

THE SEA CANOEIST NEWSLETTER

Issue 76

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EDITORIAL

KASK Handbook LRB2

As of 8 September, the LRB2 (Little Red Book 2nd. Edition) is hot of the press, and Phil Handford will have them in the mail to those who have already ordered the mother of all sea

kayaking handbooks. For those not aware, this is an entirely new edition; new layout, more sketches, figures and photographs, and additional chapters on navigation, organizing a sea kayak symposium, and a section on resources which includes paddling literature, lists of kayakers and manufacturers, and contact addresses for the networks.

SKOANZ

In the latest SKOANZ newsletter (Spring 1998), President Bill Gibson noted he had recently advertised for guide positions for his company over the forthcoming summer season. Of 20 or so responses, only two held their SKOANZ Level One Guides Qualification. He also noted that quite a few applicants were aware of it, and some indicated their willingness to be assessed for the qualification.

The Sea Kayak Operators Association of New Zealand (Inc), was formed back in the early 90's. Its objectives are to improve professionalism and standards of safety management, service and knowledge within the New Zealand sea kayak industry, and to promote the interests of commercial sea kayak operators. SKOANZ runs and promotes the only recognized sea kayaking qualification in the country.

The Guides Qualification created a benchmark of learning, skills and experience, which the SKOANZ operators have set as a minimum basis for leading commercial kayaking trips. As Bill notes, when an operator hires a qualified paddler, they know that the person can be relied upon for a quantifiable range of skills and experience.

SKOANZ has a Code of Practice for its operators. The detailed document sets out the minimum safety standards and accepted industry practices for providers of sea kayak tour services and sea kayak rental services on exposed or potentially exposed coastal and inland waters of New Zealand. This code of practice provides the minimum legal and operational standard and will be lodged with all appropriate regulatory and interested bodies, and should be the foundation of safety systems for all commercial operators in New Zealand.

As SKOANZ is the only regulatory body setting and maintaining the standards for commercial sea kayaking, it is time for those operators who are not SKOANZ members to join the ranks of approved operators. For overseas and New Zealand paying customers, the SKOANZ Guide Badge on a lifejacket provides immediate proof that the guide has proven skills and experience.

For those paddlers who are taking money for guiding and instruction, or renting out boats on a commercial basis, and who do not have a current guides qualification, I would pose the question raised in an earlier SKOANZ newsletter:

"What would you say to the coroner if you are not a SKOANZ member?"

As John Kirk-Anderson noted in the last newsletter, paddlers sitting the BCU qualification realized not that they knew it all, but how much they still had to learn.

(See page 3 for Guide Assessment Course dates.)

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR KASK FORUM 1998

Firstly, it has given me great pleasure to hear and read the positive feedback from the 1998 Forum.

Yes it was very successful, in part due to the people who attended but also due to the atmosphere intentionally created by the committee. We endeavoured to uphold Graham Egarr's philosophy that the weekend should be enjoyable as well as informative. This, together with the open sharing of new developments in craft and accessories, adding the Mapua/Nelson Market experience and topped off by the 'daring' orienteering session organized by Alex, Marty, Karen, Bevan & AJ, created the atmosphere we had hoped for.

Secondly, in my opinion, the forum should never be commercially-based. It should not, therefore, follow the format of Coastbusters which leans towards an Auckland commercial venture. Instead it should be a time for kayakers to socialize and share ideas and experiences.

For myself, I can say that it was fantastic to be included in the crew organizing the weekend. I certainly had a great time as, it appears, did the other participants.

John Dobbie (& the Mapua KASK Forum Sub-committee).

ABEL TASMAN NATIONAL PARK Booking System for Huts

In a press release from DOC's Nelson Regional Conservator ('Greymouth Evening Star' 24/08/98), Neil Clifton announced a booking system will be in place next summer for huts on the Abel Tasman coastal track.

Although next summer is 1998/99, the press release notes that the booking system will start in 1999-2000. It will apply to overnight hut users but not to campers or day trippers and operate between October 1 and April 30 each

year. And to pay for the booking system, hut fees are set to rise from \$12 to about \$16 per night. Bookings will be taken from July 1 each year.

Last year 105,000 visitors used the track, of which about 25,000 stayed overnight in huts or campsites.

BOOKS

THE WILDLAND PRESS

Received from Wildland Press, a book order form for two sea kayaking narratives by Brian Wilson:

- 'Dance with Waves Around Ireland by Kayak' - a new release.

- 'Blazing Paddles A Scottish Coastal Odyssey' - a new edition.

'Dance with Waves', is the story of a 1990 solo trip around Ireland by Brian Wilson. In paperback edition only, 319 pages, central colour plate section of 4 pages, good maps, and described by author Tim Severin as, 'A fascinating view of Ireland's coast and its people from kayak level.'

ISBN: 0 86278 551 0,

Published by: The O'Brien Press, Dublin. 1998

Cost is £8.99.

'Blazing Paddles' was first published as a hardback in 1988, and was reviewed in 'The Sea Canoeist Newsletter' No.56 by John Kirk-Anderson. In that edition, the subtitle was 'A Solo Journey around Scotland by Kayak'. As the trip included ferry crossings to the outlying islands and missed the last section of east coast down to the English border, the author or publisher has corrected the journalistic licence used in the original subtitle with the new edition.

ISBN: 0 9532768 0 5

Published by The Wildland Press, 1998

208 pages, 16 colour pages

Price: £7.99

The book review of 'Blazing Paddles' is reprinted below.

To order, write to:
The Wildland Press
Achlunachan

Inverbroom
Ullapool
Ross-Shire IV23 2SA
Scotland.

Add £3 p&p for each book.

If you would like to order this book in New Zealand, try Matt Sillars at Tasman Books who operates a specialist book order service.

freephone: 0800 428 7626

freefax: 0800 827 257

email: books@ts.co.nz

BOOK REVIEW

Title: **Blazing Paddles**

Author: Brian Wilson

Published: The Oxford Illustrated Press. 1988

Haynes Publishing Group, Sparkford, Nr Yeovil, Somerset BA22 7JJ
England

Subject Headings: Sea Kayaking, Scotland

ISBN No: 0 946609 59 4

Contents: 192 pages, 25 colour photos, 5 maps

Size: 18 x 25cms

Cover: hardcover & dustjacket

Reviewed by: John Kirk-Anderson

Plucked from the sea kayaking library at the 12 Mile, this book struck me by its simple honesty. Brian Wilson paddled his Nordkapp around Scotland by himself, taking ferries where needed, but self-contained where possible. With no set rules and no records to set, he says purists who accuse him of cheating have missed the point.

The first chapter gives a brief personal history and the motivation and preparation for the journey. It is also a time for the sponsors to be mentioned and forgotten, clearing them from the rest of the book. Funding for the trip was a problem and not helped when his boss arrived early to find his snoring security guard asleep in the executive chair, surrounded by kayaking kit.

The start of the journey had me cringing as the boat, weighing 400 pounds, sat on the sand and resisted the efforts of an incoming tide. Finally, 'Never had the kayak felt so heavy; never had

it sat so low in the water, but my God it floated!' Fairly important, that.

Brian avoids the 'and the next day, paddled...' style of book with very many funny tales, some of which left me wondering about the strange people of Scotland. Breaking into public toilets, exposing himself to Prince Charles and Lady Di, scaring drunken salmon poachers, surviving a ride on a sailing gin palace and the weirdest of all, a very strange night in a tent with ten homosexuals.

The names he passes made my spine tingle, Corryvreckan, Tobemory, Muck and the Pentland Firth are faced up to, battled and escaped. Weeks of rain and wind made for a depressing setting and at times his morale slumps. His frank admission of this makes his highs all the better.

130 varieties of midges, seemingly all in his tent at the same time, sound like South Westland with added cold.

His description of sprinting to a beach with bladder at explosion point, stripping off all the layers and cross-eyed until 'ahhhh' was brilliant. Not making it and wetting his suit was also familiar.

Philosophical considerations of natural art that he struggles with as an academic were given a new twist by adding driftwood art to the fire - it burned beautifully. Horror stories of fishing boats being snared by nuclear submarines had me white knuckled, and North Sea pollution sounds vile. It was his environmental outbursts which were the only thing in this book I found a little awkward. It seemed as if an editor had nudged him every so often and said, "chuck in a bit more of that greeny stuff" and then he forgot about it again.

The photos are fairly dull, not helped by being three to a page, 8 x 12 cms. A bit of space would have given them life, and the six near identical shots of Brian paddling 'Natural Crunch', a Nordkapp HM, could have been done away with.

With those as the only grumbles, I really enjoyed this book, and had to

wrench myself from the tide races and Swiss tourist mermaids, to turn out the light in the wee hours, trying not to wake Mary or our cat.

John Kirk-Andersen

HUMOUR (plucked off the net by Wellington paddler Malcolm Gunn).

Two Irish men walk into a pet shop. Right away they go to the bird section.

Gerry says to Pat, "Dats dem".

The shop assistant comes over and asks if he can help them.

"Yea, we'll take four of dem dere birds in dat cage up dere," says Gerry.

"Put dem in a peerper bag".

The shop assistant does so and the two men leave the shop. They get into Gerry's van and drive for two hours until they are high up in the hills and stop at the face of a cliff with a 500 foot drop.

"Dis look like a good place, eh?" says Gerry.

"Oh yea, dis look good" replies Pat. They flip a coin and Gerry wins the toss.

"I guess I get to go first, eh boy?" says Gerry.

