

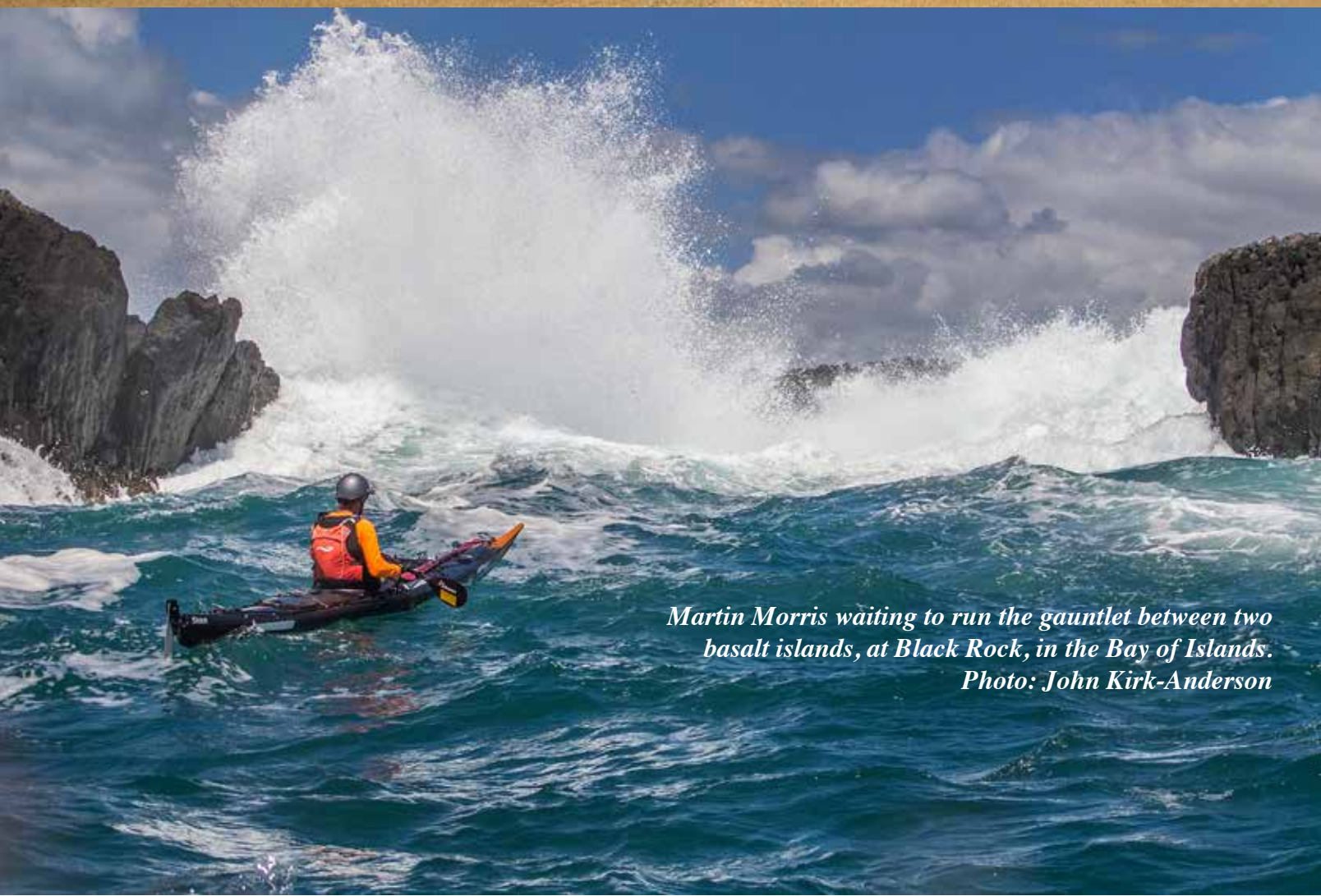
NEW ZEALAND SEA CANOEIST

February - March 2015
No. 175



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

*A sunny calm morning for the IKW at Otehei Bay on
Urupukapuka Island, in the Bay of Islands.
Photo: John Kirk-Anderson
(story on page 8)*



*Martin Morris waiting to run the gauntlet between two
basalt islands, at Black Rock, in the Bay of Islands.
Photo: John Kirk-Anderson*

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Thanks to all the contributors.	
Editing & Layout: Paul Caffyn	
Proofing: Lynda Ferguson & Sandy Ferguson	
25 May - next magazine deadline	

EDITORIAL**KASK FORUM 2015**

It was a great weekend at a wonderful coastal venue, and so good to catch up with paddlers from all around New Zealand. Tim Muhundan's program was a good mix of off and on-the-water sessions, and the keynote speakers for both Friday and Saturday nights were all outstanding (see report on page 4). The AGM ran smoothly, with Tim elected as president. The new committee includes, Rob Brown, Paul Caffyn, Lois Cowan, Sandy Ferguson, Ian McKenzie and Shawn Walsh.

IKW

This was my first paddle inside the Bay of Islands, as opposed the outside coast. I was blown away by the magic scenery, sandy beaches without footprints, walks to historical viewpoints and blue skies every day. This week was a grand chance to catch up with paddlers sometimes only met at KASK forums. Paul Hayward and Natasha Romoff chose a superb venue as a paddling base for the week (see report on page 8).

South Island Circumnavigation

Fiona Weatherall and James Corfe completed their unsupported paddle around the South Island on 24 February at the Sumner lifeboat-launching ramp. I have cobbled together a story from their website blog and an interview at the 12 Mile after their trip. I liked the expedition style of these kids (Fiona 22 and James 25), revelling in the coastal camping, all the ups and downs of West Coast paddling, and low key without big sponsors and daily website updates.

Safer Boating Forum

Prior to the 1 April Forum, held at the MNZ offices in Wellington, the list of paddlecraft fatalities occurring since November 2014, numbered five. For a five month period including summer, this seemed to be exceptionally high, so I sought further detail on the types of paddlecraft used and cause of death. In

January, sadly the first SUP fatality occurred in Whangamata Harbour with a young 15 year old girl pulled by the tide under a yacht. In February, while paddling 3 m long plastic, large cockpit kayak, a 51 year old Arrowtown man apparently capsized on the Waiau River while fishing, and was swept out to sea in Te Wae-wae Bay. He was wearing gumboots, jeans and a black sweatshirt when last seen. His body was found wearing a buoyancy vest.

Two further fatalities occurred in February, in Tauranga Bay on the West Coast and off Abel Tasman National Park. Both of these are considered to have been caused by heart attacks. Back in December 2014, a 50 year old male was said to have drowned on Lake Taupo, but a preliminary cause of death was said to be a heart attack.

Since then sadly, a 20 year old soldier has gone missing while paddling close to the shore of Lake Coleridge on 4 April.

Should paddlecraft fatalities caused by medical events such as heart attacks be included in the statistics? I think not, but I'm keen to hear what other paddlers think.

Rescues

Two high profile rescues in April: two men in a 'double kayak' rescued by helicopter off the Taieri River mouth in Otago, and a 25 year old Masterton woman on an inflatable kayak, blown seawards off the Wairarapa coast and rescued by a Police launch.

Next Magazine

Please don't fret not to see your articles in this magazine. For the end of May magazine, a trip to the Sub-Antarctic islands by Max Grant, a story on what Kiwi paddlers can do to help with predator control on trips (rats and stoats), a D'Urville Island paddle penned by Lynn Burson and Laraine Hughes, and Michael Winch on some of the Northland sea caves and tunnels.

COVER:

A view from seawards of the venue for the 2015 KASK Forum, which was held at the Sir Peter Blake Marine Education Centre, at Torbay on the north shore of Auckland. Photo: Paul Caffyn

KASK

2015 KASK FORUM

by Paul Caffyn

Held at the Sir Peter Blake Marine Education and Recreation Centre (MERC) over the weekend 20 – 22 February, the forum was a great success, with its close proximity to the sea, on-site bunkroom accommodation, good catering and good facilities for land-based sessions.

Tim Muhundan, ably assisted by Rob Brown, had arranged a program with a good mix of on-the-water instruction, shore-based lectures and workshops. The Friday evening speakers brought an innovative mix of art and paddling. Nathan Pettigrew kicked off the forum with a delightful mix of his two passions, beautiful bone carvings and films of stingrays, sharks and whales.

