

No. 88 August - September 2000

# THE SEA CANOEIST NEWSLETTER



The wretched effects of paddling on a strict pasta diet are clearly seen in these vignettes of haggard, hungry paddlers in Grønland.



**The Journal of the Kiwi Association  
of Sea Kayakers (N.Z.) Inc. - KASK**

## KASK

**KASK, the Kiwi Association of Sea Kayakers (N.Z.) Inc., a network of New Zealand sea kayakers, has the objectives of:**

1. promoting and encouraging the sport of sea kayaking
2. promoting safety standards
3. developing techniques & equipment
4. dealing with issues of coastal access and protection
5. organizing an annual sea kayak forum
6. publishing a bimonthly newsletter.

**The Sea Canoeist Newsletter is published bimonthly as the official newsletter of the Kiwi Association of Sea Kayakers (N.Z.) Inc.**

Articles, trips reports, book reviews, equipment reviews, new techniques, letter to the editor, and moments when the word 'Bugger!' was said singularly or often {referred to by some as incidents} are sought to enliven the pages of the newsletter.

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## KASK BADGES

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, Max Grant.

## LRB2 - KASK HANDBOOK

For a copy of this mother of all sea kayaking handbooks, contact KASK Treasurer:

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### **COST:**

New members: gratis  
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Make cheques out to KASK (NZ) Inc  
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THE LRB2, or the Little Red Book 2nd. Edition, is a mammoth compilation on all aspects of sea kayaking in New Zealand, by many of the most experienced paddlers in the Universe. Following a brief introduction, the handbook is divided into six sections:

- Kayak, Paddle & Equipment
- Techniques & Equipment
- The Elements
- Trips and Expeditions
- Places to Go
- Resources

Each section contains up to nine separate chapters. The Resources section, for example has chapters on:

- guide to managing a sea kayak symposium
- Paddling Literature
- Author profiles
- Guides and Rental Operators
- Network Addresses
- Sea Kayaks in NZ listing

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**EDITORIAL**  
Bugger! Ran out of room for the edi-  
torial. Many mobs of thanks to the all  
the contributors, particularly Vincent  
Maire, and the printing, labelling and  
mailing out team of Max Grant, Sandy  
Ferguson and David Herrington.

**Norwegian Solo  
Kayaker Perishes  
During Arctic  
Voyage**

**September 25, 10:16pm  
By Robert McInbardis**

(received from Sandy Ferguson)

MONTREAL (Reuters) - A Norwegian kayaker on a solo voyage retracing the Arctic journey of Viking Leiv Eiriksson was found mysteriously dead on a lake in remote Labrador after a long and harrowing journey, Canadian police said on Monday. Royal Canadian Mounted Police said Roy Willy Johansen, 37, of Tonsberg, Norway was found in his kayak on Sunday on Lake Melville in Labrador, near the Atlantic coast. The kayak appeared to have drifted to shore.

"It was upright and I think he was leaning to one side," Corporal Trudy McCabe told Reuters. McCabe added that police do not know the cause of death but do not suspect foul play. An autopsy would be performed on Johansen's body. (Sandy Ferguson adds, 'I think they eventually found it was a heart attack.)

Two boaters found Johansen's sea-going kayak on the lake, which feeds into the Atlantic Ocean at the community of Happy Valley- Goose Bay. McCabe said the weather at the time was cold and rainy.

Johansen, a champion European sea kayaker, had been on the last leg of a 1,740-mile (2,800-km) solo voyage from Greenland to the Canadian province of Newfoundland. His destination was L'Anse-Aux-Meadows, a bay on the northern tip of Newfoundland known as Vinland in old Norse.

Some historians believe that Eiriksson explored the northern coast of Newfoundland in 1000 AD and established a settlement there.

Johansen left Greenland on July 16 and was headed for Baffin Island when he ran into a series of calamities. Those included a fall while sleeping from his kayak into the frigid Arctic waters. He also was forced to paddle through rough seas, and struggle over pack ice. And he faced down a curious polar bear during an encounter on the ice. The Canadian Coast Guard rescued Johansen on July 27 and he was hospitalised in the Nunavut community of Iqaluit for treatment of his frost-bitten feet. Johansen subsequently left the north to recover in Miami, Florida.

A journal on Johansen's Internet Web site, <http://www.vinland2000.com>, indicates that he was scheduled to return to Iqaluit on about September 15 to attempt to complete his voyage to L'Anse-aux-Meadows.

"Waiting for him is a pair of special sewn sealskin shoes with felt lining, to keep his feet warm," the Web site journal said.

Johansen was believed to have been the first person to have crossed the Davis Strait, a 236-mile (380-km) stretch of open water between southern Greenland and the southern part of Baffin island, by kayak, said Jim Bell, editor of the Nunatsiq News weekly newspaper in Iqaluit.

But while recovering in Iqaluit in early August, Johansen displayed a brashness that did not seem to show enough respect for the harsh Arctic, Bell said.

"He seemed to be totally obsessed with the idea of retracing the voyage of Leiv Eiriksson and in making a heroic trip in the spirit of the Vikings of a thousand years ago. But at the same time, he just didn't seem to appreciate the danger that he was putting himself into," Bell said. "He did not seem to appreciate the seriousness of the ordeal that he had been through. I thought it was a miracle that he had survived the kayak trip from Greenland to Baffin Island."



Sled dog teams are either chained up in the villages, or allowed to roam (marooned) on small islands adjacent to the villages. The dogs are fed only once every three days in summer, and expected a feed from the passing paddlers.

Sun and water sculpted remnants of the Greenland icecap, on a gloriously calm morning.



Frustrated at running out of pipe tobacco, co-paddler Conrad Edwards resorted to smoking his birthday cigar!

Our first view of the West Greenland village of Igdlorssuit, where Scot Kenneth Taylor had visited 40 years earlier, and had a made to measure skin kayak built for him by the locals.



## HISTORY

### The Long Journey Home for a Greenland Kayak Paul Caffyn

Why on earth would a couple of Kiwi paddlers spend an inordinate amount of time and money to fly with their kayaks to West Greenland? The answer to the question is largely due to the fact that on all my previous odysseys, I had paddled a fibreglass kayak whose lines were taken from a West Greenland Eskimo seal hunting kayak. Dugouts and sailing canoes were the former traditional mode of transport for my Antipodean odysseys (New Zealand, Australia and New Caledonia), and kayaks were not used in the old days in either Japan or Great Britain.

To gain experience in sea ice and view traditional Arctic Inuit skin boats, I set off around Alaska in 1989 from Prince Rupert, to reach Inuvik in August 1991 with sightings only of two skin kayaks in the villages of Hooper Bay and Tununak. Distinctly lacking appropriate tender loving care, the wooden framed boats were stored on fish drying racks with canvas skins drooping forlornly in tatters. I had long dreamed of meeting an Inuit paddler on the water, sadly however fast runabouts with powerful outboard motors had totally superseded the old Alaskan skin kayaks.

My appetite for paddling in Greenland was whetted by articles by John Heath, George Gronseth and Lone Madsen in 'Sea Kayaker' which talked of a renaissance both of kayak building and instruction of paddling skills by the Inuit (see Sources). Kayak historian John Heath wrote in an article on 'The Greenland Kayak Club' that 'by the middle of the twentieth century, the kayak had fallen into disuse, and a whole generation of Greenlanders had virtually no knowl-

edge of them.' John penned a moving tribute following the death of legendary paddler Manasse Mathaussen, who was largely responsible for initiating the Greenland renaissance. John noted that:

*Manasse was in demand for kayak demonstrations from the 1960's until he retired. He took his kayak all over Greenland and to Europe, Canada and Alaska. He did more than any other person to keep interest in traditional kayaking alive.*

I began building up a database of information and investigated the logistics of transporting my New Zealand built boat to Greenland. My bank balance suffered through acquisition of some of the Greenland classics, 'Northern Lights' and 'Watkins Last Expedition' by F. Spencer Chapman, 'Greenland by the Polar Sea' and 'Across Arctic America' by Knud Rasmussen, H.C. Petersen's 'Skinboats of Greenland', and the more I read, the greater became my desire to paddle in Greenland. Unfortunately the logistics problem and cost of transporting the boats proved insurmountable.

By a stroke of luck, or maybe it was synchronicity, at a New Zealand sea kayak symposium I met a long bearded American paddler whose lifestyle I could only envy. In thorn summers he worked on the Greenland icecap and spent the southern summers in the Antarctic, mixing in plenty of sea kayaking between work contracts and thus totally avoiding any winter months in either hemisphere. Kevin Killilea's slides of what he termed 'boring days in Disco Bay' were visually stunning, glassy seas festooned with humungous glassy icebergs. He also easily solved our logistics problem with airline schedules and contact addresses.

