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# THE SEA CANOEIST NEWSLETTER

Pics by John Kirk-Anderson of the Leadership Training Course (see page 16)



**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:

Max Grant,  
71 Salisbury St.  
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### **COST:**

New members: gratis  
Existing members: \$14 + \$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

### Conservation

Consent for a massive mussel farming operation in Jackson Bay, South Westland, was refused by the Hearing Commissioners for the West Coast Regional Council. The applicants, Nelson registered companies Okahu Mussels, Jackson Bay Mussels, Arawata Mussels and Okuru Mussels, applied for 12 coastal permits over an area of 158 hectares for adjoining mussel farms and spat farms within the hook of Jackson Bay.

Some 241 submissions were received, with supporters pointing out that aquaculture and tourism coexisted in the Marlborough Sounds and that marine farming would offer diversity from tourism in an area short of work.

Opposition focused on the hazards and reduction of habitat for the endangered Hector's dolphins, the increased risk of algal blooms, impacts on the wilderness and aesthetic values of the World Heritage area, and the effective 'privatisation' of a large area of coastal space.

Commissioners for the West Coast Regional Council decided that the proposed activity was inappropriate because of the outstanding features of the bay.

The same press item notes that Sealord Shellfish stands to get access to substantial areas of sea space in Golden Bay and Tasman Bay with the Environment Court's decision to establish large aquaculture zones in each bay. The company is also involved in applications for 9000ha of space off the Bay of Plenty Coast.

KASK and the Canterbury Network, through the efforts of Rob Tipa and Chrissie Williams, put forward submissions against a large number of mussel farms off Banks Peninsula. Although the applications were rejected, an appeal is currently underway.

If you want help with submissions against marine farming in your coastal patch, please get in touch with the KASK committee through the secre-

tary. Rob Tipa is the current KASK committee person responsible for conservation issues.

### KASK

The KASK AGM will be held at the Wellington Forum. At the latest KASK committee conference session, the positions of President and Conservation Issues person will fall vacant. Please put your name forward if either position appeals to you. If you have a motion or constitutional change to put forward, please get in touch the KASK secretary, Maurice Kennedy.

### Newsletter Folder & Stamp Sticker

Now with KASK membership over 430, KASK needs a couple or person willing to fold the newsletters and attach the labels and stamps. The system has fallen down with Russel Davidson moving to Stewart Island, resulting in late posting of newsletters. Any one in the lower North Island willing to take over this role, please get in touch with KASK treasurer, Max Grant.

### Newsletter in PDF Format

The newsletter now goes to overseas subscribers in as a PDF file, with the cover pics in full glorious technicolour. If you would prefer to receive the newsletter in this form (you need Acrobat Reader software), please advise the secretary, Maurice Kennedy.

### KASK Website

Thanks to the efforts of Vincent Maire, KASK now has an operational website:  
[www.kask.co.nz](http://www.kask.co.nz)

### LRB3

I am currently working on the third edition of the Little Red Book, better known as the KASK Handbook. Several of the original chapter authors are working on updating their material. If anyone has any comments or suggestions for improvements in the LRB, please get in touch with the editor.

### FESTIVE SEASON

I wish you safe paddling over the Xmas - New Year period and hope Santa Claus brings you some nice new kayaking kit.  
Paul Caffyn

## OVERSEAS TRIP REPORTS

### Swearing at the wind .....

#### Again!

by Les Allen

I crawled out of my tent rubbing my eyes in the glare. It was hot, sweat trickled down the front of me soaking my tee shirt and it was 6.30 in the morning. The sun had just cleared the hills and the glaring rays already had a sting in them. There was a thick carpet of dew over everything and as it burned off the humidity was around 90%. I was hot, sticky and not very happy, the last 2 weeks had been hell. I was away for one week with work, flying back home on the Friday, giving me one week to organise work, the family and get packed for our latest adventure. In fact I was wondering if the stress was worth it. We left on the Friday night after work and drove until 1.00am when we stopped for a few hour's sleep before heading off at 6.00am the next morning to drive the last 1,000 km to Dampier. As we got to Dampier we had to stop at the local radio station to tape an interview and then on to the Dampier Transit caravan park. The park manager is a lovely lady and she had beers on ice and cooked a lovely BBQ for dinner that night. This meant staying up socialising which was very enjoyable but after only a few hours sleep the night before, very taxing.

The trip we had planned was to paddle out to the Monte Bello Islands 120km of the Dampier coast. They consist of more than 100 islands and rocks and gained international recognition in the 1950's when the British exploded 3 atomic weapons on the islands. The trip would take us 90 kms south of Dampier, island hopping off the coast. At Stewart Island we head straight out 55km to Parakeelia Island in the Lowendow group and finally across to the Monte Bello group. We pick up a water drop on Parakeelia spend 8 days on the Monte's and retrace our steps back. No one had paddled to the Monte's before and although we could get lots of information it was hard to get information we could rely on.

Everybody I talked too had big boats and big motors so the tidal currents were not a problem for them. Most of the area we were going to paddle in was unsurveyed and we had heard horror stories of big sharks and tidal currents that would spit us out the seaward side where we would be lost at sea.

When you are tired, stressed, and not sure you have all your gear these warnings play on your mind. The distraction came from a smiling Michelle, the park manager, carrying hot coffee and starting to cook up bacon, eggs, tomatoes and sausages for breakfast. Country hospitality both north and south of Perth, the capital of Western Australia, is truly amazing. After breakfast she drove us down to the boat ramp to see us off.

Madly setting up shots to film and trying to pack was not improving my temper. We had to carry over 50lt of water, 3 weeks food, camping and filming gear. John and Tel had 2 deck bags and I had 1 big one that covered the back of my kayak. The cockpit had 10lt of water in my drinking system an under deck bag full of day food, sail and split pole either side of my seat and a further 2lt emergency drinking system strapped between my feet. In these hot climates water is life. When I got in it was a tight squeeze, as I moved my legs under the the braces the pressure on my drinking system squeezed some water out of my drinking straw. If I went over I had good incentive to roll, as I doubt I could get out easily. I put my knuckles on the sand and tried to push off. Nothing happened, I was too heavy. I had to wait for a big wave and move 3 inches, then wait again. Eventually I got off and the boat was so low in the water my spray deck was just clearing the water by 1 inch. The other boats were just as heavy as we headed out.

About 100m off shore John informed us his rudder had just broken so we turned back. I was fuming under my breath but there was nothing I could do but wait for John to discover a pin had rattled loose on the drive up and only required putting back. I was glad it was something simple and felt a lot

happier. After a few minutes of swearing, as John stood on his head and struggled to reach the front of his cockpit to screw the pin back in, we were ready to go again. As we rounded East Intercourse Island we picked up the wind wave in the deeper water. There was a 15kn Easterly blowing right behind us producing a one metre lovely wave to surf. I paddled hard to catch a wave but it passed under me. I did pick up some speed so on my next try picked up a wave and was off. At the end of my run I was more under water than on. The next wave washed right over my boat and I felt I was paddling a submarine. I looked behind and John was really struggling, his boat was nose diving and yawing on the waves. The Mirage boats Tel and I had were performing a lot better and it was frustrating to have to wait. It's also ironic that before the trip John was twice as fit as we were and could blow us out of the water with speed, but on the first day because his boat didn't have the same buoyancy, he was the slow one.

25km later we could see a strange pyramid on the horizon. It turned out to be the crane of the McCormack, a huge barge or derrick that had been blown onto the island in a previous cyclone. Later we picked up Eaglehawk Island itself, which is only about 12m above water. This is typical of the islands we would be visiting. They were formed about 8,000 years ago when the ocean rose to engulf the land. The islands are the tops of ancient hills protruding from the water. The whole area we will be paddling in is only five to 20m deep and forms the North West Shelf, an area rich in oil and gas. The Monte's are on the edge of the shelf and the water drops off sharply on the seaward side of the island group.

At Eaglehawk we set up camp and I was able to relax and start to get into trip mode. That afternoon we walked around the island and checked out the McCormack. It was huge and way up the rocks. Apparently it broke it's mooring and was washed up high on the rocks. The power of cyclones is legendary. Towns built to withstand them are sometimes almost totally

destroyed by their immense power. I was glad this was the end of cyclone season and that they statistically only form here about once every 15 years in April. Dead tired, the first day ended as the sun set.

The next morning I wanted to do some filming at the McCormack before we left. The tides were running in excess of four metres so the water was a long way off at low tide giving us plenty of time to film. I walked across the exposed reef looking at the myriad of marine life in the shallow pools. There were clams everywhere and I got some good footage of touching them and watching them try to squirt water at the intruder. The clams fascinated me as they were in a very exposed spot. Anyone could just come along and lever them off the reef. I believe they are good to eat but did not want to destroy these unusual animals just to see what they taste like. Then it happened. Tel slipped on a rock put his hand out to balance himself and cut the palm of his hand on rock oysters. He had two cuts from the centre of his palm, to the heel. Not life threatening injuries but we all knew they could get infected and certainly would not heal while paddling. This was a real blow at this early stage of the trip and it happened in a blink. How could Tel be so clumsy. I bit my tongue and did not say anything and actually felt bad about thinking it was his fault, as it could have happened to any of us. We walked back, dressed his hand, and started packing.

Three days later we were on Stewart Island. It was typical of all the islands we had passed. Low limestone base with rocks on all the weathered sides. Usually there is a small sandy beach in the lee with low scrubby vegetation on a sandy top. Stewart was about 300m long and 200m wide with a huge eagle nest on the highest part. The nest was about two metres wide and one metre high and made of sticks. This intrigued me as the as we were 30km from the shore and there was no twigs on the island. They must have carried every twig at least 30km and when I looked at the size of the nest, and the thousands of sticks, I couldn't believe it.

