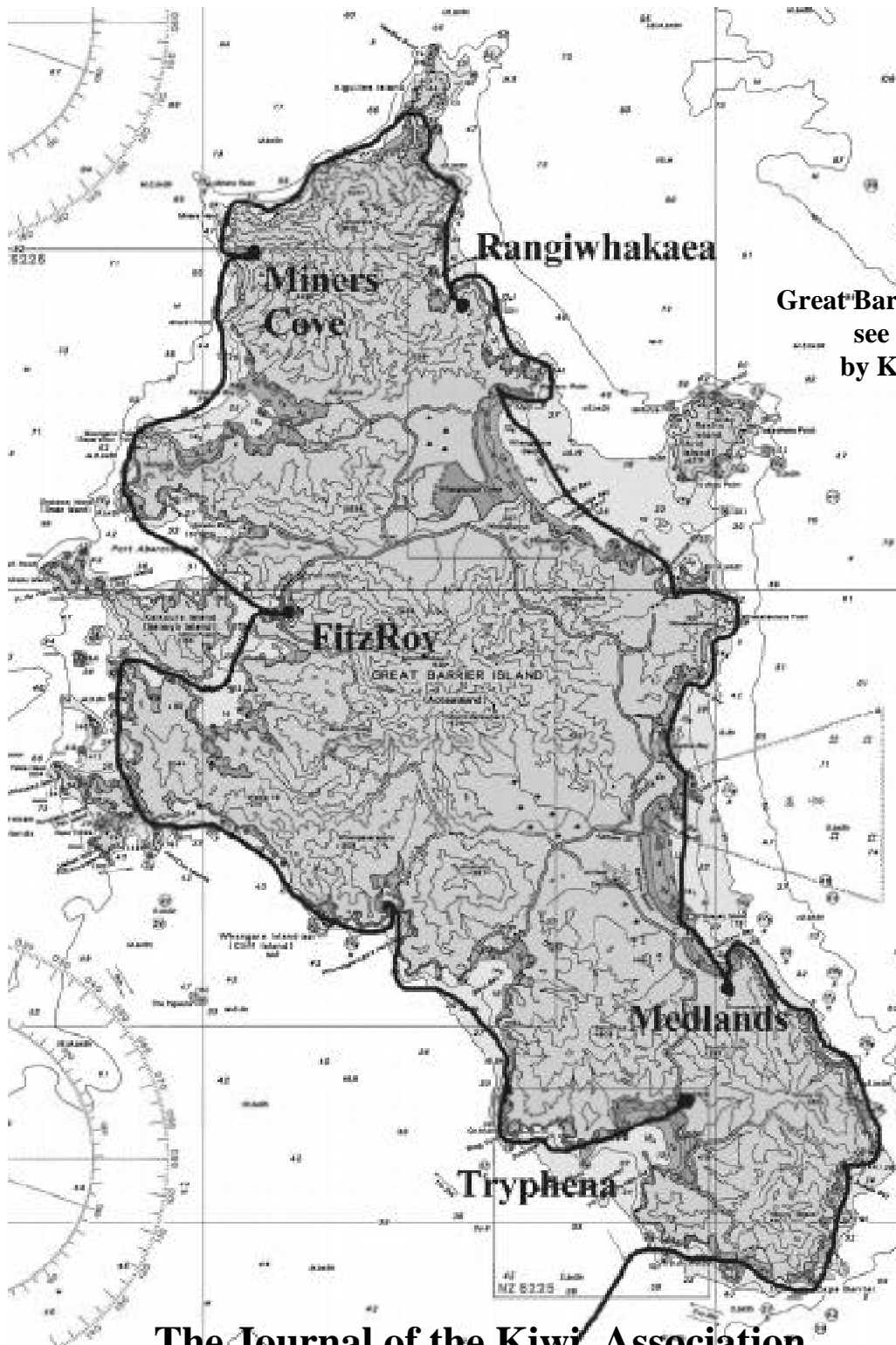


No. 111 June - July 2004

THE SEA CANOEIST NEWSLETTER



Great Barrier Island
see trip report
by Kerry Howe
p. 15

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

KASK

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

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

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

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

Send in a plain brown envelope, or via cybermail to:

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KASK Annual Subscription

\$25 single membership
(\$75 for 3 years; \$125 for 5 years)
\$30 family membership.
\$35 overseas

A subscription form can be downloaded from the KASK website. Cheques should be made out to:

**K.A.S.K. (NZ) Inc. & sent to:
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**Send address changes for receiving the newsletter via email to:
kayakpc@xtra.co.nz**

LRB3 - KASK HANDBOOK

For a copy (or trade orders) of this mother of all sea kayaking handbooks, contact Paul Caffyn, RD 1, Runanga, 7854. West Coast.

e-mail: kayakpc@xtra.co.nz

Price: \$24.00

New members: gratis

Make cheques out to KASK (NZ) Inc.

THE LRB3, or the Little Red Book 3rd. Edition, is a mammoth compilation on all aspects of sea kayaking in New Zealand, by many of the most experienced paddlers in the Universe. Following a brief introduction, the handbook is divided into six sections:

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

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EDITORIAL

Conrad around Hokkaido

Wellington paddler, Conrad Edwards, flew with a new Nordkapp to Japan on 27 June, aiming to carry out an solo circumnavigation of the northern island of Hokkaido. The total distance is some 1190 miles, and he has allowed seven weeks for the trip. A recent postcard from Wakkanai, the northern most town in Hokkaido, has a photo of Soya Saki (Cape Soya). Conrads notes:
'Haven't seen this yet as weathered in at Noshappu Misaki. All's well apart from Japanese enthusiasm for concreting their coastline. Enjoying the food of course - just having a beer for lunch. No chance of moving today, so it's off to the hot baths. And OK, so it's not exactly crawling with internet cafes, but they do have electricity.'

Hokkaido with respect to the rest of Japan, is like Alaska is to the USA or the West Coast of the South Island is to the rest of New Zealand. It is largely undeveloped still, with some sections of coastline with no road access. Conrad was a tad reluctant to believe me when I told him he would be going through coffee withdrawal symptoms with no latte cafes dotted along the coast and a distinct lack of cybermail cafes to email progress reports back to Wellington.

Its northern coast is icebound in winter. The Shiretoko Peninsula has a backbone range of volcanoes, with vast tracts of forest down to a stunning rugged, coastline, and seas teeming with salmon in late (northern) summer. Heguma (brown bears) and deer roam the forest, and there are only a few remote fish camps around the edges of the peninsula.

JKA in the Muddle East

Photographer (cover photo of the last newsletter) and KASK committee member, John Kirk-Anderson, is currently in Basra, Iraq, with the New Zealand Defence Force. His photographs for the Christchurch 'Press' will provide an insight into the atmosphere of the ancient city and show how the New Zealand troops are working to restore basic services.

KASK Administrator

The resignation of secretary/treasurer Maurice Kennedy created a crisis for KASK with management of the membership database, responding to new membership subscriptions, payment of invoices and fulfilling trade orders for the KASK Handbook. Out of the blue, 14 boxes of KASK files, newsletters and files turned up unannounced at a Greymouth courier. Although the newsletters are prefolded by the Massey Printery, the labelling and sticking on 650 stamps was a bit onerous a task for one bloke, so I enlisted the aid of Jill Cotton and Lynda Ferguson. When I was detailing the continued growth of KASK membership, and urgent need for a paid administrator, Jill mentioned her friend Vanessa Hughes just might be interested.

Synchronicity at its best! Vanessa is now KASK administrator, which is basically filling the former committee roles of secretary and treasurer, but with payment on a hourly basis. A contract was sorted out between the committee and Vanessa, a Post Office Box in Runanga organized, and Vanessa then began to come to grips with the CD contained both Excel and Access software databases.

Vanessa left the old country for the West Coast in 2002 to join her brother and his wife in running a coastal homestay. Working in the homestay was a new departure from her (25+years) experience with leading UK agencies and running her own small market research company for 12 years. Vanessa discovered there was a need for market research on the West Coast and since then has conducted several projects for well known West Coast organisations including Tai Poutini Polytechnic. She is a full member of both New Zealand and UK Market Research Societies.

Apologies to those new members who sent KASK subscription cheques off in March - May but whom didn't receive the handbook and latest newsletter until early June. Those folk will go onto the 2004 - 2005 membership listing without having to renew in August.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Subject: Safety in Numbers & the Cook Strait Crossing
Date: 15 June 2004
From: Sandy Fontwit

In response to the mention in the last edition of the newsletter of a proposed paying 'mass' winter group trip across Cook Strait, I would like to add my personal objections to this ill-conceived idea. As an ex-yachtie, who spent 17 years sailing around the Pacific, many of those years in NZ waters, I have a huge respect for areas like Cook Strait, and for our NZ weather which can be extremely changeable and difficult to forecast.

This proposal reminds me of the infamous Queens Birthday Storm of a few years ago where a bunch of inexperienced yachties were persuaded to take part in a 'fun regatta/race' to Tonga with one of the main attractions being a group leader yacht who was supposed to look after the 'flock'. I went to the orientation meeting just to see what these organizers were up to; at the meeting, the concept of 'safety in numbers' was explicitly brought forward to calm the fears of some of the blue water virgins. As events proved, once the shit really hit the fan, it was each man for himself, and even the NZ Navy rescue ship had its hands full (the video, which is available at hire stores, is quite realistic - see also 'The Perfect Storm').

I am also reminded of the recent tragedies on Everest where inexperienced and unfit climbers paid big bucks (and sometimes their lives), to be shepherded to the top by paid guides (including Rob Hall, a New Zealander). In Hall's case, when the weather/shit hit the fan, he died in the attempt to save his client.

If Cape Horn is the Everest of sailors, Cook Strait is not far behind, and is no place to be taking a group of inexperienced paddlers even with a 'mother ship/escort.' Engines fail, shit happens, and what do you do with say six or seven kayakers in the water at the

same time in big seas, even if all else goes well?

Also there is the problem of weather. A paid group has little flexibility - you pay your money and you takes your chances. There is huge pressure on the organizers who have made all the arrangements, chartered the boats, etc., to go ahead with the planned trip even in the face of an adverse forecast.

