

The background of the cover is a photograph of a scenic New Zealand landscape. In the foreground, two kayakers are on a calm river, surrounded by dense, lush green forest. The kayakers are wearing helmets and life jackets. In the background, a large, rugged mountain peak rises above the trees under a blue sky with some clouds.

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NEW ZEALAND SEA CANOEIST

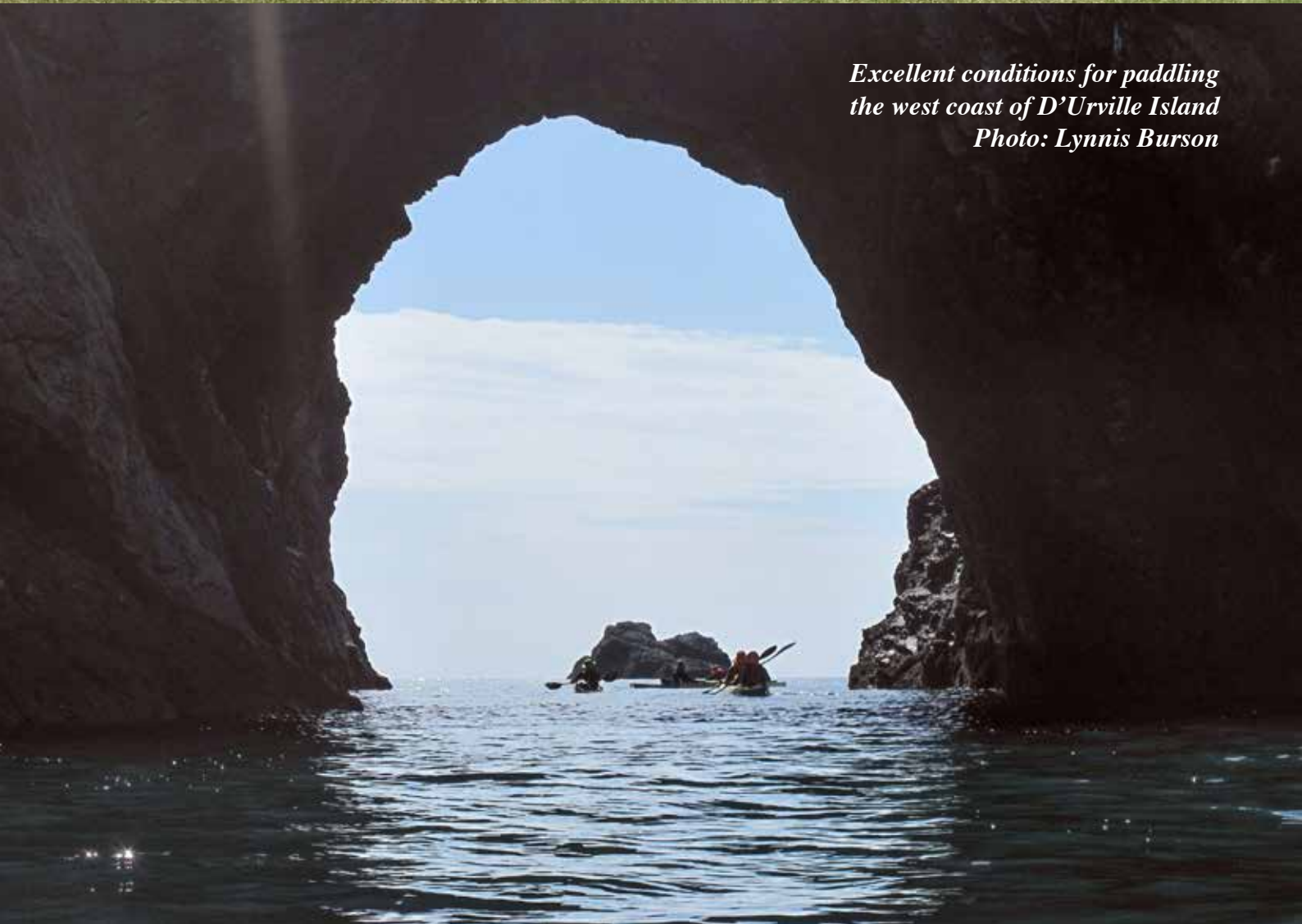
The Journal of the Kiwi
Association of Sea Kayakers
(NZ) Inc - KASK

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The D'Urville Island team, all smiles, on the front lawn of the Wilderness Resort, Catherine Cove (see story on page 6)



*Excellent conditions for paddling the west coast of D'Urville Island
Photo: Lynn Burson*



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Proofing: Sandy Ferguson

My thanks to the writers and photographers who have contributed material.

Coming up in No. 177:

- DVD review Kayak the Aleutians
- how to deal with bumper dumpers
- John Dowd's sea kayak manual 5th ed.

**Deadline for material for the
next KASK magazine:
25 July 2015****EDITORIAL****KASK Forum 2016**

The Cobham Outward Bound School at Anakiwa, at the head of Queen Charlotte Sound, has been booked for the 2016 KASK Forum.

Date: Friday 26 Feb - Sun 27 Feb

Please note in your kayak kalendar for 2016 and include the week following for tiki-touring in the Marlborough Sounds.

D'Urville Island Adventure

Lynnis and Laraine have assembled a trip diary of a big group paddle back in February. I have included this report with some feedback from others in the big group, both novices and a couple in a double.

The Building of an Irish Curragh(page 21) A curragh is the Irish equivalent of the Inuit umiak, that is a wooden framed boat, covered with a skin of ox hides (curragh) or walrus (umiak). Tim Severin used such a curragh for his Brendan Voyage. Back in February, I called in to visit Alan and Joan Bye at Waikawa, near Picton. Back in the 60s and 70s, Alan was a pivotal figure with the development and building of fibre-glass canoes in Britain. He authored five books, including the classic *Living Canoeing*, one of the first to include a chapter on sea canoeing.

Now in his 80s, Alan's crystal clear memory frustrates the hell out me, as does his gift for both spinning a good yarn and then setting that yarn in text. The Bye family visit to Western Ireland is a vivid snapshot of a past era of curragh builders with skills not dissimilar from the Inuit Umiak builders - no power tools, no sewing machines - but more than that, to me it is a story so well told, it allows the reader to picture the sight and sounds of what transpired. I am envious of his writing skills.

**President's Report
by Tim Muhundan**

First of all a quick introduction – I was elected as KASK president for 2015 at the KASK Forum held in Auckland in February. I have been an active member of the KASK committee since the 2013 Raglan Forum and also led the Auckland forum committee. As a passionate paddler with a love for rock gardening, I lead trips with the local Yakity Yak club. I am currently training for Coast to Coast and have recently found a new love for white water and gradient!

This year, we have an excellent KASK committee and this week the new KASK Committee held its first strategy meeting: We addressed numerous things as well as challenged some of our established thinking including what we stand for, who do we represent, how do we grow our membership as well as what else we can do for our members. As a committee we have reaffirmed our commitment to serving the New Zealand recreational sea kayaking, namely:

- promote safety in recreational sea kayaking
- continue to support existing regional sea kayaking networks as well as newly emerging networks in Dunedin and Marlborough Sounds, including facilitating training via KASK members skilled in instruction and risk management
- in the light of various alternative education paths emerging for kayaking education (e.g. SkillsActive), provide a framework for paddlers to refresh their sea kayaking skills through their localised networks and with resources such as a new edition of 'KASK Handbook, A Manual for Sea Kayaking in NZ' coming out this year
- grow our members through new channels and social media as well as through partnerships with regional networks and clubs and kayak fishing networks.

COVER:

Two paddlers heading upstream on the Camelot River with a big flood tide, to see a rarely visited waterfall. Camelot River drains into Gaer Arm at the head of Bradshaw Sound, which opens into Doubtful Sound, in Fiordland.

Photo: Stanley Mulvany. With a flooding tide, paddlers can cruise a long way up Camelot River, which eventually splits into two channels - take the left hand channel (looking upstream) and look for a small side creek on your left, which leads to the 'secret' waterfall. Belinda Mulvany advised that her daughter Tara has not yet achieved this trip, despite the fact that she has worked as a sea kayak guide for many summers in Doubtful Sound.

- to support National sea kayaking forums (next one in Anakiwa Feb 2016) with emphasis on safety, skills and instruction.
- to maintain ongoing advocacy on behalf of members (as well as other paddlecraft users, where appropriate) with organizations such as Water Safety New Zealand, Maritime New Zealand, Coastguard Boating Education, the National Boating Safety Forum and Department of Conservation.
- establish new channels of communications and relationships with other partnership organisations and clubs related to paddlecraft.

From an operational perspective, we have already started working towards modernising internal governance and improving visibility and transparency related to finance. Out went the pre-signed cheques and manual payment processes. We have now started using multi signatory Internet banking for all transactions and all committee members have access to the bank transaction records. We have put in financial best

practices for approval and payment of invoices and expenses. We have also started thinking about risks and continuation – part of which was to devolve some of the committee tasks (e.g. DOC liaison / Organiser for KASK Forum).

Starting this month, we will be sending regular email newsletters to KASK members (as well as non members), updating on progress with our strategy, new initiatives and activities and some excerpts from the NZ Sea Canoeist magazine. We will improve our communication channels with members electronically this year and continue to work at providing value for members and paddlers.