We were fortunate in that the beach was very steep and into deep water. This meant we would not have to carry our boats and gear very far for our early morning start on the long 55km crossing. I planned the trip so we would have spring tides on the way out and neap tides on the way in. I figured it would be bad if the tides stopped us getting out there but a tragedy if we could not get back. The tides were low at 6.30am and high at 12.00. This meant most of the trip we would be pushing into an incoming tide but would have the benefit of an outgoing for the last few hours. Buoyed by a good weather forecast, giving us light tail winds we headed off at 6.45am.

The sea was dead flat and the heat oppressive, as we had not acclimatised to the heat or the humidity yet. Each day was between 35 and 40° Celsius with very high humidity in the morning. Even the evenings were hot, with the temperature dipping only to around 25°. I had allowed five litres of water per day but we were using way over that, in fact, up to eight litres per day. I was not concerned though, as we had far more water at our drop than we needed and had a good safety margin in the amount we carried. We were in high spirits as we headed out that morning and were making good time. We had no idea how much the tide was going to effect us as it was coming at 90° on our right first off and turning a full 180 to be 90° on our left later. We had two GPS navigators so we could find our tiny target so far away.

A few hours into our paddle we saw the first sea snake. It was the first one I had seen so close and it frightened me. It was so big, a yellow body as thick as a man's arm and 1.5m long with a black head. He just seemed to be sunning himself on the surface. About an hour later Tel gave a startled shout. He had not noticed a snake until it was just two metres from his bow. He turned off at full ruder as the snake came awake. It's head came out the water and it went straight for Tel's body. His face drained and his eyes were like saucers. As it got right to him he slapped its head down twice

with his paddle. The snake dived and came up the other side of his boat very angry. Three times Tel frantically pushed the head under water right next to his hull. Then the snake got fed up with getting hit on the head and dived, so Tel took the opportunity to paddle off at a surprising rate. As he pulled away and realised, the snake was not chasing him any more, he started talking excitedly. "Did you see that, did you see it, it came straight at me." "Unbelievable, it was going straight for me." "I had to hit it under, did you see it, then it came up the other side, what a rush, I thought it was going to get me." "I'll just paddle on adrenalin for a while." "Man, I didn't expect that." I suddenly noticed I was also paddling flat out so I backed off and tried to look calm. As the day wore on we saw five more snakes but picked them up early enough to give them a wide berth.

By the end of the day we were 20° off our original heading. We had plotted our course to take into account the tidal movement, but the tides were not playing the game right. We were discovering just how different the tides were compared to what the chart said. I was very glad we had GPS navigators with us, and even more glad when we could see the blip on the horizon that was our island. Tel was complaining about how tired he was and how hard the paddle had been. We had been pushing hard for eight hours admittedly and still had an hour to go, but we certainly had done harder paddles in the past. Also it was out of character for him to complain. At the end of a hard day he is usually the one out front encouraging everyone else on. It just goes to show, everyone has bad days. I put it down to the heat, paddling on a sore hand, the snake incident, which would have sapped some energy after the adrenalin high and the fact that we all have highs and lows on an extended trip. At the end of the day he was whacked, and thought the paddle back was pushing the safety margin too far.

We were on the eastern side of the Lowendow islands and only had one 20km jump to get to the western side of the Monte's. An easy days paddle,

just a doddle in the park. We started by filming in some of the interesting formations at the Lowendows. It was getting hard to film as I was being moved by the tides too much to set up good shots so we headed off to the Monte's. About 3 km's off I suddenly realised we were in trouble. We were being sucked out to sea at a rapid rate. There was a small rock or island about 2km away and we set off at full pace for it. I was paddling at better than 8km per hour but only making about 3km per hour head way. It turned out to be a long 2km. How could we be so careless. We were experienced paddlers and fell for a basic trap. Even though the chart was showing unsurveyed waters you would have to be blind Freddy not to anticipate strong currents and we had all the warning signs while filming. We would not make that mistake again. We sat in the eddy and waited a couple of hours for the tide to slacken and then dashed across on the turn of the tide. This was the first time we experienced strong tidal movement. We were now 120 km off the coast and had all that huge Basin of shallow water to rush past the islands into the deep water on the seaward side of the Monte's.

We had landed on Archong Island had lunch and were heading off to the southern end of the Monte's to find a base camp. As we rounded the island we were confronted with a huge tidal stream. I had never seen anything like it before. We had all heard and read about tidal streams but never seen one. What a hoot, just like white water river paddling. There were eddies, boils, rapids and this was the ocean. We played, ferry glided, sat in the boils and had a great time. The warnings about the northern end came back to me. I had talked to a person who had done seismic surveys in the Monte's and he told me the northern end had horrific tidal streams as the islands are shaped like a big funnel. He said there was 2m difference in the water height in spring tides and we would not be able to paddle against them. I now took his warning very seriously.

We set up camp in front of the Conservation And Land Management hut as this area had been heavily desecrated

over the years and our camping there would not impact on the pristine areas. The Monte's are low limestone islands that have under cut rocky shoreline with little sandy beaches spaced throughout the islands. They are covered by spinifex ( a low spiky grass type of plant ) with occasional acacia thickets or mangrove. Baudin first discovered the islands in 1801 and was discouraged by the seeming barrenness of the country. He took 7.5 tons of Turtle meat off Barrow Island and set fire to it as he left. This was the first act of environmental vandalism as unlike the main land, these island are not fire resistant and fire is a catastrophic event. After Baudin's effort pearler's came next and raped the area of all its pearl shell. Worst of all they introduced cats and black rats to the area. These caused the extinction of the Golden Bandicoot and the Spectacled Hair-wallaby as well as having a major impact on all the other fauna that survived.

This of course was out done by the British who set off three atomic weapons over a 10 year period. The millions of fish, insects and birds that died in the initial blast would pale into insignificance to the number who would die from radiation poisoning. After that we found oil and gas so we cleaned up the radiation so we could exploit the oil and gas. Now we discover it's a totally unique area of mega diversity because of its location and the fact there is an overlap of tropical and sub tropical species. Conservation And Land Management have eradicated the cats and are working on upgrading the area to a marine park. At least this is a step in the right direction as there are few places in the world that are like the Monte's. Ironically a lot of the money to do scientific surveys are being funded by the oil companies. It proves that only rich countries can afford good environmental policies.

As we explored the island we found many interesting spots. One of the best spots was this little island that was like a mini volcano. The centre was open and had a lovely little beach you could access it via a cave entrance. We spent an hour playing in

our very own secret 'pirate cave.' It was getting late in the afternoon and we had had a top day so we set off wandering back to our campsite. I was out front just dodelling along when I got a strange feeling and out of the corner of my eye saw a big black shape heading for my boat. At about a 45° angle a huge hammer head shark passed under my boat. It was as round as a 44 gallon drum and 15ft long. I could have reached down and touched it. I was thinking, 'Oh my god,' then it turned in its body length and came straight back for my boat. At this point I stopped thinking and my heart was in my mouth.

I had stopped paddling and the shark passed so close I thought the dorsal fin would hit the boat. It then turned again and passed at the back of the boat missing my rudder by centimetres only to turn back on my rudder again. After the second pass it disappeared as fast as it arrived. After a second or two I had control over my voice again and called the boys over. John thought it was attracted to the vibrations from my paddle. When it turned back I had stopped paddling, so then the only turbulence was at the back of my rudder. Once again on the second pass the boat was stopped and there was no turbulence so he lost interest. Well that was a good theory but it didn't stop the shark re visiting me that night in my dreams. It was one of those experiences I am glad I've had but don't want again, I'm just not that brave.

We were at the point where we had to make some decisions. Tel's hand was not looking good as the cuts were not healing. The flesh either side of the cuts was white and at the end of each day the cuts were gaping. It was sore the whole time he was paddling. We were due to paddle back and I was not confident his hand could take five days of hard paddling. Prior to the trip I did a sailing plan, an emergency rescue plan and an evacuation plan and lodged it with the Water Police. The cas-evac plan was simple. Bristol helicopters service the rigs and are set up for cas-evac so they were happy to get us, for a fee, if someone needed urgent medical attention. The evacu-

ation plan in case of cyclones was much harder. I wanted to get a lift back on the rig tenders. The oil companies don't like tourists, especially crazy ones in sea kayaks. With a lot of hassle they eventually relented and I had all the contacts and they were informed of the plan so it would be easy to organise from the water. I do these for all my trips just so people can't call us irresponsible. This time I was wondering if it was worth the hassle. We carried satellite mobile phones which are magic. In range of mobile services they are normal mobile phones and when you are out of range, snap up the satellite aerial and hey presto communication. I called the manager of the tenders and he agreed if the risk factor was going to increase we should come back on the supply barge next Thursday. Great, we now had another seven days on the Monte's. We packed up and headed for the northern end to set up a base camp there. We were into neap tides so it would be OK.

That night we heard there was a cyclone off Darwin which was 2,000km away so we weren't overly worried, just made a note to keep an eye on it. We camped in lovely spot on the north western tip of the Monte's. It is the most beautiful end of the islands and there was excellent surf on the seaward side of the islands. We made plans to go surfing the next day and then wander over to one of the bomb sites. That night the cyclone warning was down to Cape Levique and heading our way. Now we were worried. I rang the duty forecaster who said it was going out to sea and they did not expect it to come down the coast. But we still had a cyclone north of us. At 3am John got up for a pee and listened to the forecast. The warning was still for Cape Levique and that was still 1000 km away so he went back to sleep.

