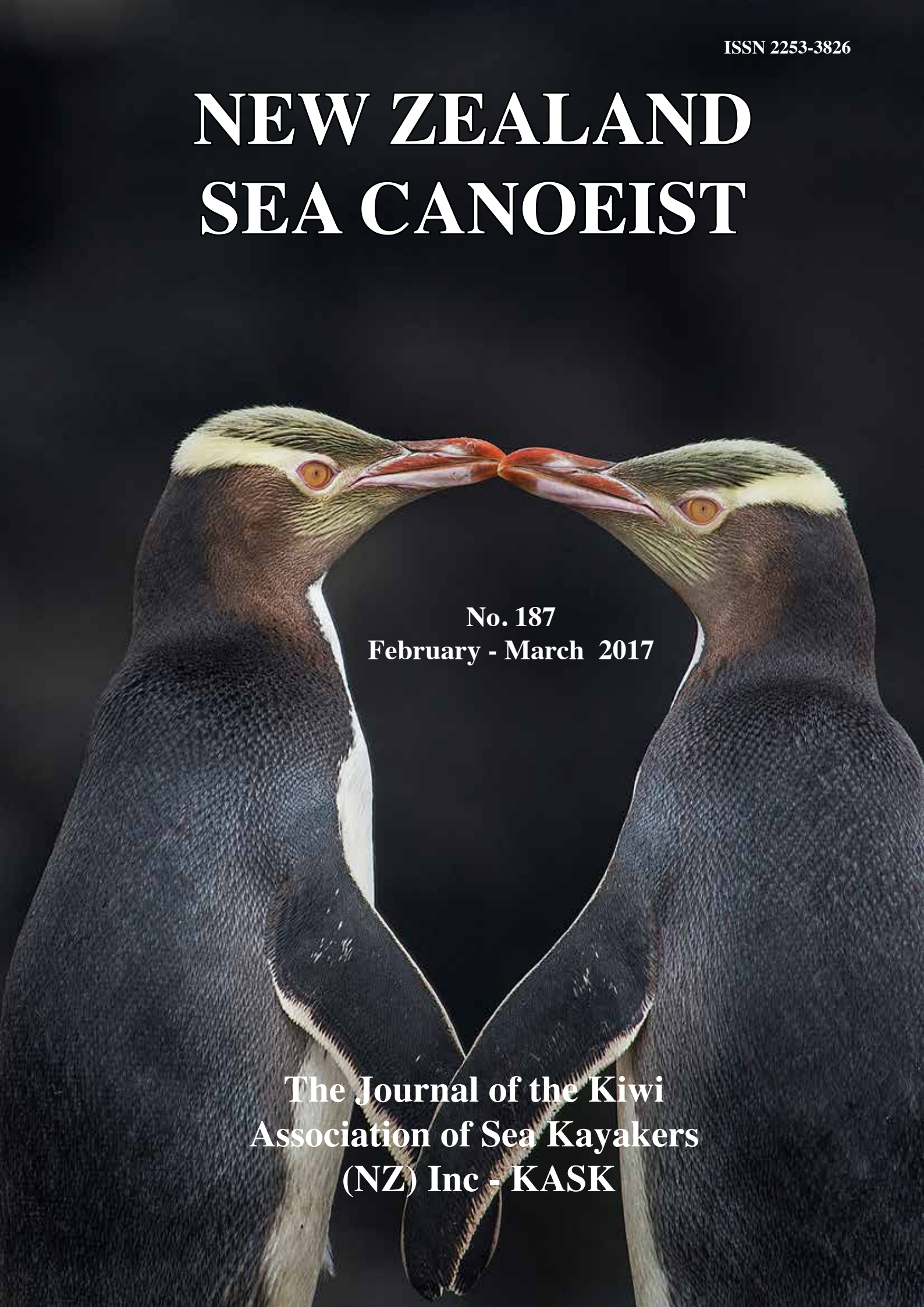


NEW ZEALAND SEA CANOEIST



No. 187
February - March 2017

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



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Deadline for next mag:
25 May 2017

EDITORIAL**KASK Kayak Fest Ponui Island**

Judging by the photos and the feedback, the 2017 Kayak Fest was an outstanding success. A hearty well done to the organizing team, those who ran sessions and did instruction, and all those who attended. Ruth Henderson has provided a 'behind the scenes' view of how much time and effort goes into the planning and preparation for such an event (page 6).

KASK 2017-18

Following the KASK AGM at Ponui Island, the committee for the next 12 months has grown to 10, and president Tim Muhundan has outlined in his March 2017 report what is planned for this next year (page 5).

Fiona and James - the North Island

On 7 March, young English couple Fiona Weatherall and James Corfe landed back on Kohimarama Beach in Auckland, completing their kayak circumnavigation of the North Island.

There to welcome them were Lyn Paterson with partner Jason, Mike Randall and Peter Sommerhalder. It doesn't seem all that long ago now that James and Fi completed their South Island paddle. Their story (page 9) covers the east coast of the North Island and up the west coast as far as Cape Egmont.

Special thanks to Peter and Su Sommerhalder for hosting the couple in Auckland and doing the airport pick up and drop off with the couple and their kayaks.

John Kirk-Anderson

JKA's cover photo of the two penguins is a stunner. As well as being a better than average photographer (high praise from a former Australian) John has written two excellent stories on his first commercial sea kayak-guiding trip to the Sub-Antarctic Islands. The second is on the islands visited and the wildlife seen up close.

His first story is an absolute pearler! With grave concerns about horrific stories of massive seas, south of Bluff, and his fear of sea-sickness, John carried out a research program into what remedies would work best for him. Superb descriptive writing (see page 12).

Vicki McAuley

Hard to believe that 9 February marked 10 years since Andrew McAuley went missing off the Fiordland coast when he was so close to arriving in Milford Sound. I had made an 11 hour overnight drive south to meet him next morning. After dodging some rude TV reporters, Rosco Gaudin and I went out on his motor boat a few kilometres off St Anne Point in a vain attempt to look for Andrew. There was not a lot else we could do.

Ten year later, Rosco again took his boat out to the entrance of Milford Sound, this time with Vicki McAuley and her son Finn on board, to mark the 10th anniversary of Andrew going missing. A nice gesture from Rosco in that Vicki and Finn were able to paddle a double kayak around St Anne Point into the sound.

COVER:

Two yellow-eyed penguins on Enderby Island, Auckland Islands

Photo: John Kirk-Anderson. See John's story on his Sub-Antarctic trip on page 14.

Upper Left: 7 March this year was a special day for Fiona Weatherall and James Corfe. They landed on Kohimarama Beach in Auckland, completing their kayak circumnavigation of the North Island. This remarkable event was celebrated with a cup of hot tea and then bubbles on the beach. Guiding the paddlers in to the beach was a Union Jack flying under a dark sky loaded with heavy storm clouds.
Photo: Peter Sommerhalder

Lower Left: 10 February 2017, our team of six Kiwi paddlers and one from Tasmania, about to head south from Enterprise Bay for the Argentine Islands on the Antarctic Peninsula. From left: Conrad Edwards, Susan Cade, Diana Galbraith, Paul Caffyn in the bow, Bevan Walker in the stern of the double, Geoff Murray and John Gumbley. *Photo: Cath Hew*

I asked Vicki if she could describe her feeling and emotions on this first time back to Milford since 2007, and she has kindly written a moving account – she advised the ‘she shed a few tears whilst writing’ – and having met Andrew on several occasions, I found her words tough going.

Emergency Communications

In the next KASK magazine, a report is in preparation with feedback from paddlers on what emergency communications they carry while paddling. Lists have already received from Evan Pugh, Ruth Henderson, Laraine Hughes and Dennis Hynes, with examples of where their comms have been called into play. If you can contribute with what comms you always carry, either on your PFD or on deck, please email me.

Antarctic Peninsula

On 9 February our team of six Kiwi paddlers and one Taswegian arrived by yacht at Enterprise Bay on the northern end of the Antarctic Peninsula, ready to start our kayaking expedition south. Being the 9th, and as Andrew McAuley had paddled through this area, we broke open our small stash of Irish whisky and toasted Andrew and his adventurous spirit. (More on the trip in the next KASK magazine. See the team on page 2).

Henriette

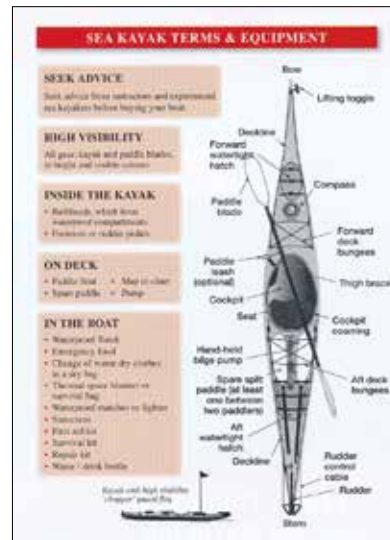
A young German lass, Henriette Beikirch, set off solo in early March from Te Waewae Bay to paddle around Fiordland. I was most impressed with her preparation and research when she called in to the 12 Mile before heading south. The weather certainly has not been the best this summer, but this lass is not

out to set any speed record around Fiordland, but is going to take plenty of time for tiki-touring. After a week on shore north of West Cape, due to big seas, she reached the shelter of Dusky Sound on 4 April. Her inReach two-way satellite communicator allows updates on her progress and for me to send brief marine forecasts.

