

# **NEW ZEALAND SEA CANOEIST**



**No. 157  
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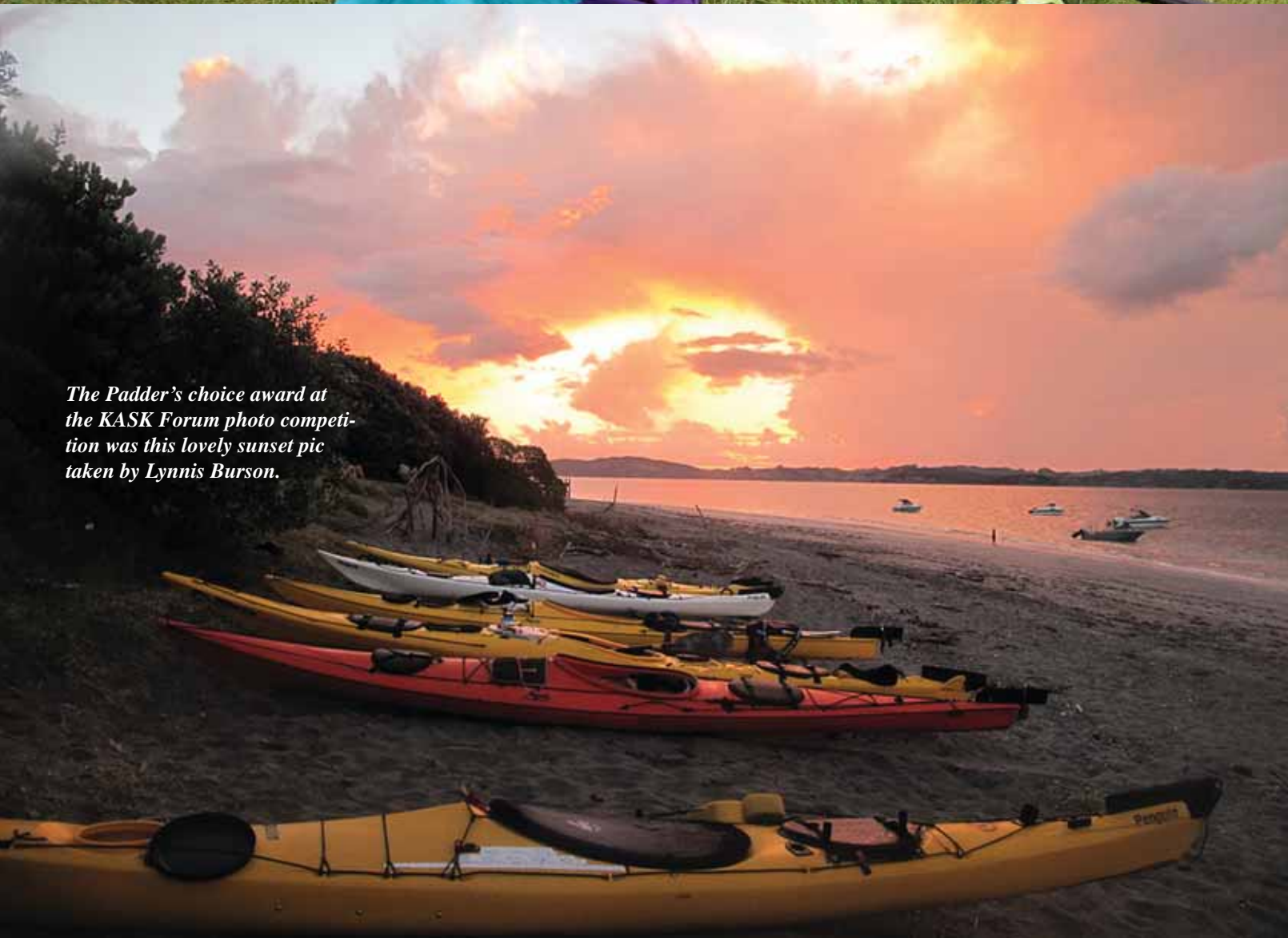
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(NZ) Inc - KASK**





*At the 2012 Wainui KASK Forum, JKA presented a session on safety kit he carried with him whilst paddling and also suggested colourful clothing combinations for the 2013 summer.  
Photo: Jillian Wilson*



*The Padder's choice award at the KASK Forum photo competition was this lovely sunset pic taken by Lynnis Burson.*



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next Newsletter: 25 May 2012****Editing & Layout: Paul Caffyn****EDITORIAL****2012 KASK FORUM**

The Canterbury Network organizing committee of Doug Aitken, John Kirk-Anderson, Darcy Mawson, Sandy Ferguson, Ian McKenzie, Murray and Jeanette Rowden, Mike and Chris Neason, Andy and Deirdre Sheppard, David Welch and Jillian Wilson, did a superb job in planning an excellent weekend gathering at Wainui in Akaraoa Harbour. The accommodation and indoor lecture facilities were first rate, as was the line up of instructors and presenters.

On the Saturday night, Hayley Shephard gave a presentation on her attempt to paddle around South Georgia and launched her book on this expedition. A highlight on Saturday was the helicopter rescue display with capsized paddler Ian McKenzie winched out of the sea.

JKA was in rather good form with his sessions on 'Why Paddlers Die?' and 'Emergency Kit on his PFD'. His new method for testing if a paddler was suffering from hypothermia raised a few eyebrows. John asked what method was normally used to check for hypothermia. After a while, 'rectal thermometer' was whispered. To which John then asked who in the group carried such an item. From a pocket on his PFD, he produced a felt tip marker pen and stated that if a cold paddler willingly allowed this to be inserted up his bum, then that paddler was definitely hypothermic.

The judges for the 2013 photo competition will be Doug Aitken and Lynnis Burson who won too many of the category prizes (see results on p.4).

Mike and Chris Neason were awarded the Graham Egarr Paddle Trophy Award for the best contribution to the newsletter (British Columbia trip). Strangely there were no nominations for The Bugger File! Trophy, and the editor was blind-sided when he was presented with the Services to Sea Kayaking trophy.

The KASK AGM was rolled over to lunchtime Sunday, and although a small committee was elected, please get in touch if you are willing to join the committee for the next 12 months. After 20 years on the committee, I stood down but will continue to edit the newsletter for the next 12 months.

**Cover Photo**

They certainly breed them tough down in Southland. The Belinda Mulvany photo of her daughter Tara breaking out through surf off Oreti Beach is a graphic action pic. Certainly this will be necessary training for the trip that Tara and Sim Grigg are planning for a winter paddle around the South Island, starting from Milford on May 10 where they finished a Fiordland winter paddle in 2010 (see KASK n/1 154). Their blog is: <http://www.winterkayakers.blogspot.co.nz>

**Eric Soares**

Re the letter to the editor from the editor of *Sea Kayaker* magazine on p. 4, John Kirk-Anderson has advised:

I'm happy to see his response run. Just say that I accept his correction and I'm pleased that *Sea Kayaker* Magazine continues to publish articles that challenge their readers.

**2013 KASK FORUM**

Evan Pugh with John Gumbley and John Hesseling have booked a waterside venue by Raglan Harbour for the next forum. The date is 8 - 10 March 2013. This venue will offer both offshore and harbour sessions.

**Next Newsletter**

Reports by John Booth on canyon inflatable paddling in southern Utah, and a technical report by Sandy Robson on the latest emergency safety kit she will be carrying when she continues with the next stage of her trip following the route of Oksar Speck.

Paul Caffyn

**PHOTOGRAPH CREDITS**

**Cover:** Tara Mulvany breaking out through surf off Oreti Beach, Invercargill, in preparation for a winter paddle around the South Island with Sim Grigg. In mid-April, Tara paddled solo from Doubtful Sound up to Milford.  
**Photo:** Belinda Mulvany.

## LETTER TO THE EDITOR

Hi Paul,

Thanks for the latest newsletter. I was glad to see you paid fitting tribute to Eric. There was something in John Kirk-Anderson's contribution that caught my eye. I'd like to submit a letter to the editor for your next issue:

Eric Soares' passing was a great loss to the kayaking community and the December 2011/January 2012 KASK newsletter paid a fitting tribute to him. Eric had written many articles for *Sea Kayaker* magazine and we are greatly saddened that there will be no more from him. In the newsletter I found something written about Eric that I'd like to correct. In John Kirk-Anderson's tribute I read 'Outspoken, he fell foul of *Sea Kayaker* Magazine in its early days with his arguing that kayakers must be prepared to swim in the waters they paddle.' The first article Eric wrote for *Sea Kayaker*, 'Survival Swimming' appeared in our seventh issue, Winter 1985.

John Dowd, then editor, noted in that issue's editorial: 'We have reached out to Eric Soares, a swimming specialist who offers a valuable insight into sea kayaking from an allied field.' It was actually a reader whom Eric had fell foul of after the publication of that article. The following issue's 'Letters to the Editor' included a lengthy complaint about the article, suggesting that what Eric had written was dangerous. Dowd's published response to the letter defended Eric's views on swimming.

Eric went on to have a strong presence in *Sea Kayaker* and contributed 15 more articles, the most recent in 2008. We are quite proud of our association with Eric would like very much to set the record straight. We supported Eric's view on swimming in 1985 and still advise kayakers to be prepared to swim wherever they paddle.

Christopher Cunningham  
Editor, *Sea Kayaker* magazine

## KASK

### 2012 KASK FORUM

#### Feedback from Lesley Murray

Loved the weekend from start to finish, I especially like the fact that the big guns (round the universe, crocodile eating, 150 kms before breakfast types) talk to, share stories with, and listen to, those of us social holiday and weekend paddlers. There is absolutely no feeling of them and us, or a hierarchy of acceptable skills, well if there is – you supermen keep it very well hidden. Thanks again.

#### Kayaking Basics Session with JKA

by Lesley Murray

Obviously those in charge wanted to weed out the feeble and less robust amongst us, as this session was programmed for 8.30 am in the morning, and within five minutes of starting, half of us were standing in the sea up to our un-mentionables.

That is until we moved slightly and found the inevitable dips and hollows on the seabed, and discovered a new level of immersion. Still, in the spirit of British stiff upper lips, we remained at our posts, gamely supporting our loved ones, encouraging them to 'trust' us as we held them under the armpits to stop them being in the same chilly water as us. The lucky ones, were wriggling and gyrating, waving their paddles and arms about, in vigorous attempts to try and thwart our efforts.

Fortuitously JKA had mentioned that we would be swapping places, so the sneaky desire to slip and 'accidentally' let our beloved partners sink into the briny was not fulfilled.

