



NEW ZEALAND SEA CANOEIST

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EDITORIAL**2018 KASK Kayak Fest**

Following the success of the March gathering on Ponui Island, plans are afoot to hold the 2018 gathering at the Ngatitua Domain, on the Kapiti coast, from 2 - 4 March. It will be a camping venue, fully catered, with possibly the option of using some of the Sea Scout or marina facilities.

KASK Sticker

Included with this magazine is a KASK sticker for your car or kayak. An excellent idea from committee member Shaun Maclaren to help with promotion and publicity for KASK. These stickers are included with the new membership packs that Karen Grant sends out. Should you have a fleet of kayaks (or cars) and could do with more stickers, get in touch with myself or Karen.

Max Grant

After nigh on 38 years of commercially manufacturing kayaks, Max Grant is retiring. Wellington paddler Sandy Winterton has penned a tribute to Max's long involvement with paddling and his mentoring of younger kayakers. At the age of 13, Max built



Max Grant

his first kayak, canvas over a wooden frame, with help from his father, and joined the Palmerston North Canoe Club three years later. He started building kayaks for friends at the club rooms, but upstairs was a restaurant and diners were upset with the smell of resin wafting up through the floor. Much to the disappointment of his father, Max chucked in his job as an apprentice glazier, for a career building and designing kayaks. Q-Kayaks was formed in 1979.

With a handful of local whitewater paddlers, Max formed the Ruahine Whitewater Club in 1975. As well as a long involvement with that club, Max has been on the committees of the NZ Canoeing Association and for many years, was our KASK treasurer. He has put so much back in canoeing and kayaking over the years, introducing young 'uns to the sport, leading whitewater and sea kayak trips and organizing KASK forums.

Max is a talented paddler, mixing racing, whitewater and sea kayaking. He and Dave Herrington achieved the first kayak circumnavigation of the Chatham Islands, and then his finest accomplishment in my view, his the paddle around the South Island with daughter Melz.

Antarctic Peninsula Paddle

Diana Galbraith has written an account of our February paddle down the Antarctic Peninsula. The really tough bit for me was choosing which photos to include, out of the squillion pics that were taken during the trip. We each experienced different highlights; for me the steaming sauna at the Ukrainian base of Vernadsky was brilliant. However the obligatory dips into the sea amongst bergy bits brought home how painfully cold the water was and how short my survival

COVER:

Conrad Edwards paddling into Skontorp Cove, a secure yacht anchorage on the west coast of the Antarctic Peninsula. The sea was freezing overnight in the cove. The backdrop of mountains, ice sheets and calving glaciers made this section of Paradise Harbour just so visually spectacular.

Photo: Paul Caffyn (see Diana Galbraith's expedition report on page 14).

Top Left: John Kirk-Anderson laughs off the rain during the International Kayak Week on Great Barrier Island, following the KASK Kayak Fest. Glenda Ray in the background. Photo: Dennis Hynes

Bottom Left: Lance Smith playing in the surf at Great Barrier Island, the breakers generated by days of windy, wet weather. Photo: Dennis Hynes



The stunned mullet look on my face reflects the pain on the skin when submerged in the sub-zero seas.

time would be, in the event of 'an out of boat' capsized. As the sea freezes at -1.7°C, the water we were plunging into would have been nigh on -1.5°C.

Conrad Edwards's Highlights:

1. Paddling in the ice - always surreal and as Paul C says, adds a fourth dimension to kayaking. One never gets tired of the ever changing shapes, sounds, hidden danger and subtle hues. "The ice was here, the ice was there, the ice was all around". Having to camp on it as well as kayak amongst it was a bit of a shock after the luxury of Greenland tundra and rocks, however.

2. And of course paddling amongst the ice life, especially - for me - the humpbacks. The penguins, seals and flying creatures were cool, but seeing the barnacled snout of a young humpy coming up directly under my kayak to check us out was more than memorable, and invigorating for my high-speed reversing skills.

3. My trips to date have averaged well under two people, so to have seven in the kayaking team plus two crew on the yacht was something of a shock, but great to share experiences with old friends, meet new ones and both observe and contribute to the dynamics of large-team trips.

John Gumbley's Highlights:

There were many highlights on the trips with every day presenting fascinating landscapes, geology, wildlife and flora. Visiting bases (and enjoying their hospitality) and historic sites also very, very interesting. All in fine company. It was a privilege to be there and even though this was my 8th trip to 'The Ice' each has presented quite different experiences. If I had to choose three moments they would be:

- seeing icebergs and ice cliffs suddenly collapse or roll with the consequent roar and wave surge, and appreciating all of this from safe quarters
- kayaking up to a loafing humpback whale and have this magnificent animal after a few minutes decide to arch, expose its tail fin and slow dive
- for comic relief, having someone kayak past me with a raft of gentoo penguins following, diving and porpoising in hot pursuit. When penguins approached front on, they would deep dive 20-30 metres out and resurface behind you.

Rather Large Swell Recorded

On 21 May, south of New Zealand, a 19.4 metre high wave was recorded by a high tech buoy moored near the Campbell Island. This is close to the highest wave recorded in history, which was detected rolling through the North Atlantic Ocean between Iceland and the UK last year. Persistent westerly winds and an unlimited area for waves to build, combine to make the Southern Ocean waves amongst the biggest in the world.

During our yacht crossings of Drake Passage in February March, I reckon

we were so lucky to have not been struck by severe weather and big seas. When the really strong southern pressure gradients encountered off the east coast of the South Island, seas of 10 m+ are occasionally recorded in Cook Strait, big enough for ferry sailings to be cancelled.

Back in August 1979, Max Reynolds and I spent an afternoon on seven metre high waves off the north-west coast of Stewart Island (off the appropriately named Hellfire Beach) and it was like being on a giant roller coaster. Counting the number of paddle strokes, to go from trough to crest, took a little bit off the edge of the huge swell size. A fishing boat went out next day, and advised the seas had lifted to eight metres - Max and I stayed put at the old Kilbride homestead in Mason Bay.

However when wind starts to lift when paddling on a big swell, it is time to seek shelter and get off the water. When the swell crests begin to break, they are big enough to easily capsize a paddler.

Tim Taylor - Ruahine Kayaks

Tim has re-started this multisport kayak manufacturing company. It was started in Hawke's Bay back in the 1980s by Mike Rowley and grew into a successful company that exported racing kayaks around the world. In early 2007, Mike was involved in a motor bike crash and sadly passed away. His business partner, Kevin Osborne, continued to keep Ruahine alive but without Mike's drive and passion the business ultimately ceased trading in 2012.

In early 2016, Ruahine Kayaks was put on TradeMe and listed as a bunch of moulds with a great fan base. Kayaks like the *Intrigue* and *Opus* were still favourites with many athletes and the F1 is still regarded as the fastest on the market - winning many races including the Coast to Coast. A friend suggested to me that Ruahine would be the perfect compliment to NZ Kayaker as it would be primarily winter work, and I already had the kayaking knowledge to compliment it.

www.nzkayaker.co.nz
www.ruahinekayaks.co.nz

KASK Committee 2017 - 2018

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KASK

At the early March KASK Kayak Fest held on Ponui Island, the annual KASK award presentations were made.

The Graham Egarr paddle trophy award for outstanding achievement to sea kayaking went to Lynn (Red) Paterson for her solo paddle around New Zealand. Lynn was not only the first redhead to complete the circumnavigation of the South, Stewart and North islands, but showed an amazing amount of drive and determination as the (slightly) oldest paddler to complete this mission.

With her regular and very readable trip blog entries, Lynn has allowed a cyber-savvy generation of Kiwis to follow her paddle and be inspired to get out and achieve their own adventures.



KASK president Tim Muhundan presenting Lynn with her award.



Dennis Hynes receiving the Graham Egarr paddle trophy award for better than average contributions to the KASK magazine from Tim Muhundan.

As editor of the *New Zealand Sea Canoeist* magazine, I get to choose who has been a regular contributor with photos and words of a high calibre, and thus is deserving of this lovely paddle trophy.

Dennis Hynes's stunning photographs have regularly graced the cover and pages of the KASK magazine. We can all take 'record' shots of a paddling trip, but to have an eye for composition, lighting and a photograph that tells a story, takes pretty special skill.

Dennis's two photos on page 2 of this magazine demonstrate his skill as a better than average photographer. He is well deserving of this lovely paddle trophy.

