft locker, a very greasy cut-down 2lt milk bottle was produced, and over to Diana they powered. In difficult conditions, they handed the bailer over but hit the kayak with their hull as they pulled away. The kayak handled better in reverse and once we got out of the big seas, Diana was able to bail and pump out her boat.

We subsequently heard that the yachtsman had been very concerned that the cable from the helicopter

had flayed dangerously close to his rigging when it was disengaged from the coastguard boat. I was also mighty worried when I saw the helicopter coming back for what seemed like a second go at me. My hand sign was not lady-like. With relief that I saw it turn and leave the scene.

We were grateful for the bailer and we were soon able to farewell the coastguard. At the marina, we returned the bailer to its owners and were told that Chris had rung them earlier, so they were on the lookout for us. The flag, that had caught me out the day before, was the item that had caught the coastguard's attention so they had known we were in the passage. We continued across the bay to the boat ramp, rang Chris and Rose to let them know we were safe, and with the help of John Alker and his ute' had our boats delivered to the nearby Tutukaka Holiday Park. Chris's husband, Terry, delivered the girls and their gear at 10pm. It had been a long day. 14 km covered.

Day 4: 27 January

Grant the owner of the Tutukaka Holiday Park, kindly taxied us to various vantage points to view the sea and we listened to the local weather. Conditions were good, however the swell was still up and we unanimously voted a rest day was in order. We moved into a cabin and Grant generously left his ute with trailer attached beside our boats. We planned to be on the water early the next morning.

Our day was spent reviewing the previous day's events. I was totally humbled by the fact that we all wanted to go on. My enthusiasm to be on the water the previous day was not a good call. Should the coastguard have abandoned their exercise? I can't say. There were some "might have happened's," but no rigging got torn out of the yacht. Diana received a bailer when she needed it and the coastguard stayed on standby. I am glad we have a coastguard, however it is a voluntary organization which makes a gallant effort to have its members well trained. We must be aware that we cannot expect them to always know the best course of action and that ultimately we are responsible

for ourselves, and we should make every endeavour to keep ourselves safe.

Should we have tried for another harbour? My knowledge of Ngunguru was limited - it had another bar; Matapouri was another 9 km on and, I thought was open to the swell. I had known we would have a safe landing in Tutukaka once we'd got through that narrow passage.

Day 5: 28 January

At 7.15 am Grant drove us to the beach outside the marina. What a difference setting off in the calm, out past the headland and into a gentle 1.5 m swell with a 10 -15 kn SW tailwind. We were feeling chirpy. A morning tea stop at Parangarau, a delightful bay situated just before Matapouri, where we'd originally planned to camp, was most enjoyable. A lunch stop on the outside of Whananaki on golden sands, was another delight. To date the swell had not allowed us any intimate exploring, so we relished our brief time in the calm behind Four Islets. On across Okupe Beach and out to Rimariki Island. Could we camp there? It didn't look too comfortable so we went around the corner, across Mimiwhangata, and into the DoC camp at Waikahoa Bay (Bamboo Bay). 37 km covered.

Day 6: 29 January

Early morning walks, dawn photos, and on the water at 11am. At last it was calm enough to fossick - this is what I'd come away to do - lots of picturesque islets, channels and passages. Chris caught a kahawai which Rose cooked into a delicious Laska dinner in our perfect camp site at the head of Bland Bay. Deep kikuyu make for extra sleeping comfort. 19 km covered.

Day 7: 30 January

Bland Bay to Whangamumu. Hooray! Another day of calm seas, and just as well, as we had wonderful tunnels to explore. Many very big caves just past Home Point along Karakahuria were worthy of attention. A magical swim and lunch stop at Taupiri, where our hunter and gatherer, Chris, dealt to the large kahawai she'd caught whilst crossing the bay.

Hiding just beside her in a crevice was a wee blue penguin. We'd seen quite a number on the water, one, in particular decided it liked paddling between Chris and Diana's boats, much to their pleasure.

Into Whangamumu to set up camp at the old whaling station. A snorkel then a shower under the pipe placed in the waterfall. Our pre-dinner entree was lemon marinated fish and we polished off the last of our wine. More deep kikuku made for our second night of extra comfort. 23km covered.

Day 8 : Cape Brett

A few spits of rain and the wind seemed to be up. What would it be like outside our sheltered harbour. We'd be rounding Cape Brett and our text forecast from Michael Winch looked good. Outside, the sea and swell was up. The worst Rosalie had had to face, but she was enjoying the challenge. Once around Waiwiri Island our world moderated, only 2.5 km to Cape Brett. We decide not to go through the Hole in the Rock as four tourist boats seemed to be heading for it simultaneously and the swell could limit their vision of four low-to-the-water kayaks. We headed directly for Deep Water Cove and a welcome snorkel - we were back in the Bay of Islands.

We were rather impressed with the variety of fillings that were still making for delicious lunch wraps after eight days at sea. After lunch we laughed

Rosalie, Lynniss & Chrissie with one of the kawhai caught as shown on map



as we charged backwards into the tide doing reverse seal launches, and headed off across the sunken *Canterbury* to the tunnel down from Lizard Bay. We straight-lined it from there to Onerewai Point then into Urapukapuka Bay.