'Safety in numbers' is a good and workable concept in extreme/marginal conditions, but only in a group of more of less equal ability who have practised the routines. In moderate conditions, it can work in a group of mixed abilities, but only if the ratio of experience to inexperience is right.

Kayaking in New Zealand so far has a good safety record, and most of the commercial companies are smart enough to limit their activities to relatively protected bodies of water like the Abel Tasman. Good on you Paul and Vincent for pouring cold water on Mr. Comeskey, and refusing to associate yourselves or KASK with a bad idea.

Cheers, Sandy

Subject: Sound's Paddling Curfew
Date: 9 July 2004
From: John Bown

Many thanks for your (and Helen Woodward's) personal representation before the Marlborough District Council regarding the proposed kayaking curfew. This added much needed support to the written submissions that I and others put in. The central issue to me is that some people are not keeping a proper look out. I now say to boaties 'Obviously a kayak against the sun is not as easy to sea as a Cook Strait ferry. But compared to other dangers a boat has to avoid, kayaks are relatively easy to see, e.g., low lying logs, construction pallets, very solid 200mmx50mm planks of timber all of which I have seen floating half submerged in the Queen Charlotte after a spring tide.'

Then I ask them how they would feel about towing a beloved family member on a biscuit into one of these objects, for if they find kayaks hard to

see then there is no way they will see these and other low lying solid objects.

Cheers,
John Bown

Subject: Towing
Re: Sea Canoeist n/l 110
Date: 15 June 2004
From: Alan Bye

Item by Alan Hall, on tow ropes. He advocates securing the tow behind the cockpit but taking it through a loop on the stern. That way so long as there is strain on the tow, the towing paddler will find himself pointing directly away from the towed craft. Usually the course direction will be off to one side or the other, so a stern secured rope will give the towing paddler a really bad time in anything of a seaway. It requires monster draw strokes to stay on course.

As for the line swinging across the rear deck, it is rare for the tow to be dead in line behind. Maybe Pom paddlers used recessed hatch covers. I can see that a pair of spare paddles lashed on could be a nuisance. The greater nuisance is not to be able to stay on course.

Alan mentions the shock on the line. Typically the towing kayak is over the crest of the wave and accelerating in to the trough while the towed kayak is climbing the hill. The line snaps tight and jerks hard. Answer, a shock absorber in the line. I found a rubber ring such as dogs are given to chew, the sort of ring that children play with, maybe 8" diameter is just the thing. One side is secured to the towing kayak the other side of the ring diametrically opposite carries the towing line. It is difficult to distort but the line snatch will do it. At the same time the sting of the snatch is absorbed. Some used to wrap a length of shock cord, heavyweight, around the towing line for about 3 feet so that the curl in the tow rope took the snatch like a coil spring in tension.

I note the item on paddling Greenland style. At last! The essence is percolating.

Subject: Towing
From: Nick Woods
In response to Alan Hall's technical article on towing, in KASK newsletter no 110.

Good to see an article on the importance of a good tow system. Towing should be seen as the first form of assistance when a group is confronted with an obstacle i.e., strong current / wind, gear failure, tired / disabled paddler or just a plain old deadline to meet - just check out the adventure racers.

There is however one point I have to take issue with, specifically the tow point. While Alan correctly puts this just behind the cockpit, he then suggests going through a ring on the rear toggle. This effectively moves the tow point to the stern of the kayak and small boats can't then manoeuvre with a larger one astern. I would suggest a cleat with back plate about 100mm from the rear cockpit rim as this allows a body towline to be bought down and figure eighted transferring the load to the boat. The towline is then free to cross the stern deck as the boat pitches. Rudders don't seem a problem even when secured on deck as ours usually are. There is also the issue of a quick release from the tow which may snag as it runs through the stern ring and would then be impossible to reach. Small points perhaps but enough to ruin your day.

On another issue entirely I would suggest a correction to LRB3 Safety Equipment; the sea anchor described is actually being used as a drogue i.e. a device towed from the stern to slow the boat down but maintain progress. A sea anchor is deployed from the bow to stop the boat moving as much as possible. Both devices are useful for the sea kayaker, a small drogue (usually a series of small fabric cones on a tow line) to help maintain directional control downwind and a sea anchor usually (a parachute shaped nylon device with bridle) approx. a metre in diameter for a sea kayak. Both are lightweight and take up very little space.
Best regards
Nick Woods.

TOWING SYSTEMS

Response from Alan Hall to the letters of Alan Bye and Nick Woods.

I thought that I had thought of everything but obviously I didn't.

I imagine that most people offering advice on safety related matters in this publication are aiming at paddlers new to the sport or with limited experience. That was exactly where I was coming from in my article on towing in the last NL. My position in KASK has always been one of safety and I make no apology for aiming on the side of safety.

All of life is a compromise and kayaking is no different, whether it be choice of kayak, paddles, safety kit or whatever it is all a compromise.

In advising that, taking my towrope through the stern toggle is the way to tow, has attracted criticism from Alan Bye. Firstly let me say that I did not say that this was the best or right way to tow. There is no single "right way" to tow. Whilst I would agree that some loss of directional stability may be experienced, it is more than compensated for by reducing the chance of a side on pull, leading to capsize. What good is a rescuer who is upside down? (see Karen Mentzing's article in NL No 101). The percentage of regular paddlers who can roll consistently is very low.

I have used my towing system for many years through the stern and have towed more people than I can remember and I can't say that I was very affected by loss of direction, after all both boats are travelling in the same direction, subject to wave action. Being a Scot, I don't use a rudder but have still managed to tow paddlers to safety in their hour of need.

The system that I now market can be used either through the stern toggle or from behind the cockpit depending how you fit the system to your boat. Once paddlers have experience of towing they can make up their own mind about how they do it. Many systems available at the moment are far too

short and aimed at rivers and are totally unsuitable for sea use. At the end of the day I don't give a hoot how people tow, as long as they can, and they carry some form of towing system that suits them and the situation that they find themselves in.

I am very gratified by the positive response that I have received from members and I would like to take this opportunity to thank those who contacted me. If my article encourages even one paddler to carry a tow system and he helps someone with it I will be a happy man.

I have to say that Alan Bye's dog chew system no doubt works for him but I have a lot of pride in my boat, it is very special to me. It would not thank me for adorning it with doggy stuff.

To Nick Woods, thanks for your comments. It is difficult to describe things of this nature in a few words, I trust that the foregoing eases some of your concerns. I would also point out that the device that I use for Quick release is very efficient. I also advise, in the user instructions, that if using the "through the toggle" system, care should be taken to ensure that nothing carried on the rear deck could snag the rope in a release situation. Otherwise there is nothing attached to the rope to snag and it slips away in the blink of an eye.

Towing another kayak is not quite like a tug towing a tanker and generally the towing boat gives direction to the towed boat.

Just for the record, I also have waist belts available for anyone wishing to use one, as I know that some people prefer them. As the man says, Ya pays ya money an ya makes yer choice.

Since the last NL I have worked up a re-entry stirrup, based on the cockpit bridle system for anyone who is interested and feel the need for a "leg up" when climbing back into their boat.
Happy and safe paddling,
Alan Hall

PRESIDENT'S REPORT

by Susan Cade
July 2004

A brief note, mailed with newsletter No. 110, advised of the tendered resignations of President Vincent Maire and Secretary/Treasurer Maurice Kennedy. The resignations, which resulted from some irreconcilable differences in the management and operations of KASK, were regretfully accepted by the committee. I was elected by the committee as interim President until the next AGM in 2005. Again, I wish to thank both Vincent and Maurice for their efforts and achievements for KASK.

KASK currently has a membership of 685, or 796 if we include the other paddler with the family subscriptions, as we go to print. The burgeoning growth of KASK membership plus amalgamation of the secretary and treasurer roles at the March AGM led to increased demands on Maurice Kennedy. Until then former treasurer Max Grant had undertaken banking of subs, keeping the books, mailing out Handbooks to new members, dealing with trade inquiries for the Handbook, arranging printing and distribution of the newsletter.

As noted in the editorial, we now have a KASK Administrator, with Runanga based Vanessa Hughes already on top of the Excel and Access software membership databases, and the setting up of a prompt turn around time for new subscriptions. This consolidation of the treasurer and secretary role into that of an administrator, will provide significant support to the committee member's volunteer roles.

Following the 2004 KASK AGM, Paul Caffyn and myself began the groundwork for a KASK SOP, or Standard Operating Procedures document. The aim of the SOP is to formulate roles and responsibilities, time frames etc., material which is not covered in the constitution. For instance, the SOP

specifies what printed material is supplied to both new joining KASK members plus new committee members. To date, it has been circulated to the committee with favourable comment received. It will give both the committee and members a consistent, accountable system.

The 2004 - 05 subscription renewal form and a survey, developed by Iona Bailey and myself, are contained in this newsletter. To help with the future goals and direction of KASK, we would appreciate members completing and returning the attached survey with your subscription form and cheque. The committee does have clear ideas and goals, but it is important what to identify what members view as important.

Current projects on hand include:

1. Water Safety Brochure

Publication Officer Paul Caffyn is finalizing the layout of a 'Safe Sea Kayaking' brochure, the printing of which will be supported by a \$5,000 grant from Water Safety. Format is similar to that used in the whitewater kayaking brochure titled 'Kayaking is Life, the Rest is Detail.' It will provide guidance to safe sea kayak practice and list contacts to resources and useful websites.

2. The Proficiency Awards.

Since KASK has been developing the awards with ATTTO, NZOIA and SKOANZ, it has become apparent that the training, assessment, costs, required background structures aren't straightforward. KASK is looking at the best way to develop training and assessment. Part of this is obtaining feedback from KASK members and ensuring that we have a clear understanding of the facts and options before making recommendations and taking the next step forward. Any work done so far will certainly not be lost and the committee has a strong commitment to support training and safety.

3. KASK Constitution

A review of the KASK Constitution is proposed to bring it up to date with changes that are relevant with the growing size of KASK membership.

4. Update of the KASK Website. Quotes were sought from three website developers/designers for a make-over of the KASK website. A decision will be made shortly by the committee.

5. KASK 2005 Forum/AGM

The KASK 2005 Forum will be held in Marlborough Sounds area in March. Details to be advised.

The current committee of Alan, Iona, John, Paul, Tony and myself are continuing to do our best for KASK and its members.

