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**Big mobs of thanks to
all the contributors.**

**Deadline for articles
and photos for next
Newsletter:
25 July 2012**

**Editing and Layout:
Paul Caffyn
email: kayakpc@xtra.co.nz**

EDITORIAL

Winter Paddling

John Kirk-Anderson's article on 'Why Paddlers Die' is very timely given the severe weather warnings for all New Zealand this week; gales and snow to low levels in some regions. At the 2012 Wainui KASK Forum, where John gave a presentation on this subject, some paddlers at the debrief suggested this should be the first session run at all future forums. I suggest reading this article very carefully and take particular note of the fact that a capsized paddler in cold water can die of drowning well before hypothermia would cause death. The bible for cold water immersion (*Essentials of Sea Survival* by Golden and Tipton) states:

In spite of the great capacity of cold water to extract heat from the immersed body, hypothermia, unlike cold shock, is unlikely to be a problem within 30 minutes of head-out immersion for a fit, clothed adult, even in water as cold as 5°C.

New Zealand Trips

Tara Mulvany and Sim Grigg are attempting a winter paddle around the South Island and as of 5 June, they have reached Bruce Bay on the West Coast. They have already had a bumper dumper surf baptism at Haast, but with the exposed beaches north to Farewell Spit and faced with wintry weather, it will be a struggle at times.

Overseas Expeditions

Freya Completes Phase One
www.freyahoffmeister.com
Freya Hoffmeister finished the first leg of her epic South American circumnavigation at Valparaiso on May 5 2012. Freya started in September 2011 at Buenos Aires, Argentina, paddling in a clockwise direction. She paddled a first leg of 8,000 km finishing in Valparaiso, Chile, 248 days later. Freya will start again in Valparaiso on 17 August for her second leg. Her third leg will start from Georgetown in Guyana, and

end back at Buenos Aires on May 10 2014 in time for her 50th birthday.

Sandy Robson

www.sandy-robson.com

Sandy was planning her second stage of a repeat of Oskar Speck's foldboat journey from Germany to Australia, to continue from Cyprus via rivers through the Middle East and then out of the Gulf of Oman and down the south-west coast of Pakistan. Unfortunately on 31 May, while Sandy was back in Turkey, she learned that permission to travel and paddle through Iran has been denied.

Chris Duff

(www.olympen.com/cduff/Frames)

Chris Duff is back in the North Atlantic Ocean for a second attempt at rowing from Scotland to Iceland. Instead of approaching the Faeroes from Scotland's northern isles as attempted in 2011, he planned to head due west from Ullapool (north-west coast of Scotland), across The Minch to Stornaway on the Isle of Lewis (Outer Hebrides) before heading due north on a crossing to the southern most island of The Faroes. Then the crux of his row is a 280 mile crossing to Iceland, which Chris reckons will take about eight days.

Chris's expedition blog is a delight to read, as it not only details the ups and downs of rowing, but also his interaction with the local folk. In brief to 5 June, Chris arrived in Ullapool 30 March and on 18 April crossed The Minch to Stornaway. In the early hours of 27 May, he completed the huge 205 mile crossing to the southern-most island of the Faroe Islands.

Plea for Articles, Reports and Photos

Your story does not have to be a major expedition, just well written and with a few story-telling photos. The Phil Hansen trip report and Val Burn's book review are both reprinted from the *BASK Bulletin* No.19

PHOTOGRAPH CREDITS

Cover: Bevan Walker, almost hidden in the bushes, on the overgrown portage route between Dagg Sound and Crooked Arm, Doubtful Sound, Fiordland (see report on pages 12 - 16). Photo: Steve McGlone

Opposite page: Top left: Steve McGlone, Bevan Walker and Brett Kannemeyer at Te Waewae Bay, about to commence their paddle around Fiordland to Milford Sound. Photo: Steve McGlone

Bottom left: At the head of Crooked Arm in Doubtful Sound, Bevan Walker ferries the last of the loads to the water's edge after the laborious portage from Dagg Sound. Photo: Steve McGlone

SAFETY

Why Paddlers Die

(A précis from a Presentation at the Wainui KASK forum)

by John Kirk-Anderson

Disclaimer: John Kirk-Anderson IS NOT a medical professional, and this article is for information purposes only.

When sea kayakers consider, if indeed they do, the hazards they face from paddling on waters in a temperate climate, hypothermia is usually the foe that springs to mind.

With our general experience of outdoor activities in a cold, wet, windy environment, knowledge about hypothermia is good and most people take steps to prevent heat loss, they can identify the condition, and know how to treat it.

With sea-level temperatures ranging from winter lows of 9 degrees in the south to 20 in the northern summer, New Zealand has a wide temperature range but most of our waters are by definition, cold. With water's ability to strip heat quickly from a paddler who has become a swimmer, hypothermia is indeed a risk, but other factors can be a more immediate threat.

A problem with preparing for hypothermia is failing to recognise the speed at which these other events, Cold Shock and Swim Failure, can overcome a swimming paddler.

On entering cold water, the body has an automatic response. The 'gasp reflex' causes a massive gasp, followed by rapid, uncontrollable breathing. Heart rate rockets, and the ability to 'breath hold' is markedly reduced. If a paddler's head is under water at the time of the gasp, it may be that they never re-surface. The uncontrolled rapid breathing and decreased 'breath-hold' do nothing for rolls and wet exits, and the sudden spike in heart rate and blood pressure can have catastrophic effects on a weak heart.

This phase, **Cold Shock**, lasts about two minutes, after which breathing and heart rate slow as the body adjusts to the cold water.

Swim Failure is the term used to describe the events that occur as the body cools, but before the core is cooled to the point of hypothermia.

Large muscles and fat provide a degree of insulation but areas of the body not so protected cool quickly. Chief among them are the tendons of the fingers, which become stiff and grip strength decreases. This leads to an inability to maintain contact with a kayak, carry out rescues, operate communication devices or maintain a position where the airway is above the water. As further muscles cool, a lack of coordination contributes to the likelihood of swim failure.

The length of this phase, Swim Failure, depends on water temperature, insulation worn, and body mass.

Immersion Hypothermia, which was thought to be the big problem, takes at least 30 minutes in 10 degree water, which is not infrequent in New Zealand. Hypothermia is defined as when the core temperature of the body has fallen to 35 degrees, down from 37. An important point to understand is that a person will be very cold, with uncontrollable shivering, poor judgement, sore muscles and generally miserable, while their body is taking steps to preserve the heat in their core.

Hypothermia causes death by cardiac arrest, once the core has cooled to below 28 degrees, but a swimming paddler, unable to keep their head above water, will likely drown well before then.

Understanding the risks and time-frames associated with cold water immersion are keys to avoidance of these problems.

Cold Shock, which lasts for up to two minutes, can be managed by clothing choice, conditioning, and experience of the effects. This can help avoid panic, which makes the condition worse.

Swim Failure, which comes on as the body cools, means paddlers will have little time to seek help and affect their own rescues. Clothing, equipment, and slick rescue drills play a crucial role here. Wearing a buoyancy vest extends this time as less effort is required to protect the airway.

Immersion Hypothermia, which is the prize if a paddler survives the other problems, can be kept at bay for longer with insulation and by getting out of the water. Staying fit and well nourished also allows the body to generate heat to maintain core temperature.

So, while hypothermia is indeed a killer, Cold Shock and Swim Failure are other, less well-recognised, risks that paddlers face. Knowledge, preparation and avoidance are crucial to safe paddling on our cold waters.

On the water practice for fast reaction times and efficient rescues following a capsize in cold water.



New Zealand Trip Reports

We Find Treasure 'on the High Seas' by Barbara Leslie

We had been back up north about two weeks before we felt we'd done enough unpacking, restocking the farmlet, and setting up the office for Richard to work in (remotely and virtually).

The new secondhand *Barracuda* double called. According to the tide chart, high water was due in at Pouto at 1105. The forecast was perfect (no wind, 18°C) so we slipped and slithered into Mountain Creek near the Gateway Motel in Kaiwaka (btw this is a free campground) and off we went after some minor adjustments. Pity Richard's sprayskirt didn't fit.

It was some years since I'd paddled down this river and I was shocked to see how the mangroves had encroached but other than that, all the familiar landmarks seemed the same; the big old pine tree still alive and on a bigger lean; the tunnel under the rail line still draining the lake beyond; plenty of mangrove scum on the water; lots of bird life; newly tarted up mai mais ready for duckshooting season; and incredibly lots of mullet jumping about. Maybe nobody has put a net in this part of the river for years. Umm. Nothing yummier than mullet straight into the pan!

We'd hardly got underway when I noticed a big blue suitcase on the side of the river near the sewerage lake and not far from the junction to the Kaiwaka River. I vowed to have a good look on the way back never guessing what we would find. It was virtually the same spot where a few years ago a friend and I out rowing had discovered a mysterious barge with living quarters. After it had been there several days we clamored onto it worried that someone was aboard sick. To this day I'm yet to be convinced it wasn't illegal im-



The 'treasure trove' suitcase

migrants. We never did hear back from the police but somewhere I still have the photographic evidence.

