

THE SEA CANOEIST NEWSLETTER

Issue 75

June - July 1998

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The Sea Canoeist Newsletter is published 6 times a year as the official newsletter of the Kiwi Association of Sea Kayakers (N.Z.) Inc.

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EDITORIAL

The S.O.P.M. (serious overseas paddling mission) as noted in newsletter 74, as the reason for the late arrival of this newsletter, was a great success. The cunning plan was a pub tour around Ireland, the pub bit being enticement for young Conrad to join me. Well, the use of an Irish travel agent for the final leg from Heathrow led to a flight across a vast ice cap, and landing at an airport where the uncomprehensible language spoken, sounded like someone continually trying to clear their throat.

We had arrived safely at Kangerlussuaq, on the west coast of Greenland. A few anxious moments ensued until our kayaks were unloaded onto the tarmac. A ride was teed up to the head of the fiord, maps bought from the airport tourist office, enough tucker chosen from the village shop to last until the next Inuit village, and late afternoon we were on the water. The timetable was tight, but we made the 1100km distance to the airport at Narsarsuaq with a few days to spare, and visited many of the 1000 year old Norse sites in South Greenland before winging our way home, Conrad back to work, and myself following after two weeks paddling on the west and east coasts of Sweden.

Within hours of arriving home, I was attending the inaugural IMOFF festival (International Mountain and Outdoor Film Festival), held at Hokitika over the weekend of 1 - 2 August. The festival was a sellout success, with speakers including Lydia Bradey, Graham Charles, Anna Cook, Cam McLeay,

Colin Monteath, Geoff Gabites and yours truly. Which brings me to the subject of this editorial.

Abel Tasman National Park.

Geoff Gabites talked about many issues affecting outdoor adventure in New Zealand today, and made pertinent comments relating to increasing pressure on the resources of the Abel Tasman National Park. He blamed yours truly for the increase in popularity of sea kayaking, and predicted that within three years, a permit system will be in operation for paddlers, as is now in place for the likes of the Routeburn Track. There are some eight commercial operators putting bums in seats currently in the park, and Geoff noted that on Easter Friday there was either 200 or 400 (travel lag memory loss) rental/guided paddlers heading out into the park. The increasing pressure on the beaches, campgrounds and associated facilities, and loss of lone wilderness experience for the mobs of paddlers, is an increasing problem. And I must agree with Geoff that unless controls on the number of concession operators and number of boats per operator is brought under control by the Department of Conservation, there will have to be a permit system introduced to limit the number of paddlers in the park at one time.

I understand from one of the long established operators, that each fresh commercial concession application made has been objected to, but DOC has continued to grant the concessions. I can only rationalize this, on the

basis that demand by the head office Wellington wobbles for parks to self generate funding is causing this 'paddlers in the park' overload.

In a recent press release (Christchurch 'Press' 27/08/98):

Conservation Minister Nick Smith has started a process that could add 1000ha of beaches, estuaries, and rocky shoreline to New Zealand's most overcrowded national park. "It's an anomaly that the beaches of Abel Tasman are not actually in the park," Dr Smith said.

"It comes from an era when only land-based conservation was seen as important. The addition of the foreshore makes good sense and I hope the community will support it."

Adding the foreshore to the park would enable the Department of Conservation to better manage the park.

"Abel Tasman National Park is the icon of our region and our favourite playground. We need to focus on how we can ensure that it stays that way for all the next millenium."

DOC's Nelson-Marlborough community relations manager, Alan White, said DOC was not looking at the Abel Tasman foreshore for revenue gathering.

"What we're trying to do is grapple with how we deal with increasing use of the coast."

Some operators who transported people into the park by boat would need to get concessions, he said.

An accompanying map with the press article shows over 95% of the shoreline would be added to the park, with only two small areas excluded in Torrent Bay and the south side of Awaroa Bay. This move is obviously long overdue, as previously there has only been the Tonga Island marine reserve under DOC control.

But the attraction for me of paddling this pristine coastline in summer no longer exists. The chance of finding a

beach to your self in mid-summer or at Easter is as good as winning lotto. For Kiwi paddlers, wishing for the remote, pristine wilderness experience, there are alternatives, more distant locations or mid winter park visits.

So what to do? Is it not high time the Department of Conservation stopped granting concessions to new commercial operators? I would assume it is way too late for DOC to impose controls on the maximum numbers of seats per operator.

To avoid the instigation of a permit system, control on the numbers has to be initiated. I can envisage that it would be impossible to ask the operators to limit their numbers. Thus to retain a little of the wilderness experience for both Kiwi paddlers and rental guided paddlers (not having 40 other kayaks on the same beach) DOC must impose maximum numbers of boats in the park at any one time on commercial operators. I would not like to see the day arrive when KASK members have to book in for a paddle in the park some 12 months ahead - but unless the numbers pressure is eased, I totally agree with Geoff Gabites that we are in for a permit system.

What can KASK do? Letters to the DOC Minister, Nick Smith, and to the local DOC community relations manager, expressing our concern over the increasing number of commercial operators and the lack of number controls per operator.

Anyone with strong views on the subject, please write. And remember this is only a personal view and not necessarily that of the KASK committee.

P. Caffyn

'Out on a Wing' by Rod Banks (reprinted from the Canterbury Sea Kayak Network Newsletter)

Ever since I had first seen the wing paddle, around the time our Olympic paddlers were dealing to the rest of the world with them, I had been impressed by that lovely shape, the revolutionary look that exuded design and functionality. When I first tried them on the water, I was somewhat disappointed, the action was all wrong for me. They tended to drag your arms out sideways as you completed the paddle stroke, a very unnatural feeling. It might have looked very glamorous on the Avon, but I couldn't imagine using them in a tippy sea kayak in a beam sea, not to mention any recovery stroke I may have been forced to use.

So I had gone back to thinking traditionally, wooden paddles seem to me to be living things and I have some Canadian White Water paddles by Nimbus that have a great feel. Wood in winter is positively cosy compared to a glass shaft. Their sea blades looked great, but efficiency should be the main consideration when planning to use a paddle for prolonged periods. So esthetics were relegated to the back seat and I settled with Asymmetric Blades and have used them for a number of years. They did everything I wanted from them, they were light and could handle a wide spectrum of conditions and strokes. Their main flaw was the way they would flutter when paddling hard, that is to say, turbulence generated as the force of the blade is drawn through the water and as the water spills off the edges of the blade causes the whole thing to vibrate and quiver.

I had talked to quite a lot of kayakers about paddles and have watched some fine exponents of the sport leave me in their wake. I had decided it was worth trying the new generation of Wing Blades on the market. These newer versions were apparently more user friendly allowing one to use a wider range of strokes. Well I wasn't completely sure about them until I had

borrowed a set and had given them a good work out at the local swimming pool. "I wanted to know" can I draw, can I scull, can I roll, sweep, Dufeck, slap, brace and any number of trendy poncey strokes I have yet to learn with a paddle. The answer was with some modification to ones grip, an emphatic yes, the only question mark was Drawing and Sculling. Not very positive in this area, a bit like trying to remain upright using a Draught Sausage! - still, I could roll easily with this paddle, so it meant I could proceed to the field of battle 'The Surf' and really test these blades out.

Well I gave the borrowed blades back and demoed a variable length set out in the waves, well I had a ball, they were great for putting in that burst of speed needed to get on a wave. It really felt like you had a hold on the water, a gigantic handful of thrust with each stroke, no spilling off the face. If you went into a broach, it didn't pay to brace off the back of the blade for long, for as soon as the wave released you, it was belly up folks before you'd quoted those immortal words of Homer Simpsons "DOH!". I was certainly getting to like these things and now after a number of day trips, I Love them.

Justification - how can one justify something you can't live without. I'm sure that if the Inuit had found drift wood lying along their beaches, which were slightly dished with an over hanging top edge, they would have been positively planing after seals in the Bering Strait. When you lift these paddles up in your local kayak shop, they feel rather strange, they seem to want to tip forward all the time. Well, this weird feeling in the shop is truly natural when you're on the water. For best results, you have to fully rotate your frame as you paddle, instead of push and pulling the paddles without moving your upper body, you are using the wrong muscle groups for a start. The flat water paddlers may look a bit over the top when they power down the Waimak. but it's all about efficiency and its certainly working for me.

Rod Banks

SEEING AND BEING SEEN LIGHTS FOR SEA KAYAKING AT NIGHT.

by **Kerry Howe**

(Reprinted from the ASKNET Newsletter, June-July 1998)

Seeing:

Night fishing and paddling can be exhilarating. You seldom require continuous lighting to see where you are going. There is usually an amazing amount of light at sea, and the human eye's night vision techniques generally mean that we can see adequately. But sometimes if there is no moon or stars and if you are away from the glare of the city you may need light to spy out half-submerged rocks or seek suitable landing spots, or check a compass bearing. Possibly the most useful light for kayaking is a headlight, that is, a light attached to your head. That way you can keep paddling and still shine the light where you want it. A headlight is pretty essential if fishing - try getting a hook out of a fish with one hand holding a torch! The more popular models in the reliable Petzl range are mostly splash proof but seem to do the job very well. Some headlights are submersible, and are relatively inexpensive.

If you want a hand-held light, the ever reliable Dolphin lamp is powerful and totally waterproof. However it is bulky on deck. If you really want to vaporise the dark, you can have a handheld spot attached by a lead to a gel battery tucked away somewhere. Whatever you use, a totally waterproof torch, such as a small Mag-light, in the PFD pocket is an essential back-up.

