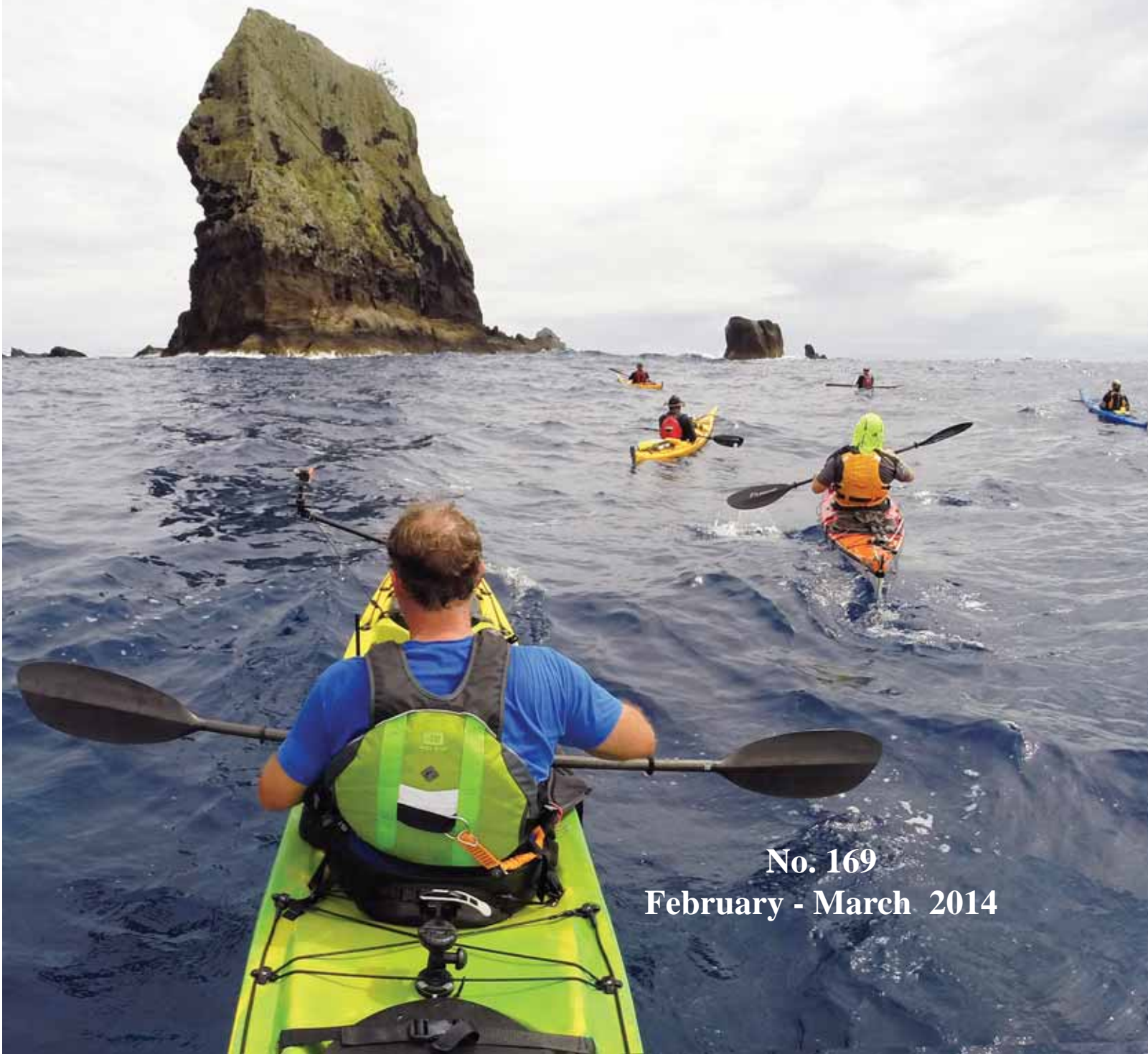


NEW ZEALAND SEA CANOEIST

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



**No. 169
February - March 2014**

Doug Aitken trying out a Skua in the surf off Okains Bay at the annual Canterbury Sea Kayak Network training weekend. See reports on pages 5 - 6. Photo: Allan Craig



Tara Mulvany rounding Cape Reinga, at the top end of the North Island on 4 February 2014 - very relieved to be finally to be clear of the West Coast surf. The Cape Reinga lighthouse, is just visible on top of the headland



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Thanks to all the contributors	
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Deadline for next newsletter:	
25 May 2014	

EDITORIAL**KASK 2014 Forum**

All is set for the forum - the program is already out and sent via email to those registered. The line up of session presenters and instructors is most impressive. At the AGM on the Saturday night, it looks like we should have a seven strong KASK committee for the next 12 months with five paddlers willing to stay on and two new committee members to be elected. The AGM reports for finance and admin from Karen Grant, webmaster report from Sandy Ferguson, a presidential report from Ian McKenzie and Publication/Safety will be compiled into a single file and emailed to all KASK members prior to the AGM at Anakiwa on 5 April.

The KASK Handbook

When we have to tell kayak shops and new members that the handbook is out of print, surely that is the mark of a successful desktop publishing venture. And now with back orders of 50+, the pressure is on to publish the 2014 5th edition. My thanks to those chapter contributors who have met the end of March deadline for updated or newly written material, Kerry Howe, Iona Bailey, Cathye Haddock, Peter Simpson Max Grant and Michael Winch. After the Anakiwa forum, licking the 5th edition into shape for printing will be my next big mission.

Tara Mulvany

www.tarasjourneys.com

As of 30 March, Tara had reached Napier in Hawke Bay. She now has her sights firmly set on paddling back into Makara Beach, where she will become the first woman to paddle around the North Island. Not only is she paddling solo and unsupported, Tara is only 25. What I admire about this slip of a girl is that she is not out to race around the North Island and set some sort of time record (like Freya racing around Australia), her

kayak is not covered with sponsorship decals, and her website does not have pleas for donations to make the trip happen. Away from the traumatic surf landings of the North Island's west coast, Tara is enjoying tiki-touring down the east coast, enjoying immensely the magic scenery of Northland and also the interaction with the local residents she meets.

Tara's email after she reached Matai Bay shows the relief she felt after rounding the three big, bold northern capes, Maria van Diemen, Reinga and North:

Thanks for the tides/capes info, although didn't have any reception until yesterday! Capes both good, aimed for high tide at Reinga so was pushing tide at Maria van Diemen, but was OK. Snuck in close at Reinga and had no issues. Landed and walked up to play tourist at the lighthouse. Bumped into Jamie and Cynthia at the bluff, was random, then again randomly at lighthouse, unfortunately they missed me paddling round the cape! That would have been cool to get a picture. Will meet them again sometime in the next week or so, they really are cool people!

The West Coast of the North Island is officially the most full on and wild piece of coast I have ever paddled, and I think hasn't seen many paddlers for a reason. In my opinion, much harder than any part of the South Island's West Coast.

The east coast is like dream come true. Think I have found cruise mode, heading for the Cavilli Islands tomorrow, then Bay of Islands for a restock and wash before more cruising. Got some friends going to be in Whangarei on the 19th so I said I'd be there for my birthday on the 20th to celebrate! So better slow down!

Tara's arrival at Makara could be inside 10 days, but so much now de-

COVER

The calm before the Kermadec storm: Six 'paddlers off Sunday Island' head towards the northern most rock of New Zealand. This was the last day of perfect paddling around Raoul Island before the storm. The paddlers (from the front) – Tim Muhundan, Guy Folster, Nadia Lehmann, Guy Stevens, Russell Miller and Ashley Allen.

Photo: Ashley Allen

depends on the weather as we are now well into Autumn. As Tara's car is parked up at Anakiwa, I feel certain that weather permitting, Tara will complete her North Island circumnavigation with a second crossing of Cook Strait.

RECENT PADDLECRAFT RESCUES

Lake Rotorua - 24 March 2014

Two Australian tourists were rescued from Lake Rotorua tonight after a kayaking trip to Mokoia Island was hit by high winds. The pair, aged in their early 20s, had paddled to the island in kayaks rented from Mana Adventures on the Lakefront. They were returning to shore when their boat took on water and sank.

Rotorua police Detective Sergeant John Wilson said they were in the water for about two hours before they were rescued and brought to shore around 6 pm.

"Lake Rotorua can be quite treacherous, especially when there's a strong southerly," he said. "The lake's not to be underestimated. By the time the coastguard was activated Kawarau Jet had already gone to look for them and effected the rescue, which we want to give them credit for. We have a happy ending."

Mana Adventures owner, Donna Solomon, said Kawarau Jet, their neighbours at the Lakefront, were their stand-by rescuers in case anyone was late returning. She said she asked them to search for the pair when they weren't back by their due time of 4 pm.

Kawarau Jet skipper Nick Kelly said it took at least an hour of searching before they found the pair. "It was

pretty tricky to be honest with low light and it was reasonably choppy," he said. "We drove around for an hour before we first spotted them. They both had a paddle and that's what we saw. They were pretty knackered and miles away from anywhere. Rotorua can change really quickly, it doesn't take much."

The type of craft used is still not clear. Long time Rotorua paddler John Fleming spoke to the jet boat driver, who said, "It was an open type canoe, like they had in the old days." He couldn't confirm if it was a Canadian type canoe or an old large cockpit kayak. "The lake was over a metre (high chop) and they were trying to get back from Mokoia Island, and were crashing into waves, until the craft filled with water and sank." Obviously little or no floatation for that to occur. John did write: 'They both had lifejackets.'

If the two blokes were in the water for two hours, it would appear that Mana Adventure canoe and kayak freedom hire does not include any forms of emergency communication with which to call up a rescue, ie like flares for instance.

