

ISSN 2537-9135

No. 199

February - March 2019

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



NEW ZEALAND SEA KAYAKER



INDEX

EDITORIAL	p. 3
KASK	
President's Report March 2019 by Shaun Maclaren	p. 4
TRAINING	
The annual Okains Bay training weekend February 2019 by Jillian Wilson	p. 5
HISTORY	
1979 Stewart Island Circumnavigation by Max Reynolds	p. 6
THE 'BUGGER!' FILE	
Te Waewae Bay Storm 1991 tape transcript	p.10
TECHNICAL	
Don't Poohppoo the Paddle Float by Adrian Clayton	
OVERSEAS REPORTS	
Patagonia 2007 by Hugo Meares	p.16
HEALTH	
Paddling Post Hip Surgery by John Kirk-Anderson	p.19
BOOK REVIEW	
<i>White Eskimo</i>	p.20
PRODUCT REVIEW	
<i>Para'Kito</i> Insect Repellent	p.20
HUMOUR	p.21

EDITORIAL

Stewart Island 40 Years Ago

August 1979 will mark 40 years since Max Reynolds and I paddled across Foveaux Strait and around Stewart Island. Fortunately I had finished writing *Dark Side of the Wave* before Max tragically drowned in the Aorere River on 19 January 1980.

At the time I was working as an instructor in the Mt. Aspiring National Park. For me they were dark days indeed, for we had been searching for two overdue climbers before a face rescue team flew in to French Ridge Hut. One of the team came up to me and said, "Your mate's dead!" Just like that!

Knowing I would have to be at Max's send-off, I flew out with Tim Wallis to Raspberry Flat, drove north to my home in Runanga, then rode the *Suzi 500* to Nelson. Another mutual caving buddy and I quaffed a bottle of port so I was able to do the funeral celebrant bit for Max and another climbing buddy.

Since *Dark Side of the Wave* has been out of print for 30 years now, I thought it was high time to re-visit that pivotal trip, and this time with words penned by Max Reynolds.

Te Waewae Bay Storm

This is another story that I have been sitting on for many years. Back in January 1991, three Nelson pad-

dlers set off from Te Waewae Bay, west of Bluff, for a paddle around the south coast to Dunedin. This was in the days of newspaper weather maps, well before on-line immediate access to weather websites. They were scarcely across the bay before a quick-moving southerly front boosted wind strength and swell height to really trying conditions. Even though the three paddlers were skilled paddlers, confident at rolling, all three ended up separated from their kayaks. After the longest time, they separately reached shore but all three must have been so close to drowning.

From Adrian Clayton NSW 4/2/19

You may have heard that Shaan Gresser (a NSW paddler) has recently completed a solo non-stop crossing of Bass Strait from Stanley in Tasmania to Tidal River on Wilsons Promontory. (Victoria). Around 220 kms taking 32 hours to complete. The feat has only been done by three others – Andrew McAuley, Stuart Trueman and Jason Beachcroft - so Shaan is the first woman to do it.

Cook Strait Ferry

The *Bluebridge* Ferry (Feb 2019) no longer takes walk-on kayaks, that is kayaks on trolleys walked onto the lower deck. Access from the ferry at Picton via a crucial gate has been removed, thus no walking off with kayaks at Picton. This leaves only the *Inter-Islander* now for walk-on-kayaks.

Editing and Layout: Paul Caffyn

Email: kayakpc@xtra.co.nz

Phone: (03) 73 11 806

Proofing: Lynda Ferguson, Sandy Ferguson

Thanks to all the marvellous contributors for their photos and stories

Deadline for Paul's last magazine: 22 May 2019

NZSK Number 200

Your thoughts on what to include in my last magazine (maybe one more) to celebrate reaching No. 200 are sought. 'Tis a pretty significant milestone for me and KASK.

Cover photo:

They just kept on rolling in! Great beach entertainment at the mid February annual Canterbury Sea Kayak Network training weekend. The foreground paddler, wishes to remain unidentified.

Photo: Jillian Wilson

Page 2 Top Left:

Groups gathering at Okains Bay, Saturday morning kick-off time. See Jillian's report on page 5.

Photo: Jillian Wilson

Page 2 Bottom Left:

David Welch giving instruction to his bunch of keen, new kayakers on the beach at Okains Bay

Photo: Jillian Wilson

Sealing the Fate of Kayaking in NZ? by Sandy Ferguson

After the annual Okains Bay Training Weekend, Waveney and I stayed on and on Monday put to sea. We paddled out of the main part of the bay, round to the left. It is cliffs with piles of rocks at their foot, possibly bigger piles since the earthquakes. There are a couple of nice caves but due to the seas we didn't bother going into them this time. Past the cliffs are a couple of sheltered sand beaches. A place to stop for a morning cup of tea and to watch a seal watching us as it swam by the edge of the sand.

What we did notice, and not seen before, was the seal population. There were probably a couple of dozen and at least one mother suckling her young pup. When I first started kayaking in the Abel Tasman National Park in the mid 1980s there might have been half a dozen seals on Tonga Island. It is now wall to wall seals. Now Banks Peninsula seems to be catching up.

There was one seal in Auckland harbour recently but the rest of the country has plenty. It has taken over a hundred years to build the Fiordland population back up after the European sealers took them and now the rest of the New Zealand coast is recovering after they were all eaten

by the Maori over the past 700 - 800 hundred years.

This leads to the question, are we going to have to push aside a seal or two before we can land on a beach for a cup of tea? Is it sealing the fate of sea kayaking in New Zealand?



Serina on my front deck at the 12 Mile. This was her overnight roost for several days. I was concerned she was going to start a rookery (colony).

President's Report March 2019 by Shaun Maclaren

With conditions such as we have had for the past few months, it makes me seriously want to consider cutting back on work and spending more time on the water! My recent trip to the Bay of Islands was the highlight of the summer with its magical on-water playground. Kayak Fest 2020 is now just under a year away and I can hardly wait to be back there again! Now, with summer waning and the darker, cooler crispy mornings, it becomes a lot harder to motivate oneself to get out of a warm bed and onto the water!

I apologize to you all for my recent e-newsletter being delayed, but with all of the activity and preparation for getting the launch of the new website and *Kayak Fest* online registration it had to take a back seat.

KASK Club Affiliation Membership
As you are no doubt aware, Club Affiliation Membership is a way for

KASK to be more encompassing. With the forthcoming launch of the KASK App, paddlers will be able to access such things as information on skills and safety, view resources from Coastguard Education, and be informed of trips and events that are planned and promoted by affiliated clubs.

The opportunity for an affiliated club to showcase the Paddling Film Festival to their community this year is way to increase interest, membership and benefit financially.

KASK will be offering all clubs, networks and associations an introductory membership period up until 31 August, so that they, and their members, can experience the offer and all that it entails.

To date, Hawkes Bay Canoe Club is affiliated, Nelson Canoe Club has taken up the introductory membership offer and a further three clubs are awaiting AGM approval.

With increased membership, KASK will be able to maintain a greater

voice at national forums and increased credibility with local bodies, regional councils and other regulatory bodies.

KASK Annual AGM

Remember this year's AGM will be online and will take place on Sunday 7 April 2019 at 8:00 pm. I encourage you all to participate, as this is your chance to be involved and have your say.

This year's online AGM will be more accessible to ALL KASK members regardless of where they are, to join the meeting, without having clunky software to download.

To register for the AGM, please go to:
<https://kask.co.nz/kask-home/agm/>

With the cooler conditions around the corner, may I suggest that if you haven't already done so, that you check the gaskets of your paddling jacket and or drysuit in preparation for the coming winter.

Safe and Happy Paddling,
Shaun Maclaren

TRAINING

Canterbury Network Annual Okains Bay Training Weekend by Jillian Wilson

See also Jillian's photos on
the cover and page 2

A strong southerly wind tore through the Okains Bay pine trees on the night of 15 February, waking everyone up who was camping, and making us wonder if paddling would be possible come the morn.

It was a relief to check the surf at daybreak and see that the wind had flattened the sea. It was as near to perfect as it could be.

Many cars with kayaks on top turned up on Friday night, camping out in the open, away from the trees that became treacherous in the bad storm last summer. More people and kayaks rolled in on Saturday morning too, totalling about 62 people.

The usual unplanned agenda gradually unfolded as people volunteered what they'd like to learn, being encouraged to be vocal about their wants by John Kirk-Anderson and David Welch. It proved to be a very effective ploy on their part and was used again at lunchtime as well as on Sunday morning.