Nathan Pettigrew with his comprehensive GoPro camera kit



Ginney Deavoll with her book and her latest coastal painting series

Ginney Deavoll followed with her story of the paddle/bike/tramp from top to the bottom of the South Island, a mix of photos but also beautifully illustrated with her stunning paintings. On show Ginney had prints of her latest painting series, of marine fauna including shags, fish and orca.

Tim Muhundan with his very scary sprayskirt, pleased to escape organizing and get on the water



On Saturday morning, Ray Burge, manager of Coastguard Northern Region, explained the operations of CG and highlighted the June 2014 search for a 62 year old male who capsized and was washed out to sea while paddling across the Whangarei Harbour entrance. He had an inflatable PFD, and had lost his paddle. He was so fortunate to have a rescue triggered when his wife rang three hours later to say he was overdue.

Coastguard Boating Manager Neil Murray noted that of all those attending, it was himself and Tara Mulvany who were the only ones paddling five days a week. Neil commutes daily from the North Shore to the CG headquarters at Westhaven Marina (Tara currently is guiding in Doubtful Sound). Neil described the education programs undertaken by CBE and gave a sneak preview of the 'Day Skipper on-line' course, which is an interactive learning program. Neil said approximately 10,000 boaties per year undertook CBE courses.

The tide was full after morning smoko, and Ginni Callahan gave a demonstration of rolling and bracing in the small creek adjacent to MERC. In the main hall, John Kirk-Anderson showed a well-rounded mix of paddling and historical photos of a winter kayak trip into Doubtful Sound. He noted that for the entire duration of the three-week trip, he

Deb Volturno (white helmet) providing practical rolling instruction offshore from MERC



KASK Committee 2015 - 2016

- | | | |
|----------------------------------|----------------|-----------------------------------|
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Ginni Callahan demonstrating rolling and bracing at high tide

didn't need his sunglasses, sunblock or sandfly repellent. In other words the trip was a tad damp. At the same time, yoga for paddlers, expedition packing and rolling sessions were taking place.

Paul Hayward described marine electronics and Conrad Edwards ran a popular Feldenkrais session, lots of prone paddlers lying on the artificial grass, with just Conrad standing in the middle providing instruction.

After lunch, a mix of sessions; 'Why Kayakers Die' by JKA, the Maine Island Trail (USA) by Scott Camlin, kayak kookery with Natasha, and 'Rolling for Women' run by Deb Volturmo.

Later in the afternoon, Ginny described her paddling tours in the clear waters of the Baja, and Tsunami

Rangers Jim Kakuk and Deb showed thrills and spills in the surf and rock gardens off western USA.

Following the KASK AGM – Tim Muhundan was elected el presidente – and dinner, I introduced the two keynote speakers, Tara Mulvany and Jason Beachcroft. Tara's PPT show was excellent, covering her 'first woman' to paddle around all three islands of NZ, her last trip around Vancouver Island, and how she is heading off to paddle around Svalbard in July. A nice mix of video clips and stills - Tara claimed that every time her mum came out to photograph her in surf, she capsized! Her accounts of breaking out through the huge areas of surf protecting the Manukau and Kaipara bars were scary to listen to.

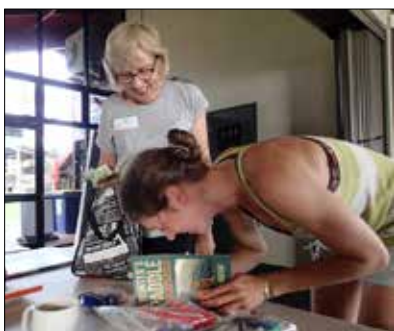
Jason's PPT show of his wee paddle around Australia, including Tasmania for the first time, ran overtime but illustrated what a gutsy young bloke he is. His photo that I



Deb displaying what she carries in the zip-up front of her PFD

can still clearly picture is at night on a small offshore island off the Kimberly coast of northern Aussie; the camera flash shows the stern of his kayak and the light glinting off one eye of a massive saltwater croc which is endeavouring to drag Jason's kayak into the water. "I didn't get much sleep that night", he said after he eventually won the tug-of-war over whose kayak it was.

My notes are pretty thin for Sunday's activities; JKA ran a 'Fundamentals' session in which paddlers were tasked with improving hip movement with hula hoops, and improving their balance by sitting on a big Swiss ball, then adding a smaller ball under the feet. Unable to source cheap hula hoops, JKA improvised with black plastic hose pipe and wooden plugs.



*Above: Tara book signing
Below: The main hall of MERC*



Natasha with her Kayak Kookery



JKA and Ian McKenzie





The gruelling portage in the background - the long carry almost over to Dacre Cottage. Deirdre Sheppard at the bow

The forum wound down at 3 pm on the Sunday with a 'debrief and thank you' session. The venue and fresh food received high praise, as did the venue. The Saturday evening sessions were criticized for going over time, and it was felt that on-the-water instructors were worked too hard. A return to the South Island and the Anakiwa Outward Bound school was suggested for the 2016 KASK Forum.

Late afternoon, a veritable flotilla of kayaks launched and headed north for an overnight camp-out by Dacre Cottage, a bay cum estuary at the southern side of Whangaparaoa Peninsula. The 90 minute paddle was an excellent way to socialize and chat, but landing into the glare of a setting sun, low on the western

horizon, it was hard to see where to land. Enticed by the thought of a three course meal, the low tide portage across mud flats was quite a trial. I reckon it was about a squillion kilometers, the beach barely visible with strong binoculars from the water, but perhaps I am exaggerating just a tad. Jason Beachcroft and I ended up relaying in stages, carrying kayaks on our shoulders.

Peter Townend welcomed us to the red-shed, a barn like structure adjacent to the historical cottage, and provided us with a candlelit three course meal. The candles were on a wagon wheel that Peter lowered from the barn ceiling. A lovely evening ensued with plenty of tall tales and good humour, before we took to our tents for the night.

Sunday night roast dinner. The candles on the wagon wheel, top right

Paul Hayward (left) and JKA compare camera knobs!



2015 Photo Competition

Open: 1st - Ruth Henderson reflection – mounted vertical

Marine Landscape:

1st Lyn Hartley D'Urville Island portrait view looking down from high onto a kayak

Action:

1st Ruth Henderson – paddling to Raglan; cardboard kayak race

Marine Fauna Flora:

1st Lyn Hartley – white heron, portrait, nice reflection

Humour:

1st Ruth Henderson
Hot water bottle filling

Paddler's Choice:

Same as the open winner:
Ruth Henderson



Duelling cameras at Dacre Cottage. Photo: JKA



Above: Ruth Henderson's 'A Little Hottie' which won the photo competition humour category. At left: Ruth Henderson's Open category winner, and also Paddlers' Choice winner. A paddler reflected on Lake Waipapa, Waikato River. The photo was mounted vertically and titled, 'Which Way Up?'

KASK FORUM FEEDBACK

from Jim Kakuk:

Gifts from the sea shared with other paddlers from around the globe
My reflections on the KASK Forum
by Jim Kakuk

Tara Mulvany:

Long hours of paddling while spewing from sea sickness, and then the anxious wait outside the surf zone before a crash landing on a remote wild beach. Usually told by gnarly old men, Tara's presentation on her paddling the South island of New Zealand was a fresh perspective on how expedition paddling can be a journey instead of a conquest.

Her quiet demeanour and slim stature was a contrast to the drama she

recounted of having to face some very demanding paddling in adverse conditions. Why in winter I was wondering? A dangerous paddle in the summer done only by a few and she wants to do it alone during the stormy season. Showing her driven nature and loner personality she is not naive but when presenting, her giggly comments were a contrast with the drama of her experience and descriptions of having to always be in the present to survive.

Sometimes a victim of uneasy waiting for the conditions, she had to sync herself to the environment and go boldly where no one has gone before. One thought that I was left with is that this is only the beginning for Tara.

Jason Beachcroft:

Tug a war with a pink eyed crocodile over a kayak - should I hold on to the grab loop or hit him with a paddle? Hope I never have to deal with this problem! Jason is a reserved character with an undoubting spirit to overcome the extreme long haul of circumnavigating Australia and Tasmania in one go.

Jason's undertaking of an extraordinary personal year and a half trip included visually stunning slides of the dramatic coast of Australia. Of course, the random encounters with dangerous things that can eat you was all part of paddling 'Straya. It seemed his only angst was with the long waits for the right weather window. As we know from the early explorers of the world, long voyages take time.