He then takes two birds out of the bag, places them on his shoulders and jumps off the cliff.

Pat watches as his mate drops off the edge and goes straight down for a few seconds followed by a "SPLAT". As Pat looks over the cliff he shakes his head and says, "Booger dat. Dis budgie jumping is too dangerous for me!"

Mega Moron Awards

Arkansas: Seems this guy wanted some beer pretty badly. He decided that he'd just throw a cinder block through a liquor store window, grab some booze, and run. So he lifted the cinder block and heaved it over his head at the window. The cinder block bounced back and hit the would-be thief on the head, knocking him unconscious. Seems the liquor store window was made of Plexi-Glass. The whole event was caught on videotape.

New York: As a female shopper exited a convenience store, a man grabbed her purse and ran. The clerk called 911 immediately and the woman was able to give them a detailed description of the snatcher. Within minutes, the police had apprehended the snatcher. They put him in the car and drove back to the store. The thief was then taken out of the car and told to stand there for a positive ID. To which he replied "Yes Officer..that's her. That's the lady I stole the purse from."

Seattle: When a man attempted to siphon gasoline from a motorhome parked on a Seattle street, he got much more than he bargained for. Police arrived at the scene to find an ill man curled up next to a motorhome near spilled sewage. A police spokesman said that the man admitted to trying to steal gasoline and plugged his hose into the motorhome's sewage tank by mistake. The owner of the vehicle declined to press charges, saying that it was the best laugh he'd ever had.

SKOANZ GUIDE ASSESSMENT COURSE DATES

Course dates for Sea Kayak Operators Association of NZ assessment courses are as following:

North Island: 6 - 8 November
Contact Chris: (09) 630 7768

South Island: 16 - 18 October
Contact Dave: (03) 573 6078

Assessments are for three days in duration and cost \$465.

TRIP REPORTS STEWART ISLAND CIRCUMNAVIGATION April 1998

by Donna Hammond

My name is Donna Hammond and in April of this year my partner Ross Hickey, Kevin Kennedy and I completed a circumnavigation of Te Punga O Te Waka a Maui, more commonly known as Rakiura or Stewart Island.

Two years earlier, Ross and I had attempted to kayak around the Island, but after battling an eight hour grinding head wind, were trapped at Masons Bay on the West Coast for ten days in one of the wildest storms I have ever witnessed. We were then forced to return to Oban, battling another head wind and five metre seas, because we had run low on food and time. We were very dispirited and disheartened but in no way discouraged.... we would be back!

We were very fortunate that my parents live in Southland, so Mum was able to cut out and send us daily weather forecasts for the February and March period. The maps didn't inspire a lot of confidence because the weather patterns were nothing short of atrocious.

Time was another crucial factor. Ross had been working for the Army Adventurous Training Centre for the past five years, and he had just been notified that he had to return to the Navy in June, so time was running very short. The trip was either to be in April or not at all. Ross managed to get a month's unpaid leave and I had to resign early from my job at Hertz New Zealand.

Trip planning took the remaining two months we had left. Ross had been in Auckland on a course and had sneaked over to the Auckland Canoe Centre and spotted a new style Sea Bear double kayak made by Paddling Perfection. After a lot of persuasion on his part we decided to have one custom built for us. It was a beauty, kevlar, strong and most importantly for us, light - only

35 kilos in total - we had even decided on a name for him, 'Popeye'.

My part in the planning was the rations. What a nightmare! I think that the fact that I was an ex chef may have had something to do with it, although my cooking skills at that time pointed more to the job of ex potato peeler rather than cook. I solved this problem by buying a cookbook titled the 'New Zealand Outdoor Cookbook', which contains the most comprehensive list of dehi recipes I have seen. From this I made up 30 day's worth of daily ration packs sealed into ziplock bags. They contained all the food we needed for one complete day. A cereal breakfast, some sort of snack lunch which we could easily eat on the water, a main evening meal which usually consisted of a packet soup, a pasta main course and a desert, we also had our daily ration of teabags in the bag. A couple of weeks earlier we had taken 'Popeye' out on his maiden voyage, a three day trip from Sumner to Akaroa. It helped us customise the boat and enabled us to try out some of the dehi meals.

We left Christchurch on 19 April and crossed by ferry to Oban on the 21st. As soon as we arrived on the wharf, we proceeded to pack the boat. Lucky we had had a practice run on Mum's sitting room floor the night before because it was a very tight squeeze. Originally we had intended to have a food dump dropped off by fishing boat. We approached several fishermen but they couldn't do the dump for a least a week, so we had to pack all the food into the boat.

Ross wandered off into the township to see if he could meet Sharon, who is one of the resident District Nurses on the Island, to see if we could stash our clean clothes and bags at her place, whilst I gave the packing the final touches. He arrived back 30 minutes later, shaking his head in disbelief. He'd spotted another kayaker on the beach and wandered over for a chat. It was Kevin Kennedy, a sea kayak guide in the Abel Tasman National Park, and he was going to paddle solo around the island.

The three of left Oban around at around two that afternoon. After studying the

weather and chatting to some of the locals we decided that we would paddle in a clockwise direction which was the opposite way to Paul Caffyn's historic journey years before. The weather and sea conditions were perfect. It felt as though the gods were smiling on us this time. We headed to around Ackers Point and across Paterson Inlet and decided to carry on to Chew Tobacco Bay to make camp. Ross spoke to the Mountain Safety Radio operator in Invercargill that evening and obtained a weather report which was for light winds for the next three days. We went to bed that night in a buoyant and confident mood.

We woke up about 7.30am and took our time packing up the camp and hit the water about 9.30am. I thought that the breakers were too small to be too much of a problem and didn't attach my spray skirt properly, consequently flooding my cockpit with water. I suppose it was one way to test the in-built bilge pumps we had installed in 'Popeye'. Kevin also had a slight altercation with a wave and lost the map that was under the bungy cord on his front deck, and as he discovered later in the day, his sunglasses (maybe the god's smile was fading!). Kevin headed back to the beach to find the map so we carried on without him, and he caught up with us about 8 kms down the coast at Tia Island.

We paddled together around Shelter Point and across to the Breaksea Islands where we were quite surprised to see signs of habitation in the form of Muttonbird's huts. We headed through the gap between the islands into a very obvious tidal rip and after a photo session continued on towards the Lords River. I must admit to feeling a bit apprehensive about this part of the trip as I had seen pictures and read of a hair-raising account from a group of paddlers who had travelled around this area last year. (Rob Tipa's account of this trip first appeared in 'Adventure Magazine' Issue 86 and was reprinted in the 'The Sea Canoiest Newsletter No.74').

What a pleasant surprise; the water was smooth, clear and calm. After a lunch on a golden beach at Surveyors Bay we paddled out past Owen Head

and made a direct course for Big Kuri Bay, where we were greeted by five Wairapia hunters with a helping hand and a hot brew. The camp was made up of a tarpaulin and polythene lodge, complete with two showers, a loo and a stainless steel sink. After a skinny dip under a nearby waterfall, dry clothes and a hot meal we hit the sack only to be awoken at 3am when torrential rain fell. I must have looked like the wicked witch of the south in my knickers, teeshirt, gumboots and head torch running around pulling our dry clothing off the clothes line.

The rain continued all night and by six the next morning the camp was like a swamp. I wandered into the lodge to make our breakfast and after spilling a pot of water onto one of the hunters who was in his bed at the time, causing him to leap up and knock over the new pot all over the floor, I decided that the day wasn't going too well at all! We got the latest marine forecast from Mary at Bluff Fisherman's Radio and it wasn't encouraging - 30 knot SW winds with a two metre sea. The decision was to stay put for the day. I was thrilled so immediately headed back to the bed for a lie in. About 9.30am Ross got another forecast from Ted Jones at Stewart Island Radio, 25 knot NW winds, and the boys decided that we were off. The rain was relentless but as the hunters helped carry the boats down to the water, it slowed to a dismal drizzle. We were really grateful for the help, as fully loaded (including us) Popeye weighed 330 kilos and was absolutely impossible to carry between Ross and I.

When we paddled out into the Bay and around the Heads, we were face to face with a sou- westerly wind of about 20 knots and a very choppy sea on an ebb tide. We 'ground it out' for about 5 minutes and after a quick discussion we agreed that it would be better to turn back because the conditions appeared to getting worse. Instead of going back to the camp, we continued around the bay exploring and came across a secluded little anchorage complete with a waterfall so out came the cameras for some tourist shots. Half an hour later a fishing boat turned into the bay and we went across to talk to him. It turned out he

had just come from Pegasus and he said that the conditions weren't too bad and if things got a little rough we could seek shelter in Toi Toi Bay or even Kepeka.

We all turned to gaze out to sea and after a chat, decided that the wind had indeed dropped and the sea appeared to be calming down a bit. As we once again rounded the heads we were blasted by a gusty head wind that, although had less bite than before, still had quite a bit of sting. It increased and decreased throughout the afternoon making paddling really hard. It took us 1.5 hours to reach White Rock. I knew that the boys were getting a bit worried about our slow speed and that we had to start looking for some shelter for the night. We glanced in at Toi Toi Bay, Kepeka and several other inlets with no success. There appeared to be no suitable place to land and pitch a tent. With only an 1.5 hour's worth of daylight left, Ross could only make out one other possibility on the map, Seal Point.

