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KASK**





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Igdlorssuit in West Greenland. The last remaining traditional kayak in the village.

EDITORIAL

Duncan Winning Obituary

Gordon Brown has written a moving tribute to Scottish paddler and kayak historian Duncan Winning, who died on 28 March 2018. I never met Duncan, but over the years we swapped a heap of emails, books and articles, mostly relating to his detailed survey of a West Greenland skin kayak that a young Scottish university student brought back to Scotland in 1959.

Long story, but that kayak survey ultimately led to the development of the Nordkapp. Then in the northern summer of 1999, 40 years after Ken Taylor's time in West Greenland, Conrad Edwards and I paddled two sleek kevlar Nordkapps into the small village of Igdlorssuit, where Ken had a skin boat built for him all those years ago. We saw only one traditional skin kayak, resting upside down on a wooden rack (to stop the dogs from eating the seal skin in winter) and the similarity of its lines to our Nordkapps was remarkable (see photo at left).

Back in the black and white digital print era of the *Sea Canoeist Newsletter*, I wrote an account of our overnight stay in Igdlorssuit titled *The Long Journey Home for a Greenland Kayak* (p.5, No.88, August – September 2000) which describes our paddle up the west coast of Greenland in 1999, with much on the evolution of the Nordkapp from that 1959 summer stay by Ken Taylor. I concluded the account with:

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COVER:

Dennis Hynes took this shot on Lake Ohakuri early morning, sunlight filtering through the bush with steam rising from thermal vents right on the lake shore. It is another of his favourite one day paddles. It is a picturesque lake, bush down to the water for much of the paddle, thermal vents and mud pools right on the waters edge. A thermally heated stream tumbling down a series of natural pools, giving a range of temperatures to soak in. The heated waterfall can only be accessed by wading up a very narrow winding canyon carved out by a heated stream.

Narrow, as in Dennis had to bend his body to the shape of the walls to squeeze through in parts. Magical place.

Photo: Dennis Hynes

Page 2 Top Left: Campsite

Campsite with a pretty good view, on the west coast of D'Urville Island. See the IKW story on page 8.

Photo: Mark Dabbs

Page 2 Bottom Left:

One of the superb caves to explore on the west coast of D'Urville Island, this one with four entrances.

Photo: Mark Dabbs

And best of all, our modern kevlar boats were able to visit their ancestor mum and dad skin kayaks in the small traditional Inuit village of Igdlorssuit.

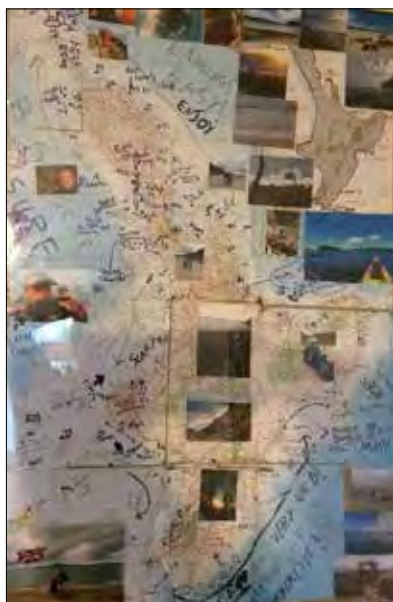
Amongst the 14 sources listed at the end of the account was a story penned by Duncan Winning for *Ocean Paddler* in Autumn 1998. An initial exchange of letters was rather fruitful with photocopies of a heap of articles that I could never have sourced in New Zealand.

Although he was getting a tad long in tooth, Duncan connected with Gordon Brown, one of the leading sea kayaking coaches in the UK, and in 2004 he shepherded Duncan for a paddling visit to that small village of Igdlorssuit. In December 2008, *Sea Kayaker* magazine printed a well-researched article titled, *Ken Taylor's Kayak. The Origins of Modern Greenland-Style Kayaks*.

Since we have the most modern West Greenland style fibreglass kayaks per capita in the world, I gained permission to reprint Duncan's story in June-July 2009 *The Sea Canoeist Newsletter* No. 141, which included the original kayak survey and photos of Duncan meeting the sons of the 1959 skin kayak builder.

Tony Ford, who was editor of the Historic Canoe and Kayak Association for many years noted:

Duncan was a truly remarkable man who made a significant and lifelong contribution to our sport, in his own practice, his research and his principled and continuous support of the interests of the paddling public. Duncan was one of a remarkable generation of paddlers who sought no recognition, yet embraced and practiced both the Inuit roots of the sport, and the history of canoeing in Scotland. If you use a stick you can thank Duncan for his part in re-introducing traditional skills and the knowledge behind them. There's a very high chance that the boat you paddle today is a direct descendent of the 'Ken Taylor' kayak, which Duncan surveyed and then made the drawings available.



North Island Circumnavigators

On 7 March 2017, Fiona Weatherall and James Corfe completed an unsupported kayak circumnavigation of the North Island. Fiona has put together a three minute video clip of her paddle around the North Island with James Corfe, bringing back happy memories of their trip:

<https://vimeo.com/262828984?ref=fb-share&1>

Fiona noted:

Strange how much you miss it when you finish. The hardest part of the trip for us both was finishing. All we want is to be back in our tent eating porridge! Oh well, gives the drive to save up and get going again!

Fiona attached a photo of their living room wall in England, with a map of the North Island annotated with pre-paddle comments from Kiwi paddlers, such as Tara and myself, and photos from their trip. To one side of the photo is a map of Aussie, so I envisage a possible future trip to tackle the coastline of the smallest continent.

Tara Mulvany off to West Greenland

On 19 May, Tara overnighted at the 12 Mile and I was fortunate to see her PowerPoint show of the first kayak circumnavigation of the four main islands comprising the Arctic archipelago of Svalbard. This was back in the northern summer of 2015 when she joined fellow Kiwi Jaime Sharp and Norwegian PG for a challenging

kayak mission into the realm of ice and polar bears. Fascinating to see her stunning still photos of a few of the 60 polar bears they encountered and watch the video clips of how accurate Tara was with dropping the 'bear banger flares' as close as possible to the big white furry mammals 'bearing' down on their tent.

Chasing the endless summer, Tara flies out to Greenland on 27 May to start a paddle down the west coast from Ilulissat to Nanortalik. She spends the summers in the southern ice, driving zodiacs for tourist vessels and after completing this Greenland paddle, Tara heads off to Iceland to join a tourist vessel for a summer of kayak guiding for Scoresby Sund. What a life this young lass is leading. It sounds brilliant but when the stories surface of dealing with scatter-brained tourists, some of the gloss is removed. Had to shake my head when Tara recounted a guided paddle with a couple on their honeymoon, when she towed their double kayak around for two hours.

Thanks

My thanks to all the contributors of text and photos. I'm rather pleased to have sufficient material left over for most of the July magazine.

With winter upon us, remember to keep warm on the water, and dress for immersion.

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A blackmail photograph received from WA paddler Sandy Robson; the editor in a skin boat with a stick paddle

KASK - President's Report May 2018 by Shaun Maclaren

First of all, a quick introduction – I have been a member of the KASK Committee since Kayak Fest 2017 held on Ponui Island and oversaw this years' Kayak Fest at Mana in the Wellington region. As a passionate paddler, I love being on the water and playing amongst the rocks, but most of all I get a real buzz when I see people having fun on the water.

The majority of my paddling has been around the upper half of the North Island and I look forward to spending more time with like-minded paddlers from around the country over the coming year.

It will be a busy year ahead, but we have an energetic KASK Committee who are committed to continuing their efforts in serving the recreational sea kayaking community namely:

- promote safety in recreational sea kayaking
- publish summaries on relevant safety legislation, standards and guidelines
- maintain ongoing advocacy on behalf of the members in conjunction with organizations such as Water Safety New Zealand, Maritime New Zealand, Coastguard Boating Education, the NZ Safer Boating Forum and Department of Conservation
- completion of the KASK Sea Kayaking Handbook as a Web App.

- raise the profile of KASK within the paddling community and to form a relationship with other paddlers, Whitewater and SUPs by hosting the World Tour Paddling Film Festival in the three main cities of NZ during the winter of 2018

- increase membership numbers through club affiliations, profile events and attendance at regional events by KASK committee members

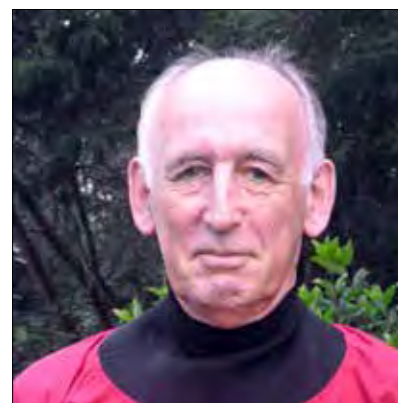
- promotion of network, club and group's premier events and trips

- secure external funding in order to complete the installation of the Customer Relationship Management (CRM) system so as to enhance our relationship with external organizations, members, clubs and networks.

