

ISSN 1177-4177

THE SEA CANOEIST NEWSLETTER

The Journal of the Kiwi Association of Sea Kayakers (NZ) Inc - KASK

No. 147
June - July 2010





INDEX

EDITORIAL p. 3

KASK

President's Report July 2010
by John Hesseling p. 4
WSNZ Education Forum
by Kevin Dunsford p.4
Webmaster's Picks
from Sandy Ferguson p.5

CONSERVATION

Pest-free Islands in Eastern Bay of Islands Already Showing Signs of Recovery
from Helen Ough Dealy p. 5

SAFETY

Displaying of Dive Flags From Small Vessels
from Peter Crabb p. 6

NEWZEALAND TRIPREPORTS

South Island Circumnavigation
12 Mile to Jackson Bay
by Max Grant p. 7

OVERSEAS REPORT

The Canoe World of Papua New Guinea/Melanesia
A Photo Essay - Part II
by Kerry Howe p.12

TECHNICAL

On the Wing (Wing paddles)
by Sandy Winterton p.15

BOOK REVIEWS

Dancing on Ice
by Jeremy Scott
review: Alan Byde p.18
Confessions of a Wave Warrior
by Eric Soares
review: Paul Caffyn p.20

HUMOUR p.21

Thanks to all the contributors and photographers.

Deadline for next newsletter
17 September 2010

EDITORIAL

Newsletter Articles

Max Grant has written a superb account of the last stage of the South Island Circumnavigation that he and his daughter Melanie have been staging over several years. Their expedition blog address:
<http://southislandcharityexpedition.blogspot.com/>

Kerry Howe has a second instalment of his photo essay of the Canoe Culture of Papua New Guinea/Melanesia. A comprehensive further reading list rounds off the article.

Sandy Winteron has compiled a brilliant report on Wing Paddles, which impressed Conrad Edwards no end:

'Great article, best I've ever read on my favourite subject (other than wine, women and song). I would personally not describe the Kinetic Wing as a hybrid, regarding it not as between a traditional paddle and a wing, but rather the next evolutionary step beyond a wing - it is essentially a wing with the concave side filled in. Like the move from a hang-glider (thin wing) to a true glider (aircraft wing cross-section). Or, as Sandy points out better, it is the original wing concept (I didn't know that) and we've just seen two decades of mere hybrids before the true form was first revealed (in a light manifestation) as the Kinetic Wing. 'tis the way of the future...'

Kevin Dunsford attending a recent Water Safety hosted education forum in Auckland and has compiled a comprehensive report. The committee is most grateful for Kevin to have attended the forum and written informative reports on what transpired.

KASK FORUM 2011

The Anakiwa Outward Bound School has confirmed our booking for **1- 3 April 2011**. At the head of Queen Charlotte Sound, this venue is a cracker for the next KASK forum.

Overseas Reports

Update on Stuart Truman's Around Australia (with a sail) Paddle:
Albany - 28 July 2010

I've seen humpback and southern right whales most days along the coast and three different types of albatross along with seals and dolphins. It's a dramatic coast with cliffy headlands, islands and beaches tucked away for camping.

I was a bit of a slog getting into Albany Harbour, yesterday against a headwind. I must have looked as though I was struggling, as a whale-watching charter boat called the *Sea Rescue* to let them know a paddler was 'doing it tough'. I made it in but was knackered. Don't tell them I struggled, as I put on my brave face as they motored off. Stuart's blog:
<http://nadgeekayaks.com.au/news-events/australia-by-kayak.html>

KASK Handbook - on CD

As a result of an AGM motion re consideration to PDFing the handbook files for adding to the KASK website, Sandy Ferguson suggested at a recent committee meeting that we produce the handbook on a CD. It would be individual chapters in PDF format, but this would have great benefit in terms of distribution, and cost of producing in comparison with the printed handbook. Any thoughts, or suggestions, please email me at: kayakpc@xtra.co.nz

Books

A 25th anniversary of edition of *The Dreamtime Voyage* has been printed. Email me for a cattedog of new and secondhand paddling books, which now includes Eric Soare's *Confessions of a Wave Warrior* (see review on p. 20)
Paul Caffyn

KASK SUBSCRIPTIONS ARE NOW DUE. PLEASE RENEW PROMPTLY

PHOTOGRAPH CREDITS

Cover: Melanie and Max with celebratory glasses of champagne after completing their South Island circumnavigation; Melz becoming the first Kiwi girl and Max the oldest Kiwi bloke to complete this arduous trip. Photo: Belinda Mulvany
Facing page: Top left - Max and Melanie discussing the day's goal before launching from the 12 Mile, on the West Coast of the South Island. Photo: Paul Caffyn. See page 7 for more photos and a report by Max on this last stage. Bottom Left: Max Grant paddling against a magnificent backdrop of the Southern Alps and the Franz Josef Glacier. Photo: Melanie Grant

KASK

President's Report July 2010 By John Hesseling

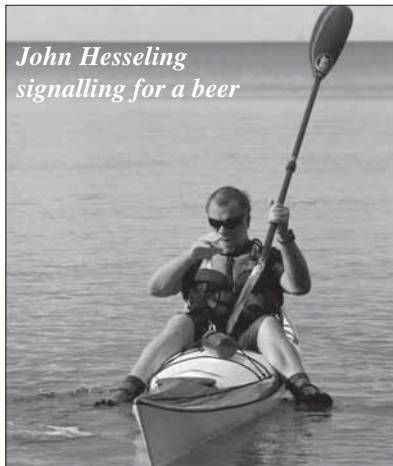
With winter upon us, paddling opportunities have been few and far between. The weather over Queens Birthday was wet so a planned kayaking weekend at Hot Water Beach was spent indoors.

The KASK Committee has been involved in finalising the Sit on Top safety brochure and it is hoped to have the draft ready for comment by the end of the month.

The committee is also investigating mechanisms by which KASK can represent a greater number of paddlers especially at a national level.

A possibility includes a category of membership for clubs or for regional networks. KASK is a member of Water Safety New Zealand and is the only paddling organisation that is a member of the National Pleasure Boat Safety Forum. The more paddlers that we can represent at these national organisations the more notice will be taken of us. I would appreciate any feedback from members.

It is that time of the year when annual subscriptions are due and I encourage all members to promote KASK to fellow paddlers and get them to join up. More members will allow us to further promote safe sea kayaking.



Water Safety NZ EDUCATION FORUM 21 July 2010 by Kevin Dunsford

Water Safety NZ conducts four education forums each year. The purpose is to provide a forum for members, such as KASK, to participate in the development and coordination of water safety education initiatives. The 21 July forum, held recently in Auckland, included a two yearly review of the forum and a chance for member organizations to make recommendations on it, to WSNZ.

In addition to its role in education, WSNZ acts as gate-keeper for grants to member organizations for water safety initiatives. For example, Paul Caffyn is currently completing an education brochure for new sit-on-top kayakers to be distributed at retail and other outlets, and this has been partially funded by WSNZ, with Paul donating his own time.

As this was the first time I had attended the forum, I could not judge its past performance but was interested in other organizations' comments arising out of workshops. Members considered the forum to be of greater value when information was relevant to their own area of interest and of average value other times. This is probably to be expected considering the wide range of forum members (see <http://www.watersafety.org.nz/members>).

An overriding message emerging was the potential for members to network common issues, whether directly related to water safety or not. This point was further reinforced to me by the desire of the CEO of NZOIA (NZ Outdoor Instructor's Association) to discuss kayak education with KASK; and the General Manager of Coastguard Boating Education to discuss kayak education courses with KASK. KASK is perceived by other organizations to represent all sea kayakers, traditional sit-in kayakers, sit-on kayakers, kayak touring, kayak fishing and some sea kayak racing.

Jim Lott of Maritime New Zealand (MNZ) spoke saying the change in Government has helped MNZ with funding. Currently a road tax of 43 cents per litre of petrol, representing about \$46M, has gone to roading each year. Since a proportion of petrol is used by boating, the Government has agreed to make about \$8M available to boating, of which MNZ will receive about \$900,000. This amount has already been allocated to promoting two main MNZ objectives:

- the compulsory wearing of life jackets in vessels under 6m in length (unless the skipper gives permission for their removal), due to come in on 1 October this year, and
- the compulsory carriage of communications devices, which still needs more work. A survey conducted for MNZ showed that 9 out of 10 people remember TV ads about life jackets from last year so get ready for an onslaught of ads this coming season.

Another interesting fact from MNZ's nationwide survey was kayaks now are at least as numerous as trailer boats. Is it any wonder kayakers have suddenly become visible to boaters and regulators? This also means kayaker education is a now a potential large money earner and may account for the interest in establishing formal kayaker qualifications by boating, instructing and educational organizations. NZOIA, the New Zealand Outdoor Instructor's Organization, has a formal agreement with SKOANZ and ITO's on the formulation of kayaking qualifications and is interested in resuming discussions with KASK. Coastguard Boating Education has recently established kayak safety courses, both formal and online, although they are at a loss to explain why not many sit-on kayakers and kayak fishermen have taken them up or completed the courses.

A representative from the Accident Compensation Corporation gave a talk on ACC's Drowning Prevention Council (DPC). The DPC had drawn up an elaborate prevention program (<http://www.watersafety.org.nz/assets/pdfs/drowning/Strategy2005-2015.pdf>) but since the

change of Government this has been reduced to 5 key elements (yet to be published). The ACC realized the drowning rate has been consistently dropping since 1988 and it is currently down to 2.3 drownings per 100,000 of population. Whatever has been going on over these years must be working, so why change now? The ACC representative said that drownings last year cost ACC only \$400,000 and there are other funding priorities such as the road toll and some diseases.

Suggestions arising from the forum will now be summarized and KASK and other member organizations will have the opportunity to respond, via an on-line survey. At the next meeting, in November 2010, the new terms of reference for the forum will be set.

In summary, in gathering all this information from one morning's Water Safety Education Forum, I would rank the forum's educational value fairly high; as for the usefulness of the information, that is reliant on what KASK members do with it, ie. you and I.

Kevin Dunsford

Webmaster's Picks from Sandy Ferguson

Your webmaster has shifted and is now back on broadband. Things like the kayak workshop are a disaster, full of materials on the floor, my partner's half finished kayak on the building stand, a heap of patterns looking for a rack, a couple of cedar blanks waiting to turn into paddles etc. Referring to the latter, the KASK discussion group - <http://www.kask.org.nz/discuss/> - has had a few messages on Greenland paddles. No sooner had I put up on the DIY page - <http://www.kask.org.nz/do-it-yourself> - my take on building a paddle, than one of the readers had produced a couple and the rest of us paddle makers were worried about New Zealand's supply of cedar being used up!