Two photos that surely would have done exceedingly well in the humour category of the KASK Forum photo comp. At left: Is this a kayak trolley out of control or what? - photo Bevan Walker At right: A very brave Penguin kayak at Port William, Stewart Island. Photo: John Hughes

The Bay of Islands IKW by Paul Caffyn

To follow the KASK Forum, Paul Hayward and Natasha Romoff had arranged for a gathering of paddlers at Urupukapuka Island in the Bay of Islands, with accommodation, lunches and dinner included in the cost to paddlers. This 3rd International Kayak Week was to be based at Otehei Bay on the island, accessible via a 30 minute paddle from Rawhiti.

On the Monday morning, Jason and I drove from Auckland up to Opuia in the Bay of Islands, caught the car ferry across the water, and followed a windy road around to Rawhiti where we teamed up with a group of paddlers for the short paddle out to Otehei Bay. As I had never paddled inside the Bay of Islands, this was all new country for me, and the scenery and calm conditions impressed me no end.

Our accommodation was in a line of old timber huts, which apparently were established back in 1927 when Zane Grey established a big game fishing base at the bay. Now set up as bunkrooms, they were more than adequate for tired paddlers after a day of rock-gardening and tiki-touring. The evening meals at the nearby resort restaurant were a grand finish to each day after which PPT shows and paddling-related movies were shown till bedtime. Jim Kakuk



Otehei Bay, on Urupukapuka Island.

Site of the IKW

and Deb Volturmo turned the day's photos and video clips into gripping evening PPT shows.

A DoC website has a 17 page PDF file report on the early history with location maps showing the sites of pa, terraces, pits and village sites ([urupukapuka-island-historic-heritage-assessment.pdf](#)):

Urupukapuka is the largest island in the Bay of Islands and is managed by the Department of Conservation as a recreational reserve that offers camping facilities and walking tracks. In addition to having high recreational and scenic values, the island is a dense archeological landscape with 73 recorded sites related to pre-historic Maori occupation. Historically Urupukapuka is connected to accounts by early explorers Lieutenant James Cook and Marion Du Fresne. In the 1920's the island was used as

a sport fishing resort by American author Zane Grey and has a history of early farming. Buildings from these episodes in the island history still survive.

The Bay of Island scenery really has to be seen to be believed, such a magic playground for paddlers, and enough challenges for the brave of heart (rock-gardening) and more relaxed tiki-touring of historical sites. A group of us paddled to Moturua Island, climbed up to a viewing platform, and unaware that mine control underground bunkers built in 1942 are still in existence. JKA provided the following link: [ww2-mine-control-station-moturua-island-historic-heritage-assessment.pdf](#)

The brave of heart paddlers made excursion to Black Rocks in the

Jason Beachcroft modelling the latest colourful, kayaking clobber

John Kirk-Anderson off the northern coast of Urupukapuka Island





The view westwards from the hills above Otehei Bay. A magic seascape



Deb Volturmo enjoying rock gardening off Urupukapuka Island (photo JKA)



western side of the Bay of Islands and also to Cape Brett and Piercy Island, the latter on a day when the swell was too huge for the big tourists boats to transit the hole in the wall. The photos and movie clips of solo paddlers passing through the tunnel, showed how timing was so essential for a clean run through.

On the Friday, Jason Beachcroft and I left the IKW team for the short paddle back to Rawhiti, then a long drive south to Auckland and a flight back to Australia for Jason, myself for a much longer drive back to the South Island and the West Coast.



A lense dampened photo of Jason with the Piercy Island tunnel astern



*Above: John Booth with a rat/stoat trap on the left, and a tracking pad on the right. On Urupukapuka Island
At left: Ruth Henderson, Paul Caffyn, Rene Olivier and Jason Beachcroft at the IKW. Photo: Ruth*

THANKS

The combination of KASK Forum and IKW allowed a combination of formal talks and instruction over two days, then a further six days of paddling with more emphasis on socializing and continued learning in small groups. I thoroughly enjoyed my time away from the Coast, well apart from the nightmare of twice running the gauntlet of the Auckland motorway, and that exceedingly long portage to reach shore for the Sunday night camp-out.

Thanks to Tim and Rob for organizing the forum and Paul and Natasha for arranging the IKW.

NEW ZEALAND TRIP REPORTS

South Island Circumnavigation Completed by Paul Caffyn

On 24 February 2015, English paddlers Fiona Weatherall and James Corfe paddled back into the lifeboat-launching ramp at Sumner, completing a 79 day unsupported circumnavigation of the South Island. I have drawn the following information from their website:

(<http://intothesea.wix.com/nwzealandsea>) and from a long chat with the two kids at the 12 Mile.

Of the 79 days, 20 were weather-bound days with either strong winds or a big swell, and five were rest days. Using a figure of 2,480 kms (1,550 miles) for the circuit, Fi and James's overall average per day was: 31.4 kms per day (19.6 mpd) and their paddling day average – for 54 days – was quite a respectable 45.9 kms/day (28.7 mpd).

After waiting for two days at Fossil Point, at the base of Farewell Spit, for southerly gales to ease, they surfed across the tip of the spit and after a night near Separation Point, they paddled up the Motueka River to the township, to stock up on food and beer as the next day was James's birthday. He was taken aback at the liquor store when he was asked for proof of age. "Please, it's for my 26th birthday tomorrow."

Fi and James bypassed Nelson with a long crossing to Pepin Island, and despite several very windy days,

Fiona on the Motueka River



A James selfie off the Karamea coast

they reached Kaikoura on 20 February, with that day's highlight: 'Lots of Dusky dolphins followed us through the day, and flipped and cartwheeled alongside us. It was awesome. We were tired. We ate fish and chips and drank beer on the beach, not wanting to do much else.'

Fi's back was giving her a lot of pain on the last three days back to Christchurch. On the first day south from Kaikoura: 'I was in a hell of a lot of pain, and every stroke was shooting pains down me. I was not happy. James did a great job of motivating me through, and was very patient – despite laughing at me as I sat there crying for chocolate at one point!'

With KASK paddlers at the forum in Auckland, they unfortunately missed out on the tradition circumnavigator's welcome of bubbles and pavlova, but a local lass was able to take a few photos of Fi and James making the last landing of the trip.



Above: James and Fiona closing on the Sumner boat ramp. Below: The South Island trip finally completed



When asked about the highlights and lowlights of the trip, Fiona's worst morning was when she had eight attempts to launch off the West Coast near the Whataroa River mouth. But close to that was the morning launching from a sandy beach by the Cannington River mouth (north of Heaphy Bluff):

What happened next, I went out in the next lull between sets, however just as I was reaching the back, a massive wave reared out of nowhere and crashed violently right over me! The impact of this imploded my sprayskirt! With a heavy boat, full of water and the next set coming, I had no option but to swim into shore. There was a strong rip coming away from the beach which made it a big effort getting in. I left my boat to it - it got in eventually - and whilst getting trashed by waves, I made it back in. Goddammit!

Anyway the second launch went better - just as I was nearing the back, a similar big wave appeared out of nowhere again! With all my energy I charged so hard at the steepening big wave - reaching it as it capped, and my boat took off in the air like a rocket becoming completely airborne! Enough speed and drop for my stomach to feel like it was flying! I landed pretty much upside down! Quickly rolled and was amused to find James laughing at me!

Fiona's highlights were surfing around Puysegur Point, the pod of killer whales south of Christchurch, and the Dusky dolphins off Kaikoura. Pretty much the same for James but the low point for him was at Whanganui Inlet – they were down to a handful of rice for meals, his upper lip was grossly swollen due to an infection from either a hair follicle or a spider bite, and a job back home had fallen through.

They met quite a few characters during the trip, and most older people always thought their section of the coast was the worst in the South Island, and they were going to die! Fi and James were impressed with the



Fiona off the Kaikoura coast - the lack of her usual smile due to back pain

help and hospitality they received – in the Marlborough Sounds, they asked to camp near an eco-lodge, but were offered a night in a double bunkroom – and of course told that Cook Strait was going to be the most dangerous section of the coast.

Kayaks and Kit

Both were paddling Nigel Dennis (UK) three-piece fibreglass kayaks;
 - Fiona with a *Pilgrim Expedition*, pink deck and a white hull
 - James with an *Explorer*, sort of orange colour (same overall shape, just different cockpit sizes).

The three sections per kayaks (bow, stern and cockpit) clipped together with recessed stainless steel clips, per join: two on the hull and two on the deck.

