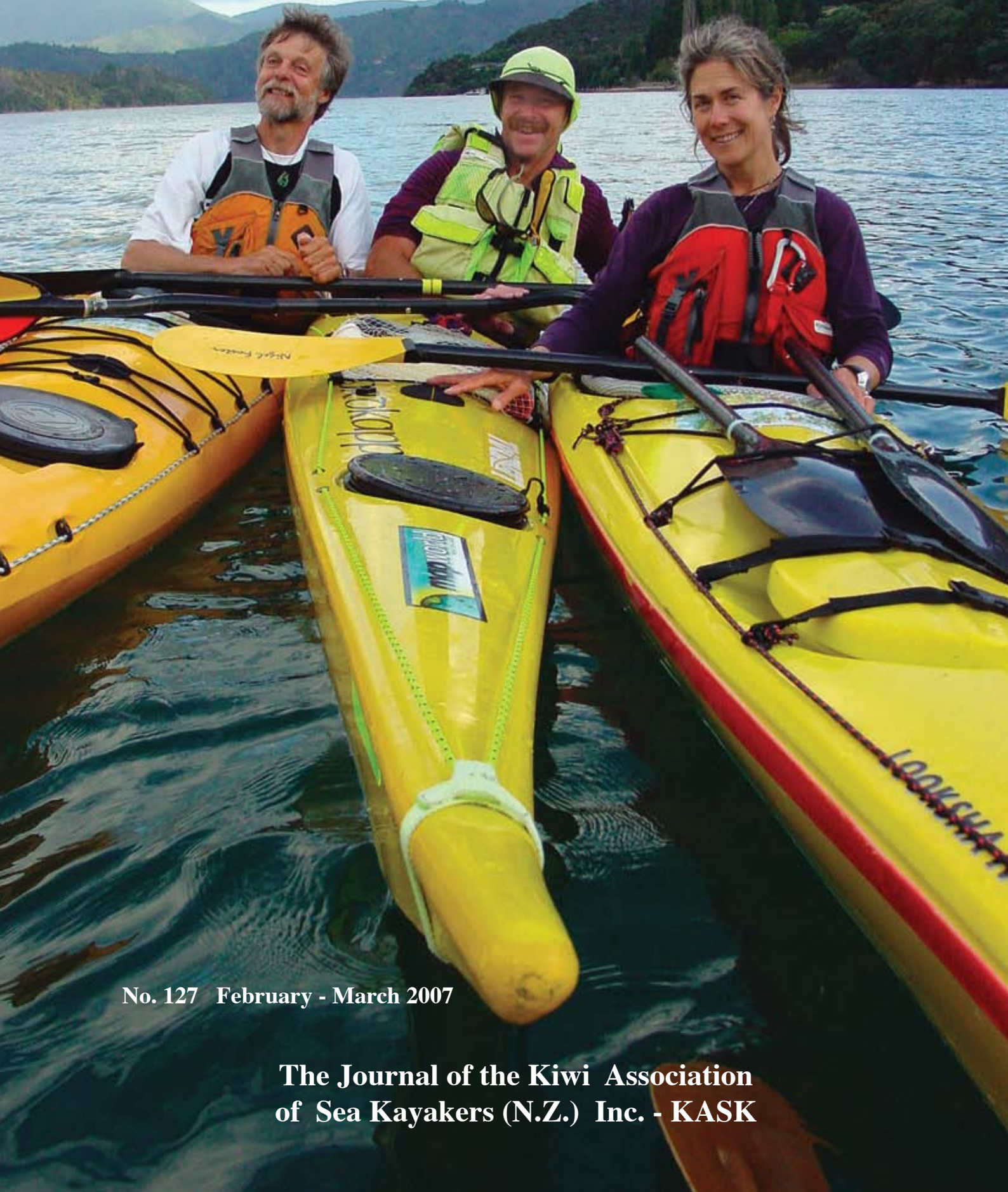


THE SEA CANOEIST NEWSLETTER



No. 127 February - March 2007

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



*Luxury camping at Mistletoe Bay
Chris & Lyn Roberts, Brent & Helen Dale*



*David Winkworth with the forum
organizing committee ladies: from
left, Iona Bailey, Cathye Haddock,
Susan Cade & Helen Woodward*



*Paul Hayward with
his haul of photo
competition prizes*

KASK KASK FORUM 2007 ANAKIWA



*Kristin Nelson, with
Stephen Counsell's
anti-Polar Bear spray.*



*Evan Pugh, the only bloke
on the 2007 forum committee*



*Mike Wilkin -
Paddle float
rescue demo*



*Minimalist camping style
Ross & John*



*Mistletoe Bay, the
morning after the
campout*

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COVER: from left, Nigel Foster, John Kirk-Anderson & Kristin Nelson. Photo: P. Caffyn

NEXT NEWSLETTER DEADLINE
16 May 2007

EDITORIAL

Andrew McAuley
 So near and yet so far, seems to sum up how close Andrew McAuley came to completing the first solo kayak crossing of the Tasman Sea. Martin and Fiona Fraser, and I, were at Milford on 10 February, ready to paddle out and meet Andrew early next morning, when news broke of the emergency VHF radio call. Martin and Fiona have written a moving account of their involvement with our plans to meet Andrew and how the rescue subsequently unfolded.

In New Zealand, Australia and overseas, I have been staggered at how Andrew's audacious solo paddle, and disappearance so close to Milford, touched so many people, from all walks of life.

Following Martin and Fiona's account, I have included the tributes from the three of us that were read out at the Sydney memorial service. On behalf of KASK, I sent a sympathy card to Vicki McAuley. Dave Winkworth and I sent a separate card. Martin and Fiona also arranged for flowers at the Sydney memorial service.

Vicki McAuley emailed a note of thanks that left me decidedly misty-eyed:
 Hi Paul,
 I just wanted to express my heartfelt thanks to you for your lovely cards and messages of support. And also, thank you for the beautiful flowers that you, Fiona & Martin sent. I was deeply touched by that very kind gesture. The president of the NSWSKC, Elizabeth Thompson, read out your very touching message at the Memorial Service, and thank you so much for that. Andrew would have greatly appreciated it. He was very much looking forward to seeing you at the end.

We were planning on driving up to the West Coast to visit you before we headed home. Andrew always had the utmost respect and admiration for you (as do I). We have a photo of you with Andrew stuck on our fridge - doing that muscle pose at Bundeena that night both of you gave a talk for the NSWSKC - do you remember that?
 Vicki McAuley

Well I do indeed remember the night at Bundeena; the NSW Sea Kayak Club called it a 'Living Legends' evening. Andrew gave a talk on his recent 300 mile Gulf of Carpentaria crossing, and I marvelled at how he had spent six days and nights in the cockpit of his single kayak. I can't recall my slide show, but I clearly recall some of Andrew's slides, particularly his naked, spotty bum after he arrived at Gove, and our posing as body builders.

What transpired, beginning early evening, Friday 12 February, leaving Andrew in the sea with only his VHF radio, has raised a lot of unanswered questions. The next newsletter will hopefully be able to answer some of those questions and provide further details on the kayak, equipment and communication equipment.

KASK FORUM - ANAKIWA

John Kirk-Anderson's personal perspective (page 14) says it all. The forum was over far too quickly! The venue, the speakers, the weather, the tucker, the overnigher at Mistletoe Bay, the practical sessions, the photo competition, all were outstanding.

FORUM PHOTO COMPETITION

Paul Hayward scooped many of the awards, but David Fisher, Susan Cade and Kerry-Jayne Wilson also received awards. Photos and details in the next newsletter.

GRAHAM EGARR PADDLE TROPHY ANNUAL AWARDS:

- For outstanding service to Sea Kayaking: Sandy Ferguson
- For outstanding contributions to the KASK newsletter: Cathye Haddock & John Kirk-Anderson.

KASK AGM

2007 - 08 KASK committee: Susan Cade as president, Julie Reynolds, Paul Caffyn and Evan Pugh. Reports presented at the AGM to follow in the next newsletter.

Re: Kayak Trail Feasibility

from: **Jim Dilley,**
Auckland Harbourmasters
Office.

Date: 20 February 2007

Harbourmaster's Office
Auckland Regional Council
c/- Marine Rescue Centre
3 Solent Street
Private Bag 92 012, Auckland
Phone: +64-9-362 0396
Email: jim.dilley@arc.govt.nz
http://www.arc.govt.nz

AUCKLAND KAYAK TRAILS

Anyone willing to be part of a group to respond to the request from Jim Dilley, please get in touch with the editor. This is a grand idea and needs some thought before feedback is sent back to the ARC.

The Auckland Regional Council, Coastal Funding Committee, have asked me to contact kayak groups within the Auckland Region for assistance in developing a project. The Committee have been presented with a project for funding that aims to establish a kayak trail within the waters of the Auckland Region.

The Committee feel they would like to ensure participation of user groups, and interested parties, and also ensure the use of expertise and knowledge available. At this point the funding, if approved, would be available from July this year and would be to provide, amongst other things, the following information:

- 1) Establish if a kayak trail would be a worthy facility in the South Eastern Part of the Region.
- 2) If the area had existing facilities that could be used, adapted, enhanced to accommodate the kayakers overnight camping, launching etc.
- 3) The land owners, facility owners and parties with an ongoing interest in the project.
- 4) The publicity required to make users aware of the trail.
- 5) The degree of input and assistance any group may wish to have.
- 6) Costs involved in the project to ensure a suitable outcome.

If you would like to be involved, or can offer information and support to this project, or guidance on more suitable locations, or are able to put me in contact with interested parties please contact me. Andrew White will be our contact in the ARC for this project. He can be contacted on phone: (09) 366 2000, email: andrew.white@arc.govt.nz

Many thanks for your help and assistance.
Jim Dilley,
Deputy Harbourmaster

TRIBUTE

MIKE ROWLEY by Max Grant

Born in England in 1932, Mike moved to New Zealand in his 20's to eventually settle near Dannevirke.

In the early 60's Mike and a group of friends started making canvas kayaks in a back shed. This venture developed into producing some fibreglass kayaks and becoming a founder member of the Ruahine White Water Club to take part in kayak trips, including sea trips to Kapiti Island and Cape Kidnappers. In 1984 he built and modified a fibreglass recreational double which he and John Craven successfully paddled across Cook Strait.

In 1986 Mike and John teamed up with Bill Anderson and Max Grant and they completed a magnificent two week adventure in Fiordland. Their trip started in Deep Cove from where they kayaked out of Doubtful Sound and down the coast to Dusky Sound and back. A couple of years later this trip was followed by a 10 day kayak through Queen Charlotte, Pelorus and Kenepuru Sounds. Several trips were embarked on during this time, one of the most spectacular being a night

crossing of Cook Strait with fellow kayaker Bill Anderson.

Mike served many years as both President and Secretary of the R.W.W.C. and was also involved in organising the KASK forums at Worsler Bay and Hawkes Bay. He had his Masters Ticket in Shipping and often spoke on navigation.

Mike was also an executive member of the N.Z.C.A. and was awarded a life membership of the Ruahine White Water Club in 1992 for his services to kayaking. He was the first person to be awarded a life membership of the RWWC.

This was also a time when he started becoming involved in triathalons, mainly the Mountains to Sea and the Coast to Coast. Looking for new faster kayaks to compete at these events, he produced a triathlon kayak which he called the Destiny. This was the first of several triathlon kayaks Mike designed and made, all of which led to the forming of his present day company, 'Ruahine Kayaks'.

Our last paddle with Mike was our 20 year Fiordland reunion trip to Lake Tarawera*. It was a marvellous weekend and we are so pleased to have been able to have shared it with such good friends. Mike was a man with a big heart, a man of great integrity and he will be sorely missed by his kayaking mates.