For anyone heading across the ditch, this site might be of interest if you are thinking of paddling on the east coast of Oz:

<http://www.upstreampaddle.com/magazine.html>

The kayak fishing brigade is getting quite strong and have a web site with various subsections and forum:

<http://www.kayakfishingnz.com>

For further reading try:

<http://www.kayakanglermag.com/>

There is a free issue on line with an article on how to drill large holes in your kayak for a rod holder and how to fish from a surf board amongst other items. There is a video of someone fishing in close to rocks which makes "Piha Rescue" look tame. Before the hardened sea kayakers dismiss the SOT brigade as "not real kayakers", not all SOTs are alike and some are putting great distances in a day, chasing the fish.

Now to something a bit different, kayaking in the Antarctic, a couple of expeditions:

http://www.mountainzone.com/wet-dawg_blogs/antarctic_kayak_expedition/index.html

Return to Antarctica, Andes Antarticos 2009-2010

<http://expedicionantartica.blogspot.com/>

Now, back to where it all started, some Greenland kayaks but with a modern twist:

<http://www.greenlandkayaks.gl/index.html>

Not only can you get a kayak with bomb-proof covering, but you can also equip it with all the other gizmos you need, harpoons, bearded seal deck lines, tensioners carved from antler. The pièce de résistance, Arctic shades from reindeer antlers and with sealskin straps - cool.

Included, especially for Paul, a blog telling him how to kayak the Greenland's south and east coast - what? You mean he's already done it!

Sandy Ferguson

CONSERVATION

Pest-free Islands in Eastern Bay of Islands Already Showing Signs of Recovery

from Helen Ough Dealy

Rare and endangered birds are already returning to the now pest-free islands of Ipipiri (eastern Bay of Islands). "It's a great sign," says Adrian Walker, Biodiversity Manager, Bay of Islands DoC. "Banded rail and kukupa (NZ Wood Pigeon) have been seen on Motuarohia/Roberton Island. The first time in 30 years for the kukupa! A flock of more than 20 NZ Dotterel have also been sighted at Otehei Bay on Urupukapuka Island. Native plant life is starting to recover as well. Now that the rats are gone, the coprosma seeds are not being eaten and there are carpets of seedlings shooting up under the canopy."

"This is great news," says Fleur Corbett (Chair - Guardians of the Bay of Islands Trust). "It looks as if the pest control efforts on the mainland of Te Rawhiti Enterprises, the local hapu at Te Rawhiti and the Eastern Bay of Islands Preservation Society, are helping keep the rats from swimming across to the islands. But we can't afford to be complacent, as three Norway rats were caught on Urupukapuka Island between December 2009 and April 2010."

"This summer was the first real test of how well our biosecurity work on Project Island Song has gone. With hundreds of campers and thousands of boaties enjoying Ipipiri in the eastern Bay of Islands - there is great potential to bring rats back. We knew the risk that rodents would turn up. What's great is that the community helped catch them" says Fleur.

DNA analysis by the University of Auckland showed conclusively that the first rat was not a survivor of the eradication operation undertaken by DoC in 2009. "It is most likely that it was transported by boat from somewhere further away than the Te Rawhiti mainland" says Rachel Fewster

from the University's Statistics Department.

"Our rodent invasion project is aimed at assisting island restoration projects around NZ by analyzing rat DNA to determine how rats arrive on islands. It is most useful to know that these animals are likely to have arrived by boat" says Rachel. The first rat crawled under a tent ground-sheet during the night and was stood on by a surprised camper when they got up in the morning. The second rat, also caught in Urupukapuka Bay in a trap left set by a camper, was too decomposed to undergo DNA testing. The third rat was caught in Otehei Bay in a DoC trap and reported by a young visitor.

According to Angela Newport, DoC Biosecurity Ranger, "as soon as we confirmed rats had been caught we set up extra traps and tracking tunnels at each sighting point. These have been checked weekly since January with and it looks like we'll need more traps set at these arrival points each summer.

Angela stresses the importance of island users being extra vigilant: "Rodents can find their way to the islands in ANY material that is transported there; this includes tents, bags, grocery shopping, metal, timber, machinery, umbrellas, etc. Please be responsible by checking your gear and boats before leaving – your help will keep the islands pest free and don't be scared to report a sighting!"

Please contact the DoC Bay of Islands Area office if you see any rodent droppings or tracks while you are on the islands of Ipipiri. During office hours – phone (09) 4070300 or afterhours:

0800 DOCHOT (0800 362468)

Helen attended the April KASK forum at Whangarei and gave a presentation of pest eradication programs in the Bay of Islands.

More more information on Project Island Song, see:
www.boiguardians.co.nz

SAFETY

Displaying of Dive Flags From Small Vessels (ie. kayaks/dinghies)

Following the recent Auckland Boat Show, concern was expressed to this office that sea kayakers and small craft users were not aware of the rules regarding the use of dive flags or in some instances, it appeared that non-regulation flags were being sold or promoted!

When undertaking diving activities from their craft, all kayakers and dinghy users, MUST DISPLAY a regulation Dive Flag. The flag must be affixed to the vessel and under NZ maritime law kayaks and dinghies are classed as vessels.

Maritime Rule 91 was recently reviewed and It now states:

For all divers, a dive (code A) operating from a vessel, a dive flag must be displayed in such a manner that it is visible from 200 metres.

The minimum size of the flag must be 600 mm x 600 mm for recreational vessels and other boats must remain either 200 metres distant from the vessel displaying the flag or slow down to less than 5 knots.

Please view attached copies of the resources produced with lotteries funding and support from Maritime NZ and Water Safety NZ . I can send out copies of the poster and or stickers to those who request them.

It is most imperative that all divers have their life support equipment regularly serviced by a trained professional as well as getting professional instruction, insist on always diving with a buddy, plan your dive and then dive your plan, make sure you monitor the air supply and always slowly ascend from every dive.

Yours in Diving
Pete Crabb
Communications Manager/Biologist
New Zealand Underwater
1/40 Mt Eden Road Eden, Terrace
Auckland 1024
P.O. Box 875 Auckland 1140
www.nzunderwater.org.nz

HISTORY

Queenscliffe Maritime Museum Pushes Ahead with Dedicated Sea Kayaking Exhibition Space

Club members David Golightly and Phillip Woodhouse visited the QMM last Friday and witnessed progress in the creation of a special exhibition featuring displays of Paul Caffyn's 1982 Dreamtime Voyage expedition and Freya Hoffmeister's 2009 'Race Around Australia' journey. Both paddlers succeeded in circumnavigating the entire mainland continent of Australia, each of these voyages started and finished in Queenscliff at the entrance to Port Phillip.

To enable visitor viewing of continuous 'looping' of photographs from both expeditions, the John Holland Construction Group have kindly donated two complete sets of computer systems to the museum, for dedicated use in the Sea Kayaking Exhibition space.

In other news, featuring these two world renowned paddlers, it is strongly rumoured that Paul Caffyn is nearing completion of a Twenty-Fifth Anniversary Edition of his popular work *The Dreamtime Voyage*, which tells the story of his voyage around our coastline. We have also heard unconfirmed news that Freya Hoffmeister and her publications team are well underway with a book dedicated to telling the story of the first woman to circumnavigate Australia.

It must be a bit tricky for Aussie paddlers to find the plaque at Queenscliff - the Dreamtime bronze plaque which was unveiled in 2007 on the 25th anniversary of Paul Caffyn's successful circumnavigation - 'Victorian Sea Kayk Club members wishing to visit the plaque site in Queenscliff will locate it on Shortlands Bluff (Melways Map 50 ref K1).' Kiwi paddlers don't seem to have any problems finding the big lump of basalt, going by the photos I have received from Kiwis of the plaque.

Source: www.vskc.org.au
Website for the Victorian Sea Kayak Club

NEW ZEALAND TRIP REPORTS

SOUTH ISLAND CIRCUMNAVIGATION COMPLETED

12 Mile Bay to Jackson Bay

by Max Grant

See also the cover photo and pics on p.2



Max and Melanie Grant in silhouette against a grey dawn sky, approaching Motukiekie Rocks, after launching from the 12 Mile, West Coast. Photo: Paul Caffyn

Dawn was just breaking as Melanie and I pushed our kayaks into the calm waters outside Paul Caffyn's home on our final leg of our South Island circumnavigation to Jackson Bay. It was one of those mornings where conditions couldn't have been better and we were looking forward to an enjoyable paddle to Hokitika. But as always, the ocean so often has its hidden obstacles and as we approached Rapahoe, we unwittingly found one.

A fast moving low cloud or mist was pushing its way out to sea directly in front of us. I'd heard of this 'draft of cold air' or katabatic wind that flows down the Grey River valley and is referred to locally as 'the Barber'. As we paddled into the mist a strong wind blasted down on us creating a nasty side chop which tried to push us away from the shore and out of sight of land. Not only was our vision down to just about zero, our hands and fingers began to freeze as this rush of cold air seemed to chill every part of our bodies. By the time we reached the other side of Rapahoe Bay our hands were freezing, but as we rounded Point Elizabeth and out of the barber, brilliant sunshine engulfed us and the wind simply disappeared.

We were now heading for the notorious 'Grey River Bar'; entrance to the Grey River, a place that had a history of boat capsizes that had resulted in several drownings. But to-day there was only a gentle swell which allowed us to kayak into the Grey River to a small sheltered beach where we stopped for lunch. During the following few days our landing skills would be fully tested as the coastline south of Greymouth is a continuous beach with no sheltered inlets. But conditions were as good as we could hope for and later that afternoon we landed safely through moderate surf at Hokitika. Here we booked into one of the local motels for a good relaxing overnight stay before tackling the next day's paddle.

Our weather report, the following morning, was that the large cyclone that seemed to be stationary out in the Tasman had started to move towards New Zealand and that the spell of settled weather we had been experiencing could change at any time. But sea conditions for this day started out to be much the same as the day before.

Small pods of Hector's dolphins were plentiful along this coast, but on that particular morning a pod of over a dozen joined us and swam along with us for over an hour. This was by far the friendliest group of dolphins we had encountered on our journey so far. Swimming along beside us, riding

Max nearing Rapahoe and the tongue of bitterly cold katabatic wind known locally as the 'Barber.' Photo: Melz Grant





A Hector's dolphin sounding by Melanie's bow; in the background Mt Greenland and behind the beach, the township of Ross. Photo: Melz

our bow wash and darting under our kayaks, we actually had to be careful not to bump them with our paddles as we progressed along. Even when we stopped for a snack, they nosed up to have a good look at what was going on.

Greens Beach was our planned camp site for the night and as we made our way towards the shore, it became obvious that the swell had picked up considerably and paddling through the surf was not going to be pretty. We cautiously made our way through large waves that were breaking a long way out. Melz was in front when a large one, that I couldn't avoid, rolled in behind me. I had no option but to ride it. Paddling as hard as I could, I prepared for the wave to hit. The perfect wave – I surfed down its face so fast it was almost fun, except that it just seemed to continue to grow in size until it became so steep I knew I had to turn the kayak side-on to prepare for the break.