Safe Sea Kayaking Brochures

New joining members of KASK received a care package from Karen, with the latest *New Zealand Sea Canoeist* magazine, *A Basic Guide to Safe Sea Kayaking* brochure, a trip intention fridge magnet form, an Australian *Paddle Safe* DVD, a waterproof cellphone pouch and a couple of waterproof KASK stickers. Water Safety NZ have re-supplied me recently with 500 of the *A Basic Guide to Safe Sea Kayaking*.

Please advise myself (kayakpc@xtra.co.nz) or Karen Grant (admin@kask.co.nz) if you can do with care packages for handing out to potential new KASK members or your local kayak retailer.



Cover of the six page brochure, with Melz Grant off Cape Egmont; and lower left, page 2 of the brochure.

2016 Rescues

A report in *The Press* with recreational boating accident details from MNZ for 2016 noted a waka crew run down by a powerboat in March, but the one that made me cringe:

In Auckland that same month a yacht towing a fishing line accidentally hooked a kayaker so deep in his finger it couldn't be freed, leading to the kayaker being towed while the yacht's crew were blissfully unaware of the drama.

The kayaker eventually freed the hook using a knife and, bleeding heavily, paddled to shore.

2017 Rescues

In mid March two paddlers were rescued by helicopter off the shore by Nugget Point, near Balclutha. Carriage of two forms of emergency comms allowed a fast and efficient rescue.

Paul Caffyn



Paul in February at the old northern base of the 1934-37 BGLE, Antarctic Peninsula

KASK Committee 2017 - 2018

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KASK

President's Report March 2017 By Tim Muhundan

Wow – so much happened since the last issue. We have had the Annual General Meeting (AGM), we had a very successful paddling event - *KASK Kayak Fest 2017* and we got a new management committee.

I want to start off by welcoming the four new committee members: Peter Brooks, Shaun Maclaren, Steve Flack and Rob Brown. We had our first committee meeting last week with the team of 10 including Paul Caffyn, Lois Cowan, Sandy Ferguson, Ian McKenzie and David Welch plus the new nominees. Following on from the issues raised at the AGM, we addressed our priorities at the first committee meeting. With so much new blood and energy in the team we got to work straight away.

Kayak Fest 2017

I want to thank the 100+ KASK members and first time attendees that came to Kayak Fest 2017. We returned a small profit and even managed to raise \$2,000 from the silent auction for conservation efforts on the island. Thanks to the sponsors *Star Kayaks, Fonterra, ICOM, Canoe and Kayak, Barracuda, Day Two, Rack It Up* and *Invisible Zinc* for getting behind the event.

The anonymous post-event survey of attendees told us that:

- most people learnt of the event from the emailed e-newsletter and Facebook, followed by this magazine and local kayaking clubs – so we will carry on communicating through these channels for the next event
- apart from one respondent all the others found the electronic registration and electronic payment easy – so we will use that again.
- most attendees rated the venue, organisation and catering as either excellent or very good.
- 80% of the attendees found the event better or a lot better than they expected with the remaining 20% finding it just as they expected it.

The respondents also came back to us with numerous suggestions and feedback which we are processing right now.

If you attended the event and have not completed the survey emailed to you on 26/3, please take a moment to click on the link and complete it – it will only take a couple of minutes.

KASK Committee Priority for 2017 / 2018

1. The Event strategy subcommittee:

On the back of the success of the 25th national annual gathering of sea kayakers, Kayak Fest will be the focus of the event team headed by Shaun Maclaren. As part of this process, Shaun has been scouting for a location for the next year's event. The KASK committee supported the plan to have the next event in the Wellington region. Since then we consulted all our members in the Wellington area about running the 2018 event. This week we ran a meeting with about 20 Wellington locals – it is really important that the event is run by people who know the area and can provide the best and a unique experience for Kayak Fest 2018. We now have a team headed by Wellington KASK members. KASK will stand behind the team to ensure 2018 event is a success.

2. Membership subcommittee:

After years of decline, we have reversed the trend of losing members. We want to build on the success of our member retention strategy. With fresh ideas from new members Peter Brooks and Steve Flack (who is also president of the Hawke's Bay Canoe Club), we will be looking at the value proposition of our members

beyond magazines and events as we look to the future. As part of this we will address the concerns raised by current members with the membership system, renewal process and expiry notification as well as what we can do for local clubs. We will also look at other mediums for receiving the Sea Canoeist magazine moving forward with option of receiving the magazine electronically as an emailed PDF starting with the next issue.

3. Sea Kayaking Handbook Sub Committee:

With the previous edition of the handbook out of date and out of print, this has now become a priority. The team will look at getting this back on track as well as addressing the medium that will be used beyond the 'printed book' packaged with new kayaks by retailers.

KASK Strategic Goals for 2017 – 2018

We will continue to maintain ongoing advocacy on behalf of the members (as well as other paddlecraft users, where appropriate) in conjunction with organizations such as Water Safety New Zealand, Maritime New Zealand, Coastguard Boating Education, the National Boating Safety Forum and Department of Conservation. We will continue to establish new channels of communications and relationships with other partnership organisations and clubs related to paddlecraft. As part of this strategy, I will be representing KASK at the Safe Boating Forum in Auckland this week.

Tim Muhundan, President, KASK
tim@kask.org.nz / 021 2767727



KASK KAYAK FEST

Behind the Scenes KASK Kayak Fest 2017 Ponui Island by Ruth E. Henderson

For something to go like clockwork - first you have to wind up the clock! And keep on winding it. Last March, Shaun Maclaren and KASK President Tim Muhundan had a powwow, and invited six others to a meeting on 6 April, so they could share their vision of, 'taking the KASK forum to another level, catering for confident paddlers, at a unique location in the Hauraki Gulf'. Within two hours we were revved up and 'on-board', each with a 'portfolio' and jobs to do.

(See the team photo on page 24)

The team and their roles:

- Chris Breen - Deputy Chair, finance
- Jim Hawkins - sponsors
- Nick Webb - program
- Shelley Stuart - catering
- Shaun Maclaren - Chairman, logistics, safety
- Ruth Henderson - program, instructors
- Pauline Ross - finance, marketing, registration
- Tim Muhundan - KASK President, marketing, registration.

Rotoroa Island was visited and discounted; Ponui seemed ideal and despite some foreseeable challenges, (no roads, no power...) was quickly settled upon. It was game on.

Throughout the year we met every month, mainly at each other's homes - from Howick in the east, to Hobsonville in the west and even paddled over to Kawau Island in the north. Timelines and agendas were made, problems were solved, and disagreements resolved, minutes recorded, duties and deadlines were met.

By early December we had a formidable line up of instructors and program available on-line, some keen sponsors and a healthy number of registrations. We combined a second reconnaissance on Ponui Island with a Yakity Yak club trip as



A mountain of kit and tools for setting up the Kayak Fest.

Photo: Pauline Ross

a trial run and subsequently tweaked a few things. January and February passed in a blur of paperwork and lists: noteworthy was Shaun's epic Event Safety and Risk Plan at 33 pages long; the equipment list which grew and grew - from extension cords, to sledge hammers and whiteboard pens; and the people lists - attendees, car-park attendants, pub quiz groups.

Twenty four hours before the first participants set out from Kawakawa Bay, the event organizing team, plus one honorary member, Shaun's wife, Glenda Ray, arrived with truck and trailer, fizz boat and kayaks. And, no I do not know how many journey's the fizz boat made carrying warratah stakes, to loud speaker systems and stacks of chairs.

Sand bags were filled to muffle the generator noise, projectors and sound systems were installed, Goodie Bags filled, rules and regulation obligations - from marking out a helicopter pad to filling in a hazard board - were met.



The resident donkeys on the island

By Friday lunchtime we were ready - the new KASK flag was raised - we waved and called out a welcoming, "Haere mai," as each pod reached the shores of Ponui Island. Soon the grass and foreshore was covered in colourful tents and kayaks...and queues formed as people added their names to activity lists. The games had begun.

Forty eight hours later, it was, "Haere ra". Pods departed, the catering truck (this time without hiccup), the play-boats, the skin-on-frames and a swag of gear was loaded onto the barge - and the clean-up began, whitetack, staples were removed, posters rolled, a dozen dunnys and every metre of the grounds were scoured. On Monday morning we left one of the jewels in the Hauraki Gulf pristine.

