

New Zealand CANOEING & RAFTING



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Canoeing & Rafting



Magazine

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The NEW ZEALAND CANOEING ASSOCIATION is the administering body of canoeing, kayaking and rafting in New Zealand. Although individuals may be members of the Association, the majority of paddlers are members of the Association through membership of a local paddling club. These member clubs are:

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COMMENT

This summer has again been one of low rainfall, leaving most of our rivers very skinny to say the least. I was lucky enough to hitch a ride by helicopter down the Motu River during the first week of December and was very surprised to see the water level at something like its low February level. Consequently the commercial operators on this river have been really feeling the pinch - hasn't been a good trip down the river for some time. Down South we had plenty of rain early on and Lake Wakatipu was throwing a surplus of water down the Kawarau, giving excellent kayaking and rafting water - rafts were being flipped almost every other day, but by February these rivers were back to their usual low state. The Buller has also been affected and although it seems to be seeing far more use, even by North Island paddlers who have been spending a week or more at a time on the river, it really hasn't been producing exciting water. Adding to these problems of low flow, the collapse of the Wheao threw a great deal of debris down the Rangitaiki, giving rather hazardous conditions with logs scattered throughout the rapids above and below Jeff's Joy. The problem here was that the logs would shift about so that the rapids that were clear one day might be choked the next.

As with the Ruahihi canal disaster, the Wheao was witnessed by a river runner - a canoeist this time. I was interested to watch the News interview on Television with the Manager of the local Power Board that was building the Wheao. He was obviously aware of the problems with the canal, and given the recent blow-out on the Ruahihi, he would have known that a similar event could have well happened to his scheme. But did he warn anybody? Certainly. He contacted the other local authorities. When will these bureaucrats realise that people - fishermen, canoeists, rafters, and people who enjoy our natural environment - are likely to be on our rivers or along the banks at any given instant in time. These bureaucrats are in their positions of influence to govern in our best interests and they have a duty to advise the public about the likelihood of flash flooding, including the probable disaster of their pet schemes. The obtaining of a water right does not give any organisation, or individual the sole right to the water or its natural stream bed. It was fortunate indeed that nobody was killed. If government is going to play around with our rivers, creating potentially dangerous projects, then they have an obligation to keep us fully informed of the risks we take in continuing to use the remaining, somewhat stingy flow remaining. Local hydro schemes are obviously a threat to public safety. The Patea hydro, when completed, will employ only one person to run the entire complex, it being fully automated. One begins to wonder just how safe you are going to be on the lower river if problems eventuate - a single person may well be too busy coping with any emergency that he may fail to warn river users and people living below. We certainly cannot trust local authorities to issue a warning. The Patea scheme is built in mud-stone (known locally as papa clay - a close relative of bentonite clay which is used in the oil industry as a lubricant - with a high tendency to slip). New Marlborough schemes, such as the proposed Wairau river hydro could be much the same, not only posing a threat but destroying scenic values, a fine fishing river, and drowning a difficult little rapid which is gaining a reputation locally as a fun rapid for playing on. With surplus Clutha power, do we still need these local power schemes?

Two rafting deaths this summer have highlighted the problems that inexperienced people face on rivers. It is not enough to be a competent paddler - whether of a kayak or a raft. The need to know how rivers work, how to swim in a river current, and knowing the dangers of entrapment are vital and cannot be learnt in any amount of pool training. Pool training and knowing how to eskimo roll certainly have their place, but is not a substitute for river experience. Both the deaths were as a result of people trying to stand up on a bouldery river with a strong flow. Both were trapped by a foot wedged between rocks and the current then folded the body down onto the river bed. No lifejacket will have sufficient buoyancy to overcome such a situation. Most kayak and rafting instruction courses are deficient in teaching how to swim in a rapid. This is true of school courses too where teachers all enthusiastic for 'outdoor education' teach skills they either don't have, or have never used in a real situation.

For many years I have stated the view that the New Zealand canoeing market was simply too small to sustain expensive high-technology kayak building such as vacuum-bagging and plastic kayaks such as is so readily available in North America. With the equipment and the moulds being so expensive I felt that such boats could not be built and sold here in sufficient numbers and at a reasonable price to make the project viable financially. So, to prove me wrong two groups are now either producing, or are about to produce excellent white water kayaks at prices only slightly above that of a good glass boat. At the time of writing Mike O'Donnell has his boat on the market, and Max Grant will have his available within a few weeks.

The Americans were the first to get into plastics for kayaks in a big way and as they had to develop the technology, it seems that the locally produced boats will benefit from the solving of the U.S. problems and we will be able to have our equipment built to construct more improved designs and using improved materials. In the early days of plastic boats there was a problem with the high flexibility of the boats. This led to the fear that people would become trapped by a collapsed deck in a rock-wrap. This problem led to plastic boats being banned or outlawed in Europe and the U.K. The U.K. paddlers have always been very safety conscious. They are, for example, the only country to have standards for kayak construction part of their national standards and consumer protection scheme. Their emphasis on things like fail-safe footrests also demonstrates their phobia for safety. Whilst I am not saying that such concern is misplaced, I really do wonder whether such bureaucratic meddling really is necessary, and whether it does save lives. Accidents arise more because of paddler error than equipment failure. Certainly the technology of plastic boats has moved a great deal since they first came on the market and the problem is now virtually non-existent - admittedly with the hassle of having a foam support between the paddlers legs and boats built quite heavily.

I was fortunate to have a good look at the product being turned out by Mike O'Donnell and friends and was very impressed with their standard of construction. Provided canoeists do not alter the seat and pillar buoyancy arrangement, these boats will be as safe, if not safer, than glass boats. The boats do suffer from high weight, but this seems a small price to pay for a boat that is virtually indestructible until UV rays degrades the plastic to a brittle state. It seems that you will be blessed with a leak-proof, undamageable boat for at least their first five years of use, and that probably makes them a better investment than a glass boat.

The hard-edged 'pumpkin-pip' shape of the ultra-low volume slalom kayak is not appropriate to plastic construction, so if you love the feel of the light, high performance, low volume slalom kayak, then plastic is not for you. But for big water, rough water, and for those fast low-flow mountain torrents where bouncing off boulders is the order of the day, then plastic is your answer. Maybe the all-round kayak paddler will have to have a selection of boats like the golfer has golf clubs. Congratulations to Mike O'Donnell and Max Grant for making these boats available on the New Zealand market at a price we can afford. If these two get a return on their investment, maybe the range of plastic boats will increase.

Congratulations too, to Paul Caffyn for completion of the Australian circumnavigation. It was a fine achievement to do it at all, leave alone doing it inside a year with minimum sponsorship. While such expeditions are hardly everyone's cup of tea, it just goes to show what is possible in sea kayaking, and that sea kayaks are safe and seaworthy boats. Seaworthiness is, of course, more a function of the paddler's ability than kayak design, as the fellow who set off in the Hauraki Gulf, alone and without lifejacket and supplies found to his cost. Fortunately such examples of ignorance and stupidity are rare. I hope Paul can find a publisher for his story.

Getting back to the subject of rivers, the hearings for the National Water Conservation Order to protect the Motu River were held in Gisborne in early December over a period of three days. Canoeists were in the forefront and, if the Motu eventually does get protected, then canoeists can take most of the credit for it. The only real opposition to the Order came from the Opotiki County who

clearly saw the building of a hydro scheme as an opportunity to increase the rating income of their county, and for government subsidised facilities to be built in the town. (Is a swimming pool an adequate substitute for a river?). The local Power Board also objected, wishing to see a small hydro scheme on the upper river. The Ministry of Energy, and the Ministry of Works did not object to the proposed order as they claimed that they could provide South Island power to the East Cape region cheaper than Motu power, that coal reserves in Taranaki would offer cheaper power, and that the need for power in the region was over-stated and still some way off. The Water Resources Council, typical of government, proposed a compromise in that only the middle reaches of the river should be protected - what exactly is to be done with the rest is anybody's guess!

The current state of play is that N.W.A.S.C.A has made a recommendation to the Minister to protect the river from Waitangarua Stream to the Huaero Stream, including the major tributaries flowing into the river over that section. This recommendation is now open to objections and E.D.S. has objected to this recommendation, claiming that more of the river in the lower river should receive protection. The local Power Board is also likely to object, wishing to see the river left open to development.

