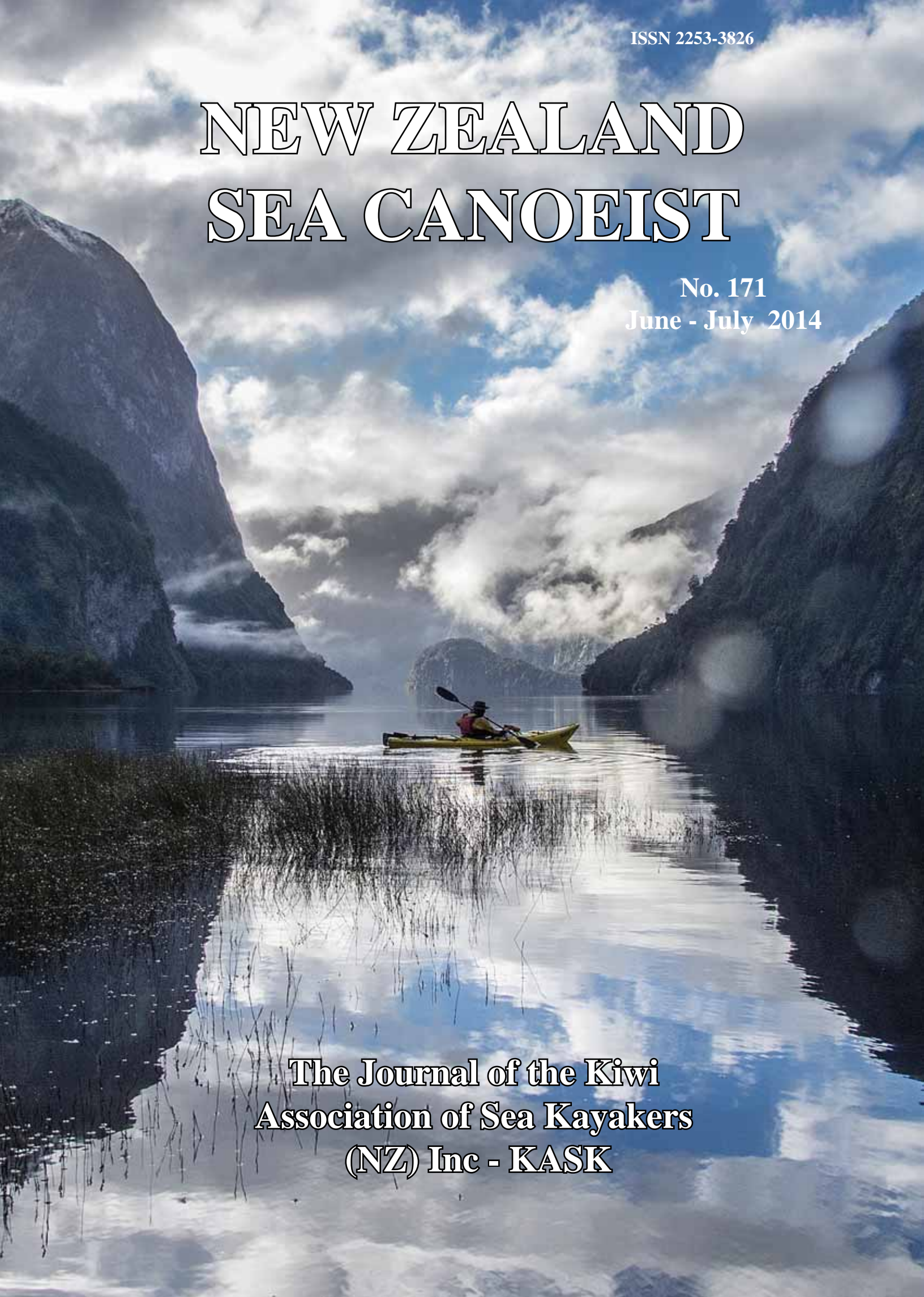


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NEW ZEALAND SEA CANOEIST

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



**Phil Alley, John Gumbley
and JKA in Doubtful Sound.
Photo: Dennis Hynes**



**Phil Alley on a misty Fiordland
day in Doubtful Sound.
Photo: JKA**

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Thanks to all the contributors

Layout & Editing:
Paul Caffyn

Proof reading:
Karen Grant

Deadline for next newsletter:
25 September 2014

EDITORIAL

New Zealand Sea Canoeist in Colour
While in Wellington, for the June MNZ hosted National Pleasure Boat Safety Forum, I talked with Mark Allen of Format Print in Petone, the company that prints and distributes the KASK magazine.

Many moons ago, Masterton paddler David Blake put a lean on Mark to produce the KASK magazine in colour, and I must admit to being near speechless when Mark made the offer over the phone. It has taken me a bit of head scratching to come to grips with going full colour, which is my rather limp excuse for the lateness of delivery. Profound thanks to Mark and Format for the brilliant offer without having to bump up our KASK membership fees.

KASK Subscriptions Due

31 July marks the end of our membership year. A renewal form with your contact details will be included with the magazine. Please renew promptly, and a plea from Karen Grant to include your name and/or membership number with direct credit banking.

KASK Forums

2014: If you left a kayak trailer at Anakiwa, contact Bevan Walker in Richmond, H (03) 544 7877 or email: nflight@xtra.co.nz

2015: Tim Muhundan and Rob Brown have the venue and program sorted for the Auckland forum next year. Not a lot of enthusiasm yet for organizing an International Kayak Week, but I hope paddlers like me will take the following week off for tiki-touring north of Auckland. The line up of speakers, instructors and presenters for the forum at MERC is pretty impressive, one of the best line ups ever.

Congratulations

To Scott Donaldson for going ever so close to completing a solo paddle across the Tasman. To see Mt. Egmont after all that time on the water

and then a week of easterly winds would have been a gut buster. At least his call for a rescue saved his life, unlike Andrew McAulay who also got ever so close to Milford but was unable to trigger his EPIRB after capsizing.

Also to Jason Beachcroft for knocking off an epic solo circuit of mainland Australia and Tasmania (see Dave Winkworth's story pp 12 – 13).

Tara Overseas

Tara's travels make me so jealous and envious. Her report (pp 9 – 11) on a leisurely paddle around Vancouver Island in British Columbia puts into words and images what I have enjoyed so much about expedition paddling, working with the weather and tides, making wise decisions based on sound experience, revelling in contact with big marine mammals and bumping into friendly humans in remote locations. But fancy throwing rocks at a wolf! The big girl's blouse.

Thanks

My thanks to all those paddlers who I leaned on for contributions to this first all colour magazine. I was 'almost' tearing my hair out over the dearth of articles but now am in the position of having more articles than you can shake a stick at for the next magazine. My apologies if you miss your article this time.

Magazine Topics

JKA suggested a regular page or two with reviews of your kit or equipment. A good range this time from sandfly armour, colourful tent pages and retractable wine glasses. If you have a favourite bit or kit, or a new purchase that will make paddlers so envious, please write a short novel and include a photo.

KASK Promotion

If you need new KASK membership brochures or some spares of past magazines to promote membership, please email me at: kayakpc@xtra.co.nz
Paul Caffyn

COVER

John Kirk-Anderson's photograph in Doubtful Sound captures the 'mystic' scenic magic of the big fjords, with this view out of Hall Arm. John Gumbley in the yellow kayak. Camera: Canon PowerShot G12 in a waterproof housing.

2014 ANNUAL KASK FORUM FOTO COMPETITION RESULTS

Competition judged by JKA and Paul Caffyn

Open

- 1st Susan Cade:

Two Kayaks in a Cave; lovely natural lighting (p.23 of the last magazine)

- 2nd Cathye Haddock:

Paddler in very choppy conditions on Lake Te Anau

- 3rd Chris Ingram:

Two kayaks on a bank of the Wanganui River

used the same photo for his 'race 'n brace' surf session, and the cat was out of the bag – so to speak.

- 2nd Allan Craig:

Success! – Owen Shrimpton surfacing after another completed roll at the Okains Bay training weekend.

- 3rd Diane Winter:

A red kayak broaching in surf

Seagulls in a line, lovely composition

- 3rd Peter Sims: Caspian terns, mum and chick

Action

- 1st David Winkworth:

Paddler in a red kayak broaching in a breaker. (Depot Beach in NSW – this superb action photo had no name or identification).