During this thrilling exercise, a sudden gust of wind provided the startling sight of half a dozen empty kayaks rolling and tumbling down the beach, including one unfortunate light weight which appeared to reach the giddy heights of two metres before coming into intimate contact with the rocks. Ouch!

Seriously though, for someone who has been kayaking recreationally for over 18 years, this was an excellent session for undoing bad habits, and reinforcing rusty skills. JKA was patient and encouraging, and when his attention was elsewhere I was able to discuss the relative merits of sea tulips with Kerry-Jane. I didn't know they were fauna rather than flora. They do this interesting squirty thing as well, fascinating - now back to wriggling (sorry - railing) and keeping my paddle and arms in the right position, rather than the lazy paddler positions they've been used to.

Thanks guys for an awesome weekend, for someone who enjoys recreational kayaking with wine and frequent stops, as opposed to the Amazonian efforts of those supermen and women, it was a great mixture of workshops, talks, socializing and learning. See you next year hopefully. Might look out for some neoprene knickers before then though.

#### 2012 KASK Forum Photo Competition Results

Judges: JKA and Jillian Wilson

Open

- 1 Doug Aitken
- 2 Lynnis Burson

Seascape

1. Doug Aitken
2. Lynnis Burson
5. Doug Aitken

Coastal Marine fauna and flora

1. Lynnis Burson
2. Lynnis Burson

Action

- 1 Doug Aitken

Humour

1. Diane Winter
2. Doug Aitken
3. Diane Winter

Paddler's Choice

Lynnis Burson (photo on page 2)

### KASK FORUM 2013

This is to be held at **Raglan** on the West Coast of the North Island over the weekend **8 - 10 March**. A great venue with bunkrooms or camping is already booked. Evan Pugh, John Gumbley and John Hesseling have taken on the role of organizing.





*At Wainui, hot drinks were on tap at the caravan to warm up paddlers*

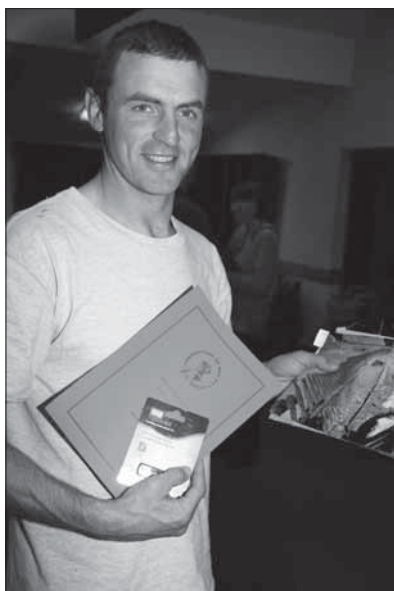


*A pour-over on the outer coast.  
Photo: Doug Aitken*



*Jillian Wilson & Deidre Sheppard*

## 2012 KASK FORUM PHOTOS



*Doug Aitken with his winning pic in the open section of the photo comp*

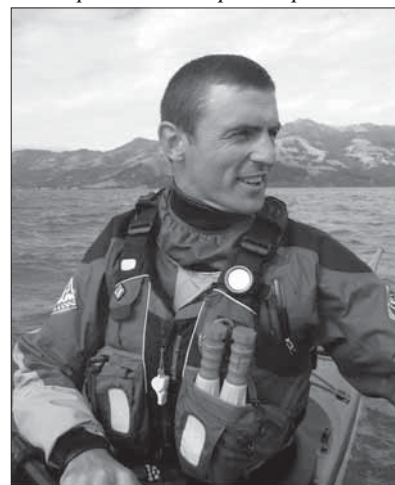


*JKA discussing the merits of flares as emergency communication devices*



*The rescue helicopter lowering a swimmer to rescue Ian McKenzie in the water*

*Watchers on the Wainui sea wall waiting for the helicopter rescue demo*



*Doug with flares to fire to guide the helicopter to the capsized paddler*

## New Zealand Trip Reports

### SOUTH ISLAND TRIP March 2012 by Lymnis Burson

Rosalie Horsfield and I based our trip plan loosely on Evan Pugh, John Grumbley and John Hessel-ling's 2010 trip (KASK Newsletter No.146) and started our tour by attending the KASK Forum at Akaroa including camping out at Okains Bay.

We'd paddled the estuary and into the bay with four other KASK attendees. There were large flocks of spotted shags and the fur seals looked so appealing with their innocent coal-black eyes blinking at us. The mussels we gathered at low tide made a delicious base for dinner.

From there we headed to Lake Tekapo arriving after lunch, the water was 2°C and the wind was up, so we spent a delightful afternoon on nearby little Lake Alexandra, just 7 km long and not more than 1 km wide at its extreme. No motorized boats are permitted on this lake so a peaceful paddle was guaranteed. The willows were just starting to turn gold and were like confetti on the water. We spotted black swan, grey heron, scaup, and little brown ducks invited themselves to our picnic dinner on the lake's edge - 14 km paddle. Driving into the sunset we decided to check out the shores of Tekapo for a good launching place for the next day. On route we spotted masses of huge mushrooms and soon had a bucket full - this is indeed a land of plenty. It was at this point that I drove into a gravel pit and got stuck! Thank goodness for AA.

We'd been warned that lakes have a habit of kicking up fast and intensely. The wind predictions had us erring on the side of caution, so after a night at a local backpackers we headed down to Ohau, having decided that the man made hydro-

dam lakes held little interest. Ohau looked a little bland so we headed to Mt. Cook and hiked up to Hooker Lake in a fine misty rain. Seeing the lake with a few chunks of glacial dirty ice and some aqua blue chunks was interesting, and I was inspired to want to go on an organized paddle to the Lake Tasman Glacier front. Wisely, Rose drove me over and we walked the 10 minutes up the ridge to look at the proposed scene of our next day's paddle. The glacial lumps of ice were tiny, dirty and no sign of blue. After seeing Paul Caffyn and Hayley Shephard's stunning photos of pristine ice, this would have been a great let down.

On to Lake Hawea, where we launched from the boat ramp near the dam breastworks and camp ground. A lovely 28 km paddle with the surrounding mountains reflected in all their glory. Not a breath of breeze to cause any anxious moments, and the sandflies had us diving into the lake for a quick cold swim at our lunch stop. It was our first encounter with the famous South Island blood suckers, and we'd left our repellent in the car. They were about the only life we saw apart from a few cows on the shore, no need for watering troughs when there's a whole lake to drink from. We'd seen no birds or fish, although I understand this is a great fishing lake with all the trout varieties and salmon.

Getting back to the boat ramp at six we decided we'd book a cabin. We'd been sorry we hadn't taken time to refresh our memories of John Grumbley's excellent account so had missed out on seeing the underwater tree skeletons, which were just around the corner from where we'd stopped for lunch.

The wind was up the next day so we enjoyed a coffee at Wanaka, said 'no go' to the whitecaps, picked a bag of apples from a laden roadside tree, the God's of plenty are still being kind, and headed down to little Lake Hayes in time for a picnic lunch on its shore, and a delightful paddle around it's small circumference. The bird life was plentiful, with Canadian geese, regular geese,

lots of red-headed Australian crested grebes, small brown scaup scuttling for cover in the bull rushes, pukeko, flicking their white tails at us, the small brown ducks flying off to land a few feet in front, only to be disturbed again and again as we descended on them. The more colourful and larger Mallard ducks were as silly, constantly taking off, landing and being driven awkwardly into the air again. The little black shags were wisely reluctant to leave their perches, but would wobble awkwardly on their boughs with their webbed feet clinging to the branches. Why do these awkward footed birds nest in trees? Strange.

On to Arrowtown to pitch our tents on this day of the Irish, 17 March, and enjoy great live foot-tapping music at the local pub as well as a filling bowl of Irish stew. With rain and wind the next day, we took in the scenery from the comfort of our car, driving up to Glenorchy and studying the whitecaps of Wakatipu from the heights, then driving over to Haast but not before stopping to enjoy walking into the Blue Lake and checking out several of the abundant waterfalls. This land is well watered as is evident from the lushness of the forest with the wide variety and masses of mosses.

We drove down the coast from Haast to take a cabin near the mouth of the Hapuka River where an early morning launch the following day rewarded us with the most stunning reflections (see photo on p.2). This is a protected breeding ground for whitebait. The only ripples on the water were caused by crystal drops falling from dew-drenched branches. Beams of sunlight were caught and prisms of diamonds were flashed at us. The reflection of flax, kahikatea, rimu, mountains and yellow kayaks had me clicking overtime on my camera. Returning back into the lagoon we note the ocean surf was crashing onto the sand bar.

From land we check out the scene, hmm - Paul Caffyn, Tim Taylor, and all those other brave solo's paddled this! We drove on up the coast stopping to walk Ship Creek and pitch





*Rosalie enjoying mirror calm conditions on Lake Hawea. Photo: Lynn Burson*

our tents at Okarito, in readiness to paddle next morning. I had equipped myself with topo maps before leaving Kerikeri but we stopped to make weather and tide enquiries from the local kayak hire operator. How fortuitous, as local knowledge was invaluable - tide times and a map that simplified all decisions. It showed where channels were marked with manuka poles and a yellow arrow guiding us into the first river and later two red ones showing us the way into the upper rivers.

We followed the top red marker and paddled through the inner passes, exiting at the second red arrow, going on the rising tide and returning as the tide dropped. Bird life was not abundant; two large white herons, a few pied stilts, a single dotterel, pied and black oyster catchers, the inevitable red billed and black backed gulls, a few grey heron, a single spotted shag, and a few kingfisher.

No large flocks of birds anywhere to date on this trip. Some late flowering rata added a splash of colour and at last we were seeing beautiful snow-capped mountains. After a leisurely 18 something km paddle, we were back to pack our now dry tents and on up the coast to Lake Brunner.

We were now in coal country with trains that are an integral part of this land. We arrived at the Moana campground and asked for the next

day's forecast. At this stage the lake was alive with whitecaps and the campground owner warned us of the foolhardiness of paddling in those conditions, and how he didn't want to have to come and rescue us. He recommended an enclosed bay at Te Kinga with a boat ramp. We were on the water just minutes after dawn.

What a day, hot sunny and calm, although the upper lake had the trout fishermen heading back down to our end because of the wind, we enjoyed swims and a lovely variety of scenery, also exploring the river.

One cannot but help comment on the twisted forms of the 60 metre tall kahikatea, white pine, our tallest tree known as the forest dinosaurs, with fluted buttresses. The white, fragrant wood has been used for butter and cheese boxes and is still used in wine barrels. What a contrast to the tall brown tussock grass made, often forming little micro islands. Our journey covered 36 beautiful km.

