

New Zealand CANOEING & RAFTING



34 SPRING 1984

New Zealand Canoeing & Rafting Magazine

PUBLISHED BY THE NEW ZEALAND CANOEING ASSOCIATION
P.O. BOX 148 DRURY SOUTH AUCKLAND N.Z.

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SUBSCRIPTIONS & DISTRIBUTION ENQUIRIES
should be addressed to; Publications
N.Z. Canoe Assoc.
P.O. Box 3768
WELLINGTON

Published four times a year: subscriptions \$8.00: Mailed direct within New Zealand.

COMMENT

All sporting magazines over the last few months have run a story on the Olympic Games; we didn't intend to be different, only the promised article got sent to Napier instead of Nelson, and a substitute article has not arrived yet. Likewise, the splendid colour photograph that was to grace our cover has yet to arrive. We cannot, of course, print material we haven't actually got, as that would create more problems than not printing it in the first place. However, I was able to discuss aspects of the Olympic team with Alan Thompson and Bill Garlick recently, so I think a few comments wouldn't go amiss at this stage and meantime, I promise a bigger article at a later stage.

The media has been continually talking of the canoeing team of four, referring, I assume, to the K4 team. However, the full team consisted of eight - Manager Bill Garlick, Coach Ben Hutchings, and paddlers Ian Ferguson, Alan Thompson, Paul MacDonald, Grant Bramwell, Ed Richards, and Robbie Jenkinson. All these paddlers contributed to the medal wins, and the contribution of both the coach and manager was essential, too. So was the support the team received from their families and friends. The team raced in Europe before the Games, winning from many of the East Europeans who might have taken medals had they been at the Games - so those who say that our team only won gold because the Soviet and East German paddlers stayed away simply do not know what they are talking about. The Rumanians were hot favourites and yet we were able to hold them off - further evidence that the Olympic gold medals were equivalent to World gold medals.

The team arrived in Los Angeles and were accommodated outside the games village - a vital factor in the attempt to win medals. Living and working together apart from all the other competitors enabled the team to concentrate on the build up, without distraction and without the psychological problems of the inevitable comparisons being made with other competitors. Our team knew they could be the world's best and didn't need the American media machine to tell them otherwise. All competitors, like any travellers, tend to end up catching the local bugs - it is a matter of when it happens and how soon you get over the illness that is vital in any games. Living in the team village will only add to the problem, and our paddlers were able to get over the problem soon enough to enable their fitness programme to be not too seriously affected. Alan seems to have been the worst affected. There are two options in planning a games medal win in this respect; either you arrive early, catch the local bugs and recover in time to put up a good performance. Or you can arrive just before the events, win the medals and then succumb to the local bug. The problem, however, is to be able to arrive into the same time-zone so that the competitors can avoid jet lag, too. So, for a place like Korea, the pre-games training might be in Western Australia or Japan where the local bug isn't so bad, then fly in and out for the actual events. With L.A., however, there weren't the same sort of options.

Another problem, and one that has to be faced by the Manager and Coach, arises because the paddlers don't have just one event, and because there are also team events in K2 and K4 - so a paddler may have to compete in a number of finals. If we have a K1 final the day before a K2, the other fellow in the K2 might feel that the chances of winning in the K2 are diminished because of the previous race by his fellow paddler. When you complicate this with K4 events then you have quite a juggling of paddlers and events to maximise your chances. Ultimately, some events may get sacrificed for the benefits of other events. If, for example, your best hopes are in K1 and K2, how will the paddler who pins all his hopes on a K4 medal feel when his fellow paddlers put all their efforts into other events? This sort of problem can create considerable friction and problems between team members. Thankfully, with our excellent manager and coach and team spirit, these problems were minimised at L.A. but I mention this as people forget the role of the team administrators. With all the juggling that goes on, you may have to shift paddlers about between events, and the Manager has to sort out problems with the Games officials to allow for late minute changes. At L.A., Ian Ferguson nearly didn't get to race in the K1, but the negotiating powers of our Manager sorted the problem out in time.

Some attention has been drawn to the small size of Olympic canoesport here in this country, with our team being selected from little more than 20 racing paddlers and with a mere 1200 or so members of affiliated canoeists in the country. To see our team as the best of only 20 or so paddlers is a mistake. Flatwater paddlers often graduate from ski racing and surf life saving. Only the best paddlers in ski paddling venture into canoe racing. This means that we have a very tough, fit and dedicated squad to pick our team from. Furthermore, as our team is picked from such a small number, most effort in terms of coaching time, and money, can be more cost effective. This, it seems, is critical to the success of our paddlers. Even if we were to have twice the number of paddlers as we do have, our best would be no better.

Suppose you wanted to win an Olympic Canoeing Gold, what would you have to do? Firstly, get into a surf club at a young age. Say, five years of keeping fit and competition at the top level in surf life-saving before adding flatwater kayak paddling to your range of sports. Then three or four seasons of kayak racing. We are talking about seven years of training. For most of that, at least three hours a day, seven days a week. That takes a special sort of person and will cost you a small fortune in lost wages, lost opportunities, virtually no social life, and you get a gold-plated medal. Our Olympic team deserve a special sort of admiration.

Our results were: Ian Ferguson K1 500m Gold Medal
 Alan Thompson K1 1000m Gold Medal
 Ian Ferguson and Paul MacDonald K2 500m Gold Medal
 Ian, Paul, Alan and Grant Bramwell K4 1000m Gold Medal
 Ed Richards and Robbie Jenkinson K2 1000m reached semi-finals.

Bill Garlick, Manager of the Olympic team and for many years our representative on the Olympic and Commonwealth Games Committee, (also the NZCA Treasurer), has been elected to the International Canoe Federation to represent Oceania. Our President, Evan Stubbs, had to hurriedly fly off to Bulgaria to clinch the election recently. Congratulations, Bill.

In speaking of medals, mention must be made of the Canoeist of the Year award. This fine cup is awarded annually to a person who has contributed in some notable manner to the betterment of canoesport in this country. Although the presentation of the cup often gets interpreted as being given for a notable achievement within the last year, the award has consistently been given to people who have contributed over many years. This year the award has been made to Pelham Housego of Auckland. Looking through the pages of this magazine you will often chance upon Pelham's name. Pelham has been involved in rivers for a number of years - I believe he was involved in the Tangiwai Rail disaster some thirty years ago and that wasn't enough to put him off involvement in canoeing. It was Pelham who was a major driving force behind the introduction of glassfibre craft in New Zealand. He recognised the value of the KW7 - one of the first of the new generation of glassfibre boats that reached us in the 60's. He helped build moulds for locally-designed glass boats. As a touring paddler he was the first to run many of our biggest and hardest rivers, and not only told others about the trips, but also mapped and graded them. When we came to write the river guides, it was Pelham who could provide the details for most North Island rivers, and he drew our maps for these publications. He has been instrumental in the formation of a number of clubs, and has been an active competitor in slalom, marathon, down-river racing, and sprint racing. If he wasn't so modest, he would have been given the award years ago. Congratulations, Pelham!

The Waka Tete Hou Project we published in our last issue created some interest - some people have expressed interest in building a boat, but a racing circuit seems unlikely so far. The canoe has been seen in Hong Kong at the Dragon racing, and in New Zealand at the I.M.T.E.C. and the Auckland Boat Shows; however, in the meantime it is stored with the North Shore Canoe Club. It will be raced in the Pacific Islands Outrigger Race, 24 November, from Devonport to Okahu Bay, along with canoes from Samoa, Tonga, Fiji, the Cook Islands, Tahiti, Tokelau and Niue.

This race is being held to mark the opening of the 1984 Festival of South Pacific Art and Culture. It seems a pity that most New Zealand canoeists ignore our Pacific heritage and consider only the European canoes as real canoes.

You may be interested in a fascinating article in the September '84 issue of the National Geographic Magazine. A team of kayakers ran the Jökulsá á Fjöllum river in Iceland from its source at the terminal end of a glacier, to the sea. Access, as you might imagine, was a bit of a problem and this was solved by using micro-light aircraft fitted with floats so that they could land on the river itself (there being no runway). The micro-lights could carry a 400 lb payload and so could ferry the kayaks in, as well as a raft and, of course, the paddlers. The micro-lights were then disassembled and packed onto the raft and the expedition could then raft and kayak to the sea. The river had four waterfalls, but these were no problem as the micro-lights could portage over them. The gorge walls were of a very crumbly lava, making climbing out impossible, hence the value of the aircraft for the portage. Olymp V kayaks and an Avon Professional raft were used. Makes you think about some of our rivers, doesn't it?

I was interested in watching a TV 'Lookout' programme recently in which Sir Edmund Hillary was climbing, rafting and scuba diving in Fiji. What caught my attention was the river that was rafted; the rapids reminded me of the Waipunga, or of the upper Motu gorge - steep and tight. Unfortunately, the film was not very specific in giving details of the river, it never mentioned the name, although it did say that it flowed into the Rewa River - the biggest river on the main island of Fiji, Viti Levu. The Rewa flows to the sea near the capital, Suva. It would seem that the river was the Waidini, but that is only a guess as the only other detail given was that they rafted through the Waiunga Gorge, or a gorge of a name sounding like that, but my maps do not mention any such name. I am wary of settling on a precise location as in the Adventure Series that Hillary shot for TV some years ago, shots said to show kayaking on the Hollyford were actually taken on the Cleddau River and the same sort of thing could have happened here. (Film-maker's license.) Never-the-less, the programme did indicate that if one was going to Fiji, it may be worth taking a kayak (plastic) as there are rivers of sufficient size with rapids to give a good paddle. The rapids would have been around Grade III, but I only saw one such rapid.

