

THE SEA CANOEIST NEWSLETTER

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INDEX

EDITORIAL	p. 1
TRIP REPORTS	
Fiordland 21 Years On	
by Paul Caffyn	p. 2
Double Crossing of Foveaux Strait	
by Stan Mulvany	p.15
TECHNICAL	
Being Seen at Sea	
by John Kirk-Anderson	p. 6
Electric Vibrators & Pumps	
by Sinclair Bennett	p. 6
"BUGGER!" FILE	
Mr. Cockup Pays a Visit	
by Sinclair Bennett	p.6
More Thoughts on Mr. Cockup etc.	
by Ray Forsyth	p. 7
Akaroa Incident	
compiled by J. Kirk-Anderson	p.16
OVERSEAS REPORTS	
Return of Kayaks to Pelly Bay, Canada	
by Phil Hossack	p. 7
ENVIRONMENT	
Penguins & Jellyfish	
by Jenny Edwards	p.10
1999 KASK FORUM REPORT	
by Cathye Haddock	p.11
BOOK REVIEWS	
'Blondie'	
reviewed by J. Kirk-Anderson	p.13
'Cold Ocean'	
reviewed by Tamsin Venn	p.14
KASK CONSERVATION	
New contact addresses	p.12

EDITORIAL

KASK Brochure

El Presidente Phil Handford has produced a brochure with information on the LRB2, KASK, SKOANZ, the sea kayaking networks, and a KASK membership form. This has been sent out to all major kayak retailers and manufacturers.

A re-order form for both the brochures and the LRB2 will be sent to the kayak retailers and manufacturers on a regular basis from now on, so there should be no excuse for the LRB2 not being on sale.

What my overwhelming concern is, with an increasing number of boats sold, the frequency of incidents resulting from downright ignorance is also on the increase. Even on my local patch, there have been two recent near fatalities this summer. In the latest, a German woman was rescued by a rope thrown by a local from tiphead as she drifted out to sea in kayak belonging to a hostel. If too many fatalities result from future incidents, then New Zealand paddlers face the imposition of rules and regulations by the Maritime Safety Authority. Please do your bit for paddler education and ensure that your local kayak supplier is stocking both the KASK brochure and the LRB2.

11th Annual KASK Forum

Cathye Haddock, who unfortunately scratched her head when requests were made for a scribe to detail the highlights of the forum, has penned an excellent report. Wretched North Is-

land weather, rain and wind, in no way dampened the enthusiasm of the participants.

The "Bugger!" File.

Cathye Haddock, who was elected to the KASK committee as Safety Officer, is keen to compile a database of incidents involving paddlers. Incidents are invariably embarrassing to those involved, but what is of significance to other paddlers is the lessons learned from the incident. Cathye, who wrote the Risk Management Chapter in the Kask Handbook, is keen to act as compiler of incidents. In the light of the recent television advertisement that drew flack from some very sensitive wombles, Cathye and I would like to change the terminology from 'incident file' to "bugger!" file. I must admit I do like Ray Forsyth's 'Mr. Cockup pays a visit' title to relate an incident in this newsletter, but it may not appeal to those of very sensitive disposition.

You can, as John Kirk-Anderson has done with the 'Akaroa Incident' in this newsletter, ascribe anonymity to the participants to avoid embarrassment, but please if you have gone through a trying time when the word "bugger" or less salubrious words were used, and there are lessons to be learned from the experience, please pen the words and flick off to the editor or directly to Cathye Haddock at: 1/18 Avon St., Island Bay, Wellington. Or email to: haddock.simpson@xtra.co.nz

TRIPREPORTS

FIORDLAND, 21 YEARS ON & STILL DRY MOUTH COUNTRY

by Paul Caffyn

Bevan Walker came up with a cunning plan to fly a foldboat into Nancy Sound in February and paddle back to Deep Cove in Doubtful Sound. But I came up with an even more cunning plan, so cunning in fact that you could pin a tail on it, and call it a stoat. When Max Grant was down at Lake McKerrow after Xmas, the sea was too gnarly for he and Melanie to paddle around to Milford from Martins Bay, so he organized a flight for the sea kayaks back to Gunns Camp with Geoff Schanks, strapped beneath a Hughes 500D model (helicopter). So my cunning plan was to fly a brace of Nordkapps into the head of Nancy Sound and paddle up to Milford.

In a moment of weakness, but ultimately not regretted, Bevan agreed to my dastardly cunning plan. The time was nigh on 21 years since Max Reynolds and I had paddled around Fiordland, from Te Waewae Bay to Jackson Bay. As it would be Bevan's seventh paddling mission in Fiordland, and my fourth, we both viewed

the trip as a chance to leisurely cruise up the deep sounds we had missed when scooting around the outside coast.

Arriving early at the hanger of Fiordland Helicopters, just south of Te Anau, we were surprised - well shocked and stunned really - by the sight of the pilot who landed the mean black, Hughes 500F model. I guess we were expecting the traditional West Coast pilot, swarthy and wearing a swandri with a butt hanging out of his mouth. Definitely not an attractive blonde with a pony tail, who was at least half our respective ages.

Janey Blair had a wee mission to complete before flying our kayaks in, and her parting words were, "Have a hunt around for a couple of bits of 4 x 2 to strap onto the skids while I'm away."

Well, Bevan measured up the width of the skids, and we tracked down a length of 4 x 2 and a builder's plank which Bevan cut down to the required length with his collapsible pruning saw.

When Janey returned, she discovered an acute shortage of rope to lash the two lengths of timber crossways across the struts. A mob of leather dog collars were located, and two each were

used to firmly attach the timbers. The Nordkapps, slid onto the crossway timber struts bowfirst naturally, were solidly secured with a mixture of strops and car tie down straps. I'll give Janey her dues, she took the F model for a lap around the paddock first, to make sure the boats were secure before we climbed into the cockpit, donned headphones and headed for Nancy Sound.

Now neither Bevan nor myself had been to the head of Nancy Sound, and as Janey had not landed there previously, it was a first time for the three of us. In the hanger, Janie had pointed to the route she proposed to fly on the tiny scale Fiordland Park map but as we flew in, Bevan and I became totally absorbed in absorbing the magnificent lake and mountain scenery. As we descended steeply into the head of a sound, Janie asked, "Does that look like Nancy Sound?" And how do two blokes respond to such a question from a pilot who is so appealing to the eye? They nod their heads vigorously.

In no time, the boats were unloaded on a tidal flat, shopping bags of tucker and our gear unloaded from the rear compartment and the obligatory photographs taken. As Janey lifted off, I began to wonder just how cunning, my cunning plan was. We were now totally committed to making the paddle up the coast to Milford.

A rising tide, rapidly inundating the flats, marked an increasing rapidity of packing, before we headed down what we thought was Nancy Sound. A south-westerly change was forecast for late afternoon and as the cloud level descended and a north-westerly breeze freshened, we stopped for lunch on a rocky beach adjacent to an old floating dock and helipad, a relic from the heady days of the big crayfish catch days.

The sky fell on our heads as a weak cold front moved across Fiordland and with the rain, visibility dropped to under 500m. As we closed on a cluster of substantial islands, astride the sound, the penny finally dropped. We were not paddling down Nancy Sound but Charles Sound, the next sound to the north. A refund on the \$760 flight



Bevan and Janie with the Nordkapps strapped onto a frame of 4x2's, beneath the Hughes 500 F model; at the drop off point at the head of Charles Sound.

was in order and Janey needed to attend navigation school. Mixed with the disappointment of missing out on exploring Nancy Sound, I must admit a tinge of glee that we were one sound closer to the finish at Milford - one more section of the outside coast avoided.

The upper reaches of Charles Sound, like all the other deep fiords we visited, climb exceedingly steeply up to the open tops at about 1000m. And one of the legacy's of the era when moving rivers of ice carved out the deep U-shaped valleys is that there are bugger all paddler friendly landings. No beaches! Into a headwind, chop and heavy rain, we paddled north down Gold Arm, heading for a small cove on the map, near Paget Point. Bare rock walls encircled the cove so we turned downwind to run with the chop up Emelius Arm towards where the map indicated shallows and a potential beach landing. A swallow river channel led up a gravel delta, on the north side of the arm, where we landed close to an old deer hunter's camp site. And then the sandflies sprang out of dormancy! All I wanted was a quiet, leisurely nostalgic cruise while the La Nina weather pattern was holding, and yet here we were in the guts of Fiordland with rain teaming down and sandflies out for blood transfusions. So much for my dastardly cunning plan!

Morale rocketed next morning with clear skies, and a wait for the sun to dry off the fly and tent before we shot the gap for Caswell Sound. Just like 21 years ago, nervousness and anxiety mounted as we neared the yawning entrance of Charles Sound for the outside coast. Fortunately there is a gradual transition from the calm water of the sounds to the heaving ground swell on the outside coast, a time to condition the brain for balancing on the swell. We found a low swell pumping from the north which is rather unusual for Fiordland where a south-westerly roll prevails. The wind gods were kind and we were able to soak up the stunning coastal scenery, while skirting foamy bands surging around the swaying, kelp-covered rocks.

Without any drama, we slipped into Caswell Sound via a narrow gap on the south side of Styles Island and I paddled around to the boulder beach where Max and I had landed in 1978. Late evening we reached the head of the sound and a river mouth with gravel beaches on both sides. We had heard of a deer hunter's hut near the beach, and a bit of scouting on foot and by kayak located a waterproof but rather dark hut, some 300m upstream on the true right bank. It would provide ideal shelter during wet weather, however in view of the settled weather, we camped by the river mouth near the start of a track leading to the hut.

