

THE SEA CANOEIST NEWSLETTER

Issue 72

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EDITORIAL

KASK COMMITTEE MEETING

On 23 November 1997, a telephone conference committee meeting was held. Main issues discussed were:

1. No movement yet with the KASK application to the NZ Water Safety Council.
2. King Island Kayak Survey - KASK to produce an occasional paper, which would include background notes, line drawings and photos. 50 copies to be printed and sold at cost, and copies made available to the Canterbury

Museum. An abstract to the paper to be placed in 'The Sea Canoeist Newsletter'. Paper to be launched at the 1998 KASK Forum.

3. KASK Handbook - second print run almost sold out. P. Caffyn working on layout of second edition, and hopefully ready for the 1998 KASK Forum.

4. Finances - 200 members and healthy bank balance.

5. Sea Kayak Racing - a motion was passed to the effect that: 'KASK supports the Auckland Sea Kayaking Events Development Group in its development of a framework for safe sea kayaking events in NZ'. Glyn Dickson gave a detailed report re developments over the past 12 months.

6. KASK Badge - go ahead for a KASK badge to be produced by Rod Banks.

7. 1998 Forum - more topics and speakers required.

KING ISLAND KAYAK SURVEY

From 31 October to 1 November 1997, a team comprising: Peter Sullivan, Ray Forsyth, Don Currie, John Kirk-Anderson, Paul Caffyn, with assistance from museum curator, Roger Fyfe, carried out a full survey of a King Island skin kayak that has been in storage in the Canterbury Museum since 1894. The kayak is in surprisingly superb condition. Using a technique devised by Peter, the full lines were taken off the boat at 10cm stations, and have been transferred onto computer using CAD software. A considerable amount of information on the history of King Island and kayak construction techniques has been assembled, and an occasional paper is currently being produced to incorporate all the information.

KASKFORUM

The 10th anniversary KASK Forum will be held at Mapua at Easter 1998.

Date: 10 - 13 April 1998

Venue: Mapua Leisure Park

Mapua is small village on the edge of Tasman Bay, some 20 minutes drive west from Nelson. This clothing optional leisure park fronts both Tasman Bay and the Mapua estuary, and is where Graham Egarr held the first forum in 1988. A magic place for a kayak meet.

The forum will include an overnight paddle to Kina Peninsula. The registration fee including lunches and two evening meals is calculated at \$90. You will need to bring breakfast food and gourmet food for the overnighiter. A pick up and delivery for paddlers and kayaks is planned for the 5.30pm sailing from Wellington on Thursday 9 April, returning for the 10.30am sailing from Picton on Monday 13 April. Cost including kayak is \$40 return.

Accommodation needs to be booked at an early stage. The costs are listed below:

- cabins single \$9 per night
- cabins double \$36 per night
- tent sites \$9

Your must book your own accomodation with the Mapua Leisure Park. Phone: 03 540266.

Registration of interest to attend form on page 13 of the newsletter.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Case for the Heavy Boat by Alex (Sandy) Ferguson

It is unfortunate that Paul should show a great dislike for the article by Grant Stone. I would agree with most of what Grant says so why would I disagree with Paul?

Weight - tell a Colin Archer boat owner that he should have a light boat as he circumnavigates the oceans of the world. Every quote about weight relates to the racing syndrome - further, faster, first.

When the argument is over whether we should carry 3 or 6 litres of wine, the two burner stove and gas bottles or just a couple of liquid fuel stoves and the Tilley lamp, where does weight come into it? How much does the recommended day paddling equipment weigh? Flares - 1 kg? Water (for 3 cups of coffee each plus some in reserve for visitors - 3 kg, A change of clothes and wet weather gear - 1 kg, Lunch - 0.5 kg. (OK, maybe we don't need a whole chicken), Stove or thermos - 1 kg, First Aid kit, camera, etc. You might go lighter and on a good day, leave all that behind, but in winter and with the possibility of dramatically changing weather, maybe we'll toss in the VHF as well and a bit of shelter and maybe another 1/2 litre of fuel as well.

Go further? When the best "paddling" is just sitting, jogging up and down watching the scenery and simply "being there" what advantage is light?

Out run a storm? The light and faster boat will have further to go and so will get there at the same time as the "plodder".

Keep it light? Tell that to one of New Zealand's well known designers who, in his sales brochure, recommends adding weight when it blows. And mention that to one couple I know who hadn't read it and wished they had added lots of weight.

It is interesting that Paul mentions Graham Eggar, yes he did espouse to the minimalist style but his sea kayak was one of the heaviest. Nice boat but heavy.

Cost - plastic is cheaper, usually, than fibreglass. If that isn't a critical item to consider and is criticized if it is, then you are talking to a single person with no kids. Add a wife and kids and see if cost becomes comes into the equation. That certainly rules our editor out.

So, anyone willing to give me \$3500 so that I can buy a new fibreglass sea boat AND have a couple of months away paddling in Fiji while the rest of you only just manage to buy one kayak? If you don't believe it, just send the money and I'll send the receipts and photos.

Sandy Ferguson

GADGETS & BOOKS from Max Grant

Hi Paul

Hope you've been able to catch up with some paddling during the Xmas/New Year break. We spent a few days at Lake Taupo, mainly sailing yachts & hobby-cats, but did get a little paddling in between times. If you have some spare space in the next KASK newsletter, here is a report on a couple of little gadgets I played around with;

1. Kestrel Pocket Windmetre: I caught Mark Hutson using this instrument and was immediately impressed. It is a small hand-held instrument which you hold up and it gives a digital reading of the speed of the wind. It has a Lithium battery, is waterproof, shockproof and it floats. It gives the wind speed readings in knots, MPH, KPH, M/Second or Ft/Minute. This wind metre and several other small instruments for measuring wind speed, water speed and depth sounders, can be purchased from;

Speedtech Instruments, 10413 Deerfoot Drive, Great Falls, Virginia 22066, U.S.A.

2. Map Distance Measurer: gadgets, digital, shockproof. A great little gadget for measuring the distance you have paddled after a trip, or before

you go on a trip. It can be set to any map scale and by running one end of the measure over the route, it shows the distance in miles, kilometres or nautical miles. These are available at Canoe and Outdoor World, or some places where maps are sold.