But as the wave curled over me, I was moving so fast I couldn't brace into it – over I went. My roll was bullet proof, or so I thought, but for the first time on the trip I failed to come up on my first attempt. As I positioned myself for a second roll, I realised my body had slipped sideways in the kayak. Removing one hand from the paddle, I took hold of the cockpit and pulled myself back into a snug-fitting position with both legs locked into the thigh brace. As my kayak bounced around the thought of exiting my boat flashed

through my mind. "No! I may never make it back to the beach. I have to roll back up."

"Good grip on the paddle, blade to the surface, roll the kayak up first!" I really put everything into this attempt. I was up-right, briefly, as another wave hit me side on and over I went. Another roll and I was up and bracing side on into the wave. This time it held my kayak and carried me some way to the shore before I was able to pull myself over the top and out of the wave's grip. Almost out of breath, I tried to straighten up for a ride into the beach, but again was hit and bowled over by a following wave.

I was now nearing the shore and as I rolled up, was able to stay with this one for most of the way in. I paddled frantically to get far enough up the beach to ground the kayak on the shingle. Leaping out I barely had enough strength to grab hold of the bow toggle to drag my kayak beyond the surf. Collapsing onto the shingle I saw Melanie, who had witnessed the whole thing, racing over to help.

"Are you alright Dad?" she said as she dragged my kayak further up the beach. I could only sit there and nod. I was completely exhausted, gasping for breath and looking out to the surf.

Finally I murmured to Melz and myself, "I really don't like this West Coast Surf at all."

That night our weather report was that the large approaching cyclone was expected to move onto the South Island later the following day. Could we make it to Okarito before it arrived?

Next morning the sea looked rather ominous with a swell pushing large breakers onto our beach, while dark clouds filled the sky to the north-west. We decided to try for Okarito as the wind and swell would be assisting us to cover the 45 kms quickly. Breaking out through the surf was a challenge and several large waves ploughed into us, ensuring that we were both totally wet to the skin before starting out down the coast.

Late morning, as we rounded Abut Head, conditions worsened and visibility was restricted by light rain and spray forming over a large breaking surf. Off the Whataroa River mouth, the sea was building to a very large breaking swell up to a kilometre out - conditions were deteriorating fast. A few houses perched on the hillside behind Okarito were in view through the haze but as we drew nearer, the sea seemed to be a mass of white breaking waves that made it impossible to see where the Okarito Lagoon outlet was located.

My heart was in my mouth as we made our way towards the shore. After my last surf landing, I found it mentally hard to approach the beach as this surf was much worse than the previous day. We must have been a long way out as it seemed to take ages to paddle in, continually looking over our shoulders to check on any approaching large waves, some of which we turned and paddled into.

Our paddle in wasn't going too badly. As we approached an area where the waves were building up to break, I was lucky enough to catch a smaller one which I surfed for some time before it finally broke over me with such force that I was bowled over. This time my roll was quick and true, so quick that I stayed with the wave and side-surfed the beast to the shore, straightening up nearing the beach so I actually rode the wave far enough up the shingle to safely exit my kayak and drag it beyond the surging waves. Melanie followed

on the next wave and also made it in safely without having to roll. We both successfully nailed that landing and were thankful to have both feet placed firmly on land again.

Looking around we soon realised that we had landed on a huge shingle bank that had been formed by the sea and had blocked off the entrance to the lagoon. It didn't take long to drag our kayaks to the lagoon and paddle the remaining few hundred metres to Okarito. And as we gathered up our change of clothes and made our way to the local camping ground, the heavens opened and down came the rain.

By the time we were showered and dressed, the local people of Okarito had quickly swung into action. Camp caretaker and local boat tour operator, Swade Finch, offered us a house to stay at, while the local canoe operator, Richard Saunders, drove his vehicle down to the beach to pick up our kayaks which he stored at his kayak shed. That night the wind howled around the house. In the distance we could hear the sound of the surf crashing onto the beach. There would be no kayaking for the next day or two. In fact we were advised by the locals to return home for a few weeks as this patch of bad weather could take weeks to pass over.

“We have been hit by a ‘weather bomb’, and it will take several weeks for the seas to settle”. So onto a bus and home we went. It was very disheartening to have to abandon our circumnavigation just a few days away from ending our journey.

After watching the weather patterns continue to hammer the West Coast for the next three weeks, a particularly large cyclone appeared in the Tasman, but as it grew closer to New Zealand, it veered towards the North Island. The lower West Coast of the South Island was clear and after a few phone calls to the good folks of Okarito, we quickly packed and headed south.

For this last section, which we estimated would take five days, we had a shore party of Margaret and Belinda Mulvany. This was the first time in our circumnavigation we had

a support party to follow us on land. Several of the local people had turned out at dawn to wish us good luck as Melz and I launched into the Okarito Lagoon to begin our final leg to Jackson Bay. The recent rain had filled the lagoon to a level where it once again became a natural outlet and spilled over into the sea. The swift current carried us out to sea with only a couple of waves to ride over, before we were out on the ocean once again.

The sea was reasonably flat with only a slight breeze. As the sun rose we were treated to the most spectacular view of the Southern Alps, set against the clear blue morning sky. From the ocean we had an amazing view up the Waiho River valley to the Franz Josef Glacier, which in turn carved a channel of white to the dominating peaks of Mts Tasman and Cook. Covered with a heavy dusting of snow from the recent storm, this view was like something you would normally only see in a picture book.

It was reassuring to be back on a relatively flat sea and by 2.30pm we were lining up to land at Gillespies Beach, our intended get out for the day. We had been warned by several people not to land here, “This is a steep beach with dumping surf; avoid landing there under any circumstances!”

However the sea was relatively calm and this was the only place where our support crew could meet us, so in we went with Margaret and Belinda watching from shore. I almost had a good paddle in and was able to ride

on the back of a wave almost to the shore. But I didn't quite make it and was sucked back by the surge. This was no problem as I figured I shouldn't have any problem catching a ride on the next wave. But as I glanced over my shoulder I was shocked to see a huge ‘double dumper’ bearing down on me.

There was nothing I could do but brace myself for a turbulent white water thumping. The wave picked me up like a feather and looped me bow first into the shallow surf so hard that both my feet jarred heavily on the footrest, sending a searing pain up my legs. The pain from my ham-string muscles was so great I could hardly manage a roll back up. As I surfaced, I pushed hard to keep on the wave and get up the beach. Then as the bow of my kayak surfaced, my heart sank when I saw the front 20 cm of my bow now pointing vertically at 90° to the deck.

As I ran aground, Belinda grabbed the front of my kayak while I struggled to exit the cockpit. The pain from the ham-string muscle in my left leg was so great I could hardly walk up the beach. I then glanced over to view Melanie, only to see her upturned kayak in the surf 20 metres from shore. Both Margaret and Belinda sprinted over to assist and were about to leap in to help when she executed a perfect roll and continued paddling into the beach.

The large dumping wave had caught us both off guard. I cursed myself for allowing it to loop me so near the beach, damaging my kayak and inflicting what seemed a serious injury

View down to Okarito Lagoon, with the township in the foreground, and the lagoon entrance on the far left. Photo: Melz Grant



to my left leg. I don't think the girls were expecting such a spectacular landing either, as neither of them were able to catch it on film – damn!

After changing out of our wet gear, Belinda looked on wide-eyed as we endeavoured to repair my bent kayak bow. While Margaret poured boiling water over the damaged area, Melanie pushed the nose back to its original position while I struck the sides of the folded area as hard as I could with two large boulders until the bow was back to its old shape. Within a couple of minutes, the bow was fully repaired except for a thin tell tale white line across the deck where the fold had been.

Before starting each section of our trip, Melanie and I had often discussed whether we should use our light kevlar/carbon kayaks or the more robust plastic ones. Each time, we had decided to take the plastic kayaks, concluding that safety was more important than speed. The incident at Gillespies Beach was a good example of what could have happened. Looping my kevlar/carbon kayak in the same way, the bow could have been quite badly damaged and I'm not sure how we would have repaired it.

That evening the setting sun cast a mystical red tinge over the Southern Alps and Margaret and I stood on the beach remembering how we had camped here 23 years ago with our three children, Sandy, Steven and Melanie. Our son Steven was in remission after having his final treatment for a brain tumour, but that day we walked to the seal colony several miles to the north. It had been a long walk and Steven was easily tired, but was absolutely determined to see the seals. This was a special place and as we stood there on the beach the memories of a very brave young man enjoying life with his family came flooding back to us.

After a good night's sleep at the DoC camp site, we woke to a light frost, a reminder that winter was not far away and the nights were now going to be long and cold. We had a relatively easy launch from the beach and although my ham-string muscle was sore, it

didn't affect my paddling in any way. With most of our gear now being taken by vehicle, our light kayaks seem to fly across the water. By 1 pm we had reached Bruce Bay, our planned stop over for the night. After enjoying a snack with the girls, we decided to continue on down the coast, so quickly packed our sleeping bags, some food and camping gear and once again took to the ocean.

Late that afternoon we spotted a well decked out whitebaiter's hut while passing the Ohinemaka River. Set among the trees, some 300 metres up the river, it stood out as the perfect place for Melz and I to spend our last night camping together, before continuing on to Haast. That night we cooked up a delicious meal followed by a fruit salad trifle from 'Back Country Cuisine', topped off with a hot mochachino and chocolate biscuits. While we were camped out in the middle of nowhere, Margaret and Belinda were enjoying similar luxuries at the Lake Paringa resort.

Another glorious day greeted us and we made good progress on a calm sea. At midday we met up with the girls at Whakapohai Bay, made famous by being the only place in New Zealand where a fishing boat was launched into the sea from a cable that stretched across the bay to a small offshore island. Nowadays the *Kotuku II* has been retired from its fishing duties, but still stands above the beach on its original launching pad, its bow defiantly facing out to sea.

Communicating though our VHF radios, the girls directed us to shore through a moderate surf break. After an enjoyable lunch and rest, we kayaked back over the breakers and continued towards Haast. A little further along the beach, we were somewhat shocked to pass a very flat section of beach at the southern end of the bay where the Whakapohai stream flowed into the sea. When asked for an explanation as to why the girls had directed us through the roughest waves along the beach, they simply replied, "It was too far to walk and we wanted some good photos of you landing in the surf." We were very wary of their landing instructions from then on.

Conditions for our final two days were the best for the whole trip - calm seas and blue skies with no wind. With a clear view of Jackson Bay across the water, we made good time, allowing us to finish paddling and be off the water before 3 pm each day. For the first time during our journey, we were able to load our kayaks onto a vehicle and drive to the nearest backpackers for our overnight stay. Our two last nights were spent with the girls in the township of Haast.

Wednesday 19th May - the last day of our journey and a day we had been hanging out for, over the last three months. But as we kayaked towards Jackson Bay, there were mixed feelings as we realized the end of our incredible journey was not far away. After sharing nearly 80 days of camping, kayaking, visiting all sorts of amazing places and meeting with so many wonderful people, a part of each of us did not want it to finish.