I was missing the surge and pull of the ocean, that buoys boats up, so on up to spend my last 24 hours in the Abel Tasman. Leaving from Kaiteriteri, we paddled around Adele Island and on up to Bark Bay. At last we were in loaded boats and camping. We looked different from all the tour operators in our singles and carrying chopper flags. A DoC boat approached us and asked where we

were booked in. When we said we weren't, we were reprimanded and told we'd be charged significantly more. We had checked out which sites had plenty of space before heading out and knew we'd be OK.

Pity there are those bumptious people in positions of authority. The camp warden was charming and didn't even suggest penalty fees, and was pleased we had made an effort to find him. After setting up camp we swam, sun-bathed and paddled around to The Arches.

We knew the weather was deteriorating the next day so were on the water early, starting our day in calm misty conditions and getting back to Kaiteriteri before lunch and a 30 knot headwind that came in later. What a great ride home, being pushed along by a brisk tail wind. How lovely to have waves under us, and to be able to surge through gaps.

Lynn Burson



*Rosalie cruising on Lake Brunner*

## TECHNICAL

### Kayaking with Kids - for Grandparents, Aunties, Uncles and Parents by Nora Flight

Having presented a 'Kayaking with Kids' session at the 2011 Anakiwa KASK forum, I came away quite enthusiastic about the topic. Some grandparents made up part of the small audience, and I thought 'how fantastic is that!' Parents are often too busy to get time away for a whole day during a weekend, and grandparents are becoming fitter and more sporty. And perhaps kids are better behaved with the older generation.

So all you grandparents out there, or uncles and aunties, please read forth, and you may become more inspired to get the 'petit enfants' out there more often.

I must admit we haven't done the mileage in kayaks we thought we could have done, due to being typical New Zealand outdoor parents, dabbling in a range of outdoor hobbies. Our kayaking with kids has included the sea, lakes and rivers; in fact rivers being preferable as we generally use the current to move forward without the paddle effort of sea kayaking.

#### So Why Do It?

Why let parenthood stop you from following the sport you did prolifically pre-kids? After all, the earth is 25% terra firma, and 75% water - so surely it makes sense to put the little people into a floating device and travel greater distances easily without the effort of walking.

Begin kayaking with your kids as early as you feel comfortable with. This will depend on your level of experience. The teenage years will fall upon you before you know it, when it becomes quite difficult to lure the child away from peer-related activities such as shopping malls and skate parks. Having a friend of your children along on the trip can help immensely at this stage, even if that friend hasn't been in a kayak before. Of course the trip has to be kept simple and safe, but if that friend is enthusiastic (often more-so than

your own child), this can be a huge incentive for your reluctant teenager.

Family bonding naturally occurs with kayaking. Skills learnt together, bind it together. Seeing Mum leap from the front cockpit to quickly grab the bow during a surf landing, certainly teaches the kids to react quickly and nimbly. Otherwise it's a wave over the head. Everyone has to help out, hauling an overlaid kayak out of the surf and portaging gear up a beach quickly. Everyone has to pitch in, and the kids soon learn the importance of their part to ensure a successful trip. Often dramatic moments are recalled in the evening, when the family is cosied up at camp. Unpleasantness may be forgotten, and laughs shared.

Kayaking is an opportunity for kids to see their parents in a different light to normal living, and develop more respect for them. They see Dad catching the fish, and Mum setting up a cosy camp setting (or vice versa), and realize the importance of roles. Also it's a time that parents can see their child display strengths that may not be apparent at home eg. lots of enthusiasm with setting up camp, when at home it's a constant nag to get them to tidy their room.

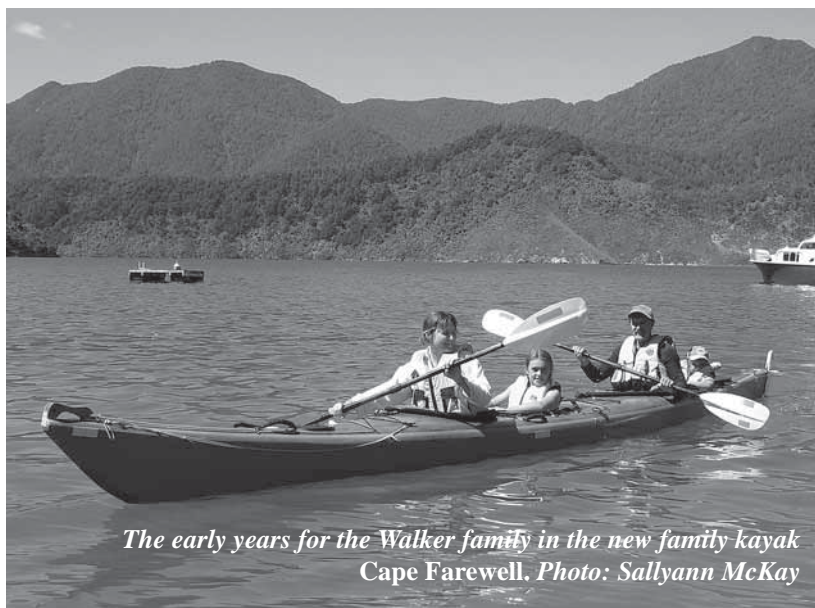
Nice comforts from home can be taken easily on kayak trips. Birthday treats and fine cuisine are thrown in without much thought. Some toys, as a reminder of home, can be taken, but just be aware not to take too much as there's a good chance they won't be used, as the child utilizes the natural environment around them.

Kayaking together as a family is a great way of exploring new places and cultures. The kids learn to adapt quickly to a new environment, and become accepting of the moment. As small children, they often curl up and sleep in the cockpit (or perhaps one could see it as the child hiding from the horrible conditions out in the open air).

The simplicity of the sport when you potentially share a double kayak with your child for a couple of uninterrupted hours, provides a great venue for communication that's often not available during normal life.

#### Planning and Preparation for Those Baby Trips

In our experience, there seems to be a progression of trip types, which need to be worked through. Firstly there are the 'baby trips'. If you are proficient



*The early years for the Walker family in the new family kayak  
Cape Farewell. Photo: Sallyann McKay*





*Sheryl and Ian Fraser with their four boys on Lake Mahinapua. Photo: Trevor James*

kayakers already, often there are many pleasant short day trips close to your home town. The under two year old will sit on your lap in your own cockpit. As they get more cumbersome, parents need to take a huge leap of faith, and install the child in their own cockpit, normally a gear hatch in your pre-child kayak. Their legs are still short enough to sit forward in a rear gear hatch. We've seen children sitting backwards in front hatches, but they might not like looking back for long, and potentially it can be a wet ride up front.

These trips are generally short, fitting in with the weather, just around the point to a secluded cove, with a sheltered landing, of an hour or less in one direction. Preparation for these early trips is still important, similar to that with future full-scale expeditions. Making good judgment calls on weather, sea conditions, and routes is critical to the safety of the family; know the marine forecast for the day; know what the tide doing to avoid long portages across tidal flats, as you've got the extra baggage of little kiddies.

Are the kayaks reliable? Do you want the kids to wear sprayskirts? This depends on the tightness of the skirt, and if the child can pull the tab if necessary. Often we didn't bother, but simply had a sprayskirt over the child's legs to protect them from splashes. A tarp or a hooded poncho are good also, where a mini tent effect can be created. The inevitable puddle in an open cockpit can have

the child wicking up the water, so sitting them on a block of close-cell foam lifts their comfort and dryness. And it also raises them high enough to paddle with a toy paddle if they want to contribute.

Well-fitted collared buoyancy aids need to have the waist and/or crotch belt done up. These often have been handed down through a few kids, so ensure they haven't been sat on, or abused to compromise their effectiveness. It's a good exercise to test the jackets in a pool beforehand.

With normal layered clothing, we sometimes had the kids in half wetsuits over polypro, and under a raincoat shell. As they got older, the half wetsuits, spare pair of polypros and some waterproof leggings, were stowed, ready for use if conditions changed while at our leisurely lunch break. The outer shell and woolly hat were kept reachable out on water, if not worn. Warm dry feet keep kids happy. Perhaps a bit un-PC, but we found gumboots good for this during winter trips, and of course those beach shoes. With adults being the main motor, it's easy to forget the inactive kids who are much more prone to cold than us.

Having a treat bag in the life vest pocket kept the kids munching and amused out on water. Towing short bits of string with a stick attached would be their boat. A toy paddle would give the keener kids a sense of purpose. Foil windmills and bits of plasticine were fun. Whatever you

take in the way of kayak toys, be prepared to loose them. Sticks and pebbles collected off the beach were fiddled with on the deck in front of the kids.

Having a rain fly on board is a good idea on those early trips, for shelter or shade during a break on the beach. And a basic first aid kit. Let someone know where you are going.

These baby forays are effectively 'crawling before walking' trips for practice for the more adventurous trips ahead. Biting off more than one can chew is a danger - an unpleasant ordeal may sour the family forever.

Doing these trips with your non-kayaking friends is fun for everyone - kids and adults both have company. You might be able to light a small cooking fire (if allowed) below high-tide mark and cook midday sausages, or coffee, while the kids play in a nearby stream.

### **Fostering Skills**

As the children get older, they may want to exert some independence on the water, which should be utilized as a good training ground to develop skills. Check that the wind is not offshore, there are no tidal rips and the place of play is not busy with motorized craft. Make sure kids know the rules of asking if they can get that old boat out, and keeping close to the beach, and wearing buoyancy aids. They will launch the boat, often with noise and hilarity with other kids, and simply just muck around.



*Three teenagers charging around Pepin Island. Photo: Nora Flight*

By returning to the same holiday area over a few years, their mini expeditions extend from the rock just along the beach to a cove 100 m along, to the point at the end of the bay, as the years go by. They may want to share a double kayak with other kids, swopping seats out in deep water and learning the rudder position. Or start following you out to the point in a single kayak.

Now they are becoming paddlers, not baggage. They're about 10 years old. You've now got the family double/s, and paddling distances are extending out from one to two hours on the water. If you're so inclined, expeditions now become feasible.

### **Choosing the Family Expedition**

There is a high likelihood of a wide variety of wishes and wants to coordinate. But in our experience, if there's another kayaking family that's enthusiastic on a certain area, then that's a worthy reason to run with that idea. Just for the fact of having other kids along.

