

No. 81 June - July 1999

# THE SEA CANOEIST NEWSLETTER



**The Journal of the Kiwi Association  
of Sea Kayakers (N.Z.) Inc. - KASK**

## **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, trips reports, book reviews, equipment reviews, new techniques, letter to the editor, and moments when the word 'Bugger!' was said singularly or often {referred to by some as incidents} are sought to enliven the pages of the newsletter.

Send in a plain brown envelope, or via cybermail to:

Editor: P Caffyn,  
RD 1,  
Runanga.  
West Coast .N.Z.  
Ph/Fax: (03) 7311806  
E Mail address: kayakpc@xtra.co.nz

### **KASK Subscriptions are:**

\$20.00 per annum & cheques should be made out to:  
K.A.S.K. (NZ) Inc. & sent to the KASK Secretary:  
Helen Woodward,  
82 Hutcheson St.  
Blenheim  
Ph: (03) 578 5429.  
email: h.woodward@xtra.co.nz

### **Correspondence to the Secretary:**

Helen Woodward,  
82 Hutcheson St.  
Blenheim  
Ph: (03) 578 5429.  
email: h.woodward@xtra.co.nz

## **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 Secretary, Helen Woodward.

## **LRB2 - KASK**

### **HANDBOOK 2nd. Ed.**

For a copy of this mother of all sea kayaking handbooks, contact KASK Secretary Helen Woodward:

82 Hutcheson St.  
Blenheim  
email: h.woodward@xtra.co.nz

### **COST:**

New members: gratis  
Existing members: \$10 + \$1 p&p  
Non-members: \$18 + \$1 p&p

Make cheques out to KASK (NZ)Inc  
Trade enquiries also to Helen.

THE LRB2, or the Little Red Book 2nd. Edition, is a mammoth compilation on all aspects of sea kayaking in New Zealand, by many of the most experienced paddlers in the Universe. Following a brief introduction, the handbook is divided into six sections:

- Kayak, Paddle & Equipment
- Techniques & Equipment
- The Elements
- Trips and Expeditions
- Places to Go
- Resources

Each section contains up to nine separate chapters. The Resources section, for example has chapters on:

- guide to managing a sea kayak symposium
- Paddling Literature
- Author profiles
- Guides and Rental Operators
- Network Addresses
- Sea Kayaks in NZ listing

## **SEAKAYAKING**

### **NETWORK CONTACT ADDRESSES**

#### **Auckland Sea Kayak Network**

Vincent Maire  
7 Motuora Rd, Manly  
Whangaparaoa, 1463  
Ph: (09) 424 2293  
Fax: (09) 424 0385  
email: asknet@xtra.co.nz  
webpage: nzkayak.co.nz

#### **Canterbury Sea Kayak Network**

Andy & Deirdre Sheppard  
Ph: (03) 342 7929

#### **Sea Kayak Operators Assoc. of NZ**

Bronwyn Duff, Admin. Officer  
PO Box 255  
Picton  
Ph: (03) 573 6505  
Fax: (03) 573 8827

#### **Bay of Plenty Sea Kayak Network**

Dusty Waddell, Ph: (07) 572 4419  
Jean Kirkham, Ph: (07) 552 5982

#### **Wellington Sea Kayak Network**

Beverley Burnett  
Cellphone: (025) 249 4116  
email: beverley.burnett@bswip.co.nz  
Web site: <http://home.clear.net.nz/pages/wellseak>

#### **Auckland Canoe Club**

PO Box 3523, Auckland.  
Newsletter Editor: Julia Thorn  
Ph: 09 575 3099

#### **Ruahine Whitewater Club**

71 Salisbury St., Ashhurst.  
Ph: 06 326 8667  
Fax: 06 326 8472

#### **ROTORUA CONTACT**

Graeme Muir  
36 Buchanan Pl, Rotorua  
Ph / Fax: 07 3477106  
email: g.muir@clear.net.nz

#### **NEW PLYMOUTH CONTACT**

Mark Gardner  
153 Seaview Rd,  
New Plymouth  
Ph/Fax: (06) 753 9881

## INDEX

### EDITORIAL

#### TECHNICAL

Leaving Folding Kayaks Assembled  
by Ralph Diaz p. 4

More of Paddle Float Rescues  
by Nick Woods p. 6

#### TRIP REPORTS

Cape Reinga  
by Etienne de Beer p. 7

D'Urville Island  
by Giselle Groves p. 9

Chathams 1999  
by David Herrington p.14

#### BOOK REVIEWS

'Dance with Waves'  
reviewer John Kirk-Anderson p.11

The Shape of the Canoe'  
reviewer: Glyn Dickons p.17

'Extreme Sea Kayaking'  
reviewer John Kirk-Anderson p.18

#### THE 'BUGGER!' FILE

Report Form  
by Hugh & Bidy Canard p.12

The Castor Bay 'Bugger!' Report  
by Vincent Maire p.12

Viva La France  
by Dave Watson p.13

#### HUMOUR

Problem Solving p.13

The New York Attitude p.13

#### PRESIDENT'S REPORT

from Phil Handford p.19

#### Cover photo:

by Conrad Edwards. The editor is puzzled by the apparition of a KASK logo in the terminal face of a Prince William Sound glacier. Obviously a hallucination brought on by over-indulgence in Conrad's strict pasta diet.

## EDITORIAL

This newsletter is arriving early, and number 82 will be late due to a S.O.P.M., or serious overseas paddling mission. Conrad Edwards and I are heading back to Greenland for a two month mission north of the Arctic Circle. However this is no reason not to be penning an article for the n/l, during the long winter nights.

#### REVAMP OF N/L FORMAT

The newsletter format is being improved, to turn the newsletter into more of a journal. KASK has plenty of \$ in kitty, and the editor wants to see some of this filthy lucre spent for the edification of paddlers. I am inclined also to look at a change to the name of the newsletter. The 'Sea Canoeist' title is a legacy of the pommy influence on Antipodean paddling. And the poms still don't know the difference between a kayak and a canoe. There was a request several years ago from a Kiwi paddler to change the title, but in deference to Graham Egarr who originally set the n/l in motion, I stuck with the 'Sea Canoeist' title. My suggestions for a new title are:

'KASK Journal'  
'Kiwi Sea Kayak Journal'  
'Kiwi Sea Kayaker'  
'Sea Kayaking Down Under'  
'Antipodean Sea Kayaking'

How about extracting the digit and sending the editor a suggestion(s) for a new title for the KASK newsletter.

#### 2000 KASK FORUM

The response from KASK readers for input into the Christchurch Forum, requested with the last n/l, has been PATHETIC!. Three responses to date, including one from the editor. This is your chance to request practical sessions, theory sessions, slide shows, or proclaim your availability for lecturing, slide showing or whatever. New Zealand has the best paddlers in the entire universe but unfortunately most of them do not boast about their skills. If there is a topic you would like to learn more about during the 2000 KASK Forum, please get in touch with: John Kirk-Anderson  
PO Box 409  
Christchurch

email:

jmkirkanderson@hotmail.co.nz

#### CHATHAM ISLANDS

Max Grant and David Herrington pulled off a great first circumnavigation in Antipodean waters with their well planned and researched mission around the Chathams. Initial reaction from the locals towards their mission was rather sceptical, but day by day incident free paddling led to a realization by the locals that the dynamic duo were not rank beginners, but wise and experienced paddlers. This led to marvellous hospitality, or as Dave notes in his trip report, 'royal treatment'. Big mobs of congratulations to David and Max for their exciting mission around the Chathams.

#### LRB2

Since its publication, 450 of the second edition of the KASK Handbook have been sold, and currently 100 copies are in stock with el Presidente Phil. The number sold is encouraging, but there are still several major retailers who are not stocking the LRB2. Please do your bit for sea kayaking education and give retailers a big bollocking if they are not currently stocking this mother of all handbooks.

#### LRB3

Planning for the third edition is underway. Hugh Canard has compiled two meaty chapters on the top of the South Island, including D'Urville Island and Abel Tasman National Park. Deadline for copy for the LRB3 is end of September 1999. Mark Hutson is long overdue for supplying his chapter of gourmet kayak cookery! If you see a need for changes to any of the material in the LRB2, or wish to contribute a chapter or add relevant information to existing chapters, please send to the editor.

#### THE 'BUGGER!' FILE

Hugh Canard has an article on the merits in spending time and effort in compiling reports on 'Bugger!' moments. Lessons learned for the next time, arising from disasters, can only help raise the awareness of skills required for all paddlers.

## **TECHNICAL**

### **STORAGE OF FOLDING KAYAKS**

Although it is rare to see an assembled folding kayak at New Zealand sea kayak forums and symposiums, they are out there in garages, basements and boatsheds. Bevan Walker has three, a German folboat, an ancient Klepper and a Feathercraft double. For those who already possess a folding boat, and for those who propose to buy one, this article comes from the editor of 'Folding Kayaker' magazine.

#### **Leaving Folding Kayaks Assembled by Ralph Diaz (reprinted from 'Folding Kayaker', Jan/Feb 1999 Vol. 9 No.1)**

I recently got a note from Mike Zack of Boston MA who asked: 'I am interested in the best way to store a folding kayak. For example, can I leave it assembled all winter? Will storage at sub-zero temperatures do harm? How long can one be left assembled? What's a good lubrication schedule for metal parts?'

The answer to all such questions regarding storing and keeping folding kayaks assembled is simple: "It depends!" I have talked to hundreds of people who have left a variety of models assembled under different conditions and time spans. I've left numerous models assembled myself for long periods. The storage question involves several factors including design, frame material and corrosion. Just how long you can leave a folding kayak assembled varies by manufacturer and even among models. Here is a rundown of the major makes.

