

THE SEA CANOEIST NEWSLETTER

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(NZ) Inc - KASK

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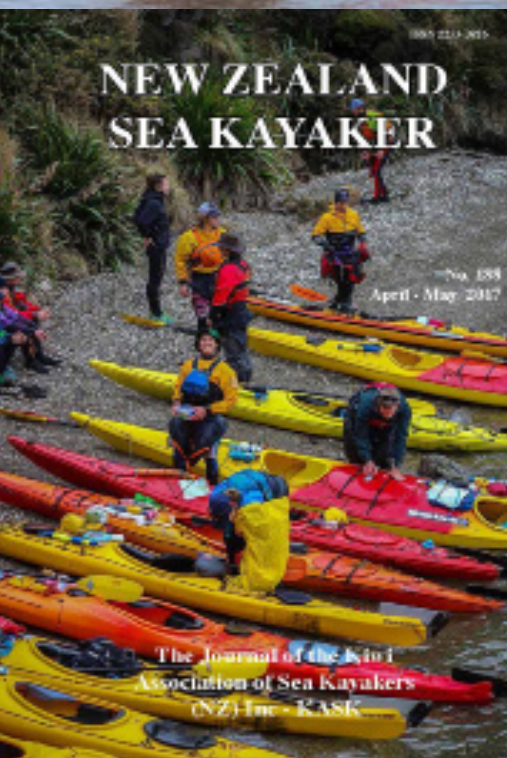
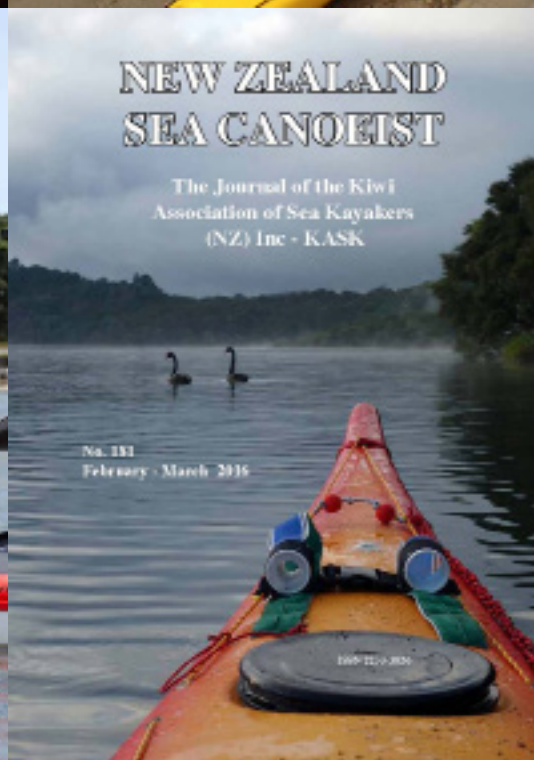
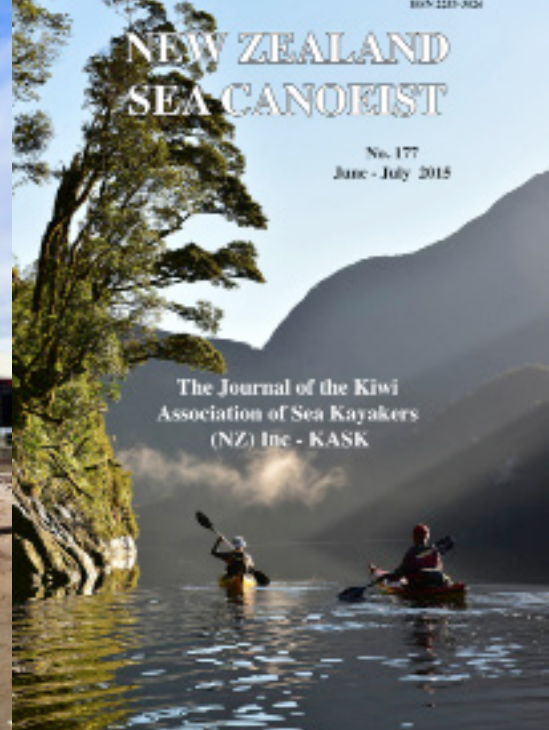
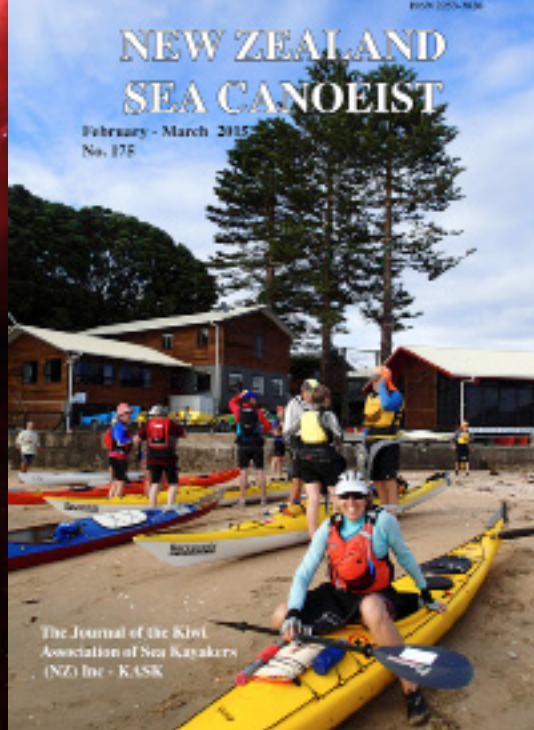
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EDITORIAL

Back in the dim, dark ages of the early 90s, the *Sea Canoeist Newsletter* was laid out on my computer in *Pagemaker* software, then printed on a home or office printer, folded into three, and labels and addresses were added. Mid-July 1999, Max Grant moved our newsletter printing to Massey University but I still had to add stamps and address labels to the folded newsletters, and it was still only photocopy print quality.

In early 2007, David Blake leaned on me to trial printing with Petone-based Format Print. Not only did Mark Allen and his team print the magazine, but they also did the fold into three and added the stamp/address labels.

Over the years we moved from just a single page with colour to full colour throughout. It has been such a pleasure over the past 12 years working with Mark and his print production team.

No: 200

To make this issue really special, I have delved back into the past issues to reproduce what I consider superb examples of descriptive narrative writing.

When I sought feedback on what to include in No. 200, John Gumbley suggested sticking with NZ only content and to include his story on a fold-boat rescue during WWII in Crete, as this was the article for which he received the most feedback.

What I have found staggering when delving back through old issues of KASK newsletters and magazines is the diversity of subject material and quality of the writing. Although I update the subject index after each issue is printed, it was only when I printed out all xix (19) pages that I realized what an asset this magazine really is for paddlers.

It is a history of New Zealand sea kayaking from the days of George Park building his *Rob Roy* style kayaks at Hokitika in the late 1880s, to the late 70s when sleek Greenland style fibreglass sea kayaks first arrived, to the formation of clubs and networks, to the annual KASK forums and the inspirational overseas paddlers who have journeyed here to challenge their skills and experience around our three islands.

So much knowledge and learning has been included in the stories, from book reviews to the uniquely flavoured 'Bugger!' File stories. I think the concept evolved after a paddler titled a series of learning episodes as, 'Mr Cock Up, Pays a Visit!' Despite the fact that 'Bugger!' moments are often very embarrassing, we can all benefit from the 'lessons learned'.

The paddling bush telegraph is rather efficient in notifying (dobbing-in) potential stories for the 'Bugger!' File category. I have been threatened with legal action if I included a PLB triggering event on 90 Mile Beach, but this has been an exception to paddlers providing their 'Bugger!' stories.

It has been quite a trial to pick out the best of the terrible jokes that first started appearing back in newsletter No. 77 way back in 1998. The humour page does not appeal to all KASK members, but many paddlers ignore my editorial at the front of the magazine and go straight to the jokes.

Editing & Layout: Paul Caffyn
Proofing: Sandy Ferguson,
Karen Grant

Past Issues of NZ Sea Kayaker

Reluctant to take past issues to the Greymouth recycling centre, I have been seeking homes/repositories for the 'left overs'. The PDF magazine copy goes to overseas KASK members and also as a contra exchange with overseas paddling magazines. Out of the blue, I received a request from Australian Army Adventure School instructor Smick Sheehan for three sets of past issues to add to libraries for wounded, injured and ill veterans.

Smick works as a volunteer for 'Mates4Mates' in running sea kayaking trips as one of their adventure rehab activities. I put together three parcels, heavy enough bump up the shares of NZ Post, while Smick and I split that \$109 cost between us. I'm so pleased to find a deserving home for the old magazines at their family recovery centre libraries in Brisbane, Townsville and Hobart.

If you can help with a deserving home for magazines here, or have recently joined and would like past issues, email me please.

Celebrating NZSK No. 200

I broached the subject with the 2018 KASK committee of boosting the page numbers of this special one to 36 instead of the normal 24. Requested to seek a quote, as both postage and the cost of printing would increase, I emailed a quote from Format to the committee with a request to respond to myself and president Shaun. Sadly I received one response from Shaun advising that the 2018 committee had advised that KASK could not afford the increased cost.

Well, I mulled over this response for a bit. I felt that the loyal KASK members and photographers/writers who I have leaned on for so many years deserved something special, even just a boost of 12 pages to the magazine.

Bearing in mind that one should 'get better rather than bitter' over an issue, I decided to stick with 36 pages and approached a retired West Coast expedition kayaker to fund the post/

print increase of \$831.20. So KASK will receive the normal 24 page mag. invoice and the retired 'gentleman kayaker' will sleep poorly at night due the gaping hole under his mattress.

Moving On

Both Sandy Ferguson and I have stepped down from the 2019 KASK committee. We have been on the committee since 1992 when the association was first incorporated, in various roles, president, secretary, treasurer. A sponsorship deal from Tim Muhundan was accepted by a majority of the 2018 committee, but as a result our old KASK website has vanished - all the PDFs of previous KASK magazines have gone, not to mention dropping internet payment for KASK membership renewals. It is time for Sandy and I to step down from the committee and see if Tim's sponsorship deal will boost membership numbers.

Jacquie James has offered to take on the magazine editor role from No. 202 (Sept 2019). KASK president Shaun stated that the next magazine (201) would be a tribute to the retiring editor. However as I have all the stories and photos, I offered to assemble this magazine with an editorial from Shaun I will do my best to give you an unbiased version of 'The Life and Times of Kayak Dundee'.

Sandy Ferguson and I are working on adding the information that has been lost from the new KASK website, including old newsletters and book reviews, via a 'tickle up' of my own site: paulcaffyn.co.nz

Finally, my thanks to all you wonderful paddlers who have provided stories, photos, reviews and terrible jokes over the last 28 years. Special thanks to Crocodile Winky for his many years of 'West Island Bits', Karen Grant for her efficient time as KASK administrator and Sandy Ferguson for his proof reading skills.

Paul Caffyn
kayakpc@xtra.co.nz

LETTER to the EDITOR

From: Nick Woods

Hi Paul,
Just read Adrian Clayton's excellent article on uses for the paddle float (NZSK No.199 p.13) and thought I'd add a couple of points gained from 20 years of guiding.

The paddle float can be used in assisted rescues where the rescuee is unable to assist in the re-entry. The rescuer comes alongside as normal and sets up his paddle float on the outside of the empty kayak across the rear deck as usual. He/she can then use both hands to sledge the incapacitated paddler up onto the rear deck then guide feet into the cockpit etc. and complete the rescue. It helps prevent further capsize and gives time to adjust decks, paddles etc.

The other point that came to mind was set up and stowage of the float. In my view it should be tethered to a strong point on the seatback with two metres of lanyard which can be rolled around the float and stowed behind the seat. For the small amount of use it gets it avoids excess exposure to UV and prevents damage when doing the more usual T rescue etc.

While on the subject it should be noted that a medium sized dry bag can be opened and shut trapping enough air to use as a paddle float in an emergency with the addition of a short lanyard to stop it riding up the paddle shaft.

Don't seem to have any photos of this subject matter but it's all fairly straightforward providing the float leash is long enough to span the empty boat, and the rear deck of said boat has some form of fore and aft straps or deck lines to secure the paddle blade under. This should be a standard arrangement on all kayaks and doubles as a tie down for dry bags etc.

Cheers for a well-earned retirement,

Nick Woods
Nick is happy to answer any queries:
njcablebay@gmail.com

The Origin of KASK

Water had a bit to do with it. Well steam and hot water to be honest. If you can picture two bearded blokes in a Mapua bathroom, one leaning back with hot water up to his neck, in an old-fashioned cast-iron bath, one of those with the big claw feet, and the other bloke sitting on a low stool. It was late summer 1991 and the now annual, informal gathering of Kiwi sea kayakers had just finished at the clothing optional Mapua Leisure Park. Graham Egarr was a tad annoyed with a North Island upstart who had stated his intention at the forum to form a New Zealand sea kayaking organization and that he would be setting rules and tests for certificates of competency.

You may wonder why two bearded sea kayaking blokes were in the same steamy, bathroom at the one time? Sadly to report, Graham was trying to ease the chronic pain of an in-operable, cancerous growth around his spine. Graham suggested officially forming an outfit called ASKNZ, or association of sea kayakers NZ. However as solo expedi-

tion sea kayakers of the 70s often imbibed with a pre-prandial evening tippie of medicinal alcohol, I suggested KASK. Just like the big St Bernard dogs with the small cask of brandy under their deck, I deemed it more appropriate to use the Kiwi Association of Sea Kayakers.

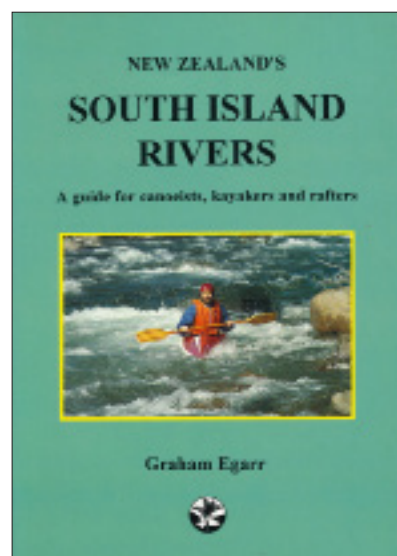
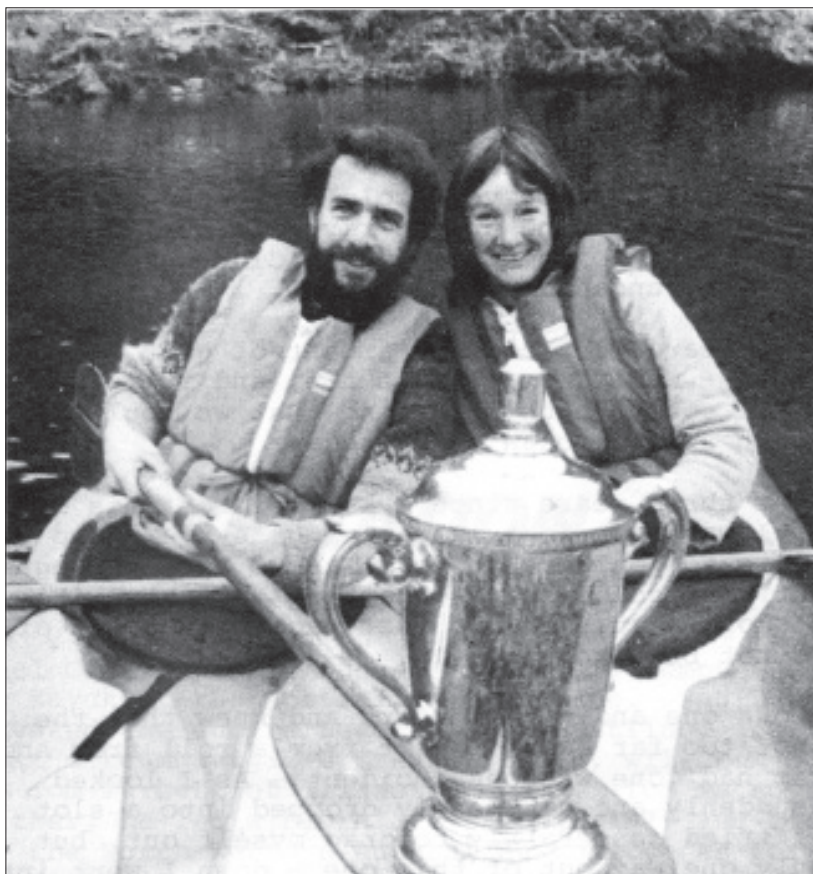
During the 70s and 80s, Graham was the leading figure for recreational canoe and kayak paddling, water safety and river conservation in New Zealand. Although initially interested in sailing as a nipper, at the University of Canterbury he took up white-water paddling and met his future wife Jan.