Being seen:

Probably most lighting on kayaks is so that you can be seen. Whether anchored fishing, or paddling alone or in a group, some multi-directional white light is a good idea, especially in the crowded Hauraki Gulf. Don't have something too bright which will destroy your own night vision as well

as blind your travelling companions. (I once saw the front paddler in a double with a working strobe on his back, inches from his rear paddler's eyeballs! - perhaps the latter's mind was destroyed and he just paddled like a duck up the Huka Falls...)

There are two excellent light sources. One is a cylume stick. These come in different intensities. A medium white one will last up to 6 or more hours. Everyone has them at Concert in the Park. They are fool-proof - no bulbs or batteries to fail - but once you start them by bending them and breaking a phial inside they can't be turned off, and at \$5 a go they are not cheap. They are good when paddling in a group since their soft light won't blind others.

The other good light is called a C-Light. It is a small pen-cell type light powered by two AA batteries and is submersible. Its lens is unusually shaped (like the top-knot of a Russian orthodox church) which gives a thin but intense 360 degree band of horizontal light. It can be seen from some miles away. I always use one of these when paddling and fishing at night. They cost about \$20 from the Auckland Canoe Centre.

Both cylume and C-Light are best taped to a thin bamboo/aluminium/fibreglass pole, about 3 feet long. This can be held up by fixing it to your PFD (put cork on the bottom and put it in a PFD pocket), or you can arrange a holder for it on your deck - preferably behind you so you are not troubled by the light - but make sure you can reach the holder! Some people make waterproof box-type holders which contain large battery packs with wires running up a pole to a bulb. Most of the ones I've seen have a too dazzlingly bright light.

Some people put a lit Dolphin lamp inside their kayak, making it glow, some would say obscenely in red plastic kayaks! The problem with this technique is that if there is even small chop, the kayak can be invisible from a short distance. An effective 'being seen light' needs to be white and have a bit of height, preferably above head-height.

If some crazed speed boat is bearing down on you and you really want to draw attention to yourself (other than by setting off a flare), a small strobe light is the answer. They can waken the dead with their pulsating brilliance. They cost about \$35 dollars and on one Alkaline C battery they will flash up to 15 hours. In the unlikely event of an extended sea or aerial search for you, they are priceless. I bought mine after the story of a unlit dinghy drifting with a helpless crew all night across the Bay of Plenty whilst an aircraft flew blindly over them many times. Strobes are submersible, and some models will float up the right way. I attach mine to my PFD shoulder so that it will also be of some use if I'm in the water, or even under it. Scuba divers sometimes use them. They are good in fog. It's a good idea to take them even on day trips, especially in the winter when darkness can set in early.

Red flashing LED bike lights attached to a PFD can also warn people of your presence, but they are a bit too directional, besides being mind distorting. Red lights are sometimes a bit of a problem in that they have another maritime purpose - to indicate port-side, or a port marker. A single, multi-directional white light is the proper indication of a moored vessel, or a relatively slow vessel like a kayak under way. But any lighting is better than nothing when you can hear a launch bearing down on you in the dark.

Red flashing lights or white strobes are not in themselves a signal for assistance. Coastguard, for example, will not investigate them. But people will know you are there, and if someone is actually looking for you, then any light can be potential lifesaver.

Silver reflective tape can also be very effective. If someone shines a light you will glisten like a Christmas tree. Put some on your cap, on your PFD, on the stick holding up your light, and on your kayak. By far the best tape is the Solas brand, but it is very expensive at about \$27 a metre. However, unlike some other reflective tapes it is saltwater proof. I got all excited when I found a cheap version, but it

delaminated after a short time. I know of at least one bad person who tries to peel bits of Solas tape off those orange road cones marking roadworks.

Batteries:

The fewer battery types/sizes you need the better. All my lighting equipment runs on AA's, (except for the C cell strobe, which is a non-rechargeable Alkaline which I replace every 12 months - but you can get AA powered strobes). Common-size batteries are more convenient for charging, and on a long trip you can just take a whole jar along without too much thinking. For many years I used the very reliable rechargeable Nickel-Cadmium (NiCad) batteries. But about three years ago I discovered Rechargeable Alkaline Manganese (RAM). They cost \$3 each, about the same as NiCads, but have many advantages. They put out 1.5 volts instead of NiCads 1.2 but still have a similar or better current rating of .6 Amp hours. A charged battery will hold its charge for two years on a shelf, unlike NiCads which slowly discharge when not in use. Most importantly, RAMs love being recharged at any stage of their cycle. Whenever you get home after using them, no matter how briefly, just whip them into the charger. That way you always know they are fully charged when you next head off into the darkness. You can't do that with NiCads because they may develop memory if they do not go through a fairly full cycle of discharge and charge. Unless you are totally anally retentive and time how long you use your NiCads, you can never be quite sure just how much life they have left in them. RAMS, containing no Mercury or Cadmium, are supposedly less harmful to the environment.

There are two potential disadvantages with RAMS, though I don't think they are at all significant. You can charge them only about 100 times as opposed to NiCads claimed 1000 charges (so how long do you plan to spend in the dark?). Also you can't charge them in your existing NiCad charger. RAMs need a special tapering current, constant voltage charger. But these are the same price as a NiCad charger - about \$30. As each cell becomes charged, the

power switches off to it and a red LED goes out. I bought my RAM charger and batteries from PM Distributors (PO Box 27-557, Mt Roskill). I think they are great! RAMS also come in size D (6 Amp hours) and C (3 Amp hours). Both use the same charging unit as AAs.

Are there any other bright ideas out there?

Kerry Howe

Update from Kerry on battery suppliers:

With regard to the suppliers of the Rechargeable Alkaline Batteries that feature in the article, could you please add more information, namely:

PM Distributors Ltd
PO Box 27-557
Mt Roskill
Auckland
phone (09) 625 0020
fax (09) 625 0040
mobile 025 789 861

(see also page 6 for a follow up article by Kevin Jose on kayaks and lights.)

COASTBUSTERS '98

by Susan Hill

**(reprinted from the
ASKNET Newsletter
April - May 1998)**

I'd signed up weeks in advance, announced it to the family, and put it on the calendar, but as the day approached, I could feel the tension building: Mom's abandoning us! I know, they're old enough to be self sufficient and they've been on their own before, but they still have to be taken care of. In theory they are supportive of my gallivanting about, but in practice they're not so sure. On the other hand, if Momma ain't happy, ain't no one happy. So, one kayak on the car, camping gear in a Bean bag, and off through the wind and rain to Shakespeare for the Coastbusters Symposium.

Friday night, lodge-stayers discussed snoring and chose bunkmates while campers established their own dry zones amongst the raindrops and

peacocks on the grass by the beach. Kayaks of various colours, shapes and sizes were sprawled about. We were on our own for dinner, some with snacks from home, some with carry-out for the journey, but we met in the hall at about 8:00 for the evening's inspirational entertainment: slide shows and stories of journeys near and far: Gerry and Trish Maire's trek to Turkey, Paul Caffyn's circum-navigation of New Caledonia, and Paul Buckley's son et lumiere of sights closer to home.

Generous wind and rain overnight did little to dampen spirits, and after Jannien's breakfast and a fascinating explanation of traditional Pacific navigation methods by Rawiri Taonui, determined paddlers set out for Army Bay, on the 'calm' side of the peninsula, in-the-water workshops. My own self designation as an intermediate paddler seemed a little optimistic given the conditions, but our group did manage to perform rescues of various sorts in the type of conditions where they would probably most likely be needed. I must say though, that I was feeling a bit green about the gills from pitching and rolling and trying to stay within earshot of the instructor, and was relieved to head for the beach through the largest surf I've attempted (and very nearly successfully!) My wish for a warm shower and a critical session on the mechanical kayak machine (not very realistic, but I did get some good points) took me through to the afternoon workshops, on dry land and at this point, with a bit of sunshine as I recall.

It was hard to get to everything I wished to see, but Saturday afternoon and Sunday morning, I managed to participate in a discussion of establishment of funding, and regulations for sea kayaks trails; get some suggestions on nearby places to paddle; witness the creation of pizza brownies over a camp stove; and be awed by the creative gadgetry that fits inside - or on top of - a kayak. (I too have a cordless drill, but have abandoned the idea of attaching fan blades to create a favourable wind, as the wind always seems favourable in this part of the world!) I missed out on electronics, handling extreme conditions and a couple of others.

Saturday evening, Friday's full moon put in an appearance, and the coloured lights and jukebox in the marquee were bright and loud, eased along with what people had BYOed. We demonstrated our non-paddling skills until the wee hours of this lengthened night (most of us remembered to change our watches), and the 'Susans' gathered to celebrate the (almost) Ides of March.

Sunday morning, almost before the wind came up, some 90 of us were divided into teams to get back on the water and pretend to go on a day trip, dealing with various hazards set up to test our coping skills. I think we handled potential disasters sensibly, but some of us had trouble navigating around invisible blue buoys placed somewhere out there in the bay.

The last session on Islands in our own Hauraki Gulf was an appropriate end to a wonderful weekend. Thanks to all organisers and participants - an incredibly varied group of people who shared this time together.

