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EDITORIAL ENQUIRIES should be
addressed to: The Editor
P.O. Box 26
NELSON

SUBSCRIPTIONS & DISTRIBUTION ENQUIRIES
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Cover photograph: *Simon Dixon on the Hautapu River*
Photo by Max Grant.

FIORDLAND IN WINTER

Ian Milne.

In June this year, Bevan Walker from Nelson, and I went canoeing in Fiordland. This trip had been planned by Dave Griffiths and me as a sequel to our Dagg Sound Expedition of 1982-83. We hoped to reach Dusky Sound this time but Dave had to drop out at the end of May. Bevan and I were still keen, so I wrote to the Chief Ranger, Fiordland National Park, with a copy of our itinerary, and to the Fiordland Travel Co. at Manapouri about our transport arrangements, then, after watching the weather maps for several weeks and being delayed for various reasons past the best part of June, we decided to 'go for it'. The trip had been planned for winter as Dave and I expected that the weather would be more settled than we had found it in the summer, eighteen months before.

Bevan drove down from Nelson to my place in Dunedin on the Thursday. We had not met before but I liked him at once. On Friday, Bevan drove to Mossburn to see a friend, Doug Gordon, and I joined him there that night. Doug was a keen outdoorsman and had been to Dusky Sound on the ferro-cement house-boat "Waverley", which runs charter trips from Deep Cove, and showed us his photographs of the trip. He also showed us on his maps where the deer pens were around the Sound, used for capturing live deer for deer farms. The deer are brought out by helicopters, of which we saw several during our trip. Doug also told us that the Park Rangers had built board-walks on Astronomers' Point to stop the tourists from trampling the second-growth bush and destroying Captain Cook's tree stumps by touching them too much. This was the spot where Captain Cook's men made a clearing in the bush in 1773, in order to establish the geographical position of New Zealand.

On Saturday morning, Bevan and Doug, in Bevan's Ute, and I in my van, drove to Te Anau where we checked in at the National Park Headquarters, then drove south to Manapouri to arrive at 9.30 a.m. in time for the tourist trip to Doubtful Sound. These trips are run only on Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays, in the winter. The cost of transporting our kayaks and gear was very little in addition to our personal fares. (Total return cost per person \$56.10, June, 1984 prices).

We had to lash our kayaks to the foredeck of the "Fiordlander" launch, with their bows crossed over the bow of the launch, and their sterns hanging over the sides. Doug saw us off and took Bevan's Ute back to Mossburn. The lake was calm and the kayaks travelled perfectly well. On arrival at West Arm, we were told we could tie them onto a little Datsun Ute with a single roof-rack bar across the back of the cab, so we piled our gear on the back of the tray and lashed the kayaks on top of that, and were driven over the Wilmot Pass while the tourists went on the bus down the tunnel to the underground power station. There was snow in the air as we crossed the Pass, but none on the ground, which was a little surprising as there had been a lot of snow on the ground when Dave and I had crossed in summertime.

