

# NEW ZEALAND SEA CANOEIST

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*15 April, Lynn Paterson about to land at Jackson Bay after 43 gruelling days paddling around Fiordland. See story on p. 10.  
Photo: Nat Frew*



*The Canterbury Network annual Okains Bay training weekend.  
John Kirk-Anderson (orange hat) teaching paddle strokes;  
Dave Welch's assisted rescues middle left,  
and Doug Aitken's self rescues out the back  
Photo: Jillian Wilson*



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<b>Deadline for material for the next KASK magazine:</b>	
<b>25 May 2016</b>	

**EDITORIAL****Lynn Paterson**

As of 25 April, Lynn had reached Okarito on the West Coast of the South Island, where she is waiting now like a caged tiger for strong south-westerly seas to ease before continuing north to Greymouth. Although her paddle around Fiordland was possibly the longest, at 43 days, it was certainly the first solo by a red-head. Biding her time during the frequent cold fronts lashing the fjords, Lynn put in big paddling days when conditions were better than average.

On 24, April Lynn and support crew Nat Frew visited the 12 Mile and it was great to meet the team for the first time. I have included a few pages on her paddling since Otago's Catlins coast. Both the exposed western coasts of Stewart Island and Fiordland are in my view the toughest sections to kayak for a round New Zealand paddle. Her daily blog entries were handwritten by Lynn in Fiordland before being entered to the website by Nat. For me, watching the wee red dot of Lynn paddling up the West Coast is a real trip down memory lane. See story on page 10.

**KASK Forum Cancelled**

Sadly, with low members registering prior to the catering cut-off date, and two overseas speakers unable to attend, the 2016 forum committee decided to pull the pin for the first time ever. President Tim has a strong 2017 forum committee already well into the planning process for the next gathering on an island in the Hauraki Gulf, close to Auckland. See Tim's president's report for more detail.

**MNZ Meetings**

In late March I attended two days of MNZ hosted meetings in Auckland, a data collection sub-group and then the biannual Safer Boating Forum. These gatherings are great for catching up on what other national recreational vessel groups are doing

in terms of research and educational safety programs.

**Isadora at the Maritime Museum**

I like to call into the Auckland National Maritime Museum to check on *Isadora*, the kayak I used for the round New Zealand odysseys. The green deckline rope had deteriorated badly from UV radiation, and just touching the broken ends brought a small cloud of fine green dust. So I did the rounds of the nearby ships chandleries and managed to find 12 metres of green hawser laid rope.

With help from some of the museum staff, and two ladders, we carefully lowered the old girl down to alongside Colin Quincey's *Tasman Trespasser*, where we removed the remnants of the 1977 decklines, to replace them with the brand new ones. If you haven't visited the museum, the wall displays of my trips are worth a viewing. A grand mix of photos and text, and one beaut pic with the old ship dog Ben.

**Tasmania**

That southern state of Australia has some superb coastline for paddlers. I was recently the guest of the Tasmanian Sea Kayak Club at their AGM at Whites Bay near Port Arthur. It had been a long time since my last flight into Hobart, back in 1989, when customs and immigration had me on an airport watch list for another attempt at crossing the Tasman. However this time, it was a domestic flight into Hobart and just a lovely black Labrador checking passengers for fruit from the mainland.

**Dave Winkworth**

Dave is a regular contributor to the KASK magazine with his West Island Bits, providing tips for Kiwi paddlers and updating issues and events in the land 'down under'. He often joins our team of instructors at KASK forums. His latest 'WIB' included his preparation to join Sandy Robson in her endeavour to follow

**COVER:**

*A misty evening on Lake Tarawera on the way to overnight at Hot Water Beach (Te Rata Bay). Susan Cade was able to paddle close to a 'herd' of swans, and one mother with her wee cygnets.*

*Photo: Susan Cade*



the route taken by Oscar Speck in his foldboat during the 30s from Germany to Australia. Dave was going to join Sandy at the small port in northern Papua New Guinea, closest to the Indonesian border, and paddle with her around the PNG coast before crossing to Cape York on the top of Queensland. But after months of negotiating with PNG government bureaucracy in Port Moresby and Canberra for 3+ month visas for himself and Sandy, not to mention building a special three piece take apart fibreglass kayak to fly to the northern coast of PNG, he has given up. Bad enough for his effort let alone Sandy Robson after nigh on four years of paddling.

So instead of Dave's regular WIB, I have included two articles from a



*Dave Winkworth's colourful three piece kayak that he made for the PNG trip with Sandy Robson*

special 100<sup>th</sup> edition of *Salt*, the magazine of the NSW Sea Kayak Club, which were tagged 'Most Memorable Magazine Story'. Back in August 1999 Dave saved the life of his paddling mate from the jaws of a big saltwater crocodile. His original article, which also appeared in both the KASK and NSW club newsletters was titled 'Dead Man Walking'. In a nice surprise for Dave, the *Salt* editor tracked down the pilot who flew low over the island in response to the EPIRB signal.

#### **A Bit Late**

I have plenty of excuses for being a tad late with this KASK magazine. In Auckland for a couple of days, a week in Tasmania and a 'freeze screen' overheating issue with my 27" Mac.



*Paul (not in a Nordkapp) at the Tasmanian Sea Kayak Club AGM gathering, and with Lynn Paterson at the 12 Mile*

### **KASK Committee 2014 - 2015**

Tim Muhundan	- President	email: tim@paddler.co.nz
Ian McKenzie	- Committee	email: mckian@xtra.co.nz
Sandy Ferguson	- Webmaster	email: kayakamf@gmail.com
Paul Caffyn	- Publications	email: kayakpc@xtra.co.nz
Lois Cowan	- Committee	email: loisc@paradise.net.nz
KASK Administrator (Karen Grant)		email: admin@kask.co.nz

My thanks to all the writers and photographers who have helped me assemble this wonderful journal about sea kayaking in New Zealand (and a bit of overseas stuff as well).

Paul Caffyn

### **KASK National Sea Kayaking Forum 2017**

KASK National Sea Kayaking Forum 2017 will be held on a treasure island hidden in the Hauraki Gulf over the weekend of 3 – 5 March 2017. The forum will be unique, memorable and have an emphasis on paddling skill development "to take your paddling to another level".

We have a fantastic new forum team to organize the event and make it happen.

Priority 'registration' for KASK members opens on 15 May 2016.

More details on <http://www.kask.org.nz/forum2017>

Diarise this date now!

3 – 5 March 2017

# KASK

## President's Report April 2016 by Tim Muhundan

A typical current KASK member is a male, in their 50's or 60's, owns multiple kayaks, paddles regularly throughout the year, typically doing day paddles or weekend paddles and consider themselves to be either of intermediate or advanced skill level.

This is according to the *most* comprehensive survey completed by over 100 of our KASK members recently. Thanks to everyone who took the time to complete the survey. The full results of the survey can be found in this link: <http://goo.gl/yXY764>

Using this survey and other means via our social media, we been busy finding out more about our members and their needs and wants to stay relevant and to ensure that the members get value out of their membership. In our monthly committee meetings, we use the information captured to ensure that everything we do aligns with what our members want whilst staying faithful to what we stand for:

- Promoting and encouraging the sport of sea kayaking
- Promoting safety standards & help educate the paddlers
- Developing techniques & skill levels
- Dealing with issues of coastal access and protection

**Goals for 2016 2017:** In our last committee meeting we reaffirmed our goals for 2016 and 2017. This includes continuing to maintain ongoing advocacy on behalf of the members (as well as other paddlecraft users, where appropriate) in conjunction with organizations such as Water Safety New Zealand, Maritime New Zealand, Coastguard Boating Education, the National Boating Safety Forum and Department of Conservation. We also want to carry on establishing new channels of communications and relationships with other partnership

organizations and clubs related to paddlecraft.

**Future of KASK Forum:** One of the key benefits of being a KASK member is being able to attend the annual sea kayaking forums. However, during the last 10 years, most kayaking symposiums and multi day forums around the world have seen their numbers drop dramatically (including our own KASK forums in Anakiwa).

Again, we need your help to ensure that the annual sea kayaking forums with 2.5 days commitment (or longer if you are travelling from out of town) are relevant and provide value and skills development, which everyone attending will be happy with.

So in the next e-newsletter, you will be invited to have your say in helping us improve our Sea Kayaking forums – this can be done by going through this link: <http://goo.gl/JnyJas>

Building on the great KASK forum 2015 event we had last year at Long Bay, Auckland, the KASK Forum 2017 will be held on a treasure island hidden in the Hauraki Gulf over the weekend of 3 – 5 March 2017. We now have an excellent forum organization team made up of Nick Webb, Pauline Ross, Jim Hawkins, Chris Breen, Shelley Stuart, Ruth Henderson and Tim Muhundan, under the leadership of Auckland paddler and trip leader Shaun Maclaren. It has been great working with Shaun – he brings passion and great organization skills as well as a vision to make this unique and memorable.