And when I was not on the water sailing, kayaking or fishing, I was inside reading the book; *Kabloona in the Yellow Kayak*'

Written by Victoria Jason, this book is about her 7,500 kilometre journey through the Northwest Passage during the summers of 1991 to 94, from Churchill, Manitoba, to Tuktoyaktuk on the Beaufort Sea.

I found this book very good reading and Victoria's descriptions of the areas she kayaked through, the people she meet on the way her kayaking experiences during her trip were excellent. Victoria Jason, a 50 year old grandmother of two, started out from Churchill together with fellow adventurer Don Starkell and Fred Reffler. Fred Reffler dropped out early on due to an injury, while Don and Victoria continued on together until the second year, when they finally parted company at Gjoa Haven. The only down side of this book is having to put up with the incompetences of Don, but once they parted company and Victoria carried on by herself, I just couldn't put this book down.

The final two years of her triumphant journey were alone, paddling from Fort Providence on the Mackenzie River to Gjoa Haven. Among the Inuit people she became know as the *Kabloona* (the Inuktituk word for stranger) in the *Yellow Kayak*.

Anyone who has an interest in the outdoors will enjoy reading this book as Victoria's descriptions during her journey are easy to relate to and are a joy to read. It comes in hard back form, has 295 pages and good colour illustrations throughout. This book can be obtained from some libraries, and is available to buy from Canoe and Outdoor World of Christchurch for \$39.00.

Max Grant

Rotorua kayaking

The Editor

P. Caffyn

The Sea Canoeists Newsletter

Firstly, congratulations on an excellent publication, The Sea Canoeists Newsletter. My wife and I find the information contained within its pages very informative and useful to us in many ways. Keep up the good work.

I am writing to inform readers of events happening locally in the Rotorua area.

So kayakers, display a light if you are going paddling on the lakes at night.

The Rotorua District Council requires kayaks (or any other type of boat for that matter) hired from a commercial operation for use on the Rotorua lakes to be licensed with them. This is to ensure the boats are suitably equipped for local conditions and, presumably, appropriate advice and instructions given. There have been a few incidents where kayaks have been hired from backyard operators with the paddlers then getting into life-threatening situations and, in some cases having to be rescued.

Those requiring further information on this matter please contact :-

David Pilkington
Lakes Inspector
Rotorua district Council
Private Bag 3029
Rotorua
Ph 07 3484199
Fax 07 3463143

I have to add that David Pilkington has himself been a keen sea kayaker in past years and is favourably disposed towards our needs.

Regards

G. B. Muir

From: Jane Wickham

j.wickham@clear.net.nz>

Graeme Muir
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HUMOUR

Did the Brits descend from the Inuit?

by John Winters (Wave Length)

I was recently asked if, in my kayak researches, I have discovered any suggestion that the Brits are descended from the Inuit. While one can never be precisely sure about such things I am reasonably confident that such is the case.

All migration of European peoples has been southward towards the Mediterranean beaches. I have personally observed this on my frequent trips to Monaco and Cannes where Anyone who is Anyone in Europe eventually fetches up. Why? you ask. Simply put, the European Navigator Appendage is drawn to warmer climes and nude beaches. One need only attempt a Number One on a cold Canadian night to understand the verity in this. Today wealthy Brits encumber the warm southern beaches in great numbers sucking on each other's extremities none navigating extremities and having a jolly time in front of admiring paparazzi.

This southern migration is the product of great human Rossby waves that undulate around the planet drawing northern peoples south where they name geographic points of interest and take credit for discovering them. The benefits to Existing southern occupants who cannot speak English and have no cartographers, are considerable. Prior to English Explorers no one knew that New York even existed much less had a name. Of course, the Brits had to come from somewhere and surely they drifted south on the crest of the Rossby waves.

Further confirmation can be found in the English Public School System where intimacies between young well-to-do English students resemble in a remarkable way the shared intimacies of Inuit families. It is no surprise that the English explorers in the north felt so much at home and this may explain the sexual ambiguity of sea kayaks vs. canoes. One must sympathize with

the masculine C-1 paddlers who have been unkindly branded as being effeminate but it cannot be denied that the canoe (and by definition the C-1) is a woman's boat as the Inuit have said all along. Sexual ambiguity as it stems from the careless labelling of boat types is evident than in the English use the term "canoe" to describe the kayak. One must expect some of this in a society where the women run about bashing each other at field hockey and the men play cricket and sip tea.

I digress, however.

The British claim that they invented the Sea Kayak is an example of perceived reverse cultural exchange. Their Inuit heritage forgotten (there being no Inuit Shakespeare to set the record straight and having been scandalously bastardized by invading Frenchmen, Romans, Vikings and what-not) the Brits have erroneously adopted the kayak when, in fact, it is the Umiak that British paddling poofers should be paddling.

The confusion has spilled over to the colonies. The ICF and the IOC were dominated by British poofers who labored under the delusion that kayaks were canoes hence the name International Canoe Federation. We must not be harsh in our judgments. We do owe the IOC and ICF a debt of gratitude for clearing up the Professional/Amateur controversy. We now know that an amateur is an athlete who gets paid for performing but whose money is held in escrow (or stocks and bonds) until he becomes professional.

Finally I am indebted to Professor Invernobon who has pointed out that the British rebelled against the Roman occupiers who tried to impose central heating and straight roads on the native inhabitants. Could anything speak more eloquently for the hereditary desire to bring the outdoors inside where the Inuit in every Brit could feel more at home.

Cheers

John Winters, Redwing Designs
Specialists in Human Powered
Watercraft

TRIPREPORTS

D'Urville for Beginners by Alex (Sandy) Ferguson

The thought of doing the trip had surfaced a few months before, friends in Blenheim, being near that area, had it down as one of the places to go and I'd partly regretted not going earlier in the year when we'd had such good weather for such a trip. I'd just spent 5 months "training" my paddling partner and was confident that she could handle it. It was only a matter of when or rather which school holidays to suit our Blenheim paddlers (the warmer the better).

Waveney and I drove up on the Friday night to Havelock and camped, got away reasonably early but with me convinced the others would be ahead of us and waiting, pushed it hard on the gravel road to French Pass. The quoted 2 hours was much more like one. And they weren't there! It gave us time to brew up coffee, have lunch and leisurely pack the boats. That usually consists of transferring everything from the car to a kayak, if it's not in the car we have it and probably a month's worth of food too, never know if we'll get storm bound or for how long.

