

No. 97 February - March 2002

THE SEA CANOEIST NEWSLETTER

Stewart Island Circumnavigation (Story p.18). Pics by Max Grant



Ian at Port Pegasus, with Bald Cone in the background.



Happy relieved faces at Oban, after completing the circumnavigation; from left, Ian, Dave, Max.

**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 HANDBOOK

For a copy of this mother of all sea kayaking handbooks, contact KASK Treasurer, Max Grant,
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email: Q-KAYAKS@xtra.co.nz

COST:

New members: gratis

Existing members: \$14 + \$1 p&p

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

Make cheques out to KASK (NZ)IncTrade enquiries 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

KASK FORUMS

Now with 500+ KASK members, I have included reports, minutes and financial statements from the Wellington KASK Forum to show how your subscription \$ are spent, and also to show the effort and work that goes in behind the scenes by committee members, and particularly in the last year, treasurer Max Grant and secretary Maurice Kennedy. The new committee for 2002-3 had their first meeting at the conclusion of the forum, and compiled a list of tasks to be achieved for the year.

The school venue, on the edge of Porirua Harbour, proved an ideal spot for the Wellington Forum, with camping in the school grounds and over the road access to the harbour. The weather was typical for Wellington, blowing its tits off from the north-west, between passing rain squalls, but flexibility with on the water sessions and good organization from the management team made the weekend a great success.

The Auckland Forum, held at Orewa from 15 - 17 March, was also a great success with over 100 paddlers attending, and reports will be included in n/1 No. 98.

KASK HANDBOOK - LRB3

I am aiming to finalize the third edition of the Little Red Book by the end of May. If you have any suggestions to improve, or add material, and point out corrections, please get in touch with the editor, soonest. Sections on cooking, and GPS are currently in preparation.

ZUYTDORP CLIFFS

After the tantalizing taste of high drama at night along the inhospitable Zuytdorp Cliffs of Western Australia in the last newsletter, Tel Williams has a longer and more informative story on their January 2002 trip from Perth up the Western Australian coast to Shark Bay, which includes the preparation and training.

It is staggering that after all the training, one small factor of lack of sleep the night before the cliffs, led to the brink of disaster. With one paddler capsizing after their three man kayak raft separated at first light, and his kayak blown away, the rescue that was effected in breaking seas reflects the mettle of these blokes, and solidness of their rescue training.

'SEA KAYAKER'

The February 2002 'Sea Kayaker' has articles on paddling in the Tuamotu Archipelago of French Polynesia, and the solo Atlantic kayak crossing by Welshman Peter Bray.

The April 2002 'Sea Kayaker' has both magazine cover and 15 pages covering the Antarctic Peninsula trip by Graham Charles, Mark Jones and Marcus Waters. Graham's colour photographs are superb. Try and get hold of a copy of this issue.

KIWIS IN CANADA

Joyce Singleton sent me a first report from Kiwi paddlers Garth and Kevin, who have set off from Vancouver Island for Alaska. The boys have a website for following their progress: <http://www.cankiwiskayak.com/introduction.htm>

HUMOUR

No terrible jokes received for this newsletter. The following is from 'The Press':
Prompter

A woman in Gloucestershire woke up in the night and saw burglars in her barn. She rang the police, who said they were sorry but they hadn't any-one available to attend. She rang off. A few minutes later, she rang again: "By the way, about those burglars, I've shot them." Within three minutes, there were police and police cars all around her barn. The burglars, still burgling away, were apprehended and taken off to the cells. A senior policeman said, "I thought you said you'd shot them."

The woman responded, "I thought you said there was no one available!"

2002 KASK FORUM - PORIRUA - REPORTS

From Jane Wickham

A large group of KASK paddlers took this opportunity to renew friendships and meet new people with similar interests. The location at Titahi Bay Intermediate provided an excellent venue with coastal paddling as well as inner harbour paddling options. This was to prove valuable as the weather reduced the choices for the paddling excursion. On Friday evening, the forum got underway. Inside, away from the showery and blustery weather, the school hall provided an opportunity for people to mingle over pizza and drinks prior to an excellent presentation by Antarctic historian, Richard Reaney. Richard chronicled the journey made by Ernest Shackleton following the sinking of his ship, *Endurance*. Richard also showed us slides of his own expeditions crossing the mountains of South Georgia, which gave us a better understanding of how huge Shackleton's and his companions' achievement was.

On Saturday morning, about eight hardy souls braved the elements for an early morning paddle at 6am. There was a Gale Warning in force so the later planned trip to Mana Island was canned in favour of an inner harbour paddle. There were three workshops to choose from – these were Navigation, Weather and Tides and Risk Management. I attended the Risk Management workshop, which was ably led by Chris in Cathye Haddock's absence. It was most useful and brought to light a number of different situations that paddlers had found themselves in.

After an excellent briefing, groups of seven paddlers met in their 'pods' with an experienced leader. Lunch was collected and boats taken over to the harbour. An intrepid team of three went out on the harbour to check the conditions around the point before the pods got on their way. It was decided that the wind was too strong at that time, so Grant Rochfort stepped into the breach with demonstrations of the T – Rescue (thanks Evan for volunteering for a dunking). People

proceeded onto the water using the shelter of the harbour to practice this skill. A little later, the wind appeared to have abated so pods were reassembled for a trip towards the entrance to Porirua Harbour. The wind was quite brisk there so a ferry glide was required to cross the harbour to the bridge into the Pauatahanui Arm. Since it was a full moon and we were experiencing spring tides, it seemed wise not to travel too far up this arm and find the tide against wind on our return. Our pod turned around just past the Mana shopping centre and had an exciting return with the wind on our backs – good chance for a little surfing.

With everyone back on dry land, there was free time to buy from the exhibitors at the forum or take a walk to check out the surf at Titahi Bay. The AGM started just after 5pm and concluded before dinner. A delicious buffet style meal was served and entertainment followed in the guise of a disreputable looking pirate with a stuffed parrot down his shirt. Tug of Wars between the table groups were keenly contested. Prizes were awarded to those who had put considerable imagination into their outfits. Congratulations to Jennifer, who took out the top prize dressed as the Lynx fast ferry.

Diane led a walk for the early birds on Sunday morning. Later there were opportunities to try various models of kayaks (thanks to Quality Kayaks and Fergs Rock and Kayak). As well, Grant ran workshops on sweep strokes and railing – very good for the abdominal muscles. Workshops were held on the use of VHF radio, GPS and navigation. I attended the GPS workshop and it covered everything that you would need to know to use a GPS – keeping up with the technology takes some doing. I was the only female in this group and I realised that this was because there was an overlap with the workshop for women. I understand from those who attended this that it was most useful – and a few brave men even came to learn some useful stuff to pass on to their female paddling companions.

The forum ended with a debrief and the final choice of venue for next year. Marlborough Sounds was the popular choice – thanks to Helen Woodward, Past President, for offering to rally a team to organise this. Anyone in the area with some help to offer will be very well received.

Jane Wickham

From Evan & Linda Pugh

Three of us from the Waikato drove down to Wellington for the Forum, looking forward to meeting other Kayakers and getting involved in the different events that were organised. The weather was what everyone thinks Wellington has all of the time (windy as), this disrupted the paddling a bit but the three of us still did the early morning paddle and as many other things as possible and thoroughly enjoyed ourselves. I would like to thank all that were involved in setting up and organising the event, the location was good the food was great, we met a group of really great people (kayakers) and Saturday night was well done too.

many thanks

Evan Pugh, alias (King Neptune)

From Vincent Maire

Over the weekend of 1 - 3 March the annual KASK Forum was held at Titahi Bay in Wellington, with paddlers attending from the windy capital, lower North Island, upper South Island, the West Coast, Te Awamutu, Taranaki, Christchurch, North Otago, Auckland and even a couple from Ireland who maintain membership of KASK.

The event started on Friday evening with a very good presentation from Antarctic adventurer Richard Reaney on Shackleton. Richard has made a number of trips to South Georgia and showed slides of this wild and fascinating place.

Next morning an intrepid bunch took to the water for a dawn paddle on a windswept Porirua Harbour. The plan to paddle up the harbour to a wetland was aborted due to the high winds.

2002 KASK FORUM - PORIRUA - REPORTS

The morning got underway with three workshops and following this all delegates took to the water. It was dark, windy and wet. The thirty-knot winds precluded a trip to nearby Mana Island so we gathered in our pods to practice self and buddy rescue techniques. Before long the sun came out and the wind dropped enough for us to paddle up the western side of the harbour to where it enters the sea at Plimmerton. All groups managed to ferry guide to the other side of the harbour and back again. It was a tired but happy bunch of paddlers that returned for afternoon tea and a shower.

The evening started with the KASK annual general meeting then a slap-up dinner was consumed with great gusto. Some of the delegates had taken the trouble to come in fancy dress and prizes were given for the best costumes. As the lips were being smacked and belches suppressed, a strange piratical man appeared. He was the evenings' entertainment. Before long he had us breaking into teams and taking part in a tug-of-war. Water pistols were made use of and among the shouting, screaming and hurtling bodies, a feeling of absolutely positively madness took hold. The evening was consummated with the mad pirate being dunked into a wheely-bin of water. There was water everywhere and if the headmaster had been at the school, we would all have been put on detention.

Sunday started with an hour walk around Whitireia Park. This was followed by some workshops and time on the water practising sweep strokes or trying out boats courtesy of a number of trade people who were in attendance. The trade was a real attraction and was well patronised.

By noon the non-locals were getting boats on to roof racks and heading away. There were 70 delegates at the event and it was great to talk with sea kayakers from other parts of the country.

KASK AGM - Secretary's Report for 2002

Introduction

The national committee conducted its business by telephone conference calls at six weekly intervals. During the year we had seven meetings in this way and covered a range of issues. Key matters from the secretary's perspective have been:

1. Membership

The last year has seen a large increase in KASK membership. At the time of the Nelson forum last March KASK had 186 members. As of today the membership stand at 491 including two life members.

The increase reflects the increasing interest in sea-kayaking and is a result of consistent effort by Max Grant to advertise and promote KASK membership in the outdoor magazines.

2. Membership Database

During the year the membership record was transferred to an access database programme and developed to provide increased functionality and reporting options.

The membership has been divided into 15 regions based on regional council boundaries. Reports on the membership can be done for any particular region or for the country. This is a

useful service for network and club liaison people to confirm the KASK members in their area.

It is also possible for a range of reports on membership to be sent on request by email attachment. It is a service that can put paddlers who are KASK members in touch with each other anywhere in NZ.

3. KASK Brochure

The KASK brochure has been updated and rewritten. The revised version expands on membership services. The intent is to edit it for the changes that will come out of the AGM and to publish it as a full colour glossy brochure. Funding is being sought from WSNZ to fund the publishing costs.

4. Network & Club Liaison People

A start has been made to get liaison contact people in each of the 15 regions. This is a very important step as it will give KASK the ability to communicate effectively with its membership and in particular to keep in touch with the grass roots.

The constitution was amended for clubs and networks to be KASK members in their own right. This and getting a national coverage of local contact/liaison people will be priorities for 2002.