The team have been scouting for a location in recent weeks and will be



*KASK Forum 2017 organization team hard at work - exploring another island in the Hauraki Gulf*

using the results from the forum survey to design the programs and on water sessions and instructors – so please do not miss this opportunity to have your say and make the 2017 forum the best ever.

**Governance:** We have a current management committee made up of Paul Caffyn, Sandy Ferguson, Ian McKenzie, Lois Cowan and myself. Special thanks to outgoing committee members, Robert Brown and Shawn Walsh for all your help and time during the last few years.

We will be appointing additional committee members during the year as per our constitution to fill the gaps, so all members will get an email on how to nominate new committee members and or president. The KASK committee will carry on setting strategies as well as improving internal governance, membership (now with credit card / PayPal option for instant join) and communication.

**AGM:** This year's AGM (required by our constitution) will be electronic giving a wider participation to all members – and not restricted to those who turn up to the Forum. The AGM reports will be sent to all current members, as well as the instructions and link to take part in the actual AGM using *GoToMeeting* (an on-line meeting application).

Tim Muhundan.  
President  
Kiwi Association of Sea Kayakers





## NEW ZEALAND TRIP REPORTS

### Ratimera KASK Paddler Gathering by Susan Cade

It was my delight to attend the KASK paddle out to Ratimera. There was a gathering of 19 keen paddlers from around NZ, from as far afield as Auckland and Christchurch, some doing extended trips before and afterwards.

Myself and my paddling companion, German paddler Christian, paddled out after arriving on the Friday evening ferry from Wellington and a walk to the launching spot on the foreshore at Picton, finally starting to paddle at 9:30pm. I must admit that I love paddling at night, to me it feels as if you really have the sea to yourself and it seems much more an intimate remote experience. Particularly when your own lights don't disturb the ambience and you are working with natural light.

This paddle was a joy. Starting off with me being startled with a fish jumping over my boat and getting caught momentarily between my arm and body when we had barely started the paddle. From then on, we saw a few jumping fish and our boats occasionally got hit by one. There was beautiful phosphorescence on the sea as a result of the bioluminescence of organisms on the surface layers of the sea. The luminescence of these organisms is stimulated by mechanical irritation, such as movement of waves and the collision with our kayaks and collision with other organisms, or it can arise due to a flash of light produced by nearby organisms. It was a delight to see the liquid bright luminescence breaking over our boats and rich glowing syrupy arcs of dense light. It would be a delight to catch that on camera.

To culminate the memorable moments, we struck a busy shipping lane. I haven't ever seen it so busy in the wee hours of early morning and yes it did cause some consternation when a large lit ship was clearly



*The gathering of KASK paddlers (and inflatables) at Ratimera Bay*

concerned about our presence that it blew her horn at us and then shone their search light on us as we moved well out of their path on to the Tory channel side of Queen Charlotte Sound. A real indication of the critical importance of having a VHF and being knowledgeable and being able to interpret the navigational lights on boats at night. I must admit Christian was more skillful on the latter than I.

After that I was nervous about crossing the shipping lane and my speed as I observed another barge in the Picton direction that I imagined was heading in our direction. Then I realized that it was one that was anchored in the channel out from Picton that we had passed earlier. From there it was looking for the right silhouettes at night and navigational cues to guide us to Ratimera to finally get some kip.

It was a delight to catch up with paddlers I hadn't met before and familiar paddlers at Ratimera, in such a beautiful relaxed setting. We had a great gathering and swapping of stories on the Saturday. Then a contest for our blow up toy - we had John and his inflatable kayak. What a hit with Max's Emperor penguin, which he had acquired a foot pump to inflate and had been long overdue an outing; a dolphin that was brought by Bevan - and I gather taking a holiday from their pool -and my contribution a small frog.

The penguin won the day. It did get up to mischief visiting other campers' tents, and starring in photo shoots. As you can guess, many stories were exchanged, ideas and sharing of future adventures, examination and sharing of paddling gear and boats. It was a real shame that Paul Caffyn hadn't been able to make it, which was something beyond his control, as in fact organizing the trip had been from his instigation.

We all left camp as our schedules demanded; some to stay in the Sounds longer, others for the ferry. On my way back with Christian, I was delighted to do a brief underground exploration of a mine I had long wanted to get into. Meanwhile Max took a group to look at a historical Karaka Point Lookout and Maori pa site, which will be on my hit list in the future.

*The collection of inflatable 'toys' at Ratimera, on John Booth's inflatable kayak. Photo: Susan Cade*



*See also page 23 for more photos*

## NEW ZEALAND TRIP REPORTS

### 'Claytons' KASK Weekend by Glenda Ray

Having purchased the ferry ticket months ago, and booked an appointment in Queenstown, we were looking forward to our paddling/road trip and were extremely disappointed when KASK was cancelled. We decided to go anyway and take our chances that others might be doing the same. Lots of email traffic, we were expecting a crowd, but only four of us met up at the Jolly Roger restaurant (Picton) as arranged.

Not to be deterred, with an interesting forecast, we were on the water by 8:00 am next morning. We put in at Waikawa Marina on a stunning morning and made our way past All-Ports Island and along the northern coastline of Queen Charlotte Sound. Captivated by the scenery and lots of chat, Ruth (Henderson) navigated us to Ratimera Bay. As we rounded the entrance of Ruakaka Bay the wind picked up and we had about 25+ knot gusts on the nose. It was a bit of a slog to get to the camp and to our delight there were several other 'KASKers' already camped. The wind howled all night and we were soon to learn about the fickle wind and unpredictability of the Queen Charlotte Sound weather.

People had come from everywhere even as far as Keri Keri. Max Grant arrived with a group plus penguin (inflatable), from Manawatu on the



*Shaun McLaren loading up for the paddle from Waikawa Yacht Club marina out to Ratimera Bay.  
Photo: Glenda Ray*



*Damage inflicted by a pesky weka on Shaun and Glenda's wine bladder. Photo: Ruth E Henderson*

Saturday afternoon, stayed for dinner and paddled out again on Sunday morning. A commendable effort for a night away. We made new friends, including wekas, compared gear, and talked of adventure. A particularly friendly weka tried to drag the red wine platypus away from our tent and managed to puncture it in the process.

Sunday morning, the camp emptied out, including the boaties and the social kayakers who came in on about a dozen doubles the previous night. Five of us set off to paddle the Bay of Many Coves. Ruth had been getting weather forecasts texted from home, we had contribution from a German weather-site and several others, everyone had some sort of forecast to add to the mix, all different but largely the same, but we learnt there is no substitute for local knowledge. It was great to have Dave Cook who, with his local knowledge, knew the coast well, had local stories to share, and understood the vagaries of the weather in the Sounds.

A magnificent day calm, still and sunny, and with a 30 knot gale warning forecast out in Cook Strait. We encountered seals basking in the sun or lolling about patiently outside the salmon farm wire. Kilometres of beautiful coastline and isolated beaches. The delight of coming across the waterfront café of the luxurious Bay of Many Coves resort in the middle of such isolation was too much for this Aucklander to pass up the chance of real coffee.

Whilst the little bays looked delightful, close up there was nowhere to go ashore, we eventually made our way Milton Bay, possibly someone's private property, for lunch. From Snake Point we crossed the bay to Bull Head. As we made our way back along Ruakaka Bay towards home, the wind started picking up and it was nice to get back to camp. It is interesting how different the scenery looks when you are going in the opposite direction and what you see, or don't see, depending on the weather. It had been a lovely day.

Dave was sure Monday afternoon was going to blow up, so we were on the water about 8-ish, another stunning morning with hardly a breath of wind. Shaun and I paddled back to Waikawa and Ruth, Dave and Mags paddled on to Blumine Island. We were packing the car at the yacht club chatting about the perfect conditions when we felt the wind, and looked up to see an intense grey squall coming straight at us. Grabbing all the loose gear and the Beachcomber, we managed to secure everything but were concerned about the others thinking they might still be on the water. A few texts later confirmed they were safely on the island when it hit. A fisherman said the forecasters had got the weather wrong all week but today they were spot on, he was ready for it.

Now we were on the road trip down the west coast, but first we wanted to paddle to Awaroa Inlet to see 'our' new beach in the Abel Tasman. We camped at Pohara and asked the locals what the weather was going to do. The standard reply was 'looking pretty good' - the wind was either



'on shore', 'off shore', or "pretty good," so we decided against the local knowledge on this leg! Some of the locals were not at all happy about the public purchase of the Inlet, so we let that pass too.