The potential damming of a North Island river in the mid-70s led to an urgent need to rate New Zealand's 100 most important rivers. With a grant from the Lands and Survey Department, Graham and Jan began a nation-wide river survey in mid 1977, starting at the top of the North Island. Aided by the support of local kayak and jet-boating clubs, a total of nine regional river guides were



completed and published in 1978 by the New Zealand Canoeing Association (NZCA).

As well as editing the NZCA *Canoeing* magazine from 1976 to 1986, Graham had three books published on paddling and wrote numerous well-research articles for boating magazines. In 1979 Graham commenced working for Water Safety NZ as an education officer and after 10 years was the organization's Director of Safety and Research. By 1987 Graham had left the NZCA and commenced publishing two independent newsletters for recreational paddlers, *The Open Canoe Newsletter* and *The Sea Canoeist Newsletter*.



Left: Graham and Jan Egarr after receiving the 1981-82 NZCA 'Canoeist of the Year' award.

He organized the very first national gathering of sea kayakers at the clothing optional Mapua leisure park in 1989.

Graham's last *The Sea Canoeist Newsletter* (No. 34) was only two pages – it included an index for material in his previous 33 newsletters, plus a very brief note to say publication of the newsletter was to cease. He wrote:

'This publication began four years ago because a number of sea kayak paddlers felt that there was a need for a regular newsletter to keep in touch with who was doing what, and where.

I have really enjoyed editing and producing this newsletter and I would have been prepared to have continued it indefinitely. However, a very active life in the outdoors has left me with melanoma cancer which has not been able to be checked. At the present time I cannot guarantee being able to complete another full year of newsletters and as almost all subscriptions ran out with issue 32 or 34, it seems best to end the newsletter now. The subscriber mailing list will be retained in the hope that the newsletter may be able to be restarted by another editor (any takers?).

All the best for future paddle trips.'

In August 1991, when I returned from the finish of my paddle around Alaska, I drove to Mapua to see Graham. The poor bugger was physically wasted down to a waif of his former self, but his mind was as still sharp as a tack. Even before his last newsletter (No. 34, November 1991) was mailed out, melanoma sadly claimed Graham's life on 19 September. At his Mapua funeral service, numerous tributes all spoke of a gifted, talented all-rounder and a wonderful family man.

In September 1991, I wrote a tribute to the Water Safety Council after Graham's funeral, and include it below. I found it so difficult to paint a complete picture of this extraordinary achiever, his life curtailed by melanoma at the tender young age of 42.

Graham Egarr – Canoeist Extraordinaire

'It is only since Graham's send off at Mapua that myself and I'm sure many others have begun to fully comprehend the outstanding contribution he made to canoeing and water safety in New Zealand.

In 1977, after reading an issue of the *NZCA Bulletin*, I realized that there was someone else in NZ who shared my avid interest in sea kayaking. I had to admire the Bulletin editor for filling its pages with informative overseas expedition sea kayaking accounts and techniques, when strictly speaking the Bulletin was for white-water paddlers and the number of sea kayakers could be counted on one hand. It didn't take me long to find out who the editor was.

(Back in those early fledgling days of fibreglass sea kayaks in NZ, if you saw another car with a sea kayak on its roof-racks, you flashed your headlights and pulled over for a yarn!)

From modest beginnings, Graham turned the Bulletin into an upmarket magazine with colour photo covers, switched-on editorials and a great variety of informative and educational articles covering all aspects of canoeing and kayaking. Today, those bulletins are the only lasting source of what New Zealand paddlers were doing both at home and overseas in the 70s and 80s.

For paddlers, Graham's *Open Canoe*, *Sea Canoeist* and *Paddlers News Alert* filled a vacuum after he retired gracefully from the NZCA after a magnificent 10 year era of editing the association's bulletin. Power hungry politicking and questionable ethical practises of some of the association's silvertail bureaucrats were definitely not Graham's cup of tea.

In 1988 Graham sent out the first issue of the *Sea Canoeist Newsletter* and organized the first of what became an annual Mapua Sea Kayak Forum. The other two newsletters joined Graham's growing list of home printed publications, which provided an invaluable service for

paddlers scattered throughout the length and breadth of NZ. All we paid Graham for this service was six 40¢ stamps a year – thus his aim was not monetary gain but simply because he enjoyed collating and disseminating information. (Very much still in the pre-cybermail era!)

My first solo circumnavigation around NZ attracted a considerable amount of criticism from the armchair silvertail paddlers – never less than three there should ever be! Which was the mantra back in the 70s. In those early years of my paddling career, I had only one staunch ally who was prepared to respond in print to the criticism and that was Graham.

Graham was the outstanding promoter of canoeing in NZ. No one has made such a sustained, valued and lasting contribution to NZ canoeing.

After Graham wrote a review of my first book (*Obscured by Waves*) in 1980, I felt he did not have much in the way of a sense of humour. He wrote:

The humour is rather offbeat. The puns get more than a little tiresome and fail to convey anything except that puns are a part of the tradition of canoeists, whereas they are more the property of mountaineers and that clique.

I never quite forgave Graham for that comment until recently. When I arrived back from Alaska, I was gratified but puzzled to read an unsigned letter which appeared in the most recent of his *Sea Canoeist Newsletter*. It discussed a minimalist approach to sea kayaking and was obviously from someone who referred to a mountaineering background and stressed a lightweight approach to sea kayaking.

The letter echoed all the things I had been trying to say for years, but in a far more succinct manner than I could write. During the drive up to Mapua I racked my brain to think who on earth the writer was; someone with a way with words and a mountaineer?

Graham was ensconced on a living room couch, battling the throes of terminal melanoma. He was keen to hear about my Alaskan trip and then I asked him, "Who on earth wrote that letter about a minimalist approach to sea kayaking?" He didn't say anything for a moment, then grinned and confessed it was he, himself.

I have nothing but admiration for the courage both Graham and Jan have shown in facing up to the melanoma. I only hope when my end is nigh, I can be half as brave and courageous as Graham was.

In our generation, Graham stands out as a shining example of devotion not only to his wife and young family but also to canoeing with his formidable list of publications, his drive to protect wild rivers and informing and educating the kayakers and rafters of New Zealand.'

KASK 2019

This year will mark 29 years since Graham fell off his perch. I have found his shoes rather huge to try and fill, with continuing publication of the *New Zealand Sea Kayaker* and continuing with his paddling safety initiatives.

I like to think that Graham would be proud of how we have taken up and continued with the role he initiated with recreational paddling in New Zealand. That role has only been continued with the help of Kiwi paddlers not only with respect to providing magazine material but also the development of safety initiatives while keeping PC regulators at bay - all the time maintaining a safe but enjoyable approach to sea kayaking.

Jan Egarr wrote recently:

Congratulations and thank you for all your work on the magazine and for sea kayaking. Graham would be so chuffed that it has continued for 200 issues. That really is amazing for a privately run magazine and I know it wouldn't have continued without your dedication and hard work.

Thank you from me and my children. Graham would have been

70 last month! It's hard to believe, but, as Tristan said, "Mum, you're going to be 68 this year!"

The reprint with Max Reynold's Stewart Island story was lovely to read. I think about him and John Gray, especially in January each year. Next year, it will be 40 years since they died. Again, how time has flown. Graham once commented, when he knew that his melanoma was terminal, that he himself had used up several of his nine lives, once when sailing from New Plymouth to Nelson, once when paddling on the Ashley River and getting caught under an overhang, and on that tragic trip on the Aorere River when he and another paddler called John, were also caught in that whirlpool and nearly drowned but for emerging close to a cliff which had a handhold.

Thanks for everything.

Cheers,
Jan.



At the annual KASK Forum held at Anakiwa in the summer of 2011, Jan kindly agreed to present the beautiful annual Graham Egarr Paddling trophy awards

2019 Annual Graham Egarr Paddle Trophy Awards

1. The award for outstanding contribution to the KASK magazine during the past 12 months was made to Waikato paddler **Dennis Hynes**. His superb photos have now graced the magazine cover more than anyone else. In the past 12 months he has contributed excellent accounts and photos of river paddles, now and from his early days 40 years ago. (This award is the editor's choice).

2. The award for outstanding contribution to New Zealand sea kayaking during the past 12 months was made to **Lance Smith**. He paddled for many years with Yakity Yak but more recently he is frequently found honing his skills along the rugged west coast of the Auckland region. Two years ago he established SKISL in the Auckland/Northland region under Deb Volturmo's tutelage. SKISL is a monthly event which is run in whatever conditions the day may hold.

Lance has been a major force and organizer behind its success and as an indirect result was instrumental in SKISL being taken up by a hardy group of Wellington paddlers. Last year he was invited by the Tsunami Rangers to participate in their annual retreat. He is one of the main organizers behind IKW 2020 and is involved in getting some key overseas paddlers/instructors to NZ for both Bay of Island events (see NZSK No. 197 p.12 for his paddler profile)

3. The 'Bugger!' Trophy is awarded for the most humiliating, embarrassing, humorous sea kayaking encounter over the 12 months. It was awarded to Waikato paddler **John Gumbley** for a Michelin like man event in the Clarence River (see NZSK No. 198 p.8). John had forgotten to zip up the fly of his drysuit, and after a whitewater capsize, he was dragged to the river bank and propped up on the gravel so his drysuit could drain of water. He looked very much like a 'balloon' or Michelin man with the drysuit's legs and arms full of water.

KASK

Presidents Report May 2019 by Shaun Maclaren

I certainly cannot speak for all regions, but conditions for paddling in the upper North Island over the past few months have generally been magnificent. It has been a hectic time with the launch of the new KASK website, online registration for Kayak Fest 2020 going live and surpassing all expectations, the Safer Boating Forum and more recently the online AGM.

But first of all, I must apologize for the delay in the launch of the KASK App. Time may have been a premium with everything else going on, but more importantly we are keen to ensure that the launch and end product will satisfy and not dissatisfy you, the user.

The launch date is now planned to be at the end of May – hopefully sooner. I ask you to be patient and you will not be disappointed.

200th edition of the KASK Magazine
For me, the new kid on the block, this is one hell of a milestone. I am in total awe of the drive, love and dedication that Paul continually shows in providing such a high-quality magazine.

In this edition, I have it on good authority that you will enjoy some of the best writing and articles from the past 28 years of the magazine. Thank you, Paul.

KASK AGM 2019

To all of you who participated in this online event, it was probably a fairly new experience and I thank you for being involved. I won't list what KASK has achieved over the past year, but reiterate our intentions for the coming year:

- increase membership through 'Club/Network affiliated membership'
- greater KASK committee participation at paddles and or events around NZ.
- seek external funding for regional skills weekends
- seek external funding for further development of the KASK app.
- identify location and a leader for Kayak Fest 2021

I would like to thank Ian McKenzie, Tim Muhundan, Ruth Henderson and Steve Flack on continuing as members of the committee and I look forward to the coming year as we work closer with the regions.

KASK Magazine – Editor

For those of you who may not already know, I am pleased to announce that Jacquie James will be taking over as editor of the magazine from edition 202. As editor, it is her task to create and mould a magazine that you will enjoy. As readers, fellow paddlers and members of KASK, I ask you all to become keyboard warriors and or photographers and submit material that will make her introduction easier. As you know as the magazine will only be as good as it's contents, so please get involved and engaged.

Kayak Fest 2020

Registration expectations have surpassed the organizing team's expectations so early on. The target of one 100 paddlers is not far away and with only a few places left and so as to avoid any disappointment, my advice is to secure your pozzie sooner rather than later. Once the registration limit is achieved a 'waiting list' will be initiated.

Kayak Fest 2021

None of us seem have enough time these days, so it is important to give ourselves as much of a lead in as possible if we are to host a unique event in 2021. It would be right and fitting to see it return to somewhere special in the South Island, but if that is not to be, then so be it. It is very much a team effort, so if you or any of your paddling friends are keen to organize this special event in a unique location, then please contact me at:

Shaun@kask.co.nz

So that we can start the discussion and get the ball rolling.

The Importance of Being a KASK Member

Tis a small world. As the result an e-newsletter and a friend with *TRAK Kayaks*, Jude Sanchez Jr, a KASK member in the Philippines, contacted me say to see if he could be of any help on our recent trip. What a great network KASK is, reaching far and wide.

Shaun Maclaren

New Magazine Editor for New Zealand Sea Kayaker

Hi All, I'm Jacquie. I am taking over from Paul, editing the KASK magazine from issue #202 later this year so I am asking/begging for any stories and photograph contributions you may have, please email: jacque@kask.co.nz

A little about me, I have been in New Zealand for almost six years, I have kayaked around the Bay of Islands, in the Auckland area, Coromandel,

Raglan, Kawhia, Abel Tasman, Milford Sound, and Doubtful Sound.

Previously I have also kayaked in Canada, Alaska and Georgia, USA and Poland. I also am good mosquito/sandfly repellent, they love me and leave everyone else alone. Currently I am more land-based due to a small human - discussions have been had about how to get him on the water as soon as possible.

I look forward to hearing your stories and publishing them in the KASK magazine and to meet more fellow kayakers in person at the KASK 2020 event, if not before.



Jacquie James

NEW ZEALAND REPORTS

Chalky and Preservation Inlets, Fiordland

by John Gumbley

Late February/early March Bevan Walker and I spent 12 days in Chalky and Preservation Inlets. We kayaked about 150 kilometres and hiked about 20 kilometres to explore these fascinating inlets in order to appreciate their historic heritage, stunning landscape, flora and fauna. We camped at a different location each night including staying at the Department of Conservation A-frame hut at Te Oneroa and the (packing case) bivvy on Coal Island.

We were intending to be dropped off by helicopter (ex Te Anau) at the head of Long Sound (Preservation Inlet) but with the tide covering all beaches we had to be off-loaded on a (soon disappearing) beach at Cunaris Sound (Chalky Inlet).

Our kayak was Bevan's six metre long collapsible (double) *Feathercraft* - rubber hull, canvas - type material on top and aluminium frame - it takes about 30 minutes to assemble. The kayak is 25 years old and has travelled to Siberia, Canada, Hawaii, Australia and many locations in New Zealand. The craft is very stable and proved its versatility when we were not able to venture to the open coast and accordingly had to portage.

The inlets presented us with plenty of paddling options - refer Figure 1 Route Map (p.10). Quite often we changed our route to avoid rough

The Feathercraft takes about 30 minutes to assemble/disassemble. The kayak components fit into three bags each weighing 15 kilograms and about one metre in length. Bevan is inserting the aluminium frame. NZ navigation regulations apparently no longer permit the strapping of kayaks to helicopter landing skids



seas or explore the many sounds, coves and bays. On some occasions we hiked across valleys or low points to explore. Taking compass bearings was important when traversing swamp forest.

A combination of big swells (four metres when we rounded Great Island), squalls and windy conditions prevented us venturing round Gulches Head to get from Chalky to Preservation Inlet. Instead we dismantled the kayak and carried our gear in three loads through the one kilometre wide 'neck' that separates South Port (Chalky) and Seek Cove (Preservation Inlet). Rounding Coal Island was similarly considered unsafe.

In preparing for a trip to these inlets it is well worth reading AC Begg and NC Begg's *Port Preservation*, N Peat's *New Zealand's Fiord Heritage* or J Hall-Jones *Fiords of Fiordland*. These references provide excellent accounts of Maori habitation, early European exploration, sealers (from

1806) and whaler's exploits (the whaling station at Cuttle Cove operated from 1829 to 1836). Later timber milling, gold and coal mining became established for relatively brief periods. Evidence of human occupation and relics can still be found including middens in caves (of which there are many), boilers, mine adits, stamper batteries and wharves.