Susan Cade

NETWORK REPORTS

WAIKATO NETWORK

12 Jul 2004

By Evan Pugh

Over the last year I have built up a list of sea kayakers in the hope of meeting others and for the benefit of kayaking in general. The people on my list are from Tauranga/ Rotorua/Hamilton and the general Waikato area, once a month I organize a group paddle and have had from 5 to 18 paddlers turn up on a day generally on the Waikato river or Rotorua lakes.

Out of the 131 people that I email, about 45 different people from the list have turned up to about 10 different trips so yes it can be hard to get a group together at times but I am sure those that have come along have enjoyed themselves (except for some of my cold rest areas). I usually plan a trip of approx. 20km with the option for the keener paddlers to do another 10 or so as a fair way for everybody to be happy. This also allows me to meet keener paddlers and for a few of us to organize multiple day trips to different destinations.

This summer with warmer water I hope to get some of the more adventurous ones out for some rescue practice and paddling in rougher conditions so as to up the confidence when

it may be needed. My wife Linda is a keen paddler so we do a lot of paddling together on our own or with others. Anyone wanting information or paddling companions in the Waikato area get in touch as I can help and want more names on my list for future trips.

Evan Pugh
sheepskinsstuff@xtra.co.nz
RD2, Putaruru

Bugger File - Lake Okataina

Date: Wed, 21 Jul 2004
From: Evan Pugh

The Waikato Network.

I had organised a paddle on Lake Okataina for Sunday 18 July - nine others would meet us there. The wind was strong, it was drizzling and the lake was choppy, and Linda and I thought no one else would arrive. But six did and three decided to give it a miss while five of us paddled off to enjoy a day that became sunny, still windy and we enjoyed surfing all the way back down the lake, no problems and we all headed home.

This was the weekend of major rain and slips all over the place and some earthquakes thrown in, we had to negotiate two slips on the narrow road in and out to the lake. One of our members that I will not mention (Mike Bell) left ahead of us to stop at Rotorua then realised that his home made cockpit cover, worth all of \$5, had blown off. He retraced his footsteps back to the lake, 22km and did not find it.

Leaving the lake, one of the big earthquake tremors, centred right next door at Lake Rotoiti, bought down a huge slip entrapping him and 16 others for the night in the lodge with no power. He had to walk out next day and call his wife to come to pick him up.

Sometimes it's just not worth the effort.
Evan Pugh

WELLINGTON NETWORK

WSKN Sea Kayak Top Town Event 27 March 2004 by Andy Blake

(reprinted from the WSKN Newsletter, June/July 2004).

Skilled practitioners, tough seasoned paddlers and regular guys and girls assembled and rallied to the call of the first ever WSKN sea kayak top town event on the 27 March. Due to capricious meteorological conditions - (lots of wind) - we (Sue Cade and I) decided to run the event at Browns Bay, in Pauatahanui Inlet. It was the only place you didn't need to walk with a lean on, into the wind.

We got there around 10am and smartly got to work working out teams and explaining rules and drinking coffee. The first set of competitions were beach-based and completed first, as our sandy beach was quickly disappearing due to a rising tide.

Immensely complicated and skilful tests, like balancing a paddle on your head, and wetsuit bootie throwing (Taihape has stolen this event from us!) were tested first. Kevin Irwin creamed everyone with his Olympian throw while Rowan Cordwell's throw just about lost my bootie up a tree! In the 'paddle on head balance' test, Julie

Woolfe and Diane Morgan showed us all that mature women are the most balanced creatures on earth.

{Reports filtered through to the West Coast editorial office that the reason why women were easy winners in this competition is due to genetic modification of skull morphology. Through carrying heavy loads of water or firewood, precariously balanced on their heads, back to the caves or bark shelters during the ice ages, women developed a flattened top to their skulls - hence it is now so much easier for lady paddlers to balance a paddle on their heads. Blokes, with all that sustained, serious thinking back in the cave/bark shelter, of how to catch dinner, had to evolve larger brains - hence a more rounded top of the skull and naturally, current difficulty in balancing a paddle on top of the noodle.}

One handed hatch cover placing (something I practice all the time) generated many alternate ways of using ones other body parts - David Fisher proved overall master at this wee beauty. After a few other tricky contests, we decided to break for a quick lunch. Sue produced a seven year old charcoal BBQ that she had never used, so after potentially just about setting us all on fire, we managed to get the Barbie going long enough to get some colour on the bangers. Coffee was forthcoming and blood pressures went down.

Diane Morgan - so relaxed, during the paddle paddle balancing competition.





Intense concentration as Kevin Irwin desperately attempts to balance a paddle.

After lunch we settled down to some serious kayaking skills testing with group rescues and the age old past time of trying to standing up in a kayak. Then four brave souls (it was cold and wet) tested their kayak rolls. Nick Woods impressed us all with his fine rolling skills, although Rowan's roll was deemed to be the fastest at 2.32 seconds. David Morrison impressed us all with his tenacious kayaking ability and extremely rugged good looks (That isn't a real scar on his cheek). Big Mike Wilkin used his sleek shiny Torres to impress us with his orchestral manoeuvres.

We finished the day with a swimmer rescue and a display on how not to treat a patient for hypothermia. As the weather was quickly deteriorating, we totalled up the points and awarded expensive prizes obtained from the \$2.00 shop. The two overall winners were Nick Woods and Kevin Irwin.

Everyone seemed to enjoy themselves and will hopefully support the next one in a year's time. Thank you for all of those who participated and everyone who helped Sue and me to organize. Next year it is planned to open this event up to other sea kayaking groups around the lower North Island.

**TRAINING EXERCISE
with the
WELLINGTON
COASTGUARD
1 May 2004
By Rod Carlisle**

(reprinted from the WSKN Newsletter, June/July 2004).

Saturday 1 May 2004 dawned with cloudy skies and a gentle wind. My turn to go with the Coast Guard on the kayak rescue exercises. Out of bed and tune my nice new marine radio into the 7.30am marine weather forecast. Yuck - winds rising to 30 knots (about 57km) in the morning and 40 knots in the afternoon. For me, those winds would be challenging, in fact very challenging. Oh well, a quick phone call to Sue Cade to confirm that I'm going and then contact the Coast Guard and arrange the meeting time and place - Coast Guard headquarters in Evans Bay at 10.30am. The other two volunteers for this trip are Michael Hirst and Paul Lenihen. Phone calls to them and all is arranged.

By 10.15am I've introduced myself to the watch skipper and the boat crew; nice lot, very friendly and very grateful that we are giving up our time to help them. After Paul and Michael arrive, it's sit down and sort out the exercises. We finally agree on a near



Wellington paddlers practising for the walking on water competition.

as reasonably practicable to a live rescue - three guys out of kayaks with stomach problems for the first exercise and a dislocated shoulder for the second.

Off we go to get changed. For me its thermal socks, a long John wet suit bottom with a thermal top and my winter kayaking jacket. Michael's in a dry suit (lucky so and so) and Paul's into a mixture of thermals, shorty wet suit and kayaking jacket. To cushion the shock of cold water hitting a warm body later on, I waded out into thigh deep water and gingerly sat down. The feelings you get as freezing (at least that's what it feels like) water slowly creeps up your legs, around places I'm not allowed to mention and then up to your middle are best left undescribed, but I can assure you it beats the thermal shock of submersion later on.

As yet the predicted 30 knots winds have not arrived, it's boats launched and start paddling up Evans Bay to our proposed exercise area, just south of NIWA. As we are making our way up, I look left and discover the Coast Guard boat is right beside us. Hang on a minute, they not supposed to do that - they're meant to wait until we call. Then I hear this voice calling "Rod, your radio is stuck on transmit. We can't communicate." What! Oh dear, ah well that's lesson No.1 - make sure the radio is turned over to the other side of the waterproof bag, so the transmit button is clear.

We finally reach our exercise area. The Coast Guard boat is over by Miramar wharf and it's time to start the fun. I make the first radio call - kayaker in trouble, out of his boat and am unable to get him back in. There in lies lesson No.2 - I need to practice the correct procedure for making these

types of calls. I didn't state where we were till later in the conversation; this should have been in the first part of my call. I didn't tell them how many in the party, confused our location, not too many mistakes but enough to highlight the need for correct procedure.

The CG are on there way. Paul, the first man into the water, does a wet exit and we raft his kayak to mine and pull him over the two boats. Michael starts to drift off and I make the second call - another kayaker in the water and unable to assist in any rescue; assistance needed. Michael is not only in the water but has let his kayak go, which slowly starts drifting south down Evans Bay. The CG arrives and must now decide who to rescue first - Paul lying overtop of the kayaks or Michael in the water. The natural choice is Michael which is who they went for but what would they have

David Fisher branching out with emergency first aid, with the application of a driftwood splint to the arm of David Morrison.





Practising kayak recovery with the Coastguard Jacob's Cradle.

done if Paul had been hypothermic? Who then would they have rescued first? We never did ask that question.

At any rate, they got Michael out of the water pretty quick and then over get Paul. All told about 10 minutes from the first call to having both men out of the water. Not bad! By this time Michael's kayak had drifted some distance south and was not far from entering a race area being controlled by the Evans Bay Yacht Club. They were so concerned about it, they made a call to CG headquarters, to advise them of what was happening. Over the radio comes the call of EBYC being concerned, so off goes the CG boat to retrieve Michael's kayak. I attach my tow rope to Paul's kayak, as if I was going to tow it back to shore and discover lesson No.3. My tow rope needs to be a metre longer for easier use.

While the CG are now retrieving Michael's kayak, I make my third call. I'm now in the water and unable to effect a self rescue and need assistance. Back they come to get me. Boy was I glad I got mostly wet earlier on; it's amazing how warm a wet suit keeps you once it's wet. As my head got above the water, the cold hit my chest and arms - a few involuntary gasps of air, one or two oaths and then wait as the body warms up again which fortunately didn't take to long. So all three of us are in the water and waiting to be rescued. Just to make it interesting for the CG, I left my kayak upside down and still tied to Paul's. I must

confess, the CG are very good. Once they have hold of you, you are soon out of the water and on the rescue boat. We only had to explain once, the best way to handle a kayak and it wasn't long before they too were on the boat and we were ready to head to shore and safety. So ends the first exercise.