After a great paddle reminiscing on various other paddles and adventures, and trying to work out where the old kauri tram line used to be (Jane Mander – *Story of a New Zealand River*) we stopped at the back of Donaldson's farm for a much needed stretch prior to returning to the blue suitcase which by now was in the water. Thus we were able to paddle up to it amongst the reeds. Thankfully there was still enough water to get back (mud is a big problem on these Kaipara fingers).

The suitcase was in two bits and some stuff was still inside it with the majority strewn about the vicinity. We discovered all sorts of things over a period of about 15 minutes. Items included clothing, fireworks, coins, an electric razor, electric toothbrush, a briefcase with pens, a jewellery box with jewels, a shopping bag with more jewels, and various other bit and pieces. I was like a kid in an ice cream shop.

Wait there's more. Just as we were about to leave, having loaded the canoe with the smaller stuff, I spotted what looked like a cake tin. Raising it up it turned out to be a safe. Later we found it had been jimmied open but the gap now was only about ½ inch. It had 2 combination locks and a key hole. Sadly the metal box did seem empty once we'd drained the salty water. We took one photo of the scene prior to the camera battery running out – typical!

When we got home I laid everything out on our deck and picnic table – rings, cuff links, earrings, necklaces

etc to dry, and then phoned the police. We imagined all sorts of scenarios – a tourist car broken into; a house hoist; several burglaries; all those hours of watching *Midsummer Murders*, *Silent Witness*, *Heartbeat*, *Inspector Lynley Mysteries* and so on fired our imagination. It would have been great to see if anything was in the safe. However I refrained with surprising fortitude from taking to it with my crowbar.

The grey pearls looked real but most of the other stuff looked like kids' treasures or inexpensive. My daughter-in-law said it's probably all antique and just looked like junk.

Disappointingly for me a couple of days later while I was out the local constable came and took away all our finds. I didn't get a chance to expound our theories or quiz him. It turned out he'd already done his homework and advised Richard the gear was almost certainly stolen from Auckland some time ago and was probably tossed over a local bridge. He also said the child involved would be delighted to get her collection back.

Who would have ever suspected a lazy Sunday paddle would end with contraband, police and intrigue.

Barbara Leslie



Barbara is a fair weather paddler of limited ability, but likes a bit of fun. Has belonged to the Northland Canoe Club about 10 years.

New Zealand Trip Reports

A DIFFERENT KAYAK TRIP

(In the Bay of Islands)
by Phil Hansen

We thought it would be a good experience to go on an Advanced Kayaking Trip when Evan told us about it in late 2011. It was organized and led by Mark Hutson from New Zealand Sea Kayaking Adventures. Mark is based at Haruru Falls, Paihia, Bay of Islands and has 25 years of guiding experience.

His trips usually attract overseas kayakers and this trip was no exception with three Australians, one Canadian plus Mark who is an American and Jim Kakuk of Tsunami Rangers fame. There were three Kiwis, Rowena Hayes, Linda and myself, a total of nine kayakers.

As we kayakers are well aware this has not been a good weather year for kayaking with the 'beasterly easterly' blowing most of summer. The trip was for 10 days but the weather had other ideas, the weather is what the weather is. So we all met at a Restaurant in Paihia for a briefing and greeting. The trip was to start at Mimiwhangata and travel up the coast finishing at Paihia.



The team: Jamie McFarlane, Linda and Phil Hansen, Rowena Hayes, Ken Knight, Jodie Lane, Mark Hutson, David Hoegler and Jim Kakuk.

Photo: Jim Kakuk

The first day was a skills day in the Paihia/Opua area as it was decided it would be no fun travelling and camping in pouring rain. We practiced paddle strokes that we would use in 'Rock Gardening' situations later in the trip and we were introduced to the mealtime protocol to be used for the trip.

The meals and routine were an experience in themselves. I have not seen so much food and gear taken in kayaks in my kayaking life. Mark has *Puffins* for his hire kayaks. We needed six strong people to lift and carry these boats and then you were stuffed after a few hundred metres, they weighed a ton. Just as well the Auzzies were young blokes.

But I digress - we paddled a lot without rudders the first day. I was glad

we had our *Southern Skuas* as they track pretty well. Nearly all the rock gardening was done with rudders up so you can use your paddle strokes efficiently. We also practiced various ways of towing. Mark got me to tow him - I thought I was doing pretty well. I got to the middle of the channel and had to start 'digging it in' - must be the current I thought. That night, Linda said to me, "I thought you hated towing."

"I do" I replied.

She said, "How come you were towing Mark and Jim?" They had played one on me and rafted up - no wonder I was struggling.

Next day we travelled to Mimiwhangata. Well, we really needed webbed feet here, it was flooded, but we managed to find some higher ground for the cooking area. We spent three

Six strong paddlers were required to strop-carry the heavily laden kayaks to the water's edge. Photo: Linda Hansen





Linda Hansen surfing to shore at Mimiwhangata. Photo: Jim Kakuk

nights here doing camping skills Mark style, surfing and rock gardening on the outlying islands. We got a lot out of the rock gardening sessions. Mark and Jim were experts in this area. The thing I got out of it was becoming really comfortable in the turbulent water. We sat in behind rock areas with the waves bouncing off rocks - it was great.

Next day we paddled to Bland Bay. We were going to freedom camp here but the weather had other ideas and the campground won the day. Rowena pulled out her 'nice' and got a caravan for the same price as a tent site. The proprietor said Linda and I could have his big van so we gladly

accepted. It was like our home away from home, if you know what I mean. We had the camp cookhouse we took over and we had hot showers - luxury. We stayed here two nights - not much kayaking done due to the weather.

Next stop was at Elliots Bay. This was a freedom camp, a very nice spot behind the sand dunes. Unfortunately Linda hurt her back the first day doing braking strokes and it flared up. We thought we would have to pull the plug on the trip at this stage as she could hardly move. However, one of the Aussies was a dab hand at back massage and the Canadian was a doctor and so happened to have a

very strong anti-inflammatory with him so between the two of them saved the trip for us.

The next day we set off to paddle around Cape Brett and through the Hole In The Rock. I paddled over what I thought was a rock shelf until it moved and 'O My God' - a huge shark. I tried to yell to the others but with wind and waves I couldn't make myself heard. That night the Canadian said something 'bumped my boat today near Cape Brett!' Going through The Hole In The Rock was an experience with the wind and waves, keeping upright and getting blown out the other side was exhilarating. We then paddled to Deep Wa-

Jamie McFarlane surfing to shore at Mimiwhangata. Photo: Jim Kakuk



ter Cove to camp. On the way many kahawai were caught so we had fresh fish for tea.

The next day we paddled to Urupukapuka Island and stayed at the DoC camp. On the way we had time for some snorkeling, for those wanting to. Urupukapuka is a lovely area to paddle and recommended for a trip. It is only about 1.5 kilometres to paddle out from Rawhiti and then there are islands to explore in the area. The next day was a stink forecast gusting 35 knots and a quartering wind and we had at least a three hour paddle in open water to get back to Paihia.

After much deliberation it was decided Mark would get the ferry back to Opuia and pick up his van and trailer and drive back to Rawhiti and we would tow his kayak and paddle over to Rawhiti. It all went well and we got back safely but I would not have liked to have attempted the long paddle in those conditions.

Linda and I have subsequently paddled from Paihia out to Urupukapuka Island and stayed for a few nights and paddled back so in hindsight it



At Mimiwhangata, from left: Jodie Lane, David Hoegler, Ken Knight, Jamie MacFarlane (Linda in the background) Mark Hutson and Rowena Hayes.

Photo: Jim Kakuk

was a good decision having experienced the area.

It was a bit sad not to have finished the trip as planned but safety always comes first. I got a lot out of the trip with Mark and Jim although it was not a training trip as such. Jim

also gave Linda and me a copy of the Tsunami Ranger DVD which he signed for us, so that was a bonus. We both enjoyed the trip and would recommend the experience if you want something different.

Phil Hansen

New Zealand Trip Report

The South Island in Winter by Tara Mulvany & Sim Grigg

On 19 May this year, Tara Mulvany and Simeon Grigg set off from Milford Sound on a 3,300 km kayak clockwise circumnavigation of the South Island and Rakiura (See col-our photo on p.23).

During the winter of 2011, Tara and Sim paddled from Te Waewae Bay to Milford Sound (see *New Zealand Sea Canoeist* No. 154). By 28 May they had reached Haast, and this progress update is taken from their website blog:
www.winterkayakers.blogspot.co.nz

'Our paddle north from Milford to Big Bay was relatively uneventful until we got further into Big Bay. There we sat 100 m off the beach, watching the back of 2 m high break-

ing waves rolling in. We put on our helmets and Sim disappeared in, making his break for the beach. Just as he disappeared, a big set came in, and he gave a couple of people on the beach a show with some wild surfing as well as a roll. With some luck I managed a dry head run, success!

