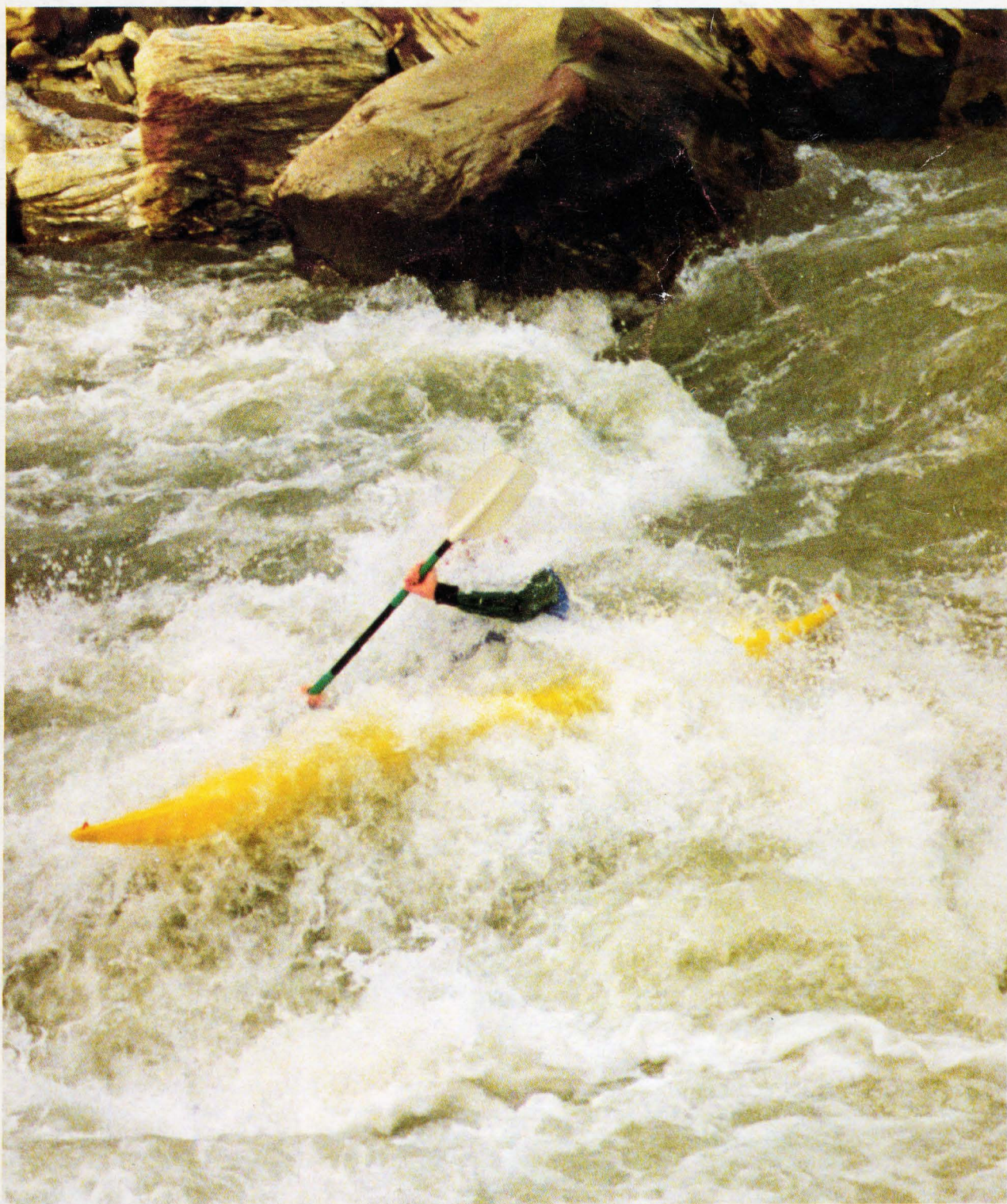


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New Zealand CANOEING & RAFTING



Nº 31 Summer 1984

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COMMENT

In the last issue of our magazine we went a little overboard with taking an historical slant at our subject of canoeing - I am inclined to the opinion that every so often it is good to take a backward look at where we have come from. We seem to have sparked off a good deal of interest in the 'Rob Roy' style of canoeing - or is it really another form of yachting? Anyway, let us hope that the plans we published will be of use to people who would like to build themselves one of these craft and explore a bit of coast, estuary, or lake.

Having looked back, what about the present? The big news at the moment is the Olympic team which has only recently been announced. It was good to see the T.V. coverage of the trials and the National Flat-water Champs. For once canoeing is getting a bit of media attention. It would seem that we have good medal prospects this time - fingers crossed for the boys, and hope that all goes well. It was interesting to note that opinion seems to indicate that the best medal prospects for New Zealand at these Olympics lie with canoeing, yachting, rowing, swimming, and cycling. Four of those five sports are water sports which I suppose reflects the fact that we are an island nation. At a recent outdoor education conference I also noticed that the two most prominent activities were sailing and canoeing. The old traditional view of outdoor sports being tramping and climbing seems to have had its day.

And the future? Events such as the recent Coast to Coast is certainly getting people into canoes that would never have done so before. It is surprising the lack of thought that some competitors have actually given to these events. A few weeks before the Coast to Coast I had a letter from a potential entrant who wanted plans to build a canoe for the race - he had little experience. I also had a number of enquiries for canoes - most had no idea of the sort of canoe they would require and most would have been prepared to accept any old canoe offered to them. With the lack of available canoes most had to accept any old canoe anyway. For one event a competitor was talked into buying a brand new slalom canoe - nobody told him that he would need a down-river racing boat if he wanted to be competitive, and that he would need to have a bit of practice in it before the event. It is significant that most of these events are won or lost on the canoeing section. Down-river racing never seems to have been really promoted in this country; always the poor sister to slalom which attracts more glamour. Yet when you study the results of world championship events that we have competed in, we have done remarkably well at the down-river events. One good feature of the down-river event is that, like marathon racing, the average age of the competitors is older than for either slalom or flat-water events. As we do not have strong secondary school canoeing, we do not really have a great influx of young paddlers into canoesport. By the time most paddlers are good enough (skill-wise) they are getting a little old, by international standards, for top class competition. Another problem we have here is that we do not have such ready access to international competition that the Europeans have. In order to amass the sort of experience needed to cope with the best, we really need to start our paddlers off at a much younger age. Down-river events then, may be where we should be concentrating our efforts. With the motivation provided by the multi-discipline events such as the Coast to Coast it should be realitively easy to give down-river racing a shot in the arm.

To comment on the editorial in the last issue - we now have the Motu River protected with a Water Conservation Order - from the Falls to the highway bridge. It seems that the Ahuriri and the Rakaia will have a minimum flow set, as has the Wanganui. Next on the list are the Mohaka and Kowarau rivers.

Graham Egarr.

COVER PHOTOGRAPH: The successful attempt on Nevis Bluff Rapid by Greg Bell and Gordon Raynor with support from Tony Marcinowski. Greg Bell. Photo by Craig Kennedy.



NEVIS !

On Saturday, 30th July, the gates at the Kwarau Falls Bridge were closed to enable the assessment of the recreational, visual and environmental impacts in respect of power development options incorporating residual flows. Three local (South Island) paddlers - Gordon Raynor, Gregg Bell, and Tony Marcinowski - took this as an opportunity to do some paddling on the Kwarau River which now had a reduced flow. Here, then, is the story as told by one of them.