* KASK newsletter No. 123, has a reunion report from Mike, plus Bill Anderson wrote about the 1986 trip

Mike Rowley at Rautiti, 2005
Photo: Ken Mercer



EXPEDITIONS

Trans-Tasman From: Andrew McAuley's Website Diary

5 Feb 2007 - So near, and yet so far! Winds and currents were all conspiring against us today! Andrew has been battling through strong SE currents and feeling like he's going nowhere. And that's not far from the truth - looks like he's been drifting in the wrong direction overnight. The net result was a mere 25 km progress for the day. You'd almost call that soul destroying, but I know it will take more than that to break Andrew's soul!

The good news is he's on course, and the currents will dissipate closer to the coast.

6 Feb 2007 - The waiting game! Waiting! Waiting! Everyone is on the edge of their seats waiting! It's something I'm getting pretty good at by now! Last week we were expecting Andrew in on Wednesday or Thursday. Now it's looking like Saturday.

He seems to have escaped the main force of that dratted current, and managed to clock up 50 km today. It was calm out in the Tasman this afternoon, although a light NE headwind made it a hard slog for most of the day. Only 200 km to go. This last stretch is taking an eternity! I'm sure Andrew is thinking the same!

February 8, 2007 - ETA Sunday! With only 120 km to go, Andrew claims he'll see us 'Sunday 9am sharp!'. His friends all know that he's not renowned for his punctuality, but here's hoping!

We, the landcrew, have been anxiously awaiting his daily situation reports. Yesterday he alerted us to the possibility of loss of communication — he's down to one remaining sat phone and can't charge the batteries for some unknown reason. We were hoping, but not really expecting, to

receive tonight's report. Big sigh of relief when it came through!

He's right on target. You have to hand it to him — that's some pretty impressive navigation to be right in line for the mouth of Milford Sound.

Conditions are looking OK for the last couple of days. Fingers crossed they stay that way!

For your interest, the tally of equipment failure thus far - tracking beacon (carked it after first capsize 3 weeks ago); secondary sat phone (suffered same fate in same capsize); watch (no longer knows what time it is, so he's figuring if it's dark, it must be time to transmit his report!); broken pivot arm on Casper (apparently not affecting his performance); cracked lens on bullet camera (we'll have to look at stripey footage!). That's all we know of ... we'll get the whole story in a couple of days!

A Beer in the Hand is Worth Two in the Bush by Martin & Fiona Fraser

This is our personal view based on notes we took at the time on how events unfolded as Andrew McAuley neared Fiordland at the end of his solo, trans Tasman kayak expedition and the subsequent search for him.

We will buy anyone a beer who can kayak the Tasman solo, and in late January we were wishing that Andrew wasn't paddling so fast because we couldn't quite swing time off work to go down and meet him. By early in February we could see from the progress on Andrew's website that he was likely to be paddling into Milford Sound at about the same time that we would be on annual leave. With some booking rearrangements and some fast talking at work we realised that we could be down there to escort in the first person to cross the Tasman in a kayak.

6/2/07, Tuesday. To our surprise Vicki McAuley replied within minutes to

an e-mail that we sent asking about the ETA for Andrew. Her response was that he should be in on either late 8th or early 9th of Feb and how great it would be if there were a bit of a welcoming committee there to meet him. Our double kayak doesn't really constitute a whole committee, so we put a message out on the Canterbury e-mail network that we would be going down and anyone else interested might like to get in touch with us.

7/2/07, Wednesday. The ETA had extended out to Saturday the 10th, so we were able to take our time getting down to Mission Control in Te Anau. We left at 0745hrs on the Thursday 8/2/07 for the drive down from Christchurch with the kayak and all the gear loaded up. We got into Te Anau at 1700hrs, settled into a campground then made contact with Vicki and her team. They were staying at a campground on the Milford Sound side of town. We were warmly welcomed, they appeared quite surprised that anyone would travel so far to meet someone that they had never heard of before now.

It was a small team, Vicki, Finlay their three year old son, Jen a documentary maker, Andrew's sister, her baby and Andrews father. They were already fielding interviews from various modes of media, TV3's Leanne Malcolm was spending some time with them.

Over dinner we established that everything was still continuing as planned and everyone seemed relatively calm. The ETA was still Sunday at 9am, although we weren't sure what time Andrew was running on. His watch was broken so he was using GPS time, we weren't sure if it was on Aussie time or Kiwi time or indeed if it changed automatically into the relevant time zone.

Our plan at this point was to paddle out on Saturday the 10th and stay at Anita Bay in the outer reaches of Milford Sound so that we could try to spot him when he came through the heads Sunday morning. The others were planning on only a short paddle out from Deep Water basin.



Andrew setting off for the second time, from Tasmania. The anti-capsize device, Casper, is mounted on the stern deck, immediately aft of the cockpit.

9/2/07, Friday dawned quiet and it was a day of waiting to see what was going to happen next. There was no point going over and feeding the Milford sandflies early so we all stayed in Te Anau. We wandered over to Mission Control and talked to Jen for a while. Tension had increased significantly overnight as Andrew drew closer. Vicki in particular was showing the strain of having to manage a three year old, multiple media demands and handle trip logistics, which were increasing the closer Andrew got to NZ. Martin invited the team over for a BBQ at our campground. They were not very keen on this idea, mainly due to the inclement weather that we were experiencing. These poor Aussies were used to temperatures somewhere in the late 20's at a minimum and all we could dish up were temperatures scraping the high teens.

During the afternoon we scoured the Te Anau souvenir shops for a suitable tinny holder to house the cold beer we were going to give Andrew. We found one with a roadsign on it saying 'Kiwis 1200km' which we modified to say 'Kiwis in 1600km', then purchased a six-pack of Speights.

Martin talked with Paul Caffyn on the phone in the afternoon to see if he was going to make it down to see Andrew in. Paul was enthusiastic about the idea and was planning to drive all Saturday

night to be there, 11 hours of driving. He gave us some advice on alternative camping spots in Milford Sound.

Vicki took Finlay for a trip over to the glowworm caves keeping him occupied. We all met up at the campground at 6pm and arranged to meet for drinks and dinner at 0630hrs. Leanne Malcolm from TV3 came as well and spent time talking to Vicki and Jen. Paul Hewitson, the builder of Mirage Sea Kayaks, Andrew's father, sister and her baby joined us a short while later. It was a happy gathering. There was much speculation regarding what Andrew was doing and going over details about his trip. Paul proved to be very interesting to talk to, since he was involved in some of the preparation. We talked about how they were keeping Andrew on course to make it through the heads at Milford Sound. They received GPS co-ordinates each day and entered them into Google earth and plotted the course that he was on. They then relayed back to Andrew the co-ordinates that he needed to follow to stay on track and allow for overnight drift. One of the difficulties that they had closer to NZ was the lack of information on current direction. Off the Australian coast they had accurate information on the direction of currents so that they could factor that into the course plotting. Apparently there is a point closer to Tasmania south of Milford

Sound, but the problem with landing there, apart from the access, is there was no margin of error if Andrew got blown South. He may miss New Zealand altogether!

There was also discussion about the emotional roller coaster that all the team members had been going through for the whole month. For instance, when Andrew was weathering a serious storm his message regarding his position arrived 4 hours late. The person that they had advising weather conditions was pretty blunt in his predictions, but Paul didn't want to worry Vicki so he didn't pass on how bad the weather really was. The phones were running hot as they speculated as to why Andrew hadn't contacted them. A message came through that Andrew was stuck in his kayak unable to paddle for 48 hours because of the 9m waves. He was rolled over more than once. We could only imagine how horrible it must have been for him out there, on his own, in a cockpit with movement so restricted that he cannot even touch his knees.

Paul also had the heavy responsibility of providing the kayak for the trip. He was happy with the kayak that he produced, but couldn't get away from the risk involved in this expedition and the unknowns associated with it.

The authorities in Australia were reluctant to give Andrew the go ahead to leave on his trip. They initially wouldn't give permission to leave because he didn't have all the paperwork and gear in order. His first attempt was abandoned after one night. It took him two days to get back to Tasmania. The second time he set off, he left some gear behind and changed some of the way things were done. Some rough weather that he encountered after leaving Australia took out a tracking beacon that he had strapped to the boat. It also cracked the lens on a camera. The authorities wanted him to turn back because of the beacon. Their concern was that once he was past 400km it would be difficult to rescue him because he would be out of helicopter range. The team suggested that he blip his EPIRB at a certain time each day for 1 minute to confirm his

position. The authorities would not accept that as an alternative option. The team phoned Andrew on his satellite phone to discuss this situation and suggested turning around to him. All agreed that at this point it would be quicker to paddle to NZ than back to Tasmania. Andrew was determined to carry on. The authorities suggested flying a replacement beacon out to Andrew. This involved purchasing a new beacon, a helicopter to take it out to him and a fixed wing aircraft that had to fly above the helicopter because of regulations about flying over open sea - price tag, a minimum of \$25k AUD. The budget was already stretched, particularly after the aborted first trip which required Vicki to fly back to Tasmania from Sydney and then for Andrew and the kayak to return to Sydney.

The beacon wasn't the only casualty of the trip so far. He had two satellite phones, but one had packed up. His watch had stopped. He was also having problems with the charging units so his second satellite phone was running down, which meant that the team expected communication to be a bit scratchy over the last couple of days.

We told Paul Hewitson about our plan of paddling out to the Sounds entrance to greet Andrew and asked about the protocol of meeting someone trying to paddle unsupported. Did it mean that we couldn't hand him a beer with the specially re-designed tinny holder. At what point had he 'made it'. Consensus was reached that we shouldn't touch Andrew or his kayak without clearing it with him first as he might want to land unaided.

Dinner was a light-hearted affair with chatter about what Andrew would be eating that night. Much discussion regarding the merits of dehydrated meals and how nice the dehydrated ice cream is that made up some of his food supplies, we weren't all convinced about that. Paul's phone rang just after 9pm interrupting further banter. It was Maritime Rescue. They had picked up a VHF call 'sea kayaker 1' off Fiordland. They wanted to know if Andrew was in trouble.

The team response was that as far as they knew he was fine but they had not had a position from him that day because the batteries on his satellite phone were not charging properly and they expected that communication might be a bit sketchy from now on in. Maritime Rescue wanted to mount a search to investigate.

There was a flurry of discussion. No one knew for sure what Andrew's call sign was. No one had a manifest to confirm whether he actually had a VHF with him. We thought the range of a VHF was about 50km but with a repeater maybe 65km. Going off his last co-ordinates, could he be that close in? Surely if he was in trouble he would trigger his EPIRB. The team hooked on that last comment, if he was in trouble he would trigger his EPIRB and suggested to Maritime Rescue that it must be a hoax call, it wouldn't be Andrew. They should delay their search until they got more information or another call.

After this call, everyone was shaken but not overly concerned because we were all confident that Andrew would hit his EPIRB if he needed help. There was a bit of a front coming through but nothing of the magnitude that he had already weathered - the forecast after that was really good. If he did have a VHF with him, it would be a real effort for him to get to it anyway, it would have been stowed at the rear of the kayak because it would be one of the items that he wouldn't require until he was almost in.

Jen did some filming for the documentary of this dramatic twist and Vicki talked with Leanne Malcolm about the development. TV3 were talking about going out with Vicki the next day with a helicopter to see if they could spot Andrew. We all parted company and went to bed, all well aware that we couldn't relax until Andrew was actually in the sound.

10/02/07, Saturday. We got up at 0545hrs to meet at the campground and get an update from last night. We were planning on being out at Milford Sound in time to prepare the kayak for the paddle to Anita Bay in the afternoon.

The team were looking a bit ragged this morning. Apparently Search and Rescue had commenced a helicopter search at 0100hrs using night vision equipment. Vicki still wasn't convinced that it was Andrew that they were searching for. The recording Search and Rescue played to them had phrases and wording that she would not expect from Andrew and the recording was quite hard to make out. The conspiracy theory about the hoax call was still alive. We all agreed to meet over at Milford Airport and we hit the road leaving the others to catch us up.