The next morning we had a top time surfing the west end. There was a 2 to 3 m break along the 'U' shaped reef. This meant you could get on the shoulder and provided you cut left, you ended up in deep water. We arrived back at camp exhausted and elated. Chatting away we packed up and

headed over to the bomb site on Trimouille Island. We arrived about 11.30 and John switched on the radio for a forecast. The cyclone warning was for us. We were now very worried.

I rang the duty forecaster again. He said it was heading down the coast very fast, averaging over 20km per hour. The forecast for the next day was 20 to 30 knot south-easterlies in the morning with possible gales later on. We were now 130km from the coast on low lying islands that offer no protection with a fast moving, strengthening cyclone bearing down on us. OH SHIT. Why does unseasonable weather and wind always follow me! I rang the Dampier Police to let them know where we were and what we were doing. They had our sailing plan and were happy we reported in as I said we would. I think they were a little pissed off though. They just had two sea rescues last week where a crew man fell off a tanker and drowned before they got to him and a yacht had run aground on an island south of us and needed rescuing. Now they had a cyclone heading for an oil field and possibly their own town.

We were over 30 km from Veranus the oil installation that was our evacuation point and we had a 15kn head wind that would probably strengthen. We were looking down the barrel of a long hard paddle into the night. Fortunately as part of my plan I had the coordinates of Veranus in the GPS so we could find it at night without a problem. There was a small pearl farm at the Monte's who knew we were there so we headed there to tell them we were bugging out. As we approached a seaplane was just lifting off. The owner of the farm called us over, as he was very worried about us. They were evacuating immediately and the first plane load had already left. He didn't think we would make Veranus in our sea kayaks and offered to give us a lift as far as he could on his 40ft jet cat. We didn't need a lot of persuading.

We lifted the boats up fully loaded onto the deck and were off at 20 knots. The miles were flying by and we were

now very sure we would make Veranus that afternoon. He dumped us into the ocean almost there and headed straight back to the farm to set up cyclone moorings before the next evacuation. To say we were grateful is an understatement.

As we approached Veranus a helicopter buzzed us with the pilot gesturing for us to go straight to the loading dock as fast as we could. As we approached there was a rig tender tied up. The captain shouted that he was leaving in five minutes and we were to haul our boats over the stern right now. Once again we dragged fully loaded boats on the deck of the huge boat. I was amazed we had the strength to do that actually. The helicopter pilot popped his head over the rail and said he was glad we made it as he was scheduled in half an hour to go and winch us from the water. Losing our boats was not a good thought. Then again nor was losing our life. Five minutes later the boat left with the captain gunning it up to 14 knots. I asked him why the urgency and he informed me he once left it too late and had a horror trip back and would never do that again. Cyclones are just too unpredictable and he was not going to die at sea. I must admit, it was not that long ago three ships were lost with all hands in a cyclone just south of here, when it intensified and caught people out.

Our adventure was over, the last 100km back to shore was spent in an air conditioned cabin sipping coffee and eating. We arrived back late that night and I rang the Police to let them know we were safely back on shore. They were actually complimentary and said if everyone did some preparation like us their job would be easy. Next trip, I won't complain about doing sailing plans as they work, and people didn't think we were irresponsible. The next day there were 4m+ seas and high winds at the islands so we were glad to be packed up and driving home. This was different to all the other trips I have done, and it was a shame it was cut short, but in hindsight just as exciting and enjoyable.

Les Allen

## Amphibious Adventure along the Na Pali Coast

by Pauline Moretti

Two years ago the seed was planted. Having kayaked along the coast numerous times and each trip incorporating short swimming expeditions I was increasingly becoming more comfortable in the water. While the sea could be very rough at times it could also be nurturing. More and more I wanted to be in the water. In the 60's Mark swam from Ke'e (end of the road) to Kalalau (about 8 miles) with his surf life-saving buddies, towing any gear in tyre tubes behind them. This all sounded very appealing. I thought I'd love to do that. Mark was keen. He grew up in Hawaii and is very much at home in the water. While there are few places to safely land the beauty of this trip is that generally the wind is behind us and the currents would be going our way.

We started by doing a recon swim along the first mile stretch from Ke'e to Hanakapiai. Donning mask, snorkel and fins we swam towing a baja bag (drybag) behind us with our camping gear. We wore shorts, rash shirt and hat for sun protection. No need for wetsuits here! We followed advice that strapping it to a boogie board would be a good way to go. We later found it to be a real nuisance. The bag floated well and dealing with one item in the shore break was bad enough – two was problematic. We packed light. A decision we were later to regret. The evening found us lying on hard ground, hunkered under a sheet of plastic being hammered by a rain-storm and hungry mosquitoes. We practised our surf landings and launches en route. It looked easy but timing waves with their dumping nature took a bit of practice. We swam back the next day against the wind and current for practice and to see how we coped.

Meanwhile back in New Zealand we bought swimming wetsuits with the idea of keeping it up over winter. It didn't really happen. One of our favourite recreational activities, how-

ever, is to snorkel/swim around local Peninsulas, headlands and other interesting areas. We managed to fit a few trips in between kayak tours but no routine was established. The best we managed was a few lap sessions in our wetsuits in the cold outdoor pool next door immediately prior to leaving for Hawaii. Mark designed and made us "aqua packs" for the trip. These were mostly made with mesh so water could drain out when we needed to wear them. They were large enough to carry stove, five days of food, shelter, light flannel sleeping bags, footwear and minimal clothing. We waterproofed our gear inside smaller bags.

We arrived on Kauai, somewhat out of shape and Mark had the flu. With our kayak trip looming just over a week away we realised there was no time to build up our fitness. Our initial idea was to swim to Kalalau and hike back. Realising this was going to be more committing than we were probably ready for an alternative and ultimately better plan was hatched. We decided to do an amphibious trip along the entire Na Pali Coast, starting with our swim to Hanakapiai then hiking the nine miles to Kalalau. Swimming to Kalalau would have meant no landings for 7 miles and the possibility of reverse currents near the end! Our friend, Meph had given us a lift to the end of the road and escorted us part way to Hanakapiai taking photos and trying out her new kayak.

From Hanakapiai we hiked to Hanakoa where we camped. The notorious mosquitoes were there all right. It's good to know mosquito coils work well. From here it was a half-day hike to Kalalau. The trail was rugged, high up and exposed in places. The scenery was stunning. It felt great to hike the trail and see the place from a different perspective.

Despite feeling comfortable in the water, there was enough uncertainty and commitment to make it a real "adventure" We weren't the first to swim it but it was still unusual and was a novelty to onlookers. Perhaps the most unsettling thing was the response from others, especially the

alarmists who were all too keen to warn of sharks, currents etc. Filtering information was tricky at times.

It was with nervous anticipation that we launched ourselves the next morning. Once on our way it felt delightful. This was our first committing stretch with no landing for 2 1/2 miles. The swell was big enough to create a significant backwash from the cliffs and the wind was unseasonably strong for that time of the morning. By half way I was experiencing some discomfort with my left fin and Mark was battling leg cramps and seasickness. I hadn't even thought about that! There was no option other than to continue. I was very impressed with how well Mark handled it. Perhaps those years of being sick on the Alaskan fishing boats paid off! Our packs were a comforting safety feature. They were buoyant enough to float with our upper bodies resting on top. It was definitely helpful for throwing up! Towards the end it was a matter of hanging in there. I was starting to feel a little seedy too by now.

As we neared Nua'lolo'kai we could see the surf crashing on the reef and we pinned our hopes on being able to sneak through a small keyhole we'd discovered in past years. Weaving our way through the breakers it was a relief to float into a calm retreat two hours after launching.

Meantime the wind was picking up to a good 30 knots. We'd planned to continue on to Mil'o'li'i but observing the very rough conditions at the point we had to go round we decided to wait till later and see if it calmed down. The wind backed off somewhat but another hazard faced us. The danger of tour boat operators not seeing us in the back chop with the low angle sun glaring on the water. We opted to sleep under the ironwoods and try again the next day. We were low on water and there was nowhere to top up here so there was a sense of urgency to continue next day.

As soon as we slipped into the water at first light all apprehension melted away. The water felt so delicious! The sea had calmed down and the wind



hadn't picked up yet. Sea turtles entertained us on the way. Rather than land at the first possible place we continued another mile or so since we were feeling so good. A rare Hawaiian monk seal had pulled up on the beach before us. By now whitecaps had appeared and it was still only 7am! It was time for breakfast, a water top up and a cuppa.

By 9am we were hiking along a boulder beach. We continued hiking for a couple of miles until a cliffy section forced us to swim again. The sea was calmer along this stretch and there were more options for landing. Despite this we decided to swim the last 2 miles to Polihale. By this time I don't think either of us wanted it to end.

Polihale is a huge, wide, sandy, surf beach with road access. The landing was reasonably calm which suited me fine but I think Mark was a bit disappointed not to have bigger surf conditions to test the packs out! We both felt elated at having done this. As well as being extremely enjoyable it was certainly great for the spirit. I can't wait to do it again! Maybe next time we will crack the Kalalau stretch.

**NEW ZEALAND  
TRIP REPORTS  
NORTHLAND  
EXPEDITION.  
from Jane and David  
Carman**

We arrived in Whangarei at 5pm. It was hot, and both of us were tired, having travelled from New Plymouth that day, with only a short stop in Auckland to pick up our gear. After a visit to Whangarei Pak 'n' Save to pick up the few groceries we still needed we headed for Jim's beachside house.

It was too hot to contemplate doing much more than lie around and sweat (or "glow" in my case), let alone even think of slaving over a hot paddle for

the next 10 days. So we sat in Jim's lounge, alternatively reading and sleeping for the remainder of the afternoon. That evening, after a gourmet dinner prepared by the resident chef, we went for a quick dip in the still warm waters of the Whangarei harbour.