The competition judges decided that in lieu of no name, they would award themselves the prize, an 8 gig. memory stick, but unfortunately Dave had

Seascape

- 1st Geoff Giller: A late evening sea and sky scene of Stephens Island

- 2nd Susan Cade:

Te Anau Reflection; calm lake surface, blue sky

Humour

- 1st Peter Sims: Paddler doing a headstand on a sand dune with the caption: 'Won't play - want my kayak!'

Paddlers' Choice

- Susan Cade:

The photo that the highly esteemed judges awarded 1st prize in the open section.

For winning far too many of these awards, Susan Cade is required to help judge the 2015 KASK Forum foto competition.

KASK Committee 2014 - 2015

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Sandy Ferguson	- Webmaster	email: kayakamf@gmail.com
Paul Caffyn	- Publications	email: kayakpc@xtra.co.nz
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Robert Brown	- 2015 Forum	email: yakityyak1@hotmail.com
David Welch	- Committee	email: davidjwelch58@gmail.com
Adrienne Owen	- Committee	email: humare.wai@xtra.co.nz
KASK Administrator (Karen Grant)		email: admin@kask.co.nz

KASK KAYAKING KALENDAR

Marlborough Sounds Pilgrimage

Date: 15 - 16 November 2014

Where: Ratimera Bay DoC campsite

Dress: Steam Punk

North Island co-ordinator: Conrad Edwards: (04) 236 6193 H
conrad@conradedwards.net

South Island co-ordinator: Paul Caffyn (03) 73 11806
kayakpc@xtra.co.nz

Fall back date in case of bad weather: 29 - 30 November

KASK FORUM 2015

Date: 20 - 22 February 2015

Venue: MERC 1045, Beach Rd, Torbay, Auckland

The venue is booked, the program sorted with superb presenters, and the entertainment arranged.

The traditional Sunday campout is at Dacre Cottage, a mere 90 minute paddle. Dinner: soup, roast and dessert.

For more info: <http://paddler.co.nz/kask2015>

KASK FORUM PADDLE TROPHY AWARDS 2014

The Graham Egarr Memorial Paddle trophy 'In recognition for services to sea kayaking' was presented to **Tara Mulvany** for her outstanding solo, unsupported paddle around the North Island, making her the first woman to make this circumnavigation and complete a circuit of all three main islands of New Zealand.

The Graham Egarr Memorial Paddle trophy 'In recognition of the outstanding contribution to the *NZ Sea Canoeist*' was presented to **Colin Quilter** for his superbly written and illustrated article on a wee paddle from Milford to Dusky Sound (see pp 7-12 No. 169 Feb-Mar 2014).



Tara belatedly receiving her award at the 12 Mile

NEW ZEALAND TRIP REPORTS

This is Fine Country for the Waterproof Explorer (Richard Henry)

A Fiordland Winter Paddle by John Gumbley with help from Phil Alley, Dennis Hynes and John Kirk-Anderson

Late June-early July, four of us had *the best* kayaking trip each of us has ever had - 11 days kayaking in Doubtful and Dusky sounds.

Kayaks and gear loaded onto our two vehicles, we crossed Lake Manapouri on the Meridian Energy barge to West Arm. And, with our Department of Conservation (DoC) Wilmot Pass road user permit, we travelled the 50 minute road trip to Deep Cove where we stayed for a period at the Deep Cove Outdoor Education Trust hostel. The barge trip can be booked through Real Journeys without charge but be aware first and second priority is given to Meridian Energy and Real Journeys respectively. Not all passengers can necessarily travel on the barge in which case their passage is by the tourist boat. Note also last minute changes can mean barge use is unavailable and further, it is only in service on Wednesdays. The hostel, if not being used by education groups, is available for bookings at \$35/person. A great facility especially if empty as we experienced.

We only had four days at Doubtful Sound before getting a ride on a DoC boat to near Breaksea Island, Dusky Sound. The boat trip was possible because some of us are involved in DoC biosecurity programmes - see *Undaria* and Sea Splurge notes.

In the few days at Doubtful, we paddled Hall Arm, Crooked Arm and sections of Doubtful Sound itself. The landscape in the sound is extraordinarily majestic and

incredibly steep. The geology and marine environment are unique and stunning. Both sounds have their resident dolphin pods and we were treated with their presence in each sound - quite eerie having these animals loom up in the tannin-stained surface water and *eye* you at close quarters. Definitely go to the ends of arms and explore up their headwater streams.

'Campsites' are not easy to find, but a party of no more than four will find a space to string up flies in the forest and 'kind of place' a tent amongst the boulders and gravel in the larger (forested) alluvial fans. We located 'campsites' at the end of Hall and Crooked Arm and near Elizabeth Island, but did find that it can take up to 50 minutes to figure where to pitch tents.

Commercial operators have a campsite at Hall Arm and while we did not use it, it does apparently have tent site pads and toilet. At this time of year it is necessary to be mindful that it is not daylight until about 8 am and it quickly gets dark soon after 5 pm. A 30 km paddle for the day is almost too much by the time you get over gawking at the surroundings and then finding a spot to camp before dark, especially if it is overcast and hosing down. It is important to get reliable information on where campsites are possible.

We had fully overcast rainy weather for all but one of the 11 days of kayaking. But, it did not in any way prevent us from doing what we set out to do - have a wilderness experience, take in the magnificence of the place and to visit historic heritage sites. Fortunately it was never too windy and therefore not too cold. The only day when the wind and swell cautioned us to think twice, and take care, was on our return from Pigeon Island to Earshell Cove, in Dusky Sound, when choppy conditions would not have made a rescue at all pleasant.

The conditions prevented us for example from exploring the western side of Five Fingers Peninsula which is particularly exposed to southerly winds. The weather forecast was for snow to low levels, with strong wind warnings, but that seemed to be more inland and Milford Sound north. Fiordland weather is very changeable to say the least and on most days we had periods of heavy rain and occasional hail although in the week after we left, it was fine. The general advice provided to us was that late March - April and late July - August is generally more settled.

Doubtful Sound is definitely steeper and supremely majestic, and we have unfinished business there for sure, but Dusky was also a gem

*Must be a 'campsite' around here somewhere.
From left, JKA, John Gumbley and Phil Alley. Photo:Dennis Hynes*





The fiords are alive with the sound of falling water.

Photo: Dennis Hynes

offering a very unique history. Unfortunately Dennis had to retreat to the DoC boat due to injury but still had a great experience observing the *Undaria* research work. The three of us high-tailed, from our first campsite near the entrance of Wet Jacket Arm, via the Acheron Passage, to outer Dusky Sound where our primary focus was to see the historic sites described so well in Captain Cook's diaries (e.g. *Captain Cook in New Zealand*, Edited by A.H. & A. W. Reed 1951), Richard Henry's diaries and such classic accounts as *Dusky Bay* (A.C. & N.C. Begg, 3rd Ed. 1975 Whitcoulls). Both books have very good photographs, maps and sketches that proved helpful on the trip.

Richard Henry's house site, wharf and bird enclosure are located on Pigeon Island. It is extraordinary to think the ponga (punga) remains of the kakapo and little grey kiwi enclosures he built in 1898 still remain. He devoted 14 years of his life translocating these species to this island in what he believed was a 'safe haven' away from mammalian predators. His hopes dashed by the discovery that stoats could indeed access the island and his efforts thus futile. Stoats are very efficient killers and with their slightly webbed hind feet they have proved capable of swimming several kilometres. Incidentally deer browse was apparent in almost every place we stopped.

Another highlight was visiting Cascade Cove and Pickersgill Harbour to view Captain Cook's Astronomer Point (cleared on 28 March 1773), the sealer's boat haulouts and the places Cook described when he met a Maori family and where his crew fished and explored (see Dusky Sound historical archaeology note page 6).

On exploring as much of the outer Dusky Sound as the conditions allowed we spent a few days kayaking to the DoC hut at Supper Cove. Every day was a treat but there were some notably stunning sites including (Cook's) Sportsman Cove (Cooper Island) and Shark Cove. We could have explored much further, including paddling up the Seaforth River (the head of Supper Cove) which is apparently a very interesting forested wetland that can require some portaging. We just scratched the surface and the trip ended with us being helicoptered back to West Arm for the barge trip back across Lake Manapouri.

The best guide to understanding what Fiordland has to offer I suggest reading *Beneath the Reflections - A User's guide to the Fiordland (Te Moana o Atawhenua) Marine Area* - prepared by the Fiordland Marine Guardians (2008, Crown Copyright, p.132) available at www.doc.govt.nz. This publication provides a useful reading list and important advice on radio communication, protected areas, fisheries and biosecurity guidelines and a fiord-by-fiord guide.