Both their paddles were four piece carbon fibre *Celtic Sea Pros*. PFDs were made by Peak UK, and attached to these were: cellphone (in a waterproof bag), a couple of flares (rocket and smoke), safety knife, climbing tape and carabiner, VHF radio and a chocolate bar. Helmets were carried by both paddlers, and worn for surf landings and launchings. The cooker was a multi-fuel primus. Reed (UK) sponsored James and Fi with dry tops, which were comfortable to wear, with no neck chafe.

Their camera died north of Milford Sound, and they relied on a cell-

phone for pics up to Greymouth. I bought an Olympus *Tough* for them, and was puzzled by the fact that they left the charger behind when heading north. But after the trip, when Fi and James visited, I learned the secret to charging their cellphone and camera batteries was an *Anker* solar charger, 14V, which cost £40.50, but it did away entirely with the need to use 240V chargers. This small unit (see photo) opened out with four solar panels, and a USB connection for charging (www.ianker.com). James said their *Apple* i-Phone would charge in one hour on a sunny day, the camera battery in two hours, although three hours was necessary on a cloudy day. That bit of kit was invaluable for their trip.

Fiona with their solar panel charger



James and Fi at the 12 Mile post -trip with their tattered summary South Island map. To be tacked back together and framed back in England



Final Comments:

When they launched initially from Sumner, Fi and James were not overconfident of completing a South Island circuit. James commented that their pre-expedition whitewater experience, and surf training in England and Wales, really helped with surf landings. Also he noted the surf conditions were not quite as bad as Chris Duff has written about in *Southern Exposure* (2003). One major lesson they learned the hard way was landing on an exposed surf beach in calmish conditions could lead to high drama if the swell lifts alarmingly overnight - a big trap for the unwary.

The solar charger packed up



NEW ZEALAND TRIP REPORTS

Two Lagoons for Kayaking on the West Coast by Margot Syms

This was our third trip down the West Coast with the kayak, and each time we try and kayak different water bodies. Our attention was drawn to two sand dune lagoons between Greymouth and Ross. These run parallel to the coast and with a sand dune separating them from the ocean. Each has an associated medium sized river which has formed them and keeps them alive. The river outlets occurs somewhere along the length of the lagoons. In extended periods of low river flow, the outlet may be completely blocked with sand, and when a new outlet forms, it can be in a different place from earlier. Smaller creeks enter the lagoon along its length helping to feed it.

The four kilometre long lagoon by Gladstone belonging to the New River provides a two hour leisurely paddle. We were there at high tide, but it is probably navigable at lower tides. Paul Caffyn told us that entry to the lagoon is via a ford in the vehicle track leading to the beach behind the Paroa pub. Do not linger when entering the water because the local hooners heading to the beach seem to think that it warrants getting a run up to cross the ford.

My topo map showed the outlet in one place, while the latest Google satellite picture showed it in another – both were blocked and we finally found the outlet where the New Riv-



Margot ready to launch their double at New River Lagoon

er turned inland. Wild life consisted of White Heron and Banded Dotterel as well as more common aquatic birds.

The Totara River lagoon runs from the beach at Ross for about 10 kms to the north, has a couple of loops in it and several of the feed creeks are navigable. Friendly locals told us to take Moorhouse Road from Ross to the beach, turn right either opposite the sawmill or at the beach - there is room to park at both. We started about low tide and had a bit of a gluggy entrance to the river. We had no trouble filling in four hours of paddling, not including stops, exploring this rather intricate lagoon.

We followed Gows Creek for over a km until the rickety bridge of an old railway formation. This formation is soon to become part of the new West Coast Wilderness Cycle Trail. There was not time to explore any more of the kayakable creeks. Because of the state of the tide and river flows it was too shallow to get up the last three kilometres of the lagoon, but this part looked rather uninteresting.

Wildlife included the White Heron (I should hope so) and a large number

of adolescent Paradise Ducks. These latter were reluctant to fly away from us, instead they frantically paddled away using their wings in a circular motion and when desperate dived below the surface and appeared about 15-20 m away.

With some lagoon/creek sections having slippery mud or no banks plus the contributions of many water fowl, lunch spots can be hard to find. With luck you might find a big old stump near the water's edge to climb up on like we did, otherwise near the outlet (not as mapped of course) provides nice clean shingle. Neither lagoon is recommended in the duck shooting season!

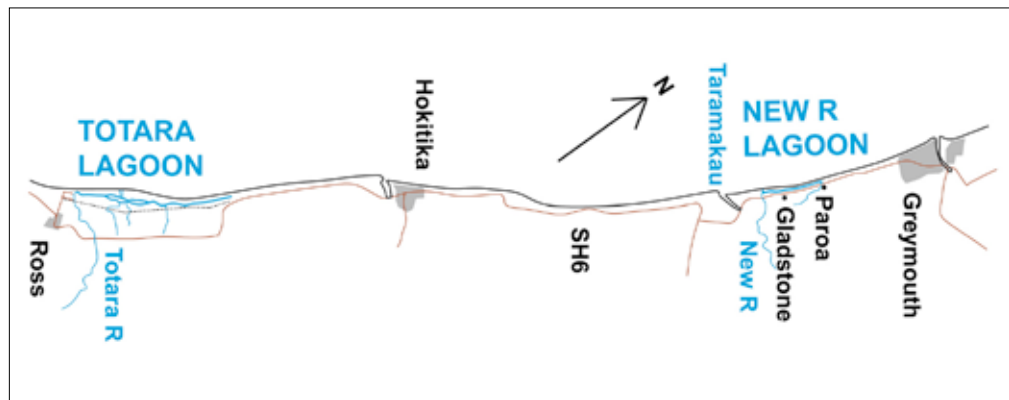
Location map on top of adjoining page

White herons were observed on both lagoons

A dairy herd drinking from Totara Lagoon, less desirable fauna



Location map of freshwater lagoons south of Greymouth



Coastguard Boating Education Day Skipper Course Launched Online

In 1993 Coastguard Boating Education introduced the Day Skipper course as a basic safe boating course. On March 18 2015, the course was launched as an online version.

General Manager Neil Murray said that the Day Skipper course has a strong reputation amongst boaties and water safety advocates and with the introduction of the online version will be able to reach into the homes of the boating community.

Students are able to enrol online with course completion dependent upon the learning style of the student. A

typical classroom based course takes up to 15 hours with students receiving a certificate once they have finished the five modules and the assessment.

The Day Skipper also has unit standards attached; level 2, 6 credits, Unit Standard 26542.

It is also worth noting that some insurance providers do give a discount if you provide them with your certificate number.

There are five units which cover the crucial aspects of boating safety: the

boat, navigation, rules and regulations, emergencies and knots. One free module is available to showcase the functionality of the course.

The Day Skipper online course costs \$157 inclusive of GST, the assessment and any assistance by the 'Online Coach'; it can be completed anytime, anywhere, on your tablet, laptop or desktop

Go to: boatingeducation.org.nz

Or give the crew a call on: (0800) 40 80 90

BOOKS

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

Padding Books for Sale

In a listing of new and secondhand paddling titles, I have over 50 books available. Email for viewing.

Past KASK Magazines Available

Unfolded hard copies of most newsletters are still available - swap for stamps.

SAFETY

How to Prepare for Debacles and Chaos while Sea Kayaking by Deb Volturno

Sea kayakers can experience marvellous adventures by simply getting on the water. Often we are in a wilderness environment as soon as we launch from the beach. Therein lies the magic! However, like entering any wilderness, we become vulnerable to the inherent risk of that environment. Add to that the fact that sea kayakers spend most of our time in one of the most dynamic wilderness environments on our planet - the zone where the sea meets the shore, and the risk is multiplied.

That's where the notion of 'debacle deterrent and chaos control' comes into play - otherwise known as risk assessment and incident management. Planning and being prepared can buy us a lot of peace of mind, and afford us more enjoyment on the water.

Certainly it's best to be as prepared as possible even before we launch. Know our gear, check the weather and sea forecast, check the tides and current, know where the bailouts are, make a plan and let somebody know what it is, and, of course, never forget the dark chocolate! Make the plan, but have some alternatives in mind, because plans often change - for me it's because of my own personal distractions as much as the conditions changing! It's always good to know where the mocha stand is, because sometimes that's the better call than launching.

