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# NEW ZEALAND SEA KAYAKER

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## EDITORIAL

### KASK KAYAK FEST 2018

A hearty well done to the fest organizing team for a wonderful two days and nights of socializing, instruction sessions on the water, and some rather good on shore presenters. Rowena Hayes has written an excellent overview of the whole weekend. Laraine Hughes discusses Deb Volturno's instruction and feedback from over 'The Ditch' has been provided by both Ruby Arden and Lisa McCarthy.

The Wellington Sea Kayak Network, who provided the key players of the organizing team, dedicated the 2018 Kask Fest to the memory of Peter Williamson who kicked off the Wellington paddlers' network back in 1997 (see the obituary p.20 in NZSC No. 186).

The team was headed by Noel Pepperell, with Diane Morgan, David Fisher, Conrad Edwards, David Cook, Susan Cade, Robby Benson-Cooper, with John Kirk-Anderson as lead instructor and Shaun Maclaren as KASK liaison; with Beverley Burnett as initial team lead and risk management.

Apart from a 5:00 am start from Nelson, the trip overseas from the mainland to the Mana KASK 2018 Kayak Fest went smoothly, with a calm ferry crossing to Wellington and impeccable timing at the airport when Bevan Walker and I waited barely two minutes for Crocodile Winky to emerge from customs. With no map

and no GPS navigation system, we resorted to the old fashioned system of pulling over and asking locals on the street how to access the freeway leading north. If only we had a cyber-savvy young person with us!

The directions from the organizing committee worked a treat; we turned left into Pascoe Avenue at Mana then turned left again when we hit the water. Even by 3:00 pm, a row of colourful tents claiming best sea views had sprung up, along with kayaks, cars and caravans that looked like a swag of scattered liquorice allsorts. Traffic marshal Robbie was intercepting arrivals, providing directions for parking and tent sites. Kirsty and Diane logged paddlers arriving - who signed their life away with a waiver form - and provided a white paper bag with sun cream and chocolate from weekend sponsors, and the program!

The fest kicked off with a brief welcome and introduction from Diane Morgan, David Fisher and Noel Pepperell, which was followed by a mass-scrum like scramble to book a place on the great range of sessions offered.

Then we all adjourned to a grassy verge above the narrow entrance to Porirua Harbour for a Maori welcome or mihi whakatau. A sumptuous offering of pre-dinner nibbles then set the scene for excellent catering over the whole weekend, from Friday night through to the brown paper bag lunch on Sunday. Seated for dining in the local Sea Scout's hall, the subdued noise level ramped up as paddlers renewed old acquaintances and met newbies to the KASK Kayak Fest. Almost deafening it was!

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## COVER:

*More kayaks than you can shake a stick at the 2018 KASK Kayak Fest; so much choice with a wide variety of topics and workshops with some of the best instructors in the world. Photo: Paul Caffyn*

### Page 2 Top Left:

*The first on-the-water session about to commence at the KASK Kayak Fest, held at Mana, north of Wellington.*

*Photo: Paul Caffyn*

### Page 2 Bottom Left:

*Photo: Mana (K1) Racing Club kayak coach, Brian Grace, providing valuable advice for paddlers to make their kayaks go faster. Photo: John Kirk-Anderson*

Chris Henshaw from Rescue Coordination NZ (RCCNZ) kicked off the Friday evening keynote speaker session with what happens when you trigger your PLB.

Saturday started rather early with breakfast from 7:00 am, a briefing followed at 8:00 am, and then into a selection from six on-land sessions, ranging from 'Paddling in East Greenland' by Uta Machold, 'Tai Chi' by Andrew Harding, to 'Hypothermia – What to Paddlers Need to Know' by Dr Joanna Joseph; so many sessions on offer and all by very talented and experienced presenters.

After 10:00 am, five on-the-water sessions were on offer as well as a kayak comms. discussion with Paul Hayward; Deb Volturino and Paula Renouf took paddlers 'Beyond the Forward Stroke', Dave Winkworth worked on rolling, Brian Grace from the Mana (kayak) Racing Club provided tips on how to paddle more efficiently, while Sandy Winterton took a tiki-tour into Pauatahatani Inlet.

While paddling from group to group, taking photos, I narrowly missed being hauled onto one of the two Mana Coastguard RIBs, during a rather good collaboration between paddlers and CG, which was orchestrated by John Kirk-Anderson - excellent practice for both RIB crew and kayakers.

The narrow entrance to Porirua Harbour proved a superb choice for the variety of paddling sessions offered during the Saturday afternoon, the tidal streams flowing swiftly through the narrows, but plenty of sandy beaches and rocky bits on the west side, for paddlers to have plenty of space to practice rolling or rock gardening skills.

Second year students from the Whitireia Polytech were such a great asset in the water for helping with the rolling sessions. Good practice for them as future guides or instructors and so much help for the few rolling instructors with big groups of paddlers.

You will see from the positive feedback on the kayak fest that it was a superb weekend, a full program

and a venue that was ideally suited for both on-the-water and on-land sessions. Particularly if the weather gods had not been smiling, there were plenty of under cover venues if on-the-water sessions had to be cancelled 'cos of Wellington weather.

John Kirk-Anderson provided the entertainment on the Saturday night with his experiences as a sea kayak guide in the Sub-Antarctic Islands and off the shores of Siberia in the high Arctic. For me, a highlight from John's PPT show was a photo from his Arctic trip of a model baidarka and walrus intestine parka in a museum display:

An inquiry about a kayak display in the museum at Nikolskoye, Bering Island, on the Russian end of what we know as the Aleutian Islands chain, caused some confusion for our translator.

I asked her to discover what she could about the kamleika and miniature skin boat in a glass case, and the response from the attendant was very low key, along the lines of, "It's a thing from the past". I wanted to know more and said to the translator that as a kayaker I was interested in the baidarka.

On hearing the word, the Aleut attendant suddenly became very animated, and a torrent of speech was directed at me, which the poor translator struggled to follow. She said that she couldn't understand some of the words, which makes

me think the museum attendant was speaking a mix of Aleutian and Russian, and I was getting a lesson on the historic treatment of her people by the Russians.

I left wishing I had more time, and that I had recorded the delivery for later analysis.

John's photo (see below) was the excuse I have waiting for to include the beautiful centrefold illustration from Björn Thomasson's 1997 Swedish book *Kanotboken*. It shows the wide range of kayak styles that developed according to local sea and weather conditions in the Arctic, with an initial provenance in the Bering Strait region. It is reproduced with kind permission from Björn.

John's photo shows a model of a single cockpit baidarka, with a paddler wearing the typical Aleut headgear, and what appears to be an actual walrus or sea otter gut kamleika or parka.

My thanks to all the contributors.  
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Noel Pepperell and Paul Caffyn





## KASK KAYAK FEST 2018 MANA - WELLINGTON by Rowena Hayes



The first and last time I attended a Kayak Fest was way back in 2010 when it was held at Anakiwa down in the Marlborough Sounds. None of the proposed venues since then really grabbed me, until I learned that this one was to be held on the estuary near Plimmerton – the clincher – a paddle out to Mana was on the programme.

So on the appointed Friday I, along with some fellow BASKers, made the pilgrimage from Bay of Plenty down to Ngatitoa. With the weather gurus promising cyclones before, after and possibly during the event, we sent up several entreaties to the appropriate deities in the hope that their arrival would not be at an inconvenient time.

However, this being Wellington, we were definitely braced for wind.

Our arrival at Ngatitoa was definitely an improvement on our departure from the Bay (weather-wise), the domain itself was picture perfect and the kayaking possibilities ticked all the boxes.