As we approached the beach my heart sank, Seal Point was nothing more than a massive steep boulder beach with some scrubby trees at the top. Surely we couldn't land there! Kevin was brilliant. He surfed in on a wave and executed a superb exit, dragged 'Chilli' his red plastic Skerray on to a big boulder and raced down to give us a hand. He stopped 'Popeye' being pounded onto the rocks and assisted me onto the beach. I don't think we could have done it without his help. Once on land we had to drag 'Popeye' high enough from the tide so we could completely empty him and carry our gear to the trees. We were astounded when just before dark a bright yellow fishing boat ('Kerry Lea') started heading into the bay. The crew had spotted us and were checking to see whether we were OK and needed any help. Ross spoke to the captain on the VHF and his advice was simply that, "It could be a bastard of a place to get out of if it goes sou-west and to leave on a flood tide". With reassurances from us that everything was fine, he headed back to sea.

The scrubby trees hid a swamp and there was only sufficient room to

pitch the tents with a minuscule area to cook in, but we were absolutely exhausted and it seemed as good as the Hilton.

Next morning after a terrible sleep, which I put down to a rock digging into my back, the leaking tent and a bad-tempered seal who waddled around the tents all night, we emerged to a cloudy, drizzly, gloomy day. Ross couldn't get any VHF coverage for the latest weather forecast, so we had to make a decision as to what we were going to do without it. There was still a south-westerly wind blowing and it looked a bit rough out past the point, also the drizzle was getting heavier so we decided to wait till later in the day to decide. Kevin made a small fire and we sat down to discuss our options over a cup of tea and a muffin. We also had another little problem to deal with, a very angry bull seal who had decided that Kevin's kayak made a nice shelter and was reluctant to give it up.

By midday the weather appeared to be easing and the sea and wind had dropped considerably so we decided to make a dash for Pegasus. It took us nearly two hours to pack and struggle with the boats across wet slippery boulders to the water's edge. Kevin and Ross held 'Popeye' balanced on one of the rocks with his nose pointing into the surf and they were both desperately urging me to hurry, but my foot kept slipping on the rocks and my leg kept getting jammed. It seemed to be an impossible task. When I finally managed to get in, my hands so cold and numb, I could barely do up my sprayskirt. Ross later wrote in the diary, 'that Donna seemed to take forever to get her spraydeck on as the waves crashed over and around us, driving 'Popeye' back onto the rocks'. Kevin was holding the bow steady just as a huge wave crashed down onto us. Ross had just got his spraydeck on and poor 'Popeye' just creaked and cracked as he got thrown up against the rocks. We then had to wait for the following wave to crash over us before we could launch into the bay. Kevin managed to quickly clamber into 'Chilli' and launch into the sea before another wave set crashed down. We slowly worked our way

around the point and found ourselves head on to a sou-west wind with a swell rising to about five metres at times. This wasn't helped by the fact that we were struggling into an ebb tide against the swell, which made the sea confused, very choppy and really frightening.

Ross and I were forced to brace twice as the waves hit our port side. Because of the conditions we were forced to paddle away from the land so the sea wasn't on our beam. I remember Kevin pulled along at one stage and yelling, "bloody big seas". I glanced back over my shoulder at Ross and he just nodded. He was absolutely 'gripped' with concentration. Capsize went through my mind a couple of times and I knew that it would only take one mistake and that would be it.... we'd be swimming in a five metre sea, because there was no way we could roll 'Popeye' if we capsized - he was just too heavy.

It took nearly an hour to make any headway but the wind had died down slightly and the seas had started to improve. Ross had taken a earlier bearing and we kept on that, although Kevin kept his distance not wanting 330 kilos of boat, equipment and people to land on top of him in a big swell. That's how we 'lost' him in the heavy seas. One minute I could see him and the next I couldn't. We were certain that he hadn't tipped out and that the last time we had seen him he had been heading in towards the land. I sent up a silent prayer that he would catch up to us nearer nightfall or would seek shelter somewhere in Pegasus.

Conditions continued to be pretty extreme all the way across South Pegasus and only calmed down once we were in the lee of Ernest Island. By this time it was getting dark so we paddled around landed on the beach and made camp for the night. Ross made a radio sched using the Mountain Safety radio to find out about the weather for the following day. We couldn't believe it - SW of 15 knots easing to 10 with a NE the following day. We only unpacked the necessary stuff and after a hot meal hit the sack about 9.00pm. Ross and I didn't sleep very well, as we kept waking

up worrying about Kevin. There was nothing else we could do?

We were up about 5.30 next morning, and after a quick breakfast, on the water by 6.00am. 'Popeye' was escorted out to sea in the dark by six silver sealions, who appeared to be very pleased that we were leaving. We were paddling into the tide, but because we had left at the start of a flood tide it helped to keep the seas down. The early start also meant reaching South West Cape an hour before slack tide. We spoke to the skipper of 'Kerry Lea' and his parting comment was to, "get our arses into gear, because there was no wind and it didn't get much better than this!"

We made good progress by hugging the coast and managed to get some assistance from the tidal eddies. Rounding South Cape was a slow process, with a choppy sea and a two metre swell, 'Popeye's' speed was halved for the next two kilometres. Murphy Island was a bit of a shock, a huge totally barren round rock in the middle of nowhere. Our speed picked up as we paddled across Flour Cask Bay and South West Cape at slack tide. It was an extraordinary feeling to finally see all these places myself after reading about them in Paul Caffyn's book. Ross was quite nervous about a reef that off the point, it was described in both the 'Stewart Island Cruising Guide' and in Paul's book, but apart from some vicious looking breakers it wasn't as difficult as we thought it would be. The whole morning, I kept expecting something to happen but mercifully nothing did.

After rounding the Cape we were quickly pushed into Nicholson Harbour by a stern sea. It had only taken us five hours as planned to get there. After a quick lunch stop on a sheltered beach we were surprised when a baby seal emerged out of the bushline. He was a poor sickly looking specimen, his ribs were sticking out like weatherboards and his bulbous eyes seemed to be out on stalks and I am sure that he was starving. After giving 'Popeye' a thorough sniff, he lay down on the sand with his flippers outstretched and just rubbed his nose and whiskers up and down the beach.

If he was a littler older I would have thought it might have been some sort of mating ritual. He didn't appear to be aggressive until Ross got between him and the water and suddenly my sick seal underwent a transformation. He lunged at Ross with teeth bared and backed him down the beach. When it dawned on him that he couldn't catch Ross he slowly lumbered into the surf and lackadaisically swam away.

We continued further up the coast and decided to check out Three Legged Woodhen for a suitable campsite for the night. Passing Tupari Bay we caught sight of the majestic granite peaks of Gog and Magog. For the most part they were wrapped in a blanket of cloud, but as we drew opposite them the cloud lifted and we were greeted by a truly awesome sight. Easy Harbour looked inviting but I was delighted with Three Legged Woodhen, it was beautiful. The tide was out so we had an easy landing for once. We put the wheels on 'Popeye' and wheeled him up the beach to the only possible camp site. Exploring that afternoon Ross came face to face with a Virginian white tail deer. Of course after that all I kept hearing about was that I haven't had the true Stewart Island experience until I had seen one. I was still worried about Kevin and Ross tried to reassure me by saying that he was probably camped at Easy Harbour for the night. Before we had dinner I made a radio sched with Mountain Safety Radio and it turned out to be a really lengthy conversation. We had generated a lot of interest from everyone who had been listening to our adventures and they all wanted to have a chat with us. We turned in reasonably early that night, but not before we had our dinner and wrote up the log beside a roaring bonfire. The next morning dawned sunny and warm and we were surprised to see fresh deer prints in the sand only five metres from the tent.

We followed a sheer granite cliff face that continued all the way to Doughboy. Further on Ernest Island's granite sea cliffs gleamed a dull red in the sunshine. Ernest seemed to me to be an island of contrasts, the seaward rugged and rocky and the Mason Bay side looks like a giant sand dune. Before

we reached Ernest Island we noticed a speed boat zipping around the gutter area that links the Island and Mason Bay at low tide. We didn't take too much notice, except to comment on the annoying noise. Before we shot through the gap in Ernest Island I kept looking back hoping for a glimpse of Kevin. We landed on the beach on Ernest for lunch and made radio contact with Maureen at Stewart Island Radio. She informed us that Kevin was in fact only a couple of hours behind us and the men in the speed boat had spoken to him when he crossed Doughboy Bay. Ross and I decided to climb to the top of the Island with the signalling mirror and camera to wait for him to come around the corner. We waited and waited and waited, and didn't see him at all. Ross even climbed higher to see if he had gone through the Gutter. We headed back down the hill disappointed, hoping that we would meet up with him later on that day.

We had just launched 'Popeye' and started heading across the bay towards Cavalier Stream when around the corner came Kevin. What a great sight! It turned out he thought that he was in front of us! On the day we separated he had headed into the South Arm at Pegasus. He had also camped at Easy Harbour the night we were in Three Legged Woodhen. So Close!

Cavalier Stream was where we made camp that night. Kevin and I were reduced to hysterics when after we had carried the boats up the beach to the stream, Ross suddenly started leaping around like a madman, stripping off his clothes and diving straight into the frigid water of the stream. We wondered whether the salt water had got to him, finally driving him nuts. It turned out that he had developed a weeping sweat rash from his wetsuit and needed to wash the salt off his skin to stop the chaffing.