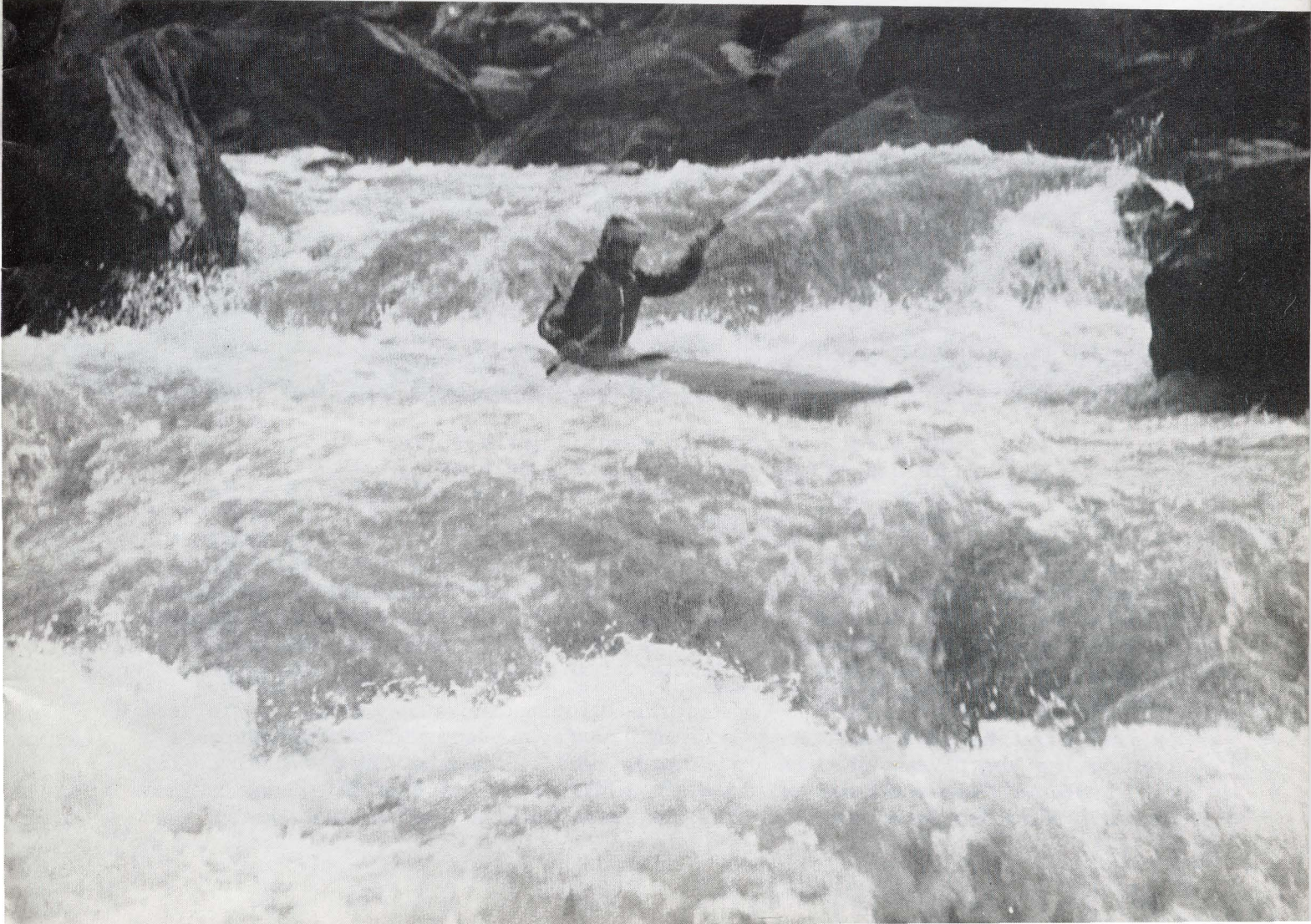
I left Dunedin on Friday afternoon with ski gear, intending to look up some friends in Central and have some good times on the slopes. As a contingency, I took some paddling gear just in case the skiing was off.

After a long and dry drive I arrived at Gordon's place in Alexandra with whom Gregg was also staying. I interrupted a rather flamboyant evening meal but was, however, welcomed by a gift of a glass of very delicious red wine. The night was still young, there was much banter to be caught up on and best of all the wine bottle was easily forthcoming.....

Probably a kind of sixth sense telling me I was in a strange location bade me regain consciousness. A primeval survival instinct prevented me from yet opening my eyes. I was too frightened to move lest I disturbed the timpanist in my brain. My mouth felt like a small creature of the night had used it first as a latrine and then as a mausoleum. Slowly, I opened my eyes; a big white thing stared down at me; I'd seen one before, but not from this angle. Over a bit further I spied a shower cabinet and some toothbrushes. Terrific - I had spent the night in the bathroom suite.

Slowly, I arose and made my way to the lounge. I extricated my watch from a cup of cold tea; it was still early. I was beginning to feel the necessity of organising the rest of the day. Should I spend it on my back or on my side? Too much activity would have disastrous consequences. Then I heard some words which made me realise it was all a dream. -"C'mon. Let's go paddling." But if it was a dream why did I feel so much pain and other unpleasant sensations? Dreams are not meant to hurt.

Two spoonfuls of porridge and a cup of tea later, I surprised myself by finding I still had the energy and balance to lift the canoes onto the roofrack. As we drove to the river, thoughts of any impending aquatic fate were still distant. Instead, in a pitch battle in the back seat, mind was being forced onto matter in an attempt to ensure that the porridge didn't end up anywhere that would not be appreciated by the other occupants of the car.





Greg Bell in the main drop of Nevis Bluff. He was caught here for quite some time before escaping. Over the page, Greg looks over his shoulder to prepare for the next drop.

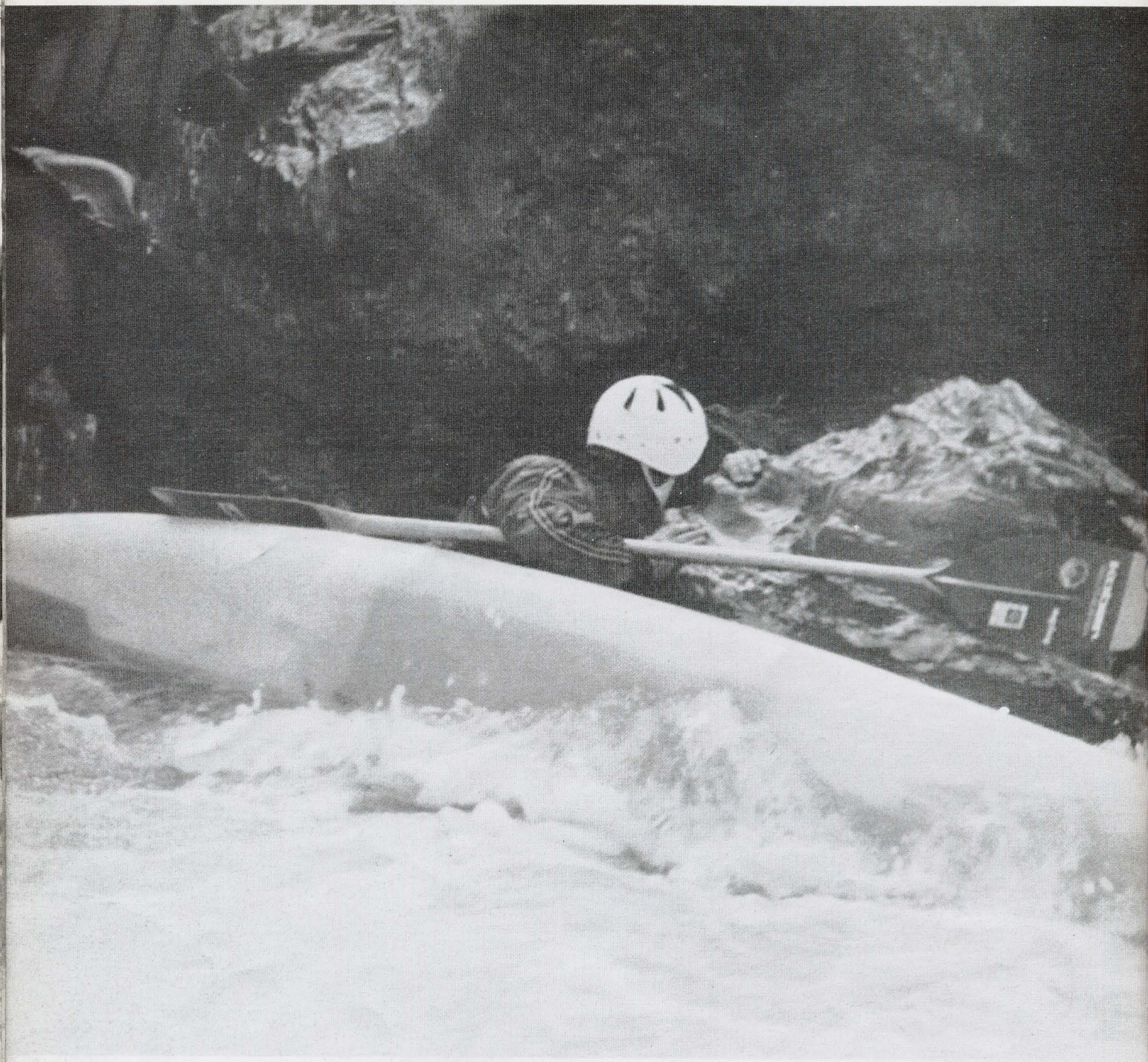
At last the car came to a halt. Doors opened and slammed and then, "Piece of P..S boys; we'll do it later." I got out and had an instant attack of vertigo as I looked down upon Sargood's Weir. At that stage I began to take more seriously the two words mentioned earlier when my attention span was approximately half a syllable - "NEVIS BLUFF."

We arrived at Nevis some moments later and went to the usual vantage spot overlooking the river. It was still huge, even at the reduced flow. Grade 5 with a mean buffer and hole two drops from the top. Not even the local rafters who were also out dare devilling that day were game to have a go at this.



