NEW ZEALAND SEA KAYAKER



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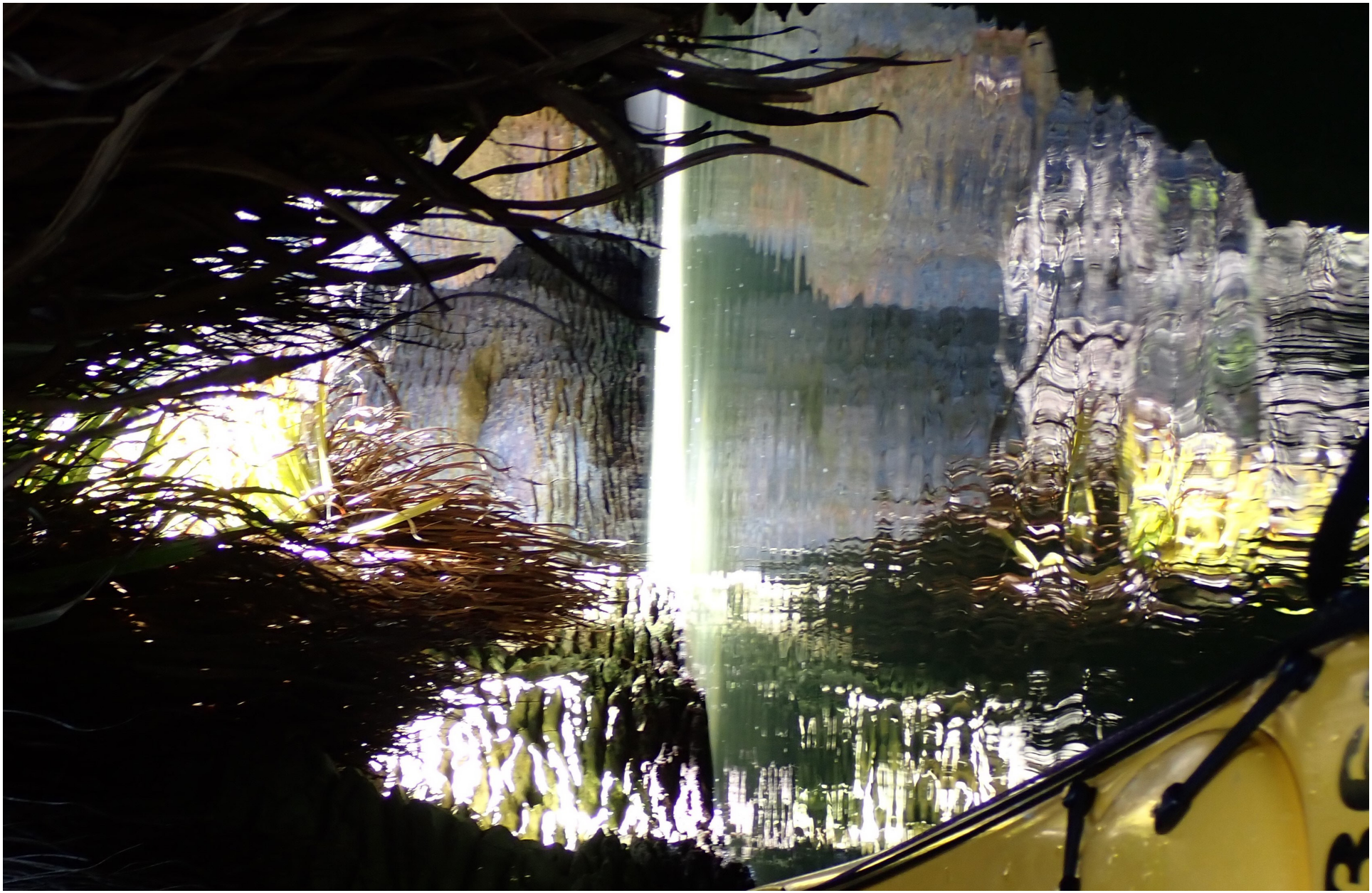

Index

Editorial p. 3
KASK President's Report
by Shaun Maclaren p. 4-5
Obituary: David Cook
by Noel Pepperell p.6
KASK 'Meet the Paddlers' Kayak Safety Workshop - Tauranga
by Allen Snowsill p.7
A Landlubber Buggar!
by Ruth E. Henderson p.8-9
Stewart Island Circumnavigation
by Gabriel Tane Vink Wackernagel & Blake Hornblow p.10-13
The Land of Glowing Skies
by Jack Waddell p.14-18
Gisborne - Summer Fun
photos by Paula Renouf p.19-20
Lake Te Anau
photos by Oliver Winkler p.21
SKISL weekend at Castlepoint
by Chris Henshaw p.22-24
French Pass
by David Welch p.25-27
D'Urville trip
by John Kirk-Anderson p. 28-29
WSKN Labour Weekend 2021 - Paddle of the Queen Charlotte Sound
by Chris Henshaw p.30-31
WSKN Labour Weekend 2021 - Arapaoa Island partial Circumnavigation
by Peter Fuller p.32-34
Japanese Diary 1985
by Paul Caffyn p.35-37
Annual Graham Egarr Memorial Paddle Trophy KASK Awards
by Paul Caffyn p.38-40
Book Review: Coastal Scotland
by Paul Caffyn p.40-41

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Editorial

We are rapidly approaching the end of 2021, another lockdown affected year. I can say that while Auckland was restricted, the rest of the country was able to kayak. It is great to see a variety of submissions for this magazine. A bumper 40 pages. Shaun has added his KASK's President's report with feedback from the Tauranga 'Meet the Paddler' (page 7). Noel kindly put pen to paper with the sad news of David Cook's passing.

I was spoilt for choice for the front cover of this edition. I am saving another for next edition. Dennis Hynes sent in some amazing photographs, it was difficult to decide, so one made the front and the other the second page.

KASK's magazine proofreader, Ruth has written up a recent exploit when things went wrong. Even though it was a land event, I believe we can learn somethings should we ever find ourselves in a similar situation.

South Island and Wellington kayakers have been busy. A Stewart Island circumnavigation with some awesome photos. Written from two group members perspectives which I enjoy as everyone sums up a trip and observes things differently. WSKN had a great Labour Weekend, with a main trip to Queen Charlotte Sound where they split into smaller groups and explored.

We also have some photos from Paula Renouf, one of the Regional Ambassadors on what was happening earlier this year in Gisborne. In addition, we have David Welch writing up French Pass with a great selection of photographs.

Paul Caffyn has provided a write up on the Graham Egarr Awards, a book review, as well as an extract from his 1985 Japan diary, definitely worth a read.

Also worth noting, back in print in early 2022, a brand new edition of Dark Side of the Wave by Paul Caffyn -with tall tales and true of those who have paddled around Rakiura,since 1979 or have been stymied in their attempts along with 13 new maps and beaut new photos.

Thank you to all the contributors, to this magazine. I wish everyone Seasons Greetings and a Happy New Year for 2022. Stay safe. Jacquie

Cover photo:
Opito Bay by Dennis Hynes
Page 2: Lake Karapiro by Dennis Hynes

Submissions for magazine #215

25th January 2022

President's Report
by Shaun Maclaren

Hi everyone,

I didn't realise how much I had missed the fun and peace from being out on the water due to lockdowns. It all came streaming back when out surfing on the west coast with friends. Bruised and battered I loved every moment. With Summer upon us, I am so looking forward to spending time on the water, surfing, rock-gardening and just getting out there.

I am also looking forward to the KASK Kayak Fest 2022 at Hahei, on the Coromandel and the chance of catching up with friends and fellow paddlers both on and off the water. However, our paddling family will not be complete as many from overseas have been affected by travel restrictions.

KASK Annual General Meeting - 2022

With the next AGM to be held at Kayak Fest 2022, only a few months away, it is time to think about submissions for the agenda, nominations for election to the committee and nominations for the Graham Egarr Awards.

KASK Committee Nominations

We are always looking for paddlers with fresh initiatives, energy, and an understanding of governance who are prepared to volunteer their time to be members of the Committee.

It is vitally important that we have a strong cohesive team to carry on the important work that we do with education, safety, training and growing our membership.

If you or someone you know would like to be a committee member, please get in touch with me via shaun@kask.co.nz and I will be happy to answer any questions or concerns that you may have.

Submissions for the agenda and nominations for election will close at 8pm on Wed 26th Jan 2022. Those seeking election or re-election will be advertised in the AGM agenda with a photo and a short bio explaining what she or he can bring to KASK.



Graham Egarr Paddle Award

The Graham Egarr paddle award is for someone who has made a significant contribution to sea kayaking over the past year (or more). If you know of, or are aware of, someone who is deserving, then please nominate them by getting in touch and sending a short portrayal to me at shaun@kask.co.nz by Thursday 20th of January 2022.

Paul Caffyn Bugger Award

The Paul Caffyn Bugger Trophy is awarded for the most humiliating, embarrassing, humorous sea

kayaking encounter over the past year. If you would like to nominate someone for this prestigious award, please do so by sending a short description of the event to me at shaun@kask.co.nz by Thursday 20th of January 2022.

Committee Update

The past couple of months have been busy off the water with Committee members participating in online Safer Boating Forum meetings, workshops, the Water Safety NZ AGM, a Surf Lifesaving Working Group and a Sport NZ initiative for youth involvement.

KASK – 'Meet the Paddlers'

The KASK roadshow of 'Meet the Paddlers' has already commenced with events in Tauranga, Whakatane, Whangarei , Christchurch, Nelson and Auckland.

It will be of interest to paddlers old and new, whether you paddle a conventional sea kayak or something different and showcases what you need to know and how and where to access current information followed by some on-water demonstrations and training.

Allen Snowsill of BASK has written about the event at Tauranga on page 7. To receive such feedback makes it all so worthwhile and noteworthy.

"Daniel loved it and gained a lot of confidence after going out into the harbour with Aidan and Bob. Rolling his kayak and getting back onto the kayak when in deep water was huge for him too. Before the course Daniel was a bit scared to fall out, now he loves doing it. Last Saturday evening we took the kayak down to Harrisons Cut and Daniel was practicing surfing in the waves- he was so excited to see that leaning into the wave actually worked! SO already he is using the skills he learnt on the course."

This is a great opportunity for local paddling groups to promote themselves.

Upcoming dates and locations in the coming months are:
Sat 22nd Jan 22 - Napier
Sat 29th Jan 22 – Wellington.

If you or anyone that you know who may be interested in assisting, please email Steve.flack@hotmail.com

KASK Magazine

As always, I ask you all to support the magazine with articles, paddling experiences, reviews and photographs of trips past and present that you would like to see published.

This is your magazine; it is a perfect opportunity for paddlers and regions to showcase what they have been up to and what they are planning both on and off the water. If you have any stunning 'portrait' photographs that should be on the cover, please send to Jacquie@kask.co.nz

Kayak Fest 2024

None of us seem have enough time these days, so it is important to give ourselves as much of a lead in as possible if we are to host a unique event in 2024. It would be right and fitting to see it return to somewhere special in the South Island, but if that is not to be, then so be it.

It is very much a team effort, so if you or any of your paddling friends are keen to organise a special event in a unique location – North or South Island, then please contact me at shaun@kask.co.nz so that we can start the discussion and get the ball rolling.

With Christmas holidays and festivities just around the corner, travel safely both on and off the water.

Safe Paddling,
Shaun

Obituary: David Cook

1 Aug 1944 - 25 Nov 2021

by Noel Pepperell



David was a road engineer for the original Ministry of Works, then Transit, and finally NZTA, retiring at age 70. His engineering skills enabled him to design and make his own house, complete with a pool and trampoline, all above a large 25x6m retaining wall made from hand cast concrete formers, all of which he personally made.

His interests, apart from water sports included golf, tramping and camping with family. He took up skiing in his 60's. His family was most important to him, his grandchildren say he was great at making fluffies and growing strawberries. He volunteered with CAB, assisting with budgeting advice. He was a person of faith which carried him through life.

Water sports was his favourite and he started sailing at the age of six. He built and raced Moths, winning a NZ Championship. He sailed in an overseas regatta. In more recent years he sailed in a 370 class. He taught sailing at the Titahi Bay Boating Club and Sailability NZ for disabled sailors. He was a life member of the Titahi Bay Boating Club.