The company website noted: Prior to conducting any Kayak Freedom Hire activities all customers will undergo a safety brief and assessment to ensure the customer fully understands what to do in the case of an emergency and can confidently use all issued kayak equipment in a competent manner. Customers will also be required to read the Mana Adventures Kayak Indemnity Form and to sign the form once they understand the associated risks involved with Kayaking.'

Wellington School Group Rescue 25 March 2014

Seven school pupils have been rescued in Wellington Harbour after they got into a spot of trouble while out kayaking. The teenagers were part of a group of 15 pupils and two teachers from Horowhenua College. Maritime police say they got into a spot of trouble while trying to kayak back from Matiu/Somes Island to Petone.

The Levin teens, aged 15 and 16, had set out in fine conditions this morning but the weather turned as they tried to head back. A teacher called for help using a VHS radio about 12.20 pm and maritime police found them just before 1 pm. They were stuck just north of the island due to the 25 knot (46 kmh) headwind, Senior Sergeant Dave Houston said. "The weather in the harbour was marginal and the group has got out of their depth in terms of skill and experience."

Some managed to kayak back to shore in the single and double kayaks on their own. However seven tired pupils had to be taken aboard the maritime police vessel *Lady Elizabeth IV*, assisted by the Dominion Post Cobar Cat ferry, Houston said. No-one was injured. "They were obviously a bit cold and shaken but were happy to see us."

The instructors did everything right - keeping the teen kayakers, who were wearing life jackets, in close formation, and carrying emergency gear including flares and a radio. "They have done the right thing by raising the alarm as soon as things looked uncertain and we've been able to locate them quickly."

Horowhenua College deputy principal Sharon Moerkerk said the group of year 12 pupils were learning kayaking skills as part of their outdoor education and the wind and currents had proven too strong for some. "They will have learned a lot of things today," she said. "We are pleased they are safe and they did exactly what they needed to do." Police advised Maritime New Zealand of the incident.

KASK Committee 2012 - 2013

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Above: Owen Shrimpton surfacing after a successful roll in the Okains Bay surf.

TRAINING

The Annual Canterbury Sea Kayakers Okains Bay Network Training Weekend 2014

by Fiona Fraser

Since our Okains stalwart, Sandy, was going to be absent for this years Canterbury Sea Kayakers Okains Bay forum Ian McKenzie stepped into breach and rounded a few of us up to put together a bit of a plan for the weekend. Already this was a big departure from the 'turn up on the weekend and wing it' format so I shouldn't have been surprised to see that Ian had done up a program with a schedule on it for everyone to follow. We were also told to keep an eye out for a Saturday night speaker. Max Grant looked a sitter for that role, but he got off the hook as a much more obscure choice was unearthed.

The weather gods were with us for the weekend, although the surf bunnies would disagree. The surf was just the right size to challenge the beginners though, and that was what this weekend was all about. It was a pretty full program for our 53 attendees, but the sessions were run

Ian McKenzie working through the weekend program, at Okains Bay



morning and afternoon on Saturday and repeated on Sunday morning, so most got to do what they wanted at some stage over the weekend. On offer was: first aid training, rescue practice, on-water balance exercises, forward paddle technique, surf, rolling for people who were 80% there, bracing techniques, introductory kayaking and ad hoc other stuff as the occasion presented. All sessions were well attended. The attendees turned up full of enthusiasm and were really putting their best foot forward to try new things and really get into it. Feedback was very positive from people I spoke to during the weekend, both trainers and trainees. One women I spoke with said the First Aid session was the best she had ever attended. The schedule was mostly adhered to - sort of.

One issue I had, while taking a lesson, was getting upstaged by a group of dolphins. It is very difficult to get people to concentrate on the task at hand when you have a group of dolphins rounding up dinner right next to you.

The Sunday morning sessions were well attended, which was a bit of a surprise - normally people were starting to head off home after a leisurely start. This year we had people determined to get the absolute maximum out of the weekend, which was fantastic. That sort of

enthusiasm really makes doing the training weekend's worthwhile.

Back to our Saturday night speaker – someone unearthed John Lockwood from Pygmy kayaks who just happened to be spending the night at Okains Bay. Given the fact he had no notice, he was very accommodating and gave a very interesting talk about his kitset wooden kayak business in the States (www.pygmyboats.com). So, Max Grant got off the hook but it turns out that Max had met John years ago when Max did a tour of his factory. What a small world we live in.

Well done everyone who attended the Okains Bay meet this year, see you all again next year.

Max Grant at Okains Bay with his South Island book.





'Look Mum. No hands!' Owen Shrimpton at home in the Okains Bay surf

Okains Bay Training Weekend by Allan Craig

It is with much pleasure to report on what I would describe as a thoroughly enjoyable weekend at Okains Bay on Banks Peninsula.

To paraphrase John Kirk-Anderson (one of the instructors) - 'Don't get too frustrated if you don't get it dead right straight away, you probably will upon reflection.' This was a general reference he made about the learning habits of adults while taking a class in which we were about to wet exit, in a recovery session. I couldn't help but smirk with an apprehensive chuckle when I heard that. It is to the credit of John, along with all the other instructors of the weekend's events who gave their time to share their skills and knowledge with the professionalism displayed, that made for a thoroughly enjoyable experience, enabling the knowledge of and skills gained to be taken away by us to further reflect upon and develop. Well done guys.

A number of us arrived on the Friday night, ready for a fresh start the next day. There was a good turn out with

what I believed to be around 50 to 60 people; quite a few of those were first timers to a CSKN event. Ian McKenzie briefed us on what had been planned, a series of workshops over the following two days which had something for everyone from introducing inexperienced paddlers to essential skills such as self and assisted recoveries, bracing, paddle strokes just to name a few and refining the skills of more experienced paddlers such as rolling and getting the most out of surfing.

The weather over both days was excellent. A few of the more experienced members, hoping for bigger surf, may have been a little disappointed with the lack of. On the other hand I suspect this may have been to the relief of a few new members - however after gaining some knowledge and confidence everyone, judging by the smiles, appeared to be enjoying themselves as surf conditions continued to improve. On Sunday, conditions were a little more exciting and a lot of people played in the surf. Something that made us laugh was watching Owen Shrimpton decide his paddle was an unnecessary accessory when

throwing it away over his head while in the surf. Funny to watch (see photo above).

Saturday evening concluded with a debrief of the day's activities, followed by Max Grant of Q Kayaks and John Lockwood of Pygmy boats who was holidaying from the USA. These two gentlemen provided us with an insight into their background and were a joy to listen to and was an excellent way to wind up the day. The two had actually met years earlier when Max went through a tour of his factory - it was quite a coincidence that John knew nothing of the weekend event, as he was on holiday and when passing through the area, spotted all the kayakers and decided to call in.

Sunday was wrapped up around lunchtime and provided a final opportunity to attend one or two workshops before we departed. A few of us had paddled out around the point in the morning, encountering a small pod of Hector's dolphins and the occasional basking seal. The views from the point were quite spectacular although we didn't venture too far, due to growing sea conditions. For anyone that has not been there before, it is a good size bay, very popular with holiday makers, with the camping ground right on the beach, a tidal lagoon at the north side, and a very relaxing place to visit. A weekend well worth the effort and highly recommended to all.



*One of the
instruction sessions
on the sandy beach
at Okains Bay*

All photos on pages 5 and 6: Allan Craig

NEW ZEALAND TRIP REPORTS

Along the Fiordland Coast

by Colin Quilter

all photos and figures by Colin Quilter

Each year, in February, I drive to some part of the NZ coast, load three week's food into my kayak, and have a holiday. Not an expedition, but a holiday. I expect to enjoy the camping and walking during these trips as much as the paddling. So last year, when I told friends that my destination in February 2014 would be the outer coast of Fiordland, they were sceptical. "Enjoy it?" they asked. "Think wind and rain. Think big swells and rough seas. Sandflies. Wet ground and bad campsites. Stony beaches and hard landings."

I had to admit, they had a point. Would it be possible to enjoy a holiday under such conditions? Or would the trip become, instead, a struggle to reach whatever place was chosen to be the finish-line, a journey in which pleasure came not during the trip but afterwards, in retrospect?

In order to find out I packed the car in Auckland and drove south for 3½ days. The only place in Fiordland

where you can drive to the water's edge is at Deepwater Basin, at the head of Milford Sound. I parked my car there, slid my kayak into the water, and headed for the open sea. Just inside the entrance to Milford Sound is Anita Bay, where I expected to camp and wait until the weather allowed me to head south along the open coast. But once at Anita Bay, the view outside was so tranquil that I landed just for a hasty lunch, then paddled out to sea and turned left.

The first indentation in the coast south of Milford Sound is Transit Beach, and I was curious about it. In preparing for this trip I had spent hours at home on the computer, traversing slowly along the Fiordland coast using the satellite images provided by Google Earth. I had zoomed in on every indentation along the coast, large or small, trying to judge from the image whether an easy landing might be possible there. Then I had marked my paper map of Fiordland accordingly. After studying the satellite image I had written alongside Transit Beach, 'Surf beach. But landing might be possible inside a small reef at the northern end.' Sure enough, when I approached Transit Beach in the

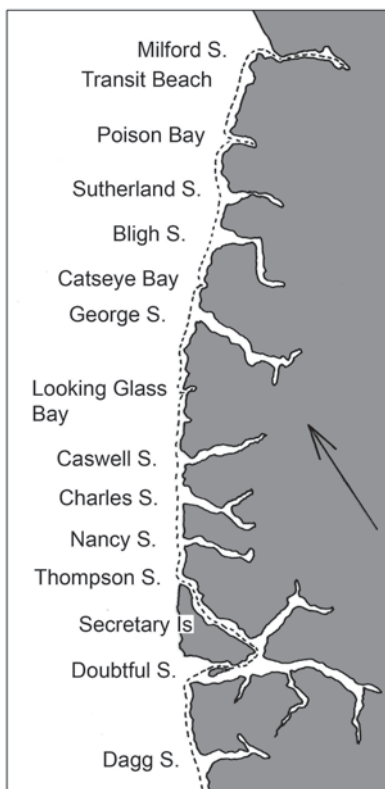
early afternoon, there was indeed a fast-moving rip which had created a channel tucked inside a small rocky promontory at the northern end. It was invisible from seaward, and I would not have guessed its presence without the satellite information. I landed easily to take photos, but timed my exit badly and got wet. No matter.