Not a black and white photo, just a graphic JKA colour pic of heavy Fiordland mist falling on the surface of Dusky Sound.



Although rather grey and misty, a corker wind-free paddling day.

Photo:Dennis Hynes

Preparing for a remote trip like this, requires careful preparation including consideration to what might be best- and worst-case scenarios with everything in between. We were somewhat amazed to find that everything worked out as planned. The few days at Doubtful Sound proved to be somewhat of a shakedown to the Dusky leg in terms of what was needed and the kinds of conditions we might experience. It was very helpful to learn off each other as to what gear worked best.

JKA had a dry suit and needed to only wear a single layer of polyprop underneath. This meant he was always dry and in no rush to set up camp. He had an all-weather sleeping bag, plus a thin inner bag and importantly a Goretex bivvie bag. I wore four to five layers of polyprop under my cag (plus polyprop leggings and waterproof trousers - paddling trousers are better though) during the day, but found I cooled quickly when ashore. On a few days, pogies were handy and at



On the way out to Manapouri on the barge from West Arm.
Photo: Dennis Hynes

all times, both beanie and waterproof hat atop were fashion features. At night my old sleeping bag did not cut it, so I wore three layers of polyprop and a jersey. The dampness inside the tent meant the down in the bag did not hold up. Day clothing never dried overnight with the rain and tent condensation, but once paddling, of course the recycled wet gear soon became warm-damp - warm dry. We all had plenty of spare clothing in reserve.

Space in kayaks was at a premium. Comparing notes on what each of our emergency bags contained for example was thought provoking:

- a torch
- fire-lighting kit (flint lighter)
- the right-sized screwdriver/crescent etc.

Other items that worked included:

- a good tent undersheet
- a tent fly (with spare rope) that covered both tent and cooking area
- both a closed-cell foam and an inflatable mattress to provide good insulation from cold uneven ground
- a small thermos for midday soup was welcome
- laminated 1 km grid topo maps
- compressable dry bags
- notebook for recording tides, radio channels and what other kit would be useful
- i-pod (we sometimes hit the sack at 6.30 pm there being no point in sitting in the dark and in heavy mist with seemingly scant prospect of any blonde Swedish or German sheilas showing, this despite all pre-trip assurances received).

GPS satellite coverage was not always good especially when walking forested tracks but Red-band gumboots were ideal for walking around slushy campsites and boggy tracks.

What kai would be *more betterer* for next time? We're talking dehydrated rat pie, rat sorbet and strawberries n'

cream (some rat in it). JKA carries a small survival kit on his PFD, possibly for when he (yet again) turns the damper bread into charcoal.

Radio communications were somewhat haphazard despite our carrying personal VHF radios, a high frequency *butter-box* radio and DoC radios. Some parts of the Sounds were not at all good for radio comms. but we did get occasional weather forecasts and found line-of-sight comms. with fishing boats most useful.

Sandflies were a non-event at this time of year with repellent (and sunglasses) somewhat redundant.

In any trip, knowing your companions, each other's limitations and any medical issues, being clear on what the trip objectives are/are not is necessary especially when venturing into remote places. A team leader and safety person is a good idea if the group is more than three. When going to Fiordland, never, never be surprised at what the weather and sea conditions may present. Captain Cook and Richard Henry so eloquently described how calm and rough it can be over a short space of time. This place is truly a World Heritage site and a privilege to experience.

Notes on some Archaeological Investigations at Dusky Sound John Gumbley

Diaries and records made by early European explorers to Fiordland, particularly Dusky Sound, reveal a few aspects about the conditions, habitation and use by Europeans in New Zealand. After Abel Tasman's fleeting visit in 1642 it was not until 1769 when James Cook had three voyages to the region that in turn stimulated European interest in settling and exploiting the region.

Most of the first migrants were sojourners who spent short periods on New Zealand shores before departing. The archaeological record of their presence is sparse, in large part because most of the crews lived aboard ship on these visits. Shore camps are however recorded including Cook's camp

at Astronomer's Cove. Stumps of trees were recorded in 1895 and 1963 (Begg and Begg 1966) but Smith (1997) 'found no convincing evidence of stumps on the point that were in anyway distinguishable from other stumps in nearby hillsides' and 'metal detection yielded no response.' We felt convinced, in the short time that we were at the site, we were looking at Cook's crew cut stumps based on the ('axe cut') height of stumps and the tree type - size and specie

The only European settlements in New Zealand before the end of the 18th Century were from Dusky Sound. Fur seal hunting and shipbuilding were the primary activities of the first Dusky Settlement

in 1792-93, while ship-building and repair were the main focus in 1795-97. From these some discernible trace in the archaeological record remain namely ceramic, glass, nails, charcoal, clinker and metal fragments. In 1797 the *Britannia* had 12 men form a settlement no trace of which has been found. Over 10 months they processed 4,500 seals and almost completed construction of a 70 ton schooner.

The second (and 'unintentional') settlement in Dusky Sound, in 1795, was with the arrival of the leaking and decaying *Endeavour* and the *Fancy* from Sydney. The ships carried 244 people, made up of the ship's officers and crew, 50 passengers (mostly freed convicts, including one woman

and her three children) plus at least 41 stowaways (amongst them escaped convicts, including another woman). By 1797 all had left Dusky Sound. The wreck of the *Endeavour* was long known -two cannons were recovered from the sea floor in 1984, but it was not until 1998 that the onshore settlement was discovered. The stone chimney and cobblestone floor of this settlement is the oldest known European constructions in New Zealand. Investigation of the Luncheon Cove settlement on Anchor island has failed to locate evidence of buildings known to have been constructed there.

The fur seal recovery industry did not start in earnest until 1803 and was mostly ship-based sealing, where the ship served as a base from which gangs of men would use small boats to access seal colonies. Shore-based sealing usually involved depositing a gang, typically 6-12 men, at a

specific locality for a period, usually of 6-18 months, before they and their harvest were collected.

Maori were infrequent visitors to Dusky Sound and the two settlements seemed to have no opportunity for engagement.

The settlement of Australia was a planned process, conducted under Government edict and judicial control, with a constant influx of immigrants, so that by the end of the 1820s the European population was just under 62,000. During the same period New Zealand was a land outside any effective European jurisdiction, with no planned process of colonial settlement and a European population that reached no more than ca 250 people. Smith (2013) states New Zealand was at that time:

very much a resource frontier but suggests that the integrated Maori

and European settlements which emerged in the middle of the 1820s were an important venue for the cultural innovations that helped to shape New Zealand culture in ways that set it apart from Australia and other emergent nations of the Anglo world.

Acknowledgements to Assoc. Professor Ian Smith (University of Otago) for kindly providing the following papers:

- Archaeological Investigation at Luncheon Cove, Dusky Sound February 1997 (I. Smith and K. Gillies, 1997 report to NZHPT and DOC)
- Archaeological Investigations at Facile Harbour, Dusky Sound, February 1998 (I. Smith & K. Gillies, 1998 Report to NZHPT and DOC);
- Ephemeral Foundations: Early European Settlement of the Tasman Frontier (I Smith, *NZ Archaeological Association Monograph 29*, 2013, pp.9-3).

Fiordland Biosecurity Notes from John Gumbley

Sea Splurge (*Euphorbia paralias*)

For several years Sea Splurge has ranked high on New Zealand's pest plant surveillance list. Its chance discovery in 2012 at a sheltered embayment at Aotea (between Raglan and Kawhia) on the Waikato's West Coast has resulted in increased surveillance effort but it could have been found anywhere along New Zealand's west coast, including Fiordland. The species is likely to have drifted across the Tasman Sea from Australia. Sea splurge was originally introduced to Australia from Europe

Sea Splurge seeds are known to remain viable in sea water for several years. Further, in New Zealand conditions it can germinate at any time of year. It has the potential to seriously alter our dune plant communities, as it has in Tasmania and many areas between Sydney and Perth in Australia.

It should not be confused with the relatively widespread native New Zealand *Euphorbia glauca* but if in doubt photograph and report where you have found it. *Euphorbia glauca*



Photo above: Sea Splurge

stems are less erect, do not die off and the leaves are less symmetrically arranged.