*Early arrivals to the Kayak Fest claimed prime tent sites under the trees with, not only a sea breeze but also overlooking the harbour entrance. This left late arrivals to pitch tents in the open - but clear of the 'yoghurt splatter zones'!*



*The Mihi Whakatau (welcome) from local Maori {above} and response from Celia Wade-Brown and Kirsty Woods {below}*  
Photos: John Kirk-Anderson



We were greeted by an army of committee members who checked us in, directed us to tenting areas, provided security while we were all off having fun, and explained where the toilets and showers were. So far so good.

My cohorts pitched their tents down on the flat (boring) and I was extremely taken by a lovely elevated spot under the shade of ancient macrocarpas with a dense overhead canopy and a view of the outgoing/incoming tide.

Perfect!

By 5:00 pm we were all into nibbles, wine and socializing. A BBQ dinner followed and the evening's entertainment was provided by Chris Henshaw from RCCNZ (Rescue Co-ordination Centre NZ) who gave a talk on what actually happens when you set off your PLB.

I was astounded by the massive area a few people in the office were responsible for monitoring, and the system in place for responding. The





*Chris Henshaw comparing the huge size of RCCNZ's coverage area with overlying NZ on a map of Europe.*

tips he gave for ensuring your call is actually picked up were well worth remembering.

Perhaps I should buy one.



*Viewing the range of PLBs and EPIRBs brought along by Chris Henshaw. Photo: JKA*

Sleep that night wasn't as good as it might have been, thanks to the regular accompaniment of trains roaring past. Sound really does travel at night. More wine, zoplicone and earplugs eventually sorted the problem.

The next morning, headache pending, and squirming into paddling gear in the confined space of the tent before having absorbed coffee into my veins, some inconsiderate creature chucked a large pottle of yoghurt all over my tent!

Well it looked and sounded like yoghurt (possibly blackberry and



*From left, Noel, Diane and David advising what is in store for the Fest*

mango) and the splatter was generous enough to encompass most of my neighbour as well. Who would do such a thing? I eventually thought to look up and way above me in the previously admired canopy was a very large bird. I think it was a goose crossed with an albatross. It had a very large nest.

Bugger!

Fortunately the day was calm, sunny and windless, and after splashing water over my now camo-coloured tent (it used to be plain green) I fronted for my first on water session run by Brian Grace from Mana Kayak Racing Club. I have always believed that fast paddling is efficient paddling and was very keen to improve. A few years ago I did kayak racing, both as part of multisport events and as an event on its own, I use a wing paddle, and I know I have picked up bad habits as a result of purely social paddling.

Brian was great, he pulled me up for not sitting tall enough in my boat, for "falling back" at the end of my stroke, and a few other things. He also worked on us using a slow but powerful cadence for when you have a long way to go in adverse conditions - which is my go-to style when things get tricky. Great!

After lunch, with the sun still shining and the wind still somewhere else I lined up with 29 others for my much awaited paddle to Mana. Sadly Conrad had been unable to lead this trip

and his replacement decided that in view of impending cyclones potentially meeting overhead, combined with strong tidal flow, we would do a coastal paddle instead. Ah well.

This gentleman has missed his calling in life. He really should have been leading a major military operation. Quite correctly, we were sorted into equal sized pods, radios cackled back and forth and strict instructions were given to paddle to a certain point (in our pods of course), and await the OK to proceed. There was an impressive amount of yelling, a bit of whistle blowing and no shortage of orders correcting anyone who strayed too far from the approved path. The rock gardening was pretty cool, and I am delighted to report that the assiduousness and attention to detail of our intrepid leader ensured that no kayaker was either lost or harmed in the fulfilment of his duty.

On our return back into the estuary I was so hot that after seeking permission from my pod leader I snuck back across the channel early so I could fall in the tide to cool off. I hope he didn't get court martialled.

Saturday evening's entertainment was wine, socialising, nibbles, dinner, prize giving and concluded with a presentation by the one and only JKA. True to form, his talk about his trips to various exotic locations



*Brian Grace from the Mana (K1) Racing Club - excellent advice!*



*Bevan Walker and Nora Flight pushing into the ebbing tidal stream in the narrow entrance to Porirua Harbour - finally back in single kayaks after 20 years family kayaking in a double. Photo: Sandy Winterton*

as (frustrated) kayaking guide was of the quality and calibre we have come to expect from our favourite instructor. His photos were top notch and I would now very much like to visit and hopefully paddle our southern ocean islands. JKA – if you find yourself as official guide on my trip, and there is any chance of a paddle, then paddle we shall!



*John Kirk-Anderson - JKA*

The trains didn't seem quite so busy that night (or maybe I was better prepared) so after a reasonable sleep I was woken at a civilised hour by yoghurt being splashed on my tent. This bird could give lessons in regularity. I yawned, wriggled into my clothes and headed off to breakfast.

I was grateful that after we had all eaten, KASK had planned their AGM. I didn't attend. I was washing down my tent.



*The catering for the weekend was superb. This was desert for the Saturday evening meal.*

My first morning session, once the AGM had concluded, was Paul's discussion on visualization. He explained how he tried to visualise every step of an impending trip so as to enable an instinctive and prepared reaction to an occurrence. For instance, when a bear ripped his tent he got up and yelled, the bear ran off and he went back to sleep, because he had mentally prepared for just such an event.

I am planning a kayaking trip to Canada next year, and I can see this technique coming in handy should a bear decide it wants to join me as I sleep.

The photos of his kayak and camping arrangement stranded on a mud-flat when the tide in the Arctic (well,



*John was an early arrival at Mana (no tents in the background) and was so lucky to buy this double Klepper folding kayak in remarkable condition. His major concern was how to explain to his wife he had bought another kayak!*



*The Whitireia Outdoor Education Diploma students, who provided invaluable help with the on-the-water rolling sessions. From left: David, Hope, Cait and Emily. Photo: Paul Caffyn*

somewhere cold) receded 10 kms was the stuff nightmares are made of.

Awesome presentation Paul, and thank you for discussing the power of visualization. It reminded me of a movie I saw about Jean Batten who would sit for hours visualizing every landing and takeoff before she attempted her record epic flights. Nothing like being mentally prepared and Paul, our modern day adventurer, showed us how he does it. My next lesson, after wriggling into my wetsuit, was rolling with Peter and Andy. We headed over to the other side of the estuary, got into twos, and these instructors broke

down the elements of kayak rolling so we did each bit as a separate part. Teaching it this way (and wearing a face mask) helped make sense of the mechanics of the exercise. I am told I eventually rolled unaided, however the beginnings of cold made me reluctant to confirm this, once the two hour session was over.

I have excellent intentions of working on the techniques sometime soon. Thanks Peter and Andy.

We all lunched, I showered and changed, cleaned my tent, packed up and was ready to go.

We paddled to Mana, with a select bunch of rebels, now the Fest was officially over.

Thank you so much to the instructors and organisers for a fabulous weekend. I know you put in long hours of your time to ensure the rest of us learn from your efforts. Be aware they are much appreciated and I am sure I speak for all who attended when I say how grateful we are that you put your hands up to do this work. I will be back!

PS: The paddle to Mana and back was made in warm, windless conditions. Fabulous rock stacks at the northern end and lots of stingray sightings in the kelp gardens. Sadly no time to do the walks – hopefully these will still be there for me to do another day.



*Rowena Hayes*

## ANNUAL KASK AWARDS



*KASK President Tim Muhundan received the Graham Egarr Paddle Trophy Award for 2018 - for his sterling service for the past three years.*

After dinner the KASK annual awards were presented. Three paddlers were nominated for the Graham Egarr Paddle Trophy award for outstanding service to NZ sea kayaking, and after vigorous debate from the KASK committee, our president Tim Muhundan's name was engraved on the trophy for his sterling service to KASK for his three years as president.

