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# THE SEA CANOEIST NEWSLETTER

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*Early morning fisherwomen in the Sepik River,  
Papua New Guinea. Photo: Kerry Howe*



*Father and son paddle out to trade with a ship. Note typical  
technique for fixing outrigger to outrigger beams.  
Photo: Kerry Howe*



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**Deadline for Next  
Newsletter:  
18 March 2010**

**Thanks to all all those who  
contributed their superb  
photos and wonderful  
stories for this newletter**

## EDITORIAL

### Freya Around Australia

On 15 December 2009, Freya became the first woman to paddle around Australia. It was an outstanding effort given the sustained time commitment, the dramatic range of sea and climate conditions, the three long set of limestone cliffs, the long multi-day crossing of the Gulf of Carpentaria, and paddling solo. To achieve completion of her paddle around Australia required an exceptional level of motivation and determination, and a better than average physical stamina to be able to endure the day after day grind of paddling. See p. 14 for photos.

### Canoes of PNG & Melanesia

The article and photographs by Kerry Howe on canoes in Papua New Guinea and Melanesia is a wonderful insight into the on-going use of dugouts and outriggers in everyday life and ceremonial occasions. Not quite sea kayaking but a fascinating glimpse into the canoeing heritage of our tropical neighbours.

### Trip Reports

Several well written South Island kayaking stories; a hunt for Kiwi on Stewart Island by Fiona Fraser, the latest stage by Max and Melz Grant of their on-going circumnavigation; and an attempt by Hong Kong paddler Cordelia Chu to paddle around the South Island. Although Cordelia trained exceptionally hard for this trip, she was neither prepared for cool and windy weather nor New Zealand surf. She began the trip with a grossly overloaded boat. It is easy for me to say she should not be attempting this trip, particularly with the prevailing El Nino weather pattern, but it would be stifling her strong sense of adventure in tackling this challenge.

### COASTBUSTERS 2010

Page 18 has notes and photos (2008CB) from Ruth Henderson with the website address, and details of the following International Kayak week and wooden kayak building forum.

### KASK FORUM 16 – 18 April 2010

A separate registration form is included with this newsletter. Please fill and return promptly to the Northland Canoe Club, or otherwise download the Word file attachment on the KASK website, fill in, and email back to the NCC contacts listed.

The forum site at Taurikura, on the eastern side of Whangarei Harbour, is an absolute cracker. Registration will commence from 5pm on Friday 16 April. The site is the Manaia Baptist camp, with a large hall and kitchen, bunkrooms and plenty of room for seaside camping. The forum fee of \$170 will cover camp fees, breakfast and lunches on Saturday and Sunday, plus a sumptuous Saturday night dinner, followed by a dance.

The harbour provides superb access for on-the-water instruction, and both harbour tiki-touring and trips out through the heads. The forum will close approx. 4pm on Sunday 18 January.

For the social paddling week to follow, 19 – 23 January, the plan is to drive Sunday afternoon (approx. 1.45 hrs) to a DoC campsite at Puriri Bay inside Whangaruru Harbour. This is a basic campsite; needing tents, cookers, food, solar showers etc. However there is nearby campground at Bland Bay, outside the harbour, with full facilities including bunk rooms, showers etc. Puriri Bay will be the base for local trips through to Tuesday. The next two nights probably will be at a campground closer to the Bay of Islands with a fond farewell to paddlers on Friday afternoon, leaving the weekend (24 – 25 April) for travel home.

If you can help with publicizing the forum, distributing registration forms in your area, helping with the forum organization, airport pickups etc, please get in touch with the editor. Paul Caffyn (kayakpc@xtra.conz)

### COVER PHOTOGRAPH

*About to change direction by shunting. Tack of sail being prepared for moving to the 'stern'. Dobu Island, D'Entrecasteaux Group, Papua New Guinea. Photo: Kerry Howe. See page 6 for the article by Kerry on 'The Canoe World of Papua New Guinea/Melanesia.*

## **KASK**

### **President's Report**

#### **January 2010**

**by John Hesseling**

We are now well into the new year and I assume that most people are back at work. Lyndsay and I spent a week scouting out possible paddling locations for the social paddling week to be held after the Whangarei Forum. We camped at Puriri Bay, a DoC campsite for five nights and enjoyed the great variety of paddling available. This included sheltered harbour and exposed coastline. The first few night of the after forum paddle will be based at Puriri Bay which is situated in the Whangaruru Harbour about 30 minutes south of Russell in the Bay of Islands. I hope that as many kayakers as possible make the most of the proposed week of paddling.

Beverley Burnett, a KASK committee member based in Wellington has tendered her resignation from the Committee for health reasons. On behalf of the committee I wish to thank her for all of her efforts for KASK especially her stepping in as President Pro Tem earlier this year.

The registration form for the Whangarei KASK Forum is now on the KASK website. I hope to see as many kayakers as possible up there to take advantage of the excellent weather at that time of the year.

## **The Webmaster's Picks**

### **from Sandy Ferguson**

This month's set of URLs has two themes, history, and a NZ paddler. History – the first set of URLs have connections with Gino Watkins and his expedition to Greenland. After his first trip he brought back kayaks to Britain and would have been one of the first to demonstrate rolling in Britain. Incidentally, though Pawlata is often claimed to be the first European to Eskimo roll, Nansen demonstrated rolling quite a few years before.:

British Arctic Air Route Expedition:  
<http://onkayaks.squarespace.com/kayak-picture-gallery/british-arctic-air-route-expedition-of-193031/>  
Freeze Frame site:  
<http://www.freezeeframe.ac.uk/home/home>

One of our New Zealand paddlers has an extensive web site. Pete Notman wrote the 'Bugger!' Surf Ski article in the last newsletter, and has recently been on his second trip to the Antarctic:

<http://piratepetester.googlepages.com/home>  
Second Antarctic trip blog:  
<http://piratepetester.googlepages.com/piratepete%27sbesteverantarcticadventure-t>

There are also lots of other trips and kayak construction pages on his site. Sandy Ferguson

## **PADDLER**

### **PROFILE**

**John Cook**  
**Northland Canoe Club**

**from Lynnis Burson**

I came to know and respect John Cook when he became one of my paddling buddies on my Auckland to Whangarei journey in October 2008. Chatting in camp at night I quickly came to realize that here was a man with a wealth of knowledge and experience, topped with a great sense of humour. I found it totally fascinating to hear how his progression of kayaking crafts evolved from a flattered out corrugated iron with tar tinny, to painted canvas, moulded timber and ply, then fibre glass. I was intrigued to learn how they took their resin and cloth on all trips, to do instant fix jobs, and when river bashing there seemed to be quite a few. I'll leave you to read John's interesting and formative roll in the NZ's kayaking history. It's good to have been made aware of his big input into our chosen recreation.

Lynnis Burson

**by John Cook**

I constructed my first canoe in 1947, flattered out corrugated iron with road tar to gum up the ends. My first canvas kayak had a bow that would have done justice to an icebreaker. It was my own design and a very usable boat.

In my school cert. year I built a 17'6" collapsible double, a truly beautiful boat. When it started to wear out I reused the frames and cut it down to 15 feet and raced in Auckland Harbour in 1965. I then made a cold moulded wooden kayak which I severely damaged on its first outing on the Hunua river. I glassed it and started racing the long distance racing series. I bought my first glass boat and was quite successful in the L D series.

In 1975 I started the Northland Canoe club (NCC). The first secretary was Bill Matuvers who was interested in canoeing even though he had never paddled. He had cuttings of Duzi River marathons which he had kept from his

## **KAYAK KALENDAR**

### **CSKNet OKAINS BAY MINI-FORUM**

**13-14 February 2010**

Formal sessions at Okains Bay (Banks Peninsula) start at 9.30 a.m. each day. We all camp down towards the far end of the camp ground. Pay at the office in the house on the left hand side before you get to the camp ground. If you get there too late in the evening, pay the next day. Dogs not allowed. Facilities include two kitchens, toilets and coin-in-the-slot (\$2 coins only) showers in the unit closest to the beach. Bring a kayak and all the gear. However, even if you don't have a kayak there are still things to learn. There will be the usual sessions, rescues, efficient paddling, fitting out a kayak, trips up or down the coast, and surfing, if there is any.

**Contact for Okains Bay Mini Forum information:**  
**Sandy Ferguson Ph (03) 322-9066 or (03) 329-4386**  
**E-mail: [kayakamf@gmail.com](mailto:kayakamf@gmail.com)**

days in South Africa. At 65 he retired and bought his 1<sup>st</sup> kayak, then paddled Northland's East Coast bit by bit. He was never happier. Dave Austin joined the club soon after it first started. He had recently emigrated from UK and had a great interest in slalom & white water. Realizing the difficulty with 15 foot boats in Northland Rivers the club members started making and buying slalom type boats, which were more suitable for surfing.

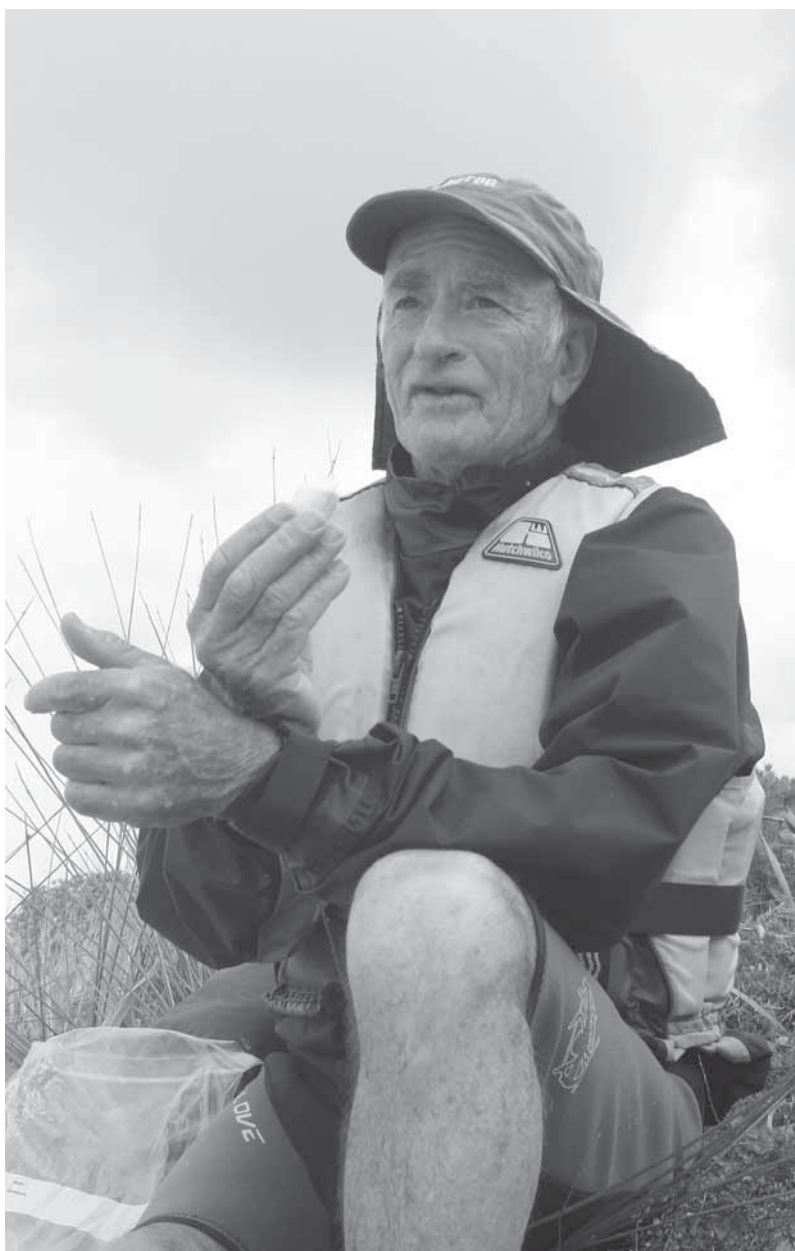
We ran many surfing competitions with paddlers coming from Auckland. A slalom course was established on the Wairua Rapids. This involved day of cutting tracks just to maintain access. We spent hours building a gabion breakout just to see it destroyed in the next flood.

