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# NEW ZEALAND SEA KAYAKER

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Inc - KASK





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Thanks to all the marvellous contributors for their photos and stories

Deadline for next magazine: 21 November 2018

### EDITORIAL

#### Four Magazines to Retirement

Every time I upload the latest magazine to our Petone printer, 'tis like a huge weight has been lifted. Such a hassle at times with leaning on paddlers for material, having to censor so many really bad jokes, doing the finickity proofing stage, but then so good a few days later when the rural postie delivers the box of overs to my back door.

With this magazine, I reckon we are so lucky to have such talented writers and photographers willing to take time to share their experiences on the water with us. From the youngsters, Nat and Callum, who are outdoor diploma students at the local polytechnic. We meet up to twice a week at our Greymouth indoor climbing wall, an excellent venue for me hear about what adventures they have been up to. All the 2<sup>nd</sup> year students have to plan a four to five-day adventure, which they present to their tutors and myself, then whittling down to a final two who each receive a grant from me to carry out their adventure.

At the recent final judging, I was leaned on for an introduction. I talked about the dark ages when we caved, climbed and paddled in 2<sup>nd</sup> hand clothes from the 'op' shops, and how over the many decades, I have been helped and supported by so many people, and that it is now my time to put something back into the sports I have had so much pleasure from. I told the students that they are going to spread their wings after graduating and will eventually become role models to inspire their future clients and students.

#### Cover photo:

*Val Burns beneath stunning cliffs alongside the picturesque Mangakino Stream, in the Waikato.*

*Photo: Dennis Hynes*

#### Page 2 Top Left:

*Fiona (Fi) Lee on the west coast of Greenland, during her paddling trip with Tara Mulvany from Ilulissat south to Nanortalik. See update on Tara's Greenland travels on page 13.*

*Photo: Tara Mulvany*

#### Page 2 Bottom Left:

*A icy lunch stop during Tara's recent solo paddle south from Nanortalik, in south Greenland.*

*Photo: Tara Mulvany*

Although sea kayaking (mostly) lacks the highly charged adrenaline thrills of other adventure sports, I am so encouraged to read Harvey's account of their pre-dawn start in Pelorus Sound, and experiencing the wonder of bioluminescence for the first time. It sounds like it was a corker kayaking trip for the three boys.

Photographers such as Dennis Hynes (cover), and Uta Machold (rear cover) capture so well the evocative moods of paddling, while the barefoot kid's photos (Tara Mulvany) allows a glimpse of that surreal icy seascape of Greenland which has provided such a big calling for Kiwi paddlers this northern winter.

John Kirk-Anderson, now well on the road to walking properly again after a recent hip replacement, was leaned on to provide instruction in Canada and USA and provides a wonderful insight and his usual 'not bad' photos. I am always so envious of Margot and Peter Syms's latest adventure; this time to an archipelago north of Vancouver Island in BC. I'd like to get a few lessons from Peter some time as to how he produces such corker maps. Their article on a Nelson Canoe Club ro-gaine event shows that on-the-water orienteering is not only a nice social event but rather good for learning or brushing up on navigation skills.

Although Colin Quincey was not a paddler, I have his book *Tasman Trespasser* and was naturally aware of his 1977 crossing of the Tasman by rowing boat, I had no idea of what he went on to achieve in his later life. It was his 1977 crossing that Max Reynolds and I talked about after a 1977 mid-winter paddle in the upper Grey River, and after we joked about paddling across the Tasman, we settled on a pivotal kayak trip around Fiordland.

#### **Paddlecraft Incident Data Update**

In August I had a very nice letter from Water Safety NZ with acceptance of a grant of \$1,750 to KASK to help me pay a local lass for her time in updating the KASK incident and fatality data. The last big update was carried out in 2011 for presenta-

tion at a WSNZ conference. Robyn and I started on this mission back in May and I'm staggered at how much time it has taken; bringing the *Filemaker* incident database to date, and then all the spreadsheets for fatalities, including whitewater and rafting, and powered craft versus paddlecraft collisions. This update will be presented to the Safer Boating Forum (SBF) data-collection group and full Forum meeting to be held on 26 September in Wellington.

#### **July MNZ Lookout Magazine**

The July 2018 issue of the Maritime NZ *Lookout* magazine carried an article of concern to kayakers. It related to a powerboat colliding with the stern of a double kayak in Marlborough Sounds during a three-day trip on a sunny summer day.

Two families were in four double kayaks, with children sitting in the bow cockpits. A powerboat rode up on the back of one of the doubles, with a woman receiving bruising to her arm and head. The kayak's rudder was damaged. The skipper of the powerboat was 'distracted from keeping a proper lookout as he was having difficulties with the 20 horse power motor'.

The article noted that:

'Maritime NZ investigated the incident and considered prosecuting the skipper. However, due to a number of factors, the skipper was issued with a written warning to keep a proper lookout'.

Articles which appear in *Lookout* magazine are sanitized of names, specific locations and dates. Because I had not heard a whisper about this collision, nothing in the media, and nothing surfacing with web-searches, I contacted MNZ on 23 July requesting a copy of the investigation report. I also began phoning the various commercial guiding and kayak rental outfits who operate in the Sounds for info via the bush telegraph.

Despite the fact that KASK has been a long-time member of the Safer Boating Forum and I have been compiling paddlecraft incident records for 26 years now, I eventually

had to make an OIA (Official Information Act) request. The MNZ letter to me dated 22 August noted it was refusing to provide a copy of its investigation report, citing privacy of individuals. It did contain a few details with respect to date and time, and location, however not a hint as to what were the factors that led to the powerboat skipper only being issued with a written warning.

What really got up my nose was the last paragraph of the refusal letter:

In closing, I note the skipper of the powerboat has asked that the following statement be passed to you. The skipper and other Sounds residents that he has spoken to, believe that having a flag on the back of a kayak extending up would help with visibility. They have explained that kayaks can get lost in the tough (sic) of a wave and be difficult to see low in the water.

Would a flag have helped on this flat calm day in Pelorus Sound when the skipper was not keeping a proper lookout while his vessel was underway?

At the forthcoming SBF meeting, I will be raising the issue of penalties in the case of powerboat / paddlecraft collisions.

If you recall, in the July magazine, the written warning to the skipper was noted as being issued. It is disappointing that MNZ who is the government agency responsible for our paddlecraft safety did not send that written warning until 15 August.

#### **Tutukaka Tragedy**

Sadly to report, a surf ski paddler succumbed to hypothermia and drowned off the Northland coast on 11 August. John Park had paddled out from Tutukaka into a headwind for several kilometres before turning for a downwind surfing run. John capsized and tried multiple unsuccessful remount attempts. He was wearing a PFD and carrying two forms of emergency comms. Observers on shore called for a rescue. But it was sadly too late. John's friend and co-paddler Tim Eves has compiled a detailed report.



## President's Report September 2018 by Shaun Maclaren

Hi everyone,  
Spring may officially be here but the cool southerlies that we have been experiencing have certainly been testing the metal of those early morning paddlers! As a plus, daylight saving kicks in at the end of the month, so there is no excuse for not taking advantage and getting those extra minutes of daylight in the early evening. I feel that I have been a bit slack this winter and not spent as much time on the water as last year, but I did recently manage a bit of a play at Piha.



### Special General Meeting

Thank you to everyone who either voted by proxy, on the online survey or participated in the meeting. Your support meant that the constitution has been amended and that we are able to satisfy the IRD to maintain our 'not for profit' tax exemption classification.

For those who were unable to 'dial in' to the meeting, I apologize and will review our systems in time for our 'online' AGM next year.

You the members, old and new are the life blood of the organisation and without your support KASK wouldn't exist – so thank you one and all.

### Paddling Film Festival 2018 World Tour

It has been well worth the effort to bring the films to NZ. Screenings in Auckland and Christchurch were well supported with around sixty attending in Christchurch and a hun-

dred in Auckland. Wellington is about to screen as we go to print. Feedback has been extremely positive. For me just watching peoples' reactions was the most pleasurable part of the experience. As people arrive, they are chatty etc. At the interval strangers are all chatting and there is a definite buzz in the air. At the finale, lots of smiling faces, laughter, chatter, motivated paddlers and new friends!