Just as we were about to get out of cell phone range we got a call from Paul Caffyn. He was checking in with us to find out if it was worth him coming down given that Andrew had been rescued. That surprised us, apparently a friend of his had called to tell him that some fishing boats had rescued Andrew during the night. We pointed out that if anyone should know that, then Vicki would and we had just left her about 15 minutes ago and as far as she was concerned Andrew was out there paddling towards us. Paul asked us to wait while we were in range, he would call his friend to confirm then give us a call back shortly. Sure enough, the report was incorrect, it was just reporting the search was underway. Going on the current information we had, Andrew was paddling towards Milford, blissfully unaware of the furore going on, on land.

We got to Milford unloaded the kayak at Deep water basin and readied it for paddling out to the heads. At 1130hrs, before we jumped in the kayak, we decided to go and find Vicki to see if there had been any more developments, so we headed for the airport. Vicki was not there yet, but instead we talked with the Search and Rescue crew who had been out since 0100hrs searching around Andrew's last known co-ordinates from Thursday night. They hadn't found anything and, after a 2nd daylight stint, were now awaiting further instructions from Wellington. They were on standby until the Orion had arrived from Auckland.

They were asking us details about the kayak, but we couldn't answer the

more technical questions so we went to find Paul Hewitson. We stopped by our still loaded kayak and checked in with the kayak hire company who agreed to keep an eye on it. When we got back to the airport, Vicki and Paul had arrived as well as a scrum of reporters from various agencies. Paul Hewitson, armed with his laptop, talked with Search and Rescue at length about a possible new location for Andrew's search based on his average speed and likely overnight drift. Vicki and Andrew's father went up in the TV3 helicopter at 1415hrs to have a look around to see if they could see him, but came back about an hour later having seen nothing. The general opinion in camp was that it was still a hoax and they were a bit horrified at the scale of the search operation that was underway.

We ended up spending almost all day at the airport, along with the media, awaiting any news. Once we were out at Anita Bay we would be out of communication range, given the speed of developments we decided that we should hang around. Our Search and Rescue service is pretty impressive when you see it in action, as is the public support that they get like the huge container of muffins someone baked up that morning when they heard that there was a search on. We told Andrews's family that once the Orion turns up, they would soon find him.

Hannibal Hays's helicopter refuelling at the Milford airstrip during the 11 February search for Andrew off the coast of Fiordland.



We decided to hedge our bets and aborted kayaking out to the heads that afternoon and instead planned to be on the water at 5ish the next morning. That way we could get some up to date information on Andrews's location and ETA. We went back to the kayak hire company to let them know what we were doing and make sure they didn't hire our kayak out. They were very helpful and of course interested in the events unfolding.

We left the kayak, went to the lodge and put up our tent. The rest of the team had gone into 'town' for dinner, but we decided to stay and cook up our own. After dinner we went to see if Paul Caffyn had arrived yet, but couldn't find him. We stopped in at the airport at 2130hrs to see if there were any updates. The Search and Rescue helicopter that had been on stand-by through the day was gone. We walked up to the possie of reporters that were still gathered there, we were pretty familiar with them by now and asked if there were any updates. There was a sudden silence, one of the reporters said to us, "Haven't you heard?" Our response was, "No, heard what?"

The reporter looked uncomfortable, but decided to tell us. Unfortunately Andrew's father pulled into the car park at about the same time, so the reporter asked us to go for a walk with him. He explained that Andrew's kayak had been found, minus Andrew.

The police were on their way to tell Vicki, at the lodge. We were stunned, both of us were wary of secondhand information, particularly after the phone call from Paul Caffyn this morning. These things can turn into Chinese whispers pretty quickly. We grilled the reporter, but he was adamant, he had it from a reliable source. The severity of the news was not lost on us, we understood that once separated from his kayak his chances of survival had diminished substantially.

With Andrew's Dad at the airport we were lucky it was dark, otherwise we may not have been able to hide what we now knew. The reporters did a good job of trying to encourage people to go back to their lodgings by saying that there wasn't likely to be anything more tonight. There was small talk about how many stars there were out and other inconsequential stuff. Andrew's Dad was reluctant to leave, then Paul Hewitson and his friend Phil turned up. They were also not convinced that leaving the airport was a good idea and, of course like Andrew's Dad, they did not know what we knew.

One of the reporters made a big show of using the airport phone to ring Southern Lakes Helicopters to find out if they were coming back to Milford that night. They were already back in Te Anau. That did it then, everyone agreed to leave and go back to their lodgings.

The possie of reporters were gathered outside the front door of the lodge when we arrived, the police car was already there. We made a coffee and sat in the lounge in stunned silence. The lodge normally turn their generator off at 1100hrs but due to the circumstances, they agreed to leave it going so that we had lights, computer and phones available. The reporters were keeping their distance while still keeping tabs on what was going on, they were respectful and restrained.

We talked with the policeman from Te Anau. He was really nice guy and was looking at a long night. He had brought a victim support person with him and had left her with a distraught Vicki. Where do you get a victim support person from at 10pm on a

Saturday night? We spoke with Paul Hewitson for a while about whether Andrew had an immersion suit, the ACC system, the legal liabilities in this type of situation in NZ and how search and rescue works. Jen sat with us for a bit. She was emerging as a real rock. She was a huge support to Vicki and really held herself together throughout. At about 2330hrs we went for another circuit of Milford to see if we could find Paul Caffyn, still no luck. We went back to our tent and spent a restless night running through all the possible things that could have happened.

11/02/07, Sunday. Martin went back to the boat ramp at about 7am to see if Paul Caffyn was around and spotted him giving an interview to the TV1 reporter. They were talking with Paul regarding Andrew's disappearance, which would have been a surprise to him as he was driving while it was all unfolding. Paul was having a bit of a nightmare of a morning, his stove had caught fire and melted while he was talking with the reporter so he came back to the lodge for a cup of tea. While we were having breakfast and a cuppa, Rosco from the kayak hire company turned up and asked Paul to go with him on a private search out from the Sound. A quick pack up and Paul was gone.

We packed up, since there was no boat search happening and there was nothing we could help with, they had decided to search using aircraft that day. We declined interviews with TV3 and Radio NZ, there was nothing we could add and didn't feel like being sound bite fillers. We told Andrew's sister and father that we have one of the world's best Search and Rescue organisations and if Andrew could be found they will find him. Vicki was not up to seeing anyone so we said goodbye to Findlay who was a bit mystified by the whole thing and Jen who was still providing support all round. The whole car trip from Milford Sound to Te Anau was spent re-running all the possibilities, scenarios and the injustice of getting so close to New Zealand.

We got to Te Anau at 1215hrs and met up with Paul Hewitson and Phil on the foreshore and had a look at the 406 EPIRB and GPS that were recovered from Andrew's kayak and stored in the Southern Lakes Helicopters offices. They both appeared in working order. The kayak had been collected by a cruise ship, which had then dropped it off at Deep Cove, Doubtful Sound. Paul Hewitson was keen to go over and have a look at it. We explained the logistics of getting there by boat/road and that a helicopter was probably the best.

A staff member at Southern Lakes Helicopters was really helpful and tried to put together options for Paul. The most workable option was spending \$1,250, which involved basically chartering a helicopter for six people. It was a pretty expensive option, we were discussing it when the Press photographer stepped into the fray and said that he would pay for it if he could come with us and take photos. He had followed us into the office, we were quite uncomfortable about having him there because we were trying to discuss things about the situation, which we didn't particularly want to share with the media at that time, but it was a public place and we hardly felt that we could tell him to bugger off. We had a quick conference about his offer and then agreed to his deal as long as he didn't take any notes or ask for interviews. The helicopter was due to leave at 1415hrs. That gave us enough time to grab a quick coffee and lunch.

Paul decided that he had better contact Vicki and let her know what we were up to. He told us that Vicki wanted to go over and see the kayak, then Andrew's father and sister turned up, they also wanted to go and see the kayak. That was Phil's and our seats gone so we decided that it was time that we hit the road for Christchurch.

It was a real coup for the *Press* photographer getting the whole family out there instead of no names like us, his tailing paid off big time, the result was the photo that appeared on the front page of Monday's Christchurch *Press*. Also in his favour, the police ended up going out to Doubtful Sound to make sure that the kayak wasn't tampered with, in a second helicopter, taking a *Press* reporter with them.

The same policeman, who had turned up at the Lodge the night before, drove Vicki to the helipad. We asked where Finlay was and were told that he was being looked after by the policeman's wife; they had a similar aged child. This was well beyond the call of duty but very much appreciated.

It was a long trip back to Christchurch for ourselves and Phil, we got in sometime before midnight then sat around talking some more about the whole thing, but it was work in the morning for the two of us – part of the deal that we had with our employers to get the time off.

Dunedin rescue helicopter at the Milford airstrip - 11 February 2007





Last photo on Andrew's camera, which was recovered from the kayak.

12/2/07, Tuesday. Paul Hewitson turned up at our place at about 11pm looking pretty awful. He hadn't taken on board much food or sleep over the last few days, but was still hyped up to the max. He had the video diary records from the Police, which had daily recordings from Andrew up to day 15 of the trip. The subsequent days were on tape and the police were going to have to do a bit of work to recover them because they feared they had suffered damage from seawater.

We sat up and watched the footage he had until 1.30am. It was really quite stunning and gave an amazing insight into just how unbelievably tough that trip was. There was plenty of safety equipment including flares.

It was incredible how many barnacles there were already attached to the kayak. He talked a few times about some large sharks that he had seen, one in particular he saw leap clear of the water very close to the kayak. He didn't seem too concerned about the sharks, more in awe of them. It was obvious that conditions on the kayak were very tough, really testing his limits and occasionally exceeding them.

If the other recordings are recovered and used in a documentary it will be fascinating viewing. Paul and Phil left our house at 4.30am Wednesday morning for the flight back to Sydney.

It had been a very intense four days and we were exhausted and emotionally drained by the sad outcome.

What drew us to travel 1500km to meet Andrew, and buy him a beer, was the disbelief we felt that someone would put themselves through such incredible hardship to achieve a goal they themselves set. We have all sat in a kayak or a car for two or three hours but are then ready to get out for a leg stretch; many will have spent 12 hours in an aeroplane only too keen to land and go for a walk. In these environments we are warm, safe, dry, well fed and watered.

To plan and attempt an expedition that requires an active person to sit stationary for 30 days, be constantly wet while awake or asleep, needing to pump for an hour to desalinate your own drinking water so as to hydrate and eat something resembling food, only be able to sleep for short periods on his back with arms folded over his chest while the kayak is constantly moving in good weather and completely rolling over during storms and having no satisfactory way of toileting or cleaning yourself with many parts of your body completely out of reach.

All this and more has to be endured in one of man's most hostile environments hundreds of kms from shore with no hope of swift rescue and no

one to talk to about your fears, pain, frustrations or to share decision making. If we think of other extreme challenges, climbing very high mountains come to mind but it is over in a few days or pulling a sled to the South Pole. However they normally go with two or more people and at night they sleep in a relatively warm, dry and safe tent. If I HAD to, I would attempt either of the above challenges, indeed they have been done many times, but to kayak solo across the Tasman below the 40th parallel is something only an extraordinary person could ever attempt and we wanted to meet this person.

Now sadly we will never meet Andrew and while Vicki and Findlay have lost a husband and a father, we have all lost the benefit that comes from having an extraordinary person among us.

Andrew's beer remains unopened, in its tinny holder, in our fridge.
Martin & Fiona Fraser

FOOTNOTE:

Andrew McAuley Adventurer's Dinner

On June 7, 2007, an evening dedicated to celebrating adventure, in memory of Trans-Tasman solo paddler Andrew McAuley is to be held at the Athenian Restaurant, 11 Barrack St. Sydney.