The next morning we set off for Gorge River and as we approached we saw three people on the beach by the river mouth. There we met Chris and his parents, Catherine and Robert a.k.a. Beansprout. Check out his book if you get a chance, *Life on Gorge River*, an interesting read about their incredible life beside the wild west coast, two days walk from any road (see photo on top p.9).

Having landed in such an amazing place with legendary company, we decided to stay the night. The Longs cooked up a mean feed for dinner and made us feel so at home that we tossed up staying for another few days. But in the end we couldn't waste the good weather and waved goodbye to the Longs, thanked them for their hospitality and headed north.

We pushed on all the way into Jackson Bay that day, before continuing on to Neils Beach. For the next three days we chilled out at a crib owned by Donald, a friend of Sim's parents. We cranked the coal range, baked scones and had hot showers.



A chilly morning on the beach by the Gorge River mouth. From left: Sim, Robert, Christine and Robert Long, and Tara.



A beautiful calm morning at Neils Beach, south-west of Haast.

On 25 May, we set off from Neils Beach at first light, and had an 'interesting' sort of a day - I guess that's what you get on the West Coast! I got seasick and had a wee chunder. Keen to land, but no good landings in sight through the huge surf, we headed for Open Bay Islands which sit about 6 kms off the coast of Okuru.

Apparently back in the 1800s, a bunch of sealers were stranded here. They finally built some sort of boat and arrived at the mainland only to find they couldn't catch any fish. After some time they went back to the islands, which had once held them hostage, realizing that now it was a refuge with an abundant supply of kai. Surely with a name like Open Bay and with a hut marked on the map, it had to be a good place for us to be.

But after another hour of paddling we found no 'open bay', and instead we found a ring of cliffs surrounding the island with no place to land.

We cruised on another 10 kms towards Haast beach. The waves were only breaking close to the shore, but dumping hard, as a 3 m swell met a steep gravel beach. Sim went in first and the next thing I saw was him standing on the beach throwing two pieces of his carbon paddle. He has this unique skill in breaking paddles, maybe it's just because he's so strong.

His timing through the dumpers was as perfect as could be, the only problem being that by the time he got onto the beach, he was immediately sucked back out, dumped onto the gravel with the front of his boat, which started to fold in half and was tossed upside down on the beach. He climbed out but the surf claimed his boat and sucked it back out again beyond reach.

For the next 10 minutes I watched Sim getting beaten, swimming out to his boat and trying to push it in, but every time it hit the beach, it was sucked out again. There was nothing I could do. It really didn't look like a good time! With a huge wave and luck, his boat finally washed up and he soon had it dragged up. Guess you get that on the West Coast!

I gave him a few minutes before I paddled in. About 3 m off the beach, and thinking I had it dialed, I turned to see a dumper about to eat me.

My timing was as bad as it could have been. I threw all my weight into the wave sideways but before I knew what was happening, I was thrown upside down on my head on the ground, I rolled up and Sim quickly grabbed the front of my boat and dragged it up the beach before I got dealt to.

I was very relieved I had not gone in first. Sim had taken the hit for the team big time - guess it's my turn next time! About five minutes later, Sim pointed out my ankle was bleeding everywhere. I hadn't even noticed - at least I'll have a sweet battle scar to show for our encounter with Haast Beach! What a day!

The gash on Tara's leg.



KAYAK KALENDAR

KASK FORUM 2013

8 - 10 March 2013

Raglan - West Coast North Island

A superb venue by Raglan Harbour has been booked, and the location offers excellent on the water instruction venues, both inside and outside the harbour.

If you are keen to offer instruction sessions or indoor presentations, please get in touch with the planning team (via email) with:

Evan Pugh:

sheepskinsnstuff@xtra.co.nz

John Hesseling:

john.hesseling@bouldecnri.co.nz

John Gumbley:

gumbleyj@wave.co.nz

TECHNICAL

Downwind Paddling by Sandy Winterton

photos by Susan Cade

Kayak surfing has been described as the most fun you can have in wet clothes, or indeed any clothes. It's a heady cocktail when the perfect wave arrives at the same moment that both your steering and balance suddenly decide to behave themselves. The resulting charge to the beach always leaves you wanting more.

The waves approaching land take their familiar form due to the reducing depth of water. As waves approach shore, a wave's height increases, and at a certain point the face becomes steep enough to power a kayak along at exhilarating speed. Most people prefer the clean ride on the 'green' wave before it breaks.

When paddling in open water with the wind behind, it's possible to catch a ride while there's no beach within cooee. Surfing these open water waves or 'runners' is good fun, and excellent for improving your surfing skills. On a long trip, surfing helps conserve energy, makes life more exciting and speeds the journey. Hitching a ride on open water waves requires a slightly different technique to surfing towards the beach on swells and rollers.

In open sea, typical ocean swells that formed perhaps hundreds of kilometres away, often have a distance between crests of 50 to 100 m. With such a long wavelength, a wave that is 2 or even 3 metres high is not steep enough to drive a kayak along.

Another wave form, kayakers frequently encounter, is a wind wave formed by local conditions. On sheltered waters with limited fetch (the distance over water that the wind is blowing) waves do not get a chance to mature and sort themselves into long powerful swells. Wind waves tend to have a much shorter wavelength between crests than their long fetch ocean cousins.

They are shorter and steeper than ocean swells. With a breeze of 10-15 knots, waves are often about half metre high with 6 to 10 m between crests. Since they have a steeper face, wind waves offer great rides, but because they are less powerful than ocean swells, they are a bit harder to catch. Life seems unfair if your paddling partner is scooting ahead on free rides while you're getting left behind. Here are some pointers that should help you catch more open water waves.

When surfing towards a beach, where waves form tall and steep, pretty much any kayak will catch a wave. Short wave skis and river play boats are fine in these conditions. On wind waves, which are less steep

and powerful, a longer craft will catch waves more easily, so a sit-in sea kayak is better than a short wide sit-on-top. The best paddlecraft for catching wind waves are ocean-racing skis. Expert 'level' ones are long (6.4 m) narrow (43 cm) SOTs. In this instance the acronym stands for Soil One's Togs, due to their instability and the speeds of over 20 km/hr that exponents achieve on large waves in 30+ knot winds. The web addresses listed at the end link to articles, one of which has an embedded video clip of a rollercoaster ride on the famous 'Millers Run' off the South African coast.

We sea kayakers are more likely to be after waves travelling at 8-12 km/hr. Being less powerful than ocean swells, wind waves will pick up a kayak far more easily if there is low initial resistance. If your boat is stationary, or moving slowly, you probably won't catch any waves at all. If you're travelling close to wave speed, your chances are much better. Catching plenty of runners makes life worth living. Understanding a bit about waves makes catching them easier.

At any time the waves in one locality are in the same size range, but individuals vary a fair bit. Over time, certain waves gain more energy and height than others. This has been shown to occur through some waves somehow drawing energy away from others. Most kayakers are fa-

Swell crests are moving from left to right. Sandy has dropped off a surf ride and is in a trough between swell crests. He is still under full power, ready for the next crest to catch him up.





Sandy has caught a ride and has used his paddle blade for a quick brace.

miliar with 'sets' of waves. A set is a group, usually of 2-4 waves, that differ markedly in size from their compatriots – usually people use the term to refer to big sets.

When surfing wind waves, it's a common thing to catch one for a few seconds, then suddenly your ride has gone. The wave that was a moment ago driving your kayak along seems to just vanish. Physics tells us that energy cannot be created or destroyed. While your wave seems to have disappeared, the energy it contained still exists and has gone somewhere else – it has transferred to other waves nearby.

During the phase when waves are the sort of size we want, they are usually just 3 to 6 metres wide (i.e. along the crest). The centre of the wave tends to be highest with the two sides dropping away into troughs. Energy is constantly transferring between waves. This can be in line with the direction of the wind e.g. when one wave catches another, or across it. The end result is that wind waves seem to be forming and disappearing all the time.

Stringing together runs is the key to more fun and faster travel. Catching the first one gets you underway and sets you up for more. To have the best chance of getting a ride, you need to be paddling as close to the wave's speed as possible, but here you can use some cunning.

Get up to about three-quarter speed while waves are overtaking you. If you can look behind, to spot a big one coming, all well and good. If not, you can usually see or feel a big trough passing beneath you. It slowly overtakes you, moving forwards past your cockpit. As it reaches your bow, the crest behind it is usually just about under your stern. As your nose goes down into the trough in front and your tail comes up on the wave behind, paddle like hell for just a few seconds. With luck, the crest behind is a biggie and offers a good chance of a ride. It's the short acceleration that is critical to get you on the wave and surfing. Suddenly your burst of speed pays off as your kayak is picked up by the wave and you shoot effortlessly ahead of your paddling mate.