Later that afternoon I reached Poison Bay. After paddling through the river mouth at the southern end of the beach I entered a sheltered lagoon, and found an excellent mossy campsite on the riverbank. Windy weather kept me there for two days, but with a big fly erected above my tent I could leave the vestibule of the tent open, and cook under cover.

Even for someone used to them, the sandflies were a shock. Poison Bay is unusually bad for them. Outside the tent I covered up with clothing: socks and sandals, polyprop long-johns with shorts over them. Long-sleeved polyprop singlet with a polo neck. Lightweight polyprop balaclava and gloves. Thus the only uncovered skin was a circle of face, which I sprayed about once an hour with insect repellent. I used a

Colin's tent and fly set up at Poison Bay.

Windy weather kept him off the water here for two days.



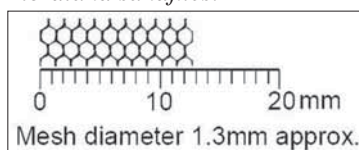


A seething mass of sandflies on Colin's coffee mag, at Poison Bay

heavy-duty repellent containing Picaridin, (a recent *Consumer* test found repellents based on 'natural' ingredients to be ineffective). I took a head-net but found it of little use; you cannot eat or drink through it, and the 20 sandflies which got caught inside, when I placed it over my head, made the most of their opportunity.

Inside the tent was less satisfactory. To my dismay, I found that the insect screen in the door of my tent was of slightly too coarse a mesh. My tent leaked sandflies the way a boat leaks water. Of the thousands swarming outside, about five per minute were able to force their way through the mesh. That's 300 per hour. Over two days in Poison Bay thousands of sandflies got in. What saved me was that at home I had soaked the fabric of the inner tent in a solution of Permethrin, which is a contact insecticide. Every sandfly which entered my tent, died in about 20 minutes. Over time a carpet of little black bodies accumulated on the floor. There were drifts, even small dunes of sandfly corpses. I lay on them and among them; they found their way into every part of my food, clothing and gear. Sigh.

A photograph of the mesh from Colin's tent door, with a millimeter scale beneath. Colin reckons that a mesh diameter of, say, 1.0mm would be effective in keeping out all Fiordland sandflies.



During walks along the beach at Poison Bay, Colin met a rotund Fiordland Crested Penguin

On the next calm day I made 50 kms southward along the coast. My lunch-stop after passing Sutherland and Bligh sounds was at Catseye Bay. There is a wonderful sweep of white sand here, and the river leads back into a broad, open valley. I was tempted to stop for longer but it seemed reckless to waste good weather, so I carried on to Looking Glass Bay, which was a disappointment. Waves broke onto a beach which was all stones or boulders except for a narrow strip of sand at the northern end (and that exposed only at low tide). In the dense scrub behind the beach, the tiny piece of flat ground which I eventually found to sleep on would have become a swamp if it had rained.

Another calm day took me south past Caswell, Charles and Nancy sounds. However the day came with a sting in its tail, an event which banished my complacent attitude to paddling in Fiordland. Around 1 pm, 40 kms since breakfast and on a glassy sea, I noticed clouds beginning to form in a distinctive layer about half-way up the seaward face of the coastal mountains. I thought they improved the grandeur of the coast and was unconcerned when, minutes later, a breeze arrived from seaward. Quickly it strengthened, and soon I was struggling to gain the entrance to Thompson Sound against 25 knots of wind and short, sharp waves. I knew the wind must be a sea breeze,

but I was shocked at its intensity, and the speed with which it had arrived. A tough half-hour later, I turned the corner into Thompson Sound, which brought the wind around to my back, and found an easy landing on a beautiful white-sand beach at the mouth of the Pandora River. From the beach, Thompson Sound showed an army of white-caps marching southwards. It was a sobering sight. (See colour photo on p.23)

On reflection, I am sure that this wind – to call it a sea 'breeze' is a complete misnomer - occurs when, on fine mornings, the bare rock of the Fiordland mountains heats up rapidly in the sun. That heat is transferred to the air above, and (through a mechanism that most people understand) an intense sea breeze is generated. I suppose that the layer of coastal cloud (which I came to fear) forms when moist air begins to move in from the ocean and rises as it hits the coastal mountains. It expands and cools, and the water vapour condenses to form clouds. Not surprisingly, I found that on rainy or overcast days the sea breeze did not appear, and then I sometimes had calm conditions all day. I expect that on fine days in winter, when the feeble sun is too weak to warm the land, the sea breeze will also be absent; perhaps this accounts for the often-repeated assertion that winter is the best season for fine, calm weather in Fiordland.



After two hours of climbing on a marked route from behind 'The Gut' hut, Colin reached the open tops, and this magnificent view westwards, over Bauza Island in the middle distance, to the entrance of Doubtful Sound.

There is a DoC hut in Thompson Sound, at Deas Cove. I was tired, and would have stayed there, but found it in a squalid mess. Six sleeping bags, gear strewn about, blackened sausages congealed in a dirty frying pan, cartons of beer and ammunition. No names in the hut book. I formed my own conclusions, paddled south and found a tiny campsite a few kilometres further on. Next day, with a windy forecast, I reached another DoC hut, much older and less often used, at 'The Gut' on the south side of Secretary Island. I felt like a rest. The hut was buried in forest, with a gloomy and abandoned feeling to it; but tidy, dry and empty. It was a sanctuary, and I loved it. And did I mention - no sandflies!

From the beach near the hut, a marked route leads steeply up a spur to the north, towards Mt Grono. After two hours of scrambling next morning, I reached the bushline, and beyond that a minor summit at about 1,000 m elevation where wonderful views opened out. To the west, in the mouth of Doubtful Sound, was Bauza Island, named after an officer in the expedition of Alessandro Malaspina (the Spaniards were the first Europeans to enter Doubtful Sound, just 23 years after Cook had named it). To the east I could see

nearly all the way to Deep Cove, and to the north, Thompson Sound. In the distance, on three sides, the bare Fiordland mountain tops receded, rank after rank, to the horizon. It was a view, and a day, to make the spirits soar. My wanderings across the open tops were limited because I had foolishly brought little food and water, and by spear-grass which easily penetrated socks and sandals: but by the time I returned to my hut in the afternoon, I was thoroughly contented.

From a window in 'The Gut' hut, Colin could see Doubtful Sound through a gap in the trees



The forecast now indicated a calm day on the outer coast, then freshening north-westerlies ahead of a front. My weather forecasts came via a single-sideband radio rented from the Canterbury Mountain Radio Service. At 8.30 am and 7.30 pm, the base station operators read out regional and mountain forecasts for the South Island, and for my benefit, the marine forecast for Sea Area Milford or Puysegur. They then took calls from those of us out 'in the field', (all tramping parties except for me) in which we gave our location and intentions. This service, operated mostly by unpaid volunteers, has to be the best value \$55 per week can buy.

Colin's hired Mountain Radio set

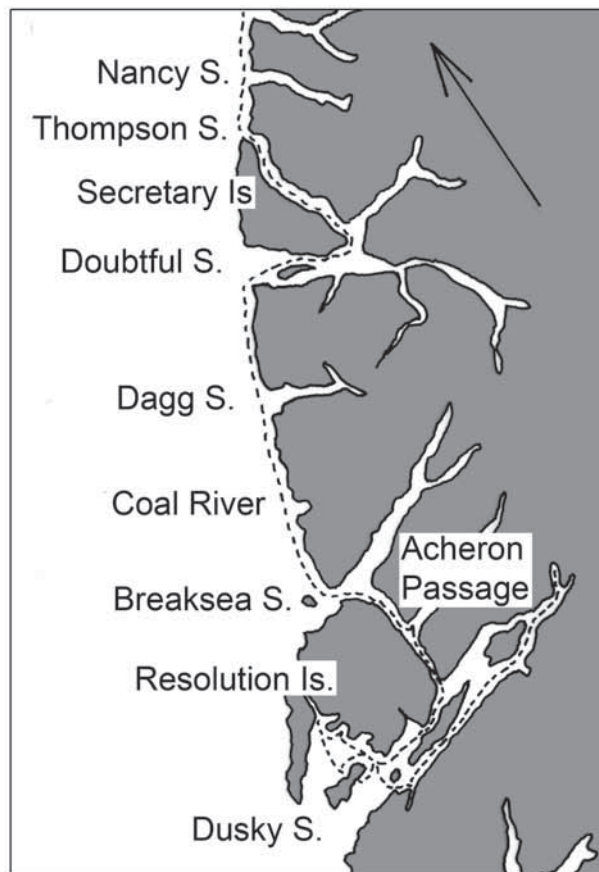


I was afloat by torchlight next morning, knowing that a sea breeze would likely force me off the water by lunchtime. Past Dagg Sound and the Coal River, an albatross soaring in at intervals to give me a curious look. Then, after 45 kms, approaching Breaksea Island, clouds began to form against the coastal hills. I knew what that signalled.

When the wind came from the north-west, anxious to get ashore, I hoisted my sail and we flew southwards into Breaksea Sound (see photo below). On the south side of the sound, the Acheron Passage offers an inside route to Dusky Sound. There was the mouth of the passage ahead - long surfing runs now, the sail now reefed but pulling hard enough to drive us up the back of the wave in front, through the crest, and helter-skelter down the next face. I didn't like it, only just in control, but the faster we went the sooner we would get there.