The special Guest is Lincoln Hall, Everest summitter, mountaineer & adventurer, speaking publicly for the first time since his remarkable survival on Everest in May 2006. Stuart Trueman & Laurie Geoghegan will talk about their Antarctic expedition with Andrew, plus an auction of elite outdoor gear including sea kayaks, tents & clothing, raffles, a silent auction & more. All proceeds from the dinner go to the Andrew McAuley Support Fund, directly to Andrew's wife Vicki & young son Finlay. Martin and Fiona Fraser, and the editor will be attending the Sydney dinner.

If any Kiwi paddlers wish to make a donation to the support fund, you can send a cheque to:

Andrew McAuley Support Fund,
c/- Talisman Marketing, PO Box 158
Alexandria, NSW, 2015, Australia

NSW MEMORIAL SERVICE

Tributes to Andrew McAuley

26 February 2007
(email to Martin & Fiona Fraser)

Hi Martin,

My name is Elizabeth Thomson, and I'm the President of the NSW Sea Kayak Club. I'm writing to you to let you and Paul Caffyn know that I read out your tributes at the memorial service on Monday.

It was a bleak day, with strong wind and rain. His memorial service was a fitting farewell to him. Standing in the shadow of Macquarie Lighthouse on South Head in Sydney, windswept and wet, we said goodbye. With the wind gusting, reminding us of what Andrew went through, we stood and listened to eulogies and also from Andrew himself. We were privileged to hear one of his last recordings which gave us a sense of his experience and helped us understand and celebrate why he was out there.

We then walked to the cliff face and threw wreaths and orange bottle brush stems over the cliff for Andrew. But the wind refused to bow to our wishes and launched our flowers skywards and back at us. For me, it was Andrew saying, "No tears folks, just celebrate and live life to the fullest."

Here is the message I read out on behalf of the NSW club:

Andrew McAuley was a member of the NSW Sea Kayak Club. Over the years, he has shared with us his trips and achievements through conversations, presentations, trip reports, photography and film. We all know him and mourn him. He has inspired many of us to rise to challenges we would otherwise avoid. He has been a beacon of human kind's possibility and potential. His legacy is a life lived, showing us we, too, are capable of great things. We thank you, Andrew. Vicki, on behalf of the members, I

extend to you our deepest sympathy and sorrow as we share with you the loss of a husband, a father and a very great man.

Tribute from Martin & Fiona Fraser

We heard about 'some Aussie paddler' who intended to kayak from Tasmania to Milford Sound, and were amazed that someone would want to put themselves through it given that there is a good air service between the two countries.

We logged on to Andrew's website to find out about him and watch his trip progress. We got caught up in the drama that was unfolding on the website. What would it be like for him out there in those huge swells on his own?

Then as he got closer we realised, that with enough conniving, we could make it down to Milford Sound to meet and congratulate a man who could envisage kayaking solo across the Tasman and then had the bravery and determination to go about achieving it. What he had achieved so far was reason enough to travel all that way to meet him.

Andrew had a great support crew waiting for him in New Zealand. We were warmly welcomed by Vicki and Andrew's family at mission control in Te Anau. This was really nice, given that they had never met us, and we were made to feel part of the team.

What an amazing experience it would have been to meet the only person who had kayaked all the way from Australia, and escort him to landfall in New Zealand.

Martin & Fiona

Tribute from Paul Caffyn

From T.E. Lawrence's book, *Seven Pillars of Wisdom*, a quote:

All men dream: but not equally. Those who dream by night in the dusty recesses of their minds wake in the day to find that it was vanity: but the dreamers of the day are dangerous men, for they may act their dreams with open eyes to make it possible.

Andrew was a dreamer of the day; his planned trans-Tasman solo paddle, an audacious solo attempt at the wind-swept swells of the southern Tasman. I admired Andrew for spending two days paddling back to Tasmania after he decided it was too cold at night during his first attempt. He didn't call in a rescue, but slogged back to Tasmania. That takes guts.

In 1989, after my co-paddler dropped his bundle eight miles off the coast of Tasmania, I stewed over whether to continue solo across the Tasman. But I decided it was too much for me. It was not a lack of guts - my attempt was based on two paddlers in a double kayak.

From his experience gained during crossings of Bass Strait and the Gulf of Carpentaria, Andrew developed new and innovative systems for the Tasman crossing. These systems worked well to within a day's paddle of Fiordland. He was so close to achieving his dream.

Andrew's dream fired the admiration of Kiwi paddlers and non-paddlers alike. The following is typical of messages that have been emailed to me in the last week:

'So sad about Andrew McAuley. Staggered at the number of folk, almost strangers, but who know that I am a kayaker, that have come up to me and expressed their sorrow.'

On behalf of KASK, the Kiwi Association of Sea Kayakers, I would like to express our sympathy to Vicki, her family and friends of Andrew.

Andrew's audacious day dreams will be missed.

SANDY ROBSON AROUND AUSTRALIA

Date: Friday, 23 Mar 2007

From: Sandy Robson

Gday Paul

I have indeed made it to Brisbane. No problems getting my website, just don't do a google search, type in the address directly to your address bar and push OK even though it says it is unsecure - it is OK, just 'cos it is on our school website it does funnee things:

<https://netstorage.penrhos.wa.edu.au/slap/>

I recently updated my website with the March diaries.

I have had to take some time off, not because I need a rest, but because I am a bridesmaid at my sister's wedding in Perth next weekend. So I am in Sydney today and fly off to Perth tomorrow to get ready for the wedding. I have to get my frock all sized up and my hair done - looking pretty feral after the last three months, so I will need a week to get ready.

I got to Brisbane on Monday and have been at Shorncliff at a fellow kayaker's house. I have spent the week re-doing the wear strip on the bottom of my kayak, organising charts for the next section etc. After 4 days off the water I am actually hanging for a paddle. I do not want to lose my fitness. I fly back to Brisbane to continue the trip on April.

The rudder is legendary and nothing has munched it yet so either it is working or I am just lucky - time will tell. Think I bent the pin on the ballina bar, but other than that, the reinforcing that Dave & I did is working really well. (Photos of the black and yellow racing stripes, added by Dave Winkworth to Sandy's rudder appeared in the last newsletter).

It is hard sometimes to go on day after day and to manage my body fatigue, but I know I can do it. The problem is that if it takes me too long to get to Cairns, then I may not be able to get around the top end in the months that I really should be up there. We will just have to see how it goes.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

PADDLE LEASHES from: Mike Scanlan

I consider the leash **between my paddle and kayak** to be more important to my safety than my PFD.

A recent KASK Letter to the Editor made the point that paddlers are very likely to maintain their grip on their paddle in the event of a capsize and wet exit.

Rather than showing paddle leashes to be unnecessary, this is the whole point of a **paddle-kayak** leash as it means that instinctive holding onto the paddle also ensures that the kayak is not blown or washed out of reach.

Loss of a paddle per se is not such an issue as you will have a spare split paddle on the back of your kayak. Won't you?

However a paddle without a kayak will not get you back to shore. Think of the last ocean wet exit you did; I bet you held onto your paddle, but how about the kayak? Did you lose contact with it as you surfaced? In the real world of wind and waves, and without accompanying kayakers to help, that unsecured kayak is very likely to rapidly move away from you and it will be hard to swim after it holding onto your paddle.

In sea conditions that caused a capsize, and subsequent wet exit, to occur in the first place, it will be **very difficult** for a kayaker to maintain a constant grip on both paddle and kayak while deploying a paddle float, and avoiding swallowing a whole lot of water. The chances of losing hold of one of these and having it washed or blown away are much higher than if only one of the kayak or paddle has to be held.

Demonstrations I have seen of paddle float deployment without a leash have been comical as they involved part of the body draped over the cockpit edge

to maintain contact with the kayak - fine in a flat sea, but it won't be flat when you go over.

In my kayak, my paddle float is kept partially inflated, in front of my rudder pedals, on a leash, and clipped to the kayak. I have used it in real situations.

Observing groups of kayakers around Auckland, I have seen virtually NO paddle leashes. Does this mean that they are not a good idea? - I don't think so.

I believe it is part of the New Zealand syndrome of assuming someone else will rescue you if things go wrong. That is a mindset that will put you in considerable danger if you find yourself out in bad conditions, as the reality is that when the sea really plays up, (and it can do so quite unexpectedly and quickly) even if you are out with other paddlers, there is very little they can do to help you.

You must have the skills and equipment to look after yourself *and consciously take responsibility for your own safety*.

The stakes are obviously higher if you chose to paddle solo and offshore but even if you are a group paddler, beware of 'risk shift' - it may prove to be an illusion of safety.

"It's never happened to me," is another seductive mindset.

To those who say paddle-kayak leashes are unnecessary, or too dangerous, I say not true. (And to those who say the ability to roll is unnecessary - because they have never tipped out, I say that rolling has got me out of a bad situation more than once.)

Mike Scanlan

(Mike has suggested that personal opinions could be included in the newsletter under an 'Opinions' heading. His letter on paddle leashes is one such example.)

FOUR LETTER WORDS

from: Chris Hinkley

Hi Paul,

I have been following with interest the saga of the missing top measurement of the sail in LRB4 and the various attempts to provide it.

As a schoolboy I was subjected to the rigours of learning 'trig'. We never referred to it as 'trigonometry', which none of us could spell, as it seemed more appropriate to use a four letter word. I was therefore impressed by John Cook's statement (in KASK Newsletter #125) that, 'with the simple use of trigonometry, the missing width was easily calculated'. Mon dieu, 'simple use of trigonometry' is an oxymoron!

I would be interested in knowing the method used to calculate the width from the measurements in LRB4 and the resulting calculated value, which was never revealed, but which 'matched moderately closely with the original sail construction diagram'.

In the latest newsletter (#126) Paul Hayward suggests that the original value (Rebecca Heap's) was incorrect, leading to your comment, 'which meant that my quick trigonometry calculation was also at fault'. Did you have access to the original value at the time of your calculation? How did you use it in the calculation to recalculate its own value? If you didn't have access to it, why was your calculation at fault?

I gather that Paul Hayward provided the revised values and the assumptions on which they are made. I would be very interested to see his calculation method as well. Paul's calculated values are nearly 10% more for the big sail (1364 cf 1250) and nearly 25% more for the small sail (872 cf 700), than the measurements given in the first correction (Rebecca's?).

My conclusion is that schoolboys do understand somethings - that 'trigonometry' is not simple and that 'trig' is, indeed, a four letter word.
Chris Hinkley

WARNING DAY HATCH LIDS

from: David Winkworth

At the recent KASK Forum at Anakiwa I noticed that there were quite a few kayaks with a very hard compound 8" round rubber day hatch lid. If you have one of these lids you'll know I'm referring to you. They have no brand name or markings on the top.

These hatch lids, which I think are a clone of the well known Valley Canoe Product's lids, are virtually impossible to remove with one hand from the cockpit and equally as difficult to replace on the rim.

The problem is of course, that if your paddling jacket is in your day hatch and you need to get it out at sea when the weather worsens while paddling solo, you have a real problem - and it gets worse when you can't replace the hatch lid in a choppy sea! If you're paddling with a friend, you can of course enlist their help but do ask yourself: will they always be there?

I think these lids are a liability for sea kayakers. Why put gear in a day hatch if you can't get at it easily from the cockpit? Seems dangerous to me.

I think that the bottom line for manufacturers is that these hatch lids are considerably cheaper than the Valley items and they suffer less UV degradation if not regularly sprayed with Armor-All (or similar rubber protectant.)

I tested a kayak some years ago that was fitted with one of these hard rubber day hatch lids. When I suggested to the retailer, that the hard lid may be a safety liability, he suggested I smear the lid and rim with Vaseline!