As editor of *New Zealand Sea Kayaker*, it was my choice for 'better than average' contributions award for the past 12 months, and Margot and Peter Syms got my vote for regular contributions, a mix of pad-

dling stories, and technical articles, all well written and accompanied by excellent maps and a selection of photos that gave me plenty to choose from.



*Peter and Margot Syms by Belltopper Falls, Port Pegasus, Stewart Is. Photo: Nora Flight*

## KAYAK FEST PHOTO COMPETITION

### THE OPEN CATEGORY

*First: Taupo, What Big Teeth You Have!*



#### OPEN

First: 'Taupo what big teeth you have'

Photo author: Shelley Stuart

Camera: Olympus Tough waterproof

Location: the western coast of Lake Taupo, just south of Waihaha.

'I wanted to get Ruth centred in the middle of that big mouth of teeth so I bossed her around and said – "Go forward a bit, no back, back a bit more." She was very accommodating as I enthused about how great it looked from where I was.

### SEASCAPE / COASTAL CATEGORY

*Second: Reflections on a Marine Venus*



Photo author: Clive Baker Camera: Olympus mu Tough

Location: Taken off Napier Harbour

The title is stolen from a book by Lawrence Durrell.

[https://www.goodreads.com/book/show/1234164.Reflections\\_on\\_a\\_Marine\\_Venus](https://www.goodreads.com/book/show/1234164.Reflections_on_a_Marine_Venus)

The Annual KASK Foto Competition was judged by Susan Cade, John Kirk-Anderson and Paul Caffyn. Given the success of a digital only photo entry competition at the recent WA Paddle Fest, KASK will look seriously at moving away from prints, to solely digital entries.

By popular secret ballot, the Paddlers' Choice award was made to Sandy Winterton for his superb photo of the Buller's mollymawk in flight.

Rather than just noting who was awarded first and second, I have asked the winners to provide a blurb on their camera used, the location of the shot and any explanatory detail. This has worked well, in particular for the 'Bugger!' and action category pics. My thanks to those winning photo authors (see also page 24).



*Sandy Winterton (left), who did really well with the foto comp; 1st and 2nd with the Marine Fauna and the prestigious Paddlers' Choice Award.*



*Above: Deb Volturmo describing the situation that led to her 1st prize with her Bugger! photo.*

*Below: Lance Smith recounting the drama with the sinking Canadian Canoe, that earned him 2nd prize.*



## KAYAK FEST PHOTO COMPETITION

### ACTION CATEGORY

*First: Zipper Line:*



Photo author: Deb Volturno

Camera: Panasonic Lumix DMC FT6

(set on burst at 2 shots per second)

Location: Tongue Point, Strait of Juan de Fuca, Olympic Peninsula, Washington, USA

'Possibly my most favourite play feature on the sea! The zipper is where two breaking waves meet from opposite directions, and the only way for all that colliding energy to be released is to explode straight up into the air! It's a blast (literally) to position yourself at the seam where the waves meet, or to surf down one wave, intentionally into the other oncoming wave, for the vertical launch! This is my friend, Esther from the Pacific NW of the USA, positioning herself in the zipper zone for the exciting toss-up! It's best not to do this in really shallow water, since sometimes one might come back down in an other than upright position! This particular spot only works at high tide when the swell is in the ideal direction.'

### ACTION CATEGORY

*Second: Launch Pad:*



Photo author: Deb Volturno

Location: Near Rawhiti Point, Bay of Islands, NZ

Camera: Panasonic Lumix DMC FT6

(set on burst at 2 shots per second)

'Paula Renouf is positioning her kayak to time a ride over the rock obstruction in front of her. It's a critical move to time the surge of the wave so that you ride high on the wave, and gracefully glide over the rock to the other side - with a smile on your face. For obvious reasons a kayaker would NOT want to be early, in front of the wave, which would grind your kayak over the top of rock, or worse. On the other hand if you're late, the most likely consequence is being left high and dry on top of the rock - a sitting duck for the next wave! On this day Paula decided to retreat back through the tube behind her, remembering that rock garden play is, "challenge is by choice"! A good rock garden paddler always checks for an escape route before entering the play zone.'

### THE BUGGER! CATEGORY

*First: Hand Across the Water:*



Photo author: Deb Volturno

Location: Along the west side of Cape Brett Peninsula, Bay of Islands, NZ

Camera: Panasonic Lumix DMC FT6

set on burst at 2 shots per second

This photo is of Martin Morris enduring a potentially nasty swim in what I would call a cauldron. A cauldron is a 'pool' of surging water surrounded by some rocks that can be a fun

playspot in a kayak. However it can turn into a boiling, roiling, frothing, heaving cauldron with sharp teeth if the big set arrives! Martin had a good window to enter, but got hung up on a surge, and ended up hanging upside down in the air between two rocks. The next wave pushed him further up the rocks, and the only, and smartest, option was to bail-out, leaving him in the cauldron with his empty kayak. An empty kayak in chaotic water is often the biggest danger to a swimmer. Paula Renouf was stationed at one of the two openings to the cauldron, and directed Martin to push his kayak out. Unfortunately it only made it out part way before the biggest wave of the day - really! - launched the kayak like a missile right back at Martin! He took cover, raising his hand to keep the kayak, and especially the rudder, away. I was lucky to catch this shot - while stationed outside the second opening to the cauldron, and there was nothing else for me to do until the sea settled down.

In the end Martin was able to push his kayak out to me, and I was able to get my bow to him, and paddle us to a safe spot to finish the rescue. A quick check for body and boat damage only revealed a slight nick on Martin's leg. After a de-brief, we were off to explore some more of the extraordinary coastline!

## THE BUGGER! CATEGORY

*Second. Still Paddling:*



Photo author: Lance Smith

Location: Whanganui River

Camera: Olympus Tough Tg5

This pic is of Glenda and Shaun moments after they surfaced, somewhat bewildered but still upright despite having been completely submerged following the Atapu rapid also known as the 50/50.

This was the final day of our five day Whanganui River journey last Christmas and it was the nearest thing we got to a capsized. I remember yelling at them, "Keep paddling," as I furiously clicked my camera again and again.

Both Brigitte and I were in hysterics as we helped them land on the shore of the big eddy pool that follows. Their faces were a mix of shock from the cold water immersion and astonishment that they were still afloat.

## MARINE FAUNA & FLORA CATEGORY

*First: Buller's mollymawk:*

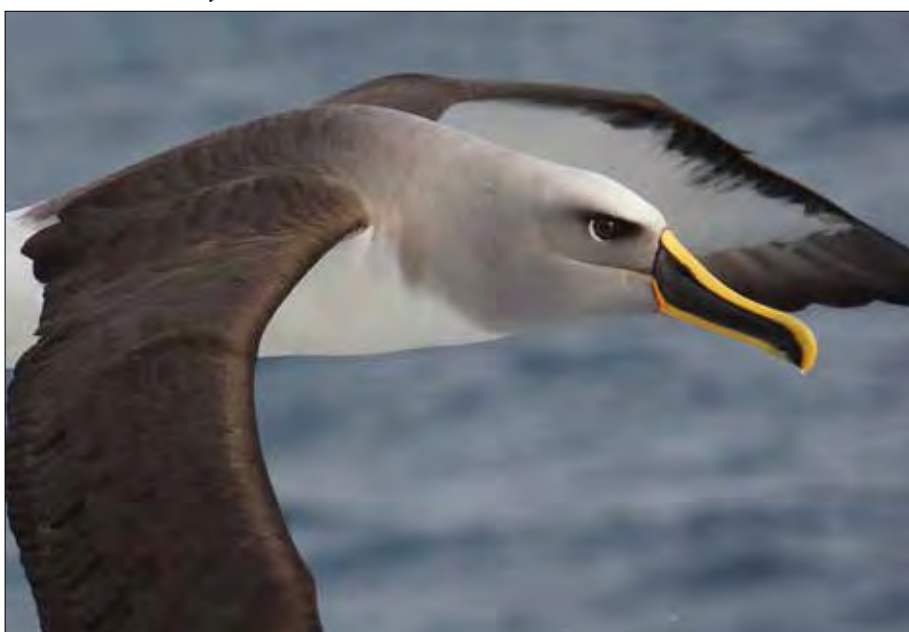


Photo author: Sandy Winterton

Location: Palliser Bay  
(east of Wellington)

This shot was taken from a pelagic bird watching trip on a fishing boat in Palliser Bay.

