

NEW ZEALAND SEA CANOEIST

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



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Deadline for articles and photos for next Newsletter: 25 Nov. 2012
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EDITORIAL**KASK Committee**

After a period of time in the wilderness, an enthusiastic KASK committee is back on the rails with Christchurch paddler Ian McKenzie at the helm. Ian works as a project manager in real life, and this is helping no end with task setting for the committee members. See p. 4 for a presidential report, a brief paddler bio for Ian and who is on the committee.

The young fella on the committee, Doug Aitken, has already set up a Facebook site for KASK - see note on p. 13. Doug's photos and reports of trips into Fiordland have featured in past newsletters.

**Lisa Carrington
K1 Gold Medal Winner**

In today's age of self importance and Facebook ego blogs, I was so pleased to see Lisa Carrington acknowledge the help from her mate Erin Taylor. Lisa has paid tribute to the friend and crewmate who helped make her K1 gold-medal winning kayak dream a reality.

Four years ago Erin Taylor became the first female paddler to represent New Zealand at an Olympic Games. Carrington said it was that breakthrough, and Taylor's ability to challenge her in daily training, which helped guide her on Saturday night in London. "Erin was the first girl to go to the Olympics in Beijing. She's my team-mate and really good friend," Carrington said. "We're the fastest two in New Zealand so to be able to train with someone who pushes your boundaries and keeps you on top of your game, but is also your mate, it's pretty special. We get on like a house on fire. She's awesome and is fully behind me."

Carrington's coach, Gordon Walker, goes even further saying part of the Olympic title won by Carrington was earned by Taylor, "A big part

of Lisa's success is the environment, it's critical to her day-to-day happiness which influences how she trains," Walker said. "Erin's a massive part of that environment, she's got a part of that medal, without question."

So often today, there is no acknowledgement of those who have gone before or helped, or advised and mentored the young folk. To me, Lisa's acknowledgement is the mark of a great sportswoman.

SAFETY

Whether it is early enthusiasm for summer recreation, the following list of close shaves and rescues show we cannot be blasé about promoting safe kayaking, with these simple but so vitally important messages of:

- wearing a PFD
- carrying two means of comms
- dressing for immersion
- leaving trip intentions
- being confident with rescues

Recent NZ Paddlecraft Incidents

19 August 2012

Two kayakers were pulled from the Tukituki River in Hawkes Bay after being swept out towards the sea and capsizing. The man and his young daughter were paddling a double kayak, near the mouth of the river about lunchtime when their kayak capsized. Police said neither the man nor his daughter were wearing lifejackets.

23 August 2012

A party of four polytech students planned to kayak down the Hollyford River, out the river mouth and then down to the coast into Milford Sound. One paddler capsized on the bar, but the other three paddlers were unable to rescue the paddler, and called for help. A Milford based helicopter used a scoop net to rescue the paddler. The party had both Mountain Radio and VHF sets with them.

(continued on the base of p. 4)

PHOTOGRAPH CREDITS

Cover: A Canterbury Sea Kayak Network paddle in Pelorus Sound, with paddlers en-route from Nydia Bay to Pipi Beach. Photo: Brenda Rainsbury.

Opposite page: Top left: The CSKN paddlers stop at Pipi Beach on a cracker winter day in the Marlborough Sounds. Photo: Brenda Rainsbury

Bottom left: The group early morning at Nydia Bay, preparing to head for Pipi Beach. Photo: Brenda Rainsbury

KASK

KASK Committee 2012/2013

I'm pleased to introduce the KASK committee to you:

Committee

- Ian McKenzie – President
- Doug Aitken – Committee
- Sandy Ferguson – Webmaster
- Paul Caffyn – Publications & liaison with National Pleasure Boat Forum
- Conrad Edwards – Committee
- John Hesselting – Committee
- Kay Pigeon - KASK Administrator, (Secretary and Treasurer).

There are still vacancies for a couple of people and the more people around the country we have the better the flow of information, so don't be shy, contact Ian McKenzie.

The next elections will be at the KASK AGM in conjunction with the Raglan Forum in March 2013.

Roles outside the committee

- Forum 2013 organisers - Evan Pugh, John Gumbley, John Hesselting
- Conservation and DoC liaison – John Gumbley
- WSNZ liaison - Sandy Winterton

There were still some committee positions to be filled after 2012 AGM (held in March at the Forum in Wainui - Akaroa Harbour) so we have

been a little slow to start, however we are now meeting regularly (Skype makes it really easy) and have the following actions underway:

Actions underway or being considered by the committee:

- Review of KASK handbook (producing edition 5)
- Safe Paddling Guide (do we have the capacity for this?)
- Promotion of KASK
- Update to membership brochure
- Contact with all kayak networks listed in the newsletter
- Update website, enable contributions
- Safety and linkage with other organisations

KASK represents other water sport groups to National Pleasure Boat forum (Maritime NZ) and Water Safety NZ. Contact to be maintained with these groups to ensure their views are understood.

KASK review process (used to ensure that people with the appropriate skills and experience instruct/lead at forums) is to be written down and noted with the bios provided

Paul Caffyn is coordinating input from a range of experienced contributors to the various sections of the handbook and welcomes improvements that KASK members might suggest for incorporation into the 5th edition. Please email Paul.

Ian McKenzie
September 2012



Ian McKenzie

A bit about Ian

Ian built a canvas skinned kayak in 1970 for a Wanganui River trip with Scouts. Distracted for several decades by the hills and various things with engines and wheels, Ian tracked down the Canterbury Sea Kayak Network at an Okains Bay forum about five years ago.

The forum led to rediscovering Lyttelton Harbour from the water, purchase of a bit of gear and now with a roll, a radio, a demonstration helicopter rescue and some great South Island trips, Ian wants to help others tap into the vast experience he has discovered within KASK.

Ian's email contact:
mckian@xtra.co.nz

Editorial continued from p.3

25 August 2012

A woman was rescued off the coast of Waikanae after falling out of her kayak about 150 m from shore. The 37-year-old was in the water for about 40 minutes before being rescued by boat. Craig Pickering, maritime police senior launch master, said she was unable to get back in her kayak after tumbling out but was wearing a lifejacket.

29 August 2012

Concerns were growing for an Auckland man who went paddle boarding at Takapuna Beach on the afternoon of 29 August and had not been seen

since. A police spokesman said the man aged in his early 50s entered the water at the northern end of the beach. When he did not return, family members rang police and a search was launched. His paddle board was later found by the crew of the police launch *Deodar*.

2 September 2012

Kayaker to the Rescue
A mystery man on a kayak rescued two brothers drowning in chilly water as they were being dragged out to sea in a rip off a beach north of Napier. The teenagers were swimming with a group of friends at Waipatiki

Beach when they became caught in a rip about 2 pm. The brothers, aged 15 and 16, spent about 15 minutes trying to swim back to shore. A man on the beach noticed the struggling pair and paddled his kayak out to rescue them. As soon as he had saved the boys, the kayaker left the beach.

Overseas

1 September 2012

After being picked up by US Coastguard, Russell Crowe denied being lost while kayaking with a mate off Long Island. Crowe reckoned they just ran out of daylight, but knew exactly where they were.

Padding News New Zealand

The South Island in Winter

(winterkayakers.blogspot.co.nz)

2 August 2012 update: from Tara Mulvany and Sim Grigg - their attempt at a first circumnavigation of the South Island in winter.

Since arriving in Picton on Sunday afternoon, we have been waiting for the weather to get better for our next push south. Our focus this week has been on eating, as much as we can, whilst watching the Olympics - mean! Here's a wee update on our latest adventures; pretty boring really with no rolling, no surf landings and no more 'time apart'.

We left from Stephens Bay (edge of Abel Tasman NP) on 24 July in drizzly conditions, aiming for Cable Bay about 35 kms across Tasman Bay. About an hour into our crossing, a south-east wind picked up and the clouds blocked all visibility of where we were heading for.

After some 'discussion' on our direction I rummaged through Sim's back hatch and pulled out a compass. We blindly paddled into the driving rain for hours, catching glimpses of the far side between the squalls of - ahh, sunny Nelson. About seven hours later, I made a sprint finish to a small

beach at the entrance to the Cable Bay, desperate to pee - oh what relief!

Next day the marine forecast was for 35 knot south-easterlies. We battled into headwinds all morning, watching huge gusts picking up water and willywaws speeding around us. The going was slow so we decided to pull up on a beach and resorted to lying in tussock mounds, dodging facefuls of sand for the rest of the day.

The south-easterlies were still blowing next morning but things seemed to have died down as we gapped it towards French Pass - the small gap that separates D'Urville Island from the South Island. We camped just on the western side of the pass, a night of frustration as wekas kept attempting to steal our stuff. I woke up in the middle of the night to hear Sim laughing - a weka was actually dragging my jacket away that had been under the tent!

We had been warned to get the tides right for the passage through French Pass, but for some reason it always seems so uninviting to get up in the dark to pack up and put on wet gear to get going. When we finally did get on the water, we arrived at the pass only to see a huge tidal stream pouring through. It was impossible to paddle against, so we opted for dragging our boats up the southern shore. It wasn't actually as bad as it sounds. After about five minutes, we were past the worst of it and able to resume paddling. Making our way to

Alligator Head, we dodged dolphins and penguins for much of the day.

Rounding Cape Jackson the next morning, we cruised along with a following wind conditions. I'm sure Paul Caffyn would have described it as a corker of a day. Arriving on dusk near the entrance to the Tory Channel, we dodged the *Interislander* (see colour photo on p.24) and pulled up on a farm where we were lucky to meet Joe and Joy - legends!

They let us sleep in their woolshed and gave us a shower - I didn't realize we smelt that bad! It's awesome how many amazing people we have bumped into along the way. Rarangi down near Blenheim was our next port of call. There, Sim's uncle Richard picked us and our boats up and took us back to their home in Picton.

