

THE SEA CANOEIST NEWSLETTER

Issue 79

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EDITORIAL

The latest quarterly Newsletter of Water Safety Council New Zealand included a leaflet from the Maritime Safety Authority (MSA) and questionnaire titled, 'Have your say about boating in New Zealand.' In March 1998 the MSA set up the Pleasure Boat Safety Advisory Group, and after the group gathered information relating to pleasure boating, an interim report was recently released. A full copy of the report is available from the MSA at PO Box 27-006, Wellington for a cost of \$12; attention Nicola Tohill Ph: (04) 494 1262. However the MSA leaflet summarizes the main issues and the questionnaire requests feedback on five recommendations on recreational boating safety management, and how they should be implemented.

Some of the options floated include:
- alcohol and drug restrictions
- boat registration/identification
- vessel care and maintenance
- separating operating areas for different boating activities
- increased levels of enforcement.

Recommendations for PWC or personal water craft include:
- encouraging regional or district councils management initiatives to reduce accidents, noise and nuisance, through the enforcement of legislation and setting out specific areas for PWC activity.
- promoting education for PWC users on the safe use of PWC and how to follow the boating rules
- evaluating the need for further legislation.

It is a great pity that New Zealand does not follow the lead of Sweden and ban the use of jet skis completely. Perhaps KASK can suggest a separate operating area for jet skis in the Weddell Sea. But that would be unfair on the marine fauna!

President Phil aims to include a copy of the MSA leaflet with this newsletter. KASK members do want (and need) to be heard on this as the report includes various recommendation including Jet Skis (PWCs) The questionnaires are due back by 30 April and all entries go into a prize draw. All KASK members are encouraged to take a few minutes to complete and send off the questionnaire.

EDITOR'S BLUNDER

Dear Editor,
In newsletter No. 78, you printed my article on rudders with a cover note. In the KASK Newsletter this was attributed to Roy Dumble, whereas in fact it had been written by Jonathon Iles. The confusion may lie in that Jonathon is a Pom (but a bloody good one who is showing remarkable progress in Kiwi-ising), while Roy relatively recently visited Pommie Land and made contact with the rudderless kayaking community there. As such Roy was in a position to pass comments on the 'olde country' and the 'olde' paddling attitudes. It must be noted that Roy and Hillary sensibly took ruddered kayaks with them.

Cheers,
Glyn Dickson.

My apologies to Roy and Jonathan for the blunder.

MARINE FAUNA IN COASTAL NEW ZEALAND

by Jenny Edwards

MARINE TURTLES

Marine turtles (and also sea snakes) are occasionally both seen and found in Northland, particularly from the Whangarei area north. The Department of Conservation collects information about marine turtles found in NZ waters. Paddlers, as with other boaties, are out and about on the sea so have a good chance of seeing one of these animals close up.

Although we commonly and mistakenly associate marine turtles with tropical waters, marine turtles have been recorded in NZ waters since the 1800's. Quite a variety of species visit NZ each summer (mostly December until May) when the warmer tropical waters move south, but as far as is known none have bred or established a resident population here to date. Marine turtles have been seen or found in waters all around the country, although most species tend to be sluggish in colder waters especially in the south. Many eat and live quite healthily whilst here. However, others do not, and are occasionally found washed up dead. Those that wash ashore alive and those caught in fishing nets are returned to more tropical waters, such as the Kermadec Islands (NZ's northernmost territory), courtesy of sailing or fishing boats or HM Navy!

Although marine turtles are known to have been coming here for a long time, it is only in very recent years that anyone has begun collecting records on this subject. This data collection by the Department has included the review of historical records. Data collected in recent years shows that: most of the sightings in NZ occur in Northland, particularly from Ruakaka north and on both coasts; they have been found both on open coasts and in harbours including Whangarei, Tutukaka, Whangaruru and the Bay of Islands; both adults

and juveniles arrive; some species are more common than others; and some species are more tolerant (of colder waters) and wide ranging around the country than others. Who knows, with climate change and the predicted temperature increase (which is already happening), we may see more marine turtles and sea snakes here in the future, and perhaps the establishment of a breeding colony also in time.

The Department of Conservation has prepared a data collection sheet which it distributes to beach and marine water users to be filled out in the event of either seeing or finding a marine turtle. On the other side of the data collection sheet is a guide to use in identifying the 5 species of marine turtles which are most commonly found in NZ waters. The species are Leathery or Leatherback, Loggerhead, Green, Hawksbill and Olive Ridley Turtles. Be aware that the distinction between some of these species is difficult even for wildlife experts!

So keep an eye out when you go to the beach or out paddling, because you just don't know what you might see. If you do see a marine turtle, fill out a record sheet with all of the relevant details and send it to DoC, or preferably call DoC to report the sighting. If you find a marine turtle, tell DoC so that it can be removed and dealt with as appropriate. Remember that marine turtles are fully protected and permits are required to handle these animals.

MARINE TURTLES - EPILOGUE

It became necessary to write a follow-up article on marine turtles as a result of records of 2 turtle sightings by Northland Canoe Club members/associates arising from the article in the previous 'Paddle Power' newsletter. A turtle was spotted by a diver on 2 occasions in approximately the same position at the Poor Knights Islands about a year apart. And a large dead green turtle (making out like a rock) was spotted at Onerahi by a kayaker while riding a bike en route to the BBQ after our regular midweek paddle. Well done! Those records have now been passed on to the appropriate recorders in Wellington.

DOLPHINS

For those of you into sea kayaking in NZ you are quite likely at some stage to see dolphins while out on the water, whether you are in estuaries, bays, harbours or on the open sea.

In NZ there are several species of these animals which are marine mammals. That is, they are warm blooded, and bear live young which they raise on milk produced by the mother. The two most common and wide ranging species in Northland are the bottle nose dolphin and the common dolphin. Another species occasionally seen on the west coast of Northland is Hector's dolphin. This species is unique because it is the world's smallest dolphin and is endemic to NZ (i.e. it only occurs here naturally). This species is more commonly found around Cook Strait, the South Island and up the west coast of the North Island. Two other species of dolphin are found in NZ, but they are more rare and are found in more southern waters (than Northland).

the main way of distinguishing between the bottlenose dolphin and common dolphin is on the basis of size and colour markings. Bottlenose dolphins are bigger (up to almost 4m long) and generally darker coloured on top. Dolphins (and whales) can be readily distinguished from sharks by their horizontal tail flukes (which in sharks are of course vertical) and their friendly, often playful nature. Dolphins, whales and sharks all have vertical dorsal fins of course (except Willy); however, sharks are rarely if ever playful! Dolphins are curious and will swim along with moving vessels and around swimmers and snorkellers. Dolphins, unlike their "cousins" the whales, do not tend to be subject to mass stranding or washing up onshore alive. In fact if sharks stop moving they will suffocate as they require water passing over their gills continually. However, occasionally carcasses, skeletons and skulls of solitary dead dolphins are found on beaches.

Also, like whales, seals and marine turtles, dolphins are absolutely protected under the Marine Mammals

Protection Act 1978, which is administered by the Department of Conservation. Thus, they may not be harassed, captured or killed, nor may their remains be kept by private individuals following death (unless DOC has issued a permit for such). Any injured or dead dolphins found should be reported immediately to the nearest DOC office.

Dolphins may occur as individuals, in small family groups or in larger schools ranging in size up to many tens, and may be associated with whales (e.g., pilot whales). They may be simply passing by, feeding or want to plan with boats nearby or with people in the water. They are completely harmless to people, and often strike up an affinity with people in the water particularly women. They are very intelligent animals and have an elaborate system of communication, which is being studied overseas but is not yet fully understood by humans. Although they communicate ultrasonically which can be detected using hydrophones underwater, some of their communication sounds are audible to the human ear when underwater.

Although these animals are fully protected under law, commercial interests require a permit from DOC in order to follow dolphins or put swimmers and snorkellers into the water with them. DOC has issued permits to some commercial interests for dolphin watching/swimming in various parts of the country including the Bay of Islands, Poor Knights Islands and Hen and Chicken islands in Northland. Although commercial interests have to be permitted for these activities, and are subject to strict controls, recreationalists may follow and swim with dolphins (without permits), but must abide by similar controls that apply to commercial interests, such as no swimming when there are juveniles present, no harassing by gunning motors etc. These controls exist in order to provide respect to these animals, and prevent them from being unduly disturbed. This has been a real issue of concern in the Bay of Islands in recent times.

To date in NZ, only one reserve has been established specifically to protect marine mammals under the Marine Mammals Protection Act 1978 - at Banks Peninsula in Canterbury in order to protect Hector's dolphin. Though controversial at the time of its establishment, this reserve has been successful in protecting the local Hector's dolphin population which was declining due to entrapment in set nets.

If you wish to encounter dolphins in the wild, you are best to join a commercial boat with a dolphin watching/swimming permit, especially if you don't get out onto the sea yourself - paddling that is! If you go out with Knightline Charters based at Tutukaka, you have the added advantage of paddling around the Poor Knights in sit-on ocean kayaks hopefully after you have seen whales, swum with dolphins and snorkelled with the sub-tropical fish!

SEA SNAKES

Just when you thought it was safe to dangle your toes in the water as you get in or out of your kayak, along comes the news that it's not (completely) safe out there - because there are sea snakes about!