The past 12 months have been a great journey - if you get 'shoulder-tapped' for the next event; grab the opportunity to work with a diverse bunch of people to create something for your kayaking community.



The KASK flag raised - no interest shown by the resident donkeys

KAYAK FEST FEEDBACK



Casey Peterson

From Casey Peterson

The group paddle out to Ponui Island 2017 KASK was my first taste of paddling New Zealand waters shortly after stumbling off the last leg of my long journey from Port Angeles, USA. Long trips and jet lag do strange things to the body and mind, but what I experienced was truly special.

So many wonderful people working collaboratively in groups to hone their sea kayaking skills on and around scenic Ponui Island, a non-stop fun filled weekend. The event was organized so skilfully that each day's events played out exactly as the hard working organizers had planned. What an experience! It was an honour to attend such a great event in such a special location while all camped out on the beach together. The resident donkeys, kiwis and the night time phosphorescence really rounded out the experience for all who attended. Hope to see you all again out on the water!

From David Welch

One of the things that made the Kayak Fest so satisfying was the fact that Ian McKenzie and I had driven all the way from Christchurch to get there. It's a long way, even longer now after the Kaikoura earthquakes closed SH 1 along the coast.

We also arrived at Ponui Island having paddled from Coromandel. It really didn't feel like we were in Auckland at all, except for the fact that the



David Welch providing instruction on using Greenland stick paddles

Sky Tower dominated the view from my tent at night.

As I was facilitating a couple of teaching sessions, I wasn't able to attend one or two other sessions that had caught my interest. There was such a diverse range of topics, both on and off the water, to choose from. It was also good to finally meet a number of people who I had only before either heard of, or connected with on Face Book or similar. A good net-working opportunity.

Sunday afternoon and with farewells said, we returned to Coromandel with a steady SW tail wind. The weather didn't hold for the rest of the week so our additional paddling was curtailed a little, but I think the journey north was well worth it. Thanks folks.

Feedback from Andy Harding

Friday dawned with the sun shining and little wind as promised by the KASK entertainment committee. We turned up at Kawakawa Bay to unload the kayaks from cars and pack with gear ready for the 5 km paddle over to Ponui Island, base-camp for the next couple of days. The food truck and *Canoe and Kayak's* ute were loaded onto the barge. As high tide approached midday, the attack began, with pods of approximately 10 people paddling over to the island. Local people and tourist slowed down to see the sight, with approximately 70 kayaks lined up ready for the off.

We were greeted at Ponui Island by the kayak controllers, (Shelly and Pauline waving us in to a specific area just like at an airport). On arrival we checked in and were shown where to pitch tents. The rest of the afternoon was a mixture of setting up camp and socializing, until we all got the call for the official welcome from the committee.

From this point the official programme started, the usual husbandry about camp and do's and don'ts while guests on the island. Registration started for the upcoming on water activities followed by an evening meal of chicken sausages and salads all done to perfection by the caterers.

The evening was spent with a pub quiz in the main hall of the camp. Late arrivals, those that worked or were stuck in traffic, arrived throughout the evening, guided in by a set of lights that had been set up - the only problem at low tide, the water in the camp bay receded by about 150 m so it was a long boat carry.

Saturday dawned bright and sunny everybody up for breakfast. Then we had a talk from David Chamberlain one of the original island owner's descendents who still lives and works the island farm - and had allowed us to use the site. He spoke of the history of the island and present day inhabitants mainly donkeys, sheep, and about 2,500 kiwi. These are spread throughout the island and he called them 'mungrells' as they



Andy Harding

are descended from interbred kiwi from all over NZ)

Then onto activities the first hour being land based with either an exercise programme, talks from epic trips or injury prevention. This was followed by a two hour on water session - you picked from various activities ranging from, basic control of the kayak, using hips to steer, rock gardening safely, different paddling techniques, rescues, through to rolling your kayak. A lunch break followed, with a packed lunch supplied by the caterers. This then led to another two hour water session doing a different activity of your choice from the list. After this it was shower / socialise time followed by evening meal. We then had a couple of talks, one from Lynn 'Red' Paterson (just completed the circumnavigation of the NZ coast) and Mike Dawson adventure kayaker and Olympian, on



Rob Howarth appreciated by his 'Hips, Hips, Hips' session paddlers.

Photo: Ian McKenzie

how he spends his time navigating some of the wildest waters around the world and training for the Olympics.

Sunday dawned a bit cloudy but dry again. Breakfast was followed by a one hour land based activity, again injury prevention, exercise or a talk on a kayaking based activity. Following this a two hour on water session of your choice from the list, then back to camp for lunch and start to pack up the camp and load kayaks ready for the return journey to Kawakawa Bay. An official finish to the weekend followed, then

a return journey in pods again over to the mainland and cars. The wind had got up and was blowing about 20 knots so with loaded kayaks it made good practice for the paddling skills learned over the weekend in the rolling seas.

May I say on behalf of attendees, a big thank you to the organizing committee for a most enjoyable and skill building weekend, one of the best weekends I have attended with plenty of choice in activities, thoroughly enjoyed by all. The caterers did an amazing job with a selection of excellent food cooked and served to perfection.

From Lynn Paterson

I need to say a huge 'Thank You,' to everybody at the KASK Kayak Fest 2017 on the magical Ponui Island, it was a privilege to attend and really great to talk with so many keen and fun kayakers.

To the committee, thank you for this extremely well organized event, no simple task, also not forgetting to mention the brilliant timing of the great weather.

To everyone involved, I am incredibly humbled by the award that I was presented with. What can I say but 'WOW' this was truly unexpected? Thanks to you all. See you on the water.



Deb Volturno had us doing the 'Bracing Conga' on the beach preparing for her 'Ocean White Water' session. Photo: Ian Mackenzie

INSTRUCTION

Okains Bay February 2017 By Ian McKenzie

The 18/19 February Okains Bay training weekend was forecast to be a little damp, weather wise that is, with an easterly wind. The intention for the weekend was however to 'Immerse People in kayaking Experiences and Enthusiasm', so there was already a guarantee of getting wet!

Once out of the mist on the Summit Road and down the steep hill into Okains Bay, the weather was mild and rain insignificant. The wind provided a great range of surf conditions for learning to brace and for at least one 'endo' out in the bigger stuff. A well-timed high tide also meant the Opara Stream estuary was viable for teaching rescues & paddle strokes. Thirty people attended the weekend, all fitting into the large shelter tent & awning for daily briefings.

A Saturday evening presentation on kayak clothing was given by Daniel Farber and a discussion held on CSKN and KASK. On water coaching was provided by David Welch, Doug Aitken, Martin & Fiona Fraser & Ian McKenzie & on Sunday Ian gave a dry run of the Heel Hook self-



My what big teeth you have! Not a polar bear skull, but a Leopard seal skull. Photos: Bevan Walker



NEW ZEALAND TRIP REPORTS

Fiona Weatherall and James Corfe Around the North Island

text and photos by Fi and James

I don't know if you heard - but we just paddled the North Island!

"Why?" Is the question so many asked us. We could never answer this. "Why not?" was our standard reply. I think people honestly thought we were mad for doing this. But at the same time we honestly thought THEY were mad for asking us why! I'm not gonna lie, spending 12 non stop hours paddling a sea kayak forward most days gets really, really boring sometimes!

Anybody who knows James and me well enough might seriously wonder why / how on earth we do it - we can rarely sit still on a sofa for ten minutes? Surely there's so many 'funnier' things we could spend our time and short concentration spans doing? Yes, there are lots more 'fun' things we could be doing. But there's something very meaningful and special about long sea kayak expeditions



Lynn Paterson greeting Fi and James after their successful paddle



Back home in Wales; last chaotic day of packing before Fi and James flew out for New Zealand

that other sports haven't given me to such a strong extent. There's so, so, so much more to it than simply the paddling forwards part.

Two years back, as we stood in a daze at Sumner lifeboat station, we did a quick reality check, yep we were still alive, no broken bodies, no broken boats, and no we weren't dreaming, we had actually survived the South Island seas! We had no intention at this point of actually coming back and paddling the North Island coast though!

Paul Caffyn and Tara Mulvany (both total legends!) were the only two successful complete North Island expeditioners at that point. They had both asked us with a grin, "North Island next then?" We weren't ultimately psyched - I won't lie! We had some close shaves on the South Island's West Coast - it pushed everything we could do and handle to the limit.

Tara and Paul kindly let us know the South Island's west coast was NOTHING compared to what they experienced on the North Island's crazy west coast surf. Great how reassuring and confidence inspiring! They told thrilling but scary stories of relentless massive surf landings and terrifying harbour entrances. It sounded like it might be more like a horror story than an enjoyable expedition!