Half-way down Acheron Passage, Wet Jacket Arm opened up on the left, not sure how to quit the sail in this weight of wind but down it came, and minutes later we entered Muscle Cove at the mouth of Wet Jacket Arm, into still water. In the distance the southern part of the Acheron Passage was white. Just in time! My knees were shaking.

Colin on the outside Fiordland coast, nearing the entrance to Breaksea Sound (left background). The layer of cloud over Breaksea Island was the indicator for Colin that the wind was about to lift. Which it did! He flew south into Acheron Passage but eventually had to drop the sail due to the strength of the wind.



There was an excellent campsite in the bush behind the beach. In the evening the sea breeze died away (of course) and next morning I used the slowly-building north-westerly of the incoming Low to sail through to Dusky Sound. So that was the Acheron Passage done in a total of about two hours!

Although, on a map, the passage looks like a sheltered route linking Breaksea and Dusky Sounds, north-westerly winds are funnelled along it and in the past other paddlers heading northwards have had a bitter struggle to get through against strong headwinds.

I spent the next six days 'sightseeing' in the outer part of Dusky Sound,

A Robin was interested in Colin's sandflies, and he wished she would eat more of them





North of Anchor Island in Dusky Sound, Colin landed on Pigeon Island where Richard Henry lived from 1894 to 1900. When it became apparent that Kakapo and Kiwi in mainland Fiordland were falling prey to stoats, Henry was paid a salary to trap and transfer the birds to Resolution Island. His work came to an end in 1900 when a stoat was observed on Resolution Island. Henry's cottage was on the crest of the promontory at the far end of the bay.



The remnants of Richard Henry's punga log enclosures on Pigeon Island, where captured Kakapo were penned before being transferred to Resolution Island, are still clearly visible after 120 years.

camped first at Earshell Cove on the western side of Resolution Island, and later at Cascade Cove to the south. The weather was mostly

overcast and sometimes wet, which I enjoyed because it removed the threat of sea breezes. I visited most of the historic locations which Charles and Neil Begg have described so well in their book *Dusky Bay: in the steps of Captain Cook*, (Whitcombe & Tombs, 1966).

As others have done, I stood silently in the forest on Astronomer's Point and looked with astonishment at the moss-covered stumps of trees cut down by Captain Cook's men in 1773. How could dead timber have lasted for 241 years? This is an eerie place, where time seems to hang in the air like a mist.

Once my sight-seeing instincts were satisfied, I had five day's food left. Another Low was coming, predicted to bring northerlies of up to 65 knots and a 4-metre swell on the outside coast. To be honest, I was relieved, because I had been wondering whether I could make an attempt to get south to Chalky and Preservation Inlet. This forecast removed any doubt about what I should do. Sit tight!

By evening the gale was roaring in the trees and williwaws were tearing spray like smoke from the surface of Cascade Cove. My tent fly had to come down or it would have been destroyed by the wind, and my poor little boat was blown over on the beach despite being heavy with gear, and being pulled partly into the trees. From the west came a low-frequency rumble, a sound so deep that it was felt more than heard. I realised it was the roar of breakers on the open coast several kilometres away. No place for a 64 year-old guy in old plywood kayak!

One day of south-westerlies was predicted after the front had passed (before the wind turned northerly ahead of yet another one) and I put the wind to good use. With the sail pulling hard, I ran 30 kms east to the sheltered waters of Supper Cove, at the head of Dusky Sound. By lunchtime I was installed in luxury at the DoC hut there; by afternoon I had arranged (by satellite phone)

Colin after arriving at Supper Cove at the head of Dusky Sound. Photo by a passing tramper.





Colin made a fast trip to Supper Cove, sailing about half the distance, arriving in time for lunch. The DoC hut is well sited, just above a small stony beach. Trampers arrive via the Dusky Track, kayakers by sea; all depart the same way, or by helicopter. There is no alternative.

a helicopter to lift me out; and next day I found myself sitting with a meat pie and real coffee in main-street Te Anau! It all felt a bit surreal.

It remains only for me to answer the question I posed at the beginning of this story: is the goal of a paddling holiday along the Fiordland coast achievable, or does a trip in hard country like this become, inevitably, an expedition? I would like to claim (as I have done for many previous trips) that every day was enjoyable, but I cannot.

I began paddling south from Milford Sound in a relaxed frame of mind, but after bad experiences with sea breezes which hit with alarming intensity in fine, settled weather, I became increasingly 'jumpy'. I found myself paddling faster than I normally would, in an anxious

frame of mind, and I looked with suspicion at every little puff of wind, wondering if it heralded something worse to come. Perhaps being a solo paddler makes one vulnerable to this sort of anxiety; with a companion it could be more easily laughed off.

I was surprised how cheerful I felt when finally I reached Supper Cove, and I realised then that without admitting it, I had been under some emotional strain before. I don't think one can have a light-hearted holiday in that frame of mind; but a memorable one, certainly.

Colin's Camera Equipment

Regarding cameras, Colin takes two:

1. Olympus U Tough, waterproof and shockproof, a cheap waterproof digital camera with 3.6X zoom. Carry it in my buoyancy vest pocket.



Colin's ride back out to civilization arrived next morning, a five seater Squirrel operated by Southern Lakes Helicopters - \$2,000 per hour.

2. Canon SX280HS, a compact point-and-shoot with 20X zoom (ie. wide-angle up to extreme telephoto). Not waterproof or splashproof, I carry it below deck in a drybag.

Both cameras are pocket-sized. Since I have no ability to recharge batteries for 3 weeks, I have purchased additional lithium batteries for both cameras, (cheap 'generic' batteries via the internet at one quarter of the price of genuine Olympus or Canon batteries, but in my experience perfectly satisfactory). I start the trip with 5 fully-charged batteries for the Olympus, and 3 for the Canon. Have never run out of battery power yet!

Images from both cameras need some work with Photoshop. At the very least, I:

1. rotate the image to make the horizon level
2. sharpen the image slightly using Unsharp Mask
3. Crop the image.
4. Adjust levels to reveal details in the shadows.

And finally, the most important step: ruthlessly delete two-thirds of all the photos I've taken, keeping just the best. Then I assemble those into a Powerpoint photo-diary in which there is a caption for every image.

NEW ZEALAND TRIP REPORTS

Paddling the Kermadecs

By Russell Millar

The *MV Claymore II* (our support ship) shuddered as 8 metre waves smashed against her bow and gale-force wind threw walls of water back over the cargo deck where our kayaks lay securely strapped down within a pair of shipping containers. It was a harsh change from the gentle seas that had lulled us on departure from the Port of Tauranga two days before.

The rigours of the 1,000 kilometre journey were immediately placed out of mind as we approached Raoul Island on the morning of the third day, gliding to anchor in the sheltered waters of Boat Cove. This cove had once been a landing spot for supplies, but the wharf and gantry had collapsed into the sea during the 7.6 magnitude earthquake of 2006. The Department of Conservation staff onboard were offloaded here, leaving six eager kayakers ready to hit the blue waters.

With some trepidation we entrusted the launching of our kayaks to the ship's crew. Kayaks were lifted over the side and passed down to more crew in a tethered inflatable, then placed into the water and held firmly while we clambered down. *Kayaking in the marine reserve's crystal clear waters. Photo: Ashley Allen*



The containers with the kayaks are secured near the bow, as the support vessel crashes into huge eight metre high seas. Photo: Ashley Allen

and entered our boats. This system worked well, and speedily. After the long and bumpy voyage it took a few minutes to attain our 'kayak legs', and our leader Tim decided that an impromptu assisted-rescue practice was needed. That done, we paddled to the remains of the Boat Cove wharf, marvelling at the clear warm water and brightly-coloured fish that were all around us close inshore.

We discovered later that several of the spectacular fish species were colour variants of fish that would be familiar to kayakers of mainland New Zealand. These include kahawai without spots, pink mao-mao, white kelpfish, and a vivid yellow drummer. Many spectacular underwater photos were taken from dipping a camera under water. Most of these underwater shots revealed small, and some not so small, Galapagos sharks. After exploring east to Nash Point and west to D'Arcy Point, we returned to *Claymore II* and embarked ourselves and kayaks without incident. The afternoon was spent diving and snorkelling around the Milne Islets, marvelling at a two metre giant potato cod, and enjoying the abundance of marine life in New Zealand's largest marine reserve.

The next morning we were in our kayaks early, and arranged to meet up with the *Claymore II* that afternoon on the northern side of Raoul, near the landing at Fishing Rock. The wind was light but the swell was high, making for exciting rock gardening.

The Meyer Islands beckoned – this pair of islands has never hosted introduced pests and every available square metre of its windswept side was home for seabirds. They screeched and darted as we paddled by. A kilometre northeast of the Meyer Islands lay the small Nugent Island, swirling with white water as the enormous swell curled around its rugged sides. An insignificant island perhaps, but distinguished as the most northerly land mass of New Zealand, and a compulsory circumnavigation was completed.

Diving and snorkelling that afternoon on the sheltered side of the Meyer Islands gave us a new appreciation for the concentration of sharks in this subtropical wonderland. Our record stands at eighteen in a single frame. They were larger and more curious than the whitetip reef sharks familiar to those of us who had dived in Australia. They never bothered us, and we began to enjoy their



Nadia Lehmann seemingly like a mermaid surfacing with her invisible kayak. Photo: Tim Muhundan

presence. That evening we enjoyed a well-earned wine, and strolled the decks mindful not to step on any of the dozens of shearwaters and other seabirds that had been attracted to the anchor lights of *Claymore II*.