The plan is to repeat the experience in 2019, but this time we are considering including screenings around the country in Northland, Bay of Plenty/ Hawks Bay, Nelson, Dunedin and Queenstown. If you want it to screen in your region and are interested in organising – please contact me. (email: [shaun@kask.co.nz](mailto:shaun@kask.co.nz))

### Paddling ID Stickers

As you may or may not know, Canterbury and Northland regional councils require that kayaks be identified with a name and contact number, which makes great sense in the event of the craft being found. Identification (ID) can avoid unnecessary searches, or potentially speed up real ones. We recently ran a simple online survey to see how paddlers generally felt about identifying their craft:

- just under 85% believed that there is a need for Kayak ID
- 58% believe that it should be an individual choice
- info to be displayed – Phone 74%, Name 61% and VHF C/S (call sign) 58%
- 100% agreed that it would be a good idea if Coastguard/SAR held details
- If mandatory for kayaks – 73% believed that all paddlecraft should be required to do the same.
- 60% believed that a plastic card with adhesive would be the best medium, with 30% using a black felt tip pen.
- other means of identification are by having your VHF C/S boldly stencilled on the bow and or deck of your kayak.

At the end of the day, it is recommended that your kayak be 'marked' to speed up the recovery process.

Thank you to everyone who participated in the online survey.

With warmer conditions around the corner, I look forward to catching up with you on the water.

### Safer Boating - Summer Campaign 2018 - 19

by Shaun Maclaren

Maritime NZ recently hosted a campaign launch meeting in Auckland to introduce and outline the Safer Boating campaign for the upcoming summer season. All the major maritime organisations from central and local government were represented along with volunteers such as Coastguard, Surf Life Saving NZ, Waka Ama and KASK.

The campaign kicks off with a 'splash' with Safer Boating Week from 12 to 19 October in the form of wharf and jetty jumps in Wellington, Auckland and Whangarei. Radio, television and internet advertisements will run throughout the summer months peaking between December and February.

With Safer Boating Week being at the beginning of the season, the main message will be to:  
*'Check your lifejacket/  
floatation device'*

and then as we approach the festive season it will change to:  
*'Take a waterproof VHF radio'  
and 'Take two waterproof ways to  
call for help'*

In support of the Safer Boating Campaign, KASK will make the splash at the wharf and jetty jumps in Wellington and Auckland and with the warmer weather nearly upon us, I ask you all to inspect your PFD and test it to ensure that is fit for purpose.



**Safer Boating week**  
**12–19 October**  
Check out ► [saferboating.org.nz](http://saferboating.org.nz)



## New Zealand Reports



### **D'Urville Island by Nathalie Nasrallah**

The perfect equation of sun, breeze, glassy waters and budding sea kayak guides and instructors. For the first time in three years, Tai Poutini Polytechnic (Greymouth) Diploma students had the pleasure of completing a circumnavigation of New Zealand's fifth largest island.

It was something unreal for us West Coast students, each day we woke up to dry, not frosty tents, thanks to the warm breezes. We also experienced no rain, just warm sunshine on our pasty white West Coast skins, and dry firewood to top off the beach side camping. It was one of those trips reminiscent of a family holiday in the summertime, too much food, chocolate and a lot of fresh fish on the fire. Had the sea been warmer, I'm sure we could have been spotted in the water each evening as well.

The highlight for most of us students was hugging the coastline, weaving in and out of caves and through holes in the rocks. On the island's west coast we explored some fantastically huge and eerie caves, in completely calm and glassy waters. The travel along this west coast was what made us realize how lucky we were with the weather; the huge cliffs would have been daunting to make it past

*Greymouth TPP outdoor instructor course students off D'Urville Island safely in rough conditions, yet for us we had the incredible opportunity to get as close as we liked.*

Thanks to a high weather system, it took us four days to complete the circumnavigation. Our campsites were in order, Garden Bay, Swamp Bay and Moawhitu campsite. Moawhitu campsite, in Greville Harbour, was the only one that required all thermal layers to be put on, being in a little valley! However it did have the only toilet we saw en route!

Our arrival at the campsite was a hilarious surprise, as the DoC workers had spent a long hot day planting around the lake there, and decided to cool off with a skinny dip in the bay, just as 12

kayaks turned around the corner.

Our return home through French Pass was impressive. We were racing the clock against the tidal stream change, but made it through safely, feeling the current despite slack water. Soon after we passed through, a pod of dolphins arrived to welcome us home. Being the first group in three years to make it around the notorious island, we all felt privileged, yet the weather was so good we wondered if we had accomplished much at all! From the TPP sea kayak diploma students, we would like to extend a huge thank you to Dave Mangnall and 'Taz.' for giving us such a sweet weather window and guiding us around.



*A flood tidal stream setting south-west through French Pass.*



## New Zealand Reports

A second small group of Te Tai Pou-tini Greymouth polytech outdoor students also made the most of a wonderful run of late winter fine weather with a paddle in the Marlborough Sounds.

### Pelorus Sound

**words & photos: Callum Roberston**

Departing from Duncan Bay, Harvey, Ryan and I were warned, "I've been a commercial fisherman all my life! If you go to Waiona Bay you'll be dead. Dead I tell ya!" exclaimed the man with a large belly. "There's four foot breaking waves out there! You'll be dead!"

A little discouraged we proceeded cautiously and a couple of hours later the three reckless youths arrived at Waiona Bay. Pretty certain we were still alive and still wondering where the four foot breaking waves were to be found.

With some time to enjoy we spent the arvo basking in the quiet bay with the local stingrays and cooking over the fire, copious amounts of kai of which we had packed far too much. Next morning, on the way past Maude Island, we watched all native birds dart from tree to tree. From the water, the bird song was louder than in most forests I have walked through - cheers Royal Forest and Bird Protection Society! In the outer Sounds, we spent some hours paddling and talking about all the tasty food we have eaten in civilization. Other hours were spent cooking the even tastier veggies that we still had too much of, over the fire.

On the Thursday Harvey and I woke up at precisely the same time, around 3:00 am. Before 5:00 am we had the camp packed and we were off spontaneously paddling through the still night. Whilst paddling, the water glowed green when touched. The full moon's light turned the surrounding mountains into big black silhouettes and the near complete silence was almost irritable.



*A magic morning in Pelorus Sound. High cirrus snaking across the sky*



*Harvey tending a driftwood fire at dusk. Mussel farm rafts in the distance*



*A line up of hogsback clouds (upper left) indicate an approaching front*

Once driving back to Greymouth, the sound of the engine seemed loud after the quiet days that had

just passed. We decided to give the nameless sea kayak that had accompanied us the name, 'Night Fever'.

## New Zealand Reports

### Luke and Ben Go Sea Kayaking Around New Zealand

#### Background Ben:

As a kid my summers were spent living on an old launch moving round New Zealand's northern coastline; exploring bays, and wandering up streams through valleys that were out of reach of the general public. This and my parent's stories and passion for international travel, instilled in me a great desire to explore from a young age.

After a fantastic two years at Whitireia Polytechnic gaining my Diploma in outdoor adventure I have worked as a sea kayak guide in the Coromandel, in the USA instructing and directing a whitewater kayaking program and recently in Australia, leading outdoor education groups on expeditions in a range of pursuits. In Australia, Luke and I also worked together as sea kayak support, making calls on weather and route and providing technical on water assistance to group leaders on sea kayak programs.



*Ben Cockell*

#### Background Luke:

I grew up in central Lower Hutt Wellington. My outdoor adventures consisted of heading up north on surf trips with mates, diving around Wellington's coast and the odd camp out. It wasn't until I started my two year diploma course at Whitireia Polytechnic that I really discovered my love for all things outdoors. Since then I have worked as a sea kayak guide in the Coromandel, at a YMCA camp and in Australia as a outdoor education instructor. And it was here at the start of this year that the idea of circumnavigating New Zealand to-



*Luke De Jong*

gether sprang up. All these achievements I credit to all of my polytechnic tutors and their amazing work.

#### Now:

Fast forward and here we are! Starting early next month we will either launch from Wellington, cross the Cook Strait from the Makara coast and start making our way down the east coast of the South Island. Or catch the ferry to Picton and start from there (weather dependent).

We have the potential (in terms of time, and resources) to complete a circumnavigation of all three islands. As a result, the starting point, direction and time of year have been chosen with this in mind. However, our own abilities with regards to such an extended expedition remain unknown. Our initial goal is to paddle to Christchurch. Should that be a success, after a couple of days catching up with friends we will attempt Christchurch to Dunedin, and so on from there. Focusing on the success of each leg and dedicating our free time to further planning and consideration of the leg to follow, with a circumnavigation remaining for now a concept that ties it all together.