Japanese (or Asian) Kelp (*Undaria pinnatifida*)

Native to Japan this highly opportunistic seaweed can form dense stands underwater, thereby excluding or displacing native plants and animals. It is found in almost all New Zealand's harbours but with the exception of a small find near Breaksea Island near Dusky Sound it is not known to have established

on the West Coast of the South island and in many parts of the North Island's West Coast.

Promising progress has been made in the past year towards totally removing the pest seaweed in Fiordland. Surveys conducted this year have revealed no presence despite an increased level of search effort. Although promising it is however too early to say whether the war has been won. Boaties play an important role in ensuring vessel hulls and marine equipment are free of fouling.

Undaria Asian Kelp



OVERSEA TRIP REPORTS

The Adventure Continues words and photos by Tara Mulvany



The most dangerous risk of all: the risk of spending your life not doing what you want, on the bet you can buy yourself the freedom to do it later.

Randy Lomiser

For years, I had dreamt of the Inside Passage on the west coast of BC, Canada. In my mind I'd pictured mile after mile of untouched wilderness, complete with misty mornings and pods of passing orca slipping silently through a glassy grey sea. My trip around the North Island had left me wanting more. So with a few pennies still left in my Australian bank account from the winter before, and in a moment of spontaneity I booked a flight. It was time to experience it for myself. I'd done no planning, but how hard could a loop of Vancouver Island be?

As it turned out, I barely made it into Canada. On arrival I was grilled by the immigration people for more than an hour, trying my best to keep my cool and stay well behaved, despite them accusing me coming to illegally work. My explanation that I really didn't want or need to work, and that I was only coming to paddle around Vancouver Island didn't help my case. Sharp remarks shot back, "People don't just paddle around Vancouver Island. Have you even planned where you're going to stay each night?" At 11 pm I was finally stamped in, and ran out of the airport before they could change their mind. I think they knew they'd just let in a hobo.

A few days later I caught the ferry across to the island and met up with Jaime Sharp, a kiwi living on the Island, who I'd met up on 90 Mile Beach during my North Island trip. Jaime is one of the few kayakers I know who truly is a master of all trades. He can paddle a K1 racing boat and not tip out, surf huge tidal races with ease in a long boat, paddle class 5 whitewater, as well as being able to pull off an impressive number of Greenland rolls with a matchstick paddle.

He convinced me to hang around for a week before I set off, and we headed to Surge Narrows, a place where the tide cranks the flow to around 12 knots. It was comparable to French Pass on steroids, and we surfed for hours, doing insanely fast crosses in swift water. Then that weekend we met up with a big crew and paddled some steep, intimidating class 4 whitewater, with huge slides and a couple of waterfalls. It was awesome.

But with my mission ahead, I waved a regretful goodbye to my new friend and paddled away, heading north up the inside passage. From day one I pushed into relentless headwinds. By day six I'd had enough of them, but after 11 days in a row of fighting hour after hour, I finally rounded Cape Scott at the top of the Island and swung my bow south.

On my last night in the passage, I camped on top of a steep gravel beach. The sky was foggy and the air was damp, but my fire glowed

and flickered, the only colour in my monochrome world. That night I read the description of this very beach in my guidebook: 'Expect numerous bears as this is a prime feeding area for them.' Hmm. I went with my theory of denial, zipped up my tent, shut the book and closed my eyes.

A few hours later I was woken by a loud noise - the long, loud exhales of a pod of passing whales, only metres from my tent, breathing magic into the still night air. I lay and listened. Early the next morning I was stirred from my sleep again, this time by orca - still no bears. In the dim light, I sat, curled in my sleeping bag, peering out the tent door. They swam slowly past, their huge black dorsal fins slicing through the eerily calm water, spraying spumes of mist that melted into the foggy air. This is what I had been waiting for, the passage in its grey, foggy, orca filled glory.

Two days later, I began my journey down the West Coast of the Island. I made raging bonfires on stoney beaches - fires that were probably bigger than what was necessary, but it was so much fun I couldn't resist. One afternoon I pulled up to a beach on a tiny island and fell asleep on a bed of dried seaweed. The next morning while I was happily eating my porridge, I looked up and spotted a wolf, about 10 m away, quietly watching. He was not at all scary like I had imagined, but I yelled at it, threw rocks and chased him away. Note to self, Jaime is always



right, camping on tiny island does not mean that there is nothing that can eat you.

I paddled with pods of huge whales, and squealed as 20 orca charged towards me, spraying mist into the sky. It was my lucky day - after having spent hundreds of days on the ocean, this was the first time I'd ever seem orca from my kayak. It was powerful, and just a little bit scary!

On a stony beach I found two glass buoys that had floated all the way across the north Pacific from Japan. I have wanted to find one of these for years! They were hidden gems on a beach covered in rubbish. Every single beach I pulled up on was littered with Japanese plastic junk. Centuries ago people left their mark on the planet with beautiful, stone structures and temples. But our mark? Plastic?! I couldn't help but wonder if an effort is being made to clean up the beaches of west Vancouver Island. I hope so.

Black bears roamed on deserted beaches, and I paddled with hundreds of sea otters, curiously watching me. They swam on their backs, rubbing their faces with their tiny paws - way too cute! I camped on the edge of the forest, surrounded by wildflowers, and on an island covered in strawberries. I was like a little kid in a candy shop - I ate so many that I couldn't eat anymore. It was so good in fact that I stayed a second night, just so I could continue the feast.

One afternoon I was paddling on the outer coast and was hit by a huge front, a wall of wind blowing a solid 35 - 40 knots. I surfed downwind, weaving all over the show with my rudderless boat. Working hard, I

flew towards the safety of an inlet, being soaked by the breaking swell with each wave from behind. Once inside, it was so windy that I flew 8 kms in 25 minutes, and I was barely even paddling, mainly just fighting to keep myself pointed downwind. Good times.

I didn't shower for 18 days, but it was all good. I considered my odour my bear repellent. I sneakily camped in a small bay tucked behind Hot Springs Cove. These tiny pools are visited by hordes of tourists each day, but that night, I was alone, watching the sunset from under a hot waterfall. It doesn't get much better than that!

A day later I arrived at Tofino, a little west coast town beside the ocean, complete with a lively, surfy vibe. I spent two nights under a roof while the rain poured down. It was a relaxing break after having spent more than two weeks alone on the remote west coast, and when the weather cleared, it was a hard decision to load up my boat with fresh supplies, wheel her down to the waters edge, and paddle away.

The sea was still a bit lumpy after several windy days, and it wasn't long before I was paddling along



The barefoot kayak kid enjoying the magic of cooking dinner on a remote, deserted beach. Vancouver Island in British Columbia, Canada.

to the mantra of, 'don't vomit, keep paddling, nooo - don't vomit'. To add to my discomfort I had a seriously sore bum, so bad in fact that the odd rogue wave sent a splash of salty water rolling down my face. Luckily my planned island home for the night was not far away, and soon I was lying in the sun on a white beach of crushed shells. A sign nailed to a tree hanging above had an interesting picture of a torpedo exploding, and some bold words saying, 'Danger! Keep Out!' Turns out my camping island was an old torpedo testing ground, but all good - I pitched my tent on the beach and decided not to venture into the forest. To be attacked by a bear would make a good story, but half blown up by a torpedo? Maybe not so.

From my torpedo island, I busted out a couple of big days, clocking around 150 kms in three days on a mission to get to the end. The seas were calm and seals basked in the sun on rocky outcrops. A couple of whales swam close by, occasionally lifting their giant tails before disappearing for a few minutes. They puffed huge breaths each time they surfaced, blowing up a small cloud of mist. Then one decided to blow in my face. If you've ever been this close to such a massive marine creature, you'll realize that this really isn't as cool as it sounds. Describing whale breath as being stinky would be more than an understatement. It was bad, very bad.

Nearing Sooke, and the point where I would turn towards the north once again, the forest slowly melted into houses, and lots of them. It was getting late, the sky was grey, I was soaked and sneaky camping possibilities didn't look good. But luck was on my side, and rounding a headland



I spotted a small building just above a stony beach with an upside down dingy hanging from its deck. I was stoked, and dragged my boat up high and dry, jumped under the dinghy and cooked a delicious feed.

An hour later the rain had cleared and I noticed that the house on the hill above had no lights on, and the blinds were down on all its windows. Perfect, time for investigating! Soon I discovered that the shelter above was unlocked. That only meant one thing, my home for the night! It's not trespassing if it's unlocked right? I went to sleep feeling smug and happy, and took a few pictures just to prove to Max Grant (the master of sneaky camp outs in unlocked buildings of all sorts) of my amazing find.