Next morning we cruised down the north side of Caswell, searching for paddler friendly landings and campsites. I had some ancient notes on marble outcrops on both shores of the sound but we had been unable to locate an old marble quarry dating from the late 1800's. Near the entrance we landed on a boulder beach and noticed a band of marble outcropping. Bevan found a small cave entrance, only metres behind the beach, which had both an air draught and noise of an underground stream. Lucky I had the new Petzl headtorch! The low entrance led down to a stream and we found 30m+ of passage, complete with pretties (speleothems) and the undisturbed bones of a moa.

In her book, 'Pioneers of Martins Bay', Alice McKenzie notes that on two occasions she is certain she saw moas. The first occasion in 1880, when she was seven, she noticed a large bird lying on sand under flax bushes by the edge of the dunes behind the beach at Martins Bay. Its legs were dark green in colour with large scales and three toes. Alice took a blade of flax and tried to truss the bird, but it turned on her with a harsh grunting cry. Alice took to her heels, but persuaded her father to return to look at the tracks left by the bird. The length of the middle toe from heel to tip was 11". Alice and her brother both sighted the bird once more, and its tracks were seen on the beaches each winter for many years. Alice understood from various people that she may have sighted a takahe, but after visiting the

Otago Museum and inspecting the takahe on display, the bird she sighted was much larger and without a red beak. The three foot height of the bird, observed by her brother, matches roughly the size of the Moa bones we found in the 'Caswell Jewel' cave. A small vertical shaft above the bones, with a small circle of daylight, was the obvious cause of the bird's demise.

Around Hansard Point, we pointed the bows north for Two Thumb and Looking Glass bays but where the coast turned to the north-east, a fresh north-easterly breeze was lifting the heavy northerly ground swell. This combined with rebound waves or clapotis off the cliffs and reefs, created an irregular peaking sea. As the wind was beginning to lift, we decided to return to Styles Island and wait for the wind to ease. Bevan and Craig had camped on Styles Island, during their Fiordland mission, while waiting for wind and seas to subside. The eastern side of the island has a small cove protected by a low rocky reef cum island with enough room to pitch a tent on the bare rock above high tide level. And despite the record summer drought, we soon found heaps of rain water pools for a brew.

Styles Island is Bevan's favourite spot in Fiordland. On the seaward side of the island, on top of huge bare, rocky slabs, we could watch the sea by binoculars and keep out of the sandflies clouding around our kayaks on the downwind side of the island. Bevan donned his wetsuit and collected a feed of paua and a fish for dinner. Late afternoon when the wind began to ease, we made a break for Looking Glass Bay.

The coast to the north of Caswell is stunning. Huge sea caves, gnarled windswept trees on top of the cliffs and a very rugged, reef fringed shoreline. In marked contrast to both our previous trips along this section of coast, when a huge south-westerly roll led to dry mouth paddling half a mile or more offshore, the low northerly swell allowed us to sneak in close and soak up the sight of the magnificent scenery. After checking out Two Thumb Bay and paddling inside of the

rocky islands that led to its name, we continued to the entrance of Looking Glass Bay, distinctive and not easy to miss with an archway on its southern side. The bay entrance is 500m wide and opens inland for 1,800m to a sand/boulder beach. Max and I had camped at this bay in 1978, so it was a nostalgic return for me to one of our old haunts.

Bevan landed through a low surf while I sneaked across the bar of a small creek for a calm landing. While savouring fried paua steaks, cooked over a driftwood fire, and fanning away sandflies, Bevan observed a stag grazing on a slip on the south side of the bay.

Cloud cover was thickening overhead as we shot the gap for Bligh Sound early next morning. As we had both been previously to the head of George Sound, we passed its broad entrance and pulled into Catseye Bay for a brew and a pee. This bay, only 600m deep, lacks the shelter of the deeper bays and the sight of big green backed rollers breaking near the beach led to a longish morning until we began rounding into the yawning entrance of Bligh Sound. We met the cray boat skipper of the 'Equinox' near the entrance, a jovial sort who had talked to Brian Roberts during his solo mission around Fiordland. The forecast was for continuing north-easterlies, emanating from a deep depression called 'Frank'. By the increasing size of the northerly swell, it was obvious that Frank was making his presence known further up the west coast. We asked the skipper about landings inside Bligh and he pointed to a broad length of boulder beach known as Bradleys, just inside the northern entrance by Tommy Point.

As this was the site of a disastrous late evening surf landing during our 1978 trip, when a nine foot high bumper dumper looped 'Isadora' onto the boulders, I felt a better name than Bradleys would have been Caffyn's folly. A helmet undoubtedly saved my life from the upside down battering on the boulder beach, but my shoulders took a bruising and I ended up with a tooth through my lip. 'Isadora' suffered two

major transverse cracks. Although the beach would have been relatively sheltered from the wind and northerly swell, I had no desire to land there.

From Flat Point, around Chasland Head to Black Point, the spectacle of huge rollers curling in to pound on the reefs and boulder beaches was indeed humbling. We continued up the sound towards the narrows at Turn Round Point, checking out boulder beaches for landing. The swell must pound into the outer section of Bligh Sound as the top sections of the boulder beaches were up to 45° in steepness. Not paddler friendly at high tide!

We could have continued into the calm recesses of the sound beyond Turn Round Point, but there is no way of gauging sea and weather conditions from deep in the sounds. We chose a slightly sheltered boulder beach on the sound's south side for the night, from where we could still observe conditions offshore. Thermarest mattresses and a bed of clothing beneath afforded a comfy night on the boulders.

The tranquillity of the evening was broken by the report of a loud explosion. Bevan's new Russian made aluminium pressure cooker had blown its pressure valve in most spectacular fashion. Clouds of steam obscured the camp site, but no harm was done to the diced paua.

Poison Bay was our objective next morning, from where we planned to stay and hike up the adjacent valley towards a peak called Our Lady of the Snows. Overnight the northerly swell had lumped up even more. Even though the wind remained light, a big roller coaster ride led to the old dry mouth feeling of being gripped, and fewer and fewer glimpses towards the coast. Concentration was focused on the approaching swell crests.

Then off the southern entrance of Sutherland Sound, a north-easterly was drawing seawards with a hiss and a roar, leaving a trail of whitecaps ahead. Part way cross the sound, on a bouncy chop, Bevan expressed a desire to land at the barred entrance to

Sutherland, where he and Craig had landed. However I felt the surf would be mind boggling in size and power and that we would clear the belt of whitecaps on the other side of the entrance and reach shelter again under the lee of the outside coast.

This was the case, and after another hour of roller coasting, we turned into the shelter of Poison Bay. The bay is 5km deep by 1km wide and the swell progressively eased as we paddled towards the lovely sight of a sandy beach at its head. We detoured around a gravel bar and slipped into the tranquil waters of a river, without a wave breaking. What a magic place! The southern half of the beach was shelving sand with dunes behind while the northern half, where the south-westerly roll must steam in during heavy weather, consisted of a steep boulder beach.

We landed on a red garnet sand river bank and found three old deer hunters camps in the mixed beech/podocarp forest. A driftwood fire soon had the billy boiling and we lounged back against large driftwood logs, munching on salami and cheese sandwiches and soaked up the view. Even the sandflies were not too excessive. While Bevan checked out the beach for deer sign, I tried to have a snooze on the warm sand.

We had planned to base camp here for a few days, and had carried packs, boots and walking poles for the hiking mission. The boats contained plenty of tucker still, enough to ride out a week of bad weather. But despite the magic of the bay, I had an uneasy feeling about the weather and felt we should shoot the gap for Milford Sound.

When Bevan returned I asked him what he reckoned. "I reckon we should go like stink!" he replied.

Ten minutes later, we paddled back over the bar and headed once more for the outside coast. From Sea Breeze Point, only 15kms of dry mouth country remained to reach Saint Anne Point at the entrance to Milford Sound.

A fresh south-westerly breeze was building a peaking chop on top of the heavy, northerly swell off Poison Bay. The roller coaster ride began in earnest. Off the long length of boulders known as Transit Beach, my mouth was as dry as a proverbial dead dingo's donga. Huge rollers were steaming shorewards to break with spray fanning skywards. We remained half a mile offshore, but a wee white dot in the distance was steadily drawing closer - the automatic lighthouse on Saint Anne Point.

We glimpsed a small staysail over the swell crests as a Milford tour boat cruised out of the entrance. Even the vessel's mast was disappearing from sight when we dropped into the deep troughs. As we closed on the ring of surging foam surrounding the point, the cruise boat turned towards us, its rails lined with tourists. Well the chests puffed up and our speed crept up a little as we powered round the lighthouse into Milford Sound.

The surge in Anita Bay was not conducive to landing and camping for the night. On a previous trip to the bay, I had scored a million dollar blackmail photograph when a respected Christchurch photographer (no names mentioned John) had watched in abject horror as his Arluk 1.8 slid unaccompanied backwards off the berm with a surge. The photograph shows the bows of my kayak and the Arluk 1.8 in the foreground, with the distraught owner of the latter standing on the beach in the background.

Milford Sound is the most grandiose of all the sounds, bigger mountains, more vertical cliffs, almost overwhelming in terms of the scale of the sheer sided fiord walls. The wind eased off late evening as we plodded contentedly towards Milford. Reluctant to end the trip in the fleshpots of Deepwater Basin, we pitched the tent on a scrap of sandy beach below Mitre Peak. A driftlog stopbank kept high tide from lapping in the tent door, while Bevan cooked up the last of the paua.

