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

**NEW ZEALAND
SEA CANOEIST**

Dawn on 8 May 2016 - Lynn Paterson attempting to breakout from the beach north of the Nile River mouth, near Charleston, on the West Coast of the South Island. See story on p.12. Photo: Nat Frew



John Gumbley paddling through an archway on the west coast of D'Urville Island. See story on p 5. Photo: Adrian Clayton



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tributors and photographers**Deadline for next magazine:**
25 July**EDITORIAL****KASK 2016 AGM**

The AGM was arranged this year by Tim Muhundan and Ian McKenzie, and held on 30 May as a cyber-meeting. This seemed to have worked well, with reports such as finances listed prior to the meeting.

Five of the 2015 committee have rolled on for the next 12 months, Tim, Sandy, Lois, Ian and Paul, while Shawn and Rob stood down, and Christchurch paddler David Welch was voted onto the committee. See next page for the annual awards.

KAYAK Fest 2017

Tim has a strong organizing committee well involved with planning for the 2017 forum, to be held on Ponui Island in the Hauraki Gulf, but only a short paddle from Auckland. See the notes with links at the base of p.4.

Wanaka Mountain Film Festival

This annual festival has widened its scope to include an adventure book competition. Three sea kayak books were entered, and Max Grant won the Adventure Travel section for his South Island book. The festival runs in Wanaka from 1 - 5 July, in Cromwell 6 July and in Queenstown 7 - 9 July. For more information: email: info@mountainfilm.net.nz www.mountainfilm.net.nz

Trans-Tasman Kayak Drift

Back in 2014, Stuart Cleary set out on 7 December for a paddle crossing of the Tasman Sea. About five hours into his expedition, he encountered five-metre waves and was having problems with his sea anchor and the GPS communicator. He activated his EPIRB and was rescued some 40 nautical miles off Coffs Harbour by the NSW water police. With seas up to three metres, the water police would not take his kayak in tow. It was thus abandoned.

Stuart had spent four years building his *Tasman Odyssey* kayak. He must have built the boat reasonably well for almost 18 months later on, Na-

than Marshall was running his dog along Muriwai Beach early morning on 1 June when he came across the barnacle-covered white kayak. "One side's all grown seaweed and grown barnacles and the other side's semi-clean - the stickers are all intact on that side with the name [on it]," he said. *Tasman Odyssey* was recovered by tractor and trailer from Muriwai Beach. It has must have been a very seaworthy vessel to have stayed afloat for 18 months.

Lynn Patterson Around NZ

Lynn has been finding the West Coast of the South Island a bit of a battle, especially now that we are into winter. Hokitika experienced its wettest May on record, which was a trial not only for the locals but especially for Lynn with cold front following cold front onto the coast and leaving in their wake, seriously big seas. Then a big blocking high stalled in the Tasman, with seas settling and very light winds. On 3 June, Lynn bypassed the Kohaihai River mouth at the start of the Heaphy Track (conditions so good she good have paddled in) but early evening, a surf landing at Nettle Beach damaged her kayak, with Lynn lamenting on her blog that it was the worst decision she had made during the whole trip. See page 12 for Lynn's story.

Aidan's 'Bugger!' File Moment

Aidan Frew describes a landing when his leg was caught on the shore side of his broaching kayak (p. 17). The lesson learned in shallow surf, for a paddler exiting the cockpit, or a support crew, is always stay on the seaward side of the kayak. The X-ray shows both bones broken in his lower leg.

Rob Roy MacGregor 150th

The June *Boating NZ* magazine has a well-illustrated article marking the 150th anniversary of the publication of John MacGregor's book *A Thousand Miles in the Rob Roy Canoe*. It was this book and its popularity worldwide that led to a 'craze in building recreational canoes.' Some early photos of the boats in use in NZ.

COVER:

An early morning paddle on Wellington Harbour. John Andrews in the red kayak. Photo: Susan Cade

KASK

The KASK AGM accepted the nomination from BASK for Tim Taylor of Tauranga to receive the 2016 annual Graham Eggar Paddle Trophy Award, in recognition of services to sea kayaking in New Zealand.

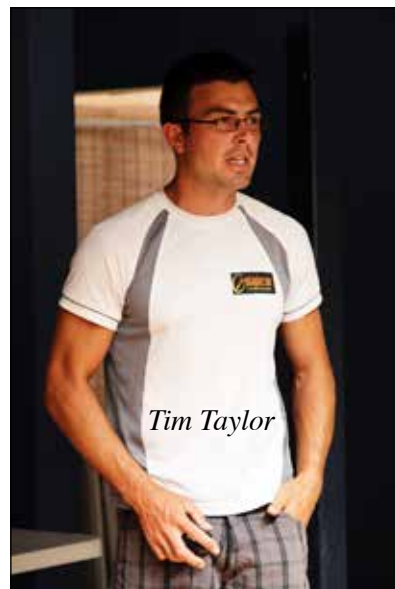
The BASK nomination noted: 'Tim is an experienced paddler who prior to venturing into sea kayaking proved himself as an accomplished whitewater paddler. He has kayaked over the Huka Falls - on the Waikato River near Taupo, three times.

In 2012, Tim completed a circumnavigation of New Zealand by paddling a total of 5,529.3 kms round North, South and Stewart islands. He was forced by inclement weather into completing his journey in two legs. He left Tauranga, paddled down the North Island's east coast, round Stewart and the South islands and up to the North

Island's 90 Mile Beach where he was forced to place his trip on hold for a period before finally completing the journey. A total 112 days on the water, averaging 49.4 kms/day with his longest day 95.8 kms.

For the past year, in addition to establishing his kayak guide business in Tauranga, Tim has set the world record in 24-hour solo kayaking. Leaving Pilot Bay in Tauranga at 8am on Thursday, 17 April 2015, Tim paddled to Cathedral Cove in the Coromandel and back, a distance of about 214 kilometres – knocking over the previous world record of 194.1 kms held by Randy Fine in 1986. He got to Cathedral Cove – which is about 100 kms – in under 10 hours. The first leg of the record-attempt was not without incident with Taylor suffering a few blisters, and he had one fall out of his kayak. Tim has supported the Bay Association of Sea Kayakers in training and willingly speaks to

kayak and community groups, including the KASK forum at Raglan. The Bay Association of Sea Kayakers consider Tim a fantastic person and are in awe of his efforts.'



Tim Taylor

Sandy Winterton was awarded the Graham Eggar Paddle Trophy Award for better than average contributions to the *New Zealand Sea Canoeist* magazine for the past 12 months. Sandy has been a regular contributor, and helped no end when I was short of material to fill a magazine.

Strangely there were no nominations for the 'Bugger!' file this past 12 months.

KASK Committee 2016 - 2017

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KASK KAYAK FEST 2017



Registration for KASK Kayak Fest 2017 – Ponui Island (the 25th annual KASK New Zealand Sea Kayaking Forum) is now open. The event is being held over the weekend of 3-5 March 2017 on Ponui Island, a treasure island in the Hauraki Gulf.

KASK Kayak Fest 2017 – Ponui Island, is an event with an emphasis on paddling skill development. It is an opportunity for paddlers with differing skills to 'rub shoulders' with legends and be able to "to take their paddling to another level".

The registration fee is \$280, or register before 1 August 2016 to take advantage of the earlybird fee of \$250. You don't have to be a KASK member to attend the event...so tell your paddling friends about this fantastic event!

Want more information?: <http://goo.gl/8XiQvI>

You can access the registrations page from here: <http://goo.gl/GwpUAX>

You can contact the Kayakfest Event team through this email: kayakfest@kask.co.nz

NEW ZEALAND TRIP REPORTS

Lessons Learned While Kayaking with Kiwis During a D'Urville Island Circumnavigation by Adrian Clayton

The Tennyson Inlet incident

We were a group of four sea kayakers weathered in for the second day at Waiona Bay within Pelorus Sound. It was the third day of a planned 16-day trip in October last year in the Marlborough Sounds region of New Zealand's South Island.

Our group's primary objective was a circumnavigation of D'Urville Island which is located at the northern edge of the outer Marlborough Sounds. It's a highly-rated destination by the Kiwi sea kayaking community: the plethora of natural rock features on the island's western side – sea caves, stacks and arches carved by storms in the Tasman Sea over many millions of years – being the major drawcards. The notoriety of the fast-flowing tidal streams through French Pass, separating D'Urville and the mainland, adds further spice.

This was to be my second attempt at a D'Urville Island circumnavigation. My original attempt in 2013, had been thwarted by unsuitable weather.

My paddling companions for this second attempt were Evan Pugh (with whom I'd hooked up with at the KASK forum in 2013), John Gumbley and Phil Alley. They were all Kiwis and experienced sea kayakers based in the North Island. Evan having had four D'Urville circumnavigations under his belt was the de facto leader of the group.

