

NEW ZEALAND SEA CANOEIST



**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 Mar. 2013**

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**Big mobs of thanks to
all the contributors and
photographers**

EDITORIAL

KASK FORUM 8 – 10 March

Evan Pugh has advised there are still spaces available at the Raglan Forum. See either the KASK website for the registration form, or pages 11 – 14 of newsletter No. 159.

Australian paddling legend David Winkworth has confirmed he is crossing the ditch to attend and will be running rolling sessions. A huge ruckus was created in Australian sea kayaking circles, when a claim was made by the editor of the NSW Sea Kayak Club October 2012 issue of the club magazine *Salt*, that:

Club stalwart Dave Winkworth is another welcome contributor, now resident in NZ, Dave had a huge and influential impact on the club as VP for seven years and Training Co-ordinator for five.

Litigation is currently underway with Victorian sea kayaking lawyers involved in a huge lawsuit. Dave would be a valued asset to our network of Kiwi paddling instructors, but despite the recent record high temperatures, bushfires and floods, he cannot be budged from his Tarthra home in southern NSW.

KASK AGM

The AGM will be held late Saturday afternoon, 9 March at the Raglan forum. Nominations are sought for the committee positions. Please email: admin@kask.co.nz

KASK Awards

Please forward to the editor, nominations for the two annual Graham Egarr Paddle Trophy Awards, for the best contribution(s) to the NZ Sea Canoeist magazine, and for the most outstanding contribution to sea kayaking in the past 12 months.

The KASK 'Bugger!' trophy failed to attract an entry last year. This trophy is awarded for the most embarrassing paddling incident of the past 12 months, but has to have 'excel-

lent lessons' learned ensuing from the incident. Please don't hesitate to nominate your paddling mate (secrecy promised) for this prestigious trophy.

Forum Foto Competition

Entries will be accepted up till 0900 hrs on Saturday 9 March. See page 12 of newsletter No. 159 (June – July 2012) for category descriptions and competitions rules.

After the KASK Forum

JKA Training

There are still some places for John Kirk-Anderson Training on the Monday (11 March) after the Forum. This will be five hours of training at Intermediate level and what suits the individual, he can tailor to your needs. Well worth attending as JKA is a BCU level 4 coach and very good.

A group of six, maximum, costs are \$80 per person plus accommodation at the camp ground in bunk-rooms. Contact Evan Pugh: sheepskinsnstuff@xtra.co.nz

Paddler Gathering

The week after the Raglan Forum, there is a gathering at Urupukapuka Island in the Bay of Islands.

If you are interested contact Paul Hayward: paul@mmcl.co.nz

EMAIL UPDATES

The Freya Pose Photo Competition

from Barbara Leslie
We had a bit of a laugh yesterday. It was my oldest son's (Craig) 36th birthday so we decided to give him, as part of his present, a copy of the last KASK newsletter. While we were waiting in the car for the rest of the family to get organized, Craig and his brother (Phillip – Koby's dad) had a look through the magazine and found the Freya pose photos. They commented in whispers amongst themselves about the hot babe in the upper centre photo (p.12 newsletter No.161). When I informed them that it was myself, there was a lot of backtracking going on!

PHOTOGRAPH CREDITS

Cover: Susan Cade on a glorious day, paddling on Lake Te Anau. Photo: Sandy Winterton (See story on p. 8).

Opposite page:

Top: Sandy Winterton reflected on the still waters of Lake Te Anau. Photo: Susan Cade

Bottom: This entry for the Freya Pose Photo Competition has to be in colour. In floral undies, this photo of Mike Bell was taken by Linda Hansen. It has to be a front runner to win the competition.

Unusual Sea-sickness Remedy

from Kevin Dunsford

By the way, you could have kayaked the entire North Island west coast over the last few weeks without even getting wet. We went out in a retired lifeboat to the islands off Port Taranaki with a guy called Chaddy who runs little trips. The boat was from the coast of England - the sort that launches into surf on rails. It had done service in the South Island before being retired to Taranaki. He had a sea-sickness remedy that was interesting.

Chaddy noted that people with hearing aids never got sick so he developed an alternative - wrapping up a plug of toilet paper and placing it into the ear opposite to the writing hand. It seemed to work on the crowd I was with - even someone who gets sick at the sight of sea lasted an hour on this trip. Have you heard of this?

Nordkapp History Link

from Barry Shaw

I saw this on a forum and thought it was interesting. (The link is a back-grounder to the development and history of use of the Nordkapp kayak)

<http://www.ukriversguide-book.co.uk/forum/viewtopic.php?f=4&t=97190>



Sea Kayaker Magazines

Need a Good Home

Sandy Winterton has a collection of 67 copies of *Sea Kayaker* - that need housing in a paddler's library. From the years 1992 - 2007, they were given to Sandy by Jenny Roy whose husband and paddler Don Roy had passed away. The magazines are in Wellington with Sandy, free to first good home that expresses interest, and liaises with him re collection and or freight. Email Sandy Winterton: sandy@energyadvantage.co.nz

Late Newsletter Excuses

Yes I know this newsletter is two weeks late. Even the printer has been on my back asking when the newsletter would arrive for printing. Sounds strange, but it is a long run of hot weather, clear skies and calmish seas that are proffered as an excuse. Building maintenance, wave skiing, climbing, salsa dancing and cave diving have provided excellent distractions from completing this newsletter. Just to prove that I am not making up these excuses, I have included a photo of myself surfing off the 12 Mile.

Please keep the articles, trip reports, reviews, photos and terrible jokes coming. The material is what makes this such a great little paddling magazine. Paul Caffyn

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

Saturday 16 February (weekend 15-17. The assembly point for comic book heroes and heroines for the Saturday costume dinner, is at Ratimera Bay, Queen Charlotte Sound a couple of hours' paddle north of Picton.

ANNUAL OKAINS BAY

Canterbury Sea Kayak

Network training day

23 - 24 February 2013

Start time: 0930 hrs on the Saturday. Free, apart from camping fees. Bring all your paddling gear, a tent or caravan, gear for camping and cooking.

Please remember to register so we know how many are attending.

Contact Sandy Ferguson:

kayakamf@gmail.com

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	email: kayakpc@xtra.co.nz
Conrad Edwards	- Committee	email: conrad@conradedwards.net
John Hesselning	- Committee	email: john.hesselning@bouldercni.co.nz
Kay Pigeon	- KASK Administrator	email: admin@kask.co.nz

KASK

President's report Feb 2013 by Ian McKenzie

A warm Canterbury summer and pleasant (a relative term) water temperature has enticed a few of us to spend more time upside down than usual. As a result, at the end of a paddle last weekend, the whole group was able to roll nonchalantly and then admire the youthful (again, relative) flexibility required to hand roll and to float beside (and still inside) a kayak.

KASK committee has been quiet over December/January, due largely to my work in that period being busier than expected, can't blame it entirely on the good weather. Handbook revision and promotion are progressing, draft guidance notes/checklist for trip leaders has been produced.

A reminder that the Annual General Meeting is looming. It will be held at 5:00 pm on Saturday 9 March at the KASK Forum in Raglan. Anything that you may want noted at the AGM please send to me or to administrator Kay Pidgeon (admin@kask.co.nz).

Nominations for positions on the committee also please to me or to Kay. You don't have to be at the forum to be elected to the committee, though being at the forum does enhance your ability to find an excuse not to be elected.

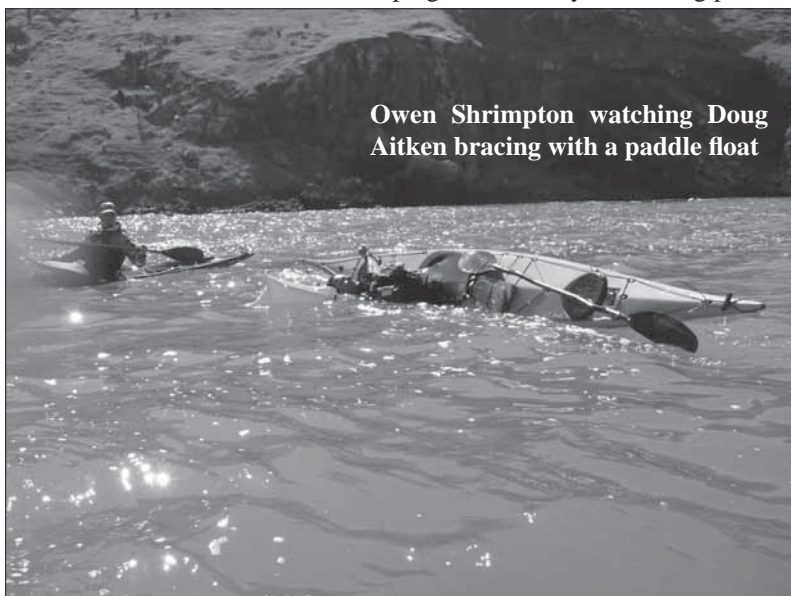
This disappearing month, in the South Island, there is the KASK Marlborough Sounds Pilgrimage and the Canterbury Network annual Okains Bay training weekend. I haven't caught up with any North Island events however training and trips are on offer after the forum in March.

See you out there
Ian McK

Photos below by Ian McKenzie of a recent Canterbury Sea Kayak network paddle

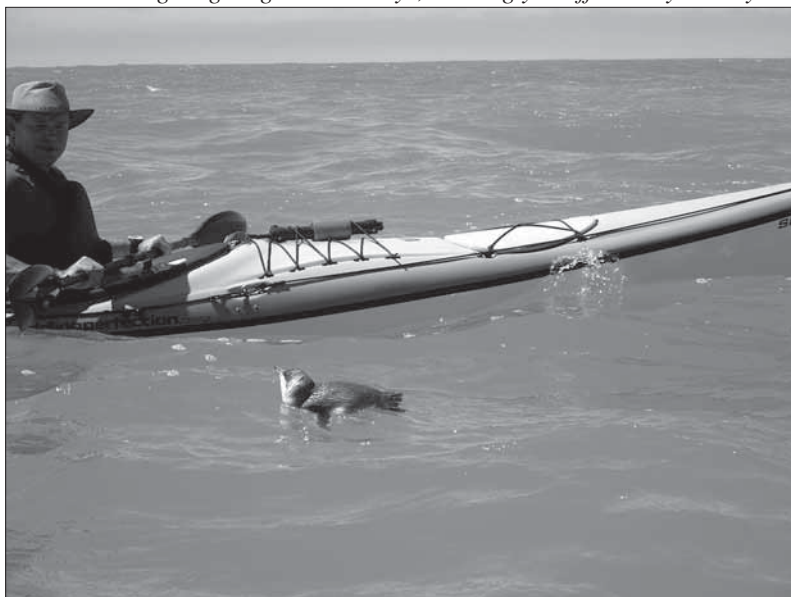


Above: Daniel Farber keeping an careful eye on rolling practice



Owen Shrimpton watching Doug Aitken bracing with a paddle float

Little Blue Penguin giving Kevin the eye, seemingly unaffected by the kayak



TECHNICAL

Is Paddle Weight Important? by Paul Caffyn

To follow on Sandy Winterton's 'Courting Speed' article (newsletter No. 150, p.10, I have updated a newsletter article I wrote way back in 1998 (n/1 No.75) about the significance of paddle weight. A response from Derek Wakeling to the original article is also included.