A light south-easterly brushed the sea next morning as we bumped into the

first of several Rosco sea kayak tour parties. The wind freshened as we pulled up the channel in a mess of whitecaps and turned towards the launching ramp in Deepwater Basin where the crayboats moor.

Only one crayboat had headed out early morning and the skipper of 'Saracen' reported back by radio that a south-westerly was blowing 35 knots, gusting to 45. Well Bevan and I just looked at each other with big grins. The instinctive gut feeling, which both of us had experienced at Poison Bay, proved spot on.

When Bevan hitched back to the wheels at Te Anau, he found a greeting card from young Janey, the helicopter pilot. On the front was a Gary Larson cartoon with the two replete crocodiles lolling back on a beach by the remains of a mangled kayak with the caption 'That was incredible. No fur, antlers, or nothing.... just soft and pink.' And Janey's comment inside read, 'Hope you managed to avoid these characters during your travels!! ... I bet that was an interesting navigational exercise!'

In retrospect, the cunning plan worked a treat. An ideal combination of exploring the sounds linked by short hops of dry mouth outside coast. Unfortunately the outside coast links added another dimension to the trip. As veterans of Fiordland paddling, both Bevan and I were acutely aware of the extremes of bad sea and wind conditions. Bevan was once stranded at Puysegur Point for 10 days while a succession of cold fronts battered the coast. The size of the seas and wind strength during a cold front almost defy description. So even inside the sheltered sanctuary of the sounds, we both felt a deep seated anxiety of having to 'go outside'. And this added the extra dimension to the trip, with a compulsive desire to optimize good conditions. Several times during the trip, Bevan and I both admitted this would be our last mission on the outside coast.

However the 4 x 2 method for flying in hardshell kayaks below helicopters is ideal for spending time in the more

remote sounds, such as Dusky or Long Sound. There are three helicopter outfits flying out of Te Anau, and one at Milford. The best quote for our mission was from Fiordland Helicopters, operated by Kim Hollows. If you ring for a booking or a quote, please ask for Janie Blair and ask if her navigation has improved.

Paul Caffyn

TECHNICAL

(The following four articles are reprinted from the Canterbury Sea Kayak Network Newsletter No.31.)

Being Seen at Sea by John Kirk-Anderson

I'm not exactly a Troll who springs out as people cross my bridge, but I do leap to the spotting scope anytime a kayak ventures on to Lyttelton Harbour. Even with practice it is very difficult to see paddlers, except those early enough to violate mirror calm dawns.

I've always been smugly confident about the visibility of fluoro patches on my buoyancy vest, sure that I would be easily spotted by drunken powerboaters. This belief was shattered when Mary had trouble seeing me, even knowing where to look. A pale blue deck, white hull and faded purple buoyancy vest made superb camouflage in any sea.

Last year I called the Coastguard to assist two kayaks in trouble. Even with my (admittedly poor) telephone relayed directions, they were unable to find the double kayaks, one upside down, until they were 100 metres away. If the paddlers had been in serious trouble they would have been unable to attract outside help.

With these lessons I have reassessed my visibility methods. Bright clothes, retroreflective tape, and fluoro patches are all passive methods and alert people to my presence. Signal mirrors, torches and flares are more active methods of gaining attention when

outside help is required.

Without getting too garish, I have decided to make myself stand out. My days of wearing, camouflage are over.

Maybe now is the time to take the time to look at your own visibility, you might be surprised at what you don't see.

John Kirk-Anderson

ELECTRIC VIBRATORS & PUMPS

by Sinclair Bennett

As I have noted elsewhere (see Mr. Cockup Pays a visit), electric pumps can get you out of a tricky situation. Kayaks are the midgets of the boating world so unless you have a double, the smallest capacity pump is adequate. COW have these for around \$37 While there, ask about a waterproof switch and give Koleighne (salesperson) a hard time. Next take your pump into Para Rubber and get some plastic tubing to fit the pump outlet. You don't want the hose falling off, so while you are at Para Rubber get a stainless steel hose clip too. The type of battery is the next decision. If you tend to capsize often, your pump will get lots of use. A rechargeable sealed lead acid battery is the best choice for you. For the rest of us I reckon standard alkaline batteries are best. They are cheap, light, and have a shelf life of several years. You'll need eight of these babies to power a pump. Go into Dick Smith Electronics and buy a battery holder to fit eight AA batteries. Next down to Payless Plastics to get a suitable watertight container to hold the batteries and the switch.

Where you mount the pump is important. Obviously you need it in a low spot, but you want it where it won't be in the way. Depending on your kayak put it behind the seat or between and forward of the rudder pedals. The pump needs to be secured firmly. The hose from the pump needs to go to the outside of the kayak. Above the water line is highly recommended! A one way valve can be used to prevent water entering the hose. Drilling fibreglass or kevlar is messy - a hole saw does a cleaner job than a conven-

tional drill bit. Use RTV sealant to attach and seal the hose outlet to the hull. If you've got a Sailor II compass like mine you can use the compass to hide the hose.

Remove the compass from the mounting bracket. Drill the hole for the hose in the centre of the bracket. The compass now hides the hose and prevents water entering. When you use the pump simply remove the compass from the bracket - Hint: tether the compass to the boat. Next you need to mount the switch and batteries. I recommend putting the batteries and switch in the one box - this means all connections are sealed. After soldering the wires from the pump to batteries and switch, seal the hole(s) with RTV sealant. Test the water tightness of your electrics.

Notes:

- The batteries should give you at least 30 minutes pumping, but as a precaution replace the batteries each time they save your skin. Otherise every four years.

- High technology equipment is not perfect. Always carry a manual pump as a backup.

- I lied about the vibrators.

Sinclair Bennett

MR. COCKUP PAYS A VISIT

by Sinclair Bennett

This Xmas Ray Forsyth and myself paddled from Nelson up towards French Pass. A combination of shallow water, tidal currents, and exposure to swells from the north makes this coastline more difficult than neighbouring 'tourist' sea kayaking areas. We got as far north as Taipare Bay where we became weather bound for a day by 25 - 30 knot north westerlies. The following day the wind had dropped so we decided to continue north to Okuri Bay.

Once on the water however, we discovered the sea was rougher than it appeared from shore and decided to

retreat south to the shelter of Croisilles Harbour. Although the swells were not large the irregular waves generated a rough sea. I was not particularly concerned, as I have done many trips with Ray without incident. Just as we thought the sea had flattened out, a rogue wave popped up and capsized Ray. Okay it's a bit rougher than when I've practised rescues before, but no problem I figured. I got the bow of Ray's kayak onto my deck before realising how difficult it would be for Ray to lift the far end of a fully laden boat out of the water. So instead, we flipped the boat over, only removing, half the water from the cockpit. Getting Ray back in the boat was the easy bit. Pumpinc, out the cockpit and fitting the spray ski in a bouncy sea was tricky. Mission nearly completed when ... Ray flipped over. As we were holding onto each other, I flipped too. "Bugger!" All men overboard and my paddle float is back at home. The KASK handbook doesn't cover this scenario! We were 500 metres from shore, a bit far to swim with a heavy kayak.

Prior to my trip to I my, Lords River expedition I fitted anelectric pump, and I reckon this saved the day. After hitting the 'on' switch I got Ray to hold the outside of my cockpit. Using his kayak as flotation for my feet I hopped into my boat. By the time I fitted my spray skirt 'Mr. Pump' had removed all the water. No way could I have emptied the kayak with a manual pump, single handed in those rough conditions. Got Ray back in his boat without incident the second time. The adrenaline rush had exhausted us both so we paddled ashore to a dumping beach for a much-needed rest.

Conclusions:

(i). Kayakers who paddle in pairs need to know how to handle the 'all men overboard' scenario.

(ii). If you paddle solo or in pairs and don't have a 100% Eskimo roll, fit an electric pump.

Sinclair Bennett

A FEW MORE THOUGHTS ON MR. COCKUP PAYING A VISIT

by Ray Forsyth

You're in an unusual position floating, holding on to kayak and paddle in rough water which persists in refilling your cockpit!

- Wear polypro longjohns and top even in mid summer. My were drained dry by the time we got to the beach.

- Have a bungy cord leash on your paddle that you can clip on to your PFD or boat. About 30 cm is a good length and it should slide along the shaft if required to. Leaves your hands free for cap-sizes*, fishing, photography and lurching in your kayak.

- Keep gear on your rear deck to a minimum, otherwise it can hinder your slide up out of the water and into the cockpit.

- Have some energy bars or similar in your PFD pocket.

- Stick some night reflective tape on your paddle blades.

- Carry a pump.

Beginners don't get alarmed, a capsize is not common, this was my first in rough water in 14 years of kayaking.

Ray Forsyth

LRB2 - KASK HANDBOOK 2nd. Ed

The 200 print run of the LRB2 is almost sold out. For a copy of this mother of all handbooks, contact KASK Treasurer Helen Woodward: 82 Hutcheson St.

Blenheim

email: h.woodward@xtra.co.nz

COST:

New members: gratis

Existing members: \$10 + \$1 p&p

Non-members: \$18 + \$1 p&p

Make cheques out to KASK (NZ)Inc
Trade enquiries also to Helen.

OVERSEAS KAYAKS RETURN TO PELLY BAY

Wellington paddlers Pete and Shelley McFarlane sent me a photocopy of a kayaking article that appeared in the January/February 1999 issue of 'Canadian Geographic'. The fascinating account, of how Victoria Jason re-introduced the kayak to the Inuit of Pelly Bay, so impressed me that I wrote to Victoria and congratulated her on being one of the very few paddlers who have contributed something back to the Arctic. Very much akin to what Ed Hillary did with the sherpas of Nepal through his on going fund-raising and building of airstrips, schools and hospitals.