Max Grant of Quality Kayaks, tells me that he will shortly have available a plastic bath canoe, ideal for canoe polo, and also a touring kayak in plastic. I have seen his plastic paddles - the blade is moulded plastic and they would make ideal polo paddles. The blades have a little more flex than glass blades and probably feel more like wooden paddles. I haven't actually used them so cannot report more fully. Max is also investigating getting STANZ approval for his buoyancy vest.

Lastly, in this rather mixed bag of an editorial, I must congratulate well known rafter, tuber, and canoeist John Mackay for taking the topic of 'New Zealand Rivers' into the final of Mastermind on TV recently. If his questions hadn't been so deliberately difficult he might have won. I have a good mind to publish the questions and the answers for you all to have a go at, too.

Graham Egarr.

Cover Photograph: Tony Marcinowski in the Rangitata Gorge. Photo taken by Chris Moore of Wild Water Photography.

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Subscriptions for the magazine are \$ 8.00 p.a.

Published four times a year.

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CAPE FAREWELL

Bevan Walker.

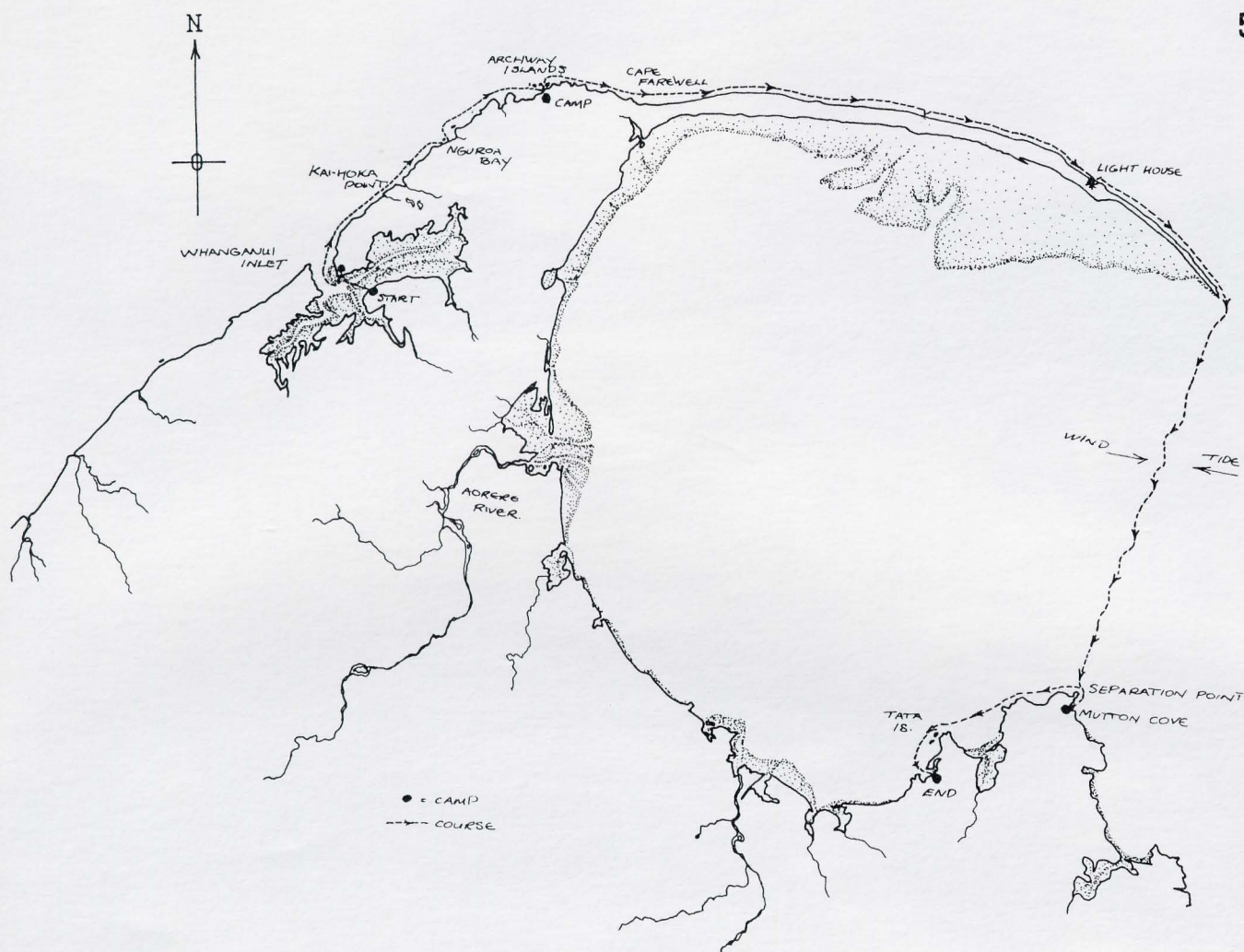
One Sunday afternoon in January, after a Club river trip near Collingwood, I carried on to Whanganui Inlet intending to paddle my Nordkapp kayak from the Inlet to Tata Beach, Golden Bay, around the outside of Farewell Spit, a distance of 90 kilometres.

It was late evening when I pulled my kayak up on the sandy beach near the mouth of the Inlet. There was a 14 knot wind coming from the southwest, causing a good chop on an average swell. I walked to the northern end of the beach to climb a small hill which gave me a good view of the bar and sea conditions. I could see a gap through which the capping seas were not as big and which I would pass through in the morning. As I was walking back to where I had left my Nordkapp I decided that I would poke my nose out over the bar. This is what I did, getting an on-the-spot feel of what I was going to be in for next morning. I swung the kayak around and headed back to the beach. Without warning, an extra large wave came up behind me. Looking back, I could see that it was going to break over me; but with a hard right rudder and a high brace I managed to keep the kayak on an even keel. The wave broke right over the top and the kayak was completely engulfed with foaming white water. Somehow we came out of it alright, thanks to my rudder or we could have broached. I looked down to where my compass should be but it was smashed. If the conditions were going to be like that in the morning I would not get far. I made camp in the sandhills and before long it was dark.

I was up at six and on the water by seven the next morning. The tide was coming in with very little wind from the south west. The sea was good, just an average swell and no white-caps. Before long I was out over the bar and heading north.

Opposite Kaihoka Point I noticed a dark cloud moving from the south west but inland about four kilometres. Where I was the sun was shining and the paddling was good. The rugged, rocky coastline was majestic with a network of caves and archways. Nearing Nguroa Bay the weather deteriorated; progress was slow and that black cloud was now coming from the north, bringing with it a cold rain. I slowly paddled to the north side of Nguroa Bay in which there is a small island with an archway through the centre. In the middle of this archway I sheltered out of the rain and wind. After a ten minute rest I pushed out into the lumpy seas and headed north to Archway Island. By now the temperature was exceedingly cold with light hail mixed up with the rain. Along this coastline there were more off-shore rocks but by now the swell had increased twofold and white caps were all around me. I rounded Pilch Point and to my relief the Archway Islands were now in sight. As I paddled through one of the archways I noticed a group of seals on the rocks. The tide was about halfway out when I saw a group of people watching me surf in on an average-sized wave but by the time I got to Wharaniki Beach they had gone. I made camp in the rain and spent the rest of the day in the comfort of my tent. Towards evening I saw a large fishing boat heading south.

The next day was perfect with a slight swell running, and blue skies. With breakfast over, I quickly broke camp and with my hopes high I was ready to cast off when I saw two men walking towards me. They had come from Motueka and were out to do some surfing. They were quite surprised when I told them where I had come from and where I was going. I got them to take a photo of me and with a push off through the surf they wished me well. Once through the Archways, I swung around and headed towards Cape Farewell. It was just after 7a.m. when I passed the Cape. This part of the coast is very rocky with parts of it rising vertically for about 30 metres. I landed just east of the Cape in a large cave where I had a short rest and then once more I was on my way.



Paddling past Pillar Point and Fossil Point, admiring the steep and rocky coast-line, I made good time with an average wind behind me and a large seal to accompany me. About halfway down I landed to see if I could spot the Lighthouse. Yes, I could just see it in the distance about 15 kilometres away. My stop was for about five minutes and then back on the sea. The paddle down to the Lighthouse was uneventful but by the time I reached it the wind had increased. I surfed in and pulled the kayak up on the sand. I met Tim, the Lighthouse Keeper, who showed me through the Lighthouse. When I was having lunch, two tour trucks arrived, full of people to view the Light. I asked Tim if he would ring Paul Whitaker back in Takaka to let him know I was crossing to Separation Point. By the time I got back to my kayak the wind had about quarter covered it with sand which was being blown along the Spit. It is estimated that there are 3.4 million cubic metres of material added each year to the Spit and I quite believe it. I did not notice a lot of birds on the outside of the Spit but there are believed to be over ninety species.

I pushed off and with the tide and wind with me, made good time to the end of the Spit which took about an hour. I crossed over in shallow water with my sights on Separation Point, a distance of 25 kilometres away, where I would find a campsite for the night. I was about a quarter of the way across when the wind increased more than double the strength from what it had been when I was at the Lighthouse. It was coming from the west and hitting me side-on between 20 and 25 knots. As well, the tide was now coming in against the wind, making things worse. I was surrounded by a large swell with white caps breaking on the top. If I turned back the wind could quite easily push me away from the Spit. D'Urville Island was 70 kilometres away and if things got that bad I would just have to go with the wind across Tasman Bay to D'Urville Island. I did have one thing on my side - by ten o'clock the tide would be on its way out and the conditions would be calmer.



Above: The entrance and bar of Whanganui (often called Westhaven) Inlet the night before setting off on the trip to Cape Farewell.