A few minor mishaps occurred: one pair of glasses found their way to Davy Jones' locker, one electronic car system was disabled by salt water, and my hat blew away. At the end of Sunday's water-top event, I removed hat and drybags from my kayak in order to try a few more underwater exercises, and placed them on the beach - properly weighted, I thought. I returned from the so-called French Rescue to find the hat apparently blown away. It didn't turn up at the lost and found session, but someone said he had seen it rescued from the water, so please toss it back my way if you have it - sand coloured canvas Aussie style, elastic in the brim, leather chin strap, and meant to be with the peacock feather I found in my tent. Susan Hill (09) 445-3236

Coastbusters has once again come and gone. By all accounts it was a huge success in spite of the weather and wind; indeed, the event has become so closely associated with crappy weather it could be hired out to drought stricken areas as a guarantee of heavy rain.

The weather so impacted this time that at lunchtime on Saturday, I rushed home to the computer, published another programme which Kevin Dunsford and I had drafted out, and returned in time to alert the punters that they wouldn't be spending the afternoon on the water as previously planned. I had to agree with Kevin that the mark 2 version of the programme was definitely superior to the original model and we once again learnt a valuable lesson on how to continue the process of honing this wonderful event called Coastbusters.

Over 90 delegates participated this year and although this was about 20 less than we anticipated, the event broke even.

What of the future of Coastbusters? We did learn that the YMCA Lodge and Shakespear Bay combine to make a first class venue. Trade participation was better than ever and the new venue, plus the weather, combined to give the trade a significantly higher level of exposure than ever before. I know of four sea kayaks being sold over the weekend and have had generally good feedback from the trade.

Coastbusters may be back in 12 months time in its current form, but then again it may reappear as something different. Personally, I was disappointed with the lower than expected number of ASKNET paddlers taking part. Don't know the reason why but it is likely to be a combination of a number of things.

One thing this Coastbusters did have in quantity was a very high standard of speaker. The topics seemed a little different, almost unusual this year. Both Rawiri Taonui and Mike Lee had superbly informative presentations. Our Australian guest speaker, John Wilde came to us following the very

COASTBUSTERS by Vincent Maire

recent death of a close friend from a heart attack, whilst on a sea kayaking expedition. He used this tragic story as the focus of his presentation and made us realise (yet again) why this sport means so much to us. John is multi-talented and I wouldn't mind betting we see him here once again. Paul Caffyn was his usual fascinating self and the workshops drew large and appreciative audiences.

I admit that I found this time around to be rather stressful and I didn't start to relax and enjoy myself until late on Saturday. I have one big regret; not saying hello to so many faces, both new and familiar. There were many highlights but one stands out for me. On Friday evening we had slide presentations on Turkey and New Caledonia but when Paul Buckley gave us 20 minutes of his collection of local slides, I couldn't help think what a fabulous place we live in - it really is a sea kayakers paradise.
Vincent Maire

KAYAK LIGHTS - ANOTHER VIEW by Kevin Jose

(reprinted from the ASKNET Newsletter August -September 1998)

Thanks Kerry for bringing up the topic of lights. Maybe more of us should use the newsletter as a way of passing on our experiences. With more articles like this we can find out what works for other people and adopt the solution that best suits our one needs. I think it will always be an ongoing saga and there is not likely to be a definitive answer.

When choosing a light there are a lot of factors to consider. May be one light will not cover all cases. Do you want the light only for staying in contact with others of your group or is it so that you can be seen by that thundering gin palace? What's behind you? Do you have to stand out against the lights of Auckland or the darkness of an unlit island? How

intrusive is the light and how much power does it need?

When I went on my first night trip, there were just the two of us in my double. We soon left the lights of Kawakawa bay behind and were enveloped by the darkness. It was a wonderful, moonless and still as we just glided across the water. We had no fixed lights and did not use our torch. With no background noise or any lights, if anything else had moved we would have known about it. Being there without a light is the spirit of night paddling. We felt part of the environment. When you have a light on it is more like a bubble travelling through the night. Since those days I have done a lot more night trips, some just around the harbour and others such as crossings from Whangaparaoa to the Noises and Tiritiri to Motutapu or I leave all the lights and traffic behind and go out from Te Uenga bay in the Bay of Islands. In or around the harbour there is just too much traffic nowadays not to have a light.

Not long after I started night paddling in the harbour strobe lights came onto the market and three of us bought one each. We thought great, a small waterproof light, but the last time I used mine was about 5 years ago. I now really believe that strobe lights are no longer a valid option and are in fact dangerous.

An incident that made me look for another type of light occurred at about 11pm one night. Two of us were coming back from Motuihe with strobe lights mounted on our decks. We had passed Browns Island and although not crossing the entrance to the Tamaki river we were in an area in which boats start to converge to go into the river. As always even with a light on I had been keeping watch and had seen a boat coming in the Motuihe channel. It was now at about 170 degrees to us and maintaining course. It continued to get closer. We hove to and a 25 to 30 foot launch passed at speed about 30 feet in front of us. This was a close call. It was only when we were not backlit by the lights of town that he had seen us. He came back to apologise and to see if we wanted a lift. He said that he had been keeping watch and yet

we had been invisible to him.

It is very hard to tell the distance of an object at night when all you see is a light. Is it a bright light a long way away or is it a dim light close up? Your brain needs more information. You expect a light to illuminate an area around it, a deck, the water or ground. If you can not see anything then you interpret it as a light a long way away. Mike Swift tells me of an incident when the Coast Guard knew that there were a group of kayakers using strobe lights. They could see them and were closing in on them when without warning they found that they were actually in amongst them. Even when they knew what they were looking at they could not judge the distance the boats were away from them. Matt C only a few months ago was out night paddling and saw a strobe light across the water. He thought it must be a kayaker as we are mainly the only people to use strobes. He was at Mission bay and the light appeared to be in the channel over towards Devonport about 1.5 km, only it was moving very fast. Yes it was a kayak but only about 100m away.

I have just heard of another good story. Chris Gulley was in a yacht off Tutukaka when he saw a flashing light in front of him. It appeared to be quite close when according to the chart there should not be anything there. It turned out to be Cape Brett 45km away.

Over the last few days I have spoken to Michele Pate from Coast Guard, the deputy harbour master Hans Sweet, and Mark Fifeild the operations manager from Fullers.

Coast Guard were most helpful and although they do not know what the answer is were keen to work with us to help make some progress. They do think we are a small low obscured object below the line of vision that most boaties would be looking at for another boat. Even with lights we should still have a bright torch readily accessible. **THERE WILL BE ANOTHER NIGHT WHEN WE WILL TEST VARIOUS LIGHTS WITH COAST GUARD INPUT. IF YOU HAVE A LIGHTING SYSTEM**

THAT YOU WOULD LIKE TO TRY OUT PLEASE GIVE ME A CALL AND I WILL TRY TO ARRANGE AN EVENING PROBABLY IN LATE AUGUST.

At this stage we do not appear to be a problem for the ferrys other than that sometimes groups get spread out. He made the comment that the bridge tends to be higher than that of pleasure craft so they tend to look down on things as they get closer and so we are not so disguised in the background lights. Hans is aware that lights are an issue but did not have any answers. He was concerned with visibility in general and would like to see our radar profile increased. More than once he made reference to the point that he would not like to be the operator to hit a kayak as though the way things are going the outcome is inevitable. All three accept that strobes are a good start, but this was in reference to groups when there would be lots of flashes from one area.

I have been out one evening with an onshore observer to compare lights and their visibility.

We had eight lights:

- 1 20 watt halogen mast head
- 2 8 watt incandescent (a standard marine mast head light)
- 3 6 watt halogen tri light
- 4 4 watt halogen mast head
- 5 1.8 watt incandescent and Auckland Canoe Center special
- 6 0.3 watt orange C light
- 7 white strobe
- 8 blue strobe

With the observer on the end of Okahu bay wharf we paddled into the lights of the container terminal, the most extreme back lighting. Across towards Devonport, to come down the harbour with moderate lighting in the background and finished up with Rangitoto as a background.

Findings:

This is for single lights, the more lights the easier it should be to see.

If you are competing against background lights the colours of the background lights tend to be yellow, orange or white, therefore the green and red of the tri light stand out.

The strobe and the C light are good

to about 300m. If the strobes have a faster pulse rate, then their visibility is increased.

Our speed is so slow that even when we are crossing across the background we do not have that much relative movement. If you are being approached from the stern then movement is minimal so you are concealed by the background very easily.

The bigger the better for being seen. For you however if the light is too bright then you tend to want to switch it off as it ruins your night vision. A small plate under the light will keep the light off your boat and does not upset your night vision as much but does nothing for the people near you. The tri light is good as long as you are side by side. A red light is the least disturbing to your night vision. The white 4 watts is OK as long as you are more than about 10m away from each other.

Just two things to finish on. If a boat is closing on you at 20 knots, then it will cover 500m in 50sec.

The ferries operate from a darkened bridge, what is the chance of the pleasure craft having a light on? pretty high if you ask Coast Guard.

If you have a light you would like to try out, please give me a call and I will try to arrange an evening, probably in late August.

Kevin Jose
Ph: 09 846 6796

TRIP REPORTS

Melanie's Cook Strait Paddle

by David Herrington

To have a go at paddling across Cook Strait had been on Melanie's mind for a couple of years.

Early in May 1998 Melanie Grant was very fit from all the training for the local multisport events. (Getting her share of the prize money too, I might add.) The weather pattern looked promising for some calm conditions in Cook Strait, southerlies were on the way out and a ridge of high pressure would give 48 hours of good conditions before the next northerly set in. There was a three metre swell but that was on the decrease.

On Tuesday the 5th, preparations were made for an early start next morning. These preparations went well into the night for Melanie and even further into the night for her father Max.