And even better, Victoria gained permission from the author, Phil Hossack, to reprint the article in the newsletter. First a little background on Pelly Bay and Victoria. Pelly Bay lies at the southern end of the Gulf of Boothia (Canadian Northwest Territories) and on the western side of Simpson Peninsula. It was named after Sir Henry Pelly, a 19th century governor of the Hudson Bay Company. Set on the rocky shores of Pelly Bay, the village developed around a Roman Catholic mission founded in 1935. In the late 1960's, a permanent settlement was established and Pelly Bay became the first Central Arctic community to be incorporated as a hamlet. Community services include an airstrip, hotel, co-op store and an active community centre. Access is only by air, from Yellowknife.

Victoria Jason spent two northern summers paddling and sledding from Churchill in Hudson Bay to Gjoa Haven with Don Starkell. Suffering from edema (muscle breakdown caused by excessive fatigue) Victoria stopped at Gjoa Haven, while Starkell continued solo to the Tuktoyaktuk Peninsula where in early winter he was eventually rescued with badly frostbitten fingers and feet. In 1993 Victoria paddled down the Mackenzie River from Fort Providence to the sea and east along the Arctic coast to

Paulatuk. In 1994 she continued east from Paulatuk to make the link back to Gjoa Haven. Victoria's account of the four year's paddling, 'Kabloonaa in the Yellow Kayak' was published in 1995 and has been twice reviewed in the KASK newsletter. In my books, it is one of the classics of sea kayaking narratives. Stephen Counsell at COW (Canoe and Outdoor World) in Christchurch has copies of the softback reprint if you missed out on the original hardback edition.

RETURN OF THE KAYAK

by Phil Hossack

(reprinted from the 'Canadian Geographic' magazine, with permission of the author.)

Kayaking skills were once an integral part of every Inuit hunter's arsenal. Today, the residents of Pelly Bay are brushing up on those skills in the hopes of capturing new game - tourists.

Guy Kakkianium stands in the living room of his two storey house, his six grandchildren sprinkled through various rooms, and pauses to consider his thoughts. As a young man, says the 64 year old, his only exposure to the kayak was the broken, wooden frames scattered and rotting throughout the community. It was the 'old people' who made and used kayaks, he says.

Kakkianium is a respected elder in the hamlet of Pelly Bay, a fisherman who, like his ancestors, survives by fishing the arctic char that swim from the rivers to the ocean and then back here - 220 kilometres above the Arctic Circle. Today, powerboats and nets are the tools of his commercial fishing enterprise and those of his neighbours in this village of 520, Mostly Inuit residents.

As we leave Kakkianium's home, he notes that the kayak is not the only tradition that has all but disappeared here. Gesturing toward a pair of grandchildren watching television, he shrugs. "I don't know how to speak English," he says, struggling to use the few words he knows. "And my grandsons don't know how to speak Inuktitut.

The tide is rising in the harbour, a short hike from Kakkianiu's house. Children are racing along the beachfront towards a grandmother from Winnipeg who is in Pelly Bay on a mission akin to the proverbial salesman trying to sell ice boxes to the 'Eskimos': Victoria Jason, an experienced long distance kayaker, is here as part of an effort to reintroduce the kayak to Pelly Bay.

Jason's buoyancy, warmth and unwavering patience draws the young. The crowd of kids on the beach grows rapidly from six to almost 20, each jostling for a chance to try the small yellow kayak that is tethered to her wrist. The 30 metre length of rope allows the students just enough freedom to explore newfound skills as Jason wades knee-deep in the numbing cold of the ocean, sometimes for hours.

The kayak was a vital tool in this community about two generations before the children on the beach were born. Martha Ittimangnak, 80, remembers the painful labour of stretching and stitching a skin covering over the spruce frames her husband had created. "We used caribou skin, wet it first to make the hair come off easier," she says through her son-in-law, Vincent Ningark. Sinew from the neck and back of the caribou was used for thread. "It's a lot of work sewing the skins together. When it's wet, it's much harder." The skins and sinew shrank as they dried, making a watertight seam.

Kayak design varied slightly from region to region, but the goal remained the same - to provide a fast, manoeuvrable hunting platform at sea. Its design also allowed tools to be lashed to the deck, including harpoons, seal-skin floats, bird spears, lances for dispatching wounded animals and, in later years, a rifle. Kayaks supported the semi-nomadic Inuit as they moved from one hunting camp to the next, a lifestyle common to the coastal arctic peoples from Siberia, Greenland and Canada.

Motorboats began to replace kayaks

as southern technology encroached in the 1950s and 1960s. For a time, some hunters still made 'umiaks' - open, flat-bottomed skin boats - to check fishing nets or retrieve seals shot from the shore. But it wasn't long before modern aluminium boats with powerful outboard motors prevailed. Today, outboards rule the waterways. "Back in the old days, the kayaks were quiet, the animals weren't afraid. Now with the boat and motor, the animals are afraid," says Ittiniangnak. "The Young will not want to use a kayak to hunt; it is slow and time-consuming compared to modern boats." Still, Ittimangnak believes kayaking should be taught to the young people, "not for hunting or sports, but to keep the tradition alive."

At the beach, social worker Robert Mathieson happens by and joins in the kayak lesson by keeping track of who is next, adding names to the list as more arrive. Until the mid-1960s, he explains, the stone church and priests' houses were the only permanent structures. The seasons and the movement of animals dictated where the Inuit lived and camped. The people here have "gone from the Stone Age to the computer age in 30 years," he says.

Behind him, Jason shows another child how to grasp the double-bladed paddle and move the kayak in a straight line. She teaches in English with translation needed only, when she is communicating with an elder. But sometimes, words are not needed. People here often learn by watching, says Mathieson, and when new skills are acquired, they are passed on to someone else.

Great skill was once required to manoeuvre the narrow, tippy, seal-skin kayak, particularly, while aiming a harpoon or firing a rifle in a rocking ocean swell. Moves like the 'Eskimo roll' - righting an overturned kayak without leaving, it, or flipping the craft upside down to avoid an oncoming wave, all with a sweep of the paddle - were essential. Modern, fibreglass kayaks are more stable than their traditional counterparts, so Jason can quickly focus beginners on pad-

dling skills. "The kayak knows what to do," is perhaps her most repeated lesson.

To paddle with Jason is to understand why she is in the Arctic. Sweeping across St. Peter Bay, an inlet ringed with islands that shape the hamlet's harbour, we land on a rocky isthmus. All the way there and back, Jason's resonant voice drifts across the bay in song (her kayak is aptly named Windsong). Today she explores her way through the chorus of 'You are My Sunshine.'

Another day, another paddle. The sea is calm. A gentle swell, a gift from the afternoon winds, lifts the kayaks. Marvelling at a mushroom shaped ice floe, we sit wide-eyed as the 'stem,' formed by sea water eroding its base, explodes. The cap, tonnes of ice, collapses into the ocean with the rumble of an earthquake. Behind us, red granite cliffs reflect light from the sun as it rises on the northern horizon on its continuous circuit across July sky. We hug the shore returning to Pelly Bay as Tom Kayaitok, one of the hamlet's tour guides, hunts caribou from his kayak alongside us.

It is a long way from Jason's Winnipeg home and her former life as a Canadian National Railway employee. Jason accepted a buyout when the railway downsized in 1995. "After 28 years of office work, I traded my high heels for neoprene booties," she says. A self-confessed claustrophobic, Jason speaks of freedom and open space, of "arctic beauty." "There's such a liveliness in the wind; the long days," she says.

Jason says she first found peace in the Arctic's solitude on a multi-year paddle that took her and 'Windsong' through the Northwest Passage during the summers of 1991 through 1994. Returning to Pelly Bay in 1996, she was intent on a solo paddle around Simpson Peninsula to Repulse Bay. Despite warnings from Pelly Bay residents of 'too much ice and too many polar bears,' she left for Repulse Bay in the company of Martin Leonard, a kayak designer and adventurer from Valdez, Alaska.

Paddling from Pelly Bay at the start of their adventure, she remembers seeing children waving goodbye from the shoreline. The image stayed. "I stewed about it all winter." All this stewing led to an idea: why not bring a few kayaks to some northern communities and see how the children respond? Back home, she approached Nunavut Tourism and Pelly Bay's recreation coordinator. Neither replied.

In the spring of 1997, Jason called Michael Hart, then Pelly Bay's Koomiut Co-op manager, to check the weather in advance of another trip. During the conversation, Jason stirred Hart's imagination by asking, "How come the kids are playing basketball instead of kayaking in the summertime?" His response was immediate. "Order what you need and I'll look after it."

"By the time she arrived I'd gone farther than she'd anticipated," says Hart. He applied for and received funding under the Northwest Territories Brighter Futures Program and purchased four boats. Then he approached the principal of the hamlet's school. "That way every single student got a chance in the water."

Hart's mind whirled in new directions. He asked Jason to invite adults to her sessions as part of the co-op's mandate to create employment. Kayaking guides might help draw tourists to Pelly Bay, he thought. Hart prefers to say that Jason, "reacquaints people with kayaks," not wanting to offend anyone by saying that she is, "teaching or instructing," the very people whose ancestors gave the world the kayak. At the same time, he is not afraid to boast, "instead of hearing stories or watching films (about it), every kid here has had an opportunity to try a kayak!"

Elders too have embraced the modern boats. Hart had to "walk lightly," he says, "because I didn't want to jeopardize anything, particularly because we were bringing up southern kayaks." But the elders accepted the programs, as well as the new fibreglass

boats. "Seeing that, the entire community came aboard."

