

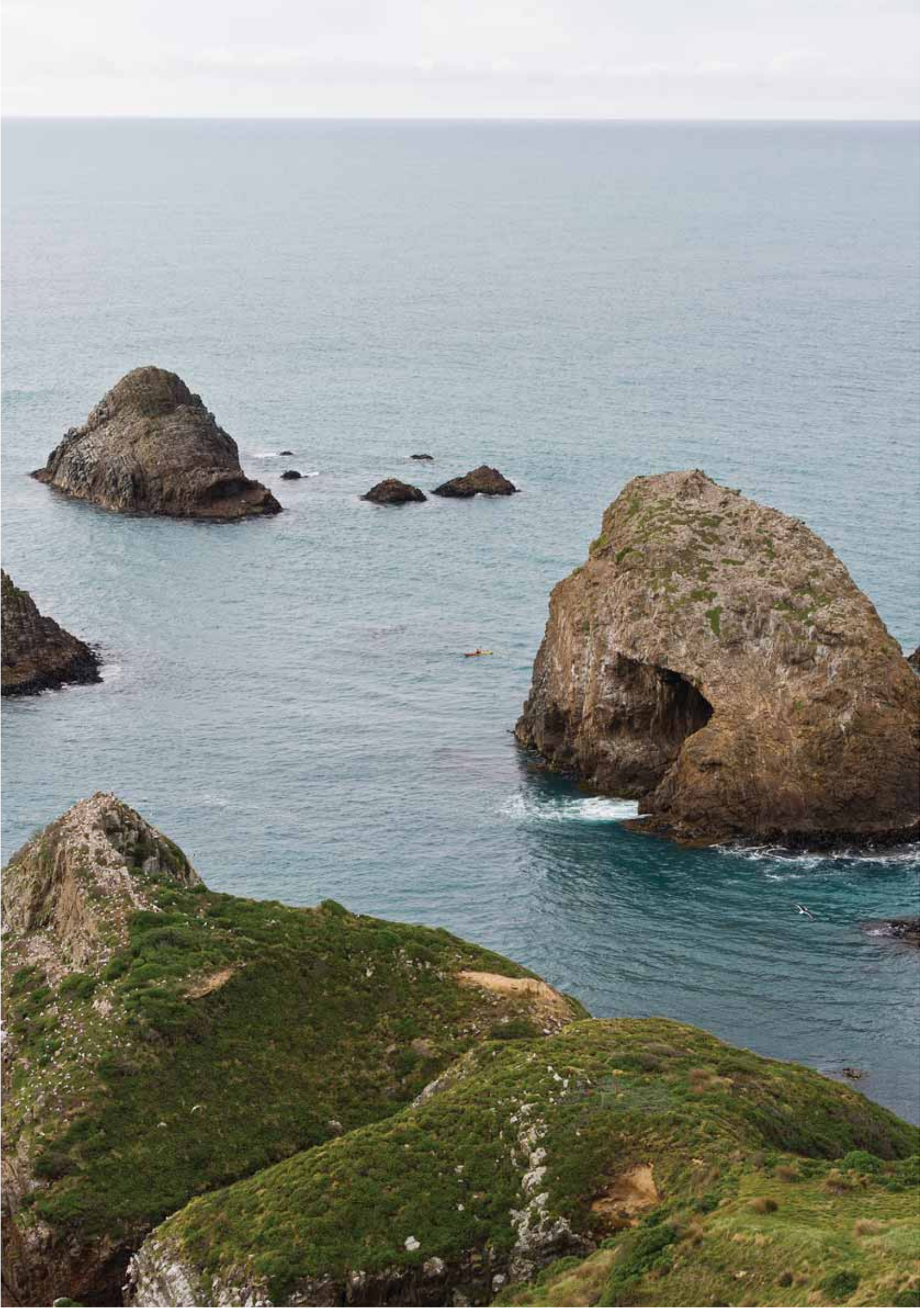
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NEW ZEALAND SEA CANOEIST

No. 161 October - November 2012



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



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Deadline for articles and photos for next newsletter: 25 Jan. 2013	
Editing and layout: Paul Caffyn email: kayakpc@xtra.co.nz	
Big mobs of thanks to all the contributors over the past 12 months	

EDITORIAL

Tara Mulvany Completes Her South Island Circumnavigation

On 22 October, Tara Mulvany rounded St Anne Point, at the entrance to Milford Sound, escaping from a two metre sou-west swell and a 20 knot south-westerly breeze onto the unusually calm waters of the sound. By 3 pm she was nearing Freshwater Basin at the head of the sound, and the launching ramp where she and Sim Grigg had launched 60 paddling days earlier in the winter for their attempt to paddle around the South Island. But whereas her mum and dad were at the start to take photos, Tara snuck in very quietly to land, no doubt pleased with herself to have avoided the traditional South Island circumnavigation finish with a pavlova in the face and bubbles to wash the pav off. A passing tourist was press ganged by Tara to take a finish photo for her (see photo on p.8)

At the tender young age of 23, Tara is now by far the youngest lass to have completed a South Island circumnavigation. She is at least 20 years younger than Freya, Babs, Justine and Melz. To have completed the trip, the last half paddling on her own, in the horrible months of winter, with ever so short daylight hours, wretched late winter and early spring weather and sea conditions, is an outstanding accomplishment. What

an inspiration she will be to our future young Kiwi adventurers.

New Paddling Books

I am so pleased to see a flurry of new kayaking books in print. Very close to home is a long overdue book on the Hokitika Park Brothers who made some amazing trips in 'Rob Roy' style kayaks in the late 1800s (see review on p.18). I was asked to speak at the book launch and afterwards was privileged to paddle Steve Moffatt's replica canoe. The link below is a TV1 close-up segment on the launch:

<http://tvnz.co.nz/close-up/canoe-legends-remembered-in-book-vid-eo-5128292>

Alan Bye has reviewed a corker of a book with much about the Greenland skin kayaks that arrived on the NE coast of Scotland (p.19).

Victorian paddler Ian Beasley has put together an 'anthology' of writing, art and photos about kayaking. Email Paul for a cattle dog of lovely Xmas paddling literature choices. (kayakpc@xtra.co.nz)

The KASK Raglan Forum

Don't forget to book early for this.

Xmas - New Year

Best paddling wishes for the summer from your editor and administrator, Paul Caffyn and Kay Pidgeon.



PHOTOGRAPH CREDITS

Cover: Before dawn, Tara Mulvany is about to launch from Colac Bay, west of Riverton, for her paddle out to Puysegur Point, then northwards for Milford Sound.

Opposite page: A tiny dot on a big ocean, as Tara paddles through the sea stacks off Nugget Point.

Both photos: Belinda Mulvany

KASK

KASK Committee 2012/2013

Ian McKenzie – President
 email: mckian@xtra.co.nz
 Doug Aitken – Committee
 email: douglasaitken@hotmail.com
 Sandy Ferguson – Webmaster
 email: kayakamf@gmail.com
 Paul Caffyn – Publications
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 Conrad Edwards – Committee
 email: conrad@conradedwards.net
 John Hesselting – Committee
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 Kay Pigeon - KASK Administrator,
 (Secretary/treasurer)
 email: admin@kask.co.nz

There are still vacancies for a couple of people and the more people around the country we have the better the flow of information, so don't be shy, contact Ian McKenzie.

The next elections will be at the KASK AGM in conjunction with the Raglan Forum in March 2013.

Roles outside the committee

Forum 2013 organisers:
 Evan Pugh, John Gumbley and John Hesselting
 DoC liaison: - John Gumbley
 WSNZ liaison: - Sandy Winterton

PRESIDENT'S NOTES

October - November 2012 from Ian McKenzie

It seemed fitting, though not particularly logical, that while I was in the centre of a large wave on the Sumner Bar recently (no, I wasn't waving from a bar in Sumner), that my mind should contrast my somewhat out of control moment with Tara Mulvany's journey around the South Island. Tara's blog is good reading and on the KASK facebook page Doug Aitken has noted this extract:

The sea was rough, with a 3m SW, and 4m NW swell with a nice chop on top, not to mention poor visibility in the rain.

Well done Tara.

On a recent business trip to Sydney, we took a slight detour to look at some kayak models that we don't see for sale in NZ. I was inspired by the discussion of hull shapes and characteristics and was fortunate to be able to enjoy a brief paddle the next day out of Sydney harbour mouth with Rob Mercer.

The choppy sea wasn't very kind to me on my first paddle without a rudder, but as we cruised in the calmer water and rolled our way back to the beach we did have quite a discussion. Rob is an experienced kayak instructor and amongst other things helped establish the New South Wales Sea Kayak Club. I was interested in his views on training, the assessment of kayaking skills and how that relates to safety and leadership.

A Canterbury Network trip through Tory Channel and down the coast was cancelled due to predicted high winds. It happened to be the same weekend as the KASK Pilgrimage in Marlborough Sounds, also cancelled.

Thanks to accumulated wisdom, the decisions were made before we left home. Cancelled trip = more kayak research (or time on the KASK and Canterbury network face book pages!). My Google search linked back to the KASK website and an issue of *The Sea Canoeist* from 15 years ago.

That newsletter just happened to note the intention to revise and issue the *KASK Handbook*, just as your current committee is planning for 2013! There was also an article by Paul Caffyn on the 'Psychological aspects of Sea Kayaking'. If you ever run out of new ideas Paul, there are the old ideas that are new to people like me.

Final note - I hope the person who borrowed my kayak trolley from the beach enjoys the light weight, compact design, and may the dodgy wheel collapse at the most inconvenient moment.

Ian McKenzie

KAYAK KALENDAR

KASK FORUM

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 Evan Pugh: sheepskinsstuff@xtra.co.nz

Newsletter (No. 159) carried a four page centrefold Forum registration form; the form is also downloadable from the KASK website.

Evan Pugh is really tough on not taking late registrations, not to mention the cut-off once 100 paddlers have registered. So do not delay if you intend attending.