*Tim at the
2015 KASK
Forum*

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*Nelson Canoe Club paddlers at the 40th anniversary weekend.
Photo: Bob Gordon*



NEW ZEALAND REPORTS

Nelson Canoe Club 40th Anniversary Celebration by Margot Syms

Nelson Canoe Club recently celebrated its 40th anniversary. The event was based at the Cable Bay Camp Ground over the weekend 21-22 March 2015. The main organisers of the weekend were Bob Gordon and Bevan Walker, both life members of the club and both past presidents. The club caters for both whitewater and sea kayaking.

The weekend kicked off with a paddle around nearby Pepin Island, a favourite day trip for club members. Pepin Island is joined to the mainland by a causeway. On one side is Cable Bay which is open to Tasman Bay, and on the other is the Delaware Bay estuary, where we started on high tide. We were 17 kayaks/20 people strong. Outside the estuary a northerly breeze had given the sea some 'texture' and so the usual popular rock gardening was limited to the wider gaps. We waited until we paddled around the NW corner and into a bit of shelter to stop for a leisurely lunch break. The water, still warm from summer, enticed a handful in for a swim. The paddle ended with some mini-surfing into the beach.

After we had showered and nicely settled down to pre-dinner you-know-whats, Bob decided it was time for a game/contest of throwing the throw-bag at a moving target, constructed by Bevan especially for the occasion. While it was an appropriate activity for such an event, there was a certain reluctance at first to participate. But soon there was a queue to either show how good you were or try to do better. The late comers were roped in too. And there was a prize! All the women present voted for one of their number, because she got the target with her first and only throw.



A lunch break on Pepin Island during the NCC 40th anniversary celebrations. Photo: Diana Parr

It was good to have with us some of the 'old souls' of the club. Steve Bagley a founding member and early president was our guest speaker. He also came on the Pepin Island paddle and camped the night, so we got to know him. Noel and Rosemary Heatherbell are life members and were club stalwarts for many years. Their daughter Anne Thompson, another past president, was there with them and her husband John. And Nick Wood of Cable Bay Kayaks, a club associate in the early days of sea kayaking, spoke too. Great to meet them.

We had a marquee, hired from the Scouts and erected for us, in which we held the evening function. Seated at tables with tablecloths we enjoyed a potluck dinner big enough to feed the 5,000 and then to give them dessert. What a feast! Between courses Steve Bagley gave an illustrated presentation on the early years from 1973 when the club was founded by Peter Knox. John Ball was the first president. The first club trip was to Cable Bay (experienced kayakers only), how appropriate that we were there for the 40th. White water paddling featured too, slalom being very popular. Rolling and rescues were practised in the sea, none of this heated pool luxury. Abel Tasman trips included a scallop trip to Bark Bay - when was the last scallop from here tasted?

Steve showed us the development of the kayaks used, starting from the one craft serving for both white-water and sea kayaking. We saw a picture of Bevan's first home made kayak, what it lacked in form was easily made up for by its paddler's skill and strength apparently. A big

advancement for sea kayaking was when Grahame Sissons started making kayaks locally from a Nordkapp mould.

This allowed bigger adventure trips; examples from 1977 were a circumnavigation of D'Urville Island starting at Cable Bay, Nelson to Farewell Spit, and Jacksons Bay to Milford. To whet appetites further, about this time Paul Caffyn gave the club a talk at the AGM about his South Island circumnavigation. In 1979 Graham and Jan Egarr joined the club, and soon after Graham became president. Of interest to KASK members is that Graham and Paul Caffyn were the key people in the founding of KASK. Graham produced the first *The Sea Canoeist Newsletter* in 1988 and organised the first national sea kayak forum at Mapua in 1989. After another Mapua forum in the summer of 1991 KASK was founded with Paul as the first president. Sadly before the end of that year Graham had died from melanoma.

After dessert, Bob updated us on the current issues facing the club - storage space for club kayaks, on-going conservation issues, restoring the Motueka standing wave lost when the marina was built, and jet boats on whitewater rivers. Then the non-campers drifted off back home, while the rest of us showed how much stamina we had. Rain was forecast to start in the night, but by morning - still fine - this had been delayed until the afternoon. There were no complaints.

There was really only one true kayaker present - that being Steve Stiles. He got to the event by kayak, starting by towing it behind his bike from home to a launching spot, paddling across Nelson Haven, doing not an easy portage across the Boulder Bank, paddling up to Cable Bay, and finally an easier portage up to the camp. Not only all that but he also paddled 3 kms out of his way to catch five kahawai which he fried up as a contribution to Saturday night's dinner table - and it was delicious. Then up early on Sunday we farewellled him for the return journey. A bit of drama when he got to the Boul-

der Bank - 'Dumpy waves onto 45° sloping boulders made for a vexatious landing'.

Participants - 17 people stayed the night, and about that number again attended the paddle and/or the evening function. A big thanks to Bob Gordon, Bevan Walker and Nora Flight for doing an excellent job in organizing the event.

Nowadays the Nelson Canoe Club is still going strong with 116 members who participate in sea kayaking, white water kayaking and/or canoe polo. Pool training, for practising skills, wet exits, rolling etc, is held one evening a week for seven months of the year. A dedicated group of club experts turn up to tutor this. And for four months, an evening a week sees canoe polo in action. A multiday Beginners' Course is offered annually, club members and professionals run this. Some easier white water paddles are offered in the weeks after this.

A paddle for sea kayakers is held monthly, these are of varying difficulty, many involving an overnight stay, and several include a training component. And of course there are numerous ad hoc peer group paddles instigated by members with just a couple of days' notice. In recent years an annual adventure trip has taken place on one of the larger local rivers. White water kayakers paddle their own boats and others paddle in hired rafts with guides from an outdoor adventure company. Our newsletter, which comes out four times per year, includes club trip reports along with other useful info. And we have a great web site, check it out at www.nelsonkayakers.co.nz

Steve Stiles paddled and portaged to the NCC's 40th celebrations.
Photo: Margot Syms



NEW ZEALAND TRIP REPORTS

D'Urville Island

Kayaking Adventure

22 February – 6 March 2015

Trip Leader – Aidan Frew

see also photos on page 2

**compiled by Laraine Hughes
& Lynnis Burson**

Lynnis started it all - during a conversation on a kayak trip they did together over Easter 2014 she asked Aidan Frew what his all-time favourite kayak trip was. The answer was, 'D'Urville Island' - he'd done the trip several times. As D'Urville was on Lynnis's wanna-do list, and mine, we approached Aidan and asked him if he would lead a trip of slower, but competent, paddlers round D'Urville. After consulting a 'core group' that accompany him on his two-weekly trips each year, the answer was yes. Woohoo! The dates were set and the word went out that "applications were open". Numbers quickly grew to 23 - uh oh! But Aidan wasn't fazed by taking that large a group - saying that the whole would probably be split into smaller groups. He's done these things before - trust him!

A budget of probable costs was set, full payment promptly forthcoming by all who expressed interest so they could confirm their place, and a training schedule set up. Regular longer trips were along the Waihi Coast, out and round Motiti Island, several days in the Bay of Islands, and the best one, a two-day trip on Lake Tarawera, camping at the DoC camp at the outlet.

Most people were able to make this one and I was finally convinced that it was a wonderful group that Aidan had collected together. Everyone got on so well together and all the more powerful paddlers were generous in their support of slower paddlers on the return trip, which gave us some quite gusty head winds all the way.

The D'Urville paddlers were: Aidan Frew, Gavin Smith, Allen Snowsill, Phil Gunnell, Wayne Gunnell, Laraine Hughes, Robbie Banks, Mike Yep, Bev and Gary Thompson, Maureen Charles, Anne Murray, Barb Oldham, Lynnis Burson, Joan Grace, Peter Bennett, Martin & Louise Chapman, Phil Alley, Basil Cook, Michele Cunningham, Peter Phipps and Sandy Clark (see photo on page2).

The Journey Begins

We had chosen a 1:30 pm ferry sailing to avoid an morning Wellington commuter rush, arriving in Picton 5:00 pm then driving on to Okiwi Bay via Blenheim. The other seven paddlers, who would make up the total group, were making their own travel arrangements and would meet us in Okiwi Bay. The very hospitable hosts at Okiwi Bay Holiday Park kindly let us park our vehicles there while we were away.

Day 1 – Okiwi Bay to Cherry Bay, D'Urville Island – 32 km

What a glorious start to the trip! Flat water, no wind. It was 'bums-up' by all, frantically loading the kayaks with nine days food, tents and camping gear, plus nine litres of water each. Some smug grins, but lots of muttering. It's got to go in there somewhere! We paddled out from Okiwi Bay, across Croisilles Harbour, past Goat Island, then up the coast to Okuri Bay, then across to D'Urville. As the conditions were so benign, it was decided we would take the opportunity to explore Paddock Rocks with all their arches before heading in to Cherry Bay to set up camp for the night.



Bums up. Frantically loading kayaks for the first paddling day, at Okiwi Bay. Photo: Bev Thompson

Day 2 – Cherry Bay to Greville Harbour – 25 km

We knew this was going to be a non-stop paddle as there was nowhere on this coast of sheer rock faces to land. We were on the water at 9:00 am, conditions fairly calm until we turned round Okarewa Point where we struck a wobbly cross sea with waves up to 1.5 metres. Yes! This is sea kayaking! That wonderful feeling of the sea lifting your bows and making your kayak come alive! Love that rock-n-roll. Unfortunately not everyone was quite so at home in the conditions, which even caused one bout of seasickness, thankfully quickly recovered from.

