

No. 89 October - November 2000

THE SEA CANOEIST NEWSLETTER



Not exactly a sea kayaking photo, but a view from inside my wee cottage at the 12 Mile, of heading off to work, with a backdrop of the Lake Tasman. A grand wave skiing spot when sand builds up over the wave cut platform in summer.

(Please send the editor some summer paddling pics for the next newsletter cover, and lots of stories).

**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
Existing members: \$10 + \$1 p&p
Non-members: \$18 + \$1 p&p

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

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

Too Many Tourists

Back in September, the 'Sunday Times' carried a half page article on the increasing tourist number pressure on our national parks.

'Nelson man Hugh Logan ran a sea kayak business in the Abel Tasman National Park, but now believes the park's coast is at risk of overexposure from tourists. A growing number of kayaks, water taxis and ferries are lining up to take tourists into the park. Put bluntly, he argues the price is being paid in too much litter and sewage.

'Canard, who has chaired the local conservation board and the tourism board, believes the tourism industry's insistence on promoting fresh, clean images of New Zealand's wilderness may not be sustainable. He's calling for management groups to be set up.

'Today DoC is required by the Conservation Act to prepare 10 year management strategies for each conservancy, with details provided in the management plans. The act requires DoC to protect natural resources and foster recreation. It allows for tourism so long as it does not undermine protection. Canard believes the system is flawed, partly because DoC has little control over a rising tide of day visitors.

"Put it this way, when I first started my business, I had one competitor. By the time I sold it, I had five competitors. Now there are 14, operating sea kayaks on the Abel Tasman. DoC has no idea of the impact that's occurring."

The article was not confined to the ATNP but discussed the increasing tourist pressure on the likes of the Milford Track, the Kepler Track and Fox Glacier.

Well, I thought it a bit rich that Hugh was sounding off about tourist pressure, when this bloke was one of the prime movers for opening up sea kayak guiding operations in New Zealand. And operators are not in the business of minimizing tourist pressure, they promote and publicise their operations to generate more revenue. So I expressed my thoughts to Hugh in an

email and asked if he would respond (see page 4).

On 27 September, DoC's response from the Motueka area manager, Colin Wishart, in the papers noted, 'Trying to control commercial use of the park was not straightforward, even under the concessions system DoC used to manage commercial activities within a national park. For instance it could be restrained by the Commerce Act in trying to cap commercial activity. Mr. Wishart also said he did not think pressure on the park was yet a serious problem. We don't get a significant amount of feedback that it's affecting people's perceptions of enjoyment.'

Well Mr. Wishart should extract his head from the sand. DoC has kept granting concessions to sea kayak operators (now 14) and has not capped bums in cockpits per operator. Perhaps for a Japanese or German tourist, the sight of a squillion other kayaks on a 'remote' beach plus lack of standing room between tents in the camp sites, is fine. For a Kiwi paddler, part of the magic of paddling is to enjoy a the wilderness experience without hordes of other kayakers. As Hugh notes in the 'Sunday Times' article, increasing numbers mean more litter and more pressure on the toilet facilities in the campgrounds.

Why not flick a letter off to Colin Wishart with comments from Kiwi paddlers re ATNP. And it is high time KASK began lobbying officially for DoC to set some limits on the tourist kayak operators in the park.

Thanks

Big mobs of thanks to Vincent Maire for a wealth of material for the newsletter, also to Tim Moore, Sandy Ferguson, Chrissie Williams, Rob Tipa, and to the production team of Sandy, Max Grant and David Herrington.

Safe Paddling Xmas - New Year

Keep it safe and enjoyable on the water this summer, within your limits of experience, skill and stamina. When paddling with others, keep it close in pods, so communication is never lost with weaker or tired paddlers.

Paul Caffyn

ENVIRONMENT

The Abel Tasman National Park.

from Hugh Logan

Most sea kayakers will have a viewpoint on this prime section of our coast. For many people it is their first experience of sea kayaking. I have been increasingly concerned that the impacts of projected increases in visitor numbers are not being anticipated and acted upon. It is my view that the situation in the Abel Tasman National Park is only one to three years away from a serious overcrowding scenario. At peak times the southern end of the park is already physically overcrowded. Because the space is physically limited, it only takes a few more to tip the balance. This might seem a bit rich coming from someone who was quite successful at promoting sea kayaking this park to a wider international audience. When we moved to Marahau we had one competitor; when we sold we had eight competitors. I will not apologise for being keen on paddling and wanting to make a living at something I liked better than air conditioning, but I certainly never anticipated just how popular sea kayaking could become in the Abel Tasman.

To understand the situation you need to realise the statutory anomalies that make it difficult for the responsible agencies to manage this area. DoC has statutory authority over visitors to actual national parks. The public have the right of free access to all national parks. The Abel Tasman boundary is at the Mean High Water Spring Tide line. The Tasman District Council has responsibility for the foreshore down to the low water. The main access to the park is across the beach so how can DoC manage the park when they have no jurisdiction over this strip? In the Abel Tasman, DoC is the only agency with actual management resources and assets in place. TDC has none. This situation extends to the harbours and waterways. Visitors and

wild creatures don't recognise such arbitrary man made boundaries. They see the whole coast, from forest to beaches to sea, as a single entity.

There is a big debate in the region about the foreshore and whether it should be added to the national park. Some locals see this a "central government land grab", and are deeply suspicious about DoC motives. Others see the proposal as a common sense solution where by changing the land status to national park, just one agency, DoC, will have a unified management responsibility for the park. If this occurs we can expect the whole waterborne transport system to be under tighter regulation. At present only those operators who guide people overnight - on land - have to have concessions. The water taxis and ferries do not and are largely uncontrolled. Of the 200,000 annual visitors to the park only 18,000 are covered by concessions, and these are principally the guided kayak operators. Rentals do not require any permits, so don't be too quick to blame the commercial sea kayak operators.

It is important to see the potential problems in perspective from a seasonality viewpoint. Without quoting statistics, the park is full to bursting for three weeks, very busy for four months, and empty for eight months. Future growth will only come from international visitors to the Nelson region, most of whom will visit the Abel Tasman National Park. Our domestic visitor base cannot supply the numbers that the international stream will provide. This is a result of the promotional activity of the tourism industry nationally and internationally. This National Park is unique in the world, a fact rarely appreciated by locals - even sea kayakers who see the park as easy and crowded. Come here in the winter!

Sea kayaking is growing even faster than overall visitor growth, due partly to increasing domestic visitors, and to a trend of older age groups attempting active outdoor adventures.

1992 2 operators
1994 3 operators

1999 15 operators
2005 ?? operators

The growth is principally in day trips, all of which use the same confined Astrolabe area .

1992 2 groups of 8 paddlers
1993 3 groups of 8 paddlers
1996 5 groups of 8 paddlers
2000 14 groups of 8 paddlers

Water Taxis at Bark Bay
1990 1 ferry visit am and pm 2 calls
1992 1 water taxi + 1 ferry 4 calls
1996 5 water taxis + 2 ferries x multiple visits 24 calls
2000 (8 water taxis + 2 ferries) x multiple visits up to 4 times per day 36 calls

This is today. A doubling of capacity in day visitors could mean a water taxi calling on average every 10 minutes; ie there will be a continuous presence of powered high speed craft at the three main pick up points. This is based on a modest and achievable 7% growth in regional visitor numbers. NZTB targets are more ambitious than this and their new 100% PURE program is targeted at the mature markets that Nelson Tasman region will capture, unlike the short stay packaged tour Asian market which stays on the 'golden route', bypassing Nelson. The point is that a 7% increase in regional visitors does not necessarily translate into 7% increase in park visitors. It can result in a major increase in visitors in our popular areas. These areas are limited in size and have limited facilities. The above scenario omits future developments that may occur in the Park.

In five years we introduced 25,000 people to sea kayaking and the Abel Tasman. Apart from some black times when we had weeks of south westerlies, when I would have happily walked out the door and never returned, I love the place more now than when I first paddled round the coast from Golden Bay in 1970 something. Guys in fizz boats would come over and stare at this foolish person in a silly little kayak and shake their heads in wonder.

Twelve years ago, when the currently operational Management Plan was written, there was no commercial kayaking of consequence and just one ferry once a day. The park deserves better management. That is going to need us to appreciate just how precious a place it is and for local and central government agencies to do some far sighted planning for the future.

Hugh Canard

ENVIRONMENT

Marine Farm Resource Consent Applications.

from Rob Tipa

Here's two separate pieces - a backgrounder on the rash of applications for resource consents to establish marine farms around Banks Peninsula and a copy of KASK's submission to Environment Canterbury. If you think the submission is a bit dry to publish in this form, I'd be happy to cut it down/ rev it up for general consumption. Just give me a shout.

1 BANKS PENINSULA MARINE FARMING BACKGROUNDER
Obviously there is money in mussels, judging by the mad scramble by investors in aquaculture to stake a claim on the limited sheltered waterways of the South Island for expansion in the industry.

Traditionally mussel farming has been concentrated in the Marlborough Sounds, Tasman and Golden Bays, which substantially account for the 3920 hectares of licensed mussel farms in New Zealand, producing about \$140 million in export receipts.

However, punters are now turning their attention further south, to Banks Peninsula, where a rash of applications to establish marine farms has almost overwhelmed the regional authority responsible for issuing resource consents.

Marine farms require a resource consent from the regional authority (in this case Environment Canterbury) and a licence from the Ministry of Fisheries.