I organized a works rafting race over this stretch of river. Competitors had to build their own rafts (truck tubs & tea-tree poles) at the start of the race. The river was in wild flood, I have the photo of rafts and paddlers being catapulted into air at the rapid which in normal flow is grade 1. There was a bit of a panic when we noticed one paddler missing. He had got off the river on the wrong side and got lost in the bush. After that I decided the risk was too great to run that type of event with inexperienced paddlers. Having battled with setting out slalom wire and poles and seeing them regularly washed away with floods, I developed a slalom system using signs. We used this system on the middle Magakahia.

We ran training sessions at the Olympic pool and started canoe polo. I had to give this up as the chlorine laden air affected my lungs. Council finally put in air pumps to alleviate the chlorine problem.

About this time I was asked to give assistance with "disadvantaged" kids on the river. I managed to talk a rather large and surly 14yr old girl to ride the rapid with me in the CZ. After negotiating the rapid her whole demeanour changed and we repeated the run more than once.

Our long distance races were popular with paddlers, coming from as far



*John Cook. Photo: Lynnis Burson*

away as Gisborne. Our races were well known not only for the rapid sector in the last part of the race but also for the large number of support drivers that got lost in the myriad of roads in the Hikurangi swamp area. This was the 1<sup>st</sup> river race paddled by Paul Mc Donald (Olympian). If my memory serves me correct, he broke the rudder off his K2.

I successfully competed in flat-water racing in the late 70's and mid 80's in CR, TKI & WWR events. In 1983 I was lucky enough to be picked for NZ in the Singapore International Dragon Boat races. We finished 3<sup>rd</sup>.

In 1987 I competed in the inaugural Mountains to the Sea Triathlon and finished 2<sup>nd</sup> in the Veterans Category. A group of club members spent three days training as instructors under Graham Egarr. We all passed, but the NZCA changed the rules so probably none of us are qualified to instruct. I am still happy to pass on my limited knowledge, although I think I am getting less patient when teaching rolling.

Whau Valley dam has proved a suitable venue for seek the clues competitions. The Western area of this dam is very attractive but access requires Council permission.



I have been involved in search and rescue for many years, since being requested to look for a pig hunter in the Pukeli Forest. He had drowned after his horse lost its footing whilst crossing a river. Our kayaks were loaded on to horses to get them to the accident sight. The man's brother swam with us without a wet suit as we searched the river. I have visited the Pukeli many times since then in happier circumstances, camping, paddling and rafting.

On one S & R exercise, Jim Bamber paddled a small waterfall to retrieve a dummy floating in the pool below - he speared it. On another practice on the Whau Valley Dam, we had located and rescued the pretend victim before the S& R had set up their base camp and had their first cup of tea. We weren't very popular on that occasion.

In one search and rescue, there was much evidence of strange happenings that I confronted the police about, but they were not convinced. When we left the river that day and waited for our police pick up, I had an uneasy feeling that we might have been on the set of Deliverance.

Competition has been phased out of the club (NCC) but we still run a fishing contest and short handicap (by design) race.

Last year we were given a grant from the regional council to search for Manchurian Rice Grass in the Wairoa, Mangakahia river complex. It was a good exercise because I managed to involve most of our active members. We paddled stretches of river we had never paddled before. We didn't locate much of the grass but did manage to locate most of the local farmer's missing drowned cows. One farmer had lost most of his herd.

Whilst completing this project it was obvious how much damage was being done by farmers not fencing their streams and drains. That was in spite of the chairman of the Regional Council saying that they had the problem under control.

John Cook

## OVERSEAS REPORTS

### THE CANOE WORLD of PAPUA NEW GUINEA/ MELANESIA

**A Photo Essay  
by Kerry Howe**

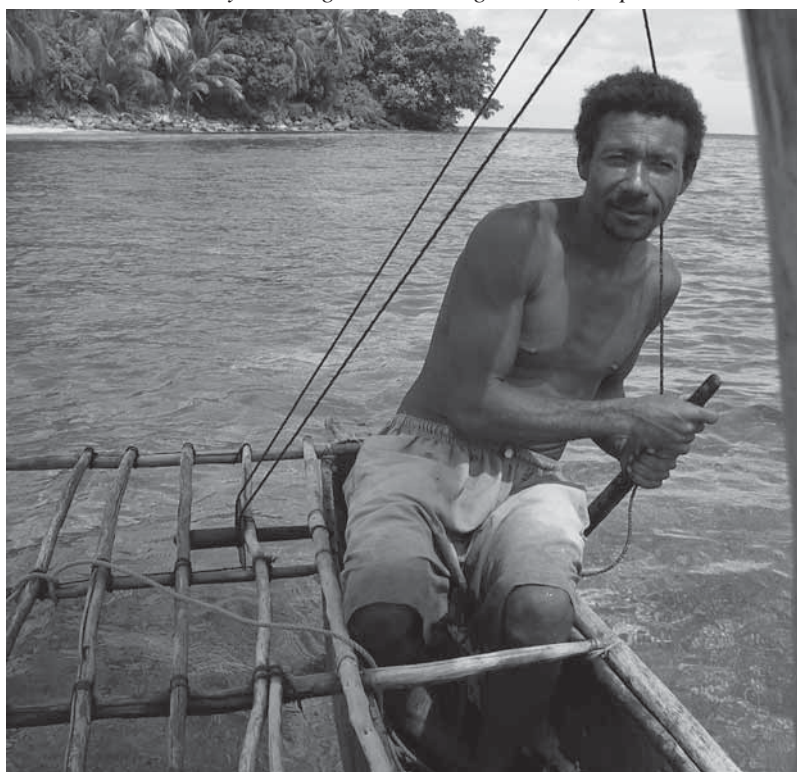
(See colour photos on the cover,  
pages 2, 23 and 24)

In 2009 I had the onerous task of going on several trips in a very small Australian luxury cruise ship (*Oceanic Discoverer*) through Papua New Guinea, Solomon Islands and Vanuatu, as a lecturer on the cultures and history of these regions - well somebody has to do it. (Check out Coral Princess Cruises on Google). With the political and economic struggles of these new nation states in Melanesia, and the consequent weakness or even absence of government services, their populations have had to become perhaps more self sufficient than ever in recent times.

Coming from lands of rampant consumerism, many passengers can feel somewhat distressed at seeing local people living lives of relative poverty, or else simply see them as some sort of happy Noble Savages. Ever since the days of Captain Cook, western visitors to Pacific islands have felt obliged to ponder big questions about the human condition, and what constitutes happiness - is it simplicity or consumer possessions? Are these observers themselves driven by 'artificial wants', and should they wish the same on the island peoples? Are traditional Pacific societies 'primitive/poor', or actually 'advanced/rich'? These stereotypes remain endlessly debated.

But one of my delights was to see the extensive use of canoes throughout the remoter locations and the existence, even reinvigoration, of vibrant canoe cultures. Wealthier village communities might sometimes own a fibreglass boat with outboard, but many others do not. There are real problems of fuel supplies and maintenance in remote places. Hence there are canoes everywhere, even if there is a powered boat or two. Canoes are readily made from local resources, always readily repairable,

*Kerry's sailing instructor. Egum Atoll, Papua New Guinea*



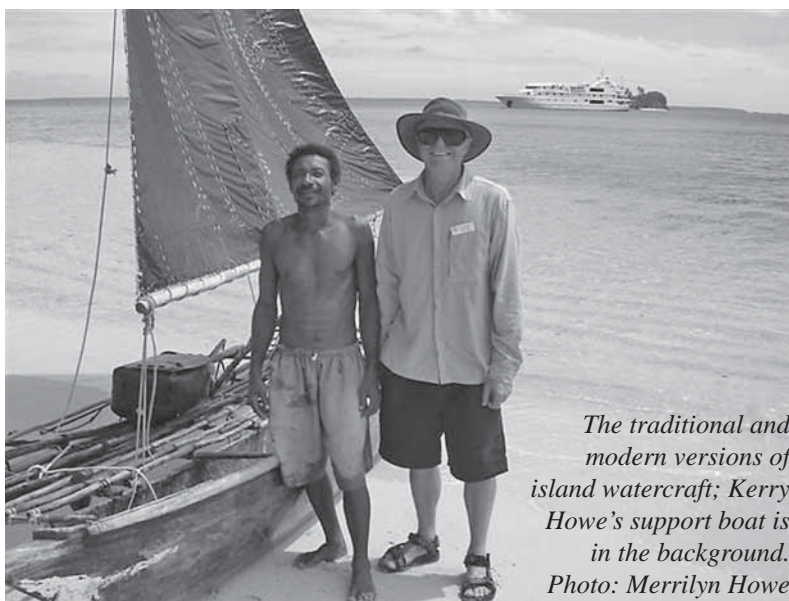
and they last for many years. With trade winds blowing reliably for most of the year they are utterly dependable and efficient. For the eco-purists they have a zero carbon footprint. They are the equivalent to cars in our world, but without any of the associated problems.

Canoes are used for fun and pleasure. Children as young as 3 or 4, male and female, will paddle small single-hull dugouts, utterly at ease, leaping in and out of the water, bailing their vessels with deft flicks of a foot, and unconsciously using very complex paddle strokes for stability and direction. The canoe becomes simply an extension of the body. There is probably not one lifejacket throughout the region. Children are drown proof, and the 35°C water temperature probably helps too. As the paddlers get older, canoes are used for travelling, trading, visiting, fishing, racing, showing off. Most of these feature a single dugout hull, plus an outrigger.

Whenever the *Oceanic Discoverer* anchored near shore it was soon surrounded by dozens of canoes. Some came hoping to sell fruit and artefacts, most just came to look, and many stayed for hours. There were whole families, older and middle aged men, mothers with babies, teenagers, and the very young.

Outrigger canoes vary in style depending on location. Most are dugouts, unpainted, though some are painted and decorated. A typical length would be 3-4 metres. Some are rough looking, others exquisitely finished. Outrigger floats are solid timber. They are fixed to the outrigger beams by a system of interlocking sticks with tight lashings. It is a system found universally across the Pacific and is so effective it has never been altered much over time and place. Seldom are any nails used in construction – they rust and split the wood. Every joint is bound by natural fibres or nylon cord. That gives the vessels flexibility and strength. The ride is very smooth, almost akin to a waterbed as joints absorb any shock.