The alarm was set for 3am to hear the marine forecast - light south easterlies dying out about noon, a 10kt northerly developing later in the day and a two metre swell. This sounded pretty good so by 4.15am we were on our way to Makara, with another check on the forecast again at 5am.

It was just breaking dawn and a cool but light south easterly breeze was coming down the valley behind Makara when we set off at 7.10am. The Brother's light was flashing it's signal in the distance ahead of us. Paddling out of Ohariu Bay, the last few flashes of the Ohau Point light were seen before daylight took over.

Further out into the strait, away from the protection of Cape Terawhiti, the swell started to increase. Max altered his heading and sped up to do a bit of surfing down the swells. Melanie conserved her energy for the long haul ahead with a steady but strong paddle strokes.

There was a lot of seaweed and kelp floating about, the aftermath of the

previous day's rough seas. A couple of albatross and a penguin paid us a visit. Conditions were favourable and judging by the change in the transits of the Brothers, progress was looking good, even though the changing tide had been carrying us sideways.

About 4nm (nautical miles) or one hour out from Perano Head, the rebound of the swell off the shore started to become much more apparent, slowly increasing as we got close to Ruakawa Rock. Melanie was busting!! "Keep the liquid intake up" - what is required for racing isn't needed to the same extent on an ocean paddle. (Melanie's eyes were almost watering with bladder pressure.) Ruakawa Rock was given a wide berth because of an angry sea surging around it. Further over was a small gravel beach sheltered enough to make a landing, an ideal spot of a wee stop. Max made a phone call to Margaret and the wharf police to say we were across safely. (That was after asking a seal to move over as they beached.) It had taken four hours to make the crossing. The cloud hadn't lifted as promised by the weather forecaster and surges were coming up onto the beach trying to take the kayaks, so it was a brief stop.

We crossed the bay to East Head which is the entrance to Tory Channel with the company of lots of seagulls. There was very little tidal flow, but a very lumpy sea. It took an hour to reach the shelter of Okukari Bay. In the bay we talked to two fishermen who said a southerly change was coming and suggested we talk to Joe Heberley, a third generation fisherman of Tory Channel. (I was thinking no way could there be any southerly as the anticyclone was moving away.)

We landed on the sandy beach of Okukari Bay. It was very cold, time to grab some food and a hot drink. With sandwich and drink in hand Max and I set off for the house to seek out Joe. We met him as he was coming across the paddock on his way to the jetty. After introductions he invited us up to the house where he made a phone call to his son who was fishing just north of the Brothers. The weather is good, a 5kt south-easterly

here, everything looks okay was the reply. We had better get started back as there is still a fair way to go. Joe gave Max the phone number of the fishing boat and was told if there is any trouble, give a call they're only an hour away.

On our way out through Tory Channel, the flood tide was starting to run. Max led keeping close to the shore and making use of the back eddies. We were out into the lumpy sea again without any problems. We could head straight out as the tide would carry us northwards. Off to our left Perano Head was drifting behind us. Making good progress we paddled into the light south-easterly breeze and once again watching the Brother's transits change.

Not as many ships about now. There had been a big container ship pass in front of us in the morning. The shipping in and out of Tory Channel towards Wellington could still be seen when we were on the crest of the waves; some of which were much more than two metres. There were still a lot of birds about. Four more juvenile albatross came to check us out, gannets doing their dive bomb fishing, and petrel skimming in front of us with their wing tips only a whisker away from the surface of the sea. Melanie was visited by one of the small flying fish that were about. It landed on her spray skirt enabling us to have a close look at it's long wing/fins before it was reunited with the sea.

The day wore on, the cloud had drifted away as we came to the difficult part of a crossing. You are out in the middle with no real landmarks to gauge your progress. You start to feel weary and don't seem to be getting anywhere. You drift off into your own thoughts - even those become stale. It is no good looking at the time because you did that less than five minutes ago. At least at the change of the hour some food and drink along with a few words exchanged make a break from it all.

I don't know if it was the midway paddle boredom or the mid Cook Strait current which runs up to 2.2kt's (3.9km's), but after our 4 o'clock break when we refocused on the landmarks, we were way north of our transit line.

Back to reality, there was still some serious paddling to do. Setting off on a southeasterly heading rather than the easterly we had been on at the start of our return trip we continued the task ahead of us.

Not far now, you could make out more detail on the hills and coastline. Lights started to appear as the sun disappeared over the South Island behind us. A large moon was masked by a thin veil of high cloud. Melanie was paddling in great style, arms high and still powering along. I'm sure Max was like me and had to work a bit to keep up with Melanie. (Age difference, I'm sure.) It was dark by the time we closed on Makara Beach. We had left the swell behind us. With just the calm black water around and street lights to guide us onto the beach, we arrived back at 7.05pm. Eleven hours padding and twelve hours total since we had left Makara.

To the best of my knowledge Melanie is the second woman to paddle across Cook Strait. She is the youngest woman and the first to do a double crossing in one day. Congratulations Mel.

David Herrington

WANTED

Paddling Companion

Giselle Groves would like a paddling companion(s) for a 10 day trip in the Bay of Islands between October '98 and March '99. Giselle is middle aged, and has some paddling experience in the Abel Tasman National Park and Marlborough Sounds.

Contact: Giselle Groves

RD 1, Trass Valley

Wakefield. 7181

Nelson.

Ph: collect evenings, 03 541 8726

OVERSEAS REPORTS

The BCU Coaching Scheme by John Kirk-Anderson

The Situation was not Good

Two weeks out from a British Kayak Skills test and my shoulders had assumed the consistency of marshmallows after a month of tramping in Nepal and the Scottish Highlands. My legs were as hard as those of a frozen chicken, but all my paddling muscles had quietly sneaked away.

It took a crash course in weight training using house bricks in my relations' Edinburgh garden before I was ready to see how the Brits did things.

I was to attend a symposium at Anglesey in North Wales and would then be assessed for the British Canoe Union Advanced Proficiency Award. This award seemed to have taken on mythical status amongst British paddlers with tales of assessors mercilessly probing for weakness in skills, knowledge and character.

While treating this folklore with a degree of cynicism, I had still spent the past year paddling without a rudder and trying to master northern hemisphere weather.

The first lesson of the symposium was to ignore timing. Things were done at a very relaxed pace, but most activities worked well. The only problem was when a trip to a tide race ran 1-1/2 hours late, meaning the anticipated whitewater was a mere ripple.

After the three day symposium, several BCU courses were run concurrently. Earlier in the week the weather was too good and there was talk that the Advanced Proficiency wouldn't run. The criteria for the test was winds of at least Force 4 (11-16 knots), but a large anticyclone over the British Isles supplied light variable winds. Fortunately a low steamed in bringing southerlies and gale warnings.

The advanced Proficiency (or 5 Star Award) is the highest in the very structured BCU scheme. It is a leadership and personal skills test where candidates are placed in challenging situations to test their ability to safely extract themselves and others.

Although aimed at recreational paddlers, all six candidates on my course had some commercial interest in attaining the qualification. By the time paddlers sit this assessment they will have worked their way up through the progressive BCU scheme. I had an exemption from this background, however I still had to attend training prior to assessment.

Most of the testing took place on the water, but several theory papers also had to be completed. The usual skills of group rescues were tested, but in a 5 metre gap between a sea stack and a gap in the cliff. The breaking seas and 20 (genuine) knots of wind kept us honest. This interesting area was also used for rolling tests and towing. Nearly smashing an assessor into the cliff during a tow did not help two candidates' final marks.

During our prolonged time in this area an RAF rescue helicopter arrived. Whether the crew were just being nosy or were expecting business, I'm unsure.

Group control and boat skills were tested in the overfalls off the North Stack, Holy Island. Flooding at about four knots, they were great fun, but I was warned that they could end loop Nordkapps.

While three candidates led a night trip, I worked on crossing the English Channel - on paper. Making a mistake converting tide constants meant I did hourly tidal vector plots THREE TIMES.

Fifteen paddlers, from other courses, had put their names down to do the night trip. However, heavy rain and 25+ knot winds whittled the number down to three. The group returned at 1.30 a.m. after searching with mixed success, for floating chemical lightsticks in Holyhead Harbour. My own

test, planned for the following night, was cancelled when conditions became too rough.

We were then told to plan a trip for the following day that would enable the assessors to check our group control. Our difficulty was to find somewhere safe to paddle. The winds were still from the south and rising in strength, meaning some groups were having trouble getting off the beach.

My plan, which was used, involved a launch from Holyhead Harbour on the north side of the island. While it was a bit of a cop-out, the down-wind run along the coast of Anglesey Island was great surfing fun. The assessor claimed the winds had reached gale force (33+ knots) but there were no dramas although a mistake in identifying the beach we were aiming for was duly noted in the following debrief.

There were some very unhappy faces after the private debriefs with only two of us passing. Three candidates were deferred to re-sit some stages and one person failed.

The Advanced Proficiency is not, despite rumours, a measure of God-like performance however, it is highly regarded within the British paddling scene and is a fair test of rounded paddling skills.

As the top of the pyramid that is the BCU Skills Award, there is a danger that holders could believe they knew it all. I saw quite the opposite, paddlers realised how much they still had to learn.

The almost military structure of the BCU is very different to our way of doing things and I was interested in how it worked in the real world of sea kayakers. The club scene in Britain is very strong allowing this Hierarchy to flourish. Most paddlers were well aware of the dangers of following the party line. I found people very willing to discuss the merits of different ideas, including rudders and lightweight boats.