But a small spark was kindled inside us - we were intrigued. Another harder more impossible challenge that might kill us again? Yay! As time quickly passed back in the UK, we longed and craved for the simple life on the sea again. We also longed

for another epic challenge. I longed for something that would capture my 100% motivation, focus, purpose, determination and attention. Something that would scare me shitless and push me further than I'd been. What was I really capable of doing in a sea kayak? I wanted to see, try, experience, learn, fail at things, find out what could be done, and importantly learn more about that massive wild blue powerful almighty thing called the ocean. The North Island would give us all this for sure.

So it was decided, very simply and quickly, we would do it! Somehow, save up some money and just go and do it! Once more we had that ultimate drive and focus - into the sea we would go again! A new road map was glued to the bedroom wall, with notes been added, we went and trained when and where we could, seeing what surf we could get smashed in and survive!

On 29 November, we were helped from the airport to the sea by some lovely local kayakers, Peter and Su Sommerhalder, and off we paddled into the sea. We turned right from the bay outside Auckland and we were keeping New Zealand on our right once more. Incredible emotions of excitement mixed with fear engulfed us! Long term weather predictions had given a high chance of La Niña weather patterns developing over the North Island this summer, bringing warm north-easterly winds and generally quite good paddling weather. A high pressure La Niña system sat over the North Island for our first week. It was an amazing start to the expedition. We had light winds, no swell and warm pleasant temperatures.

We cruised in the great weather down the Coromandel coast, enjoying absolutely incredible coastal scenery, all different rock types forming amazing features and endless remote beaches and bays to easily land and camp on. It seemed we were on a holiday rather than a gnarly sea kayak expedition!

After this first amazing week though, the weather gradually started to dete-



Fi and James on a long overnight paddle

riorate. We found ourselves crawling into annoying 15 knot winds for the next week, and rain! Eventually they switched to tail winds! Hurrah! But strong tail winds - they were forecast at 25 knots, but the gusts were stronger. Whizzing along at 10 kms per hour was fun, but the gusts were almost ripping our paddles out of our hands.

For the next while we had a mixture of 25 knot tail and side winds making reasonable distances when we could but also often having to stop early as the winds would be hooning out of harbours and bays, being funnelled and stronger making it impossible to cross. We would just go backwards! One of our more scary crash landings occurred as the wind went incredibly mad one day and we were unable to control our boats at all!

We rounded the East Cape, a great moment and a real majestic awe inspiring cape to paddle around. Mentally, we found it a great motivator to split the trip into chunks and see it as seven mini-expeditions rather than one huge one! It motivated us that each day on the big map we could see when our next checkpoint was getting closer.

Whereas if we tackled the trip as one, it would have been hard to see progress happening each day. East Cape was our first checkpoint and we were rewarded with a great awesome feeling to be there rounding it! From East Cape we now paddled south, and this stretch gave some of the best coastal scenery of the trip - truly breathtaking limestone arches caves and stacks.

We enjoyed some reasonable weather making good progress down the awesome coastline, rounding the Mahia Peninsula and gradually passing through Hawke Bay. We were starting to feel stronger and fitter and were upping the mileage, pushing longer and harder each day as we could.

Pushing on we did, and finally after a horrible bugger of a crawl into 20 knot headwinds (we both refused to give up!) we rounded Cape Kidnappers, our next checkpoint. We had now entered the remote south-east part - we now call this part 'sand land!'

The weather deteriorated with gale force southerlies and heavy swells pounded the coast keeping us battered down on land, changing to gale-force offshore winds that were whizzing mini tornados out to sea, but at least flattening off the swell! The weather patterns would give us day or two of calm between the southerly/northerly storms to get distance.

This stretch of the coast is pretty remote. It was also mostly very hot, dry, arid sand cliffs with nothing green to be seen for miles. This made finding drinking water extremely hard, often having to go on long searches for drinking water at the end of the day. We became inventive at finding a tiny pool of water in a dried up streambed, and with a bit of digging, redesigning the dry sandy stream bed to create a small moving drop of water. We survived and never got ill - somehow!



The mates from England who tracked Fi and James down



Waiting near Cape Paliser for six metre swells to subside

Making distance when we could, we were treated to one of the best surprises of the trip, our mates from England hunted us down on a remote beach! Picnic feast and beers were the order, in an incredible random, unforgettable night! Sadly an overnight storm quickly dampened our spirits as we awoke to howling winds roaring out the valley and literally ripping our entire tent to shreds! Friends to the rescue helpfully replaced our tent!

When the winds eventually eased we were off again, eventually reaching the sheltered landing of Castle Point. Waiting out another storm there, we left the sheltered cove into a rough three meter swell. It was due to ease all day and we felt happy that 12 hours later it should be cool to land - but it didn't ease so much or at all really! At 7:00 pm the swell was still really big, crashing heavily into the reef littered shoreline, with a 15 knot offshore wind making it bigger. We were treated with the scariest surf landing of the whole of New Zealand for us!

The waves were huge, powerful and breaking in horrible reefs all over the place! I was terrified! I made a dash for it first, mad sprints backwards, forwards, left and right and got away with a dry run! Looking back on my head camera footage, there was a lot of swearing though! Looking out at the huge waves exploding on reefs around Jame's tiny kayak was terrifying! Luckily with perfectly timed sprints, he dodged the carnage and survived also!

As we continued south by Cape Paliser the weather got even worse! We were now treated to 60 knot winds and six metre swells, staying



Early morning on the west coast of the North Island

on land for a while - it was mental. Eventually we got moving, rounded the southern tip of the North Island (another checkpoint!) and started paddling our way north. Now we worked out it should only have been about six days paddling to get to New Plymouth, but it took us nearly a month!

We were bombarded with relentless 25 knot north-westerly winds making progress impossible. This was by far the worst part of the expedition. It got quite depressing to be honest! Occasionally the winds would ease to 15 knots and we reckoned we could get distance, only to get on the sea and with a seemingly constant south-going current, we would end up going backwards! We battled on for a month, down days only doing 5 kms, paddling whenever we could.

Eventually we passed Cape Egmont and the winds almost miraculously disappeared and started helping us! Another checkpoint done! Now ahead of us lay the crux of New Zealand, that was waiting for us! As I got out of my boat, Sarah, one of my best mates came running up to me and hugged me! I was a little bewildered. How was she here? I thought we were in the middle of nowhere? I couldn't quite believe it!

It turned out they had been on a stalking mission all day with their binoculars trying to find us!! It didn't take me and James much convincing

that we would just stay there for the night. An epic feast and beers with our mates that night was had, a totally random and unforgettable evening!

The storms returned overnight. Lying in our tent at night, listening to the sea, we could tell how big the surf was, how many lines of breakers, the kind of waves breaking, the cleanness of the sets and how far offshore they were breaking.

We generally knew the answer if we could get out through it, before looking - almost every single night. We would wake up automatically at high tide, we seemed to have an internal high tide body clock! We could tell the strength of the wind by looking at the speed of the low clouds moving over the hills - we could tell you the exact size of the swell in relation to how many strokes it took me to paddle over a wave! - we were so tuned into the swell and weather, we would notice any single tiny change in angle/size/strength immediately



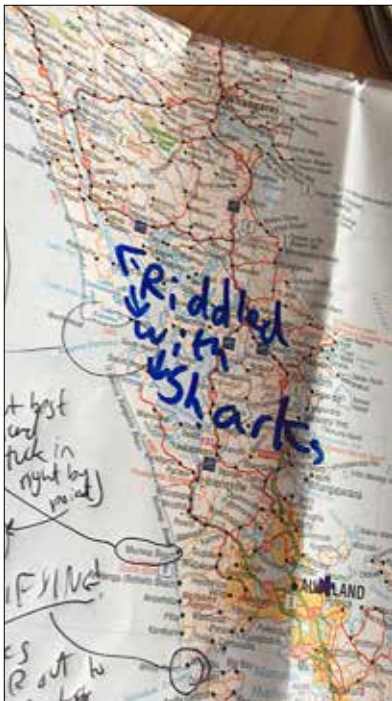
A broken paddle repair

We had become almost a part of nature, so connected, almost living and breathing the swells and the winds, noticing everything subconsciously and consciously. I miss this a lot.

Life was simple - the further along the biro cross was placed on our road map, the more success in life and happy we felt. Eating a huge bowl of pasta, with one carrot and half an onion, after a good day paddling, was ultimate happiness. Life's greatest worries were, 'Where will I land tonight?' 'Where will I get fresh water?' 'How strong is the wind going to be?' Small worries really in the big wide world.

We would spend forever staring up at a magical star-filled sky in the middle of the night - finding a clear running river we could swim in was total elation, a naked waterfall shower was like winning the lottery! - money didn't matter, every two weeks we would buy our food and that was it - \$30 - done. It seems a simple, natural, adventurous way of life.

(I'll be leaning on James and Fiona for a 2nd installment of their paddle up the west coast of the North Island for the next KASK magazine).



Tara Mulvany's notes for Fi and James on Kaipara Harbour

HEALTH

TRAINING FOR THE SUB-ANTARCTIC

(sea sickness remedies)

by John Kirk-Anderson

"Ummm, where are you going?" The question from the pharmacist was fair. I had a prescription for six different motion-sickness medications and I probably didn't look like an astronaut!