Above right: The Nordkapp kayak framed by the archway

Below right: Campsite at Wharaniki Beach.



As the day wore on I kept plugging on. Overall, four large waves hit me, one of them sending me surfing sideways down its steep face but with a right-handed brace I managed to bring the kayak to the top of it. It was close; I just about had to roll. I worked out a pattern of paddling in these conditions, which was, when I was on the left in the large trough, the wind was not as strong so I put some fast, quick strokes on, and when a breaking wave would rise up to my right front, I would pull hard on the left paddle. This would send me broadsiding around up and over the crashing wave, then I would do the opposite to keep on course; left rudder and right hand paddle. This pattern of paddling lasted about four hours. While this was going on, two large gannets kept with me until just before dark when I watched them turn and head for the Spit. Tim told me that there is a small nesting colony of them on the Spit, which is meant to be the only other nesting colony outside of Cape Kidnappers.

I was about an hour off Separation Point when the beacon began to flash. The sea had calmed down a little but was still very rough. It was dark as I headed past the beacon and as I got closer to Mutton Cove I could see the glow of someone's camp fire. It was 10 p.m. when I stepped on to a small beach and I was glad that once again I was on land. The campers gave me some fish to cook on their campfire and this went down very well. It was a starry night so I just slept next to my Nordkapp under a large pine tree. When I was just about asleep I heard a thud in the cockpit, looked up and there was an opossum looking at me. He had dropped out of the pine tree and was now sitting in the cockpit. I did not want a stowaway so persuaded him to go.

The morning dawned with low cloud and a hint of rain. After a fish breakfast, I packed and was on the water by 8 a.m. My arms did not want to paddle but with only ten kilometres to Tata Beach I told myself to keep the kayak going. I rounded Separation Point where a small colony of seals were living. The weather was deteriorating and it was now drizzling. When I landed at Tata Beach the sea conditions were bad and very squally. It was a good trip and I am glad that I did it.

Films » Videos

If you have any 8 mm (super or regular) film, or other film and videos of canoeing and rafting activities, expeditions, historical events, or simply canoe-camping trips, I would be interested in borrowing them for no longer than one or two weeks.

The intention is to project this material onto video (V.H.S.) and then to assemble a complete video representative of New Zealand Canoeing activities.

Once this has been done and edited on video (I won't touch your film) I would be delighted to copy any blank cassette FREE of charge for you.

I already have some gems which, although amateur efforts, are worthy of wider circulation.

Please do not be shy, this material is of great interest to other paddlers, and there is not enough New Zealand canoeing on video or film.

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KARAMEA

January, 1984.

Doug Rankin.

The Karamea is magic!! After hearing from various kayakers and rafters over the years about this relatively inaccessible river and the hair-raising boating it had to offer, a number of us organised a trip. It turned out to be one of those special ones ... good water, good company, and amazing country.

The river's headwaters are in Whangapeka Track country in the North West Nelson State Forest and the river has a large watershed in a relatively high rainfall area. In the upper river, creeks like Venus, Jupiter, Saturn, add atmosphere as well as water, as the river grows. This upper section is full of limestone with huge buttresses and escarpments poking out of the bush. At the bend where the Leslie joins the Karamea, the character of the river changes somewhat with the first of the big earthquake lakes which impound the middle section of the river, starting a little downriver from the Bend Hut. At the outlets of these dams, a lot of the action is to be found. Over this section, the river travels roughly north, then west, then finally out to the coast through an impressive gorge. By this stage, depending on flow and rainfall, the lower river can have some good, punchy water in it.

The flight into the river, to a point just below Luna Hut, was a good buzz for the uninitiated to chopper flying. It seems the lack of a front door on the passenger side was enough for some! Fortunately, the wee Hughes 300 managed to get Murray Watson Snr and our five boats and most of our gear over Kakapo Saddle and another three trips saw the rest of us (Tim Densem, Ian Russel, Greg Landreth and Doug Rankin), safely by the river, and our support party, Tui Elliot, off down to Venus Hut with the bulk of our gear, so we could paddle empty boats in the upper section. The chopper was then to go on to the Roaring Lion Hut with a food drop.

The only problem then was the lack of water. The area hadn't seen rain for weeks, the bush was dry and the river was worse. Thank God for plastic boats. We variously banged, scraped and dropped our way down the upper river, portaging Orbit Creek rapid and the latter section of the dam below Moonshine Lake because there wasn't enough water. 4½ hours later we arrived down at Venus Hut with a few new dints on the plastic boats, a few on the nerves and a suspect paddle shaft.

Next morning dawned with rain in the air. It soon appeared! The chopper pilot flew over to check that the number of boats was the same and that it looked as though he might see us again to get paid. We stuffed the gear into our boats, said our fond farewells to Tui and dropped straight into a section of reasonably tight, steep boating. We bombed most of the drops, stopped to look at one steep one, just below the confluence of the Saturn, and generally managed to enjoy ourselves. Just above the Crow, Greg checked out how easy it was to get jammed across some rocks and succeeded but no harm done. After another big limestone-chocked rapid above Slippery Creek, which we variously boated and walked, we made it to the Bend after four hours of boating, the weather still somewhat inclement.

In the poor weather, hut-hopping proved excellent. There are surprisingly few good campsites in some stretches of the river, especially from the Bend down. After lunch and drying out gear, Murray spent the afternoon repairing his broken paddle blade while Tim and I walked down to the first dam outlet to do some fishing. Caught one trout and realised that we were going to be able to boat some of the dams after all. It rained on and off for the day and night. Did some eeling late evening with some others, and had rather greasy eel for breakfast.

Next morning dawned, with showers 15 minutes after the troops took to the water. Boating the first dam, we encountered punchy water with some huge rocks in the river, but, providing you weren't swimming, it wasn't too hairy. We then hit the second lake and had a quiet paddle along still, black water with dark green bush

mostly right to the water's edge. Bellbirds broke the silence every now and then and we occasionally disturbed pairs of paradise ducks. The next lake outlet was an impressive sight from the top, with the next lake starting about 400 metres away. But meanwhile, the river dropped 400 ft through a boulder chocked path. Murray broke the ice with a clean run of the top section, followed by Ian who spun out on a rock halfway down and ended up negotiating a tricky bit of water backwards. The lower section was tight rock dodging and shooting narrow channels while bouncing from rock to rock. Down the next lake to the next outlet.

This we recognised as "Rocky Ariki", so named by a party who travelled down the river last year. At the top it had an impressive slide about eight feet high ... hard on the nerves but we made it through surprisingly easily. The rest of the rapid was reasonably straight forward. Next was another impressive flat-water paddle down to where the Roaring Lion joins the Karamea. All of these lakes have dead trees poking out of the water along their edges - remnants of the bush that was present before these lakes were formed in the big Murchison earthquake around 1929. We then paddled back up the Roaring Lion to the hut after having spent 2½ hours on the water.

Snow Meyer was in residence - an old character who has spent much of his life in the area working in the forest service. He recalled numerous trips down the river, including Harry Litchwark's solo trip and John McKay's rafting trip from years ago.

That afternoon it poured so we stayed put. After a night's heavy rain, we left the Roaring Lion at 9.30 a.m. and paddled down the rest of the lake in passing showers. The bird life on the lake was tremendous, different varieties of duck and scaup. The side streams were all pouring into the lake and we turned our thoughts to the dam outlet, which we figured would be portage material. Holy Canoeists!! It made the Mother Rapid on the Shotover look like a Sunday School picnic; the first section, not for the faint-hearted, comprised of a series of drops (up to ten feet), and chutes with sections of river pouring through rock sieves ... not the best place to swim!

