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KASK MAGAZINE INDEX

The index from number 35 (December 1991) has been updated to No. 190 (September 2017) and has been loaded by Sandy Ferguson to the KASK website as a PDF file. The index is listed by alphabetical grouping, that is starting with B for book reviews. The index provides the magazine and page number for every article, thus allowing searching via the PDF files of each magazine on the website, from No. 35.

If you want the PDF file emailed to you, get in touch.

EDITORIAL

Summer is Here!

The weather gods have been smiling on the West Coast during the past three weeks, and the drought continues unabated. A forecast La Nina summer pattern augurs really well for perfect paddling conditions on the West Coast of both islands, and Stewart Island. 'Tis related to high-pressure cells forming blocking highs in the Tasman, generally a lot further south than with a wet and windy El Nino pattern.

For three weeks, the sea has been unbelievably flat, and is warming up; thus providing no excuses for not boogy boarding or building up paddling confidence on the wave ski.

With all the sunny days ahead, don't forget to give your rubber deck hatches plenty of UV protection with your favourite vinyl/rubber protector spray. After a recent paddle on Lake Brunner, one of my hatches had to be retired after the rubber cracked severely. Annual dosing with *Armor All* extended its life to 25 years, but that first big crack (see photo) is not repairable. Fortunately Santa Claus (Conrad Edwards) brought back new



A bit late for Armor All

COVER:

KASK president Tim Muhundan during a recent rock-gardening island paddle in the Hauraki Gulf. His trip report and more photos on page 9. Photo: Uta Machold

Page 2 Top Left:

Shelley Stuart (left) and Lynn (Red) Paterson paddling into the Auckland Viaduct Basin in front of the National Maritime Museum to keep an eye on the Safer Boating Week wharf jumpers. Photo: Tim Muhundan

Page 2 Bottom Left:

What gorgeous poster girls for Safer Boating Week. Lynn (Red) Paterson (left) and Shelley Stuart. Lynn with PLB mounted on the shoulder strap of her lifejacket, and Shelley with her VHF radio mounted similarly. Both ladies highlighting the 'Be Safe - Be Seen!' message with colourful hats and tops. Photo: Duo selfie by Shelley Stuart

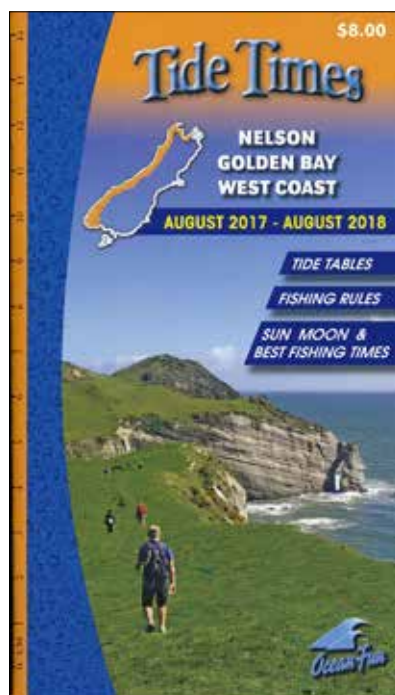
ones from the UK following his recent trip and they arrived, individually wrapped in Xmas paper, and even better, pre-soaked in *Armor All*.

Tide Tables

For those of you who prefer to view tide tables in print format, as I do, the *OceanFun* August 2017 – August 2018 tide times are in the bookshops. There are seven separate booklets in the pocket tide tables, from Northland (SU1) down to Kaikoura/Canterbury/Otago/Southland (SU7). The Nelson/West Coast/Golden Bay includes the approximate best transit times for French Pass (SU6). Good buying at \$8. See cover pic at right.

Safer Boating Week

Sandy Winterton again volunteered to represent KASK at the Safer Boating Week Wellington wharf jump. See his story and photos on page 8.



At our last Safer Boating Forum in Wellington, I had a grizzle about the annual wharf jumps and a bias to-

wards older blokes and insufficient gender equality. In discussion with Carmel Dwyer of MNZ, she advised there were adequate jumpers for Auckland but what about including paddlers? Two of our Auckland committee blokes volunteered, but I dobbed in Lynn (Red) Paterson and Shelley Stuart to Carmel, not only for better gender balance but because these two ladies are superb role models for safe paddling (See the photos on page 2).

The 'Bugger!' File

My story of the drifting kayak off the 12 Mile again raises the issue of when is it too early to call in a rescue? If you recall with Dave Cook's capsize off Plimmerton (NZSC No. 190) locals made the call for a rescue after observing Dave in the water. Although Dave had two means of emergency communications, he refrained from using either one, but

KASK KALENDAR

KASK Kayak Fest 2018 - Wellington

2-4 March 2018

Ngatitoa Domain, Mana

Learn new skills, meet new people, explore new waters

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, ocean white water, boat manoeuvring, rescues, efficient paddling technique, and rolling.

Visit the link for more information at:

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

Contact the event team by email:

kayakfest@kask.org.nz

or Noel at: artypep@globe.net.nz

For those South Island based paddlers who just want to come across the ditch with their kayak, we suggest the use of the *InterIslander* as you can walk your boat on using your trolley wheels. We can meet you at the ferry building in Wellington. It just needs co-ordinating so that we know when you are arriving, and how many for adequate trailers and seating. The FAQ sheet will give details on how to contact the committee and to highlight the need for a pickup during registration.



retrospectively wrote that he was unlikely to have reached shore unassisted. So the locals did make the right call.

Should I have made the 111 call earlier? I'm keen for feedback from KASK paddlers. The stress of deciding to raise the alarm and then paddle out to check the kayak certainly raised my adrenaline levels. What if it was a false alarm? Once the call was made, and the rescue initiated, I lost any chance to communicate with police/rescue services and I had a fair idea of what was going to happen.

The Greymouth rescue helicopter was over me within 20 minutes of launching and on shore there were at least three police cars, the Greymouth CG RIB was tasked to head north, and there was talk of shore-based search parties to look for a body. Given the volunteer and paid human resources, also the mechanical resources brought into play with a 111 telephone call, it is a tough decision to make, but perhaps it is better to err on the side of a few alarms. What do you think?

Humour

Does anyone have an issue with the 'Humour' page in the KASK magazine. A recent email circulated to our committee notes it 'is inappropriate and should be discontinued'. This email generated more correspondence from our KASK committee members on one subject than I can ever remember. Given the outstanding quality of report writing, technical articles and photographs, I was disappointed to read that most committee members went straight to the 'Humour' page, before delving into the rest of the magazine.

To reassure you, there is a vigorous vetting process for the jokes, followed by rigorous scrutiny with the KASK humour censorship board. The levels of 'taking the piss' and R18 content are strictly supervised. The jokes have to have a 99% certainty of causing smiling and out-right laughing to occur. Life is too short not to have humour in our lives. I will include below one of the

briefier emails in support of the humour page:

The humour section is indeed a little old school/smuttery. For that reason I turn to it first! In this unleaded, low-fat, free-range, organic, PC, equal-opportunities world full of special snowflakes, it's good that there is still a small bastion for real people.

In the most recent KASK magazine, I checked as to old school/smut levels. The only hint of smut is with *The Nurse's Revenge!* If you appreciate the humour/ or not, email me and let me know please!

One suggestion, given the propensity of KASK committee members to go straight to the humour pages, is to move the 'Humour' page to the front

of the magazine. A vivid imagination can picture the result!

Thanks

To all the photographers and report writers who have provided material for the past 12 months of *New Zealand Sea Kayaker* magazines, my profound thanks. The quality and choice of photos along with the high standard of writing makes my life so much easier. My apologies, also if you have supplied material and it has not been included to date.

Enjoy your paddling this summer and please don't hesitate to intercede and provide appropriate advice if you see a potential paddling catastrophe in the making.

Paul Caffyn

kayakpc@xtra.co.nz

KASK - President's Report November 2017

by Tim Muhundan

On behalf of the KASK committee (Paul, Sandy, Ian, Lois, Dave, Rob, Shaun, Peter, Steve and myself), I'd like to wish you all safe, fun paddling over the festive season.

P.S. If you have not registered for KayakFest followed by International Kayak week (IKW), and don't want to miss out please take a moment to register. With over 50 registered already, the places are going fast. Check out the banner on previous page and follow the instructions to register!"