We'd txt Neil on *S.V. Freelance* the night before to say we were out of wine - the reply had been that *Vino de Move-along* would be there to greet us. Sure enough, she was sailing into the bay just as we we arrived. A quick paddle had me alongside where I was passed chilled beers, wine, and tomato juice for Diana. Before the beers had a chance to get warm, they were downed, then it was onto the more serious business of setting up camp. Another great day and 28 km covered.

Day 9: 1 February

The wind quickly dried our tents but made tea and coffee-making slow. We were on the water at 8.50 and headed straight for the passage between Motukiekie and Moturoa islands. Chris knows where the mussels are and soon collected enough to enhance our lunch. Crossing to Moturoa, we saw many shearwaters skimming the wave crests just as they have done all up the coast. Why can't I capture one in my view finder?

In behind the Black Rocks we soon steam the mussels open and Chris mixes a gourmet coconut milk, ginger and sweet chill sauce marinade. We eat

like Queens to the end. Back across to Opito Bay where Chris has arranged to meet Terry. Rose and I farewell Diana at Doves Bay as she paddles up the Kerikeri Inlet to the bottom of Inlet Road. We have hardly got time to unload our boats onto the waiting trailer, get home, unpack, get through the shower and back to the Kerikeri Cruising Club in time for the Friday night yacht race.

Life is so good. We left as a group of women of varying ages, not knowing one another very well, and returned nine days later truly appreciating the various skills and personalities and feeling like we broadened our circle of top friends. We were grateful to the support received from friends and strangers during the trip. 22.5 km covered. Entire trip 176 km.

Footnote: I am planning on doing more coastal exploring between Whangarei and East Cape. I'm up for seven to nine day stints, covering between 20 and 30 km a day. If you are of like mind please don't hesitate to ring me on (09) 4073957 or email: lynnisburson@hotmail.com

NEW ZEALAND TRIP REPORTS

**D'Urville Island
by Evan Pugh**

(See also colour photos on page 2 by John Hesseling)

On 1 March 2008, John Hesseling, Mike Ham, Mike Bell and myself (Evan Pugh) headed south from the Waikato with four kayaks on the van roof. At Picton by 5pm, our plans were to drive to French Pass and camp but, while at Havelock, enjoying dinner, we decided to stay there due to the heavy rain, changing our mind about setting up camp in the dark and the rain.

Next morning, after a two-hour drive to French Pass on sealed and metal roads, that were winding but in pretty good condition, we arrived and packed the kayaks and launched by 9am. The weather forecast was for 30knot SW winds. On the drive in, a look at

the western coast conditions (pretty rough) made our decision easy, so the east coast would be first. As we paddled off, we decided to pop through French Pass and back as the wind was low and the tidal stream would change to south-west flowing at 9.48am. There was still some confusing water and strong currents but nothing like the mid tide flow that roars through this narrow passage.

We paddled up the island's eastern coast following the shore, right around Catherine Cove, to the tip of D'Urville Peninsula where the wind picked up - it was howling around some points. A couple of seals followed us for some time along this rugged peninsula. We pulled in for the evening at the Penguin Bay campsite, 23kms for the day.

One of our team had purchased a brand new tent for the trip. A beauty too, as the price had been reduced from \$900 to \$249 but as he was setting up the tent for the first time there was considerable moaning and a bit of cussing about how it would not assemble properly. "Darn the four pole tent! Only had three poles arer supplied in the bag!" I wandered over to see what was going on and was told the problem. Tent owner saw the missing fourth pole in my hand, which I had removed earlier. I nearly got bashed! Laughter circulated through our group.

This camp is in the bush, has an old loo and steep stony beach, as well as a stream to collect water. We caught a couple of blue cod.

Next morning the beach was even steeper due to the dumping waves so we decided to lay low for the day - the forecast was for 35knot SE winds. And similar the following morning but SE winds to 40 knots. After a couple of hours I suggested we launch, as conditions seemed to have settled a fair bit. We only went 12 kms and during this time we had some strong tail winds and good sized, confused swells knocking us around causing some concern. We were glad to get into the shelter of the Rangitoto Island, as we had been offshore all the way to stay away from the cliffs.

We camped at Garden Bay which is not an official camp spot; three of us on stones and John on a grassy area he found that was fairly sheltered. I lost my grip on my tent ground sheet, but it was caught and one tent took off before it was pegged down, also luckily caught just before the sea otherwise it would have been like a tumbleweed ending up at New Plymouth 100 kms away.

In three days we had only covered 35kms, so concern was we were not going to get around in our allotted time. However plenty of blue cod were caught by mister fisherman with the borrowed rod amongst us. The wind howled through the campsite but with plenty of pegs and some rocks as well as tying our boats down, we felt safe. We could also walk up the hill, which gave us a ripper view of the Rangitoto Islands.

Wednesday on the water at 7.15am - we wanted to reach the top of Stephens Passage before the tidal stream changed. The forecast was for variable 10knot winds. This section of coast is rugged - we went through Hells Gate and the Bishops Cauldron in near flat conditions, doing some rock gardening on the way just to show who was boss (for now). Around Cape Stephens and, as we hoped, flat calm conditions after the SE winds over the last few days, so we followed the coastline to Fleet Rocks and Victory Island where we found plenty of caves and long arches to go through, before heading across to Nile Head.

