

THE SEA CANOEIST NEWSLETTER

Issue 45

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EDITORIAL

The Wellington Network address list was sent out in Newsletter No.44 to paddlers on the subscription list in the lower half of the North Island. If you missed out or would like a copy sent, drop myself or Ann Louise a line. For those people not at the Wellington KASK Forum, and who desire inclusion on the network list, please drop a line or telephone:

Ann Louise Mitcalfe,
4 Hadfield Terrace,
Wellington,
Ph: (04) 475 9402.

Max Grant was approached by several paddlers at the Wellington Forum regarding obtaining a permit to land on Kapiti Island, and Max will be writing on behalf of KASK to the Department of Conservation to see if a couple of dates a year can be set aside for canoeists to visit the island.

Following discussion at the Wellington Forum, Bruce Maunsell has spearheaded a move to form a New Zealand professional sea kayaker's association. With the rapid growth in numbers of rental and guiding operations over the last few years, there was a desperate need for this to occur before the Ministry of Transport stepped in. Bruce had circulated for comment copies of the draft constitution of the The Kayak Operators Association of New Zealand Incorporated, a Code of Practice for Sea Kayak Operators, Safety Course syllabus and Sea Kayak Guides Qualifications. These drafts were adopted at an inaugural meeting of the association on the 9th of June. For further information contact Bruce Maunsell, PO Box 195, Picton. Tel: (03) 573 6078 Fax: (03) 573 6982

In this newsletter, there are two excellent accounts from Wellington paddlers of trips that started out smoothly but, with deteriorating conditions, turned into epics. Tony Jennings' Terawhiti Terrors story is I feel a good example of a paddler continually assessing deteriorating conditions, and making a decision to turn back. It is extremely difficult to slot conditions into categories such as with the grading of river rapids. In making my own assessment of conditions I tend to use only two categories, good to marginal and marginal to bad. The demarcation between the two is difficult to define in terms of wind speed, sea and air temperature, coastline morphology, swell and chop conditions, because there is no much variance in these. Conditions which are prejudicial to either self rescue or group rescue, such as with P.C. Taylor's account of 'Doubles do Roll', must slot into the marginal to bad conditions. But always the assessment of conditions comes back to a judgemental decision from the paddler or party leader, and the decision is based hopefully on a wealth of previous sea kayaking experience. Both writers have included suggestions for readers in the light of their experiences and these are well worth absorbing. Rescue techniques are normally learnt in a quiet backwater or heated swimming pool. Buckets of water thrown from poolside observers add to the spectacle but in no way prepare paddlers for either strong wind and breaking sea conditions. And there is a strong message about complacency, also from Alan Woods in his Southern Scene. Rescue, rolling and bracing techniques do require practice and polishing.

I hope PC Taylor does not mind if I comment on the paddling clothes he and Elanor wear wearing. The cold weather gear of polypro and parkas is suitable not a winter dunking. There is an immediate shock factor following sudden cold water immersion, quickly followed by the debilitating chilling of the bodies extremities, toes and fingers, hands and feet etc., with quite rapid loss of manual dexterity of the fingers. Where there is the slightest threat of cold water immersion, particularly in windy conditions, I would suggest

two options for paddling clobber; the first is a body length wetsuit, either a thick farmer john style one, or a full arm length one as worn by windsurfers plus wetsuit booties, and a neoprene helmet or hood, and the second but more expensive is a trilaminate fabric style dry suit with in-built booties. Perhaps kayaking clobber would be best treated in a longer article in another newsletter.

LETTERS

'Go Fly a Kite'

As one of the Christchurch group of paddlers, you know we have a lot of water in which to play. Also some good sea breezes, which brings me to mention kite flying off the Nordkapp. I feel I now have got it down to a fine art. Just imagine a good launch off the entrance to Port Levy in a good NE wind and a run all the way up the harbour back to Lyttleton. My boat has been clocked at 6 knots keeping up with a keeler who had a spinnaker up. My kite is a parafoil 1m x .75m and I use 75 pound line on a reel mounted on the foredeck at arm's length. I use 150 feet of line and this allows it to be up in good air. I have also been testing other kites over the summer and a firm called Mad Dog Kites in Christchurch (Andrew Reid - 03 384 1445) can make me one a lot cheaper than Brian Lodge and I paid to import ours from the USA. Remember if you use a kite, always carry a knife for the line could foul up on take off or landing. Its a lot of fun but can make you lazy.