So eventually we four headed north from the village until I figured we were out of the main current which runs through French Pass (up to 8 knots) and could angle over to D'Urville Island, our first way-point being Rabbit Island and from there directly to the finger end of the D'Urville Peninsula, pointing at us. A grey sky and the lightest of breezes.

The peninsula points south and we skirted its outer eastern edge, stopping for nibbles before we left it and dropping a line for a few minutes. With the sea so flat and having only done a little over an hour we carried on rather than landing at Penguin Island as was originally intended. Whareata Bay would be the campsite, in total, nearly 3 hours paddling. The ground where the old school used to be is the area I now use, lumpy though

it maybe (and my side of the tent was the lumpy one). We spread out cookers and food and put together a meal. The night got darker and a little drizzle, followed by rain during the night.

Fortunately the morning, damp though it was, looked as if things might get better. The Rangitotos weren't too far off our course so we headed, once off Old Mans Head, for the channel between the southern two islands. I snuck through a few slots between rocks and surprised a seal (or he me) before we got to the middle of Tinui Island and its sandy beach. Time for a stretch and coffee and to check the campsite to see if it, 10 metres up the hill, still existed. It did.

The wind appeared to be lifting a bit so we cancelled the proposed visit to the hermit on the next island and headed north to Patuki. A bit over an hour's paddling with the tide pushing us up the coast and me trying to keep Carrie heading to port to allow for it. The original point in the gloom that I was aiming for turned out to be our destination, its outline clarifying as we neared it. There is a small island off the beach and I hadn't realised that at that state of the tide there is a drying bar running out to it. Round the other side, it was just possible to cross the reef into the small lagoon and run up the beach at the foot of the farm track.

Martyn had made arrangements and knew the owner and once we found the new homestead (after waltzing off over the hills) we were made welcome and had the run of the old homestead. All mod cons, electricity, hot shower, running water, maybe not the sort of thing "real" sea kayakers use but not something any of us were going to turn down. From the cramped quarters of a tent we now had over half a dozen bedrooms to choose from. The sun came out in the afternoon and allowed us to dry wet gear.

Another still morning as we headed north, the seas getting lumpier as we neared the top, the tidal run starting to stir the waters. Bilhook Bay, The Gut and then Hells Gate and into the Bishops Cauldron, bouncing our way across it to the Sisters. On a previous

trip we'd noted, and Don had been caught in it, the "meeting of the waves". Martyn and I were willing to give it a go, probably convinced we'd be able to time it right, Waveney would have blissfully paddled through and I expect, made it, but Carrie wasn't going near it. The next passage had a 2 knot tide running through it but flat water providing you didn't look behind to see where it was going. I figured we'd be able to punch through, given time. I left Martyn to act as "sweep" and headed through, the rocky islands very slowly drifting by.

Once through we were out into Port Hardy, a swell rolling in from Australia on our starboard side and the roughness of a tidal run still evident. A seal surfaced beside us and swam past my stern. An occasional gannet flew over.

A very messy sea, that I'd been a little queasy myself earlier in the day made me realise that Waveney, though smiling wasn't really herself. Carrie had some seasick tablets and I threw a tow on to up the pace on the long haul across the bay. After nearly two hours we neared the other side, Trafalgar Point, to run into another tide rip as we ferry glided across it and snuck through the rocks to a sheltered beach.

Most definitely time for lunch, a little sun to warm us and a thermos to turn out copious quantities of hot water for coffee and tea. We had nearly 2 hours before we needed to make a final decision about our destination however it soon came time, find a bay to camp in or catch the tide and fair wind for the run down the west coast. Was Waveney really up to it or just saying she was?

We made the decision to go for it, managed to get the boats between the rocks (the tide had dropped) and headed out, the tide rip now running in our favour as we rounded Trafalgar Point and headed for Nile Head, the northwestern end of the island. There was some discussion as to whether we should stand out to sea to round the rock off the point or head through the gap, Waveney and I went for it and the others followed, it being more benign

than it looked as we'd approached it and the white broken water being an illusion of the roughness.

From there, there's an hour of sheer cliffs before the next sheltered bay, the boats lifted along on an easy run, a light wind behind and the swell on the aft quarter, the sun lighting up the mottled cliffs. Off the south corner of Otu Bay there's a very high rock island and it actually shelters the passage between it and D'Urville. There was no sign of white water and as we approached the channel we could see that most of it was filled with rocks, there being a small gap, deep and wide enough for kayaks. The rock island must be quite a bit over 50 metres high and sheer.

From there it was a straight run down to Greville Harbour, a bit over an hour. We kept clear of the island as it curves in and we wanted the tide, our course setting us for the rocks that lie off the entrance to Greville Harbour. The afternoon wore on and Two Bay Point drifted closer, eventually (as always happens) we slipped through the reef and into Greville Harbour as the wind changed to a sou'easter, right on the nose. It was obvious that I shouldn't have doubted Waveney's stamina as she powered through it for the far end of the bay that lies just inside Greville Harbour and our pull-out point for the day.

There was a little surf and while Martyn tried his fishing line I ran in and on to the beach between the sets. As I stood there I noticed that they were all sitting where the waves started to lift; shout or say nothing? Waveney caught the next one and surfed in, catching the broach before it became serious while the others followed, too surprised to do much with the waves.

Though Martyn had contacted the owner, he was away and the other owner appeared. He presumed that as we'd asked for permission to camp he couldn't very well throw us out and carried on down to the end of the track with his wife and kids to play on the sand. There was really no shelter, but a bit of a table we could use for setting out a meal and a dinghy to shelter by.

A meal was the first priority followed by tents after the farmer had left, mainly because the track looked like a good flat area to put the tent on. Martyn and Carrie wandered off to look for something more sheltered as their tent wasn't the best for windy conditions.

Though we'd been assured by the landowner that a sou'easter didn't carry rain, the forecast was right and we had rain and a gale all night and through a large part of the next day. A damp sleeping bag (being hit by the sides of the tent) is not my idea of pleasure, nor is cold baked beans for lunch.