Beginners went to the beach with David, being thoroughly encouraged in the basics. They then braved the suitably small surf and tried out their new skills. John Kirk-Anderson, Geoff Gillar, Steve Cooper, Ian McKenzie and Dave Aitken were all instrumental in teaching and reinforcing paddle strokes and self-assisted rescues.

The conditions were perfect for learning skills, with surf entries providing the best entertainment for the watchers on shore (see cover photo). With the surf just enough to be encouraging but not off-putting, many tried surfing for the first time, while others simply had fun.

Saturday night saw Sandy Ferguson digging deep in his box of tricks, demonstrating how kayaking extras need not be expensive.

Sunday morning saw a bunch paddling out to the heads in search of seals on the rocks, while others refreshed newly learned skills. Before they all departed though, Pete Sullivan was persuaded to demonstrate how a kayak should be altered inside, to fit a kayakers' body shape, to enable effective and efficient paddling. We need more of that teaching.

CSKN is indebted to all the instructors, including Sandy Ferguson and



"You can come out now! The surfing session is over and John Kirk-Anderson has gone for a cup of tea". Photo: Jillian Wilson

Pete Sullivan on shore, for all their expertise and accumulated years of wisdom. It was a super couple of days.

Jillian's Paddling Bio

Kayaking and photography - a favourite combination for me. Nursing a knee prior to travelling with walkers over the Griffel Range, on the Central Otago Cavalcade, I had lots of opportunities to see the kayakers and instructors having fun at Okains 2019. I've been paddling for about 12 years, mostly in Canterbury, but also other places in New Zealand and overseas. You meet such a great bunch of people kayaking - that's one of the best bits. Plus you get to visit magic places.



Paddling instruction on the estuary at Okains Bay; Geoff Gillar instructing two paddlers in a double. Photo: Jillian Wilson



Jillian Wilson

HISTORY

1979 Stewart Island Circumnavigation by Max Reynolds

First published in the *New Zealand Canoeing* magazine
1980 April No.17, pp 11-14, edited by Graham Egarr

Intro by Graham Egarr:

Max Reynolds and Paul Caffyn left Bluff in a 7°C frost on August 21 1979 to make the first unaccompanied kayak crossing of Foveaux Strait and then continued on to circumnavigate Stewart Island in an anti-clockwise direction. The trip took eight days, which must stand as a record for distance covered on any sea expedition of this type.

The following report of the trip was being prepared by Max at the time of his death on the Aorere River on January 1980.

Max and Paul had paddled together before, around Fiordland and the story of that trip is recounted in Paul's book *Obscured by Waves*. The team of Max and Paul must be ranked as one of the more formidable sea canoeing combinations to have tackled extended sea canoeing conditions in any remote area.

As Max said, after the trip, "The seas and coastline encountered were much like those that Frank Goodman had shown us with his slides of his Cape Horn trip. It was a chance to see the place, and after Fiordland, I just had to go to Stewart Island.

"The ruggedness of the coastline is so different from anything I've seen anywhere else in New Zealand. On the western coast, waves were rising up to 30 metres up the cliff faces – and we had only met with calm and moderate conditions – in a gale it would be no place to be in any sort of boat. The fishermen have really got to be admired for their work on that coastline."

The 256 kilometre trip, done in the same *Nordkapp* kayaks that they had used in Fiordland, was relatively incident free. The only real problems were strong winds.

Max Reynolds writes:

August 21:

There was some cloud early in the morning but it cleared quickly to provide bright sunshine. Despite this, the temperature was not to go above 4° all day. We departed Ocean Beach at 7:45 am intending to cross Foveaux Strait to Saddle Point on the island, however, conditions really were excellent despite the cold. A light south-westerly breeze was blowing and a slight following sea to push us on our way.

We had picked Saddle Point as our initial objective as that would give us the fastest crossing, being the least distance, but once into the open sea it became obvious that there would be no problem in heading direct across to Oban in Half Moon Bay. We were still intending, at this stage, to paddle clockwise about the island and by cutting across to Oban we would be on our way that much sooner. Of course we also needed to pick up extra gear at Oban that was being taken across the strait on the ferry.

By noon, Chalky and Jeannie White were settled in the bar at Oban wait-



Max and Paul testing a new steering system for their kayaks

ing for us, and Chalky picked us up about noon in a binocular sweep to the north. We stepped ashore at 12:15 pm and were whisked off to the hotel for hot soup, sandwiches and beer. A crossing of a mere 4.5 hours. We retired to Innes Dunstan's house (the Post Office) for hot baths and to spread out the maps and talk over the next few days' intentions with the local people whose knowledge of the coastline would prove to be our best guide.

Assisted by Richard Squires, a fisherman we had met in Fiordland, we changed our initial plan of paddling



Paul (left) and Max in Blaketown Lagoon, Greymouth, before a training paddle over the Grey River bar

clockwise around the Island. Richard was of the opinion that the current weather would hold a while and we would be best to push on down the more difficult west coast while we had the chance. Our ground support party, who were going to put in a food dump at Mason Bay were due to arrive by ferry the next day. There was little point in pushing on until they had arrived with some of the extra gear we needed. The fishing boat *Kiwi* would set off for Port Pegasus with another food dump for us.

August 22:

It rained during the night and the morning arrived with a cloudy sky that lasted all day; the wind was from the south-west and became quite blustery. The ferry arrived at 10:00 am with the support party plus our food and gear (including the repair kit I had left behind). We soon had all the gear packed and were away by 11:30 am, Paul was getting quite anxious to get away while conditions remained stable.

We made a whole four miles north to Mamaku Point where we sheltered for three hours from the wind. The wind dropped and we were away again at 4:00 pm in a slight slop from the south-west and made our objective, Christmas Village Bay by 5:40 pm. We spent the night in the Forest Service Hut there and made radio contact with our support party who had made Freshwater Hut on their way to Kilbride Homestead with our food dump.



Max and Paul leaving Halfmoon Bay for their Stewart Is. paddle



The Kilbride 'gang' at the old homestead at the south end of Mason Bay. From left, Maestro with the rifle, Max in op-shop underwear reading an Australasian Post, Lesley Hadley sitting on a whale vertebrae, Grant Hinchcliff with a machete, and Paul supping tea and fishing.

Photo: Mary Schaffery

So far it had been easy going, relatively, and was to remain so down to as far as Ruggedy Passage when the seas were to become considerably rougher.

August 23:

We left Christmas Village around 8:00 am with calm conditions. The paddling was very pleasant with the bush clad hills coming right down to sea level. The scenery was much like this to Saddle Point and beyond. We made a brief stop before Cave Point where we were chucked around considerably by a rough sea. We were now heading south after having rounded the northern most part of the island, Black Rock Point.

In the far corner of Long Harry Bay we noted the position of a hut in case the sea became too boisterous beyond Cave Point and we had to turn back. However, although the sea did get rougher, we made it to East Ruggedy beach at around noon for a spot of lunch and to visit the trapper's hut. Here we met the Aussie Jacko. We had met this character before on our Fiordland trip – he reckoned that we would never make it on that trip, and he was making the same assertions again!

Got away again at 1:15 pm through the inner passage; it was every rough going and the passage rather

psyched us out a bit, the scenery really was rugged, much like the Cape Horn area. We were now faced with a long drag down to the southern end of Mason Bay where the Kilbride Homestead is situated. Although the sea was calm, there was a huge ground swell rolling in, that gave a seven metre surf along the coast that made any thought of landing quite unreasonable, despite our concern regarding the likelihood of losing daylight before landing. We just made it; landing at 6:20 pm to find the ground support party had arrived with our food dump and were well established at the homestead.

August 24:

The day was delegated a rest day as yesterday was quite a push. We clambered over to look at 'the Gutter', a narrow gap between the mainland and a large rock island where waves break and wash up the cliffs more than 20 metres above the sea level. Quite some sight. We saw the support party off in the afternoon – they were to return back to Oban via Freshwater River.

August 25:

Conditions seemed very calm as we paddled out through the gap and down as far as The Gutter. We gave away any thought of going through as it seemed more than a little rough and opted for a camp in the bothy on



Max heading south from Tupari Bay, on the west coast of Stewart Island

Ernest Island as a more comfortable project for the day. Lloyd, on the fishing boat *Emerald Isles* was of the impression that we could have made it through, but I tended to think that we made the right decision.

August 26:

Another 8:00 am start off towards Doughboy Bay. The swell had decreased considerably as what little wind we did have came from the south-east and had knocked the south-westerly swell down considerably. Conditions remained good past Doughboy Bay. The scenery hereabouts really is spectacular with the cliffs rising unbroken from the sea, parted only occasionally by numerous waterfalls and sea caves. We were beginning to feel very tired as we rounded South Red Head Point so landed at Three-legged Wood Hen Bay for lunch and a rest at round noon.