New Zealand Safer Boating Forum, the First of Two

Paul and I recently attended the NZ Safer Boating Forum in Auckland, the first of two to be held in 2018. Participating were Maritime NZ, Water Safety NZ, Coastguard, Harbourmasters, Regional Council representation, Jet Boat NZ, NZ Search and Rescue, Yachting NZ and NZ Marine Industry.

The Forum through Maritime NZ are able to lobby, influence and make recommendations regarding changes to legislation. As a result of attending, I now realize that KASK's input is valued, but more importantly that



KASK President Shaun Maclaren

there is a need for us to be seen to be representing a wider and larger body of kayakers. It confirms my belief that growth in KASK and representation can only really be achieved through offering affiliate memberships to other kayak networks and clubs around NZ which in turn raises our profile within the paddling fraternity and the NZ Safer Boating Forum.

Kayak Fest 2020

This year's Fest at Mana, near Wellington was an undoubted success with lessons learned and new friendships made by all. Work is already underway in the organizing of our next Fest in 2020 on Urupukapuka Island in the stunning Bay of Islands from 6th to 9th March. If you wish to get involved and or help organize the event, please get in touch via email: shaun@kask.org.nz

With some of the best paddling conditions being in Winter, I look forward to joining you on the water.



Rescue practice in Okiwi Bay during the IKW. Shaun in the yellow kayak, with blue helmet with Gopro camera. Celia Wade-Brown on the right. Renee Olivier in the red helmet. Photo: Mark Dabbs

NEW ZEALAND REPORTS

International Kayak Week 2018 – Part One

by Margot Syms & Robert Hall

If you are organizing paddling in the Marlborough Sounds you need to be flexible. The weather is boss. And so, it fell on Shaun Maclaren's shoulders, as organizer of International Kayak Week (IKW), to keep an eye on the forecast and be prepared to change arrangements at short notice. IKW was divided into two parts, the first to be based in the DoC camp at Elaine Bay, Pelorus Sound, and the second at French Pass. You could attend either part or both.

On the Monday morning when the main group from the KASK Kayak Fest crossed from Wellington to Picton, the forecast was for south-easterly gales later in the week. Shaun wisely made the decision to shift base from the exposed basic Elaine Bay camp to the Okiwi Bay Holiday Park (A – see map) set in trees and with full facilities. Everyone was notified, in person or by phone, except for Clynt who was already at Elaine Bay – he was conveyed a message through the local DoC person.

Once tents were set up, it seemed a waste not to paddle while the weather was good, so a handful of us

explored the greater Okiwi Bay for an hour or two. The wee enclosed Hobbs Bay (B) was fascinating. That night in the permanent tent dining area we had introductions, weather and programme discussions.

Tuesday was forecast as the only decent day that week, so we set off in groups for a day paddle. Margot and Peter went with Peter Bennett's group headed for Cape Soucis (C). En-route it was low tide and the rock gardening mecca taken advantage of according to one's level of addiction. Andrea's ("You are welcome to follow me but you do so at your own risk") and Linda's was very high, while P & M's, in double fibreglass kayak, was low and amounted to one tunnel.

The highlight for some was the bifurcated tunnel with three entrances, which could be passed through several ways. After rounding the cape, a pod of twenty plus dolphins passed us heading resolutely on their way somewhere – what a magnificent sight. Every bay seemed to have at least one house in it, except for Omakau Bay (D) which had a 'Private Property' sign - which we are sure was on the Queen's Chain. After peeping south towards Pepin Island, we turned around. After our lunch break it was getting towards high



Okiwi Bay Holiday Park and a few of our tents on the squally and rainy day. Photo Peter Syms

tide and so provided a whole new rock gardening landscape, irresistible for some. But, being high tide, P & M were drawn to explore a bit of the inlet of Whangarae Bay (E).

Robert with the big group headed off to explore the islands at the entrance to the Croisilles Harbour. After nosing around the southern shores of Squally Cove (F), we crossed over and settled for morning tea on a wee beach near Pakiaka Point (G). No sooner had tucker boxes been opened than an angry man appeared out of nowhere (his hidden house) and abused us roundly for trespassing. It transpired that he had riparian rights, but hey, this is New Zealand.

From later conversations it became apparent that he and his reputation are well known. The group then crossed to the islands for rock gardening and to enjoy lunch on a beach on Moukirikiri Island in peace (H).

There were many young seals on the islands, they too no doubt had learnt to avoid Pakiaka Point. On the way home some of us also visited the Whangarae Inlet, entering by a 10-metre portage over the northernmost part of the bar, and exiting through the mouth. The flow must be very swift through here at half tide.

No sooner had we returned and cleaned up than we had to stand up and be counted - it was census night, and we were all temporary citizens of Okiwi Bay. After dinner, Aussies Mark and Lisa gave us a talk about paddling in the Whitsunday Islands, Queensland, which P & M found



Kayakers on the Moukirikiri Island beach lunch spot. Photo Robert Hall



very interesting because it is on our little list.

Wednesday's forecast was full of woe, to the tune of a storm warning in force for sea area *Stephens*. The day was used for reading, walking, watching williwaws blowing up sheets of spray in the bay and attending the locals' happy hour. One car load went to look at Elaine Bay and came back convinced we were in the right place. After tea was a discussion on leadership.

That night the wind reached its peak, and despite the trees for shelter the tents took a beating. By the morning one couple had been forced to decamp to the laundry, P & M's fly had lost two eyelets, no doubt others had suffered minor damage too, and the Aussies were glad they had taken a cabin.

By Thursday the rain had cleared and the wind promised to start dropping. Robert and several others went for

a morning walk up to the lookout for a great view of the harbour and Whangarae Inlet. After that, while we were having lunch some of the troops were getting ready to do rescues. We were on the water for about an hour - some of the time in the water. The conditions were not too bad - windy but not a lot of chop. However as soon as you got wet the wind factor made you cold. It was mainly the intermediate people involved in the rescues to see if they were confident enough for a paddle around D'Urville Island during IKW part 2.

I (Robert) achieved a first in getting back into my kayak without any assistance, not even from a paddle float. I didn't think it was possible, especially with my small keyhole cockpit. The secret was to straddle from the back, and edge forward using the paddle in a brace position to slide into the cockpit.

After the hot showers we gathered in the lodge (another advantage of

Okiwi Bay) for a talk by Anula and Hodei on the guiding they did in Iceland and some of the adventures they had when off duty. Some of their photos were quite spectacular. Then Peter Bennett gave a short talk about d'Urville Island, French Pass, hazards and campsites etc, as a weather window for a circumnavigation seemed to be appearing.

So, on Friday morning everyone who was going to French Pass was away by 10am.



Clynt Silvester with Squally Cove in the background. Photo Peter Syms

NEW ZEALAND REPORTS

International Kayaking Week March 2018

An Australian Perspective by Mark Dabbs & Lisa McCarthy

Lisa tells me KASK is on and she would love to go. Mmmmm. Maybe we can squeeze it in two days after our Tasmania kayaking trip and just before our two month touring trip. No problems!

Then she adds, "and kayak for two weeks after would be good." Hey, if we make the effort to fly over from Sydney, we should stay longer in a great place! Retirement is so, so hard - fitting everything in!

Emails are sent off for KASK enquiries and a reply returns, 'Are you staying on for IKW?' In my best grammar I go, 'Uhhhh?' 'What's that?'

A very organized chap called Shaun gets back to us and explains he is organising IKW with the aim to spend several days paddling out of Elaine Bay in Pelorus Sound followed by a circumnavigation of D'Urville Island. What more enticement did we need - great company, expertly planned and a fantastic area. We were in, please.

That was back in October 2017; we plan a wee bit ahead!

After a fantastic KASK (see p.16 NZSK No.193 for Lisa's report), we headed off for IKW. The weather was not looking promising for Elaine Bay so redirected to Okiwi Bay, on the way collecting our hire kayaks from Sea Kayak Adventures, 2 *Shearwaters*, an excellent company with well-maintained kayaks and gear.

As usual for NZ, there was a slight drizzle while attempting to erect our tent. Our mountain of gear and two week's food was not going to fit! What to do? Being ever so resourceful - we changed from our tent to a lovely, dry, warm, roomy, wind proof cabin. Slightly soft but hey, it was great. Especially during the ferocious winds that whipped thru a

few days later and lasted most of the week! Everyone was most jealous.

The weather for our first section of IKW allowed for one day of paddling out to Otuhaereroa Islands, on the way some lovely rock gardening in an extremely low swell. Very little of my kayak was left behind on rocks although I did note one rock scored well with bits of yellow, red and orange kayak plastic scrapings. The islands were good with steep cliffs, numerous rocky shores for playing and sandy beaches. A pleasant way to start IKW.