Down this rugged coast, still in calm conditions, we went into Otu Bay to collect water then passed Seal Point which is obviously named for the fairly large numbers of seals on the rocks and some in the water having a good look at us. Into Greville Harbour, we checked out a couple of spots before camping over some sand dunes near the southern entrance. The wind had picked up slightly and we covered 40kms, making the most of the good weather.

Thursday morning 20knot NE winds were forecast. On the water by 7.30 around Ragged Point, we followed the coast at a very slow rate due to an endless supply of caves and arches in each of the bays for most of the way to Okarewa Point. We crossed Manuhakapakapa Bay and, before we knew it, were around into Current Basin again. We stopped for a feed and headed off through French Pass about half an hour before the tidal stream change, only getting up to 12 kph we paddled an extra couple of hundred metres past the French Pass campground so as to clock over 25 kms for the day.

We missed the two big harbours due to the forecasts; we wanted to get around D'Urville without getting stuck, so we missed some areas but thoroughly enjoyed the ruggedness and remoteness of this fantastic Island.

Especially for the likes of a trip such as D'Urville, I feel the most important things are timing and weather. If the tidal stream changes at 10am make sure you are there well before that as wind and other factors can change that time. It is better to have to wait for a while than miss the chance to get slack tide and be forced to turn back or risk rougher conditions.

We went through French Pass three times, and around Cape Stephens without a problem due to working favourable tidal stream directions. Tidal streams can be very strong in these areas and favourable sea/weather conditions are necessary. With the flood or ebbing tidal streams, you will get back eddies at points along the coast which will create standing waves of different sizes depending on the tidal stream strength. D'Urville is a great spot for sea kayaking but you must be capable and aware of possible conditions. With us we had four phones, two VHF radios and an EPIRB. Weather forecasts could always be gotten on a variety of channels but phone reception was very limited.

Evan Pugh

NEW ZEALAND TRIP REPORTS

A Week On The Barrier by Sandy Winterton

“A trip round Great Barrier Island? What - near Queensland?” Even residents of the City of Sails get it wrong sometimes. On arrival at the Sealink ferry terminal on a run-down dock a few hundred metres from the Viaduct Basin, Susan Cade and I unloaded boats and gear. We had pre-paid secure parking for the car from 24 February 2008 while we journeyed to what locals call ‘The Barrier’, about 90 km north-east of Auckland. We grabbed the chance to buy a last-minute mussel chowder from a nearby vendor of fishy comestibles. Like most impulse buys it gratified an immediate desire at the risk of another goal.

Window frames, delivery trucks, dogs, vehicles of all sorts, beer, other island necessities and our precious kayaks were packed, jigsaw-wise, by the crew, directed by a uniformed forklift driver, who, it transpired, was also the captain.

The previous days had seen the tail of a cyclone off Northland with easterly gales, but we set off in calm seas. We were happy to be on the first sailing in three days, but as we emerged from the shelter of the inner islands, the waves got bigger, the boat adopted an unpredictable rolling motion and so did the chowder. Many of the passengers began to look green, including a wretched, knock-kneed dog tied up on the cargo deck. A discussion with the captain about weather and radio contacts was rapidly curtailed to preserve the cleanliness of the bridge’s floor. His advice had been to tackle the east coast first, as strong westerlies were forecast. The remainder of the trip was devoted to holding on to our breakfasts until we arrived at Tryphena, the major settlement, mid-afternoon.

The Barrier is roughly 40 km long and 15 km across. Our mission was to circumnavigate it and its 900 residents within a week. The last of the easterlies were still apparent. We

talked to paddlers waiting to catch the outgoing ferry who had just baled out from the east coast due to the swell. We decided instead to work our way up the sheltered west side and see what the weather gods would send us.

It was good to get under way and to feel our stomachs regain their normal confidence. We marvelled at the number of gannets and shearwaters and were stunned by the beauty of the majestic black petrels, who were holding a contest to skim closest to the water without wetting a feather.

We made unhurried progress and headed into Whangaparapara harbour, our evening destination. The old whaling station now has hardly a trace of its earlier purpose, and residents of a nearby trawler-cum-houseboat had pirated a patch of land for a garden, resplendent with tomatoes and capsicums. The GPS showed 15 km travelled when we reached ‘The Green’ - a well tended DOC campsite at the head of the bay. A banded rail was perkily patrolling its territory looking like a slimline weka, and who could have been appointed campsite warden as he constantly strutted the bounds while we cooked and planned. Kaka serenaded us until dusk, when the kiwi night shift took over.

Wind got up during the night. In the small hours, a contented-looking rat moseyed across the top of the tent inner, oblivious to the voyeurs beneath. We were fooled by its innocent demeanour which concealed a scheming ratty mind.

We used the VHF to contact Great Barrier Radio to ask for a forecast. Emmy, who runs this excellent private service, was a tad exasperated by this, as she had only just broadcast it, but she kindly obliged. A shaky start to a relationship with the lady who was to be our unseen guide and oracle for the next few days. Wind westerly 15 rising 20 knots, and this onto an inhospitable shore with few places to land. While it was sheltered at the campsite, it didn’t sound too promising.