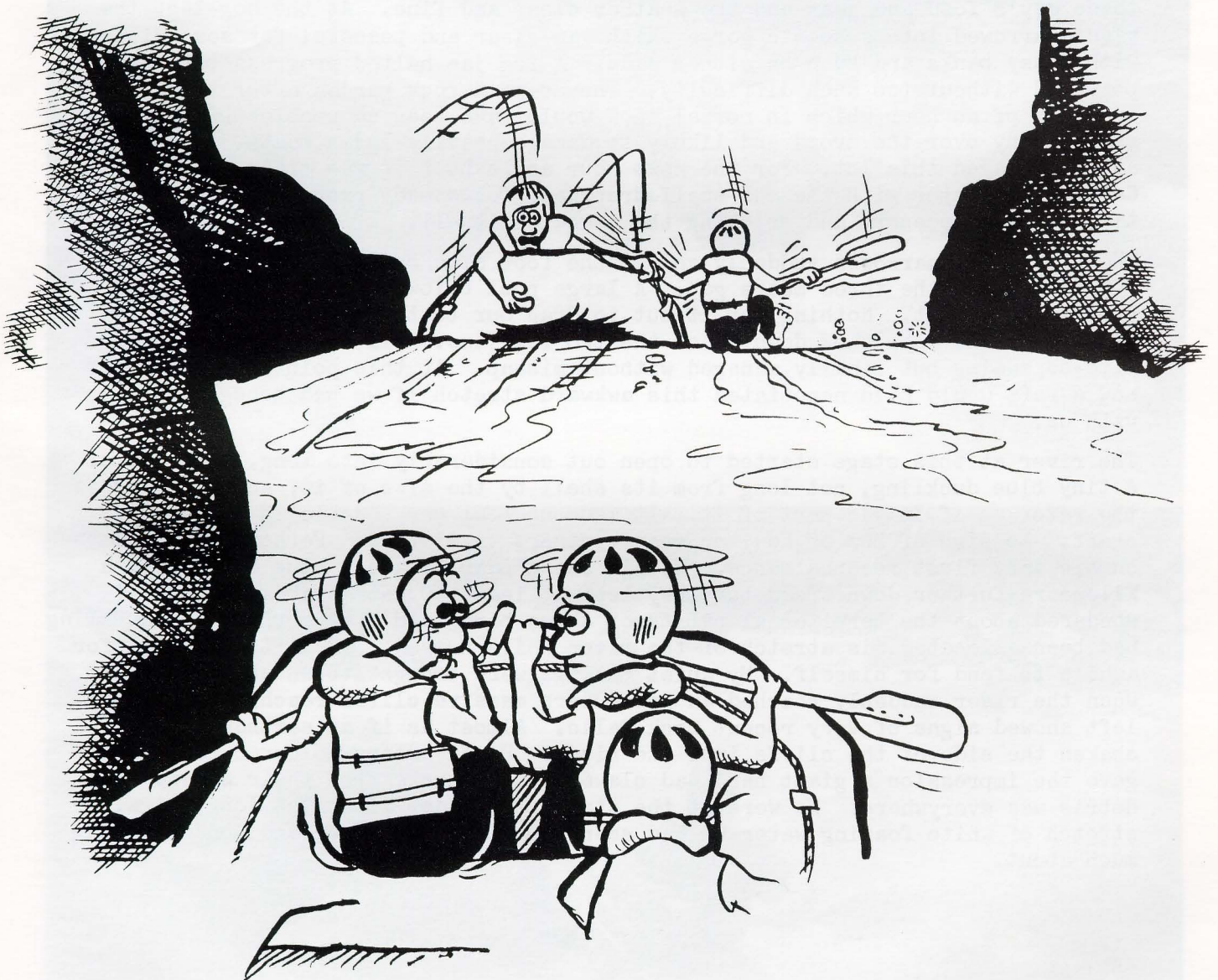
In the middle section, where things calmed down a bit, we crossed the river. The lower section was plain ugly, big drops with rocks in the bottom of some, pretty extreme boating. We walked for 1½ hours, or should I say we struggled for that time; the portaging was slow and difficult to say the least. Even the patented Densem/Russell boat-carrying technique couldn't handle the terrain. After the dam, we all realised the river had grown somewhat with the recent rain and the succeeding rapids all became very big and powerful. Going into stoppers became something to be avoided and then, when unavoidable, plenty of power was necessary to get through.

Some of the rapids had large, rolling, breaking waves well over head height that you couldn't spot until you were at the top of the preceding wave - then it was a few hasty prayers, a good breath and a deep paddle stroke. On a corner where the Ugly (charming names, some of these side creeks) joined the Karamea, there was a huge hole the size of a hut and for many of the rapids down the Grey's Hut, one travelled down the river sideways, moving backwards and forwards to avoid holes and rocks. At Ferris Creek, we stopped to look at another of the big known rapids - we paddled the top section with varying degrees of success. The big water continued down to Grey's Hut where, fortunately, Tui was standing on the bank waiting for us. The hut isn't at all obvious from the river, but was a welcome sight for five hyped, wet, weary bodies who had been on the go for 6½ hours. Tui had stories of no real problems in the lower gorge, just big water with some big haystacks and holes but with enough room to avoid things.

Next day dawned beautifully fine, and the river had dropped about six inches overnight. Tui disappeared early to catch a few photos of us boating some of the rapids in the gorge. We finally hit the water at 10.30 a.m. and went straight into big, powerful water. Just above the junction of the Kakapo, Greg inspected the inside of a big hole but got flushed out pretty quickly as

did Tim in a similar rapid further downstream. We stopped and looked at some drops, including one where, after a quick look, a drop on the right looked okay. Tim sailed down, stood on his tail in the drop but got pushed through; Greg ended up sitting on the face of the stopper, paddling hard for about twenty seconds trying to get off it, while the rest of us started looking for an alternative route. Needless to say, if you got it right, it was a bit easier, but, like some of us, when you got it wrong, you had to work hard to get down upright. We passed Tui and continued on down the river; much easier kayaking than walking.

All too soon, the ferocity of the rapids lessened and we all realised it was over - 4½ days of amazing boating and country drew to a close with a sedate paddle down to the main road bridge. I think the smiles on everyone's faces said it all - one hell of a hoot. Our grateful thanks to Kay and Peter in Karamea and to Tui for moral support. For anyone interested in the trip, Terry Belcher in Karamea is outfitting his Hughes 300 with small frames for carrying 2 boats and gear and will be able to take 2 people as well. It is more economical flying from Karamea. Good luck and remember, it's definitely plastic boat country, not to be taken too lightly as parts of the river are untracked and the country is pretty rough to travel through on foot.



Bill Ross.

Interest in the Takaputahi River was first stirred after a chance helicopter flight out from the Motu. We had been assisting with a short rafting trip to give the members of the special tribunal sitting on the Motu Conservation Order Appeal hearing a first hand look at the river's recreational potential. A worthwhile exercise as it turned out.

A combined rafting-canoeing trip was planned but the rafters found difficulty getting a full crew together at short notice. Roy had rounded up two enthusiastic Canadian canoeists and got them motivated into joining us on what at first we thought was to be an exploration trip down the Takaputahi. However, we learned after some research that Mike Savory from Kupe had already done this in a kayak.

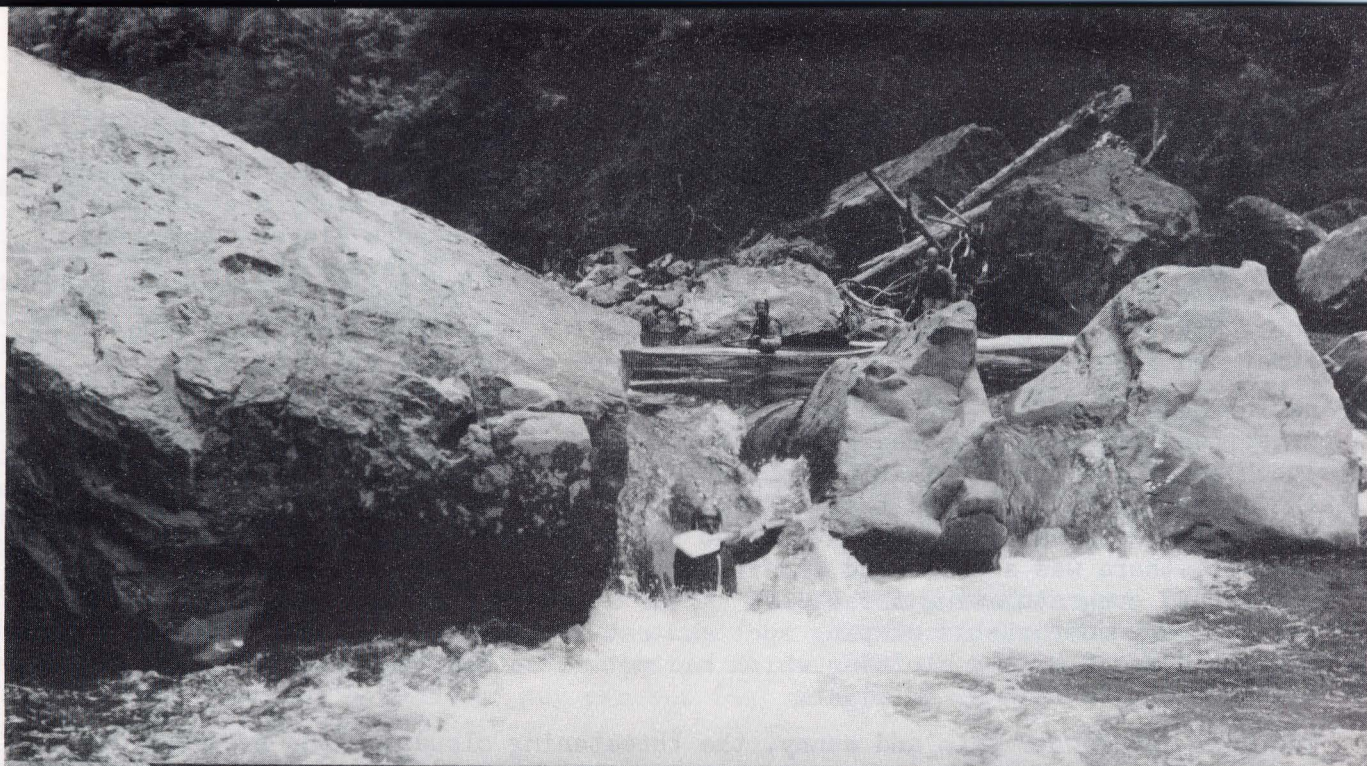
It was still an adventure for us so the four of us set out with two plastic and two fibreglass kayaks, leaving a vehicle at the Motu outlet and, with the other, travelling up through the old Motu Road to Toatoa, turning left there to the head of the Takaputahi.

The gate to the airstrip, which had been open on a previous reconnaissance trip, was locked so camping was restricted to the roadside. We later learned that a key was available at the manager's house back near Toatoa.

On to the river, which was at a low level, at 8.15 a.m. with kayaks loaded with three day's food and gear and the weather clear and fine. At the dog-leg, the river narrowed into a scenic gorge which ran clear and peaceful for some distance with mossy banks and bush on either side. A log jam halted progress but was portaged without too much difficulty. Then came a rock garden after three quarters of an hour which in normal flow would have been no problem but was rather bony over the drops and likely to damage heavily-laden boats. We reluctantly portaged this lot. For the next hour and a half it was plain sailing. Calm, clear water with the odd small drop made for steady progress. A time for taking in the scenery and enjoying the peace of it all.