24 August 2012

Kaikoura down to Banks Peninsula:
From Tara:

We have been pretty slack about posting lately so I thought it was about time we got a wee update up. We arrived into Christchurch about a week go. It was a such a long day, the day (or night) we arrived! We launched from a beach at Motunau (about 80 kms north of Christchurch) in four metre swells. We soon realized that landing during the day was not an option, so we made the call to push on all the way to Sumner. I got sea-sick for most of the day and it got worse after it got dark. The Waimakariri River mouth was by far the scariest thing we have seen this whole trip - all the rivers were in massive flood and there were huge five metre high breaking waves stretching out to about 2 kms offshore!

Later on, we got smoked in the dark by a few smaller breakers way offshore. Sim's hat got pushed down over his eyes so he couldn't see anything. He just had to keep paddling in case there was a second breaker behind it. I was as slow as.

We didn't land at the Sumner launching ramp until 12.30 am. Sixteen hours in a kayak is not ideal! I

Tara with loss of visibility during the Tasman Bay crossing. Photo: Sim Grigg



dragged my boat up onto the boat ramp and lay down on the ground for a few minutes before throwing up one last time. We grabbed our tent and headed into the kid's playground park in Sumner and slept in a bush - still no freedom camping fines!

We are planning on taking a wee break from paddling for a week to re-fuel our energy levels and make sure that we are good to go for the next gnarly leg down from Banks Peninsula to Oamaru. Its looking like we are going to get to claim the slowest circumnavigation- awesome!

6 September 2012

From Tara:

Our expedition has come to a turning point and Sim and I have decided to go our separate ways, which means that I will be continuing on this journey alone. Attempting to paddle around the South Island in winter was never going to be an easy undertaking, and although we started out about three months ago now, we have only managed to paddle about 37 of those days. Exciting weather on the West Coast made progress slow, and on several occasions we were trapped onshore for a week at a time, as huge seas pounded the coast.

Paul Caffyn had said from the start that it was never going to be easy, and our lack of daylight hours in the middle of winter left very little room for error. Luckily we managed to survive only three night surf landings, and at times like this, it's always a great peace of mind to know that you're not alone - no matter how little it actually makes the situation any better!

It has been awesome to have shared the majority of this trip with Sim, who amazingly managed to conquer the entire West Coast, only taking three rolls - that is if you exclude when he got 'Heaphy'ed'. I think it's important to recognize Sim's achievement, having paddled nearly 3/4 of the way around the South Island in winter (that is if you include the Te Waewae Bay to Milford section we paddled last winter). So a big thanks to Sim, you are a legend!

The South Island is getting pounded by some intense weather at the moment, and I'm afraid that it's a mark of the beginning of the unsettled spring weather. But I plan to head back up to Akaroa and get paddling south as soon as the seas die down. Hopefully I'll get some nice north easterlies! People often ask me how long I expect it to take to get back to Milford? I really don't know. I'm in no hurry as my focus at this stage is just completing the trip. It's looking like Stewart Island is going to have to wait for another time, which I'm happy about. So from here to Milford, progress will no doubt be slow, but I'm cool with that.

If anyone wants to come for a paddle with me, that would be awesome! Flick me a message, my cell number is: (022) 198 7951

19 September 2012

Phone update from Tara at Caroline Bay, Timaru

Tara was sounding quite chirpy on the phone, as indeed she was nearing the end of the dreaded bumper dumper coastal zone south from Banks Peninsula to Moeraki.

After the unfortunate parting of the ways with Sim at Christchurch, Tara paddled solo around the top half of Banks Peninsula to Akaroa. After a second good break, she headed around the bottom (southern side) of Banks Peninsula, not looking forward to landing at Birdlings Flat.

This next long stretch of coast has no sheltered lee landings, just a very steep gravel beach, broken only rarely by strongly flowing river mouths, and guarded closely by exceedingly powerful bumper dumpers which, at high tide and with a good ground swell, are fully capable of breaking both boats and bodies.

If you need a more graphic reminder of these wretched bumper dumpers, two colour photos on p. 2 of the October-November 2007 KASK newsletter (No. 131) show Freya attempting to breakout with the on-shore assistance of Martin Fraser and JKA. The top photo shows Freya dwarfed by a huge breaker - the second



South of Banks Peninsula, the gravel beach and steep berm, with attendant bumper dumper breakers which go on, and on and on.

shows JKA, looking into the face of the broken wave for any sign of the fraulein in the white water.



Although Tara had planned to land at the last sheltered bay on the peninsula, the weather and sea conditions were so good she continued south for a 'no worries' landing some 10 kms south of Birdlings Flat. Next day she found a strong north-going current slowing her progress, but Tara managed to avoid a bumper dumper landing by paddling in to the Rakaia River mouth between breaking sets on the bar.

The forecast for the following day was for a 35 knot SW front to come through late morning, so Tara decided to stay put for the day. She had an entertaining afternoon, sitting inside her tent holding the poles, as huge gusts and pounding rain tried to rip the tent to pieces.

The following evening she had a dicey landing into a metre wide only stream mouth. On 19 September,



South of the Rakaia Rivermouth, the steep gravel beach is backed by cliffs cut into fluvioglacial gravels, which go on, and on, and on.

Tara cruised into a lovely lee landing at Caroline Bay, and after the phone catch-up, she was off to find some pizza. On her blog, Tara noted: 'I ate a foot-long subway and two large pizzas in the space of an hour, it was awesome.'

22 September 2012

Phone update from Tara

On 20 September, Tara launched before dawn at 6 am and in a big day paddled until just on dark when she found her target river mouth – the Waihao River – was not suitable for a landing. Fortunately Tara pulled off a cracker landing, going in on the back of a big bumper dumper which got her right up to the top of the beach's berm.



Sim's dad helped Tara launch near the Waihao River mouth. As he crests the gravel berm, he looks like he is surfing on top of a bumper dumper.

On 21 September, Tara had excellent conditions for a long day past the last of the bumper dumper gravel beaches, and reached Moeraki by nightfall. Next day, in another long day without landing, Tara went wide of the north Otago coast in a beeline for Spit Beach at the entrance to Otago Harbour.

Although feeling 'pretty destroyed' after landing, with a light NE tailwind on 23 September, Tara had another big day and reached the Taieri Mouth, south of Dunedin, where strong northerly winds and some gnarly weather will allow her a day or two to recover. She is still very keen to complete this 'winter' South Island circumnavigation back to Milford.



Tara's kayak safely ashore, just inside the entrance to Otago Harbour. The Taiaroa Head lighthouse just visible on the distant headland.

See also Tara's colour photos on page 23 - a dawn passage out of Otago Harbour, and passing the vertical cliffs south of Taiaroa Head.

OVERSEAS PADDLING NEWS

'Oskar Speck Retrace Expedition' - Iran Misses Out by Sandy Robson

On May 13 2012, I flew to Germany and picked up my new folding kayak as well as a kayak trolley that would be essential for carting the two folding kayaks through Europe. I made a presentation in Ulm on the 14th and then was soon on my way to Budapest where I would meet Jugo (my expedition partner).

I caught the overnight train to get to Budapest from Germany. I thought the train conductor was going to refuse me passage to Budapest from Munich due to the large amount of luggage (two folding kayaks and my pack as well as a paddle bag), but af-

ter some talking I was able to pay a little extra and he gave me a private cabin, one side of which I could put my luggage and the other side where I could sleep and ease the jetlag - perfect.

By midday, next day I was sitting by the Danube in Budapest and drinking a German Beer with Jugo and a local kayaker Thamas. Everything was great. We were on our way to Belgrade next to collect our permission for Iran.

My Iranian contact at the canoeing federation had sent word the previous day that everything was arranged and now approved - we had been waiting several months for that outcome. He instructed us to collect the visa for Jugo and the permission for the expedition from Belgrade.

However, once we arrived in Belgrade, the things were not there at the embassy so we decided it would be best to keep travelling east and pick it all up at the embassy in Ankara a week later.

Sandy



We went to Fethiye in Turkey and spent the weekend with my friend Sally. This was our first time paddling our folding kayaks. We made a day trip near Fethiye and it was great to see how much Jugo was impressed by the Turkish coast. It really is spectacular. Sally was paddling with us in the Lettmann Magellan that I paddled last year, so my new boat got to meet my old boat.

After the relaxing weekend, we were off back to Ankara to face the bureaucracy again - I popped on my hijab each day and we walked from my friend's apartment to the Iranian consulate on Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday.

We thought on the Wednesday that it would all come through as arranged, so we were in shock when they refused us. Not the outcome we expected, and after that I was unable to get any email replies from my contact in Iran, so we still have no idea what happened. Except now we had travelled all this way and were not going to be able to paddle the Persian Gulf - bummer - or maybe it is the best for our safety.



Sandy Robson training for wearing her hijab in Iran. You can tell from her eyes that she is grinning like a Cheshire Cat. Photo: P. Caffyn

Sandy's website:
www.sandy-robson.com

Freya Hoffmeister around South America by Kayak

The German fraulein who has circumnavigated Iceland, New Zealand's South Island and Australia (with a huge short-cut and two kayaks) is now continuing with the second stage of her circumnavigation of South America.

In September 2011, Freya began her trip to become the first person to paddle the entire coastline of the South American continent. The 48-year-old business owner and mother of a 16-year-old boy from Husum, Germany, set off from Buenos Aires, Argentina in the middle of the east coast.

Paddling clockwise, she headed south on the Atlantic Ocean towards Cape Horn, around Tierra del Fuego and headed north on the Pacific coast. Freya ended her first stage in Valparaiso, the main harbour just off Santiago de Chile, having paddled roughly 8,000 km in eight months.

Starting from Valparaiso on 25 August 2012, Freya will head north along the west coast passing the mountainous countries of Peru and Ecuador. After crossing the equator, she'll pass Colombia, paddle through the Panama Canal, around the rest of Colombia, through Venezuela and end her second stage in Georgetown, Guyana, after another 8,000 km and about eight months of paddling.

Her final stage will commence in September 2013 and takes Freya past the tropical countries of Suriname, Guyana, Brazil and Uruguay then back south to Buenos Aires, Argentina. Freya will finish that last 8,000 km stage just in time for her 50th birthday in May 2014.

Freya is now paddling with her Danish boyfriend Peter, and as of 24 September 2012 is up to Day 278 of her amazing trip.