Under the Resource Management Act, regional councils are required to prepare a regional coastal plan, but Environment Canterbury's coastal plan is not yet fully operational. It doesn't deal specifically with marine farms, but contains rules and policies relating to occupation of the coastal marine area.

Meanwhile, Environment Canterbury is fielding applications for one new marine farm, averaging 46 hectares, every four weeks. To the cynic, it looks suspiciously like a classic land grab before the appropriate controls are in place to manage development.

There are three existing marine farms on Banks Peninsula - Pigeon Bay Aquaculture's 26 hectare farm at Pigeon Bay, Sea Right Investments' 6ha and Akaroa Salmon's 2.2ha farms on Akaroa Harbour.

Consent applications have been lodged for 18 more farms covering 257 hectares around Banks Peninsula. This was the situation as of August 18. There could well be more applications in the pipeline that we are not aware of.

For KASK members, the most immediate concern was an application by Ngai Tahu Fisheries and Kuku Investments Ltd. to establish 11 farm sites spread over an area of 61 hectares within Akaroa Harbour.

Along with the Canterbury Sea Kayak Network, KASK lodged written submissions opposing this application and has requested a hearing before the panel or commissioners appointed to deliberate. Details of our submissions are attached. Submissions closed in mid-October but we have not yet been notified when the hearing will be held.

Akaroa Salmon has also applied to expand its existing operations on a 7ha site for 12 weeks a year and Sea

Right Investments has a new application for 12ha for water quality monitoring, both potentially adding to the congestion of marine farms along the western shoreline of the outer harbour.

The regional council has requested further information from two other applicants, Ocean Marine Farm, which has applied for consents to farm 100 hectares on two sites at Whitehead and Scrubby Bay, and R.E. Menzies' Pegasus Bay Marine Farm for a 60 hectare site at Squally Bay.

Southern Seas has publicly notified its application for two farm sites covering 27ha at Port Levy.

2 KASK SUBMISSION TO ENVIRONMENT CANTERBURY
October 9, 2000.

Consents Administration Section,
Environment Canterbury,
PO Box 345,
CHRISTCHURCH.

Dear Sir/Madam,

1 - The following submission is made on behalf of the Kiwi Association of Sea Kayakers (NZ) Inc. (KASK), a national network of sea kayakers, with a current membership of 292 paddlers. Our objectives are to promote and encourage the fast-growing sport of sea kayaking, to promote safety standards and to deal with issues of coastal access and protection.

2 - KASK opposes the application for 11 resource consents (CRC001523, CRC001525, CRC001529, CRC001531, CRC001533, CRC001535, CRC001537, CRC001539, CRC001541, CRC001543, CRC001549) by Ngai Tahu Fisheries and Kuku Enterprises Ltd to establish marine farms and occupy 64.32 hectares of seabed within Akaroa Harbour.

3 - We wish to be heard in support of these submissions.

The reasons for our opposition to the application are as follows:

4 - POPULAR PROTECTED WATERWAY FOR PADDLERS OF ALL LEVELS

Akaroa Harbour is one of few relatively protected waterways on the east coast of the South Island which is close to a large population centre and therefore popular for its comparatively safe paddling for kayakers of all skill levels when conditions may be too rough, windy or dangerous to paddle outside the harbour.

5 - EFFECTS OF WIND FUNNELING ON KAYAKERS

Akaroa's alignment from north-west to south-east means north and south sector winds funnel up and down the harbour. In these conditions, frequently the only safe course for sea kayakers is to paddle close to one or other shoreline for some protection from wind and sea.

6 - OBSTRUCTION OF A PUBLIC NAVIGATION CHANNEL

Kayakers generally prefer to paddle close inshore for a combination of safety reasons and close views of wildlife and coastal formations, bringing them into direct conflict with the narrow coastal strip the applicants wish to farm. KASK regards the proposed marine farms as an obstruction of a public navigation channel.

6 - CONTINUOUS LINE OF MARINE FARMS

Our primary concern is the applicants' proposal for a virtually continuous line of marine farms stretching six kilometres along the western shore of Akaroa Harbour from Ohinepaka Bay to Timutimu Head.

7 - NAVIGATION HAZARD

Rows of flotation buoys, anchored close inshore, pose a serious navigation hazard for sea kayaks, particularly in windy or rough sea conditions. In these conditions, even experienced kayakers may be restricted in their ability to manoeuvre and less experienced paddlers may risk capsize, immersion or entanglement in these obstructions.

8 - ACCIDENT RISKS INCREASED

The presence of rows of flotation buoys, particularly along the western shore of Akaroa Harbour, may force paddlers at least 300 metres offshore to more exposed water, potentially increasing the risk of accidents.

9 - UNSPOILT NATURAL LAND AND SEASCAPES

In choosing to paddle any area, our KASK members place a high value on natural unspoilt land and seascapes. Akaroa Harbour's spectacular cliffs, caves and rugged volcanic landscapes make it one of few precious protected paddling venues on the east coast of the South Island.

10 - VISUAL IMPACT OF MARINE FARMS

Marine farms have a significant visual impact on the seascape, particularly for kayakers, who are often attracted to kayaks as a means of access to wilderness areas.

Speaking from personal experience, paddling round and through countless marine farms in Pelorus Sound earlier this year was akin to taking a scenic drive down a 10-lane highway. It was not an experience I would wish to repeat. If marine farming is permitted on Akaroa Harbour, many kayakers will simply go elsewhere, with consequent effects on local tourism.

11 - CONCENTRATION OF WILDLIFE

One of the major reasons for sea kayakers to paddle Akaroa Harbour is the concentration of wildlife in the outer harbour. It is regarded as the most reliable place in New Zealand to see the rare and endangered Hector's dolphin in its natural environment.

The harbour is also home to two penguin and three shag species not commonly seen in such close proximity in other areas of the country.

As conservationists, we are particularly concerned about scientific reports of the increased risk of dolphin mortality through entanglement in marine farms and the unknown ecological effects of mussel farms on dolphin food supplies.

12 - PRIVATE USE OF A PUBLIC RESOURCE

KASK is opposed to private use of a public resource which effectively displaces our members from a section of the coast they have a right to use as New Zealand citizens.

13 - CONCLUSION

In conclusion KASK requests the consent authority to decline the applications for all marine farms in Akaroa Harbour until Environment Canterbury's coastal plan is fully operational.

We also ask that the consent authority place a moratorium on all marine farm applications around Banks Peninsula until Environment Canterbury releases clear guidelines and restrictions on marine farming in a fully operational coastal plan for the region.

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HECTORS DOLPHINS ADDED TO 'RED LIST'

The Hector's dolphin has been added to the World Conservation Union's list of threatened species. The South Island Hector's dolphin, which frequents the waters around Banks Peninsula, is classified as endangered by the World Conservation Union (IUCN) while the smaller North Island population is critically endangered.

Because of its coastal habitat and slow reproductive rate, the species is particularly vulnerable to entanglement in fishing gear, especially gill nets.

In December 1999 the Hector's dolphin was declared a threatened species in NZ under the Marine Mammals Protection Act. DoC is consulting with the Ministry of Fisheries, fisherman, environmental groups, and biologists to develop a management plan that will secure the future for Hector's dolphin in the North Island. (ChCh Press, 9/10/00)

OVERSEAS

Antarctic Peninsula from Graham Charles

In December this year two companions and myself will attempt to sea kayak the open water length of the Antarctic Peninsula. Our expedition has been two years in the planning. Most of this time has been spent trying to sort out the complex logistics of transport to and from the peninsula. Finally, our hard work has yielded some excellent results.

We will fly to Buenos Aires in December with our boats. The boats are too long to fly from BA to Ushuaia so we will freight them from there. We have a couple of weeks in Ushuaia so will sort out final logistics and do a trip into Tierra del Fuego and recce a potential trip for next year.

Sir Peter Blake who has started Blake Expeditions is doing some filming on the Peninsula and has offered us a ride on his magnificent yacht, the Sea Master. We will set sail across the notorious Drake Passage as soon as weather allows. Blake has some filming to do around Elephant Island before dropping us at Hope Bay on the northern tip of the Peninsula.

From there we are on our own and just have to paddle south. Simple really! The first few hundred kilometres will be the crux of the journey being exposed to weather, sea and ice from the Drake. There are also some long ice fronts (>50k) with no possibility of landing.

Once we get behind the island groups (Brabant, Anvers) things should settle down. The plan is to at least make it as far as the polar circle just near Adelaide Island. We are completely at the mercy of the ice conditions if we want to get further south than this.

Around February 10 we will be met, and picked up by an Australian charter yacht, the Tooluka. Tooluka will be carrying a film crew from American Adventure Productions who want to make a movie of our trip. We will film on DV until Feb 10 then they will take over and accompany us for the final section. On Feb 24 we will board the Tooluka and sail back along the peninsula, across the Drake Passage and fly home to NZ. Hopefully some summer will still be here and I'll head to the Coast for some much missed creek boating!

We are paddling custom made and designed boats from Paddling Perfection. We have modified the Sea Bear to an expedition boat. It is 5.9 m long and has a storage capacity of just under 400l. When fully loaded the boats will be very heavy. We had two weeks in Fiordland and the southern coast with full loads and besides a few teething problems the boats performed well. We were able to cruise at a comfy 6.5 – 8kph. Whilst running with some 5m breaking seas and gusting 40knots SW I caught a big wave for a surf and my GPS called in 13.5kph as I bounced (yes you can bounce a big boat on these waves) down the wave with a mile wide grin on my face!