The drive to Totaranui was spectacular. A good bit of surf as we put in, that needed some negotiation, and it was then a short paddle to the Inlet. Sadly the weather was not in our favour. The tide was almost low and we weren't able to get up to the waterfall that we had heard about, and decided not to linger as the wind was really picking up.

I spend most of the paddle back anticipating the surf landing and thinking how Red (Lynn Paterson) would think it was chicken feed! It wasn't that bad, but we were pleased to be on the beach all the same. We later watched a group of school children and instructors doing surf training at the estuary. There was some interesting ways to get the kayaks back over the surf and some very wet, cold, and miserable children.

We drove south down that spectacular west coast road, watched Hector's dolphins at Punakaiki, had a great afternoon in the sun with Paul Caffyn, Belinda and Stan Mulvany, and made our way to our next pad-



*Okarito white heron*

dle at Okarito Lagoon. A very grey, overcast but still day, the Okarito Nature Tours kayak company were really helpful, gave us a map of the lagoon and a guide book, and told us how to navigate the channels.

We were surprised at how shallow the lagoon really is. If you overshoot the channel you get out and walk until you find it again. There is a tidal window of about an hour and a half each side of full tide, we timed it just right and made our way up the Tidal Creek channel and eventually the River Delta Channel. It is very unlike the creeks we know in Auckland, there were no mangroves, just reeds, grasses and flax and the water was dark brown, but clear.



*Shaun and Glenda's Clayton's tour at Franz Josef, with the glacier in the background.*

The reflections on the water were spectacular, even though the day was so grey. We knew we had missed the white herons as they had migrated a few weeks before, but we did see some of the half dozen that remain and have become the resident population. What beautiful creatures. The bird song was wonderful but we didn't see many of them. It was bucketing down by the time we got back, but that didn't take the gloss off a really lovely paddle.

That was the last of the paddling. Haast was a well-kept secret but it was too windy to paddle. Shaun clocked 32 knots on the beach, so we settled for whitebait fritters at Jackson Bay. It's definitely on our list of places to return to.

*Ginney Deavoll and Tyrell's new pooch Duke, posing for the camera off the Coromandel coast. Photo: Ginney*





## TRAINING



### **Annual Okains Bay Training Weekend with the Canterbury Sea Kayak Network 12 – 13 February 2016 photos and text by Jillian Wilson**

Yet another highly rated CSKN Training Weekend at Okains Bay. With fine weather, superb instructors, (good looking the lot of them, and the one woman is far from being the token inclusion), the around about 65 paddlers/campers were set for a great weekend.

Camping under the trees, right next to the beach - what could be better?

I've heard many comments about the training, amongst them being 'a big confidence boost - I can now self rescue and brace.' The conditions weren't great for learning bracing with only little waves the whole weekend, but many left for home having successfully participated in assisted and self-rescues. Yay for the heel hook!

Waveney Inch and I decided to paddle up the estuary, further on past the stored waka, and up to the road bridge. We were eventually joined by a flotilla



*David Welch ensuring he is getting his instructions understood*

of 18 keen paddlers, all happy to have a Sunday morning jaunt.

Many people benefitted from Fiona and Martin Fraser's workshops, both on and off the water. I'll never load my boat the same again after hearing Martin describe how to load it for faster travel. Faster travel also got voiced after Fiona's excellent class on paddle strokes. John Kirk-Anderson entertained everyone with perceptive

and astute teaching – that's par for the course with John. And rounding the team out with the expertise of Dave Welch and Doug Aitken - no wonder the punters were happy.

Exhilarated and happy, the weekend was rounded off by a rollicking earthquake. That's Christchurch for you! The place really rocks.

(see page one for another photo)



## NEW ZEALAND TRIP REPORTS

### Lynn Paterson's NZ Circumnavigation

by Paul Caffyn

Since the last KASK magazine, Lynn Paterson has paddled around the Catlins coast to Bluff, crossed Foveaux Strait, completed a circumnavigation of Stewart Island, and by 15 April she had paddled into Jackson Bay completing a gruelling 43 day paddle around Fiordland. Early evening of 21 April, Lynn surfed into Okarito where she is now waiting for a cold front to pass through.

You can follow Lynn's blog with her delightful daily log entries on: [www.redznzjourney.com/blog](http://www.redznzjourney.com/blog)

Nat Frew, Lynn's support crew, is slowly adding the 'dear diary' entries from the Fiordland paddle where cyber communication is on the rather lean side.

To follow Lynn's progress, go to her website ([www.redznzjourney.com](http://www.redznzjourney.com)) with the lovely sunrise shot of Lynn with Rangitoto Island in the background, and click on *MAPPRESS*. This will bring up a topographic map of NZ which has a thin blue line showing Lynn's trip.

On the left, if you unclick the NZ-Topo box, this takes you to satellite imagery. Use the + box to increase the image size. During the last few days, I have kept the satellite imagery on my 27" computer screen, and it is rather good to see Lynn knocking back the kilometres of a stretch of coast I know so well. I almost wish for a drone to get a look at weather, sea and surf conditions.

When Lynn reached Bluff, she had a difficult choice to make, whether to cross Foveaux Strait and paddle around Stewart Island, or leave Stewart Island for another summer and head straight out to deepest, darkest Fiordland. Both Mike Scanlan and I suggested postponing Stewart Island and make the most of



*Lynn arriving at Doughboy Bay on the west coast of Stewart Island. Pleased to catch up with photographer Nat Frew.*

late summer settled weather to tackle Fiordland.

It was a difficult choice, but given a good forecast, Lynn ('It could be the maddest thing I have done') worked the west-going ebb tidal stream through Foveaux Strait (reaching up to 12 km/hr at one stage) to close on Stewart Island's north-west coast with plenty of daylight left. So she rounded Rugged Point and turned south for Mason Bay. It must have been a magic day with settled sea conditions for Lynn landed north of the bay at Mason Head. On 14 February Lynn paddled south to Doughboy Bay where she met her valiant support crew person, Nat Frew, who had flown in by fixed wing to land on the bay's broad sandy beach.

Although Lynn had two days off here for inclement weather, before a short paddle south to Easy Harbour, and then a big day along Stewart Island's south coast to Port Pegasus, she was so lucky! Christchurch paddler John Kirk-Anderson spent well over a week at Doughboy Bay, nailed on shore with ferocious gales and massive seas. On his own for so long, and obviously missing company, he used a marker pen to draw a face on a coloured fishing float, and had long conversations and photo shoots with 'Wilson'. Short on time to get

back to work, John had to charter a helicopter to fly him and his kayak back to the mainland. In March 2010 Nathan Fa'avae and Tony Bateup went for the standard anti-clockwise direction for a paddle around Stewart Island, but following several attempts to round South Cape and its massive tidal stream overfalls, they eventually pulled the pin and hitched a ride back to Oban on a fishing boat.

That bottom end of Stewart Island, with massive overfalls off both South West and South capes, and a distinct paucity of lee landings, is a tough paddle on the best of days. Tara Mulvany, who spent five cruise weeks paddling in a clockwise direction around the island, had to head south for over three kilometres 'to clear lines of huge standing and breaking waves' off South West Cape. And this was on a two metre south-west swell with a variable 10 knots of wind.

So much depends on the day. When Max Reynolds and I paddled that south coast in August 1979, I thought my last hours had come in the white-capping waves of the massive overfall off South Cape, buried several times in breakers up to my chest.

Lynn did exceptionally well with her timing, and despite back-chop off the rugged rocky coastline, on top of a 2.5 to 3.0 swell, she passed those two nasty southern capes and their attendant tide races and was very relieved to enter the calm, tranquil waters of Port Pegasus. After a rainy couple of days, Lynn pulled off an outstanding paddle to reach Oban in Halfmoon Bay. And this is where I reckon Lynn has a strong sense of ethics – with that initial crossing from Bluff to the north-west tip of the island, Lynn had not properly circumnavigated Stewart Island. On 24 February, she paddled from Oban out to Black Rock Point, linking where she had first closed on the coast, and then had a quick paddle back to Oban. A really big 72 km day.

That circuit complete, Lynn caught the ferry to Bluff, and after waiting a few days for strong winds to ease, she did a long day's paddle from



Bluff to Monkey Island on the western side of Te Waewae Bay.

And this led to the start of what I view as the crux of a paddle around New Zealand, the very committing Fiordland section. As she wrote in her blog that last night with her support crew Nat, for a long time:

It is strange but true the closer to each big event, trip or adventure I ever do the quieter and rather more withdrawn I get. A sort of way of preparing myself I suppose and trying to keep a tight lid on any excitement or self doubts so I am never disappointed. Last night was like this for me, a lot to focus on and a lot to make sure was ready in my brain and with my gear and my mind-set.