The glaciated landscape is both stunning and massive - the last glaciation commenced 50,000 years ago and ended 15,000 years ago. The beech and podocarp forest would have become established 5,000 years ago.

The geology is complex and comprises granites and metamorphic rock including marble and slate.

At some campsites the dawn chorus of birds was a real treat. Inquisitive seabirds like albatross were also special. Shoreline trap lines were present, especially on the islands. We spoke to the rangers on the Department of Conservation (DoC) boat



Seek Bay - a stunning start to exploring Chalky Inlet after portaging our gear from South Port (Preservation Inlet)

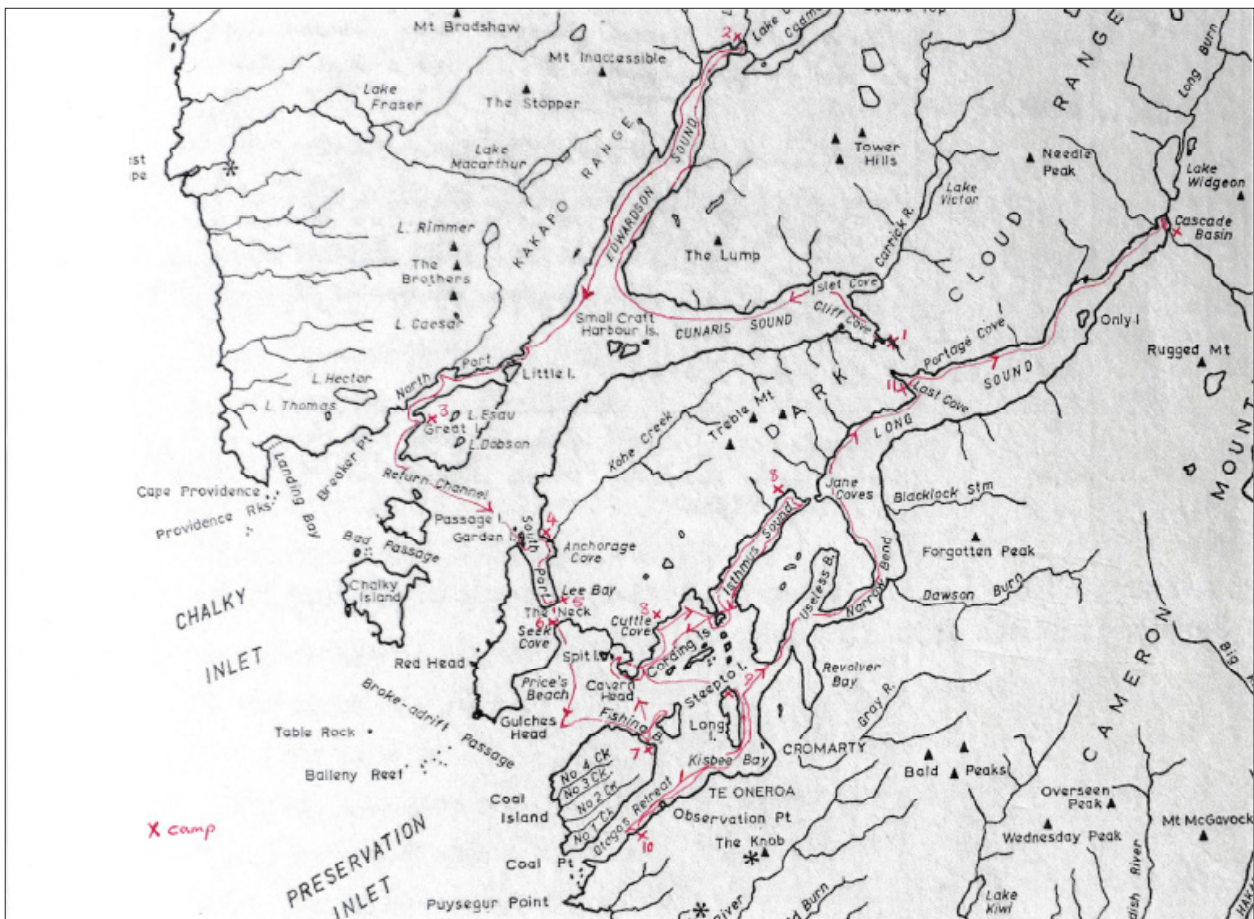


Figure 1: Route map Chalky & Preservation Inlets. Commencing at Cliff Cove (Cunaris Sound) and finishing at Cascade Basin (Long Sound). Camps marked. Scale: 1 cm approximately 2 kilometres.

Southern Winds who were checking traps. Stoat traps were about 100 metres apart on the four kilometre track from the DoC Te Oneroa Hut to Kisbee Lodge at Cromarty. Deer were seen twice and all campsites had deer sign.

During our time we occasionally saw fishing charter boats. The caretakers at Kisbee Lodge, on the only privately owned land in Chalky/Preservation inlets, were very welcoming. Only an hour after we landed at Cunaris Sound we met four pack rafters (in their two inflatable boats) who



Soon after landing in Cunaris Sound, Preservation Inlet, out of the late afternoon drizzle, appeared four pack-rafters

had started their trip at Supper Cove (Dusky Inlet) and were heading to Lake Hauroko.

We had cod or paua for seven evening meals with leftovers for lunch and breakfast. We invariably caught our evening meal within a few minutes - cod, terakihi, red gurnard and flounder. Snorkelling was fun but not always essential to get a feed of paua.

Throughout the trip the weather was relatively warm, overcast, with drizzle and squalls but nothing like

the heavy rain experienced on other Fiordland trips. It could get windy in exposed headlands. Prior to and immediately following our trip out very heavy rain and gale force winds were recorded.

Reflecting on our trip we felt we were well equipped. We had a small pressure cooker that was great to 'soften up' the paua before frying. Had the



Bevan (no relation to Annabel Langbein) preparing an evening meal of paua - just gut, dice, cook in pressure cooker and fry. Useful tip: Bevan says leftover paua mixed with breakfast cereal and heated is 'really nice'



Two-on-the-line. Bevan with cod and terakihi for tea



NZ Blue Cod - Maori name: Raawaru. Large males are more distinctly blue with greenish sides

weather been sunnier - we had three rain-free days two of which had blue skies - more snorkelling would have been done. We hired a mountain radio which allowed us to hear weather forecasts, have a daily scheduled check-in and phone the helicopter company for the lift out.

Bevan's one year old *MSR* cooker failed on the second day but to dismantle it required specialist tools, assuming it could be fixed. Most of my (10 year old) dry bags failed to varying degrees. The canvas top of the kayak leaked about two litres an hour in choppy seas or rainy weather. I have replaced the bags and Bevan is having a sail maker fit a top to the kayak to minimize water seepage.

Sandflies - I reckon you must ingest a few dozen in the course of a day.



Bevan prepares (blue cod) lunch-on-the-go

Our trip ended at the head of Long Sound. We investigated the possibility of dismantling the kayak and carrying our gear up to Lake Widgeon but the steep terrain, lack of a beach (at high tide) and a very heavy rain with 50 knot wind forecast had us abandoning the idea.

Fiordland is such a privilege to visit. Its turbulent waters, stunning landscape, and beauty demands respect. It is pleasing to find little rubbish on the shoreline and that the regenerating bush has covered the scars that were the scene of former human exploitation.



Windy South Port in Chalky Inlet; the shrubs have a neatly trimmed appearance all along the beach due to strong northerly winds that funnel up the port.



With high tide approaching we were landed by helicopter on a rapidly disappearing beach where the race was on to stash our gear on higher ground and start assembling the 'deflated' Feathercraft



John Gumbley (Sth Is lake)

TECHNICAL

Deb's Tips By Dennis Hynes

During a recent trip to Urupukapuka Island in the Bay of Islands I had the privilege of paddling with Deb Voltunro, one very accomplished kayaker.

In addition to encouraging us to push the boundaries of our ocean white-water skills she also passed on some of her takes on safety precautions and kayaking gear. These are some of the points I noticed.

Note: Deb is coming at it from an extreme kayaking and expedition perspective, so you can make your own calls based on your paddling circumstances.

1. Helmets:

We should not be attempting any sort of rock gardening or surfing without wearing a helmet.

2. Scope out caves/chutes etc., before allowing the group to proceed.

3. Have someone at either end of a rock gap to ensure those passing make it through safely.

4. De-clutter your deck, when contemplating rock gardening, surfing etc. Every extra bit of kit adds greater risk of entanglement, obstruction when effecting rescues, self or assisted. Put it in your hatches.

5. Same with your PFD. Put your comms gear (PLB, VHF), strobe lights etc., in your hatch when capsize, rescues are likely. Except if paddling alone. But DO keep your knife attached to PFD. Instead of tying each bit of kit to her PFD separately Deb ties them to a carabiner which is then clipped onto her shoulder strap. Simple matter then to unclip the lot and place in her day hatch.

6. No paddle leashes, especially when in surf or ocean white-water. Risk of entanglement.

7. If you do use a paddle leash, e.g., when paddling alone, just use a very short wrist to paddle shaft leash.

8. If someone tips out in a danger zone (around rocks in a swell) tow them out to safe water and have someone else bring their boat out and then get them back in.

9. Tow ropes. In most rescue situations, especially when rock gardening, a short tow rope, immediately to hand, is an essential piece of kit. To clip on and tow kayak, with or without kayaker attached, clear of the danger zone, to where assisted rescue can be performed safely. A long tow is fraught with opportunities for entanglement.

10 A better option for tossing a line into a paddler in between rocks, is for a shorter version of the whitewater paddlers' throw bag.

11. If the situation calls for a longer tow, to assist tired or injured kayakers, there is generally plenty of time to set up the tow. Better to have your long tow rope in your hatch, and even better, as leader, give it to another strong paddler to do the tow.

12. Use large carabiners on your tow line – large enough to go around a paddle shaft.

<https://www.kayakhq.co.nz/products/kong-paddle-carabiner>



Deb punching out of a chute boosted by the backwash of a breaking wave. Photo: Lance Smith

13. Repair Kit:

- cable ties make for very quick and secure attachment in numerous scenarios.
- generous supply of Duct tape.
- surfers' wax can be used to lubricate or as a packer to fill a hole, prior to duct taping.
- silicone gel to lubricate hatches, rudder lines, split paddles.
- multi-tool &/or spanners/ screw-drivers to match the fittings on your kayak.

Thanks to Aaron and Andrea for their recollections.

Dennis Hynes

(Reprinted from The BASK Bulletin, March 2018 No. 53)



Deb Voltunro doing some rock gardening paddling in the Bay of Islands Photo: Lance Smith



John's overnight campsite at picturesque East Ruggedy

and asked what sort of kayak it was, in the tone that meant he knew little of them. But when I replied that it was a *Nordkapp* he said, "I thought so, I had one in 1990 to cross Cook Strait. Bloody nice aren't they." He must have noticed my glance at his girth because he explained that he had put on a little weight since he did that year's Xerox Challenge, an adventure race the length of New Zealand!

Something about him seemed familiar, and he identified himself as John Judkins, brother of Coast to Coast organiser Robin Judkins, the man who started the global craze of multisport. This country is too small at times.

My overnight spot was going to be the next hut, Long Harry, 9 kms away, but the up-dated map in Yankee River hut showed that it had been moved and was no longer close to the coast. So, while the great weather held, I felt like pushing on, confident that there were plenty of spots to land and wriggle into a bivvy bag.

Exposed now to the westerly roll, this late afternoon paddle was fantastic. Sooty shearwaters, or Titi, the famed mutton birds for which Stewart Island is renowned by Maori, were returning to the Rugged Islands, which were indeed. No landing spots there! The shearwaters were masters of air

surfing, getting lifts off the pressure in front of waves, peeling away to get another when the energy was gone. They were a joy to watch.

I pulled into East Ruggedy beach, 15 kms past Yankee River, as the sunset played across the rippled sand. Inland stretched sand dunes, with the hut 1.2 kms away, too far to have appeal in the gloom. Finding a flat spot in the tussock, I soon had the tent up and a brew on. This was the first time I had used my new anti-sandfly head net, and I learned very quickly that you can't drink tea through a head net.

The marine forecast the next morning offered a late SW change, and the barometer was dropping, along with some light rain. Looking at the map I knew I was facing a long day

at the office, with few landings on offer and a long stretch across Mason Bay before the shelter of the Ernest Islands. Kilbride Homestead, an old farm at the southern end of Mason Bay, had been on my list of places to visit but Liz had said it was now locked up.

There was still no wind, so I snuck easily between the Rugged Islands and Rugged Point, with a low grey swell climbing towards the low grey clouds. The Ruggedy Mountains (notice a pattern?) were indifferent to my passing, standing staunch and aloof.

The rain increased and visibility dropped to less than 1 km, a very different day to the past two, but I felt sharper because of it. My GPS was churning out numbers, giving my location, but I made a game of using dead-reckoning to give me a grid reference and then checking my accuracy.

Sliding through the rain, with long slow swells rolling through, I shared this special time and place with hundreds of shearwaters who were chasing fish. Ignoring me, they moved away only at the last minute, having decided I was no threat to them or competition to their fishing.

I could hear surf breaking in the murk to my left, and by the time I was close to Little Hellfire Beach, I decided to see what it was like. Edging in quietly, it didn't look too bad in patches, with reasonable gaps be-



Sooty shearwaters getting life off the front faces of the swell

tween bigger sets. I timed it well until the last minute, when I was clobbered, broaching to shore.

'I'm as happy as a pig in shit'. That thought suddenly burst out, and I laughed as I looked around. There I was, standing in the pouring rain, nothing around except sea, surf, wet sand and cloud, on the desolate and exposed west coast of Stewart Island, and I was having a picnic. My tea and biscuits tasted better for the circumstances.

Breaking back out through the surf, I began to wonder if I might get to spend more time at Little Hellfire. One set broke just in front, and I did the most beautiful back-loop I have yet managed. Watching the bow come right over, I got a glimpse of land before touch down. Using the wave's energy, I quickly rolled back up and headed out for another try.

Picking my time carefully, I accelerated into a wave, trying to punch through before it broke. My loaded boat was too slow, and I was picked up and surfed backwards. Leaning as far forward as I could, I tucked into a bow rudder stroke (or is it a stern rudder at the bow, I'm not sure?) trying to stop the stern from burying and looping me again.

The stern buried and flicked me over the high side and sent me surfing backwards and upside down towards the beach. This wave didn't want to let go, and tried to steal my paddle but I had no intention of giving it up, so we wrestled for a while. When it grew bored with monsterring me, I rolled up and tried to work out a better way.

Brute force had failed so I had to get sneaky. When I saw a gap, I took it, igniting the afterburners until well clear of the breakers. All my surfing practice in sea boats paid off.

Later, a check of my GPS log showed my maximum speed was 32.1 kilometres per hour! Backwards and upside down! No wonder my sinus passages were clear.



'As happy as a pig in shit' - John enjoys a cuppa on Little Hellfire beach, just before being looped twice in surf

Eventually the shapes of the Ernest Islands appeared ahead and I aimed for The Gutter, between them and the mainland. Maps I saw had been marked that it was suitable only in calm conditions. I don't know about that, as it is not a gutter but a ridge, with bush growing on parts of it. Looking at the map, I had the option of a 5 km back track or a 600 metre portage. Figuring that the back track would take 30 minutes I chose to drag my kayak. Forty-five minutes later I regained the sea, wiser about portage times. I also learned that bull kelp is better than Teflon as a sliding surface.



Doughboy Bay where John was marooned by strong winds for many days

Faced with a swell from the southwest, breaking on the shallow beach, I had another gentle sinus flush, this time upright, before beginning the last leg towards Doughboy Bay. This last 10 kms was a grind, with steep cliffs dropping from low clouds straight down to the sea, where a swell smashed into them.

Arriving in Doughboy Bay, the colour that struck me was brown, the surf stained by tannin carried from the bush by the rivers. It was a weird end to the day, like someone was playing with the palettes in Photoshop.

The Doughboy Bay Hut was empty and, within a nano-second, I had converted it into a drying room. I find it remarkable how quickly sea kayakers can transform any pristine environment into something resembling a Chinese laundry struck by a laser-guided bomb.