2017 KASK AWARD 'Bugger!' of the Year by Laraine Hughes

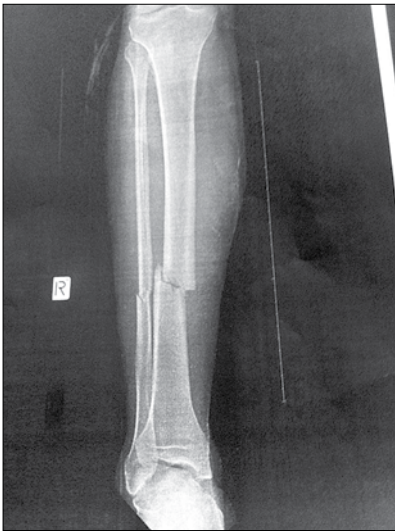
The photo below shows Aidan Frew holding the KASK trophy awarded for being run over by his own fishing kayak last summer (see *NZ Sea Canoeist* No. 182). The photo also shows the resulting scars on his leg.

There's quite a story behind those scars:

During Aidan's initial stay in hospital after the accident, as the breaks were so bad, the medical team inserted a metal rod and anchoring plates in his leg. As he was forced to spend a lot of time sitting on the couch at



Tim Muhundan's panoramic format photo which he took on the water using his iPhone 7+. 'This is what happens when you are sitting on a 1 meter swell while taking the photo!'



The initial X-ray following the broaching kayak in surf incident which broke two of Aidan's leg bones

home with his leg elevated during the recovery, Aidan soon noticed that the foot of the broken leg wasn't straight like it should be.

His constant and increasingly insistent comments to the medicos eventually convinced them that the leg hadn't been set properly, so two and a half months later, they conceded that action needed to be taken so they re-broke the leg so it could be set properly.



Aidan's very clever paddling and fishing-biased splints for his leg breaks.

By now Aidan was beginning to doubt that the medical team could get this repair job right on their own, so being the maker of fine paddles that he is, he designed the new repair rods to be inserted into his leg (see photo of X ray). That got the job done right – his foot was now set at the correct angle.

It was six months from the original accident before Aidan's leg was healed enough for him to return to work, and then it was only part-time for a month, as his job requires him to stand all day.

Thankfully he could get back to kayaking earlier than that. While he couldn't drive, mates drove him and his kayak and got him back on the water to preserve his sanity.

Being an avid whitewater fan, Aidan enthusiastically joined a couple of mates on a trip on the Rangitaiki River. The river was pretty playful and managed to part Aidan from his kayak – the kayak merrily bobbed off downstream without him and got stuck on a rock.

Despite their best efforts, his mates couldn't dislodge the kayak from the rock so they had to leave it there and Aidan then spent seven hours bush-bashing his way out to the road - on a partly mended leg! Deserves another 'Bugger!' Award!

Another kayaker later managed to retrieve the kayak and contact was made via Facebook and the kayak returned to Aidan.

The original accident hasn't put Aidan off fishing from his favourite spot on Papamoa Beach. Hasn't affected his ability to catch fish either!

He says the way his kayak got pulled back into the surf and a large wave then came and swept the kayak towards him faster than he could run away from it was a pure accident, not the result of inattention or doing something wrong. Shit happens!

WEATHER!

Jasper Winn in his superb book about a slow paddle around Ireland (*Paddle*) configured a new paddler's wind force and sea state listing.

'In the morning I fine-tune my new improved Beaufort Scale. In the early 19th century the eponymous Sir Francis Beaufort, an Irish born admiral in the British navy, suggested a system for measuring wind speed and its effects, and others since have added on signs denoting each force on land and at sea.

So we now have a force one – a 'light air' at around two knots that barely ripples the sea. A force five, on the other hand, pushes up crested wavelets, whilst a six produces white horses and makes it hard to use an umbrella. A gale force makes it difficult to walk, and streaks the ocean with foam. Force 10 is a storm, capable of uprooting trees and producing heavy shock waves. I've come up with a more personal wind scale based on my own experiences:

0. Calm. Midges unimpeded.
1. Light air. A mythical balminess found only in Irish mythology, and abroad.
2. Light breeze. Blows smoke in your face on whichever side of the fire you sit.
3. Gentle breeze. Too chill for only a shirt, but a jumper is too warm.
4. Moderate breeze. Tent skin flaps irritatingly, but not enough force to clear drizzle.
5. Fresh breeze. At sea, blows spray in face; on land, blows dry clothing into sea.
6. Strong breeze. Blows rain sideways, and coffee mug over. At sea, blows you somewhere you really don't want to be.
7. Near gale. If on water, sense of doom. If ashore, no paddling today. Nor tomorrow. Nor anytime soon.
8. Gale. Wetsuit blows away, along with rocks it's tied to. In pub, so probably won't notice.
9. Severe gale. Tent and all kit blown away. Still in pub, so as above.
10. Part of pub roof blows off. Kayak tied to tree; both disappeared.'

SAFETY

Radar for Paddlers by Tim Muhundan & Paul Hayward

I was in the bridge of the *Dolphin Explorer* today (8/4/17) when we powered past the kayak pictured below. The kayaker was doing everything right to maximize his visibility on the water - however, you can hardly see his radar signature on the radar. Who has a radar reflector in your kayak? Where and how have you fixed it to your kayak? What else can kayakers do so that they are more visible to boats and ferries - especially when the visibility is low and the waves are big?

Response from Paul Hayward

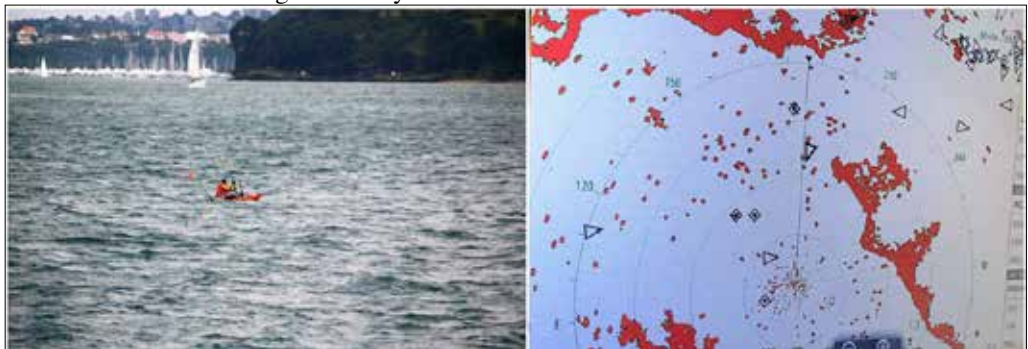
I'm not very knowledgeable about 'radar' - so take this with a grain of salt - it's what I think I know.

Radar works by getting a 'blip' reflected back. The difference between a battleship and the empty horizon is really easy to detect. Smaller objects get progressively harder to detect - and having an empty space around them is important. Otherwise you get the 'black cat on a black road on a black night' problem.

A kayak's non-metallic hull, running very low in the water, is probably invisible for anything less well-equipped than a warship!

To be seen in the real world, even 12 metre sailing yachts hang big (300 mm) aluminium 'spheres' up at the top of their masts. They put them up high so they stand out - even though that's one of the most inconvenient places to carry them!

Tim's photos from the bridge of the Dolphin Explorer, showing the kayak and radar plot.



So a kayak is just not going to be able to:

- (a) carry a big enough metallic object
- (b) get it up high enough to be 'seen' by any non-military radar.

Radars come in many flavours - and some of them have quite sophisticated 'anti-wave/clutter' and 'anti-rain' software that might work quite effectively to mask out something very small and near the water - a kayak.

We're just too small. The answer is to have an active device - we just can't carry a big enough passive (reflection only) device.

I think we're going to have to wait for AIS devices (marine Automatic Identification System) to get small and cheap enough to have them built into our hand-held VHF radios. They are just becoming available in bulk-head mounted radios - small AIS receivers have been out for six to seven years - so you could put one in your tinny easily enough. The full AIS transceiver turns you into an aircraft carrier blip - with your name, tonnage and course details. You could even see yourself here on the internet: <https://www.marinetraffic.com>

Until then, I think Nadia Lehmann has the best take on it - stay bright, stay out-of-the-way and be ready to hail on VHF if you must.

All the evidence I heard while sitting through the ARC debates on kayak visibility regulations led me to three conclusions:

- if you are reasonably bright, you'll be seen in daylight
- if it's dark, both rules and experience say you need a light to be seen
- if the other skipper isn't looking - nothing can save you.

My favourite 'proof' of this is the fizz boat that drove (at some speed) into the side of an anchored RNZ frigate.

Our NZ history of kayak accidents tends to bear this out. I believe Paul Caffyn will concur. Such collisions as have occurred, would not have been avoided by 'better' kayak visibility.