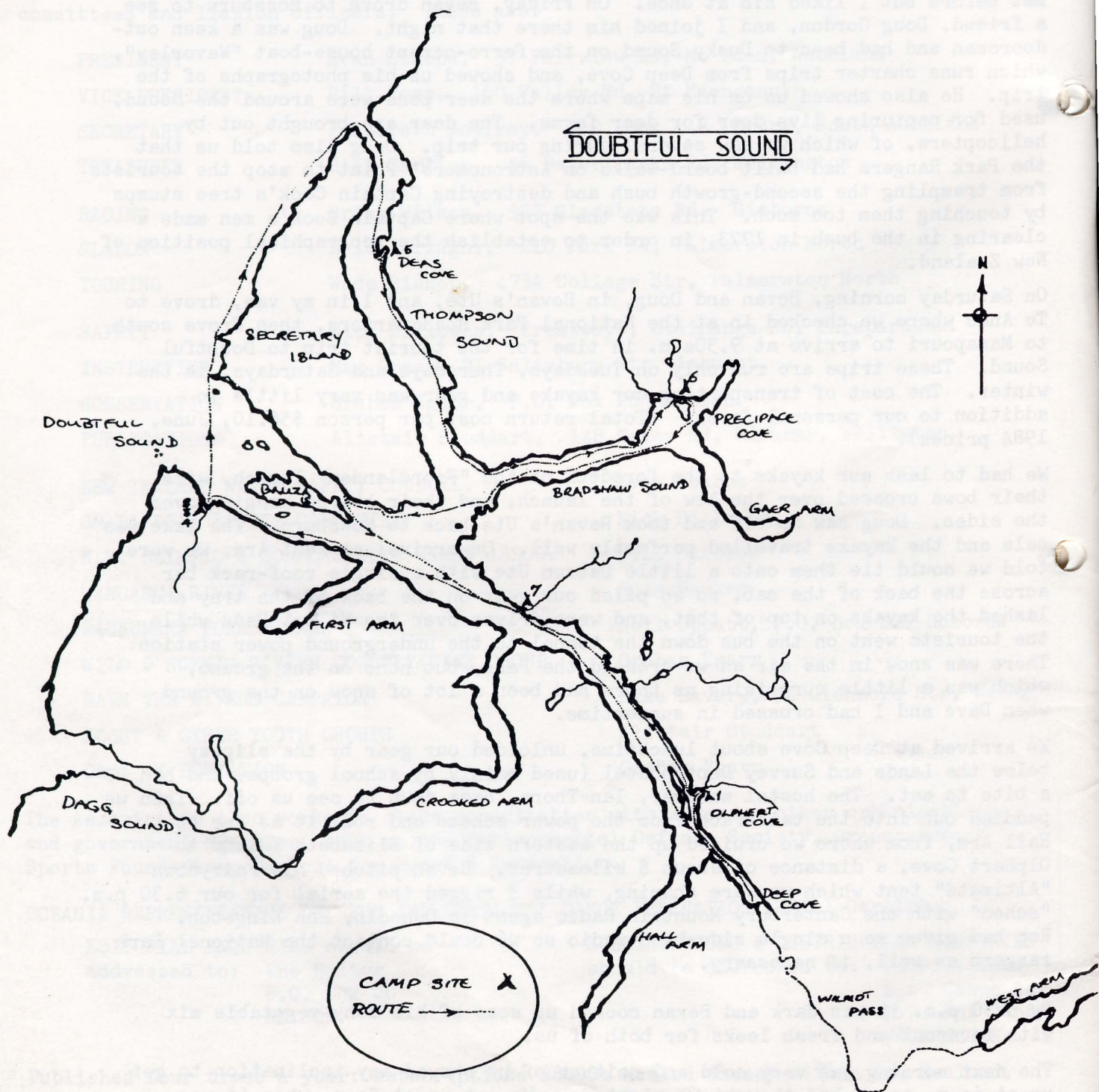
We arrived at Deep Cove about lunchtime, unloaded our gear by the slipway below the Lands and Survey Dept hostel (used mainly by school groups) and had a bite to eat. The hostel manager, Ian Thorn, came down to see us off. Then we paddled out into the tail-race from the power scheme and rode it as far as Hall Arm, from where we cruised up the eastern side of Elizabeth Island to Olphert Cove, a distance of about 8 kilometres. Bevan pitched his Fairydown "Altimate" tent which we were sharing, while I rigged the aerial for our 6.30 p.m. "sched" with the Canterbury Mountain Radio agent in Dunedin, Ron Kingston. Ron had given me a single side-band radio so we could contact the National Park rangers as well, if necessary.

By 5.30 p.m. it was dark and Bevan cooked up some of his dehy vegetable mix with macaroni and fresh leeks for both of us.

The next morning was very cold and neither of us showed any inclination to get up at 6 a.m. as we had thought we might do. We got up at 8 a.m. when it was

light enough to see, and found a heavy frost over the ground, with the day dawning fine and clear. When the time came to put on my wet suit boots, I had to thaw them out in the stream. We launched about 10.30 and paddled down the Sound, the ice gradually melting off the decks of our kayaks. Opposite Crooked Arm, we stopped in the river mouth I had looked at 18 months before, had a quick cold lunch and decided that we could camp there on our return. Continuing on, we skirted the broad expanse of the Pendulo Reach and continued past Bouza Island into a gradually increasing ocean swell, with dark clouds forming over the Tasman Sea ahead of us.