I used a Sony NEX-7 with an 18-200mm lens at 165 mm focal length, 1/2000sec at f6.3 set at ISO 1000. When shooting birds I usually select shutter priority.

By popular vote, Sandy's photo was awarded the Paddlers' Choice Award

## MARINE FAUNA & FLORA CATEGORY

*Second: Royal Spoonbill*



Photo author: Sandy Winterton

Location: Waikanae roadside pond.

I was using what is now my favourite wildlife camera – a Nikon Coolpix P900 hand held. It has a small sensor but a monstrous zoom so you don't need to crop the shot. It was a bit of a murky day and this was shot at 320 mm focal length, at 1/1000 sec at f6.3 and ISO 220. This camera is stunning for all sorts of photography but particularly wildlife as you can keep your distance and avoid unsettling the target. I wanted a big lens for my Sony but instead I bought this whole camera for 1/3 – 1/6 of the price of just the lens (compared to Tamron and Sony lenses respectively). Well worth checking out if you're looking for a new 'do everything' camera.

## KASK 2018 KAYAK FEST

### **Paddling Faster (more efficiently) by Laraine Hughes**

“Why are you wearing a helmet?” I asked tentatively, thinking I must have gotten myself into a rolling group instead of the “Paddling Efficiently” one I’d put my name down for.

Deb Volturmo stood before us, thumbs hooked into the armholes of her PFD, looking very much like she was ready to demonstrate an eskimo roll. Her eyes sparkled and a mischievous smile lit her face as she contemplated her reply, but she took pity on this quaking novice and explained that a helmet is part of her paddling uniform, just like her PFD, so that she’s always ready for whatever the ocean will present her with .... and yes, I was in the right place for ‘Paddling Efficiently’.

I had wanted to do this course because, although I have done several, with very good instructors, and thought I had absorbed what they had taught, I was aware that my forward paddle stroke didn’t include proper upper-body rotation. I thought I had been doing as I was instructed all these years, but had recently been told I wasn’t. Also, it still takes a lot of concentration and effort for me to rail a kayak and keep it on-track without a rudder. I thought Deb’s fresh approach to the basics might help me grasp what I was doing wrong and I brought home in my head her version of what I must work on.



*Instructor Deb Volturmo (helmet) coaching Laraine Hughes with paddle strokes before an on-the-water session on rock gardening.*

But the light-bulb moment came when, as we were preparing to get on the water and put strokes into practice, Deb spied my 216 cm paddle and promptly said “that’s WAY too long for you!”. I’m 160 cms tall and of smallish build. She lent me her 200 cm paddle to try and as soon as I put it in the water I knew it was right for me (I did give it back!).

Deb commented that I had been smiling all through the on-the-water session and told me she knew of someone who, faced with a similar situation, simply zipped the extra length off the blades of their paddle with an angle grinder. “Try that,” she said.

Sounds easy. But when I drew a template of the shape of my *Jazz Albacross* on cardboard and then shifted it the required 8 cms down the blade –

I’d hardly have any blade left! Common sense prevailed and I asked someone who knew about paddle construction, did some internet research on blade shapes/sizes, and asked people I knew who had paddles I admired. On advice, I elected to reduce the length of each blade by 4cm. I’m trying that at the moment – it doesn’t feel quite right but if I want to reduce the length that final 8 cms, I’ll get it taken off the shaft. It’s scary stuff.

I may yet end up buying another paddle, but at least I’ll know what to look for.

Thank you Deb for sharing your knowledge in such an easy-to-listen-to way, not only in Paddling Efficiently but also the next session I did, ‘Beyond the Forward Stroke’. I’m working on it!



## ANNUAL KASK AWARDS

The prestigious Bugger! Award was passed on from Aidan Frew to David Cook, who had an out of boat experience not far from where the award ceremony was held. David wrote up his rescue for the *New Zealand Sea Kayaker*, (page 14 in the August-September No. 190 issue) titled ‘Can You Re-enter Your Kayak after Capsizing in a Short Sharp Chop and Strong Wind. It contained some rather good ‘lessons learned’ as to when to make an emergency call before you get too incapacitated in cold water.

## Overseas Reports

### KASK Kayak Fest 2-4 March 2018 An Aussie Overview by Ruby Arden

Caoimhin and I engaged in a little espionage over the first weekend in March, sneaking into the Kiwi Association of Sea Kayakers (KASK) Kayak Fest at Ngati Toa Domain just north of Wellington, intent on sabotaging their paddlers and picking up useful information for our own evil ends. We were very nearly exposed when we ran into Mark Dabbs and Lisa McCarthy from the NSW Sea Kayak Club as we were setting up our tent, and almost completely confounded when we ran into David Winkworth at the welcome ceremony.

We were hoping the weather, that New Zealand and Wellington are famous for, would provide some sort of cover for our operations, but it wasn't to be – the entire weekend was calm and sunny (hot even) with no swell. We had to disguise our manoeuvres with a couple of kayaking trips, including a circumnavigation of Mana Island that had a glorious range of bird life on the west coast of the island.

I successfully met with my editorial contact, Paul Caffyn, and engaged in some serious horse trading, resulting in a couple of articles that I've shared with the members of our organization back home.

Intelligence gathered during the AGM revealed that the Kayak Fest is moving to an affair held every two



*Carefully disguised with massive sunglasses and floppy hats, NSW Sea Kayak Club members, Lisa McCarthy and Mark Dabbs, observing closely how smoothly KASK gatherings operate. Part of a slickly run intelligence gathering, espionage operation spear-headed by Ruby Arden.*

years, and the next event will definitely be of some interest. We may only be allowed to attend if we have a counter-offer of training and fit the strict quota for Australians, as they seem to be fearful that we'll take over the joint if we appear in too great a number (perhaps not aided by Caoimhin's efforts to take away their rudders).

Caoimhin provided a 'gentle introduction to rock gardening' and found that a successful method of disabling Kiwi paddlers, was to take away their rudders, which left them completely without control and gave us time to get away for some more sleuthing.

KASK successfully reduced the load on the on-water leaders by providing an extensive range of land-based workshops and presentations. Combined with the on-water sessions it was noted that development of these

skills puts them in a strong position, which should be monitored closely.

We found their Saturday night keynote speaker (JKA) interesting and managed to convince him to act as a double agent and provide similar information to our side. He plays an excellent cover by insulting Australians at every opportunity. We're looking forward to John's presentation at the Rock 'n' Roll dinner.

We expect there will be some counter-espionage operations in response to our visit, so we'll be keeping an eye out for suspicious looking Kiwis at future events, especially the ones asking you to lift your rudder and request fush un chups for dinner.