Some outrigger beams are covered by a longitudinal row of sticks, or



*The traditional and modern versions of island watercraft; Kerry Howe's support boat is in the background. Photo: Marilyn Howe*

something more substantial as a platform for goods and people, but mainly the outrigger beams and the outrigger floats are used for balancing, and people sit in the main hull.

In the Sepik and other rivers, canoes are all dugouts without any outriggers – which would be worse than useless in a river. They tend to be very long and narrow and are generally paddled from a standing position. Every canoe in the Sepik has a crocodile head carved in the prow as some sort of homage to these ubiquitous and culturally powerful creatures. On an early morning foray up a Sepik tributary most of the canoes I saw out fishing, looked to be on fire. A pot of smoldering embers onboard creates smoke to deter mosquitoes, and to light cigarettes.

Canoes are taken out of the water when not in use – the toredo and other worms are rife. Canoes onshore are often shaded with palm fronds to prevent them from drying and splitting in the tropical heat.

*Kids in dugout canoes, Nendo, Santa Cruz, Solomon Islands*



Apart from river canoes and children's canoes which are both paddled, the main form of propulsion is the trade wind. Why paddle when the wind pushes you effortlessly? The sailing rig is fairly standard. A central wooden mast supports a lateen sail or modified lug sail. The sail is set on the leeward side of the mast, and of course the outrigger is always to windward, otherwise outrigger canoes capsize. The tack of the sail (bottom front point) is lashed down at the bow. When it comes time to change direction the outrigger must still be to windward, so a several thousand year old technique is used – called shunting. The tack of the sail is undone from the bow and is taken back and lashed to the stern with the whole sail folded back and reversed. The stern now becomes the bow, the vessel heads off on the new direction, and the outrigger is still to windward. There is thus no dedicated bow or stern, since the one readily becomes the other when changing direction to tack into the wind. Steering is by a normal paddle, held by the foot or toe on the stern gunwales. This also changes ends when shunting.

Sails are usually made of plastic sheeting these days, the sort of heavy black plastic we use to cover weeds. But any fabric will do, including one I saw beautifully stitched together with old sun umbrella fabric. Rigging is plaited fibre, or more commonly old bits of nylon rope. There is virtually nothing to break, and nothing that cannot be readily fixed.



Equipment on board is very basic. Typically there will be a fishing line of monofilament wound around an old plastic detergent bottle or similar container. These containers are also used as bailers. Sometimes there will be an equipment box on the outrigger platform – usually a square plastic container with one side cut out and reattached on top with lashing for hinges so as to act as a lid. This might store a knife and any shell fish or fish caught. Sometimes there is spear and diving mask on board. Such masks are not common and are very highly prized. I was forced to wonder why we litter our sea kayak decks with so much highly desirable, expensive, but basically non-essential equipment - from depth sounders to GPSs, to fancy bags with zips, to rod holders and so on....

An anchor, used mainly for fishing, is simply a stone in a rough plaited basket.

One cunning technique used for deep water fishing is to have a stone sinker in such a basket but with a palm or pandanus leaf left sticking out. The point of a baited hook is pushed into the based of this leaf, and the whole shebang goes to the bottom. Then the line is tugged so that the hook splits the leaf and comes free to drift weightless on the bottom, tempting groper and other large creatures. Islanders readily go beyond the horizon to fish the deep reefs. The sea is respected, but not feared. It is their backyard, providing sustenance and recreational and social pleasures.

When my cruise ship was at Alotau, Milne Bay, on the southeastern tip of New Guinea, there was a three day canoe festival in progress. Several thousand people were there. The sea was literally covered in hundreds of sailing outriggers, racing to and from some mark somewhere well over the horizon. It was a wonderful celebration of a living canoe culture.

In the next issue I'll detail the ongoing long distance canoe travel and traditional navigation associated with ancient trading routes, notably the Kula Ring trade.

Kerry Howe

## NEW ZEALAND TRIP REPORTS

### DUNEDIN TO TIMARU

(Max and Melanie Grant's next stage in paddling around the South Island)  
by Max Grant

Relaxing in Maggie & Ron Oakley's dining room scoffing down their freshly cooked fruit cake, was a perfect way to start the next leg of our trip. Maggie had kayaked the coastline north of Dunedin on several occasions and was able to supply valuable info on the tides, good landing places, and time frames, etc.

Then on to Watercooled Sports, where Tony Limberg also passed on some local knowledge before taking us out to Aramoana, our starting point for this leg of our trip. As with all of our trip to-date, we were very thankful for the support we received from local kayakers.

Over the next seven days, Melanie and I planned to kayak from Dunedin to Banks Peninsula, which would bring our trip around the South Island to the halfway point. Conditions couldn't have been better as we made our way directly across the bay to Huriawa Peninsula and the small township of Karitane, our first planned campsite. By late afternoon we had our tents erected at the domain, an ideal spot on the foreshore with a picnic table and a toilet block 50 metres away.

After a good meal that included Scotch fillets (we made doubly sure not to leave these behind on this trip) we made our way to local sea kayak operator, Allan Anderson, for a report on the latest weather situation. It was all bad - 4 to 5 metre southerly swells with strong NE winds for the next three days. In fact a full on storm was expected to pass over Dunedin that night. Alan ran his own business called 'Kayak Karitane' and knew the coastal area very. At one stage he looked at us very seriously and made the comment, "I think you may be doing this at the wrong time of the year".

Rain, wind and heavy seas resulted in a day spent on dry land exploring the small village of Karitane. Although disappointed at having to take a lay day, we had an enjoyable time chatting with the locals, enjoying a delicious lunch at the local cafe' and having a good look around Huriawa Peninsula. In the afternoon we kayaked up the inlet to the State Highway 1 road bridge.

Day three dawned with bright sunshine with no wind, but the 4 – 5 metre Southerly swell and the prospect of having to face strong NE winds later in the day, our concern as to whether we should attempt this section was worrying. However, we figured that we could always return to Karitane, so we proceeded up the coast. Locals had told us to stay clear of shallow kelp beds that run from Karitane to Shag Point and as the NE winds arrived, the reason became clear. Large waves broke across the kelp beds which run several kilometres out to sea all the way to Shag Point.

By mid morning we found ourselves in a situation where the seas were too rough to continue, but the large swell combined with the strong NE winds was creating large breaking waves on the few beaches where we had hoped to be able to make a landing, so we had no option but to just kept going. By midday we were approaching Shag Point, where large waves were breaking over Danger Reef, an exposed reef that stretched several kilometres out to sea.

Thank goodness it was high tide and we were able to pick our way along a channel of more settled water between the reef and Shag Point. Picking our way very carefully between large waves that were breaking around us we both sensed relief as our kayaks slid into the calmer waters of Katiki Bay.

After a well earned stop at Katiki Beach, we continued paddling around Katiki Point into the strong NE winds and finally arrived at Moeraki late in the afternoon, completely exhausted. It was good to be able to book into the local camping ground for hot showers, good cooking facilities and have a great nights sleep.



Strong NE winds greeted us from the very beginning of day 4 and they continued to become stronger as the day wore on creating white caps and a horrible chop. We had hoped to be able to make it to Oamaru, but as conditions became really bad, we pulled the plug about mid afternoon and ran our kayaks onto a sandy beach in All Day Bay. It was raining and cold. Even tucked up in our small tents it was hard to stay warm. We were feeling fairly despondent about continuing and decided to get to Oamaru the next day and pull out.

Like some sort of miracle, blue skies and a SW breeze greeted us the following morning. We just couldn't let this go by, so on reaching Oamaru; we just carried on kayaking up the coast assisted by the following wind. This wasn't forecast but stayed with us till we reached the Waitaki River mouth not long after midday. Then the wind swung around to the NE again and in a short time, picked up to create white caps and a horrible chop which was difficult to paddle into. Landing along this section of the coast was made difficult by a 15 metre gravel cliff that was hard to scale and had very few places to make camp.

That evening we found a track leading down to the beach with a good place to camp near Morven. The farm backing onto the ocean is owned by Paul Snoxall who was originally from the Manawatu and had spent three days kayaking down the Rangitikei River with me 28 years ago. I could hardly believe our luck as he invited us to his home to spend the evening with his wife, Pam and family, sharing hot drinks, snacks and talking about old times in the Manawatu.

Day 6 and we were on the ocean early and had made good progress to the Waiono Lagoon before the NE wind picked up and started making progress difficult for us again. By mid afternoon we weren't making any headway against the wind and once again the sea was chopping up very badly. After slogging in out for over an hour we landed through large surf at St. Andrews beach where we made camp for the night.

The forecast for the next three days was very bad, strong gusting north-easterly winds and rough sea conditions. Melz and I didn't really have to discuss the prospect of continuing in these conditions as we both had enough, and decided there and then to finish this section. The next day we caught the bus back to Dunedin where we picked up our vehicle from Tony and started on the long drive back to Ashhurst.

We had both found this section very difficult and during the drive home, decided that it wasn't worth making these trips to the South Island to attempt small sections of the coastline. But the thought of now being almost at the halfway point also lay heavily on our mind and that perhaps we should make one more attempt to completely finish our circumnavigation of the South Island, all in one go.

So we have made a decision to return to St. Andrews in February to make a final attempt and have allowed ourselves 34 days to arrive back at our original starting point, at Jackson Bay. A trip that started out as a short four day paddle into Fiordland that was supposed to finish at Milford, three years ago.

Max Grant

## NEW ZEALAND TRIP REPORTS

### In Search of Kiwi on Stewart Island by Fiona Fraser

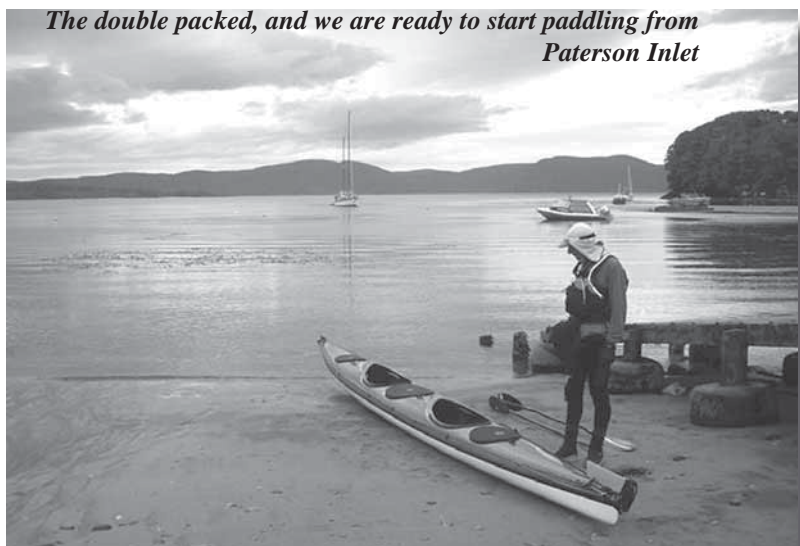
Stewart Island had only ever been described to me as some sort of place of purgatory. Windy, wet, thigh deep mud and non-existent Kiwis. Why would anyone bother going there?

However, after a few years of abortive trips looking for Kiwis in the wild – the last one resulting in being breath tested by the nice police officer at Okarito... that is another story though – we needed a new plan.