David started kayak paddling with the Wellington Yakity Yak Kayak Club, later joining up with fellow paddlers in the Wellington Sea Kayak Network. He was a founding member of the Sea Kayakers Inspired to Stretch Limits (SKISL Wgtn) after the 2018 IKW to D'Urville Island and Okiwi Bay trips. Both locations presented somewhat wild paddling conditions and he could see that the comfort levels needed to be extended.

All of these groups have been the primary kayaking base for David over the last couple of years with trips to Abel Tasman, Queen Charlotte Sounds, Kapiti and Mana Islands, many round Wellington harbour, Titahi Bay and Plimmerton. To this end, he gained national attention during a solo paddle, being picked up by the Mana Coast Guard after spending nearly an hour in the water. Unharmed due to being well clothed, he assessed what happened and worked towards getting better at bracing and self-rescue. This incident spawned an interest in the peer group to do more safety practice, with David quite often being the rescue subject due to a new drysuit and his inate ability to capsize.

David was great company, and with his engineering and sailing background, it gave him a lot to talk about, with many lively discussions being had. Road trips were interspersed with comments on road construction, drainage and berms. He could see improvements to be made in kayak sails and techniques.

Unfortunately, the onset of his illness prevented him from attending the 2020 Urupukapuka Island KASK Kayak Fest and IKW, having to pull out on the eve of leaving for it. During his treatments, he continued to be positive and accepting about his prognosis. He continued to be somewhat active until just before his death.

His ready smile and chatty nature will be missed. Who knows, we might yet see a David Cook Optimistic Outlook Award added to our KASK Festivities. If his family are behind it, it could be proposed etc at the AGM (agenda) at the next Kayak Fest for 2024, giving time for a suitable trophy to be found etc by the family.

Our thoughts go to Jan and his family.

KASK Meet the Paddlers Kayak Safety Workshop - Tauranga

by Allen Snowsill

One of the attendees at the KASK 'Meet the Paddlers' Tauranga Kayak Safety Workshop on Saturday 6th November was 13 year old Daniel from Welcome Bay who had recently taken possession of a new sit-on-top "Mission Kai Moana" fishing kayak from Canoe and Kayak BOP.

Daniel's mother Rachel was hesitant to put barriers in place that may inhibit her son's passion for kayak fishing and accordingly was eager for him to learn some basic skills to keep him safe and to help allay her fears when her son heads out on the water.

When Rachel saw the 'Meet the Paddlers' workshop advertised she didn't hesitate to register herself and her son to attend the event.

Daniel took an active part in the "classroom" session by asking lots of questions and was especially enthusiastic when it came to the on-water session. He learnt the importance of the box, posture, torso rotation, bracing, basic paddle strokes and rescues. The following Sunday 14th November Aidan hosted his monthly SKISL (BOP) session at Pilot Bay Mt Maunganui which the 'Meet the Paddler'attendees were invited to attend.

Shortly after 8.30am Aidan, with Bob's assistance, had assembled a small group to paddle out to the entrance of Tauranga Harbour. It was there that Daniel, and a chosen few, got to experience the waves, current and wind including practicing capsizing and getting back onto his kayak.

Rachel emailed me to thank us for the workshop, especially Aidan and Bob, for their on-water training…

"Daniel loved it and gained a lot of confidence after going out into the harbour with Aidan and Bob. Rolling his kayak and getting back onto the kayak when in deep water was huge for him too. Before the course Daniel was a bit scared to fall out, now he loves doing it. Last Saturday evening we took the kayak down to Harrisons Cut and Daniel was practicing surfing in the waves- he was so excited to see that leaning into the wave actually worked! SO already he is using the skills he learnt on the course."

After the SKISL training session Daniel headed up the harbour to do some fishing and caught a John Dory which he independently filleted and the family had for dinner. Pretty impressive!

Daniel has added his name to Aidan's email list for the weekly Tuesday night surf sessions at Marine Parade and I have a sneaking suspicion that he may attend some future monthly SKISL sessions too?

The above feedback from Daniel's mother clearly demonstrates that people like Daniel, who are new to kayaking, benefit hugely from the KASK 'Meet the Paddler' workshops and it's a reminder, as a presenter, not to get too complicated and to just focus on delivering kayaking safety basics.

Daniel will unwittingly become a future role model for his mates and fellow kayakers by passing on his new found skills, and future learnings, for many years to come.



A Landlubber Buggar!
by Ruth E. Henderson

"Look into my eyes" he said and then the tension of the winch came on. Up we went, my legs dangled, and I screamed, apparently. The lanky manuka danced frenetically like a whirling dervish, whipping about, striking my face. With two fingers he gesticulated, forking them to his eyes, silently repeating his command. If I veered my vision off his face onto the green canopy below, I felt myself freaking out, my heart racing, hyperventilating. Two bodies dangling from a rope, nay a string! one of them mine…then we were at the open door of the helicopter.

When I was a First Responder and part of the Kawau Island Fire and Emergency team we used to work with helicopters – sliding in and out as fire crew, preparing jetties for landings, attaching monsoon-buckets, and we got to practice this – winching, lifting injured people - off boats. I knew what happened next…I had never won the 'lottery' and been the 'patient,' but I had watched this. The paramedic and patient get swung into the cabin. But, no, this time the manoeuvre did not work! Not on the second, nor the third attempt…My body knocked against the skids. I pushed off with my hands. The 'nappy' I was strung up by, was cutting into my groin. How long was this going on for? It felt like ten minutes, it was probably two. Then we were lowered gently like a couple of sacks of potatoes onto a farmer's paddock.

With unbelievably perfect timing, my phone went. 'What's going on" my husband Ian said. The battery was dying, I had to be quick. "Get Elaine to take you to Danby Field and get our car. See you at the Thames Hospital. Bring my phone charger." My earlier text messages had been a bit cryptic!

Winding back a bit… It was a Thursday, the day I am diaried out, tramping, every week.

Ten of us had carpooled from Thames up to Coromandel town, then leaving one car there, we squeezed into two and drove on State Highway 25 into the ranges. The plan was to go up to the Kaipawa trig, then drop down the Success track, trot along Rings Road and onto the Harray track to get back to Coromandel town. About a five-hour circuit.



Helicopter signalling - Mike's scarecrow

It was a misty moody day, the cloud covered the view… but hey we were outdoors, having fun, exercising, and socialising. Thursday had quickly become my favourite day of the week. And I was super keen to explore any decent tracks near Coromandel, to have up my sleeve, as 'Plan Cs' for future club kayaking/ camping trips.

I will certainly never forget that day and those tracks. Ironically at one stage, I'd stayed back to help and encourage a lady who does not usually go out with this group. Whilst negotiating a particularly slippery gouged out part of the track she said" I'm holding you up" and I'd replied "Take your time. We'd rather wait a few minutes, then have you slip, break something and have to stretcher you out."

On the Harray track, with just over an hour to go, we had picked our way across a stream, climbed up and slithered down, up, and down for twenty minutes, when with an audible crack, over I went. Followed by a slew of "NO, NO, NO, no, nos." I couldn't believe it. How could this have happened to me!!

The weekend before to celebrate my 69th birthday I'd organised a BASK kayak club trip for kayakers who

also tramp, to go to Raglan. There we'd paddled the harbour on the Saturday and on the Sunday climbed Mt Karioi. The track was wet, slippery, and challenging. The sort of terrain I love…picking out foot or toeholds, swinging from tree to tree, and hauling yourself up using tree roots as handholds. The lady who wrote the trip report called me "Billy the Goat," so sure-footed and confidant was I. Well, 'Pride cometh before a fall.'

As if a broken ankle wasn't enough, I'd landed onto the recently trimmed track edge, onto the prickles



First hand-over. Michelle to paramedic. Goggles, helmet and 'nappy' sling go on

and pencil-thick stumps of gorse. The team (who happened to include two registered nurses) swarmed and there was discussion on rescue possibilities. I quickly did another "No, no, no" when talk turned to me hopping out, three-abreast with an able body on each side… down that slippery track…across that stream! A stretcher thanks very much, with four strapping Fire Fighters hefting it!

It was about 2 pm. I knew I wasn't going to be home at my usual time. I sent Ian a text "I'll be late." Michelle phoned 111. It was good that she could talk the lingo as to level of consciousness, injury, pain, and assure emergency services that we could see the sky, the sun was now shining, it was windless – perfect for flying! Once we knew that a helicopter was to be despatched from Hamilton, half the group left to walk the 20 mins back to Rings Road and then into town to do the car shuttle. At about 4 pm there was a paramedic swinging overhead. I sent my second text "Helicopter ride. Ankle."

The paramedic praised my teammates for their first aid. They'd given me anti-inflammatory pills and arnica, elevated my foot, left my boot on as a support, made me comfortable - put a foam pad under my backside and given me a pack to lean against, kept me warm. They'd been able to provide GPS co-ordinates, been particularly ingenious in the use of a red raincoat and walking pole scarecrow to help the helicopter to spot us and ensured there were no loose items like pack covers or hats to get caught up into the helicopter's vortex. And, if we hadn't had phone reception, we had several PLB's amongst us. Once I was strapped inside the helicopter, I relaxed a bit and enjoyed the scenic flight! Whanganui Island, Te Kouma and Manaia Harbours, Rangipukea Island, Wilson Bay – all places I'd kayaked into and around over the years. Unfortunately, my phone/camera was now definitely dead, so I didn't get any wonderful aerial shots!

At 5 pm we landed at the Thames hospital, an orderly wheeled me in, the 'copter went off to refuel, my red-suited man did the hand-over and I was left, with Ian, to WAIT. A word that I was to become quite familiar with. The A&E sign said, "The approximate waiting time for Patients with minor complaints is 6 HOURS". And that's how long it took – till I my ankle was x-rayed twice, put in a temporary cast, and I was left to try and sleep on the dangerously skinny couch in the 'Plaster Room' with a commode at my side. The next day I was transferred by ambulance to Waikato Hospital for surgery, where I had to WAIT for seven days to get my metallic ankle and learnt that one of the greatest freedoms in life, is to be able to go to the toilet, unassisted!

A friend sent a link to the stuff.co.nz website reporting the incident. Phew! thankfully my biggest journalistic fear was not realised. They didn't use the word 'elderly' but "a woman in her 60's". And now after three and a half months and finally free of casts, crutches, and moonboot – the challenge is to not just regain muscle, strength, flexibility, and fitness but confidence and courage. You can help with that…

Stewart Island Circumnavigation

by Gabriel Tane Vink Wackernagel & Blake Hornblow



Blake Hornblow, Gabriel Vink Wackernagel and Jack Waddell about to set off from Oban

Circumnavigation of Stewart Island by sea kayak had been a dream, a goal of ours for years now. Aware of global issues we wanted to connect with the natural world, which means so much to all of us. Often more than we realise during everyday life. "PROTECT WHAT YOU LOVE" expresses our purpose and vision with the mission to raise awareness and funds for 'Forest and Bird' whose values for nature align with ours.

This expedition compares to climbing one of the three greatest peaks of Aotearoa, but in the wild ocean environment, in small seafaring vessels, paddling around our third largest island. It's a committing undertaking where you may be at the mercy of wild weather systems and rough seas.

In 13 days, three hours we stepped out of our kayaks, back on the sandy beach of Oban, where we had started the expedition two weeks earlier. It's impossible in words (but I'll try) to make you feel: the freedom, feeling so alive and connected to nature; the fear; relief and stoke of rough passages; how small a human feels in the remote, wild and pristine natural areas of our world.

Stewart Island, Rakiura (the land of glowing skies) was visited by early Polynesian and Maori where they fished and hunted titi, mutton birds. The early 1800s brought early European sealers and whalers. Some settled, creating various small settlements based around timber, boat building, farming and fishing. In 2002, Rakiura National Park was created: 157000 hectares about 85% of the island, protected and a sanctuary for the native forest and birds to regenerate and flourish. We camped among mature rimu, miro, kamahi and southern-rata with kiwi, kaka and kakariki. Paddled with little blue penguins, the royal and salvins albatross, fairy prion, giant petrel, skua, thousands of turns, shearwaters, cormorants and gulls. Counting a total of 35 species of native birds. We observed the behaviour of sea lions, seven gill sharks and fur seals. Tasted sea salt, seaweed, kelp, shellfish, crayfish and various finfish. Warmed and cooked with fires aware of minimising our human impact, leaving no trace of our visit.