KASK Committee 2017 - 2018

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The poor editor, proof reading when he could be out paddling

NEW ZEALAND REPORTS

BASK

Bay Assn of Sea Kayakers 20 YEARS of KAYAKING by Bevan Grant

The Bay Association of Sea Kayakers (BASK) hit a milestone this year – we have been around for 20 years! The club currently has 83 members in Tauranga/Mount Maunganui, Rotorua, Waikato and some further afield. We consequently have a wide range of trips mostly in the Tauranga Harbour, Rotorua lakes or Waikato lakes.

In the last three months, BASK has had trips in our trip programme on the Manakau Harbour, Mokau River, Coromandel Peninsula and Mayor Island. Safety is very important to the club and during the year, we have pool sessions, first aid courses, handling surf etc.

We decided on Saturday 25 November as our 20th anniversary gathering and choose the Athenree Hot Springs and Holiday Park as the venue. It is next to the water of Bowentown Harbour, has a marvelous BBQ area able to cope with a big crowd, is central to our members and of course there are the hot pools! The club supplied the meat to BBQ, nibbles, ice cream



Jean Kirkham entertaining the members with tales of how it was in the 'old days'. Photo: Val Burns

and strawberries. With good weather promised, the registrations rolled in – we had 57 members attending in the end!

Also, the club held a short trip on the harbour on Saturday; from Athenree to Matakana Island and back. A total of 38 paddlers took to the water and we were all back in time for a soak in the hot pools.

The 'Do' started at 5:30 pm with a 'happy hour' during which we had a speech by our honorary member Jean Kirkham who was instrumental in forming the club 20 years ago about how it was in the 'old days'. She then cut a very large anniversary cake - the BBQs were fired up and

a very pleasant evening was had by all. During the evening a commemorative dry bag was given out to everyone to mark the occasion and then we even had a visit from Father Christmas!

Some even had the energy on the Sunday morning to travel up the road a short distance to Waihi Beach for a paddle to Orokawa Bay.



More kayaks than you can shake a stick at. 38 to be precise. The lunch stop had to be big enough to cope. Photo: Val Burns



Jean Kirkham cutting the cake. Next to her is another club member Robin Straker. At 86 and a 1/2 years old, he is our oldest active paddler - bit of an inspiration eh? Photo: Val Burns

See also page 24 for the BASK paddlers gathered for the 20th Anniversary

TECHNICAL

ROLLING FOR FUN

by John Gumbley

photos: Dennis Hynes

Rolling is something I had always wanted to effectively and efficiently execute but found I was not particularly reliable and tended to use too much effort. That lack of being able to confidently achieve a roll, when I needed to, bothered me. I had read the occasional book and participated in a couple of group training sessions at KASK forums.

I once inadvertently registered for what proved to be an experienced rolling session where on video I had to roll on each side. Amazingly I did it but generally I could at best roll maybe a couple of times on one side before failing. More often than not I would fail and have lame excuses for not practising.

To sort myself out, I arranged a one-on-one session with an experienced whitewater kayaker. On my demonstrating a roll, his advice was to *erase from your memory bank* everything you think you know. Forget hip flick etc.

The instructor taught me pool-side how to position my paddle and critically sweep looking at my paddle blade, twisting the torso to achieve 120° plus with my paddle. Don't think about lifting your head. I tried it in the pool a few times and rough as it was (it takes time to unravel bad habits), I seemed to do it.

Using a local tepid pool, and initially pool-side practising the sweep, I found it effortless. I'm left handed



Taking a moment to set paddle position



Sweeping with eyes on the blade

but seem to prefer to roll up on my right side. It took 3 to 4 weekly pool sessions to roll up on my (unfavoured) left side. Initially, I was absolutely confused but so long as I held the paddle towards one end it seemed to make it easier to get the sweep correct.

The key is when upside down, to take a moment to position the paddle blade flat on the surface and lean forward and to the side then sweep around keeping your eyes always on the blade. Not lifting your head means you automatically pop up. Giving a final stretch out when sweeping does help and don't take your eye off the blade.

Rolling on my *unfavoured* side I now find to be no harder, just requiring attention to getting my technique right. It is now not really unfavoured, just different.

Practising in a pool regularly and taking the opportunity to roll when out and about is important for confidence and technique. Practising the sweep on the floor at home helps - don't try and think what it is all about upside down in the water. Having a snug fitting cockpit is important for the top of your legs and hips.

Sometimes I might do 100 hundred rolls in the pool with equal number

of rolls falling in on the left and right and coming up either side. Getting the technique right though is more important and often when I roll I grade myself out of 10 which helps to think about how I could do better.

Holding my paddle in different positions, closing my eyes for 10 rolls on either side, or practising re-entry by falling out of my kayak on either side and with sprayskirt unattached then rolling up.

Again, take time to *sit* upside down in your usual paddling position (feet not excessively forward as you will be unbalanced on coming upright) and sweep. To be sure of a successful roll, especially when it matters, take your time to get that technique perfect. It does not need to be a rushed action. Rolling is fun.



Stretching out, with eyes still on the blade ... and up

SAFETY

SAFER BOATING WEEK The Wellington Wharf Jump by Sandy Winterton

A week before Labour weekend, Maritime New Zealand held their annual wharf jump. It's a publicity event aimed at raising water safety awareness as part of safer boating week. The onus was on three main elements:

Prep your boat: service the engine; for kayaks, that's us. Are we in good condition? Also to generally give the boat a good once-over.

Check your gear: make sure your PFD is still fit for purpose, service inflatable lifejackets and ensure you have two reliable forms of communication equipment.

Know the rules: ensure you know the rules of the road on the water, and check your local bylaws to make sure you understand what the requirements are in your area. Some areas have tighter PFD rules such as Waikato; see billboard poster below:



The Wellington 'cold water huddle'. Sandy Winterton at the middle of the back of the circle in the yellow PDF; next to Pania Singleton with the horns!

Photo: MNZ

A good turn out of about 30 representatives from all sorts of organizations with concern for water safety was present. We were PFD'd, lined up and given a briefing then leapt in unison after the obligatory "3-2-1-jump" call. The water in Wellington was about 14 degrees – well above the 9 or so where problems arise with gasp reflexes and the old clamped chest feeling that increase fatalities significantly below that temperature. In fact the water temperature was pretty much midway between the general low of 10 and the average summer time high of 18 degrees in Wellington harbour.

After the jump, we formed a 'cold water huddle' by holding on to our neighbours' shoulders and lifting our legs up in the centre of the circle.

This technique warms the water a little and keeps it captive in the centre of the huddle so everyone benefits a little from each other's warmth.

Successful publicity for the cause and a bit of fun into the bargain.



Jumpers airborne. MNZ CEO Keith Manch on the right, Sandy Winterton in the middle in a yellow PFD.

Photo MNZ

The Wellington wharf jump Safer Boating Week message. Photo: MNZ



NEW ZEALAND REPORTS

Rotoroa Island From Alcoholics' Rehab to Idyllic Paddling Retreat by Tim Muhundan

Rotoroa Island is one of my favourite islands in the Hauraki Gulf – in addition to breath-taking paddling and rock-gardening, it also has historical significance for recovering alcoholics.

For nearly 100 years, the Salvation Army used Rotoroa Island as a rehabilitation facility for addicts. Rotoroa Island was the first and longest running addiction treatment centre, helping over 12,000 New Zealand alcoholics over the years. Although the Salvation Army closed the rehab in 2005, the historic sites were preserved.

There is also a pretty cool visitor centre and museum now showcasing the island's fascinating history - from its Maori and early European history through to its many years in private isolation as New Zealand's first and longest running addiction treatment centre.

I have paddled to the island about half a dozen times – the last time when we were scouting locations for the 2017 KayakFest. However, I have never stayed on the island until now which has good accommodation with various sleeping options with different prices and comfort levels.



Heading out from under the ferry terminal

There were about a dozen of us for the paddle organized by my adventure paddler friend Shaun. I knew I could not join the main group for the afternoon paddle from Kawakawa bay.

With perfect weather, I planned to paddle solo to meet the others on the island. Unfortunately, I could not make it to the island until after sunset, so I had pre-programmed the destination and other waypoints into my GPS watch. I also packed extra food and a tent – just in case I had to spend the night in one of the bays on Ponui Island or Waiheke Island if there was an emergency.

