

NEW ZEALAND SEA KAYAKER

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June - July 2017

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



INDEX

EDITORIAL p. 3

KASK

KAYAK FEST March 2018 p. 4

President's Report July 2017 p. 5
by Tim Muhundan

Origin of KASK Newsletter Name
by Graham Eggar p. 5

NEW ZEALAND TRIP REPORTS

Six Months in Fiordland
by 'Henry' & Paul Caffyn p. 6

Frosty Kayaks
Queen Charlotte Sound Paddle
by Sophie Richardson
and Justin Wimmer p. 7

NEW ZEALAND REPORTS

Rolling - Heads
by Glenda Ray p. 9

SAFETY

Manslaughter Conviction
MNZ Media Release p.10

NZSUP - Leashes to be used in
Northland for SUPs p.10

PLBs & EPIRBs - An Update
by Paul Hayward p.11

22 June 2017
Sit-on-top Rescue Firth of Thames
Stuff Web Report p.16

Firth of Thames Sit-on-top Rescue
from the Fishing Forum
by Sandy Ferguson p.16

LETTER TO THE EDITOR

VHF Radios
by John Gumbley p.11

HISTORY

Rich Waters - Gold Mining in
Queen Charlotte Sound
by Andy Baldwin p.13

TECHNICAL

The Truth is Out - Wings Win
by Sandy Winterton p.17

OVERSEAS REPORTS

Paddling with Freya Hoffmeister
by Justine Curgenven p.18

BOOK REVIEW

Title: *Dare to Do*
Subtitle: *Taking on the planet by bike and boat*

author: Sarah Outern
review: Kay Costley p.20

HUMOUR

p.21

Big mobs of thanks to all the
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photographers

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KASK SUBSCRIPTIONS FOR 2017 - 2018 ARE NOW DUE

**Please help keep the magazine editor out of mischief
and renew your annual subscription soonest**

EDITORIAL

Membership Renewal

You will receive a membership renewal form with this magazine, showing your contact details. For the next 12 months, we are offering the magazine with three options:

- mailed hard copy
- emailed PDF file
- or both print and PDF

If you could please renew your membership promptly. When paying via direct credit, Karen Grant asks that you include your surname and membership number; the latter can be located on the printed label of your mailed magazine. Please pay into the main KASK account and not the forum account.

Name Change

Discerning readers will notice the magazine title has changed to *New Zealand Sea Kayaker*, replacing *Canoeist* with *Kayaker*. President Tim has included an explanation for the change in his presidential report for July.

When Graham Eggar first circulated the *NZ Sea Canoeist Newsletter* back in 1988, Kiwi paddlers who took to the sea, rivers and lakes were still very much under the influence of British instruction manuals, where the term canoe encompassed both kayaks and the Canadian style canoes.

The sub-title of my first book, published in 1979, was *South Island Canoe Odyssey*. Largely in memory of Graham Eggar, who fell off his perch way too early and left me to pick the the newsletter editorial role, I have left the name for many decades with *Canoeist* in the title. However as nowadays we refer to ourselves as sea kayakers, I feel it is time for the change.

COVER:

More kayaks than you can shake a stick at. A team of 18 Greymouth Polytechnic Outdoor Education students prepare to launch from a lunch spot in Queen Charlotte Sound during a week long paddle in the 'Sounds'. See 'Frosty Kayaks' story by Sophie Richardson and Justin Wimmer on page 7. Photo: Justin Wimmer.

Page 2 Top Left:

Sophie Richardson's first ever day sea kayaking and she's feeling rather invigorated whilst wearing her new rainbow headwear. Photo: Justin Wimmer

Page 2 Bottom Right:

A colourful story-telling photo of the Greymouth Polytechnic students at Cannibal Cove after morning kai. A lovely mix of packing, dressing and impatient questions of, "Are you ready yet?" Photo: Justin Wimmer

Seabed Mining Given EPA Approval

Sad news on 12 August with the Environmental Protection Authority giving the go-ahead for up to 50 million tonnes of iron sand to be mined annually from the South Taranaki Bight seabed. Ian McKenzie submitted against the mining proposal for KASK. The EPA was split over the final decision, with the chairman providing his casting vote for the go-ahead (*The Press* 12/8/17). Two of groups opposed to the mining have already announced they will go to the high court to appeal the ruling.

Serendipity

Part of the reason for the late delivery of this magazine to the printer was a shortage of material, both photos and text. Then last Tuesday at our Greymouth indoor climbing wall, one of our young climbers was telling me about her recent first time sea kayaking in the Marlborough Sounds, and pulled up photos on her batphone.

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Well the photos were lovely storytelling pics and nice tight shots of paddlers. So I put the lean on young Sophie for a write up of her first paddle along with a request for high resolution pics from her fellow polytech student and trip photographer Justin Wimmer.

For me it is so nice to see and read how these young 'uns view, for the first time, the sights and sounds whilst paddling that have given us

old timers so much pleasure over the years. It has also given the regular contributors a rest from being leaned on by the editor for material.

Justine Curgenven

Justine has penned a story of her first time paddling with Freya. Justine is currently paddling the northern coast of Labrador, a very committing coastline with big tides and big white bears.

Safe paddling to all, Paul Caffyn

KASK KALENDAR



From the calm of the Pauatahanui Inlet, to the surge of the Plimmerton Harbour, the KASK Kayak Fest 2018 – Wellington promises to introduce you to new places, all contained in a small area.

There will be classes for learning new skills, polishing up on those already learned, or go with a group to the nearby Mana Island reserve.

Visit the link for more information at:
Contact the event team by email:

<http://news.kask.org.nz/kaskkayakfest2018>
kayakfest@kask.org.nz





President Tim was working with a bunch of school boys from South Auckland on 29 June with their NCEA PE. He noted with the photo: 'Check out these two paddlers – you can spot a Waka Ama paddler a mile off....'

KASK

President's Report July 2017 by Tim Muhundan

Hi everyone, can't believe it is the end of KASK financial year again. 31 July also marks the membership renewal for nearly all members. You will receive a personalized email prompting you to check your address details we have on file and renew your membership (either by direct credit, credit card or recurring payment). Clicking on the email is the most easiest way to renew – but if you'd rather do it the old fashioned way, there is a supplied membership renewal form in this magazine.

And talking of the magazine – you will have noticed that we have sneaked in a name change with this issue, following discussion at the 2017 Annual general Meeting in Ponui. KASK is very proud of our publication – and we are extremely grateful to Paul Caffyn for keeping this publication going with superb quality articles from so many contributors that makes this a compelling read. The magazine has a nearly 30 year history and you can read why Graham Egarr originally called it the *Sea Canoeist Newsletter* here: <http://goo.gl/GVDYsp>

It has come a long way since those early days – now in full colour and starting today, members have a choice of printed hard copy, PDF version (emailed to your inbox a week ahead) or both!

The KASK committee (Paul Caffyn, Sandy Ferguson, Ian McKenzie, Robert Brown, David Welch, Lois Cowan, Shaun Maclaren, Peter Brooks, Steve Flack and myself as the chairperson) will be running a strategy workshop on 5 September. You will be getting an email with a member survey as part of this process where you will have a chance to give your input. I will update you on the outcome with the next magazine.

That is all for now – happy paddling and thanks for supporting KASK for another year!

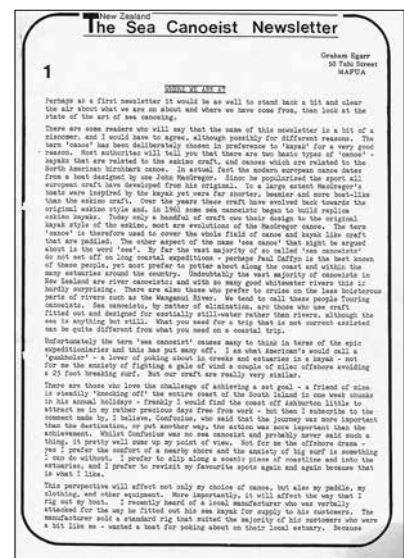
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The Origin of the KASK Newsletter Name

The following is an edited version of Graham's reasons for naming the newsletter the *Sea Canoeist Newsletter* and was printed in issue No. 1, edited by Graham Egarr in 1988.

'There are some readers who will say that the name of this newsletter is a bit of a misnomer. The term 'canoe' has been deliberately chosen in preference to 'kayak' for a very good reason.

Most authorities will tell you that there are two basic types of 'canoe' - kayaks that are related to the Eskimo craft, and canoes which are related to the North American



The cover of the first New Zealand Sea Canoeist Newsletter

birchbark canoe. In actual fact the modern European canoe dates from a boat designed by one John MacGregor. Since he popularized the sport, all European craft have developed from his original. To a large extent MacGregor's boats were inspired by the kayak yet were far shorter, beamier and more boat-like than the Eskimo craft.