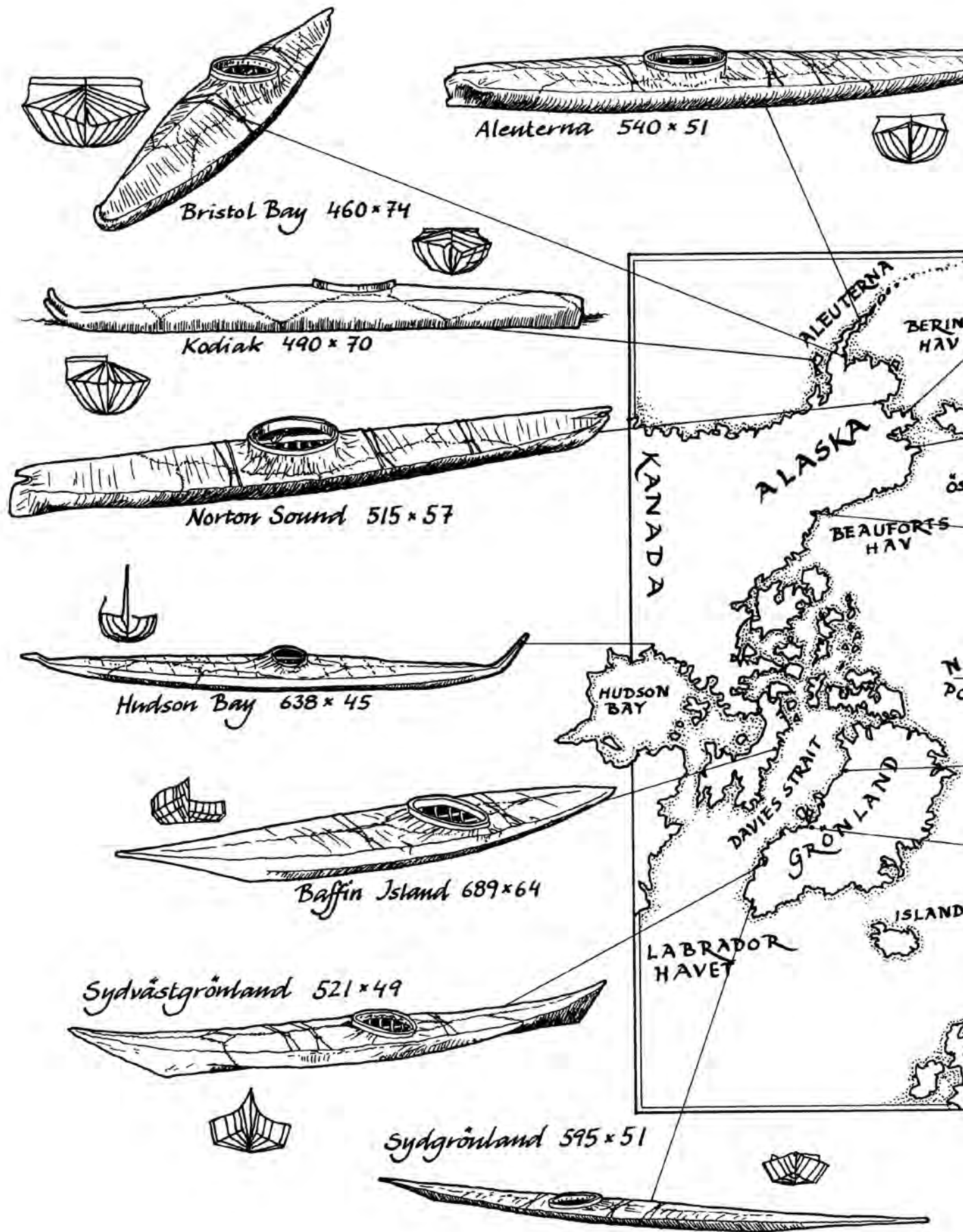
(Ruby is editor of the NSW Sea Kayak Club *Salt* magazine).

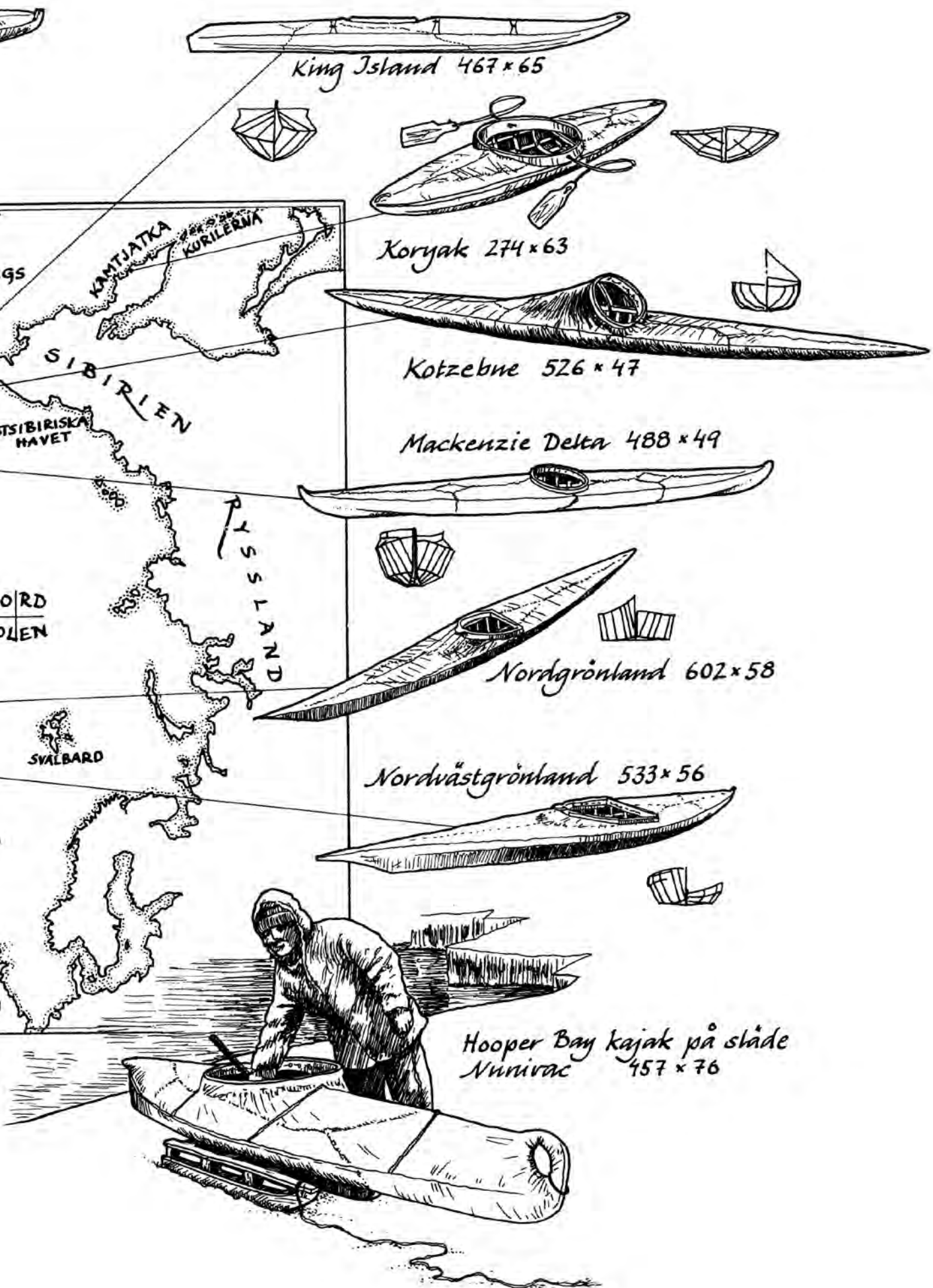


*Triple agent JKA in disguise*

*After triple agent John Kirk-Anderson successfully infiltrated the NSW spy network and exposed Ruby's cunning plan to take a precise plan of the KASK Kayak Festival program back to her club, her spies were exposed. When the disciplinary KASK sub-committee met under urgency to decide on revenge for this subterfuge, Ruby's network tried to exfiltrate by sneaking on board one of the two big ocean-going wakas that sailed out into the Tasman. Fortunately the colour of their skin, the big sunglasses and a request for dinner of 'fush un chups' led to an unceremonious walking of the plank.*







## KASK 2018 KAYAK FEST

### An Aussie View by Lisa McCarthy

After attending several of the NSW Sea Kayak Club's Rock 'n Roll gatherings (the equivalent of the KASK Kayak Fest), I set my mind on investigating other similar events on a more international level. Enter KASK, the New Zealand offering of all things (sea) kayaking.