We got away again at 1:00 pm to paddle the landward side of Rat Island making for Easy Harbour and beyond.

As we rounded the point before Easy Harbour, we caught sight of Gog and Magog shining silver in the sun and peeking from the drizzle that hung about the lower slopes. Owing to a strong south-easterly coming over the islands in the area, we had to really fight our way past Easy Harbour and thence easier going inside Big South Cape Island to Nicholson's Harbour where we planned to spend the night. The campsite proved to be very sheltered so spent the night under the bushes rather than pitch the tent.

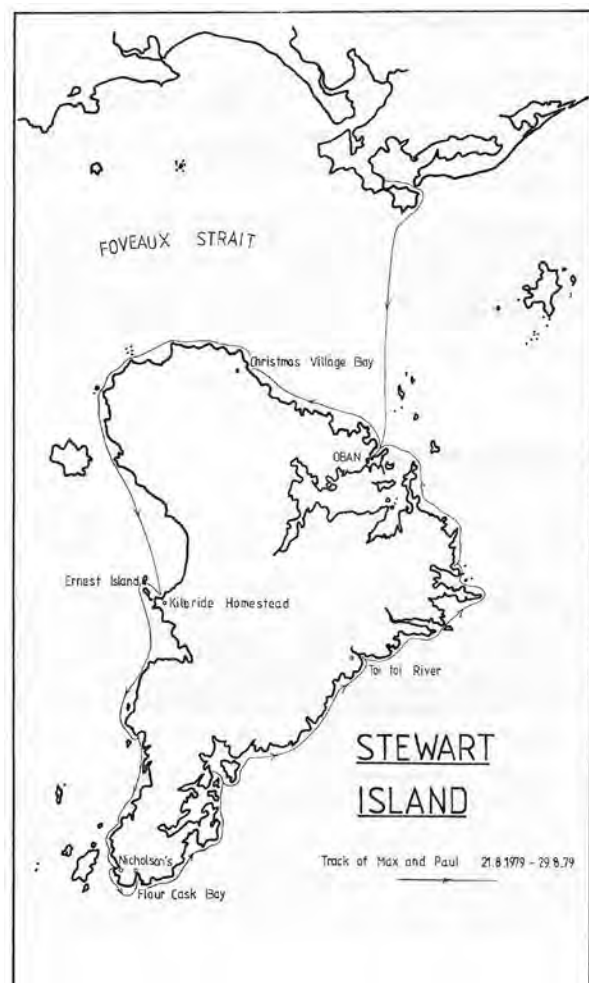
August 27:

We were going to attempt to round South West Cape – the crux of the trip. After this, we would be on the way home, paddling north. We got away at 8:00 am, again intending to head for Broad Bay. However, we didn't make it as we were forced back by a strong south-easterly wind and a tide race. We spent most of the day aboard Gary Neaves' boat

Toanui crayfishing. Made another attempt to round the cape for Flour Cask Bay at 5:00 pm. The winds had died but the backlash off the cliffs made for exciting paddling. Paul was all keyed up and flew along, I didn't even try staying with him. The beach gave an easy landing.

We noticed a series of paths, or tracks on the hillock at the back of the flat tussocky area where we had pitched the tent. There was a rustling noise on the pebble beach that night; we thought it might be a deer. All was explained in the morning – a very large sea elephant was making his way uphill and into the scrub. This also explained the strange marks we had seen; the sea elephants climb the hillock for a spot of sun and when they have had enough they slide down to the sea. As we had pitched our tent right across one of these tracks, it was a good thing they decided not to try this trick during the night. You can imagine the fun we would have had sharing the tent with a sea elephant!

Graham Egarr's map showing Max and Paul's Foveaux Strait crossing and circuit of Stewart Island





Paul off Nicholson's Harbour. Photo: Evan France

August 28:

Another 8:00 am departure, encouraged by the presence of the sea elephant. This time I was in fine paddling form and was enjoying a truly fantastic trip along to South Cape with a good south-west wind and the flood tide with us; the odd surf ride gave us a push. It took $\frac{3}{4}$ hour to reach and round the cape and immediately reached calmer waters.

Fantastic; we had turned our kayaks towards home at last and from here, we had been told, we were practically home and hosed. The scenery also changed, from tall cliffs and the land horizon above us, now we could see four or five miles inland over the gently angled hills to where Gog and Magog dwelt in their perpetual mists.

We arrived at Port Pegasus and our food dump placed by the *Kiwi*. As we had ample supplies of food aboard

still, we had to decide whether to abandon the dump or get it collected. Fortunately our friendly fisherman turned up at that moment and offered to take it back to Oban for us.

We left Port Pegasus at 1:15 pm with a strong following wind and swell which provided a good time up to the Toi Toi Bay. Arrived at 6:00 pm giving us a distance of around 35 miles for the day. Toi Toi had a very sheltered campsite up off the river. The radio sched included the remark that we might beat the shore party back to Oban!

August 29:

The usual rush of packing and breakfast, then off into a choppy sea heading for Port Adventure, East Cape and home. My right arm was sore and giving a bit of trouble. We met one fishing boat just before Lords River and another at the Lords River

itself. Both boats stopped to encourage us, telling us that once we were through the gap between the Shelter Islands, the sea would smooth out – they were right! Calm conditions allowed us to move more rapidly up past Port Adventure around Starling Head where we fought a strong headwind into Sinbads Mistake for a welcome lunch break. Paul was so cold that he ate while running on the spot for half an hour.

We departed the lunch spot at 1:00 pm, heading for East Cape, fighting headwinds all the way as they were from the west and we were now paddling due east. It seemed like hours (and it was) before we sighted Bullers Point. The *Kiwi* with a party of tourists came and took a look at us and advised us to move inshore more to avoid most of the wind. Struggling into that wind I felt like tossing it in and camping for the night; to heck with making Oban that night. Just as I had those thoughts on my mind, the wind stopped. It was amazing, I couldn't work out why paddling was so easy all of a sudden. The wind stopping had removed a lot of weight off the paddles and I automatically had picked up on my paddling rate.

Not long after, we rounded Ackers Point and once more saw Oban before us. Another half hour and it was all over, we stepped ashore to a round of applause from the locals and a bottle of beer left for us by Chalky and Jeannie!



Paul (red parka) and Max pushing into a strong tidal stream between South Cape and Flour Cask Bay. Photo: Evan France



Max Reynolds
1948 - 1980

The 'Bugger!' File

Te Waewae Bay Storm

photos: Craig Hornblow

Bevan Walker was well on his way to completing a South Island kayak circumnavigation in a series of stages. He and Craig Hornblow had achieved a very fast paddle around Fiordland from Te Waewae Bay to Jackson Bay inside 14 days.

In January 1991, Bevan set off from Te Waewae Bay (west of Riverton) with Craig and Daniel Scoltock for his next stage around south-east coast to Dunedin. Not long after launching, they were hit by a savage southerly storm.

Safely on shore, Craig had the presence of mind to make a tape recording of their thoughts having survived a savage encounter with a swiftly moving cold front. This was in the days before looking up weather forecasts on a cellphone. It shows just how quickly a reasonable day on the water can deteriorate into a pure survival situation.

January 1991

Bevan Walker, Craig Hornblow and Daniel Scoltock

Transcript of a tape recording, sent to Paul Caffyn by Craig on 14 April 1998.

Bevan:

Moderate surf is coming in. It looks manageable if we can break out. Loading the kayaks up. Down on the waterfront we pushed off, I was just behind Craig and Dan. Breaking out through the bigger surf one almighty big wave hit me, rolled me over. I rolled up. We headed east towards Pahia Point with an average roll coming in of about two metres and some of them slightly bigger. About an hour out, the cloud came down and a bit of rain came in. A squall passed by over the top and a big swell started to lift up. Dan got hit by a large breaking wave, which rolled him over, but with a well-executed roll he surfaced.

The rain-squalls got bigger, the wind was picking up, and the swell was lifting. Now and again there were massive big breaking waves. The

swell was side on and every now and again, we had to front up to them and barrel over the top. One hit me - it was big and just rolled me over and over. I surfaced. Finally got my rolling into gear but it just didn't seem to want to do it. This was no good after several attempts and I surfaced out of the cockpit. We rafted up and I was back in the cockpit. Bailing the water out we decided to go straight into the beach. By now the swell was lifting even bigger, perhaps three metres, on the big ones even more. The beach was about one mile in. It felt like 10 miles.