As we (canoeists) were involved in the hearings, we retain the right to represent our case at the Planning Tribunal which will hear the objections. A point worth noting is that if you do not send in submissions either supporting or objecting to any development proposal, or protection measure, then you lose the right to appear at later hearings. At the actual hearings in December there were a number of organisations that had sent in submissions but failed to appear to present them to the committee. Such submissions are largely ignored in the decision making process but they do at least protect your right to appear at later hearings. If, however, you do not appear at the hearings of objections (you cannot send in submissions on objections, nor are submissions on the original proposal considered again at the hearings of objections), then the objectors may finally win by default. So, you have to appear at the hearings of objections if you are to have your arguments considered.

It was obvious that at the hearings so far attended, canoeists have a very credible reputation and I believe that in appearing to back up written submissions our views are treated with respect. This may make things easier when we fight other issues around the country. Although the race to develop our last remaining natural areas is increasing, I believe that we can be optimistic in expecting to see some of our favourite rivers receive some degree of protection. We cannot afford not to at least try. We will have to put some effort into it - as the spirit of those currently engaged in the battle fades, someone will have to step in to maintain the effort.

There are discussions afoot to get National Park status for the Wanganui River. A water conservation order has been applied for on the Ahuriri which we will no doubt get involved in. As canoeists and rafters are a diverse group of individuals, the N.Z. Canoeing Association has taken it upon itself to represent your interests in these matters, but without some feedback from you on these issues, your own special rivers might be overlooked.

Please keep us informed of any issue relevant to canoeing and rafting that we ought to know about.

Jan and Graham Egarr
Editors.

COVER PHOTOGRAPH: Rafting the Gentle Annie Gorge, Grey River, Westland.
A pressure wave bounces boatman Garth Falloon forward.
Crew are: Keith Hughes, John Dobbe, Greame Muir, and Paul Boyes.
Photographer: Graham Egarr - June 1982.

Dagg Sound Expedition 1982-3

STORY AND PHOTOGRAPHS BY IAN MILNE

This was meant to be the Dusky Sound Expedition, but we did not get that far. For all that, it was a good reconnaissance trip for the next attempt.

Background:

I had had two ambitions for several years, of kayaking to Dusky Sound, and of designing and building a Greenland-style kayak that would be suitable for the trip. While living at Mt Maunganui, I had begun to build a kayak along Eskimo lines to suit my own dimensions, in frame and canvas construction based on the gunwales, with bent ribs. This kayak was completed in Kaikoura and launched in Dunedin, but turned out to be less stable than I liked. By this time the "Nordkapp" kayak had become available, but I still wanted to create my own design, so during 1980 I designed another kayak with greater stability and cargo capacity, which I named "Dusky Bay" after Captain Cook's original name for Dusky Sound. I built a frame and canvas prototype, using built-up frames and conventional methods, and tested the kayak in a variety of conditions in the summer of 1981-82. Being happy with the prototype, I took patterns off it for Kayel plywood construction, redesigned the deck structure to include bulkheads and hatches, and proceeded to build two kayaks, using the WEST epoxy resin system.

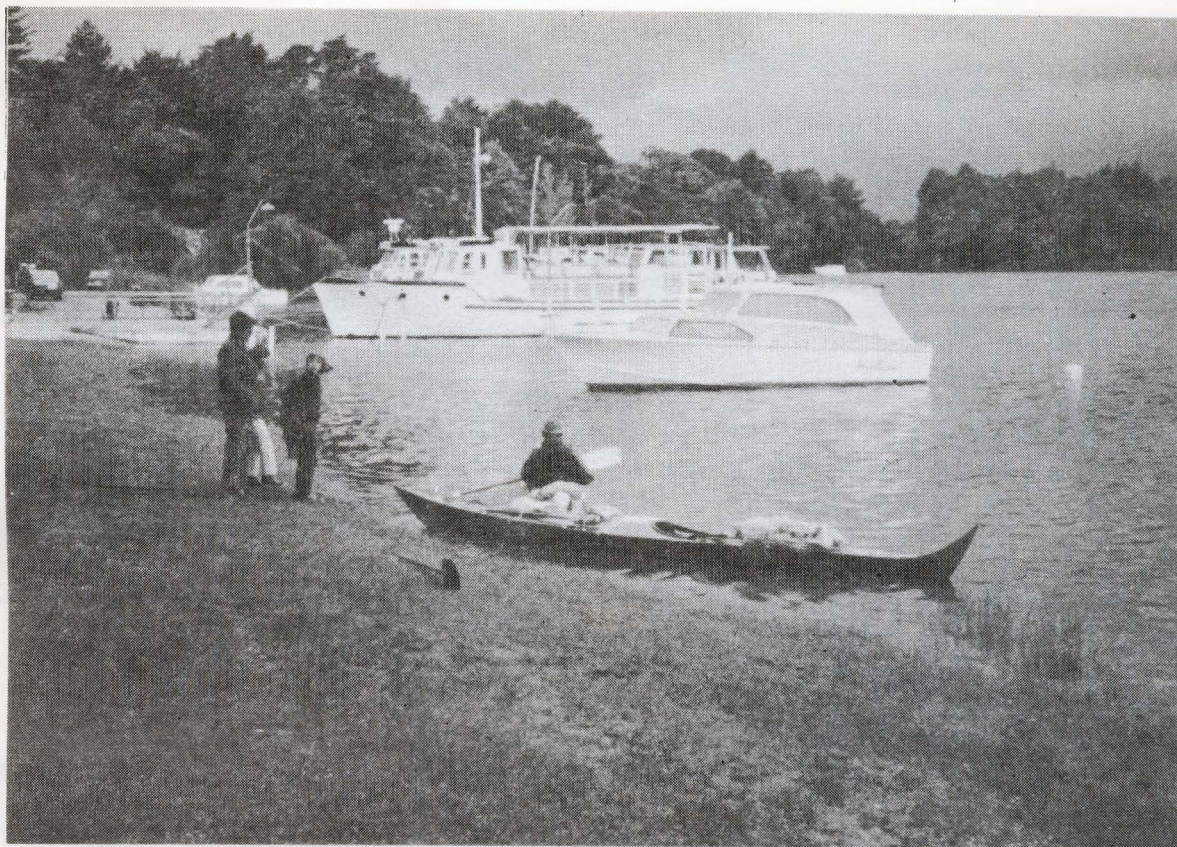
During this time I had been corresponding with my old Kupe Canoe Club friend, Dave Banks of Titahi Bay, Wellington, who had originally suggested the Dusky Sound trip, and we were looking for one or two other people to join us on the trip, but without success. Finally, Dave found that he could not go either, so it seemed that it was all off. However, in Easter, 1982, I approached Dave Griffiths, another old acquaintance, who was managing the Southland Youth Adventure Trust's Borland Lodge near Lake Monowai, and he was interested. After trying for another member we decided that we would go, even though there were only two of us. We received advice and encouragement from the Fiordland National Park rangers at Te Anau, and arranged to send in a food dump to Supper Cove on the "Renown", an ex-trawler used for track maintenance and scientific research purposes.

Our itinerary involved paddling across Lake Manapouri, obtaining transport over the Wilmot Pass, paddling down Doubtful Sound and portaging from the Crooked Arm to Dagg Sound, then paddling down the coast to Resolution Island and portaging across the narrow isthmus between the island and Five Fingers Peninsula, spending a few days in Dusky Sound visiting the historic sites, then up to Supper Cove to pick up the food dump, returning via the Acheron Passage to Dagg Sound and portaging back to Crooked Arm or continuing on up the coast to Doubtful Sound. The trip was to take three weeks but we allowed food for four in case of bad weather.

I completed the first kayak and took it and the food dump over to Dave in October, and still had a lot of work to do to finish the second kayak, and the hatches remained a problem. In November I asked my father in Auckland for assistance and he designed a system and sent me the parts. I sent a set to Dave who installed them in the first kayak while I did the second. The second kayak was finished a fortnight before the trip was due to start, giving just enough time to try it out, organise the first half of the trip and do a trial pack.

The Trip:

Boxing Day, 1982. I drove from Dunedin to the Borland Lodge, a five-hour journey. Dave's wife, Dianne, had our last civilised meal ready for us. In the afternoon, Dianne drove us to Manapouri where we launched off the lawn by the tourist centre at 6p.m. We paddled into a light westerly wind to Surprise Bay and made a short portage to Circle Cove. The two bays were almost connected as the lake level was high. After paddling into a stronger headwind and a chop which sent spray flying off the deck fittings, we crossed Hope Arm and arrived in Stockyard Cove at 8.30p.m., a distance for the day of six miles. We camped in the bush with a good campfire at the foot of the cliff, and slept under Dave's flysheet.



Leaving Lake Manapouri and crossing the lake to Stockyard Cove.