There were three hunters camped at the Cavalier Stream hunters hut and later that afternoon one of them walked up for a chat. They had shot a couple of deer and wanted to know if we would like a feed of fresh venison. As it was my turn to cook that night I had to fetch the meat. The boys were stunned when I turned up brandishing a whole

back leg of venison, suggesting that maybe we could have a roast for tea. I was joking ... we cut off a couple of steaks and traipsed up to the hunters hut for a cookup. I decided that a treat was in order so proceeded to test my untried camp oven with a batch of fudge brownies. What a disaster. The cooked brownies nearly ran off the plate when we cut them, a burnt bum and a raw middle. Maybe I should have practised a little before we left.

We ended up staying the following day at Cavalier Stream, the weather had gone sour and was pretty wet and miserable. We all decided it was the perfect spot for a day off. Ross decided that he could do a better job of the fudge brownies, and to my disgust made a really good job of them although I did think they were rather hard!

Masons Bay was blanketed in a thick fog when we left and it felt as though we were paddling blind. Ross had taken a bearing before we left and we were using this for navigation. It was totally still and calm until we left the lea of Ernest Island then the sea conditions changed. We started paddling into a light northerly with a choppy sea, heading towards Shark Island but it was one of those spots that seemed to take hours and hours to get to especially when you couldn't actually see it, although the roar of the surf crashing into Hellfire and Little Hellfire beach was a good indication that we were close. We continued on a northerly bearing towards the Ruggedy's and the top of the Island. It wasn't until we approached Waituna Bay that the fog started to lift. We shot around a headland straight into a large shoaly area. I was perched up as high as I could go trying to 'rock spot', although there was nothing much to report. As we rounded North Red Head we noticed a large fishing boat dropping huge pink buoys into the sea. We cruised up to them and cracked up laughing at the volume of their radio. The boat was the 'Latham Bay' and the two crew were having a ball. They were having a go at 'coding' and according to them not having a lot of success. We struck it lucky going through the Inner Ruggedy Passage on a flood tide which was what we wanted

as we didn't want to have another fight on our hands. At last we were around the top and homeward bound. I could hardly wait!

Long Harry Hut was the stop that night. Ross and I had stayed there on the first night of our trip two years ago and I had quite forgotten what a slog it was from the beach up the vertical creek bed to the hut. As Kevin put it, after paddling all day, it felt like a Grade 6 climb. We only carried the essentials up to the hut but by the time we got to the top, everything including ourselves was a muddy wet mess. Long Harry is only a one room hut, with six bunks, a sink and a bogus electric light fitting complete with bulb and a light switch nailed into the ceiling and the wall, obviously a DOC staff member with a sense of humour.

We were sitting down to a snack of cheese and crackers and nearly died of fright when someone walked through the door. It was the guys from the speed boat at Masons Bay. Andy, Aaron and Willie were commercial paua divers and they were seeking shelter for the night. After a terrible meal of gluggy rice risotto, five of us set out in the dark to see if we could see any of the yellow eyed penguins that use Long Harry as a nesting site, unfortunately with no luck.

After a great sleep we were on the water by about nine. The divers had given us a couple of paua for dinner, to break up the monotony of pasta, so we were really looking forward to that, well at least Ross and I were, Kevin wasn't too sure. Ross and I noticed a pod of Bottle Nosed Dolphins in the harbour and tried to paddle out to meet them. No such luck - they were on a mission and weren't waiting around for us. It was a bitterly cold day with an icy easterly wind blowing and by the time we reached Yankee River for lunch we were numb with cold.

Continuing on around the coast, we finally reached Big Bungaree Bay and the DOC hut which was to be our last camping spot before we reached Oban. It was still bitterly cold and it wasn't until we had made a fire and had some hot soup that we managed to thaw out a little. All talk centred on

the following day and our excitement was high. We hoped that the weather would stay fine, so that we could finish the trip. The puaa were beautiful and after a taste Kevin decided that bicycle inner tubes would be tastier so Ross and I had the lot. After getting the latest forecast we went to bed full of hope and optimism, good weather with a 15 knot sou-westerly wind was predicted

We had an incredibly slow start to the morning. It seemed in retrospect that we didn't really want the adventure to be finished so quickly. Ross went down to the beach to load 'Popeye' and I cleaned the hut, constantly dodging Kev who as usual, was having a nice relaxed start. I don't know how he does it. I would have the breakfast made, the camp cleaned and gear packed and Kevin would be climbing out of bed, but he was ALWAYS ready to leave when we were. Impressive stuff. I definitely need a few tips.

The sea was relatively calm with only a slight swell so our speed was good although it seemed to take ages to paddle past Port William. Suddenly it was there, the entrance to Oban and heading straight towards us was a bright yellow fishing boat. Brett Hamilton, the skipper of 'Kerry Lea' was waiting to welcome us back to Oban. He'd heard us on the radio to talking to Ted. After stopping the boat, Brett came out on deck and started to clap and congratulate us on our trip. I think that was then, that we finally realised that we had done it. We had successfully completed our dream. As Brett started to pull away, I yelled out to him to have the beers waiting for us on the beach.

We continued on to the heads of Half Moon Bay continually stopping and starting, chattering away about various parts of the trip and not really wanting our adventure to finish. Just as we rounded the heads, a glorious Royal Albatross landed right in front of Kevin's boat. He let Kevin paddle up to him and take a couple of photos and wasn't very nervous at all.

Finally we were there, the exact spot outside the pub where we had left 10 days earlier. We just went crazy,

yelling and whooping and I'm certain that a group of elderly tourists thought we were a demented bunch of loonies. Maybe we were, but at least we were successful ones!

There was another welcoming party waiting for us as well; Brett (with the beers), his wife and mother-in-law, the principal of the local primary school and the local school children.

Eventually everyone drifted off their separate ways, and we were left on the beach to figure out the next move. We decided to take up an offer from the school principal and spent the next couple of hours talking to the kids about our trip, much to their delight when it stopped them having a maths lesson. They were very interested about the trip, but were riveted when they found out that Ross was in the Navy. HMNZS Monowai had just finished a major hydrographic survey of the Island and several of them wanted to join the Navy when they left school.

We booked in with Innes Dunstan who owns an excellent backpackers on the island. Ross and I had stayed with Innes the last time we attempted the trip and had hired the kayak from him. After unpacking and hosing down all of our gear, it was time to finally relax. Dinner was at the pub that night and consisted of the much talked about and long awaited beer and fish n chips.

We ended up being 'trapped' at Oban for six days due to horrendous weather and spent a lot of that time debating whether we should attempt a crossing of Foveaux Strait or just catch the ferry back to Bluff. In the end we compromised and sent our luggage back on the ferry and with the bare minimum paddled back the way we had come to Saddle Point in a grinding head wind to Christmas Village Hut to attempt the crossing the following day. We arrived at the hut an hour or so before dark after being on the water for about four hours. The boys were really optimistic about the morning crossing, but I was desperate to be back in Invercargill so that I could spend the remaining time before we left for Auckland with my parents. The

following morning was gloomy with a sou-west wind of 20 knots and plenty of whitecaps out at sea. We decided to paddle out to check it out ourselves but were forced back because of worsening conditions. I was absolutely devastated, I had been so desperate to get back. We spent another night at the hut and the atmosphere was really subdued and a bit tense, mainly due to my black mood.

The next day dawned bright, calm and fine. The sea was like glass so we quickly packed and launched the boats. The trip across was very smooth, there was no wind and the only disturbance we came across was near the middle of the strait where the channel was quite shallow. We noticed that there were quite a few oyster boats out at sea, as it was only a couple of days into the season. We paddled up to one of them for a chat, turned down their offer of a ride back to Bluff, but accepted their offer of some oysters. We were astounded when they handed over half a sack. I'm sure visions of oyster soup kept us going for the rest of the trip.

There was a very obvious tidal rip roaring out of Bluff Harbour and around the heads of Bluff. We were so engrossed in this, we nearly missed the boat that was approaching us at great speed. It was members of my family acting as the official greeting party. After chatting for a couple of minutes Ross and I were surprised at how far the tide had swept us around the point and back out to sea. We had to paddle hard to make up the lost ground. Another greeting party was waiting for us at the beach including a photographer from the 'Southland Times' newspaper and Mary from Bluff Fisherman's Radio.

It was a brilliant feeling to have finally have finished the trip and fulfilled our two year old dream. Both Ross and I felt that it was the perfect way to start our new life in Auckland

Note from the Editor:

This, as far as I am aware, is the only the fourth successful Stewart Island circumnavigation.