The second exercise was a lot simpler. I was to be a guinea pig with a dislocated shoulder. My kayak went in the water first and then I followed. In a show of great bravado, I decided to do a self rescue and the CG got a good show of how not to do it. Lesson No.4 got rammed home in great style. I used to be pretty good at paddle float entries - "used to be" being the operative words. Yes I did get in, but had it been rougher weather, the CG would have been pulling me out of the water. Something else for my next training night.

Once back in the kayak and set to go, I rafted up with Paul and Michael on either side of me which we thought was the mostly likely scenario that three kayakers would do. The CG pulled along side Paul, i.e. putting their boat between us and the weather. After a little discussion it was decided that it would be best if I climbed out of my kayak and sat on Paul's, while he and Michael held my kayak steady. The manoeuvre worked well as I had a very stable platform and I was soon sitting against the side of the boat while the CG dropped a device that they call Jacob's Cradle over the side

of the boat. It's a bit like a wide bulldozer track only with more segments in it. The principle is, you lay on it and are then rolled up and over the edge of the boat.

The first attempt would have had me half way up and screaming in agony as the cradle would have put pressure on the dislocated arm. Time to re-think. Solution - instead of placing the upper and mid section of my body in the cradle, which is what normally would happen, I had to position myself so that edge of the cradle would be below my arm and then, when the cradle was rolled over me, it would not touch it. That meant that someone had to then support and lift my shoulders as the cradle was rolled up and because I couldn't be literally rolled up and over, to keep twisting me so that I was always on my back. Slow but it worked and within a very short time, I was lying in the bottom of the CG boat.

On reflection, we made one mistake; we should have then tried the same manoeuvre with only two boats and then let the CG try rescuing a single person with a dislocated shoulder to figure out the best way to do it. But by this stage of the game it was near 1.00pm and we were thinking over things, back to shore, debrief and then home for lunch. On shore I discovered lesson No.5 - lock the keys on the radio - as at some stage my radio had somehow changed channels.

For me, this exercise was of great benefit. Not only was it fun to do, but as I learnt, so did the CG and I hope that both Paul and Michael got something out of it also. Most importantly though, is the fact that by taking part in these types of exercises, we are ultimately helping ourselves to be a lot safer if we ever have to be rescued. The Coast Guard now have a better understanding of what to expect when rescuing kayakers and the best way to do it. But of course, exercises like this are pointless aren't they. Why do we need to know how to be rescued when we will never be in a position to ever need rescuing? - yeah right!

(Photos: pages 7 - 10, Susan Cade)

We are in the process of reviewing and clarifying our direction. The purpose of this questionnaire is to collect and analyse data, which will help the KASK Committee to know what members' thoughts are about the Constitution objectives, and what members want from their membership.

The objectives of KASK from the Constitution are:

- a) To promote and encourage sea kayaking.
- b) To collate and make available any relevant information pertaining to Sea Kayaking technique or equipment.
- c) To facilitate the production of instructional material and guides to the New Zealand coastline.
- d) To develop and promote a minimum impact code for sea kayakers.
- e) To actively promote the preservation of coastal waterways.
- f) To promote the highest standards of safety among sea kayakers.
- g) To promote a high standard of appropriate equipment.
- h) To assist commercial operators to develop their own guidelines.

<p>Q1. How well do you feel KASK is reaching the objectives in the constitution? (Circle your choice on the scale)</p> <table style="width: 100%; border: none;"> <tr> <td style="width: 60%;"></td> <td style="text-align: right;">Very well</td> <td style="text-align: right;">5</td> </tr> <tr> <td></td> <td></td> <td style="text-align: right;">4</td> </tr> <tr> <td></td> <td></td> <td style="text-align: right;">3</td> </tr> <tr> <td></td> <td></td> <td style="text-align: right;">2</td> </tr> <tr> <td></td> <td style="text-align: right;">Not at all well</td> <td style="text-align: right;">1</td> </tr> </table>		Very well	5			4			3			2		Not at all well	1	<p>Q2. Do you think the KASK constitutional objectives need revising?</p> <p><input type="checkbox"/> No - Go to Q 3</p> <p><input type="checkbox"/> Yes - please give your ideas below</p>
	Very well	5														
		4														
		3														
		2														
	Not at all well	1														

<p>Q3. KASK has a role to promote safe Sea Kayaking which incorporates equipment & techniques. How would you like KASK to do this? (Circle any you agree with)</p>	<p>Training:</p> <p>01 Support training forums for members to share and develop skills</p> <p>02 Practical help to organise training sessions locally</p> <p>03 Organised training opportunities funded by attendees</p> <p>04 Support Workshops at Forums</p> <p>05 Leadership training</p> <p>06 Contact information about experienced trainers in New Zealand</p> <p>07 Supporting an assessment process of skills attained</p> <p>08 Supporting a formal KASK Training Scheme</p> <p>09 KASK should not get involved in training at all</p> <p>Collate & Share Information:</p> <p>10 Information about safety/skills/equipment</p> <p>11 Have a skills syllabus</p> <p>12 Collect, analyse and inform about sea kayak accident data</p> <p>13 Written information such as a KASK handbook & newsletter</p> <p>Other:</p> <p>14 Representing members on relevant issues e.g. MSA equipment requirements</p> <p>15 Access funding for the above through relevant organisations, e.g. Water Safety NZ</p> <p>16 Develop a members' discount card for outdoor equipment sales and services</p> <p>Any other comments (<i>please write in</i>)</p>
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<p>Q4. How do you rate the KASK newsletter? (Circle your choice on the scale)</p> <table style="width: 100%; border: none;"> <tr> <td style="width: 60%;"></td> <td style="text-align: right;">Excellent</td> <td style="text-align: right;">5</td> </tr> <tr> <td></td> <td></td> <td style="text-align: right;">4</td> </tr> <tr> <td></td> <td></td> <td style="text-align: right;">3</td> </tr> <tr> <td></td> <td></td> <td style="text-align: right;">2</td> </tr> <tr> <td></td> <td style="text-align: right;">Poor</td> <td style="text-align: right;">1</td> </tr> </table>		Excellent	5			4			3			2		Poor	1	<p>Q5. How could the KASK newsletter be improved?</p>
	Excellent	5														
		4														
		3														
		2														
	Poor	1														

<p>Q6. How do you rate the KASK Handbook? (Circle your choice on the scale)</p> <table style="width: 100%; border: none;"> <tr> <td style="width: 60%;"></td> <td style="text-align: right;">Excellent</td> <td style="text-align: right;">5</td> </tr> <tr> <td></td> <td></td> <td style="text-align: right;">4</td> </tr> <tr> <td></td> <td></td> <td style="text-align: right;">3</td> </tr> <tr> <td></td> <td></td> <td style="text-align: right;">2</td> </tr> <tr> <td></td> <td style="text-align: right;">Poor</td> <td style="text-align: right;">1</td> </tr> </table>		Excellent	5			4			3			2		Poor	1	<p>Q7. How could the KASK handbook be improved?</p>
	Excellent	5														
		4														
		3														
		2														
	Poor	1														

<p>Q8. The K A S K website is to be up-graded. What features would you like to see? (<i>Circle any number of codes</i>)</p> <p>01 Add graphics and/or pictures 02 Back copies of newsletters 03 Committee activities, projects and roles 04 Conservation issues 05 Constitution 06 Current news 07 Information on planning trips 08 More information on a range of subjects 09 More links to other sites 10 References to books and magazine articles of interest 11 Safety information</p>	<p>Q9. KASK has supported Sea Kayaking Forums to provide a social meeting, educate, share knowledge and encourage discussion amongst sea kayakers. Please circle any activities which you think should be included.</p> <p>01 AGM 02 Book display 03 Dinner 04 Discussion about recent accidents 05 Equipment displays or presentations 06 Forum at semi remote site needing travel by kayak to venue, 07 Fun activities, e.g. Paddle sports 08 Guest speakers 09 Incident workshops 10 Places to paddle in NZ 11 Local area information 12 Kayak trip in the area, pre or post forum 13 Practical skills training 14 Retailer displays 15 Trip planning 16 Women's session</p>
<p>Anything else?</p>	<p>Anything else?</p>

Q 10. KASK is actively working to preserve and protect the environment for sea kayakers by making submissions to local council/politicians, submitting articles in national and local press and working through relevant organisations (e.g. DoC & MSA). Do you have any other suggestions for ways in which KASK might **perform** this task?

Q 11. Would you like KASK to become involved in advertising some kayak trips that are hosted by local networks around the country? Yes No

Q12. Do you have any ideas for the KASK Committee to consider for future projects or initiatives?

SOME INFORMATION ABOUT YOURSELF – please answer all sections

Male <input type="checkbox"/> Female <input type="checkbox"/> Date of Birth? D____ M____ Y____ Current Age: _____	<p>Types of paddling done in last 2 years?</p> <p>Day trips? Sheltered conditions <input type="checkbox"/> Exposed conditions <input type="checkbox"/></p> <p>Multi-Day Trips? Sheltered conditions <input type="checkbox"/> Exposed conditions <input type="checkbox"/></p>	<p>No. of years Paddling: Sea kayaking: _____ Whitewater: _____ Canoeing: _____</p>
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What Skills Have You Achieved?

(Circle Numbers Below)

01 Wet exit (capsizing in calm water and leaving the cockpit)

02 Unassisted deep-water self rescue (re-enter kayak in deep water without assistance e.g., paddle float rescue)

03 Assisted deep-water rescue (rescue capsized paddler e.g., using a T rescue)

04 Support strokes (right kayak from point of capsize e.g., using brace strokes without injury)

05 Eskimo roll (righting the kayak, without leaving cockpit, after capsizing)

Thanks for completing this questionnaire. The information you have provided will be treated confidentially and can be combined with any other responses to provide an understanding of what members want from KASK. Decisions regarding projects will depend on costs and organisational restraints. The results will be analysed and circulated in a newsletter before the end of the year.

Please send the completed questionnaire with your KASK membership Application/ Renewal, and most important, a cheque (not a Hungarian or a Pole), to the address below. Either fold on the dashed line and tape the edges, or include in a separate envelope.