#### A Helping Hand:

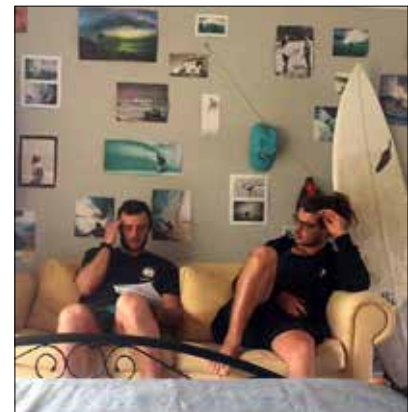
Luke and Ben. We are the whole team! So as we embark on this epic expedition along wonderful wild stretches of New Zealand's coast

line, we'll be relying on the amazing people who live there for help on our way. For example to hitch hike to the shops to restock, for a lawn to pitch a tent on or maybe even a shower!

We have always been lucky enough to encounter wonderful people on our travels willing to help us out. But this can often feel quite selfish. All those people going out of their way to help us have amazing experiences. So, we want to make sure that we're always helping where we can too!...

So if you see us coming past, come say G'day and let us know if you need a hand; in the garden, painting the house, with some community project, whatever. What goes around comes around, so we want to do our share, and we're sure it'll be a welcome break from kayaking!

<https://www.kayakwithcause.com/>  
<https://www.facebook.com/kayakwithcause/>



*Ben and Luke during a planning session for their round NZ paddle*

As part of their planning, Ben and Luke have been in touch with many of the paddlers who have achieved New Zealand circumnavigations; Lynn (Red) Taylor, Tim Taylor, Max Grant, myself and Tara Mulvany. They have also been in contact with James and Fi in the UK who completed the most recent circuits of the South and North islands.



## ENVIRONMENT

### Aquaculture Issues in the Marlborough Sounds by Neil McLennan

13 August 2018

This article provides an update on salmon farm development and aquaculture issues in the Marlborough Sounds. Various parties are “stirring the pot” at the moment.

In 2012 NZ King Salmon Ltd applied to the Marlborough District Council (MDC) to establish 9 new salmon farms in Queen Charlotte and Pelorus Sounds. MDC referred the applications to a Planning Tribunal which decided to grant approval for three farms, subject to comprehensive monitoring requirements. This decision was subsequently appealed to the High Court by the Environmental Defence Society and Save our Sounds Inc, but two farms were finally approved near Waitata Bay and Richmond Bay in Pelorus Sound.

NZ King Salmon Ltd bemoaned the fact that it had spent half a million dollars on the above applications and still required additional farm space if it was to meet market demands, and late in 2016 the Ministry of Primary Industries (MPI) released a public discussion document proposing the relocation of six existing low-production salmon farm sites (licensed to NZ King Salmon Ltd) to better flushed sites.

This relocation proposal was lodged by MPI under section 360 of the Resource Management Act (RMA), a regulation which allows central government to override local planning rules to achieve ‘the national interest’. The relocation proposal attracted over 400 written comments with approx. 100 individuals/parties presenting statements to a ‘MPI-appointed/independent’ Advisory Board in April-May 2017. Following Advisory Board deliberations there was a general election, and central government changed from National to the Labour-coalition. The new Fisheries

(and Aquaculture) Minister Stuart Nash publicly released the Advisory Board’s report in February 2018. The report suggests ‘relocation’ of up to three salmon farm sites; however, the Advisory Board also noted intense local opposition to any salmon farm relocation(s), and the Minister decided to seek MDC and Department of Conservation comment on the issue before making his decision. This decision is currently awaited.

While relocation issues have been occupying MPI, MDC have been working on revision of their resource management plans (namely the Regional Policy Statement, Wairau-Awatere Resource Management Plan, and the Marlborough Sounds Resource Management Plan). These documents are to be combined into a joint management plan, the so called ‘Marlborough Environment Plan’ (MEP), which is to provide local planning rules for landowners, mooring owners, and marine farmers.

This exercise commenced in 2014, and attracted 17,500 submissions. Hearings on submissions commenced in November 2017 and are continuing.

Preparation of the aquaculture section of the proposed MEP will be affected by a proposed ‘National Environmental Standard for Marine Aquaculture’ (NES-MA) being prepared by MPI and the Ministry for the Environment. This NES should

address marine farm establishment and re-licensing issues. Existing established marine farms (e.g. mussel farms and salmon farms) have received MDC consent for 15-25 year terms, and many farms (64%) need consent renewal in the next 6-7 years. Marine farmers want their farms viewed as ‘existing industry’ and re-consenting made straightforward, while others want re-consenting contestable to allow ‘ownership changes’, and also cumulative impacts, coastal privatization, and site-rental issues to be considered.

So many issues currently lie unresolved in the Marlborough Sounds - that toxic algae blooms and declining fish stocks have gone virtually unnoticed. Roll on summer so that warmer waters can arrive and folk can enjoy kayaking. Even lawyers and bureaucrats need a rest some-time.

Personally I believe MPI should not have been involved in any salmon farm relocation application in the first place, and the ‘national interest’ needs to be bipartisan or non-political.

It is also regrettable that coastal occupation rights are poorly defined. New Zealand needs to treasure its public space and ensure environmental values are properly considered at development hearings. Aquaculture will increase around New Zealand, it just needs careful positioning and inspired control for public as well as business benefit.



Neil McLennan is a long time KASK member who operates the company ‘Explore Pelorus by Kayak’.

*The issues raised by Neil are serious, but I can't help include this photo. This errant mussel farm float was captured by Mike Neason. It appears in this photo by Ian Mackenzie to having been purloined for use as a ginormous paddle float rescue device.*

## SAFETY

### When It's a Bit Colder Than You Think

by Evan Pugh

June 30 Mike Bell and I ( Evan ) decided to paddle from Cambridge to Mercer 102 kms on the Waikato River which usually takes about 10 hours.

We were on the water just before 7:00 am. It was foggy and cool - but that's the Waikato for you, I was dressed as usual in paddle shorts; I had an *Adrenalin* top and paddle jacket with of course a PFD over the top; a wide-brimmed sun hat and sunnies around my neck for when the sun came out.

When the sun comes out! Well 'Bugger!' It decided not to, and after half an hour I was feeling a bit cool and regretting not having brought my pogies. After about an hour and a half, it was too late - my hands were colder than ever before. And it was difficult to hold the paddle properly. My legs were uncontrollably shaking and I said to Mike, "We'd better call it a day." He called up our driver (Mrs Bell) to meet us at Hamilton as we were pulling the pin.

I was also feeling nauseous during this time and starting to feel knackered. The 26 kms to Hamilton took two hours 40 minutes which was slow.

When we landed, I carefully got out of the kayak and stood up with no problem. I dragged my kayak up the grass and got my dry bag out with my clothes. But I could not undo the drybag and also had to get assistance with getting my paddle jacket off. My shoelaces had to be done up for me. I managed to do up my belt but the zip had to wait.

I then sat in the warm car while the other two kindly loaded the kayaks and gear.

I paddle a lot on cold days but this day my kayak had ice on it before it even got in the water. The fog was freezing on the kayak as I drove to the start point, and very cold air was

sitting above the water.

I think as I did not have my pogies, once my hands got colder and colder, hypothermia was sending warm blood to my vital organs which did not help with my hands or legs which I could feel getting way colder than normal.

After 20 minutes sitting in the car, I felt a lot better as we drove back to Cambridge.

For the rest of the day my hands were sore and felt like they had been slightly burned. That night they were quite tingly with pins and needles. Next day I was fine but a bit tired.

While paddling it got to the stage where I was very careful as my hands were struggling to hold the paddle. I knew if I went over I would not have gotten back in and there were not many places to land. I thought about stopping but that would have left us sitting in cold conditions, stuck on the river bank with no way to get out. Our best option I felt was to carry on to where the car would be waiting for us.

My main mistakes were not having my pogies and I should have had my *Sharkskin* top on as well as a beanie. I would say my hands were the big problem as once they got cold I ended up suffering. I shall learn from my mistakes.