Over the years these craft have evolved back towards the original Eskimo style and, in 1961 some sea canoeists began to build replica Eskimo kayaks. Today only a handful of craft owe their design to the original kayak style of the Eskimo, most are evolutions of the MacGregor canoe. The term 'canoe' is therefore used to cover

the whole field of canoe and kayak like craft that are paddled.

The other aspect of the name 'sea canoe' that might be argued about is the word 'sea'. By far the vast majority of so called 'sea canoeists' do not set off on long coastal expeditions - perhaps Paul Caffyn is the best known of these people, yet most prefer to potter about along the coast and within the many estuaries around the country. Undoubtedly the vast majority of canoeists in New Zealand are river canoeists; and with so many good whitewater rivers this is hardly surprising. There are also those who prefer to cruise on the less boisterous parts of rivers such as the Wanganui River. We tend to call these people 'Touring Canoeists'. Sea canoeists, by a



The newsletter header Graham Egarr used from No. 17 to No. 35 which was edited by his wife Jan after Graham's death in September 1991.

matter of elimination, are those who use craft fitted out and designed for essentially still-water rather than rivers, although the sea is anything but still. What you need for a trip that is not current-assisted can be quite different from what you need on a coastal trip.

Unfortunately the term 'sea canoeist' causes many to think in terms of the epic expeditionaries and this has put many off. I am what American's would call a 'gunkholer' - a lover of poking about in creeks and estuaries in a kayak - not for me the anxiety of fighting a gale of wind a couple of miles offshore avoiding a 25 foot breaking surf. But our craft are really very similar.'

NEW ZEALAND TRIP REPORTS



Six Months in Fiordland

Henriette (Henry) Beikirch, pictured above at Milford Sound, arrived in Bluff on 12 August, after hitching a lucky ride on the last crayboat leaving Preservation Inlet for the winter.

Henry has now spent over six months tiki-touring by kayak, without a doubt the longest continuous paddling expedition in Fiordland.

She set off from Te Waewae Bay on 9 February, working her way slowly north, fjord by fjord, to reach Milford on 17 June.

However there were several historic features she had missed, and hitched a boat ride back into Dusky Sound.

There are a handful of paddlers who have spent a lot of time kayaking around Fiordland, and returning for more leisurely tiki-touring the fjords and soaking up the maritime, exploration and mining history. I have been following Henry's progress with much envy. With plenty of patience for inclement weather and sea conditions, she has been able to visit so many of the historic sites.



Henry's photo of the 'Cave of the Hawea', in Bligh Sound

One of the most difficult to locate historical sites is in Bligh Sound. It is known as the 'Cave of the Hawea'. John Hall-Jones, in his wonderful book *The Fjords of Fiordland* devotes a whole chapter to 'The Wild Natives of Bligh Sound'.

In late July and early August, Henry visited the sea caves on Cavern Head, the big cave on Round Island and located the old Crown battery near Cuttle Cove. What a story she will have to tell of this six month expedition, and hopefully we will get to see some of her photos.

What a remarkable solo expedition achieved.

NEW ZEALAND TRIP REPORTS



Annalese and JJ steering the fibreglass Mothership homebound. Photo: Justin Wimmer

FROSTY KAYAKS

By Sophie Richardson and Justin Wimmer

A Greymouth Polytechnic Outdoor Education Students paddle in Queen Charlotte Sound

see also the cover, pages 2 and 23 for more of Justin Wimmer's wonderful photos

"Good morning frosty kayaks," seemed to be the appropriate greeting for our sea vessels that waited patiently on the waters edge with luminous white crystals clinging to their sides.

The ambitious bunch of 18 Tai Poutini students launched seaward bound into one of the three Marlborough Sounds, specifically Queen Charlotte Sound. Without knowing much about how our rudders worked, and not knowing that if we leaned to one side of an edge we would turn the other way, we meandered along.



Photographer Justin Wimmer

The plan was to work with the weather, to come home as a more well-fed and established team. Heading north-east was our general direction of travel, and visiting selected lonely beaches to camp was a mutual decision. We were yet to immerse ourselves in the history of Queen Charlotte Sound and explore the wild coastlines that Captain James Cook experienced back in the 1770s.

There we were, happy as ducks in water. The brightest turquoise and the deepest green ocean I had ever explored. Fur seals high-fiving us in the first few kilometres, followed by shiploads of shags and gulls. Oh, and not to mention the endangered and endemic spotted Hector's dolphins. Mussels were also in abundance.

Ships Cove was one of Cook's favourite destinations in New Zealand, and we were also very keen to explore the area. After four kilometres of battling onshore winds an early lunch destination was called. Once ashore, I found that I was warmest in my microclimate kayak, which made me reluctant to exit my craft. I never thought I would consider pouring a cup of tea on my booties so that it may relieve

the Arctic feeling in my feet.

Like previous explorers we landed in multiple lonesome bays - Blumine Island, Cannibal Cove, Davies Bay and Schoolhouse Bay. Due to the weather, our voyage required us to have two very early mornings. Waking up at 3:45 am and on the water by 06:00. The adventurous paddle ahead of us was about to consist of 35 km.



Jade (left) and Sophie sorting out fishing kit. Blue plastic duck as float



Libby feeling rather bushed during our 35km slog

The reward for the very early start was quickly apparent. Suddenly our kayaks were gliding through the water and the strokes of our blades sent neon glitter bursting through the water. It felt as if I was paddling through a continuous bowl of glittery golden syrup. Some will know it as bioluminescence - I prefer glittery golden syrup.

Paddling in darkness was seemingly better when our head torches were switched off. It allowed our kayaking pod to enjoy the peaceful surroundings of a bright dominant moon, the fairy lights of the stars, and the living breathing ocean beneath us. The flotilla followed the path that was guided by the Southern Cross's pointer stars. I really started to feel like an early Maori voyager in a waka.

Whilst hugging the coastline and maintaining our collective pod we paddled as the sun rose behind us. Fortunately the weather was on our side and with the south-easterly assisted us homeward, which just happened to be in the pot of gold of a magnificent rainbow that arched the sky.

The crew was itching to abandon our mini ships, after 104.2 kms of paddling, and to head home. Once on land, refueling consisted of a well-deserved coffee in Havelock, followed by a pie in Murchison.



View north to the entrance of Queen Charlotte Sound



Ethan experiencing gasket wars while Sam lends him a hand

Author bio:

I'm 24 years young and migrated to the West Coast from Australia to study the Outdoor Education course at Tai Poutini in Greymouth. I will be seeking a career in the outdoor industry and the ability to travel with this qualification excites me. I do like constantly discovering new hobbies - these keep my heart pumping. And I so enjoy meeting like-minded friends.



Sophie minus her coloured hat, under a magic rainbow in Queen Charlotte Sound



Tutors assessing students on their paddling technique from the Anakiwa jetty

NEW ZEALAND REPORTS

ROLLING – HEADS

by Glenda Ray

There are many reasons why we, sea kayakers, decide not to roll, or procrastinate about learning. Whilst some kayakers are water babies there are those of us who have come to the sport later in life and want a leisurely paddle with good company, and not get wet. We watch in awe at kayakers who roll so elegantly, but never 'take the plunge', to try it ourselves. Why not we wonder? Well perhaps we think; that it's only for experienced kayakers, it's too hard, we might just not be able to do it, or what if we get stuck underwater and are not able to come up, or even the fear of being under the water instead of on top of it. There are probably many more reasons you can think of.

Perhaps it is really about fear or anxiety. Fear of being stuck under the boat, not being able to hold one's breath long enough or get that spray deck off, that holds us back. All those fears added up for me and I had procrastinated long enough. I had taken the lessons in the past, but they didn't work because they addressed the skills required to roll and I just held that fear along.

Why does the desire to learn give in to the fear and stop us even starting? Well I know the answer now, it is all about the head. Yes, that heavy thing on the top of our shoulders that weights 3.5 to 5 kgs, about 8% of our total body mass, that you hear so much about, especially in regards to rolling. A key part of the rolling technique is that your head comes up last during the roll, and observers can be quite critical of that. Actually, it's what's inside the head that counts, but no one talks about that.

Recently I bought a new boat, narrow and without a rudder, that required new skills to master. It took me out of my comfort zone. So bravely, and with commitment, I added rolling to the list of skills required. Fellow kayakers are so willing to help and we have a great collection of knowledge amongst us, but it took some courage to take that first step.