A rushed trip home from Tassie saw Mark and I two days later, bleary-eyed on a flight to Wellington. Notoriously known as 'Windy Wellington', it disappointingly did not live up to its reputation. The ever-generous Kiwis magically sorted out transport and kayak issues for us, and we collectively held our breath as the weather smiled upon us for the entire weekend.

This year's location was held in the Ngāti Toa Domain, Mana, near Wellington. Some tents were interspersed with the local sports field, so the occasional cricket ball required artful dodging for the campers. The tents weren't so lucky.

A vast choice of activities by some big names made it a real head-



*This pic of JKA presenting his 'Boat-Body' thingy also begs for a caption;  
"There's a good boy, cough it up!"*

*Another photo of JKA  
that begs a really  
good caption.*

*"When you are  
facing a big breaking  
wave, Feel the Force  
young Lisa, Feel the  
Force!"*

*Actually another  
of John's excellent  
instruction sessions:  
'Boat - Body'*



scratcher for us to decide what to do. I was all for snoozing after a fulfilling breakfast - ahh - the food, the food! M (Mark) had other rather more energetic ideas. I soon found myself slouched in a chair, listening to David Welch discuss the merits of different types of paddles, and methods of using them efficiently. A pleasant, gentle introduction to the day.

Next, M thought to challenge me with some instruction from the Mana Kayak Racing Club. Despite many hours of strenuous training and becoming obsessed with my forward stroke, one thing was clear - I was still too slow. My feeble attempts to out-pace M (or to even keep up) inspired me to take up this challenge. Brian Grace has coached many Olympian kayakers, but I'm not sure what he thought of us motley lot. Using a kind tone, encouragement and some constructive criticism, we slowly improved. By the end of the session, the occasional smile began to replace the strained brow furrowing as I paddled by him for my next critique.

After lunch (ahh - the food! The food!) My attempt to sneak off quietly for a much-needed nap was thwarted by M dragging me off to a rather obscurely named 'Boat-Body' thingy. Here we met the infamous JKA (John Kirk-Anderson) a highly qualified instructor and assessor. This time with my ass on the grass, lurching ungainly from cheek to cheek (almost literally) I discovered

that I had no talent for this entire ass wriggling. With some other no-talent, uncoordinated and hip inflexible new friends, we slouched over to one side, before recovering our composure enough to join the group on the water, to try the same manoeuvres in our kayaks.

Exhausted, I still managed to do full justice to both Happy Hour and Dinner (ahh - the food! The food!) We had photo competition results then an excellent presentation by JKA on his kayak guiding trips to both Sub Antarctic Islands and Siberia.

Sunday morning saw us listening to kayaking legend Paul Caffyn telling us about his 'Bugger!' moments, of which he had several very entertaining ones. Here I could relax, laugh and enjoy a leisurely coffee. The ever-energetic M decided we should attend 'Rescuing Others' next. I must admit that I was concerned about the frigid NZ water temperatures and my potential immersion into such, but was reminded it was rescuing 'Others'. Steve Flack had us all involved in an excellent session, which saw us learn some techniques not seen before and thinking outside the box. And I stayed dry - nice.

After lunch, it was all over for us; we packed up and got shipped out to our next adventure - International Kayak Week 2018. Stay tuned.

Thanks to the many people who helped us; in particular Noel Pepperell and Shaun Maclaren.

## New Zealand Trip Reports

### Port Waikato & the Waikato River Delta by John Gumbley

(a hunter and fishers' hideout)

Paddling from the boat ramp beside the Port Waikato wharf and general store is recommended as a start to this 30 km (return) paddle upstream to explore the islands in the Lower Waikato River delta.

Key is to take advantage of the tide by paddling upstream through 'the windies' (as in *winding the thread*) on the incoming tide and at the furthest extent (known as 'the Elbow', on the pink route), returning on the outgoing tide. At the Elbow high tide is at least one hour after Port Waikato high tide, perhaps up to two hours at the furthest blue marked route depending on river flow conditions.

You could commence the trip by paddling down to near the Waikato River bar and then paddling up the true right bank of the river. A good first rest stop is at the Hoods Landing Road boat ramp (marked). Toilets are located at the park/boat ramp. Tracking further upstream you could take the blue marked route (a few



*Figure 1. Suggested paddle (pink) from Port Waikato upstream to explore the river delta. Blue marked route provides variation to the primary route.*

hundred metres above Hoods Landing) to view the excellent wetland restoration programme that the Muir family has undertaken with the support of local schoolchildren. The replanting programme featured in a TV Country Calendar programme in 2016. This route requires portaging across a road at its endpoint.

The route can get complicated and when not in the main channels you can quickly find you have got into a deadend channel especially in the spring when floating aquatic weed-

beds (e.g. sweet canary grass and wild parsnip) can choke channels. Islands can change between seasons so always maintain an awareness of where the main channel is located.

Along the way there are any number of duck hunters/whitebait fishers huts which can be quite elaborate. Most are built, without authority, on Crown land (LINZ, some DoC) or Maori-owned land. No power, no rates, no rules, no worries (generally) attract many to this place. The verandas of unoccupied huts can provide great lunch stops.

Many hut owners have hunted and fished in the area for years, even decades, and take pride in their possie. But there is also a counter-culture that can be nasty especially when drugs are involved. Theft of nets, vandalism, releasing of pigs in the wetland, threats to compliance staff and other irresponsible behaviour is not uncommon. Never leave valuables in cars other than at the Port.

Whitebait are the juveniles of a group of freshwater fish known as Galaxiid species. Named after the Milky Way galaxy, they comprise -inanga, banded kokopu, koaro, giant kokopu and

*Whitebaiters and duck hunters huts' – see example below. There are over 750 whitebait stands, huts and other structures on the lower Waikato River. Photo: John Gumbley*





*A two-storied whitebaiter/duck hunter's hut. Photo: John Gumbley*

shortjaw kokopu. The latter three species are only found in New Zealand. The main breeding season is autumn. Inanga migrate downstream to estuaries and lay their eggs among plants and grasses, whereas koaro and kokopu stay where they are in forested streams and lay their eggs on leaf litter and plants. The eggs stay out of water for several weeks (many predated by frogs and mice), and need good plant cover to keep them moist. They hatch when re-immersed either by spring tides or floods. The larvae then float out to sea where they live and grow over a few months, migrating back upstream as whitebait in spring.

The biggest giant kokopu I have seen was 320 mm long but historically they weighed 2.8 kg and measured 580 mm long. Nowadays they are all in decline and considered National Priority threatened species.

