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# THE SEA CANOEIST NEWSLETTER

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

Boatshed Bay  
Pigeon Island  
Dusky Sound  
Firodland  
Cathye Haddock  
& Peter Simpson



No. 141  
June - July 2009



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**THANKS**  
**to all the contributors and**  
**those paddlers providing**  
**photographs**

**DEADLINE**  
**FOR NEXT**  
**NEWSLETTER**  
**16 SEPTEMBER**  
**2009**

**EDITORIAL**

**MEMBERSHIP RENEWAL**

A renewal form with your address details will accompany this newsletter. Please renew your annual subscription and continue to support the sterling work that KASK does for recreational kayaking in New Zealand. KASK administrator Linda Ingram is taking a break in Canada until 21 August, so there will be a delay in her responding to email queries and address changes until after that date.

**COVER OF N/L 140**

For those of you wondering who took the wonderful cover photo of Melanie Grant in a huge archway on the Otago coast, it was Max Grant - my apologies for the omission. Visible on the horizon, through the archway, is the Nugget Point Lighthouse.

**KENTAYLOR KAYAK ARTICLE**

The article by Duncan Winning (page 15) on a skin kayak, that was taken from West Greenland to Scotland in 1959, is an important contribution to our kayaking heritage. The text of the article first appeared in the December 2008 *Sea Kayaker* magazine, but with the help of Gordon Brown and Alan Byde, the article is illustrated here with a lovely mixture of historical and recent photographs.

**BOOKS**

Paul Hayward has written a short note on the ease of modern day book collecting, but be warned, the websites he discusses can be hazardous to the health of your plastic money cards.

**FIORDLAND ACCESS**

In April, separate paddling groups spent two weeks each in Dusky Sound and Preservation Inlet. The Dusky team flew to the head of the sound with kayaks strapped to the skids of a helicopter (see story on page 9 & photo on page 2) while the Preservation Inlet team went in via fishing boat from Riverton. Both teams had booked their Fiordland access well ahead.

In Te Anau, when we arrived pre-dawn to the helicopter base, it was pretty obvious the pilot was not fussed on flying us and kayaks, and from my 39 years of helicopter work, I didn't feel confident in flying with the bloke. When he cracked one of the kayaks when straining a strap, we mutually pulled the pin on the flight. But as you will read in Cathye Haddock's report, it proved to be a boon for the trip and we flew in later the same day with another operator.

At Riverton, the Christchurch group experienced a similar problem when they arrived at the wharf to load kayaks onto the chartered boat. As nothing has been written on this trip, I can only recall snippets of phone conversations with two of the group - the vessel was not the boat as booked; some safety equipment was lacking; the voyage into Otago Retreat took 15 hours because of wind and sea conditions; all the boat crew and paddling group were sea sick, several to the point of being comatose; one paddler during the hours of darkness saw reefs close by and had to alert a crewman to the danger; and during the dinghy drop off at the lighthouse landing, one paddler was knocked over in the surf. I was horrified to hear of this drama, and amongst other things I felt a complaint should have been laid with Maritime New Zealand.

On board a charter boat, with your kayak, paddling kit, PFD and safety equipment stowed, the vessel skipper is responsible for your safety. What would you do when faced with either the early morning Te Anau helicopter or Riverton fishing boat quandaries? Rely on assurances from the transport provider or pull the pin? It is easy for me to say the Christchurch group should have requested the boat as chartered and failing that, not boarded the replacement vessel. Easy for me as I have worked a season on a crayboat in Fiordland and also charter-boated in from Riverton to Preservation Inlet with a 13 other kayakers. As a

*Photos on page 2: Top, pilot Mark Deaker with his Squirrel on the low water HLZ at Supper Cover, at the head of Dusky Sound. Photo: Paul Caffyn Bottom: Cathye Haddock passing a waterfall on the northern shore of Dusky Sound. Photo: Peter Simpson. See report on p. 9.*

tailpiece, the Christchurch group had a successful two week tiki tour of the inlet, and the boat as arranged in the charter, picked them up for the trip back to Riverton.

#### **WSNZ**

A funding application from KASK to Water Safety New Zealand was recently granted. The \$1,500 grant will be used by the editor to update the KASK recreational kayak incident database, and allow updates of both the fatality statistics and analysis of significant causal factors. The updated database will be provided to WSNZ, MNZ, Coastguard and the National Incident database,

#### **NEWSLETTER FEEDBACK**

##### **from Maggie Oakley**

This newsletter had so much of interest, and in particular I take my hat off to Mel and Max. I would have liked to have met them when they were along my coastline but I had already agreed to take some kayakers into Central Otago, and therefore missed them altogether.

Also Sandy Winteron writing on Winds. And I was in Taupo the day of the Lake Race - my son was meeting me with a kayak to take me on a run on the Tongariro River. Really your whole newsletter is of interest from start to finish. And on page 3, I like your honest report of the NZRCA AGM. Thanks once again, Maggie Oakley

#### **REQUEST FOR ARTICLES**

Any feedback from KASK paddlers on the latest compact waterproof digital cameras?

Do you have a point of view contribution re a safety issue? Or a write up on your favourite piece of kit?

In the next newsletter, Nora Flight has promised an article on a recent New Caledonia paddling excursion with four grown ups and four kids, and Cathye Haddock is being blackmailed for a 2<sup>nd</sup> instalment to her Dusky Sound trip report. The editor has threatened to cut the toes out of a pair of her loaned black socks, but will return the socks intact for the 2<sup>nd</sup> instalment.

Paul Caffyn

#### **KASK WEBSITE**

##### **from Sandy Ferguson, Webmaster**

This is the first of, maybe, a note in each of the coming newsletters.

To make a site interesting, things need to keep changing and that is what we are trying to do. We do need input from members - items such as DIY, pictures, safety items and the use of the discussion page.

Latest Updates - a new page, Kayaking History. So far a couple of items relating to Arctic kayaks. We haven't made a policy on how recent 'history' items for inclusion can be but there is still a lot of New Zealand history to be included.

The Newsletter page has now had an upload of older newsletters, something spurred on by one of the Discussion Group writers. Eventually we might have all issues ever written mounted there.

On the Greenland discussion group, have a look at this film about the Greenland Kayak tradition from the very talented Nive Nielsen:

[http://www.dailymotion.com/video/x8cwt8\\_qajaq-gl-by-nive-nielsen\\_creation](http://www.dailymotion.com/video/x8cwt8_qajaq-gl-by-nive-nielsen_creation)

#### **SANDY'S FAVOURITE SITES**

For a couple of my personal favourite sites, USA Greenland Kayaking <http://www.qajaqusa.org/>

Checkout the site and go to the 'Discussion Forum for discussions on building, history, who is going to Greenland for their games and more'.

There are also rolling videos on the site though you will need broadband or patience. Greenland is where kayaking started and this tries to give a background to it and ways of understanding it from a European perspective. There is (a very reasonable) emphasis on Greenland paddles too.

Kayak Building Bulletin Board:

<http://www.kayakforum.com/cgi-bin/Building/index.cgi>

This is the Discussion Forum run by Nick Schade. There are also on the same site, discussions headed Trips, Technique and Design.

Falkland Islands Expedition 2009 Successfully Finished - as mentioned in Sea Canoeist No.138 - 639 Miles in 22 Days:

<http://marcusdemuth.com/falklands.aspx>

#### **BITS & BOBS**

##### **Alaskan Digital Archives**

From Peter Sullivan, a superb website for paddlers interested in photographs of historical Alaskan skin kayaks, with Alaska's Digital Archives: <http://vilda.alaska.edu/>

##### **From Kevin Killilea in northern Alaska:**

7 July 2009. Hope you are well and enjoying the winter. Just saw on the TV news that French guy trying to get around the planet self powered got rescued in his kayak from the Bering Sea yesterday.

He departed France in '08 and paddled the Atlantic. He rode his push-bike from Florida to Alaska. He paddled away from Emmonak in the Yukon River delta, heading for Gambell on St. Lawrence Is. There was a 23 knot wind out of the south and he was collected by the Coastguard in a Jayhawk helicopter, winched up in a basket, when 40 miles north of the island. He had rung the troopers on his satphone, told them his scenario, so they sent the Coastguard in a helo. He was said to be exhausted and slightly hypothermic, but generally OK. I'm sure you can find more about this chap on the web, if you haven't already. The website for the Frenchman is under his name Jean-Gabriel Chelala, a 28 yr old engineer. He was in 6 ft seas along with the 23 kt wind. He had abandoned his kayak and is presently in Nome, last I heard.

Sandy Ferguson supplied the following links:

[www.jeangabrielchelala.com/](http://www.jeangabrielchelala.com/)

[www.jeangabrielchelala.com/blog-en/](http://www.jeangabrielchelala.com/blog-en/)

[www.123people.com/s/jean+gabriel+chelala](http://www.123people.com/s/jean+gabriel+chelala)

**From Linda Ingram in Canada  
New Brunswick Kayak Story**

13 July 09

Harold Cox of Saint John has kayaked in many countries of the world, but the Reversing Falls in his hometown got the better of the veteran paddler Monday morning. One of Saint John's best-known paddlers, Cox had to be rescued after his boat filled with water, forcing him to jump ship.

"I went for a little swim. I kind of wish I'd been doing a triple flip, or something," said Cox, who has 20 years experience kayaking in the area. "All I was doing was adjusting and my skirt came off for a second, and a little water came into the cockpit. Then the boat filled up, and I hopped onto an island, and I didn't have any way to get onshore."

Firefighters picked up Cox on Crow Island, while his yellow kayak floated down to the Hilton Hotel in Saint John. Cox has paddled around the world including Africa, South America and Australia.

The phenomenon of the Reversing Falls is caused by rise and fall of the tides of the Bay of Fundy, the highest in the world.

**Thrills and Spills at Lyttelton  
from Peter Sullivan**

A really entertaining afternoon is to sit near the public slipway at Lyttelton and watch bods like this get into all sorts of trouble. The best one I saw was when a guy was standing on the draw bar holding a rope tied to the bow of his pride and joy. His wife was backing down and he was giving directions. He yelled stop, the women braked violently, he sort of launched off the drawbar hanging onto his boat and ended up flying through the air and into the drink - bloody hilarious. He was screaming and raging at his wife who got absolutely pissed off, got out of the car, left it on the slipway and stormed off. This got all those in the queue riled up - it was almost a civil war - very entertaining.

**NETWORK REPORTS  
Bay Association of Sea  
kayakers  
(Bask)**

by Evan Pugh (22 July 2009)

Well it's July now and we have had a mixture of good and bad weather, fine all week then windy and raining for the Saturday or Sunday club paddles. Some have been cancelled and some, a few of us hardy ones have turned up to battle the conditions. In March we had a successful trip to Waikawau Bay on the Coromandel, while four of us did a lap of Great Barrier Island with a variety of conditions from flat calm to rather rough and some hard paddling done.

In April, 17 paddlers kayaked on Lake Rotoma, then Lake Okataina in May which was a tad windy and yet 13 turned up to take part with the group. Papamoa to Kaituna and back on the coast - we had nine arrive and many tip-outs during the day while land-

ing for lunch or on the return at the day's end - a bit more surf training for some I feel, but good on them for coming along.

We also had 12 new members join during that time as well as surf training and our AGM, we have our own newsletter and BASK fluoro-paddle hats as well as black caps and T shirt. We seem to have members scattered from Tauranga to Thames and Taupo to the Waikato so we do cover quite an area.

**FOR SALE**

K2 Feathercraft folding sea kayak  
\$3850.

K1 Feathercraft folding sea kayak  
\$3250.

Both in top condition with low  
mileage.