Who are we? Unknown as sea kayakers I'm sure! Mark Jones is in charge of the Outdoor Recreation course at AUT in Auckland. Marcus Waters is a HR consultant for Deloitte Touche Tomatsu in Hamilton and I am based loosely in Christchurch as a freelance outdoor instructor and photographer.

We all have a long history of working professionally in the outdoors and all were in senior positions at the Sir Edmund Hillary Outdoor Pursuits Centre in the central Nth Island. We all have extensive backgrounds in mountaineering, rock climbing and whitewater kayaking. It is the mix of these skills which I believe will make the trip possible. While our sea kayak resume is less elaborate than other things we have done it does include plenty of miles, bad weather, good judgement and a little bit of sunshine. I chose this team for the different

strengths Marcus and Jonesy have to offer and the hardiness of these individuals in stressful conditions (of which we have had plenty).

We have set up an organisation called Adventure Philosophy and will run this and similar expeditions through it. We believe in adventure in its pure form, being environmentally sound in our travels and returning quality images to share with others. Anyone can approach AP if an expedition fits our general ethos and use our extensive sponsorship partnerships and contacts with manufacturers. From 2001 we will be offering Adventure Philosophy scholarships for young people showing promise in the outdoors. We want to keep the NZ heritage of outdoor adventure and exploration alive as computers and TV take up more of youths time.

Please visit our website and consider supporting the expedition:
www.adventurephilosophy.com

We will be updating the site with our progress while in the south.

Have a great summer
Graham Charles

Clint Waghorn in Alaska

Clint Waghorn ended this year's paddle from Chevak in the Yukon River delta, at Chignik, a salmon fishing port and cannery on the southern coast of the Alaska Peninsula. The 'Waikato Times' has carried a series of near full page articles plus colour photographs of the various stages of Clinton's trip. The 2000km from Chevak took him three months and faced with the next exposed stage to Homer (south of Anchorage) and fall (autumn) weather impending, Clinton stored his kayak at the cannery and flew out in a small Cessna to Anchorage. He aims to be back in Alaska in mid May 2001, to complete the last leg of his trip to Prince Rupert.

Many thanks to Joyce Singleton and Vincent Maire for mailing down the press clippings.

THE 'BUGGER!' FILE Nor-Westerns, Pumps & Partners by Tim Moore

Here is a story about the sea kayaking a little while ago in Lyttleton Harbour. My (now ex!) partner and I went out in a nor-wester - which was the first of many mistakes. Second mistake: before heading out we realised we didn't bring the pump. After some discussion we rationalised that since we hadn't needed it yet we could get by without it. The final mistake - although I did not realise that it was going to be an issue at the time - was that I wasn't wearing my glasses cord. Bugger!

So, my partner, as normal zooms out headed for the middle of Lyttleton Harbour. In actual fact I had planned to just kayak close to shore. But since she went straight out I followed, even if it was just to retrieve her.

So, we go out a bit, its definitely too gusty and so we agree to come closer to shore when this HUMOUNGOUS wind gust comes up and I flip right over. I remember sitting upside down in dark turquoise water thinking 'wow, I've now been flipped over for real'. I also remember thinking 'hmmmm. I'm still sitting here, I wont' even try and roll back up so I had better pull the tab and pop out'.

My time underwater seemed like a long time but my partner said I was up pretty fast - almost instantaneously from when I was blown over. So, I pop up and still have my paddle and grab a hold of the kayak and look around for my partner who is still bracing herself - successfully! - against the wind gust (which, by the way, was coming from *offshore*: that is, blowing out to the middle of the now rather large looking harbour). When she sees me she says somewhat redundantly for me to stay with my boat. I say 'says' but she was yelling above the wind. She paddles quickly over and comments about my lack of glasses. I say comment, but really it was a 'force-

ful exclamation' - but this time not because of the wind. I realise at this point too that I am not wearing my glasses any more (nor my hat) and somewhat stupidly look down at the water, inches from my face. Its several metres deep where I had flipped over but I had a strange mental flash of myself diving down to look for them.

While I'm thinking this my partner is continuing to point out to me that I should have worn my glasses cord, and asking why didn't I? Wearing only a bathing suit and a polypro top I am starting to get a wee bit cold and so suggest to her that perhaps we could finish this argument ashore and that I would really like it if at this point in time we could concentrate on getting in. Without a pump, and at the rate we were being blown out we decided that the best thing was for her to tow me in. So, we hook up and along comes another wind gust which nearly turns my partner over but being the trooper she is, she remains upright. All this time we are being pushed further from shore. We detach and re-orient ourselves with both bows facing shoreward and into the wind and then re-attach the bow line and try again. It goes pretty well for about 5 strokes of my partner's paddle until another wind gust comes up and she has to brace against it and then we lose all the ground we had made up. We can see people on the dock looking at us so she waves her paddle in the distress mode but they continue to look. Dumbly we thought. I am still kicking trying to keep some momentum against the wind but this was producing little effect. Well that is not true: instead of being just cold, I was now cold and tired. I have to admit that I was getting a fraction worried here; plus in waving her paddle my partner comes EXTREMELY close to being flipped over herself again. I say to her, in a very polite voice of course, that perhaps she should desist from waving her paddle as if we are both flipped over the situation would be quite worse.

Basically the choice at this moment was to leave my boat and swim ashore and let my partner paddle in too. Luckily a sail boat was coming into the

nearby marina and we did manage to yell/wave it closer and they pulled down their jib (the mainsail was not up because later we found out the boom had split in half in one of the earlier wind gusts!) and started their motors and came over and got me. We pulled the kayak up and my partner paddled in against more gusts but made it safely back in.

After changing into warm gear I was still certainly very cold but of a different kind of cold than I am usually acquainted with. My partner was pretty good about the glasses thing considering it was a pretty stupid thing to do and throwing away that amount of money is never very satisfying. So, there were several lessons learned there and I hope not to have to repeat them. One thing is that I must learn to Eskimo roll the darn boat so flipping is not as big an issue! And never, ever go out without the proper gear. I'm keen to get back into it though.

THE 'BUGGER!' FILE A Flare Demo Bugger, Bugger, Bugger Incident received from Vincent Maire off the net

The NSW Sea Kayak Club had a major incident occur two weeks ago at their annual family camp on the NSW South Coast. It was part of an authorised flare demonstration exercise along a rugged piece of coastline (cliffs) by Jervis Bay. 50 paddlers were involved, ranging from highly experienced to very new to kayaking. Conditions unexpectedly deteriorated making control and communication extremely difficult with such a large group and leaving many paddlers in a very dangerous situation. Police, small craft and an aerial spotter plane were involved in the rescue and the club vice president has tendered his resignation as a result. It took the whole day to account for all kayakers including those forced to scrub-bash out and retrieve their kayaks later. The attached e-mail is one of the many reports I have received via the club chat

line over the last week. It goes to show how things can so easily turn to poo when several apparently minor things go against you - and this is from a club with very stringent safety controls. I think people should be strongly encouraged to report their misadventures.

In any activity or work situation, the reality is that for every injury or death, there are numerous close call incidents that have occurred before the actual serious injury or fatality occurs. In many industries the statistics are 500 close calls for every fatality. This is why the reporting of close call/incidents is so critical. It allows us to look closely at incidents before they become far more serious.

With that, people need to be positively encouraged to report their mishaps without fear of being stigmatised over one incident. The person should not be made to feel stupid, careless, dumb or any of the other definitions some people seem to want to apply. One mistake does not make you an unsafe paddler....

Flare training exercise off Beecroft Head (One of the many perspectives published on the NSWSKC chat line).

When we reached the location for firing the flares I wasn't that comfortable, especially when just holding station. We were broken into three groups. Ours, led by Nick, was furthest south and apparently to the east.

As time went on during the exercise the other groups started to disappear to the north. The wind had started to pick up. Nick rounded us up and we headed back to Currarong. At this point one of the members was too fatigued to continue and a tow was established. The group started to spread out somewhat and we were rounded up again. Not sure but I think we caught up to the second group, things got a bit confused as to who was where.

After a while, paddling into head winds and oncoming seas, there was just two of us on our own. Discussed the predicament ie we were still paddling

OK but those weaker paddlers behind were going to be in real trouble. Should we make a dash for help? We got separated, I was on my own, not making much headway and starting to tire. Signalled to a fishing boat [tinny], they came over and I explained that there are some paddlers behind me that may need assistance and would they mind checking on them. They said OK and motored off. Didn't see them again.

Continued on and started to get real tired. A few paddle strokes then brace.... not good for covering distance. Still no sign of other boats. Still wasn't aware of the current. Things started to get desperate and I began to doubt that I would make it. Some time later I saw paddlers ahead. Blew my whistle and approached them, it was Nick and two others. One of them was exhausted. They were discussing whether to make for a cleft in the cliff face or continue. They decided to go for what was Mermaid Inlet... a rock landing [apparently the gel coat on your boat is used as a lubricant in order to squeeze it through the entrance]. I indicated I would continue on to Currarong.

Battled on for another 20 minutes and things got worse....I wasn't going to make it. Decided to take my chances with a landing back at Mermaid Inlet, the others were now out of sight. Trying to turn the boat around I was knocked over and came out. Attempted numerous self rescues.... climbing on the back deck and re-enter/rolls. None were effective, just too stuffed.