Response from Paul Caffyn Trans-Tasman Attempts

For the two Trans-Tasman double kayak crossing attempts, we had one of those spherical (collapsible) foil-covered cardboard radar reflectors. Mounted on top of the spare paddle shaft, aft of the rear cockpit, it was about 1.8 m above sea level. They were a great design.

Shower Cap

Many years ago, Auckland paddler Rebecca Heap came along to one of the Coastbuster gatherings at Shakespear Bay, to a gadgets and gizmos session. Her homemade radar reflector, was a shower cap with numerous streamers of aluminium foil attached. Very clever I thought.

Powered vs Paddle Craft Collisions

As Paul Hayward implies, we have had too many paddlecraft versus powered vessel collisions in New Zealand waters, on both the sea and lakes - two fatalities and too many close shaves.

In all instances, powered craft skipper inattention was responsible. When successful prosecutions were made by Maritime NZ, the penalties imposed on boat skippers were as serious as a 'slap on the wrist with a wet bus ticket.'

SAFETY

What Emergency Communications do Kiwi Paddlers Carry?

Following the excellent response from paddlers re whether they preferred paddling solo or in a group, I followed up with a request as to what form of emergency communications paddlers carried.

by Dennis Hynes

Every time I paddle, I carry five modes of communication. Attached to my PFD and in easy reach:

- 1) VHF radio
- 2) Personal Locator Beacon
- 3) whistle
- 4) strobe light

In waterproof container under the deck of kayak:

- 5) cellphone

Although I struggle to recall the last time I have used any of these for communicating with others, with the exception of cell phone at the end of the trip to advise that I am off the water and an estimated home time.

Add to those voice and paddle signals within the group I guess you could say I have seven modes of communication.

Perhaps you should also add the message that I leave with my wife, Alison, giving estimated time off the water and time to start calling in the cavalry if she hasn't heard from me. If all else fails, I suppose I could use the flash on my camera (also attached to my PFD) to attract rescuers' attention once they are in line of sight.

I mostly use the cell phone &/or VHF (depending upon coverage) for updates to the weather forecasts.

I have also taken a satellite phone to Fiordland where all other forms of communication are next to useless. Even when we could make contact with boaties via VHF they, for the most part, couldn't give us any useful current forecasts.

by Laraine Hughes

We learn a lot about how to stay safe on kayak trips in BASK, but there's nothing like an actual experience to bring reality home. This was certainly the case for me when I had to call up Search and Rescue on my cellphone for assistance because I couldn't get a capsized paddling buddy back into his kayak in Tauranga harbour.

A few years back I fell off my bike and damaged a shoulder so didn't go paddling for a few weeks after that. When I was ready to venture out again I decided to be a bit more sensible and do only part of a scheduled club trip, launching from a beach halfway along the projected trip path to await the arrival of the rest of the group. Another paddler who hadn't been out for a while decided to join me.

We liaised with the trip leader and agreed on a suitable time and location to meet the rest of the group on the water. The two of us launched and were a couple of kilometres offshore in good paddling conditions – just a slight chop from a light breeze.

My paddle buddy was a big guy, probably too big for the somewhat tippy kayak he was paddling. Anyway, he got side-on in a small chop, lost his balance when the kayak heeled over, didn't even think about a low brace, and in he went. I was surprised he'd fallen in but felt unfazed because I'd practised T-rescues. So I got the water tipped out of his kayak, got it the right way up and positioned and braced so he could get back into it.

The problem was he hadn't practised rescues since he'd done his skills course many years before, so despite my explaining to him what he had to do, to haul himself back into his kayak, he couldn't do it.

"I can't," he said.

"You have to!"

"I can't do it."

"Well what else are we going to do?"

"Call Coastguard," he said. I didn't have a VHF to call Coastguard (a process I was familiar with in yachting), but I did have my cellphone in a waterproof case

hung around my neck. I didn't call Coastguard because I didn't have their phone number - I dialled 111 and asked for the Police, explained my predicament and asked them to contact Coastguard. They patched me immediately through to Search and Rescue instead who advised me the best direction to head, towing an empty kayak with a paddler holding on to the rear of my kayak – not easy going.

Before I'd gone very far, and before the search and rescue RIB arrived, I noticed a small launch coming towards us. So I frantically waved my fluoro hat and blew my whistle to attract their attention and the father and son fishing duo kindly took my friend and his kayak back to shore.

Obviously a cellphone won't work where you can't get coverage – but neither will a VHF. I am firmly in favour of taking a cellphone in a waterproof case in my PFD. I now also have a PLB which I carry, which I could use if things really became dire.

A valuable experience which made me think a lot about consequences, and as a result I now also carry rescue equipment in a deck bag which I am sure would get even an overweight and somewhat incapacitated person back in their kayak. The cellphone is a back-up, but I wouldn't be without it.

by Evan Pugh

On day or longer trips, I have my PLB, VHF, strobe light, whistle and mirror on my PFD.

I also have a phone but keep that in my kayak, as my first item to use on the water would be the VHF in an emergency, then my PLB if I could not get VHF reception.

At night the strobe light will assist in being spotted and a mirror during the day, if sunny.

A whistle will get people's attention nearby and also if you have been yelling for help for a while your voice might go, in which case a whistle is very handy.

If I intend to, or might end up

paddling in the dark, I will also have a good waterproof torch to signal with.

Hopefully you will never need to use these items in a situation but when you do have a problem, you will wish you had them.

Evan's example:

On one occasion on Raglan Harbour a few years back, one paddler collapsed while paddling.

Another paddler nearby managed to support the paddler while I towed them to shore, others got the person out and onto the beach and a, "Not breathing or no pulse," statement was yelled out.

I used my VHF to call for assistance and found I had no reception in the spot we were in, thankfully a moment later there was a, "They are OK," yelled out.

The day carried on soon after and the member was right as rain but lessons were learnt, a phone call would have been next then a PLB if we had no phone reception.
Evan

**VHF vs Cell-phone
by Ruth Henderson**

Strangely, or coincidentally the day I noticed Paul C's deadline for this comment, my neighbour came up for a chat on the same subject. He's a water polo and whitewater guy, who has started to use a sea kayak as I do - as my vehicle of choice for commuting or getting about Kawau Island and the Mahurangi Peninsula.

Recently he joined me on a paddle to Motuora Island and he discovered that wet (cold compared to normal) fingers could not stroke his smart phone (in phone dry-bag) into life.

Not (yet) owning such a phone, I'd never known this could be a problem - I just figured they would be hard to use in bright light, and would require too many swipes to call Coastguard compared to the ease of pushing three buttons on my Alcatel:



Ruth Henderson with her PFD mounted VHF radio and cellphone in a waterproof bag.

1. unlock
2. contacts
3. Coastguard number - loaded in as 'A Coastguard' so it is first in line.

Gav also noticed that I used my VHF to 'find' the friends we were meeting - and he wanted to know which device I used most often or favoured.

So, what device do I use? Answer - both, with both on me - phone around my neck, VHF on my shoulder, attached to my PFD. To contact other paddlers - when they are on the land - the phone, but once they are on the water, the VHF, on a 'boat to boat' channel.

If I can't get Coastguard on my VHF to do a TR (Trip Report), once I've left high ground and am on the water (they usually say I'm faint or breaking up), I phone them, and advise that if I'll go Channel 16 in the event of an emergency situation.

And for the weather - I check websites before I leave home, and listen to Nowcasting on the VHF in the interim if I'm worried. Of course people with smart phones can check weather websites, emails, Facebook, and news sites whenever they want? I prefer a simple life and a degree of ignorance.

Further Proof That a Cellphone is a Useful Rescue Item for a Kayaker

by Laraine Hughes

While on holiday in the Catlins in February, three of us kayakers decided we would kayak out to picturesque Nugget Point. One of the points of interest was a baby seal colony on the rocks not far from the lighthouse at the tip of Nugget Point. We got a bit too close to the seal colony and one of us got caught unawares by a large swell that came in and ended up on the rocks. A second person went in to help but despite our best efforts we couldn't relaunch the kayaks off the rocks, so decided to call for help.

Luckily the area we were in afforded cellphone coverage so, although both people on the rocks were wearing PLB's, we elected to dial 111, after phoning our buddy still on the water that we were going to do so. We thought trying a cellphone first would be a better option as we could talk to someone and explain the situation and where we were, rather than just be a blip on a screen, and not knowing whether rescue was on its way or not. We had both told our PLB 'mindere' by text the day before where we would be paddling.