A National award has its advantages. While trying to arrange a paddle in the Orkney Isles at short notice and out

of the blue, I was quickly able to put minds at rest regarding my skill.

Could this system work here?

I doubt it, without the strong club scene to support it, paddlers wouldn't bother to follow the paper trail.

The scheme does, however, encourage skill development and these skills are tested.

John Kirk-Anderson

(John works as a photographer with the Christchurch 'Press', and is currently on holiday in the USA. John is also a SKOANZ accredited guide/instructor).

A Kayak Cruise on the Turkish Coast Cesme to Bodrum by Gerry Maire

Many people at some time dream of cruising the warm waters of the Mediterranean Sea in their own boat. For most of us the dream gets lost as the time and cost involved leave us settling for a week's holiday on a charter yacht. How could we overcome the seemingly impossible? We live in New Zealand or just about as far away from Turkey as you can get.

Our children had flown the nest and it was now our time to live the dream. Having spent summer holidays sailing and kayaking on the New Zealand coast, the best answer to fit our pocket was a kayak. Not your average small day trip kayak but a large double sea kayak equipped to sail and paddle. To simplify any oversize air and land transport problems, our boatbuilder soon had our kayak modified for unbolting into three pieces. Little luggage wheels attached to the bow and stern pieces made for easy movement at airports. Six months of planning and arranging affairs at home disappeared very quickly. Soon the chills of autumn came and we, like migrating sea birds, flew north to explore the sunny summer lands of ancient

civilisations.

Some twenty-seven hours later, as we descended into Izmir Airport, my jet lagged mind contemplated the road transport problem of getting us and kayak pieces to the sea coast. I was still thinking about it when my wife, Trish, took control and achieved the seeming impossible by fitting us and our kayak into a very small taxi van. With half our kayak sticking out the back of the van, we were soon on the magnificent new highway to the sea port of Cesme.

The owners of the small Yelsin Hotel made us most comfortable as we spent the first few days obtaining supplies and gaining local knowledge for our cruise. The winds in the Aegean are notoriously localised so our weather information was mostly based on the Coptic Almanac published in the Turkish Waters & Cyprus Pilot (Imray Laurie Norie & Wilson, UK) by Rod Heikell. The monthly weather predictions are based on hundreds of years of accumulated wisdom.

'Ahiri eyyami mator' or the end of the blessed season of rainy weather had just passed over and on 3 May we started out. Rain would not fall on us for the next three months. Wild spring flowers were everywhere on the edge of the coast. Up the small fertile valleys, farmers were well underway with their spring planting. A southerly gale soon stopped our progress but 'no problem' as they say in Turkey. There was plenty to do and see even in remote places. Fishermen invited us to have tea and village folk to have dinner. One eventful afternoon was spent with an extended family at a beach party to celebrate the coming of summer. The food came all afternoon as did the raki, the local drink.

Back on the water, we found our new roller furling foresail to be essential for a heavily loaded kayak. We could sail hard on the wind in up to 5 knots and with eased sheets cream along in 12 knot winds, roller reefing if we got overpowered. Cheating? Don't believe it! The drag is taken off paddling to maintain displacement speed of 4mph. At times we covered 6 miles per hour. The crew (front paddler,

Trish) did not like to reduce sail and often called for more speed. Skipper (Gerry) worked the sail, paddled and tried not to broach and roll the kayak as following seas and wind rose. The water was warm and the sun shone every day.

Our usual paddling day started early. Down tent and pack up to be on the water by 7 am. Breakfast was between 9 and 10 am at a seaside restaurant. All the small seaside towns had a fishing boat harbour, most no bigger than to moor a few boats with a restaurant on the dockside. There is no tide to speak of so it was like paddling on a lake. A Turkish breakfast is very addictive - black sweet tea, sliced cucumber, tomato, olives, soft white goat cheese, a boiled egg and lots of fresh Turkish bread.

Mid-morning, the sea breeze started and by early afternoon, the wind strength could be too strong to paddle. The wind usually died again in the late evening. As summer was now on us, the noonday heat put a stop to our paddling most afternoons. A good book under an olive tree with the occasional swim made for a pleasant time ashore. Bottled water was readily available so our water filter was never used.

Between villages, we were always able to find a quiet beach to camp on. Dry land days came up every three or four days with bus trips inland, visiting larger towns and ruins. From mosques to crusader castles and the awe inspiring ruins dating back 2000 to 5000 years.

We stayed at the tiny walled town of Sigacik, about the size of a city block. Its streets were so narrow, motor transport could not be used. The famed city of Ephesus was not missed. Every day we found and saw new things. No timetable was driving us.

After our stay at Kusadasi, our first large tourist town, we made ready for the trip around the high mountains of Can Dagi. This national park wilderness peninsula nearly reaches the shores of the Greek island of Samos. Wild animals including cheetahs and bears still roam this wilderness, however, wild donkeys were the

only visitors to our lonely campsite that night.

The wild grandeur of the high mountains dwarfed our small kayak as we made passage up the ancient Gulf of Latmos to the Menders River delta. Over the centuries, silting has moved the coastline many miles out leaving a number of what were once ancient coastal cities stranded many miles inland. Memories of Greek history lessons and the names of early philosophers came flooding back. This is where many had lived and worked in the splendour of their times.

Ignoring our weather chart, we started at midday to cross the 15 mile wide river delta. By mid afternoon the rising wind and onshore seas decided our day's destination for us. Stranded on an open beach miles from anywhere, we found a few salt bushes for shelter and pitched our tent. At day's end, as the wind died, we sat eating dinner enjoying the seeming emptiness when two tortoises came plodding past on their homeward journey after a day's foraging. A neat end to an eventful day.

Passing over the clear waters of the Gulf of Gulluck, we saw our only pod of dolphins. The overfishing of this area of the Mediterranean was evident everywhere we went. Other wildlife we were not too keen to find were snakes and scorpions. Our first snake sighting in the wild was while we explored the old city of Iassos. I was glad it was going in the opposite direction as I was amazed at its speed of departure. We don't have snakes in New Zealand.

From Gulluk, we spent a day inland visiting Milas then to sea again to round the Bodrum Peninsula. This stretch we were not sure as to what some of the capes and foulground would be like. We pushed off early and beat the wind up the south coast and rode excellent tail winds around into Bodrum Bay in three days of early breakfast stops and afternoon township visits.

Bodrum was geared up for the tourist season with hundreds of tour boats tied up on the waterfront. After three days of the bright lights, were were

ready for the change back to wilder and more remote areas. We had now finished our first month of our Turkish coastal ramble and only traveled 200 miles. The ancient coast of the Ionian Sea was now behind us and ahead lay the wild mountainous regions of the Ancient Carian.

The Carian Coast Bodrum to Marmaris

From Bodrum, we entered the Gulf of Gokova. This long gulf has very high mountains on both sides, so when the Meltem wind sets in at approximately noon, the wind strength can rise to 30 knots in a very short time. Our plan was to run down the northern shore then do an early morning crossing to Sehir Island. The three days it took to run the 50 miles to Akbuk was to be true to the weather pattern. We were pushed ashore early twice but with landing possible every few kilometers, we were able to enjoy the high grandeur of the wild mountain faces with escarpments rising high above us. The small village of Oren with nearby ancient Keramos gave us an insight into the way these village people live, poor but most friendly. Many of their small homes have a carpet loom. The high chimney of the mothballed power station east of Oren dominated the landscape, even the high mountains did not dwarf it. The strength of the tourist dollar has enabled the local population of Bodrum to stall the opening of this power plant and the pollution the low grade coal it is to burn could cause.

Managing Risk

Weather information and knowledge on possible landing places ahead is what the sea kayaker needs to know before heading out on the water each day. A mixture of land and sea maps and charts, along with a copy of The Turkish Waters Pilot gave a reasonable picture of landing places. This information was mapped out and carried in a mapcase on deck for each day's section of our journey.

Local weather forecasts were not available as our Turkish was not good enough to listen to the radio. Seasonal weather patterns, local fishing boat movements and general observations served us well. This was followed by

our rule of 'If the next or previous landing point is more than 3 miles away and sea conditions look like changing, don't push on and hope.' Take chances and you end up fighting the elements. Long open coastal stretches were only done very early in the day.

At Akbuk, we broke the rule and ventured out at 11.30am as the 7 mile crossing to Sehir looked OK. Dead on time at 12 noon, the meltem wind came funnelling down the Gulf and it went from flat calm to over 20 knots in minutes. Around we came and high tailed back to shore. As we swung in under the semi-shelter of the shore, foaming wave crests and wind blown spray indicated 30 knots and our slow progress dictated we land and wait out the wind.

The previous three days weather pattern had indicated this could happen. Why would today be any different? When the land heats up, in comes the wind. The Gulf of Gokova is a natural wind tunnel, so when it blows, it blows hard. The safety of Akbuk was better than a wild ride down the Gulf and maybe a swim or two if we rolled. Our kayak has seven buoyancy storage compartments including lockers either side of the two cockpits. This enables us to empty out and get underway again with minimum trouble in the event of a rollover. This we have only done in practice, never on the voyage.

Sehir Island to Bozburun

There is a new international airport at Yerkesik at the head of the Gulf of Gokova servicing Mugla and the coastal tourist resort of Marmaris. This places the jetsetting kayak traveller within a few miles of some of the best cruising waters anyone could wish for.