Yes it's true, we do have snakes in New Zealand - although we have legislation banning them. Well we don't have land snakes - with the exception of Benny the (pickled) Boa Constrictor which is now up at the Whangarei Native Bird Recovery Centre. However, occasionally marine snakes are found in NZ. They come here in the drift with the warm East Auckland current which sweeps down our north-eastern coastline from the tropics in the summer. So sea snakes tend to be found on our northern shores, on the east and also the west coasts. Being tropical or sub-tropical species, they tend to arrive in NZ in a weak and sluggish state, often washing up dead or nearly dead on the beach.

Also, being tropical species, they tend to be venomous. Most sea snakes are highly venomous, and are generally more dangerous than their terrestrial counterparts. In fact two of the sea snakes in the tropical part of the Tas-

man Sea around the coral reefs are thought to be the most deadly of all vertebrates, and no anti-venom exists to counteract the bites of these species. Yikes - just as well they prefer Aussie's coral reefs! Fortunately these species are virtually unknown in our waters. Sea snakes appear to have only one known predator - the sea eagle which catches snakes as they come to the surface to breathe. The only worry here, however, is that sea eagles occur in Australia, but not NZ!

Five species of sea snakes tend to be found in NZ. Among them, the yellow-bellied and banded sea snakes are probably the best known. Examples of these snakes exist in the form of preserved dead specimens held by agencies such as the Department of Conservation. Our sample is of a yellow belly sea snake, which is kept in the freezer in conservancy office - so next time you want some variety with your hamburger bought from our neighbour (MacDonald's) just come to our front counter!

If you should be so (un)lucky as to find a sea snake, give it a wide berth because although it may appear to be dead it may be simply sluggish, and in any case it is highly likely to be venomous. So you should treat any such finding with respect i.e., give it a wide berth, but at the same time try to contain it. Call your nearest DOC office of Ministry of Fisheries ASAP, as the animal will need to be put down (if it is not already dead) and removed to a place for analysis and safekeeping.

So remember to keep your wits about you when dangling toes or fingers over the side of your kayak, paddling at the water's edge or walking barefoot in the sand and driftline at the beach - you may just come happen to come across a sea snake. And keep an eye out for sea snakes swimming by...

SEA SNAKES - EPILOGUE

Given some recent interesting discoveries in Northland, it is worthwhile writing a follow-up article to the one on sea snakes which was printed in the last newsletter. The Whangarei Leader, a community newspaper, ran an article in mid-June

this year advising of the discovery of two poisonous sea snakes found alive in Northland - at Ocean Beach on the east coast near Bream Head, Whangarei Harbour and at Glinks Gully on the west coast near Dargaville.

The sea snakes are jet black on top, and bright yellow underneath. The tail, approx. 50-100 cm long, is flattened vertically, and bright yellow with black spots. The sea snakes are deadly poisonous and should not be touched because there is no antidote available in NZ - so emergency services could not cope with a sea snake bite!

The sea snakes should not be confused with the colourful and harmless snake eel, which is pinky-olive in colour with very large teeth and a finger like tail. Anyone wishing to see one of these snakes should visit the Museum of Fishes in Whangarei's Town Basin. (Alternatively, the Department of Conservation's Northland Conservancy office, located next door to MacDonalds in Whangarei, has a frozen specimen.)

Given that the sea temperatures around NZ, such as the Tasman Sea, have been warmer than normal this season, it is possible that there are more sea snakes around... If you do happen to see a sea snake, watch out for your toes and fingers! Then call the Ministry of Fisheries immediately in order to have it safely removed and destroyed. Jenny Edwards

AUTHOR'S BACKGROUND:

Jenny is a committee member of the Northland Canoe Club. She also works for the Dept. of Conservation's Northland Conservancy as a coastal planner based in Whangarei. Jenny prepares a conservation article for each edition of the Northland Canoe Club bi-monthly newsletter.

EDITOR'S NOTE:

As the KASK Handbook (LRB2) contains little information on marine fauna, Jenny's article would be an ideal chapter addition for the LRB3 (3rd. Edition). Any comments?

GRIN&BEARIT!

**Subject: Bear Advice.
From: Conrad Edwards**

In light of the rising frequency of human/grizzly bear encounters, the Alaska Department of Fish and Game has issued the following advisory to hikers, hunters, and fishermen while in the field:

It is strongly advised that outdoorsmen wear noisy little bells on their clothing so as not to startle grizzly bears that aren't expecting outdoorsmen to be walking in their habitat.

It is also strongly advised that outdoorsmen carry non-lethal pepper spray with them in case of an encounter with a grizzly. The Department of Natural Resources for Alaska states it is a good idea to watch out for fresh signs of bear activity. Outdoorsmen should be able to recognize the difference between black bear and grizzly bear poop.

Black bear poop is smaller and contains lots of berries and, many times, squirrel fur.

Grizzly bear poop is larger, has little bells in it and smells like pepper.

(received from cyberspace by Conrad Edwards - author unknown).

KASKBADGES

Canterbury paddler Rod Banks produced a badge of a paddler and sea kayak from solid sterling silver, with KASK NZ engraved. The badge can be permanently or temporarily affixed to hats T shirts, ties, evening gowns or dress suits but not dry suits. And the badge is appealing to the eye. Size is 23mm long by 11mm high.

Price is \$15 plus \$1 P+P, and available from the KASK Treasurer, Helen Woodward.

INCIDENTREPORT

From: Vincent Maire

Mahurangi Incident

A few days before Christmas a group of (presumably novice) kayakers set off from Sullivan's Bay in Mahurangi Harbour (just north of Auckland) for Motuora Island. The four men were teachers from a North Shore intermediate school and were paddling sit-on kayaks. A 25 to 30 knot sou-westerly wind was blowing as they made their crossing.

It is believed that one of the paddlers forgot to put his bung into the sit-on and it began to sink somewhere between Saddle Island and Motuora Island.

It is believed they dialled 111 on a cell phone and told the police they were between Slipper Island and Motuora Island so the Eagle helicopter was sent to Slipper Island off the Coromandel coast (although I have been unable to verify this fact). By this time it was 2100 hours and Auckland Coastguard had put out an all stations alert.

A launch in the area saw lights flashing but as the people on board couldn't see a pattern to the flashing, they didn't know what to make of these lights. Twice they turned their bow towards the lights and each time the lights stopped flashing. However when the helicopter was seen in the area the launch party realised someone was in trouble.

The launch (which was in fact hired) picked up the kayakers and delivered them back to Sullivan's Bay for the night. The people in the launch didn't know the area (and according to their rental agreement should not have been out after dark) and hit rocks as they went round the southern end of Saddle Island. The skipper of the launch had this to say about the incident:

1. The kayakers should not have been attempting a crossing in the conditions especially at night (and certainly not in sit-on tops).
2. The kayakers had no flares and

didn't know how to flash SOS on a torch.

3. The kayakers were badly equipped and appeared to be inexperienced.

4. The kayakers didn't seem to have a clear understanding of where they were.

Motuora Island can be a difficult trip especially if winds (from almost any direction) exceed 15 knots. Indeed, Clive Hookham (ASKNET's Mr. Mahurangi) stopped a recent club trip to Motuora Island at Saddle Island, and we all went to Te Muri instead. Only very experienced sea kayakers would attempt a crossing to Motuora in 25+ knot winds.

Given a launch was holed and a police helicopter was first sent to the Coromandel, this was a very, very expensive rescue.

This report has been prepared with input from Auckland Coastguard, The ARC ranger at Sullivan's Bay and the skipper of the launch.

Vincent Maire

TECHNIQUE

Paddle Float Rescue by Nigel Foster

The two articles on paddle float rescue are reprinted from 'Sea Kayaker' magazine. Thanks to Chris Cunningham (editor) and author Nigel Foster for permission to reprint.

I just recently talked with a sea kayaker in Chicago who described an incident at Cape Fear in North Carolina. Garrett showed me some photographs of a rough sea and proudly explained how he had paddled right out through all the breakers and then sat marking time, punching through each wave as it came. He was fine until he turned toward shore, when a wave unbalanced him, and he capsized and failed his roll in the rental kayak he was using. "I rigged up my paddle float and fitted the paddle be-

neath the bungies behind the cockpit, but every time a wave hit me, the paddle sheared around alongside the kayak like a pair of scissors closing and I capsized again. After three unsuccessful attempts, I realized that it was just not going to work." At that point, he decided he was wasting his time trying to climb back in, and that he had better swim for shore.

His account made me think about self-rescues, about the dependence of many paddlers on equipment rather than on paddling skills and their reliance on self-rescue rather than group rescue. I see so many kayakers carrying an inflatable paddle float on their deck alongside a stirrup bilge pump. But I wonder how many of those paddlers have practised in the kinds of waters they would capsize in? How many others, like Garrett, believe that self-rescue is not possible in rough water?

What is a paddle float?

The paddle float is a buoyant accessory that fits onto a paddle blade to create an outrigger for additional stability during re-entry. Many sea kayakers in the U.S. carry them on deck. I had a look at what different paddlers were carrying. The most common paddle float is an inflatable mitten that pulls over the paddle blade. In effect, this is a double envelope that squeezes tightly onto your blade when you inflate it. A short tube for oral inflation is fitted with a mechanism for closing the tube, either by twisting or by pushing in, depending on the style. The bag itself is normally either a waterproof nylon or vinyl. The nylon is more durable but more expensive. Also featured on these paddle floats are eyelets by which you can attach the float to your paddle or to your deck. Some have a nylon strap already fitted for this. Floats with two air bags are better than one. The first paddle float I bought to try, years ago, split one day when I was fitting the blade into the envelope, and since it had only one air chamber, it was rendered useless.