LRB3 - KASK HANDBOOK ORDERS

For a copy of the latest print run of the mother of all sea kayaking Handbooks (updated to March 2004), add \$24 to your KASK subscription cheque and please fill in the postal delivery address box below:

Name: _____
Address: _____

**DIRECT TRADE ENQUIRES
(BULK ORDERS) TO THE
NEWSLETTER EDITOR:
kayakpc@xtra.co.nz**

Fold along dashed line

Fold along dashed line

From:

**TO: KASK ADMINISTRATOR
PO BOX 23
RUNANGA 7854
WEST COAST**

NEW ZEALAND TRIP REPORTS

Sea Kayaking Great Barrier Island January 2004 By Kerry Howe

[Reprinted from New Zealand kayak Magazine, issue 24]

Having sea kayaked the entire coastline from East Cape to North Cape over the past four summers, the only section remaining in the region for me to cover was the bit out to the side - Great Barrier Island. The idea of circumnavigating the Island solo did not unduly bother me, but crossing the 10 nautical miles of Colville Channel from Fletchers Bay at the tip of the Coromandel Peninsula to Great Barrier was a worry. There are so many stories about horrendous tidal rips and rivers of wind through that waterway.

Clive Hookham kindly drove me to Fantail Bay near the end of the Coromandel Peninsula and I paddled out to Fletchers Bay, camped, and went to bed early. The weather forecast predicted light winds. I woke at 4.00am and started packing. Shortly after 5.00am I was out through the low surf. It was still dark, but it was important to begin the crossing 2 hours before slack water at about 7.00am so as to avoid the full force of the tidal flow. I called Auckland Coast Guard to give a trip report, and then settled down to follow the GPS course (5° Magnetic) through the four waypoints that I had programmed. I could just make out nearby Square Top Island as I passed it in the gloom but within 20 minutes it was light enough to see the world. The sea remained calm, with a long easterly swell. The morning was warm and grey. Seabirds were prolific. I was a bit tense and paddled faster than usual, averaging about 4 knots. In two hours and forty minutes I arrived at the Barrier, at the southern tip of Tryphena Harbour, delighted and relieved. I checked out with Coast-

guard and checked in with Great Barrier Radio. I then began my coastal journey anticlockwise.

My goal for the day was the campground at Medlands Beach. Now cocky with a successful crossing behind me, I sped confidently towards Cape Barrier at the southern end of the Island. I expected a tidal rip, but nothing like what I found. Suddenly there was at least a two knot current running against me, and large swells from the east now rebounded off the north-east-tending coastline. The result was like being in a giant washing machine on a conveyor belt. It was the roughest, most turbulent sea I have ever experienced. The sea's mood was matched by terrifying cliffs. My speed was reduced to about a knot and so it took ages to cover the nautical mile or more of tidal race. It was a relief to enter less challenging waters towards Rosalie Bay where I planned to make my first stop since leaving Fletchers Bay.

A big swell pounded into Rosalie Bay. I found a calmer section at the northern end of the boulder beach. My sea kayak was badly scratched as I manoeuvred it onto the boulders, and, being newly polished for the trip, it wanted to slide all over the place. I wedged it with lumps of driftwood. With a rapidly rising tide, it was not a place to linger. I gobbled a few crackers and cheese and then continued

along the rugged coast. There was some evil, Orc-like rasping and booming from a sequence of blow holes. I was pleased to round the point into the calm corner of Medlands Beach, paddle up the high-tide creek and land right at the edge of the DoC campground. The afternoon was very hot. I pitched my tent in the shade of a macrocarpa and spent a lazy afternoon dozing and reading Paul Theroux's *Dark Star Safari*.

The easterly swell increased overnight so I was keen to cover the eastern coast of the Island as quickly as possible. Off Medlands next morning I checked in with Great Barrier Radio. Not until I got well around to the other side of the Island could I contact it again - its repeater on Mount Te Ahumata (White Cliffs) is not visible from close inshore along most of the eastern and northern coasts. Nor is there cell phone coverage along the east coast.

Kaitoke Beach and Awana Bay were hidden in surf spray. A shark with dorsal and tail fin high above the water swam lazily past me just after Awana. I had a snack on the sheltered beach at Harataonga - perhaps the most beautiful bay on the Island. Another shark, fins high, approached me head on going across Whangapoua Beach. It was only a couple of metres away before it saw me coming and slid under me.

View of Medlands Beach (background), from the edge of the DoC campground.





Tryphena Harbour

I next landed at the northern tip of Whangapoua Beach through a low surf, for lunch. When I got out of the sea kayak a small wave knocked it sideways then rolled it over on the beach. That not only filled the cockpit with water and about a metre of sand, but wrapped my rudder-mounted flag pole right around the kayak, broke the pole, and bent the rudder flange, jamming the rudder blade. I perversely love these incidents since I can use my emergency tools. I dismantled the rudder and, using a crack in a rock, levered the flange straight. I also carry little strips of sheet aluminium cut from sides of beer cans. I wrapped one around the broken flag pole and bound it with electrical tape. Very satisfying!

Mid-afternoon I made camp in a rocky inlet in Rangiwahakaea Bay, near the northeastern tip of the Island. The surrounding hills, covered in dense bush, were dramatic in cloud and drizzle. At sunset the sky cleared and there was a vivid display of contrasting colours.

Next morning the swell was too large to enable me to go through the tiny gap between the top of the Island and a string of smaller islands stretching northwards, so I had to go further out and through the passage by Aiguilles Island. I looked forward to the west coast where I would finally escape from the easterly swells, but was met instead by a nasty chop driven by a brisk sou' westerly. Coming along the

northwestern face of the Island the wind rose to 25 or more knots, amplified and swirled by the 300 metre high cliffs. It seemed to take forever to reach the safety of Miners Cove. It was full of dolphins. I'd only gone 8 nautical miles that morning but had to spend the day ashore there, avoiding near-gale conditions. It was very hot. The sky was cloudless. There was no shade on the grassy plane. I built a sun shade with my blue plastic tarp and spent the day reading and sleeping. Moreporks called all night. The stars were intense.

There was not a breath of wind at dawn. But the marine weather forecast predicted winds of up to 40 knots by lunchtime. I was both disbelieving

but frightened enough to be prudent. I headed for the shelter of Port FitzRoy and was there within a couple of hours. I made contact again with Great Barrier Radio, and set up camp in the DoC campsite at Forestry Bay. My washing hung limp on the line. The high winds never came. It was another day of lazing about. I discovered a bridle track through the cool bush to the shop at FitzRoy. Rats spent most of the night scurrying in and out of my tent awning. A morepork stationed itself in the tree above me and called up all its friends.

I left Port FitzRoy in the dark and passed through the delightful Broken Islands in early morning light. I had an early lunch just inside the point at Whangaparapara Harbour, and marvelled at the dramatic volcanic peaks of the Mt Hobson skyline. I had thought that I might stay at the beautiful bush campground in Whangaparapara but bad weather was forecast within the next day or so. I decided to press on to Tryphena, my final destination. A strong easterly sprang up and funnelled nastily out of Blind Bay. I wind-ferry glided across. By mid-afternoon I was in Tryphena Harbour. My much planned and anticipated reward was a pint of Guinness at the delightful Currach Irish Pub. I returned to Auckland the next day on Subritzky's Sealink, just as the weather turned nasty.

The boulder beach landing at Rosalie Bay



Great Barrier Island is a wonderful sea kayaking destination. Unlike most of mainland New Zealand it is covered in bush. It is very rugged, and has some of the most spectacular and beautiful coastal scenery I have seen. Much of the Island's coastline is steep and landing and camping options are limited. If there is an easterly swell landing places on the east coast are very few. The northern and southern regions, with their many kilometres of high, sheer cliffs and tidal rips should be treated with caution. Cape Barrier in particular is not for the faint hearted.

Special thanks to Clive Hookham for support, transport, and a most diligent watch on my progress via VHF and cell phone; and to Great Barrier Radio for its keen interest. Reports of previous circumnavigations by Ryan Whittle, and David and Jane Carman were also very useful.

Paddling for Gold in Queen Charlotte Sound **By John Bown**

Hi Paul,

Here is story for you to consider for the trip report section of The Sea Canoeist Newsletter. The trip takes us to an old gold mine which raises the obvious safety issue. Accordingly I have been deliberately vague as to its exact location. We carefully weighed up the risk of entering and I offer the story so that others may enjoy the unique experience through the eyes of the writer without taking the risk themselves.

The Cook Strait ferry was quite some distance away but closing on us. Its bow angle to my kayak had changed only slightly over the past few minutes. Not a good sign, a remedy was needed. Altering our heading and upping the paddle rate had the desired effect. The bow angle steadily increased helped by short surfing bursts angling across the NW chop, and we were soon out of the shipping lane.

Martyn Smith and I were making our way over to the Golden Point mine,

Queen Charlotte Sound. While the ferry was well behind us, up ahead its wash was crashing up over the rocks where we would be landing. The breaking waves reminding me of a previous trip over here done at the tail end of a decaying front the rear guard of which still had plenty of life left in it. Gusts swirled over saddles from Cook Strait tearing at the waves fetching out of Whatamonga Bay. Crests of larger waves would surge across the low profile kayak deck when they broke. Changing tack to run before the wind resulted in some glorious surfing runs on the way to the passage between the Allports Is. Not one of my greatest decisions as the narrow gap was working like a venturi. What had been a fresh breeze now felt like a gale. The waves bottomed out rising steeply in height. Bow down stern up I started to broach. Quickly I put in a brace stroke followed by a series of stern draw strokes pulling the stern over to straighten up my line. This drew me back on course and I shot through the passage. Behind the islet I tied on a hat to give my windward ear a chance to warm up.

Today's trip however, was not so raw. Landing was straightforward, just a case of easing out of our kayaks onto a rock and hoisting them up to perch on larger rocks. We had three hours before the next ferry wash was due. Questions such as "Should we enter or not, will this place crash down around our ears?" had been answered earlier when I had met some folk who had been through the mine. They found the stratum was such that after 100 or so years the rounded arch roofs were still intact. Reading Mike Johnston's "Gold in a Tin Dish" was of help too. It gave an account of the workings from 1873 to 1887 plus a scale drawing of the mine layout. Scrambling 3m to 4m up large blocks of rocks, some with folded bands of schist placed us close to the entrance of the southern drive. The folding of the schist layers echoed the changes to the land which is now the Marlborough Sounds. A land moulded by cycles of uplifting, sculpturing by gales and rain, shattering by frost and ice and finally by submersion.