*Evan recently found this very cunning, secure kayak storage method. Well, apart from snails!*



*Evan Pugh aiming for Green Island, the last island to complete his paddle around 200 New Zealand islands.*

*Photo: Dennis Hynes*

At the start of 2017, Evan set himself a challenge to circumnavigate 100 islands (named on charts) over the course of the year. Four months in and he had completed the challenge, so he extended it to 200 islands. 100 in four months so 200 in 12 months should be easily achievable, right?

With Xmas 2017 fast approaching Evan had to circumnavigate four more to complete the challenge so Evan and Dennis headed to Kauotunu on the Coromandel Peninsula with the target to circumnavigate all six islands of the Mercury Island group over two days.

The second to last island, Green Island, will go down in the history books as completing Evan's challenge.

A variable wind, switched around to a tail wind in time to push Evan and Dennis home. It was most appreciated as they neared the end of the 50 km paddle.

The boys had a last bit of excitement as they paddled through the shallows in Opito Bay when a shark longer than their kayaks passed underneath in about 2m of water.

(taken from a BASK account of Evan's achievement, written by Dennis Hynes)



## New Zealand Reports

### Waimea Inlet Rogaine By Margot Syms

We are happy to share the delights of the Waimea Inlet, where we live and kayak, at least with human or wind-powered craft. One way of getting Nelson Canoe Club members out there and involved in the intricacies of the inlet is a rogaine (a more free-form version of standard orienteering). For a rogaine you are trying to get maximum points in the limited time available and you choose which control locations you visit and in what order. Generally, the further away the control, the more points it is worth. Often high points also go with harder navigation.

The inlet is distinctly tidal, being mostly damp mud and stones at low tide. The tidal range in the Nelson area is large with maximum springs high 4.5 m and low 0.3 m. This means the available time for an event is limited, where you have enough water to paddle in, but then not get swept away by strong currents. The ideal high tide for us is 4.2 m and if you are very lucky you can find one on a weekend when the sun is shining!

Often for a rogaine you set up the controls so that it is not possible to visit them all in the time available. This forces people to make choices to suit their abilities and also to monitor their progress. If you finish late you lose points. In the end we decided on a two hour event, with mass start a bit over an hour before high water and finish before the outgoing current got fast enough to sweep you out to sea. On a lake for example you could



*They're off. Bevan Walker leading the pack of rogainers*



*Hard to believe, but the jockeying for position at the rogaine start.*

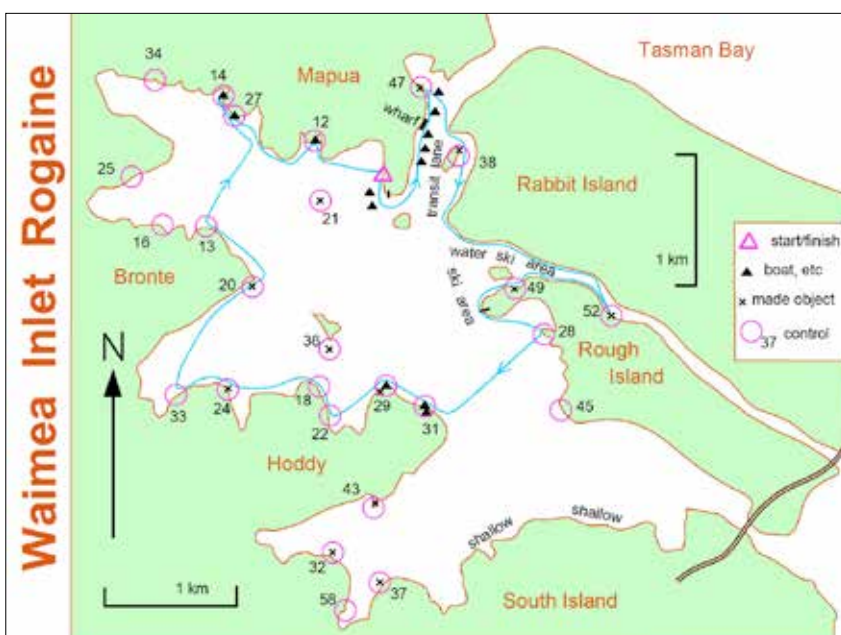
*Photo: John Leydon*

have a longer time and even different courses for different abilities. Something for the kiddies perhaps?

The inlet has quite a complex coastline, but not many features out on the water where you could put controls, so most of them ended up on or near shore on such things as big trees, small islands, wooden posts, the occasional yacht or even a rusty submarine. The maps were printed on semi-waterproof paper and in plastic bags, but it was probably a mistake to make people write their answers on the back. Many maps came back dam-

aged, so best to have a different way of recording the control codes. Separate sheet in its own bag? Controls 10-19 were worth 10 points each, 20-29 worth 20 points and so on.

To mark the control sites, we used white two litre ice cream containers, which can be seen from some distance away. Each one had a unique two letter code as well as its control ID number. The navigation was not too hard, so people could make it a fun experience rather than an epic paddle. The part of the inlet used is roughly 4 x 3 km and there were



*Donna's winning route in the Waimea Inlet. Map by Peter Syms*

26 controls. Less-confident paddlers could stay in sheltered waters and we encouraged them to go in small groups rather than solo. Some of the last paddlers to finish were being carried sideways by the outgoing tide. In the end, every control was visited at least once and 19 happy paddlers finished the event.

We were fortunate that Peter M acted as rescue boat with his beautiful historic *Angelina*, initially rowed (as it used to be in the Sounds) and then motored. He even scored a good total of points. The winner (Donna) got 400 points of a total 680, but lost 45 for being 15 minutes late. Can you plan a better route than hers?



*Peter and Margot at a rogaine control. Photo: Mary Caldwell*



*Rogaine spectators. Photo: P Syms*



## TECHNICAL

### Oversize, glow-in-the-dark VHF control by John Kirk-Anderson

I don't use my VHF very often, but I carry it every time I paddle. Many paddlers, particularly in the Auckland region, use them for group communication, receiving weather information, and monitoring shipping traffic.

My waterproof radio stays in a waterproof bag in my PFD pocket, and only gets dragged out on rare occasions. As a result I don't have familiarity with the controls, and when I need to use it I sometimes struggle to remember which way it turns on and I can't easily turn the power/volume knob through the bag. This is not helped by aging eyes, squinting to see what I'm doing.

Very mindful of 'training versus equipment' issues, I was reluctant to modify something that I should just learn how to use. However, in the scheme of things we need to remain competent with, I decided that a simple modification could help me use the VHF when I really needed it.

From a piece of photoluminescent (glow-in-the-dark) plastic I cut a donut which was glued onto the volume/power knob. This has a knurled edge which along with the larger size makes it easier to turn with cold wet hands through the plastic of the drybag. A small piece of fluorescent tape helps me see where the volume is set. I also added a tapered strip of photoluminescent tape to the top of the radio, as a reminder of which direction increases the volume.

People are generally suckers for 'hardware solutions to software problems', in that it's often easier to buy new kit when we should be striving to improve our skills. However,



*John's modifications to help with night use of his VHF radio*

I also believe that I haven't found the perfect piece of equipment FOR ME, and therefore most things can be tweaked to suit my needs, preferences, strengths and weaknesses.

Besides, modifying gear counts as a hobby!



## Overseas Reports

### Kiwi Paddlers in Greenland this Northern Summer

At least six Kiwis made the pilgrimage to Greenland this year; Tara Mulvany and Fiona Lee completed a long paddle down the west coast from Ilulissat to Nanortalik. After Fi headed home, Tara headed south for a solo around Kap Farvel (Cape Farewell) which is the southern tip of Greenland. I told Tara that she had to call in at the manned weather station at the eastern entrance of Prins Christian Sund, where Conrad Edwards and I experienced a wonderful evening of dining and drinking with the Danish crew back in August 2009. See Tara's email update below.

On Greenland's east coast, Bevan Walker, Nora Flight, Diana Galbraith and John Gumbley joined a sort of guided trip out of Tasilaq on the east coast of Greenland. Only a phone catch up to date, but Bevan advised they encountered no sea ice, just bergy bits from calving glaciers. Sounds like a sad indictment of rapid global warming. Conrad and I had no end of trouble with sea ice during our two summers paddling that east coast of Greenland.