Days were spent voyaging from Oban, anti-clockwise along the coastline sometimes close in bays where we could hear bird song, sometimes over five km offshore where the huge swell would surge up and down beneath us, often losing sight of each other in the multi-story house-size waves. Coastlines are made up of golden granite beaches, sometimes massive crashing surf or long stretches of weathered cliffs battered and bashed by storms formed in the southern oceans. We'd often see a splash 12 metres high with sea spray into the treetops. The ocean felt alive around Rakiura, powerful currents formed by the Pacific Ocean and the Tasman Sea, where incoming and outgoing tides would flow up to 5 knots, at times with us, and other times against. Sometimes at tidal bottlenecks like the South Cape, it would stand waves up 5 to 6 metres high. This is where we felt especially small, exposed to the great Southern Ocean to our right, kilometres of battered cliffs to our left and confused chop from the rebounding waves. All we

could do was keep on paddling on.

Even though we experienced challenging days, which some may say are type 2 fun, sitting in the seat of your kayak for 10 hours, paddling up to 60 km a day, getting motion sick, sore and tired, wet and sweaty all were physical and physiological challenges we faced day in, day out. Our comfort zones grew time and time again to a stage where we were getting up in the dark, putting those damp paddling clothes on and heading out to sea to use strenuous amounts of energy paddling against headwinds. Getting whipped in the face with sea spray became normal, part of our life and I now look back upon it fondly. It gave us insight into what we are capable of and how far we can push the limits, how much you can learn and grow from living at one with our natural world.

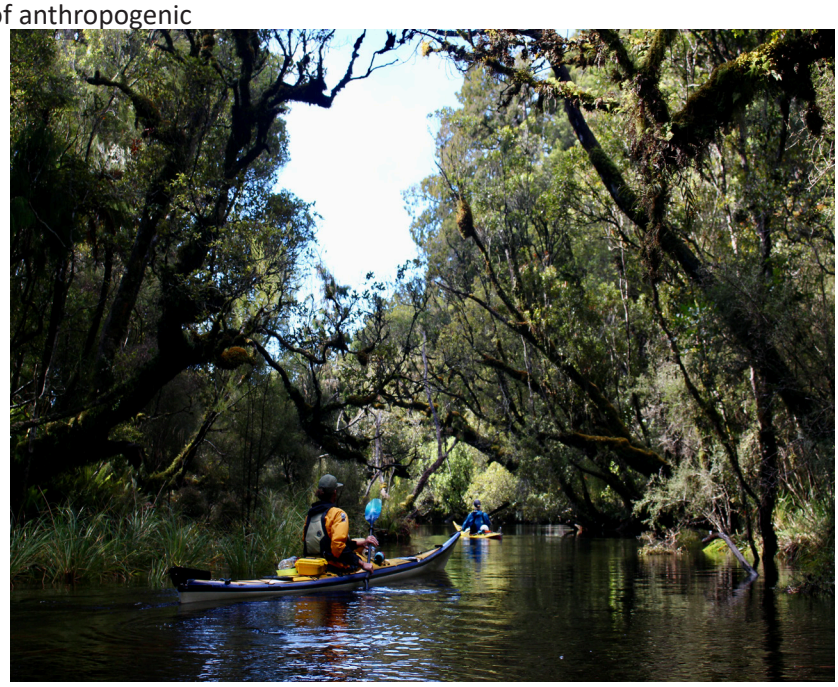
However, as well as telling our story, sharing our feelings and photos we want to share how we felt about the responsibility of an adventure to our wild places. It's not enough to simply appreciate our natural world; we must also protect it, preserve it, regenerate it, care for it. All of us, eyes wide in awe. This is our responsibility as kaitiaki of one of the most amazing places on earth. We all rely on the natural world to learn about where we came from and how far we can go, testing our limits, gathering food, finding freedom and what road to travel down next. Rakiura's coastlines are some of New Zealand's most remote places however they are not immune to the effects of unsustainable human impacts. Every day it was hard to see some form of anthropogenic impact on the land and sea taking away from that wilderness we value so much. We found rubbish, mostly plastic waste, a lot of commercial fishing gear just washed up on these super remote pristine beaches and I mean wheelie bins to truck loads. Our oceans and marine life NEED ATTENTION. Our approach to this expedition was to witness and be part of nature, to observe human impacts in one of New Zealand's most remote pristine areas. It's great to see so much of Rakiura protected, and so much effort going into protecting individual species like sea lions and hoiho however their entire habitat is at risk. Only 0.05% of New Zealand marine area is protected in Marine Reserves or sanctuaries. In 2016, the World Conservation Congress, held in Hawaii, overwhelmingly passed a motion urging governments to set aside 30% of marine environments as protected areas by 2030. New Zealand abstained from voting in this. A bold movement is needed and that is why we want to direct our efforts and funds with Forest and Bird towards a marine environment we can be proud of.

Thank you, a thousand times, to those of you who have supported us along the way, supporting Forest and Bird, aiding their mission in "defending New Zealand wildlife and wild places, on land and in our oceans". We are dedicating donations to creating and protecting Marine Reserves and the Zero Bycatch petition. Follow Forest and Bird's plan to deliver Zero Bycatch https://www.forestandbird.org.nz and search for 'Zero Bycatch'. Huge thank you to the team at KayakHQ for supporting our trip with some great gear and the Norse Ymir, to One Square meals for the nutritious snacks. Protect what you love!

Links

https://givealittle.co.nz/fundraiser/give-back-to-our-environment-1

https://www.forestandbird.org.nz/what-we-do/oceans





Weathered from strong winds and large swell, Gabe and Jack relieved to pull into the shelter of East Ruggedy Beach for the night. Photo by Blake Hornblow



With long stretches of coastlines receiving a constant battering of ocean swell, at times we pushed far offshore to avoid the churning rebounding waves. Here Gabe is on the east coast with Big Kuri Bay in the distance.
Photo by Blake Hornblow



Morning glory over the Ruggedy mountains, Gabriel's warming up for the biggest day of the trip so far. South bound for Easy Harbour. Photo by Blake Hornblow



Above: Blake and Jack arriving at the comforts of Big Kuri Bay and what a choice spot.
Photo by Gabriel Vink Wackernagel



Left: Titi or shearwaters, also locally known as mutton birds flock at the thousands with a few turns in the mix take off as we approach.. a little too close.
Photo by Gabriel Vink Wackernagel



A curious kakaruwai or robin, one of the many Ulva Island taonga, big thanks to DOC for creating such a special safe place for our birdlife to flourish.
Photo by Gabriel Vink Wackernagel

The Land of Glowing Skies
by Jack Waddell

307kms over 13 days

Monday 15th of March – Oban to Bungaree Hut – 16 kms

Our first day of many started in Invercargill. We had stayed at Jess Baileys house the night before for some final trip prep. We were up pretty early to catch the 9:15 boat from Bluff across the Foveaux Strait to Oban where the adventure began. Alana met us in Oban and sent us off on our way. The plan from here was to go to Bungaree Hut for the night. We were gifted with glassy calm water, the occasional down pour and even a little bit of sunshine. The tide was on its way in for most of the afternoon, which gave us a good taster of what pushing into the tide was like. The tide was particularly strong on the points and headlands. We made it to Little Bungaree Beach at high tide. This meant that we were able to paddle into the estuary behind the beach and way up the river, weaving between dead trees, rocks and ducking under a swing bridge trampers use. The rest of the afternoon had us fishing on the point beside Big Bungaree Beach. Gabe caught a blue cod and Blake caught gurnard, which was a nice surprise. It was only about 16 kms of paddling from Oban, but that was a good warm up for the next few days.

Tuesday 16th of March – Bungaree to Yankee River – 20 kms

Day two of the trip was a little bit tougher. We were paddling away from Bunagree by 9 am enroute to Yankee River. This was a bit of a slog. Kayaking into a 20 knot head wind, gusting 30 knots at times. We were already pushing into the tide, so we had our work cut out for us for the next few hours. We arrived at Yankee River in the early afternoon which allowed some time for us to check over our gear, go for a swim and fix a couple of small holes in Blake's boat. The hut was placed in a really nice spot just back from the river mouth, which caught all of the afternoon sun. As we were drinking cups of tea on the deck a white tail deer walked across the river right in front of us. It soon realised we were there and took off. There is no shortage of deer on Stewart Island. Luckily we had the hut to ourselves. No fish were caught today which doesn't often happen down here.

Wednesday 17th of March – Yankee River to East Ruggedy – 16 kms

The wind was strong this morning, so we decided to wait until the afternoon before setting off. The wind was meant to ease by the early evening. It was a pretty hard day today. A constant 15 knot head wind, strong current against us and a heavy southwest swell wrapping around brought us to a standstill with each wave that travelled underneath us. Getting around Smokey Point was hardest and the gnarliest part of the trip so far. The swell was standing up to three or four metres, then breaking on to shallow reefs and rocks all around us. We had to be very careful with the line we took through there. That was very scary for me as I felt pretty out of control. Once we pushed through here, we stopped at the far end of Long Harry for lunch and for the wind to ease a bit. I was having doubts about the trip but felt a lot better after talking to Gabe and Blake about it. A few practice rolls had me feeling pretty good. The wind had eased as the Ruggedy Islands came into view. It was plain sailing getting into East Ruggedy Beach. The river was pretty shallow so we carried our boats into the estuary and floated them up to the start of the track. We only took essentials up to the hut as it was a 15-minute walk up the hill. Yet again, there were hunters in the hut who unfortunately stayed up late, playing country music at 10pm when we were trying to sleep. 10 pm is late when the alarm is set for 4:45am.

Thursday 18th of March – East Ruggedy to Easy Harbour – 60 kms

4:45am the alarm went off and we were up quick smart heating up porridge and boiling water for our coffees. We packed up and walked down to out boats in the dark. The walk down seemed longer than the walk up, or maybe we were just tired. It was a bit of a stuff around getting the boats down the river to the sea, but we were still paddling away from East Ruggedy by 6:45am. The first signs of first light were starting to light up the day and slowly made the stars disappear. The dawn twilight was glowing over the Ruggedy Mountains. Countless spires and jagged peaks just a silhouette against the dark blue morning

sky. Today was the most committing and pivotal day of the trip. Once we had committed to the west coast there was no turning around. As the sun rose, we started to really get a feel of how big today was going to be. The heavy five metre southwest swell was rolling under us and watching it crash in to the cliffs made us feel tiny. I really felt for Gabe because he had a cold, which took a lot of his energy and then on top of that he got sea sick. I have no idea how he was able to push on all day. We ran a straight line from North Red Head to the Ernest Islands at south end of Mason Bay. While we were having lunch on the water, we noticed the swell had started to ease. There was still no wind, so we made the decision to skip Doughboy Bay and push on to Easy Harbour. Gabe wasn't that stoked bu that decision, but he understood and somehow kept going. South Red Head had been in our sight for hours and it never seemed to get any closer. We were moving slowly. I decided to help Gabe out a bit and put him on my tow-line then started to sprint. I was determined to get around South Red Head as quickly as possible. Thankfully we zipped around and recorded the fastest kilometre of the trip. It only took us seven minutes. We could finally see the finish line. We stopped at a nice beach on Kundy Island to stretch our legs after eight hours of sitting in our kayaks. There we meet a local mutton birder. You must be crazy to live out here and catch mutton birds for three months. It was another two hours to Easy Harbour. Gabe found some motivation and went like the clappers, Blake and I couldn't keep up. It was amazing getting into Easy Harbour. It was glassy calm in there. Blake caught the biggest blue cod of the trip, it was huge! It was a big relief to land on the beach. Ten hours in the kayaks was a long time. A cray boat came in and gave us four massive cray tails that fed us for the next three days. I can highly recommend putting cray tails in a pocket of bull kelp and cook ingthem on a fire. The sun set on the granite domes of Gog and Magog. We were in bed as soon as we had finished the cray tails, blue cod and potatoes. That was a day for the books.