Maurice Kennedy
Secretary



Shelley, Beverley and Jennifer, in nautical theme dress for the KASK dinner.

KIWI ASSOCIATION of SEA KAYAKERS (NZ) INCORPORATED**12 Month Review of Income &Expenditure
for year ended 28 February 2002**

INCOME	2002	2001	2000
Subscriptions	9,917.80	6501.33	6,423.25
KASK handbook sales	1,848.95	3363.50	2,274.00
KASK badge sales	122.00	92.00	118.43
KASK hat sales	40.00	60.00	-
Donation received	-	-	30.50
Interest	277.03	319.95	230.89
Annual KASK forum	186.87	1694.41	6,720.00
Water Safety Council Grant	-	2080.00	-
TOTAL INCOME	12,392.65	14,111.19	15,797.07

EXPENDITURE**ADMINISTRATION**

Cheque duty / bank fee	8.00	36.44	7.50
Stationary	627.22	294.08	78.80
Postage	2020.50	1,329.73	1,445.45
Phone	296.90	282.21	26.39
Sundry	43.00	40.00	50.00
AGM Expenses	355.84	936.00	-
Accountant fee	50.00	-	-
Handbook	3,748.50	4,721.63	2,811.38
Annual KASK Forum	130.00	905.00	4,831.96
Regional courses	2,216.55	686.00	200.00
Web Site	646.80	-	-
Advertising	540.00	-	-

NEWSLETTERS (5)

Printing	3,205.37	2,776.64	2278.87
Editors fee	1,350.00	1,350.00	225.00
Software	-	-	1146.28
TOTAL EXPENDITURE	15,238.68	13,357.73	13,101.63

EXCESS INCOME/EXPENDITURE

	-2,846.03	753.46	2,695.44
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FUNDS

Westpac Trust Cheque Account	695.63	1,769.76	923.35
Westpac Trust Savings Account	10,301.77	12,086.80	11,681.36
Forum Account	-	740.33	1,238.72
Total Funds	10,997.40	14,596.89	13,843.43
Decrease in total funds	- 3,599.49		

Assets as at 28th February 2002:

0 Handbooks	0
10 Pins	120
4 Hats	32
Total Assets:	152

Review only, prepared by Max Grant – March 2002

Treasurer's Report - 02/2002

My report this year is only a review as our financial year now ends at the end of June.

Briefly summarizing my review:

Membership:

Membership is at an all time high at 500+. Approximately half of our present membership are new members, which has meant we have had to give out over 250 copies of our handbook, which has lead to a financial drain on our funds. It is important for KASK have these new members renew their subscription for the next financial year.

Handbook sales:

Handbook sales to shops and hire operators are down on previous years. I am not sure how to improve our sales in this area, as it is always a struggle to encourage shops to stock our handbook. Sales to Polytechnics around New Zealand are increasing.

Water Safety Council Grant:

This Grant was given to be used to assist training courses throughout New Zealand.

We did not apply for a grant this year as the Grant of \$2080 we received at the end of the previous year had not been used. We used all of this Grant during the last twelve months, plus some of our own funds. Funding to assist courses was sent to; Wellington - \$480, Auckland & Tauranga - \$800, Christchurch - \$800 plus \$136.55 of KASK funds.

Administration:

General administration is up a little because of the larger membership. The cost of the small KASK pamphlet, which we distribute free to shops, hire operators, etc., is included in stationary. We will be applying to the Water Safety Council for funding of an up-graded pamphlet in the future.

Annual Forum:

The forum held at Nelson last year made a profit of \$135.87.

The Wellington Forum funds do not appear on this statement as the finances are being done through the Wellington Network' account.

Funds:

Funds are down \$3599.49 from the previous year. This is mainly due to: \$2080 W.S.C. Grant appearing in the previous years accounts, and being used this year.

This year's forum money does not appear on this statement. (I don't feel it should)

Extra costs we now incur are:

For the web-site (22.50 per month) and Wilderness Ad. (\$90 per month)

I have included a forecast budget for the next 12 months, and would ask members to consider increasing our annual subscription to \$25 in General Business.

I would also like to thank all those people who include a small note with their subs. It is great to hear what you've been up to, especially when I'm busy writing up receipts, etc.

Budget Forecast for next Financial Year (2002/2003)

Working from previous years expenses, I estimate that expenses for the next 12 months for a membership of 500 members will be:

Expenses:

Newsletter: \$925 per issue (including postage)	5,550
Handbook @ 9.37 each:	3,700

Stationary:	350
Postage:	600
Phone:	200
Web-site 22.50 per month:	270
Wilderness advert. 90 per month:	1,080
Course subsidies: 200 per course	400
KASK pamphlet:	600
Travel:	500
Total Expenditure:	13,250

Income:

Subscription (500 members):	10,000
Hand book:	1,750
Badges/hats:	100
Interest:	250
Forum:	1,000
Total Income:	13,100

There are three factors to consider during the next 12 months:

1. The revised handbook LRB3 will cost us more - approximately \$12 a copy. The handbook price can be adjusted at a committee meeting, but a lot of copies go out free to new members, so subscription fees should be addressed now.
2. This financial year is 17 months, which means we have to continue an extra 5 months to operate with very little extra income.
3. Extra costs of advertising and the web-site need to be budgeted for.

Based on the above forecast, I would like to move at the AGM that the annual subscription be increased from \$20 per person to \$25 per person.
Max Grant



Secretary Maurice Kennedy, with Saucy Sue, at the KASK dinner

KASK (NZ) Inc.

Minutes 10th AGM Porirua, 3 March 2002

(some sections abbreviated)

Minutes of the 2001 AGM:

The Minutes of the 2001 AGM held at Cable Bay, Nelson on 11 March 2001 were read. It was agreed that the Minutes of the previous AGM be accepted. Moved Maurice Kennedy, seconded Beverley Burnett.

President's Report:

The President covered changes to the membership data base, the need for regional liaison and contact people to link KASK with the networks and clubs, and emphasised the role of the newsletter providing an important communication link with members. It was agreed that the President's Report be accepted. Moved Helen Woodward, seconded Max Grant.

Presentation:

At this point in the meeting Max Grant presented Helen Woodward with the Graeme Egarr Trophy and commented that Helen was the first female President and first female trophy winner. He commented that Helen had been involved with KASK since 1989 and had contributed to most of the office holder positions of KASK, from Secretary, Treasurer, Safety and for the last two years as President.

Conservation:

Rob Tipa's Conservation Report was read by Helen, in his absence. The Report covered the activities of KASK in making submissions to the Canterbury Regional Council's Akarora Mussel Farm licence hearing, and on submissions made to the Marlborough District Council on Ferry speeds. There was some further discussion arising out of the Report on the issue of marine farms and a comment was made from the floor on the pollution that the marine farms cause. It was agreed that the Conservation Report be accepted. Moved Helen Woodward, seconded Maurice Kennedy.

Instruction:

John Kirk-Anderson gave a summary of the courses that had been run under KASK's aegis over the last 12 months

and briefly described how they were organised and went over the debriefing from the last course which was run in Canterbury towards the end of 2001. It was agreed that the Instruction Report be accepted. Moved John Kirk-Anderson, seconded Shelley Daigle.

Safety:

Helen Woodward indicated that in Cathye's absence the Safety Report would be printed in the newsletter. It was agreed that a vote of thanks be recorded for the work that Cathye Haddock had done for KASK in looking after the safety portfolio. Moved Helen Woodward, seconded Max Grant.

Website:

Vincent Maire gave a brief overview of the website. He reported that the site had over 600 hits in January and that it would need more ongoing development during the current year and quoted that the Yakity Yak Club in Auckland gets 1000 hits a month for their website. It was agreed that the Report be accepted. Moved Vincent Maire, seconded John Kirk-Anderson.

Newsletter:

A vote of thanks was moved to Paul Caffyn for his efforts on the newsletter.

Remits:

1. It was agreed that the KASK Constitution be amended under Rule 11, 'Rules of General Meetings' Section B to take out the 20% of the total current financial membership and replace with the amended rule to read "At all general meetings 50 current financial members shall constitute a forum." Moved Helen Woodward, seconded Maurice Kennedy.

2. It was agreed that the Constitution Clause 3 on membership be amended to include dual/family members category. Any two or more people who reside at the same address and who have applied for membership and have been duly voted members. Moved Max Grant, seconded Maurice Kennedy.

3. It was agreed that a closer working relationship be developed between

KASK and SKOANZ on the sharing of information safety skills training and joint funding applications. Moved Maurice Kennedy, seconded Helen Woodward. Comment from the floor was that the move had definite general support of all membership.

General Business:

1. Subs for the 2002/2003 financial year were set at \$25.00 for single membership and \$35.00 for dual/family membership.

2. After some discussion it was agreed that KASK's Constitution be reviewed during 2002 and that a report on this be presented to the 2003 AGM.

3. Agreed that feedback be sought from members on the KASK proficiency and leadership skills course content.

Before the meeting closed the meeting invited Dave Watson President of the Sea Kayaking Operators Association of New Zealand to address the meeting, re the proposed closer operation.

Dave Watson said the SKOANZ were moving too quickly to put into place a training system and it would be based on a Unit Standard based training pathway for sea kayaking guides. They have had for some years a level 1 guide standard operating for some years which has worked very well but they were very short of qualified guides. He felt that sea kayaking will go the same way as rafting where one must have a qualification to become a rafting guide. Because there was no introductory qualification to get their guides started they have introduced a proficiency lower level proficiency course. He felt that this course would be very useful for KASK members and recreational sea kayakers.

In his concluding remarks Vincent Maire briefed the meeting on the Auckland Coast Busters coming under the umbrella of KASK and his vision that there will be a forum in the Bay of Plenty/Waikato area in 2003.

Compiled: Maurice Kennedy

The KASK Committee Column

by President, Vincent Maire

The KASK AGM was held in Wellington on 2 March over the weekend of the annual KASK Forum. The event provided an opportunity for the committee to meet face-to-face. Normally committee business is conducted by conference call every six weeks so the AGM enabled both members and the committee to discuss issues of importance. For the year ahead your committee will focus its efforts on the following key areas:

1. Investigate opportunities to introduce a national sea kayaking proficiency test.

Dave Watson of SKOANZ attended the AGM and informed us of the progress his organisation has made with its own qualification. Your committee will look at the SKOANZ model

and use this as a starting point for further investigation.

2. Undertake a membership survey. This survey will likely cover a range of topics including The Sea Canoeist newsletter, training, membership services, the KASK Handbook, forums, etc. We ask that you complete and return the survey.

3. Plan for a KASK forum to be held in the BoP / Waikato area in 2003. Contact has been made with some Rotorua based paddlers and we hope to make an announcement on this development in the near future.

4. Protect sea kayak areas from encroaching aquaculture farms. This is an ongoing battle that has been ably led by Rob Tipa.

5. Build awareness and membership of the organisation.

Outgoing president Helen Woodward reported that the organisation had had a very good year in 2001/2 with membership increasing from 183 to 510 over the period. We will maintain the

momentum.