We were sliding down the crest of these big surfing waves with massive big whitecaps, perhaps 30 metres in length, that's the whitecaps and the swell was even bigger perhaps ducking 4 or 5 metres by now and getting closer. The water was getting shallower. A large wave hit Dan. He was pulled out of the cockpit and we were making the decision to leave his boat and tow him in and then this super big wave hit all of us. We did 180's and 360's and backward flips down these big waves.

Craig and I got sucked out of the kayaks. A large crack on the deck of my kayak and through the hull and Dan's buoyancy vest was sucked off him. I managed to climb up on deck. I was only a few metres from Craig, but Dan was out perhaps 40 metres. Another big large wave hit me, the kayak was pushed in shorewards about 50 metres. I managed to swim over to Craig and we both hung on to his kayak.

Dan had got back onto his kayak but then he got hit by another big large wave, and we saw his kayak surfing backward towards the shore. It looked quite incredible with the speed. It was going backwards and then it vanished. We didn't see it again until we got to the shore. We were hit by a bigger wave and tumbled around upside down - backward flips again.

Daniel:

This is what happened to me just after I got wiped out. I saw this huge wave go past, it was breaking and I saw Bevan and Craig in front of me; then they disappeared behind this big wave.

The big wave went past and I saw two upturned hulls and two heads pop up so that was the last I saw of them for a little while. I followed on to my boat and a large wave came and wiped it out of my hands and that's the last I saw of it until I got to shore and then after that, I don't know.

I got washed out of my boat and it took off. I occasionally saw Bevan and Craig on top of the waves but that's the last I saw of them until they got to shore as well and I just started to do a side-stroke, hoping like hell I would get to shore. After what seemed like about 10 years in the water, I eventually saw the shore and I was about had it at this time and so I just cruised in and the last two waves picked me up and rolled me up the beach and that's about it. I was freezing cold and lucky Craig was here and he got a fire going and warmed us up. Then we stayed warm.

Craig:

We left Te Waewae, got outside the surf, a little larger then last year, not too bad, about 9:50 am and headed off for Pahia Point. Cruising along pretty well - we could see a bit of a front coming through, but we thought it might be a bit of a rain squall, not too much but the wind started picking up 20 knots, 25 gusting through 30 - 35. Midday, steepest waves started breaking. It was getting a bit nerve-racking really. Then one wave broke over Daniel and rolled him over. He got up all right. Boat a bit full of water though. Emptied that out and kept on paddling.

Still aiming to get past Pahia Point, to a safe landing on the other side, but the wind didn't ease and the

swell got bigger and we started to have second thoughts about where we were heading for. Then we decided to go inside Pahia Point, aimed a bit closer into shore. A little while later, a big wave hit Bevan, rolled him over. I thought, not a problem, he will be up any minute, looked back, no he's still under!

Oh well no worries, looked back again and he's out of his boat, sitting on top of it. So we cruised over and helped him in. He was shaken a bit and it took a while to get the water out. The wind was still pounding away; the sea was still large so we decided to head in.

We started moving in towards the shore, not realizing the waves were getting bigger and bigger, and then Daniel rolled out of his boat. Seemed really too close to shore to get him back in, so started swimming with it. But that was slow progress so we decided to leave his boat and for him to hold on to mine. Just then a huge swell hit Bevan and I, and all three of us headed off down the wave. I was upside down, screaming along this wave. I felt like the paddle was getting ripped out of my arms. My lifejacket got ripped off, I was gasping for breath but none to be seen, and just getting tumbled end over end. Came up and I was dizzy, gasping for breath. Took a few breaths, dizzy, couldn't see which was shore and which was the sea.

Couldn't see Bevan. Couldn't see Daniel and then caught a glimpse of them. Saw everybody was holding on to their boats, which was the most important thing to get us to shore. The next wave came along and Bevan's boat got ripped out of his hands and cruised off ahead of him. He swam over and we both clung onto my boat. The next big wave looking back, a sinking feeling in my gut, I could see Daniel's boat screaming down the face of the wave but he wasn't there. So he was alone out there in the surf and we couldn't see him. Bevan and I held on for all we were worth. Survive, survive is all we could think. Gotta get back, gotta get back. Hit the beach, hit the beach and every now and again



This photo of Daniel reveals the incredible power of the storm waves generated in Te Waewae Bay; a paddle missing one blade, rudders ripped off kayak sterns and Daniel's boat missing its bow section

as the time passed we looked back and could see Daniel bobbing up and down but then that was it, no more, we couldn't see him. We didn't want to think about it. We certainly didn't talk about it. But hopefully we would all make it to the beach.

First and foremost it was me - I've got to get to the beach, then the other two. Finally saw the beach. Got tumbled up onto the beach. I dragged the boat up. Bevan crawled his way to the top of the beach. Dizzy, couldn't see, freezing cold. Vision was impaired. We got over the bank and down the other side out of the wind. Dragged the boat down and put some dry clothes on. Daniel was nowhere to be seen. We still didn't want to think about it. Still didn't talk about it. And then over the bank he comes yelling, "I'm here, I'm here." And we all felt good about it. All bloody cold.

So we all huddled together. Tried to get some clothes on. Got warm and just felt thankful we all made it to the beach. Once we got warm and had a look around, made a little mai-mai to get warm, lit a fire and then went out scavenged for our gear that washed up on the beach. Found bits and pieces. Sleeping mats, booties that had been ripped off in the surf. "Oh look, there's Daniel's kayak, no it's not, yes it is, no it's not, it's half of it".

So the kayak and a half later. One paddle broken. A bit of pride knocked about, but we were all safe and sound sitting on the beach by the fire hearing the roaring surf and the foam blowing over our heads. Just thankful to be sitting on the beach together, buddies.

Bevan:

We got tumbled around several times and several large waves crested over the top of us. We were covered in foam sometimes. One time I got sucked down underneath and when I surfaced my head was in the cockpit. Thud my head - dragged my wounded body and lay on the upturned hull. Another wave smashed over the top of us. This one just dragged me away from the kayak. I ended up doing backstroke. I found that was the easiest way and I could get plenty of air into me, that's what I needed. Made my way back to Craig who was hanging on to his kayak.

We could see the shingle beach by now. Grey, steep beach it was covered in white foam whipped up by this instant storm that came our way. A large wave tumbled us up the beach and all I could do was to slowly drag my body, crawling out of the way of the big cresting waves that were tumbling on the beach. I helped Craig a little bit with his kayak and he said, "Look there's a mai-mai, lets go in there". My vision was slightly blurred. I did some deep breaths and



View east to Pahia Point from where Bevan, Craig and Daniel safely reached the gravel beach. Massive seas out to the southern horizon

got more air into me. When I was upside down, the water must have been pushed down my nose and into my lungs. I felt like having a chuck but managed to stick with it.

We heard Daniel to one side yell out, "I'm here". He came over. With Craig on one side and Daniel on the other we made it back to the mai-mai about 30 metres out of the way of the wind. Craig went back for my kayak, which somehow got to the beach. It was high and dry, way up in amongst the driftwood. He got some dry clothes and a sleeping bag out of it and brought it back to the mai-mai. With some dry clothes to put on, I crawled myself into my sleeping bag and Daniel crawled into Craig's sleeping bag.

Then Craig got a fire going. It took half an hour or even longer to warm up. I could hear Daniel beside me. He was still gasping for air. You really got tumbled out there. Poor Dan, he was doing 360's down these big waves. I thought we would have to

give him a bit of air when he got to shore but no he was all right. Toward evening the wind died off a little, and the cloud disappeared and a little bit of sun came out and we started to dry our gear. Daniel had lost some of his clothes so we did a little bit of a beach walk and found quite a bit of it scattered along.

Some of it was about half a kilometre away washed up. The tide was going out. Back to camp and put the tents up. Had a good feast and crawled into our sleeping bags. I had a painful finger. I got it a bit squashed out at sea. I was hanging on to the deck ropes so hard, the finger sort of got in between something and ended up going black.

Next morning came along. The sea was still fairly large, not quite as big as the day before but that was the end of our trip. Craig went into Invercargill, got the ute and came back and we were on our way back home.

Bevan's kayak splattered with foam, on the landward side of the gravel beach berm. It was swept over the berm without Bevan by one of the big breakers.



Fiordland to the west, Riverton to the east; bottom of the South Island



TECHNICAL

Don't Pooh-pooh the Paddle Float*

by Adrian Clayton

There are numerous articles in the international sea kayaking media where highly experienced paddlers have been caught out due to long-held skills going AWOL in a time of need. The article *Cold Water, without a Plan* by Andrew Eddy appearing in *NSW Sea Kayaker* No. 84 is a great example.

