



ISSN 2253-3826

# NEW ZEALAND SEA CANOEIST

No. 164

April - May 2013

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





*At the 2013 Raglan KASK Forum photo competition, this image of Colin Knight in soft evening light on Lake Taupo won first place in the Open section. Photo: Raewyn Knight*



*At the 2013 Raglan KASK Forum photo competition, this image of setting up for a roll won second place in the Action section. Photo: Mike Scanlan*

**INDEX****EDITORIAL** p. 3**KASK****NEW ZEALAND TRIP REPORTS**Auckland Kayak Trail Opens  
Auckland Council p. 5The Calm Before the Storm  
by Tim Muhundan p. 5George Sound Trip Easter 2013  
Wind, White-caps & Wapiti  
by Cathye Haddock p. 9**HISTORY**WWII Folboat Rescue at Crete  
by John Gumbley p. 7**OVERSEAS TRIP REPORTS**West Island Bits - May 2013  
by Dave Winkworth p.17**BOOK REVIEWS***A Coast to Coast of the South Island-  
by paddle, pedal and foot - the long  
way* by Ginney Deavoll  
reviewed by Paul Caffyn p.18*Discovering England* by Jim Payne  
review by Alan Bye p.20**HUMOUR** p.21**Thanks to all the contributors****Layout & Editing:**  
**Paul Caffyn****Proof reading:**  
**Kay Costley & Sandy Ferguson****Deadline for next newsletter:**  
**25 July 2013****EDITORIAL****Kayak Events Kalendar**

Great news re sea kayaking events - in the last week, dates for a Northland Canoe Club mini-symposium and the 2014 KASK Forum have been confirmed (See page 4 for the Kayak Kalendar).

The Anakiwa Outward Bound School has been our regular South Island venue for KASK forums since 2005 and as well as being situated a stone's throw from the sea, the catering is second to none. One of the Anakiwa highlights is always a paddle out to Mistletoe Bay for an overnight camp on the Sunday, a great opportunity to laid back catch up with other paddlers.

NCC events at Whangarei are not to be missed, with the opportunity to paddle some great coastal scenery, along with dancing and/or group sing-songs in the evenings.

Conrad Edwards and I have agreed on a date for the Marlborough Sounds Annual Pilgrimage at Rātamera Bay, and have unanimously agreed to a dress theme for the Saturday night dress ups of 'Steam Punk'. If this dress style is unfamiliar, try a search on Google.

**Otago Sea Caves**

from Maggie Oakley  
I was inspired by Dave Bunnell's Otago Cave photo in the KASK NZSC No. 162 to look for some old cave photos of my own to share. While my sea kayaking friends and I enjoy exploring the local Otago caves, we have found it easier and more environmentally friendly in our river kayaks.

Many of the caves entrances are obscured from your view while at sea and require close up inspection of the coastline to find them - followed by careful kayak negotiation of any rock stacks that are guarding the

caves. Short rounded river kayaks are easy to manoeuvre both outside and once inside the caves. And we believe assist us in not damaging any structures we may touch.

Most of the caves we have explored have been north of Dunedin - between Shag Point and Cornish Head. Launching from either of these places works equally well depending on the marine weather forecast. A novel launch can also be done via the Pleasant River. There is a bit of a kayak drag to commence the trip as you need to reach the caves with low tide. But by at the end of the trip you will get tidal assistance to actually paddle back up the Pleasant River to your parked vehicle. I remember in 2007 we celebrated a birthday in one of the caves with delicious home-made birthday cake.

**SAFETY**

In the two examples below, the lessons learned are:

- check your equipment before launching
- check your kayak before launching
- carry at least two means of emergency marine communications
- wear clothing appropriate for immersion in wintery water
- use a kayak only appropriate for conditions

**Wellington Harbour Kayaker A Bit Wiser After Swim**

On 3 June 2013, a kayaker was lucky to reach shore after he capsized in Wellington Harbour. He spent some 30 minutes in the water trying to right his kayak, and even called out to a passing ship. Senior Launch Master Richard Kennedy, of Wellington Maritime Police, said the man's kayak took on water and flipped because his spray skirt did not fit properly.

Maritime Police and the coastguard launched a sea and air search about

**COVER**

A Ginney Deavoll Painting - *Collecting Paua - Mount Tutoko, the highest peak in Fiordland, kept watch as we investigated the rocky coastline at low tide. The heavy swell rolled in allowing only the briefest opportunity for us to jump into a crevasse between the rocks on the chance there might be an unsuspecting (and legal-sized) paua clinging to the rock.* See book review of Ginney's South Island paddle, bike and tramp adventure book on p. 18

2.45 pm after a blue kayak and paddle washed up in Kau Bay, at the top of Miramar Peninsula. The search was called off just after 4 pm when word came through from ambulance staff that they had picked up a male kayaker, in his 30s, from nearby Point Hallswell. "He was starting to get pretty cold - he made it back to shore but he was pretty tired. It wouldn't have been too much longer before he conked out."

"The kayaker was wearing a lifejacket, which probably saved his life," Mr Kennedy said. He was treated for mild hypothermia at Wellington Hospital and discharged a short time later (from Fairfax NZ News)

From the photo showing the Police with the rescued craft, the kayak is a small plastic recreational boat, with a large cockpit, no integral fixed buoy-

ancy and no decklines. Although the paddler was wearing a lifejacket, it is obvious he had no emergency marine communication devices and apparent that he lacked the skills and equipment for a self-rescue. The big open cockpits of these 'close to shore only' types of recreational kayaks are difficult to keep water out with a snug fitting sprayskirt but surely testing first for a sprayskirt's ability to keep water out is a priority before launching.

**Scott Donaldson**

**Trans Tasman attempt April 2013**

<http://www.doubleditch.co.nz/>  
Back in 2010, Scott sent me a 15 page PDF file with details on his proposed 'world first expedition to solo row the Tasman Sea from the north Island of New Zealand to Australia in record time and immediately return kayaking from the same point

to New Zealand'. What alarmed me was the emphasis on sponsorship roles, sponsorship options, media roles and not enough for me on the actual rowing and paddling. The weather dependant start was to be in January 2011. In the end it was reduced to a 2013 'single ditch' paddle in a craft that looked more like that used by Castrisson and Jones for their Tasman crossing and Peter Bray when he crossed the Atlantic Ocean rather than that used by Andrew McAuley.

Scott set out in his kayak from Coffs Harbour in central NSW on 25 April but after a night at sea, but after a leaking dry bag damaged his sat-phone, he returned to the Australian coast, paddling into Port Macquarie. He also noted headwinds and a failure to pick up an east-going for his lack of progress at sea. The link to a TV news item:

<http://tvnz.co.nz/breakfast-news/kiwi-attempting-solo-trans-tasman-kayak-video-5415893>

A second attempt on 6 May was also abandoned following a considerable water leak in the cockpit. I struggle with several questions re this proposed kayak crossing of the Tasman:

- why so late in the summer/autumn when we experienced one of the most settled summers on record in New Zealand with record droughts, and weeks and weeks of calm seas in the Tasman?
- why the long route and not the shortest distance from Tasmania to West Cape in Fiordland?
- do dry bags leak? No they do not unless they have not been sealed properly.
- why was the dry bag with the sat-phone not in the sealed sleeping compartment area?
- why was the kayak not sea trialed properly before Scott set out, and any cockpit leaks sorted?

Survival times in the cold waters of a New Zealand winter are a lot less than for our summers. Please dress for immersion when training or paddling this winter and ensure you take with you, at least two means of emergency communications.

Paul Caffyn

**KASK Committee 2012 - 2013**

- |  |                |   |
|--|----------------|---|
| Ian McKenzie   | - President    | email: <a href="mailto:mckian@xtra.co.nz">mckian@xtra.co.nz</a>                   |
| Doug Aitken  | - Committee    | email: <a href="mailto:douglasaitken@hotmail.com">douglasaitken@hotmail.com</a>   |
| Sandy Ferguson   | - Webmaster    | email: <a href="mailto:kayakamf@gmail.com">kayakamf@gmail.com</a>                 |
| Paul Caffyn  | - Publications | email: <a href="mailto:kayakpc@xtra.co.nz">kayakpc@xtra.co.nz</a>                 |
| Shawn Walsh  | - Committee    | email: <a href="mailto:Shawn.Walsh@codeblue.co.nz">Shawn.Walsh@codeblue.co.nz</a> |
| Conrad Edwards   | - Committee    | email: <a href="mailto:conrad@conradedwards.net">conrad@conradedwards.net</a>     |
| Tim Muhundan   | - Committee    | email: <a href="mailto:tim@paddler.co.nz">tim@paddler.co.nz</a>                   |
| KASK Administrator (Kay Pidgeon) email: <a href="mailto:admin@kask.co.nz">admin@kask.co.nz</a> |                |   |

**KIWI KAYAKING EVENTS KALENDAR**

**Date: 15 – 17 November 2013**

**Northland Canoe Club Mini-Symposium**

Where: Taurikura, Whangarei, Northland,  
Manaia Baptist camp, on the edge of Whangarei Harbour.  
Bunkroom accommodation, and camping on site.

A social fun weekend, with a chance for pre-summer up-skilling, with plenty of opportunity to paddle, share ideas and learn skills both on and off the water.

Instruction from: NCC paddlers and John Kirk-Anderson  
Contact for more info: Lynn Burson  
[lynnburson@hotmail.com](mailto:lynnburson@hotmail.com)

**Date: 29 November – 1 December 2013**

**Marlborough Sounds Pilgrimage**

Where: Ratimera Bay  
Dress theme: Steam Punk

**Date: 28 – 31 March 2014**

**KASK FORUM 2014**

Venue: Anakiwa Outward Bound School in the Marlborough Sounds



## Auckland Kayak Trail Opens

5 April 2013

### Press Release: Auckland Council

Mayor Len Brown today (Friday 05 April) opened Auckland Council's first multi-day kayak trail at Tawhitokino Regional Park on Auckland's south-eastern coast. Te Ara Moana – the seagoing pathway – takes kayakers from Omana Regional Park near Maraetai to Waharau Regional Park in the foothills of the Hunua Ranges near Kaiua, with camping options at purpose-built campgrounds along the way.

“We are delighted to open up another opportunity for families and groups to get out, get active and explore our stunning coastline – this time, from the water,” says Len Brown. “Te Ara Moana follows the traditional sea-going trails of mana whenua and we acknowledge the support of Ngai Tai, Ngati Paoa and Ngati Whaunaunga in sharing this experience with the public,” he says.