On this particular day there was a strong wind warning, current for nearby coastal waters, abating over the next 24 hours. However, the conditions deep within the Sounds were moderate. We were getting a little tired of being stranded at Waiona Bay - pretty camp site that it is. John, Phil and I saw a chance to do a diversionary day trip to explore Tennyson Inlet, the western-most

waters of the inner sounds. Evan was feeling a bit tender in the wrists and wanting to rest them before we left for D'Urville the next day, and decided not to join us. We set off around 8:30am telling him to expect us back around 3:00 pm.

Not long after our departure from Waiona Bay the wind started building steadily out of the north west. Around lunchtime instances of water lifting off the surface suggested it was gusting 30 knots and more. Our course had us spurting in the lulls and doing it tough in the gusts. We had an off-water lunch break in the lee of a spur running off the 600-metre-high range separating the Sounds from the Tasman Sea.

Our plan was to head back the Waiona Bay campsite immediately after lunch with the expectation that the NW wind would give us a fast ride home. The plan required a major rethink once we saw what was happening in the more exposed waters we needed to traverse. The wind had increased significantly. The down-drafts from the surrounding hills were hitting the water with great force and gaining speed as they were funnelled through a narrowish bay.

I've never encountered enclosed waters so violent when I've been kayaking. There was a mass of white horses and there were williwaws all over the place. I reckon we were looking at something nudging Force 9 on the Beaufort scale. The prospect of the three of us making the 1 km crossing with the wind abeam to the next point without at least one capsizing occurring was slim. The likelihood of being able to recover from a capsize - self or assisted - was marginal, at best. Cold water, a 3 km fetch to the next shoreline were other concerns.

An attempt to paddle around the perimeter of the bay immediately



The flood tidal stream setting south-westwards through French Pass. This view is from the mainland across the tide rips and races to D'Urville Island.

proved futile - snails would have overtaken us. Also, the conditions were making boat control extremely difficult – even though we all had rudders.

A retreat to a nearby beach out of the wind gave us an opportunity to consider our various options. On landing, John extended a, "Welcome to New Zealand" to me.

Our preference was to return to Waiona Bay so we decided to stay put for 30 minutes to see if the conditions would ease sufficiently for such an attempt. Other options were to try and get to the nearest settlement (Elaine Bay – 4 km away and likely to involve a very hard slog for the last 2 km) on the western shore and see if we could scrounge a bed for the night; or return to the spot nearby where we had lunch and sit out the night under the stars (and probable rain), return to the Department of Conservation (DoC) hut in Matai Bay (7 kms down wind



Evan Pugh, with four D'Urville circumnavigations under his belt, was the de facto leader of our group. Photo: Adrian Clayton

through exposed waters) which we'd checked out earlier in the day.

A quick audit of what we had in the way of food, cooking equipment, protection from the elements, etc., revealed that we were, as a group, inadequately equipped to spend the night under the stars.

We were getting cold and reckoned we'd seen enough within 15 minutes to determine that conditions were unlikely to abate within the foreseeable future sufficiently to allow us to get back to Waiona Bay.

We relaunched and headed off to the uncertainties at Elaine Bay. Our route would give us the opportunity to assess the conditions for a crossing to the hut in Matai Bay which we favoured as our overnight bolt-hole. After paddling 10 minutes or so we considered the downwind run into Matai Bay was doable so we changed course and headed for the hut. It was a hairy ride involving a lot of bracing at times but we arrived safely and in good time.

Obviously we were concerned what Evan back at Waiona Bay might be thinking. We were due back there around 3:00 pm (a time which we had now passed). Given the topography, it was not surprising that our efforts to make contact with him through the agreed channel on VHF marine radio were fruitless. For some rea-

son my companions were reluctant to see if they could get a message relayed to him through Channel 16. Having paddled with Evan for many years they were confident that he'd have worked out what had happened and that our return to camp might be delayed – possibly until the next day. They reckoned we had until midday the next day before Evan would call in the cavalry.

I experienced a sense of déjà vu arriving at the hut. I'd stayed in it for a couple of nights with Lisa McCarthy and Mark Dabbs back in 2013 during a Pelorus Sound trip which we had substituted for our thwarted plans for D'Urville. Since then many improvements had been made to the hut. For this latest visit, John was happy enough to lend me his waterproof overpants so that he and Phil would be spared the unflattering sight of me prancing around all night in my budgie smugglers. With a "sleeping bag" conjured up by the ever-resourceful Phil from a mattress cover, I had a very comfortable night.

We awoke early the next day to settled conditions and obtained a forecast through John's VHF radio. It indicated that we'd have a relaxed paddle back to the Waiona Bay campsite, approximately 13 kms away. We were on the water by 6:00 am and it was a relieved Evan who saw us come into view as we round-

ed the western point of Waiona Bay about an hour-and-three quarters later.

Reunited, we took the opportunity to reflect on the last 24 hours. John and Phil had got it right when they reckoned the previous day that Evan would wait until midday before putting out a Mayday call. Evan was able to advise that the relevant wind speeds near D'Urville, as measured by the New Zealand Met Service, were reaching 42 knots. It was the common view of my companions that the winds we witnessed would have been significantly stronger as a result of the funnelling effect created by the surrounding 400 to 600-metre-high hills.

There were lessons all around from the Tennyson Inlet experience. The biggest one for me was that it would be grossly negligent to set off on any future paddle in an isolated environment such as the Sounds (of which South Island has many similar-type environments) without a comprehensive remote area survival kit.

To reinforce this point: there was a kayaking incident in Lake Tekapo (central South Island) a few days before we embarked on our trip. A group of 11 students in hired kay-



Evan Pugh silhouetted against the morning sun, while paddling through an archway on the west coast of D'Urville Island



Dolphins showing off by cruising at speed past the D'Urville Island paddlers. Photo: Adrian Clayton.

aks was caught in a fast-developing storm and many of them ended up in the water. Despite some getting ashore on to an island, two of the group died on the lake. Others were hospitalised. Regardless of the questions this incident raises, having the right survival skills and emergency communications may have prevented such a tragic outcome.

The rest of the trip

We lost another day before we had conditions that would allow us to leave the inner Sounds so it was day 6 of the trip when we finally said goodbye to Waiona Bay. Our destination was Catherine Cove on the eastern side of D'Urville Island, 33 kms away. We enjoyed moderate conditions for the most part plus the bonus of a 15-knot tail wind which allowed us to make the 7 km crossing from the mainland to D'Urville at a very brisk pace. My borrowed *Barracuda Interface* revelled in the conditions and clocked up speeds around 15 kph on some of the runners it surfed.

The uncertainty of the weather continued to dog our progress and the likelihood of completing the D'Urville circumnavigation was fast disappearing. By Day 8 we were back on the mainland, weathered in at the small hamlet of French Pass. It was Day 10 when we abandoned any thought of enjoying the west coast of D'Urville and, with some reluctance, headed east out of French Pass. Due to inter-island ferry bookings, we had seven days before we needed to complete the trip at Anakiwa at the base of Queen Charlotte Sound.

We arrived at Anakiwa with a day to spare even though we were weathered in for another day along the way. In all we had paddled in excess of 300 kms from the time we started our trip in Mahau Sound near the township of Havelock.

Despite the disappointment of not achieving our main objective, this was a trip of which I will harbour many pleasant memories. We paddled along shorelines dotted with sea

caves and the occasional stack and waterfall. There were plenty of rock gardens to tempt us.

We did some good walks involving a fair bit of hill climbing and enjoyed marvellous vistas over a very picturesque environment. We enjoyed regular close encounters with marine life – seals and dolphins especially.

One memorable encounter with dolphins occurred the day we paddled to D'Urville Island when a pod of 20 to 30 bounded towards us at great speed. You could feel the energy as they passed beside and underneath us. We camped at DoC campsites (\$6/night) on all but three nights. They were all well maintained and had regularly-serviced pit toilets. Most had creeks nearby with flowing water as clear as gin. Apart from a couple of nights we had these sites to ourselves.

Our extended stay at Waiona Bay yielded some benefits. We enjoyed a couple of memorable feeds of green-

Green-lipped mussels cooked over an open fire; John Gumbley (left) and Phil Alley sampling the juicy mussels





John Gumbley alongside a D'Urville Island waterfall

lipped mussels that we had harvested at low tide and cooked on an open fire. Some of them were near the size of my palm.

The enforced lay days provided plenty of opportunities to chat – mostly about sea kayaking (where too much talk is never enough!). We swapped stories regarding the kayaking scene in our respective countries and, apart from the types of kayaks we paddle, decided that there didn't seem to be too many differences between us. New Zealander sea kayakers strongly support their local brands – Barracuda, Q-Kayaks, Paddling Perfection being prominent amongst them. A few Mirages can be found but the British brands have not made their mark anywhere to the same extent as they have in Australia.