Optimistically, we packed the boats and ventured to the mouth of the bay to check conditions. A local in a sleek rowing boat imparted that he wouldn’t be leaving the bay that day. There was a steep chop at the mouth and we decided to use one of our shore days. We turned and were fair blown down to Great Barrier Lodge where we measured 20 knots at the jetty. The owner was pottering between jobs. He’d been watching our exploration at the mouth of the harbour and approved of our choice. The radio by his desk revealed what a vital source of information the VHF is in this community, where sea conditions and boat traffic are life blood.

By kayak, we found the creek that runs in at the head of the bay to be a kingfisher paradise and wished for a suitable collective noun for them. A coterie of kotare perhaps. We pitched the tent back at the campsite and enjoyed a leisurely few hours in the sun with our diminutive beaked warden still on duty, checking the borders



*Tryphena Wharf.
Photo: Susan Cade*

and unmown edges for tasty morsels and rival birds. Nearing three o'clock we set off up the Tramline track making slow but steady progress on steep terrain, aware of the advancing hour, and we earned our soak in the Kaitoke hot pools near the end of the loop. At the metal road, the first car that came along picked us up and dropped us back near the campsite just as the light was failing. Getting out the evening meal, we found our rodent visitor had nibbled through a drybag containing food, no doubt believing that something labelled rations must be for him. We also made a certain discovery about our repair tape's adhesion to vinyl and so transferred the grub to a spare bag.

The morning forecast predicted SW winds to 25 knots. We had an early natter with Emmy in her unknown perch, from where she surveyed and guided the passage of craft as a goddess oversees her flock. Another enforced day off. We hitched most of the way up the island to Windy Canyon, sharing the journey in a battered Toyota with a kitchen sink and a salty local in a black singlet who regaled us with tales of island life.

We learned how to survive on the island with only a car battery powered reading lamp for electrical equipment, and the best way to carry back from Auckland, for free, so many cans of sardines that they should attract an excess baggage fee. Susan narrowly avoided decapitation from the sharp edges of the stainless sink by wedging herself against its friendlier parts and high bracing against the door pillar every time we went round a bend. Leaving our guide and driver, we were suitably impressed by the canyon's unlikely rock formations. We headed up Mount Hobson, Hirakimata, the highest point on the island, in sapping conditions.

Puzzling white splotches were present on the track in many places. Kiwi poo? Not being familiar with the toilet habits of the national bird we were uncertain, but somehow their stark whiteness did not seem appropriate to a secretive forest dweller. The track towards the summit was steep and eroded, and work was beginning on



*Sandy Winterton alongside the helpful fishing boat.
Photo: Susan Cade*

steps and walkways. Near the summit, a sign enlightened us about the splatters – the walkways would, as well as reducing further erosion, protect the areas where black petrels excavate nesting burrows. So the mysterious splashes were droppings from that spectacular seabird.

We descended via the slippery Peach Tree Track and took a few minutes to locate the concealed hot springs where a bath tub had been excavated by 19th century bushmen into solid rock. I took a dip in the hot salty water before heading off to join our previous day's route at Kaitoke springs where Susan took her turn to soak, as the cooler water would be kinder to her sunburn.

We talked with a mad German cyclist with tree trunk thighs and an impossibly thick Teutonic accent who had done some amazing cycling tours in Africa and Asia. Now working as a chef in Tryphena, he had a phobia for cooking eggs. "I hate it" he said. "Every night it ees ze same. Zey want ex wiz everysing – even shnapper and ex. One night a man ask for rare steak wiz four ex on top. Four ex! It driving me mad is."

The next morning's forecast was more promising - wind 20 knots easing. We spent an unhurried morning packing, and set off towards noon. The waves at the mouth of the harbour were manageable, and we headed up the

western coast. We left a TR with the radio goddess Emmy indicating that we were heading north, but that it seemed unlikely we would manage to get round the whole island. During the next couple of hours, things began to look more promising, apart from some favourite sunnies taking a lunchtime dip. We pressed on, passing various island groups and creeping imperceptibly into perfect conditions. As things had improved so much, we continued past Port Fitzroy, our initial destination. In late sun and flat seas we explored an impressive sea cave before continuing on towards Miners' Cove.

This far from the transmitter, our handheld radios would not receive the weather forecast due at 6 o'clock. Spotting a tall-aerialled boat off Miners' Head, we sped up with a view to getting the forecast from them. A party of alcohol fuelled anglers and their captain greeted us effusively with generous offers of beer and fish, which were gratefully accepted.

We asked them to give a TR for us, as we had altered our plan, and then to turn up the volume so we could hear the forecast. The first part of this mission was carried out with aplomb. The second, and most urgent, was omitted due to the pressing need to show us the huge snapper that one of the group had caught that day.

That evening, in the lovely bay nearby, we were offered those things of which we dream. 30 km covered, a beautiful clear creek, a driftwood fire, fresh snapper, the pinkest of clouds mirrored in the tranquil bay, and the kindly ghosts of long departed copper miners, pleased at having company, to whisper us to sleep.

Our only concerns were not hearing the forecast and being out of radio range, as the next part of coast had a reputation for big surf and was a long way from help; we were prepared to turn back if we had to.

A dawn departure. With a couple of kilometres done, we pulled into a deep, cliffed bay to view the site of the wreck of the SS Wairarapa. Of the 270 people on board, about half lost their lives in this stark and inhospitable spot. We chatted with divers nearby who showed us where the plaque commemorating the event had been wrenched from the cliff for the value of the brass. How we wished it wasn't true.