Mike Rossouw
21 Thomas St., ChCh.

I'm sure Mike would pass on information on kites if anyone is interested. His phone No: (03) 899259

Compasses & Compartments

Thanks for another interesting newsletter (Issue 44). Said you would include the Wellington area network list. I may have been the only one to have missed out but would be grateful if said list could be included with my next newsletter.

Your luck with watertight compartments seems to have been better than mine. I would recommend that anything that mat-

ters be kept in some form of watertight bag. Even if the hull or hatches do not leak, the fresh water container will, if given the slightest encouragement.

There may be some who find the sum of \$85 for a deck mounted compass a bit steep. Perhaps in some future newsletter you could mention that an entirely satisfactory system can be made by fitting a car compass in some form of mount. Every other auto accessory shop used to stock them - a gimmick in a car, but quite acceptable away from magnetic influences. The type about 40mm in diameter is legible, steady and quite adequate for course corrections on minor day trips, perhaps more. They used to cost only a few \$ - junk or curio shops may now be a source of supply. The small globular ones, about 25mm in diameter, currently available from the Warehouse etc., are not so satisfactory but may stick.

I didn't fit a compass on a recent trip on Taupo - not likely to need such a thing on a lake. Won't make the same mistake again - landmarks obliterated by rain showers when well offshore and wind quietly backing 90 degrees.

Russel Ginn

Titahi Bay Wellington.

BULKHEADS & AIRBAGS

Part II - Sandy Ferguson

Some boats, which don't have a forehead bulkhead, use an air bag. It will work under most conditions but not all as the White Water Club found out off the Sumner bar a few months ago with their Kyook. The air bag leaked and they ended up with it nose down when it might have been better not to have been.

Recently on the computer net there was discussion by the Americans about the use of airbags but in that context it was because they couldn't trust their bulkheads as fitted to plastic boats, a problem if exactly the right glue is not used. It is common on those boats to use foam bulkheads. In that case there should be a sheet of stiff material glued to the foam of the cockpit side to help "load spread". A good example of this is to be found on the Sea Quest and they probably have the best and strongest bulkheads of any plastic boat.

The second problem with an airbag is, how do you fit it when the area that is supposed to "protect" is full of gear. Again the Kyook is such a small boat that one really can't afford not to use the fore end for stowage. Admittedly the gear stowed displaces some water but not all. Once the boat is full of water things are likely to be washed out and be replaced by more water and to compound the problem.

So, for loaded, long distance touring, airbags are not the way to go and the only real and safe answer is strong bulkheads

and hatch covers.

THE SOUTHERN SCENE

Alan Woods

Well being in the depths of a typical winter has meant dragging out the pogies for the first time this year. Interest in sea kayaking is booming in the south with up to 10 people at a time joining us for Sunday strolls up and down the coast. Queens Birthday weekend saw a group of us paddle up the middle fiord of Lake Te Anau and then portage up to Lake Middleton and paddle to the hut at the top of the lake. This is a perfect mid-winter trip as the huts provide warmth and shelter from the frosts. On the return trip we paddled the river between the lakes, slalom kayaking in sea boats make for an interesting trip down the river, but it saved us a few hours portage.

Maggie Oakley and I have been paddling the coast from Oamaru to Dunedin most free weekends the last two months, exploring some of the bays and trying to learn a lot more about the coastline in various weather conditions, unfortunately the weather has been too good and we had had a couple of days over 20 knots of wind. We are noting down the information so there is a database that people can access about this rarely paddled bit of coastline.

On a more embarrassing note, after seven years of swim-free paddling, I made like a fish while in a small half metre surf. I was keeping an eye on a beginner and tripped over a wave when sitting in the surf zone. After four attempts at rolling I bailed out. I had developed quite a contempt for small surf conditions and had not practised rolling for months, so after having the others come and offer me assistance, my ego is suitably deflated and I once again pay attention in the surf zone.