Then the gorge narrowed suddenly and at the foot of a small drop a formidable log sat across the three metre gap. A large pool below this had another log blocking its exit. Nothing for it but to drag our boats up the steep sides of the canyon and rope them down below the two log jams. All very laborious and time-consuming but finally managed without mishap. At this point we did wonder how a raft would have negotiated this awkward stretch if we had brought one with us.

The river at this stage started to open out considerably into long, deep pools. A tiny blue duckling, not long from its shell by the size of it, scurried across the water as if it was part of it. It made us feel very humble in our clumsy craft. No sign of Mum or Dad, or even brothers or sisters. Perhaps he had been on his very first reconnaissance. We did see a pair of adult blue ducks half a kilometre further downstream but they kept at least 50 metres ahead of us. I wondered about the territorial habits of these birds and that perhaps our duckling had been allocated his stretch of the river while Mum and Dad left him to it for awhile to fend for himself. My quiet musings were brought to an abrupt halt when the river suddenly reached an area where massive cliffs reaching up to our left showed signs of very recent rock falls. Almost as if an earthquake had shaken the side of the cliffs into the river. Bare, creamy-coloured rock faces gave the impression a giant hand had clawed great chunks from their sides. The debris was everywhere. We were at the start of boulder mile, the long, straight stretch of white foaming water we had seen from the helicopter and wondered so much about.



We had been travelling for four hours since our put-in and now we were to spend two hours negotiating this massive pile-up of rock debris. Every section had to be inspected before canoeing it and in many cases where rock sieves developed, a portage was necessary. It was all very interesting, however, and lots of amusement was had watching each one take the drops. The camera clicked a lot, too. Mike, the most experienced Canadian paddler, was invariably sent down first and if he made it safely then it was good enough for the rest of us.

Having made it safely through boulder mile it was only a matter of half an hour or so paddling before we reached the Motu at 2.45 p.m. We had not stopped for lunch so at the first suitable beach we pulled in for a bite. It was only after the adrenalin had subsided that we realized that we were hungry! The relief of making the Motu safely and with time to spare started to make itself felt. However, there was a cold wind blowing down the Motu so it was not the time to sit around congratulating ourselves. After a couple more hours paddling we found a very comfortable camping spot and set-to to get a fire going and to dry out some of Mike's clothing which had not withstood the many duckings in a leaky boat as well as it might.

The next day dawned fine and sunny, the threatening clouds of the previous day having dispersed and the wind no longer a problem. It was another early start on the river as we hoped to make it to the outlet in the one day.

The rapids in the lower gorge of the Motu still offered plenty of excitement and challenge as always but much has already been written about them so this is not the time to dwell on the details. Suffice to say that all were negotiated without mishap, albeit not without the adrenalin-pumping incidents that are part of canoeing the Motu.

By 5 p.m., the main road bridge hove into view and a relief to find Roy's Subaru sitting there awaiting our arrival. We had parked it by a fisherman's tent so it had been under his watchful eye while we were away. Then began the long drive to pick up my Peugeot at the head of the Takaputahi and then on to Tauranga. The most difficult part of the whole trip was staying awake during the latter stages of that drive home. It was after midnight when we finally made it.

A really worthwhile trip and one to recommend for a small canoeing party, but preferably with the Takaputahi flowing at a higher water level.

Those on the trip were Roy Tallon, Bill Ross, Mike Sadan and Mark, the latter two from Canada.

For the statistical-minded :

6½ hours to reach the Motu from put-in, with six portages - (small log jam, rock garden, further log jam, and three in Boulder Mile).

In the Takaputahi : $\frac{3}{4}$ hour to rock garden
 2½ hours to start of gorge
 3 hours to Otipi Trig Station
 4 hours to Boulder Mile
 (2 hours to traverse Boulder Mile)
 6½ hours to Motu.

STILL WANTED - TO BUY

RANGER KAYAK or similar for racing in
 Coast to Coast and similar events.

Geoff Hunt P.O. Box 410 Queenstown.

AN INSTANT TRIP - PART ONE.

Mike Savory.

It all started a couple of years ago when two Alaskans were touring their way through New Zealand. (Some of you will remember Steve Koslow and Lisa Hostapfel). Somehow, we ended up spending a week canoeing with them on the Buller in March, 1983.

They were very interesting people and we naturally talked about what rivers they had been canoeing over the last few months as they had been to Nepal and had done some canoeing there before heading the New Zealand via Australia. We asked them a lot of questions about Alaska and U.S. paddling but sort of ignored the Nepal bit. They moved on, and lots more water passed under O'Sullivan's Bridge.

Six months ago, after watching the Sun Khosi video, I idly remarked that I knew how we could run a trip to Nepal to canoe it. Tim Densem immediately said, "When are we going, then? You organise it and I'll come along. I'm serious!" As I couldn't think of any excuses fast enough, I agreed. We were on our way to Nepal.

The organising started with a few letters. Soon we had a reply from Steve Koslow with details of his trip and a letter from Quentin Mitchell with details of the Australian Sun Khosi expedition. Everything sounded promising so we decided that October, 1984, would be the time to go.

Word went out on the Kupe Canoe Club grapevine - Peter White of River City Canoe Club in Wanganui was planning on taking a year off for the big overseas trip. A couple of months paddling in Nepal would fit in really well. My flatmate, Steve Kingston, (a person new to the canoeing game) was also off on a year's leave and when the people he was supposed to be trekking in Nepal with wrote to say they were not going, he decided to join in with our expedition. The last member is Bruce Webber of Taupo's Huka Falls Canoe Club. When the details of the trip were put to him, he simply said, "Okay, tell me what plane I have to catch, I'll leave the rest up to you".

Now we had a team of four canoeists and one support person, equipment was the next problem. Steve said that kayaks were available for hire in Kathmandu but were of uncertain quantity, quality and cost \$US10 per day in 1983. We decided, after a lot of discussion, to take four Current Craft "Dura" kayaks to Nepal with us.

If we could flatten each hull to the dimensions 1.7m x .6m x .3m it would only cost about \$NZ200 to send them to Kathmandu as unaccompanied baggage. We decided on the "Dura" canoes because they would be better suited for the big water we were expecting, were of a safe design, would allow us to carry enough gear in our boats, and would be relatively easy to repair should a hole result from freighting them in a folded position.

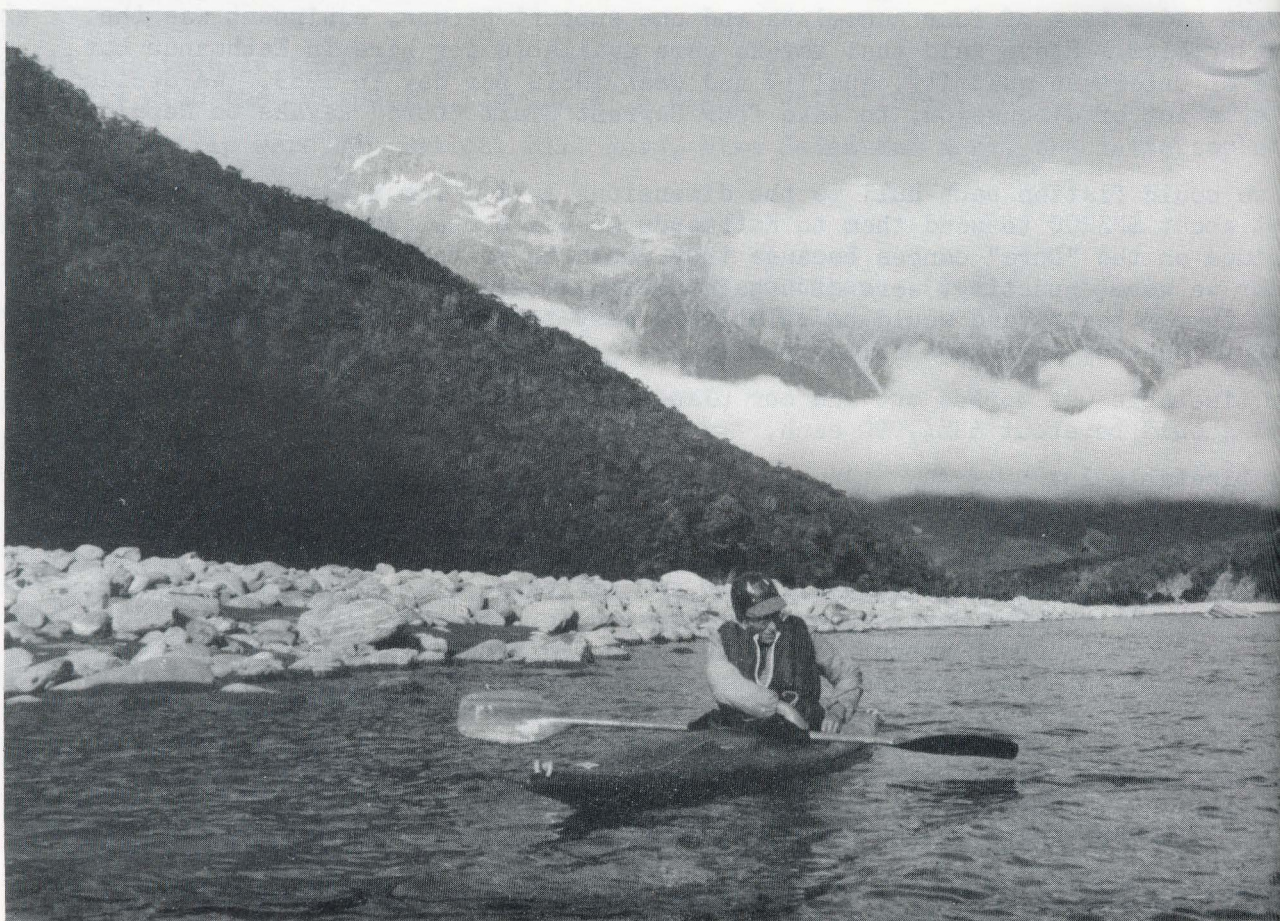
Our timetable was worked out and our plane tickets purchased. The all-up trip cost should be about \$NZ4,000 each.