A lot may think that this just is a natural trait of mine, I am bullet proof and 'fearless' as my pants pic said! But in reality it is many years of self discipline and giving myself a shove into uncomfortable situations. Yes I get nervous and yes I have doubts. I just try and channel them into making me move forward even if it is sometimes rather silently and sometimes shyly! So when Nat mentioned last night I seemed tired I just nodded, it was my way of dealing with things. I am not a talker when it comes to me, I just try and personally solve things.

On 4 March, launching from Port Craig (on the western side of Te Waewae Bay) Lynn was aiming to round Puysegur Point, but after a 52 km paddle and wind gusts pick-



*A screen capture shot from Lynn's Map Progress tracker showing, in the middle, where Lynn waited for seven days and mid left, the exposed beach where Russel Davidson was weather bound for 13 days.*

ing up, she paddled into the magic wee boat harbour (or kayak landing) at Green Islets. And there she remained for the next seven days, braving myriads of sandflies, dining on huge paua, and brushing up on her fire-making skills. On 10 March, 60 – 80 knot winds with thunder and lightning overhead - the winds even too strong for sandflies.

I didn't dare tell Lynn beforehand that, on a wee beach immediately west of the Green Islets headland, Nelson paddler Russel Davidson was nailed there by a succession of cold fronts and huge swell for 13 days. He finally made a break back to the east and Te Waewae Bay but I clearly remember his description of dealing with house-sized waves! Finally a weather window on 12

March allowed Lynn to round Puysegur Point on two metre swells, and just in time, she landed at Welcome Bay before a weather change brought strong wind gusts and a white-capping chop. Welcome Bay is an easterly facing sandy beach tucked inside Gulches Head. Next day paddled 17 kms north to Landing Bay, which is inside Cape Providence and there had to quickly don 'headscarf, jacket and baggy wooden leggings to cope with a welcoming party of hundreds of sandflies.

Then after waiting four days, the wind had ceased early morning of 17 March, and on a picture postcard morning – blue sky and no cloud, rounded Cape Providence and reached the shelter in Dusky Sound of Cascade Cove. Lynn dined on blue cod and mussels that evening.

For the rest of Fiordland, it was very much paddle from sound to sound, with some long waits for a break from unsettled early autumn weather conditions; another seven day wait in Breaksea Sound, five days in Bligh Sound, and then with Jackson Bay only half a day's paddle away, Lynn spent five days at Barn Bay before completing her paddle around Fiordland at Jackson Bay on 15 April. I can imagine Lynn's delight in rounding Jackson Head and pulling into the boat ramp marking



*On a grey Te Waewae Bay morning, Lynn is about to head off with her heavily laden kayak into deepest, darkest Fiordland. Photo: Nat Frew*



*Off the West Coast of the South Island, face with encrusted salt spray, Lynn ponders whether this is a bad hair day?*

the end of that 45 day paddle. One of the fishermen in the 'bay' told her to get a move on as it was nearing closing time for fish and chips at the Craypot Inn.

Lynn's blog, with her daily diary and her 'smiles for the day' are a delight to read. And despite the wretched long waits for a break in the weather and settled sea conditions, not to mention to clouds of annoying sand-flies, she seemed to revel in being solo in Fiordland, endeavouring to camp in comfort, living off the land with her fishing and mussel gathering, and exploring the beaches for treasures during the long weather-bound stays on land.

Meeting up with fishermen, and yachties added another level to Lynn's enjoyment of Fiordland. When she mentioned being invited aboard the *Black Pearl*, I couldn't

help asking in a deep pirate's voice if she had met Johnny Depp on Board. The yacht owner's wife asked Lynn who did her washing and where was her refrigerator?

It may well be the slowest paddle around Fiordland to date, and despite the very committing nature of this coast, with its paucity of landings and frequency of bouts of nasty weather, Lynn has erred on the side of caution and not pushed on marginal days, instead achieving long distances on the better-than-average days.

Lynn set off north from Jackson Bay on 16 April, making the most of a nice settled day, to reach Mussel Point near Haast, for a well deserved day off or two, then a long day to Bruce Bay, another to Okarito where she now waits. Just the open surf beaches of the west coasts of both South and North islands to go!

Lynn and Nat Frew (the gorgeous support crew lass and photographer) called in on 24 April. Lovely to meet the team and swap Fiordland and surf encounter stories. April 22 marked 180 days 'On the road' since leaving Takapuna. And Lynn added a lovely thank you message on her blog to all those who have helped over the past six months.

At Mussel Point, near Haast, Lynn got a hammering in the surf both landing and launching. We talked how the inner sounds (fjords) of Fiordland provide such a feeling of security, and how there has to be a distinct refocus of the brain to deal with the savagery of the conditions on the outer coast.

Follow Lynn's amazing paddle on: [www.redznzjourney](http://www.redznzjourney)

*Lynn arriving at Jackson Bay; the big, beaming smile says it all.*



*Nat titled this photo, 'After the meltdown at Muddie Point' - it was Lynn's first encounter with the South Island's West Coast surf, at Mussel Point.*





## NEW ZEALAND TRIP REPORTS

### Coromandel to Tairua, Coromandel Peninsula April 2016

by Jason Langman

I had been wanting to do another kayak trip for some time and when a planned trip with some friends fell through I decided to take off on a short notice solo trip. A lot of the pre planning had already been done so I printed off some topo maps, piled all my gear in the car and set off for the Coromandel.

After a six hour drive I pulled into the Long Bay Campground in Coromandel where I set up my tent just on dark and spent the first night. The couple that run the campground were very helpful and it was arranged that I could leave my car there for the week.

#### Day 1 - 36 kms

##### Long Bay to Fantail Bay

The following morning I loaded my kayak for the first time, madly trying various different combinations like some sort of three dimensional puzzle to try and squeeze in all of the 'essentials'! I eventually succeeded and slid the bow into the water, slightly concerned that it may well disappear below the surface, and set off from Long Bay on an oily calm and murky sea.

I had the usual first day thoughts going through my head, "I hope the weather will be OK?", "Have I left anything behind?", "Will I be able to get back to my car?" etc but as those first few hours drifted by I found I became more in the moment and my mind relaxed so I could just focus on enjoying my surroundings. After skirting around the mussel farms in the bay I began to bring the bow around and start heading north.

It was an enjoyable first day on the water, meandering up the coast. The road follows the coast for a good part



*Scooting along with a following chop*

of the western side of the peninsula although I saw very few vehicles, in fact I practically saw no one at all! Lush farm land with tufts of bush and a pohutukawa-lined shore makes up this stretch of coast. Plenty of nice places to stop for a snack and rest in the long grass. Late morning a south-easterly came away and I had a very nice down-wind paddle to Fantail Bay where I set up camp for the night.

Fantail Bay is a beautiful little campsite set amongst the bush at the bottom of a valley looking out across the Hauraki Gulf. Upon arrival one of the campers 'Vic' was there to meet me with a cheese and onion toastie and coffee! Vic is 72 years old and living the dream with his wife, spending several weeks a year in their campervan on the peninsular. I enjoyed his company, a real salt of the earth type with plenty of life stories. Needless to say around sundown Vic produced some beers to relax and enjoy the sunset.

#### Day 2 - 40 kms

##### Fantail Bay to Waikawau Bay

Next morning I left Fantail Bay in beautiful calm conditions. Sliding down the boulders into the water I looked over my shoulder to see Vic waving me off. Heading north towards Cape Colville I soon felt the assistance of the ebb tide leaving the Hauraki Gulf and there was a reasonable current around Kaiiti Point and Cape Colville but easily manageable and most importantly going the right way! The coastline began changing to become very steep, rocky and exposed. Great Barrier was clear and tempting across the Colville Channel

to the north east and I quietly thought to myself, that is for another day.

I stopped for a break at the beautiful Fletcher Bay where there is a very nice DoC campsite that looks out over the bay and beautiful white sand beach. There were some young kids playing on a rope swing underneath a large pohutukawa tree and it made me think of my own kids and how they would love such a place. Back in the saddle I paddled past Square Top Island (I love such descriptive names as there is no confusion as to where exactly you are!) and on through the spectacular Pinnacles. As I approached the Sugar Loaf Rocks it quickly became clear that I was about to experience a profound change in conditions and so it waa. Once I rounded the rocks and began heading south, I found myself battling into a moderate south-easterly and 1.5 metre swell.

Although not ideal the conditions were more a hindrance than a show stopper and I felt very comfortable in my fully loaded *Skua* which impressed me with how well she rode the messy conditions, as there was a fair amount of clapotis coming off the steeper sections of coast. There was very little protection from the wind but whenever possible I would sneak in close inside a bay and enjoy some calmer conditions for a time before I inevitably had to head out around the next headland for another beating. I pulled into Stony Bay for a much needed rest and regroup and considered staying at the DoC campground there, however the day was still relatively young and although physically demanding, I was enjoying the challenge of the conditions so the decision was made to continue on.