Little did I know that I would spend the next six days in that hut, as a series of fronts passed through, bringing gales every day, swinging from the SW to the NW. Listening to the marine forecasts I longed for a tiny gap, anything below 20 knots would have been nice, but I also knew that I needed a serious break of some duration in order to venture from my sheltered bolt-hole.



John's good mate Wilson, who was not a good conversationalist but was a rather good listener

Access to current marine forecasts, sent as text messages by my wife, Mary, to my rented satellite phone, allowed me to carefully consider the options. I knew what the coast was like to the north, having just paddled down it. After playing in the surf on a mild day, I knew landings in the current conditions would be brutal, and a one-way trip ashore.

A look at the map showed worse country to the south, and at least two days were required to get around the southern capes with their tide races and reefs. Walking out from Doughboy Bay is not fun at the best of times, with the tracks very steep and more mud than solid. But I was in no danger where I was. If needed I could walk out, but my kayak and gear would have to stay.

Life in the hut settled into a routine. It was spent cutting firewood, reading the eclectic collection of magazines ranging from women's gossip mags, to huntin', shootin', fishin' titles, cutting firewood, staring at the map and forecast, cutting firewood, and wandering the bush, trying to spot the ranger from DoCon with funny shoes.

I had packed a colossus of a book, journalist Robert Fisk's *The Great War for Civilisation. The Conquest of the Middle East*, all 1,366 pages. Liz Cave was aghast when she saw it, weighing it in her hand before saying I shouldn't let Paul Caffyn

see it, with his minimalist approach, he would be horrified. While I can't say I understand the problems of Middle East any better, I am now better informed.

I also made a friend. Wilson may have appeared to others as just a discarded fishing float, unwanted flotsam that washed up on the beach. But to me, after I drew a face on him by felt-pen, he spoke of the hard life he had endured to reach this point, and, besides, he was a good listener.

The funny part is, later that very day, Mary joked that Hollywood was going to make a movie about me, titled 'Doughaway', starring Tom Hanks.

On hearing that the following 10-day forecast was for gale force SW, W, and NW, I had started to consider other ways of leaving Doughboy Bay, with Paul and Liz both checking options.

A fixed-wing pilot was prepared to land on the beach, but could not pick up my kayak. At the time I got that message, I was standing near the beach, braced into a westerly gale. He may have been prepared to land in this cross-wind, but I would not have got on board for the take off.

Being picked up by fishing boat was another possibility, but there were none in the area. Walking out, I would have needed three return trips to carry out my gear, slung on a pole over my shoulders.

Each way would take six hours, on tracks that were more swamp than not. This would have still left my kayak, but I did do a reconnaissance of the track to check the feasibility of carrying it. While possible, it would have been a hell trip.

That left a helicopter, a means of travel I love, but one I have never before had to pay for. Facing a bill of \$1,600, I delayed, looking again at the forecasts, hoping to spot a break I had missed. I called the VHF operator in Oban, asking for a real-time report from the fishing boats working at the south of the island.

Her reply made up my mind. "There's no one down there. It's too rough and they've all come home."

If commercial fishermen used to working the seas off Stewart Island, not men known as a pack of sooks, had decided to pack it in, then it was no place for a sea kayak.

Typical! Waiting for the helicopter next morning, the sea in the bay was the flattest it had been and I regretted my decision to leave. When I told the pilot he laughed and said, "Wait till you get up."

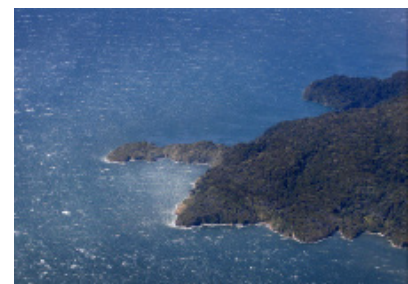
The sea was covered in whitecaps to the horizon, and the westerly was blowing williwaws off the points in Paterson Inlet, easily 45 knots. Looking on the bright side, Stewart Island is still around. So am I.

I didn't make a stupid decision to 'Just take a look' when I knew what the weather was like. Had I done so I would have come to grief, without question. I know my limits and into wind, I stop moving forward when it's blowing 30 knots, and when it blows 35 knots, I'm going backwards. The lee shore would have welcomed my arrival with unforgiving rock and exploding swell.

It was a lesson, albeit an expensive one, in practical risk management, far removed from completing a RAMS form and then ignoring the real world.

It begs the question:

If to paddle around an island is a circumnavigation, and stopping to consider the approaching bad weather is circumspection, is cutting the trip short a circumcission?



Whitecaps and williwaws in Paterson Inlet on the flight out

The Voyage of the *Blue Fox* By Conrad Edwards

(an excerpt from *The Sea Canoeist*
Newsletter No.60
Dec 1995 to Jan 1996)

This story tells of an intrepid expedition by an English man, a Kiwi woman and a German kayak, from Farewell Spit to Picton along the rugged coast of New Zealand's mainland. They met with many adventures, mostly of the wet and windy variety, and only ran out of oat bars once.

Christmas Eve 1994 saw Maria Bogers and I at the base of Farewell Spit, assembling the boat and dry loading it for the first time. For want of room, we left with Maria's father the Thermette, my raincoat, and her sleeping mat. Maria abandoned also her party dress and shoes, evidence that her ideas on sea kayak trips were evolving rapidly. We had more or less adequate clothing remaining, although Maria stole my rafting sandals whenever she could, and I her fleece top.

We moved quickly, and I was soon standing in the shallows, watching the water under the boat ebb while Maria said her fond farewells. We got away just in time to avoid embarrassment, and followed the channel markers out. There was a gentle drizzle and little wind - perfect paddling. Looking back, we saw our lift driving home, and we were on our own, miles from the nearest tavern.

The third member of our party was the *Blue Fox*, a *Klepper Aerius II* double sea kayak, of the same variety and vintage that Hans Lindemann crossed the Atlantic in. Despite the invention of fibreglass, *Kleppers* remain the choice of many military forces and scientific expeditions, as well of course as of the odd eccentric.

Like me, the *Blue Fox* was in her 30s, although she looked as new: varnished ash and blue canvas, classically beautiful and demonstrably seaworthy. Like her owner again, she creaks and groans reassuringly in the waves.

Our plan was to paddle the South Island's north coast, from Farewell Spit to Picton. The only other element of our plan was to take about two weeks doing it, and we carried sufficient supplies for that.

Golden Bay

Our hope was to paddle first to the end of Farewell Spit itself, either crossing the mouth of Golden Bay, or doubling back to the coast, but the gale and heavy rain warnings suggested that we stay inshore.

The western coasts of Golden and Tasman Bays are generally low lying and unchanging, and so shallowly shelving that, from water deep enough for easy paddling, shore features became confused. For identifying landing places and camp sites, and locating the shallows, we used *Aerial Surveys Limited's* Coastal Photomaps. Their excellent black and white aerial photographs gradually turned to pulp in my imperfect map case. They would have been our main navigation aid even if I'd remembered the maps.

The first camp site that we reconnoitred was rejected on local aesthetics. By the time we had made this weighty decision, the boat had been stranded by the continuing ebb, and had to be juggled and then towed free. Luckily, I towed Maria fast enough to prevent a rotten shark's head being hauled aboard as bait.

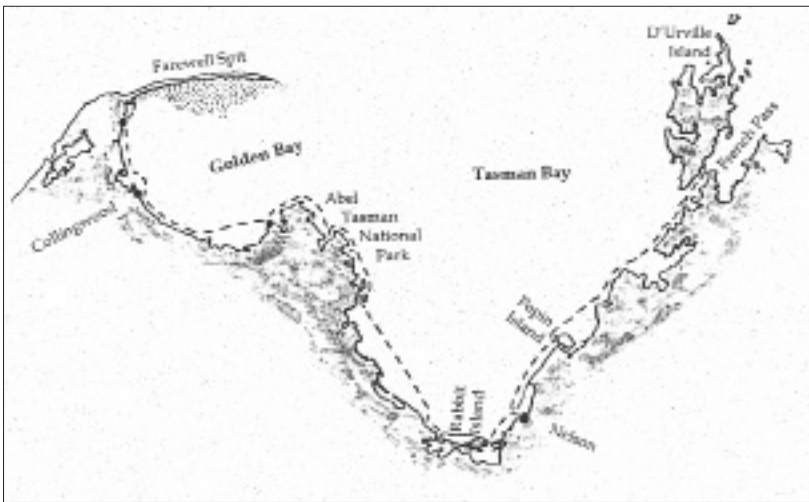
Our second attempt was more and most successful, an uninhabited and steeply shelving beach, with flat sand up against the sea grass. We hoped that six inches above the high tide mark would be good enough, and it was. Both exhausted from the long hours of work pre-trip, rather than from the two hour paddle, we slept for 14 hours, waking to a beach scattered with people, walking, collecting tuatuas, and pulling in crab nets.

The weather-people, full of Christmas cheer, had changed their mind on the north-westerly gale, and opted instead for sou-westerlies of 40 knots gusting 50. As there was only 20 knots or so when we arose, and our course lay close to a soft shore, we headed off.

Approaching Collingwood, we veered offshore to clear an uncovered sand bar, at which moment the malevolent southerlies chose to hit with full force. The sea foamed, all the worse for its shallowness, and we pointed the bow through the short, sharp chop to shore. As some particularly ominous waves approached, Maria stopped to inquire which way to lean, but must have just heard my pleas of, "Keep paddling!" We barely made headway into the wind and spray, finally hauling ourselves ashore to collapse under a giant *Macrocarpa* tree. Too windy for a fire, we erected the tent to thaw out in.



Christmas eve 1994; the base of Farewell Spit; assembly of the *Klepper Aerius II* is about to begin.



The paddling route from Farewell Spit to French Pass

Months later, Maria confessed to a friend that she was thinking that I must normally paddle in conditions like that, and was mighty relieved when the tent went up and the boat stayed tied down.

Maria shocked me by suggesting that she walk into Collingwood for some cigarettes, so I gave her her Christmas present - a pipe. And so went Christmas Day, with fresh tuatua for dinner, followed by a powwow.

We carried a collapsible trolley, vintage *Klepper* courtesy of David Banks. We tested it on Boxing Day morning, on a portage across the half mile of beach that low tide had revealed. The wheels, designed for concrete-clad Europe, sank into the soft sand, but it sure beat carrying.

We paddled off on a flat sea, staying close to the shore, and the land slipped gracefully past, a pleasantly varied wooded coastline, dotted with luxurious looking batches. We passed the remains of an old jetty, standing detached in the water, adorned with shags.

With light winds and a glassy sea, we crossed directly from Patons Rock to Abel Tasman Point, rather than follow the coast past the mouth of the Takaka River and Pohara. Australasian gannets and swarms of shags accompanied us. The wind swung around to the north, a sea breeze, broadside on but not unpleasant. Maria's arms got more tired, the pauses more frequent and longer. Even-

tually we arrived at the far shore, where lay a glorious cove of coarse golden sand. The place was deserted, although Tarakohe resort was just around the coast; tourists are delightfully gregarious, and so easily avoided. We collapsed there, the *Blue Fox* swaying on rock moorings. Maria the hunter-gatherer supplemented dinner with oysters, mussels and banana passion fruit. We discovered that Voltaren makes a passable massage oil.

The Paddling Day

Thus we entered into some sort of a daily routine. At 5:03 am the alarm sounds for the marine forecast, which I soon learned to write down, as snoozing dulls the memory. At 6:30 am the watch bleeps again, for the general forecast. I get up, fossick around, take photos, brew coffee, and update the memoirs. Sometime later,

Maria emerges, lights a cigarette, and gradually transforms herself into a human being. Breakfast follows, usually something with bacon in it.

We strike camp, and squeeze it into a dozen dry bags of all sizes and colours. We carry the boat to the water line and, load by load, the bits and bags that travel in her. We load the boat in the water - everything in its place - fit the sprayskirts, try to remember to lower the rudder, and off.

Paddling was the essence of the trip: the ever changing nuances of wind and sea; the breeze and spray on the face; the delightful rhythm of two paddles in unison; the vistas ever opening and changing around one; and the growing satisfaction of aching muscles and distance covered.

At 12:30 pm, the watch would bleep a third time, for the long range weather forecast and our pre-arranged cell-phone listening schedule. An enforced 15 minute rest, usually on the water, and a chance to delve again into our dwindling supply of oat bars.

After some hours of paddling, we would land for lunch and rest, perhaps leaving the boat afloat, moored to rocks, or pulling her ashore. I would put on light clothes to protect myself from the midday sun, and Maria would take off hers. Sometimes a short stop, sometimes a long one, dependent on the venue, our tiredness, and Maria's sunbathing schedule.



The magic of a deserted cove for overnighting and sun-bathing

On again for the pre-prandial paddle, often in the afternoon's sea breeze. Choosing a campsite, we would beach, unload the boat and carry everything ashore, the process accelerated by the prize of dry clothes. Then we could relax, tie down the boat, set up camp, start a fire, beach-comb, and plan in our ad hoc fashion the evening meal and tomorrow's paddle. Dinner was typically pasta with those staples of life: oil, garlic, cheese, tomato and pepper in varying combinations. After dinner, Maria started working on reasons why she should have my mattress that night.

There is something magical about ending the day tucked into an unknown and deserted beach, self-contained, travellers rather than mere tourists. The sea breeze would usually die at dusk, and we would sit around a drift wood fire, digesting dinner, relaxing the paddling muscles, and talking with the confidence of those who have achieved something together.

To describe the trip requires some form of chronology. But an itinerary of landings and launchings, seas and beaches, risks missing the real attraction of kayaking. That lies in the intangibles, ultimately the freedom to come and go as one pleases, at home and alone with the ever changing elements. They are the essence and magic of sea kayaking, the reason for this trip, and they will be the reason for the next. Those who have been so seduced choose a route to paddle, rather than choose to paddle a route.

West Tasman Bay

We paddled on the next day in silky seas, past impressive rock formations, and on around Separation Point into Tasman Bay. Known for its rough seas, the only movements around the point were from a noisy seal, sweeping terns, and a blue penguin. We paddled fast and with tempo, driven by a lust for cappuccino, and were soon strolling up the path to Awaroa Cafe. Back on the beach we took up our usual positions, Maria in the sun and myself in the shade, when the sea breeze started building up rapidly.

We crash launched to round Awaroa Head before being weathered in. Once around, the wind strengthened further, and we rode it through, reaching Tonga Island in no time. A boat full of snorkelling seal watchers were out of luck - only one seal in the water. We swept on with following seas, a few support strokes and extensive rudder work giving an exhilarating ride, through the Mad Mile and into the shelter of the Astrolabe Roadstead.

The sheltered coast there was plagued by campers, every beach taken with fizz boats, yachts, kayaks and bodies. For peace and quiet we headed to Fisherman's Island, helped on our way by more tailwinds. The beautiful sheltered beach there had a fine wooden yacht moored offshore, but at least such vessels are the least of tourist evils.

In one easy day we had paddled the length of the Abel Tasman park, the destination of so many kayakers for multi-day trips. The winds continued rising, so out came the tent, obediently pitched away from the 'No Camping' sign. Maria dragged me into it.

Next morning we headed off towards Ruby Bay, barely discernible on the horizon, steering well clear of the tourist haven of Kaiteriteri, and the sand shallows south of it. We pad-



Maria cooking honeyed mussels over the MSR cooker



Conrad Edwards, skipper of the Blue Fox

dled for five hours, made epic as we'd forgotten to separate out our play lunch.

Most of the time we paddled in silence, each enjoying the surroundings. That morning we also debated and chose the *Klepper's* name; she had started the trip without one. Just before the trip I had an unusual and childish dream, of having a faithful little blue fox as a pet, surely prophetic. The name *Blue Fox* stuck, being so appropriate in colour and cunningness. Perhaps, more properly, she should be a vixen, but vulpine feminists will have to accept the generic.