It was too complicated to explain that:

- I was going down to the Southern Ocean
- I had been filled with horror stories on the conditions to be expected
- I have previously been so sick I couldn't function
- I wanted to test medications for efficacy and side effects
- and I did NOT want to get sick this time.

As well as taking the pharmaceutical approach, I spoke to a friend who is an aerobatic pilot. Bill has the mind of an engineer and thinks very carefully about problems and how to overcome them.

One of his concerns with his hobby of chucking his aircraft around the sky is maintaining his standards when he is not flying and avoiding motion sickness is one of those issues.

To that end he has taken to visiting playgrounds, and taking advantage of the spew-inducing potential of the humble merry-go-round! He explained how once he was spinning he would twist his head around to confuse his balance-controlling inner ear, and with conditioning he became impervious to motion-sickness.

My first foray to a playground near my home was very short lived. A couple of teenagers staring into each other's eyes was not the best audience for my experiment with nausea. A middle-aged man stumbling around heaving would be a nasty



The Vomit Stick

interruption to young love and so I slunk away.

My next trip didn't last much longer. The first challenge was working out how to use the new-fangled version of the merry-go-round, which was very different to the brightly-coloured ones from my childhood. This one looked like the offspring of a dancing pole that shagged a Steam-punk flower! I gingerly climbed onto the thing, worked out how to use my body position to get spinning, looked up at the sky and fell off!

I'd lasted less than 10 seconds and couldn't believe how bad I felt. I truly thought I was going to throw-up and shit myself at the same time.

I crawled to a nearby table and spent quite some time with my head buried in my arms, trying to keep myself together, literally.

Not one to give up lightly, I didn't go near the hideous machine for a long time, managing to find excuses every time Bill enquired about progress.

The bloody thing taunted me, as it was just across the road and I saw it every time I left home. Watching

kids playing on it burnt me to the core and I finally plucked up courage to face my tormentor.

The second time wasn't quite so bad, and I lasted about a minute. I kept returning, and concentrated on controlled breathing while spinning around and wobbling my head.

I half expected a psychiatric emergency team to turn up, stun guns and straitjackets ready, like something from a Gary Larsen cartoon.

Internet forums were dark with stories of people having horrible side-effects from using sea sickness medications, and I wanted to try them out before discovering in the Southern Ocean that I turned into an axe murderer when under the influence.

The first one I tried out was the *Scopoderm* patches, as they are often rated as one of the most effective, but also with the worst side-effects.

A small self-adhesive patch is placed behind the ear, which slowly releases medication through the skin. They last for three days and need to be applied several hours before travel. The active ingredient is Hyoscine, which blocks signals in the brain that lead to vomiting.

I quickly developed a very dry mouth, a common side-effect. Apart from that I felt fine, so I went to have a liaison with the 'Vomit Stick', as I took to calling my playground friend. Spinning around like a child, I felt fine so the *Scopoderm* passed the test.

Next I tried *Paihia Bombs*, a two pill medication made by the Paihia Pharmacy that can be ordered over the phone after talking to the staff. The ingredients are a little unclear, which causes doctors some concern, but they have a good reputation.

Their fact sheet reads:

The tablet contains an antihistamine effective against motion sickness. The capsule contains caffeine and hyoscine. The caffeine counteracts the drowsiness that may be caused by the antihistamine, while the

hyoscine is an anti-nauseant.

This seemed to work just as well, but also with a dry mouth. The trial on the Vomit Stick was similar to the *Scopoderm*.

Still very concerned about getting sick, I then decided to try both medications together, as I thought there was a distinct possibility that I could end up double-dosing while on the trip.

This is obviously not recommended, as I would be having twice the dose of Hyoscine, but I wanted to discover if this was something I really needed to stay away from.

I have never used alcohol or drugs, and I think very hard before I use even ibuprofen, so this was a very radical step for me.

I did the test while on a few days off work, so I wouldn't be driving or dealing with other people. The results were interesting. I felt slightly 'buzzy' and had a dry mouth, and the Vomit Stick was a joke. I got bored.

However, Mary, my wife, said that I would be a nasty drunk! She noticed that I was snappy and a little disconnected, which was a concern.

On the Sub-Antarctic trip I used *Scopoderm* patches throughout, and never once felt unwell. I grew to like the rolling of the ship, and took pleasure in learning to walk straight in a swaying corridor.

I didn't really notice a dry mouth, but my vision was slightly blurry, I was a little sleepy, and I think I was a bit mentally-dull. I base that on having trouble spelling while filling out a journal, which concerned me. I worked on navigation problems in my head to check, and I could do them okay so I'm not certain, maybe I was just having stupid issues.

Twice the patches came off from pulling on a drysuit so I tried keeping them on using sports tape, and comment was passed on me trying to strap my head together!

After talking with two doctors on board, they could think of no reason the patches had to be placed behind the ear as they release their medication into the blood stream, not directly into the brain.

After that I placed them on my inner upper arm, and ran a band of tape around to hold them in place. They seemed to work, so maybe it was the placebo-effect all along.

I did wonder if I should stop using them after a few days at sea, as I felt very comfortable on the moving ship, something that has never been the case before. I decided that taking the chance simply wasn't worth it, as a sick kayak guide would have been no use.

How useful was spinning around on a child's playground toy?

I truly don't know, but I'll be going back to see how the anti-nausea effects have lasted.

Maybe I can yet terrify young lovers seeking a quiet place. Their mothers would probably thank me!



After another stomach-churning episode on the 'vomit stick', JKA struggles to decide whether to use the traditional finger down the throat technique, or let nature take its course.

Overseas Reports

Paddling in the Sub-Antarctic Islands

by John Kirk-Anderson

All photos by JKA - see also cover photo and page 23

What a way to spend Christmas Day! Surrounded by a raft of curious Snares Crested penguins, with Hooker's sea lions challenging each other on a nearby wave platform, my fellow paddler Mike and I could have been the only humans on the planet.

We were at The Snares in the Southern Ocean, 200 kilometres south of the South Island, and I was there as a kayak guide for Heritage Expeditions, a Christchurch-based company that run trips to isolated areas of the globe on the *Spirit of Enderby*, a former Russian research vessel:

<http://www.heritage-expeditions.com/cruises-expeditions-in-subantarctic-islands-voyages/>

The ship can carry 50 passengers. They come for many reasons, and from many places. On this trip, there were keen birders, botanists were common, and wildlife photographers added to the mix. They were mainly from New Zealand, Australia and the United States, but a Belgian and a couple from Israel were among the group.

The reason I was in this remote part of New Zealand was due to Max Grant, who, with wife Margaret and daughter Melz, had been on a previous expedition to the Sub-Antarctic Islands with Heritage. When they contacted him looking for a kayak guide he recommended me.

The Sub-Antarctic Islands are a collection of UNESCO World Heritage Sites between New Zealand and Antarctica. We visited The Snares, the Auckland Islands and Campbell Island, all of which are New Zealand territories, and Macquarie Island, which is Australian. Due to their

pristine environments, they are heavily protected and access is restricted.

In the time between being offered the job and departing, I learned as much as I could about the area (big seas, lots of wildlife, very isolated), got some more recent and relevant experience in driving boats (30 years previously I had hammered assault boats onto beaches during army training), tried to learn some Russian (the 22 crew on the vessel are Russian), and researched and trained to avoid sea sickness (see separate story p12).

I was joining seven other staff on-board, including Expedition Leader Rodney Russ, who started the business 30 years ago after working in the Sub-Antarctic islands with the Wildlife Service. The Hotel Manager, Jessie, was very gracious as she explained how the bar functioned, after I admitted that I had never worked behind one and had barely been in front of one. A botanist, she was also permitted to collect plant samples from the Auckland Islands for further study in NZ.

My fellow guides were an amazing bunch; Lisle was a bird expert, and his knowledge and observational ability was matched only by his humour, which often had us clutching our sides in laughter.

Chris described himself as a generalist and his short history lessons on the area were much appreciated by the passengers, and also by his fellow guides, who promptly pinched them. He also proved irresistible to sea lions, who twice gave him gentle love-bites as he ushered passengers ashore past their colonies.

Steph was completing a PhD in seabird ecology, and in vain she tried to teach me the subtle differences in bird identification as they hurtled past the vessel. The two chefs, Ed and Alain, were simply magicians. They managed to serve restaurant-quality food without fail, despite the sea conditions. I put weight on while aboard, and I blame them.

On this trip I only had three paddlers, Mike, from Australia, and



The Spirit of Enderby departing the port of Bluff with kayaks lashed down securely

Margaret and Vijay from the USA. They all advised me early on that they were not really dedicated kayakers but it was simply an option they wanted to have. We had previously discussed their paddling experience and I had arranged for Mike to attend an instruction course to raise his skill. My first task on boarding the vessel was to get the kayaks from storage in the hold and check all the equipment. It was all very good gear in perfect condition and had been stored well. The kayaks were *Prijon Kodiak* singles and *Poseidon* doubles; there were *Werner* paddles, *Stohlquist* PFDs and drysuits, and neoprene pogies.