Freya's website:
freyahoffmeister.com/freyas-blog/

Prestigious Freya Pose Photo Competition

Evan Pugh 'kindly' sent me this link (<http://gokayaknow.com/>), with two skinny blokes clad in only their slinky, black undies and sunglasses, while holding paddles in a pose to emulate my copyrighted 'Freya' pose, the cover photograph that is the most outstanding photo of a very lean selection of photos in Joe Glickman's *Fearless*. (see photo top of p.9)

I am devastated that two 'blokes' and an even less honourable photographer would seek to copy my glorious Freya photo pose on her tippy toes with two paddles. Freya was only after a good photograph for her paddle sponsor, but after I tied Freya up to her paddle ("Zis rope is not thick enough Paul,"), the mistakes I made were twofold - untying Freya from the paddle and giving her a copy of *The Dreamtime Voyage*.

With my claim for damages and legal expenses to the photographer's blog-site unanswerable, as I was unable to find this philanderer's email address who copied my stunning Freya pose, what I propose in retribution, is an international Freya style cover pose photo competition for which I will award a copy of *The Dreamtime Voyage* to the most imaginative and provocative photograph emailed to: kayakpc@xtra.co.nz

The winning photo and runner-ups, to be judged by Paul Caffyn and David Winkworth, will appear in the *NZ Sea Canoeist*. Paddles may be used for covering naughty bits, and I better not set rules as to size of paddle blades. The highly esteemed judges will be seeking a percentage of international reproduction rights.

When I approached a professional Christchurch newspaper photographer/paddler to join the judging panel, he turned me down on the grounds he wanted to submit a photo for the competition. When asked if criteria were necessary for photo submission, I was shocked and flabbergasted by this chap's response: "Viewing of the winning Freya pose, while spooning



© Alec Bloyd-Peshkin

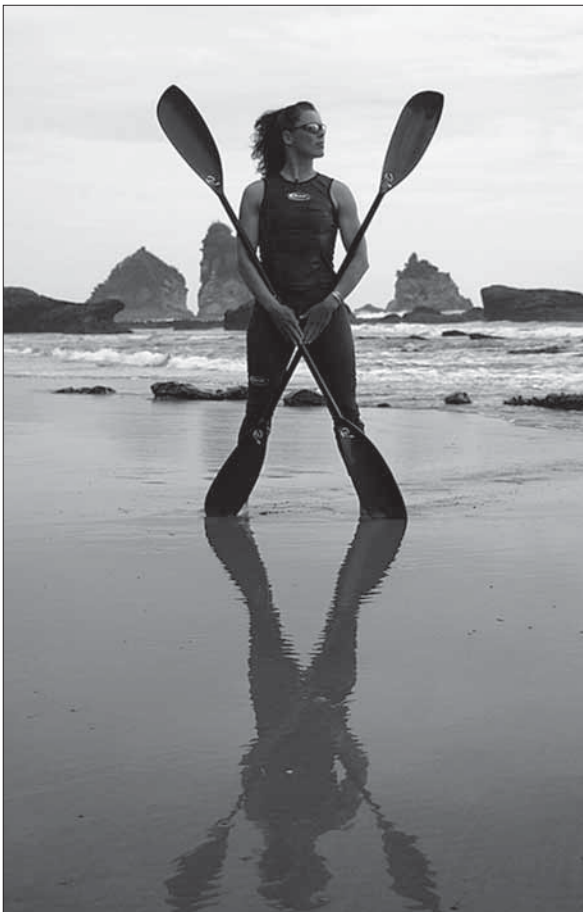
down a breakfast of porridge, should lead to such a reaction that milky porridge shoots out one nostril.”

For absolute authenticity, with extra marks awarded by the 12 Mile judge, photos should be taken against the ‘Freya Rock.’ Several weeks ago, I was taken aback by the unannounced arrival of a paddler from New York who was a mate of Joe Glickman, the author of *Fearless*. This bloke wanted to visit the site where the stunning cover photo of *Fearless* was taken, and take a photograph.

For those discerning readers of the *NZ Sea Canoeist*, who have yet to scan the skimpy narrative of Freya’s paddle around Aussie, the stunning cover photo is not anywhere on the moderately long length of the West Island’s coast, but is in fact taken with Freya braced against a late Cretaceous age remnant of coal measure conglomerate, which has survived the onslaught of coastal erosion, midway up the West Coast of the South Island.



Examples by way of suitable poses, are shown on this page, along with the scandalous photo of two blokes whose arm and shoulder muscles are not a patch on those of Freya.



New Zealand Trip Report

Canterbury Sea Kayak Network Trip Nydia Bay, Queens Birthday 2012

by Robert Rainsbury

With a fantastic weather forecast for the weekend, 22 keen Cantabrian and Nelsonian kayakers met at Double Bay in Mahau Sound on a chilly Saturday morning. The sea was very calm and the three Dusky dolphins fishing close to shore seemed to be a good omen for the 6th annual trip to Nydia Bay.

Martin Fraser, our very capable trip organizer, gave the trip briefing and without further ado we headed out into the Sound. We were led out by Dave - Martin brought up the rear.

After hastily crossing the main shipping lane, we proceeded to Pipi Beach. Many of us had hoped to see more dolphins but alas there were none to be seen. Apart from the occasional wake from passing boats and a slight head wind it was an easy paddle. The day was warming up nicely and everyone enjoyed a sunny lunch break at Pipi Beach, a rare event by all counts.

After a short paddle we started the long grind, for some, up Nydia Bay, whilst others raced ahead and some weaved their way among the mussel

rafts. Dave stopped momentarily to watch a wee blue penguin.

Everyone arrived at the Nydia Bay DoC Lodge landing by 3.30 pm, this being quite a swift trip with only 10 - 15 minutes between the first and last paddlers. Nydia Lodge is amazing with hot showers, a large gas hob, generator powered lights and sleeping facilities for 50.

It was interesting to observe so many cooks in the kitchen at one time and all trying use the gas hob. However this somehow worked out and more or less everyone dined together and enjoyed a convivial evening, sharing stories, getting to know each other and forming plans for the free day ahead.

Without a doubt everyone did enjoy the rare luxury of hot showers in the DoC Lodge and what a difference it made climbing into your sleeping bag and feeling clean.

Sunday, being another great weather day, a large group set off to conquer Nydia Saddle and hopefully gain a view of Tennyson Inlet. Some paddled across the bay whilst others chose to walk. Some returned with high praise for the hospitality and good food provided at the On the Track Lodge, just 30 minutes walk from the DoC Lodge.

Monday morning. Martin cranked up the generator at 6 am. A quick

breakfast was had by the Cantabrians whilst the Nelsonians, with a lot less distance to travel, decided to settle for a later departure time. This alleviated the congestion in the kitchen plus they kindly offered to clean up which allowed the first group to pack up and be on the water by 8 am.

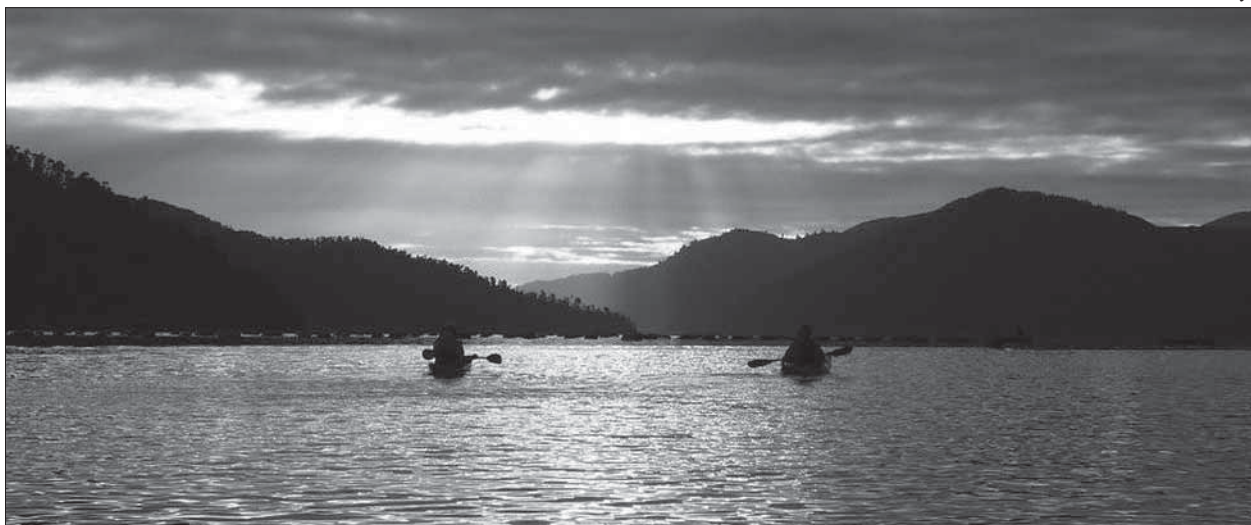
Monday was a bit cooler but the sea was calm and the sunrise was glorious. In spite of the tide being against us everyone made good time to Pipi Beach and stopped for a short, cool morning tea break.

After leaving Pipi Beach we followed the Sound around, waited for a launch to pass and then crossed to Double Bay, which ended in a race. We arrived back at 11.30 am. Martin made the comment that we had the best weather he could remember for the Nydia Bay trip.

This was perfect weekend weather wise, it was excellent paddling and the company was good. We were very lucky because on Wednesday morning we awoke to snow in Christchurch.

See also three colour photos of this trip, taken by Brenda Rainsbury: the cover photo and both pics on page 2.

*Below: Early Morning Departure from Nydia Bay.
Photo Brenda Rainsbury*



My First Kayak

by Ruth E. Henderson

On most Yakity Yak club trips, there's an introduction where people state their name, which club they belong to, and how long they have been paddling for. I usually say I'm from the Kawau Island club, affiliated to the North Shore Club, which draws a few laughs. But I'm embarrassed to put a figure on how long ago I started paddling - some people I paddle with weren't even born then!