#### **FEATHERCRAFTS**

Good features sometimes have their downside and that is true of Feathercrafts. Feathercraft frames

fit together with close tolerances. This approach makes for very strong construction and an ability to absorb punishment. But it is also a formula for possible trouble in storage and long term assembly. Frames have numerous places where connections re male/female, i.e. ends of aluminium fit into each other. Sliders in one model connect butting aluminium tubes. In several models, the frame halves extend inside the skin via the movement of tubes nestled one in the other that are then locked in place with snap-up buttons.

The rule-of-thumb in keeping a Feathercraft assembled is "Sure, but don't do it for too long." Generally that means around three months or so, which isn't bad. That period would take up a good part of the paddling season in temperate climates.

What happens if you leave a Feathercraft assembled "too long?" It may seize up on you. Frame parts can get gummed up with dirt and salt. I have run across a number of K-Lights, for example, that were seized up because owners had left them assembled for a year. They made the boat in June, then did not knock it down in September and left it assembled all winter. And it is not just private owners who get caught. Sometimes it has happened to shops that have kept a demo model assembled for too long. They had to chisel and hack-saw some parts in order to knock it down.

You do have some less drastic remedies for dealing with a stuck frame (Folding Kayaker Nov/Dec 1994, May/June 1997, July/ Aug 1997). But it better to take some precautions when planning to keep a Feathercraft assembled for a long time.

Lubricate with either SuperLube (a tube of this comes with the boat) or Boeshield T-9. In both instances, the liquid or paste forms of these lubricants is preferred over aerosol versions. The liquid or paste kind has proven to adhere better. Lubricate all male/female connections, after making certain to wipe off any grit.

Also, lubricate the sliders on the K-Light that connect the chine and gunwale aluminium tubes. The extension bars that form the keel of the K-Light and the keel, chine and gunwale bars on the K-1 and Khatsalano should also get a good dose of lubricant. Lubrication not only assures parts will slide better. It also helps prevent corrosion and keeps the surfaces clean.

Let air out of the sponsons. This has nothing to do with reducing stress on the hull stitching as some people surmise. Partly deflating the sponsons reduces the amount of contortion on the sliders on the K-Light and the extension bars of the other models. This sideways pressure is often the reason why parts get stuck together.

Check the sliders on an stored assembled K-Light every other time you take it for a paddle trip. To do so, let air out of the sponsons and then check to see if the sliders will rotate freely. Also, every so often, without actually taking the frame apart, push in the snap button on the keel bar to see if it depresses and that the two nestling keel parts slide freely. Don't forget to extend it again.

If you can, store the boat upside down. This allows dirt and to fall to the underside of the deck and away from the keelbar. Stored this way, the inside get better, warm air circulation and the keel bar is under less tension that might make it seize up; this also partly relieves pressure on the chine and gunwale bar extensions. If in the process your deck bars stick you have less of a problem than if the keel or chine bars seize. It is much harder to deal with a stuck keel bar than deck bar. You can at least get frame halves separated and out of the hull. You then can work on the stuck deck bar outside the skin.

Use a seasock when you paddle. This reduces the amount of grit that can gum up aluminium connections. Rinse out the inside of a Feathercraft that is being left assembled any chance you get. You don't have to do it every time you are near the boat. Just every so often.

Let me start with some advice from the horse's mouth, Doug Simpson, co-owner and co-founder of Feathercraft as well as chief designer of all the models since Day One. Doug has a simple, non-draconian approach to beginning to unstuck a seized frame inside the skin.

What Doug suggests is to fill the kayak half way with fresh water and swish it around inside by rocking the boat side to side. Empty and repeat one or two more times. Now, leave an inch or two of fresh water inside the hull and take the boat for a paddle. If the seas are slightly choppy all the better. The objective is to get the frame to flex a lot as it moves through the swells. That up and down and sideways motion, combined with the fresh water sloshing around inside the boat, should work to loosen up stuck parts. This will allow some fresh water to filter into the frame part contact areas to soak grit and sand and make these less concrete-like. Once back on land, empty the boat and give it a vigorous shaking. Then quickly get to disassembly steps. Doug reports that this simple method works a good deal of the time when frames have seemed hopelessly seized up inside the hull.

### **FOLBOTS**

Folbot, like Feathercraft, uses aluminium frame parts for all its long pieces. However, the tolerances are more generous. Moreover, the method of extending frame halves within the skin relies on a mechanism that is virtually seize-free. So, as a generalization, you can be somewhat less cautious in keeping a Folbot assembled for longer periods than you can a Feathercraft. You would be pretty safe in leaving a Folbot assembled over a winter, for example. But there are some areas that you should watch and take precautions with.

The way a Folbot's frame halves are extended inside the hull is via a horseshoe and block mechanism. One frame half of the Folbot has a horseshoe looking part at the keel, and gunwales. To extend the frame these horseshoes on one half frame are

engaged with block type structures of the other frame half and pressed down or to the sides. This form of open connection is highly unlikely to ever get stuck no matter how long the boat is left assembled. It seldom can be affected by corrosion or gum up.

Folbot does use sliders at the chine tubes similar to what you see in the Feathercraft K-Light. But the sliders are a looser fit. Conceivably a Folbot slider can seize but is quite likely to free up if banged with a mallet or shot full of WD40 or similar products. The sliders do incorporate a snap button that pops through a hole. But if this gets stuck it is easy enough to free up with WD 40 or similars.

If you want to leave a Folbot assembled for extensive periods here is what you should do (in addition to letting some air out of the sponsons):

- Lubricate all the male/female connections. While the tolerances are fairly loose, lubing these parts with the same lubricants as suggested earlier will prolong the period you can safely leave a Folbot together. If these tubes do stick, it would be within the frame halves and would not prevent taking the boat apart in the middle and getting the frame half out. With frame halves separated and outside the skin, you would be able to deal with any stuck male/female connection.

- Pay special attention to the chine sliders. Heavily lube the connection and the snap buttons. While the boat is in storage assembled, every so often, tap on the sliders with a mallet and also see if they can turn a bit.

- As with Feathercrafts, do wash the inside with fresh water every so often. You may also want to store the boat upside down to make certain that grit does not get into the chine sliders.

### **KLEPPERS**

The assembly of Kleppers uses virtually no metal parts that could get stuck together. The only place you will see male/female connections is in the chine rods. These rods are

made of wood and connect to each other with metal ends. But the tolerances are loose and are at the end of solid pieces of wood through which no water and dirt can flow to foul up the male/female connections. Metal sliders are used in the chine rods in the centre of the boat but no snap buttons and under minimal tension. If a Klepper is left assembled for several years, that slider might get a bit stuck. But it will most definitely respond to banging and WD-40. And, in a worse case scenario, you could cut the wood at the joining part with a wood chisel, which is much easier than cutting through aluminium.

Kleppers do have aluminium fittings connecting long pieces to the crossribs. These can corrode or clog up a bit but never enough to keep the fitting from opening and prevent taking the boat apart. Kleppers have been left together for years and then successfully taken apart without a problem with these fittings. Kleppers also uses horseshoe and block mechanisms to extend the frame halves, similar to what you see in Folbots. Such means of stretching the frame halves inside the skin cannot ever freeze up.

While you can safely leave Kleppers assembled for years with only a rare chance of anything getting mildly stuck, there are precautions you should take in storing a Klepper assembled:

- Keep the boat as dry as possible. Having the deck constantly getting wet will tend to shrink it and you may have problems later when assembling the boat again.

- Keep water out of the boat. If the wooden parts are left sitting in bilge water while in storage, you can get some deterioration of the wood. It may blacken in spots and screws may come loose where wood rots around them. Also bilge water may warp the bow and stern end pieces. This will not happen in ordinary use, but it will if the parts are resting in bilge water for long periods of storage.

- Let air out of the sponsons. This will allow air to get in under them and prevent the canvas from holding water and remaining damp. Partly deflated sponsons will also reduce any tendency of wet wooden parts to warp.

- You need not store it upside down.

### NAUTIRAIDS

Nautiraids are blessed with all open fittings and the company proudly advertises this in its literature. You have no where in any Nautiraid where any part is fully enclosed or locked within another. Where parts do meet the fitting or connection is an open one. So it cannot get stuck together. Still you can have some problems with a stored away Nautiraid. While you can leave one assembled for years as you can a Klepper, there are places to exercise a bit of caution:

- Beef up some of the connections. Unlike in the case of Kleppers and Feathercrafts, the long pieces of a Nautiraid do not snap snugly into place on the crossribs. Rather they sit in notches. For ordinary day trip or even weekend camping trips, this arrangement is okay as it can't cause any problem. However, if you leave the boat assembled for long periods and are using it, it is possible that one or more of the wooden long rod pieces will slip out of the open notches of the crossribs in which they rest. If left that way, the wooden rods can then warp out of shape. So, if planning to leave a Nautiraid assembled for a season or longer, use plastic wire ties at these connection points in order to make certain nothing slips out of place.

- Watch for swelling of the ends of long pieces where they lie in the open channel hinges. The subassemblies have several places where wooden ends nestle into open metal channels at the chine, gunwale and even the keel and top bars. If the wood swells, it may take a bit of doing to release the wood from the channel. If you decide to varnish in these areas be extra careful as you don't want to build up too much of a varnish layer that would stick in the open channel.

### Postscript

I often hear hardshellers say that they don't like folding kayaks since you have to assemble them all of the time. As you can see, you really don't have to. If you have a place to store one assembled, by all means, leave it that way. Treat the boat like a hardshell in terms of putting it on a storage rack and transporting it via an ordinary roofrack. None of this will hurt an assembled folding kayak. But do follow the above precautions. None are particularly vexing or difficult.

And, unlike a hardshell, you can knock the boat down if you wish to travel. Or if in any adverse conditions that favour not paddling back to where you started, knock the kayak down and transport by cab or private car, something you may find hard to do with a hardshell!