Once we rounded the corner into Greville Harbour, we pulled up on the first beach we could find and, after a mad dash for the bushes for relief, enjoyed lunch. In the afternoon some went fishing, some went exploring and some established our campsite for the night. Prior to dinner, Aidan gave everyone a lesson on the way to fillet blue cod, which left the bones behind on the skin. Rain and wind were forecast for the night, so we put extra tent pegs in and secured kayaks to driftwood logs on the beach. Luckily the rain didn't arrive until we had finished dinner and it was gone by morning.



Lynnis Burson's photos of the driftwood strewn beach in Greville Harbour, late afternoon (top) and at dusk with a double rainbow (below).



Day 3 – Greville Harbour to Swamp Bay, Port Hardy – 29 km

After topping up our water supplies near the DoC camp, it was off up the coast again, past steep cliffs and with a little headwind. Round Bottle Point into Otu Bay for lunch. The conditions had once again become quite balmy so rock gardening and cave exploring once again ensued, and of course cod fishing. There were several very smart launches in this area and a brief chat with one boat crew told us they were participating in the annual Port Hardy fishing competition. They very generously gave a few to us passing kayakers. At 4:30 pm we were off Trafalgar Point and a decision was made to go over to Swamp Bay to camp, rather than head up Port Hardy. Lots of driftwood logs to clamber through to get to the camping area, but plenty of room for everyone. The hunt was then on again for paua and mussels to complement the cod for dinner.

Day 4 – Port Hardy, South & East Arms – 30 km approx.

I think everyone enjoyed being able to leave their tent in the same place for the day and not have to pack everything into the kayak. The serious paddlers went out round Victory Island then down into the arms of Port Hardy and back. Others chose to just meander round Victory Island with its glorious arches, and use the rest of the day relaxing/fishing, while a group of seven of us climbed up to the peak of the hill above Swamp Bay and enjoyed the panoramic view to both sides of the island and right up to the top of South Arm.

Day 5 – Around Cape Stephens, past Hells Gate, round Rangitoto Islands to Waitai Bay – 25 km

This day had to be an early start to take advantage of an early morning calm, so it was a matter of packing up in the dark and on the water just after 7:00 am. Like French Pass, Cape Stephens is an area of water to be treated with the greatest of respect and although the sea and wind conditions were about as calm as they could be, there were standing waves and strong tidal stream flows. Aidan kept his beady eye on everyone to make sure no one got carried away.

We sat on the steep pebbly beach near the top at lunchtime, and gazed out to Stephens Island where a lighthouse stands sentinel for seafarers. Then we were on down the eastern side of the island – we checked out the Rangitoto Islands as there was a possibility we could make camp there but it wasn't to be and we ended up on a narrow beach just north of Waitai Bay. We had to split into two groups in separated camping areas to all fit in. Just on dusk, to everyone's delight, a small pod of Orca came puffing by, quite close to shore.

Day 6 – Waitai Bay to D'Urville Island Wilderness Resort, Catherine Cove – 23 km

A few kms down the coast from where we camped is Waitai Bay where the Moleta family, who emigrated to D'Urville from Italy, formed a working farm in the early 1900's. We were fascinated to see the farm is today in excellent working order, described by the farm manager as the best farm on the island. The farm manager was kind enough to drive seven of us to the top of the hill above the farm, which stretches right down to Port Hardy on the other side. Back on the water it was another wonderful day of beautiful rock gardening and the seals are more prolific.

Mid-afternoon a headwind got up so we all tucked in as close as we could to shore, hoping for reprieve. Around a corner into Catherine Cove, and we were having to seriously dig in – and the sight of a large flat, mown campground was a welcome sight – and a hot shower! Because we had taken advantage of the good weather to keep paddling, we were actually two days ahead of our planned schedule at this stage. The resort was expecting us to arrive on Wednesday and this was Monday – and they'd just catered for approximately 120 boaties over the weekend during the fishing competition. The poor people were exhausted, but they rallied gamely and provided a great meal for us in their restaurant. They also kindly lent us a large pot in which to cook mussels collected during the day, on their BBQ. Louise and Martin had carried a chocolate cake the whole trip to be shared with us all on

this night to celebrate their 25th wedding anniversary, so we even had dessert.

Day 7 – Catherine Cove, through French Pass to Tokatapu Point – 16 km

We'd thought we were having a day of idle indulgence in Catherine Cove today, so when the call came to be ready to be on the water by 8.30 we had to do a rapid brain shift. The weather was right, so it was off to French Pass to pass through at slack water at 12:40 pm. We arrived good and early, so waited on a nearby beach and had lunch – there were four yachts in the area also waiting to go through at the right time.

To quote Wikipedia:

'French Pass has the fastest tidal flows in New Zealand, reaching 8 knots. The pass is 500 metres across, but the main navigation channel contracts down to only 100 metres with a 20 metre deep shoaling region. Most of the rest of the pass is broken reef.

On one side is Cook Strait with a tidal range up to 2 metres and on the other side is Tasman Bay with a tidal range up to 4 metres. This can result in substantial pressure gradients across the pass, complicated by a phase or time difference of about 25 minutes between the high tides on either side. Peak flow in the throat of the pass is around 4 metres per second.

Slack water (at low tide) arrived, the yachts were sliding effortlessly through and there was no discernible current as we paddled leisurely through. Go at the right time and you'll keep safe.

So we meandered down through Punganui and Coppermine Bays. Looking over to the mainland we could see waves crashing up the shore so chose to stay in the sheltered stock yards of the farm just past Tokatapu Point. The stockyards offered a clean, grassy, flat surface – and kept the beasties from investigating the tents. The farm owner wasn't in when we went to ask permission, so we left a note – and a block of chocolate. What a lovely last evening on this fabulous island.

Day 8 – Tokutapu Point to Okiwi Bay – 28km

On the water 7.50 am before the sea got up. We have numerous stops and catch up with Robbie and Mike in Big Bay as they'd been paddling independently off and on over the last few days. Back through Tunnel Point and we know we're nearing the end of an excellent trip. A lovely lunch stop at Motuanauru Island before what seemed like an endless haul down Croisilles Harbour into Okiwi Bay. Some of us stayed the night in Okiwi Bay, others headed off to start other tramping/bike riding adventures.

Day 9 – Pepin Island

14 paddlers headed down to Cable Bay to explore Pepin Island while others went for a walk up the valley near Canvastown - and others just relaxed in the excellent DoC camp at Pelorous Bridge, where we spent the last night in tents. Then it was off to Picton and an early start for the ferry home on Friday. The ferry ride was a bit lumpy and the weather in Wellington was heavy rain and strong winds! Thankfully all that held off while we were kayaking.

Laraine's Personal highlights

Seal launching! I've always wanted to do that! On the island there were lots of steep, pebbly beaches which made this really fun – like skating on marbles! (see photo below).

The paddling was just my kind of thing – meandering close to shore and exploring. Crossing wide open stretches of water and going across



bays instead of into them doesn't thrill me much. And I loved the opportunity to walk several times on the island and get an 'overview' from high points.

Thanks Gavin for setting up a GPS tracking site, which enabled friends and family at home to track our progress.

You do have to be paddle fit to get the most enjoyment out of such a long trip and I was really glad I'd done as much paddling as I could prior to going. I can honestly say I wasn't aching from paddling the whole trip. A tad tired sometimes, but not sore.

Important also is knowing how to pack your kayak to maximise the space you have. With camping gear, clothes to cover all weather possibilities, food for 9 days plus 9 litres of water – you don't want to waste any precious space. I've picked up tips from other experienced paddlers over the years and now make myself a packing plan for each trip. I gather all the stuff I need to take and do a trial pack to see how it goes in the kayak best, then I write down what goes where - back hatch (in order of packing), front hatch, cockpit.

I put the packing plan in a plastic bag and take it with me, in print big enough to read without my glasses, then if I'm in a bit of a rush to get the job done, it reminds me where things go. I tend to pack things like clothes in small, snaplock bags – they jam into little places really well. Go for smaller packages rather than putting lots of things into big dry bags.

Thank you just doesn't seem enough, Aidan, for the wonderful opportunity you gave me and the 'girls' to experience something we wouldn't have been able to do without a leader with your extraordinary qualities. I loved your style of leadership – I don't know anyone who could have kept a group of 23 together the way you did.

But this isn't just my story – the trip was special to everyone for their own reasons, in lots of little ways. Here are some of them:

Highlights from Sandy Clark:

I felt very lucky that I was able to join this group of people that Aidan brought together for an adventure around D'Urville Island. Although I must admit when I heard there were 23 paddlers I wondered how that would work but surprisingly it worked really well. Aidan loosely grouped us into three groups which allowed people to paddle and explore at their own pace. It allowed paddlers to either follow the coastline exploring every cave and crevice or peacefully paddle point-to-point with diversions into the more interesting or accessible caves and tunnels.

Small groups were able to stop and fish while waiting for others to catch up or stop and fish at the end of the day while others paddled onto the evening's camp site. There was always someone to snorkel, walk, fish or swim with if you wanted company.

In the evenings the larger group size meant that you could easily either join for pre-dinner drinks and chat then stay with the bigger group to cook or drift away to do your own thing and come back later when the 'Bar's Open,' call went out. With a range of paddling skills in the large group there was always someone on hand, if required, to help with surf landings and launches and lots of knowledge to draw on about a range of kayak and non-kayak related subjects.