Forum Foto Competition

Entries are only for those paddlers attending the forum. Five categories with up to three entries per category. For more info, see newsletter 159 with the registration form.

THE SOUNDS' PILGRIMAGE

from Conrad Edwards
 Alas 30 November didn't work best at all, with many unable to make it, even some Mainlanders.

So the new plan is to hold the Pilgrimage on Saturday 16 February (weekend 15-17th, to avoid Waitangi Day week). It'll be in the Marlborough Sounds, at Ratimera Bay, or somewhere in that neck of the woods.

Hopefully we'll have better luck with attendees and the weather. With a bit more notice we should be able to formalise and publicise it as a 'KASK event' too.

So if you can hold on to your heroic personas until then...

Padding News New Zealand

Tara Mulvany Completes a South Island Circumnavigation

**From: winterkayakers.
blogspot.co.nz/**

On 25 September, I made good time from the Taieri Mouth down to Kaka Point, about 55 km down the coast. The two foot high surf proved too much for me though and I took a roll! The first roll I have taken since the West Coast! I'm certain it was because my mum was there to meet me. The same thing happened the last time I saw her at Bruce Bay. I must be intimidated by her stalker camera lens - nothing quite like installing her faith in my abilities.

The next day I paddled past Nugget Point (see p.2 photo), and for the

Tara at Kaka Point, about to launch for her paddle around Nugget Point. Photo: Belinda Mulvany



A chilly start to the day as Tara breaks out through the surf at Kaka Point. Photo: Belinda Mulvany

next 12 hours pushed into a south-westerly, a lovely Southland day in rain and wind. I arrived at Tautuku late in the day where I encountered a bunch of drunken loose units from Fonterra - my advice is if you ever see a milk tanker, stay well clear! It turns out Osama bin Laden is actually alive and drunk at Tautuku.

It was an entertaining evening, and I really was thankful for their hospitality. One of the guys who they called Beagle used to commercially fish along the south coast, so he pointed out a bunch of good landing places on my maps - it's always good to get some local knowledge. I had a hot shower and dried my paddling gear out over their fire as I listened to a couple of drunken fools having a sing along, pretty hilarious really. They cooked a feed for dinner and it really was nice to sleep inside on a rainy night. It was quite the experience.

From Tautuku I paddled another long day and camped just past the lighthouse on Waipapa Point in view of Bluff and Stewart Island. It was a clear night and I made a sweet

fire on the beach and stayed up late, cooking some food over the fire and watching the stars. It was a bit of a shame to blast through the Catlins but the weather was okay, and my mission was to get to Bluff before the weather turned.

28 September 2012

The next morning I got up late to try and get the tides right for the crossing to Bluff. I practically straight-lined it from Waipapa Point to Bluff, which put me way offshore for most of the day but it seemed worth it. A short cut is always good. The hardest part of my day was getting into the harbour. There was quite a current and with so much kelp, I could hardly paddle! Eventually I made it and just as I was pulling up on a beach I saw a lady running down the street waving at me. She came down onto the beach and said, "You must be Tara!"



Tara on a beeline for Bluff, the hazy bump on the distant horizon

It was Meri Leask from Bluff Fisherman's Radio, the legend I had heard so much about. I'd thought about talking to Meri before we set off on our trip but decided it was best to wait till we had almost paddled the whole way round the island before we told her our intentions. To the normal person, the idea of paddling a kayak up the Fiordland Coast does seem a bit daft. But as it turned out she didn't give me a hard time at all. Conveniently she had just received a message about a guy SWIMMING down the Fiordland Coast!

That was a few days ago and he made it as far as Sutherland Sound but got rescued today I just read on the net! I must have looked perfectly normal after this guy. Meri really was lovely, and I left my boat at her place before heading into Invercargill with my folks.

It's looking like I'll be spending the week here as 35 kph westerlies don't sound too much fun, maybe for kite flying but not for kayaking. So from here my next stop will be Riverton, then across Te Waewae Bay to Port Craig before I shoot off round Puysegur Point into Preservation Inlet. I'm excited about getting back into Fiordland, it's such a magical place. At this stage I'm not real excited about finishing though, that means finding a job and living in the real world again.

Bluff to Colac Bay

Two days before I left Bluff, nine metre swells had been forecast for Puysegur and eight metres for Foveaux. I knew the SE gales, that were coming, would ease it off quickly, and anything less than four to five metres would be okay. On 8 October, I paddled out of Bluff Harbour early in the morning, prepared for a rough day on the water with 30 kph SE winds forecast.

I attempted to paddle in a straight line from Bluff to Colac Bay, 55 km away, which would put me a long way offshore. I managed to get about half way across before the winds really picked up. Soon I had about 35 knots of wind behind me and the swell turned into an ocean full of breakers. It really was quite exciting. I had the neck of my jacket undone but I couldn't stop paddling to do it up, which meant water was pouring in and running into my boat.

After six hours on the water I made a semi crash landing at Colac Bay, happy to be on land. The hardest part of the day was actually getting my fully loaded boat up onto the road. I had pushed it near the limit of what I should have been out in. Another 10 knots behind me and I would have been pretty uncomfortable. But it was worth it for a fast trip, and Colac Bay was a good place to shoot from, when the gales eased.

I was lucky to have Tim and Jacqui Anderson from Riverton come and rescue me, and soon I was soaking in their epic bathtub. The secret is out amongst South Island circumnavigators that Riverton is the place

to be, and Tim and Jacqui's is a mandatory stop along the south coast! I decided to wait another day before setting across Te Waewae Bay, another big crossing, so I headed back into Invercargill with Mum and Dad to make the most of my last day in civilization.

Colac Bay to Knife and Steel Harbour (see cover photo)

On 10 October, I left Colac Bay well before the sun had risen over the edge of the ocean. The sea was finally calm, and the wind had disappeared for the first time in nearly two weeks. My boat was again fully loaded with enough food to get me to Milford, I hoped, as I set off across Te Waewae Bay towards the start of the Fiordland coast. I was excited to be getting back into Fiordland. I knew the coast and the fiords well and all the places that I could land. I'm comfortable paddling huge seas, and I understood the weather conditions. I also knew that Meri Leask and the fishing boys would be keeping an eye out for me.

It didn't occur to me until I neared the other side of the bay, that technically I had just completed my paddle around the South Island. From Te Waewae Bay I was back in familiar waters. I could have easily finished my trip there and called it complete,

but when Sim and I set out, our intention was to do a complete loop, all the way back to Milford. Although I was now on my own, I saw no reason to deviate from that initial goal. It wasn't just that, I wanted to have a real adventure again. I have always loved the feeling that comes with paddling in such a remote, wild and beautiful place, and being there on my own means. Fiordland was a piece of coastline I didn't paddle solely just to tick it off - I paddled it again because I wanted to be amongst it.

By mid afternoon I had reached Sandhill Point and I figured I had just enough time to push on all the way to Knife and Steel Harbour. The South Coast to Preservation Inlet has a well-earned staunch reputation amongst expedition kayakers. For more than 60 kms, huge reefs stick out, many for more than a kilometre offshore creating massive breaking waves and unpredictable currents. There are very few places that you can land and most of them would not be an option in a heavy SW swell. Knife and Steel Harbour is not much more than a small strip of sand, protected by giant reefs on either side.

The name 'Harbour' seemed pretty optimistic. It was after 7 pm by the time I lined up into the gap between

Self portrait of a very tired kid nearing Knife and Steel Harbour after a huge paddling day from Colac Bay.



the reefs. Huge breakers smashed into the rocks on either side. I put my helmet on in anticipation for a messy landing. Thankfully it went okay. I surfed into the beach and was greeted by a half-decayed deer. It was a sketchy place to land, if the swell had picked up at all, I knew I could easily get trapped there, but the risk seemed worth it for the extra kilometres I had gained. I'd paddled close to 80 km, and without any wind it had been a long day.

Knife and Steel Harbour to Dusky Sound

It was still raining when I left Knife and Steel Harbour early the next morning. It took me several attempts to get off the beach, each time I kept getting washed sideways. When I did get off, the second wave back completely submerged and almost back surfed me. The further west I paddled, the bigger the swell grew. Passing Gates Harbour, before Puysegur Point, I watched six metre high breaking waves colliding with the coast. It was truly awesome. The sky had cleared and there was even some sun when I passed the entrance to Preservation Inlet around midday. Despite the huge sea, the conditions were near perfect so I kept paddling and landed on a small beach on the southern side of the Gulches Head that separates Chalky from Preservation (Prices Beach).

Next morning I packed up in the dark, ready for yet another big paddle to Dusky. With a headwind it took a couple of hours to paddle past Chalky Island. I chatted with the skipper of the *Santa Rosa*, then headed towards Cape Providence, the reef that extends for several kilometres off the northern entrance to Chalky Inlet. Not far out, the wind picked up and soon I was struggling to hold my ground as 30 knots of NE tried to blow me out to sea. I slowly pushed on, and it wasn't till I was way off the Providence rocks that I made the decision to bail back into Chalky Inlet. The wind was cranking out of Landing Bay and paddling into it wasn't an option, so I headed into North Port. The closer I got, the scarier it looked, with huge breakers most of the way across

from Great Island. By this stage the wind seemed to have eased, 15 kph SW was forecast for the afternoon, rising to 45 kph that evening. I knew I would be sketchy but if I went for it, I could make Dusky that evening.

It was after 2 pm by the time I cut through the reef and headed towards West Cape. The swell collided with the reef, sending huge breakers the size of houses rolling towards the coast. I watched the sea for a long time before I lined up my gap and cut through. The sea was rough, with a three metre SW swell, and four metres of NW swell with a nice chop on top, not to mention poor visibility in the rain.