Once on the water, it's worth considering that the unexpected probably will occur. It's the nature of the sea! In the Pacific Northwest of the United States where I paddle most, it might be something extra-special and benign like having a sea otter with a pup swim up and gnaw on your kayak's grab handle, or rounding a point to see a Bald Eagle 'swimming' with a salmon in it's talons. The Pacific

Northwest is an extraordinary place, yet so are the glistening turquoise waters of New Zealand! So equally, there can be surprise challenges that arise, like having a humpback whale swim under your kayak, and in your excitement to get a better look, you accidentally capsize. Yikes! But if you've prepared for a capsize by practicing your skills ahead of time, you spontaneously kick into your self-rescue, and THEN savour how exciting it was to see the whale. The thing is that we can never plan and prepare for all the things that could happen. For me, that's one of the most alluring parts of sea kayaking - that element of unknown!

We can gain skills by just letting our imagination come up with a few possible situations, or scenarios, that we might encounter while paddling. Thinking about worst case scenarios is a good start - an unplanned capsize and swim, becoming separated from our kayak, having our buddy capsize and let go of their kayak, or being with somebody who finds themselves unable to paddle. From there we can get on the water and have fun practicing different solutions to the scenarios! The 'tools' we gain will enhance our ability to problem-solve and adapt as real challenges develop.

It's entropy, the natural tendency toward disorder in our universe that assures that chaos will occur. I'm convinced that entropy is a much stronger force on the sea. Surprisingly, chaos and debacles have even unfolded during Debaque Deterrent, Chaos Control classes - that were truly not created for the class!

Once, we rescued a 10 meter sailboat that had run aground in San Francisco Bay, and another time we rescued a large buoy in a harbour that had broken free from it's mooring in the 25+ knot winds. In another class situation on Vancouver Island, we rounded a point to find an entire dock floating free in the current - with a motorboat still tied up to it! In all cases, we were able to respond effectively using skills we had practiced. I think the 'take away' is that if we've practiced our skills and some varied scenarios ahead of time, *and we have*



Deb Volturno at the KASK Forum

good judgement, we can confidently and effectively help out in a debacle - and not add to the chaos! Isn't it rewarding when you know you can help someone who needs it because you have the skills, rather than be a spectator because you don't?

As a paddler some basics should be in place: have reliable self and assisted rescue skills in the conditions you'll be paddling, always tuck and protect when you capsize, never let go of your kayak (with very few exceptions), take the time to get the information you need before you launch, *engage your brain for good judgement and good decision-making*, and finally, never kayak where you're not willing to swim. These offer an excellent foundation from which to develop debacle deterrent and chaos control skills.

I recommend a minimum of three additional skills to what most sea kayakers learn in a beginning class that would be useful in all sorts of debacles and chaos. First, get a tow system that works for you, and learn how to use it. Be sure it can be deployed quickly, and released quickly. Having a tow system at the ready, and knowing how to tow from your kayak will empower you to deal effectively with all sorts of scenarios where someone is unable to paddle. Easy solution, minimal output, big effect on a positive result. I suggest

that you investigate the different methods of towing also.

The other two skills that I recommend are related and can save your life or anyone else who is separated from their kayak. One, learn how to reliably get up onto the back deck of someone else's kayak, and two, become comfortable with someone climbing up on to your back deck.

The person on the back deck must position themselves low on their belly, close to the paddler so their arms can grip the sides of the cockpit coaming or around the paddler, and let their legs hang over either side of the kayak. Once the person is securely on the back deck, the paddler can paddle to safety, whether it's back to the empty kayak, or the beach, or...?

Using this technique, I saved the life of an exhausted swimmer who was

swept out to sea in a powerful tide rip - barely visible in the dim light of dusk.

Practicing your skills and playing with different scenarios will help you gain confidence and add to your "bag of tricks". Be ready to improvise, because debacles and chaos tend to be things we could never imagine! Improvising is easier when you can draw from what you already know. Know what works, know why it works, go paddling, be ready to apply what you've learned. In other words practice your skills, but also *use your brain!* Judgement and decision-making are arguably more important than skills. *Your skills might not be able to override a bad judgement call.*

If you don't 'put yourself in the picture - you can't be afforded all the wonder of what's out there, but if

you're not prepared, you might just wonder what the heck you're going to do when a debacle presents itself. Expand your imagination to create scenarios, practice your skills in *controlled conditions*, let the lessons unfold, and continue to add to your 'tool box'. If you end up with a 'garage sale' of all your gear floating around, be sure you've planned for everything to wash in, or blow back, to the beach! Warning: kayakers are notorious opportunists, so if you don't contain your gear, there is a well understood law of the sea called 'salvage rights' - what gets away could end up belonging to someone else!

Safety is a serious subject, but preparing and practicing to be as safe as possible can be a lot of fun. Get out there and play your way to becoming a safer kayaker!

HEALTH?

Snakebite Medicine by Deb Volturmo

A celebratory toasting tradition is rooted in river kayaking for me, and has richly endured over the years. While toasting and celebrating the safe completion of a river run, I also employed 'snakebite medicine' for what became the 'bad water cure' following raucous river runs in suspect waters. Myth or not, with the 'medicine', I never again suffered the intestinal scourge after running a river!

In good time, imbibing 'snakebite medicine' evolved to the lofty metaphysical level of a celebratory ritual toast to the Sea Gods and Goddesses punctuating any day on the water. The flask of fine elixir raised in gratitude for the generosity of the Sea Deities. We survived yet another sea adventure, being given the gift to indulge and dance in the wild sea on a new day.

The term 'snakebite medicine' has withstood the test of time, because

it continues to cure what ails you. These days it is most often the stiff and sore muscles after a long day kayaking at sea that benefit from a dose! Plus tipping the tonic seems to magically put a grin of satisfaction on your face - even, I can say, in the throes of the Weather Gods' wrath!

Sometimes in my travels I would discover a local Sea Deity enshrined at a launch site, as in Mexico where a shrine of Guadalupe is commonly found on random beaches. In that case the ritual of a resolute toast is extended to venerate the shrined deity. A gift of a fine libation is left in a vessel (usually a bi-valve shell) at the shrine, along with a special complement treat, like cookies or dark chocolate. This ritual is also a humble request for safe passage in their home seas.

By the way, snakebite medicine is not any random generic alcohol. Of

course it must be a fine elixir worthy of honouring life and adventure! Most preferred by me is a fine sipping tequila!

Choices are unlimited though, and have included fine sipping whiskey, scotch, rum, brandy, calvados, grappa, and port. Weather can be helpful in determining the best choice of spirits. Cold Arctic Circle temperatures in Norway beg for something very different from a steamy Mediterranean day at sea.

One of the most memorable of celebratory elixirs was 'Chōrni Doktor', a fine chewable port that escaped from Russia with Jim and Misha. True to form, Tsunami Rangers revelled in that potion, and saluted the Sea Deities deep into the clear, starlit night, on a secret beach somewhere along the shores of the Great Sea.

Deb Volturmo, Commander (Tortuga), Tsunami Rangers, 2014

NEW ZEALAND TRIP REPORTS

Tim Taylor's Longest Day

Tim broke the world record for distance paddled in a 24 hour period. The following are excerpts taken from his report for media and sponsors:

Thursday the 16 April arrived and with it a relatively stable high-pressure system. I knew that this would be bringing winds from the south-west so I decided the route would be from Tauranga, up to the Coromandel, and back to Tauranga. All going well I would get a little push up there with the wind, then it might die out over night, leaving me to coast back to Tauranga.

I kicked things off at 8 am from Pilot Bay. It was a cold morning but I was pretty excited so I hardly noticed the temperature. Leaving the Tauranga Harbour I had an outgoing tide so I whisked out the entrance and up the coast toward the Coromandel. For the first three hours I had elected not to stop, so I tried my best to find a rhythm and settle into the paddling. What actually happened was that I struggled to control my excitement and I consequently charged off at an extremely fast pace, with a heart rate that was well above the zone that I wanted to sit in. I was concerned that this could ultimately cause me to crash and burn, but I reasoned that I felt good so why try and fight it - if my body wanted to go fast then that's what I'll do!

At around 5.15 pm I found myself at Cathedral Cove in the Coromandel and had officially paddled 100 kilometres. This marked the longest paddle that I have ever done and in only 9 hrs 15 mins it was a very significant milestone for me. My previous best had been during my NZ Expedition when I did 98 kilometres in 13.5 hours. With the sun just starting to set it was an amazing time of the day, and thinking logically about my distance I rationalized that if I

could get back to Tauranga, I would have officially broken the record as well as having completed 200 kms. I decided to turn around and headed back towards the night.