27th December. In the morning we were visited by a Park Ranger who gave us some helpful hints about landing in Coal Bay, further down the coast, favouring the south end of the beach. After obliterating our campfire, we were on the water at 10.15a.m. Rounding the point, we paddled into a steep chop and headwind until we came to South Arm. Crossing the Arm, we were more sheltered by the high range on the western side. We stopped for lunch at Fairy Beach, a beautiful place.

We continued on to West Arm in mist and rain with some sunny patches providing dramatic changes in the light, arriving there at 5p.m. Thirteen miles for the day. After a quick change to beat the sandflies, and shooing away a kea that was taking a fancy to my wet-suit bootee, we loaded the vehicle and trailer which Dave had arranged and drove over the Wilmot Pass, through snow at the top. There was nobody at Deep Cove as the hostel manager and his wife were away on holiday. We set up the radio which Dave had hired and made our first 8p.m. contact with the Invercargill mountain radio base. After that we drove back up the road a mile or so and stayed in the hut there. We cooked on my spirit stove that night. I did not sleep much, being rather nervous about the coastal section of our trip, fast approaching.

28th December. I got up feeling dreadful and could not seem to get anything organised. I decided that I had too much food and sorted out some items to leave in the hut. We finally launched onto Deep Cove at 11.20a.m. The Sound was calm as we paddled past Hall Arm and Elizabeth Island, and landed for lunch in a rocky cove opposite the northern end of the island. We had missed a better place about a mile back. Rather than bump the kayaks on the rocks we used Dave's idea of placing them on driftwood logs arranged as trestles. After an hour, we set off at 2.15p.m. into a rising headwind and chop. At times when we began to find the going fairly hard, the wind would die away for a while, allowing us to improve our progress. I felt great elation as we rounded the point into the wide Malaspina Reach and looked out through the Gut to the sea horizon, with Bauza Island looming darkly on the south side. Turning into Crooked Arm, we were pleased to find the wind and waves at our backs for a change and had an easy run past high, overhanging cliffs to the elbow. The bay on the west side looked inviting but we did not stop to explore. Rounding Turn Point, we faced again into the westerly but the waves were small and became smaller as we progressed up the Arm. After another couple of miles, Dave went on ahead to set up the radio. We had found that his natural pace was faster than mine, as he had less gear, smaller paddle blades, and better fitness.

I arrived at Haulashore Cove at 7p.m. after nearly five hours' steady paddling. Dave had pitched his fly-sheet a little way along the track as there was no other level ground above high water. I wanted to pitch my tent that night so had to go further along the track to find a suitable spot. Dave tried to light a fire but gave up in the rain. After a cold salami dinner I settled down for a decent sleep, the rain coming down steadily.

29th December. About 2a.m., I woke to hear the stream still rushing past and the rain still coming down. After listening for awhile, I crawled out of the sleeping bag, to find water splashing about under the sewn-in floor of the tent. I decided to move to a higher spot I had found the night before, a little further up the track. This took me a couple of hours, using a Cylume stick for light. My kayak was afloat, so I moored it to a tree. After dozing off for another couple of hours, I had breakfast in the tent and then went to see how Dave had fared. He had not had to move but had been wondering about it for awhile. It seemed that the water had risen no higher, so I could have stayed where I was after all. Still, a new experience for me!

At 9.40a.m., we set out over the track to Dagg Sound. Dave had made a back-pack out of a fertilizer sack lined with his sleeping mat, but I just slung a couple of bags over half my spare paddle. It was so wet that we wore our wet-suit booties, and I wore my wet-suit trousers, which chafed the backs of my knees. A little further up the track we had to cross the stream, a raging torrent over knee-deep at the deepest part. Although the distance to Dagg Sound was only



Camp at Adieu Point.

Paddling in ideal conditions.



a mile in a straight line, the track was quite a difficult one, being just a slightly-blazed route through the bush, up and down, with many sharp bends, obstructions and streams to cross. After carrying all our gear through in three trips, we had lunch under Dave's versatile flysheet pitched to shelter us from the cold westerly blowing up Dagg Sound, then went back for the kayaks. These we leap-frogged through the bush, putting one down when we could carry it no further and going back for the other one. We finally arrived at Dagg Sound with the second kayak at 6p.m., feeling totally exhausted. We had planned to paddle down Dagg Sound on the same day as the portage, but the portage had been tougher than expected. We could not camp at the end of the Sound as there was no level ground and it was very exposed to the wind, so we loaded the kayaks, made our radio call, and paddled down to the southern-most bend of the Sound where we found a tiny patch of level ground among fallen trees near the shore, near the track to Breaksea Sound. We shared the tent that night, after another cold dinner.

30th December. The 5.30a.m. bellbird chorus woke us, then we went back to sleep. Later, we thought it was raining, but it was just the sandflies battering against the tent. There they were, in their millions! Just waiting for us to come out! We came out at 10a.m., after a good lie-in, and Dave got a fire going on the beach. We had our first decent meal for a couple of days --- soup, frankfurters, dehy vegetables and apples, with the usual cups of tea well filled with sugar and milk powder. We also hung up our wet gear to dry. Then we packed up and left the beach at 22.30p.m., paddling down the Sound, one day behind schedule. We were both still very tired and Dave was developing a sore tailbone from his kayak seat, which had turned out to be not quite as comfortable over the distance as it had seemed in trials. I had an infected finger, although it seemed to be under control, and we realised that the outer end of Dagg Sound was going to be our point of no return.

We paddled on down the Sound, past Anchorage Arm and Otago Point, coming into the gradually increasing ocean swell. We checked out a small cove on the south side but decided that it was not suitable for camping, so headed across to Adieu Point, to the narrow bay where Paul Caffyn and Max Reynolds had camped five years before. As we crossed the Sound, the swell increased and became confused by the backlash off the cliffs on either side, and there was a strong drift towards the rock wall on the eastern side of the bay we were making for. We swung wide to avoid the wall as we bounced around in the choppy swell, but then had to paddle hard to avoid the rocky point on the western side. "Go for gold," we yelled. We could see the river mouth, but the tide was too low to paddle into it. Dave surfed in sideways and landed in the middle of the beach. I found less surf at the western end of the beach and baled out in thigh-deep water onto a sandy bottom, guiding the kayak onto the small, sandy beach which was just exposed. Dave had dragged his kayak up onto a couple of logs and came over to help me with mine.

The beach was steep and stony, topped by a vertical wall of driftwood against the level land behind. We quickly changed, cleared the driftwood off a small patch of moss-covered ground behind the wall, pitched the tent and set up the radio. The tide was coming in so we brought the kayaks up beside the tent. As there was still some sun on the top of the beach, we spread out our gear to dry. Then Dave said, "Look", and there was a stag coming out of the bush a little way up the river, for a drink. I froze, while Dave crept quietly down from the other side of the shingle bank to get closer for some photos. I sank down out of sight and ran back to get my camera from where I had left it with my lifejacket. When I came back, the stag was looking up at Dave -- he told me later he had to yell at it -- so I took a photo, and after awhile it wandered away, not at all concerned. Amazing!

That night we had another feed of dehy vegetables and corned beef.

31st December. We decided to have a rest day in this pleasant place and discuss the future of our tirp. Dave spent some time carving out a piece from the back of his kayak seat, but decided that he could not give the ocean the concentration it would require. The forecast was for constant westerlies. I was not keen to do the portage again, but it was the only way. We decided to make an early start, and agreed that the first one awake would wake the other, any time after 4a.m. We ate well, to lighten our loads. Dave made scones, baked in the fire. Delicious with golden syrup.



To the open sea !



New Year's Day, 1983. I woke Dave at 4.15a.m. We had breakfast in the tent, then packed up in the clear dawn. We launched at 6.30 off the sandy beach which was again exposed. As we left our little bay, I took photos of Castoff Point and Towing Head at the mouth of the Sound. The tide was still running out, against us. Dave was silhouetted ahead of me in the reflection of the light gradually rising from behind the mountains at the head of the Sound, and, although we were turning back, I felt that this brilliant morning had made the whole trip worthwhile.

Arriving back at the southern bend, we found some drifted trees exposed at low tide, covered with mussels. Pulling up alongside, we picked a few each, then landed on the tidal flat. I cooked up the mussels on my stove while Dave minded the kayaks against the tide which was coming in. Dave wished for bread and vinegar but I found the mussels thoroughly enjoyable as they were.