As our kayaks glided into the calm waters of Jackson Bay, we couldn't help but see Paul Caffyn standing on shore waving a NZ Red Ensign naval flag with one hand, while in the other he held a loaded pavlova! Apparently it's an old tradition that dates back to when Paul finished his own circumnavigation, to receive a pavlova in the face. The sea was dead flat with not even the slightest wave, when Melz and I ran our kayaks onto the sandy beach. Met by handshakes of congrats, pats on the back, hugs, a glass of champagne each and 'Boof', yes, a pavlova in the face. It was so good to be met at the end by Margaret, Belinda, Paul and Kay, the very people who had given us such a lot of support during our trip.

Standing on the shore Melanie commented rather soberly, "It was our friends who helped us throughout the trip and all those who we met along the way that gave us the motivation to keep going. That, plus being able to achieve our goal with my father made it very special for me."

It was a warm welcome to the end of a fascinating journey. At some stage during the celebrations I strolled back to my kayak and putting my hand

on the deck, I stared and wondered, "How on earth did this tiny craft get me safely around nearly 3,000 kms of coastline? Thank you!"

The statistics are that Melanie has become the youngest person to circumnavigate the South Island, and the first Kiwi woman to complete the trip, while I can lay claim to being the oldest! Plus we were the first to attempt and complete the circumnavigation in an anti-clockwise direction. Which leads to the question that everyone asks us, "If you were to do it all again, would you go in an anti clockwise direction?"

It is a very difficult question to answer. Going around Fiordland and the Catlins, I would certainly go anti-clockwise as you are assisted by strong sea currents that go in the same direction. Any sea swell or weather from a northerly direction tends to assist you down to Puysegur Point, after which you receive quite a bit of shelter from the land. Sea swells and winds from the south-west can be a problem, but once around Puysegur Point they tend to assist you, especially around the Catlins and up to Dunedin. From Dunedin to Picton the prevailing winds from the north, so it would be

best to do this section in a clockwise direction. These winds can be strong and persistent.

From Picton to Cape Farewell and down the West Coast, the prevailing winds and sea swells normally come from the south-west. But during our trip, the sea swell and winds were always from the north. (Except when we were hit by the 'weather bomb' at Okarito, when you couldn't have paddled either way).

So the answer would be that you really need to study the weather patterns in advance, making yourself so familiar with them that you can make a fairly accurate prediction about the marine weather three months out from your trip. For example, there were two unsuccessful attempts to circumnavigate the South Island during this summer. Had either kayaker taken into account that there was an El Nino present during our summer, which was not forecast to abate until at least the end of January, they both may have considered starting at a later time. (The effect of an El Nino is for the lows to track through the Tasman further to the north than in a normal or La Nina summer. What it means is more NW

and SWlies on the West Coast and Fiordland, unsettled weather down the East Coast and a higher frequency of cold fronts). It is information such as this that you must know about and use to your advantage. This is the type of information you need to consider before deciding which way to go around the South Island.

Melanie and I purposely didn't set out from Timaru until February because of the effect the El Nino was having on the South Island. I think we were lucky to have completed the trip with only having to have eight 'compulsory' rest days due to bad conditions, four of them in Fiordland (plus the three week break at Okarito). During our trip we had some very good conditions to paddle in, plus some awful days to contend with.

In the end it was the greatest adventure that we have ever experienced in our lifetimes. To have raised a considerable amount of funds for Child Cancer was very rewarding, but to have had each other's company as a father and daughter team was what made this whole adventure so very special for both of us.
Max Grant

19 May 2010 - celebrating Melanie and Max's triumphant arrival back to Jackson Bay; from left, Belinda, Mel, Margaret, Max and Paul with the traditional end of South Island Circumnavigation pavlova. Photo: Kay Costley



OVERSEAS REPORT

THE CANOE WORLD OF PAPUA NEW GUINEA/MELANESIA.

A Photo Essay- Part II

by Kerry Howe

See also colour
photos on p.23

In *The Sea Canoeist Newsletter* (No.144) I described in general terms the vibrant living canoe cultures in many parts of Papua New Guinea/Melanesia. In this essay I will describe some particular uses of canoes in some very traditional cultural trading systems that still exist.

In the late nineteenth and early twentieth centuries, Western anthropologists believed that the last 'untouched' cultures on earth could be found in Papua New Guinea/Melanesia. And given the then novel and revolutionary anthropological strategy of going out and doing 'fieldwork' or 'participant observation' several of them lived amongst the remote peoples of the western Pacific islands. Twentieth century anthropology literally cut its teeth in these locations, and critical anthropological theory was developed there, notably the ideas of functionalism that, at the time, seemed to explain how traditional cultures were organised and operated.

One of the prominent anthropologists in Papua New Guinea/Melanesia was Bronislaw Malinowski. He grew up and studied in Poland then went to Britain in 1910 to work at the London School of Economics. In 1914 he went to the western Pacific and ended up spending much of his time in the Trobriand Islands – off Papua New Guinea's south eastern coast. He is perhaps best known for his studies of a system of maritime based cultural practice called the Kula ring trade. His book *Argonauts of the Western Pacific* which describes the system was published in 1922 and instantly became a major anthropological classic. Thanks to Malinowski the Kula trade became one of the best described and most well-known of traditional indigenous cultural trading systems.

In brief the Kula trade involved many communities widely scattered

over many hundreds of kilometres in a number of archipelagos off the south eastern tip of the Papua New Guinea mainland. It was not a trading system as most of us would understand the term, but involved the ritual and symbolic exchange of certain precious items, notably shells and pigs' tusks made into breast plates and armbands, in roughly circular routes. The items might take several years to do a complete circuit. No individuals went right around but just traded within a segment of the circle. The goods and their exchange patterns delineated identities, relationships and obligations between and amongst the participant communities. The idea was not to accumulate Kula items (as a good capitalist might do) but to pass them on. Gifting and/or exchanging of such items is a very fundamental feature of traditional cultures in the western Pacific but also in many other places in the world. To give or to gift leads to prestige and wellbeing. Hoarding is unthinkable.

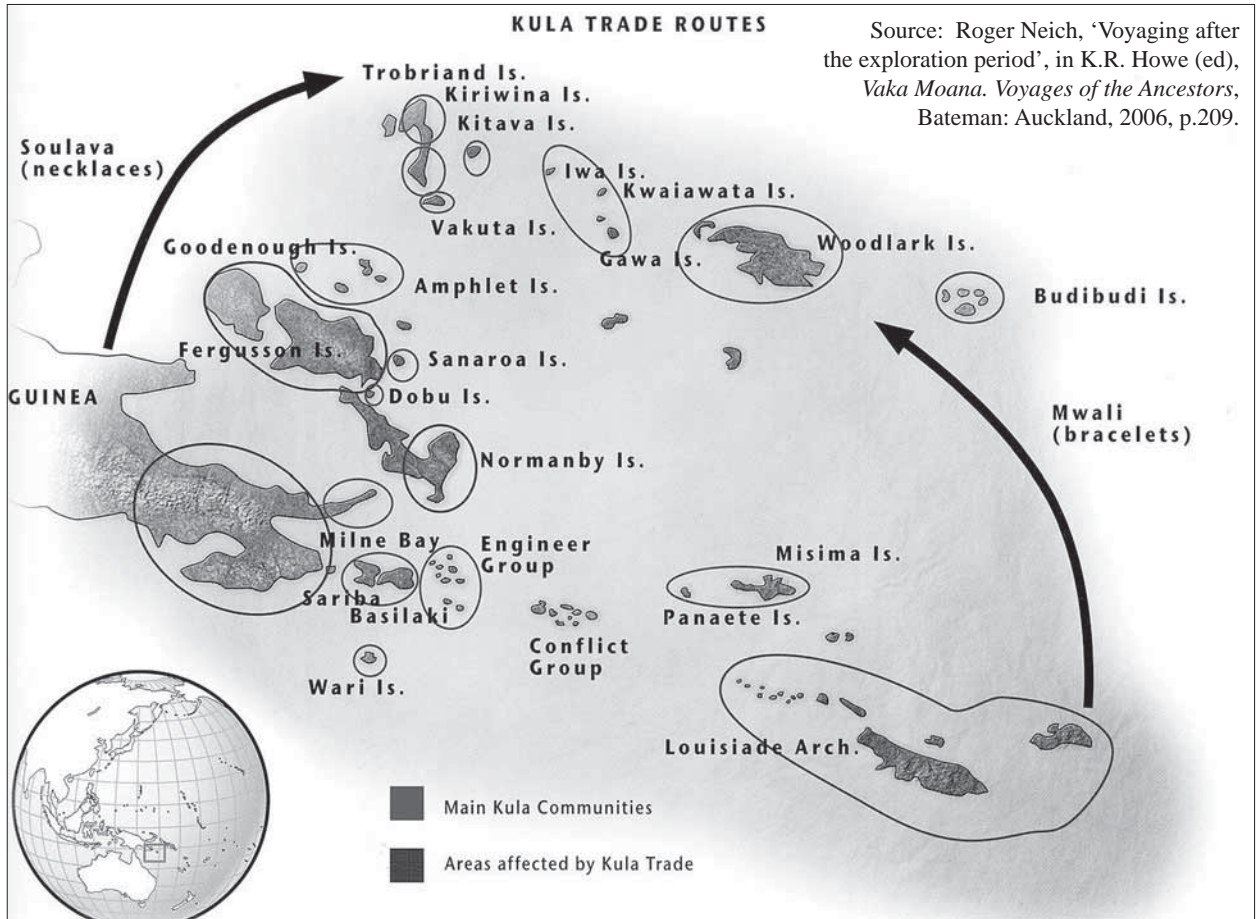
Travelling through the region in 2009 I was very pleasantly surprised to come across a number of canoes decorated with characteristic Kula ring insignia on the beach at the ex-

tremely remote island of Budibudi far to the east of the Papua New Guinea mainland. I had naively assumed that the Kula ring trade, along with so much tradition in the region, was a thing of the past. I soon was told about the ongoing importance of the trade and of the amazing journeys over hundreds of kilometres in small outrigger canoes to exchange goods with many other islands within the cultural system that indeed is very much alive and well. My informants on Budibudi told me of their voyages in their Kula canoes to the Louisiade Archipelago some 260 kilometres to the south which took one and a half days, west to the Woodlarks some 140 kilometres, and south west to Milne Bay on the Papua New Guinea mainland almost 400 kilometres distance. The latter trip typically took three days.

A few months later I visited the Trobriand Islands and the D'Entrecasteaux Group where I came across the north western regions of the Kula trade and learned of similarly prodigious voyages in small craft. On Dobu Island I saw some young men who had just travelled from the Trobriands. They looked pretty tired, and their canoe was in need of some repairs after the trip.

Kula canoe. Budibudi Is. Note ribs in hull. Photo: Kerry Howe





The Kula canoes are used only for that purpose. They are not used for fishing or other kinds of travelling. They are mostly no more than about 20 feet long, with a single hull and a single outrigger. The crew would typically number four or five. Their sailing rig is a lateen or modified lug sail. The hulls are sometimes decorated with Kula insignia, but their most characteristic decoration is in the form of finely carved splash boards both fore and aft, along with carved prows. In eastern regions these are unpainted, whereas in the west they are sometimes painted in red and white. The designs are very traditional. The canoes are exactly the same as those first described and photographed over 100 years ago, except that black plastic has replaced fibre sails, and nylon rope is used for lashings and rigging.