After a peaceful crossing next day, we entered a kayaker's wonderland of inlets, bays, islands and creeks. For the next six days, that should have been twelve if we had done it justice, we cruised along in clear waters with only short sections of open coastline. This area of the world used to have a large population. Cities were built on cities over the ages. Forts and castles dotted the landscape. For those people into ancient history, it's all here - Car-

ian, Rhodian, Confederacy, Roman, Byzantine, Greek, Turkish and many others. Ruins where old defensive walls still stand.

How does one describe such a mixture of diverse interest. Cleopatra's Beach and theatre ruins on Sehir Island, the serene Soyut Bay, dubbed Honey Water Bay. Degirmen Buku (English Harbour) complete with bronze mermaid. Kargilibuk, more like a long narrow lost lake. Yedi Adalari Islands with their wild flowers.

The small hamlets and ever present coastal restaurants with their wonderful Turkish hospitality stopped any progress during the heat of the afternoon. Camping or accommodation was not a problem if you asked. While cruising up to Cataloa (Amazon Creek) to the restaurant one afternoon, we found the stream was full of small turtles swimming in clear water.

To save a rather hard and potentially dangerous 80 mile paddle out around the Datca Peninsular with its wild steep south coast, we stopped at Buku Cati (the Fish Jump) and looked at portaging the kayak the 2 miles over. The road we found was too rough for the kayak transport cart.

Buku Cati had been a beautiful bay. As it has the only road access up on to the Datca highway, it is used as a rubbish transfer point by the gulet tour boat fleet. Lack of management has let this spot turn into an open garbage heap with plastic and other flotsam strewn around.

A family living in a crude plastic covered hut indicated their son had a big car and could carry our kayak over. On our return next morning, the whole extended family was there to load our kayak onto a new 3 tonne truck. Grandfather and the young boys rode on the back of the truck holding the kayak while we rode in the front with the driver. Much care was taken driving over the uneven road surface up on to the main highway. We were soon set down under the trees in a peaceful holiday park in the upper reaches of the Gulf of Datca. Across the bay stands (Orhaniye) Kecibuk with its fort and other old ruins. A few

miles along the coast and a large bay was entered leading to Selimiye with its mosque on the waterfront (ancient Kastabos). Later that day, paddling up beside the high mainland cliffs inside of Kameriye Island we came upon a strange wooden structure clinging to the cliff face.

On a platform above us three silent figures looked down. Moments later, a very American accent inquired what it was like floating over an 9th century wreck of a wine cargo ship. A multinational team led by Dr George Bass was in the process of lifting its cargo up. It is interesting the care and attention to detail archaeologists go to in trying to discover what life was like in the centuries past in surveying these old wrecks. In this area alone, 17 wrecks were known all located by the sponge divers. After a visit to an old ruined Greek monastery, head winds decided for us that Dirsek Harbour was where we would stop for the day.

Well fed, showered and camped beside the only building in Dirsek, you guess right, a restaurant, with a cool beer.

Crew somehow pulled the wool over my eyes in Bozburun and convinced me the kayak was a little out of trim and we would sail better with a little more weight down aft. After all the skipper has lost his pot belly and with it several kg in weight. I must have been drunk, anyway, we now had a kilm on board (a turkish woven mat), rugs and kilms are what everyone takes home from Turkey. Now I must be careful, the crew has set other buying objectives - decorative plates and kebab skewers.

It was four days before we finally departed from Bozburun with great memories of its people. The coastline down to Marmaris has few landing places. This should not stop a well equipped group of kayakers from considering it as the harbours of Bozuk, Serce, Gerbekse and Ciftlik are well worth the effort.

On instructions from Suzanne York, a San Francisco archaeologist who had spent many years researching the area, we found our way over the isthmus from Serce to the ruins at Thyssanus.

The few families living in this arid land still use the same grain grinding stones as did the people a thousand years ago.

In blustery wind conditions, we made our way along the high rocky coastline towards Gerbekse. We had been warned by fisherman if the sky goes black to the south, get off the water fast. Away in the distance, we could see a storm moving down onto Marmaris, the air felt heavy as we sighted three open fishing boats headed in to the nearest shelter. We found a small beach and watched. The dark black storm clouds moved closer. Then, in a matter of minutes, the sky cleared.

Marmaris

Marmaris Bay is magnificent. Surrounded by pine-clad hills, it is easy to see why its popularity has grown so rapidly. Its waterfront was constantly alive with people and boat traffic. The camping ground on its south shore was good but the urge for more creature comforts after a few days tenting was strong. We succumbed and joined the holidaying throng in the town. The crew (Trish) has a great sense of culinary skill. She was always on the lookout for restaurants that specialised in good traditional food. In Marmaris, she excelled. Most resort restaurants concentrate on the standard tasy dishes of salads, kebabs and seafood. Many other wonderful dishes were found and enjoyed.

The Lycian Coast - The Dalyan Delta

Twenty-five miles south of Marmaris lies the Dalyan Delta. Travelling from the coast up to Dalyan involved negotiating a reed bed labyrinth of twisting channels to reach the Koycegus River. The aerial photos of this delta are impressive so were were a little apprehensive that we could get lost. Just follow the river taxi boats we were told.

"Which one will we follow?" called the crew as the first three motor boats disappeared into the reeds in differing directions. It was now or never, so we chased after the nearest one. After playing dodgems with these river boats in the narrow channels, we finally found the fish trap gate that marked the entry up the river. With our adrenalin

now under control, Dalyna soon came into view. This Turkish version of Venice serves a wide range of tourist attractions on the river.

A few miles up river, the deep green waters of Lake Koyceguz opened up and we cruised around its shores to a domed marble thermal bath house to experience its body harmonizing waters. That evening we ate our meal outdoors with a backdrop of Lycian rock tombs lit up across the river, our kayak asleep at its river mooring below us.

Now we knew how the labyrinth worked, we had a fun paddle back down to the coast. In between the river boats parked at the beach, the crew spied a local fishing boat barbecuing crabs on its foredeck. "Stop", came the order. Lunch is being served.

The coast was now less inhabited. Information on landing points we were finding a little more difficult to obtain. Local information was not understood or the correct questions asked. Even without detailed information, we always found excellent campsites and no uncomfortable situations developed to upset our cruise.

The beauty of the steep land mass and coloured cliff faces between Boz Burnu and Disibilmez Burnu (points) offset the energy required to push through the choppy seas on our passage to Baba Adasi. Dalman beach stretched away to the east. Helped by a light on shore wind, we were soon on our way again eating up the sea miles.

Finding a lovely secluded cove on the far side of Cape Akea, we settled in for an afternoon of swimming and reading. Before the night sounds of distant goat bells matched yet another clear night under the stars.

Skoepa Liman, Gocek

You would have to call Skoepa a boatie's paradise of world class. Along chain of islands protect this small gulf where its island and mainland shores are indented with numerous bays.

The early morning land breeze soon died as we rounded Kurdoglu Point

and ran down passed a number of small bays into Kapi Creek. It was only 10.30 am and the sun's heat was intense. We were suffering from the heat. We were to find out later an unseasonal heat wave of well over 40 degrees was to affect the area for the next few days. We did not count them but the Skoepa shore line would have 20 plus bars and restaurants around its shoreline. Most all of these summer establishments are made up of a small service building supplying a shade covered balcony of tables and chairs on the water's edge. Many are built on small rock walled areas of land where people have lived for thousands of years. Other than these summer-run restaurants, there are few other buildings, only the tree clad and rock landscape.

Kapi was one of many we visited over the next few days as we crisscrossed the bays looking at old ruins from many different ages. By this stage, we were adapted to locating pebble beaches on windward shores where yachts did not stay in the evening and cool breezes could be had to make for a pleasant night's sleep. Less was required in the way of clothes, bedding and shelter. Our tent fly had been stowed away.

The hospitality and excellent company of the Turkish staff at the small restaurants was too much to resist and many evenings found us being fed, watered and entertained in grand style before joining our hosts to a night's sleep - or what was left of it under the stars. Outdoor sleeping platforms, the deck of a fishing boat or the restaurant floor. That's where our hosts slept. We put up our tent liner for mossy proofing and found a corner for ourselves. Morning, we were usually up and on our way by 7am while the local population slumbered on for an extra hour. The highlights of Skoepa had to be Kapi Creek, Wall Bay, Tomb Bay and Tersane, all not to be missed. The big cave off the point north of Ragged Bay on the outside coast and a paddle up to Kizilkuyruk if you are doing this area from Gocek makes for a pleasant extra day if you have time to spare. In closer to Gocek, Yassica Adalari or the Squiggle Islands as we named them, added to the long list

of nooks and bays to while away hot sunny days.

We had mixed feelings on what we would find at Gocek from what we had heard. We took our usual precaution of spending the night just outside this town so we could arrive early and fresh to work out where to stow the kayak and stay over. Gocek was a treat. Set up around the bare boat hire fleets and day trip gulets, this neat little town still has its Friday market and excellent boat supply food markets. Its foreshore is lined with the usual bars and restaurants and its one long commercial services road that runs parallel to the foreshore has everything for the visitor. We found easy landing on the western edge of town where many small pansyions and camp grounds were to be found. Jungle camp was to be the home for our small boat for the next ten days as we escaped the 40 degrees plus temperatures with a visit to Cappadocia and other inland sites. (For the jetset kayaker, Dalman Airport services this area.)