The idea of creating a southern kayak trail was first explored six years ago and has included researching demand for sea kayaking in the Auckland region, selecting a suitable route and planning the infrastructure to support it. Councillor Sandra Coney, Chair of the Parks, Recreation and Heritage Forum, has been a supporter of the concept from the outset and is pleased to see this well-planned trail becoming a reality. “Just like the Hillary Trail for trampers on our west coast, Te Ara Moana offers people a multi-day adventure and a wonderful character-building outdoors experience.

We are also delighted to include Waitawa Regional Park in the trail. This park is not yet open to the public but we have arranged limited access, just for kayakers, to the bay. “We hope that Te Ara Moana will be the start of a network of kayak trails

around the region; joining up public open space and getting more people into our parks,” she says.

The self-guided trail starts at Omana Regional Park, where kayakers can spend a night or just launch from the park or boat ramp. It continues to Duder Regional Park, Waitawa Regional Park, Tawhitokino Regional Park and Tapapakanga Regional Park, finishing at Waharau Regional Park.

Purpose-built campgrounds have been built at Duder, Waitawa and Tapapakanga and a new shelter has been added at the back-country campground at Tawhitokino.

Campground bookings are essential and can be made by phoning Auckland Council on 09 301 0101.

Dedicated kayak campsites at Duder, Waitawa, Tawhitokino and Tapapakanga cost \$6 per night for adults and \$4 for children and regional park campgrounds (Omana and Waharau) cost \$12 per night for adults and \$6 for children.

The trail takes five days (four nights) and is 51km long, covering between 8km and 14km per day. Additional camping nights can be added at each end at Omana and Waharau.

Auckland Council advises kayakers to plan their trip carefully, check tides and weather forecasts before setting out, prepare equipment thoroughly and ensure they have left details of their journey with family or friends. A checklist, Te Ara Moana care code and kayak safety code is available on the trail brochure and council website. More information is available on the Auckland Council website.

## NEW ZEALAND TRIP REPORTS

### The Calm before the storm by Tim Muhundan Auckland Harbour

With a forecast of wind rising to 35 knots gusting 45 knots, we thought we would squeeze in a quick morning paddle before the storm sets in. We had already changed the trip plan for the weekend Yakity Yak Club paddle – from circumnavigating Panui Island to the relative safety of the Waitameta harbour.

The weather forecast had already deterred half the people registered for the trip. Yet when we met up, it was surprisingly calm with a picture perfect high tide and practically no wind or swell.

Our start point was the Catalina Flying Boat ramp at Hobsonville Point. As a resident of Hobsonville, it is also my usual local set off point. Regardless of tides, the boat ramp at the point offers a mud-free launch site with plenty of parking. It has not been open to the public for long – so not many kayakers use it. For half a century or so, since the flying boats were phased out, it has been part of NZ Defence Force land with restricted access to the landing. Now with a new ferry terminal opening early this year, and 2500 new homes being built, it is becoming increasingly popular.

With the trip leader Shaun in charge, the Yakity Yakkers Janet, Glenda and I set off – with the tide taking us towards the harbour bridge. We hugged the coast past Greenhithe, Beachhaven and Onetaunga Bay. By then the outgoing king tide was at its maximum flow – we had fun paddling under the Kauri Point Wharf and dodging the posts – it was almost like being in a grade 1 river. Kauri Point has restricted access and an 80 m exclusion zone – but you can see some great birdlife on the edge of the water. I took some great pictures of a shag taking off. While the other paddlers enjoyed being pushed by the



*Tim setting off from the Catalina Flying Boat ramp at Hobsonville Point, with the Greenhithe motorway bridge in the background. Photo: Shaun*

tide with very little paddling along Waitemata Harbour, I took a quick stop at Kendall Bay. This swimmable beach is used by beachcombers during the winter – and the Kauri Point Centennial Park is two minutes walk from the beach.

We had had heavy rain in the last few days - I love the way the Wetland in the Centennial Park looks after lots of rain with lots of exotic mushroom and mini waterfalls. From the top of the Kauri Point park cliff, I spotted the rest of the group at a distance and I rushed back down and caught up with the rest at Chelsea Bay.

Chelsea Bay is the home of the Sugar refinery – and I love paddling through the barnacle encrusted posts under the wharfs that extends from the shore.

*Shaun and Glenda dodging the moored boats at Little Shoal Bay near the Harbour bridge. Photo: Tim Muhundan*



When we turned the corner around Birkenhead Wharf, a myriad of Waka Ama racing boats whizzed past us. We were unaware this was taking place and it was the highlight of the paddle. It was pretty awesome to be in a kayak while you got the outrig-

gers racing right past you on both sides – I captured some great clips of the paddlers in the video in the link below. Given the weather forecast, we headed for Little Shoal Beach for lunch stop. The wind had already picked up by then and the rain cloud had started appearing above, so instead of having lunch at Devonport, we headed for Halls Beach.

Thanks to the king tide, by the time we got to Halls Beach the water edge was really far from the beach. We had lunch entertained by the birds digging marine life out of the mud.

For our return journey, we raced back to our launch spot - again assisted by the incoming tide where we met the Waka Ama boats again. When we got back, the Point at low tide looked so different from when we set off – with sand banks where we paddled a few hours earlier.



*Shaun on dead calm water of Waitemata Harbour. Where is the 35 knot wind the weatherman forecasted? Photo: Tim Muhundan*

We stopped at the Catalina Café around 2 mins drive from the ramp. It is my favourite café in the area - they serve the best coffee and the service is amazing. The heavy rain started just as we were leaving – must have been one of the best paddles I have had this winter.

Tim Muhundan

See the movie clips:  
[www.youtube.com/watch?v=Ix3T4eIUuaM&feature=youtu.be](http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=Ix3T4eIUuaM&feature=youtu.be)

## HISTORY

### WWII FOLBOAT RESCUE AT CRETE

by John Gumbley

Waikato's Huntly Museum volunteer Joy Danford recently researched the museum's family history files for information on local prisoners of war for Huntly's ANZAC Day shop displays. That research unearthed a copy of a letter written, to local veteran Allan Jupp, from Scotland in 1981. This wonderfully descriptive letter describes a little of the Folboat Section's exploits in WWII including Allan's and the many New Zealand servicemen who were rescued from Crete by the submarine *Torbay*, including Maori Battalion servicemen Wikaere, Houwai, Ted Wanoa and Manuel plus Cdr Pool, Ted Sneller and Doc Fowke. Readers may know of others?

The author, Scotsman George Bremner, was one of the first trained in the British Navy's Folboat Section on the Isle of Arran in 1940. Their task was to land Folboat canoes before commando landings to pinpoint objectives and arrange landing lights to guide landing craft to the correct point on a beach. He was with the *Torbay* off Benghazi when the submarine was ordered to the south coast of Crete following reports of large numbers of Commonwealth troops roaming the area after escaping or avoiding capture by the Germans.

George was the only Folboat Section member on board with his two seater rubberised canvas, wooden framed canoe and when the submarine surfaced that night the sea was very rough with an off-shore wind. To quote George:

'When Lieutenant Commander Miers ordered me to proceed ashore I refused to leave the sub and Miers became very angry and shouted on the intercom for his revolver to shoot me for mutiny. I was already armed with an automatic and tommy gun

so he changed his mind. We argued for some time and after studying the charts I agreed to try to paddle ashore behind a headland to give me some shelter from the swell and wind.

'The elements were so bad that I drifted out to sea and after a considerable time Miers panicked and began flashing lights towards the beach thinking I was lost. By this time I was further out to sea than the sub and it took about three hours, paddling backwards and lying as low as possible to avoid the wind, to approach the beach.

'My shoulder blades were badly bruised by my back support for the canoe and I was mad with Miers for possibly alerting German patrols with his signalling lamp. I saw dim shapes which turned out to be a group of Cretan youngsters who, by sign language and a little Greek, informed me that there were a number of Commonwealth soldiers hiding in nearby monasteries. They went to tell the soldiers of a boat waiting to take them off after we had arranged identity calls – they would bark like a dog and I would mew like a cat - as German troops were very active in the area.'

'My first encounter with our soldiers was when I ambushed two tall Kiwis and a short stout Aussie who were very cool when I stuck my tommy gun forward and shouted to them in German to get their hands up. They did this in a lazy manner but looked so tired that they couldn't care less at that particular time. I ferried them off in my canoe, one at a time, together with about 40 others, including Cretans and Greeks.

'On the second night I landed alone again and ferried about 35 including a high ranking Greek officer who was so large that he had to sit in the gunnels of the canoe, making it very difficult to keep the canoe upright. Meanwhile the crew had been on the radio to Naval HQ in Alexandria and were told the Greek forces did not want this General taken off. I then had the difficult task of taking this very angry man back to shore but I was fringe to the politics of the case.



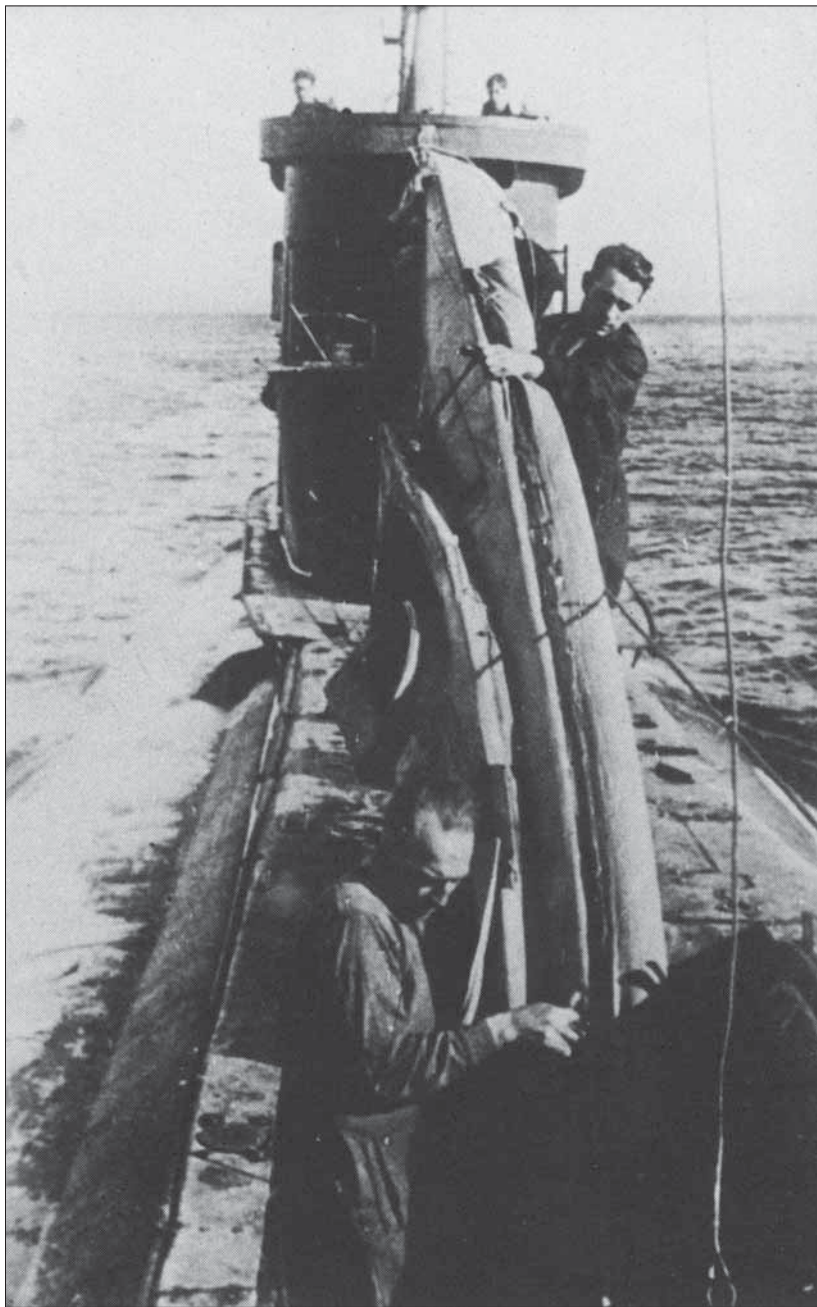
*Men of RMBPD prepare a Mark I\*\* for launch from a submarine in 1943 (photo Royal Marines Museum). From SBS The Invisible Raiders by James D. Ladd*