We then continued on to the head of the Sound, unloaded the kayaks and took a load of gear over the track to Crooked Arm, finding the track much drier and a lot more pleasant than before, and we were wearing our proper boots this time. We heard parakeets chattering and the cry of a kiwi in the bush, and met a weka on the track. We took the kayaks next, then the rest of the gear in two more trips. Dave carried one of my bags as I still seemed to have more gear than he had. Although we are both fairly quiet types, as we grew more tired I became more talkative while Dave became more silent. After awhile, I curbed my prattling in case it annoyed him, but he never complained. We camped separately on the same spots as before in Haulashore Cove, once again totally exhausted.

2nd January. In the morning I wrote out a revised food list for future Fiordland trips. About 9a.m., Dave honoured me with a cup of tea. We took our gear down to the tidal flat, loaded as the tide came in, and launched at 1p.m. on a calm Crooked Arm. After awhile, Dave said, "What's that?" and we could see in the distance some splashing of white water. As we came closer we could see that it was a school of seven or eight dolphins cruising along, blowing and diving, coming towards us. We paddled towards them, not knowing where they would come up next. I got out my camera from inside the front of my lifejacket, and paddled closer. Then the next time they surfaced they were swimming away from us. I managed to get fairly close and match their pace, then kept on at the same speed when they dived again. The next time they came up they were quite close, their backs arching gracefully over the surface, but still taking no notice of us. By this time we had each taken several photos so we let them go, or perhaps they let us go.

Dave paddled off to land on the small point on the outside of the elbow. I stopped for some scroggin from my deck pouch and continued on at a more leisurely rate, admiring the reflections and the interesting patterns of bubbles on the dark water surface. When I caught up, we decided to call in at the bay on the west side of the arm, near Doubtful Sound, to see if it was suitable for camping, and then push on to Deep Cove. I also wanted to check out a small cove on the northern side of Doubtful Sound, opposite Crooked Arm.

We headed north to Doubtful Sound, into our stiffest headwind of the trip, spray flying off the deck fittings. I plucked up courage and stopped to take a photo of Dave just ahead, my kayak bucking around in the windblown sea. Dave gradually drew further ahead, which seemed to have become our pattern, and I battled on, watching the trees on shore move slowly past each other, my head full of wild music. After a hard but exhilarating hour, I pulled into the bay and found Dave landed at the river mouth in what looked like the original primeval swamp. Fortunately, there were no dinosaurs. After biscuits and cheese, we carried on to Doubtful Sound. Dave rounded Kellard Point and headed up the Sound to set up the radio before 8p.m., while I crossed the Sound to check my little spot. It was a beautiful place but no good for camping. The wind and sea were behind me all the way up the main channel, providing a welcome change of action and rapid progress. Feeling rather weary, I landed at the sandy beach opposite Elizabeth Island which we had missed on the way out, for some refreshment. Continuing, the south end of Elizabeth Island gave shelter from the wind,



The bits you remember - the calm and the wind. On the return trip.



which was funnelling around the far side of the island, giving a choppy crossing of the other channel. Crossing Hall Arm, I encountered the swift current of the power project tailrace and moved back to the northern side of the Sound. After paddling up Deep Cove in the slack water as far as possible, I ferry-glided across to the tailrace to the deserted fishing wharf, past the "Renown" and landed below the hostel. Dave was still in contact with our radio base and let them know I had arrived. As it was nearly dark by this time, we got out our sleeping bags, secured our kayaks against keas, and tramped up the road to the hut. The food I had left was still there.

3rd January. Most of the morning was spent at the hut, then we drove back over the Wilmot Pass to West Arm, Lake Manapouri, where some tourists waiting for the boat were being driven crazy by the sandflies. We had learned to live with them, keeping covered up as much as possible, with periodic application of super-grade repellent to hands and faces and the occasional use of head-nets. The bites had not affected us, but the sheer numbers of sandflies became a nuisance at times. We quickly reloaded and paddled the few miles to Fairy Beach, into an easterly headwind (Murphy's Law!) with a few squalls. Fairy Beach was an ideal spot to spend the night.

4th January. The last day of our trip. Away to a good start at 9a.m., we seemed to have our camping routine shaken down at last. We paddled the remaining 14 miles across Lake Manapouri in flat calm, misty conditions all the way, stopping on Mahara Island for lunch, and rounding Stony Point this time. We decided that we preferred the Circle Cove portage. We discussed the old Eskimo problem of losing orientation and falling out in flat calm, whiteout conditions and discovered that our translucent plastic water bottles carried on our fore-decks made excellent artificial horizons. As we approached Pearl Harbour I had to splash water on my face to wake myself up. On arrival, I did an Eskimo roll, just to see if I could still do one, feeling tired and with a load. It worked fine, on flat water anyway.

Dianne came to meet us and we drove back to the Borland Lodge where I stayed the night before driving back to Dunedin the next day, leaving Dave and Dianne to organise their household removal to Clifden, further south, where Dave had a new job.

GENERAL COMMENTS:

It was a good trip, as far as it went, although it ended in rather an anti-climax. Dave and I seemed compatible enough. We were amenable to each other's suggestions and did not have any arguments. I left him to make most of the fires and could perhaps have helped him more. I carried the stove and fuel, Dave carried the radio. We found that two was a good number as the campsites were very restricted.

Dave had his food pretty well organised, but I did not. Food for a big trip should be prepacked into plastic bags in daily lots. This will save a lot of time in camp, allowing earlier starts and better use of daylight, especially in winter, when the weather is likely to be more settled.

Speaking for myself, I was not as fit as I should have been to have attempted the whole trip as planned. Building the kayaks had taken up the time, and I had not been a regular active canoeist for several years, since my Rotorua and Kaimai Canoe Club days. We also had not had time to really get to know our kayaks before the trip. Following a lone paddle down the Dunedin coast from St. Clair beach to Brighton since the trip, I have realised that I need to do a lot more canoeing on the open coast to overcome my nervousness in that situation. Paul Caffyn, I salute you!

The kayaks handled well at all stages of the trip. They had no skegs or rudders but tracked well in all conditions encountered. They had good speed, stability and cargo capacity, and rode smoothly in the waves. Dave's kayak (the first one) had a "Baby Whale" foot-operated pump, with half-inch tubing, mounted on the footrest platform. Dave said he hardly used it. My kayak (the second one) had an "AAA" hand-operated pump, with one-inch tubing, mounted on the after-deck, port side. This could be used from in the kayak, and even more effectively from out of it, for removing the night's rainwater or a wave that washed in

while landing. We sealed the hatches with vaseline and they were perfectly water-tight. Since the trip I have narrowed my paddle blades a little, making a considerable improvement.

We are already planning our next attempt, with a few changes. Anyone interested in further details of the trip, our equipment, the "Dusky Bay" kayak, or sea canoeing in Otago or Fiordland, is invited to contact:

Ian Milne, 124 Richardson Street, St Kilda, Dunedin, or phone 879-473.

"Sea Kayaking"

by JOHN DOWD

A MANUAL FOR LONG DISTANCE SEA TOURING

Published by Douglas & McIntyre, Vancouver 1981

The history of canoeing is fairly well known; Rob Roy MacGregor had seen drawings of Eskimo kayaks and adapted the idea to wooden rowing boats and came up with a small transportable craft which he paddled over most of Europe and North Africa. From this came the laith and canvas boats, the Fold-boats, and eventually the modern glass-fibre kayak. The trend has been away from boats that you merely sat in towards low volume craft that have become an extension of your body. Now suppose you then re-introduce sea canoeing and it becomes natural to build long thin craft that you would paddle much like a modern river boat. But the problem is that such craft are fine as long as the paddler has his wits about him and is ever alert to what is going on about him, and he can land for the odd rest. Frank Goodman, the designer of the Nordkapp certainly showed that if a paddler thought of canoeing as a craft to hop from beach to beach you could cruise the world's most inhospitable shores - even Cape Horn. Now let us suppose that the shore you paddle on cannot provide adequate rest stops - maybe there are sheer cliffs, or ice cliffs as found in Patagonia, or extensive swamp without space to pitch a tent. Why not have a boat you can sleep in; a wider than average boat that can drift and survive a storm, but narrow enough to paddle, big enough to carry all your gear for months. Such a craft is what John Dowd has had extensive experience. In short, John asks us to reconsider the Rob Roy concept. But he does more than that, he asks us about many kayakers assumptions - why the feathered paddle?

If you are interested in sea kayaking you would have read Derek Hutchinson's book SEA CANOEING. Derek talks of the modern narrow sea kayak and you get swept along with his assumption that his style of boat is the only style worth considering. John's book is not so narrow - he claims a place for both types, but it is obvious that for his uses, the beamy boat wins hands down. His book ends with a chapter on Franz Romer's trans-Atlantic crossing by kayak - now you couldn't do that in a Nordkapp!