We were aiming for a small cove at a river mouth on the south side of the Sound, one range of hills in from the entrance. As we approached, the sea rapidly became quite rough with a northwesterly swell pushed by the wind into short, steep waves about 1.5 metres high. Wondering what sort of landing we would have, we pulled into our cove and were pleased to find it sheltered from the swell and with the tide high enough for us to paddle up into the river. We



landed on the shingle and carried our kayaks up past the belt of sodden driftwood. Bevan found a sheltered tent site amongst the trees, where he pitched the still-icy tent while I rigged the aerial again. This time we had some of my TVP/dehy veg mix for dinner. As we made too much, I hung the billy in a prickly bush lawyer overnight to foil the local weka population. The radio said gale warning.

After a long night of wind and rain, I rigged my flysheet over our 'galley' and cooked up some porridge for our breakfast. The sea was wild. We spent most of the morning in the tent reading and discussing the bad feelings I was having about going down the coast to Dusky Sound. For lunch we re-heated the remains of last night's dinner with a couple of instant soups and it was very tasty. About 3p.m. I rigged the aerial again and at 6.30 Ron gave us the Awarua Radio marine weather forecast, which was still pretty wild. Ron did this every night.



Ian off the entrance to Hall Arm on the way up the sound.



Paddling north along the seaward (outside) of Secretary Island.

On Tuesday, the weather improved and the sea gradually calmed down. A couple of fishing boats came to work their cray pots in the outer Sound. Bevan caught several fish off the rocks - four banded parrot fish, one blue cod, a red perch and a couple of spotties. We found some dry wood under a cliff and fried up some fillets in butter, with dehy veg. The fish got slightly smoked at the same time - delicious!

We decided that in the morning we would paddle out to the coast and see what the sea looked like to the south, bearing in mind that we could still portage back from Dagg Sound as Dave and I had done before, but neither of us really wanted to do that and I still had a strong feeling that to go south would not be the right thing to do.

Wednesday morning dawned with a clear sky over the Tasman and a long, smooth swell. After a muesli breakfast, we were loading our kayaks when Bevan proposed that he paddle alone up the coast of Secretary Island while I paddle back around the inner end, and meet again at the National Park but in Deas Cove, Thompson Sound. However, I was quite happy about paddling that far up the coast, and also thought we should stay together, so we accepted this as an honourable compromise and set off into the northwest, across the entrance to Doubtful Sound.