'When I landed alone on the third night I could see that word had spread like wildfire and there appeared to be over 100 Commonwealth troops on the landing beach. Some were making quite a noise, with a particular British Major shouting the odds and claiming seniority. Miers had ordered me to shoot any troops who refused to obey orders so I told him if he didn't stop shouting I would shoot which quickly shut him up.

'I paddled back to the sub with one passenger and reported to Miers that it would take all night, suggesting that if he could take the sub inshore as close as possible I could take a rope with life belts attached ashore, tie it to rocks and so enable non-swimmers and not-so-strong swimmers to pull their way along the rope to get to the *Torbay*. Strong swimmers made their own way. I continued to ferry off non-swimmers one at a time while part-swimmers held the bow and stern of the canoe.

'My recollection of the operation was that it ran very smoothly and I was glad when I found you all aboard the sub heading for Alexandria. I was so tired I could hardly see and fell fast asleep for a considerable period. When I woke I started checking up





A 'foldboat' being lowered down the forehatch of an S Class submarine.  
From *SBS in World War Two* by G.B. Courtney

on all the rescued to be sure none were requiring attention but you were all so relieved to be free once more that all the discomfort of the sub was nothing compared with your experiences on Crete.

'It was at this time that I discovered that all the Greeks and Cretans whom I had ferried aboard were no longer with us and the crew told me they had been instructed to throw them overboard to make room for all the Commonwealth troops. I was saddened to feel that some of my efforts had been wasted as

they had been so brave and helpful to me during the operation. Some of them were clubbed when they refused to be moved from the sub. It also accounted for the fact that when I made my last trip ashore to check if there were any soldiers left on the beach a band of Greeks and Cretans tried to club me and smash the canoe as I paddled through the surf into deeper water. Fortunately I felt something was wrong and was alerted to trouble. I suspect a number of them were those who had been thrown overboard previously without my knowledge.'

George Bremner's many, many canoe trips helped to rescue 125 soldiers (62 Kiwis), although his own estimate was 100 and he was delighted to be informed of the official tally by Allan. He ends his letter by saying he often wonders how many men were still alive from those rescued by the *Torbay* over those three nights in August 1941.

George also recalls, in other operations 'delivering supplies, canvas shoes, medicine on different parts of Greece' plus rescuing POWs and while submarine commanders said they made full reports on Folboat operations subsequent research shows this was often not the case because the unit was so small with no real war establishment and, "We had difficulty in getting our promotion recorded and obtaining pay from the paymaster in Alex when we went ashore."

Anyone know of any Crete veterans that were part of this rescue?

John Gumbley  
(gumbleyj@wave.co.nz)

### Further Reading List by Paul Caffyn

Tony Ford and I have compiled a five page list of books about or with mention of kayaks involved with wartime operations. Email me for a copy or see the KASK website.

There are at least six books about the SBS (Special Boat Service) which describe WW2 folboat operations in the Mediterranean Sea, however the book with mention of George Bremner is in *SBS in World War Two – The Story of the Original Special Boat Section of the Army Commandos* by G.B. Courtney, published 1983 by Robert Hale, London. Just a brief paragraph noting at the end of 1941, George left SBS and was posted to Middle East Commando.

A remarkable story, and thanks to John Gumbley for providing this insight into the wartime courage of George Bremner.



## NEW ZEALAND TRIP REPORTS

### GEORGE SOUND TRIP

Easter 2013

(27 March – 4 April)

Wind, White-caps & Wapiti

by Cathye Haddock

*all photos by Cathye and Peter Simpson  
See also colour photos on page 23*

“Do you think it’s a goer?” Pete said, looking at the whitecaps on the Lake as we drove to Te Anau Downs. It was midday, and this was the last stretch of our 997 km road trip from Wellington to Lake Te Anau. It certainly was a big effort to get to the starting point for these Fiordland trips. But excitement was in the air and we were hoping this trip would prove to be second-time-lucky.

We had attempted a kayak/tramp to George Sound nearly 20 years ago, but were thwarted by the weather. When it rains in Fiordland, it really rains! We had naively allowed a week for the trip. After a lovely paddle across the Lake Te Anau, we spent a nice night camped on one of the islands in Middle Fiord. But by morning, ominous clouds were brewing in the mountains and wind had begun to whip up the lake. We made a beeline to Junction Burn Hut in South West Arm to wait out the storm. I remember paddling into a strong head wind, horizontal rain, with muddy brown water spilling way out into the fiord from the Junction and Woodrow Burns. It bucketed down for the next three days. The creeks and rivers turned into torrents and the lake lapped at the hut steps.

We were entertained by the mouse Olympics - it was a beech mast year, so there had been a mouse population explosion. So the critters has come from far and near to avail themselves of the shelter, as we had. The mice also tried hard to avail themselves of our food. But we made a sport out of triple-wrapping our food in plastic and packs before suspending

them from the ceiling. I woke one night to find Pete shining a spotlight on a gold medalist climbing ‘hand over hand’ along the rafter, down a number 8 wire hook and string to the pack, over and under the pack lid, into the pack to have a good go at penetrating the plastic liner. One off-duty park ranger evicted the rodent without ceremony!

When the rain finally stopped, we shot off, lamenting and cursing we would not make it to George Sound on this trip. So a ‘recce’ it was and off we paddled to Prospectors Bay at the head of North West Arm. From there we walked the 15 minutes through to Lake Hankinson, and tried to console ourselves that this looked like a tough portage, which we would not need to do that day. We looked longingly up Lake Hankinson, and silently resolved, ‘we’ll be back’.

And here we were! Back at Te Anau Downs, with unfinished business. We had 12 days’ food this time and two weeks’ leave. We had time to sit out a bit of bad weather - but as we well knew - it could rain and blow for weeks in Fiordland. Tawhirimatea would have the last say.

We were re-inspired to do the George Sound trip by Susan Cade and Sandy Winterton’s Christmas trip a few months earlier. We had seen Sue and Sandy’s slides of the mirror glass lake and wonderful weather over Henry Pass to George Sound. To Sandy’s surprise, his wonderful article in the *New Zealand Sea Canoeist*, which had rated the trip as 1 out of 5 for enjoyment, had fired us up and added to our motivation.

The whitecaps on the lake looked vicious, but we packed the kayaks anyway, and would make our decision once we’d finished. We could always leave the packed kayaks in the scrub and return at dawn for an early start. At 3 pm we finished packing and the wind had dropped a tad. We decided to paddle out of Boat Harbour beyond the point to test the wind and waves. Once we got out there it was a steady 15 knot headwind with waves up to a



*Peter map reading on Lake Te Anau, with a fresh dusting on snow on the tops*

metre, some breaking over the bow. We knew it would be hard work, but it felt predictable and manageable. So we headed for Rocky Point at the entrance of Middle Fiord. We paddled the six kilometres side-by-side so we could keep track of each other without having to stop paddling or risk tipping out if we turned to see where the other one was. We were grateful for our training paddles in strong winds and waves on Wellington Harbour.

We camped the night on a sheltered beach another 6 kms beyond Rocky Point. The wind and waves didn’t let up the whole way, and we were pleased to stop. The 12 kilometres had taken us three hours. It got dark soon after pitching the tent and eating dinner. The mountain radio forecast was for more headwinds the next day.

An early rise got us on the water at 7.40 am. As we paddled out on calm water in the lee of a small point, we enjoyed an orange and purple sunrise to our left, and the bright silver full moon against an indigo sky to our right. Wow! I kept looking from side to side, smiling and enjoying the magic. As soon as we rounded the point we were back in the wind and waves.

It was helicopter and fizz-boat rush-hour all morning as we paddled up Middle Fiord. Wilderness experience – yeah right! After a few hours of this, we saw a boat drop two people off on a point ahead of us. We stopped to have a yarn with a Tauranga man and his teen-aged son. They had been dropped in to their ‘wapiti block’ for 10 days hunting.

The sandflies were having a feast and they were having a map study before heading up a spur to the tops to try their luck. This was steep and rough country. We wished each other well and continued up the fiord. As we paddled past the entrance to South West Arm, Pete and I reminisced about our three days being hut bound on our last trip.

It took three hours to paddle the 13 kms up North West Arm to the head of the lake. The strong headwind and waves never let up until the last 200 or 300 metres. This was in the wind shadow of the small peninsula of bush that separated Lake Te Anau from Lake Hankinson.

*Peter on the portage from Lake Te Anau to Lake Hankinson.*



*Peter at the end of the portage, and the boatshed skids on Lake Hankinson*

We jumped out of the kayaks and looked back at the 25 km we had paddled and it looked as flat as a pancake! Looking at the backs of waves always belies the head wind and waves you have just battled. Hmmm! We envied the perfect reflections Sue and Sandy had captured on the slides of their trip up the Lake.

Some hunters had also just arrived at the head of the fiord in their boats. They explained the ‘traffic’ we had seen and heard all morning. It was changeover day for the wapiti-hunting season. Hunters went into a ballot every year, to ‘win’ a permit to hunt in a wapiti block for 10 days. Only a third of the hunters that go into the ballot actually win a block. There are 25 wapiti blocks; and three 10 day hunting periods. Today was changeover day and the helicopters and boats were picking up the first lot of hunters and dropping the second lot in.