It was a very hard slog from Long Point across the entrance of Port Charles into wind and chop. I continued bay hopping the best I could down the coast until finally after close to eight hours on the water, I rounded Puriora Point and got my first sight of Waikawau Bay, and a very welcome sight it was! A short time later tired, wet and covered in salt I rode up onto the beach, exited



*Early morning sea fog on the calm waters of Waikawau Bay*

my kayak and just lay on the beach for several minutes savouring the moment. I am sure a lot of readers can relate to that amazing feeling of exhaustion, relief and satisfaction all at the same time. A long day but I loved paddling that remote rugged stretch of the Coromandel Peninsula.

Once I had regathered myself, I paddled to the south end of the beach to the very large and well maintained Waikawau Bay DoC Campground. There was only a handful of people there and I secured myself a nice quiet site near the exit to the beach. After a quick meal I settled on top of the sand dunes and watched the sun set over the bay. Waikawau Bay is truly stunning and was one of my favourite places of the trip and to see it in such great weather with practically no one there was fantastic.

With the temperature dropping rapidly I retreated to my tent for a quick read before falling asleep to the sound of waves crashing on the beach.

### **Day 3 – 38 kms**

#### **Waikawau Bay to Opito Bay**

Another beautiful morning and with the cool air temperature and very warm sea, there was a sea fog over the water which gave the ocean a very serene appearance. With a favourable forecast I launched through small surf and settled into my paddling routine. Being my third day on the water I was starting to get that nice feeling of being one with the kayak and the elements, almost 'in tune' with the ocean where the body responds to the subtle motion of the

sea without conscious thought and paddling becomes mechanical, allowing the mind to wander.

With a small swell and light variable breeze it was enjoyable conditions which meant I could relax and take in the scenery down the coast towards the Kuaotuna Peninsula. I took regular short breaks at beautiful secluded beaches to stretch the legs which made for a comfortable day. It sometimes confused me the distances involved when looking at maps and then what lay in front of me. Looking out towards the tip of the Kuaotuna Peninsula it looked so far away and almost unattainable but sure enough, as the hours slowly passed, headlands and bays would come and go and suddenly the day's goal would seem achievable.

Near Motuhua Point, on the north side of the Kuaotuna Peninsula, I saw three kayaks heading towards me in the distance. Having seen practically no one on the water I was very excited for some human interaction and was pleasantly surprised to find that they were local sea kayakers on a day trip (no offense kayak fishermen!). I stopped for a quick

chat and got some helpful advice on campsites and points of interest.

I continued paddling out along the Kuaotuna Peninsula with the Mercury Islands laying just offshore. I pulled up at a beach just short of Tokarahu Point and considered camping there but made the decision (wise decision as it turns out) to continue around to Opito Bay. Once around Tokarahu Point the absolutely stunning Opito Bay opened up in front of me. I found a likely spot at the north end of Opito Bay and set up camp for the night at what was probably one of the most spectacular and enjoyable campsites I have ever had. There was literally just a few metres from my tent door to the water's edge with an amazing view out towards the Mercury Islands. Eating dinner while looking out over a dead

*More caves and archways than you could shake a stick at.*



*Opito Bay campsite*







*One of Jason's many rest stops. Such a beautiful coastline.*

calm ocean topped off another memorable day. During my time at Opito Bay I never saw another person!

#### **Day 4 – Opito Bay Hahei - 33km**

An absolutely incredible sunrise greeted me the following morning as I set off across Opito Bay. Once past Rabbit Island, I paddled out and explored around Motukoruenga Island and Needle Rock before heading back into the mainland as a light westerly came in.

The paddle down the southern side of the Kuaotuna Peninsula was very nice with some amazing beaches and coves. I paddled into several to explore and stretch the legs and stopped at the very pretty Waitaia Bay for a snack and a stretch.

There were numerous caves and paddle throughs and some nice rock gardening and then near Horse Shoe Bay I came across a mammoth cave where some people were climbing up and jumping in at its entrance. Being ideal conditions I grabbed my head torch from the day hatch and set forth into the belly of the beast. The cave was big with deep water so was very calm and after turning on my torch I paddled several hundred metres and around several bends to the rear where it narrowed and came to an end. It was fantastic to have the only light from my torch to illuminate my surroundings! After several minutes I headed back out into the

faint glow of daylight with a huge grin on my face.

When I got to Mahungarape Island (Round Island) I turned south east across Mercury Bay with a moderate westerly over my right shoulder. The four kilometre crossing was nice as I got a little assistance from the crosswind and chop however, when I neared Cook Buff on the other side and turned east, I had some beautiful downwind paddling around towards Cathedral Cove. I never get tired of that beautiful, almost effortless feeling as the kayak comes to life, rocking backwards and forwards as it harnesses the energy of each passing wave and surges forward towards our destination.

Upon pulling up at a beach just short of Cathedral Cove I noticed a young guy walking around the beach with a 'selfie stick' videoing or photographing himself. I sat on a rock and waited for the imminent interaction that was bound to follow as he walked towards me but he continued straight past me, intently continuing on with his selfie session! I watched him for about 15 minutes conducting all sorts of technical camera angles and techniques before I set off again. He was still going as I disappeared around the corner towards Cathedral Cove!

I stopped at Cathedral Cove for a swim and look around. Although very 'touristy' it is very impressive

all the same. From Cathedral Cove I continued on to Hahei where I landed and dragged my kayak several hundred metres up and over the sand dunes to the campground. A nice tidy campground and my first hot shower in four days was just incredible!

#### **Day 5 – Hahei to Tairua – 36km**

As with most of the previous mornings it was a calm sea that greeted me the next day. Being my last day and with a good forecast I just wanted to take my time and enjoy being on the water, finish on a high so to speak.

Firstly I paddled around Mahurangi Island (Goat Island) directly off Hahei Beach. A very scenic paddle and some really nice little caves and paddle throughs around the eastern side. From there I paddled through the tunnel dissecting Hereheretaura Point which was very cool and headed south into cave heaven.

Anyone that has paddled the coast between Hahei and Hot Water Beach will know how impressive it is, particularly the caves, blowholes and rock gardening. Taking a direct route I think it is around 6 km from Hahei to Hot Water Beach, I did 16 km which indicates the amount of exploring possible! You can't dare paddle 'across' a bay for fear that you will look over your shoulder and see a cave (or several) that just have to be investigated. There is one particular blow hole you can paddle into and exit your kayak which is just breathtaking.



*View from the Jason's cockpit*



*Approaching the Pinnacles. What a glorious day for paddling!*

In some of the bigger caves I could look down into the crystal clear aqua blue water and see big schools of blue mao mao swimming beneath me, the refracted sunlight making them appear fluorescent. I could have spent a week paddling and exploring just that small piece of coastline however I eventually had to leave and continue on towards Tairua.

I stopped at Hot Water Beach for a stretch while my kayak provided a point of interest and amusement for several tourists on the beach. On the water again, the coast south of Hot Water Beach was still a very pleasant paddle, with the steep cliffs giving way to a more low lying shore with boulder beaches. Nearing Wai-papa Island there were still plenty of small bays and inlets to explore with the shore becoming lava rock.

Around Te Ororoa Point the peak of 'Paku' at the entrance of the Tairua Harbour came into sight. I began to come across several recreational fishing boats, out from Tairua for a



*The incredible blowhole*

Saturday morning fish. I stopped and spoke to a few who mostly seemed to be having a good day catching kingfish, snapper and kahawai. With 'Paku' drawing ever nearer I decided to have one last stop at the surf beach just north of the entrance. There was a good sized wave rolling in and I enjoyed the ride into the beach, reminding me of home on the west coast. After a short rest I broke out through the surf and paddled the short distance to the entrance of Tairua Harbour.

Paddling onto the calm waters of the harbour signalled the end of the trip and a great feeling of achievement came over me, with a tinge of sadness that this particular adventure has come to an end. That being said, it is always great to be heading home to the family.

There was however one more challenge! It was dead low tide and between me and the campground there was several hundred metres of dry sand flats! I worked my way along the edge of the sand bank and luckily managed to find a small stream coming from the direction I needed to go. It wasn't deep enough to paddle but I could drag my kayak with a rope attached to the bow.

After 500 metres or so, I got to a point where I then had to physically drag the kayak across another few hundred metres of sand, up a bank

and through a grass reserve, down a path between houses, across a road, along the side of the road another 50 metres and FINALLY into the campground! Needless to say I was very glad that I didn't have to face the prospect of doing the reverse the following morning!