One feature that really impressed was the lack of human detritus in the waters in which we paddled. It was nearly 300 kilometres before I came across the only plastic shopping bag I was to find floating in the water.

Keeping up with Kiwis

On the water the four of us were pretty well matched for pace. Evan's *Barracuda Albatross* and my borrowed *Barracuda Interface* revelled in down wind conditions. John's *Barracuda Beachcomber* and Phil's 15-foot *Native Watercraft Inuit RM* performed better into the wind. It all worked out pretty well in the end and we usually arrived at our campsites more or less at the same time.

Had there been a test of camping skills I would have come last by a long way. My New Zealand companions were in another class. An example of this was trying to keep up with them when breaking camp. Evan would be on the water with his kayak packed around 45 minutes after he arose. To achieve this he'd forgo having breakfast until we had our first shore break.

John and Phil weren't far behind him but included breakfast in their pre-launch routine. It was a source of irritation for me early in to the trip that I was so far (maybe as much as 30 minutes) behind. I started muttering about a borrowed boat and borrowed kit but really knew that these were lame excuses.

Progressively, I introduced efficiencies to get on the water sooner. These included going to bed in the next day's paddling kit (an upside from this was the extra warmth generated by my neoprene socks, thus ensuring a better night's sleep) and adopting Evan's delayed breakfast tactic. Even so, on the eight times we broke camp during the trip I was last to get on the water on all but two occasions.

Cable Bay

I farewelled my paddling companions at Picton. Evan and John were catching the inter-island ferry back to the North Island and Phil was off on another paddling mission in his Inuit, negotiating the stony races of the Clarence River. I headed off towards Nelson where the borrowed *Interface* was to be returned. I had a few days up my sleeve and at Phil's suggestion took a small detour to Cable Bay (so named because of it being the eastern landing point of the first Trans Tasman telegraphic cable in 1876) for a half-day day paddle around nearby Pepin Island.

It was a detour well worth making. Within five minutes of launching from the beach I was threading my way through the first of numerous arch formations I was to discover. Rock gardens and stacks abounded. One rock was the nesting place of a big colony of terns. An encounter with a fur seal rounded off a great paddle.

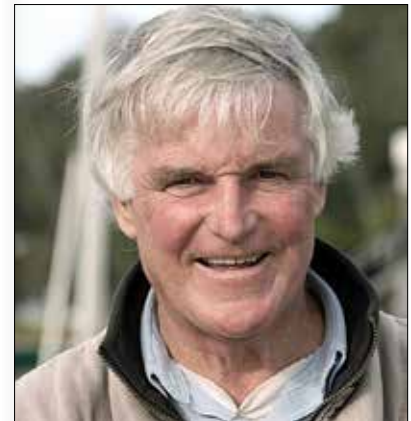
While at Cable Bay, I met up with Nick Woods, a local commercial kayak tour operator for the last 10 years. In response to my enthusiastic recounting of my paddle around Pepin, Nick told me I'd probably missed many of the best bits. He said it had taken him close to 50 paddles around the island before he had discovered all the delights it had to offer.

However, it was Nick's closing comment that really struck me: "The nature of Pepin and D'Urville is quite similar but D'Urville is 10 times bigger!"

Planning my next tilt at a D'Urville circumnavigation is already underway. Fingers crossed it will be a case of third time lucky.

Note on Adrian's Camera:

All pics taken with an aging Nikon AW110 compact in automatic mode (point and click). Pics would have been enhanced using Photoshop shadow/highlight adjustment tools and cropped in some way or the other.



Adrian's Paddling Bio

Having discovered sea kayaking when approaching his mid 50s, Adrian has been dipping his paddle in the water in many places around the world ever since. He's been an active member of the NSW Sea Kayak Club for the last 18 years, leading trips and instructing. His major expeditions include Sydney to Brisbane, crossing Bass Strait and around the bottom of Tassie.

NEW ZEALAND TRIP REPORTS

Doubtful Sound - Fiordland - March/April 2016 by Dennis Hynes

After months of planning, Phil Alley, John Gumbley and Dennis Hynes returned to Doubtful Sound in Fiordland to spend two weeks exploring the far reaches of Doubtful, Bradshaw and Thompson sounds (as far as the weather would allow).

Just getting to and from Doubtful Sound is a serious logistical exercise - 3,100 kms by road (plus Inter-island ferry crossing), a once a week industrial barge across Lake Manapouri and passes from DoC to take vehicles over the McKinnon Pass to Deep Cove at the head of Doubtful Sound.

For those sitting back in the Waikato, weather forecasts over the two weeks when we were in the 'Sounds' showed a succession of fronts slamming into Fiordland, with day after day of warnings of heavy rain and gale-force winds.

Despite these forecasts we were able to paddle on 11 out of 13 days, mostly on calm, mirror like seas and only in the odd burst of heavy rain - total paddling distance of 260 kms on the water.

Having learnt from the last trip to Dusky Sound we took a satellite phone with us this time. Despite the extremely frustrating efforts to match up enough satellites at the same time to make communication with the outside world possible, we were able to get forecasts most nights, which were surprisingly accurate. The steep fiord sides mean only about 1/3 of the sky is available at the best of times, often much less under forest canopy. We had arranged with Evan Pugh to send us nightly updates from Met Service. By matching those, with what we were seeing locally, we had far better forecasts than most of the boats we were able to make contact while out in the fiords.

By being on the water at daybreak, we were able to make the best of the conditions each day. By working with the forecasts, we were able to sit out the 'fronts' at the two huts - at the Gut Hut on Secretary Island at the entrance to Doubtful Sound, and at Deas Cove at the entrance to Thompson Sound - 200 mm of rain falling in 20 hours, and 50 knot

winds accelerating as they funnel up the fiords is not the sort of weather to be stuck in the bush in tents, or worse, out on the water. It was intimidating enough safe and dry in a hut, well dry in Fiordland terms anyway. The DoC hut at the Gut has no fire so the air remains saturated, nothing can dry, and condensation drips off the plastic skylight.

We were able to paddle the length of, and up all arms of, the three sounds - although only around 1/3 of Crooked Arm so as to avoid getting caught out in the sounds by yet another front promising 200 mms of rain and gale force winds from the NW. We had paddled the full length last time so no major loss. The only item of our 'to do' list we didn't do, was to hike from the end of Crooked Arm over to Dagg Sound.

It is impossible to grade the various 'arms' - they are all awesome, and change by the minute, due to differing weather conditions. The mist, changing light, clouds, reflections, waterfalls, continuous sound of running water, coupled with the sheer



Life is not all gravy - Doubtful Sound on a busy day. Phil Alley and Dennis Hynes going nowhere. Photo: John Gumbley



Doubtful Sound on a fine autumn day but beware of the brewing north-west gale forecast! Left to right, Phil Alley, Dennis Hynes and John Gumbley (yellow kayak bow) hightailing it to shelter. Photo: John Gumbley

bluffs rising out of the sea, right up to the tree line and above, coated in lush looking rain forest, right to the water line, (except where tree falls have created immense scars down the face with varying degrees of regeneration having taken place) and the rock faces ground smooth by glaciers, which have changed little from the time when the glaciers retreated.

We were able to paddle out around Bauza Island, out to the Shelter Islands at the entrance to Doubtful Sound, out to the coast at Open Cove at the entrance to Thompson Sound. We made use of the extremely high tides (up to 3.6m) to paddle up the Camelot River, at the end of Gaer Arm.

John recorded by GPS the coordinates of the campsites we located along the way and he will be happy to make these available to others. Campsites are few and far between due to the steep, rugged terrain and the dense bush with intertwined roots across any flattish surfaces.

We had timed the trip for late March - early April to coincide with one of the more 'settled' times of the year. With the land cooling, we avoided the regular afternoon gales funneling up the fiords.

Our planning however didn't include that it was also the time of the deer 'roar'. This was not good in that it meant some of the more established camp-sites, and the Deas Cove Hut, were already occupied by hunters. However, it was good in that there was still room for us at Deas Cove Hut, and we were invited to share in a massive feed of tuna, blue cod and crayfish caught by our bunk-mates, followed by fresh home baking. Needless to say, our dehi-food that had been hydrating during the day was even tenderer when eaten for breakfast instead.

By way of bird life we saw weka, shags and oyster catchers by the score, kaka, kea, keruru, robin, bell-bird, blue penguin and one kingfisher.

We were fortunate in having a close encounter with a pod of resident bottlenose dolphins (only 57 remain), the odd seal and spotted two hinds and a stag along the shore that the hunters had missed.

Our fishing prowess wasn't great, but we were able to supplement our mainly dehi diet with the odd fresh blue and red cod.

The infamous sandflies were just that. But once you remember to lift your head-net, away from your mouth, when eating/drinking, they are manageable simply by covering every square cm of skin with something denser than poly-prop., because they can bite through it.