As I wasn't sure what I would find on board, I had taken all my own gear, including a plastic Necky *Chatham 16*. It wasn't used, and I paddled in a *Poseidon* with Mike. Before leaving Bluff, at the south of the South Island, the kayaks were well secured on deck. Waves had swept this deck before so I had to check them often.

On the journey south I was told it was unlikely we would be able to paddle at The Snares, as the sea-state is sometimes so bad that launching the Zodiac boats is impossible, but Christmas Day dawned flat calm and out the porthole the islands beckoned. Margaret and Vijay opted to go on a Zodiac cruise, but Mike was dead keen to paddle. A Zodiac was lowered over the side of the ship then the kayak was passed down and held alongside as we climbed in.



A Hooker's Sea Lion checks out a paddle, with Snares Crested penguins ashore on North-East Island, The Snares.

Dipping my paddle into the waters made me smile. I still couldn't quite believe it was really happening, as it seemed amazing to be at this isolated piece of rock in the Southern Ocean. Landing is prohibited on The Snares, such is their pristine environment. It has never had introduced predators, which must be one of the few such places in the world.

Soon we were alone, with the *Spirit of Enderby* moored around a headland and the cruising Zodiacs out of sight. We paddled quietly through the clear waters, marvelling as the wild inhabitants went about their day. Penguins approached to about one metre on the surface, but were braver under water, coming right up to our hull. Sea lions were more curious, frequently swimming right up to our paddles. One tried to nibble my elbow, but didn't pursue the attack when I ignored it.

The benign conditions allowed for exploration deep into a sea cave, with the waves gurgling over rocks in the darkness. Paddling quietly through a long archway, which opened into a mirror-calm bay, we were joined by the Zodiacs as we went around to the famed 'Penguin Slope'.

This is a long slope of bare rock where penguins land through the swell before beginning a long slog up to their colonies high up the

hill in the vegetation. Some of them had very poor timing and face-plants were common. They seemed unperturbed, and simply shook their heads before starting to climb.

The unexpectedly benign conditions meant Rodney extended the pick-up time, and Mike and I continued exploring the shore, leaving behind the Zodiacs bristling with cameras. Once back aboard we prepared for the voyage to Enderby Island, part of the Auckland Islands, 280 kilometres south. One of the most important tasks was checking everyone's footwear, clothing and equipment for dirt and seeds. Take a look at your typical outdoor gear and you'll realize how much Velcro there is, all of which can hide seeds. This was a vital task, and was completed before every landing, as the risk of introducing alien plants to these pristine environments was very real.

None of my paddlers were planning to kayak at Enderby, with a walk around the island their preferred choice. As a result I was soon grabbing Zodiacs as they landed through a low surf and holding them while passengers disembarked. Being the 'new boy' and having a drysuit made this inevitable, but I actually found it a lot of fun. Walking passengers past Hooker's sea lions on the beach was also fun, as ignoring an aggressive animal with big, dirty teeth was

an exercise in mental control. Pretending that they weren't there while being very aware of their distance was the trick, as responding to them simply made them more likely to close in.

The walk around Enderby Island was simply stunning. It was hard to believe the quantity of wildlife, most of which simply ignored us. Yellow-eyed penguins wandered past as photographers sometimes struggled because they were too close for their lenses to focus.

Sea lions appeared out of the tussock at our approach, often large males who had lost the beach-front battles to form harems. These animals, weighing around 400 kilograms, were heavily scarred and had faces only a mother could love.

A rata forest, with an understory of tropical-looking mega-herbs, seemed completely out of place, made even more weird by penguins nesting amongst it.

Looking at the coastline and a map, I couldn't help but think about kayaking around the island, a distance of about 14 kilometres. It would be a rare day when this was possible due to the prevailing westerly swell, but who knows?

The planned stop, and paddle, in Carnley Harbour at the southern end of Auckland Island, was a casualty of the weather, with 30 knots blasting



Male Hooker's sea lion with some of his harem, Sandy Bay, Enderby Island, Auckland Islands.



An Elephant Seal wakes from his slumber, Macquarie Island

out as we motored in. With water too deep for safe anchoring in the narrow confines, we turned and headed towards our next stop, Australia's Macquarie Island, 500 kilometres to the south-west.

On this leg the Southern Ocean gave us a taste of the conditions it was re-

nowned for, as we punched into a 50 knot sou'wester and six-metre seas. Moving around the ship was an exercise in balance, and many of the passengers didn't come down for meals, instead holing up in their cabins.

During the night it seemed like my cabin was possessed, with things moving of their own volition. I placed pillows at both ends of my bunk, as I spent the time sliding backwards and forwards. A huge crash announced all the paddling gear, including six split paddles, being thrown off a bunk onto the floor. Rather than risk being injured, I decided to leave the mess until morning and the whole lot spent the night sliding around, which wasn't exactly melodious.

Later, while paddling off Sandy Bay, on Macquarie Island, the previously wild conditions were marked only by a low surf and a 20 knot off-shore wind. This had the effect of limiting the area we could paddle, as there was only a narrow band between the surf

and the wind-shadow from the land. Nature played out in front of paddlers Vijay and Margaret, who watched as Giant Petrels, large seabirds with a needle-like tip on the end of a very strong beak, killed and ate a penguin. By the time Mike and I paddled over it, had been reduced to its component parts.

After lunch we went ashore and I had an Australian ranger, who was a sea kayaker at home and very keen to get out with us, burst out laughing at the incredulous look on my face as I watched Royal and King penguins waddle along the beach, completely unconcerned by the humans amongst them. "First time here?" she asked. There are more than one million penguins and 80,000 elephant seals on the island, and it supports 3.5 million breeding seabirds.

The long haul north-east to Campbell Island, 700 kilometres distant, was very gentle, especially by Southern Ocean standards. A lazy swell pushed us along, and the water

A Southern Royal Albatross on its nest, Col Lyall, Campbell Island



was often oily-calm. Birders spent their time watching the many different pelagic seabirds cruising around while photographers tried to balance while holding telephoto lenses.

Steph took Chris, Jessie and me for yoga sessions in the lecture room, and she quickly adapted her poses to low-level ones that avoided the risk of falling as the ship rolled.

The weather had turned again on our arrival at Campbell Island, with most of the options, including kayaking, being stopped by the wind, rain, and cold temperatures. It was decided that a walk up a boardwalk to Col Lyall, where many Southern Royal Albatross were nesting, was the best option. Somehow the weather suited the location, as the wild land seemed perfect while lashed by rain.

The scene was enhanced by the serene albatross sitting on their nests. Despite knowing that they had wingspan of 3.5 metres, which meant they were big, it was only when lying down at their level among the mega-herbs, on a windswept island far from mainland New Zealand, that I truly appreciated them for the wondrous creatures they are.

The next day, our last at the island, was flat calm and sunny so we launched the kayaks and paddled around the shallow bays of Perseverance Harbour. The buildings from the now-deserted Meteorological Station were the most recent signs of a history of human habitation on the islands, which had been a base for sealers, a

farm and one of the locations for the Coastwatchers, men who maintained a wartime vigil for enemy vessels.

The harbour is also the location of 'The World's Loneliest Tree', a Sitka Spruce believed planted in 1906, and the only true tree on the island. It's a relic from a time when farming and forestry were thought of as a good use for the islands, long before we came to appreciate wild places for their own magic, and their increasing rarity.

It was a real privilege to visit these islands, and I truly hope we can preserve them for the future.

If we can do this, the amazing flora and fauna will have a chance to show what nature can do without us meddling.

The only risk is getting laughed at by an Australian while standing on a penguin-covered beach with a goofy look on your face!

JKA on an earlier Fiordland paddle



'The World's Loneliest Tree', a Sitka Spruce believed planted in 1906, in Perseverance Harbour on Campbell Island

Overseas Reports

West Island Bits

March 2017

by Dave Winkworth

Paddling Alone – or in a Group?

This subject was well written up in a recent issue of the *NZ Sea Canoeist* by numerous well-credentialed paddlers - and it made fascinating reading indeed. I'm sure there was something in there for everyone.

And just recently the same exercise was undertaken by NSW paddlers in the most recent issue of *SALT*, the magazine of the NSW Sea Kayak Club. Again there were many well-reasoned arguments for and against paddling alone or in a group.

I'd just like to briefly take this issue a little further and explore solo paddling. Specifically I'm asking the question:

'These Days is there really such a thing as solo paddling?'

I think not. Sure, we can head out by ourselves onto the ocean - and yes, we ARE physically alone I'll grant you that but the aids and surveillance available to all paddlers today is just amazing. So, for a paddler to come to grief today - well - things must be seriously wrong!