The 16 km solo paddle to the island was pretty uneventful as I passed the small islands of Pakihi and then hugged the Ponui Island coast for an hour. I enjoyed a spectacular sunset behind Auckland city in the distance.

By the time I got to Rotoroa island, it was dark but Shaun and Andrea were tracking my progress, and I was greeted by a waving torch in the distance, as I headed for Home Bay.

It was a really nice feeling to have completed a fast evening paddle after a hard week with a bed waiting for me and no need to put up a tent



Sunset for Tim over the Hauraki Gulf – with SkyCity a tiny blip on the horizon right of the two rocks – where the arrow is pointing

in the dark. A quick hot shower and yummy dinner later, we were enjoying a glass of wine and the night chorus from the birds as we caught up with the other paddlers. The wekas kept us entertained as the moon came out.

The beautiful weather on the Saturday got us all on the water early as we headed past Pakatoa Island towards Waiheke.





Most of the islands we paddled around are farmed. We were constantly watched by livestock as we paddled. We found a dead sheep floating in a cave as well as one lost in a cave. Photo: Uta Machold



Andrea in one of the huge sea caves



Andrea (see photo at left) who introduced Tim to 'rock gardening' years ago, told him about the caves at Hooks Bay on the northern end of Waiheke Island. 'When we got there, we weren't disappointed'. Above, Janet paddling through one of the huge archways. See the photo also at bottom left of her big smile. Photo: Tim Muhundan



After lunch, we headed for Shag Rock. The tide was just perfect with minimal swell. It was great to watch some of the paddlers who have never got addicted to rock gardening, pushing their boundaries and trying some of the rock tunnels. The expression on Janet's face pretty much sums up her first ever paddle through a tunnel! Photo: Tim Muhundan



The highlight of Tim's trip was the return journey. 'As we headed back to Kawakawa Bay, we paddled into a giant flock of diving gannets. I was right in the heart of the chaos, as hundreds of birds dived around me.'

Overseas Reports

Kayaking in the Gulf Islands Vancouver Island by Margot Syms

map & photos: Margot & Peter Syms

The Gulf Islands between Vancouver Island and mainland British Columbia are popular with kayakers, boaties, and island dwellers. You can do your own trip in these enclosed sheltered waters with a little local knowledge of what to be careful about.

Hazard No 1 is currents. In the narrow passages these can get up to 8 knots or more with associated eddies, so it pays not to be in the wrong place at the wrong time. Even wide channels can get up to 1 knot speeds, but if you expect this it at least makes your lack of progress less frustrating. There is a reasonably priced annual book of tides and currents available. With the place names being unfamiliar, you do need to spend a bit of time studying it.

Hazard No 2 is boat traffic. This ranges from fizz boats and other pleasure craft, through ferries - sized from 32 to 370 vehicle capacity, to great logging barges 50m by 12m towed by tug boats. There is an "app" to view shipping movements live, and there is extensive cell-phone coverage. Instead we opted for the ferry timetables and vigilance.

Hazard No 3 is private ownership. British Columbia was obviously a little slow in realising the recreational potential of the Gulf Islands, and so the percentage of the area in parks is rather small. With no 'Queen's Chain' and private owners being rather possessive, it can be hard to find somewhere to stop and have lunch. We often stopped in the inter-tidal zone, or on the tiny white shelly beaches associated with islets. The rocky parts of the latter were often home to harbour seals with their pups at this time of year. These have had to find a niche among the privately-owned land as well, but do seem to be thriving. It pays to know where the campsites are and to carry fresh water that will last you for a day or two. Marine park campsites vary but usually contain one or more of: picnic tables, wooden sleeping platforms (useful for keeping your gear off the dirt if nothing else), toilet, potable water pump.



Margot with our kayak preparing to leave from the hire centre by the Nanaimo marina

We started at Nanaimo where we could hire a double kayak and launch it right there. We were provided with a kayak trolley for the asking. With six days at our disposal, and having to return the kayak to the same point, we did not have enough time to visit the SE islands of the group, so we stopped short of having to cross where the shipping is busiest.

We set off on a fine morning in July, in fact we did not see a drop of rain all trip. We crossed to Gabriola Island, timing it to avoid the large ferry coming and going from Duke Point en route. Although we were surprised by how quickly a tug plus log barge emerged not much behind us at one point. Rather than go around the outside of Gabriola Island into a brisk SE wind we opted for the inside route.

Initially the route followed limestone cliffs with nesting shags, but then degenerated into rafts of logs and an industrial atmosphere. Lunch was at the only available landing, an unprepossessing slippery boat ramp. Its one blessing was that it was sheltered from the wind. We were keen to be on our way and slack high water was a wee while off, so we chose False Narrows because it has half the current of Dodd Narrows. As it was, some vigorous paddling was required. We finally arrived at Pirates Cove camp on De Courcy Island, a lovely elevated site looking south which we shared with two women. Bats were flying at dusk.





Great Blue Heron, the largest heron in North America

Day 2 we paddled SE along Ruxton Island then used rocky islets as stepping stones to cross to Thetis Island as this way it was easier to keep an eye out for boat traffic. We had lunch on the inter-tidal zone at the end of Thetis Island, with a visit from a Great Blue Heron – the largest heron in North America, and 30% bigger than our White Heron. Then we paddled by Kuper Island and on to the long thin Wallace Island which is entirely marine park. We had been recommended Chivers Point camp, the first one we came to, but the presence of a 10-kayak tour group did take the gloss off it.

The leader told us about the nearby Cabin Bay camp which we were unaware of, so we pressed on. And what a beautiful wee camp it is, two sites only, all to ourselves, picnic tables but no water or toilet – a sign said that the toilet was located a short 10-minute walk away at Chivers Point. Yeah right. In this area they like you to use the wooden sleeping platforms provided, but these are hard, too small and pegging out the tent is awkward. So we camped on the wee beach, watched the tide come almost to the end of the tent and believed the tide tables that the night tide would be lower.

In the morning, while using the sleeping platform as a chart table – a good use – I managed to spill a full cup of tea over the maps. Actually, Murphy must have been asleep because while the waterproof map got covered, the paper marine chart escaped. Said map got rinsed off, hung up and was soon dry and none the worse for wear. We paddled along Wallace Island and across to the very large Saltspring Island, and stopped



The tiny Cabin Bay campsite – Peter at picnic table with a view

at one of the few feasible stopping places, Walker Hook, with a lovely long sandy beach. A bloke was camping at one end. From Saltspring we had to cross the passage to Prevost Island, which was rather busy in the middle of the day, as to the south of here are some major centres. We arrived at our camp in James Bay at near low tide to find the expected expanse of mud and weed. After trudging ashore with the gear, we used a combination of sliding and wheeling the kayak to get above the high tide line. This camp is sited in an old orchard, with a large grassy area, and a couple of elevated sites with one picnic table. There is a composting toilet but no water. We had lunch and a lazy afternoon, with the place to

ourselves. Having thought we knew the ferry routes, we were a little surprised to see a small ferry pass by, and later to pass back again.

We made an early start next morning because we wanted to cross to Montague Harbour before the boaties were out in force, and also so we could launch at high tide. In fact, we saw only one boat during our crossing! Montague Harbour, however, was packed with boats, and when I asked the couple on a launch if they knew the long-range forecast, I was told they did not know and that they had been sitting there in the harbour for three days! On to our first call, the shop, where we did find a forecast and could have an ice cream. The lady serving commented “ice cream for breakfast”, to which Peter, not one to naturally spring out of bed at dawn, replied indignantly “breakfast was hours ago”. Next we visited the marine park camp to restock with fresh water. We walked up to the tap with a friendly boatie who was going to fill his solar shower. Interestingly the same amount of fresh water was going to last us for two days.



James Bay- having arrived, the hard work of getting between the low and high tide lines began

We paddled along the rugged coast of Galiano Island, with a Belted Kingfisher with its punk-rock hairdo always flitting ahead of us, making a photo difficult. After lunching in the intertidal zone of a small cove, we decided to return to the gem of Cabin Bay again for the night. En

route we visited the south camp on Wallace Island which adjoins a boat anchorage and is notorious for raccoons – possum sized, adroit, bold scavengers with sweet little striped faces.