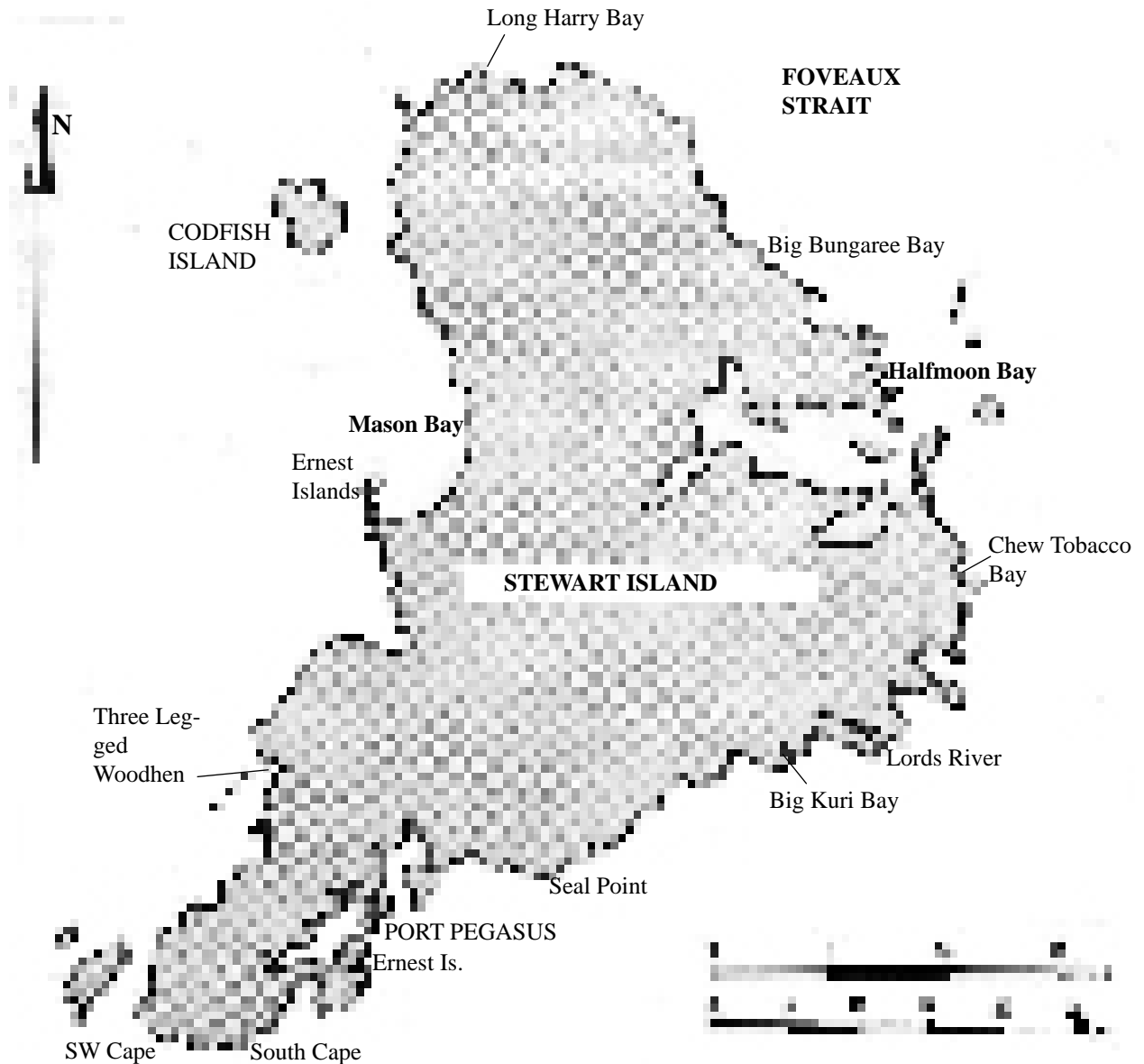
The first was in 1979, a second by

Bevan Walker and a third by Eric van Toor.

TRIP STATISTICS

Day 1	19km	Halfmoon Bay - Chew Tobacco Bay
Day 2	30km	Chew Tobacco Bay - Big Kuri Bay
Day 3	30km	Big Kuri Bay - Seal Point
Day 4	17km	Seal Point - Ernest Island
Day 5	50km	Ernest Is. - Three Legged Woodhen
Day 6	31km	Three Legged Woodhen - Masons Bay
Day 7	-	Rest day
Day 8	38km	Mason Bay - Long Harry Bay
Day 9	30km	Long Harry - Big Bungaree Bay
Day 10	17km	Big Bungaree Bay - Halfmoon Bay

TOTAL 262km



TRIP REPORT

STRANDED IN COOK STRAIT

by Jeanine Langvik

(reprinted with permission from the 'Wellington Sea Kayak Network Newsletter', August 1998).

Crossing the Cook Strait in a kayak had long been a challenge we were keen to attempt. One recent Sunday morning, after getting a favourable marine forecast and checking the tide timetables, we set out to Makara loaded with kayaking gear and food - hoping to cross over to Tory Channel, make our way to Picton by paddle or water-taxi, and catch a late ferry back to Wellington.

We were on the water around 10am, and it was warm, sunny and calm. We cruised out from the beach and around the corner, and aimed for Perano Head on the other side. A couple of hours later we had made good progress, and felt that the Mainland was approaching us. At one stage, I spotted something on the surface some distance away, and as I got closer, I realised that it was a shark, around 1.5 to 2 meters long! A great photo opportunity for sure, but I didn't really feel like hanging around, so quickly paddled on!

Meanwhile Wayne had developed a problem with his rudder - it seemed jammed, and we couldn't manage to get it to work properly. We decided to still go on, however. Around 1pm a north-westerly wind started to pick up, but we reckoned we would be OK, as the forecast didn't predict it would get any stronger.

It was an awesome feeling sitting in the middle of the strait, seeing the southern coast of the North Island gradually getting more distant behind us, and having huge mollymawks, a kind of albatross, float through the air around our boats on their gigantic wings. The birds followed us most of the way across, and were a reassuring sight.

Around 2pm, the wind had picked up somewhat, and we felt that we were not really making much progress. Arapawa Island and the Tory Channel entrance didn't seem to be getting any closer. And with Wayne's rudder problem, we seemed to gradually drift south. We knew that the tide was about to change to flow into Tory Channel around 3.15pm, and so thought we'd be caught by the current and being sucked in by it. Our lack of progress seemed strange considering the tides should be in slack at that point in time.

Around 2.45pm, we spotted the Arapura coming out of the Tory Channel - very, very far away in the distance and far to the north of us. We were clearly way out of the area we should have been in after nearly 5 hours of paddling. The wind didn't show any signs of abating, the tide seemed still to be pushing us out, and I was getting quite damp and cold. We rafted up, and discussed our options. At that stage we still thought we would be able to make it, and decided to keep on paddling and if we hadn't made much progress by the time the next ferry came over from Wellington, we'd call them up for assistance.

About 15 minutes later, we spotted a fishing boat on its way out Tory Channel towards us as well as another boat approaching us from the other side, and instantly agreed to call it up for assistance. We were making no progress, and if anything we were drifting further south. We let off a few hand held flares, but they didn't seem to see them, as it was probably too light and the flare light only stayed up for around 5 seconds. A smoke flare we had - which they might have seen - didn't work. It might have been outdated or stored for too long in damp conditions. So we proceeded to call up Maritime Radio on our handheld VHF: "Pan - pan - pan - this is a seakayak in the Cook Strait requiring assistance". When asked for a more precise location, we replied, "between two fishing boats". A GPS would definitely have been handy here - it's not easy knowing exactly where you are out there!!

Moments later one of the fishing boats changed its course towards us and we held up our paddles so that we'd be easier to spot. The people onboard later confirmed that only then did they see us. They didn't see our flares. We lifted our kayaks onto the fishing boat, and sat around for a while chatting and having a cup of tea. The skipper reckoned we'd be better off with the Cook Strait Cable Zone patrol vessel (which cruises around making sure the power cables between the South and the North islands don't get damaged), as he was on his way out to fish for hoki for the afternoon. The patrol ship, 'Seawatch', agreed to come and pick us up, and after half an hour or so, we jumped into our boats again and climbed aboard the former dive support catamaran. We were greeted with hot showers and hot drinks, and it was great to get warm again!

We had an interesting next few hours discussing what went wrong and why. We certainly learnt a lot from this experience, and hope that other prospective Strait crossers can learn from this also.

CRUCIAL FACTORS IN WHAT REALLY WENT WRONG & WHY

TIDES: We didn't consider the full moon's impact on the tides, and were not aware that there was a spring tide at this particular time. Also, we didn't realise that the tide in the middle of Cook Strait changes later than at the entrance of the Tory Channel. Thus, the tide was still pulling us out/south at a rate of 4 knots around 3pm - ie at about the same speed as we were paddling. The tide out there was not due to change until 4 or 5pm.

BEARINGS: Had we been aware of exactly how strong the tides were, we would have aimed for the Brothers Islands from the start, to allow for a considerable drift to the south. We might then have reached Tory Channel in time for the incoming tide.

GPS: A Global Positioning System would have helped us considerably in monitoring our progress and location. We would have been able to see

earlier that we were out of course, and so would have been able to turn back, or adjust our course. It would obviously also be much easier to relay your position to anyone else. Such a 'toy' is now high on the wishlist - it is not gearfreakish on these types of adventures!

HOW WE GOT OUT OF IT - THE CRUCIAL FACTOR

VHF RADIO: A water proof VHF radio is absolutely essential gear for such a crossing, for marine weather forecasts and for when you need assistance. Cellphones would be an alternative, but wouldn't get you the assistance you need as quickly.

Certainly an interesting day - and we'd certainly come back and do it all again.

Jeanine Langvik

COOK STRAIT

Notes from the editor.

Cook Strait is not a stretch of water to be trifled with. Its tide races and rips attain velocities that are stronger than what a paddler can sustain. Weather tide conditions, where the wind blows against the direction of the tidal stream, can create a diabolical sea state for a paddler.

As Jeanine notes in her 'lessons learned' section, a lack of fundamental planning with respect to research on the tides led to the slow approach to the South Island. The rudder problem would appear to be a lack of a thorough check on the kayak before departure. As the flares failed to attract attention, the VHF radio effected a quick rescue and avoided a night out in the strait.

I cannot stress enough the need for thorough research prior to a crossing of the strait. The information is readily accessible; the current edition of the 'New Zealand Pilot' from bookshops or ship's chanders, the annual 'New Zealand Nautical Almanac and Tide Tables' from book shops, and the marine chart from ship's chanders. The current edition of the 'New Zealand Pilot' is \$100+ in the shops but second hand copies can be picked up for under

\$20 from secondhand bookshops.