The other popular choice is a float made of minicell foam fitting. Most of the foam floats I saw were home-

made. They are more bulky to carry and store, but unlike inflatable paddle floats they cannot split. And because they don't require inflation, they're quicker to use. You can even use them for a paddle float roll without having to bail out.

Some manufacturers supply paddle floats, either foam or inflatable, that do double duty as seat backs.

Choosing a float and preparing it for use

You need to consider the size and shape of your paddle blade when purchasing a float. Not only must your blade fit into the pocket provided-and some pockets I tested are too narrow for broad blades-but the float must stay attached when in use. Check that your float fits your paddle blade and inflate it (if required). The float should be securely attached to the blade. It is essential that the float is fastened by means of a strap or line around the throat of the blade. Otherwise it will probably be pulled off in waves, so modify your float if necessary with a short line and quick-release clip.

When paddling, secure your float somewhere on your kayak where it can easily be reached. Deck elastics alone are not adequate in surf conditions unless the float is additionally tethered. Storage behind the seat is fine, as long as the float is fastened in. When you need to use it, you will be out of your kayak anyway so access will be easy.

You may decide that straps across the rear deck or bungies to hold the paddle in position during the self-rescue are a good idea, but if you choose bungies, bear in mind what happened to Garrett: the connection between the paddle and the kayak may not be as positive as it needs to be in rough water. Also be aware that any rescue that relies on particular deck fittings on your kayak might not be appropriate if you paddle a rental or borrowed kayak.

The self-rescue

Now for the paddle float self-rescue. You will need to hang onto your kayak, either by threading an arm beneath a fixed deck line or by hooking a leg

into the cockpit. First secure your paddle float to the blade. Inflate at least one of the air bags and make sure that the valve is closed. Probably the most awkward stage in setting up for a self-rescue in choppy water is fitting the float onto the paddle blade. Inflatable floats show a tendency to cling closed when wet, making it difficult to slip the blade inside, and this, combined with the jolting of the water, can make this stage of the procedure time-consuming. Hold the paddle shaft across the rear deck immediately behind the cockpit coaming so that the end of the paddle with the float extends right out past you onto the water at right angles to the gunwale. You should be in the water aft of the paddle. This works fairly well with a kayak with a flat back deck but is less secure with a curved deck. Some paddlers I spoke to like to have straps on the back deck to hold the paddle in position, making a fixed outrigger of the paddle float, but others prefer to grasp the paddle against the back of the cockpit, which makes it easier to retrieve the paddle after re-entry.

Kick your legs to the surface and slide yourself facedown across the stern deck, pushing the kayak down beneath your chest. Quickly hook your feet over the paddle so that part of your weight is supported by the paddle float. Lie facedown on the rear deck with your head toward the stern and lift one foot at a time from the paddle into your cockpit. At this point you should still be pinning the paddle to the deck, with the hand grasping around the cockpit coaming and paddle shaft. Keep your weight shifted slightly to the paddle float side of the kayak. Move your outside hand (the hand away from the paddle float) to the side the float is on and reach around your back with the other hand to grip the paddle on the outside. Keep some weight on the paddle float and swivel toward the float into your seat. Keeping the float on the water for stability, lift the other paddle blade over your head and reposition it across your lap.

Now you can press the paddle shaft down against both sides of the cockpit to maintain stability while you bail.

The easiest way seems to be to use your elbows to pin the shaft beneath the front of your PFD. Although a foot-operated bilge pump provides for hands-free bailing, and even a deck-mounted pump leaves one hand free for holding the paddle for balance, in the U.S. a hand pump requiring both hands to operate appears to be the style most commonly carried. Bailing in rough conditions is futile anyway until the spray skirt is replaced, but attaching the skirt to the coaming requires two hands and there is a fair chance that the conditions that led to the initial capsize will overturn you again. The final stage is to remove and stow the paddle float—a difficult task in rough water because you're trying to brace and handle the float at the same time.

An alternative rescue that works well with a large cockpit is to slide across the rear deck as before but swivel facedown, head toward the bow, and straddle the deck with legs wide in the water to either side of the kayak. Extend your paddle for support, drop your butt into your seat and bring your legs in one at a time. You can use this same method with a small cockpit, but it is a lot more difficult because you will have to sit on the back deck, in an unstable position, in order to slide both feet into the cockpit. Use your paddle with float as a stabilizer by gripping it tightly across both sides of the cockpit, keeping some of your weight on the float for balance. It is likely you'll have to hold the shaft in the crook of one elbow and brace, so that your other hand is free to help you slide in.

What to do in rougher conditions

Enter your kayak from the upwind side. Trailing the drifting kayak will help you keep your legs high. If you try to re-enter from the downwind side, your legs will end up beneath the hull as it blows toward you. Once you have re-entered the kayak, you will need to continue to brace on the upwind side, into oncoming waves for security. Make your movements swift but smooth. The fewer waves that hit you while you are getting back into the cockpit, the greater your chance of success.

Some paddlers advocate partly filling a rescue float with water so that it cannot easily fly up into the air when the kayak lurches in the waves and throws your weight to the side of the kayak not supported by the paddle float. On trips this means that the paddle float can double as an extra fresh water carrier. It won't be as compact to stow, but the weight certainly makes the float a little more stable in choppy water.

I recently set up a self-rescue scenario with a group of competent paddlers on calm water. Those paddlers choosing a re-entry and roll were upright within fifteen seconds, at which point none of those using a float had finished fastening their floats to their blades. The quickest paddle float rescues on that occasion ran almost two minutes (in calm conditions), not including removing the float, bailing or replacing the spray skirt. The same paddlers accomplished assisted rescues in less than a minute, including emptying the kayak and replacing the spray skirt. The paddle float rescue, even when it works, keeps the paddler in the water for a significantly longer time than the other methods.

To sum up

Paddle floats are a useful aid to the solo paddler who capsizes and fails to roll, but in most situations where this might happen should the paddler really be paddling solo? When paddling with others, the float rescue is a poor substitute for an assisted rescue. If you trust the float rescue to save your life while paddling alone, you'd be foolish to venture out in conditions in which your self-rescue is untested or unreliable. Practice your self-rescues regularly and always check that your paddle float is in working order before you go. The only paddlers that I found who could show me a quick and effective float rescue were those who had practised it a lot. The main limitation to this kind of self-rescue is your own skill. What one person can do with a paddle float, another can find impossible. You will have your own limits. Garrett exceeded his limits at Cape Fear.

As a footnote

What do I consider the most effective self-rescue using a paddle float? My vote goes to the re-entry and roll. And as a back up for Eskimo rolling, not as a substitute for it.

The Paddle Float Roll by Nigel Foster

While the paddle float was devised as a way to improvise an outrigger for self-rescue, its best use, in my opinion, is as an aid to a re-entry and roll. Once the rudimentary principles of a roll are mastered, a re-entry and roll with a paddle float can offer a reliable self-rescue, even though rolling without the float might still be elusive.

For a re-entry, flip the kayak upright, float yourself alongside the kayak facing the bow, and grasp the paddle against the far side of your cockpit so that it extends out at right angles past you with the float as far from the side as possible. Grip the near side of your cockpit with your other hand. Lie back in the water. Hold your breath and swing your feet into the cockpit between your hands. Still gripping both sides of the cockpit, wriggle yourself into your seat, and with your feet on the foot braces, grip firmly with your knees. Now grasp the paddle shaft with both hands and gently pull down against the buoyancy of the paddle float until your head reaches the surface and you can breathe and see what you are doing. Relax now in this position. Finish your roll by pulling down on the paddle with the hand closest to the paddle float, pushing your head down toward the water and flicking with your hips to right the kayak. When the kayak is upright, bring your head inboard close over the deck. Maintain your balance with the aid of the paddle float by gripping it tightly across the cockpit coaming. As with the previous paddle float self-rescue, in windy conditions or in waves or surf, enter from the side the waves are approaching from so that you are bracing on the correct side once you are upright.

If you practice the re-entry and roll with a paddle float and find it straightforward, try deflating the float a little. The less buoyancy you need in the

float, the more efficient your hip flick is becoming. Ultimately you might aim to be able to self-rescue without a float, but then you can still carry the float as a back-up in case you need it sometime.

Of course practising a roll with a paddle float is a good way of gaining confidence for rolling without a float. It is also an excellent way to improve your hip flick until it is almost effortless. Use the float for practising paddle braces until you can brace with confidence and can progress to bracing without a float with no fear of failure. Regularly using a paddle float increases your familiarity with it and helps you gauge its advantages and limitations for yourself. To improve your sense of balance, try re-entering without the paddle float, going through all the moves on calm water. Then rehearse with your float in varying conditions until you know what you are capable of with a float rescue.

Nigel Foster

NOTE ON THE AUTHOR:

Nigel Foster is a regular contributor to 'Sea Kayaker' magazine, and has written manuals on 'A Beginner's Guide to the Kayak', and 'Sea Kayaking'. Nigel, a British Canoe Union coach and examiner, runs a sea kayaking school in Wales. In 1977 Nigel completed the first kayak navigation of Iceland with Geoff Hunter and has also completed a solo crossing of Hudson Strait (see two chapters in 'Raging Rivers, Stormy Seas').