In June 1998, we flew with our kayaks from New Zealand via Heathrow and Copenhagen to Kangerlussuaq, just north of the Arctic Circle and headed seaward via the huge former glaciated valley of Søndre Strømfjord. My cunning plan was to paddle south to the airport at Narsarsuaq, stash the boats for the winter then continue in 1999

around Cape Farewell and up the East Coast to Ammassalik. Then in 2000 we'd fly across to Kangerlussuaq with the boats and head north for Thule.

Paddling partner Conrad Edwards is a natural athlete, tall, lean with an enviable body that has no puppy fat. Of British birth, his misspent youth was spent in the Army although he took up kayak racing in earnest while he was at university. He is a grand companion on a mission, seldom perturbed by sea and weather conditions, smokes a pipe, and has developed an interest in Arctic literature. My only criticism of the 'young fella' is that he has an alarming English Pointer dog instinct of making a beeline for the most distant point on the horizon whereas that instinct has long been bred out of me in advancing years. I am more like an old black Labrador now, wanting to sniff and pee on all the beaches.

Our 700 mile journey south in 1998 was a corker, highlighted by a close encounter with a pod of sei whales, meeting paddlers and kayak builders with local clubs at Manitsoq and Nuuk, visiting village museums to photograph old skin kayaks and equipment, paddling in awe through densely packed icebergs, and soaking up 1,000 year old Norse History at Gardar and Brattahlid. Kayaks safely stashed in an old wartime building at Narsarsuaq, we flew home to plan the 1999 mission.

Early October 1998 I was stunned by the sad news of Lone Madsen's death on the east coast of Greenland (S/K June 1999). In June 1998 we had spent two days in a small cabin south of Kangamiut while waiting for a gale to ease. The hut log book contained only three entries from passing paddlers, one of which was from Lone and her two companions, Inngi Bisgaard and Rina Broberg. In 1996 the trio paddled south from Sisimiut to near Cape Farewell (S/K June 1997). That news plus the report by Lonnie Dupre (S/K August 1999) of bad ice conditions on the east coast of Greenland led to a rethink of my cunning plan for 1999. With a tight time frame (Conrad has a real job with only six week's holiday), a hold up with bad



Friendly kids, wait on the beach to farewell the two Kiwi paddlers from Igdlorssuit.



Conrad Edwards dwarfed by a better than averaged sized iceberg.



The old sea dog at Ilulissat.



A seak skin covered kayak at Igdlorssuit; out of reach of hungry sled dogs on the kayak rack. The kayak lines were remarkably like that of our Nordkapps, a fact commented on by one of the elderly villagers.

sea ice conditions could lead to missing flight connections home. After due consideration we decided to ferry up to Kangamiut and paddle north up the west coast to either Thule or Upernavik.

The outstanding highlight of our 1999 trip was a stay in the small Inuit village of Igdlorssuit. At a latitude of 71°15', the village lies on the north east coast of Ubekendt Ejland, where colourful Danish style houses, predominantly blue, red, green and yellow, lie dotted along a narrow coastal plain below a steep barren escarpment rising inland to over 1000m. We arrived late morning on a gloriously calm day, no wind, blue skies and the sea dotted with huge lumps of ice from calving glaciers across the sound. Fish drying racks and parked up komatiks were spread between the houses, close to the beach, while staked out sled dog teams seemed to take up the rest of the space on the narrow strip.

Paddling along the beach towards a small wharf or loading dock, we observed several skin kayaks stored cockpit down on the fish racks, perched safely out of reach of the hungry dogs. Although it was Sunday, we had hoped to stock up food for the next long leg to Søndre Upernavik but unfortunately the shop had just closed its doors. This was a good excuse to stay till next morning, a chance for my paddling muscles to recuperate and a great photographic opportunity, given the glorious weather and scenery.

As we manoeuvred around the old skin kayaks with our cameras, five in total between us, a grey haired Danish chap in blue overalls stopped to chat. As our grasp of both Danish and Greenlandic was rather spartan, we were chuffed Hans spoke English, so we could learn more about village life and its history. For over 20 years Hans had lived at Igdlorssuit and currently worked as a mechanic/engineer for the Royal Greenland fish processing plant. His father, a doctor specialising in tuberculosis, had spent several summers treating Inuit patients at the Thule trading post established by Peter

Freuchen and Knud Rasmussen in 1909. Old faded photographs taken at Thule by his father inspired Hans to visit Greenland where he worked for three years at the US Airforce base at Kangerlussuaq. A compatriot wished to return home to Denmark but lacked funds for an air ticket. Although Hans offered to lend him money, the chap refused but said he owned a dog team and komatik at Igdlorssuit - and that is why Hans first visited the village, to check out his new team and sled! He stayed, married a lass from Upernavik and learned to fish and drive his team of dogs.

With a population of 120 people and 550 dogs, fishing is the mainstay of the village, carried out throughout summer, and in winter through the sea ice. Autumn, Hans told us, was the worst time for fishing with bad weather. The latest two graves in the hillside cemetery were fatalities from a fishing dinghy capsize in freezing waters.

In summer the tethered dogs are only fed every three days. We watched an elderly Inuit chap with his six year old son feeding fish from a wheelbarrow to his team. Larger fish were cut in half, while smaller fish were thrown whole to the ravenous, excited dogs who caught their meal in mid air. Two large fish were carried to a patiently waiting bitch suckling a mob of tiny pups. Minutes later, the barrow load of fish had disappeared with narry a scale, fin or fish bone left on the ground, and the chap wheeled his barrow into the sea to wash it clean.

In winter the dogs are fed daily as they have to haul heavy freight komatiks out to the ice fishing holes. Fledgling tourist operations were trialed in several villages either for the experience of travelling behind a dog team or hunting for polar bears. Hans related a story involving a German couple travelling on a komatik (sled) from Ilulissat. When the Inuit driver was not satisfied with the behaviour of one of his team, to the horror of the watching couple, he shot the dog with a rifle, proceeded to remove the pelt with his skinning knife, then threw the bloody pelt on the komatik. Word

spread quickly afterwards and that was the end of winter tourist dog driving in Ilulissat!

We observed seven old kayaks in the village, most with white painted canvas skins, but one traditional seal skin kayak still in remarkable condition. I marvelled at its similarity in profile to our modern kevlar kayaks but had no comprehension that this village was the source of a skin kayak that was taken to Scotland 40 years earlier, and from which the fibreglass Nordkapp kayak evolved, the kayak that been my bosom buddy for 22 years and some 35,000+ miles.

Back in New Zealand I began digging through sea kayak magazines and old files for more information on the evolution of the Nordkapp. In the British magazine 'Ocean Paddler' I stumbled on an article with a drawing showing 'Lines of the Igdlorssuit Kayak' with an address for the kayak surveyor, Duncan Winning. Hot on the trail, I penned a letter requesting more information and was chuffed to receive a package of photocopied articles from Duncan to whom I am indebted for the following information.

A professor from St. Andrews University in Britain, Harald Drever, had a long association with Igdlorssuit and he persuaded a young Scottish university student and paddler, Kenneth Taylor, to undertake a one man expedition to the village where he would study the kayak and its place in Inuit culture.

In 1959 Kenneth arrived in the village with his own rigid kayak, a PBK 15 designed by Percy Blandford, but later had a slimmer beam skin kayak built for him by 50 year old Emanuel Kornelsen. Faced with initial shyness from the villagers, after a week spent recovering from the 'flu' Kenneth concentrated on a working Greenlandic language which quickly helped break down shyness barriers with the locals. He camped in a ridge tent and was extremely comfortable and warm between two reindeer skins lent to him by the village headman, Ludwig Quist.

In a 1962 article in 'American White Water' Kenneth noted that most village kids between the age of 9 and 12 were instructed in the art of kayaking by a paid instructor in a specially built kid's kayak but it was rare for boys to own their own kayak before the age of 18. On a seal hunting trip with two villagers he capsized but was rescued and his cockpit sponged out using support from a raft of three skin kayaks. In a footnote to Kenneth's article, John Heath noted that of the 18 active kayakers in Igdlorssuit, 13 could roll and most knew several methods. One of the three experienced hunters who could not roll confided that he was such a good paddle bracer he did not believe it mattered.

At the end of summer, Kenneth returned to Scotland with his Igdlorssuit skin kayak where Duncan Winning took photographs and made a drawing which led to the development of several canvas covered and plywood replicas. After Kenneth moved to the USA in 1964, Joe Reid and Duncan carefully surveyed the skin kayak and Duncan produced a longitudinal profile and cross sections. Duncan passed the drawing onto Geoff Blackford in the early 1960's, who increased the boat length, enlarged the cockpit and raised the foredeck to produce a plywood boat called an 'Anas Acuta'. Why on earth this name was used is beyond me, sounds more like a pain in the posterior, however in 1972 Frank Goodman began commercially producing this boat design in fibreglass. (Apparently *anas acuta* is the scientific name for a pintail duck).