And a P.S. notes: Paul sorry its so brief, been real busy. The mini sea kayak symposium will be held on the weekend 4/5 February, 1994. We seem to have a heap of people from ChCh interested so I don't know how mini it will be.

Alan Woods

GREAT BARRIER REEF

A postcard from Bevan Walker and Nora Flight from Lockhardt River, halfway up the Cape York Peninsula:

'We left Port Douglas on the 7 June and reached Lockhardt River on 25 June. We had lots of wind from the S.E. and at Bathurst Bay, we had three days on shore, climbing on the granite rocks. We had one night on Flinders Island, and I have caught some fish. Some days it is cloudy with rain. We have seen some dugong. All the best, Bev.'

FINE TUNING A RUDDER

There are several ways to improve a rudder's effectiveness:

- i. balancing a rudder
- ii. changing aspect
- iii. eliminating rake
- iv. changing cable attachments

Some paddlers argue that a rudder is a movable skeg for maintaining a straight line course and is not for steering. In calm conditions I would have to agree that a rudder can be considered as a movable skeg, for minimal movement is necessary. In nearly all other situations, wind, chop, tide races, reefbound coasts, ice packs etc., I consider a rudder is a basic steering mechanism. My development of an aluminium overstern rudder in 1982, based on a fibreglass rudder concept used by Tasmanian paddlers, has spread throughout the world and improved rudder steering efficiency by comparison with the old 'gravity drop' system. The bugbear with non retractable rudders or skegs was their susceptibility to damage during landing and launching, particularly on surf beaches.

Certainly the old drop system allowed a rudder to be lifted above the keel or rocker line to avoid damage when landing and launching - a single cord led from the top of the rudder back to the cockpit - but once the cord was released and the rudder blade dropped into the water under gravity, there was no way of holding the rudder down. The more a rudder blade is dragged out of a vertical position by frictional drag, the less inefficient it is and the greater the force required to achieve steerage. The overstern rudder eliminated this problem with the use of a continuous loop of cord, which enabled a rudder blade to be locked into position.

If you enjoy long surfing runs or commonly deal with strong tide races, the following hints may improve the efficiency of your rudder:

i. Balancing a Rudder: Modern yacht rudder design incorporates 10 to 12% of the rudder blade area forehead of the rudder pivot line or axis. Kayak rudders predominantly have the hinge or pivot point mounted so the rudder, when turned, pivots in a vertical plane. A rudder pivot axis which is either angled to the bow or stern will cause a pulling down or lifting effect when the rudder is turned. The reason for moving 10 to 12% of a rudder blade's area forehead of the pivot axis - balancing a rudder - is that less force on the foot pedals is required to turn the rudder. Blade area applies to the working area or that predominantly submerged, not total area. For a deep overstern rudder, with a wetted working area of 40cms deep by 8cms wide, balancing can be achieved by mov-

ing the leading (forehead) edge by 9mms (Fig 1)

ii. Changing Aspect: Aspect is the shape of rudder blade - a deep, narrow blade has a HIGH aspect while a square sided one has a LOW aspect. The high aspect blade is a more efficient foil and provides more effective steering in rough seas when a kayak stern is leaping out of the sea (Fig 2).

iii. Eliminating Rake: Rake is the angle that a rudder hangs behind its pivot point or axis (Fig 3). The greater the rake angle, the harder a kayak is to steer, and the greater the amount of force required to steer it. If a rudder blade is not fixed in its most efficient vertical position, frictional resistance particularly during surfing runs drags a rudder blade back from its vertical position. A cam cleat by the cockpit or some other form of quick grip/release is necessary to lock a blade into the vertical position.

iv. Changing Cable Attachments: The amount of foot pedal travel can be modified by changing the rudder cable attachment points on the rudder flanges or wings. By bringing the attachment points closer together (Fig 4), the amount of rudder cable travel is reduced which has the effect of improving steerage for minimum pedal movement.

P. Caffyn

TRIP REPORTS

ALASKA - THE GLACIER TOUR

Part II - Alan Woods

After a short sleep I packed up, I am was a strange hour to be having breakfast. The sky was clear and there was no wind. From where I was camped I could just see the entrance to Tarr Inlet. The tide had gone out a long way, so it took 5 minutes of dragging the boat over rocks and grounded icebergs to get to the water.