Recently, I weighed the paddle used for the 1982 Round Australia trip and a lightweight paddle, which I have used in recent years. The Australian paddle had a laminated wooden shaft, symmetrical-shaped fibreglass blades, each of which had a pop-riveted, aluminium wear strip on the base basically an old style whitewater paddle. As the shaft was not long enough, I had cut it in half and used an aluminium sleeve to increase the overall paddle length. It was strong and heavy - but coming from a white-water paddling background, not from a racing one, I didn't know any better at the time.

In 1984 I met kayak builder Mike Neckar at a very early Canadian sea kayaking symposium. He was what we would call a hard case in New Zealand; loud and abrasive, a superb paddler and rather good on a dance floor for a big-bellied bloke. Mike was pretty disgusted with photos of my Australian paddle and as he had been involved with performance kayak racing behind the Iron Curtain. He built me two carbon-fibre/kevlar blades with a foam core sandwich construction. It took a heap of elbow grease with a hacksaw, files and sandpaper, to finish them. Glued into a New Zealand carbon-fibre/glass shaft, I had what I thought was a super-lightweight paddle.

Aust. paddle - 1.575 kg (3.470lbs)
Light paddle - 0.932 gms (2.055lbs)

The difference in weight was 0.642kg (1.415lbs). At 60 strokes per minute, the extra weight I lifted per stroke with the Australian paddle calculates as follows:

per minute - 38.51 kg (84.9lbs)
per hour - 2,310.64 kg (5,094lbs)
per 8hr day - 18,485 kg (40,752lbs)

The staggering difference over an eight-hour day is 18.485 tonnes (18.19 tons!)

Even having the difference by 50%, for the non-lifting hand, supporting the other end of the paddle, the energy saving in using the lighter paddle was astounding. It is no wonder that it took two days to recover after each of the 120 mile overnights during the Australian trip!

So bearing this weight factor in mind, and that I was chasing a younger and extremely fit Conrad down the West Coast of Greenland, I attempted to trim even more weight off the lightweight paddle. With a new carbon fibre paddle shaft, I reduced the paddle length by 5 cms and improvised super-duper lightweight drip rings.

Although drip rings are not really necessary in tropical waters, they are essential in colder climes to keep the hands dry and warm. I decided that the standard black rubber, drip rings were too heavy and was casting around the house for an alternative. And - I feel Sandy Ferguson would be proud of me - I found that blue or green plastic milk bottle tops from one or two litre milk containers were perfect.

The tops have an inner rim or lip (to prevent leakage), the inside diameter of which matched perfectly with a outside diameter of the paddle shaft. A Stanley knife and sandpaper produced a snug fit, with the outer lip of the bottle top turned obviously towards the blade. The result - a lighter, lightweight paddle and drip free hands during the Greenland trip in icy cold seas.

During the summer of 2007 - 2008, three European ladies and a Liverpool lad paddled around the South Island - their choice of paddle varied greatly. In preparation for the 2008 East Greenland trip, I was able to both weigh and try out the paddles of Freya, Justine and Babs and compare with my Neckar-blade paddle.

All four paddles were take-aparts. The weights:

Babs 989 gm Storm (Sweden)
Paul 960 gm Mike Neckar blades
Justine 945 gm Lendal crank (Scotland)
Freya 744 gm Epic signature wing

After trialling the three girls' paddles in the early winter of 2008, while training on the Grey River, I went over the 'Dark Side' and used Freya's wing paddle for the entire SE East Greenland trip. Not just its light weight, but I found my paddling efficiency was improved. More importantly, I was almost able to keep up with Conrad when he used his take-apart stick paddle.

I believe your choice of paddle is as important if not more, than your choice and weight of kayak.

When you purchase a paddle, bear in mind the difference in energy requirements between lifting a light and heavy paddle. Particularly for longer duration trips, I would suggest the extra dollars required for a lighter paddle are well justified.

Further Thoughts On Paddle Weight by Derek Wakeling

Paul Caffyn's article on paddle weight in Issue 75 of the KASK newsletter amply demonstrates the importance of using a lightweight paddle, but further analysis of the movements involved in paddling show that the weight distribution between the blades and the shaft is even more important than the total weight. So this article explains the effect and importance of both aspects.

The motion of paddling essentially involves moving the ends of the paddle around a central point. The centre of gravity of the paddle is in the centre of the shaft and this point does move a bit but nothing like as much as the blades. The paddler is not actually lifting the weight of the paddle with each stroke because the centre of gravity stays in much the same place, however total weight is important because it is obviously more tiring to hold a heavy paddle

out in front of you than a light one.

The laws of physics show that much more energy is required to change the direction and/or speed (momentum) of a given weight than just supporting it. A mathematical analysis of paddle and body movement would be extremely complicated but the important points are:

- firstly a lot of energy is required to change the speed and direction, that is the momentum, of a moving object such as a paddle.
- secondly speed is more important than weight or more correctly mass. (Energy is directly proportional to the mass and proportional to the square of the speed, twice the speed – four times the energy).

As the action of paddling moves the blades at the ends of the paddle faster than the shaft, weight in the blades is more important than weight in the shaft. It is all the changes in direction and speed of the paddle blades that soak up the unproductive energy - that is energy that does not contribute to moving the kayak.

This technical stuff is maybe too much to bother about for those who just like to enjoy their paddling but fortunately it is simpler to understand by just imagining, or if you feel like it, actually trying out, a small experiment. Imagine fixing a 250 gram weight with sticky tape to each blade of your paddle.

Then imagine sitting on a chair and going through the motions of paddling. You can certainly feel the effect of those weights every time the paddle blades change direction and the faster you paddle the more effect those weights have. Then imagine removing the weights from the blades and fixing them to the centre of the shaft and again sitting on your chair. The paddle now feels much the same if you keep it still but when you move it you feel the difference. As soon as you start paddling the

blades feel nice and light and you hardly notice the weights, yet the total weight of the paddle and weights is the same. This might be a good demonstration for a class but if you try this at home, mind the television or you may prove more than you intended about the energy involved in changes of momentum.

So saving the small extra weight of a smart shaft mechanism in the centre of the shaft will have little effect on reducing the unproductive energy used but saving the same weight in the blades would save a lot of energy during a long paddle.

After all as Paul pointed out in his article you move the paddle around 3600 times in each hour of paddling. In fact you change its momentum, that is use energy, every time you push it up, down, back or forward or change its speed, and you do this maybe 14,400 times each hour. Of course the more smoothly you paddle the less energy you waste by changes of momentum but these figures are used to make the point.

The nearer the weight saving is to the ends of the paddle, the greater the amount of energy saved. As Paul pointed out saving weight in the drip rings is a good idea. Do away with the drip rings if speed or efficiency is more important than getting wet. How heavy are blade tip reinforcements and are they necessary for deep-water paddling? Even a few grams saving is important at the ends of the blades.

This is all a rather long-winded way of pointing out why it is important to have light-weight paddle blades but it is worth saying as I would like to bet that most of the weight difference between one paddle and another is in the blade. So we really ought to be asking for weights for both the shaft and the blades to compare one paddle with another. If the answers are not forthcoming, the best you can do is twist each paddle around to see which feels lightest in the ends.

SAFETY

Novel Cellphone Waterproofing

Barbara Leslie from the far north rang recently and asked if I could think of a use for condoms by sea kayakers. Without prompting from Barbara, I suggested waterproofing a cellphone. And indeed, this was mentioned in an article she had read recently in a local magazine. Barbara gave me the website and also sought permission to reprint the report.

Kayaking the Kaipara by Sheri O'Neil

From *Kaipara Lifestyler*
29 January 2013

Friends Craig Neilson from Auckland and Frederike Koring from Germany wanted one last summer excursion before Craig returned to work and Frederike set off for university in Edinburgh.

"Kaipara's history and geography seemed like something to experience, rather than read about," says Craig, "and we wanted to go somewhere really remote, but not too far from Auckland."

The tides of adventure brought them and their tightly packed double kayak to the Kaipara Harbour.

"We paddled calm seas from Tinopai over to Oneriri, following the coast south to Motuouihi and Motuouroa islands in the Port Albert River mouth," Craig says. "After crossing to Tapora for lunch we made the most perilous part of the crossing through tumultuous high-tide seas. When we arrived at Pouto, a kid on the beach informed us that we'd just crossed the world's biggest white shark breeding ground!"

After camping two nights at Pouto and exploring the area, Craig and Frederike made an easy trip back to the Tinopai wharf on the low tide. Allan Crabb, Tinopai Volunteer Coastguard, commented on the couple's journey: "It's eight miles from

Tinopai to Pouto – that’s 16 miles return – quite a trip!”

Before leaving Tinopai the pair informed Allan of their destination and expected return times, and their plans to keep in touch with friends on land via cell phone. “They had their phone inside a condom, so they could use the touchscreen without getting it wet – bloody brilliant!” Allan says.

However, Allan warns that Kaipara kayaking away from the shore is not for the inexperienced or unprepared. “For a start, you’ve got 9 knots of tide rip out there and you’ve got to be really fit to paddle against it.”

A few days after Craig and Frederike’s safe return, the Tinopai Coastguard had a callout for a Kelly’s Bay kayaker who had failed to return home. “We sent three boats out and found him up near Males Island,” Allan says. “He’d come across the river to the Tinopai side for a fish, but it’d blown up rough and he was too exhausted to make the return trip – and he had no radio or cell phone.”

“You need to know your tides and keep a really good eye on conditions. And as in any boating trip, anywhere, tell someone where you’re going and when you expect to return.”

The web link:
www.kaiparalifestyle.co.nz/Of_Interest.cfm?NewsID=5685



Craig Neilson with well-protected cell phone

New Zealand Trip Reports

‘A Walk In The Park’ Lake Te Anau to George Sound & Return

by Sandy Winterton

(see also photos on cover and page 1)

For years Susan Cade had wanted to do a trip in the Fiordland National Park, a trip that involved kayaking, portaging and tramping from Te Anau and George Sound and back. I had weaselled every time so far, drawing on an extensive range of excuses. However, we had done more of my style of holiday on our last few travels, so I foolishly agreed to go.