Let me introduce Bill, my hypothetical paddler. Bill is a responsible paddler and does all the right things before setting off on a multi day paddle along his local coast. He checks the weather forecasts and trends, both marine and terrestrial, for several days before his planned solo outing, consults with friends and lodges his float plan and ETA with them and also his wife.

A final weather check on the morning of departure and he paddles off. He logs in with the local Marine Rescue station via his VHF handheld radio and checks his waterproof mobile phone for charge as well. He knows he can chat to rescue helicopters on his VHF radio. As his phone is switched on, he can be located

by any transmission he makes. Any weather warnings will ping in on the phone and his radio.

Securely stowed in his PFD is his PLB, which will immediately give his location to within a few metres if activated. Bill has backed this up with his SPOT messenger. On this device he can send a pre-recorded message as well as an SOS message, which is relayed to his local authorities from the Texas USA home base of the SPOT company. In addition Bill's SPOT messenger is set to email his location every 10 minutes to his wife and friends.

Now Bill is a very responsible paddler and maintains a subscription to Karel Vissel in Israel who monitors weather forecasts for paddlers all around the world. He can contact Karel at sea via his mobile phone or his satellite phone in its waterproof pouch. Securely stowed in the hatch of his kayak, Bill's laptop will be connected to his satellite phone when in camp to post messages and photos on his Facebook site for all the world to see - instantly!

Bill's Delorme InReach, again in a waterproof pouch, allows him to send and receive text messages by using the GPS satellites when out of range of mobile phone towers.

So, what do we think? Bill is in pretty good shape technologically. He certainly bristles with communication aids and if he stubs his toe on a rock in camp he'll be well looked after.

Quite a few years ago I took a satellite phone on a long paddling trip. In camp one beautiful starry night I called a friend at home to 'catch up' and was immediately harangued over a domestic issue. Gee, did that stuff my wilderness experience! "I'm on the other side of the country," I said. "What can I do about it from here?"

That was a good lesson. For me there CAN definitely be too much communication technology. On the other side of the coin there can be too little:

In 1972 Dr David Lewis, a very

adventurous yachtsman, sailed his small steel yacht *Icebird* from Sydney to Antarctica. He was dismayed and suffered numerous knockdowns in horrendous conditions. Google him up - it's in his book and it's quite a story! Anyway, one of David Lewis' quotes is this: 'The possibility of rescue is debilitating to the will.' Perhaps that's why he headed to Antarctica - no-one could rescue him.

Well, that was more than 40 years ago. How would a sea kayaker fare in the media today if rescued and found to be carrying insufficient comms?

The world has changed and true solo paddling for responsible paddlers is no more. The technology is there and we need to accept it.

The Creed

What's your creed? Do you have a guiding creed for your paddling - something over-arching perhaps that governs what you do on the water?

Maybe it's gear-related, maybe it's preparedness or something similar that you hold dear.

Have a think about it one day with friends and see what you come up with.

To start you off, here's mine. This has been mine for many years. I think it began when I started the NSW Rock 'n Roll Weekends in the early 90s. Back then the weekend was purely on to teach rolling - hence the name.

My Creed is this: 'Never ever get out of your boat.' No matter what happens out at sea, stay in the kayak where you are warm, relatively dry and visible. In the water you are just a cold head. Roll as many times as needed but DO NOT get out of the boat.

Now, I know for sure that one day that I'm going to be completely smashed by a wave and the creed will be broken. If that happens - well - I'll get back in and start again! Next time I'll tell you a story about rolling a smashed boat.

'Difference is Danger'

I saw this phrase somewhere recently - in a sea kayaking context - and I'm damned if I can remember where! But it is a beauty isn't it!

You're paddling along - being observant of course as all sea paddlers are - and you notice the wave pattern change - or you paddle through a patch of turbid water - or any change to conditions at all. Perhaps a change in the cloud pattern, maybe a wind change?

Is it danger? Maybe not - but the point is to SEE it and be aware that it COULD spell danger.

Sea paddlers see lots of things that power boaters miss completely. That's good!

Lynn Paterson

Hats off to you Lynn - what a fantastic effort - and in a kayak most unlike the boats used by circum-navigators before you! Good for you! You showed the merits of your kayak really well. The more debate on this the better. It all leads to better mousetraps.

Andrew McAuley

It's difficult to believe it's 10 years since Andrew died on the Tasman in sight of the NZ coast. I wonder if Andrew pondered David Lewis's, 'the possibility of rescue is debilitating to the will' in his planning of the Tasman crossing? He was told he'd be out of chopper rescue range once he was 200 kms off the Tasmanian coast. Perhaps attaining that distance gave him a stronger resolve to reach New Zealand. We'll never know.

I still occasionally watch the *Solo* DVD about Andrew and I do admit I find it quite haunting.

For me there are many 'if onlys' and 'what ifs' still to be discussed and debated about Andrew's trip. I do hope it happens one day. I'd love to be part of such a discussion.

Tackling the Tasman in a conventional sea kayak! Holy Shit! The sheer audacity of it all!

We remember you Andrew.

ANNIVERSARIES

Paying Homage to Andrew McAuley 10 Years On by Vicki McAuley

Saturday 10 February, 2007.

Milford Sound Lodge

I was attempting, with some difficulty, to get my restless three-year-old showered and into bed.

"Only one more sleep, then we'll see Dadda," Finn exclaimed with great excitement as he bounced up and down on the bed.

I was not so much excited, as apprehensive, after the stress of the previous 24 hours. Last night we'd received a call from RCCNZ, saying they'd had a VHF call on Channel 16, from someone identifying themselves as 'Kayak 1'. John Seward, operations manager of New Zealand Search and Rescue, had played me a very brief snippet of the recorded transmission, hoping I could identify the voice as that of my husband.

'This is Kayak 1. Do you copy?' The voice sounded slurred, as if drunk.

My father-in-law, Peter, and Paul Hewitson, maker of the trans-Tasman kayak, were both certain it wasn't Andrew. A hoax call, they'd said - nothing to worry about. In fact, Paul assumed it to be a good sign. We knew Andrew's batteries were

running low. We knew we might not receive any further communication until he made landfall 'SUN MORN9AMSHARP?!' So the VHF call, we assumed, meant the batteries on the sat phone were flat and he was obviously within sight of land and thus able to call on the VHF radio.

As it happened, there was more to the Channel 16 call than we were privy to. But we had driven to Milford Sound that morning, in anticipation of Andrew's safe arrival, without the knowledge that the rest of the world apparently had. The media back in Australia were broadcasting the entire transmission. We were oblivious. We were expecting to see Andrew, exhausted, but safe and sound, the following morning.

It was now after 10:00 pm and the lights hadn't gone out yet. The generators were still humming. There was a knock on the door. I answered and in stepped a police officer from Te Anau. Accompanying him was a woman he introduced as Margaret, from victim support. Before the officer had time to say another word, Margaret took a step towards me, arms outstretched, wearing a sombre

expression, full of empathy. I pushed her away.

"What is she doing here?" I demanded.

"The kayak has been found. Your husband isn't with it."

Thursday 9 February, 2017 - Milford Sound Lodge

We've just arrived at the Lodge after an anxious drive. Ten years ago, my husband was lost at sea, within sight of the peaks that stand like sentinels at the mouth of the fiord. Ten years ago I felt as if I too had died. Such was the agony of the loss of my beautiful Andrew, I didn't think I'd pull through. If not for this beautiful teenage boy beside me now, I wouldn't have. Finlay, who grows more like his father every day, in spirit as well as stunning good looks, has been my rock. And now, here we are, 10 years later, back at Milford Sound, trying to come to terms with the place.

Thanks to the generosity of the management at Milford Sound Lodge, we're staying in a beautiful Riverside Chalet. I couldn't cope with being back in one of those bunkrooms, like that one where

Vicki McAuley mailed this card to me in February 2008, 12 months after Andrew went missing. Her handwritten words on the back I found heart breaking.



"Man cannot discover new oceans
unless
he has the courage to lose sight of the shore"

- Andre Gide



Vicki and Finn McAuley paddling into Milford Sound near Anita Bay on 9 February 2017.

Photo: Ricki Hurst

Margaret came with the police officer to deliver the news that shattered my life. Ten years ago, this place held nothing but horror. For 10 long years I've had nightmares of the knock on the door and all that ensued.

Ten years on, there's a knock on the chalet door. I open it to see Rosco's smiling face. "Let's go paddling!" he says.

"Yeah!"

Rosco's sidekick Ricky has the boat ready, with kayaks loaded up, and out we go, into the fiord, heading for the Tasman Sea. There's a light drizzle and a cool sea breeze, but we've come from a 47-degree heatwave in Sydney. It's good to feel cold!

Much to Finn's delight, Ricky offers him the helm. Finn steers the boat through the silky, dark waters. As we near the mouth of the fiord, the silky water is ruffled as the wind and swell pick up. We pass Anita Bay and Rosco tells Finn to keep going. The boat now rises high and slams down into the troughs.