Drifted past Mermaid Inlet and was now heading for the undercut cliffs. Resigned myself to the fact that the new boat was going to be turned into a jigsaw puzzle and was now trying to work out how to best avoid the same fate myself. I had drifted for 15-20 minutes covering about 600m. When drifting I tucked my legs up into the cockpit of the up turned boat so there was no dangly bits in case of a visit from "the man in the grey suit"..... well, it seemed like a good idea at the time. Had been cautioned on Saturday that there were numerous bronze whalers in the area, a large one being

caught a couple of days earlier near the wreck.

Wasn't far from the cliffs when I caught sight of some alternating flashes of white approaching from the south... paddle blades. A group of four turned up, Michael Yellow Puffin helped me back into the boat which was pumped out and we proceeded with Larry Gray giving some moral support and useful advice on the way. Hadn't gone very far when there was a yell from behind and Larry shot off to rescue someone else who had gone over.

When we were off Lobster Bay John Wilde [I think] came out and suggested we pull in there, other boats were already on the beach. Michael and I discussed it and were concerned about the surf which looked pretty bad from where we were as the conditions seemed to be driving it straight into the Bay. Michael went in and wasn't allowed out again, a few of us proceeded on around Abraham's Head, where it got very lumpy. After the Head, things smoothed out and I landed at Currarong at 12:00 very dehydrated and sun burnt, about five and a half hours after starting out on what was supposed to be a breakfast paddle. I informed some senior members that Nick and Co. had gone into Mermaid Inlet [as I may have been the only one to see them] and they may need some assistance.

1. If in doubt, don't go/go back.... rely on your gut feelings.
2. Keep a constant watch for even the slightest change in conditions.
3. If things go to shit, stay together... no matter what.
4. A snug fit in the cockpit is essential. Doesn't matter how tight you fit in a controlled roll situation. How well do you stay in when caught off guard?
5. Self rescue by attempting to climb onto the back deck is a total waste of time in those conditions even with a paddle float. Don't even bother practising it. That's time that can be spent

perfecting a re- enter and roll.

6. The ability to re-enter and roll on demand any time in any conditions is essential.

7. Don't stay offshore going nowhere 'cept backwards stuck in a south flowing current, come in close to the cliffs out of the current. However, if caught, don't use up your strength reserves fighting it, consider running with it and land further downstream. If you don't know the shoreline you're operating off, make sure you have a reasonable map with safe landings marked out.

8. Make sure you carry enough drinking water that can be accessed in bad conditions. Make sure your sun hat doesn't come off... even underwater. Carry a spare. If you become dehydrated and start to suffer from the effects of the sun your judgement WILL become impaired.... you make bad decisions.

HISTORY

from Vincent Maire

"Sea canoeist risked death, says expert." Now that's an eye-catching headline if ever I saw one. And there is a very interesting story behind it.

Over Labour Weekend Kevin Beeby and I decided to explore the Bay of Islands. Having "done" the islands off Rawhiti, a nice lady in the Russell DoC office suggested we visit Aroha Island just ten minutes driving past the Stone Store on the Kerikeri Inlet. This lovely campground has much to offer sea kayakers. It is connected to the mainland by a causeway, privately owned and home to a very successful kiwi protection programme. Being part of the QEII National Trust, its future as an important environmental project will never be jeopardized.

To generate extra income, the owners have developed a camping facility and I cannot recall staying at a more beautiful or peaceful location. Because of its size and limited facilities, visitor numbers are strictly limited.

Kevin and I found ourselves in the company of only four other groups. Less than twenty people were at Aroha Island over one of the busiest holiday weekends of the year.

After a marvellous day exploring the Kerikeri Inlet and Moturoa Island, we returned to Aroha Island and got talking to a fellow camper. Bruce Stevenson and his wife Barb are beekeepers in Kerikeri. They too love Aroha Island and because they need to be near their hives at this time of year, they find this an ideal place for a family holiday. Over dinner, Bruce told us the story behind the headline.

In 1973 when Bruce was a 20-year-old university student, he decided to paddle from his home in Te Atatu, Auckland to Tauranga. The trip took five weeks and along the way he got a job cutting scrub just south of Colville, was forced to delay his trip in Tryphena on Great Barrier Island for two weeks due to bad weather and he scored another job driving a truck in a quarry near Whitianga. The journey took five weeks of which some ten days were spent on the water.

On arrival in Tauranga, the New Zealand Herald picked up the story and recorded a fairly accurate account of the journey. However, it was the Auckland Star which sensationalized his trip.

Bruce made the trip in a Penguin, a fibreglass cruising canoe. He had purchased this boat off the then president of the North Shore Canoe Club so he was more than a bit peeved when this person slated his achievement in the media. Here is the report from the Auckland Star dated October 18, 1973.

Sea canoeist risked death, says expert

An Auckland canoeing expert says Auckland university student Bruce Stevenson "risked death" making a canoe trip from Auckland to the Bay of Plenty.

Mr. Renton Hunger who has 15 years experience in canoeing and is President of the North Shore Canoe Club, said today that Mr. Stevenson had

broken one of the cardinal rules of canoeing.

"There must be a minimum of three canoeists on a trip. If this bloke had tired there was no telling whether he would be able to right his canoe if he fell out."

He said Mr. Stevenson picked one of the worst passages between Waiheke and Great Barrier Island to make his journey.

"I myself would not make the journey unless I was with two canoeists who I know are experienced."

Mr. Stevenson left his parent's home in Te Atatu five weeks ago, telling them he was going canoeing. Last night he arrived at Matakana Island, near Tauranga after stopping for bad weather at Great Barrier Island. His 13ft 6in canoe was loaded with flares, camping gear and food.

I don't believe that Bruce was the first person to solo paddle from Auckland to Tauranga (does anyone know who has that honour?) however he may well have been the first person to turn the journey into a working holiday!

These days Bruce is into cycle touring. However, the sight of our kayaks and the chance to reminisce on past adventures gave him that faraway look common to all serious sea kayakers. Some things stay in the blood forever.

NEW JET SKI LAWS

'Jetski bans and registration along with compulsory wearing of lifejackets in dangerous weather will come into force in the Auckland area by New Year. New marine navigation bylaws, including a ban on jetskis in Judges Bay, Panmure Basin and Point Chevalier Beach were adopted at a Auckland Regional Council meeting yesterday (20/11/00)

The council also opted to charge jetski owners a \$20 registration fee, payable every two years. Registration numbers will have to be displayed on either side of the craft.'

'Grey Star. 21/11/00)

KIWI PADDLING

The Auckland Scene

from Vincent Maire

At Coastbusters earlier in the year we spoke to Cathye Haddock about the Wellington Sea Kayak Network's efforts to develop a special weekend course for existing and potential trip leaders. Following a few "near misses" WSKN identified lack of skilled leaders as being the root cause of problems occurring on the water. So a course was designed, sponsorship obtained and local kayaker, Grant Rochfort, facilitated the course. Following its success, Cathye, under the auspices of KASK, obtained more funding from the Water Safety Council to run further courses on a national basis.

In Auckland, KASK's Auckland representative, Vincent Maire suggested running the course for northern kayakers. The Auckland Canoe Club agreed to this and quickly identified a pool of kayakers who were either existing leaders or potential leaders. Vincent also made contact with the Northland Canoe Club who provided two people for the course. In total, 18 sea kayakers made themselves available for three courses that were run out of Okahu Bay in November.

Funding for each course came by way of each participant, \$25, plus funding from their club, a sizeable donation from Coastbusters, KASK and the Water Safety Council. Grant Rochfort travelled north to run the first course with local kayak trainer George Gerrard in attendance. George then ran the subsequent two courses. Having George on board enabled us to start each session at his offices in Khyber Pass Road on Friday evening. George works for a business training organisation so the facilities and support material provided by George were superb.

Friday evening introduced each group of six participants to risk management, RAMS, weather, basic navigation, the Heron Model of self and peer

review and what to expect over the weekend. Saturday morning started at the Auckland Canoe Club in Okahu Bay. First we practised our self and buddy rescue skills plus towing. After lunch we then went on a series of excursion with each person having a turn at being a leader. Each session ended with self and peer review with particular attention given to the pre-trip briefing and group management.

On the Sunday, the group then went on a series of longer "expeditions" with each of these packed full of incidents. Leaders had to cope with a range of difficulties including cap-sizes, sea sick paddlers, bad tempered paddlers, people who didn't want to stay with the group and even lost paddlers. At the end of each leg of the "expedition", the leader reviewed his or her own effort and then listened to comments from others in the group. For all of us, this proved to be the most valuable part of the weekend.

Participants have received a certificate of attendance and the following people go on record as being the first in Whangarei and Auckland to receive this KASK endorsed qualification. Brian Lamerton and Cindy Stewart of the Northland Canoe Club and Trevor Arthur, Graeme Bruce (of Rotorua) Vincent Maire, Steve Melrose, Rona Patterson, Harley Wilson, Ray Clarke, Peter Gendall, Margaret Thwaites, Ryan Whittle, Matthew Crozier, Wally Gilmer, Rebecca Heap, Selwyn Palmer, Ann Schofield and Nikki Wylder all of the Auckland Canoe Club.