A revisit of Pirates Cove for our last night would put us in a good position for returning to Nanaimo the following day. We checked out the camp on Tent Island, which is on First Nations' land not in a marine park. It is a pleasant spot, but a notice made it clear that you need to book in advance. Along the west coast of Kuper Island, we had to wait for the ferry to pass twice. This side of Thetis Island is quite pretty. Back across our stepping stones to arrive at a rather different Pirates Cove from a few days before. Admittedly it was the weekend, but by the time two kids' summer camps and a few small groups had arrived there were 19 single and 7 double kayaks on the beach. That made about three times the number of tents than camp sites, but there was room to spread out beyond the designated camping area. By the time the ranger arrived in the morning, the place had thinned out considerably.

No need for an early start as we had to wait for slack low water in the afternoon to get through the narrows. We had a leisurely lunch in the intertidal between two islands but had to keep an eye out that we did not get stranded by the dropping tide.

While making lunch, Peter had a difference of opinion with a visiting dog over who he was cutting up salami for. When loud barking started, we were informed by the owner on the beach that "he never barks". Then later something about "an attitude problem". We quite agreed, the dog had the wrong attitude towards kayakers having lunch.

Onwards, and we opted for False Narrows again as the boat traffic returning through Dodd Narrows, which has more depth at low tide, on a Sunday afternoon did not appeal. The crossing from Gabriola Island to Nanaimo was busy but no problem as everyone seemed to be alert.



Peter relaxing on the shell beach of an islet near Thetis Island waiting for a small ferry to pass

It would be fun to go through Gabriola Passage and/or Porlier Pass, but these have to be timed carefully as slack-water currents below 0.5 knots can last for as little as 15 minutes. Once through you have the option to paddle on the Strait of Georgia coasts of the islands. There are a couple of camps out there. The passages can get quite busy because of the short duration of slack water. We were surprised to see a tug towing a huge logging barge emerge from Porlier Pass, and one towing two barges in tandem from Gabriola Passage.



James Bay at dusk – boaties enjoying a paddle; a SUP and dog on a recreational kayak

Useful Information:

1. Alberni Outpost supplied our hire kayak from their Departure Bay adventure centre, and also sell kayak and other outdoor gear online and from their stores in Courtenay and Nanaimo:
www.albernioutpost.com
2. BC Ferries timetables and routes:
www.bcferries.com/schedules
3. Web sites with interesting info about paddling and camping in the Gulf Islands:
kayakrogue.wordpress.com/tag/camping-in-the-gulf-islands/
britishcolumbia.com/things-to-do-and-see/parks-and-trails/vancouver-island-bc-islands/
www.wavelengthmagazine.com/2011/11su/11su_legfour.html

Kayak Routes of the Pacific Northwest Coast by Peter McGee. Chapter 4 The Gulf Islands, P63 to 80. You can preview most of this chapter on:
books.google.co.nz/books?isbn=192681214X

4. Maps - Marine chart 3442 North Pender Is to Thetis Is, and 3443 Thetis Is to Nanaimo; both 1:40,000. San Juan and Gulf Islands Nautical and Recreational Planning Map, approx 1:100,000. All available at marine and chart shops.
5. Recorded weather forecasts for two days available by phone 250-245-8899. Cell phone coverage good.

The 'Bugger!' File

Motukiekie Rocks Missing Paddler West Coast South Island by Paul Caffyn

See also the drone
photo on page 23 of
Motukiekie Rocks

It started with a dog barking on the beach. I live right on the edge of Lake Tasman and am quite protective of 'my' sea birds and the odd seal that comes ashore for a rest. Concerned the dog was attacking a seal pup, I got the binocs out to check but it was only digging holes in the gravel. Then I was taken aback to see a 30-ish aged bloke towing a plastic recreational kayak along the gravel beach.

This coastline north of Greymouth is either open surf, gravel beaches or cliffed coastline with broad, rather rugged wave-cut platforms. Not the place for cruisy sea kayaking. Apart from the very few serious expedition paddlers who have landed in front of home (Max and Melz Grant, Tara Mulvany and Sim Grigg, Simon Meek and Bevan Walker) and myself training for trips when the sea is flat enough, this was the first recreational kayak I had seen, so I decided to keep an eye on this bloke.

It was a sullen low overcast day, with a 5 – 8 knot south-westerly blowing over a sea that was the calmest I'd seen in many months, just a low surf breaking on the gravel beach. The tide was on the flood, about mid-tide so the wave cut platform (reef) was just under water.

The kayak had a garden hose reel mounted on the foredeck, obviously I thought for a long line. After glimpsing the bloke digging holes in the beach (like his dog) I was puzzled, but he was filling a bag with gravel, and I thought 'anchor for a long line'.

After patiently waiting for a lull in the low surf break, the fella launched competently and powered out to sea. He'd obviously paddled before and wasn't a complete novice. From my seat at the computer, I have a panoramic view out to sea, and was able spot the paddler taking up station

some 600 metres offshore, where he fluffed around, no doubt setting his long line, then he headed south towards the big sea stacks of Motukiekie where I lost sight of him.

Intermittently, as the morning wore on I would glance out to seawards to watch for his return. Just after mid-day, with no sign of him, I got the binoculars out and did a slow scan to the south. I spotted him paddling off the seaward side of the Motukiekie Rocks, about 1500 metres to the south, and assumed he was fine.

Some 90 minutes later, still slaving away on the computer, I spotted a black dot directly out from home, and assumed he was back checking his long line, and would be paddling back into land shortly. I wasn't unduly worried – the kayak was back in view, but I didn't check with either the binocs or by putting my glasses on.

For the next 30 minutes or so, I occasionally looked seaward, and spotted the 'black dot' slowly moving north, with no sign of it turning shorewards to where the bloke had launched. Conditions remained unchanged, but my concern began to mount that perhaps the paddler had capsized. Even with the binocs, the kayak was now over a kilometre offshore, and it did not look like the paddler was in the cockpit. The longline reel on the foredeck was confusing, depending on which way the kayak had turned – sometimes looked like a paddler, and sometimes not.

By now I had to use the binocs to spot the kayak and even that was becoming more difficult on the low swell. It seemed that the paddler was not in the cockpit, and was either hanging onto the stern of the kayak or even worse, had tangled in his long line and drowned.

I was starting to think I needed to paddle out and check the kayak. Af-

ter a quick drive north to 14 Mile Bluff, and a long look at the drifting kayak with the binocs, it was almost time for the 111 call. Back at the 12 Mile, the bloke's car was still parked, his dog was locked inside, and there was no sign of him on the beach.

This was only the 2nd ever time I had made a 111 call – the other was for a house fire decades ago. I asked for police and advised there was a missing paddler off the 12 Mile. I'd had the presence of mind to note the vehicle registration number and passed that on. I advised that I was going up to the 14 Mile and paddling out to check on the kayak and paddler.

Given the nasty nature of this coastline and lack of good launching spots, I decided my wave ski was going to be more versatile and easier to launch than the *Nordkapp*. Although slower to paddle, and way more tippy, it would be easier to get to a launch site, and far easier for me to control in surf.

High water was at 11:57 am, so the tide was ebbing now, with more and more of the wave cut platform slowly being exposed.

With a local friend (Kay) joining me to spot, I donned a polypro top with a hood, slipped into a springsuit (shortie wetsuit) and for the first time ever when wave skiing, pulled on a lifejacket. In case I needed to tow the kayak and or body back to shore, I draped a colourful 15-metre long 7 mm rope over my shoulder.

After checking the drifting kayak, I would return to shore in the lee of a broad reef north of the 14 Mile, some 1500 metres north from where I launched. Given the strong northerly drift of the kayak, this was the most logical place to land.

The launch went relatively smoothly, as I waded over the deeply eroded reef, until clear of the shore break.



Paul's trusty wave ski safely ashore after towing in the drifting kayak. Low tide now exposing the nasty wave cut platform.

With occasional glimpses of the kayak, it seemed to take forever to reach the kayak. My old lifejacket must have shrunk severely over the years, because I was breathing rather heavily, not quite panting, when I paddled up to the kayak.

The cockpit was about one third full of water. No body caught in a long line, which was a relief. No paddle and no kit at all attached; rudder damaged and hanging off the stern.

Deciding I had a better than average chance of towing the kayak to shore, I was attaching the 7 mm rope to the bow grab loop when I heard the rescue helicopter approaching from south. It hovered well above me, and I signalled there was no paddler, and indicated south to the helicopter to search.