I was fortunate to be introduced to a personal tutor, Pete Brooks, who was very patient and intuitive. A tutor who can address one's fear works in the same way as a sports psychologist. The rolling skills aren't

difficult to learn but now I know why sports psychologists are integral members of high performance teams. The elation of the tutor and student when the objective is achieved is a wonderful feeling. In the words of Alison Roe at the World Masters Games recently, "The head is the greatest barrier to any sporting success".

I have learnt that there is no one correct way to roll. We are all different shapes and sizes and we all have kayaks with different shaped hulls. As long as you can go over and get up without taking a swim it's a roll, and that is a great place to start.

With the recent sessions at the KASK Kayak Fest and the IKW (International Kayak Week) I have learnt some valuable new skills. I have more skills to learn to become proficient at rolling, and I'm sure I can do that. I can see that it can be fun and not something to fear.

Deb Volturno says kayaking is about having fun and if we aren't having fun, then we shouldn't be doing it.



Pete Brooks instructing with Steve Newland as the rolling pupil. Photo: Ruth Henderson

SAFETY

Manslaughter Conviction A Tragic Reminder for Boaties MNZ Media Release 3 August 2017

Director of Maritime NZ, Keith Manch, said a manslaughter conviction today sends a strong and tragic reminder to recreational boaties to follow all basic safety practices when out on the water - in particular wearing a lifejacket.

Failing to wear lifejackets is one of several safety procedures that a 60-year-old Waitara man, Teiron Jones, had neglected to follow, resulting in him being charged by Police and convicted for manslaughter of Mr Erka Xu.

Mr Manch said this was believed to be the first manslaughter conviction of a recreational boatie in breach of Maritime Rules. "If you are the skipper you are legally responsible for the safety of the boat and all on board. You can be prosecuted for breaching safety rules," Mr Manch said. "A boaties' lifejacket is your single most important piece of safety equipment. About two-thirds of recreational boating fatalities would be prevented if boaties were wearing a lifejacket."

Jones was convicted in the New Plymouth District Court and sentenced to pay \$5,000 reparation to the victim's family. He had pleaded guilty to the manslaughter of Mr Xu

who drowned after a boat the two were travelling on flipped as they tried to cross the Waitara bar in 2015.

On the day of the accident, the two men had gone on a fishing trip and as they were approaching the bar at the mouth of the Waitara River on their return, the boat turned side-on to waves and flipped, throwing both men into the water. A second wave hit the upturned boat making it flip again and right itself. Mr Jones managed to get back on board the boat, after a member of the public swam out to the boat and assisted him getting on board. They searched for the other man, Mr Xu, and pulled him on board. They made a second attempt to cross the bar, that time successful, and docked the boat at the Waitara launch area.

Medical assistance was given to Mr Xu but he was pronounced dead. He was married with a young daughter. Due to a number of safety practices the defendant failed to follow on the day, he was charged with manslaughter.

Maritime Rules make it mandatory for the skipper of a recreational boat to ensure everyone on board is wearing a lifejacket at times of heightened risk. Crossing a bar is usually tricky and can be dangerous, and is often a time of heightened risk. Neither men had been wearing a lifejacket during the trip, nor were there any on the boat. An emergency kill switch for the boat's engine was also not on-board. Jones also failed to take into account previous instruction from local boat skippers.

From NZSUP (Stand-up Paddle-boarding) Leashes to be used and not PFDs

From 1 August 2017 it will no longer be compulsory to wear a PFD if you are paddleboarding in Northland, as long as you are wearing a leash appropriate for the conditions. This excellent new bylaw has come about as the result of discussion between NZSUP and the Northland Regional Council Harbourmaster Authority, and represents a big step forward in promoting proper safety in stand up paddleboarding in New Zealand. The worldwide SUP industry is united behind the LEASHES SAVE LIVES campaign - using an appropriate leash is by far the most important aspect of paddleboarding safety. To find out more about what constitutes an appropriate leash check our website www.nzsups.org but in a nutshell, the most important aspect of leash selection is that on fast flowing water (i.e. rivers, harbour mouths etc.), a quick-release leash is vital.

Our congratulations to Northland Regional Council on taking this major step forward in promoting paddleboarding safety! We hope that other regional councils will follow this entirely sensible lead. NZSUP would still encourage anyone venturing any significant distance offshore (or indeed anyone who just feels comfortable wearing one) to still have a PFD; it is a very sensible second line of defence. More information on the different types of PFD can be found on our website.



A team of Canterbury Sea Kayak Network paddlers setting up to launch on the West Coast of the South Island, at the base of Farewell Spit. Photo: Ian McKenzie

SAFETY

Letter to the Editor VHF Radios By John Gumbley

Per usual, the April-May issue of the *NZ Sea Canoeist* newsletter was a great read - nice images, great variety of articles. Many thanks to you (and contributors) for your fine efforts.

The Safety article titled 'What Communications do Kiwi Paddlers Carry?' prompted me to think about what I carry, and when I have had occasion to use them. I have tended to not rely on a mobile phone because all too often coverage is not there. But as Lorraine Hughes attests, it can prove to be helpful (p.9, *NZ Sea Canoeist* No.188 April - May 2017). As an aside, if you had to use someone else's cellphone, 111 aside, how many cellphone numbers have you memorised? Do you know for example any family member's cellphone numbers or have you recorded these in say your first aid kit? My single brain cell is utterly reliant on the latter where I keep a hard copy of my PLB contact details and personal medical details.

Recalling the occasion when three of us, on a day trip in the Marlborough Sounds, had to overnight when sea conditions prevented us from returning to camp, the question was asked amongst us, "Should we have used our VHF radios' Channel 16 to (hopefully) alert our colleague back at the campsite." This despite our group not having made radio schedule arrangements. We decided that because we were safe, there was no need to alert the Coastguard. Further, our colleague would not be too concerned because we had various communication means and survival kits, should we end up in some strife. We would also be returning to base camp early the next day and doubted if any radio call could be received. In hindsight, we should have arranged beforehand a radio schedule plan specifying time and channel to be used.

Since that occasion I have mulled over the question can Channel 16 be used for non-urgent communication. Advice from Wikipedia below answers that question. We should have made a Channel 16 call because our colleague (or anyone else) may have heard us even if we might not have been able to receive a reply. Our message would give our location, intentions for the next day and that we were all okay.

Wikipedia (blue type mine): Channel 16 VHF (156.8 MHz) is a [marine VHF radio frequency](#) designated as an [international distress frequency](#). Primarily intended for [distress](#), [urgency](#) and [safety](#) priority calls, the frequency may also carry routine calls used to establish communication before switching to another working channel.

The [International Telecommunications Union](#) (ITU) has established [VHF](#) channel 16 (156.8 [MHz](#)) as a distress, safety and calling channel, and it is monitored 24 hours a day by many coastguards around the world.

Radio watchkeeping regulations advise all sea bound vessels to monitor channel 16 VHF when sailing, except when communicating on other marine channels for legitimate business or operational reasons. Coastguards and others are permitted to broadcast short informative safety messages on channel 16, however, it is an offence in most countries to make false Mayday calls. When using the channel to call up ships or shore stations, the call has to be switched to a working channel after the initial response in order to keep channel 16 available to others. *US Coast Guard Auxiliary, Rules Which Require Listening to your VHF Marine Radio*

PS: I note SAR have responded to the activation of 20 dumped PLBs in the past 5 years. And, that 30% of PLBs are not registered! I can imagine an even higher number of PLBs have outdated contact information and/or expired batteries. For me having a PLB is now essential kayaking kit.

SAFETY

PLBs & EPIRBs An Update from Paul Hayward

Nelson paddlers Margot and Peter Syms contacted Paul Hayward – who has regularly provided technical articles for the KASK magazine on emergency comms – for an update on recent developments with PLBs and EPIRBs.

'Your email spurred me into action – on my own behalf – as my Fastfind is now seven years old and overdue for updating. We are in the US/Canada for a second 6-month stint and so I'm both needing our PLB to be healthy for some adventuring, and we're well placed to do something about it.

So, I checked on re-powering and/or replacing my existing Fastfind.

Re-Powering:

Best price was about \$US 130. They didn't care what Country Code was involved – they are only interested in battery & waterproof testing (new seals, etc). They do say that if the unit's 6+ years old, it may not be passed as fit for more service – in which case I'd be out \$US 65 (inspection fee) and still have nothing to show for it.

Note that the \$US is currently about \$NZ 1.33 and you'd need to add international shipping to a US or UK outfit for the inspection/new battery. So that would come to about \$NZ 175 (plus shipping). It is, of course, possible that there's a Fastfind battery service available in NZ – which would beat the US or UK costs - this might be worth you checking.