Some people find that leaning forward helps to catch a wave, and once on it, it is helpful to lean back. Depending on the length of the boat and the geometry of the waves, it's often a good position to be in to follow just far enough behind the wave in front to stop your nose burying into it. Riding runners is not a case of just doing stern rudder strokes. On a particularly good wave, you might not need to paddle at all, but more often than not, you do need to paddle, adjusting your effort to stay at the best point on the wave.

If you get on a good wave, your inner speed demon may want to head straight down it, but this should be

avoided, as you're likely to go too fast and to slide into the crest in front. In doing this, your boat stalls, and the wave you were on rushes past too fast to catch.

Instead of going straight ahead on a steep wave, steer at an angle to the direction the wave is travelling. By using this technique you can adjust the angle of the wave face to give the optimum speed to just stay on the wave, and it means that if you need a burst of speed to link to another runner you can turn directly down the wave to accelerate.

On a bigger wave, your stern is perched high up and may protrude back over the crest behind you, and the tail of your boat may be raised above the water. You need to have your rudder locked fully down to ensure that as much of the blade as possible is in the water. If you start to broach, brace on the wave on the uphill side and use the rudder. It is much easier to correct your course on open water waves than it is when hurtling toward a beach, and there's no surf to give you a pasting if you do fall in, so it's a great training ground.

As soon as you're on a runner, look around for one to join up with when your wave starts to fail. Sometimes the wave you're on disappears or slips away from you – when this happens, just wait for the one behind to come through. If it's a decent size, use the same short burst of speed as before to catch another ride. When you're on a nice runner and it gets bigger, you may be able to burst straight through the wave ahead of you and slide down the face of that one. If the wave planets line up, you can occasionally do this through three or four waves, gaining energy and speed from each and can get to over 15 km/hr before you start to slow down.

When you fall off the back of a wave, there is no point paddling uphill to try and get back over the crest. It's too energy sapping and you almost always lose the battle. Waves are like buses. If you don't catch one, there's no point running after it. Just wait

for the next one to come along. If it's another wave in a big set, there's a good chance you'll be able to break through the wave you lost and regain your place anyway.

Lakes, deep bays and harbours often offer an onshore wind, which is what you need for practice. If you're starting and finishing at the same point, always start on the windward shore. Paddle directly into the wind and then head back down. It's not a good plan to do the downwind leg first and have to battle back upwind to finish. After paddling hard into the headwind and making perhaps 5 km per hour, it's a wonderful feeling to turn and soon be doing double that speed with little effort. The critical thing to catching the first wave is the burst of fast acceleration and the key to faster rides is linking runs together.

In some circumstances you can use the lie of the land to assist. If waves are running parallel to a shore, for example down a long bay, anything projecting into the wave path such as headland makes the waves higher which makes for great surfing.

If you're somewhere with sea walls, cliffs or similar reflective surfaces, if the angle between wave and wall is right, it can also result in bigger waves which are more easily caught.

If your vertical orientation is threatened, laying the convex side of a paddle blade on the water surface with the leading edge up makes a great brace. The blade skids along the water surface, giving an upward force that you can lean on for support, and the faster you're going, the more stability it offers.

Sandy Winterton
May 2011

Website links

http://www.surfski.info/getting-started/tips-other/item/1254-downwind-with-oscar-chalupsky-**-video-**.html

<http://www.surfski.info/latest-news/item/1255-fastest-millers-run-of-all-time.html>

New Zealand Trip Reports

Te Waewae Bay to Doubtful Sound (Fiordland) by Steve McGlone

photos by Steve and Bevan Walker
See also colour photos on pages 2 & 23

My good friend Brett Kannemeyer had been badgering me incessantly to go to the 'West Coast' on kayaking trips for over a year, culminating in the audacious suggestion of a paddle from Te Waewae Bay, at the very bottom of the South Island of NZ, up to Milford Sound - about 400 km distant (not counting exploring in the fiords along the way).

Fiordland has a rugged coastline with many extensive fiords, the result of extensive glaciation some 20,000 years ago. It lies in the roaring 40s, and storms that blow in from the Antarctic can be very dramatic, indeed. It rains a lot, too. Annual rainfall in Milford is around 6,000 mm, making it one of the wettest places on the planet.

Due to its wild remoteness, extensive tracts of Fiordland have been declared a World Heritage Conservation area. On many of its islands, there are extensive trapping programmes for feral stoats, rats, mice and possums in order to protect the native bird life. There are many marine reserves also.

Each of the fiords is separated by the open Tasman sea - up to 25 km of exposed coastline at a stretch with no safe landings. The fiords themselves are very steep-sided, so even then landings may be some long distance apart. This means long spells in the boat without respite, and considerable risk of getting caught in bad conditions.

Despite all that Brett, remarkably enough managed to convince me to go!

During the preparations, gathering equipment, charts and food suitable for over three weeks, Nelson paddler Bevan Walker came to hear of our plans and asked if he could join us. He'd previously undertaken numerous expeditions to Fiordland. He also had a big 4WD that would take the three kayaks and he also knew someone in Mossburn who would mind the vehicle.

And so it all came together, and we made the trip south to Te Waewae Bay, where we camped out for a couple of nights waiting for the surf to die down.

20 February

I stuck my nose out of the tent to note a nearly a 2 m swell. We pottered till around 10 am and decided to try to break through the surf to start the trip.

It is very different paddling a loaded boat compared to practising in surf at home with an empty kayak. My boat handled like a big heavy log! It was hard to accelerate and turn. The waves were crashing in a series of breaker zones way out, to perhaps 500 m offshore. The waves didn't look all that big, but they were sure powerful. Brett had his front hatch ripped off by the waves, but managed to retrieve it by back paddling and making a wild snatch for it!

All three of us got out safely. A headwind and dark clouds soon came up by halfway across the Te Waewae Bay, so we headed to Port Craig which was a lovely, sheltered, easy landing. The camping was very pleasant there too.

21 February

Up at 6.30 am, to find a grey but still morning with heaps of sandflies. Paddling conditions were good all day although there was still a sizeable swell. We mostly stayed a long way offshore once round Sandy Hill Point, and even further out to get round reefs, perhaps 1,500 m at times. We crept by Long Point, then Knife and Steel Harbour. Brett started to slow down a lot - seems he'd hurt his left shoulder and was nursing it along. We passed



The wet campsite at Big River. From left, Bevan, Brett and Steve.

Big River on way to Green Islets when a sudden SW front rustled up headwinds and whitecaps and waves breaking over our boats. Despite the adrenaline that such a weather change produces, it was clear that the last 8 km into a headwind (with Brett's injury) would be really foolish. It was by now 5 pm, so we surfed the blow back to the mouth of Big River. We'd been 10.5 hours on the water without getting out of the boats! We staggered ashore to a welcome but rainy camp site, very mossy under some tree-fuschias.

22 February

We woke early again to light rain and a welcome tailwind! Brett had taken to paddling just on one side. Bevan and I tandem-towed him past Green Islets, then the wind got a lot stronger. Brett was using his umbrella as a sail and we zoomed toward Long Reef, but then had to paddle far out to avoid breaking

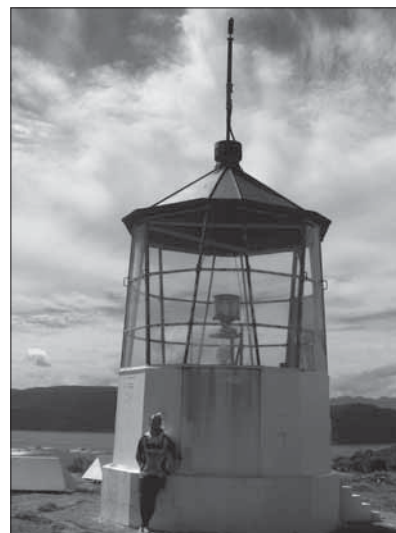


About to launch from Big River on a grey drizzly morning.

waves. A lovely sandy beach was visible at Gates Harbour. It looked an OK landing site potentially with the entrance protected by reefs. A number of royal albatross flew by us and we saw a couple on the water that weren't overly-shy of our approach.

Soon we rounded Windsor Point and were in view of Marshall Rocks and the Puysegur Point lighthouse. Thousands of terns and sooty shearwaters were wheeling about and gathered on the water. The coastline was fantastic here and very majestic with big heavy seas, and lots of kelp beds.

Finally we stopped at a bay close to Puysegur Point lighthouse - a lovely sandy beach sheltered from that blustery SW wind. It felt good to step out of the boats. We found a track up to the lighthouse and walked up through lovely bush to take in the views. Back at the beach, we had an afternoon bludge



Puysegur Point lighthouse

in the sun, then paddled round to the landing shed where Bevan got into hunter-gatherer mode and returned a happy man with a big bag of paua for us too eat.