And here we are. Out in the wild, grey expanse of the Tasman Sea. A far calmer sea than the one Andrew experienced 10 years ago.

"Your dad's a legend," Rosco tells Finn.

"I know." Says Finn.

30 days paddling a single kayak, on his own, from Australia to New

Zealand, below the 40th parallel. That is truly legendary stuff.

We say a silent prayer, Finn turns the boat around, and we tuck in just past Anita Bay to deploy the kayaks. It's been a while since I've been in one, having lost the inclination after Andrew's death. But here we are and it feels so good to be back on the water. Finn and I share a double, Rosco paddles along beside and Ricky follows along in the boat shouting encouragement and snapping pics.

This place holds an ethereal beauty. And Finn turns back to me and says, "I can feel Dadda. He's here, watching over us. I can feel him smiling at us. He's happy we're here."

"I'm happy to be here, too," I say, with tears in my eyes. "It's good to be back. It's good to tackle the demons."

Finn and I wish to acknowledge

our sincere gratitude to some very special people, for making the 10th anniversary of Andrew's death such a special, memorable occasion:

- Rosco & Mel and Ricky, from Rosco's Milford Kayaks
- Finn & Sarah Murphy for a wonderful couple of days in Te Anau, and the awesome pizza from Ristorante Pizzeria Paradiso. And for the prayers.
- Tod Hollebon & Heather for a really fun night out to help ease the tension of the drive to Milford.
- the management at Milford Sound Lodge for your generosity in accommodating us.
- and of course, to Paul Caffyn, who helps keep Andrew's spirit alive.



Finn and Vicki McAuley, looking rather windblown on Lake Te Anau



Finn building a cairn for Andrew on the Cleddau River. Photo: Vicki

HUMOUR

Old Age Caressing

After nearly 50 years of marriage, a couple was lying in bed one evening, when the wife felt her husband begin to massage her in ways he hadn't in quite some time. It almost tickled as his fingers started at her neck, and then began slowly moving down past the small of her back. He then caressed her shoulders and neck, slowly working his hand down, stopping just over her stomach. He then proceeded to place his hand on her left inner arm, working down her side, passing gently over her buttock and down her leg to her calf. Then he proceeded up her thigh, stopping just at the uppermost portion of her leg. He continued in the same manner on her right side, then suddenly stopped, rolled over and became silent.

As she had become quite aroused by this caressing, she asked in a loving voice, "Honey that was wonderful. Why did you stop?"

To which he responded, "I found the remote!"

The Duck Hunter

Chester lives next to a South Island lake. Earl, Chester's brother-in-law, was visiting from the North Island, for some duck shooting. Early next morning Chester says, "I'll send my dog out to see if there are any ducks out on the lake. If there aren't many ducks, we won't hunt today. It's not worth it. We'll wait a day."

So Chester calls his black lab, mutters some commands and sends the dog out to the lake. The dog comes back and barks twice. Chester says, "Well, I'm not going out. He only saw two ducks."

Earl says, "You're going to take the dog's barks for the truth?"

Earl doesn't believe it. He goes to look for himself. When he gets back he says, "Impossible. There really are only two ducks out there! Where did you get that dog?"

Chester says, "Well, I got him from the breeder up the road. If you want one, ask him."

So Earl goes to the breeder and says he wants a dog like the one Chester has. The breeder says that, yes, he has a fully trained duck dog for

\$2,500. Earl pays the price without question, brings the dog home, immediately drives to a lake, and parks on the roadside, as close to as he can to the water which is out of sight in a valley about 500 m below. He orders the new dog to go search for ducks and report back. Minutes later the dog returns shaking its head with a stick in its mouth, and starts humping Earl's leg.

Outraged, Earl returns home, phones the breeder and says, "This dog is a fraud. I want my money back!"

The breeder asks Earl what the dog did. So Earl tells him that when he sent the dog out to look for ducks. It came back shaking its head with a stick in its mouth, and started humping his leg. The breeder says, "Earl, don't you understand? Dogs can't talk. He was trying to tell you - there are more f..king ducks out there than you can shake a stick at."

Branching Out!

A mature woman from Auckland, who was a tree hugger, Greens supporter, and an anti-hunter, purchased a piece of bushland near Coromandel. There was a large kauri tree on one of the highest points on the block. She wanted a good view of the natural splendour of her land so she started to climb the big tree.

As she neared the top she encountered a magpie bird that attacked her. In her haste to escape, the woman slid down the tree to the ground and got many splinters in her crotch. In considerable pain, she hurried to Thames Hospital to see a doctor. She told him she was an environmentalist, a greenie, an anti-hunter and how she came to get all the splinters.

The doctor listened to her story with great patience and then told her to go wait in the examining room and he would see if he could help her.

She sat and waited three hours before the doctor reappeared. The angry woman demanded, "What took you so long?"

He smiled and then told her, "Well, I had to get permits from the Department of Conservation, Resource Management Act, County Council, Regional Authority and Iwi before I could remove old-growth timber from a recreational area. I'm sorry, but they all turned me down!"

Some People Can't Handle the Truth - My Favourite Animal

Our teacher asked what my favourite animal was. I said, "Fried chicken." She said that wasn't funny, but she couldn't have been right because everyone else laughed.

My parents always told me to tell the truth. So I did. Fried chicken is my favourite animal. Anyway my teacher sent me to the headmaster's office. I told him what happened, and he laughed, then told me not to do it again. I told my father what happened and he said my teacher was probably a vegetarian, and that she loved animals. Well I told dad that I loved animals too, especially chicken, pork and beef.

The next day at school, my teacher asked me what my favourite live animal was. I told her it was chicken. She asked me why, so I told her it was because you could make it into fried chicken. She sent me back to the headmaster's office. He laughed and told me not to do it again.

I don't really understand. My parents taught me to always be honest, but my teacher doesn't like it when I am. Today, my teacher asked me to tell her what famous military person I admired most. I told her, "Colonel Sanders."

Guess where the 'firetruck' I am now?

Millions of Stars

The Lone Ranger and Tonto went camping in the desert. After they got their tent all set up, both men fell sound asleep. Some hours later, Tonto wakes the Lone Ranger and says, "Kemo Sabe, look towards sky, what you see?"

The Lone Ranger replies, "I see millions of stars."

"What that tell you?" asked Tonto. The Lone Ranger ponders for a minute then says, "Astronomically speaking, it tells me there are millions of galaxies and potentially billions of planets. Astrologically, it tells me that Saturn is in Leo. Time wise, it appears to be approximately a quarter past three in the morning. Theologically, the Lord is all-powerful and we are small and insignificant. Meteorologically, it seems we will have a beautiful day tomorrow. What's it tell you, Tonto?"

"You dumber than buffalo shit. It mean someone stole tent!"

KASK

KASK, the Kiwi Association of Sea Kayakers (N.Z.) Inc., a network of New Zealand sea kayakers, has the objectives of:

1. promoting and encouraging the sport of sea kayaking
2. promoting safety standards
3. developing techniques & equipment
4. dealing with issues of coastal access and protection
5. organizing an annual sea kayak forum
6. publishing a bimonthly newsletter.

The Sea Canoeist Newsletter is published bimonthly as the official newsletter of the Kiwi Association of Sea Kayakers (N.Z.) Inc.

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

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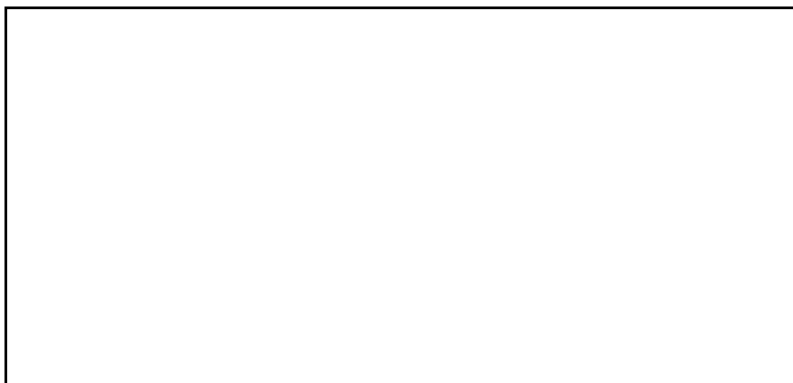


Royal and King Penguins move aside to let an Elephant Seal move through, Sandy Bay, Macquarie Island. Photo: John Kirk-Anderson



Vijay, left, and Margaret paddling in Perseverance Harbour, Campbell Island. In the background is Beeman Point and the buildings of the disused Meteorological Station. Photo: John Kirk-Anderson

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The 2017 KASK Kayak Fest organizing team, from left: Chris Breen, Jim Hawkins, Nick Webb, Shelley Stuart, Shaun Maclaren, Ruth Henderson, Pauline Ross, 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