Contact Terry on: 035248447.  
Email: tfeasthpe@ farmside.co.nz

**PADDLER'S MATE**

Attached is a photo I couldn't resist taking. We were walking along the edge of Lake Tekapo last weekend, and spied a paddler out fishing. His trusty companion was sitting patiently in a large, well appointed, basket next to the van (in the sun) awaiting his master's return, obviously used to this routine. Our return trip coincided with the paddler arriving back to the shore. The dog (Zak) shot out of his basket to perform his duty of carrying the paddle back for the weary paddler. I noted that he wasn't so silly as to get his paws wet though. Photo and caption: Martin Fraser



## KASK

### President's Report July 2009 by John Hesselning

It has been a short time since my last report and newsletter but the KASK committee have been kept busy. A face to face committee meeting has been arranged for September and we have continued to liaise with the Northland Canoe Club regarding the 2010 forum.

Further to the April 2009 hearing on the submissions to the ARC Navigation Safety Bylaw Clause 2.17, on 21<sup>st</sup> July 2009 myself, together with six other kayaking representatives (including Kevin Dunsford, Gerry Maire, Paul Hayward, Pete Townend and Ian Fergusson) met with Auckland Regional Council chairman Mike Lee, four ARC Councillors including three from the Navigation Safety Bylaw Sub-Committee, the ARC Harbour Master and the ARC Regulatory Services General Manager. We outlined our concerns with the existing Rule 2.17 in the Auckland Maritime Safety Bylaw regarding paddle craft visibility and also the lack of consultation with kayakers and paddlers prior to the rule becoming operative in 2008. We also stressed to the ARC representatives that a majority of paddling organisations strongly supported a recommendation in the bylaw regarding kayak visibility rather than a prescriptive rule. This is in line with what was implemented by Environment Waikato in Appendix V of their July 2009 Navigation Safety Bylaw update. In this respect I felt that we had the support of at least one ARC councillor.

The Harbour Master outlined that the problem with kayaks was that they are too small and have a low profile. He wants to ensure that kayakers are kept safe and are able to be seen whether by way of education, regulation or recommendation.

The ARC Chairman pointed out that they were conducting an open process and that ARC would resist the temptation to force a bylaw on us.

He reinforced that the final outcome should result in safety at sea.

The outcome of the meeting was that ARC would continue to liaise with us and suggested that we all meet again in August. It is hoped that at that time we will be able to view the ARC Sub-Committee's recommendation to the full Council on the review of Rule 2.17.

## SAFETY

### Kayaking & Canoeing Safety Initiatives to be Rolled Out by John Marshall

The Maritime New Zealand (MNZ) safety in kayaking and canoeing strategy, released earlier this year, set out a range of initiatives to be developed over the next 3–5 years, covering both recreational and commercial kayaking and canoeing activities.

MNZ Safety Auditor Colin Sonneveld says "Initiatives envisioned in the strategy include an "all-in-one" safety pack for beginner and intermediate kayakers, as well as experienced visiting overseas paddlers; and guidelines for accommodation providers supplying paddle craft for their guests' use." MNZ will partner with sector bodies and opinion leaders, including KASK, in the development of these resources.

Two draft guidelines – one for rivers with rapids, and one for lakes, flat water rivers and sheltered coastal areas – are currently being circulated for comment. For more information on these email Colin: [colin.sonneveld@maritimenz.govt.nz](mailto:colin.sonneveld@maritimenz.govt.nz).

More information on the strategy is available from the MNZ website, along with MNZ's general guidelines for commercial kayaking and canoeing at:  
[www.maritimenz.govt.nz/adventu-reactivity](http://www.maritimenz.govt.nz/adventu-reactivity)

John Marshall is based in Wellington with MNZ: his role is Manager, Environmental Research and Analysis

## CONSERVATION

### Project Island Song Update BAY OF ISLANDS from Pauline Moretti

The eradication stage of Project Island Song is nearing completion. The Department of Conservation (DoC) concluded the second of two aerial drops of rat poison on Ipipiri (islands in the eastern Bay of Islands) on 22 June.

Project Island Song is a shared vision to return native wildlife and plant life to Ipipiri (islands in the eastern Bay of Islands). It is led by the Guardians of the Bay of Islands Inc, Patukeha and Ngati Kuta (resident hapu at Rawhiti) and DoC, with support from local landowners and tourism interests.

The Guardians are also working with the Northland Regional Council, Eastern Bay of Islands Preservation Society, Te Rawhiti Enterprises Ltd and the New Zealand Kiwi Foundation on a complementary mainland pest control project. It's necessary to control pests on the nearby mainland to avoid reinvasion by rats and stoats swimming to the islands.

Skywork Helicopters carried out the drop without a hitch, in ideal weather conditions. Clear southerly weather with four fine nights afterwards, on both occasions, meant the rats had optimal opportunity to feast on the bait. Structures on the islands were hand baited, both on the days of the operation as well as follow up baiting to ensure none escaped.

Rock stacks were also baited by hand. This was done by intrepid DoC staff leaning out of the helicopter and tossing a bag full of bait onto each one. Advanced technology ensured coverage was accurate. GPS coordinates and bait calibrations were worked out ahead of time and computer printouts on site, showed excellent coverage of the islands. Stoat trapping has been carried out following the poison drop, by Te Rawhiti Enterprises, to catch any remaining stoats.

The Guardians of the Bay of Islands and other members of the community have been a great help in protecting New Zealand Dotterels by removing bait from beaches, and helping to move Pateke (brown teal ducks) to the mainland. Bait was removed from beaches within hours of it being sown, therefore not allowing sand hoppers which are dotterel food, to access the bait.

As a precautionary measure a rahui was placed on gathering seafood from within 100 metres of the MHW for a month following the poison drops. This has now been lifted. Also the DoC campgrounds were closed temporarily. Notification will be given on the DoC website once they are open again. It's hoped they will be opened again late August.

In the meantime DoC has been carrying out a comprehensive monitoring programme to analyse the effects of the operation so results can be reported back to the community and Northland Regional Council.

We can now look forward to a future where the islands will sing again. Ridding the islands of rodents will give bird species a chance to flourish and will also enable future release of other endangered species to occur such as tieke (saddleback), korimako (bellbird) and kakariki.

It's now vital that we all do our bit to prevent reinvasion. Taking the following precautions will help:

Keep your kayak, pack and tent, picnic gear, free of rats, mice and ants, your

shoes clear of weed-seeds. Check your supplies before leaving home.


Keep supplies, once checked, in sealed containers during transit


If you see pests (rats, stoats or Argentine ants) on the islands call DoC 09 407 0300 (office hours) or 0800DOC HOT (after hours)

Check out progress of Project Island Song: [www.doc.govt.nz/projectislandsong](http://www.doc.govt.nz/projectislandsong)

Join the Guardians of the Bay of Islands: [www.boiguardians.co.nz](http://www.boiguardians.co.nz)



 Department of Conservation  
*Te Papa Atawhai*

 Te Rawhiti Marae

## More Expedition and Trip News

### ISRAEL from Stanley Mulvany

I have just returned from a six month sabbatical on distant seas and shores and am looking forward to getting out again in my sea kayak. When I was away, I did manage to go sea kayaking in Israel with Misha Hoichman off Tel Aviv. It was a bit challenging due to the narrow tippy kayak minus a rudder of course and a strong onshore wind driving 1 metre steep waves on my beam. Thankfully I did not have to practice my roll. Of interest is the organization of sea kayaking in Israel, which is very different from NZ.

Sea kayaking in Israel is a recognized sport for about 12 years. It is organized on commercial lines. There are at least four large clubs, Terra Santa and Lev Hayam being two of them. There is an annual membership fee of about US\$ 900 and for this you get free use of club kayaks and instruction. One cannot take out a kayak by yourself unless you pass a competency test. There are various levels of competency; calm, rough with instructor, calm and rough without an instructor.

Israel is producing some world class sea kayakers:

- Misha Hoichman: Circumnavigation of Tasmania in 2005 and Ireland in 2007 with Alon Ohad.

- Alon Ohad: Visited here a few years ago and solo circumnavigated Stewart Island; circumnavigation of Tasmania and Ireland. Attempted circumnavigation of Spitzbergen in Norwegian Arctic.

- Haddas Feldman: Circumnavigations of Newfoundland, Japan, South Georgia (with Brits who used a yacht for rests unlike the Kiwis!) expedition to Kamchatka

- Rotim Ron: Solo circumnavigation of Ireland

Israelis have some distinct advantages in skill accretion in that they have year round warm water to practice in and rarely have storms in the Levant. The organization on commercial lines means there is always an instructor there to teach novices unlike here where we teach ourselves. Their instructors work with the BCU so have excellent skills.

Stanley and Belinda also paddled in northern Sardinia and at Skye in the Inner Hebrides. Photos and hopefully a story to come in the next newsletter.

### FREYA HOFFMEISTER Around Australia Circumnavigation Attempt

Freya is making good progress with her attempt to paddle around Australia. She started from Queenscliff, near Melbourne, on 17 January. As of 6 August, she had reached Red Bluff, on the Western Australian coast, with about a week's paddling to reach the Zuytdorp Cliffs which are the crux of the Aussie trip.

*Sea Kayaker* magazine has regular articles and interviews on Freya's trip; the August issue has an interview with Freya following her eight day direct crossing of the Gulf of Carpentaria and an interview with her sister re formative years.

Her website is updated nearly every day:

<http://qajaqunderground.com/australia-2008/>

# 'BUGGER!' FILE

## A Fishy Story by Phil Hansen

Linda and I decided we would do an overnighter to Little Waihi. The weather on our favourite Metview website looked OK - if we got our timing right. The paddle down on Monday 19 July was a bit windy but going our way so we could ride the waves.

Tuesday morning we decided on an early start so we were on the water at first light as soon as we could see what the waves at the bar were doing. After rounding the rocks out from Maketu, and saying good morning to the yawning seals (I think they were yawning - maybe telling us to bugger off), we paddled close to shore in case that dreaded head wind eventuated.

We decided to paddle all the way home, without a stop, and have a cuppa on the beach at Papamoa before trolleying our kayaks home.

All of a sudden, 'WHAM' in the side of my kayak. "What the hell was that?"

I had been reading Freya's Blog about her shark attack in Australia - that rushed into my consciousness then this grey missile launched itself over my spray skirt, onto the deck - thoughts immediately of Steve Irwin. Adrenaline kicks in and I dispatched a grey stingray back to the water from where it came.

We were paddling just outside the breakers in one to two metres of water. I don't know if it was being chased or if it just 'Attacked'. I looked across at Linda and she said it sounded like my kayak had exploded and then this grey triangle was writhing on the deck of my kayak.

Time for deep breaths to get my heart rate down - I find myself in the breaker zone. I start to paddle out away from danger - 'Hello' my shorts are wet - No, I didn't, did I?

Took my spray skirt off and saw the kayak cockpit is half full of water. I didn't know at that stage it was a 125 x 125 mm three-sided flap that had opened up in the side of the kayak beside my thigh area below the water line.

What to do?

We were about one kilometre from home, OK, so I have watertight bulkheads fore and aft. I won't sink, so paddle like hell. I survived the first two waves heading to the beach but the shore break got me with a waterlogged kayak. I was able to step out of it and not get any wetter.

So I will be giving stingrays a great deal of respect in the future, they are not the friendly creatures I thought they were.

When my kayak is repaired I will be back on the water.