Going by the very high level of feedback received from all participants at the end of each weekend session, the course was a huge success. George has produced a comprehensive booklet that will be available for future courses. At this stage no dates have been set for further courses to be run in the northern half of the North Island however, should any clubs or networks wish to nominate people for another course, please contact Vincent Maire on (09) 424- 2293 or maire.family@xtra.co.nz

To Coromandel with the Auckland Coast Guard

On December 5th the Auckland Coast-guard hired the Fullers Jetrider Ferry and took a boatload of keen mariners on a trip to Coromandel. The trip left downtown at 5.30pm and we returned at 10pm. The route took us through the Motuihe Channel, around the south of Waiheke, through Ruthes Passage then across the Firth of Thames to Te Kouma Harbour, into Coromandel Harbour and back to Auckland by a direct route.

A member of the Coast Guard gave a commentary on good places to moor a boat to avoid the wind and also paid a great deal attention on places to avoid. It was especially interesting hearing about all the places to avoid such as Crusoe Island which is a popular destination for sea kayakers. Te Kouma Harbour looks to be a great place for sea kayakers and we also told about the sea caves at Kirita Bay. However, the best news for sea kayakers concerned three little bays on the Hautapu Channel just north of the Long Bay motor camp. I had paddled passed these in February when a group of us explored the many islands on the western side of Coromandel. I was immediately struck by the fact that these bush-clad beaches would make ideal campsites for passing kayakers. Apparently the area is known as Nukutaina by the locals and is used as a free camping area. These beaches can only be accessed from the water and although I didn't recall seeing a stream, water is available back at the motor camp. Our commentator said the middle of the three beaches has the best camping.

On our February trip, we paddled along this stretch of coast from Long Bay to Papaaroha before heading north-west into the Motukawao Group with our most northern destination being Motukahaua Island, better known as Happy Jack or Elephant Cove. This small island appears to be the remnant of an ancient crater that now forms a deep and well enclosed harbour. The island is very steep but there is enough flat land for a few tents.

On a more humorous note, I was amused to see that many of my fellow passengers lived up to the reputation

of being old fashioned piss-head boaties. They arrived on a ferry, which is licensed to sell liquor, with their chilly bins full of every type of alcohol imaginable. This they consumed with great gusto. It was a worthwhile trip and I look forward to returning to Coromandel to explore the islands and bays south Coromandel harbour. It certainly is a lovely area for sea kayakers.

Vincent Maire

Sea kayaker Sparks Rescue Alert & Anger On Tiri Tiri Matangi. from Vincent Maire

On Saturday 9th December at 9.30pm Barbara Walters, ranger on Tiri Tiri Matangi Island in the Hauraki Gulf, telephoned my wife and I seeking information on a 'lost' sea kayaker believed to be paddling to the island. Apparently the sea kayaker was a resident of Coromandel Peninsula, a member of a woman's outdoor pursuits organisation and also a sea kayaker. Barbara wondered if we knew who she was. We didn't. We were immediately concerned as earlier in the evening we had gone for a walk and had avoided the beach as 15+ knot winds were blowing in from the north. Anyone capsizing in the Tiri Passage and who had either lost their boat or couldn't re-enter, would likely be blown many kilometres south before finding land on Auckland's North Shore beaches.

Next morning I turned on the radio to see if there was any further news on the incident but nothing was reported. Later in the morning Barbara called to tell us what had happened. Apparently the sea kayaker had left her car at Tindalls Bay on Whangaparaoa Peninsular which was later discovered by the police who instigated the search. A local resident said the kayaker had said she was planning to paddle to Tiri. Naturally Ray & Barbara Walters were alerted, (hence their call to us) and they started a

search of the island. The sea kayaker was discovered camping at North-East Bay. She even had a fire going. To make matters worse, she admitted to knowing how precious the island is as a nature reserve. A fire at this end of the island, with a strong northerly wind blowing could have caused a fire with absolutely devastating results. A disaster made worse by the fact this is prime nesting time for the many endangered birds on the island.

Barbara's call was to ask me to remind sea kayakers that Tiri Tiri Matangi is a no camping area and has a total fire ban. This incident is also a reminder that leaving a car on a beach and disappearing up the coast in a sea kayak without informing anyone of your intentions will likely result in a search & rescue emergency. The idiocy of one sea kayaker is a reminder to us all to be more aware of trip planning procedures.

Antarctic Expedition

Three sea kayakers preparing to paddle the Antarctic Peninsular have had a fair amount of press coverage. They will join Sir Peter Blake's Seamaster in Argentina and travel to the peninsular where they will begin the expedition which is expected to last six weeks. Progress on the trip can be monitored on:

www.adventurephilosophy.com

OVERSEAS The Great White Shark Paddle.

by Les Allen

It was one of those perfect mornings. A light off shore breeze, not a cloud in the sky and a warm 22 degrees heading for 31. There were five of us on the beach loading the boats for a round Garden Island paddle. The beach was deserted except for some Silver Gulls squabbling over a tit bit on the waters edge. As I climbed in the cockpit and pushed off my mouth was a little dry as we were now breaking the law and risking the Great White Shark.

Each year at this time we have the Whale and Dolphin migration and with them come the White Pointers. Normally that is not a problem as the sharks generally leave humans alone as they go about their daily routine. But this year was different. Two weeks ago two young blokes were fishing off Rottnest Island when a big White Pointer came along side their boat. They grabbed a camera and got some good shots before weighing anchor and heading off to the media. It made the news that night and the morning paper. Jaws was in town. The following weekend we were at the seal colony off Carnac Island but that was OK. We were still considered safe and responsible by the media. Unfortunately, on the Monday morning, a swimmer was taken by a big White Pointer off Cottesloe beach. A real tragedy for that person and his family and friends.

This was the second person in 75 years to be killed by sharks in the metro area so obviously there is a huge risk in swimming or paddling on our beaches. I saw more than 15 pages of editorial the following week and it was on TV every night. There were shark hunters every where. One bloke was keeping a vigil on the beach armed with a beach rod and 25kg fishing line. He was going to land the one tonne monster for sure. Normally at this time of the year we get a lot of Dolphins along the coast. Not this week we had shark sighting all along the beaches. There must have been a whole mob of White Pointers just waiting to pounce on any unsuspecting swimmer.

The authorities not be out done closed all the beaches from Lancelin to Mandurah some 200km of coastline. That will teach the White Pointers. The media was out in force looking for stupid people who had no regard for their own safety.

We were of the opinion that we were as safe as we normally were. As we kill almost 300 people each year on the road I was under the impression that the drive was the most dangerous part of the paddle. Maybe I'm wrong. I mean look at the weight of evidence on the media side. Maybe Jaws was

out there just waiting.

We headed off to the southern end of the island, which is only a 3km crossing in perfect conditions. Around the end of the island all sight of humanity disappears. The seaward side of the island has a reef that extends for about 500m off the shore, sometimes snaking back inshore but generally leaving large pools or little bays of protected water. The beach is perfect white with thick scrub on top of the sand dunes. A more spectacular spot is hard to find. The tide was low, as was the swell. We decided to paddle inside the reef as its fun dodging the little bits of white water as they flow over the reef. The pools are magnificent with reef bottoms and clear water we could glide over them taking in the scenery and looking at the fish scooting about.

All thoughts of the danger disappeared and my mind was drifting to all manner of subjects when I was jolted back to reality with the wop wop wop of the Police helicopter blades. They flew over us but fortunately didn't try to book us for breaking the ban as the media suggested they would. I later found out that 30 km further up the coast a friend of mine was being pursued by life guards in their Zodiac trying to stop him from committing suicide by paddling up the coast line. We were more fortunate as we were 9km of the coastline around the back of the island. Too far for them to come chasing us.

At the northern end of the island there were a few boats moored in the protected bay. As we had come 15km we decided to stop in the bay for lunch. The southerly was starting to come up by now and we knew the moment we rounded the northern end of the island the southerly was going to hit us full blast. The forecast was for 18 to 22 knots that afternoon so it was going to be a hard paddle home. As we rounded a rocky headland on the southern end of the bay a deserted beach of soft white sand with a steep hill behind it was visible. Where the rocks intersected the beach was a secluded calm spot, out of the wind, so we pulled in to bask in the sun and eat.

As expected the moment we rounded the island the wind was in our face. At this stage it was about 15 knots and strengthening. The paddle down the inside of the island is not a nice as the seaward side of the island. There are still little bays with white beaches but the water is shallow and the bottom sandy. Not the same as the reef.

I had settled into a rhythm leaning forward and punching into the wind and chop. About half way home my mind was drifting again when out of the corner of my eye I spotted it. A fin. Or was I seeing things. No there it was again, and another and another. Phew, a pod of Dolphins. I actually jumped and immediately thought shark when I first saw the fin. Normally I would think Dolphin first. The media campaign was working. I got very angry with myself. How dare they scare the community like that.

The day ended up being a hard rewarding paddle. Jaws didn't get us. I loaded my boat up and headed home snug and safe behind the wheel of my car. As I gunned the motor to enter the highway I couldn't help noticing the little white crosses on the road side. But hey, I just survived the Great White Shark paddle, now I'm invincible.

Les Allen

JET SKIS

From Vincent Maire

There's been some discussion on the NSW Sea Kayak Club chat line of late on the joys of jet skiers - Thought you might like this written by one of the club members, Stuart Truman:

...As we turned the corner we were treated to a profile view of a jet skier shooting over three metre high waves just before they smashed into the cliffs, 'Must be sure of himself' I thought. We headed off for our little potter along the cliffs when I realized the annoying buzzing of the jet ski had stopped,

I had a look about as I couldn't imagine he could have gone back with out us noticing. In between swells I could

see the ski smashed up against the cliffs and after getting closer I saw the guy bobbing in the surf zone. He was not moving, his arms down by his side, I could not be sure he was conscious. If unable to fight he would have been smashed into the rocks with the next set, so I set off.