The rain stopped in the afternoon and we went for a walk, getting back in time to sort out a meal. We propped up the dinghy to make some shelter from the wind and got a stove going. I'd admitted to Waveney that afternoon that it was my birthday so the meal was followed by a double instant pudding with a candle stuck in it. Obvious that the wind had died somewhat as I had to blow it out. We retired to our damp tent and the others to the Chilly Hotel, a very large chilly bin that they'd found that didn't leak and wouldn't get blown away. Chilly because that was what it was intended for, but hot because it was well insulated.

Next morning was still, as we tracked down damp and windswept gear, cleared a bit of sand off the boats and packed. I had hoped to be away by 8.00 a.m. but it was nearly an hour later before we were on the water and heading south. This was not a day for rest, we had to make French Pass sometime about 1.30 p.m. to catch the tide or at least go through before it turned against us. We paddled south, swapping pairs at times with eventually Martyn and me some way behind the girls, a sprint to catch them and lead the way through the reefs, then round the point and into Manuhakapakapa, a long bay stretching down to the south west point.

The wind had freshened a little and Martyn suggested we sail. He'd had pockets sewn into the corners of his tent fly so, with the four of us rafted

up, we swept on south. Eventually as the last reef appeared we dropped the sail, scraped through a gap, crossed the small bay and rounded Sauvage Point and into Current Basin. Still I wouldn't let them rest or stop for lunch until we'd passed the Le Brun Peninsula as there's a very shallow neck running out to it, fortunately with still enough water over it to cross.

A very short lunch and out into the channel as I presumed we still had some tide in our favour. It appeared so by the time we made, though as we approached the Pass, a marker buoy showed that we were late. In the middle of the Pass, there's a small lighthouse and we made up to it in its "shadow", pointed into the current and were swept away across the channel to the back eddy under the cliffs. Here it was possible to fight through the current and round the corner. I beached a bit further on and came back with a line to assist Carrie and Waveney through the worst of it. Once through it was a short paddle across a small bay, round the point and into Elmsie Bay where the French Pass village is sited.

Sandy Ferguson

Notes:

This was the second multiday trip Martyn and Carrie had done, the first for Waveney.

Kayaks -

Martyn, Quality Kayaks, Southern Aurora

Carrie, Quality Kayaks, Puffin

Waveney, Ferguson Kayaks, Seaward (wooden)

Me, Ferguson Kayaks/Norski, Seaward (fibreglass)

TRIPREPORTSCONT.

LOST ON URUPUKAPUKA

**By Karin Mentzing,
Sweden.**

Mark and Pauline lives next to Paihia in Bay Of Islands and runs a little canoe centre there. Pauline is a native Kiwi, but Mark was born and grown up on Hawaii and has also been living many years on the American Pacific coast. Kent and Yvonne lives in Seattle and brought their kayaks to New Zealand for a holiday.

Myself, I'm a sea kayaking swede, who have escaped my ice covered home waters for a few months. The five of us are brought together by a happening and are having dinner in Mark and Paulines car-port. Pauline will be running a "girls-trip" the following days, so Mark has got some time to use up by his own. He decides to take me, Kent and Yvonne on a trip around Cape Brett.

It's been raining continuous for a couple of days now. It's certainly warm, but everything is grey and dripping wet. Kent, Yvonne and I hire a little hut on the Russell camping and hang our tents under the veranda roof, to hopefully get them about dry 'til tomorrow morning. Wet clothes goes in the dry-tumbler and we walk down to the village to buy some food for five days paddling.

We are setting off early in the morning, to go and park my car by the planned landing place on the east side of the peninsula we will be paddling around. It's a hard way to go on a hilly, winding gravel road and my old Ford heaves and complains wildly. On the way back in Kent and Yvonne's much fresher car, I even manage to get a little nap.

We meet Mark, Pauline and her girls at Hauai Bay. Load the kayaks, launches and paddles the three kilometres out to Urupukapuka Island. The island is a nature reserve and there is a little settlement of huts, where Pauline has hired a hut for herself and the girls. The rest of us has brought our tents, so we put up our

camp a few bays further east. A moderate swell is rolling in towards the north-east facing coast of Urupukapuka and our intention is to empty the kayaks and spend the afternoon playing around there, in among the rocks and caves. While we are sitting on the beach, having lunch, a pod of dolphins appears around the corner. They are playing around in the bay for a while, just a couple of hundred metres from where we are sitting and as usual when I see dolphins, I'm getting happy and frisky. I want to paddle out there and play with them, but their journey goes on before I have finished my meal.

It's about 15 kilometres around Urupukapuka. The first half -where the swell is rolling in- takes us almost two and a half hour to accomplish. The second half, only just over an hour. The coast here mostly consists of black lava rock, covered by giant barnacles. Mark and I are paddling roto moulded plastic kayaks, but Kent and Yvonne are in their glass boats and has to be a bit more carefully with groundings. Sure the hull would be rather wounded by these rocks. Don't talk about ones skin! At least we are wearing helmets when we headlong throws ourselves into the leaps for joy of rockhopping.

Rockhopping is fun and exciting. When I get the timing right and with the spray swirling around my head are shot through the gaps, I'm getting filled with high spirit. But yet I haven't got enough experience, that I can make a quick judgement of which way the water is going to take and how it's going to effect my kayak. I also feel a bit unfamiliar with this -for me- huge supertanker I'm paddling, so its a matter of wait and observe. Watch carefully how the waves are moving. Wait for "the seventh" and watch what's happening when it goes through. Consider where that breaking wave is going to take me. Where shall I place the kayak and where shall I point the bow to prevent a crash landing on the rocks? Should I paddle straight through or should I wait somewhere in there, to catch a wave that goes in another direction? When I have finally made my decision, I try to

go for it, without hesitate somewhere on the way through. I often ask myself if I really made the right judgements, but those occasions I start to hesitate when I'm in there, I mostly fail in some way.

The evening will be spent BBQ:ing with Pauline and the girls. By the time I realize, Mark, Kent and Yvonne is going to paddle over to their place, I'm already in my dry clothes, prepared to walk. I also know there will be wine with the dinner and I don't like the idea of paddling back in the dark, with half a bottle of red inside. So I walk and the other are taking the kayaks.

Mark and Pauline are excellent cooks and tonight they serve chicken with many accessories. For instance, oysters. Raw for those who wish. Well done for me, please!