The following days saw us huddled down watching small sea spouts being drawn from the ocean. Quite strong winds, not encouraging for paddling. Many participants spent their nights hanging on to tents and tarps trying to stop them becoming airborne.

I must admit, Lisa and I were reluctant to practice rescues, deterred by watching others who only managed to stay in the water for 15 minutes or so before blue lips and fingers set in. Of course, Australian waters are much warmer! Softies I hear you saying? However, the Icelandic couple out lasted everyone.

The second part of IKW was hopefully a paddle around D'Urville Island. The gods were smiling on us. We had four brilliant, calm days, almost.

French Pass apparently has a reputation for over-falls, eddies, strong currents, whirlpools and generally lots of 'wooshing'. Baloney! We all had a calm drift through the pass. Thanks to Shaun's marvelous tide calculations, and helped by a few others. We just can't understand what all the hype is about. I must admit, during peak flow it did look just a little daunting.

The rock gardening, on calm seas, was fantastic, sea caves spectacular and inviting but the rock cliffs and amazing rock colours were nothing but marvelous. The west coast is certainly the pick for the better side to paddle. But that doesn't mean the east was boring. It also has its fair share of interesting sections.

Not only were there many, many caves but numerous arches and tunnels. The best tunnel had four entries. A few tunnels were actually extremely narrow. I understand there were a few jams, another had a very low exit which required timing with the swell to make sure you passed under after the swell passed otherwise you got squashed against the roof. Yes, most interesting.

At the northern end is Hells Gate. Another breeze through. We didn't even know we had passed through it till days later when discussing our route. Must have been due to all of us being exceptional paddlers, but we are too modest to mention that!

The group of 12 were split into two for the paddling but regrouped for lunches and camping. And what a great bunch of paddlers. Everyone was very sociable, happy and most welcoming to us from distant shores. Lisa and I had expected some slow starters packing up tents and kayaks each morning but we were entirely wrong. There were no slouches. We even had Andrea ready, with spray skirt and PFD waiting on the shore while some were still exiting from their tents.

The IKW was far more than we expected. It was extremely social, relaxed, welcoming and lots of fun. Shaun did an amazing job organising and running the group.

We look forward to crossing 'the ditch' and participating in more, or some similar events in the future.



Greville Harbour camp with Robert, Mark, Andrea, Jose, Anula and Lois. Photo: Lisa McCarthy



One of many arches on the west coast of D'Urville Island. Photo: Mark Dabbs

Overseas Reports

SVALBARD Realm of Ice and Bears

by Tara Mulvany

Tears streamed down my face. Through the fog I watched the faint outline of my two companions moving further and further away from me with each passing hour. I battled with every stroke, struggling to stay awake, my mind exhausted and hands numb with the cold.

For centuries, explorers and dreamers alike have been drawn to the icy waters and barren lands of the arctic. People came, inspired by romantic notions of the midnight sun in a place where polar bears roam across ice and tundra, glaciers plunge into the ocean, and where for most of the summer the sun never sets.

Adventurers journeyed in search of the North Pole. Hunters came and arctic foxes and polar bears were exploited for their beautiful coats. Pilots attempted to fly giant balloons over the pole and teams of dogs pulled sleds from Svalbard north, onto the sea ice with the magnetic pull drawing them toward that prized number of latitude - 90 ° north. Time passed, and although the pioneering days slowly faded into history, the burning sense of adventure was not lost. It was deep inside of me.

So on a foggy day in late June 2015 the three of us - Jaime, PG and I left on our own quest - to paddle more than 2000 kilometres around Svalbard's four main islands. We would

trace the coastline of this desolate arctic archipelago on a journey that, despite time, remained unconquered.

Seven years earlier two paddlers, Alon Ohad and Tim Starr set off from the colourful settlement of Longyearbyen and paddled north, their kayaks loaded with what they hoped would be enough supplies to get them around the archipelago, unsupported. Passing tumbling glaciers and windswept landscapes they worked their way towards the 80th parallel. Then on the coast of Nordaustlandet - the crux of the circumnavigation - they were trapped in sea ice, and after hours of hauling their kayaks, a back injury forced them to call for a rescue.



During their long 110 km paddle down the ice cliffs on the eastern coast of Nordaustlandet, Tara and her two paddling mates encountered more polar bears than you can shake a stick at. Photo: Tara Mulvany



Tara posing during their long 110 km paddle down the ice cliffs on the eastern coast of Nordaustlandet, the eastern most island of Svalbard. She is showing an arm/hand signal that is only known to really serious whitewater paddlers apparently. Something to do with being eaten by a big, really nasty rapid.

Photo: Jamie Sharp

The second major attempt followed two years later. Two young Norwegian's - Sebastian Plur Nilssen and Ludvig Fjeld struggled north, battling strong winds that funnelled out of mouths of giant fiords that snaked inland. A few weeks in, they burned a pile of their food supplies to lighten the load and increase their speed. Then, after 24 days, their journey was brought to an abrupt end. While they were sleeping a polar bear crawled under their trip wire, ripped through the tent and grabbed Sebastian. Ludvig shot the bear and they were lucky to escape with their lives.

Their attempt seemed to cast a spell on the 'circumnavigation of Svalbard' and for the next five years the coastline remained silent. It was clear that in order for us to succeed, we needed a team of at least three. That way we could do a 'bear watch roster' and one of us would stay awake at all times.

The crunching of my bow slicing through bands of brash ice awoke me from my thoughts. Somewhere beside us, the occasional booming of glaciers slowly faded into an eerie silence. It has been days of dampness and I longed to get out of the

fog and into the glistening sunshine again. That evening, camped on an island, I climbed a small hill behind our camp. A few hundred metres away, a polar bear roamed over the ridge. It paused and looked at me for a moment before continuing on its way, away from us. For as far as I could see, the ocean was covered in sheets of broken sea ice with thin veins of water between. We were in a delicate balance with nature.

Even as a team we were walking on thin ice. Conflicts in personalities, paddling speed and goals created an uncomfortable tension that I struggled to shake. I had never expected that the competitive and controlling tendencies of someone else could affect my self-esteem so drastically.

On past journeys alone I'd found inner contentment and a total sense of happiness. I remained whole heartedly involved in every aspect of those adventures and I enjoyed taking on challenges alone. The sense of satisfaction that came with having succeeded was both empowering and humbling, and I was left feeling a stronger, more confident person for it. But on this cold damp night I sat, huddled by a small fire with tears

rolling down my face. Never before had I felt so low in such a wild and beautiful place.

I hung onto the hope that when this journey was over, I would instead remember the beauty of camping on tundra alive with wildflowers, herds of reindeer roaming nearby, and the exhales of Beluga whales breaking the silence. Morale was low, but there was still beauty all around us. It was one of the things that kept me going. That, and the fact that there was no other option other than to keep going.

Days were slowly becoming more distinguishable from nights and the sun no longer moved in a halo above us. Instead it swept the sky in a slow burning streak as it dipped towards the horizon. As I paddled in the twinkling twilight, sheers of light penetrated deep into a golden sea. Soon, the land would be covered in a blanket of darkness, the temperatures would plummet, and the sea would freeze into solid ice for the winter.

Our window was closing and we began paddling through the nights in a bid to spend the few hours of dusk and darkness away from the bears.



A Tara selfie on the north-east coast of Svalbard, showing the start of the long ice cliffs. She is carrying a .308 rifle just in case a polar bear became too inquisitive.

Tara paddling past a massive waterfall, feeding melt water off the ice cap. The last stint along the cliffs involved a continuous paddle over a distance of 110 kms. Photo: Jaime Sharp





A screen grab image showing the route followed by Tara, Jaime and PG, around Svalbard.

We were only a weeks paddle from town, and only a few hundred kilometres away from closing the loop. The first kayak circumnavigation of Svalbard was nearly complete.

Hour after hour, my paddle dipped in and out of the water. Rocky mountains and headlands slowly grew tall-

er and then ever so slowly faded into the distance behind me. We crossed over the mouths of wide fiords, and across bays backed by walls of ice. After 71 days, we were slowly approaching the edges of civilization.

It had been one of the craziest and most challenging adventures of my

life, and now all the trying moments seemed like distant memories. It was as if nature wanted us to succeed. We had tip-toed lightly, and she had allowed us to pass.

(On 27 May, Tara heads off to Greenland for a paddle down the West Coast from Ilulisaat to Nanortalik)

Overseas Reports

Apolima Strait Supporting an Ocean Swimmer by Kayak

by Phillip Smith

The horizon upwind of me had started to darken and my heart began to sink. I had been keeping an eye on the weather, keeping a lookout for tropical squalls. We had been lucky so far, with average wind speeds of 15 to 18 knots with one 1-2 hour burst of 20 plus knots before Manono Island. But it hadn't been a squall. A couple of days earlier we'd had tropical squalls every few hours, preceded by about an hour of strong wind then heavy rain and reduced visibility. While the squalls looked scary I consoled myself that they didn't last long.