Tying a loop around my waist, allowing a good three metre clearance to the kayak bow, I started a long slow paddle towards shore, with the breeze quartering on the bow. Fortunately the tide was still just high enough to close on the gravel beach, and with Kay spotting gaps in the rocks for me from the edge of the highway, I closed on the back of the surf.

Visualizing a potential spear in the back from the kayak bow, I stopped and let out another few metres of rope before boosting speed for the beach. I was so pleased to carry the wave ski out of the sea and then haul the kayak bow onto the beach. Adrenaline was still pumping through my



The view south to the Motukiekie Rocks on the far southern horizon. The drift rate with just a light sou-westerly breeze surprised Paul, so there must have been a strong set also from a northward-setting coastal current.

system and I was feeling gutted that I had made the 111 call far too late. That kayak I had towed to shore now belonged to a deceased person!

Despite the water in the cockpit, the kayak had towed really well behind the wave ski, but boy it was a different story when high and dry. Only by standing on the cockpit rim, and using my full body weight to tip the kayak on its beam end could I empty the water out. Kay then came along the beach and we dragged the kayak to below a viewpoint alongside the coastal highway.



Safely ashore after the tow. The long line reel on the foredeck of the plastic kayak. The wave ski in the left background.

The kayak was a *Perception Arcadia 370*, with one bulkhead aft of the cockpit, and a small block of foam inside the bow. The aft compartment contained only a cut down plastic bottle (bailer) and a few litres of seawater – nothing else. The long line reel on the foredeck had a length of blue fishing line wound on, but there was nothing else – especially no paddle.

Offshore, the helicopter was still searching, but when I climbed up to the highway edge, two police cars drew up. I advised the police to communicate with the helicopter to search closer to the Motukiekie Rocks, as that was the last time I had observed the bloke seated in his kayak and paddling.

After retrieving the wave ski, and donning dry clothes, the interview process was well underway, when news came through on the radio that from a highway viewpoint down onto the Motukiekie Rocks, a policeman with a spotting scope has sighted a bloke on one of the big sea stacks, waving a paddle.

By the time I drove back to the 12 Mile, the helicopter had picked up the paddler, and the police had dropped him back to his car. It was a local bloke from Runanga, and he was rather grateful I had made the 111 call. So what went wrong? He decided

to land on the Motukiekie Rocks, and climbed onto a shelf with paddle in hand. Then a surge came in and sucked his kayak away. With no paddle leash attachment to the kayak, or tether to a bow loop, he was bugged! Then with no means of communication, he lit a small fire to attract attention, and spent several hours watching the resident seal and shag population. His first comment to me was, "I thought I was a goner!"

Then after advising him, where I had stashed his retrieved kayak, I headed home for a hot shower and a wee dram of medicinal whisky.

LESSONS LEARNED

For the Paddler

1. Kayak tethers

When landing on rocks or reefs, a paddle leash or long tether is vital to stop a kayak drifting away. This can be either a stretchy paddle leash, from paddle shaft to kayak, with the paddler making sure to keep hold of the paddle when landing, or a long tether. A tether can be your towline or a specific line attached to the deck-lines, by the bow or bow grab loop, which is held in one hand when landing, or tossed to your paddling mate. (Dave Winkworth recommends a 15 metre long towline).

2. Staying put on the sea stack?

I believe the bloke made the correct call to sit tight on the sea stack. Even on a calm day, there is still quite a surge running around and between the Motukiekie Rocks. At low tide, a broad wave cut platform is exposed from the base of the cliffs, but there are still deep channels to swim to reach that shore reef. For a strong confident swimmer wearing a lifejacket and/or wetsuit, worth a try, but for a paddler lacking swimming confidence, staying put was the best option.

3. Call for rescue?

If I hadn't seen the paddler launch, and kept an eye of his progress, he may well have spent a long, chilly night on the sea stack with the seals and shags.

4. Carriage of Comms

There is neither cellphone nor VHF reception at the Motukiekie Rocks.

The paddler did light a small fire however my 11 Mile neighbour, who was most likely to have seen the smoke, was away for the day. A PLB would have worked. (The Police had called his flatmates, after I provided the vehicle registration, and they hopefully would have reported the paddler as overdue by late evening).

LESSONS LEARNED

For the 111 Caller

1. Should I have made the phone call earlier? In retrospect, I could have phoned earlier, after using the binocs to observe the kayak drifting north past the 12 Mile. However, if the paddler was in the water and had tangled in his long line and drowned, the timing of my call would not have helped.

2. My subsequent moves seem to have been appropriate; checking his car and the beach to see if he had returned, making the 111 call and then paddling out with a towline to check the kayak and ensure there was no body tangled in a long line. The helicopter would not have recovered the drifting kayak, and depending on wind and swell direction, it would have drifted ashore further up the coast, and if spotted, could have led to another search for a missing paddler.

LESSONS LEARNED

For All Paddlers

After landing, anywhere / anytime, always tether your kayak; be it to a tree, your tent guy-lines, a big rock or big immovable lump of driftwood. There are some classic examples indelibly etched in my memory:

- Gino Watkins landing on an ice floe on 20 August 1932, in Lake Fjord East Greenland, and his skin kayak sliding into the icy sea after a presumed local glacier calving event created a small pressure wave, enough to tilt the floe he had landed on while out seal hunting. Gino could have waited till Rymill and Spencer-Chapman came to look for him later that afternoon, but he chose to drop his trousers and swim after the kayak. Being of rather slim build, in the minus 0°C sea water, he obviously succumbed to the cold and drowned

before catching up with his kayak. His body was never found.

- During an attempt to paddle around Australia back in 1992, Eric Stiller and Tony Brown landed on Manta Ray Island, a tiny island off Bowen on the north Queensland Coast. It was a balmy calm evening, and the boys pulled their double *Klepper* kayak named *Southern Cross* up 'past the line of washed-up vegetation'. With their overnight camp 20 yards or so from the kayak, they 'couldn't have felt more secure about our situation'. Next morning Eric was struck 'with a wave of disorientation.' Their kayak was gone! What made the loss even worse was, because of the proximity of *Southern Cross* to their camp, they had left almost all their kit inside the kayak, 'including water, food, extra clothing, and the EPIRB'. By an extraordinary stroke of luck, they located their double wallowing on rocks at the end of the beach where they had landed. A big wake up call for Eric with the realization that, 'we were naked without *Southern Cross*'.

The loss of your kayak in areas with good emergency marine communications means you have a 'better than average' chance of being reunited quickly with your boat. In remoter areas, such as East Greenland or deepest, darkest Fiordland, it is an absolute no brainer not to tether your kayak after landing - be it for a pee stop, a cup of tea stop or for camping overnight.'



Parked up safely above high tide, and ready for collection by the owner

Overseas Reports

WEST ISLAND BITS

November 2017

by David Winkworth

As some members would remember, this column from across the ditch started as a 'news from Australia' column. Over time it has evolved into a collection of news items, tips, tricks and whatever else I see around the traps over here. Contributions, as always are most welcome. This edition continues the trend!

VSKC AGM

I attended the VSKC (Victorian Sea Kayak Club) AGM at Barwon Heads west of Melbourne in early November. The 'PaddleFest' as we call it is a moveable feast and in the last two years it was held amid gales and rain at Cape Patterson. That's what the Victorian coast can be like in Spring! This year it was light winds and bright sunshine. Glorious! Guest speakers were Beau Miles and Geoff Murray. Geoff accompanied Paul Caffyn paddling in Antarctica earlier this year.

Beau is a very experienced outdoors and kayaking expeditioner and videographer, with trips along the Eastern African coast and many other major expeditions that he has filmed and made into compelling documentaries. He has undertaken many Long trips in Australia and a Bass Strait crossing. He is complet-

ing his PhD looking at the experience we derive from outdoor pursuits, in particular kayaking. The Bass Strait crossing was part of this research. He has explored what it takes to paddle to work, taking four days through suburban drains and the like. Beau works in the Department of Education at Monash University, where he teaches and researches outdoor education. In his talk to the VSKC AGM Blue Water Paddle Fest, Beau spoke about the secret life of a kayaker, exploring the thinking and motivations that go into long expeditions and how to document in the form of compelling stories. Beau's Bass Strait crossing videos can be viewed on Youtube. His website link:

<http://beaumilesfilm.com/>

Geoff's presentation was of paddling in East Greenland and Antarctica. His photos were magnificent to say the least. The presentation was a little long but no one was complaining. We were awestruck.