As I got to where I thought there was no turning back I shouted which seemed to wake him up, then he asked what he should do? At that point realizing he was OK and knowing there was nothing I could do for him I should have headed out of there faster than a Polaris missile. I suggested he head in, looked round in time to see a 3-metre wave forming. I back paddled and just made it over the top, as I was wondering how a human would handle being between a wave like that and rocks I paused under a 4-metre wall raising itself off a rock shelf. Again I tried the back paddling trick but I was not to get away with it twice, as I reached the ridiculous angle before it pitch polled me I allowed myself a smile at the futility of the fight.

I tucked myself in the set up position, which saved me from hitting any of the underwater rocks, and which I hoped would give some drag slowing me down before the crunch. There was so much soup due to the waves and back wash, it was like having my head in the clouds. This meant I had almost nothing to purchase on to slow me down or to roll with. When I ran out of sea I felt nothing as I hit but it must have been hard as my buttocks were bruised for days after, I tried a couple of rolls but in the soup against the rocks, it was a slim hope and if successful then what?

Out we get, the back wash pulled my kayak away from the cliffs then thoughtfully threw it back at me, I threw myself under the water letting the kayak pass over. I have already lost my front teeth in much lesser waves after being hit by a kayak in a separate incident, so having my head between a swamped kayak and very hard rocks I knew was something to avoid. After an ungraceful scramble up the rocks dragging the fully swamped kayak the adrenaline drained

way as I saw the damage to the kayak, the bow was smashed in for five feet. Shit! To top it off the ungrateful git of a jet skier never said thanks for my attempts at finishing him off with 18ft of missile and could only run about like a headless chook crapping on about his insurance while the sea finished his ski off. I allowed myself a second smile as it sank...

Ode to a Jet-Skier

Jet-ski rider, selfish fink.
May your stupid jet-ski sink.
May you hit a pile of rocks,
Oh hoonish summer coastal pox

Noisy smoking crazy fool,
On your loathsome leisure tool,
Give us all a jolly lark
And sink beside a hungry shark

Scream loudly as in its fangs you go
Your last attention-seeking show
While on the beach we all join in
"Three cheers for the dorsal fin"

Aftermath of Jet Ski Rescue

The following is reprinted from the 'NSW Sea Kayaker' Issue 37, Summer 1999, as a warning to anyone who considers the rescue of a jet skier.

At an extraordinary post AGM hearing of the NSW Sea Kayak Club, paddler Stuart Truman found himself hauled before the Club's Disciplinary Tribunal. The charge, attempting to aid a stricken jet skier, resulting in the destruction of a fine Greenlander (kayak model) on the rocks.

Head bowed and pleading for leniency, Mr. Truman acknowledged that he had acted appallingly, but stated that, in a moment of misplaced humanity, he had feared for the life of the jet skier.

Sentencing Truman to three months hard labour (to be split between assembling a Feathercraft and paddling a Tasman 19), with a non-roll period of one month, President Sanders reminded all club members that jet skiers are the lowest form of life on the ocean (way below even sea cucumbers) and should be treated as such. President Sanders also stated that

putting a sea kayak in danger to help a jet skier was perhaps the greatest sin known to the paddling fraternity, and reading from Section 34, Part 4c, Schedule 5 of the Club Constitution:

'Should a club member come across a dismounted jet skier, and that person is in distress, any request for assistance should be ignored. Should a dismounted jet skier try to climb aboard your kayak, it is appropriate to strike the person with the flat blade or the paddle until the person desists or is rendered immobile. On no account should the physical rescue of a jet ski be attempted - optionally, if still intact, the jet ski may be towed into a wave zone that may lead to its destruction.'

HUMOUR

WARNING:

Blokes may be offended by the two following jokes!

The Genie's Lamp

A blokes sea kayaker was walking along a remote beach when she stumbled upon a Genie's lamp. She picked it up and rubbed it, and lo-and-behold a Genie appeared. The amazed woman asked if she got three wishes.

The Genie said, "Nope...due to inflation, constant down-sizing, low wages in third-world countries, and fierce global competition, I can only grant you one wish. So...what'll it be?" The woman didn't hesitate. She said, "I want peace in the Middle East. See this map? I want these countries to stop fighting with each other."

The Genie looked at the map and exclaimed, "Gadzooks, lady! These countries have been at war for thousands of years. I'm good but not THAT good! I don't think it can be done. Make another wish."

The blokes thought for a minute and said, "Well, I've never been able to find the right bloke. You know, one that's considerate and enjoys sea kayaking with me, likes to cook, helps with the house cleaning, is rather good

in bed, gets along with my family, doesn't watch football on the TV all the time and is faithful. That's what I wish for, a good bloke. The Genie let out a long sigh and said, "Let me see that map again!"

The Value of Brains

In the intensive care ward of the hospital, members of the NSW sea kayaking fraternity gathered in the waiting room, where their fellow paddler lay gravely ill. It was in fact the bloke that had rescued the jet skier, and as a result of being awarded the woofier of the year award, the resulting derogatory criticism had resulted in a debilitating brain melt down.

Finally, the doctor came in looking tired and sombre.

"I'm afraid I'm the bearer of bad news," he said as he surveyed the worried faces. "The only hope left for your mate at this time is a brain transplant. It's an experimental procedure, semi-risky and you will have to pay for the brain yourselves."

The paddlers sat silent as they absorbed the news. After a great length of time, someone asked, "Well, how much does a brain cost?"

The doctor quickly responded, "\$5,000 for a male brain, and \$200 for a female brain."

The moment turned awkward. The bloke paddlers in the room tried not to smile, avoiding eye contact with the nurses, but some actually smirked. One bloke, unable to control his curiosity, blurted out the question everyone wanted to ask. "Why is the male brain so much more than a female one?"

The doctor smiled at the childish innocence and informed the entire group, "It's just standard pricing procedure. We have to mark down the price of the female brains, because they've actually been used."

MORE HUMOUR

Naughty Parrots

A lady goes to her priest one day and tells him, "Father, I have a problem. I have two female parrots, but they only know how to say one thing." "What do they say?" the priest inquired. They say, "Hi, we're prostitutes. Do you want to have some fun?"

"That's obscene!" the priest exclaimed, then he thought for a moment.

"You know," he said, "I may have a solution to your problem. I have two male talking parrots whom I have taught to pray and read the bible. Bring your two parrots over to my house, and we'll put them in the cage with Francis and Joe. My parrots can teach your parrots to praise and worship, and your parrots are sure to stop saying that rude phrase in no time."

"Thank you," the woman responded, "this may very well be the solution." The next day, she brought her female parrots to the priest's house. As he ushered her in, she saw that his two male parrots were inside their cage, holding rosary beads and praying. Impressed, she walked over and placed her parrots in with them. After a few minutes, the female parrots cried out in unison: "Hi, we're prostitutes. Do you want to have some fun?" There was stunned silence. Finally, one male parrot looked over at the other male parrot and exclaimed, "Put the f***g beads away, Francis, our prayers have been answered!"

American Election

Japan has just sent 10 million packs of Viagra to the USA on humanitarian grounds because they heard they couldn't manage an election.....

TECHNICAL New Boats on the Block

from Sandy Ferguson.

Another season and another fleet (fleet = a collection of vessels?) of designs, ranging from something for the small beginners, the go-fast cruiser, to the large framed paddler. Plastic tends to predominate and a number have had their roots in the glass version. All dimensions are in metres.

Starting alphabetically (roughly), Challenge Plastics has a medium sized boat, the Sequel at 4.95 x 0.57 (not sure glass or plastic) and the Challenge 5 x 0.59 in glass.

John Dobbe certainly has gone the plastic way in conjunction with Perception, if I've a complaint with him though it is the names he's used - can you pronounce or remember them? The double, Eco-niizh, is the plastic double (the moulded in lifting handles are interesting), 5.64 x 0.76, and the big single, Eco-bezhig SNA, 5.4 x 0.59. In glass, the Breaksea looks very similar in size to the Southern Aurora by Quality Kayaks.

Still with Perception, they have taken a British kayak and brought it (partly) up to NZ standards, the Contour, 4.7 x 0.64. The glaring omission, no decklines, just a few bungies to hold a drink bottle in front of the paddler or something small on the aft deck.

Paddling Perfection's newish design is the X Factor (I saw #18 just delivered to a shop if that means anything). Do check the smoothness of the hatch rims otherwise they won't seal. Looking like it was done as a special is the Polar Bear, 5.9 x 0.62, classed as a serious long distance tourer and as it is to be used on an Antarctic expedition, the size would be an advantage for carrying the food and warm clothing necessary. A story to lookout for?

There is a new one from Pacific Kayaks, they are importing the plastic Crosswind double, 5.7 x 0.75. while the Storm, Squall and Pacifica are their singles, in order of decreasing length.

Imported from Prijon are the Calabria, 4.4 x 0.64 (do check that it has flotation of some sort in the bow as there's no sign of a hatch in the photo I have), the Kodiak (reviewed in a recent Sea Kayaker magazine), 5.1 x 0.59 and another plastic double, the Excursion, 5.18 x 0.72.

Quality Kayaks now has a smaller version of the Penguin, the Tui Excel, 4.4 x 0.61 (plastic). The Torres is in glass, 5.6 x 0.6. The 'rails' on the chines look very similar to those that were found on the Barracuda and on some surf yaks.