It was on this foggy night that I came to the realization that I really didn't want the trip to end anymore. I wasn't ready to finish, and I certainly didn't want to leave my simple hobo life behind, for one of your average tourist. So instead of finishing my trip in two days like I could have, I took eight, soaking in what was left of another awesome journey alone.

I ran nude down more beaches than I can count on my fingers and toes. Why? Because I didn't want to sleep in the clothes that I cooked in, otherwise I'd get eaten. So all my clothes, and food were sealed away in my kayak each night, hence a mad dash to the safety of my tent. The good thing about this, is that if I did happen to run into a bear, I'm certain he'd freak and never be seen again. Smart thinking I say.

On a sunny afternoon I paddled into the harbour at Victoria to spend a day

in the bustling city. I kept well clear of the boat traffic, paddling along the far side of the channel, but alas, I found myself dodging a floatplane that decided to try and land on my head. Or perhaps maybe I shouldn't have been paddling on the runway! A minute later a patrol boat motored up beside me. Leaning over the side, a rather stern looking man called out, "Do you know you're on a very busy runway?" Time to play dumb tourist. "Hmm yeah, I just discovered that. Sorry. I'm not from here." Note to self, watch out for planes, and keep off runways whilst kayaking in Canada.

That evening I found myself racing yachts, across to some islands a few kms offshore. The sea was glassy and I dominated, overtaking a number of boats and winning the race. If only I entered. My days from here to the end are all a bit of a blur, but filled with calm seas, countless islands and hazy horizons, all set under a temperamental sky.

Then on the last night of my journey I camped on a tiny island - the same place where Jaime and I camped on the first night of my trip. Mosquitoes buzzed, flames flew high, and sitting on a pile of logs I couldn't help but reflect on yet another memorable trip. I did not feel much of a sense of achievement, other than the fact that I'd paddled around the entire west coast with a road map, and I'd guessed the tide and current times each day and survived.

This trip wasn't about doing anything hardcore - it was about experiencing a new country from kayak level, paddling with new wildlife, and living life under a starry sky in a foreign kind of wilderness.

In the past nine months, I have paddled more than 4,000 kms and life has been easy and good. But it hasn't all been perfect. There have been days when all I wished for was a home (it's been two and a half years since I have had a home, other than my tent), a warm bed and a non-leaky therm-a-rest. Days when I was wet, cold and hungry, but all I could do was keep paddling, battling into the wind for hours and hours, salt water running down my face and my hands stinging beyond numbness. But like always, the intensity of these 'character building' moments fades with time, and I'm glad that I can look back and just giggle, feeling happy that I gave it my best shot.

With my journey at its end, I found myself sitting on the ferry, looking out towards the hazy outline of the Gulf Islands, and the smoky blue hills of Vancouver Island behind. The features of the land slowly faded away, but I hope that the memories of my experiences on this coastal island will stay with me, for a long time.

Tara Mulvany



Tara with 67 years old Olek Doba, who completed a 6,000 mile paddle across the Atlantic Ocean; at a recent paddlers' award ceremony at Salt Lake City in the USA.

OVERSEA TRIP REPORTS

AUSTRALIAN CIRCUMNAVIGATION THE FULL MONTY

words and photos by David Winkworth

On a windy and sunny Saturday June 28th 2014, Jason Beachcroft landed his *Nadgee* sea kayak at Rose Bay in Sydney Harbour to complete a 17 month 17,000 km circumnavigation of the Australian mainland AND Tasmania.

His trip included a west and east Bass Strait crossing to include Tasmania in the journey. Jason is the first person to have included Tasmania (hooray say the Taswegians!) and the fourth to complete a mainland circumnavigation. His trip was unsupported and he paddled without sail assistance.

Jason filed concise and occasional blogs during his trip, which were in stark contrast to the wordy tome penned by Freya Hoffmeister during her Aussie circumnavigation.

Jason was escorted in to Rose Bay by 10 NSWSKC paddlers to the cheers of about 50 friends, family

and TV media. He looked a little weatherbeaten but was all smiles and a little sad that it was all over. No pavlova in the face for Jason but NSWSKC President Campbell Tiley dosed him well with champagne! We all shared in his "Australia Cake" complete with plastic shark and crocodile (see photo on p.13)

Jason broke a couple of ribs in the SA surf, had plenty of shark hits to his kayak during the trip and one interesting close encounter with a crocodile: He was in his tent, camped for the night on a small island off the Kimberley coast in WA, when he heard the unmistakable sound of a kayak being dragged on the beach – his kayak! Darting out of his tent with his torch, he saw a crocodile trying to drag his kayak into the water! A short tug-o'-war ensued, the crocodile eventually letting go when Jason gave it a few whacks with his handspear.

"So you won the tug-o'-war then?" asked a Channel Ten reporter.

"Yes" said Jason, "I needed the boat!"

Jason had a difficult time at Steep Point, the most westerly point of Australia, and the jumping off point for the first of three long cliff sections of the trip. For paddlers rounding Australia in an anti-clockwise direction, they face strong prevailing headwinds for this 200 km no-landing cliff section.

Jason was forced to wait six long weeks at Steep Point for suitable weather to traverse this section. He did have some thoughts of abandoning this attempt and coming back another time, but to his credit he held his focus and the winds did abate to allow him through.

Jason said his favourite sections were the WA Kimberley coast and the west coast of Tasmania.

Jason in sight of his final landfall after his epic solo kayak circumnavigation of mainland Aussie and Tasmania.





Jason running his Nadgee's bow onto the sand of Rose Bay beach, after a marathon 17,000 km paddle

"I'll definitely go back paddling there" he said.

Jason is an outdoor instructor and works for a company at Jindabyne in the Snowy Mountains during the winter. Coinciding with his landing in Sydney was a big dump of snow in the mountains and Jason was keen to strap on his skis as soon as possible!

Another epic Around Australia paddle comes to an end. Bloody well paddled Jason! So, what now for big circumnavigation firsts in our part of the world? Have we now passed

through a 'Golden Age' of kayak circumnavigations. What's left to do? Perhaps the attention of long distance paddlers will turn to open ocean epics.

The beautifully decorated circumnavigation cake, crocodiles, sharks and all.



Jason cleverly dodging the champagne



Dave gives Jason a celebratory hug on the beach at Rose Bay



OVERSEA REPORTS

WEST ISLAND BITS

by David Winkworth

An Apology

Firstly an apology: Di Morgan, who assisted me in rolling tuition at the last Forum, magically became Di Fisher in the text! 'Don't know how - but she did. My mistake and my apologies to you Di.

Dangerous Wildlife

You're on a long kayak expedition - what dangerous wildlife would you choose to face: Crocs and sharks or polar bears? That IS a tough one and a pretty rotten choice to have to make - but if I HAD to choose I do think I'd go for the crocs and sharks.

There's something really sinister about polar bears stalking their prey. Just like saltwater crocodiles they do stalk their prey. They spot you and then plan to eat you don't they! Sharks are another thing altogether. Many scientists believe that sharks mistake us for more desirable prey like seals. Problem with a shark bite though is that it often results in massive trauma and that is a problem you just do not want to have in remote areas.

When I land for the night on a trip, having to contend with polar bears around camp would make me very, very nervous. Sharks and crocs on the other hand are waterborne predators so I can leave them behind at the water's edge when I land to camp.

Anyway, back to my polar bear story - In 1999, my friend Arunas Pilka was attacked by a crocodile on a remote North Queensland island during a kayak trip with me and another friend. The following year, the year of the Sydney Olympics, a TV production company approached us about doing a story and re-enactment of the crocodile attack and rescue.

They were doing a series on human encounters with wildlife for American TV pre Olympics and we were the croc story! Other segments in-



*Polar bear and Cubs.
Photo: Jillian Wilson*

cluded hippos, black and brown bears and - yes - polar bears. This company flew us to Darwin for a few days, put us up in palatial digs overlooking the water and we did the filming there in a remote section of the harbour. A few years later I found out that wildlife rangers remove around 250 crocs from Darwin harbour each year!

Sitting on the verandah of our Darwin apartment one evening, sipping a cold beer as a thunderstorm light show cracked over the water (it was the wet season), the producer told us they were about to jet off to Greenland to interview a seal hunter who survived a polar bear attack. In fact the seal hunter killed the polar bear by stabbing it in the heart!