In an article in *New Zealand Sea Canoeist* No.177, BCU 5-star paddler (a qualification about as good as you can get) John Kirk-Anderson (JKA) wrote of such an occasion. Capsizing in gnarly conditions (30 knots gusting close to 40) while paddling alone in Lyttelton Harbour near Christchurch, he found himself swimming in 10° C water due to a failed roll. Repeated attempts to re-enter and roll didn't work and he eventually extracted himself from a potentially fatal predicament by using a paddle float to assist his roll.

For quite some time I've felt there was a stigma to be seen carrying a paddle float (perhaps an admission of a lack of confidence in one's skills?). I know of others within our Club who feel the same way. Beyond the Club, do a Dr. Google search and you will find there are detractors – some verging on hysteria. See:

<http://www.sponsonguy.com/DeadlyPaddlefloatFraud.html>

- on the use of the paddle float as a self-rescue device.



Rae Duffy mid-way through a standard paddle float assisted self-rescue (Rae favours the re-entry and roll with a paddle float rather than over-the-deck method shown above)

The paddle-float assisted re-entry is the most common form of self-rescue where a float is used. It is nicely demonstrated and explained in the NSW club's Basic Skills training pages on its web site. See:

<https://www.nswseakayaker.asn.au/index.php/homepage/basic-skills/scramble-aka-cowboy-self-rescue>.

However, the big question mark for some is how effective this form of self-rescue is likely to be in conditions such as described in the JKA

incident above – particularly when being attempted by less experienced paddlers. (Another form of the paddle float-aided recovery can be seen on viewed at:

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=FbIW-rQtqVQ>.

It incorporates a heel hook re-entry and looks as though it might be an improvement on what we currently teach.

A more reliable form of self-rescue for the moderately-skilled roller would be a paddle float-assisted re-entry and roll.

Using the paddle float with a full-length paddle, as the JKA incident above shows, is definitely worth a try even if you, like me, don't have that guaranteed bombproof roll. (Note that JKA has his hands placed to give more extension of the paddle – another technique used to strengthen the roll.)



John Kirk-Anderson pleased to be upright after a successful paddle float self-rescue on Lyttelton Harbour

*The article was originally published in the NSW Sea Kayak Club's magazine *Salt* No. 108 in July 2018.

There are other scenarios where a paddle-float assisted re-entry and roll is worth trying:

Using the paddle float with a broken paddle:

At R'nR2018, one of the *Pogies* video entries depicted a paddler out of his kayak after an encounter with a big wave. The front hatch was full of water and his paddle was broken in two. What followed provided much mirth within the audience as recovery efforts presented a text book example of what not to do (and some good lessons came through). Assuming a paddle float had been available, an attempt to re-enter and roll with the float attached to the longer section of the broken paddle would have been an early option to try.

Using the paddle float without a paddle:

In a scenario where you are on your own and in the water desperately holding onto your kayak while your paddle has been carried off by the wind, the waves, the current, etc., your paddle float just might be the ticket to your survival. Using it without a paddle to re-enter and roll is possible but is a top-end skill that needs to be regularly practised in the relevant conditions.



Fernando Charnis upright after re-entering and rolling his kayak with the aid of a paddle float only. Photo Adrian Clayton

Other applications where a paddle float (or two) will assist in a rescue situation:

- increased bracing support for re-entry of second swimmer into a double sea kayak.
- a 1:1 tow of an incapacitated paddler: attaching a float to each end of an incapacitated kayaker's paddle thus providing the stability of an outrigger on each side of the kayak. (The "Goddess of Sea Kayaking", Freya Hoffmeister, used a similar configuration during her circumnavigation of Australia back in 2009. When crossing the Gulf of Carpentaria direct (taking seven days to do so), she was able to grab some precious sleep at

night by stabilizing her kayak using her paddle, with floats attached at either end, firmly secured behind her cockpit.)

- as a buoyancy aid in a flooded hatch. Our friend with the broken paddle and flooded front hatch referred to above, if alone, could have used an inflated paddle float (more than one would be better) to fill some of the volume in the flooded hatch and thus make his kayak easier to control. A similar application could be useful in the case of a holed hull resulting from impact with rocks, other craft, etc.



Adrian Clayton righting his kayak after re-entering and rolling with a 'broken' (half) paddle with float attached. Photo Nick Blacklock



Using a couple of paddle floats to provide buoyancy and stabilize the kayak while the flooded front hatch is pumped out. Yet to be tested in more challenging conditions.

After missing his roll in strong winds on Lyttleton Harbour John Kirk-Anderson wrote a superb article for the KASK magazine titled 'Complacency and Skills Erosion' See No. 177, June - July 2015, pages 8 - 10. Well worth reading!



An incapacitated paddler under tow getting support from a couple of paddle floats. Photo Adrian Clayton

Other uses for a paddle float:

- learning the roll (photo below) with and without assistance. Using the paddle float as a tool to develop and maintain one's roll is not a new idea. Seal hunters in Greenland used a 'hunting' float, known as an *avataq*, made from seal skin to secure their catch while they went in search of more prey. In time, they realised that the float had other applications – one being as an aid to assist their rolls.

Visiting high-profile exponents of Greenland rolling, Cheri Perry and Turner Wilson, used modern-day *avataqs* when providing Greenland

rolling tuition to Club members a few years back.

- As a pillow when camping – a partially inflated paddle float generously swathed in a polar fleece or similar will make for a comfortable headrest. Take a float with you to double as a pillow on your next camping trip to free up space for something else you'd like to take with you.

- As a back support in the kayak – your back band is broken and you don't have the tools with you to fix it. A partially inflated float could be the answer to give you

the back support you need to finish your trip in relative comfort.

An ageing body and diminishing skills now have me always carrying a paddle float securely stowed under my front deck bungies - if it's good enough for JKA then it's good enough for me. In fact, after you read this article, you might agree that there's a strong case in favour of carrying two paddle floats when paddling solo.

Important note:

Please don't think this article implies that by always carrying a paddle float (or two) you have the means of recovering from an unintentional capsized swim. Like all of our skills, paddle float self-rescues, whatever their form, once learnt require regular practice at the pointy end of the conditions in which you paddle.

Personal experience tells me that recovery skills developed in calm water are most unlikely to cut it when you find yourself swimming after being knocked over by a 30-knot plus gust. Just make sure that when you practise you have a safety net (e.g. a paddling companion competent in performing an assisted rescue) in the case of an unsuccessful attempt.



Using the paddle float as an aid towards learning to roll.



Adrian Clayton

Adrian's Paddling Bio

Adrian has been sea kayaking for 20 years. He is a qualified *Paddle Australia* Sea Kayak Instructor and Assessor and earns a little bit of pocket money giving lessons and guiding. He has paddled in various parts of the world including New Zealand, USA and extensively throughout the Mediterranean. Major expeditions include a Bass Strait crossing in 2006, Southern Tasmania 2014, Eastern Tasmania in 2018. In 2017 he completed the last leg of his quest to paddle the full length of the coast of NSW.

Increased bracing support for re-entry of second swimmer into a double sea kayak. Photo: JKA



OVERSEAS REPORTS

Patagonia 2007 by Hugo Meares

See also photos on
page 23

Back in 2007, the family decided that a family trip to Chile was in order. Like any committed kayaker, I agreed, ran to my laptop and checked out paddling options for South America. One place came up again and again, Patagonia.

Patagonia, I was informed is a 'sparsely populated region located at the southern end of South America, shared by Argentina and Chile.' After looking at some options, one became clear, a five day guided trip with *Tu Travesia* up to the legendary Geike glacier. With some joy, a credit card and a sense of 'booyeah', I booked myself on the Boxing Day trip.

There is northern Patagonia and there is the real thing, southern Patagonia. The capital is Punta Arenas. A few hours up the road is Puerto Natales, a genuine Chilean cowboy town and the gateway for some of the best Andean kayaking around.

I met with the guide German Doggenweiler, (pronounced Herman). German was originally from warm, sunny central Chile. However he fell in love with kayaking and Patagonia, and followed his heart south to open a kayak touring company. I wanted to make sure that I was going with a guide who knew his stuff. German's

English was limited, my Spanish less, so through his wife we communicated. To establish credibility I told him about a recent trip out to the Noises in the Hauraki Gulf. I thought he would be more impressed. He told me about his recent trip to Cabo de Hornos. I told him that I had never heard of the place and it did not seem like a big deal. His wife told me that it was a solo trip from Puerto Natales to Cape Horn in winter lasting many weeks. The face on the front cover of the National Geographic she showed looked like German's, so I figured he was legit. We got into preparation.