We pressed on against a gentle tidal stream toward the 'Hole in the Wall' – a narrow passage that separates the top of Great Barrier from a string of islands leading out to The Needles at the northernmost point. Susan surfed through the gap in great style on an unexpected wave. In serious conditions this would be a roller coaster ride with surging seas and looming, barnacled walls. Leaving behind the current, we carried on down the exposed eastern coast of the island in placid seas. We managed a TR offshore from Wreck

Bay and were glad to be back within radio contact. An inquisitive petrel paddled within a metre of the kayaks, seemingly wanting to explore our strange craft.

We passed inside Arid island/Ratiku on a long straight passage between headlands and saw plenty of little blue penguins and some garfish, but few other signs of life in the glassy conditions. Rounding a point, we found a superb beach for a lunch stop and took more than an hour as a reward for a good morning's work.

The remaining distance to Medlands was covered with ease for a total of 48 km, and we camped back in civilisation once more. We fished and caught a rubbery lipped porae, which although not fished commercially, proved a tasty addition to our evening meal. The successful day was celebrated with ginger wine and the luxury of a cold shower.

We breakfasted early and caught the forecast for NE 10 knot winds, then left a TR before embarking on the final and potentially most dangerous leg of the trip. Cape Barrier, the southernmost point, has strong currents, but our early start meant we would have the beginnings of an incoming tide with us and the flow would be gentle. The remainder of the eastern seaboard was cliffs, and the journey was broken only by another curious and fearless petrel. We encountered a crayfish boat with drink cans floating nearby and sadly concluded that not all the locals treat this near pristine environment as they should. We rounded a headland and

admired the beautiful island-guarded Rosalie Bay before pressing on and passing the inhospitable southern cape.

The remainder of the trip up to Tryphena was almost an anticlimax. We reached the port and nodded a nod at each other that conveyed a host of happy thoughts. We made an arrival TR and Emmy asked if we were going to carry on to where she believed we had begun. We daren't admit that we'd omitted to make a TR for the very first leg due to sea sickness and pre-trip excitement. Then we found she was based in the bay where we had spent two and a half days ashore, and where we thought we'd been talking to an impossibly distant entity.

Mission accomplished in good time, and we took a hire car with an insurance excess higher than the value of the vehicle. That afternoon we explored the upper island, before pottering into Port Fitzroy and camping at the nearby Orama community.

The remainder of the trip is a blur of gravel roads, native teal, a great wildlife conservation effort, the communal art gallery, a trendy café, two grave sites of those who lost their lives in the wreck of the Wairarapa, a wind damaged tent, a throng of cavorting dolphins in Tryphena harbour, and a calm crossing to Auckland. A late transit at the ferry terminal was saved from disaster by the country's only humane car park security guard who swiped us out of the exit barrier when our carefully-guarded ticket wouldn't work.

*5.4m long Nordkapp in a 5.3m wide creek on Great Barrier Island.
Photo: Sandy Winterton*

(See also colour photos on both the front and rear covers)



Age Shall Not Weary Them Lake Matahina Ruth E. Henderson

‘Age shall not weary them’ – perhaps taken out of context, but on Anzac weekend, at the Ohope KASK forum, these words were close to the surface of my consciousness and seemed appropriate every which way I looked, especially on the Saturday paddle to Lake Matahina, and at the after match chat.

Due to the cancellation of the Whale Island trip, the procession of kayaks on cars heading back to Whakatane then onto Highway 30, swelled to number about 40. Passing the sign for the hot springs at Awakeri, I’m sure I wasn’t the only one making a mental note for later. We were soon at the road signposted for Murupara that first led to the dam of Lake Matahina.

The dam is slightly unique as it is an earthen one, and the North Island’s largest. It has had a few sagas and leaks since it was first filled in 1967, the most notable being after the 1987 Edgecombe earthquake when it needed strengthening. The gorge type reservoir is 50m deep and filled by the inflowing Rangitaiki River. Perhaps we were lucky it was raining as we had the lake to ourselves – absent being any water skiers or the jet boat that usually swoops up river from the power station and embankment dam to the Aniwhenua falls. We did the return 25 km trip in an hour and a quarter.

We were after a much more leisurely and relaxed ride of about 18km. At the dam, trip leader Linda Pugh handed out laminated charts and told us to buddy up. Leo, one of the youngest present at the weekend, age 26, asked me to be her mate. Once on the water we discovered that 75 year old Jean was on her own so we invited her to make up a trio. A 50-year spread - but no noticeable age gap! Keeping pace, almost effortlessly, we headed up the narrow gorge hugging the right hand edge.

The towering ignimbrite cliffs (see colour photo p.23) looking much like

a very cleverly constructed freestanding dry walls, were host to the odd pohutukawa and wildling pine tree. These were precariously perched - roots penetrating the cracks. The mist hung low over the plantation pines and the gums on the other side. As we progressed, the cliffs gave way to lush green ponga ferns, the orange winter stalks of willows and the feathery white fronds of the toi toi grass.

From underneath, the Elodea (oxygen weed) gave off huffs of bubbles. Wildlife was represented by the odd carefree, curious duck. Presumably eels and trout were present but we saw none. Kingfishers were evident by their nesting holes in the bank, but otherwise we were the only living beings on the water.