23 - 24 February

We holed up in the landing shed with a bad weather forecast, hoping the rest would help Brett's sore shoulder. When a crayboat, the *Sea Emerald* steamed by, Bevan raised them on the VHF radio and told them about Brett's shoulder. They kindly offered to take him and his kayak out to Bluff when they went out on the Tuesday or Wednesday, if needed. Brett was pretty upset at even the possibility that he might have to abandon the trip but it was useful to have the option. This would give him another 3-4 days to rest it too, particularly as the weather looked rough for a while yet. We'll have to wait and see. Forecast for early next week was for 50 knot SW and NW winds for a few days and rough seas! Bevan and I wondered if we might be going out on that boat too.

25 February

We decided a change of scenery was in order, so took advantage of a sheltered passage up Otago Retreat to a beach at the back of Coal Island. Bevan and I fished just before Moonlight Point and we both caught some big blue cod - yum!

Coal Island is mice and rat free, thanks to extensive trapping and baiting programmes run by volunteers. We stayed in a little bivvy hut five

Bevan Walker very close to rounding the most galeswept headland in all of New Zealand. The Puysegur Point lighthouse is visible above Bevan's head. Photo: Steve McGlone





DoC sign on Coal Island

minutes up in the forest from the beach, for the night. It's just a small metal box with a sleeping bench wide enough for two mattresses and a pot belly stove. Very cosy. I had a long walk on the trapping tracks on the island from one end to the other through very lush bush.

26 February

We spent the day killing time before the fishing boat headed out. It looked more likely Bevan and I could be going out too. Bevan's a man of few words - we all headed in different directions that morning. Brett headed across Otago Retreat with a tail wind for the 4 km paddle to an A-frame DoC hut there where we'd all planned to meet in the evening.

I paddled over to nearby Weka Island where *Sea Emerald* has a barge and gratefully accepted a cuppa tea, a biscuit and had a yarn. They gave me an up to date forecast - things looked a little more settled for the next day and a half. While I was chatting, the wind out on the water was still



Royal albatross taking flight close to the kayaks

blowing a fresh 15-20 knots, so I didn't think I should stay long in case I got stuck there. I had a quick paddle 'round the coast of Weka Island. It was pleasant enough, but I felt a bit exposed being out without company in that frisky wind.

I paddled to the A-frame to find Brett wasn't there! I went ashore and had lunch and hung about a bit unsure where everybody was. Bevan came by about 3 pm - with some salvaged fishing floats on his deck and a surfboard in tow! He told me Brett had paddled on to Puysegur landing to stay the night. Bevan had decided to paddle over to Steep-To Island,

across the way, to spend the night. (Bevan has a thing about wanting to camp on as many different islands as possible). I decided to stay put and had the A-frame to myself. In spite of a mesh screen door the sandflies were appalling, even biting me through my socks!

27 February

A truly epic day in all aspects. I paddled over to Steep-To Island where Bevan had spent the night. On arrival, Bevan told me he'd been awake much of the night thinking about continuing paddling with the small weather window that was available.



We paddled over to Puysegur landing and discussed it with Brett. He agreed to go out on the fishing boat and was actually getting ready to paddle over to the barge when we arrived. We planned to meet up with him at Manapouri township in a week. Conditions in Preservation Inlet were dead calm for his paddle to the barge fortunately.

Bevan and I left Puysegur landing mid-morning and paddled out through bouncy seas outside Coal Island. More albatross swooped around us. Gulches Head was really spectacular with big sea stacks and exposed kelp beds in the low tide. Bevan had never seen it so calm there. We paddled over to Chalky Island to



Bevan Walker in hunter-gatherer mode, with a few good sized paua for dinner.

a gorgeous white sandy beach round the back. Numerous seals swam alongside our boats, jumping out of the water beside us. After a short lunch stop, we continued to Cape Providence into a mild headwind. We arrived mid-afternoon and still had good energy, so decided to paddle north to West Cape. After a long slog and many reefs, we found no good landing there, so paddled on to Dusky Sound.

We finally reached the entrance to Dusky at nearly 8 pm, but still no landing. Paddled on and on and finally found a challenging haul-out over steep boulders by a stream just as the sun was setting. The sandflies rushed out to meet us - the buggers! Approximately a 70 km day over the 12+ hours in the boat (around 40,000 paddle strokes!) The land was swaying terribly for hours after coming ashore.

28 February

Another big day! We were slow packing up, hindered by the fierceness of the little biters and the logistics of re-launching our boats over the rocky boulders but were finally away at 9 am and Bevan led us a few miles eastwards to Pickersgill harbour, where Captain Cook anchored for seven weeks in 1773 to re-provision, observe the transit of Venus and undertake repairs. We had a short walk there

then paddled over to nearby islands, and wove among them past Passage Island. The waters were oily calm and it was very hot as we made our way behind Long Island and beyond to Porpoise Point. Even the sandflies managed to follow us!

We got a brief tailwind rounding the point as we approached Acheron Passage and I had a brief spell moving along under umbrella power. We saw a big pod of bottle-nosed dolphins who played about our boats for a time. They were massive creatures over four metres long and up close, they made you feel very small and vulnerable in a kayak.

This steep-walled, glacially carved passage has few landing places, but we spotted a tiny beach on the east side a couple of kms before Wet Jacket Arm, just big enough to land on. It had a great waterfall and just room for two to three tents in the trees. We took a break here for my sore bum as it was already mid afternoon.

The tailwind was now replaced by a light northerly headwind. Despite this we decided to press on for Disappointment Cove. With bad weather forecast for the morrow, it sounded a good option. En route, we had a yarn with the skipper of *Southern Wind*, a DoC patrol and research vessel. He encouraged us to paddle on as the cove was a good spot to watch the weather for the next open sea leg of the journey.

The headwinds persisted. A big splash of something behind us made

us turn to look. Crikey, it was a school of kingfish chasing after our boats, which they followed for about 15 minutes; big yellow fins cutting through the water. They were a metre long!

We slowly paddled on, past Entrance Island and behind the Gilbert Islands to Disappointment Cove. What a fantastic, sheltered landing with a fine, sandy beach. We put up tents on the lovely grassy foreshore under some trees and set up the mountain radio just in time for the evening forecast. Rain and 30 knot SW winds coming!

29 February – 1 March

We parked up reading and listening to wind and rain. The showers settled mid Thursday and so I went out onto the rocks to try fishing. I kept losing my bait to small fish and got cold and lost interest. Bevan landed a gurnard with his rod and a lure. The bloodlust was soon on him and he fished for several hours while I retreated to my book and sleeping bag. He returned triumphant and smiling - in spite of a couple of drenchings from rain squalls with five gurnard, two blue cod and a terakihi. Needless to say, we had fish for dinner- lovely, but just too much of it!

2 March

Another early start and a cold morning, but it was good to get going before the sandflies were awake. We left the beach at 7.45 am and again were pursued by kingfish. We paddled out by Breaksea Island where a 2.5 m swell was lifting. Not far up the coast, we struck some nasty williwaws blowing from the

Bevan paddling on glassy conditions in Dusky Sound.



east threatening to knock us over. The seas were very rolling on this overcast day and not very inspiring for photos.

We made good time to Coal Bay, and then halfway along to Dagg Sound the swell suddenly lifted up to 3.5 metres with breaking tops and a 15 knot SW tailwind. We discussed staying outside for the remaining two hours to Doubtful Sound, but decided to do the portage from Dagg through to Crooked Arm. We encountered an outgoing tide and funneling headwind as we made our way up the sound. It made slow going to reach Narrow Neck but we finally began the portage about 3 pm.

Bevan had done this portage 20 years ago and it was relatively flattish then. What a difficult task now, though! We unloaded the heavy stuff and did a series of carries 100 metres up the mountainside to cross a massive slip that had come down since Bevan had been through. We struggled with the long, heavy and unwieldy boats through boggy holes, stream crossings, over tree roots and fallen logs, struggling on a leg at a time, dogged by sandflies till after 8 pm we finally fell exhausted into the tent.

3 March

We got up early again to beat the sandflies. It turned out the remaining terrain was less gnarly, so we reached the waters of Crooked Arm

The lunch stop in Malaspina Arm. Bevan fending off sandflies.



only 1.25 hours later. Crooked Arm was stunning - dead calm water and towering peaks rising straight up from the waterline on every side. Some bottle-nosed dolphins passed us and checked us out briefly. We made very good time in these still conditions till we turned into Malaspina Arm. Curses! We met a fierce 20 knot headwind with a breaking choppy swell, awful. We crossed over Malaspina Arm and stopped on a little rocky beach to have lunch and assess things to see if the wind might die down later.

After a good laze in the sun for a couple of hours, we set off again. There was still a considerable headwind, but slightly reduced. We paddled close to the edge of the steep-walled sound to try and dodge some of it. After a good long way we came to a nice sandy landing by a river mouth at the back of Elizabeth Island on the north side of the fiord.