We trolled a jig as we paddled, just in case. Off Ruby Bay, terns were feeding out to sea. As custodian of the rudder I steered the *Blue Fox* for them, and put on the speed. Maria wondering what was going on, until I pulled in a plump kahawai. We pulled in at Ruby Bay for pan fried fish and a rest, on the pebble shore of the hippie commune. Lunch was again cut short by rising winds, and headed on for the shelter of Rabbit Island.

We could hear the breakers guarding Mapua from afar. Negotiating the deep channel, the flood tide catapulted us through the horrendous guardian breakers into the inlet. Just inside, all was calm, sun and gaiety, the holiday campers, fizz boat joy riders and swimmers. Normally worth avoiding, the scene appealed in its total contrast to the harsh grey world of the bay. Salt encrusted and adrenaline enriched, we relaxed at Mapua cafe: a beer for me, a tonic for Maria. I ordered two ports to toast the *Blue Fox's* new name: luckily, Maria's self-control lasted.



A perfect secluded sunbathing beach

We headed behind Rabbit Island to camp on the appropriately named Bird Island, idyllic once we had carried our evening loads through the mud banks, and once the water skiers had returned to their televisions.

Nelson to French Pass

The morning paddle to Nelson around the back of Rabbit Island was like no other. A cold swirling mist had descended, reducing visibility to about 200 yards. The inlet with its waterways, many flat islands and prominent trees emerging out of then fading into the mist was serenely eerie. We saw many shags and white herons, but more mae-maes than ducks. The compass had its first use, but even so, navigating the channels was hit and miss: we were blocked once by an experimental seaweed station.

By the time we left the shelter of Rabbit Island, there was a fair northerly blowing. The aerial photographs were invaluable in finding the deep channel, which we followed out, successfully negotiating a clear route through the gauntlet of monstrous breaking surf. So started our journey up the east side of Tasman Bay, the most exposed coast of the route.

In Nelson harbour we met with Maria's parents, armed with muffins, a brew, and a re-supply of oat bars. In the big smoke we re-stocked with a few fresh rations, and lunched in luxury at the Boatshed Cafe. The faithful *Blue Fox* waited patiently for us on the sailing club ramp, a

tiny patch of blue and grey against the harbourscape.

While we were in Nelson the wind dropped to nothing, but as soon as we started it rose again: 5, 10, 15, 20 knots, as we grunted against it. Opposite the village of Glenduan we hardly seemed to be moving at all; I had to line up telephone poles to detect any advance. Eventually we found ourselves amongst the white rocks and crashing surf of Ataata Point, squinting into the spray towards Pepin Island, trying to make out the best camp spot.

We found a dark, rocky cove set just back from the turbulent western tip, nicely sheltered from the northerly, with fresh water, but some small drawbacks: foot-sized rocks rather than sand, tennis ball sized rocks instead of flat grass, and a foot or two of surf pounding on the steep bank. Still, we were tired, there was nowhere else obvious to go, and this would do for the night. I froze standing deep in the surf unloading the Fox. Enough wood for a warming fire at least, and our fresh rations included steak and claret. We slept on anything and everything soft: air mattress, lifejackets, boat seats and clothes.

The next day we were stranded as the surf rose, blown in by 30 knots or more, so we endured a second day in this bleak spot. A cave exposed at low tide provided shelter as a second front passed over. I broke my fishing rod tugging on a huge snapper,



Maria Bogers; bow paddler

which had the tenacity of solid rock. We consoled ourselves with a spectacular bonfire, but the spark holes in the air mattress didn't make the second night on the rocks any more comfortable.

Next day the wind had dropped, although the remnants of swell and surf gave us an exciting launch. The west point of Pepin Island offered spectacular scenery, made complete by spectacularly breaking seas. On the basis that the open sea couldn't be worse, we fought through them and carried on. It was no worse but, once we left the lee of the point, just as invigorating. Maria successfully managed her first pee in the boat, but the manoeuvring involved made her seasick, so we stopped for recuperation and lunch at the delightful Hori Bay.

A youth high in the bush climbed down to join two more fishing below, and all three left quickly carrying very basic fishing gear. Maria the hippie reckoned that fishing was the excuse, cultivation the reason.

After two hours the wind dropped, but by the time we had launched it had risen again. We carried on north-east anyway, our next objective Cape Soucis at the mouth of Croisilles Harbour. We didn't quite make it. The wind veered to the north-west and encouraged a side on two metre chop, breaking occasionally. The *Blue Fox* and I were enjoying it, but Maria turned green, so we took the first turning to the right and found ourselves in the wide and sandy Oananga Bay, with a big surf running. We headed for the middle of the sandiest part, sprinting the fin-

ish. The *Blue Fox* didn't even think about broaching, and slid gracefully to a halt on the soft, flat sand. The tide was out, and we had a lengthy carry to the high tide mark.

Apart from the pounding surf, Oananga bay was perfect; a long crescent of golden sand, bounded by rocky points, backed with rolling tussock and mature Manuka. Deserted, too. We made camp on a raised sand plateau, amongst a maze of driftwood. It was blisteringly hot, and we erected the tent to shade vulnerable items, such as the cameras and me. We explored inland, finding a classic driftwood bach in the shade of large firs. That night was New Year's Eve, and the party was down at the tent.

The east coast of Tasman Bay is exposed to the prevailing nor'westerly winds and swells: negotiating it is the trickiest part of the route. There is no alternative, so one has to move by bounds as the weather allows. Bay by bay, we were fighting our way up this beautiful and little frequented coast, and would soon be in the lee of D'Urville Island.

The west coast of D'Urville Island is even more exposed. With a strong north-westerly pattern forecast, we ruled out adding a circuit, which would anyway have been marginal on time.

At dawn it was crystal clear outside, so much so that, until I emerged from the tent enough to see land, I thought all was mist. Coffee for two, oat bar

for me, cigarette for Maria, and we were ready to go. On a glassy sea we rounded Point Soucis into the first rays of the morning sun, and continued on across the wide mouth of Croisilles Harbour, alluring in the soft morning light. The wind freshened, veered to the west, and the swell built up remarkably quickly. Maria wanted a pee but didn't want to risk a balancing act in those seas, so we popped in behind the next point to obtain relief. Three fluffy gull chicks looked on from atop a pinnacle.

After a few more miles of great surfing, Maria turned green again, so we pulled into the shelter of Okuri Bay. Rest and seafood bisque saw her right, and Maria the mermaid was soon perched cheerfully on a rock, wearing her wide brimmed hat, which she would have felt naked without. By then the winds had dropped to nothing, and so the third leg of the day commenced.

That morning I had been wondering whether to tackle French Pass on the 2:00 pm slack turning against us, or wait for the 8:00 pm slack turning with us, the latter being the generally recommended approach. Delayed by our two unexpected stops, we decided to head for the pass while the going was good, waiting there for a few hours to nip through to Elmslie Bay in the evening.

We paddled on beautiful glassy seas, the morning's swell having flattened as fast as it had arisen. In mid-

channel, approaching French Pass, I phoned my parents in England, who are a little behind the times, to wish them a happy New Year. We realised that we had inadvertently made excellent time when we saw, from a mile off French Pass, the silhouettes of four kayakers negotiating it. It was 10 minutes past the scheduled end of slack, and we sprinted.

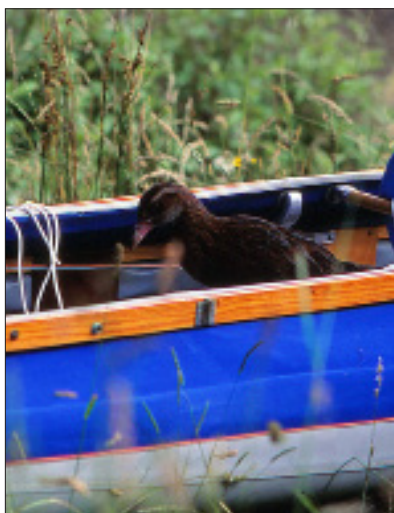
Two fishing boats remained reassuringly in mid-pass as we raced through on full throttle, and circled wide to the safety of Elmslie Bay; New Zealand's most treacherous pass taken on the fly.

Elmslie Bay was a picture postcard image of blue sea, golden sand, and moored boats, made ugly by the tents, tourists and cars. We beached for water, and raided the basic shop.

(Their trip carried on to Picton, with two pics from that stage below.

To see the rest of the story see:

www.conradedwards.net/pmwiki.php/Public/KayakingStories)



A cheeky weka searching for food scraps in the cockpit of the Blue Fox



Conrad and Maria finally ashore at Picton. Above top: Blue Fox under tow

INAUGURAL SEA KAYAKERS PILGRIMAGE Marlborough Sounds by Paul Caffyn

(from *The Sea Canoeist Newsletter*
Issue 78 Dec 1998 - Jan 1999)

Paddlers from all over the world gathered at Waikaiwa Bay for the first sea kayaker's pilgrimage in the Marlborough Sounds. Well not quite from all over the world, but the North Island, the Mainland, Australia and a tall strapping redhead from Sweden. Brunhilda was a little apprehensive that her wooden Swedish style sea kayak would meet a fiery end on the sacrificial fire, however a noncooperative airline left her kayak safely at the Stockholm airport. And what else for Brunhilda to paddle, but a *Nordkapp*.

North Island paddlers had invigorating rides across Cook Strait on the Quick/Fast Catamaran which dropped them off at the Gem Resort in the Bay of Many Coves. Conrad Edward's afternoon ferry took the Queen Charlotte Sound northern entrance to Picton as conditions were too lumpy for the Tory Channel entrance. Sick bags were in desperate need during the crossing. Conrad's kayak, tucked across the stern deck, had a cockpit full of water on arrival at the Gem Resort such was the size of the seas. He was exceedingly fortunate the sick bags weren't emptied into the cockpit.

The wind blew all weekend, from the north, from the north-west, sometimes strong and sometimes turbulent enough to stop paddling, simply brace and watch the bullets of wind lifting spray off the points and headlands.

Paddling pilgrims gathered at a DoC campsite in Wharehunga Bay, Arapawa Island, for the first evening and in view of the windy weather, paddled back to Ruakaka Bay for the second night. Following an arduous slog into a gusting headwind, the golden sandy beach was a welcome oasis from the wind. A freshly mown DoC campsite offered plenty of choice for tent sites, the only worry being adequate shelter from the wind.

Late evening the Phantom, who was clad in a slinky, head to ankle black ensemble with only the whites of his eyes and pink of his lips visible, appeared out of the night towing a river kayak. His appearance was accompanied by suitable incantations and chants from the assembled stone throwers. After the ceremonial throwing of gravel and small stones (shades of the 'Life of Brian'), accompanied by more incantations, the kayak was devoured by fire. And the phantom mysteriously varnished back into the night from whence he had first appeared.

Later that evening, I understand the phantom was awakened by a strange

rattling noise. His skull and crossbones torch revealed beer cans tumbling past his tent. A rather fresh, gusting northerly (50 knots +) had blessed the pilgrims with its presence at 1:30 am. The phantom observed one naked body desperately chasing a tent through the trees and another naked body chasing clothes along the beach, items of apparel that had been draped over an improvised clothes line through the trees. I missed all the fun, having chosen rather good shelter for the night.

A great weekend with good company and luxury camping. Loads of good food and wine, with one grossly disturbing exception. Conrad disgraced himself with a hospital catheter bladder full of what he termed 'a rather good red wine' that would have doubled as excellent paint thinner.

The Phantom has indicated his availability for sacrificial fire lighting at next year's pilgrimage. In view of the revulsion that the assembled pilgrims felt for that repugnant, loathsome noisy bane that pollutes the sea, a jet ski will be ceremoniously burnt and stoned next year. As dress standards were a little lax at this inaugural sea kayaker's pilgrimage, formal dress is a prerequisite for the 1999 pilgrimage - blokes in suits and blokesses in long gowns and tiaras.

For those sensitive paddlers who are offended by the thought of noxious fibreglass smoke fuming into a night sky from the sacrificial river kayak, the Phantom also was concerned by the threat of rising sea levels and increasing ozone holes. His river kayak, paddler and paddle contained not one iota of fibreglass!

Footnote:

Whitewater kayakers took offence at our stoning and burning of a river kayak. At a gathering of paddlers by the Matakaitaki River, near Murchison, they shoved an old fibreglass kayak onto a raging fire. Glowing pieces of fibreglass mesh were spread by the wind onto a cluster of tents leaving a holey mess of tent flies.



Conrad Edwards at the 1999 sea kayaker's Pilgrimage held at Pipi Beach in the Marlborough Sounds where a replica of a jet ski was stoned and burnt

We find Treasure 'on the High Seas'

By Barbara Leslie

(from *New Zealand Sea Canoeist*
No.158 - April to May 2012)

The new secondhand *Barracuda* double called. According to the tide chart, high water was due in at Pouto at 1105. The forecast was perfect (no wind, 18°C) so we slipped and slithered into Mountain Creek near the Gateway Motel in Kaiwaka (btw this is a free campground) and off we went after some minor adjustments. Pity Richard's spray skirt didn't fit.

It was some years since I'd paddled down this river and I was shocked to see how the mangroves had encroached but other than that all the familiar landmarks seemed the same; the big old pine tree still alive and on a bigger lean; the tunnel under the rail line still draining the lake beyond; plenty of mangrove scum on the water; lots of bird life; newly tarted up mai mais ready for duck shooting season; and incredibly lots of mullet jumping about. Maybe nobody has put a net in this part of the river for years. Umm. Nothing yummier than mullet straight into the pan!

We'd hardly got underway when I noticed a big blue suitcase on the side of the river near the sewerage lake and not far from the junction to the Kaiwaka River. I vowed to have a good look on the way back never guessing what we would find. It was virtually the same spot where a few years ago a friend and I out rowing had discovered a mysterious barge with living quarters.

After it had been there several days we clambered onto it worried that someone was aboard sick. To this day I'm yet to be convinced it wasn't illegal immigrants. We never did hear back from the police but somewhere I still have the photographic evidence.

After a great paddle reminiscing on various other paddles and adventures, and trying to work out where the old kauri tram line used to be

The treasure located on the river bank, in an old blue suitcase



(Jane Mander – *Story of a New Zealand River*) we stopped at the back of Donaldson's farm for a much needed stretch prior to returning to the blue suitcase which by now was in the water. Thus we were able to paddle up to it amongst the reeds.

Thankfully there was still enough water to get back (mud is a big problem on these Kaipara fingers). The suitcase was in two bits and some stuff was still inside it with the majority strewn about the vicinity. We discovered all sorts of things over a period of about 15 minutes. Items included clothing, fireworks, coins, an electric razor, electric toothbrush, a briefcase with pens, a jewellery box with jewels, a shopping bag with more jewels, and various other bit and pieces. I was like a kid in an icecream shop.

Wait there's more. Just as we were about to leave, having loaded the canoe with the smaller stuff, I spotted what looked like a cake tin. Raising it up it turned out to be a safe. Later we found it had been jimmied open but the gap now was only about ½ inch. It had 2 combination locks and a key hole. Sadly the metal box did seem empty once we'd drained the salty water. We took one photo of the scene prior to the camera battery running out – typical!

When we got home I laid everything out on our deck and picnic table – rings, cuff links, earrings, necklaces etc., to dry, and then phoned the police. We imagined all sorts of scenarios – a tourist car broken into; a house hoist; several burglaries; all those hours of watching *Midsummer*

Murders, Silent Witness, Heartbeat, Inspector Lynley Mysteries and so on fired our imagination. It would have been great to see if anything was in the safe. However I refrained with surprising fortitude from taking to it with my crowbar.

The grey pearls looked real but most of the other stuff looked like kids' treasures or inexpensive. My daughter-in-law said it's probably all antique and just looked like junk. Disappointingly for me a couple of days later while I was out the local constable came and took away all our finds. I didn't get a chance to expound our theories or quiz him. It turned out he'd already done his homework and advised Richard the gear was almost certainly stolen from Auckland some time ago and was probably tossed over a local bridge. He also said the child involved would be delighted to get her collection back.

Who would have ever suspected a lazy Sunday paddle would end with contraband, police and intrigue.