That meant the huts that Sue and Sandy had to themselves were going to be full of wapiti hunters for us. This was going to be an interesting trip.

*Washing the kayaks with detergent*



We unpacked our gear from the kayaks, packed it into one backpack and a \$2 shop big stripy carry bag each, and carried them through the 15 minute portage to Lake Hankinson. On return, we washed our kayaks and paddling gear with detergent from the DoC Didymo station, then carried them through the portage one at a time. The portage took three trips and three hours - including the didymo wash. We ate lunch by the boatshed skids on the shores of Lake Hankinson.

After another 1.5 hours paddling into a head wind up the steep-sided Lake Hankinson, we turned into the Wapiti River-mouth, and paddled the last 10 minutes up the river to Hankinson Hut. We walked the boats up the first rapid to protect the gel coat. I had a slight mishap when the river current grabbed my kayak and sent it sideways, giving me a humungous bruise on my shin and an undignified dunking. It took another half hour to unpack the boats, pack our packs, stow some gear and food in the hut, and stow the boats outside the hut well above the river. The resident hunters made us a lovely brew before we tramped off up the track at 5pm. We had been ‘on the go’ for nearly 10 hours. I was annoyed I had left my gaiters in the van at Te Anau Downs.

The sign said 2.5 hours to Thompson Hut. We knew we would be pushing it



to get there by dark. Five minutes up the track, we came to the first 3-wire bridge, great fun! The track was pretty rough, but dry-ish. However, I started feeling dizzy an hour into it, just before the second 3-wire bridge. I sat for a while, had a munch up and a drink. I had experienced this before on a 36 km trail running event, and knew that after 9 hours of strenuous activity, and only a few brief stops, I had run outa fuel. After the 3-wire bridge crossing, we came to a rare campsite, and called it a day. The mountain radio forecast was for heavy rain for the next few days. Dinner tasted good and sleep was deep.

With an early start, we tramped through mixed beech and podocarp forest on the true left of the river until we reached Lake Thompson. We heard kaka screeching in the canopy high above us. At the head of the lake was a lovely green clearing with plenty of deer sign. Reaching Thompson Hut at 10am, an hour and a half after leaving our campsite, we were surprised there were no hunters in residence. But there were two large plastic crates of food and a note in the hut book that two hunters were camped up the Wapiti River near Lake Sutherland for five days.

The rain started after we had collected about a weeks worth of firewood from the bush, filling the empty woodshed. We enjoyed the day resting, reading, and sorting our gear for the tramp to George Sound. I improvised a pair of bandage-style gaiters from my pack towel and some

*The improvised gaiters*



munty safety pins I had carried in my first aid kit for years. Then I found a neoprene gaiter in the woodshed. Score! Even though it made an odd pair! We stowed some spare clothes and two days food under one of the bunks.

Two sopping wet wapiti hunters staggered into the hut from Lake Hankinson just after we lit the fire at about 4.30 pm. It had taken them 7.5 hours! And we thought we were slow at 3.5 hours. When we saw the beer and RTDs come out of their packs, we understood why. Just before dark, they went out for a 'look' in the pouring rain - to the lakeshore where we saw the deer sign earlier. They were nice lads from farms near Invercargill and we had a great night of yarning. The forecast was for rain and more rain for the next four days. I wrote the forecast on a yellow post-it-note to take with us.

We all slept soundly to the heavy rain on the corrugated iron roof. I got up for a leak about 3 am and it had stopped raining. I could see a few stars. At 6 am it was still not raining and our barometers had stabilized and risen a bit, so Pete and I decided to give it a go. We could always turn back. The sign said 10 hours to George Sound Hut. It took us 11 hours. We never had a drop of rain. It was a magic day.

Below the hut, we crossed a bridge over a deep gorge above the confluence of the Rugged Burn and the upper Wapiti River, which was absolutely pumping. The route (not track) followed the Rugged Burn up to Deadwood Lagoon before climbing steeply up to Henry Pass. Even though the route was well marked with orange DoC triangles, we managed to lose it at one stage and did a circle in the mossy understory before getting back on route with the help of the GPS. Route finding was going to take some concentration.

We had a few giggles when we got to the swampy section that Sandy had nick-named 'the planks of death'. However, the giggles soon turned to shrieks as we slipped and slid off the greasy corduroy logs, laid down



*The 'Planks of Death'*

in the wetland decades ago, to trick unsuspecting trampers that this was the 'way forward'. At one point I slipped forward into the swamp and just as I got up I overbalanced and slipped backwards - landing in the mud again - cast. I had to undo my pack to get up, as Pete laughed and took photos. I got him back later when he slipped off a death plank and landed knee-deep in mud.

We sampled the bright red coprosma berries and snow berries along the way, yum! We took photos of weird fungi and late earinia orchids. Tomtits, fantails and bellbirds kept us company. We also heard riflemen but never saw one. Climbing up to Henry Pass was a relief after the muddy, swampy route over the last few hours. The stunted alpine forest gave way to sweeping views back down the valley with layers and layers of mountains ad infinitum. This was Fiordland.

A kea's cry welcomed us to the top, 4.5 hours after leaving the hut. We ate lunch among alpine tarns fringed with snow grass. Pete heard, then spotted, a rare rock wren hopping and bobbing through the dracaphylum (turpentine) scrub. The 360° views were just stunning. Before us lay the classic U-shaped



*Peter and Cathye happy to be on top of Henry Pass*

valley, carved by deep glaciers in the Ice Ages, with Katherine Creek now running through. Bare peaks, hanging valleys, high basins filled with tarns complete the picture. With only a breath of wind on the pass, and no rain, we felt very lucky.

The pass was named after Richard Henry, Fiordland's first ranger, who lived at the southern end of Lake Te Anau for many years and often explored the area. Richard Henry first traversed the route in 1889 and later cleared a track. For us, crossing this amazing man's path again was a privilege. Knowing that the view before us was practically unchanged from the view he would have seen over a hundred years ago was inspiring. The birdlife however, had been much diminished since Henry walked this route.

While it was the shortest route to the West Coast fiords, the George Sound track never became popular. A lack of accommodation and transport did

not help. Track maintenance ceased in 1906. The area has some of the most historic huts in Fiordland, with Hankinson and George Sound Huts being built in 1923 and Thompson Hut in the 1950s.

The route off the pass was down a rock crevice with a creek roaring through it, and rata in flower clinging to the rock. Once below the crevice, the route dropped steeply through mixed podocarp and beech forest to Katherine Creek, where we passed a couple of picturesque waterfalls. We crossed a 100 metre wide old slip at one point, where the rocks had been thickly colonized by all sorts of different lichens. We came across a hunter's camp beside the slip, and heard a weird trumpeting sound across the valley. We later learned this was the roar of the wapiti stag.

Lake Katherine was perfectly still, reflecting its steep sides when we got there. Traversing the steep sides was hard work as we had to cross three

big slips. The first was an unstable tangle of trees, criss-crossed like giant pick-up-sticks. The others just rock fall. Pleased to reach the head of Lake Katherine, we sat on the beach for 20 minutes to rest. Over the last hour tramping, we dropped to sea level through giant podocarps and got to the final 3-wire bridge just on dark. Pete said it was 220 metres to the hut according to the GPS. The smell of smoke through the bush welcomed us at the end of our 11 hour tramp.

We surprised four hunters in the hut, and they moved over for us. We cooked continental mushroom pasta with bacon and capsicum from Susan Cade's garden. Comfortable and warm, eating dinner by the fire was hugely satisfying. We celebrated our arrival at George Sound exchanging stories of our adventures with the hunters. The forecast was for rain and more rain. It started as we lay down and drifted into a dreamless sleep.

The wapiti hunters, from Rotorua and Whakatane, had helicoptered in with all their gear. This included dozens of beer and an inflatable boat with a small outboard motor. They used the boat to access their block, the steep country bordering George Sound.

By dawn the rain had stopped and mist was hanging in horizontal veils across the steep-sided fiord. George Sound was mirror calm. We wished we had our sea kayaks. We watched with envy as the hunters went out on the boat to drop two hunters off and pick another two up. It was low tide so I collected mussels for lunch and worked out how to use the panorama

*Calm waters at the head of George Sound.*







*Cathye negotiating the rockfall by the shore of Lake Katherine.*

function on my new camera. What amazing land and seascapes to practice on!

George Sound was visited by Maori as part of seasonal food and resource gathering. Known as Te Houhou by Maori, it was a stopping off point for waka journeys along the Fiordland coast.

The weather was nice all morning, then drizzled and rained all afternoon. We read the hut book and found we knew a few people, including old friends Shona McKee and Neil Sloan, who had done the same trip just over a year ago. The forecast was for drizzle in the morning and rain late the next day. We prepared for an early start to get over Henry Pass before the weather turned. Then were into our sleeping



*The hut at the head of George Sound. Hunter's rifles in the porch.*

bags early. Thunder, lightning, wind-blasts and heavy rain blasted the 80 year old hut all night. Lightning lit up the hut through our closed eyelids. We worried about crossing upper Katherine Creek the next day.

There was no rain when we rose at 6 am, our barometers were stable and had risen over night. On the track by 7.20 am, it was still dark when we crossed the 3 wire bridge. The track was as wet as. We waded knee to thigh deep around the lake edge where we had rested on the beach two days earlier.

We were stoked when a long finned eel (tuna), over a metre long, investigated us then gracefully slid out into the crystal clear lake. This was the first of several tuna sightings this day. Although it was not raining, our parkas were soaked from brushing through the soaking bush. The Lake Katherine slips were no trouble on the return trip, and the waterfalls in Katherine Creek were pumping. Thankfully, the crossings were fine. I saw another tuna slithering up a rapid next to me during one crossing.

The climb up to Henry Pass was enjoyable and the crevice much easier to negotiate going up. There was still no rain and little wind as we ate our lunch on the pass 6.5 hours after leaving the hut. Three kea cried ke-aaaaaaa as they flew over



*When the 'planks of death' have rotted through*

us. Pete called back to his kindred spirits. The descent from the pass was firm and dryish. But the route from Deadwood Lagoon and down through the Rugged Burn valley was either a creek, lake or swamp most of the way.

And we thought it was wet coming up! The planks of death were even more fun and much more slippery than a few days earlier. Somehow, we skillfully negotiated them with fewer 'stuck in the mud' episodes. On our descent to the confluence of the Rugged Burn and Wapiti Rivers, we heard the trumpet call of a wapiti stag bellow out from the other side of the valley. We wondered if this was a hunter's call or the real thing.