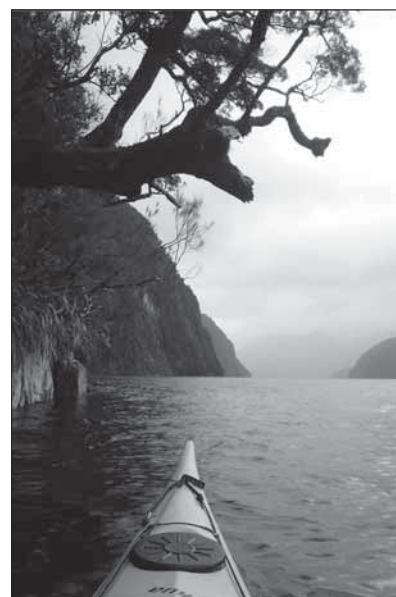
The wind had disappeared and I paddled hard in the huge seas, looking behind me every 10 minutes or so to check for any sign of the approaching SW gale. It was 4 pm by the time I passed West Cape, and although it was raining hard, there was still no sign of wind. I kept boosting, passing South Point and the entrance to Dusky Sound just after 6pm.

I feel like sometimes people underestimate my abilities, but I had just paddled from Colac Bay to Dusky in three days and, apart from being freezing, I felt awesome. I slogged my way towards Cascade Cove, the closest good place to land, 13 kms away. I had a headwind and rain was driving into my face. By 8.30pm it was dark, but I knew where I was going. It had been dark the last time Sim and I paddled into Dusky.

An hour later, I pulled up at the Cascade Cove barge and climbed onto the deck. Opening a roller door, I heard a voice from inside, "Hey! Who's that?" It was two young guys who were quite shocked to see me but they dragged my boat up onto the deck. I'd been in my boat for 15 hours and I was wet and cold, but I had reached land, well technically I wasn't on land, but Dusky was in the bag.

Dusky Sound to Milford

After a day's rest on the barge, I set off to continue on my journey north. I'd hoped that I could paddle



The view north over Tara's bow up Acheron Passage.

around the outside of Five Fingers Peninsula to Breaksea Sound, but I wasn't going to wait for the conditions that I needed. Instead I opted for the Acheron Passage, which links Dusky to Breaksea through a dramatic inland waterway.

It was a relaxing paddle in drizzly misty conditions and the place seemed completely deserted. I didn't see a single boat. Early afternoon I arrived at Disappointment Cove at the northern end of Resolution Island. For a while I contemplated paddling further up the coast. I even popped a seasick pill before I changed my mind. To the north, the sea looked huge and with a northerly, the going would be slow.

I paddled away from Disappointment Cove early the next morning. Making my way across the entrance of Breaksea Sound, I cruised slowly stopping to take photos in the early morning light. As I paddled up the coast, the sky behind me in the distance began to darken. The wind started to blow and I knew I had to get moving fast. The sea was rough with a four metre swell rolling from the SW. I passed Coal River, my closest bail out point, and decided to keep going to Dagg.

I probably shouldn't have been out there in those conditions, as a solo paddler, but I was calm and focused as I surfed the giant swell towards Dagg Sound. With about 30 knots

behind me, I sped quickly and was soon in sheltered waters. I made my way towards a familiar campsite near the fjord mouth, a haven that Sim and I have used several times before.

During our time there was had created a small campsite on the bank above a river. It was still early in the day and my plan was to make a fire and see if the winds eased off in the afternoon. Lighting a fire in Fiordland is the ultimate test of fire lighting skills, one that I have perfected over the years. At 3 pm the clouds were still rocketing overhead so I decided to stay put. I cooked some kai over my fire, then bailed into my tent to escape from the wind and rain.

Next morning I paddled towards Doubtful Sound. The sea was even bigger than the day before with a five metre swell. There wasn't any wind, but it was raining and choppy on top, so I paddled quickly - I really didn't want any wind with such a rough sea. After a few hours I spotted the Hares Ears - two giant rocks that stick out at the entrance to Doubtful.

I wanted to paddle around the outside of Secretary Island, but on a day like this I wasn't going to risk paddling on the outside coast more than I needed to. I paddled in past Bauza Island, then turned up Thompson Sound. For hours I paddled into the wind and rain, finally arriving at Deas Cove Hut on dark - paradise!

During my first day at the hut, the winds arrived in true Fiordland style - just opening the hut door was a treacherous task. The rain seemed to be blown almost horizontally and I was super stoked I had shelter.

For four days I couldn't leave Deas Cove. I made the most of my hut time and did some washing and had a bucket shower - I'm sure I needed it! I felt so close to Milford, yet so far away. I knew I was only two day's paddle away but I wasn't sure how long it would take to get those days.

Paul Caffyn had called Fiordland the crux of the South Island trip, but for me it wasn't. It was where I

felt the most comfortable. The thing that concerned me the most was that I couldn't get a weather forecast. I was relying solely on my instincts and interpretation of the weather as I saw it.

On past trips, we have used a handheld VHF radio with a three metre long aerial attachment, which had always worked relatively well close to the outside coast. For some reason it didn't seem to be working. Down in Chalky, the signal had been strong enough that I could pick up the fore-

cast on my VHF, even without the extra aerial.

Finally I got the day I needed, and I set off from Deas Cove. The morning was squally, and the swell was still about three metres, but I was making reasonable ground.

Late afternoon as I was paddling past Cats Eye Bay, just north of George Sound, I heard a loud noise. About 10 m away from my boat, I saw the back of a huge whale! It appeared, blew out, then disappeared. It was

Tara Mulvany after her unannounced arrival at Milford Sound, having completed a wintery circumnavigation of the South Island.



awesome. It was the first and only whale I saw the whole trip and I was super stoked!

After about 80 km of paddling, I arrived in Sutherland Sound just before dark. There was quite a bit of surf rolling in with an outgoing tide. I was pretty nervous having to deal with surf at the end of such a long day, but it went okay and I landed just inside the channel. I put my tent up on rocks, not even bothering to kick them out of the way, a sign that I had worked hard for the day!

The next day I cruised out through the surf, no worries, and made my way out past Bell Point before the SW picked up. The swell was FINALLY small, only two metres, and I surfed my way north towards Milford with 20 knots of wind on my back. It was fast going and soon I was rounding St Anne Point.

As I paddled past Anita Bay, I remembered about a piece of greenstone KT had given me at the beginning of the trip. I rummaged through my PFD pocket through all the chocolate bar wrappers and junk, and dug out the shiny stone. It had obviously done a good job, so I took a few photos of it before returning it to the sea.

After more than five months on the go, my journey had finally come to an end. Paddling around the South Island is the hardest thing I have ever done, and attempting to do it in winter really was a stupid idea!

I'm fortunate to have shared more than half of this epic adventure with Sim, and it has been incredible the amount of interest and messages of support and encouragement that I have received over the past few months from the paddling community. So many people have helped to make this trip possible, too many people to individually name, but a huge thank you to you all.

I want say a special thank you to Max Grant from Q Kayaks who helped me out with my *Skua*, which turned out to be a really awesome! The boat made it, and I didn't have a single problem with it the entire

journey. It's fast, super stable and an awesome surfer - plus the seat is comfy. I put different foot pegs in than the ones that come standard, but this was more of a personal preference thing - both fixed and sliding foot pegs come with their pros and cons. I'm glad I went plastic and I am certain my glass boat would have been snapped in two long ago.

I'm working out at Martins Bay down the Hollyford Valley for the

summer and I'm really excited about it. I just bought a wee playboat for the surf which will actually be quite fun after getting smashed in a fully loaded sea kayak for the last five months! If anyone's planning a paddling trip down this way I'm always happy to help if you need some info.

Paddle hard everyone - summer is on the way!

Tara Mulvany

Tara's Equipment List for Fiordland

- EPIRB
- handheld VHF radio that runs on AA batteries - spare batteries (we have used rechargeable batteries in the past with a small solar panel but its hard to tell if the batteries are actually charged. It doesn't use too much power listening to the forecast anyway)
- long aerial that connects to the handheld and can be slung up in a tree to get the forecasts. Virtually all of Fiordland you won't pick up a signal with just a handheld and standard aerial.
- maps and compass- no GPS (I am too poor/unnecessary)
- trusty footwear of Jandals. That's all I have had the whole trip.
- tent + extra fly.
- lots of rope - always handy
- small pruning saw
- fishing gear- knife, handline, lots of sinkers, hooks etc, and the most important roll of thin elastic for wrapping around bait so the fishies don't steal it!
- PVC massive jacket. Essential for any Fiordland trip!
- pogies - I still am wondering why I am carrying them, I have used them for only one day the entire trip.
- I've taken overpants/paddling pants in the past and rarely used them - probably won't take them.
- lightweight waterproof jacket
- down vest
- two thin merino tops,
- fleece pants,
- long johns
- one pair socks
- merino T shirt
- beany

(Clothing wise I'm a minimalist. If it's wet, I wear my paddling gear - I will wear it until I go to bed if I get off the water and its raining, plus for some reason I don't really get cold that often!)

- Hydraulics Sun Paws - for \$35 they will save you hands from aging
- MSR Whisperlite cooker + one billy, spoon, knife + pot grip.
- fire starters
- I always carry a Nalgene 1L drink bottle behind the seat in my boat with a bunch of emergency stuff in it - fishing line, fire lighting stuff, emergency blanket, etc.
- sleeping bag (I've had it since I was 11 years old. It more resembles two sheets of nylon stitched together)
- 3/4 length Thermarest with a slow leak - perfect
- camera gear
- repair and first aid kit

My First Kayak Trip

Spongebob Square Pants You're Fired

Hi, my name is Koby. I'm 5 ½ and I'm going on my first kayaking trip. I did once when I was only four, sit in one with my cousins, but that doesn't count. Mum dropped me off at the grandparents. Her and Chrissy are going to Kaikohe to get mum's wedding dress. Freaky.

I've hardly got in the door when they get me working. Don't they know its school holidays. Some story about waiting for the tide to come in. I don't like waiting. Boring. So we dig holes to shift roses. I've got my own trowel. I don't know how they would manage without me. They don't either. Next thing we're up the driveway collecting cow poo off the road. This is what I call fun. My trowel is put to good use. Did I mention sometimes I need to use a stick to get the messy stuff in the wheelbarrow. Sometimes I even use my hands. After all it's a tricky job.