At around 1 am, I got back to the start of Waihi beach and knew that I had a very tough stretch of paddling ahead of me. At the end of the beach is the Bowentown harbour entrance and this has a bar system that stretches out to sea for a couple of kilometres. Again, this wouldn't usually be a problem in the day, but at night and coming from a side-on direction, it was insanely tough to deal with. My body was working overtime just to stay upright and I had many close calls where I nearly came out. Thankfully a summer of training in these conditions enabled me to hold it together - just.

At the 2 am marker, when I was square on with the bar, I succumbed to another problem. The cold. With the strong wind flicking all of my paddle spray over me, I'd become saturated and I slowly began to freeze. My body was just working so hard that it couldn't keep me warm anymore so I knew I had to get changed. Luckily I'd thought to bring my Sharkskin Chillproof pants and top. These are normally reserved for my winter whitewater paddling but on this night they were an absolute godsend.

Before changing I was so cold and shivering so hard that my mum was seriously close to calling it quits and ringing an ambulance; thankfully she didn't because within 5 minutes I was firing on all cylinders again and as I pulled in at the next rest stop I heard someone remark, "He's smiling again so he must be alright."

It was 5 am when I officially knew that I'd beaten the record. The support boat pulled in close and as we ticked over 200 kms we all let out a big shout of joy. We were only a few kilometres from the Tauranga harbour entrance so we took the opportunity to get photos done and make a plan about the next phase. First we had to negotiate the harbour entrance, which was busy with ship-

ping because it was exactly on the change of tide, then we had to decide where to go. I reasoned that, 'anything greater than 200 kms was just a bonus' so I decided to just continue on down the coast and grab a few extra kilometres, all be it at a slower pace.

The sun started to come up at around 6am and it became an extreme cold. I have to admit that I wasn't prepared for this and it chilled me to the core. My body also hit the wall and just totally locked up. I just couldn't lift my arms anymore and I struggled at a pace that was half what I'd done all night. At 7 am and after 23 hours I decided to call it quits. We worked out that I'd paddled around 214 kilometres, so I safely had the record, and I reasoned that any longer and I'd be liable to end up with hypothermia.

Pulling up behind the support boat for the final time, I didn't actually have the strength to climb out of the kayak. The boat captain, Ben, was held my surf-ski and while I tried to roll over into the boat, I just couldn't move. He ultimately pulled me out with one hand as he held onto the kayak with the other.

An hour later and we were back at Pilot Bay and were greeted in by a large contingent of friends, family, and media. It was finally over and we were all on a whole different level of excitement.

The hours following the paddle were a real mix of elation and relief. For me, I was just stoked that I'd managed to live up to the hype and not let anyone down. I felt as though a lot of trust and expectation had been placed on me (deservedly so), and I had to repay that by performing on the day.

Yesterday (D-Day + 1) was definitely the worst for the body. Waking up I felt as though I had the wrists of an 80 year old. I had absolutely no strength in my upper body, so I elected to spend the day on the couch and eat copious amounts of junk food while moving an ice pack around the sore points.

Overseas Reports

West Island Bits March 2015 David Winkworth

Ticks – Do not Disturb

Does New Zealand have ticks? Maybe you guys just have sandflies! We have ticks in Australia - right up and down the eastern coast and hinterland. They're nasty little bloodsuckers that can make you pretty sick. That's a problem for sea kayakers because we're out there right in their territory, camping in the coastal bush etc.

Over the years there have been all sorts of tick remedies and tick removal forceps presented by people trying to get rich on the misfortune of others! Problem is though that medical research has shown that disturbing a tick attached to your skin leads to increased injection of their anti-coagulating saliva, the element which makes you incredibly itchy for days. So, killing the tick in situ is definitely the way to go!

Some years ago I read a medical bulletin on ticks and the advice was simply to spray the tick with a pyrethrins-based insect repellent. Apparently the pyrethrins-based repellents act as both a narcotic AND a toxicant. Well, I can report that it works! The tick goes to sleep with no last-act-of-defiance injection - and falls off by itself an hour later! No silly tweezers in nether regions - just a squirt or a dab and the job's done - plus I sleep better knowing that I've killed the little bastards humanely!

NSW Rock n' Roll Weekend 21- 22 March 2015

By the time you read this, the NSWSKC Rock 'n Roll Weekend will have been held. You've missed out! This year the venue will be Currarong near Jervis Bay on the NSW south coast. Guest speaker this year is English sea kayak instructor Nick Cunliffe, the latest in a long line of northern hemisphere instructors ven-

turing south to tell us how to do it all. Nick has already been to Tasmanian and Victorian sea kayak club events.

Look, maybe there's a bit of hemispherical defiance here on my part but I find I don't get too much out of these international presentations. Sure they're good paddlers - but then we have some pretty good paddlers here too that don't cost \$5,000 to bring to our events. For me, sure they can come - I welcome that - but I'd rather see club funds spent to benefit more members. Actually, I'd like to see a move away for a while from 'Around Australia' or 'Around NZ' paddlers. What I would like to see is our rich maritime history come to life because after all, the coast is where we play! There are so many fantastic stories just waiting to be told. Pop into the Auckland Maritime Museum one day and you'll see what I mean.

Carrying Water

Here's an interesting little thought: Where do you carry your daily drinking water? On your PFD in your Camelbak maybe? I wonder if that's slowing you down a bit?

A friend of mine does a bit of marathon ocean ski racing and he reports that none of the ski racers carry water on their back. He says the current thinking for the ski racers is that there's up to a 10% loss of speed for the guys who carry water on their backs. That's a lot! 'Might be worth some thought'. For me, in my sea kayak, I can't see the point in loading up my PFD when there's miles of storage down below.

Around Australia Paddlers

Not much happening on this scene as I write. The fellow who departed Sydney in January heading north has apparently struck a few problems including big seas. No-one seems to know where he is at the moment.

And Teresa Diehl - well, she is currently on Magnetic Island off Townsville. A couple of cyclones, persistently strong SE winds and soggy (salt water) electronic equipment has pretty much stopped her clockwise attempt. She is still keen to pursue

the clockwise circumnavigation but realizes her weather window to get down the Queensland coast before the winter SE trade winds set in has pretty much gone. Plan for her at the moment is to come down here to the NSW south coast in May and I'll build her a new more suitable sea kayak. She'll then recommence her journey in Spring.

Spare Paddles

Do you carry spare paddles? If you do some big trips, then of course you do! So, where do you carry your spare paddles? Foredeck, where they kick up water into your face maybe - or rear deck where they're possibly difficult to access?

It's a problem isn't it! I know of two sea kayaks only out of all the hundreds of boats around the world where the carrying of spare paddles has been designed into the craft. One of these is mine and the other is the P&H *Capella* (Derek Hutchinson design) which may no longer be in production.

Wouldn't it be good if manufacturers paid attention to the carrying of spare paddles! Problem is that spare paddles are cumbersome beasts and destroy the sleek showroom symmetry of sea kayaks. It doesn't have to be like that though - and paddles don't have to cover hatch openings where they need to be removed for hatch access. Come on sea kayak manufacturers, think outside the square!

Little Sayings

Do you have any little sayings that you use in sea kayaking or the outdoors? If so, let us all know - send them to the editor. They might be inspirational for us.

I have a couple I use now and then. This one, as far as I know came from Aussie bushwalking pioneer Paddy Pallin:

'The best place to be is here and the best time is now.'

It's just a nice little thought as I look over the sea from my sunny coastal campsite. I might also say it in the teeth of a gale as I struggle to make landfall. I love it!

'There's no substitute for time in your boat.'

This is one of mine. I use it in training and every time I procrastinate about going out for a training paddle. No matter how short the paddle, getting into my kayak and just having a play around the bridge pylons maybe is absolutely worthwhile. Do it!

Next issue – efficient paddling and a bit on gear. Enjoy your paddling!

KIT REVIEWS

Sink-the-Stink by Sandy Ferguson

I first came across this product over 15 years ago as it was mentioned by users in a kayaking forum and I had correspondence with Bob Denton (but no product), a sea kayaker and its formulator in the USA.

<http://www.sinkthestink.com/about.html>

The other day I saw that it is available in NZ, more specifically in Chch at PaddlerZone. It comes in a sachet and allowing for the water quantity it can be mixed with it would seem to be a good idea to decant it into a bottle and then add few drops to the small amount of water one would normally use to wash the smelly bits i.e. neoprene shoes and wet-boots.

Instructions here:

<http://www.sinkthestink.com/instructions.html>

As the sachet will do about 60 litres, a couple of bootees filled with water don't need much.