This is how it happened, a generation or so ago. One Friday night in the mid-late 1970s, the mould borrowed from the Auckland Canoe Club, the fiberglass raw materials, red dye, masking tape, face masks were sitting there ready. The potting shed at the nursery where I worked was all scrubbed out and clean. Ben, a tramping club friend, was prepared to give up a weekend - we were organized, raring to go and began 'painting' layer after layer onto the moulds.

By Sunday eve, the two pieces were joined together, the join disguised with tape, the deck adorned with a 'lightning flash.' The footrest was hack sawed from a piece of irrigation pipe and held in place with bent nails, allowing for adjustment for different leg lengths. Polystyrene from someone's stereo packaging, was stuffed fore and aft for buoyancy. The paddle was assembled. One piece of dowelling carefully cut to allow two bits of shaped board for the blades to be slotted in and glued. Painted red. Complete.

The following weekend's trials proved my 'red devil' seaworthy and agile. She could spin on a sixpence and I could now join the Waikato Tramping club's 'splinter' group of paddlers. Whangamata, Waihi for the excitement of surf, and the Waikato River or Raglan Harbour for lazy Sunday jaunts. Lake Tarawera threw a tantrum one weekend and we had to admit defeat. Exhausted and hungry we had a miserable night in



*Ruth, with Zac, relaxing at home.
Photo: John Crawford*

the bush, getting back to work a day late to a derisive 'a likely tale'. The next year I decided to 'go with the flow' and go apple picking (this was the 70s) and took my kayak and dog down to Motueka.

Out with the local canoe club, I saw many a boat turned into two or become banana-shaped on the Riwaka and Motueka rivers. (That's where I gained my duct-taping bandaging skills Charlie!) Strangely, this was no deterrent to going solo on some exciting trips.

The most memorable were the Gowan and Buller rivers. My equip-

ment was one kayak (homemade fiberglass), one paddle (homemade wooden), one spray skirt (homemade nylon and cord), one lifejacket. My idea of safety was having my elderly Aunt and her daughter drive along the riverside road, catching glimpses of me hurtling by until I met the Buller, when I hurtled out.

Moving north, I continued my study and became a responsible salary earner, married Ian and then we went into business together. The kayak got coated more often in dust than water for about two decades. Then my niece Rachel gave me the kick-start needed. We spent five days pottering around the Abel Tasman National Park - paddling a hired double in the mornings, setting up camp and tramping in the afternoons. I was in heaven. A year or so later, still hankering after paddling a 'proper' (sea) kayak again, I trotted off to see Pete Townend at the Canoe & Kayak shop on Constellation Drive. I tried out an *Albatross*, a *Breeze* and settled on a *Storm*. This was December 1996.

Although I did an Introductory Skills Course (remembering my hairy past experiences) and joined the Yakity Yak club (for the discount), I didn't go on my first club trip till October 2000, when a note on the shop door advertised a week-long trip at Great Barrier Island.

*Ruth, with Zac as bow lookout, on her work-horse Cobra Explorer.
Photo: John Crawford*





The Beehive. Photo: Ruth Henderson



Ruth kitted up for a scenario day of training at a Coastbusters.

We were at the time living on Kawau Island, and I used my *Storm* a bit like a bicycle – for errands, for visiting folk, but not for ‘long’ jaunts. I phoned Gordy Dagleish, the trip leader and he scared the pants off me with, “You’ll have to be able to paddle up to six hours a day and cope with 20 knot winds.” But it was the challenge I needed. I worked out a ‘training plan’ for the next six weeks and by ‘GBI-day’, I was ready.

My first Yakity Yak trip included my first 35 knot winds, my first two metre swell and my first breaking waves. Two years later I went on Chris Gulley’s inaugural ‘Around Auckland Paddle and Portage’ kayak challenge and had my first successive 25 km days to prove to myself (and Ian) that I was fit enough for a two week kayaking and tramping trip to Alaska.

That was in 2002. I sold my *Storm* and bought a second hand *Southern Skua* in 2003. I got another one, a new red one in 2005. And then I added a work-horse *Cobra Explorer* in 2007. I now have a fleet of four. Yesterday I went on a paddle on Kawau Bay, around ‘The Beehive’ - see picture at top left - and had a dozen dolphins inspect me. This weekend I’m leading a weekend trip that includes a moonlit paddle. I think I’m hooked - what do you reckon?

KASK KAYAK KALENDAR

MARLBOROUGH SOUNDS PILGRIMAGE
17 - 18 November 2012 (please note date change)

Venue: Ratimera Bay

Dress: Comic Book Heroes

South Island contact: Paul Caffyn: kayakpc@xtra.co.nz

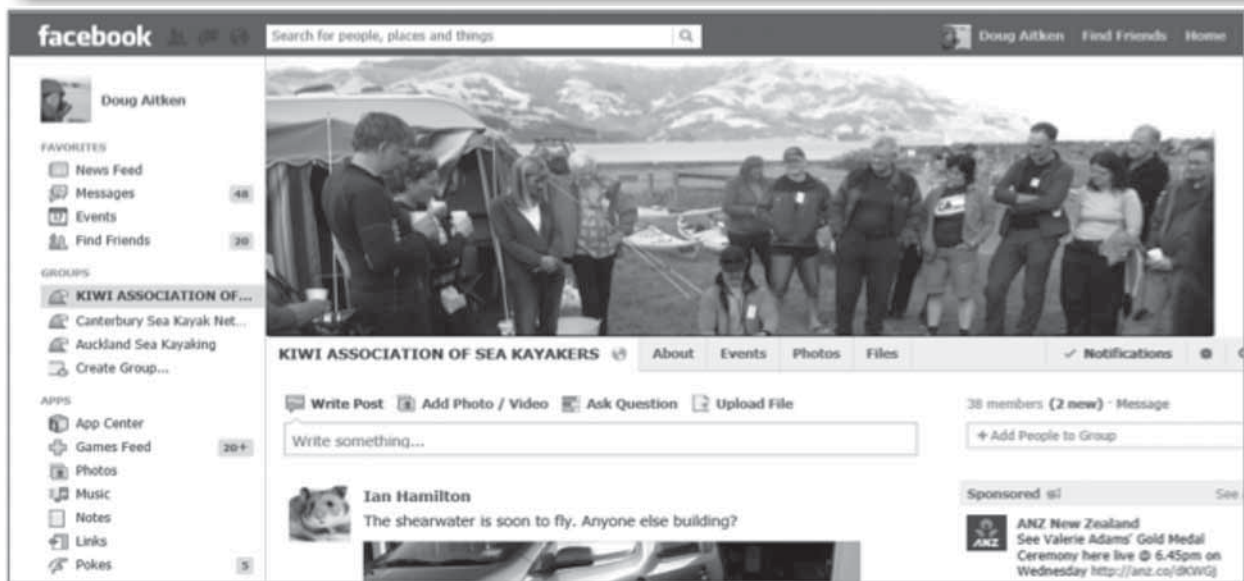
North Island contact: Conrad Edwards: conrad@conradedwards.net

(contacts are in case of an outrageous weather forecast cancellation)

Sound’s Pilgrimages are an informal gathering of paddlers at a remote location in the sounds, with side paddling trips on the Saturday and Sunday, while the highlight is a formal(ish) dinner with dress-ups taking place from 6pm on Saturday. The group below were dressed up for Dancing with the Stars. (2007)



KASK ON FACEBOOK



by Doug Aitken

To join up you have to be a Facebook member.

It's easy and free.

Once you're on to Facebook, search for Kiwi Association of Sea Kayakers, and once you've found the page click on 'join group'.

An administrator has to approve your request – a good way to stop unwanted people joining for whatever reason.

There are almost 40 people in the group already and it hasn't been advertised until now – so let's hope it gets good use. If you can't find the page, try typing in:

www.facebook.com/groups/kiwiassociationofseakayakers/

or email me

douglasaitken@hotmail.com

and I'll send you an invite to join the group

One of KASK's aims is to encourage the sport of Sea Kayaking and this Facebook page is done with this in mind.

You don't have to be a KASK member to join up; just interested in sea kayaking.

Hopefully it will encourage people to join KASK.

Facebook is great for sharing photos, videos and internet links, but can also be used as a discussion forum if you want to post a question or comment. There is a good discussion at the time of writing about building wooden boats.

If you go to the 'notifications' tab near the top of the page you can select if you get all messages that are posted on the Facebook page delivered to your e mail, or just the messages that people that you are 'friends' with post, or no messages at all.

It would be great if the different networks around the country could post a few photos of trips they do so the rest of us can see what others are up to. This has started happening already which is great.

So please go on the site, tell others, scroll down and have a look at the photos, videos and comments, and join up!

Doug Aitken

The 'Bugger! File

Rowena's 'Bugger!' Moments

Bugger Moment No. 1

Paddling with a group off Mimi-whangata, I was having a lesson in rock gardening. The day involved shooting in and out of huge rock canyons while the sea swooshed in and out alarmingly. Everything progressed according to plan and, until my attention seeking moment, the only minor casualty was when one of the punters, on a semi-controlled blast through a gap, T-boned an instructor (who shall remain nameless). The instructor was then able to give an excellent demonstration of re-entry techniques.

Anyway, I digress. Heading back into (relatively) much calmer water, yours truly saw a gap which beckoned. A quick look around and in I went.

To my horror, at the point of no return, the sea level dropped suddenly and I knew something was coming which I really didn't want to meet.

The wave picked me up and surfed me over several metres of rocks before dumping me unceremoniously into a deepish pool. Bow and stern of boat were wedged and I was upside down admiring the seaweed. Bugger!

Wet exit for me, careful extrication of kayak which suffered only minor damage, and a short wait for things to settle down before shooting back through the gap and into the safety of open water.

Lesson learned:

Timing is everything!

Bugger Moment No. 2

Coming into Cathedral Cove with its usual quota of a thousand tourists enjoying the beach. This place has a tricky little shore dump, which caught, upended and deposited me high and dry on the beach in front of a delighted audience. Kayak, paddle, hat and other sundry items were

still floating around in the tide. I had enough sand in my hair to get a small rock pool started and my dignity was as tattered as the tendrils of seaweed adorning my head and body.