*Fiona Lee in West Greenland; dwarfed by an enormous iceberg.  
Photo: Tara Mulvany*



*Tara's view of the radio aerials and weather station on the skyline, at the eastern entrance to Prins Christian Sund. This is the only sign of civilization in south-east Greenland.*

#### Tara in South Greenland

I'm back in Nanortalik a few days, earlier than planned to give me time to sort out travel plans to the airport and what to do with my kayak. The weather has been wet, windy and cold most of the past week, but I've had my share of good days!

I ended up spending a fair amount of time inside the fjords before heading down Prins Christian Sund, I was hoping to cross paths with the *Ocean Adventurer* - my ship (on which Tara works as a kayak guide) on the 12th. But as it turned out, it was blowing a gale and pouring

with rain when it passed, so I missed them - and missed the gifts of fresh food that I had been dreaming of!

Packed up and headed for the weather station, dreaming of warm welcomes and hot coffee. Gale turned bad and was quite marginal getting there, though not far from where I was camped. Had quite a job landing and getting the kayak high and dry on the steep rocks by the jetty - I didn't know just on the other side of the rocks it would have been easier! But gale winds and crashing waves meant I didn't investigate!



*Hard to complain about a campsite like this in southern Greenland!  
Photo: Tara Mulvany*



*The hut Tara found which was a lifesaver from really bad weather. Her blue kayak is in the middle of her photo.*

Managed to shoulder my kayak in the winds and get everything up on to the grass. Walked up the billion steps to find. Wait for it....

The weather station was abandoned! There was no one there and seems it has been abandoned for a number of years. Gutted! All locked up with security cameras everywhere but managed to find a hut on the outskirts unlocked so camped out in there.

Next day gapped it around the corner and went south. Was hoping for the cape (Cape Farewell, the southern tip of Greenland) but I got stuck in a shitty windy, rainy camp for a day, moved 2 kms the next day in a gale to find a more sheltered spot, stumbled upon a hut which was a total life saver! It got so windy that I was legitimately worried the whole hut was going to get blown to pieces! Pouring with rain, yet again. Finally left the next morning in the rain, decided to stay on the inside and felt good about abandoning my cape hopes. There was no way I wanted to be on the outside coast!

That evening came across a sailboat, the *Luna*, and was welcomed onboard, the first people I had seen in 10 days. Good food, steaming coffee and really friendly Germans! You would have liked them. I couldn't work out if it was a lesbian couple or two sisters that owned the boat haha! Super experienced sailors who had been exploring the west coast since late May. Spent the night onboard,

then paddled off. One day of sun but strong winds, then back to the rain.

Everyone here is saying it has been a terrible summer. I will spend a few days here, hopefully sell the kayak - meeting a Spanish couple today who work for the kayak company here who are interested, and will head to the airport a few days early - for a change of scene and do some walking there to keep entertained.

Looking forward to hitting Iceland and civilization for a few days. And really looking forward to buffet meals on the ship!

Hope the winter at home hasn't been too bad. Perhaps I should have stayed in NZ for better weather! I haven't been in NZ for winter since 2012 and our South Island trip!



*Tara's selfie by steaming but lukewarm hot pools in south Greenland.*

## Overseas Reports

### In the Broughtons British Columbia by Margot Syme

Photos & map: Peter Syme

Lightning is more likely to hit you if your paddle goes above your head! At least that's what guide Wes said research had shown. So we paddled on through the thunder and lightning, heads down and paddles low, hoping the tall trees on each side of the narrow channel would soak up the strikes. Only 5 seconds between the lightning and thunder, so it was quite close. A final 300 metre dash across the semi-open water of Providence Passage and we were back in camp, glad to finish the (initially-relaxed) post-lunch jaunt around Midsummer Island.

We were on a guided trip with North Island Kayak, just us two and the affable Wes. No, this is nowhere near Eketahuna or Whangarei, but the northern part of Vancouver Island, British Columbia. The southern part of the 455 km long island is known as South Island, while the bit in the middle is mid-island or Centre Island, rather confusing to a couple of kiwis.

The trip started in Telegraph Cove, on the NE part of the island and much of the journey was in Broughton Archipelago Marine Park. We spent four days heading north to reach the Burdwood Group and the next four returning by a different route. Margot enjoyed navigating through the intricate waterways with map and compass, with a few hints from Wes.

There was an abundance of wildlife and few other sea craft, once away from the busy-ness of Johnstone Strait. Most appreciated were the humpbacks, singly or in small groups (including a calf), lunge feeding or deep diving or just passing through. The Steller sea lions were occasionally heard blowing, a softer sound than the whales. In the Telegraph Cove museum there was a skeleton of one sea lion (males are up to 3 m long) with a skull very similar to that of a grizzly bear, but bigger!



Belted kingfishers with punk hairdo, an adult merganser with six babies, a few loons calling, the odd mink trotting along a beach and of course the iconic orcas. Most days we would paddle to the next campsite for a late lunch, then perhaps do a short paddle or walk, weather permitting.

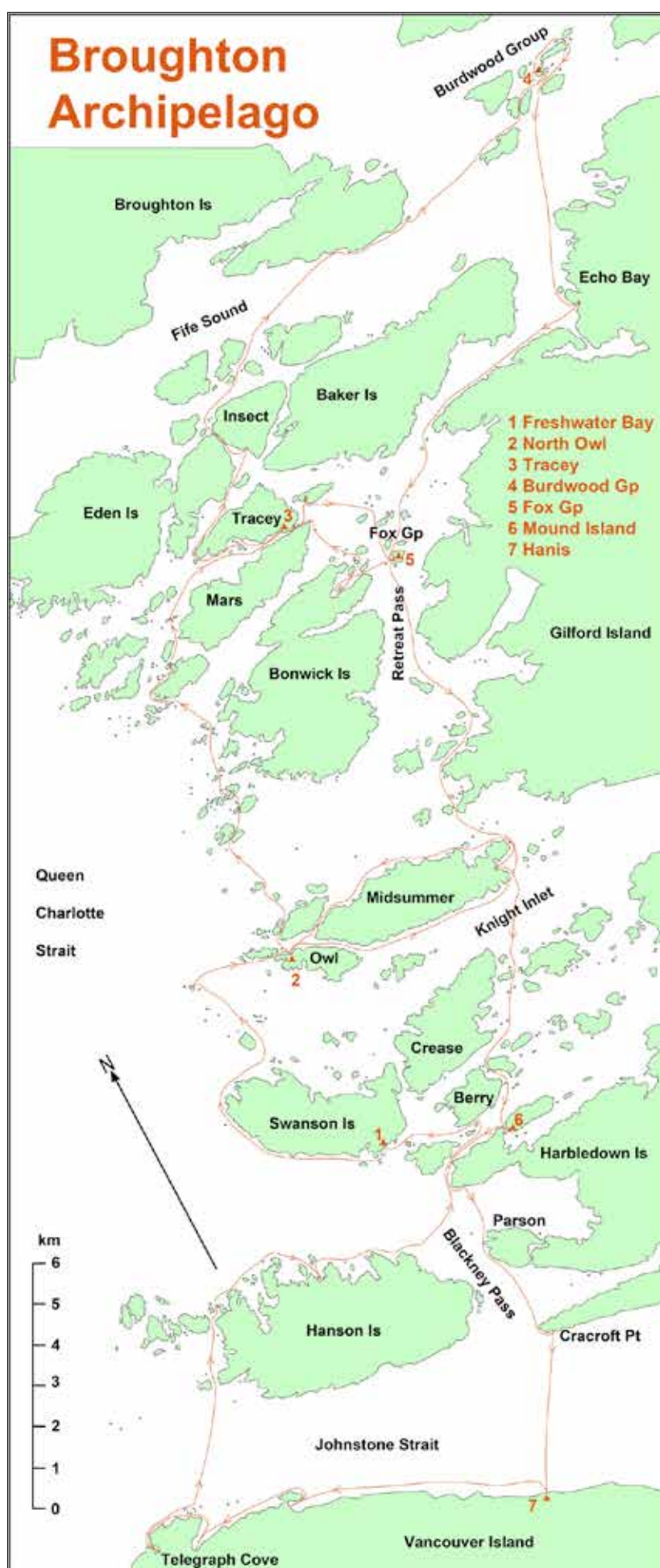
About 6 km south of the Burdwood Group is Echo Bay and Billy Proctor's museum, with many artefacts of both First Nation and European cultures. Born in the Broughton Archipelago, he has lived in the area for over 60 years, most of that time fishing, trapping and hand logging. However, in recent years he has become, "a committed environmental activist".