4 July - It was a good feeling to be back in the kayak, being well supplied with fresh vegetables from a small coastal market. We cut across Fethiye Bay to a cove inside Merdivenle Heads. Tucked away in a cove facing west, we were unaffected by the rising northerly that moved in that night driven by bad weather from the Black Sea. Next day, the morning breeze was more gusty than usual and a fast ride downwind to Cape Ilbis was covered in the first hour. Holding close into the cliffs, we battled increasing winds up the high northern cliffs to Gemiler. Rounding the last point, the full force of the northerly and short steep seas were just too much and sent us scurrying back for shelter. The gale also sent tents flying on the coastal resorts. Wild wind gusts funnelling down the valley sent our billy lid flying out to sea. By 2pm the weather dropped enough for us to push onto the beach as Gemiler. The ruins on Gemiler Adasi (Island) are scattered over most of the island complete with Byzantine churches. St Nicholas is said to have come from here.

Wishing to see Olu Deniz ahead of the visiting hordes the next day we crossed

the bay early to drift into the lagoon and enjoy the early morning to ourselves. Powered and anchoring craft are not allowed into this lagoon that is tucked away behind a magnificent beach that is also protected by a bay on its western end. All in all, one of nature's most unusual combinations. Just in time the powers to be have saved most of its beauty from sprawling tourist development. The quality and colour of the water in this lagoon is just magic.

As the lines of beach chairs came to life with wobbling pink bodies eager to get a tan on their all too short vacation from the cold lands to the west, we moved on to quieter places.

A short distance southeast lies Butterfly Valley. A peaceful valley with a waterfall at its head and no road access. Frequented by backpackers for years, it sounded a good place to find some shade from the noonday sun. All we had heard was true until in the space of an hour most of the bay foreshore filled with day tripping ferry boats fouling the water with diesel and with no respect to the beach space swimmers were using. The word has spread of the beauty of Butterfly Bay and it has fallen to the uncontrolled thoughtless mass market tourist operators driving cattle trucks. Disgusted, we paddled on.

At midday, we pulled up onto a near deserted beach and settled in the shade under a large sea pine overlooking the clear waters. This was Kabuk, not marked on our map or mentioned in any travel guide book. A chance encounter during one of our usual many afternoon swims to cool off lead us to yet another of Turkey's magic evenings out. Back behind the beach lay gardens of Eden created down the centuries by generations of inhabitants. Small tree shaded flat gardens surrounded by stone walls. A short walk back to the valley's steep mountain backdrop lay a cool stream. Club Med had tried every angle to build a complex here. One lone local man had held out long enough to gain notice from the international press and stop development. The families who live in this valley cater for small numbers of eco tourists that come and share

their hospitality. Camping outdoors on sleeping decks, it was indeed a million star hotel. The evening meal was shared by all the eight guests and the host family. Luckily for us a Turkish born Australian was amongst us to translate in more detail the many questions we all had relating to the valley's environment. Late that night, slumber came easily in a this valley completely at peace with the world. Long may Kabuk remain as a reminder of what a wilderness coastal environment is like without development.

We now faced some long paddling days as more open stretches of coast lay ahead. Settled weather next day made for good progress past the wild coastal range known as the Seven Noises and down the long Patra Beach. Mid-morning we enjoyed a refreshing swim with a group of people off a private charter yacht. They were paying \$1500 per day for their holiday. A big contrast from our \$50 a day. Camped just short of Kalkan, we slept well after our 35 mile day.

Kalkan to Kas

Twenty miles of mountains that drop straight into the sea. The narrow coastal highway can be seen twisting and turning its way along its face, seemingly clinging in space.

To seaward, islands string out into the distance. At this point the Greek Island of Kastellorizon is only three miles from Turkey. The previous afternoon's high winds had left behind a sloppy sea that made tough going. We were a mile or so offshore making for the Burnu Peninsula when a small keel yacht hove too in front of us. "Could you confirm where Kas Harbour is please?" came a gruff voice. It turned out that in heavy seas the night before their sea chart had been blown away and, with no obvious land points in view to confirm their position, they were not too happy. On looking around, they were right. Just hostile rugged coastline and just as rugged islands. Not a nice place to have sailed into during the night. Then the usual question we often got. "Where had we come from?" Sea kayaks are not seen on the Turkish coast.

Kas is a tourist township with an at-

mosphere all of its own. This small compact lively place of colourful shops, restaurants and crowded little harbour is large enough to have a noisy nightlife during the holiday season. Day trips to a wide assortment of destinations can be done from here. For the sea kayaker, this is the only place we found it possible to hire sea kayaks. Bougainville Travel would deliver the kayaks to anywhere on the Turkish coast. They also hire out on a daily basis trips at Kekova. Ufuk Guven and most of the staff spoke several languages fluently. Their spontaneous help in organising transport for us and our kayak the 700 miles to Istanbul was typical of the quality of service this tourist adventure company had to offer. (Bouganville Travel Fax 0090 242 836 1605 Sea Kayak Hire).

No problem in Turkey

There is a Greek Island off Kas. In fact, it is only 4 miles away, complete with a port of entry. Excellent. Let's fill out the papers and go take a visit. How does one go about this? You visit the Harbourmaster and obtain port of exit papers. Then report to the port doctor for his stamp, to the port police to obtain clearance and, finally, to the Harbour Customs and Immigration Office. First problem. "Where is your cruising log? All exiting yachts have a log. Oh, you have a kayak and have come from where?" "Cesme. Quite a trip. 1000 kilometers. Very good photos you have."

There is a small problem. Kayaks don't fit the system. The fax machine clatters and Antayla reports OK. Fill out all the papers. Most questions require a Nil answer, like nett tonnage of craft. "Well, its 0.1 of a tonne I think. Well, I don't know. 75 kg. How do I work that out?"

Now up the hill to the police station. Gee, it's a hot day. On to the port doctor. "No, we don't require to see you until you return to Turkey."

One hour later, all is filled out and we are told to return after all other Immigration officers have done their jobs to get the final papers and pay \$30. This sounded fair for the work required. The computer tells a story that we have been good tourists and

our passports are stamped. All is going well. Final leg down to the Customs Office. A new form to fill out. "Do you have any of the following?" VHF, yes. TV, no. Engine, no. Life jackets, yes. Home port, Auckland. Flag of Country, Yes, New Zealand. At this point, the Customs Officer senses I don't understand the form. Ten minutes later, they had a clear picture of where we had come from and what the kayak was. It is not possible we were told. Oh dear, what are the problems? First, where did the kayak come from? With us on the aircraft from New Zealand. We show photos. How did it get into Turkey? No importation note on your file. Not possible. Oh, yes, we see, broken down, it does not look like a kayak. Did you not declare it. We could not. The porters at the airport picked it up and Customs waved us through. OK. OK.

2nd problem. You do not have the required list of equipment of a craft going offshore. By this stage, the whole office thought it was a great joke. Yes, like most of the world's bureaucratic rules, we could travel the Turkish coast but not cross the bay to Greece. Come back when we join the EC. Then it may be possible or pay \$20 and take the ferry. It is cheaper but we are tourists and tourists like to do uneconomic stupid things for the fun of living.

August was approaching and our three month visitor's permits would expire. We decided our ultimate goal of Antalya was not to be this trip as we could not leave Turkey without seeing Istanbul. But before we departed the coast, there was still one more destination on our must see list.

Kekova Roads

The coast had become more arid and mountainous with fewer places to land. More care to navigation detail was required. Because of heat haze, visual distance was only half what we are used to in New Zealand. Keeping time/distance under constant check, we entered a long inlet guarded by the Sicak Yarimadasi (Hot Peninsula) a little over three hours paddle from Kas. Here, we drifted over the submerged quays and ruins of the ancient city and port of Aperlae, the old city walls,

sarcophagi and rock tombs stood in silence as we drifted, our minds on times long gone. Turning east again through the Akar Bogazi channel some hours later very hot and a little dehydrated, we found shade beside the last collapsed arch of the ruined Christian church in tiny Tersane Harbour. Out on the seaward side of Kekova Island, we found enough flat land at the head of Karoloz Inlet to pitch our tent. Visiting yachtsmen had been feeding the young goats here. After a frustrating half hour of trying (the impossible) to stop a small goat from eating anything attached to the kayak, we had to anchor back in the water. Luckily, he left our tent alone.

The next day we treated ourselves to a pansyion at Kale Koy. Using this as a base, we spent time exploring the surrounding area of coast. What started as a two day stay ended up at five. But that is another story of a birthday party and not being able to get up early enough to paddle the four and a half hours back to Kas before the full heat of the day.

The sunrise on our last morning at sea was stunning. My wife and best friend, Trish's diary entry sums up our feelings on that last day. 'It's so sad to take the kayak apart today. I could paddle on this coast forever.'

Gerry Maire

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KASK HANDBOOK

Over the past two months the LRB2 (2nd. Ed. Kask Handbook) has been closely proofed, and once the corrections are completed, a 200 copy print run is planned. For new members, and existing members ordering the LRB2 from Helen Woodward, the mother of all sea kayaking handbooks should be in the mail to you by late August.

COSTS:

New members: 1 gratis copy
Existing members: \$10 + \$1 p&p
Non-members: \$18 + \$1 p&p
Make cheques out to
KASK(NZ)Inc.

Trade enquiries and orders to the
Kask Treasurer, Helen Woodward, 82
Hutcheson St., Blenheim.