On our last night at Deep Cove we were advised that it would be unlikely that we would get our cars on the barge back across Lake Manapouri the next day due to industrial equipment taking precedence and that it might be the same case when the

barge was due the following week. We were put on standby in case they could fit us on. This is the risk you take when you take advantage of the free passage across the lake, the only way to get kayaks across the lake and over the McKinnon Pass. We endured a couple of tense hours, watching as the barge crew played a great game of jig saw and to our great relief they were able to squeeze us on the last few square metres of the barge.

A magic trip, in awesome scenery. We were spared the worst of the weather that Fiordland could have thrown at us by being in the right place at the right time. Unlike some of the hunters who were washed/blown out of a couple of the campsites we had intended to use.



Aliens at Deas Cove in Thompson Sound? John Gumbley and Phil Alley wearing head-net protection to keep the hungry Fiordland sandflies at bay.

Photo: Dennis Hynes

Coromandel Capers by Ginney Deavoll

Sorry I've been slow getting back to you. It's been a busy month of adventures and painting. As you know Tara came to visit, then the following week Tyrell, myself and two friends paddled around Great Barrier Island. And I'm working on a series for DoC about Dusky Sound. The exhibition will be later this year at the Southland Museum. The deadline for that one has snuck up on me.

We had a goat for a few weeks last winter. Tyrell rescued it in a storm and it lived in our wood basket until it was strong enough to go back to the farm. Duke was just old enough for the beach at that time so they were trained together and quite often, Billy came for walks. A photo of him standing on the kayaks somehow made it into the *NZ Herald*. But I'd rather write a short bit about my paddle with Tara since that's fresh and also a funny story. Here goes....

For years Maungatawhiri has kept watch over the Mercury Bay. I've often glanced over at its double peaks and bush clad slopes wondering what events have taken place on the shores at its feet. It has that aura of mystery about it. Tara's visit seemed the

perfect opportunity to get bit closer and do some exploring for ourselves. But we couldn't just paddle there. It was going to be a nice day and it was only 10 kilometres away, far too dull of a trip.

Instead we thought we'd spice things up and take my friend Marky's 'waka'. I'm not sure what sort of vessel it is, it's stuck somewhere between a kayak and a canoe. It's wooden with a great North American paint job, has a huge cockpit like a canoe with watertight holds front and back and a rudder with foot pedals although these had been taken out. There were no seats of any kind so we stuffed our sleeping bags, mats and few clothes in dry bags and intended to sit on those.

Up the front we stashed a dry bag with cooker and food for the night along with my tarp. But that wasn't our only cargo. Tara was doing a great job of eating a seasons worth of feijoas in her five-day visit so she insisted on taking about 10 kilos with us. And there was Duke, my 30 kg Collie, Labrador, Samoyed cross.

With all the gear loaded in we were ready to launch. Luckily Duke is

pretty good at following instructions so he got in the middle and sat down for us. We pushed off, jumped in and were away with a bit of a wobble. Unfortunately that wobble didn't stop, we wobbled from side to side and Duke stayed sitting but looked from side to side to see what was going on adding to the motion. So long as we paddled we were slightly under control but with any drop in speed our balance became



Ginney and Tyrell's dog Duke who appears to be keeping a close eye on navigation

precarious. However we turned towards the mountain and hoped for the best.

Just before Cathedral Cove we spotted Marky guiding a kayak trip. Once we were rafted up to him and had some stability we were able to sort ourselves out a little. Duke was transferred to the front and sat between my legs. I ditched my seat and instead opted for a more awkward paddling position but a lower center of gravity. It worked a treat - balance was improved and Duke stayed still as he could see straight out in front.

Again we pointed towards the mountain. The easy open water crossing seemed a lot more of an adventurous endeavour in this craft especially when a rain cloud rolled down the valley and blocked out the land. After a brief shower, that Duke was very unimpressed about, the sun broke through and ahead of us was a beautiful deserted Coromandel beach complete with gnarly pohutukawa trees, a swing, stream and sand loaded with driftwood - Duke's favourite.

Next came stage two of the adventure, reaching the summit. It was quite an

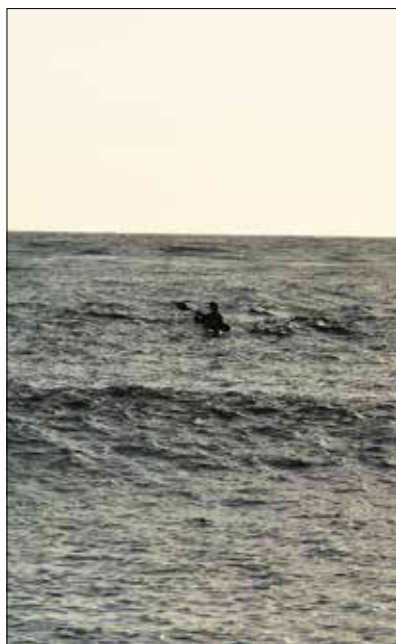
uneventful but picturesque walk up a track, through farmland and a bit more bush to reach to be awarded with sweeping views of the coast below.

Always a laugh and good time when Tara is around. Her talk in Auckland was well worth going to - she's come a long way as a speaker and as always I'm looking forward to seeing what she does next. The Great Barrier paddle was awesome and I have some really good photos from that but will get in touch when I have started painting about it later in the year. Maybe then you could include a story, artwork and a few pics.

NEW ZEALAND TRIP REPORTS

Lynn (Red) Paterson's Around New Zealand Journey by Paul Caffyn

Lynn got away from Okarito on 27 April after a five day wait for inclement weather and seas to settle, and with two long paddling days, paddled over the Grey River bar to land at the wave trap on the north side of the river. This was this first time I had seen Lynn on the water, and she cruised to the beach and emerged from the cockpit looking quite sharp, apart from the salt encrusted on her face.



Lynn crossing the Grey River bar



Lynn and Nat at the wave trap inside the Grey River mouth, after Lynn arrived close to sunset.

The 4:00 am alarm was quite a shock to my system next morning. With an excellent forecast for the day, we helped Lynn launch at 6:00 am on 29 April, just before dawn, and she made excellent progress north, passing the 12 Mile at 8:00 am.

She put in a huge day, aiming for what is usually a calm lee landing at the Nile River mouth, just north of Charleston. Max and Melz Grant had

camped for a night up the Nile River, when they were paddling south to Jackson Bay, to complete their South Island circumnavigation. They had also recommended the river mouth as a good landing spot.

Nat and I spotted Lynn cruising fast off the Fox River mouth, and we drove through to a gravel beach just inside the Nile River mouth. The view to seawards did not augur for a smooth landing for Lynn; up to three lines of breakers guarded the bar - it looked nasty. While Nat stood on tip toes on top of the camper van to try and get cellphone reception, I fortunately drove north for a few kilometres and found a narrow gut between two rocky promontories, with a smallish shore break and the odd set breaking out the back. With Nat and I lined up in colourful tops,



Lynn's DeLorme inReach satellite navigation set up



Nat Frew helping Lynn launch from the Grey River wave trap at 6:00am

at the water's edge and beach berm, we gave Lynn a good leading line to make her way in. The VHF radio was rather good in this situation for providing instructions to Lynn.

Autumnal weather kicked in for the next few days, with rain and rather big seas. I took Lynn and Nat into Cave Creek cave, a large flood overflow tunnel, which provided a day's distraction from wet and windy weather. On Lake Brunner, Lynn practised rolling and Nat filming, for another day away from the ocean.

On 7 May, Lynn tried twice to break out from the gut, but got slammed and gave up after over an hour of watching and trying. Again next morning, she tried launching and so nearly made it out the back. In her blog Lynn seriously understated the drama: 'To cut a very long-winded story down, basically I had the last wave to clear and I was away laughing but it nailed me. It took us a little

while to wait and watch as a couple of items arrived on shore after me. Was it a drama? Yes a little but the biggest drama is that I managed to lose my inReach unit in its drybag in the ocean and there it seems to want to stay with my *Sony Action Cam* and *Sharkskin* beanie'. While Lynn was asleep that night, Nat added a note to the blog of how serious the situation looked from the beach, with Lynn and her capsized kayak amongst rocks. Lynn escaped with a small bump on the head and a grazed knee. Later in the day, Nat and Lynn managed to recover a missing net bag and most of the items that were inside it.

Feeling quite emotional early next morning (9 May), Lynn made a clean break through the surf outside the gut and rounded Cape Foulwind within two hours. After a big 60 km day, she landed just north of the Ngakawau River mouth. There, progress came to a longish stop with



Lynn arriving at the gut north of the Nile River mouth



Lynn heading for the line-up of breakers at the gut, north of the Nile River mouth. Photo: Nat Frew

the onset of autumnal weather, and a succession of low pressure systems and quick moving cold fronts, which left not only wet and windy weather, but also a seriously heavy south-west ground swell.