We retired to our bunks that night with anticipation for the first unsupported kayak circumnavigation of Raoul Island. Alas, the weather gods decided that things would be otherwise. A strong low pressure system put paid to any further kayaking. The remaining three days were filled with diving and snorkelling and included a wet and wonderful day ashore on Raoul Island. The experience of jumping on Fishing Rock from the bow of



Guy Folster paddling past 'Fishing Rock' as DoC staff watch from shore.

Photo: Tim Muhundan

a heaving inflatable will never be forgotten. Nor will the hospitality and enthusiasm of the crew of *Claymore*

II, or the willing professionalism of the Department of Conservation staff who made it all possible.

The second Raoul Island paddle. From far left: Nadia Lehmann, Ashley Allen, Russell Millar, Guy Folster, Guy Stevens, Tim Muhundan (the photographer)
Photo: Tim Muhundan



Author Profile:

Russell Millar

Russell relishes visiting remote and unspoilt parts of the planet, especially as they become scarcer and more precious. He has explored from Scott Base in the south to Fairbanks in the north. The Kermadecs are the most isolated location Russell has paddled in. Russell has been a long time kayaker, and is often found practicing his rolls in the Tamaki Estuary in his 20 year old Southern Skua. By day, Russell is a statistician with a research specialization in marine ecology and sustainable fisheries.

TECHNICAL

PHENOMENAL SEAS

By Sandy Winterton

As 4:00 am approaches, the sea water swilling around my veins starts to liven in anticipation of the coastal forecast on National Radio. On a fair few nights, the excitement of the juices wakens me and I listen in. It is only broadcast once per day now, and my body knows that if it snoozes through there is no chance of getting its fix until the following day at earliest.

You know the one:

- Plenty -
- northerly 10 knots, rising to 15, and 20 knots by evening
 - seas slight, increasing to moderate
 - swell 2 metres rising to 3

It follows an established pattern that soothes mariners' souls. We follow round the coast anti-clockwise sympathising with seafarers in Raglan or 'tsk tsking' at extended southerlies that will keep the bluff oyster boats in harbour for another day. There are no surprises, just the familiar language of a hundred or so words in different orders. It is the sweetest lullaby. Or it was until mid February 2014.

At 4:16 am one morning I was dozing off, serenaded by the dulcet tones

of the coastal forecast. We'd circumnavigated the North Island and were skipping down the west coast of the South. Grey had slipped into oblivion, Milford was washing over the drowsy senses when suddenly I was shocked out of my somnolent condition as if a bucket of cold water had been thrown over me:

- Puysegur -
Storm warning.
- north-west 50 knots rising to 70 knots
- seas phenomenal.

Seas phenomenal. Even Lloyd Scott, the king of coastal forecasts on Radio NZ, repeated the word and revisited it a couple of times as he had never used it in the forecast before. He rolled it round the mouth and enunciated it so as to extract every drop of juice from the sound of the word and the images it conjured.

I looked it up. The World Meteorological Organisation has a description matched to each of the 9 conditions of the sea's surface. Phenomenal is the highest state. I don't know if it has ever been used to describe seas in New Zealand coastal waters before, but by coincidence (or was it?) the term was also used to describe seas around Britain also in February 2014.

World Meteorological Organization sea state code		
State	Wave height	Characteristics
0	0 metres (0 metres)	Calm (glassy)
1	0 to 0.1 metres	Calm (rippled)
2	0.1 to 0.5 metres	Smooth (wavelets)
3	0.5 to 1.25 metres	Slight
4	1.25 to 2.5 metres	Moderate
5	2.5 to 4 metres	Rough
6	4 to 6 metres	Very rough
7	6 to 9 metres	High
8	9 to 14 metres	Very high
9	Over 14 metres	Phenomenal

IT REVIEW

Sea Kayak podcasts

by Shawn Walsh

When the long dark days of winter are approaching, and options for getting out in your kayak seem to be few and far between, it can seem like the days of adventuring in your boat are a lifetime away. Normally I'd reach for a book to fuel my passion for adventure and temporarily sate the wanderlust, but there are times when you just can't read – the dreary drive to work each day being a perfect example of this. So what do I do to get my kayaking fix – I listen to podcasts about a multitude of topics, but my favourite are a series by British Journalist Simon Wheeler entitled: SeaKayakPodcasts.com. (www.seakayakpodcasts.com)

Sea Kayak Podcasts.com bills itself as interviews with the world's most interesting sea kayakers, and the range of kayakers profiled and trips documented certainly goes a good way to substantiating that claim. Currently running to over 60 episodes there is something there to fit every kayaking need. Simon is an active paddler in the Scottish paddling scene and is knowledgeable about the sport and brings a relaxed chatty style to his interviews. The series of podcasts goes back at least 5 years and they are posted at roughly one a month, with the occasional video podcast thrown in for good measure (these are not so car journey friendly) So just what are these podcasts? The podcasts are broken in to four broad categories plus videos, People, Destinations, Expeditions and Other Stuff.

While I enjoy all the podcasts, the People section is often the most fascinating, with interviews from some of the 'big names' in modern Kayaking such as Gordon Brown (Simon Wheeler assisted on the latest Gordon Brown DVD), Cheri Perry and Eric Soares to some of the lesser known personalities in kayaking like Carrie Stevenson who was one of the pioneers of Scottish sea canoeing in the 1950s and was

married to Hugh Stevenson designer of the Loch Lomond sea canoe in the 1960s and also president of the Scottish Canoe Association. Each of these podcasts gives the listener an insight into the lives of the people being interviewed and celebrates their achievements while remaining firmly down to earth.

The destinations group of podcasts are generally UK destinations with a few overseas destinations such as Venice by Kayak, Vancouver and Israel. All of them are enjoyable and interesting, though they do tend to fuel the wanderlust rather than abate it but at least you get to work with a smile on your face and a new destination to day dream about.

If you need something to put the gleam back into your eye after a busy day, then listening to tales of adventure from the Expedition series is definitely the medicine you are after. From stories that we are all familiar with such as Justine Curgenven's South Island circumnavigation with Barry Shaw to perhaps the lesser known travels of Erik B. Jorgenson and his winter circumnavigation of Denmark (he likes camping in the snow) and Patrick Winterton and Olly Hicks crossing from Shetland to Norway across the North Sea.

Finally the other stuff group of podcasts is an eclectic mix of everything from building a traditional kayak, to film making and photography, with some basic instruction thrown in for good measure.

While listening to a podcast may not as good as sitting in your kayak on a rainy day, for me these stories of paddlers getting out and doing it inspire me to keep dreaming of the big expedition and reaffirms my love of the sport when life seems to be getting in the way of actually going out and paddling. Give them a try if you're looking for something a bit different, there is bound to be something there that will catch your eye and who knows it may just lead to a new trip plan and another destination.

MARINE FAUNA

by Kerry-Jayne Wilson
The Spotted Shag

Shags get a bad rap. Lacking the charisma of albatrosses, the emotive appeal of penguins and with a name that has another unrelated meaning, the mere mention of the word usually results in poorly suppressed sniggers. The name shag originally referred to one of the two species of British cormorants, the second species unimaginatively being known as the cormorant. The British shag feeds primarily at sea whereas their cormorant is a bird of freshwaters. In some parts of the English speaking World related species are all called cormorants, elsewhere marine feeding species are shags and freshwater types cormorants. But here in New Zealand (and incidentally in Newfoundland) they are all shags. Some more sensitive people are mounting a rear-guard action to rename our shags cormorants. They are all shags to me.

New Zealand probably has more species of shags (or cormorants for the more sensitive readers) than any other country, and eight of our 12 breeding species can be found only in New Zealand, five of them being restricted to the Chatham or the sub-Antarctic Islands.

The spotted shag is perhaps the species most often encountered by sea kayakers. This shag may be spotted around most of the South Island, except Fiordland, but is less common in the North where they are effectively restricted to the Auckland area and the Wellington coastline. They nest on cliff ledges and roost on offshore rocks, so they are more often seen along rocky coasts or in harbours than near beaches. Spotted shags obtain most of their food at sea, occasionally feeding in estuaries and river mouths, but seldom venturing further inland. They forage up to 15 km from their breeding colony or roost site, coming ashore between feeding excursions several times during the day. They

dive in pursuit of small fish. Ahuru, red cod, gudgeon, bullies and sprats are favoured foods.

As breeding time approaches the shags assume their handsome breeding plumage. Their backs are grey with numerous black spots, the sides of their neck become white and the face and crown black. Their bare facial skin turns bright green and they sport two jaunty crests on their head. Once their elaborate courtship displays are over, the eggs laid, with the demands of chick rearing upon them the green skin fades, the crests fall out and the plumage fades. The timing of their breeding season varies from place to place and year to year; in Canterbury and Otago eggs are laid between September and November, whereas on the West Coast some years they lay in autumn, in other years in spring. This is one of few seabird species that is doing well, their numbers having increased in recent decades. The closely related endangered Pitt Island shag is restricted to the Chatham Islands; with just a few hundred individuals their numbers appear to have declined during the last 20 years.



The endangered Pitt Island Shag, a sister species to the more common spotted shag.
Photo: Kerry-Jayne Wilson

Overseas Reports

Jason Beachcroft Around Australia

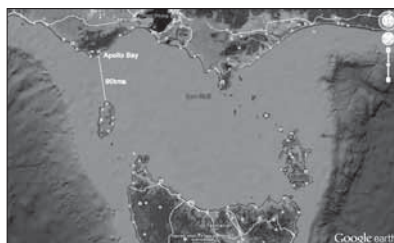
www.jasonbeachcroft.com

On 30 March, Jason reached King Island, approximately half way across Bass Strait to Tasmania, a 90 km crossing that he will be pleased to have accomplished. Jason launched from Rose Bay in Sydney on 12 January 2013, and set off northward for an anticlockwise circuit of Australia. He has now left the three big sets of limestone cliffs and the long stretch of Coorong surf astern, and unlike myself, Freya and Stuart Trueman, who just paddled around the continent, Jason is including Tasmania in his circumnavigation. Tasmania was first circumnavigated by kayak in 1979, and there have been many circumnavigations since, but no one has paddled around Tasmania and mainland Australia. Stuart Trueman, who has paddled across Bass Strait, did try a Tassie circuit last winter, but found the sea and weather conditions too torrid on the west coast.