When the party is over, it's time for the four of us to go back home to the tents. Mark, Kent and Yvonne are in their kayaks, as you remember. Myself, I'm setting off up the first hillside.

It's about two or three hills, with a few groves in between. It's pitch black and drizzles. I'm wearing a thin cotton top, tights and Teva sandals. I'm carrying a tiny Mag-Lite torch. I've got North Europe's worst sense of direction. It can only end up in one way! I really thought I was on my way in the right direction, but I don't think the forest was this thick last time I walked over. I better correct the course a bit. Oops, here's a steep! I turn back a bit and tries in another direction. Now I'm in that forest again and can't see a bit. Hang on, here's a path.....and suddenly I'm on a promontory. Down to the right, I can now see the little settlement with its lights. And somewhere on my left, a few bays away, is my tent. Holding a warm and dry sleeping bag. If I could only get down to the shoreline and follow it, I wouldn't fail to hit my tent. But to get down to the shoreline, I would have to force brushy jungle vegetation in 45 degrees slope. And that's more than I can manage in this poor light.

And talking about light, I think the torch is weakening. Without the torch, I haven't got a chance. It's as black as

in a sack of coal and I starts wondering if I will have to spend rest of the night under a tree. I decide to try and find my way back to the settlement, before the torch finally gives up. I try to save the batteries by shining a direction, switch off the torch and then stumble and slide towards that direction for a while. I've been out there in the dark, for more than an hour, when I finally slides down the grassy hill and land in the settlement. I walk out and stand under the lamp posts on the jetty, hoping that my friends will come and look for me. No one comes. Perhaps they just went to bed when they got back. Not thinking about if I had returned.

It's still drizzling and I starts to feel cool in my thin top. I walk up to the settlement to use the toilet and discover to my delight that they've got a hand dryer there. My clothes gets a go under the warm fan. My skin also dries quick and everything at once feels much better.

I walk over to the kitchen, sits down on a chair. Put my head on the table and falls asleep. I've probably not been sleeping more than a few minutes, when Mark and Kent laughing tramps in, into this peaceful place. They've been worried. Running around in the forest, shouting for me a good while. Gone back down to the camp, to see if I've returned. Out and shout again and finally decided to go down to the settlement. Mark and Kent hasn't got North Europes worst sense of direction, 'cause none of them are Europeans. So very soon I'm at last in my sleeping bag. Seldom before, I've experienced such a pleasure from that!

It's nice fellows I've got. They let me sleep 'til I wake up by myself. We are today heading north, along the west side of the peninsula that forms the east border of Bay Of Islands. Did you follow that....? It becomes a long paddling day. All of 20 kilometres will be covered and there's a lot of caves and rockhopping to explore, before we land on Cape Brett.

My relationship to caves is some split. On one side, I'm worried that they will fall in over me. Or that I will be washed in and squashed against the

bottom of one of them. On the other side, there's an absolutely fantastic world, tempting me in there. The side walls goes up and down beside my kayak. Showing its range of different colours. Violet, green, yellow, different tones of grey and highest up, black. The lowest part of the walls are covered by barnacles, different kind of sea shells, starfish and some vegetation. The ceiling is slowly moving towards me and I'm sitting there, hoping it will decide to go up again, before it will press me down in the water. Next moment the cave spits, from deep inside, a spray of white foam over its intruder. And all the time, the cave is squabbling, puffing and ecoing. I can't resist this spectacle, so it's with a mixed feeling of fear and fascination I go in there. Again and again. If it looks too wild in there, I let the fear win and watch it all from a distance.

The landing place at Cape Brett is not the most sheltered place you would think of. We are sitting there in our kayaks for a while, watching the waves washing over the little cement shelf and then sink a metre below it. Discussing different options of how to get up there. The safest would probably be to exit the kayaks and swim ashore and we have almost decided, that's the way we will do it, when Mark says "No, I'm gonna try a dryer variant". He manages over our expectations and we inspires by his success. Our success is 75%. Only Yvonne gets a swim.

One is not allowed to camp on Cape Brett, so we have booked beds in the light house keepers hut. The steps that are leading up there, are well over 200 metres uphill. We make a couple of rounds with the equipment, so finally there, legs are shaking and stomachs rumbling.

We sit down a while to relax and enjoy the magnificent view over the sea and Motukokako Island. We sit and watch a large number of gulls and Gannets, gathering and swirling around just above the water. It turns out to be a shoal of fish, splashing around in the surface. Great meal, with other words! But imagine our surprise, when a shark appears on the

scene! It jumps up, again and again, towards the birds and gives its contribution to the kaos, that already reigned there on the water surface. As far as we can see, the shark doesn't manage to catch any bird, though.

After a some hazardous launching the next morning, we paddle around the tip of the peninsula and then south, along the east side of the peninsula. This side faces towards the open sea. Next stop Chile..... The rockhopping here is in some places so wild, that even Mark and Kent resists it. We cross over one of the bays and it's almost dead calm out here on the deep water.

Yvonne and I are paddling side by side, chatting away. Just a short distance ahead of us, Mark and Kent are doing the same. Suddenly Yvonne shouts out: "Look at that! A fin!" It's actually the fin of a shark, following Mark and Kent on just about half a metre. It's probably Yvonne's voice that make the shark quickly turn around and then dive straight towards us. I'm not sure who got the worst fright; The shark or me and Yvonne. The poor fish was probably just curious about these two kayaks, when it discovered it was followed by another two. Anyway, Yvonne and I are holding our hands quite high for a while.

The last day of the trip, we find a very advantageous surf beach, where I after a few not very successful attempts to master the waves, decides not to be very fond of beach surfing. At least until further notice.....

BOOKREVIEWS

Title: The Aleutian Kayak

Origins, Construction, and Use of the Traditional; Seagoing Baidarka

Author: Wolfgang Brinck

Published by: Ragged Mountain Press, P.O.Box 220, Camden, ME 04843, USA

First Published: 1995

Reviewer: Peter Sullivan

With a forward by the renowned skin kayak guru George Dyson, this book has to be OK? but - ho hum - I think the author started out with good intentions ie as the title suggests how to build and use a baidarka but somewhere along the way the plot was lost and the author finished up trying to explain the universe and all things in it, kayaking, as seems to happen with a lot of kayak books.