## TECHNICAL

### More of Paddle Float Rescues by Nick Woods

While endorsing Nigel Foster's promotion of the paddle float for unassisted rescue, there are a few areas he doesn't cover. First a couple of points on the floats themselves. The most effective design of the four we've trialed is a triple layer (600mm x 400mm) consisting of a sealed envelope for air retention and an outer layer which picks up water ballast - a real plus in rough conditions.

The kayak should be fitted with two fore and aft low stretch straps, on either side of the deck, directly behind the cockpit. These straps secure the paddle in outrigger fashion, preventing the 'scissor' action described in the article by Foster.

The float is best stored rolled up behind the seat and tethered by a 2mm nylon lashing. A quick release clip on one strap greatly assists re-

lease of the paddle after the boat is bailed and spray deck secured.

Now to the main reason for writing - while running a series of introductory sea kayak courses, we have been surprised by the number of paddlers who have difficulty performing the assisted TX rescue. This usually occurs when there are large weight/strength disparities between rescuer and rescuee. Guides often use a looped strap as a stirrup to get heavy paddlers onto a deck but by far the easiest method for the novice is to deploy the paddle float.

The swimmer if able, secures the float to the paddle and inflates it while the rescuer slides the other paddle end under the straps. The swimmer then hauls themselves onto the rear deck, facing aft, using the paddle shaft as a leg up. One of the main advantages of the paddle float rescue is the way the boat tilts as the paddle float is depressed by the paddler's leg. The rescuer can also help by hauling the swimmer in, as they are not required to brace across the cockpit. This operation should be able to be performed in around three minutes if all has been set up correctly.

In summary the main point is that the paddle float, while not a substitute for learning to roll, should be a part of any group trip, and if carried by solo paddlers, we wouldn't read confessions of 'No self rescue skills' on p.13 of the Feb/March newsletter (No. 79).

Besides where else can you buy insurance for around \$50 that also serves as impromptu pillow, clothes storage, map container, dan buoy, fender, water wing, life raft for household pet etc.

Nick Woods  
Cable Bay Kayaks.

**EDITOR'S NOTE: Quality Kayaks boats are equipped with an excellent strap system on the aft deck, designed for the paddle float rescue. Quick release toggles allow the paddle to be removed when the paddler is seated in the cockpit.**

## TRIPREPORTS

### Cape Reinga by Etienne de Beer

The week before Christmas last year Ray Clark and I went up north to do some paddling in the Cape Reinga region. We had five days at our disposal, and planned to start off at Tapotupotu Bay, paddle around Cape Reinga to the top of 90 mile beach, and then back around North Cape into the Parengarenga Harbour and up to Waitiki landing. Before leaving home the weather forecast alerted us to the presence of a low pressure system somewhere in the region of Darwin, which might be heading our way, but the predictions were sufficiently vague not to discourage us from venturing up north. We travelled up with two cars, leaving the one at Waitiki landing, and the other at Tapotupotu Bay, where we camped the first night.

On day one we launched under an overcast sky with a calm sea and little wind. The paddle up until the Cape Reinga lighthouse came into view was easy and uneventful. On reaching Cape Reinga we could clearly see large waves out to sea breaking over the Columbia Bank (which stretches a couple of miles offshore) accompanied by a rather intimidating roar. Closer to the coastline there was another zone of breaking waves over the rocks and reefs close inshore. Approaching cautiously, we attempted to pick a way between these two hazards. A nor'easterly swell of 1.5 to 2 m was directly on the stern, and a westerly swell running into it resulted in some rather large, confused seas. The nor'easterly swells seemed to be unusually slow moving, steep, and closely spaced, with breaking waves despite the lack of wind, and it was only once I realized that we were hardly making any headway along the coast that it dawned on me that we had to be paddling into a strong tidal stream. We gradually moved into rougher water, and then, despite paddling quite hard, stopped making progress altogether. From time to time we would surf 10-20 metres

forward on a swell, but the tidal stream kept on pushing us back. Ray's rudder cable came adrift - bad timing for a gear failure. Given the sea conditions it was clear that attempting to turn around would pose some risk, and since we knew that the tidal stream would inevitably weaken and ultimately reverse after high tide, we resolved to keep paddling. I was getting pretty tired (and increasingly worried), by the time we eventually started making progress again as the tidal stream weakened. We still had to work hard to reach the beach at Cape Maria van Diemen, where we landed in dumping surf after some 3.5 hours on the water. Ray lost his beloved hat and a pair of sunglasses to the surf.

At first glance C.M.v.D seemed an inhospitable place. The fierce mid-day sun combined with a complete absence of shade and hordes of voracious sandflies made the beach a rather uncomfortable resting place. After some lunch and a break we walked up to the top of the cape to survey conditions to the south. We didn't like what we saw - large swells made finding a safe landing spot uncertain, and since we were both rather tired after the morning's exertions, we decided to call it a day and set up camp between two dunes at C.M.v.D. A red sunset seemed to promise good weather for the next day.

The strength of the tidal stream off Cape Reinga had completely surprised me. When preparing for the trip I had read the relevant section in the 'NZ Pilot', but this mentioned a maximum strength of only one knot. On reflection we concluded that this probably referred to the tidal stream in the shipping lane well offshore, since the tidal stream we had faced had clearly been considerably stronger.

The following morning we awoke to find the sea covered in whitecaps, and a 20-25 knot nor'easter. The weather was clearly deteriorating, so we decided not to paddle, and went for a walk (and a search for a source of water) instead. We found clear fresh water in the Te Werahi stream, which we filtered and subsequently

drank without any ill effects. The rising wind whipped up a sandstorm that sandblasted our arms and legs on the way back to camp. By late afternoon strong gusts of wind were buffeting the tent and had ripped out a peg anchoring the vestibule of my tent. It was also raining. We gathered some heavy boulders to pack on top of the tent pegs, and strengthened our defences with guy ropes. During the evening violent gusts of wind shook the tent almost continuously, and it seemed only a matter of time before something would give way. We prepared for the imminent crisis by packing all our dry gear into drybags, and keeping my wet weather gear and torches handy. The noise of wind, water and sand being driven against the tent, and the thundering surf made sleeping impossible.

The next morning the sea was rough - large breaking waves out to sea, big surf inshore. The rain had slowed to a drizzle, but the wind was still gale force (at least).

On day 4 it was overcast with a fresh nor'wester. The dumping surf on the beach was still quite large. We decided to wait and see if conditions improved. An option we had discussed the previous night was to paddle to Te Werahi beach and portage to the Cape Reinga road. It would be hard work, but at least some way of getting ourselves and the gear out if a paddle around Cape Reinga was not on. The other option would be to paddle to the northern end of 90 Mile Beach which could be accessed by vehicle, though we had no way of knowing what conditions for landing would be like there.

At around 10.30am we had another look at the conditions. The wind had eased off and the surf looked smaller. We decided to pack up and launch, heading for Cape Reinga. The slack tide would be around 2.15pm, so we wanted to launch by about 1pm. With a little help from Ray I exited through the surf and settled in to an uncomfortable wait for Ray, bobbing up and down in large swells. I had difficulty seeing the beach over the swells. After a while I caught

glimpses of Ray out of his kayak apparently retrieving things from the surf. He later told me that a wave had knocked him back clean out of his kayak as he tried to break out. Later I saw that every time Ray got into his kayak on the beach and then started pushing himself forwards, a wave would turn the kayak sideways, and he would have to get out again to turn the heavily laden Puffin back into the waves. Time was ticking by. If we didn't get away soon the tide would have turned before we got to Cape Reinga. I started wondering what I would do if Ray couldn't get out. We had not discussed this possibility beforehand. The dumping surf looked bigger from my vantage point just behind the breakers. I definitely didn't want to land on this beach again. Eventually after well over an hour Ray made it through the surf. He had lost a second pair of sunglasses and his beanie to the surf. We paddled to Te Werahi beach. The waves there were monstrous and breaking with massive force. The band of surf to be traversed in order to land was very wide. We felt there was no way we could land safely, so we paddled on towards Cape Reinga. The swells were huge, and already it seemed we were barely making headway against the tidal stream. The delay in getting off the beach had meant that we had lost the window of opportunity at slack water. After a while we had to turn back to CMvD.

On the way back I thought of paddling to the top of 90 mile beach instead. Given the recent strong nor'easter which had flattened out the swells on the west coast I felt that the surf there should be smaller. We decided to land on the eastern side of Motuopao Island to think it over. The beach was steep with dumping waves. We pulled the kayaks up and walked over to the western side to assess the size of the swells rolling in from the west. A strong current was running out through the channel between the island and the Cape, kicking up some waves as it met the westerly swell. Ray was feeling unwell and didn't feel up to attempting the paddle to the top of 90 Mile Beach. We headed back to the beach,

to find the yellow Puffin drifting through the channel towards Australia. I jumped into my kayak, set off in pursuit, and after catching up with the kayak and attaching a tow rope, had to work hard against the tidal stream to get back to the beach. After a little rest we headed back to C.M.v.D. beach, pitched camp, and had supper.

On the morning of day 5 we awoke to calm weather and improving sea conditions. Ray still felt unwell, so we were faced with having to walk out. We packed up and left by 8am, taking as much with us as we could reasonably carry. The plan was to walk back to Ray's Mini at Tapotupotu Bay, drive to Waitiki landing to get the foldaroll in my car, and then return to collect the kayaks one at a time. Ray was by now reduced to wearing a T-shirt on his head to shield him from the sun. Walking through the desert-like landscape he looked like Raymond of Arabia. We arrived at Tapotupotu Bay at 11am. Ray didn't feel well enough to go back for a portage. We drove to Waitiki landing, had some lunch, and inquired about the possibility of getting a vehicle to collect the kayaks and gear. We had previously seen some tyre tracks out at C.M.v.D. We were told that the tracks were those of 4WD farm bikes belonging to DOC, and were directed to Te Paki Station. The helpful ranger there agreed to help us retrieve the kayaks and gear with a farm bike and trailer. A few hours later, after a quite remarkable journey, we were safely back at Te Paki station with the kayaks and gear. We thanked the ranger profusely, and parted with a modest fee (given the daunting nature of the retrieval).