We followed the curve of the river around an island, and continued on until the gorge narrowed and someone spied a landing spot. Grass, weeds, and a sandy veneer over mud, made it an interesting get out! Jean decided to stay put and eat her lunch in her boat. I was amused to see her improvisation. She wisely used her paddle float as an extra rain-hood. No point getting older, if you don’t get wiser! The rest of us sloshed ashore, and huddled over our bread rolls and thermoses before squelching through the bush towards the sound of the waterfall. The Hatauatara stream made a fine show and shower, delicately splashing off numerous rocks in its descent. Well worth the visit.

Lunch and exploration over, we continued up stream to where the current quickened, the river rippled and a bridge was sighted. Some daredevils took on the wee rapids, but found it surprisingly hard going. The rest of us hovered in the eddy, watching. Gradually the rain seeped into our psyche and clothes and the idea of congregating in the warmth of the Awakeri Springs was hatched. We were like bolting horses heading homeward.

Buddies helped buddies load up and the convoy of kayaks soon pulled into the puddled carpark of the Awakeri Springs. Wet poly-pros off, togs revealed, it was into the covered end of the pool. Oh the gorgeous warmth of the hot water! Too quickly it felt cool but we smartly determined where the inlet pipe was and moved outside to the uncovered area. We figured wet hair was a small sacrifice for a warm body.

A pleasant hour was spent bobbing about and yarning with 25 year olds, fellow paddlers in their 50s and 60s, and 79 year olds!

Age certainly doesn’t seem to have wearied Jean Kirkham, Sid Salek or John Flemming. They are an inspiration. I’d love to get to their age AND still be active, alert and fun to be with.

Ruth Henderson

Jean Kirkham wearing her paddle float as a hat to keep the rain off.

Photo: Ruth Henderson



NEW ZEALAND TRIP REPORTS

Canterbury Sea Kayak Network trip to Nydia Bay, Queens Birthday, 2008

by Lynette Hartley

Queens birthday sales be damned - we were going kayaking. On Friday night we dragged ourselves away from the promise of long weekend crowds at the Christchurch shopping malls and headed up to the Marlborough Sounds. Saturday morning dawned fine, clear and frosty.

There were 14 of us making the great escape to Pelorus Sound. Some of our group had borrowed a holiday home at Moetapu Bay in Mahau sound near Havelock for Friday night. They were able to launch straight from the front lawn. The rest of us launched from the Marlborough District Council reserve in the adjacent Double Bay.

A dead ray on the sand (probably a Short Tailed Ray) distracted us for a while. Gosh those things are big and this one had spikes all along its tail.

The first part of the paddle was interesting, as we had to cross the main route for commercial and private boats heading out from the Havelock marina area. There was steady traffic and Martin Fraser shepherded us like wayward ducklings across to the western shore of the sound. Our numbers were swelled to 16 when we were joined by Brent and Helen

on a day trip from their batch. We stopped at Pipi Beach for lunch. It was a short paddle from there to the mouth of Nydia bay and a slightly longer paddle past all the mussel farms to Nydia Lodge which is toward the head of the Bay. The Lodge is a DoC facility, surrounded by native bush. It sleeps up to 50 in nine bunkrooms. There are hot showers, a generator that gives lighting, fridges and freezers. Everything is on a large scale from the pots in the huge kitchen and the huge empty pantry to the dining room and outdoor seating in the sun.

We had a pot luck dinner on Saturday night which turned out to have a curry theme. This was topped off by frozen fruit cake which was a combined effort between Martin and Fiona with Fiona making the cake in advance and Martin, thinking it was lasagne, freezing it in one of the giant freezers.

On the Sunday everyone did whatever suited them. Several of us paddled across to the north side of Nydia Bay and walked over to Tennyson Inlet and back. Others paddled out to Jacobs Bay and another group walked around the track to the very head of the bay, returning with stories of a giant pet eel and an intriguing alternative lifestyle

backpackers. Others went fishing and the entree for the evening's potluck was seafood chowder with fresh fish, mussels and oysters.

We were all a little nervous when we went to bed on Sunday night as the forecast for the next morning was for a severe southerly change sweeping up the South Island accompanied by high winds. We needed to get back to Double Bay for our drive back to Christchurch. We had images of the southerly hitting us right as we entered the narrow section of Hikapu reach and blowing us, stern first, out in to Cook Strait in a mass of flailing paddles, thunder, lightning, and spray-filled wind. As it happened we paddled back up the reach with a light breeze, full sunshine and mild temperatures. Those of us who had expected the worst and over-dressed, over-heated.

It was a great trip to a lovely spot and well organised by Martin Fraser. And what happened to the southerly? Well we didn't hit that until we came around the corner onto the coast north of Kaikoura and by then we were in the cosy warmth of our cars and the kayaks were securely strapped to the roof.

CANTERBURY SEA KAYAK NETWORK NEWS & GOSSIP

It is 'steady as she goes' with the Canterbury contingent of sea kayakers. Our meetings are well attended, with really good guest speakers helping to make them worth attending. We have had Jillian and Darcy talking about their North Island odyssey, Bif Frederickson giving us ideas on kayaking in Europe and coming up and we have Poma Palmer and Derrick Cox from DoC giving up their time to talk to us.