In terms of conditions, Patagonia is cold, it is a given. However they don't get too worked up about it. Cold is cold. Nor do they get too worked up about rain. The issue is wind. El viento. El Freakin Viento. It will be windy, the questions are really around 'how windy?' and 'from where?' plus 'for how long?'. Given the wind, combined with rugged mountain rivers, the choice of *Necky Elaho HV* boats was a good one. Plastic, five metres in length, low windage, ruddered, good storage. Paddles were *Werners*. Dry suits were not an option, so we rigged up in 'Farmer Johns', booties and polypro.

The trip plan was down river, then up river, then some days on the lake on the glacier then down a new river to a fiord. It is amazing how simple all that sounds in writing. Brochures are designed to seduce. Things were a little different on the water I would later discover.

Put in was a couple of hours drive out of town. The *Necky* boats had counter-balanced rudder pedals where both feet move when you steer. Interesting when rigging the kayak on the bank. More interesting when 2 kms downstream and you realize the action is quite different to standard New Zealand rudder pedals, tricky time to learn.

One of the best things I did on this trip was almost no research. What that meant was expectations were low and surprise experiences were very high. Day One down river was great. As a sea kayaker, my river paddling has been limited, so cruising down a current with the Andes wandering past on your right was divine. After an hour our river combined with another. Always interesting, however when they are two completely different colours of white and blue even better. They then mixed to create a river of startling munsell blue. All very fast and visually fascinating.



Hugo (right) with his guide German Doggenweiler



The yellow line shows the route followed by Hugo and his guide along the Serrano River to Geike lake with the Geike Glacier at top left.



Heading down river on day one of the paddle

Day One also included a portage around a waterfall. I made it to the left bank in time. Just in time. The word in Spanish for waterfall is 'la cascada'. Good to know I say, good to know. The first night camping in the Andean foothills was a buzz as first nights so often are. I got a taste of what was to come when the glacier was pointed out far away in the foothills with a merry 'tomorrow we go up there'.

When I think rivers, downstream is the main direction in my mind. Day Two however, was upstream. Time to head up the valley to Geike Glacier. The terrain was a braided river system. A river breaking into streams then going back into river. Large ponds randomly created, only to be reconnected to the river in a few months. As the terrain was always changing, the route needed to be replanned by German each trip.

We headed up stream by paddling, portage and a towing system. Towing was achieved by putting line on a bow and stern of a kayak for both steering and pulling, then putting the second boat behind as a straight tow. German said he could tow up to five that way. It is dependent on the river bank, however worked very well as a complement to paddling and portaging. Such a nice word 'portaging'. It evokes such an adventurous vibe. The reality is physical, energy sapping exertion of lifting and carrying boats. This was the only day I 'went in'. Water temp was around 2°C. It was cold, very cold. This was the longest, toughest day on the trip.

As we approached the lake, the river steepened and I encountered my first ice berg. It was the size of a *Datsun* and sat square in the middle of the river. I was joyful, really, really joyful. German, who must have seen more than 150,000 ice bergs in his day, was joyful with me. A good dude. Getting to the top of this river was one of the most challenging paddles of my life.

The banks became steep, the current increased markedly. The only way up was to paddle hard. That really intense paddling moment when you are going forward really slowly and there is still lots to go. Head down, paddle hard, again and again. As we approached the rim of the lake, the current started to ease, the mountains loomed up and we were greeted with a plethora of icebergs on a pristine Andean lake. Magical! We were on the glacier lake.

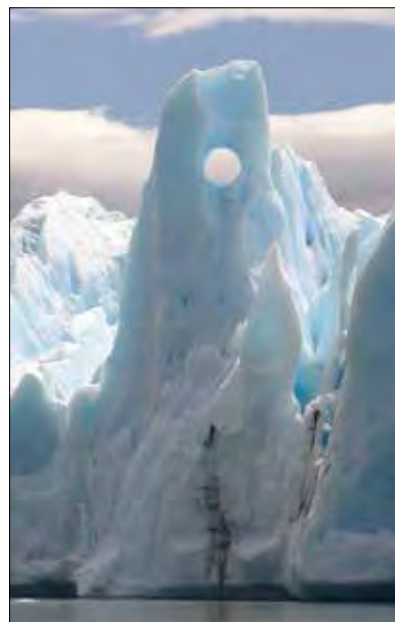
To celebrate we headed off on a 'woo hoo!' circuit. Tiredness and cold were gone. Pure exhilaration paddled me around the point to see the glacier from the lake. There are many things I love about paddling around ice. The look, the feel. However it is the tinkling that stays with me, the cocktail tones of ice bouncing up against each other in the cool Patagonian wind. Ice, the fourth dimension in kayaking.

We camped in a bay around from the glacier. Good panorama, nice beach, sheltered from the wind. German was busy with his tarp. Tweaked it up, got it sweet. Open camping in

Patagonia, nice. We settled in for evening, a good night's sleep was had.

It took me about 90 minutes into the next morning to realize what was going on. Up above camp, real close was an Andean range. Full with snow. The first avalanche just startled me a bit. The second one was more of a buzz. Visual movement first, followed by sound, then the secondary move down the cliff. A fair amount energy was put out till it dawned on me, like ice bergs and jack rabbits, avalanches were regular. You see them before you hear them, perpetual entertainment.

The trip up to the glacier started just after eight. In terms of risk, the factors were navigating ice, cold and waves. Wind was good, the sky was clear and sunny. The issue with waves is all about calving. Glaciers are slow moving rivers of ice. However, as they move they break off, it's called calving. When a wall of ice 85 metres high hits water in a round deep lake, waves bounce around like a bath tub with a bowling ball dropped in it. Steep waves, fast with slow dissipation. Vegetation was low close to the water, as most of the soil and plants had washed out by waves up to five meters. If calving occurred, the approach was to head for the lake centre and paddle the whole thing out. Right!



Towering ice sculptures in the calving glacier front



Paddling through icebergs which had calved from the Geike Glacier - it is sometimes called the Tyndall Glacier which made things confusing.

Icebergs are great. Sizes, colours, sounds. And grit. Glaciers grind mountains out. They carry their booty of stones on their backs to the rivers. So some icebergs are full ice of gorgeous blues and whites. Some bergs have a few rocks on them. Some are gritty, stony blocks rich with mountain's debris like broken teeth.

The ice constantly moved. The dangerous bergs were the slushies. With a water temp of well under five degrees, ice melts slowly. So the ice would settle in just under the water, thick and slow like a net. Tricky to spot while paddling, good to avoid given the risk of being caught or going in.

The glacier was amazing. Started at the south end, cruised along the face. Went in nice and close, kept an eye on the ice wall the whole time. Loved the noise, the creaking, the talking as it moved. Then we were back into the icebergs for a circuit before breaking for lunch. Lunch was back down the lake on the north side.

We lunched facing the glacier, sitting high. The boats were facing the water paddles at hand. If calving creates a wave, the hills are still too steep to climb. The plan was to get back in the kayaks and paddle it out on the lake. Good to know.

That point of the trip when you are the furthest from the take out is always special. That was lunch. Furthest in terms of distance but to some degree also time and emotional state. We meandered through icebergs on the way back to base camp. By now paddling around icebergs was as natural as walking between cars down a Ponsonby back street at 2:00 am. Base camp felt like home.

A great meal, good companionship, lovely smooth charm of avalanches. I slept early and well. The tinkle of glass serenading me.

The day on the lake was special. I had thought about it a bit beforehand

of course. However it exceeded any expectations. Exceeding expectations was the theme of this trip because I was about to have the river trip of my life.

We breakfasted well. Suited up, went around the point for 10 minutes to salute the glacier and say goodbye. Then we headed for the river. That amazing feeling of intermediateness when you start to feel the pull of the current as you approach a wall of water dropping down off the horizon. With a couple of taps of the blade the boat was in the current and heading down stream.

Good current, good depth of water. It took me the joy of navigating my first set of turns to realize that I was hot-dogging down an Andean braided river in Patagonia. One of the best paddles of my life. Left, right! Calling the path. German overtaking, me taking the lead back. A quick grounding each before the river steadied and we headed for the fiord.

The land drops quickly from the Andes on the west coast and we were back to flat water way too soon.

Patagonia ! Jackrabbits, braided rivers, ice, avalanches and good company. The best trip ever.

I got lucky with the wind, the guide and trip. Good times.