An hour or so later we were in our boats in the big pool above the rapid. We paddled down to the beginning of the big green tongue that emptied into the rapid; got out and had a look. Yes, there was a way down the first bit - a short S bend with a rather tight eddy at the bottom (or top, if one is a pessimist, of that nasty buffer and hole.) Down go Gordon and Gregg; they disappear down some shoots. When I see them again they are in the eddy. I was still out of my boat, looking for a route. Suddenly, I felt very alone.

The pounding in my head had now paled into insignificance compared with the roar of the water. The next significant thing I remember is doing untold high braces and trying like mad to get to the eddy where the other two were. I left my turn slightly late as I saw the eddy float past me. I was now in some slower water and started paddling frantically upstream as I thought of that nasty stuff below. Suddenly, an arm stretched out and grabbed my end loop. Safe, thank God.



Gordon about to make his attempt on Nevis.

No sooner had I got out of my boat than the other two hopped into theirs and paddled off. I guess they didn't like looking at things for too long. Gordon is first; he power strokes down the runway of green water and his boat is momentarily flying through the air as the river drops below him and then instantly changes direction as he bounces off the side of the buffer that pushes him clear of the hole. A quick roll and he's O.K.

Gregg's next. He lines up and paddles down the tongue. Then disaster; he is spun sideways by a wave. By the time he corrects there isn't time to regain momentum. He drops onto the top of the buffer and ends up in all the rough stuff from where he is slowly pulled into the hole where he remained for the next minute. A mighty high brace, the beginnings of a backward loop and some kind of stroke that I didn't know existed, and he's out.





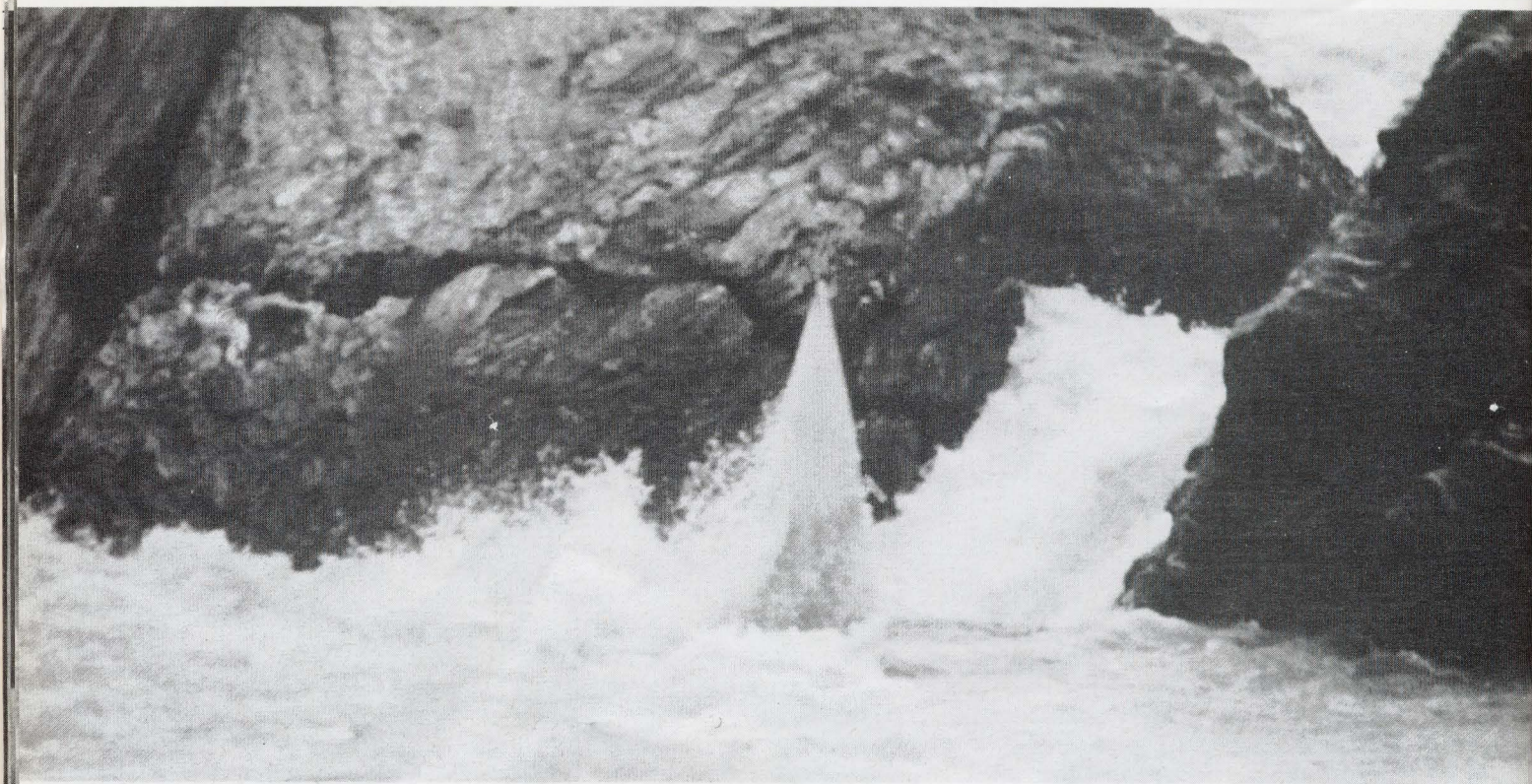


My turn next - "Love to", I thought, but I felt I had a greater responsibility to the person who lent me the boat I was using, than I did to the fifty or so blood-thirsty spectators lining the upper gallery.

After a brief walk to the others, we were ready for the rest of Nevis. This consisted of a series of big drops that went on for a few hundred yards. Imagine a combination of the rock garden and the Mother rapid (in flood, of course, and you've got the picture.) The last drop felt it should bid us all a fitting adieu. Gordon, having surmised it from atop to be a harmless drop bid me proceed. Over I went and regretted not having a parachute as I flew downwards wondering whether my craft would begin to ablate. I distinctly remember facing upstream during the final stages of my descent. Then it's persil automatic. As I roll up I see the other two lemmings plummeting earthwards. More rolls and everyone is O.K. Abuse was mandatory at this stage.

We decided to continue down and see what else lay ahead. The next hour was flat all the way, the only ripples being caused by the numerous gold panners also making use of the reduced flow. Soon I was aware again of the neurological abuse that went on the night before.





Presently, a few grade 3's began to add to the cold wind in helping alleviate the monotony. Soon, a deep roar could be heard. This could only be the Citroen Rapid (named by some of the lads a few months ago when their continental transport broke down near said location.) I'd seen this one before in flood and it made Nevis look almost do-able. We rounded a corner and were confronted by a rock the size of a house sticking out of the water. Out of boats for a look. Fortunately, there was no choice here; only one path down a narrow shoot between the rock and the cliff wall. Yours truly is first.

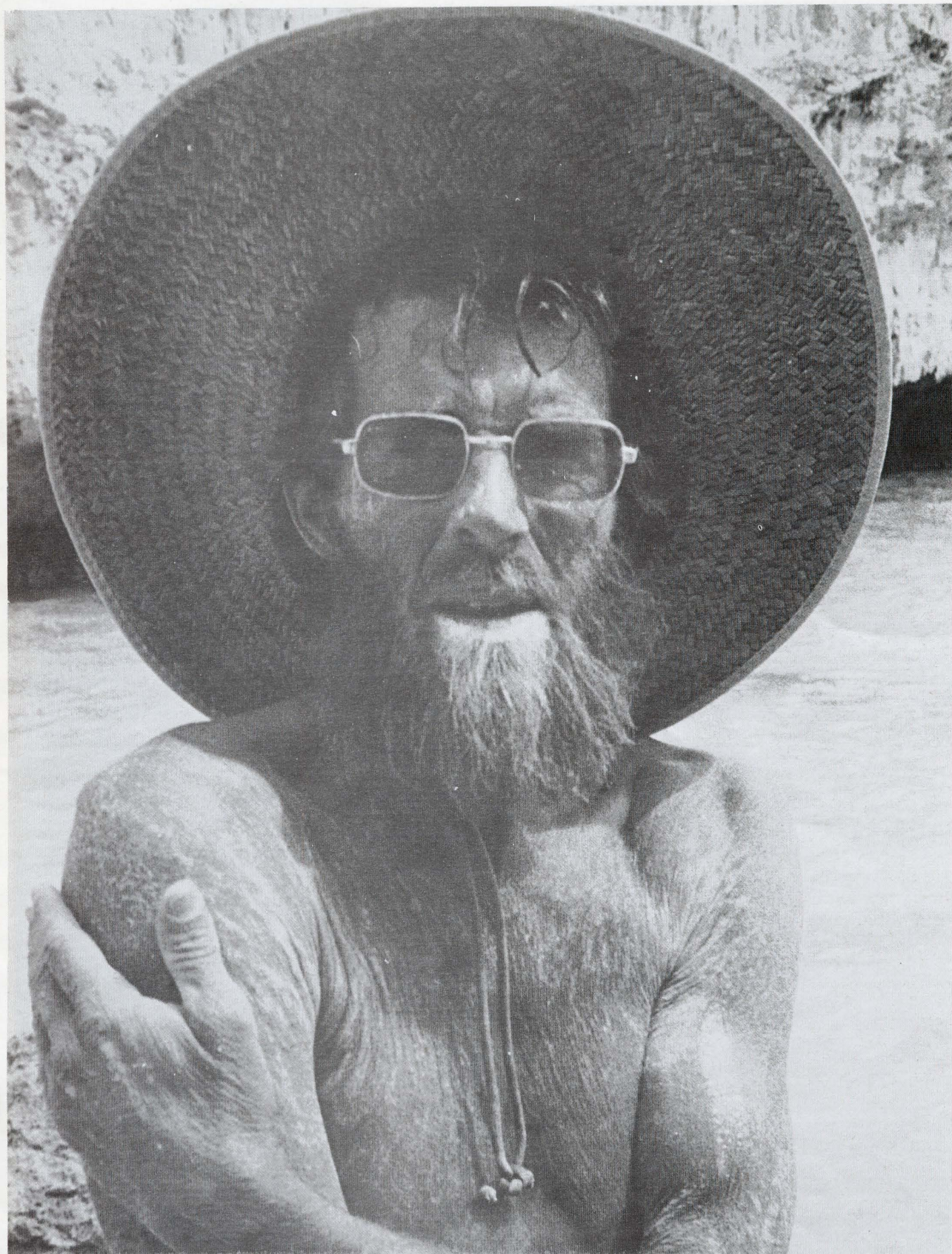
Then Gordon and Gregg who did a great bombing run straight down the entire rapid, passing me as I climbed onto a rock to reconnoitre what lay downstream. No problems here and soon again we were engaged in a slow, flat water paddle thinking seriously at beginning to call it a day as the sun had now left us. We were quite surprised to hear a mean roar again. The source of this was a very long rapid (grade 5) consisting of three drops at the top that funnelled into a narrow channel that washed against a submerged rock ledge before emptying into a turbulent pool over a mini Huka Falls type drop. After much contemplation, Gordon and Gregg go for it. This was the kind of water that's done in one of two ways - completely trouble-free or the exact opposite.