Lesson learned:

NEVER try to surf in front of a crowd.

Evan's 'Bugger!' Moments

"Bugger!" - Isn't that what the dog said on the Toyota TV advertisement. I have said it or maybe a tad worse a few times.

Like the time I slid my fully loaded kayak down a steep bank on the Kaituna River, after finding it wasn't such a good camp spot, and my kayak got away from me so I had to swim after it! It was also 4.30 pm in July brrrrrr!. I found another camp spot and got sorted, but none of my paddle gear was dry and there was a frost the next morning!

Or the time when I was trying to catch up to others near the Mount. It took me a while to realize my paddle float, which is tied on deck, had come loose in the surf and was acting like a sea anchor, causing plenty of drag, I managed to catch up after that.

Then there was Shark Alley - teaching surf landings etc. When I got out, I was end-oed on my first wave, I'm sure it was 'Bugger!' I said.

And there's more:

Kawau Island coming back to the kayaks and mine was gone - drifted off with the incoming tide - drifted to the next little rocky outcrop. But I managed to get it back before anyone else noticed (so keep it quiet please).

Queen Charlotte Sound - sitting in my kayak after we had lunch on a jetty and saying who's the idiot that left their PFD on the jetty - great! It was mine as it got pointed out to me by my so-called mates after some photos were taken it got handed to me.

KAYAK KALENDAR

KASK FORUM 2013

8 - 10 March 2013

Raglan - West Coast North Island

A superb venue by Raglan Harbour has been booked, and the location offers excellent on the water instruction venues, both inside and outside the harbour.

If you are keen to offer instruction sessions or indoor presentations, please get in touch with the planning team (via email) with:

Evan Pugh:

sheepskinsstuff@xtra.co.nz

John Hesseling:

john.hesseling@bouldercni.co.nz

John Gumbley:

gumbleyj@wave.co.nz

The last newsletter (No. 159) carried a four page centrefold Forum registration form; the form is also downloadable from the KASK website.

Evan Pugh is really tough on not taking late registrations, not to mention the cut-off once 100 paddlers have registered.

So do not delay if you intend attending.

Forum Foto Competition

Entries are only for those paddlers attending the forum. Five categories with up to three entries per category. For more info, see the last newsletter with the registration form.

THE MARLBOROUGH SOUNDS PILGRIMAGE

Please Note the Date Change

Date: 17 - 18 November

Destination: Ratimera Bay

Dress: Comic Book Heroes

South Island contact:

Paul Caffyn: kayakpc@xtra.co.nz

North Island contact:

Conrad Edwards:

conrad@conradedwards.net

Overseas Reports

West Island Bits

September 2012
David Winkworth

Spring Paddling

One thing that characterizes Spring paddling over here in Aussie would have to be wind...and lots of it! We've taken paddlers out to sea a few times this month and cut the paddle short due to wind. But, that's just the way it is here at the moment. We're getting our usual strong westerlies and our NE sea breeze often cuts in on a warm day as the land heats up.

It's pretty good if you can pick it and tailor the paddle accordingly but it doesn't always come off! A couple of us paddled north recently, expecting a NE sea breeze to surf home on. We battled against the building wind for a few hours, looking forward to our reward. After a cuppa in a little estuary, we returned to sea...and the NE wind died away completely!

Whales are another feature of Spring on the southeast coast of Australia. During October and November, hundreds of Humpback and Southern Right whales travel south along our coast with their young, heading for Antarctic waters. It's pretty special to be near them in a kayak! At times

you can feel your kayak rise as they pass underneath you. And their singing! The other day our kayaks were actually vibrating to the underwater singing of whales possibly 50 metres below us. Very special!

A Close Call

As in NZ, water temperature in south-east Australian waters at the moment is still cool and that's especially so in our lakes and rivers.

There was a close call recently for a racing ski paddler in Lake Burley Griffin in Canberra. It was the classic tale of an accident waiting to happen. I'll run through a couple of the points:

- a very strong westerly wind boring down the lake
- air temp of about 10°C
- water temp of 7°C
- ski paddler in light gear and not dressed for the conditions
- no PFD, no signalling devices, no paddle leash, no grab holds (decklines etc) on the ski.

He capsized and kept hold of his paddle. Unfortunately though, his ski blew away!

Luckily he was spotted in trouble by a tourist with binoculars, who called 000. It was the fire brigade who arrived first! They found a boat and went out for him. When they picked him up after 40 minutes in the water, he was unable to talk. I'd say he didn't have long to go.

Good lesson there?

Staying Together

Great to read Tara and Sim's account of their winter paddle around the South Island. Getting separated for five days is pretty remarkable isn't it!

Brings to mind the dilemma of getting a group of paddlers out through the surf at the start of a day's paddle.

Do you send out the weaker paddlers first with the view that if they can't get out through the surf, then the group might as well stay in camp till the seas subside? Of course, you could send out the stronger paddlers first. However, if they get out and THEN the weaker paddlers can't.... well the paddlers out there have to come back, don't they!

Quite a few years ago I did a paddle with a few friends along the southern coast of Tasmania. We had our share of wind and a few days of huge swells which locked us in.

One morning at our South Cape Rivulet camp we planned to paddle north for Cockle Creek. Up early, we walked out to the beach for a look at the seas. The surf was impressive and I think there was some nervousness in the group - but we all thought we'd make it out. 'Back to camp for breakfast and pack up, which probably took us about an hour I suppose.

In that time however, the surf had piled up considerably and it was big, white and very noisy when we paddled out of the creek mouth.

A view over Dave's bow of a Humpback whale sounding.



“Ohh, this is not good,” I thought.

Pete, one of our group, elected to try exiting the surf in the rip against the rocky headland. We saw him capsize, exit his kayak and get carried straight out into the big surf - and he disappeared from view.

“Can you see Pete?” I shouted to Geoff, as we held position in the surge.

“He’s effing gone!” came the reply. We both feared that this was going to be an EPIRB set-off situation.

“What happens if we can’t all get out through this?” called Geoff.

“The one’s who get out,” I said, “will have to come back!”

“That’s good enough for me!” shouted Geoff, wheeling his kayak around and heading for the beach.

Luckily, Pete hit the rocks and managed to stay put till we got to him. He’d smashed his kayak but not himself. We repaired his boat and paddled out of there two days later.

Sit-on-Top Self-Rescue

A friend recently bought a new sit-on-top (SOT) kayak and brought it along to one of our pool rolling nights. He was keen to practice re-enters and any other skills we could show him.

Typically, Sit-on Tops (SOTs) are very beamy with lots of freeboard and that makes successful re-enters quite difficult for paddlers. Re-enters for my friend were OK in the pool shallow end where he could launch off the bottom but when I took him to the deep end of the pool he needed three or more attempts each time to re-enter, after which he was exhausted. AND, that was without the encumbrance of a bulky PFD or fishing gear secured to the craft.... and in calm warm water!

Look, I know we don’t regard SOTs as kayaks but the public and the media do...and that makes it important for us! This summer, as you paddle around, go and chat with an occasional SOT paddler you see. Ask them if they have a paddle leash and if they’ve done self rescue-practice. Your chat could save a life.



Almost there, with a 3rd attempt to climb back onto the sit-on-top.

Photo: Dave Winkworth

Setting Records

Have you noticed increased references to record setting in sea kayaking? Our editor wrote about it recently and I thought I’d expand on Paul’s words.

So, what is it with setting records in sea kayaks? Can you claim a record for a crossing or a circumnavigation if no-one wants to race you? Can you set a record in a packed field of one? Is it really legitimate to claim a sea kayaking record in the outdoors when we’re all at the mercy of the elements?

Setting records can be a little dangerous too. History is littered with ill-fated record attempts - Scott, Kingsford Smith, our own Andrew McAuley. The White Star Line thought a record time crossing of the Atlantic would be great advertising for their *Titanic*. They set a record all right!

I recall a recent DVD – *Into the Wind* – the film of a couple of experienced English paddlers claiming a record for a circumnavigation of Ireland.

I saw footage of them quaffing pints of Guinness in a pub and talking of, “getting their fingers out” on the next day’s paddle. I yelled at the TV: “Get out of the pub and get out there now!”

I remember them waving away paddling one day because it was foggy! Really! It wasn’t a record set, it was a circumnavigation in fast boats by two good paddlers and the claim was used to flog the video. Big deal!

Do we really care about records in sea kayaking? I mean, sea kayaks are NOT racing boats, but perhaps the lines are a little more blurred these days with sleek new models appearing on the market.

I leave you with a final thought on record setting: We love our sea kayaking don’t we!..... the waves, the beaches, the surfing, the sun, the camping, the solitude and more. So why do we want to race and come home early?

Dave Winkworth

Record Setting - the October 2012 *Sea Kayaker’s* ‘Last Glance’ photograph is titled ‘Pond Paddling’. It shows a bloke in a very small, inland Alaskan pond, barely longer than his fibreglass sea kayak. The caption reads:

Jared Foster made what is believed to be the first solo crossing of an unnamed pond in the muskeg alongside the tracks of the tram portage on Alaska’s Admiralty Island. The actual distance paddled in the 21-foot crossing was somewhat diminished by his kayak’s 15-foot waterline, but the achievement is nonetheless one not likely to be repeated in the years to come.

HISTORY

BEGINNINGS by Alan Bye

The longest journey starts with one small step. This is how I became a sea kayaker. It starts in a school ten thousand miles away. Today Paul Caffyn sent me an email and this was my reply:

Next historic venture? Probably how I started to build a PBK 20 and how we used it as a family. I haven't written this up previously, all new and very old. I invite my Muse to consider this and I think she smiles upon it.

When I get going I am merely a key presser, the drive is way beyond. It is interesting how a passing comment can reveal a new direction. When I read your email I thought "What can I send him that isn't a hoary relic?" A new beginning, the story of the old beginning. It was all inland water at the start which opened to the sea. There was freedom then, the BCU slept in its Royal cot and the ignoranti boldly went where few had gone before. The coastguards called us the Birmingham Navy. Birmingham in England is far from the sea.