There are not many formal paddles going on, the latest was Nydia Bay but we have the 'must do' Lake Heron day trip in July. The Wednesday paddles with Pete have been a hit, with steady attendance. A trip to Cass Bay on a Sunday usually turns up other kayakers out for a paddle.

We do have a bit of an exodus to foreign shores at present, with members incorporating some paddling in places

like Iceland and Alaska. They seem to come back although Sandy and Waveney are still missing in action in Oz. I can imagine Sandy sitting in the desert with his wooden paddle explaining to the locals what an essential piece of kit it is as he shows them how to turn one into a didgeridoo or a dozen boomerangs. Can't do that with carbon fibre and an axe!

Fiona Fraser

HUMOUR

Shocking Gift

Pocket Taser Stun Gun, a great gift for the wife. Last weekend I saw something at Larry's Pistol and Pawn Shop that sparked my interest. The occasion was our 15th wedding anniversary and I was looking for a little something extra for my wife Julie. What I came across was a 100,000-volt, pocket/purse-sized taser. The effects of the taser were supposed to be short lived, with no long-term adverse affect on your assailant, allowing her adequate time to retreat to safety if threatened.

WAY TOO COOL! Long story short, I bought the device and brought it home. I loaded two AAA batteries in the darn thing and pushed the button. Nothing! I was disappointed. I learned, however, that if I pushed the button AND pressed it against a metal surface at the same time; I'd get the blue arc of electricity darting back and forth between the prongs. AWESOME!

Unfortunately, I have yet to explain to Julie what that burn spot is on the face of her microwave. Okay, so I was home alone with this new toy, thinking to myself that it couldn't be all that bad with only two triple-A batteries, right?

There I sat in my recliner, my cat Gracie looking on intently (trusting little soul) while I was reading the directions and thinking that I really needed to try this thing out on a flesh and blood moving target. I must admit I thought about zapping Gracie (for a fraction of a second) and thought better of it. She is such a sweet cat. But, if I was going to give this thing to my wife to protect herself against a mugger, I did want some assurance that it would work as advertised. Am I wrong?

So, I sat there in a pair of shorts and a tank top with my reading glasses perched delicately on the bridge of my nose, directions in one hand, and taser in another.

The directions said that a one-second burst would shock and disorient your

assailant; a two-second burst was supposed to cause muscle spasms and a major loss of bodily control; a three-second burst would purportedly make your assailant flop on the ground like a fish out of water. Any burst longer than three seconds would be wasting the batteries. All the while I'm looking at this little device measuring about five inches long, less than 3/4 inch in circumference; pretty cute really and (loaded with two itsy, bitsy triple-A batteries) thinking to myself, 'no possible way!'

What happened next is almost beyond description, but I'll do my best?

I'm sitting there alone, Gracie looking on with her head cocked to one side as if to say, 'don't do it dipshit,' reasoning that a one second burst from such a tiny little ole thing couldn't hurt all that bad. I decided to give myself a one second burst just for heck of it. I touched the prongs to my naked thigh, pushed the button, and - HOLY MOTHER OF GOD - WEAPONS OF MASS DESTRUCTION - WHAT THE HELL!

I'm pretty sure Hulk Hogan ran in through the side door, picked me up in the recliner, then body slammed us both on the carpet, over and over and over again. I vaguely recall waking up on my side in the foetal position, with tears in my eyes, body soaking wet, both nipples on fire, testicles nowhere to be found, with my left arm tucked under my body in the oddest position, and tingling in my legs?

The cat was making meowing sounds I had never heard before, clinging to a picture frame hanging above the fireplace, obviously in an attempt to avoid getting slammed by my body flopping all over the living room.

Note: If you ever feel compelled to 'mug' yourself with a taser, one note of caution: there is no such thing as a one second burst when you zap yourself! You will not let go of that thing until it is dislodged from your hand by a violent thrashing about on the floor. A three second burst would be considered conservative? SON-OF-A-BITCH, THAT HURT LIKE HELL!

A minute or so later (I can't be sure, as time was a relative thing at that point), I collected my wits (what little I had left), sat up and surveyed the landscape. My bent reading glasses were on the mantel above the fireplace. The recliner was upside down and about eight feet or so from where it originally was. My triceps, right thigh and both nipples were still twitching. My face felt like it had been shot up with Novocain, and my bottom lip weighed 88 lbs. I had no control over the drooling. Apparently I shit myself, but was too numb to know for sure and my sense of smell was gone. I saw a faint smoke cloud above my head, which I believe came from my hair. I'm still looking for my nuts and I'm offering a significant reward for their safe return!

PS: My wife loved the gift, and now regularly threatens me with it!

Subject: Gotta Pee

Two women friends had gone for a girl's night out. Both were very faithful and loving wives, but they had gotten over-enthusiastic on the Bacardi Breezers.

Incredibly drunk and walking home they needed to pee, so they stopped in the cemetery.

One of them had nothing to wipe with so she thought she would take off her knickers and use them.

Her friend however was wearing a rather expensive pair of knickers and did not want to ruin them.

She was lucky enough to squat down next to a grave that had a wreath with a ribbon on it, so she proceeded to wipe herself with that.