Replacing:

A new Fastfind from MEC in Vancouver (coded, as mine was, for the Canadian Registry) is \$C 340 (\$C 295 + tax) – or \$NZ 360.

I think that a new unit for (in my case) only twice the price of a refurbished (my 7 year old) one – is a better alternative. I might not still be

wanting it to work after seven more years - but I will be, if Natasha is still carrying it.

When I bought it in 2010, it seemed certain that at least two generations of PLB would have rolled out before I had to replace the battery – hence I never expected the question of refurbish/replace to arise. I assumed that the 2016/2017 era devices would be as compelling as an upgrade as smartphone products separated by 6-7 years. I was certainly wrong as the current Fastfind is a tiny bit better, but almost indistinguishable from my 2010 unit.

Alternatives:

I've had a few people ask for advice on PLBs – and for about the last 2-3 years, I've been saying that I now prefer the ACR ResQLink. There is a third nice-looking unit (Ocean Signal's RescueMe – middle in picture below), but for my big fat fingers (especially given the potential for cold-water fumbling), I think it's just too small for (my) safe use. I never thought I'd complain that a PLB had been made too small!

Anyway – it only saves 35 grams over the Fastfind and ResQLink – and that's a penalty I'm willing to pay.

All these three units are good – they'll all do the job. Base your decision on price or let personal preference decide for you. I like the ResQLink – not so much for its better battery duration – but for its superior aerial usability and easier self-test procedure. I just think it's moved the game forward a bit – beyond the Fastfind, as the ACR is a newer design.

So, being energized by your email – and being immersed in the fabulous environment of the Oshkosh event (aka EAA Airventure) – I went sniffing for deals on an ACR ResQLink. As there are about 5,000 pilots (truly) down from Canada, I suspected that some of the vendors would have some Canadian-coded PLBs on hand. That turned out to be true – but they'd all been snapped up, as ACR had put on a \$US 50 rebate for the Oshkosh event. Luckily, one chap

had one left in his warehouse, so I am having it sent to me this week. I paid (after discounting the rebate) about \$US 225 or \$NZ 300. So, thank you very much for jogging my elbow!

In talking to the main ACR man at the show (not a dealer, but a sales/marketing bloke from ACR itself), he did more than sympathise with my complaints about the silly prices of PLBs in NZ – he rather strongly hinted that ACR plans to address that in the near future. If you have any flexibility – you might want to wait a few months to see if anything comes of it.

I suspect that I'll continue to make room for the old Fastfind (on our adventures) as it seems a waste to retire it before it confirms that it can no longer muster any enthusiasm for the job. Having two strings to the bow (in this case) seems worth the minor inconvenience for its small bulk and weight.

So – for what it's worth, that's where I've arrived at:

- I'm not aware of any other contenders for a nice & reliable PLB.
- I'm still not able to love the Spot devices – nor do I want to afford a Sat Phone.
- I still quite like the InReach units – but not enough to be seriously be tempted to buy one.
- Garmin has recently acquired Delorme (developers of the In-

Reach) and re-designed them - but not to a great advantage.

- the InReach units still cost you for monthly comms plans and are not as waterproof as they should be.

The game changer will be ACR's SARLink unit – which is currently limited to US military use. It combines a proper PLB with the bi-directional 'Texting' capability of an InReach/Spot – but in a better container and with twin batteries – a rechargeable one for 'casual' operations and one dedicated to SOS. Hopefully, they'll be able to shrink it a bit when they make a 'mass-market' version. I'm guessing it'll be 2-3 years.'

Best Regards, Paul



Paul Hayward with a modest collection of emergency comms



HISTORY

RICH WATERS Gold Mining in Queen Charlotte Sound by Andy Baldwin

My interest in Marlborough Sounds gold mining in all this is purely accidental. One Saturday morning in late autumn as I returned by kayak from Kumutoto Bay to Waikawa, I saw an old gent sitting on a seat at the far end of the marina. While I hauled my kayak out of the water and back up to the road, he got up stiffly and wandered over to chat to me. He said he had been watching me paddle across the Sound, and asked if I knew the history of 'Price's Point'? When I said no, he told me of going there many years ago and seeing the remains of old gold workings. That got me thinking, which led to researching and a series of kayaking expeditions to photograph the old mine and document its workings.

The story of the Price's Point gold-mine is a story of hard men, doing hard work in hard times during the depression of the late 1800s. In 1873 Greenlaw formed a syndicate and applied for a two hectare lease on Price's Point. During the winter of 1873 a drive was put in following the quartz leaders and samples taken for testing. These contained visible gold and assayed at over three oz gold per ton of quartz, very rich pay dirt. Mining by hand is a slow business, and costly. The mine was closed for a time but in early 1878 a company was formed and floated in Wellington.

Many Marlburians were put out by this, but still a sprinkling of Picton residents subscribed. With capital now assured, work pressed ahead on opening up the mine. By April 1878 nine claims had been taken up in Queen Charlotte Sound, in one case an artificial pile of quartz was used to lure investors, creating panic among the shareholders of other mines! I decided that I just had to see this for myself.

About six weeks later, having finished my research, it was time to

set off and see if I could locate the northern drive to the mine.

As I paddle across the glassy waters of Waikawa Bay, just after dawn in early winter, it's a chance to reflect. About the search that lies ahead, and about the men whose journey I am recreating. Many of them rowed across Queen Charlotte Sound to work the mine, although in time they came to live in the adjacent bay and establish a small settlement there, just nine kms across the water from Picton. The miners' families lived there too, but the children still had to travel daily to Picton for schooling. This was in the days before power boats, power tools or power just about anything.

I am lucky, the day is ideal for paddling, no breeze, flat water and dolphins and seals for company. In the distance I hear little blue penguins calling to each other as they fish. There are no other boats on the water - there is only the sound of the paddle and the kayak. It doesn't get any better than this - by the time I pass Karaka Point I have warmed up and found my rhythm. A long easy stroke that powers the kayak without tiring me, a little bow wave tells me the boat is travelling well.

The approach to the mine is not easy - this is steep country, as are most of the sounds. Even with the landing stage the miners built, getting equipment into the mine and quartz out, was no mean feat. As I sit in the kayak and gaze at the exposed quartz seam outside the mine, the mineralization is clearly visible, and I can just spot the last piece of timber that marks the remains of the breastworks and landing stage. How on earth did they drive timber into the solid rock with no power tools? Without the benefit of the landing stage I have to portage the kayak up onto the rocks. It weighs around 30 kg, is five metres long and is awkward to handle. I mutter a couple of rude words under my breath when I slip on the rocks.

A group of friends arrive, they have come to explore with me. It's good to have the company, even if they have

cheated and motored across in an inflatable instead of rowing or paddling. I berate them good-naturedly about it.

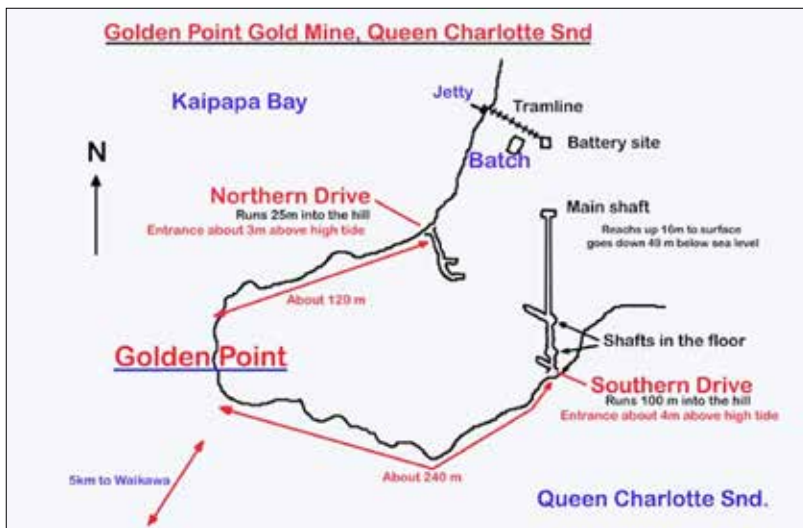
A short scramble up the cliff and I can see down into the entrance of the mine. It is dark and foreboding as a good mine should be! A quick squeeze down through the entrance and the 'drift' opens up before me. It is amazing not only how big the mine is, but how perfectly cut. This was all done by hand with picks and shovels. I can see every pick mark on the surface of the rock 140 years later.

This northern drive is about 95 metres long and intersects perfectly with the main shaft. I struggle to understand how they could do that with no GPS. The worrying part is that there are three of these vertical shafts in there, I can't see them yet but I have a map and I know they are there. A couple of steps in and I can see a short cross-cut or adit off to my left. A glance with the torch confirms it is a dead end. On my left as I walk down the drive there is a channel cut in the rock, this is part of the drainage system for the mine. The mine manager described the rock as 'tight' meaning that there was minimal water seepage, even though the shafts extend well below sea level.