Barbara Leslie

HISTORY

WWII FOLBOAT RESCUE AT CRETE

by John Gumbley

(reprinted from *New Zealand Sea Camoeist* No. 164 April – May 2013)

Waikato's Huntly Museum volunteer Joy Danford recently researched the museum's family history files for information on locals prisoners of war for Huntly's ANZAC Day shop displays. That research unearthed a copy of a letter written, to local veteran Allan Jupp, from Scotland in 1981. This wonderfully descriptive letter describes a little of the Folboat Section exploits in WWII including Allan's and the many New Zealand serviceman who were rescued from Crete by the submarine *Torbay*, including Maori Battalion servicemen Wikaere, Houwai, Ted Wanoa and Manuel plus Cdr Pool, Ted Sneller and Doc Fowke. Readers may know of others?

The author, Scotsman George Bremner, was one of the first trained in the British Navy's Folboat Section on the Isle of Arran in 1940. Their task was to land Folboat canoes before commando landings to pinpoint objectives and arrange landing lights to guide landing craft to the correct point on a beach. He was with the *Torbay* off Benghazi when the submarine was ordered to the south coast of Crete following reports of large numbers of Commonwealth troops roaming the area after escaping or avoiding capture by the Germans.

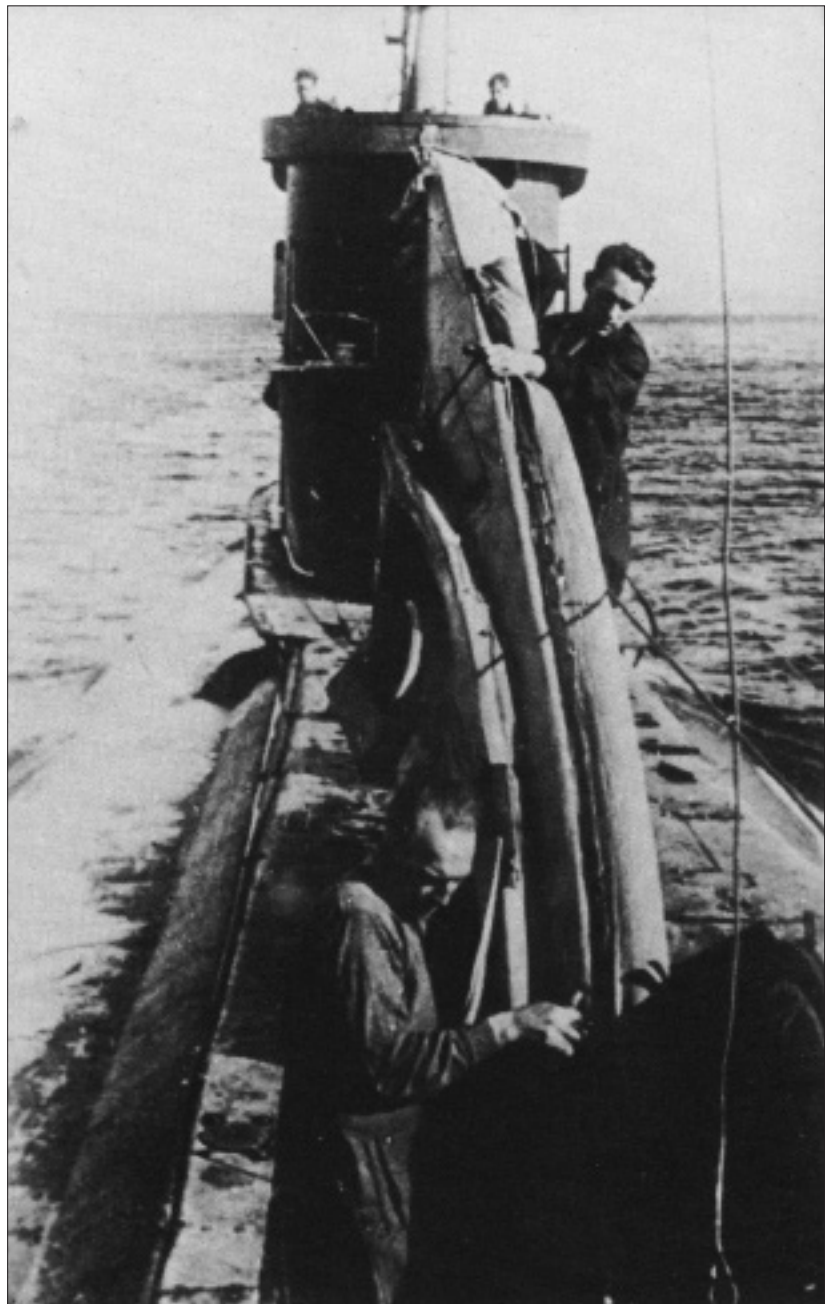
George was the only Folboat Section member on board with his two seater rubberised canvas, wooden framed canoe and when the submarine surfaced that night the sea was very rough with an off-shore wind. To quote George:

'When Lieutenant Commander Miers ordered me to proceed ashore I refused to leave the sub and Miers became very angry and shouted on the intercom for his revolver to shoot me for mutiny. I was already armed with an automatic and tommy gun so he changed his mind. We argued

for some time and after studying the charts I agreed to try to paddle ashore behind a headland to give me some shelter from the swell and wind. The elements were so bad that I drifted out to sea, and after a considerable time Miers panicked and began flashing lights towards the beach thinking I was lost. By this time I was further out to sea than the sub and it took about three hours, paddling backwards and lying as low as possible to avoid the wind, to approach the beach. My shoulder blades were badly bruised by my canoe back support and I was mad with Miers for possibly alerting Ger-

man patrols with his signalling lamp. I saw dim shapes which turned out to be a group of Cretan youngsters who, by sign language and a little Greek, informed me that there were a number of Commonwealth soldiers hiding in nearby monasteries. They went to tell the soldiers of a boat waiting to take them off after we had arranged identity calls – they would bark like a dog and I would mew like a cat - as German troops were very active in the area."

"My first encounter with our soldiers was when I ambushed two tall Kiwis and a short stout Aussie who were



*A 'foldboat' being lowered down the forehatch of an S Class submarine.
From SBS in World War Two by G.B. Courtney*

very cool when I stuck my tommy gun forward and shouted to them in German to get their hands up. They did this in a lazy manner but looked so tired that they couldn't care less at that particular time. I ferried them off in my canoe, one at a time, together with about 40 others, including Cretans and Greeks.

"On the second night I landed alone again and ferried about 35 including a high ranking Greek officer who was so large that he had to sit in the gunnels of the canoe, making it very difficult to keep the canoe upright. Meanwhile the crew had been on the radio to Naval HQ in Alexandria and were told the Greek forces did not want this General taken off. I then had the difficult task of taking this very angry man back to shore but I was fringe to the politics of the case.

"When I landed alone on the third night I could see that word had spread like wildfire and there appeared to be over 100 Commonwealth troops on the landing beach. Some were making quite a noise, with a particular British Major shouting the odds and claiming seniority. Miers had ordered me to shoot any troops who refused to obey orders so I told him if he didn't stop shouting I would shoot him which quickly shut him up.



*Men of RMBPD prepare a Mark I** for launch from a submarine in 1943 (photo Royal Marines Museum). From SBS The Invisible Raiders by James D. Ladd*

I paddled back to the sub with one passenger and reported to Miers that it would take all night, suggesting that if he could take the sub inshore as close as possible I could take a rope with life belts attached ashore, tie it to rocks and so enable non-swimmers and not-so-strong swimmers to pull their way along the rope to get to the *Torbay*. Strong swimmers made their own way. I continued to ferry off non-swimmers one at a time while part-swimmers held the bow and stern of the canoe.

"My recollection of the operation was that it ran very smoothly and I was glad when I found you all aboard the sub heading for Alexandria. I was so tired I could hardly see and fell fast asleep for a considerable period. When I woke I started checking up on all the rescued to be sure none were requiring attention but they were all so relieved to be free once more that all the discomfort of the sub was nothing compared with your experiences on Crete.

It was at this time that I discovered that all the Greeks and Cretans whom I had ferried aboard were no longer with us and the crew told me they had been instructed to throw them overboard to make room for all the Commonwealth troops.

I was saddened to feel that some of my efforts had been wasted as they had been so brave and helpful to me during the operation. Some of them were clubbed when they refused to be moved from the sub. It also accounted for the fact that when I made my last trip ashore to check if there were any soldiers left on the beach a band of Greeks and Cretans tried to club me and smash the canoe as I paddled through the surf into deeper water.

Fortunately I felt something was wrong and was alerted to trouble. I suspect a number of them were those who had been thrown overboard previously without my knowledge."

George Bremner's many, many canoe trips helped to rescue 125 soldiers (62 Kiwis), although his own estimate was 100 and he was de-

lighted to be informed of the official tally by Allan. He ends his letter by saying he often wonders how many men were still alive from those rescued by the *Torbay* over those three nights in August 1941.

George also recalls, in other operations 'delivering supplies, canvas shoes, medicine on different parts of Greece' plus rescuing POWs and while submarine commanders said they made full reports on Folboat operations subsequent research shows this was often not the case because the unit was so small with no real war establishment and, "We had difficulty in getting our promotion recorded and obtaining pay from the paymaster in Alex when we went ashore."

Anyone know of any Crete veterans that were part of this rescue?

Further Reading List by Paul Caffyn

Tony Ford and I have compiled a five page list of books about or with mention of kayaks involved with wartime operations. Email me for a copy or see my website: paulcaffyn.co.nz

There are at least six books about the SBS (Special Boat Service) which describe WW2 folboat operations in the Mediterranean Sea, however the book with mention of George Bremner is in *SBS in World War Two – The Story of the Original Special Boat Section of the Army Commandos* by G.B. Courtney, published 1983 by Robert Hale, London. Just a brief paragraph noting at the end of 1941, George left SBS and was posted to Middle East Commando.

A remarkable story, and thanks to John Gumbley for providing this insight into the wartime courage of George Bremner.

Two other significant WWII folboat raids were:

- Cockleshell Heroes, Gironde Estuary, France
- Operation *Jaywick*; Japanese occupied Singapore

Overseas Reports

West Island Bits. May 2019 by David Winkworth

I'm sitting here thinking of all the committee or executive jobs in a voluntary club or organization. Let me see - there's president, secretary, treasurer, various committee positions usually and editor for the club's magazine. Of all these I reckon the position of editor is the most demanding, not only in time required but also in the relentless consistency of work required. Want to go away on a holiday? Well, you'd better arrange it around the publication schedule! It can be an onerous task and most people take the position on for only a few years.

So how do we thank retiring editor Paul Caffyn for his efforts at Issue 200? My back-of-the-envelope calculation puts his editorship time for KASK at 28 years! I think the job began for him at Issue 35!

Wow! 28 years!

Although we live in the age of Facebook, Instagram, Twitter and general social media, I think a peak body like KASK needs a magazine - and a good one. It reaches everyone. You're not on Facebook? 'Doesn't matter because your *NZ Sea Kayaker* will arrive in your letter box every two months to keep you in touch with sea kayaking at home and all over the world. So good!

Over here in Oz we have Paddle Australia. It's the body that administers all forms of competition, skills and accepted standards in the paddle sports arena.

It used to be called Australian Canoeing and when the NSW Sea Kayak Club affiliated with it almost 20 years ago, I remember some Australian Canoeing officials calling themselves the peak body of sea kayaking in Australia. I had a distrust of them then and I bristled at that claim!

"Rubbish," I said. "The peak body of sea kayaking in Australia is col-

lectively all the state sea kayaking clubs and their members. They do the training and the trips, they make the gear and test it, they write and produce the magazines - THEY are the peak body."

However the resource is fractured in Australia, spread between distant clubs and accumulated knowledge can be difficult to access for some paddlers. Many years ago Australian historian Geoffrey Blainey coined the phrase, "The tyranny of distance." It certainly applies here.

In New Zealand, you're so lucky to have KASK as the one sea kayaking peak body with a first class magazine as an ongoing and ever-building resource. You might remember recently receiving an index of articles and stories recently. It's huge!

Never ever underestimate the value of this resource. 'Modern recreational sea kayaking,' (that's what I call it) is still being defined and refined and will be so for many years to come. The *NZ Sea Kayaker* - I liked the old *Sea Canoeist* title actually - is the repository for all this knowledge. Maybe we could call Paul Caffyn the retiring librarian or the warehouse manager!

Well done Paul! KASK and sea kayaking have gained so much from your editorship.

Paddle Floats and Self-Rescues Generally

Over many years of paddling I have at various times carried a paddle

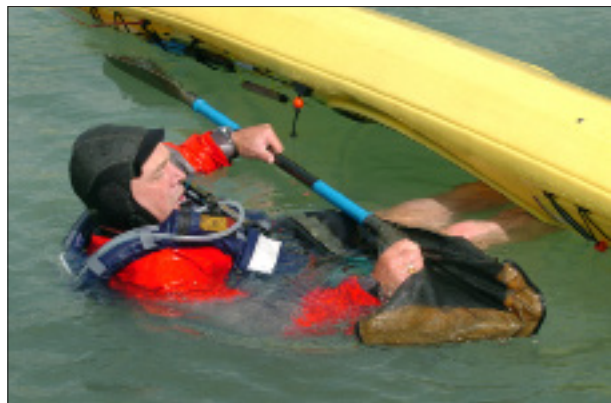
float in my kayak. I'd make them from shade cloth fabric with an old wine cask bladder for flotation.

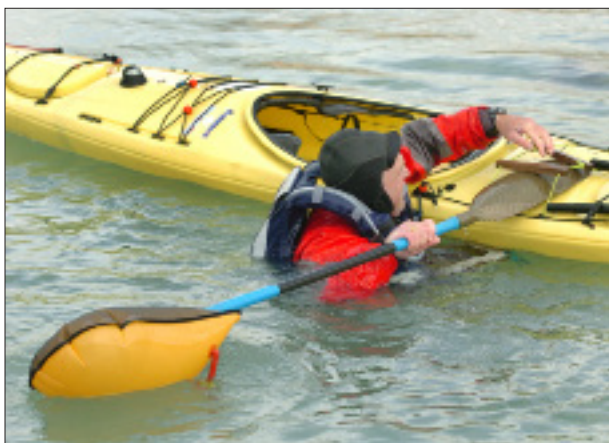
They were usually stuffed up in the bow or stern hatches and were only ever brought out to teach roll training. They're pretty effective for that too. I'd give them away to keen paddlers to use for rolling practice and then I'd eventually get around to stitching myself up a new one. The training 'go' was to reduce the air in the bladder progressively as the paddler's rolling technique improved until it was all gone.

But back to my story: I once tested the conventional paddle float re-entry technique in moderately choppy water - you know the manoeuvre where the paddle with float attached is fixed across the aft deck to stabilize the kayak for re-entry. I could roll OK but I thought I'd better know what this paddle float drill was all about if I had to talk about it! It was a popular technique in the USA in the 80s and 90s, according to a New York-based sea instructor friend.

Well, didn't I scare myself stupid with that technique! 'Paddled out to sea...hopped in the water.... reached for the stowed paddle float.... had to hang onto the kayak to stop it blowing away in the wind as I fixed the float to the paddle blade and inflated it.... mucked around attaching the paddle blade to the hold down straps on the aft deck..... got cold in the water. When it was all set up I re-entered to kayak by launching myself diagonally rearward over the cock-

*The initial phase
of a paddle float
rescue; pulling the
paddle float over
the paddle blade.
(photos: JKA)*





Paddle-float secure and inflated on one end of the paddle; 2nd stage is then securing the other end of the paddle under deck bungs or straps on the aft deck.



3rd stage of the paddle float rescue; swinging the body up and onto the aft deck and delicately (or not) swinging the legs into the cockpit.



4th stage pivoting the body 180° to sit in the cockpit. The paddle float remains as an ama or outrigger while the sprayskirt is placed on the cockpit coaming and the cockpit pumped out.

pit with some weight on the side to which I'd fixed the paddle float 'outrigger'.

As I was playing out there on a windy day, a good choppy sea was running and the kayak was sitting beam on to the sea. I think I started with the boat pointed upwind but it spun around 90° while I was setting up the affair. Beam-on is the 'angle of repose' for a boat not underway in a windy sea. Sea kayakers need to be aware of this for re-enter and roll actions on very windy days.