Now, polar bears are huge animals and the thought of a human taking one on with a knife - and winning - was - well - almost unbelievable. The story went that this fellow knew that polar bears are left-handed, ducked under the initial left paw swipe and lunged upwards to its heart with his knife!

Well, we sort of didn't believe the story but here was this producer and

film crew preparing to jet half way around the world to film this guy! Maybe there was something in it - and then again maybe they'd find the polar bear with a bullet hole to accompany the knife cut!

It all recently came back to me when I read Jon Turk's 1998 book *Cold Oceans*. He is an American adventurer who recounts stories of sea kayaking in Tierra del Fuego and Greenland. Now he had a polar bear encounter without any weapon, in which he was prepared to duck the left paw swipe so I suppose when confronted by one of these monsters you'd go for any trick you could think of! Turk was lucky because the bear turned and left him untouched.

If you google 'left handed polar bears' you'll find all sorts of advice against relying on polar bears to be south paws. You have been warned!



*Huge North Queensland saltwater crocodile, from the non-biting end, although the solid tail is to be avoided when it starts wagging.
Photo: a very nervous Paul Caffyn*

Jason Beachcroft Coming Home

So good to be in Sydney recently at Jason Beachcroft's paddle-in after 17 months and 17,000 kms around Australia. Jason is a quiet fellow, his gear is well maintained and organized and he has the steely resolve needed to do this huge trip. He didn't take unnecessary risks - indeed some of the days when I thought he would paddle he sat tight in camp - and waiting six weeks for suitable paddling weather to attempt the long Zuytdorp Cliff section was proof of that. I hope you all get to meet him one day! (see p.12 with Dave's report on the finish to Jason's trip).

Aussie Events

'Driving up to the Queensland Sea Kayak Club's 2014 Symposium in a few days. It's being held on North Keppel Island, a pleasant 15 km paddle off the mainland. 'Report in the next *NZ Sea Canoeist*.

Gear Maintenance

On a recent trip, I had two rubber hatch lids fail completely. Two in the one trip! To be fair, though they were old and didn't click on like they used to, but they had been lovingly and regularly sprayed with Armor-All. Pieces of plastic kept the hatches watertight till I got home where I replaced all three of them.

Replacing the hatches, and my sprayskirts a month two beforehand, reminded me that we should view these items as consumables - and not items that will go on forever. Maybe we sea kayakers are a tight-ass bunch of paddlers! I've seen plenty of threadbare gear around!

Video Clips

There are a couple of sea kayaking videos on YouTube you might enjoy: type in 'Skinning Chickens.' You'll have to scroll through a page or two of feathers and guts to find them. 'Not really instructional sea kayaking...more examples of good filming and what you can do with a reliable roll when you have some swell and a good seal landing spot. These videos were shot at Broughton Island off the NSW coast, by Larry Gray, adventurer, filmmaker and designer of the *Pittarak* sea kayak. The

title will become evident towards the end of the videos. The videos are pretty good viewing. Have fun!

Those 'Bugger!' Moments

Some sea kayaking events and mishaps just stay in your mind, don't they? One for me was a week's paddling in the Great Australian Bight with a group of South Australian kayakers about 10 years ago. A 'boat break' in this trip led me to suspicions about the strength of a common form of cockpit construction. Anyway, here's the story first. I'll discuss the cockpit construction next issue.

Eleven of us paddled out of Streaky Bay on the Great Australian Bight coastline. This was to be a supported trip as we had the luxury of a 4WD and catering trailer. Our plan was to paddle east and meet up with the vehicle each evening.

On the second day out we paddled around Point Westall to head south east across Sceale Bay. We had hoped to sneak inside a big reef but the swell was way up and breaking right through to the cliffs. I should point out that there were no visible rocks on the reef at all - it was just big, big water this day.

Since rounding Point Westall I had been watching the western outer edge of the reef and saw it break twice in perhaps the hour it took us to get close to it. They were very big waves by anyone's standards and

I made a mental note to avoid this area.

As we headed out to sea, I think we were swept towards the western reef edge by a current - because that's where we ended up - still well clear of the breakers to our left but close enough to appreciate their size.

The main group was ahead and I paddled in a group of four paddlers. Phil and Dave were about 30 metres astern of us as the tail end paddlers. As I scanned the horizon for big waves, I wished I'd taken a compass bearing of the boomers I'd seen earlier.

A big wave appeared in front of my group. We cleared it OK and I watched Phil and Dave crash down the back of it after getting airborne over it.

I looked back to seaward. "Christ, here's another one."

This wave was bigger. We all paddled hard and now the four of us were airborne getting over it. I heard the crash of the wave behind us and knew that Phil and Dave were in there somewhere.

We turned around and could see nothing at first - just masses and masses of foam and whitewater. Then I saw Phil, well back, roll up but there was no sign of Dave. Eventually Dave did surface - he was out of his boat and in the cold water.

Part of the Point Westall massive reef break.

Photo: Dave Winkworth





*Towing the broken kayak. A 'V' tow was necessary for this.
Photo: Dave Winkworth*

Dave's kayak was full of water and broken in half behind the cockpit, the two halves held together by just a small section of hull material. His rudder was bent 45 degrees and ripped out the side of the hull. Phil's kayak was intact but with split seams and was leaking in every compartment.

Interestingly, Phil and Dave adopted different strategies on the wave face. Dave attempted to paddle over the

wave but it broke on him and he was pitch-poled backwards three times. Phil said later there was white water above and below Dave's 5.8 metre kayak. Phil, who was just behind Dave, elected to turn parallel to the wave and roll over to wait out the turbulence before rolling up.

Dave's paddle, which was tethered to his wrist was never seen again, nor was his radio or any of his day hatch gear. It was all gone.



So now we were in rescue mode. The water was cold and we had a fair way to go back so we put Dave up on the back of a two kayak raft towed by another two paddlers in a V-tow. Dave's kayak was fully swamped and towed like a parachute - so we needed another V-tow configuration for that as well.

This rescue required six paddlers!

I ran this scenario out at sea on a recent training weekend and the paddlers handled it fairly well although one commented: "This wouldn't really happen, would it?"

Next issue, I'll look at the break.
Dave Winkworth



Paddling on a sea of foam formed by the massive reef break

*Dave Williamson's dry perch on the rear kayak decks during the rescue.
Photo: Dave Winkworth*

BOOKS

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

Paddling 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

Unfolded 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.

Marine Fauna

Blue Penguin by Kerry-Jayne Wilson

The blue penguin (*Eudyptula minor*) can be found around most of New Zealand, on the Chatham Islands and in southern Australia. This, the smallest of all penguins, goes by a variety of names, blue penguin, little penguin, little blue penguin, in Australia fairy penguin, and on Banks Peninsula, where many of the local birds have some extra white on their flippers, white-flipped penguin.

Despite the choice of names they are all currently treated as one species; but are they? Genetic studies done firstly at Lincoln University and now at Otago University suggest that there are in fact two species of blue penguin, but the distribution of the two is rather strange. The two forms look alike, only genetics researchers (using DNA) and presumably penguins can tell them apart.

The New Zealand form breeds on the Chatham Islands and around all of New Zealand except Otago. The so called Australian form is found from just north of Sydney, south and west almost to Perth, and also in Otago. How could this peculiar distribution come about? Researchers at Otago University are currently trying to solve this conundrum, but one theory suggests that the species originated in New Zealand then colonized Australia.

Sometime, perhaps after the arrival of Maori but prior to Pakeha settlement, blue penguins became extinct in Otago; that corner of New Zealand later being recolonized by vagrant Australians. Australian type birds do occur in small numbers elsewhere in New Zealand and conversely New Zealand birds stray into Otago, but by and large the two forms keep to themselves.

Blue penguins may choose to breed in any dark location close to the coast. Most use burrows dug by the birds themselves, some



Nesting Pair of Blue Penguins. Photo: Kerry-Jayne Wilson

nest in caves and crevices, while others find suitable shelter beneath sheds, houses or baches where their nocturnal caterwauling is not appreciated by all property owners. They lay two eggs which both male and female take turns to incubate.

Once the chicks hatch they are brooded in turn by one parent while the other feeds at sea, bringing home partly digested fish or squid for the ravenous chicks. After a few weeks the chicks demand so much food they are left alone in the burrow while both parents forage at sea returning at one to three nightly intervals to feed the chicks. In good years both chicks might fledge, more often only the stronger will get enough food to survive. Smaller, weaker chicks get food only once their stronger siblings are satiated.