Some hulls are formed from a single dug out log. Hulls I saw on Budibudi were planked and sewn onto ribs and caulked. These vessels could readily be dismantled and the boards stored under houses when not in use to protect them.

Balsa wood headgear, Witu Island. Photo: Kerry Howe





Kula canoe splashboard. Budibudi Island. Note plank stitching and caulking. Photo: Kerry Howe

Movement within the Kula ring is often of a seasonal nature, and the longer trips seem to be undertaken when the winds are most favourable, which they often are due to the predictability of the southeast trades. Navigation is by traditional methods – there is no place or need for any compass or chart. Their navigational aids are stars which can give a good general sense of direction, even to the non-expert, but the main tool is the wind direction, along with as-

sociated wave patterns. I was told it was pretty simple to hold a straight course to a given destination using these quite basic methods. For the course south to the Louisiade Archipelago, for example, the instruction was to keep the breeze on the left cheek. That this voyaging has been undertaken for several thousand years also probably helps.

The prominence given to the Kula trade in the anthropological litera-

ture has unfortunately given the impression that it is somehow unique or unusual. But many similar regional trading systems existed, and still exist in many parts of Papua New Guinea/Melanesia. Sometimes different items might be exchanged. One exchange system I saw in action was in the Vitiav Straits, between mainland Papua New Guinea and New Britain. The exchange items appear to be more utilitarian in this case – obsidian, pots, wooden bowls. On the island of Tuam, at the geographical centre of the Vitiav system, they also trade with regional communities for balsa wood used for the marvellous ceremonial headpieces. Tuam Islanders also devise ‘modern’ dances with traditional themes that they ‘export’ to other islands. Their stunning choreography is like nothing else most of us have ever seen.

And it all happens in small and very simple craft that in western countries would be condemned by every maritime and occupational health and safety authority on every possible grounds. What have we become? The more we have accumulated the less capable we seem to be as fully operational humans.

Kerry Howe

FURTHER READING

General overview of sailing craft, navigation and the settlement of the Pacific islands (including Papua New Guinea/Melanesia):

Howe, K.R., *The Quest for Origins. Who First Discovered and Settled New Zealand and the Pacific Islands?* Auckland: Penguin Books, 2003. Revised edition 2008.

Howe, K.R., (ed), *Vaka Moana. Voyages of the Ancestors. The Discovery and Settlement of the Pacific*, Auckland: David Bateman/Auckland Museum, 2006.

Traditional Pacific sailing craft:

Haddon, A.C., and James Hornell, *Canoes of Oceania*, 3 vols, Honolulu: Bishop Museum Press, 1936-1938.

Traditional navigational techniques:

Lewis, David, *We, the Navigators. The Ancient Art of Landfinding in the Pacific*, Canberra: Australian National University Press, 1972.

Kula Ring and related trading and cultural systems:

Neich, Roger, ‘Voyaging after the exploration period’, in Howe (ed), *Vaka Moana. Voyages of the Ancestors*, 2006.

Malinowski, Bronislaw, *Argonauts of the Western Pacific*, London: Routledge, 1922.

Harding, Thomas G., *Voyagers of the Vitiav Strait*, Seattle: University of Washington Press, 1967.

Hurley, Frank, *Pearls and Savages*, New York: Putnam, 1924.

TECHNICAL

On The Wing by Sandy Winterton

Some paddles are doomed to lead a routine existence while others are destined to more exciting lives. At the last Anakiwa KASK forum, Paul Caffyn showed a picture from his 2008 East Greenland trip in which he was holding an Epic wing paddle. He admitted, to groans from the floor, that he had gone over to the dark side. That particular paddle came to Paul after it had been lost by Freya Hoffmeister on a West Coast beach and had various other adventures. By chance I have ended up with the same model paddle through a different route but one that also involves misfortune, heartbreak and at least one case features raging desires.

Paddle disasters and I go way back. When I started out in canvas kayaks, beautifully crafted spruce paddles with brass ferrules were still around, but the lower end of the market was being superseded by hardwood dowel shafts with ply blades which lasted forever - mainly because they were too heavy to use.

In the autumn of 1977, I did a three day kayak trip on the inland waterways of Eastern England with my regular paddling buddy. Somehow we had managed to borrow fibreglass boats along with plastic bladed paddles. We set off from the Pike and Eel pub in Cambridge for a jaunt through the Fenlands including the delightfully named river Ouse. I still recall the resounding crack as a blade broke a few hours into the trip when I braced from the bank to the boat after a portage.

The smugness of the well-prepared as I put together my split timber paddle was short lived. The wooden spare broke at the joint after a short while due to dry rot and operator error. By the end of our trip three of our four paddles were in ruins and I remember approaching our exit point using a paddle that had a half blade on one end and a naked stump on the



Susan Cade and Sandy Winterton winging their way to Mimiwhangata after the Northland KASK forum. Photo Jan Scalan

other. Almost scraping the boat on the port side and flailing a six foot bare shaft in wide arcs to leeward, I limped into Bedford like a one legged water beetle. Blade breakage plagued the lower end of the market for years until reliable UV proof polymers became available.

A few years later, for a more serious trip, I splashed out on a Lendal marathon paddle with a fibreglass loom and beautiful laminated blades with feminine curves. It was a work of art, and the first paddle with which I developed a meaningful relationship. It was the early 80's. Dire Straits were taking over the airways and asymmetric paddles the waterways. I can still remember the heartbreak when my beautiful Lendal was run over in a car park only a few months later. To this day I flinch when I recall the moment I saw it lying there wrecked beyond repair - my first bitter experience of true love.

For a few years I filled the void paddling Canadian canoes with a huge home brewed blade made from a broken Kober slalom kayak paddle that a kindred unfortunate had donated.

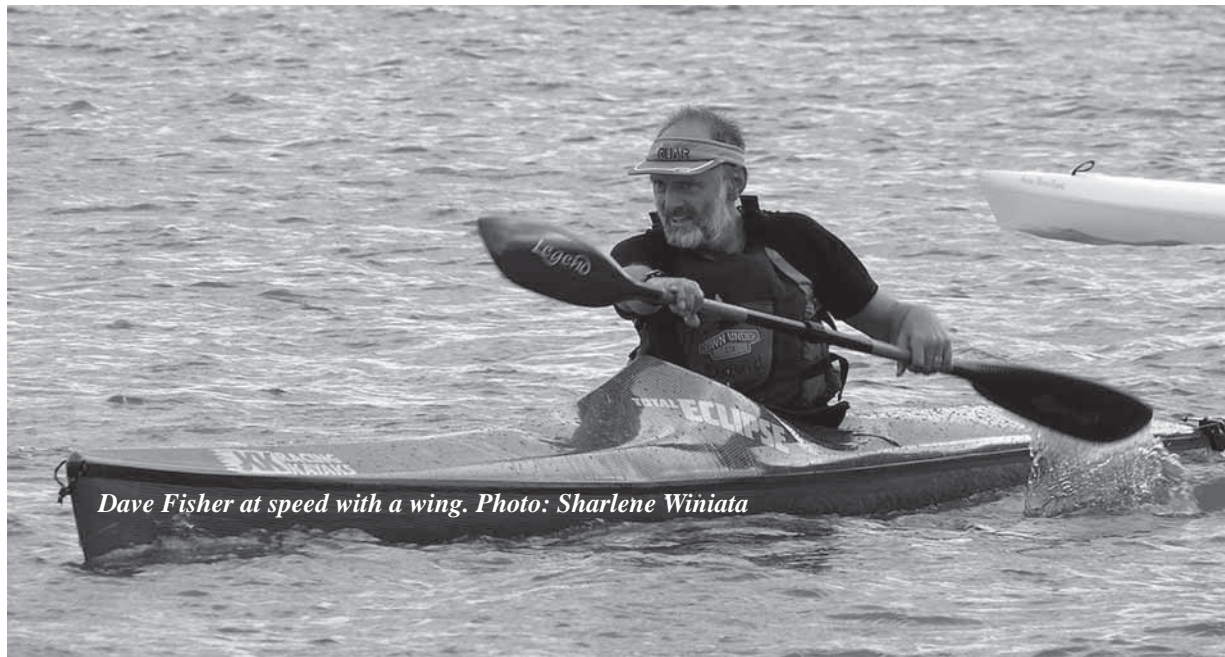
That paddle disappeared mysteriously from storage some time in the following years. When I took kayaking up again many years later I found variations on the asymmetric shape still to the fore, and in the intervening period, the mysterious wing had appeared. Gimmicky impostor, tool of Satan or turbo charger? My previ-

ous experiences had made me wary, and I went for the safe choice of a more traditional paddle. Despite my choice of a plain blade, those shopkeepers' friends, the seeds of desire, had entered my soul.

A couple of years later, and with a lighter, barely curved carbon paddle, I tried harbour racing. I was happy enough with the outcome, but even though I was in a faster multisport boat I was regularly beaten by two wily KASKites - one of them in a sea kayak! As mastering a less stable boat lost its challenge, my contentment grew uneasy. The sirens of speed had started to seduce me, but the potatoes of laziness demanded that no effort be expended.

What to do? The lure of the wing had grown insidiously within. My lust-addled brain was certain the reason I was so far back in the race fleet was not because I was overweight, unfit, and had poor technique, but because I had a flat paddle. I conducted "objective" trials while having the secret hots for a particularly shiny Epic mid wing paddle. Finally, having given a cursory look at a few other brands I left Ferg's having assuaged my desire.

Initially I stuck with my old flat paddle when using a sea kayak and restricted myself to the wing blades only with the multisport boat. My first attempts with the wing used my normal paddling style. Until then I had always felt this was about my only strong point, but my efforts



Dave Fisher at speed with a wing. Photo: Sharlene Winiata

were rewarded by slurps, sloshes and occasionally by blades slicing horribly beneath the boat. To get the best from a wing, the blade must describe a path away from the side of the boat. This is a technique that can be used with a traditional paddle and is good practice for anyone contemplating moving to a wing as it eases the transition. While the illustration shows a straight path angled away from the boat, many people trace an outward arc.

The wing tends to follow this path of its own accord and the sideways movement feels natural. Getting it right, results in a stroke that is silent, smooth, and provides strong leverage. There's a wealth of information on the wwweb about wing paddling technique, and learning time can be cut down a lot by studying it.

The wing paddle was invented in the mid eighties by Stefan Lindeberg and Leif Håkansson, the former being coach of the Swedish national kayak team. Googling **patent 4737126** reveals the original application lodged in 1985. Until then it had been considered that the most efficient stroke was to draw the blade through the water parallel to the centre line of the kayak. Lindeberg had noticed that his top paddlers had a tendency to scoop the blade outwards. He tried to think of a way of turning this action to their advantage, and came up

with his initial concept. The original design had a solid cross section similar to that of an aircraft wing.