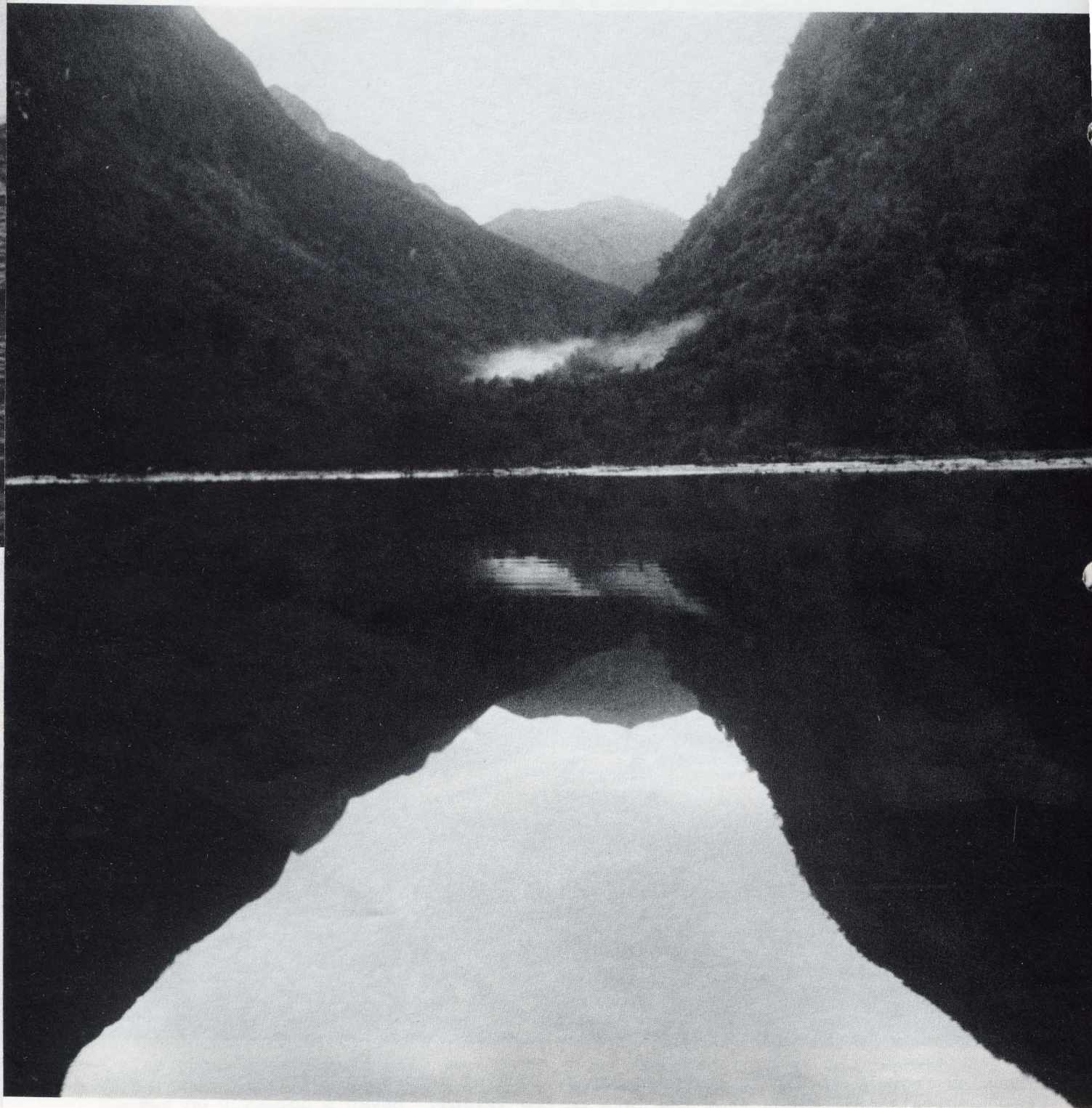
The swell was coming in about 2 metres high and 40 metres from crest to crest with no wind. The sky was clear across the Tasman but cloudy to the south, and the Hare's Ears loomed on the horizon. Our kayaks rode easily and we made good progress past the Island and South-West Point. We were travelling about 300-500 metres off the shore and could see the surf dumping onto the occasional steep boulder beach on Secretary Island. Several grey-headed mollymawks, with their beautiful, delicate colour scheme, a black-browed mollymawk and an albatross zoomed in for closer looks at us at various times. A deer recovery helicopter flew up the coast, a little way in-shore of us.



The view from Lyall Bay in Thompson Sound, looking across to Secretary Island and the waterfall that flows from the lake on the island. Bevan's Nordkapp on the beach. Note the 'lift-up' rudder fitted - similar to Paul Caffyn's.

About halfway up the coast of the island, we saw a small hut perched near the shore. Soon after this I began to feel slightly seasick and wondered if I was about to have a new experience, but Bevan stayed nearby and I managed to get a grip on myself. After about five hours on the water, we arrived at the entrance to Thompson Sound, with the point on the northern side looking like a cross between a cocker spaniel and a rhinoceros.

It was with some emotion that I paddled into Thompson Sound, skirting a small tide race on the southern side and then moving across to the inside of the bend to avoid the force of the outgoing tide. We cruised quietly along, past impressive cliffs and sea caves, then headed south towards Deas Cove. Along the way, we were overtaken by the fishing boat 'Koromoiko' with two fishermen who were somewhat amazed to see us. They were also heading for Deas Cove for the night.



Bradshaw Sound.



Campsite on the stream opposite the entrance to Crooked Arm of the Sound.

After a short conversation they continued on, and we found them a little later, anchored in the Cove, while we landed on the beach and found the hut in the bush. The visitors' book showed that the hut was used mainly by parties from the Fiordland Game Fishing Club, which had provided the funds for the hut. We were glad to hang up our damp gear. Bevan fired up the wood range and fried the rest of the fish, while I made some pikelets. We got radio messages through concerning our change of plans and retired for a night on comfortable bunks - the only night it didn't rain all night.