PRESIDENT'S REPORT

by Phil Handford

This newsletter is a little late, but when the editor is away in Greenland and Sweden getting some well deserved adventure and inspiration then it is always well worth the wait. This is a bit of an update on a few things

The Kask Handbook (LRB2- little red book, Edition 2) is now close to its first reprint. The first print of the second edition was a run of only 50 copies in time for the KASK forum. It has now been expertly proof read and now that Paul is back he is making the corrections. The second run will be 200 copies printed in Greymouth where we have managed to get a good price from a long established printing firm. Thanks for the patience of those awaiting copies they have ordered or new members who are to get a free copy.

Thanks to Vincent Maire and the Auckland Sea Kayaking Network (ASKNET) for the article on KASK and a review of the Kask Handbook. As a result of this and the joining form, Helen Woodward has already had a good number of new members. Welcome to you all and your LRB2 will be on the way when the 2nd reprint is completed. With the next Kask forum in Napier this will be closer for those from northern NZ.

We have finally received written confirmation from NZ Recreational Canoeing Assoc. that KASK now has status as the national sea kayaking body. This will significantly strengthen our case to become a member of the Water Safety Council. Our application for WSCNZ is to be heard in September.

The newsletter is now being printed in Hamilton, labels are organised by Helen Woodward in Blenheim and mailing by David Herrington in Dannevirke. This change gives Peter and Diane Sullivan in Christchurch a break as they have organised printing and mailing as well as Peter being secretary for a number of years now, so a big thanks from The Sea Canoeist

readers for your efforts over the past few years.

I hope to be able to make some more progress with promotion of the LRB2 over the months ahead now that we are better positioned to supply whatever number of copies are requested. Completion of a small promotional pamphlet for companies is a key part

EQUIPMENT PADDLE WEIGHT by Paul Caffyn

Picking up on a comment from Peter Sullivan, regarding the difference between using a heavy paddle and a lightweight paddle and the extra energy required to lift the heavy paddle, I recently accurately weighed two of my paddles.

I weighed the paddle used in the trip around Australia and the light paddle I used in the 1997 trip around New Caledonia. The Australian paddle has a laminated wooden shaft and symmetrical fibreglass blades which have pop rivetted, aluminium wear strips on the base of each blade, basically an old style whitewater paddle.

The light paddle is one I built using a New Zealand carbonfibre/fibreglass shaft and blades that Mike Neckar (Necky Kayaks in Canada) helped me build in 1984. The blades are carbonfibre/kevlar cloth with a foam core sandwich construction.

Aust. paddle - 3.470lbs (1.575kg)
light paddle - 2.055lbs (0.932gms)

The difference in weight is 1.415lbs (0.642kg). At 60 strokes per minute, the extra weight I lifted with the Australian paddle calculates as follows:

per minute - 84.9lbs (38.51kg)
per hour - 5,094lbs (2,310.64kg)
per 8hr day - 40,752lbs (18,485kg)

The staggering difference over an eight hour day is 18.19 tons! (18.485tonnes)

Even applying a 50% discount factor, for the non lifting hand supporting the other end of the paddle, the energy

saving in using the lighter paddle is astounding. It is no wonder that it took two days to recover after each of the 120 mile overnights during the Australian trip!

So bearing this weight factor in mind, and that I would be chasing the younger and extremely fit Conrad down the West Coast of Greenland, I attempted to trim even more weight off the lightweight paddle. With a new paddle shaft from Tony Free in Napier (Canoe Sports NZ), I reduced the paddle length by 5cms and improvised super-duper lightweight drip rings.

Although drip rings are not really necessary in tropical waters, they are essential in colder climes to keep the hands dry and warm. I decided that the standard black rubber, drip rings were too heavy and was casting around the house for an alternative. And - I feel Sandy Ferguson would be proud of me - I found that blue or green plastic milk bottle tops from one or two litre milk containers were perfect. The tops have an inner rim or lip (to prevent leakage), the inside diameter of which matched perfectly with a outside diameter of the paddle shaft. A stanley knife and sandpaper produced a snug fit, with the outer lip of the bottle top turned obviously towards the blade.

The result - a lighter, lightweight paddle (that I can't weigh as it is still in Greenland), and drip free hands during the Greenland trip in icy cold seas.

And did the slight decrease in paddle weight help me keep up with Conrad? I am embarrassed to record that the young fella still had a considerable edge on me. So what next? As Conrad uses a wing paddle, and Rod Banks's article also describes the advantages of using a wing paddle, it is time I had a serious trial of a winged paddle.

To conclude, when you purchase a paddle, bear in mind the difference in energy requirements between lifting a light and heavy paddle. Particularly for longer duration trips, I would suggest the extra \$ required for a lighter paddle are well justified.

Paul Caffyn

PRODUCT REVIEW

Canoe Sports 'SMART SHAFT'

by P. Caffyn

At Coastbusters, I was impressed by the latest development in 'take-apart' paddle technology - it is a 'Smart Shaft' adjustable paddle shaft fitting, produced by Tony Free of Canoe Sports NZ, in Napier. Previous joining systems used for take-apart paddles were either of threaded metal alloy and thus heavy, or threaded plastic that was susceptible to wear. The new innovative Smart Shaft has a unique thread design to avoid the wear problem, and it also allows easy adjustment of both shaft length and blade feather angle.

For do it yourselves, the Smart Shaft comes in a complete kit with a page of assembly instructions.

Transporting long paddles to the opposite end of the globe, is not easy and I have decided to install one of these kits in the paddle currently in Greenland. And this new system is lightweight.

If unable to have a gander at a Smart Shaft, contact Tony Free for information on your nearest dealer at:
Canoe Sports NZ
PO Box 109, Napier
Ph: 06 835 8408
fax: 06 835 8409
email: canoesports@xtra.co.nz

EQUIPMENT

Rubber Hatch Covers Lengthening their Life

(Reprinted from newlster No.65)

For all owners of kayaks with the circular, black rubber hatch covers, I recently stumbled on a method for lengthening their life.

The early VCP hatch covers, were susceptible to UV light deterioration. Prolonged exposure to sunlight led to cracking and ultimately gross failure.

In Alaska this year, my VCP hatches had not been removed from the Nordkapp for four years. I struggled to remove the first one, and in doing so, cracked the rubber. I then bought a spray pack bottle of Armor-All Protectant and liberally dosed all three hatches with the spray. The result was remarkable - hatches looking like new, a new lease of life to the flexibility of the rubber, and so much easier to slip on and off the hatch opening coamings.

Although primarily aimed at the car market, for treating vinyl dashboards to stop UV light deterioration, this stuff is magic. The label notes it 'guards against cracking and fading caused by the harsh effects of heat, ozone and ultraviolet rays.' For previously untreated surfaces, three applications are recommended. Leave penetrate for 30 minutes after the first and second applications. Leave the third application penetrate overnight and then wipe off the excess liquid.

Especially if your boat is stored outside, I strongly recommend a visit to the local service station, pick up a small plastic bottle of Amor-All and liberally dose the hatch covers.
Paul Caffyn

BOOKS

Recent additions to my library, as yet unread, include:

Author: Southby-Taylor, Ewen
Title: Blondie
Published: 1998 (HB)
ISBN: 0 85052 516 0
Publisher: Leo Copper UK
Biography of Blondie Hasler, who led the 'Cockleshell Heroes' foldboat raid on German shipping in the Gironde Estuary during WW2.

Title: Umiak An Illustrated Guide
Author: Snaith, Skip
Published: 1997 (s/b)
ISBN: 0 9658725 9 9
Publisher: Walrose & Hyde USA
A well illustrated book on how to build an Umiak.

Title: Complete Sea Kayak Touring
Author: Hanson, Jonathan
Published: 1998 (s/b)

ISBN: 0 07 026204 7
Publisher: Ragged Mtn Pr.USA
Good meaty & well illustrated North American manual.

Title: Inuit Kayaks in Canada. Review of Records & Construction.
Author: Arima, E.Y.
Published: 1987 (A4 s/b)
ISBN:0 660 10764 3
Publisher: Nat. Mus. Canada
235 pages, with old photographs and line drawings of surveyed kayaks in Canadian museums.

Title: Old Kayaks in the Netherlands
Author: Nooter, Gert
Published: 1971 (s/b)
ISBN: 90 04 03431 5
Publisher: EJ Brill Netherlands
Surveys of E. Greenland kayaks in Dutch museums.

Title: Leadership & Headship E. Greenland
Author: Hooter, Gert
Published: 1976 (s/b)
ISBN: 90 04 04866 9
Publisher: EJ Brill Netherlands
Inuit life in E. Greenland.

Title: Canoe & Kayak Books
Author: Jerry Cassell
Self Published A4, 133 p.
Published: 1997
A guide to over 2,000 English language books and ephemera about the canoe, the kayak and other paddlecraft.

Title: Superior Journeys on An Inland Sea
Authors: Gary & Joanie McGuffin
Published: 1996 (HB)
Publisher: NorthWord Press. Canada
ISBN:1 55971 483 2
Beautifully illustrated trips on Lake Superior. Coffee table quality book.

An excellent book 'The Strip-Built Sea Kayak' has sold out quickly at Canoe and Outdoor World in Christchurch. Stephen has more on order, and a book catalogue due shortly. This book is currently available from Boat Books in Auckland at \$49.95; 202 pages, b&w photos and drawings; published 1998 by McGraw-Hill.
emailaddress: crew@boatbooks.co.nz



If undelivered, please return to: Helen Woodward, 82 Hutcheson St. Blenheim.
SUBSCRIPTIONS - \$20 - due 28 February 1998