4 March

We slept in. The clouds cleared in the night and I got up to see a million stars reflecting on the still water not far from my tent.

Back on the water, we had an outgoing tide against us and that darned headwind again, but were soon among the tourist vessels at Deep Cove by mid-morning. We searched about and found Billy the hostel manager, who arranged to take us and our kayaks on his trailer

over Wilmot Pass for a donation to the hostel. (He suggested \$40). Billy is Deep Cove's only permanent resident. He runs around looking after school groups at the hostel, cray fishermen, tour boat operators, etc. He had us over the pass and at the edge of Lake Manapouri in virtually no time!

We launched by the intakes of the Manapouri power station after an early lunch. After an hour in a 20 knot headwind, we pulled onto a sheltered beach to wait for the wind to drop. We washed all our gear and our bodies in the fresh water of the lake and sunned ourselves, fantastic! After two hours there we set off again (but the wind was much the same) so we pulled into a nice little beach an hour further on, where we stayed and had another long rest, more sunbaking then hot soup and dinner. Not even many sandflies!

By 6.30 pm, the wind finally dropped a bit so we continued to a little pebbly beach on the west end of Pomona Island. We popped up the tents and lit a little fire. I had mobile reception remarkably and learned Brett was out safely.

5 March

We finished our trip with a nice gentle paddle over broad expanses of Lake Manapouri - nearly three hours to the boat ramp near the township. Bevan went looking for his ute in the carpark, and there was Brett arriving just in an hour before, from an overnight paddle. What excellent timing!

Turns out Brett had an eventful trip out from Preservation Inlet. The weather was so bad and the seas so big that the *Sea Emerald* didn't go out. Brett paddled all over the inlet - finally approaching the DoC vessel *Southern Wind* we'd seen in Acheron Passage which fortunately offered him and his kayak a ride out to Bluff. He was treated to a roast dinner on the ship and they had seven metre seas breaking over the vessel next day during the trip out, which sounded horrific.

What a trip!

Steve McGlone

Overseas Reports

WEST ISLAND BITS

by David Winkworth

Here's a little bit more to a piece I wrote in 'West Island Bits' in Issue 155 of the *New Zealand Sea Canoeist*.

Paddle Float Rescues

To refresh your memory, the piece was about Andrew, an experienced New South Wales sea kayaker and a member of the NSWSKC. He and two companions set off under sail in windy winter conditions to paddle north from Sydney Harbour to Broken Bay. Andrew capsized under sail, failed to roll and wet-exited his kayak. Despite his excellent rolling credentials and repeated attempts at various self-rescue manoeuvres, he was unable to re-enter his kayak while his friends sailed on, oblivious to his predicament.

Luckily for Andrew he was spotted by a racing yacht when he was just about 'history'. They picked him up and managed to re-warm him by the time they reached Sydney Harbour. His kayak and gear were never recovered.

I caught up with Andrew at our NSWSKC Rock 'n Roll Weekend and enquired as to the fate of his kayak. He told me the boat had a slight leak and believes it to have sunk due to the leak and the weight of probable barnacle encrustation - somewhere near Vanuatu perhaps. The estimated value of his kayak and gear: a cool \$10,000!

Now, the interesting part is that Andrew had a paddle float onboard. Yes, that's right - he had a paddle float. And yet, he told me that he just did not think to get it! With the paddle float he would almost certainly have succeeded in a self-rescue.

So, why is that? Cold water panic perhaps? Onboard his kayak, he had probably the best self-rescue tool available and he did not think to use it! I'm reminded of John



Dave in expedition mode during an earlier expedition around the Gulf of Carpentaria. His boat is heavily laden with fresh water and his trolley wheels are attached on the aft deck.

Kirk-Anderson's analysis of rescues in past issues of the *Sea Canoeist* where the paddlers were wearing inflatable style PFDs (deflated at the time). In two rescues that I know of, the paddlers did not think to inflate their PFDs. And chillingly, we know that Andrew McAuley had a fully fledged EPIRB easily accessible - yet he went for a small hand held VHF radio to call for help!

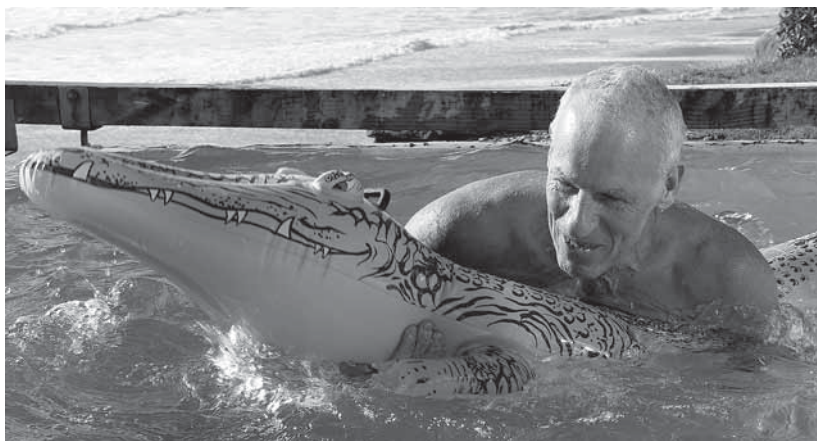
So, what happens in a paddler's mind when he/she ends up in the water in conditions well beyond their comfort zone? Is there a super-tight focus on getting back in the kayak without consideration for the conditions, securing the paddle perhaps? I don't know.

One thing I do say though, re self rescues, is that your first shot is gen-

'They can take our freedom - but they'll never take our kayaks!'

Dave Winkworth disguised as Captain Neptune - all dressed up at the bottom of the featureless Gulf country, and nowhere to go.





Dave in training for crocodile attacks in the murky waters of the Gulf.

erally your best shot - and rescues need to be regularly practised - just in case.

Pool Training Tips

Over here on the NSW south coast, our local paddling group has now moved to our new indoor heated pool for winter mid-week skills training. At a recent pool night, I thought it was time to practise some re-enter and rolls. I did about 20 of them - all without a nose clip. Salt water in the sinuses is OK, but lots of chlorinated water is another matter! Take my advice and wear a full mask!

Sea Trek in PDF Format

On this side of the ditch I receive my bi-monthly issue of the *New Zealand Sea Canoeist* as a PDF document. I print it out in black and white, whack in two staples and settle back to read it - just as you all do with the posted version. No problem! I mention this because 12 months ago the Victorian Sea Kayak Club went fully electronic for their newsletter publication. I receive an email to say that it's available for download on the website - and that's it. I log on, download and print! The club has saved heaps on printing and postage and at the last AGM there was not one objection to the electronic move - not one!

And you can read it too! Google up the Victorian Sea Kayak Club page, click on *Sea Trek* issues and the latest issue is there for everyone. Good on the VSKC for doing that. Why hide your light under a bushel? Who knows, we might gain a few extra members!

Ear Plugs for Wind Noise

Ever had a long day paddling at sea in windy conditions with the wind roaring around your ears? And have you ever thought that wind roar might be making you tired? It does you know! Ask any touring motorcyclist!

For the past few months I've been testing ear plugs when paddling in windy conditions. They're just those little squashable foam plugs from the chemist but they work a treat! Wind noise is reduced, conversation in wind with fellow paddlers is easier and, strangely, the noise of water slapping against the hull of the kayak is amplified. Try a pair and see what you think!

Stick Paddles

Greenland rolling exponents Cheri Perry and Turner Wilson were recently in Australia for a series of training and instruction workshops in

the art of Greenland rolling and paddling. Their expenses were shared by the Tasmanian, Victorian, NSW and Queensland clubs. I missed their presentations but not long ago I conducted a local paddling weekend for the VSKC and quite a number of members who came along also attended some of the 'Cheri and Turner' classes.

Talk about the Road to Damascus! There was huge interest in the Greenland paddles! Some of the guys had already whittled their own, several swore they'd never go back to Euro blades and a fellow that I thought would never switch is 'sitting on the fence'.

Well, I'm not convinced at all that Greenland paddles will offer me anything that I don't already have with my large euro blade. It's great for rolling, offers good speed, fantastic for power and bracing in surf and - no - I just don't want to use a low angle stroke with a 2.4 metre long paddle!

It will be interesting to see how long these guys stick with the sticks and whether they use them for longer trips! Any thoughts from KASK members?

Paddle Testing

Still on paddles, last weekend our group paddled on the Pambula River. The return leg was against the tide and a strong wind. One of the pad-

A mangroved-line channel in the McArthur River delta at the south-west corner of the Gulf of Carpentaria. The heart of croc country.



dlers was in a short beamy kayak and was making heavy work of it. I clipped on and towed the paddler back to keep the group together. If you ever want test how well your paddle works under load - or check your technique, give someone a tow!

In efficient paddling sessions I've done at recent KASK Forums I point out that the blade should move out from the side of the kayak during the stroke. In doing so the blade is actually sculling forward. It won't feel like that to you but it is happening. But don't take my word for it – do the tow test and compare the above with a straight pull back of the blade. You'll see what I mean.