Most of New Zealand blue penguin populations are in decline but the cause of the decline varies from one part of the country to another. In eastern South Island areas introduced predators are a major threat with ferrets and stoats probably the most important predators. On the West Coast of the South Island, free ranging dogs and road kill are the most serious threats. There, the West Coast Penguin Trust has built a fence along that section of the Coast Road where most penguins have been killed to prevent penguins straying onto the highway.

Dogs are a major threat to all mainland breeding penguins. Please be a responsible dog owner; keep your dog off the beach at night when blue penguins commute between sea and colony, and in the southern South Island dogs should not be on beaches late afternoon and early morning, the commuting hours for Fiordland crested and yellow-eyed penguins. Never let your dog loose in coastal vegetation where penguins might be nesting.

Sea kayakers have some of the better opportunities to see and enjoy New Zealand's penguins. On land penguins are usually shy and frequent dark and inaccessible locations, but at sea they can be quite approachable especially so by slow moving quiet vessels such as kayaks.



Equipment Reviews

Peak UK Headcase by John Kirk-Anderson

What a great bit of kit! I was given this stretch-neoprene skull cap to try out by Daniel Farber of Christchurch company Long Cloud Kayaks: longcloudkayaks.co.nz/neoprene-skullcap

It's first try-out was a week paddling in the Marlborough Sounds following the Anakiwa KASK Forum. The week was memorable for rain and wind, good company, and a warm head!

I came away very impressed, as it wrapped around my head without being too constricting and kept me warm even when wet.

On landing I gave it a quick wring-out and it served well as a beanie around the camp. My fibrepile balaclava saw very little use after I worked out how useful the Headcase was, both on and off water.

On a recent trip to Doubtful and Dusky Sounds in Fiordland I wore it nearly every day of the three weeks

Still hard to recognize without his former distinctive moustache, JKA's selfie in Doubtful Sound shows the new headgear in action on a grey Fiordland day.



we were there.

In those three weeks we had three days when it didn't rain, and those were when we were coming home.

Even while soaked it wasn't heavy and retained its warmth. Wind didn't cut through it and it stayed snug.

Once again, on landing it got a quick wring and went straight back on my head where it stayed until I went to bed.

Another advantage was the few sandflies that were active in winter couldn't get through the fabric, which left a nice demarcation line just above my eye brows, a stylish look! (see photo below).

Modified Tent Pegs by John Kirk-Anderson

A small project that proved very useful was to paint my tent pegs, and drill holes in them for cord loops.

A friend, Peter Sullivan, used his drill press to bore holes through the aluminium shafts. I then dipped them in etching primer and top coated with bright yellow paint.

I tied a short loop of cordage through the hole, in this case yellow paracord with a reflective trace woven through it.



JKA's colourful tent peg

In use I tied the tent guy ropes either through the loops, or around the pegs as normal.

The yellow colour made them easy to see in the gloom of the forest floor, and the cord loop made pulling them out very easy, even when everything was wet and slippery.

I know the paint will peel off with use, but re-painting won't be hard, and I believe that the holes are small enough that it is unlikely to effect the strength.

Jumbo Kayak Trolley Wheels by Dave Winkworth

Devilish clever these Aussie paddlers! With the growing popularity in NSW and Victoria of 'balloon type' trolley wheels for traversing soft sand, Graeme Thompson, Kerrie Vogel and Dave Winkworth set to work to improve the current set-ups.

Said Graeme, "We looked at deck storage for these bulky wheels and wondered if they would work better with the kayak on top of the wheels instead -so we tried a couple of big excavator wheels. The buoyancy is incredible and we found we can actually put two kayaks on them!"

"It's slowed us down a little," said Kerrie, "but we don't take any water at all over the bows now!"



Dave Winkworth's 'attractive' Trolley Wheels

A slight problem for the design team is that their big test trolley got away from them on a sloping beach recently and took out a couple of sunbath-

ers. Police are investigating.

"A few bugs to iron out but nobody gets in our way now!" said Dave.

Essential for the Kayaker's Kitchen by Paul Caffyn

It is preferable to drink fine Aussie reds out of fine crystal glasses, but for those who ascribe to the minimalist style of kayaking packing, and who are concerned with beer drinkers knocking over and breaking those expensive glass goblets, *GSI Outdoors* nesting wine glasses are an essential accoutrement for the discerning gourmet paddler. Available in both slender white and red 'balloon' styles, the base of the glasses unscrews and clips into the rim for packing.

Since aliens abducted my favourite plastic nesting glass at a Sounds' Pilgrimage, I have been on the lookout for a replacement. I was able to order a set of the GST glasses through Bivouac in Wellington. Price is a tad on the steep side at \$16.95 each, but just wait till the next Pilgrimage and I can show off my new red nesting wine glasses.



Anti-Sandfly Armour by Iona Bailey

This email is prompted by reading the latest (excellent as usual) Newsletter. Here we are in Long Sound under full anti-sandfly armour last week. These bug jackets worked brilliantly. There is a zip opening for eating which allows the hood to be popped back over the head when the little buggers have lost the scent. And if others are as fortunate as we were to experience warm, sunny days in Fiordland, then the jackets may be worn over short sleeves too. They are light and take up very little space. I bought them on line from: Rei.com

They are called Coghlan's Bug Jacket and cost US\$15.50 (not including postage).
Cheers, Iona



HISTORY

Kayak of Wood Young Man of Iron by Margot Syms

To be a true adventurer must be in the blood from birth. The New Zealander David Lewis, of *Ice Bird* fame among other things, started young. As he describes in his memoirs *Shapes on the Wind*, he had a great idea to celebrate his leaving school in 1934 at the age of 17.

He built a kayak of wood and canvas (see photo), and intended to travel home from Wanganui to Auckland in it, 430 miles by river, lake, portage, and harbour. However the headmaster did not think it was such a great idea and forbade him. A letter from his parents (of iron) giving their permission saved the day.

None of his schoolmates had their hands up to accompany him (or maybe their parents would not put pen to paper), so he went alone. He comments in the book that this first adventure took shape in the same pattern as all the others in his life – starting with a dream becoming an obsession, making a commitment, and working out how to fulfill it.

For this journey he studied maps, researched accounts, thought about gear - for example taking a groundsheet to wrap himself in at night rather than blankets as he anticipated getting wet. And he no doubt gave his kayak a good trial on the water. For the portages he made a trailer with bicycle wheels which he could stow in the kayak.

The whole journey took 50 days. The map shows his route paddling up the Wanganui River to Pipiriki, a portage via Raetihi to paddle the Tongariro River and across Lake Taupo. On the Waikato River, he had to portage around the Huka Falls and other rapids. Rather than go out to sea at Port Waikato, he portaged across to the Waiuku River, and went down this into the Manukau Harbour. A final portage across the Auckland

isthmus to the Tamaki River, then a paddle on the Waitemata Harbour to Takapuna beach and home.

While along the route he would have met people, and hopefully relayed progress home with the odd telegram, but all the same he still would have had some long periods alone. During the portage between the Wanganui and Tongariro rivers he experienced hallucinations, like seeing creeks which did not exist. Several times during his later adventures he had similar hallucinations, so they must be par for the course during such lonely trials. Not

that he would have had the comfort of knowing that, as a young man on his first big adventure. A capsizing in the icy Tongariro River disheartened him, but he did not give up.

When one stops to think about it, the maturity, tenacity and skill of a 17 year old to complete this feat is exceptional. Then most of what David Lewis achieved during the rest of his life is too.

Shapes on the Wind is his memoirs written in his 80s. It is a good read, so if you don't already know it seek it out.