Friday 19th of March – Easy Harbour to Flour Cask Bay – 25 kms

Our bodies were very sore this morning. It was a real struggle to get out of bed. More cray tail for breakfast and we were on our way. There was a gross head wind all morning and progress was slow. Everything hurt. There wasn't a single part of me that didn't. Although there was pain and struggle it was a big relief, we didn't have to paddle from Doughboy Bay in these conditions. That would have been very difficult. We made it to a small harbour to get out and top up our fresh water. From here we noticed the current was heavily in our favour. We made it to Nicholson Harbour which was a potential camp site for the night. After a hot brew and a look around, we decided that camping here wouldn't be so great. We thought we could use the current to our advantage and zip around the South West Cape to Flour Cask Bay. We had been told the South West Cape was pretty gnarly. The swell was standing up against the tide. It felt like we were back in our white-water boats paddling down a river. It got big on the Cape. We tucked around into Flour Cask Bay and were greeted by lots of sea lions. They really didn't like that we were there, but we didn't have much choice, so we put the tent up and hoped we didn't get any visitors during the night. Gabe made a beautiful red crayfish curry for dinner then we dragged our bodies to bed for some much-needed sleep.

Saturday 20th of March – Flour Cask Bay to The Settlement – 15 kms

The sea lions were still there when we got up. We were paddling away from Flour Cask by mid-morning. We assessed the conditions as we went, and we thought it was manageable. We had a nice 15 knot westerly behind us and a rather large swell pushing us. The only thing that was against us was the tide, and it was strong. We made good progress when we surfed the waves. As we got closer to the South Cape the sea got bigger and bigger and bigger until we were right in the thick of it. Turning around didn't seem like an option so we just kept going. Looking at what we were paddling into was daunting. The waves were standing up to about five metres and they were steep running against the tide. We had to be really on our game here especially when the waves would steepen up and send you straight down the face going so fast you almost felt completely out of control. Any small mistake could have ended badly. With the heart rate pumping and adrenaline flowing we pushed through this massive sea state to Broad Bay. Oh, the relief to be in calm water again, and by calm water I mean a long period three metre swell still rolling under us. In hindsight I don't think we would have paddled through something like that if we had seen it beforehand. Anyhow we did, and came out the other side absolutely stoked with ourselves. I don't know where I would ever paddle in such conditions

again. The entrance to The Settlement was a funny one. Weaving our way between two lines of rocks into a glassy calm bay. While we were paddling into The Settlement, I realised that was furthest south I had ever been at 47°21' south. The boys landed to find a campsite while I tried to catch a fish. A very loud bang went off which rumbled around the hills. It turned out there was a very aggressive sea lion which some hunters were trying to scare off. The bang of the rifle didn't work, but they eventually got away after throwing sticks at it. Low tide that afternoon had us exploring rock pools looking for pāua. There was plenty of them around and we didn't even need to get our feet wet to grab a couple, it was amazing. We made the most of The Settlement and rested up from the last few days.

Sunday 21st of March –The Settlement to Port Pegasus – 22 kms

We had a much-needed sleep-in this morning. Our bodies were finally starting to feel better. While we were eating breakfast we watched the sea lions do their thing down the far end of the beach. We left at low tide, grabbed a few pāua on the way and started heading towards Port Pegasus. The idea was that if we left at low tide the current should be travelling north and push us up the coast. It wasn't, it was still flowing south so it was more of the same sort of conditions we had the day before. We made it to Small Craft Retreat where we found a cave on the inside of Ernest Island that opened to an amazing sink hole. We had a stretch of the legs and a quick bite to eat. Fishing was pretty unsuccessful; we even lost a hand line so we decided to keep moving. We talked to the guys on the 'Liquidator', a crayfish boat from Kaikōura, who told us there was good camping up Cook Arm. There definitely was not. So, we paddled back out to find somewhere to camp. Our last resort was climbing up onto a low laying ridge to set up camp next to a rather large rimu. Pāua Pad Thai for dinner, which I think was a world first.

Monday 22nd of March – South Pegasus to North Pegasus – 13 kms

Had a cruisy morning. Blake and I had decided to go for a walk to find a kiwi the previous night. We ended up getting very lost for about 30 minutes. Luckily Blake had his phone. We used the Topo Map app to navigate back to camp. Gabe was fast asleep when we got back. We could have easily been stuck out there for most of the night. It was a real classic. It was a beautiful day in Pegasus. I caught a nice blue cod before lunch then we stopped by the hunter's hut for a yarn. A wee side trip up Albion Inlet was cool. We saw another deer on the beach up there. Gabe caught two really nice trumpeter, then we headed over to Belltopper Falls. This was a great place for a swim and a wash before we set up camp on some old house foundations. It was a bit strange being all the way down there and camping on flat concrete. We cooked our fish on the fire inside a pocket of bull kelp, a Ngāi Tahu special. We spent the rest of the evening watching seven gill sharks cruise through the shallows next to our camp.

Tuesday 23rd of March – North Pegasus to Big Kuri Bay – 36 kms

Woke up early to start a biggish day on the water. Blake fired up the barby and got the pancakes going. That was the key to our success today. After being on the water at 7:50, we realised we'd left the dromedary behind. That delayed us about 45 minutes and added a few extra kilometres to the day. On the brightside it meant that the guys could go for a fish while I got the dromedary. We ended up moving pretty quickly with a stiff westerly behind us and the three metre southwest swell giving us the odd surf to speed things up even more. We paddled into Toitoi Bay to have a wee look around. It turns out there is a campsite in there beside the river. We stopped there to have some lunch. After a feed of leftovers from last night's dinner, we kept moving out and around the corner into Big Kuri Bay. We were greeted with sunshine, golden sand and a really nice hut all to ourselves. This place was paradise! It gave us the opportunity to give everything some much need drying time and a reorganise of our food. This is a very cool spot.

Wednesday 24th of March – Big Kuri Bay to Lords River – 24 kms

We really struggled to leave Big Kuri Bay. Waking up in a hut all to ourselves. We could have probably spent a week here. It was a straightforward paddle up to Lords River. More tide running against the swell. I guess it was pretty rough but felt like nothing compared to what we had already paddled through around the South Cape. We made camp just upstream of the first hunters hut on a nice wee beach. The afternoon had us exploring Lords Rivers all the way up as far as we could go. It winds its way up for about ten kilometres before in turns into a flowing fresh waterway. On the way out we stopped for a fish. Three cod were

caught and to our surprise Blake hooked a salmon. Unfortunately, it got away without photo evidence. All we can tell you is that it was one metre long and thicker than your thighs. Who knew there was salmon down in Lords River?

Thursday 25th of March – Lords River to Abrahams Bosom – 16 kms

It felt good to wake up and know we didn't have to paddle very far. Especially because we were paddling into a gross north easterly. We were on the water by 8 am shooting through a very tight gap on the north side of Lords River Mouth. The swell, wind and current was all squeezing through a 10 metre gap between the rocks. Once we popped out the other side it was plain sailing until we got to Shelter Point. There was this weird channel between the Breaksea Islands and Shelter Point. The tide was rushing out with a short sharp chop, and then the big rollers pushed through underneath. We were able to cut between the point and an outlying reef. It was a bit spicy, especially watching the waves break on the reef to our right and crash onto the rocks on our left. It was a relief getting into Port Adventure. We were pretty cold, so we thought we would swing by the hunters hut at Kelly's beach and see if the hunters would offer us a hot drink. Thankfully they made us a coffee. After a hot drink and a yarn, we zipped around the corner to Abrahams Bosom and set up camp just before lunch. It was nice just relaxing all afternoon. Coming to the end of the trip it felt like we had to soak up every minute of what we had left.

Friday 26th of March – Abrahams Bosom to The Neck – 26 kms

We were treated to one of the best sunrises of the trip. A blazing red sky to the north and a full rainbow over our camp to the south. The weather forecast was a northerly, but it gave us glassy calm conditions with a little one metre swell rolling through. This allowed us to really explore the coastline. We could paddle through rock gardens and run some pretty tight lines in between the sets. We stopped briefly before the East Cape. I decided to drop my line and caught a couple of blue cod straight away. We headed straight to Chew Tobaco Bay where we meet a couple of hunters and refilled our fresh water. We continued to Ocean Beach and had our first surf landing in the small waves. This was going to be our campsite for the night, but we decided against it as it wasn't that nice to set the tent up there. We headed up the eastern side of The Neck to look for another place to camp. We found a small cove right at the northern end of The Neck and made that home for the night. There was a bit of rain coming in, so we got pretty creative with our fly set up. The low tide meant we could hunt for more pāua in our gumboots. Blake found a couple and fried them up straight away to snack on before Gabe whipped up a wicked feed for our last night camping. The rain started coming in a bit harder by 7:30, so we jumped into bed and called it a night.

Saturday 27th of March – The Neck to Oban – 18 kms

We had rain for most of the night. Fortunately, we woke up to a beautiful sunrise. Crimson red clouds above the Mutton Bird Islands. Setting off at 9:30am into Patterson Inlet for our last day of kayaking in this amazing part of the world. We stopped at a point on the inside of the neck to drop the lines. Blake caught two blue cod, I caught one and Gabe lost his last lure. Ulva Island was amazing. The only downside was seeing lots of people and real signs of civilisation. The walk on the Island was incredible. There was an unbelievable amount of bird life. Saddlebacks, kākā, kākāriki, korimako, all going crazy everywhere we looked. I was stoked because I had never seen a saddleback before. We noticed while we were at Boulder Beach that the tide had come in a lot, so we started quickly walking back to the kayaks hoping they hadn't floated away. Thankfully they hadn't and we set off for out final leg of the journey. It was a surreal experience paddling back to Oban the place we had set off from 13 days earlier. A big sense of accomplishment had started to set in. A round of high fives were had and we were straight into the Four Square to get a box of beers. Alana came down to meet us and gave us somewhere to spend our last night on Rakiura. It was nice catching up with Ryan and Alana and being able to share some stories from the adventure. Thank you both for the hospitality.

Rakiura is a truly amazing place full of life and adventure. There was something so special about immersing ourselves in such wild places. Fully relying on each other to push through whatever comes our way. This feeling is something you can't replicate without actually being there. Thank you Blake and Gabe for an epic adventure, one that I will never forget.

Gisborne - Summer Fun

photos by Paula Renouf

Last summer Deb Volturno and I had great fun taking lots of young Latin-American friends out paddling down the river and out to sea. It's great having a sit-on double for beginners. They had so much fun with all the paddle strokes, becoming proficient and speedy at rescues, beginning surfing, and they are always keen for full moon and sunset paddle alerts! Deb also ran serious trainings for a group of intrepid women, and also for super athletic young friends planning on doing the Coast to Coast next year. Thanks to the 'kayak corral', we equipped them with all the gear they needed. Some have since bought sleek multi-sport boats!