A few years earlier, I had visited Samoa with my family and thought it

would be nice to kayak those waters beyond the reef. I saw a post on Facebook asking sea kayakers to escort swimmers in the Samoa swim series, a 22 km swim from the main island Upolo to the island of Savai'i. Ignorance is bliss so I thought, 'Yeah why not, 22 km is easily in my kayaking range'. Seti put me in contact with a swimmer, Jacques Paul de Reuck.

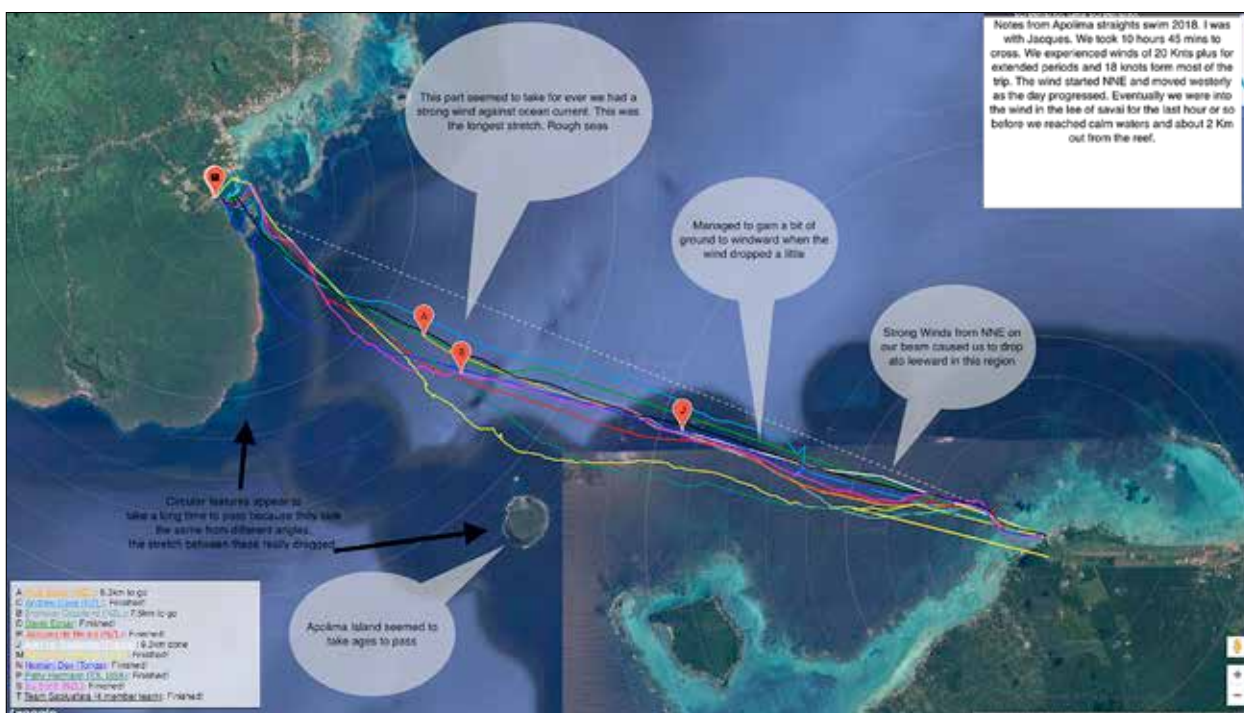
Jacques and I decided to do a trial swim from Browns Bay to Mairangi Bay. There was a 10-15 knot wind blowing across our route. It soon became apparent that there was more to this swimmer escort caper than I had imagined. Because of the wind, I could not paddle parallel to his course. It was really hard to tell which direction he was heading especially as he tended to wander all over the place. Afterwards, the track from his GPS indicated that we hadn't done too badly. We got on, so OK, I was in.

I arrived in Samoa on Easter Monday - the race was scheduled for Friday with Thursday and Saturday

as reserve days. On one of the practice swims, I checked out the kayak I would be using, a QK *Shearwater*, in pretty good condition although the rudder retracting mechanism was a bit stiff. The *Shearwater* is a very forgiving boat and has good all-round performance. After a couple of practice rolls at the end of the swim, I felt a bit more confident.

We had a spare day before the race so a few of us did a recce trip on the ferry across the strait to Savai'i to try and get an idea of the course and the positions of the Manono and Apolima islands relative to it. Savai'i is frequently obscured by mist and rain so I wanted to be able to fix my approximate position from whatever land marks I could find. This proved especially helpful dealing with the ocean current and wind in the last stages.

My alarm went off at 4:00 am and I went to meet Jacques and our swim captain Mark whose job was to liaise with the Samoan support boat captain and his crew, and to talk on the radio to Seti and Mike, the safety



officer. I also had a drink bottle on deck and a camel-back of water in my PFD. We were on the water as the sun came up and headed for the channel marker pins about one kilometre from our start site. Our Samoan captain assured us that he would use his local knowledge to get us ahead of our competition. However, the details of this were lost in the translation of waving arms and broken English.

Outside the reef the weather was not as calm as I had hoped but it was OK. The crosswind was going to make the escort tricky. Fortunately, I had bought my desk compass and had checked the magnetic deviation (11° for Samoa) and had checked that, the day before, with my iPhone compass.

The first hour or so was uneventful. A swimmer can swim at about 1.5 knots or 2.6 kms per hour. At this speed I could not hold my course and my bow would drop downwind. I toyed with taking the rudder up but thought I would probably just weathercock into the wind and was not sure if I would be able to get it down again. I was forced to essentially ferry glide, downwind from him to maintain my position. The slow speed meant the rudder had little effect and I had to use lots of correction strokes. From this position it

was hard to tell which direction the swimmer was heading. Every so often I would let him get ahead, then paddle behind him and get upwind, then turn parallel and get blown down behind him till I could sight along his back with my compass to get an idea of where he was heading. I was unable to communicate with him by voice for correction; we found the best way was to herd him with the kayak.

About two hours in, the wind came up and it was getting rough. The *Shearwater* just rode up and over the waves beautifully, always in control and surprisingly dry. The waves got bigger with a chop running on top of poorly formed swell. At first it was quite intimidating but eventually I got used to it. My *Werner Cyprus* paddle, has quite buoyant blades, this gave me a lot of stability at low speed.



The twin-hulled catamaran support boat for the ocean swim

A few hours into the race, Jacques would perform his signature move. He would shut his eyes and semi-sleep whilst he was swimming. He would then veer violently off course, usually upwind. When this happened, I had to cross the wind and go on to my other tack so I could get behind him. This was hard work at such a slow speed, quite often I would have to reverse with opposite rudder to bring the bow into the wind. Then I could have to cross back over the wind to get along side him and wake him up.

One time I couldn't wake him by shouting at him and I could see his eyes were shut. In those seas I was in danger of landing on him if I got too close. I had no choice but to wake him with a well-timed pat on the back with my paddle, trying to avoid hitting his arms with my carbon-fibre paddle. Once I woke him, I then had to let him get ahead so I could drop downwind of him again. In the last half of the swim this was happening about every 20 minutes, much to the amusement of Mark and myself.

The support boat was a big aluminum Polynesian style catamaran, with an outboard in the middle. The boat was steered directly from the outboard. The helm had no forward vision and little side vision. This made me a bit anxious about getting close to them

in rough water. However, the crew shouted instructions to the helm and they never gave me any trouble.

Onwards we pushed, soon we were coming abreast of Manono Island. We had been forced downwind but we were still upwind of a lot of the other boats we could see. As we came up on Manono the wind dropped a little and we were able to regain some sea to windward. Looking at the GPS tracks of previous races we had decided we wanted to be about 4 KM NE of Apolima Island at the closest point. That would put us 1 km SW of the ferry lane and would set us up for the run into Salelologa. Between Apolima and the Tafua-tai headland on Savai'i, the ocean currents runs from SW to NE.

Apolima is a round island, so it looks much the same from any angle. This makes progress very hard to judge. On the NE side there is a sandy beach where the crater rim comes down to the sea. From our recce we estimated that when the beach was on our beam, we were half way. At last we could make out some features on Savai'i and luckily no squalls had come through blocking our view. Our boat captain kept assuring me that our course was good although we seemed to be closer to Apolima than I wanted to be.

The next big feature was the Tafua-tai headland. This is a very flat feature, with an old volcano on the southern side. It sticks out about 4 kms from Salelologa. Being round and flat it was really hard to judge our progress and the crossing from Apolima to the headland seemed to drag on and on.