The weather was almost perfect with only a section of a couple of the days paddling in a bit of rough water.

Highlights for me were:

- fishing for and catching blue cod and learning to fillet them AND having fish or other seafood to eat most days.
- snorkelling and diving for paua and collecting mussels off the rocks as we paddled past.
- all the rock gardening and caving – especially the afternoon exploring the Victory Islands out from Swamp Bay campsite
- making such good use of the flax kete, for seafood gathering, that my friend Anna had made for me before I left
- experiencing the tidal flow at Bishops Cauldron, around Cape

Stephens and in Stephens Passage at the top of D'Urville

- being inspired by my fellow paddlers and sharing knowledge and stories from fishing to foraging to French plaiting.

from Martin & Louise Chapman:

We thought saying something about using a double kayak would be useful to those in future thinking this might be a good option.

Pros:

- you get to talk to your man all day without him being able to walk away!
- it's great if one paddler is weaker or slower than the other – like in our case – I was slower – but I was often asking him to slow down so I could talk to others!
- it made it easy for me to relax and enjoy the paddle without constantly trying to catch up
- I could take lots of photos without being left behind
- it was easier to fish and catch fish and let the other one kill the fish!
- stability – we didn't need to practise our rescues
- arriving at the camp to set up at the same time
- only having to transport one kayak
- still being best friends at the end of it

Cons:

- trying to fit all our gear into one kayak was a mission for a 10 day trip – 10 days worth of food for 2 people is a lot!
- shorter trips may be better
- not quite so easy to manoeuvre when you want to go rock gardening
- the paddler who is steering from the rear can't see directly in front and needs to rely on the paddler in front for directions, but then again, he is used to being told what to do anyway!

from Michele Dunningham & Peter Phipps:

We were relative newbies to this type of kayak trip - we have only done a couple of extended trips before, and none as long as this. You would think that as trampers we would be used to packing efficiently. Actually, we found this new-found freedom of being able to take so much more somewhat overwhelming, to the extent that we got a bit carried away,

particularly with our food! We had much more food and luxury items than we really needed, and finding a system of how to pack it all was initially challenging. For the first few days we were always the last ones ready and could never find anything. Dinner preparation was punctuated with questions like:

- "Do you have the pasta or do I?"
- "I'm sure we're supposed to have an onion to go with this - which bag did that end up in?"
- "Let's leave dessert till tomorrow night, I can't be bothered trying to find it!"

Having talked to others and observed how they organize their food, we gradually got into more of a rhythm, although there is still room for improvement! However, we were never short of good things to eat if only we could locate them!

The other thing which improved was our paddle technique. It took a couple of days to become paddle fit, but even more significant was the advice given by others to improve our paddling skills, which was all very much appreciated. This was important due to the distance, and the conditions that we encountered at times. When you are paddling day after day for hours on end, you realise what a difference it makes when your strokes are efficient and strong - I think we were both very pleased with how much we had improved as paddlers by the end of the trip. I (Michele) was also very pleased with the performance of my shiny new orange *Skua* (not quite as shiny now as when we started!) and also the interest it attracted from the group!

On night 5 we stayed on the north-east side of the island, near the Rangitoto Islands. The group split into two camps for logistical reasons (too much cow shit on the beach!). While cooking dinner in gusty wind with precarious windshields for our cookers we heard what sounded like a loud snort - too much to be someone blowing their nose!

Turning around, not 10 metres away we saw the blow-hole of an orca followed by a wave of its tail, cruising along the shoreline! Although

we only saw the close-up view that once, we then saw the rest of the pod some 200 metres away out in the bay, fishing for their dinner. We could see the other group of campers further down the beach, also watching. For about 10 minutes we were captivated by the many tails popping in and out of the water. I took the usual collection of photos of lots of water, with a tiny fin or tail somewhere in the distance if I was lucky. But really it wasn't about the photos, it was about the wonderful experience of sharing the bay with these beautiful animals.

from Lynnis Burson:

My overall enjoyment and delight in being part of this trip was immeasurable & to have a keep fit goal focus has been great. I came to enjoy the wonderful variety of personalities that the big group presented, and to observe how Aidan's gentle words of encouragement enabled some of the lesser experienced paddlers to blossom, and for us older participants to become almost young and supple again.

There's no way I feel 70 plus and would hope to be participating in expeditions for some time to come. Thank you to all those that helped me get in and out of my boat when joints weren't too flexible.

*Gary Thompson with a feed of paua
Photo: Lynnis Burson*



NEW ZEALAND TRIP REPORTS

The Sub Antarctic Islands by Max Grant

(See also Max's photos on
page 23 & 24)

"Take lots of warm clothes with you," was the advice everyone gave us before setting out on our trip to the Auckland Islands. "And lots of sea sick tablets as the ocean is always rough."

It was a hot sunny day when we steamed out of Buff Harbour into the calm waters of Foveaux Strait on the Russian ship named *The Spirit of Enderby*. Melz, Margaret and I were bound for the Snares, Auckland, Macquarie and Campbell Islands for two weeks of kayaking in our Sub Antarctic Islands. The trip had been organized by *Heritage Expeditions*, a Christchurch based company that has pioneered conservation driven voyages to some of the most remote and least explored regions on the planet. People were transported to the Islands by five inflatable zodiacs, however for the first time, 10 kayakers were included with the 50 passengers on board.

Rounding Stewart Island on such a clear day allowed us to view the various out-crops and bays along the western shoreline where we had kayaked several years before. By late afternoon Stewart Island had disappeared in the haze as we headed further south on our way to the Snares group of islands situated about 200 kms south of New Zealand. We made our way further into the roaring forties as the night wore on and the seas became rougher.

The following day saw our ship anchored at Station Cove, a small bay on the eastern side of North East Island, the largest of the Snares Islands group. Winds were gusting up to 40 knots, too dangerous for kayaking, so we headed for shore via one of the ships zodiac inflatables. Vertical cliffs carved out by decades of huge waves smashing themselves into these tiny islands made for a very rugged but spectacular shoreline. The island was abundant with

wildlife in the form of the many sea birds that made their nests among the numerous outcrops scattered all over cliffs. In the ocean and on land there were hundreds of Snares Crested penguins. They seemed to cover the shoreline with only an occasional break where a group of sea lions had made claim to a more sheltered spot. It was truly a very wild part of New Zealand, but all too soon we were back on our ship making our way to the Auckland Islands and into the furious fifties.

By the following morning we were anchored safely inside Port Ross just off Enderby Island, the northern most of the Auckland Islands group. After devouring a hearty breakfast, it was time to unload the kayaks and make our way to shore. Our group of three single and three double kayaks were soon exploring the sheer basaltic columns and small caves on the southern side of Enderby Island. Sticking close to the shore we made our way through large chain-like columns of kelp which ran for tens of metres below the water's surface. The shoreline was swamped with bull kelp while several sooty shearwaters hovered around us as we paddled on. It was a great feeling to be finally kayaking along the coast of one of the world's most protected environments.

As we approached the beach in Sandy Bay, several sea lions came out to welcome us. Sandy Bay is home to the largest Hooker's sea lion breed-



The Dotted red line shows the
voyage of The Spirit of Enderby

ing area on the Auckland Islands. They swam beneath our kayaks in the shallow water, mostly females I think, while a couple of larger males barked their disapproval from the nearby shore. This was an amazing experience, to have these large animals swimming around us. On shore you could hear the bellows from the large males known as beachmasters, weighing in at 400-500 kg, each protecting their harem of females and their newly born pups. Amid this constant macho head-butting, the dozens of females basically got on with the business of day-to-day living, suckling their pups, getting a little shut eye, occasionally heading out to sea to feed and now and then allowing their beachmaster to cuddle up.

*Max Grant on a stormy day on the
northern coast of Enderby Island
where the Derry Castle foundered*

*Paddling out of a sea cave on
Enderby Island*





The sea lion colony on Enderby Island. All having a nap bar mum who is feeding her pup. The big bull (darker colour) in the middle of his harem.

On shore there was an overwhelming feeling of history as we walked by a small cluster of battered little huts which are now used as a research station. In the past Enderby Island had been settled and farmed, but nowadays all cattle and rabbits have been removed. A wooden walkway has been built so visitors can walk from one side of the Island to the other. As we started out on our walk we had to 'give way' to a yellow-eyed penguin that was making its way from the beach to its nesting area. This area is also home to the yellow-eyed penguin.

The boardwalk stretched from one side of the island to the other through the island's botanical gardens filled with a remarkable display of flowering megaherbs. Pink Anisotome, purple Myositis, White Tree daisies and the huge yellow Bulbinella flowers were but a few of the flowers growing on the island plateau. The stars of the show were the magnificent

Flowering megaherbs on Enderby Island



southern royal albatross. Most were sitting alone on their nests, some only a few metres from the boardwalk, seemingly unconcerned at our presence, waiting for their mates to return from their ocean feeding.

Reaching the northern side of the island we were able to gaze along the towering cliffs where several sooty albatross had made their nests. Wild seas were throwing huge waves into the base of the cliffs across Derry Castle reef, named after the ship *Derry Castle* which sank here in 1887 at the cost of 15 lives. There were some harrowing stories about the many ships that came to grief along the rugged coastline of the Auckland Islands.