*A very sodden Cathye with the Katherine Creek waterfalls pumping.*





Pete and I started talking loudly to each other to make sure any hunters knew humans were afoot.

We made it to Thompson Hut 10.5 hours after leaving George Sound. Without a drop of rain, we were grateful to the weather gods. The two Southland hunters were in the hut along with two Wellington hunters. The latter had camped up the Wapiti River by Lake Sutherland and seen a group of eight wapiti, hinds, fawns and yearlings but no trophy stags. So they had shot the animals with their cameras instead. Sounded magic. None of the hunters had been trumpeting in the last half hour, so they were most interested in our report. We had a good night yarning with the hunters.

The Southland boys had tramped up to Henry Pass and camped the same day we had left Thompson Hut. They found my yellow post it note with the weather forecast written on it on the pass the next day. I must have dropped it when we stopped for lunch. As their satellite phone didn't work and they didn't have a mountain radio, this weather information had helped them make their decision to retreat to the Thompson Hut. Spooky. They made it back to the hut in record time with heavy rain and wind squalls on their tails the whole way. They also had thunder and lightning that night

in the Thompson Hut, the same night we had it in George Sound. All four hunters prepared for an early start the next day, back up to Lake Sutherland for wapiti watching. The weather forecast was awful.

After the hunters left, we had the hut to ourselves for a rest day. It rained all day. Poor hunters. We washed and cleaned our clothes and selves, and had the fire going for most of the afternoon to dry our gear. I cooked frajitas for quick, ready-made lunches for the next two days. The forecast was clearing tomorrow, with a southerly and snow the following day.

When the alarm went off at 6 am, it was still raining so we went back to sleep till 7 am. We were on the track by 8.30 am in light drizzle with fine breaks. The route was wet, wet, wet. We waded through some sections that were up to my waist. The Wapiti River rapids were raging! Thank goodness for the 3-wire bridges high above, which made for exciting crossings. Our campsite from our previous trip was well above the water level, which was good to see.

We arrived back at Hankinson Hut at 11.30 am, a three hour trip. The river level was much higher than it was a few days earlier, so we carried our kayaks to the river's edge below the rapid, which was now deep and



*Peter racing back through the portage to Lake Te Anau*

swift. We got into our kayaking gear and had lunch and a brew in the hut. The resident hunters were camped up the valley somewhere. It was freezing, so without mucking around, we jumped into our kayaks and paddled off down the river and into Lake Hankinson. It was a quick 45 minute trip back to the portage with a brisk tailwind. This was half the time it took us to paddle against the strong head wind on our way in.

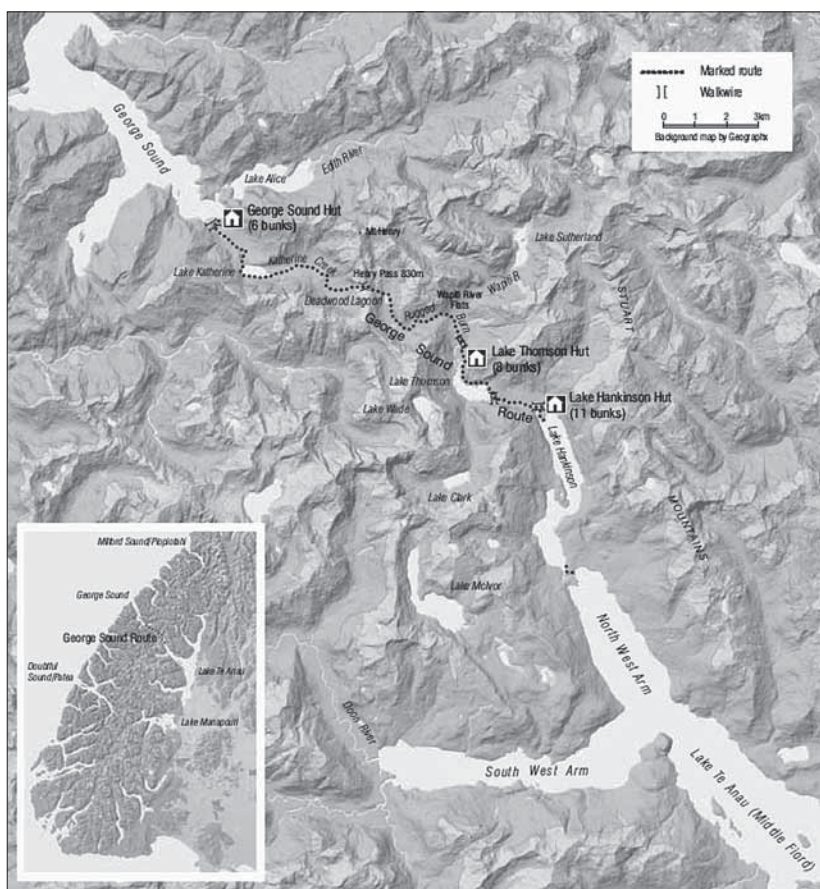
Pete found his water bottle where he left it on the lakeshore the previous week. We quickly unpacked the kayaks and carried our gear back through the portage. Here we met the Tauranga man and his teenaged son we met on our paddle up Middle Fiord. They had spent the week camped and hunting on the tops overlooking Lake Te Anau. They had just returned to their base camp with some other hunters at the head of North West Arm. The son was particularly buzzing about the adventure, especially when his Dad was out of earshot!

We raced back through the portage and carried my boat back, using climbing slings through the end loops and over our shoulders. This worked well and saved the aging backs. During a brief rest on the way,

*Peter eyeing up the freshly cooked frajitas in Thompson Hut*



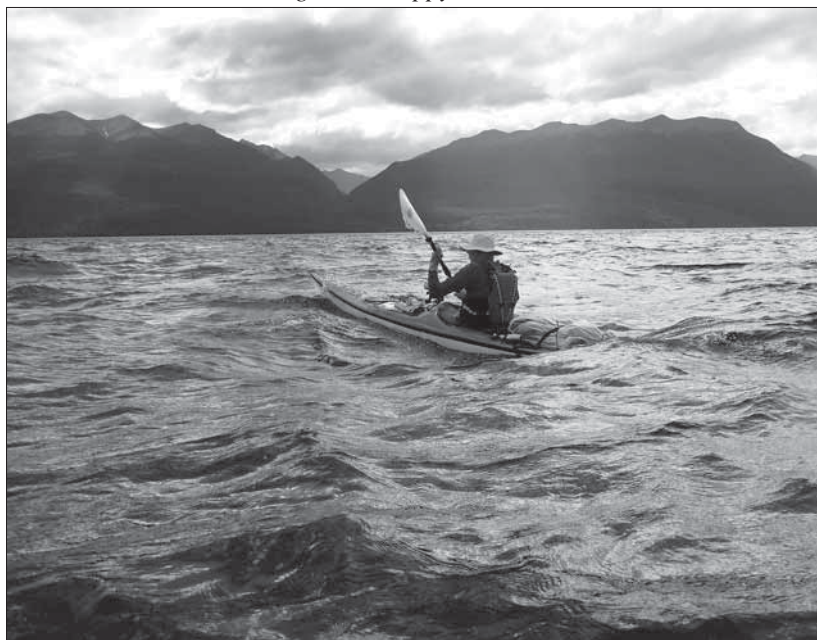




we were overtaken by the hunter and son. They were carrying Pete's boat effortlessly on their shoulders and motoring along the track. Wow. Once we recovered from this random act of kindness, we followed and thanked them profusely. The portage was completed in an hour. It had taken us three hours on the way in.

We decided to capitalize on the time saved, and set off down North West Arm at 4 pm. The strong tailwind, whitecaps, and a following sea were a bit disconcerting. However, we kept abreast of one another and rode the rollercoaster down the true right of the fiord to give us more shelter and campsite options. After a wild ride crossing the mouth of South

*Peter with his stern submerged, in choppy conditions on Lake Te Anau*



West Arm, we worked our way down the fiord, seeking shelter from the islands. We tucked in to a sheltered beach in the lee of the wind opposite Bute Island. This was also level with our first night's campsite on the opposite side of the fiord.

It was freezing as we pitched camp. I cooked dinner while Pete set up the mountain radio for the 7.30 pm sched. Eating our dinner on a log, and looking out to the darkening water, we listened to the forecast. A southerly front was coming, with snow to 500 m the next day. We managed to get into our tent just as the freezing drizzle started. It was a cosy night in our little Minaret cocoon, listening to moreporks and kiwi, yes kiwi, calling to one another near our campsite. Paradise.

We woke up on day 9 of our trip and wished one another a happy anniversary. What a wonderful way to celebrate. It was drizzling when the alarm went off at 6 am, so we lay in for another hour. Steaming hot porridge went down a treat before packing our kayaks in a dry interlude between showers. The temperature dropped like a stone, the opposite side of the fiord disappeared in an opaque cloud, and we packed up the tent in freezing rain.

Once it cleared, we could see fresh snow on the tops, azure sky beyond, and an icy wind whipping down the fiord. The boats launched easily down the driftwood railway sleepers we had laid to pull the boats up on the night before.

On the water at 8.15 am, we ferry-glided across to the other side of the fiord in 0.5 to 1 metre breaking swell beam on, before the wind and whitecaps got too strong and big to cross safely. Once on the other side, it was an exciting ride in a following sea, which thankfully eased as we crossed from Rocky Point to Te Anau Downs. Finally able to take our hands off our paddles, we enjoyed taking photos of the spectacular backdrop of snowy peaks. Stunning. This is Fiordland!



As we pulled our kayaks onto the grassy clearing below the Guest Hotel Motel at Te Anau Downs, it was 11.15 am, warm, sunny, with a light breeze and no sandflies! We ate lunch with our gear drying all around us, before packing the van and hitting the road. A few hours later it was snowing heavily as we drove over the Crown Range Summit.



*Despite the bottomless bogs, and another stuck in the mud episode, Cathye is still able to grin about her predicament.*

We made it to Arrowtown where we booked into a room with a spa bath, and celebrated our 21<sup>st</sup> Anniversary with lamb shanks and pear cider at the Arrowtown pub. Most content with our amazing trip - we started plotting the next one - all the way up the West Coast to the 12 Mile. Here, we had a wonderful pot-luck dinner followed by salsa dancing with Paul Caffyn and friends. Mobs of thanks for the warm West Coast hospitality.

Trip assessment. Maximum score = 5 paddles

Paul asked us to do a trip assessment based on Sandy's rating table below: Trip assessment – maximum score = 5 paddles.

George Sound kayak and Tramping Track rating	
Wilderness experience	5 paddles
Physical work out	5 paddles
Story telling potential	5 paddles
Enjoyment	10 paddles

See page 12 of the NZSC No. 162, for Sandy Winterton's rating of this same trip - his enjoyment score was a total of one!