TITS 3 - DVD

(from Sandy Ferguson)
From Justine's web site:

<http://www.cackletv.com>
Featuring: Paul Caffyn, Andrew McAuley, Cheri Perry, Freya Hoffmeister, Justine Curgenven

Featuring the 40minute film *Epics In Ice* - the dramatic tale of 3 Australians who paddle 800 km down the Antarctic Peninsula in incredibly challenging conditions. They encounter winds so strong that they fear for their lives, they're trapped by moving ice and are plagued by injuries. This documentary is equally terrifying and hilarious as the team cope with their many hazards with good humour. It's all worth it for the beauty and wildlife in one of the true last wildernesses.

Fantastic sea kayaking action including loops, swims and sweet surfs on the meaty 'Falls of Lora' tidal race in Scotland. You will be talking about this for weeks!

A rare insight into the legendary Paul Caffyn, who has circumnavigated practically everything including Australia, New Zealand, Britain, Japan, and Alaska! Footage of Paul in NZ's Marlborough Sounds & Alaska, and a fascinating interview.

Underwater rolling footage of Cheri Perry and Freya Hoffmeister, two of the world's best Greenland style rollers. The two women give an insight into their very different motivations. Cheri performs the straight jacket roll, while Freya shows her famous headstand in the kayak.

Justine Curgenven's expedition to the dramatic Faroe Islands in Europe. Fairytale scenery including the world's tallest vertical cliff and thousands of sea birds. Gales break her tent, tidal races and fog challenge her on the water and local people invite her into their homes. Experience eating raw sheep and hunting for puffins.

The beautiful Shetland Islands in Scotland - including a trip to remote Foula, an open crossing in a thunder storm, paddling with wildlife and exploring caves.

Beach surfing in New Zealand, with Tauranga's own Steve Knowles.

**REVIEW OF TITS 3
in the NEXT
NEWSLETTER, from
CROCODILE WINKY.**

2007 KASK FORUM - FEEDBACK

A Personal Perspective on the 2007 KASK Forum from: John Kirk-Anderson

I came away from the Anakiwa Forum disappointed.

The next KASK Forum will have to run for at least a full week, a couple of days is no longer enough time to attend all the sessions I wanted and to chat with all the great participants.

Think about all the planning that went into it, the work by the presenters and instructors, the enthusiasm and energy by everyone who came, all of this brought briefly into one place, and then it was back to work!

Highlights for me were many: Watching the effortless way that the organisers coped with changes and last-minute issues, the apparent relaxation proving that much stress, tension, blood, sweat and tears had gone before.

Seeing Sue Cade finally go paddling, knowing that her months of phone calls, emails and late nights had served their purpose.

John Kirk-Anderson (with bird identification guide) & Nigel Foster at Mistletoe Bay - "Is that a lesser spotted boob tit bird?"



Marvelling over Nigel Foster placing his paddle blade into the water with a surgeon's skill, and making it seem as if his students could achieve the same standard.

Knowing that he used the same calm grace, outside of a coaching clinic, after paddling with him and his wife, Kristin Nelson, before the forum.

Hearing that lovable Aussie, David Winkworth, bellowing across the still waters, stirring paddlers to lean just a little bit more.

Sharing the passion of sea kayaking during a workshop on paddling for those with disabilities, and seeing Beverley Burnett glowing after the commitment was made to make the next Anakiwa Forum 'Disabled-paddler accessible'.

Watching paddlers that I had previously coached now running instructional sessions, hopefully to continue the cycle of skill- development.

Hearing a shriek of joy, and getting a soaking-wet hug after a first roll.

Laughing until my sides hurt as Stephen Counsell's zany humour worked magic as MC, and John de Garnham's sergeant-major voice was used when the magic needed a hand.

Chatting with old friends, and making new ones. Seeing all those smiling faces at Mistletoe Bay.

Learning how to stand up in my Nordkapp, a skill I am sure to use often!

Footnote:
Several people asked Nigel about his paddles, and he asked me to co-ordinate any purchases.

I should have prices on his new models soon, so people who are interested could drop me an email:
jka@netaccess.co.nz
JKA

from: Paul Hayward

Susan, Evan, Cathye, & Helen - and all the others who were just 'behind the scenes.' A tremendous thank-you from Natasha & I for a great forum at Anakiwa.

We do appreciate the hard work that makes it all look easy and we very much enjoyed the learning, fellowship & fun that were present in such good measure.

It was especially good to meet and mingle with such a fine bunch of South Island paddlers and honorary SI (Wellingtonian) paddlers and discover that they're very nearly worthy of their superb surroundings).

Paul, we're sorry to have missed the Monday morning de-brief - we stole away in the pre-dawn darkness to catch the only ferry I'd been able to get a booking on. Had a lovely paddle with dawn just looming up as we came into Picton harbour.

Kept very quiet (as we pulled the tent down) in case we aroused any Polar-Bear-next-to-tent-in-middle-of-the-night responses. After all the Arctic presentations over the weekend, I'm sure some people were sleeping lightly - if not on a hair-trigger. And we did have Dave Winkworth in the next tent! Best Regards
Paul Hayward

Tony Fenwick & Philippa Grimes

Hello Susan and Evan

Thank you both for the opportunity to have attended the KASK forum last weekend. Being fairly new and novice sea kayakers, Tony and I were a little apprehensive that the forum content may have been beyond our ability level. Fortunately we were proved wrong, and it was an excellent weekend; great tuition, well organised, good people, and in set at a wonderful venue.

2007 FORUM SESSION RAMBLINGS

by David Winkworth

CROSSING THE BAR

Sunset and the evening star,
And one clear call for me
And may there be no moaning of
the bar,
When I put out to sea

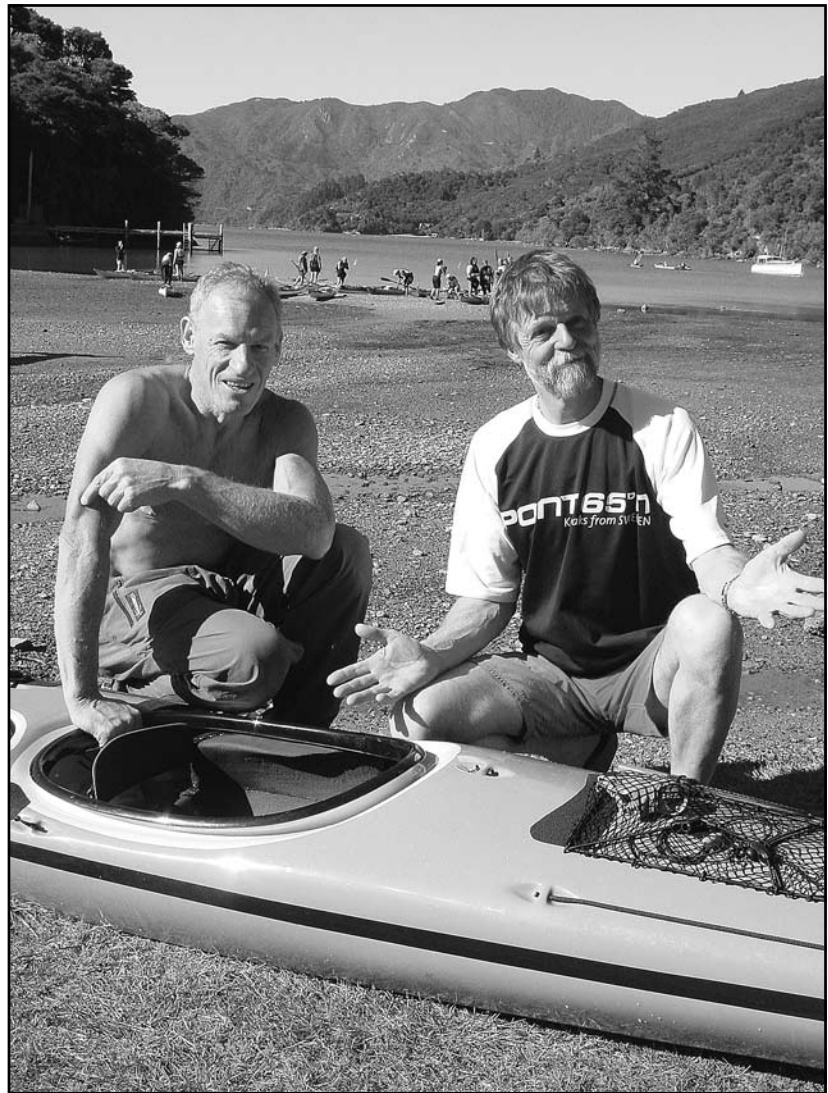
No doubt about rock barred river entrances – they are evil places for sea kayakers! I've been spending a few days raiding Paul Caffyn's library at the Twelve Mile after the KASK Forum and went to Greymouth to have a look at the Greymouth bar today. There was just a nice swell sweeping up from the south west with a few capping waves here and there to keep the surfers active, but I could clearly see that it would turn nasty very quickly.

The short verse above is inscribed on a mounted plate on the southern breakwater of the Greymouth bar. Underneath are 10 memorials to boaters who have lost their lives on the bar.

A few years ago I conducted a sea kayak training weekend at the mouth of the Pambula River on the NSW south coast. This is not a rock barred entrance but like all bars it deserves great respect. The training weekend revolved around ferry gliding back and forth across the river during a spring ebb tide. The weather was fine but a nor' east sea breeze and incoming swell against the ebb was turning the outer section of the bar into a cauldron.

Participants were warned that they should stay well inside the river but the lure of some beautifully formed waves that you could ride for 200 metres or so proved too much for some and out they went!

The consequences of a failed roll, I warned, was a fast ride into the turbulent waters where they would be held fast for a couple of hours!



David Winkworth & Nigel Foster at Mistletoe Bay.

Nigel: "Is this a real Australian kayak? My tippy British boat is this wide!"

Well, two paddlers did fail to roll and wet-exited, quickly drifting into the "cauldron" section and drinking lots of sea water! And this is where they stayed, getting pummelled by the breaking waves until two of us paddled into that mess to get them out in "deck carries."

I conducted a few sessions at the 2007 Forum which relate directly to that little story and I'm going to cover a few of the relevant points for those conscientious paddlers keen to improve their skills. So here goes!

Firstly rolling: If you haven't 'got your roll' yet, go and look in the mirror, point a finger at yourself and say "I have to do this!"

And that's right, you do. RELIABLE rolling is an integral part of sea kay-

aking and don't let anyone tell you it isn't! So, for me, that leads to one of my Golden Rules of sea kayaking which is "Never ever get out of your boat" or perhaps "Please remain seated for the entire performance." They both mean the same. Your kayak is your life saver – stay in it. To do this, you need to develop a rock solid practical roll – not a trick Greenland roll – and practise, practise every time you launch your kayak.

OK, the roll you need to start with has got to be the easiest one of all to perform and that to me is the Pawlata roll. It uses the full length of the paddle – massive blade support. Starting with the Pawlata Roll is "Back to Basics" and that means that if your custom Greenland Roll roll fails you in surf, you can go back to the roll that you just KNOW will work.

The coaching points for the Pawlata roll are simple:

- * hold blade end, other hand one third way along shaft
- * lean forward, paddle against the gunwale
- * capsize, hold the lean forward underwater
- * sweep paddle on the surface
- * bring paddle across in front of you as you....
- * lean way back, head way back and look at the sky
- * finish in a brace position

No hip flick is needed for this roll, no head dink and no strength. You can learn this roll all by yourself: make sure you have a snug fit in your boat, choose some chest deep water, wear a mask and have a go while the water is still warm. You should not have to pay anyone to learn to roll.