The VSKC is going through a reorganization of its training programs at the moment. It is sometimes a difficult issue for large volunteer clubs – satisfying training and trips demands.

By the way, any KASK member looking for sea kayaking training videos should have a look at the training videos on the NSW Sea Kayak Club website. Painstakingly prepared with much expert vetting, they are a great resource for us all.

NSWSKC Training videos link:

<http://www.nswseakayaker.asn.au/index.php/homepage/basic-skills>

The 2018 VSKC PaddleFest will again be at Barwon Heads. Visitors are welcome.

Sea Kayaking Trends in Australia

This is interesting. After years of strong growth, the number of paddlers in the two largest Aussie sea kayaking clubs seems to have stabilized at around the 200 – 250 mark. Perhaps that's going to be the sea kayaking niche numbers for the future as adventure seekers look to other activities.

Another Aussie trend mentioned to me recently by Rob Mercer of Expedition Kayaks in Sydney is a move away from the traditional (can I call it that?) Brit-style skegged sea kayak to the longer ruddered plumb-bow boats such as the *Pace 17* and the *Taran*. I wonder if that's happening in NZ?

In line with this trend is the release of a new Aussie sea kayak by Expedition Kayaks called the *Audax*. 'Great to see new designs and innovations in our part of the world! Good luck to them! Expedition Kayaks link: <http://www.expeditionkayaks.com/>

These longer boats, with flattish hulls and rounded stern keel lines are very much rudder-dependant in difficult conditions. More on this in a future issue.

WA Sea Kayak Fest 2018

The WA Sea Kayak Club is running a Sea Kayak Fest in mid February at Bussellton south of Perth. Sandy Robson, whom we all know, is one of the organizers. Paul Caffyn and I are going over and we're very much looking forward to the weekend and catching up with Sandy, who by the way, was recently awarded the prestigious *Australian Geographic* Adventurer of the Year gong for 2017; this was for her Retracing Oskar Speck Expedition. She was also being awarded the *Olegas Truchanas Canoeing Award -2016-17*, by Australian Canoeing. Good luck Sandy! (see award photo next page)



Beau Miles and Geoff Murray at the VSKC AGM. Photos: Laureen Knight



Sandy Robson with her Australian Geographic 2017 'Adventurer of the Year Award'

PLBs. Multiple Set-Offs

Do you carry a PLB with you on trips? What a great little lifesaver they are! If you're on a paddle with friends and someone is injured requiring evacuation, you set off a PLB. Right?

Have you thought about activating TWO PLBs together?

An article I read recently about an emergency evacuation mentioned just that. We all know that rescue authorities sometimes respond to accidental PLB set-offs - an occurrence that would understandably be a great nuisance to them, to say nothing of the costs involved.

In the article, it was mentioned that activating two PLBs simultaneously indicates immediately to the rescue centre that it is a REAL emergency. It's a great idea.

Just remember to raid your injured mate's wallet to pay for the second set of PLB batteries!!

Lightweight Kayaks

I used to be obsessed with building lightweight sea kayaks - kayaks that would do the job but which were pared down in fittings and material to the absolute minimum! God, I was crazy in the shed! I'd trim edges off fiberglass cloth in the layup, weigh various stainless steel fittings and always use the lighter versions and so on. Yes, I suppose I was a 'cut the handle off the toothbrush' person. Funnily enough I do still do that!

Anyway, some time ago I did a trip with a few friends along the southern coast of Tasmania, paddling a sea kayak of about 17 kgs I'd built myself. It was a trip on big SW swells for sure. On the trip one fellow's boat was badly damaged on rocks and there were plenty of non-paddling days due to the conditions. In one surf exit I was forced to roll eight times in getting out - the most I've ever done.

On this trip our kayaks were fully loaded which can put extra strain on the craft. I remember muttering to myself many times on this expedition, "Never again! I will never take on these conditions in such a light craft again!"

Well, I've remembered that trip and it was indeed the end of super light sea kayaks for me. Sometimes "light" is too light! I wonder if you've had an experience like that where you've been concerned about the ability of a lightweight boat to handle the conditions?

Focus, Focus, Focus

Do you ever do that out at sea where conditions might be tough? I find it a really good tool. THINK solely about what you're doing - and nothing else. Intense concentration. It might be doing a roll, it could be a tricky passage through confused water among rocks or a difficult surf entry. Focus on the task - and get through it. Try it! FOCUS!

Ear Plugs

'Think I might have mentioned this before in this column.

We all know how loud the wind can be around our ears when punching into a headwind. It doesn't have to be a particularly strong wind either to make it really, really noisy.

Now supposing you had to punch that wind in your boat for half a day...or a full day. That wind noise is going to make you more tired than you realize and that's not a good thing.

If you've ever been a motorcyclist, you've most likely used those little squashy foam ear plugs. They significantly reduce the wind roar under the helmet BUT still let you hear clearly the things you need to hear - other bikes, police sirens etc.

Try a set of those ear plugs next time you're paddling into a headwind. They are amazing in the kayak! You can still chat comfortably with friends but the wind roar is much reduced. What you will also notice is the pleasant noise of the water against the hull of your kayak. I keep a set permanently in my day hatch. They're a good thing.

KASK Kayak Fest - March 2018

I'm looking forward to the coming Forum. It's been a few years since I've been over and it will be great to catch up with everyone. I have a few sessions lined up but there'll also be plenty of informal kayak chat. That's the best thing about Forums! Might see you there?

Enjoy your paddling - and Happy Christmas!



Dave Winkworth with his Nadgee kayak at a North Queensland sea kayaking symposium

Book Review

Title: *Inside*

Subtitle: *One Woman's Journey Through the Inside Passage*

Author: Susan Marie Conrad

Published: 2016

Publisher: Epicenter Press

Website: www.EpicenterPress.com

Contents: 272pp, central colour plate section, small maps, reference book list, gear list

Cover: Hardback with d/j

Size: 230 x 160 mms

Price: US\$ 24.95

ISBN: 978-1-935347-57-6

Availability: NZ\$ 31.89 from www.bookdepository.com

Review: Paul Caffyn

In the North American Spring of 2010, Susan Conrad launched from Anacortes in Washington, and set off solo paddling for Juneau in South-east Alaska.

What do I like about this book?

- Susan's expedition style
- her descriptive writing style
- Susan's inner journey as well as the physical side of paddling
- her chapter heading quotes
- her comprehensive kit list

Expedition style – I break down my long distance expeditions into three phases:

- planning and research
- training
- execution

For her first 'big trip' Susan did impeccably well with all three. It took me a few years to figure out the prime requirements for my big trips – small things, that prove to be so important when a trip is underway, like annotated maps (some of Susan's maps with comments from Audrey Sutherland), tide tables, dehydrating meals and, with mailed food parcels, including a letter to the postmaster advising of her trip and an approximate date of arrival. That's exactly what I did for my Alaskan trip.

To me, pre-trip training is so important. On the water 'realistic' training is the absolute best, in conditions

as close as possible to what will be encountered on the trip. Training in a gym, lifting weights, is a bit like a broken pencil – pointless in my view! Susan spent three months paddle training in southern B.C. Then there was a 100 mile paddle in the fall of 2009 to check out equipment. In terms of the critical criteria for the Inside Passage paddle, she needed a dependable roll, competent navigation and good sea(wo)manship. She had all three.

I must admit that some of her paddling highlights distressed me immensely. I was so envious of Susan's encounters with big and small mammals (whales and bears), knocking off another committing crossing and her sheer joy of finding a magic evening campsite, fresh water, bit sheltered from wind, dry under the tent and a better than average view of the water. Echoes so much of what I loved about the 'big trips'.

Although the issue of weight (kayak and kit) took me several trips to come to terms with, Susan realized from the outset, that the weight of kayak, paddle and kit was extremely important. In the Antipodes we call it the expedition 'minimalist' style – boat, paddle, tent, cooking kit and food, all as light as possible. Down to sawing half the handle off the toothbrush – not sure if Susan did that, but she had the minimalist style to heart, which is so important when paddling solo.