Like Tara Mulvany, Jason is paddling solo and without a shore-based support crew, and he has not used a sail. It will be quite a momentous occasion when Jason paddles back into Rose Bay probably some time in June this year.

Jason's email prior to the crossing to King Island:

Well I'm currently at Apollo Bay and have been for a few days now.



A bit on the small side, but a Google image of Bass Strait, with King Island midway across on the western route for kayak crossings.



Jason will be over the moon to paddle back into Rose Bay in Sydney Harbour after completing the first full circuit of Australia. This is the day he started - the harbour bridge in the background.

I'm waiting for what I judge to be a good weather window. I have the intention of running the western side of Bass Strait with the idea of getting onto the West Coast of Tasmania earlier than I would if I ran it via Wilson's Prom and the eastern side. Various delays specifically 6 weeks paddling in circles at Shark Bay have influenced my mind in this regard. I'd like to come back up the western side and into Melbourne but just how practical that will actually be I cannot determine just yet. It may be that I'll decide to head back up the Eastern side instead depending on timing. I won't fully circumnavigate Tasmania but I will complete my circumnavigation of all States and Territories. So if the Eastern side crossing happens then sorry to those in Melbourne who were looking to catch up.

By way of explanation, there are two routes for paddling across Bass Strait, a western crossing via King

Island with two 90+ kms crossings, to the north-west tip of Tasmania, and an easterly island hopping route from north-eastern Tassie to Wilsons Promontory (see map).

Sandy Robson

www.sandyrobson.com

Sandy has crossed from India to Sri Lanka and of 30 March, was at the Mt Lavinia hotel in Colombo, on the west coast. She was suffering from heat rash, which developed during a 109 km paddle.

Freya Around South America

www.freyahoffmeister.com

As of 27 March, Freya was up to day 637 of her marathon paddle. She is now in north-western Brazil and has crossed the mouth of the mighty Amazon River, passing to the north of Belem. She notes on her Blog:

My feet are mostly ok, my backside is rather the old painful sciatic nerve. It is worse paddling on easy flat water in the channels, in rough sea there is no time to feel the sore butt...just my skin in general is mostly wet from sweat and still itching in the camp from the constantly humid heat. How I hate this feeling.'

Freya commenced her trip in Buenos Aires and now must be close to three quarters of the way around South America.

Jason on a big following sea off the South Australian coastline.



South America to Florida

www.henrykayak.com

The two young paddlers, Russell and Graham Henry, landed at Juno Beach on the southern tip of Florida on 22 February, seven months after they departed northeastern Brazil, paddling along the South American coast before bouncing between Caribbean Islands en route to the U.S.A. The \$30,000 trip was funded in part by an inheritance from their grandmother — whose name is written on both the brothers' kayaks. Sponsorship covered another portion of the cost, which was substantially discounted because their father owns a water sports outfitter in Victoria and designed the kevlar boats they used on the trip.

Growing up with kayaking and boating, the pair was so confident in their abilities, that they had little training before the expedition that saw them traverse 1,000 kilometres a month and stop in more than 20 countries and territories.

While most excursions of this scale are usually attempts at raising money for charity or research, the Henry brothers' kayak trip was billed strictly as, 'adventure for adventure's sake' — a message they hope to tour around B.C. elementary schools. "For the first month, I kept thinking to myself, 'Why are we doing this?'" Graham recalled Sunday. But the purpose, he said, was to prove that this brand of adventure needs no other cause besides "being out doors for the hell of it."

MAP REVIEWS

Title: *Maps for the Great Walks of New Zealand*

Subtitle: 1:40,000 Map and Track Guide

Author: Roger Smith, Geographx

Published: 2013

Publisher: Craig Potton Publishing

Website: www.craigpotton.co.nz

Size: 120 x 150 mm folded
600 x 845 mm unfolded

Price: \$24.99 RRP

Availability: from the website above, or select stores

Review: Paul Caffyn

First a confession – I love maps - my bed sits on two huge map cabinets. Although this 1:40,000 nine map series is titled as 'High-quality maps of the 'Great Walks of New Zealand', there are at least six which are perfect to taking along on paddling journeys. For instance, the 'Kepler Track' includes the South Fiord of Lake Te Anau and the northern half of Lake Manapouri, while the other side has a 3D map of Fiordland, from Te Waewae Bay in the south to Martins Bay in the north, with both lakes Manapouri and Te Anau in the east – just perfect for planning tiki-touring in the lakes and fjords. For those of us who enjoy tramping on paddling trips, the 40 m contour intervals and excellent graphic representation of bush, tops and snowfields are ideal for sorting routes to the high points for those superb panorama landscape photos. I bet Colin Quilter could have used the Milford and Kepler maps on his recent Milford to Supper Cove paddle (see his colour pics on page 23 and 24).

The Abel Tasman Track map looks ideal for cruising the coastline of the national park and the eastern side of Golden Bay. Nice to see the boundaries of the Tonga Island Marine Reserve. The 3D maps on the flip side extends from Whanganui Inlet to Nelson.

The Routeburn Track map only includes the western side of Lake Wakatipu but the 3D map on the flip side includes the West Coast from Gorge River to the Haast River, and across the Aspiring National Park to

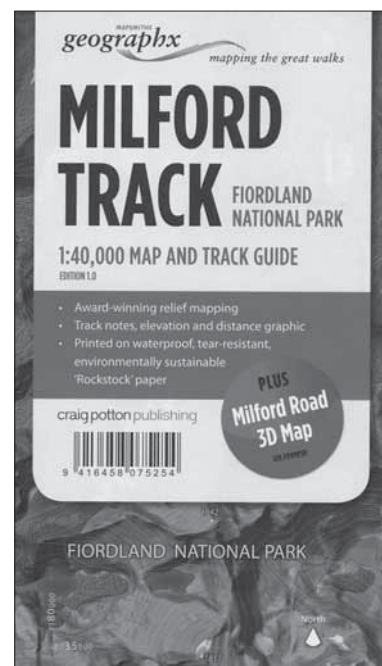
lakes Hawea and Wanaka. Almost worth framing on the wall.

Ideal for use on kayak foredecks, the maps are printed on waterproof durable paper. The media release notes the maps are printed on Rockstock, which is manufactured from ground down waste stone and offcuts used in the building industry. It contains no wood fibre, generates no effluent in its manufacture, requires no water, acid, base or bleach during production, and is both recyclable and photo degradable.

The nine map series:

- Milford Track
- Routeburn Track
- Rakiura Track
- Heaphy Track
- Abel Tasman Coast Track
- Tongariro Northern Circuit
- Whanganui Journey
- Lake Waikaremoana Track

The key to the 1:40,000 maps is easy to read, plus the magnetic variation is shown to allow course plotting. Track times between huts is included as a detailed side bar. If I was to raise a minor niggle, I would have liked to see the brightness of the maps raised a tad, particularly the dark blue of the sea. The cost per map seems steep at \$25 but the longevity of these beautiful maps, with the anticipated wear on a kayak deck, or in the pack pocket, would to me justify the cost.



BOOK REVIEW

Title: *A Complete Guide to New Zealand Kayak Fishing*

Author: Tim Taylor

Published: 2013

Publisher: Fat Cat Promotions

Website: www.creativedesign.co.nz

Contents: 102 pp, colour illustrations throughout

Cover: softcover

Size: 208 x 297 mm

Price: NZ\$ 16.95

ISBN: 978 0 47326272 3

Availability: TradeMe, NZ bookshops

Review: Paul Caffyn

At first glance, this is a book with an attractive layout, nice big format with plenty of illustrations, all in colour. And a book focused on New Zealand conditions, gear and equipment.

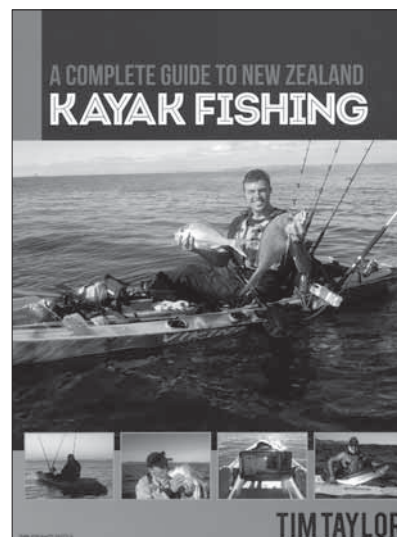
Firstly I must admit that perhaps I lack the experience and knowledge to fully review this book, as I have very clear memories of the times I have fished from a kayak. It was when training in 1977 for that very first paddle around Fiordland when off the 12 Mile, where I now live, I was doing fishing training offshore in the new kayak, and hooked onto something that pulled the tip of the rod down into the sea, and most of the line off the reel. For what seemed such a wretched long time, I was towed forwards, backwards and sideways until, with immense relief on my part, the line snapped. With

those pounding bass notes of the Jaws echoing in my head, I gave up fishing training.

Tim's breakdown of categories works well, starting with types of fishing kayaks, paddles, equipment, basic paddling technique, three sections on fishing, safety equipment, anchoring, navigation, weather, surf and finally capsizes, although the page reference index on page 2 is incorrect from the 'Anchoring' section onwards and misses the section completely on 'Transporting Your Kayak'. Not a big error when scanning the book, but something missed when proofing.

The colour illustrations are always in appropriate place, and side bars help with explanations to some of the photos. Most of Tim's information is sound, such as noting he will not take anyone to sea who is not wearing a lifejacket. I don't agree with his comment that wetsuits are not recommended as items of clothing. This really depends on the temperature of the water. Washing and drying wetsuits after use, avoids any issue with rashes.