Back on our ship we were buzzing with excitement at the day's activities and this was only our first day of our 13 day adventure. It was also Xmas day, not that we had indulged in any of the usual Xmas day activities. That night the crew put on a typical Xmas dinner for us followed by an evening of entertainment and festive season celebrations that finished our day in fine style.

The next day saw us anchored in Carnley Harbour where we had another full day looking at a variety of interesting places. These included a walk up to the site of the old southern Coastwatchers' Station on Mus-

grave Point set up during the Second World War to watch out for any enemy ships in the area, observing old homestead sites, a shipwreck site, and where the German ship *Erlangen* took refuge during the Second World War. Quite a famous story on which the film *The Sea Chase* was based and starred John Wayne as the main actor.

Later that afternoon our ship started on the long trip to Macquarie Island. After spending all of the next day at sea, it was great to wake the following morning to see we were anchored off Sandy Bay on Macquarie Island which is an Australian territory. We were joined on board by Australian customs and biosecurity personnel before being allowed to land. There was a 20 knot NE wind so it was no easy job getting into our kayaks. Once in Sandy Bay the surrounding hills gave us good protection and it wasn't long before our kayaks were situated not far off the beach.

Sandy Bay has one of the largest king penguin and royal penguin colonies in the world. There were penguins all around us, along the shore, up the beach and even on the slopes of the surrounding hills. I estimated that there were over 5,000 penguins in the bay, plus about 100 elephant seals that showed no interest in us at all. The penguins swam around us, stopping every now and then to peck lightly at kayaks and gaze at these strange visitors from the ocean. We were the first kayakers to visit and land on Macquarie Island so the wildlife really was taking a big interest. After spending some time paddling around and taking photos we paddled south to a rookery where several rock-hopper penguins were nesting. The wind was now gusting 30 knots and we had to make a hasty retreat back to our ship.

Next day the winds were still gusting up to 20 knots, but another trip to Macquarie Island was the plan for the day. This time we did a bit of exploring through some rock gardens near the northern end of the island before landing at Garden Cove, a small bay just north of Anare Station. There are around 15 people living permanently



King (left) & royal penguins waddle past elephant seals on Macquarie Island

at the Australian Base, either doing scientific work, maintenance or attending to the wild life programs. After a guided tour around the station we were treated to a delicious morning tea before taking to our kayaks and returning to our ship. I think being the first kayakers to ever visit the island made us a little bit special.

Then it was another full day at sea as we steamed towards Campbell Islands, our last stop-over before heading back to Bluff. Light rain fell over Campbell Island as we launched our kayaks onto a calm sea inside Perseverance Harbour. Our ship was anchored just off Beeman Point, where there was a landing ramp leading to a meteorological station and DoC house. Campbell Island is the main breeding ground for the yellow-eyed penguin and as we kayaked along the shoreline many small family groups appeared in the vegetation along the shore. Each group seemed to have its own territory with the occasional sea lion that was also standing guard

Melz Grant transferring from big boat, to rubber duckie to her kayak



over a small area which it obviously regarded as its own. Rounding Erebus Point a colony of about 50 sea lions was situated on a barren outcrop above the point, occasionally barking at us to keep our distance.

Into the open sea we headed east following the coast until we rounded East Cape, the most eastern point of Campbell Island. We seemed surrounded by steep cliffs that rose 200 metres straight out of the ocean. By now we were kayaking into a two metre swell. There was an eerie feeling about this place and with nowhere to land we decided to head back to the calmer waters of Perseverance Harbour. Crossing over to the western side we found a small beach under an overhanging cliff that provided some shelter from the rain. This proved to be an ideal place to stop for a break and some lunch. Later that afternoon we were able to finish off the day with a walk up to the royal albatross

Margaret (L) and Melz Grant by the gate into the ANARE station. The gate is to keep the local mobs of sea lions and elephant seals out.



MG Spirit of Enderby - anchored off Campbell Island

breeding area where several of the albatross were nesting beside the track. It had been a day full of amazing wild life encounters and scenery. An awesome day!

Our last day kayaking was a cracker – blue sky and very little wind. This time we set out to explore further up the Harbour. Tucker Cove was the site of the largest homestead on Campbell Island where 7,000 sheep and some other livestock were farmed in 1913. However the venture failed and by 1985, the island had been cleared of all livestock.

Another visit was to Camp Cove, where, according to the Guinness book of records grows *the loneliest tree in the world*. It is a Sitka spruce and is the only tree growing on Campbell Island, the next closest being on the Auckland Islands. Set at the end of the cove we had to run the gauntlet between two large sea lions before exiting our kayaks to visit the tree. An interesting sight to see such a large tree surrounded by low shrub covered land. Cruising around the end of Perseverance Harbour we encountered many more yellow-eyed penguins, sea lions and a couple of elephant seals before returning to our ship.

The following day our ship was on the open sea and heading back to Bluff. All too soon we were franti-

Paddlers nearing the ANARE base station at Garden Cove on Macquarie Island





Young elephant seal on Macquarie Island. Pissed off with the paparazzi!



*Above: The loneliest tree (a Sitka spruce) in the sub-Antarctic
Below: Nesting albatross on Campbell Island*



cally packing up in readiness to leave the ship and make our way home. Not only was it a great adventure to have visited our Sub Antarctic islands, but to have kayaked among their wildlife, along the coastlines and to learn the history was a truly amazing experience.

Cameras Used:

Melanie and Max both used Olympus *u* Tough-8010, 14 megapixel digital cameras; water proof to 10 metres and shockproof to two metres with a 5.0 x wide optical zoom lens. Max found the Olympus camera easy to use and could be stored in his PFD for quick access. As well, Melz took photos and movie clips with a Go-pro and I-phone.

Sub Antarctic Trip Information:

The trip was organized by Heritage Expeditions, a Christchurch based adventure/travel Company that was founded by former Wildlife Service biologist, Rodney Russ. Heritage Expeditions offer trips to the Sub Antarctic Islands and Antarctica each year, two of which include kayaking. Both trips are run during November/December and the costs for 2015 are:

1. Forgotten Islands of the South Pacific – 8 days from US\$4,100.00 pp. Kayaking +US\$550.00 pp. (Visits The Snares, Auckland & Campbell Islands)
2. Galapagos of the Southern Ocean – 13 days from US\$6,600.00 pp. Kayaking +US\$975.00 pp. (Visits The Snares, Auckland, Campbell & Macquarie Islands)

The ship used is a Russian research vessel named *The Spirit of Enderby*, which was built in 1984 for polar and oceanographic research. It was refurbished in 2004 to provide comfortable accommodation for a maximum of 50 passengers. It is 72 metres in length and is capable of speeds of up to 12 knots (22.2kph). It has a crew of 20 Russians plus eight guides from NZ and Australia and one doctor. For further information: <http://www.heritage-expeditions.com/cruises-expeditions-in-subantarctic-islands-voyages/>

(all photos Max and Melz Grant)



*Hurry Up!
They're Gaining on Us!*



*(top two images and caption from
Canoeist magazine)*



EQUIPMENT REVIEW



A landing on the shore of Lake Taupo; taken with John's new camera

One of the many fringe benefits of paddler gatherings is the opportunity to talk about kayaks, paddles, camping kit, stoves and cameras. At the Bay of Islands gathering following the KASK forum, photos taken during the day were screened in the evening, thanks to some slick laptop work by Deb Volturno and Jim Kakuk. The following camera review was in an email from John Booth to Deb.

Panasonic Lumix by John Booth

Just a note to say given your recommendation I bought the top-of-line DMC-FT5 *Lumix* with the *Leica* lens following the early March IKW in the Bay of Islands.

It is by far the best compact I have had, naturally it is waterproof, and the lens doesn't seem to spot anything like as readily as the old Canon. In fact it is so good, on water or off, I am happy to use it instead of my SLR for a lot of things I do. And on water it makes less of a bump dropped down the inside of my PFD than the old Canon submarine. I used to think 16MP was a gimmick, but this Lumix justifies them pretty well. You can zoom into full resolution in a picture file and find relatively little noise, just more definition.

Miriam and I paddled a double (inflatable kayak) 120 kms around Lake Taupo at Easter, and the 100 or so photos I brought back were a joy. I

Miriam and John in an Incept inflatable; pic taken with the new camera





Camera front bit

don't think there was a dud amongst them, even with the wave balancing exercise and camera shake you get into at times. I sorted the pics online into a *Snapfish* hardcover photo book and the printed colours are amazing, everything was sharp, and also amazingly the camera somehow senses backlit situations, takes multiple exposures and stitches it all together on the fly. And no visible camera shake. Yes I know it has other whizbang features (compass, altimeter, GPS, WiFi etc), which to me will probably be less useful.

Miriam was at limit physically towards the end of the lake trip and may or may not do more kayaking, but the four day's photo memory will be treasured - it's a wonderful lake, not once did we have a headwind and we had a really good time. When we took delivery of the *Snapfish* photo book, the images / enlargements were sharper, clearer and more balanced than we ever hoped and yet apart from cropping I had not re-processed a single one (and which I would certainly have had to do in past). Miriam proudly shows the book to anyone who happens to be passing (well maybe I do too). Well done Panasonic.

For a detailed review, see:

<http://www.dpreview.com/reviews/panasonic-lumix-dmc-ts5-ft5>



Battery and flipside of camera

Overseas Reports

Freya Hoffmeister Completes South American Voyage

One of the greatest accomplishments in paddling history – the first solo circumnavigation of South America – was completed in Buenos Aires, Argentina, on Friday 1 May 2015, by German kayaker and endurance record holder Freya Hoffmeister, 51.