I learnt a number of things during this trip, including perhaps most importantly:

1. Prepare thoroughly before tackling an unknown challenging stretch of coastline, preferably including speaking to someone with local knowledge. (For anyone planning a trip around Cape Reinga, Te Paki Reserves Field Centre Supervisor Trevor Bullock, ph 09 4097521, fax

09 409 8104, would be a valuable source of information. He knew all about the strong tidal streams off Cape Reinga, which were not mentioned in any of the books I had read beforehand.)

2. Discuss before launching what to do if the party is split up during a surf break-out.

Finally, despite not being able to get very far by kayak, both Ray and I felt that the trip had been very interesting and worthwhile. Despite and perhaps to some extent because of its many challenges, Cape Reinga is a fascinating place to visit, and even if conditions preclude one from doing much paddling, the area is well worth exploring on foot.

Etienne de Beer

#### EDITOR'S NOTE:

I checked my 1971 Edition of the 'Pilot' for information on the northern capes:

The tidal streams off Cape Maria Van Diemen are estimated to attain a rate of 2 to 3 knots, at times, and races are frequent... The stream sets southward from about -0345 to +0215 Auckland, and northward from +0230 to -0400 Auckland.... Between Cape Reinga and North Cape, the tidal stream sets westward with a rising tide and eastward with a falling tide....

The coast between Cape Reinga and North cape does not afford any shelter, and, although there are no outlying dangers, it should not be approached within a distance of 4 miles on account of the strong tidal streams.

I can't find a reference to the strength of the tidal stream in the races off Cape Reinga, however a marine chart may note this information.

Regarding tidal streams, bear in mind the two following points:

- 1). slack water, when the tidal streams change from flood to ebb or vice versa, do not always correspond with high and low water times on the coast.
- 2). Tidal stream rates are strongest during spring tides and weakest during neap tides.



## D'URVILLE ISLAND

### An Island of Many Surprises

by Giselle Groves

May 17 dawned crisp and cold, with snow on nearby peaks as our intrepid group of kayakers got ready at French Pass. This was yet another hoped-for trip around D'Urville Island. In due course, Karen, Marty, AJ, Brendan and myself paddled off over a light chop to Lucky Bay. Paul Caffyn and friend Lynda stayed behind to join us next morning.

On landing and after inspecting a DoC camp site at Lucky Bay, which looked suspiciously wet, I placed my tent further back in the bushes. The others nonchalantly placed theirs on the official camping area. Later that night, AJ was cosy in his sleeping bag, sleeping serenely under the stars next to the camp fire while the other three had retired to their respective tents. Without warning, AJ was startled by a violent tidal surge that swept up the creek to engulf the base of his sleeping bag. His shout of, "Surge" was met with initial scepticism from the tent dwellers. Every few minutes another surge swept further and further through the trees, and around the tent dwellers. Frantic activity ensued, as bodies emerged from sleeping bags. Headtorches flickered through the trees as tents were dismantled and dragged up slope through the bushes. Water, water everywhere!

How delightful! We had a spring tide to contend with. For the next hour or so we watched fascinated as Marty, like a sentinel on duty, shouted "Surge," whenever sea water rushed round the corner overwhelming the small creek and onto the camp site.

It was well past high tide and still water kept surging round the camp fire till two tents were hurriedly moved to drier ground. The embers were hissing and kayaks were afloat so there was much splashing and shouting before everything was secured for the night.

In a rush to grab his clothes with the first surge, AJ had donned his pad-

dling clobber which was on the ground alongside. For the next few hours, while watching the surges, AJ complained that the batteries powering his headlamp were bugged, so feeble was the light. However the problem wasn't feeble batteries. When the tide dropped, AJ entered his tent, took his hat off, and then his sunglasses!

For the rest of the night we listened to the endless cacophony of blue penguins - adorable creatures, aren't they, except at night! Sunday brought clear calm weather as we waited for the 10.30am high tide.

Lynda and Paul joined us from French Pass and we headed for Catherine Cove and plunger coffee at the Wilderness Resort and restaurant. Marty wanted to avoid a head wind funneling down the bay and took off - never mind the coffee. Such was the height of the flood tide, Brendan, Paul and AJ paddled round a nearby creek, across the front lawn and right up to the steps of the restaurant. The lady proprietor, stood on top of the restaurant steps, hands on hips, and shook her head in disbelief. Well you know, some paddlers would rather not walk if there's enough water around to stay afloat. After coffee and chat, the trio had to drag their kayaks across to the water as they'd been left high and dry in the grass by the receding tide.

Karen and I smiled at this but later on we weren't smiling as a nor-easterly had picked up and we bounced our way across to D'Urville Peninsula. Here some big confused waves were lying in wait. After getting through this we had an easier ride to the DOC camp site near Penguin Island and found Marty waiting. It was lunchtime but not too relaxed a sojourn as wasps flitted around hungrily. That afternoon we lazily paddled into Whareata Bay. Wondrous to behold, we could see our reflections in the water. Karen and Marty at this stage chose to push ahead and with luck hoped to complete the trip Wednesday. The rest of us cruised in the bay. A derelict but serviceable hut abandoned by its Maori owners, gave us

shelter for the night. AJ's effort to get a fire going in the pot belly stove was in vain. Only a portion of the smoke vented through the chimney, the rest through a host of rusty cracks above the stove. Eye watering smoke filled the hut, forcing us outside to a BBQ fire. We cooked fish thanks to Brendan and AJ and exchanged Viagra and Monica Lewinsky jokes - oh hum ....

The snoring was minimal that night so we were fresh next morning and breezed round gnarly Old Mans Head but once past this headland it was a good time to yawn and lean back.

We didn't venture to the Rangitoto Islands, one of which is home to a strange individual who must spend his time contemplating when he's not doing more mundane tasks such as tending to his garden. A veritable modern-day mystic - I have to meet him one day! Karen and Marty were hailed once more and then we didn't see them again on this trip. After stopping for a stretch and hill scramble at Waitai Bay, AJ promised us lunch at a farmhouse somewhere in the vicinity of McLarens Bay.

Alas the beach had been eroded and it wasn't safe to land so we continued, weaving around the rocky short line on gently swell. Rocky outcrops became larger and potentially more menacing as approached Bilhook Point and turned left into Bilhook Bay. At last - a place to land.

Frying pans were produced and Brendan and I were treated to AJ's bacon and eggs. I then had a chilly swim - in that old-fashioned swimsuit that Paul hated {Victorian style, knee to neck style} - and later we climbed a hill overlooking Stephens Island to view the tidal streams and white water round Saddle Rocks. We would laze about till getting towards slack tide - about 4.30pm, before attempting the passage to the west around Cape Stephens. Finally 3.50ish we got under way with AJ well in the vanguard to reconnoitre the conditions ahead. All was well so we paddled briskly between two granite behemoths as there wasn't enough water to get through Hells Gate. Then we were through Bishops

Cauldron, only encountering one set of standing waves where we had to make a quick turn left parallel to these waves. Phew, it was unnerving but suddenly we were clear of the obstacles and riding a moderate swell all the way to Swampy Bay in Port Hardy. The swell eased the nearer we came to the bay where I suffered the indignity of capsizing in a dumper wave. Happily I was able to walk to shore rather than swim. This bay provided plenty of driftwood for a huge fire. The stars that night turned conversation to philosophical questions on the origins of the universe and space-time as understood by amateurs - good stuff!

Tuesday morning saw us paddling happily deep into Port Hardy to meet up with a pod of dolphins. Further on our kayaks felt so much heavier in still waters. Brendon and I picked a few too many mussels and these we had for lunch. We met up with people from two yachts named 'Susan's Floor' and 'Tevakenui', Marc le Lec, the owner of the latter yacht, had recently sailed up the Russian coast and through the Bering Strait - the first foreign yacht to do so.

We avoided the two DoC camp sites in South Arm - too spectral and damp; instead stopped for the night at an uninhabited farmhouse and out buildings with only two resident caretaker horses. The house had an abandoned look and I was informed that the owner had committed suicide a year or two ago. His ghost may have been wandering round his island home for I felt uncomfortable after setting up tent on the lawn. Sombre shadows could hide something and no-one might hear me scream. I moved my tent closer to the others and heard a story of sacrifice and altruism to gladden the heart of any animal lover. AJ had fed half his prized apple to the more emaciated of the horses. Paul took a photo; he was so impressed.

In the morning after bidding adieu to the inquisitive horses it was time to face what Nile Head had in store, just south of Port Hardy. We rounded Trafalgar Pt. and immediately hit tidal turbulence. It was a riveting and

tense time which continued till we surfed into Otu Bay for a respite from what was in my mind, roller-coastering conditions. After a leisurely lunch there was a sprint up a ridge where the presence of a large depression indicated perhaps an old Maori midden site. We inspected the sea on the other side of Bottle peninsula. It was a precipitous drop several hundred metres down and Paul addressed me, perhaps noting my look of apprehension, "Giselle shall we get on our way? I don't think it'll get any better". What could I say?

We clambered back and embarked. The next hour was hellish or simply an orgy of excitement, depending on the individual paddler. Kayaks disappeared in troughs and reappeared on top of crests. The dramatic backdrop of towering cliffs was not given due attention alas. Wasn't I glad my Penguin's bow was kept low by sundry tins of Budget baked beans and spaghetti shoved as far forward as possible! Then inexplicably the sea colour turned pale green and narrow beaches came into view at the base of cliffs. Some of these cliff faces revealed contorted fracture lines while others supported patches of vegetation with a precarious foothold on vertical rock faces. It was nice to relax shoulders, swivel heads and resume conversation. We rounded Two Bay Point and there was Greville Harbour, expansive and welcoming.