A chance conversation with a colleague at work led me to believe that there may be a small flicker of hope that the Stewart Island Kiwi wasn't just an urban myth and perhaps Stewart Island wasn't the cesspit I had imagined. In fact he described Stewart Island as a paradise, and declared that he had a photo of his friend sitting having lunch with a Kiwi standing right next to him. Planning began.

We decided that, since we knew nothing about the place and were a bit dubious about what to expect, we would base ourselves in Oban and do some kayaking around in Paterson Inlet for a week before heading off down to Port Pegasus. There is a huge range of holiday homes for rent, although it

*The double packed, and we are ready to start paddling from  
Paterson Inlet*



took a bit of weeding out to find one that was handy to Paterson Inlet. In the end we got one called Skip's Place and although it didn't have parking for our 7.3 metre long kayak it was in a very nice spot and the owner had organised parking for our kayak down by a boat shed courtesy of the local kayak hire organisation. The transport down to Port Pegasus wasn't too hard to organise either, but we were still a bit boat shy after a nasty experience getting into Preservation Inlet. This time we decided not to take the advice of the local tourist information office for choice of skipper, and went it alone. We came up with Aurora Charters and sent them some dates that would be good for us to go in and come out, to see if we could get in as a back load trip. Spookily, the skippers name was the same as the one who took us into Preservation Inlet, Colin. Thankfully he didn't also answer to a nick name of Collywobbles.

We had deliberately planned this trip to coincide with the crazy lead up to Christmas in order to try to escape the worst aspects of the silly season. Since we would be taking in a pile of gear and a large kayak I decided that I had better book a place on the Bluff to Oban ferry.

I phoned the ferry office and said I wanted to make a booking, but the person on the phone had a 'what for' tone in her voice. I soldiered on, and emphasised that our kayak was a bit longer than the average double. She was unconcerned and said that they could 'chuck' it onto the main ferry or the freighter if the ferry was full. Chuck. Not a word that the owner of a glass kayak uses lightly and had me cringing at the thought. I was politely dealt with and was told that the booking was made. Not convinced, I asked if she would like a name for the booking, and she played the game and took down my name (I think).

Before the ferry crossing I took my Paihia Bomb tablets to deal with the sea sickness that must be inevitable crossing the notorious Foveaux Strait, they didn't work going into Preservation, but I am an optimist. Parking the car was easy, there is a convenient park right next to the Bluff ferry terminal.

We unloaded the kayak and went and paid for our ferry, \$63 per person and \$30 for the kayak (one way). Someone from the ferry showed us the bins to put our gear into, we only needed one despite the mountain our gear formed next to the car. Martin went to sort out loading the kayak. I didn't witness that because I was loading the bin with our gear and sorting out the car, but by the time I had completed all of that I went to see how things were going and found Martin fending off one of the crew who was looking bemused holding two large ratchet tie-downs explaining to Martin their perfect safety record and how bad it can be crossing the Strait.

Martin meanwhile was countering with how fragile a glass kayak can be when excessive pressure is exerted on it with ratchet tie-downs and was busily using our tie-downs to secure the kayak. I had a chuckle to myself and went into the cabin to await departure. Martin turned up shortly after looking happy, he had managed to stave off the ratchets and the kayak was well tied on to the roof of the ferry, although it had a crane ride to get there.

As it turned out, the crossing was very flat, and only took an hour. That was a good start. Holger, our landlord for the week had agreed to meet us at the ferry to help us up to the house with our gear, and was waiting for us on our arrival at Oban. We packed his Telstar station wagon to the roof with our gear, but he looked relieved that we didn't take up his offer to put the kayak on the roof. We left the kayak on the foreshore in front of the pub on its wheels to be retrieved once we were organised in our accommodation.

Holger gave us a tour of the town, all of five minutes, then drove us to the house to settle in. Everything seems to be up a hill on Stewart Island, and so it was with our house. All our gear had to be traipsed up steps to get to the house. The reward was a nice bush setting and the promise of Kaka's sitting on our verandah in the evening. We went back down and got the kayak and dragged it up the hill and over into Paterson Inlet, this exercise only took about quarter of an hour, so wasn't too onerous.

During the week staying at Oban we only took the kayak out twice, mostly due to inclement conditions. We weren't too bothered though, there is heaps of walking to be done. The trip to Ulva Island started with a local warning us about the afternoon weather forecast. We already knew about it, and were planning on coming back around lunchtime. When we got to the island we were met by a retired farmer from Invercargill who co-owned a patch of Ulva Island with his brother. He also mentioned the weather. As it turned out I didn't enjoy the spectacular scenery and bird life on the island as much because I was wondering when the forecast weather pattern was going to turn up and what we were going to be paddling back in.

Abush Robin was a welcome diversion as we sat to eat our lunch before setting off. It was mounting lightning raids on our lunch then disappearing with its spoils, presumably to feed the family, then returning for more. When it dug into our lunchbox to find nothing left I was rewarded with a telling off and a peck. We ended up paddling back into a gusty NW, but Paterson Inlet is a bit like paddling in a deep lake, there wasn't any swell to deal with just stroppy waves pushed up from the wind gusts. By the time we had crossed back to the bay we left from we were in the shelter of the mainland and had a nice time noodling around a cluster of small islands checking out the fishing potential. The water is very clear, although we didn't spot any large fish. When we pulled in for the day we met a local kayak guide packing up for the day. It was still pretty quiet on the island so not too many trips on as yet. He was planning on going for a paddle around Stewart Island early in January with some friends. We wished him good weather and washed down our gear in a handy creek outlet before carrying it up the hill to our house.

The second trip we did was down to Freshwater creek. We needed the tide to be right to get into it so meandered our way towards it, stopping in to look at a Norwegian Whaling vessel repair business which ran from 1927 to 1932. Huge propellers littered the beach, some with impressive chunks out of them from crashing into ice



fields while looking for whales. We ran out of water by an island aptly named Mudflat island. From a distance it looked like something out of a tropical holiday brochure, just missing a palm tree to set it off.

We got out of the kayak and dragged it through the ankle deep water onto the island and had lunch while we waited for the tide to change. Once it started coming in we dragged the kayak out into a channel. I was watching the crabs scattering from in front of my feet trying not to stand on them, we didn't see anything larger despite being told that sharks are quite common around Stewart Island. We had also been told to watch out for ferry traffic in the river taking people up to a tramping hut. They weren't joking. One came around a corner in a fairly narrow part of the river and had us practicing our bracing skills. Parking at the hut drop off was pretty tricky, we had a rope handy and just tied the kayak to a tree overhanging the water then scrambled up a bank for a look around and a cuppa. On the way back out of the river we met another ferry, but this one pretty much stopped when he saw us and let us paddle past, a huge contrast to the first one.

We had enough tide to get back out of the river without beaching and headed back to base, pulling in to look at the stunning sandy beaches and clear bays on the way. There were large clusters of little blue penguins feeding and an array of other bird life to watch on the way back, but no other boats, it really felt like we had the place to ourselves. It was a 45 km paddle in perfect conditions. Back at our house we had a Kaka sitting on the verandah pretending it was starving. We knew otherwise because we had seen groups of them cruising the neighbourhood getting treats everywhere they stopped. The banana and grapes we proffered were delicately received, the grapes stripped of their skin and de-seeded before being consumed.

These birds have amazing dexterity with their beaks and feet. On our last night at the house we were down to our last pear so put that out for the Kaka. For future reference, Kaka do not like pear. We were treated to a spectacular tantrum, complete with stamping feet.

Before heading down to Port Pegasus we called into the DOC office to find out where the hunting huts were down there. Martin asked the guy behind the counter if he could mark them on our map for us. To our surprise he gave a big talk about how the huts have to be pre-booked and told us that we couldn't just use them. We pointed out that the huts were part of our emergency planning, and we just wanted to know where they were in case our trip turned to custard. He acted like he was protecting a national secret and wouldn't divulge their location.

Stunned, we gave up on him and went to get a final lot of groceries from the well stocked Four Square. We were pleasantly surprised at how reasonable the prices are in the only grocery shop on the Island. The stock that they keep caters well for the tourist market as well so we had a good assortment of food to offset what we had brought with us. Having said that we were pleased we didn't have to put petrol in the kayak at \$1.98 per litre or buy electricity for it at about \$1 per Kwh.

For our trip into Port Pegasus, we loaded onto the Aurora Charters at 7am at Oban and had to go across to Bluff to collect the hunting party that were also going in. It was pretty smooth across the Strait again, although I didn't bother sitting up to admire the 'spectacular tide race' that Martin was trying to point out going into Bluff, I was more interested in keeping my Paihia Bomb down.

When we pulled up at Bluff there was no-one waiting for us. Colin did some phoning around and found that the booking was a muck up and they weren't due in until the 21 January, not December. Oops. We felt a bit awkward about this, as we were just tagged onto the trip. Colin insisted on taking us anyway, despite it not being viable for him. That was great. Unfortunately it meant that instead of coming out on the 30<sup>th</sup> we had to come out on the 26<sup>th</sup> which was a bit earlier than we had planned but still gave us time for a bit of a look around down there.

I can't describe the four hour boat trip down to Port Pegasus, as I spent most of it being tossed in the air off the seat

that I was laying down, as we bounced over waves wishing I was somewhere else that didn't involve sea travel.

Evidently Martin enjoyed it and told me later that the scenery was great. Colin dropped us off at the Southern hunting hut by putting our gear in a dinghy and dropping the kayak over the side which Martin paddled to shore. Very fuss free, quite in contrast to the drop off we had in Preservation Inlet.

When Colin left us we just sat on the beautiful beach and took in our surroundings. It was a lovely day, and such a nice spot we didn't feel like leaving. As well as that, it dawned on us that we had a ridiculous amount of gear with us which we had no hope of fitting into the kayak no matter how much careful packing we did. We did our best and then put the rest into a bag and stashed it under a tree. We could either eat all the bulky food first for a few days and come back for our bag or make sure we were back here on the day Colin was due in to collect us. We preferred the first idea, as we didn't know what sort of weather we would be dished up and whether we would be able to get back to our starting point.

We left the beach and headed down Cook Arm. Colin had given us a quick tour in the boat before he dropped us off, but all the twists, turns and islands made it hard to get bearings so we couldn't find the possible camp site he had pointed out. We paddled as far as we could up Cook Arm to a shelf where we filled our water bags with fresh water then set off in search of somewhere to camp.

We got lucky with the camp spot and stumbled onto a place where other people had obviously camped. It was quite sandfly infested and the beach was tidal, but it was late and we had done enough. There was a lot of Kiwi sign, either that or lots of people had been probing around with tramping poles. We heard lots of Kiwi that night, but for some reason didn't get up to investigate. Consequently, still no Kiwi sighted.

We had a horrible time leaving that camp the next morning, the tide had

taken off and we had to drag our kayak 100m to water, which receded further as we carried our gear across the mud from the shore to the kayak. Once we were on the water and paddling it was very nice, although we had a very large seal come up to the kayak and made some distinctly unfriendly gestures towards us. It was a bit unsettling, we have had quite a few close encounters with seals before - I even had a baby one sit on my lap in the Abel Tasman, but they have always been quite positive. We didn't realise that this was a sign of things to come.