The 2002 - 2003 KASK Committee comprises:

Vincent Maire, Auckland (president & publicity officer), Maurice Kennedy, Wellington (secretary), Max Grant, Ashhurst (treasurer), Bob Talbot, New Plymouth (North Island conservation), Rob Tipa, Dunedin (South Island conservation), Rob Gardner, Waiouru (safety officer), John Kirk-Anderson, Christchurch (instruction officer) Paul Caffyn, 12 Mile (newsletter editor).

Your committee is keen to receive feedback from members and as President I will be contributing a regular column to The Sea Canoeist newsletter to keep everyone informed on what progress is being made on these and other issues.

Vincent Maire
President

Would you trust either of these disreputable pirates with your parrot? Captain Hook has a KFC box on his left shoulder!



TECHNICAL PRODUCT REVIEW

Petzl 'Tikka' Ultra Lightweight Headlamp.

Following six weeks of intensive use while kayaking along the coast of Malaya and Thailand, Conrad Edwards and I reckon this lightweight headtorch was the 'best find of new kit' in 2001.

Petzl have used the LED (light emitting diode) bulb technology for this headtorch. Three tiny bulbs give an even white light. They are strong, with a lifetime of several year's continuous use, according to the product leaflet) and consume less energy than traditional bulbs.

But what sold me on this light was the weight - **70gms** including the three AAA batteries. My older heavy headtorch uses three AA batteries in a battery back on the back of the headband. The Tikka has the three AAA batteries mounted behind the compact bulb unit.

The functioning test notes a 10 hour battery life of 12 hours, for lighting out to 10m, with a steady decrease then of the light brightness out to 150 hours. For the Malaya/Thailand trip, we both used the Tikka lamps on a daily basis, bearing in mind there is not really a dawn or dusk close to the equator. Once the sun sets, full darkness follows within 30 minutes. Because of a combination of working favourable tidal streams, avoiding landing on the long stretches of mudflats, and avoiding the strong daytime offshore winds, we were commonly up at 2am, and paddling before 3am, thus spending up to four hours paddling in the dark. For breakfasting and a brew, then packing the boats, the lights were ideal. Then on the water, I used my light for compass navigation, while Conrad used his to warn any approaching longtails (fishing boats) of our presence. To keep my night vision when using the light, I simply closed one eye before switching on the light, sorted out the heading

with the other eye, then after switching off the light, opened the closed eye which had retained full night vision.

The stretchy 25mm wide headband was comfy to wear, and has a easily adjustable tensioning buckle at the back of the head.

For overnight (stealth) paddling with the need to maintain full night vision with both eyes, the product leaflet notes red and green lenses or filters are available.

The on-off switch on top of the light is ribbed, with a 2mm sideways motion, and was easy to find and use in the dark. My only quibble with the light is the push in button to access the battery compartment. I needed to use a fingernail to prise off the battery compartment lid, while pushing in the button.

The headlamp is not rated as waterproof, but despite spray from breaking waves and intensive daily use, my lamp and the battery compartment remained dry. Conrad found sea water in his battery compartment after a sustained early morning surfing session, but after washing and drying, the lamp worked fine. The leaflet notes, if sea water reaches the interior of the lamp, remove the batteries, rinse abundantly in fresh water and dry.

The light performed most satisfactorily in the limestones caves of Thailand I was fortunate to be shown through. I first heard about this LED light from local West Coast cavers after a cave rescue practice in the smoke filled tunnels of the Dunollie Mines Rescue station. The LED lights were far more efficient in the smoky filled tunnels than a conventional miner's lamp.

From memory, retail price was about \$80. For a lightweight, compact, headlamp for kayaking and camping, I reckon this is a great piece of kit.

Paul Caffyn.

HOT TIP - 'CRC 808 Silicone Spray' from Max Grant

For some time now I have been using silicone spray on my hatches. By applying a small amount around the inside of the lid of each hatch, the silicone not only makes it easier to remove and refit the hatch lids, it also seals them thoroughly as it naturally repels any water.

I also find that by occasionally spraying the silicone on all rudder parts, wires, cords and footrest fittings, all parts keep working smoothly and do not wear as fast as they normally would. The test? Seven days around Stewart Island and no water in my front and centre compartments. About two tea spoons came into my rear compartment during the whole trip.

FOR FISHING FOLK from Vincent Maire

While perusing a glossy magazine out of Massey University, I came across an article about the 'Brooke Anglers' Cooker. It is the invention of student Blythe Rees-Jones and has got to be of great interest to the many sea kayakers who enjoy fishing.

The cooker is made of die-cast aluminium, runs off a portable butane gas canister and has an interchangeable cooking surface. One side is for grilling and the other for frying. What is more, by sprinkling sawdust and water between the fins of the grilling surface, the cooker can be transformed into a smoker. From the photograph in the magazine, the cooker is about 300mm long and maybe 120mm wide. This means it can easily be stowed into the hatch of a sea kayak.

The 21-year-old inventor is/was a student at Massey's Wellington campus. I have sent an email to the Industrial Design people at the university seeking more information (where can I get one?) but did not receive a reply. Is there anyone out there in sea kayak land who has information on the Brooke Anglers' Cooker? If you do know something about this marvellous product, please direct your reply to the editor who can publish the response to the benefit of all readers.

CUNNING EXPEDITION TIPS

Kevin (Kevlar) Melville's 'Top 10 Tips' to get you on your way. A few sneaky ones, learned on the hard yards of experience!

So, Wayne has approached you and said "Well, Young Lad, I'm going to kayak around the world. Want to come?" Before you know it, your lips said, "Sir! Yes please Sir!" then your mind said, "Bloody 'ell. I've never even been on an overnight trip. What do I do now?"

Well, here are ten tips that I jotted down after my first (two week) expedition. Some are fairly obvious but I've included them because they can make such a difference to your trip.

1. Aching muscles are no fun - So Start Training Now

This really is obvious. Nevertheless, here it is. Set yourself a training schedule but don't make it unrealistic. If you have the time for only 15 kilometres each Saturday, then schedule that and no more. If you can fit in some coaching to improve your paddle stroke, that's a bonus.

2. 'I don't know what I need to know' - So Buy A Reference Book

Books such as Derek Hutchinson's 'Expedition Kayaking,' (from Ocean Planet of course) will give you an overall view of expedition kayaking. A low-cost alternative is to read it in the Ocean Planet shop whenever Linda's back is turned.

3. Having no tent poles for two weeks is rather inconvenient- So Prepare An Equipment List

Clever lads and lasses have lists of their kayaking gear on computer. Whenever they go kayaking, they print out the list, highlight the items that will be needed on that particular trip then tick off each item as it goes into the pile of gear to be taken on the trip.

4. Being cold and wet for two weeks is no fun - So Buy A Quality Cag

Cag, by the way is, short for the French word Cagoule - meaning shell. So a Cag is a good waterproof paddling jacket or shell. Check out all your major equipment - Cag, PFD, spray skirt, tent and hit the credit card where necessary. Good equipment will make all the difference. Good quality polar fleece that will dry while it is on you is great and keep in mind cotton is useless-two weeks later your cotton shorts will still be very wet and very smelly.

5. The wafting smell of other paddlers' herbs, spices and onions while your plain pasta is cooking is tormenting - So Take Some Yourself

Usually in your kayak you have room, so it is nice to include a few fresh fruit and veggies as well. The range of spices that you take will liven up the most boring meal-and on long trips where you are really tired or wet at the end of the day-the taste of fine food is lovely.

6. Packing your kayak for the first time ever at 4 am in the dark with the temperature below zero is no fun at all - So Have A Practice Pack

A week before the expedition, take an overnight kayak trip. You could do this from the Patonga Caravan Park. Once there, pack your kayak (including water and dummy food), paddle around Lion Island and return to Patonga to camp for the night. Pack up again in the morning and repeat the Lion Island paddle. Make a note of where you have stored each item in your kayak.

7. Some Tricky bits of gear that work well

It's amazing how a few clever bits of gear can make life so much easier. Take snow pegs for your tent - you will be camping in sand and snow pegs work so much better than small pegs. Also, a good quality paintbrush is great for brushing sand from your tent and for brushing sand away from the hatches before the hatch covers go on-the brush can be used for epoxy repairs if necessary. A conical dry-bag stuffed into the bow of your kayak (and left there) can be used to store your emergency set of warm clothes. Finally, a durable & light ground sheet/

tarp from any disposal shop has a 1,000 campsite uses in an environment of sand and sun. Great for rain cover for the tent and camp area; keeping sand out of the tent; a ground sheet to protect the floor of your tent; as a wind & sun shade and for gathering water in a pinch.

VITAL EXPEDITION STRATEGIES

8. A good tent site gives a good sleep - So Watch Your 'Mates' Don't Sprint To The Beach To Get The Best

Watch out for the 'Don't worry about helping the others to land syndrome,' where the important thing is to claim the best tent site by tossing your PFD onto it before the others can. You can regain any lost esteem by pretending to help the others locate the not-so-good tent sites that you rejected earlier. (If you've been a bit slow, a surreptitious kick can move somebody else's PFD a vital metre or two.)

9. Its very stressful to be the last to get in your kayak each morning

- So Develop Smart Camping Tricks This is especially important if the expedition leader is a bit fierce. Tricks such as preparing your breakfast the previous night and rolling up your sleeping bag as soon as you get out of it will have you ready before the others. You will receive considerable satisfaction from being first on the water each morning and watching the rest scurry around trying not to be last. Don't forget to do your morning ablutions early as there is little more humiliating than being first, and then being last because you had to get back out of your kayak to have a nervous poo before entering that surf zone!

10. The days begin to blur after a while- So Keep A Log

Jot down just a few notes each night. Take photos as well - one of each campsite and one or two shots each day that identify the day's travel. A disposable camera is more than sufficient. So that's it from me - ten important tips to help you on your way. Have fun and happy expeditions. (Reprinted from 'Wet World')

OVERSEAS TRIP REPORTS

**Perth to Shark Bay -
January 2002
by Tel Williams**

As a West Australian sea kayaker the enormous achievement of Paul Caffyn in 1982 of paddling around Australia represented the pinnacle of kayaking. To myself the summit of that achievement was the conquering of the 200km Zuytdorp Cliff section on the West Australian coast. That was my Everest.

Being one of those people who always have to see around the next bend and explore the next area, it began to become an obsession to paddle the Zuytdorp, particularly as we paddled more and more parts of the Western Australian coast and undertook longer and more difficult expeditions. In earlier trip reports I often referred to it and worked through the logistics in countless ways over the years. Soon, for John and I, it became the glaringly obvious area of the Western Coast not paddled. Les too began to seriously consider undertaking the challenge after the Esperance to Perth trip (See 'Sea Kayaker' December 2000, 'Swearing at the Wind' by Les Allen). As with most of our trips the decision was made in my kitchen over a cup of coffee and so began the process of planning and training. This process in terms of our group dynamics is a whole story in itself.