In 1997, the first year, more than 330 residents, half of them school-age children, paddled the boats. There are now 20 kayaks - two 10-footers for the children and the rest between 17 and 18 feet - for tourists and the tour guides. Jason says she is committed to at least two more years with the program. "I never intended to start a tourist business," says Jason. But she now sees the children as, "the next generation of guides."

While students are developing kayaking skills, few expect them to hunt from the boats. "Kayaking today is to make money," says Kayaitok, whose last name, ironically, means "no kayak." "Especially with the tourists. If we have them every year, it will be good for the community."

Last year Pelly Bay saw its first tourists - 11 people from Winnipeg, Toronto, Wyoming and Michigan who responded to a special promotional offer to kayak in the region with the co-op's Inuit guides. By all accounts, the trips were well received, leaving Hart enthusiastic about the venture's potential for success.

Still, Hart's enthusiasm has some limits: Jason has been unable to turn him into a paddler. When he does venture out he says he feels "overpowered" by the ocean's open expanse. "You realize how small you are out there."

Pelly Bay residents used to complain to Hart about job shortages and suggest ways to bring in tourism. He remembers joking that if he ever saw a tourist here, he would, "stuff and mount him in the hotel coffee shop for everyone to see." In three to five years, he says hopefully, there will be 15 guides running tours, and the handful of Pelly Bay artists will be selling their work to visitors. "And," says Hart, "the whole idea started with one kayak coming north ... Windsong."

Phil Hossack is a photojournalist with the Winnipeg Free Press.

HUMOUR

received from cyberspace, from Conrad Edwards

Bill was on the side of the road and noticed a most unusual funeral procession approaching the nearby cemetery. A long black hearse was followed by another long black hearse about 50 feet back. Behind the second hearse was a solitary man walking a pit bull on a leash. Behind that were 200 men walking single file. Bill couldn't stand the curiosity. He respectfully approached the man walking the dog and said "Sir, I know now is a bad time to disturb you, but I've never seen a funeral like this. "Whose funeral is it?"

The man replied "Well, that first hearse is for my wife."

Bill asked, "What happened to her?" The man replied "My dog bit her and she died."

Bill inquired further, "Well, who is in the second hearse?"

The man answered, "My mother-in-law. She was trying to help my wife when the dog turned and bit her and she died."

A poignant and thoughtful moment of silence passes between the two men.

Bill asks, "Sir, could I borrow that dog?"

He replied, "You'll have to join the end of the line."

KASKBADGES

Canterbury paddler Rod Banks produced a badge of a paddler and sea kayak from solid sterling silver, with KASK NZ engraved. The badge can be permanently or temporarily affixed to hats T shirts, ties, evening gowns or dress suits but not dry suits. And the badge is appealing to the eye. Size is 23mm long by 11mm high.

Price is \$15 plus \$1 P+P, and available from the KASK Treasurer, Helen Woodward.

ENVIRONMENT

PENGUINS

by Jenny Edwards

Penguins are rather unusual birds, having a gentlemanly appearance but somewhat awkward posture for walking or sliding on their tummies on land. However, they are well designed for swimming like a fish (or flying like a bird) underwater, for which they use their flippers (modified wings). People normally associate penguins with colder climates such as Antarctica, NZ's sub-antarctic islands, and the bottom of the South Island. Or perhaps Kelly Tarlton's Underwater World Adventure in Auckland or Batman! There are many different species and sub-species of penguins in NZ, however most of these are based on various sub-antarctic islands and are only occasional stragglers to the mainland. But there are some exceptions, which occur on the mainland in the warmer and sub-tropical waters including the Bay of Islands and Hauraki Gulf.

The most common species in NZ, and which is found throughout the country is the little blue penguin, which is the smallest of the world's 18 penguin species. They typically measure 400mm long from beak tip to tail tip, but stand only 300mm tall. Of the little blue penguins, four sub-species are endemic to NZ and one to Australia i.e., they do not occur anywhere else naturally. These comprise the northern, Cook Strait, white-flipped, southern and Chatham Islands sub-species. The combined distribution of NZ's little blue penguin subspecies ranges from North Cape to Stewart Island and the Chatham Islands. All of these penguins are nocturnal with nesting occurring in natural cavities, burrows or under man-made structures such as baches. Little blue penguins are not fussy about nesting places, and come ashore anywhere around the coastline to breed. They can make a considerable amount of rather unpleasant noise if they choose to roost under your house, as local residents at Taranaki and Wellington have found in the past.

Little blue penguins occur as individuals of flocks both in the water or on land. It is not unusual to see these birds on beaches, either dead or alive. When found dead on beaches, this may be due to an oil spill offshore, algae bloom or starvation. When found alive on beaches, they may be just resting after a storm so should be left. However, an advisory call could be made to the local Department of Conservation office, SPCA or local bird recovery centre if in any doubt. Note that all penguins are fully protected under the Wildlife Act 1953 which is administered by DOC.

There are other well known species of penguin on the NZ mainland. In particular the yellow-eyed penguin (or hoiho as it is commonly referred to) and the Fiordland crested penguin which are both found in the south of the South Island. The yellow-eyed penguin is thought to be a remnant species of an ancient penguin as it is unique among the penguin world. Its few known nesting sites on the mainland and on offshore subantarctic islands are protected in reserves. It has a characteristic band of bright yellow feathers around its head, and nests in coastal scrub. The Fiordland crested penguin is a tall (710 mm), regal but wary bird. It is found on the southwestern coast of the South Island, Stewart Island and some outlier islands. This bird featured on the Mainland Cheese advert outside the Mahinapua pub. DOC Northland staff got a close look at one of these birds some years ago, when pushed off course and washed up alive on a Northland beach. Following a photography session, the bird was dispatched back to its normal territory courtesy of the airlines./

JELLYFISH

by Jenny Edwards

An interesting sea animal found in New Zealand is jellyfish, which sea kayakers will come across from time to time and there are several species, both poisonous and nonpoisonous. Jellyfish are a food source for a wide range of sea animals including gamefish, sun fish and turtles. Fortunately the most common jellyfish

found here, and which is found all over the world, is not poisonous. This is the transparent jellyfish with four lilac coloured horse shoe shapes (which are its reproductive organs - which is not very discrete!). It is a coastal species which may be found close inshore in vast numbers during spring and summer. It is found frequently stranded on beaches when the tide goes out, as they float with the tide and currents. They do however have organs for balance and tilt. They are quite harmless to humans. Interestingly, the collective term for these slippery, slimy creatures is a 'smuck', which seems highly appropriate! Another jellyfish species not uncommonly found washed up on shore is also transparent but has brown spots. I'm not sure if it's poisonous or not, but we certainly took care to handle them from the top side when playing with them as children!

NZ does have a more dangerous creature which is commonly regarded as a jellyfish, but is not actually a true jellyfish. Rather it is what is referred to as a large hydroid colony, or colony of hydroids. Hydroids are individual animals which are specialised for different duties that live together. This is the Portuguese man-o-war. Of the hydroids, some have no mouths but act as stinging cells, others assemble as tentacles (which may be up to several metres long) to bring the stunned prey (e.g. small fish) to the digestive animals which break down the food, with the resulting benefits being distributed throughout the colony. Another large group form an air bladder (up to 15 cm long) which keeps the colony afloat and acts as a primitive sail. The man-o-war is not deadly to humans, but it can give a powerful sting which may cause a shock severe enough to incapacitate a person. For example, this poses a potential danger for divers in deep water or a weak person.

Another colony which is commonly mistaken for jellyfish is the by-the-wind sailor. This is similar in colour to the Portuguese man-o-war, but is smaller and differently shaped. It has an oblong raft or float which is only about 5cm long and has its short ten-

tacles crowded together underneath, with an angled sail on top. Unlike the Portuguese man-o-war, the by-the-wind sailor is comparatively harmless. Occasionally both species are washed ashore in large numbers, e.g., along Auckland's west coast. But equally they can occur on the east coast.

So take care next time you get out of your kayak on a beach that you are visiting - you may end up in smuck or shock if you step on a jellyfish or Portuguese hydroid colony!
Jenny Edwards

**1999 KASK
FORUM REPORT
by Cathye Haddock**

**KASK 11th Annual Forum
9 - 11 April 1999
Clive, Hawkes Bay**

This year's forum at Clive was an excellent gathering of sea kayakers. The furthest North a forum has been held to date, it attracted mainly North Islanders although hardy paddlers from Blenheim, Nelson and 12 Mile represented the big island.

Clive is a small village between Hastings and Napier beside the Clive Estuary. According to a local, this is no longer a real river since the major re-routing of three waterways to prevent serious flooding of the area in heavy rain. This was comforting to know given the forum weather. The forum venue encompassed the rugby club rooms, scout hall, rowing club boat sheds, heated swimming pool, estuary and motor camp, all within a stone's throw of one another and offering plenty of shelter and space for workshops, slide shows and meals. Most paddlers camped in an area set aside for KASK next to the estuary, beyond the permanent caravan dwellers in the camp, many with gardens and garden sheds! The friendly proprietor hooned around on his Bangkok tuktuk settling us all into our close quarters late into the night.

The programme commenced on Friday afternoon after registration and a welcome from the organising committee. Sessions included:

- Navigation & Map Reading followed by an interesting kayak orienteering course on the Clive Estuary.
- Radios, G.P.S & EPIRBs talk and demonstration
- Trip planning and packing your kayak
- Weather and sea conditions
- Practical rescue techniques in the heated swimming pool

A high light for me was Dave Herrington's session on weather and sea conditions. I have to admit I didn't learn a great deal about the weather, but Dave's epic stories of crossing Cook Strait were excellent entertainment as well as learning fodder. Dave's frank accounts of gripping situations coupled with his thoughtful analysis of weather and social phenomenon made for intriguing learning and lively discussion.