The 'go-fast' doubles have had an impetus from the competitive world of the Southern Traverse with two, the Duet, 7 x 0.55 w/l.b. from Ruahine Kayaks and the Voyager, 6.8 x 0.55 w/l.b. from Sisson Kayaks. Interesting to note, to keep the deck low, Grahame has borrowed the idea used on most surf yaks and put in bulges (bulges, not bilges) where the paddler's feet go, maybe a little more pronounced but the same reason all the same. Also, if my reading between the lines is correct, an option extra, a Thingey, which might be something found on some Aleutian baidarkas for hundreds of years, (note "Thingey" is copyright).

W/l.b. is waterline beam, the minimum measure for these boats to be eligible for the Southern Traverse.

On the go-fast, sea kayak, single, market there's the two from Jager, Cutlass and Sabre, the Slingshot and X Factor from Paddling Perfection. From Sisson, a couple of DRRs which have been marinized, the Astrolab from an Esprit and the Pepin from an Eliminator - fitted with hatches, bulkheads and decklines, etc.

Interestingly, for a 1/3 of the price and probably just about as fast, the Sea King from Norski would be one of the most under-rated boats in New Zealand. I've heard they've back into production in the UK.

Rumours are that Pacific Kayaks are importing Old Town Canoe products, the Millennium?

BOOK REVIEWS

Title: Keep Australia on Your Left

Subtitle: A true story of an attempt to circumnavigate Australia by Kayak

Author: Eric Stiller

Published: September 2000

Publisher: Tom Doherty Associates, USA

ISBN: 0-312-87458-8

Content: Hardback, dustjacket, 412 pages, sketch maps, central 40 b&w photo section

Price: ?

Availability: Canterbury Public Library, (New Brighton 994 STI)

Reviewed by: Chrissie Williams

Certainly a book worth reading – and for me has many differences from reading of the meticulously researched solo journeys of Paul Caffyn and Chris Duff. Much of the interest in the story focuses on the dynamic between the two paddlers, American Eric Stiller and Australian Tony Brown, which is understandable with two very different personalities stuck together for so long in a double kayak. They endured some rugged conditions and long days, and remarkably took a direct line – a 400 nautical mile, 6-day, no-landing paddle – across the Gulf of Carpentaria. The description after this crossing of what they had seen on the trip sums it up: *“Waves, wind, storms, beaches, birds, dolphins, sea turtles, dugongs, kangaroos, sharks, sea snakes, vipers, tarantulas, fog, islands, reefs, capes upon capes, surf and more surf, mangroves, mountains, jungles reefs, mossies, crabbers, Aborigines, Torres Strait Islanders, nomads, shrimpers, hermits, the perfect mother, lighthouses, resorts, jellyfish nets, yachties, dingoes, milkbars, and post offices to name a few.”*

But two pages in the second chapter affected my enjoyment of the writings. Through the rest of the book I knew I should have been feeling respect and admiration for what the pair were achieving but the statements early on tainted my attitude to their feat.

The kayak they used was a Klepper Aerius II, and in Eric’s own words, *“as venerable craft as it was (it) has not been designed for surf launching and landing”*. Because he had a long association with these folding boats Eric chose to set off north from Sydney using a Klepper, which was not a good choice for the conditions – as was proven many times – but really wasn’t questioned by the author.

The research and preparation for trip also seemed minimal, but this may be exaggerated by the casual writing which possibly understates what actually went on. At least they were aware of Paul Caffyn’s supported circumnavigation of Australia, but described Paul’s achievement: *“If some craggly Kiwi can do it in one of those skinny Greenland-style kayaks made of fiberglass then we can do it in less time in the Klepper”* and *“We will do it in less time than a year, and fully self contained!”*

The fact that they headed off in an overloaded boat, sailing more than paddling, and then hunted down towns so they could buy take-aways in my opinion made these statements ones of arrogance and ignorance.

But don’t let my preconceptions put you off – it’s still a good read. Enjoy.

Title: ‘Keep Australia on Your Left’

Subtitle: A True Story of an Attempt to Circumnavigate Australia by Kayak

Author: Eric Stiller

Published: 2000

Publisher: Forge. Tom Doherty Assoc. New York. USA

Contents: 412 pages

Size: A5; 160mm x 240mm

Cover: Hardbound

ISBN: 0 312 87458 8

Price: US\$25.95 (\$20.76 Amazon)

Reviewer: Paul Caffyn

As you could well imagine, I was rather keen to get my hands on a copy of this title and see how the dynamic duo of Eric and Tony coped with their attempt to circumnavigate Aussie in a double Klepper folding kayak. Aus-

tralian photographic model Tony Brown visited the Stiller family, Klepper folding kayak shop in New York and told Eric that he was thinking of paddling a folding kayak around his home country. When Tony’s potential co-paddlers opted out, Eric joined him as co-paddler. Circuit gym training, and paddling on the calm waters around the metropolis of New York built up rapport, stamina and muscle tone, but in no way built up the skills necessary for dealing with exposed surf landings on the eastern Australian coast. Eric read an account of my 1982 trip in ‘Sea Kayaker,’ and noted, ‘most of the trip was done with a lightly laden boat with direct land support or food drop-offs.’ On the basis of this, Eric reckoned they could achieve the trip in less than a year and be self-contained!

On March 10, 1992, Eric and Tony launched their grossly overlaid double Klepper from Bondi Beach, Sydney, and quickly faced the harsh reality of open surf landings, in a kayak not designed for graceful landings and break-outs through big surf. The description of their trials and tribulations are graphic, in your face, and I could almost feel the salt spray in my face. Initially Eric was the paddler concerned with planning, maps, the Pilot and potential landings. Tony comes across as being totally brazen or ignorant about the planning aspect. As the title suggests, Tony reckoned you could circumnavigate the continent by simply keeping the coast on your left.

As Chrissie notes in her review, the boys were not totally reliant on their own tucker, but were determined on reaching a town to locate the nearest milk bar with ‘cooked chooks.’ (I was pleased to see that many of the Aussie expressions have not been translated into American speak.) But it makes a mockery of Eric taking the piss out of a ‘craggly Kiwi’ when noting that direct land support or food drop-offs was, ‘like a backpacker claiming to have “lived off the land” by hiking from one trailside diner to the next.’ What is the difference between buying food at a coastal town and picking up a food parcel? And isn’t a cooked

chook shop a coastal diner?

But however you describe the nature of a trip, supported or un-supported, the writing style is polished, with an excellent blend of high drama, conversations on shore and at sea, Eric's feelings re communication with Tony and a fading relationship with a girlfriend in New York. Although descriptions of the coastline and historical aspects of salient features are on the lean side, the vignettes of colourful characters they met in the wop wops are superb.

Re the pre-trip and on the water planning, as noted by Chrissie, the open surf beaches and gnarly river entrances of the NSW coast, which caused the boys no end of drama, were not thoroughly researched. Books such as Alan Lucas's 'Cruising the NSW Coast', and pictorial books such as 'Australia the Greatest Island' would have provided a realistic picture of what lay ahead before they left Sydney. On the Queensland coast, Eric and Tony had a torrid evening entering the Pioneer River with a grotty, low tide, muddy landing, when the Outer Harbour with sandy beach was only a tad further along the coast.

On a negative side, I would have liked a few dates even just in the chapter headings. There is no reference to specific dates, month or even year for the start and finish of the trip. The proof reading leaves a little to be desired at times, with some corker mistakes:

- 'as the water spins in the toilet bowels' - and it wasn't an intended pun
- 'soap mix flavour' for soup mix,
- 'verticle' for vertical and several place names misspelled.
- wallabee for the small Aussie marsupial Wallaby
- 'craggly Kiwi' (not sure if this is a complement or what?)

For a superb hardback book with an innovative cover, comprising 64 thumbnail size colour pics, the central black and white photo section is pathetic, both in terms of selection and quality. Fuzzy pics, obviously scanned off the colour trannies seen on the cover, surrounded by heaps of blank

white space leave a lot to be desired. The captions are terse, a mere few words in bold 18+ point style. Good photographic images tell a story, and a caption should reflect or expand on the story in the photo. Colour plate sections would have really lifted this book. The fuzzy pics, 8 of New York, and 32 of Aussie, in no way allow a reader to appreciate Australia's stunning coastal scenery. One can only blame the publisher for this, a cost saving exercise. At least when an author self-publishes, he/she has the say on the images used. Although colour plates were an additional print cost in 'The Dreamtime Voyage,' the expense was warranted in terms of a realistic and graphic portrayal of Australia's coastline.

Two map pages at the front of the book include a map of Aussie, and four section maps for the coast covered. An interesting design feature is the use of a watermark imprint of the Queensland coast for each chapter opening page. This could have been quite effective if it had showed the section of coastline paddled in each chapter. Maps are a problem when big distances are covered in an expedition. In 'The Dreamtime Voyage' I was going to include section maps for the entire coastline, but the sheer numbers of map sections and additional paper cost proved too great! A cheap road atlas guide to Australia or the Reader's Digest Complete Atlas of Australia are excellent for allowing a more detailed understanding of landings and crossings.