Thursday morning came calm and clear. I made porridge again and we loaded our kayaks on the beach. Bevan was ready before I was, and decided to go on alone. We agreed to camp in the Bay at the head of Bradshaw Sound, just west of Mac-Donnell Island. I set off a bit later and spent an enjoyable, peaceful day, cruising quietly close to the northern shores of Thompson and Bradshaw Sounds,

photographing black oyster catchers and seals from close range. The oyster catchers were rather comical with their bright orange bills and eyes, and pink legs. I found Bevan in the bay about 4.30 p.m. and we looked for a campsite. The bush floor was very uneven and the high tide line was very close to the bush, so we pitched the tent on the narrow strip between. I tied one end of the aerial to a tripod of driftwood, which was kneedeep in water when I took the aerial down later. Fortunately, I had left my wet suit on for the evening.

After another long night on the ground, we came straight down Bradshaw Sound with the tide and across to the "Blanket Bay Hotel" off Secretary Island, where we had a desultory conversation with another fisherman who lamented that the "Hotel" had run out of beer, then we located the ranger's hut about a mile further west, used by deer control and scientific parties. Secretary Island is a "special area" - unauthorised landing or camping is not permitted. From the hut landing, we headed southeast, back up the Malaspina Reach, towards Deep Cove.

We arrived opposite Crooked Arm and pulled into the small cove at the river mouth on the north side of the Sound. Bevan put out a line from his kayak and caught a fish known in the south as a "Jock Stewart", a type of red cod. The head was as big as the body so the fillets were small, but tasty. I picked mussels off the rocks and cooked them up, and put them with our mixed veg. The aerial took a while to rig, and Bevan pitched his tent for the last time. At midnight, I heard the tide close by and got up to find the water lapping the ledge three feet from our toes.

Saturday morning came in cool and wet, with easterly winds forecast. Fortunately, the rain stopped while we had breakfast and packed up, then it started again after we had launched. Bevan went on ahead again, and I put on my industrial leather gloves to protect my hands from the cold headwind and rain. Munching on another packet of beef sticks, I paddled steadily up the Sound, occasionally glimpsing Bevan in the distance and then losing him again. A number of beautiful waterfalls had greatly increased in size from the steady rain. Approaching Deep Cove about 1p.m., I passed the tourist launch taking another trip into Hall Arm. Next I paddled past the "Renown", the ex-trawler operated by the Southland Reserves Board for park maintenance and scientific purposes, and the "Waverley", at the wharf.

Meeting Bevan again on the beach below the hostel, we unloaded our gear and Bevan went down to the wharf to see the drivers of the Fiordland Travel buses. They were not expecting us and the Ute was over at West Arm. The drivers were not sure how they could carry our kayaks and were muttering about our having to wait until Tuesday. The tourists all departed on one bus. Bev Thorn, Ian's wife, kindly offered us the loan of a trailer, but the remaining bus had no ball on its towbar. However, a bit of fast talking soon had the emergency exit/rear window of the bus dropped down and the two kayaks resting comfortably along the tops of the nicely padded seats. They should travel like that all the time!

At West Arm, we quickly lashed the kayaks back on the launch the same way as before, and were on our way back to Manapouri. On the way, we had an interesting conversation with another fisherman who had travelled back on the bus with us and he told us more about Dusky Sound. He said that after Christmas is usually okay for paddling, that February is the best month for weather, and that the sandflies are not so bad then. He also said the Dagg Sound sandflies are the worst.

Back at Manapouri, we loaded up my van, with some help from our friendly fisherman, then drove to Te Anau, where we checked out at the Park Headquarters. After a pie and a milkshake, we drove back to Doug and Shirley's place at Mossburn where we spent a comfortable night. I drove back to Dunedin the next day, while Bevan set out to drive up the West Coast, back to Nelson.

To sum up, I felt the trip was worthwhile. I was interested in Bevan's rudder and in the way he had fitted out his Nordkapp, and I was also satisfied with the performance of my "Dusky Bay". Our gear was good, the conditions were suitable for what we did but I was sorry that we did not go to Dusky Bay after all. I still hope to go there one day but will need more sea experience first. I said that last time, didn't I? When I do go, it will be in summer with more daylight hours to look around.