It was the first time I had paddled at night for any distance. There was a sense of perspective, with the sky, sea and hills just variations of grey and black. It was very still and cold, & for the first couple of hours there was only the sound of paddle splashing in the water and the odd creak of the rudder to disturb the total silence. Once I entered Tarr Inlet, I met up with icebergs drifting down from Grand Pacific Glacier; in the dark they looked like ghostly columns of hills and valleys slowly fading to nothing.

At 4am I was treated to a 30 minute display of Aurora Borealis; huge shimmering vertical curtains of silver and gray, and coming down onto the face of the glacier. I just sat in my kayak in total silence, no sound, just the majesty of the worlds most perfect picture show, ever changing, fading in and out, changing me from being an observer of nature, to becoming spiritually part of the whole magical world, just belonging to me, god and nature.

Just sitting there for so long had chilled me to the bone so I would up the paddle rate for an hour or so to warm up. By this time dawn had broken and for the first time I could get a good look at the glacier. After the pure white and blues of the Reid Glacier, the Grand Pacific was just a large brown, dirty monolith, very impressive only in the fact that it was a half mile wide with regular chunks of ice calving off it. With the temperature just nudging above freezing, breakfast was a quick affair and I was soon in the boat heading back to where the sun could warm my bones. The trip down Tarr Inlet was rapid and quite pleasant once the sun got to me. I paddled between the mainland and Russel Island which was a real hoot as it was full ebb and there was a fast tidal overfall with some neat eddies to play in. It was just like white water river paddling. After 14 hours of paddling, I finally parked up for the day. I was not that tired except for my rear end which was suffering from an excess of sitting.

After yesterday's paddle I was all for a quite paddle today; the tides are not getting to difficult times of the day so it means much later starts in the morning to catch the ebb tides. After a leisurely break-

fast and a couple of hours trying to sunbathe while being eaten alive by no-see-ums (a particularly nasty miniature sandfly that leaves its Kiwi cousins for dead in the biting stakes) I set off for Drake Island, a nice cruisy 32kms away. It was a good day for a change so it made the paddling all the more enjoyable. I passed a small exposed group of rocks with a dozen or so seal pups lazing round on it. The parents all seemed to be on an island 200m away, which seemed sensible considering the noise the pups were making.

I stopped for a short while near Geikie Inlet to watch a bald eagle diving for fish; they are magnificent birds but they have a very effeminate cry. The eagle finally caught a large salmon and after fighting for a long time to gain altitude, it finally flew off to feed its young. I pulled into the island at 4pm; there was lots of bear sign and lots of caves for them to hide in. I pitched the tent on the south side of the island but unfortunately there was no water and I was almost out. I had enough for dinner and breakfast but would have to get some tomorrow.

I stuffed my back last night lifting the boat clear of the rising tide; its extremely painful and I had problems even breathing deeply. The fog was right down low this morning with minimal visibility but I decided to head for Bartlett Cove. After taking an hour to load the boat and drag it to the water, I set off for Willoughby Island. I could just see its outline in the fog at times. It was very disorientating paddling in the fog as I kept imagining there was land ahead when it was only different densities of fog. Once I reached Willoughby Island, it was time to commit myself to a blind crossing of Sitakaday Narrows. I set the compass bearing needed and calculated the drift on a six knot tidal stream. Then foolishly trusting to luck, I set off. Within 10 minutes there were no visible reference points to paddle towards - it was very easy to find myself 15 to 20 degrees off course with just a little attention. I spotted some land after 3 hours for which I was grateful but as it happened my troubles were only starting. I knew I was in the Beardslee Island group but where exactly was the question. I decided to paddle south, keeping the islands in sight and eventually I must strike Bartlett Cove. By this time a combination of dehydration and the pain in my back was slowing me down a lot. I should have stopped at this point and camped but some stupid, bloody mind set kept me going. I eventually found a bit of coast I recognized about 10kms from Bartlett Cove but by this time the tide had turned so I was only making 2 to 3 kms per hour. I eventually staggered into the cove 9 hours after I started but I was so disorientated from dehydration

and perhaps too long without good visual reference points, that I stumbled about once I got the boat out of the water. The day was a chapter of stupid unfortunate errors that I never, as a solo paddler, should have allowed myself to get into.