Susan's low key approach to the trip also appealed to me, no big pre-publicity, no daily website updates, no sponsors to satisfy, no big welcoming party at the conclusion, just the satisfaction and pleasure of achieving an outstanding adventure.

I liked Susan's writing style – very little of day to day diary fashion (launched at 7am, paddled for four hours, wind strong, landed at ...) but then not overly doing the serious introspective.

Susan's inner journey adds another dimension to the text; a wretched childhood and running for 40 years from loss of friends and abuse, then

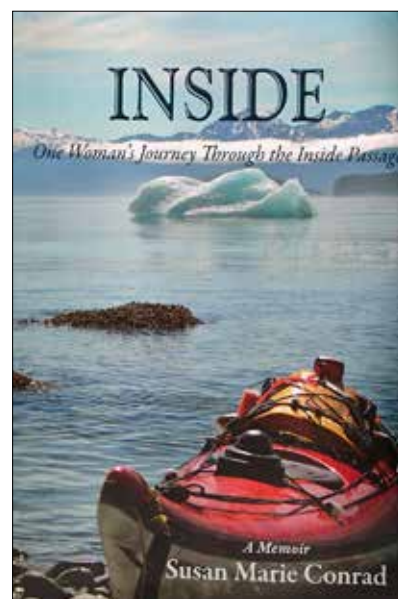
like Victoria Jason, making a life changing move in 'middle age' and taking up sea kayaking. She is not absolutely focussed on the goal of reaching Skagway, but what I liked so much was Susan's determination in letting go of her emotional baggage and living the dream, enjoying the paddling for the moment. That is what has been so important for me with the big trips, using my mental and physical skills to make the most of every pleasurable (and not so pleasurable) moment.

She is joined by a paddling mate Becky for 11 days out, and accepts a ride on a fishing boat, which offends my sense of purist paddling ethics, but this is Susan's journey, not mine.

The ending is a bit sad. Keep tissues handy – well for the ladies, and not for the blokes of course!

The chapter heading quotes are better than average and the inclusion of a comprehensive kit list is a grand way to start planning for your own wee paddle up the Inside Passage.

There are now more books than you can shake a stick out on paddling or how to paddle, or I've paddled, the Inside Passage from the lower 48 (Washington State) north through British Columbian waters to South-east Alaska but this one comes close to top of the best of the narratives.



Book Review

Title: *The Lost Art of Finding Our Way*

Author: John Edward Huth

Published: 15 May 2013

Publisher: Harvard University Press

Imprint: The Belknap Press USA

Contents: 520 pp, 171 halftones, 54 line illustrations

Cover: both hardback and paperback

Size: 152 x 236 x 40.64mm; 997.9g

Price: \$US 36

Book Depository UK, HB \$46.42
p/b \$33.14

ISBN: 9780674072820

Review: Peter Jones

This is a highly unusual and ambitious book. Though written by an academic - as well as being an avid sea kayaker, John Huth is Donner Professor of Science at Harvard - "The Lost Art of Finding Our Way" is intended for the general public, specifically with sea kayakers and small boat enthusiasts in mind. It attempts, under the general theme of 'navigation', to pull together such diverse fields as physics, earth and planetary science, cognitive psychology, the neurosciences, anthropology and history. But don't be intimidated: somehow Prof. Huth has done it and done it well.

It's a big book of over 500 pages, and at a list price of US\$36 for the hardcover, does not come cheap. If you're a beginning kayaker, there are a number of classic books on sea kayak navigation out there, notably Franco Ferrero's *Sea Kayak Navigation* and David Burch's *Fundamentals of Kayak Navigation*. Both are excellent resources and both cover the basics and more of the topic. However, for seasoned sea kayakers who know something about navigation and for those with a scientific or historical as well as a practical interest in the subject, you might just find this to be a gem of a book.

Far-ranging in both scope and depth, the author discusses obscure yet fascinating topics such as the construction of 'mental maps' we use to find our way in the outdoors traditionally and in current practice. How can the

navigational methods of traditional societies like the Norse, medieval Arab traders and those of the Pacific Islands be at all relevant to the sea kayaker in today's electronic age? Even without the use of handheld GPS, shouldn't navigation by chart and compass be sufficient? Well, yes and no. Huth's thesis is that we may have lost our ability to 'read' the signs that are out there - the stars, Sun and Moon as well as wind, waves and currents and that by re-learning some of the navigational techniques used by the ancients we just might become better mariners, more attuned to the environment, more enriched by our deeper understanding of things we have lost the ability to 'see'.

That said, the book does not fall short in its discussion of topics, which might be more familiar, such as tide and wind - both of which are always in mind when on the sea in a small boat. His clear and measured explanation of the effect of sun and moon on tide, for example, is the best I have seen - you get the story, so to speak, straight from the scientist's mouth. Only a physicist would have you understand tide by envisaging the moon and the seas on earth being stationary and the continents rotating on earth's axis! As well as chapters you might expect on topics such as Currents, Dead Reckoning, Maps and Compass and Latitude and Longitude, there are also more esoteric subjects such as one on the behavioural psychology of 'getting lost' and even one - my favourite - entitled 'Urban Myths of Navigation'.

Throughout the book Huth often begins a complicated topic with a simple or obvious premise and then builds systematically to more complex conclusions or arguments. For example, in a discussion on the development of the notion of 'time and navigation' he writes, "The hour was, and is, one of the most widely used units of time. It has its origins in the ancient Egyptian use of rising stars to reckon the time of night. The passage of one night was associated with the passage of twelve stars which would rise in turn just before

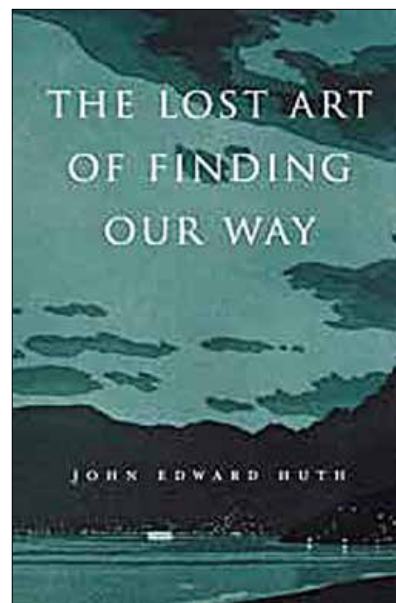
the Sun at different times of the year. This gave rise to the night being divided into twelve hours". And this is just the opening paragraph in the discussion! Obscure, yes, but profound. Huth's narratives might just encourage us to look up at the stars more often when out on a nighttime paddle.

As you may expect, the *The Lost Art...* has a long list of primary and secondary references as well as a comprehensive glossary of current and traditional navigational terminology. It can be read either as a treatise on how traditional voyagers found their way across long distances or, alternatively, as a guide to developing your observational skills and developing a lifetime practice of looking for 'seat of the pants' clues to kayak navigation from the skies and from the water.

The book begins with an image of a traveller getting travel and weather information exclusively from his smartphone. From Huth's perspective, there is still much value to be had from reading the signs on the water to find our way.

Reviewer, Peter Jones, is owner of Driftwood Kayak, www.driftwoodkayak.com. He guides overnight trips to islands off the coast of Deer Isle, Maine.

Reprinted with kind permission from the November/December 2017 *Atlantic Coastal Kayaker*.



HUMOUR

Marathon Man

A woman was having a daytime affair while her husband was at work. One rainy day she was in bed with her boyfriend when, to her horror, she heard her husband's car pull into the driveway.

"Oh my God - Hurry! Grab your clothes and jump out the window. My husband's home early!"

"I can't jump out the window. It's raining out there!"

"If my husband catches us in here, he'll kill us both!" she replied. "He's got a hot temper and a gun, so the rain is the least of your problems!"

So the boyfriend scoots out of bed, grabs his clothes and jumps out the window! As he ran down the street in the pouring rain, he quickly discovered he had run right into the middle of the town's annual marathon, so he started running along beside the others, about 300 of them.

Being naked, with his clothes tucked under his arm, he tried to blend in as best he could. After a little while a small group of runners who had been watching him with some curiosity, jogged closer.

"Do you always run in the nude?" one asked.

"Oh yes!" he replied, gasping in air.

"It feels so wonderfully free!"

Another runner moved along side.

"Do you always run carrying your clothes with you under your arm?"

"Oh, yes," our friend answered breathlessly. "That way I can get dressed right at the end of the run and get in my car to go home!"