Considering the presence of diversions within a trip acts as mini goals for kids to aim for. And allowing time for those unexpected diversions, such as a waterfall behind a gorgeous beach, that everyone feels a need to check out. Kids like having fun, so goal-orientated parents need to consider this within the time and distance schedule.

What length of time the family has available determines where the trip is. Travelling time to and from 'put-in' needs diversions, to dispel boredom and fighting in the back seat.

Obstacles will arise such as headwinds. Insurance days need to be added. And a rest half or full day for kids to play.

Cost can be quite major with a family. Hiring kayaks can be a big expense. However, once out there in the wilderness, the only extra cost may be camping fees. A week's kayaking trip in Australia can be cost comparable to a family holiday getting in all the 'normal' tourist attractions - or cheaper.

Consider the importance of how safe an area is, with respect to wildlife, or people. Familiarity with the culture you're going into may be important. If wanting a wilderness experience, then consider timing with overseas holidays.

For your first family expedition, it may be an idea to use a national park or similar, where there is plenty of information available, maps and campsites. Once your family becomes conditioned to longer kayaking trips, the more unvisited kayaking areas may appeal. These areas will not have cell phone coverage, so the family needs to be self-reliant. Then a party EPIRB is a good idea.

### **Conditioning**

Longer expeditions require conditioning of the whole family together for a number of days. Trial runs are best close to home. The kids get the feel of the routine, and any problems are discovered eg., they just might not function on that hearty porridge, and absolutely need cocoa-pops for breakfast.

Physical preparation will ensure enjoyment and reduce the likelihood of injuries, especially for parents who just don't get out there as much as before kids. Getting everyone familiar with what gear goes into what bag, and where it is stowed, eases up the work load for parents.

And just making sure the kids know they are expected to pitch in, rather than wander off down the beach. It's a good exercise to practice capsizes in a warm sheltered bay, to not totally freak the kids out, but to foster confidence in popping out of their cockpit, and that the swamped kayak is still buoyant.

Having a base camp style trip provides a good venue to prepare for a more ambitious expedition. The diverse family wishes may be all catered for, with lots of time to relax, play and kayak. The short excursions away from camp can be gradually extended to condition the more restless kids into coping with more time on the water. Otherwise you could end up with the rebellious kid who doesn't want to know about the next kayak trip.

*The kayaks become part of the kid's life. They are waiting for their parents to start paddling in New Caledonia.*

*Photo: Al Rynn*







*The Walker family in inflatable kayaks on Lake Godley, on the western side of the Southern Alps. Photo: Adele Walker.*

### PREPARATION FOR THOSE LONGER TRIPS

#### Food

Kids love to eat. Get the kids involved in ideas for meals, and go to the supermarket together, especially fun in another country. Let kids choose the snacks for out on the water. Bowls are better to eat from when there is lack of a table.

Young appetites tend to increase in the outdoors, so include some bulk pancake/flour mix, for extras. Who can make the best damper is a good entertainment, and include large jars of jam/nutella to go on the uncooked or burnt bits. They enjoy doing some of the meal preparation, especially for something yum like instant puds. Kids love to experiment, so give them an opportunity to cook their harvested wildlife eg., roasting coconuts, shellfish.

And make sure they know they're expected to clean up.

#### Kayaks

Stability need not be the primary focus in choosing your family boat, but a compromise of weight of boat, forward speed due to hull shape, and width. A child is lighter and smaller, hence lower centre of gravity. In our experience, having a boat that moved quickly through the water, easily catching waves from behind, was just as important as feeling stable when

the eight year old has lost his toy boat and is leaning off to one side.

After 'making do' with your pre-child single for a few years with the under six year old, there comes a time when the child just becomes too squished up in that gear hatch. The buoyancy vest wedges them tight, and their legs become cramped. Then 'the family double' (or two) may become appealing. The more room the better. The big central cockpits are a great place to put little kids once off Mum's lap.

Over the years, we've kayaked with families in a range of boats. The *Sisson Southern Light* proved a good choice. Another family made their own plywood *Sea Bears*. And my partner Bevan Walker, designed and made our own family doubles, called *Cape Farewells*, with a central cockpit, and large rear gear cockpit for that extra child. We've also hired Dobbe Doubles, which were an excellent family boat, being roomy and surfing well. Once the kids are over 10-ish, they can become good paddlers and having two doubles per family is the ultimate.

#### Paddles

When the kids decide to paddle (and some just have to make up their own mind about that) it's amazing the contribution to forward speed they make. We never bought specific child paddles, but used lighter ones. There

needs to be length in the shaft so as the child doesn't knock their knuckles on the gunwales. 'Descent' make a smaller bladed paddle that looked nice as a child paddle. You may consider attaching the paddle to the boat, although if they're old enough to paddle, they're old enough to not lose it - our theory anyway.

While on the family outing, we've never shirked from getting a free ride from some form of wind catching device. Junior may be getting tired, or is in no-paddling-day-land, and becomes quite the eager sailor with the rigging of a simple tarp, or a proper kayak sail, from the forward hatch position. And it's fun.

### HAZARDS & FIRST AID

Anticipate the hazards. Can everyone swim? Employ the usual rules around water. Have the kids ever floated with their buoyancy vests on? Remind them of the safety rules on shore, such as letting an adult know if they're going to explore way down the beach; or no horse-play around the cooker/fire; or can they back climb down that rock face they're attempting to climb?

Kids lose body heat at a much greater rate than adults, so are more prone to hypothermia. They can also be unreasonably stubborn and refuse to wear that woolly hat or windproof shell. If the wind and/or rain do pick up, it's not the time to make an extra five kms to that perfect campsite. Consider the young crew members and stop early. Have snacks handy, and encourage them to stay active by getting a few paddle strokes in occasionally.

*Snake found while our son was playing in the driftwood on Hinchinbrook Island, Australia.*

*Photo: Nora Flight*





*Kids love sailing. Romping along with a fresh tailwind. Photo: Al Rynn*

Having the kids on a trip introduces more chance of a first aid incident. You may have to deal with anything from allergic reactions to bug bites, fish hooks in fingers, minor burns, and cuts and bruises. Has one adult done a recent first aid course? Does everyone know where the kit is, and is it handy? Remember that small fingers might find the medications so have it not too obvious to little kids. And have you checked the kit before the trip? Teenagers are notorious for raiding all the band-aids, or tweezers, or those little folding scissors, and not telling anyone. Is everything labeled clearly, with directions for use?

For longer trips, the kit can become slightly larger, with a few extras. I've found that an eye bath and ointment are handy for those flying grains of sand kicked up by kids at play. Have an antihistamine that no one is allergic to, and a larger tube of soothing cream for the insect bites as kids are not so diligent in covering themselves up. The Stingose always gets used up in our kit. Are they prone to seasickness? On a trip over a few days, children can become 'run-down', and become prone to their specific 'niggly' ailments; such as Asthma, or cold sores, so prepare for this.

*An evening diversion with hermit crab races on New Caledonia. Photo: Al Rynn*



If your trip is to a tropical location, it pays to visit your GP, or specialist travel doctor. Have a good ear drop for warm water lodged in small ears. Is there coral around? If so, have a child-compatible antibiotic. Some sachets of electrolytes could be good for kids becoming 'run-down'. And consider if there are snakebite kits available to buy, as kids play amongst the driftwood zone where snakes may lurk. Consider any threat of malaria, and err on the safe side.

Then there are the daily routines of sun and insect protection. Each child may have it's own lip balm in the vest pocket, and I've always taken an extra sunhat in case of one lost. Tropical strength repellents were used more as the kids got older, but I preferred the 'bio' products when they were younger, or the large squirty bottle of homemade 'water/dettol/tea tree oil' mix. Several mosquito coils burning around camp create a 'field' of protection in the evenings.

#### **Underway and Diversions**

Once your family is finally underway with laden kayaks - leaving all the rush and confusion behind - let the kids follow the route on the map, and where you're aiming for the lunch stop. However, be flexible according to weather. If a headwind arises, you may want to wait it out on a beach and utilize the morning or evening calm. Rig the shelter fly, and lighting a fire can result in a psychological lift and physical comfort. Watch the kids with the fire as they attempt to dry their gear - they are notorious for burning shoes and socks.

Using shuttle boats can make a trip more enjoyable, as it's only one way then and can allow more time for on the beach.

Camping is a highlight for kids on a trip. A good rule of thumb is to start looking for a campsite about 3 pm, and stick with the first decent one you find. Kids can really get turned off paddling when they're tired. 'Work before play' should be stipulated, to ensure a smooth routine on and off the water. Jobs in themselves become diversions, as it's very different to the home routine.



*An excellent distraction at Shag Harbour in the Abel Tasman National Park. Photo: Al Rynn*

Diversions are a most important part of kayaking with kids. Most often we've found that 2-3 hrs on the water is quite enough for older kids, then having a two hour break, before maybe another paddling stint in the afternoon. Weather dependant. Beach combing and exploring are top activities. They might track that seal on the headland, or check for Blue Penguins up in the trees. Have cord for the kids to borrow to build huts and rafts. Flax is normally a wonderful material to get creative with. A simple pattern for a flax creation such as a headband or fish, can while away a few hours. Frisbee and a tennis ball are useful. Fishing is popular with an inexpensive spin/cast rod. We often carry two sets of snorkeling gear. Cards and a family reading book are for those cosy evenings in the tent. Letting the kids prowl with the digital camera can produce results that you adults never thought of.

On the water, following the coastline as much as possible is always more interesting. Stingray spotting is a good sport, and in the tropics, skirting a reef edge can while away many km's.

*Tarn with a starfish in Abel Tasman National Park. Photo: Al Rynn*





### Keeping a record

It's worth presenting the kids with the materials and encouraging them to keep some sort of diary. It may spark one child to be diligently creative for a while, until the novelty wears thin and the unknown beach lures them away. Whatever fragments they do produce, they are worth saving as cute mementoes in future years. Videoing is worth doing, for the whole family to relive the trip for many years ahead. The sound of the kid's juvenile voices reminds us parents of how much they've grown. And the kids absolutely love seeing themselves on a screen. And of course digital photos have allowed us to present our wonderful experience together on varied media. The family photo frame perched in a conspicuous place can have your non-kayaking mates riveted, at your next home barbecue.

### To Conclude

Kayaking with kids is hard work, and committing. One may get to the end of the trip and discover you haven't read that novel you bought along. However, the rewards are long lasting. There are memories and bonds forged strongly on a foundation of shared experiences. Kayaking is a life-time sport, and I feel we are introducing our children to a magical world of appreciating simple pleasures. For them to have an ability to take up the sport as adults if they chose, is a gift we've given to our kids, in this complicated technological age.