Following the afternoon noggin natter break, a manufacturer's display was held by the estuary where new model kayaks and gear could be drooled over and tried out. An excellent collection of second hand boats at attractive prices was also on display. A number of punters sought after a particular bargain in blue but finally the quick or the dead rule applied (I'm now the proud owner of Max's old boat). The new design foiled rudder which cuts down 80% of rudder drag was a topic of much techno talk as were the nifty clip-down carry handles that stop your gel coat being flagellated to death when speeding along the highway.

Peter Williamson of Bivouac had a tempting display of essential gear, nic-nacs and luxury items for sea kayaking. Some excellent specials were also to be had. Of the more intriguing variety were a lid-latch, yes a device to attach your cap to your clothing (no more lamenting the lost cap) and a collapsible washing bowl - essentially a big bowl made of dry bag-type fabric which can fold up and is great for washing all those dishes and/or clothes on longer trips.

A real treat was Peter Marden's display of Inuit artefacts which he collected on a sailing boat trip up the coast of Greenland in the summer of 1950. Being able to view, touch and listen to how these artefacts were made and used was a highlight for many. Artefacts included a model skin kayak, various hand thrown harpoons, seal skin boots, and a thing which looked a bit like a mini fur duster. I was thinking the Inuit men must've done housework when I was informed it was a polar bear fur lice catcher ... just slide it down your back inside your clothes, the lice latch on, and you pull it out!!!

After the KASK AGM and scrumptious dinner the standard of entertainment was set. First, Rob Hamill, one of the two kiwis who rowed and won the race across the Atlantic in record time gave a superb talk/slide/video presentation. Shelley Daigle from the Wellington Sea-Kayak Network had the following to say:

'Although Rob Hamill's rowing race across the Atlantic is not strictly about a sea-kayaking expedition, it had many of the same elements: from the planning and the preparation, the set backs, the execution of the trip, its success, and the follow-up ... we can relate to all of those things. His enthusiasm, his commitment to the trip to his partner and the goal that they set, their belief in themselves, his motivation, his desire to think outside the square. That is my own philosophy, to think outside the square, to do something different, something special and amazing and to achieve your goal. I found his talk completely inspirational, for me it was a highlight of this forum.'

Second, Max Grant presented a slide show of his and Dave Herrington's trip around Chatham and Pitt Islands. Max's photos portrayed the ruggedness of the Isles and hospitality of the people in a little known part of our country.

Saturday morning's sessions included repeats of the orienteering and weather and sea conditions sessions, plus one on kayak sailing.

After lunch and following a third meeting of the organising committee due to the awful weather, the group was briefed on plan C for our trip. One advanced group and four 'other' groups set off for a paddle from Clifton Beach to Black Reef, just before Cape Kidnappers and back. Another group paddled in the Clive Estuary as well. Paddlers set off in pods of 12-14, each with two leaders and a marine radio. Contrary to reports, the calm flat conditions were non-existent and paddlers were blasted with strong gusts and steady breezes coming over the cliffs and heading offshore. Two cap-sizes (both novices) were quickly dealt with by experienced fellow pod members. One got a tow home. On the whole, pods stayed together well, with most re-grouping every half hour or so if paddlers spread apart.

Dinner was take aways or self catered in the scout hall and camping was around the scout grounds, rather wet and miserable. A grateful bunch gathered in the spartan scout hall for a brilliant night's entertainment. First, Conrad Edwards showed slides of his and Paul Caffyn's trip down part of the West Coast of Greenland last year. Conrad's photos of icebergs, Inuit and Viking campsites and rugged coastline scenery were 'ahhh' material but the photo of the Inuit stealth paddling technique definitely stole the show.

Second, Peter Marden showed a movie film of his trip up the West Coast of Greenland north of the Arctic Circle in the summer of 1950. This was incredible archival stuff which was a privilege to see. Some enduring full colour moving images included peeling the blubber off a 50 ton blue whale in an operating whaling station, sail boat dodgems through miles of icebergs, Inuit women eating raw meat off the bone, Inuit hunting party paddling skin boats complete with harpoons and inflated seal bladders lashed to their decks and stunning coastal scenery and wildlife.

Miserable weather in the morning saw us huddled in the scout hall again, captivated by Conrad Edward's impromptu but engaging session on paddle technique and type. We learnt

about the importance of the catch; using your larger muscle groups as well as your arms to paddle; the pros and cons of standard, wing and crank handled paddles and much more besides.

During this forum, both on and off the water, a number of female huddles talked and laughed about various practical womens' issues with regard to sea-kayaking. Some ideas discussed were both enlightening and ingenious. Shelley Daigle requested that next year's committee put a womens' issues meeting into the programme so we can get together to discuss and try out some of the ideas.

Finally we debriefed the forum before a yummy lunch and much more talking and farewelling of new and old friends.

The organising committee of Max Grant, John and Tui Craven, Don McLaren and Paul Durrant, deserve a huge vote of thanks for their mighty efforts co-ordinating the catering, speakers, venue, and adapting the trip and programme according to the weather. Although it rained and blew a lot, the forum had a superb atmosphere for networking, sharing ideas, gaining new knowledge and skills, catching up with old friends and making new ones which is what it's all about. Thanks to the committee members for making it happen, all the workshop presenters and speakers and the paddlers who attended for making the 11th Annual KASK Forum such a success.

Cathye Haddock

She who scratched her head during the pregnant silence after Phil asked for a volunteer to write an article on the forum.

KASK CONSERVATION

Peter Sullivan and Ray Forsyth have been nominated/elected/appointed to deal with conservation matters that may affect sea kayakers. To do this we must rely on individuals around New Zealand to inform us of local matters which concern them. These can include a wide range of subjects under the general term 'Conservation'. Over the last few years we've examined and made submissions on Resource Management Plans that affect use of the coastline: DoC campsite plans for the Marlborough Sounds; and farming of mussels in Banks Peninsula Bays.

Presently there is a proposal to bring the beaches bordering Abel Tasman National Park into the Park, and a suggestion that a large part of Stewart Island, which has excellent sea kayaking in Patterson Inlet (and beyond for the more adventurous) should become a National park. We'd welcome your views on these proposals.

As we're both resident in Canterbury, we need information from you to alert us to your local concerns. A brief note from you will be sufficient to set us into forward gear - or should we say paddle!

You may contact: Peter at 7 Monowai Cres., ChCh 9, ph (03) 388 3380 or e-mail dsullivan@xtra.co.nz or Ray: 132 Cavendish Rd., ChCh 5,

ADVERTISEMENT WANTED TO BUY

A collapsible single kayak, please contact Peter Gates:

(04) 479-6610 (home) or e-mail me: peter.gates@skillnz.govt.nz

Maybe you know of someone who may have one. I'm planning a holiday next year and Chile (again) or Vietnam are on my list of likely places.

Regards,

Peter Gates

LETTER TO THE EDITOR

How to Pee in Your Boat

Often the most memorable information at conferences is gathered five minutes before they end, and so it was with our KASK Forum at Clive this year.

The valuable information from two unnamed female kayakers is related to what you do when caught short in your boat. To promote discussion, here are their ideas for disposal of your surplus 600ml fluid:

- 1). use your sponge
- 2). incontinence pad
- 3). for females, make use of a hot water bottle. This has the advantage of keeping your legs warm when full.

This last suggestion is somewhat similar to the method used by female astronauts (how else can you do it in a weightless environment?). Perhaps those satellites we see in the evening sky are really full hot water bottles circling the earth every 90 minutes. signed: Bursting, Tauranga

Warning for Passionate Paddlers

(from the 'Grey Star' 14/04/99)

Firemen nearly douse flames of passion. New Plymouth.

Flames of passion almost ignited a full-scale emergency call-out last night. A couple climbed the 154m high Paritutu rock on the New Plymouth sea shore about 5pm - complete with picnic table, rugs and a gas burner - to celebrate the woman's birthday in style.

Trouble was that when they lit the gas burner, the flickering flames looked like a scrub fire, sparking a call to the police from a resident.

Alerted to the possible fire, police and firefighters scaled the rocky heights, only to disturb the couple, both in their 20's, brewing coffee and about to sample some after dinner delights.

'There have been cases of arson here before and we had to act as if that could have been the case again,' Sergeant Rufus Cole said at the scene.

BOOKREVIEWS

Title: Blondie

Subtitle: A life of Lieutenant-Colonel HG Hasler DSO, OBE, RM Founder of the SBS and modern single-handed ocean racing

Author: Ewen Southby-Tailyour

Published: 1998, LEO COOPER

ISBN: 0 85052 516 0

Contents: 412 pages, 47 b&w photos, sketches, 7 appendices, bibliography & index.

Size: 160mm x 240mm

Cover: Hardbound

Price: NZ \$94.95 RRP

Reviewer: John Kirk-Anderson

Blondie Hasler was the leader, and one of only two survivors, of a kayak borne raid on German shipping in Bordeaux Harbour during the Second World War. The marines who took part in the raid are remembered as The Cockleshell Heroes.

While Ewen Southby-Tailyour's account is methodical in the extreme, and heavy going at times, there is no doubt that Hasler's life was a fascinating one.

Born in 1914, Hasler's interest in boats began at school with a copy of Boys Own 'How to make Canoes. Dinghies and Sailing Punts'. He was a meticulous planner, even at a young age, and prepared to experiment with design and equipment.