No matter what your style of kayaking, this book has sound advice for anyone paddling along the world's shores. Some information, it is true, applies to tropical areas, but John is a New Zealander and most of what he says is very relevant to us here. John does confine himself to the subject of Sea Kayaking. There is no concession to writing a supposedly complete guide to kayaking. Whether he is talking about efficient paddling, support strokes, or insect pests, what he says is relevant to sea kayaking and he does not waste pages rambling on about other areas of kayaking. He is an expert, and he sticks to his subject.

In the Spring issue of this magazine we ran an advertisement for the author of this book. By buying direct you can save up to \$2 on the store price of this book, and at \$12 this book is well worth it, even if you don't always go along with his arguments as there is much that is pure common sense and good advice.

Kaimoana

More Mussel Recipes.

MUSSEL PATÉ:

1 Onion 2 cloves garlic Pinch of mace 1 Bayleaf
Pinch of Bouquet Garni 500 grams of cooked mussels.

Saute the above ingredients, except the mussels, in 60 grams of butter.

Add 500 grams of cooked mussels long enough to warm them through.

Place in the blender and reduce to a smooth paste.

Add 1-2 measures of brandy, salt and black pepper.

Cream 300 grams butter in the saucepan you cooked in.

When blender mixture is cooled enough not to melt the creamed butter, combine the two. Fill small dishes. Smooth the tops and scatter with parsley or chopped cashews. This mixture freezes well.

NOTE: To make a paler coloured paté, remove the 'tongue, frill and gut' of each mussel, but remember this will take more mussels to make the 500 grams of mussel meat. The flavour is milder, too.

MUSSELS MARINIÈRE:

Mussels - in shells - 2 - 2½kg. Butter - 30 grams
Dry white wine Lemon balm - 1 sprig (optional)
Onion - 1 small, finely chopped Bayleaf - 1
Thyme - 1 sprig or ½tsp, dried Chopped parsley
Garlic - 1 or 2 cloves 2 tbsp sour cream (optional).

Scrub mussel shells. Just cover electric frypan base with dry white wine.

Add bayleaf, onion, thyme, garlic, lemon balm, and butter. Cover, bring to boil.

Add mussels and cover. Boil hard with lid on 5-10 minutes until cooked, depending on size of mussels. When cooked, remove from pan and place in serving dish. Keep warm when reducing mussel liquid.

Use approx. 1 cup of cooking liquid to which you add the sour cream. Whisk or beat this in. Drizzle over opened, cooked mussel shells in serving dish.

Sprinkle with chopped parsley.

CREAM OF MUSSEL SOUP:

1 dozen large mussels in shells 1 good pinch mace
1 large onion 1 good pinch bouquet garni
1 bayleaf Extra milk
30 grams butter 1½tbsp cornflour
1200 mls water Good dash dry white wine
600 mls milk Salt & pepper

Open raw mussels, rinse in cold water once.

Place in saucepan with onion, bayleaf, butter, wine and water, simmer till cooked. Remove bayleaf, 'tongue, gut and frill' of each mussel.

Place in blender and liquidize. Return to saucepan.

Bring to boil with mace and bouquet garni. Add milk, thicken with extra milk and cornflour just as it reaches boiling again. Add salt and pepper to taste, garnish with grated cheese and/or chopped parsley.

MUSSELS WITH GARLIC BUTTER:

Mussels - 6 dozen (in shells) Butter - 250 grams
Salt & pepper Garlic - 2 cloves
Parsley (optional) chopped Dry bread crumbs

Steam mussels open. Keep in half shell. Arrange on large, flat serving plate. Sprinkle with dry breadcrumbs. Melt butter and crushed garlic and parsley.

Drizzle over each individual shell.

Place under preheated hot grill until brown. Serve immediately.

These recipes come with the compliments of Marlene Cresswell, and are supplied with cultivated mussels sold in the Nelson area.

N'ICEWATER

NOTES FROM A SEASON PADDLING IN SWEDEN

- RICK MCGREGOR

My involvement in slalom paddling in Sweden spanned one whole season, commencing while there was still snow on the ground at the end of March, and finishing with paddling outside for the last time in November in -4°C temperatures with ice forming on the edge of the river. From December through to February the canoeists where I was in Uppsala, just north of Stockholm, are confined to indoor training in the swimming pool under its pressurized rubber tent. Further north, the off-season is even longer.

In Sweden there seems to be some contact between whitewater and flatwater canoeists, but not a lot, and the majority of the whitewater enthusiasts are in some way involved in, or have contact with, slalom. Unlike here, there do not appear to be many canoeists who concentrate purely on whitewater trips. Outside of slaloms, and slalom training, Fulljames-style "playing" on short rapids is more common than multi-day or even day-long trips. This is probably the result of a number of factors: the shortness of most stretches of whitewater, at least in the lower half of Sweden, the accessibility of most parts of most Swedish rivers, and the ultra-low-volume boats paddled by most Swedish paddlers (the slalom influence again.) I did, however, do one very fine 25km run in Lappland which included 10km of continuous grade 3-4. One of the party swam 2km of it, and it took 3km to get his boat ashore.

The Swedish slalom season begins in April, packing a series of races into the month or so of the spring thaw in the south, and moving up the country to follow it north, and ends in September or October. There are 6 slaloms in the Swedish Cup competition, which is won on accumulated points (the equivalent of our ranking slaloms), and a similar number of local or "B" slaloms. The Swedish Champs are held in late summer, preceded or followed by District Champs in different parts of the country. These are run by various of the approximately 20 slalom clubs found throughout Sweden, primarily in the lower middle area.

Slaloms in Sweden are well-organised; even small competitions have printed lists of competitors with start numbers (making it easier to get to know the names of one's fellow paddlers), and there are often prizes, while the Swedish Cup events have programmes, loud speakers and organized prizegivings. Many slalom sites in Sweden are in the middle of town (as in Uppsala and Stockholm), or are otherwise very accessible, so crowds are common at slaloms. Although a small sport, canoeing receives more publicity there than here, with results appearing in the local area papers, often with an article and photographs, and short film clips sometimes appear on the TV sports news.

Kayak slalom dominates Swedish whitewater competition. Downriver races are few, and suffer from lack of suitable stretches of rapids, and from the lack of downriver racing boats. In slalom there are only one or two C1 paddlers competing in Sweden (as opposed to the dozen or more in neighbouring Norway), and a similar number of C2 partnerships. K1 is divided up into Senior and Junior Mens (Juniors under 19, next season under 18, with a new class for under 16's), and Ladies, (generally about half a dozen competitors). At the 1982 Swedish Championships 30 K1 Seniors competed, as did 20 Juniors (including 2 Norwegians in each class. One Swede competed against about 6 Norwegians in C1, the difficulty of the water dissuading the other C1 paddlers from taking part.)

The short season in Sweden, and the shortage of whitewater in many places late in the summer is compensated for by the opportunities for European competition, excellent (and big) rivers further north, and sufficient money and proximity in most cases to finance the full complement of 4 K1 men to the Worlds and pre-Worlds each year. Up-to-date boat designs reach Sweden rapidly, and imported Gaybo and Pyranha boats are readily available.

Large amounts of international competition have produced an excellent top layer in Swedish slalom paddling, even though I feel that the depth may be better here amongst the younger paddlers. Top Swedish paddler over the last 5 or more years, Sixten Björklund, finished 13th at the World Champs at Jonquière in 1979, and in the top 3 in the recent Pan Am Cup in America. He comes from Västernorrland, but Borlänge on the giant Dalälven River of mid-Sweden is one of the strongest slalom centres. Ideal training opportunities (on a hydroregulated rapid) and proximity to two top slalom sites have contributed to produce such paddlers as Sweden's number two, Göran Hedström (3rd in a recent international slalom in Czechoslovakia), as well as Ladies Kl Champion, Monica Sundberg and many up-and-coming paddlers.

* * * *

My first two contacts with canoeing in Sweden were through inserts in the TV news. The first showed two young paddlers wading kneedeep down through snow to an open part of the river to train on slalom gates in the winter. And the second showed the season's first slalom, cold-looking paddlers viewed through a flurry of snow-flakes. They'll be at it again soon.

Ice water.

Rick McGregor has recently returned from a year in Sweden, where he placed 12th in Kl at the Swedish Slalom Championships, and 6th in Kl at the Norwegian Championships.

S.A. CONTACTS

Summarised below is the "Code of Conduct" which was adopted by the Commonwealth Games Federation during the recent Games in Brisbane.

For better or worse, this "Code" is now in force. Any person who may wish to compete in a sports competition should be familiar with the implications of the "Code".