Fortunately, the latter alternative proved to be the order of the day; until 'Huka Falls' anyway, both doing backward, under-water loops. Said Raynor afterwards, referring to the fact that we didn't have rescue lines here, "It was like doing Everest without oxygen."

Within minutes, we were again at an impasse; this time a welcome one. We were now at the natural bridge, a rock formation that completely blocks off the river, forcing it to flow underground for fifty feet before re-emerging just above Roaring Meg. At the low flow we were able to examine the formerly submerged terrain. We didn't find any gold, but instead many pieces of fibreglass that one day constituted some of the jet boats that made their way through these turbulent waters.

By now, we had had more than enough and Sargoods Weir was put aside for another year or two. Up the bank to awaiting vehicles aimed at a place of public refreshment. My hangover was gone.

This story was written by Tony Marcinowski, and was originally written for the Otago Canoe and Kayak Club newsletter of August, 1983.



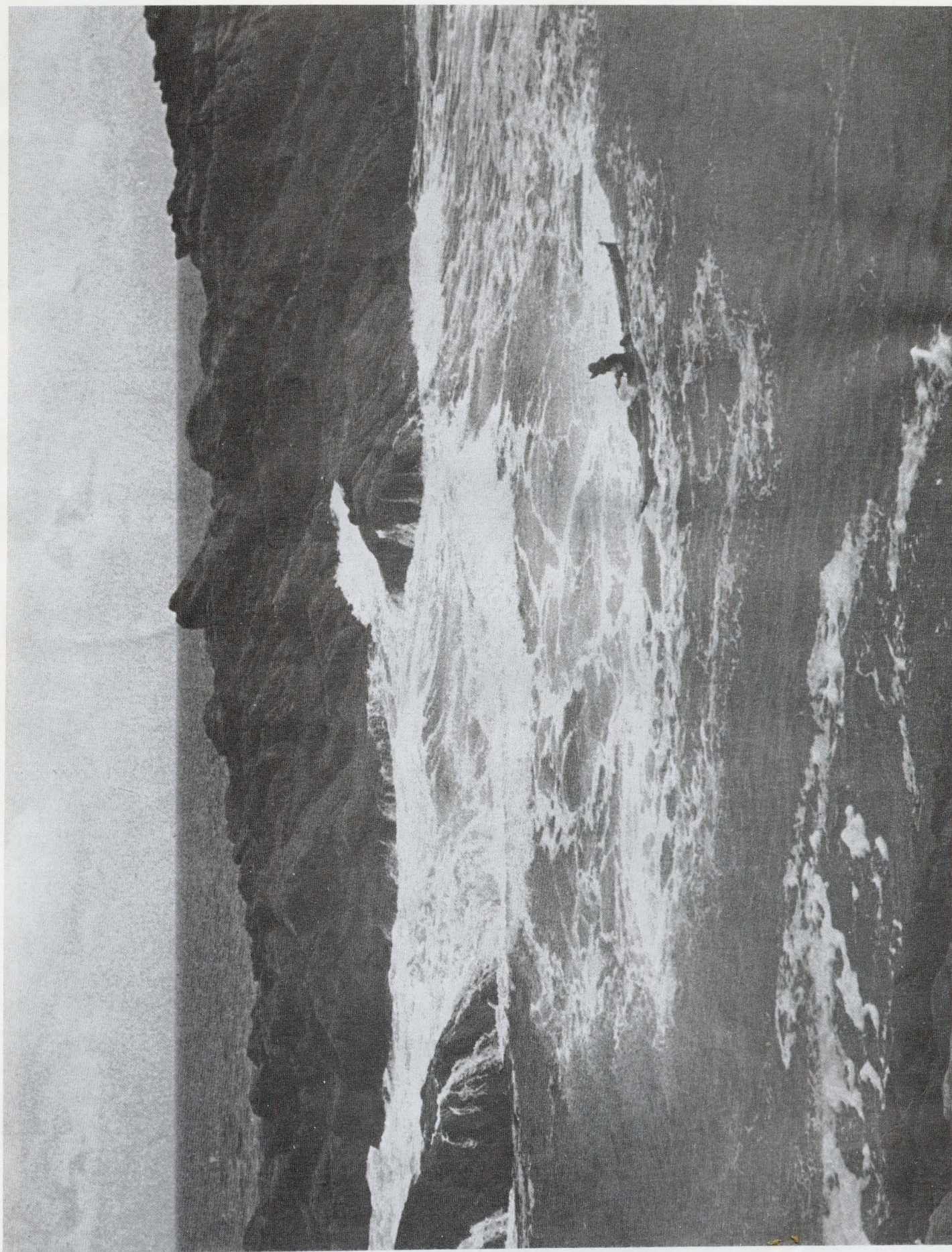
PAUL AFTER THE 32 HOUR STINT ALONG THE NULLARBOR CLIFFS. 'Skin like a Rhino...'



LESLEY AND ANDY WITH A BLACK-TIPPED REEF SHARK, 80 Mile Beach, Western Australia



THE TURTLE WHICH BURROWED UNDERNEATH MY TENT IN THE KIMBERLIES.



CANAL ROCKS, SOUTH-WESTERN AUSTRALIA.

AUSTRALIAN RAMBLINGS

By PAUL CAFFYN.

Australia is a continent of contrasts. Trouble is, there are such vast distances between contrasting bits - hundreds of kilometres of mangrove-lined shore, sixteen hundred kilometres of coral reef, unbroken sandy beaches up to 200 km long, and continuous cliffs up to 200 kms in length. The contrasts are not only confined to the coastal morphology but also to the fauna, flora, weather and sea conditions.

A few facts and figures: from the southern-most point on Wilson's Promontory to the northern-most, Cape York, 3180 kms, and from the western-most point, Steep Point to the eastern-most, Cape Byron, 4000 kms. Total length of coastline comes to an amazing tally of 33,735 kms which includes all ports, bays and estuaries which are open to the sea. However, only about half that distance (15,048 kms) needed to be paddled to complete a kayak circumnavigation of Australia.

Initially I considered a clockwise direction starting from Melbourne in order to tackle the cliffs of the Great Australian Bight in the first few months of the trip when morale and motivation were still high. Following a thorough study of the monthly wind roses from the meteorological stations around the coastline, also prevailing current and swell directions, I settled on an anticlockwise direction. Using an all up average of 41.6 miles per day, which Nigel and I achieved around the coast of Great Britain, I worked out a rough timetable. The three most important factors which had to be taken into consideration were -

1. minimizing the time into headwinds,
2. avoiding the humid tropic heat,
3. avoiding the tropical cyclone and box jellyfish seasons (they run roughly concurrently).