About 10 metres in, we find the first shaft. A large rectangular hole, with dirty brackish water about a metre



One of the two shafts at Golden Point. Photo: Andy Baldwin



Price's Point is shown on the topo map as Golden Point

from the top. Fortunately there is a ledge; it is a little muddy from recent rain. It looks in pretty good condition so I step around it and carry on. My lights show interesting cuts across the floor of the drive. A few steps further on, an old rotted piece of timber seems to prove my theory that I am looking at the remains of a tramway used to transport mining gear into, and quartz out of the mine. There is also a piece of pipe and a 'bullet', both around four metres long lying on the floor. They are all that remains of the pumping system that was installed to drain the shafts and lower levels of the mine.

Late in 1878 a contract was let to E W Mills' Lion foundry in Wellington for a 25 horsepower horizontal engine, pumping and winding



Old mining debris in one of the drives. Photo: Andy Baldwin

gear. Without it, work on the main shaft ceased as the primitive methods used could progress no deeper. The equipment was shipped on the schooner *Herald* from Wellington, and a poppet head was erected over the main shaft in 1879 so work could continue.

Beyond the second shaft I can see dim light filtering down from above. On closer inspection there is another adit off to my left, this one is a little longer than the first. The miners had lost the quartz seam they were following and these adits, or cross-cuts, were dug to try and re-locate it. Unfortunately for the miners the quartz was not only steeply dipping but heavily faulted. Looking around at the rock walls the quartz is flecked among the mica-schist, not a solid reef or seam at all, at least at this level. The records show that a one metre thick seam was found when the main shaft hit the 30 metre mark, but it pinched out very quickly.

We are now near the far end of the drive, 95 metres into the mine and about 20 metres underground. The source of the light is now obvious, the drive has intersected the main shaft from the ridge above us. It seems strange to see small plants growing in the loose rocky soil at the base of the shaft. This shaft is about 2.4 metres by 1.5 metres. When the pumping and winding gear was installed, the shaft was used in two parts, men and equipment went down one side, quartz and waste rock, or mullock, was hauled up the other. It

also provided much needed ventilation for the men in the mine. Prior to the shaft connecting to the drive, working conditions were pretty unpleasant and the men could work only for short periods due to lack of ventilation.

This shaft was extended several times, as was the main drive. In 1881 it reached a depth of 69 metres, about 49 of which are below sea level. I don't have a fear of being underground, but I wouldn't want to work underground and 49 metres underwater. The shaft has partially collapsed at the level of the main drive. The entrance to the shaft leading to lower levels is visible but filled with water and debris. It also looks very small. I can see the timbers shoring up the entrance and the bullet is still visible in the tunnel. How did they get down there with pumping gear as well?

My research has shown me that they did indeed go down and set up pumping equipment. The miners then cut more levels below the one I am in, but in the same northerly direction in an attempt to relocate the quartz seam and make the mine payable. I can only speculate that wooden or rope ladders must have been used, there just isn't room for anything bigger. There doesn't appear to be a map of the lower levels, or anything to tell me how far they dug, but this shaft marked the end of the mine, both physically and financially. The quartz had run out and the directors had no more money. There was no substantial income from the mine and no prospects for more quartz in 1881 to generate income and keep the mine open.

After a final look up the main shaft to the sunlight above, we silently turn and re-trace our steps. It's good to be back in the sunlight, even after only half an hour underground, but I have more questions to answer. I want to know and see more yet.

I relaunch my kayak and after a short paddle into the bay I see a house I recognise. An old friend, David Rawson, lives here. High up on the hillside I recognise a tree



Both photo illustrations by Susan Cade of the hidden drive locations

from an aerial photograph I have studied. I know that the main shaft is near there. Perfect. We leave the boats on the beach and walk up the steep stairs to the house. I knock on the door and when David appears I introduce my friends and ask permission to walk up to the top of the shaft. David also knows where the remains of the stamping battery are. He shows us the path and then retires for a cup of tea in the sun.

The miners began stockpiling quartz ready for the first crushing near the remains of the old stamping battery. Quartz was lifted out of the mine using the winding gear and brought via a tramway to the stamping battery where it was crushed. The 10 stamp battery was obtained second hand from Golden Bay along with two berdans, and installed about 40 metres down the hill from the main shaft. In its heyday about 12-13 men worked the mine and processed the ore.

The 'paydirt' was then further processed in the two berdans. These look a little like a mortar and pestle, except a lot bigger. They consist of a large pan, with a steel ball inside. A berdan pan was a grinding pan. The circular pan was set at an angle, and as the pan revolved, the heavy iron ball rotated in the lowest point of the pan, grinding the mineralised quartz to a fine powder. They were often used with mercury to form an amal-

gam from which the gold could be extracted on a table lined with copper plates.

When the mine closed for good in 1881 the stamping battery and berdans were dismantled and taken to the northbank. They remain there and are visible today, but were never re-assembled. After processing in the berdans, the pulverised rock was passed over a riffle table, with the mercury covered copper plates, to recover the gold. This was called 'washing up'.

In later years a more efficient process was developed using cyanide to recover up to 96% of the gold, but neither process was safe. This first crushing proved disappointing however, and the directors, by now cash strapped had hard decisions to make. Much of the company's assets and lease were sold, but it wasn't enough to cover the debts. The mine lay silent and abandoned for a while, but not forgotten.

As we head up the track past the remains of the stamping battery now covered by the bush the path winds through stands of whitey wood and manuka to a fenced area with sign warning to stay away from the mine-shaft. We lean over anyway and take some photos, then continue.

There is nothing remaining now of the miner's camp. Eventually, on 24 August 1880, the Golden Eagle Mining Company was formed and regis-

tered. Work continued on the main shaft and the miner's families, with up to eight children between them, lived in the settlement. About 20 tons of quartz was mined and crushed. This yielded about 10 oz. of gold, and optimism was high for the future of the mine. Unfortunately this proved to be only an isolated pocket and the mine was shut shortly after.

There was also an old Maori orchard and settlement next to the top of the mine. The orchard is long gone, but pits are still clearly visible in the ground where dwellings were built over the top of them. From the ridge I can see why Maori used this place as it is difficult to access and provides stunning vistas across the Sound. This along with the steep terrain made it easy to defend. In the distance the Bluebridge ferry rumbles past and ruins my nostalgia. With a sigh I turn and we head back down the slippery track.

After saying goodbye to David, with a promise to return again, we wander back to the beach. I glance over to the left and the last piece of the puzzle falls into place for me. The rusting remains of the tramway can be seen alongside David's jetty. There are two sets of parallel rails. When the mine was operating there would have been large pulleys at the top and bottom of the tracks connecting the 'cars'. The weight of a fully loaded car of ore descending would be used to pull an empty car up the steep hill.

Satisfied with our exploration we head home. The sea is still smooth and the paddle is fast. I get into my distance rhythm again and make great time, the bow wave foaming in front and the rudder gurgling behind me.

The dolphins, like the miners, have left for other adventures. The dolphins will return another day, but the miners are gone for good. Their time is past, but they have left a history behind them. The mine and its workings, but more importantly a story. It's out there for those who want to find it, along with the quartz and the gold.

I started this undertaking on my own, more for the fun of researching it than anything else. I soon found

it irresistible to go and look for the mine, at first to see if my research was accurate, but also to explore the remains of the workings and see how the miners lived. As I got more enthusiastic about the project, others showed interest also. Accordingly I wish to gratefully acknowledge the help given to me by the following people: Russell Smart, Richard Parke and Jo Capill; thanks for accompanying me into the mine and the workings, even if you did cheat and use a powerboat to get there. Some awesome photos too Jo! David Rawson – for allowing us access to the top of the mine-shaft. Dr. Mike Johnston – without your marvellous book *Gold in a Tin Dish*, Vol. 2 the research would have been

so much more difficult. I am especially grateful to Mike for allowing me to use parts of his work to flesh out the historical details. Lastly my wonderful wife Kirsty – for not only putting up with my nonsense and obsession with this project, but actively encouraging me to do it. All of you were a great help.

I have tried to be as historically accurate as possible with the mining details. However, any errors in this narrative are mine and mine alone. I have however, been deliberately vague, and in places a little misleading with details relating to the location of the mine. This is because mines are dangerous. I don't advocate people wandering in unprepared.