**DAY 1: Rangiputa to Brodie's Creek:** We were rudely awoken at 6am by Jim's alarm. Bleary eyed we packed our things, had a final warm shower, a healthy serve of bacon sandwiches and set off for Karikari Peninsula.

We got to Rangiputa (on the Western side of Karikari Peninsula) at around 11am. Somehow with much pushing and repacking we loaded the entire contents of the rear of the van into our three protesting kayaks. Jim was only paddling with us the first day, so we were careful not to load his kayak with too many "essentials" that would have to be crammed into our already jammed boats the next morning. After the final rationalisation of our supplies we lugged/ dragged the boats to the shore.

We were off! The water was clear and still in the harbour, as we set off for the first point. We had "trained" for our trip in empty boats, and I noticed the increased difficulty in paddling my fully loaded Albatross. At least it was stable I guess, and would get lighter every day since I was carrying most of the food.

We were all fairly cheerful as we passed the first point. The slight norwesterly wind was blowing onto our left side, and stretching away into the distance on our right were the golden sands of Karikari Bay. It was our first long crossing, as we headed straight across to Cape Karikari. I got progressively more despondent the more I paddled, as the point never seemed to get any closer. Instead of a serene glide across the waves, I felt like I was paddling a slug through treacle. "At least its stable when its fully loaded", I thought again.

We reached Whale Island by about two o'clock, and stopped briefly for lunch. "Well I don't think we'll make

it to Whangarei", I said to Dave, as I sat wearily on a rock, holding a sandwich in my already blistered hands. Still, it was early days yet.

We rounded the cape in relatively calm seas, and were able to stay pretty close to the shore for a while, before the next (thankfully shorter) crossing of the day across Matai Bay. It was hot and sultry that afternoon and in the heat and tiredness the shadows of wavelets became shark fins in my peripheral vision. ( I don't know how many times I turned my head to discover that I was imagining things yet again).

The rest of that day is a blur in my memory, however I do remember gratefully rounding Knuckle point, and following the coastline wearily to Brodie's Creek. We finally found a campsite (after paddling up and the same 100 metres of coastline about three times to allow Dave to make up his mind about where to land!) and surfed onto the sandy beach.

We pitched our tent in the single few metres of relatively flat and smoothish ground available (between the swamp and long grass), had a refreshing swim and a glass or two of wine and felt a lot better. I managed to spill half the dinner on the ground that night (which of course was due to my sore hands and tired arms rather than a complete lack of coordination), however there was plenty left, and with full stomachs we collapsed gratefully into bed. Jim made good mossie bait lying in his bivvy bag under a tarpaulin, and I was grateful for our mossie proof tent.

**DAY 2: Brodie's Creek to Frear Bay:** We woke at five am to get the marine forecast on National Radio. Unfortunately we lost reception at a critical point, and had indecipherable static for sea areas Plenty, Colville and Brett. Thankfully Jim's cellphone could get through to Metphone (for some reason our prepaid one doesn't) and we were glad that fairly light norwesterlies were forecast for the morning.

After a quick breakfast we were ready to go at about 8am. We had left one of our four 3-litre water bottles behind

with Jim, as despite much reshuffling, Dave had no spare space in his crammed Arctic Raider. I also jettisoned one of our two coolie bags and the now defrosted (and therefore fairly useless) icepack. Knowing we had the long crossing of Doubtless Bay ahead of us, and with memories of the day before, I didn't want to be taking any more gear than was absolutely necessary.

We farewelled Jim between the Yachts that had been moored in the bay overnight, and set off for distant Berghan point on the other side of Doubtless Bay.

It was a calm morning, with overcast skies making the sea look like crumpled aluminium foil, and with the breeze behind us we made fairly good time across the bay. I was feeling refreshed, and found the going a little easier in the relative cool of the morning. We crossed between the point and the small island on the other side of Doubtless Bay about an hour and 45 minutes after leaving Jim at Brodie's Creek then continued along the coast looking for a place to stop and stretch our legs. We turned into a small bay not far from the point, and after landing on a stony beach shared a power bar between us. Unfortunately in our desire to keep weight to a minimum we had overlooked snacks, and this was the last power bar we had.

Dave knew of a campsite nearby in Taemaro Bay, and suggested we stop for the day, as winds were forecast to pick up in the afternoon. However it was still early, and though I was tired I thought we should keep going, and maybe find a spot in Motukahakaha Bay. So we carried on, making good time around the next couple of points. It was cloudy and cool when we finally dragged the boats up a stony beach near Waimahana Bay for lunch. Although I had been comfortable paddling it didn't take long to cool down after we stopped, and we didn't sit around too long.

After an impressive seal launch off the steep beach (its amazing how much speed you can get up on smooth slop-

ing stones with a full boat) we again set off, this time looking for a campsite. Unfortunately all the possible spots in the next bay were either already full of campers, or had nasty looking surf landings that we weren't prepared to attempt (no point putting a hole in the boat this early on in the trip), so we decided to continue into Whangaroa Bay.

I was getting pretty weary by this time, and was a trifle concerned about the waves we were heading into around the point. However it wasn't as bad as it looked, and I managed to stay relatively dry (relative to actually being submerged I mean) going into the waves, and was pleased that the sea was calmer on the other side of the point.

The sun had now emerged, and we had a pleasant paddle along the coast into Whangaroa Bay. Dave suggested paddling straight across to Stephenson Island that had come into view, as it was "on the way", however in my mind I'd done enough long crossings for the day (ie: one), and was keen to get my stiff body out of my boat.

Thankfully we soon found a very suitable spot in Frear Bay with a lovely stony beach. At first it didn't look too hopeful as a campsite, however once we landed we spotted a flat spot half-way up the steep grassy bank that bordered the beach. It was a perfect spot, and afforded us a great view of the bay, and soon we had the tent pitched.

The wind picked up that afternoon as forecast, and we were both pleased to be off the water. Feeling refreshed after our compulsory swim we spent the afternoon exploring the beach and reading our books. We were both hoping the wind would die down, as we intended to "island hop" to Stephenson and then Flat Island the next day.

**DAY 3: Stranded in Frear Bay:**  
The following day the forecast was for strong Norwesterlies and "rough" seas. At first I was disappointed not to be travelling on, however after I got up and looked out over the bay at a sea

of big swells and whitecaps I agreed we would be safer staying put.

After getting up and dressed I soon discovered that there wasn't much to do, so resigned myself to my sleeping bag with a good book. Three hours later I woke up with a sandpaper tongue and heavy head. It was about 11:30, and after stumbling down to the beach in my semi-somnolent state I discovered Dave had already caught a decent sized snapper.

It was starting to rain, so we put up the cooking tent, and had fresh fish for lunch while the rain persisted down.

We were getting quite low on water, and I was a bit concerned that we would be stranded here another day. So Dave rigged up a rain collecting system (ie: a raincoat in a shallow hollow, and a bowl under the edge of the tent) and it didn't take too long to collect 3 litres of rainwater.

**DAY 4: Frear Bay to Waiau Bay:**  
It continued to rain that night, however the forecast had improved, with somewhat lighter norwesterlies and "moderate" seas. From our vantage point the sea seemed a bit calmer too. So we decided (with some misgivings) to continue our journey down the coast. We packed quickly in the intermittent showers, dragged the boats to the sea and set off.

I soon discovered that although it had looked relatively calm from our sheltered bay, the seas were somewhat rougher than I had expected. We decided to follow the coast rather than going via Stephenson Island, partly because it would allow us the option of going into Whangaroa Harbour if it got too rough, and partly because we couldn't actually see the island due to low cloud and frequent showers.

We got to Taupo Bay without too much difficulty, and I was again glad of my stable overloaded boat. We could just see the headland that lead to Whangaroa harbour through the misty rain, and when we got there Dave asked if I wanted to go in. By now I was feeling pretty miserable, with the rain and waves combining to make

this a less than perfect kayaking experience. We were initially indecisive, but after turning to go in decided against the shelter of the harbour (within which we would have no idea of what was going on out to sea) and turned back out into the foam flecked waters.

Despite the poor visibility we could make out a small island not too much further along the coast, and Dave suggested landing there to wait until it calmed down.

The seas certainly weren't showing any signs of calming down, and I was getting intermittently soaked in rain showers, then doused in sea water. "What the heck am I doing here?", I asked myself (not the first time I've asked myself that, and unlikely to be the last) as the small scrap of fibreglass and kevlar, that in its present orientation kept me from swimming, rocked and swayed in the waves.

Eventually we reached the "Island" (rock) and could see that it was even rougher towards the more distant point. The rock (Oratemanu Island) did sport a small beach, and with some difficulty we negotiated a rocky landing.

I was miserable. Everything I had on was soaked, and once out of the kayak and with a reasonable breeze blowing I was soon freezing cold too. We did manage to find a small crevice in the rock that was a little more sheltered from the wind, and huddled there while we decided what to do. Where we were standing seemed to be the most sheltered spot on the rock, and we decided to put up the cooking tent to keep us at least a little drier and warmer.

Despite the tent (held down with some large boulders and tied to the resident straggly tree), a dry shirt and a cup of hot soup in my belly I was still shivering, and Dave and I huddled together for warmth (both finding it amusing that we had spent some hours making special kayaking shirts designed to keep the sun off during this summer trip).

At about 11:00am (when the tide changed) the wind seemed to drop a little and the seas became much calmer. The rain stopped, and with the lifting of the clouds the land seemed much closer. I was pleased to be able to head off into much calmer seas, as the prospect of spending a night on this rock had been a fairly bleak one.