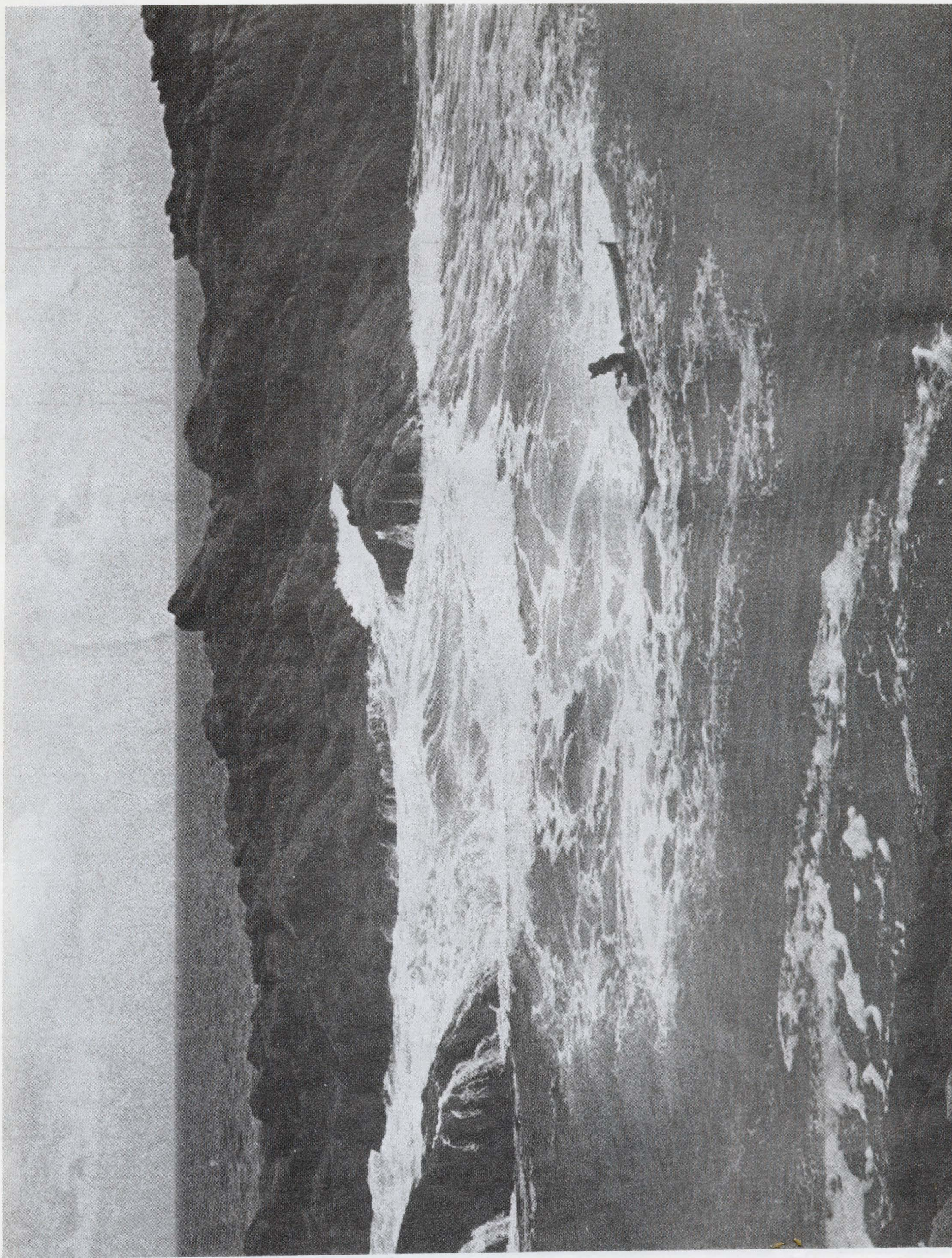
Mid-latitude anticyclones are the chief determinants of Australia's main prevailing wind streams. In relation to the west - east axes of these anticyclones, the wind streams are easterly to the north and westerly to the south. In the winter half of the year (May to October), high pressure systems pass from west to east across the continent and northern Australia is then influenced by mild dry south-east trade winds and southern Australia experiences cool moist westerly winds. In the summer half of the year, (November to April) the high pressure systems travel from west to east on a more southerly track directing easterly winds over the continent. Northern Australia experiences the southward intrusion of warm, moist monsoonal air resulting in a hot rainy season (The Wet).

Tropical cyclones, the most dangerous, most deadly storms on earth, develop over the seas to the north-west and north-east of Australia between November and April. Per season on average, three Coral Sea cyclones affect the Queensland coast and two Indian Ocean cyclones affect the north-western coast. The highest wind gust was 246 kms per hour recorded during a cyclone on the Western Australian coast at Onslow in 1975. (Winds over 90 kms per hour are termed destructive in Australia). The accompanying storm surge can cause a rise in sea level of up to five metres.

Average maximum daily temperatures on the coast vary from 36°C on the north-western coast to less than 12°C on the Victorian coast. In terms of extremes, the highest temperature recorded in Western Australia was a sizzling 50.7°C on the coast at Eucla, yet only 220 kms west along the coast at Eyre, a temperature of -3.9°C has been recorded. Heat waves with successive days over 40°C are rare on all but the north-western coast.

At Darwin, the relative humidity varies from an average of 81% in January to 62% in July. It would be important to tackle the tropical coast in winter.

The projected timetable involved leaving Melbourne at Christmas, tackling the Coral Sea at the tail end of the Cyclone season, rounding Cape York mid-April, reaching Darwin mid-June and back to Melbourne the following Christmas. This



CANAL ROCKS, SOUTH-WESTERN AUSTRALIA.

timetable proved surprisingly accurate but failed to predict a late cyclone which gave me premature grey hairs on the coral coast. Lalaguli slipped round Cape York on the 16th April, and landed at Fannie Bay, Darwin on the 11th June, and emerged from the sea for the last time on the 23rd of December, 360 days after her first launching. The all up average came to 41.8 kms per day, 0.2 kms per day above the original estimate.

Tidal range varies from 30 centimetres at Albany on the south coast of Western Australia, to 10.6 metres in King Sound, north-western Western Australia. Two problems which accompany the enormous rise and fall of the sea in the north-west are firstly, swift tidal races, violent overfalls, whirlpools and even horizontal waterfalls (local term) and secondly, long carries with canoe and equipment when low water falls at dawn and dusk. Near Broome, the tidal range is down to 9 metres at springs but the intertidal zone extends up to 13 kms offshore; the ebb and flood tides move across the sand/mud flats faster than a person can jog. After an hour and three quarter carry one morning to reach the sea, I resorted to a 12 hour cycle, paddling from high water to high water.

Sea temperature forms a rough boundary for the spread of marine life. In the southern colder seas, penguins, seals, and dolphins posed no threat but there is nothing quite as unsettling as a huge right whale surfacing and spouting close to an unsuspecting canoeist. The big white pointer sharks range right along the southern coast; some resident monsters have been named by local divers and fishermen. Off Montague Island on the New South Wales coast, a chap was fishing from a large pleasure craft with twin outboards. He was pulling in a game fish when a huge white pointer powered onto the stern after the fish. It munched off the engine cowling and top part of one of the outboards before sliding back into the sea. On the remaining outboard's power, the ashen-faced fisherman sped back to shore and such was the shock to his system, he didn't stop to fetch his car and trailer, but drove his boat straight up the launching ramp.

In the warmer tropical waters there is a more diverse range of marine life, from the harmless and shy dugongs and turtles to the more lethal box jellyfish, sea snakes, crocodiles, stingrays, stonefish and untold sharks. Dugongs or sea cows are a mammal growing up to three metres in length and have been likened to a cross between a pig and an elephant. Because the female suckles her young to tiny teats beneath her foreflippers, this apparently gave rise to the medieval sailor's belief in mermaids.

Over thirty species of sea snake are found in Northern Australian waters. They are all venomous, Frequently I saw them floating lazily on the sea and my main concern was not to get one caught around the paddle. The closest shave occurred in the Gulf of Carpentaria during a 1½ hour crossing on a nasty south-easterly sea. A breaking wave deposited a yellow-bellied sea snake on Shaun's stern just aft of the cockpit which repeatedly struck at the rubber cables until the following breaker washed it clear. Sea snake fangs are small, fixed and situated near the front of the mouth. Although only small quantities of venom are produced, it is extremely toxic.

Crocodiles are the largest living reptiles in the world and there are two types in Australia, the 'saltie' or saltwater croc and the 'freshie' or Johnston's crocodile. Male salties mature at three to four metres at 16 years of age. In tidal rivers they eat mainly small crabs and prawns until about two metres long, but as they grow larger, the diet shifts to larger crabs, fish, reptiles, birds and mammals. That some exceed six metres in length makes them the largest of all the world crocs. The largest I encountered was about 5.5 metres, in the Gulf of Carpentaria. At first I assumed it was a log but there was a strong offshore breeze blowing and the log was drifting inshore!