Bill Saunders and Bill Cramond offered an evening class in how to build a barge. My neighbour Peter Welby suggested we apply. We did. It wasn't a barge but it felt like that. Length 15 feet, beam 32 inches, windage horrible.

That was September 1957. On 11/01/1958 family and friends assembled on Durham School landing one Sunday morning to launch it. The river Wear was flowing fast and high as snow in the distant hills thawed.

Our son John was two and a bit a sturdy youth with a questing mind. He wore a brown woollen teddy bear overcoat, a size large, hem at the ankle, belted at the middle and buttoned to the chin. There was a faint plop in the rushing surge of the river. There was a moment when I saw imperturbable John drifting by with the

shoulders of his coat full of air up round his ears as a sort of personal buoyancy device. Jack Levison, six feet plus, acted as a human crane and lifted the overcoat and John back on to the stage. We asked John why was he in the water? He replied that he wanted to see the wiggly worms. There were leeches in the eddies. The launch of our PBK 20 was almost sacrificial. Downstream 50 yards was a foaming weir. Even now I cringe.

Bit by bit I learned to use the PBK 20. We were camping near the beach at Beadnell in Northumberland. We arrived on the empty site and started to lift the PBK 20 off the roof. Joan had one end, I the other. There was a squawk and a crunch from the other end, Joan was flat, supine, the canoe bow off to one side. I had forgotten that the tent, a large one, was in the cockpit. It was Easter, clear blue sky, beautiful beach and the kids loved it. At their bedtime they were washed and the face flannel left on the side of the bell tent. Next morning it was frozen hard to the tent. The children were nowhere in sight. I went off at speed to the beach where they were happily building sand castles.

Later that summer we were at Old Durham Gardens about a quarter mile from the river. A student resident was about to wash his car. We asked him if there were any pools near into which John could fall? He said no. We walked round the corner and very soon the student appeared with John who was soaked from knees to middle. He had backed in to the bucket. John has an affinity with water. Twenty years later John was building river kayaks in GRP in Tovdal, Norway, involved with a social group of kayakers. One young

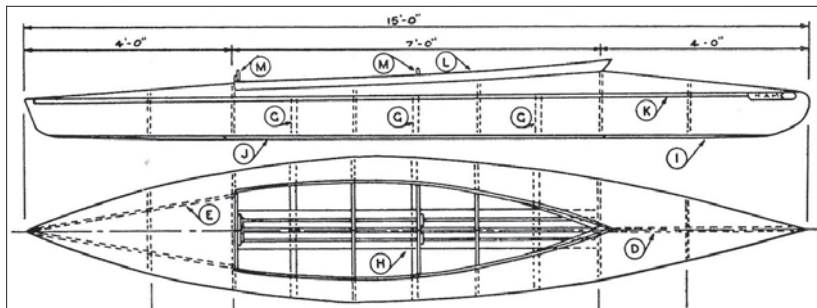
lady said "You are a legend in your own time John." (Hard 'g')

There was a brief attempt at sea canoeing at Beadnell in Northumberland. Both children were with me in the PBK 20, a short way off the shore crowded with holidaymakers. It was afternoon, there was a gentle breeze off the shore. Although I cruised to and fro just inside the breaking waves which were quite small, I could stay there, unable to go ashore as the breeze was gaining strength.

The rippling break helped me in then the breeze urged me out again. The pressure of the wind caused the bow to swing toward the sea - it was bow light. In the end I went shoreward as far in as I could, took the bow line in my hand and jumped ship. Like Gulliver, I walked ashore neck-deep towing the family. Where nature provides a problem, use it don't oppose it.

Using Percy Blandford's design for a gunter rig I would sail it. I hand stitched the sails, made the spars and used parachute lines for the rigging.

The 'barge' was used on rivers and lakes. In the hills in Wensleydale there is a hill tarn, Semerwater where people go at weekends to paddle and sail boats. I saw a newly launched 'Enterprise' dinghy take off with its crew, gain speed across the water, plunge in to the reeds on the other side, where the mast stepped at deck level lay down. My 'barge' was rigged ready to go. The breeze was steady and moderate. The sails caught the air and it started to move. The parachute rigging was elastic and my deck-stepped mast lay down too, it was a day for weary masts. Joan was a nurse and brought



The lines of a PBK20 from Boat Building by Percy W. Blandford. For more info on PBK kayaks, see page 20 in newsletter No.125.



George Kerry paddling a PBK20 at the annual Cumbrae Sail and Oar Festival in Western Scotland, 19/08/12. Photo: Mark Parkinson

home some used cords from Balkan Frames where patients needed support for their plastered limbs. They worked fine.

At Beadnell one windy cloud beset noon, I launched the PBK 20 rigged for sailing, no reefing gear. The wind from the NE was onshore and the waves cresting, while further out they made an uncertain horizon. There was one other dinghy on the water, a National Twelve, solo, reefed down. On a broad reach I made Newton Point about two miles where the waves were breaking big, lots of flying spray.

In these wild conditions I wanted to go about but lacked the skill to do it, so held on almost to the break. At last on the edge of disaster I went about as I rode the peak of a wave poised to break; the barge turned on a sixpence as so little of its length was in the water. In the deep trough, the wind went off the sails then I rode the next crest when the wind hit hard but I was clawing my way off the land. Heading close to the wind, I returned to the middle of Beadnell Bay then faced the prospect of a straight run to the beach wind aft almost surfing. Intimations of mortality bothered my mind. I had no lifejacket, no buoyancy in the barge, little skill and the dark beach was empty of watchers. Only the good die young.

One beautiful summer's day on Ulswater, I was sailing solo to and fro across the beach and across the lake, then went ashore. A man approached, said he admired my craft and asked to buy it. I said "12 pounds" - which it cost to make, sails and all and went home with a heavy heart and wallet.

That provided the cash to build a *Tyne Eskimo*, length 17 feet, beam 21 inches. The attic bedroom where two students lodged was empty for the summer vacation. I built the *Eskimo* there and with the car's tow rope, launched the frame out of the dormer window, about 30 feet to the pavement.

That was when I started to learn real kayaking skills including rolling. Bill Saunders of the Central Council for Physical Recreation organised rolling classes in Durham City baths. He asked me to be the instructor as I had already rolled using the put across technique. Around 12 teachers and scout leaders attended, half learned to roll and among those who didn't was me. For reward at the end of the course, Bill handed me a pair of flat blade centre-jointed paddles *Tacen* by Klepper. My time as a kayaking instructor had begun.

The comment 'BCU Royal Cot' needs explanation. In the 1880s the Prince of Wales, later Edward the

7th took up water sport, mostly sailing canoes. That was when John Macgregor was active with the *Rob Roy* design of smaller paddling canoe. Because the British Canoeing Association had a riverside cabin at Richmond on the Thames that is where the term 'Royal' was acquired. Armed with Royal approval, the canoeing fraternity had reached the pinnacle of attainment. There is only one way to go from 'The Peak.'

Later as the British Canoe Union centered heart, soul and paddle in Richmond, the cognoscenti were alarmed when a bunch of ignorami from the North-East took up paddling, proposing to split and by that attracted a great deal of help from the isolated 'Ivory Tower' South. Underlying the political activities was the Royal tag, London-based, where authority was to be found. John Dudderidge was president, Oliver Cock National Coach and they helped us. 250 miles on the old A1 in an old Rover before dual carriageways after school on a Friday took resolve. My beef is not with them but the courtiers behind them.

There is a lot of North vs South in my time in paddling. I was a civil servant, not a tough miner face-stained with the blue of blasted coal, yet I find affinity with North Eastern independence. What we couldn't afford, we made. We were not poor but a small family made counting the coppers a necessity. There are few greater drives for the exercise of ingenuity than the need for thrift also the certainty that whatever is available something better can be found or designed, peer reviewed and made from bits of wood and canvas. Dad told me, "*Whoever never made a mistake, made nothing.*" Also, "*If it was necessary to know everything before attempting anything, nothing would ever be done.*"

This occupied my spare time from 1957 to 1960, supported by Joan and the enthusiasm of our children. They met many people who helped to civilize them.

Alan Byde 11/08/2012

BOOK REVIEW

Title: *Rivers of Britain*

Subtitle: Estuaries, Tideways, Havens, Lochs, Firths and Kyles

Author: Stuart Fisher

Published: 2012

Publisher: Adlard Coles Nautical UK

Website: www.adlardcoles.com

Contents: 304 pp, maps, colour photos, lavishly illustrated

Cover: softcover

Size: 297 x 210 mm (A4 size)

ISBN: 978-1-4081-4656-9

Price: NZ\$ 69.99

NZ Availability:

United Book Distributors

Ph: (09) 442 7400

Em:customer.service@pearsonnz.co.nz

Review: Paul Caffyn

Stuart Fisher, editor of the British magazine *Canoeist* for over 20 years, always included guides to sections of the British coast in the monthly magazine, or guides to rivers and canals of Britain. Sixty two of those coastal guides, based on what Stuart maintained was the slowest ever kayak circumnavigation of Britain, were compiled into a 357 page book in 2006, titled *Inshore Britain* which was reviewed in KASK newsletter No. 124, p.15.

Now in 2012, *Rivers of Britain* moves into the inland tidal rivers of England, Scotland and Wales, the tidal rivers which finally morph into estuaries, tideways, havens, sea lochs, firths and kyles. The superb A4 size as used in *Inshore Britain* is followed, with 70 separate 'river' sections, working in a clockwise direction around Britain from Lands End. The upstream end of each section is where tidal action ceases.

Each section is lavishly illustrated with a combination of full page width, or single column width colour photos, along with well chosen thumbnail colour photos of book covers, stamps and beer bottle labels, and rounded off with a thumbnail location map and relevant 1:200,000 section maps.

The inclusion of books covers, such as Naomi James *At One With The Sea*, Kenneth Grahame's *The Wind in the Willows*, Robin Lloyd-Jones's *Argonauts of the Western Isles*, Dylan Thomas's *Under Milk Wood*, adds depth to the book, linking these classic reads long ago with where they were set or written.