Lynn spent the next three weeks parked up at the 12 Mile with her camper van, endeavouring to keep up fitness and motivation by training at the Greymouth Fat Max's gym and doing laps at the town pool; working on the arm and shoulder strength by swimming with a block of polystyrene between her knees.

In squally weather, we took two of my dusty *Nordkapps* for an outing on Lake Brunner, along with Leon Dalziel (KASK website designer) with his inflatable SUP. On the water, Leon had trouble keeping up with us in the Greenland style kayaks, and I had trouble keeping up with Lynn.

Despite the heavy rain squalls pitting the lake surface, it was pretty calm, allowing excellent tiki-touring along the mixed podocarp forested shoreline and through the 'wet feet' of the kahikatea (white pine).

With the wettest May on record for the weather station at Hokitika, I reckoned the lake was at least two metres above normal level. As well as allowing almost slalom like paddling through the kahikatea, at the

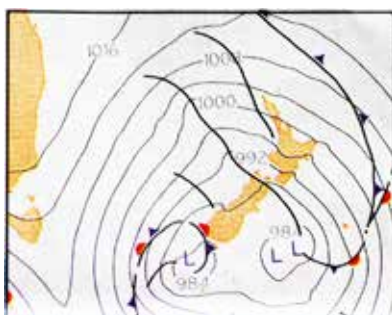


Nat Frew in tranquil conditions on Lake Brunner. Photo: Lynn Paterson

end of the paddle we were able to paddle at speed onto the grassy verge of the car park at Iveagh Bay.

After spending quite a bit of time with Lynn, I remain impressed with her resolve and determination, especially keeping her motivation up until the winter weather settles down. She is a strong paddler and a better than average cook.

On 2 June, now with Jason as support crew, Lynn broke out through the surf off Ngakawau and by 4:30 pm had landed through lines of breakers off the Karamea airport. Next day Lynn headed north past the



Weather map for 25 May

coastline of the Kahurangi National Park, bypassing a calm river mouth landing at the Kohaihai River mouth (start of the Heaphy Track) for a landing at Nettle Beach, closer to the Heaphy River mouth. Her latest blog entry describes the evening landing:

Soon enough I arrive at Kohaihai Bluff, a very beautiful location and today it was calm enough to have paddled into the river mouth, but I was to push on a little further up to another small bay where Jason would hike out to and meet me.

This last section was rather a fast section for me and I covered the eight km in less than an hour so I sat and waited for his arrival. As I sat and waited I watched the wave sets, I watched the calm and the rough in front of me. I watched and watched. I waited as I had promised Jase I would before attempting a landing but I was tempted to get in and get the tent set up before he arrived.



Lynn in a different red kayak, also on Lake Brunner, with the semi-drowned kahikatea forest in the background.

I sat and waited a little longer then I broke my promise and tried my luck. This was the worst decision of this trip. MN (mother nature) sucked me into this bay and then - I was on the beach with a great load of sea foam. I lost a shoe and sat there going "Holy crap," and I was regretting that broken promise because when he arrived we both looked out onto that ocean, I sat and looked and sat and looked, and I am bloody lucky to have landed.

Lynn's blog entries are a delight to read, a wonderful mix of the ups and downs of the day, sights seen, and characters she bumps into.

Her website: www.redznzjourney.com where you can sign up for the day's blog entry. By clicking on the box 'mapprogress', you can follow Lynn's progress in the DeLorme inReach tracker - unclick the NZ topo box to see the aerial photo imagery.

Nat quizzing Lynn as to whether she has eaten all her nutritious food supplied for the day, and drunk all her coconut fluid drink.



NEW ZEALAND TRIP REPORTS

Swanning Around by Susan Cade

After much plotting and planning, I managed to squeeze in an evening and a morning paddle on Lake Tarawera. We launched at the end of Tarawera Road at the landing cafe and arrived just on dark at Hot Water Beach, Te Rata Bay.

It was a beautiful evening paddle which culminated in paddling in tranquil misty waters with a 'herd' of swans. In fading evening light, we came through a narrow channel to a large sheltered bay where the campsite was - paddling through the misty steaming waters near the cliffs, with the hulls of our boats radiating heat. We landed in the dark just a moment before it started raining.

We had a camp site that may not appeal to all, but it was heaven for us. There were trees to pitch our two tent flies to, so we were under cover. Our boat was right beside our site, so with an umbrella it was a treat to empty our storage hatches to biff gear under shelter - and we had our own thermal ground heating. Unfortunately we also had a stream running across the entrance of the tent. In the copious rain, I really appreciated having the dry seat of my *Helinox* chair, while I heated the dinner. We did stay dry in our sheltered haven, and the sun did shine on the Sunday, which made the eventual pack up and leaving the campsite very relaxing. Of note there is now a 'glamping' (fancy fully catered camp site) just next door to this campsite, with a luxury camping set up including hot showers and food etc.

Sunday we were up before dawn to paddle in the moonlight to the classic bush-surrounded natural hot pool, which we had to ourselves for a good length of time. Then we retraced our route back to the car, with a memorable highlight being the elegant black swans. With their lovely 'S' shaped necks, the longest neck of any swan species and what an elegant one it is. Their crinkly wing feathers give the



Mum and her cygnets; Photo: S Cade

closed wings a lovely ruffled appearance as they glided on the water or stood on the shore. Often they would be softly crooning to each other. The swans looked as if they really enjoyed mooching in the warm steaming waters and grazing on the aquatic plants.

With their body temperature normally running at 40°C it must be pretty good. You may ask why? The advantages to a swan in having a relatively high body temperature include faster reflexes for every 10°C increase in body temperature and there is an increase in the speed of nerve transmissions of 1.8 times. Therefore it is why swans have such a fast reactions to their environment - the actual signals down the nerve fibres travel faster as a result of the body temperature being so high, also the powerful muscles, for every 10°C increase in the body temperature, the muscle power contractions increase by three times.

I noticed a lot of pairs with a larger 'cob' male and a smaller 'pen' female swan. Blacks swans have a strong life time bond, they mate for life usually (apparently about a 6% divorce rate!) Another curious fact is

that about a ¼ of matings of black swans are homosexual between males and they steal nests or form a threesome with a female and then when the eggs arrive drive her away to have a family! I will have to look closer when I observe swans again. From memory, a lot of the pairings were heterosexual.

The breeding season for swans is normally from February to September, in the wetter months when there is plenty of water around. We were delighted to see one heterosexual family group including young cygnets, these were the only cygnets we saw. This may have been a full family as the swans lay from 4-6 eggs that take 35 - 40 days to hatch. These cygnets were well cosseted and protected by their parents. These parents will be looking after their young till they are about 6 months of age depending on the abundance of food. The young swans fledge (fly) about this time, all being well.

After our gentle paddle and bird watch along the swan friendly shore we paddled harder back to the car, with already thoughts of spending more time exploring this beautiful lake.

I have to thank my paddling buddy. Keziah for providing the paddle power and being patient while I took photos.

Black Swan Biology

One of just three swan species found in the southern hemisphere, the black swan (*Cygnus atratus*) is a large and unmistakable water-bird. Its scientific name means 'a swan attired in black', and refers to the species' almost entirely black plumage. The sooty-black feathers are fringed with grey, especially on the upper parts, and the raised, 'crinkly' wing feathers give this bird's closed wing a somewhat ruffled appearance. While the black swan has mostly

black plumage, its outer primary and secondary feathers are white. These feathers are largely concealed when the bird has its wings folded, but are conspicuous in flight. During the annual moult after the breeding season, the white wing feathers are shed, leaving the black swan unable to fly for about a month or so.

The female black swan lays a clutch of between 4 and 6 greenish-white eggs, which are incubated for a period of 35 to 40 days. The chicks hatch covered in light grey down, and are tended by both adults for a period of about six months, during which time they may ride on the backs of the adults during ventures into deeper water. The young black swans fledge at about 150 to 170 days old, although fledging can occur before this in years when food availability is high. The black swan reaches sexual maturity between 18 and 36 months of age.

The black swan is a strong flier, and when travelling together individuals can be seen forming a line or a 'V' shape, their wings making whistling noises as they beat slowly. In flight and on the water, the black swan is known to make a variety of high-pitched, musical baying, bugling or trumpeting calls. This species is also reported to utter a range of softer crooning notes, and tends to whistle when disturbed while nesting.

While the black swan may be found singly, it is also often seen in loose groups comprising several hundred or even thousands of individuals. When on the ground, a large group of black swans is known as a 'bank', whereas in flight it is known as a 'wedge'. Black swans residing in areas of suitable permanent habitat are sedentary, while those inhabiting more temporary waters are known to be more mobile, wandering extensively in response to droughts or rainy periods.