On leaving school he was commissioned into the Royal Marines, where his initial top placing slipped because he spent so much time sailing. He was later to gain first place, despite doing no work and reading a copy of 'Yachting World' beneath his desk.

In 1940 he saw service in Norway and on his return, having been 'tried by fire', he doubted his ability as an officer. As a result he endeavoured to push himself even harder, so as to lead by example. Soon he was pushing for the use of folding kayaks and underwater swimmers to attack shipping and carry out reconnaissance tasks. His ideas were rejected because the equipment required did not exist.

Three months later the Italians attacked British shipping in Crete with 'human torpedoes' and divers. Hasler's ideas, thought far fetched at the time, were dusted off and at the age of 28 he was told to develop covert methods of amphibious attack.

Drawing on his own prewar experience with canoes, he designed and had built a series of folding kayaks. The design required that the kayaks be:

- easily propelled by two men, using double paddles, at three knots for long periods.
- strong enough to be beached through surf and landed on gravel, and to work alongside other vessels.
- able to carry a total weight of 480 pounds.
- able to fit through a submarine hatch.

A note added that they had to be assembled in 30 seconds in the dark-

After much experimenting, the Cockle Mk 11 was chosen and built. Training his men also took much work. He never doubted their enthusiasm, but they were neither seaman nor navigators. A diary entry:

10th August 1942 — am. Rescuing 6 of number one section from watery deaths.

This was a busy and tough time as another entry notes:

16th August. 2325 hrs, - onwards: Exhaustion test. Marching all night. 17th Aug 0645 hrs: Finish marching. 0745 hrs: Swimming. 0920 hrs - 1315 hrs: In Cockle Mk 11 to Isle of Wight and back. Office work to 1830 hrs. Turned in early

Keen to try out his methods, he told his superiors that his men were ready, "providing it's not a job needing very good navigation or seamanship".

Three months later Hasler was leading five cockles away from a submarine into a moonless night, heading towards German occupied France and a place in the history books. Hasler and his co-paddler, Marine Sparks, were the only men to survive.

Following his escape and return to England he trained special forces for raids against the Japanese, and by war's end he had dispatched 173 raids against the enemy.

After the war he returned to yacht racing while developing the Royal Marines Special Boat Sections (later Service) as a leader in amphibious special forces. Suffering from a degenerative back injury (not helped by years of sitting in kayaks in European winters and tropical monsoons) he was discharged in 1948.

This ended his involvement with kayaking, and he put all his efforts into developing methods of minimum effort sailing. He suggested, and competed in, a single-handed trans-Atlantic race in 1960.

In later years he wrote plays, hunted for the Loch Ness monster and took up organic farming. He died in 1987.

Early in the research for this biography, the author was told that the subject, Blondie Hasler, would have died rather than hear himself praised. As a result, much of the material for the book has been drawn from letters and diaries.

The early parts of this book are of some interest in the development of kayaking, and paddlers, in warfare. Some of the remainder would no doubt appeal to the student of yacht design. However, a quoting of diary entries and letters ad nauseum made it very difficult to read in depth. This is a book of reference for those needing details. A bedside read it is not.

John Kirk-Anderson.

INTHEMAIL

The latest 'Sea Kayaker', June 1988, has an article by Wellington paddler Malcolm Gunn on 'A Fortnight in Tropical Queensland', plus a rivetting account of 'Lone Madsen's Final Journey' by her co-paddler Tore Sivertsen. Tore was paddling a Prijon Seayak with a rudder while Lone was in a V.C.P. Skerry equipped with a skeg. In the savagery of the storm they were caught i, I cannot help ponder that Lone could still be alive if her boat had been equipped with a rudder.

Title: Cold Oceans

Subtitle: Adventures in Kayak, Rowboat, And Dogsled.

Author: Jon Turk

Published: 1998

Publisher: Harper Collins, New York.

Contents: 276 pages, 5 maps.

Size: 160mm x 240mm (no photos)

Cover: Hardbound

Price: US\$24

Reviewer: Tamsin Venn

NZ Availability: Softback edition on sale at Dymocks in Wellington, or on order from your specialist bookshop. (Reprinted from the 'Atlantic Coastal Kayaker', March 1999, Vol.8, No.1.)

Something about the title made me wary of diving into this book: A '90's adventurer covers every outdoor recreation sport imaginable. What would his roof rack look like? Within a few pages, however, I was hooked. Jon Turk's account of the four expeditions he took nearly ten years ago breathe with life and intelligence. He has interesting thoughts, and therefore the expeditions he describes are interesting.

Possibly, the fact that Turk took so long to write the book - or have it published - allowed the experiences to filter through the essence of reflection, leaving a leavened and well edited version of his trips - by kayak, rowboat, and dogsled.

The other part that made the book so compelling is that although the author had problems with the trips' conception and preparation, he is able to demonstrate 'growth' in his expeditionary style. If not compelling, then it is a relief. It is so painful to read about long journeys into the wilderness rife with pain, hunger, hardship, etc. Not that 'Cold Oceans' doesn't have those journeys. Turk's first expedition to Cape Horn was a sodden, cold, lonely miserable affair, topped off by a major accident in his folding boat just as he was setting off for the Horn. Indeed, as kayakers all, we might easily question his undertaking such a major trip never having been in a kayak before. The expedition effectively ended when a wave hurled him out of his boat (indeed you might

question his experience even more given that he was ejected out of his Klepper), the boat onto the rocks, which broke it. Turk dislocated his shoulder trying to hold onto the kayak. End of trip.

His next expedition sounds a little more promising. Having abandoned the kayak for a wherry, the author aims to paddle the Northwest Passage. He goes with his girlfriend so a new dynamic of their different goals and expedition styles is introduced. This trip, too, ends in failure when they end up iced in hundreds of miles from their goal, Pond Inlet. It would be hard to sympathize with the goal's short fall in, a less articulate story teller. When Turk has given up the goal, he goes on a seal hunting expedition with a group of Inuits, which is an interesting tale in itself.

That brings us to expedition three. (Usually Turk is busy planning his next expedition as the current one is coming to a close.) The reader is willing to go along for the ride again. O.K. this time we're doing dogs. The descriptions of mushing across the vast Arctic landscapes of Baffin Island where the sun doesn't set are chilling. One wonders how he and his 'friend', ever knew where they were going. Remarkably they reach their destination and survive in tents and cabins. Turk's description of his first run with a dog team is hilarious. When he tries to untangle the team, they take off without him toward the distant mountains. The expedition also fails when, in a particularly dramatic scene, Turk's partner turns around on the trail without a word of explanation. Since his partner has the stove, the author has to follow. Hunh? Such a major misjudgment call on the choice of one's travelling companion would force the reader to abandon sympathy for Turk in less of a story teller.

One of the most heartbreaking events in the book is Turk's description of the refusal of his lead dog, Happy, to curl into a ball to stay warm. Happy freezes to death.

The fourth expedition, at last, seems more rewarding and less stressful, and

at last the reader can enjoy the ride. His former girlfriend, now wife, Chris Seashore, and he paddle from Ellesmere Island to Greenland. The trip will culminate in a 23-mile crossing from Ellesmere to Greenland. The author has tamed his drive to reach the goal, and maybe that restraint alone ensures success, substituting being rushed for being efficient. The couple rests when the weather might turn bad or landings might be few. One of the most beautiful descriptions in the book is that of the narwhals that surround their kayaks in Inglefield Bay, just shy of Thule Air Base. His connections with the Inuit are wonderful, too, and his description of kiviaq, a stew made with fermented dovekies baked in a fermenting sealskin placed in the Arctic sun was very graphic. You, like the author, are ready to vomit if you get too close to the rotting carcass. Then his companions eat the birds, feathers and all, leaving only bones, feet, and beaks.

The descriptions of hunting and visiting with the Inuit are really wonderful. The description of the Arctic geology is clear - Turk's day job as an environmental science text book writer serves him well. He describes his demons and self doubt yet does not clobber us over the head with 'finding himself'.

Any kayaker would greatly enjoy this book. We most likely won't make similar expeditions, but we get vicarious experience. Most germane, though, the book sends the message that you can follow a dream of a voyage and, success or failure, have it work out eventually, with the right combination of judgment for the trip's scope, preparation, mental attitude, equipment, and companions. Things do get better, as Turk's successful attempt to round Cape Horn, described at the book's end attests to. This is really a very gripping book. It won't keep you up quite as late as 'The Perfect Storm' or 'Into Thin Air', the other adventure stories many of us have read recently, but 'Cold Oceans' comes close.

Tamsin Venn.

TRIPREPORT

A Double Crossing of Foveaux Strait on 13/2/99 by Belinda & Stan Mulvany by Stanley Mulvany

The Foveaux Strait is an interesting place steeped in history and with a reputation for sudden violent storms. Yet it is often placid and on a fair day from Bluff hill Mt. Anglem dominates the southern horizon. The prevailing winds like the rest of New Zealand are westerlies, the 'Roaring Forties' constricted by the mountains of Fiordland and Stewart Island into the strait. Owen Folger Smith, an American officer, in 1804 took a whaleboat into the strait and proved the existence of this southernmost strait. It is approximately 32 kilometres across at its nearest point. There have been a number of kayak crossings and this summer Belinda and I completed a double crossing.