We made good time around the next point, then headed straight across the next bay, towards Flat Island. It was about midday when we stopped on Motuekaiti Island (next to Flat Island) for a quick pee and half a banana each. We had thought about camping on the island, however it was still early, and with the improvement in the weather I was keen to go on.

There were pretty big swells rolling in as we paddled across the next couple of bays towards Matauri Bay, so we stayed fairly far out from shore. I was impressed at the size of the largest of the Cavalli Islands, especially as I had paddled around it in my old blue "bathtub" perception spectrum when I was a beginner.

By the time we got to Matauri Bay I was ready to stop, but Dave assured me that there was a really nice campsite "just around the next point". It seemed to take ages to reach it, but finally we hove to in Waiaua Bay. Dave was right, it was a great spot, complete with a fresh water pool to wash all the salt off in. We soon had the tent up and our sodden gear out to dry, and after wine and cheese had cheered up somewhat. Unfortunately the showers continued that afternoon, so our gear stayed damp for another day.

DAY 4: Waiaua Bay to The Te Pahi Islands:

The next morning we got off to an early start, wanting to avoid the strengthening southwesterly winds that were forecast. The seas were glassy as we set out, with a slight swell, and a slight tail breeze helped us on our way across Takou Bay. As we paddled we were joined by several small birds that bounced across the waves, half flying, half jumping towards us. We also had to avoid the

shearwaters that floated past watching us somewhat indignantly before flapping off.

Despite the strengthening tail wind it seemed to take ages to reach Lion Rock (yep, another "Lion Rock - one of at least four that I know of in NZ) on the other side of the bay. Dave reckoned we were going into the current, and that our slow progress was nothing to do with our tiredness from days of paddling.

Finally we rounded Rocky Point, and headed towards the Bay of Islands. We were bothered by frequent showers as we headed across to Cape Wiwiki, and we put our bright green jackets on once again. Dave assured me we could get between the Cape and the nearby Harekeke Island, but it wasn't until we were in the narrow channel between the two that I believed him.

Finally we were in the Bay of Islands (or "Bay of Boats" at this time of year!) and wove our way between the multitude of fishing boats in relatively calm waters. However around Howe Point the head winds started, and after nearly 5 hours of paddling without a break I found it hard to make progress in the gusty, choppy seas. Dave was soon a distant fluorescent green dot in the distance, and reached our destination about 10 minutes before I did.

We had stopped on one of the Te Pahi Islands. It had a convenient flat camping site on one side, and rose to a steep peak on the other. From its shape we guessed it had probably been a pa at some time.

Our bread had gone mouldy, so after a quick swim on the sheltered side of the island we cooked up some pasta for a very welcome lunch. We had our cooking tent up for shelter, and the strengthening winds buffeted it as we sat inside and read our books that afternoon. Thankfully the showers had cleared and our clothes were soon dry (the paddling clothes now stiff with salt). We saw a pair of dotterels on the beach that afternoon, along with several oyster catchers.

That night we celebrated new years eve with a mostly-chilled bottle of champagne we had bought for the occasion. We could hear the music from various all-night parties in the nearby Paihia, but even this didn't keep us awake.

#### DAY 5: Te Pahi Islands To Waewaetorea Island:

We were up at 5am the next day, concerned that the forecast souwesterlies would be as strong as the day before, and prevent us from reaching our restocking point of Russell. We had packed up and were on the water by 6am, and watched a beautiful sunrise that was reflected in the sparkling still waters of the bay.

We had a very pleasant paddle in to Russell, reaching it at 8am, and were greeted by green, hung-over ex-revelers gazing at us mournfully over the buckets they clutched to their chests. Unlike the locals we were keen on a greasy cooked breakfast, and one of the local cafe's did a very good job of providing one. After bacon, eggs, sausages, hash browns, toast and coffee, we rolled down to the supermarket for a restock. The restaurant had kindly refilled our water bottles, and soon our somewhat heavier boats were on the water again.

The wind had picked up as predicted, and the seas were slightly choppier as we headed out from Russell towards Urupukapuka Island (and I started to regret my over-indulgence in the breakfast that was now sloshing around in my queasy stomach). As we paddled through Te Rawhiti Inlet, 5 or 6 large launches went past, with equally large wakes. I was sure we had taken a wrong turn and were in the motorway by mistake! Later we found out that there had been an all night party on Urupukapuka Island that night, and the launches were transporting the hung-over partygoers home.

Most of the islands we passed sported a healthy crop of yachts, motor boats and launches. The "Bay of Boats" phenomenon is obviously well recognised as there is even a "rubbish barge" for them to dump their rubbish in. We

soon reached the channel between Urupukapuka and Waewaetorea Islands, and briefly landed on Waewaetorea Island (after asking a "Hole in the Rock " tour jet boat operator for a forecast - he was completely unhelpful!). After a short walk on the island we discovered a narrow inlet just around the corner, that was much more secluded from prying eyes, and (at high tide at least) reasonably easy to paddle into.

After a slightly tricky landing on the small beach at the end of the inlet we soon had our gear drying in the hot sun, and after a "proper" wash (not possible in the more public beaches) we had lunch, and again settled into reading our books in the tent. The campsite was perfect, complete with a rocky overhang to shelter our food from the hot sun, and a flat rocky shelf to balance the cooker on. We weren't sure if we were allowed to camp on this island, however unlike the yachties in the bay, we were perfectly capable of carrying our rubbish out with us, and didn't intend to leave any sign of our stay.

That evening, as the tide went out we discovered that we wouldn't be able to paddle out of the inlet as a fairly recent rockfall blocked off the exit at low tide. So we emptied the boats and dragged them through the grass towards the other beach around the corner (not a great distance) repacked, and left them hidden in the long grass overnight.

#### DAY 6: Waewaetorea Island to Mimiwhangata:

It was another early start the next day, and we were on the water by 6am again. We were to go around Cape Brett that day, which in my mind was the biggest barrier to reaching Whangarei. I had been around the cape some years before in a double kayak, and had memories of big swells, (well, I had thought them big at the time) steep cliffs and struggling into 30 knot head winds.

That morning however the seas were calm, and as the sun rose the cape was silhouetted against clear skies. As we paddled the distant 'thud, thud,' of the

obviously ongoing all weekend party on Urupukapuka Island tainted the stillness of the morning.

After about an hour or so we reached the northern edge of the peninsula leading to Cape Brett. We followed the coast until we reached the old lighthouse keepers house (now a DOC hut), which lies within a shallow bay. At least I thought it was a bay, and Dave was heading into it. I thought he was going to land, but as I got further in I realised that in fact there was a narrow channel between the mainland and the tip of the cape, that in calm seas was easily 'paddle-able'. (the last time I had been here the seas were too rough to come this close so I hadn't seen the channel. I was probably concentrating harder on keeping upright then too!). We stopped briefly on a rock for a pee before heading out to the majestic sheer cliffs on the other side.

I needn't have been worried about big seas! It was glassy calm on the other side, and the clear sunlight glinted off tiny ripples. We watched three gannets wheeling and circling on an updraft nearby, searching for fish that would have been easy to spot in the clear, still water.

Rounding the next point we could see the distant Home Point, around which we were headed. We decided to cut into the bay, towards Whangamumu Point, in case the wind should get up. Going across the bay we encountered a huge flock of shearwaters, that were determined to stay put until the last second, as we paddled through them.

Passing Whangamumu Harbour, that had been transformed into "yacht city" over the long weekend, we were glad that we hadn't planned to stay there that night.

Home Point still seemed a long way off, and the wind gusted off the land as we got about halfway across. It must have taken about two hours until we finally wove our way between the flock of fishing boats that had congregated off the point. I was very grateful to finally stop paddling as we hove to for lunch on a steep gravel beach on the other side.

After another seal launch (not quite so fast as last time, the boats were lighter) we continued down the coast, encountering a “pod” of kayakers just before Bland Bay. After crossing the bay we stayed fairly close to the coast until our final crossing for the day loomed ahead.

On the distant shore of Whangaruru Harbour lay our final destination of Mimiwhangata Bay. We were both weary, and to me it seemed sensible to head straight for what I thought was the bay. However Dave thought it safer to head into the harbour a little, to avoid being blown out to sea by the strengthening offshore winds. Either way, when I looked round to see where he was I found we were separated by a good 500 metres. We did eventually meet in the middle of the bay, and exchanged some rather heated words, before heading on again into the gusts.

Finally arriving at the bay we found it full of yachts, and not being in the mood for company, we wearily headed out again, eventually finding a rocky campsite just around the corner.

It had been a very long day, and we had been on the water for 8 hours. Needless to say we slept very well that night, despite stiff muscles and blistered hands.

**DAY 7: Mimiwhangata to Matapouri:** It was to be another early start, and by 6.30 we had the boats packed and ready to go. We were hauling Dave’s laden Arctic Raider over the uneven beach when I suddenly felt a severe pain in my lower back, and cried out, being unable to move further. Dave had to lift the rear end of the boat from me, as for several minutes I couldn’t bend or straighten, let alone walk! Dave managed to drag the boats to the shore over the smooth gravel, before helping me to my boat. Thankfully I found it reasonably comfortable sitting, and we were able to set off.

The early morning sun sparkled on the water, and we had a very scenic trip around between the mainland and Rimiriki Island. Crossing the next bay we met some maori fisherman huddled in a tiny tinny, and stopped to

ask for a forecast. They said “light winds” were on the menu, which sounded good to us.

We made pretty good time, and soon were off the coast of Whananaki, with its over-crowded campsites. We stopped briefly on Mototohe Island to empty bladders, and fill stomachs, before continuing towards Sandy Bay.

It was yet another weary crossing, a hand-over-hand mind-numbing crawl towards a distant point, again made worse by the appearance of a headwind in the second half. Tired and aching I was glad when Dave suggested making for a sheltered beach in the lee of the point. We finally made it, and found ourselves on a fairly populated beach, just over the hill from Matapouri Bay.