After a days R & R recovering from the exertions of the previous day, I decided to head for Point Adolphus and the whale feeding grounds. My boat is much lighter now that most of the food is gone; that and the ebb tide made the trip down the bay to Point Gustavus a rapid one. My walkman was working again after sending it for a swimming lesson early in the trip so it was pleasant listening to Eric Bogle while paddling along. You could see the whales spouting from right across Icy Strait, so I headed straight for them. Inian pass was quite close so there was a fast current flowing; one moment I would be flying along at 10kms per hour, the next I would be going backwards. It took me a couple of hours to cross the strait to where the whales were feeding. Once I got there I was amongst a pod of 16 humpback whales, a combination of mothers and calves; they were cruising up and down the eddy lines, feeding on krill. It was amazing to be sitting there amongst these huge mammals yet feeling completely safe. The calves stuck closely to their mothers and there always was a tail end charlie on lookout. He came over for a look at one stage and surfaced about 5 metres from the boat; apart from a horrible fishy odour, he was a magnificent specimen, about 25m long and as he turned on his side, he lifted his lefthand fluke out of the water and seemed to wave at me.

After paddling with them for 3 hours, I paddled into shore for a break. When I landed I met a couple from Juneau who were camped on the beach while acting as a safety station for the Idayak sea kayak race. I had a long lazy afternoon talking to them about my trip and NZ. They were a very friendly pair and invited me to stay at their campsite overnight.

It was a beautiful dusk and as the whales were still out in the strait I decided to paddle out and join them for a while. After darkness fell the water became phosphorescent and all the salmon swimming through the water left glowing zig zag trails. Every time my paddle dipped into the water, it left a series of shining pools that joined a glowing V trail from the bow of my boat. The night was cold and very still - this was the night that made the trip for me. As I sat amongst the pod of whales, the ghostly trails of phosphorescence from their vents and tail flukes as they lifted them from the water combined with their eerie whale song made me want to leave the world of man and join these relaxed friendly creatures in

their roaming of the world's seas. I finally, very reluctantly, left my friends at 2.30am in the morning before heading for Hoonah and the ferry back to Juneau.

After returning from the whales last night, I was playing my walkman while trying to get to sleep - a song a friend taped for me summed up what I have found in spending the last two weeks alone:

'Travelling along, is some how more realistic that with others. You find yourself in a new place all alone and you deal with it, as opposed to when you are with others who are familiar to you and in a sense shelter you from situations you would otherwise meet head on. Besides if your loved ones are with you have no one to go home to.'

This being the last day of the trip, and a fairly short one at that, meant a late start was possible. I said goodbye to my new friends and headed for Hoonah. The last day was a microcosm of the whole trip - rain, thunder, wind and sun. When I finally made it to Hoonah Island and could see the ferry terminal in the distance, there was a definite reluctance to paddle that last 10kms and finally finish the trip. Only the fact that I was down to one packet of porridge and worst of all two tea bags, stopped me from ignoring the ferry ride home and continuing paddling all the way to Juneau.

Was the trip worth \$10,000 and six months of planning? Well it showed me a part of the world vastly different to the one I live and play in and it changed me from someone who just wanted to do 50kms a day, to a person who now appreciates the beauty of our fragile environment. I've been back six months now; the bills are nearly paid and my feet are starting to itch again.

Alan Woods, Dunedin.

TRIP REPORTS

The Terawhiti Terrors - Tony Jennings Titahi Bay to Karori Light & Return

Early July this year, Conrad Edwards and I decided to try and complete a double crossing of Cook Strait before he took off to Canada for an Inside Passage trip. We were in a bit of a hurry to do the crossing, and with the usual constraints of trying to match the best weather conditions with our availability, we settled on Saturday July 10th.

The weather forecast looked a little promising, low swell, abating southerlies with a change to light northerlies late in the day. This seemed to work in well with the tides for the day. We would leave Titahi Bay at 6am (one hour before sunrise) and we planned to reach Cape Koamaru and return by about 6.30pm (using the light of Plimmerton and Titahi Bay to navigate by after dusk.)