After that cool job I get to help splice a rope and put it on the roof rack. We burn the rubbish as well. I like fire. We burn the ends of the rope. I have a turn with the lighter and a sharp knife. Yes. They decide I need a good lunch. I eat two pancakes and a banana.

We put the kayaks on the car. I hold the ropes and help put the paddles and stuff in the car. There is hardly room for my booster seat. Of course we can't go to the beach without a visit to the playground. This is cut short by the announcement that the tide will nearly be in. Darn!

We go to the estuary at Mangawhai. Oh no, we can't park under a tree, some people have made a car park and blocked the way. Typical.

I told them I didn't want to go in the big boat – scary. But in the heat of the moment I forget all about that. They put on my lifejacket and slipped me into the sprayskirt which was already on the boat. I had half



Koby

of a paddle. The whole paddle was too heavy.

I was in the front seat, he was in the back seat and she was in another kayak beside us. Off we went. Fun, cool. I helped. Actually I helped a lot.

We landed on the sandbank over the other side. I ran up the hill. They are old so they walked. Then I ran down and waited ages. I even made a sand castle and dug a hole. At last we got back in the kayaks. We went over to the far end of the camping ground. We had to go closer to the other shore as she said there was a big current coming from the ocean.

I decided to use my paddle like a spoon. That was funny. Our boat nearly tipped over. Richard should pay more attention. She showed me how to use it like a blade. That worked better. I was a big help. I watched the boats tied up in the water. I could read some of their names. I heard someone playing a guitar in a bach. I like music. I saw two little dogs with raincoats on the wharf. Silly billies. It's not even raining. It's sunny.

I saw a boy on the wharf sailing a toy boat made out of flax and wood. That looked clever.

We went back to where the car was real quick. We hardly had to paddle. We saw some real flash kayaks with fancy gear. My nana giggled because one had wheels on and its

car was parked 20 metres away. She reckoned they must be Aucklanders. I didn't want to get out of the boat. I was having so much fun.

We saw lots of birds too. I like birds. My nana got me a bird colouring book. I know nearly all the birds – terns, dotterels, sea gulls, even pukekos. When we got out of the boat I was cold. My nana gave me a sandwich (my favourite Marmite) and a hot milo. She wrapped me up in dry clothes, a beanie, and a blanket. While they were putting the kayaks back on the car I climbed a tree.

Then would you believe it my mum had texted 3 times. Apparently she was missing me. I certainly wasn't missing her. In fact I was having so much fun I asked her if I could stay the night. Home – boring!

Out take 1: At lunchtime I was making a big mess eating pancakes. My nana – I call her Barbara – she hates being called nana, said, "I will sit beside you and keep you in line." I said it doesn't look like a line. Old people say funny things don't you think?

Out take 2: I woke up the next morning with my lower lip quivering and a little tear in the corner of my right eye. I want to go home. I miss my mum.

Koby – Bio

I'm 5 ½ years old and I'm a big school boy. I like playing and helping. I live at Tapora with mum and dad and Marly our dog. I'm very good at kayaking. It's fun. Our road is called Journey's End. It's near Bird Beach.

(Koby had some assistance from his grandmother Barbara Leslie in penning this story)



The 'Bugger!' File

PADDLER/FISHERMAN ENCOUNTERS

Recently, over a glass of wine, Auckland paddler Steve Levett related a couple of kayaking stories from the Hauraki Gulf.

Reverse Psychology

He and his wife Sue were on the water when they passed a couple on sit-on-top kayaks. The woman was wearing a PFD while the bloke was not. Steve's philosophy is that men overestimate their ability while women underestimate theirs. He called out to Sue, loud enough to be heard by the sit-on-top paddlers, "See real men don't wear lifejackets!"

As Sue and Steve paddled away, they could hear the wife getting stuck into her husband about why he should be wearing a lifejacket.

Reely Angry Fisherman

During a paddle around Waiheke Island, Steve spotted two blokes on shore having an argument, which led to one bloke walking away. The remaining bloke was fishing, and as Steve's group closed, they saw the bloke land a snapper. Tongue in cheek, Steve called out, "Is that big enough?"

The fisherman hoisted the fish above his head, to show off the size, but it flapped free of his hands onto the reef and with a couple more flips, it was back in the sea. By this time, the fisherman was apoplectic, cursing and swearing, hurling insults at the paddlers.

He picked up the fishing rod and cast his line at the paddlers. Landing astride one kayak cockpit, the paddler grabbed the line and used his teeth to cut the line. Not only had the fisherman lost his rig but as he ranted and raved, the reel from his rod detached and followed the snapper back into the sea.

A Welsh Encounter from Alan Byde

Circa 1975, I had a small group of novice teen paddlers on the Bristol Channel, launched at St Donat's Point. Tide rising, neaps, drifting up the coast practicing recovery drills. As we approached Llantwit Point, maybe a mile to go, we opened a small bay as we passed the point maybe 30 feet out. One of the group was in the water, flat calm, summer evening, and we chatted. As we could see round the point there were two or three men casting, lead sinkers. "Bloody canoeists," yelled one, "Sod off!" In Welsh accent. He started casting toward us. "We are fishing there!" He screamed.

This gave me the opportunity to say, loudly, "If the line comes across, have your knives ready." That really got him going and he cast with mighty power dropping short about 10 feet, as I guessed he would.

There really was undeclared war - fishermen vs paddlers. We got to Llantwit Point, at low water springs you can see the stumps of the piles the Romans used to build a jetty to supply their camps along the coast. Good timber, maybe a foot diameter. 2,000 years eh? The fishermen dropped their gear and hurried over the rocks to get to the point of the spit. I asked the group quietly to set off back again when I said go. As the beer fat at a gallop raced along the spit we drifted away, paddling two miles back to the College.

River Competition

The *Times* was a great paper way back, in Victorian times it was known as "The Thunderer!" Circa 1965 a fisherman complained in the letters page that "Canoeists upset the fish." Two days later a reply appeared, verbatim. "Not half as much as the fishermen".

I had a small group of six teachers, scouts, paddling 10 miles down the Tees, rocky old river, from Middle-

ton in Teesdale to Barnard Castle on a Sunday summer evening. We were all tall. One had a cracked hull and it leaked. About a mile short of Barney we stopped to empty the canoe. I was up in the trees having a pee when a small energetic elderly man arrived at speed down the steep bank. He wore a tie with a leaping fish emblazoned. I knew him from old. He was secretary of the local fishing club.

He was about 5 ft and we were all 6ft. He was going his ends outraged that we were on 'his' water and we should get off it NOW! He continued to harangue me, I had stowed my tackle by then, and called out to our group, "'Gather round please. This gentleman wishes to tell us something." I had no need to tell them what was needed. They stood silently in a circle around the wee fellow and listened attentively, faces grave, heads bent. We moved a teeny bit closer until his diatribe faltered and stopped. Nothing said to him. "I get it!" He snarled and scrambled away, Sunday suit and all, up the slope in to the trees. There was nobody fishing the river.

From Kevin Dunsford 'Seeing the Light'

I have a Chinese mate called Sui who regularly used to go fishing with his real-estate mates during the heady days of the housing boom. They would each take turns paying the fuel bill for the speed boat. When it came time for my mate to shout, the destination for the day was Great Barrier Island, 50 miles from Auckland.

A good day was had but all together they only caught only 12 snapper. They got back and refueled and my mate produced his credit card and got done for \$300 worth of petrol. \$25 per snapper, with bones seemed a bit costly so a few months later he bought a Hobbie pedal kayak and has never been out with his real estate mates since.

THE 'BUGGER!' FILE cont.

This second tale changes, depending on the quantity of wine consumed, but I'll try to be moderate since it involves me.

A few of us who regularly go away on kayaking trips over the Christmas period decided to go the bach in Whangamata (on the east coast of Coromandel) one April for an R&R weekend. We all tool out kayaks but only got them wet on the last day of the weekend, there being too many other distractions.

We headed out and I dropped my lure as usual. While the group was getting together, I spied a flock of gannets so headed in their direction only to snag a tiny Kahawai. While I stopped to get it off the line the lure sank a bit deeper and when I paddled - Bang! I knew it was big because, as the lure was attached to the bungy cord on one side of the kayak, it rolled me over completely.

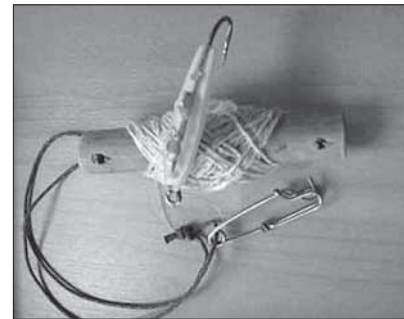


Kevin and the Kingie

It is not easy to roll upright with something dragging the kayak at three knots sideways, so I wet exited. After righting the kayak again, and getting back in, the beggar did the same again. I was 98% sure it was a Kingi, but the residue of 2% ensured that the re-entry was fairly speedy.

Then it rolled me again so I called out the others who rafted up. Eventually we landed the Kingi and it just fitted in the central hold of a double pack-horse kayak.

When I got back to Auckland I posted a photo on the kayak-fishing site and everyone wanted to know what gear I had caught it on! After I posted a photo of the gear - there was complete and utter silence. I don't think it was considered to be up to fisherman's standard!



Kevin and the the unusual rig that caught the Kingie

Prestigious Freya Pose Photo Competition

The leading entries to date for this competition. See details in the last newsletter, page 8.

Below: Ruth Henderson
Photo: Mags Ramsey



Prestigious Freya Pose Photo Competition

Left: Barbara Leslie
Photo: Unknown

Below: Mags Ramsey
Photo: Ruth Henderson



Overseas Paddling Reports

Going Guided by Malcolm Gunn

Photos: Malcolm Gunn

“How about we take a guide?”