In 1975 Colin Mortlock planned an expedition around the North Cape (Nordkapp) of Norway, and was seeking a kayak with better load carrying capabilities than the *Anas Acuta*. He approached Frank Goodman of Valley Canoe Products who rounded out the hard chines of the *Anas Acuta* to produce a new round bilge fibreglass model, with bulkheads, deck accessible storage compartments and a pump, which he called a Nordkapp. Word of the success of Colin Mortlock's expedition spread as far as New Zealand where in 1977 a trip was planned in secret around the south west extrem-

ity of the South Island, a wild and rugged section of coastline with a reputation for gales and huge seas which is known as Fiordland. Grahame Sisson, a kayak builder, imported a Nordkapp mould from Great Britain for the Fiordland expedition in early 1977 and began building boats for New Zealand paddlers. The August 1977 expedition of three paddlers made only 90 miles before abandoning their trip. Huge seas and sharks dampened the Fiordland paddlers' enthusiasm however the boats performed a treat in the big seas which led to Max Reynolds and myself trialing and purchasing two of these kayaks. In December 1977 we nervously set off from Te Waewae Bay to paddle around Fiordland, after agreeing that there would be, "no turning back." Following 27 days of gripping paddling, capsizes at sea in breaking humungous swells and a kayak cracking loop onto a boulder beach in the dark, which smashed my helmet and sent a tooth through my lip, we limped into Jackson Bay 350 miles later, both determined never to sit in kayaks ever again!

Memories of those gruelling Fiordland days faded only too quickly, for the sea kayaking bug had bitten me rather deeply. I continued around the South Island to complete my first odyssey at Te Waewae Bay with a champagne reception. Over the years, as post odyssey blues (very similar I would suggest to post natal depression) led to hauling out a world atlas and scheming further missions, my kayaks were progressively modified. Kevlar was used for the Aussie boat, 'Lalaguli,' and a deep draft, aluminium overstem rudder added to a fibreglass shoe which slid over the Nordkapp stern. Pushing my minimalist, lightweight philosophy to the maximum, we built a 30 pound kevlar/carbon fibre boat for the Japan trip and turned the seat into a middle bulkhead, with the addition of a third hatch/compartment just aft of the cockpit.

Then on 1 August 1999, 40 years after Kenneth Taylor took his made to measure seal skin kayak back to Scotland, Conrad and I paddled two state of the art kevlar Nordkapps into the

village of Igdlorssuit, completing a full circle around the world, back to the source from where these marvellous boats had slowly and progressively evolved.

Late evening, I joined Han's two young children on the gravel beach where Louise was wading through shallows to catch with her bare hands small fish to feed an attentive, clustered group of young pups while Hendrik towed a replica of a fizz boat through the shallows. These replicas are cut from a piece of 5" x 1" timber, bow end trimmed to form a triangle, and a small knob of wood nailed to the stern as an outboard motor. A 3' length of string from a nail at the bow is attached to the end of a short pole which is used to swing the replica in fast arcs over the sea. Attaching a second boat with a short tow line and loading pebbles as ballast added to Hendrik's pleasure with this simple toy. Where ever I saw these common kid's toys, or indeed at the village of Arsuk where we watched youngsters playing delightedly in blue and yellow plastic inflatable rafts, I was saddened by the fact that they were not playing in kayaks. Cable television, beamed in from Nuuk, seems to take precedence with adults in the evenings where as perhaps in the old days, the adults immersed the kids in the art of kayaking.

We joined Hans and his wife for a late evening feed of boiled seal meat on the bone and were settling into our sleeping bags on the floor of his living room when Hans called out to look through the window. Although it was midnight, the lighting across a glassy sea was magnificent, a soft golden glow of dusk falling on majestic icebergs in the sound, with a distant backdrop of valley glaciers and broad icecaps. Close to the beach, a white Igdlorssuit kayak was gliding past, a black haired Inuit in a white parka moving the boat seemingly effortlessly along. What a magic moment.

Ten gnarly days later, we slid into the harbour at Upernavik where we decided to pull the pin on paddling further north to Thule. Days of mind numbing concentration on a compass



bearing through pea soup fog, violent buffeting winds off vertical rock headlands and two gripping eight hour days on the outside coast, dodging rolling icebergs on breaking seas, were too much for the my old black Labrador instincts. We spent hours in the local museum soaking up the sight and smell of the old skin kayaks and umiaks, and stood totally absorbed by

beautiful colour prints taken by Danish paddler John Andersen of village life in north west Greenland.

Although disappointed at not fulfilling the mission to Thule, from two summers and 1400 miles of paddling along west Greenland's coastline, I gained an insight to the sea and weather conditions in which both Inuit

skin kayaks and paddling and rolling skills evolved over the centuries. Well designed kayaks and bombproof rolling or bracing were mandatory for survival. And best of all, our modern kevlar boats were able to visit their ancestor mum and dad skin kayaks in the small traditional Inuit village of Igdlorssuit.

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## OVERSEAS TRIP REPORTS

### Clint Waghorn's Alaskan Odyssey from Vincent Maire

In 1999, Kawhia farmer and sea kayaker, Clinton Waghorn, realised a dream and set off on a solo expedition that would take him from Prince Rupert in Canada, up the Inside Passage to Skagway, Alaska, then overland to Whitehorse where he joined the Yukon, the fifth largest river in the world for capacity. His destination was Chevak on the Bering Sea, 4000km from his starting point. The *Waikato Times* has been following Clinton's journey and the following account comes from press clippings sent to me by Joyce Singleton of Hamilton.

It had always been Clinton's dream to travel around Alaska and rather than sit and dream, he decided to give it a go. Over a two year period he researched rivers, bears, mosquitoes and the Inuit. His conclusion was that kayak was the only way to travel the distances he wanted to cover and the distance he had in mind was huge. He originally envisaged an eight month expedition starting from Prince Rupert, getting to the Bering Sea via the Yukon River and then paddling back to his starting point around the Alaskan coastline. The full circle would amount to almost 10,000km and call on every outdoor skill he had. But first he had to buy a kayak!

Clinton invested in a John Dobbie Single and devoted many months to improving his fitness and skills on the Kawhia Harbour. He amassed a mountain of gear, reduced it to 21kg and in April 1999, flew to Los Angeles where he arranged for his boat and gear to be shipped north to Vancouver. Following a 24-hour bus trip to Prince Rupert, he embarked on a 800km voyage up the Inside Passage to Skagway, Alaska. Back in New Zealand his longest training trip had been 40km in a day, however he slowly built up to 40-

50km days and even managed 60km one day by making use of the strong currents that rage in and out every six hours.

Clinton had a six day break at Skagway during which he stocked-up on food and sent boxes of supplies to 15 different post offices along the next part of his route down the Yukon. Leaving Skagway he went by road north into Canada and Whitehorse where he met the mighty Yukon River. His excitement at being back in his kayak turned to frustration when he had to wait 10 days while foot-thick ice on Lake Laberge broke-up. This finally happened on June 4 and on clearing the lake, he entered the river and a 100km/day schedule. During this stage of the journey he met other voyagers from Japan, Germany, Canada and America.

At Dawson Creek he rested for two nights and caught up on his food intake before pushing on to Canadian-Alaskan border stop at Eagle and finally reached Circle in Alaska where the Yukon river flats begin, stretching 320km in length and sometimes 32km wide. Never sure of his exact position among the channels, islands and sloughs, he made progress by ensuring he was always heading down stream.

At Ruby he bought an old .303 rifle as back-up to his can of bear repellent. He had one close encounter when sixth sense woke him one night and just a few metres away was a black bear. He shouted at the animal which ambled off into the night. Clinton also picked up the flu due to a lack of vitamins, long days and hard activity on the water.

On 9 July, Clinton arrived at Pilot Station one day ahead of his schedule. At this point he turned south into the Kashunuk River, a branch of the Yukon, and his route through 8 million hectares of the Yukon Wildlife Delta to the Bering Sea south of Hooper Bay. For a week he kayaked a very remote, isolated, barely moving channel through mosquito-ridden tundra with encounters with grizzly bears, moose and hundreds of beaver and

water fowl. This was a long hard slog in giardia-infested water and brought real isolation.

About 30km from Hazen Bay an Inuit couple invited Clinton to share their camp as storms and 40knot winds howled in from the Bering Sea. They fed him salmon, seal oil, raw white fish and pancakes to fatten his lean and skinny frame. Using a map drawn on a piece of cardboard by his hosts, Clinton took a day and half to complete the last 95km of the trip to Chevak, 4000km and three months out of Prince Rupert.

For two weeks he waited for the weather to break so he could resume the coastal section his journey. August is traditionally a stormy month and a constant procession of low pressure systems convinced him to store the kayak and gear and fly to Anchorage then return to New Zealand.