Cairns to Darwin Paddle

No more 'West Island Bits' till November. Starting early July I'm doing a Cairns to Darwin solo paddle over 3-4 months. My route will be through the islands of the Great Barrier Reef and then following the coast of the Gulf of Carpentaria. From Eastern Arnhem Land I'll head north through the uninhabited Wesel Islands before returning to the coast. I hope to have time to visit the 1830s 'Settlement in Isolation' in Port Victoria again before paddling down the coast of Melville Island to Darwin. About 4,000 kms all up.

This trip is an opportunity to field test a small saltwater still I've been working on for a few years. In return for some effort in producing my own fresh water, it allows me to be fully self-sufficient in a dry environment for around 40 days.

I'm also testing a new device called the DeLorme InReach. Similar to the SPOT messenger, the InReach uses GPS satellites to transmit pre-recorded messages to email and SMS recipients. But it exceeds the SPOT's capabilities in that you can send and receive short SMS messages via Iridium satellites with a compatible smartphone when well out of mobile phone range - a full report later in the year.

Dave Winkworth



Robyn Withers, Sally Hunt, and Monica Horsburgh. Photo: Tanya Fry

Capsized Kayaker Saved by Three Surfers

From the 'Herald Sun' 26 March 2012 – story by Lucy Townsend

A struggling kayaker can thank three self-styled Charlie's Angels for saving his life after falling out of his kayak in Port Phillip Bay (Victoria).

The bikini-clad super mums were practising their surfboarding at Mt Martha's South Beach when they saw the man in trouble.

The trio wasted little time in paddling out to him and got him back to shore before dashing off on their next mission - to pick up the kids from school. "We feel a bit like Mt Martha's version of Charlie's Angels," Robyn Withers said. "He wanted to buy us a drink to say thank you, but we had to go and get our kids from school," she said.

The drama began when Robyn and friends Sally Hunt and Monica Horsburgh saw something yellow out in the bay. "We decided to check it out and, as we got closer, realised it was a fishing kayak," Ms Withers said.

The women thought the boat had been abandoned until they saw a man's head bobbing up and down in the waves close by.

"That's when I heard a man calling for help and I paddled like crazy to reach him," Ms Withers said. "It turned out this guy, who would have

been about 75 years old, had fallen out of his kayak while reaching for a bottle of water and couldn't get back on board. He said he'd been in the water for about 2.5 hours, and was tired and cold."

Ms Withers and her friends managed to tow the man and his kayak to the shore. She said the man was an inexperienced kayaker. "He said his name was Ron and he was from Wantirna and that it was only his second time out in the kayak."

"Luckily he was wearing a life jacket and the water was calm, otherwise who knows what could have happened?"

The incident was not reported to the police or coastguard. Life Saving Victoria manager of lifesaving operations Greg Scott warned kayakers against going out alone.

"Always take a friend when you head out on the water to make sure there's someone looking out for you," Mr Scott said. "Also let someone know where you're going and when you plan to return."

He said it was important to check weather forecasts before leaving and to keep an eye on conditions as they could change quickly.

BOOK REVIEW

Title: *A Voyage Beyond Reason*

Subtitle: *An Epic Survival based on the original journals of Benjamin Wade*

Author: Tom Gauthier

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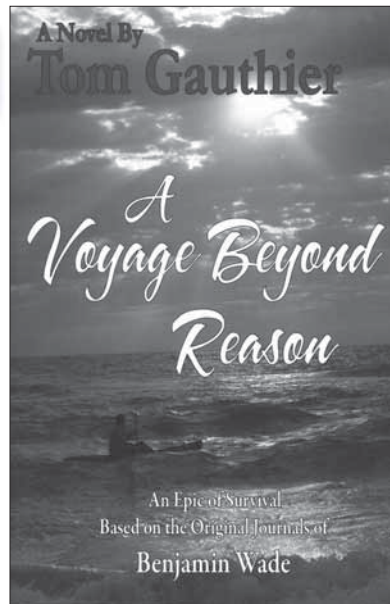
Availability: Amazon

Reviewed by: Val Burns

This is a novel written by Tom Gauthier. Even though it is a novel, it uses true personal experiences and reflections written by a young man who set out to kayak 6,000 kilometres from California to South America in 1996.

The young man (Benjamin Wade) kept a written journal of his epic journey and this journal was found buried in a plastic bag in the sand in 1998. Because of the way the story is introduced, you are never really quite sure whether Benjamin reached his destination.

You learn as you read it that it was the journey that became so important to Benjamin, not the destination. I was not disappointed.



There is not a lot of detail about his kayak or the items he took with him, so this is not a book for those who like all that kind of detail. Neither are there any maps. When I read an account of someone's kayaking trip, I like to look at maps of the area to get a feel for coastlines and distances. I referred to Google Maps and my trusty old atlas several times whilst reading it as the emphasis was not often on the distances he was paddling to achieve his ultimate goal.

The book is more about this man's thoughts and feelings and his spiritual connection with the elements of sea, land and sky, and the creatures he encountered on his journey. There is a religious element to his story, which quite clearly helped him get through some of the really frightening experiences he had. (I am not a religious person at all but his jour-

nals make it easy to fully understand his strong belief).

Each chapter has actual journal entries (in italics) written by Benjamin, with more detailed descriptions written by Tom who is "reading between the lines" of Benjamin's journals.

It is easy to read, very engrossing yet sometimes quite disturbing. It was unusual to read the journals of such a spiritual young man – it was like you were eavesdropping into his very thoughts and emotions at times. His state of mind, particularly towards the end, clearly showed the effects of isolation from society and people.

Both writers describe the sea (both calm and scarily huge and rough), landscapes and skyscapes very well – I was pleased I was comfortable and dry while I was reading it.

When the end of the book is drawing near, you finally get to find out whether he satisfies his huge ambition. (I was so glad I had not sneaked a look at the last few pages of the book before I started reading it, as all is revealed.)

And then, of course, you find out something else about Benjamin Wade, and it all fits into place. I was right there with him (although thankfully not as I doubt I could survive such a journey).

I purchased this book second hand on TradeMe to add to my collection of kayak expedition books.

BOOK NOTES

Recent additions to the 12 Mile library include:

1. *Norway The Outdoor Paradise* by James Baxter.

This is a lovely hardback, a lengthy story of a Scottish bloke who skis solo along the mountainous spine of Norway, from south to north, and then paddles back solo in a sea kayak to his starting point via the exposed west coast of Norway. The trip covered 6,213 kilometres in a total of 249 days. Published this year, the book is rather long at 450 pages but

the detailed stage maps and inclusion of up to three colour photos per page make this quite a visual insight to the mountains and coast of Norway.

2. *Paddling the Yukon River and its Tributaries* by Dan Maclean. This 192 page softcover is subtitled 'A guide to paddling across Alaska and the Yukon Territory on the Yukon, Tanana, Porcupine, and Koyukuk Rivers plus the Kuskokwim River.' A nice tight description of paddling these rivers, with historical features

noted and excellent notes for each section on access, drinking water, maps, weather and skills, boat type and timing.

For a listing of new and secondhand paddling books, email me for a book cattledog@xtra.co.nz.

In the next n/l, book reviews of *Rivers of Britain - Estuaries, Tideways, Havens, Lochs, Firths and Kyles* - by Stuart Fisher and *Commando Kayak* by John Hoehn.

HUMOUR

Socrates's Gossip Test

Keep this in mind the next time you are about to repeat a rumour or spread gossip. In ancient Greece (469 - 399 BC), Socrates was widely lauded for his wisdom. One day an acquaintance ran up to him excitedly and said, "Socrates, do you know what I just heard about Diogenes?"

"Wait a moment," Socrates replied, "Before you tell me I'd like you to pass a little test. It's called the Triple Filter Test."

"Triple filter?" asked the acquaintance.

"That's right," Socrates continued, "Before you talk to me about Diogenes let's take a moment to filter what you're going to say. The first filter is Truth. Have you made absolutely sure that what you are about to tell me is true?"

"No," the man said, "Actually I just heard about it."

"All right," said Socrates, "So you don't really know if it's true or not. Now let's try the second filter, the filter of Goodness. Is what you are about to tell me about Diogenes something good?"

"No, on the contrary..."

"So," Socrates continued, "You want to tell me something about Diogenes that may be bad, even though you're not certain it's true?"

The man shrugged, a little embarrassed. Socrates continued, "You may still pass the test though, because there is a third filter, the filter of Usefulness. Is what you want to tell me about Diogenes going to be useful to me?"

"No, not really."

"Well," concluded Socrates, "If what you want to tell me is neither True nor Good nor even Useful, why tell it to me or anyone at all?"

The man was bewildered and ashamed. This is an example of why Socrates was a great philosopher and held in such high esteem. It also explains why Socrates never found out that Diogenes was shagging his wife.