We stopped at the museum and he sold us a signed copy of one of his books, *Full Moon Flood Tide*, written with Yvonne Maximchuk. One quote: "Four thousand years ago there may have been twenty thousand people living in the area... Most of the largest villages were built above large clam beaches and in good sunny places." In some places the old beach middens are metres deep and extend back into the trees. His life is recounted in the classic *Heart of the Raincoast* by whale researcher Alexandra Morton and Billy. We had read this book a few days before starting the trip, which added a historical and personal dimension.

Crossing Knight Inlet from the north, we noticed a lot of bird activity on the far side, with over 200 rhinoceros auklets, perhaps 20 gulls and some



Sign at the Insect Island camp beach





*Paddlers in the Burdwood Group. Photo: Peter Syms*

bald eagles swooping around. As we drifted closer we could see that there were a few harbour seals rounding up fish into a bait ball. The eagles were grabbing at the water with both feet, but didn't seem to be catching anything. It was only through binoculars (or later looking at the pictures) that several small fish could be seen held in talons, or single ones in gulls' beaks. When the frenzy was over and we drifted past the nearest forested island we counted at least 33 eagles sitting in the trees, digesting their lunch.

On the SW side of Parson Island, vertical cliffs drop into water more than 50 m deep against the shore. As we rounded the point, there was

a group of Pacific white-sided dolphins leaping and splashing about. Suddenly there was a whale spout in the same place and we realized the dolphins were playing around, swimming over and under the hump-back. The whale turned on its back and crashed each huge pectoral fin (almost the size of a kayak) in turn onto the water surface. It was often coming up for a breath, even once giving out a deep resonant growl. None of this bothered the dolphins.

Apparently, a whale can go right against such cliffs, which would stop the dolphins doing loops around it, so our guide kept us a little away from the rock face, not knowing where it would go. A kayak probably

looks much like a pesky dolphin to an angry whale. Then the broad back arched up as the whale headed in our direction. "Head for the cliff" said Wes. Then up came the mighty tail flukes and the whale was gone. Later that day, we heard that dolphins were seen again hassling a whale, some kilometres away. Enough excitement!

As we paddled on through Blackney Passage toward Cracroft Point, there was the sound of rushing water. Looking around, there were only small ripples and wavelets on the surface, although covering an area extending a kilometre or two beyond us. Here the current is five knots at maximum springs and the water is pouring out into the much deeper (500 m) Johnstone Strait, but showing little surface sign of the deep power beneath.

Carried by the current, we carefully steered around the point, through the shear line and into quiet waters. The strait here is 3 kms wide, so we weren't exposed for long in crossing it. Later two huge cruise ships went past eastwards as well as a group of orca cruising along the shore.

One skeleton in the Telegraph Cove museum is that of a fin whale 20 metres long, which was struck and killed by a cruise ship in the strait in 1999. The body, jammed above the bulbous bow, was not discovered until the ship docked in Vancouver. You can still see the damaged vertebra.

On the whole the weather for the trip was cool with a mix of cloud and sun, (mostly) distant thunderstorms, the odd shower and some fog. Very pleasant paddling conditions. However after the trip, back in Nanaimo (South Island), the temperature was 29°C and rising. The subsequent heat wave saw temperature over 30° for many areas of BC and even over 35° in the south and inland. By mid-August there were hundreds of forest fires in BC and thick smoke down to at least Seattle. Perhaps a better place to kayak would be Alaska.

Link for North Island Kayak:

[kayakbc.ca/nomadic-sea-kayaking-expeditions/](http://kayakbc.ca/nomadic-sea-kayaking-expeditions/)



*Packing the boats at Tracey camp, shell beach*



## OVERSEAS REPORTS

## Pacific Paddling Symposium - 2018

by John Kirk-Anderson

Anyone wanting to attend this year's Pacific Paddling Symposium (PPS) on Canada's Vancouver Island had to be on the ball; the 100 places were snatched up in 20 minutes!

The event is touted as 'kayak kamp for adults' where instructors and participants have the chance to 'learn, connect and play' and this year was the sixth time the event had been held. The venue is the Lester B. Pearson United World College, which is set in the wooded Pedder Bay, 30 kilometres from Victoria, the capital city of British Columbia. The college is spread out on a hillside, with accommodation blocks, a large dining hall, a pool, several lecture theatres and its own large dock.

PPS is a key event for Canadian and US paddlers, indicated by the rapid enrolment, but it is never guaranteed to run each year. The organisers let the dust settle after each event and then decide if they're going to run another.

Their planning is second to none: PPS is easily the most organised kayaking event I have ever attended, and all in a very positive way. Apart from the very slick but largely invisible key organizing team, several volunteers assist in getting participants to the correct venues, helping with parking, marshalling groups onto the water, and keeping track of all groups' safe return.

I had been interested in going to the event for a few years, and this year my wife, Mary, and I planned to attend it at the start of a holiday in BC and the US. A Canadian friend had previously approached the organisers putting my name forward as a coach, and I was then contacted and asked for a CV to decide if they wanted me.



*The welcome sign at the entrance to the venue for the PPS 2018*

This was very different to our local events, where anybody silly enough to offer to help is promptly given many jobs!

I was subsequently offered a coaching role and was soon sent very detailed information regarding the classes I would be taking, locations to work in, and my fellow coaches. Participants were also sent packages on the classes on offer, the skills they needed to have, and the mandatory equipment required. Participants had to pre-book the classes, which was done online.

Before I attended PPS I ran a session for the local club, SSKA (South Island Sea Kayaking Asso-

ciation) <http://www.siska.ca/>. This was based at Tillicum Narrows, a tidal rapid in the city of Victoria, and was a half day introduction to moving water and a half day for the club's coaches on teaching strokes.

This was a great day and a good chance to meet some locals. SSKA is a very active club and has two organised paddles each month, with many instructional sessions and multi day trips on their calendar.

A very smart part of PPS was the idea of "Coaches' Day", where all the coaches attending had to arrive early to meet each other and take part in workshops. This was great and avoided the frequent situation where I've



*The dock at Pearson College, Pedder Bay*

met the person I was working with just moments before the class started.

A challenge had been presented to me as I had been asked to run a workshop for the entire group of 30 coaches, some of whom were the most experienced in North America. With a combination of Whittakers chocolate and judo I was able to get them all working together and having a laugh, so I rated it as a success.

Later on our trip into the US I went to a kayak shop and their head instructor, who hadn't been at PPS said, "you're the judo guy!" so I think some kind of message had got out. Good or bad, I don't know.

The two main presenters at the event were Freya Hoffmeister and Justine Curgenven, both of whom have been to our symposiums and paddled around NZ's South Island. Freya was taking a break from her amazing paddle around the American continent, and Justine has recently emigrated to Canada from the UK.

Very strong winds had been forecast for the duration of the event and so the organisers restricted the areas that we were to operate in with participants, which was a shame as it meant the rock gardening session I was to take with a local instructor was curtailed.

Rather than working along the potentially exposed coast with tide races, we ended up working in a sheltered bay in flat conditions, which made for a somewhat frustrating session. Apart from that class I ran two other sessions, both of which went well.

Pedder Bay, where the college is based, has a large military ammunition depot on one headland and a prison on the other.

This meant landings were very restricted, a small matter that I forgot and I was happily running a session on a beach when my fellow coach, a local who had been listening to the briefing on where we couldn't be, quietly mentioned that we were trespassing on a Canadian Forces military facility. We avoided an international incident and quietly slunk away.



*Conducting a moving water training session at Tillicum Narrows for SISKa paddlers. JKA in the green kayak.*

The standard of skills among the participants was mixed, as expected at any symposium, but there were plenty of classes to suit all levels and interests.

Of note was that the vast majority of kayaks were 'British-style' without rudders, and every paddler had to wear a drysuit. The water temperature was about 9 degrees, roughly the same as my local waters in winter.

The meals were provided by the catering team at the college, and the standard and quantity was outstanding. No-one would have gone hungry, and every 'di-

etary requirement' was covered. As an opportunity to 'learn, connect and play' PPS was brilliant. It's a fantastic venue, has a superb organising team behind it, and attracts great participants. I was often quizzed on paddling in NZ and many people are keen to attend the KASK Kayak Fest 2020 so we may have a few foreign paddlers attend.