TRIBUTES

Audrey Sutherland (1921 – 2015)

Paddler, solo adventurer and author, Audrey Sutherland, passed away at her home in Hawaii on 23 February, at the ripe old age of 94. As a person to inspire young and old, males and females, to get out on solo adventures, Audrey is simply unique.

From Jim Kakuk

Audrey Sutherland, small in stature but big in personality, paddled thousands of miles on her own in Hawaii and Alaska. Her motto was TS, no, not tough shit, but 'thrift shop' buy it second-hand, make it work and go far. She did that.

When I visited her in Hawaii in the late 1980s, she was already well into her 60s and still paddling her orange inflatable kayak like a gymnast. We went free diving in front of her house in Haleiwa and I followed her along the rocky shore that she called her yard. Diving and kicking down, working with the current, she powered along and then disappeared into the rocks about 20 feet deep when I stopped. She surfaced on the other side having swam through a tunnel and motioned me to follow - that was my first underwater cave experience. She was lean and tough, the real deal, and lived up her legendary status.

From John Booth

In a letter to Audrey's family, John wrote:

'What a wonderful life she had! We build inflatable kayaks, and we worked together in 1999 - 2000 to develop something better. She gave approval to the two we sent her, the second an improvement over the first, and she paddled her last Alaska trip in that latter boat. In the process she stayed in our home, I stayed in hers, and we made a lasting friendship. She took me diving near her home in November 2000 when the weather was rough and clearly she wasn't done yet.

I was at the 2015 NZ International Kayak Week in our Bay of Islands two weeks ago with my inflatable where I met Jim Kakuk from California, Deb Volturmo from Port Angeles WA, Paul Hayward an ex-Canadian now of Auckland NZ, his partner Natasha Romoff ex South Africa, and Paul Caffyn (all time great kayaker who paddled around all main islands of NZ, the Australian continent and lots more). All of these had variously met, knew, and stayed with Audrey - and without knowing it we talked of her together in animated conversation at what must have been the very time of her passing.

So here's our collective and very real tribute to a wonderful lady who was your Mother. We are the richer for having known her and we keep our memories.'

John Booth and Audrey Sutherland in 2000



From Paul Caffyn

Audrey died from complications of Alzheimer's-like dementia. She was born Audrey Helen Schufeldt in February 1921 in Canoga Park, California, a small town inland from Los Angeles. She attended public schools and grew up during the Great Depression. She began UCLA when she was only 16 and graduated with a degree in International Relations. She and her two sisters worked as riveters building airplanes during WWII. After she moved to Hawaii she earned her Master's degree in Education Counselling from the University of Hawaii. She was a life-long learner.

Audrey married John Lauren Sutherland, a young Coast Guardsman, in the spring of 1942 and afterwards was known as Audrey Sutherland, or in the phone book as A.H. Sutherland. They had four children, two boys and two girls. They moved to Hawaii from California during the Korean War in 1952. John was by then an officer with the Coast Guard and became the Captain of the buoy tender, Buttonwood, stationed at Sand Island. He patrolled all over the Pacific and brought home many artefacts from islands as far away as Samoa. The house was full of Pacific arts and crafts. For many years, a Samoan tapa covered a whole wall of the living room. When they first arrived, the Sutherland family lived in several neighbourhoods on Oahu then in the Summer of 1954, moved to an old house on the ocean near Haleiwa which became Audrey's life-long home.

During her years on the North Shore of Oahu, she taught swimming, substituted for local elementary schools, and began working for the Army. She became director of Education Centres at Schofield Barracks, Tripler Army Medical Centre. During this time with the Army, Audrey was flown around the islands and up to Alaska to give speeches to inspire students to graduate from school and always continue their education.

In 1962 Audrey began her first serious coastal adventure along Moloka'i's north shore, with a com-

bination of and walking but swimming along its cliffed sections. On this first trip, she put her camera, food and clothing inside a rubber meteorological weather balloon, wrapped that with a shower curtain and stuffed it into an army clothing bag, then towed it behind her as she swam along the coast.

Audrey's next coastal adventure was in 1964, when she towed her gear in a two-foot-square styro-foam box, the middle struts carved out, painted blue on one side, red on the other in case she needed rescue. This was the floating, waterproof rig for the coastal swim sections. Despite jellyfish and bruising encounters with the sharp lava rocky shore, Audrey found great satisfaction from her solo adventures, fending for herself on shore, camping, and discovering seldom seen picturesque wonders like a 1,000 foot high waterfall.

In the spring of 1967, Audrey saw an inflatable kayak, in a backpacker's catalogue. It was six foot long, with separate inflatable compartments on both sides, tapering to a pointed bow and stern, and an air mattress which shaped the hull and which could be removed at night for sleeping. The whole rig weighed 14 pounds, and included a three-piece paddle. It was ideal for transporting, by helicopter or plane. This started Audrey's life-long love of inflatable kayaking.

Audrey kept detailed diaries of her

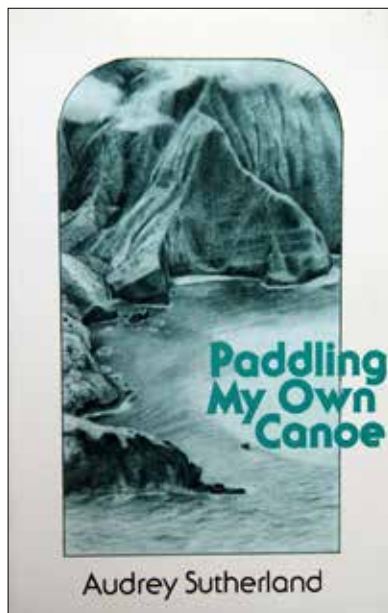
coastal trips. She used these to write her first book *Paddle My Own Canoe*, which was published in 1978 in both soft and hardcover versions by the University of Hawaii Press. The book is a delightful read. So many wonderful quotes of what is so good about going solo. In the last chapter titled *Paddle On*, Audrey writes:

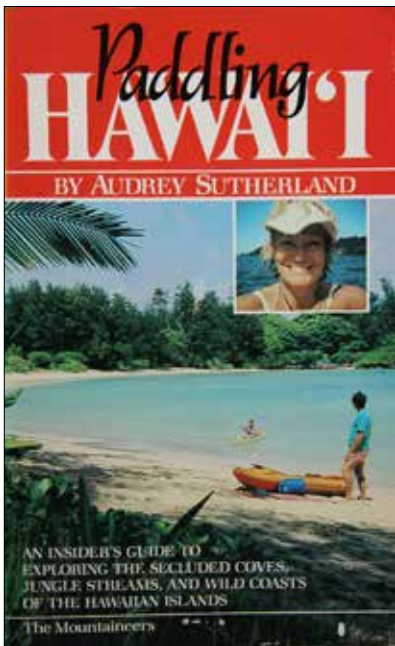
There is a sensuous joy in being alone—delight in the simple animal pleasure of blowing my nose with one knuckle, peeing in the moonlight, and trying a Tahitian dance step with only myself to snicker.

The process of daily living is often intense and whimsical. The joy of it, and the compassion, we can share, but in pain we are ultimately alone. The only real antidote is inside. The only security is not insurance or money or a job, not a house and furniture paid for, or a retirement fund, and never is it another person. It is the skill and courage within, the ability to build your own fires and find your own peace.

On a solo trip you may discover these, or try to build them, and life becomes simple and deeply satisfying. The confidence and strength remain are brought back and applied to the rest of your life.

At one of the first international gathering of paddlers in North America in August 1984, I first met Audrey, looked in amazement at her tiny inflatable and listened to her talk on paddling Hawaii (see photo below).





Audrey's second book, *Paddling Hawai'i*, was published by The Mountaineers of Seattle in 1988 and reprinted in 1998. Opposite the title page, is a list of 23 reasons to the question of 'Why Paddle Hawai'i?' The last three on the list:

- Play Robinson Crusoe on a small island
- Lose fears, develop confidence and apply it to all your life
- Roll overboard and hear the whales sing.

This well illustrated book has a wealth of detail. Part I 'How To' includes chapters on the many ways to paddle, gear needed, safety, wind and surf, food from land and sea Haute Cuisine, planning, packing and paddling; making it all happen. Part II covers 'Where To' describes the coastal paddling trips, and the book concludes with a good resource section and index at the back, including a comprehensive 'Further reading' list.