In May this year, Clinton Waghorn returned to Alaska, retrieved his sea kayak from storage and embarked on stage two of his Alaskan Odyssey, an 18 week, 4700km voyage around the exposed west coast of Alaska.

The first six weeks and 1200km took Clinton from Chevak to Port Heiden on the northern side of the Alaskan Peninsular. To the usual challenges of ice, mozzies and cold, he encountered the problem of mud. Vast mudflats, sometimes stretching 16km offshore forced him to seek deep water well beyond the coastline. At one stage, ice flows made him portage 45km overland across the permanently frozen tundra interspersed with muddy pools and marshy ponds.

The other problem he faced was getting his body back into paddling mode. On his first full day at sea, mud and sandflats forced well out to sea and he had to paddle for 60km before landing. This led to severely strained wrist tendons that became inflamed and required strapping for two weeks.

For two nine-day periods, Clinton saw no people, his only companions being seals, sea lions and walruses. At the Kuskokwim River he crossed in a

marginal 20km/hour southeast wind which, together with becoming lost in a maze of mud and sand, confined him to his cockpit for 16 straight hours. By GPS and luck, he made landfall having completed 105km for the day.

Clinton spent two nights camped on a remote river near Hagemeister Strait amid spawning salmon. He caught several 10lb salmon, gorging himself like a bear preparing for winter.

In the Nushagak and Kvichak Bays he encountered huge flotillas of fishing boats working the richest salmon fishery in the world. Fishing boats would stop and ask what he was doing and bush pilots would buzz him from their aircraft. At all times he was plied with hot meals, hot coffee and plenty of encouragement.

By mid-July Clinton had arrived at Port Heiden some two weeks behind schedule. He had had one hot shower in five weeks and his clothes had been washed once in that time. But like all great explorers and adventurers, he keeps on going. If and when we receive any further information on Clinton, we will publish more on his remarkable journey.

## **NEW ZEALAND TRIP REPORTS**

### **Around Cape Brett by Kerry Howe**

When I finished my 100 nautical mile summer trip from Auckland to Woolleys Bay, I noted that Cape Brett lay expectantly on the northern horizon. A three day break late in April was an opportunity to continue with my journey, and it happily coincided with a large anticyclone moving across the Tasman. The plan was to paddle the 50 nautical miles from Woolleys Bay to Russell in the Bay of Islands.

Hugh Oakley-Browne and I left early in the morning and paddled in calm seas and windless conditions along the beautiful coastline of Whananaki/Mimiwhangata. Rolling farmland ended in pohutukawa fringed beaches of pure white sand. It was all too easy until we passed Mimiwhangata point

when a stiff offshore breeze sprang up. That stopped us from travelling directly across to North Head at the entrance to Whangaruru Harbour. Instead we had to do a big loop around Mimiwhangata Bay and Helena Bay to avoid an increasingly nasty wind. After a very long time we were able to line up with the wind behind us and make directly for North Head. By then it was late afternoon and time to find a campsite since daylight hours were now quite short. As it got gloomier, the landscape grew more rugged - no more bucolic sandy beaches, but craggy bush covered hills, and jagged headlands. We found a shingle cove surrounded by high cliffs. We expected to be sheltered from the offshore wind, but instead found it furiously funnelling down and around. We had to put extra lashings on our tents as well as try to carve out flat sleeping spots. It was soon cold and dark. We cooked a quick meal (complete with wind blown grit) and were in bed by 6.30pm. The wind died during the night. Stars appeared. Moreporks called to each other in the stillness.

Day two was fine and calm. We passed the entrance to Bland Bay and soon reached the rugged outlines of Home Point. The water boiled with schooling maomao. We were into serious blue water territory now. The sea was alive with fish. We decided to head straight across to Whangamumu Point, a long haul taking us several miles out from land. Half way across we saw a fin just in front of us. It was a 6 7 foot shark. It saw us, stopped, and took a few microseconds working out whether it was flight or fight. Fortunately it selected flight. We eventually turned the Point and entered beautiful Whangamumu Harbour, tiny, landlocked and hidden. It was only midday but we decided to spend the rest of the day doing nothing, leaving us fresh for rounding Cape Brett the following morning. We camped on the site of the old whaling station. It was a perfect spot, flat grass for our tents, a freshwater stream for washing, and a beautiful little waterfall to replenish our water supplies. The camp was surrounded by step bushy hills. Those old whalers always chose the

best spots. It was difficult to imagine the stench of boiling blubber and the blood soaked sea. We swam in a warm, clear sea, washed in fresh water, dozed, and had a great evening meal. But nighttime was noisy - insistent moreporks, hissing possums, and screeching kiwis. Then about midnight we were woken by very loud huffing and puffing. A pod of dolphins had entered the harbour. We couldn't see them but heard them travel all around its shoreline and back out to sea.

Day three was fine with a light southerly, just perfect for an early morning paddle along the last few miles of the stark profiles of Cape Brett peninsula. We rounded the last point and before us lay the dramatic vista of the Cape and Piercy Island. We hoisted our sails in the now brisk southerly and made straight for the hole through Piercy Island. It was the high point of the trip. There was a sense of being privileged, of being in a spot where the weather gods would not always show such kindness. After taking lots of photographs we headed back to the Cape, around the corner, and into Deep Water Cove for lunch.

Psychologically, the trip was now over. Nature agreed. It turned cold and cloudy. We started our slow progress into the Bay of Islands. At Urupukapuka Island we toyed with camping for the night, but decided to press on to Russell. That was a tough, island-hopping slog into a headwind. It was a dismal afternoon, and it was troublesome country too. The islands looked anything but paradisaical. It seemed almost fitting that this was the site of violent Maori-European contact in 1792, when French explorer Marion du Fresne was killed by Maori who were then killed in retaliation. More blood in the sea.

We reached Russell just on dark. A nice old lady was walking along the beach with her dog. I held out my camera and asked her if she could take a photograph of Hugh and me, triumphant at journey's end. She took one look at the unshaven creatures from the sea, shook her fist, yelled "No!" and stalked into the gloom.  
Kerry Howe

## NEW ZEALAND TRIP REPORTS

### AUCKLAND TO TAURANGA by Ryan Whittle

Ryan and Wally Gilmer met at Okahu Bay on Wednesday morning for a paddle around Coromandel Peninsula. We had 12 days to work with and had decided to have a good look at the coastline and go as far as time permitted or Tauranga, whichever came first. With considerable help from Sue, we finally crammed 12 day's food, camping gear, clothes, 3 days water supply and a set of wheels into Wally's Storm and Ryan's Albatross - and they floated.

A gentle South Westerly saw us off. A brief stop at Browns Island then on to the southern side of Motuihe. A large concrete slab under the trees provided shade for a banana break. The gentle south westerly toughened to 20km and whitecaps had appeared. Across to Waiheke for a lunch stop then a beam sea around the western side to keep us on our toes. Around the end of the island and the wind was at our backs and Wally's sail came into its own as I paddled hard on the swells to try and keep up. The end of Ponui Island came quickly and flat calm water welcomed us to our first campsite that Wally had arranged with a friend before departure. And what a campsite, sandy beach, clear calm bay and a large flat grassy area to pitch the tents on. We used our GPS (Guess, Pencil and String) to calculate the distances travelled throughout the trip and figured 37km for the first day.

Day 2 dawned fine with an easy following swell and breeze. A call into the coastguard on the VHF radio borrowed from Mike Swift and we were off towards Coromandel township. The Coromandel is an indistinct mass on the horizon but we can pick out islands off the coast to head for. We are kept company by shearwaters, gannets and penguins. One shearwater

that had not been visible the day before, showed themselves to be real camping possibilities. Fishing produced a flood of kawahai, seven fish that day, most of which were released. One was kept for lunch and another for dinner.

Into Colville, which we had been told was a little drab, didn't live down to its billing and provided a pleasant sojourn to about 2/3 of the way in before the water started running out. After lunch on at a bay the other side of Colville the wind picked up to 25km with 1-2m swells. We pulled in at Parati by the granite wharf to see if it would ease off later but it didn't. A visit from a local resident enquiring if we were ok for hot food and water was appreciated and her suggestion to camp in the grass by the wharf was taken up. Next to the wharf is a weir which was used to rinse our gear and Wally took the opportunity to bathe beside the main drag. What an exhibitionist! 24km for the short day.

Day 4 - the swell and wind had only dropped marginally by the morning and we set off knowing it wasn't far to Port Jackson. Once around the headland into the bay we were in the lee and the water was flat calm. Wally was able to use his sail for the length of the beach which only had a few vans and tents in residence. The coastline from the top of Coromandel down to Whangapoua is rocky, with some large spectacular cliff faces, and often nowhere to land. We rockgardened down the coast, poking our noses into the many caves littered along this side of the peninsula, the landmark Pinnacles provided a real highlight. Into Port Charles we find Sandy Bay, which has 20 or so holiday homes along the shore line, a flat grassy area and a waterless toilet placed there just for us.