Furniture Dealer

Brad, a furniture dealer from downtown High Point, NC, decided to expand the line of furniture in his store,

so he thought he would go to Europe to see what he could find.

He arrived in Paris in early morning, but had an afternoon appointment with the furniture maker, so he decided to visit a small bistro during his wait. As he sat enjoying his wine, he noticed that the small place was quite crowded, and that the other chair at his table was the only vacant seat in the house.

Before long, a very beautiful young Parisian girl came to his table, asked him something in German (which Brad couldn't understand), so he motioned to the vacant chair and invited her to sit down.

He tried to speak to her in English, but she did not speak his language.

After a couple of minutes of trying to communicate with her, he took a napkin and drew a picture of a wine glass and showed it to her. She nodded, so he ordered a glass of wine for her.

After sitting together at the table for a while, he took another napkin, and drew a picture of a plate with food on it, and she nodded.

They left the bistro and found a quiet cafe near-by that featured a small group playing romantic music.

They ordered lunch - after which he took another napkin and drew a picture of a couple dancing.

She nodded, and they got up to dance. Brad never had so much fun! Back at their table, the young lady took a napkin and drew a picture of a four-poster bed, which reminded Brad of his appointment, so he abruptly left.

To this day Brad still has no idea how she figured out he was in the furniture business.

Chinese Doctor Wisdom

While in China, a New York businessman is very sexually promiscuous and does not use a condom. A week after arriving back home in the States, he wakes one morning to find his penis covered with bright green and purple spots. Horrified, he immediately goes to see a doctor. The doctor, never having seen anything like this before, orders some tests and tells the man to return in two days for the results.

The man returns a couple of days later and the doctor says, "I've got

bad news for you, you've contracted Mongolian VD. It's very rare and almost unheard of here. We know very little about it."

The man looks a little perplexed and says, "Well, give me a shot or something and fix me up Doc."

The doctor answers, "I'm sorry, there's no known cure. We're going to have to amputate your penis."

The man screams in horror, "Absolutely not! I want a second opinion." The doctor replies, "Well, up to you. Go ahead if you want, but surgery is your only choice."

The man seeks out a Chinese doctor, figuring that he'll know more about the disease. The Chinese doctor examines his penis and proclaims, "Ah yes Mongolian VD. Vewy ware disease."

The guy says, "Yeah, yeah I already know that, but what can we do? My American doctor wants to operate and amputate my penis!"

The Chinese doctor shakes his head and laughs. "Stupid American doctah always want to opawate. Make more money dat way. No need to amputate! Wait two weeks. Faw off by itself."

The Luck of the Irish

An Irish priest is driving down to New York and gets stopped for speeding in Connecticut. The state trooper smells alcohol on the priest's breath and then sees an empty wine bottle on the floor of the car.

He says, "Sir, have you been drinking?"

"Just water," says the priest.

The trooper says, "Then why do I smell wine?"

The priest looks at the bottle and says, "Good Lord! He's done it again!"

Paddy in New York

He was patiently waiting and watching the traffic cop on a busy street crossing. The cop stopped the flow of traffic and shouted, "Okay, pedestrians." Then he'd allow the traffic to pass.

He'd done this several times, and Paddy still stood on the sidewalk.

After the cop had shouted, "Pedestrians!" for the 10th time, Paddy went over to him and said, "Is it not about time ye let the Catholics across?"

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, 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:

**Editor: Paul Caffyn, 1843C,
Coast Rd, RD 1, Runanga 7873
West Coast N.Z.
Ph: 03 731 1806
Email: kayakpc@xtra.co.nz**

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PO Box 23, Runanga 7841
West Coast**

Correspondence/queries/ changes of address to:

**Kay Pidgeon
KASK Administrator
PO Box 23, Runanga 7841
West Coast**

**or email Kay at:
admin@kask.org.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: 03 731 1806
e-mail: kayakpc@xtra.co.nz
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New members: \$35 + \$15 = \$50

The 4th edition of the KASK Handbook, is a mammoth compilation on all aspects of sea kayaking in New Zealand, by many of the most experienced paddlers in the Universe. Following a brief introduction, the handbook is divided into six sections:

- Kayak, Paddle & Equipment
- Techniques & Equipment
- The Elements
- Trips and Expeditions
- Places to Go
- Resources

SEA KAYAKING NETWORK ADDRESSES

NORTH ISLAND

NORTHLAND Canoe Club

PO Box 755, Whangarei
Catherine Keleher
Ph: 09 436 0341
email: cathkel@xtra.co.nz

AUCKLAND Canoe Club

PO Box 9271,
Newmarket, Auckland
email: secretary@aucklandcanoecub.org.nz

HAURAKI Kayak Group

PO Box 46-146, Herne Bay, Auckland
email: kayak@hkg.org.nz
www.hkg.org.nz

WAIKATO KASK Contact

Evan Pugh, RD2, Putaruru 3482
email: sheepskinsnstuff@xtra.co.nz
www.sportsground.co.nz/bayseakayak
Ph: 07 883 6898

RUAHINE Whitewater Club

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

BAY OF PLENTY - KASK Contact

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

ROTORUA- KASK Contact

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

ROTORUA Kayak Club

7 Mahana Place, Rotorua
Ph: 027 292 3138
email: Woolhouse.Clark@xtra.co.nz

GISBORNE Sea Kayakers Club

John Humphris, 3 Matthews Rd, Gisborne
Ph: 06 868 4657
email: thetrolls@xtra.co.nz

WELLINGTON Sea Kayak Network

Sandy Winterton, 1 Antico St,
Melrose, Wellington
Ph: 04 977 1862
email: sandy@energyadvantage.co.nz
www.wskn.wellington.net.nz

SOUTH ISLAND

MARLBOROUGH

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

NELSON - KASK Contact

Chris Hinkley
Ph: 03 526 6817
email: kask@nelsonkayakers.co.nz

CANTERBURY Sea Kayak Network

Andy & Deirdre Sheppard
53 Kent Lodge Ave,
Avonhead, Christchurch 8004
Ph: 03 342 7929
email: d_sheppard@clear.net.nz
www.sportsground.co.nz/canterburyseakayak

OTAGO

Josh Sullivan
Ph: 027 362 2122
email: Paddlingmountains@gmail.com

SOUTHLAND Sea Kayak Network

Stan Mulvany
03 215 7263
email: eiger@xtra.co.nz
www.sskn.uniformnz.com


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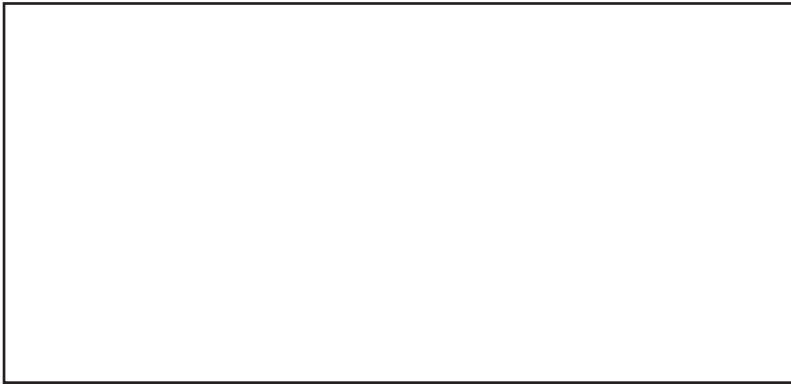
A photograph of two people kayaking on a calm, deep blue lake. The kayaker in the foreground is wearing a bright yellow kayak and a white cap. The kayaker in the background is in a green kayak. The water reflects the surrounding green, forested mountains and the clear blue sky. In the far distance, snow-capped mountain peaks are visible.

Sim Grigg and Tara Mulvany on a beautiful Fiordland afternoon, about to head seawards in Milford Sound to camp at Anita Bay. In the background, the Arthur River Valley where the Milford Track ends. Photo: Belinda Mulvany

A photograph of a single kayaker in a yellow kayak on a dark, choppy sea. The kayaker is wearing a white helmet and an orange life vest. To the left, a steep, dark, and forested cliff rises from the water. The sky is filled with soft, white clouds.

Steve McGlone off the entrance to Doubtful Sound in Fiordland.
Photo: Bevan Walker

MAILED TO



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



View northwards from Puysegur Point, at the south-western tip of Fiordland, with Coal Island in the middle distance, then Chalky Island and Cape Providence as a hazy outline on the far horizon. Photo: Steve McGlone

KASK MEMBERSHIP POLICY

Current membership fees are:

- \$35 for ordinary membership
- for new members \$35 or \$50 to include a copy of the KASK Handbook
- \$40 for family or joint membership (\$55 to include a Handbook copy)
- \$35 for overseas membership (PDF newsletter only);
\$50 for new o/s members plus cost of overseas postage for a copy of the KASK 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 on confirming renewals from existing members from July to October; and promoting new KASK memberships from November to February