The black swan's diet is composed almost entirely of vegetable matter, with this species feeding on a variety of aquatic plants and algae, including sea grasses. The black swan usually finds its food by upending or by dabbling on the



Resident swan on Lake Pupuke, on Auckland's North Shore. Photo: P Caffyn

surface, although it is also known to graze in dry pastures and flooded fields. Their breeding season appears to vary with location. However, it generally occurs in the wetter winter months, from February to September, when water levels are at their highest. This species nests in colonies, and like other swans it is largely monogamous, usually pairing for life. If one bird of the pair should die, the other black swan will usually not attempt to find another mate.

In summary:



In proportion to its size, the black swan has the longest neck of any swan species. This long, slender neck is often arched in an 'S' shape or held erect, and this species often carries its wings raised in an aggressive display.

Photo: Susan Cade

- A swan will mate for life
- Black swans are native to Australia
- A male swan is called a cob, and a female swan is called a pen
- Swans can fly as fast as 95 kms per hour!
- Swans begin breeding between the ages of 3-4
- Swan eggs take between 35 and 42 days to hatch
- A baby swan is called a cygnet
- Cygnophobia or kinknophobia is the fear of swans
- Swans are highly intelligent and remember who has been kind to them, or not
- In 2001, a man in Ireland had his leg broken by a swan when he was trying to provoke it
- A group of wild swans is known as a herd, however a group in captivity is called a fleet
- The swan has over 25,000 feathers on its body
- An adult male is the only bird with a penis

TECHNICAL

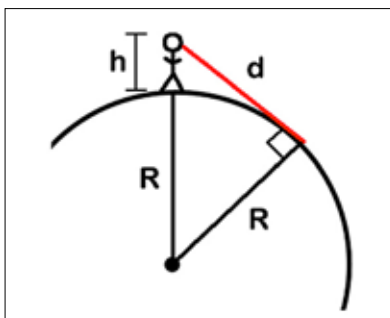
The Snow Puzzle Solved by Sandy Winterton

Some years ago Susan Cade and I enjoyed a half day kayak trip from Makara on Wellington's west coast. It is a common departure point for people crossing Cook Strait and has a wide vista across the briny to the South Island.

From memory it was June, and the clearest crispest, coldest sort of day. The views of the South Island were stunning as the atmosphere was so clear. Very cold weather generally has better visibility as the air cannot hold so much humidity. While marvelling at the view we were puzzled to see freshly fallen snow right down to sea level. It had been a tad chilly it's true, but I thought it very odd that the snow would come all the way to the shore line.

Musing on this, I wondered if the curvature of the earth had obscured the lower slopes of the distant hills. I recalled being told as a lad that to a six foot tall man standing on the shore, the horizon was three miles

Height m	Dist. kms	Height feet	Dist. miles
0	0.0	0.0	0.0
1	3.6	3.3	2.1
2	5.1	6.6	3.0
3	6.2	9.8	3.7
4	7.1	13.1	4.3
5	8.0	16.4	4.8
6	8.7	19.7	5.2
7	9.4	23.0	5.7
8	10.1	26.2	6.1
9	10.7	29.5	6.4
10	11.3	32.8	6.8
20	16.0	65.6	9.6
30	19.5	98.4	11.7
40	22.6	131.2	13.5
50	25.2	164.0	15.1
60	27.6	196.8	16.6
70	29.9	229.6	17.9
80	31.9	262.4	19.2
90	33.9	295.2	20.3
100	35.7	328.0	21.4
1000	112.8	3280	67.7



(4.8 km) away. I filed the problem in my mental filing cabinet and only recently found it again. In the meantime, Google had come along to solve most our problems:

<http://blogs.discovermagazine.com/badastronomy/2009/01/15/how-far-away-is-the-horizon/#.V01Wt-5F97IU>

This gives us this representation of a person standing on the surface of the earth with d as the distance to the horizon. I do not think this diagram is to scale.

It also shows the calculation, which involves R , the earth's radius, and gives a table that shows the eye's height above sea level and the distance to the horizon. The lowest height the author gives is 1m. However it was easy to replicate the spreadsheet to get lower heights, as a person seated in a kayak is not a metre tall. Sitting on the floor revealed my eye height to be about 75 cm (0.75m) above 'sea level'. From that height, the horizon is 3.09 km away.

The table shows a variety of eye heights for paddlers and the distance to the horizon.

Interestingly the table can be used backwards. Let's say the snowy ranges we saw in the South Island were midway between Picton and Nelson. That's 80 kms from Makara. Fortunately the table has a distance to horizon of 80 kms, which is close enough. To have that distance to the horizon, an altitude of 500 m is required.

So from our kayaks, what appeared to be sea level in the south could have been an actual altitude of 500 m if the hills were about 83 kms away ($80 + 3$), and therefore snow would indeed appear to be down to sea level.

The 'Bugger!' File

Shit Happens by Aidan Frew

I decided to go for a kayak fish at Papamoa after work on Wednesday. At 5:00 pm I got ready and drove down to the beach access where I usually launch. The tide was half coming in and the surf was 0.5 m to one metre which was well within my comfortable limits.

I launched out easily through the waves heading out for a 45 minute fish as I didn't have a head light and wanted to get back before dark. I caught a couple of snapper and a trevally then headed back just as the sun went down.

I cleared the deck and put everything away on my kayak so I didn't get caught up when I reached the beach. As I got closer, I saw there were a few people on the beach enjoying the nice night. The tide was higher and the beach a bit steeper than earlier, with waves dumping a bit on the beach. I looked behind myself so I could come in on a lull in the surf, then caught a small wave and surfed it onto the beach.

As I rolled out onto the sand, my kayak washed back down the beach. I quickly got up onto my feet, looking around at my kayak as a large wave came in, sweeping my kayak towards me. I tried running up the beach but not fast enough in the soft sand and the kayak hit my shin.

I heard and felt a 'CRACK' and looked down to see the lower part of my leg bending in an unusual way. I twisted around landing on my rear and dragged myself backwards up the beach yelling for help. A fisherman on the beach ran down asking if I needed some help. Looking at my leg spoke for itself. He grabbed me around my shoulders and dragged me up the beach away from the surf onto the dry sand.

Less than 20 seconds and an ordinary kayak trip can turn into an emergency.

TECHNICAL

Recycled Relief for Your Rear by Quinn Miller

Until recently I used to get intermittent intense pain in the feet on longer trips. This seems to be a thing of the past since I have been doing more yoga. However, I'm sure the source of the problem was more in the seat area, rather than in the feet themselves.

Back in 2010 I went to a Coastbusters presentation by Dave Winkworth in which he extolled the virtues and gave a practical demonstration of extending the seat further into the cockpit to give some support to the thighs. From memory this involved gluing softish foam in front of the seat and then using an electric sander to contour the foam to suit the paddler. It also involved Dave dressing up like a ghostbuster on account of the potential toxic exposure when sanding back foam.



The old sprayskirt cut up



While I thought that would help with the pain in the feet I was reluctant to try my hand at it – there was also the problem that it might over-personalise a kayak, making it uncomfortable for a subsequent user.



The spare paddle float



The paddle float inflated



However, recently I had the idea of using the neoprene from an old braces style spray deck as extra padding on my seat. The webbing from the pull tag was used to tidy up where I had cut into the spray deck. The webbing from the braces was then attached to that so that the neoprene seat cover could be secured to the back rest. This achieved the initial goal of having a more comfortable seat, and also had the benefit that the neoprene cover could pivot up and instead be used as extra padding against the back rest.

At the front end the neoprene extended beyond the seat and I was wondering how that could be further utilized. That was when the idea of thigh support resurfaced. I had a spare paddle float and decided to removably attach that to the neoprene seat cover with a couple of hook and loop (Velcro) straps that I attached to the underside of the neoprene seat cover. While not shown in the photo's I wrapped the paddle float in some extra neoprene so as to reduce possible wear on paddle float.

The result is a removable seat cover with customizable thigh support that might be worth a try if you are looking for a way to increase your level of in-kayak comfort.



Overseas Reports

What Could be More Rewarding?

by Mark Hutson

cellphone photos by Sasha

What could be more rewarding for a kayaking guide than taking appreciative first timers for an intro tiki tour? Taking the African Children's Choir onto the seas for their 1st time!

My partner, Sasha, and I volunteered to host, for five days, two of the students from the African Children's Choir that were visiting Jervis Bay, NSW, Australia. This group is from Uganda and their educational program has been going on for at least 30 years. They tour the world giving concerts - traditional singing, dancing and drumming from their culture. There were about 20 university-aged students in this group (last year it was the 'little-uns', the 6-12 year olds). These world tours are to fund-raise for their primary and later on, their university education in Uganda.