Our timetable is:

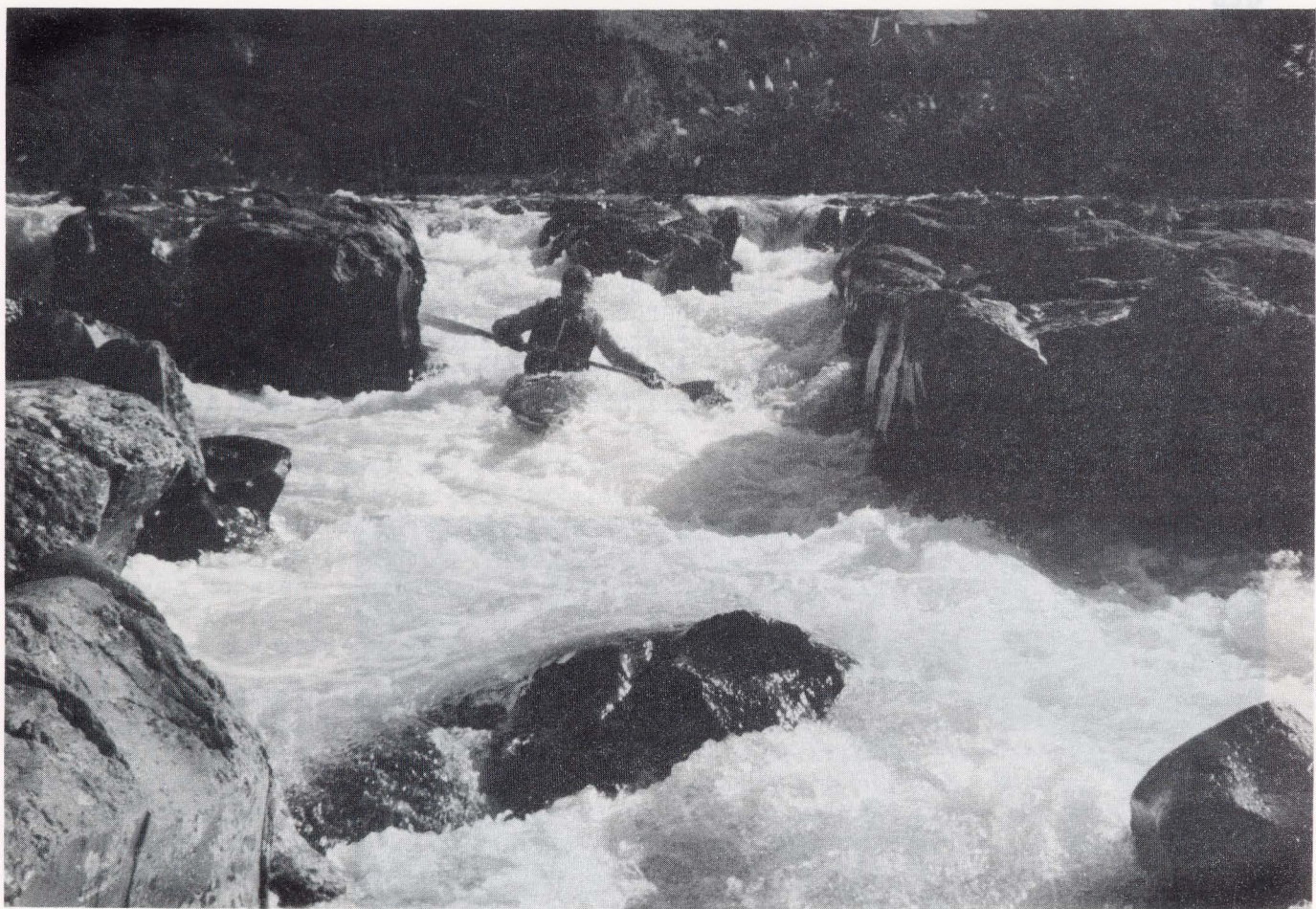
September 28	Steve Kingston leaves Wellington for Brisbane.
September 29	Peter White leaves Wanganui for Hong Kong and China.
October 4	Boats leave Wellington for Kathmandu.
October 5	Mike Savory leaves Wellington for Bangkok.
5	Bruce Webber leaves Auckland for Bangkok.
6	Steve leaves Brisbane for Bangkok.
10	Bruce, Steve and Mike leave Bangkok for Kathmandu and 25 days trekking north of Pokhera.
October 29/30	Tim Densem leaves Wellington for Bangkok.
November 2	Tim leaves Bangkok for Kathmandu.
3 ?	Pete leaves Hong Kong for Kathmandu.



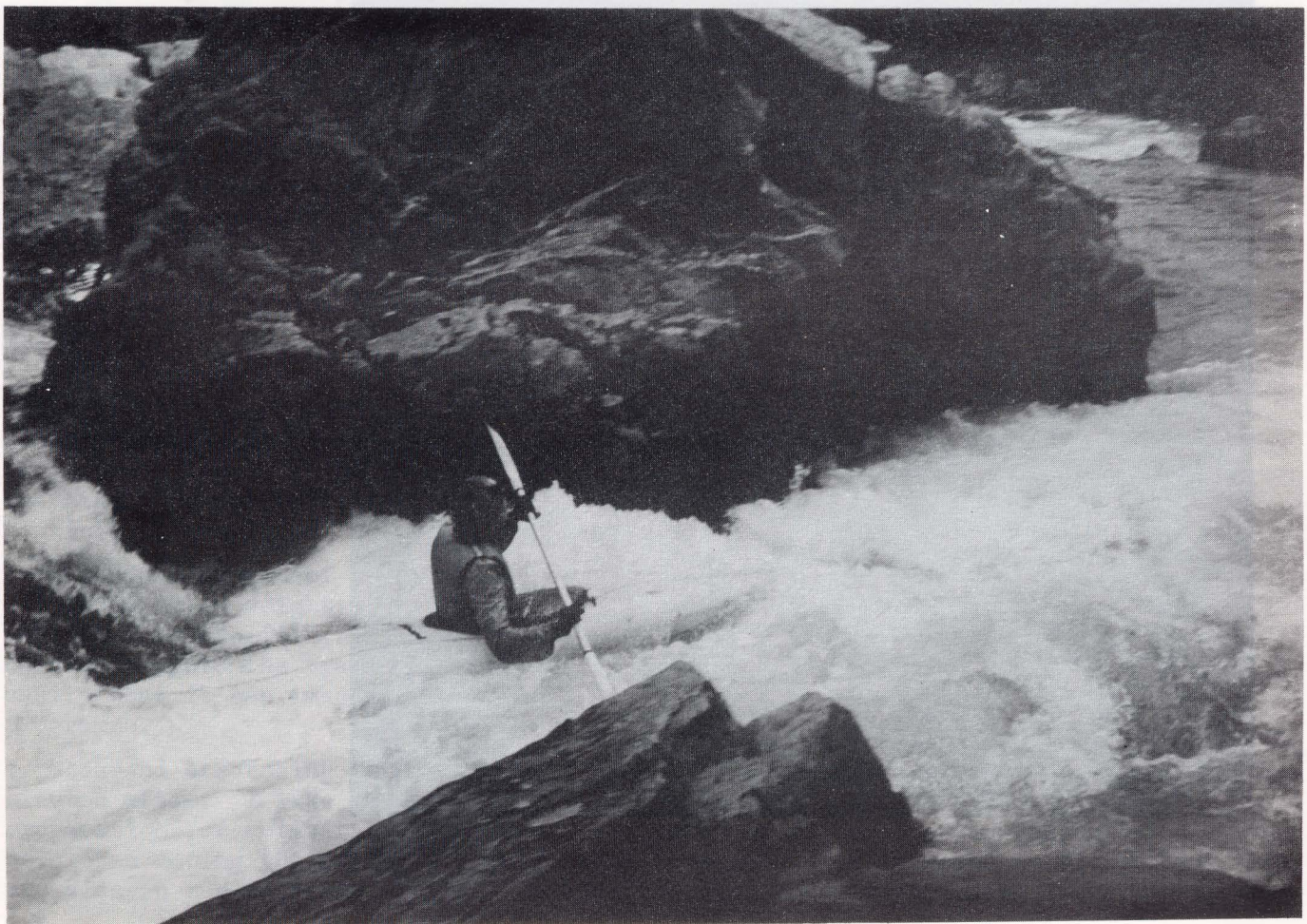
Bruce Webber on the lower waterfall Wairoa River



Tim Densem on the lower Landsbrough River



Tim Densem in the Slot - Upper Mohaka River



Mike Savory in the first gorge Upper Waiau River

November 3 Team complete in Kathmandu.
 Canoeing on Trisuli, Seti, Rapiti, Kali, Gandaki and Sun Khosi.
 December 26 Team heads for India.
 January 1 Bruce, Tim and Mike leave Calcutta for Hong Kong.
 January 5 Bruce, Tim and Mike leave Hong Kong for New Zealand.
 Feb, March Pete and Steve head to Europe.

As I am writing this we are all about to head to the Buller for a weekend shake-down with a group of about 20 other canoeists with Mick Hopkinson (of Dudh Khosi fame), acting as chief instructor. The next instalment should cover the Buller course and our departure. The final instalment next year will cover the trip itself. Wish us luck (all donations to my Swiss bank account, please.)