The book has 13 chapters which cover everything (but not particularly well) from 'the nature of the boat' to 'using your boat'. Five appendices include Fixups and repairs, steamboxes and ribs, mortised deck beams, sails and rudders, and kayak dimensions and checklist. As a construction book I feel that the second and third of these should definitely be chapters or included in chapters, but seem to be add ons. I say this particularly in view of the fact that 3 types of spokes have and right and left hand crooked knives warrant serious discussion as well as photos are included in one of the biggest chapters on tools and materials.

There's even a detailed chapter on making your own paddles using a piece of 221cm x 8.2cm (that's narrower than my hand) lumber. (lovely word - lumber, sounds more exotic than wood eh?)

The book seems to be very disjointed and I was continually flicking from the chapter I was in to other areas to try and make sense of what was supposed to happen next. This could be a problem I own as I've always designed kayaks from the hull up whereas skin kayak construction starts at the gunwales and thwarts (ie the deck) with the hull layout done last.

The book is obviously aimed at the American market in terms of terminology: lumber sizes and types, and rudders tied on with bits of string.

The author uses extensive diagrams and photos which show excellent detail and if for no other reason, this book is definitely a must have if you are contemplating building a skin kayak.

A quote from the book:

"Skin boats have more spirit than plastic boats. Objects reflect their creator's spirit, which you impart to your boat as you work on it. The longer you work, the more spirit the boat will have. Plastic boats have very little spirit because the whole point of manufacturing is to keep costs down by minimizing human effort. At best, plastic boats will have very little spirit. At worst, they'll have negative spirit, which comes from the boredom and hostility often found in factories. I'm not saying that you can't improve a plastic boat's spirit. As you paddle it, its spirit will develop, but I don't think a plastic boat will ever match a handmade wooden boat in spirit no matter how much time you spend with it". There's more but I think you get the idea and this is the guy who ties his rudders on with string.

I'll leave the decision to read or otherwise in the comfort of a 'spiritless' but comfortably dry and warm plastic (GRP or fibreglass is also a plastic) kayak's seat to the reader/s of this review.

Title: The Last of the Cockleshell Heroes

Author: William Sparks

with Michael Munn

Publisher: First published 1992 by Leo Cooper, an imprint of Pan & Sword Books Ltd. Published in large print 1992 by Clio Press

ISBN: 1-85695-125-1

Contents: 215 pages

Reviewer: John Kirk-Anderson

Operation Frankton, the story of the Cockleshell Heroes, is well known.

In December 1942, five two-man folding kayaks, or cockleshells, were launched from a submarine off the coast of German-occupied France. Three crews were quickly lost but the remaining four men paddled up the River Gironde to place limpet mines on German ships in Bordeaux Harbour.

Of the ten British Commandos who paddled away from the submarine, only two survived. The leader, Major Blondie Hasler and his co-paddler, Marine Bill Sparks, escaped overland to Spain.

This story was first told in a film in 1955, followed by 'Cockleshell Heroes', written by C. E. Lucas Phillips. The story was largely Hasler's, and told in dashing style. These men were heroes, and 1950's Britain needed all the heroes it could get..

There the story would have ended, but for the reduction in a war veteran's pension.

In 1988 former Marine, William Sparks, was forced by financial difficulties to put his Distinguished Service Medal up for auction. His prized medal had been presented to him by King George VI for his part in Operation Frankton, and its auction thrust the last survivor of the Cockleshell Heroes into the limelight.

One result of the renewed interest in the raid was the publication of this book.

'The Last of the Cockleshell Heroes', written by William Sparks, tells the story of the operation in a different style to the previous book. The facts are the same, but the story is told from a very different viewpoint. Sparks recounts the hardships and humour of training, and the desperate moments of the mission, during which he shared a kayak cockpit with Major Hasler. The slow, nerve-wracking escape through occupied France is told honestly, and when despair creeps in, it is not hidden behind a stiff upper lip.

The difference in the two men's station in life was illustrated in a tense moment soon after the raid. Hiding in a Frenchman's house, the pair were expecting to be betrayed:

There was a loud knock at the door. We looked at each other in horror. "Germans!" I said. "Go and see," Blondie said. "Why me?" "Because I'm a Major.

Bill Sparks' respect for his commander is clear. It was largely Hasler's determination that ensured the success of the raid and his fluent French which assisted their escape.

The raid nearly did not happen. After exchanging torpedoes with a German U-boat, their submarine was unable to launch the kayaks due to rough seas. On the following night the sixth boat was holed preventing it from being launched. They struck a tide race, something new to them all except Major Hasler. Two men were lost in the rough seas, eventually swimming ashore where they were captured, tortured and executed.

The next tide race capsized another boat, and the two paddlers were towed close inshore before they were left to their fate. "The orders had been plain: no man's jeopardy should put the mission in vain," Sparks recounts. One body was washed ashore, the other was never found. A third boat was almost discovered by a sentry, separated from the group and later holed. The crew were captured and shot.

After many close calls, including nearly being attacked by a line of fence posts - in the dusk they looked like advancing German soldiers - the two remaining crews placed limpet mines on several moored ships. Hasler and Sparks were alongside a frigate, placing a mine below the water line, when a sentry shone his torch down onto their backs. Waiting for a bullet, Sparks released his magnetic clamp, allowing the camouflaged kayak to drift away. The sentry followed their progress along the hull with his torch, his hobnail boots ringing loudly. The kayak drifted under the flare of the bow, out of the sentry's view, where it stopped again. Remarkably, the German lost interest and wandered away, and the rattled commandos planted another mine, to teach him a lesson.

Rejoining the other boat, they escaped downriver before sinking their craft and heading off into the unknown where the other crew were soon captured and shot.

This book brought into sharp focus the harsh realities of this operation. The commandos, while very well led, were trained only to the minimum standard required to complete the attack. Their survival and escape was not a priority. The escape plan was weak, with their only hope being to stumble into contact with the French Resistance for help. The tough calls that had to be made to complete the mission are well described. When Hasler ordered that two freezing members of his party were to be left to attempt to swim ashore, he knew they were going to die. He sobbed as he paddled away into the darkness.

After the war Sparks fought, unsuccessfully, for medals to be presented posthumously to his comrades who died. He did manage to get a monument built at the barracks of the Royal Marines Special Boat Squadron, which was unveiled in 1983.