Peter looked at me as if I'd just proposed a hit job on the Pope. “A what?” His response was deliberate and borne out of disbelief rather than out of uncertainty at what I'd said.

The setting was one of our innumerable lunchtime planning meetings at a crowded Wellington cafe with a map of **Baja California** spread out on the table. Peter had heard me correctly, and yes, I'd just suggested we spend good money to take along someone who'd tell us what we can and cannot do. We'd have to stick together and probably have a cooking roster. There'd be interminable briefings - doubtless good information, possibly stuff we'd worked out on our first trip over 20 years ago. In truth, I shared Peter's doubts, but in reality we didn't have much choice. There were no bare-boat rental outfits in Loreto, so it was take a guide, go elsewhere or stay at home.

Peter and I have dipped our paddles in Alaskan waters, the Strait of Magellan, once previously in Baja and all around New Zealand. We'd negotiated conditions with the Chilean navy, talked our kayaks onto international airlines as 'sporting equipment' and not once have we so much as uttered the word 'guide'. It's not that we had anything against the idea of professional guides, it's just that we had never really had the need. But now we did.

There was something else different about this, my second trip to Baja California - our wives were coming. Not that there was anything radical about that suggestion, Gabrielle has Ironman fitness and is adept at paddling, and Caroline has plenty of experience in the cockpit behind Peter. This was a boys' trip - with the girls along too.



Journey's end at Agua Verde. Standing, right to left: Alan Ross, Caroline Gates, Gabrielle Gunn, Malcolm Gunn (author), Ryan Masson (Guide Rangi); kneeling at front: Peter Gates

And so we found ourselves at Bahia San Nicolas, a couple of hours drive north of Loreto. With Ryan - our guide. There was a stiff northerly breeze raising a bit of a surf and heading south-east we'd have the waves coming broadside for a couple of hours.

Ryan gave us the expected briefing, telling us what to expect and how to deal with things. He asked if there were any questions and there were none. At that point I had my first epiphany. If I'd given the same briefing, there would have been a few questions. Like “Don't you think we should wait and see if the wind gets up?” and “What happens if the wind gets stronger?” I would have to have made a complete business case whereas Ryan just had to say, “This is what we'll do...” and that was that. It's not that we are not trusted by our wives, but they know we are not perfect. We forget to put the rubbish out, leave the washing out in the rain - that sort of thing and it is only right that they should question our judgement when it comes to more adventurous things. I liked this new arrangement instantly.

So soon we were launching in the predetermined order into the breakers, each of us collecting a wave or

two in the face as we punched out into the choppy sea. Of course, for Ryan, we were an unknown bunch - we'd made no secret of our experience, but doubtless he'd had clients talking it up a bit in the past, so he was no doubt keen to see how we managed the conditions. After a couple of hours of bouncing around in the swells, we approached Punta Pulpita, and swung right towards the beach, bringing the sea behind us.

We had an on-water briefing and it was clear that Ryan's main objective was to get us all shore safely, rather than to have a blast surfing down the face of the waves. He used the word 'control' a lot. We enjoyed the run into the beach, resisting the temptation to hoon in on the waves, and Ryan seemed pretty satisfied - or at least he said so.

What happened next was something completely foreign to us. We unloaded the group gear we'd stowed on our rear hatches and assembled an assortment of gear that defined an enhanced standard of living for the next eight days. Firstly, we erected a sun tarp, and then three tables! We had somewhere off the sand to handle food and cook, and we had shade. We Kiwis were a bit goggle-



Vulture in flight – Isla Coronado



Abandoned resort buildings at a remote mainland bay

eyed about this gear and Ryan must have thought we really did live in caves downunder.

After lunch we hiked to the top of Punta Pulpita and scoffed a dinner of BBQ chicken that we'd bought in Loreto and Ryan set about making something using his camp oven, which I must admit, I didn't take much notice of - until he turned out a piping hot cinnamon cake! We ate this with a mug of Mexican Chocolate and watched the full moon rise from the Sea of Cortez. The wind had died completely and with another seven days paddling to look forward to, life doesn't get much better than this. But it did, because next day was picture perfect.

We paddled into Bahia San Basilio where, apart from our paddles and the occasional surfacing turtle, the only thing that created a ripple on the surface was a nice sized Mexican sierra mackerel that Ryan caught and that he served up that night with tortillas and salsa.

Scorpions were plentiful among the driftwood



We fell into a regular pattern of steady paddling, exploration, cooking, eating and camping punctuated with periods of sloth - lounging under the sun tarp, and contemplating our next swim.

Once, after a lunch on a hot afternoon, when Peter had slid into his post-prandial nap under the tarp, I floated the idea of going on a snake hunt - half expecting Ryan to feel uneasy that his clients were about to scatter into the countryside wearing sandals, seeking rattlesnakes. I needn't have worried. Like a kid given a day pass, Ryan was up for it and we spent an hour or so poking about in holes, lifting palm fronds and rattling through piles of drift-

wood, but alas no snakes showed up. I think he was as disappointed as we were. If he was relieved, he hid it well - this guy is the consummate professional.

By happy coincidence, Ryan's sister Hilary was in the area with a fishing group and we met them off the northern tip of Isla Coronado. We joined them for lunch an hour or so later and talked about our progress and plans. They would be around tomorrow with another group and yes, of course they'd be happy to drop off some ice and some beer and a few fresh vegetables. My doubts about this guided lark were being shot down like a row of moving ducks at an amusement sideshow.

Gabrielle enjoying perfect paddling conditions





Ryan's sun tarp provided much needed shade

Mid way through the trip there can only have been a couple left and the last one went down with a 'ping' when we hauled out on Isla Carmen for lunch on day five. We'd paddled over from Isla Coronado and the day was hot and dry. We each wore a crust of salt and we were ready for lunch. Right on cue, Hilary's panga came into sight just as we finished erecting the sun tarp. As the boat nudged the beach, we showed all the restraint of a disheveled bunch from 'Survivor' who'd just won a reward challenge. OK, we had water; but Hilary had beer. And avocados!

Ultimately we bestowed the title of 'Guide Rangī' on Ryan - a title recalling New Zealand's most famous Maori guide and national icon.

If we hadn't had a guide, the paddling would have been much the same. We'd have covered the same distance, but our campsites wouldn't

Peter Gates gets acquainted with a local



Alan Ross – so much to smile about in Baja!

have been as good. We would have overshot some and camped short of others. We would have missed the pre-Colombian rock art that is hidden up a dry arroyo, and as the experienced paddlers, Peter and I would have spent more time in 'project management' roles.

On reflection, we could have also done without that freshly baked cinnamon cake and the apple crumble and the fresh sierra fillets and the *chillis relleños* that Ryan somehow managed to produce on our last

night. But somehow it was having these luxuries that has made my second visit to Baja California Sur so memorable and I am not sure if I could go back there without a guide. Whether this makes me soft, compliant or whether it is just a nod to the ageing process I am unsure. Maybe after a few wet winter weekends of cooking on the ground and when the smell of Ryan's cinnamon cake has faded in my mind, I'll revert to my caveman disdain of collapsible tables and camp ovens. Somehow, I doubt it.

Malcolm Gunn

BACKGROUND INFORMATION ON BAJA

Our trip was based from Loreto, about half way down the Baja California peninsula on the shores of the Sea of Cortez. We travelled by road north of Loreto to Bahia San Nicolas and then paddled south to Agua Verde via Isla Coronado, Isla Carmen and Isla Danzante, taking eight days, finishing paddling early afternoon most days.

Day temperatures (April) were in the mid to high 20s except on our inland excursions where they were considerably warmer. We swam each day! Air Alaska flies from LA to Loreto several times each week, with good connections to Air New Zealand flights from Auckland. Ryan Masson and his sister Hilary own Baja Kayak Adventure Tours:

<http://www.bajakayakadventures.com>

and they operate from Loreto in the northern winter (our summer) and from Vancouver Island in the northern summer. The web site has plenty of ideas for trips based from Loreto.

Read about Malcolm's previous trip from Loreto to La Paz:

http://www.seakayakermag.com/2004/Aug04/Mexican_Therapy.htm

Malcolm is a Wellington based paddler and can be contacted at: malcolm@malcolmgunn.com

TRIBUTES

DEREK HUTCHINSON

30 June 1933 – 10 October 2012

From: Alan Byde

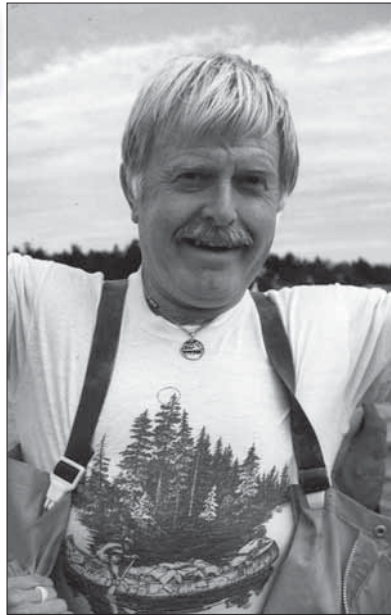
How to commemorate Derek's undoubted contribution to the kayaking world? Right away I remembered Baron Munchausen and his incredible adventures. It would be stretching things to say that Derek was a fantasist but he travelled a strange country.

He was brought up in the North East not far from Lambton Castle and the Lambton family. A local folk song in broad Geordie dialect "The Lambton Worm" was known in pubs and the Music Halls then. It may be googled. It tells of Sir John Lambton who as a boy went fishing in the Wear (The local river) on a Sunday "He caught a fish upon his heuk which he thowt varry queer, he couldna be fashed to carry it hyem so he hoyed it doon a well, then went to fight in foreign wars where strange things him be-fell..." (Abridged) Derek was not a Lord but he carried himself through life as to that manner born.

The first time I met him was on a gravel beach in the outer harbour at Hartlepool in March 1962. He was on a course for teachers and youth leaders. Chris Hare and I were leading. Derek brought a *Sea Rapier* by Gmach. The cockpit was five feet long, two feet across and had no spray deck. "Are you changing Derek?" we enquired.