We turned left in to quieter waters and landed on an immense beach for a stretch and walk. Then it was straight across the harbour to encounter what must surely be Godzilla on the far shore, looming black and brooding but fortunately showing no sign of movement. Godzilla turned into a rock monolith at the entrance of a small bay.

We set up camp on the sandy beach and checked out the water supply inland - not too good. Then a walk on the wild side to view eroded cliffs and sheer drops on the far side of Ragged Point. Whitecaps further out added to the desolate backdrop of this coast line. On a previous trip AJ had actually tried fishing from the cliff tops - must have been one long line!

That evening round our camp fire we played musical chairs as the wind kept fanning smoke from one of AJ's bonfires in different directions. Talk about smoke gets in your eyes.

Next day the wind had dropped so we wouldn't need to spend an extra day cruising in the harbour. Ragged Point seemed a breeze after Nile Head and several cave openings tempted Paul and Brendon to go exploring. Lynda, AJ and I paddled into Sandy Bay in milky waters. Later on, all I could extract from Paul about the caves were vague allusions to a Taniwha and a Swedish maiden sunbathing in the nude on rocks. You can do better than that, Paul! Anyway, those of us who hadn't ventured into these caves had obviously missed out as conditions in the such a gentle swell were not likely to be repeated very often.

On a glassy sea we turned into Cherry bay for a chat with an old friend of Paul's before continuing on past the Paddock Rocks and checking out another cave. This time I ventured in to hear loud subterranean noises like an underwater river.

At Le Brun Peninsula we stopped for lunch and also to wait for high tide at French Pass. There are two Maori graves on top of this promontory. And so for the last leg of our trip we paddled diagonally across Current Basin. The tide had just turned so that we felt pulled eastwards towards the Pass. We proceeded cautiously with the reefs and beacon well to our left. Lynda, Paul and Brendan were further from shore when Lynda was caught by an whirlpool which spun her around. She kept her cool and escaped, that was well done, Lynda.

Round Collinet Point, into Elmslie Bay and that was the conclusion of our trip without any big anticlimax and no-one to greet us either! Thanks to AJ for his advice and caution as a veteran of at least two previous circumnavigations of this island of many surprises.

Giselle Groves

## BOOKREVIEW

### ***TITLE: Dances with Waves***

**Subtitle:** Around Ireland by Kayak

**Author:** Brian Wilson

**Published:** 1998

**Publisher:** The O'Brien Press Ltd.

**ISBN:** 0-86278-551-0

**Contents:** 320 pages, 16 colour photographs

**Size:** 13 x 20 cm.

**Cover:** Softbound

**Reviewer:** John Kirk-Anderson

In 1985 Brian Wilson, freshly graduated from Edinburgh University with a philosophy degree, set off on his own to paddle around Scotland. He told the story of his 1800 mile journey in 'Blazing Paddles', which has been twice reviewed in the KASK newsletter.

After that journey he settled into a series of conservation jobs, which kept him in the wilds of Scotland. For five years he stuck at those jobs avoiding the call of the sea, until eventually, 'My name is Brian, and I am a shoreaholic, the obsession won and he set off on a solo journey around Ireland. This 1200 mile trip is the subject of his latest book, 'Dances with Waves'.

Wiser to the requirements of fund raising, Brian manages to get the whole cost of the expedition underwritten by a charity arranging cornea transplants. Part of his duties for this sponsorship include numerous functions and keeping the name of the expedition in the news. On his last trip he obviously found these commitments hard, but in 'Dances with Waves', he comes across as being quite relaxed about these tasks. The impression throughout the book is that he has fine tuned many skills relating to solo travel. He still admits to being depressed while weather bound for days on a lonely coast but he is very matter of fact, knowing his moods will lift along with the cloud base.

Brian, by his own admission, seems to end up in truly bizarre circumstances. Kidnapped by ransom demanding pi-

rates, attacked by drunks, and marooned by kayak 'salvagers', he is tested in many ways, both on the sea and while ashore. He copes with a quiet humour, which shines throughout the book. His tales of the wicked humour of the Irish make great reading:

*"He's tryin' to see can't he get all round the country in a little canoe - by sea!" explained one man.*

*"What would he want to be doin' that for?" piped up another sage.*

*"Sure, doesn't everybody know that the sea goes all around Ireland?"*

*"It's a circo-circo-circum-naviga-tion, so!" declared another.*

*"No, isn't that what the Jewish sailorboys have at birth!" came the reply.*

He explains his secret for maintaining four knots, day after day. Huge arms are not the reason, but song sheets. During his Scottish trip he paddled to the tune of half remembered songs. This time he was well prepared with the words written out,

waterproofed and mounted on deck. In the midst of some desperate moments, when he was struggling to keep it together, he found another part of his psyche was coping by singing aloud.

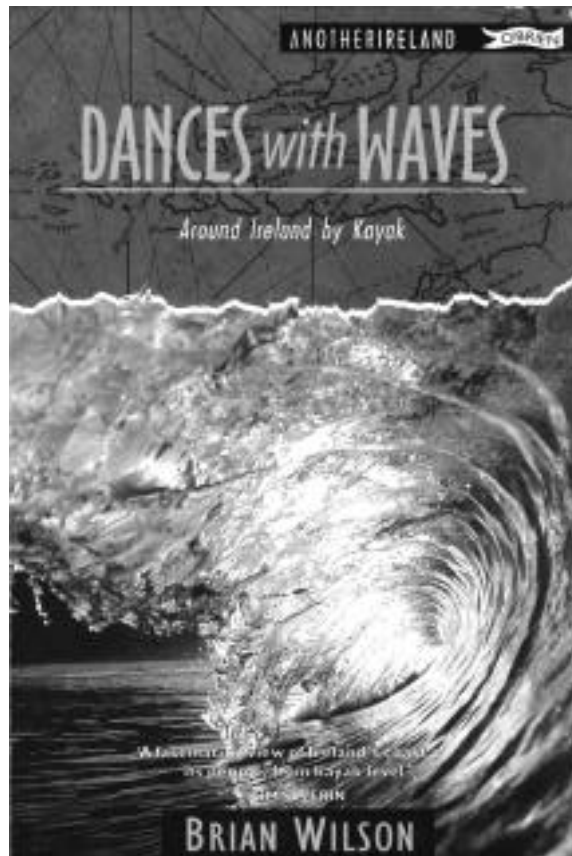
The story of his paddle is well interspersed with history, local tales and environmental concerns. These do not distract from the story, but do much to strengthen it. Brian is a close watcher of people, and his observations are put to good use.

My only complaint about the book is a shortage of maps. Those that are provided are clear, but I was frequently searching back to find locations of very unfamiliar names.

All in all, a very good read.  
John Kirk-Anderson

#### Availability:

If your favourite bookshop can't track down this title, it is available from the author. Contact the n/1 editor for the price and address details.



## **THE 'BUGGER!' FILE REPORT FORM**

by Hugh & Bidy Canard

As a society we tend to write up accidents and analyse what went wrong, or too often simply to assign blame. None of this helps those killed or injured. It may make others more careful or in many cases, more adept at covering their butts. Almost all accidents are preceded by a series of incidents, which if reported on, can allow others to learn from, and thus avoid the bit that really hurts, the accident. An incident is usually harmless, like if your car stalls on a railway crossing. An accident is when the train comes along. By learning from incidents we can reduce the risk of accidents.

### **Purpose of a 'Bugger!' File Report**

The main purpose of this report is to ensure that we learn from the experiences of others and from our own successes and mistakes. By writing the details down we can collect our thoughts and analyse the actions or inactions we took and try to be objective and non judgmental.

### **What is a 'Bugger!' Moment**

- near miss accident
- unusual course of events outside your experience
- an accident involving minor personal injury or damage to equipment, which could have been more serious
- a sequence of events that was threatening group safety but you took actions that reduced risk

### **Basic Rules for Writing up a 'Bugger!' File Report**

- concentrate on the facts and avoid colourful language, keep adjectives to a minimum.
- use active not passive language (eg., I hit a rock with my paddle and broke it... not the paddle broke when it hit a rock)

- avoid justifying your own actions and don't attempt to assign blame. (eg. We were half way across the harbour when the SW front arrived; NOT - I told Paul the bloody weather looked bad)
- if it's your opinion then say so (in my opinion.....)
- if a statement or fact is attributable, then name the source. (eg., John was getting annoyed; not people were getting annoyed)
- remember to include things you did correctly

If there were two leaders on the trip then both should sign the report or else write a report each.

Let the readers form their own opinions from the facts in sequence. The people reading your report have probably done all the dumb things you did and they will empathise.

### **Participant's Involvement**

If the incident is obvious to the participants, then it is important to advise them the incident will be written up and the reasons for this action.

### **BENEFITS**

- It provides feedback to correct and improve what we do.
- We can all improve our kayaking and leadership skills by learning from one another.
- We are collectively a lot smarter than any one of us.
- One life saved or serious injury avoided makes all the reports written worthwhile.

by Hugh & Bidy Canard

### **THE 'BUGGER!' FILE COMPILER**

Please send your 'Bugger!' Report to the KASK Safety Officer, Cathye Haddock, whose mail address is: 1/18 Avon St., Island Bay, Wellington. email: haddock.simpson@xtra.co.nz

And any really good ones, particularly when the lessons learned can be passed on to all paddlers, please send a copy to the editor.

## **THE CASTOR BAY 'BUGGER!' REPORT**

### **'Dangerous Landing Conditions'**

by Vincent Maire

(Plucked from the ASKNET Newsletter, June-July 1999.)