We had some lunch, and watched despondently as the wind didn’t die down. After two hours of reading our books we decided to head off. Our original plan was to head with the wind to a nearby, more deserted beach, and set up camp. However once we got out into the bay we found the wind wasn’t too strong and decided to continue towards Tutukaka, which had been our intended destination.

After struggling through the next couple of bays, hugging the shore, and finding as much shelter as we could, we found a very pleasant looking spot, which definitely had potential for a campsite. So we gave up the quest for Tutukaka, and headed in to land (which we later found out was fortunate, as there really wasn’t another suitable camping spot for miles.)

We pitched the tent in the hot sun (it was about 2pm) and went for a very welcome swim. I was walking hunched over like a cripple, as it still hurt to straighten, but was glad to be out of my cramped kayak. There were a few other swimmers and boaties around initially (the beach is accessed through a farm I think) but by the time it was evening we had it all to ourselves. We even managed to find a freshwater stream nearby, that we filtered to replenish the dwindling water supplies.

**DAY 8: Matapouri to Peach Cove:** Concerned that we may again be troubled by afternoon headwinds, we were up and going by 6am. The sun was just rising, and turned the water into a sea of orange as we headed out from the bay. Around the point I noticed again a sharp pointed black shadow. This time I wasn’t imagining things, it was a shark’s fin. It was hard to say how big it was, although it looked small, needless to say I didn’t stick around to find out. (The next Monday there was a front page newspaper report of a kayak being attacked by a shark in that area!).

It was calm enough to stay fairly close to the rocky shore, which unlike long crossings allows you to see that you are actually moving, and we soon passed Tutukaka. As we reached Whau Point I could see across a long bay a distant point that I thought to be our destination of Bream Head. My spirits lifted, as the point, though distant, was certainly no further than any of our previous crossings. However I couldn’t quite place the mountains that arose, blue with distance, behind the point.

I soon realised my error. As we paddled across Ngunguru Bay, the true Bream Head began to appear from behind its counterfeit, the much closer Taiharuru Head. Bream head, like the hills that rise up steeply from it, was also blue with distance, an impossibly far point, but one that must be rounded before I could sleep that night.

It was very, very long way, and the mind-numbing “slap, slap” of my paddle didn’t seem to bring the point any closer. I tried playing mind games, trying to only look at the water in front of the boat, so that when I did eventually look up the point would be appreciably closer. However I couldn’t resist looking up every few minutes to find that in fact it was no closer, and we were probably not moving at all.

After aeons of rhythmic splashing we eventually crawled slowly past the “halfway point” of Taiharuru Head, and I was disappointed to find that this was halfway from the previous campsite, rather than the halfway point of

the crossing. Still we stopped for a snack before going on our weary way.

When I was studying communication skills I remember learning about a counselling philosophy that involved making a "brief achievable goal" during a short interview, such that a client wasn't daunted by the prospect of the ultimate goal of a complete change in behaviour. This crossing was the antithesis of this theory, and with every tendon-grinding, blister-making stroke I was becoming more and more daunted by the stubborn refusal of our goal to get any closer.

Ocean beach inched by, agonisingly slowly, and against all odds we eventually reached the small islands off Bream Head. The water was dotted with tinnies, launches and yachts, all making the most of the calm conditions, and hot sun, however I could only appreciate that we were nearly at the point where I could get my stiff body out of the cramped boat.

Once around Bream Head I suddenly felt completely drained of energy. Somehow my ineffectual strokes eventually brought me to our destination of Peach Cove, and at last I could get out of the boat.

That afternoon, after a very welcome lunch we relaxed in the shade, gratified that the wind did get up so that our early rising hadn't been in vain, and read our now dog-eared books.

DAY 9: Peach Cove to Onerahi:  
Jim's house lies right on the beach front at Onerahi, and at low tide is separated from the sea by a significant stretch of sand. Since it was high tide at around 3pm, we planned to leave soon after lunch, and avoid hauling the boats over acres of tidal flats.

After our recent early mornings it was lovely to be able to sleep in for a few hours, finish the last chapters of our books, and explore the beach. We had an early lunch at 11.30am, before dragging the boats over boulders to the shore.

We had a quiet trip around the bays, turning in to Whangarei harbour with-

out incident. The frequent launches made enough wake to surf on, which helped our progress in the otherwise calm waters. We had the current with us of course, which must have helped, and for a while we shadowed a small yacht, easily able to keep up with a boat under sail.

It was quite a long way into the harbour, but at least the channel markers provided us with a "brief achievable goal", and reassured us that we were closer to the end of our trip with each one we passed. Finally we could see Onerahi, and set about guessing which house was Jim's. Closer still and there was no doubt, and eventually we crunched on to the very welcome sand, metres from our final destination.

So we had made it. We were aching, blistered, salt-encrusted and suntanned, but somehow better for the experience. We had set our goal and achieved it, traversing the coast in the smallest craft capable of such a trip, and even though we swore we would never paddle again when we sat down to our dinner that night, I'm sure it won't be the last.

## IN THE MAIL

The September 'Sea Kayaker' has articles on a 'Greenland Sojourn, a classic 'Bugger!' file story by Wellingtonian Malcolm Gunn, plus a review of the SealLine SmartTrack rudder control system. The reviewer of the rudder control system reckons it is a 'quantum leap in the right direction.' He is a mere 16 years behind the times and needs to see a Kiwi rudder pedal system with toe pedals and solid support for the heels.

The November 'NZ Wilderness' magazine has reports of kayaking on Lake Taupo and in the Alaskan fiords, and a review of the latest sea kayaks available in New Zealand.

The latest 'NSW Sea Kayaker' has articles on 'The PDF Knife,' 'Paddle Grips,' 'Kayak Sailing,' and two good stories that will be reprinted in the next KASK newsletter.

## BOOK REVIEWS

### Title: 'Birthplace of the Winds'

Subtitle: 'Adventuring in Alaska's Islands of Fire and Ice'

Author: Bowermaster, Jon

Published: 2000

Publisher: National Geographic.

ISBN: 0 7922 7506 3

Content: Hardback, 264pp, colour plates, appendices

Size: 160 x 235mm

Price: \$69 (US\$26)

Availability: Canoe & Outdoor World, ChCh.

Reviewed: P. Caffyn

To my knowledge, this is the first full account of a sea kayaking trip in the Aleutian Islands, the island chain west of the Alaska Peninsula that has a reputation for strong tidal streams, and gloomy, wet and windy weather. Four blokes in two double kayaks spent a month, aiming to visit the mythical cradle of the Aleut people, the Islands of Four Mountains. The inspiration for the trip came from a throwaway remark that Derek Hutchinson made at a 1998 talk in Santa Barbara about his 1978 Aleutian trip. Scott McGuire afterwards asked Derek if there was somewhere in the world he wished he had kayaked. "The Islands of Four Mountains," was his response.

In 1978, Derek and four paddlers kayaked from Dutch Harbour on Unalaska to Nikolski on Umnak Island, a distance of some 160 miles. An early pictorial account in a British magazine was titled 'Schoolteacher Who Paddled a Canoe to Hell and Back.' In the 1997 'Sea Kayaker Deep Trouble', there is an account of an incident during the 1984 Aleutian Island Kayak Expedition when Jim Vermillion was smashed into the sharp roof of a cave. Not a lot of kayaking accounts or material on the area where the Aleut paddlers developed their brilliant baidarka kayaks.

## Book Review

### Title: 'Rowing to Latitude'

Subtitle: 'Journeys Along the Arctic's Edge'

Author: Fredston, Jill

Published: 2001

Publisher: North Point Pr., USA

ISBN: 0 374 28180 7

Content: Hardback, dustjacket, 289pp, colour plates.

Size: 150 x 220mm

Price: US\$24

Availability: Amazon Books

Reviewed by: P. Caffyn

'Birthplace of the Winds' is a well written blend of the early history of exploration, the Aleuts and how they survived, with short bursts of paddling. My only wee niggle of the writing style is the use of the National Geographic magazine style, 'We kayak away from Skiff Cove...' 'Backing out of the cave, we paddle into...' etc. The characters involved are introduced and personal conflicts that develop are not glossed over. The historical snippets are well researched, and I was pleased to see a lengthy bibliography included as Appendix D.

The last page brings the trip full circle when Jon bumps into Derek Hutchinson at a Washington sea kayaking symposium. Jon thanked Derek for the initial inspiration for the Aleutian trip, who responded:

"I was a little disappointed you took doubles, though. Not much of a sport that way, is it?" Hitting me up for a couple of bucks so he could buy a hamburger from a beachside vendor, he was off down the beach, followed by a couple of youngsters smitten by his reputation.'

Two central colour plate sections contain 23 lovely pics, which lose a bit with great expanses of white page around them, but they are well captioned and convey the harshness and beauty of the islands.

To sum up, not a lot of actual kayaking, but the thoroughly researched background informations on all aspects of the Aleutian Islands, make this worthy of inclusion on the shelf of sea kayaking narratives.

Jon Bowermaster is the author of six books, including 'Crossing Antarctica' which he co-authored with Wil Steger.

Availability: Canoe and Outdoor World in Christchurch, Amazon Books or order through your local specialist bookshop.

At the age of 10, Jill Fredston's family moved to a house on the water's edge of Long Island, north of New York. She craved a rowboat, and was given one as a belated birthday present, provided her parents could name it. The boat was a five foot long pram dinghy, and the name that greeted her on the stern was 'Ikky Kid.' The wee pram dinghy led to longer rowing shells at high school, university and during post-graduate studies in glaciology and polar regions at the University of Cambridge's Scott Polar Research Institute.