We headed out of Cook Arm, back past the Southern hut and towards Bald Cone. As soon as we got out of the shelter of the Arm we got hit with a gusty NW which made for a difficult paddle. We got off the water at mid-day and set up camp. Fresh water was proving to be a bit elusive, so we filled up our bottles at a nearby creek, had some lunch and then walked up Bald Cone.

We found ribbons tied onto the low scrub and followed them. This area is mostly granite, with hardy shrubs hanging on and low ground covers. In the distance are the 'Gogs' which are large granite rock features, and we got a great view of them as we climbed up towards Bald Cone. The NW was really strong the further up we got. Our ribbons led us up to some ropes which we had to pull ourselves up in order to climb. There were a series of them, and I stopped at the last one, it was one rope ladder too spooky for me - I knew I shouldn't have looked down.

Martin went up to the top, took some photos and had a look around while I sat under a ledge clinging to a small shrub which in turn was clinging to a rock face going through how to use the epirob, until I realised that Martin had it. Of course, there were other easier ways to get to the top of Bald Cone but it hadn't occurred to us to try another way up. When we told our Skipper Colin about the ropes he didn't realise that they were there, he pointed out two other ways to get up which were much less challenging.

Once back down at our camp we set up the mountain radio, which is no

mean feat when you are in a valley full of trees trying to string out a 40 metre aerial in a straight line 2 metres above the ground. We got a signal and listened to a pretty average weather forecast for the next day. Unfortunately from where we were camped, we had no way of getting a look at the sea to gauge how the weather was playing out where we were. We decided to stay put for the day. Still no Kiwis sighted, but plenty of noise through the night.

With a good forecast the next day we paddled back up to the southern hut and collected our bag which we could now fit in, just. From there we paddled through Pegasus passage then past a series of really nice looking sandy beaches. We didn't stop at the North hut, just said a brief hello to a couple of kayakers who were there with a party of 17 kayakers and carried on.

We stopped off on a beach which looked like penguin central and also had some ominous signs of a slumbering seal. We couldn't see the seal so stayed a while and had lunch then paddled off to Albion inlet and found an amazing little beach called Smugler Cove which required paddling through a hole in a rock which was a channel leading to a tiny beach with overhanging trees. The tides needed to be just right for this or you wouldn't find the entrance, it was really lovely.

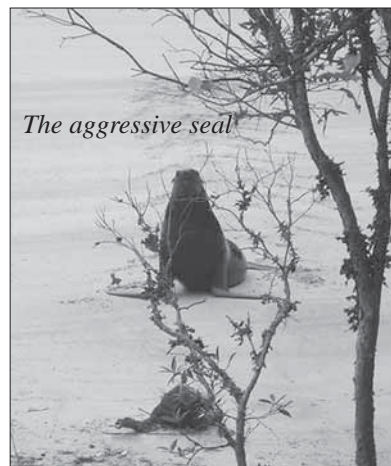
We paddled into Diprose Bay to look for a camping spot, but there didn't seem to be many options there. Speaking with a couple of other kayakers they confirmed what we were thinking, although they had managed to haul their kayaks up over some boulders and nestle into the bush for a camp. It didn't appeal to us, and the sandflies seemed really bad in that area so we went back out to Albion Bay and pulled into a nice looking beach.

There was sign of a seal, but nothing present so we decided to camp there up on a grassy ledge. No sooner than we had set up camp than a seal made a very aggressive appearance. It postured up and down the beach and snorted and huffed for a while then retreated back in to the sea. We weren't sure if it could get up on the

ledge, but decided to put up some barricades and an early warning trip system which involved a string with our pots and pans tied to it. We also took our flares into the tent with us just in case. Of course, had it decided to get up on the ledge while we were in the tent we would have been history. It wasn't a good night's sleep.

Xmas day dawned and we needed some water, so we set off into the bush looking for a stream. We didn't have to go too far for something, and it was nice to get away from the sandflies. We didn't plan on paddling today as a 50 knot NW was forecast so when we got back to camp Martin started getting out his fishing gear. On cue, the seal turned up in spectacular fashion. It launched out of the sea and came straight up to our ledge. I grabbed the camera and hightailed it into the bush, sizing up trees to climb. Martin stood his ground with paddle in hand and they eyeballed each other for a few minutes then the seal lunged.

Martin waved his paddle and they had another stand-off with the seal making it quite clear that we were no longer welcome on this beach. It finally returned to the sea, and left us with a problem. It was quite obvious that the seal would return, and also obvious that it was capable of getting up on to our ledge. We made a decision to leave the beach and head across to another one we had seen the day before. Another problem we had was that we had to put our kayak on the beach and carry our gear out to it. If the seal came back while we were doing that we were quite vulnerable. It was a very quite pack, and a speedy getaway once we were in the water.





We didn't see the seal again, but were sure that it wasn't far away.

The wind was very strong, and the gusts quite unnerving. Sitting in the front of the kayak I got a box seat view of the gusts hitting the surface of the water and travelling towards us whipping up the water, then getting hit in the face with wind and water.

We pulled in at Red Beach, I wasn't keen on paddling in those conditions any longer. We looked around, but couldn't find anywhere really suitable for camping, although I would have sat on a rock for the night rather than head back out. Then, on cue, a seal turned up and displayed its might. This time we had nowhere to get up and away from it. Martin fended it off with a paddle and we unanimously decided that we had to go. I wasn't very happy about this, but once back on the water we somehow ended up with a following sea and were rocketing along.

Before we knew it we were in the shelter of the North hut beach. We pulled in and talked with the kayakers there, who had sensibly decided to stay on shore for Xmas and were well into celebrating the day. Their offer to join them was tempting, but the wind had dropped a bit so we decided to carry on to the Southern Hut to rendezvous with our Charter tomorrow. Of course as soon as we got back out of the shelter of the bay the wind didn't feel like it had dropped at all. We carried on though and got into the bay with the southern Hut.

Martin needed to read the map to check which beach we needed to head for so we pulled in to shelter behind two islands so he could look at a map.

While he was doing that I was watching a seal who was starting to take more than a passing interest in us, and I was also taking in the funnel effect of the wind between the two islands and the blasting around the side of the island which we would have to head into. I was not looking forward to getting out into that and voiced my opinion. We had to yell at each other to be heard, and when Martin asked me if I had any suggestions I am not sure if he heard me yell out 'beam me up Scottie'.



*The superb view from north from Bald Cone across Port Pegasus*

It didn't work, Scottie obviously doesn't work on Xmas day so we headed out for the beach. What I didn't know was that Martin was paddling forwards but looking behind him because the seal had started to chase us and was jumping out of the water after the kayak. Had I known that we would have been aquaplaning towards shore and the kayak would have been parked half way up a rock ledge nose first. I was really over seals that day. We set up the tent and just as we were about to start our meal it started to rain. What a day!

The next morning we had everything packed and sitting on the beach next to the kayak for collection. We had our books out and were sitting on our deck chairs just enjoying doing nothing and talking about which bit of gear was the most useful (gumboots) and most useless (snorkelling gear). I heard a familiar snort, and a seal started heading up the beach. This time we really needed to get rid of it because it could cause problems when the boat turned up to collect us. We tried throwing things into the water next to it, but it didn't care. It didn't care about Martin coming towards it wielding a paddle either. In desperation we threw a stick and hit it. That did the trick. It looked very annoyed, gave a snort and was gone. About 10 minutes later Colin turned up and collected us. The trip back was really good, I even ate the sandwiches Colin bought for us.

It is a really rugged coastline, very committing. Colin had the knack of talking about Stewart Island and Port Pegasus like he only had just arrived a week ago - he took genuine pleasure in talking to us about it and detoured at every opportunity on the way back to show us scenic spots along the way.

We told him about the problems with strapping our kayak on to the ferry on the way over, and he fixed that by pulling up alongside the parked ferry and just craned the kayak straight onto it, let Martin tie it on then took us to shore. I felt like a pirate boarding a boat like that, but it was a great idea.

We sat in a café and waited for the ferry to do the trip back to Bluff and discussed the holiday. Stewart Island definitely wasn't as bad as the picture I had painted of it, although it had its challenges, we certainly wouldn't rule out having another go at trying to spot some Kiwi there. It was refreshing to visit such an unspoilt place. The pride the 400 locals took in their island was obvious from the lack of rubbish and general tidiness. The people we had dealings with (aside from the DoC guy) were really helpful and resourceful which made the trip a whole lot easier.

For the record, we never did see a Kiwi. Perhaps I should have asked to sight that photo my work colleague had.

Fiona Fraser

## OVERSEAS REPORTS

Freya Hoffmeister paddled back into Queenscliff on 15 December to complete her race around Australia. The Victorian Sea Club organized a welcome (see photos below). For her blog and more photos: <http://qajaqunderground.com>

Trip dates: 18.01.2009 – 15.12.2009

Trip days: 332 - Paddling days: 245 - Rest days: 87

Paddling distance: 13790 km (8565 miles)



## NEW ZEALAND TRIP REPORTS

### CORDELIA'S SOUTH ISLAND CHALLENGE

by Cordelia Chu

As a poor student starting college in a foreign country, I fell in love with paddling 10 years ago on Vancouver Island. It's just a way of getting away from the city, of finding friendship and entertainment. Three times a week, we paddled to collect our trophies in the crab trap, or to look for suitable islands for a good night of partying around a bonfire. It was the happiest time of my life.

In 2006, I moved back to Hong Kong for work, and was soon depressed and dissatisfied with materialistic city life. I started paddling again with high hopes of regaining lost paradise; but I ended up spending a lot of time paddling alone. Pampered by the gentle water of Hong Kong Sea, I nurtured a naïve notion that a kayak will carry you to wherever you want, whenever you want, if ever you want.

Then I read about a paddling world outside Hong Kong; about sea conditions that I cannot begin to imagine. We learn support strokes and techniques that are never necessary in Hong Kong sea conditions. I was eager to get out and experience *the sea*.

Right around that time, my family asked if I would be interested in joining

them for a vacation in New Zealand. With all seriousness, I responded, "why don't *you* sign up for the tour, and I will just bring my own kayak and paddle along the coastline? You can drop off a bit of food and water for me if your tour package takes you to the coast!" I had no idea what I was signing myself up for at the time!

Eventually, my parents cancelled their vacation, but I already had my mind set on the South Island. I did some reading online and found Bab and Freya's blogs; I also got Paul Caffyn's book. I knew it was going to be very challenging, but I felt comforted by the fact that other women have successfully circumnavigated it solo and without support. I thought, with enough training and preparation, it would be a reasonable task to attempt.

But how do you get ready for something like this? The more I researched, the more intimidated I felt. I turned to Li Churk Fan, the head coach and chairman of the Hong Kong Canoe Union, for training advice. He told me to stop drinking, to paddle 20 – 30 km and jog 7 km daily, and to work out in the gym every second day. I was mildly annoyed that he was neither interested nor concerned that I will be dealing with some very big surf and a very volatile sea. I felt I was being trained to race on flat water, and not to handle a sea that is alive, volatile, and powerful.

For a few months I followed the training schedule religiously. I paddled through most monsoons and typhoons in Hong Kong throughout that summer. I also pushed myself to paddle for 60 – 90 km within a day, 3 or 4 times a month, to prepare myself for some longer crossings. In order not to overwork my upper body, I also did a lot of endurance hikes (20 to 100 km overnight walks) to improve endurance.