When you have achieved rolling success, do about 500 rolls to ingrain the roll as your first line of defence to a capsize. Then learn to do it on the other side. When you can do that you should always practise both sides equally. Try it with you eyes closed, do it at night and in low surf. Make it a rule to knock off a few rolls EVERY time you paddle. Somewhere in there you'll move on to screw rolls and beyond but you will forever more have a "back to basics" roll that is rock solid. Good luck!

A final note on rolling: If you watch *This is the Sea 3* (Justine's new DVD) you'll see that being able to perform 30 or so Greenland style rolls in flat water does not guarantee you rolling success when you have to roll in anger, so do practise your rolls in the gnarly stuff (with a friend) from time to time.

The Low Brace is a skill we worked on at the Forum. We did the Back to Basics form here too. The coaching points are:

- *feet and thighs securely locking paddler into cockpit
- *paddle held across body, working blade face-up and just underwater
- *paddle shaft pulled hard into tummy, shaft off coaming
- *elbows directly above shaft, upper arm muscles flexed

The purpose of flexing your upper arm muscles is as a connection between the outrigger (the working blade) and the kayak. Effectively you have more than doubled the beam of the kayak! Remember that this is a Back to Basics stroke and in practice the stroke will perhaps morph into a sculling stroke or a stern rudder stroke. We used the situation of having to do a deck carry as a practical application for this stroke – steadying your kayak as a patient climbs onto your rear deck. Effectively you cannot move someone in the water by having them hold on to your kayak – they need to be out of the water. Remember that deck carry patients need to lie flat on the aft deck to keep their weight low, their feet out of the water as much as possible and be as close up behind the paddler as they can get. Communication between paddler and patient is essential too.

Also in the Low Brace session, we practised the sculling low brace. Similar to the above manoeuvre, it utilises the sculling action of the blade to give terrific support, even when the kayak is over, past capsize point. The blade angles for the back and forth sculling action need to be practised. Keep the sculling length around one metre because any shorter and the blade spends too much time changing direction to adequately support you.

If you do feel you're going for a swim, you can use the easy Back to Basics recovery. If you think you're going over, throw your body and your head right back. This significantly lowers your CoG and will aid your recovery. Work on a really snappy hip flick when you can, but remember the Back to Basics recovery.

If you practise all these strokes in shallow water (around a metre deep) you can avoid going for a swim by pushing up off the bottom if you need to. Keep your arms in close when you do so (no arm or shoulder injuries) and remember the Back to Basics recovery lean back – very important!

As I remember, we had a little time to spare in the Low Brace sessions so we practised holding the kayak over on a lean by lifting one knee and changed the sculling blade angle on

the forward sculling stroke to push the kayak backwards into a reverse turn. That's a good practical example of one stroke morphing into another!

In the "Turn the Bloody Thing Around" session we practised subtle and not-so-subtle turning techniques. Firstly we looked at turning our kayaks in very, very strong winds. In light winds, many kayaks will exhibit that annoying characteristic of 'weather cocking,' that is, turning up into a beam wind. Annoying as it is, it is also a safety asset for you because it means you can go home if you're paddling on the coast in an offshore wind!

Unfortunately, when the wind picks up to around 25 knots plus, sea kayaks develop an equilibrium in a beam wind and firmly resist all efforts to turn them up into the wind. It's a serious problem, especially if your car is at the boat ramp directly upwind! Read Paul Caffyn's *Dreamtime Voyage* and you'll see that he had just this problem at Gabo Island off the eastern Victorian coast.

So, what to do? Conventional forward and back manoeuvring just results in tired arms, as your kayak settles back into a beam-on attitude. It's now time for speed! If you have a rudder, deploy it. Paddle your kayak as fast as you can across the wind. When up to speed, use your rudder or your paddle to initiate a turn without stalling the boat. Lean forward and use wide sweep strokes on the downwind side.

If you don't have a rudder, put all your foot pressure on the downwind-side footrest and lean (lift up) the kayak slightly with your upwind-side knee. You'll need to keep your nerve here because the turn radius will be large but it will happen. If you can practise this in a safe onshore wind setting, then you should do so because it is a little disconcerting to one day realise that it can be difficult to turn for home!

Speed for the turn is imperative. Water moving past your hull and your rudder is the key to the turn.

A more subtle form of turning a sea kayak involves the use of off-centre foot pressure coupled with boat lean. These turns are not fast but they are

KASK FORUM Anakiwa 2007 SURFING by: Chris Hinkley

energy efficient. If you are well braced in your kayak, about 80% of your forward paddling effort goes into the boat through your feet. If you take one foot completely off the footrest as you paddle forward and put ALL your foot pressure onto the other footrest, then that off-centre foot pressure MUST have some effect on boat heading! You can be sure that it does! Push with your left foot only and your kayak will turn right, push with your right foot only and your kayak will turn left.

You can improve the turn force by lifting at the same time with the knee of your 'non pushing' leg. This leans the kayak slightly, changing the underwater shape of the hull to asymmetrical. The more aggressive you are in these manoeuvres, the better the turn.

All this goes on below the sprayskirt while up above everything appears cool. It's just like teenagers under a blanket on a picnic!

'Notice that I haven't mentioned rudders much? A lot of NZ paddlers use them, which is fine because they are a legitimate steering aid on sea kayaks. Remember though that they are still just a mechanical device and can fail on you. You should be able to fully control your kayak without the rudder. That's the challenge!

I also ran a session on foam seats for sea kayaks which was fun. Look, it doesn't matter what sort of seat you have in your boat as long as it's comfortable and you have a snug fit. Comfort is very important. If you're uncomfortable in your kayak, your discomfort will impinge on your paddling performance and that ain't safe! The snug fit is also important. By moving your hips, legs etc, you should be able to transmit orders to your boat. Your kayak won't respond if it can't hear your commands!

Enough from me. The 2007 Forum was great fun – thanks to everyone for making me feel welcome.
Cheers
David Winkworth

In response to your request for articles on the forum, attached is a note about the surf training at White's Bay. There was so much good stuff at the forum and with Nigel and Kristin, that it would be impossible for one person to do it justice in one article. So here's my perspective on the session that I most enjoyed over the weekend.

Anakiwa has always struck me as being one straw shy of the perfect venue for the KASK Forum. The Outward Bound School is a great conference centre and the location at the quiet end of the Sound is excellent for training on the water at any state of the tide. The only thing missing is access to the open sea, the swell and the surf. It was, therefore, a very pleasant surprise to find that a surf training session was scheduled for Sunday on the coast at Whites Bay.

I remembered Whites Bay from the forum in 2003. It was the weekend that the Marlborough drought broke and there was no shortage of swell or surf. The session was looking promising so I signed up for it.

On Sunday morning the group of twelve students and four instructors

gathered for the hour or so drive out to the coast. The session leader, Dave Magnall, warned us that there might not be much surf, as the weather had been calm for a few days, so we should not be too disappointed if the surf training turned into a coastal trip around the area. There are interesting caves etc. just around the corner from Whites Bay – yeah right! We headed off into a warm, sunny morning really looking forward to the surf, not doubting for a minute that there would be plenty.

On arrival at Whites Bay, however, Dave's warning was justified. The surf was about eight inches high! The group considered its options – a coastal paddle, enter the sand castle building competition (at the invitation of the DoC ranger) or truck on round to Robin Hood Bay hoping for something better.

Ten minutes later we were at Robin Hood looking at perfect surf for a beginners training session. There was a gentle breeze and the swell was producing well formed surf, a bit under a metre high. Within a few minutes we were having a team briefing and then onto the water.

There were four instructors; Dave and Uffe on the water giving tips and helping people with timing their runs, O'Shane on the beach picking up the pieces and analysing what went wrong and Myles helping with broaching practice in the soup.

*Surf training at Whites Bay. 2007 KASK Forum
Photo: Inge Nusselder*



It worked extremely well. I spent quite a bit of time with O'Shane! He would watch each paddler's ride and swim then offer suggestions as to what went wrong and how to do better next time – "You're leaning back, lean forward", "edge into the wave more, almost capsize into it", "you're coming straight down the wave, try to run across it so you're already in position to broach when it breaks," etc. You take these things on board then paddle out for another try and maybe put one of them into practice, while forgetting the others, and gradually get better as the morning progressed.

By the end of the session everyone had improved from the instruction, the practice and watching each other, as well as having a lot of fun. No one doubted that it was well worth the effort of an early start and a couple of hours driving.

Thanks to Dave, Uffe, O'Shane and Myles for sharing their knowledge and enthusiasm. I hope the session will be on the timetable again in 2009.

MORE FORUM FEEDBACK

From Alison Callum:

Hi Evan and Linda,
Thankyou to you both and all of the KASK team, for a fantastic forum. I thought it was just brilliant -extremely welcoming atmosphere, knowledgeable and supportive people and a wonderful venue. You did really well!
Have a great relax now.
Best wishes,
Alison

OVERSEAS

How a Kiwi rolled his way to Delaware

by Ben Dorrington

Note: Ben gave a demonstration of his rolling technique at the 2007 KASK Forum. His father, Steve, gave a commentary from the Anakiwa jetty.

Blow nose, check hood cord, place hands, deep breath, focus; tuck in, head down, another breath, and visualise; capsize, darkness, look to the surface, arch back, relax, sweep gently, roll knee ENGAGE!

The simple act of what kayakers call the Eskimo roll often eludes many recreational paddlers. However, in Greenlandic style paddling, it is just as important, if not more so, than the paddling itself. Being one with your kayak and the ability to confidently recover from a capsize on one's own is the backbone of G-Style

Greenlandic style paddling for me awakened something deep inside. Since I was young I have been in and around the water, surf lifesaving, swimming, diving, surfing, sailing, kayaking. But it wasn't until I discovered the skinny stick of the Inuit people that I realised my love for kayaking. Going on a day paddle around Wellington's wild south coast is all the more exciting when you can pop off a reverse sweep roll in a 19 foot long skin kayak at will.

A handful of New Zealand kayakers were directly exposed to G-Style when Shawn Baker of Montana, USA visited for a holiday in 2004. He managed to time his visit with the biannual NZ sea kayaking symposium, Coastbusters. It was here that G-Style rolling was introduced to the Antipodes. Shawn sparked a healthy interest in the use of Greenland paddles. Many paddlers quickly returned home and fashioned similar paddles for themselves. People like Grant Glazier, Paul Hayward and the Levetts in Auckland, and Pete 'the pirate' Notman, the Calverts and my father Steve in Wellington.

Soon after I was introduced to the 'Skinny stick' and fell in love with its simplicity immediately. No more twisting your wrist, or paddling with a wide grip. One piece of timber, unfeathered blades and a low, core-powered stroke became the norm. Rolling too came quickly. On my first afternoon playing with a Greenland paddle I found I could do a pretty decent standard roll, and quickly progressed through to more difficult advanced rolls.

By the time Coastbusters 2006 rolled (pardon the pun) around, I had learnt a fair number of the 35 styles of roll - 70 if you consider you must master both sides of the roll. When I learnt that Turner Wilson, Cheri Perry, Greg Stamer and Freya Hoffmeister, all Guru level practitioners of G-Style, were coming to present and teach, attendance became compulsory for the Wellington G-Style Crew. We managed to get a small contingent together, even printing T-shirts for the occasion. Little did we know how much demand there would be for those black 'Qajaq AOTEAROA' shirts.

Following the Guru's Friday night presentation, there was much anticipation in the air about their roll demo. Saturday evening came after a day full of fun and workshops, and three of the four gurus suited up in their Tuiliq, a type of all-encompassing neoprene paddle-jacket. Leaving Greg Stamer on the dock, to explain each of the manoeuvres, they proceeded to show perfect rolling form. People were mesmerised and many quickly fell for the skill and grace that Greenlandic rolling illustrates.