Humour

from Malcolm Gunn

Mahatma Gandhi walked barefoot everywhere, to the point that his feet became quite thick and hard. He was a very spiritual person. Even when he was not on a hunger strike, he did not eat much and became quite thin and frail. Furthermore, due to his diet, he wound up with very bad breath. Therefore: he came to be known as a:

(close your eyes before reading the rest...)

“Super calloused fragile mystic plagued with halitosis.”

TRIPREPORTS

VOYAGE TO PEGASUS

**This is the story of a kayak voyage to Port Pegasus by Belinda and Stan Mulvany
15 - 23 February 1997**

Port Pegasus lies at the southern end of Stewart Island. To kayak there is no simple matter. The 'crux' of the trip is a 33 kilometre exposed coastline stretching from Lords River to Whale Passage, the northern opening of Port Pegasus. The only possible landing is at Big Kuri Bay, seven kilometres south-east of Lords River. Further on it is an inhospitable coastline with no beach landings. The predominant southwest swell rolls up this coastline as far as Lords River. We decided the safest course would to kayak south from Halfmoon Bay and make a determined push once we had favourable conditions from Big Kuri to Pegasus in one go. I asked Keith Hubber in Invercargill to fly us out in his floatplane at the end of the week.

On Saturday afternoon we took the 'Foveaux Express' from Bluff to Halfmoon Bay. Accompanying us was our 'Feathercraft' K2 Double folding kayak. The sea was fairly flat with a gentle swell. At the wharf at Oban Jo Payne met us and took most of our gear aboard her landrover. We kayaked around Ackers Point to Ringaringa where she lives.

On Sunday we started for Port Adventure. A beautiful sunrise and we left early. The sky was overcast and it was a bit breezy. We launched and headed across the mouth of Paterson Inlet to Bullers Point. It was a little rough there but calmed down once on the outside of the neck. We set our bow south and a steady paddle took us to 'Chew Tobacco Point'. The coastline was fascinating with weird shaped rocks, caves, grottoes, tortured trees and large wide leafed kelp. There were plenty of birds including blue penguins, sooty shearwaters, Stewart Island shags, spotted shags,

mollymawks, black fronted terns, black backed gulls, Canada geese and black oyster catchers. We also saw a few seals. On past East Cape to Starling Head and Port Adventure. The westerly was blowing quite hard by now and so we beat our way up the bay to a DOC hut at its head.

At the hut we met three hunters equipped with a fridge, lights, generator and a boat. Stopped for lunch and a rest, then continued to Kellys beach where there was a hunter's shelter. By now the wind was building to a gale so we were glad to camp. The sea was littered with whitecaps and occasional willywaws. There was a beautiful sandy beach and the shelter was a three sided hut with a tarpaulin for the fourth wall. We had tea and settled down for the night. It rained, the mozzies came out in droves. I pitched the tent in the rain and finally got to sleep.

Monday dawned dull and overcast. It had not been a restful night! Belinda had been driven out of the shelter too by the mozzies! Eventually got away and paddled along the north shore to Shelter Point where we could feel the ocean swell. Turned the point between the Breaksea Islands and the mainland and cut across a wide bay. These islands are quite steep and covered in bush and on each were houses belonging to the Rakiura Mutton Birders. Ahead we could see Owens Island and St Johns Point. A fishing boat passed us making for the passage. Once through, I noticed it heal over repeatedly in waves and then disappear. I had a bad feeling about what lay ahead. Once in the passage we could see a very confused sea opposite Lords River. The swells were meters high and the water confused. The scene was not encouraging! We struggled up and down these huge seas. My stomach was in a knot and my mouth dry. A capsizing was too frightening to contemplate. However once past the headland the seas quietened down and seven kilometres away I could see a prominent headland which I guessed was Kuri Point. The seascape to the south east was vast and you could discern faint headlands a great distance away. By now the sun

was shining and the sea sparkled on the big swells. On we went keeping 1-2 kilometres out. On the horizon we spotted a fishing boat so we paddled out to him when he came closer.

"What's the weather forecast?"
"Rotten, Absolutely rotten".

He must have seen our faces drop as he quickly added with a grin "Just like today and for the next few days". He also told us we would have no trouble at Big Kuri and that there was sandy beach there. We were delighted, the tension of the last few hours dissipated. We passed a Buller's Mollusc quietly bobbing along in the ocean and then we entered Big Kuri. What a magic place! The swell died and we had no difficulty landing on the steep sandy beach at the head of the bay. On a flat open area behind the beach was a rough hunters camp made of branches, tarpaulins and heavy duty plastic. The sun was beating down and it was very hot, the bush incredibly beautiful. We put the tent up and put out a lot of gear to dry. We had an early night as I had set the alarm for 5.00 am in preparation for our big push south to Pegasus.

On Tuesday 18th I was up at 5.00 am in the dark to get the marine forecast. This was excellent. There was a fishing boat anchored out in the bay. We launched at 7 am. No sign of life but a shout had him tumbling out of this bunk. We had a bit of a natter and he said we should be OK but to watch Seal Point as the sea is often rough there. Then we paddled off. Once outside the heads it got very rough with huge swells and waves all over the place. That tightness in my guts returned and a dread settled over me. Belinda was determined to carry on. There was no turning back. On we slogged. We had the flood tide against us but we figured we'd have a less bumpy ride if the tide was going with the swell. Off to the right White Island came up so we turned towards it passing it on the outside. Once past it the seas calmed down a bit. On the distant horizon to the south west we could see a headland which was probably Seal Point. The day was brilliant and a light westerly was blowing from the land. Kopeka Bay came and went.

Cliffs bounded the coastline and no likely landing spots. In the lee of headland it was a bit calmer but every headland had big swells and a backwash. We plugged on and I noted each headland and bay that we crossed. Thankfully the weather stayed fine and the wind gentle. Seal Point eventually arrived and there were breaking waves on reefs offshore but nothing really bad. Around a bit we could see the 'Sisters', two steep cliff girdled islands crowned with scrub. In the distance were the outer islands of Pegasus and inland mountains. Once past Orphans Rock we were in Whale Passage and calmer water 6.5 hours after leaving Big Kuri. Great excitement and relief. We'd done it. We'd reached Pegasus.

We paddled down the passage into an inland sea. The water was flat and shimmered under an incredibly blue sky. There was a heat haze on the mountains. We found a beach and landed. Later after some lunch we drifted down the north arm of Pegasus and landed on a sandy beach opposite Anchorage Island. There was a hunters camp on a flat area behind the beach. Belinda went off fishing while I sorted out the gear. I was in the hut when I heard a great splash and commotion outside. Looking around the corner I saw a large seal splashing and wallowing in the shallows. Belinda returned later with some sardine sized fish. That night the moon shone over the still black waters of Pegasus.

We had a late start on the Wednesday. During the night it clouded over and in the morning clouds were pouring over the hills. We decided to kayak up Cooks Arm as far as possible to see Gog and Magog. These are two dramatic granite domes. A strong westerly was blowing so we had a real battle all the way. The clouds were right down on the hills so the views were very restricted. The trees thinned out to low scrub. We saw no sign of a track so turned tail and the gale just blew us back.

On Thursday it was still cloudy so we set off to explore the south Arm of Pegasus. At South Passage we spotted a yacht. We decide to paddle over

but got distracted by a flock of blue penguins floating on the water. We eventually reached the yacht. They were a group of three Brits touring the world in the yacht 'Tacit'. Had a hot drink with them as they cruised down to Disappointment Cove to moor. We left them and walked through to Broad Bay on a short track. Great views south and surprisingly the seas looked flat. Then back to the boat where we were presented with more coffee, oranges and a big bag of frozen cod fillets for our dinner. We reluctantly bade them farewell and paddled down Sylvan Cove for a look, then on to Bald Cone. Went up a creek on the south side and first branch on the right we found a track leading up through the bush. We followed this up and broke out into open ground covered in places by low scrub and granite boulders. Higher up we could see a route up the 918' granite peak. The mountains in these parts are huge granite domes and this one was typical. In less than an hour we summited. The view was grand but all the higher peaks were clouded. There were huge granite boulders on top. It was now 5.30 pm so we headed down. Once we were out on the water the rain came on so it was a wet slog back to base. Had a large meal by candle light while the rain hosed down outside.

Friday was a wet, grey day. New streams had erupted in the forest and raced across the beach. We decide to pack up and move camp to the North Arm to the old Port Pegasus settlement site. Once we were abreast of Big Ship Passage a large swell was coming in driven by a strong south easterly. Once past Rose Island it was much calmer and here we met the American yacht 'Celerity'. After this we paddled up to Belltopper Falls which were in spate - a deluge of tannin coloured water and an enormous area of foam at its base. We went back to the old wharf which had the only flat land around and off loaded our gear, putting up the tent. Saturday came and went. No sign of our plane. In the evening a big fishing boat came in and invited us out to dinner. We paddled out later and spent a pleasant evening with them. Afterwards we paddled back in a gale in the dark

while Lindsay turned on his big spotlight.

Sunday was a better day. The sun came out and we dried a lot of gear. At noon the plane arrived. No trouble landing and just drifted in to the rocks below the wharf. Loaded all the gear and took off to the west. Flew south and west around Gog and Magog. They looked absolutely wonderful and a must when we return to this magic place. We then flew up the spectacular west coast to Masons Bay and then over Rakeahua Mountain to Paterson Inlet to Halfmoon Bay where we landed to drop off a passenger. Next we were flown north over the Foveaux Strait to the Oreti Estuary where we were dropped off.