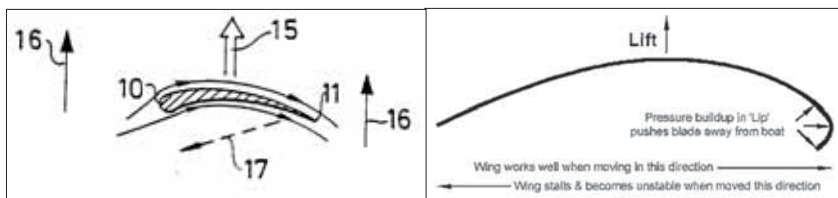
The first drawing in the patent application shows the principle (see diagram below). Dashed line 17 shows the lateral movement of the left hand blade away from the boat. When a paddle with a wing cross section passes through water in this way, low pressure forms on the leading (convex) side and high pressure on the concave power face, giving the paddle 'lift' (arrow 15) and propelling the boat forwards more than a conventional stroke.

The original paddles made to the Swedish recipe were successful but they were heavy and difficult to use. Another Scandinavian, Einar Rasmussen, a champion kayak racer from Norway, developed the blade to more or less the form we see today. It was found that the desired properties could be retained while forsaking the solid form. A lighter blade was made from a single thinness of material in which the front face and the leading edge kept the wing shape, but the back was hollow. Rasmussen

has continued his kayaking and design interests. He has more recently invented a kayak with hydrofoils that rises out of the water and can reach over 25 km/hr. Searching Youtube for **Flyak** is a bit of fun, but it is best done when there are no pressing engagements on hand.

The blade is asymmetric in section and it behaves quite differently depending on which way it is slid through the water. The illustration shows the paddle's cross section looking down the shaft at a right hand blade which is moved out from the boat with the rounded lip of the paddle leading. Like a seal on the ice, it must be pulled head first, or it offers huge resistance.

While the wing can be mastered fairly quickly, it feels strange at first and it takes a while to get used to the action of tracking it away from the boat. For most people, getting the best from it takes some dedication and time on the water. That the wing is faster, there is no doubt, as a glance at the paddles used by all serious flat water and ocean racers will confirm.





Degree of convex curvature of an Epic wing (left) and the fuller Lendal Kinetic wing (right). The Epic, sporting a stripe of reflective tape, has less curvature than the Lendal. Photo: Sandy Winterton

The wing does not like passing through the water trailing edge first. The lip becomes a hook and the turbulence created makes the blade more difficult to control. If a wing paddle is reversed end for end, it is obvious at once from the feel that something is wrong. A flat or spoon paddle can be sliced edgewise through water in either direction equally well, and this action is used in a number of strokes. The wing's directional aspect is the thing that can present difficulty in using it for some aspects of sea kayaking.

The lopsided cross section of the wing blade makes it ideal for strokes where the blade is actively moved through the water nose first, particularly for the forward stroke. Any stroke that puts the trailing edge first is likely to prove difficult or unpredictable. The wing is fine for back paddling, rolling and low bracing, but other strokes begin to get tricky, for example, care is needed for stern rudder strokes. Wings can be fickle for strokes where the paddle is held still and hull speed is used to achieve the manoeuvre if the paddle placement puts the trailing edge to the fore. Hanging draw strokes, high brace and bow rudders are all more difficult and using the drive face for sculling for support or as a draw stroke is tricky since the blade behaves differently as it is moved in either direction.

On a typical sea kayaker's unhurried day trip, some of these are stock-in-trade. They are used when rafting up, manoeuvring through rocks or weed, playing in surges, inspecting caves and wildlife, and for that type of trip many paddlers find a traditional paddle more suitable. On the other hand, hard core 'wingies' believe that if you're going to use a wing, you should master it so that all strokes can be easily achieved.

While a racer or an expeditioneer can clearly profit from the efficiencies offered by a wing, there are other benefits. The rewards include promoting a better technique and reducing strain on body parts not well designed to take it. Due to its competition pedigree many are extremely light, and over a long period, they take a reduced toll on the body.

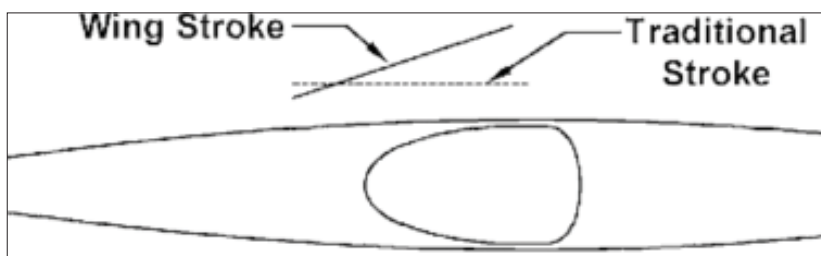
In a fast, narrow boat, slight support strokes are needed to stay upright – in my case, quite often. Using a paddle that 'wings away' from the boat offers a degree of support on every stroke. If the boat tips toward the blade in the water, it is an easy matter to push down on the paddle and return the boat to the upright position. If the boat tips away from the blade in the water, rather than having to swap sides for a normal brace or support stroke, the shape of the wing makes it possible to pull on

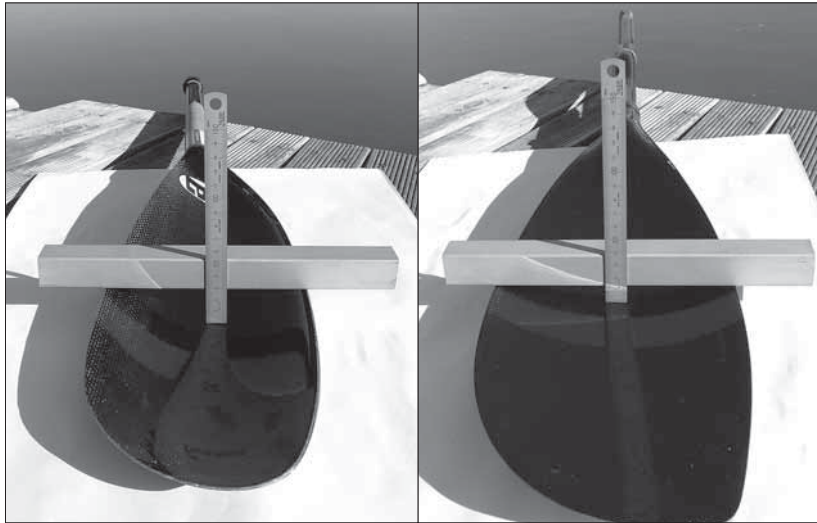
the submerged blade to correct the boat – a bonus not readily available to flat blade paddlers. The increased support is so marked that I will never again use a tippy boat with a flat paddle.

Of academic interest are a couple of 'passive strokes' where hull speed provides the motive force and the paddle is held still. These particular strokes are effective because they orient the nose of the blade to the leading edge. The cross bow rudder, used in canoes but often regarded as an unnecessary stroke in a kayak, is good, especially from the front of a double, and if travelling in reverse, a hanging draw stroke works well.

Is it possible to get the best of both worlds? A Scottish paddler at the Anakiwa forum in 2007 had a paddle he described as a 'touring wing'. Rumour had it that it was an American paddle no longer in production. At the 2010 Northland forum and the subsequent paddling week, Mike Scanlan had a Lendal 'Kinetic Wing' which has characteristics of both the wing and a normal blade. Conrad Edwards is changing to the same paddle, cranked shaft and all. These blades have been described by Conrad Edwards as "the next evolutionary step beyond the wing". The blades have the wing's hollow side mainly filled in, similar to Lindeberg's original styling, so modern materials and manufacturing technique have allowed the original dream to finally come true. The hollow that does exist is a gentle symmetrical depression and the entire curved lip is filled in. Most of the drawbacks described above with the normal wing are a result of the hollow drive face, in particular the lip of the wing and the turbulence that results if the blade moves through the water in the wrong direction. Maybe Lendal's Kinetic or its descendents will provide the benefits of both paddle types.

Examining the shapes of both sides of the Epic wing and the Lendal Kinetic gives some indication of their differences (see also next page for driving face profiles).





Comparison of hollow drive faces of the Epic wing (left) and Lendal kinetic (right). Photos: Sandy Winterton

While the Lendal's convex side bulges more, the drive face is much less hollow. The recess of the Epic wing is 29 mm deep while that of the Lendal Kinetic wing is a mere 14 mm. This is because in the central area, the Lendal blade is over 15 mm thick. Note how the asymmetric hollow face of the Epic is evident from the distorted reflection of the ruler while the Lendal's shallow symmetrical face gives a true image. The Lendal's leading edge (right of photo) is completely filled resulting in a drive face curvature very similar to a standard paddle. This should make it much easier to gain good control over the strokes that prove tricky with a normal wing.

It comes down to deciding what you want to achieve and then choosing a tool for the job. Wing paddles are designed for the specific purpose of going forwards as efficiently as possible. Traditional paddle shapes offer better performance for general duties, are easier to master, are more reliable in difficult conditions but are not as efficient. If the Lendal Kinetic wing catches on, it's likely that other manufacturers will bring out cross bred paddles and we'll end up with a range to choose from that may offer the advantages of both.

For flat paddle exponents, a quandary arises. Do you wait until your forward stroke technique is good enough to get the best from a wing, do you get one anyway and let it teach you how to use it, or do you

go straight to the next stage in the development of the wing with a Lendal Kinetic? If considering a paddle breaking new water it is highly advisable to stick with the old adage of 'try before you buy'.

My thanks to Conrad Edwards for technical review of this article, short notice borrowing of the Kinetic wing and use of outdoor photographic studio. Sandy Winterton

BOOK REVIEW UPDATE

Stepping Stones of Ungava....

Greetings, and thanks for getting a review in the newsletter (No.146). I do appreciate it, even though it won't encourage anyone to read the book, but that's part of the game. Just for your interest - perhaps not relevant to the book review - the website on the book cover and inside:

www.nigelkayaks.com links to *Stepping Stones* with the full bibliography, nearly 100 colour photos, most of them directly referenced by page number or by chapter to the book, about 25 detailed topo maps with place names etc marked on them, a slide show, an interactive GoogleEarth file you can download that shows all the places by name that are mentioned on the trip, and which allows you to zoom in close enough to see ruined buildings etc., a section expanding the Baffin Island story to add perspective, and additional data learned since the book.