Until there is a test case the exact interpretation of the "Code" is open to debate but the intention of those who sought its introduction is clear - those who have any sporting contact with South Africa, directly or indirectly, will become sports lepers.

The full text of the "Code" is available from the NZCA's delegate on the New Zealand Olympic and Commonwealth Games Association Inc, c/o Box 3768, WELLINGTON. (Bill Garlick).

COMMONWEALTH CODE OF CONDUCT SUMMARY ONLY.

NGB = National Governing Body e.g. New Zealand Amateur Athletics Association.
CGF = Commonwealth Games Federation i.e. the body based in the United Kingdom.

DEFINITION OF A BREACH

<u>Individual Commonwealth Sportsmen</u>	<u>Commonwealth Sportsmen as members of Teams</u>	<u>Commonwealth Sports Administrators</u>
1. Competing in a sports event in a country which practices apartheid.	1. Participating in a sports event which includes a team from a country which practices apartheid	1. Planning or facilitating such competition or participation by Commonwealth sportsmen (as noted opposite).
2. Competing elsewhere in a sports event in which an individual from such a country is competing in a representative capacity for his country or sports body.		

ACTION TO BE TAKEN PROMPTLY BY A
COMMONWEALTH GAMES ASSOCIATION UPON AWARENESS OF
AN IMPENDING OR ACTUAL BREACH.

Non Commonwealth
Games Sport

1. Notify either the sportsmen or administrator or the NGB in writing as to the full implications and make known its opposition.

Commonwealth
Games Sport

1. Notify either the sportsman or administrator or the NGB in writing as to the full implications, actions contemplated, its opposition and require the NGB to do likewise.
2. Take steps to secure the abandonment of the actions and require that each of its NGBs do likewise.

ACTION TO BE TAKEN IN THE EVENT OF
AN ACTUAL BREACH

1. Require its affiliated NGBs to declare those involved ineligible to participate in the Commonwealth Games,

2. and, failing such action by all NGBs it shall itself declare those involved ineligible.

3. -

4. -

5. Notify the Secretary of the CGF of w/o action taken or planned by it and its NGBs

6. Notify its Government of action taken or contemplated and request its Government to take all necessary steps.

1. Require its NGBs to declare those involved ineligible until further notice,

2. and, failing such action by all NGBs it shall itself declare those involved ineligible.

3. Require appropriate NGB to take other appropriate action.

4. Where NGB has given official approval or support it shall suspend that NGB and notify the appropriate International Federation.

5. Notify the Secretary of the CGF of position w/o action taken or planned by it and the NGB concerned.

THE DIRECT CONSEQUENCES OF BEING PARTY TO A BREACH

A person who, after the date on which this Code of Conduct was adopted, is party to a breach of the Gleneagles Declaration or who is a member of the National Governing Body of any sport which commits or condones such a breach shall not be eligible to compete or act in any official capacity in the Commonwealth Games or to hold office in the Commonwealth Games Federation or any Commonwealth Games Association unless and until the General Assembly shall otherwise decide.

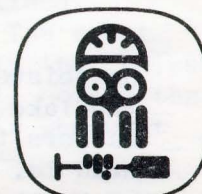
No form of sports exchange shall take place between any Commonwealth Games Association and a Commonwealth Games Sport which has been suspended or individual sportsman declared ineligible to participate in the Commonwealth Games.

SOME GENERAL GUIDANCE FOR COMMONWEALTH GAMES ASSOCIATIONS
AND NATIONAL GOVERNING BODIES.

In discharging its duty to secure effective implementation of the Gleneagles Declaration each Commonwealth Games Association shall so conduct its affairs and shall require that each of its affiliated National Governing Bodies shall so conduct their affairs as to ensure that no approval, recognition or support or facility is given to sports contact between sportsmen and sports administrators from their countries and those of any country which practices apartheid.

How would you like to spend the winter in Canada paddling down some of the big rapids on the Ottawa River in Eastern Canada?

Ottawa Whitewater Leaders, a rafting division of Madawaska Camp.
2 Tuna Court, Don Mills, Ontario M3A 3L1 CANADA require raft guides from May 15 to September 15. Only expert paddlers need apply.
Pay is good. Apply with references to Claudia Kerckhoff at the above address.



OWL

Canoe Orienteering

ANN ROBINSON SOUTHLAND CANOE CLUB

For a couple of years now, I have been interested in running a canoe orienteering event with the likely venues being Lake Manapouri or Paterson Inlet on Stewart Island. These presented difficulties, however, in terms of exposure to winds, accessibility in a weekend, and since none of us had a speed boat at our disposal, the setting up of a course in these areas would have taken considerable time. Having precluded these areas, I decided upon Lake Monowai and the Monowai River.

This lake is very sheltered (especially the inlet I planned to use) and is blocked by a weir which controls the flow of the Monowai River for several miles before it enters a canal leading to the Monowai Powerhouse. The river is beautiful, a fisherman's paradise, with deep, green pools, flanked by willows, flax and bush with small, rocky rapids further down the river providing some excitement for the canoeist.

On tracing paper I doubled the inch to the mile topographical map of the area I wished to cover and with several copies of this tracing, I paddled the lake and river one afternoon, putting onto the map, river features and bank details. In order to do this, I had to exaggerate the width of the river on the map. I spent the time looking for suitable checkpoint sites as well. Knowing the area well, this exercise took me about three hours.

At home, a good copy of the enlargement was made with all the features put on and twenty copies made. These then, had to be individually coloured and this in all would have taken three to four hours. Each map was then sealed in a plastic bag with PVC tape.

The next job was to cut drink cans in half, knock a couple of holes in them to thread flower arranging wire through. These were spray painted a bright colour. The local hardware store provided about twenty different sets of washers, screws, nuts, coloured strips of plastic, etc, which I planned to use as markers in each tin and my final purchase was a box of "Glad lunch bags" for canoeists to put their markers in as they were collected.

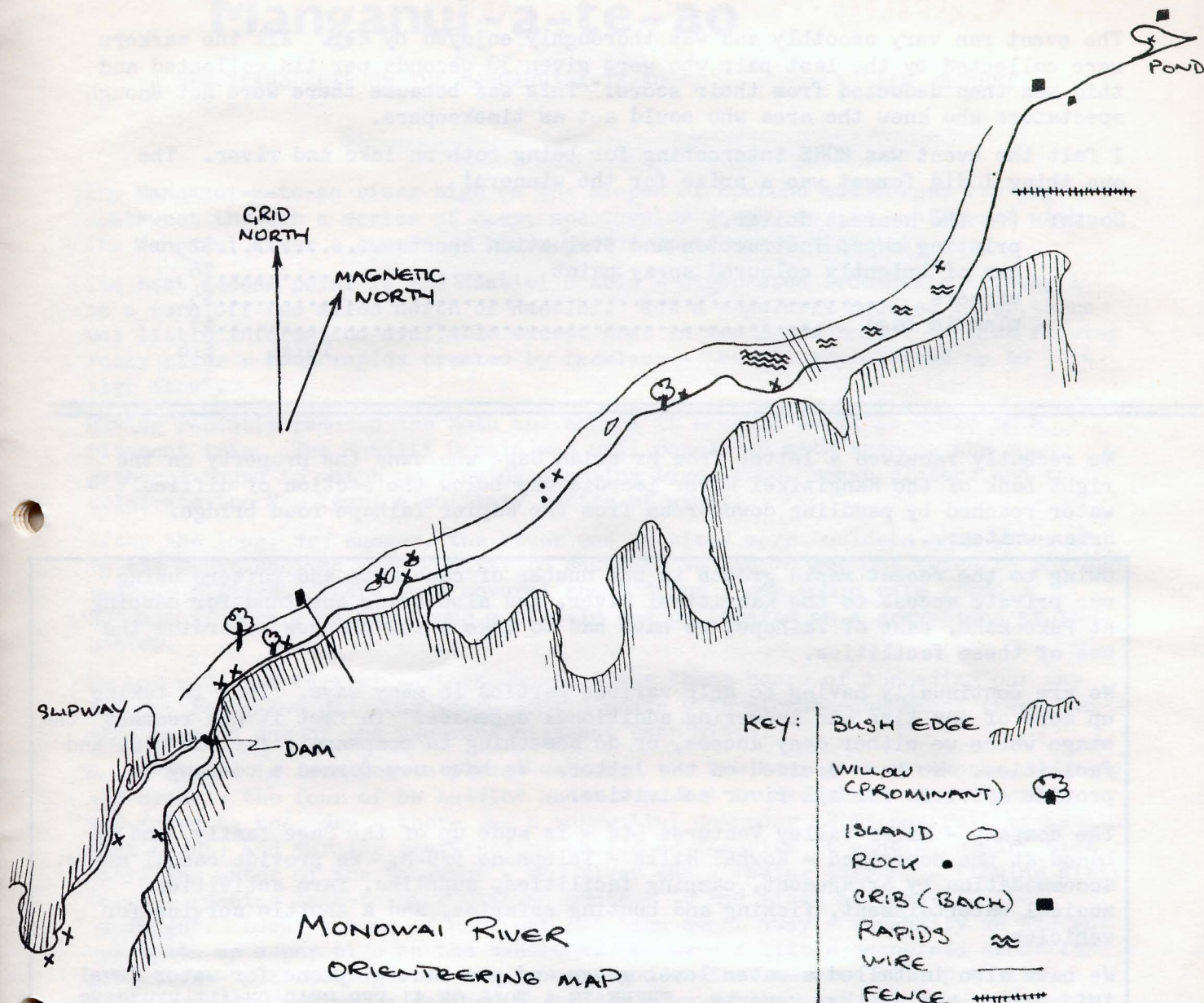
The day dawned cold but sunny and I was on the water at 6.30am, putting in the checkpoints. One unexpected problem was the high lake level had necessitated opening all four gates at the weir and some of the marker rocks on the map were now under water.