"No," said he, "I don't intend to capsize."

He did on a flat calm sea. One must admire such lordly assurance - Derek had it from the start. As his meteoric career with paddles developed, one wonders if he had been affected by the story of the Lambton Worm or dragon. It's a great yarn. There's something about the North East that produces story tellers. Quote from The Shooting of Dan McGrew:



Derek as a young fella back in 1984 at the first North American sea kayak symposium. Photo: Paul Caffyn

There's men that somehow just grip your eyes, and hold them hard like a spell; And such was he, and he looked to me like a man who had lived in Hell; With a face most hair, and the dreary stare of a dog whose day is done..."

So now it is, but dreary is not what Derek was about.

Derek paddled in Prince William Sound where he found himself among a pod of killer whales which alarmed him. He reckoned that the whales have a keen sense of hearing and could hear the heartbeat of an animal on the surface, himself, and from that rhythm they would know if the animal was vulnerable and worth attacking. Obviously he survived.

After a paddle in the Aleutian Islands, a photo was published of Derek in a cave in the Aleutians where he examined a skeleton and picked up a skull. I suggest that most other people in that situation would not do that. It had something of the graveyard scene in Hamlet. Derek's take on life was like the difference between an old B&W photo and full colour. A few years ago a video clip went around showing Derek asserting a 'fact' and a bearded American paddler produces evidence to confute Derek's assertion. There is an old saying, "If he fell in the water he'd come up with fish in his pock-

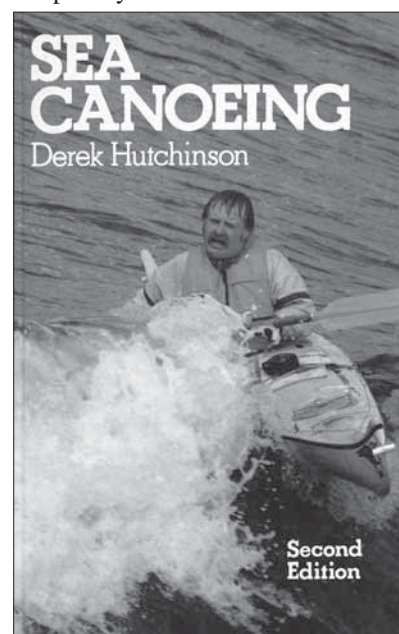
et". Derek often went in deep water but always came up with a smile, a story and a 'fish'.

In later years Derek and I had serious differences of opinion and fact. I am way elderly now and our turbulent times are old history, so how may I remember him? Entertaining? Too right! At times weird? It's my belief he could be. High regard for the bottom line? Very true. So I drag up an ancient Scottish advice, "Ye maun dree yer weird" You must live your fate. Aye man, ye did that!

From: Paul Caffyn

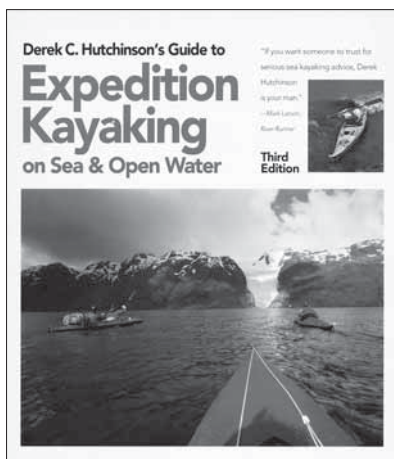
Back in 1976, the first two manuals solely devoted to sea kayaking were published. Both were written by English paddlers; *Sea Touring* by John Ramwell and *Sea Canoeing* by Derek Hutchinson. John's book was a slim 102 pp softcover, fairly lean of photos and figures while Derek's book was a 200+ page hardcover which was well illustrated with his own hand drawn diagrams and a central black and white colour plate section.

Although *Sea Canoeing* was intended for British paddlers, with information such as forecast areas and tidal stream movement only for Great Britain, copies of that first edition spread to North America and the Antiodes where sea 'canoeing' was just starting to develop with very new fibrglass kayaks that were specifically built for paddling on the deep briny.



What also was new with Derek's book was a chapter on *Arctic Origins of the Sea Canoe*. The book sold well with new editions in 1979 and 1984.

Probably targeted more for the North American market, *Derek C Hutchinson's Guide to Sea Kayaking* was first printed in 1985 and it went on with new editions in 1990 and 1995. It was a 122 pp softcover, again well illustrated with Derek's illustrations but aimed more for expedition paddling. The term sea canoeist, which in North America implied paddling a Canadian canoe, was dropped to be replaced by sea kayaker.



Adding to the appeal of the guide were excerpts and illustrations from old books that mentioned kayaking, such as Fridtjof Nansen's *Es-kimo Life* and *The First Crossing of Greenland*.

Derek had very fixed opinions: "To be seaworthy in high winds and the accompanying sea conditions, an unladed kayak should weigh between fifty and sixty pounds." By 1985, I was pushing Grahame Sisson to build lighter kayaks and was able to regular knock out 60 mile days during the Round Japan trip - the all-up weight of the kayak was 30 pounds. It was exceedingly windy at times, especially during the typhoon season.

He asserted, for example, that the proper length for a sea kayak was exactly 16 feet 10 inches. When questioned about this by a dubious kayak designer, he explained that the length could not be any greater because his garage was 17 feet long.

Derek's first serious offshore challenge was an attempt at crossing the North Sea, a distance of 100 miles, from England to Belgium. In August 1975 he was leading a group of five paddlers in single kayaks but after suffering 34 hours on the water, with sea sickness and hallucinations, hypothermia and vomiting, their signal flare was spotted by a ferry and they were all rescued. A second attempt in 1976 with a party of three and improved navigation, from Felixtowe to Ostend, was successful after 31 hours on the water.

In 1978, Derek was part of a team paddling in the Aleutian Island chain a distance of 250 miles from Dutch Harbour on Unalaska Island to Nikolski on the island of Umnak. I have a copy of the colour magazine article that Alan Bye refers to, with the photo of Derek in a burial cave holding a skull. The title of the article is 'Schoolteacher who paddled a canoe to hell and back.' Perhaps not his choice of title but I was disappointed that there was no mention of Derek's four co-paddlers, despite the fact they appear in the photos.

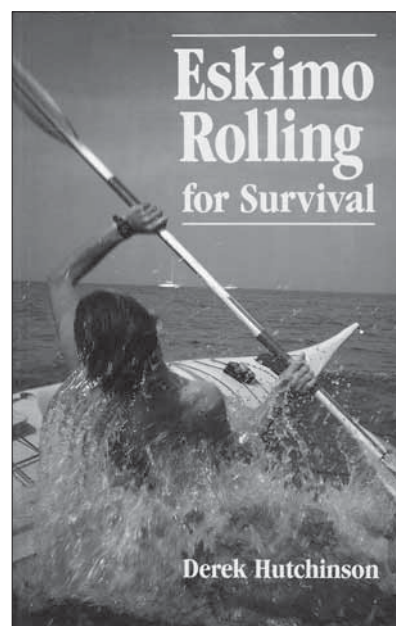
In 1980, Derek spent a month with four paddlers in Prince William Sound, and was able to film pods of killer whales up close.

Derek was a superb raconteur and riveting speaker. I can clearly recall back in 1984, Derek showing grainy movie footage of the killer whales in the sound and keeping the Canadian audience in fits of laughter.

We never saw Derek instructing out here in the Antipodes, but from what I read from various cyber tributes, he was a skilled instructor who was regarded as a paddling legend overseas. In a swimming pool, demonstrating paddling strokes, he was a delight to watch.

His gift for the colorful phrase was indisputable. "Hold your paddle like a fairy holds her wand, not how a witch holds her broomstick!" he exhorted his pupils.

Derek's third book, published in 1988, was devoted to the art of roll-



ing. As well as his excellent 'how to do it' illustrations and easy to follow text, he included excerpts from both white water paddlers and sea kayakers of desperate situations where rolls had worked or failed.

Early on in the book, he includes the dramatic rescue on the first North Sea crossing attempt when the paddlers, one by one, are being hauled up by the ferry crew, with tow ropes allowing the kayaks to be recovered. There was a moderate swell, lifting the paddlers to within three feet of a door on the ship's side. Last to be rescued, Derek's tow line was tangled under something on his rear deck, and as he turned to free it, he went over. Despite the cold water and his buoyancy aid riding up around his head, he had the presence of mind to set up for a successful roll. This and other examples show the need for paddlers to have a 'combat' roll, one that will work in the most desperate of situations.

Derek also designed kayaks. I paddled one of his designs around Cape Scott, the northern tip of Vancouver Island. It weighed 90 pounds and it was a dog to turn. But Derek did write in his books nicely about other kayak designs such as the Nordkapp.

Derek's contribution to sea kayaking is with the books he wrote and how well he was able pass on the paddling and rolling skills that he had mastered.

BOOK REVIEW

Title: *Those Magnificent Men in their Rob-Roy Canoes*

Author: Jim Parnell

Published: 2012

Publisher: Taniwha Kohatu Press Wgtn.

Website: www.jimparnell.co.nz

Contents: 113pp, maps, b&w photos

Cover: softcover

Size: 147 x 210 mm

Price: NZ\$ 25

ISBN: 978-0-473-22261-1

Availability: contact Paul or the author

Review: Paul Caffyn

For paddlers interested in how canoeing (kayaking) in New Zealand developed back in the dark ages, this new title is a worthy addition to your paddling literature collection. There is very little in print re historical paddling apart from the rarely seen *A History of Canoeing in New Zealand 1840 to 1972* by M.E. Fyfe (1972, 2nd edition 1975). Even this has barely a page on the Park Brother's first kayak crossing of Cook Strait and their crossing of the South Island from west to east coast.