Anyway, I finally felt ready after 138 hours of strenuous training paddles, night paddles and other training while continually preparing mentally for the cliffs. Les phoned about three weeks before D-Day to ask if I minded if Terry Bolland could join the trip. Given his track record and my compliant nature I agreed. This changed the group dynamics considerably, which in retrospect had both positive and negative outcomes for the expedition.

John picked me up and true to my good friends form was soon driving back to his house for flares he had left.

I have got so used to it I do not even vaguely get concerned about it any more. John Di Nucci, Les Allen, Terry Bolland and myself set off from the Perth foreshore on a cold, wet and windy morning on 10 January. Channel 7, family and friends made the occasion seem far more auspicious than any previous departures. John nearly covered himself in glory when he nearly missed his farewell Eskimo roll. A long, four hour paddle into a headwind to reach the ocean soon dispelled any ideas of grandeur. A highlight of culture was John jumping from his kayak to kiss Barbara at Point Walter and then promptly proceeding to piddle.

We very soon discovered a difference in our paddling speeds, which was a little disconcerting. Les being a very powerful paddler was a little frustrated at the much slower pace of Terry. This was to be the case for the next 10 days northward. I felt a little awkward as having trained so much and being Les' friend and main paddling partner I felt inclined to speed up to support him. John having trained even more than me could also easily have increased the speed. However, we all adhere to the principal of paddling at the speed of the slowest paddler and so despite Terry saying it was our trip and he would do whatever we decided he essentially dictated the pace. In retrospect this was a blessing for myself as I learned to slow my paddling speed and pace myself better which may have saved me from physical breakdown on the 600km paddle to Kalbarri.

A fairly big swell was running all day and with a 20kt S/W onshore wind it began to look as if it would be difficult to find a campsite. Unfortunately we were still inside the metro area and much of the coastline was fairly rocky. I volunteered to paddle in to check out a prospective site and had an interesting surf in over some rocks, which had not been visible from seaward. When I wanted to launch I found myself in a bit of a predicament. I needed a bigger set of waves so I could have enough water to launch my loaded kayak over the rocks but this meant that the wash created a

larger wave at the end of the rock shelf. I launched, got over the rocks and was absolutely pulverized by the next wave. I honestly thought I had damaged my spine with the force of the wave into my chest. My paddle was wrenched from my hands, my head touched the rocks as I washed backwards, upside down. I scrambled from the cockpit, struggled to get the swamped kayak up the steep beach and retrieve my paddle, which was washing out to sea. It was a disaster. I thought I was seriously injured, I could not communicate with the others, and I could not risk another launch.

I did try again without success but fortunately without a repeat performance. Les fortunately had managed to land about 500m further on, walked to me and helped me launch. I was extremely grateful, swallowed a couple of anti-inflammatory tablets and thankfully did not suffer beyond a bruised and slightly tender back for a few days.

The next day is always the worst for me on a trip mentally. I missed my family, found myself questioning my sanity and somehow was unable to not dwell on the possible difficulties that faced us. This is so contrary to my nature and fortunately only lasted a few hours. We paddled about 60km before setting up a great camp in the dunes. We had the traditional wine on the 'porch' and it was hard to compare my buoyant mood with that of the mornings.

Continuing ever northward the next day I was delighted to meet a colleague in the shallows at Lancelin. It was great listening to Terry's stories of his Kimberley paddling trips. We had some excitement threading reefs and saw one 2m shark just to help us remember that we were not alone in the ocean. We camped north of Wedge Island. Again we met some people we knew. I felt a lot more into trip mode and except for some sore blisters on my hands, felt in pretty good shape.

The next day we had one of those days kayakers dream about. A 30kt southerly wind directly behind us on a shallow sea. It was exhilarating catching wave after wave and we were able

to paddle at 9km /hour without any effort at all. We met Marion Mayes, our support in Jurien. The next day was the day for seeing sharks, dolphins, turtles and stingrays. Otherwise it was a long and fairly boring day on a flat sea with a very mundane landscape. That night we camped on an exposed beach about 4km north of Coolimba. Fortunately there was only a very light wind and we had a great evening no further than a few meters from the sea. The coast in this area is protected by reef and this lures one into a false sense of security. The noise of the swells breaking on Beagle Reef 10kms offshore was evidence of the true nature of the ocean we would face shortly.

We had another long slow day the next day. Paddling for 11 hrs into a light headwind to reach Port Denison where we again made contact with Marion. I was concerned about the fact that I could feel some soreness in my right shoulder, which was an injury I had developed on the Montebello expedition in April. Added to this was some tendon soreness in my right wrist. I was keen to have a rest day in Port Denison although the campsite we were in was not very pleasant and the weather was overcast and miserable. The forecast was for favourable winds and Les was keen to push on to Geraldton 65 kms on.

We set off into a 10 to 12 kt N/W headwind. After an hour I expressed my view that it would be wise to return to Port Denison as I thought that with the increasing headwind we were looking at another 11 hour or longer paddle. Added to this was the fact that we had for the first time left camping gear with Marion, were not self supporting and had no choice but to make Greenough. As we had purposely built in rest days I really could not see the point of slogging into the wind all day. Les reacted angrily raising his voice and laying down ultimatums, which I found rather surprising. I didn't react although I nearly asked him not to get excited and that there was no need to raise his voice. Terry was for pushing on. I found myself questioning their motives and concluded that they hadn't liked the camp-

site at Port Denison and Les wanted to keep his appointment with people in Geraldton. I was not too fussed by the decision to go, was happy to support the group and I was paddling well within myself and found my niggles were not deteriorating in any way.

I did feel vindicated a little when the wind did pick up and we took 11hrs of constant paddling to reach Greenough, still 13 kms short of Geraldton. Which would have taken three hours or more at the pace we were paddling. Les did later talk to me and conceded that we should have turned back. As I said before I was not too fussed. All in all it was not a very pleasant day and probably added to the damage Les did to his wrist ligaments that ultimately sidelined him. It was a great learning experience for me in learning to paddle slowly, not put any pressure on muscles or ligaments and reinforce the mental adjustment I was making to paddle at Terry's pace. This was not as easy as it sounds as we had always as a group paddled much faster. Of note was my little swim in the shallows as I tried a fancy surfing manoeuvre, ran out of water and had an undignified exit in the weed in about 1 foot of water.

The next day we had to interrupt our rest day by paddling the 13km to Geraldton. It turned into a bit of a saga because we got the vehicle bogged and had to carry the kayaks further than expected to launch. Les also surprised us by declaring he was not going to paddle the section saying that he only saw the trip up, as training for the cliffs.

We spent a day and a half in Geraldton, making minor adjustments to our kayaks and equipment and buying supplies. We stayed with Gary and Carolyn Nixon who were wonderful hosts. Gary and Dennis another paddler from Geraldton joined us on the paddle to Horrocks where we had a great BBQ. I had an interesting chat to Terry about the trip so far and we spoke about undertaking a trip to the Kimberley's.

The paddle on to Port Gregory with favourable winds was great except for

some rough bumpy water off the reef and a couple of close shaves with the odd bombie. We landed for lunch and watched a fisherman land a 3.5 meter tiger shark a few meters from our kayaks. I felt sorry for the poor animal watching the way the population congregated around it, prodding, kicking and the rest. It was here that Les mentioned to me that his wrist was very sore and he took some anti-inflammatory tablets. The wind picked up to 25 plus kts and we literally flew the next 14km to Sandalwood Bay. We had great 'porch' drinks and discussions about the trip and paddling in general. The condition of Les's wrist was of real concern and I felt bad that he would have to abandon the cliff paddle.

Our introduction to the cliffs the next day south of Kalbarri was magnificent. The weather was perfect and we were able to paddle to within metres of the cliffs, take great photographs and appreciate the caves and spectacular formations. John and I had paddled the section last year and could hardly believe our luck at the favourable conditions. Of note was Terry getting caught unintentionally in a wave off Eagle Bay and having to execute some fine paddling skills to make an unscheduled landing. What made it even more hilarious is that he is always so cautious and organised and would be the last person one would expect to get caught. Added to this we were able to rib him about the fact that an hour later and for only the second time on the whole trip he was in front when he led John and I into the kill zone off Oyster Reef at the entrance to Kalbarri. He again skilfully managed to remain upright while John and I made a glorious entrance into Kalbarri in the upside down position. John managed the roll while I had yet another swim. For a kayaker taking on 'Everest' I was not doing too well in the skills department!

We met Ken Wilson {of hosting and bagpipe fame on Paul Caffyn's expedition} and set up camp in the best house in Kalbarri. The next two days were spent sorting out gear for the assault on the cliffs. Checking weather and coastal details from local fisher-

men and preparing the ground crew. I was very disappointed for Les but was very relieved about the fact that he would join Marion in support. His 4WD skills, survival skills, handling of crises and general physical strength would rank him as the top of the pops in any support team anywhere. I felt excited about the paddle. All the training and hours of mentally attuning myself to this one event had finally come to a head. I was more nervous about a TV interview than the prospect of 30 hours at sea. Some local fisherman told us that given the perfect conditions of the past three days it would be perhaps possible to land near the Zuytdorp wreck. This altered our whole way of thinking and resulted in us carrying a lot more gear than intended, i.e., 18 litres of extra water, tent, clothing, food, camping and repair gear, which in effect resulted in us undertaking the challenge with loaded kayaks. We would depart Kalbarri at 5.30 am on 25 January.

At 9.30pm we went to bed. John still seemed to have a heap of gear all over the place but I was confident that with a 4.00am rise we would be able to make the 5.30am target. Horror of horrors I didn't sleep! Having slept so well the whole trip, not feeling at all nervous, looking forward to the adventure and having woken at 4.00 the morning before, I was sure I would be tired enough to fall asleep instantly. Well 9.30pm turned to 10.30 and when I thought of taking a sleeping pill at 11.30 I remembered that my first aid kit was in the packed kayak. Not wanting to wake the others and sure I would fall asleep I didn't go and get them. By 12.30 I concluded that it was too late to take any as everyone was relying on me to wake them. So I did NOT SLEEP AT ALL, which was a total disaster. I did think of saying we would have to delay the trip but given the ideal weather forecast and the fact that I had previously managed 30-hour stints without sleep I thought I would be fine. Also I didn't want to let the others down. It did mean however that when we departed I had already been awake for 26 hours.

John managed to delay our departure by running back to find his camera he

thought he had left at the house. It was exciting departing Kalbarri heading towards the gradually lightening cliffs that had been so much a part of our psyche for so long. We had a light following wind, the sea was calm and we made good time all day. We took photographs, saw dolphins, sharks, turtles and numerous fish. All day the wind gradually strengthened and the seas continued to lift. By 3pm we put cags on as we were constantly wet from white caps and felt cold. By 6pm and our first radio schedule, the sea was rough enough to require us to raft up to use the radio, and it was difficult to open hatches to access food and equipment.