Successfully undertaking an expedition epic in scope, Hoffmeister departed Buenos Aires heading south on 30 August 2011. Paddling into port from the north four years later in her *Point 65 Freya* 18-foot expedition kayak, Hoffmeister completed a voyage never before attempted, arriving with an escort from the Argentinian Coast Guard – Naval Prefecture Argentina and greeted by international fanfare. Hoffmeister's four-year journey ended at the historic Argentine ship, *Fregata Sarmiento*, where she was welcomed by dignitaries as the Naval Prefecture Band played Puente de la Mujer.

Hoffmeister's four-year, largely solo journey was full of challenges. Paddling south from Buenos Aires on the Atlantic Ocean in 2011, Freya negotiated rough, windy waters and big tides along the Argentine shores, leaving the 'shortcut' options through the Magellan Strait or the Beagle Channel aside. Instead, she included the big rough southern island of Tierra del Fuego, and planned to paddle around Cape Horn at the Isla Hornos, the southernmost tip of South America.

After successfully rounding Cape Horn on 3 January 2012, Freya headed north along the Pacific coast of South America, travelling through the beautiful, wild but also windy fjords and channels of Patagonia, Chile. Freya ended the first stage of her historical first circumnavigation in Valparaiso, Chile, having paddled challenging and exciting 7,641



Freya at the end of a very long trip!

kilometers (4,776 miles) in eight months. In between legs, she had planned beforehand to return to her home in Husum, Germany, to spend some time with her teenage son and to look after her two ice cream cafés and her Christmas shop.

Starting over again on 25 August 2012, this time together with her partner and former paddling teacher Peter Unold and her own new *Freya* expedition kayak model, she headed north along the barren and mountainous Atacama desert on the rough and big seas of the coast of northern Chile and Peru.

They both went home for a short Christmas break, full of impressions of a rich southern marine wildlife of many whales, penguins, dolphins and thousands of seals and birds of all kinds since her trip had started in Argentine.

Freya continued her trip by herself into the slaying heat of Ecuador to cross the equator for the first time. In Colombia, she was happy to get a necessary full navy escort for crime protection. Her northern highlight was to pass the beautiful Archipelago of San Blas. The Caribbean side of Columbia finalized the second stage of her expedition on 6 May 2013, having paddled 15,300 kms (9563 miles) overall so far.

Returning on 16 August 2013 to the heat and continuous headwinds of Venezuela, Freya paddled and camped free as usual without escort on the beautiful but dangerous shores of Venezuela, infamous for pirates. Via the island state of Trinidad, she paddled through the already very shallow and muddy waters in Georgetown at the first of the three small Guyana countries. A short Christmas break brought her back to finish this most challenging third stage through the hot, shallow and muddy, mosquito infested swampy shores along Surinam and French Guiana, and around the northern area of the Amazon River, stressing her body to the max.

Many times, huge breaking waves developed in the shallows and she battled strong currents. In the Amazon, a 'Pororoca' wave swept her some five miles up a shallow river mouth at speeds of nearly 20 miles per hour. Hoffmeister was eating dinner in her boat, aground on a shallow sandbar waiting for the tide. It arrived in the form a three-foot wave, a powerful tidal bore sweeping upstream. "It came at night, in darkness," says Hoffmeister, who managed to grab her paddle from the deck rigging just as the wave arrived. She braced and side surfed for about a quarter of an hour. "I was fearing for my life, crying out for help in German, which is surely ridiculous in that situation."

Hoffmeister eventually was ejected from her boat into knee-deep water flowing so fast that she could not regain her feet. When the wave finally pushed Hoffmeister into a quiet side channel, her boat - to which she had been tethered - was full of wet sand and the consistency of concrete. "I had to dig it out with a metal spoon," she said. "But I only lost one shoe and my body was fine."

Freya eventually found her way without a proper map through the big tidal maze of the estuaries and channels between Belem and Sao Luiz in northern Brazil, still in stressful heat and headwind. However, this area was almost relaxing, compared to the previous section. But her mind and

body were worn by now, she decided spontaneously just behind Sao Luiz to go for her third and last German summer break on 27 April 2013, to finish her third leg with 20,798 kms (12,999 miles) under her belt.

The shallow, tide washed north-eastern shore of the continent proved the most trying portion of the expedition. On 16 October 2014, after some 668 days of clockwise paddling, Hoffmeister made the difficult decision to reverse direction for a portion of her trip. The relentless south-easterly winds around Brazil's easternmost point seemed nearly insurmountable. Hoffmeister drove from Sao Luiz to Recife, and paddled a 1,280 kms (800 mile) section of her trip from south to north, with the wind at her back.

Back to Recife and to the 'right' direction, the long Brazilian coast offered a challenging variation of beautiful reefs, dangerous wide river mouths, heavily breaking rocky or sandy shores and calm relaxing paddles on safe inland waterways, still all in the skin-burning and chafing heat of the southern summer. Freya was able to master all challenges with her now long time experience on this and her previous circumnavigations around Australia, New Zealand's South Island and Iceland.

She finally closed the loop by arriving back in Buenos Aires on 1 May 2015. Freya had paddled along 13 countries, travelled as far south as the 55th and as far north as the 15th latitude, crossing the equator twice. She paddled almost 27,000 kms (16,875 miles) and averaged around 45 km per day with more than 9 hours daily water time, on each of her 606 paddling days, being 850 days on the trip in a 44-month period. Freya paddled a heavy loaded solo expedition sea kayak with no engine or sail, spent most nights in her tent camping freely on the shores, with no support boat or car driving along. She carried all her water, simple food and camping gear by herself, being independent for 3-4 weeks between occasional city stops.

Freya became the first person to round the South American continent, a feat that probably no one will repeat any time again. She has paddled more expedition kilometres than any sea kayaker ever has done. What will be next? She does not tell yet.

"It is a magnificent achievement in human doggedness and hubris, but there are so many asterisks," says Joe Glickman, who wrote the book *Fearless* about Hoffmeister's Australian circumnavigation. "The military escorts, and then turning around to go with the wind - that seems to violate some unwritten rules of expedition paddling." Hoffmeister bristles at such criticism. "Anyone is welcome to circumnavigate South America, and do it better than I did," she says. "You are free to go continuously, and if you want to reject any kind of navy escort, you're going to die."

Svalbard Archipelago Circumnavigation Attempt

Three expedition sea kayakers will attempt a first-ever paddle around Arctic Norway's Svalbard archipelago, launching June 2015. The team will include Tara Mulvany.

In the heart of the Arctic Ocean, at 76-81 degrees north, the Svalbard Archipelago remains one of the world's last great 'firsts'. Despite numerous attempts, no one has ever paddled around the four main islands of the archipelago; but, this coming June, a small team consisting of New Zealanders Jaime Sharp and Tara Mulvany, and Norwegian Per Gustav Porsanger are setting off to do just that. The name of the expedition, 'Ice Bears and Islands', refers to the many polar bears that roam in this desolate wilderness, also known as 'isbjørn' in Norwegian and literally translating to 'Ice Bear'.

For a majority of the year, the islands remain trapped in ice and only a brief window, if any, opens up in the far north, allowing anyone to pass. This epic 2,000 kilometre (1,250 mile) long journey will take the paddlers through an untouched world of sea

and ice, filled with challenges and uncertainty.

They will encounter polar bears and walrus, negotiate ice floes, and endure sub zero temperatures for weeks on end as they thread a line on the edge of three huge oceans. The crux of the journey lies along the far northeast coast, where a glacial front stretches for approximately 200 kilometres (125 miles) with no places to land, requiring at least two days of nonstop paddling.

All past attempts at the circumnavigation were brought to a sudden end. One team had their kayaks smashed to pieces; another was trapped by fast moving pack ice, and the most recent and horrific being two Norwegian paddlers who were attacked by a polar bear. "This journey is the realization of a dream, the desire to push our sport of expedition kayaking to its pinnacle, and to explore and document this wild, far corner of our planet as it is going through major climate shift," says Tara Mulvany.

The Team

Tara Mulvany NZ

www.tarasjourneys.com

Tara is from Invercargill, New Zealand and recently became the first woman to kayak around all three main Islands of New Zealand. She is also the first person to circumnavigate the South Island in winter, an expedition she wrote about at age 26 in her first book, *A Winters Paddle* (Craig Potton Publishing).

www.jaimesharp.com

Born in Christchurch, raised in Hawkes Bay, and now living part time in BC Canada, Jaime is an adventure guide, photographer, film maker, advanced rough water sea kayaker/white water kayaker and instructor. His big trips around the world include a self supported sea kayak trip down the Grand Canyon USA, circumnavigation of Panama's Coiba Island in a folding sea kayak, and a sea kayak trip along the full length of NZ's North Island. Jaime has also worked a number of seasons in the Arctic and has worked around



polar bears, and rifles, allowing confidence in group safety along with PG's skills (see below)

Per Gustav Porsanger (PG)
Norway

PG, part indigenous Sami (of Arctic Norway) lives in Molde in Norway. He is ex-Norwegian special forces, though now works as a manager for industrial high ropes operations and also works as a skydive instructor. PG has cross-country skied the length of Norway as well as represented Norway at the international level in skiing. Though not as dedicated to kayaking as the other two members, he is able and his skill set in the arctic environ more than helps compensate. PG's Military background enables the team to access guns and arctic training knowledge that can be applied to this epic endeavour.