There I was in the office working hard and the phone goes. It was Dave Robertson. For those of you who don't know Dave, he is a big man with a big heart and helped me get into sea kayaking about 10 years ago. Dave organized the first two Coastbusters Sea Kayak Symposiums, a trail blazing activity if there was ever one. I bought my first sea kayak off Dave and we shared quite a few trips together.

The reason for Dave's call was not good. He had been walking his dog along Castor Bay when it bit one of two sea kayakers who had just landed on the beach. Dave described the victim as an old bugger in a greeny coloured sea kayak. I do happen to know quite a few old buggers who go sea kayaking mid week but couldn't place the sea kayak so suggested Dave call Clive Hookham to see if he knew who it might be. "No it wasn't Clive, I know him," Dave assured me. So we left it at that. When I got home that evening, I received the following email from Clive:

*Hi Vin*

*Just to let you know I had a really enjoyable day paddling around Rangitoto from Castor Bay. Susan Hill came and we went clockwise, got to Gardiners Gap almost an hour after high tide, but as it was a 3.4m tide, there was plenty of water though quite a current running against us as we paddled under the bridge. Had lunch on the old wharf ramp at the entrance to Islington Bay and even had a swim, almost like a summers day. Will keep fingers crossed for something similar next Sunday. Only complaint was I got bitten by a dog when we landed back at Castor Bay.*

*Clive.*

My first reaction was one of concern for the dog. I just hope Dave took it to the vet for a tetanus shot. Then Susan sent me some more details on the incident.

*I guess you figured that the green and white kayak was mine. We had taken Clive's boat up first and then gone down the beach for mine when the dog attacked. We did nothing to provoke it, but I wish I had still been carrying the beautiful, twisted walking stick that I found floating in the water off Rangitoto.*

Susan, yes in hindsight, hitting Clive with a big stick would have been a very good idea.

Vincent Maire

## VIVALAFRANCE

by Dave Watson

(Plucked from the SKOANZ Autumn 1999 Newsletter.)

Just a quick story to emphasize the importance of a thorough rental briefing.

A heavily accented couple entered our office one morning and asked about a day rental. Our policy is no day rentals unless they have quite a bit of previous experience and providing we have the time.

The couple assured me they had a fair bit of sea time and with a good forecast I thought, why not.

Having explained possible weather scenarios for the day plus all the options in case of an emergency, we began filling out the intentions form. When I asked them for details of previous experience in the outdoors, they both said they sea kayak at home and both had considerable sailing experience. I questioned whether it was a dinghy, keeler, offshore or what, to which they replied a little of each and the woman said she sailed professionally. I shrugged this off a little as time was getting on and after a demonstration with a flare, we went over to the beach where I demonstrated a capsize and re-entry.

They had both been very patient through the whole process, which to this point had taken about an hour, and it fact they had asked some very pertinent questions. This assured me that they would be fine and so I set them off with instructions for their return time.

Walking back to the office, the female client's comment about her profession and also something vaguely familiar about her name, began to niggle away at me but I couldn't work out what it was. It wasn't until I checked the intentions form and read her full name that the penny dropped.

She was in fact a pro sailor with more than a little sea time, and with a name like Isabella Autissier (solo round the world yachtswoman) I should have realized sooner.

However my briefing was certainly justified as a month later, Isabella capsized in the Southern Ocean and I am sure it was my reassuring words about how to deal with a capsize that got her through the experience but obviously she didn't understand my instructions on reading the weather.

Bon Jour,

Dave Watson.

## HUMOUR

### PROBLEM SOLVING

Solver of Miss Terry's, Sherlock Holmes and his long time associate Dr. Watson, had paddled Rob Roy style kayaks to a remote gravel beach in western Scotland. After a good nosh, they had slipped into their blanket sleeping bags and were lying beneath the night sky.

Holmes asked Watson, "Watson, look up. What do you see?"

"I see thousands of stars," Watson replied.

"And what does that mean to you?" Holmes asked.

"I suppose it means that all of the planets in the universe, we are truly fortunate to be here on earth," said Watson. "We are small in God's eyes, but should struggle every day to be worthy of our blessings. In a meteorological sense, it means we will have a

sunny day for paddling tomorrow. What does it mean to you Holmes?" "To me," said Homes, "it means some rotten scoundrel has flogged our tent!"

## THAT NEW YORK ATTITUDE

A Frenchman, an Englishman and a New Yorker were on a filming mission on a very remote island in the Aleutian Island chain. Incensed by filming of secret ceremonies, the local Aleut tribe captured the film crew who were hauled before the Shaman to learn of their fate.

"I've got good news and bad news for you," announced the Shaman.

"The bad news is that you are going to be sacrificed to appease the sacred spirits. Then my men are going to remove your skins and the women will sew them onto a kayak frame. However the good news is that you may choose the method by which you will die."

With this statement, the Frenchman steps forwards and says, "I will take ze poison." And so he is given a gourd of poison used on the kayaker's harpoons for hunting whales. The sight is not pretty as the Frenchman's limbs quiver in his death throes.

Then the Englishman steps forward and announces, "I will take the quickest way. If you would kindly present me with a gun." And so it is done, and the Englishman falls dead in an instant.

The New Yorker steps forward and says bluntly, "Give me a fork!" An Aleut woman brings a fork from her kitchen. The New Yorker strips off his clothes and begins to stab himself all over his body with the fork. Blood gushes from the wounds and the horrified Shaman steps forward.

"Stop this madness. This is terrible. What are you doing?"

The New Yorker replies, "Ha. So much for your kayak!"

## KAYAKFORSALE

Puffin (in very good condition) for sale. Please ring Rachel Tobin on (04) 473 1020

## TRIPREPORT

### CHATHAMS 1999 by David Herrington

At Coastbusters four years ago there was a workshop on "Planning an overseas paddle." My wee mind started into gear. What about the Chathams? Has anyone paddled around them? There would certainly be some research and planning to do. I started in by getting some library books about the Chathams and the homework was underway.

Over the next three years I had learned a lot about the Chatham Islands and made initial contact with the police station there to ensure all safety requirements would be met but I had not been able to organise my work for time off in January or February, which is the best time to visit and kayak the area.

By November 1998 things were looking a bit more hopeful. I could manage time away from the farm. I had a page headed up 'hit list' for the Chathams. This was a combination of three years jottings, thoughts and contacts I had tried. Things were starting to come together.

Max Grant and I had often talked about paddling the Chathams but we had never really put anything together. I enjoy Max's company and learn a lot when paddling with him, so I mentioned to him about paddling around the Chathams in summer 1999, and asked if he was interested in coming. The answer was obvious in his eyes, but he ran it past his wife Margaret to check the work load before giving the okay.

I had hoped to be able to watch the weather patterns and go when I thought there was a good spell of weather predicted. This was not to be. Max had a week available mid February so our airfares were booked.

As we would be arriving on Friday afternoon, there would be difficulty in contacting the farmers whose permis-

sion was needed to camp on their land. In my attempt to find out which farmers to contact before we arrived, I came across the first real barrier. I was told the policy on the Chathams was No Camping!! Fortunately, Max has the ability to make a few phone calls and sort things out. An item in the Chatham Islander, (their monthly newspaper) had informed the locals of our intended visit. When we arrived we were handed a map of the Chathams with the names of most of the farm owners around the coast who had given us permission to camp on their land. Also transport from the airport was provided for our kayaks. i.e. a chassis with wheels and two boards attached to tie our kayaks to. It worked, and we were very grateful to have had use of the trailer on several occasions.

Three days before we were due to leave I ran my finger a bit close to a woodsplitter and took off 3/4 of a fingernail and a bit of finger. Not too serious, but thought I had better get a doctor to check it out. I was told it will take about three weeks to grow over, keep it dry!! That is why I did my paddling with one hand in a plastic bag.

Friday 12th Feb. We made our way to Wellington airport where we surprised the cargo boss with 5.3 metre kayaks despite my continued requests to make sure a 5.3 metre sea kayak would fit on the plane, he was still expecting little ones.

Our flight call came and the only thing left to do was take a photo of the Convair 580 we were to fly down in. "Bugger!", the batteries were flat on my camera. We had enough spare AA batteries to last our torches, radios, and G.P.S. for a month but they didn't fit the camera. We boarded the plane and waited for over half an hour for a Mr. Douglas to come. Plenty of time to go and get some batteries if I had only known we would be waiting that long. In the end it was established that Mr. Douglas had boarded the wrong plane and was heading for Nelson or Timbuktu or somewhere!! So we left.

The flight over was smooth. The first

glimpse of the Chathams revealed an area much larger than we had expected, rolling contour with large sandy bays, waves breaking over the reefs, rugged headlands and a few cone shaped hills scattered about.

The Waitangi hotel has a happy hour on Friday nights so that's where we started. A couple of Ex Dannevirke (my home town) ladies came over and introduced themselves and we talked to some of the locals about the sea conditions and the weather. We learned that there was a 25kt south westerly and a 4 metre southerly swell. All the fishing boats were in the harbours and didn't expect to get out for a day or two. We were also told "you should have been here last week the weather has been perfect."

Our original plan was to paddle the Pitt Island first, that went out the door in two seconds flat. The only option was to paddle north along the east coast, across the northern side and hope that in three days, when we were due to head southwards the swell would have decreased.

Saturday: By the time we had packed our kayaks and got a lift from Waitangi over to the other side at Owenga it was midday. With a bit of the swell coming around the corner and a following wind we made good time around Hanson Bay. We stayed fairly close to the shoreline because of the possibility of being pushed too far out from our destination point in the distance and the fact that in the middle of the bay there was a TV film crew on one of the local fishing boats feeding burley to attract the sharks for filming. That was one fishing boat we gave a wide berth. We paddled for six hours, keeping a safe distance from the breaking sea on the reef at the north-eastern point then around into calm water at Point Munning to make camp. This was to be the first of my three attempts to sleep under the stars before I realised that a drizzling rain fell every night.