As we were going across the reef at Salelologa at low tide, we wanted to avoid the tide flow out of the reef. Ideally this would mean coming close to the headland and sneaking up on the entrance from the side. Unfortunately, that wasn't going to happen. As we came up on Apolima I saw the horizon upwind had darkened and as we went passed it the wind preceding the squall hit us getting up over 20 knots again. Though now we had wind against current.



Swimmer and support kayaker in mid-strait

The seas steepened as the wind rose; this made it harder to keep position. We had been going for about six hours now. The support crews on some of the boats were really seasick over this stretch. I was finding it very demanding and was working hard to navigate and feed the baby (swimmer).

The drive and stamina of the swimmers was just staggering, I really don't know how, or even why they kept going. I didn't know whether to commend them or organize some serious counselling. As you can imagine all kinds of emotions must have been going through their heads.

Whilst all that was going through my head was how could I relieve the pressure on my bottom. Mark, Jacques and myself though in close proximity were living in very different worlds. Normally when I am kayaking in rough conditions I find I become very focused on what I am doing. It's easy to put your head down and retreat into your own world when it gets rough. This escort didn't allow that indulgence. I had to paddle with my head up and my eyes on my swimmer and the support boat.

Several times no doubt Jacques' spirits must have ebbed and a couple of times he stopped and shouted, "I need positive encouragement.... and I shouldn't have to ask." I did feel bit guilty about this but I couldn't really say much in that weather that he would have heard, not to mention I was quite actually pleased to still be upright.

At last we were abreast of Tafua-tai headland and the wind had swung westerly and was now on the nose placing us in the lee of Savai'i. This

made life much easier for me but was probably less fun for Jacques as he had the chop in his face.

Finally, we came up to the reef entrance. Mike was there, to guide us through the break in the reef away from the ferry entrance. It was low tide; we got through the gap but got a bit lost in the coral and had to pick our way through. We made it through to clear water and we could hear the other swimmers cheering as we headed to the finish line.

Jacques finished the swim in 10 hours 45 minutes, an unbelievable achievement. Jacques was followed by Sue and her kayaker Jane. Sue took 11.5 hours to complete the course, another super human accomplishment. Her kayaker Jane was equally amazing; she was not a very experienced kayaker and only had one capsized, when she was trying to open a packet of jelly snakes for her swimmer.

At the end of it I was more mentally than physically 'knackered' the concentration and accuracy demanded had worn me out. I did a couple of rolls to celebrate and to see if my ability to roll had been degraded and finished with a wet exit to discreetly wash the boat out.

The fastest time was 7 hours 30 mins by Bronwyn; two swimmers didn't finish; one had to be pulled out of the water because she was taking too long. At 65 Jacques is the oldest person to swim the Apolima Strait - although a distance of 22 km, we probably covered close to 24 km.

Afterwards, back at the Resort, I felt pretty good until walking across the hard tile floor in the dining room; I suddenly got terrible land sickness; my head felt like it was only loosely connected to my body.

In summary, I was really glad to be part of such an amazing accomplishment and make some crazy friends. I also felt that I was a much better kayaker as a result. My situational awareness under stress had greatly improved and was better in rough water.

Product Review

Garmin Explorer Review by Lynn Paterson

Firstly I have to admit I hate learning and setting up new tech stuff!

I compare any new electronic unit to the joy and the utter dread of a new mobile phone. You are excited but in fear of the setup of the new unit, it is always a lengthy and problematic procedure.

In late 2015 on my kayaking journey, I was introduced to The *Garmin Explorer* unit (the *De Lorne Inreach* unit as it was then known as) when we realized the tracking unit we had was totally unreliable the more remote we got, as it was totally reliant on the mobile connections. For days there were no telecommunication waves, so no tracking or locations were known. I was on the water with no location known by anyone, and I was very sceptical when it was first suggested to me as a tracking solution.

Well, let me tell you how quickly I changed my mind. All I could think was 'Oh no, I am never going to get to grips with this!' It took me over a week to actually open the box and get the unit out, then I sat and took a leap of faith.

Page 1: how to connect and make this unit turn on and work for me and also the team on the Redz NZ Journey.

Quietly I sat with the instructions booklet wondering how long it would take for me to throw a red-head tantrum and throw this unit at a hard surface in utter frustration.

To my utter surprise, I easily followed the step by step instructions, very simple to understand, this little unit was linked and was setup in less than one hour, to my mobile, to the teams mobile, to my laptop, and to the network - tested and working with ease.

I was putting in preset messages, contacts and syncing all the info to

everything! Not a single glitch, no 'hard to read' instructions, and it worked. Wow! I had a smile on my face, and no tantrum insight.

From day one on the water, as I left the Akaroa Bay, the tracking device worked superbly, and for the team and all to know exactly where I was at all times was such a fantastic feeling for me and for safety.

There are so many great features, actually too many to list. One I liked is the preset messages - you set up to make it a very simple task to send speedy message or a response, e.g., 'I am running late, I am tracking well, I am enjoying myself, please call me', all of these messages and more are sent with a push of a button. With each message you send, the plus is your exact location is also known by the message recipient.

All weather reports and conversations whilst I was in the remote parts of NZ were transmitted to me by this unit. When other reliable and expensive satellite phones refused to work, my little *Garmin* unit got or sent the information I needed.

This unit worked in the cold, in the wet and in the remotest locations



Lynn attempting a breakout on the West Coast of the South Island, just north of the Nile River mouth



Lynn's Delorme inReach unit that she used for her around NZ paddle

when other electronics could not even get a GPS signal to know where you were located.

The Iridium network you are connected with is superb.

Yes, it costs to be on a plan, but how much is your life worth? We all have mobile phone plans and pay for them monthly, falsely believing they will get us out of trouble, but there are numerous locations with no cellular coverage and your phones become totally useless. Our VHF's are only useful if someone else is nearby or you are near a repeater. And the *Garmin* plans can be managed. You can easily put your plan on hold when you are not going on adventures, then easily reactivate it.

Yes, on my journey I was kindly loaned a unit, on my return it was the first new piece of equipment purchased.

For me it is the best:

- it worked when mobiles could not
- it worked when cold and wet
- it worked when other equipment was failing,
- it was small enough to not be a bother
- the bluetooth ability makes it a dream to use
- it is easy and fast to recharge using a solar panel.

What can I say about the *Garmin Explorer* unit. I do not go an adventure now without it! It is my must have safety tool.

I do take my PLB, I do take a mobile and I do take a VHF, and I always take my *Garmin Explorer*.

As a wise man told me, "Have a backup, as everything will break!"

Product Review

Garmin inReach Quick Review from Campbell Tiley

Reprinted with kind permission from Issue 107 of *Salt*, the NSW Sea Kayak Club magazine

The inReach is a really useful communication tool for remote travel and provides an additional option for emergency communication. Campbell Tiley explains why.

InReach is a GPS enabled communications device previously made by Delorme before Garmin purchased the company and now distributes a modified device in two models, the SE+ and Explorer+.

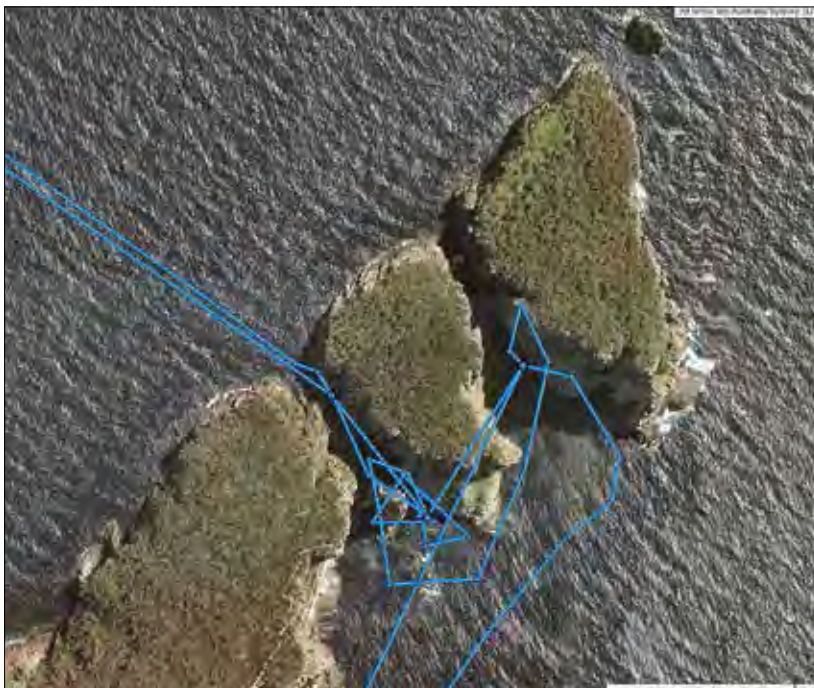
The inReach allows either prespecified or composed on the run short messages to be sent to either mobile phones by SMS, or to email addresses using the worldwide coverage provided by the Iridium satellite network. Location information can be embedded automatically in messages. The device can also log your track to a website, can download standard and marine weather forecasts and can be activated to send an automated SOS. The interactive



The inReach Explorer+

SOS message is passed to GEOS - a professional 24/7 global monitoring centre who will alert rescue coordination services appropriate to your location and will use the device to communicate with you as the rescue unfolds.