And anyway, as parents, we just have to get out there, as a matter of course.

*Sheryl Fraser on Lake Mahinapua.  
Photo: Trevor James*



## Overseas Trip Report

### NSW's Rock & Roll A Kiwi Perspective by Paul Hayward

RnR feels like a wonderful, big club get-together. About 180 members of the NSW (New South Wales) Kayak Club held their 2012 event at Currarong on the fringe of Jervis Bay about two hours drive south of Sydney. A large beach-side campground felt very like many a Kiwi equivalent. Near to the camp kitchen, a marquee had been erected - spacious enough for meals and the evening presentations.

The weather in late March was fine, with a bit of a chill in the evenings. Most of the daylight action was on the water - or in small workshops held outdoors in the sunshine. There were a few daytime 'indoor' sessions in the big white marquee, where a huge flat-screen TV gave much brighter viewing of slides than a projector could ever have achieved. A great idea.

As outsiders, we were made very welcome. Our Kiwi origins were a bit muddled by my Canadian and Natasha's SA accent - but our hosts soon worked that out. Perhaps we had some small notoriety, as we were slated to recount our Alaskan

adventures; but I got the feeling that we were noticeable just because we hadn't been seen at previous club activities. I had hoped that I might see some familiar faces from other Australian clubs, but I was not aware of any interstate attendees.

Great evening slide-shows were given by Paul Caffyn (East Greenland), Stu Truman (Australian circumnavigation - last half) and Sandy Robson (Oscar Speck route - year one). These were all top presentations and had the audience very well entertained. Sandy even had a drop-in 'celeb' in the audience, as Max Scharnboeck (long-time godfather of the TID - the Danube's annual Kayak Tour) slipped into the tent to listen to her story. He'd been nearby, paddling the Murray River and Natasha and I were delighted to see him again (after his 2010 participation in CB and IKW in Auckland).

There was a great panel, with RnR 2012's three main speakers fielding questions on the challenges of life on a significant expedition. The audience tried to come up with some really hard questions - with Dave Winkworth being a standout in the 'questions from hell' department. Many serious questions were asked - and well-answered, but it was both fun (at least for the audience) as well as a rewarding exercise.

Paul Caffyn had laboured hard on a kayaking trivia quiz to test us all.

*The Paul Hayward dancing troupe at the NSW Rock n' Roll weekend. From left: Dave Winkworth, Natasha Romoff, Sandy Robson, Paul Caffyn and Paul Hayward.*



With much spirited nonsense and squabbling, it was well-enjoyed by those who managed to hang on for the end of the night. It was just a shame that the schedule had crept enough that many had slipped away to bed.

The schedule did seem to be fairly flexible. A few sessions, that I had aimed to go to, seemed to have shifted in time or space or simply faded out. But I understand that a few of the presenters had been mislaid. Everybody seemed to enjoy the opportunities to socialize and the on-water activities were certainly popular.

The site is admirable for such a get-together, with a lovely open-sea beach, a small river estuary leading out past a breakwater and the resources of the more protected waters of Jervis Bay and its smaller bays - such as Honeymoon Bay - giving a number of options for the participants.

Natasha and I thoroughly enjoyed the opportunity to meet and chat with a wide spectrum of NSW kayakers. We were both fascinated by the differences and the similarities between NZ and NSW paddling. Some of the differences we saw and heard about were: the lesser use of rudders, much less coastal VHF coverage and a number of the safety regulations and practices. We enjoyed the chance to see some Australian boats in their native habitat and many unusual (to us) British hulls (Valley & Rockpool) as well. Neither Natasha nor I had ever even seen an Australian plastic kayak before, so that was a first too. We were both happy with the chance to learn and challenge our existing experience - something that visiting new kayaking worlds is always good at doing.

After RnR, Dave Winkworth had very kindly invited us to go kayak camping down his local shoreline - in the southernmost corner of NSW. That gave us a few days of roos, rich red rocky coast and superb bush walks. But that, as they say, is another story.

Paul Hayward

## Overseas Trip Report

### WEST ISLAND BITS

by David Winkworth

#### 2012 KASK Forum

It was nice to attend another KASK Forum, this year in Akaroa Harbour. Accommodation was positively palatial by a sea kayaker's standard, which made up for the digs being a little distance from the water. Full marks to the Canterbury Network for organizing the yummy morning and afternoon teas in the caravan adjacent to the water - a nice touch!

As always at KASK Forums, the speakers were great. It's so good to keep in touch with sea kayaking across the Tasman! And let me say good on all the participants who hopped into their boats (and the water) and had a go at the various skills and techniques on offer. For me, your enthusiasm makes the trip over all the more worthwhile!

One of my pet sayings is, 'there's no substitute for time in your boat.' Even if you can't find the time to do a trip, just mucking around doing turns and support strokes etc. on a regular basis is great training. Sometimes I launch for a two hour paddle and don't stray further than 100 metres from my put-in. You can have lots of fun without going anywhere!

As the water cools off and winter approaches, I always say it's a good idea to find a nice even sandy bottom about a metre deep for skills work. If you muck up a turn or a brace, you can push up off the bottom without getting fully wet - and without getting out of your boat! "Please remain seated for the entire performance!"

'Special thanks to Rick Wiebush for jumping into the water and giving me a hand in several sessions of rolling tuition at the Forum. Rick, in his work, divides his time between

the States, NZ and Australia. It was great that it worked out again that he was in NZ for the Forum - but then maybe he tells his boss that he has a 'special project' to attend to in NZ whenever a Forum rolls around. Whatever, thanks again for your help Rick - see you at the next Forum maybe!

Rick and I helped quite a few paddlers up for their first roll - that's such a hoot for us - as well as the rollers. Getting your first roll is like losing your virginity - you will never forget when and where! Ahem!

For those who didn't get their first roll - keep trying! It is just the best self rescue skill going and if you paddle in cold waters in winter, being able to stay in your boat for the whole day is pretty nice.

The KASK Forum next year is at Raglan Harbour on the North Island - I've had a look at it on Google Earth - and it looks like a great venue.

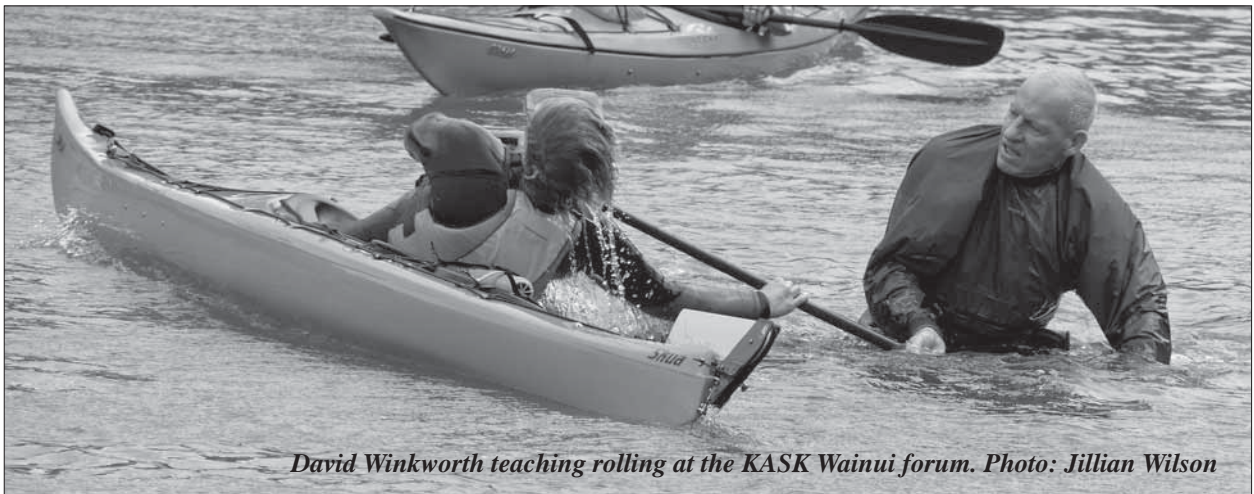
#### NSW Rock n' Roll Weekend

Speaking of Forums, the NSW Sea Kayak Club held its annual Rock 'n Roll Weekend at Currarong on the NSW south coast a fortnight after the KASK Forum. It's pretty similar to the KASK Forum in activities but without the AGM. We found that people were having too much fun to sit still for the AGM so the AGM was hived off and now has its own weekend in August each year. The RnR also differs from the Forum in type of venue. We usually go for caravan parks on the water and get a plant hire company to erect a huge marquee for the weekend which is used for the catered Saturday evening meal and for guest speakers.

The weather was perfect again this year which was great. Lots of trade displays - kayaks and gear - were scattered around the marquee and made a nice focus for keeping people around the main venue. We sea kayakers like to look at gear, don't we!

This year Paul Caffyn, Paul Hayward and Natasha Romoff came across the ditch for the RnR Weekend. Paul C. did a couple of great presentations and





*David Winkworth teaching rolling at the KASK Wainui forum. Photo: Jillian Wilson*

hosted an Australia and NZ Sea Kayaking Quiz which was just so much fun! Paul also participated in an 'Expedition Q & A session' with Sandy Robson and Stu Trueman. Sadly, the panel trio ducked the hard questions but it was a lot of fun nevertheless!

Paul H. and Natasha presented their recent Alaska paddle to a keen audience and came paddling with me in the following week further down the NSW south coast. Thanks for coming over guys - and nice to paddle with you over here!

I reckon it would be great to see more Aus-NZ exchange at our respective 'big weekends.' It is happening slowly but a bigger international contingent going each way would be fun. Maybe it needs vocal in-principle support from our respective organizations to really get things happening.

#### **Wilderness First Aid Course**

I attended a Wilderness First Aid Course in Melbourne a couple of months ago, the venue being a school down the bay in the suburb of Rosebud. Not exactly wilderness you say! Well, we compensated for the lack of bush with some scary scenarios and very realistic-looking wounds and fractures. One fellow rolled his unconscious 'patient' over out in the school garden to find a snake under him! It was of the rubber variety and planted there by the instructor, but would you be expecting that? Oh, that's right - no snakes in NZ. Come to Australia for scary bits!

It was a great course, organized and subsidized by the Victorian Sea

Kayak Club for their instructors. I can recommend this format of first aid course highly if you ever get the chance to attend one. Good one VSKC!