The following section is an extract from the Navigation Chapter from the LRB2, or second edition of the KASK Handbook, with additional information on Tory Channel.

Planning for a Strait or Channel Crossing

Strait crossings are much more committing than coastal cruising for three main reasons:

1. straits are generally subject to strong tidal stream flow and some are subject to both strong current and tidal stream flow.
2. crossings take the paddler a long way out from the security of shore
3. straits between high land masses, are subject to strong winds where the air stream is funneled between the two land masses.

The two essential elements of a successful strait crossing are firstly planning and secondly execution. The notes below apply not only to straits but also to channels subject to tidal stream flow.

Planning: The three important sources of information regarding straits are the relevant volume of the 'Pilot' the relevant marine chart and a set of tide tables or Nautical Almanac. In the case of Cook Strait, which is a good example to discuss as it is subject to strong tidal stream and current flow, plus funneling of the wind between the North and South islands, page 86 of the 'New Zealand Pilot' {1971 edition} has a lengthy section on the strait with information on the tidal streams and current. It describes the worst areas for tidal violence, for example:

As the tidal streams in the strait are rapid, especially off Cape Terawhiti where they attain a rate of 5 knots and upwards at springs, when the wind opposes the tidal streams a turbulent sea is raised, which with very heavy gales may be dangerous event to large vessels..... High water on the western side of Cook Strait occurs about 5 hours later than on the eastern side, so that when it is high water on one side, it is nearly

low water on the other.

Further reading of the descriptions of the eastern and western sides of the strait allow a full picture to be built up of the tidal stream activity. The important slack water tidal stream times are detailed reference Wellington, and it is important to note that more often than not, they do not correspond to high or low water tide times on shore.

Since tidal stream strength is strongest during spring tides and weakest during neap tides, it is important to consult the *Nautical Almanac* or set of tide tables to pick a period of neap tides {minimal tidal range}.

The marine chart often has more detailed information than is contained in the 'Pilot'. A diamond symbol, with a alphabet letter, in the strait will be referenced in a tidal stream table on the edge of the chart. Tidal stream direction {in degrees} and strength {in knots} are given at hourly intervals plus the slack water times reference a main port or secondary port.

TORY CHANNEL

The 'Pilot' notes the following for tidal streams in Tory Channel:

The west-going, or flood tidal stream commences about 2000 Wellington, and runs for about 5h.35m, the east-going or ebb tidal stream commences about +0350, Wellington, and runs for 6h.25m. At the eastern entrance to the channel the tidal streams attain a rate of 5 to 7 knots; about 1.5 miles within that entrance, of 2 to 4 knots, and; in the rest of the channel, of one to 3 knots.

A daily timetable for the tidal streams in Tory Channel will be found in 'New Zealand Nautical Almanac and Tide Tables.'

Caution. - Low powered vessels, without local knowledge, should not use the eastern entrance of Tory Channel at spring tides.'

See also page 17 for criteria for crossing Cook Strait by David Her- rington.

TRIP REPORTS

CAPE JACKSON

by Steve Costello

Three days after arriving at Port Gore, I woke again to an overcast sky but no wind. The sea was calling, "come paddle" "come paddle"; it was flat and calm, so I did.

I waved goodbye to the local weka community again and caught a tidal stream out to Cape Jackson. A very relaxed lazy paddle past Black Point, scene of the Russian Cruise Boat 'Mikhail Lermontov' fracas she lost. The sun burst through just off Papotorea and still no wind just a beautiful day and beautiful paddle. I actually made pretty good time to Cape Jackson just over 2 hours, in time to catch the slack tide I hoped.

The only excitement occurred when I was 60 - 70 metres off shore when this game fishing boat came around Cape Jackson and no alteration at all to his course, headed straight for me, when he was about 100m away I thought this guy is serious so I paddled further out at max rate to escape, but still only just cleared the boat's wash. Worse part was that they were watching me the whole time.

Cape Jackson appeared, huge standing waves out past the lighthouse, a maelstrom of violence. Between the lighthouse and the cape itself, was very quiet subdued water. There appeared to be a current of water going against the flow in front of me; very strange, a huge eddy between lighthouse and the cape, but a stream seemed to be going parallel to this but against the general current that I was following. Paddling closer for better look, I decided it was no bother, so I swung the Nordkapp out to sea and approached it again. The current grabbed the bow and pulled it away, a slight touch of the rudder to counter act this and 'bingo' into the eddy, much to the amazement of a seal pup watching.

The rest was plain sailing. I took a good look out into Cook Strait; a generous swell coming in. Off we went, the Nordkapp rose as we met the swell,

up and down. What a great feeling. Paddling on, I felt a sickening realisation that we were not going anywhere but backwards. I was being sucked backwards towards the cliffs, I threw everything into paddling forward. It was terrifying; a cacophony of waves on rocks and knowing, thinking, this is it. Next second I was in Queen Charlotte Sound. I got as far away as I could, shaken to the core. I did not stop till Anakata Bay. All the way round was nothing but the roar of the sea as it sucked and snorted its way along that section of coast. Never again, I thought. (Yeah right!! Something said deep in my soul). Brunch at Anakata Bay and off again, I threw the spinner out and hooked a big kahawai off Kakanohi, so next Sandy Bay I pulled into and dealt with it. At Cannibal Cove we had a big feast, kumara and kahawai - bloody great tucker.

Next morning calm and clear, we headed to Punga Cove. The sun rose as we rounded into Ship Cove, catching a number of yachts that were moored there. A breeze developed here and opposite Long Island, I saw a bank of clouds beyond Picton building up and slowly the wind rose until I decided that Blumine Island was worth a visit. Quite a severe wind was blowing out of Endeavour Inlet, which made the paddle over interesting, maybe demanding as well.

After breakfast, I did a good count and decided I was weary of wind and associated wave formations and needed a beer. I paddled to Picton, stopping only to throw on another layer of polypro and the wetsuit. Horrendous off Tory Channel and Waikawa was twice as bad, I was pleased to arrive in the relative calm of Picton Harbour and rapt to be given a helping hand to a local motel. A really good feed and a beer and thought about how I was to get back to Nelson. Disappointed though, that it should be over.

As a footnote, I duly discovered that I missed the slack at Cape Jackson by an hour, which was because it was the day, that daylight saving finished. A lesson learnt. Check the Diary. Next morning, it was clear, calm and sunny high tide 11 00hrs. I went back to sea.

PLAN "B"

or

BLACK FRIDAY the 13th

by Steve Costello

Seven days into a 23 day sea kayaking journey around the Marlborough Sounds, the weather was suddenly settled. No wind, no rain, just clear skies and bright sunshine. What a pleasure after the previous four days of buffeting high winds and rain.

I was camped at Guards Bay and had been there for two nights while a southerly blast blew itself out of existence. The Nordkapp was soon gliding out of the Bay and into the calm gentle swells of the open sea.

I planned to paddle to Anakata Bay and walk out to Cape Jackson to inspect some of the old gold workings; this meant a direct paddle from Alligator Head, Cape Lambert around Cape Jackson and down to Anakata Bay - this was "Plan A".

Paddling around Alligator Head, amongst the kelp fields and under some steep bluffs, I paddled into Waitui Bay, it looked interesting so as usual 'Plan B' took over. The kelp fields were alive with fish - herrings I guessed. Terns and gulls would sit on the water as a lone sea kayaker quietly glided on past, not the slightest bit afraid of me; some of these birds were only a paddle length away.

I came across the usual collection of sea caves, gargoyles, rock walls etc. It was quite an amazing spot. I was at one stage watching a family of swifts, weaving around into and out of some small caves and clefts in the rock, when I became aware of a squeaking sound. I traced it to a narrow cave impossible to get a boat into it, but guessed it was bats. I had heard that there was supposed to be a colony around the outer sounds, but did not think that I would find them - a bit of a bonus.

Paddling on, I got to within half a metre of a huge stingray quietly sunbathing on the surface. Needless to say, it took offence and vanished into the dark depths of the Bay.

I had now been paddling for two hours and started to get hunger pangs. Breakfast time so I headed for a beach at the head of Waitui Bay. It was bloody bouldery so I did a wet exit and built another slipway to get the boat high and dry. Soon had a fire going and billy was on.

This beach was surrounded by high bluffs and steep cliffs. Way up high was a remnant patch of native bush and from this came a pure mountain steam, bouncing and failing its way to the sea. What a magic spot out on Cape Lambert, a farmer was moving a mob of sheep. I could almost have been in the mountains, except for the seabirds wheeling and diving their way around.

Two hours for breakfast and I was off again. Quietly heading around to a sea stack, I was amazed at the beauty that was unfolding.

I was now paddling under some rock walls, vertical and overhanging, these walls rose straight from the sea for 70 - 80m, and so black - deep black, and glistening wet in the sunshine, waterfalls tumbling from the top not touching the rock as they plummeted, twisting and sparkling like precious jewels, to the sea and the colours of the vegetation that grew on these walls was such a contrast. Such a beautiful spot, so pristine, so isolated. But alas it was time to go, already the wind was starting to rise and that smudge on the horizon was now a bank of clouds. I saw a schooner entering the Bay so I paddled out to her to get a forecast. The forecast was not good and I rounded Lambert and into Port Gore which was calm.