Stanley Mulvany
Invercargill

D'Urville **by Rob Tipa**

Circumnavigation is a grand old nautical word for floating round in a big circle, finishing up exactly where you started.

Globally speaking, the great master mariner James Cook did it; Captain Joshua Slocum did it single-handed; and plenty of Kiwi yachtsmen and women have joined the exclusive around-the-block club.

So when a friend casually suggested paddling around D'Urville Island in sea kayaks, the evocative word circumnavigation reared its ugly head. Unwittingly, we were hooked.

On the grand scale of nautical achievements, paddling around D'Urville Island is no big deal. Plenty of kayakers have done the trip before. However, New Zealand's fourth largest island pokes its rocky northern snout out into the frequent gales that funnel through Cook Strait and has enough wild water to earn the respect of mariners all over the world. Navigation was straightforward - turn left at every corner.

D'Urville is separated from the mainland by the infamous French Pass, where the tide boils through at up to seven knots, twice the top speed of a loaded sea kayak. French explorer Dumont D'Urville very nearly lost his ship Astrolabe when the tide swept her on to a reef in the middle of the pass over a century ago.

Crossing French Pass on a mail-boat a decade ago, I watched a powerful fishing boat spun 360 degrees in one of its legendary whirlpools. Last year, I crewed on a yacht trying to negotiate French Pass against the current. The skipper had the 70 horsepower engine at full revs but we didn't make it. The tide unceremoniously spat us out into Admiralty Bay, where, suitably chastised, we anchored overnight and respectfully waited for a favourable tide the next morning.

I also held a vivid memory of standing on the cliffs overlooking Cape Stephens on D'Urville's storm-lashed northern tip on a windy day and seeing a cauldron of swirling white water, overfalls and rips — no place for any boat, let alone a wobbly kayak.

Unfortunately, by this stage we had talked ourselves into it. If it was not for one of our party waiting for us at French Pass, we would have willingly wimped out for the relatively placid waters of Lake Manapouri and saved ourselves a two-day drive up the West Coast.

But we were hooked by the big C word. The D'Urville Island "circumnavigation" had a momentum of its own and there was no easy way out. By now we were camped on the beach at Elmslie Bay, watching the southerly front whip French Pass into a frothy lather, and wishing we were anywhere else.

By coincidence, we had arrived on the tail end of the front and the forecast was for three days of fine, calm weather. It was the perfect window because we needed settled conditions to make it down the west coast of the island, which has rock solid cliffs and few safe landings in rough weather.

Launching from Elmslie Bay, we caught the tail end of the southerly with the tide under us to angle across French Pass and north along the eastern shore of D'Urville at a great rate of knots. Steve Cox and Yvonne Cook surfed ahead in their flying Nordkapps, while Francis Farmer and I followed at a more sedate pace in a Skerray and overloaded Sea Bear.

Making the most of the following wind and sea, we headed straight for D'Urville Peninsula, hugged its rocky shore and, once we rounded the corner in its lee noticed thousands of iridescent jellyfish riding the clear turquoise tidal currents like gravity-defying parachutes.

We power paddled in to Penguin Beach for a restful lunch on the edge of the bush, accompanied by the deafening symphony of cicadas so distinctive to the top of the south. A procession of white sails ghosted east on the afternoon sea breeze towards the Chetwode Islands and the entrance to Pelorus Sound.

On a glorious still late summer afternoon, we cruised north from point to point until we reached Old Man's Head, where we cut across to the southern tip of the Rangitoto Islands, following the eastern shore of Tinui Island to a superb sheltered landing beach and campsite on a small terrace above.

It was early afternoon, but that was as far as we intended to paddle on the first day, so we lazed about on the beach, reading, swimming and soaking up some welcome sun.

Early the next morning, with a dark broody sky to the south, we headed north across open water towards Cape Stephens, about eight kilometres away. As we approached Hapuka Rocks the one and a half metre swell rolled in off Cook Strait, bouncing off the rocky cliffs and making for a twitchy ride and the odd wave breaking over the boat. All senses were on full alert.

Meanwhile, our resident thrill-seeker surfer, rock-hopper and caver "Francois" decided to go exploring

and disappeared through a rock headland off Billhook Bay. "I think I saw him heading into a cave," Steve told us. Five minutes later we were anxiously waiting on the other side of the headland, when a kayak emerged from a crack in the rock, minus a paddler. Francois followed, swimming and slightly shaken by the experience, he told us later. Tricky beasts caves, especially with a following sea, bugger all head space and no obvious exit.

By now we only had half an hour to get through Stephen's Passage before the tide turned, so we pressed on hard, hugging the D'Urville shore and clearing one rocky outcrop after another. We shot through the evocatively named Bishop's Cauldron and the Gut, then lined up the narrow passage of Hell's Gate, which was preferable to the turbulent white water further out to sea.

The last obstacle was a solid lump of rock with a shallow stony bar joining it to the Cape Stephens headland. We could have paddled around the rock, but that would have taken longer against the tide, which had now turned against us. We went for the gap with a metre of swell under us and a big standing wave right over the bar.

The water was so clear I could see massive boulders in the trough between wave peaks, but you couldn't tell whether the water was 30cm or three metres deep. The adrenaline flowed until all four kayaks emerged unscathed out the other side.

Psychologically, we felt we were over the worst. We had snuck through one of the most turbulent stretches of water in the country, albeit in perfect, settled weather. I would hate to attempt it in anything but flat calm and favourable tides.

It was our first glimpse of D'Urville's western fortress - towering vertical cliffs rising 50 to 100m straight out of the sea. It was hard to get a grasp on the scale of the cliffs because the other kayaks looked like toothpicks against the sheer rock faces and we all felt about as vulnerable on this unfor-

We pointed the bows south towards the entrance to Port Hardy with its ship-like guardians - Nelson's Monument, Victory Islands and Fleet Rocks - hove to over its entrance. By now the tide was swirling around the bay and it was a hard grind down to Squadron Rocks, where we staggered ashore on a steep gravel beach under the cliffs for a late lunch break after six hours on the water and 14 nautical miles for the day.

The warm sun and flat waters of Port Hardy were welcome for four dog-tired paddlers as we cruised along the bush-clad shores of South Arm, looking for somewhere to pitch the tents. The wide sandy beach of Smokehouse Bay drew us like a beacon and everyone quietly sneaked away for a siesta in the late afternoon sun.

Day three dawned a little overcast, but the forecast was again for light sea breezes later in the morning and calm sea so we dug it in across an oily calm Port Hardy, hitchhiking on the bow wave of two grand gin palaces heading out around Nile Head. This was another psychological hurdle because it is exposed to the northwest, but it was flat calm when we reached it and a welcome anticlimax.

As soon as we rounded the headland, we picked up the strong tidal flow that carried us south like the proverbial conveyor belt. The ever reliable Tasman Bay northerly sea breeze kicked in about 11am, and we flew along the base of the cliffs to Bottle Point, cutting through narrow rocky passages between the main island and towering offshore islets. It was breathtaking stuff but there was no time to linger with a good following breeze and tide underneath.

Before we knew it, Greville Harbour opened up to our left and we had covered the most exposed stretch of D'Urville in four hours flat. By now the tide was running strongly out of Greville Harbour so we hugged the rocks around Two Bay Point and landed on the western end of Moawhitu Beach for lunch and a break.

Greville Harbour is another of D'Urville's deceptively grand bays. It was not until we started paddling across it that we really appreciated its scale. The massive bluffs and exposed outer harbour are separated from its sheltered inner arms by a boulder bank with a narrow, shallow channel between the two. By now the tide was flowing out with a tongue of white-water and standing waves several hundred metres off the bank.

For the sheer hell of it we snuck through the shallows around the edge of the bank into the inner harbour, then turned around and shot the gap, with no shortage of adrenaline pumping. The intrepid Francois was in his element, bobbing through the white-water ahead. The loaded boats handled the rough water with ease. In fact, it looked a lot worse than it really was.

Originally we had planned to carry on into Mill Arm and camp there, but we knew our weather window would not last forever so we were keen to make as much distance down the west coast as we could before it turned to the south.

We picked our way through the rocks scattered around Ragged Point, the southern headland of Greville Harbour, and pressed on south past Frying Pan Point and Cape Zach, having missed the worst of an unfavourable tide.

By late afternoon we were pretty stuffed after covering a good 20 nautical miles, or 36kms for the day, and close to eight hours paddling. There was a certain amount of relief too when we saw a gentle shelving beach in Sandy Bay, saving us the indignity of a rough surf landing after a tough day in the cockpit.

The beach faced directly south-west and was littered with the biggest pile of firewood in New Zealand. We knew if the weather turned to the south it would be difficult to break out through the surf, so kept our fingers crossed our luck would hold out the following morning.

It did. Frontal cloud had closed in with light rain but the wind gusted from the north overnight so we had a tail wind and hopped on our friendly "conveyor belt" tide down to Hapuka Island, where we regrouped for a two-mile open water crossing of Manawakupakupa Bay. We could just make out the faint outline of the first of the chain of Paddock Rocks through the soupy murk so headed for them.

It was the best "downhill" run of the trip with the wind building to a fresh 20 knots plus and the boats surfing well on a 1.5 metre sea. We charged through a gap in the Paddock Rocks and covered the four miles to the southernmost point on D'Urville, Sauvage Point, in a couple of hours.