Interestingly, the person who took the 111 call at the Police call centre asked me at one point if I had data on my phone, which I did. The police emailed me a GPS link which, if I had clicked on it, would have given our exact location. However, I didn't have my glasses on and was not familiar enough with my phone to put the 111 call on hold, click on the link and then get the call back again, so the call centre instructed me to not break phone contact. I asked if we should activate a PLB - they said no.

While we maintained the link to the 111 call centre, we were given constant updates as to what was happening and who was coming to help us, where they were coming from and approximately how long it would be before they got to us, which was

very reassuring. They were also constantly aware of our situation, what was happening, where we were, our state of comfort etc., and would be instantly available should circumstances change, and we could ask any questions we needed to and be given any guidance we needed.

NB: The rescue crews praised us for doing all the right things and said it was a pleasure to rescue people who were so well prepared:

- we had checked the weather forecast
- we were wearing lifejackets
- we both had PLB's and had told people where we were going
- we had a cellphone in a drybag
- we had dry clothing with us on the rocks, together with food and hot drinks.

I have thought since about 'would I do anything differently' and the answer is no.

I never get in my kayak without my cellphone in a drybag around my neck, even on local trips.

This is the second time I've used my cellphone to get help to rescue a buddy when I couldn't do it on my own. Next time it might be me.

TRAINING

Lake Tarawera Training Day by Andrew McMullen

BASK held a training day at Lake Tarawera on 15 January 2017. The day was well attended by paddlers brandishing a wide range of skill levels, just as it should be. The conditions ranged from dead calm to mildly lumpy, which made a nice step up from conditions experienced in the local heated pool.

A variety of skills were talked about on the beach and put into action (with various levels of finesse and success) on the water. Next, followed a variety of unsavoury scenarios in which our bold paddlers had to figure out what to do to get themselves out of trouble.

Of course for most people, much of what we covered was not new, but good practise all the same. However, some of the most worthwhile activities were those where not everything turned out as planned and left us mulling, "How could I do that better next time?"

Here are a few lessons that I took home to ponder further:

It was time to practise direction changes. So, rudder up, alternate strokes on each side, count the strokes required for a 360° turn, and no cheating! My previous kayak had the turning circle of an aircraft carrier - my current craft is much more nimble. This encourages the feeling that I could quickly exit a nasty spot

or get to a buddy to perform an act of heroism if necessary!

I started out requiring eight strokes for a full turn, but after a bit of gritty practice, reduced that to seven. Now that's what I call progress! The only trouble is that those with talent can spin the same boat around in just four strokes! Not to worry, it is a worthy skill to keep working at.

Next up, it was towing time. There are a lot of different possibilities here, but the equipment being used by those who looked most relaxed consisted of the following:

- a quick release waist belt which was worn as a separate item or built into the PFD.
- a short elastic cord with a karabiner attached (cow tail) which attached to the waist belt.
- six metres or more of cord attached to another karabiner. This links the cow tail to the kayak under tow.

Just as important as the towing gear you choose is your management of it:

- are you wearing your towing setup or is it stored in a hatch?
- how long does it take you to attach your setup to the victim's kayak and get under tow?
- can you connect and detach using just one hand?
- does your tow rope tangle on your rudder or other gear on your rear deck?
- can you detach the tow line and have it ready for action again without taking forever?
- can you cut your rope if the worst

happens and you end up wrapped in it?

- trip leaders should make the decision if one of the group needs a tow and also who will do the towing. It is the duty of those being towed to accept that decision with grace.

Look what we have just spotted in the water! One large and scarcely responsive paddler, and another paddler floundering about and immobilised with pain. It looks as if these boys could do with a rescue! Here are my observations (both from above and below the water):

- real problem solving may be required, as it is quite possible you have not encountered the situation you are presented with
- raw strength and bright ideas are nice to have on hand
- the maximum number of 'hands on' operators is limited to two (one each side of the victim's kayak)
- those not directly involved could be offering equipment or advice, retrieving abandoned gear, prepar-



Laraine Hughes practising bracing while Anne rocks the boat



Dennis Hynes giving a talk on group management; note ducks and ducklings

ing for a tow or just not getting in the way
 - calling for rescue ASAP is the way to go when the scale of the emergency is beyond the group's resources.

The various duties and expectations of trip leaders were discussed without too much comment. That was until we touched on the subject of keeping the group together on the water. There was frustration at the tendency of some people to not maintain contact with the group.

Trip leaders are all different. They range from not mentioning staying together, through to saying something rather brief and general, through to being very specific about where paddlers should and should not be. In the absence of any instruction, or in spite of it, some people end up just doing what they feel like. This is most obvious towards the end of the day.

My feeling, that I think is a common feeling, is that we paddle as a group not only for company but also

for support. For this to happen, we need to remain 'in contact'. Being 'in contact' is not a defined distance measure but will vary according to the group, weather, hazards, ease of communication etc.

Being in contact means that if you capsize you should be visible to the group and expect timely assistance. Being in contact means waiting at headlands if you are ahead of the group. Being in contact means that you may be 10 metres distant or more than 200 metres distant, depending on the conditions.

The other loony extreme is leaders trying to herd paddlers like a mother duck with her newly hatched ducklings (see photo above).

My suggestion is that any trip leader, who feels that group cohesion of some kind is desirable, briefly explain their requirements before the trip begins. You may not get another chance for a while! Overall we had a productive day. We were left with plenty to think about and all paddlers were accounted for.

TECHNICAL

Seiches

by Margot Syms

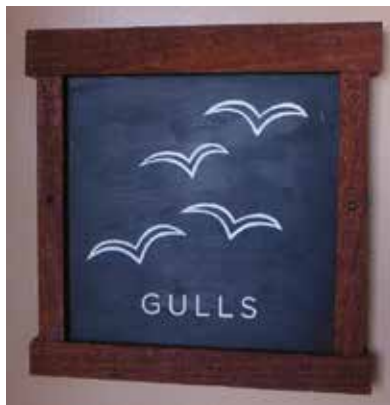
We had just landed on shore in Port Ligar, Marlborough Sounds, and I put the bucket of fish to clean at the water's edge on a dropping tide and went to help Peter with the dinghy. Very soon after, I returned to find the water-line above my bucket. As I watched I saw that the sea was slowly surging in and out. Maybe it's a seiche, Peter suggested.

A seiche is a standing wave in an enclosed body of water of any size. A simple example is in a bath tub of water disturbed in some way. Waves go up and down getting reflected back at each end of the bath until resonance gets set up, producing a standing wave whose period depends on the length of the enclosure and the depth of water.

On a larger scale, seiches have been observed in Lake Wakatipu, the Great Lakes, the Baltic sea, and in many other lakes and semi-enclosed bays, harbours and seas. A common disturbance which instigates a seiche is persistent strong winds along the body of water causing the water to pile up at the lee shore, then when the wind eases the water rebounds and a seiche will establish in the lake/bay. Other possible causes are a large difference in air pressure over the water body, an underwater landslide, an earthquake or a tsunami.

Our observation in Port Ligar was on a fairly calm day following one with NE storm force winds in Cook Strait blowing into the enclosed bay over a low isthmus causing breaking waves on the 'observation' beach all day. See map on page 12.

However, the proof of the pudding is in the seiche period (time for one complete cycle/oscillation). Having realised that it was a seiche, I timed the period as best I could with small wavelets hitting the shore. My estimate was between 3 and 3.25 minutes, with a peak-to-peak height of 10 – 15 cms, and the oscillation seemed pretty regular.



Toilet signs in British Columbia, Canada. Photo: Margot Syms

The formula for calculating seiche period is:-

$$T = 2 * L / (n * \sqrt{h * g})$$

Where T is the period in seconds; L is the length of the body of water and h is its average depth, both in metres; g is the acceleration due to gravity which equals 9.8 in metric units; and n is the modal number, an integer.

Resonance produces standing waves such that one, two, three or more half-wavelengths fit exactly into the length of water. These are called harmonics, just like in musical sound waves. Each harmonic uses a different modal number, n, in the equation. For the 'fundamental' or first harmonic n = 1, for the second harmonic n = 2, etc. The higher the harmonic

the sooner the wave is damped out, so the less likely to be observed.

Now, plugging 3,000 m length and 30 m average depth for NE-SW across Port Ligar into the formula gives a fundamental period of 5.8 minutes. So, the measured period of about three minutes represents the second harmonic, which seemed very much predominant.

Interestingly, four hours later in the day, the seiche was still going, and while the three minute cycle was still evident, it was nowhere near as clear-cut as earlier. So, this harmonic must have been damped down a bit and the longer period fundamental was becoming clearer.

So, if you ever have to wait out a good blow when kayaking in sounds or on a large lake, once the wind has eased, monitor the water level at either the windward or lee shore and see if it surges.