Then a third runner cast his eyes a little lower and asked, "Do you always wear a condom when you run?"

"Nope - just when it's raining."

Hard of Hearing

A man walks into a bar with a paper bag. He sits down and places the bag on the counter. The bartender walks up and asks, "What's in the bag?" The man reaches into the bag and pulls out a little man, about 12 inches tall, and sets him on the counter. He reaches back into the bag and pulls out a tiny piano, setting it on the counter as well. He reaches into the bag again and pulls out a tiny piano

bench. The little man sits down at the piano and starts playing a Mozart piano concerto.

"Where on earth did you get that?" asked the surprised bartender. The man responds by reaching into the paper bag.

This time he pulls out a magic lamp. He hands it to the bartender and says, "Here Rub it." So the bartender rubs the lamp, and suddenly there's a gust of smoke and a beautiful genie is standing before him. "I will grant you one wish - just one," says the genie.

The bartender gets excited and, without hesitating, he says, "I want a million bucks!"

A few moments later a duck waddles into the bar. Another duck, then another soon follows it. Pretty soon, the entire bar is filled with ducks and they keep coming the bartender turns to the man and says,

"You know, I think your genie's a little deaf. I asked for a million bucks, not a million ducks."

The man replies, "Tell me about it. Do you really think I asked for a 12 inch pianist?"

Google Calling

Caller: Is this Gordon's Pizza?

Google: No sir, it's Google Pizza.

Caller: I must have dialed a wrong number. Sorry.

Google: No sir, Google bought Gordon's Pizza last month.

Caller: OK. I would like to order a pizza.

Google: Do you want your usual, sir?

Caller: My usual? You know me?

Google: According to our caller ID data sheet, the last 12 times you called you ordered an extra-large pizza with three cheeses, sausage, pepperoni, mushrooms and meatballs on a thick crust.

Caller: OK! That's what I want.

Google: May I suggest that this time you order a pizza with ricotta, arugula, sun-dried tomatoes and olives on a whole wheat gluten free thin crust?

Caller: What? I detest vegetables.

Google: Your cholesterol is not good, sir.

Caller: How the hell do you know?

Google: Well, we cross-referenced your home phone number with your medical records. We have the result

of your blood tests for the last seven years.

Caller: Okay, but I do not want your rotten vegetable pizza! I already take medication for my cholesterol.

Google: Excuse me sir, but you have not taken your medication regularly. According to our database, you only purchased a box of 30 cholesterol tablets once, at Drug RX Network, four months ago.

Caller: I bought more from another drugstore.

Google: That doesn't show on your credit card statement.

Caller: I paid in cash.

Google: But you did not withdraw enough cash according to your bank statement.

Caller: I have other sources of cash.

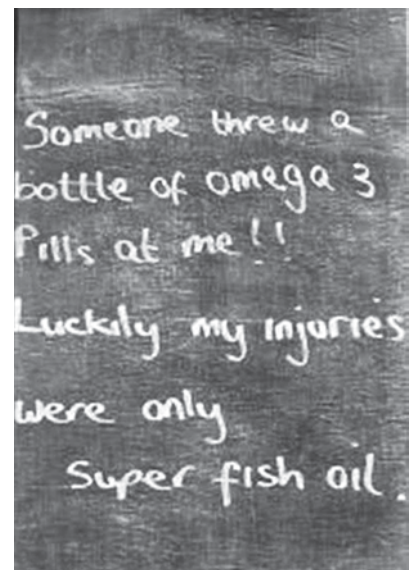
Google: That doesn't show on your last tax return unless you bought them using an undeclared income source, which is against the law.

Caller: What the Hell?

Google: I'm sorry, sir, we use such information only with the sole intention of helping you.

Caller: Enough already! I'm sick to death of Google, Facebook, Twitter, WhatsApp and all the others. I'm going to an island without internet, cable TV, where there is no cell phone service and no one to watch me or spy on me.

Google: I understand sir, but you need to renew your passport first. It expired six weeks ago.



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.

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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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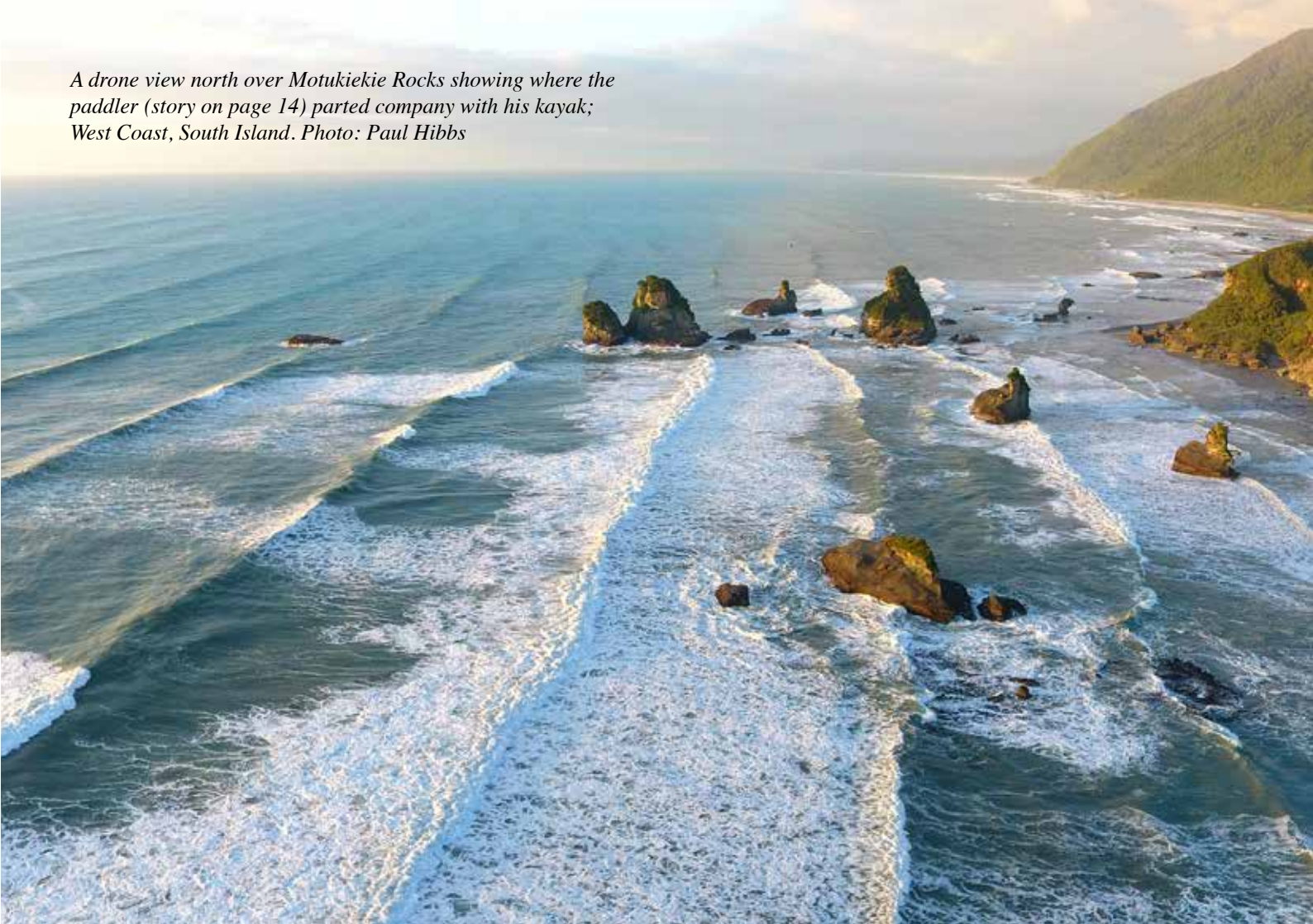
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Maritime New Zealand

www.maritimenz.govt.nz

**KASK Website
kask.org.nz**

*A drone view north over Motukiekie Rocks showing where the paddler (story on page 14) parted company with his kayak;
West Coast, South Island. Photo: Paul Hibbs*



*Donkeys on Ponui Island, Hauraki Gulf.
See Tim's story on page 9.
Photo: Tim Muhundan*



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BASK paddlers at their 20th Anniversary gathering. See report on page 6. Photo: Dennis Hynes

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.