By now, the smiles were a mile wide; we had cracked the west coast of D'Urville and only had a sheltered paddle of four miles through Current Basin to French Pass to complete the round trip. In clear calm waters we crossed the bar separating the Lebrun Peninsula from the main island, gunk-holed along the beautiful southern coast of D'Urville and felt the pull of the tide under us as we were steadily drawn towards the last obstacle, French Pass.

Three and a half days earlier we had stood on the cliffs above and planned our route through it. The greatest volume of water blasts through the main channel, but that's where the largest whirlpools, including Jacob's Pool, develop. Instead we decided to hug the D'Urville shore and try and sneak through Fishermen's Passage, which nautical almanacs said should only be attempted by those with local knowledge. From a kayaker's point of view, it looked to be the lesser of two evils.

All the planning in the world could not prevent that dry-mouthed sense of the unknown as the tide swept us towards the pass, faster and faster. There was a metre of difference in the water levels between one side of the pass and the other and from the cockpit of a kayak, we couldn't see over the edge of the "waterfall". At the same time the roar of the water grew louder and louder.

Suddenly, there was no turning back. It was too late. I had to hit the gas and hard right rudder to get the kayak on to the narrow tongue in the centre of the passage. The kayak bucked and kicked through the fast water and that was it. We were through and spat out the other side into Admiralty Bay. I looked behind and Yvonne and Steve were beaming too. Yahoo. Fearless Francois, our champion surfer, took his own line through the main channel and went looking for trouble in the form of boils and standing waves.

The last few hundred metres to the beach back at Elmslie Bay were pure pleasure - we had covered about 100 kilometres of wild coastline in three and a half days with little drama, a good safety margin, perfect weather and a lot of luck.

Later we stood on the lookout above French Pass and each quietly thanked D'Urville and our respective guardians for delivering us from evil. Sure, paddling around in a circle is no big deal, but on the faces of the other three paddlers there was an unmistakable glow of successful circumnavigators.

Rob Tipa

Wind, Whisky and Waves by Giselle Groves

Hi Paul, here's a trip report which you might consider for the KASK newsletter.

Charlie, from Motueka, joined me who is still a novice, for a trip up Queen Charlotte Sound. We took our own vehicles and set off from Waikawa Bay, Dec.29 '98 after topping up our provisions. It was nearly 1pm and we immediately struck a choppy westerly which we had to lean into as we traversed Queen Charlotte Sound and then punched into Ratimera bay. Here we simply hung around waiting for quieter waters while I had a swim then a chat with local boaties. After three hours about 6-ish Charlie asked what we should do; I suggested we take a chance and head for Blumine.

Away we paddled with a strong tail wind pushing us out of Ruakaka Bay where we encountered quieter waters in the Sound. We arrived at Blumine Island camp site about eight and chatted with several other paddlers till the moon rose and made dappled reflections in the water. Charlie brought out his elixir - a large bottle of whiskey, brand unknown from which he poured out two cups mixed with water. "This bottle has to be finished by Saturday," he said as he poured two more cups. After drinking these it was hard to sit with back straight but easy to ignore a whining mosquito.

Next day we paddled out after four others had left, towards Endeavour Inlet. As we came through the entrance we slammed into a brisk nor-westerly which commonly funnels from high hills behind the head of the inlet. It was quite a battle to reach Punga Cove which we were very pleased to see and after hauling our kayaks to the camp site we had to have a wee nip of Charlie's whiskey before putting up tents. We took stock of our neighbours - all trampers doing the Queen Charlotte Walkway and noted our view from our tents - the toilet block.

After lunch the task in hand was to find Lou Fry's bach. Lou is a friend of a friend of Pete and Shelley's and it took several hours to finally locate this well-hidden abode surrounded by thick bush. A couple of locals gave us vague directions but we passed the bach track at least twice. Lou himself was there and took us up to his newer 'bach' further up with a million-dollar view of the Inlet. Yes, Pete was hanging around waiting for Shelley to arrive back from Mana via the Sea Cat - she was to get a boat lift from Gem Resort but it would be after 8pm.

The afternoon was spent swimming and chatting to trampers and Thursday morning dawned still windy. We paddled off to check out Furneaux Lodge and on rounding a point spied a lone paddler fishing - it was Pete and after a chat we continued into the wind and chop. The lodge was a little quiet for New Year's Eve - the unresolved mystery from last New Year's

Eve still haunting this place. When we got back to Punga Cove we met up with Pete at Lou's old bach and had a warm shower. Later in the evening a band struck up some lively Latin dance numbers and towards dark we made our way to the cafe where the band was calling us. I ordered filtered water - \$2.50; coke would have been cheaper but I got bored and thought of returning to my tent. Suddenly Charlie pulled me to my feet and whisked me onto the small dance floor. For the next two hours intermittently we boogied and cha-chad, twisted and jived and generally whirled around till I had to abandon my sandals and dance barefoot on the grass. Shelley, Morris and Pete joined us, Shelley having arrived earlier on. After 12 a bonfire was lit and the music carried on till the band's electronic backup blew a fuse. Some time later when we were safely in our tents, the band suddenly came to life again so there was no sleep for another hour.

Friday morning was a wonder, the wind had died down, the water was benign. We joined up with Shelley, Pete and Morris and met six other kayakers from Wellington who would meet us later at Cannibal Cove. We had an awesome paddle all the way to Motuara Island where we stopped for lunch, swim and a walk to the look-out. Bird song was very evident including that of the saddleback. In the afternoon we cruised into Cannibal Cove and what a wide shady camp site I discovered this being my first visit. The six other Wellington paddlers duly arrived, Pete, Kirsty, Susan, Dale, Paul and Karen. Charlie's whiskey bottle was brought out this ensured everyone had a good night's sleep.

Next day Shelly and Pete decided to head out for Cape Jackson as they had to be back in Wellington by Monday. Charlie also bade us adieu as he too had to leave for a trip all the way back to Waikawa Bay. Two other paddlers had joined us the previous evening so there were 13 kayakers at the cove. Eight of us paddled round to Ship Cove where after a swim and lunch we walked to Resolution Bay. Here we had muffins and coffee then back

to Ship Cove which I learnt is the start of the Queen Charlotte Walkway for many trampers. That evening when Pete and Shelley finally returned with three fish for tea plus some paua that someone else had dived for we heard that owing to wind they hadn't paddled all the way to Cape Jackson. Pete and Shelley had walked from a farmhouse halfway to the Cape and from there had followed a four-wheel drive track and thence to the lighthouse. They were so tired!

Sunday morning I joined up with the five who had decided to repeat Pete and Shelley's trip. Pete and Shelley were heading for Wharehunga Bay so we parted with them and repeated their trip of the previous day. There was a gentle swell as we came into the jetty and the met the farmer after a 40 minute paddle. He was gradually going out of farming and moving into the tourism business, with cabins, four-wheel drive and horse treks. We followed the track with sweeping views of the Sound and when the track became a trampers' track between bluffs for the last half hour we could see Port Gore to the left. At the lighthouse views of the cliffs near Wellington harbour, Kapiti and Mana Islands could be seen to the east while D'Urville Island and the Chetwodes were to the west. We had a swim in a little sheltered beach by Port Gore on the way back - it had been a good four hour trek to the lighthouse and back to our kayaks.

That evening we heard an eerie sound reminiscent of the rumble of a distant train and we realised this was an earthquake but there was no shaking and nothing further happened. On Monday we bade goodbye to Cannibal Cove and made our way in a moderate chop south of Motuara Island and over to the north of Long Island. We paddled over to Kokomohua Island which is several rocky outcrops, home to numerous terns and seagulls and then south to Pickersgill Island for lunch. A stiff northerly was behind us as we set off for Wharehunga Bay behind Blumine Island. As we approached this bay we could see at the camp site a white plastic chair that a paddler, Andrew, had picked up from

another site and had left for us evidently. He had managed to balance the chair in front of his Blue Marlin kayak all the way from Cannibal Cove. That evening Dale give a good demo of an Eskimo roll and practised with a paddle float some self-rescues, along with Susan.

Next morning dawned cloudy and windy as we set off about 10am. The others had arranged to be picked up at Torea Bay by a driver who would take them back to Punga Cove to Susan's car and trailer. The crossing over to Blumine Island was extremely choppy with a 20 knot wind - not pleasant and the same conditions were encountered once we left the lee of the island as we pointed our way to Gem Resort. Big following waves pushed us across and into Bay of Many Coves. Some of these waves were breaking - I could hear them cresting behind so we definitely had a long surf ride till we approached Gem Resort. Here we had to haul our kayaks up to the grass near the restaurant - four singles and a double.

We ordered lunch and presently spied more paddlers coming alongside the wharf including Andrew minus his plastic chair and his partner Kathy. About 2.30-ish we set off into the chop and with the strong northerly made good time to Kaikapa Bay. After a swim it was time for me to meet my Waterloo perhaps as I knew that I would was going to paddle like a demon, solo back to Waikawa Bay. The others looked at me expectantly and I said after gazing long and hard at Allports Island, it's now or never. I didn't time myself all the way back but the sea seemed even more threatening with no let up in the conditions all the way into Waikawa Bay. It was a gamble for me as I had no flare nor self-rescue skills. On arrival at the boat ramp at Waikawa Bay I felt like a captain of a ship making it to safety after battling a storm in the best tradition of sea sagas.

Giselle Clements-Groves

BOOKREVIEWS

The following review by Colin Monteath is not of a sea kayaking book, but a biography of New Zealander Frank Worsley who was navigator of what is widely acknowledged as one of the most remarkable small boat voyages ever made, from Elephant Island to South Georgia in April 1916.