Audrey first laid eyes on south-east Alaska when flying there on a business trip in 1980. Her third book, *Paddling North* was published by Patagonia Books in 2012. In the foreword she wrote:

'This is the story of a trip, taken over two summers, which started in Ketchikan and went all the way to Skagway. I've paddled 8,075 solo

Alaskan miles and 22 more years in Alaska and British Columbia. But it is never enough. My boat now is a newer inflatable; longer, lower and faster, with a rudder and a spray deck that sheds the rain and the seas. I've encountered thirty bears, four wolves and hundreds of whales. We're still coexisting, and I keep learning. The philosophy is still the same. Go simple, go solo, go now.'

In his book review (*NZ Sea Canoeist* No.163 February – March 2013), Paul Hayward wrote:

'Good books come in many guises – some make you think, some make you feel, some educate and some just help you sleep. *Paddling North* made me stop and chuckle and then sit and think, with a smile on my face. Many times.

Audrey Sutherland has a great capacity to carry you with her, quietly and with humour. Carry you on a voyage of discovery as she paddles into a role as one of our kayaking greats. Great in heart and spirit and accomplishment, but so very uninterested in what the world thinks of her - arrestingly different to some modern kayak heroines.

This is a tale of pure adventure – of how to pare down the challenge to the bare essentials, so that it becomes possible to step into a remote and challenging world and

live a dream so well that you want to return each year until simple frailty prevents you.

She takes great delight in her food – creative ingredients with tiny amounts of wine and rum – her 'epicurean spoof' as she terms it. She soaks up the strange plants and animals and learns the weather, tidal and sea conditions. Alone in the wild, she 'was a wary animal, alert to every sound, a part of it.'

At age 92 Audrey was still driving her tough little truck around Haleiwa but was persuaded to give up driving when the paperwork to renew her license became too confusing. She continued to live in her seafront home supported by friends and family. Kaiser Hospital finally convinced her family that she needed more active care so she went into hospice in December 2014 and succumbed to dementia-related symptoms shortly after her 94th birthday in February 2015.

from Paul Hayward

RIP Audrey - may you long remain an inspiration to adventurous spirits and a talisman for sensible risk taking.

Audrey's obituary, printed in the Honolulu Star-Advertiser, can be read at: <http://obits.staradvertiser.com/2015/03/08/audrey-sutherland>



Audrey Sutherland
92 years young

HUMOUR

Tickle Me Factory Toys

There is a factory in Essex which makes the Tickle Me Elmo toys. The toy laughs when you tickle it under the arms. Well, Shelley is hired at The Tickle Me Elmo factory and she reports for her first day promptly at 8:00 am.

The next day at 8:45 am there is a knock at the personnel manager's door. The foreman throws open the door and begins to rant about the new employee. He complains that she is incredibly slow and the whole line is backing up, putting the entire production line behind schedule. The personnel manager decides he should see this for himself, so the two men march down to the factory floor. When they get there the line is so backed up that there are Tickle Me Elmo's all over the factory floor and they're really beginning to pile up.

At the end of the line stands Shelley surrounded by mountains of Tickle Me Elmo's. She has a roll of plush red fabric and a huge bag of small marbles. The two men watch in amazement as she cuts a little piece of fabric, wraps it around two marbles and begins to carefully sew the little package between Elmo's legs. The personnel manager bursts into laughter. After several minutes of hysterics he pulls himself together and approaches Shelley. "I'm sorry," he says to her, barely able to keep a straight face, "but I think you misunderstood the instructions I gave you yesterday. Your job is to give Elmo two test tickles."

Motorway Communication

A bloke was driving down an English motorway with his gorgeous, well-endowed blonde girlfriend when she piped up, "I think those people in the car next to us are from Wales." "Why do you think that?" he said. "Well, the kids are writing on the passenger window and it says: 'stít ruoy su wohS'."

Who Wears the Trousers?

Brian was about to marry Beryl when his father took him to one

side, and said, "When I married your mother, the first thing I did when we got home was take off my trousers," he said.

"I gave them to your mother and told her to put them on. When she did, they were enormous on her and she said to me that she couldn't possibly wear them, as they were too large. I told her, "Of course they're too big. I wear the trousers in this family and I always will. Ever since that day, we have never had a single problem."

Brian took his father's advice and as soon as he got Beryl alone after the wedding, he did the same thing - took off his trousers, gave them to Beryl and told her to put them on. Beryl said that the trousers were too big and she couldn't possibly wear them.

"Exactly," replied Brian. "I wear the trousers in this relationship and I always will. I don't want you to forget that."

Beryl paused and removed her knickers and gave them to Brian. "Try these on," she said, so he tried them on but they were too small.

"I can't possibly get into your knickers," said Brian.

"Exactly," replied Beryl. "And if you don't change your bloody attitude, you never will."

50 Shades of Grey

Four good mates have been going on the same fishing trip to the same place for many years. Two days before the group is to leave, Sam's wife puts her foot down and tells him he isn't going. When he tells his fishing mates, they're very upset he can't go, but what can they do? Two days later, the other three arrive at the campsite and are very surprised to find Sam sitting there with a tent set up, firewood gathered, dinner cooking on the fire, a cold stubby in his hand.

"Wow, Sam, how long you been here? How did you talk your missus into letting you come along?"

"Well, I've been here since last night. It's a long story. Last night, I was sitting in my lounge chair and my wife came up behind me, put her hands over my eyes and said, "Guess who?"

I pulled her hands off and there she was, wearing a see-through nightie. She took my hand and pulled me into our bedroom. The room had candles burning and rose petals strewn all over the bed. Apparently, she's been reading that book they're all reading, you know, *Fifty Shades of Grey*.

On the bed, she'd even put some handcuffs and ropes! She told me to tie her up and cuff her to the bed, so I did. And then she whispered to me, "Do whatever you want."

"So, here I am!"

The Coffee Shop

Life just gets better as you get older, doesn't it? I was in a coffee shop recently when my stomach started rumbling and I realized that I desperately needed to fart. The place was packed but the music was really loud, so to get relief and reduce embarrassment, I timed my farts to the beat of the music.

After a couple of songs I started to feel much better. I finished my coffee and noticed that everyone was staring at me. Then I suddenly remembered that I was listening to my iPod. This is what happens when senior citizens use technology!

Pest Control

A woman was having a passionate affair with an Irish inspector from a pest-control company.

One afternoon they were carrying on in the bedroom together when her husband arrived home unexpectedly. "Quick," said the woman to her lover, "into the closet!" and she pushed him in the closet, stark naked.

The husband, however, became suspicious and after a search of the bedroom, discovered the man in the closet.

"Who are you?" he asked him.

"I'm an inspector from Bugs-B-Gone," said the exterminator.

"What are you doing in there?" the husband asked.

"I'm investigating a complaint about an infestation of moths," the man replied.

"And where are your clothes?" asked the husband.

The man looked down at himself and said, "Those little bastards!"

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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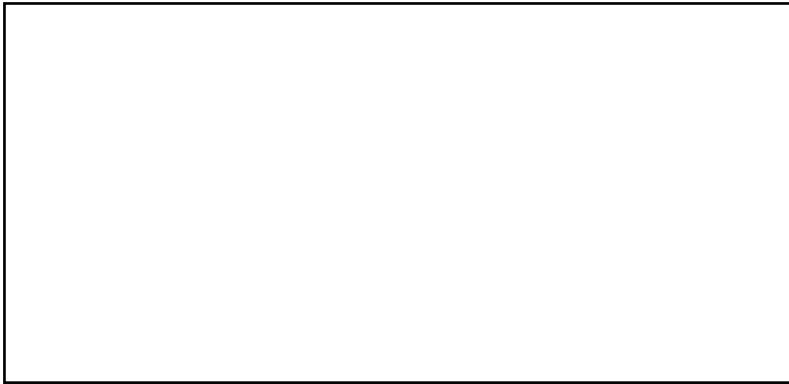
*Jason Beachcroft seemingly launching into the clouds; off Black Rocks in the Bay of Islands.
Photo: John Kirk-Anderson*



*Paula Renouf rock gardening
in the Bay of Islands during the IKW
Photo: John Kirk-Anderson*



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*Late evening and high tide at Otehei Bay, on Urupukapuka Island, Bay of Islands.
Photo: Ruth Henderson*

KASK MEMBERSHIP POLICY

Current membership fees are:

- \$35 for ordinary membership
- for new members \$35
- \$40 for family or joint membership
- \$35 for overseas membership (PDF newsletter only);
- 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