Things that went bump in the night and day were mainly sharks. During the moonless nights along Eighty Mile Beach school and black-tipped reef sharks often thumped into the hull; I couldn't see them in the dark and they couldn't see the canoe in the murky water. In broad daylight in the Gulf, both Shaun and I were knocked off course by large sharks which I'm sure were only interested in the shiny deep draught rudders slicing through the muddy seas.

Since 1900 more than 70 people have died suddenly and painfully from Box Jellyfish stings in northern Australian waters. It has a semi-transparent box-shaped body as large as a two-gallon plastic bucket with four bundles of extendable tentacles which stretch out as far as three metres. Millions of stinging capsules cover the tentacles and discharge venom via a penetrating thread into the skin of any creature which touches them. The adult carries enough venom to kill at least three men. They are virtually impossible to see in the water and in summer people swim in fenced off enclosures. Today the treatment for a sting is to pour vinegar over the adhering tentacles and after five minutes the tentacles have shrivelled up and can be brushed off with a towel. The venom causes death by shock to the heart and breathing mechanisms. It also causes permanent scarring of the skin. On Lalaguli's deck, in a net bag attached to the decklines, I carried a squeeze bottle of vinegar for coping with stings from Box Jellyfish and Portuguese Man-of-war.

To guard against stings from stonefish and stingrays, I always slipped on a pair of stout-soled sandals for launching and landing in the Coral Sea.

If that's not enough to put you off canoeing in the tropic north of Australia, on shore are the buffaloes, snakes, red-backed spiders, ticks and leeches. A lovely place.

In contrast to the British trip, there were few man-made dangers around the Australian coast. North of Rockhampton on the Queensland coast, there is a vast Commonwealth military training area. A local chap told me the Singapore Navy were conducting live firing against shore targets. He was pulling my leg but we did check with the range safety officer. Batteries of 105mm howitzers would be firing when I passed through the area but wouldn't affect me. "But if any F 1 11's jets buzz you or seem to be making an attacking run, fire off a red flare." The jets sometimes used floating targets. Can you imagine a frantic canoeist fumbling open a flap on his lifejacket to grab a flare, pulling off caps and bits of waterproofing tape, whilst trying to read the firing instructions? By that time the jet would have vapourized the canoe. Fortunately, all my flares finished the trip intact.

Shipping never posed a problem during the 12 months until the last morning of the trip. I'd launched at 3 a.m. to work slack water through The Rip at the entrance to Port Phillip and was nearly run down by a fishing boat showing no lights. I picked up his bow wave at the last moment and was able to steer clear. No doubt the skipper was in his bunk with the boat on automatic pilot.

One of the problems which has affected canoeists on long overnight trips is hallucinating. Both Derek Hutchinson during his attempts to cross the North Sea and John Dowd during his trip across the Caribbean island chain, were affected to varying degrees by hallucinations. The problem results from a combination of lack of sleep, fatigue, loss of visual horizon in the dark and probably a little motion sickness as well. Movie goers who saw the travelogue send-up before "The Life of Brian" will appreciate my one and only mild hallucination. Into the 20th hour of paddling along the Zuytdorp Cliffs, the moon had set with the loss of my visual horizon. I'd taken three No-Doz tablets (a caffeine-based drug available at chemists) at midnight but was feeling really drowsy. I saw, or imagined I saw, a dull reddy-orange glow in the dark which looked all the world like a Venetian gondola. My immediate thought was, "More F..... gondolas."

The No-Doz tablets and iced coffee kept me going through the three 200km stretches of cliffs and I've since learned from John Dowd that strong coffee has some temporary countering effects to hallucinations.

I'll leave you with the story of a canoeist who set off in the late 1970's for a lone crossing from Cape York to New Guinea. He apparently had a piece of rope trailing from the stern which attracted the attention of a Tiger shark. It munched the entire stern off his canoe and the chap flailed his way to Thursday Island. He donated the canoe to the local school and flew home to Sydney.

Waipara Explored

by HUGH CANARD.

This river flows only 60 km from Christchurch and is regularly canoed in the lower reaches by the Boys' Brigade who have a camp near Waipara township.

The Waipara River also receives much attention from picnickers in summer because it has lovely warm pools often with no flowing water between them.

The river rises in three tributaries in the hill country south of the Hurunui catchment. The River Guide advises that the river below the confluence with the south branch "winds through a narrow valley over a shingle bed".

Edgar and Paul Reese live near the upper catchment and when Edgar told me that there were some rugged rapids in the Waipara which they had paddled in August, my interest was certainly aroused, although tinged with some scepticism, bearing in mind the normally quite reliable River Guide.

A lot of heavy south easterly rain and snow fell on the foothills late in September so on the 1st October, Derek and I with Fraser Taylor as driver set off after our "Dawn patrol" pool session. I lost my car keys at the pool so we arrived late but not lacking in enthusiasm. Edgar had an unusable elbow caused by rugby but aggravated by washing the dishes (really!) so with Paul as our guide, Derek in his virginal Olymp and me in my equally virginal plastic Olympia, set off down the South Branch at the bridge. There are a few shallow shingle riffles and then the other two branches join to form a nice-sized river in a low gorge with the occasional small boulder and the only hazard being full width cyclone (or are they hurricane?) mesh fences right at the water line. Potentially very deadly to canoeists.

The gorge walls got higher, displaying very shattered rock and the water started to flow faster. Some Grade 2 rapids appeared as boulders blocked the path. On a right hand bend the river ponded up behind some larger boulders and all of a sudden I couldn't see the rest of the river. An enigmatic grin from Paul and we hopped out for an inspection from the right bank. Just as well, because the river drops very suddenly in two drops, totalling about $1\frac{1}{2}$ metres with the second ledge studded with spikes of rock. Below this is confused whitewater with a large rock in the centre of the main flow and then a bit of a tailend into the flat water beyond. There is a 'chicken run' on the right but this chicken run was a bit literal as it had half a chain of Hurricane (or cyclone?) fence festooned across it.

After clearing the fence from the rapid we plotted our theoretical path down this rather rocky drop.

If I look at something like this too long, I might as well walk round it, so, with Derek and Paul at the bottom, I lined up in the wee eddy at the top of the drop. The rock on the second ledge had to be taken on the immediate left if one was to avoid the big rock in the main flow.

So over she goes Trev - there was the rock - a big draw to the left - plunge, plunge again and straight at the big rock! The polyethylene molecules had their cross-links severely strained as I hit the rock dead centre and according to the watchers on shore, the boat shot straight up in the air, then flipped in a half roll to the right. My paddle was in a perfect position for a quick roll and just as I began the sweep - WHACK!! on the forehead, then whack again as my helmet hit the back deck of the canoe.

I don't remember pulling the ripcord but came-to about 10 metres downstream with Derek swimming out to rescue me. I couldn't stand up so stayed in the water for awhile to recover. I was very disappointed there was no blood to make it look at least like it felt but a forehead like a Neanderthal man was soon to develop. (Most appropriate for the lower gorge.)

The worst aspect was the whiplash as it all but incapacitated me as my shoulders and neck went into spasm. Derek and Paul nursed me around the next two drops and I drifted the rest of the trip.

Derek ran the drop successfully by hugging the right of the main drop but still managed to 'deflower' (if that is not too sexist a term) his new boat. Paul did likewise but tipped out on the submerged rock that did my head in. The problem with this rapid is that not only is it shallow and literally studded with sharp nasties, but also because of the turbulence it is impossible to detect rocks which have only a few centimetres of cover.

Fifty metres further on another lesser drop occurs which has a nasty rock in the bottom of the chute although it was covered with the flow we had. There are three drops in 200 metres with the first being the worst and the last a narrow drop of about a metre. The rocks are extremely sharp and shattered and with lower flow would present a distinct threat to fibreglass boats and all too human bodies.

My Max Grant plastic boat has an almighty ding in it which would have done in a fibreglass boat like taking the top off an egg with a spoon.

After the pleasantries of this gorge the river opens out to the area where all the fossils are found. A clump of willows divides the river just above the "fossil" area and both paths are possible, but either way you could get a willow branch in the face. The left would be better in lower flow. The river turns right and opens on to flats on the right bank with towering cliffs on the left studded with concretions like remnants of some ancient battle with giant cannon balls.

A fossilised skeleton of a plesiosaur is being excavated here this summer, and this stretch is familiar to all Geography, Geology and Zoology students.

Another few gentle stretches and a rickety old bridge indicates our destination, where a road comes down to the river.

I understand this is where the Boys' Brigade start their trips and although I have not heard of any other trips down the stretch we did, there must have been some.

Accidents can happen on any river but this was my first in 5 years, and here I am on A.C.C. undergoing physiotherapy daily, pondering my fate, redesigning my crash helmet, and deciding to let someone else lead next time.