Phil Hansen - July 22 2009

### UPDATE

The BASK roving reporter was able to dredge up more incident details:

When interviewed at the Tauranga animal rescue hospital by Maritime

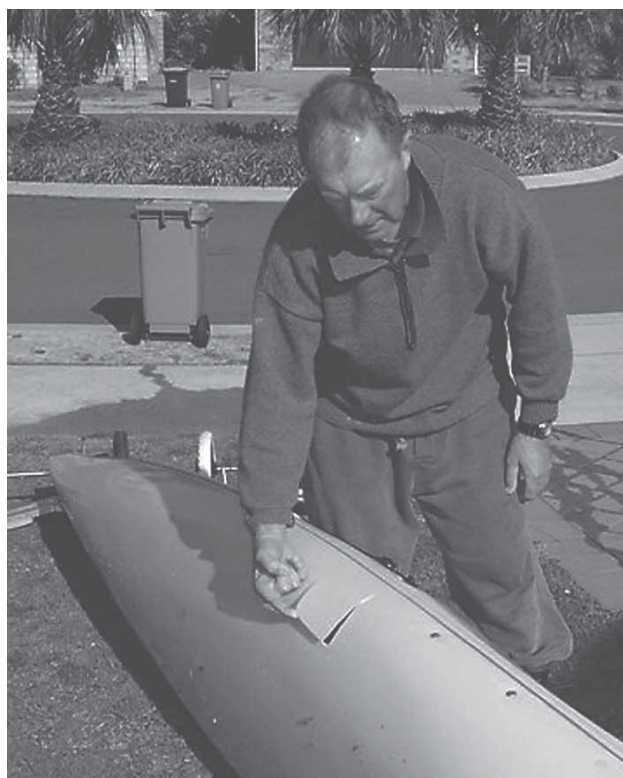
NZ accident investigators, the stingray said it only looked away for a moment and thought it was maintaining a proper lookout. The stingray, speaking through a lawyer who was wearing a SCUBA outfit, gave notice of taking Phil to court to sue for loss of enjoyment while swimming within 200 metres from shore.

Mr Hansen assured the investigators that he was wearing a high visibility hat and had a chopper flag on the kayak stern at the time of the bruising encounter.

Local biologists are astounded at the fluke encounter of Mr Hansen with what may be an entirely new species of stingray. After viewing photos of the 125 mm square hole in the side of the Beachcomber kayak, the scientists are excited to be in a race for naming rights to a brand new species, of either a hammerhead stingray or a square-nosed stingray?

Phil informed the BASK roving reporter that he requires a new pair of shorts and is thinking about taking up a safer sport like base jumping.

Also that the kayak manufacturer is collecting the kayak to fix it for him.



*Phil Hansen showing the 120 mm square flap opened in his kayak hull when a disturbed stingray, smashed into his kayak with water going everywhere and the ray ended up on the kayak deck.*



## NEW ZEALAND TRIP REPORTS

### Dusky Sound 2009 by Cathye Haddock

(See also colour photographs on pages 2 & 24)

31 March: "Are we on holiday yet?" Peter asked as we watched the helicopter lift off and swoop away from Supper Cove, leaving us with a mountain of gear and our kayaks on the beach.

I first set my sights on a Dusky trip on our way home from two weeks sea kayaking in Preservation and Chalky Inlets in February 2005. Four years slipped by before Dusky was back on the radar - as Patagonia had beckoned, then Doubtful Sound and the sandfly-free Far North in the intervening years.

Like any wilderness trip, a lot of planning, research and training went into preparing for the Dusky trip. As we packed our hatches with home-dehydrated meals, camping gear, first aid and emergency gear, mountain and marine radios, warm clothes and wet weather gear, laminated maps and Buller gumboots, the careful planning and crumpled checklists had done their jobs. Our research heightened our excitement and anticipation of retracing the paddle strokes of the Ngati Mamoe, following in Captain Cook's wake, exploring the sealers' camps and the remnants of Richard Henry's 14 years of conservation work.

For Paul, it was also retracing his own paddle strokes of this leg of his South Island trip with Max Reynolds, 32 years before. With the last of the gear stowed in the kayaks, and a bag of helicopter strops and ties stowed in the bush, we carried our creaking boats the last metre to the water and hopped in. Our first strokes broke the mirror of the fiord. Our muscles fretted for the rhythm of the paddle. The weekends of training over preceding months were about to pay off. "Yes, we are on holiday!" we all agreed.

Our watch barometers were consistent with the Met Service forecast we had seen at the DoC Visitors' Centre in Te Anau that morning. 1041 millibars. A big fat high was situated over the country, and we were rapt to have a great forecast for the next few days. With a slight tail breeze, we cruised the 11 kms in 1.5 hours to our first campsite, watching hundreds of baracuda leaping and jumping out of the water on our way. Our first campsite was one of William Docherty's camps, and within minutes of landing Peter had found the moss-covered remains of his chimney stones in the bush.

We had first come across William Docherty on our trip into Preservation Inlet in 2005. We had visited his grave on Cemetery Island opposite the site of Cromarty township. Docherty had led a solitary life in Dusky Sound for many years, prospecting for minerals in the rugged mountains, with limited success. While he found asbestos, nickel and copper, none were in viable quantities for commercial mining. He also made an income from skinning native birds such as kapapo, kokako and takahe and selling these to Andreas Reischek a well-known bird collector who sold them to overseas museums. Finally he paddled his dinghy, 'held together by wire and string', down the open coast to Preservation Inlet where he joined the gold rush.

We cooked chops and fresh veges from our garden on a fire for tea, followed by custard and apricots for dessert. A search for the celebratory kask of wine revealed that someone had left it in the van! Paul rescued the moment by sharing a tot of his whiskey and we toasted to being here. The forecast on the mountain radio was for fine, fine and fine weather! We drifted off to sleep listening to kea on the far peaks and sinking comfortably into our sphagnum moss mattress.

1 April: I awoke with my head in a vice. I searched the portable field hospital I had painstakingly prepared for the trip, and there was everything but panadol! Fortunately Peter had some in his small kit, which I scoffed sitting on a log watching the dusky mauve sunrise over Cooper Island. I don't get migraines often, but they

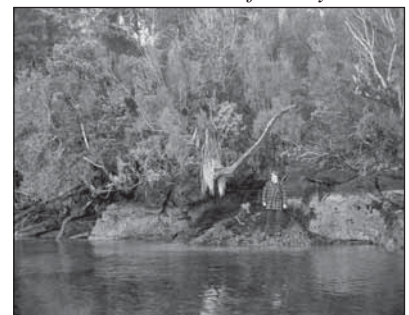
always come after I take my foot off the pedal. It had been a long haul to get here. Frantic efforts to complete a project before leaving work, two days completing a post-graduate study assignment on the ferry and then finishing it off at midnight at Paul's before the long drive to Te Anau via the West Coast. Paul, also exhausted from finishing the KASK newsletter before the trip, slept in on the first morning. My headache and nausea subsided while Paul cooked up bacon and eggs (from our chooks) for our first breakfast on the beach. We were finally on the water at 11 am!

Paddling along, I reflected on the rush that life can sometimes be. We had arrived in Te Anau at 10.30 pm the previous night and were scheduled to load our boats at 7 am, ready to fly into Supper Cove, but that's another story. This seemed all so crazy in the peaceful reflections of Dusky Sound, broken only by the V-shaped wakes of my two paddling mates ahead of me. Simply being here was a brilliant way of getting life back in perspective.

I thought Paul had lost it completely when I saw him stop paddling and start talking to himself ahead of me. As I got closer, I made out the red and black checked swanni of a deer hunter - Paul wasn't losing it after all. The hunter and his mate were off the Paragon, a charter boat we had spotted that morning. The hunters radioed their skipper for a pick up to return to the mother ship, and we could already hear the tinny heading our way. We had a yarn with the guys, who were from the Riverton area, and continued along our way.

Within 20 minutes, we were experiencing serious doubts about Paul when

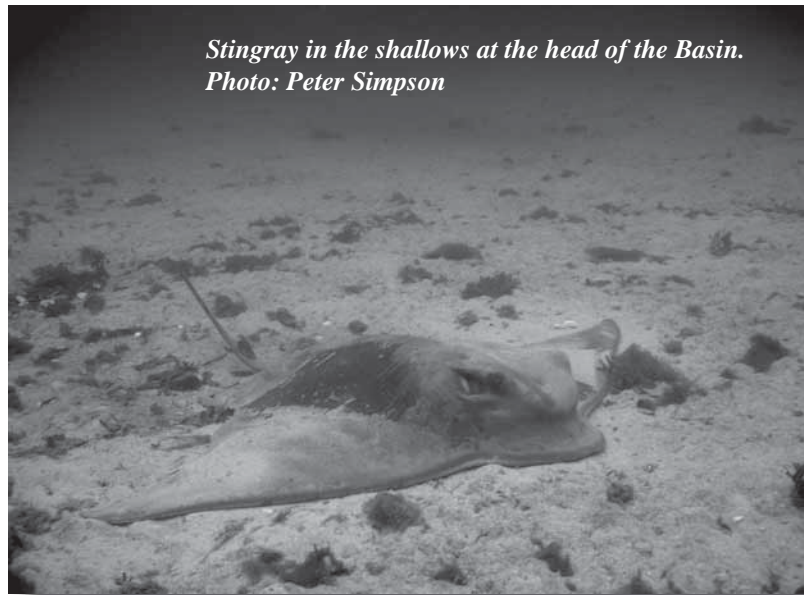
*Deer hunter on the northern shore of Dusky Sound*



we saw him talking to the trees again. Then we heard another voice from the bush, and a third hunter appeared, gun in hand, at the steep edge of the fiord. He also radioed his skipper and Cyril Lawless came and picked him up in the tinny once he had dropped the other two off at the Paragon. We had a great yarn with Cyril, who had been bringing hunting charters into Fiordland for over 20 years. It turned out it was Cyril who had taken Bevan Walker and his mate out to Riverton after being weather bound at the Puysegur Point Oil Store for 11 days, 20 years earlier. Cyril then recounted the story of being in Dagg Sound in 2004 when the big earthquake hit Fiordland.

From the charter boat he had watched rocks bouncing down the surrounding mountains and landing in the fiord. Next day they had ventured ashore to find that many of the 'rocks' were the size of houses, and the track from Dagg through to Doubtful Sound was covered in a huge landslide. Cyril also described how he had been in Chalky Inlet last year when, just on dark, he heard a woman's voice outside. He thought 'there are no women around here,' and carried on with his chores. On hearing the voice again he went on deck to investigate and was surprised to find Babs Lindman calling out from her sea kayak. They helped her on board and she spent 3-4 days with them after battling stormy weather and big seas around the south-west corner of the South Island. When Babs set off again to continue her South Island circumnavigation, Cyril followed her almost to Dusky Sound to make sure she was okay. What a delight to meet and yarn with Cyril, a real Fiordland character - a small world indeed.

We carried on paddling, heard the odd stag roar along the way, and saw a seal fishing off a point. We called in to Passage Point where Paul and Max had camped for a couple of days waiting out a storm 32 years before. We had lunch on a sunny beach and had a calm crossing of Acheron Passage. We landed at Duck Cove Biv on the southern end of Resolution Island in the late afternoon and settled in. We intended leaving a food drop here, and would return for it later in the trip. After dark, Peter called Paul and I to



*Stingray in the shallows at the head of the Basin.  
Photo: Peter Simpson*

see a ruru (morepork) in a tree outside the biv. Earlier we had seen a pair of bellbirds chasing each other around, lots of fantails ducking and diving around us, and a kereru (woodpigeon) flying overhead. As we ate our dinner outside the biv, we marvelled at the distinct lack of tiny biting black flying fauna that were notably absent on this trip. Being late in the season, and cooler, we never even got our sandfly armour out for the whole trip! The mountain radio said more fine weather but gales about the coast were forecast in a few days.

Paul gave me my first salsa lesson on the helipad that night. In keeping with Paul's routine on the West Coast, we were to have gumboot salsa lessons on Wednesdays and Fridays at 7.30 pm. We sorted our food drop and Paul ordered that no one was to be up before 8 am.