The medal won by the last of the Cockleshell Heroes was auctioned at Sothebys for 31,000 pounds.

HUMOUR

also off the net

MAN CAUGHT BY HIS CATFLAP

"In retrospect, I admit it was unwise to try to gain access to my house via the catflap," Gunter Burpus admitted to reporters in Bremen, Germany. "I suppose that the reason they're called cat flaps, rather than human flaps, is because they're too small for people, and perhaps I should have realized that." Burpus (41), a gardener from Bremen, was relating how he had become trapped in his own front door for two days, after losing his house keys. "I got my head and shoulders through the flap but became trapped fast around the waist. At first, it all seemed rather amusing, I sang songs and told myself jokes. But then I wanted to go to the lavatory. "I began shouting for help, but my head was in the hallway so my screams were muffled. After a few hours, a group of students approached me but, instead of helping, they removed my trousers and pants, painted my buttocks bright blue, and stuck a daffodil between my cheeks. Then they placed a sign next to me which said 'Germany resurgent, an essay in street art. Please give generously' and left me there.

People were passing by and, when I asked for help, they just said 'Very good! Very clever!' and threw coins into my trousers. No one tried to free me. In fact, I only got free after two days because a dog started licking my private parts and an old woman complained to the police. The rescue services came and cut me out, but the police arrested me as soon as I was free. Luckily, they've now dropped the charges, and I collected over DM3,000 (\$2,000) in my underpants, so the time wasn't entirely wasted."

From "Fire - Rescue" magazine . . .

UPDATE ON THE N.Z.C.F.

by Max Grant

I recently attended a N.Z.C.F. (New Zealand Canoe Federation) meeting and AGM as a representative of KASK, and thought it appropriate to write a brief report for the Newsletter so readers may have a better understanding of how kayaking is administered in New Zealand.

Our National administrative body in New Zealand is called The New Zealand Canoeing Federation.
 President: Alan Thompson
 Secretary: Barbara Howe,
 Treasurer: Barry Green
 N.Z.R.C.A. Delegate: Paul Macy,
 C.R.N.Z. Delegate: Carole Lawrence
 N.Z.C.P.A. Delegate: Barry Anderson.

The N.Z.C.F. is made up of those National bodies which are affiliated to it; ie. C.R.N.Z. (Canoe Racing NZ) N.Z.C.P.A., (Canoe Polo Assn.), & N.Z.R.C.A. (NZ Recreational Canoe Assn. & formally N.Z.C.A.). The W.C.C.N.Z. (Whitewater Competition Canoeing NZ) is in the process of applying for affiliation at the moment.

At this time, I don't feel K.A.S.K. needs to be affiliated to the N.Z.C.F. We are a national body representing sea kayakers in New Zealand, and for ten years we have done this very well. For us to have continually produced a monthly newsletter and a full handbook on Sea Kayaking is a credit to the K.A.S.K. executive.

However I feel it is important to keep in touch with the N.Z.C.F., and more so the N.Z.R.C.A., who are doing a great job looking after conservational and recreational issues for all canoeists in New Zealand.

For the future, there may be a couple of reasons for KASK to consider becoming affiliated to The N.Z.C.F.:

1. If we had a project which required large funding, by becoming a member of N.Z.C.F., we would have access to funding by The Hillary Commission, Water Safety Council and New Zealand Sports Foundation. These organizations now only deal with one National Body, which in our case is the N.Z.C.F.. K.A.S.K. have applied to become a member of the Water Safety Council and so may be able to deal directly with them in the future.

2. If we were to take on board the Sea Kayak Racing section of sea kayaking, we could get funding for National and International Events for sea kayak racing.

What would it cost us?
 Affiliation to the N.Z.C.F. cost \$1000.00. But K.A.S.K. should get this back as we then become eligible to apply for and get an administration Grant Aid of \$1125.00. Being affiliated would also involve some extra book work for our Secretary.

As I have said above, at present I see no reason for us to join the N.Z.C.F. But I do feel we should have someone attend their meetings, just to keep up-to-date with what's going on with all aspects of kayaking in New Zealand.

EDITOR'S NOTE:
 KASK still has an application for membership of the NZ Water Safety Council pending. At the last KASK AGM held in Wellington, the decision was made not to join the FMC or NZCF but the Water Safety Council.

'Skinboats of Greenland'

Those of you interested in the book Skinboats of Greenland, here is some information for you:

'Skinboats of Greenland'
 Published by National Museum of Denmark
 Author - H. C. Peterson
 ISBN: 8785180084

For information contact via email: nmf-es@skibslab.natmus.dk
 Website: <http://www.natmus.min.dk/>

Vendor: VIKINGESKIBSHALLEN
I ROSKILDE
Postbox 298
Strandengen, 4000 Roskilde
SE nr. DK 27 85 35 28
Tlf 42 35 65 55
Giro 4 15 03 25
Fax 46 32 21 15

Cost: Dkr. 380.00
Mailing Cost: Dkr. 95.00
Tota: Dkr. 475.00 (US\$76.98)
Payments accepted in Danish kroner only!

My bank provided a check in Danish currency and mailed it for me for a cost of \$5.00.
Happy Harpooning,
Jude Miller
(off the internet)

EDITOR'S NOTE

This book was reviewed in the No. 52 'Sea Canoeist Newsletter'. It is a classic book of how the Greenland skin kayaks and umiaks were built, and well illustrated. It was rumoured to be out of print. If you order the book from New Zealand, ensure you request the English language version and not the Danish.

VIDEOREVIEW

"Amphibious Man"

This is a review that I drafted for a local kayaking newsletter, I thought others on this list would be interested. For the record, I have no association with Heath enterprises other than considering John a good friend and wishing him well in this venture.

Paddlers at the Delmarva Retreat were treated to a viewing of the new video, "Amphibious Man" during an evening presentation by John Heath. This is a very polished, made for television production photographed by Ivars Silis. John has the exclusive rights to distribute the video in North America. Running time is 28 minutes. Purchase price is \$35.00 (price includes shipping and handling). This video will be available after October 15 from John Heath, P.O. Box 147, Damon, Texas 77430.