Now, at the first aid course, we discussed treatment for shock, fluid replacement etc, and the question of how to replace fluids for an unconscious patient came up. My belief, until now, has always been that without a giving set and a bag of saline, you can't do a thing - and who would carry those supplies on a long paddling trip? This question has been on my mind since 1999, when a mate of mine was attacked by a crocodile during one of our paddling trips to Cape York. The crocodile chomped my friend around his upper thigh and groin and the doctor who treated him at Thursday Island said that the croc's teeth came to within a centimetre of his femoral artery. If his femoral artery had been punctured we may very well have seen him go

into shock and die - without us being able to do a thing!

Now, if my friend's artery had been opened, and assuming we could've slowed his blood loss, I discovered at the first aid course that we could've used a Camelbak as an enema for fluid replacement! How about that! Might not have worked but better than nothing eh!

Worth a little research do you think? The Camelbak chatter spawned the following poem:

#### **Ode to Camelbak**

A Camelbak for the nether end  
Now there's a novel thought!  
Could be the scene at paddling weekends  
'Sure to amuse the court

It really works, they say  
When a patient is nil-by-mouth  
Just lie the patient down  
And point the Camelbak south

We discussed this application  
At a recent first aid course  
And adventurer Bear Grylls  
Is one who does endorse!

Now I've penned this guide for future use  
I've given it a test  
Trust me gentle reader  
I now know what works best!

So do use clean water  
And always use some lube  
And dear Lord please remember  
To cut the bite valve from the tube!

David Winkworth



## BOOK REVIEW

### **Title:** *Deep Survival*

Subtitle: *Who Lives, Who Dies,  
and Why*

Author: Laurence Gonzales

Publisher: W.W. Norton & Co. Inc.

Published: 2003

Cover: soft

ISBN: 978-0-393-32615-4

Availability: Amazon or Fishpond

Review: Paul Hayward

This book staggered me. I've read a lot of good books and this has to be in the top 5. I devoutly wish that every person responsible for policy or legislation on sports or wilderness activity could read and absorb it.

It will change how you think – and how you think about how you think.

Half the time it takes concepts that you always suspected you knew about 'adventure' activity and brilliantly and convincingly explains them – and half the time it sends your preconceptions whimpering into the corner as they are illuminated and blasted by flashes of lightning.

Gonzales writes very well. He intrigues and satisfies you with his material rather than choking you and you can see that he's given 35 years of good thought to this topic. He weaves together anecdotes from his wide experience, with factual reports from coroners and investigators, and adds current research from neuroscience. His own experience in risky fun includes competition acrobatic flying, mountaineering, skiing, diving and bush-bashing. He debriefs victims and top SAR personnel from many incidents and with each he ties in modern lab models of brain function. It is a three-legged approach and one that stands up strongly.

What clearly emerges is that survival has far, far less to do with equipment and skills than you might think – and far more to do with attitude. Being strong, well-kitted-out and gung-ho is not the answer. As an Air Force officer puts it: 'Rambo's die first!' The truly vital survival tools are in

the mind and it's exciting to see how to identify and strengthen these attitudes and abilities – coolness, a steely determination, humility towards the huge forces of nature and a wide and accepting awareness of your constantly-changing surroundings. That these are helpful is obvious, what is not obvious is how easily and quickly stress masks them.

He tells many gripping stories of high-risk events in sports, wilderness, military training and combat. All the stories, whether they are about big-surf surfers, super-bike racers, astronauts or night-landings on carriers, are there to lead you into how a mind works in stressful circumstances.

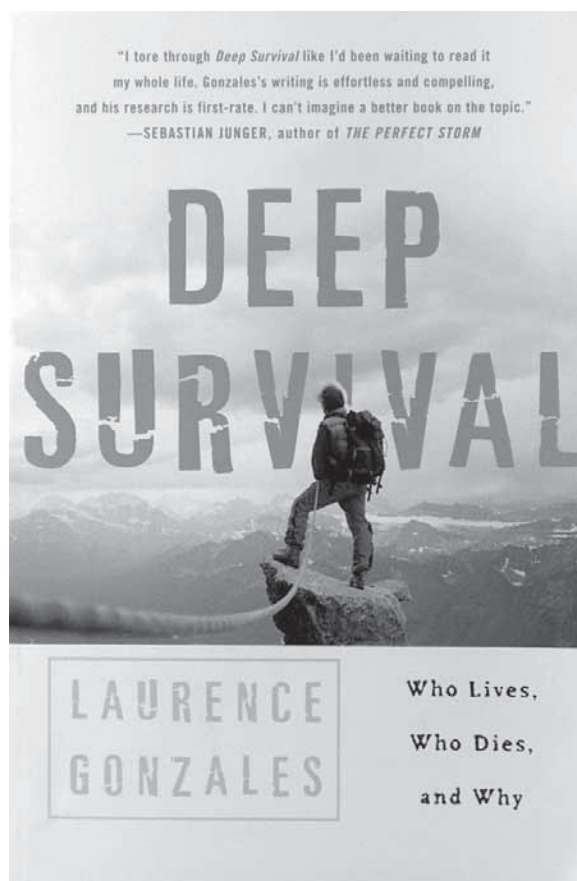
Training can help or hinder, but if you absorb Gonzales' map of how the human mind struggles and fights for life under stress, you will gain some invaluable assets for survival when in really deep trouble, as well as improving your chances of avoiding trouble altogether.

Without being tedious, he uses quotes from the wise and expert to build our confidence in his arguments. From Clausewitz and Aurelius to papers presented at NASA, SAR & NOLS conferences – we become familiar with brain areas and functions, terms used to describe human weaknesses ('bending the map') and real-world conditions ('Sand Pile Effect' and 'Woods Shock') that most people have never heard of or thought about. Doing just that - thinking about it under the fluent guidance of Gonzales, is a pleasure and a revelation.

This is a compulsively readable book and the author didn't skimp – it is supported with both a 6-page bibliography and a 14-page index. My one grumble is that I did wish for an occasional footnoted reference.

If your local library doesn't have it, spend the \$11 at Amazon or \$19 at Fishpond. You'll never buy better kayaking insurance, or enjoy it more.

Paul Hayward





## BOOK REVIEW

**Title:** *South Solo*

Subtitle: *Kayaking to Save the Albatross*

Author: Hayley Shephard

Published: 2011

Publisher: Bayeux Arts, Inc, Calgary, Canada

Website: [www.bayeux.com](http://www.bayeux.com)

Contents: 144pp, colour photos, maps

Cover: softcover

Size: 224 x 152 mm

Price: CAN\$19.95

Availability: Amazon or P. Caffyn

Review: Kerry-Jayne Wilson

South Georgia is one of the most spectacular, most beautiful and most forbidding places on the planet. This huge mountainous island lies south of the Antarctic Convergence in some of the world's stormiest seas; to circumnavigate it by kayak is a challenge indeed. Hayley Shephard is one of a select few courageous enough to accept this challenge and the only person to attempt it alone. She is a New Zealander, now resident in Canada who works as a kayak and adventure guide in the colder parts of the world. Having visited South Georgia on a number of occasions as a guide on tour ships she attempted this circumnavigation in part to raise awareness of the plight of albatrosses.

Readers who attended the KASK forum at Wainui and heard her powerful, passionate and inspirational presentation will know the story. For those who were not so fortunate, Hayley was thwarted in her circumnavigation attempt at every turn. An accident to a crewman on route to South Georgia, delays in the Falkland Islands searching for replacement crew, finally arriving to find her kayak damaged and an unusually stormy summer meant that Hayley was able to paddle along just a third of the island's coast.

South Georgia, albatrosses, extreme kayaking, this book promises an adventure story laced with stunning photos but does it deliver? Her kayaking adventures in South Georgia occupy just over a third of the book, the bulk of it an account of her previous expeditions, her life in British Columbia and of course the adventures actually getting to South Georgia. These chapters give interesting insights into Hayley as a person and the passion for adventure, wilderness and wildlife that drives her to undertake extreme expeditions alone. There are three blocks of colour photos. The photos are sharp, nicely composed and well-chosen, but lack the drama of the same photos shown in her Wainui talk, a problem with the printing, not the photographer. The maps which appear on the last page of the last block of colour

would have benefited from earlier placement and greater detail. Given that an objective of her expedition was to raise awareness of the dire threats faced by albatrosses, I would have expected to see more detailed information on both albatrosses and their plight. Appropriate information appears on her website:

<http://www.kayakingtosavealbatross.com/albaaction.asp?p=3>.

She could easily have pasted this into the book as an appendix. Albatrosses, and many other seabirds for that matter, need all the help they can get and it is a pity that Hayley did not make the most of the opportunity her book presents to spread the word.

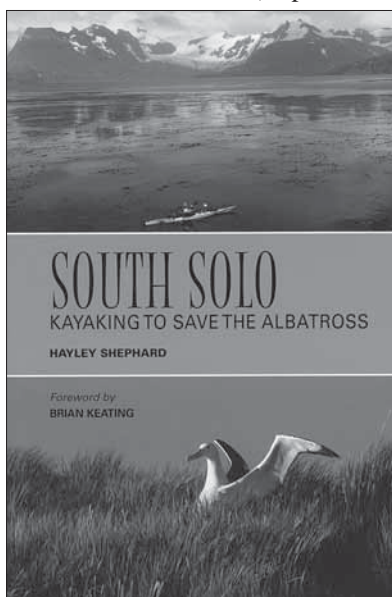
This book is a good easy read, detailing the life and adventures of this remarkable, passionate and inspiring woman. Expedition paddlers will find the planning and Hayley's mental approach to the challenges experienced interesting, day paddlers such as me will be inspired to try something a little more adventurous. Hayley's adventures paddling and camping on the so called sheltered north-eastern coast of South Georgia will not induce many other kayakers to follow in her paddle-strokes. Visit her website:

[www.kayakingtosavealbatross.com](http://www.kayakingtosavealbatross.com)

It has some beautiful photos from South Georgia as well as her previous expeditions, and much more information on Hayley, albatrosses and the places she paddles.

Kerry-Jayne Wilson

From left: the book cover, Hayley and her mum Valerie at the forum book launch, the rear cover. (Copies of Hayley's book are available from P. Caffyn)



## BOOKS

### New Paddler's Beaufort Wind Scale

In my review of Jasper Winn's book on his round Ireland paddle in the last newsletter, I meant to include his kayaker's personal wind scale using the Beaufort Scale 1 - 10 classification of wind speeds that is used in the Olde Country (GB):

In the morning I fine-tune my new improved Beaufort Scale. In the early nineteenth century the eponymous Sir Francis Beaufort, an Irish born admiral in the British navy, suggested a system for measuring wind speed and its effects, and others since have added on signs denoting each force on land and at sea. So we now have a force one – a 'light air' at around two knots that barely ripples the sea. A force five, on the other hand, pushes up crested wavelets, whilst a six produces white horses and makes it hard to use an umbrella. A gale force makes it difficult to walk, and streaks the ocean with foam. Force 10 is a storm, capable of uprooting trees and producing heavy shockwaves.