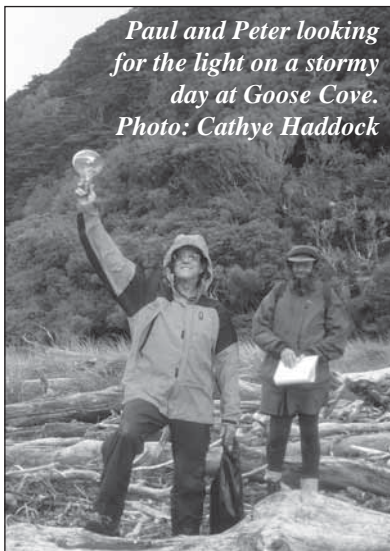
2 April: At 8.15 am Peter gave us tea in bed followed by porridge. From the shore, we saw dolphins off Porpoise Point (named by Captain Cook). We set off at 10.30 am and called into the Basin for lunch. This was a large keyhole bay with a huge granite dome at the head, reflected perfectly in the mirror of the fiord. We saw the most marine life on the trip here, due to the shallow, clear water and the white sandy bottom, which was unusual for Fiordland. We saw big blue cod, spottys, red moki, lots of kina, sea cucumbers, yellow, orange and red spiky starfish and a

stingray partially submerged in sand on the bottom with its tail erect. On the granite side of the fiord I saw an octopus smooching along a crack and a single yellow tulip-shaped seaweed suctioned to the granite. We had lunch on a sunny white sand beach and Paul brewed up a cuppa.

From the Basin we paddled around the south side of Pigeon Island where Richard Henry, Fiordland's first ranger, spent just over 14 years (1894 - 1909) transferring kakapo, takahe, kokako and kiwi from the mainland to Resolution Island to protect them from the inevitable arrival of stoats across the Fiordland mountains from Otago. We explored the remnants of Richard Henry's boat ramp, house, and bird enclosures, still visible 100 years after the first stoats arrived and a dejected Richard Henry left to work as a ranger on Kapiti Island.



*Richard Henry at  
Pigeon Island circa 1900*



*Paul and Peter looking for the light on a stormy day at Goose Cove. Photo: Cathye Haddock*

Paddling into a strengthening head wind, we worked hard to get to the Goose Cove Biv on the western shore of Resolution Island. Arriving at 6.30 pm, tired but reflective of the seeds of conservation in NZ. We cooked dinner and settled in for a windy night. The forecast confirmed gales about the Fiordland coast.

3 April: Peter delivered tea in bed at 8 am followed by pancakes and maple syrup made by Cathye. It was too windy to paddle today so we walked up to the head of Goose Cove, across the low lying dunes that separated Goose Cove from Woodhen Cove to the north. There was a heap of fishing boat rubbish on the shore, blown in by the relentless northerlies. Fish crates, ropes, even a huge glass light bulb littered the shore amongst driftwood, seaweed and other more natural debris. We walked as far as possible along the shore on the Five Fingers Peninsula side and watched a fishing boat bobbing about like a cork checking its craypots.

Using a map given to us by Peter's DoC colleagues, we found a track up to the ridge on Five Fingers Peninsula. Watching the tide draining from the head of Goose Cove, we saw that we would later be able to walk back to the biv across the mudflats. The tracks were well-formed and quick travel for the DoC staff and volunteers that use them to bait and check the thousands of stoat traps all over the peninsula and Resolution Island. Richard Henry would be proud of DoC's efforts to eradicate predators and restore the

bird life of yesteryear to his beloved Resolution Island. The comparative abundance of birds we had seen on the island and the morning chorus that had awoken our slumbers the last few days, was testament to their success so far. The birdy racket reminded us of our time on Secretary Island, a predator free island in Doubtful Sound we had visited two years earlier.

After our mid afternoon return to the biv and a late lunch, we made use of the strengthening wind and did some washing. Our long-johns looked like airstrip windssocks blowing horizontally on the line. After boiling the billy, filling the solar shower and suspending it from a branch in the bush, we all had a luxury scrub and polish followed by a blow dry in the relentless wind. Finally there was nothing to do but retire to the biv for a spot of reading. I won the most boring reading material prize, two policy papers for my university homework!

4 April: We woke to 65-70 knot winds and I wished Peter a happy anniversary. What a great place to spend it! Peter and Paul proceeded to give me a physics lesson about the venturi effect: when air flows through a tube or pipe with a constriction in it, it must speed up in the restriction. Goose Cove narrowed towards its head and we were right in the constriction, where the wind velocity was fastest. Essentially we were in a wind tunnel.

The sea was strewn with whitecaps and regular williwaws, sudden blasts of wind, descended from the steep fiords to the sea. Cook's diaries warned of these dangers in Goose Cove as did the Begg Brothers' book Dusky Bay.

We spent the day walking across the mudflats to the two islands in the narrow passage of Goose Cove and walking more of the tracks on Resolution Island. We saw a pair of paradise ducks feeding on the mudflats, standing their ground in the strong wind, beaks ahead and literally blown to a standstill. The sea gulls were enjoying stationary flying too.

5 April: We woke to wind and showers, the Fiordland we know and love. Everyone went back to bed. However, when I ventured out to take the spade for a walk - the rain had stopped and the wind had died down. We decided to move and see how far we could get. We were on the water by 10.20 am, our earliest start yet!

We paddled to Facile Harbour, which was sheltered and calm, so we decided to explore. We soon found old tracks and hut sites where 244 sealers and stowaways (ex convicts and fugitives) had lived from 1792-95. We paddled quietly around in the vicinity of the old Endeavour wreck, but as it was high tide, we neither saw the ballast stones visible at low tide, nor the wreck through the deep dark water. This was

*Cathye by the Goose Cove bivvy; kayaks tethered to trees due to the strength of storm-force northerly winds. Photograph: Peter Simpson*



not Cook's Endeavour, but an old barely sea-worthy trade ship that sailed to Dusky Bay from Sydney in 1792. The Captain was charged with scuppering the Endeavour and finishing off the Providence, an almost completed ship built by sealers in Luncheon Cove in 1792. The Endeavour was duly beached, stripped and sunk in Facile Harbour in October 1795. The Begg Brothers saw the ghostly hulk 14 meters below the surface, lit up by a shaft of sunlight, at low tide in the 1960s.

Leaving the ghosts of this harbour, we paddled off to the Useless Islands, where we had an 'eat and a think'. The weather was holding, but we were nervous to push our luck given the sea conditions that we had witnessed over the last few days. However, our barometers had settled, and the wind had dropped completely, so we decided to paddle to Luncheon Cove on Anchor Island at 12.30 pm. On our way, we saw seals on the many rocks and islands to the south of Anchor Island.

Paddling into Luncheon Cove, we saw the spot where Captain Cook had eaten his lobster lunch on his first visit. There were seals to greet us on the site of the first house ever built in New Zealand, in 1792. Adjacent to the house site was the site where the Providence was built, the first ship ever to be built in New Zealand.

The forest looked unchanged since these early settlers were here. There are not many places where this would be so in New Zealand. Soaking up the history, we wandered around exclaiming whenever we found the remains of a drain or some tar-like substance on the rocks of the shipbuilding site.

On our way out of Luncheon Cove we had a look at the barges, with satellite dishes and helipads atop, used to collect the cray catch ready for export each season. We were back opposite the Useless Islands by 3 pm, the weather was still calm and our barometers still stable. We had paddled to Luncheon Cove in 1 hour 10 minutes and returned in 50 minutes. My running friends would be impressed with the negative split!



*Cathye standing by old house site remains at Facile Harbour.  
Photo: Peter Simpson*

Weary and happy, we paddled into our cosy little Duck Cove by 4.45 pm. This had been an unexpected bonus day, with interesting exploration and 30 kms under our belts on a day we nearly didn't bother getting up! Smoked chicken cabonara was the order of the day followed by yummy peppermint creams, a fitting anniversary celebration.

Paul provided the evening's entertainment with a recital of Alfred Lord Tennyson's Ulysses, an epic poem of the sea. Peter admitted to being an 'uncouth, uncultured yob' at this point, leaving Paul and I to marvel at Tennyson's words while Peter read more of the history of Fiordland under the solar-powered light in our cosy wee biv.

6 April: Drizzle and rain was forecast for the day and it was delivered aplenty. Paul was keen to have a rest day. I was antsy and keen to go to Indian Island to explore the waka harbour. Peter was happy to rest and go with the flow. We had all shared our goals for the trip a few months before, so I knew Peter and Paul were keen on rest days among the paddling. I respected this and started preparing a bit of gear for my damp exploration. To my delight, Peter made stirring sounds and ended up coming with me.

We paddled a few hundred meters up the river at the head of Duck Cove,

dark tannin-stained and slow-moving between towering ancient podocarps. We had several heavy downpours but no wind in the sheltered cove. I followed Peter to a waterfall, starting high on the side of the fiord and cascading in three huge drops into the sea far below. Then we paddled out to the entrance of the cove in light drizzle and dead flat calm. Peter was a bit cold so wanted to return to the biv. I looked longingly at Indian Cove some 3 - 4 kms away and then to Porpoise Point on the opposite side of Duck Cove entrance. Vertical vapour jets were visible in the mirror mist - dolphins! Indian Island would have to wait another day.

We both headed to the other side of the cove where we were surrounded by 30 or so big bottle nosed dolphins, curiously surfacing in front, behind, beside us and swimming under our boats. I turned the camera to video mode and filmed the sleek creatures, dorsal fins and tails breaking the surface in all directions. After an hour with these mammals we went in our separate directions - they beyond Porpoise Point and us back to the Duck Cove biv, where Paul greeted us with a steaming hot cuppa to warm us up.

We spent the rest of the afternoon in our pits, quizzing each other about the history of Fiordland, using the hut copy of Neville Peat's NZ's Fiord heritage - A guide to the historic sites of coastal Fiordland as our source of quiz

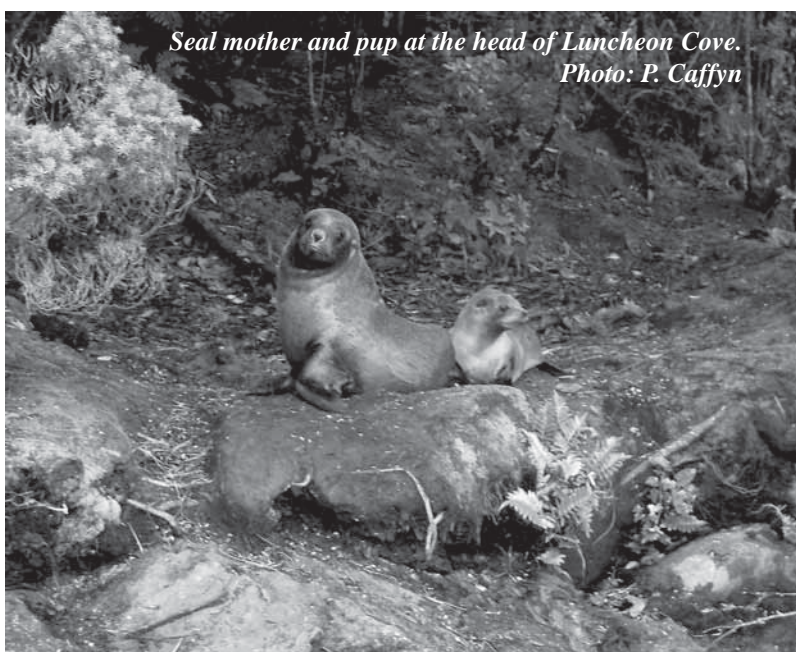
question ideas. With all our reading for this and other trips, we got a surprising number of questions right and it was great fun as the rain pattered. In the quiz I discovered that Captain Cook had met the Ngati Mamoe chief, Maru, and his whanau on Indian Island on 6 April 1773. Today was the anniversary. Could this explain the pull I felt to visit Indian Island today of all days? Madras lamb curry was a warming meal to complete a magic day.