Follow Progress:

Once we are underway in June 2015 you can follow our progress via our GPS tracker and our weekly blog posts here: www.svalbard.worldwildadventure.com

We are also doing a crowd funding campaign to help raise the last funds needed, If you would like to help out and maybe get a photo print, piece of limited edition art, kayaking spray skirt, dry bag or a similar reward that we are offering, check out our fundraiser page:

<https://givealittle.co.nz/project/kay-aksvalbard>

EDITOR'S NOTE

Back in 1996, a team of three Alaskan paddlers, Jill Fredstone, Doug Fessler and John Bauman completed the first successful kayak circumnavigation of Spitzbergen. Recounted in a chapter in Jill's superb book *Rowing to Latitude*, highlights including discovering a whale in the face of a calving glacier, and encounters with polar bears. They paddled in a clockwise direction from Longyearben around Spitzbergen, which is the largest island in the Svalbard Archipelago.



HISTORY

Aran Curragh

St Caoman - August 1969

Irish humour found wild at
Doolin (Roadford) Co Clare.

by Alan Bye

Paul Caffyn visited us (01/03/15) and I told him this yarn. He said, "Write it up," so here it is nearly 50 years on.

Michie Conneelly of West Village Inishere built Aran curraghs. He agreed to build me an Aran three-man curragh for 40 pounds. I photographed the stages. We drove from Oxford England to the ferry, crossed the Irish Sea to Dublin, across Ireland east to west to Doolin in County Clare. From the harbour, Doolin Haven, we crossed seven miles by curragh to West Village, Inishere, easternmost of three Aran Islands in Galway Bay. With me, my wife, two teenage children plus camping gear the Hillman Minx 1500 cc was heavy laden.

On the way back it carried a 19 feet by 4 foot curragh weighing 250 pounds on the roof. Early evening, travel-weary, we pitched tent on grass near the stone jetty in Doolin Haven. Nine am next day, westward, I saw a tiny dot on the Atlantic coming our way. It was Michie's curragh driven by a 4 hp Seagull outboard with Michie and Tomas Sharry aboard. The best laid plans went awry at this point.

"Quick Joan! Pack the gear they're here!" Joan, Alison and John were busy as I went to the launching ramp by the stone jetty. Michie and Tomas were powerfully built men above six feet tall. Genesis 6:4 'there were giants in the land in those days.' Here for sure were two of them. The day was fine, the sea calm. "Alan, will you give us a lift? We need wood at Enistimon."

Our sea journey was delayed a while. We passed the dismantled tent and heap of gear; I told Joan we would be away an hour. Fifteen minutes



The Bye family 1500cc Hillman Minx with the 250 pound curragh on the roof; son John at left, mum Joan at right. Photo: Alan Bye

passed as we walked uphill to the bar and the car. These two huge fit men sat in the back of the Minx straining the suspension. I guess together they weighed 500 pounds.

Tomas was mostly silent but Michie directed me southward to Enistimon. After a pleasant half hour journey we arrived at an Irish timber yard. I sat on stacked timber as a young lad put wood through the ten inch diameter blunt circular saw. Michie and Tomas went to see a man. Smoke rose from the twenty-two feet long timbers required to trim my curragh. Time passed. Maybe an hour later Michie arrived hurriedly and handed me a hot chicken wrapped in newspaper. Away he went. I counted the great stacks of wood as I imagined Joan's state of mind.

Around 11:30 am Michie and Tomas returned, silent. We by-passed Doolin to Lisdoonvarna. It is a typical village, wide green, church, two or three bars. I parked at the first about 12:30 pm. I was sober but if my two passengers weren't, it didn't show. They escorted me to the bar, real old style Irish as in *Ryan's Daughter*. I had a copy of *Argosy* short stories to read. They put two pints of Guinness on the old iron framed table. "Sit here," they said. "Don't go outside." I didn't. They spoke to the publican who looked hard at me. I felt that lynching was not unknown in these parts.

As I sampled the great flavour of Guinness way out on the coast I looked around. There were maybe a dozen men, all giants, all looking at me with distrust. I kept my attention on *Argosy* while recalling the atrocities that the 'Black and Tans' committed in rural Ireland in the twenties 'Troubles'. Time passed, conversation resumed in the bar as I thought of Joan, the kids and my passengers. Michie returned briefly to say he'd been to the Priest to tell the Inishere Priest that we would return that evening. UHF radio was the only means of communication.

An hour or so passed. This was Irish time, similar to Kiwi time as I now know. My passengers returned, handed me another Guinness, talked to some of the men there and we returned to Doolin. (Find it on Google Earth). I knew that my life very soon might be nasty, brutish and short. I sat at the bar in a large empty hall, maybe half a dozen there. A student from Dublin had a Jaw's Harp and twanged a few jaunty tunes. My son John appeared at the door looking anxious. Joan was displeased. Would I please return at once?

A subtle change. The empty hall was filling, men, women. There was an accordion, tin whistles, two fiddles, a bodhran, the Irish drum like a tambourine without the jingles. A ceilidh was underway. It didn't take long, the village made it happen. It was now 3



Michie Conneelly shaping the shoulder of a new curragh, watched by his wife Sarah. Photo: Alan Bye

pm. Daughter Alison appeared tall at school, here not so tall but still good looking. Dancing started; large people whirled around. I was persuaded on to the floor and I danced. The tune I didn't know, what the steps were I cared not, so I danced because Guinness and the music bewitched my boots. In the doorway stood my wife in a state of great displeasure. She would not dance.

Among the lively throng of stately men and women there was a Leprechaun. He was barely five feet tall. If he had been 6 feet tall he would have been in proportion. Despite his weighty if shortened appearance he was nimble and quick. He seized my daughter and whirled her into the throng. Her pleading face above his head said as plainly as if she had spoken, "Save me Dad!" but I smiled a cheery smile and shook my head. This was a special place where teenagers could find real people.

Sometime later as Joan sat on a bar stool she could not resist the conversation around her. Time was of no consequence to me but Joan wanted to know when we would leave. Later on the island I heard we were lucky that day for Michie and Tomas could go on a five day bender with me as taxi. Both my curragh men were there, mostly silent now as the hall

shook. They each had that faraway look that mariners and Guinness men have. Slate blue eyes in calm repose.

I searched Google Earth today to find that hamlet a mile from Doolin Haven but I could not. I've heard of an island off the coast of Scotland that appears for a day once in a hundred years. Was this hamlet and bar part of Gaelic faery land?

Next we were loading the curragh for the seven mile journey to Inishere. A huge man among these giants was Ruairaidh, 260 pounds, recently a barman in New York returning to his home. His jacket pocket had a row of tin whistles in various sharps and flats to make feet dance. The sky was dull grey, no wind, sea calm but outlook threatening. The people of Doolin lined the stone jetty to see us away. Michie descended the iron rungs on the jetty seeming unsteady.

Our camping gear was in the bow forward of the thwart. Michie sat on the thwart, carefully lit his pipe and tumbled backward on to the gear where he remained smoking at peace until we landed. Tomas had the tiller of the Seagull in hand. Joan and Alison sat somewhere in the middle. Ruairaidh sat near Tomas, they spoke Gaelic. I can still see the people waving on the jetty.

On a towline aft was another curragh. I asked Michie before oblivion took him, could we put the gear in the other curragh? "Ach no. Her skin is full of holes, she could sink. I am putting a new skin on her." The freeboard on our curragh was about 3 inches. I watched it. I too was in a daze, way out of my accustomed life, not caring. So we puttered 7 miles until we grounded bow first on the sand of Inishere.

We landed all our gear, then the men hauled the curragh up on the sand to take it to where it rested its shoulders on a pair of great boulders. To carry a curragh three men stand at one side, place very large feet on the gunwale, press down so the curragh rolls to rest on one gunwale. Swiftly grasp the other gunwale to swing it overhead so that the three thwarts



Michie laying out the side frames and centre of a new curragh.

rest on the shoulders of these men. The craft goes forwards backwards with the stern leading. They walk in step or fall.

Clare county authorities were concerned that the sand dunes were eroded by the gales in winter. The shore was lined by dunes, ever shifting. To keep the sand in place they sewed marram grass, spread nets and fixed them with great stakes.

Michie was leading man but the stern and Guinness obscured his view. He tripped on an exposed stake to pitch headlong on to the sand. He did not speak but smiled serenely. The weight of the curragh landed on Michie now driven in to the sand. Sarah his wife hurried down to us to explain, "Ach, he has a drop taken." That I knew. Michie was dragged out, Sarah supported him with fierce words in Gaelic. We saw him again next morning, walking wounded.



Boarding the curragh at Doolin Jetty. Photo: Alan Bye

We pitched our tent, Joan made a meal and we slept. Early clear Atlantic day I felt the weight of Guinness so in swimming trunks and flip flops, I stumbled to the rim of the bay. Casting off flip flops and towel I fell headlong into the calm ocean where I was weightless, head clear, chilled, thrilled, excited. This was the start of 15 days far from the city roar. This is where I enjoyed Irish humour, very like Northern English and Kiwi, it has a sharp edge yet kindly. Here's one event.