As an example, a Lake Wakatipu seiche observed at Queenstown has a 27 minute cycle and might have a peak-to-peak height of 20 cms. The long periods of big lakes or bays are difficult to measure without instrumentation, but it would be interesting just to observe that a seiche is occurring – unless this was because your tent on the beach was periodically being flooded.

Reference:

Wikipedia: <https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Seiche> and links from there.



Paddler Profile

Q-Kayaks - Max Grant The End of an Era

by Sandy Winterton

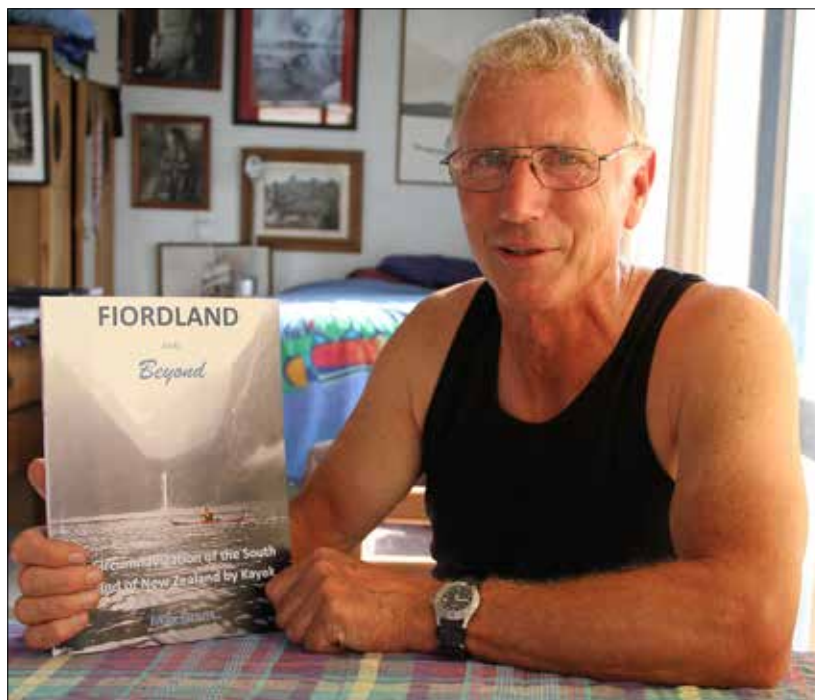
In early May this year, something prompted me to look up the Q-kayaks website – a thing I rarely do, as I already have one of their boats and it's my favourite. Maybe my psychic side had detected something in the air. Shock horror! The business was closing and the workshop would finish in two days!

Max Grant had finally decided to shut up shop after 38 years of making boats and selling kayak accessories. Max and Margaret Grant are owed a long and happy retirement and I am sure all those who have had the pleasure of dealing with the Grants over the years will wish them well in their leisure years.

I've known Max for only about 10 of those years and in that time I have seen many sides of him.

I remember he entered the Cambridge to Hamilton kayak race in his beautiful home brewed strip timber *Tasman Express* kayak and was gutted to be lumped in with the plastic boats instead of the composite sea kayak start group. In another race, he battled 25 knot quartering winds to complete the full 44 kms of the Trans Taupo event in a plastic *Skua*, while daughter Melz and I took the easy option of the Q-kayaks *Maximus* racing sea kayak – much lighter and sleeker. Max's good finishing time was testament to the qualities of the craft he designed, made and paddled.

We've done a few trips together. A couple around Mana Island and two around Kapiti Island, the latter of which was *that* trip. It never made the 'Bugger' files but it probably should have. As a result of that experience I have shied away from group outings almost entirely, but not Max - he is made of sterner stuff. On my most recent trip round Kapiti



Max Grant with his South Island book. Photo: P Caffyn

trip, we were coming in to the beach as Max and party were heading out. He was doing what he has always done – accompany and help others into the kayaking world.

He's performed many rescues. Susan Cade and I once went on a Ruahine WW Club trip on the Manganui o te Ao. The river level was up, and Max afterwards admitted to some concern with newbies like me on the trip. He ended up rescuing me three times. Afterward I realized the WW in the club name stood for white water. Max was paddling his own newly designed family type kayak – the *Kiwi*. While diminutive and simple in construction, Max guided the trip, dealt with all situations arising and managed to extract Susan from a whirlpool of death in which her sea kayak had been revolving for a considerable time.

Max was the driving force behind the RWWC and the Foxton Loop race for many years – an event that's been running since the mid 90s. It's always been well organized, safety craft present, and has been run safely under some ferocious conditions at times, including occasions when even the best, such as Glen Muirhead, recent gold medallist at races in the World Masters Games,

has come a cropper in his K1 due to the wild conditions.

In the last Foxton loop race I did, Max participated, but as a guide and mentor to some newbies who set off before the masses – a typical act to sacrifice his own competitive urges for the benefit of others.

Max and Melz Grant circumnavigated the South Island in kayaks – the first father/daughter team to do so. Max has given many an interesting and exciting talk to KASK and others on his exploits.

On occasions, Max would go to extraordinary lengths to participate. I recall more than one occasion when he drove from Palmerston North to Wellington to attend the Wellington Sea Kayak Network meeting, and one year when he went all the way to Anakiwa in the Marlborough Sounds to attend a KASK forum and give a talk before returning to Palmerston North the next day.

I happen to know Max is partial to a sip of merlot now and again, so cheers Max – thanks for the time, your good humour, your expertise and the memories. May your retirement be long and happy.

Overseas Reports

BGLE 80th Anniversary Sea Kayak Expedition - Feb. 2017 by Diana Galbraith

Our team of seven met in the check-in queue at Auckland airport and introductions were made. Hokitika airport was closed by appalling weather, and Paul Caffyn had to dash by road to Christchurch, making it just in time for his flight to Auckland. Bevan Walker from Nelson, Susan Cade and Conrad Edwards from Wellington arrived without drama. Geoff Murray from Tasmania had a 19 kg diesel-fired water heater in his luggage, to replace the one on the charter yacht *Icebird* which had failed on the previous trip. John Gumbley from Ngaruawahia and Diana Galbraith from Kerikeri completed the team.

After some last minute provisioning in Ushuaia, we joined Cath and Greg on the 65 ft yacht *Icebird*, and motored down the Beagle Channel as dusk fell on 4 February. Drake Passage is one of the most intimidating waterways in the world, but we were lucky with the weather. The famous Cape Horn was visible in the distance as we motored across a calm sea.

Our passage down was slow, but largely uneventful and on 9 February we motored up the Croker Passage in low, misty cloud, passing a large iceberg studded with penguins. We moored with some other yachts next to the partially sunken wreck of the *Governoren*. She was a whaling ship that caught fire and sank in 1915, the skipper running his vessel aground to save the crew. Nearby were numerous reminders of the whaling industry, including several beautifully constructed 'water ships' which were built to transport snow or ice from the shore to supply the whalers with water.

The small beach in the bay was quite tidal, but we managed to get our kayaks more or less packed on shore. We had two *Boreal Epsilon 200s*, two *Epsilon 300s*, an *Esperanto* double and a *Baffin* – all plastic boats with

rudders, except the *Baffin* which had a skeg.

On 11 February we headed off into the cloudy, drizzly day. The Antarctic Peninsula tends to have a lot of cloud and resulting precipitation - we experienced most of the possible variations of that on our expedition. Visibility was poor, and we had a 12 km open water crossing to do, so we didn't hang around. As we paddled, there were humpback whales everywhere; we saw their spouts and heard their exhalations all around us. There were more whales around that day than on any other on the trip.

We got to Emma Island and, after some difficulty, found a small island to camp on. We had to encourage the fur seals to depart from their haul out, but shared the small, snowy camping area with several gentoo penguins. As the weather wasn't good the next day, we spent two nights there, walking around the island and spotting wildlife on our day off.

Our plan for the next day was to meet the yacht, but due to a breakdown in communication we ended up paddling 26 kms in some pretty challenging conditions. The katabatics were gusting at least 35 knots and it was a relief to make landfall at Cuverville Island and meet up with the yacht. Landing and camping places are quite few and far between on the peninsula.

The next day the sun shone for the first time on the trip, although it



The low tide landing for our first night camping on Emma Island. At high tide, the sea was up under the ice cliffs. Photo: Diana Galbraith

clouded in after a couple of hours and was quite cold by the time we got to Waterboat Point where a Chilean Base is located. We visited the base the next day.

There was a large elephant seal sleeping next to their inflatable dinghy, and a 'white' gentoo penguin with its normal-coloured chick. Apparently there had been five such birds at the colony, but this was the only one there this year. Although the other adult birds were sleek black and white, the chicks, confined to the colony as they were not yet fledged, were covered in mud as the whole area was a huge morass.