7 April: The forecast was for more rain and isolated thunderstorms, but as the cove was calm, we decided to move to Cascade Cove via Indian Island and Astronomer's Point where Captain Cook had anchored his ship the Resolution for five weeks after sailing through the Southern Ocean to reach Dusky Bay on his second trip to New Zealand in April 1773. We left shore at 10.30 am and paddled across the cove. I was behind, taking photos of Peter and Paul paddling off, with bright sun bursting through clouds beyond a dark backdrop of Long Island and double rainbows arching over all (see p.24).

As I paddled off to catch the other two, the sky completely darkened and a dark band of water sped towards me. Moments later, hail pelted my boat and drilled holes in the flat sea. Off with the pogies and out with the camera again and onto movie mode - I panned around to see Peter and Paul sprinting for the shelter of the trees overhanging the fiord. When I saw an intense, bright flash, followed momentarily by loud thunder, I stuffed the camera into my PFD and motored for the trees. "I think we should pull the plug," I said to the guys.

Once the squall passed we paddled back to the biv. As we landed ashore, out came the sun, so we decided to leave the boats semi-packed and see what the weather did. Paul and Peter said they would have been quite happy to carry on since they were wet anyway.

However, once ensconced in the dry and cozy hut, the rot set in. We counted six more hail showers, complete with lightning, thunder and heavy rain. I went for a two-hour walk on another track on Resolution Island, and got



*Seal mother and pup at the head of Luncheon Cove.  
Photo: P. Caffyn*

completely soaked, even with raincoat and overtrou on. Peter and Paul sensibly stayed dry and warm.

That night, our seventh consecutive night in a cozy dry biv, we praised Doc Sutherland of South West Helicopters again, for refusing to take us into Dusky Sound. As mentioned at the beginning of this story, we had arrived in Te Anau at 10.30 pm and were due at South West Helicopters at 7 am the following morning ready to load our boats to fly in to Supper Cove. After arriving at the hangar on a frosty dark morning, Doc Sutherland took one look at our fibreglass and kevlar boats and said, "I don't think I can fly you in." We were shocked.

I had booked the flights months before and given the company all the boat details, including length, weight, and what they were made of. The guy was as grumpy as but began tying the boats on anyway. Any advice offered, was definitely not welcome. Finally, once Paul heard his kevlar boat crack - he lost it and swore at the guy. At this point it was all on with a full-blown altercation and the pilot started untying the boats.

We loaded the boats back on the cars in stunned silence. Just as we were leaving, the pilot approached me, apologised, and said to come back later in the day when he would have more time, or we were welcome to make other arrangements.

We ate a more leisurely second breakfast in town and came up with a plan B, which was to drive out to Southern Lakes Helicopters. The legendary Hannibal Hayes said, "no worries, guys, come back in two hours and we can fly you in at midday." Chuffed and relieved, we went to change our intentions at the DoC visitor centre.

While there, we called in to see our old mate the Area Manager, who gave us a key to the DoC bivs on Resolution Island and a DoC map showing all the tracks and bivs.

This more than made up for our earlier encounter with the grumpy old bugger from SW Helicopters. So each night we were ensconced in a warm and dry biv, we praised the grumpy old bugger from SWH!

Cathye Haddock



## BOOK REVIEW

### *Enchanted Vagabonds*

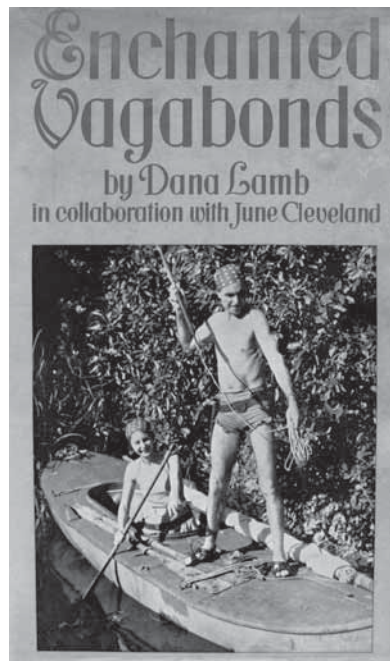
by Dana & Ginger Lamb  
reviewed by: Natasha Romoff

Dana and Ginger Lamb grew up together in the early 1900s. They were adventurous kids who developed strong outdoor skills and gathered a vast knowledge by reading historical tales of adventure and discovery. Childhood sweethearts, they got married during the Depression. Rather than follow the normal route dictated by society, they decided to leave the negativity of a struggling American economy and set off on an epic coastal passage. Their transport was a home-built 16 ft sailing decked-in 'canoe' that was really just a wooden frame covered in painted canvas.

The book describes their journey and side adventures from Los Angeles, along the west coast of North America south to Mexico, and as far as the Panama Canal. No easy task with little money, a small boat and very little more than a shotgun, a pistol, a machete, fish hooks, some rice, beans and a hell of a lot of ammunition! Not to mention that 50% of the crew was female – which is why authorities nearly stopped them before the trip had begun! They relied on their abilities to hunt and forage, to learn from the natives they met along the way, and their ingenuity to survive. They reveled in their adventures and describe the journey in such a vibrant way.

Their forays inland were in search of lost tribes and forgotten civilizations. They find a Mayan city in the jungle undergrowth and solve mysteries cloaked in local folklore and legend. They go to offshore islands described in ancient treasure maps. All gripping stuff and written in such an enjoyable narrative, that also takes the time to analyze why they succeeded where others have failed.

If you can get your hands on this book, find a warm cozy spot with a good atlas (or your laptop with Google Earth) at the ready and settle down for a really great read.



## Finding old Books

by Paul Hayward

Natasha and I heard about this book, decided that it might be interesting and that our chances of finding it in an Auckland bookstore were zero. What to do?

In case you have not yet enjoyed poking through the dusty corners of an Internet book shop - hunting some 100-year-old tome of fascinating kayak lore, I'll give you a gentle push in the right direction. Be warned, the following steps can lead to many lost hours, a small hole in the bank account and untold adventure.

You can, of course, go to the 500-pound gorilla called Amazon ([www.amazon.com](http://www.amazon.com)) who sell more than just new books. They sell old ones and they list old ones for sale by other shops. They may show pictures of the cover and offer snippets of text and they may have reviews by a wide assortment of the great and fallible public. They tend to be somewhat expensive - and so does their shipping. I use them as a first stop, but I almost always buy used books from elsewhere.

You can do a lot worse than visiting Abe's ([www.AbeBooks.com](http://www.AbeBooks.com)), which is a huge spider-web of bookstores.

Abe's provides the silk that holds the whole thing together. It's as simple as bringing up their home page and putting the likeliest bit of description (for the book you want) into the correct box on the screen. Plug in as much of the Title or Author's name as you remember and let them search for anything like it. I've yet to have it fail to come up with a match.

As an example, tonight there are 46 copies of *Enchanted Vagabonds* that show up on Abe's - from bookstores in Australia, Canada, Spain, the UK & the US - and from 20 to 250 \$US. The most expensive ones are collectors' items - signed by the authors and/or first editions. The cost of the postage from anywhere further than Australia may rival (or exceed) the book cost - so if you have time, check the shipping fees before you plunge.

As an example, our clean hardcover copy (with a ratty dustcover - but all the photos) cost \$30 plus \$12.49 postage. I could have spent less for the paperback - but the old hardcover just seemed worth it. On the same evening, I succumbed to an as-new hardcover copy of Chris Duff's' delightful tale of his Irish circumnavigation and ancestral quest for a mere \$12.95 (and \$11.88 post). Beware of this!

For the cheapest (and comparable) rates of postage, arrival times from the US tend to be about 4 - 7 days and from the UK, about 20-30 days. After a few of those experiences, I confess I now prefer the US mail. Note that the US bookstores often offer a slow and a fast mail rate (expensive and really expensive). I always pick the cheaper - and it still comes very quickly. I don't know why.

I have bought books principally from the US and the UK. All have been well wrapped and have arrived safely. I've never (touch wood) had any problems with shonky merchants. I suspect that there are faster bucks to be made than running a crooked used-book store.

Good luck and good hunting!  
Paul Hayward

## HISTORY

# Ken Taylor's Kayak The Origins of Modern Greenland-Style Kayaks

by Duncan R. Winning

Inuit kayaks have been around for millennia, but the story of one particular kayak built by Emmanuelle Korniliussen of Greenland starts in 1937 when Harald Drever, a young geologist from Edinburgh, Scotland, visited Ubekendt Eiland (Unknown Island). Ubekendt is located in Umanak Fjord on the west coast of Greenland, more than 300 miles north of the Arctic Circle. Harald was attracted to the island by its unique geology, but he was much more than a visiting academic.



Harald Drever

During his near 40-year association with the island, he did much to assist the community and established a close relationship with the villagers in Igdlorssuit. He learned kayaking skills from them, including rolling, and had his own kayak. He also put

up a trophy for an annual kayak race for Greenlanders from Igdlorssuit to Uummanaq, an open sea crossing of some 50 miles. When he left Greenland he took his kayak to Scotland, where it was used to train others in skills he had learned.

Harald later became a professor at St. Andrews University in Scotland. In 1955 he met Kenneth Taylor, a kayaker and a student at Glasgow University, and persuaded him to combine his studies with his paddling interests and go to Igdlorssuit to investigate the Greenland kayak and its place in Inuit culture.

Ken and I were members of the Scottish Hostellers' Canoe Club. The club had its origins in the late 1930s and after World War II, it was probably the only club in Britain to specialize in sea paddling. Club members developed their own design of sea kayak, compiled standards for flotation, life jackets and more; years before others in the UK.

So, in 1959 Ken spent three months at Igdlorssuit. Very few paddlers in Scotland could roll, but Ken had spent

a lot of time the previous winter in an unheated pool learning the skill and this aided in the villagers' acceptance of him. He paddled with the seal-catchers, learning a great deal about their kayaks, hunting equipment and methods in the process. Interestingly, although he was allowed to use his Scottish touring kayak on the hunts, he had to keep well to the rear because of the noise made by his European-style paddles.

The seal-catchers loved to borrow his paddles and go for high-speed sprints, but not when there were seals about! While Ken was in Igdlorssuit, Emmanuelle Korniliussen - the last kayak builder in the village - built him a sealskin-covered kayak, complete with hunting equipment. Ken was to have another kayak built for the respected American kayak enthusiast John D. Heath. However, as there was insufficient sealskin for both kayaks, John had to make do with a frame.

In the spring of 1960, following his return to Scotland, Ken gave a demonstration of rolling his Greenland kayak and harpoon throwing to the Hostellers. Those of us in the club who

*Ken Taylor in his kayak on Loch Lomond, Scotland, on April 24 1960, during a demonstration to his fellow members of the Scottish Hosteller's Canoe Club. His kayak and equipment, normally kept in storage, are with the Glasgow Museum Service, part of the City of Glasgow Local Authority Organisation, Scotland. This kayak was built at Igdlorssuit in 1959 by Emanuelle Kornilisen. Photo: Duncan R. Winning*





*On the gravel beach at Igdlorssuit, freshly landed seals are being skinned, showing the pale pink blubber which keeps them warm in icy seas. This circa 1955 photo by Harald Drever shows the increasing use of wooden clinker-style dinghies beginning to replace the traditional skin boats - two of which can be seen across the thwarts of the most seaward dinghy.*

could squeeze into his kayak got to paddle it. I was one of the lucky ones, although donning the wet, smelly, sealskin tuilik, or paddling jacket, was not so enchanting.

I had been designing and building my own kayaks for seven years, and while I was well pleased with the performance of my latest design, I was very impressed with the handling of Ken's boat. I should not have been surprised that my experimenting with kayak design would compare rather poorly against the thousands of years of development that had gone into the kayak from Igdlorssuit.