Amphibious Man is a human-interest story crafted around John Petersen, a Greenland kayaker who is training and competing for the title of the Greenland National Kayaking Champion. (this is the same kayaker who is featured in Heath's video "Greenlanders at Kodiak"). This is not an instructional video and is meant to appeal to general audiences. Hardcore sea kayakers will find Amphibious Man interesting and yet it won't put your mother-in-law to sleep either. The photography is outstanding and several scenes of John practising in the frigid, ice strewn water are breathtaking.

The kayaking competition is based on points awarded for kayak racing, traditional rope gymnastics, harpoon throwing and of course, kayak rolling. The film chronicles the competition (held in Sisimiut) and gives a glimpse into modern Greenland life. Would you believe skateboards, boom boxes and jet skis? In one memorable scene jet-skiers in drysuits or wetsuits churn the water in the bay where John Petersen is practicing (you just can't escape them; even in the arctic!).

John Heath was critical of one scene where Petersen paddles through a hole in an iceberg for dramatic effect. According to John the Greenlanders typically give the ice a very wide berth. If the ice rolls, huge waves can be generated that have been known to cause kayaks to tumble end-over-end with tragic results.

I enjoyed the video and got a few ideas for a new roll or two. It is not a technique video in the manner of "Greenlanders at Kodiak" but if you are into Greenland- style paddling, Amphibious Man is a "must have". And, of course, if you want to know who won the championship (which was attended by John Heath and Delmarva instructor Cindy Cole) then you will simply have to watch the video yourself.

Greg Stamer
Orlando, Florida
Wave~Length Paddling Mailing List

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Andy & Deirdre Sheppard
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PO Box 56 500
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email: gill.johnston@ecnz.co.nz
Meetings: First Thursday of every second month at Bivouac, The Terrace, Wellington

Auckland Canoe Club
PO Box 3523, Auckland.
Newsletter Editor: Julia Thorn
Ph: 09 575 3099

Ruahine Whitewater Club
71 Salisbury St.,
Ashurst.
Ph: 06 326 8667
Fax: 06 326 8472

KASKHANDBOOK

The very last few copies of the second printing are available from Peter Sullivan at \$13 including P & P for KASK members and \$19 including P & P for non members:
Peter Sullivan
7 Monowai Cresc.
New Brighton
Christchurch.

CHRISTMAS WISHES

by Julia Thorn

Since the Christmas/New Year period is still fresh in the memories, I have reprinted the following editorial by Julia Thorn from the December 1997, 'Auckland Canoe Club Newsletter'.

Dear Santa

I know you are absolutely inundated with letters right now and the reindeer are shrieking out for a feed but I hope you can spare a moment to read this, just a synopsis of my Christmas wish list. Life has been extremely tough for me this year; it has been very windy for several months and another man I know with white hair keeps urging me on to super human feats of endurance.

Anyway, there are many things that I cannot possibly live the rest of my life without, and they include:

* A kayak which cannot get scratched however badly it is dragged along the oyster shells, rammed into the boat ramp or scooted over river rocks

* A rubber fish to pull along behind my boat so that I at least have the illusion of having caught something while I was out

* A new pair of shoulders which do not get so tired when I paddle and can recover from exertion in a very short time

* Special air vents for my kayak which divert wind away from me so that I can be assured of a calm trip, always

* Even more polypropylene. Actually I see that there are plenty of even more advanced fibres around now, so I may need to replace my entire wardrobe of polypro (which you have probably heard all about). I'd like an assortment of colours, sizes and shapes

* A beautiful recording of my voice which I can leave behind with the family when I go away on a kayaking trip

* A photo of me which I can leave with my partner so that he will recognise me when I return from above mentioned extended kayak trip

* A big dose of common sense so I will stop going out in atrocious weather and rough seas

* A cell phone which works everywhere so I can remind the family to have baths and go to bed on time wherever I am

That's probably enough for now, and I have tried to stick to the important issues. There are other things I really need like a dishwasher which puts the clean dishes back in the cupboard and a resident chef, as this would free up a lot of time for me to go kayaking.

A selection of the latest kayak models would suit me fine but is maybe a bit greedy. Anyway please do what you can and I hope you enjoy my chimney.

Yours in paddling

Julia

KASKBADGES

Rod Banks, a Canterbury paddler, has produced a badge of a paddler and sea kayak, crafted from solid sterling silver. Beneath the kayak, 'KASK NZ' is engraved. The badge can be permanently or temporarily affixed to hats or T shirts. The finished product is quite appealing to the eye.
Size: 23mm long by 11mm high.

The badge will be on sale at the 1998 Mapua Forum at \$15.00, but also on sale from KASK's esteemed secretary for \$20 including post and packaging. Please make out the cheques, to KASK NZ Inc. and not P. Sullivan.

Send cheque and return address to:

Peter Sullivan
7 Monowai Cres.
New Brighton.
Christchurch.

1998 KASK FORUM- MAPUA

The form on the opposite page is a registration of interest in attending the 10th Anniversary Forum. Although a programme synopsis has been planned by the Nelson organizers, we need feedback from paddlers in what topics they would like presented. KASK has a huge resource of skilled paddlers and instructors. Initial feedback indicates a demand for more 'on the water' paddle skills, rescue skills and even rolling instruction sessions.

Libby and her team from the Ruahine Whitewater Club, who organized the very successful 1997 Wellington Forum, compiled a database of speakers and instructors. I would like to use the form to expand on the database so we end up with a comprehensive list of who can instruct on what topics.

Numbers attending are also necessary to organize meal catering, kayak hire, and transport to and from Picton.

The tentative programme is:

Thursday 9 April: registration & slide shows

Friday 10 April: welcome, workshops on kayak orienteering, navigation, glass repairs, rescues and sailing. KASK AGM early evening following by the dinner and slide show on New Caledonia.

Saturday 11 April: morning workshops, including the King Island kayak survey, and afternoon paddle out to the Kina Peninsula for the overnight camp.

Sunday 12 April: return from overnight paddle; KASK games and BBQ in the afternoon, with families invited to join the BBQ.

Monday 13 April: travel home or local paddle.

PLEASE RETURN THE FORM or a PHOTOCOPY A.S.A.P. TO:

P. Caffyn
RD 1
Runanga
West Coast.
or Fax to (03) 7311 806.

If undelivered, please return to: Peter Sullivan, 7 Monowai Cresc. New Brighton, Christchurch..
SUBSCRIPTIONS - \$20 - due 28 February 1998