After being ashore for two minutes we are visited by the local fisheries officer, who was just checking that we weren't planning to feed our extended family. We hadn't been fishing that day so nothing to report. We later found that there is no limit on kawahai, either size or number, which is by far the most likely catch trawling from a kayak. He also felt that camp-

takes a liking to us and repeatedly lands within 10 yards of our boats as we progress. Regular peeks over the shoulder to watch the receding islands and gauge our progress show that the expected drift on the outward tide is stronger than we are allowing for. Pointing higher still we were able to reduce the curve we were travelling. The last couple of kilometres are deceptively long, Don't know how many times I thought "nearly there". I've heard his referred to as 'gethomeitis' where paddlers burn themselves out in a sprint to the finish that is 'nearly there'.

We set foot on Waimate Island after 3 1/2 hours of ideal conditions, call the coastguard to inform them of our arrival, and have lunch before walking to the top of the island. What a sight. Panoramic views of the Hauraki Gulf back to Waiheke Is, Pakatoa Is, Rotoroa Is and Ponui Is, then turn around for more panoramic views up and down the Coromandel coast and offshore islands.

Back to the boats, around the end of the island and back around the neighbouring Motukopake Is, through what had looked like a lagoon from the hilltop and alongside the mussel farms. Up the coast to Papaaroha we stopped to refill water bottles, grabbed an ice block, and Wally did his ET trick from the public phone.

A start to fishing up the coast bought an early catch - an empty fish bait bag. A kawahai a little later was put back for another day. Looking up the coast from Waitete Bay didn't look promising for a camp site so we stopped for a look around. First glance didn't show anywhere but an empty backyard down a grass driveway looked ideal. A knock on the owners door and a request resulted in a positive response. Wally's wheels proved their usefulness again in the haul up the sand and over the road.

Many thanks to Kelvin and April for the use of their back yard. Our GPS showed 36km for the day.

Day 3 was another 8:30 start up the coast towards Colville, and beaches

ing on the foreshore overnight would not cause any bother to the locals. We found throughout the trip that camping, if done discretely, putting up tents just before dusk and taking them down first thing in the morning, and leaving the site as tidy or tidier than when we arrived, did not even raise an eyebrow. We felt that if there had been any more of us then it may have been a different story, so two was the perfect number for the trip. If any kayakers on any trips follow this procedure, then I think camping in the future will remain possible in the same way. Any abuse of the privilege could easily result in bans on camping, as it has in the area alongside the road North of Colville. 40km for the day.

Day 5 - Great Barrier is big and bold off the coast as we leave, and I wonder how I ever thought Little Barrier was Great Barrier from the Auckland shoreline. To paddle across you would want to know exactly what part you were aiming at, or you might end up several days paddle away from your intended destination when you arrived.

The coastline continued with plenty of rockgardening, the water deep and clear with no landing sites, or so we thought until rounding a corner we find a helicopter perched on the rocks with four passengers fishing from beside it. Not sure who got the biggest surprise, the helefishers or the kayakers. An expensive way to catch lunch, which they hadn't done yet. Wally breaks the blade of his paddle with one of his power strokes and I see the value of having a spare. Breaking the paddle is not enough excitement though, and getting caught sideways in a passage that is not quite as wide as his boat is long turns his rudder into an old flipper indicator you see on older cars. This indicator only points left though, and is straightened out later with the help of the axle from the wheels.

Arriving at Waikawau Bay where there is a DOC camp ground we plan to stop and fill up the water bottles, but its not visible from the water so we come ashore and ask for directions from one of the few on the wide sandy beach. He turns out to be a vulcanolo-

gist from the states having a look round. Be an interesting character to have around for comments on the area. The campground is pointed out at the end of the beach. No drinking water is available on tap but one of the campers helps out with a few litres. The campground can be full with 3000 people over peak times, but there are only a few now.

After lunch, more caves and into Kennedy Bay the wind is funnelling down at pace. We had both visited the bay a few weeks earlier, and decided we could do without the grief of the hard upwind battle, so about a third of the way in, turned and cut across to the other side. Still more caves and more rockgardening. Out of the calm seas grew a set of large waves, which catch me beam on and give me some sideways surfing practice and a good dousing. At the end of an 11 hour/40km day we pull into New Chums beach and camp where many kayakers have camped before. The site has a fresh water stream that provides a rinse.

Day 6 - around the corner to Whangapoua beach, we pause to taunt the seagull colony with cries of 'No food - no food' then pull in down the beach by the shop. We fill up the water bottles, do the ET trick and get heavily charged in the dairy for a couple of packets of sticky buns - \$6.90 for two packets of 6. Must have seen us coming. Back on the water we cruise past the harbour mouth, surf a couple of swells on the sand bar and wander down the Matarangi beach front. I'm sure I saw Sean. We pull into a small sandy bay under a pohutakawa for lunch, the clear water over the white sandy bottom giving a real tourist brochure shade of turquoise. These tropical view continues along Otama and Opito Beaches, where we stopped to see if Graeme Bruce (another club member with a batch there) was home - he wasn't so we reclined on the grass reserve and watched far to many people on he beach for a Monday. They should have been at work paying our taxes.

Back on the water around the headland inside the Mercury Islands. We make a quick trip to Motukoranga Is

and admire the double archways. Spectacular rock formation well worth a visit if you are out that way. A few more kilometres to yet another Sandy Bay. There is no road access to this beach, and we find a good campsite in the bush at the back of the beach. Tents are pitched with views inside Mercury Bay and across to Cooks Beach. The resident oystercatchers aren't too shy and they make is feel unobtrusive. 31km for the day.

Day 7 - Up with the sun its another early start. This whole section of coast has no road access and the ones further up don't even have tracks that we could see. Horseshoe Bay and the surrounding bays are empty but for a single dingy that a couple have used as transport to camp there. There are also plenty of caves along here which we have a good look at. One cave we went into until it became pitch black and we couldn't see to go any further, but could hear water on a beach further in. We estimate it was the best part of 30- 40 meters in when we stopped. Have to go back with a torch and a wooden stake.

Another cave had an entrance we went in and another entrance that we found once inside, forming a 'Y' shape. Once finished with the caves and the empty beaches, the wind had come up and was funnelling into our faces out of Mercury Bay at 30 knots plus. We battled into it keeping close to shore to get as much shelter as possible. The 12 km into Buffalo beach taking 5.5 hours, we took a much needed late lunch stop, then cruised over the shallow water along Buffalo Beach with the tide near low, dodged the fishermen on the bar at the Harbour mouth and put ashore behind the wharf. A walk into Whitianga township to pick up a some more fruit, sticky buns, some epoxy to repair Wally's paddle, and a few samples from the bakery. A short paddle around to Cooks beach, where there was yet another cave at the northern end, and along to the estuary at the other end of the beach to look for a camp site. Dinner was welcome that night as we had both worked hard into the wind, and pancakes to finish with went down nicely. 23km for the day

Day 8 - The wind had gone in the morning and we started off around more familiar coastline. I trailed a lure for the first time since day 3, it had seemed a shame to give a fish a bad day in the magical conditions. Quickly hooked another kawahai but didn't feel the need to keep it, so back it went. At the start of Hahai, Wally pointed out a post marking the edge of the marine reserve and the line came in. Looking at the map later, we released it marked the end of the reserve, not the start, so I had unwittingly fished the entire length. Around the rocks/islands in Cathedral Cove and along to Hahai where we stopped at the regular motor camp to fill up the water bottles. The full tide allowed us to go through the hole in the side of the hill at the northern end of Hahai - just. First time I'd been through and its well worth the experience. Many kayakers will know of the series of large caves between here and Hot Water Beach, and revisiting them does not take any of the lustre from them. The main cave that opens up to the sky inside was also on the tourist path and we had to share it with an IRB carrying a few holiday makers. Hope that the exhaust put out from these boats doesn't cause any damage to the inside of the caves - it was unpleasantly smoky being in there at the same time. Thankfully, the other large caves along this part of the coast don't appear to hold any interest for them and they left them to us. We stopped for lunch as we went into Hot Water Beach, and 15 knot northerlies arrived while we ate, making for confused seas in the afternoon.

A stop at Boat Harbour, where Wally had been told of good camping in any conditions, lived up to its name. A cove with a natural breakwater inside the entrance and you can see that it would be protected from almost anything. Its obviously well used, and the amount of rubbish on shore, the large boulder beach and the early hour didn't encourage us to stay there. Further along, more pristine white sandy beaches offered a choice of promising locations, the first was privately owned but the owners pointed us to a suitable spot in the next bay. This turned out to be even better, with a fresh water

stream to bathe in, a public toilet, views of Shoe and Slipper Islands offshore, and a perfect place to pitch our tents. This was Sailors Grave and we slept undisturbed beneath the monument. 35km for the day.