Well, as I re-entered my kayak rocking sideways on the ocean, I watched

with alarm the huge flex in the paddle shaft. 'It's going to break,' I thought! I had no spare paddle with me that day and I had visions of me paddling home with a single-bladed paddle!

Luckily it didn't break and I paddled home OK, all the while resolving never to practice that again! Re-enter and rolls would be fine for me!

Now, I paddle kayaks with ocean-style cockpits. That is, small cockpits with my legs locked under the deck. I like the security of this style of cockpit, I like having the foredeck close to me and I like using small

sprayskirts. The downsides are getting out of the cockpit quickly on steep beaches and needing to enter the cockpit feet first.

I can live with the threat of a scary backslide into a nasty shore dump when landing on steep beaches and I can live with having to do a re-enter and roll if I ever come out of the boat at sea or in the surf. I've not failed in a roll yet.

A wet exit at sea with any sort of sea running in an ocean-style cockpit kayak means a re-enter and roll self-rescue is the only viable self rescue method. It's important to remember in self rescues that each failure to re-board makes you a little bit more tired. The first shot is the best shot for sure!

However, I looked in the mirror the other day and told myself that I'm getting older and maybe, just maybe I couldn't rely 100% on my roll forever! Yes, it's time to permanently mount a paddle float in my kayak for re-enter and rolls, make it part of the armoury if you like. I'll fix a mesh bag to the cockpit wall and that potentially life-saving paddle float will live in it permanently.

Having recently read that scary article by John Kirk-Anderson fluffing a roll off Lyttelton Harbour probably helped in my decision. Thanks John! There was recently also a great article by Adrian Clayton of the NSW SKC on paddle floats. Adrian is a sea instructor and the editor of NSW Sea Kayak Club magazine *Salt*. I think it was reprinted in this magazine too. Thanks Adrian!

For anyone contemplating doing the same thing, remember to keep practising rolls and re-enters. You cannot just carry the gear and expect it all to work when you need it.

A few points:

- * Your first self rescue attempt, whatever style it is, is your BEST attempt. Be calm and measured. Focus!
- * It won't be flat calm. Paddlers

don't fall out of boats in calm water. It may be rough and/or very windy.

* When you've succeeded in your self rescue, don't be in too much of a hurry to get underway again. You've most likely finished your self rescue in a brace position, with or without a paddle float attached to your paddle. Hold that position and think carefully about what you're now going to do. Remember that you've just self rescued yourself back up into the sea that knocked you over 1 minute ago.

* If you're part of a group where a rescue is happening and you're not involved, turn your kayak to point upwind and hold station. Remember you only have to be one swell away from the group to be out of sight. Three or more swells and it might as well be a kilometre!

Paddling Booties Drying Rings

If you've done a bit of paddling and you wear wetsuit booties, you'll know they can get a "bit of a pong up" pretty quickly. You'll also know that booties just sitting on the ground at the end of a day will never dry. They need to be suspended upside down to dry effectively to avoid the dreaded pong.

On a trip, a couple of sticks in the sand with a bootie on each works very nicely indeed.

In a caravan park or other accommodation it's a bit hard to do the stick routine. You might try this idea:

Get a length of 90 mm or 100 mm (depending on your foot size) storm-water pipe. Using a drop saw or hand



Photos: Dave Winkworth

saw, slice a few rings about 20 mm wide.

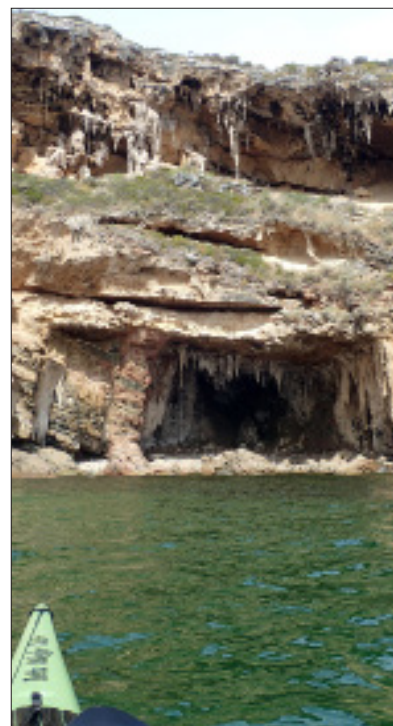
Drill a small hole in each ring. Thread a half metre length of cord through the hole and knot it. Hang the rings on the clothesline or wherever you dry your paddling kit (keeps all your gear together).

Push the toe of each bootie through a ring so that the bootie hangs upside down.

If the fit in the ring is not perfect for your booties, try cutting out a small section of ring at the bottom.

Western Australia - the South-west

In February this year I was invited to the WA Sea Kayak Club's annual Sea Kayakfest Weekend near Busselton south of Perth. Paul Caffyn and I attended the same event last year and I resolved to drive back over west this year fully self contained in a van with my kayak for a couple of months. It was a fantastic trip and all up it was about 12,000 kms. I mostly free-camped in the van - no problems over there - and paddled/camped out when the weather was suitable.



Aeolian calcarenite (sandy limestone) overlying the hard granite gneiss of the Cape Leeuwin to Cape Naturaliste ridge.

From the SeaKayakfest weekend I worked down the SW coast to Cape Leeuwin, the most south-westerly point of Australia, and based myself at a boat ramp complex near the small town of Augusta. Swells were running at around five metres but the winds were acceptable so I got in some good, challenging paddling.

Paddling up the west coast for a few days wasn't on due to the swells but the islands south of Cape Leeuwin were attractive. Being a stranger here and getting on the water very early, I called up the local Coast Patrol one



Paddlers at the WA Sea Kayak Club's Sea Kayak Fest weekend in Geograhe Bay, near Busselton in south-west Western Australia



Bremer Bay on the south coast of WA. A good day for Dave to be ashore.

day on my phone and logged on with a return time of 1500 hrs.

I basically dodged bommies in the big swells all that day. Just amazing being on liquid mountains there! No landing is possible on any of the islands near Cape Leeuwin and on one island the westerly swell wraps right around 180 degrees and comes in breaking from due east! Not a day for the faint-hearted! I'll be ready for that one next time!

I was a little late coming back in that day and thought I'd better log off or someone would come looking for me, so I called up on my VHF. No reply on channels 16 or 82. Hmm. Tried, "Any station?" No reply. Gee, maybe my radio isn't working!

I landed on the first protected beach and called them up on my phone: "Hello. David Winkworth logging off." "Thanks David."

"I've been trying to call you on the VHF. I don't think my radio's working," I said. "There's no reply from anyone."

"Your radio's fine David. We just don't have enough volunteers to monitor the radio."

So there you go folks. Paddle out of Augusta and you may be on your own.

The swells subsided a bit as I travelled east. Paddling around Walpole and Nornalup (lots of towns in WA finish in 'up') was very nice indeed.

WA must be the state of 4WDs. Everyone has a 4WD - from the holiday-makers towing 30 foot vans to the

full-on off road adventurer - and everyone drives on the beaches. I found it quite difficult to find my own little piece of wilderness - a beach landing camp site with no 4WD tracks!

The little hooded plover is a beach-nesting migratory bird and is an endangered species over there. No wonder I thought - not many eggs would survive the marauding land cruisers!

To be fair, a lot of the WA roads are dirt, corrugated and/or sandy. My 2WD van worked well though. As long as I could get within cooee of the water somewhere in the van it was OK. I'd put the wheels on the kayak (never go anywhere without them!), load up the boat and trolley it to the launch and paddle off. I was never bothered by power boaters and generally I was still out on the water long after they'd returned to the ramps.

Sandy Robson put me in touch with the Albany members of the WA SKC (thanks Sandy!) and I had a wonderful few days paddling with them. Southern swells bounce off lots of the big granite islands there and top quality rebound had the waves going everywhere. 'Rockdunda' Island was a fabulous paddle! One day further east I actually got sick of paddling through rebound - it went on for kilometres!

I asked Albany paddler Chris Fry about their paddling conditions throughout the year:

"Chris, does the swell often drop below two metres here?"

"About one day a year Dave," he replied, "after lunch - for about an hour."

From Albany I journeyed east, stopping at various beach camp areas for a few days and sampling the local paddling. Some areas were completely 'blown away' with big swells and roaring easterly winds. On those occasions I got my daily exercise walking for miles on the beaches which are mostly ideal for walking - flat and hard.

Bremer Bay and the Doubtful Islands were a standout (see photo at left). Beautiful! Paddling out of there I could duck behind a headland when the swells went over four metres and closed out the beaches. They run whale watching tours out of Bremer Bay. When I was there they were doing killer whale tours out to the undersea canyons. For a seven hour day at sea they'd relieve you of a cool \$400! Not cheap.

The water temperatures off the WA coast during my time there (Feb and March) were well over 20°C. I had some great swims and snorkels in impossibly clear blue water. Fantastic. None of the nasty 'bluebottles' that drift along our coast are in southern WA waters but they do have a little white stinger in the shallows that I thankfully didn't get to feel!

I generally dodged National Park car campsites, preferring to launch at a town boat ramp and paddle into the parks. Car fees for the National Parks are \$13.00 per day if you don't have a pass. Caravan parks were OK - the few that I used. Some wanted to ping me \$35 to \$40 per night for a two person unpowered site. "But there's only me," I'd protest and move on to a thoroughly pleasant bush camp.

I was looking forward to doing lots of paddling and multi-day out-and-back trips out of Esperance through the Recherche Archipelago islands - there are some 130 of them, but as I closed on Esperance the south-east winds picked up and stayed up. Early morning paddling was fine but generally by around 9:00 am the winds were well up. Paddling in a westerly



Dave's kayak safari mobile

direction would've worked out well but I didn't have a 'car shuffler' to move my vehicle, preferring instead to do some out and back paddles so I was a bit defeated by those winds. I think I was there a month or so too early!

Esperance has a great cliff-top drive to the west which would rival Victoria's Great Ocean Road!

I missed out on fish during my WA trip. I was told the salmon run was coming (with attendant sharks apparently) but my score was zero.

While in Esperance I thought I'd visit the National Parks office to ask about the islands and camping. Most of the magnificent Recherche Archipelago islands are great lumps of granite with few landing locations. Maybe I could get some advice!

It's not often that I do things legally and after this encounter I may not again for a while:

"Hello," I said to the NP office worker. "I'm a sea kayaker and I'd like to paddle out to some of the outer islands. Can you tell me which islands have beaches and which islands I can land on please?"

"Just a moment," she said, "and I'll find out for you."

Off she went and came back with a fellow worker to whom I repeated my request.

"I'll get the office manager to help you," he said, and disappeared.

Out came the lady office manager with phone in hand.

"I have our regional manager on the line. What did you want to know?" she said.

I repeated my request and she relayed it to the person on the phone.

"Ah ha - mnn - mnn. OK. I'll tell him," she said.

It didn't sound good. (I don't think



A selfie taken by Dave on a magic white sand beach in southern WA

there are many sea kayakers in Esperance.)

"OK," she said, sounding a little peeved. "You need to write us a letter stating which islands you'd like to land on and we'll write back to you saying which ones we'll approve you to land on."

I left.

And that was the end of my western sojourn. I crossed the Nullabor back to the east, did some paddling at Fowlers Bay at the top of the Great

Australian Bight, camped and paddled along the Murray River and drove through snow crossing the Snowy Mountains at Thredbo.

The van is being slowly fitted out to improve accommodation. It shows great promise as a travelling sea kayaking base. Maybe I'll head back to the west next year! So much more paddling to do!

Enjoy your paddling - and thank you again Paul for your editorship of a great magazine.



Top: Albany sea kayaker Brodie, paddling the granite islands east of Albany. Photo: DW



Left: Dave Winkworth at our 2007 Anakiwa KASK Forum. His regular 'West Island Bits' column in the KASK magazine have featured since 1994

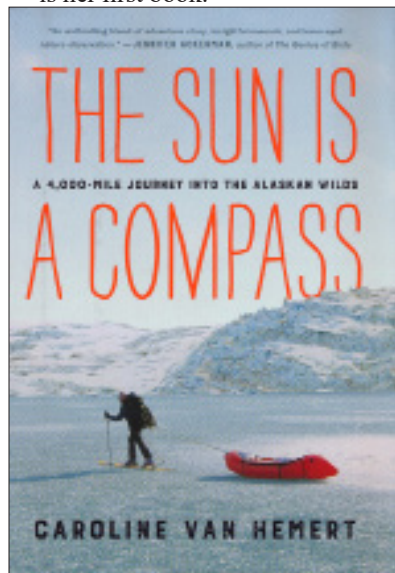
BOOK NOTES

The Sun Is a Compass: A 4,000-Mile Journey into the Alaskan Wilds, written by Caroline van Hemert, this 320 page hardcover book is shaping into an excellent read. I'm only half way through so this, so not a full review. Just one map shows the journey; a central colour plate section illustrates the differing modes of transport; a full index at the rear.

Published in March 2019, the book is also available as a Kindle read. I sourced my copy from *Amazon*. The information below is off the website:

In March of 2012 Caroline and her husband set off on a 4,000-mile wilderness journey from Bellingham to Kotzebue in the Alaskan Arctic, travelling by rowboat, ski, foot, pack raft, and canoe. They survived harrowing dangers while also experiencing incredible moments of joy and grace - migrating birds silhouetted against the moon, the steamy breath of caribou, and the bond that comes from sharing such experiences.

Biography: Caroline Van Hemert, PhD, is a biologist, writer, and adventurer whose journeys have taken her from the pack ice of the Arctic Ocean to the swamps of the Okavango Delta. When she's not travelling, she divides her time between a remote off-the-grid cabin in south-east Alaska and a cozy home in downtown Anchorage, where she lives with her husband and two young sons. *The Sun is a Compass* is her first book.



BOOK REVIEW

Title: *No Barriers*

Subtitle: *A Blind Man's Journey to Kayak the Grand Canyon.*

Author: Erik Weißenmayer and Buddy Levy

Published: 2017

Publisher: Thomas Dunne Books

Contents: 460 pp, 30 pp colour photos.

Cover: Softcover (HB also printed)

Price: NZ\$21.91 from Fishpond

ISBN: 978-1-250-08879-6

Review: Jan Egarr

I picked this book up at Hamilton Airport and after reading the Foreword by Bob Woodruff, ABC News, I bought it, hoping that it wouldn't be a book about how great one person was. The foreword started with Bob Woodruff's challenging moment in the Iraq war outside Baghdad when he received a traumatic brain injury and how he struggled to put his cognitive abilities back together over the following years. This is not a book about sea kayaking but will be of interest to all paddlers.

Erik Weißenmayer lost his sight in ninth grade and gradually made the decision that, 'Nothing would stop him from achieving his goals.' (p. xiv).

He talks about his supportive upbringing and the journey that led him to climb to the top of Mount Everest. On reaching the top, his guide challenged him to not let this be the only great goal he set himself. 'Erik doesn't climb mountains or break records merely to receive medals and accolades. Instead, he operates from a need to prove to himself what he can accomplish and to use his story to help others.' (p. xv)

In 2004, Erik co-founded the non-profit 'No Barrier's organization to support people who have suffered from mental and physical injuries, including war veterans, young people / amputees. This organization now has an annual 4-day summit which showcases cutting-edge adaptive technologies and provides interactive clinics in an outdoor setting. (Erik talks about the technology

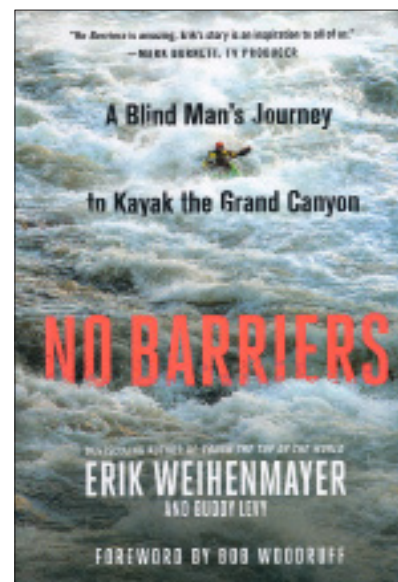
he uses which enables him to play noughts and crosses with his daughter, wearing a BrainPort.) It also features speakers telling life-changing stories.