Great changes to the surface topography weren't the only happenings, underground a transformation had also taken place. Over time, just as a caterpillar metamorphoses into a butterfly, so the great pressure and heating arising from the squeezing, crumpling and folding of the sediment layers had turned the silts and mud into layered schist rock. As this happened scattered metallic elements in the sediments came together within molten quartz to form small pockets of gold at Golden Point and Cape Jackson and antimony at Endeavour Inlet. The liquid quartz flowed along cracks and faults in the schist forming the bands, veins and leads the miners searched for. Now the land was to be shaped by the people who came to win a living from it. The gold-bearing quartz was mined, crushed in stampers and ground in berdans, large rotating bowls with iron rollers inside. The pulverised quartz would then be washed through boxes with mats that would trap the heavy gold. More gold was wrung out of the wash by being run over mercury coated tables, the fine gold dissolving in the mercury. This amalgam was heated in a retort boiling off the mercury leaving the gold behind.

Our clambering through the entrance was to leave the familiar behind, a step back in time to get a glimpse at how others worked to support their families. We felt a breeze wafting over us, not stale, not fresh, but mostly earthy like compost. To our left a short side gallery opened up following a vein of quartz. Up ahead the main drive led on, its outline depicted in the mellow light. We could just make out the raised rim of the first vertical shaft 11m from the entrance. Upon reaching it we peered down. It was full of water, brackish and broody with scum and bubbles floating on top. Our headlamps merely reflected back off the surface, yet our mind's eye looking back in time could see the miners hard at work. They had driven down 12m and were now starting a side passage. We marvelled at how they worked in the cramped conditions. The 1.8m * 1m shaft was barely wide enough to swing a pick. This wasn't their only problem either, while we breathed freely they couldn't.

NORTH ISLAND CIRCUMNAVIGATION

Ventilation down there was bad and they could only toil for short periods. In the back of their minds were other worries too, such as uncertain income and obtaining schooling for their children. However they were soon to strike gold literally. Just ahead of them they would find a pocket of gold, one of the richest in the mine.

Our reminiscing over we moved further into the hillside to the next shaft. This one was 30m from the entrance and to one side of the drive. Originally it descended 18m but now the hole was bridged 3m down with large slabs of rock. Directly above the hole the shaft extended upwards, possibly the source of the rock blocks. Peering up from the side of the main drive and not being prepared to lean out over the gaping hole we couldn't see very far. Fairy lights of glowworms winked back beckoning us to come closer. Our headlamps picked out an upper chamber sculptured with highlights and shadows, angles and corners in the blocky rock leaving us with a sense of intrigue

"What else might be around the corner up there?" Lying on the floor next to the shaft was a large iron pipe with a bullet nosed end full of holes for clearing the shaft of water. The pump had been driven by a wonderful Heath Robinson like series of horizontal and vertical push rods and cranks leading up through the drive to its northern end. From there they went up the main shaft to the surface 21m above then over ground to the steam engine. The engine was at the quartz battery in Kaipapa Bay on the northern side of Golden Point. A soft breeze coming down the drive provoked thoughts of the chuffing, hissing steam engine, its arms clattering and rattling, pulsing and quivering, reaching down into the depths of the mine.

The breeze was cool and our bodies were also cooling, time to get moving again. This last section was sticky under foot. Wet rock waste gripped and sucked at our paddling shoes. Time and again I found myself like a heron balancing on one leg, fishing in the goo for my other shoe. Up ahead an ethereal glow filled the chamber at

the end of the drive. Light was streaming down, dancing from one glistening wall to the other. We marvelled at the perfect symmetry of the square cut corners and perpendicular sides reaching to the surface above. The miners were certainly skilled artisans. Continuing on down the shaft fell away below us, its opening in the floor partially bridged by debris dropped from the battery site above. I threw my plumb line over into a gap in the debris. Down, down, down it went through the black water. Originally this shaft descended 67m of which 51m was below sea level, the miners driving through hard rock searching for the elusive main reef. Our exploration now over we retraced our steps, the mine evoking a sense of the struggle and hardship faced by an earlier generation but it was also a testament to the human spirit in the face of adversity.

John Bown
J.A.Bown@xtra.co.nz

For sale

Perception Eronz Double Kayak
Complete with neoprene spray deck,
life jackets and paddles
\$2200
Phone Tony 233 9431

Wanted to Buy

Nordkapp sea kayak.
Preferably in good condition but anything considered.
Email: chris@celsoft.co.nz
or phone/fax: 03 526 6817

Thanks
Chris Hinkley
chris@celsoft.co.nz

Back in the editorial of the February - March 2003 Newsletter (No.103), Bob Talbot commented on the call out and search for a bright yellow kayak off the South Taranaki coastline. An article in the 1 March 2003 Taranaki 'Daily News', under the headline 'Off-shore paddler proves to be the strong, silent type', noted that for 32 year old Tauranga paddler Simon Weekes, the trip across the South Taranaki Bight to Ohawe Beach was just another paddle.

At 8.30am, a recessional fisherman spotted Simon when he went to check the conditions of the Patea River bar. Observing the wind lifting, and the kayak further out to sea half an hour later, the fisherman notified the Patea Police Station, and a search and rescue call-out was initiated. A fixed wing aircraft and the Hawera Coastguard launch began searching, and although they unable to communicate through the use of different radio channels, the kayak was spotted off the Hawera Golf Course at 1.15pm, over 25km from Patea. The Coastguard launchmaster was quoted, "He was not at all pleased to see us - he was swearing when we came alongside. He has paddling to Ohawe Beach and that was that. He had all the gear, plenty of water and was well equipped."

The clipping concluded that the police sent someone to meet Simon at Ohawe Beach to, 'let him know that it would be a good idea to tell someone where he was going before he goes next time.'

Bob Talbot felt that the search was a terrible waste of time and money as well as putting other people's lives at risk to locate the paddler. In my editorial comment I noted suggested that a check with binoculars or a telescope should have been made from Patea before the search and rescue call-out. As the Coastguard launchmaster noted, Simon was well equipped and

on that basis I inferred he could have called in a rescue if he found himself in serious trouble. Weather and sea conditions strictly control paddling progress on the west coast of the North Island. It is impossible to stick to a set schedule. I went on to suggest that in retrospect an early press release to the newspapers would have let people know of what Simon was intending.

During the rest of that summer, although I had the grapevine on the lookout, there were no further media reports of Simon's progress and paddlers in Tauranga were unaware of this young fella. A proper Miss Terry. Then out of the blue, the following brief report was received from Simon Meek (not Weekes as quoted in the newspaper clipping).

Subject: North Island
Date: 20 Jul 2004
From: SIMON MEEK

Dear Paul,
Whether you remember or not, I don't know, but back in May of 2002, I sent a couple of e-mails to you regarding my plans to attempt a solo circumnavigation of the North Island and seeking any advice you might have on that.

On Christmas day of that year I left Tauranga Harbour alone and without a support crew, hoping to return coming the other way before the end of summer. By early May I'd made it as far as Waikara Beach on the northern side of Maunganui Bluff before common sense prevailed and I called it quits - still somewhat reluctantly however but resolved to complete the journey the following summer.

Illness in January, the crap weather in February and the consistent 3+ metre swells on the west coast during March all conspired to leave me safe and dry, but ultimately frustrated and no closer to where I wanted to be. Then finally during early April I got a window of good weather, one metre swells and time off from work. I left my vehicle at the farmhouse above Waikara Beach and made it only as far as Kawerua, just up the coast, after struggling into a Nor'wester for a couple of hours.

My plan had been to get as far as Mitimiti that first day, leaving a not too difficult paddle up to Ahipara from there. Kawerua to Ahipara was an altogether different proposition however, and despite favourable winds and an early start, it was dark by the time I was washed up on the beach there. With the swell picking up overnight and forecast to reach four metres further up the coast, during the day, I made the decision to hitch back to my vehicle and return for my kayak - securely stashed in the Barbary between the beach and the golf course.

At this point, for different reasons, I gave up on getting back to Tauranga and resolved to content myself with getting up to the Bluff on Ninety mile Beach. It was past this point I had arrived at in Feb' 2001, coming the other way from Tauranga.

So anyway, in early May, I got another opportunity and after leaving my car at the Ahipara Motor Camp I made it up to the Bluff, again, just as darkness had fallen. All very anti-climatic with no one there to meet me, none of the attendant fanfare and no hint of a Pavlova. A fortuitous encounter with a lone fisherman the next morning was more than adequate reward however and I was in Ahipara and back at my car before midday.

So yeah, respectfully, I'm writing to tell you that the North Island has now been kayaked solo without support. And while it wasn't completed in a single summer and not all of it was done going the same way, it's been done. To this end, I must tell you I owe you a huge debt of thanks. I don't know how many times I've read 'Cresting the Restless Waves' but it's plenty. I'd read more than once at university and I had my sister order a copy off you last year when I'd got to Gisborne and was becoming increasingly apprehensive about what was ahead. It was always a great comfort and without it I'm not sure how far I would have got. You definitely paved the way for my attempt.

As for the trip, well, it was an adventure every step of the way - and a great privilege. The things I saw and expe-

rienced affected me deeply and will stay with me always. A journey like that very quickly becomes a lifestyle, an itch that won't go away, as you more than anyone would well know. I started thinking about the South Island long before I'd finished the North - a week stuck in the Cook Strait around Cape Terawhiti cemented that in my head - and that's got to be the next big challenge. It's a few years off yet however but one I look forward to immensely.

Thanks again Paul, you've been very much an influence and an inspiration.

Regards,
Simon Meek.

FOR THE RECORD

Back in the dark ages, I set off from Makara on 24 December 1978 with Bruce Annabell, Lesley Hadley and black labrador Ben as support crew for a trip around the North Island. On 19 March 1979 I arrived back at Makara only to have a huge grin on my face replaced by a creamy pavlova! I have yet to get my revenge with Lesley on that reception.