All boats were offloaded and left ready at the slipway, and the canoeists assembled at the weir where they were given their maps and instructions:

There are twenty checkpoints of which sixteen are shown by an X on the map. At these sixteen points there will be a tin can brightly painted. Take ONE item from each of these tins and place this in the bag provided. Besides these sixteen objects you are expected to find FOUR other checkpoints from the directions given below:-

1. On the fourth island downstream, count the number of cabbage trees visible from the left hand side (facing downstream). Memorise this number.
2. At the grid reference 669750 there is a large rock on the left hand side (facing downstream). Memorise the message on this rock.
3. At the jetty on the Monowai Pond there will be instructions as to the final check-in point.

Canoeists were set off in pairs at five minute intervals and because the view of the lake is restricted at the weir, this enabled groups to look for the lake markers themselves and not just follow where they had seen the previous couples head to. I had also chosen the checkpoints on the lake to be out of sight of each other in small bays. Once the lake section was finished, competitors had to carry their boats 100 metres past the weir and continue with the river section.



Meanwhile, I went to the finishing point to record the times. Canoeists were timed from the moment they left the slipway to the moment they carried their boats from the Pond to the crib by the river, (where the afternoon programme included setting up some slalom gates for practise). The original plan was to paddle upstream, using the eddies at the bank and midstream rock eddies. However, the high level and fast water meant I had to allow paddlers to carry their boats along the river track. The time (in minutes) was part of the score. A bonus of -30 was awarded anyone who went through all twenty points and had the correct objects in their collection bag and had correctly memorised numbers 1 and 2 in the course instructions. The person with the LOWEST score won.

An evaluation after the event was held. The length of the event (about 2 hours) was considered to be about right. The map appeared easy to read and checkpoints in general were easy to find from the map. I gave out one instruction sheet each including course instructions, safety procedures and details of scoring. Although I verbally highlighted a few points I did not STRESS they read the instructions fully, consequently few did and were thus penalised. Next time, I would write the instructions in one corner of the map. The event was felt to be safely run, however, I felt I did not stress adequately that pairs remain together. Hence ANOTHER pair had to help one beginner who fell out in the lake while his mate continued the course. This disadvantaged the pair who went to his aid.

The event ran very smoothly and was thoroughly enjoyed by all. All the markers were collected by the last pair who were given 30 seconds per tin collected and this was then deducted from their score. This was because there were not enough spectators who knew the area who could act as timekeepers.

I felt the event was MORE interesting for being both on lake and river. The one thing I did forget was a prize for the winners!

Costs: (to the nearest dollar.)

printing maps, instruction and evaluation sheets	\$2
can of brightly coloured spray paint	\$6
markers	\$5
plastic bags	\$3
TOTAL	\$16

We recently received a letter from Mr Brian Sage who owns the property on the right bank of the Rangitikei River immediately below the section of difficult water reached by paddling downstream from the Napier Taihape road bridge. Brian writes:....

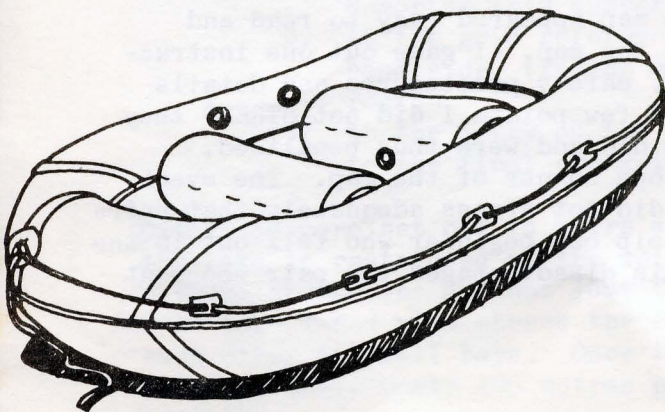
Owing to the recent rapid growth in the number of canoeists and rafters using our private access to the Rangitikei River, and also using our land for camping at Pukeokahu, east of Taihape, we have had to make a few changes regarding the use of these facilities.

We are continually having to help various parties in many ways. This is taking up more of our time and incurring additional expenses. In fact it has reached the stage where we either deny access, or do something to compensate for our time and facilities. We have decided on the latter. We have now formed a company to provide services for all river activities.

The company - River Valley Ventures Ltd - is made up of the Sage family, and is based at the homestead - Kowhai Hills - Telephone 529-M. We provide casual meals, accommodation by arrangement, camping facilities, supplies, farm activities, musical entertainment, fishing and hunting safaries, and a shuttle service for vehicles.

We have also installed a water level gauge and you can telephone for water level information and weather reports. THERE IS A TOLL OF \$1 PER HEAD ON ALL VEHICLES GOING THROUGH THE PROPERTY TO THE RIVER. We insist that anyone wanting to use our access must contact us personally - preferably by telephone beforehand. Our setup should be regarded as a private arrangement and not a general public free for all....

Paddlers should be aware that should they not wish to use the access provided by the Sage family, the next access point is some hours downstream.



NOT UP TO GRADE IV RAPIDS YET ?

See those wild and scenic rivers with a commercial raft trip. Before you rush off and book that trip - check to see that the company is a member of the

NEW ZEALAND PROFESSIONAL RAFTING ASSOCIATION.

That way you know they have safety standards to ensure your safety, and boatmen who are competent.

Manganui-a-te-ao

A NEW YEARS TRIP ON THE MANGANUI-A-TE-AO

- JAN NISBET

The Manganui-a-te-ao rises high on the slopes of Ruapehu and forges its way southwest through a series of deep, spectacular gorges to its confluence with the Wanganui River a couple of hours paddle upstream of Pipiriki.

The best access point is the Ruatiti Domain - signposted from State Highway 1 at a turn off two miles north of Raetihi. Not a regularly paddled river, there was little information available except that in the guide book - "a fast flowing rocky river - some rapids created by backlash - overall grade 2 and up to 3 in high flow".

Having recently paddled the Motu and Mohaka it sounded as if it would be a pleasant trip. The Ruatiti Domain was well populated with campers who soon gathered round to watch us stowing sleeping bags, food, spare clothes and to celebrate the New Year; a solitary bottle of wine.

After the long, dry summer, the river was at times more boulders than water and in the first section from Ruatiti to Makakahi we had to get out twice to portage boulder filters. There were several sharp drops - one would rate grade 3 because if your line was wrong you would end up impaled on a gravestone at the bottom.

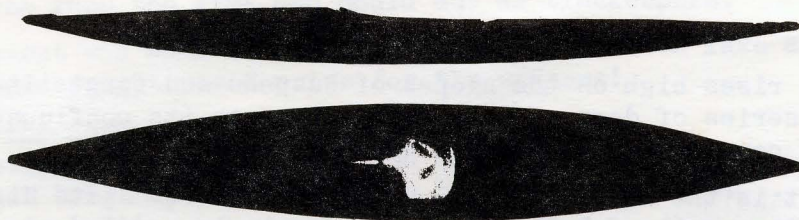
We had not left till mid-afternoon and after three hours of threading our way between rocks and paddling long, gentle pools with picturesque beech trees, we made camp on one of the numerous pleasant camp sites.