My experience with Ken's kayak when I was 20 years of age led to a lifelong interest in Inuit kayaks, especially those from Greenland. My first rudimentary line drawing of the Igdlorssuit kayak became the first plan in the 'Project Eskimo' series established in 1961 in conjunction with the British magazine *Canoeing*. I had been active in the Scottish paddling scene since my teens and was closely involved in setting up the Scottish Canoe Association Coaching Scheme, which subsequently joined with that of the British Canoe Union.

Through this connection I met a young Gordon Brown, now one of the leading sea paddling coaches in the UK. For quite some time we have shared

an interest in Greenland kayaking; he made his first Greenland-style paddle 17 years ago. In 2003, Gordon suggested that the logical extension to my interest in Inuit kayaks would be to visit Greenland. I had never seriously considered such a trip as it was beyond my financial circumstances. However, at his suggestion I applied to the Winston Churchill Memorial Trust, which provides some 100 travelling fellowships annually, and was fortunate to be awarded one of only two fellowships in a canoeing-related field for 2004.

In July of 2004, I set off to Greenland on a four-week project titled, *The Inuit Origins of Modern Recreational Sea Kayaks*. It was to be a pilgrimage to the birthplace of Ken's kayak and an investigation into design changes in Greenland kayaks and paddles since their creation. Gordon accompanied me on the first phase of the project, paddling from Uummannaq to Igdlorssuit and back.

An overnight stop scheduled between flights at Ilulissat turned into a three-day hold up and we finally arrived in Uummannaq at Saturday lunchtime. Our kayaks had been shipped out in advance, but the warehouse was closed for the day. However, the helpful man at the heliport phoned the manager to come and open up for us. My boat had been damaged in several places

and we spent the rest of the afternoon repairing it and sorting gear.

The following noon the fog lifted sufficiently and allowed us to see Storøen (Sagdliaruseq), an island four miles east of Uummannaq, and confirm a compass heading. We were off paddling among Greenland ice for the first time. We passed hundreds of bergs on our way to the small island of Saattut, where we camped at the site of an old settlement. From camp we walked west to the village, which appeared to be expanding with new houses and a very smart school that was decorated with large images of whales, sea birds and seals. Less endearing was the inescapable and constant noise emanating from the multitude of roaming sled dogs. We examined four kayaks in the village before we returned to our campsite and quiet.

Fog was hanging in the morning air as we set off island-hopping to Agpat, where we skirted the southern coast before crossing to Sagleq some two miles to the west. At the northern end of the island, the fog was dense but by then we had taken sufficient bearings to confirm the magnetic variation, which was over 40 degrees west. We set off into the gloom for Qeqertat, an abandoned settlement on a relatively small island about 1.5 miles distant. Nearing our destination we encountered a large number of sled dogs on a rocky islet. From their demeanour they obviously expected a bearer of food to disembark from any approaching craft. Unable to oblige, we stayed resolutely in our kayaks. Soon after landing at Qeqertat we were safely nestled into our sleeping bags.

In the morning the fog had gone and we could see the dramatic cliffs we had paddled under yesterday, unaware of what had towered unseen more than 3,000 feet above us. Around our camp we found the remains of old round and square style winter houses, traditional graves marked by stone cairns and a small cemetery on the hill containing 60 to 100 graves, many of them children's.

Sunshine accompanied us on the crossing to a lunch stop on the end of Alfred





Wegener Peninsula. As we progressed westward across Kangerdluarssuk Fjord, conditions deteriorated, so we landed near its mouth to await an improvement. We lit a fire to warm our toes, but our wait was in vain and the temporary respite became an overnight camp on the shingle.

Next morning, improved conditions merited an early rise and we were on the water before 7.00 am. A following wind pushed us to the corner of Upernivik and into Igdlorssuit Sound. The nine-mile crossing to Ubekendt Ejland started in good conditions, but by the time our bows touched the shore it was blowing Force 6 from the southwest and it was raining. After 33 miles paddling that day we were glad to be ashore, all the more so, as we were now within yards of where Emmanuelle Korniliussen had built Ken Taylor's kayak 45 years earlier. It was fitting that the fibreglass kayaks that carried us, were the latest in a long line of modern sea kayaks to be based on that particular craft.

The assembled group, who had watched us arrive, acknowledged our "Hallo" with a smile and an echoing "Allo." Our common vocabulary ended there. Elizabeth Fleischer, a newly arrived teacher at the village school and the only person on the island who could speak English, arranged for us to hire the small village hall for our stay. This was luxury for us with central heating and a fully equipped kitchen. Elizabeth said that there was no hunting by kayak now. Recreational paddling had been severely affected by low morale in the village brought on by an accident in the spring of the previous year when a snowmobile towing a boat broke through the sea ice and four lives

were lost. We visited the cemetery and were taken aback by the sight of brightly coloured flowers still in place since the interment of the four, some 16 months previously. It soon dawned on us that the flowers were plastic.

We gave Elizabeth a leaflet I had prepared about Ken's visit and his connection to Harald Drever. She promised to ask around and see if anyone in the village remembered the two men. Later she asked us about Harald Drever, as her school was named Harald's School in his honour. She led us to her office where a photograph of an oilskin-clad figure and a shield hung above the door. It was Harald Drever and the shield of St. Andrews University. (See photo on page 15).

Elizabeth learned that several descendants of Emmanuelle lived on the island: two sons, two grandsons and several great grandchildren. She arranged visits to the homes of a son, Hendrik (Indarinnuaq) Korniliussen and a grandson, Edward (Ilvarti). Emmanuelle had been the last kayak builder on the island. The only kayak built since his death was a child's kayak made in 2002 by the other son Jurgen (Juulut). See Photograph below.

Grandson Edward builds excellent model kayaks, sleds and harpoon sets, all of which we carefully examined

along with his collection of harpoon heads. The model kayaks have the gunwale boards raised in the way of the masak (the deck beam supporting the forward end of the cockpit) as do most of the full-sized kayaks seen in the village, a feature not seen elsewhere.

Edward's house is built on the spot where Ken Taylor camped in 1959, and Edward has a kayak in the basement which he bought second hand but has never paddled. In the evening Edward appeared at our 'lodging'. Without a common language save pencil and paper, by sketching we had two hours of 'conversation' and found out many things about his life, including that his outboard motor had suffered a broken driveshaft and that we were invited to join him at his house for coffee the following morning.

Edward showed us his 19-foot fibreglass fishing boat, fishing gear, workshop and the kayak in the basement. The rest of the afternoon was spent exploring the village and examining the nine other kayaks found there. One was the last built by Emmanuelle and had lain on its rack ever since its owner, a seal-catcher, had died. All were in varying stages of decay except one belonging to a man from Niaqornat on the south side of Umanak Fjord. It was a fine example, complete with hunting gear.

*Sons of the 1959 kayak builder, Emanuelle Kornilsen, at Igdlorssuit. From left: Hendrik (Indarinnuaq), Jurgen (Juulut) Kornilsen (Korniliussen), Duncan R Winning and the village teacher Elizabeth Fleischer, who kindly acted as interpreter for Duncan and Gordon - 15 July 2004. Photograph: Gordon Brown*



Early the following morning we rose and were quickly on the water. The return crossing of the sund was unhurried on a calm sea in pleasant morning sunshine. The wind rose strongly toward the end of the day's paddle and we landed at almost the same spot we had camped at four days earlier, on the west side of Kangerdluarssuk Fjord. No shingle bed this time, but a bit of greenery just vacated by an arctic fox that was not inclined to share it with us. After a good meal we sat at the fire before turning in at about 11.00 pm.

As the morning showed no improvement, a long rest made up for the previous day's exertion. A wrecked sledge provided fuel for a pleasant evening fire, enjoyed all the more for the view of glaciers and mountains rising over 6,000 feet from the opposite side of the fjord some four miles away.

The following morning brought calm seas and we resumed our journey, arriving by mid-afternoon at Uvkusigssat. It was a busy place with a fish processing plant and seemed to be expanding with a high percentage of new houses. We examined five kayaks, none of which appeared to be in use. One extreme example was nearly 23

feet long and featured an unusually extended, deep and narrow bow. We made camp at the old abandoned settlement of Akuliaruseq, with the usual cheering fire to accompany the late evening coffee.

Near the Silardleq Glacier we noticed the words '1966 Tobias Jensen' scraped in the lichen on the rock surface. It brought home to us just how fragile the environment is in these northern latitudes, that the lichen scraped off the rock 38 years before, had not yet grown back. The last six miles back to Uummanaq were on calm seas but with much more ice about. The harbour was almost completely choked with smaller chunks, the larger bergs having grounded farther out. At Uummanaq we packed the kayaks for shipment home. Gordon headed back to Copenhagen and I flew to Sisimiut to continue my research.

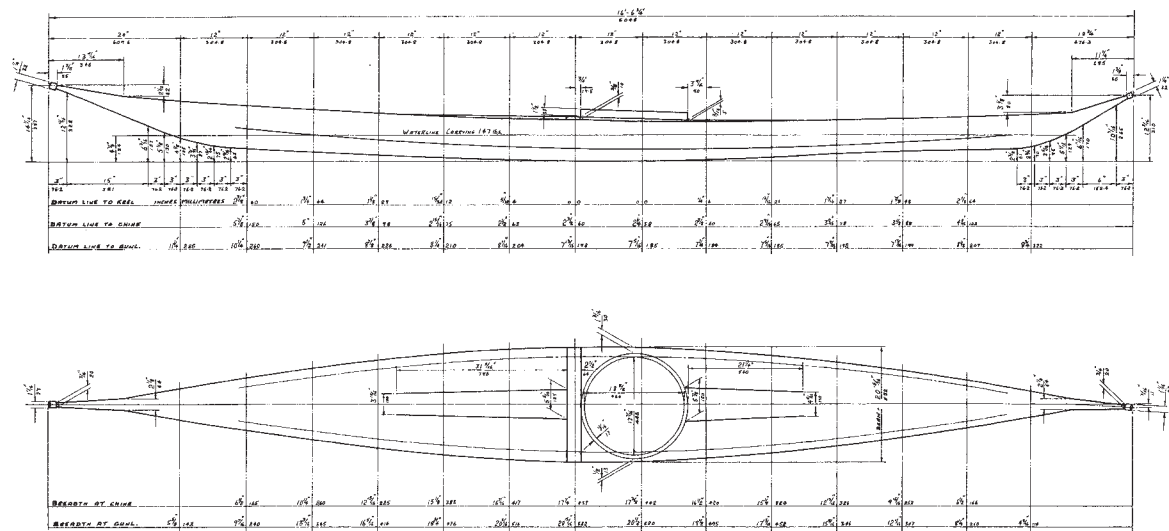
Most of my three-day sojourn there was spent at the kayak club watching Maligiag Padilla, the young Greenland kayaking champion, building a kayak. It was the 29th he had built and his ninth that year. At the museum were the remains of a very old kayak from about 1650 to 1700. One gunwale was

scarfed and the very thin deck beams had not been tenoned through the gunwales but had sat in blind holes. The paddle was very short and slender, the shaft being longer in relation to the blades than any other I had seen in Greenland. Another less ancient kayak of the Avasisaartoq type with a sharply upturned stern, was minus its cockpit and all the ribs had collapsed. Outside the museum was a modern kayak, different from the local types but similar to ones seen later at Nuuk. Maligiag said that John Petersen, a previous kayak champion, had built it.

My next stop was in Nuuk, the capital of Greenland. At the National Museum I was pleased to see the Pearyland Umiak had been returned from Copenhagen where it was taken for reconstruction after being found in 1949 and sawn into bits for transport. It is estimated to be nearly 600 years old!