The main body of the book is about Erik's introduction to paddling a single kayak, gradually paddling more challenging waters, developing technology using headphones through which his paddling partner gives him directions, training at the US National White-water Centre which has a conveyor belt to ferry paddlers from the bottom of the channel back to the upper pool for another run, and running varied rivers in the States and Mexico.

The challenges of paddling Grade 3-5 rapids when the headphones fail is heart-stopping. When the team finally run the Grand Canyon over 277 miles, there are two blind paddlers.

The photos of the rapids are worth a look at the book on their own. This book is about so much more than paddling and climbing. It is the story of many people, from children to adults, from different countries who are physically challenged and how they overcome their challenges, or, in some cases, how they succumb to the trauma of their lives. It is also the story of Erik's family, extended and nuclear, and his adopted son's background.

I found it an uplifting story and one I will keep on my bookshelf for others to read.



BOOK REVIEW

Title: *Dying Out Here is Not an Option***Subtitle:** *PADDLEQUEST 1500***Author:** John Connelly**Published:** 2018**Publisher:** author**Contents:** 159 pp, map, central section b&w photos**Cover:** softcover**Size:** 228 x 150 mm**Price:** US\$ 14.95**ISBN:** 978 0 692 15953 8**Availability:** Amazon**Review:** Tamsin Venn

The one regrettable thing about John Connelly's new book *Dying Out Here is not an Option* is that he went solo on his 1,500-mile, 75-day odyssey. He paddled the Northern Forest Canoe Trail (NFCT) by canoe then jumped over to the coast via the St. John River and Bay of Fundy to the Maine coast, to paddle the Maine Island Trail (MIT), both organizations dear to his heart.

Friends and his incredible wife, Nicole, kept him company on some days. But we would probably all want to go with him for several reasons: incredible skill, appreciation of outdoors, ibuprofen-free fitness, ability to fix a hole in a fibreglass boat, a sense of humour, and drive: '...I'm doing this thing, not attempting it. Or so I convince myself and tell everyone else.'

One motivator for the lofty goal of Paddlequest 1500 (800 miles of canoeing and 700 miles of kayaking) was his wish to inspire others to get off the couch and get outdoors. Another was his hitting the big 60 and wanting to do something 'epic'. But what many of us most relate to is the daily stuff of taking down the tent and getting on the water to the next tent site and encounters along the way.

Connelly provides great entertainment in daily details be they interactions with locals, trail angels who went out of their way to help him (or trail devils who did not, upon which he does not dwell), wildlife encounters like hundreds of harbour seals

during pupping season, nudging a kayak into a motel room, the best beer on tap at the local pub, out paddling lightning. He keeps you turning pages to see what happens next, including (spoiler alert) whether he will die or not.

Connelly is a long-time pro in the outdoor field. He founded probably the first guided sea kayaking company in Maine in 1981 in Stonington, Maine. His sea kayaking operation was a spin off from his whitewater rafting company, Eastern River Expeditions, Inc. and was called Eastern at Sea. He was manager of the L.L.Bean Discovery Schools 2000-2010 where he managed strategy, courses, trips and tours development and business growth. He volunteers as a monitor skipper for MITA. He is well qualified for an expedition such as this.

I have heard Connelly speak about his journey twice, his photos are great, and with the need for entertainment, he emphasizes the high dramas of the expedition. Reading the book, it is interesting to follow him on the entire journey, both geographically and emotionally.

The book comes in two parts: the inland expedition, which is peppered with whitewater thrills ('scoring high water on the Nulhegan River') or the difficulty of paddling upriver for some stretches; and the section where he switches from canoe to kayak below the Grand Falls Dam in Canada for the next 700 miles. One of the best descriptions is going through the reversing falls at St. John ('Gotham City meets Mad Max'). No thank you.

The North Atlantic on the MIT feels a bit like a horse heading back to the barn, as Connelly powers through 30-mile days, in horrendous conditions, doing stretches of coast – Bay of Fundy, the Bold Coast, crossing Penobscot Bay to Vinalhaven - that many of us would devote a week or more to. It's breathtaking the speed in which he dispatches the Maine Island Trail.

Ocean lovers will appreciate this: "For me, much like flight, the sea represents absolute freedom: free-

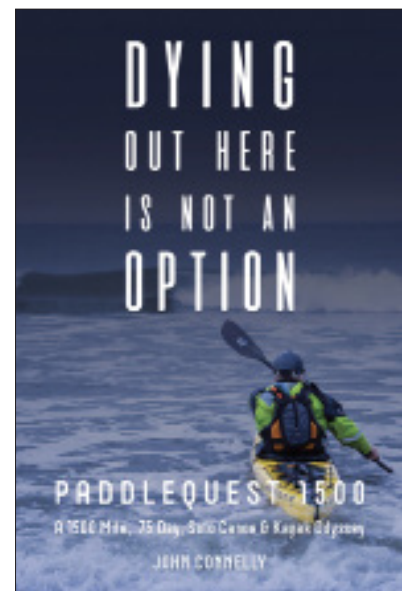
dom to travel the globe, port to port, hemisphere to hemisphere; freedom from the daily hustle and being hustled; freedom from borders. If we row, sail or paddle, it's responsible, cheap travel, free of gas stops."

His dismay at some environmental conditions is palpable. "We can do better," he says more than once.

Crossing the border is always entertaining. "Borders are usually crossed by road, in vehicles. It's a bit unusual to have someone crawl up over a river bank wearing a drysuit and lifejacket with whistle, knife, radios and strobe light attached."

He sums it up best:

"The experience has been enriching and challenging in so many ways: the *Are you John Connelly?* phenomenon; Trail Angels; horrendous, deadly, spectacular, peaceful, and calm weather; violent lakes and deadly seas; my exceptional and supportive wife and friends; moose, seals and whales, loons calling in the night, perched eagles watching me pass by; manure, wheels and car parts in the river, trash and plastic on beaches; sunsets and moon rises, driving rain and blowing snow: waking to frozen paddling gear, sweating in my dry suit, suffering intestinal bugs, losing my boat, almost sinking, towering pines, towering cliffs, towering waves. Moments that terrified me and forced me to reach deep. Moments that brought me unspeakable joy."



HUMOUR

A Very Forgettable Christmas

As a joke, my brother used to hang a pair of panty hose over his fireplace before Christmas. He said all he wanted was for Santa to fill them. What they say about Santa checking the list twice must be true because every Christmas morning, although Jay's kids' stockings were overflowed, his poor pantyhose hung sadly empty.

One year I decided to make his dream come true. I put on sunglasses and went in search of an inflatable love doll. They don't sell those things at the Red Shed. I had to go to an adult bookstore downtown. If you've never been in an X-rated store, don't go. You'll only confuse yourself. I was there an hour saying things like, "What does this do?" "You're kidding me!" "Who would buy that?"

Finally, I made it to the inflatable doll section. I wanted to buy a standard, uncomplicated doll that could also substitute as a passenger in my truck so I could use the carpool lane during rush hour. Finding what I wanted was difficult. Love dolls come in many different models. The top of the line, according to the side of the box, could do things I'd only seen in a book on animal husbandry. I settled on 'Lovable Louise.' She was at the bottom of the price scale. To call Louise a 'doll', took a huge leap of imagination.

On Christmas Eve, with the help of an old bicycle pump, Louise came to life. My sister-in-law was in on the plan and let me in during the wee morning hours, long after Santa had come and gone, I filled the dangling pantyhose with Louise's pliant legs and bottom. I also ate some cookies and drank what remained of a glass of milk on a nearby tray. I went home, and giggled for a couple of hours.

The next morning my brother called to say that Santa had been to his house and left a present that had made him VERY happy but had left the dog confused. She would bark, start to walk away, then come back and bark some more. We all agreed that Louise should remain in her panty hose so the rest of the family could admire her when they came

over for the traditional Christmas dinner.

My grandmother noticed Louise the moment she walked in the door. "What the hell is that?" she asked. My brother quickly explained, "It's a doll."

"Who would play with something like that?" Granny snapped. I had several candidates in mind, but kept my mouth shut. "Where are her clothes?" Granny continued.

"Boy, that turkey sure smells nice, Gran," Jay said, trying to steer her into the dining room. But Granny was relentless. "Why doesn't she have any teeth?" Again, I could have answered, but why would I? It was Christmas and no one wanted to ride in the back of the ambulance saying, "Hang on Granny! Hang on!"

My grandfather, a delightful old man with poor eyesight, sidled up to me and said, "Hey, who's the naked gal by the fireplace?" I told him she was Jay's friend. A few minutes later I noticed Grandpa by the mantel, talking to Louise. Not just talking, but actually flirting. It was then that we realized this might be Grandpa's last Christmas at home.

The dinner went well. We made the usual small talk about who had died, who was dying, and who should be killed, when suddenly Louise made a noise that sounded a lot like my father in the bathroom in the morning. Then she lurched from the panty hose, flew around the room twice, and fell in a heap in front of the sofa.

The cat screamed. I passed cranberry sauce through my nose, and Grandpa ran across the room, fell to his knees, and began administering mouth to mouth resuscitation. My brother fell back over his chair and wet his pants and Granny threw down her napkin, stomped out of the room, and sat in the car. It was indeed a Christmas to treasure and remember.

Later in my mother's garage, we conducted a thorough examination to decide the cause of Louise's collapse. We discovered that Louise had suffered from a hot ember to the back of her right thigh. Fortunately, thanks to a wonder drug called duct tape, we restored her to perfect health. Louise went onto star in several bachelor party movies. I think

Grandpa still calls her whenever he can get out of the house.

Captain Hook

A seaman meets a pirate in a bar, and talk turns to their adventures on the sea. The seaman notes that the pirate has a peg-leg, a hook on one arm, and an eye patch. The seaman asks, "So, how did you end up with your peg-leg?"

The pirate replies, "We were in a storm at sea, and I was swept overboard into a school of sharks. Just as my men were pulling me out, a shark bit my leg off."

"Wow!" said the seaman.

"What about your hook?"

"Well," replied the pirate, "We were boarding an enemy ship and were battling the other sailors with swords. One of the enemy cut my hand off with a cutlass."

"Incredible!" remarked the seaman.

"But how did you get the eye patch?"

"I was looking up at the rigging and a seagull poop fell square into my eye," replied the pirate.

"You lost your eye to a seagull poop?" the sailor asked incredulously.

"Well," said the pirate, "It was my first day with my new hook."

Chinese Wedding Night

A young Chinese couple gets married. She's a virgin. Truth be told, he is a virgin too, but she doesn't know that.

On their wedding night, she cowers naked under the sheets as her husband undresses in the darkness. He climbs into bed next to her and tries to be reassuring. "My darling," he whispers, "I know dis you firss time and you berry frighten. I promise you, I give you anyting you want, I do anyting - juss anyting you want. You juss ask. Whatchu want?" he says, trying to sound experienced and worldly, which he hopes will impress her.

A thoughtful silence follows and he waits patiently (and eagerly) for her request. She eventually shyly whispers back, "I want to try somet- ing I have heard about from other girls. Numbaa 69."

More thoughtful silence, this time from him. Eventually, in a puzzled tone he asks her, "You want... Garlic prawns with corrifrowa?"

KASK

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

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

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

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

Email: jacqueie@kask.co.nz

KASK Annual Subscription

\$40 single membership.

\$40 family membership.

\$40 overseas (PDF email newsletter)

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

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PO Box 23, Runanga 7841
West Coast**

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

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

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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.

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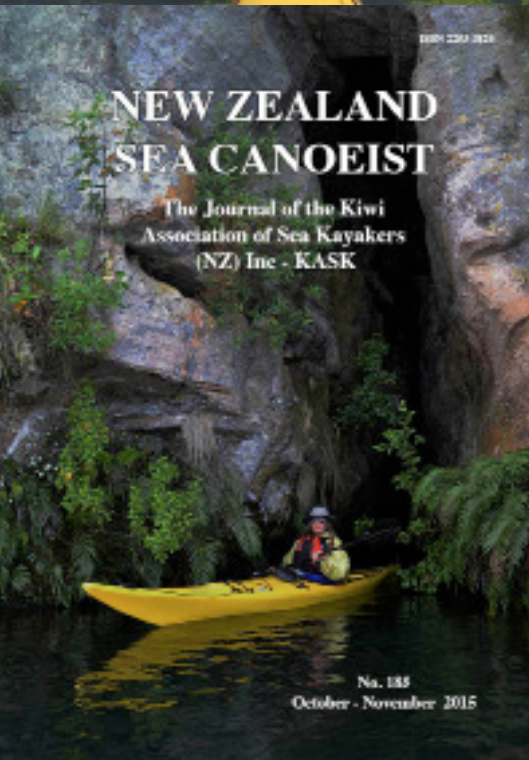
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NEW ZEALAND SEA KAYAKER

No. 193
February - March 2018

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



NEW ZEALAND SEA KAYAKER

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The Journal of the Kiwi Association of Sea Kayakers (NZ)
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NEW ZEALAND SEA KAYAKER

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NEW ZEALAND SEA KAYAKER

NEW ZEALAND SEA KAYAKER

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October - November 2018

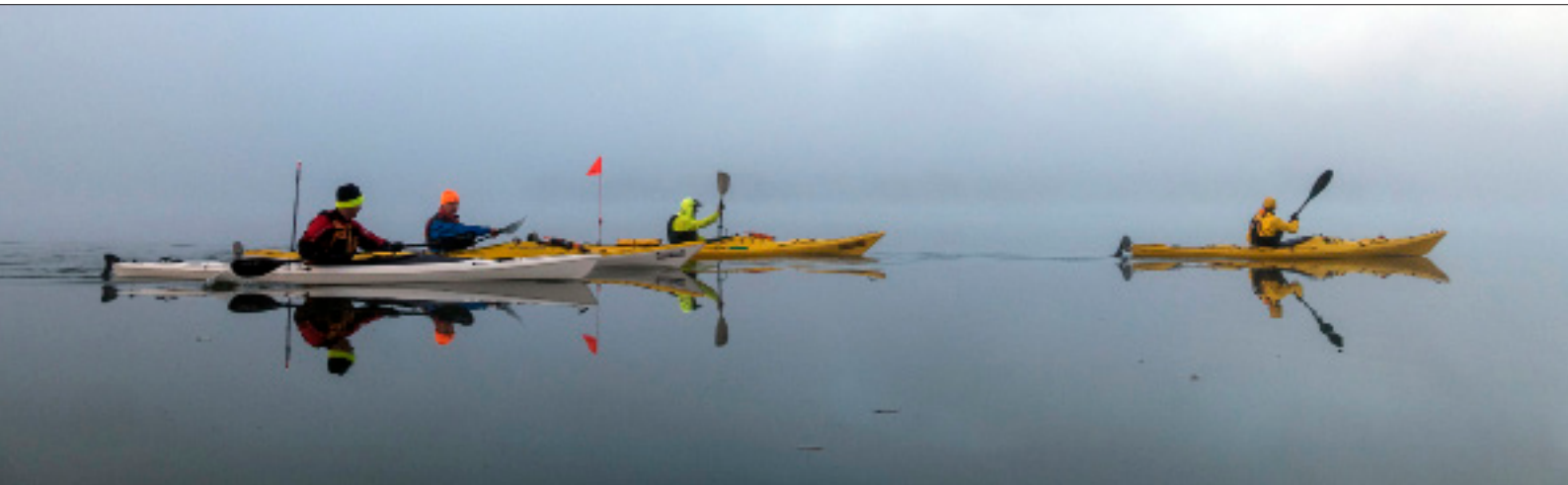


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On a July 2018 paddle from Hobsonville Point to Riverhead, Auckland, Uta Machold used her Panasonic Lumix FZ1000 camera to record this surreal mood on a cold and foggy morning with the sun trying to break through

KASK MEMBERSHIP POLICY

Current membership fees are:

- \$40 for ordinary membership
- \$40 for family or joint membership
- \$40 for overseas membership (PDF newsletter only)
- the KASK memberships runs 1 August to 31 July the following year
- a subscription due notice and up to two reminders are sent out with the magazines between June and October
- if a membership renewal is not received by 30 September, membership lapses
- new members who join between 1 June and 31 July automatically get their membership credited to the following year, receiving a 14 month membership