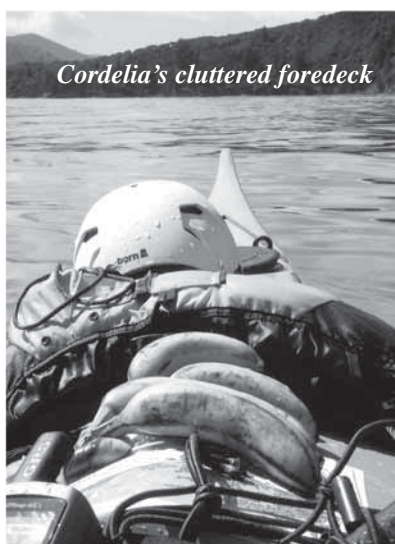
I sought advice and training with Ng Siu-Ming, a friend who teaches kayaking and has some overseas paddling experience. With Siu-Ming, I spend a lot of time practicing rolling and re-entry, we discussed mental preparedness, motivation, set-backs, survival at sea, gear, camping craft, etc. But even Siu-Ming concedes he would not know how to help me prepare for the bumper-dumper surf that I would have to face when I got to New Zealand.

As winter approached, I started to panic. I felt acutely inadequate; I was terrified of the unimaginable power of the sea that I was once so curious about; and I always feel a little helpless when I travel alone overseas. It didn't help that I arrived Grahame and Linda Sisson's Anakiwa home on New Year's Eve, I was very fearful that I would be intruding on a private family gathering.



Days later, I felt ridiculously cheerful! If I needed help with anything I was not afraid to ask. If I was worried about anything at all, I had Grahame and Linda to talk to. On New Year's morning, they hooked me up with Paul Caffyn. Paul wasn't too enthusiastic about my trip, he seemed to think it's ridiculous to train in Hong Kong and hope to be ready for New Zealand water, and suggested that I travel to the west coast to take a look at the surf before I commit to the trip. A few days later, Grahame and Linda gave me a ride to Rarangi Beach to look at the surf under gale force wind. While I slept in, they discussed my weakness against cold climate and called a few shops in Blenheim to see if they sell any polyprop and wool garment. While I hid in my room to sort out my gear, they discussed my conversation with Paul and worry over my dwindling morale. Their amazing hospitality was beyond anything I can put in words. I came in as a demanding client in search of a robust, seaworthy kayak; I left them feeling as though I've been adopted.

Despite all their help, the learning curve has been steep. I started out not knowing how to dress for the NZ climate. I got too warm paddling within the shelter of Queen Charlotte Sound; then I got too cold outside Tory Channel in a strong wind. I didn't know how to pack either - I started with so much gear I could hardly fit my legs into the cockpit; my foredeck was covered with so much junk that my paddle shaft kept hitting them as I planted each forward stroke.



*After a sudden southerly change, Cordelia landed north of Motunau Island, which is visible as a faint outline in the top right. Photo: Cordelia Chu*

Grahame Sisson jokingly expressed his concern that my overstuffed kayak (whom I christened "*Curiosity*") might not stay afloat!

The process of reducing my gear started sooner than I intended. I lost my GPS to a bad landing – desperately in need of a bathroom; I made a beeline to a docile looking bay. It looked so quiet I didn't even bother to remove my ankle-strap (tether) as I approached. To my surprise, I rode into the beach on a wave, and got hit by another one before I could extract my legs from between all the gear in the cockpit. When I finally tumbled out of the cockpit, a third and much larger wave hit, pushing *Curiosity* much further into the beach while dragging me along by the ankle. I leaped across *Curiosity* as the water retreated and sucked her back into the sea, but then the next wave hit again. *Curiosity* rolled over to sit affectionately on my legs. I heard a sickening crunch. I couldn't decide whether to be glad when I realized the crunching noise was my GPS, and not my ankle. I hadn't quite made it to my first campsite and I'd crushed my GPS!

But things can only get better from there. When I landed on White's Bay, I met Mary Selfa and Charlie Jewell from Washington, US. They were on vacation and had been reading Chris Duff's account of circumnavigating

the South Island when they noticed this little Asian wallflower unloading her tippy Nordkapp on Whites Bay. A brief chat soon led to hot tea, rich dinner, and a professional haircut on the beach! They followed and supported my journey all the way down to Kaikoura, where they waited for me with steak, paua, and champagne, and send me off with plenty of pavlova and tangelos.

I felt very emotional when Charlie and Mary left; it was so good to have friends waiting for me at the end of a long paddling day, it's almost as good as having paddling partners. I braced myself for the sharp pangs of loneliness as I left Kaikoura for Gore Bay; but one is never truly alone at sea: pods of playful dolphins escorted me as I paddled south. That evening, on Gore Bay, I met Sandra, Brad and Dave Pugh from Christchurch. This family took me in like a child of their own. They helped me carry *Curiosity*, fed me, allowed me the warm comfort of their camper van, and left me with absolute certainty that they will go to any distance to help me should I require any assistance at any time.

Launching from Gore Bay early next morning, I had to get through five or six lines of surf. Every breaker hit me squarely in the nose and knocked my head back. Dizzy and concussed, I wondered if a kangaroo hadn't sat on

my lap and punched me silly when I finally got through the surf.

Pushed by a following sea, I glided south effortlessly and saw Motunau Island by 0900. I was debating with myself whether to find shelter up the river in Motunau, or to keep paddling south towards Amberley. I soon found out neither option was within reach.

A 25 knot southerly was forecast for the afternoon. I was conscious of the northerly dropping suddenly at 10.00 am, but I assumed it would be another hour or two before the southerly came. I was mildly annoyed when head wind knocked my cap off at 10.30 - the southerly had arrived sooner than forecast. Still, I thought it was no stronger than a breeze and continued to paddle south at a leisurely pace. How naïve! The sea was covered with white caps by 10.40 am, the swells that pushed me forward all morning turned against me without warning. I scrambled to find a landing immediately. I wasn't far from shore, but it was a struggle just to stay upright in the confused sea. Strong wind kept trying to snatch the paddle out of my hand; I struggled to undo the paddle leash, and there was no way I could have managed to put on my PFD and helmet before landing.

I landed safely in the surf, but struggled to drag *Curiosity* up the beach with one hand while strong gusts stubbornly kept up their relentless efforts to snatch my paddle from my other hand. I took out my tide tables and was very alarmed that it was at low tide - there wasn't a lot of beach left and I was worried that in a few hours, there would be no beach left at all. I phoned Paul Caffyn for advice, he suggested I should drag my gear up the cliff for the time being, but I should try to paddle into Motunau River if the sea settled down, as the gale was forecast to grow stronger in the coming days.

It was an intensive two-hours watch. By 12.40 pm, I was shivering in the cold wind, the sun has disappeared into thick layers of ominous clouds, stones were falling off the cliff in the gusts and the water level was rising at an alarming speed. I was getting ready to bite the bullet and push back



*Cordelia, Sandra Keenan and her son Brad at the Gore Bay campground. Sandra and her partner Dave Pugh took Cordelia to hospital after her shoulder dislocation. Photo: Dave Pugh*

into the angry sea when I saw *Kelsa's Anne*, a crayfish boat making her bumpy progress along the horizon. I tried to communicate with the skipper on Channel 16, but I got no response. So I flew my bright orange exposure bag in the wind instead. The skipper saw that and came through the surf to offer me a ride into Motunau River, which I gratefully accepted. An hour later, Sandra and Brad showed up in Motunau with a barbeque to find an exhausted paddler. My eyes stung with tears of gratefulness as I greedily gulped down hot chocolate and fat sausages.

I should have been glad to be sheltered as the gale-force southerly howled, but I soon got depressed after days of imprisonment inside a rattling tent. I texted my friends to confess I was getting restless and was afraid I would soon do something stupid. I was running out of patience for the endless gale force warnings. A frustrated mind governing a body withdrawing from endorphin provides the best recipe for disaster. I had no idea how accurate my self-assessment was at the time.

With an optimistic forecast, while gale force wind continued to howl, I broke camp in the early Sunday morning and was soon treated to a sight of numerous tall breakers guarding the river bar. Trees were bending over in strong if irregular gusts. I got out of my kayak and climbed onto higher ground to

evaluate what lay ahead. The river bar looked forbidding, but the forecast promised the southerly easing in the morning, and I wondered if there wasn't a body of calmer water waiting for me on the other side of the bar. I stood in the wind in my wet clothes for half an hour, trying to decide where to draw the line that demarcates bravery from stupidity. On one hand, I really wanted to make it to sheltered Lyttelton Harbour before dark so I could avoid landing in surf driven by a three metre easterly swell at Amberley. On the other hand, the surf in front of my nose looked blood-thirsty.

I decided to brave it after all. "You'll never know what's on the other side of the bar unless you try. If the wind is still too strong out there, I will surf back in and wait another day." I told myself.

I donned my PFD and pushed into the strong wind that funnelled into the river mouth. The surf broke over *Curiosity's* bow and I leaned forward to minimize the impact. The surf pushed my helmet, which was tied to the fore deck violently; there is something ironic about being whacked on the head by my own helmet as I lay on the fore deck. Sitting up, seeing stars, and with surf ahead, I glided across the next wave before it broke, dodged a tall one that was breaking from the starboard side, and steered right into a freak one breaking on my port side.



I tried to lean forward to minimize the impact again, but the helmet was in the way. I had no choice but to take the crushing force full on. I held my paddle tight and leaned into the breaking surf, determined to survive the impact without capsizing. I tucked my elbow close to my body as I prepared to brace for support, I was very conscious that one can easily dislocate a shoulder if one leans too far out and allow an elbow to stray too far from the torso; but I had not yet learnt to respect the colossal energy that a breaking wave releases.

Despite conscious efforts to steady my posture, the force of the surf pushed my body backwards; the paddle blade travelled with the breaking surf astern and tore my left upper arm clean out of its socket.

Adrenaline coursing through my bloodstream, I was aware of the pain but continued to push ahead into the murderous surf in the hope of finding calmer water on the other side of the bar. But I soon noticed my left arm wasn't doing anything useful; only then did I register I was in serious trouble. Towering, energetic surf was breaking wild ahead and behind; and I could hardly close my fingers around the paddle shaft.

"Threat or challenge?" I asked myself. I had only one goal by that time. It wasn't to survive, because to fail that would be unacceptable. *It's just a challenge*, I told myself. *I'll surf back into shallow water, and if that should fail I will find other ways to pull myself out.* With a clear plan of action, I was focused and committed.

I kicked the rudder, *Curiosity* cooperated docilely, and I leaned aggressively into the breaking surf on my starboard side to broach. With my left hand draped uselessly over the shaft, as a fulcrum, I braced with my right blade. Once I reached the relative calm of the shallow river, I pulled off my spray deck and tumbled out of the cockpit. I tried to retract the rudder with my left hand, only then did I register the screaming pain that exploded out of my left shoulder.

After pulling *Curiosity* onto exposed rocks with just my right hand, I waded across the river onto sweet, firm land; I was a mess of hypothermia, shock and pain. I walked up to the driver of a camper van to ask for assistance, who escorted me to a house across the road to seek better help. After a brief inquiry, I was given codeine, helped out of my wet clothes; *Curiosity* was rescued from the river and phone numbers retrieved from her hatches. Transportation to the hospital was arranged and I was soon whisked into a hot bath with a hot drink.