In addition to the kayaks we saw in Greenland's museums, we viewed nearly 80 kayaks in Greenland. Most were canvas-covered, some only in frame and a very few skin-covered. The newer ones were usually associated with kayak clubs. The older ones that had once been used for hunting

The Duncan Winning survey of Ken Taylor's Igdlorssuit kayak.



REDUCED COPY

As a result of meeting Professor Drever of St. Andrew's University during a paddling trip on the west coast of Scotland, Kenneth Taylor a student at the University of Glasgow and a member of the Scottish Hostellers Canoe Club, undertook a one man expedition in 1959 to the island of Igdlorssuit, just north of Disko Bay, on the west coast of Greenland, to study the kayak, its use and its place in Inuit culture. During his visit he had a seal skin covered kayak built to fit him by Emanuete Korntsen, the local kayak builder then 50 years of age. The kayak was measured at the "Old Manse", Inverkip, Renfrewshire, on 17th. and 18th. October 1964 while in the care of the late Joe Reid and the above drawing produced by Duncan R. Winning. This drawing has been made freely available to anyone interested. Ken's kayak has been used as the basis for the design of a number of recreational kayaks, one of which has been produced commercially in large numbers and enjoys a key position in the development of the sport of sea paddling in the glassfibre era.

Lines of Igdlorssuit Kayak

Duncan R. Winning,  
22 Brisbane Glen Road,  
Largs, Ayrshire, N.A.39 9QN,  
SCOTLAND.

*Duncan R. Winning*

Revised and now enclosed November 1997

were mostly in a bad state, abandoned on kayak stands and left to rot. Some were still in use for recreational paddling, but many of the deck fittings used for hunting were missing.

As in most cultures, readily available materials in Greenland had found their way into traditional craft. Plastic strips are often used now for kayak ribs. This, I believe, has led to a change in the cross section of some craft, as the plastic tends to take up a semicircular shape, compared with the traditional wooden ribs, which could be set to a flatter profile. This could explain why many of the kayaks we saw that had plastic ribs, had a deeper V to the bottom than recorded in older examples. Canvas is now more easily obtained than sealskin and is the most common covering.

Throughout the trip, local variations in the basic kayak shape were evident. For instance, the kayaks being built by Maligiaq in Sisimiut have more symmetry in profile than those being built in Nuuk. In both places the use of imported timber, such as ash and oak, has led to heavier ribs placed farther apart, compared to the more numerous slender split sapling ribs of the older examples. In two of the modern kayaks examined, an additional stringer had been added between the keel and the chine, giving greater support to the covering and a more rounded cross-section. One of these had much shorter overhangs at the ends, giving a longer waterline for the overall length and in turn faster calm water speed, all other things being equal.

Generally, the newer kayaks had longer waterlines, reduced rocker and a deeper cross section than the old hunting craft, making them less manoeuvrable but more suitable for racing at the national championships. Another type of kayak has evolved from the traditional hunting kayak. It is shorter with a very low freeboard, made for ease of rolling in competition.

To retain traditional values, all kayaks used by Greenlanders in the championships must be skin (or canvas) on frame, contain no metal fastenings, be fitted with deck straps and be propelled by narrow-bladed Greenland paddles.

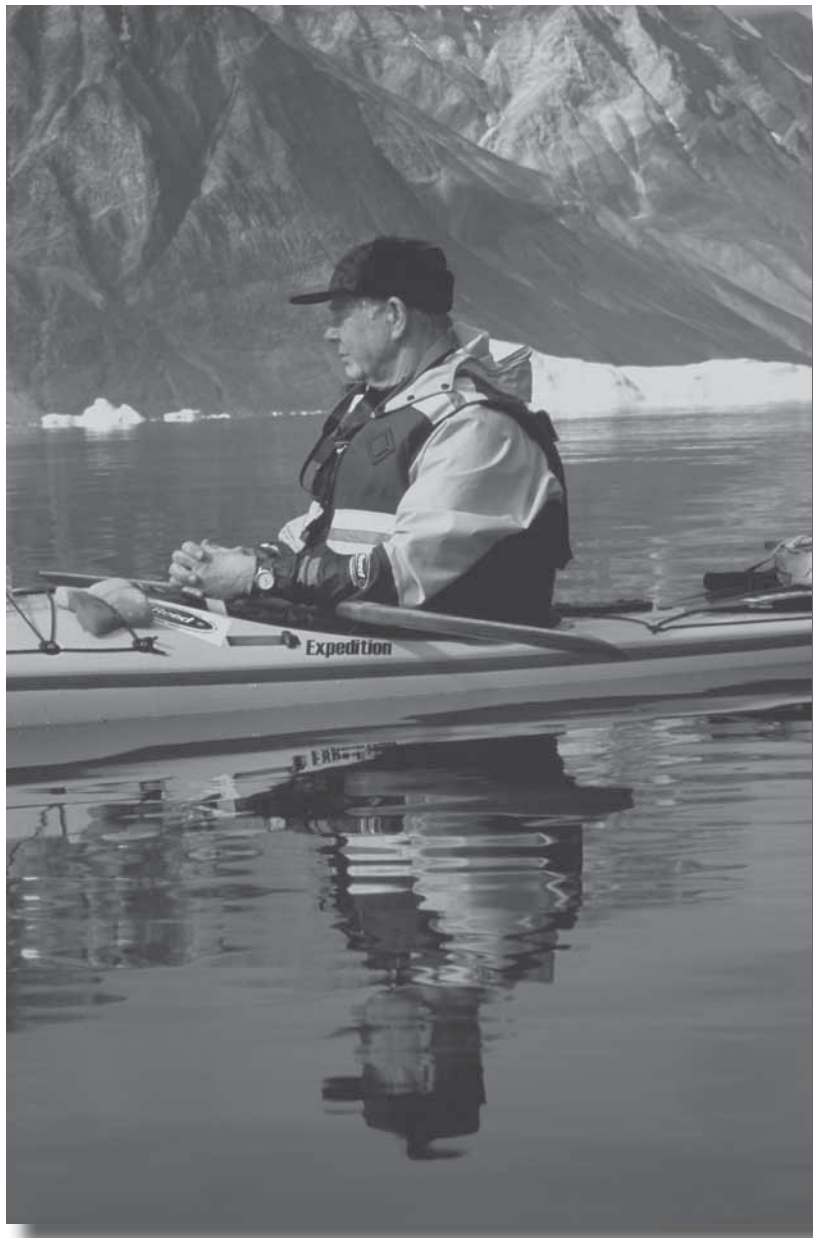
## The Importance of Ken's Kayak

When Ken brought his kayak to Scotland, no commercial designs were available in the UK for sea-touring kayaks. Most paddlers made do with general-purpose boats while a small number built their own. So I took photographs and used these as the basis for the hull shape of my next touring kayak and for a double version, the need for which arose from other youthful desires in the shape of a young lady of close acquaintance. Both of these designs proved popular within the Scottish sea-paddling scene and were adopted by the plans' service of *Canoeing* magazine. Examples

were built worldwide and some are still in use today.

In 1964 Ken moved to the United States and left his kayak in the care of my paddling buddy, the late Joe Reid, and myself. We carefully measured it and I produced a drawing (see p.18) which has given rise to a large number of semi-replicas, designs for do-it-yourself builders, at least four commercial Greenland-style hard-chined kayaks and a number of round bilge designs, all with a connection to the Igdlorssuit kayak. Such designs, from various parts of the world, now total

*Duncan Winning reflected on the icy waters of West Greenland, near Igdlorsuit. Photograph: Gordon Brown*



nearly 50! The *Anas Acuta* is one of the better-known offspring.

In the 1960s, English paddler Geoffrey Blackford could not find a suitable commercial sea kayak, nor a design to build one, so I gave him a copy of my drawing of Ken's kayak. He lengthened the kayak by 9.75 inches, altered the ends to suit plywood construction and fitted a deck and cockpit to accommodate a larger paddler. The *Anas Acuta* was an instant success and Carel Quaife, one-time British Canoe Union development officer, produced a mould for a fibreglass version.

Alan Byde, a popular kayak designer, coach and author, later refined the mould. Frank Goodman of Valley Canoe Products took up commercial production of the *Anas* under license from Blackford, Quaife and Byde.

A large number of Inuit kayaks, mostly from Greenland, have been brought to Britain over many years, but none have had the impact on the design of modern recreational sea kayaks that Ken Taylor's has, at least in Britain.

Only his has spawned abundant derivatives and continues to do so. A very few who paddle such kayaks have heard of Ken Taylor and his kayak, but hardly any know of Emmanuelle Korniliussen from the village of Igdlorssuit. I think he finally deserves to be recognized.

**NOTE ON THE AUTHOR**

Duncan R. Winning, O.B.E., is the honorary president of both the Scottish Canoe Association and Historic Canoe and Kayak Associations and a vice-president of the British Canoe Union. He started kayaking at age 10 and has designed and built his own sea kayaks since 1953.

Duncan can provide a 23x16-inch copy of his line drawings of the Korniliussen/Taylor kayak to interested readers. \$5 US to cover the costs of copying and mailing. Contact Duncan via e-mail: [duncan.winning@btconnect.com](mailto:duncan.winning@btconnect.com)

The text of this article originally appeared in the December 2008 issue of *Sea Kayaker* magazine. Used here with permission. [www.seakayakermag.com](http://www.seakayakermag.com)



*Harald Drever's kayak in the process of being covered with seal skins at Igdlorssuit.*

**Thanks:**

To Duncan for permission to reprint this article and for checking the final layout and captions; Gordon Brown for use of his photos, and Alan Byde for providing me with a CD of scanned images taken by Harald Drever.

## KAYAKING KALENDAR

### 2nd National (Australian) Sea Kayaking Symposium

Weekend of 27 - 29 November 2009

Palm Beach Currumbin High School, Thrower Drive, Currumbin, Gold Coast, Queensland, Australia  
Queensland Canoeing Incorporated. Email: [mark.thurgood@canoe.org.au](mailto:mark.thurgood@canoe.org.au)

For more information: [www.qld.canoe.org.au](http://www.qld.canoe.org.au)

### COASTBUSTERS 2010

Weekend of 26 - 28 February 2010 - Auckland

And an International Kayak Week following as per 2008.

See: [www.coastbusters.org.nz](http://www.coastbusters.org.nz)

### 2010 ROCK'N'ROLL - Australia

Date: Weekend of 19 - 22 March 2010

Venue: Batemans Bay Beach Resort, New South Wales

For further information: [www.nswseakayker.asn.au](http://www.nswseakayker.asn.au)

(the annual gather of the New South Wales Sea Kayak Club)

### KASK FORUM 2010

Date: weekend of 16 - 18 April 2010

Venue: north of Whangarei at the Manaia Christian Camp. Right on the edge of Whangarei Harbour, with camping, bunkroom and chalet accommodation. Key note speaker for Friday night is Jeff Allen from the UK, who has paddled around Japan and South Georgia. Saturday night will be dancing from 8 - 12pm.

The following week, 19 - 25 April, is scheduled for semi-organized social paddling,

in the area north of Whangarei up to the Bay of Islands.

## HUMOUR

(beware racist content)

### Rye Bread

Two old guys, one 80 and one 87, were sitting on their usual park bench one morning. The 87 year old had just finished his morning jog and wasn't even short of breath. The 80 year old was amazed at his friend's stamina and asked him what he did to have so much energy. The 87 year old said, "Well, I eat rye bread every day. It keeps your energy level high and you'll have great stamina with the ladies."

So, on the way home, 80 year old stops at the bakery. As he was looking around, the lady asked if he needed any help. He said, "Do you have any Rye bread?"

She said, "Yes, there's a whole shelf of it. Would you like some?"

He said, "I want five loaves."

She said, "My goodness, five loaves - by the time you get to the third loaf, it'll be hard."

He replied, "I can't believe it, everybody knows about this s\*\*t but me."