We can all learn from the mistakes of other paddlers, and one reason why I enjoyed reading this book is that even the most embarrassing mistakes, for example when a minor miscalculation almost leads to the loss of their kayak, are not glossed over or conveniently forgotten. On a small island offshore from Bowen, the kayak is dragged 10 yards clear of the most recent high water tide mark, before the boys bivvy out for the night. The sea was flat calm, but at first light Eric is horrified by the obvious absence of their kayak which, because it had been so close to their bivvy site, contained most of their kit, food, water and

EPIRB. A frantic search discovers the Klepper wallowing in rocks on the island's tip. And the basic lesson learned is always tether your kayak, when it is out of sight, either when camping or when tiki-touring on shore.

The major commitment of the trip was Tony and Eric's 370 mile, sail powered crossing of the Gulf of Carpentaria from Booby Island near the top of Cape York, to the mining town of Gove (Nhulunbuy). The crossing of six days and five nights was a nightmare of sleep deprivation, bigger seas than expected, on the water repairs to the Klepper frame, and rashes and septic sores. The team's GPS, which had earlier been repaired, failed but fortunately Eric had waited at Thursday Island for a second back up GPS which was brought into operation. Only five miles from finishing the crossing, the wind dies leaving no option but to paddle in or after Tony rips off a fingernail, set off the EPIRB! On shore and after what would have appeared hilarious moments to an observer of the exhausted paddlers trying to stand up and walk, the trip almost ends at Gove. Tony is interested in buying a yacht and Eric is thinking already of pushbiking south from Darwin.

After 10 days of mental and physical recuperation at Gove, Eric and Tony decide to paddle on to Darwin and for my likes, there is too much sailing and book reading on the water for this section, as though Eric has already acknowledged the trip is to end in Darwin. On their second last day into Darwin, animosity from Tony towards Eric is on the increase and 'Southern Cross' capsizes in a coastal tide race - with the mast up and sail set! Despite my abhorrence for sails and kayaks, the fight to unfurl the sail, unhinge the mast, right the Klepper, pump it out and finally reach the haven of shore, is riveting reading. In what must have been the last straw, after a long, tiring day to the Fanny Bay Yacht Club, the Klepper is badly holed on a reef well after sunset, and the last mile for the half ton vessel takes half an hour. Air filled sponsons kept the boat afloat.

At Darwin, the kayak trip is over for

Eric. Tony decides to paddle on solo around the Kimberley but pulls the pin 50 miles west of Darwin.

An epilogue titled 'Going Home' briefly relates what the boys got up to after the trip. I liked this snippet of reaction from his family:

'My family were relieved and proud. My mother confessed that the moment I left in the limo, she had thought that she would never see me again. My father said he knew I could do it, but then brought me back to reality by handing me a thick wad of credit card bills. "I paid off a few of them," Mom whispered. "Don't tell your father."

The book winds up with Eric preparing a presentation for the prestigious Explorers Club. Afterwards, a number of people congratulated him on the adventure, but one woman came up and said very seriously something he would never forget, "It only counts if you go all the way around."

So to conclude; Eric's evocative writing style sets this book apart as one of the better sea kayaking narratives I've read. Whether you are a foldboat fan or not, kayak sailing sympathiser or not, the words of how the trip came together, the sharp learning curve after leaving Bondi, encounters with characters on the coast both human and the scaly kind, and then the Gulf crossing, this book is a corker. The photo section is pathetic, otherwise the layout and feel of this hardback can't be faulted.

NZ AVAILABILITY: A limpbound edition is currently available in Australasia. Try your local specialist book supplier for a copy.

Title: Arahura

Subtitle: Pathway to the Setting Sun

Author: Richard Ackerley

Published: 2000

Publisher: Ackerley Family, NZ

ISBN: 0 473 06987 3

Content: Softcover, 148pp, approx. 300 colour pics, 1 map

Size: Landscape format, 300x 210mm

Price: \$35 & \$5 postage

Availability: Ackerley Family,

35 Davis Rd, RD2, Hastings.

Make cheque out to R. Ackerley Trust Account.

Reviewed by: P. Caffyn

Richard Ackerley and his brother Kevin set off from East Cape (North Island) in December 1994 to bike, tramp, climb and paddle down to West Cape in Fiordland, an east to west traverse of New Zealand. For the serious paddler, chapter three covers their Cook Strait crossing, and the last three chapters describe the paddle from Milford down to West Cape and eventually Puysegur Point.

Paddling two Arctic Raiders sponsored by Sisson Kayaks, Richard's semi-diary account of the outside Fiordland coast is supplemented with up to three colour plates per page. The first evening camp south of Milford was a bad choice, a boulder beach between Transit Beach and Poison Bay. Richard capsized when landing and Kevin has an out of boat experience when launching next morning. If you recall, early in 2000, Chris Duff ended up nearly breaking his boat in half north of Milford Sound on the outside coast and he and his boat were picked up by helicopter.

If that wasn't sufficient for a sharp learning curve, a landing near the Juno River mouth leaves the two boys in the sea, swimming their kayaks to shore. And Richard had the presence of mind to snap a graphic pic of his brother while clinging to his cockpit.

After achieving their goal of paddling around West Cape, Richard and Kevin continue to the boat landing in Otago Retreat, Puysegur Point. Their attempt to paddle around to Bluff is wisely abandoned in seas which Richard described in his diary as 'more than two boat lengths high - i.e. 12 metres plus,' and the boys hitch-hiked on a fishing boat to Riverton.

As well as the paddling chapters, I enjoyed the valley tramping and mountaineering chapters. The photos are a great insight into some of the magnificent scenery only a few adventurous folk get to see in the flesh. Overall this is a great book of a down to earth, inspirational Kiwi adventure, achieved without a lot of fanfare or publicity, but with a heap of sweat and good planning. The only minor niggle I have is the landscape format;

the book is neither easy to read in bed nor easy to stand in the bookshelf. An A4 format I feel would have been better. However, the layout and colour pics make this book, from near full size chapter heading pages to the up to four pics per page. And the immediacy of the moment is there by having relevant photo accompanying the text. This is far better than a central colour (or washed out black and white) plate section.

Unfortunately in July 1999, Richard fell to his death from a mountain in N.E. Pakistan. His family have published the book as a tribute to Richard's life. Richard was only 25, but had knocked up a string of impressive overseas climbs. Of all his adventures, the family note in the book's introduction that Richard was most proud of the New Zealand traverse. And what better tribute could the family achieve to the memory of a remarkable son, than by publishing this account.

ADDED TO THE LIBRARY

December 2000 'Sea Kayaker'

At last some serious real bloke/blokes paddling in this magazine with two corker articles about paddling downunder. Perth paddler Les Allen has penned a great story on a trip from Esperance around the rugged southwest tip of Aussie to Perth, with great photos, the most serious stage being a 102km non-stop leg to Augusta from Windy Harbour. And NSW greybeard, Norm Sanders, has penned an engrossing insight into some of the best paddling areas in Australia, also with excellent photos. Included in the latest kayak review is a sit-on-top single called a Manta, with a weight of 78.5 pounds. American paddlers must train in winter as weight lifters!!

'Guide to Sea Kayaking in Southeast Alaska'

by Jim Howard, softback, US\$15.95
Excellent background reading if you are planning a trip to one of the most scenic paddling areas in the world (Fiordland & tidewater glaciers).

KASK FORUM 2001

Back to Basics KASK Gathering

We're keeping things simple for the 2001 KASK gathering. We'll provide the paddock, water and toilets, and you turn up with all your camping, cooking and paddling gear. Other members of your family will be welcome, whether they paddle or not because we think they might enjoy a weekend at the beach as well. And who knows, you may need all the help you can get for Saturday night's campfire cooking challenge, when everyone gets the chance to produce their best cordon bleu recipe on the bonfire on the beach.

When: March 10 to 12, 2001.

Where: Cable Bay,

approx. 20km north of Nelson. To get there turn off the main highway (to Havelock and Picton) at Hira. The campsite is a farm paddock right by Cable Bay Beach.

Bring:

It's BYO much everything - we'll provide the paddock, a big marquee, water toilets and basic showers and you provide whatever you need for a weekend's camping. If you have a portage trolley, we recommend you bring it, since the campsite is 400m from the beach. Bring along your cordon bleu campfire recipes of course - preferably already written down because we may try and throw them together in some form of booklet.

We'll also be running a sea kayaking photo competition so bring along your best snaps (and have them ready to be pinned up on a big noticeboard at the marquee so people can look at them.)

And if you've got surplus sea kayaking gear you'd like to sell, bring it along for our 'sea kayak hatch sale' (the equivalent of a car boot sale).

Format:

We will be pretty casual. We'll have workshops on Saturday and Sunday, with various water-based and land-based options available. Cable Bay has a beach and estuary so there will be interesting places to paddle.

Saturday night's focus will be the bonfire on the beach and campfire cooking competition.

The KASK AGM will be on Sunday and we hope to have the weekend wrapped up about 4pm Sunday.

Registration will be Friday evening/Saturday morning.

Pre-registration is necessary, and the deadline is February 1.

Be in quick in case we have to limit numbers.

North Islanders: For those who don't want to bring vehicles on the ferry, there are bus shuttles in Nelson which will pick you and your kayak up (for a fee of course).

Contact AJ for details: ph/fax: (03) 544 6322.

Cost: \$40 per paddler (this covers tent site/water/toilets etc). Food is your own responsibility.

Registration forms and fees (make cheques out to KASK (NZ) Inc.) should be sent by 1 February to:

Karen Clark,
213 Annesbrook Drive,
Nelson.

MAILED TO



If undelivered, please return to:
Sandy Ferguson, 14 Birdling Place, Halswell, Christchurch. 8003