I am no tramper. I do not like walking and when I do go, I suffer innumerable agonies, complain constantly and become clinically depressed. Agreeing to go on this trip was the first of a series of mistakes on my part.

Susan, however, was looking forward to the trip and did her usual detailed research, including dusting off a trip report on the route by Stan Mulvany that she had been guarding for years.

At noon on Christmas eve 2012, we were underway. We left our car at Te Anau Downs Lodge - a week’s supervised storage for the price of a few hours at a parking meter. We had a decent paddle ahead of us - across the main lake, up Middle Fiord, then North West Arm, followed by a portage to Lake Hankinson. Susan thought we would need to unload our boats and carry them with a second trip with our kit in packs. I reckoned we would be able to drag the laden boats over the grass between the lakes and plonk right back in. Lake Hankinson is about 5 km long with a hut at the far end, but I thought we could make it to the second hut, arriving at about 7 pm. These were my second and third mistakes.

In reality, Lake Te Anau, in glorious sun and dead calm, took way longer than we expected with all sorts of photo stops along the way. Susan was learning a new camera and it was the perfect day to practise. Arriving at the far end, we unexpectedly had to wash down our boats and gear with DoC provided detergent for didymo prevention.

The portage was not over the lawns I had imagined. We spent two hours unloading and carrying boats and packs over a steep forest trail. Lake Hankinson was treacle slow and the first hut had been washed away by floods - or so we thought, until we found it an hour later, just a few metres past the point that we decided it could not be upstream of. While Susan scoured the bank for the hut, I kept a myriad sandflies entertained. They had heard we were on the way and had a good reception party organised. We finally arrived at Hankinson hut, just as the late southern dusk closed in. One of us was in a secretly grumpy mood at our slow progress, as one of my schemes had been to get it all over with quickly. However, festive goodies revived the spirits and we collapsed, exhausted.

On Christmas morning we left our boats and a load of kit at the hut and began tramping. An easy romp along Wapiti river lasted all of 500 m before a three wire bridge. Susan was out of practice, and edgy, and urgent trembling of the foot wire telegraphed the state of her nerves. The section to the next bridge was more taxing. There was scrambling over rocks and windfall trees to negotiate. At the second bridge Susan adopted a different technique and the wires pulsed to a happier rhythm. I thought the track would improve from this point, which proved to be another error of judgement. The sign had said 2 ½ hours, but it took us a full hour longer to cover the 2.5 km to Thompson hut. The track was difficult as it wove over huge moss-covered boulders with fallen trees throughout. Boulders were placed carefully just far apart enough to let a foot halfway down before the gap tapered, nipping the boot. Walking

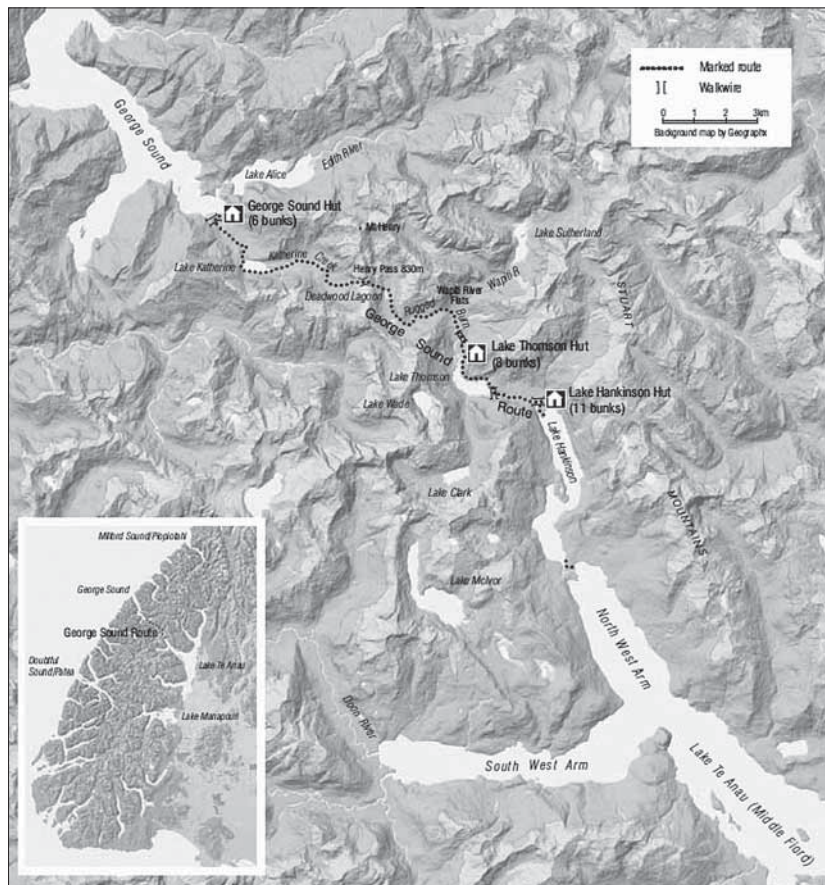
poles were a hindrance and had to be stowed, as hands were needed for clambering over rocks and logs. A brief respite while we paused took a gander at a gaggle of Canada geese going about their business.

Eventually we reached the second hut, left a food pack there for our return and enjoyed a glorious lunch in the sun by a roaring waterfall on the Wapiti River. I thought the afternoon would go better – bad mistake. In fact, this was where it started getting tough.

The trail from Thompson hut up to Henry Pass was almost frightening. I had never done such a track. It follows what in rainy weather would have been torrential watercourses up the steepest possible terrain. Snails smirked as they overtook us. It was so tough I even stopped griping.

The track had been pioneered by Richard Henry, New Zealand's first great conservationist. I imagined him striding along with the easy lope of a bushman. He'd be wearing a tweed suit and hobnail boots. On his back a couple of kakapo in wooden crates strapped atop his knapsack. He'd be talking to them in a soft brogue, telling them not to fret and that they'd soon be in their new home, and on the flatter sections he'd be whistling jigs from the old country. He'd be looking forward to a fish supper when he got to the coast and remembering the rock from which he caught a fat blue cod on his last visit.

After the steep stuff there was what appears to be a mercifully flat section on the approaches to Deadwood Lagoon. However we soon wished we were back on a slope because the ground was a semi-liquid and we were constantly meeting boggy sections. Any particular bog could be an inch deep or knee high, there was no way to tell. The planks of death was a series of 40 some decomposing split tree trunks laid decades ago over particularly deep bogs that tested our balance and nerves. We were getting tired, and beginning to make mistakes. Susan, in a lucid moment, noticed a spot that was level and dry



enough to pitch the tent, and so we camped. Ecstasy. During the day, I had been brewing mutinous plans and scheming ways to abort or curtail the expedition, but they needed a bit more time to ferment and timing would be critical.

"Well, what *do* sandflies eat when we're not here?" We realised that there was no hope of ever answering this question, as it was only possible to find out by being there to check, thus defeating the aim of the experiment. Like quantum physics, observing what happens changes the outcome, so the mystery remains unsolved. Instead, we loitered with in tent.

The forest was weirdly bereft of animal life. In the whole trip we saw a few wood pigeon, weka and finches. We heard a handful of kea and tui, shining and long tailed cuckoo. One lonesome tomtit and a couple of fantails visited us. We saw plenty of tracks made by deer, pig, possum and stoat but saw nary a land beast. Trout there were aplenty, and according to the hut books, easy to catch. I'd assumed there would be kiwi, but we did not hear a single

call over five nights in the bush. In such a huge wilderness, this apparently tiny amount of vertebrate life seemed sad.

The track was very well marked, with orange arrows sometimes only 10 metres apart, and it was usually possible to see the way ahead easily. We fell for the trap of following some arrows that were pointing to the side, only to realise the tree they were on, had fallen and they had originally pointed ahead. If we did get off track, it was usually obvious within a few metres. Only at a few bare rock areas did we have to search for the route and then we would soon find a happy orange triangle smiling at us. A great job done by DoC in this respect – it was tough enough with good marking but without, it would have been a nightmare.

Within 100m of getting underway next morning, the trail crossed the river but the marked route was too dangerous to climb down, on slippery rock, so we waded thigh deep to start the day. The level ground didn't last – before long we were scrambling almost vertically up a dank gully which led to Henry Pass. As altitude



Susan Cade on Lake Te Anau on a magic morning, heading for North West Arm and the start of the portage through to Lake Hankinson. Photo: Sandy Winterton

increased, bush turned to scrub with different species predominating. Underfoot were only roots and rock, just damp enough to keep everything good and slippery. As we approached the saddle, clouds scudded through from the coast and at the very top a pristine white moth welcomed us to its domain.

We had a brief stop by the tarns on the saddle and examined the flowers. Mountain Daisy and other flowers were interspersed with the yellow blooms of Maori Onion. We raised a mental toast to the good Richard Henry himself. The pass is at 830 metres. Susan was thinking, 'It will be brilliant to finally get through to the George Sound'. I am thinking, 'If we *were* daft enough to go down to sea level, there would be 830 metres to climb back up'. My carefully presented bait to Susan to suggest that reaching the pass was a great achievement and that now we should turn back was completely disregarded. She has wanted to do this trip for years and her earlier attempt had been thwarted. The lady was not for turning. On we went.

The next section crossed the bare rock of the saddle then the track dived down an extraordinarily steep gully which we christened Henry's Crevice. It combined the features of

a labyrinth, an assault course and a greasy pole. Next, a flatter section where we left the tent and a load of kit to lighten our loads. A wise move, suggested by tramp mother. We hung a bag of food so that no pests could get at it and carried on. I had thought Fiordland had not been penetrated by possums but we heard one on the roof of Hankinson hut and saw their prints in the mud.

A section of track criss-crossing a beautiful creek, another steep downhill and we spied below us Lake Katherine – last milestone on our route. As we descended, we had good views of the surrounding terrain. It was unbelievably steep, scarred by landslides, with hanging valleys and craggy tops towering more than a vertical kilometre above us. The forest on the opposite bank of the lake was in places tinged darker by the southern rata, their red flowers in full bloom.

Surely now we would just potter round the lake's edge then stroll down the stream to the sound. This track had a way of shattering every dream. The potter took three hours to cover a couple of kilometres. There were several huge slips, the newest still harsh and bare, with the first tiny ferns just beginning to grow in cracks. Huge beech trees, tumbled

and shredded, lay jumbled along with the smashed rock. The older slips were greener, but steeper and harder to negotiate, and the track climbed many times to get above difficult ground. At several points there had been recent windfalls meaning big detours, tricky climbs through prostrate branches or balancing along a fallen trunk.