In the 'Capsizing & Rescue' section, a highlighted quote states: 'Sooner or later every kayaker comes out of their kayak.' It is below a big photo of Tim alongside an upside down sit-on-top. This may be fair comment for sit-on-tops but it is bollocks for experienced paddlers in custom fitted kayaks. Good support strokes and a bombproof roll ensure no 'out of boat' swims.



The biggest overall section, as to be expected, is on fishing, rigs, fish finders, landing and storing fish. Both the safety and weather sections are on the brief side. Many more websites for checking marine forecast should have been included.

So overall, a nice glossy guide for how to fish in NZ waters. But I have two overall negative comments:

- there are numerous full page advertisements, which no doubt help fund publishing of the book
- the general body text is a pale grey colour - difficult to read in low light or with older eyes

However ignoring my critical comments (desktop publisher to blame) this is a well illustrated guide, with perhaps more focus on fishing from sit-on-tops than kayaks, and for a retail price of \$16.95, you can't go wrong by purchasing this book for your future fish meals, taken under the kayak quota.

BOOKS

For any queries re sourcing titles or availability, please email me at: 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.

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, and also comprehensive article index (also PDF) for the *Sea Canoeist Newsletter* and *New Zealand Sea Canoeist* from Nos. 35 - 166.

BOOK REVIEW

Title: *New Zealand WHITEWATER 5*

Subtitle: *180 Great Kayaking Runs*

Author: Graham Charles

Published: 2013

Publisher: Graham Charles

Website: www.grahamcharlesnz.com

Contents: 332 pp, maps, black & white photos, central colour plate section

Cover: softcover

Size: 147 x 209 mm (A5)

Price: \$34.95

ISBN: 978 0 47326 094 1

Availability: NZ bookstores

Review: Paul Caffyn

Graham Charles is well known to Kiwi sea kayakers for the Adventure Philosophy team trips to the Antarctic Peninsula and around South Georgia, both of which have books in print. But like many Kiwi paddlers who are bi, that is, they paddle both whitewater and the sea, Graham is also a serious whitewater paddler.

Back in 1996 Graham's guide to running New Zealand rivers was first published as *New Zealand Whitewater 100 Great Kayaking Runs* by Craig Potton Publishing.

Nine regional canoeist's guides, researched and written by Graham and Jan Egarr, were printed by the NZ Canoeing Association between 1977 – 78. Graham Egarr's North Island Rivers A Guide for Canoeists and Rafters was published in 1989 and his South Island equivalent in 1995. These guides were from source to the sea, general river descriptions, more for paddling and rafting trips than serious whitewater runs.

Graham Charles's 1996 whitewater guide filled a big 'hole' with serious and localized whitewater trips, as paddlers in the 90s were seeking more challenging paddling than back in the 70s and 80s. The book format worked well, with a central colour plate section, plenty of black and white photos, good sketch maps, and a side bar summary which included class (grade), level, gradient, time,

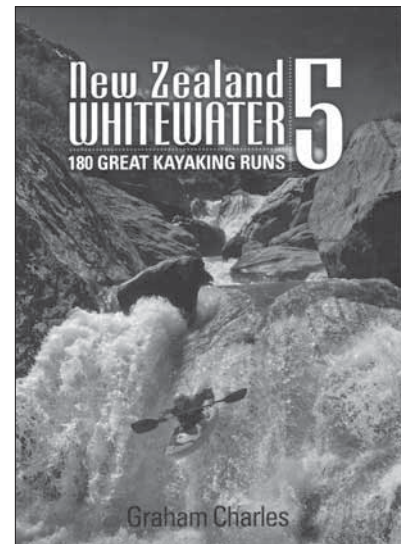
distance, maps and a hot tip of each of the 100 runs.

That same format was used for two revised editions, although the number of runs had grown to 125 with the 4th edition published in 2006. Graham has self-published this brand new Whitewater 5 which uses the same easy to follow format, but the number of great kayaking runs has jumped to 180, and although an extra 36 pages, no difference in the size or weight of the book – which is ideal for chucking in a dry bag.

In both the 4th and 5th editions, cartoons by Bruce Dowrick add humour to the serious and committing nature of the runs. Almost worth buying the books for the cartoons. Quite topical with release of an epic film is a paddler dropping down a raging, flooded river, closely followed by an ark, with two giraffes at the bow. With the preponderance of pencil cams and Go Pro cameras, the cartoon on page 240 shows a paddler with 30+ cams, the cameraman on shore with the radio control pack, and the captions reads: 'I'll switch to sphincter-cam as you hit the drop...'

Appendices include a glossary, a list of helicopter operators (essential for many of the runs south of Hokitika West Coast), is both alphabetical and by class, and lastly a reading list.

An excellent guide, with informative sketch maps, delineating individual rapids, and space for notes after paddling each run. My only gripe is with the quality of the paper – the black and white photos have not always reproduced well, often too dark and with a loss of sharpness. A satin finish paper may have improved this.



Book News

Recent Additions to the 12 Mile Library:

- *Operation Suicide*, by Robert Lyman 2012, another book on the 1942 Gironde Estuary Cockleshell Hero raid. First impressions are of an excellent well-researched book, excellent bibliography, hardcover with d/j and one central black and white photo section.

- *Ice, Steel and Fire - British Explorers in Peace and War 1921 - 45* by Linda Parker, 2013. Eleven chapters on Freddie Spencer Chapman, August Courtauld, Andrew Croft, Quentin Riley and Bill Tilman. But seems to be mostly quoting from books authored by the explorers themselves. Tries to show how the early Arctic exploration experience was a major influence on the wartime roles. Unfortunately fairly basic omissions and errors have tainted the read for me; lovely hardback with quality paper. Parker refers to the 1930-31 British Arctic Air Route Expedition as BARRE, even included in a prologue list of abbreviations. In the chapter on Quentin Riley she includes both BARRE and the correct BAARE. Expedition member lists in the appendices are not complete.

- *Meander – East to West along a Turkish River* 2013 by Jeremy Seal. A folding kayak trip but mostly about the history of the areas of Turkey paddled through.

In the Mail:

Sticking With It: A Sea Kayak Odyssey Around Britain by Rowland Woolven 2013. Published by Matador, and available on Fishpond, this is the first British narrative since Bill Taylor's 1990 title *Commitment and Open Crossings*.

HUMOUR

Granny's Advice

Yes, our grandmothers still had genuine knowledge of staying naturally healthy! My granny lectured me about her practical knowledge: "For better digestion, I drink beer, for loss of appetite I drink white wine, with low blood pressure, red wine, with high blood pressure, cognac and whenever I have a cold, I drink Vodka."

"And when do you drink water?"

"I have never been that sick!"

Talking Parrot

A woman went to a pet shop and immediately spotted a large, beautiful parrot. There was a sign on the cage that said \$50. "Why so little?" she asked the pet store owner. The owner looked at her and said, "Look, I should tell you first that this bird used to live in a house of prostitution, and sometimes it says some pretty vulgar stuff."

The woman thought about this, but decided she had to have the bird anyway. She took it home and hung the bird's cage up in her living room and waited for it to say something. The bird looked around the room, then at her, and said, "New house, new madam." The woman was a bit shocked at the implication, but then thought, 'that's really not so bad.' When her two teenage daughters returned from school, the bird saw them and said, "New house, new madam, new girls."

The girls and the woman were a bit offended but then began to laugh about the situation considering how and where the parrot had been raised. Moments later, the woman's husband Trevor came home from work. The bird looked at him and said, "Hullo Trevor."

What Causes Arthritis?

A drunken bloke who smelled of beer sat down in an underground train, next to a priest. The bloke's tie was stained, his face was plastered with red lipstick, and a half-empty bottle of gin was sticking out of his torn coat pocket. He opened his newspaper and began reading.

After a few minutes the man turned to the priest and asked, "Say, Father, what causes arthritis?"

The priest replies, "My Son, it's caused by loose living, being with cheap, wicked women, too much alcohol, contempt for your fellow man, sleeping around with prostitutes and lack of a regular bath."

The drunk muttered in response, "Well, I'll be damned," then returned to his paper.

The priest, thinking about what he had said, nudged the man and apologized.

"I'm very sorry. I didn't mean to come on so strong. How long have you had arthritis?"

The drunk answered, "I don't have it, Father. I was just reading here that the Pope does."

Window Curtains

A Blonde goes to the red shed to buy curtains. She says to the salesman, "I would like to buy a pair of pink curtains." The salesman assures her that they have a large selection of pink curtains. He shows her several patterns but the blonde seems to be having a hard time choosing. Finally she selects a lovely pink floral print. The salesman then asks what size curtains she needs.

The blonde promptly replies, "Seventeen inches."

"Seventeen inches?" asked the salesman. "That sounds very small, what room are they for?"

The blonde says, "They aren't for a room, they are for my new computer monitor."

The surprised salesman replies, "But Miss, computers do not need curtains!"

The blonde says, "Hellllloooooooo - mine has Windoooooows."

An Essex Winter Story

For those living in the North, the A12 is the main trunk road in Essex. As a trucker stops for a red light on the A12 a blonde catches up. She jumps out of her car, runs up to his truck, and knocks on the door. The trucker lowers the window, and she says, "Hi, my name is Heather, and you are losing some of your load!"

The trucker ignores her and proceeds down the street. When the

truck stops for another red light, the girl catches up again. She jumps out of her car runs up and knocks on the door. Again, the trucker lowers the window. As if they've never spoken, the blonde says brightly, "Hi, my name is Heather, and you are losing some of your load!"

Shaking his head, the trucker ignores her again and continues down the street. At the third red light, the same thing happens again. All out of breath, the blonde gets out of her car, runs up, knocks on the truck door. The trucker lowers the window. Again she says, "Hi, my name is Heather, and you are losing some of your load!"