## BOOKS

For any queries re sourcing titles or availability, please email me at: [kayakpc@xtra.co.nz](mailto:kayakpc@xtra.co.nz)

### Paddling Books for Sale

In a listing of new and secondhand paddling titles, I have over 40 books available. Email for viewing. Recent additions include an 1886 7th edition of John MacGregor's *The Rob Roy on the Jordan*, the Travel Book Club edition of *Quest by Canoe - Glasgow to Skye* by Alastair Dunnet, and the first English edition (1959) of Herbert Ritlinger's *Ethiopian Adventure - From the Red Sea to the Blue Nile*

### Past KASK Newsletters Available

Unfolded hard copies of most newsletters are still available - swap for stamps. On the KASK website, PDF copies of newsletters back to the dark ages can be downloaded.

*Photo at right from Evan Pugh. They really do start start them young in West Greenland. The outriggers are like training wheels on a bicycle. The rope attached to the bow on the tiny tot's kayak suggests a little help with forward propulsion.*





## Overseas Reports

### WEST ISLAND BITS May 2013

by David Winkworth

Wow, we've got some great late summer paddling conditions over here! It's the end of May and the water is still well over 20 degrees! Not only that but the sea breezes have long since died and the paddling conditions we have in the mornings are lasting right through the afternoons too! It can't last though - it just can't! 'Not complaining though - we're just out there enjoying it. Sometimes though a little gremlin will spoil the fun:

My brother went out for a great afternoon paddle yesterday - had a great time - and finished with a little kayak surfing on the Pambula River bar. 'Back to the car, he unlocked it with the key push button as you do. 'Opened the door, put the key down on the seat and closed the door.

'Click!' went the doors.

The car locked itself with the keys inside! Bugger!

Many hours later he joined us at the pool for an evening rolling session. More on rolling in a moment.

#### Jason Beachcroft

Jason continues his non sailing, unassisted, right around Australia paddle.

'Had a call from Sandy Robson recently. She said that Jason was paddling somewhere in the lower Gulf of Carpentaria but hadn't sent out a SPOT message for over 5 days and the guys monitoring his SPOT messages were getting a little concerned. He did eventually 'message out' from Centre Island in the Sir Edward Pellew Islands - all OK.

Gee, staying in touch can be a problem for paddlers you know. All is fine when you message out on a regular basis BUT, if for instance you can't get that message out on a regular basis then the folks at home

tend to get a little worried. The thing is though that if you do have a problem, then the folks at home are going to be the least able to help you. Here in Australia they may be 5,000 kms away from you! Any help is going to come from local authorities usually alerted by your PLB, SPOT messenger, VHF radio or satphone.

So I make the case that if you're on a big trip on the Australian coast, it may be better to say to the folks "Don't worry, I'll call you when I can," rather than "I'll contact you every day."

#### Sandy Robson

Sandy is in Victoria this weekend addressing a VSKC evening gathering. She'll be talking about her successful trip along the west coast of India. We know she'll have many more adventures before her retracing of the Oskar Speck Germany to Australia paddle is complete. Wow, that is one long paddle! Expect to hear a lot more from Sandy before she finishes that one. Google her up and see what else she's up to - she has an interesting website and keeps it well up to date.

#### Rolling

Here's a little tip you might find useful if you're currently learning to roll or seeking to improve your roll: We all know that for the standard layback roll, (probably the most-used roll) leaning way back with your head looking skywards at the finish can help ensure success and an easy feel-good roll. It really does work and for many paddlers with a "slightly off" technique the head-back can be the clincher. Speaking of feel-good in rolling, I always say that a well executed roll feels good and is almost effortless. "If you have to muscle-up...you've mucked it up" is one of my little sayings.

But back to my tip for this edition: throwing your head way back in shallow water or surf can expose your face to the bottom...and maybe a little gravel rash! If you don't want to do that, then try this: As you come up, turn your head sideways AND LOOK AT THE BOTTOM. If you do it correctly, your chin will be on

your shoulder and your face will be better protected. Give it a try - it does work to keep your head down.

#### Long Towlines

'Did some instructing and guiding recently for a club group weekend paddle along the coast south of Sydney. In preparation for the weekend the group made up some towlines similar to the ones I've taken over to a few KASK Forums. These lines are 15 metres long. I know, that seems like a bloody long tow line and it is. But there's a reason for that length...and that is if the towed boat has little control, then in certain conditions there is less likelihood of them surfing right up and over the towing paddler(s). I have seen that happen with shorter lines, and it's not pretty! Quite a few years ago the NSWSKC and the VSKC adopted the 15 metre length as their standard. To my knowledge there hasn't been a problem since.

So there we were a few weekends ago, paddling in large swells. We had cause to clip on a tow for a paddler on one of the days and one several occasions that towed paddler surfed almost up to the back of the towing boat - but importantly not over them!

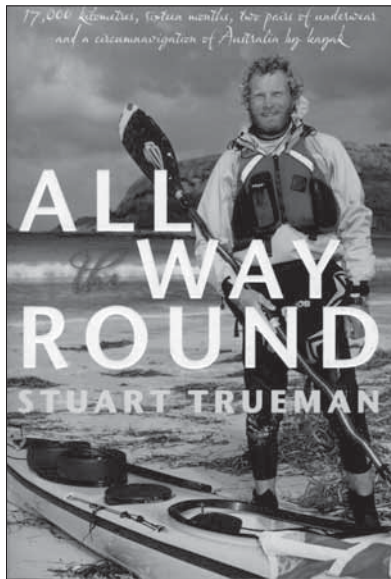
#### All the Way Round

You may remember that New South Welshman Stuart Trueman recently became the third person to circumnavigate the Australian mainland. Starting at Broome in northern WA, Stu took 16 months for the trip and like Paul Caffyn, followed the coast deep into the Gulf of Carpentaria. Just to be different (safer says Stu) he used a sail and his trip was totally unsupported.

Stu took it upon himself to write a book of his adventures, an undertaking he told me that was more daunting than the paddle itself! But, to his credit he's done it. And look, just between you and me, I'm totally chuffed because he used a *Nadgee Solo* kayak that I designed. He has some nice things to say about the boat too!

Stu's book is out this week. At 318 pages and titled *All the Way Round* it

## BOOK REVIEW



Cover of Stuart's new book about his trip around Australia.

looks like a great read. There are 16 pages of colour plates and the cover shows a beaming Stu with his kayak on a beach somewhere on the Aussie coast. What struck me immediately is that the book LOOKS bright. The colours seem to showcase the Aussie sun – maybe we could employ Stu to promote Aussie tourism in colder climes!

Stuart is a mate of mine – my friends and I know him well for his laid-back unassuming sense of humour. Look for a review of *All the Way Round* (not by me – too close to home) in the next edition of *NZ Sea Canoeist*.

Stu has had enough of home life and is setting off next month for a winter circumnavigation of Tasmania. Success in that endeavour will make him the first sea kayaker to circumnavigate the Continent of Australia - but he did use a bloody sail!

-----  
Fishpond has Stuart's book now available in New Zealand for \$38, including free delivery.

### **Title:** *A Coast to Coast of the South Island*

**Subtitle:** *by paddle, pedal and foot... the long way*

**Author:** Ginney Deavoll

**Published:** 2013

**Publisher:** Aries Publishing

**Website:** [www.ariespublishing.co.nz](http://www.ariespublishing.co.nz)

**Contents:** 184 pp, colour photos, maps, art throughout

**Cover:** softcover

**Size:** 210 x 264 mm, landscape format

**Price:** NZ\$ 49.95 (\$6.80 p&p)

**ISBN:** 978 0 473 24105 6

**Availability:** mail order from the publisher

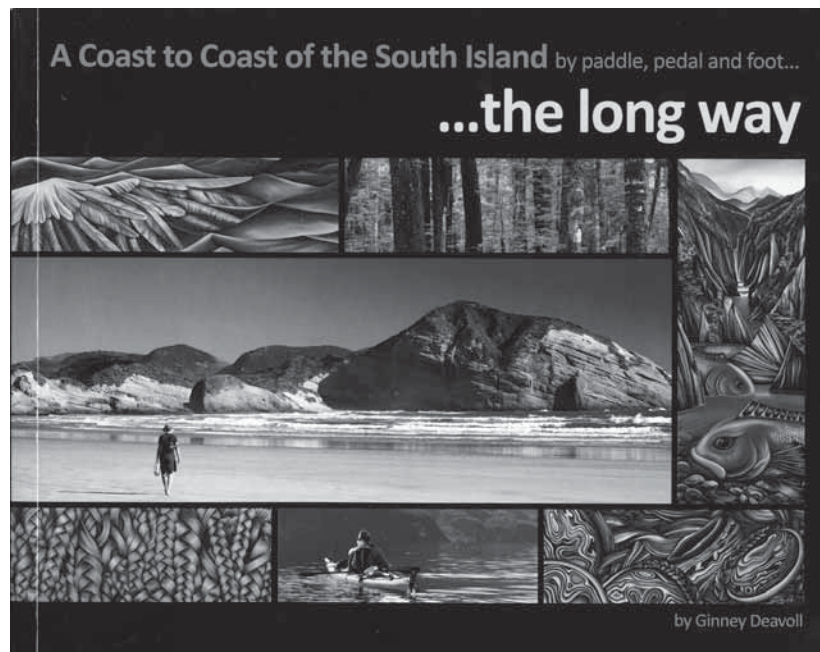
**Review:** Paul Caffyn

What a gem this book is. In the last newsletter I had a moan about how many recent paddling books have either no photos or just a slim black and white section with thumbnail pics. Then both Max Grant and Kerry-Jayne Wilson's beautifully illustrated books were published earlier this year (reviews in *NZSC* No.163). Now Ginney Deavoll's book on a South Island paddle, bike and tramp adventure, has been published with not only full colour photos throughout, but it also includes her visually stunning paintings of places she and Tyrell discovered during their journey.

In 2011, Ginney Deavoll and her partner Tyrell completed a Northland paddle, starting from Hahei in the Coromandel, up the east coast, out to Great Barrier Island then up the east coast of Northland to Houhora. They both had their NZOIA Sea Kayak Guide qualifications and in recent years have spent the winters guiding in the Whitsundays and summers in the Coromandel. They were keen to embark on another expedition after their Northland paddling trip, which for both of them had become a way of life, and afterwards led to a successful exhibition of Ginney's paintings of that trip.