SAFETY

22 June 2017 Sit-on-top Rescue Firth of Thames Stuff News Report

A kayak fisherman was found 'cold and wet' after spending hours in the Firth of Thames. Thames Coastguard was involved in the search for the missing kayaker.

A kayak fisherman who capsized on the Firth of Thames was found hypothermic on shore after hours in the ocean. The 47-year-old set off for a day's kayak fishing, parking his car in the carpark at Te Mata at 1:00 pm on Tuesday, Senior Sergeant Ray Malcolmson of Waikato police said.

He was heading for the mussel farm, Malcolmson said, and was described as being 'well prepared' with high visibility clothing and a cellphone on-board. But around 3:00 pm his kayak capsized, sending him into the ocean. "It was before dark and he hadn't come back so his wife reported him missing at 8:00 pm."

His vehicle was found at the boat ramp where he was parked. A sea and air search was launched involving the Thames Coastguard, Auckland-Coromandel Westpac helicopter and

search and rescue. As the helicopter scoured the Firth of Thames, focusing on the area around Waikawau on the west coast, the crew received a call at 10:40 pm, advising them of a person attempting to get their attention from the shoreline. The helicopter landed at Kereta and uplifted a male patient in his 40s who was the missing kayaker.

His kayak had capsized at around 3:00 pm and he had paddled his partially submerged kayak to shore. Unfortunately his mobile phone had become waterlogged, despite being in a waterproof pouch. He was not wearing a wetsuit.

A bystander had come across the man and used a torch, turning it off and on, to attract the attention of emergency services. Helicopter crewman, Mark Cannell said the kayaker was, "Hypothermic, distressed and extremely fatigued after being in the water for so long. He was an extremely lucky guy."

The man was flown to Thames Hospital in a moderate condition.

From the Fishing Forum by Sandy Ferguson

The sit-on-top kayak was an *Elite 4*; bought from TradeMe the previous Saturday. It filled with water, a leak somewhere, possibly a hatch seal or hatch not fitted well. At one

point the paddler bailed it out with a shoe. It was a very close call and an eye opener for sure. The new dry bag failed as well. One thing that worked in his favour was more of the budget was spent on clothing, PFD etc., than on the actual kayak. A severe way to learn.

The following is from the capsized paddler's brother:

I have asked my brother to write down some details; I think it would also help him, to get the facts recorded. As always there are a few differing versions.

Pretty much, he bought a second hand sit-on-top 'fishing' kayak; an imported brand, only 3.9 metres; two screw-lid hatches with bags hanging under them, and one front larger rubber lid type with access into the hull; no bulkheads or internal flotation added; small EVA block with a cut-out for the Fish-Finder battery I put in; internal tubes for rudder controls and a small 'tackle well' with the lid self-contained.

He had a limited budget and was keen to get out fishing. The weather was not good for going out. He said he intended staying within a sheltered bay that was in the lee of the easterly wind. However the drift speed and the fact he was catching fish meant he was blown out faster and further than he realized.

After tying off against a mussel farm float, the kayak was getting very unstable. He said he looked behind and saw the rear end under water. No bailer or pump; also because the gear bag (under a deck round hatch in front of the seat) was fixed in place, he would have to shimmy forwards to reach the front hatch - not ideal if not impossible at that time.

After a drop in the wind, he cut loose and tried to paddle back in. The water in the hull made that difficult and he capsized. After multiple attempts at righting, the sit-on-top just kept rolling over and over - he had to cut loose all of the tethered fishing rods etc.

Cold was a factor, massive shivering and cramps, loss of energy. He removed a shoe and accessed the front hatch to bail water out so he could get on and paddle in. A passer-by on the beach helped him ashore and signalled the rescue helicopter which had been alerted by my brother's partner at home, via the police. She knew he was overdue and was at first reluctant to earlier raise a 'false' alarm.

He had a cellphone but the drybag he bought for it leaked after the capsize. The PFD, and waterproof outer layers were new. What was worn as base and between I don't know.

The comment was made to me that people living across the road from where his vehicle was parked saw him go out but only thought it 'unusual' when he hadn't returned before dark. Maybe a 'Two Minute' form on the car's dashboard could have helped sooner.

VHF is on his list of things still to buy. I had a long discussion whilst fitting the Fish-Finder on Saturday night with him about self rescue, weather, things to check, retighten and seal before going out. Keenness to play with the new toy outweighed common sense I think.

Sourced by Sandy Ferguson

TECHNICAL

The Truth is Out Wings Win By Sandy Winterton

Tim Muhundan was in touch recently about wing paddles. It seems there has been some debate about the merits of wings in comparison to traditional curved or spoon paddles. It was fortuitous timing. I was training for a kayak event and had clocked up a fair few kilometres recently using a timing device so I knew my normal training speed using a wing paddle.

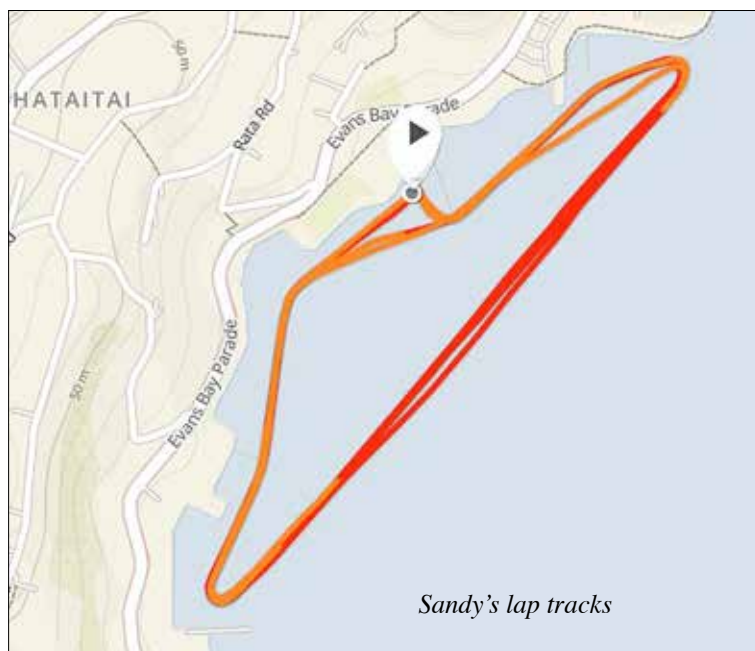
I said I'd do a time trial over my training route using a standard paddle and see how the speed compared. The first opportunity was about three weeks after my last timed paddle. Unfortunately wind and tide were different, so instead I did a four laps of a 1.86 km course. There was a northerly breeze estimated at around 3-4 kms/hr for the first part of the test, and it rose to 5-6 kms/hr during the latter stages. The boat was a Q-kayaks *Maximus* racing sea kayak and the course was clockwise laps in Evans Bay, Wellington. I tried to keep to a constant level of effort.

The first two laps were done using a Velocity brand *Momentum* paddle. It's a lightweight carbon paddle with a large and slightly dihedral blade

(the edges of the blade trail back slightly from the midline). This was the first time I had used a traditional paddle for some years and I struggled a bit. I got blade flutter on occasions and had to adjust my paddling style.

I then stopped and changed to an *Epic* 'Mid-wing' paddle. It was immediately noticeable that the smaller bladed paddle was easier in the water and my cadence rate rose. Having a better level of skill with the wing paddle no doubt contributed to the extra speed I felt. My impression was that my upwind speed with the wing was about the same as my downwind speed with the flattie. That's a huge difference. The map shows that on the first lap I headed straight for my turning point. On subsequent laps I rounded a buoy first. Despite this and by good fortune the first two and the second two laps were both exactly the same distance of 3.71 kms.

Downloading the data revealed some points of interest. The graph shows the two sets of two laps with the flat paddle trial on the left. The gap in the middle is a break while I changed the paddle. The speed changes are the up - and downwind sections. The chart on the left clearly shows that the flat paddle showed a greater difference in speed between the upwind and downwind legs. The right hand section showed the wing was faster in all areas. On the left hand chart



Overseas Reports

Paddling with Freya Hoffmeister by Justine Curgenven

there is a deep notch at about 8 minutes and 21 minutes. This was loss of speed after rounding the downwind mark. The boat speed stayed much more stable with the wing paddle, which was a surprise.

The first two laps took 25 minutes 15 seconds. The second two took 22 minutes 48 seconds.

Over equal distances of 3.71 km, in terms of speed:

- the traditional paddle managed an average speed of 8.82 km/hr
- the wing paddle achieved an average speed of 9.76 km/hr.