Title: **SHACKLETON'S CAPTAIN**

Sub Title: A Biography of Frank Worsley

Author: John Thomson.

Published: 1998

Publisher: Hazard Press, Christchurch

ISBN: 1 877161 40 3

Contents: 208 pages, softbound, 96 b&w photographs, maps and paintings , 3 appendices, bibliography & index

Size: 260x190mm

Cover: Limpbound

Price: \$49.95

Reviewer: Colin Monteath

If asked what were significant gaps in the literature surrounding the 'Heroic era' of Antarctic exploration I would have answered unreservedly, a definitive account of Shackleton's 'Aurora' support party for his ill-fated 1914-16 Imperial Trans-Antarctic Expedition, a biography of Shackleton's (also Scott's and Mawson's) most able 'lieutenant' Frank Wild and a biography of Shackleton's 'captain', Frank Worsley. And now, thanks to Wellington writer John Thomson, we have the remarkable story of New Zealander Worsley from his early days at Akaroa in the 1870's to forays as a treasure hunter on Cocos island (like Shackleton, Worsley became a dreamer and schemer, chasing rainbow's gold on several occasions) and, finally, as a 70 year old (he lied about his age to the Admiralty) naval commander in the WWII war effort prior to his death in 1943.

Despite winning the DSO as a Royal Naval Commander of an anti-submarine vessel in WWI and another DSO fighting Bolsheviks on the Russian Front, (two interesting chapters in the

book), it is in the annals of Antarctic exploration and open-boat voyages that Worsley's name will always come to the fore. Navigational and small boat handling skills learned as a young seaman, on New Zealand Shipping Company clippers in the Pacific and on rounding the Horn to England, later became crucial to the safety of the beleaguered 'Endurance' crew as Shackleton's men battled their way across the Weddell Sea pack ice to Elephant Island.

This much-documented tale and the subsequent story of the open-boat voyage to South Georgia has, understandably in the past, been told from Shackleton's perspective, or visually through the eyes of Frank Hurley and his wonderful images - (surely the most closely-guarded photographic plates of all time, many used again to good effect in this book). Now, with Thomson's book, we have a much better appreciation of just how miraculous their survival was under Worsley's command as 'Endurance's' skipper (it was Worsley's first time in the Antarctic) and subsequently as master of the tiny lifeboat 'James Caird' on it's 800 nautical mile odyssey across the Southern Ocean. Staying alive on 'James Caird' was a grim, precarious business and Thomson's piercing together of the story is well done, to be enjoyed even by those already familiar with other highly detailed accounts of the expedition such as in Roland Huntford's biography *Shackleton* (1985). The 'James Caird', with Shackleton, Worsley and four others on board simply had to strike the coast of South Georgia or the 22 men remaining on Elephant Island (under Wild's leadership) were doomed. Against all odds, Worsley hit the gale-swept island on the nose. No one has ever had their skills with a sextant so direly tested - the book's cover painting of Worsley making one of his four desperate sightings is a beauty. Until the release of *Shackleton's Captain* Worsley's true role in this survival epic, and the significance of a forged Worsley/Shackleton partnership which led the way over the spine of South Georgia to initiate rescue, has been largely unsung.

Given the amount of factual information the author had to deal with, throughout Worsley's whole life let, alone on his most famous polar expedition, Thomson's tight journalistic style is almost entirely appropriate. There are occasions though, such as during the first landfall on South Georgia when the 'James Caird's' rudder is lost and given the desperate situation the party faced, I looked for more passion and detail in the writing. Unbelievably, given the violent nature of the vast King Haakon Bay and the crew's tenuous position on its edge at Cave Cove, the rudder floated back to them days later enabling the 'James Caird' to push on to where they could start the fabled crossing of the island. This situation could have been fleshed out to create the powerful drama it undoubtedly was.

Thomson has raked through many family collections and libraries in England (Worsley lived much of his life there) to greatly enhance his book with quotations from family associates and importantly, by gathering a superb collection of photographic plates which illustrate the book. Our own Alexander Turnbull Library and The Hocken Library have been crucial in this area too, both in terms of gaining access to the Hurley plates and providing information on Orde-Lees and McNeish, two key players in the 'Endurance' story who spent their final days in Wellington. The sketch maps in the book are important to following the main Antarctic story and it is poignant that they are from Worsley's own hand.

Weaving pertinent quotes into the narrative, the author has made deft use of Worsley's own (long out of print) books *Under Sail in the Frozen North* (1926), (Worsley commanded an Arctic expedition involving remarkable use of sail around Franz Joseph Land), *Endurance* (1931), *First Voyage in a Square Rigged Ship* (1938), and *Shackleton's Boat Journey* (1940). Among others, Frank Wild's scarce book *Shackleton's Last Voyage* (1923) is also well used to document the 1921 Antarctic expedition when Worsley rejoined his old partner Shackleton to command the

'Quest'. It proved to be a fated coming together for Wild and Worsley, as Shackleton died of a heart attack with the 'Quest' at anchor off South Georgia.

Shackleton's Captain has four most interesting appendices but none more so than on Edward Saunders, the Shy Ghost Writer who documented for the first time the crucial part the New Zealand journalist played in the writing of Shackleton's two classics *The Heart of the Antarctic* (1909) and, with bearing to Worsley's own story, *South* (1919), the official account of the 'Endurance' expedition.

Colin Monteath.

Title:

'Enchanted Vagabonds'

Author: Dana Lamb

Published: 1938

Publisher: Harper & Brothers, NY, USA.

Contents: 415 pages, softbound, 23 b&w photographs, 13 maps.

Size: 245x165mm

Cover: Hardback

Reviewer: Paul Caffyn

In October 1933, Dana Lamb and his wife Ginger set off from San Diego on 'their great adventure' to paddle and sail down the west coast of North America to Panama. Their craft, 'Vagabunda' was a 'mongrel boat, a sort of cross between an Eskimo kayak, a surfboat, and a sailboat with a canoe'. Its vital statistics were: weight 150 pounds, length 16 feet, beam 42 inches and depth 24 inches. She carried a 14' mast, and with the jib a 100 square foot of sail. 'Vagabunda' had a smallish cockpit, barely big enough for Dana and Ginger, with canvas tacked onto wooden stringer forming the deck. Turned up protruding stem and stern give the appearance of a mini Viking longship in the photographs. Preparation for trip was conducted over two years quietly, and most of their kit was home made. Their cash resource on setting out consisted of '\$4.20 carefully wrapped in a bit of oilskin'.

Although lengthy, I found the narrative thoroughly engrossing from initially being blown offshore by a storm and picked up by an illegal run running boat, only 10 miles south of San Diego, to their four month stay on the Cocos Island. Ginger and Dana lived largely off the land and sea, occasionally purchasing food from small coastal villages. They adapted easily to the life of vagabonding adventures and survived innumerable scary situations, large surf landings, nights stormbound offshore, Dana sinking in quicksand and attacks from the Marenos or local bandits.

One attack from the Marenos left bullet holes in the stern of their craft and another, holes in their tent. Both Ginger and Dana were armed with revolvers, and skill with their use saved their lives several times. On one occasion in an inland waterway, a heavy dugout was chasing them across drying mud flats. Dana and Ginger had reached the edge of a deep channel not visible to the chasing Marenos. They feigned pulling and straining at 'Vagabunda' as though she was stuck. The heavy dugout ran aground and the Marenos grabbed their guns and began wallowing through deep mud towards Dana and Ginger:

We delayed climbing into the canoe until they were almost in gunshot range. Then I allowed myself the luxury of a little boy's trick - the classic gesture of thumbing the nose. But this to my regret was wasted, for it brought no response from the Marenos. The unexpected sight of the moving canoe brought plenty, however. They screamed with rage and disappointment as we paddled away from the mudflat. It was too bad, but it was one of those situations that could not have had a happy ending for both the Marenos and ourselves.

One reason for their survival was the development of a mutual sixth sense, which they called hunches. One a flat calm sea, they both experienced a 'hunch' to put to shore and just made it before a dreaded hurricane struck. A few nights later, Dana was on watch at 2am and began to feel apprehensive. They quietly loaded the canoe

and launched as the flash from muzzle-loaders illuminated a Marenos attack on their campsite. Dana attempted to rationalize the hunches as:

a special kind of hyper-sensitivity that operates in moments of extreme danger.

Part of their adventure was to track down old reported treasure troves, which led to a mission into the heart of Costa Rica and a four month sojourn on Cocos Island. Dana and Ginger were dropped on the island by a Costa Rican patrol boat and spent the first two weeks at Wafer Bay cleaning up the mess which had been left by a treasure hunting expedition in 1935. And the New Zealand skipper who had dropped this 1935 expedition on the island was none other than Frank Worsley, the subject of the book review by Colin Monteath.

As Dana and Ginger were reliant on the patrol boat to pick them up at the end of four months, the rapid onset of abdominal pain and high temperature was diagnosed as appendicitis. The outlook was indeed grim for Dana. He made a set of scalpels while Ginger made suture thread out of tender palm fibres. Despite the pain, Dana shot a pig and tried out the operation instruments, but was unable to find the pig's appendix. One the day scheduled for the operation, Ginger sighted a boat offshore in thick fog, which fortunately saw their sign for help in an adjoining bay. The tuna boat skipper packed Dana in ice made from brine. He 'darn near froze to death' but the pain and temperature both subsided during the voyage towards Panama.