Paddling past the calving face of the Geike Glacier

HEALTH

Paddling Post Hip Surgery

by John Kirk-Anderson

Having to do lay-back rolls was final proof that it was time to become a hippy.

After putting up with a tight hip, despite massages and stretching, for maybe a couple of years, I finally went to my doctor, who took five seconds to tell me I had osteoarthritis and I'd need a hip replacement.

I told him he was wrong. He said he wasn't, but an X-ray would confirm it.

Turns out he knows more about these things than me, so I was soon off to talk to an orthopaedic surgeon. He was very relaxed about his plans to chop me up and insert bionic parts. He explained that I was not in danger of a catastrophic joint failure, so I could come back to see him for the surgery when I got tired of the pain and mobility issues. He told me that after getting an artificial hip I wouldn't be able to run or do any martial arts, but kayaking should be okay as long as I didn't do any twisting.

I didn't feel I was in any real pain, but I did notice progressive loss of mobility, eventually getting to the stage that I had to lean back to lift my foot up onto a step. I also developed a constant limp, although it took other people telling me this to realize it - my body had simply adjusted to the pain/tightness without me noticing. Doing up shoelaces became a major exercise and getting in and out of my *Nordkapp*, which has a small ocean cockpit, was getting a bit challenging. My rolls were becoming pretty messy, and eventually I couldn't lean forward enough to set up so I switched to reverse screw rolls, with a lay-back start and finish.

About three years after first seeing the surgeon I decided enough was enough. I had spent the time trying to get as strong as I could, knowing that surgery was going to change lots of things. Medical professionals and the web told me I wouldn't ever be able to bend my leg past 90°, I wouldn't



JKA post hip replacement surgery

be able to cross my legs, I'd never be able to twist and I'd always be at risk of dislocation. I found very little information on kayaking post hip replacement, and I expected the worst.

I did have a cunning plan to keep me paddling while rehabilitating. I fitted a surf ski with a raised seat, which I figured would keep my leg-hip angle less than 90°, in the safe zone. Expecting it to be a bit tippy I thought about fitting outriggers, but decided that glueing foam blocks on the side would increase the width and should make it easier to paddle. I prepared this in the week before my operation and took it for a spin.

Well, spin is probably the correct description as that's pretty much what happened! I barely took a couple of strokes before I was swimming. Glueing a couple of pieces of foam on the sides did not compensate for raising the seat about 20 centimetres on an already tippy surf ski. I simply couldn't stay on the cursed thing. What had seemed like a good idea was actually pretty daft. It went back in the shed and I went off to the hospital.

The surgery went very well, and I was walking without needing crutches in three days. Over the next two



weeks I walked lots, including a six-kilometre walk on hills. This caused my physio to have a meltdown and I was promptly grounded. It seems that when the surgeon said 'do lots of walking' he and I had different opinions on 'lots'.

I decided that the doctors would tell me what I couldn't do, but it was up to me to find out what I could do.

After six weeks my wife allowed me to try paddling. Accompanied by my long-time friend and mentor, Pete Sullivan, I want for a very short paddle in one of my kayaks with a larger cockpit.

It felt great. I was very careful to monitor my leg position and ensure I didn't lean too far forward or back, and getting in and out was an exercise in slow, controlled movement. Think tai chi at glacial pace!

Gradually I built up my time in the boat and before long I was doing rolls, which were smoother than they had been in years.

Having eight weeks to rehab allowed me to work on other issues, such as tight hamstrings and a creaky shoulder. Now I'm moving more smoothly than I have for years, and my improved core strength is noticeable. My surgeon says I have a very stable hip joint, and I'd have to be pretty stupid to dislocate it.

Funnily enough, I continued to limp, until it was pointed out to me that I was doing so. My body had simply defaulted to its previous pattern of movement and I had to make a conscious effort to re-educate it to walk properly, which didn't take long.

Mobility drills are now part of my daily routine, and I work hard on building strength. My leg now flexes to the same angle as my 'good' hip, I can drop down into 'ass-to-grass' squats, and I'm back doing jiu jitsu - cautiously. I've accepted that I'm now an ex-runner, but I do lots of pack-walking to compensate.

I feel like I've had a second chance, and rolls are once again fun!

BOOK REVIEW

Title: *White Eskimo*

Subtitle: *Knud Rasmussen's Fearless Journey into the Heart of the Arctic*

Author: Stephen R. Bown

Published: 2015

Publisher: Da Capo Press

Contents: 431 pp, two b&w plate sections, 5 maps, bibliography & index

Cover: hardcover, d/j

Price: NZ\$ 42.33

ISBN: 978-0-306-82282-7

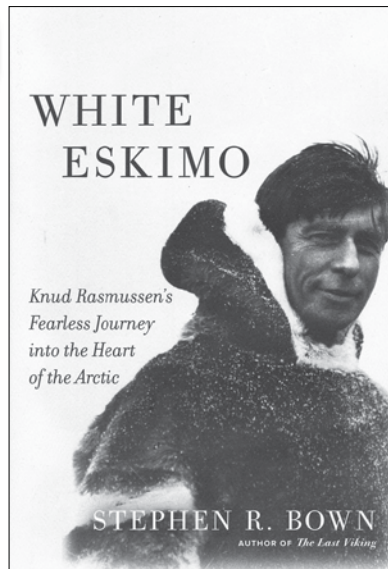
Availability: Book Depository UK

Review: Paul Caffyn

When flying back to Greenland in 2008 for our paddle down the south-east coast, I was browsing through an Air Greenland flight magazine and read an article about an Inuit lass from the Thule region. She accompanied Knud Rasmussen during his three year, 20,000 mile long Fifth Thule Expedition, which travelled by dog sled from Hudson Bay to Nome in Alaska. Although the link to kayaking is very tenuous, discussing this biography of Rasmussen allows me to write briefly about Arnarulunnguaq.

Part Inuit on his mother's side and with a Danish missionary father, Knud was born in 1879 and spent the first 12 years of his life in Jacobshavn (now Ilulissat) where he learnt to drive a dog team and hunt. Although most Inuit boys had their first kayaks by the age of six, Knud's father felt this was too dangerous and Rasmussen later complained that he wasn't much good in a kayak because of his lack of early training.

After education in Denmark, Knud returned to Greenland with the Danish Literary Expedition, the first of seven expeditions of which the 5th is the most significant with its aim to collect stories, songs and legends of the Polar Inuit before they were influenced by Westerners (whalers, trappers etc). Because he was fluent with Greenlandic and Danish, had charm and presence, his social intelligence and intuition guided him when raising expedition funds in Europe or meeting Polar Inuit who had never met outsiders before. With



training as a writer in Denmark, he was able to memorize the stories told to him in the snow houses, he would repeat them back and only then write them up in his own snow house. Three of his most famous books were also published in English: *Across Arctic America*, *Greenland by the Polar Sea* and *The People of the Polar North*.

Arnarulunnguaq (photo below) was nearly strangled by her solo mum at the age of seven. A harsh winter and no hunter husband left the family of four with little food. It was the way of those days to strangle the kids rather than suffer starvation through a long Arctic winter. Her brother burst into tears demanding to be allowed to keep his little sister; this set off the siblings, and her mother collapsed unable to do what she was required to do. Arnarulunnguaq was an integral part of that 5th Thule Expedition, able to hunt and drive a dog team. What an amazing woman.



PRODUCT REVIEW

Para'Kito Insect Repellent

I hadn't heard of this new insect repellent until a box of *Parakito* spray bottles arrived with the postie. With no shortage of locals willing to trial the repellent, the box was soon empty. One of the 'bugbears' to tourists in Fiordland and the South Island's West Coast is the presence of sandflies in daytime and mosquitoes at night. The 'Milford Wave' was a term derived to show tourists waving their hands in circular motion to peer at Mitre Peak through black clouds of sandflies.

North Island paddlers kayaking in Dusky Sound have been observed in bee-keeper mesh suits with narry a hint of naked flesh.

Parakito is derived from six essential oils with none of the plastic dissolving DEET! Product information notes it uses cellulose and clay instead of alcohol and thus is less likely to be absorbed through the skin.

Does it work? My local testers have confirmed that this repellent spray works. Bevan Walker has just returned from two weeks paddling in Preservation Inlet and gave a glowing report of its effectiveness in keeping sandflies at bay. It is available nationwide from pharmacies and hunting and fishing shops. Eight hour's protection is promised.



HUMOUR

Malady Confusion

The phone rings and the lady of the house answers, "Hello."

"Mrs. Sanders, please."

"Speaking."