The Explorer+ model has basic navigation functionality with an on-screen map, track and compass heading display. While less functional than a standard GPS, the Explorer+ is a little more expensive than the SE+ model but provides a backup for your GPS. The SE+ will display location on a grid but has no preloaded maps, compass or barometric altimeter.



InReach website view of track through Cape Hauy

With a plan for some remote northern hemisphere paddling mid-year, I wanted a better communication option than a satellite phone. I have found receiving calls and messages on a satellite phone to be unreliable in the past although making calls has the advantage of supporting a two-way conversation, albeit an expensive one.

I purchased an *inReach Explorer+* from an online supplier a week before heading down to Tasmania in February and it arrived just before departure. Due to weather issues our paddling was less remote than we had hoped but there was adequate opportunity to test the device. The *inReach* needs an account with Garmin and this needs to be set up on a computer to activate the device. Once activated, the inReach can be managed independently. A smartphone can be paired by Bluetooth for easier text entry.

Although contacts are simple to enter, it would have been a lot easier if I had entered key contacts via the laptop before heading off.

Garmin provides clear instructions for adding a web address through your Garmin account, which can display your track and messages that you mark for display, so devoted followers can eyeball your every move. With the standard settings, the track seemed a little more coarsely segmented than my old Spot 3 but more frequent data points can be selected if your plan allows.

Messaging in and out was easy and the device seemed to lock on to the network rapidly on start-up. Entering text on the device with a rocker and selector control was a bit clumsy, but workable. It worked fine in a day hatch. The weather downloads were useful (text only) and the marine weather provided by OCEANS seemed accurate in our limited trial with similar detail to the BOM short wave radio forecasts. Marine weather provides a seven-day forecast for any location, defaulting to where you are, billed at \$1.50 to your account for each update.

Power

The inReach has an internal battery that is not user-accessible, so it is not possible to swap in new batteries, or to replace dead ones as the device ages. On the other hand, the sealed battery compartment arguably removes a point of failure in a wet environment. Charging is via the USB connector. Power consumption will clearly be influenced by your usage. I had tracking on when paddling and did a bit of messaging and the device seemed good for around seven days but charged from around 50% to full on a 20W solar panel in a few hours one sunny afternoon. It is easily recharged from a lithium battery power bank.

Cost

The Explorer+ cost me \$699 from Johnny Appleseed, \$100 less for the SE+ model. EK have the Explorer+ on their site for \$695.

When the account is active, the inReach is not cheap with monthly costs varying from \$25 to \$149 depending on the plan you select. There is a \$37 annual fee for the Freedom plans that allow the following flexibility with plans.

The really brilliant aspect of the Freedom billing model is that you can change the plan each month without charge and, importantly, you can elect to inactivate the device for months when you are not using it and avoid paying any subscriptions

for those months. The annual plans have cheaper monthly rates but lack the flexibility to inactivate the device when you are not in the bush.

Likes:

- A compact, reasonably waterproof (IPX7) and robust device
- Easy to remain in contact when you need to
- The ability to compose a message rather than being limited to presets (like the Spot)
- An emergency communication device allowing two-way messaging
- I don't keep paying when I am stuck at work (unlike the Spot)

Dislikes:

- Nothing major
- It is almost a functional GPS navigation device. Why not add some Garmin smarts to get it there?

Do I need a PLB if I carry an inReach?

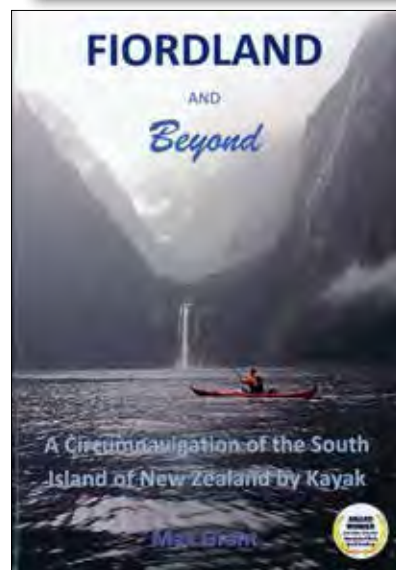
OF COUSE YOU SHOULD ALSO TAKE A PLB. PLBs are a critical emergency signalling device with enough battery power (if tested and in date) to reliably signal your plight when the fan gets really dirty.

In summary, I found the inReach Explorer+ to be a useful addition to my remote paddling kit, which delivered as promised and is a significant step up from the communication functionality provided by Spot.

	SAFETY	RECREATION	EXPEDITION	EXTREME
SCS	Unlimited	Unlimited	Unlimited	Unlimited
TEXT MESSAGES*	10	40	Unlimited	Unlimited
PRESET MESSAGES	Unlimited	Unlimited	Unlimited	Unlimited
TRACKING INTERVALS	10 minutes+	10 minutes+	10 minutes+	2 minutes+
TRACKING POINTS	\$0.15 AUD ea.	Unlimited	Unlimited	Unlimited
LOCATION PINGS	\$0.15 AUD ea.	Unlimited	Unlimited	Unlimited
BASIC WEATHER†	1 Text Message ea.	1 Text Message ea.	Unlimited	Unlimited
PREMIUM WEATHER†	\$1.50 AUD ea.	\$1.50 AUD ea.	\$1.50 AUD ea.	\$1.50 AUD ea.
Monthly Charges				
ANNUAL/CONTRACT	\$20 AUD/mo.	\$40 AUD/mo.	\$75 AUD/mo.	\$119/mo.
FREEDOM PLANS	\$25 AUD/mo.	\$55 AUD/mo.	\$99 AUD/mo.	\$149/mo.
Overage Charges				
MESSAGES (EACH)	\$0.75 AUD	\$1.75 AUD	N/A	N/A

InReach plan options

Book Notes



Max Grant's superb story about a father and daughter team paddling around the South Island is now in an expanded 3rd edition, with an additional 14 pages added, including a final page with a list of South Island kayak circumnavigators. Max has just taken delivery of 50 of the casebound editions, which have a lovely finish.

Both softcover and casebound editions are now available from: Q-Kayaks Ltd., 5 Waipatere Court, Ashhurst 4810. or <http://q-kayaks.co.nz/publications-reviews/>

Price of the books are:
Soft cover: \$30.00
Hard cover: \$55.00



Obituary

Duncan Winning by Gordon Brown

Duncan was born in Rutherglen, Glasgow on 12th January 1940 and moved to Gourrock with his family. It was in Gourrock that he developed his lifelong love for the sea. A school friend, Bim Holt, received a canoe as an 11th birthday present and 10 year old Duncan got to paddle it. At that time there were a couple of older men who often passed in their own kayaks. Duncan introduced himself and became friends with them, learning how to use woodworking tools and being precise about measurements.

Duncan designed his first kayak aged 13, completed his first build a year later in 1954 and has always paddled one of his own designs since then. His first kayak made the local paper, as it had to be lowered from the upstairs window of the family home. Moving to Inverkip meant that there was more space and it was here, at The Old Manse, that Duncan measured the kayak brought back from West Greenland by Ken Taylor, a fellow club member in 1960. The drawing that Duncan produced was passed freely by him to many people at this time, and well into the future, it has had more influence on modern sea kayak design than any other.

Duncan was a well-loved contributor at sea kayak symposia all across the British Isles as well as in Norway and America, he was a driving force as the chairman of the Scottish Sea Kayak Symposium organizing group.

It would be easy to remember Duncan simply for kayaking, but there was so much more to him than that. He was an absolute perfectionist in everything that he turned his hand to. Working in the shipyards of Greenock and specifically Kincaid, the diesel engine builder, as a draftsman was bittersweet for Duncan. He could see the writing on the wall for Scottish shipbuilding and, when the company stopped producing marine engines in 1991, Duncan was employed to catalogue and prepare



Duncan in West Greenland, 2004

the important drawings for archive. He was saddened by the demise but with a young family he had little option but to work. It was also here that he came into contact with asbestos, as did many other workers, a material which ultimately took his life through mesothelioma, a type of cancer, which usually affects the lungs and is caused by exposure to asbestos.

After the shipyard days, Duncan took a job at The Ballast Trust in Johnstone as a handyman, and very quickly the boss realized what an asset he would be. Duncan worked for 'The Boss' long after Bill Lund died and his knowledge of, as well as interest in, shipbuilding and heavy engineering was put to full use surveying and cataloguing industrial archives.