Sunday: After an hours paddle we were at Kaingaroa. A settlement of about 70 people where one of the three fish factories in the Chathams is

located. It was about 10:00 am and hardly a soul to be seen. I'm not sure whether everyone was at church or recovering from the club night on Saturday. We talked to a chap taking his son fishing in their row boat, got some fresh water, had a welcome cuppa tea with Ray and Elaine at the accommodation house. Ray is an ex ship fish factory worker now filling in his retirement by horse-trekking around the Chathams.

From Kaingaroa we went around a point to another big bay and into the wind that had helped us the previous day!! After slogging away for a few hours it was time for some scroggin and time to stretch our legs with a walk to the top of a quarry to see what we were up against next. On our way up we saw a house and decided to call in on our way down. This was a mistake. As we were coming back we were met by a lady who informed us we were trespassing!! After a little discussion we found out that she didn't get any newspapers or have a TV so did not know of the two kayakers. We also learned from her about all the sharks around the Chathams. I'm sure she was of the opinion that if we were mad enough to be kayaking in that area, not asking permission to land was forgivable?

From there we paddled around Matarakau Point and passed a shag colony. There are lots of such colonies scattered around the Chathams and Pitt Island, with an extra large colony at South East Island, where there was close to one hundred juveniles on the sea. I was approaching from up wind, right in their take off path and was nearly hit by several shags that took off a bit late and couldn't get airborne.

Another bay and a long haul with the head wind to Taupeka Point. On the other side of Taupeka point there were some hills in the distance, the first we had seen for a couple of days. So far the shoreline had been mainly sand dunes, a mixture of rocky out crops and some low vegetation with a back drop of high cloud. That evening as we were making camp the farm owner who is also a fisherman was just com-

ing into shore and we were invited up to his house for a cuppa that evening. Most of the farmers are also fishermen at the Chathams.

Monday, a flat sea and no wind. The shore line was slowly changing. Cape Young has very interesting cliff and rock formations and it would be a great place to spend some time just nosing around. Another point and another big bay followed. We stopped at Maunganui the site of the 'old stone cottage' for lunch. This cottage was built by the German Moravian Missionaries who arrived in 1843 and it is now being restored.

We were now coming to the north western side of the Chathams and would soon know if the swell had died down. The wind was on a change to a northerly, and there were a few higher peaks of about 150 metres inland that we could see.

The days had been long, 2 1/2 days with a total of 22 hours spent paddling. There was a bit of a debate as to what time we would stop paddling and where we were heading for the night. We were now amongst a decreasing southerly swell and its rebound from the shoreline and cliffs. Ocean Bay was our camp for the night, a deepish sheltered bay with a sandy beach and running water, plus a tree or two just to set the scene. Time for a wash down in the coffee coloured water which was fresh, but stained from the peat in the catchment area.

Tuesday: First stop was at Port Hutt harbour, two ship wrecks, a fish factory and a friendly cuppa tea. Then a flying run with a following sea back to Waitangi with both of us listening on our walkmans to a Bee Gees tape coming over the local radio station, Radio Weka. A two hour stop at Waitangi for a beer and restock, then on past some interesting rocks and caves towards Point Durham. At our nights camp we saw the dismasted yacht "Gartmore" from the solo around the world race being towed back to Waitangi and I caught some kelp, lost two hooks and a sinker.

Wednesday: The northerly gave us

following conditions and a fast ran to Cape L'Eveque and the Horns. So named because of the two high pointed rock outcrops on the cliff. We were now heading along the southern coastline, some wind swirls and showers were coming off the 200m high cliffs all along the southern coast of the Chathams. My impression was there are a thousand pictures, truly amazing scenery. There were a few fishing boats in this area and Max was offered a huge crayfish which he couldn't accept at the time as there was nowhere to carry it, but he collected it later and we had it for tea. It had been an incredible days paddle and was only marred by the 20kt head wind we had for the last hour of paddling back to our starting point at Owenga jetty. We had been on the go for the last few days and it seemed to me a little like going around the outside of a house with an occasional peek in through the windows. Once back in Owenga it was different, we stayed in the local camping ground (really just the back lawn of Steve and Barbie Joyce) but given royal treatment with a tour around the sites of Owenga and lots of great hospitality, which we really enjoyed.

Thursday: It was always part of the plan to be able to paddle across Pitt Strait. We left Owenga and paddled for one hour passing the Tommy Solomon memorial (the last living full blooded Moriori), and another fishing boat wreck to reach Cape Fournier which is the South Eastern point of Chatham Island. The low profile of Pitt Island in sharp contrast to the high cliff face on Mangere Island which lay ahead of us. This 13NM stretch of water is not as far across as Cook Strait but is equally as challenging. We had ideal conditions, a 10kt northerly breeze helping us along and an outgoing Southerly tide of 2kts. Everything was in our favour. We stopped several times for a snack and a G.P.S. reading to monitor progress. One hour out from Pitt Island I made a call to Pitt Island Radio to give a position report. On our arrival at Flower Pot jetty we were met by John and Bridget Preece, the radio operators, and we were given a cuppa tea. After a brief stop we departed for the southern shore

of Pitt Island. This was a neat leisurely paddle down the coast past Hakepa Hill, which is 231 metres high and the first place to see the rising sun. On into Glory Bay where the Brig 'Glory' a sealing ship was shipwrecked in 1827. The anchor is still there to mark the spot.

Friday: From Glory Bay out around South East Island a wild life sanctuary with plenty of shags, seals and penguins. Max was able to fulfil a dream by getting close to a penguin on the shore. It appeared to have been hit by a seal or something and much preferred to pose close up for Max's camera than get back in the water. We were now really amongst spectacular cliff faces and rugged coastline with lots of caves. The sea conditions were perfect as we paddled in and around these caves. I have never seen anything like it anywhere in New Zealand. As we came north wards up the west side of Pitt to Mangere Island we explored caves and marvelled at the ever changing rock formation. We paddled out around Mangere and Little Mangere Islands, once farmed but now another wild life sanctuary. We were sheltered from the northerly sea going out, but had a fair slog on our way back to Pitt Island to camp at Waihere Bay.

Saturday: The last little part of Pitt where the cliff views were still stunning. Rabbit Island, a little Island or a big rock had a cave that you could get a big truck and trailer in. I managed to get a photo from inside the cave looking out with Max as a silhouette on glassy water with some Islands in the background. Enlarged and framed it will be a great reminder of the trip. By 10:30 we were back at Flower Pot jetty. A week of near perfect weather for our paddle.

The hospitality of the Pitt and Chatham Islanders continued with John and Bridget feeding us and then they took us for a drive to see the sights of Pitt Island where unlike the Chatham Island there is only one farmer/fisherman. The other farmers depend on their farming for an income which is even more reliant of the shipping service, it has been known not to have a

ship call in for over 12 months with supplies in or product out. We managed to get a ride back to Owenga that evening on the fishing boat 'Jezabel,' then hitched a ride on the back of a fish truck to Waitangi.

Sunday: We were given a treat by Jonnie Ireland the relieving constable who took us out to catch some cod. The hook had hardly hit the water when the fish struck. A meal in 15 minutes - that is after throwing the small ones back.

Two nights back in the hotel was enough (cabin fever was setting in) so on Monday, after spending some time in Waitangi we got a lift out to the lagoon. Of the 90,038 hectares 20% of the Chatham Islands is lagoon and lakes. The last couple of nights were spent camped by the lagoon. That afternoon we attempted to do some paddling into a 20kt wind and choppy water. After a couple of hours the far shore was not within our reach. Max was running on all cylinders now, practising for his next event. I wasn't!!

On Tuesday the second attempt to cross the lagoon was a bit more successful, (More or less.) Weather and water conditions were good, so we set off in another direction. Looking at the map there is a ford where tractors and trucks with chains can cross. We paddled along where we thought it was but the water was still 0.5m deep.

Then we found it, and spent the next 1.5 hours dragging our kayaks as we walked through ankle deep water. We eventually got to the other side and walked a few kms to look over Hanson Bay to where we had started our paddle around the Chathams.

There are many more magic moments I haven't mentioned. It is certainly well worth a visit.

We would like to record our thanks to all the Chatham Island folk that helped us and made the trip such a memorable and successful adventure.