Day 9 - A pre-start boat check showed that one on the rudder bolts had sheared on the albatross, and the ubiquitous piece of string was used as a temporary repair until we got to the Tairua Dive Shop where they kindly provided us with another and lent the tools to fit it. Many thanks to the dive shop from the 'idiots paddling to Tauranga'. We see a stingray swimming along the beach at Pauanui and find some more caves just after it. The landscape has changed here from further up the peninsula with increased numbers of pine trees and farmland more common. The cliffs are not as high and less rugged than before. There is beach after beach of clean white sand and clear green water. We make a stop at the northern end of Opoutere Beach for lunch and enjoy the pleasant view along the 5km of beach.

After lunch paddling along beach after perfect beach, Onemana becomes 'The place it pays to paddle'. Wally finds a \$5 note floating offshore which pays for half of his trip. The rhythm picks up and we are paddling at pace (for us) coming into Whangamata. There is a steady stream of boats heading down the coast with us, due to a fishing tournament being on. Into the harbour and across to the beach, the tide is low and those who know Whangamata will be laughing. There is a sand bar coming from shore that is exposed at low tide, it goes all the way out to one of the islands (Hauturu or Whenuakura) and people use it to walk out to there. When we get there we get across wet sand using a variety of techniques - not including paddling. At the end of the main beach across an estuary we find a small sandy beach not easily visible from Whangamata and pitch our tents on the sand. We are welcomed by many hungry sandflies and have to dress up to keep them off. We are both feeling tired after our sprints down the coast and break out a Xmas pudding for desert and make up some custard and

add fruit salad. Who said camping has to be tough! 40km for the day.

Day 10 - We are both feeling drained after 9 days on the water without a break, so easy paddling becomes the norm by unspoken agreement. The white sand over clear water continues between the rock gardens, and we pull into an estuary at the end of one unpopulated beach for any early lunch on a grassy bank. A walk up the hill gives us a limited view up and down the coast, and show that the wind has picked up, making whitecaps on the water. Slipper Is is receding behind us and Mayor Is is offshore now. We continue in confused seas and find three great deserted beaches with no road access before Waihi. Wally had been told of them beforehand as places to camp if needed and they all looked ideal. More caves are provided as well. A brief stop at the end of Waihi beach before the 7km downwind leg. One to two metre messy seas mean we have to stay alert, although the paddling was easy with the following wind.

At the end of the beach at Bowentown we still have to get ashore, and Wally seems to have the perfect technique, paddling in slowly and stopping to allow the swells to pass underneath, he gets ashore without even getting his feet wet! Seeing the success of this new method, I give it a whirl too, creeping in beam on to the approaching surf. The first swell catches me and surfs me in sideways to the beach. Looking down from the banks later we realise that Wally had unintentionally found a rip and come ashore in the calmest part of the beach.

The Bowentown motor camp provides us with our first showers since leaving home, and Wally's father arrives from Waihi to take us for a home cooked meal. A trip to the top of Bowentown Heads give us a preview for the next day and we still have to decide on the route to take to Mt. Manganui. Matakana Is stretches 27km from one end of Tauranga Harbour to the other, leaving only 400 - 500 yard opening at each end. When asking locals for advice on the way to go before the trip, "Stay out of the harbour," was the common theme. 35km for the day.

Day 11 - With a north easterly forecast and having been in that yesterday, we decided that 27km of 1-2m beam on seas were less attractive than the warnings about the inside of the harbour. High tide was due at 1.30pm and we decided on the inside of the island with the rising tide. Walkers on the beach expressed concern at us going into the passage because of the current and stories of boats being upturned in the channel and requests to contact the coastguard didn't fill us with confidence. Out through the surf and about 100 meters of confused sea saw us into flat calm inside the harbour. Must have been a good day if the stories are anything to go on!

With the tide behind us, we made good progress along the island shore. Then the water became more and more shallow and forced us to point across the harbour towards the channel markers. Swans live in the harbour in their thousands, and we were guided in the direction of swimming swans rather than walking ones. When a flock of them take to the air, they are an impressive sight, the black birds with white wing tips taking wing remind me of flocks of flamingos you see in wildlife programs.

When we reached the channel markers at the other side of the harbour, they marked about 6 inches of water - this was at 1/2 tide! We could see the problems of being caught at low tide. Past this short dry part, we are able to cross back to Matakana Is. for lunch. The rest of the journey down the island is without incident on a rising tide and a few stingrays are soaking in the midday sun. At Mt. Manganui the water is leaving the harbour strongly and we need to paddle diagonally to get across.

Ashore at the boat ramp a local kayak operator is taking out a group for an afternoon trip, and we go for a walk and find Sue wandering in the opposite direction. 37km for the day. A visit to the Copenhagen Ice cream house marks the end to a very successful and enjoyable trip.

In total, our GPS registered 380km at an average of 35km/day

Thanks to Colin Quilter, Peter Sommerhalder and Justin Sanson-Beattie for their help in the planning stages and again to Sue for acting as a valise in packing the boats and as a taxi driver to pick us up at the end.

## THE AUCKLAND SCENE

by Vincent Maire

Sea kayaking continues to be as strong as ever in Auckland. With the demise of ASKNET, the Auckland Canoe Club membership list has grown considerably and there is a very strong social side to the club. Over the winter months, committee member Ann Schofield has organised a series of evening presentations which have attracted large audiences. These have included a slide evening with 'works' from Paul Buckley and Justin Sanson-Beattie. Gerry Maire also showed slides on the trip he and his wife Trish did in Turkey and more recently, Rebecca Heap spoke about sails and Peter Sommerhalder and Ian Calhaen demonstrated a device to stop rudder pedals falling out.

Other activities include a night paddle devoted to experimenting with various forms of lighting and the club paid for a number of trip leaders to complete the Coastguard VHF course.

Perhaps one the best things happening in the Auckland scene is the discussion list:

auckland-kayakers@egroups.com  
As the temperatures rise with the oncoming Spring, so does the number of messages appearing on the list. A hot topic that has generated a lot of email traffic is a trip to Dusky Sounds. Some south-bound kayakers want to know the best way of getting their kayaks into the Sound and all-sorts of suggestions have been made.

On a sad note, recent communiqués have concerned the disappearance of a sea kayaker from Kawakawa Bay. The incident occurred in the first week of October and although it was reported in the media, no further reports

were filed as to what had happened. Rob Gardener, who has recently returned to Auckland after many years in Sydney and also a member of the NSW Sea Kayak Club, posted a message asking if anyone had heard the outcome of the incident. Jennifer Belt, Ken Jackson and Dan Hawthorne replied to Rob's message and although it was a sit-on kayak, the incident should be added to the "Bugger!" File. Here is a summary of the replies received on the Auckland Kayakers discussion list.

### Dan Hawthorne

I do not know who the kayaker was but I was at Kawakawa Bay half an hour after the incident and talked to the woman at the fish and chip shop who was the person who had raised the alarm. There had been very strong squalls blowing offshore during the time it happened. The woman at the shop saw the person fall out of their boat, rang a local fisherman and kept track of the person in the water with binoculars. Before the fisherman got to the area (about 300 - 400 meters off shore) the woman at the shop could no longer see the swimmer's head. The fisherman could not find the swimmer and contacted the police. The boat was blown on shore, at the south end of the bay, a little later. A helicopter arrived at about an hour after the incident and a coastguard inflatable about 30 minutes after that. Sea conditions were quite choppy but not especially cold, there was a tidal set along the beach heading into the Firth of Thames. I have said boat in this report, the woman at the shop referred to an orange inflatable, the newspaper said a kayak.

### Ken Jackson

I just had a word with a work colleague from Deodar (Auckland Police boat). He said he believed that the paddler was on a ski (perhaps it was an inflatable as the lady in the shop said, I'm not 100% sure) of some kind. Apparently he just fell off and got separated from the ski then sank. Obviously he couldn't swim. No buoyancy aid, wetsuit or anything. They haven't found him yet but it can be as much as 10 - 12 days before they float up to the surface again.