We had planned to take our two guests for a few hours paddling after they arrived in the little town of Vincentia, but this morphed into taking the whole group once the coordinator from Vincentia High School (where Sasha teaches) found out what Sasha and I were up to with our two Ugandan guests!

Ok, no problem - especially since the local kayak shop was generously willing to offer double sit-on-tops at no charge. I know - this sounds like a shameless 'plug' for Bart and Sarah at Jervis Bay Kayaks. But, if you ever get over there these lovely folks have an exciting shop full of boats and paddling goodies in the tiny seaside town of Huskisson, possibly the best in NSW!

So with minimal paddling instruction for these kids - like how to hold the paddle and what a sweep stroke would do for the boat - we cut them loose off the beach and into Jervis Bay. With minimal interference to their fun factor - which they completely made for themselves - Sasha and I more or less just kept an eye out for any capsizes and shepherded



them around the rock reefs encountered. None of these Ugandans had ever been on an ocean, let alone paddled a kayak!

We split them into two groups of 10 students each group, using five doubles. We only had about three hours to get both groups onto the water, but it was so much fun to watch the hilarity they created for themselves in that short amount of time. How rewarding for us guides to see their enthusiasm and pure enjoyment - like kids cutting loose in a toy store free-for-all!

With a couple of kayak games, one being the usual, kids raft up and take it in turns to walk the boats- using heads for balance - they got a huge laugh out of me being the only one to fall in the water! Then with the second group, Sasha had both paddlers in the doubles that wanted to do this, taking it in turn to try to rock the other paddler off balance and into the water. Well, you can imagine that this produced a ton of laughter from everyone - even though they really don't know how to swim! Looks like humans know how to instinctively dog paddle when required!

All the beach safety briefings, time consuming paddling instruction, etc., that guides are supposed to do went out the window, knowing how much more they would get out of it by just getting on with it! I have never seen newbies in a kayak have more fun than these future Ugandan leaders,



The African Choir off the water



engineers, doctors, designers, etc. They are turning into something so positive and special, in spite of having often come from personal family tragedy and a war torn country.

If they ever come to New Zealand, and you're lucky enough that they are anywhere near your neck of the woods, it's worth the \$20 concert fee. You'll get so much more than a night of superb entertainment when you hear their stories and see their smiles! Oh, and I can highly recommend hosting if you get the chance - this is a wonderfully 'epic' experience in it's own right!

Although the KASK magazine is pristine and unadorned with adverts, I did some horse trading with Mark.

There are exceptions especially when I heard his story of the African choir.

BUSINESS FOR SALE

This business is one of the longest established sea kayak businesses in New Zealand. Having started in 1987, we are going into our 30th season running multi-day trips from 3-10 days long, plus the occasional day trip both in the BOI and along its outer coasts to the north and south of Capes Brett and Waiwaka.

We have a DoC concession to operate, NZ govt. safety certification, long standing website, and all of the camping, group cooking and kayaking equipment (15 singles and 3 doubles). Valuable and exclusive contacts have been made with local private land owners.

Also included would be two kayak trailers, and my trust worthy Toyota Hiace van. This business is ready to go. Negotiation for use of property to operate from and coastal familiarization and/or guide training to be negotiated.

email: nzkayak@xtra.co.nz

website: www.nzkayaktours.com

BOOK REVIEWS

Title: *Paddlenorth*

Subtitle: *Adventure, Resilience, and Renewal in the Arctic Wild*

Author: Jennifer Kingsley

Published: 2014

Publisher: Greystone Books

Website: www.greystone.books.com

Contents: 231pp; one map, a few b&w pics; bibliography

Cover: Hardback, dustjacket

Size: 222 x 148 mm

Price: US\$ 26.95

ISBN: 978-1-77164-035-0

(also an epub)

Availability: Amazon.com

Review: Paul Caffyn

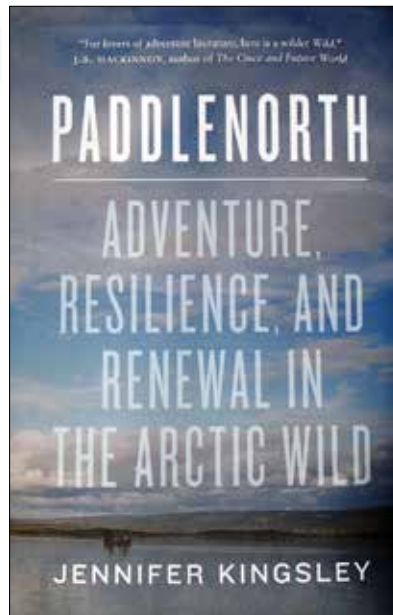
This is the story of a 2005 Canadian canoe trip down the Baillie and Back rivers from Moraine Lake in northern Canada to the Arctic Ocean. After six months of planning and preparation the six paddlers flew from Yellowknife with their canoes in a Twin Otter floatplane, aiming to finish at Gjoa Haven where they could fly home.

Jennifer Kingsley has written a corker book, an excellent blend of narrative, snippets of historical river exploration, descriptions of the tundra and its wildlife, the bonds between the paddlers, and her philosophy on wanting to paddle in the high Arctic.

It starts with the fly in, then an introduction to the other five paddlers, some planning and then onto the water. Jennifer writes:

The tundra, 'is unlike anywhere else, and that is a wonder in itself, but in the three years since my last visit, I had forgotten about the tundra's oppressive moods. The landscape is so open – yet when the wind rises, the temperature drops, and the sky fills with clouds, the atmosphere becomes heavy, and you feel trapped by all that freedom.'

Jennifer's first introduction to canoeing was being taken by her father paddling in his cedar-canvas canoe, but she found, 'Canoeing was for adults. Supremely slow and quiet, a perfect place for that most hated adult activity – conversation'. At the age of eight, she was allowed her



first solo paddle and realized, 'that a canoe could help reveal the world's secrets and it could unlock the land.'

Her first long canoe trip at the age of 22 was in the lakes of northern Ontario, the second a 50 day paddle on the Hood River at the age of 25. In 2005, at the age of 28 she was ready for the Back River.

On the 5th day, Jennifer describes a capsized in rapid, two of them in the freezing cold river water, unable to swim to shore, however quick thinking by the other two canoes led to a quick rescue and recovery of the capsized canoe, with the loss on just one paddle. A pretty savage wakeup call of how things could turn to custard so quickly in such a remote area. The rescue was reviewed and the group's emergency communications were triple checked.

The narrative is not diary style, but it flows nicely along with a blend of detailed descriptions of life ashore and afloat, encounters with the out-riders of the big Porcupine caribou herd, wolves and a grizzly bear. I could sympathize with Jennifer's feelings when strong daytime winds led to a schedule of paddling at night. She noted, 'I had always been terrible at sleeping in. Alie was the most prodigious sleeper of all of us, and the later we paddled, the more I resented her for it. On the rare occasion I did get some extra rest, I woke drenched in sweat under the

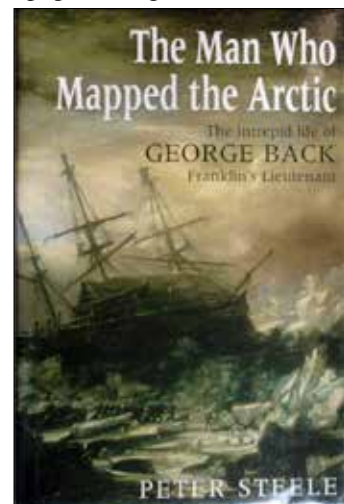
mid-morning sun. The heat forced me out, only to be attacked by mosquitoes, which had finally hatched en masse. I slapped them out of my ears until the bug jacket was on and then scowled at the silent tents'. A very clear vignette!

The historical snippets link in nicely with the narrative. On shore of Garry Lake, the team walked to an abandoned cabin which was bare, except for a biography of George Back written by Peter Steele. Titled *The Man who Mapped the Arctic* the book describes George's 1833 expedition down the river now named after him to the sea. The front cover of the book was inscribed by seven girls of a YMCA group paddling a few days ahead of Jennifer's team, and noted to leave another book if this one was taken. Alie's copy of *War and Peace* was left as a substitute.

A short epilogue updates the lives of the historical figures described in the text and also that of the team members to 2014. The bibliography is very comprehensive.

Any gripes? The cover is just so bland. The frontispiece two page tight shot of two canoes would have lifted the visual appeal of this book no end. With Jennifer taking 40 rolls of print and slide film on the paddle, it is disappointing that more photos were not included in the text, and that no colour plates were included.

But those are minor grizzles. If you are keen to up the ante with your descriptive trip writing, this book is an absolute treasure. A book that kept me page turning to the end-notes.



HUMOUR

50 Shades of Grey

Written by a bloke

1. At the touch of her lips, it grew long and swollen. I sighed as she squeezed and pulled expertly. It was the best balloon giraffe I'd ever seen.