### TRIP STATISTICS

Noon Saturday 13th: - Owenga to Point Munning. Southerly wind 23NM

Sunday 14th: - Point Munning to Wharekauri. Strong Southerly head wind 17NM

Monday 15th: - Wharekauri to Ocean Bay. Perfect conditions 20NM

Tuesday 16th: - Ocean Bay to Point Durham. Northerly breeze 22NM

Wednesday 17th: - Point Durham to Owenga. Northerly wind 29NM

Thursday 18th: - Owenga across Pitt Strait to Flower Pot, then on to Glory Bay. Northerly breeze 24.5NM

Friday 19th: - Glory Bay to Waihere Bay including Southeast, Mangere, and Little Mangere Islands. Northerly breeze 19.5NM

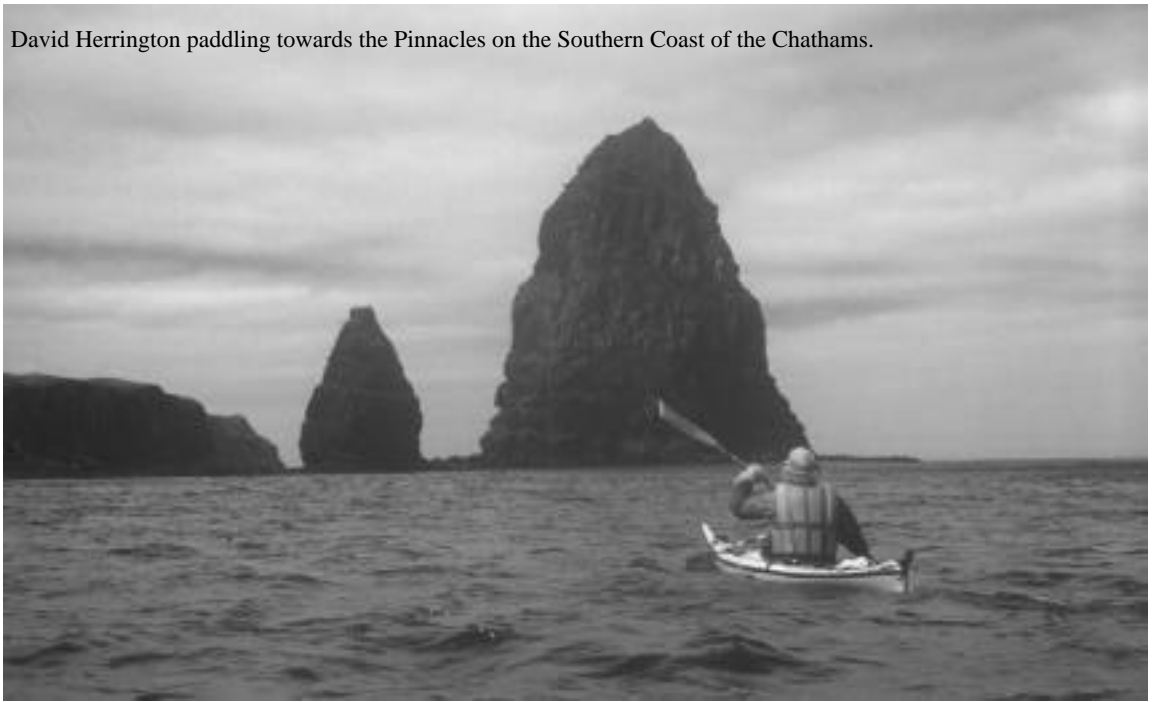
Saturday 20th: - Waihere Bay to Flower Pot where the trip finished at 10.30am. Northerly wind 5NM



Max Grant (Left) and David Herrington with a fresh catch of cod



David Herrington paddling towards the Pinnacles on the Southern Coast of the Chathams.



## BOOKREVIEWS

### **Title: 'THE SHAPE OF THE CANOE'**

Author: John Winters  
Published: 1996  
Publisher: John Winters  
Size: A4, softbound, 84pp, appendices, index & bibliography  
Reviewer: Glyn Dickson

The first time I saw a copy of this book I decided it was to be a compulsory purchase. Having been in possession of my own copy for six months now, I have referred back to it often, and am still trying to assimilate some of the technical concepts, while applying the analytical approach outlined.

So what exactly is "The Shape of the Canoe"? It is a revised series of articles which were originally published in the Canoesport Journal (North American), with the aim of presenting the fundamentals of hydrodynamics (or Naval Architecture) as they apply to canoe design. While not specifically aimed at kayaks, virtually all the concepts transfer straight across and the book provides an excellent resource for those interested in a scientific and analytical approach to the issue of boat/canoe/kayak design and methodology.

The chapters include a brief history, canoe types, hull geometry, hull resistance, motions of water/craft, stability, seaworthiness, design methodology, performance prediction, paddles, and a short chapter devoted specifically to sea kayaks. As well as giving a good discussion of these topics in a readily digestible manner, the author makes reference to more in-depth publications throughout the text and in a bibliography should the reader wish for further enlightenment.

Had you ever wondered....?

Why it becomes harder to paddle at a given speed in shallow water?

What the best bottom finish is (matt, smooth, highly polished, waxed)?  
What the difference is between primary and secondary stability?

Where to place your paddle (in the wave crest or in the trough) for maximum advantage?

These and many more questions are answered in this book.

John Winters began commercially designing canoes and kayaks almost by accident. After retiring from a career of boat building and designing, he took up (Canadian) canoeing. Having designed and built some canoes for his personal use, friends wanted the same, and when his articles which form the basis of this book were published, he was approached by manufacturers to design boats under their labels.

A lifetime spent 'mucking around with boats', and an excellent understanding of hydrodynamic theory has qualified him to help us interrelate the analytical world of the Naval Architect, with our own paddling experiences. The author's writing style is sufficiently light and interesting to make good reading with a subject which could become very dry and mathematical. Additionally there are numerous graphs and illustrations.

I'm not sure whether this book is available through any of the NZ kayak retailers, but otherwise contact John Winters:

Redwing Designs,  
PO Box 283  
Burk's Falls, Ontario P0A 1C0  
Canada.  
Web page  
<http://home.ican.net/~735769/index.html>  
Book price was around \$20 Canadian plus post and packaging.

Highly recommended for the boatophile.  
Glyn Dickson

### **Title: EXTREME SEA KAYAKING**

Authors: Eric Soares & Michael Powers  
Published: 1999  
Publisher: Ragged Mountain Press  
ISBN: 0-07-050718-X  
Contents: 121 pages, b&w photos, sketches, 11 chapters, index  
Size: 190mm x 230mm, softbound  
Price: \$39.95  
Reviewer: John Kirk-Anderson

Whether you think of the Tsunami Rangers as skilled surf paddlers who strain the envelope, or complete lunatics who survive on pure luck, this book was one I was really looking forward to reading.

The authors, Eric Soares and Michael Powers, are veteran members of the Californian team and have both written several articles in Sea Kayaker Magazine. Over the years their stories, mainly instructional pieces, have caused many irate letters to the Editor. A memorable story on survival swimming caused storms of protest over the photo of the well equipped paddler. Looking like Rambo with a gear fetish, I always thought it needed to be viewed with tongue firmly in cheek. Despite this, I have always felt they had a good message, as they certainly tested their skills and techniques in the hard world.

Imagine then my disappointment on getting this long awaited book. Filled to bursting with war stories, and little else, I have read and re-read it, searching for solid information. The book has many references to other author's works, mainly Derek Hutchinson, for explanations of strokes etc. This I could except if it left space for better subjects, but sadly this is not the case.

A Sea Conditions Rating System, (SCRS), makes for interesting reading. Attempting to classify the ocean, like a white water paddler's river grad-

ing, they have developed a system giving points for hazards. An example: "Let's say you want to go storm kayaking, and are leaving from Princeton Harbour into the open sea. The water temperature is 52 degrees F (20 points), the wind is now 40 mph (40 points), the waves at sea are 20 feet high (40 points), and you are two miles offshore (20 points). Your score is 120 points, divided by 20 =6. Class 6. Sound dangerous? It is." I must carry a calculator next time I go paddling.

A lesson in grammar is offered in the section on hand signals. These signals range from the simple, I/Me, to the descriptive 'Chicken, flap elbow against side like a wing.' Some of these could have a general usage, but many would leave me feeling like, 'slapping forehead with open hand'. Stupid.

Most of the Rangers paddle wash deck kayaks, kevlar armoured panzers designed and built to be hammered into rock gardens and caves. The rationale for using these is explained by the ease of self recovery, and their belief that kayaking is an in-water, as opposed to on-water, activity. For this reason they wear wet suits (they handle being flushed over sharp rocks better than dry suits) and have tried paddling in body armour (got torn off by intense hydraulics).

Despite my disappointment with this book, it will appeal to some, and it is sure to further the image of these wave warriors.

John Kirk-Anderson

## PRESIDENTSREPORT-14JUNE1999

The new KASK committee has already had its first meeting (conference call) and another due on the 20 June. The committee is hoping to make some real progress this year and make the most of the expertise we have with our committee members. I am hoping we will have role description included with this newsletter, but they must first be agreed on by the committee.

Please make contact with committee members who you think you may be able to help. Some of the areas we are looking at include:

1. Sea kayak incident reporting - contact Cathye Haddock: (1/18 Avon St, Island Bay, Wellington. simpson.haddock@xtra.co.nz)
2. Support networks in leadership and safety training - contact John Kirk-Anderson (PO Box 409, Christchurch. jmkirkanderson@hotmail.com)
3. Develop better national knowledge of conservation and access issues - contact Peter Sullivan, (7 Monowai Cr, Nth New Brighton, Christchurch. dsullivan@xtra.co.nz)

The committee is very much reliant on input, feedback and support from individual members to make some progress in these areas, so please give your support. The response to the request for ideas for the 2000 forum has been pretty poor so please put pen to paper, jump on the phone or e-mail.

There has been a steady growth in new members and as a result it is timely to send out the latest KASK constitution to all members. If there is any comments on our constitutions appropriateness for the year 2000 and beyond please write letters to the Editor.

The handbooks have been going very well with and significant increase in handbooks going to new members and some retailers and one school order to Pukekohe. It is still disappointing that some of the largest sea kayak outlets are not supporting KASK and the handbook. All retailers have been sent promotional material and if you find retailers without KASK brochures and handbooks please ask them why not.

In the mean time, here's hoping for some good spring weather and longer days and wishing Paul and Conrad Edwards a safe journey in Greenland during July and August.

## BOOK & MAGAZINE CATTLEDOG *Sea Kayaking, Canoeing & Rafting*

Due to a downturn in the coal industry on the West Coast, the editor has reluctantly comes to terms with parting with some of his duplicate titles, in order to maintain his paddling habit. A cattledog of 30 new and secondhand titles, plus half a set of 'Sea Kayaker' Magazines is available on request. The cattledog can be sent via cybermail, fax or if you don't want your better half to know you are looking at X Rated information that may lead to spending time away from the family, I will mail in a plain brown envelope. See inside cover for editor's address.

***MAILED TO***



If undelivered, please return to: Helen Woodward, 82 Hutcheson St. Blenheim.



Photo: John Kirk-Anderson