I have received many enquiries from paddlers proposing to paddle around the North Island, in fact the most recent from a Japanese paddler. But usually a suggestion to have a gander at 'Cresting the Restless Waves' and brief notes of the difficulty of finding sheltered landings on the west coast has put most people off. Kerry Howe (author of the Great Barrier Island report in this newsletter) has paddled much of the east coast, but to my knowledge, Simon's trip is the first unsupported solo paddle around the North Island. Well done Simon!

I have asked Simon for a little more detail on his trip, some of the highlights and lowlights, as this 1700 mile trip is a huge challenge for a solo paddler, and even more so to be travelling self contained and without a support crew.

THE 'BUGGER!' FILE

(from the Southland Sea Kayak
Network Newsletter)

KAYAK MISHAP AT CABLE BAY, NELSON from: Noel Carson

Hi Paul. I got your message from Stan about my incident. The area it all happened wasn't in Able Tasman, it was the other side of Nelson. Daniel and I went out of Cable bay by the Pipin Island farm house. There is a sort of boat launching area there. We went out of Cable bay, across the front off Pipin Island and only a short distance into Delaware bay. It was on the return trip when it all turned to custard. The point that caused us a bit of a worry was the north-west corner of Pipin Island. The first capsize was about 2/3rds the way across the front from that point to the East.

I had a VHF radio and we had two cell phones in water proof housings. Had things got totally out of control, we would have summoned help. But that did seem a very hard thing to do. Not sure how much worse things needed to get before we took that option.

The thing I was the most grateful for, was a training weekend a few weeks before the incident. I did feel a bit uneasy about going around the front when I saw it on the way out but as I had no rough water experience. Had the wind not got up all would have been fine. The speed at which the wind got up caught Daniel and me by surprise. Daniel was living in Nelson and was not expecting it to come up so quick.

I have done a reasonable amount a scuba diving over 25 years off the Canterbury coast and a smaller amount in the Southland area. Got as far as rescue diver qualification and have had a boat for around 25 years. I am used to being in the water so the environment of water did not concern me. Daniel had been around there a few times. All though he was not as

water experienced as me, I accepted his knowledge of the area. Next time I would need to know a lot more about local sea habits and not go where I didn't feel comfortable. It was however a very unusual summer in many parts of the country. The approximate date would be 19 or 20 February 2004.

Noel's 'Bugger!' Story

We have had some good trips and training weekends. The big thing that puzzles me is why so few attend then? I think we have about 40 or 50 in our network. I am there for the enjoyment of paddling with other paddlers, seeing the scenery, learning skills, (Lord knows I need them) and the general enjoyment of being on the water (rough or smooth) or in my case often in it.

I can only assume the majority of you are very very experienced kayakers and not novices like me. I'm thinking this because most of the people that attended our Feb. skills weekend at Monowai were very experienced paddlers brushing up on the skills and passing some on to people like me. Two weeks later, the skills I learnt at that weekend may well have saved my life.

I got into a large amount of strife in the Nelson area in late Feb. I have a sea kayak and my son Daniel (24) has a Perception Swing ride on. Daniel and I went for a cruisy paddle out a long bay and around a longish headland and into a bay. We came across two paddlers coming back into the bay as we were going out. One of them said it was very choppy out there but the day was nice and we didn't appreciate we were being given good advice by an experienced paddler. (In hindsight probably a guide for the local area). When we got into the headland we found it was quite big and lumpy. There was very little wind and Daniel had been out here before, so I wasn't too concerned. He did a bit of snorkelling in the next bay which was like glass and 20 minutes later we decided to head back. Heading toward the headland there were a few small ripples to break up the glassy surface. Small alarm bells started to ring as to what may be happening along the headland. I soon found out.

The wind had come up strong and those large lumps now had white things on top. Not a pretty sight for a novice paddler. I was doing fine for a while - Daniel's ride on was merrily bobbing up and down - when we could see each other. We were only about 30m apart.

Then it all happened. I got tipped out. Daniel saw my predicament and came over. I was able to tell him what to do, to get my boat right side up and assist me back in. It was surprisingly easy to get back into my boat in the rough seas. Two weeks earlier I wouldn't of had a clue what to do. (TRAINING WEEKEND NEW SKILLS LEARNT!).

My problem was that despite all the theory and practice in calm water, I found it very difficult and in my case impossible to balance the boat and pump it out in the rough seas. I decided to leave the water in my boat. I got tipped out two more times and my adventure this far was starting to sap my strength.

My third tip out was close to a point with a lot of white water over it. I did not fancy my chances if I got washed onto that. The ride on was still fine (they do have their place) and Daniel tried to help me but our proximity to the point and the speed we were heading towards it, meant a few quick decisions had to be made. We were having trouble handling the two boats and getting away from the point so we decided to abandon the kayak. I tried to swim away from the point as Daniel hovered around on his ride-on but after some time, (maybe 15 minutes) I was getting exhausted and going now where against the wind and current. Daniel tried towing me but that's near impossible. We tried two on the ride on but we both got tipped off straight away - not made for two. They're easy to get back onto.

We had made a bit of headway but nowhere near enough. We decided to try the fins Daniel had been snorkelling with. The fins were stored on the aft deck of the ride on and easy to get at. Getting them on while in the water was quite an achievement consider-

ing the conditions. We finally got away from the imminent danger and decided to head to a beach. It was somewhere to land but it didn't look pretty, lots of waves and rocks on the way. Daniel decided he would have more chance swimming with the fins and me paddling in on his ride on. I made the beach in one piece and was there for about five minutes and no sign of Daniel. I launched the ride on and was just heading around the first small point when I saw him clambering across the rocks, cut hands but safe.

We were able to send a cell phone message to Glenys (my wife) and she asked should she call for help. We answered NO!! (The pride thing). Problem was we still had 2 or 3 kms. to get back to a friendly beach, We were both feeling very sea sick, I had been in the water too long and was cold and shivery. Hypothermia onset, not good.

It looked like the beach may disappear at high tide or certainly be swept with waves so we had to get off. We tried to climb out up the cliff. To Stan this would have been a piece of cake but after a wee way up we decided this was way to dangerous and we could end up much worse off if one of us fell. We went back down to the beach. We decided we weren't getting rescued easily, no boat was going to get close to where we were and it seemed much to windy to easily get a rope near us from a helicopter. Besides that I was thinking of the thousands of dollars bill I would get.

Plan B:

Daniel climb out and walkover the hill tops and I paddle out if I could get the thing out. It was not getting any calmer. Daniel seemed to be getting up OK (except afterward it turned out he had a few heart stopping moments). I launched the ride on and after getting beached a few times, finally made it through a treacherous looking gap and into open water. It was a lot further back to the beach than we had thought when we couldn't see it. Daniel was going to have a long walk. I hoped he would see that before coming down the gully and stay up top.

All went well until I got near the beach and was going around the end of a small reef. Yep I got up ended in full view, how humiliating. Back on the beach my reception was less than friendly. Mothers do not like the notion of their son being missing. I was feeling rotten (health wise) and decided silence was the best thing. I got changed into some warm clothes, sent a cell message to Daniel asking if he was all right. He seemed to be taking a long time. Got a reply of, "OK" and a few minutes later he came walking down the hill. He had made the mistake of going down a gully to what we had thought on our beach would be the beach we set out from. He had to get back up onto the tops and a lot longer walk to ahead of him.

All ended well minus one boat but it could have been very different. If I hadn't got back into my boat the first two times. I may have wound up some where in French Pass or thereabouts.

Making sure I get my self involved with network activities may have saved my life and allowed us to continue with our holiday, unfazed but a lot wiser (I hope). Safe paddling, see you on our next trip.

Noel Carson

BATPHONE SAVES LIFE IN OTAGO HARBOUR

by Paul Caffyn

The following 'Bugger' file story is from the 31 May newspaper clipping of a solo paddler rescue in Otago Harbour.

'Kayaker's call leads to rescue.

Dave Palmer has spent a year in the Antarctic but says that was nothing compared with the unscheduled 20 minutes he spent in the chilly Otago Harbour yesterday.

"I have never been so cold. Antarctica was tropical compared to that," the 39-year-old firefighter said.

He was recovering at home after falling out of his kayak while crossing from Broad Bay to Port Chalmers at 11.30am and had high praise for his colleagues who became his rescuers. "I knew I was in trouble when the lights started to fade and the dexterity in my hands was slowing me down. I knew I probably wouldn't last another five minutes. Rescuers would just find a body in a lifejacket," he said.

Mr Palmer had kayaker from his home town of Port Chalmers to Broad Bay to take part in a race, but struck trouble a short way into it.

"My rudder cable snapped so I had to make a makeshift repair." The race was over by the time he had finished his repairs and he opted to kayak home. With seven year's experience in sea kayaking, Mr Palmer said the sea was "a bit choppy" but he was comfortable with the conditions."

"But then a rogue wave caught me, clipped the kayak and tipped me up." After unsuccessfully trying to right himself, Mr Palmer slipped out of the kayak and concentrated on getting back in. "That didn't go so well either."

He slipped while trying to pull himself out of the water and this time the kayak floated out of his grasp. "Everyone says if you get in trouble, don't let go of the kayak. I knew not to; it just happened."

Wearing just a thermal top, light trousers and his life jacket, Mr Palmer knew time was of the essence and he reached for his cellphone, safely strapped around his neck and packaged in a waterproof cover. "I called 111 and asked for fire."

He explained his situation to the communications centre and was patched through to the chief fire officer of the Port Chalmers Fire Service of which he is a volunteer.

"He got the boys out in boats straight away and talked to me the whole time. I could see the boats in the water, but they obviously couldn't see me. I was telling the chief over the radio what I

was seeing and what direction to tell the boats to go.”

Just as Mr Palmer started to wonder if he could stay conscious, he was plucked from the water, about half a kilometre south of Quarantine Island, and flown to Dunedin Hospital by a waiting rescue helicopter. His temperature as 32°C - five degrees below average and with mild hypothermia level.

“It would be fair to say I was pretty cold.” After spending two hours at Dunedin Hospital’s emergency department, Mr Palmer returned home - a little embarrassed, but keen to get back on the water.

“I’ve learnt a few lessons from this, but it won’t let it put me off.”

WHAT ARE THE LESSONS LEARNED?