One thing we do know, they're quick at getting their entries in!

<http://www.pacificpaddlingsymposium.ca/index>



*Stern deck carries during rock gardening session*



## BOOK REVIEW

### **Title:** *Border Country*

**Subtitle:** *The Northwoods Canoe Journals of Howard Greene 1906-1916*

**Author:** Martha Greene Phillips

**Published:** 2017

**Publisher:** University of Minnesota Press

**Contents:** 372 pp, illustrated throughout, glossary, further reading list

**Cover:** Hardback

**Size:** 238 x 260 mm

**Price:** US\$ 28.58

(US\$ 10.48 for p&p)

**ISBN:** 978-1-5179-0107-3

**Availability:** Amazon

**Review:** Paul Caffyn

My first admission: I have a passion for collecting paddling literature. It is increasingly difficult these days to find a new or second-hand title not in my collection. Because my retirement role is desktop publishing, I am now quite critical of book design, layout, content, illustrations etc. In past KASK magazines, I often whinge about new books being published in North America, my main criticism relating to 'vanity publications', diary style canoeing or kayaking accounts with no map, no photos, no reading list – just text.

If the writer has poor descriptive writing skills, then the lack of illustrations leads me to consign the book to a shelf without finishing reading it. In many a case, it will be the publisher cutting print costs by using cheap paper and excluding photos in the text or as colour plate sections. In some it is the author self-publishing and saving print cost by printing text only.

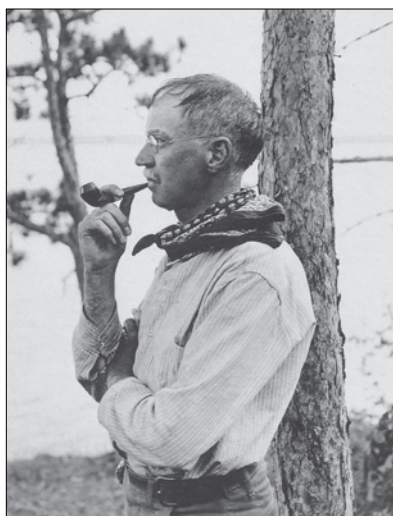
Once in a blue moon a book will arrive that leaves me struggling for superlatives. The author is the daughter of Howard Greene who in the northern summers between 1906 and 1916, made a series of canoe camping trips with some of his friends, his young sons and a few of their schoolmates. The paddling trips were into the northern woods

of Wisconsin, Minnesota, Michigan and Canada. The paddlers became a close knit group and called themselves 'the Gang'. On these three to four week trips, Howard wrote a journal each night and took hundreds of large-format photographs, using a heavy camera and glass plates.

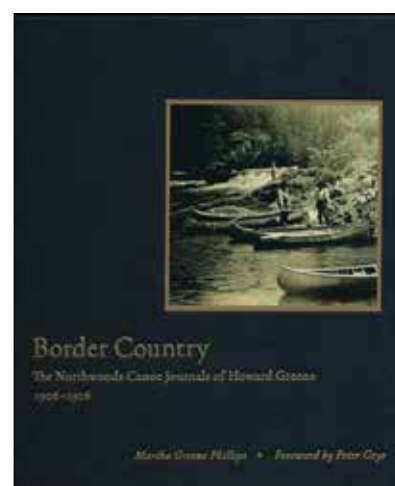
Then after each summer's trip, Howard typed up the narrative, printed photographs and included a map. To each of the 'gang' participants, he presented a bound and numbered copy, mounted as a journal in a leather bound book. Howard's daughter, perhaps too young to have joined the trips, has put a power of time and effort into editing Howard's eight journals, sourcing his photos and maps and illustrations, and compiling this beautiful book.

Lavishly illustrated applies to the book, rarely a page without one or more sepia toned photos, which are not mere thumbnail size. The 'almost coffee table size' allows the pics to reproduced up to a good size, some up to two full page width. The few full colour photos are of the scarce remaining original leather-bound journals.

A prologue by Martha explains her rationale for producing the book and an epilogue describes what happened to the 'gang' after 1916. The book concludes with a glossary and further reading list. The cover design



*Howard Greene, compiler of the canoe camping journals*



is superb, title lettering in gold and a sepia photo showing canoes and some of the 'gang'.

I find it difficult to raise any niggles; the text is not crammed onto a page, and although many of the photos do not have a caption, the adjoining text describes who is who and what is happening. Perhaps a 0.25 weight border around each photos may have helped given them a lift?

A pic of what looks like one of the boys being baptized in the river, his head pushed into the water has a description in the text of his mouth being washed out with toothpaste!

This book 'spoke to me', and perhaps I have a second admission: it was such similar canoeing trips, that I blame on my lifelong passion for paddling. I was still at primary school in the 50s and going on week long white-water paddling canoe-camping trips with older canoe club members, just like young kids that Howard was taking paddling.

Adventures these days, seemingly have to be short duration and adrenaline-charged, without allowing time to cruise and enjoy every magic moment of an adventure. This book is a marvellous view into family adventuring in the early 1900s.

If you are a lover of fine books, I suggest you put this tome on your Santa wish list.

## OBITUARY

COLIN QUINCEY  
1945 - 2018

Colin Quincey died at the age of 73 in July this year. There was a 'Life Story' tribute placed in *The Press* on 27 July 2018 written by the Telegraph Group.

'Colin was the first person to row from New Zealand to Australia. He did this in 1977 with his voyage leaving from Hokianga Harbour. He landed his boat, *Tasman Trespasser* 63 days (nine weeks) later on the Sunshine Coast in Queensland, with just one more day's food remaining.

Born in Hull, in northern England, an adventurous Quincey left at 17 to take part in a round-the-world race for tall ships, spending time on a German square rigger. When the German boat arrived in Hawaii he lived there for some years.

Quincey went on to spend time as an English teacher and also in the New Zealand Navy and eventually settled in New Zealand to work with young people on tall ships expeditions, while taking jobs such as house painting.

Whilst working on *The Spirit of Adventure*, Colin was dismayed at an unwillingness of young people to push their limits. Not long after came Quincey's *Tasman Trespasser* scheme and six months planning that led to him setting off for Aus-

tralia. The trans-Tasman crossing would be in a wooden Yorkshire dory he had built himself. Preparation for the trans-Tasman journey involved training by towing tyres behind a dinghy in Waitemata Harbour, 'combined with a lot of careful research'.

The journey started with a six metre wave surf on day one, and a pulled back muscle which prevented Quincey rowing for 10 days. Blisters, boils and salt water sores were also a challenge. Quincey recalled, 'to entertain myself (apart from smoking) I would navigate constantly [using a sextant], sing songs, read books and do mathematical problems'. He also described the journey as a matter of, 'eat, sleep, row'. A highlight Quincey recalled was an encounter with an orca that was longer than his boat, which approached him whilst he was still half asleep. Quincey after realising that frantic rowing was futile. He '...stopped and sat and chilled out and watched'.

It came within about 20 feet of the boat and had a look for a few seconds. There was this big black eye...looking at me.

The blackness of it was intense. I looked back and there was some sort of communication there. Spiritual? Yes. Absolutely magic. Was the trip worth it? Yeah, for that 15 seconds, yes.

Life after the crossing was eventful for Quincey, including many years in the New Zealand Navy and the running of survival courses, later an at-

tempt to sail to Tonga which ended in rescue after striking a container; the working with disadvantaged children in Tonga, Thailand and Cambodia. At 60 he moved to Burma to help build a school and was kidnapped and held hostage for three months - finally escaping by swimming down the Mekong river with two others.

In 2010, Colin Quincey's son, Shaun, successfully emulated his father's trans-Tasman achievement, in reverse, by rowing from Australia to New Zealand in 54 days. Shaun's account of his row *Tasman Trespasser II* was published in 2010.