While others in less remote places welcomed the New Year with fireworks, dancing and drink - the four of us huddled under a pocket handkerchief of a flysheet and tried to keep dry - there was a torrential downpour (2 inches fell at Raetihi that night) and morning shattered my childhood memories of gentle, clear, blue sparkling water of the Manganui - the river was a raging torrent - flowing dirty brown - running bank-to-bank with no eddies - it had risen at least 10 feet overnight. Luckily none of our gear had been swept away - uncannily we had put our boats up super high on the sandbank. We were a little concerned about the situation - not knowing what was to come and whether we were all up to it. After some discussion we decided to paddle down to the next bridge - the point of no return - (from there on the river enters an inaccessible gorge) and see how we were doing.

The river was full of big holes and stoppers and one of our number soon took a long, nasty swim and decided that it was too much for him. We left him in the hands of some kindly campers and carried on down the river in an exhilarating roller coaster ride. A couple of hours later, having suffered no further mishaps, we came to the bridge and glimpsed an interesting-looking woolshed from the river bank and decided to investigate. Our curiosity was well rewarded for we were soon chatting to Roie and Warran, drinking steaming mugs of tea and being well fed with superb Xmas cake. Neither of them had paddled the rest of the river but did warn us of one big rapid round the corner. It proved like most of the others, to look and sound much more ferocious than it was and we were soon deep within the narrow gorge - papa bluffs soared above us and numerous goats scrambled nimbly along indistinguishable tracks on seemingly sheer bluffs. The river kept up a good flow all the way to the confluence with the Wanganui and we certainly never had time to get bored. All too soon, we were shot out into the turgid brown waters of the Wanganui, filled with huge logs big enough to get out and walk up and down on. A couple of hours paddle had us down at Pipiriki, tucking into hot pies and tea at the newly set up "Pie Cart".

The trip is definitely worth doing - two easy days of spectacular scenery and the chance of varied water conditions. For those of you who are into fishing, the Manganui-a-te-ao is an excellent trout river. Like all our good canoeing rivers, it, too, is under threat of hydro development but, hopefully, its scenic and recreational value will be recognised.

THE OLYMPIA



After years of producing top quality crafts throughout New Zealand, Quality Kayaks has combined it's extensive boat building experience with the very latest in plastic technology, to produce the unbreakable rotationally moulded plastic kayak.

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Otago Paddlers in the North

By DAVE PILDITCH

Edited from the Otago Canoe & Kayak Club Newsletter

Whilst Lake Wakatipu and surrounding rivers were experiencing the highest water levels on record, 'The Great Motu Trip Expedition' from the Otago Canoe and Kayak Club was crunching down largely empty river beds in the Raukumara Wilderness, in the Eastern Bay of Plenty. In compensation, the sun shone brilliantly, and tree ferns clung from impossibly steep sided ravines through which the Motu twisted its way to the sea.

After 48 hours of driving some of us didn't feel much like doing anything but sleeping, however the expedition eventually took to the water by 6.00 p.m. on the Sunday night and got a couple of hours of rock dodging in before nightfall. The much feared flash floods for which the Motu is notorious did not put in an appearance, nor did the famous eels 'as thick as a man's thigh' respond to the temptation of a finely cooked sausage on a shiny new hook.

Notable incidents on the trip:

1. Paul upside down in a rock-garden, head underwater, boat totally out of the water, trying to roll. He succeeded by sheer determination and brute force.

2. Ross in near identical situation, after failing to roll his airborne boat, puts head out around the side of his boat like a surprised tortoise, doesn't like what he sees and goes back under again in order to crunch down a few more rocks before successfully rolling up.
3. Malcolm stopping abruptly at the foot of 'the hump' and coming up with a much modified front end to his boat.

The much photographed Motu Slot was a disappointment. A large tree trunk obstructed the slot itself and low water levels made running the alternative channel impossible.

The wildlife at nights was a bit precocious. Something got into the sausages one night, so next night the rations were suspended in a bag from a string from a bar between two trees. However one of our nocturnal visitors still made it down the string, into the bag and into a loaf of bread. One large black possum, whose skin I sincerely hope is gracing some trappers camp, created havoc one night including finding an unintended use for Paul's billies and which quite put Paul off his breakfast.

The only other yahoos in the place are a bit more of a problem. They have put roads in, built cute little huts and hung wires over the river. Meanwhile a few trendy conservationists have the nerve to apply for protection of the Motu under the Wild and Scenic Rivers Act. However I'm sure that they will have as much chance of succeeding as those stirrers who thought they could stop the Clutha development which we all so much need.

We reached the coast at midday on Wednesday, farewelled some of our party and the rest of us headed off to Fulljames rapid (that is on the Waikato a wee bit below Aratiatia Rapids). Everybody in the North Island was cooking tea and watching 'The Young Doctors' on TV, so there was a tonne of water coming down the Waikato and Fulljames provided great entertainment until it got too dark to see. By next morning everyone must have been having muesli for breakfast as the rapid had disappeared.

Next stop was the Tongariro and Tree Trunk Gorge, shortly to have the water removed from it so that the afore mentioned North Islanders can have their tea, watch 'The Young Doctors' and sit in the Spa pool all at the same time. The weather had by this time deteriorated and a few faint hearted members of the expedition thought they might not go canoeing that day. But Garth Falloon and about 200 rafters appeared out of the bushes so we had to go.

Access was down a 100 foot vertical bank. The rafters solved the problem by chucking their craft off the top but we felt our kayaks might not respond to this treatment and a rather hazardous descent followed. Tree Trunk Gorge is 100 ft deep, 6 ft. wide and makes the blood run cold to look at it. However it is possible to paddle a little way up from the bottom and make your blood run even colder. The Tongariro is a dynamite river in the rain, but apparently was still below optimum height according to Garth. Be that as it may, it was running at a great speed with large pressure waves and exciting drops over boulder chutes. The Expedition followed cautiously behind Garth who disappeared down tortuous rock gardens with shouts of 'keep left' or 'keep right' but we still hit everything in and out of sight. Bruce got a bad crack on his deck which proved difficult to Slick up in the rain.

Next day, with a slight improvement in the weather, we thought we would have a go at the Tongariro below Waikato Falls. (Yes, it's very confusing - Fulljames is on the Waikato but Waikato Falls is on the Tongariro). The river guide said that we would find Grade III to IV rapids up to 1 Km long, ability to roll essential. What it didn't say was that half the water flow now goes down a canal in a totally different direction leaving only enough water in the original river for a few fishermen to do whatever it is that fishermen do, but certainly not enough for gun kayakers like us. Despite this, we had a good day but the Platypus, I fear, will not live to see another river. Its spine totally disintegrated by graunching over rocks and leaking like a sieve, it is now in a sorry state (however no reasonable offer will be refused).

The final night of the Expedition ended ignominiously with all its members reduced to a hideous state of vomiting and misery. The cook vigorously denied any responsibility and says it was the water. Anyway, he isn't going to be cook again, so there! Instead of joining the final mass run down the Tongariro on the Saturday we crept sorrowfully back to Wellington, flashing headlights in the rain at all the kayaks going in the opposite direction.

NOTE: Due to the fact that some volumes of the River Guides (such as Westland and the Waikato volumes) are now out of print, all river guides are in the process of being revised and may be available in around 12 months time. This should solve the problem Dave mentions, with rivers being changed a good deal since the guides were written (1978). If the new guides are to be of value we will have to rely upon paddlers sending in information where rivers have altered from the description in the guides. The authors will be unable to survey all rivers again, but hope to re-run all the major rivers. Bay of Plenty rivers have suffered the most at the hands of developers, and the original guides weren't the best in that region in the first place.

Obituary

When Rob Clark was killed on Mount Murchison on the 30 December, many people were left numbed, bewildered, and saddened by such a tragedy.

As with all people, there were many sides to Rob's character. One of those was his love of the hills and the mountains. His enthusiasm for climbing had led him to reach a high standard in that discipline: an enthusiasm that was acknowledged and enjoyed by the Heretaunga Tramping Club, the local Search and Rescue organisation and by many high school students in the Napier area.

His love for the outdoors overflowed in a desire to try the rivers. It was here that we knew him best. This tall angular figure was no skilled canoeist, but in a short time had achieved a competent standard, and more importantly, had conquered certain fears and doubts about the unknown force moving underneath him - far less stable than rock.

It was always good to have Rob on a trip. His ready humour, his help with the organisation, and his obvious enthusiasm for being out in the open made just another trip a special trip.

All the folk who knew Rob; those who merely rubbed shoulders with him, or those who were lucky enough to know him well, will miss him. Whether it is his friends of the mountains, his friends of the rivers, or friends elsewhere, something has been taken from us all.

Still, the memories are there, and they are all good.

Members. Hawkes Bay Canoe Club.

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