A short but scenic paddle the next day took us to Skontorp Cove, where



The albino gentoo penguin at the Chilean base. Photo: Paul Caffyn



Stunning hues of blue with a massive berg - with Susan and Bevan in the double to provide a sense of scale. Photo: Diana Galbraith

the yacht was moored. Mooring the yacht was quite a procedure as it generally involved anchoring and also securing several lines ashore to prevent the boat from swinging around.

On 17 February the sun shone all day which transformed the landscape. There was a thin rind of ice on the surface of the sea as we left the bay, and the small bergs glistening in the sun demanded to be photographed. After a lunch stop on an actual beach, we paddled across to Truant Island. The crew of *Icebird* served us burgers off the stern of the yacht, in what was almost certainly the only paddle-through burger bar in Antarctica, if not the world. We camped on

Truant Island and took lots of photos of penguins and fur seals in the long, rosy twilight.

By the next day normal weather had resumed and we paddled along looking at the spectacular ice cliffs and the snowy hills (or possibly mountains) disappearing into the cloud above them. The reflections as we paddled up the Peltier Channel were impressive, and we also saw a surreal blue light effect on the hills. We visited the base at Port Lockroy, though our visit was squeezed in between various cruise ships and naval crews, so it felt a bit rushed. After seeing all those cruise ship passengers in matching red jackets we were pretty happy to get back into our

kayaks and paddle away.

The next day we squeezed out of the sheltered anchorage at Dorian Bay, and motored down the Peltier Channel, eating scrambled eggs on toast along the way. We'd paddled up the channel in similar conditions the previous day, so doing the first few kilometres on the yacht didn't seem too much like cheating. At the entrance to the channel we launched the kayaks.

Icebird headed across Gerlache Strait to check out the camping options on the Screen Islands, while we paddled across in calm, cloudy conditions. There wasn't much in the way of camp sites there, and we had already decided we were happy to paddle on. After the 15 km crossing, we boarded the yacht and consumed freshly made pizza for lunch. At that point we decided that all future kayaking expeditions should be accompanied by a fully equipped support yacht.

Cape Renard used to be part of the mainland, but glacial retreat due to climate change has meant the cape is now an island. Massive ice cliffs tower above the narrow channel.

The Lemaire Channel is famous for some of the most spectacular scenery on the Antarctic Peninsula. There was low cloud over the tops of the mountains, but as we paddled through the brash ice there were fantastic reflections of glaciers and rocky bluffs, and stunning, sculptural icebergs with crabeater seals lounging on them.



Lovely lighting on a huge iceberg. Photo: Susan Cade



Bevan Walker off Cape Tuxon, on the west coast of the Antarctic Peninsula. A fine day! Photo: Susan Cade

Every few paddle strokes the view seemed to get better, necessitating yet another photograph.

Carrying on up the Lemaire Channel really was a highlight. Although it would have no doubt been beautiful in sunshine, it was still lovely in cloudy conditions. At the southern end of the channel we wove past some huge icebergs, and then threaded our way between Hovgaard and Pleneau islands, where the ice was quite well packed in. By the time we had navigated our way through a maze of low islands and found the yacht it was 7:00 pm and we had

covered 41 kms.

We spent two days anchored there, walking on the snow on Hovgaard Island one day and kayaking in intermittently falling snow the next. At one stage we were rafted up taking photos of an elephant seal in a penguin colony when a large piece of ice broke off a nearby berg, startling both the elephant seal and the paparazzi.

On 22 February we threaded our way through chunks of floating ice and paddled south to Peterman Island. There is a gentoo penguin colony around an old hut, and we had a great lunch stop there. That afternoon we

paddled down to the Argentine Islands and Paul led us up the narrow channel to Wordie House, one of John Rymill's bases from the BGLE expedition of 1934-37. Paul, Conrad and Geoff had all visited the northern bases in Greenland.

We camped on the snow for two nights there, walking up the hill to watch the sun set over the iceberg-studded sea. The views of the mountains on the peninsula were also spectacular, when the cloud lifted. On our second night it snowed heavily, and the next morning we decided that, having got the hang of camping, we



Toasting John Rymill and the 80th anniversary of the completion of the very successful British Graham Land Expedition 1934 - 37 with a special bottle of Rymill cab. sav; from left, Geoff Murray, Susan Cade, Conrad Edwards, Paul Caffyn, Bevan Walker, Diana Galbraith and John Gumbley. Photo: Geoff Murray

Overseas Reports

West Island Bits May 2017 By David Winkworth

Rolling

KASK members who know me from my almost annual forays across The Ditch will know that at the annual forums I do some roll instruction sessions. I see from the program for the 2017 Forum that there were a few other instructors doing the same thing. That's great! Can't be too much of this as far as I'm concerned!

Being able to get yourself upright in a sea kayak is just the greatest safety feature! Of course we should never underestimate the power of the sea and the wind to stuff up our best efforts - and we should be prepared for the situation where it may not work! That is definitely not an excuse to not practice and practice - which is what you need to do if you're expecting a roll to work in 'combat' situations.

As winter settles in, and the water gets colder and colder, here's what you can do to keep up your skills. Do your rolls just before you finish a paddle and wear a neoprene cap to avoid the ice cream headaches. If it's a day paddle you're just finishing, try a few rolls with your eyes closed to simulate darkness!

That little extra bit that you might need for a 'combat roll' to work is focus! Put everything else out of your mind - the cold water, that big wave coming at you that you saw before being up-ended. Concentrate on technique - it just has to work doesn't it!

Quite some years ago I made a big, big mistake in getting in through surf on a trip - with a fully loaded boat. I'd failed to sit out past the break and observe things for a while and I just - well - paddled in! Looking around as I paddled in through the surf I saw a huge wave steaming in towards me.

"That'll break behind me - no problem," I thought.



Paul with the special bottle of Rymill red, all the way from South Australia.

would retreat to the yacht after that. While at the Argentine Islands, we visited the Ukranian base (some even had a sauna there, complete with dips in the almost freezing sea), kayaked to Yalour Island and did short paddles around the island group.

We had a go at snow-shoeing one day, which was quite entertaining. As we were waiting for a good weather window to cross Drake Passage, we ended up spending a week there. On our last day in Antarctica, the sun shone all day, for only the second time in 19 days. The kayaks were covered in snow and ice, but we cleaned them off and paddled across to Cape Tuxon and along the coast a bit. The scenery was beautiful, with a dusting of fresh snow, but there was a lot of brash ice and nowhere on the mainland suitable to land.



John Gumbley by the steps of the banya. Photo: Susan Cade



Heavy overnight snow plastering the kayaks at Stella Cove in the Argentine Islands. Time go home! Photo: Susan Cade

March 1 was another perfect sunny day and we left early, motoring through the bergs and then heading more or less north. We could pick out some of the landmarks we had paddled past. The return crossing of Drake Passage was very easy, with fair tailwinds and we were able to sail almost the whole way. Some days we were accompanied by albatross (mostly black-browed, but also wandering albatross) virtually the whole time. We had a couple of nights in the Beagle Channel on the way back, visiting the historic Estancia Harberton and seeing plenty of wildlife including Magellanic penguins and lots of whales.

On 6 March we motored back in to Ushuaia and left the yacht, having had an unforgettable trip.



Article author Diana Galbraith at the helm of the yacht



Dave Winkworth briefly considers a seal landing at Mewstone Rock near the North Head of Twofold Bay on the NSW south coast." Photo Kerrie Voegel.

Unfortunately, it didn't. It kept on coming and I was smack in the break zone. I was carried to the top of the wave - and dropped. I remember it being a long freefall down the face of this wave. The one thing I did right was tucking forward and down with my paddle alongside the kayak. I saw the bow pierce the water - then me - and then, underwater, a pretty hard impact with the bottom. I actually remember grunting!

Then came the huge turbulence as the wave fully forward looped me. Nothing to do but hold my tuck, and wait for the turbulence to subside. I was focused on doing that roll! Things settled and I struck out to roll.

Bugger! The roll failed and I was back under. Do it again!

This time it worked and I shook the water from my head to see that my kayak ended at the front hatch. The whole bow had been broken off and all my gear from the bow hatch was floating free in the surf!

My kayak did a bulldozer imitation in scooping up sand as I hit the beach and my mate stood there with his mouth open!

The wash-up of all this was that I was actually pleased with the outcome! Can you believe that?