By Saturday morning the forecast had changed to low swell, rough sea and southerly winds to 30 knots. A Cook Strait crossing was not to be. Having prepared enough food and gear for a two day paddle, we decided we would go for a long paddle anyway. So we loaded up the Sea Bear double kayak and at 0605 headed off towards Mana Island. At 0650 I called my wife on the cellphone and told her that we would be heading south towards Makara and Ohau Point.

As a dark night gave way to a grey day we kept our options open as to where we would go. We soon settled into a steady paddling rate (38 strokes/minute) and the Sea Bear carried us comfortably into about a 15 knot southerly and moderately rough sea. By 0950 we were just off Ohau Point and we rested for lunch. Never having been passed Ohau Point before we were eager to carry on. Over the years I have eyed my charts of the Cape Terawhiti area with the idea of paddling on to Wellington Harbour. Knowing that we were not in the best situation for such a trip we decided to push on and keep our options well and truly open.

To this point we had been paddling about 3kms off the coast and had the tide with us most of the way. Heading south from Ohau Point we were now within 200m of the coast with the tide against us, however the sea was very calm with a little swell. We felt great, we chatted to seals and I started thinking about paddling into Wellington. About 1115 we rounded Cape Terawhiti and conditions changed abruptly. The wind freshened, the swell increased, the sea became rougher and we started to feel the Karori Rip. Paddling in toward the shore near Oteranga Bay pulled us clear of the full effect of the Rip and our forward speed increased.

Paddling towards shore was a mistake. As we headed for Oteranga Head, we could see huge breakers rolling in from over a kilometre out to sea. Our discussion rate increased at this point - we decided to paddle straight out to sea and pass the breakers way out the back. We left the breakers way over our left shoulders and then headed towards shore again. Progress was very slow, but again as we neared the shore our speed increased. About 1.5kms short of Karori Rock it became obvious that we really needed to be way out to sea. Ahead lay exposed rock and large breaking surf. We turned once again and headed out to sea only this time as we moved into the Rip, the swells seemed like mountains. The sea was confused and we were being bounced all over the place. We kept paddling hard as this increased our stability, however I honestly felt quite vulnerable at that point. The Sea Bear is the most stable kayak I have paddled and I have

taken it out in near gale force conditions (in Wellington Harbour) and felt at ease.

After a few minutes I realized that a choice had to be made. Either paddle out through the Rip out to sea about 6kms and carry on towards Wellington. Or turn around and run with the Rip back around Cape Terawhiti. I felt that Conrad was also feeling a little vulnerable at that stage. So after a three second in-depth conversation, we decided to turn around. There was no need to push on any further.

Although we knew that within about 30 minutes we would be pushed out of the Rip and into the calm behind Terawhiti Hill, the drama was not over. Paddling with the prevailing conditions poses much greater immediate danger than going against the conditions. The kayak wanted to surf down the steep short swells and the wind wanted to turn us. For the first time we were doing support strokes (good to have 2.55m paddles) and we were racing while trying to dawdle along. It would have been a hell of a place to practice deep water rescues in!

Abruptly again the conditions changed. We were cruising along towards Ohau Point on a calm sea with a fresh breeze and tide with us. Arriving at Ohau Point at 1440 we stopped for lunch. A few seals swam over for a chat and some aquabatics, one jumping over the stern of the kayak. The water was glassy, the air was still and the grey clouds had given way to a blue sky. At 1505 we headed north to Titahi Bay. "Only three hours to go!" I said to Conrad as we began the grind back. At sunset we stopped paddling and ate chocolate while looking for "green flashes" (a rare astronomical phenomenon) as the horizon engulfed the sun.

We paddled the last hour of the trip in darkness, the silence of the night broken by the paua laden fizz boats sneaking home. Beaching at 1825 we had been on the water for 12 hour 20 minutes and had covered 74 kms.