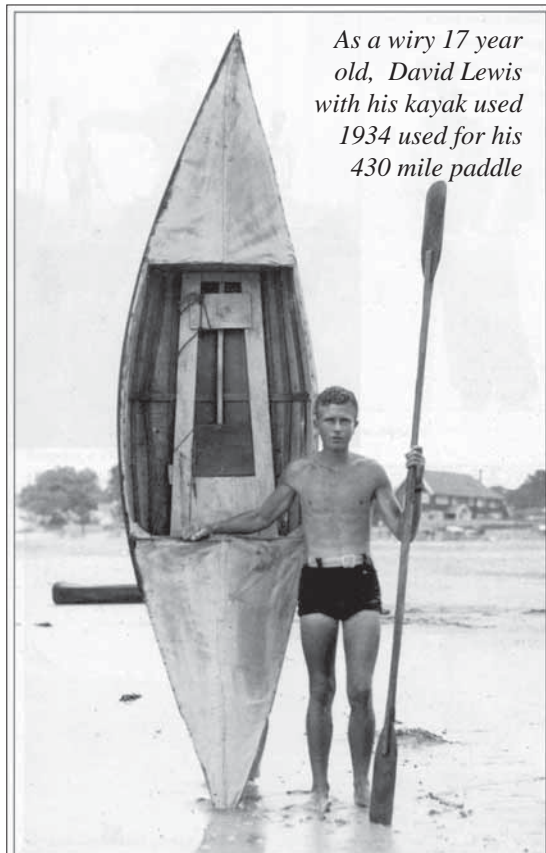
Acknowledgements:

Shapes on the Wind, HarperCollins (Sydney), 2000. Photos and summary of pages 13-14: reproduced by arrangement with the Licensor, The David Lewis Estate, c/- Curtis Brown (Aust) Pty Ltd; Map: reproduced with permission of Luke Causby/HarperCollins Design Studio.

Two jpgs – 171 black and white
Caption for map: Map from *Shapes on the Wind* (with permission)

Caption for photo:

Photo from *Shapes on the Wind* (with permission)



... and as a wiry seventeen-year-old school graduate, pictured with the kayak that I paddled 430 miles between Wanganui and Takapuna, Auckland.



BOOK NEWS

Tara's book on here South Island winter paddler is to be published by Craig Potton in September. It will be a 114 pp paperback with a 12 page colour section. Price is noted at \$34.99

A Long Cold Paddle is the story of a journey around the coast of New Zealand's South Island during winter. Inspired by a three-month sea kayak journey through Fiordland, 23-year-old Tara Mulvany set off from Milford Sound in May 2012 with her boyfriend, Sim Grigg, on a mission to circumnavigate the South Island by sea kayak.

HUMOUR

Importance of Spelling

A man received an e-mail from his neighbour which said:

"Sorry Jim, but I have been taking advantage of your wife day and night whenever you've not been at home. In fact, probably more than you. I'm confessing now because I feel really guilty. I hope you will accept my sincerest apologies. I will ask your permission in the future."

Upon reading this, Jim gets his gun and without uttering a word he shoots his wife.

A few minutes later he receives another e-mail: "Sorry Jim: I meant 'wifi,' not 'wife.'"

Childhood Myths Debunked

A father asked his 10-year old son if he knew about the birds and the bees. 'I don't want to know,' the child said, bursting into tears. 'Promise me you won't tell me.' Confused, the father asked what was wrong. The boy sobbed, "When I was six, I got the 'There's no Easter Bunny' speech. At seven, I got the 'There's no Tooth Fairy' speech. When I was eight, you hit me with the 'There's no Santa' speech. If you're going to tell me that grown-ups don't really shag - I'll have nothing left to live for!"

New Tea Bags

'Viagra' is now available in tea bags. It doesn't enhance your sexual performance but it does stop your ginger nuts from going soft.

An Old Dog's Wisdom

An old Doberman starts chasing rabbits and before long, discovers that he's lost. Wandering about, he notices a panther heading rapidly in his direction with the intention of having lunch.

The old Doberman thinks, "Bugger! I'm in the deep doggy doo now!"

Noticing some bones on the ground close by, he immediately settles down to chew on the bones with his back to the approaching cat. Just as the panther is about to leap, the old Doberman exclaims loudly, "Boy, that was one delicious panther! I

wonder, if there are any more around here?"

Hearing this, the young panther halts his attack in mid-strike, a look of terror comes over him and he slinks away into the trees.

"Phew!" says the panther, "That was close! That old Doberman nearly had me!"

Meanwhile, a squirrel who had been watching the whole scene from a nearby tree, figures he can put this knowledge to good use and trade it for protection from the panther.

So, off he goes. The squirrel soon catches up with the panther, spills the beans and strikes a deal for himself with the panther.

The young panther is furious at being made a fool of and says, "Here, squirrel, hop on my back and see what's going to happen to that cunning canine!"

Now, the old Doberman sees the panther coming with the squirrel on his back and thinks, "Bugger! What am I going to do now?" But instead of running, the dog sits down with his back to his attackers, pretending he hasn't seen them yet, and just when they get close enough to hear, the old Doberman says, "Where's that squirrel? I sent him off an hour ago to bring me another panther!"

Power Outage

We had a power outage at our house this morning and my PC, laptop, TV, DVD, iPad and my new surround sound music system were all shut down. Then I discovered that my iPhone battery was flat and to top it off it was raining outside, so I couldn't play golf. I went into the kitchen to make coffee and then I remembered that this also needs power, so I sat and talked with my wife for a few hours. She seems like a very nice person.

New SIM to Surprise Her Husband

Woman buys a new Sim Card. Puts it in her phone and decides to surprise her husband who is seated on the couch in the living room. She goes to the kitchen, calls her husband with the new number, "Hello Darling."

The husband responds in a low tone, "Let me call you back later Honey, my wife is in the kitchen."

Balanced Journalism

A burly bkie is visiting the Auckland zoo, when he sees a young girl leaning into the lions' cage. Suddenly, a lion grabs her by the cuff of her jacket and tries to pull her inside the cage, under the eyes of her screaming parents.

The bkie runs to the cage and hits the lion square on the nose with a powerful punch. Whimpering from the pain, the lion jumps back, letting go of the girl and the bkie hands her to her terrified parents who thank him endlessly.

A reporter has watched the whole event. The reporter, addressing the bkie, says, "Sir, that was the most gallant and brave thing I've seen a man do in my whole life."

The bkie replies, "Why, it was nothing, really. The lion was behind bars. I just saw this little kid in danger and did the right thing."

The reporter says, "Well, I'll make sure this won't go unnoticed. I'm a journalist, and tomorrow's paper will have this story on the front page. So, what do you do for a living and what political affiliation do you have?"

The biker replies, "I'm an SAS soldier just returned from Afghanistan and I'm a National party supporter." The journalist leaves. The following morning the biker buys the paper to see news of his actions, and reads, on the front page:

'SAS soldier assaults African immigrant and steals his lunch.'

No Sunday Paper

An irate customer phoned her local newspaper office, loudly demanding to know "Where is my Sunday paper?"

"Madam," said the newspaper employee, "Today is Saturday. The Sunday paper is not delivered until tomorrow, on Sunday."

There was quite a long pause on the other end of the phone, followed by a ray of recognition as the irate customer was heard to mutter, "Well, bugger me! That explains why no one was at church either."

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.

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4th Ed. KASK HANDBOOK

NOW OUT OF PRINT

A 5th edition of the KASK Handbook is planned. It is a mammoth compilation on all aspects of sea kayaking in New Zealand, by many of the most experienced paddlers in the Universe.

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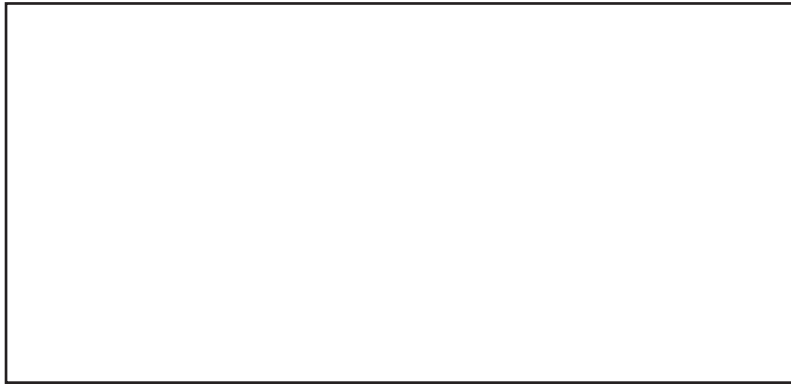
*Dennis Hynes paddling on Doubtful Sound.
Elizabeth Island in the middle distance.
Photo: John Kirk-Anderson*



*Magic early morning cruising on
the Mangakino in the Waikato.
Photo: Dennis Hynes*



MAILED TO



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



JKA's corker cover photo of John Gumbley in Hall Arm, looking out into Doubtful Sound. John was miffed with my portrait format cropping, likening me (not very nicely) to some of the editors of that esteemed Christchurch newspaper, hence the landscape format this time.

KASK MEMBERSHIP POLICY

Current membership fees are:

- \$35 for ordinary membership
- \$40 for family or joint membership
- \$35 for overseas membership (PDF newsletter only);

The KASK memberships 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