I headed for the inner sanctuary of Port Gore stopping for mussels and a spot of fishing and to abuse a 1.5 - 2m long shark that attached to my boat. I was not impressed. I found a really good campsite but it was lousy with wasps and sandflies so I left and paddled further on to the next bay. Passed another shark as well, but this one just looked at me. (Probably did a Risk Management Course!!).

Next Bay had good water and a supply of fresh mint. I camped here for three

days as the wind was horrific. The storm that struck while I was here was the same one that took the Lynx out in March. Fantastic waterspouts and squalls hit Port Gore amazing sights; I was pleased to be in a sheltered spot

Of 23 days of paddling in the Sounds, there was only 3 or 4 days like day 7. The rest were sometimes quite physically and technically challenging but still very rewarding.

Out of the night that covers me,
Black as the Pit from Po/e to Po/e,
thank whatever God's may be for
My unconquerable soul.

Happy Paddling Foiks
Steve Costello

ABEL TASMAN NATIONAL PARK TRIP REPORT

by Max Grant

Eleven of us met at Stephens Bay, after spending a great weekend attending the KASK Annual Forum at Mapua, Nelson. After a couple of hours of trying to arrange our gear so everything could fit into the kayaks for our 5 day trip into Abel Tasman National Park, we headed off from Stephens Bay at about 11am. The group were Margaret & Graeme MacIntyre, John & Tui Craven, Dave Herrington, Ian Huddleston, Robin Martin, Melanie Grant, Ken Parlane, Margaret & Max Grant.

Day 1.

After exploring some small caves and caverns, we headed off past Little Kaiteriteri, Kaiteriteri, and Split Apple Rock and on into Abel Tasman National Park. It was Easter Monday, so we passed a lot of kayakers who were returning to Marahau after having spent their Easter break kayaking in the Park, - about 300! After 2 hours we pulled into Stream Cove on the eastern side of Adele Island and had our first real taste of the Park's beauty

and its golden sands. Everyone was handling the paddling condition really well and were keen to carry on to our camp site for the night.

We pushed on into a slight head wind past The Anchorage and Torrent Bay to a small 'secret' cove that Hugh Canard had told us about. And it was just how Hugh had described it, small, beautiful, no-one else around and it even had a toilet!

Day 2.

A still and overcast morning. It seemed perfect for our paddle to Awaroa Bay. Our first visit was to Sandfly Bay. The tide was in and we were able to make our way across one of the most beautiful lagoons that I have ever seen, and up to the Falls River. We stopped for lunch at the Tonga Quarry, where some of the large granite building blocks were still evident, along with the winch base and remains of a building and jetty. After lunch we ventured around Boulder Point and were hammered by a strong Northwesterly wind. We took shelter in Brereton Cove to wait for the wind to die down. After about an hour the weather deteriorated, so we decided to retreat back around Boulder Point, surfing 1.5 to 2 metre waves in great style, into Tonga Island bay. We made camp at Onetahuti camp site and put up our tents and cooked our meal in the rain. It was good to climb into bed that night.

Day 3.

At daybreak the sun was shining and the sea was flat. Once again we headed for Awaroa Bay. This time the sea stayed flat in no time at all we were exploring the beauty of Shag Harbour. The sun shone down on us as we paddled on past Cottage Loaf Rock, The Castle and Canoe Bay. We had a full tide going into Awaroa Inlet and were able to get up to where the old timber mill site was. After a short walk through the bush, we came across the original old steam engine that powered the mill.

During the paddle out we encountered several sting-ray which swam close to our kayaks in the shallow inlet. We stopped at Waiharakeke Bay camp site and put up our tents etc. As it was early afternoon, we then paddled

up to Totaranui for a look around before returning to our camp site for the night.

Day 4.

Dave and I were on the water by 5.40am. We were on a mission to paddle around Separation Point and return before the group set off for the day. On reaching Separation Point I climbed to the light house where I stood and watched the sunrise. Seeing the sun come up across Tasman Bay and the fantastic view I had is something I will remember forever.

Another beautiful day, as we paddled back around Awaroa head and into the Tonga Island Marine Reserve. (There was one paddler who stopped off at the Awaroa tearooms for a cappuccino & cake, and then spent the rest of the day telling us how nice in was) At Tonga Island we stopped at a small cove, and spent some time with a group of young seals. These seals were obviously used to people, as we were able to handle them and some of us even had them climb onto the decks of our kayaks. Once again we visited the Tonga Quarry site for a lunch stop, and then on to Mosquito Bay where we made camp for the night. All of these DOC designated camp sites were good, (about 20 in total) each with a couple of picnic tables, a smelly toilet and plenty of room. But we were at this camp site for more sentimental reasons, which John and Tui never fully explained to us!!!

Day 5

Our last day in the Park. While some of the group paddled into Torrent Bay, others tried their hand at doing very little and letting a kite tow them along. We stopped for lunch at Watering Cove and took a walk over the saddle to the Anchorage hut and camping area. From Watering Bay, it took two long hours to paddle back to our starting point at Stephens Bay. After towing our fishing lines for most of the trip, Graeme finally caught one, but put it back as it was not really big enough for all of us to eat! It didn't seem to take long to pack up, and we were off to Kaiteriteri for a hot shower. Next was a well earned visit to the Riwaka pub for a great meal and drinks etc.. This was a really great club trip, to a

really great place for sea kayaking. I look forward to the next one!

Max Grant

News from DOC Nelson/ Marlborough

From Nelson paddler AJ (Alvin Johnston), copies of 'Outlook', a quarterly conservation review for the Nelson/Marlborough area. From the March '98, and June '98, there are several topics relevant to paddlers:

New Sanctuary in Marlborough Sounds

'Long Island is set to be the newest and largest predator-free island in Queen Charlotte Sound, following the completion of a recent kiore eradication programme.

The kiore, or Pacific rat, preys on birds, lizard and insect species and damages forest ecosystems by eating large numbers of fruits and seeds. By removing them from Long Island, species such as the little spotted kiwi, fluttering shearwater, lizards and invertebrates are all expected to benefit. In addition, other threatened species will be potential candidates for re-introduction to the island.

Monitoring will continue over the summer, but confirmation of success will not be possible until two rat breeding seasons have passed.

Maud Island Kakapo

Maud Island, in outer Pelorus Sound, has been confirmed as one of the centres of kakapo recovery in coming years, following the breeding success of Flossie on the island over summer. Flossie, a kakapo who had not bred for at least 16 years, produced three chicks over summer, following transfer to Maud Island and a switch to supplementary feeding about 18 months ago.

That success helped suggest that a pulsed programme of supplementary feeding could provide the key to in-

creased kakapo breeding in future years. It seems supplementary feeding induces kakapo to breed when their weights are low but increasing, yet has little effect when their weights are high and stable.

Maud Island provides an ideal place to trial this strategy, as it is smaller and more manageable than New Zealand's other two 'kakapo islands' - Codfish Island in Foveaux Strait, and Little Barrier Island, in the Hauraki Gulf.

No males will be transferred to Maud Island as staff do not want to threaten the position of Richard Henry, the dominant male on the island. Richard Henry was the sire of Flossie's eggs and, as the last remaining Fiordland bird, it is crucial he contributes as much as possible to the genetic diversity of the kakapo population.

The transfer means that Maud Island has a population of 11 adult birds, made up of seven females and four males.

Abel Tasman National Park Foreshore Investigation

The public have an opportunity to comment on the appropriateness of including the adjoining foreshore into the Abel Tasman National Park, with the release of a public discussion document in June.

The discussion document has been produced in response to a request from the New Zealand Conservation Authority for the department to investigate the question of whether the foreshore should be included in the park, and provides a starting point for public involvement in the investigation.

It will be open to public submissions for 12 weeks. A final report on the discussion document and subsequent feedback will then be prepared and presented to the New Zealand Conservation Authority for consideration. The Authority will then make a recommendation to the Minister of Conservation.

Editorial Note - the following is from the Christchurch 'Press' 09/09/98:

This Abel Tasman National Park foreshore plan aroused the ire of local people, in that the report says:

Shellfish gathering could not be allowed under existing National Parks legislation.

Staff ... indicate that there is an ever-increasing number of people collecting shellfish and the banning of shellfish gathering would help ensure stocks remain at a self-sustaining level and at a level to sustain the wildlife that depend on them.'

Torrent Bay bach owner Bary Jenkins said he had collected mussels, pipis, cockles and pacific oysters from the foreshore and bay for more than 60 years. "We think it our right. We have as much right to have a feed of shellfish as iwi. It is a coastal park. People camping, tramping, kayaking and yachting should be able to have a feed of shellfish. There are thousands of people from Canterbury who come up here every summer to holiday in this park. I don't think these people's rights should be taken from them." Mr Jenkins said fishing and dredging for scallops and oysters would not be covered by the ban.

The address for comment on the foreshore investigation is:
Nelson/Marlborough Conservancy

EQUIPMENT

The following report is from the Sea Kayak Operators Association of New Zealand (Inc.) Newsletter No. 12, Spring 1998.

INCIDENT REPORTING

The reporting of a couple of incidents from last summer have resulted in some changes to the way the companies involved operate. The sharing of this information may also result in operational changes by other operators and, if warranted, the Code of Practice. Please continue to send Incident Reports to SKOANZ so that we all become safer operators.

FLARE INCIDENT

The guide was preparing kayaks and equipment for six clients who were booked to rent kayaks for a multi day trip. The guide's job was to prepare the equipment and give the clients a safety briefing. The safety briefing is a structured process that is compulsory for all rental clients. All rental kayaks are equipped with safety equipment including handflares. Training is given on the correct use of all equipment including handflares. Clients are asked to remove the handflare from its protective canister so they can see the working parts during the demonstration, they then re-seal the canister.