POINTS TO NOTE

1. Having the cellphone was a real bonus. It meant that I could change my plans and then let someone know immediately. I have tested cellphone coverage from many points in Cook Strait and found it to be an efficient communication tool. My thanks to Cellphone city Wellington and Telecom cellular for providing this service.
2. We carried food, clothing and camping gear to last two days comfortably. Our emergency gear included an EPIRB and an extensive set of pyrotechnics.
3. Err on the side of caution. We probably would have made it into Wellington. Probably? The following day, three weekend fishermen came close to dying from hypothermia just north of Cape Terawhiti after losing their boat.

4. The Karori Rip section of coast can be paddled successfully and has been on a number of occasions. However one must choose the conditions carefully and plan accordingly. As a last minute alternative in marginal conditions, we were happy with the outcome and did not expect to go blasting through to Wellington.

Tony Jennings.

6 Spur Road, Titahi Bay, Wellington.

BOOKS & VIDEOS

With a recent Paddler's International Newsletter, I received a four page listing of books and videos available from an outfit called Mobile Adventure, in Leicester, England. There are several titles* not available either in NZ or the USA. I will list the sea kayak titles and videos below and if anyone is interested in a bulk order, drop me a line:

Books:

Adventure & Expeditions

1. *Commitments & Open Crossings (Taylor) - the first trip around Britain & Ireland
2. Seekers of the Horizon (Nordby) - various sea kayak stories
3. Blue Water Summer (Johnston & Nicholson) ?
4. Keep in Moving - Baja by Canoe (Fons) - west coast California & Mexico
5. *Argonauts of the Western Isles (Lloyd Jones) - paddling the Hebrides & W. Scotland
6. The Hidden Coast (Rogers) - softback, pictorial book of USA waters

Guides

1. Paddling Hawaii (Sutherland)
2. Sea Kayaking along New England Coast (Venn)
3. Sea Kayaking Canada's West Coast (Ince)

Sea Kayaking

1. Practical Guide to Sea Canoeing (Jeffs)
2. Sea Kayaking - 4th Edition (Dowd)
3. Sea Kayaking (Foster) Reviewed in Sea Canoeist
4. Basic Essentials of Sea Kayaking (Wyatt)

History

1. *Skin Boats of Greenland (£40)
2. Baidarka (Dyson)

Videos (£14.99)

1. An Eskimo & His Kayak - Gino Watkins (1932) - 12 minute, silent B&W footage in Greenland & U.K.
2. Polzeath Rum (circa 1963) - 33min of English paddlers playing in surf in Cornwall.
3. Guillemot Gully (circa 1960's) - 17minute; colour film dubbed onto video.

Note: I will have copies of the brochures from England if anyone wants a copy of the full list of open canoe, kayak, and guide books and videos.

DOUBLES DO ROLL

P.C. Taylor

It was one of those days Wellington is stereotyped for, strong NW winds, the marine forecast said up to 30 knots. The Met Office later recorded winds at the time as 29 knots average, gusting to 40 knots. I had often watched this sort of wind in Evans Bay and wanted to try the Tofino double sea kayak out in the conditions it produced. So when Elanor, a white water river kayaking friend said she was interested in trying some flat water paddling, we decided to have a look at Wellington Harbour.

Because conditions were so strong we put in at the ramp at Greta Point, Evans Bay. This would let us try the conditions where they would be accentuated by the bay but with the prevailing wind blowing offshore, we could turn back and run down wind to shelter if we decided not to venture further into the harbour. I had been in conditions as windy as we were about to embark on, but never in a double.

We were relatively well equipped for the conditions; cold weather gear was polypro and parkas rather than wetsuits, two scoop bailers, a sponge, a paddle float, bow and stern lines, two hand flares and one smoke, lifejackets, clothing in dry bags, and of course some lunch. A recently purchased hand held pump bailer was stowed in the front hatch because we did not have a safety rope to secure it. The Tofino had handled the earlier conditions easily so the likelihood of coming out appeared remote and the pump bailer was additional to requirements.

Battling directly into meter high waves with the tops occasionally breaking, it soon became obvious that the wind would prevent us from leaving the bay so after one hour and two kilometres of forward progress, we decided to head into the shelter of Shelly Bay. We had found that every time the bow pointed more than a few degrees off the wind, it became very hard to hold and would swing down wind. The rudder was not particularly effective because our forward speed was often negligible. We don't know exactly what happened as we were ferry gliding across to Shelly Bay. We both may have taken a sweep stroke on the down wind side to hold course, with our balance downwind we would have been vulnerable to wind and wave; before we knew it we were upside down.