After the girls did their business, they proceeded to go home.

The next day one of the women's husbands was so concerned, that his normally sweet and innocent wife was still in bed hung over, he phoned the other husband and said, "These girl nights out have got to stop! I'm starting to suspect the worst - hanky-panky! My wife came home with no knickers on!"

"That's nothing," said the other husband, "Mine came back with a card stuck to her derriere that read, "From all of us at the Fire Station. We'll never forget you!"

KASK

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

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

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

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

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

**Editor: Paul Caffyn,
RD 1, Runanga. 7873
West Coast .N.Z.
Ph/Fax: (03) 7311806
Email: kayakpc@xtra.co.nz**

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:

**KASK Administrator
PO Box 23, Runanga. 7841
West Coast**

Correspondence/Queries to:

Linda Ingram
KASK Administrator
PO Box 23, Runanga. 7841
West Coast

Send address changes for receiving the newsletter via email to Linda at: KASK.admin@xtra.co.nz

4th. Ed. KASK HANDBOOK Updated to March 2008

For trade orders of this mother of all sea kayaking handbooks, contact Paul Caffyn, RD 1, Runanga, 7873, West Coast. Ph/fax: (03)7311806
e-mail: kayakpc@xtra.co.nz
Shop RRP: \$34.90
Price to KASK members only, including p&p, \$22.50
Make cheques out to KASK (NZ) Inc. and mail to KASK Administrator: PO Box 23 Runanga, 7841 West Coast
New members: gratis

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

SEA KAYAKING NETWORK ADDRESSES

NORTH ISLAND

NORTHLAND Canoe Club

PO Box 755, Whangarei
Catherine Keleher
Ph: (09) 436 0341
email: cathkel@xtra.co.nz
AUCKLAND Canoe Club
PO Box 9271,
Newmarket, Auckland.
email:secretary@aucklandcanoeclub.org.nz

HAURAKI Kayak Group

Pelham Housego
PO Box 46-146, Herne Bay, Auckland
WAIKATO KASK Contact
Evan Pugh, RD2, Putaruru. 3482
sheepskinsstuff@xtra.co.nz
Ph: (07) 883 6898

RUAHINE Whitewater Club

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

BAY OF PLENTY - KASK Contact

Iona Bailey, Tauranga
Ph: (07) 576 1492
email: bailhut@clear.net.nz

ROTORUA- KASK Contact

John Flemming, PO Box 1872, Rotorua
Ph/fax: (07) 347 9950
email: shakey@slingshot.co.nz

Rotorua Kayak Club
7 Mahana Place, Rotorua
Ph: (027) 292 3138
email: Woolhouse.Clark@xtra.co.nz
GISBORNE Sea Kayakers Club
John Humphris, 3 Matthews Rd, Gisborne
Ph: (06) 868 4657
email: thetrolls@xtra.co.nz
Website: www.geocities.com/gisborne_sea_kayakers/

WELLINGTON Sea Kayak Network

Mike Wilkin
23 A Ilam Grove
Kelson, Lower Hutt
Phone: (04) 565 0880
email: mwilkin5@xtra.co.nz
Website: www.wskn.wellington.net.nz

SOUTH ISLAND

MARLBOROUGH

Martyn Smith
Ph: (03) 577 6256
blueskua@hotmail.com

NELSON - KASK Contact

Nora Flight
Ph: (03) 544 7877
email: nflight@xtra.co.nz

CANTERBURY Sea Kayak Network

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

OTAGO

Rob Tipa
(03) 478 0360
robtipa@clear.net.nz
SOUTHLAND Sea Kayak Network
Stan Mulvany
03 215 7263
email: eiger@xtra.co.nz
Website: www.sskn.uniformnz.com

SKOANZ

Sea Kayak Operators Assn. NZ
PO Box 6269, Dunedin North
email: skoanz@xtra.co.nz
Website: www.skoanz.org.nz

**KASK Website:
www.kask.co.nz**



Top: Leo Smith photographs the ignimbrite cliffs at Lake Matahina.

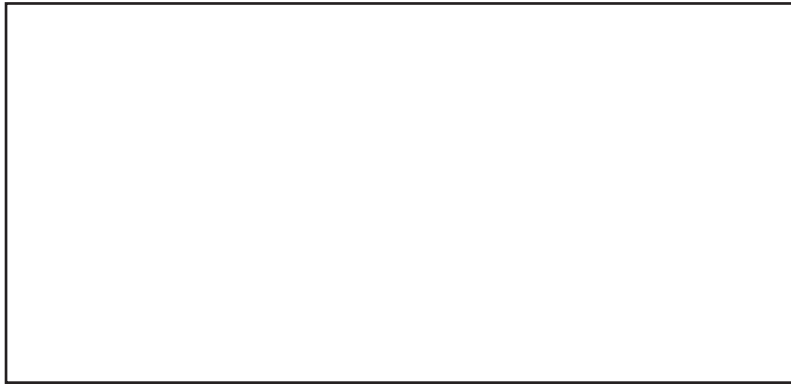
Photo: Ruth Henderson

Bottom: Lynn Burson at the Rotomahana steaming cliffs.

Photo: Leo Smith



MAILED TO



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



Susan Cade near the Broken Islands, Great Barrier Island. Photo: Sandy Winterton

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.