By nightfall the sea had reached such a state that setting up night-lights and gear was fairly difficult. By this stage I was wearing thermals, polartec top, cag, balaclava and PFD and still felt a little cold. Unfortunately I was feeling very sleepy already and was struggling to stay awake. Little did I know what was to come! Within two hours I was in a state of mental agony and frustration forcing myself to stay awake. It reached a stage when I was falling asleep even after descending a wave and having a deluge of water over my head with whitecaps. Time and again I would wake with adrenalin shock as I felt the kayak going over. I was paddling most of the time with my eyes shut and given the conditions it is a miracle that I did not capsize. Eventually I called John over and holding onto his kayak was able to shut my eyes and not concentrate for a few minutes. When I had recovered a bit, held his kayak while he emptied water I would then paddle on for a few minutes until I had to repeat the process. To describe the agony of what this entailed is impossible except to say it was the most intense pain I have ever had to endure. At the time I vowed I would gladly swap for tooth and ear ache simultaneously.

After a couple of hours of this stop start paddling I felt myself going into overdrive. Suddenly I could see again and my mind was responding normally. I was ecstatic! Joyfully I announced to the others that I had come through it and would be OK. The

relief I felt is beyond description and I am certain no drug on earth could produce the same elation. I even made a point of enjoying the occasion of where we were. To be out on such a rough night on the wind swept ocean off the imposing silhouette of the Zuytdorp in the moonlight, 100kms from anywhere was a pretty unique place to be! The horror I felt when I felt the fatigue overcoming me again is beyond description. This time it was far worse if that is possible and I could not stay awake for more than a few agonising seconds at a time. I had obviously used up my final reserves and I had the first thoughts of catastrophe. The hazardous nature of our position in such rough conditions at night and my inability to function was horrifying. I felt lousy for the predicament it had put the others in and the degree of frustration I felt was beyond calculation.

John was absolutely fantastic. At no time did he panic and the courage and patience with which he dealt with the situation is remarkable. I wish I could recall all the words of encouragement, advice and clear decisions he made throughout the night and record them in the annals of survival stories. As I write this I recall snippets of our conversations and believe it or not, at times we actually laughed. He pointed out to me at one time that there was phosphorescence in the water knowing how excited I have been on other trips when we have discovered it. Firstly I said I couldn't care less but later remarked that I had been seeing lights before my eyes the whole night and for some reason we thought that was hang of a funny. I also remarked that I thought the reason I was so debilitated was from having to support his kayak while he piddled into a bottle. The skill with which he tailed me in the very rough conditions and in the dark is exceptional, and on the 20 times or more times he manoeuvred his kayak into position next to me without smashing our kayaks is a feat of incredible skill. Terry as well displayed exceptional skill in tailing me on the other side and somehow managing to remain in contact with us without colliding with us. At times we would be swamped in a deluge of

white water and the kayaks hurled down 3 to 5 meter swells in the darkness. Added to this Terry was suffering from sea sickness.

At some time after midnight sleep deprivation finally won and I could not paddle a stroke. Smashing my paddle into my face, screaming, crying or whatever I tried to do to force my mind to operate failed to make any difference. I knew it was simply a matter of time before I capsized and in my present state I doubted my ability to roll. John and I rafted up and basically decided that all we could do was hang grimly on to each others kayaks, attempt to remain upright and off the cliffs and drift at the mercy of the wind and waves until daylight. It was impossible to actually sleep having to hold onto the deck lines. Hands and fingers were severely mauled and on numerous occasions waves almost toppled both of us. We were constantly wet and cold and our backs were rubbed raw against the cockpit sides. Every so often John would order me to paddle on my side or push a particular rudder so we could work out to sea away from the cliffs.

The wind continued to strengthen all night and the seas to lift. The moon disappeared behind some clouds and at about 1.45am, it set leaving us on an inky black ocean. The next five hours or so seemed like days and for the rest of my life the images in my semi-conscious mind of that time will be intensely imprinted on my memory. At one time I asked John the time and was determined to last an hour before asking again. When I was sure at least an hour had passed I asked again. It was torture to be told that only 15 minutes had passed. The pain I felt was physical despite knowing it was as a result of mental tiredness. It felt much like the time I was in hospital with a broken neck waiting for my morphine shot, except this time there was no relief in sight. Terry rafted up with us for the last few hours and the image of us drifting on the black angry ocean like so much driftwood must have been an interesting sight. Somehow we managed to keep together although at times the kayaks were nearly wrenched from our grasp.

Somehow I kept the presence of mind to ensure that paddles were not damaged between the kayaks and to remain aware of our proximity to the cliffs. Although at times I was totally disorientated and had to consult the deck compass and take some time to get my bearings.

Knowing that we were still 6 to 8 hours paddling away from False Entrance I was determined to make the effort to paddle as soon as we could see a little better. I was not looking forward to it and knew it was going to be the most agonising experience of my life. If at dawn we discovered we were more than 60 kms from safety I would have been devastated. Despite the whole night been close to the edge, I never seriously considered trying to fire my EPIRB and abandoning the paddle. Probably because I knew the authorities would not have been able to affect a rescue before dawn anyway and because I knew we had the whole next day to make it. At one time we passed within a kilometre of a fishing boat and I would have loved to have paddled up to him to ask some innocuous question like, "what was the cricket score." To have witnessed the absolute disbelief on his face at seeing a 'kayak' out there on such a night would have been worth another hour of agony. {perhaps not worth that much but it certainly would have been great!}

The paddle ahead seemed impossible and the others were surprised when I said, "Let's try paddle." We pushed Terry off first and then I cleared our raft. John from having been in a cramped position all night, missed a paddle stroke and went over. He missed his roll but fortunately was able to shout out as he went under and capsized. Terry heard him and immediately started back paddling towards him. John is not a strong swimmer and somehow lost hold of his kayak, which quickly blew out of reach. Terry reached John quickly and executed a magnificent rescue under the conditions. Once I saw Terry had things under control and he said he didn't want a third boat in, I paddled back to pick up some of John's gear. John for the next hour or so suffered a loss of

confidence, which made the rough conditions even more difficult to handle.

At the risk of repetition I can only describe the next six hours as the most agonising time imaginable. The frustration and mental anguish that goes with 50 hours plus of sleep deprivation has to be experienced to be believed. I would have to hit, splash or bite myself, cry, scream, eat, or drink constantly simply to maintain concentration for a few seconds. A few times my mind would shut down no matter what I did and fortunately John was there to catch me as I started to fall over. Even the sudden starts as I woke failed to revive me for more than a few seconds and so the agony of forcing myself to stay awake continued. At least with daylight I could judge waves and swells and was able to brace at appropriate times. After another few hours I began to feel drugged and could feel my reactions seconds late. At times I felt I was drifting all over the ocean and could not keep a straight line.

I found talking helped me stay awake but it was too difficult to keep station with the others. Finally after 30 hours at sea and 56 hours since I had slept, we landed at Dulverton Bay. We met our welcoming support crew and staggered up the beach. I was too tired to feel any real sense of achievement. All I wanted to do was sleep. Instinct took over and we carried the kayaks up the beach and sorted out some of the gear. Somehow I survived another half an hour before going to sleep in Les's tent. I woke two hours later completely dehydrated and still feeling like I was drunk. We took a walk to the top of the cliffs. The wind was still howling and the sea was very rough. We took some photographs. I felt very tired again, so had something to eat and passed out in the tent. I slept like the dead for 11 hours and did not wake despite the tent virtually wrapping itself around my head as guy ropes and pegs broke in the wind.

The training and conditioning obviously worked because the next day I felt fine except for bruised hands from the rafting up. We debated at some length the possibility of completing

the 32km stage to Shark Bay that day. However the wind howled unabated and we would really look stupid if we had some drama on the last stage after the saga of the cliffs and with a strong wind warning in effect. So we had a great relaxing day in Dulverton. Played beach golf, fished and again walked the cliffs. Watching the seas at dusk from the cliff tops and imagining my small fibreglass craft on the relentless turbulent swells gave me the first inkling of a sense of achievement in what we had just achieved. I was again humbled by the achievement of Paul Caffyn in tackling the cliffs alone in the other direction.

The next day we awoke to an easing wind and so prepared for the last stage. John went in search for that usual last piece of equipment before we launched over the rock shelf and through a small wave that was breaking at the shelf edge. We paddled on a lumpy sea caused by the rebound waves off the cliffs. In many ways the section of cliffs to Steep Point were the most spectacular. With huge undercut caves, massive columns of spray as waves smashed into the cliffs and spectacular rock formations. It was great paddling into Shark Bay and we took a number of photographs. We had finally achieved the goal we had set and had conquered those cliffs. It is hard to describe all the emotions and feelings and adequately describe the experience in its entirety. My thoughts turned to my wife and sons and I was suddenly looking very much forward to going home.

The paddle in the clear aquamarine waters of Shark Bay was fantastic. We paddled for about 6km into the bay and were relieved to see Les and Marion driving towards us. John and I were preparing for our traditional Eskimo roll when Les got out of the car and swore and blasted me in no uncertain terms for being a moron. This tended to detract from the moment somewhat and the tradition ended there and then. He and Marion had had a shocking morning reaching Shark Bay due to a flat battery. I was blamed for having left the radio on which later turned out not to be the case. However, they had to rip out

immobilisers, hot wire the car and struggle to reach us on shocking roads. I sympathised with them and did not feel too affronted. We packed the vehicle in virtual silence, which was unlike our usual excited manner at the end of a trip. Especially this trip! Fortunately the sombre mood did not last and we soon were able to accept it as part of the nature of such trips.

We reached home at 3am in the morning feeling a little tired. There was some analysis of the trip on the way home but I guess we all had our own thoughts on the trip and hopefully this report is not too different to the recollections of the others. These thoughts are essentially a compilation of the notes in my diary. I have not had time to edit much and have written this as thoughts came to mind.

What next? Is always the question but somehow this time I have avoided post expedition depression and have gladly adjusted to 'civilisation'.

As a final note I would like to say thanks: To John for ALL the expeditions, friendship, support, training trips, discussions, kayak repairs, paddle trials, coffees on the beach, allowing me to cramp your tent and for being the paddling partner supreme. I apologise for ALL the scrapes I have led you into. John is the most humble person I know and yet in many ways has the most to be proud about particularly in paddling achievements. His willingness to help, share and be part of so many hair-brained ideas makes him unique.

To Les for all the hundreds of hours of planning and organisation. For keeping me in check with some of my more hair brained schemes. For the friendship, support, paddling trips, equipment and press coverage over the years. For undertaking to organise the support logistics for this trip and then joining the support when his wrist was injured.

To Terry for teaching me the art of pacing myself. For all the interesting stories. Sing alongs at sea and support on the cliff section. It was great knowing a person of his great skill was in close attendance.

To Marion for the tremendous commitment she undertook to support the trip. It was invaluable having her in support and we can never really appreciate all it entailed. To Gary and Carolyn Nixon for their hospitality in Geraldton and for making the commitment to meet us at False Entrance. Gary loses some credibility however for scoring three holes in one and beating me at beach golf.

To Ken Wilson for his wonderful hospitality. Taking in a group of strangers into his home and making us feel so welcome is truly a remarkable testament to a great person.