When the light turns green the trucker revs up and races to the next light. When he stops this time, he hurriedly gets out of the truck, and runs back to the blonde. He knocks on her window, and as she lowers it, he says, "Hi, my name is Kevin, it's winter and I'm driving a bloody gritter."

Peeing at Night

A 60+ year-old man goes for a physical. All of his tests come back normal so the doctor says, "Barrie, everything looks great. How are you doing mentally and emotionally? Are you at peace with God?"

Barrie replies, "God and I are tight. He knows I have poor eyesight, so he's fixed it so that when I get up in the middle of the night to go to the bathroom, poof! The light goes on. When I'm done, poof! The light goes off."

"Wow, that's incredible," the doctor says.

A little later in the day, the doctor calls Barrie's wife. "Mrs. Browning," he says, "Barrie is doing fine but I had to call you because I'm in awe of his relationship with God! Is it true that he gets up during the night and poof! The light goes on in the bathroom, and when he's done, poof! The light goes off?"

"OH, GOOD GRIEF!" exclaims Mrs. Browning. "He's peeing in the fridge again!"

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.

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

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4th Ed. KASK HANDBOOK

NOW OUT OF PRINT

A 5th edition of the KASK Handbook is planned. It is a mammoth compilation on all aspects of sea kayaking in New Zealand, by many of the most experienced paddlers in the Universe.

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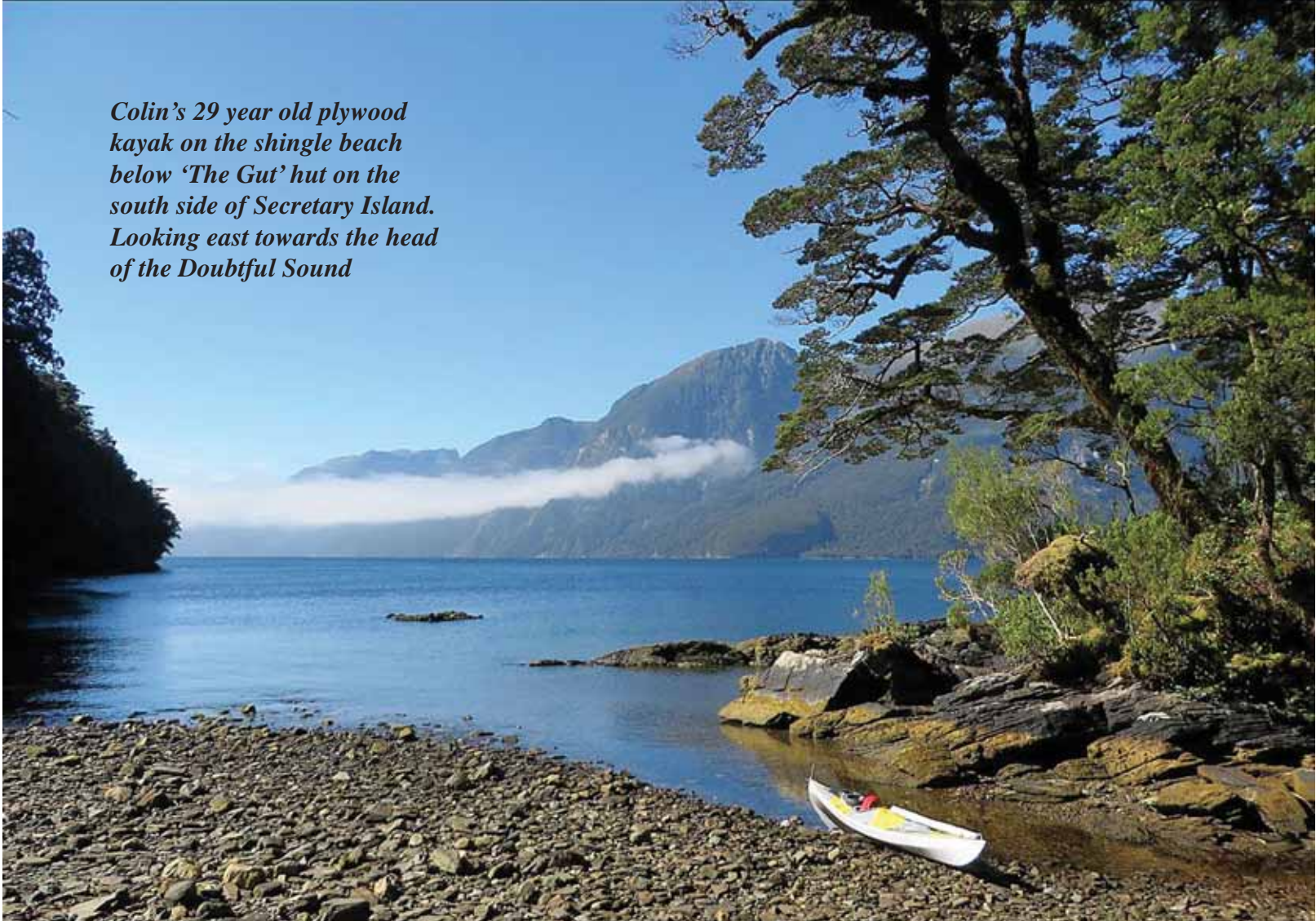
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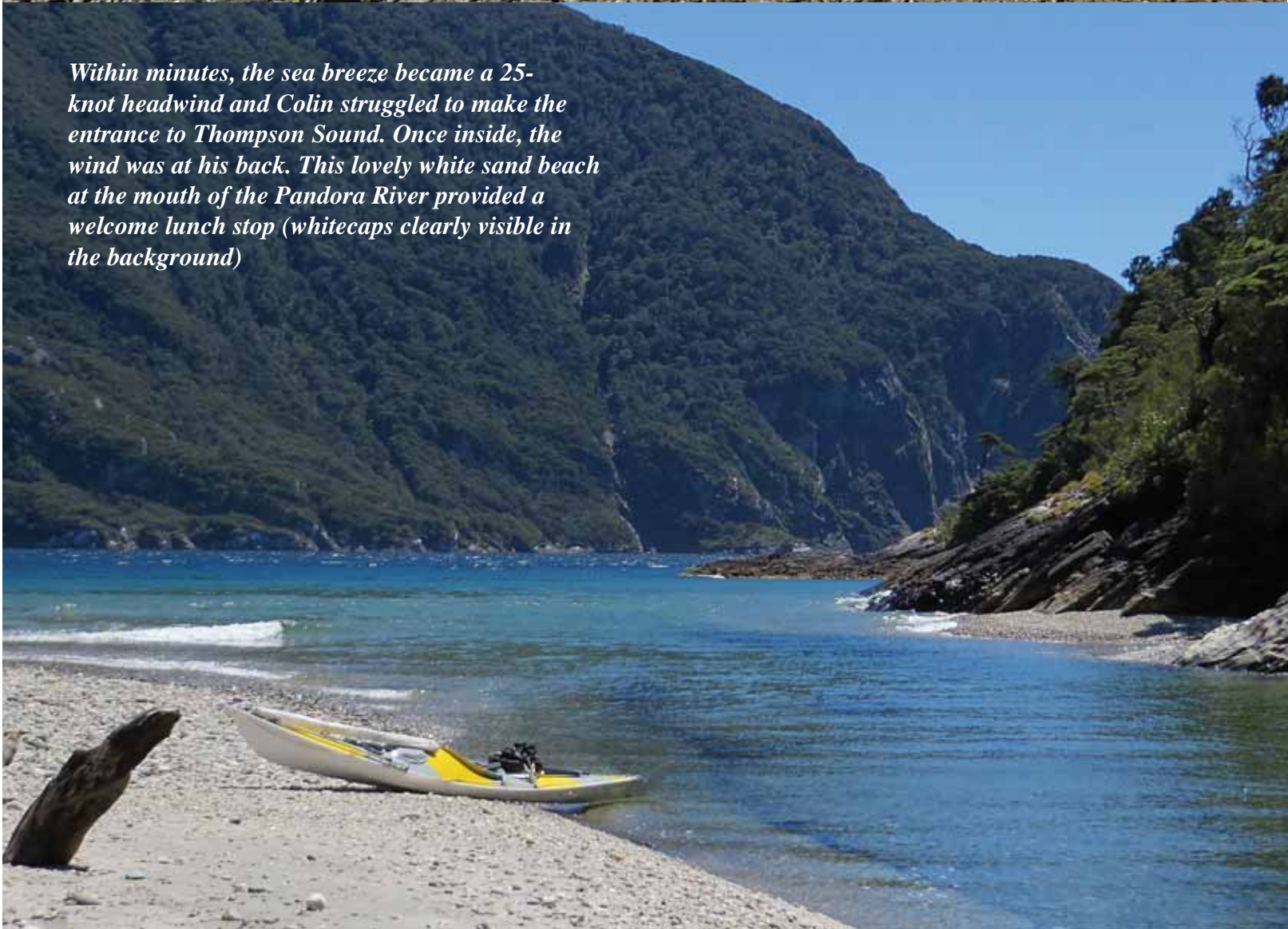
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Colin's 29 year old plywood kayak on the shingle beach below 'The Gut' hut on the south side of Secretary Island. Looking east towards the head of the Doubtful Sound



Within minutes, the sea breeze became a 25-knot headwind and Colin struggled to make the entrance to Thompson Sound. Once inside, the wind was at his back. This lovely white sand beach at the mouth of the Pandora River provided a welcome lunch stop (whitecaps clearly visible in the background)



MAILED TO



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Colin Quilter high on the southern slopes of Secretary Island, in deepest darkest Fiordland, on a magic fine day, with a view eastwards towards Deep Cove at the head of Doubtful Sound (see story on p. 7)

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