Cheekily taking the chance when it presented itself, Tony Calvert and I managed to steal a couple of the rolling kayaks and have a go ourselves. It was my first time in such a low volume specialist craft, and I found it easy to do some of the harder rolls I struggled to perform in my higher volume kayak. It was when I started doing elbow rolls that Turner and Cheri took notice. An elbow roll is when the paddler throws away his paddle and rolls with his inside elbow tucked behind his head. It is recognised as

CALENDAR

**NORTH ISLAND
PILGRIMAGE
21 - 22 April 2007**

**Due to a lack of numbers,
expressing interest,
the pilgrimage has been
postponed for another year**



Ben Dorrington, smiling after another successful Greenland roll at Anakiwa

one of the more difficult Greenlandic rolls. Soon Cheri was shouting instructions to me, 'Coil up more', 'arch your back', 'drive your knee'.

By the end of the weekend I had made friends with the four gurus and had agreed to keep in touch via email. Months prior to Coastbusters, I had decided to take a gap year and visit the East Coast of the USA to teach at a summer camp for kids. It seemed only fair that I drop into New England and paddle with Turner and Cheri. It wasn't long after they returned home, that they sent me an email saying that they had secured a Scholarship for me to attend the three day Delmarva Paddlers Retreat in Delaware.

In October of 2006, following two months of camp and a five-week cross country American road-trip, I found myself being picked up outside of a friend's apartment in Hoboken, New Jersey. Turner and I made the two hour drive up to Wallingford, Connecticut and arrived to Cheri's home cooking. More than welcome after months of pre-prepared camp food and greasy fast food on the road. The next two days were filled with sea-kayak surfing, camping, and Rhode Island scenery. Soul soothing ocean adventures in which, with the help of some dumpy waves, I managed to destroy a Carbon Kevlar Outer Island

kayak, and one of Turner's favourite paddles. "Oh well," said Cheri, "Yeah right!" said Turner. Oops!

The following day Turner and I loaded up his car and trailer (7 Kayaks, 8-10 paddles, a number of Tuiliq, and all our personal gear!) and set off down the East Coast of the United States to the Delmarva Peninsula. We arrived at Camp Arrowhead, home for the next three days, to pizza and beer with some of the Delmarva organizing committee. Bed soon beckoned and I made my way to my cabin for some shuteye.

Ben (left) with his father Steve, and their East Grønland Style kayak



The next few days were to go down in infamy as the worst Delmarva, weather wise, EVER! Yeah great, just for the Kiwi! However, everyone was determined to make the most of it, and make the most they certainly did.

The workshops planned for indoors went ahead as planned, but due to the 30 odd knots of wind, shallow water, and driving rain, rolling on the bay was resituated to the freezing cold, green-bottomed swimming pool. It was here that a number of the 160 Delmarva participants hit their first roll, became more confident under water, or simply reinforced previous skills. I begged Cheri to teach me how to teach rolling, and soon had a couple of young rollers hitting both standard and reverse sweep rolls, a buzz almost greater than rolling itself.

Rope gymnastics were also on my mind, seeing as they too are an important part of the Greenlandic kayaking culture. With the guidance of the mysterious Dubsid and ex-gymnast David Sides, I soon had a number of ropes moves down pat and even managed the second highest score in the ropes competition.

It was Saturday night after dinner, that I really got to show the Yankee masses what a 21-year-old kid from the Antipodes could do in a kayak. Suiting up for the rolling demo, the butterflies were doing rolls of their own inside my stomach, and after shoe horning myself into the super low-volume rolling kayak, they were speed rolling!

Soon Cheri, John from Vermont, and myself were performing our rolling repertoire in front of 160 Greenland kayaking enthusiasts. With Dan Segal of the Walden Pond Scum talking us through, we performed every roll from the standard roll to a few that only a few people in the world can hit. Although I didn't complete the straitjacket roll, I did hit my first hand roll holding a brick! No mean feat when it weighs close to 8kg! After a warm shower and many congratulatory handshakes it was party time, martinis and single malts in one of the cabins. Yum!

The final day of the retreat broke with stunning blue skies and dying winds, so it was everyone on the water for one final paddle before the goodbyes. With everyone glad to finally be rid of the bad weather, the mood on the water that day was amazing, with everyone there for the same reason. The practice and appreciation of Greenland Kayaking and culture shared with good friends.

It will be a long time before I forget my travels in America and my experiences at Delmarva Retreat, and even longer before I forget all the amazing kayaking friends I made that weekend in October. Many thanks go out to Ed Zachowski and QajaqUSA for giving me the chance to attend the retreat, Cheri Perry and Turner Wilson for their amazing hospitality and appreciation for New Zealand red wine, Shawn Baker for his massive smile each morning and the courage to wear a kilt, Dubsides and David Sides for the ropes guidance, and everyone else who I shared a laugh, a drink, or a roll with. Arohanui, until we meet again.

Ben Dorrington with the very difficult, back scratching with a paddle, Greenland roll



21 YEARS

From: Alan Bye

Here I sit having re-organised my dusty desk. Now it is a clean desk and I think I know where the various files are. I listen to Bruch's violin concerto in G and try to ignore the pain in my neck.

The ache is that of an overextended muscle. It used to do what I required without question. Now I hear it moan 'Wot th'hell've ye done to me?' It is from the base of the neck to the right shoulder point. It takes part, I conclude, in sculling actions. Joan massaged it this morning and now the ache is muted but no longer dominant.

Paul's Nordkapp I found a tad tender, but then so is its 'designer' Frank. Great plagiarist Frank, but don't quote me. Some stirrer said to me "How's the next book coming?" Frankly I had not thought of that in recent years, but then, today, I sat, mumchance, at this keyboard thinking, 'Yeah? Maybe? *Canoe Design and Construction*, set

some good men on an interesting way of life.

I tried to contact Pelham today but I can't find their email address. The book was published before e mails. I shall relate what John Woollard wrote. Then I may suggest, if I get a bite, how about an up to date rewrite of *Canoe Design and Construction*? So much has happened in the last 31 years, but basics remain basic.

So now I can blame you for lighting a fire under this old boiler again. How apt, a pain in the neck. Mind you I slept well last night.

On the way back along Queen Charlotte Drive I spotted several possums strolling about on the road in different places. I avoided all but one. I was convinced I was going to clear it by a couple of feet but it leaped at the last moment right under the offside wheels. What is it with possums? Suicidal?

Nadgee. I sent this to *Canoeist* - 23 - 26 February 2007, KASK (Kiwi Association of Sea Kayakers) held

their AGM at Anakiwa Outward Bound School in the 'Sounds' at the north end of South Island, New Zealand. More than a hundred attended. Groups were dotted about practising skills. It was reminiscent of times in UK 40 years ago. The surroundings are very similar to Lakeside Windermere. Saturday night Nigel Foster delivered his talk about some scary times with polar bears north of Newfoundland.

Among those present was Dave Winkworth, now known as 'Crocodile Winky.' A couple of years ago on a remote shore in OZ he fought off a large salt water croc that was about to eat a fellow paddler. Dave stuck his thumbs in its eyes and it took off hastily to peaceful regions. Around 18 years ago Dave, who was then a local government officer, read my book *Canoe Design and Construction*. He reckoned he could do that so did it. Now he has a business building kayaks. His latest sea kayak is the *Nadgee*. Odd name, the Aboriginal name for a district in Victoria, Australia. I paddled it for the first time yesterday as I write. Sweet mover. (The kayak that is).

That brief voyage was a first in several ways, the first time for me in a kayak for 20 years. Just about the last time previously was when I paddled John Dowd's kayak at the Vancouver Expo - 1986. That was a memorable time. Now age 78, I found the old paddle and balance skills returning as if there had been no interruption. What I found this morning, as I woke, were the muscles of the neck to right shoulder grousing about my enthusiasms the previous day. I should have stayed in practice. Full shoulder extension, sculling support, back of head touching rear deck demanded muscular freedom that the body forgot.

The book *Canoe Design and Construction* was not a commercial success for the publishers Pelham Books. It was remaindered decades ago but it is still available on the Internet. It had remarkable effects. There are two men in New Zealand who built good businesses, starting when they read that book. One told me his firm built 9,000 kayaks to his designs using the skills he learned from the book. Yesterday I was handed a letter from another Australian. He was given a copy of the book which was discarded from the local library after 25 years in circulation. His final words in a long and fascinating letter are "I hope you are pleased to know that the ripples you created over 30 years ago are still moving outwards." He builds grp kayaks now.

It is odd that a book, which was not a commercial success, was the fertiliser for at least four successful commercial businesses 'Down Under.' Me? Contented.

Joan and I enjoyed our day at Anakiwa, I lost 40 years until this morning when my neck found them again. I remind myself that my next birthday will be the 79th, a prime number, and ask, who else do I know who turned on the power with a skinny blade and heard that sweet 'pluck' of a blade in exit at speed? At that age? There is engraved on my memory a pic of David Hirschfeld on the Thames by the Royal Canoe Club at Richmond, rolling up ponderously, but rolling nonetheless age seventy. He rolled but I didn't. Not yet that is. I must

start a regime of suppling exercises otherwise I could snap something vital. The skills seem to be present, the confidence to lay out on a skinny blade is there too.

All I need now is a kayak, equipment to go with it, buoyancy aid, etc etc, and I am reminded of the years it took in the sixties to acquire those things, like a mini flare to send an exploding capsule 100 feet straight up, to find a magnetic compass to fix on the foredeck well forward. If it is too close at night, looking down can induce nausea. Do I want to paddle at night? Er, no, since you ask.

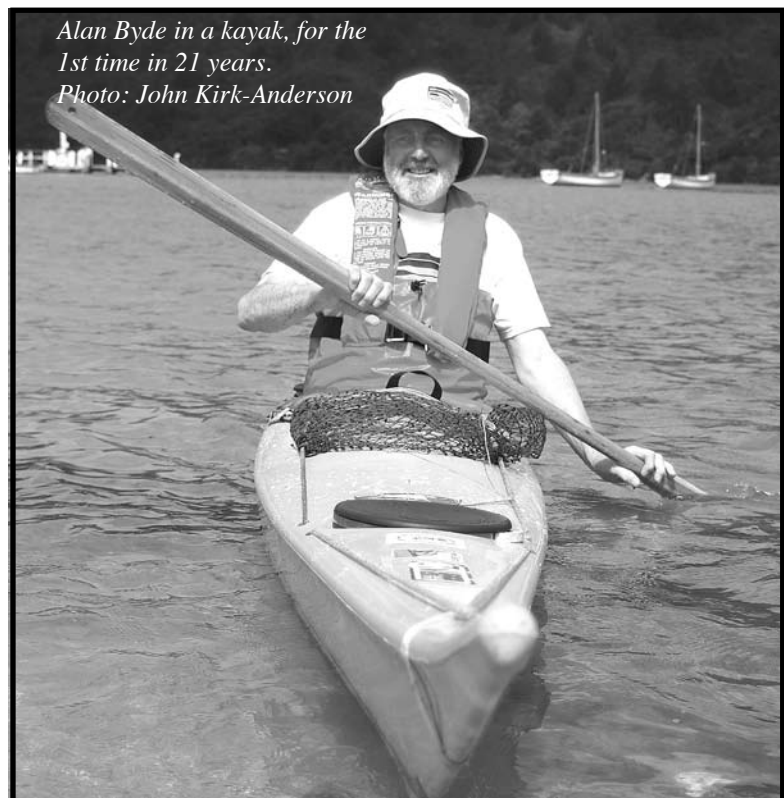
On Saturday afternoon there was a chap paddling an East Coast Greenland design, it looked very like an 'Angmassalik' which was popular circa 1960 in UK. It was a real pleasure to see him hand rolling, or using a skinny blade in a graceful lay-back roll. No doubt about it, if one aspires to be an ace roller, use a skinny blade and an east coast Greenland design with very little deck above the waterline. It is much easier to roll. Kayaks with a lot of windage are heavy to roll.