I was testing a new three-dimensional front bulkhead / footrest and it had taken all my weight and then some without failure. If it had failed and I'd gone down in the cockpit with my feet jammed by shards of fiberglass - well - I wouldn't be here to write this!

That bulkhead design went into production - the bow needed a little work!

If you have to roll - focus on the job!

Glueing Stuff

In my shed I often get called upon to do repair work for fellow paddlers. Some of the gear failures are commercially based and some by the paddlers themselves.

Whatever, the important thing is that I can often see what has caused the problem and that problem is sometimes a glued surface letting go.

That's what I want to talk about here; good glueing technique. Do it right first time and you may avoid a failure on a trip!

Preparation is the key to it all. Yes, preparation.

Will the surfaces align? Do you need to clamp the pieces? Are the surfaces clean? Is the temperature right for the cure?

If you can sand the pieces, then do so. Roughening them up will double the sealing surface - sort of like a relief map of the moon! That's important.

If you're going to use a solvent to clean the surfaces, make sure it's compatible with the material. I like acetone (nail polish remover) as a solvent but it does sometimes dissolve things. Be careful - and don't breathe it in folks!

Now, here's the next important bit; apply the glue to both surfaces. I like to use artist palette knives. Very neat in shape and easy to use.

Bring the surfaces together, clamp or tape as required - and leave them to cure. Avoid the temptation to poke!

Lastly some good glues; *Araldite Super Strength Epoxy* is great. The 5 minute version is a waste of money. *Sikaflex 291* is incredible - messy to use - but incredible. Store unused *Sikaflex* in the freezer. If not, it will harden in the tube / cartridge.

Cockpit sizes

Laying up a mold for the cast of a large cockpit coaming recently, I was struck by the huge size of the unit.

I'm an old bugger and I grew up with small cockpits that you sort of had to shoe-horn yourself into. Well, no,

they weren't that bad at all - in fact I found them to be really secure with gear stashed on the foredeck in very easy reach. They're still what I use. Hard to teach an old dog new tricks perhaps.

These days, most sea kayaks have large cockpits where you can enter bum-first and then pull your legs in. Many of them have thigh braces, which intrude on the cockpit opening a bit. No problem there as long as the entry and exit is unimpeded.

These larger cockpits are undeniably good for quick exits on a steeply sloping beach - as your kayak slides back towards the crunching shore dump. That's the one disadvantage of what is often called the 'ocean-style' cockpits - you have haul your bottom up and out onto the rear deck to get out. However, I look at it this way; the exit on the steep beach is only of five seconds duration in a whole day's paddle. I think I can live with that.

The one design element I do like to see in an ocean-style cockpit is facility of leaning back. I like my backband to be around 100 mms forward of the rear part of the coaming. That allows me to lean way back if

required. There used to be an Australian kayak in production that had an ocean-style cockpit. The design was such that the paddler sat against the rear part of the coaming but in this particular boat the coaming was quite high - too high for the natural bend of a paddler's torso. You just couldn't lean back in it at all. Dangerous I reckon! While the kayak shall remain nameless here, if you paddle one you'll know it!

Quality Kayaks

I hear that Max Grant at Quality Kayaks is going to hang up his sealant gun.

Years ago I did a lot of miles in a venerable old *Puffin*, which, was no doubt made in the Ashhurst factory. It was not fast but it carried a lot of gear. It was not too directionally stable without the rudder but it rolled easily. It wasn't a particularly pretty boat either but it was stable in rough seas. I loved it and many of my friends loved them too!

Good luck and thanks Max! See you on the water!

Enjoy your paddling.
Dave Winkworth

BOOK REVIEW

TITLE: *New Zealand Backcountry Cooking*

Subtitle: *Recipes for trampers, campers and other outdoor adventurers*

Authors: Paul and Rebecca Garland

Published: 2015

Publisher: Potton & Burton

Contents: 259 pages with lots of photos

Cover: softcover

Size: 185 x 245mm

Price: \$40 less 25% via FMC Books

ISBN: 978 1 927213 58 2

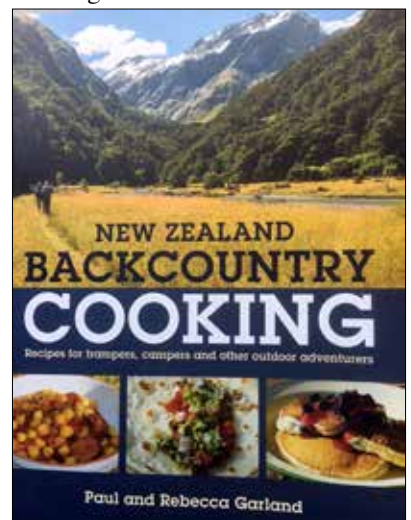
Review: Peter Simpson

I am told that the most popular books in a bookshop are cooking books. Evidently they sell like proverbial hot cakes. Such books usually take up quite a large section in bookshops. However if you look at books in the cooking section, you will very likely not find any books on cooking outdoors. That is, cookbooks for campers, trampers, kayakers and other outdoor pursuits.

Cooking outdoors, especially for kayakers and trampers requires a style of cooking involving the minimum of utensils, that is a camping stove (single burner type), maybe two billies at the most and a couple of utensils such as a spoon and knife, lightweight ingredients, often dehydrated, and with lasting qualities that can withstand days of no refrigeration. None of the modern facilities found in a kitchen of your average house. What was needed was a cooking book with recipes for outdoor cooking and in 2015 such a book



Tara Mulvany is spending this northern summer sea kayak guiding in the Norwegian fjords. Of the 24 guides working for her guiding company, quite a few are Kiwi paddlers. Tara advised she is working seven days a week, and the local wildlife are getting quite a taste for being hand-fed scroggin. Photo: Tara Mulvany



was produced called *New Zealand Backcountry Cooking* by Paul and Rebecca Garland.

Over the years I have gathered a few other outdoor cookbooks which have had limited distribution, as they were produced for an in-house market such as a tramping club or similar type of distribution. The first outdoor cooking book I have is one produced in 1969 for the now defunct Forest Service for deer cullers called *Camp Cookery* by D. M. Cowlin. A gem of a cookbook of old style recipes with photos of camp bread and other delights made in a heavy iron camp oven. I well remember in the late 60s and early 70s seeing and staying in the well stocked deer culler huts and at times being given some tins of peas, butter, fruit puddings and other goodies that could not be carried on those long tramps.

A couple of other books in my collection are the undated *Backpackers Banquet* compiled by M. Barry for the Native Forest Action Council and *The NZ Outdoor Cookbook* by Marcela Pilkinton in 1986 (noted for its T.V.P. curry!).

In 2007 John Sawyer and Liz Baker produced *Gourmet Tramping in NZ*, a cookbook with recipes, suggested wines and places to go to cook and scoff wine. It was probably the first outdoor cookbook with recipes that take you away from the 'standard' tramping fare.

This recent book *NZ Backcountry Cooking* by the Garlands is a serious

attempt to offer up different recipes to try that are suitable for cooking with the minimum of utensils and implements. This father and daughter team have a reasonably long history of the outdoors that has helped form the basis of the recipes and information given in the book. To quote the authors:

the book is not a hard and fast set of instructions on how to cook camping food in the outdoors, nor are we suggesting that you read it from cover to cover, following every step along the way. It is created as a guide to help you select the meals and the cooking techniques that suit you, while giving the choices and food ideas to make your outdoor eating experience an enjoyable one.

The book covers breakfasts, lunches, dinners and extras for weekend trips, multi-day trips and family trips. It also has a section of gourmet recipes. Not that the recipes are all it contains. It has a section on food preparation and planning and things to do before the trip to minimise the amount of stuffing around you do in camp for food preparation.