Finally to my family who have had to put up with 'the obsession' and all that it entailed to make it happen. THANKS - Tel Williams

Below: from left, Les, Terry, John, and Tel (waving)



OVERSEAS TRIP REPORT

INTO THE FORBIDDEN ZONE (Baffin Island) by Kevin Killilea

From late July to late August, Nancy Pfeiffer and I spent a month paddling the north side of Frobisher Bay (Baffin Island), along the south shore of Hall Peninsula, starting in Iqaluit, the capital of Nunavut. We had done a bit of research, and knew we'd likely encounter polar bears (*ursus maritimus*). So we brought along a marine shotgun and various bear deterrents.

One morning, as we entered Countess of Warwick Sound, we decided to have a wee spell on the first island as we entered the sound. It seemed Sumner Island was a good spot to get out, stretch and scout the route to the south from an easily accessed, prominent ridge. As we approached the beach, Nancy was about 100m ahead of me, and 200m from shore. She mentioned that she saw a bear half-way down a 500m high hill, descending rapidly toward our beach. Nancy then turned left, parallel to the beach and increased her paddling rate. Casually, I inquired about where she was going. She replied that her intentions were to go where I was going. We saw a hut about 2km up the sound, to the left, back on the mainland. Thus, we decided to head for it. In the meantime the bear had rapidly descended to the beach, and hopped in the water, about 500m behind us.

At this point, Nancy withdrew our shotgun from the dry bag on her fore-deck and inquired if I would mind rafting up with her, in the eventuality it was necessary to fire the shotgun. The bear seemed to be swimming about one half times the speed we were paddling. We carried on down the sound, passing a rocky islet on our right, about halfway to the hut. The bear went ashore at the islet, while we landed at the hut. The hut was abandoned, though fairly solid. We watched the bear for a bit, while hav-

ing morning smoko. He seemed to be content to stay there, and after a quarter hour, we carried on.

Our route now turned south, between a series of small islands, separated by a 1km wide channel. While travelling down that channel we saw three more bears that day, usually one per island.

Several days later, while stopped at the mouth of Victoria Bay, awaiting a favourable tide, we saw a sow and two cubs grazing high on a ridge above us. They took no notice of us and we departed after observing them for the better part of a day. Our objective was the head of the bay, where we planned to camp, then walk to the pass above to suss out the ice situation at the mouth of Cumberland Sound. It had been a drizzly day, and as evening approached, the fog descended. Turning into Victoria Bay at 18:00 hours, we caught the flood tide. It was perfectly calm, in what had become increasing alpine country, after the rolling hills of upper Frobisher Bay.

We paddled up the centre of Victoria Bay, taking advantage of the push. As we neared the head of the bay, we saw yet another nanoq, as the Inuit refer to the white bears, on our proposed beach. While coming up the bay, we had noticed a small peninsula on the north side that had a campable beach. So we turned about and headed for the peninsula. As we approached the beach, a good look around failed to reveal any potential rivals. Being mid-August, now at 63° north latitude, the midnight sun was gone and there were several hours of darkness, accentuated by the drizzle and fog. We landed and assessed the beach. Surprisingly, we found the coal dump Martin Frobisher had deposited there in the 1580's.

There was an adequate patch of real estate for the tents to be put up within the bear fence. One knows that most rural Kiwis are fair, fencing artisans, but the finer points of real rural life has not been experienced, until travelling in *ursus maritimus* country, thus, experiencing the joy of erecting and disassembling the 'wire' at each camp.

Our 'paddock' was enclosed by two spools of halibut fishing line (30kg test). The square measured 10m on each side. The two 'wires' were held up by a guyed out ski pole in each corner, the 'wires' being 30cm and 60cm above the ground. In opposite corners, tied into the line were two 120 decibel sounding personal alarms. The theory was, if some creature breached the perimeter, the alarm would sound, waking us in time to take some corrective action. Usually, we selected a spot 50 to 100m outside the 'wire,' away from the tents, for the kitchen. Normally, we cooked below the high tide and stored the gear above. This evening we did as noted. We headed for bed in our respective tents around 22:00 hours.

At about 01:30 a low grumbling growl was heard above the tents. I popped out of my tent first, and in the light of the stronger head torch which I had, saw yet another sow and two cubs. Shouting next door to Nancy, she replied she'd heard them also, and would be out soon with the shotgun. First, she fired a signal flare over their heads. This seemed to spook them. For good measure, she followed it up with a 'screamer' from the shotgun. The bears departed, out of sight. We conferred, standing outdoors, inadequately attired in the cold, near freezing rain. The consensus was to wait until daybreak, pack camp, and depart. It was agreed to stand watch with the shotgun and head torch, spelling each other on the hour. It was my lot to retire first, though I did not get back to sleep again for some unexplained reason.

After my hour of respite was up, I turned out and relieved Nancy. She ducked into her tent and soon I could hear her snoring softly. As she seemed to be resting comfortably, I stood watch until daybreak. At that time, I roused her and we walked amongst the rocks to find the remnants of our kitchen, which the bears had sampled. We spied the bears sleeping quietly at the inner end of the peninsula, several hundred meters away. We policed our kitchen gear and returned to pack camp. The bears seemed to have heard us, and were getting up.

While Nancy stood watch, I packed. All the myriad camp items take time to pack, even without a fence to disassemble tidily. The sow and cubs were curious. Over the time it took me to pack up, Nancy was engaged in a dance with the sow. The sow would advance a bit, Nancy would advance, then the sow would stop. The sow would advance a bit more, and Nancy willed her to retreat. When the sow

would not, Nancy would fire a screamer or popper at her, causing her to return back toward where she had come from.

This to and fro-ing went on over the time it took me to pack up. It seemed every quarter hour or so, Nancy would have to fire again, as the sow had crossed what Nancy had determined to be the 'line in the sand'. Just as we

were about out of bear deterrent items, we chucked the last of our gear in our kayaks, shoved off, and headed back toward Iqualuit, out of the 'Forbidden Zone.'

(Kevin Killilea leads a charmed summer life, heading to Alaska, Greenland or Arctic Canada during our southern winter, then heads south for a working summer in the Antarctic.)

NEW ZEALAND TRIP REPORT

STEWART ISLAND CIRCUMNAVIGATION

February 2002

by Ian Algie

Max Grant and Dave Herrington had been planning a paddling trip to Stewart Island for some time following their successful Chatham Islands venture, so a few months ago a plan was hatched to paddle across Foveaux Strait then try for a circumnavigation of the Island.

I was very happy to be able to accompany these two very experienced Sea Kayaking Gurus on what turned out to be a great trip. Being already down in Dunedin, helping my daughter get set up in a new flat, the two hour journey to Bluff wasn't a problem and I arrived there late in afternoon but the weather didn't look good with a brisk south-east wind whipping up whitecaps in the harbour. My tent blew away from me twice while I was trying to erect it in the campground.

Max and Dave arrived at 2am after an almost non-stop drive south off the ferry. Max set up his tent, but Dave curled up under his groundsheet next to the truck until daybreak where we rose to a clear blue sky with a very gentle breeze from the north-east.

After organising to store our vehicles and placing most of our heavier gear on the Foveaux Express Ferry we packed up our kayaks and launched over a rocky breakwater, with Max being understandably concerned about scratching his brand new 'Torres'

kayak. An outgoing tide was causing a bumpy patch at the Bluff Harbour entrance but otherwise conditions couldn't have been more perfect.

Ruapuke and Bird Islands were on our left and gave good indications of our position as we paddled south. An Albatross wheeled across our bows, and Max assured me that was a good omen.

After an enjoyable 5.5 hour trip we entered Half moon Bay, and landed on a sandy beach in front of the local Oban pub. A few tourists checked us out as we made our way to Innes's Backpackers where we shared the warm welcome with others from all points of the globe. We were able to leave our excess gear at Innes's, so next morning we packed a week's plus provisions into our kayaks and set off again to attempt an anticlockwise circumnavigation of Stewart Island. We were told by local radio operators that the settled weather was forecast to linger around for a few more days, when Dave contacted them to pass on our intentions.

First stop was at Port William, an idyllic spot with sparkling mica in the sand, where we lunched with a DoC hut supervisor at a picnic table. We all tried to guess his nationality as he was reading a book with unrecognisable print. After a few wrong guesses, he informed us he was an Israeli, and the book was 'Alice in Wonderland,' written in Hebrew.

We paddled on past bush covered headlands, marvelling at the crystal

clear water and plentiful bird life until we reached Smokey Bay on the northern-most coast. A small surf allowed an incident free landing, and we discovered a hunter's bivvy close to the shore, where camp was set up for the night. The hunters had left deer carcasses unburied, so a strong smell pervaded the site. Not to mention squadrons of hungry sandflies around, but luckily we discovered an insect repellent coil, which kept them at bay in the hut.

After a few light showers of rain overnight we set off again with light northerlies and a calm sea, making our way south now, with Codfish Island [an important bird reserve] on our right. The paddle across Mason Bay was a long one, but a friendly seal kept us entertained until we landed at the southern end of the bay, where we walked inland to inspect the old Kilbride homestead. A settlement was planned here in the 1890's but never eventuated with the homestead being the only building left. The windblown trees gave an indication of the SW wind strength that is common here.

Our maps showed water flowing between Ernest Island and the mainland but we carried our kayaks over a 100m sandbar that had formed. The launch from the south side of Ernest Island was our first encounter with big surf and we had a few anxious moments when we thought we'd lost Dave, but he appeared unscathed and we carried on south, but it was obvious a weather change was coming with the wind picking up from the south-west. The plan was to push as far south as possi-

ble and land at either Easy Harbour or Flour Cask Bay. The sea depth right up to the sheer cliff faces of 60 to 80m was causing the big swell from the south-west to rebound off and cause massive waves and the decision to turn back to Doughboy Bay was a good one.

The beach was sheltered with gentle surf and we were able to find a good campsite. Aircraft are able to land on the beach here to drop off and pick up hunters. Dave went for a bush walk and spotted a Kiwi, also we found out later that a large pod of 300 whales had beached themselves there a few years previously.

The wind next morning was still blowing a good 35 knots from the south-west but with renewed vigour we decided to give the section between Doughboy Bay and Easy Harbour another try. After paddling for three hours against the wind and massive seas, we again retreated to Doughboy Bay. We were all broached two or three times in the wild waves as we surfed back into the harbour. Max lost his bilge pump and myself a map in the surf on a beach that we visited on our way back to the campsite.

By morning the wind had backed off to a more reasonable 15 knots and we set out again to try and conquer this section for the third time, this time successfully. After a well-earned stop for snacks at Three Legged Woodhen, we paddled on past the granite domes of Gog & Magog, encountering a mixed variety of sea conditions during the afternoon. Max remarked as we made our way into Flour Cask Bay that the waves we encountered off South West Cape were the biggest he'd encountered in his paddling career.

The one camping spot in the Flour Cask Bay was occupied by some elephant seals. As I ventured ashore to check on suitable sites, I came across a huge seal in long grass, which lunged at me. Dave and Max laughed as I quickly retreated back to the beach with stained undies, and a startled look on my face. We eventually camped in the middle of a thistle patch,

that the sea lions were understandably avoiding, and had a quiet night save for the occasional cough from the locals.