Back in the late 1980s, I was lent a photocopy of a typewritten 100 page compilation of reports and old newspaper clippings, which had been edited by Peter Lucas from Harihari. It included detailed information on the formation of the Hokitika Canoe Club in 1886 and the incredible paddling trips achieved by George Park and his brother Jim. It was well researched and an inspirational read but unfortunately it lacked any photos of George, his kayaks and his trips.

Fortunately, *Flashing Paddles* was computerized in recent times by J.M. Palmer and a small number of copies printed. Jim Parnell, author of this new title saw a copy and decided the story of George Park warranted further research for a book.

From about 1878, a mob of enthusiastic Hokitika paddlers were referred to locally as lunatics, however that stigma was removed on 25 August 1886 with the formation of the Hoki-

tika Canoe Club. There afterwards, their adventures were referred to a daring, brave or foolhardy but not lunatic. The first club commodore was Mr. F.E. Clark who, 20 years earlier, had built the first Rob Roy canoe seen in the Antipodes from plans sent to his father in Tasmania by a school chum in England. This chum was in fact Commodore of the Royal Canoe Club in England – John MacGregor - the designer of the *Rob Roy* canoe.

George and his brother Jim built both double and single canoes, using both kauri and kawhaka timber. George was certainly a technical innovator as he was able to construct a sprayskirt to fit over the large cockpits, and a sailing rig but probably most important of all, watertight compartments both fore and aft. George Mannering, who in 1889 had paddled from the Hermitage at Mt Cook to Oamaru, finished his account of this trip with the advice that canoeists should have:

Staunch canoes with watertight compartments and such accessories as West Coast canoeists have.

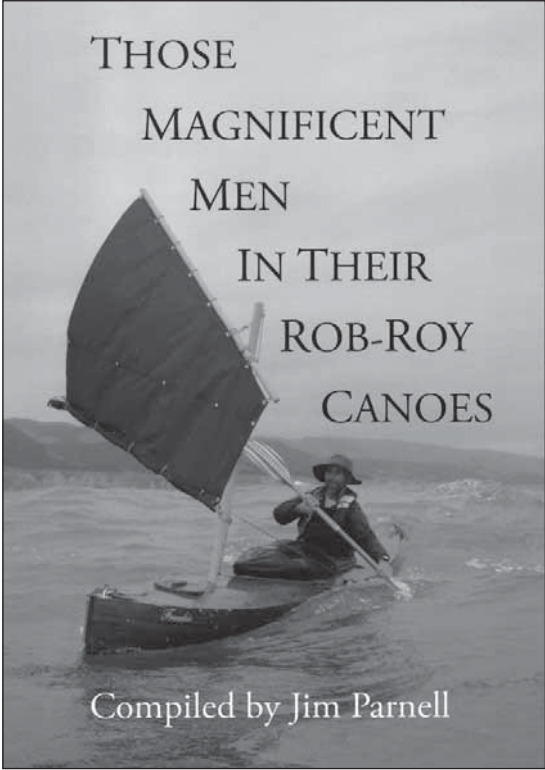
High praise indeed for George's technical skills and no doubt some envy on the part of those east coast paddlers.

I do like the stories of George paddling from Hokitika to visit his girlfriend at Okarito, also sailing up to Greymouth where he came in over the Grey river bar with all 85 square feet of his calico sail rig up. He must have had a good sense of humour, for as he paddled up river, he was queried as to his ship's cargo, his crew and if he required a cook.

Prior to the return trip to Hokitika there were telegraph queries as to the bar depth of the Hokitika River, with the 17 foot bar depth deemed insufficient to allow passage of George's canoe. Then standing off Hokitika, with the bar too rough to enter, George used his 20 pound centreboard as an anchor and slept comfortably offshore under his sprayskirt for the night.

I have often trained for my expeditions out over the Grey River bar and have lost a heap of nervous sweat coming back in. It is a bar I treat with the utmost respect. What an amazing sight it would have been to see George crossing the bar in his 15 foot long canoe with all sails set.

George must have learnt surf skills very quickly from the school of hard knocks, as landing and launching through the surf between Okarito and



To view the TV1 Close-up segment on the launch: <http://tvnz.co.nz/close-up/canoe-legends-remembered-in-book-vid-eo-5128292>

Copies of this book are available from: kayakpc@xtra.co.nz

BOOK REVIEW

Hokitika requires great skill. When paddling around the South Island in 2008, Justine Curgenvin – who is one of the most experienced expedition paddlers in the world - capsized three times attempting to land at Okarito but successfully rolled each time. Her movie camera was running at the time. I still find that watching the footage raises my pulse rate.

Max Grant, who completed a paddle around the South Island with his daughter Melz in 2010, was also severely trashed when surfing into Okarito. Then a little further up the coast by the Wanganui River mouth, German paddler Freya Hoffmeister nearly broke her kayak in half and lost her paddle when landing through lines of surf. It was the shore bumper dumper that rolled her several times. This says so much about George's skills.

How he learned to roll on his own, with no instructional guides, I find remarkable, especially in such a beamy craft. Even late in life, George was still able to demonstrate his ability to right his canoe after deliberately capsizing.

George Park was born in 1863. He died in Wellington, 1939, and is buried in the Karori cemetery, Wellington

Paul paddling Frankie on Lake Mahinapua, after the book launch; Steve Moffat's replica of George Park's canoe. Photo: Karen Grant



In addition to the remarkable canoe voyages of the Park brothers, author Jim Parnell includes chapters on 'The Rob-Roy Canoe' and other land-based adventures of the Park brothers.

George was a skilled craftsman, paddler and adventurer, and perhaps had he not given away paddling for marriage and raising a family, I may not have been the first to paddle around the South Island. George certainly had the skills and ability to do that.

The lovely cover photo, plus photos in the text are from a re-creation trip that Steve Moffatt and Steve Gurney achieved, from the west coast to the east coast via the Taramakau River, over Harper Pass, down the Hurunui River to the coast, thence down the Canterbury coast to Lyttelton.

The book is sadly let down by the poor choice of text size. It is far too small for older eyes, 9 point or less. The black and white photographs have reproduced poorly. A better quality choice of paper would have helped.

At the book launch in Hokitika, both Steve Moffatt and I spoke about the Park Brother's remarkable paddling adventures. A highlight for me afterwards, was when I was encouraged to paddle *Frankie*, Steve's replica of George Park's canoe.

Title: *Searching for the Finmen*

Subtitle: *An Unplanned Journey in Homage to the Kayak and its Inuit Masters*

Author: Norman Rogers

Published: 2012

Publisher: Matador UK

Contents: 203 pp, 11 colour plates, maps & figures, bibliography, index

Cover: softcover

Size: 156 x 234 mm

Price: £12.99

ISBN: 978 1780880 778

NZ Availability: P. Caffyn \$35

Review: Alan Bye

The writing has a natural flow that invites one to turn the page again and again. A few hours of undivided attention is advised. Way back when my family was new and kayaks were magic, a parallel Universe of water opened to me where I found my metier. Recently Paul advised me to buy this book. In it I found several powerful links to my life. The Prologue begins "*He lay almost motionless on the beach.*" Kipling wrote "*I Keep six honest serving-men: (They taught me all I knew) Their names are What and Where and When and How and Why and Who.*" Right away they were there in my head.

Norman Rogers' enthusiasm for marathon racing is on the first page where he mentions his training area, a long calm section of the River Tyne at Hexham near to Hadrian's Wall.

He paddles a K1 so his sense of balance was keen. On the 22nd of July 1961 there was a big area 'canoeing' event, paddlers came from far away. There was an upsurge in interest in the UK generally. As a member of the North East Canoeing Association I was invited to paddle one of the only two K1s there. They were built by Jicwood (Google it) who gave six K1s to the British Canoe Union for the 1948 Olympics in London. They were beautifully made of fine wood and being of semi circular section, tippy but I managed to complete the course.

My interest was captured, back 51 years on a sunny summer's day.

Norman was training for the 2002 Devizes to Westminster K2 event, 124 miles in less than 24 hours, hours of that in the dark. He was in Fenland a vast level area of soggy ground, drained by pumps. His training was on a 20 mile circuit around the town of March.

During the circuit he came to an industrial area surrounded by chain link fence on three sides but open to the water on the fourth. Guarding the area was a savage dog which did not hesitate to attack his K1. Images of Cerberus come to mind. After the second attack, which he narrowly escaped, his heart rate was up there with his blood pressure and a misty 'otherness' overtook him. By the time he returned to his car he had fallen in twice, which for a skilled K1 paddler is novice stuff. He knew he was not well, his sense of balance uncertain.

He then mentioned succeeding attempts to return to normal training but he found that even when walking his ability to move at all was interrupted. His GP doctor sent him away with pills but Norman knew he needed a specialist opinion for which there was a long waiting list. Devizes – Westminster and a planned two week sea kayak trip along the coast of Ireland were not possible. He remembered the Inuk who landed on the beach at Aberdeen 300 years ago.

His research revealed answers to questions which intrigued me on and off since 1957. That 'Finmen' arrived off the shores of the northern parts of the British Isles there is no doubt, evidence is available from the seventeenth century. Fables of 'Selkies' who swim out of the sea as seals then cast off their skin and appear as men, are explained as kayaking seal hunters, members of the Inuit, "The People".

Norman refers to John Heath's paper on "Kayakangst" or kayak fear when the hunter becomes disoriented on a calm sea, misty, nothing to offer a point of reference for balance. A

neurologist tests using electronystagmography. I was a civil servant at a coalpit town on the northeast coast of Durham, Horden. I dealt with disabled men, all ex miners, one had nystagmus, a disease of the balance system revealed by a rapid flickering of the eyes as if seeking references for balance.

The Fivequarter seam at Horden pit is well lit but in-by can be in stygian darkness utterly black. If the miner's lamp on his helmet is out, he is in trouble. The miner can experience nystagmus as a passing event but for some it is permanent. Norman had something similar but his brain adjusted to the problem. A lumbar puncture and brain scan were next.