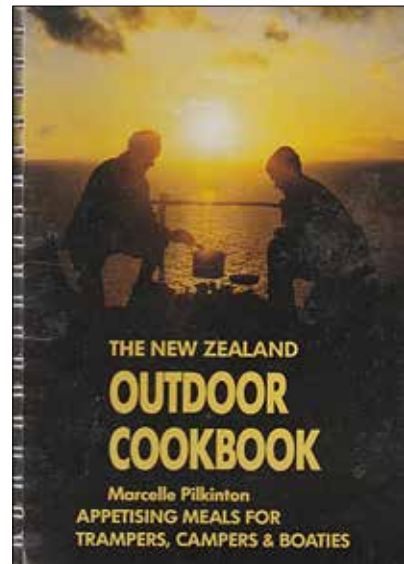
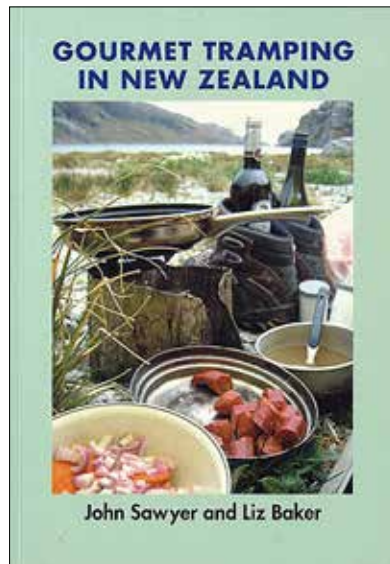
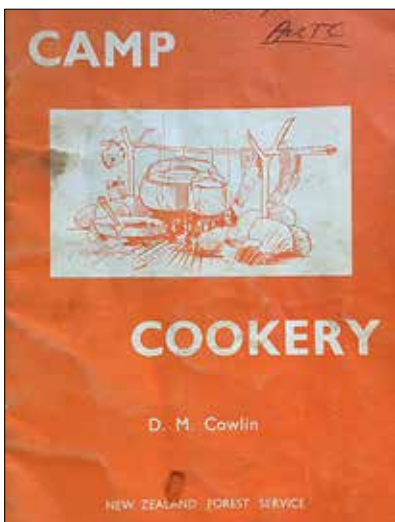
A dehydrator, such as the *Harvest Maid* and also possibly a vacuum packing machine are worthy investments that enable a greater range of foods to be prepared and taken on the trip. The book also covers camp cooking techniques and equipment. I have tried out a few recipes and yes the new and varied recipes were a welcome change from the usual outdoor fare. There is life after rice and beans or spag and tomato sauce!

As kayakers we do have the added advantage of being able to stuff a bit more food and gear than can be put in a backpack. The kayak compartments allow for the odd bottle of plonk, secret ingredients and items that a tramper cannot carry.

My experience for camp cooking leads me to recommend that the stove flame be readily adjustable as some portable stoves are not so readily adjustable. A flame spreader is a nifty addition as is a 'Pot Parka' to turn your camp stove into an oven. As we have a bit more room in our kayaks and we don't carry the weight of a pack, it is possible to sneak in a few refinements for the camp kitchen. One that we have taken lately is to include a small folding lightweight table. It easily fits in the large rear hatch of the kayak. This allows an easier platform to prepare food and to cook food in a more organised fashion.

The only main comment I have about the book is that nearly all the lunch recipes suggested are cooked whereas most outdoor people on the move want a quick grab and move on type of lunch. Cooked may be fine if you are camped or hut bound so you may have to revert to the cheese, bread and salami lunch until more options can be thought up.

Those who are members of FMC can purchase the book via the FMC book purchase scheme at a cheaper rate than from a bookshop



HUMOUR

Wonderfully British

In a train from London to Manchester, an American was berating the Englishman sitting across from him in the compartment. "The trouble with you English is that you are too stuffy. You set yourselves apart too much. You think your stiff upper lip makes you above the rest of us. Look at me. I'm me! I have a little Italian in me, a bit of Greek blood, a little Irish and some Spanish blood. What do you say to that?"

The Englishman lowered his newspaper, looked over his glasses and replied, "How very sporting of your mother."

Dogged Determination

A dog lover, whose dog was a female and in heat, agreed to look after her neighbours' male dog while the neighbours were on vacation. She had a large house and believed that she could keep the two dogs apart. However, as she was drifting off to sleep she heard awful howling and moaning sounds, rushed downstairs and found the dogs locked together, in obvious pain and unable to disengage, as so frequently happens when dogs mate.

Unable to separate them, and perplexed as to what to do next, although it was late, she called the vet, who answered the phone in a very grumpy voice. Having explained the problem to him, the vet said, "Hang up the phone and place it down alongside the dogs. I will then call you back and the noise of the ringing will make the male lose interest and they will become unlocked."

"Do you think that will work?" she asked. "It just worked for me," he replied.

Frozen Carburettor

People often complain about the police, but you rarely hear about the positive things they do, such as this incident involving a biker and a frozen carburettor.

Last July on a bitterly cold winter's day, a central Otago policeman on patrol came upon a motorcyclist who was stalled by the roadside. The biker was swathed in heavy protective clothing and wearing a full-face

helmet to protect their face from the cold weather.

"What's the matter?" asked the policeman.

"Carburettor's frozen," was the terse, muffled reply.

"Pee on it. That'll thaw it out."

"I can't," said the biker.

"OK, watch me closely and I'll show you." The policeman unzipped and promptly warmed the carburettor as promised. Moments later the bike started and the rider drove off, waving.

A few days later, the local Cromwell police station received a note of thanks from the father of the motorcyclist. It began: 'On behalf of my daughter Jill...'

Penile Detachment

A man wakes up in hospital bandaged from head to foot. The doctor says to him, "Ah, I see you've regained consciousness. Now, you probably won't remember, but you were in a huge pile-up on the motorway. You're going to be okay, you'll walk again and everything, however, your penis was severed in the accident and the ambulance team couldn't find it."

The man groans, but the doctor goes on, "You have \$9,000 in health insurance compensation coming and we now have the technology to build you a new penis. They work great but they don't come cheap. It's roughly \$1,000 an inch." The man perks up.

So, the doctor says, "You must decide how many inches you want. But understand that you have been married for over 30 years and this is something you should discuss with your wife. If you had a five inches before and get nine inches now, she might be a bit put out. If you had a nine inches before and you decide to only invest in a five inches now, she might be disappointed. It's important that she plays a role in helping you make a decision."

The man agrees to talk it over with his wife. The doctor comes back the next day, "So, have you spoken with your wife?"

"Yes I have," says the man.

"And has she helped you make a decision?"

"Yes," says the man.

"What is your decision?" asked the doctor.

"We're getting granite counter tops."

The Water Pistol

When my three-year old son opened the birthday gift from his grandmother, he discovered a water pistol. He squealed with delight and headed for the nearest sink. I was not so pleased. I turned to mum and said, "I'm surprised at you. Don't you remember how we used to drive you crazy with water pistols?"

Mum smiled and then replied, "I remember!"

Life after Death

"Do you believe in life after death?" the boss asked one of his employees.

"Yes sir," the new employee replied.

"Well then, that makes everything just fine," the boss went on. "After you left early yesterday to go to your grandmother's funeral, she stopped in to see you!"

Grandma's Age

Little Johnny asked his grandmother how old she was. Grandma answered 39 and holding. Johnny thought for a moment and then said, "And how old would you be if you let go?"

Climbing the Walls

"Oh I sure am happy to see you," the little boy said to his grandmother on his mother's side. "Maybe daddy will do the trick he has been promising us."

The grandmother was curious. "What trick is that?" she asked.

The little boy answered "I heard him tell mummy that he would climb the walls if you visited!"

Prayers

The Sunday school teacher asked, "Now Johnny, tell me, do you say your prayers before eating?"

"No sir," he replied. "We don't have to. My mum is a good cook!"

Family Support

The prospective father-in-law asked, "Young man can you support a family?"

The surprised groom-to-be replied, "Well, no. I was just planning to support your daughter. The rest of you will have to fend for yourselves!"

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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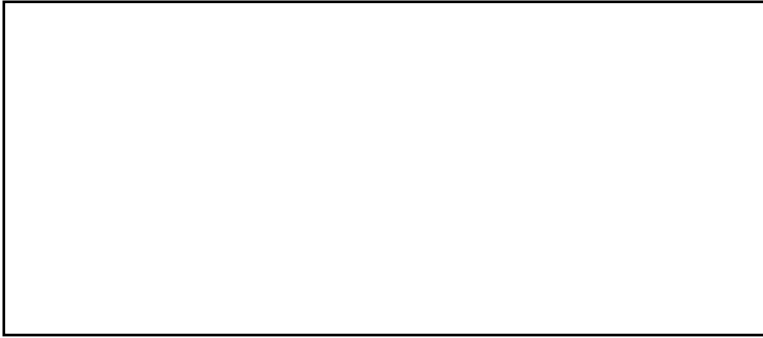


Enterprise Bay on the Antarctic Peninsula. You can tell from Bevan's smile that he is so pleased to be off the yacht and paddling. Photo: Paul Caffyn



Conrad Edwards, who is seated in his kayak, unsuccessfully tries to chat up one of the local birds. See report on page 14. Photo: John Gumbley

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Photo: John Gumbley. 'I spent just over a week with Evan Pugh and Dennis Hynes on Great Barrier Island. Strong persistent winds limited us to just three days of kayaking but it was still nice with good tramping on the other days. We had on separate days, Orca and Bottlenose dolphins playing around us which was a real treat.'

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