### High Country Widow

A successful South Island farmer fell off his perch and left everything to his devoted wife. She was a very good-looking woman, and although she knew bugger all about farming, she was determined to keep the high country sheep station. The widow decided to place an advert in the local newspaper for a farm hand. Two young blokes applied for the job.

One bloke was as camp as a row of tents and the other had a serious drinking problem. She thought long and hard about it, and when no one else applied, she decided to hire the gay guy, figuring it would be safer to have him around the house than the drunk. He proved to be a hard worker who put in long hours every day and knew a lot about high country farming. For weeks, the two of them worked together, and the station was doing very well. Then one day, the widow said to the hired hand, "You have done a really good job, and the station looks great. You should go into town and kick up your heels."

The hired hand readily agreed and headed into town on Saturday night.

One o'clock came, however, and he hadn't returned - 2 am and no hired hand. He finally returned around 2.30 am to the farmhouse, and found the widow sitting by the fireplace with a glass of white wine in her hand, waiting patiently for him. She quietly called him over to her.

"Unbutton my blouse and take it off," she said. Trembling, he did as she directed.

"Now take off my boots." He did as she asked, ever so slowly.

"Now take off my skirt." He slowly unbuttoned it, constantly watching her eyes in the firelight.

"Now take off my stockings." He removed each gently and placed them neatly by her boots.

"Now take off my G string." With great care he did this.

"Now take off my bra." Again, with trembling hands, he did as he was told and dropped it to the floor.

Then she looked him straight in his eyes and said, "If I ever catch you wearing my clothes into town again, you're fired!"

### Stretching Finances

A Scottish Soldier in full dress uniform marches into a chemist shop.

Very carefully he opens his sporran and pulls out a neatly folded cotton bandana, unfolds it to reveal a smaller silk square handkerchief, which he also unfolds to reveal a condom.

The condom has a number of patches on it. The chemist holds it up and eyes it critically.

"How much to repair it?" the Scot asks the chemist.

"Six pence," says the chemist.

"How much for a new one?"

"Ten pence," says the chemist.

The Scot painstakingly folds the condom into the silk square handkerchief and the cotton bandana, replaces it carefully in his sporran and marches out of the door, shoulders back and kilt swinging. A moment or two later the chemist hears a great shout go up outside, followed by an even greater shout. The Scottish soldier marches back into the chemists and addresses the proprietor, this time with a grin on his face.

"The regiment has taken a vote," he says. "We'll have a new one."

### Perils of Drunkenness

A drunk gets up from the bar and heads for the toilet.

A few minutes later, a loud, blood curdling scream is heard coming from the toilet. A few minutes after that, another loud scream reverberates through the bar. The barman storms out to the toilet to investigate why the drunk is screaming.

"What's all the screaming about in there?" he yells. "You're scaring my customers!"

"I'm just sitting here on the toilet," slurs the drunk, "and every time I try to flush, something comes up and squeezes the hell out of my nuts."

The barman opens the door, looks in, and says, "You idiot! You're sitting on the mop bucket!"

### True Love

A man was sitting on the settee watching TV when he heard his wife's voice from the kitchen.

"What would you like for dinner love? Chicken, beef or lamb?"

He said, "Thank you, I'll have chicken."

"Shut up. You're having soup. I was talking to the cat."

Why is it so hard for women to find men that are sensitive, caring, and good-looking?

Because those men already have boyfriends.

What's the difference between a new husband and a new dog? After a year, the dog is still excited to see you.

What makes men chase women they have no intention of marrying?

The same urge that makes dogs chase cars they have no intention of driving.

What would you call it when an Italian has one arm shorter than the other?

A speech impediment.

What's the difference between an Australian zoo and an English zoo?

An Australian zoo has a description of the animal on the front of the cage along with... "a recipe.."

How do you get a sweet little 80-year-old lady to say the F.. word?

Get another sweet little 80-year-old lady to yell, "\*BINGO\*!"

## KASK

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

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

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

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

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

**Editor: Paul Caffyn,  
RD 1, Runanga. 7873  
West Coast .N.Z.  
Ph/Fax: (03) 7311806  
Email: kayakpc@xtra.co.nz**

### **KASK Annual Subscription**

\$35 single membership  
(\$105 for 3 years; \$175 for 5 years)  
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A subscription form can be downloaded from the KASK website. Cheques should be made out to: K.A.S.K. (NZ) Inc. & mailed to:

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West Coast

**Send address changes for receiving the newsletter via email to Linda at: KASK.admin@xtra.co.nz**

### **4th. Ed. KASK HANDBOOK Updated to March 2008**

For trade orders of this mother of all sea kayaking handbooks, contact Paul Caffyn, RD 1, Runanga, 7873, West Coast. Ph/fax: (03)7311806  
e-mail: kayakpc@xtra.co.nz  
Shop RRP: \$34.90  
Price to KASK members only, including p&p, \$22.50  
Make cheques out to KASK (NZ) Inc. and mail to KASK Administrator: PO Box 23 Runanga, 7841 West Coast  
New members: gratis

The fourth edition of the KASK Handbook, is a mammoth compilation on all aspects of sea kayaking in New Zealand, by many of the most experienced paddlers in the Universe. Following a brief introduction, the handbook is divided into six sections:  
- Kayak, Paddle & Equipment  
- Techniques & Equipment  
- The Elements  
- Trips and Expeditions  
- Places to Go - Resources

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email: cathkel@xtra.co.nz  
**AUCKLAND Canoe Club**  
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Newmarket, Auckland.  
email:secretary@aucklandcanoeclub.org.nz

##### **HAURAKI Kayak Group**

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PO Box 46-146, Heme Bay, Auckland

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sheepskinsstuff@xtra.co.nz  
Ph: (07) 883 6898

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email: thetrolls@xtra.co.nz  
Website:www.geocities.com/gisborne\_sea\_kayakers/

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Website: www.wskn.wellington.net.nz

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email: eiger@xtra.co.nz  
Website: www.sskn.uniformnz.com

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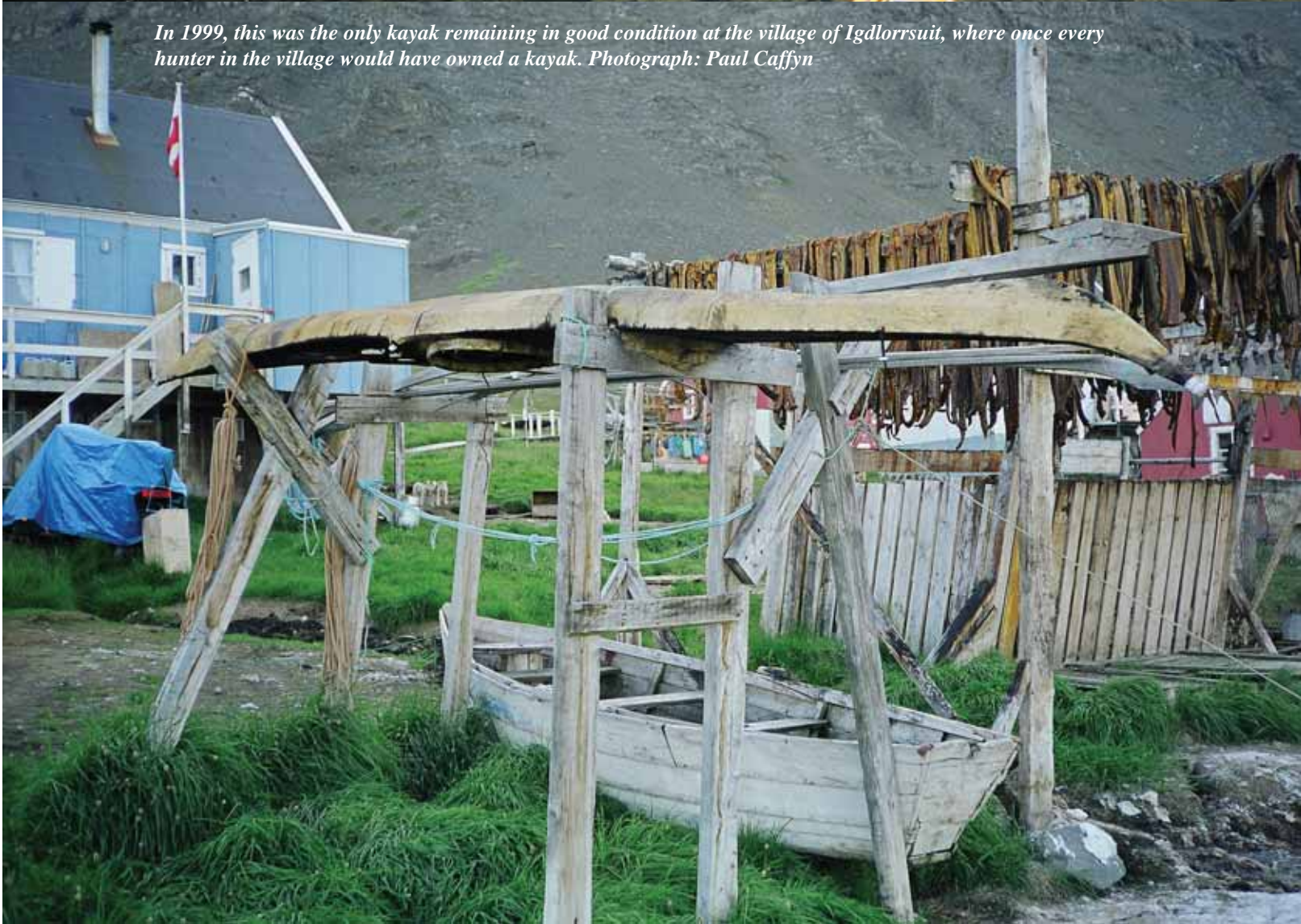
Website: www.canoeandkayak.co.nz  
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www.kask.org.nz**

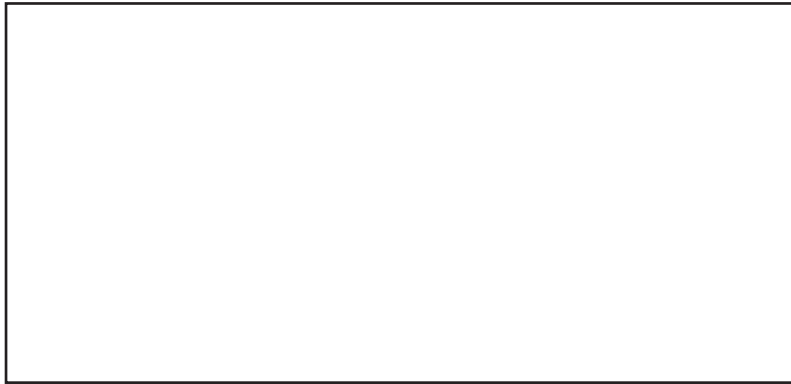
*Paul Caffyn and Conrad Edwards approaching the small West Greenland village of Igdlorssuit on 1 August 1999. Forty years earlier, Ken Taylor has a skin kayak built for him in this village, the lines of which were used to develop the lines of the Nordkapp kayaks we were paddling (See story on page 15). Photograph: Paul Caffyn*



*In 1999, this was the only kayak remaining in good condition at the village of Igdlorssuit, where once every hunter in the village would have owned a kayak. Photograph: Paul Caffyn*



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*A rainbow heralds an approaching hailstorm in Duck Cove, Dusky Sound, Fiordland.  
(See story on page 9). Photograph: Cathye Haddock*

### KASK MEMBERSHIP POLICY

Current membership fees are:

- \$35 for ordinary membership
- \$40 for family or joint membership
- \$35 for overseas membership
- new members receive a free copy of the handbook
- members should endeavour to renew by 1 August
- the KASK financial year 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 confirming renewals from existing members from July to October; and promoting new KASK memberships from November to February.