I've come up with a more personal wind scale based on my own experiences:

- 0 - Calm. Midges unimpeded.
- 1 - Light air. A mythical balminess found only in Irish mythology, and abroad.
- 2 - Light breeze. Blows smoke in your face on whichever side of the fire you sit.
- 3 - Gentle breeze. Too chill for only a shirt, but a jumper is too warm.
- 4 - Moderate breeze. Tent skin flaps irritatingly, but not enough force to clear drizzle.
- 5 - Fresh breeze. At sea, blows spray in face; on land, blows dry clothing into sea.
- 6 - Strong breeze. Blows rain sideways, and coffee mug over. At sea, blows you somewhere you really don't want to be.
- 7 - Near gale. If on water, sense of doom. If ashore, no paddling today. Nor tomorrow. Nor anytime soon.
- 8 - Gale. Wetsuit blows away, along with rocks it's tied to. In pub, so probably won't notice.
- 9 - Severe gale. Tent and all kit blown away. Still in pub, so as above.
- 10 - Part of pub roof blows off. Kayak tied to tree; both disappeared. (with permission of the author)

### Recent 12 Mile

#### Library Acquisitions:

#### Terry Bolland Books

Western Australian paddler Terry Bolland has self published two books in late 2011 on his canoeing trips in the Arctic regions of North America.

*Three Rivers to Tuktoyaktuk - From the Rockies to the Arctic Ocean* is Terry's diary style account of a near 4,000 km canoe journey down the Athabasca, Slave and Mackenzie rivers.

*A Race Along the Way - The Yukon River from the Mountains to the Sea* is Terry's diary style account of a 3,300 km canoe paddle down the Yukon River from its source to the sea. Terry and his co-paddler took part in the marathon Yukon River Quest and came sixth.

Both books are well illustrated with colour photos on most pages. To order, I suggest email Terry: [terry@canoeingdownunder.com.au](mailto:terry@canoeingdownunder.com.au) His website is: [www.canoeingdownunder.com.au](http://www.canoeingdownunder.com.au)

#### Philip Woodhouse Kayak Manual

At the recent forum, Philip called in briefly with copies of his massive (311 page) *Sea Kayaking - A guide for Sea Canoeists*. A4 in size, with a spiral comb binding, this has to be the most comprehensive manual for sea kayaking yet written. Philip is a member of the Victorian Sea Kayak Club and although some sections are relevant only to the waters of Victoria, the bulk of the information is relevant world-wide, particularly the canoe/paddle design, navigation and seamanship sections. Appendices include material on crocs and sharks, and a listing of significant historical paddlers, both world-wide and in Australia. The book does weigh over a kilogram, so quite a bit of bedtime reading. Four copies available for sale from the editor.

#### New and 2nd hand Books for Sale

For a listing and prices of new and 2nd hand paddling books, please email me: [kayakpc@xtra.co.nz](mailto:kayakpc@xtra.co.nz)

## BOOK REVIEW

### Title: *Fearless*

Subtitle: *One Woman, One Kayak, One Continent*

Author: Joe Glickman

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Reviewed by David Winkworth

### AN EXPEDITION IN SEARCH OF A COASTLINE

On a windy Tuesday afternoon 3<sup>rd</sup> February 2009, I sat on the headland at Tathra, scanning the ocean with my binoculars for a sea kayaker on a mission - to paddle right around Australia.

I picked Freya up about a kilometre out, fighting the white-capping following sea, trying to keep her kayak on course. She'd had enough of the sea that day when she came in, declining to paddle on. We camped at Kianinny Bay near Tathra that night and the following day we paddled together to Bermagui.

During that paddle I worked out four things:

- firstly, Freya was not remotely interested in our coastal features and early maritime history - Bass and Flinders, the wreck of the *Sydney Cove* and the survivor's walk to Sydney town from Victoria's Ninety Mile beach. Nope.
- secondly, she was deadly serious about a direct crossing of the Gulf of Carpentaria.
- thirdly, this wasn't an around-Australia attempt - she was *doing* it!
- and fourthly, she'd never write a book about the paddle!

That task fell to American Joe Glickman, awarded travel writer, author of *To The Top* and *The Kayak Companion*. Glickman is also a two-time member of the US National Marathon Kayak Team.



*Fearless* is his book about German paddler Freya Hoffmeister's kayak circumnavigation of Australia, a feat that had been accomplished only once before by Paul Caffyn in 1982.

Hoffmeister came to Australia with impressive sea kayaking credentials: Greenland rolling champion, circumnavigations of Iceland and New Zealand's South Island to name but a few.

Given Glickman's background, it is reasonable to expect a marathon kayaking perspective. And that's what we get. Prior to her Aussie paddle, Glickman introduces Hoffmeister to international ski racing and the prickly Oscar Chalupsky who comes across as a ranting individual. Glickman uses him and the odd Australian surf lifesaving identity to build an impression that the whole world thought she was crazy to attempt the trip.

She wasn't of course – the trip went fairly smoothly. Perhaps the author should've asked some sea kayakers!

Freya Hoffmeister is someone different in the relatively small community of sea kayaking. Tall, black-haired, athletic and branding herself 'The Woman in Black,' she unashamedly uses sex to sell herself. Goodness me, who would've thought of that? Certainly no one else in sea kayaking has yet! Glickman cites an incredible 167 references to full or partial nudity in her trip blog.

Glickman's style is open, breezy and easy to read. I finished the book in two reads but I didn't find it an unput-downable text.

The author covers periods of Hoffmeister's childhood, including detailed accounts of her parents' lives. I found this annoying - I was more interested in where she was going rather than where she's been, but I suspect Glickman wanted to paint a picture of this fiercely determined woman more than a narrative of her trip.

And it is in this narrative, that the book fails for me. Perhaps I've been spoilt by Paul Caffyn's *Dreamtime Voyage* with its glossy colour plates

and laid-back Aussie humour. To invite comparison is possibly not doing justice to either book but for a sea kayaking reader it must be inevitable.

Well more than 13,000 kms paddling around the fantastic Australian coastline and it feels to me that the narrative is a, 'what Katy did' and a 'what Katy did next' routine. Where are the colourful descriptions of the Kimberley coastline for example? This is where it becomes difficult for an author, other than THE paddler, to pull a reader into the book. I didn't feel like I was along on the paddle. I found myself thinking that Hoffmeister's 'Race around Australia' could have been done by doing 13,790 laps of a one kilometre lake! I shouldn't be thinking that!

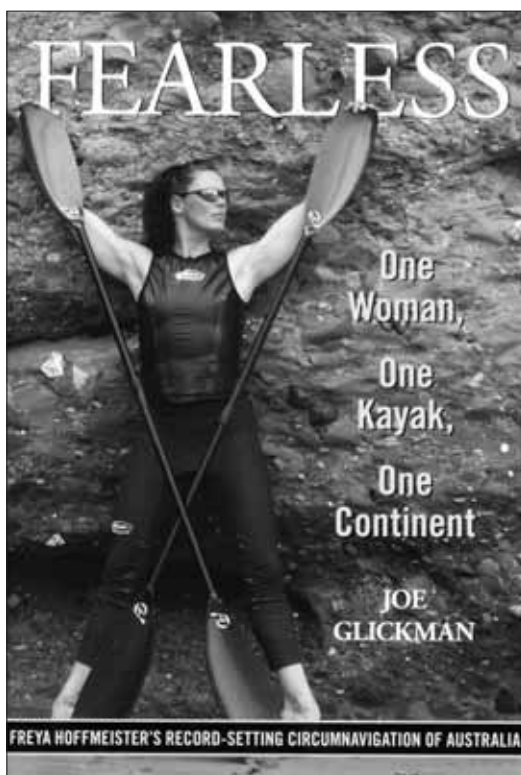
Hype, hyperbole and poor proof-reading are in evidence through *Fearless* and let the book down. Foveaux Strait between New Zealand's South Island and Stewart Island magically became 140 miles wide and mention of crocodiles and man-eating white sharks are liberally sprinkled. Paddling around Australia is a long tough trip and embellishment is not needed, certainly not for Australian and New Zealand readers.

For me, missing from the book (and reducing its value as reference material) is a detailed list of the gear used, what worked and what didn't. I would've liked a detailed dietary outline too. I may not want to paddle around Australia but I would like to know what Hoffmeister ate! Six pages of simple sketch maps (with scale) in the book do give the reader an idea of the challenges Hoffmeister faced.

The main problem with this book is that it was obviously produced on a tight budget - and that is very sad. The paper stock is poor and picture-wise we get eight pages of little black and white photos. The book looks cheap and will be a forlorn sight one day in the bargain bins at the local fair. Freya Hoffmeister's 'Race around Australia' (what race?) is a good story that still needs to be told.

So, does *Fearless* belong on your bookshelf? Well, if you're a keen sea kayaker, student of modern sea kayaking history or you're following the current paddling exploits of one Freya Hoffmeister, then the answer is yes. If you're looking for a gripping read, then this book may not be for you.

David Winkworth



#### The Corker Cover Photo

Dave Winkworth emailed me back in late 2011 to ask if it was my photo of Freya that was used on the book cover. Indeed it was, when I checked the Amazon site. It was one of many pics I took of Freya here at the 12 Mile that she wanted for her paddle manufacturer. Pretty disgusting when the book publisher does not track down the photographer and seek permission for use of a photo.

## HISTORY

### The Power of the Sea

By Alan Bye

A kayaking group from Oxford arrived by sea at Gogarth Bay a short way south of Holyhead Harbour, the ferry terminal for Belfast. At low tide the pebble beach is exposed. Items of interest like green glass floats from fishing nets collect at the back of the storm bench. I landed and ran up the beach, first there gets the trophy. I still have the green glass sphere I found there that sunlit day. We explored the rear of the beach where a sheer rock wall goes up and forms a huge overhang. Climbers go there, stand on the beach at the back of the storm bench, reach in to a fissure in the rock and start climbing. About head height the vertical crack overhangs. If you fell off there you would fall maybe six feet. Keep going up that crack, hand over hand, fist over fist until at the furthest reach you could fall sixty feet.