Overall the wing was 10.75% faster. In fact, since the wind increased noticeably during the test, it should probably be more than this. As a wing paddler, I am probably biased but I believe this type of paddle offers other advantages as well:

- the blade finds a natural path away from the boat which is more efficient as it's always in undisturbed water
- it is much easier to use torso rotation and leg drive with the wing
- because it tends to travel towards its convex surface, it makes rolling easier as the blade rides up towards the surface of the water
- with a wing, you can do 'pull' support strokes as well as push or slap ones.

10.75% faster is huge. It's equivalent to the same percentage further, in an identical time. Extrapolating wildly, if Paul Caffyn had used a wing paddle when circumnavigating Australia he might have achieved it in 322 days instead of 360.

The wing has some disadvantages:

- they feel funny when first used, but this soon passes
- they are not as good for bow rudders, sculling or rudder strokes.

But all of these can be learned with time. But to be honest if you're getting a wing paddle to go fast from A to B, none of those strokes gets a look in.

Conclusion - be bold and wing it.

I always said I would never paddle with Freya. Surely a serial solo kayaker with the determination and discipline to circumnavigate two continents would have only one way to do things and look down on anyone who joined her? Someone who 'raced' around Australia would be constantly competitive, and I wasn't even sure that she enjoyed her trips having read something she wrote about paddling with her eyes closed because it was boring.

Freya stayed with JF and I in Uclulet in April near the start of her third continent. In contrast to the "I came, I saw, I conquered" printed on her kayak when she paddled around the South Island of New Zealand, her new slogan was more understated, 'The North Island' - referring to the whole of North America.

We returned home to find her smiling behind a massive salad and two bottles of wine. We shared stories, ate, laughed and Freya invited us to join her on the water. JF would be away for five out of the next eight days but offered to drive to pick me up in a week, so at the last minute I accepted the opportunity to join such an experienced expedition paddler.

The early morning sun bathed Clayoquot Sound in golden sunlight as we

launched from Tofino 36 hours later. Within an hour, we saw two wolves casually walking along a rocky shore on Vargas Island. A modest but disruptive dumping swell on Whalers Island put us off landing for lunch and we instead rafted up and ate snacks on the water.

I learnt that this was often Freya's preference as it saved time and energy. She would pull out small pre-packed ziplock bags with sugar snap peas, baby carrots, crackers, cookies and cheese. She offered half of everything to me, even her favourite white chocolate. I presented home-made deer jerky and smoked salmon.

In calmer waters, we chatted. Around rougher headlands, we typically paddled one behind the other until the sound of waves crashing on rocks had diminished. We compared my map and compass navigation with her GPS and way-points, her long, high-capacity ruddered kayak that is based on a surf ski with my skegged Nordkapp. Freya listened to my input on route-choice and landing sites although she usually had the deciding vote, partly because I felt I was hitching a ride on her trip and I was curious to see her decision making in action. We had the occa-

Freya (left) and Justine - selfie



sional friendly sprint to a beach but otherwise it was a collaboration, not a competition – perhaps by the time you are on your third continent, you are secure enough not to have to constantly prove you are the best!?

Our first night was spent on the *Innchanter*, a Boatel moored up outside Hot Springs Cove. My friend Sean, the host and fantastic chef, cooked us a delicious feast and then we all took the two km boardwalk to the natural hot springs in the last of the light. It was a wonderful, reviving soak with a smile-inducing view of the ocean. Of course, going naked is a no-brainer for the liberal Germans.

On day two, we ate our lunch drifting by feeding grey whales and Freya's calls of, "Oh wonderful," made me realize that of course she enjoys these trips. Like me, she thrives on the wilderness and the beauty around her. And like all long-distance paddlers, she constantly has to weigh up lingering in a beautiful or interesting spot, or pushing on to the next place as you can't stop everywhere, even when you have set aside eight or ten years to paddle around a continent. Freya needs to paddle 33 kms every day for almost six months of the year to complete her 50,000 km paddle in ten years.

On day three, the forecast for the next few days was 35 knot winds and we elected to paddle around Nootka Island on the sheltered inside passage. Freya appreciated the contrast of seeing reflections of steep mountains on the water, enjoying the variety her journey offered.

With the winds came grey skies, wind and rain. Everything was damp and my choice of thin paddling thermals meant I was a bit cold when we stopped for snacks. A bit of discomfort is exhilarating and makes me



Lunch on the water



There is a kayak and paddle under all those sponsorship stickers. Freya undeterred by wet and windy conditions on the west coast of Vancouver Island. Photo: Justine Curgenven

feel tough, but after four days of near constant rain, I was ready for a bit of good luck or a hot bath! At least our *Kokatat* drysuits kept us dry. The wind was behind us and we used it to our advantage, surfing between offshore islands and making good speed. As the whitecaps increased around us, I caught a chunky wave and shot forwards with a big grin on my face. I glanced at Freya to see that she too was smiling during her dynamic dance with the sea.

We rounded Brooks Peninsula, nudged forwards by a 15 knot following wind and the flood tide. Freya approached the notoriously rough headland with respect but afterwards said that she didn't feel it stretched her.

It's sometimes the case with headlands that people warn you about. They can be very scary places in rough weather but on another day, you wonder what the fuss is about. On the other side, we waited impatiently for the blue line in the sky behind us to catch us up, and an otter approached and bit the bow of my kayak! Finally that evening the sun came out and the beach was strewn with our damp clothes – Freya's in an ordered line and mine a bit more *laissez-faire*!

We paddled together for eight days until we reached San Josef Bay, near Cape Scott. Just before we rounded

the last headland, there was a patch of water where an occasional wave broke but I hadn't seen it break often enough to figure out where to avoid. We both felt a bit uneasy when a boomer reared out of nowhere right in our path. I back paddled out of the impact zone, while Freya braced into the foam. As I started to paddle forwards again, a second wave reared up and slammed down on top of me, flipping me straight over. I think it's the first time I've been capsized during a trip on the open sea (I've flipped in the surf zone)! Happily, I rolled up laughing and we continued into the gentle water of San Josef Bay.

I enjoyed my chilly spring paddle with Freya and realized that I had had prejudices against her which weren't true. Freya recognized that her attitude has changed in the 10 years since she started doing these trips. She has nothing to prove anymore and she wants to start paddling with more people. After so many miles of pitting herself against the elements, she realizes the next challenge is improving her people skills. She can share her considerable experience and learn from others. An experience shared can be more fulfilling. If you'd like to join Freya for a leg of her North American trip then get in touch with her.

<https://kokatat.com/blog/paddling-with-the-woman-in-black>

BOOK REVIEW

Title: Dare to Do

Subtitle: *Taking on the planet by bike and boat*

Author: Sarah Outen

Published: 2016

Publisher: Nicholas Brealey Publishing

Website: www.Nicholasbrealey.com

Contents: 289 pp, one central colour plate segment

Cover: hardcover

Size: 240 x165 mm

Price: \$32.88

ISBN: 978 1 85788 641 2

Availability: Book Depository UK

Review: Kay Costley

Although I am neither an adventurer nor have been doing much outdoors for a while, I was a bit trepidatious when asked to review this book.

I was very pleasantly surprised at how readable the book was and how much I enjoyed it. Sarah Outen decided she was going to circle the globe using human power only – biking, kayaking, walking or rowing. The trip was done over a period of five years and started in England, through Europe, China, Russia and down the Kurile Island chain to Japan then across the Pacific Ocean. Sarah had two goes at this, as the first attempt was cut short due to tropical storm *Mawar*.

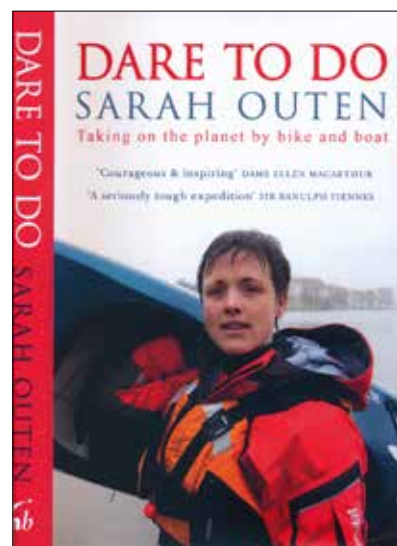
Landing in Alaska after her second attempt, Sarah cycled through Alas-

ka, Canada and USA – in winter – and left the east coast of America to row back to England. After 143 days Sarah elected to be evacuated ahead of Hurricane *Joaquin*. A passing bulk tanker was able to pick Sarah up and returned her to the USA. Sarah decided at that point that she would not repeat that last leg of the journey but she did want to formally finish the last part of the journey from Falmouth to London - as a thank you to her many sponsors, supporters and friends.