OCEAN KAYAK
CABO

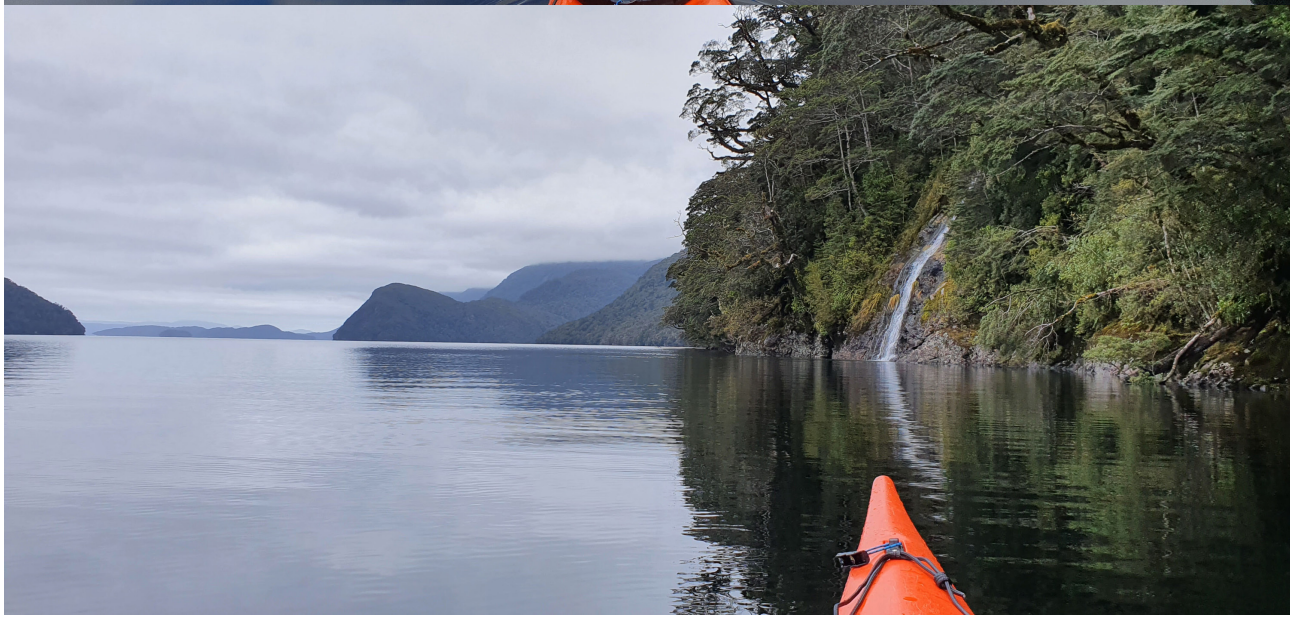


Lake Te Anau

photos by Oliver Winkler







SKISL weekend at Castlepoint
by Chris Henshaw

The usual third Saturday in the month training Saturday for SKISL Wellington was extended to a fun weekend away and rather than staying local, the venue for this month was Castlepoint.

Various activities considered were – exploring (paddling and walking); surfing; rescues in lagoon; experiencing the "interesting" clapotis waves on the Pacific Ocean side of Castlepoint reef and paddle up to Mataikona (about 10 km north up the coast).

Bookings were made, paddlers choice of cabin, caravan or tent site at the Castlepoint Holiday Park & Motels. Most of the group decided to travel up on Friday, but for those travelling in on Saturday the start time was arranged for 10.30am in front of the Castlepoint store.
10.30am – briefing time: With 10 paddlers ready to go, the morning's session was set aside for play in the surf zone. Everybody had fun either in the squash zone between beach and breaking waves or increasing their skill in the surf. Rolls, dunks and bailouts all part of the fun and learning.

A relaxed lunch on the beach in front of the Castlepoint store where you could get something nice to eat and then the afternoon session. It was agreed we would head around to the lagoon to undertake self or assisted rescues in the calm warm water or check out the surf conditions in the gap. A few chose to portage their kayaks around while eight paddlers put to sea and paddled around the point and down the seaward side of the reef.

Confused seas at the northern point kept everybody on their toes but then conditions settled down as we paddled south along under the cliffs. Some big swells provided for interesting clapotis waves to paddle through. Nobody decided to check out what it looked like from underwater and the group paddled gently through the gap into the lagoon past the seals basking on the rocks.

Those that wanted to join the surfers headed for the breaking waves while the rest headed to the warmer, calm waters to practice their rescues and



paddle strokes.

Paddlers then either chose to paddle back to the campground the long way around, and in to the wind – back up past the reef, which is about a kilometre long, or portage over the sand and paddle back along the shore line.

That evening the group supported the local hospitality industry and dined out at the Whakataki Hotel. Plans were considered for a paddle up the coast to Mataikona on Sunday morning.

Sunday morning. The local automated weather station having recorded a gust in excess of 60 km before 6.30 am and sustained winds of around 25-30 km. And with the forecast for 20-25 km winds building during the morning with the weather deteriorating, the contemplation to paddle 10 km into a head wind to visit Mataikona waned. Instead, consideration was given to revisiting the lagoon. In the end three paddlers made their way out the gap, around Castle Rock into Christmas Bay where plenty of seals were observed both ashore and in the water. Others took the opportunity to walk up to the light house. With an approximate three-hour drive back to Wellington, wrap up was done by 1 pm and everybody headed home.

On the water, I think everybody considered it a successful and enjoyable weekend as indicated by Dan (photo above). I'm sure it will be repeated next year. This writer might consider a cabin next time after having been woken at 4 am Sunday morning by the tent madly shaking with gusts of wind. Oh well, Castlepoint is known to be a "breezy" place.























French Pass
by David Welch

The number of times I have been to d'Urville Island and said that we must stop at "The Pass" on the way back and have a play. But we never did. We were always wanting to get back and get on the road, a long drive home and work tomorrow....

Sitting around a dinner table at Waihi Beach earlier this year, I was telling the same story and came up with the idea of making that trip to French Pass for a play, the trip! It was met with enthusiasm from some very experienced kayakers and the trip was on. Dan's response was simple, "Feck yeah!"

I came home to Nelson and started the research: time off work, who to invite, tides, weather and when most of us would be able to travel. I had hoped that Covid restrictions might have been eased a little and more be able to come along from Auckland, but alas, not the case. Labour Weekend it was to be then, just after spring tides. Three days to play and explore the whirlpools, eddie lines, waves and overfalls.

Of course, French Pass has a reputation – and rightly so – as one of New Zealand's most turbulent pieces of salt water. The difference between the tides on the East Coast, moving through Cook Strait, and the West Coast/Tasman Bay can be quite significant causing the sea to run down hill or be pushed up hill, so to speak. Through the narrows of French Pass, with it's reef that stretches for much of the gap between the island and the mainland, the sea moves in a "very mysterious way."

The chart notes the spring flood at eight knots south through Current Basin. There is a hole that is 105 metres deep immediately to the north of the reef. The current does not flow in a straight line and the eddie lines are ever changing. Add some wind against tide, or with the tide, and you have a wondeful play ground to explore!

Six of us met at the DoC camp at Elmslie Bay on the Friday evening, having driven from Christchurch, Nelson or caught the ferry from Wellington. We hadn't all met before, so that evening was a time to get to know each other a little better, camped above the beach, and the roar of the turbulent water audible from over the hill. In the morning, dressed and set to go we made a safety plan and discussed what we would be doing on our first foray. Flow moving from the SW, we would be on the downhill side of the reef and approaching from the relative safety. It wasn't long after the change of flow, which doesn't coincide with the change of tide.

All quiet, could feel the water moving towards us, a bit anxious not quite knowing what to expect. The flow picked up and waves formed through the gaps in the reef and the main channel between the markers. Eddie lines waving, boils upwelling and whirlpools forming – and moving on just as quickly. Fun! The reef was not yet exposed by the dropping water level but in the quieter water it was possible for Doug to get out and stand on the reef. Dan also found an eddie behind the channel marker light, and got out to pose for a photo on top of it! Much to the concern of a passing boatie.

We had five visits to “The Pass”, each time seeing the conditions affected by different flow direction, time of the tide, paddling the waters with full and empty boats, sunny bright weather or overcast gloom. By the time we left, we felt quite at home in these changing waters. Much of the anxiety over it's reputation had disolved and there were some big grins on our faces as we challenged ourselves pushing our comfort levels in the moving water. Dan even taking a swim, on purpose, to be rescued of course.

You could say we experienced Grade two to three white water conditions, but in my experience a wide, braided Grade two river flow is quite consistent and perhaps predictable. In salt water conditions such as those we were paddling, it was constantly changing. We were a group of paddlers with many years experience under our keels. It's not an area

Clockwise:
Doughnut Rock by David Welch
Heading to Paddock Rocks by David Welch
Heading to the lighthouse by Ian McKenzie
John put down his camera to play by David Welch
Dan on the lighthouse by David Welch











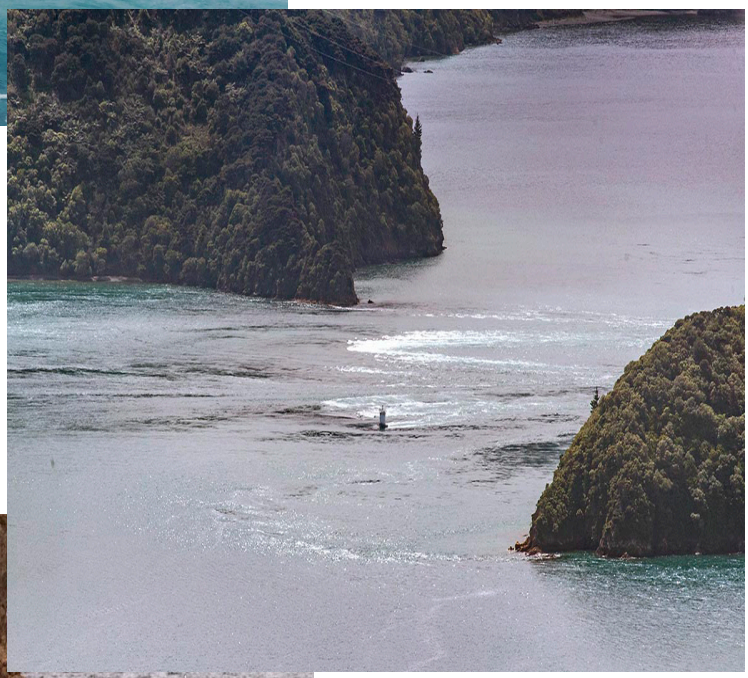
to explore without that knowledge and skill, and a good ability to read the water.

On the Saturday after lunch, and after being treated to an amazing display by dolphins right off the beach, we loaded our boats and took off for the night to Te Puna Bay around the southern tip of d'Urville. In the morning with a 1.5 metre swell forecast and little wind, but some rain, we paddled out to Paddock Rocks to check out the rocks, reefs and arches. Amazing conditions up close and personal with some big swells. Some arches accessible, and some not at all. The hole through what I call "Doughnut Rock" was definitely for another day.

Many thanks for the company of Dan O'Connor, Doug Aitken, Ian McKenzie, Geoff Giller and special thanks to John Kirk-Anderson for some amazing photography as well.



Flow over the reef
by Ian McKenzie



French Pass NE flow
by John Kirk-Anderson



Lunchtime display
by John Kirk-Anderson

D’Urville trip
photos by John Kirk-Anderson





















WSKN Labour Weekend 2021 Paddle of the Queen Charlotte Sound

by Chris Henshaw



Friday - Ships Cove

Hatched after last years successful paddle of Queen Charlotte Sound, this year's trip was to again take place over the Labour Weekend period. A number of WSKN paddlers headed to the wider Marlborough Sounds to undertake a variety of paddles. This paddle report is from the 'relaxed tour' group consisting of Robbie Benson-Cooper, Robyn Laurie, Peter Walker, Stu Beckman, Kevin Cole, Bede Cestani and Chris Henshaw. The 'adventurers' group of Peter Fuller, Lucas Waterworth, Denys Church and Celia Wade-Brown undertook a paddle down the Cook Strait side of Arapaoa Island (Arapawa Island) from the northern entrance to Queen Charlotte Sound to Tory Channel. (See Peter's Facebook post to the WSKN FB page 27 October and Adventure Paddler FB page 28 Oct for their story and photo's.)

The story begins with us all meeting up in Picton on Friday (22 Oct) after a delayed sailing of the Interislander ferry. There we loaded all the kayaks (10 in total) on to the water taxi barge and headed off for a quick trip up the Sound to Ships Cove.

After sorting ourselves out and surviving first contact with the local weka (weka plus one apple / paddlers, minus one apple in the food bin) we headed off to Motuara Island. The majority took the opportunity to walk to the lookout and survey what would be our paddling ground the next day. From there, we all headed over to Cannibal Cove for the first night under canvas. Friday had a nice warmup paddle of just a tad over 6 km.

Awaking Saturday morning, the 'tour group' bid farewell to the 'adventurers group' as they headed out to round Cape Koamaru and paddle southwards down the Cook Strait side of Arapaoa Island. The 'tour group' headed back over to Motuara Island before then crossing to the top of Long Island. We explored a few shallow caves on the western side before rounding the tip and paddling south along the coast. A coffee break was called for and we found a small beach to boil the kettle. Chris wanted to stop in at the old WWII defence buildings to have a look at them and also find a geocache so he returned to the water a little before the others. Rendezvousing again the group made the crossing from Long Island to Clark Point on Arapaoa Island and continued onwards to the eastern end of Matapara / Pickersgill Island. Two of the kayaks had sails, but wind conditions were so light they were of little assistance. Rounding the island, a nice beach was found on the southern side for a lunch stop.