This summer has been one of exceptionally fine weather in the south. Some years ago we did a one way crossing by kayak and for some time we were keen to do a return trip in one day. On Friday morning at breakfast I was musing over the weather map in the newspaper and noticed that not only was the weather forecast excellent but also that the tides were favourable. I checked the marine forecast too and they were predicting 10-15 knot winds. I rang Roger Deacon who said he was keen. Belinda had no objection either. The trip was on. We planned to leave Ocean Beach near Bluff at 6 am on Saturday morning. On Friday night after work we prepared everything. We decided to take our Feathercraft K2 double kayak, tent and camping gear, VHF radio, and cellphone. I rang up Mary Leask of the Bluff Fishermans Radio and asked her to keep a listen out for us. Mary is a saint and looks after our fisherman in southern waters by manning her marine radio all day.

We met at Ocean Beach in the dark at 5.30 am. The kayaks and gear was carried down onto the deserted beach. Low tide was at 6.30 am and at 6 am

we were pushing off. There was a breeze off the ocean and waves breaking on rocks offshore. We paddled out past some rocks and waited for Roger. Presently Roger arrived and asked me to check his rudder which appeared to be jammed. I could not free it and advised him to head back in and have a look. Fifteen minutes later he reappeared and informed us he had a hole in his forward bulkhead and his foot pedal was jammed in it. Reluctantly he pulled out of the trip. It was not inviting sitting out there in the dark with a wind blowing off the sea and knowing we were on our own. With an effort of will I said we'd carry on alone. With an uneasy feeling we turned the kayak out to sea and headed south, an empty horizon in front of us. After half an hour the sky lightened enough for us to see vague outlines of mountains on Stewart Island. The sky was overcast and shafts of sunlight broke through it to the east of us. Although it was breezy and there was a chop on the swell, it was not unpleasant. Soon we were well out to sea and the land receding behind us. We kept up a steady paddle stroke and did not say much. I was counting the hours!

Once we passed the 3 hour mark, about half way, we had crossed a major psychological hurdle. Now the mountains to the south were high, Little Anglem with a cap of cloud. Several kilometres away a fishing boat passed heading west. The sea was still unsettled and I was hoping it would calm down the closer we got to Stewart island but this did not really happen. We encountered some mollymawks and blue penguins. The latter dived under the water as we approached. We were aiming for a bay to the left of Little Anglem which turned out to be Murrays Beach but as we got closer, noticed another one to the left of Gull Rock Point. This was Big Bungaree and the hut there was a welcome sight when we landed. Six and a half hours after leaving Bluff we stepped out onto the sandy beach in glorious sunshine.

There was an American couple at the hut who greeted us. They were surprised we had come across. I made a

few calls and then had lunch. After an hour it was time to leave for the return leg. Bluff was an awful long way away just poking over the horizon like an island in the sea. But it was sunny and calm so we had no excuse. The wind had died and it was only a gentle swell. Our shoulders were pretty sore and we had lots of mini pauses on the way back. Again I was counting the hours and felt better when the three hour mark was passed and nothing unpleasant had happened to us. Still we did not linger and resolutely pressed on. The mainland grew in size and slowly I could make out features such as the chimney of the old freezing works at Ocean Beach. An hour out I rang up Keri our good friend and asked her to collect our two daughters and meet us on the beach. At 7.30 pm we paddled up to the beach there and thankfully stepped ashore.

Stanley Mulvany

'BUGGER'FILE

AKAROA INCIDENT

compiled by John Kirk-Anderson

Two paddlers departed Akaroa at approx. 1100 hrs on a Sunday, planning to head for Otanerito Bay and to return the same day.

Male: An Outdoor Instructor, paddling a Nordkapp without a rudder and fitted with older, gasket style hatch covers. Using a wooden paddle, he was carrying flares, first aid kit and a survival bag.

Female: A very strong white water paddler and multisporter, she had limited experience in a sea kayak and was paddling a Perception Scimitar.

Both paddlers were wearing polypro, paddle jackets and buoyancy vests. They were carrying maps and compasses, torches and enough spare clothing for a night out. They were also carrying running shoes and had planned that if, they could land and run back to Akaroa.

They departed Akaroa with a follow-

ing sea, as the wind was blowing from the north. This wind, described by the male as 'quite strong', was forecast to decrease. Once past Akaroa Head they were sheltered from the wind by the high cliffs, only exposed to the offshore winds when it was blowing out of the bays as they passed. There was a low northerly swell, which did not cause any problems.

By their cutoff time they had not reached Otanerito Bay, and decided to return. On the way back, while playing in a sea cave, the male damaged the shaft of his paddle. This crack was repaired using duct tape as they did not have a spare paddle. When recrossing the bays they realised that the wind had increased in strength. The male paddler thought it was 'probably about 25 kts'. Anticipating a solid slog into the wind when paddling up the harbour, a plan was made to stop at the caves, approx. 1.5 kms in from Te Ruahine Point.

The female stayed very close to the cliffs while the male, paddling without a rudder, found it easier to head directly into the wind. This course took him further offshore and this, combined with the setting sun, caused him to eventually lose sight of the female. During this time a boat came up, asking if they were both all right and he replied that they were. On arriving at the caves he was surprised that the other paddler was not waiting, as he was sure she was in front.

While waiting he considered the possibilities. He was sure she was in front of him. However if she had capsized and failed to roll she was very close to the cliffs and would likely have made it ashore. If she had capsized and been blown offshore his chance of finding her would be slight as by this time it was dark. He expected to go on to Akaroa, still expecting to see her. This trip was made in very good time, despite the hatches leaking badly through the hatch covers. The paddler described this as a time of sobering thought.

Meanwhile, the female had arrived at the caves probably first. After waiting for some time, she became con-

cerned that the repaired paddle may have broken. She decided to return to the last point she saw him, and eventually went right back to Akaroa Head. Landing near the old light house she went to a farm and called the emergency services. The farmers drove her into Akaroa where she gave further information to the Police.

The local police officer established the missing paddler's last known position, what he was wearing, his experience and how well he was equipped. An attempt was made by radio to contact any vessels in the area without success. A search boat was readied for departure, and knowing that their chance of finding a swimmer would be slim, a request was made for a helicopter equipped with a searchlight.

Canterbury Coastguard at Lyttelton was asked to contact vessels in the area, as radio communications from under the cliffs back to Akaroa can be a problem. Coastguard were also unsuccessful and asked if they could assist. During this discussion it was learned that the helicopter would be delayed, and so the Coastguard decided to go.

Back in Akaroa, as the search vessel was leaving the wharf, the male paddled past unseen in the dark. He checked his vehicle to ensure the female wasn't there and then reported to the police. The searchers were stood down and the paddlers returned to collect their kayak left at Akaroa Head lighthouse.

Points to Ponder from the Paddler's Perspective:

They were both confident in their own abilities, but still learned a new respect for the sea. The male believed that an assisted re-entry would have been very difficult in the conditions.

He was carrying smoke and mini-flares, neither of which he felt would have been of use in pinpointing his position. The female was carrying a torch, but no flares. They were both prepared to spend a night out, but he had the majority of the gear. He was thankful that he carried emergency

KASKSUBSCRIPTIONSDUE

Sadly this will be your very last 'Sea Canoeist Newsletter' unless you have already parted company with \$20 for the 1999 - 2000 annual KASK subscription. Cheques, not Hungarians or Poles, made out to KASK (NZ)Inc., or folding type money should be sent in a plain brown envelope to Helen Woodward at: 82 Hutcheson St., Blenheim. (You can also write to Helen and indicate you wish to discontinue your KASK membership.)

gear, even on a day trip, simply 'out of habit'. Sitting in the lee of the cliffs near the caves and looking out to sea, he was aware of how different the conditions looked compared to how difficult they were to handle.

He no longer allows his students to borrow boats for unsupervised trips to Banks Peninsula. "It's a dangerous place, and they can do their learning at Abel Tasman".

Police Perspective:

On receiving the report of the missing kayaker, the local police officer ascertained experience, equipment, intentions, etc. As the night was warm, he felt that if the paddler was ashore he would be in no immediate danger. However the wind was offshore and the tide was ebbing, so if he was in the water he could be carried some distance. While planning the search the police officer was also aware that experienced people often get themselves OUT of trouble.

This officer stressed the need for a plan, known to all in the party. In the event that assistance is required this plan, along with last known position, forms the start of a search pattern. He also raised the point of visibility, concerned that they would have 'almost run him down' before they saw a paddler in the water. When talking with the Coastguard he discussed the chances of radar picking up a paddler.

Coastguard Perspective:

Their new rescue vessel could have been off Akaroa Harbour in 1.5 hours, depending on sea conditions. This vessel is equipped with searchlights and carries ambulance Paramedics. Despite not being 'officially' called out, they were happy to go and were

leaving the wharf 8.5 minutes after the call.

NOTES.

Neither paddler was wearing wetsuits, and predicted survival times in water of 12°C (average at this time of the year) is about three hours. The male estimated that from the time of last sighting to when a search boat would be in the area was about three hours.

Both paddlers were confident in their skills, but if they had less experienced people along they would have been in serious trouble.

These paddlers were prepared and equipped to spend the night out. "I would have been thankful for the gear if the situation had got much worse."

A means of pinpointing position is vital if you end up alone in the water, sons kayak. US Air Force Pararescue Jumpers, who routinely leap from helicopters into big seas during rescues, carry Day/night flares, as do many rescue personnel. While expensive, these flares are ideal for kayaking as they are O ring sealed, and small.

The need for a plan was stressed by the emergency services. This includes times to meet up, and agreed actions if this does not happen.

Thanks to all concerned for the information in this report.

Compiled by John Kirk-Anderson

THANKS

Big mobs of thanks to the newsletter contributors, and the production team of Phil Handford, Helen Woodward and David Herrington.

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