In 1998 Duncan received his OBE at the Palace of Holyroodhouse for services to canoeing.

Duncan belonged to many clubs and fully participated in all of their activities. Scottish Hostellers Canoe Club was his first paddling club and he was still a member there as well as Garnock Canoe Club and Jersey Canoe Club. He was a member of the Scottish Arctic Club, Qajaq USA, the Largs Historical Society and was the Honorary President of the Historic Canoe and Kayak Association. Donacha Ban, his nickname given to him by his sister Nan, was proudly

Scottish, wearing his kilt at any appropriate occasion.

Early paddling days were always a source of amazement, as us youngsters were wearing old woollen jumpers, shorts or tracksuit bottoms with old plimsolls to protect our feet. Not Duncan, he would arrive straight from the office, roll up his trousers, take his socks and shoes off climb into his kayak, dry his feet and put the socks and shoes back on.

Lunchtimes were a delight as we generally had broken glass vacuum flasks and Duncan would take out his 'Box' from behind his seat. With the primus stove roaring, he would offer us tea or coffee or even soup. If we had not managed to keep our meagre rations dry he would have plenty of spare food to keep us going. Jam, what flavour would you like? The box, always well stocked, was varnished on the outside, painted white inside and was a work of art.

Duncan never stopped for a tea or a coffee break, it was always a 'drum up'. The next time you stop for a cup of tea or coffee, no matter where you are, remember Duncan and all that he has given us.

I first met Duncan, an old man at 35 in my 12 year old eyes. Since then he has been a constant source of inspiration to me and many others around the world. His knowledge and enthusiasm for almost anything you could think of was outstanding.

I know that it tickled him when I said that when I first met him he was an old man and some 30 years later, when we paddled together in Greenland, he had not changed, but I had got older. We got on very well together and I can't think of any time when we said an angry word to each other. He was supportive of my kayaking endeavours, always encouraging me to aim higher and go further, something I will continue to do.

He has gone and has left a Duncan shaped impression on our hearts and a kayak-shaped void in our lives.

Book Review

Title: *Angelina*

Subtitle: *From Stromboli to D'Urville Island: A Family's Story*

Author: Gerard Hindmarsh

Published: 2004

Publisher: Craig Potton Publishing

Contents: 227 pages with a central plate section with black & white photos

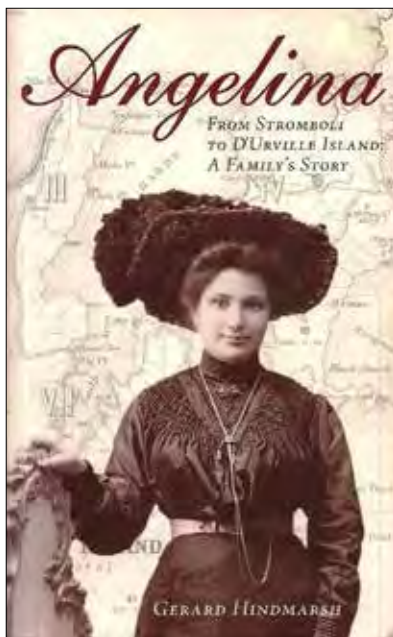
Cover: Soft cover (paperback)

ISBN: 1-877333-21-2

Size: 210 x 130mms

Price: \$30.00

Review: Max Grant



Angelina found solace in an unlikely friendship with a high-born Maori woman, Wetekia Ruruku Elkington, who lived nearby.

Although this book does not relate to kayaking, if you are planning a trip to D'Urville Island I would strongly recommend reading this book. Not only does it tell the story of how the pioneering immigrants broke in the land to farm and make D'Urville Island their home, it also tells of the early Maori settlers and their way of life while living on D'Urville. I found that many of their stories and place names can be related to during a kayaking trip around the island, making for a much more interesting trip.

In 1906, at just 16 years of age, Angelina Moleta left the tiny volcanic island of Stromboli off Sicily to travel to an even remoter island on the other side of the world. From the age of eight she had been betrothed to her cousin, Vincenzo Moleta, who was now twice her age and taking her to a new life on D'Urville Island in New Zealand. (*Nouva Zelanda* in Italian)

Facing the fierce tides and weather of this wild island on the edge of Cook Strait, and having to cope with loneliness, the incessant toil of a pioneer farm, and the bitterness of a developing family feud, Angelina found solace in an unlikely friendship with a high-born Maori woman, Wetekia Ruruku Elkington, who lived nearby. Together they shared their own struggles, their different cultures

and their lack of English language; a process that awakened Angelina to her own inner strengths. Angelina and Vincenzo finally left D'Urville Island in 1946, and both died within a few months of each other in Wellington in 1954.

Recreated by Angelina and Vincenzo Moleta's grandson, Gerard Hindmarsh, this is a remarkable story that movingly captures the struggles and triumphs of pioneering immigrant life in New Zealand. In recreating the story of his grandparents, Hind-

marsh makes no apology for taking literary licence and producing a work of "faction" between thorough research into the historical context of Italian migration and the family stories heard at the knee of his beloved grandmother.

I enjoyed reading this book after my first kayaking trip around D'Urville and found that I was a lot more aware of the Island's history and place names that related to parts in the book during my second trip.

Collection of Sea Kayaker Magazines on Offer

For The Best Offer



A collection of approximately 58 *Sea Kayaker* magazines that were discarded from the local polytechnic library (see cover at left). Issues from April 1998 to October 2008.

The courier freight will be \$30+, and perhaps an offer involving boxes of stamps for KASK admin?

Perhaps best as one 'job' lot. Or if you have some issues missing from your collection?

Email: kayakpc@xtra.co.nz
or phone Paul: (03) 73 11 806

HUMOUR

Older Lady

A little old lady was sitting on a park bench at an Auckland retirement village. A man walked over and sat down on the other end of the bench. After a few moments, the woman asked, "Are you a stranger here?" He replied, "I lived here many years ago."
"So, where were you all these years?"
"In prison," he says.
"Why did they put you in prison?"
He looked at her, and very quietly said, "I killed my wife."
"Oh!" said the woman, "So you're single?"

The Morning Briefing

An Infantry Major was about to start the morning briefing to his staff.

While waiting for the coffee machine to finish its brewing, the Major decided to pose a question to all assembled.

He explained that his wife had been a bit frisky the night before and he failed to get his usual amount of sound sleep. He posed the question of just how much of sex was 'work' and how much of it was 'pleasure?' A Captain chimed in with 75-25% in favour of work. A Lieutenant said it was 50-50%.

A 2nd Lieutenant responded with 25-75% in favour of pleasure, depending upon his state of inebriation at the time. There being no consensus, the Major turned to the Private who was in charge of making the coffee and asked, "What is your opinion Private?"

Without any hesitation, the young Private responded, "Sir, it has to be 100% pleasure." The Major was surprised and, as you might guess, asked why?

"Well, sir," said the Private, "If there was any work involved, the Officers would have me doing it for them." The room fell silent.

God Bless the lower ranks.

The Irish Fisherman

The rain was pouring down. There standing in front of a big puddle outside the pub was an old Irishman, drenched, holding a stick, with a piece of string dangling in the water. A passer-by stopped and asked, "What are you doing?"
"Fishing" replied the old man. Feeling sorry for the old man, the gent says, "Come in out of the rain and have a drink with me."
In the warmth of the pub, as they sip their whiskies, the gentleman, being a bit of a smart ass, cannot resist asking,
"So how many have you caught today?"
"You're the eighth", says the old man.

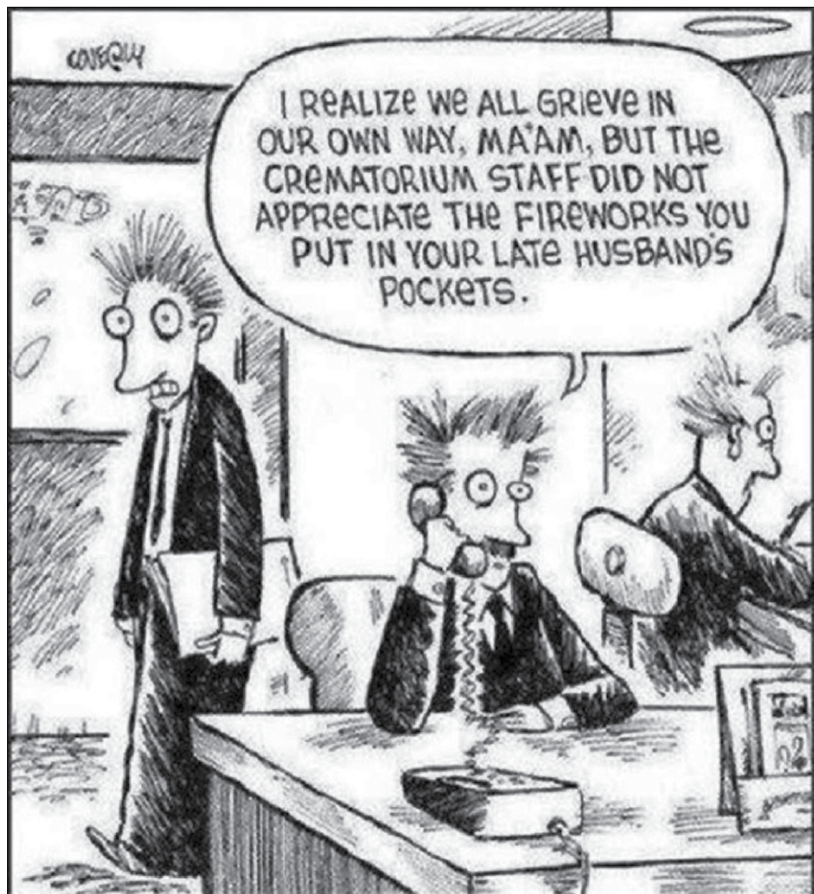
You Can't beat technology.