Best wishes, Nigel Foster

BOOK REVIEWS

Title: *Dancing on Ice*

Sub-title: *A Stirring Tale of Adventure, Risk and Reckless Folly*

Author: Jeremy Scott

Published: 2008

Publisher: Old Street Publishing Ltd. London

Website:

www.oldstreetpublishing.co.uk

Contents: 246 pp, three b&w photo plate sections

Cover: hardcover, dustjacket

Size: 240 x 160 mm

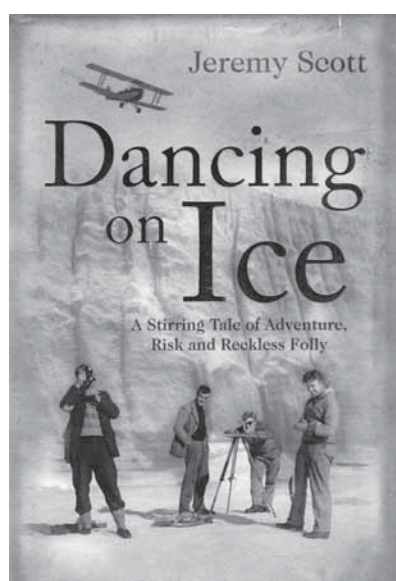
ISBN: 978-1-90587-50-1

Review: Alan Bye

I began by tagging several pages then gave up, the book is full of quotable bits. Here is Jeremy on 'Risk'

Risk in various forms is available today, but seventy five years ago that particular compound was more readily available. There still were unknown places in the world, places no-one had yet gone to: there were blanks on the map. It was no desire for fame that drew them to those untrodden regions but something visceral and instinctive to their nature. They had tasted it already; both had known the high of venturing into that vast, white, empty landscape of cruel beauty and truth. To face the adversities they encountered there required comradeship, resolution and courage. Their existence was harsh but simple and their purpose clear. They were fully alive there; it was a place of elemental purity in a messy and uncertain world.

This was about Gino Watkins and JM Scott, already companions in mapping parts of Labrador, now the prime movers in the British Arctic Air Route Expedition (aka BAARE). Aircraft of that time needed refuelling every 500-600 miles. The demand was for fast travel from Europe to North America. While they planned this expedition the Hindenburg flew quite low over them on its way to America. That put a dampener on their enthusiasm. Then the R 101 exploded in flames in France, which ended the airship



industry and left the way open for fixed wing aircraft.

The descriptions of London and nightlife, high society circa 1930 are fascinating. I was two then so didn't know the pleasures of dancing the Charleston or the Black Bottom, my time circa 1945 was the quick step, waltz, ballroom dancing in general. I asked myself, having read *Gino Watkins* and *The Land God Gave to Cain* by JM Scott, *Watkins Last Expedition* by F Spencer Chapman, where is the kayaking?

The description of Gino's insouciant manner, his family lacking finance yet there he was at the great coming out balls in the season in London, dancing with debutantes. He and Scott were busy planning the expedition and acquiring suitable companions to do the various tasks. There were two Gipsy Moth biplanes fitted with floats or skis, which required an engineer and two pilots. Gino had a flying licence. They did some flying but the huge gales on the east coast of Greenland in winter wrecked them at their base.

"Gino always enjoyed teasing the rigger buggers and the ultra-respectable. It amused him to play the affected poser and he liked to shock, but his manner concealed ruthless, fully-focussed will. "If a man wants anything, absolutely anything badly enough, he can get it, absolutely anything" he told Scott.

The quality of public school life is described in detail because it shaped the inner man. After such privations neither the high Arctic or prison could much dismay them. *"Gino fitted in with the regimen not at all. He showed little academic promise and detested organised games, seeing no point in them. The only activity he excelled in was the lonely sport of cross country running. He also became a crack shot with both rifle and revolver, representing Lancing at Bisley where he scored higher than any other competitor."*

The expedition, its 14 members and all its equipment with one biplane lashed to the deck of the 'Quest', an icebreaker, set off down the Thames to steam to the Faroe Islands where Scott was waiting with teams of savage sledge dogs. They called at Iceland for coal then arrived at Angmagssalik on the east coast of Greenland where they went on foot on the ice with their wind-up gramophone. They danced.

Explorers, ship's crew, and Eskimo girls all dance; a frenzied double beat jigging set by the women in their red sealskin boots. Wearing bright blouses, beads and ornamented seal-fur trousers they have dressed up in party gear and are as agitated as jumping beans with the thrill of it all.

The details of their hut and domestic arrangements are very interesting. Summer ends rapidly north of the Arctic Circle and they had to put two of their number on the ice cap 130 miles from base to keep weather watch. Courtauld volunteered to do it solo. They trekked there up the precipitous edge of the ice cap.

I cannot even suggest the brutality of the conditions, the winds regularly over 100 mph, half rations, rapidly shortening days, setting up a tent at each stop, struggling in wet clothing in to wet sleeping bags, too weary and too cold to do anything but remove their boots which froze solid. Their will to live was sorely tested yet their first duty was attend to the dogs. When rations for the dogs were almost finished they shot a dog

and fed it to the others. Later they ate dog themselves.

Courtauld was left in calm conditions in his tent with an entry tunnel under the snow so that warmth in the tent would not spill out. There was a can of beans, contents and both ends removed, which served as a ventilator at the peak of the tent. It was down that opening months later that Gino shouted down to Courtauld who that day had resigned himself to death, *"Are you alright?"* to hear a weak response, a voice which had not been used for months reply: *"Yes. Thank God you've come, I'm perfectly fit."* The muscles of his legs had wasted through lack of use and food. He had been trapped by drifting snow and ice for weeks, the access tunnel blocked solid, unable to leave his tent every three hours to read weather instruments.

There was international alarm because Courtauld could not communicate with base. His supplies were calculated to last until 15th March. It was the end of April before he was dug out of his temporary tomb. Four rescue expeditions were dispatched to find him, all failed bar Gino and his team.

Their return as separate teams by different routes to find a ship to Denmark was arduous. They returned to great acclaim, international stardom. Their advice was, youth is brief, now is the time to secure finance for the next expedition. Even though it was the time of the great depression, finance was found. A year later four of them returned to Angmagssalik. As before Gino economised on food supplies because they could use their kayaks and hunting skills to secure seal along the way.

Gino was hunting alone in Lake Fiord, the others were in another branch of the fiord. Gino vanished. They found his kayak floating inverted, his sealskin trousers on an ice floe, his hunting gear but no Gino. He journeyed 25 years from birth to beyond, his transition was swift.

(The author is the son of Freddie Spencer Chapman)

BOOK REVIEW

Title: *Confessions of a Wave Warrior*

Author: Eric Soares

Published: 2010

Contents: 198 pp; b & w photos

Cover: limpbound (soft cover)

Size: 280 x 215 mm

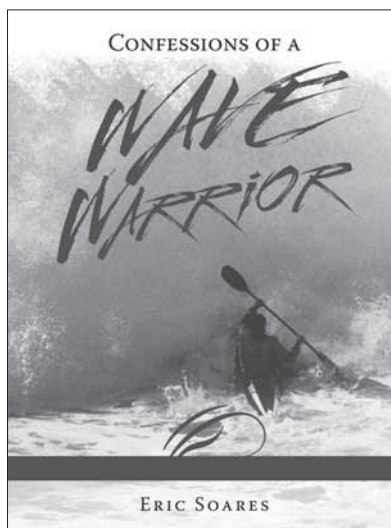
Price: US\$ 19.95

ISBN: 978-0-615-37063-7

Review: Paul Caffyn

Eric Soares is a larger than life character who, through his articles in *Sea Kayaker* magazine, a co-authored book titled *Extreme Sea Kayaking* and DVDs such as *Kayaking Rock Gardens – a Tsunami Ranger Guide*, always left me with an impression of a gung-ho nutter who enjoyed trying to smash himself and his kayak to pieces on the rocky coastline of the western seaboard of the USA. I felt the messages conveyed – putting on helmets and body armour before launching into kayak and body crunching caves and slots – were not conducive for safe sea kayaking. The situations he described were those that I went to exceedingly great lengths to avoid, such as huge reef breaks, or ploughing into caves with a big swell running and no opportunity to turn around. In the back of my mind always, a sneaking suspicion that the poor buggers paddling on the western seaboard of the USA were so lacking in wonderful paddling destinations – sheltered landings, clear waters, spilling surf – that they resorted to trying to maim themselves and their kayaks in appalling coastal conditions.

When I met first Eric at Coastbusters, earlier this year, I told him that I had fully expected to meet a seven foot tall rambo man, with muscles for Africa, teeth broken, and face scarred by encounters with numerous reefs. Apart from a huge vertical scar on his chest, Eric was a mere mortal, shorter in stature and with far less muscle than Crocodile Winky. He was a very entertaining speaker, and his extrovert, exuberant personality shines through in this self-published autobiography.



In four sections, each with shortish chapters, Eric vividly recounts in graphic, often humorous, detail the watery adventures that have given him so much pleasure from childhood up to when he had to pace himself after three episodes of open heart surgery. The writing style is one I like, not introspective or esoteric, but graphic in your face stuff, tinged with heaps of dry humour and occasional sadness at the loss of a fellow paddler.

The early chapters, often involving the school of hard knocks, have lessons learned at the end – I like this. It shows Eric's willingness to keep learning. What must have been a really tough chapter to write is about a disastrous surf instruction session – two instructors were with a group when weather conditions begin to deteriorate, the class separated and, with poor communication between Eric and the other instructor, Eric left the group to battle his way into strong winds to reach the start point. Several paddlers were rescued, some made it to the beach - it was lucky no one drowned, but the lessons learned are applicable to all instruction situations.

The third section has vignettes of some of the hard core rangers. It includes Kiwi Mark Hutson and Jim Kakuk and Deb Volturmo who instructed at the 2008 Coastbusters.

The fourth section, 'Take Heart' has a warning for readers who are 'faint of heart' – three major open chest operations to correct a dicky ticker, in reality a weak genetic aorta valve

connection. I retain a very clear picture of the Black and Decker saw in use, when fortunately Eric was under some serious drugs. His physical and mental rehabilitation give hope to all the poor buggers who get some physical affliction which hinders or prevents paddling.

The last section on competitive Sea Gypsy races I found tedious going, with no lessons to be learned and I would think it holds more local interest to those who paddled and watched the races. But the last section makes up for that a list of Eric's top 20 Water Story Books.

Black and white photos are inserted into the text, and relate nicely to the written word. I like this also. Photos do lift a book and too often these days, printed narrative kayaking tales are devoid of such photos or even black and white photo plate sections. The cover design is very appealing to the eye, and I like the book layout – plenty of space on the pages, the text not crammed to save cost.

Saving the best bit for last – two chapters titled *24 Hours* and *Sex, Lies and Video Tape* describe a Tsunami Ranger retreat on a remote surf beach, which was backed by steep cliffs. A long involved story, but Eric's brand new kayak is borrowed by Dave and holed, while Eric has gone walkabout. When Eric demands decapitation for the perpetrator, Dave pretends a rock had fallen off the cliff and holed the deck of the kayak. The dry humour in these two chapters, the second written by the Dave to avoid decapitation, brought tears to my eyes. Eric notes in a P.P.S. that he got his revenge on the hole perpetrator two years later. They were sitting around a camp fire drinking 151 rum. Dave, sitting opposite Eric told a funny, to which Eric spluttered with laughter. The fine mist of rum, ignited by the fire, torched Dave's eyebrows.

Eric's book is self published, so will not be readily available in NZ bookshops. However, a box of 10 has arrived on the West Coast, and if you are keen on obtaining a copy, drop me an email.