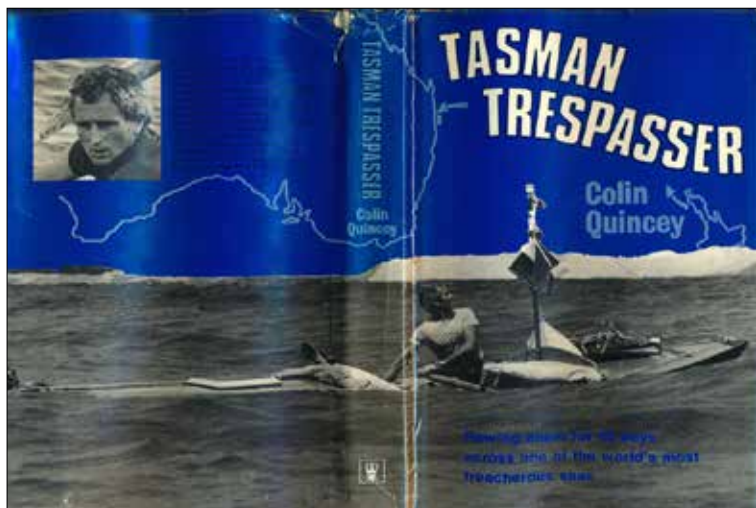
Quincey's last years were spent in Paihia, with continued rowing and volunteer work with the Citizen's Advice Bureau. Around the time of his lung cancer diagnosis in April, he told his son Shaun he had already, "lived his bucket list in reverse", having already done everything he wanted to do.

Quincey had an MBE and was married three times.'

Colin's rowing dory *Tasman Trespasser* is on permanent display on the first floor of the Auckland National Maritime Museum. Mounted on the balcony above is a vitamin yellow-coloured *Nordkapp* kayak which made the first kayak circumnavigation of New Zealand..

As Colin's epic Tasman crossing was an inspiration to Max Reynolds and myself to plan our first sea kayaking expedition around Fiordland in December 1977, it is quite appropriate now that these two boats to are displayed in the same place.

In the photo below, Colin's Yorkshire dory in the foreground, and Paul looking up at his first sea kayak *Isadora*.



The dustjacket of Colin's book, published in 1977





## HUMOUR

### THE DIVORCE LETTER

My Dear husband,  
I'm writing this letter to tell you that I'm leaving you.

I've been a good wife to you for the last 20 years and feel I have nothing to show for it, and the last two weeks have been hell. Your boss called to tell me that you left your job today, which was the last straw.

Last week, you came home and didn't even notice I had a new hairstyle, that I had cooked your favourite meal and even wore a brand new nightie. You ate in two minutes, and went straight to sleep after watching your TV shows. You don't tell me you love me anymore; you don't want sex or anything else that connects us as husband and wife.

Either you're cheating on me or you don't love me anymore; whatever the case, I'm gone.

Your Ex-Wife.

P.S. Don't try to find me. Your brother and I are moving to Australia together. Have a great life!

### THE DIVORCE LETTER

Dear Ex-wife,

Nothing has made my day more than receiving your letter.

It's true you and I have been married for 20 years, although a good woman is a far cry from what you've been. The reason I watch TV so much is because it drowns out your constant whining and bitching. Unfortunately, that doesn't work anymore.

I DID notice when you got a hairdo last week, but the 1st thing that came to my mind was 'You look just like a boy.' Since my father taught me not to say anything, 'If you can't say something nice, etc.,' I didn't comment.... and when you cooked my 'favourite meal,' you must have confused me with MY BROTHER because I haven't eaten prawns for years.

About the new nightie: I turned away from you because the \$299.99 price tag was still on it, and I prayed it was only a coincidence that my brother had borrowed \$300 from me just that very morning.

After all this, I still loved you and felt we could work it out. So, when I won the \$20 million Lotto prize on Saturday; I left my job and bought two tickets for us to Paris..... But when I got home you were gone.

Everything happens for a reason, I guess I hope you have the fulfilling life you always wanted. My lawyer said that the letter you wrote ensures you won't get a dollar from me. So take care.

Signed,  
Your Rich As Hell and Free Ex-Husband.

P.S. I don't know if I ever told you this, but my brother Carl was born Carla. I hope this doesn't present a problem.

### Old Fashioned Father

I was visiting my son and daughter-in-law last night when I asked if I could borrow a newspaper.

"This is the 21st century, old man," he said. "We don't waste money on newspapers. Here, borrow my iPad."

I can tell you, that bloody fly never knew what hit it

### Old School Friends

Rachel, Clare and Samantha had not seen each other since secondary school. They rediscovered each other via a high school reunion website, and arranged to meet for lunch in a Ponsonby wine bar. Rachel arrived first, wearing camel Versace. She ordered a bottle of chilled Chardonnay. Clare arrived shortly afterwards, in grey Chanel. After the required ritualized kisses she joined Rachel in a glass of Chablis. Then Sam walked in, wearing a faded old Swandri, jeans and Ashley gumboots. She too shared the wine.

Rachel explained that after leaving school and graduating from Otago in

Classics, she met and married Timothy, with whom she had a beautiful daughter. Timothy is a partner in one of Auckland's leading law firms. They live in a 4,000 sq. ft house at Milford, on the north shore. Susanna, their daughter attends the Auckland University drama school. They have a second holiday home in the Bay of Islands.

Clare graduated from Victoria University and became a Consultant Gynaecologist. Her husband, Chris, is a leading A&E Consultant. They live in a Wellington hill suburb overlooking Island Bay and have a second summer holiday home in the Marlborough Sounds.

Sam explained that she left school at 17 and ran off with her boyfriend, Ben. They run a tropical bird park in the Waitakeres and grow their own vegetables. Ben can stand four parrots, side by side, on his willy.

Half way down the third bottle of Chardonnay, and several hours later, Rachel blurted out the husband isn't Timothy. He's Tom and an administration assistant for Auckland City Council. They live in a terraced house in Ponsonby, keep a caravan at Orewa and Susan was a junior member of the local Am dram Society.

Clare, chastened and encouraged by her old friend's honesty, confessed that she and Chris are nurses at Hutt Hospital. They live in Petone and have a timeshare on the Gold Coast.

Samantha confessed that the fourth parrot had to stand on one leg.



## KASK

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

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

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

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

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email: [kayakpc@xtra.co.nz](mailto:kayakpc@xtra.co.nz)

### KASK Annual Sub

Membership is now \$40 for individual, family and overseas renewals.

New members can join through the following link:

<http://kask.nz/join>

Existing members can renew by payment of direct credit into account:

**03 1706 0010205 00**

Include your name and KASK membership number as reference or follow the renewal instructions sent by email on 10 July 2018.

For correspondence, queries or advising change of address to:

**Karen Grant**  
KASK Administrator  
PO Box 23, Runanga 7841  
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or email Karen at:  
[admin@kask.co.nz](mailto:admin@kask.co.nz)

## 4th Ed. KASK HANDBOOK OUT OF PRINT

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

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**KASK Website**  
**[kask.org.nz](http://kask.org.nz)**

*Photos on opposite page:  
Top right: Fog beginning to lift  
on a cold morning during a  
paddle from Hobsonville Point  
to Riverhead.*

*Photo: Uta Machold  
Bottom right: Margot and Peter's  
kayak guide for a paddle in the  
Broughton Archipelago off the  
north end of Vancouver Island.*

*See story on p.14  
Photo: Peter Syms*

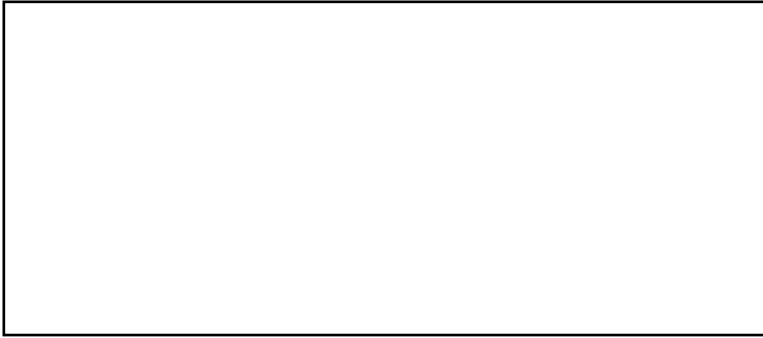






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*On a July paddle from Hobsonville Point to Riverhead, Auckland, Uta Machold used her Panasonic Lumix FZ1000 camera to record this surreal mood on a cold and foggy morning.*

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Current membership fees are:

- \$40 for ordinary membership, new members, family or joint membership
- \$40 for overseas membership (PDF newsletter only)
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- new members who join between 1 June and 31 July automatically get their membership credited to the following year, thus receiving a 14 month membership

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