I had practised wet exits, bailing and re-entering the Tofino on a number of occasions over the summer in calm conditions. Elanor was experienced in river rescues and cold water conditions, but with the icy shock of the cold sea, we now had it for real.

We both surfaced and checked that we were OK and had our paddles. We were drifting down into the bay rather than directly into the shore and would have to re-enter the kayak in the water. I rolled the kayak upright and we started to bail. Elanor had been in the rear compartment so she climbed onto the rear deck and completed the bailing from there, before re-entering and securing her sprayskirt. The kayak lay low in the water in a broached position and bailing was difficult. I decided it would be easier to finish bailing the front cockpit from in it and passed my paddle to Elanor. I was just rolling over on the deck to slide into the seat when we rolled again. In retrospect I should have secured my paddle and left Elanor free to brace.

Elanor exited safely and we started to bail again as we were still some way from shore. Because I had been in the water longest, I entered first into the rear compartment. We had not used the paddle float on the roll and re-entry, and by the time I asked Elanor to have a go at placing the float on the paddle blade, cold hands and no previous knowledge of paddle floats and the security rope made the task difficult. By now my fingers were not functioning very well and I experienced difficulty in pulling the sprayskirt on. As we were now only a matter of 5 or more minutes from drifting directly onto a beach, rather than Elanor trying to get back in, I paddled and she swam on the bow and we landed through a small surf on the shore.

In normal circumstances getting the kayak out should have been relatively straight forward even though it was full of water. However we had now been in the water probably close on half an hour and even simple tasks were becoming more difficult. Eventually the kayak was safely on shore, a change of clothes, some lunch and we were able to reflect on what had

just happened.

Quite a number of lessons were learnt. Firstly, if it hasn't happened yet, don't be lulled into thinking that your stable double cannot be tripped up. Secondly, it is one thing to practise self rescue in fine weather, the reality is that it is far more difficult to execute when the need really happens.

We generally followed the steps outlined in John Dowd's Sea Kayaking Manual. There are several things that could have enhanced the chances of a successful re-entry. The paddles should have been secured to the kayak. In future, in trying conditions, both paddles will be secured to the kayak by a leash; this should eliminate the risk of a paddle floating away and release both people to concentrate on whatever they need to do, bail, brace, right the kayak etc. Next time the paddle float will go on earlier; it will be more accessible and on a short rope, just long enough to secure it to the paddle, and both people will be familiar with its use.

One bailer was lost on the second capsize, while it was secure at the time of the first exit, it was not secured for the second roll. A long cord securing the second bailer got in the way. Both bailers should have been attached to snap type dog clips to allow them to be clipped on or removed from any line quickly.

The flares were on deck but we did not consider using them. If we had been further off shore, and had capsized for a third time, the chances of us being able to self rescue would have been significantly diminished. Any decision about when to resort to flares should be made early while you have the ability to use them.

The hand held pump bailer stowed in the front hold was used to help bail once on shore. I believe it would have been very difficult to use in the water and would only

have been useful once both people were back in the kayak and the sprayskirts were secure.

All in all a very valuable experience. You need to learn where your limits and those of your vessel are and if you are going to test them, you need to consider the risks you are exposing yourself and co-paddler to. Know how to self-rescue and to give yourself the best possible chance of success when you actually need it - and practise in adverse conditions.

P.C. Taylor
Wellington

UNCLASSIFIED ADS

Information Wanted - Fiji

Tracey Wemyss is seeking information on sea kayaking around Fiji. Tracey is hoping to be over there by the end of August so if anyone has paddled in Fiji or can help with information, places to paddle, please contact:

Tracey Wemyss
8 Krull St., Vogeltown
Wellington.
Ph: (04) 389 1343 H
(04) 495 7200 Ex 8932

Kayak Share for Sale

Tofino double sea kayak, fully equipped, based in Wellington; one third share for sale.

Contact: Kay Booth
Ph: (04) 479 2392 or write to
PO Box 200,
Lincoln University, Canterbury.