Leaving the lake, instead of sauntering down the leafy river bank, we inexplicably had another gruelling climb high up over angular mossy boulders strewn haphazardly, and the last leg took another age to complete. The track had been made by a madman with a broken compass and seemed to wander at random. By now I had finally worked out that every steep slope was actually a slip in some stage of self repair in what is an endless cycle. The first lake we skirted, with so much hardship, had been a mature forest growing from the boulder fields of ancient slips and that's why the going was so tough. I was learning the hard way.

We crossed the Katherine River at last and headed through a final section of bush until we could see the welcome sight of the George Sound hut and the gleam of the salt water that had been our goal. We had made it to the West Coast.

The hut was bliss. My feet, wet for almost 12 hours, looked like albino prunes and enjoyed their freedom, oblivious that they were only on parole. We perfected techniques to keep sandflies out and lazed away a day in recuperation. The hut book indicated that it gets a fair bit of use. People mainly arrive by boat and floatplane and it is the most frequented of the huts. It had some fishing gear and a library of books. Susan gathered mussels which were a tasty entrée to our evening cook up of home dehydrated beef curry. It would have been nice to have stayed another day, but we had already had a Fiordland record of four successive dry days. Heavy rain would have made much of the track dangerous or impassable, so we loaded up again, glad of reduced pack weights. Was knowing what was in store for us was a good thing? We weren't sure.

My strategy was to be positive, put one foot in front of the other and imagine that it was easy - and it worked. We got back to the tent, packed it and the other gear, then carried on.

On the way back, we paused at different places; a postcard waterfall on the Katherine Creek, an ancient landslide where the only thing that flourished was lichen with old cairns so encrusted they looked like weird sea creatures, a bog where all the trees had mysteriously died, a stream of bright orange ooze, whereas all others were clean and weed free. At Henry Saddle, a helicopter was exploring the ridgelines and we waved a cheery greeting. Deadwood Lagoon was named for the ancient tree stumps poking out of the water, each of which had a decorative bonnet of colonising plants. Rugged Burn, the stream that runs into the lagoon was crystal clear and the water delicious. Over aeons, it has deposited masses of dead tree limbs to one area. They are barkless and smooth, tumbled and washed by the waters, and look like a pile of discarded antlers.

We used our previous campsite once again, and dozed off to the rustle of a squillion sandflies on the

tent, sounding like light rain. In the morning the noise was still there, but this time it was drizzle.

The journey back was just as hard, with bodies showing a few signs of wear but holding up well. We used walking poles on the planks of death this time, which was a great help, particularly now that surfaces were wet and even more slippery. We had a break at Thompson hut and lit a fire which warmed the bodies and rekindled our spirits.

In Fiordland terms, it had been so dry since we'd passed through, that the level of Lake Thompson had dropped over two metres, and instead of the arduous track, we walked through mud and water round the lake's edge for a good way. A big brown eel as fat as a farmer's forearm thought the toe of my boot was the head of its long lost cousin and was very keen on making further acquaintance. We discovered that eels can swim backwards, but not as gracefully as they would probably like.

The final sections passed mercifully quickly and at last we spied Hankinson hut. Within an hour of getting there, the rain came on properly. And how. With gale force winds, it lashed so hard all evening we wondered if we'd be able to finish the journey the following day.

But we had luck on our side. The rain and wind eased. We paddled Lake Hankinson, did the portage more efficiently and had a tailwind down Middle Fiord. As we emerged into the main lake, we had half metre waves from astern and now similar ones coming from right angles which had some interesting effects on the boats. Later we heard that section of lake is notoriously difficult in wind.

We were almost home when Susan noticed a movement on the edge of her hat. A caterpillar had stowed away during the portage and for 20 km across the lake, it had been endlessly circling the brim. This was not your everyday caterpillar that crept along on its belly, but a handsome brown one that progressed by looping itself into a high and graceful arch, and

which did a good impersonation of a stick when it thought it was being watched. It became known as the haterpillar, and was treated with the sort of care a seasoned mariner deserves, photographed in detail, and set free to frolick among the vegetation of Te Anau Downs.

After seven days away, we got back into Te Anau on the evening of 30 December and treated ourselves to a cabin for the night.

One of the fun things had been reading the entries in the hut books. Many of them were from hunters. The area is home to wapiti - huge elk so sought after that there is a ballot to allocate the limited hunting permits. Someone had made it all the way from George Sound to Thompson hut in one go and had written, '10 hours - not bad for a couple of old codgers with artificial hips'. Not bad indeed - it took us half as long again and we camped part way. One party had lost their EPIRB, and left an address for anyone finding to send it to. Remarkably, the next party found it and said they'd post it on. Another group had been at George Sound hut when an earthquake struck and aftershocks continued for three hours. We thought of the tremendous new slip nearby at Lake Katherine and wondered what if...

Few people, it seemed, did the track both ways - most got transport to or from George Sound. For non kayakers it's possible to omit the paddling altogether by getting a water taxi from Te Anau, and a second one across Lake Hankinson, and yet even this reasonably accessible hut had only had 12 parties logged over the past year. Henry Saddle near the midpoint of the journey would not play host to many visitors. We saw not a soul in seven days away, in peak season. Someone who'd been holed up for a few days waiting for a break in the weather wrote that he'd rather be eating a 'Miles Better' pie in Te Anau. On the strength of this recommendation, we found the shop and sampled their wares. Best pie ever. If you're ever south of Blenheim, it's worth the detour.

The tramp from Hankinson hut to George Sound had taken us 18 hours, and about 20 hours to get back, which we'd done over two days for each direction with a day off between. Either side of the tramping was a paddle-portage-paddle of 25 km, ½ km and 5 km.

The best thing about the trip? From Susan's perspective, a long held desire assuaged and a week in the wilderness. From my point of view the best points were that I learned a lot about tramping in a short time, and I would never have to do this track again.

This is not a trip to be taken lightly. While I am a tramping duffer, Susan is very experienced at this level, and her impressive bushmanship was necessary.

We were very lucky with weather. A couple of days later Fiordland got almost half a metre of rain over three days. I recalled a recent trip report I read in a magazine where, after a serious incident during a well

equipped group trip, the first two or three EPIRBs set off failed entirely to function. It makes yer think.

Sandy Winterton
16 January 2013

The rating table below reflects only how Sandy viewed this superb Fiordland wilderness trip, with a mix of paddling, portaging and tramping.

Trip assessment. Maximum score = 5 paddles

George Sound kayak and Tramping Track rating	
Wilderness experience	██████████
Physical work out	██████████
Story telling potential	██████████
Enjoyment	████

Prestigious Freya Pose Photo Competition

In view of a number of late entries for the Freya pose competition, and a plea from Evan Pugh to extend the deadline for judging the competition at the Raglan Forum, entries for this prestigious competition will be accepted till the end of February. To ensure no gender or bribing allegations, judging will now take place via paddler acclaim at the KASK Forum. Entries will be presented in a 'brief' Power point presentation. This will follow serious discussion as to whether the winner should be the paddler posing, or the photographer. See also the colour photo on page 2.

The stunning physique of Southland paddler Stanley Mulvany - Mr Cardiovascular System on Legs.
Photo: Belinda Mulvany



Christchurch paddler Jillian Wilson before her regular Wednesday morning paddle.
Photo: Marie Cooke



Dressed for winter conditions in the highlands of Scotland, ex-patriate Kiwi paddler Fiona Dalzell.
Photo: no one dobbed in



Overseas Reports

West Island Bits January 2013 by Dave Winkworth

Derek Hutchinson

Since my last 'West Island Bits' the sea kayaking community lost Derek Hutchinson. I didn't get to meet him but his influence touched me in my paddling and skill development. I have a few of his books on my shelf, which I flip through occasionally, sometimes shaking my head at a crazy rescue technique detailed in the books. Perhaps the techniques weren't crazy when the books were written though - I don't know.

I must say I wasn't a fan of Derek's kayak designs – they all seemed to weathercock ferociously for me but he did have some great ideas. His recessed deck fittings are just bulletproof. Being molded into the deck during kayak construction, if the laminate is good then they just do not break! That's unlike some of the flimsy bolt-through fittings we see around today.

I confess to copying another of Derek's kayak innovations – the offset rear hatch. I saw this feature many years ago on one of his boats with a pair of spare paddles strapped diagonally beside it. What a great idea! No need to remove spare paddles to access the rear hatch compartment! And don't get me started on the overseas trend to strapping spare paddles to the foredeck!

I molded an offset rear hatch to my *Nadgee* kayaks with accompanying spare paddles and it works like a dream. I've also added individual quick releases for each half of the splits (see photo above).

Now, why hasn't this hatch offset idea been copied by any of the big sea kayak manufacturers? Is there something about sea kayakers abhorring a lack of symmetry?



Rear (aft) hatch offset for ease of stowing the spare paddle

Whatever, it's a great idea that works. If you're making a new kayak mold, give consideration to the offset rear hatch.

Thank you for being a sea kayaker Derek.

Sea Kayaker Gatherings

The Victorian Sea Kayak Club AGM Weekend was held in November at a function centre on Phillip Island, to the east of Melbourne - a lovely sunny weekend and well attended as usual. Something different was that all the evening presentations were from club members. Why bring in an outsider when club members are doing some fantastic trips? We saw first class presentations of paddling in the Whitsunday Islands and remote Pacific Islands and a standout show from a female kayaking novice who got stuck in and went with the experienced members. I think she learnt a lot but she's ready for another trip now!

The actual AGM was a long affair, running right to dinner-time, with all founding members of the club being awarded honorary life membership.

Founding member Steve Weston recently sent me a heap of slides to scan for him. One of them was of club founding president Earle Bloomfield leaping off a big wave at Flinders Island. Snapped by Steve Tremont in 1982, it's a little out of focus but you can clearly see that the Nordkapp is airborne! That would

have to be the most famous photo in Australian sea kayaking! (see p.14)

There's a lesson here for committee members setting timetables for AGM weekends: All sea kayaking clubs and groups, that I belong to, have only one meeting per year - the AGM - for members to raise issues. Plenty of time should be set aside for those members to debate and discuss issues without the catering staff calling everyone to dinner. Often the standard hour allotted for the AGM is just not enough time! If members get bored at a long drawn out meeting they can leave for a coffee but they shouldn't be pressuring other members interested in an issue to wind up their discussion.

This year the VSKC AGM will be on the Gippsland Lakes in November. The Victorian Club AGM is slowly moving east away from Melbourne and fits with my campaign to get it to Mallacoota near the VIC/NSW border! Members will travel if an event is well advertised and well run.