After setting up camp I headed down to the local pub and had the most amazing steak sandwich of my life, washed down with a couple of beers. While ordering, the barman advised me that their steak sandwiches are huge and that I would be doing well to finish it, however after five days living on basics it didn't stand a snowballs chance in hell and a short time later I handed him back an empty plate with a smirk on my face!

So my first multi day solo trip was complete and I thoroughly enjoyed every minute. I loved the challenges that each day brought and the satisfaction of successfully getting through them. I have found over the years that being in such places is one of the few ways I can totally relax and recharge as life has got busier and more demanding. I learnt a lot about my kayak, equipment, navigation and most importantly my own ability as a paddler. The only question now is where next?

Jason's cameras:

- Canon Power Shot D10
- GoPro Hero 3 Black Edition

*Jason with a newish hat he found at Opito Bay.*





## Overseas Reports

The NSW (New South Wales) Sea Kayak Club produced their 100th edition of their magazine *Salt* in March 2016, a nice 60 pp colour magazine. To mark the occasion, some of the best ever magazine articles were reprinted - including the moving story of Dave Winkworth saving his paddling mate from the jaws of a huge crocodile on the Coral Sea coast of North Queensland.

Dave's original article on the 18 August 1999 croc attack was included in *The Sea Canoeist Newsletter* No. 84 Dec 1999 - Jan 2000. Well worth a read of the PDF file on the KASK website.

Despite getting a bravery gong from Australia's governor general, the 'taking the piss' attitude of paddlers did not allow the award to go Dave's head - he was nicknamed Crocodile Winky!

The 100th edition also included an email from the wife of the pilot who responded to a PLB call.

### Dead Man Walking – Some Reminiscences 17 Years on by David Winkworth

It was great to read the email from the pilot's wife. I'm glad those mistakes of mine in the article have been corrected!

Has it really been 17 years? It only seems like yesterday to me. My memories are still very vivid to say the least. I went for a paddle in the Bega River near home the other day - and saw a big odd shaped log in the water. Everyone would think it's a log - but my brain still says it's a croc, for a second or two. Weird.

Well, here are a few thoughts on that very close encounter with a crocodile - I'll try to keep them in some sort of chronological order.

I remember it as being a very, very windy day - hot and windy. Seas were well up and the lunchtime stop



*Croc with namesake in its jaws*

on that offshore little island was very welcome. The quick dip to wash off dried salt was briefly good too.

Arunas's cry as the croc took him was eerie. I remember it as a half cry/a half shout. That's the best way I can describe it. He was being shaken around by the croc too. When I got out to him, all I could see was a long fat dark shape in 'boiling' water. I didn't know if it was a croc or a shark at that moment.

You know sometimes, crazy things go through your head - when I grabbed it around the widest part of its body, I remember thinking to myself, "Wow, what a lovely smooth belly it has!"

And I remember - when the croc had gone and we were standing there in thigh deep water with our combined four legs - we were in big trouble now. That would've been one pissed off croc out there! And going back to the beach I retreated backwards, looking out for the croc's return and being ready to grab it again if it came back. Pretty silly really - trying to do something to that powerful thing would be like trying to flag down the Indian Pacific with a candle!

So there we were then at the water's edge. Mike and I did a quick assessment of Arunas's wounds. Lots of puncture wounds and rips, mainly on his right leg. The back of his leg was the worst. There was also a big tooth hole in a delicate part of his anatomy. Losing your life is tough but possibly losing your manhood is worse!

There was also a deep open rip across the front of Arunas's leg in his groin. I wasn't sure exactly where the femoral artery ran but it looked to be pretty close to me so I knotted my rashie around his

upper thigh and I had a stick nearby to twitch it if the artery popped. Overall though, Arunas was pretty lucky, there wasn't much blood loss. He did accuse me of trying to infect him with my rashie though! (The Thursday Island hospital surgeon said it was only 2cm from the artery) Mike and I worked as a pretty good team after that I thought. We opened every one of our first aid kits - and there was still weren't enough bandages. We gave up on that in the end. One of us was always with him doing his obs in the tent while the other did things - the V sheet, the signal fire, the sign scratching in the sand.

Mike's PLB was singing away but we didn't know if it was going to work. Just what to do was running through my head over and over. Arunas was alive but infection was surely going to get him if we didn't get help very quickly. I thought of towing him in his kayak with Mike supporting him to Captain Billy's Landing on the mainland but would there be anyone there? Arunas's *Greenlander* kayak had a small cockpit - if we got him into it, would his leg stiffen so we couldn't get him out? All these thoughts.

Wasn't the sight of that plane welcome! It swooped in low, lights on, about five times. They were able to read our sign too. I later heard that they reported many croc tracks on the beach but they weren't croc tracks - just the way we moved the heavy kayaks up the beach!

Another three hours later and we heard the unmistakable low frequency hum of the chopper. That was good! Mike and I had cleared a little helipad, which they appreciated. They weren't there long - into the tent, check Arunas out, stick a line in, get him into the chopper and they were gone to TI. All was quiet except for the constant wind.

"Fuck! Fuck! F!" Mike and I said to each other. "Did all that really happen?" We were so high - we didn't sleep for 48 hours. We thought we were alone for the



*Dave croc-wrestling at the 12 Mile*

night but an hour later in came the navy. That was interesting. Two big rubber duckies full of sailors, all packing automatic weapons. When the croc reappeared off the point, they really wanted to shoot it. You could hear all their weapons being cocked. Mike and I prevailed and they didn't shoot it, which was good.

I remember the XO on the beach asking if we knew what Mike's PLB had done. "Sure," I said, "it's got Arunas to hospital."

"More than that" he said. "There are three warships in the Coral Sea standing by to assist!"

The navy gave us a lift to TI, which was great but they didn't want to take our boats. I give credit to Mike's negotiating skills in them changing their minds. We weren't going to go with them if they wouldn't take the kayaks.

HMAS *Huon* took us to TI. They were great on that ship but really, our feet didn't touch the ground; a

*Dave receiving the bravery medal from the Aussie GG*



shower, dinner with the Captain, sleep here etc. Mike and I just wanted to sit and think. All these thoughts of Arunas being rolled by the croc and water closing over him. Simply awful.

They transferred us to the smaller TI navy boat at about 4:00 am and I remember looking down at it, over the side of *Huon*. It was a mass of media and video camera lights! Where did all these people come from so quickly? The attack was only lunchtime yesterday! We were very naïve.

Not much to do on TI for the weeks while Arunas recuperated. Mike did some paddling with the locals and we did plenty of running and swimming too. They gave Arunas the choice of transferring to Cairns Hospital but he elected to stay there - and the care was excellent.

We did a story for commercial TV, which was OK. Ever the negotiator, Mike scored us a few nice nights in the up-market Jardine Hotel. They gave us \$5,000, which was nice. We gave it all away to the hospital and the Helicopter Volunteer Rescue guys.

So, it was a happily ever adventure for us all. We're all still paddling, Arunas's wounds healed well and the croc still swims.

The GG gave me a Bravery Medal the following year, which was nice but I must give lots of credit to Mike in caring for Arunas on that nice little island. I thought we were a good team!

A few years later Arunas and I did a paddle from Cairns to Darwin. We re-visited Macarthur Island too, and I can report that the croc is still there - along with many others.

In 2005 I did a solo trip up north and camped with Queensland scientist Mike Bell doing turtle research on beautiful Ingram Island in the Howick Group. He'd done a croc survey on all the Barrier Reef Islands - and guess on which island he found the most crocs?

### **The Croc Attack - Pilot's View**

I would very much like to have a small note detailing the story as it occurred from the pilot's perspective, and to correct a couple of things. The article refers to a Dash-8 Coastwatch aircraft finding the injured kayakers on Macarthur Island in FNQ (far North Queensland).

The aircraft was an EMB120 (Embraer Brasilia - 30 seat regional airliner). It was operated by Flight West Airlines, and the captain was my husband, Damon Pagani. He was flying a full load of passengers from Bamaga to Cairns, when the EPIRB was heard. He advised AMSAR and said he would do a search for the beacon (with the 28 passengers on board). He advised the passengers, and asked them all to act as observers. He flew many patterns to identify the location of the beacon, and when at its greatest strength, he headed to the island at low level.

He saw the words CROC ATTACK - ONE EVAC written in the sand, then advised his passengers. He made several low passes over the men on the island, signaling that he had seen them and would send help. Damon then alerted the authorities of the location and a helicopter was dispatched for the rescue. He was thrilled to have been the one to locate the beacon and the men, and direct the rescue machine to them. It was also very exciting for the passengers to be involved (and to fly low in such a large aircraft). Damon often spoke of that day, and of wanting to know what happened to the kayakers (although we did hear on the news that they were all okay).