A discussion was had over lunch as whether to head for the camp site in Wharehunga Bay as originally

Saturday paddle



planned or to change plans and make for the DOC campsite on Blumine Island (Oruawairua). The weather forecast was consulted which indicated a freshening northerly the next day which would mean a morning slog into the wind, so the group chose Blumine Island. After all we were the 'relaxed paddle' group. Rounding the top of Blumine Island we were greeted by a couple of seals playing chase up and down the island's coastline. The campsite was reached, and tents pitched, with gear safely stowed so that the inquisitive weka's wouldn't purloin items that didn't belong to them. Total distance paddled just under 22.3km.

On Sunday, we had a very relaxed start to the day's paddling, enjoying relaxing on the beach, skipping stones or exploring the coastline. Bede made the trek up to the historic gun emplacements. As promised in the forecast, the wind had risen a bit and the fetch on the water meant that we didn't have the almost glassy conditions experienced the day before. While the others paddled their way across to Kurakura Point, Chris enjoyed a steady breeze to get in some sailing time. We meandered our way along the coastline, crossed over the entrance of the Bay of Many Coves, rounded Bull Head then West Head, before we made our way to Ratimera Bay and met up with the 'adventurers group' for lunch.

The 'adventurers group' choose to remain in Ratimera Bay for the night – they were a bit tired after their long day the day before and paddle down Tory Channel that morning. The rest of us continued to the DOC camp site in Kumutoto Bay. The promised moisture from above started sprinkling as we reached the camp site. Paddling distance was 22.6 km.

That off and on sprinkling set in with a bit more gusto at 1.45 am so it was a slightly damp-ish breakfast and pack up on Labour Day Monday. The weather gods were smiling on us and as we set out from the camp to make the crossing of the Sound and over to Picton, the sun came out. The two sail equipped kayaks raised sails which only augmented the paddling required.

We reached the beach in Picton late morning with the 'adventurers group' coming in 30 odd minutes behind us. Paddling distance 11km



Blumine Island Camp

Stowing paddling gear and retrieving wheels, we changed back into regular clothes before heading to support the local hospitality outlets. After lunch we bid farewell to Celia who was going to carry on paddling for the next week while making her way to Nelson. A nose to tail line of eight sea kayaks trundling along the foreshore to the ferry terminal must have been a bit of sight to the many visitors enjoying the waterfront that afternoon. Having walked our boats on to the ferry we adjourned to the lounge to enjoy a smooth crossing of Cook Strait back to Wellington. And so, our weekend adventure came to an end.

Both groups had a terrific time, achieving their respective goals. We all enjoyed the company, the paddle, the sights and places visited. The weather (mostly) played ball with great paddling conditions. Total paddling distance for the 'relaxed tour' group was 62km over the four days.

Motuara Island



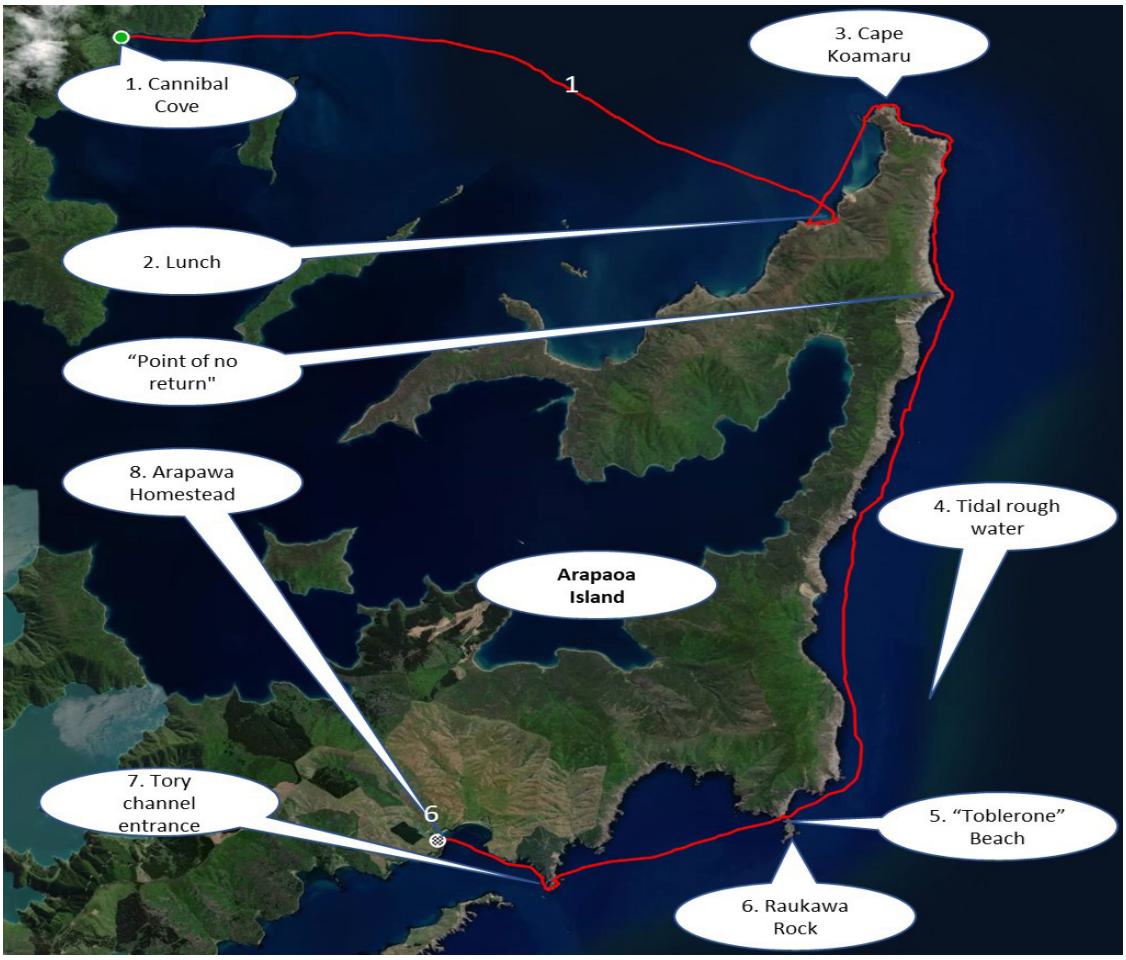
WSKN Labour Weekend 2021 Arapaoa Island partial Circumnavigation

by Peter Fuller

Arapaoa island, formerly named Arapawa Island, is the large island at the top of Queen Charlotte Sound. Most of you who have travelled on the Interisland Ferry will know it because your entry to the South Island will have been through the impressive and narrow Tory Channel.

In 2020, Noel Pepperell led a trip out to Arapawa Island Homestead where we stayed for a night. All of us were struck by the beauty of the island and some of us resolved to return. However, we were well aware of the risks. Cook Strait has fierce tidal flows that cannot be paddled against and the weather is notoriously changeable, along a coastline that has no way out and the final entrance through Tory Channel is a smash of white water when the tide is in full flow. Over Labour Weekend 2021, the Wellington Sea Kayak Network (WSKN) ran a trip out to the outer Marlborough Sounds. Rather than the lengthy and somewhat exhausting paddle out from Picton, we took a Beachcomber Cruises barge out to Ship Cove/Meretoto at the head of Queen Charlotte Sound/Tōtaranui and then kayaked to Cannibal Cove/Anaho, which is just north from Ship Cove on the western side of the sound.

At nine o'çlock on 23 October, Lucas Waterworth (Leader), Peter Fuller, Celia Wade-Brown and Denys Church slipped away from Cannibal Cove to carry out a partial circumnavigation of Arapaoa island on the



Cook Strait side. We had researched this carefully, reading an account from JKA, and with a healthy respect for Cook Strait were completely prepared to pull the pin if the weather was marginal. Fortunately, the weather for once was in our favour, with a gentle southerly and a moderate swell making for unusually good conditions.

Lucas had worked out a timetable and was monitoring progress on his GPS, and all of us were well equipped with radios, beacons and phones, knowing that one of the virtues of kayaking Cook Strait is that it is well monitored. All of us had been on trips together before so we knew and trusted each other.

Leaving Cannibal Cove, we raised our sails and sailed across Queen Charlotte Sound to an informal campsite just south of Cape Koamaru, which marks the eastern end of Queen Charlotte Sound. Denys and Lucas had camped at this site before on their trip across Cook Strait. The campsite is on a slightly flatter bit of a steep hillside with a pleasant stream running through it. I found out later that the area had been farmed in the 1960s and this part of the farm had a house on it and even a road, but all sign of that is now gone. Thanks to the sails we made excellent time which allowed Lucas and Denys to explore a cave before we set off again after an early lunch.

We paddled around Cape Koamaru against the mild southerly down Cook Strait on the outer side of the island. We saw stunning cliffs just around the Cape that fall straight down into the water. Several fishing boats were anchored there and it was reassuring to see them.

We steadily paddled down the forbidding coastline. The boats vanished behind us as we passed various headlands and gradually entered the tidal stream running southwards where you are fully committed – this is the point of no return! Lucas was watching our time carefully and reminded us to keep up the pace so that we would get to Tory channel by 5 pm



Celia and Lucas at the campsite before Koamaru Cape

at slack water.

Most of the time paddling was straightforward, but every now and then there would be areas of turbulent water where you had to concentrate and power through it. On the map you can see a shaded area where the blue goes to black. Along this line there was violent crashing white water which increased in intensity as we paddled. There were cliffs and steep shingle beaches to the right of us and white water to the left a few hundred metres away – it focussed the mind.

We met a large boat working crayfish pots which then slipped behind a headland and everywhere you looked was a raw landscape of sea, rock, shingle and surf. The last headland came up and behind it was Raukawa rock. This is a spectacular vertical rock with a narrow channel between it and Arapaoa Island

Toblerone Beach – a welcome respite





Denys on Toblerone Beach preparing to launch

and here for the first time there was some sheltered water where we could rest.

Just around it was a narrow steep shingle beach where with some care we were able to land and stretch our legs. We nicknamed it "Toblerone Beach" because it was where we refreshed ourselves with, you guess it, Toblerone chocolate. After sitting on our bums for three hours in demanding water we were pleased to be on it even if there was a half metre swell landing, requiring us to be quick smart out of the boats, and have Lucas hanging onto one end.

To finish we had to go through Tory Channel. We had arrived dead on the slack water, but there was still plenty of surf booming in the rocks. In the bottom right photo of Tory Channel you can see where we changed course when we saw foaming water ahead of us and went between the rocks at the entrance, only to encounter a steep breaking wave. Some power paddling and bracing got us out of trouble, we must have learned a thing of two from all the training! Lucas told us afterwards he looked back expecting to see a hull or two floating on the water but no, we were all upright.

Then it was over calm water to the Homestead for a very welcome shower and an early night. The proprietor congratulated us on arriving and reiterated that the weather conditions could hardly have been better, telling us of the time he had rescued a kayaker who fell out in Tory Channel. I really recommend the Homestead by the way if you want to stay somewhere well out of the urban life, it's just lovely.

Weather conditions were just about perfect with a 0.7 metre swell and a 4 knot southerly breeze. All of us carried radios, PLBs, tow ropes, cellphones and sails. Sails were important in getting us across Queen Charlotte Sound rapidly and preserving our energy for the paddle down Cook Strait.

Certainly the most demanding kayak trip in my life with stunning scenery and great leadership and comrades. The following day we paddled down Tory Channel, across Queen Charlotte Sound and landed at the Ratimera campsite where we rejoined the other members of our group for lunch. We then crashed while they pushed on to Kumototo. The following day we paddled out to Picton in perfect conditions.

Lucas's Strava recorded a total distance of 35.7 km, an elapsed time of 8 hours and 40 minutes, and an on-water moving time of 6 hours and 26 minutes. Lucas has done a great Youtube video of it at this link: https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=fu32BFkqUNM.



Approaching Tory Channel



Japanese Diary 1985
by Paul Caffyn

1985 - Around Japan

An article in a 1967 *National Geographic* magazine triggered my mulling over a paddle around Japan. It described a combined USA - British college student paddle from the Inland Sea to Tokyo. Photographs of centuries old fishing ports and stunning coastal scenery spurred my interest. The team had bypassed the exposed east coast of Honshu due to heavy, prevailing surf, which also got my interest up.