**Jennifer Belt**

Justin and I were at Kawakawa Bay on Friday afternoon, had a look and decided against going across to Ponui Island. The local guy at the wharf there gave us all the info. A local fellow who had a ride- on kayak (not a sea kayaker) who regularly pulled up and anchored off shore to do a spot of fishing. He had been doing this for a year or so. Well, he went out alone, and got tossed off his ride-on by the wind. He was NOT wearing a buoyancy aid, the winds were strong enough that day to blow his ride-on kayak a fair distance away from him very quickly. He swam for the ride-on but got tired very quickly, and without a buoyancy aid, the rest is history. Two mistakes:

- 1. He went out WITHOUT A BUOYANCY AID and
  - 2. He went out in that wind, that we had last week, by himself. It is no one that we know. They have not found him yet, the local cop told us they are waiting for the sea to throw him back. Sad, but a lesson to be learnt.
- NEVER GO OUT WITHOUT YOUR BUOYANCY AID even just off shore.

auckland-kayakers@egroups.com is open to anyone. Enter the site and you will find instructions on how to join up. If you have any problems, email Matthew Crozier for guidance on matt@vsl.co.nz

Given the need for information on Dusky Sound, it would seem the list would benefit by having a few Mainlanders in the loop.  
Vincent Maire  
(Vincent is the Auckland representative and the publicity officer for KASK)

**FOR SALE**

Double Sisson Southern Light Express. As new, only been used four times, includes paddles, spray skirts, dry covers and extras. Kevlar construction. \$4,400 ono.  
Contact Dusty Waddell (07) 572-4419 or 025 295 6262.

**HUMOUR**

The following joke from cyberspace is a tad raunchy, so I will take a leaf out of the Canterbury Sea Kayak Network newsletter and offer the following (expanded) warning:

The following may cause offence to women, ethnic minorities, labour politicians, committee members and sensitive new age guys!

**Magic Potion**

This young swimmer from the Australian Olympic team manages to sneak his new girlfriend, a gorgeous Danish gymnast, into his room at the Olympic Village. Once she's inside, he quickly switches out all the lights and they rapidly disrobe and leap onto his bed in a flurry of athletic achievement.

After about twenty minutes of wild sex they both collapse back on the bed in exhaustion. The girl looks admiringly across at the swimmer in the dim light. His beautifully-developed muscles, tanned skin and smooth-shaven scalp glisten with little beads of sweat as he lies beside her. She's really pleased to have met this guy.

At this point the swimmer slowly struggles up from the bed. He fumbles the lid off a bottle on the bedside table, pours himself a small shot in a glass and drinks it down in one gulp. Then he stands bolt upright, takes a deep breath and, in a surprisingly energetic motion, dives under the bed, climbing out the other side and beating his chest like a gorilla. Then he vaults back on top of the girl and commences a frantic repeat performance.

The Danish girl is very impressed with the gusto of this second encounter. Somehow the Aussie has completely recovered from his previous exhaustion! After nearly half an hour of wild activity in every possible position, the gasping male swimmer again crawls out of bed and swallows another shot of the mysterious liquid. Once more he dives under the bed, emerges on the other side, beats his chest and commences to make love all over AGAIN.

The girl is just amazed and delighted as the action continues at the same blistering pace as before. In the darkness, she can't properly see what kind of tonic is causing these incredible transformations, but she sure likes the effect! More than an hour later, after another repeat of the strange drinking ritual on his part, and a whole string of ecstatic multiple orgasms on her part, the Danish girl is now feeling rather faint herself.

"Just a minute, big boy," she whispers to the panting bald-headed Aussie, "I think I need to try some of your tonic!" She rises unsteadily and pours a small shot of the liquid. She braces herself for some sort of medicinal effect, but actually it just tastes like Coca-Cola. Then she stands up straight, takes a deep breath and dives under the bed - only to smash straight into the three other exhausted members of the Australian swimming relay team.

**A Glossary of Nautical Terms Related to Sea Kayaking.**

(from the Canterbury Sea Kayak Network Newsletter)

LAUNCH - What a Welsh kayaker eats in the middle of the day.

PORTHOLE - A hole in the left side of your kayak.

RIP - The sound of a fibreglass sea kayak landing on a rocky beach.

RUDDER - An expletive uttered by a Japanese paddler who runs aground.

SHOAL - Garment worn by female paddlers on cold nights.

SHOREDUMP - Passing more than wind on a beach.

SPRAYSKIRT - An act performed by incontinent women.

SURF - A brand of washing powder.

WAKE - What your friends attend after you've been extremely careless in your kayak.



## Sea Kayak Qualifications

by John Kirk-Anderson

I had a meeting several months ago with reps from SKOANZ and NZOIA. The subject was qualifications and standards. KASK was a late invitee to the meeting.

I took the approach that KASK had no interest in qualifications, but was interested in standards and training opportunities.

SKOANZ were very pleased with their Level 1 Guides ticket, and did not want that changed. What they wanted was a qualification (with a formal assessment) that came in at a lower level. Their reasoning was that operators were receiving requests from outdoor rec students who wanted to shadow trips to gain log-book experience. The operators would not take them along as they had little idea of their skills, and so would have to treat them as an unpaying client. They felt that an outdoor rec centre could teach, to a lower level than the guides course, a skills/knowledge course and accept that the students did not have the experience.

NZOIA, eventually, said that they wanted to develop a multi-level sea kayak syllabus, and accepted that the SKOANZ proposal was a good first step. They thought that the guides course was also a good level and would make a logical next step.

KASK (me) said that having formal qualifications was not on our agenda, and most members would not want them. The last thing I wanted was a case where recreational paddlers were obliged to paper chase. However I felt that having courses on offer was a good thing that paddlers could take advantage of, IF WANTED. Also, we could not realistically expect to influence any standards if we were not prepared to become involved. It would, to my thinking, be the height of arrogance.

The outcome of the meeting was that the three organisations would work towards the syllabus of a course that would fit in below the Guides Course. It is not a leadership course, and would not be targeted as such. It will be formally assessed, for those who require it, ie. students, but would also lend itself to skills development of recreational paddlers.

Questions remain about how the course would be run, and the biggy, who teaches the teachers.

Since the meeting I have had an e-mail from both other reps about it, along the lines of what should it contain, but that is all. Glacial process, but I am told that it was a miracle that the three groups sat down together.

Food for discussion.  
JKA

## MAPPING THE DISTRIBUTION OF NZ BIRDS

(from the August 2000 FMC Bulletin)

The Ornithological Society of NZ (OSNZ) has started an ambitious project to map the distribution of every bird species in the country. The project is based on 10km x 10km squares, i.e., the grid squares on an NZMS 262 map (1:250,000) or the bold lines on an NZMS 260 map (1:50,000). It is hoped that every grid square will be visited at least four times (once per season) over the five years to November 2004.

How can you help? Anyone who can identify most birds that they see or hear out tramping (paddling) can contribute, and you don't have to be an expert. The mapping forms are easy to fill in, and completing bird lists for inaccessible grid squares could give extra incentives for each tramping (paddling) trip. If you are interested in having copies of instructions and mapping forms, or would like more information, contact:  
Stuart Nicholson: (04) 934 5940  
email: [nicholson@paradise.net.nz](mailto:nicholson@paradise.net.nz)

## NZ MAPS ON CD ROM

(info. from the August 2000 FMC Bulletin & a MapWorld brochure)

Digital topographic maps for both islands on 1:250,000 and 1:50,000 scales are now available on CD-ROM. The brochure notes the MapWorld TopoMAP NZ, a program on CD-ROM for viewing NZ topographic maps, is designed to complement or replace your paper map. It offers a seamless continuous map, so you can print what you want, even across map boundaries. There is a CD for the North Island and one for the South, each costing \$299, or the two CD's for \$499. Sets of 20 maps sheets in preset blocks at a scale of 1:50,000, are available for \$99.

TopoMAP does not have to be installed on your hard drive as it can be run directly from the CD-ROM. Installation instructions are provided. All the 1:250,000 maps occupy 65mb. of space while the 1:50,000 maps for each island occupy 650mb or 1.25gb. for both islands. The maps have all been sourced from the Land Information New Zealand (LINZ) NZ Map series 260 (1:50,000) and NZMS 262 (1:250,000).

Features include:

- search by place name or NZ grid co-ordinates
- pan across the country using multiple zoom levels
- on screen map legend
- cut and paste maps onto other applications
- regular updates as available
- print any area, even across the boundaries of paper maps
- full NZ map grid co-ordinates

Contact information:

MapWorld New Zealand  
173 Gloucester St, Christchurch.  
Ph: 0800 627 967 or (03) 374 5399  
Fax: 03 374 5633  
email: [topomapcd@mapworld.co.nz](mailto:topomapcd@mapworld.co.nz)  
web: <http://www.mapworld.co.nz>

## The 'BUGGER!' File

### An Afternoon Paddle Along Cape Jackson in October

by Sam McClatchie

What started out as a short paddle along Cape Jackson in the Marlborough Sounds turned rather more exciting than I like last Saturday. Three of us (Sam, Kerrie and Michele) set out from the Homestead Bay planning to paddle around the tip of Cape Jackson and into a sandy beach on the western side of the peninsula. Winds were light and steady behind us as we set out in fair weather. The tide was due to turn from high water at 14:30 hours, so we figured on nosing around the Cape and returning just to either side of slack water. The vagaries of the tide here are such that on the ebb, the tide flows back into Queen Charlotte Sound, so we expected to have the tide behind us on the return trip. The current marine forecast was for a light southerly, dropping to 15 knots and then dying out with a northerly change forecast around midnight. We made good progress down the Cape with a gentle breeze and the tide behind us. It turned out we had travelled quite a long way rather quickly.