Speaking of events, I'm running my 4th annual 'Winky's Weekend' for the Victorian club this weekend. Essentially it's a moveable feast – a social weekend with catered camp oven cookery on one or other of our nice coastal estuaries. We usually get around 45 people attending. This year we'll have a GPS Navigation Challenge at the weekend. The aim is to get members out there on the water playing with their GPS units and



Earle Bloomfield leaping off a big wave at Flinders Island, in Bass Strait, in 1982. Photo: Steve Tremont

trying to find multiple checkpoints around Twofold Bay. A few prizes and a trophy will hopefully tempt all attendees to have a go! Goodness, the Yanks spent billions putting the GPS satellites up there – we might as well have some fun with them! Next year, map reading will be a big part of the Challenge. I'll let you know how it all goes.

The NSWSKC AGM for 2013 will be at Port Stephens (north of Sydney) on the weekend after the KASK Forum. Guests are Nigel Foster (who will be familiar to KASK members) and Les Allen from WA.

Incidentally, the NSWSKC has changed the name of its magazine to *Salt*. The new editor, Mark Schroeder, has set bar pretty high.

It's an impressive publication. They also have Sydney-based kayaking retailer Expedition Kayaks offering a nice paddle as a prize for the best magazine contribution each issue. Expect some good stuff to appear I'd say! I wonder when the *NZ Sea Canoeist* editor will match that!

Legends of Sea Kayaking

Back in the mid 90s kayak instructor and retailer, the late Wayne Langmaid, organized a one-day series of talks by Aussie paddler and kayak designer Larry Gray and... wait for it...Paul Caffyn. The day was held at the Ettalong RSL Club so it wasn't your average shorts and flip flops affair.

Anyway, I attended, and sat in the audience next to the late

Andrew McAuley. Now, at this time, Andrew's trip ideas were a germinating seed! Paul spoke of paddling around Alaska and his around Australia trip. At the end of his talk he called for questions from the floor. Quick as a flash Andrew's hand was up:

"Paul, what is your view on using sails?" enquired Andrew.

There was dead silence.

I thought: "Oh oh, wrong question to ask mate!"

But Paul responded quickly, "That is a four letter word! Wash your mouth out! Next question."

Speaking of sails, a number of trip leaders over here, that is, trip leaders leading significant paddles like Bass Strait for example, specify that all paddlers will have sails on their kayaks. I wonder how that sits with Kiwi paddlers. Is that appearing in NZ?

Their reasoning is that the sails can help keep the group together, especially when there is a wide gap in the speed and stamina of all trip participants.... and a body of water like Bass Strait is not a good place to stuck in bad weather!

Another Around Aussie Attempt

They're all having a go at it now! Blue Mountains ski guide and instructor Jason Beachcroft departed Watsons Bay in Sydney Harbour on 12 January for an around Australia paddling attempt. Paddling a *Nadgee* (which pleases me), Jason is going unassisted AND without a sail! What makes his attempt just a little different is that he hopes to cross Bass Strait and paddle around Tasmania too. If he makes it, he will be the first to do the full circumnavigation of Oz (poor little Tassie often misses out!)

You can follow Jason's attempt at: www.jasonbeachcroft.com

Further afield: Sandy Robson is paddling the coast of India at the moment. 'Still a very long way for her to go. She loves getting emails and notes of encouragement so tap out the occasional note for her. She'd love to hear from you all.

PFD Development

Please meet Henry Freeman. Henry was a lifeboat rower on the English coast in the early 1900s. Remember that all the lifeboats then were rowed - no outboards, no radios - and for most lifeboat crew, no PFDs. The bulky cork PFD that Henry is wearing in the photograph was experimental at that time.

His crew was often called out to rescue boats in distress. With one occasion of particularly bad weather, his crew towed five boats to safety. They returned to sea to attempt the rescue of another boat. All the rowers were issued with the cork PFDs but sadly, all the crew except Henry took them off because they chafed badly. The entire lifeboat crew, with the exception Henry, perished at sea on that rescue attempt.

Lessons for us from this? Hmm, we can see how far PFD design has come in 100 years but they do have to be worn! Uncomfortable PFDs are bad news, especially for paddlers, as we need to be able to PERFORM (ie. paddle for long periods) to keep ourselves safe. I'll cover a few 'performance' requirements in the next WIB.

PFD Tinkering

Do you like to tinker? I do. There's always something going on in my shed, that's for sure. I've just made a humungous ice chest for base camps and my new kayak design is progressing well. An ongoing project of mine is making sense of inflatable PFDs! Over here, PFDs are compulsory in all small boats so there are heaps of designs on the market - and cheap too!

I have an inflatable PFD, which I take on tropical trips. It's too hot to wear a conventional PFD up there so I have an inflatable one, which stows easily in the cockpit. In remote northern Australian waters, if you come out of your kayak and can't get back in, you're likely to be eaten before help arrives so a PFD just helps the cavalry find your body.

Anyway, these inflatable PFDs are dead-set the most uncomfortable things to wear. They are all multi-

fit and for taller people that means that the waist-strap becomes a chest strap. So, I lengthened all the straps, added ladderlock buckles and it's now pretty good - the waist strap is actually a waist strap - and locks below my ribs if I inflate it, instead of riding over my head.

I removed the CO₂ cylinder paraphernalia (now mouth inflation only), which made it really compact and light. All this is probably technically illegal so I'm not advising anyone to do likewise! I also stitched the back of the collar shut so that when I inflate it, the only air chambers are on my chest.

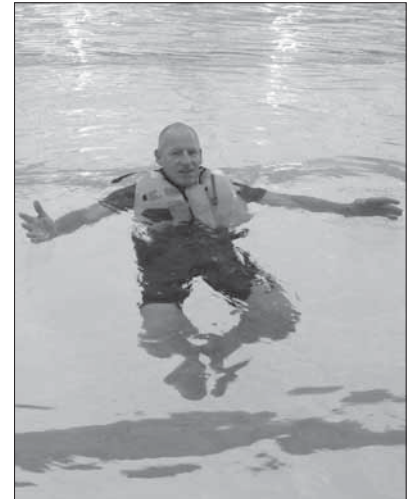
The big test was in the pool at one of our rolling nights - it worked! Enough flotation for me to float face-up and not bulky enough to stop me swimming or climbing onto my kayak deck! (see photo). My conventional foam-filled PFD, by comparison floated me face-down.

So, it's a work in progress - some pockets to put on the front, a few

clips etc., but it keeps me off the streets!

Enjoy your paddling, and hope to see you all at Raglan.

David Winkworth



Above: Dave with his modified inflatable PFD.

Below: Henry Freeman with his cork lifejacket. Reproduced with permission from the RNLI.



OVERSEAS REPORTS

Murderous Thoughts on a Very Small Island by Malcolm Gunn

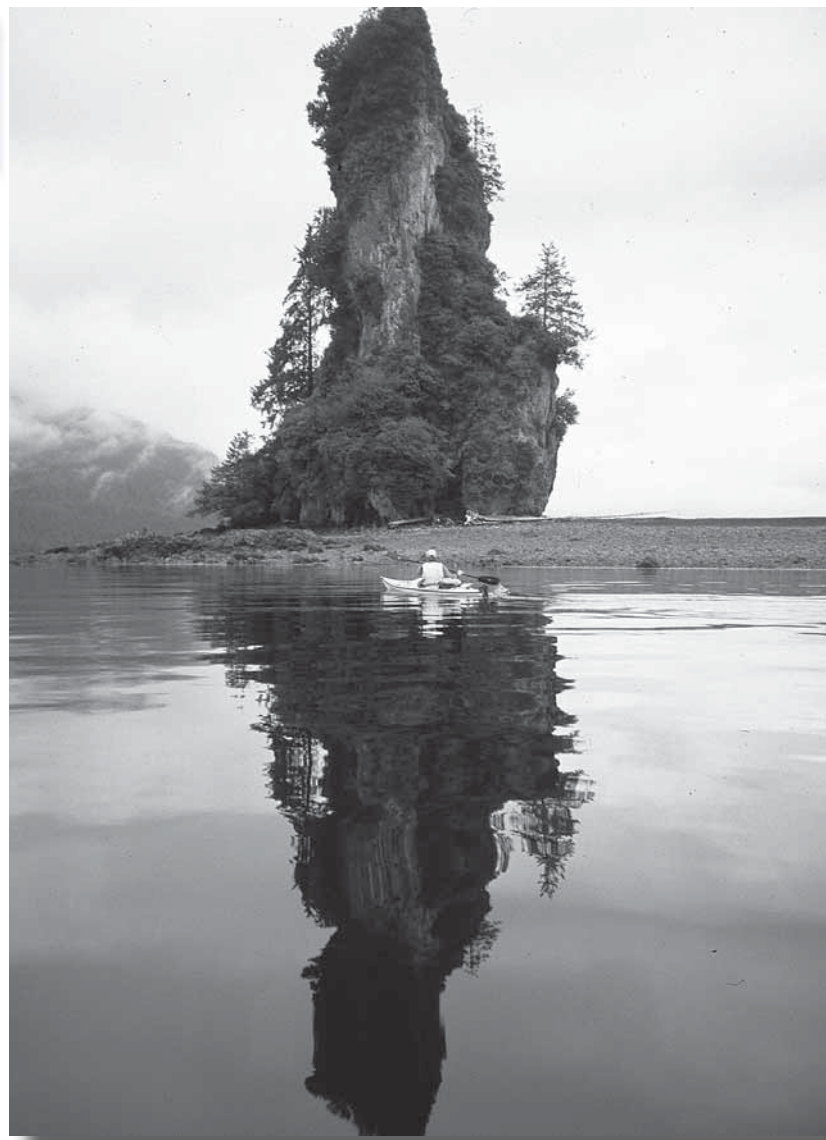
At around 3am, just as the first light was seeping into the south-east corner of the Alaskan sky, there was a murder outside our tent. While this came as no surprise to us, it was inconvenient, as it soon became apparent that there would be no more sleep that night.

The previous day we had arrived at The New Eddystone Rock by sea kayaks after a long wet haul from Alava Point, grateful for a tail wind.

The rock is an improbable column of basalt that has somehow defied the glaciations that sculpted Alaska's Misty Fiords National Monument, and now stands alone in the middle of Behm Canal. It had beckoned us for most of the day, in the same way that it beckoned George Vancouver in 1793. He described it as, 'a rock much resembling a ship under sail' and named it after the lighthouse that presides over the entrance to Portsmouth Harbour.

Being a little over 70 metres high and about 15 metres in diameter at the base, it's my guess that the crew of the lower decks had another name for it, invoking phallic imagery. At high tide the island at the base of the rock is reduced to a small fringe of rough grass and driftwood and it was here we decided to camp, for as well as having plenty of novelty appeal as a camp site, it was free of bears.