In 1982, Jill arrived in Anchorage, Alaska, and eventually with the help of Mike Neckar of Necky Kayaks, had a purpose built double kayak (a Tofino model) adapted for rowing, with sliding seat and raised coaming. Three watertight compartments gave the capacity for three months food and Arctic kit.

Together with husband Doug Fesler, Jill has knocked up over 20,000 miles in her kayak, in some of the most remote Arctic regions. Doug for a long time paddled a single sea kayak, but in mid 90's, also converted to rowing a double kayak. Two maps inside the end papers of the book, show the enormous distances the couple have travelled. Briefly the trips include, Seattle to Skagway, the Yukon River from its source to Nome, down the Mackenzie River from Hay River to the Beaufort Sea and west to Barrow, the coasts of Norway and Labrador, the west coast of Greenland, and the first kayak circumnavigation of Svalbard (Spitzbergen).

In July 1991, I was camped at Bullen Point on the northern coast of Alaska while waiting for wet and windy headwinds to die, as I headed eastwards for Inuvik. I noticed movement on the beach, and caught Doug and Jill who had planned to hide my Nordkapp and replace it with Doug's old dog of a sea kayak, his Polaris. They had paddled down the Mackenzie River to its mouth and were heading west to Barrow. We had a great catch up, and I was relieved to hear their vehicle had been barged down to Inuvik, and I was able to drive back to Anchorage at the conclusion of my trip.

The book is a delight to read, and grew from long holiday or Xmas letters detailing their latest expedition. In the KASK newsletter, I included their account of the trip around Svalbard, which included coping with marauding polar bears and finding the near complete body of a whale, high up on the snout of a coastal glacier.

In the preface, Doug and Jill bump into an old Athabaskan subsistence fisherman in an aluminium skiff. After the usual, "Where you come from?" and "Where you going?", the fisherman said, "You must be plenty rich to spend the summer paddling." 'Doug leaned back, grinned, and replied without a trace of awkwardness I feared was lit in neon on my face, "If we were rich, we'd have a boat with a motor like yours.'"

Also in the preface, an insight to Jill's motivation for undertaking the northern summer trips. On the Yukon River in 1987, Doug and Jill made a habit of asking Native people how far they travelled up and downriver. Mostly, the locals ranged less than 50 miles in each direction, but Uncle Al, an Athabaskan elder answered:

'As a young man, he said, he had travelled by canoe all the way to the headwater lakes, and had also followed the river a thousand miles from his home to the sea. When we asked why, he looked puzzled.

"I had to know where the river came from and where it was going." We give a version of the same answer. We do these trips because we need to. The world of phones, computers, and

deadlines cannot compare with singing birds, breaching whales, magnificent light shows, and crackling ice.' A central colour plate with 16 pics give a glimpse of some of the stunning Arctic scenery that Doug and Jill have travelled.

After the two initial chapters, eight chapters then describe progressively describe their expeditions. These chapters are not in diary, blow by blow account style, but focus on highlights, lowlights and some of the extraordinary characters who are met on the coast. There are some great bear stories; near Cape Dyer on the Alaskan coast, a brown bear rudely awakens the sleeping couple by whacking his paws on the tent. Doug grabbed the shotgun and did a Rambo roll out of the ruined tent, 'landing on his feet and looking every bit like a stuntman - except he was stark naked from the waist down. I couldn't help but laugh, aware it might be the last sound I made.' Even six months later, Doug and Jill weren't aware that they were still under strain from the previous arduous summer trip until Jill woke one night to find Doug's hands around her neck in a choke hold. 'On trial for murder, he would have had difficulty in convincing a jury that he had simply been fending off a grizzly bear in his sleep.'

The chapters on both Norway and Greenland lack the buoyancy (pun intended) of the earlier chapters. The Norway trip is partly for Doug to visit his ancestral home, but I was left with the sights and smells of environmental pollution, sheep shit and also aloof Norwegians who ignored the rowers on shore. Two summers of Greenland paddling seem also subdued partly through Jill's concerns with the recovery of her mother from cancer. Images of offensive amounts of garbage in the villages and grinding northwards into impenetrable ice stayed with me from this chapter.

The 'Reflections from a Hard Seat' chapter focuses on close shaves from their trips, (excellent 'Bugger! File stories) and a fatalistic view of body recovery from their winter avalanche program work.

Above the chapter headings, there are some classic and very pertinent quotes: 'God made Labrador in six days. On the seventh, he threw rocks at it.' and the beauty from Stefansson, '... that most adventures are a sign of incompetence which may consist either in bad craftsmanship or an insufficient knowledge of local conditions.'

I couldn't help compare our travels in 1991 when we crossed paths at Bullen Point. West of Kaktovik, Doug and Jill spent several weeks dragging their kayaks along the beaches when blocked offshore by impenetrable ice, then returning to carry their kit on yokes of driftwood sticks, and had to resort to the same labouriously slow means of travel from Barrow to near Wainwright where they finished their trip. Talk about dogged determination. Travelling in the opposite direction, from Nome to Inuvik, fortune was certainly smiling on me for I was held up by ice for only two days and was quite content to wait for a wind change to blow the ice offshore.

Apart from family and friends who have received their annual Xmas letter, very few paddlers in the world are aware of the enormous distances this couple have rowed/paddled. Travelling unsupported with no sponsorship and thus no need for blaring publicity afterwards, I cannot help but admire their adventurous spirit and overwhelming desire to take to the water each northern summer.

During the northern winters, Doug and Jill live in Anchorage and work as directors of the Alaska Mountain Safety Center, which involves avalanche control work.

To sum up, an inspirational and enjoyable read, and a 'must have' on the shelves of sea kayaking narratives. My autographed copy was delivered from Alaska by Kevin Killilea, and I can only suggest obtaining this title through either Amazon Books or ordering through your local specialist bookshop.

Paul Caffyn

## INSTRUCTION

### Sea Kayak Leadership Training by John Kirk-Anderson

What a trip!

If things could go wrong, they did. Panic attacks, leaking kayaks, epileptic fits and multiple capsizes, and all in one day.

Fortunately for the paddlers concerned, these dramas were all part of scenarios on a Leadership Training weekend, recently conducted at Lyttelton for members of the Canterbury Sea Kayak Network.

Six lucky (?) paddlers attended the training, conducted by Grant Rochfort of Wellington, and sponsored by Water Safety NZ and KASK. By receiving the training the paddlers agreed to lead at least one trip a year for the CSKN. This has already paid off, with two trips being lead by participants.

The training started on Friday night at the Lyttelton headquarters of Canterbury Coastguard. These facilities were provided free by the Coastguard in the interests of marine safety.

Subjects covered included leadership styles, risk management, weather and group travel. These areas were looked at only briefly, with the aim being to raise awareness and spark interest among participants to learn more. For complicated subjects like weather, Grant was careful to simplify things, and encouraged an application of local knowledge. This was also where the John Heron peer feedback system was introduced.

Bloated paddlers met at Cass Bay on Saturday, swollen in appearance by the multiple layers of polypro and neoprene they were wearing. First up was going to be rescue practice, but the first lesson was learned by Grant, who repaired a tear in the crutch of his wetsuit with duct tape. He discovered a drawback was that duct tape sticks well to anything, which caused a unique walking style.



The enthusiasm of Canterbury paddlers to get wet was noted, as everyone tried different rescues, both solo and assisted. The whole morning was spent falling out and getting back in, with an opportunity to try different methods with other paddlers.

After lunch the participants were introduced to briefing and leading groups, with the proviso that Grant would take over if a safety situation arose. Group consensus was used to plan a simple trip that could be broken down to enable each member to lead for 20 minutes. With the tide ebbing a circumnavigation of Quail Island was out, and the 15 knots of nor-easterly was causing a weather tide in the harbour. Several yacht races were in progress and there was some shipping traffic.

Briefing and leading groups was new to some people and differing leadership styles were employed. Thinking ahead while watching all that was happening around the group proved challenging, and the peer feedback brought out some good points.

Sunday opened with a calm day, which made for some hurried changes to the planned scenarios to keep the challenges up. Instructions were whispered to paddlers on how they were to perform, once given the nod.

No sooner had the first group started when a problem arose, with Evert Kampert splitting from the group to collect forgotten gear. The leader dealt with that, only to have Evert develop heat exhaustion and needing support to stop from capsizing.

On another trip, Gary Easterbrook had a panic attack and blasted off into the distance, only to capsize. Efforts from others to calm him varied from a quiet voice, through to a threatened battering! The latter command was so realistic that poor Gary was seen to flinch, awaiting a paddle blow to the head.

Evert Kampert later had to deal with multiple capsizes, with paddlers separated from their kayaks and paddles. Delegation and a loud voice proved a key in sorting that situation out.

When Grant started making noises like a jet ski and rammed his kayak into John de Garnham, there were many puzzled looks, until John surfaced screaming about his shoulder. Dealing with a dislocated shoulder tested many aspects of incident and group management, and provided much food for thought.

In a scene that would have done televisions 'X Files' proud, a large hole suddenly appeared in a kayak hull, requiring the whole group to work on repairing it. The value of a day hatch was shown, when duct tape was produced in seconds. The use of a \$100 hat as a patch was a real sacrifice, but was not put to the test.

When John Hellemans suddenly had a seizure and disappeared below the surface there was a moment of stunned silence. 11 seconds later Evert Kampert had John's face out of the water, having sprinted from the other side of the group. By this stage of the course everyone was working well together and the teamwork was impressive. An important lesson from this scenario was that if you need someone to act as an epileptic, choose a doctor. John Hellemans had been relishing his role all day, and his seizure stopped everyone in their tracks.