The rapids on this section of the Waipara would be a severe shock to a group of beginners or Sunday rafters. The drops would grade at 3 in spring flow and would be uncanoeable in normal flow. All are portageable and all should be inspected every time due to trees and fences, wire, etc., lodged in the gaps between the rocks in the drops. A similar river to the Ashley gorge, and the Okuku, but tighter and shorter.

Funny, all this only one hour from Christchurch and nobody knows about it.

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Book review

THE OUTDOOR WORLD OF GRAEME DINGLE.

By GRAEME DINGLE.

This book appears to be written primarily as a handbook for the beginner of outdoor activities and for this purpose it contains some good, basic instructions. The 'beginner' of outdoor activities may not necessarily be young, just beginning a new outdoor activity.

It is written in part in a light-hearted manner with many anecdotes to alternate with the more instructional-type ideas, thus it can be read as both a manual and as a history of Graeme Dingle's activities.

...'My objective has been to compile a manual of my ideas and recommendations (of equipment)...Thus this effort is not intended to be the final word or the complete manual on the outdoors, but a collection of good, solid grounding material for outdoor adventurers.'... (Page One.)

When I first looked at the book, I was not impressed with the diagrams but on reading through the book, I feel the diagrams are clear and simple to follow, and with the touch of humour in them, I was more inclined to read them.

I do not profess to know anything about climbing so I shall leave the chapters on those related topics for you to read. However, I was most interested to read what the author had to say about rivers, canoeing and rafting.

I am not sure what to make of the paragraph on page 118....'if would-be canoeists are blessed with as little control of their canoes as I am they will probably be in need of crossing techniques (when they lose their canoes!)'...The saving grace of this paragraph is the use of the phrase 'would-be' canoeists.

The OPC staff Mohaka trip report had two paragraphs which, frankly, annoyed me as I read through the chapter, but which were explained at the end. The first was on page 123. 'Day two was the big day. Somewhere below us we knew the river thundered through a gorge, which was said to be grade 5. John Davidson was in a crazy mood and paddled off alone, not to be seen again for the rest of the trip. However, that removed one problem - there is now only one John for the narrator to describe!'... The Club that I learnt to canoe in used to stress safety - paddling in groups so as to always keep the front person in sight and the paddler behind also in sight. However, reading on, I came across the following paragraph.

...'Below "long rapid" some broken bits of canoe made us wonder at John Davidson's fate - we were really annoyed that he had carried on without giving us any clear understanding of where we would see him again, an extremely courageous but stupid action, I moaned to myself and Stu. But we need not have worried about him; he's a survivor from way back!...(Page 124). I felt my concern at the action of one paddler was justified and the summary at the end of the paragraph states this clearly, too. Which goes to show that no matter how well planned a trip is, things can go differently and sometimes it is just a matter of luck how they turn out.

The other comment which I would like to mention was this, on Page 124. ...'The place frightened John and me, and we were torn between the challenge and the fear, finally giving in both to fear and lack of motivation. The rafters also decided to miss the rapid because of their lack of control.'...It almost appears as if it is cowardly to portage a rapid. The best canoeists/rafters/climbers know when they have reached their limits at a particular time, in the conditions that exist at that time.

However, apart from those comments, I enjoyed the sections relevant to canoeing and rafting which were humorous with easily read explanations. The chapter on rafting should really have been called 'Tubing' and perhaps a mention could have been made about commercial rafting trips since this sport is growing fast. The diagrams more than complimented the text, and would certainly help a beginner to see what he/she could do with a canoe after a bit of practice.

Graeme gives a brief explanation of the grading system used on rivers which is adequate except for the comment on page 140 that ...'I feel that these grades should range from 1 to infinity with VI being the hardest canoed in New Zealand to date.'...I don't think that rapids that have not been canoed to date cannot be graded i.e. that they should be left to infinity. Also, we in New Zealand follow the international system of grading rivers and it would make for a very muddy system if we used a different method.

I do agree with the sets of factors given both in 'Overall (section grading)' and in 'Individual (rapid grading)'. I feel that the NZCA River Guides do this in their descriptions but not set out in categories a-h and a-f as Graeme does in his book.

All in all, a good handbook to give to someone beginning a new outdoor sport, especially with the comprehensive Appendix at the back, and an interesting account of Graeme Dingle's activities for those of you who have also tried your hand at one or other of the sports mentioned.

Jan Egarr.

RESULTS OF THE 27th NATIONAL FLAT WATER CANOEING CHAMPIONSHIPS:

MEN:

TK1	1000m	M. May, 5:21, 1; T. Dooney, 2; R. May, 3.
K1	1000m	A. Thompson, 3:46.2, 1; G. Bramwell, 2; P. MacDonald, 3.
K2	500m	Ferguson/MacDonald, 1:34, 1; Thompson/ Bramwell, 2; Chris Spelius/Chris Wallace, 3.
K2	10,000m	B. Lauder/ P. Dignan, 46:31, 1; T. Dooney/ B. Fletcher, 2; M. Ussher/ G. Maire, 3;
K1	5000m	E. Murphy, 27:12, 1; A. Olsen, 2.
TK1	500m	R. Gavin, 2:28.6s, 1; J. Cook, 2; G. Maire, 3.
K1	10,000m	L. Grau, 47:02, 1; A. Martin, 2.
TK1	10,000m	M. May, 57:12, 1; R. Hunger, 2; J. Cook, 3.
K1	500m	P. MacDonald, 1:41.4, 1; I. Ferguson, 2; A. Thompson, 3.
K2	1000m	MacDonald/Ferguson, 3:23.4, 1; Thompson/Bramwell, 2; Grau/Spelius, 3.

WOMEN:

K1	1000m	S. Donaldson, 5:30.5, 1; D. Murray, 2; J. D'Aubney, 3.
TK1	1000m	Donaldson, 5:49, 1; Murray, 2; M. McLaren, 3.
K2	500m	Donaldson/Murray, 2:21.5, 1; Daubney/D. Trevett, 2; McLaren/Shuttleworth, 3.
K1	500m	Donaldson, 2:34:3, 1; Murray, 2.
TK1	500m	Daubney, 2:52.6, 1; McLaren, 2.
K2	1000m	Donaldson/Murray, 4:57.6, 1; Trevett/Daubney, 2; McLaren/M. de Jong, 3.

The Waikato Marathon

From the NORTH SHORE CANOE CLUB NEWSLETTER.

The event went off as planned on January 22, in calm and very hot conditions. A total of 55 competitors took part and only four withdrew. One poor, ill-advised canoeist got as far as Meremere and pulled out, not knowing that the finish was only 20 minutes further down the river and almost in sight.

A feature of note was the dozens of Canoe Club members who stayed away. Club support was pathetic and Clubs (including the N.Z.C.A.) should reflect on the current situation. It appears that competitive canoeing in clubs has gone into limbo. Apart from that sad note, those who took part thoroughly enjoyed themselves, with most expressing an interest in next year's event.

The five North Shore Canoe Club members who competed did very well in spite of some unnecessary spectator interference. Doug Walker and Morrie Raskin in a K2 were making very good progress at Huntly, when some tiny-minded person dropped a rock on them. Doug was hit on the head and forced to withdraw. He later required stitches. Many thanks to Gary Steen and Philip Curson for stepping in and enabling Morrie to complete the race.

Other members were Ruby Sheffield and her team who finished first on handicap and third fastest time in the "Team" class, in a time of 7 hours and 30 minutes. The ubiquitous Roy Sheffield finished once again, in a time of 7 hours 45 minutes to earn himself second place on time and handicap in the "Veteran" class. A magnificent effort by both crews.

Gary Millar was fourth overall, second fastest single in a time of five hours 59 minutes, after seizing up for ten minutes just past Rangiriri. The moral of the story is "drink a little often, rather than a lot at once", (too much Sustalyste).

The event was won quite convincingly by Greg Reid from Hamilton rowing a single skiff. His time was 5 hours 43 minutes.

Finally, many thanks to Yvonne Walker, Barbara and Allan Sullivan, Renton Hunger and Gary Steen for their assistance at the start/finish and checkpoints. We still had to enlist the help of Huntly Scouts to look after one checkpoint, so without their help we would have had to cancel the event.

KAYAK PLANS

There has been interest expressed in the kayaks that Ian Milne built for his Dusky Bay Expedition (Story in Issue Number 27). Ian has now prepared a set of plans for plywood stitch and tape construction with a comprehensive set of building notes. Copies are available from Ian for \$15, or from the NZCA publications.

Ian Milne's address: 124 Richardson Street,
St Kilda,
DUNEDIN.

NEW ZEALAND WHITEWATER CANOEING CHAMPIONSHIPS - EASTER, APRIL 20-22, 1984.***** COMPETITION PROGRAMME:**

Friday 20 APRIL

- 9:00 - 12:00 Practice for all competitors
(gates on the wires but not in final positions).
Scrutineering.
- 12:00 - 2:00 Final course adjustment
- 2:30 Demonstration Run
- 3:00 - 4:00 Timed (but unjudged) Div 1 practice runs - one per competitor in order of body numbers.
- 4:00 - 6:00 Unlimited practice for all other classes.