Each have their own unique ecological characteristics and habitat preferences e.g. giant kokopu can live for 20 years, inanga live one year (and generally comprise 95% of white-

bait catch), banded kokopu/koaro are good climbers and can be found as high as 550 metres and 1300 m respectively. Shortjaw kokopu only survive in certain types of habitat with forest clearance contributing to their rarity. The biggest threat to Galaxiids is habitat loss or degradation but dams, overhanging culverts, stock accessing streams and pest fish are all significant threats. Mosquitofish (*Gambusia*) predate whitebait eggs and trout compete for habitat.

Whitebait are not subject to any fishing quota and have no legal protection despite some species being in as much decline as kiwi. The only legally protected freshwater fish is the extinct grayling! Whitebait can be freely sold and in some seasons fishers can generally make as much as \$20-30,000,

October is a good month for fishing and a good run can yield several kilograms - and fetch \$100/kg. Whitebait regulations are administered by DoC and focus on take during a prescribed season, fishing only dur-

ing daylight hours, fishing gear (nets, screens etc.) and the location of nets in water channels.

It is advisable to avoid paddling just before and during the duck shooting season - generally from mid-April and May. Occasionally deer and pigs are caught swimming across the Waikato River from the forested land to the south across to the pine forest on the right bank. The area is also popular for mullet and kahawai fishing.

The last 5-10 kms return to Port Waikato can be slow going if there is a south-west wind and an outgoing tide causing standing waves. Tracking down the true left means however that slower paddlers can pull out near the road. The area can be very dangerous with strong winds, williwaws and strong river flows.

A really interesting trip is to paddle the 143 kms from Cambridge to Port Waikato. Starting at 6:00 am and finishing at midnight, with the final stretch from Tuakau undertaken with an outgoing tide and a full moon. The river comes alive at night with birdlife and jumping fish. It is also amusing gliding past huts with the locals watching TV, drinking and yarning while unaware of shadowy ever-so-slightly deranged kayakers in their midst.



*Duck plucking bike (best said slowly) with the aid of a junior assistant holding said bird, the cyclist's flailing rubber hoses on the rotating drum do the business.*

*Photo: John Gumbley*

## New Zealand Trip Reports

### Paddling with the Blind by Margot Symes



Cape Farewell double (red hull) with Nora Flight (NCC) aft and Joan (BF) forward. Left, double with Mary Caldwell (NCC) aft and Amanda (BF) forward. Rear, partly obscured is the sit-on-top double. Photo: Margot Symes

Nelson Canoe Club recently hosted a paddling experience for sight-impaired locals keen to have a go at kayaking. Club member Vince Riepen volunteers for the Blind Foundation and suggested the outing. It was supported by the foundation and their recreation advisor Erin Eyles who came up from Christchurch for the event.

The venue was Tahuna beach and the weather perfect. Double kayaks with spacious cockpit entrances were used, each with a blind paddler forward and a sighted one aft steering. Several of the blind folk had done a bit of paddling before and so needed little introduction, and the others picked it up quickly.

Vince, well dressed in his lifejacket, arrived in his tiny runabout as a support craft which failed to amuse the Deputy Harbour Mistress as this is a swimming beach. The blind participants were briefed and paired up with sighted paddlers and a kayak. Then PFDs and spray-skirts were donned, seats adjusted, guide-dogs passed to minders, and we were off towards Haulashore Island.

What a flotilla we were with six doubles, including both Bevan's wooden doubles - *Cape Farewell 1 & 2*, several *Paddling Perfection Packhorses*, a sit-on-top double (very useful to have as an option) and a couple of (sighted) singles. Even we on the support boat got some paddling in as far as the 200 metre line as required by the DHM – give me a kayak to paddle any day!

Paddlers had a breather by the Haulashore jetty, and as enthusiasm was high, we went out through The Cut into Tasman Bay, around the island and back to Tahuna. Add another pause or two en route, just to prolong

the enjoyment of being on the water, and an hour soon passed.

The blind folk helped get the kayaks up the beach and onto transport. One chap had to ask to shift from carrying the bow of a kayak – it is so easy for us to forget the difficulties these people face. Afterwards quite a few participants and helpers crossed the road (not jay walking!) for a coffee.

Vince had said that he volunteers for the foundation as the feedback is so positive and appreciative. And at home after the event, we had a pleasant feeling that we had helped others enjoy such a beautiful day.



Our flotilla leaves Nelson harbour via 'The Cut'  
Photo: Margot Symes

## Overseas Reports

**Salt On-line**  
by Ruby Ardren  
Editor of *Salt* magazine

(NSW Sea Kayak Club Magazine)

On my recent visit to the 2018 Kayak Fest weekend, a few people expressed interest in reading the NSW Sea Kayak Club's *Salt* magazine. The good news is that the club makes each issue of the magazine available to the public on our website one year after publication. Just go to the NSW Sea Kayak Club website:

[www.nswseakayaker.asn.au](http://www.nswseakayaker.asn.au)

and there's a link to our magazine catalogue in the menu on the left of the screen.

The NSW SKC has made a big effort in recent years to get the entire back catalogue of over 100 issues of *Salt* Magazine and the *NSW Sea Kayaker* scanned and available on their website. We've also completed an index that allows you to search for articles on subjects such as trip reports on the Whitsunday Islands or articles by a specific author such as Stuart Trueman. Enjoy!



Ruby does a great job with assembling the NSW Sea Kayak Club magazine, (see the latest cover above) which is published three times a year. There is a power of reading each issue with 52 pages.

## The Lincoln Street Kayak & Canoe Museum is Pure Magic by Paul Hayward

North America has kayaks and canoes on display in many, many museums – but only in two, truly wonderful places are they the main event. Canada's Peterborough, Ontario museum is epic – but in Portland, Oregon there lies a treasure trove worthy of a mighty Dragon !

The Lincoln Street Kayak & Canoe Museum is pure magic. On a quiet, leafy residential street, a handsome old house has been converted to showcase a collection of beautiful and functional art. Greenland Kayaks, Baidarkas, Central Inuit river craft, paddles and Inuit accessories abound – each and every one a thing of beauty.

The man behind the collection is Harvey Golden. Harvey has three great strengths. He's a research sleuth who has spent decades canvassing the museums and privately-held kayaks of the world – to carefully take and record line drawings of the boats (whole and damaged). His books are the sacred texts. Then he's a prodigious craftsman, with the skills to create a replica of each historic model in faithful detail. Lastly, he's a master paddler and roller (Greenland Games) – so he can take each boat out and thrash it properly, exploring its strengths and capturing

ing insights into the very different shapes and designs.

Harvey has regular Thursday evening 'opening hours' - the museum is free, so there's no full-time staff. A few months ago, when Natasha and I knew we were going to be passing through Portland, it was going to be on a Tuesday. I rang up (a few days beforehand) and did a bit of special pleading. Harvey was tremendously welcoming and luckily could spare an hour or so to give us a quick buzz round. We could have spent five times as long ! If you are ever in the Pacific NW corner of the USA, try and make this pilgrimage – it's worth it. If the accompanying photos whet your interest, google Lincoln Street Kayak and you'll find contact details and even some video.



*A profusion of baidarkas (above) while Paul Hayward (left) and Harvey Golden admire the paddles below. Photos: Natasha Romoff*



## HUMOUR

### Inexperienced Curry Taster

Notes From an Inexperienced Curry Taster named Frank, who was visiting Phoenix, Durban:

'Recently I was honoured to be selected as a judge at a curry cook-off. The original person called in sick at the last moment and I happened to be standing there at the judge's table asking directions to the beer wagon when the call came. I was assured by the other two judges (couple of local Indians) that the curry wouldn't be all that spicy, and besides, they told me I could have free beer during the tasting, so I accepted.'