1. Through carrying a cellphone - attached to himself and not stashed in the kayak - Dave Palmer was able to phone for a rescue and guide boats to his position. On 4 April 2004, I presented a kayak safety roadshow to 80 paddlers at Dunedin. Following presentation of four of the accident database files, I highlighted several of the major causes of serious near misses and fatalities. I passed on the message from Jim Lott of Maritime Safety Authority that many drowned boaties were found in the water with waterlogged cellphones in pockets or on a belt, and that for the sake of a simple zip lock bag, their lives could have been saved. Once Dave saw the boats unable to locate himself, a smoke flare would have established his location quickly and sped up the rescue.

In the event of an out of boat experience and the worst case scenario of losing contact with the kayak, emergency signalling devices should be attached to the lifejacket or in this instance where Dave had the batphone on a strap around his neck.

2. Endeavour to stay with the kayak. A bulkheaded boat is not only secure buoyancy but also a major navigational aid to allow searchers to locate a paddler in the water. It is far more difficult to locate a swimmer in a choppy sea than a kayak bobbing around on top of the water.

3. In winter and particularly in colder southern climes, always dress for cold water immersion. Head, feet and hands lose body warmth quickly in cold water while wind chill will further lower the effective air temperature. When fingers and hands go white and, as Dave Palmer found, lose their dexterity, simple manual functions such as using a VHF radio, setting off a flare or using a bat phone are severely impaired. Wetsuit booties, insulated pogies for the hands, and a balaclava or neoprene hood for the head will slow heat loss in cold seas. I would suggest in Dave Palmer’s case, his clothing - a thermal top and light trousers - was totally inadequate for the conditions.

4. If you are paddling solo, ensure you can confidently roll or self rescue.

In the Newspapers & Magazines

WHANGAREI FATALITY

New Zealand Herald - 5 July 2004
Police recovered the body of a 43 year old Whangarei kayaker on a beach at Reotahi, opposite the Marsden Point oil refinery, after a fishing kayak was found tied to a buoy off Ruakaka. Named as William Keith Pearson, he was found wearing a parka, lifejacket, wetsuit, leggings and work boots. Apparently he fished regularly in the area and had been out all day on Saturday.

QUEEN’S CHAIN AMENDMENT BILL

Grey Star - 5 August 2004
A proposal to force foreigners buying land in New Zealand to create a ‘Queen’s Chain’ has survived its first test in Parliament. National MP Nick Smith’s Overseas Investment (Queen’s Chain Extension) Amendment Bill was sent to a select committee after the Government said it would allow it to stay alive despite strong reservations.

HUMOUR

The Whole Venus vs Mars Thing Revisited.

I never quite figured out why the sexual urges of men and women differ so much. And I never figured out the whole Venus and Mars thing. I have never figured out why men think with their head and women think with their heart.

I have never figured out why the sexual desire gene gets thrown into a state of turmoil, when it hears the words “I do.”

For example: One evening last week, my wife and I were getting into bed. Well, the passion starts to heat up, and she eventually says, “I don’t feel like it, I just want you to hold me.” I said “WHAT!!! What was that?!”

So she says the words that every husband on the planet dreads to hear... “You’re just not in touch with my emotional needs as a woman enough for me to satisfy your physical needs as a man.” She responded to my puzzled look by saying, “Can’t you just love me for who I am and not what I do for you in the bedroom?”

Realising that nothing was going to happen that night I went to sleep.

The very next day I opted to take the day off of work to spend time with her. We went out to a nice lunch and then went shopping at a big, big unnamed department store. I walked around with her while she tried on several different very expensive outfits. She couldn’t decide which one to take so I told her we’ll just buy them all! She wanted new shoes to compliment her new clothes, so I said lets get a pair for each outfit. We went to the jewellery department where she picked out a pair of diamond earrings. Let me tell you, she was so excited. She must have thought I was one wave short of a shipwreck. I started to think she was testing me because she asked for a tennis bracelet when she doesn’t even know how to play ten-

nis. I think I threw her for a loop when I said, "That's fine, honey." She was almost nearing sexual satisfaction from all of the excitement.

Smiling with excited anticipation she finally said, "I think this is All dear, lets go to the cashier."

I could hardly contain myself when I blurt out, "No honey, I don't feel Like it."

Her face just went completely blank as her jaw dropped with a baffled "WHAT?!!!"

I then said "Really honey! I just want you to HOLD this stuff for a while.

You're just not in touch with my financial needs as a man enough for me to satisfy your shopping needs as a woman." And just when she had this look like she was going to kill me I added, "Why can't you just love me for who I am and not for the things I buy you?"

Apparently I won't be having sex again until sometime after pigs fly over a frozen hell.

ESCAPED PRISONER

A man escapes from a prison where he has been kept for 15 years. He breaks into a house to look for money and guns and finds a young married couple in bed. He orders the bloke out of bed and ties him over a chair. While tying the girl to the bed he moves on top of her, kisses her on the neck, then gets up and goes into the bathroom.

While he's in there, the husband tells his wife: "Listen, this guy is an escaped prisoner. Look at his clothes! He probably has spent a lot of time in jail, and hasn't seen a woman in years. I saw how he kissed your neck. If he wants sex, don't resist, don't complain, do what he tells you, just give him satisfaction, no matter how much he ravages you. This guy is probably damned dangerous. If he gets angry, he'll kill us. Be strong, honey. I love you."

To which the wife responds: "He wasn't kissing my neck. He was whispering in my ear. He told me he was gay, thought you were cute, and asked

if we kept any Vaseline in the bathroom. I told him where to find it. Be strong, honey. I love you, too."

INJURED PIRATE

A pirate walked into a hotel bar and the bartender said, "Hey, I haven't seen you in a while. You look terrible! What happened?"

"What do you mean?" said the pirate, "I feel fine."

"What about the wooden leg? You didn't have that before."

"Well, we were in a battle and I got hit with a cannon ball, but I'm fine now."

"Well, OK, but what about that hook? What happened to your hand?"

"We were in another battle. I boarded a ship and got into a sword fight. My hand was cut off. I got fitted with a hook. I'm fine, really."

"What about that eye patch?"

"Oh, one day we were at sea and a flock of seagulls flew over. I looked up and one of them shit square in my eye."

"You must be kidding," said the bartender. "You couldn't lose an eye just from some bird shit."

"It was my first day with the hook."

PHONE AFFAIR

"Hello?"

"Hi, honey, this is Daddy"

"Is Mommy near the phone?"

"No, Daddy. She's upstairs in the bedroom with Uncle Frank."

After a brief pause, Daddy says, "But you haven't got an Uncle Frank, honey!"

"Oh Yes, I do, and he's upstairs in the room with Mommy, right now!"

"Uh, Okay, then ... here's what I want you do. Put down the phone, run upstairs and knock on the bedroom door and shout to Mommy and Uncle Frank that Daddy's car's just pulled up outside the house & then come back to the phone."

"Okay, Daddy!"

A few minutes later, the little girl comes back to the phone.

"I did what you said, Daddy."

"And what happened?" he asks.

"Well, Mommy got all scared, jumped out of bed with no clothes on and ran around screaming, then she tripped over the rug and went flying out the front window and now she's all dead."

"Oh my God! And what about your

Uncle Frank?"

"He jumped out of bed with no clothes on too and he was all scared and he jumped out the back window into the swimming pool but he must have forgot that last week you took out all the water to clean it, so he hit the bottom of the swimming pool and now he's all real dead too."

long pause

more pause

Then Daddy says, "Swimming pool?"

"Is this 555-2357?"

CHEESE SCONES

An elderly Irishman lay dying in his bed. While suffering the agonies of impending death, he suddenly smelled the aroma of his favourite cheese scones wafting up the stairs.

He gathered his remaining strength, and lifted himself from the bed. Leaning against the wall, he slowly made his way out of the bedroom, and with even greater effort, gripping the railing with both hands, he crawled downstairs.

With laboured breath, he leaned against the door frame, gazing into the kitchen.

Were it not for death's agony, he would have thought himself already in heaven, for there, spread out upon waxed paper on the kitchen table were dozens of his favourite cheese scones.

Was it heaven? Or was it one final act of heroic love from his devoted Irish wife of sixty years, seeing to it that he left this world a happy man?

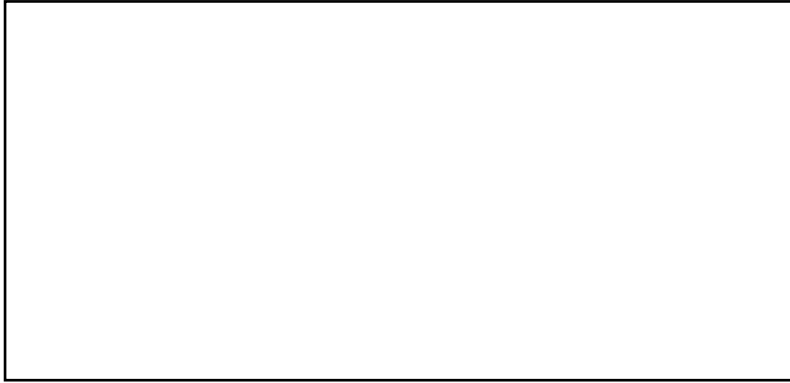
Mustering one great final effort, he threw himself towards the table, landing on his knees in a rumpled posture. His parched lips parted, he could almost taste the cheese scone before it was in his mouth, seemingly bringing him back to life.

The aged and withered hand trembled on its way to the nearest scone at the edge of the table, when suddenly, his hand was soundly smacked with a spatula, by his wife. . .

"Bugger off!" she said.

"They're for the funeral!"

MAILED TO



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- members should endeavour to renew by the start of our new year which is 1 August, and runs to 31 July the following year.
- a subscription due notice and up to two reminders with red notices stickers etc., are sent out with the newsletters between June and October
- existing members who leave their renewal to months before the end of the year (that is during June and July) have their sub. credited to the following year. They in effect get a membership of up to 14 months as an incentive.
- new members who join between 1 June and 31 July automatically get their membership credited to the following year. Again in effect receiving a membership of up to 14 months as an incentive.
- the KASK committee puts its emphasis confirming renewals from existing members from July to October; and promoting new KASK memberships from November to February.

**Subscriptions for 2004 -
2005 are now due**