Hi, Fred,
this is Alan next door. I have a confession to make. I have been riddled with guilt these past few months and have been trying to get up the courage to tell you face-to-face, but I am at least telling you in text as I cannot live with myself a moment longer without you knowing. The truth is

I have been sharing your wife, day and night when you're not around. In fact, probably more than you. I haven't been getting it at home recently, but I know that's no excuse. The temptation was just too great. I can no longer live with the guilt and hope that you will accept my sincerest apologies, and forgive me. It won't happen again. Please suggest a fee for usage, and I'll pay you.
Regards,
Alan.

Fred, feeling so angered and betrayed, grabbed his gun, and shot his neighbor dead. He returned home, poured himself a stiff drink and sat down on the sofa. He took out his phone where he saw a second message from his neighbor, Alan:

Hi, Fred,
this is Alan next door, again. Sorry about the typo on my last text. I expected that you figured it out anyway, and noticed that darned Auto-Correct changed 'wi-fi' to 'wife.' That's today's technology for you, hey!
Regards,
Alan



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.

New Zealand Sea Kayaker is published bimonthly as the official magazine of the Kiwi Association of Sea Kayakers (N.Z.) Inc.

Articles, trip reports, book reviews, equipment reviews, new techniques, letters to the editor, and moments when the word 'Bugger!' was said singularly or often (referred to by some as incidents) are sought to enliven the pages of the newsletter.

Send to:

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Email: kayakpc@xtra.co.nz**

KASK Annual Subscription

\$35 single membership.

\$40 family membership.

\$35 overseas (PDF email newsletter)

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

**KASK Administrator
PO Box 23, Runanga 7841
West Coast**

Payment can be made by direct credit (preferred) to:

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with your name and/or KASK membership number for reference.

Correspondence - Queries and Change of Address to:

**Karen Grant, KASK Administrator
PO Box 23, Runanga 7841
West Coast
or email Karen at:
admin@kask.co.nz**

4th Ed. KASK HANDBOOK OUT OF PRINT

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

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email: info@boatingeducation.org.nz
W: www.boatingeducation.org.nz

New Zealand Search & Rescue

www.nzsar.govt.nz
www.adventuresmart.org.nz
www.beacons.org.nz

Maritime New Zealand

www.maritimenz.govt.nz

KASK Website
kask.org.nz

Photos on opposite page:

John Kirk-Anderson was a guest speaker at a recent NSW Sea Kayak Club Rock 'n Roll weekend held at Currarong, in southern NSW. His report on the weekend will be in the next KASK magazine.

Top right:

Rhys working on his surf breakout technique.

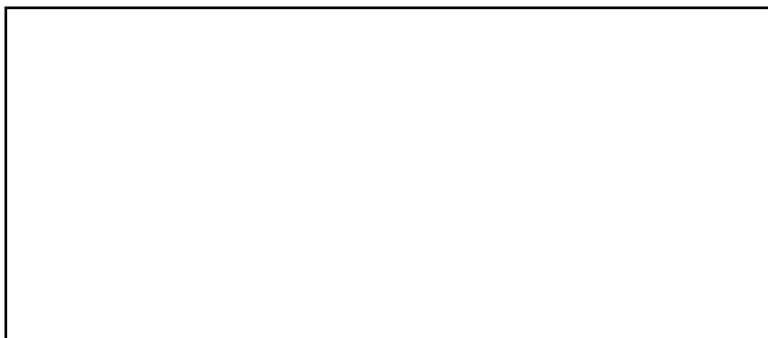
Bottom right:

Triangle of Chaos rock garden training exercise

Both photos: John Kirk-Anderson

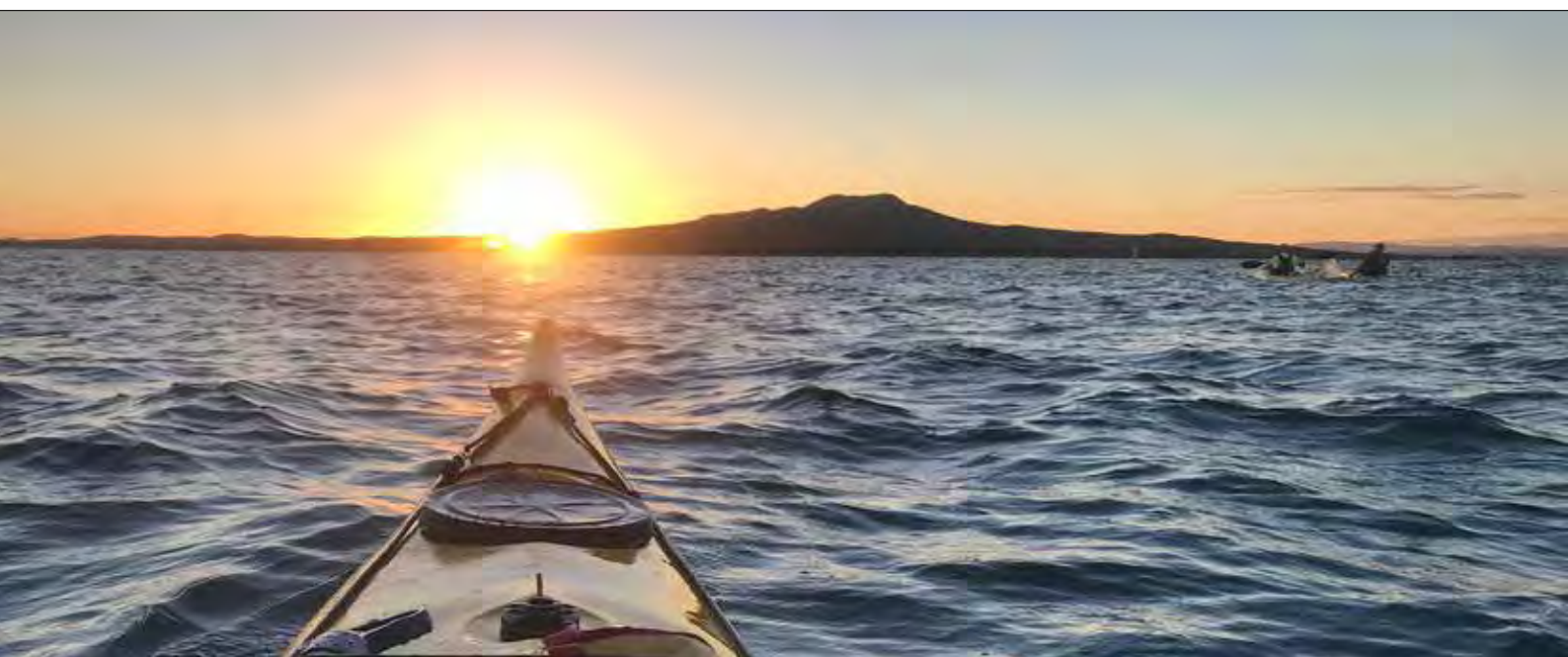


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*Sunrise over Rangitoto Island on 11 March 2018, during a pre-dawn paddle off Auckland's east coast.
Photo: Tim Muhundan*

KASK MEMBERSHIP POLICY

Current membership fees are:

- \$35 for ordinary membership
- for new members \$35
- \$40 for family or joint membership
- \$35 for overseas membership (PDF newsletter only);
- the KASK memberships runs 1 August to 31 July the following year
- a subscription due notice and up to two reminders are sent out with the newsletters between June and October
- if a membership renewal is not received by 30 September, membership lapses
- new members who join between 1 June and 31 July automatically get their membership credited to the following year, receiving a 14 month membership
- the KASK committee puts its emphasis on confirming renewals from existing members from July to October; and promoting new KASK memberships from November to February.