Pete White
 Below Zora Canyon
 Landsbrough River

Bob Anderson.

More and more athletes are gradually becoming aware of the need for daily stretching and relaxing. In the next few years, relaxed stretching will become a natural part of the serious athlete's life, because the activity offers a tremendous means of helping develop personal potential.

Proper stretching has many by-products. Along with providing a greater self-awareness, it helps maintain and develop flexibility, helps prevent tendon and muscle strains, increases muscular endurance and helps to revitalize a body and mind after a tough workout. In essence, proper stretching simply makes you feel good.

In the beginning, you must not be overly concerned with your flexibility. It is very important to let flexibility develop gradually. Learn and apply the techniques of relaxed stretching and a gradual, but constant increase in flexibility will naturally occur. Learn how to stretch your muscles in a relaxed and controlled state. With constant control of the stretch sensation, you will not be over-stretching. Learn to feel and enjoy the stretch, because you cannot be relaxed if you are in a drastic stretch.

What is proper stretching? It is finding a stretched sensation that at first is very slight. While being relaxed, you should hold this easy, slight stretch for 15 to 30 seconds. While you hold this easy stretch, the stretch sensation should diminish. At this point, gradually increase the stretch, but not so much that your muscles start to bounce or vibrate. Stay relaxed while you stretch in this developmental phase. If you cannot hold each stretch for at least 40 to 60 seconds with comfort and control, you are probably over-stretching.

Proper stretching is done statistically, with no ballistic (bouncing) movement. Ballistic stretching contracts the very muscles you are trying to stretch by activating a mechanism that is called the stretch reflex. This stretch reflex automatically acts to prevent injury by contracting the muscles that are being over-stretched when you bounce. When this stretch reflex is activated, it prevents a proper stretch, and for this reason it is absolutely essential to go through stretching statistically. Hold the stretched position without bouncing, and be both mentally and physically relaxed.

To insure the right kind of stretch (which greatly reduces the stretch reflex action) it is necessary to go through the states of an easy stretch for 15 to 30 seconds, then gradually increase the stretch sensation into the developmental stretch for another 15 to 30 seconds. A third phase, the drastic stretch, is one that becomes more and more intense the longer you try it. The drastic stretch does not allow for relaxation and mental awareness of the muscles being stretched. The more you experiment with proper, relaxed stretching, the more you will find the absolute need for such activity.

It is vitally important that stretching be done on a completely personal and non-comparative level. All of us are different, so there should be no basis for competition in stretching. If competition is used to motivate people, many are likely to do drastic stretching. This is painful and will not produce the flexibility results of normal developmental stretching.

A tremendous amount of conditioning goes into kayak and canoe training. With all the work on weights, running, paddling and interval training, it becomes important to the full health and development of an athlete to also introduce stretching into the training programme. Stretching can be learned so quickly and easily that it can immediately be included in any training or conditioning programme.

I recommend stretching for 10 to 25 minutes before activity and for 15 to 30 minutes after. I like to think of stretching the muscles before I use them as a preparation for activity. Afterwards, I stretch to reduce the tightness that developed during the activity. This helps to maintain or increase my flexibility and aids in revitalizing myself. In addition, the body is very warm after

exercise, so it will respond differently to stretching after an activity than it did before. I like to concentrate on especially tight areas of my body after a workout, because these tight areas will only become tighter if they are not stretched.

In kayaking and canoeing, the upper body has great demands placed upon it. I have illustrated four upper body stretches that should be of help to maintain flexibility, reduce tension and tightness, and add to muscular endurance. And since the lower back also does a fair amount of work, I have included two ways to gently stretch the lower back and hips.

The following exercises will give you much basic personal development, not only physically, but psychologically. When you feel good you are able to open up to yourself without the tightness and tension that saps energy. Stretching allows you to go beyond your present state and be more relaxed about life and your sport.

EXERCISE ONE:

A good stretch for the chest muscles, elbows and biceps is done while sitting with your arms behind you. Point your fingers in the opposite direction of your toes, with your hands shoulder-width apart. Keep your hands stationary as you move your buttocks forward until you feel a good stretch in the arms and chest. Do not go too far. Hold and relax. Work within your own limits, and don't hold the stretch too long. Begin by holding it for five to ten seconds, and gradually lengthen the time you hold the position. The dotted areas in these and other drawings with this article show those areas of the body where you will most likely feel the stretch.

EXERCISE TWO:

Here is a simple stretch for your triceps and the top of your shoulders. With your arms overhead, hold the elbow of one arm with the hand of the other. Gently pull the elbow behind your head, creating a stretch. Do it slowly, and do not use drastic force to limber up. Force will only hurt you. Stretch both sides. Does it feel like one side is a lot tighter than the other? This stretch can be done while standing or sitting.

EXERCISE THREE:

Sitting on the floor, straighten the right leg and bend the left leg so the sole of your foot touches the right thigh. Reach across your body with your left arm to the outside of your right leg. Place your right hand out to the side for balance. From this position slowly turn your head and look over your right shoulder to help increase the stretch sensation in the upper back. If you cannot reach across to the outside of the foot while keeping your leg straight, bend the straight leg enough so you can grasp the outside of your foot.

EXERCISE FOUR:

Another good upper body and back stretch is to place both hands shoulder-width apart on a fence or ledge and let your upper body hang down as you keep your legs straight. Always bend your knees slightly when coming out of this stretch. Your hips should be directly above your feet. While doing this stretch, you can bend your knees a bit to feel the stretch sensation change, or you can place your hands at different heights.

EXERCISE FIVE:

To increase and change the area of the stretch in another way, bring one leg behind and to the side of you as you lean in the direction of where the leg was originally placed.

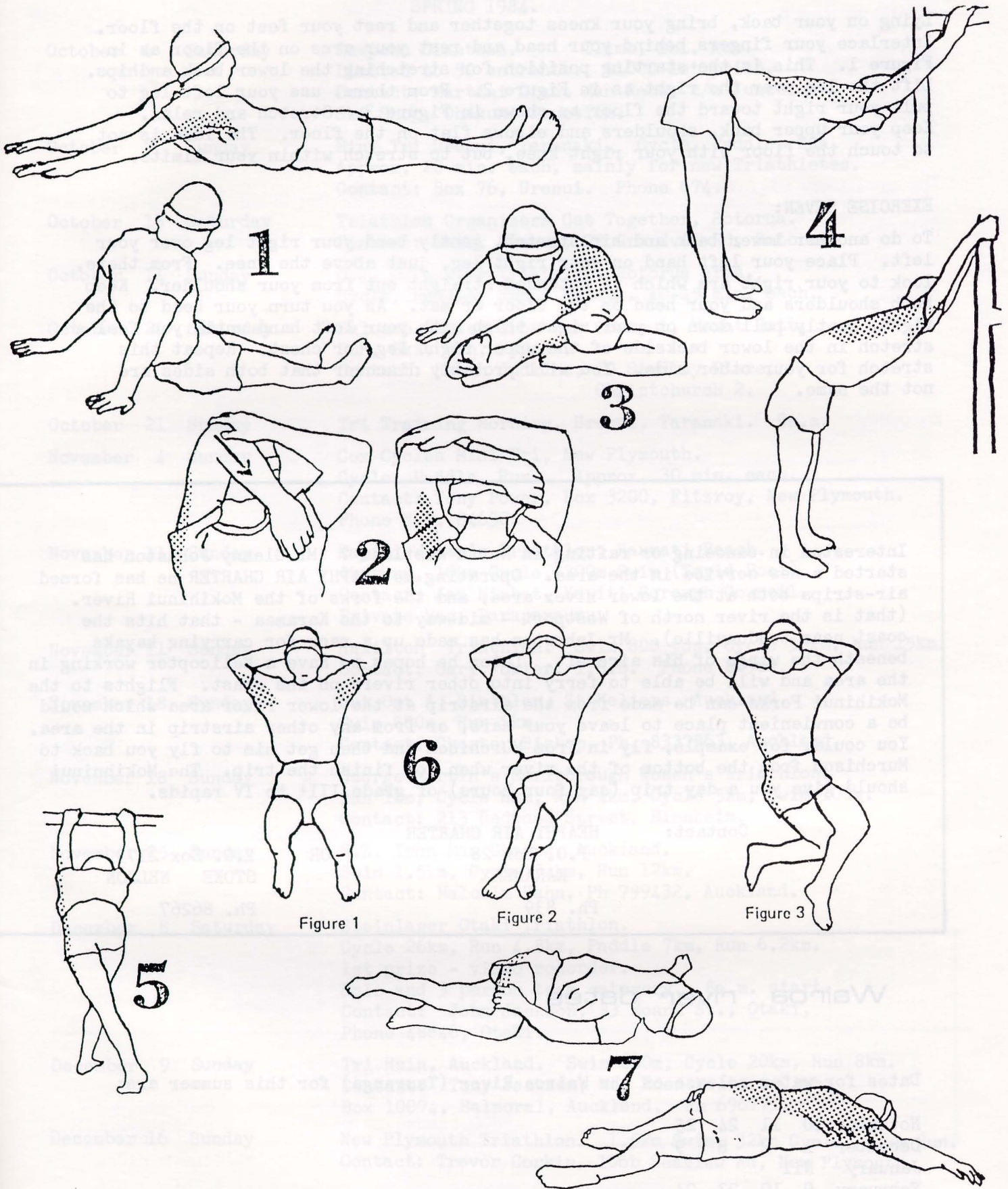


Figure 1

Figure 2

Figure 3

EXERCISE SIX:

Lying on your back, bring your knees together and rest your feet on the floor. Interlace your fingers behind your head and rest your arms on the floor as in Figure 1. This is the starting position for stretching the lower back and hips. Lift the leg over the right as in Figure 2. From there, use your left leg to pull your right toward the floor as shown in Figure 3. Stretch and relax. Keep your upper back, shoulders and elbows flat on the floor. The idea is not to touch the floor with your right knee, but to stretch within your limits.