Three hours later, Sandra from Christchurch showed up with a borrowed van to fetch a wined, fed, drugged, warm and composed paddler.

Recreational fishermen who took care of me in those agonising hours tied *Curiosity* onto the car roof; I left Motunau feeling very privileged to have met so many wonderful people who would go so far out of their way to help a drenched, miserable stranger.

I had arrogantly set out to see how far I can go with my own resourcefulness and a simple craft; I soon found out this really isn't something I can do on my own. I would not have made it this far without the help of so many wonderful people, and I have no doubt I will continue to impose myself on the hospitality of wonderful New Zealanders as long as I continue my journey.

Cordelia Chu

*Cordelia Chu at the 12 Mile on the West Coast of the South Island, waiting impatiently for her dislocated shoulder to heal. Photo: Paul Caffyn*



## KAYAKING KALENDAR

### COASTBUSTERS 2010 SEA KAYAKING SYMPOSIUM

*words and photos (of the 2008 CB) by Ruth Henderson*

Hey guys and gals -the biannual major kayaking ten day extravaganza that starts in Auckland and ends in Rotorua has rolled around again and it is time to register!

Start with Coastbusters on Friday 26 – Sunday 28 February for an action and fun packed weekend of workshops, world class guest speakers, panel discussions, on the water scenarios and exercises. These are held at Milford, Auckland and Sullivan's Bay, Mahurangi peninsula.

Follow up with the second International Kayak Week based at Martins Bay, building on the experiences and friendships gained at Coastbusters. Then cap it by going down to Blue Lake Holiday Park to join in on the NZ Kayak Builders Get together on the weekend of 5 – 7 March 2010.

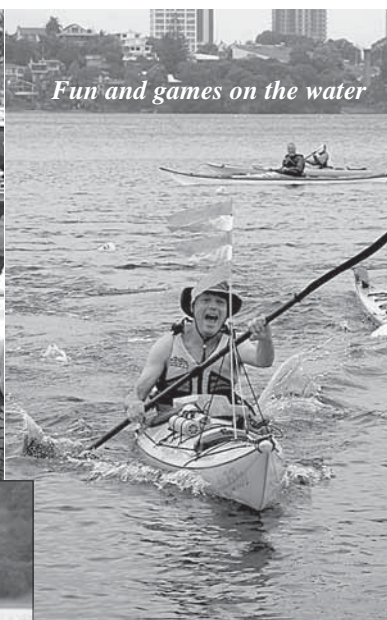
Attend one or two or ALL three events - to find out if you are eligible, to obtain more information and to find the links for registration forms go to:

**[www.coastbusters.org.nz](http://www.coastbusters.org.nz)**

Don't delay – those of us who have been before diary it 23 months ahead and make sure we have our annual leave sorted!



*Gorgeous guest speakers*



*Fun and games on the water*



*Pod scenarios*



*OK, who tells DoC?*



*Healthy Tucker*

## BOOK REVIEWS

**Title:** *Crossing the Ditch*

**Author:** Castrission, James

**Published:** 2009

**Publisher:** Harper Sports Australia

**Contents:** 311 pp, 2 colour plate sections, appendix, 1 map.

**Cover:** limpbound

**Size:** 231 x 153 mm

**Price:** NZ\$ 34.99

**ISBN:** 978 0 7322 8859 4

**Availability:** NZ book shops

**Review:** Kerry Howe

Purist sea kayakers are sometimes a bit scornful of the successful 62-day paddle by James Castrission and Justin Jones from Australia to New Zealand in the summer of 2007/8. After all, it was not a 'proper' sea kayak because of its size, shape and its living/survival pod. It resembled those boats rowed in trans-Atlantic races, just narrower and paddled rather than oar powered. A 'real' sea kayak crossing of the Tasman was better represented by Andrew McAuley's expedition from Tasmania, even though that ended so tragically just off the New Zealand coast. I remember concern in some quarters that Castrission's book might have the words 'sea kayak' on the cover when it appeared (it didn't).

From the intense media coverage as they neared their landfall at New Plymouth, plus the slick website with young-person Utube-speak, I was slightly sceptical that any book would be little more than a brash Aussie gloat. But I was very pleasantly surprised. Castrission writes well, with a disarming honesty and a quite mature self awareness. Along with the expected descriptions of the planning, designing and building of the vessel, there is also an account of the conflicting emotions, motivational issues, and serious problems with chronic sea-sickness before the paddle started in earnest.

This mind over matter theme is further developed with the journey's account itself. Running the gauntlet of sharks, storms, contrary winds and seas, hunger and broken equipment, the two lads come across as likeable,



earnest, resourceful, and quite devoted to helping each other through their respective bad times. Their relationship through trials and tribulations is at times quite intimate (and I got a bit fed up with the overuse of the word love), though readers wondering about their orientation should note that they both shagged a (different) Kiwi girl on their first night ashore in New Plymouth. I'm not sure whether this demonstrates great stamina, or low Aussie cunning.

They do not overly dramatise their nautical plights and predicaments on their voyage, which were often significant and life threatening, though certainly describe them in detail, and the narrative is relatively unaffected by the common tendency in adventure literature to self aggrandise feats of endurance and difficulty.

There's lots of good material on risk management, equipment, weather, kayak design and construction, gear, food and so on in an excellent appendix.

One of the more interesting features of the book for me was the background account of Andrew McAuley's ill-fated paddle across the Tasman to within a day or so of making landfall. In fact the McAuley story, as told by Castrission, is like a dark Shakespearean subplot to his own voyage.

According to Castrission, McAuley found out about Castrission's and Jones's plans for a crossing without revealing that he too had a similar goal, and indeed used some of Castrission's risk management material that Castrission sent him. When Castrission found out about McAuley's proposed expedition they planned a coffee meeting in Sydney during which McAuley revealed his 'turmoil' that he might be upstaged. McAuley was well known for his extreme sea kayaking trips and other outdoor adventures. Castrission and Jones were essentially a couple of adventure upstarts. Castrission was an accountant. From then on there was nothing but outright hostility from McAuley.

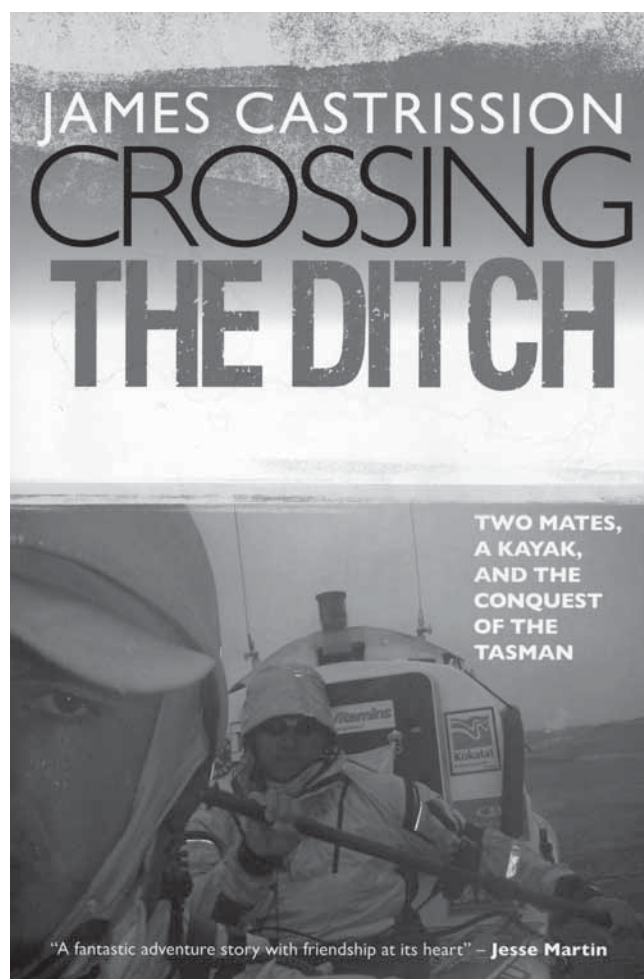
McAuley abandoned his first attempted crossing from Tasmania due to fatigue and cold, but headed out again for what looked like a triumphal arrival at Milford Sound in 2007, well in advance of the Castrission/Jones expedition. Castrission flew to New Zealand and was on his way to Milford Sound to congratulate McAuley. But when McAuley's wife found out she told him in no uncertain terms to go away since he had helped to make her and her husband's life so terrible due to the media-perceived trans-Tasman race rivalry between the two expeditions. Castrission left Te Anau deeply hurt.

Shortly afterwards it was revealed that McAuley was dead. Castrission and Jones were blamed by some for the loss, and they certainly rode their own emotional groundswell of guilt. So it's not entirely a pretty tale, and we only hear one side. But it helps to give this book a good dose of dark realism. Notably Castrission's book is dedicated to McAuley.

And regardless of the extent of any rivalry the two voyages will always be contrasted. One was a solo effort by someone who seems to have been a loving family man across the southern Tasman in a basic sea kayak (with only a hood over the cockpit for protected sleep at night). The other was further to the north, by a couple exuberant youngsters in a two-man vessel with a survival pod. One voyage ended in triumph, the other tragedy. Doubtless the Scott/Amundsen comparison will inevitably be made.

Those who like reading about major ocean crossings in various kinds of small boats will appreciate the addition of this book to the genre. Who cares whether it's technically a sea kayak or not. The voyage was a significant achievement.

But the sea kayaker's holy grail remains unclaimed – will/can anyone paddle solo and unassisted across the Tasman in a 'proper' sea kayak (without a sail)?



## BOOK REVIEWS

### **Title: *The Cockleshell Canoes. British Military Canoes of WW2***

**Author: Rees, Quentin**

**Published: 2008**

**Publisher: Amberley. UK**

**Contents: numerous photos**

**Cover: limpbound**

**Price: NZ\$ 60.97**

**ISBN: 978-1-84868-065-4**

**Availability: [www.Fishpond.co.nz](http://www.Fishpond.co.nz)**

**Review: Alan Bye**

The first three chapters are packed with detail on lack of equipment. Bureaucrats have long descriptions condensed using acronyms. Age 81 I am like Gran'pa in the Simpsons, tending to narcolepsy in mid word. Thirty pages produced that effect.

For military use reliable gear is essential. It wasn't until 1943 that firms were found to produce good gear on time to specification. 1957 a reservist Royal Marine was on an exercise. The group fought headwind, short choppy sea. Bill and his mate turned on the power and broke two nine feet long paddles (Marine issue) the broomshaft loom necked off just above the blade. They then used half paddles as single blades. The book explains that reliable gear went to active units; training units received gear known to be unreliable.

Bureaucratic delays in military supply departments, firms which supplied canoes with parts missing, wood taken from boxes stamped "Sugar", wood already rotting, one wonders how any of the remarkable attacks on enemy shipping succeeded. A product starts with design. The pre war German Klepper "Aerius" was an excellent double with inflatable sponsons along each gunwale. Some were in UK.