As a background to the physical journey, Sarah opens up about her emotional struggles after being rescued from tropical storm *Mawar*, when she lost her first rowing boat *Gulliver* and the difficulty she had in accepting help and support from others to recover from her depression, PTSD and anxiety. It often seems difficult to reconcile the two sides of oneself - the tough, tenacious, often driven adventurer and the everyday partner, friend, individual when the black dog comes calling.

At the end of the journey – coming ashore at Tower Bridge in London, Sarah's stated high point of the journey was meeting, falling in love and becoming engaged to Lucy. Despite all the trials and tribulations and the sadness over her decision not to complete her journey, Sarah reminds us all that people and relationships are always more significant than achievements.

As a relatively recent newcomer to the adventuring non-fiction genre,



I was a bit disappointed that Sarah did not have more photos from this amazing attempted circumnavigation of the planet. I was also very curious about the 'numbers' part of the journey and I wondered how many miles/kms were biked, paddled and rowed.

Sarah wrote several times about funding and referred to sponsors, donations and several overdrafts. I wondered what the trip cost and whether the donations to charities - \$50,000 –were separately given or were what was left over after the cost of the trip? I was also very interested to know what kit was taken on each of the legs of the journey.

So, apart from the things I did not find out, the book itself, although a little light descriptively in the cycling portions of the journey, was a pleasant read for a wet Sunday.



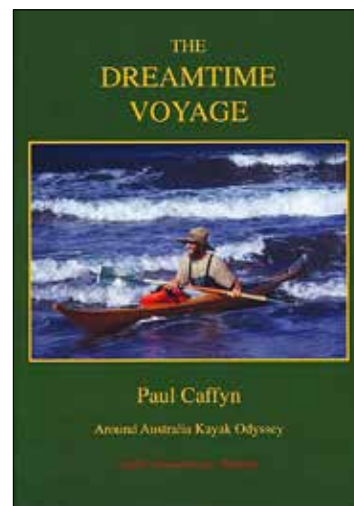
BOOKS

I still have copies of *The Dreamtime Voyage* 25th anniversary edition available, both soft cover and signed and numbered hardcover.

Also softcover copies of the South Island book *Obscured by Waves*.

Quite a list also of other new and slightly mauled paddling books.

Email for details.
kayakpc@xtra.co.nz



HUMOUR

One for the Police

A motorcycle police officer stops a driver for running a red light. The driver is a real jerk; he steps out of his car and comes striding toward the officer, demanding to know why he was being harassed by the Gestapo!

So the officer calmly tells him of the red light violation. The motorist instantly goes on a tirade, questioning the officer's ancestry, sexual orientation, etc., in rather explicit offensive terms. The tirade goes on and on without the officer saying anything.

When the officer finishes writing the ticket, he puts an 'AH' in the lower right corner of the narrative portion of the ticket. He then hands it to the 'violatee' for his signature. The guy signs the ticket angrily, and when presented with his copy points to the 'AH' and demands to know what it stands for. The officer says, "That's so when we go to court, I'll remember that you're an asshole!"

Two months later they're in court. The 'violatee' has a bad driving record with a high number of points and is in danger of losing his license, so he hired a lawyer to represent him. On the stand the officer testifies to seeing the man run through the red light. Under cross examination the defence attorney asks, "Officer, is this a reasonable facsimile of the ticket that you issued to my client?" Officer responds, "Yes, sir, that is the defendant's copy, his signature and mine, same number at the top."

Lawyer: "Officer, is there any particular marking or notation on this ticket you don't normally make?"

"Yes, sir, in the lower right corner of the ticket there is an 'AH', underlined."

"What does the 'AH' stand for, officer?"

"Aggressive and hostile, sir."

"Aggressive and hostile?"

"Yes, sir."

"Officer, are you sure it doesn't stand for asshole?"

"Well, sir, you know your client better than I do!"

Bagpipe Funeral Send-off

As a bagpiper, I play many gigs. Recently I was asked by a funeral director to play at a graveside service for

a homeless man. He had no family or friends, so the service was to be at a pauper's cemetery in the Nova Scotia back country. As I was not familiar with the backwoods, I got lost and, being a typical man, I didn't stop for directions.

I finally arrived an hour late and saw the funeral guy had evidently gone and the hearse was nowhere in sight. There were only the diggers and crew left and they were eating lunch. I felt badly and apologized to the men for being late.

I went to the side of the grave and looked down and the vault lid was already in place. I didn't know what else to do, so I started to play.

The workers put down their lunches and began to gather around. I played out my heart and soul for this man with no family and friends. I played like I've never played before for this homeless man. And as I played *Amazing Grace*, the workers began to weep. They wept, I wept, we all wept together. When I finished, I packed up my bagpipes and started for my car. Though my head was hung low, my heart was full.

As I opened the door to my car, I heard one of the workers say, "I never seen anything like that before, and I've been putting in septic tanks for 20 years."

Female Medical Examination

During a lady's medical examination, the locum GP says, "Your heart, lungs, pulse and blood pressure are all fine. Now let me see the part that gets you ladies into all kinds of trouble." The lady starts taking off her undies, but is interrupted by the doctor. "No! No! Just stick out your tongue!"

Dressing for Dinner

Dorothy and Edna, two older widows, are talking.

Dorothy: "That nice George Johnson asked me out for a date, I know you went out with him last week, and I wanted to talk with you about him before I give him my answer."

Edna: "Well, I'll tell you, he shows up at my apartment punctually at 7:00 pm, dressed like such a gentleman in a fine suit, and he brings me such beautiful flowers! Then he takes me downstairs and what's

there but a limousine, uniformed chauffeur and all. Then he takes me out for dinner; a marvellous dinner, lobster, champagne, dessert, and after-dinner drinks. Then we go see a show. Let me tell you Dorothy, I enjoyed it so much I could have just died from pleasure! So then we come back to my apartment and he turns into an animal, completely crazy. He tears off my expensive new dress and has his wicked way with me three times!"

Dorothy: "Goodness gracious! So you are telling me I shouldn't go?"

Edna: "No, no, no - I'm just saying, wear an old dress."

A Kid's View of Retirement

After Christmas, a teacher asked her young pupils how they spent their holiday away from school.

One child wrote the following:

We always used to spend the holidays with Grandma and Grandpa. They used to live in a big brick house but Grandpa got retarded and they moved to Batemans Bay where everyone lives in nice little houses, and so they don't have to mow the grass anymore! They ride around on their bicycles and scooters and wear name tags because they don't know who they are anymore.

They go to a building called a wreck centre, but they must have got it fixed because it is all okay now. They do exercises there, but they don't do them very well. There is a swimming pool too, but they all jump up and down in it with hats on.

At their gate, there is a doll house with a little old man sitting in it. He watches all day so nobody can escape. Sometimes they sneak out, and go cruising in their golf carts!

Nobody there cooks, they just eat out. And, they eat the same thing every night - early birds.

Some of the people can't get out past the man in the doll house. The ones who do get out, bring food back to the wrecked centre for pot luck.

My Grandma says that Grandpa worked all his life to earn his retardment and says I should work hard so I can be retarded someday too.

When I earn my retardment, I want to be the man in the doll house. Then I will let people out, so they can visit their grandchildren.

KASK

KASK, the Kiwi Association of Sea Kayakers (N.Z.) Inc., a network of New Zealand sea kayakers, has the objectives of:

1. promoting and encouraging the sport of sea kayaking
2. promoting safety standards
3. developing techniques & equipment
4. dealing with issues of coastal access and protection
5. organizing an annual sea kayak forum
6. publishing a bimonthly newsletter.

New Zealand Sea Kayaker is published bimonthly as the official magazine of the Kiwi Association of Sea Kayakers (N.Z.) Inc.

Articles, trip reports, book reviews, equipment reviews, new techniques, letters to the editor, and moments when the word 'Bugger!' was said singularly or often (referred to by some as incidents) are sought to enliven the pages of the newsletter.

Send to:

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Email: kayakpc@xtra.co.nz**

KASK Annual Subscription

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\$40 family membership.

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KASK Administrator

PO Box 23, Runanga 7841

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with your name and/or KASK membership number for reference.

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admin@kask.co.nz

4th Ed. KASK HANDBOOK OUT OF PRINT

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

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www.beacons.org.nz

Maritime New Zealand

www.maritimenz.govt.nz

KASK Website
kask.org.nz

*Nathalie mapping out the 35kms
ahead in Queen Charlotte Sound
and feeling quite chirpy. Photo:
Justin Wimmer*



*A wonderful shot of a seal pup kindergarden,
while their mums and dads are out fishing.
At a secret squirrel South Island location.
Photo: Ian McKenzie*



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*A backlit pod of paddlers on a still Auckland morning with Rangitoto Island in the background.
Photo: Tim Muhundan*

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.