A couple of long gravel spits curve away from the base of the rock at low tide. As we arrived, a few dozen Kittiwakes were hunkered down on one of the spits, facing into the rain squalls that were marching up the canal from the south-west. Harbour seals watched us from the bay between the gravel spits. They had a



The very small island, The New Eddystone Rock. Photo: Malcom Gunn

nervous disposition and would panic for no apparent reason, disappearing in a flurry of spray. Orcas hunt in packs for these seals, and they always seem to be anticipating an attack.

We hurried to pitch our tent and set up a fly to collect drinking water from the rain. With dry clothes and a hot drink, the place soon felt like home.

Then the crows started arriving. The vertical sides of the rock are cloaked in trees sustained by rainfall rather than soil. These, evidently are ideal places for crows to roost. As the day drew to a close, more and more crows flew in across the water and prospects for a good nights sleep started looking bleak. For crows

are highly social birds, and that means a lot of communication, and as the number of birds increased, that meant they all had to shout, "caw!" They eventually settled around midnight - about an hour after dark, and the short night was punctuated by skirmishes - as if they were all sharing the same, slightly inadequate, duvet.

In the pale blue/grey of the pre-dawn, when decent folk (and birds) are asleep, the first task of the day for a crow is to be re-establish its social standing within its community, greet neighbours, re-kindle disputes and generally wake the entire sleeping world.

Just why a collection of crows should be called a murder had always been

a mystery to me, but at 3am, the association between murder and crows could not have been clearer in my mind. This small epiphany came to me accompanied with a new appreciation for sayings like, 'stone the crows' and a new empathy for the inventor of the scarecrow.

George Vancouver had breakfast on our little beach 214 years earlier, almost to the day. His account doesn't mention crows, which is enough to tell me he didn't try to sleep there. John Sykes, a midshipman turned artist who had joined the Royal navy at the age of 10, produced a fine image of the occasion. It shows no fewer than 10 birds flying around its summit but it's hard to tell whether they are crows.

Vancouver met three canoes of Tlingit Indians here, and found them to be of, 'utmost good humour'. We met nobody, but several float plane loads of tourists circled the rock as they flew between the cruise ship terminal at Ketchikan and the massive granite walls of Rudyerd Bay that are the main attraction of Misty Fiords National Monument.

Next day a heavy wet chill had replaced the windy squalls. Rafts of murrelets and auklets drifted past with the tide as the resident bald eagles launched themselves from their nest at the top of the rock and headed across the canal to check out progress on the salmon run that was poised to start. Dark clouds of salmon were milling around at the entrance of every creek and the occasional fish would skitter through the shallows, dorsal fins exposed.

Tourist planes flew confidently in and out of the murk that hid a low mountain pass connecting Behm Canal with Tongass Narrows and its port of Ketchikan. Large catamarans also brought the more budget minded tourists on day trips, and the big silver vessels would slow as they passed the New Eddystone Rock a couple of hundred metres off, so the tour guide could give a commentary through a PA system.

We headed across to the shores of Revilligiedo Island where we saw a lone wolf patrolling the shoreline. Wet through after the rain and in its summer coat, it looked lean and ragged, but retained an air of confidence - showing no fear, just measured curiosity.

When the cruise ships departed, the tourist activity would cease and then things would be pretty much as they were in Vancouver's day; Admittedly the Tlingit Indians were gone and where Vancouver found the rock to be 'standing perpetually on a surface of fine, dark coloured sand', we found coarse gravel and boulders. But across the canal, the crescent shaped intertidal rock walls of the Tlingit fish traps were still intact and the salmon, bears and eagles went about their business as ever.

The crows especially seemed to be unaffected by the presence or absence of mankind. They have their own routines and are unmoved by our own diurnal rhythms. Good for them. After all, the essence of wilderness travel is fitting in to an unfamiliar and unaccommodating environment.

Malcolm Gunn

The New Eddystone Rock is in the middle of Behm Canal, which separates Revillagiedo Island from the mainland near the southern extremity of Alaska. The nearest port is Ketchikan which can be reached by the ferries of the Alaska Marine State Highway system.

The area is protected as Misty Fiords National Monument and kayak rentals and water taxis are available from Ketchikan. Paddling to Behm Canal from Ketchikan takes a couple of days and involves rounding Alava Point which has a reputation for severe weather and sea conditions from the southeast.

OVERSEAS REPORTS

Paddling the Whitsundays by Paul Hayward

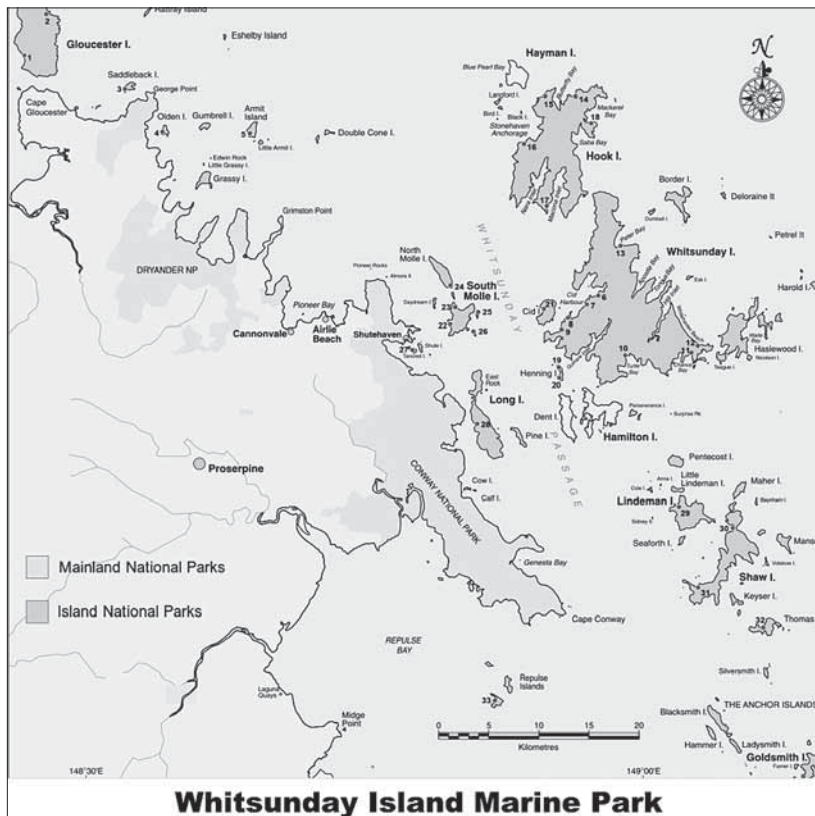
Rats! Don't go to the Whitsundays without a solution for the little darlings... and water. Solve those two and you've got a lovely mid-winter kayak destination, just over the horizon in the West Island.

We flew over last August - to celebrate a significant birthday (one of those mixed-blessing birthdays, greatly improved by sun & sand) and spent 10 days paddling some beautiful warm waters. Turtles, whales, coral reef snorkeling, stunning beaches and mountainous green islands - all the best bits of a South Pacific idyll - without any Dictators, dubious airlines or kava.

Campsites abound in the Whitsunday Island group - an extended archipelago of about 100 islands stretching some 100 km. While you could free-camp, we thought it better to respect the Marine Park environment by spending the \$5 each a night with the local DoC equivalent - the Qld Marine Parks people. They maintain 40-odd small campsites on about 20 of the islands - Whitsunday Island alone has eight. Most have excellent picnic tables and flat shaded camping areas - the sun is hot. Reasonably nice dunnies - some even have a roof!

Five years ago, when I first looked at doing this trip, a few of the island campsites had rainwater tanks. No more. Never found out why - but they are all gone and you have three choices for water. Carry it with you, get *Scamper* to bring you some, or beg / buy some from a resort island or a yacht. Keep in mind that it also costs them to get it (or make it) - and you can approach the negotiations politely.

We took the Queen of the seas, our folding Feathercraft K2, because it looks after us. Flew into Brisbane,



rented a car and drove north – exploring Queensland and glad of the flexibility it gave us. Left the car at Airlie and launched off for the islands just a few km off shore. Good grocer in Airlie and Dave Winkworth had been most helpful with some postal BackCountry.

We launched the K2 with her heaviest load ever – water-heavy. We had two big MSR bags, one medium Ortlieb and 2 el-cheapo Chinese specials from FCO (basically solar-showers without the tube). Note to self - water from the better bags tastes nicer. We also managed to carry several casks

of a rugged local red – just to stretch the water out a bit.

Tides are important here. Some few pinch-points are getting toward the French Pass level of excitement and deserve all your respect. Work with them and you can fly. Luckily, the distances don't need to be great. We had some great days paddling for an hour or two - to a new campsite - and then playing in the warm & scenic water. We also threw in a couple of long days – to reposition up to the top of Hook Island, where there is some extra fine snorkeling. Work the weather and the tides.

Paul and Natasha on the water after a pre-dawn start.



We took our VHF's and listened eagerly to the daily scheduled weather broadcasts – put out by the yacht-hire companies for all their ducklings. Moorings for yachts are in most of the bays, as nobody wants boats to drop anchor and damage the coral reef zones. There are lots of yachts about – but there never seem to be more than a couple in sight – it's easy to ignore them.

The goannas are seriously large beasts – but pretty gun-shy. The crows are cheeky as hell and will rip into anything going – think keas/wekas and you'll be on the right track. Rats were in too many of the campsites. With a hard-shell boat, you'd be OK. With a fabric hull, we had to be careful. We were glad we'd taken our two polycarbonate bear-proof cans from the Alaska trip – they frustrated the little beggars.

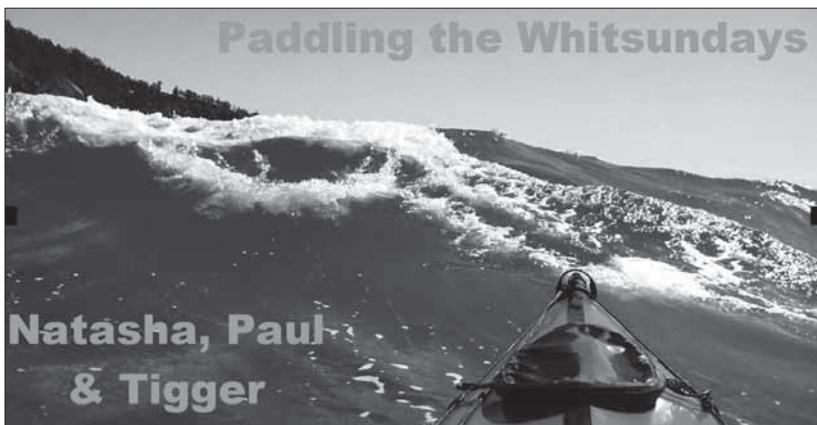
Crocs don't visit the off-shore islands and we had zero intention of experimenting with the mainland campsites. Jellyfish are 98% seasonal and aren't a major worry if you go at the right time of the year. Winds should be 0-15 knots most of the time and stronger winds seem well-forecast. Take good hats, lots of sunscreen and some insect dope – you'll have a fine time.