Tyrell was milking cows in Canterbury and Ginney was finishing the Northland paintings when they decided another adventure was needed. Ginney sent off an application form to the Hillary Commission for funds for a trip from one end of the South Island to the other, paddling from Te Waewae Bay around the Fiordland Coast to Jackson Bay, biking up to Otira then tramping north to Cape Farewell. Although their trip was short-listed, they didn't get a grant but decided to do the trip anyway, setting off kayaking on 18 February and reaching the Craypot Inn at Jackson Bay on 11 April.

Ginney evocatively describes the roller coaster emotions involved with paddling the Fiordland coast,







*Tyrell and Ginney*

the relief of reaching a sheltered landing and the sheer terror of a big surf break-out. Her painting of 'Barn Bay' shows a monster wave about to break, which captures their attempt to break out through the 'killer waves' protecting Barn Bay.

During a brief lull in a regular line up of big sets, Tyrell and Ginney sprinted for open water:

'As we topped the first wave I was certain we could never make it in time over the second. Already I could see it curling over, the spray whipped off the lip. We veered right and paddled like Olympic athletes.'....

'We just made it. A few metres further in and it might have been a different story. Once I had topped the last wave I kept paddling out to sea about two kilometres at full speed and ate a packet of peanut M&Ms before I convinced myself I was safe.'

From Jackson Bay, Ginney and Tyrell push-biked up the West Coast then up to Otira, where they hefted big packs and completed the rest of the journey to Cape Farewell on foot.

Ginney's writing style is captivating, and flows nicely with a good mix of land and seascape descriptions, characters met on the way, the day to day launching and paddling routine, and stomach churning encounters with

big surf breakers, storms and a big great white shark. I like the way Ginney describes the balance and teamwork between her and Tyrell:

'Along with our technical skills and experience each of us have our own unique personality to bring along. Tyrell is the realist and also the target setter each day. He'll be on a mission to complete the challenge set for the day but will always notice the small things and have the time to stop and appreciate a stunning view, to remember the name of a tree or watch a bird going about its life.'

Tyrell is calm and quick thinking in a potentially dangerous situation. I think I'm the big picture person and the instigator; I start the ball rolling on these wild ideas and have complete belief in their success. I won't settle for mediocre or not trying. I pride myself on being solution focused and having a good dose of common sense. But I could never do it on my own and wouldn't want to. I find that the most rewarding part of these journeys is sharing the experience with great friends.'

The landscape format works really well with double columns of text, most pages with two photos and full-page width panoramic landscape pics. Side bar sections include background information on the fauna and flora, local history and the friends

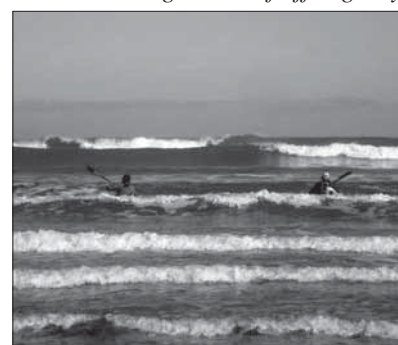
who helped with support crew roles.

For me it is the paintings that add another dimension to the book. Some are gorgeous sea or landscapes, which Ginney describes as 'sharing the significant moments' of the trip. The vibrancy of the paintings allows her to recapture the feel of sea spray in her face, the cold alpine air, taste the seafood dinner and hear the cascading rivers. Ginney notes: 'In between traveling and the outdoors I spend as much time as possible with brush in hand. My work has always reflected my passion of the outdoors, which is the main subject of my painting. I've dabbled in mural painting and watercolour but have found my niche in acrylics on canvas. I've found that I'm at my happiest and am most inspired when my world is split evenly between the outdoors and painting'.

As well as the detailed paintings of the flora, cabbage trees and carnivorous snails on the Heaphy Track, many paintings have a marvellous depth of field from the distant horizon to woven clumps of tussock on an alpine pass, or a shoal of kahawai inside a river mouth. One titled 'On a wing' has a close up albatross wing which feathers into the distance as a big blue peaking ocean swell. For more information about her artwork see: [www.ginneydeavoll.com](http://www.ginneydeavoll.com)

My minor quibble is with the sharpness of the colour photos. Apart from that, this corker book portrays that wonderful sense of wilderness adventure awaiting in the South Island. Ginney has described and illustrated that essence of adventure so evocatively.

*Ginney and Tyrell heading out through the surf off Big Bay*



# BOOK REVIEW

**Title:** *Discovering England*

**Subtitle:** *From One Inch Above The Thames*

**Author:** Jim Payne

**Published:** 2012

**Publisher:** Lytton Publishing Company USA

**Website:** [www.discovering-england.com](http://www.discovering-england.com)

**Contents:** 162 pp (no photos or maps)

**Cover:** softcover

**Size:** 148 x 208 mm, portrait format

**Price:** US \$9.38 and a Kindle edition available

**ISBN:** 978 0 915728 00 8

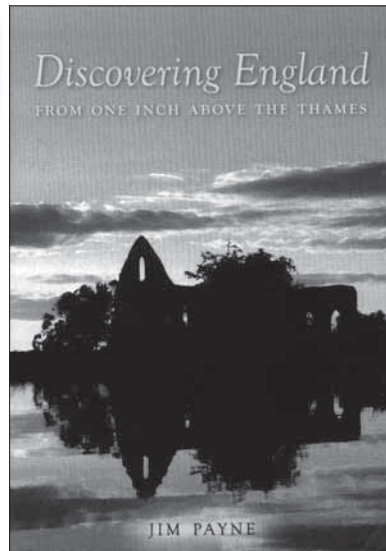
**Availability:** [www.amazon](http://www.amazon)

**Review:** Alan Byde

When it is necessary to take one's wife yet again to the doctor to acquire more pills, it is necessary to sit in the car and wait. I write this critique as a 'waiter', thanking Jim Payne, American, for his help in keeping me sane.

The Thames meanders from Cricklade to the Thames Barrier, tracing a time line through the history of England. On his way in a Klepper folding canoe, Jim examines people and places with a kindly eye and mind. Each night he seeks a B&B or lacking that, a piece of ground where he can spread a groundsheet and sleeping bag. Ledges under motorway bridges are not good, as the racket is incessant. Some mornings very early he wakes to find a questing dog nose to nose. Sleeping rough is usually a necessity forced on those on the streets of London in Cardboard City. Basic human needs in the early light require a tree to hide behind or to wedge one's back. Jim paddles on to find an inn or café where he buys a meal.

Where the Thames in Roman times was natural, now it runs between private banks and walls. Frequently Jim remarks on the difficulties he overcomes, 20 feet high stone walls, high tidal range, slippery stone steps worn by time and boots, locked gates at the top, so he climbs fences and walls as he enters London. Mostly he finds the natives friendly, but in



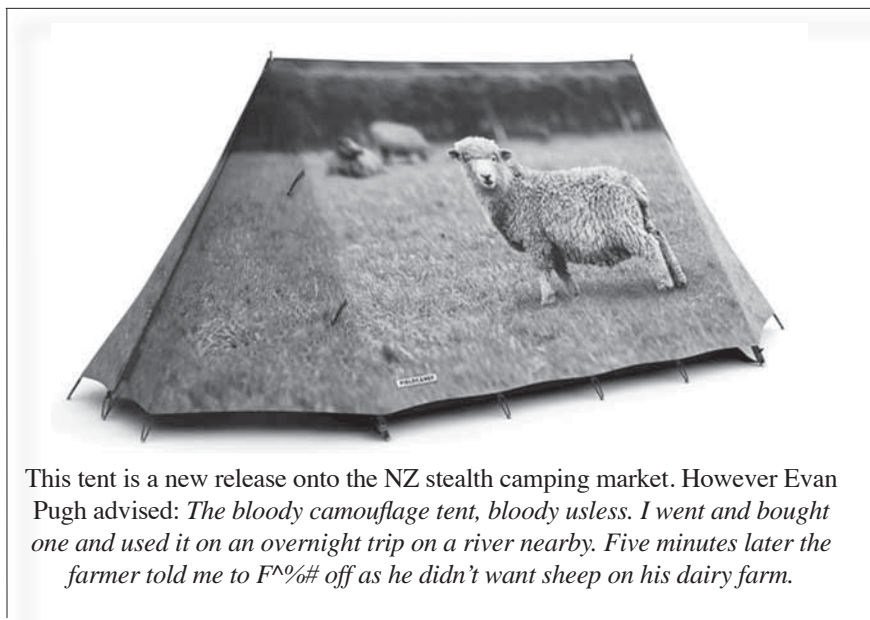
London they do not all speak English. Then he uses French, German, Arabic or sign language. His parents were deaf. It emerges that he is in his sixties, so climbing fences is an achievement. When he goes ashore, he tethers the Klepper with long lines to accommodate the tidal range from low to high water. Usually he finds a rowing club where he can leave the craft in safety. He also leaves it near an area notable for thievery, yet the Klepper is un plundered.

Jim's background is in religion. He has the ability to meet people and engage in conversations, which lead in serendipitous ways to interesting outcomes. He makes a detour on a branch canal to Guildford. Ashore he asks a woman for directions. She guides him to a place where welcoming people meet to talk. It is 'The

Boiler Room' Worldwide, anywhere will do, it is free from magnificent priests, pomp, gold, wealth, mysteries to capture the credit of the credulous. He leaves after an enlightening time and goes on in to London where in Trafalgar Square he asks for directions from a passing lady, one among thousands. She helps him and they go and have coffee nearby. It turns out she goes to Boiler Room meetings and she knows very well the people Jim met in Guildford.

Co-incidence? 'There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio, than are dreamt of in your philosophy.'

Eighty four years tell me that is abundantly true. This kindly book is not much about paddling - it is about the Wheel of Fate.



This tent is a new release onto the NZ stealth camping market. However Evan Pugh advised: *The bloody camouflage tent, bloody useless. I went and bought one and used it on an overnight trip on a river nearby. Five minutes later the farmer told me to F^%# off as he didn't want sheep on his dairy farm.*



## HUMOUR

### Banned from the Supermarket

Yesterday I was at my local supermarket buying a large bag of Pedigree Chum dog food for my loyal pet. I was in the checkout queue when a woman behind me asked if I had a dog.

What! Did she think I had an elephant? So, since I'm retired and have little to do, on impulse I told her that no, I didn't have a dog, I was starting the dog food 'Diet' again. I added that I probably shouldn't really, because I ended up in hospital last time, but that I'd lost 10 kilograms before I woke up in intensive care with tubes coming out of most of my orifices and IVs in both arms.

I told her that it was essentially a perfect diet, and that the way that it works, is to load your pockets with dog food nuggets and simply eat one or two every time you feel hungry. The food is nutritionally complete, so it works well and I was going to try it again. Horrified, she asked me if I ended up in intensive care because the dog food poisoned me. I told her no, I stepped off a curb to sniff an Irish Setter's arse and a car hit us both. I thought the guy behind her was going to have a heart attack he was laughing so hard. I'm now banned from my local supermarket.