2. Staring at her naked body, I asked what she wanted. She told me to go for something between a smack and a stroke. So I went for a smoke.

3. "How do you feel about using toys in the bedroom?" she asked. "Fine," I said, "But I can't see how we're going to fit a Scalextric in here."

4. Her body tensed and quivered as she felt wave after wave flow through it. I probably should've told her about the new electric fence.

5. As I lay there on the floor, my naked body covered in treacle and whipped cream, I heard those inevitable words, "Clean up on aisle 3."

6. "Are you ready to be tortured in a way only a woman can torture a man?" she asked. I nodded nervously. "OK," she said and ate half my chips.

7. Frantically I tore off her dress, bra and knickers. My heart was racing but I just managed to close the wardrobe door before she got home.

8. "Hurt me!" she begged, leaning over the dining table expectantly. "OK," I replied, "Your turkey's too dry and your sprouts are overcooked."

9. She leant over the kitchen table. "Smack that bottom," she squealed, "Smack it hard!" "I am," I said, "But the tomato sauce just won't come out."

10. She wanted to try phone sex so I pretended to be an IT support guy. It turned her on. Then it turned her off. Then it turned her on again.

11. They asked me to smear their naked bodies with the produce from

my herb garden but I just couldn't do it. Too many women, not enough thyme.

12. "I'm your slave," she said breathlessly, "Make me feel completely helpless and worthless." So I locked her in the shed and went to the pub.

13. Her body trembled and shook. "I can't wait any longer, do it now!" she cried. "OK," I said and got the winter duvet from the airing cupboard.

14. "Harder!" she cried, gripping the workbench even tighter, "Harder!" "All right," I said, "What's the gross national product of Nicaragua?"

15. "Hurt me!" she cried, pressing her body up against the shed wall. "All right," I said. "You're a terrible cook and I fancy your sister."

16. "Stick it right up there," she said, "I want to remember this!" I did, then I patted it firmly. You can't be too careful with Post-it notes.

17. My tongue flicked in and out, in and out, faster and faster until she was completely helpless. No woman can resist a good lizard impression.

18. "I'm a bad girl," she whispered, "Punish me in a way only a real man can!" "All right," I said and left my wet towels on the bathroom floor.

19. "I want it now against this wall!" she ordered, "And keep it up as long as possible." "Don't worry," I said, "I know how to put up a shelf."

Missing Person

Can you describe your wife?

Husband: "My wife is missing. She went shopping yesterday and has not come home."

Sergeant: "What is her height?"

Husband: "I'm not sure. A little over five-feet tall."

Sergeant: "Weight?"

Husband: "Don't know. Not slim, not really fat."

Sergeant: "Colour of eyes?"

Husband: "Sort of brown I think.

Never really noticed."

Sergeant: "Colour of hair?"

Husband: "Changes a couple times a year. Maybe dark brown now - I can't remember."

Sergeant: "What was she wearing?"

Husband: "Could have been pants, or maybe a skirt or shorts.. I don't know exactly."

Sergeant: "What kind of car did she go in?"

Husband: "She went in my truck."

Sergeant: What kind of truck was it?

Husband: "A 2015 Ford F150 King Ranch 4X4 with eco-boost 5.0L V8 engine special ordered with manual transmission and climate controlled air conditioning.

It has a custom matching white cover for the bed, which has a matching aftermarket bed liner. Custom leather 6-way seats and 'Bubba' floor mats. Trail-ring package with gold hitch and special wiring hook-ups. DVD with full GPS navigation, satellite radio receiver, 23-channel CB radio, six cup holders, a USB port, and four power outlets. I added special alloy wheels and off-road Michelins. It has custom running boards and indirect wheel well lighting." At this point the husband started choking up.

Sergeant: "Don't worry buddy. We'll find your truck."

Email from Daughter to Father

Dearest Daddy,

I am coming home to get married soon, so get out your cheque book.

LOL. I'm in love with a boy who is far away from me. As you know, I am in Australia, and he lives in Scotland. We met on a dating website, became friends on Facebook, had long chats on Whatsapp. He proposed to me on Skype, and now we've had two months of relationship through Viber. My beloved and favorite Dad, I need your blessing, good wishes, and a really big wedding.

Lots of love and thanks,

Your favorite daughter, Lilly

My dear Lilly,

Like Wow! Really? Cool! Whatever. I suggest you two get married on Twitter, have fun on Tango, buy your kids on Amazon, and pay for it all through Paypal. And when you get fed up with this new husband, sell him on eBay.

Dad

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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Life is not all gravy - Doubtful Sound on a busy day.
 Phil Alley and Dennis Hynes going nowhere
 See page 9 for the story.
 Photo: John Gumbley

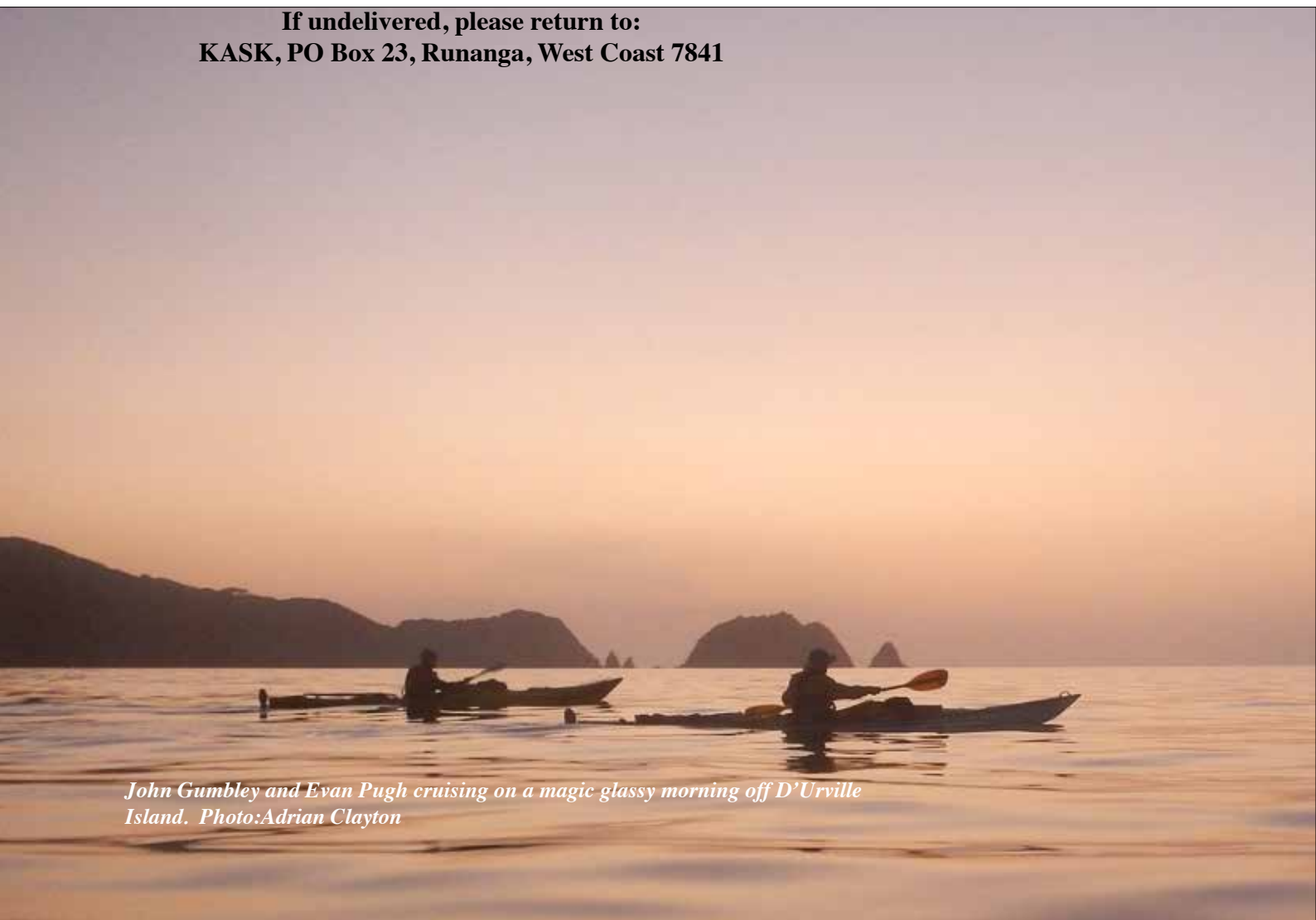


John Gumbley manages a smile in rather damp
 conditons at the Blanket Bay Hotel near the junction
 of Thompson & Doubtful sounds.
 Photo:Dennis Hynes

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John Gumbley and Evan Pugh cruising on a magic glassy morning off D'Urville Island. Photo: Adrian Clayton

KASK MEMBERSHIP POLICY

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