Next morning we set off around South Cape towards our next objective Pegasus Bay. The wind had turned around to the north-east, so after a hard slog all morning, we welcomed the tranquillity of Pegasus Harbour. This place has quite a history as a settlement was developed here in the late 1890's and is the site of the first ship built in NZ. (# see editors' endnote). We inspected the remains of an old wharf and refrigeration plant and were told later by the Stewart Island Radio people that they even had their own hydro power generator.

Camping sites were hard to find but we eventually came across Twilight Cove that afforded just enough room in the bush to pitch our tents and with rain overnight, we packed up wet gear next morning.

Picking up a favourable tidal flow after leaving Pegasus Bay, we made our way up the south-east coast passing Owen Island and Lords River Inlet, then around Shelter Point. By this time the weather was deteriorating again and we made for Port Adventure where we had a DoC hut to ourselves. Max soon had freshly caught Blue Cod sizzling in a frying pan, after being deftly filleted by Dave.

After heavy rain overnight we set off on the homeward leg, reaching Ocean Beach for lunch where a confused wave pattern caused more than a few problems with landing and launching again. Wind from the north-west, picking up to 25-30 knots, made the last leg back to Oban quite a challenge, especially across Paterson Inlet where we were hit by squalls. Mid afternoon we paddled back into Halfmoon Bay to end a seven day adventure that had tested both our endurance and paddling skills.

Innes's Backpackers was again welcoming with hot showers and soft beds and we shouted ourselves a meal at the local pub. Dave ordered Muttonbird, which he was disap-

pointed with, as it was a trifle overcooked.

Special thanks to Dave for the use of his Marine Radio, which kept us in touch with the Stewart Island Radio people, and also the G.P.S. which is an amazing piece of technology.

Editor's Note:

Port Pegasus was the site of a ship-building colony from 1825 to 1833 when a 49 ton schooner was finally launched. However the first recorded vessel was built at Luncheon Cove in Fiordland in the years 1795-96 (See 'Fiordland Explored' by John Hall-Jones).

For any paddlers planning a visit to Stewart Island, I would recommend reading the following for background on history, weather and paddling conditions:

- 'Stewart Island Explored,' a 216pp illustrated early history of Stewart Island, written by eminent Southland historian John Hall-Jones, published in 1994, with over 200 early photographs and sketches; included are chapters on Port Pegasus and Masons Bay. ISBN 0-908629-42-7

- 'Rakiura,' A history of Stewart island, written by Basil Howard, and published by Reed in 1940.

- 'Dark Side of the Wave,' an account of the first kayak circumnavigation of the island, written by the editor.

- 'Stewart Island Circumnavigation,' trip report by Donna Hammond of the fourth successful circumnavigation in April 1998; 'Sea Canoeist Newsletter,' No. 76, August - September 1998

BOOK REVIEWS

Title: 'SEA KAYAKER'S GUIDE to New Zealand's UPPER NORTH ISLAND'

Editor: Vincent Maire

Published: 2001

Publisher: New Holland Publishers NZ

ISBN: 1 877246 71 9

Cover: Softback

Contents: 176 pp, maps, central colour plate section.

Size: 210x146mm

RRP: \$29.95

Availability: NZ book & kayak shops

Reviewed by: Kerry Howe

(Speech given for Vincent Maire's book launch.)

This is a wonderful book. It covers the coastline from the tip of the North Island, down the entire east coast to Auckland, Coromandel Peninsula and Great Barrier, plus bits of the Kaipara and Manukau Harbours. Vincent has an amazingly detailed familiarity with the coastline - from individual sea caves, to camping spots, to fresh water supplies, to shops. It's a veritable mine of information, the result of years of passionate kayaking and careful observation. It is obviously a labour of love.

Throughout the carefully described 75 kayak tours, there are readily digestible snippets of history, geology, and botany, and information about bird life.

Apart from where to go and what to see, there's an enormous amount of common sense and advice about kayaking, equipment, activities, camping, weather, and likely sea conditions. Here's a typical comment:

'The journey from Bland Bay to North Head covers 6km of high cliffs and rocky shorelines. Unless conditions are particularly calm, maintain a safe distance from the cliffs. As you round the point you may find yourself paddling in confused tidal currents, but once inside the harbour entrance, sea conditions will soften. Don't forget that fish and chip shop just across the harbour at Oakura.'

Or this one, for the Happy Jacks:

'If you decide to make this idyllic island a stopover point, be aware that there is only enough flat ground for two or three tents, there are rats on the island and it is infested with large ants. Keep your hatch covers shut tight.'

There's plenty of Vincent's bluff humour. I particularly like the advice for a trip around the Auckland Harbour wharves:

'As with any working port, boat traffic is intense... making this a potentially dangerous part of the harbour for sea kayakers. Generally speaking, if you get run down it will be your fault and you won't get any sympathy from anyone, including other sea kayakers.'

Then there are some passages which border on poetry, not to mention a hint of sensuality:

'The Surville Cliffs [just around the corner from North Cape] are fluted like Doric columns. Unencumbered by scrub and lacking a rocky ledge, you can paddle close to these spectacular cliffs and rub your hands down the water-blasted flukes. This is the most northern point in New Zealand and if you look back over your shoulder, you will see Cape Reinga in the hazy-blue distance.'

Some scenes will be familiar to us all in Auckland - who has not gasped at the scene that unfolds as you round the corner and start the descent into Sullivan's Bay in the Mahurangi. Here's Vincent's description:

'Pause and use your map to identify the six or so islands that lie below you. To the north the Mahurangi Harbour merges into a mangrove lined river. The headlands of the Mahurangi peninsula are lined with white beaches and to the south you may catch a glimpse of beautiful Te Muri Beach. This magnificent view will whet your appetite for sea kayak exploration in this stunning area.'

There's a section of great colour photographs capturing the region's many moods. Many of them are taken by Paul Buckley.

For me, this book does many things. It

has wonderfully useful and precise information, and very sound advice. It is a book of both memories and anticipation. In short, it is a book of dreams for sea kayakers:

'Sea kayakers go where most other craft cannot venture. Those shallow reefs, rocky headlands, sea caves, tiny islets, archways, sheer cliffs, deserted islands, remote beaches, endless estuaries and miles of coastal rock gardens can only be truly appreciated from the cockpit of a sea kayak.'

Most kayak shops have this book in stock. If you are having trouble getting a copy, contact Vincent by email on vincent.maire@xtra.co.nz.

CLASSIC BOOK REVIEW

Title: 'Voyage to Greenland'

Subtitle: 'A Personal Initiation into Anthropology'

Author: Frederica de Laguna

Published: 1977

Publisher: WW Norton & Co. NY

ISBN: 0 393 06413 1

Cover: Hardback, dust jacket

Contents: 285pp, maps, central B & W plate section.

Size: 230 x 150mm

Availability: 2nd. hand shops or libraries

Reviewed by: Paul Caffyn

In 1928, while studying anthropology at Columbia under eminent Professor Franz Boaz, Frederica de Laguna fell madly in love with a young Englishman who was planning a career as a mining engineer in the coal mines of Wales. During a study tour to see Eskimo collections at the National Museum of Denmark in Copenhagen, Frederica met Danish anthropologists Dr. Therkel Mathiassen and Dr. Kaj Birket-Smith. The Eskimo collections had been brought back by the Fifth Thule Expedition (1921-24). Mathiassen was being sent to Greenland by the Danish government to undertake an archeological survey, and when Frederica expressed her desire to go on the survey, Mathiassen asked her along as her assistant.

The book is a marvellous blend of letters home to her family and excerpts from her journal. It is not a pithy, dry account of a dig and the specimens found, but a bubbly story of Frederica's first voyage to the Arctic, the sight, smells and sounds of setting up camp on the barren rocky coast of West Greenland, the daily chores of an archeological dig, and seal hunting from kayaks.

One afternoon after a procession of kayakers towed the carcass of a white whale (beluga) to shore at the village of Qaitarmiut, Frederica was keen to try out a skin kayak. Although initially accompanied by a rowboat for safety, she outdistanced the boat in a few paddle strokes and went out to circumnavigate an offshore island. Mathiassen was not particularly pleased with her kayaking, and kept warning Frederica how dangerous it was for a white person who 'wasn't, so to speak, born in a kayak.'

In a letter home, written on the vessel sailing back to Denmark, Frederica notes, 'Dearest Family: Tonight we will pass Cape Farewell, and then nothing of my Greenland experience will be left to me but memories. I knew that I should have a good time when I sailed, but how could I realize the hold which this experience - the free life, the happy fascinating natives, the absorbing work, and the loyal comradeship - has obtained over me. I feel as if I could never be content with ordinary living again, unless it were to be broken by a return to the Arctic. It makes me very sad to know that I have found my ideal vocation is such an inaccessible place.'

After a visit to Wales and that, 'dreary countryside with its piles of mine tailings, where the pit ponies searched for grass, and the grim towns,' Frederica resumed her studies at Columbia in 1930 and after some serious soul searching, sent the engagement ring back to the Welsh mining engineer. She went on to a very distinguished teaching career as an anthropologist.

After the 1929 field season north of Upernavik, on the West Coast of

Greenland, Frederica completed the book but she delayed trying to find a publisher until 1975, 'because it was so personal a record, and as a still active teacher I was shy of my students.'

The 1929 Greenland that Frederica wrote about, no longer exists, apart from displays in museums and pictorial records. The black and white photos and her descriptions of the Greenlanders and village life are a

superb vignette of that era. The account of her initiation as an anthropologist is also the story of a young woman in love with life and adventure, savouring everything new and strange, embarking on her chosen profession, and making a tough choice between marriage and a career.

I can only suggest you keep an eye out in the second hand book shops for this classic title.

Paul Caffyn.

THE 'BUGGER!' FILE

PRACTISING WET-EXITS by Peter Oliver

I read with interest the comment referred to in the review of Robert Morris' book on skin on frame boats regarding baidarka, 'Overestimating your skills on the water and building and using this kayak before you are ready could be deadly.'

I built myself an Aleut baidarka as my first kayak and sized it to fit me at 6' 2". I had very little paddling experience at this stage but nevertheless kept the hull cross-section shallow and narrow to keep it able. This made it a tight fit to get in and out of.

Over the next weeks I built up experience in calm and choppy lake water and then easy sea conditions. I played around in shallow water bracing over Mercury Bay but for whatever reasons I never tried a wet exit in a controlled situation and this could have been a bad move.

Eventually one morning I paddled out through small surf, went around the coastline a ways then across the mouth of this bay and back inshore to a moored boat to collect my life jacket which I had left aboard the day before. I hooked that out with the superlative reach of my Greenland paddle and put it on (paddling without it was stupid for a start) and headed back in to the beach. Some 150m from shore something happened and in slow motion I rolled upside down. As I

went down I thought to myself 'Oh SH**!! I am alone out here, I don't know if I can get out of this thing underwater, this water is really wet and this is really stupid.' Notice this stupid word starting to crop up more and more! Anyway I decided it would be wise not to panic, threw my paddle away, grabbed both sides of the coaming and gave a frantic heave. Nothing happened. Nothing happened three times. Luckily about then I realized that this wasn't going to work and I calmed myself down enough to release my sprayskirt. After that, although it was a little tight, I came out easily enough and bobbed up into that lovely morning air.