The guide collected handflares from the store room, sealed them in their individual protective canisters and dropped a canister beside each kayak. One of the canisters exploded after it was dropped. The guide says there was a one to two second delay between it landing and exploding and he had taken a step away. A fragment hit him in the side of his face leaving a large open gash wound. Bleeding was immediate and profuse. A staff member who was about 10-12 metres away was first to reach the guide and used a towel to apply pressure to the wound. The staff member alerted the office to call for an ambulance.

Firm pressure was applied to the wound area. The guide remained conscious and alert throughout and was able to speak though he said he thought his jaw was broken. His pulse was checked (62 bpm) and pupils which remained even. The ambulance officer rang and spoke to our staff for details on the guide's condition en-route. The ambulance officer called the rescue helicopter and paramedic after that conversation. The ambulance arrived 25 minutes after the I I I call was made. By this time the bleeding had been brought under control but the guide had lost a serious amount of blood. Ambulance staff took control and put the guide on oxygen. The helicopter arrived about ten minutes later and the guide was flown to Nelson hospital.

POINTS TO NOTE

- The handflare was a Pains-Wessix Mk.7 handflare.
- The canister storage system had been in use for six years. The water tight canisters were made of 40mm PVC pipe with end caps cemented on.
- It is probable that the handflare was in the fire position when the guide put it in the canister.
- It is probable that the flare had been switched from the safety position to the fire position by a client during the previous safety briefing.
- The possibility that such a hazard existed had never been identified.
- The flare management system was focused on ensuring flares remained dry, were protected from knocks, and in good working order.
- Flares are removed from their canisters after each trip, and receive a quick visual check then are stored on a drying rack over night.
- A second check exists when staff load their flare canisters each morning.
- These checks have discovered flares left in the firing position.
- Fragments of the flare were recovered and it appears the flare itself exploded. This would have been caused by the high pressures inside the canister.
- Six other sea kayak companies in the area use similar handflares stored in similar PVC canisters.
- All staff at the accident scene were trained advanced outdoor first aiders.
- A first aid kit was available but the wound was too serious for the sterile pads and bandages it contained.
- It was later confirmed the guide's facial artery had been cut which explains the blood loss. His jaw was broken in two places. One saliva duct was cut as well as an important facial nerve.

RESPONSE

- Nine other sea kayak companies have been contacted to inform them of this situation.
- Company policy now is that clients do not use live hand flares for training, dummy hand flares are now used for training. Only staff handle live flares.
- Holes have been drilled in all canisters and covered by a length of bicycle inner tube, this modification allows excessive pressure to escape, without (hopefully) allowing water in. This modification has been tested by the Labour Dept. and approved.

KASK HANDBOOK 2nd Edition

COST:

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.

email: h.woodward@xtra.co.nz

More on the Handbook

Additional material arrived from Max Grant on the day I sent the book off for printing - a trip grading system and more 'places to go' information. This and additional material will be added to the LRB2 with progressive reprints. And yes, there is no section on Abel Tasman National Park. I did try (no names mentioned - the surname is very similar to a small bulb that is added to meals for taste and seems to deter kissing) but the information was not forthcoming. If anyone is willing to compile a short section on Abel Tasman for 'Places to Go', please advise.

Mark and Pauline Hutson, after a sterling performance of gourmet kayak cooking at the Coastbusters Symposium, have undertaken to compile a chapter on food and cooking.

KASK now needs you, the paddler, to help promote and publicize the Handbook. President Phil Handford is working on a promotional flier, that will be sent out to kayak retailers and manufacturers but, in addition, please do your bit to make sea kayakers aware of the Handbook's existence.

DEADLINE for NEWSLETTER

Please keep the editor posted with material for the newsletter. Deadline for No. 77 will be 7 November.

PRESIDENTS REPORT

September

Sea kayaking Handbook

The first reprint of the second edition is now completed and outstanding orders should be delivered by the time you get this newsletter. Orders are also being sent to some kayak retailers for on-selling and hopefully we can develop a culture where retailers include a free copy of this excellent resource with all kayak sales. Some KASK members are retailers and already support distribution of the handbook. Those who are not already selling the handbook should be encouraged to order handbooks. KASK members can help by encouraging their local retailers who sell sea kayaks and equipment to order a supply of handbooks.

Any ideas on publications that may be keen to do a book review of the new handbook should be forwarded myself or Paul Caffyn.

Handbook Brochure

This is currently being drafted. It is intended to be displayed by retailers and to give information on the Handbook and what KASK is. It will include a handbook order and membership form.

KASK Forum 1999

The Ruahine sea kayakers are progressing with the 1999 forum planned for Easter at Napier. A good overnight trip is already planned, probably to Cape Kidnappers, this is always a forum highlight.

Phil Handford

MORE ON BOOKS

In Newsletter No. 72, John Kirk-Anderson reviewed a copy of 'The Last of the Cockleshell Heroes', written by William Sparks with Michael Munn. The book was an ISIS large print hardback but I have managed to pick up a copy of a softback British edition with black and white photo plates supplementing the text.

If anyone is keen to obtain a copy, of either the original hardback edition or the softcover edition, I have listed a few details below:

Title: The Last of the Cockleshell Heroes'
Subtitle: 'A World War Two Memoir'
Author: Sparks, William and Munn, Michael
Published: 1992 in hardback
3rd revised edition: 1995
Publisher: Leo Cooper, London UK.
ISBN: 0 85052 465 2

The address for 1995 edition, which may still be available, is:
Pen & Sword Books Ltd
47 Church St., Barnsley
South Yorkshire. S70 2AS
England.

THANKS

Thanks to correspondents, A.J., David Herrington, Donna Hammond, Max Grant, Ray Forsyth, Steve Costello, John Dobbie and Jeanine Langvik.

Also to Helen Woodward for producing labels, Phil Handford for arranging printing, and David Herrington for the mailout.

COOK STRAIT CROSSING CRITERIA by David Herrington

(Dave has more Cook Strait crossing under his belt than you can throw a stick at! including several two way crossings, the last with Melanie Grant, which Dave described in the last newsletter.)

1. Be capable and fit enough to paddle for 8 - 10 hours non-stop.
2. Read relevant section of the 'New Zealand Pilot'
3. Know the tides for the area, Plimmerton Harbour, Makara, Fisherman's Rock, Brothers, Tory Channel and Pciton (Refer NZ Tide Tables)
4. Be aware of the phases of the moon - spring/neap tides.
5. Navigation: have a chart of the area and be able to paddle transit lines proficiently.
6. Weather: I study the weather map every day for weeks before the intended crossing date and listen to the marine forecasts for the surrounding areas, paying particular attention to the 18 hour outlook.
7. Don't panic in the middle of the strait when you seem to be going nowhere.
8. Be prepared not to go if things don't look good as they should be on the scheduled date for crossing.
9. Be very cautious of the tidal stream flow at Tory Channel and the Brothers.

YET MORE ON BOOKS

With deep regret and sorrow, I am forced to part with some of my double up copies of sea kayaking titles. Otherwise I will be forced out of my cottage by books. If anyone would like to view a list of titles, please get in touch. The address & cybermail address are on page 1.

1st. SEA KAYAKERS PILGRIMAGE Labour Weekend 1998 Marlborough Sounds

A fax arrived from a paddler who signed himself as the Phantom!
It notes that this First Sea Kayaker's Pilgrimage is not an organized event.

It is a chance to:

- meet old and new friends
- catch up on new boats and gear
- listen to bullshit and lies
- good fishing
- good company
- BBQ - BYO
- no motor boats, dogs etc
- DOC campsite, fees required.

VENUE: Whare Hunga Bay - Arapawa Island
opposite Blumine Island
East Queen Charlotte Sound

DATE: Labour Weekend
25-26-27 October 1998

As the high point of the weekend is apparently the stoning and burning of a river kayak, there must be some Viking ancestry in the organizer(s).

LETTER TO THE EDITOR Abel Tasman National Park from Ray Forsyth

Re your comments on increased use of Abel Tasman National Park by sea kayakers in the June/July issue:

Enclosed is correspondence with Helen Woodward dated 7/09/98 re the Department of Conservation discussion document for the park. Perhaps Helen has forwarded our submission copy to A.J. I've no further info on it.

I also made some very rough notes on the Marlborough Sounds Resource Management Plan, sent to Helen at her request. It was a difficult proposed plan and may have been re-written.

Any restriction on the use of the Abel Tasman coastline is likely to encourage increased use of the Sounds which I've been visiting since 1981. Already the small campground at Elmslie Bay (French Pass) is booked solid for the summer months; many of these visitors settling in with lots of gear for weeks. In January this year, Elaine Bay was packed out, the first time I've seen it so crowded.

Our party of three kayaked the east coast of D'Urville Island the Xmax/ New Year week and found that the basic camping areas were being used not only by sea kayakers but also 'commercial' boaties were dropping off campers for them to have a few nights camped out. This will be applying to Pelorus Sound generally.

Your're probably aware that there are sea kayak rental operators at Elmslie and Elaine bays.

I do feel that sea kayakers need to be proactive and alert in matters which affect us, and KASK is the only body that can gain attention.

It might be useful to have a column by A.J. in each newsletter, that could alert and brief KASK members on environmental and access issues. Feedback could assist KASK to make submissions representing the member's views.
Ray Forsyth.



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