With my girlfriend Lesley Hadley as shore support, we achieved a memorable trip around Japan - I was then probably at my peak in terms of paddling fitness and stamina, knocking up 96 kilometre days with pre-dawn starts, and averaging 66 kms per day around Hokkaido.

I completed the trip on 19 September 1985 with a 40 kilometre crossing of Tsugaru Kaikyo, the infamous narrow stretch of water between Hokkaido and Honshu. Total distance was 6,434 kilometres in 112 days for an all up average of 66 kilometres per day.

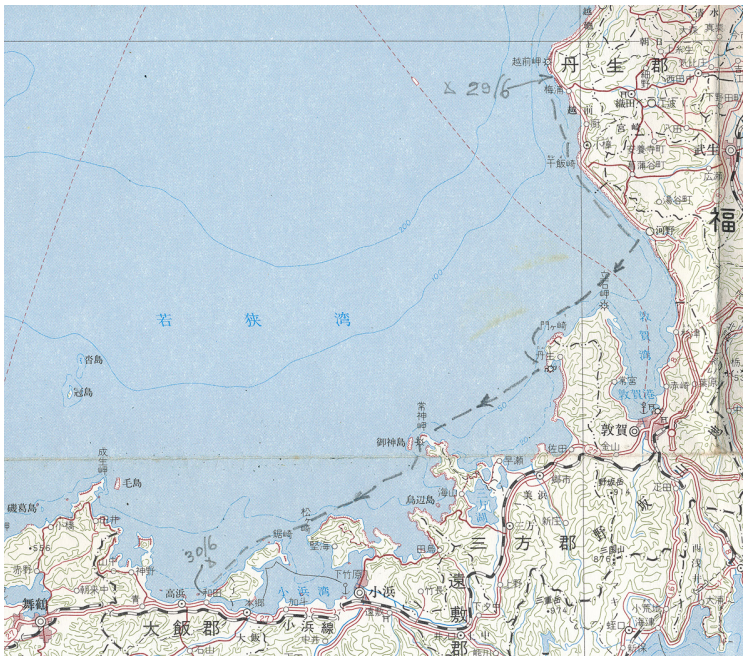
Both Lesley and I kept comprehensive diaries of the trip, along with plenty of photos. I have taken a few of the diary highlights and added relevant photos and a map.

A day from Nihon Nikki
30 June 1985
Honshu - Wakasawan
From: Tamagawa to Wadahama – 48 miles (76.8 kms)

The night had been our worst since the trip started. It seemed like the height of the tsuyu (rainy season) with torrential rain bucketing down. We had camped in an empty garage on a floor of damp, smelly carpet. The mosquitos were so bad we'd erected a tent inside the garage at 11:30 pm but alas it was so hot and humid, I found sleep difficult to come by. To make matters worse, at 3:30 am we were joined by a television crew who were planning to spend the next three days making a documentary of the trip.

Bleary-eyed, I launched at 5:00 am and paddled onto a choppy sea with a fresh southerly wind, right on the nose. I hugged a rocky shore to escape the worst of the wind and chop, resting briefly in the lee of each headland before plugging around into the full force of the blustery weather. I was not looking forward to crossing Tsuraga Wan (bay) since the deep bay was orientated in a north-south direction - the wind was funnelling straight out of the bay.

After three hours and only nine miles, I pulled into a small gyoko (small harbour) where Lesley was waiting with a warming bowl of kocha (tea).



The day was bleak with a dark threatening sky to the south but the wind appeared to have eased a little as I launched for the crossing of Tsuruga Wan to Tateishi Hanto (peninsula). After an hour on a bouncy sea I set the compass on a bearing for Tateishi Misaki as the first rain squall lowered visibility to under a mile but was relieved to reach calm water in the lee of the hanto. A bright light flashed from a small fishing boat, the prearranged signal with the television crew and I wearily paddled towards them.



Torrential rain, flattening the sea but reducing visibility

The coastal scenery east to Kottoi Saki was superb. Granite bluffs towering out of the sea scored by arches, caves, chasms and small coves. Hardy matsu and Nihon cedar clung to tiny ledges and ramps and from the cliff top, the forest climbed steeply to the skyline. However this day, the forest was hidden by grey drizzle clouds. The television crew stopped filming with the onset of heavy rain and returned to a nearby harbour while I paddled into the shelter of a magnificent archway some 30 metres high to pull on my parka.

The sea took on a misty ethereal appearance with the teeming rain, and the cliffs became a wall of thundering waterfalls. Heavy rain has never been a worry in my voyages. In fact quite the reverse applied. When a wind was blowing and stirring up a white-capped chop, heavy rain was welcome for it flattened the chop dramatically, and usually the wind eased.

Visibility was down to 400 metres when I turned out on a compass bearing for a 10 mile crossing to Tsunekami Misaki (cape). After an hour the rain eased and I caught a glimpse of the tall cliffs of the misaki on the horizon, a relief from the strain of concentrating on the compass.

After two and half hours I reached the misaki and followed the cliff line around to Tsunekami Ura, passing through the narrow gap inside Ogami Shima (island). Fishermen were hard at work hauling nets. I wondered if this coast, with its numerous waterfalls and tall forest trees leaning over the sea, was still beautiful in their eyes or had it become mundane? At the head of the picturesque cove, Lesley was waiting and I landed by a small fishing harbour.

Waiting for my bowl of kocha to cool, I watched the antics of the amateur fishermen who were clustered together on a concrete breakwater. Japanese fishermen are very gregarious, both amateur and professional alike. Where one fisherman is standing, the next to arrive will start fishing only a few metres away, and the next will do the same. On occasions I have seen a single rock crowded with fishermen while the surrounding reefs were bare/deserted.

One chap seemed rather new at the sport. With his first cast he nearly hurled the rod into the sea, the drag hadn't been released. His powerful second cast sent the hook, line and sinker high into the air above him, so high in fact, he was staring seawards and waiting for the splash when it nearly crowned him. By this time both the watching fishermen and gaijin (foreigners) were in fits of laughter. He made the sea near the breakwater with this third cast but tangled his line with that of the adjacent fishermen. When finally he made a successful cast, we all clapped and cheered.

Lesley and I agreed to meet at Nokogiri Saki where the map showed road access but we set an alternative rendezvous in the harbour at Wadahama. I left at 3:30 pm for a six mile crossing to Naga Saki and clear of the cove, met a fresh south-easterly wind. Small fishing boats were moving into position in preparation for a night of squid fishing. The 100 metre high granite cliffs and luxuriant green forest between Naga Saki and Matsuga Saki, reminded me of tropical North Queensland and its beautiful Coral Coast.

But the view across to Nokogiri Saki wasn't encouraging. Judging by the shape of the buildings and the tall smokestack, it was yet another nuclear power station. From our previous experience, there would be very tight security surrounding the area and no way that Lesley would gain access to our rendezvous at the saki. This was a disadvantage of not being able to read the Kanji script on the topographical maps. I had learnt the Kanji symbols for river, shima, kaikyo (strait), misaki and hanto but if I ever returned to paddle in Japanese waters, I would make sure I could recognize the symbols for a nuclear power station.

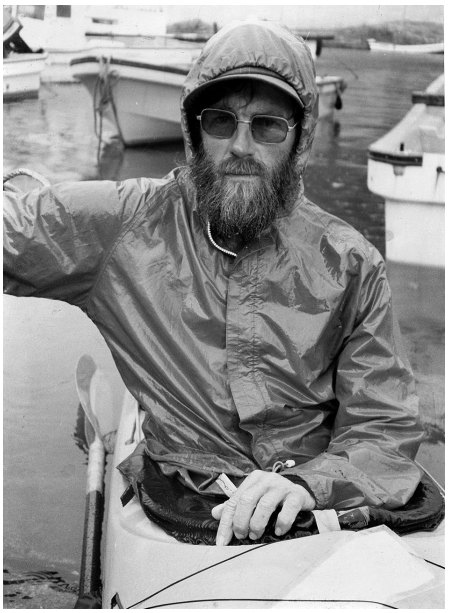
I headed for an automatic lighthouse on the tip of Nokogiri Saki but realized it now would be a race against time to reach the alternative rendezvous at Wadahama. By 6:15 pm I had reached the lighthouse but there was no sign of Lesley. A six-mile paddle remained to Wadahama with scarcely enough time before nightfall to cover even four miles at my usual pace. I had to count on the harbour breakwaters being well illuminated with automatic entrance lights.

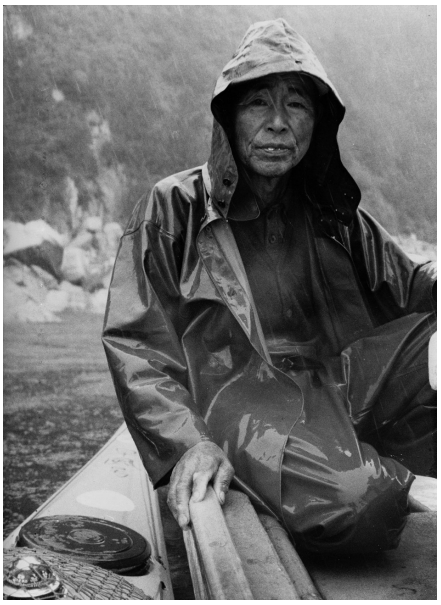
Massive sheer cliffs extended westwards beneath a grey squally sky. Visibility was down to under a mile and dropping rapidly with the onset of darkness. So I was 'going for it'; a New Zealand expression for making an all-out effort and paddling hard. In readiness to illuminate the compass and map in the dark, I hung a small waterproof torch around my neck.

A violent squall brought heavy rain and a fresh north-easterly wind and as night fell and the sea lifted, I had caught a brief glimpse of a low-wooded knoll adjacent to the harbour and took a compass bearing. Unfortunately through the murk I'd also seen a cluster of rocky islands and reefs. Finding the harbour entrance would not be easy.

A flicker of light grabbed my attention and I turned inshore. A breakwater appeared in the gloom and I pointed the bow for a yellow quick flashing light on a buoy. A second tiny red glow on the end of the breakwater meant a port side entrance light. Apart from the two faint lights, it was pitch black, the rain was pouring down and Haya Kaze (Fast Wind) was bouncing over a rotten sea. I reached the end of the breakwater and was relieved to find a narrow entrance leading into a small harbour. In the dark I couldn't see where to land but paddled towards a street light and came in beside a yacht tied up to the low wharf. I climbed out of the cockpit and unsteadily onto the wharf. The driving rain had drenched me to the skin and I began to shiver with the cold. What a night!

There was no sign of the car so I grabbed the radio and called Lesley. She was extremely worried by my non-appearance and I could hear the relief in her voice when she replied. We tried to figure out where I was. Our descriptions matched of where we were, but I couldn't see the car. When Lesley beeped the horn and flashed the headlights I quickly found her - parked only 200 metres away!





Paul and a local fisherman, both battened down for the rainy season.

Annual Graham Egarr Memorial Paddle Trophy KASK Awards

by Paul Caffyn



Two beautifully crafted paddle trophies are awarded each year by KASK:

1. Graham Egarr Memorial Paddle trophy for outstanding contribution(s) to the KASK newsletter

2. Graham Egarr Memorial Paddle trophy for outstanding contribution to New Zealand Sea Kayaking

Background

These two lovely trophies were built by kayak builder, John Dobbie, in 1997 to keep alive Graham Egarr's long and outstanding contribution to paddling.

During the 70s and 80s, he was the leading figure for recreational canoe and kayak paddling, water safety and river conservation in New Zealand. Although initially interested in sailing as a nipper, at the University of Canterbury he took up white-water paddling and met his future wife Jan.

The potential damming of a North Island River in the mid-70s led to an urgent need to rate New Zealand's 100 most important rivers. With a grant from Lands and Survey, Graham and Jan began a nation-wide river survey in mid-1977, starting at the top of the North Island. Aided by the support of local kayak and jet-boating clubs, a total of nine regional river guides were completed and published in 1978 by the New Zealand Canoeing Association.