Saturday 21 APRIL

- 9:00 Judge's meeting in Social Hall
- 10:00 Div 11 first run followed directly by second run.
- 1:00 Div 1, Ladies, Juniors, Veterans, C1, C2, first run followed directly by second run.

Sunday 22 APRIL

- 9:00 Teams first run followed directly by second run.
- 11:00 - 1:00 Scrutineering of WWR boats.
- 2:00 WWR

***** SOCIAL PROGRAMME:**

- Friday evening Assorted video, Milo and bikkies in Social Hall.
- Saturday evening Hangi on the grounds of the Social Hall. Entry by ticket obtainable from the shop concession.
Approximate cost will be \$6 per person.
Please indicate anticipated numbers of takers on entry form.
- Sunday evening Prize-giving Social at the PNCC Clubrooms from 8p.m.
Light supper provided, but please BYOB.

OTHER NOTES:***** SCRUTINEERING:**

As indicated on the programme. Competitors are urgently requested to be sure that their gear conforms before showing up, as follows:
All boats must be unsinkable and equipped with untaped end loops, sufficiently large to allow the insertion of a hand. Personal buoyancy aid must float at least 6kg.
Boat dimensions must be at least:

WWR	Slalom K1	-	4.00	x	0.60		
	C1	-	4.00	x	0.70		
	C2	-	4.58	x	0.80		
	K1	-	4.50	x	0.60	(note: length given is max.)	
	C1	-	4.30	x	0.70	"	"
	C2	-	5.00	x	0.80	"	"

***** WHITEWATER COURSE:** Mangaore Stream from the top of the slalom site to the highway bridge. After much discussion and consideration of the practicalities of alternatives, it has been decided to keep this event on the Mangaore Stream in spite of its less than optimal character. This was a decision not taken lightly.

WANGANUI RIVER MINIMUM FLOWS SET

On 20th October, 1982, the Rangitikei-Wanganui Catchment Board held a public hearing of further submissions on appropriate minimum flows that should be fixed for the Wanganui River in relation to a long standing request from the National Authority for a report and recommendations on that matter.

A report adopted by the R-W Catchment Board at its 4th November, 1982, meeting on those proceedings is in the hands of the Conservation Officer, Graham Egarr, together with copies of the responses received to the further invitation for submissions, and a copy of the report to which the submissions were directed.

The Board's recommendation in the matter is as set out in the report -

that minimum flows be fixed for the Wanganui River for a period of 5 years as follows:-

- a) At Te Maire, Map reference N101 :705067 for the period from 1st December to 14th February and over the Easter period - 22m³/s.
- b) At Te Maire for the balance of the year - 16m³/s.

that implementation be deferred for 12 months from October, 1982, to provide an opportunity for discussion to take place between the Rangitikei-Wanganui Catchment Board and N.Z. Electricity on the methods for implementing a management regime to achieve those objectives. (These water levels should therefore have operated this summer).

In adopting the report and confirming its recommendations, the Board passed a further resolution not directly related to its recommendations but as a matter arising from the proceedings to the effect -

"In the event of any significant future water right application, the Board will, as a matter of policy, give due regard to the need to maintain the natural character and flow variation in the Wanganui River."

Kaimoana

CONTINUED FROM AN EARLIER ISSUE

RECIPE FOR COOKING FISH IN SEAWEED:

Light a fire and when you have a good base of hot embers, wrap fish, ungutted, in wet seaweed. Place on embers, then put dry sticks on top and in about 20 minutes to half an hour, your fish will be cooked, depending on the size of the fish.

TO COOK FISH IN TIN FOIL:

Light your fire and get a good base of very hot embers.
Gut the fish, scale it and take off the head.
Put a dab of butter, some salt (if you wish) and herbs, inside the fish.
Wrap fish in tin foil, with butter around the outside of the fish, place in embers. Turn fish after 15 to 20 minutes. Unwrap fish after 30 to 40 minutes and it will be ready to eat.

PUBLICATIONS

RIVER GUIDES

- WANGANUI RIVER GUIDE- The essential rapid by rapid description.____ \$4.00
- NORTHLAND RIVER GUIDE- For all rivers north of Auckland.____ \$4.00
- TARANAKI RIVER GUIDE- For all rivers Mokau - Wanganui _____ \$4.00
- HAURAKI/WAIKATO- For rivers between Auckland and Taupo - Out of print
- MANAWATU/WAIRARAPA- Rivers from Wanganui - Cape Turnagain _____ \$4.00
- HAWKE BAY/EAST CAPE- Tukituki to Wairoa rivers - Out of print
- NELSON/MARLBOROUGH- Golden Bay to Conway River _____ \$4.00
- CANTERBURY RIVER GUIDE- Waiau to Waitaki _____ \$4.00
- WESTLAND- All rivers on the West Coast and Fiordland Out of print
- OTAGO AND SOUTHLAND- Waitaki to Milford Sound _____ \$4.00

- MOTU RIVER MAP FOR CANOEISTS AND RAFTERS _____ \$0.75
- OUTDOOR EDUCATION SERIES - CANOEING -Best value for money canoeing manual _____ \$4.25
- TEACHING CANOE AND KAYAK SKILLS AT A BASIC LEVEL - Instructors how to manual _ \$2.00
- TRAINING MANUAL AND FITNESS - For flatwater paddlers and triathalon _____ \$2.00
- TRAINING FOR SLALOM AND DOWNRIVER RACING _____ \$2.00
- REPORT OF THE RECREATIONAL RIVER SURVEY - Three volumes plus maps _____ \$20.00
- 64 NEW ZEALAND RIVERS - A SCENIC EVALUATION _____ \$2.00
- A GUIDE TO CONFIDENT CANOEING - For the beginner _____ \$0.50
- A GUIDE TO COLDWATER SURVIVAL AND HYPOTHERMIA _____ \$0.50
- A GUIDE TO THE SELECTION AND CARE OF BUOYANCY AIDS _____ \$0.50
- OUTDOOR SAFETY KITSET - A manual for leaders and teachers _____ \$20.00
- MOUNTAIN SAFETY BUSHCRAFT MANUAL - Includes river crossing techniques _____ \$5.00
- SURVIVAL / RESCUE / HYPOTHERMIA / GEAR BAGS - Large orange plastic bags _____ \$2.00
- PLASTIC GEAR BAGS - Smaller than above, with survival instructions printed on. \$1.00

SLIDE HIRE

- MOTU RIVER SET - With notes - From Falls to the sea _____ Free
- RANGATATA GORGE SET _____ Free
- WANGANUI RIVER SET - Covers the entire river from Taumarunui _____ Free

FILM HIRE

- WHITEWATER PRIMER - 16mm film - reading rivers and basic. _____ \$10.00
- THE UNCALCULATED RISK - Hazards in river sports _____ \$10.00
- NUMEROUS OTHER FILM ON VIDEO ALSO AVAILABLE _____

PLANS

- OPEN CANADIAN CANOE - For glass-fibre/wood strip construction _ \$ 5.00
- DUSKY BAY KAYAK- For Plywood stitch/tape construction. _____ \$15.00

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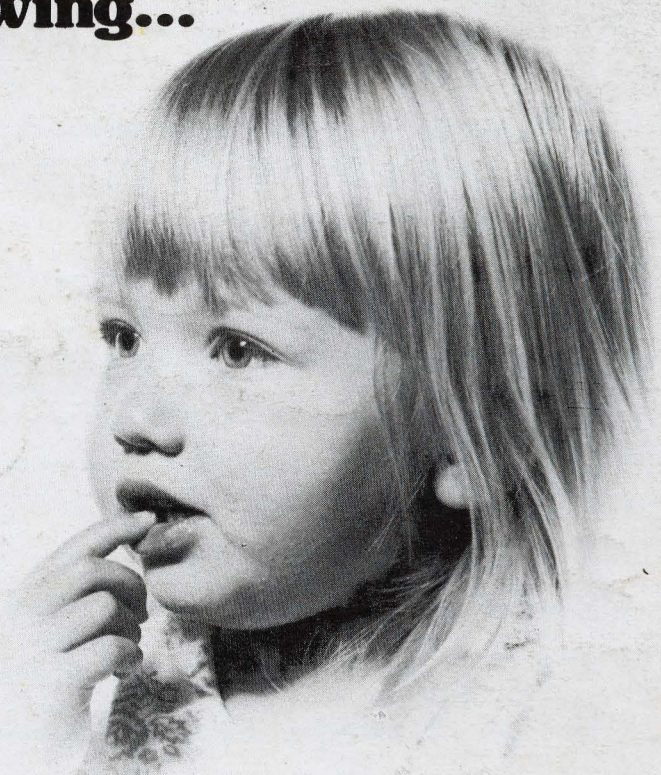
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