I consider this whole episode was potentially dangerous; I should never have covered the distance I had without going through this most basic safety practice first. As it was I recovered my paddle and swam the boat ashore. I have done many wet exits since and learned to roll the boat after a fashion but the story could have ended differently. This especially as at one stage, in the process of fitting myself tightly in the boat to help learning to roll, I snugged my backrest well forward and luckily, on a whim, tried to climb out while still on land. I found that there was no way possible of getting out of the boat without releasing the backrest adjuster which was really awkward and nigh on impossible in a state of panic upside down in the water. Needless to say I built my footrests back instead and I am still alive and enjoying kayaking.

Peter Oliver

THE 'BUGGER!' FILE

Helicopters Over Cammeray!

by Chris James

So what happens when your Emergency Personal Indicating Radio Beacon (EPIRB) goes off in your house? I had an unusual chain of events this morning & thought you may want to file it under "for future reference".

I was rummaging in my gear cupboard (room) at about 6.30 am and heard a distinct electronic beeping. I feared the worst and after much rummaging had my fears confirmed the offending device: the EPIRB had been activated.

I tried the usual spectrum of responses: Turn it off?: It wasn't turned on (safety seal still intact). Stuck test button? No such luck. At least the antenna was down! As the prospect of helicopters grew larger in my mind, I tried the distributor, GME Electrophone.

Superb. An Australian distributor with their office attended and a knowledgeable tech. support team on site at 6.30 am. How rare is that?

Their answer? Tune the clock radio to about 100 on the FM dial and listen for a signal. Yep, loud and clear signal, picked up from two brick rooms away. This is not a drill, not a stuck test button. So where were the planes, choppers and rescue crew?

The tech. support advice? Lock the sucker in the microwave oven (!) and call AUSAR. Don't transport the unit until the batteries die, lest we set AUSAR chasing the courier. AUSAR were duly informed and agreed with the response, (noting that I shouldn't turn on the microwave).

I'm now on file as a hoaxer and potential waster of hard-won government revenues. Lucky this didn't happen in a month's time, we'd have been in Tasmania. The lesson learned? I've purchased a small microwave for extended touring. Cheers - Chris

(Reprinted from The Ocean Planet 'WetWorld' No. 8)

HISTORY

Oskar Speck and His Amazing Seven Year Paddling Journey! An Incredible Paddle from Germany to Australia

by Peter Osman.

Setting Out

The 16mm film clip shows a fresh faced man wearing a fisherman's cap. It was 1932 in Ulm on the Danube and Oskar Speck was 25 years old and out of work. He had been forced to close down an electrical contracting business and had to lay off 21 people. He owned a folding kayak called Sonnenschein (Sunshine), was a member of a boating club and had ten years experience kayaking.

Oskar wrote in his journal, 'All I wanted was to get out of Germany for a while.' So he set off down the Danube for Cyprus to find work in the copper mines and just possibly adventure.

After seven years and 50,000km he wound up on Sabai Island off the coast of Papua New Guinea in the Torres Strait. It was then 20th September 1939. During the journey he used five kayaks supplied by the manufacturer 'Pionier' who helped to sponsor his journey. Agfa provided him with film and the exhibition shows many snippets of life in Indonesia and Papua New Guinea.

During the seven year voyage he cap-sized ten times in the surf.

Typical of the boats he used was a 'Pionier Kajak Modelle 1936.' This was a double seater, folding kayak made of laminated rubber and canvas over wood. It looked rather like a Klepper. The spare seat was removed to allow for storage and the boat could carry a third of a ton. It weighed 65 lb, was 18 feet long, 30 inch beam and with a freeboard of 9 inches. It was capable of being paddled at 3.5 knots fully loaded and could reach 6.5 knots, in calm water, using an 18 square foot gaff sail.

His supply list included a prismatic compass, charts, water, condensed milk, chocolate and cheese. A pair of binoculars was not included and his journal suggests that at one stage he was so down and out he had to sell them.

The Journey

Oskar's voyage took him down the Danube through Austria to Budapest and Belgrade, then through Bulgaria into the Black Sea and via Turkey to Veles, Thessalonika, Andros Island, Rhodes island, and Lemesos.

By 1934 he had arrived at his originally intended destination Cyprus. A film clip at this time shows him lightly bearded with a mature, rather serious demeanour. The thirst for adventure must have captivated him for he didn't stop as planned but diverted to Aleppo in Syria and travelled down the Euphrates where he suffered two attacks first by some Arab villagers who fired on him and again by the crew of a dhow who were upset because he wouldn't drink with them, so they took up the chase in a rowing boat shooting as they rowed.

But no matter on he went through Bagdad to Al Basrah, and along the Persian coast to Bander e Abbas, Ormar and Karachi. Then down the entire west coast of India during which time he was arrested and held captive for a year by a local village. By 1936 he had visited Ceylon, paddled up the east coast of India and arrived at Chittagong from where he journeyed along the coast of Burma to Bassein, Rangoon, Phuket and via the Straits of Malacca to Singapore.

By 1938 he had crossed to Sumatra and travelled down the Dutch East Indies visiting Batavia, Sourabaya and Bali. While in the East Indies he was again attacked, at night by 20 thugs who tied him and beat him badly enough to rupture an eardrum. He escaped while the gangsters were asleep by getting to his boat and using a knife hidden there to cut the ropes binding him. In Sermata he reported the attack and got medical treatment. Six of the captors were arrested but it was a year before he could continue

his journey island hopping to Papua New Guinea.

During this period he filmed his boat being carried ashore by the locals. The film shows how dugouts with outriggers were manufactured and paddled (dugouts were introduced to the Yanuwa people in Australia by the Indonesians where they replaced the bark canoes over a period of 300 years and saved many lives, but that's another story). Snippets of film show the delighted winner of a cockfighting contest dancing with his victorious bird, elegant grass thatched temples and houses, rope being scorched in an open fire, presumably to remove excess strands of fibre or perhaps to increase its strength. Baskets are woven from palm leaves, people carry enormous inverted pyramid loads of fruits on their heads, and highly formalised sword fighting contests are filmed. Everywhere there is dancing both ceremonial and informal.

Oskar left for Papua New Guinea in 1939. His films now show turtles mating and being captured for food. Young boys fish with spears, bows and arrows. A sticky fondue like communal soup is made from small fish/shellfish. And there are pictures of dancing, canoe races with many cap-sizes and boys surfing on short planks of wood - is this where surfing was first developed?

Internment

Oskar left Papua New Guinea and arrived at the island of Sabai, about 150 kilometres from Thursday Island, in 1939, on the 20th September. It was two weeks after the start of World War II. He was met by three local policemen who congratulated him and then arrested him. So now it was off by boat to mainland Australia where he was interned for six years. A note in the register of prohibited articles, lists a collapsible rubber boat, a parcel containing private papers, and a compass.

Prominently displayed at the exhibition is a pennant swastika. Maybe it was in his luggage? If so it probably didn't help! He was held first at Tatura Camp, Victoria, from which he even-

tually made an escape and attempted to cycle to Sydney. But he was arrested again in Melbourne and transferred to an internment camp in Loveday, South Australia. The museum exhibition shows an elegant model of his kayak made during this internment. It is fashioned out of copper and mounted on black painted wood.

After the War

Four days after being released Oskar had started work as an opal miner at Lightning Ridge. He followed a successful career as an opal cutter eventually retiring to a house at Kilcare on the Central Coast of New South Wales. He seems to have continued paddling after the war.

There are three references on the web. One was an account of an incident with a boat borrowed from Oskar by Carl Toovey, a kayaking marathon champion.
<http://members.ozemail.com.au/~rivers97/PaddlingPeople.htm>.

The other is a brief reference in a German folding kayak company's web page:
<http://www2.utsidan.se/faltkajak/expeditioner.htm>.

Oskar Speck died childless in 1995 and on the death of his partner Nancy Steele the notebooks and equipment from his expedition were bequeathed to the Australian Maritime Museum where they are currently on display:
<http://www.anmm.gov.au/anrep99a.htm>.

As far as I know the only detailed account of his voyage was in the Australasian Post where it was published as a serial!

NOTE: If anyone has any further information that can help Peter in his research of this subject, please contact him at:

rebyl_kayak@iprimus.com.au

Footnote: I've collated notes taken from the exhibition being held in the Australian National Maritime Museum, from his 16mm film of the journey and from a Sydney Morning Herald article. Geographical names describing his route are mostly those

used at the time of the voyage. If any of your readers know anything more about Oskar Peter Rattenbury and I would be very keen to learn. The Maritime Museum are continuing to research the story and we would like to pass on anything we find to them.

BOAT NOTICES

(Maritime Safety Authority)

14 Feb 2002

VISIBILITY OF KAYAKS

There have been a number of collisions and many near miss situations involving kayaks and other vessels on lakes, bays and on the coast.

It is the duty of every vessel's skipper to keep a careful lookout using all available means and power craft must give way to kayaks. However, in reality it is very difficult, and at times almost impossible, to see kayaks at a distance of more than a few metres. Kayaks are very low on the water, easily lost from sight amongst even small waves and do not appear on radar screens.

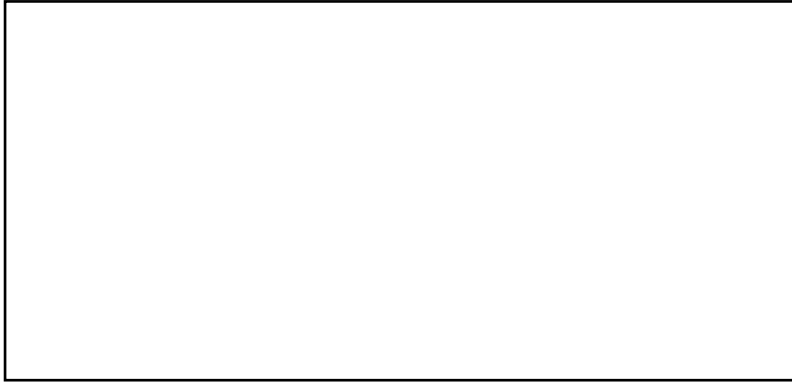
It is essential, therefore, that kayak skippers make sure they can be readily seen by the operators of other vessels. While brightly coloured hulls and clothing assist to some degree, a much more effective means of being seen is required.

A brightly coloured (orange or yellow) flag on a whip or thin pole at least one metre high and brightly coloured paddle blades both assist greatly if kayaks are to be seen at a safe distance by day.

It is necessary for kayaks to carry a light when operating at night or during twilight. Unless sidelights and a sternlight are displayed, a white light must be displayed in sufficient time to prevent a collision. Kayaks should carry a bright torch to shine so that other vessels will be aware of their position.

The practice of carrying a flashing light or strobe light is dangerous. Such lights are used to indicate a person in the water after falling overboard. Other vessels are likely to investigate allowing close quarters situations to develop.

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