### Desert Breakdown

A woman from New York was driving through a remote part of Arizona when her car broke down. An American Indian on horseback came along and offered her a ride to a nearby town. She climbed up behind him on the horse and they rode off. The ride was uneventful except that every few minutes the Indian would let out a 'Ye-e-e-h-a-a-a' so loud that it echoed from the surrounding hills and canyon walls.

When they arrived in town, he let her off at the local service station, yelled one final 'Ye-e-e-h-a-a-a!' and rode off. "What did you do to get that Indian so excited?" asked the service-station attendant. "Nothing," the woman answered. "I merely sat behind him on the

horse, put my arms around his waist, and held onto the saddle horn so I wouldn't fall off."

"Lady," the attendant said, "Indians don't use saddles."

### Old Habits

An old nun who was living in a convent next to a construction site noticed the coarse language of the workers and decided to spend some time with them to correct their ways. She decided she would take her lunch and sit with them, so she put her sandwich in a brown bag and walked over to the spot where the men were eating.

Sporting a big smile, she walked up to the group and asked, "Any of you men know Jesus Christ?"

They shook their heads and looked at each other, very confused.

Then, one of the workers looked up into the steelworks and yelled out, "Anybody up there know Jesus Christ?"

One of the steelworkers yelled back down, "Why?"

The worker yelled back,

"Cause his mom's here with his lunch."

### I No Come Work Today

Hung Chow calls into work and says, "Hey, I no come work today, I really sick. Got headache, stomach ache and legs hurt, I no come work." The boss says, "You know something, Hung Chow, I really need you today. When I feel like this, I go to my wife and tell her to give me sex. That makes everything better and I go to work. You try that."

Two hours later Hung Chow calls again. "I do what you say, and I feel great. I be at work soon. You got nice house."

### Computer Help Calls

Mujibar was trying to get a job in India. The Personnel Manager said, "Mujibar, you have passed all the spelling and grammar tests, except one. Unless you pass this one, you cannot qualify for this job."

Mujibar said, "I am ready."

The manager said, "Make a sentence using the words yellow, pink and green."

Mujibar thought for a few minutes and said, "Mister manager, I am ready."

The manager said, "Go ahead."

Mujibar said, "The telephone goes green, green, and I pink it up, and say, 'Yellow, this is Mujibar.'"

Mujibar now works as a technician at a call centre for computer internet problems.

### How to Break the Bad News

"Have you ever seen a \$20 note all crumpled up?" asked the wife.

"No," I said.

She gave me a sexy little smile, slowly reached into her cleavage and pulled out a crumpled \$20 note.

"Have you ever seen a \$50 note all crumpled up?" she asked.

"No," I said.

She gave me another sexy little smile, seductively reached into her knickers and pulled out a crumpled \$50 note.

"Now," she said, "have you ever seen \$40,000 dollars all crumpled up?"

"No," I said, intrigued.

"Well, go and take a quick look in the garage."

### Captain Hook

A seaman meets a pirate in a bar, and talk turns to their adventures on the sea. The seaman notes that the pirate has a peg-leg, a hook on one arm, and an eye patch. The seaman asks, "So, how did you end up with the peg-leg?"

The pirate replies, "We were in a storm at sea, and I was swept overboard into a school of sharks. Just as my men were pulling me out, a shark bit my leg off."

"Wow!" said the seaman. "What about your hook?"

"Well", replied the pirate, "We were boarding an enemy ship and were battling the other sailors with swords. One of the enemy cut my hand off with a cutlass."

"Incredible!" remarked the seaman.

"But how did you get the eye patch?" "I was looking up at the rigging and a seagull poop fell into my eye," replied the pirate.

"You lost your eye to a seagull poop?" the sailor asked incredulously.

"Well," said the pirate, "It was my first day with my new hook."

## 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:

**Paul Caffyn,  
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**

#### **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**  
PO Box 46-146, Herne Bay, Auckland  
email: kayak@hkg.org.nz  
www.hkg.org.nz

#### **WAIKATO KASK Contact**

Evan Pugh, RD2, Putaruru 3482  
email: sheepskinsnstuff@xtra.co.nz  
Ph: 07 883 6898  
www.sportsground.co.nz/bayseakayak

#### **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@farmside.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

### **WELLINGTON Sea Kayak Network**

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

### **SOUTH ISLAND**

#### **MARLBOROUGH**

Martyn Smith  
Ph: 03 577 6256  
email: 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/canterburyseakayak

#### **OTAGO**

Josh Sullivan  
Ph: 027 362 2122  
email: Paddlingmountains@gmail.com

#### **SOUTHLAND Sea Kayak Network**

Stan Mulvany  
03 215 7263  
email: eiger@xtra.co.nz  
www.sskn.uniformnz.com

#### **SKOANZ**


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

#### **YAKITY YAK CLUBS**

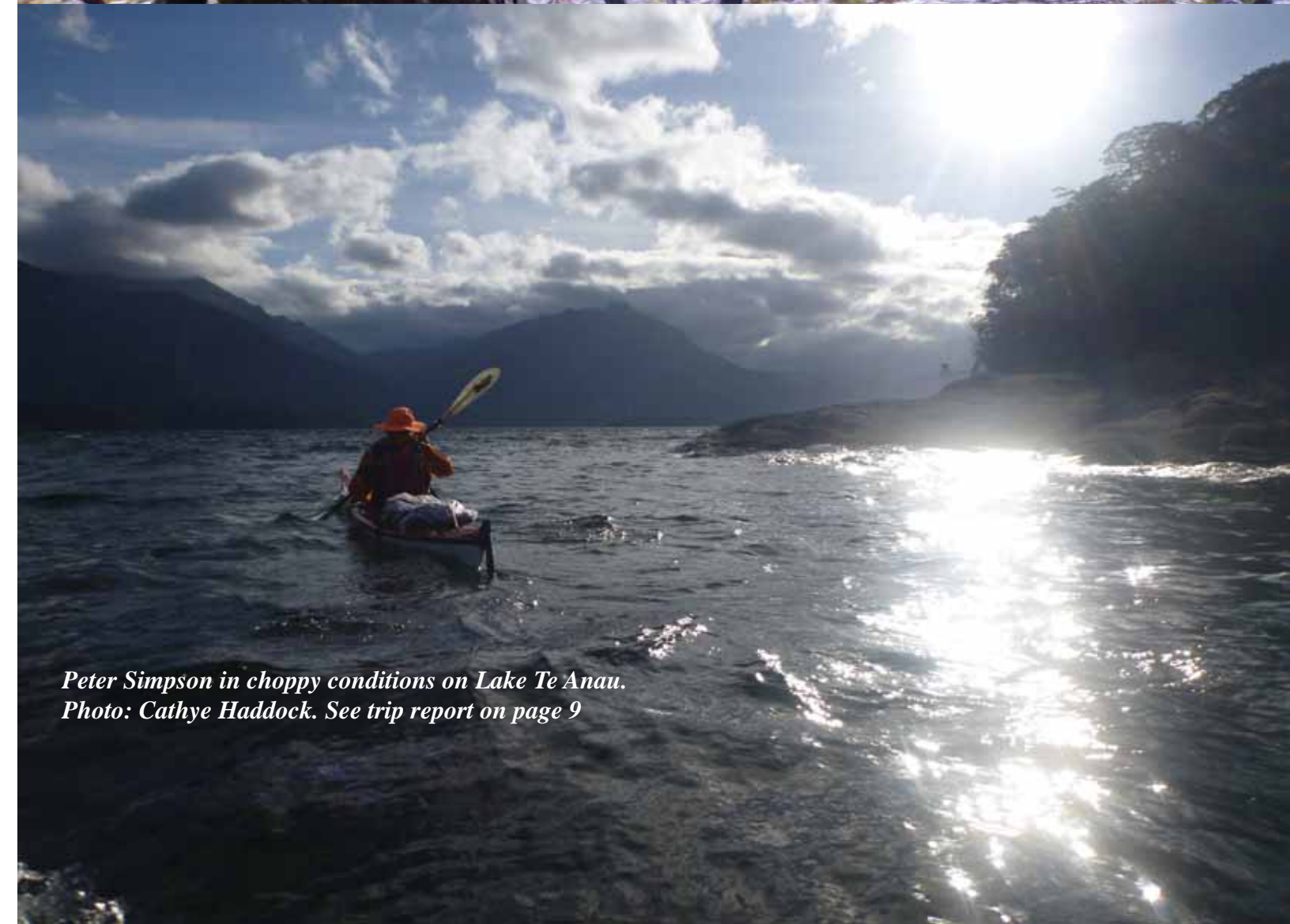
www.canoeandkayak.co.nz  
or freephone: 0508 KAYAKNZ  
0508 529 2569

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



A person is crossing a narrow wire bridge over a river. The bridge is made of metal cables and has a yellow warning sign on the right side. The river is surrounded by lush green trees and a rocky bank. The person is wearing a blue shirt and dark pants.

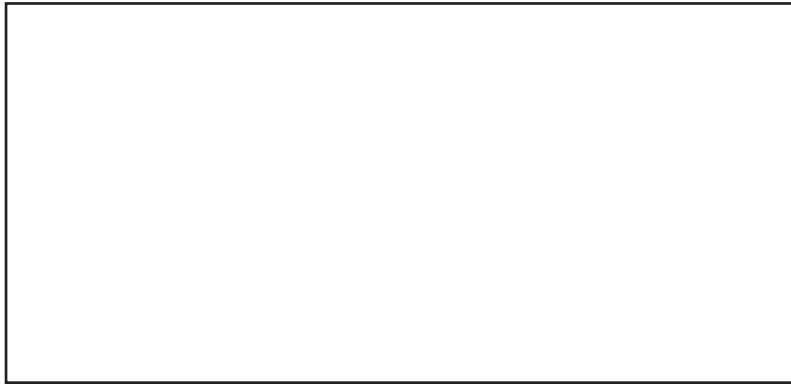
*Cathye Haddock on a  
three wire bridge over  
the Wapiti River  
Photo: Peter Simpson  
See p.9 for the story*

A person is kayaking on a lake. The person is wearing a red hat and a dark jacket. The water is choppy and the sky is cloudy. The sun is shining brightly, creating a large reflection on the water. The background shows a forested hillside and mountains.

*Peter Simpson in choppy conditions on Lake Te Anau.  
Photo: Cathye Haddock. See trip report on page 9*



MAILED TO



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



*Tyrell landing a blue cod in Fiordland. See book review on page 18. Photo: Ginney Deavoll*

### **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
- the KASK memberships 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