Lessons learned:

(a) Having your own boat is always good, but you could do worse than rent from the locals in Shute Harbour: Salty Dog Kayaks.

(b) *Scamper* runs a water-taxi service that will pick up / drop off kayakers. They also ferry groceries and water out to the campsites. Best to reach them by VHF (yours or a yacht's) – we didn't need their services, but it was comforting to know that they were there.

(c) Water is gold. We didn't count on being able to do this, but we sweet-talked about 10 litres at one of the boat rental wharfs in Hamilton Island's marina. You could probably do the same – or buy some bottled water. Cask wine was also easy to purchase at Hamilton – about 50 m from where we tied up.



(d) Just because it's warm doesn't mean the days are long. It's still mid-winter. Sun-up at 6 am and sunset (speedily) at 6 pm, saw us having the giggles at lights-out by 18:30. Caught up some sleep!

Paul Hayward and Natasha Romoff will flesh out this rather sketchy tale in March, at KASK Raglan – so bring questions or drop Paul an email if you need further info: paul@mmcl.co.nz



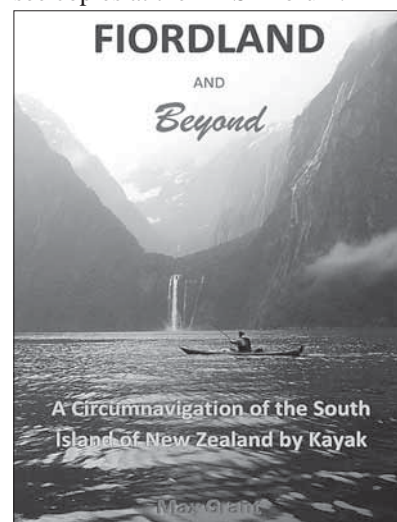
BOOKS

New Books and Guides to Paddling in Australian Waters by Paul Caffyn

New Books

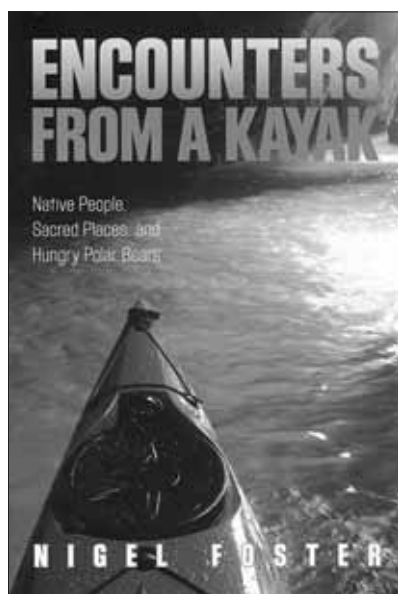
Fiordland and Beyond

Max Grant has advised that his book on the South Island circumnavigation, that he and daughter Melz achieved, is very close to being published. Titled *Fiordland and Beyond, A Circumnavigation of the South Island of New Zealand by Kayak*, the book will include 167 full colour photos and 15 maps. Max kept newsletter readers well informed re their progress around the South Island, and via his website but it will be rather good to see the narrative fully illustrated with colour photos. No details on price yet, but we may see copies at the KASK forum.



Title: *Encounters From a Kayak*
 Sub Title: *Native People, Sacred Places, and Hungry Polar Bears*
 Author: Nigel Foster
 Published: 2012
 Publisher: Falcon Guides
 Contents: 256 pp, index, sources, colour pics throughout
 Cover: softcover
 Size: 152 x 229 mm
 ISBN: 978-0-7627-8106-5

Nigel Foster has a new title in print, which is a collection of 39 articles previously published in various paddling magazines. The articles are grouped into sections, Creatures,

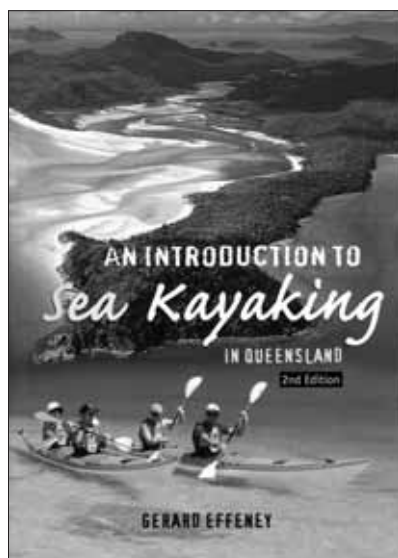


People, Places and Flotsam and Jetsam. A two page map shows the location of the areas paddled. One or two colour photos per article and occasional side bars on places or history add to the appeal of this book.

Australian Paddling Guides

As more and more Kiwi paddlers are heading across the ditch to experience paddling in tropical climes, I have listed some of the most recent and up to date paddling guides

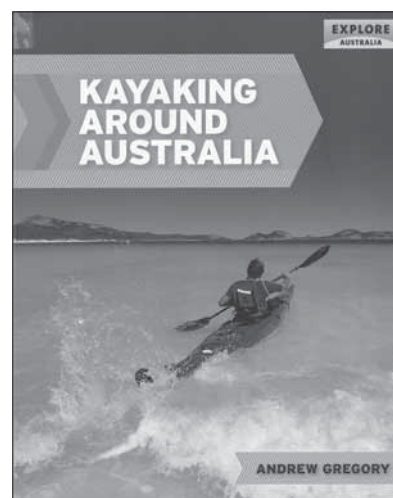
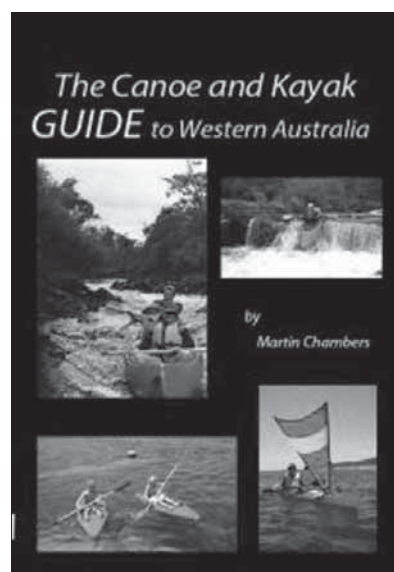
Title: *An Introduction to Sea Kayaking in Queensland*
 Author: Gerard Effenev
 Published: 2003 2nd Edition
 Publisher: Gecko Books, Queensland
 Website: www.geckobooks.com.au
 Contents: 154 pp, maps, photos, index
 Cover: softcover
 Size: 15 x 21 mm
 ISBN: 0-9751319-0-7



This is as well illustrated handbook to all aspects of touring in Queensland waters, with chapters on Equipment, Getting Started, Staying out of Trouble, Touring and a final 60 page chapter on 'Classic Queensland Tours.' Areas to paddle include Moreton Bay (near Brisbane), Fraser Island, Keppel Bay, Whitsundays, Hinchinbrook Island and The Daintree Coast (north of Port Douglas). A central colour plate section has detailed maps for each area, showing campsites and some superb photos. Contact details are listed for national park permits, transport and guides etc. Side bars on the nasty creatures on shore and at sea, along with excellent figures and black and white photos, topped up with a full index, make this a superb guide.

Title: *The Canoe and Kayak Guide to Western Australia*
 Author: Martin Chambers
 Published: 2012 2nd edition
 Publisher: author
 Website: www.martinchambers.id.au
 Contents: 132 pp, colour plate section, maps and b/w pics
 Cover: softcover
 Size: 145 x 206 mm
 ISBN: 978-0-9758388-9-1

Over 20 paddling trips are described, with location maps, for trips on the ocean, rivers and lakes of WA, from Esperance in the south, to Exmouth in the north. Each trip has a brief table listing trip type, length, features and maps.



Title: *Kayaking Around Australia*
 Author: Andrew Gregory
 Published: 2011
 Publisher: Explore Australia
 Website: www.exploreaustralia.net.au
 Contents: 375 pp, colour photos and maps, glossary and index
 Cover: softcover
 Size: 190 x 230 mm
 ISBN: 978-1741-173420

This beautifully illustrated book is not a 'how to paddle around Aussie' guide, but on a state-by-state basis, lists places to visit and explore by kayak. A detailed map accompanies each area guide, along with a 'Considerations' listing of tours/hire, camping, seasons, access, fishing, tips and other things to do. The double column text works well and the photos are superb, capturing the beauty of the Aussie coast. A tad too heavy to carry in the kayak, but for planning a paddling trip over the ditch, this books is a corker for trying to choose where to visit.

Book Queries

For any queries re sourcing titles or availability, please email me at: kayakpc@xtra.co.nz

Books for Sale

In a listing of new and secondhand paddling titles, I have over 40 books available. Email for viewing.

Past KASK Newsletters Available

Hard copies of most newsletters are still available - swap for stamps. On the KASK website, PDF copies of newsletters back to the dark ages can be downloaded.

HUMOUR

HOW THE FIGHT STARTED

1. Old Age Pension Application

After I retired, I went to the Work and Income office to apply for the old age pension. The woman behind the counter asked me for my driver's license to verify my age. I looked in my pockets and realized I had left my wallet at home. I told the woman that I was very sorry, but I would have to go home and come back later. The woman said, "Unbutton your shirt."

So I opened my shirt, revealing my curly silver chest hair. She said, "That silver hair on your chest is proof enough for me," and she processed my pension application.

When I got home, I excitedly told my wife about my experience at the WINZ office.

She said, "You should have dropped your pants. You might have gotten disability, too."

And that's when the fight started...

2. Early Morning Fishing

Saturday morning I got up before dawn, quietly dressed, made my lunch, and slipped quietly into the garage. I hooked the boat up to the van and proceeded to back out into a torrential downpour. The wind was blowing 50 mph, so I pulled back into the garage, turned on the radio, and discovered that the weather would be bad all day.

I went back into the house, quietly undressed, and slipped back into bed. I cuddled up to my wife's back, now with a different anticipation, and whispered, "The weather out there is terrible."

My loving wife of five years replied, "And can you believe my stupid husband is out fishing in that?"

And that's when the fight started...