Here are the scorecards from the event:

No 1: Manoj's Maniac Mobster Monster Curry:

JUDGE ONE: A little too heavy on tomato. Amusing kick.

JUDGE TWO: Nice, smooth tomato flavour. Very mild.

FRANK: Holy shit, what the hell is this stuff? You could remove dried paint from your driveway. Took me two beers to put the flames out. I hope that's the worst one. These charos are crazy.

No 2: Applesamy's Afterburner Curry

JUDGE ONE: Smoky, with a hint of pork. Slight Jalapeno tang.

JUDGE TWO: Exciting BBQ flavour, needs more peppers to be taken seriously.

FRANK: Keep this out of reach of children! I'm not sure what I am supposed to taste besides pain. I had to wave off two people who wanted to give me the Heimlich manoeuvre. They had to rush in more beer when they saw the look on my face.

No 3: Farouk's Famous Burn Down the Barn curry

JUDGE ONE: Excellent firehouse curry! Great kick. Needs more beans.

JUDGE TWO: A beanless curry, a bit salty, good use of red peppers.

FRANK: Call Colesburg, I've located a uranium spill. My nose feels like I have been snorting Draino. Everyone knows the routine by now, get me more beer before I ignite. Barmaid pounded me on the back; now my backbone is in the front part of my chest. I'm getting shit-faced from all the beer.

No 4: Barbu's Black Magic

JUDGE ONE: Black bean curry with almost no spice. Disappointing.

JUDGE TWO: Hint of lime in the black beans. Good side dish for fish or other mild foods, not much of a curry.

FRANK: I felt something scraping across my tongue, but was unable to taste it. Is it possible to burnout taste buds? Savathree, the barmaid, was standing behind me with fresh refills; that 300 lb. tart is starting to look HOT, just like this nuclear waste I'm eating. Is curry an aphrodisiac?

No 5: Laveshnee's Legal Lip Remover

JUDGE ONE: Meaty, strong curry. Cayenne peppers freshly ground, adding considerable kick. Very impressive.

JUDGE TWO: Curry using shredded beef; could use more tomato. Must admit the cayenne peppers make a strong statement.

FRANK: My ears are ringing, sweat is pouring off my forehead and I can no longer focus my eyes. I farted and four people behind me needed paramedics. The contestant seemed offended when I told her that her curry had given me brain damage. Savathree saved my tongue from bleeding by pouring beer directly on it from a pitcher. I wonder if I'm burning my lips off? It really pisses me off that the other judges asked me to stop screaming. Screw those charos!

No 6: Vera's Very Vegetarian Variety:

JUDGE ONE: Thin yet bold vegetarian variety curry. Good balance of spice and peppers.

JUDGE TWO: The best yet. Aggressive use of peppers, onions and garlic. Superb.

FRANK: My intestines are now a straight pipe filled with gaseous, sulphuric flames. I shit myself when I farted and I'm worried it will eat through the chair. No one seems inclined to stand behind me except that Savathree. She must be kinkier than I thought. Can't feel my lips anymore. I need to wipe my ass with a snow cone!

No 7: Sugash's Screaming Sensation Curry

JUDGE ONE: A mediocre curry with too much reliance on canned peppers.

JUDGE TWO: Ho Hum, tastes as if the chef literally threw in a can of curry peppers at the last moment. I should note that I am worried about Judge Number 3. He appears to be in a bit of distress as he is cursing uncontrollably.

FRANK: You could put a grenade in my mouth, pull the pin, and I wouldn't feel damn thing. I've lost the sight in one eye, and the world sounds like it is made of rushing water. My shirt is covered with curry, which slid unnoticed out of my mouth. My pants are full of lava-like shit to match my damn shirt. At least during the autopsy they'll know what killed me. I've decided to stop breathing, it's too painful. Screw it, I'm not getting any oxygen anyway. If I need air, I'll just suck it in through the 4 inch hole in my stomach.

No 8: Hansraj's Mount Saint Curry

JUDGE ONE: A perfect ending, this is a nice blend curry, safe for all, not too bold but spicy enough to declare its existence.

JUDGE TWO: This final entry is a good, balanced curry, neither mild nor hot. Sorry to see that most of it was lost when Judge Number 3 passed out, fell over and pulled the curry pot down on top of himself. Not sure if he's going to make it. Poor Yank, wonder how he'd have reacted to a really hot curry?

FRANK: -----(editor's note: Judge #3 was unable to report)

## 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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1843C Coast Rd,  
RD 1, Runanga 7873, West Coast  
Ph: 03 731 1806  
Email: kayakpc@xtra.co.nz**

### **KASK Annual Subscription**

\$35 single membership.

\$40 family membership.

\$35 overseas (PDF email newsletter)

A subscription form can be downloaded from the KASK website. Cheques should be made out to: Kiwi Association Sea Kayakers & mailed to:

**KASK Administrator  
PO Box 23, Runanga 7841  
West Coast**

Payment can be made by direct credit (preferred) to:

03 1706 0010205 00

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

### **Correspondence - Queries**

**and Change of Address to:**

**Karen Grant, KASK Administrator  
PO Box 23, Runanga 7841  
West Coast  
or email Karen at:  
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.

### **SEA KAYAKING NETWORK ADDRESSES NORTH ISLAND**

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#### **HAURAKI Kayak Group**

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[www.facebook.com/WellSeaKayak/](http://www.facebook.com/WellSeaKayak/)

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#### **OTAGO Canoe and Kayak Club**

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#### **SOUTHLAND Sea Kayak Network**

Stanley Mulvany  
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#### **YAKITY YAK Clubs**

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#### **NZOIA Outdoor Instructors Assn**

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#### **Coastguard Boating Education**

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**Maritime New Zealand**  
[www.maritimenz.govt.nz](http://www.maritimenz.govt.nz)

**KASK Website**  
**kask.org.nz**

#### **Photos on opposite page:**

*Top: Magic calm conditions in Tennyson Inlet, the most scenic of the Marlborough Sounds.*

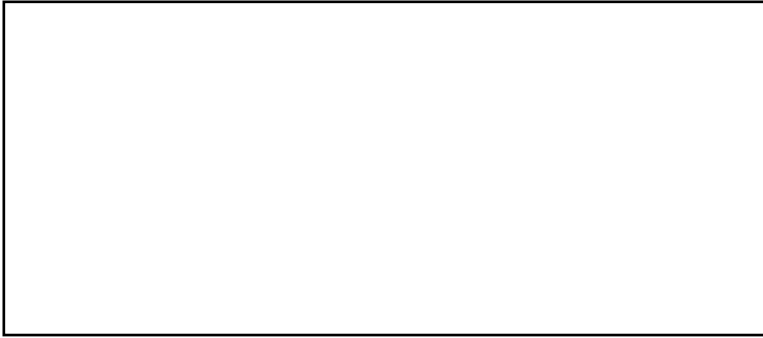
*Photo: Dennis Hynes*

*Bottom: paddling through a seal colony on the southern shore of Kaikoura Peninsula - the day before ex Cyclone Gita closed the highway again for several days. John Gumbley in the red Nordkapp, Evan Pugh in the distance ahead.*

*Photo: Dennis Hynes*



MAILED TO



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KASK Photo Competition. SEASCAPE (no kayaks)  
First: Spray Fanning off Surf Photo author: Glenda Ray. Camera: Panasonic Lumix DC Vario. Model  
DMC FT30. 8 m Waterproof. Location: Whangapoua Beach, Great Barrier Island. 'This photo was  
taken at last year's IKW week in Great Barrier on one of our non-paddling days when we could hardly  
stand up because of the wind, let alone paddle.'

### **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.