Inclusion of relevant postage stamps is a lovely touch, especially as out here in the Antipodes we see only stamps with the Queen's head, not this lovely mixture of scenic and historical stamps seen in the book.

The text is set in a very readable double column format, and place names when first mentioned are in bold, which is a nice touch. A poetry verse introduces most chapters:

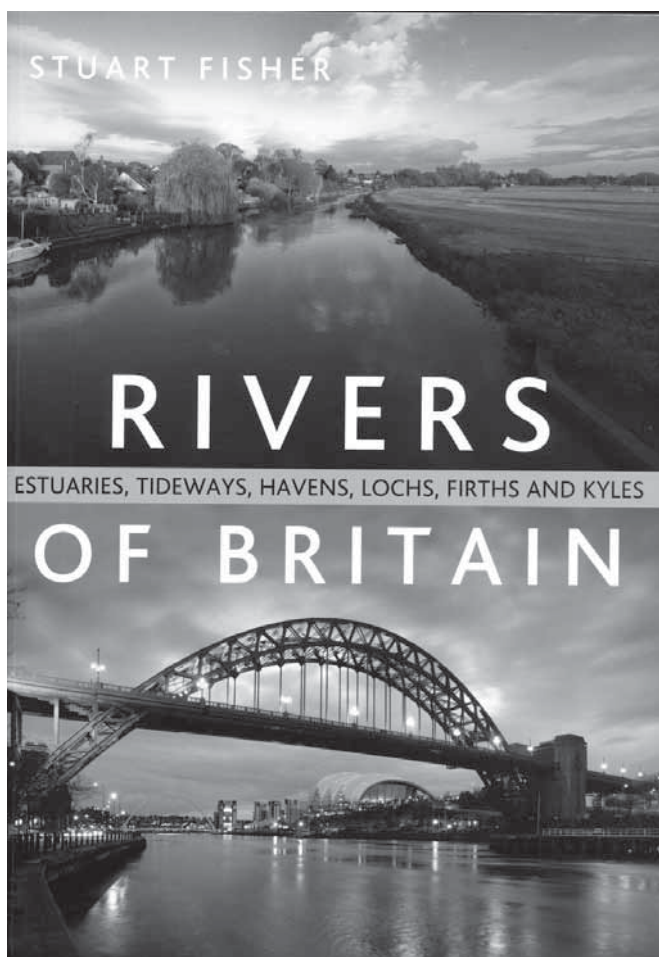
*Who will come a-sailing
Who will come with me
Down the sunny Deben
To the Distant sea?*

The text is not mere dry geographical descriptions of tidal rivers, but 'flows' along nicely with a marvellous mix of historical snippets, weather extremes, and how times have changed with the small and big ports.

The end of each section has a thin shaded column, with lists of: 1:50,000 map sheets, Admiralty charts, tidal constants, the sea area (for forecasts) and rescue services. A full three page index completes the book.

I can't see the current breed of sea kayakers, who are endeavouring to race around Britain in record time, taking time to read about paddling the next section of tidal waters and learns about its history. But for Kiwis thinking about either a 'leisurely' paddle around Britain or a tiki tour by vehicle, this title is recommended reading.

Paul Caffyn



BOOK REVIEW

Title: *Commando Kayak*

Subtitle: The man behind Australian Folboats

Author: John Hoehn

Published: 2012

Publisher: Hirsch Publishing

Website: www.hirschbooks.net

Contents: 106 pp, 31 pages of b&w photos, bibliography

Cover: softcover

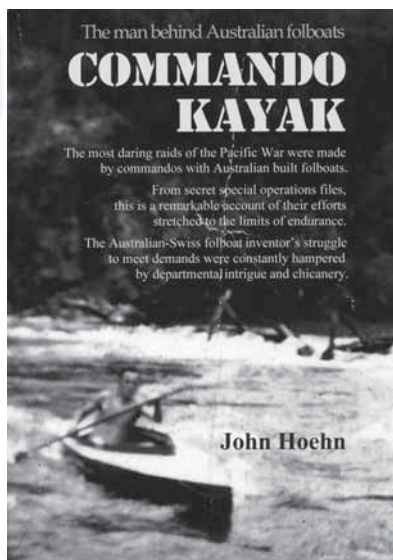
Size: 205 x 275 mm

Price: Approx. \$40 Aust

ISBN: 978-3-033-01717-7

Availability: via the website

Review: John Kirk-Anderson



Fitting firmly in the ‘special interest’ section, this book tells the story of Walter Hohn, the inventor of folding kayaks, or folbots, used by the Australians during the Second World War. Written by his son, John Hoehn, it draws on memories of the author, documents found after Walter’s death and interviews with former commandos.

Walter, a Swiss-born engineer living near Melbourne, had patented his design of a folding kayak in 1929 and this helped bring him to the attention of military officials when they needed a small craft to wage war against the Japanese who were drawing close to mainland Australia. Little information on their intended use was given to the inventor, and feedback was less than clear. Post war reports have indicated that they were extensively used in reconnaissance, sabotage, rescues and raids.

It would be easy to imagine that during wartime, petty bickering, politics and profiteering would be put aside for the war effort, but this book makes clear that this is not the case. Much of the book is devoted to the battles that Walter fought against bureaucracy as his designs were stolen, tenders given to competitors and his supply chain blocked.

Adding to his woes, but also the reason for the military’s approach in the first place, were the territorial dis-

putes between the Americans and the British over operating in the South Pacific. Britain’s Special Operations Executive (SOE) were the driving force behind small unit raids behind Japanese lines, but this clashed with America’s ambitions and they cut funding, requiring the Australians to look closer to home.

A gem that came out of the book was the selection process for some of the men chosen to test the craft, and I quote, “After all, truck drivers develop strong arm and shoulder muscles for moving goods around and are also used to sitting down for countless hours, so it was a fair bet that he would also fit the job as a competent folboater.”

It is probably fair to say that driving trucks was a different job in the 1940s than it is today!

Also interesting to the contemporary recreational paddler was the method the commandos used for crossing surf, both launching and landing; both paddlers would sit on the deck with their feet in the cockpit and paddle from there, usually using a single-bladed paddle. No explanation is given for using this method, which would do little for the stability of the craft.

The author, like his father, is also a Swiss engineer, and as expected the book is logical, clear, and thorough. There are 75 pages of closely-typed text, organised into eight chapters, followed by 31 pages of black and

white prints, plans and documents.

All in all, this is a book that will probably appeal only to students of history, given the dry way the story is presented.

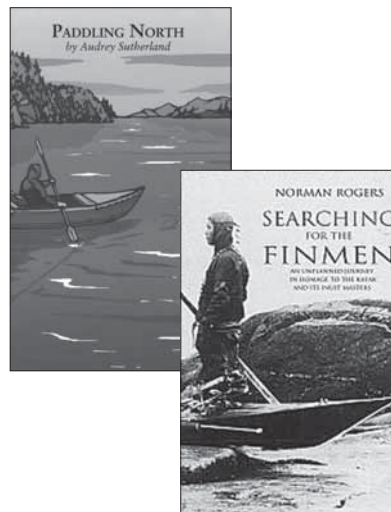
Footnote: The June 2012 edition of *Sea Kayaker Magazine* carries an article titled *Australian Folboats and Commandos, Their Vital Wartime Role*, by John Hoehn.

This six page article details some of the history behind the World War Two folbots, including a 16 day, 750 mile trial of their effectiveness in May 1943, but also adds stories of their use during the Korean and Vietnam wars.

This article is written in a much more lively style, hinting at the benefit of good editing.

John Kirk-Anderson

NEW BOOK RELEASES



Audrey Sutherland has a slim hardback published on her inflatable kayak trips in south-east Alaska. Her previous books include *Paddling My Own Canoe* and *Paddling Hawai’i*.

Searching for the Finmen is Norman Rogers’s research into how West Greenland kayaks landed on the north-eastern coast of Britain - ‘Finmen’ was the name given by the locals to the strange men in skin kayaks, who washed up on the shores. I have ordered 10 copies - let me know if you want your name on a copy: email: kayakpc@xtra.co.nz

HUMOUR

Modern Technology

I was visiting my son and daughter-in-law last night. When I asked if I could borrow a newspaper, my son replied, "This is the 21st century, old man. We don't waste money on newspapers. Here, borrow my iPad." I can tell you, that bloody fly never knew what hit it.

Windscreen Testing with Dead Chooks

Scientists at Rolls Royce built a gun specifically to launch dead chickens at the windshields of airliners and military jets all travelling at maximum velocity.

The idea is to simulate the frequent incidents of collisions with airborne fowl to test the strength of the windshields. American engineers heard about the gun and were eager to test it on the Windshields of their new high-speed trains. Arrangements were made, and a gun was sent to the American engineers.

When the gun was fired, the engineers stood shocked as the chicken hurled out of the barrel, crashed into the shatterproof shield, smashed it to smithereens, blasted through the control console, snapped the engineer's back-rest in two and embedded itself in the back wall of the cabin like an arrow shot from a bow. The horrified Yanks sent Rolls Royce the disastrous results of the experiment, along with the designs of the windshield and begged the British scientists for suggestions. Rolls Royce responded with a one-line memo, "Firstly, defrost the chicken."

One good reason to drive a Merc!

On a golf tour in Ireland, Tiger Woods drives his Mercedes into a petrol station in a remote part of the Irish countryside. The pump attendant, obviously knows nothing about golf, greets him in a typical Irish manner, completely unaware of who the golfing pro is.

"Top of the mornin' toyer, sir," says the attendant.

Tiger nods a quick 'hello' and bends forward to pick up the nozzle.

As he does so, two tees fall out of his shirt pocket onto the ground.

"What are those?" asks the attendant.

"They're called tees," replies Tiger.

"Well, what on the god's earth are dey for?" enquires the Irishman.

"They're for resting my balls on when I'm driving," says Tiger.

"Faykin Jaysus", says the Irishman, "Mercedes thinks of everything!"

Outback Ventriloquist

A visiting ventriloquist walks into a small outback village and sees a local fellow sitting on his porch patting his dog. He figures he'll have a little fun, so he says to the man, "Hey, mind if I talk to your dog?"