The designs that Military know-alls ordered for stability had wide flat bottoms. Flat bottoms conform to surface. If the water is flat they seem stable. When a wave face is vertical the flat bottomed craft goes vertical on its side. 36 inch beam canoes laden with 300 pounds of gear, occupants

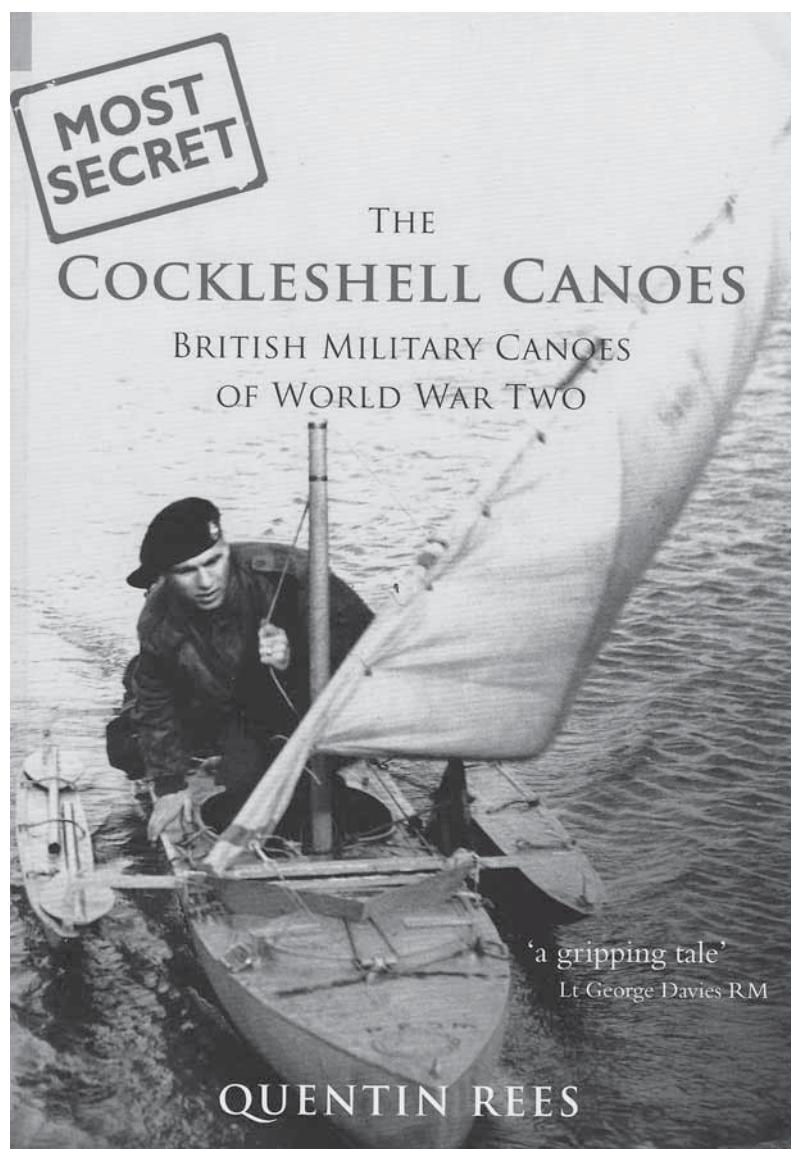
now swimmers, resist recovery. In the attack on Bordeaux two canoes and four men vanished in the tide race standing waves at the entry to the estuary. The Aerius was far more seaworthy than that. "Folbot" made similar craft in UK pre war but their factory was bombed and machines wrecked. Useful timber went to the Navy; the Marines came last for access to good material.

Glassy eyed I skimmed through the rest of the pages then saw pics that were new to me. I woke up. There were three marks of canoe. Mk 4 was a 12 man river crossing assault craft. Mk 5 was balsa wood, electrically propelled, 6 hours duration, with outriggers. Mk 6 had detachable bow and stern, select what you need and bolt on. Mk 7 was alloy, round bilge. Mk 8 had a sail and a two stroke engine retractable in to the hull. The compass site was close under

the nose of the navigator. Continual looking down at night induces nausea. Knocks on an alloy hull produce a booming noise.

Three and four man canoes were produced. The photographs show strongly built hulls with brass bolts and clamps. The pinnacle of achievement was "Sleeping Beauty" the submarine design. It had a sail, an electric motor and an alloy hull. It could be paddled like a canoe, sailed like a yacht and submerged like a fish.

I have a specialist library and would buy the book for that collection. It is barely readable unlike Colonel Phillips' classic "The Cockleshell Heroes" It is a great clue sheet suggesting further reading on many attacks previously unknown to me. It has more facts than a minefield, anyone could go bang for you.





## HUMOUR

### Herd this One?

The only cow in a small town in Queensland stopped giving milk. The town folk found they could buy a real good cow in NZ quite cheaply. As you are aware, NZ has a fantastic dairy industry. Their cows are the best. They brought the cow from NZ and it was wonderful, produced lots of milk every day and everyone was happy. They bought a bull to mate with the cow to get more cows, so they'd never have to worry about their milk supply again. They put the bull in the pasture with the cow but whenever the bull tried to mount the cow, the cow would move away. No matter what approach the bull tried, the cow would move away from the bull and he was never able to do the deed. The people were very upset and decided to go the Vet, who was very wise, tell him what was happening and ask his advice. "Whenever the bull tries to mount our cow, she moves away. If he approaches from the back, she moves forward," they said. "When he approaches her from the front, she backs off. If he attempts from the one side, she walks away to the other side."

The Vet rubbed his chin thoughtfully and pondered this before asking, "Did you by chance, buy this cow in NZ?" The people were dumbfounded, since no one had ever mentioned that they had brought the cow all the way from NZ.

"You are truly a wise Vet," they said. "How did you know we got the cow from NZ?"

The Vet replied with a distant look in his eye, "My wife is from NZ."

### Inner Peace for 2010

Some doctor on the TV this morning said that the way to achieve inner peace is to finish all the things you have started. So I looked around my house to see things I'd started and hadn't finished and, before leaving the house this morning, I finished off a bottle of Merlot, a bottle of shhhardonay, a bodle of Baileys, abutle of vodka, a pockage of Pringlies, the res of the Chesescke an a box a chocolets. Yu haf no idr ow frigin gud I fel. Peas sen dis orn to any yu fee ar in ned ov invr pece

### Men are from Mars

Woman's Diary: Saturday 26 July 2008: Saw him in the evening and he was acting really strangely. I'd been shopping in the afternoon with the girls and was a bit late meeting him, thought it might be that. The bar was really crowded and loud, so I suggested we go somewhere quieter to talk. He was still very subdued and distracted so I suggested we went somewhere nice to eat.

All through dinner he just didn't seem himself - he hardly laughed and didn't seem to be paying any attention to me or to what I was saying. I just knew that something was wrong.

He dropped me back home and I wondered if he was going to come in. He hesitated but followed.

I asked him what was wrong, but he just half shook his head and turned the television on.

After about ten minutes of silence I said that I was going upstairs to bed, I put my arms around him and told him that I loved him deeply. He just gave a sigh and a sad sort of smile.

He didn't follow me up immediately but came up later and, to my surprise, we made love - but he still seemed distant and a bit cold.

I cried myself to sleep - I think he's planning to leave me - maybe he's found someone else.

Man's Diary: Saturday 26 July 2008 All Blacks lost. Gutted. Got a naughty though!

### Wheelie bins

A garbage collector is driving along a street picking up the wheelie bins and emptying them into his compactor. He goes to one house where the bin hasn't been left out, and in the spirit of kindness, and after having a quick look about for the bin, he gets out of his truck, goes to the front door and knocks. There's no answer. Being a kindly and conscientious bloke, he knocks again - much harder. Eventually a Japanese man comes to the door. "Harro!" says the Japanese man.

"Giddyay, mate! Where's ya bin?" asks the collector.

"I bin on toiret," explains the Japanese bloke, a bit perplexed.

Realizing the little foreign fellow had misunderstood him, the bin man smiles and tries again. "No! no! mate, Where's your dust bin?"

"I dust been to toiret, I toll you!" says the Japanese man, still perplexed.

"Listen," says the collector, "You're misunderstanding me. Where's your 'w h e e l i e' bin?"

"OK, OK," replies the Japanese man with a sheepish grin, and whispers in the collector's ear, "I wheelie bin having sex wirra wife's sista!"

### The Broken Lawnmower

Marriage is a relationship in which one person is always right and the other is usually the husband.

When our lawnmower broke and wouldn't run, my wife kept hinting to me that I should get it fixed. But, somehow I always had something else to take care of first: the truck, the car, e-mail, fishing - always something more important to me. Finally she thought of a clever way to make her point. When I arrived home one day, I found her seated in the tall grass, busily snipping away with a tiny pair of sewing scissors. I watched silently for a short time and then went into the house. I was gone only a few minutes. When I came out again I handed her a toothbrush. "When you finish cutting the grass," I said, "you might as well sweep the driveway." The doctors say I will walk again, but I will always have a limp.

### Grin and Bear It!

A man wakes up one morning in Alaska to find a bear on his roof. So he looks in the yellow pages and sure enough, there's an ad for 'Bear Removers.' He calls the number, and the bear remover says he'll be over in 30 minutes. The bear remover arrives, and gets out of his van. He's got a ladder, a baseball bat, a shotgun and a mean old pit bull.

"What are you going to do," the homeowner asks? "I'm going to put this ladder up against the roof, then I'm going to go up there and knock the bear off the roof with this baseball bat. When the bear falls off, the pit bull is trained to grab his testicles and not let go. The bear will then be subdued enough for me to put him in the cage in the back of the van."

He hands the shotgun to the homeowner. "What's the shotgun for?" asks the homeowner.

"If the bear knocks me off the roof, shoot the dog."

## 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 (PDF email news/l)

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:**

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KASK Administrator  
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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

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##### **HAURAKI Kayak Group**

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email: thetrolls@xtra.co.nz

Website: www.geocities.com/gisborne\_sea\_kayakers/

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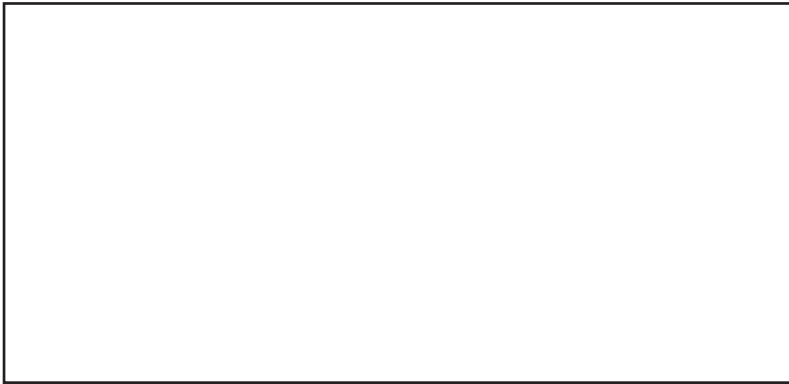
*Full speed but about  
to shunt, Dobu Island.  
Photo: Kerry Howe*



*Ceremonial welcome, Tufi, Papua New Guinea  
Photo: Kerry Howe*



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*Heading off rapidly in new direction after the shunt, Dobu Island. Photo: Kerry Howe*

### 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.