About 500 metres before the Cape we decided to turn around and head back. The wind was freshening but nothing to worry about. Kerrie was going a bit slowly so I hung back enjoying the wave reflections off the steep shore and Michele went around Waihi Point. The wind freshened steadily to the point where Kerrie's progress was getting much slower so I gave her some encouragement, and started to hang in beside her. The wind seemed to increase noticeably as we tried to round Waihi Point about half way back, and Michele had disappeared around the point. Pretty soon Kerrie was not making any forward way at all and it was clear that she was tiring. At this point she decided that her best option was to beach her Puffin and take a break before having another

attempt at making the point ahead. I didn't want to put the fibreglass Nordkapp on the rocks, worrying about holes in my boat and possible broken arms or legs from a rocky shore landing so I persuaded her to pull offshore a little. I got us rafted up in quite rough water, not before a near capsize when a bigger wave hit me side-on as I looked at her. Fortunately, my slap support stroke kept me upright. While we rafted I considered towing her, but soon gave that up as impractical in the prevailing conditions *anyway*.

I told Kerrie very firmly to hold onto my kayak while I got the back hatch off and went for the cell phone in my dry bag. After a bit of a scramble I got the phone out and then had to page through the address book to get the homestead phone number. Fortunately we were in cell phone range and I got through enough to tell them where we were and that we needed a pickup. I figured that it would take some time for them to get to us, and the wind was blowing us back towards the Cape and Cook Strait. There was only one thing to do - try to paddle around the point again. Kerrie put on a valiant show but there was no way forward for her.

Within 30 minutes we were both relieved to see the Homestead catamaran come belting around the point in clouds of spray, heading towards us. After a short discussion on the best way to get aboard, Kerrie positioned her kayak between the hulls of the cat where both she and the kayak could come aboard with assistance. They had brought the three farm dogs who were sitting in the cabin looking at Kerrie as if to say, "Look what the cat dragged in!" At this stage we got a real fright when they told us that Michele was not back. I told them that I was fine, and to go and find Michele so they raced off back down the coast with the catamaran pitching like a wild horse. Meanwhile Michele, worried about seasickness and concerned about our non-appearance, had beached her Penguin before it got too rough in order to wait for us. She had dragged the boat up the shore and was fine after having tried, and failed, to bush-bash up the hill.

I continued paddling, feeling somewhat relieved, but also realising that the wind and waves were now stopping me making much headway. So I was happy when the cat came racing back for me. Once I was safely on board we went back for Michele. Ron Marriott (the homestead owner) nosed the cat in close to the lee shore (not too great an idea when there's a lot of kelp) and I swam a rope ashore. They dragged Michele's Penguin off safely and then she and I swam back to the boat and clambered aboard, much to everyone's relief.

What did we learn? The weather out there is very local; it comes away very fast, and you can't rely on the forecast except for general direction perhaps. Next time the cell phone will be more handy; I'll have it in a waterproof bag so that I can hit the buttons through the plastic and the emergency number will be set ready to use, not buried in my address book. I'll also be sure to have arranged a definite pickup in case the phone is out of range.

Since we all work for NIWA, we checked with the wind experts here when we got back. Wind recordings were available from The Brothers (in Cook Strait), 60 m above sea-level. At midnight on Saturday 7/10 the wind was southerly 12m/sec dropping to 2m/sec at midday then climbing to 18m/sec (=35 knots) at 4 pm. They usually consider the wind to be 30% lower at sea-level - i.e. about 24 knots in this case. From the Beaufort scale I'd say that when I was picked up, the wind was a fresh breeze at 17-21 knots. This ties in well with the Brother's report of 35 knots, with 30% less wind at sea surface, giving 24 knots at sea level when we were out there. However, my personal impression was that the wind was more like 35 knots in gusts. I suspect the difference is both in my personal perception being less than quantitative, and also that both the Beaufort scale and the Brothers record refer to average wind speeds. Our wind expert also tells us that the wind near the steep shore can be much higher than that recorded on open water, so winds gusting 35 to 40 knots is quite credible.

The end result was a bit more adventure than we planned. A big thanks to Ron Marriott of the Homestead at Marlborough Sounds Wilderness Park for his quick response, good seamanship and friendly support. Please see his website:

<http://www.truenz.co.nz/wilderness>  
Sam McClatchie, Kerrie Goold & Michele Morris

#### EDITOR'S NOTE

I contacted Sam for some clarification on the rescue, particularly if they paid for the catamaran pick-up, and received the following from Kerrie and Sam:

Sam: 'No, there was no charge. What we have done is sent Ron two bottles of good wine (which reminds me, I must pay Kerrie for part of that). We were regular paying guests at the homestead and Ron regarded the pickup as just part of his service. This was real kiwi hospitality.'

Kerrie: 'As Sam said, Ron regarded it all as part of looking after his guests - which I thought was pretty amazing. He said when we talked about the paddle before we went that he'd, "keep an eye on us". I didn't really take that for granted but he said that when he saw what the weather was doing he was going to come out and look for us anyway. It sure beat spending the night doing my shag on a rock imitation. The accomodation was very comfortable, big wood stove, all bedrooms with own bathrooms (luxury), all linen supplied, cost \$40 per person per night.'

## An addendum to "An afternoon paddle along Cape Jackson..."

by Kerrie Goold\*

The trip started inauspiciously - I left my lunch in the fridge (although I travel with so much food that wasn't a problem), we got soaked getting the short distance from Topcat to the water taxi that was taking us to the Cape, and, most drastically, I had (and still have) a weta in my kayak, despite half

an hour of unsuccessful efforts to remove it (hindered by terror). Personally I blame the weta for the ensuing events described by Sam - it was the extra weight that made me slower.

It was reading Sam's account though that made me realise that each of the three of us faced a quite individual decision on our return trip from the Cape.

#### From Michele's point of view ....

My main reason for beaching was to bushwhack up the hill to see what had happened to Kerrie and Sam since I felt like I had been waiting around the point for us all to group up again for quite some time (probably not that long but it did feel like it - next time I will take a watch). I was concerned about getting seasick if I had had to stay out for a longer period in the worsening conditions, but it hadn't got to that stage by the time I beached. I decided not to forge ahead by myself but to wait at a relatively safe place just after the point for everyone to group together. I did manage to bushwhack quite a distance up the hill to a vantage point but could not see anyone because you were still around the corner. However, to my relief, I did see Ron's catamaran go round the point so knew that we were going to be picked up at that stage and clambered down.

#### From my point of view ...

I was tiring (the weta's weight), and holding the Puffin into the wind was demanding as I didn't have enough forward way to give good steerage, it required paddle use too. I had stopped making any progress just before Waihi Point and despite serious effort I could see I was not going to be able to clear it. Blood sugar was dropping, I was getting a few leg cramps, and I needed to think about Plan B while I still had adequate energy to carry it out effectively. I had food (including energy snacks, chocolate, barley sugar etc), water, extra dry clothing, and I was wearing a wet suit. There was a nearby area on the rocky coast that I was confident that I could get ashore on, even if untidily. And drifting back with the wind out into the tidal streams around the Cape was very high on my

list of undesirable activities. I didn't expect Sam to beach also - I thought it preferable, since the Nordkapp was progressing, that he went ahead and joined Michele. I planned to take a rest, refuel, and have another attempt in due course.

In retrospect, did we do any thing particularly daft? I don't think so. We had the latest marine forecast, local knowledge provided by Ron, charts of the area, tide tables, and we were well-equipped. If the pickup had not been an option we could have dealt with the situation although it would have meant an uncomfortable night ashore. Thanks to Ron this was unnecessary.

Kerrie Goold

#### \* Hi Paul

I'd like add a bit to Sam's story - see attached file (previewed by Sam and Michele), as the aspect of different decisions for each of us only became apparent to me in retrospect ...

I guess we had what you describe as a weather tide (in newsletter 87) - we had allowed for this in deciding to turn back rather than continuing around the cape.

An experienced paddler once said to me that 25 knots of wind was about the limit for paddling into (this would be a direct head wind) - that seemed to fit with my experience. Would you agree that is a reasonable rule of thumb? (I realise that it also depends on the paddler and type of kayak to some extent)

Regards

Kerrie Goold

PS - I enjoy the newsletter and reading the Bugger file, although I had hoped never to have an entry for it

#### EDITOR'S NOTE

Re 25 knot headwind, I agree that when wind strength exceeds 25 knots, forward progress becomes increasingly difficult. And naturally the sea state will depend on:

- how long the headwind has been blowing
- fetch; the distance the wind has been blowing over the sea.

# MAILED TO



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Sandy Ferguson, 14 Birdling Place, Halswell, Christchurch. 8003