Local: "The dog doesn't talk, stupid."

Ventriloquist: "Hello dog, how's it going mate?"

Dog: "Doin' all right."

Local: (look of extreme shock)

Ventriloquist: "Is this bloke your owner?" (pointing at the local)

Dog: "Yep."

Ventriloquist: "How does he treat you?"

Dog: "Real good. He walks me twice a day, feeds me great food and takes me to the lake once a week to play."

Local: (look of utter disbelief)

Ventriloquist: "Mind if I talk to your horse?"

Local: "Uh, the horse don't talk either - I think."

Ventriloquist: "Hey horse, how's it going?"

Horse: "Cool."

Local: (absolutely dumbfounded)

Ventriloquist: "Is this your owner?" (pointing at the local)

Horse: "Yep."

Ventriloquist: "How does he treat you?"

Horse: "Pretty good, thanks for asking. He rides me regularly, brushes me down often and keeps me in the barn to protect me from the elements."

Local: (total look of amazement)

Ventriloquist: "Mind if I talk to your sheep?"

Local: (in a panic) "The sheep's a liar."

Olympic Wrestling Match

Two wrestlers, one Russian and one Irish, were set to square off for an Olympic gold medal. Before the final match, the Irish wrestler's trainer came to him and said, "Now, don't forget all the research we've done on this Russian. He's never lost a match because of this 'pretzel' hold he has. Whatever you do, do not let him get you in that hold! If he does, you're finished."

The Irishman nodded in acknowledgment. As the match started, the Irishman and the Russian circled each other several times, looking for an opening. All of a sudden, the Russian lunged forward, grabbed the Irishman and wrapped him up in the dreaded pretzel hold. A sigh of disappointment arose from the crowd, and the trainer buried his face in his hands, for he knew all was lost. He couldn't watch the inevitable happen.

Suddenly, there was a long, high-pitched scream, a cheer from the crowd and the trainer raised his eyes just in time to watch the Russian go flying up in the air. His back hit the mat with a thud and the Irishman collapsed on top of him, making the pin and winning the gold medal. The trainer was astounded. When he finally got his wrestler alone, he asked, "How did you ever get out of that hold? No one has ever done it before!"

The wrestler answered, "Well, I was ready to give up when he got me in that hold but, at the last moment, I opened my eyes and saw this big pair of testicles right in front of my face. I had nothing to lose, so with my last ounce of strength, I stretched out my neck and bit those babies just as hard as I could."

The trainer exclaimed, "That's what finished him off?"

"Not really. You'd be amazed at the incredible surge of strength you possess once you've bitten your own family jewels."

Two Irishmen find a mirror in the road.

The first one picks it up and says, "Blow me down, I know this face but I cant put a name to it."

The second picks it up and says, "You daft bastard, it's me!"

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, trip reports, book reviews, equipment reviews, new techniques, letters 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 via mail or cybermail to:

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1843C, Coast Rd,
RD 1, Runanga 7873, West Coast
Ph: 03 731 1806
Email: kayakpc@xtra.co.nz

KASK Annual Subscription

\$35 single membership.
\$40 family membership.
\$35 overseas (PDF email newsletter)
For new members, a special price of \$15 is offered for the KASK Handbook - \$50 for the sub. & handbook.

A subscription form can be downloaded from the KASK website. Cheques should be made out to: Kiwi Association Sea Kayakers & mailed to:

KASK Administrator
PO Box 23, Runanga 7841
West Coast

Correspondence - Queries

CHANGE OF ADDRESS to:
Kay Pidgeon, KASK Administrator
PO Box 23, Runanga 7841
West Coast

or email Kay 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:

email: kayakpc@xtra.co.nz
Shop RRP: \$34.90
NZ KASK members only, including p&p: \$22.50
Make cheques out to Kiwi Association of Sea Kayakers and mail to KASK Administrator:
PO Box 23, Runanga, 7841 West Coast

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

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HAURAKI Kayak Group

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www.sportsground.co.nz/bayseakayak

RUAHINE Whitewater Club

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Sea Kayak Operators Assn. NZ
email: pete@canoeandkayak.co.nz
Ph 027 452 9255
www.skoanz.org.nz

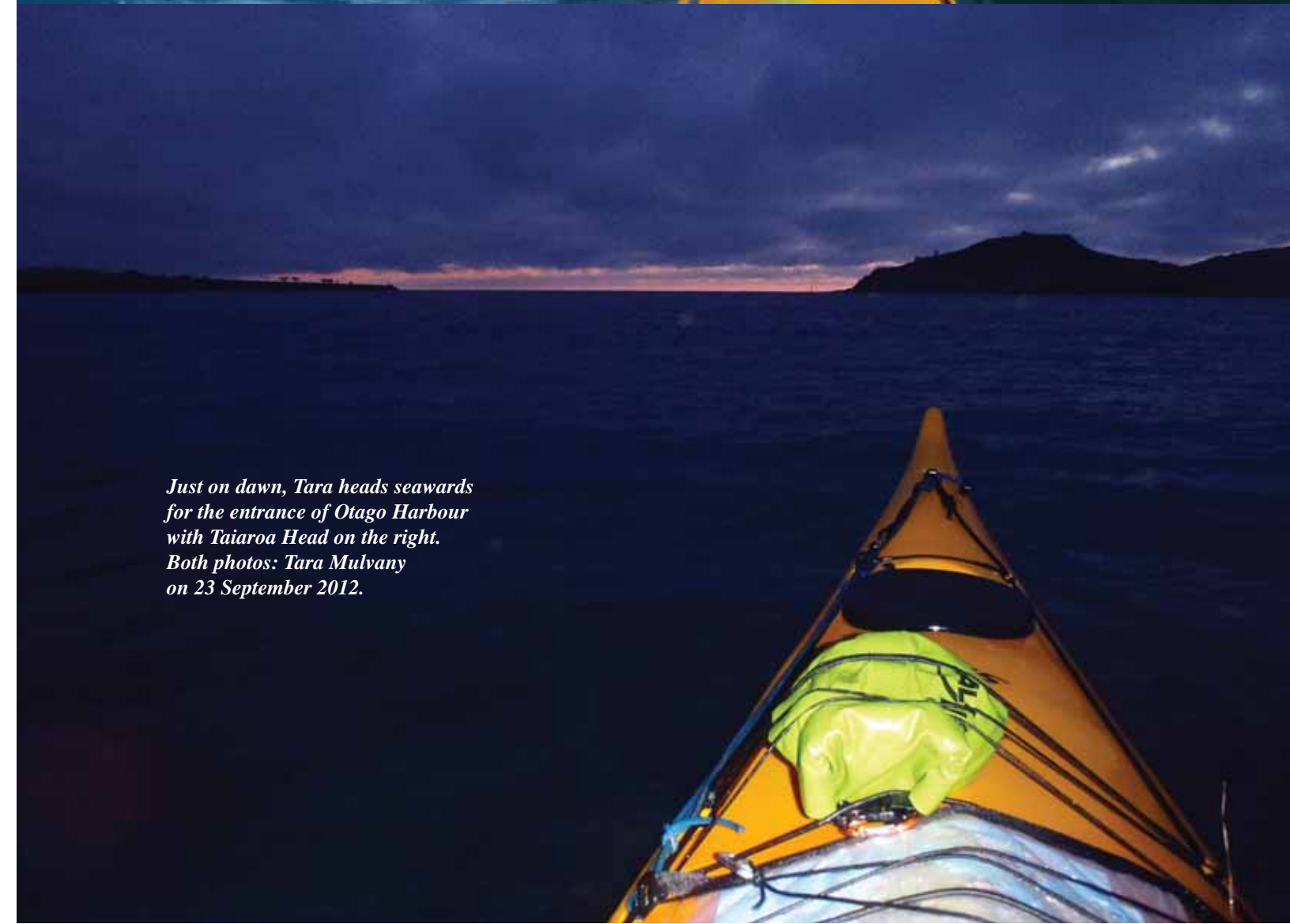
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www.canoeandkayak.co.nz
or freephone: 0508 KAYAKNZ
0508 529 2569

KASK Website:
www.kask.org.nz

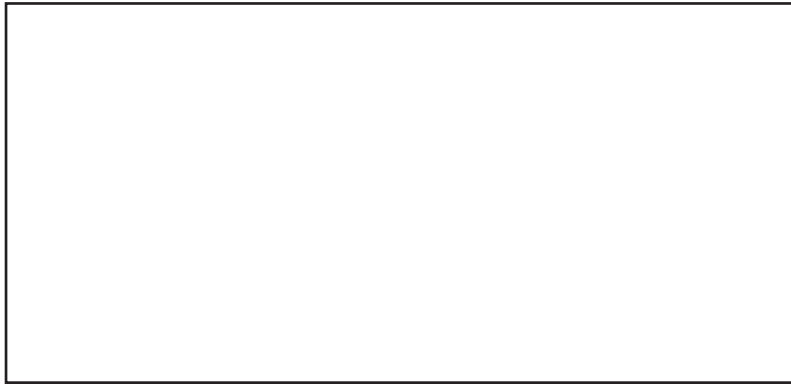
A first-person perspective from a yellow kayak on a bright blue sea. The kayak's bow and a circular hatch cover are visible in the foreground. In the background, a massive, rugged, brownish-grey rock bluff rises steeply from the water's edge. The sky is clear and light blue.

Tara Mulvany cruising past the rugged bluffs south-east of Taiaroa Head, on a long run south to the Taieri Mouth.

A first-person perspective from a yellow kayak on dark, calm water at dawn. The kayak's bow and a bright green dry bag are visible in the foreground. The background shows a dark, silhouetted landmass against a dark sky with a faint, colorful glow on the horizon.

Just on dawn, Tara heads seawards for the entrance of Otago Harbour with Taiaroa Head on the right. Both photos: Tara Mulvany on 23 September 2012.

MAILED TO



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



Sim Grigg racing the Interislander ferry for the entrance to Tory Channel. Photo: Tara Mulvany

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 on confirming renewals from existing members from July to October; and promoting new KASK memberships from November to February