He has read this article but is presently flying in Vietnam (he is now the chief pilot for Pearl Aviation in Darwin and Aero Pearl in Brisbane), and I know he would still like to make contact with the kayakers, to share the story from his perspective.

Regards,  
Marjorie Pagani  
CEO Angel Flight Australia



## BOOK REVIEW

### Title: *Kayaks of Alaska*

Author: Harvey Golden

Published: 2015

Publisher: Author

Website: [www.traditionalkayaks.com](http://www.traditionalkayaks.com)

Contents: 560 pp, figures & photos throughout, bibliography, index

Cover: soft cover

Size: A4, 215 x 280 mms

Price: US\$ 59 plus p&p of \$60

ISBN: 978-0-9787221-2-8

Availability: author

[harveydgolden@gmail.com](mailto:harveydgolden@gmail.com)

Review: Paul Caffyn

Over the years my interest in the historical development of skin boats has grown - how, why and where the first kayaks and umiaks were built in the Arctic and why so many different styles of kayaks evolved for different conditions from Siberia eastwards to East Greenland.

Perhaps I will start with a brief description of the earlier books devoted to skin boats. The very first authoritative work was published in 1964, *The Bark and Skin Boats of North America*, by Tappan Adney and Howard Chapelle. The bulk of the 241 page hardback is based on Adney's research into the building of bark canoes however Chapelle wrote a chapter on Arctic skin boats, the umiak and the kayak. The book, which was reprinted in 1983, is well illustrated with historical photos and detailed paddlecraft surveys. An appendix on 'The Kayak Roll' was written by John Heath.

In 1986 three significant books were published; H.C. Petersen's *Skinboats of Greenland* and David Zimmerley's *Qayaq Kayaks of Siberia and Alaska*. Both these books are really well illustrated with photos of the old days of paddling and diagrams of the lines of the boats. George Dyson authored a history and development of the Aleut skin kayaks titled *Baidarka*. In three parts, the first covers the history of the Aleut baidarkas, the second voyages that George carried out on

the coast of British Columbia and SE Alaska, and the third much about how to build the baidarkas with an aluminium frame and modern technology skin - also a beautifully illustrated book with historical black and white pics and gorgeous colour.

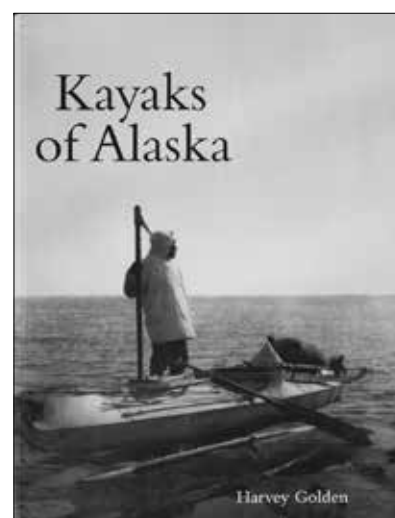
In 2005, *Eastern Arctic Kayaks - History, Design, Technique* was published. A lovely landscape format hardback, it was written by two skin boat historians, John Heath and Eugene Arima. Part I is devoted to the kayaks of Greenland, while Part II describes the kayaks of eastern Arctic Canada.

Then in 2006 Harvey Golden self-published a ground-breaking book *Kayaks of Greenland - The History and Development of the Greenlandic Hunting Kayak 1600 - 2000*. Although not a book easily read in bed, the 580 page A4 size softcover title documents the broad diversity of Greenland kayaks, as well as their history, development, construction and how the various types relate to each other. For paddlers interested in the art and skill of building and paddling Greenland style kayaks, this without doubt is the 'bible'. Harvey is not a dry non-paddling academic scholar - he built and paddled 18 full size replicas, thus supplementing his understanding of how the kayaks were built and how they feel on the water (see review in *New Zealand Sea Canoeist* No. 130 page 15, September 2007).

Now nine years later, Harvey has self published a colossal study on the history and development of skin kayaks in Alaska.

Part of the draw-card for me to undertake the kayak around the Alaskan coast in 1989 was to paddle through Bering Strait where the ancestral skin boats came across from Siberia over 4,000 years ago, and to experience local sea and weather conditions to understand why very different skin kayak designs had evolved in different areas of Alaska.

Harvey's new book is a tad too big and heavy for me to take paddling. At 2.25 kgs (5 pounds) it is quite a



weight, but it would bend enough to load through an 8" hatch opening. I am so impressed by the amount of research that has gone on to create this scholarly work. It is hard to find a single page without photos, diagrams or kayak surveys. As with his earlier book, Harvey 'tank' tested many of the designs and used 17 full size replicas. He notes the book 'represents his on-going efforts to document the form and structure of these historical and cultural treasures'.

After an introductory chapter, Harvey introduces a new typology (family tree) with some groups I will have to re-learn. He uses *Unangan Kayaks* for what I (and George Dyson) have always termed Aleut baidarkas. Six chapters then describe skin boats from various regions with heaps of historical photos and accurate surveys made on museum held kayaks.

Chapter 10 is devoted to kayak construction, the next to kayak equipment and the last to kayak paddles. An extensive bibliography and index complete this massive research undertaking.

The sheer amount of sleuthing for historical photos of skin kayaks in use staggers me. There are many that are familiar, for instance the 18th century copper plate engravings of baidarkas from Hawkesworth 1780, from the large jumbo edition known as the 'Atlas' from Captain Cook's voyage north to search for the Northwest Passage

My only niggle re layout is that most of the black and white photos are borderless - a 0.25mm border surround which would have given the pics a hint of depth of field.

Postage from the USA is a killer at US\$61.95, more than the cost of the book at \$59. Harvey advises a total price in US\$ of \$119 including p&p. He will accept a cheque in US\$, or he can take a PayPal payment to [harveydgolden@gmail.com](mailto:harveydgolden@gmail.com). If you need help to source a copy, let me know. I brought in 10 copies of Harvey's early book and sold them to Kiwi paddlers including just the cost of postage and the book.

I believe this is a pivotal work in understanding how skin boats evolved from the cradle of paddling (Bering Strait) and why such different kayaks evolved for different regions around Alaska.

## BOOK REVIEW

**Title:** *Shooting the Franklin*

**Subtitle:** *Early Canoeing on Tasmania's Wild Rivers*

**Author:** Johnson Dean

**Published:** 2002

**Publisher:** Author

**Contents:** 119 pp, 5 maps, photos throughout, index

**Cover:** hard cover and soft cover

**Size:** 175 x 259 mms

**Price:** A\$ 25 softcover

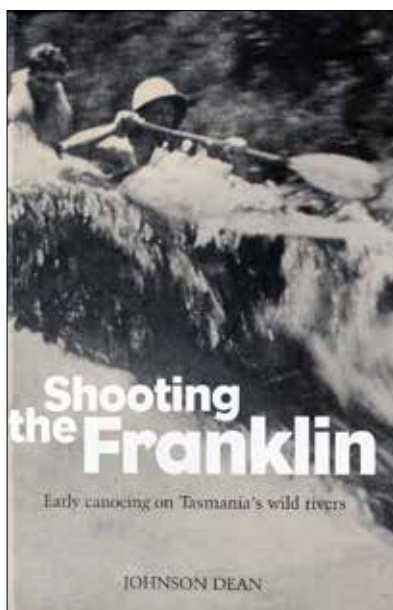
**ISBN:** 0-9581744-0-7

**Availability:** Hobart Bookshops

**Review:** Paul Caffyn

During a recent trip to Hobart, I spotted a lovely title in my host's bookshelf. Just a thin softback, it had a layout that impressed me no end with a mix of ancient black and white photos, old maps and scans of more modern colour transparencies.

It is a history of the exploration and first descents of Tasmania's wilderness rivers, with rubber duckies, Canadian canoes and kayaks used. The very earliest trips were in the 1940s on the South Esk and Macquarie rivers. Home made canoes were used for the earliest trips until the late 1940s when 17'



long folboats could be purchased from army disposal shops for £25.

A few quotes, 1940s, the South Esk River:

First lunch stop revealed our mistake in plastering tar over Rose's canoe. After it had been left lying upturned in the sun the tar melted, and you can imagine what happened each time it was manhandled. Tar is not easily removed at the best of times.

In the days when most people owned at least one firearm, and possibly due to the influence of the war, we carried a formidable armoury; three .22 rifles and one .410 shotgun. The latter was most useful for bowling over rabbits as they hopped along the banks. This required some skill. It was difficult enough to take aim while twisted sideways without the added difficulty of having to perform a delicate balancing act in an unstable canoe.