3. Watching TV in Bed

My wife and I were watching *Who Wants To Be A Millionaire* while we were in bed. I turned to her and said, "Do you want to have sex?"

"No," she answered.

I then said, "Is that your final answer?" She didn't even look at me this time, simply saying, "Yes."

So I said, "Then I'd like to phone a friend."

And that's when the fight started...

4. Rear End Collision

I rear-ended a car this morning . . . the start of a REALLY bad day.

When the driver got out of the other car, I saw he was a dwarf.

He looked up at me and said, "I am NOT Happy!"

So I said, "Well, which one ARE you then?"

And that's when the fight started...

Breast-feeding

A man was riding a bus, minding his own business, when the gorgeous woman next to him started to breast-feed her baby. The baby wouldn't take it, so she said, "Come on, eat it all up or I'll have to give it to this nice man here."

Five minutes later, the baby was still not feeding, so she said, "Come on honey. Take it or I'll give it to this nice man here." "A few minutes later, the anxious man blurted out, "Come on, kid. Make up your mind! I was supposed to get off four stops ago!"

Old Pilot

An old Marine Pilot sat down at the Starbucks, still wearing his old USMC flight suit and leather jacket and ordered a cup of coffee. As he sat sipping his coffee, a young woman sat down next to him. She turned to the pilot and asked, "Are you a real pilot?"

He replied, "Well, I've spent my whole life flying planes, first Stear-mans, then the early Grummans, flew a Wildcat and Corsair in WWII, and later in the Korean conflict, Banshees and Cougars. I've taught more than 260 people to fly and given rides to hundreds, so I guess I am a pilot, and you, what are you? She said, "I'm a lesbian. I spend my whole day thinking about naked women. As soon as I get up in the morning, I think about naked women. When I shower, I think about naked women. When I watch TV, I think about naked women. It seems everything makes me think of naked women."

The two sat sipping in silence. A little while later, a young man sat down

on the other side of the old pilot and asked, "Are you a real pilot?"

He replied, "I always thought I was, but I just found out I'm a lesbian."

Annual Darwin Awards Winner

[Arkansas Democrat Gazette]

Two local black men were injured when their pickup truck left the road and struck a tree near Cotton Plant on State Highway 38 early Monday. Woodruff County deputy Dovey Snyder reported the accident shortly after midnight Monday. Thurston Poole, 33, of Des Arc, and Billy Ray Wallis, 38, of Little Rock, were returning to Des Arc after a frog-catching trip. On an overcast Sunday night, Poole's pickup truck headlights malfunctioned.

The two men concluded that the headlight fuse on the older-model truck had burned out. As a replacement fuse was not available, Wallis noticed that the .22 calibre bullets from his pistol fit perfectly into the fuse box next to the steering-wheel column. Upon inserting the bullet the headlights again began to operate properly, and the two men proceeded on eastbound toward the White River Bridge. After travelling approximately 20 miles, and just before crossing the river, the bullet apparently overheated, discharged and struck Poole in the testicles.

The vehicle swerved sharply right, exited the pavement, and struck a tree. Poole suffered only minor cuts and abrasions from the accident but will require extensive surgery to repair the damage to his testicles, which will never operate as intended. Wallis sustained a broken clavicle and was treated and released. "Thank God we weren't on that bridge when Thurston shot his balls off or we might be dead," stated Wallis.

Upon being notified of the wreck, Lavonia (Poole's wife) asked how many frogs the boys had caught and did anyone get them from the truck? Though Poole and Wallis did not die as a result of their misadventure as normally required by Darwin Award Official Rules, it can be argued that Poole did in fact effectively remove himself from the gene pool.

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**

KASK Annual Subscription

\$35 single membership.

\$40 family membership.

\$35 overseas (PDF email newsletter)

For new members, a special price of \$15 is offered for the KASK Handbook - \$50 for the sub. & handbook.

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
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:

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:
PO Box 23, Runanga, 7841 West Coast

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@aucklandcanoeclub.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

Ph: 07 883 6898

www.sportsground.co.nz/bayseakayak

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@kinect.co.nz

ROTORUA- KASK Contact

John Flemming

PO Box 1872, Rotorua

Ph: 07 347 9950

email: shakey@farmside.co.nz

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Ph: 027 292 3138

email: Woolhouse.Clark@xtra.co.nz

GISBORNE Sea Kayakers Club

John Humphris, 3 Matthews Rd, Gisborne

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email: thetrolls@xtra.co.nz

WELLINGTON Sea Kayak Network

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Melrose, Wellington

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email: sandy@energyadvantage.co.nz

www.wskn.wellington.net.nz

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email: kask@nelsonkayakers.co.nz

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email: d_sheppard@clear.net.nz

www.sportsground.co.nz/canterburyseakayak

OTAGO

Josh Sullivan

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email: Paddlingmountains@gmail.com

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Stan Mulvany

03 215 7263

email: eiger@xtra.co.nz

www.sskn.uniformnz.com

SKOANZ

Sea Kayak Operators Assn. NZ

email: pete@canoeandkayak.co.nz

Ph 027 452 9255

www.skoanz.org.nz

YAKITY YAK CLUBS

www.canoeandkayak.co.nz

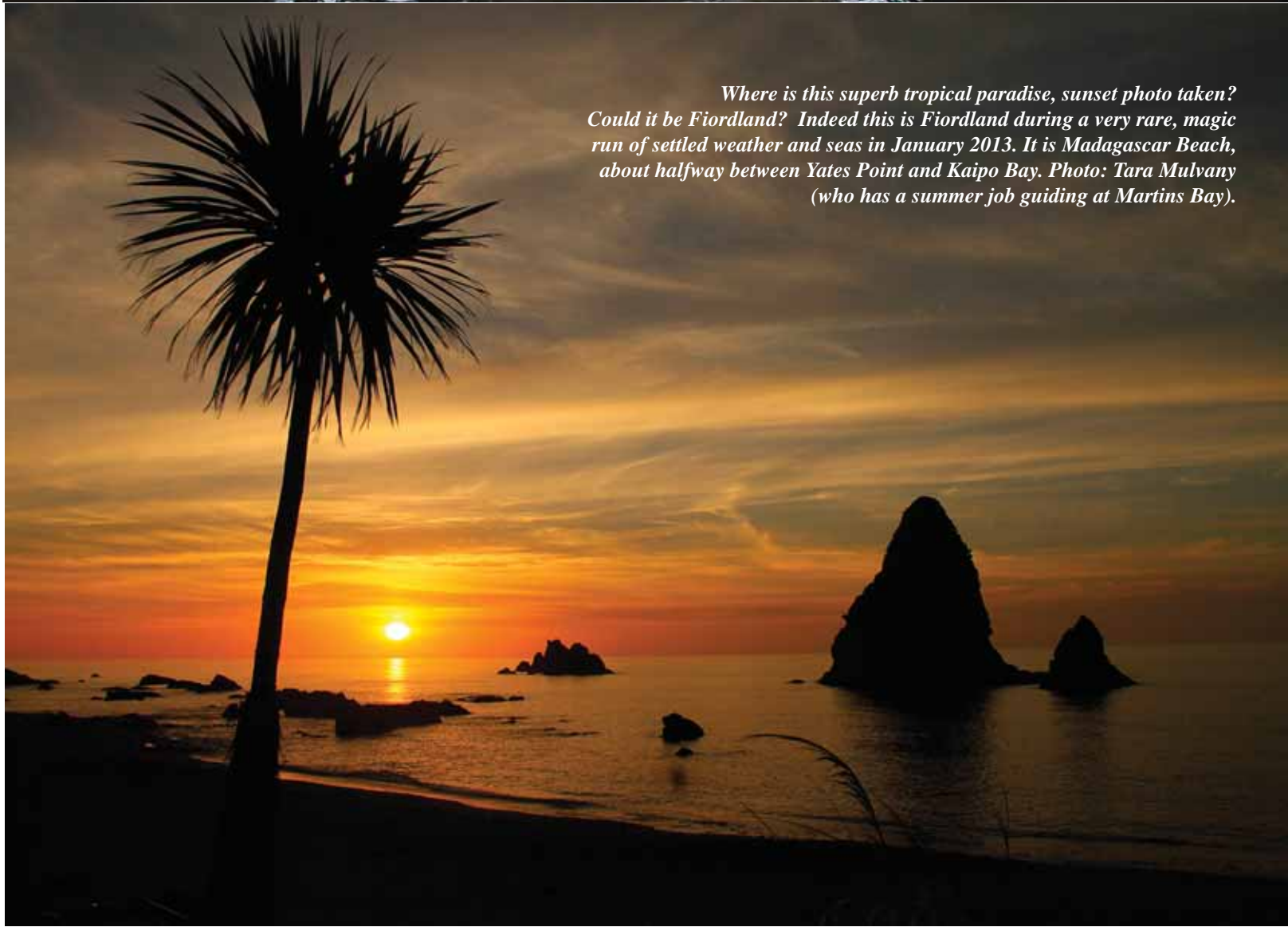
or freephone: 0508 KAYAKNZ

0508 529 2569

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

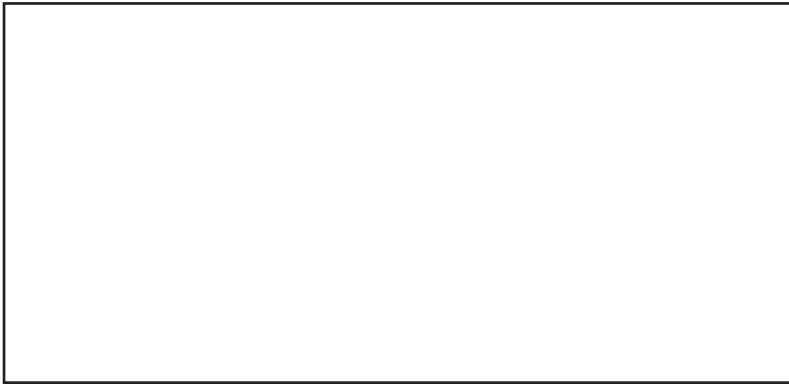


*At 404 m long, Pink Cathedral Cave on the Otago coast is now the 2nd longest surveyed sea cave in the world. Geologist and caver Nicolas Barth has been exploring and surveying the caves of Otago.
Photo: Dave Bunnell*



Where is this superb tropical paradise, sunset photo taken? Could it be Fiordland? Indeed this is Fiordland during a very rare, magic run of settled weather and seas in January 2013. It is Madagascar Beach, about halfway between Yates Point and Kaipō Bay. Photo: Tara Mulvany (who has a summer job guiding at Martins Bay).

MAILED TO



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



Susan Cade on a gorgeous day in Middle Fiord of Lake Te Anau. Photo: Sandy Winterton

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