Paul Caffyn (kayakpc@xtra.co)

HUMOUR

Last Glass

In a convent in Ireland, the 98 year-old Mother Superior lay dying. The nuns gathered around her bed trying to make her last journey comfortable. They tried giving her warm milk to drink but she refused it. One of the nuns took the glass back to the kitchen. Then, remembering a bottle of Irish Whisky that had been received as a gift the previous Christmas, she opened it and poured a generous amount into the warm milk.

Back at Mother Superior's bed, they held the glass to her lips. The frail nun drank a little, then a little more and before they knew it she had finished the whole glass down to the last drop. As her eyes brightened, the nuns thought it would be a good opportunity to have one last talk with their spiritual leader.

"Mother," the nuns asked earnestly, "Please give us some of your wisdom before you leave us."

She raised herself up in bed on one elbow, looked at them and said, "Don't sell that cow."

Interdigitation

First-year students at Medical School were receiving their first anatomy class with a real dead human body. They all gathered around the surgery table with the body covered with a white sheet. The professor started the class by telling them: "In medicine, it is necessary to have two important qualities as a doctor. The first is that you not be disgusted by anything involving the human body."

As an example, the Professor pulled back the sheet, stuck his finger in the corpse's anal orifice, withdrew it and stuck his finger in his mouth. "Go ahead and do the same thing," he told his students. The students freaked out, hesitated for several minutes, but eventually all the class took turns at sticking a finger in the bum of the dead body and sucking on it. When everyone had finished, the Professor looked at them and told them, "The second most important quality is observation. I stuck in my middle finger and sucked on my index finger. Now learn to pay attention!"

Needing a Push

A man and his wife were awoken at 3.00 am by a loud pounding on the door. The man gets up and goes to the door where a drunken stranger, standing in the pouring rain, is asking for a push. "Not a chance," says the husband, "It is 3:00 in the morning!" He slams the door and returns to bed. "Who was that?" asked his wife. "Just some drunk guy asking for a push," he answers.

"Did you help him?" she asks.

"No, I did not, it is three o'clock in the morning and it's pouring rain out there!"

"Well, you have a short memory," says his wife. "Can't you remember about three months ago when we broke down, and those two guys helped us? I think you should help him, and you should be ashamed of yourself!"

The man does as he is told, gets dressed, and goes out into the pouring rain. He calls out into the dark, "Hello, are you still there?"

"Yes," comes back the answer.

"Do you still need a push?" calls out the husband.

"Yes, please!" came the reply.

"Where are you?" asks the husband.

"Over here on the swing," replied the drunk.

Killer Jig Saw

A blonde calls her boyfriend to the kitchen table and says, "Please come over here and help me. I have a killer jigsaw puzzle, and I can't figure out how to get started."

Her boyfriend asks, "What is it supposed to be when it's finished?"

The blonde says, "According to the picture on the box, it's a rooster."

Her boyfriend decides to go over and help with the puzzle. She lets him in and shows him where she has the puzzle pieces spread all over the table.

He studies the pieces for a moment, then looks at the box, then turns to her and says, "First of all, no matter what we do, we're not going to be able to assemble these pieces into anything resembling a rooster."

He takes her hand and says, with a deep sigh, "Secondly, I want you to relax. Let's have a nice cup of tea, and then," he said with an even deeper sigh, "Let's put all the Corn Flakes back in the box."

Water Safety - Swim Lessons (R27)

Bruce walks into a bar and sees Trev sitting at the end of the bar with a great big smile on his face. Bruce asks Trev, "What are you so happy for?"

"Well Trev, I must tell you. Yesterday I was out waxing my launch, a gorgeous redhead came up to me, breasts to die for. She says, "Can I have a ride in your boat?"

I said "Sure you can have a ride in my boat." So I took her way out, Bruce. I turned off the key and I said, "It's either make love to me or swim! She couldn't swim, Bruce. She couldn't swim!"

The next day Bruce walks into a bar and sees Pat sitting at the end of the bar with an even bigger smile on his face. Bruce says, "What are you so happy about today Pat?"

"Well Bruce, I have to tell you. Yesterday I was out polishing my boat and a BEAUTIFUL blond came up to me with a body to die for. She said, "Can I have a ride in your boat?"

I told her, "Sure you can have a ride in my boat." So I took her way out, Bruce, way out much further than the last one. I turned off the key and I said, "It's either make love to me or swim! She couldn't swim, Bruce! She couldn't swim!"

A couple days pass and Bruce walks into a bar and sees Pat sobbing over a beer. Bruce says, "Trev, what are you so down in the dumps for?"

"Well Bruce, I have to tell you. Yesterday I was out polishing my boat, and the most desirable brunette came up to me - an absolute stunner. She says, "Can I have a ride in your boat?" So I said, "Sure you can have a ride in my boat." So I took her way out, Bruce, way WAY out - much further than the last two. I turned off the key, and looked at her beautiful body and said, "It's either make love to me or swim!"

"She pulled down her pants and, she had a willie, Bruce! She had this great BIG willie! And I can't swim Bruce! I can't swim!"

Terribly Punny

Everyone thinks I am a little strange, but for the past few years, I have enjoyed singing in my church's choir. I guess it's an achoired taste.

KASK

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

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

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

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

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

**Editor: Paul Caffyn,
RD 1, Runanga. 7873
West Coast .N.Z.
Ph/Fax: (03) 7311 806
Email: kayakpc@xtra.co.nz**

KASK Annual Subscription

\$35 single membership
(\$105 for 3 years; \$175 for 5 years)
\$40 family membership.
\$35 overseas (PDF email news/l)
A subscription form can be downloaded from the KASK website.
Cheques should be made out to:
K.A.S.K. (NZ) Inc. & mailed to:
**KASK Administrator
PO Box 23, Runanga. 7841
West Coast**

Correspondence/queries/ changes of address to:

**Linda Ingram
KASK Administrator
PO Box 23, Runanga. 7841
West Coast**

**or email Linda at:
admin@kask.org.nz**

4th. Ed. KASK HANDBOOK

Updated to March 2008
For trade orders of this mother of all sea kayaking handbooks, contact Paul Caffyn, RD 1, Runanga, 7873, West Coast. Ph/fax: (03)7311806
e-mail: kayakpc@xtra.co.nz
Shop RRP: \$34.90
Price to KASK members only, including p&p, \$22.50
Make cheques out to KASK (NZ) Inc. and mail to KASK Administrator:
PO Box 23 Runanga, 7841 West Coast
New members: \$35 + \$15 = \$50

The 4th. edition of the KASK Handbook, is a mammoth compilation on all aspects of sea kayaking in New Zealand, by many of the most experienced paddlers in the Universe. Following a brief introduction, the handbook is divided into six sections:
- Kayak, Paddle & Equipment
- Techniques & Equipment
- The Elements
- Trips and Expeditions
- Places to Go - Resources

SEA KAYAKING NETWORK ADDRESSES

NORTH ISLAND

NORTHLAND Canoe Club
PO Box 755, Whangarei
Catherine Keleher
Ph: (09) 436 0341
email: cathkel@xtra.co.nz
AUCKLAND Canoe Club
PO Box 9271,
Newmarket, Auckland.
email:secretary@aucklandcanoeclub.org.nz

HAURAKI Kayak Group
Pelham Housego
PO Box 46-146, Herne Bay, Auckland
WAIKATO KASK Contact
Evan Pugh, RD2, Putaruru. 3482
sheepskinsnstuff@xtra.co.nz
Ph: (07) 883 6898

RUAHINE Whitewater Club
71 Salisbury St., Ashhurst.
Ph: 06 326 8667 Fax: 06 326 8472
www.q-kayaks.co.nz/pages/club.asp

BAY OF PLENTY - KASK Contact
Iona Bailey, Tauranga
Ph: (07) 576 1492
email: bailhut@kinect.co.nz

ROTORUA- KASK Contact
John Flemming,
PO Box 1872, Rotorua.
Ph: (07) 347 9950
email: shakey@slingshot.co.nz

Rotorua Kayak Club

7 Mahana Place, Rotorua
Ph: (027) 292 3138
email: Woolhouse.Clark@xtra.co.nz

GISBORNE Sea Kayakers Club

John Humphris, 3 Matthews Rd, Gisborne
Ph: (06) 868 4657
email: thetrolls@xtra.co.nz
Website:www.geocities.com/gisborne_sea_kayakers/

WELLINGTON Sea Kayak Network

Sandy Winterton, 1 Antico St.
Melrose, Wellington
em: sandy@energyadvantage.co.nz
Ph: (04) 977 1862
Website: www.wskn.wellington.net.nz

SOUTH ISLAND

MARLBOROUGH

Martyn Smith
Ph: (03) 577 6256
blueskua@hotmail.com

NELSON - KASK Contact

Chris Hinkley
Ph: (03) 526 6817
email: kask@nelsonkayakers.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.sportsground.co.nz/canterbury-seakayak

OTAGO

Josh Sullivan
Ph: (027) 36 22122
email:Paddlingmountains@gmail.com

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
Contact:pete@canoeandkayak.co.nz
phone 0274 529255Website: www.skoanz.org.nz

YAKITY YAK CLUBS

Website: www.canoeandkayak.co.nz
or freephone: 0508 KAYAKNZ
(0508) 529 2569

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

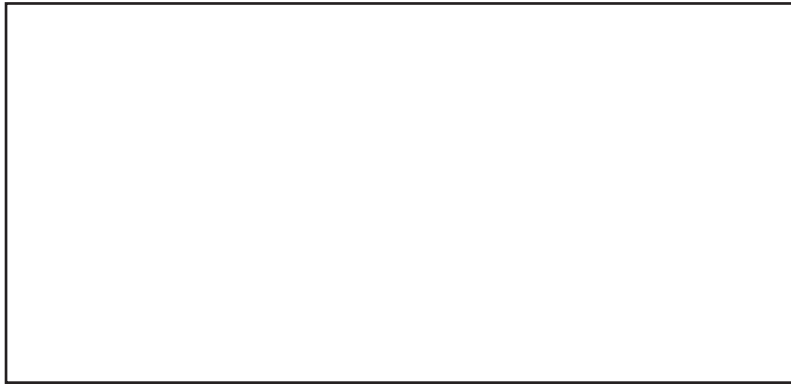


*Dancers with balsa wood headgear, Witu Is.
Photo: Kerry Howe*



Kula canoe. Budibudi Island. New splashboard to be fitted. Photo: Kerry Howe

MAILED TO



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



Max Grant paddling down the West Coast with a magnificent backdrop of the Southern Alps. Photo. Melz Grant

KASK MEMBERSHIP POLICY

Current membership fees are:

- \$35 for ordinary membership
- for new members \$35 or \$50 to include a copy of the KASK Handbook
- \$40 for family or joint membership (\$55 to include a Handbook copy)
- \$35 for overseas membership (PDF newsletter only);
\$50 for new o/s members plus cost of overseas postage for a copy of the KASK 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.