"Mrs. Sanders, this is Doctor Jones at St Georges hospital laboratory. When your husband's doctor sent his biopsy to the lab last week, a biopsy from another Mr. Sanders arrived as well. We are now uncertain which one belongs to your husband. Frankly, either way the results are not too good."

"What do you mean?" Mrs. Sanders asks nervously.

"Well, one of the specimens tested positive for Alzheimer's and the other one tested positive for gonorrhoea. We can't tell which is which." "That's dreadful! Can you do the test again?" asked Mrs. Sanders.

"Normally we can, but Medicare will only pay for these expensive tests one time."

"Well, what am I supposed to do now?"

"The folks at Medicare recommend that you drop your husband off somewhere in the middle of town. If he finds his way home, don't sleep with him!"

Smart Kid

A first-grade teacher, Ms. Brooks, was having trouble with one of her more precocious students. The teacher asked, "Harry, what exactly is your problem?"

Harry answered, "I'm too smart for the 1st grade. My sister is in the 3rd grade and I'm smarter than she! I think I should be in the 3rd grade, too!"

Ms. Brooks finally had enough; she took Harry to the principal's office. While Harry waited in the outer office, the teacher explained to the situation to the principal. The principal told Ms. Brooks he would give the boy a test. If he failed to answer any of his questions, he was to go back to the 1st grade and behave. She agreed.

Harry was brought in and the conditions were explained to him and he happily agreed to take the test.

Principal: "What is 3 x 3?"

Harry: "9."

Principal: "What is 6 x 6?"

Harry: "36."

And so it went with every question the principal thought a bright 3rd grader should know.

The principal looks at Ms. Brooks and tells her, "Y'know, I reckon Harry can go to the 3rd grade."

But Ms. Brooks is still sceptical of the little bugger, and says to the principal, "Not so fast, let me ask him a few questions."

The principal and Harry both agree.

Ms. Brooks asks, "What does a cow have four of that I have only two of?" Harry, after a moment: "Legs."

Ms. Brooks asks, "What is in your pants that you have but I do not have?"

The principal wondered why she would ask such a question!

Harry replied: "Pockets." To the Principal's great relief!

Ms. Brooks: "What does a dog do that a man steps into?"

Harry: "Pants."

By now, the principal is sitting forward with his mouth hanging open.

Ms. Brooks: "What goes in hard and pink then comes out soft and sticky?"

Now the principal's eyes open really wide and before he could intervene, Harry replied, "Chewing gum."

Ms. Brooks: "What does a man do standing up, a woman does sitting down and a dog does on three legs?"

Harry: "Shake hands."

The principal is now trembling with apprehension as Ms. Brooks asks the last question.

Ms. Brooks: "What word starts with an 'F' and ends in 'K' and indicates a great deal of heat and excitement?"

Harry: "Firetruck."

The principal breathes a huge sigh of relief and tells the teacher, "Put the little bastard in 5th Grade; I got the last seven questions wrong myself!"

Nationality Confusion

An Air Canada plane leaves Vancouver Airport under the control of a Jewish captain; his co-pilot was Chinese.

It's the first time they've flown together and an awkward silence between the two seems to indicate a mutual dislike. Once they reach cruising altitude, the Jewish captain activates the auto-pilot, leans back in his seat, and mutters, "I don't like Chinese!"

"No rike Chinese?" asks the co-pilot, "Why not?"

"You people bombed Pearl Harbor, that's why!"

"No, no," the co-pilot protests, "Chinese not bomb Peahl Hahbah! That Japanese, not Chinese."

"Japanese, Chinese, Vietnamese - doesn't matter, you're all alike!"

There's a few minutes of silence. "I no rike Jews!" the co-pilot suddenly announces.

"Oh yeah, why not?" asks the captain.

"Jews sink Titanic!" says the co-pilot.

"What? You're insane! Jews didn't sink the Titanic!" exclaims the captain, "It was an iceberg!"

"Iceberg, Goldberg, Greenberg, Rosenberg - all rikin same!"



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:

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

KASK Annual Sub

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

You can join KASK by clicking on the 'Join' button on the KASK web site:

<https://kask.co.nz>

For correspondence, queries or advising 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

FAR NORTH KASK Contact

Lynnis Burson
61 Pa Rd. Kerikeri 0230
Bay of Islands
Ph: (09) 407 3957 (021) 041 57453
email: lynnisburson@hotmail.com

NORTHLAND Canoe Club

PO Box 755, Whangarei Northland
Carola Carstens, 42 Isola Street,
Raumanga, Whangarei
Ph: (09) 430 2707
email: scrollan@xtra.co.nz

AUCKLAND Canoe Club

PO Box 9271,
Newmarket, Auckland
email: secretary@aucklandcanoeclub.org.nz

HAURAKI Kayak Group

PO Box 46-146, Herne Bay, Auckland
email: kayak@hkg.org.nz
www.hkg.org.nz

RUAHINE Whitewater Club

c/o Melanie Grant, 5 Waitapere Court,
Ashhurst, 4810. Ph: (06) 326 8667.
email: melzgrant@xtra.co.nz

BAY OF PLENTY - KASK Contact

Iona Bailey, Tauranga
Ph: (07) 576 1492
email: bailhut@kinect.co.nz

BASK Bay Assn. of Sea Kayakers

Linda Hansen
email: baskayaker@gmail.com
Ph: (027) 230 6969
www.sporty.co.nz/bayseakayak
www.facebook.com/groups/227309180756

WELLINGTON Sea Kayak Network

Celia Wade-Brown
Ph: (021) 247 8360
email: celia.wade-brown@outlook.com
www.facebook.com/WellSeaKayak/

SOUTH ISLAND

NELSON Canoe Club

www.nelsonkayakers.co.nz
Diane Winter
Ph: (03) 548 2026
email: paddlechick75@gmail.com

CANTERBURY Sea Kayak Network

Ian McKenzie
Ph 03 355 0684
Cell 027 220 7251
email: mckian@xtra.co.nz
www.sporty.co.nz/canterburyseakayak

OTAGO Canoe and Kayak Club

Lesley Pijpker
Ph: 027 7270811
email: kayakotago@gmail.com

SOUTHLAND Sea Kayak Network

Stanley Mulvany
03 215 7263
email: eiger@xtra.co.nz

YAKITY YAK Clubs

www.yakityyak.co.nz
email: info@yakityyak.co.nz

NZOIA Outdoor Instructors Assn

www.nzoia.org.nz

Coastguard Boating Education

P: (0800) 40 80 90 (09) 361 4700
email: info@boatingeducation.org.nz
W: www.boatingeducation.org.nz

New Zealand Search & Rescue

www.nzsar.govt.nz
www.adventuresmart.org.nz
www.beacons.org.nz

Maritime New Zealand

www.maritimenz.govt.nz

KASK Website
kask.co.nz

Photos on opposite page:

Top right:

Down-river on Day 1 on the Patagonian sea kayak journey

Photo: Hugo Meares

Bottom right:

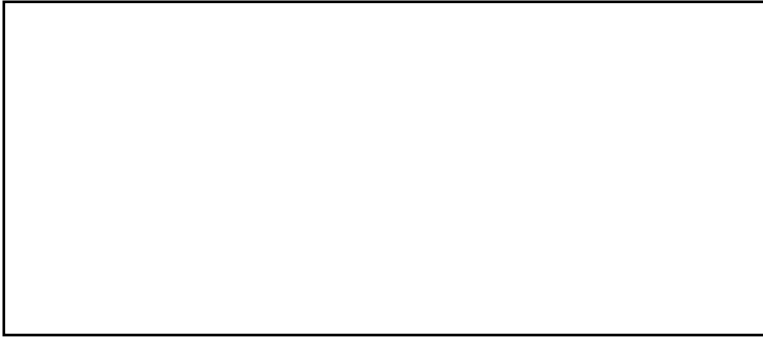
Paddling around the icebergs on Geike Lake

Photo: Hugo Meares

See story on page 16



MAILED TO



**If undelivered, please return to:
KASK, PO Box 23, Runanga, West Coast 7841**



*Heading out for John Kirk-Anderson's paddle strokes class at Okains Bay, February 2019. See page 5 for story.
Photo: Jillian Wilson*

Proudly printed by Format Print, Petone
www.format.co.nz

KASK MEMBERSHIP POLICY

Current membership fees are:

- \$40 for ordinary membership, new members, family or joint membership
- \$40 for overseas membership (PDF newsletter only)
- KASK membership runs from 1 August to 31 July the following year
- membership renewal notices are emailed with two reminders also sent
- 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, thus receiving a 14 month membership

For new members please join through the following link:

<https://kask.co.nz>