As well as editing the NZCA Canoeing magazine from to 1976 to 1986, Graham had three books published on paddling and wrote numerous well-researched articles for boating magazines. In 1979 Graham commenced working for Water Safety NZ as an education officer and after 10 years, he was the organization's Director of Safety and Research. By 1987 Graham had left the NZCA and commenced publishing two independent newsletters for recreational paddlers, The Open Canoe Newsletter

and The Sea Canoeist Newsletter. He organized the first national gathering of sea kayakers at the clothing optional Mapua Leisure Park in 1989.

After the annual Mapua sea kayak forum in 1991, Graham and Paul Caffyn had a plenipotentiary meeting of a national sea kayaking organization in Graham's bathroom. He was lying back in an old-fashioned cast-iron bath, one of those with claw feet, trying to gain some relief from back pain by soaking in hot water. He was a tad annoyed that a North Island upstart, who stated at this recent forum that his intention was to form a New Zealand Sea Kayaking organization, and he would be setting rules and tests for certificates of competency.

You may wonder why two bearded sea kayaking blokes were in the same bathroom at the one time? Sadly, to report, Graham was trying to ease the chronic pain of a cancerous growth around his spine. Graham suggested forming ASKNZ, association of sea kayakers, but as solo expedition sea kayakers of that era often imbibed an evening pre-prandial tipple or three of port, Paul suggested KASK, Kiwi Association of Sea Kayakers.

Graham's last The Sea Canoeist Newsletter (No. 34) was only two pages long – it included a subject index for his previous 33 newsletters, plus a very brief note to say publication of the newsletter was to cease. He wrote:

"This publication began four years ago because a number of sea kayak paddlers felt that there was a need for a regular newsletter to keep in touch with who was doing what, where.

I have really enjoyed editing and producing this newsletter and would have been prepared to continue it indefinitely. However, a very active life in the outdoors has left me with melanoma cancer, which has not been able to be checked. At the present time I cannot guarantee being able to complete another full year of newsletters and as almost all subscriptions ran out with issue 32 or 34, it seems best to end the newsletter now. The subscriber mailing list will be retained in the hope that the newsletter may be able to be restarted by another editor (any takers?).

All the best for future paddle trips."

In August 1991, when Paul Caffyn returned from the finish of his Alaskan trip, he drove to Mapua to see Graham. Paul noted, 'the poor bugger was physically wasted but his mind was still as sharp as a tack'.

Even before his last newsletter was mailed, melanoma claimed Graham's life on 19 September 1991. At his Mapua funeral service, numerous tributes spoke of a gifted, talented all-rounder and a wonderful family man. Graham Sisson noted: 'He was a visionary, always a jump ahead and 10 years ahead of his time.'

2016 marked 25 years since Graham fell off his perch. Paul has found his shoes rather huge to try and fill, in terms of continuing publication of The Sea Canoeist Newsletter and continuing with his paddler safety initiatives. However, with the help of Kiwi Sea kayakers, with respect to newsletter articles, development of safety initiatives, keeping PC regulators at bay, and maintaining a safe but enjoyable approach to sea kayaking, Paul likes to think that Graham would now be proud of how KASK paddlers have taken up and continued with the role that he initiated with safe, recreational paddling in New Zealand.

Graham Egarr Memorial Paddle Trophy Awards

Presented by KASK in recognition of the outstanding contribution to sea kayaking in New Zealand

1998 Max Grant
2000 Bevan Walker
2001 Dave Herrington
2002 Helen Woodward
2003 Paul Caffyn
2004 Max Grant
2005 Susan Cade
2006 Graham Charles
Marcus Waters
Mark Jones
2007 Sandy Ferguson
2008 Paul Hayward
2009 Evan Pugh
2010 Kevin Dunsford
2011 Mel & Max Grant
2012 Paul Caffyn
2013 Tara Mulvany

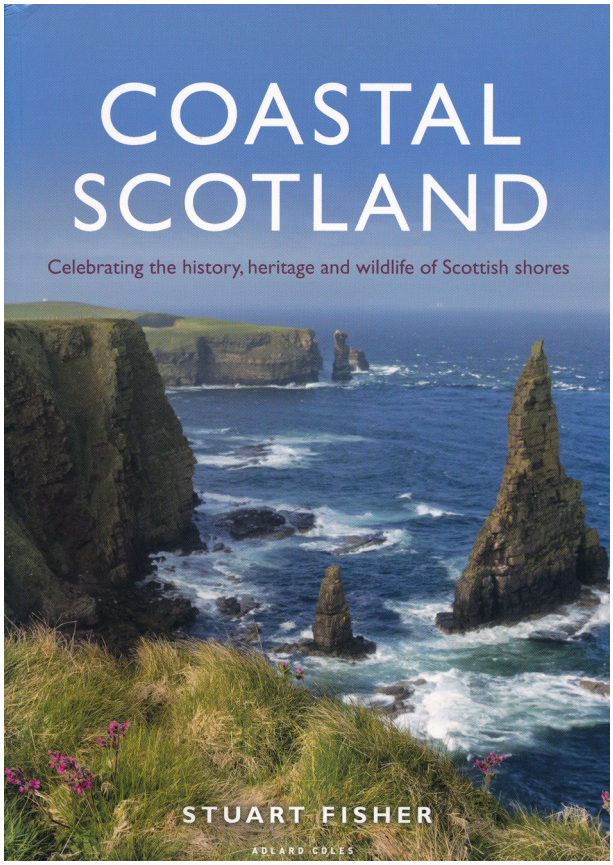
2014 Tara Mulvany
2016 Tim Taylor
2017 Lynn (Red) Paterson
2018 Tim Muhundan
2019 Lance Smith
2020 Steve Flack
2021 David Welch

Graham Egarr Memorial Paddle Trophy Awards
Presented by KASK in recognition of the outstanding contributions to "The Sea Canoeist Newsletter"
Re-named June 2017 "New Zealand Sea Kayaker"

1998 Conrad Edwards
2002 Tel Williams
2004 John Kirk-Anderson
2006 Bob Wishart
2007 Cathye Haddock & John Kirk-Anderson
2008 Max Grant
2009 Sandy Winterton
2010 Cathye Haddock
2011 Jillian Wilson
2012 Mike & Chris Neason
2013 David Winkworth
2014 Colin Quilter
2016 Sandy Winterton
2017 Dennis Hynes
2018 Peter & Margot Syms
2019 Dennis Hynes
2020 Aaron Dixon
2021 Ruth E. Henderson

Book Review: Coastal Scotland
by Paul Caffyn

Subtitle: Celebrating the history, heritage and wildlife of Scottish shores
Author: Stuart Fisher
Published: 2020
Publisher: Adlard Coles UK
Website: www.adlardcoles.com
Contents: 208 pp, maps, colour photos throughout, index
Cover: softcover (superb cover photo)
Size: 297 x 210 mm (A4 size)
ISBN: 978-1-4729-5870-9
Price: NZ$70 (includes p&p)
Availability: Book Depository UK



Stuart Fisher, editor of the monthly British magazine Canoeist for over 30 years, began back in March 1989, to include illustrated guides to sections of the British coast that he had paddled and photographed (also sectional guides to the rivers and canals of Britain). Sixty two of those coastal guides, based on what Stuart maintained was the slowest ever (15 years) kayak circumnavigation of Britain, were compiled into a massive 357 page book in 2006, titled Inshore Britain.

Stuart's next book was an illustrated guide to the man-made inland waterways of Britain, Canals of Britain. It was published in 2009 and sold so well, a 336 page 2nd edition was printed in 2012.

In 2012, Stuart's third book, Rivers of Britain, moved to the inland tidal rivers of England, Scotland and Wales, with those tidal rivers morphing into estuaries, tideways, havens, sea lochs, firths and kyles. The same superb A4 size as used in Inshore Britain was followed, with 70 separate 'river' sections, working in a clockwise direction around Britain from Land's End. The upstream end of each section was where tidal action ceased.

Sea kayakers, generally being rather stingy in buying lavishly illustrated coastal/river guides, were not the best British book buying public, however after a better buying interest following printing of Canals of Britain, Stuart's informative book style led to two further books, Coastal Britain – England & Wales (2019) and this latest title, Coastal Scotland (2020).

The text is set in a very readable double column format, with place names when first mentioned, in bold, which is a nice touch. A relevant poetry verse introduces each chapter. This from for the Solway Firth chapter:
'Where'er we see a bonny lass, we'll caa' as we gae by;
Where'er we meet wi' liquor guid, we'll drink and we be dry.
There's brandy at the Abbeyburn, there's rum at Heston Bay,
And we will go a smuggling before the break o' day.'

Starting from the north side of Solway Firth, Stuart paddles/writes his way up the west coast of Scotland, across the top from Cape Wrath the to the massive tide races of Pentland Firth, then down the east coast to the English border. Each numbered coastal section is highlighted on an easy to find summary map.

The text is not mere dry geographical descriptions of the coast, but flows along nicely along with a marvellous mix of historical snippets, weather extremes, and how times have changed with the small and big ports. Although Inshore Britain was written for coastal paddlers, Coastal Scotland delves deeper into murder and mayhem over the centuries, the rise and fall of the coastal fisheries, and the ebb and flow of port communities that were so reliant on fishing.

Each page is lavishly illustrated - a combination of full page width, or single column colour photos. With up to six per page, how Stuart kept track of photo locations and managed to cluster them in geographic order impresses me no end.

The inclusion of relevant book covers, adds depth to the book, linking classic tomes from long ago, either where they were set or written; like Alistair Dunnett's folding kayak classic Quest by Canoe or Gavin Maxwell's story of the sea otters, Ring of Bright Water. Inclusion of relevant postage stamps is a lovely touch along with beer bottle labels.

Each coastal section concludes with a small sidebar column, listing relevant 1:50,000 map sheets, Admiralty charts, tidal constraints, the sea area (for forecasts) and rescue services. A full three page index completes the book.

If I was to nit-pick on the layout of Stuart's books, the text size (9 point or less) is a struggle to read for older eyes in poor light. The same applies to the lesser known 'place names' on the section maps. But as always, 'tis a sad compromise for a publisher, balancing the number of pages versus text point size.

For Kiwi paddlers with even just the slightest hint of Scottish ancestry, I do recommend sourcing a copy. Of hefty weight and size, 'tis not ideal luggage for the minimalist long distance paddler, however the wealth of information on all aspects of the islands and coast of Scotland is just staggering.

Having just recently completed transcribing my 'chicken scrawl' hand-written diaries from the 1980 round Britain paddle, Stuart Fisher's descriptions of the 'history, heritage and wildlife of the Scottish shore' were a nostalgic trip down memory lane.

If you have trouble sourcing the book in New Zealand, I suggest trying the British website:
www.bookdepository.com

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 a bi-annual Sea Kayak Fest
6. publishing a bimonthly magazine.

***New Zealand Sea Kayaker* is published bimonthly as the official magazine of the Kiwi Association of Sea Kayakers (NZ) Inc.**

Articles, trip reports, book reviews, equipment reviews, new techniques, letters to the editor. Send to:
Jacquie James,
PO Box 33 563, Takapuna,
Auckland 0740
email: Jacquie@kask.co.nz

KASK Annual Sub

Membership is $40 for individual and overseas renewals.

You can join KASK by clicking on the 'Join' button on the KASK web site:
https://kask.co.nz

For correspondence, queries or advising change of address to:
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PO Box 317017
Hobsonville
Auckland 0644
or email Shaun at:
Shaun@kask.co.nz

4th Ed. KASK HANDBOOK

OUT OF PRINT

A 5th edition of the KASK Handbook is planned to be available on the Safety App. It is a mammoth compilation on all aspects of sea kayaking in New Zealand, by many of the most experienced paddlers in the Universe.

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www.nzsar.govt.nz
www.adventuresmart.org.nz
www.beacons.org.nz

Maritime New Zealand
www.maritimenz.govt.nz



Photo:
Lake Te Anau by Oliver Winkler

KASK MEMBERSHIP POLICY

Current membership fees are:
- $40 for individual membership,
- $40 for overseas membership
- KASK membership runs from the day you join
- membership renewal notices are emailed with two reminders also sent

For new members please join through the following link:
https://kask.co.nz