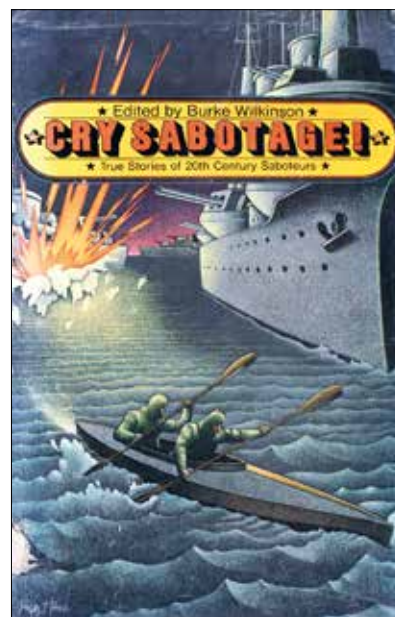
The day would finish sitting around a camp fire over which was suspended a billy containing an adequate meal of boiled rabbit. Sometimes we would have the luxury of dried fish. Afterwards Weston would entertain with tunes on his mouth organ. Contented, we would collapse exhausted into sleeping bags, and in spite of the four of us having to squeeze into a two-man tent, immediately fell asleep.'

In the late 50s fibreglass canoes were being built, providing much sturdier craft than the soft-shelled folboats. Although several pictures show a canoe in two pieces on an early descent of the Franklin River. After several attempts, the Franklin River had its first full ascent in early 1959. The paddling trips were totally committing, aided by fixed-wing food resupply airdrops but well before the modern era of EPIRBs and PLBs.

The book barely touches on the damnation of Tasmania (late 1960s) when the HEC (Hydro-electric Commission) was rolling out an expanding program of damming Tasmania's pristine wild rivers for power stations. Thus nothing on the fight to save Lake Pedder from being flooded or the Franklin River being dammed.

So this is a well illustrated narrative of the first descents of wild Tasmanian rivers, with excellent descriptive writing and a superb layout using a mix of maps, old black and white photos and early colour pics.

Softback copies are still available in the Hobart secondhand book shops. Email me for contacts.



The dustjacket cover of a 1972 collection of wartime sabotage raids, edited by Burke Wilkinson. Just one chapter on Operation *Frankton*, the foldboat raid up the Gironde Estuary on German shipping.



## HUMOUR

### Shoplifting

A very cranky old woman was arrested for shoplifting at a supermarket. She gave everyone a hard time, from the store manager to the security guard to the arresting officer who took her away. She complained and criticized everything and everyone throughout the process. When she appeared before the judge, he asked her what she had stolen from the store.

The lady defiantly replied, "Just a stupid can of peaches."

The judge then asked why she had done it.

She replied, "I was hungry and forgot to bring any cash to the store."

The judge asked how many peaches were in the can.

She replied in a nasty tone, "Nine! But why do you care about that?"

The judge answered patiently, "Well, ma'am, because I'm going to give you nine days in jail -- one day for each peach."

As the judge was about to drop his gavel, the lady's long-suffering husband raised his hand slowly and asked if he might speak.

The judge said, "Yes sir, what do you have to add?"

The husband said meekly, "Your Honour, she also stole a can of peas."

### Illicit Affairs

Little Johnny watched his father's car pass by the school playground and go into the woods. Curious, he followed the car and saw his dad and his aunt Jane in a passionate embrace. Little Johnny found this so exciting that he could not contain himself as he ran home and started to tell his mother. "Mum, I was at the playground and I saw dad's car go into the woods with aunt Jane. I went back to look and he was giving aunt Jane a big kiss, then he helped her take off her blouse. Then aunt Jane helped dad take his pants off, then aunt Jane....."

At this point his mother cut him off and said, "Johnny, this is such an interesting story, suppose you save the rest of it for supper time. I want to see the look on your father's face when you tell it tonight!"

At the dinner table, mum asked little Johnny to tell his story. "Well, I was at the playground and I saw dad's car go into the woods with aunt Jane. I went back to look and he was giving aunt Jane a big kiss, then he helped her take off her blouse. Then aunt Jane helped dad take his pants off, then aunt Jane and dad started doing the same thing that mum and uncle Bill used to do when dad was in the army."

### Irish Pub Declares War

The French President is sitting in his office when his telephone rings. "Hallo, Mr. Hollande!" a heavily accented voice said. "This is Paddy down at the Harp Pub in County Clare, Ireland. I am ringing to inform you that we are officially declaring war on you! We voted to reject the Lisbon treaty!"

"Well Paddy," Hollande replied. "How big is your army?"

"Right now," says Paddy, after a moment's calculation, "There is myself, me cousin Sean, me next door neighbour Seamus, and the entire darts team from the pub. That makes eleven!"

Hollande paused. "I must tell you, Paddy, that I have 100,000 men in my army waiting to move on my command."

"Begorra!" says Paddy. "I'll have to ring you back." Sure enough, the next day, Paddy calls again. "Mr. Hollande, the war is still on. We have managed to get us some infantry equipment!"

"And what equipment would that be Paddy?" Hollande asks.

"Well, we have two combine harvesters, a bulldozer, and Murphy's farm tractor."

Hollande sighs amused. "I must tell you, Paddy, that I have 6,000 tanks and 5,000 armoured personnel carriers. Also, I have increased my army to 150,000 since we last spoke."

"Saints preserve us!" says Paddy. "I'll have to get back to you." Sure enough, Paddy rings again the next day. "Mr. Hollande, the war is still on! We have managed to get ourselves airborne! We have modified Jackie McLaughlin's ultra-light with a couple of shotguns in the cockpit, and four boys from the Shamrock Bar have joined us as well!"

Hollande was silent for a minute and

then cleared his throat. "I must tell you, Paddy, that I have 100 bombers and 200 fighter planes. My military bases are surrounded by laser-guided, surface-to-air missile sites. And since we last spoke, I have increased my army to 200,000!"

"Jesus, Mary, and Joseph!" says Paddy, "I will have to ring you back." Sure enough, Paddy calls again the next day. "Top o' the morning Mr. Hollande! I am sorry to inform you that we have had to call off the war." "Really? I am sorry to hear that," says Hollande. "Why the sudden change of heart?"

"Well," says Paddy, "we had a long chat last night over a few pints of Guinness and packets of crisps, and we decided there is no fookin way we can feed 200,000 prisoners."

### Clever Jury

In a criminal justice system based on 12 individuals not smart enough to get out of jury duty, here is a jury to be proud of. A defendant was on trial for murder.

There was strong evidence indicating guilt, but there was no corpse. In the defense's closing statement, the lawyer, knowing that his client would probably be convicted, resorted to trickery.

"Ladies and gentlemen of the jury, I have a surprise for you all," the lawyer said as he looked at his watch. "Within one minute, the person presumed dead in this case will walk into this courtroom."

He looked toward the courtroom door. The jurors, somewhat stunned, all looked on eagerly.

A minute passed. Nothing happened. Finally the lawyer said, "Actually, I made up the previous statement. But you all looked on with anticipation. I, therefore, put it to you that you have a reasonable doubt in this case as to whether anyone was killed, and I insist that you return a verdict of not guilty."

The jury retired to deliberate.

A few minutes later, the jury returned and pronounced a verdict of guilty!

"But how?" inquired the lawyer. "You must have had some doubt; I saw all of you stare at the door."

The jury foreman replied, "Yes, we did look - but your client didn't."

## 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 magazine.

**The New Zealand Sea Canoeist is published bimonthly as the official journal 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 magazine.

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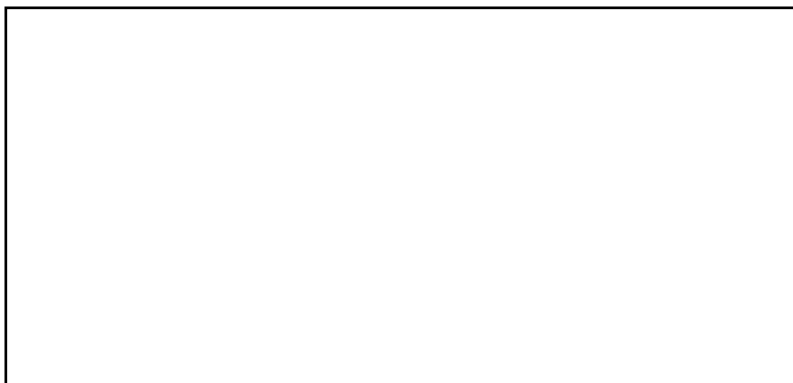
*Max Grant waves goodbye to the first group to depart Ratimera Bay.  
Photo by Ruth E. Henderson*



*Sunset at Ratimera Bay.  
Photo by Ruth E. Henderson*



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*6:00 pm on 2 March 2016 - Lynn Paterson surfs to shore by Monkey Island, at the eastern end of Te Waewae Bay. The ranges of Fiordland in the distance. This marked the end of day 128 of Lyn's wee paddle. Photo: Nat Frew*

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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