The evening before we left for home Sarah, Michie's wife invited us to supper at 3 am. There were two bars on Inishere, one by the sea the other on the hill beside the ancient ruined castle. The night was misty, a 'soft' night, fine drizzle. Before dark we were looking for the family donkey, each family has one to carry heavy goods. It was a wise donkey and didn't like the idea of carrying 112 pounds weight of flour at 3 am. They know you know. There is about them ancient wisdom enhanced by telepathy. It usually stood in the short front passage leaning against the old stonewall taking care not to stand on the chickens as they strutted in to the kitchen.

In the Cliffside bar Michie went for his sack of flour. The cobbled yard was very dark, cobbles very wet. "Help Michie." Joan said. As I went to the yard I saw Conneelly, the publican, hoisting the heavy sack on to Michie's broad shoulders. (There were only five surnames on Inishere's many tombstones, earliest 850 AD).

Michie stumbled on the wet cobbles travelling with great majesty, off balance backward toward me, accelerating slowly. I braced myself as I thrust my right shoulder in to the middle of Michie's broad back. He stopped with a jerk as I propped him. The 112 pound sack slid on to my shoulders so neatly. Later I saw the donkey smiling. It knew. Bracing myself, Englishman abroad, show no weakness, I carried the sack along the cliff top path, the calm ocean lapping 15 feet down.

In the misty dark on the right was a row of ancient cottages thatched with heather. They shared a vegetable garden. At the gates were five glowing orange lights from pipes turned down from the rain. A voice, "That is Michie's flour?" I agreed and walked on. Behind came Michie and Joan unladen. As they were alongside the quiet men, a voice in Gaelic followed by great laughter.

At the house in the passage with forelegs neatly crossed the donkey smiled at me. I dumped the sack of flour on the ancient mahogany table. Sarah was mortified that I had carried it. Later I asked Michie what they said? "Ach, it is too embarrassing." Long pause "I will tell you tomorrow."

Next morning after my swim I went to the bar, which was the grocery shop as well. I leaned on the bar as I enjoyed my 'Jameson' whiskey. Michie was there - the two rooms were packed. I'm sure the tale had been round the village so they were all here to see how 'The Englishman' took the joke.

"Come on Michie, what did they say?" (Crunch time)

"You'll not be angry?"

"Why no, man! Why should I be?"

Bar dead quiet.

"Who needs a donkey with an Englishman on the island?"

There are long distance jokes - this one makes me smile now. Not only was this a joke with legs, it had a built in pause. I started to smile, to laugh and we all laughed full hearty. Like the cream on a Guinness, this joke. I know if ever I return to Inishere my welcome is guaranteed. Magic there.



Alan Byde

EQUIPMENT REVIEWS

Cooker Windshield by Laraine Hughes

The 2003 *KASK Handbook* 2003 had a tip under Kayak Kookery, which I've found very useful - a little windshield for a camping cooker - so I made one for myself.

Several other kayakers have seen mine, copied it, and we've made them for others as well. It just requires a piece of ripstop nylon or similar non-fray material 850 mm long x 270 mm high.

Turn over each end by 15 mm and sew along the inner edge of the piece turned over to make a pocket into which a knitting needle is inserted.

Make two more knitting needle pockets spaced evenly along the length by simply folding the material and stitching 15 mm in. Make a little bag to keep everything in: take a piece of similar material 450 mm long and 130 mm wide, fold it in half lengthwise and stitch a narrow seam along the bottom and up the side. Stitch a small loop of elastic into the side seam 120 mm from the open end.



Laraine's clever knitting needle stove windshield, assembled and packed up



HUMOUR

Church Confession

An elderly Italian man who lived on the outskirts of Positano, Italy, went to the local church for confession. When the priest slid open the panel in the confessional, the man said, "Father, during World War II, a beautiful Jewish woman from our neighbourhood knocked urgently on my door and asked me to hide her from the Nazis. So I hid her in my attic."

The priest replied: "That was a wonderful thing you did, and you have no need to confess that."

"There is more to tell Father. She started to repay me with sexual favours. This happened several times a week, and sometimes twice on Sundays."

The priest said, "That was a long time ago and by doing what you did, you placed the two of you in great danger, but two people under those circumstances can easily succumb to the weakness of the flesh. However, if you are truly sorry for your actions, you are indeed forgiven."

"Thank you, Father. That's a great load off my mind. I do have one more question."

"And what is that?" asked the priest. "Should I tell her the war is over?"

The Pope and the Rabbi

Several centuries ago, the Pope decreed that all the Jews had to convert to Catholicism or leave Italy. There was a huge outcry from the Jewish community, so the Pope offered a deal: he'd have a religious debate with the leader of the Jewish community. If the Jews won, they could stay in Italy; if the Pope won, they'd have to convert or leave. The Jewish people met and picked an aged and wise rabbi to represent them in the debate. However, as the rabbi spoke no Italian, and the Pope spoke no Yiddish, they agreed that it would be a 'silent' debate. On the chosen day the Pope and rabbi sat opposite each other. The Pope raised his hand and showed three fingers. The rabbi looked back and raised one finger. Next, the Pope waved his finger around his head. The rabbi pointed

to the ground where he sat. The Pope brought out a communion wafer and a chalice of wine. The rabbi pulled out an apple. With that, the Pope stood up and declared himself beaten and said that the rabbi was too clever. The Jews could stay in Italy.

Later the cardinals met with the Pope and asked him what had happened. The Pope said, "First I held up three fingers to represent the Trinity. He responded by holding up a single finger to remind me there is still only one God common to both our beliefs. Then, I waved my finger around my head to show him that God was all around us. The rabbi responded by pointing to the ground to show that God was also right here with us. I pulled out the wine and wafer to show that God absolves us of all our sins, and the rabbi pulled out an apple to remind me of the original sin. He bested me at every move and I could not continue."

Meanwhile, the Jewish community gathered to ask the rabbi how he'd won. "I haven't a clue," said the rabbi. "First, he told me that we had three days to get out of Italy, so I gave him the finger. Then he tells me that the whole country would be cleared of Jews and I told him that we were staying right here."

"And then what?" asked a woman. "Who knows?" said the rabbi. "He took out his lunch so I took out mine."

Irish Pub

Two women were sitting next to each other in a bar. After a while, one looks at the other and says, "I can't help but think, from listening to you, that you're from Ireland."

The other woman responds proudly, "Yes, to be sure I sure am!"

The first one says, "So am I! And whereabouts in Ireland are ya from?"

The other woman answers, "I'm from Dublin, I am."

The first one responds, "So, am I! And what street did you live on in Dublin?"

The other woman says, "A lovely little area. It was in the west end. I lived on Warbury Street in the old central part of town."

The first one says, "Faith, and it's a small world. So did I! So did I! And what school did ya go to?"

The other woman answers, "Well now, I went to Holy Heart of Mary, of course."

The first one gets really excited and says, "And so did I! Tell me, what year did you graduate?"

The other woman answers, "Well, now, let's see. I graduated in 1964."

The first woman exclaims, "The Good Lord must be smiling down upon us! I can hardly believe our good luck at winding up in the same pub tonight! Can you believe it? I graduated from Holy Heart of Mary in 1964 meself!"

About this time, Michael walks into the bar, sits down, and orders a beer. Brian, the bartender, walks over to Michael shaking his head and mutters, "It's going to be a long night tonight."

Michael asks, "Why do you say that, Brian?"

Brian answers, "The Murphy twins are pissed again."

Bribes for a Young Boy

One day a 12-year old boy was walking down the street when a car pulled up beside him and the window was wound down. "I'll give you a bag of lollies if you get in the car," said the male driver.

"No way, get stuffed", replied the boy.

How about a bag of lollies and \$10?" asked the driver?

"No way," replied the irritated youngster.

"What about a bag of lollies and \$50, eh?" quizzed the driver, still rolling slowly to keep up with the walking boy.

"No, I'm not getting in the car!" answered the boy

"OK, I know what you want - I'll give you \$100 and a bag of lollies," the driver offered.

"No!" screamed the boy.

"What will it take to get you into the car?" asked the driver sighing.

The boy replied: "Listen Dad, you bought a jeep - you live with it!"

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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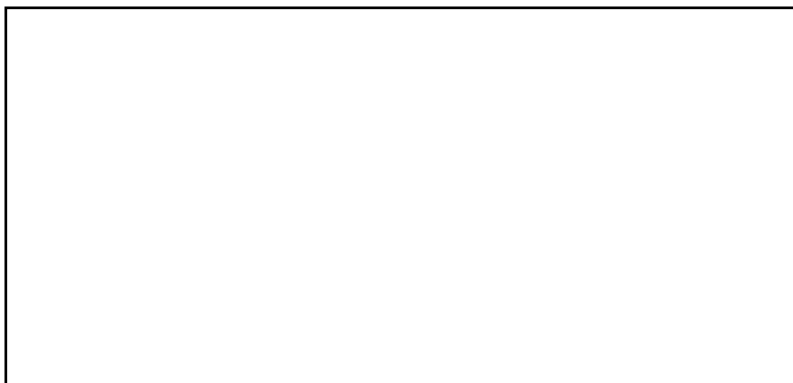


Melz Grant at Sealion Camp Cove, on Campbell Island, eyeing up a massive bull male sea lion. Photo: Max Grant



*Royal penguins at Sandy Bay on Macquarie Island. See story on page 10
Photo: Max Grant*

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*The view seawards over Sandy Beach on Macquarie Island. More penguins than you can shake a stick at.
Photo: Max Grant (see story on p. 10)*

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Current membership fees are:

- \$35 for ordinary membership
- for new members \$35
- \$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
- 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