The west coast kayaks were used in open waters with waves, so buoyant

hulls were needed. The east coast kayaks were used on icefloe damped water, flat calm, so little buoyancy was needed.

A man I was conversing with at table, Lower Hutt I think, (his partner is keen on working with disabled people) said that '98%' of the business he does with kayaks is for sit-ons. I have been thinking about that for years, design a comfortable hull with sit on cockpit, but with an add-on deck over the legs, or even a simple quick release padded bridge over mid thigh to make rolling possible. The buoyancy of such a shape is 100%, combining the advantages of the pod cockpit with rapid exit. I'm a disturbed man. Stirred rather than shaken. Now look what you've done. Next book? Kayaking for the retired? Roll on Eighty? Re-organising an Octogenarian? Octo-Ocker? Just think I have all winter to build the sit-on to paddle like a kayak. It must be really lightweight and that means 1.5mm marine ply stitch and glue skinned in glass cloth. The book and the boat to go hand in hand. More of a dayboat/playboat really. Expeditions are for the determined. That's the purpose. Practice is what counts.

Alan Bye
26 February 2007



*Alan Bye in a kayak, for the 1st time in 21 years.
Photo: John Kirk-Anderson*

HUMOUR

With thanks to Dave Winkworth,
Lynn Burson & Mike Neison

Dental Phobias

A man goes to the dentist to have a tooth pulled.

The dentist takes out a hypodermic syringe to give the man a shot of Novocain.

"No way, no needles, I can't stand needles!"

The dentist starts to hook up the laughing gas, but the man again objects.

"No gas please. The mask on my face feels like I am being suffocated."

The dentist, who by now is getting a tad hot under the collar, then asks if the man has any objection to taking a tablet.

"No worries," said the patient, "I'm fine with tablets."

The dentist then returns and says, "Swallow this Viagra tablet."

The patient says, "Wow, I didn't know Viagra worked as a pain tablet."

"It doesn't," said the dentist, "but it will give you something to hold on to when I pull out your tooth."

LIFE IN THE AUSTRALIAN ARMY

Text of a letter from a kid from Eromanga to Mum and Dad.

(For those of you not in the know, Eromanga is a small town, west of Quilpie in the far south-west of Queensland)

Dear Mum & Dad,

I am well. Hope you are too. Tell me big brothers Doug and Phil that the Army is better than workin' on the farm - tell them to get in bloody quick smart before the jobs are all gone! I wuz a bit slow in settling down at first, because ya don't hafta get outta bed until 6am. But I like sleeping in now, cuz all ya gotta do before brekky is make ya bed and shine ya boots and clean ya uniform. No bloody cows to milk, no calves to feed, no feed to stack - nothin'! Ya haz gotta shave though, but its not so bad, coz there's lotsa hot water and even a light to see what ya doing! At brekky ya get cereal, fruit and eggs, but there's no kangaroo

steaks or possum stew like wot Mum makes. You don't get fed again until noon and by that time all the city boys are buggered because we've been on a 'route march' - geez its only just like walking to the windmill in the back paddock!

This one will kill me brothers Doug and Phil with laughter. I keep getting medals for shootin' - dunno why. The bullseye is as big as a bloody possum's bum and it don't move, and it's not firing back at ya like the Johnsons did when our big scrubber bull got into their prize cows before the Ekka last year! All ya gotta do is make yourself comfortable and hit the target - it's a piece of piss! You don't even load your own cartridges - they comes in little boxes and ya don't have to steady yourself against the rollbar of the roo shooting truck when you reload!

Sometimes ya gotta wrestle with the city boys and I gotta be real careful coz they break easy - it's not like fighting with Doug and Phil and Jack and Boori and Steve and Muzza all at once, like we do at home after the muster.

Turns out I'm not a bad boxer either, and it looks like I'm the best the platoon's got, and I've only been beaten by this one bloke from the Engineers - he's 6 foot 5 and 15 stone and three pick handles across the shoulders, and as ya know I'm only 5 foot 7 and eight stone wringin' wet, but I fought him till the other blokes carried me off to the boozier.

I can't complain about the Army - tell the boys to get in quick before word gets around how bloody good it is. Your loving daughter,
Sheila

A SHAGGY PRAWN STORY

Far away in the tropical waters of the Caribbean, two prawns were swimming around in the sea - one called Justin and the other called Christian. The prawns were constantly being harassed and threatened by sharks that inhabited the area. Finally one day Justin said to Christian: "I'm fed up with being a prawn. I wish I was a shark, then I wouldn't have any worries about being eaten."

A large mysterious Cod appeared and said, "Your wish is granted" and lo and behold, Justin turned into a shark. Horrified, Christian immediately swam away, afraid of being eaten by his old mate. Time passed (as it invariably does) and Justin found life as a shark boring and lonely. All his old mates simply swam away whenever he came close to them. Justin didn't realise that his new menacing appearance was the cause of his sad plight.

While swimming alone one day he saw the mysterious Cod again and he thought perhaps the mysterious fish could change him back into a prawn.

He approached the Cod and begged to be changed back, and lo and behold, he found himself turned back into a prawn. With tears of joy in his tiny little eyes Justin swam back to his friends and bought them all a cocktail (this does not involve a prawn cocktail. It's much worse!).

Looking around the gathering at the reef he realised he couldn't see his old pal. "Where's Christian?" he asked. "He's at home, still distraught that his best friend changed sides to the enemy and became a shark," came the reply.

Eager to put things right again Justin set off to Christian's abode. As he opened the coral gate, memories came flooding back. He banged on the door and shouted, "Hey Christian! It's me, Justin, your old friend, come out and see me again."

Christian replied: "No way man, you'll eat me. You're now a shark, you're the enemy, and I'll not be tricked into being your dinner."

Justin cried back "No, I'm not. That was the old me. I've changed. (Wait for it.)

"I've found Cod. I'm a Prawn again Christian!"

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.

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

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Ph: (06) 868 4657

email: thetrolls@xtra.co.nz

Website: www.geocities.com/gisborne_sea_kayakers/

NEW PLYMOUTH KASK Contact

Bob Talbot,

10 Ranfurly St., Waitara.

Ph: 06 754 4191(H) or 0274 457038

email: ecobiz@xtra.co.nz

WELLINGTON Sea Kayak Network

Mike Wilkin

23 A Ilam Grove

Kelson, Lower Hutt

Phone: (04) 565 0880

email: mwilkin5@xtra.co.nz

Website: www.wskn.wellington.net.nz

SOUTH ISLAND

MARLBOROUGH

Helen Woodward

Ph: (03) 579 5669

h.woodward@xtra.co.nz

NELSON - KASK Contact

Nora Flight

Ph: (03) 544 7877

email: nflight@xtra.co.nz

CANTERBURY Sea Kayak Network

Andy & Deirdre Sheppard

53 Kent Lodge Ave

Avonhead, Christchurch. 8004

Ph: (03) 342 7929

email: d_sheppard@clear.net.nz

www.CanterburySeaKayak.orcon.net.nz

OTAGO

Rob Tipa

(03) 478 0360

robtipa@clear.net.nz

SOUTHLAND Sea Kayak Network

Stan Mulvany

03 215 7263

email: eiger@xtra.co.nz

Website: www.sskn.uniformnz.com

SKOANZ

Sea Kayak Operators Assn. NZ

SKOANZ

PO Box 1222 Christchurch

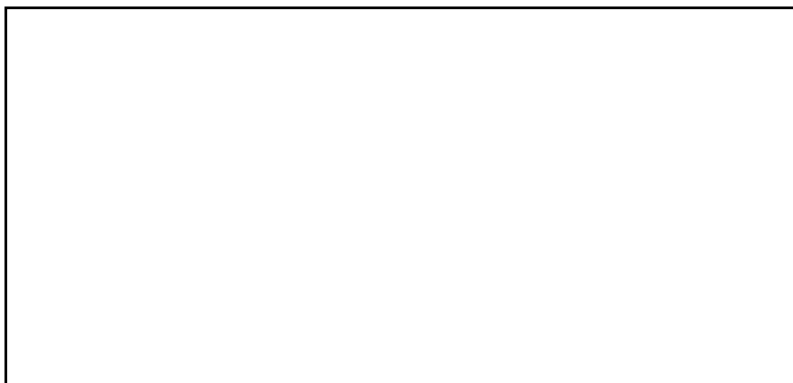
Ph/fax; 03 329 8317

email: skoanz@xtra.co.nz

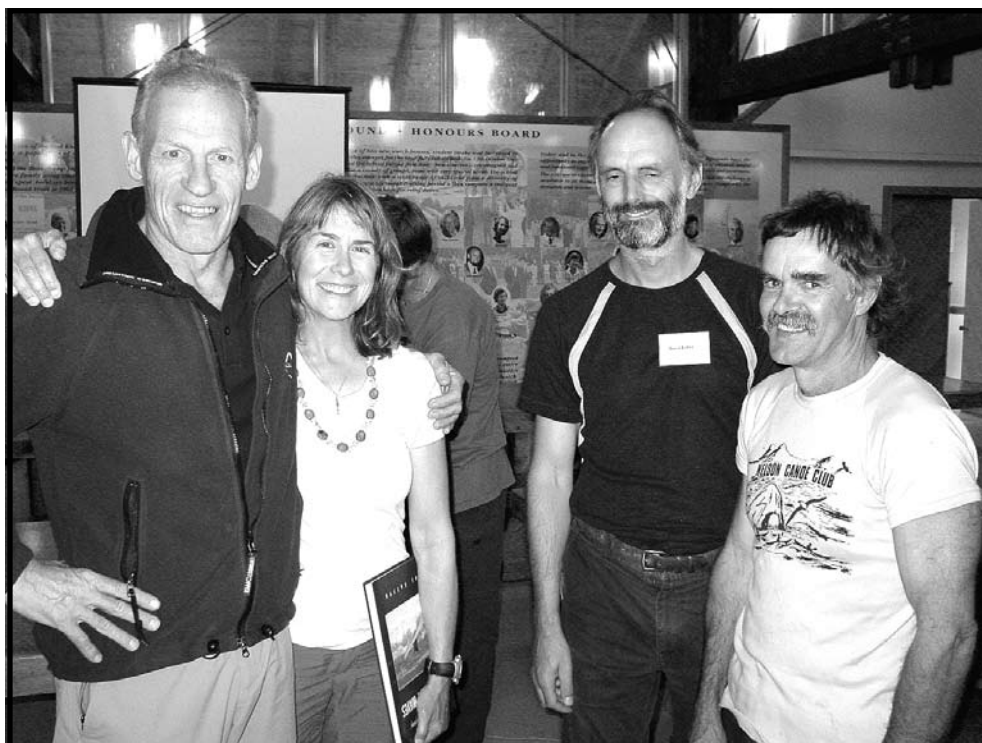
Website: www.skoanz.org.nz

**KASK Website:
www.kask.co.nz**

MAILED TO



**If undelivered, please return to:
KASK , PO Box 23, Runanga, West Coast. 7841**



David Winkworth (L), Kristin Nelson, David Fisher & Bevan Walker, at the Forum dinner

KASK MEMBERSHIP POLICY

Current membership fees are:

- \$35 for ordinary membership
- \$40 for family or joint membership
- \$35 for overseas membership
- new members receive a free copy of the handbook
- members should endeavour to renew by 1 August
- the KASK financial year runs 1 August to 31 July the following year
- a subscription due notice and up to two reminders are sent out with the newsletters between June and October
- if a membership renewal is not received by 30 September, membership lapses
- new members who join between 1 June and 31 July automatically get their membership credited to the following year, receiving a 14 month membership
- the KASK committee puts its emphasis confirming renewals from existing members from July to October; and promoting new KASK memberships from November to February.