The last few pages detail a passage through the Panama Canal, where the straight-faced, uniform clad officials initially demand \$75,000 for 'Vagabunda's' passage but after a measure up by a weighty official with a 100 yard tape, there were laughs all around when they were charged 75 cents.

The last two pages provide succinct commentary on their return to organized society. Dana also describes the primary reason for the trip:

we wanted to find out something

about ourselves and our capacities, whether our romantic daydreams of a fuller and more colourful life could stand up against the actualities.

Dana also notes:

The problems Nature present you with can for the most part be met by intelligence, work, discipline and knowledge. And there is something else to be said for wrestling a livelihood from natural resources; there is the priceless satisfaction of knowing that you've taken nothing from any one; that your place in the sun isn't contingent upon crowding your fellows into outer darkness.

I guess it's obvious I thoroughly enjoyed this book. Dana and Ginger's adaptability to a sometimes hostile environment and development of a sixth sense brought back nostalgic memories of my escapades during the Australian and Alaskan trips.

The dustjacket notes that Dana was the grand-nephew of Richard Dana, whose 'Two Years Before the Mast' delighted an earlier generation of adventure lovers. Dana and Ginger grew up together and were married a year before their adventure began. The dustjacket also advertises a second book by Dana titled 'Quest for the Lost City' about an adventure into the forbidden land of the Mayas. I would like to learn more of what Dana and Ginger achieved in later life, as I imagine it would have been difficult for the two inveterate adventurers to settle down to real life.

As to availability in New Zealand, I can only suggest trying the interloan service or your local library. I bought a copy from Jerry Cassell in the USA, whose 'Canoe and Kayak Books' guide was reviewed in newsletter No.77.

Paul Caffyn

INTHEMAIL

'Sea Kayaker' February 1999, Vol.15, No.6 contains an essay by Wellington paddler Malcolm Gunn titled 'Bad Weather Blues', plus articles on paddling the islands of Antarctica, a crossing from the Yucatan Peninsula to the Mississippi River, WWII's Operation Earthworm involving a foldboat raid on a Greek island, and 'Ranges and Drift'. In the Antipodes, the term we use for Range is transit.

'Sea Kayaker' April 1999, Vol.16, No.1, celebrates 15 years of publishing of the magazine. Former Kiwi, John Dowd, who now resides in British Columbia, was largely responsible for producing the first issue in 1984. Paintings have featured on the covers of all the previous 69 magazines, many of the early ones now being collectors items, and the current issue features a glorious colour photograph of a surf break-out. This issue features a 850 miles solo paddle along the eastern coast of the Baja Peninsula, a 94 nautical mile crossing by two French paddlers from the southern coast of France to the island of Corsica, an essay on the overcrowding of popular paddling areas in the USA, and two articles on do it yourself sail rigs.

The latest 'Folding Kayaker', Vol.8, No. 6. contains articles on:

- more ideas from the Assembly Front
- solutions for sagging spraydecks
- what to take for two weeks in a double
- ideas for gear plucked from jet skiers

The last two issues of 'NSW Sea Kayaker' contain articles on a great trip around the Kimberley coastline of Australia.

In the latest ASKNET newsletter, a note that Ryan Whittle has developed a comprehensive list of over 70 sea kayaking/adventure related web sites from around the world.

For a copy, email Ryan at: ryan@delphic.co.nz

If you want a copy of the 'Folding Kayaker' articles or read the 'Kimberley Capers' trip report, get in touch with me.

PRESIDENTSREPORT

by **Phil Handford**

KASK has finally been accepted as an Associate Member of Water Safety New Zealand. This is an important step forward for KASK in helping us achieve one of our stated objectives to promote the safety aspect of sea kayaking. Water Safety NZ membership provides KASK with access to Water Safety resources and in particular access to people who we can work with towards this objective. The opportunities are in promotion of the KASK Handbook, which is recognised as the best resource of its kind in New Zealand for sea kayakers, and for those running sea kayaking courses. Membership also enables KASK to have greater influence in the setting of safety standards or guidelines.

Hugh Canards article in Newsletter 77 which discusses the involvement of KASK in setting guidelines for "Expedition Trip Leader" training is an example of the type of activity KASK needs to focus on and could work with WSNZ to help make this happen. In 1999 we will need a person on the committee who can be dedicated to liaison with WSNZ and leveraging off this relationship so that KASK can achieve more on some of these safety aspects. Since being accepted as a member on 22 December 1998 KASK has been kept well informed on forums and various advisory groups and has had the opportunity for input to some of these.

On 9 December 1998 a Non-Powered Craft forum was organised by WSNZ in Wellington. The meeting represented recreational canoeing and kayaking interests. Conrad Edwards and Grant Rochfort from the KASK committee attended. The forum was set up as WSNZ recognised that their educational resources for this group are lacking or at least not well coordinated. The outcome will at least be a report on where things are at currently for this group and what needs to be done. It is positive that KASK can now have greater influence in such forums.

The KASK Handbook LRB2 is now on its third print of the 2nd edition, and 300 copies of the 2nd edition have been distributed to members and retailers over the past 12 months. Sea kayak retailers who have been particularly supportive are Auckland Canoe Centre, Bivouac (Wellington and Christchurch), Canoe and Outdoor World (ChCh) and Topsport (ChCh) and Quality Kayaks (Ashhurst).

There is the opportunity to significantly increase number of outlets making LRB2 available through putting in greater effort in promoting to retailers with regular follow up. The KASK/LRB2 brochure will finally be ready for mailing out to 75 odd sea kayak outlets in mid March. If you are visiting any retailers who have not received brochures please follow up with myself or any of the committee.

In 1999 we need to review the roles the committee and other volunteers are performing to better meet the workload that has evolved over the past year. The roles that I believe need to be each allocated to one person are:

1. President - overview, leadership role
2. Secretary/Treasurer role - this role could be done by one person. Most of the workload is in keeping a track of finance (in and out) and correspondence.
3. KASK Handbook promotion - includes organising reprints, mailing LRB2 to members and retailers (orders are received direct or via treasurer)
4. Water Safety New Zealand liaison officer - reviewing correspondence and various report and taking action on these and having input into safety and training guidelines
5. Environmental and Access - coordinating the review of any coastal discussion documents and making submissions on behalf of KASK.
6. Forum organiser 2000.
7. Editor of the Newsletter - Paul Caffyn is currently doing an excellent job.
8. Copying and mail out of newsletter.

The position of Secretary is vacant and Helen Woodward is prepared to be nominated for Secretary or Secretary/Treasurer.

The WSNZ liaison person ideally needs to come from the Wellington region as it will make the job easier with WSNZ based in Wellington.

If anyone would like to talk about taking over the Presidents role please feel welcome as I am finding that work and family time means I can not really dedicate the time to the role that it deserves.

We need to think about the year 2000 KASK forum so that we can organise venues etc. immediately after the AGM in April. Suggestions are top of the South Island (Picton, Mapua, Port Underwood, Kaikoura) so that it can be easily reached by North and South Islanders.

KASK has a strong membership with a huge amount of experience among its members. I would encourage any members even slightly interested in contributing to the running of KASK to become involved as there is a lot that can be done and even making a small contribution can be very satisfying. Don't hesitate to call myself, Peter Sullivan or Helen Woodward if you want to contribute and be nominated at the 1999 AGM.

Phil Handford.

LRB2 - KASK HANDBOOK 2nd. Ed.

For a copy of this mother of all handbooks, contact KASK Treasurer Helen Woodward:

82 Hutcheson St.

Blenheim

email: h.woodward@xtra.co.nz

**Abel Tasman
National Park**
from the 'Press' 3/02/99
Rethink on park plan.

NELSON - A Proposal to include 1000ha of foreshore into the Abel Tasman National Park may be put on hold while the Department of Conservation carries out further consultation.

Nelson-Marlborough regional conservator Neil Clifton said yesterday that DOC was carefully rethinking where it would go in light of the submissions received on the proposal. "The proposal is currently under consideration and an announcement on the approach the department will take will be made in the next few days."

He said the proposal to extend the Abel Tasman park's present bound-

ary from the mean high water mark was being reconsidered in light of public submissions and a speech made last week by Conservation Minister Nick Smith.

Mr Smith had earlier said that it was not intended to impinge on fishing rights but to give better control over activities on the park's beaches, such as lighting fires.

He told the Nelson West Rotary Club that it was time for all parties involved in the foreshore debate to step back from the current mood of confrontation.

Mr Smith reportedly said DOC should put its park extension proposal to one side and the Tasman District Council should rescind its motion rejecting it.

Mr Clifton said submission hearings, set down for later this month, would still proceed but the timing would be reconsidered. - NZPA.

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11th ANNUAL KASK FORUM

9 - 11 April 1999

Farndom Domain
Clive
Hawkes Bay

Please return your registration form promptly if you are attending to:

Organizer KASK Forum
71 Salisbury St. Ashhurst
Palmerston North.

Reminder of contact names and numbers:
Clive Motor Camp - tent and camper van sites
Ph: (06) 870 0609

Accommodation enquiries:
Paul Durrant Ph: (06) 844 6614
Don McLaren Ph: (06) 870 0413

Transport from Wellington terry fermal:
Grant Rochfort Ph: (04) 237 051
Or 025 783 538 before 20 March.

Forum information enquires:
Max Grant (06) 326 8667 work.



If undelivered, please return to: Helen Woodward, 82 Hutcheson St. Blenheim.
SUBSCRIPTIONS - \$20 - due 28 February 1999