The training was finished with rear deck carries of paddlers and then a full debrief. Grant Rochfort's time management was shown to be only average, with a finishing time 10 seconds earlier than planned!

Everyone involved learned from the training, with potential leaders knowing what to work on, and also having more confidence in their own abilities.

Personally, I learned a lot from Grant, who is a superb facilitator. The role that scenarios play to develop and sharpen incident management should not be underestimated, and could be used by all paddlers, regardless of experience.

Thanks to all involved in the running of the training, especially WSNZ and KASK, Canterbury Coastguard, Grant Rochfort and course participants.

## TECHNICAL

(Reprinted from the Auckland Canoe Club Newsletter, September 2001.)

### REFLECTION ON SAFETY

By Peter Somerhalder.

#### FLARES

How do you attract attention when you get into trouble seakayaking? Drifting, with a stuck rudder (or a broken universal joint on a windsurfer), amongst other boaters in busy Auckland Harbour will not make anyone stop for you, unless you can draw their attention. The means to do that can be by blowing a whistle, using a signalling mirror or firing a flare. What do you think will work best?

When kayaking you should carry flares, either, on board, or better still, strapped to yourself. What happens when, after capsizing, your kayak drifts away in a strong seabreeze with your flares safely in the rear hatch? I recommend that you carry one, or better two flares in a pocket of your buoyancy aid or lifejacket. These should be a pinpoint red handflare and a handsmoke flare.

Here are the flares I recommend for seakayakers:

**Pinpoint red handflare.** Used for signalling and indicating your position in short range situations. The red flame can be seen in daylight and of course is most effective at night. Burning time approx 60 seconds.

**Handsmoke Mk2.** For daylight distress signalling. Produces dense orange smoke for approx 60 seconds.

**Miniflare 3 kit.** Eight red flare cartridges, usually fired in pairs with the penjector included in the kit. For day or night use. The red flares are fired upwards and burn for approx 30 seconds.

**Day and night distress signal (CAA/NATO).** Consists of a plastic outer

case incorporating a red flare at one end for day and night signalling, and orange smoke at the other end for daylight use. Both end caps are coded for easy night identification. The flares are sealed with O-rings to make them watertight. The firing mechanism works similar to a handgrenade with a pull-ring.

**Para red rocket Mk3.** For long range signalling day or night. Climbs to 300 metres and glides down on a parachute. Burning time 40-60 seconds.

Some of these flares are sold in waterproof containers, often with two of the same kind inside them. Firing a second flare will confirm to observers that there is an emergency. These packs are called Inshore Pack, Cruiser Pack, Coastal Pack. Remember that flares have to be kept dry in order to function properly. Seal them in a plastic bag with rubber bands, but so that they can be opened quickly in an emergency. Flares are date stamped for three years from manufacture and should be replaced after that. Your retailer is obliged to take "expired" flares back for safe disposal. Firing them at Guy Fawkes night is a definite No-No and you can be severely punished for breaking the law. However, familiarise yourself with the handling and firing instruction of flares. Flares are classified dangerous goods and delivered to retail stores by special courier. You are not allowed to take them with you on aeroplanes. Give it some consideration where you carry them on or in your kayak. Flares left strapped to the deck of your "parked" kayak while climbing South Head could create temptation for some casual passer-by to have a firing practice with your flare. Prices range from \$39 for a pinpoint red handflare to about \$100 for parachute flares.

### SURVIVAL PACK

After skills practice and self rescues, a pod of tired seakayakers was heading for Motuora Island. My polyprops were just about dry again after several swims, and I felt as cosy and warm as toast. About 100 meters before reaching the sandy beach of the island, our instructor, Jonathon Iles, gave us a

new order. Everyone capsize, grab what is easy reachable from your kayak, and swim to the beach with your kayak in tow. Bugger, that means getting wet again. We did obey his order and assembled on the beach, each one of us carrying some of our gear. The kayaks were parked just above the waterline. "New scenario," said Jonathon, "you are stranded on a deserted island. Your kayak has drifted away and you have to survive with the gear rescued off your boat." We looked at each other and at our handful of survival gear. As a group, we had enough equipment, drinking water, matches and some food to survive one night. As individuals most of us would have struggled and suffered. I carried my drink bottle only. It was within easy reach, and I did not want to get water in my hatches or gear getting wet unnecessarily while swimming to shore. I had no food, matches, or protection from rain or cold. These things were "safely" in my kayak, which had drifted away. We all learned our lesson and our leader allowed us to be reunited with our kayaks. Hence we enjoyed an unforgettable evening camping on Motuora Island.

I have since fitted a deckbag, made by Back of Beyond, to my X- Factor kayak. Inside it is a 10 litre Baja drybag with enough space next to it for goods like towline and drinkbottle. The deckbag is my survival bag. It can quickly be taken off and carried to shore.

These are recommended "things" I carry for emergencies or survival:

- Survival blanket
- Polyprop top
- Waterproof matches
- Polyprop longjohns
- lighter
- Beanie
- Torch
- Balaclava
- Mueslibars
- Small first aid kit
- Packet soup
- Leatherman Multitool
- 2-minute noodles
- Swiss Army knife
- 2 Flares
- Radio or cellphone
- Duct tape

Drink bottle

Other items: Camera, binoculars, small air horn, compass.

Several dry or deck bags are available, including waterproof models from Sealline. Most are fitted with plastic hooks and shockcord, which clip easily to existing deck fittings on seakayaks. Perhaps you may have to fit extra plastic saddles to the deck. Prices range from approx \$68, to \$195 for the waterproof models.

## HUMOUR

An Irishman's been drinking at a pub all night. The bartender finally says that the bar is closing. So the Irishman stands up to leave and falls flat on his face. He tries to stand one more time, same result. He figures he'll crawl outside and get some fresh air and maybe that will sober him up.

Once outside he stands up and falls flat on his face. So he decides to crawl the 4 blocks to his home and when he arrives at the door, he stands up and falls flat on his face. He crawls through the door into his bedroom. When he reaches his bed, he tries one more time to stand up.

This time he manages to pull himself upright but he quickly falls right into bed and is sound asleep as soon as his head hits the pillow. He awakens the next morning to his wife standing over him shouting loudly.

"So, you've been out drinking again!!"

"What makes you say that?" He asks as he puts on an innocent look.

"The pub called, you left your wheelchair there again."

## **THE AUCKLAND KASK SEA KAYAK FORUM**

**(Previously known as Coastbusters)**

**This bi-annual event will be held over the weekend of March 15,16 & 17 at Puriri Park Motorcamp in Orewa (same place as last time).**

**FRIDAY EVENING:** The weather forecaster Ken Ring will give a presentation which will be of great interest and relevance to sea kayakers.

**SATURDAY WORKSHOPS:** These include kayak design, paddle technique, kayak injuries, how to build a skin boat, birds and mammals of the Hauraki Gulf plus a workshop with the delightfully sounding name of 'everything including the kitchen sink'. Other workshops are in the planning stage.

**SATURDAY AFTERNOON IN THE POOL:** Rob Gardner will direct an hour of instruction and skill development tips.

**SATURDAY NIGHT:** After dinner there will be a presentation from Mark Jones of AUT. Mark was one of three paddlers who made that awesome sea kayak journey down the Antarctic Peninsula earlier this year.

**SUNDAY PADDLE:** All that is being given out at this stage is that all kayakers must be in their boats ready to depart from Sullivans Beach at 0900 hours. We can tell you that your eventual destination is beautiful Te Muri Bay for a BBQ followed by a live flare demonstration - bring your old flares. What happens between leaving Sullivans and arriving at Te Muri at 1300 hours is TOP SECRET. However, we can tell you this; **you will get wet!**

### **OTHER THINGS YOU NEED TO KNOW**

The programme and registration will be mailed out well in advance of the date.

The event is limited to 120 delegates.

Details will be posted on [www.kask.co.nz](http://www.kask.co.nz)

There will be plenty of time for socialising and networking

You can book your own accommodation at Puriri Park

The price is still to be confirmed but will be less than \$100

This event is not suitable for people without sea kayaking skills. No beginners please.

Those delightful people from the **Red Team** are once again in control

## **NATIONAL SEA KAYAK FORUM**

**Onepoto, Porirua, Wellington.**

**1 - 3 March 2002.**

**Wellington Regional Sea Kayak Network**

**on behalf of**

**Kiwi Association of Sea Kayakers (KASK) NZ Inc.**

**Forum organizer; Noel Winsloe**

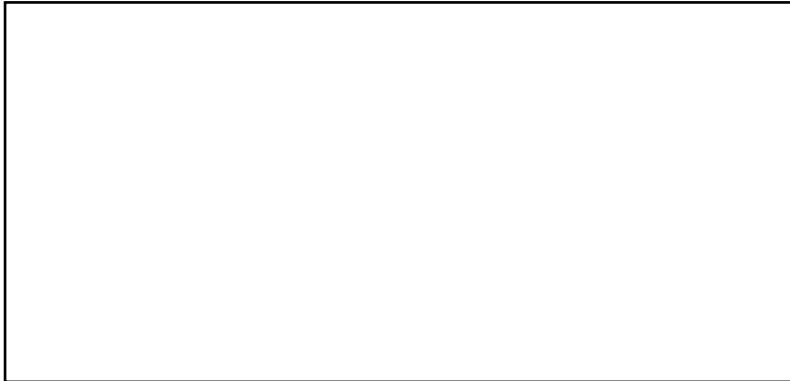
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MAILED TO



If undelivered, please return to:  
Maurice Kennedy, PO Box 11461, Manners St., Wellington. 6034



Pic by John Kirk-Anderson - See page 16 for John's report on the Leadership Training Course held at Christchurch.