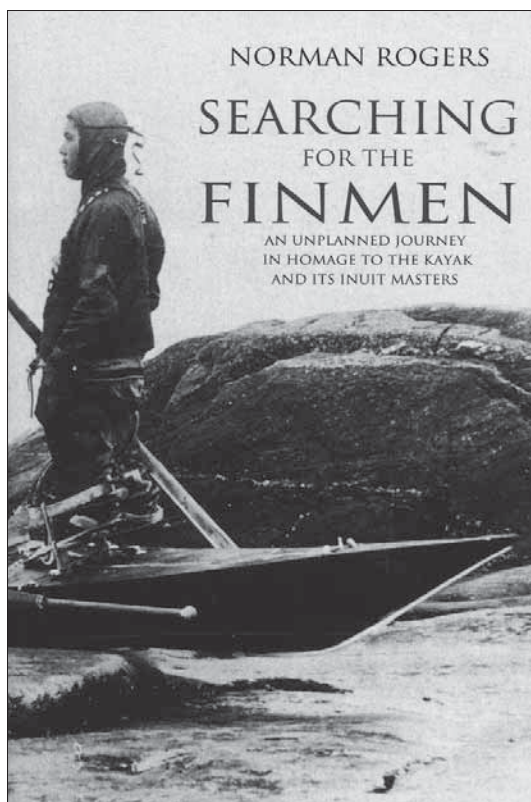
Keeping his condition secret he paddled in the 2003 DW. He and his K2 partner withdrew at Sonning Lock on the Thames. Norman's inability to do an instant support stroke in the dark compromised safety for them both. That year only 52 of 98 crews completed the course. He returned to his research on the Finmen. He includes long transatlantic voyages, rafts, Lindemann, Romer et al. The problems of sleep in a narrow hunting kayak, defecation, urination are discussed. Nature will not be denied.

Norman was referred to Papworth cardiology unit where a hole in his heart was revealed, probably from birth. The hole was closed remotely through the femoral artery.

He returned to research the limiting speed through water of a kayak, obtaining fresh water from floating ice, food from the ocean, the practicality of crossing the North Atlantic, Andrew McAuley's trans Tasman attempt and much more. The comprehensive bibliography lists many authorities.

In 2006 he and his paddling partner completed the DW in 36 hours. In 2007 they did it nonstop in 24 hours and 45 minutes. The record set in 1979 is 15 hours 34 minutes. For a man no longer in the fire of youth with a repaired heart, that is one huge achievement to which this book is witness. In the exigencies of his life he found another lost Finman, himself.

(Fivequarter seam. Google it. Vertical section, 5 feet of coal, 2 feet of slate, 2 more feet of coal. The imprint in slate of the root and base of a tree 600 feet underground and millions of years old was seen in the roof of the 'road' where one may walk upright.)



HUMOUR

The Dark Side of Women

A woman was in town on a shopping trip. She began her day finding the most perfect shoes in the first shop and a beautiful dress on sale in the second. In the third, everything had just been reduced by 50% when her mobile phone rang. It was a female doctor notifying her that her husband had just been in a terrible car accident and was in critical condition and in the ICU.

The woman told the doctor to inform her husband where she was and that she'd be there as soon as possible. As she hung up she realized she was leaving what was shaping up to be her best day ever in the boutiques. She decided to get in a couple of more shops before heading to the hospital. She ended up shopping the rest of the morning, finishing her trip with a cup of coffee and a beautiful chocolate cake slice, compliments of the last shop. She was jubilant.

Then she remembered her husband. Feeling guilty, she dashed to the hospital. She saw the doctor in the corridor and asked about her husband's condition. The lady doctor glared at her and shouted, "You went ahead and finished your shopping trip didn't you! I hope you're proud of yourself! While you were out for the past four hours, enjoying yourself in town, your husband has been languishing in the Intensive Care Unit! It's just as well you went ahead and finished, because it will more than likely be the last shopping trip you ever take! For the rest of his life he will require round-the-clock care, and he will now be your full time career!"

The woman was feeling so guilty she broke down and sobbed. The lady doctor then chuckled and said, "I'm just pulling your leg. He's dead. Show me what you bought."

Distracting Boys

The only way for a married couple to pull off a Sunday afternoon 'quick bout of love making', while their

eight year old son was in the apartment was to send him out on the balcony, with a Mars Bar, and tell him to report on all the street activities. He began his commentary as his parents put their plan into operation.

"There's a car being towed from the parking lot," he shouted.

"An ambulance just drove by! Looks like the Andersons have company," he called out.

"Matt's riding a new bike! Looks like the Sanders are moving! Jason's on his skate board!"

After a few moments he announced, "The Coopers are having a naughty!" Startled, his mum and dad shot up in bed! Dad cautiously called out, "How do you know that?"

"Johnny is standing on their balcony with a Mars Bar."

Sharp Police Response

A police motorcycle police officer stops a driver for shooting through a red light. The driver is a real bastard. He stepped out of his car and strode toward the officer, demanding to know why he was being harassed by the Gestapo!

So the officer calmly tells him of the red light violation. The motorist instantly goes on a tirade, questioning the officer's ancestry, parents, sexual orientation, etc., in rather explicit offensive terms. The tirade goes on without the officer saying anything.

When the officer finishes writing the ticket he pens 'AH' in the lower right corner of the narrative portion of the ticket. He then hands it to 'The violator' for his signature. The bloke signs the ticket angrily, and when presented with his copy points to the 'AH' and demands to know what it stands for.

The officer says, "That's so when we go to court, I'll remember that you're an arsehole!"

The 'violator' has a bad driving record with a high number of points and is in danger of losing his license, so he hired a lawyer to represent him. On the stand the officer testifies to seeing the man run through the red light.

Under cross examination the defense attorney asks, "Officer is this a reasonable facsimile of the ticket that you issued to my client?"

Officer responds, "Yes, sir, that is the defendant's copy, his signature and mine, same number at the top."

Lawyer: "Officer, is there any particular marking or notation on this ticket you don't normally make?"

"Yes, sir, in the lower right corner of the narrative there is an 'AH' underlined."

"What does the 'AH' stand for, officer?"

"Aggressive and hostile, Sir."

"Aggressive and hostile?"

"Yes, Sir."

"Officer, are you sure it doesn't stand for arsehole?"

"Well, sir, you know your client better than I do."

The Priest's Collar

A priest was invited to attend a house party. Naturally, he was properly dressed and wearing his Priest's Collar. A little boy kept staring at him the entire evening. Finally, the priest asked the little boy what he was staring at. The little boy pointed to the priest's neck. When the priest finally realized what the boy was pointing at, he asked the boy, "Do you know why I am wearing that?"

The boy nodded his head yes, and replied, "It kills fleas and ticks for up to three months."

TradeMe Warning

If you buy stuff on line, check out the seller carefully, and be careful what you purchase on TradeMe. A friend has just spent \$100 on a penis enlarger. Bastards sent him a magnifying glass. The instructions said, "Do not use in the sunlight."

Remote Ownership

The longer you've been married, the funnier this becomes!

An elderly married couple was at home watching TV. The husband had the remote and was switching back and forth between a fishing channel and the porn channel. The wife became more and more annoyed and finally said, "For God's sake! Leave it on the porn channel. You already know how to fish!"

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 mail or cybermail to:

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

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\$40 family membership.
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A subscription form can be downloaded from the KASK website. Cheques should be made out to: Kiwi Association Sea Kayakers & mailed to:

KASK Administrator
PO Box 23, Runanga 7841
West Coast

Correspondence - Queries

CHANGE OF ADDRESS to:
Kay Pidgeon, KASK Administrator
PO Box 23, Runanga 7841
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or email Kay at:
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4th Ed. KASK HANDBOOK

Updated to March 2008
For trade orders of this mother of all sea kayaking handbooks, contact Paul Caffyn:

email: kayakpc@xtra.co.nz
Shop RRP: \$34.90
NZ KASK members only, including p&p: \$22.50 Make cheques out to Kiwi Association of Sea Kayakers and mail to KASK Administrator:
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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

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KASK Website:
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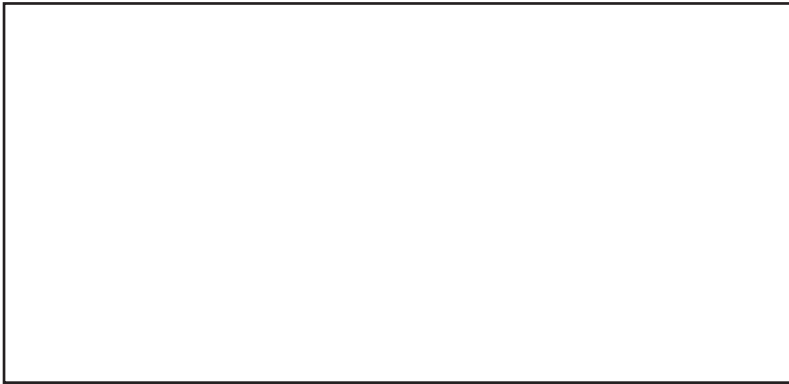
A kayaker wearing a bright yellow jacket is seen from a side profile, paddling through a white, foamy wave. The kayaker is positioned in the middle ground, with the wave's crest breaking over them. The water is a deep blue-green color, and the sky is a clear, pale blue. The overall scene conveys a sense of action and challenge in a maritime environment.

*Tara Mulyany braoching her way through the surf off Kaka Point.
Photo: Belinda Mulyany*

A first-person perspective from the front of a yellow kayak. The kayak's deck is visible, featuring a black hatch cover and a green dry bag. The water is dark blue with small, white-capped waves. In the background, a dark, mountainous coastline is visible under a sky filled with heavy, grey clouds. The scene captures the vastness and ruggedness of the Fiordland coast.

*A big day on the Fiordland coast for Tara - paddling
north from Deas Cove, in Thompson Sound, to
Sutherland Sound. A ground swell of approx. 3m.
The 2nd last day of her South Island circumnavigation.*

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Tara's early morning view north from Dusky Sound into Acheron Passage.

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