At the western end of the beach there is a low cave entrance. We crouched to enter. Inside the crack widens in to a strange place of pillars of rock standing in sea water ponds. The cave roof is a short way overhead. Listen and the sound of the tidal flow on the other side of North Stack headland can be heard. We dragged our kayaks through the gap, about four feet wide and launched in the maze of streams and pillars. Using the paddles as poles we punted a way through until the increasing light revealed a way out on to the rushing tide seething past the cave exit, north going south.

To enter a fast flowing stream at right angles requires white water skills, accelerate on still water and as the tidal stream whips the bows to the left, use a high brace left, almost 90 degrees of roll. Get it wrong and a difficult swim results. Regain the upright and enjoy the high speed journey along a broken cliff face. At the southern end the promontory ends, another bracing stroke is needed to exit the high speed stream

and enter a slow circulating pool on the left. This is where wonder piled upon wonder.

The end of the collapsed promontory is littered with huge rocks, cleft with a narrow crack to a cave beyond. The entry is a few inches wider than a kayak. A rock climber could reach the entry but progress beyond, is barred by a deep pool from wall to wall. Looking down I could see a jumble of ancient cannon on the sea floor. A fort was built on the ground above to repel the French circa 1797. When the sea gnawed rock the fort collapsed in to the sea, cannon and all.

Outside was lit by brilliant sunlight. Inside the cleft was dark except for a brilliant shaft of light that came through a hole in the ground above. The cave floor revealed itself as we entered the very narrow entry. Great slabs of rock had fallen from the roof of the cave and lay under the surface of this secret cavern.

The shaft of sunlight glowed on the top surface of a slab of white rock about a foot deep under the surface. Reflected light shone inside the cave. A Welsh song tells of 'Daffyd y carreg wen', David of the white rock. St David is the patron saint of Wales. This was a place where perhaps Merlin had been. A thrill went up my spine. Outside was racing water, here was peace.

My eyes became accustomed to the dim light at the rear of the cave. One huge piece of graffiti was the number '5' Odd, I thought. The number

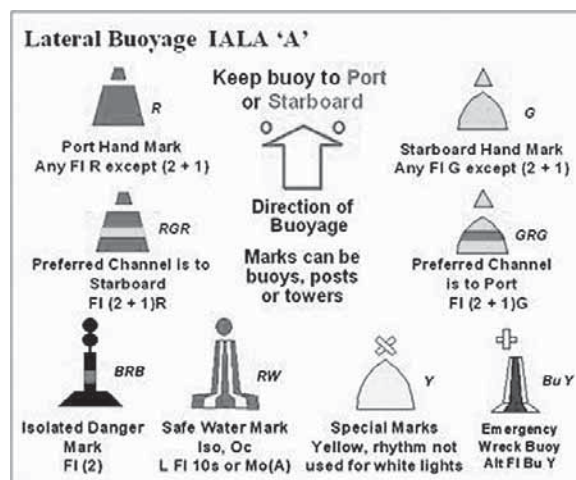
was at least six feet tall and well shaped. It appeared to be painted on a sheet of metal, white number on green metal. The paint was scarred and flaking but legible. The metal had a roughly oval shape ten feet tall. Slowly I adjusted my thinking, it was a right of channel buoy, which is usually of circular section with a pointed top.

The metal was flattened against the far wall of the cave, rough, distorted. The shape of rocks behind could be seen bulging the metal. A few miles away is the entry to Holyhead Harbour where 'right of channel' buoys would be found. The chains that anchor buoys are heavy. It takes huge force to break them. Tidal currents brought the buoy to the end of the promontory to the quiet circulating pool.

The time of storm when it arrived would not be quiet. Somehow this large buoy was hammered through a gap a little wider than a kayak. It then entered a place of great calm but that day it wasn't calm. How thick is the metal of a buoy? Quarter inch mild steel? There it was squashed with huge force against the ragged rock at the end to show its number '5' to the world. If the buoy had spun half round the number would not be visible. (Wreck buoys are green with the letter 'W' in white.)

Google Earth has that position, 53 deg, 19 min, 19.54 seconds North and 4 deg 40 min, 99 sec W.

From a kayak cockpit I saw rare magic.





## HUMOUR

### Church Organist

A small church in Texas had a very big-busted organist. Her breasts were so huge that they bounced and jiggled while she played the organ. Unfortunately, she distracted the congregation considerably. The very proper church ladies were appalled. They said something had to be done about this or they would have to get another organist.

So, one of the ladies approached her very discreetly and told her to mash up some green persimmons and rub them on the nipples of her breasts and maybe they would shrink in size, but warned her to not eat any of the green persimmons, though, "because they are so sour they will make your mouth pucker up and you won't be able to talk properly for a while." She agreed to try it.

The following Sunday morning the minister got up in the pulpit and said, "Dew to thircumsthanthis bewond my contwol, we will not hath a thermon tewday."

### Horse Racing Visit

A group of primary school infants, accompanied by two female teachers, went on a field trip to Cheltenham races to see and learn about thoroughbred horses.

When it was time to take the children to the toilet, it was decided that the girls would go with one teacher and the boys would go with the other.

The teacher assigned to the boys was waiting outside the men's toilet when one of the boys came out and told her that none of them could reach the urinal.

Having no choice, she went inside, helped the boys with their underpants, and began hoisting the children up, one by one, holding their willies to direct the flow away from their clothes.

As she lifted one, she couldn't help but notice that he was unusually well endowed. Trying not to show that she was staring, the teacher said, "You must be in Year Four."

"No, love," he replied. "I'm riding Silver Arrow in the 2.15."

### Sensitive Aussies

Three Aussie blokes working up on an outback mobile phone tower, Mongrel, Coot and Bluey. As they start their descent, Coot slips, falls off the tower and is killed instantly. As the ambulance takes the body away, Bluey says, "Bugger me, someone's gotta go and tell Coot's wife.

Mongrel says, "OK, I'm pretty good at that sensitive stuff, I'll do it."

Two hours later, he comes back carrying a case of beer.

Bluey says, "Where'd you get the grog, Mongrel?"

"Coot's wife gave it to me," Mongrel replies.

"That's unbelievable, you told the Missus her husband was dead and she gave you a case of beer?"

"Well, not exactly," Mongrel says.

"When she answered the door, I said to her, 'You must be Coot's widow.'"

She said, "You must be mistaken. I'm not a widow."

Then I said, "I'll betcha a case of beer you are."

Aussies are good at that sensitive stuff.

### Court Cross Examination

If you ever testify in court, you might wish you could have been as sharp as this policeman. He was being cross-examined by a defence attorney during a felony trial. The lawyer was trying to undermine the police officer's credibility.

Q: "Officer - did you see my client fleeing the scene?"

A: "No sir. But I subsequently observed a person matching the description of the offender, running several blocks away."

Q: "Officer - who provided this description?"

A: "The officer who responded to the scene."

Q: "A fellow officer provided the description of this so-called offender. Do you trust your fellow officers?"

A: "Yes, sir. With my life."

Q: "With your life? Let me ask you this then officer. Do you have a room where you change your clothes in preparation for your daily duties?"

A: "Yes sir, we do!"

Q: "And do you have a locker in the room?"

A: "Yes, sir - I do."

Q: "And do you have a lock on your locker?"

A: "Yes, sir."

Q: "Now - why is it, officer, if you trust your fellow officers with your life, you find it necessary to lock your locker in a room you share with these same officers?"

A: "You see, sir - we share the building with the court complex, and sometimes lawyers have been known to walk through that room."

### Poor Budgie

My budgie broke his leg today so I made him a little splint out of a couple of Beehive matches. His little face lit up when he tried to walk. Unfortunately, I had forgotten to remove the sandpaper from the bottom of his cage.

### Correcting Fluid

Last night I reached for my liquid viagra and accidentally swigged from a bottle of Twink. I woke up this morning with a huge correction.

### How do you Treat Wine?

Remove the cork/cap to let it breathe. Give it a few minuets before checking if it's not breathing.

If it's not give it instant mouth to mouth.

### Restaurant Aroma

A Scotsman and his wife walked past a swanky new restaurant last night. "Did you smell that food?" she asked. "Incredible!" Being the 'Kind Hearted Scotsman', he thought, "What the heck, I'll treat her!" They walked past it again.

### Taxi Service

An Arab bloke enters a taxi. Once he is seated, he asks the cab driver to turn off the radio because, as decreed by his religion, he must not hear music as at the time of the prophet, there was no music; especially Western music, which is music of infidels. So, the cab driver promptly switches off the radio, stops the cab and opens the back door.

The Arab asks: "What are you doing?"

The cabby replies: "In the time of the prophet there were no taxis. So get out and wait for a camel!"

## 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.

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Articles, trip reports, book reviews, equipment reviews, new techniques, letters 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 via cybermail to:

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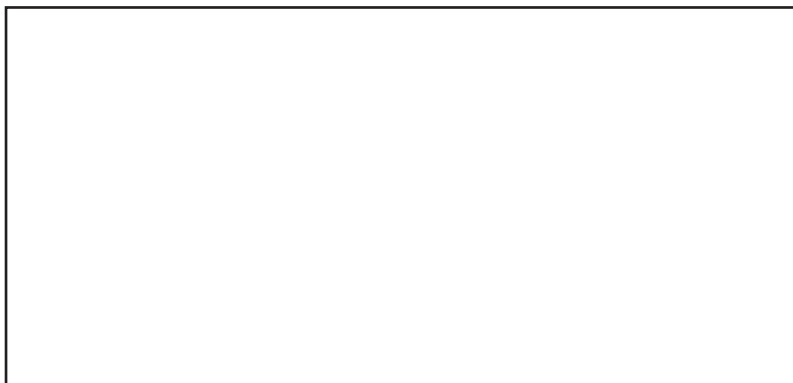


*In Endeavour Inlet, Queen Charlotte Sound, NSW  
paddler Shaan Greaser applies emergency back pad-  
dling, to prevent a collision with this huge bull Orca.  
Photo: Guy Reeve*



*Rosalie Horsfield paddling on the Hapuka River near Haast, on a  
gorgeous calm morning, allowing reflections of the rimu trees .  
Photo: Lynn Burson. See story on p. 6*

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*Paddlers at the 2012 KASK Forum await the arrival of a rescue helicopter. The limiting effect of wind dispersion on a daylight smoke flare in strong offshore winds is very apparent. From left, Doug Aitken, Owen Shrimpton and Ian McKenzie. Photo: Paul Caffyn*

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- 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
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- the KASK committee puts its emphasis on confirming renewals from existing members from July to October; and promoting new KASK memberships from November to February