EXERCISE SEVEN:

To do another lower back and hip stretch, gently bend your right leg over your left. Place your left hand on your right leg, just above the knee. From there, look to your right arm which is extended straight out from your shoulder. Keep both shoulders and your head on the floor or mat. As you turn your head to the right, gently pull down on your right thigh with your left hand until you feel a stretch in the lower backside of the upper right leg, or chest. Repeat this stretch for your other side. You will probably discover that both sides are not the same.

Interested in canoeing or rafting in North Westland ? Mr Glenly Johnstone has started a new service in the area. Operating as HEAPHY AIR CHARTER he has formed air-strips both at the lower river area, and the forks of the Mokihinui River. (that is the river north of Westport - mid-way to the Karamea - that hits the coast near Seddonville). Mr Johnstone has made up a rack for carrying kayaks beneath the wings of his aircraft. Later he hopes to have a helicopter working in the area and will be able to ferry into other rivers on the coast. Flights to the Mokihinui Forks can be made from the airstrip at the lower river area which would be a convenient place to leave your cars, or from any other airstrip in the area. You could, for example, fly in from Murchison and then get him to fly you back to Murchison from the bottom of the river when you finish the trip. The Mokihinui should give you a day trip (say four hours) of grade III+ to IV rapids.

Contact:

HEAPHY AIR CHARTER

P.O. Box 28

KARAMEA

Ph. 839

OR

P.O. Box 2173

STOKE NELSON

Ph. 86267

Wairoa river dates

Dates for water release on the Wairoa River (Tauranga) for this summer are:

November	10	11	24	25			
December	1	2	8	9			
January	Nil						
February	9	10	23	24			
March	9	10	23	24			
April	5	6	7	8	13	14	27 28

Note: the dates of 5, 6, 7, 8 April are to provide water for the National Slalom Championships. It is hoped that private paddlers and rafters will take care not to run through the slalom course while these competitions are in progress.

TRIATHLON CALENDAR

SPRING 1984.

October 6	Saturday	Ruapehu Giantman. Climb, Ski, Run. Limited to 50 entrants. \$1000 1st prize. Contact: Martini Giant Man Race, c/o Junction Ski Shop, Ohakune Junction.
October 7	Sunday	Mini Tri Urenui, Taranaki. Cycle, Paddle, Run. Approx. 20 min. each, mainly for new Triathletes. Contact: Box 76, Urenui. Phone 674.
October 13	Saturday	Triathlon Organizers Get Together, Rotorua. Contact: Derek Beaven, 22 Grandvue Rd, Rotorua.
October 14	Sunday	O.J. DeVantier Triathlon, Rotorua Area. Cycle, Paddle, Run. Approx. 40-45 min. each.
October 20	Saturday	Salomon Alpine Iron Man Contest, Mount Hutt. Run, Ski, Run, Paddle. Contact: Robin Judkins, 10 Stedley Place, Christchurch 2.
October 21	Sunday	Tri Training Morning, Urenui, Taranaki. 9a.m.
November 4	Sunday	Cox Cycles Midi Tri, New Plymouth. Cycle, Paddle, Run. Approx. 30 min. each. Contact: Tony Power, Box 3200, Fitzroy, New Plymouth. Phone N.P. 84630.
November 11	Sunday	Kapiti Women's Triathlon, Raumati Beach. 5km Run, 10km Cycle, 300m Swim (Tepid Pool). Contact: Jan Nisbet, Kapiti Borough Council, Private Bag, Paraparaumu.
November 11	Sunday	Hamilton Triathlon. Swim 800 yds, Cycle 33km, Run 15km. Contact: Gary Fowler, T.S.B. Phone 80969.
November 18	Sunday	Nut Oat A. Biathlon, St Heliers, Auckland. Swim 800m, Run 5km. Contact: Chester Bishop, Ph. 8337863, Auckland.
November 18	Sunday	George Martin's Marlborough Women's Triathlon. Run 1km, Cycle 8km, Run 4km, Cycle 5km, Swim 100m. Contact: 213 Redwood Street, Blenheim.
November 25	Sunday	N.Z. Iron Man Champs, Auckland. Swim 1.5km, Cycle 34km, Run 12km. Contact: Malcolm Hahn, Ph 799432, Auckland.
December 8	Saturday	Steinlager Otaki Triathlon. Cycle 26km, Run 4.8km, Paddle 7km, Run 6.2km. 1st prize - video recorder. Solo and 3 person team category. 8a.m. start. Contact: John Jackson, 33 Moana St., Otaki, Phone 48846, Otaki.
December 9	Sunday	Tri Huia, Auckland. Swim 800m, Cycle 20km, Run 8km. Contact: Tony Jackson, Mt. Eden Masters Club, Box 10074, Balmoral, Auckland. Ph 696771.
December 16	Sunday	New Plymouth Triathlon. 1.5km Swim, 32km Cycle, 13km Run. Contact: Trevor Corkin, 106b Seaview Rd, New Plymouth.

NEW ZEALAND WHITEWATER CANOEING CHAMPIONSHIPS - TAURANGA, 1985.

Hosted by the Kaimai Canoe Club.

PRELIMINARY NOTICE:

The 1985 Whitewater Canoeing Championships will be held at the Ruahihi Gorge, Tauranga, during Easter next year with one exception - the National Down River Race will be held at Murupara the Saturday prior to Easter.

The programme will be as follows:-

Saturday	30 March	10.30 am	Scrutineering) at Murupara.
		1.00 pm	Down River Race commences	
Friday	5 April	10.00 am	Scrutineering	
		12.00 pm	Practice run Div 2 & Veterans	
			Div 2 & Veterans 1st runs	
			Div 2 & Veterans 2nd runs	
			Div 1 & Juniors practice run.	
Saturday	6 April	10.30 am	Practice run Ladies, Cl., C2.	
			Mens K1 1st run	
			Junior K1 1st run	
			Ladies K1 1st run	
			LUNCH	
		1.30 am	Mens K1 2nd run	
			Junior K1 2nd run	
			Ladies K1 2nd run	
Sunday	7 April	10.30 am	Open C1 1st run	
			Mixed C2 1st run	
			Open C2 1st run	
			Teams 1st run	
			LUNCH	
		1.30 pm	Open C1 2nd run	
			Mixed C2 2nd run	
			Open C2 2nd run	
			Teams 2nd run	
Monday	8 April	11.00 am	Down River Race (non serious).	

Larry Knight,
Chairman, Organising Committee,
38 Eversham Road,
Mount Maunganui.

1984/1985 SLALOM PROGRAMME: (as this is a provisional programme, await notification by the Club, or ring the contact given.)

Nov. 10/11:	Mangahao	PNCC (phone PN 68389)	Div 1,2/R,P
Nov 24/25:	Collier's Bridge	River City CC (Ph Wang 56511)	Div 2,N/P
Dec 1/2 :	Ngaruroro River	Hawkes Bay CC (Ph Nap 87336)	Div 2,N
Dec 8/9 :	Ruahihi Gorge	Kaimai CC (Ph Taur 55993)	Div 1,2/R,P
Feb 2/3 :	Kawerau (NI Champs)	Tarawera CC (Ph Kaw 7600)	Div 1,2/R,P
	Hurunui (SI Champs)	Arawa/Otago CCs (CHCH 898441)	Div 1,2/R,P
Feb 23/24:	Pukeokahu	RWWC (Ph Ash 268667)	2, N/P

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	Out of print
-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 RFTERS	\$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
OUTDOOR FIRST-AID MANUAL - from the Mountain Safety Council	\$ 4.50
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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Back issues available at \$ 1.00

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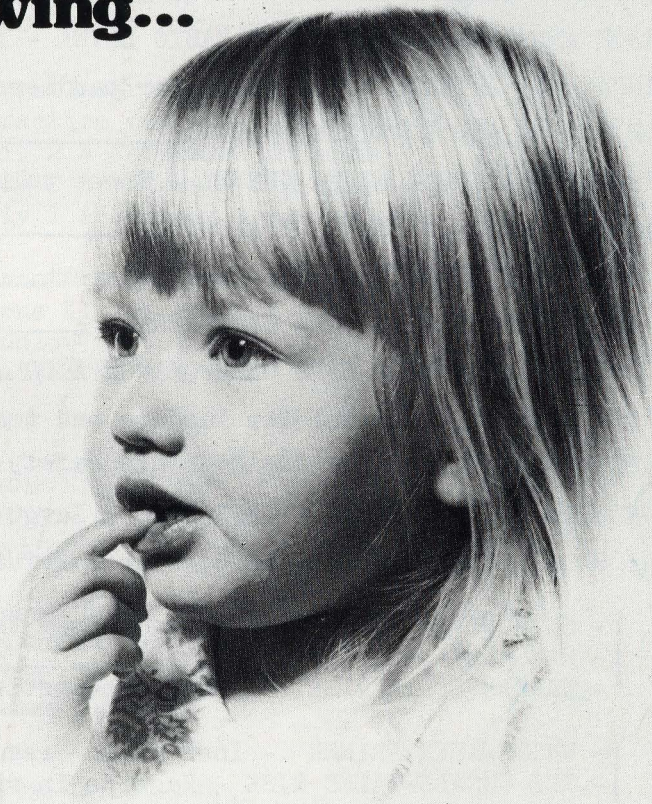
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2 minutes drowning

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