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"Dusky Bay" by A. Charles Begg and Neil C. Begg, Whitcombe and Tombs, 1966.
 "The Heart of Fiordland" by George A. Howard, Whitcombe and Tombs, 1966.
 "Obscured by Waves" by Paul Caffyn, John McIndoe, 1979.
 Lands and Survey Dept. maps, "Fiordland National Park" and NZMS 1 series.
 The Chief Ranger, Fiordland National Park, PO Box 29, Te Anau.
 The Manager, Fiordland Travel (Manapouri) Ltd, Post Office, Manapouri.
 Canterbury Mountain Radio Service Inc, PO Box 22342, Christchurch,
 or c/o R.W. Kingston, 12 Kenilworth St, Waverley, Dunedin.
 Southland Field Radio, c/o W.J. Reynolds, 189 George St, Invercargill.
 "Dusky Bay" kayak plans, Ian Milne, 124 Richardson St, Dunedin,
 or NZCA Publications.

Canoes & the Rail Ferries

The New Zealand Canoeing Association recently had clarified for it the situation regarding carrying canoes on the Inter-Island ferries as baggage i.e. without road transport.

The following comments were made by Mr. A. Grant of New Zealand Railways, in August, 1984.

..."The charge for the canoes transported inter-island as excess passenger's baggage is currently \$7.30 each and at owner's risk. ...The following conditions apply when transporting canoes inter-island"... without vehicles.

1. The canoeing fraternity will be responsible for the supply of their own lashings for on board use.
2. Canoeists will also be responsible for the loading of the canoes on board our vessels and as directed by the Chief Officer.
3. Six vertical spaces have been allotted on the ARAHURA and
4. Six horizontal spaces have been allotted on the ARATIKA.
5. We would require prior bookings to be made for space required along the lines as laid down for motor cycles, etc. Telephone Rail Ferry reservations 725-415 or space can be arranged through any Railway Booking Office.
6. Once the allocation number is given to the client by Searail staff the excess baggage ticket can be uplifted at the specified Railway Booking Office.
7. Canoeists must understand that once the twelve spaces have been allocated the canoes over and above twelve in number will have to be transported inter-island by a towed road trailer or roof rack. (Inform Rail Booking Office if canoes, etc, are longer then vehicle i.e. Nordkapp).
8. Bookings open six months in advance.

Thankyou, Mr. M. Peers of Tawa, for this information.

Opihi Gorge

Pete & Guy Tocker and Hugh Canard
Whitewater Canoe Club, Christchurch

We were staying near Burkes Pass over Easter and I started feeling twitchy so I got out the NZMS S-100 map 'Fairlie'. We had a canoe or two with us, "just in case" the weather was warm enough.

With all those mountains, one would imagine that there should be lots of good canoeing rivers in this district, but the bigger rivers of the MacKenzie country, the Tekapo, Pukaki and Ohau Rivers are now forlorn, bouldery gulches with their water sacrificed to the National Interest.

Most of the remaining rivers are small but quite long and varied - the Orari is regularly canoed, the Opuha is floated down by the locals and the Opihi used to be the finest trout stream in South Canterbury but too much irrigation offtake has left this river too low for fish and their social activities.

The Opihi starts in a swamp near Burkes Pass, flows in shallow, willow-infested shingle past Fairlie, then cuts through a low range of hills to emerge on the Canterbury Plains behind Temuka. This whole area is well known to local people, but is by-passed by the usual tourists from outside the district.

The Opihi Gorge gets a mention in the River Guide and the authors throw down the gauntlet that never fails to attract certain characters like myself - "We know of no attempt to canoe the gorge." Absolutely irresistible! Strange how I never stop to consider why no attempt has been made!

Peter Tocker appeared on the scene on Saturday on his way to points south to collect his son, Guy, who was staying with us; poking out from under the cover on his ute was the familiar shape of a blue Olympia with "Coast to Coast" - "Lion Breweries", etc, stickers all over it.

After some consultation, the three of us set off at 2.00p.m. at the start of the gorge. A walkway is under construction here and a footbridge had just been helicoptered in about 500m down-river.

The gorge is remarkable for its suddenness and quite rugged character and although the river was low we were soon picking our way through a continuous rock garden. The gorge is very rocky and there is no respite from a veritable slalom through shallow rapids with small narrow drops of up to half a metre for about three km. Some rapids had bigger boulders and were tricky. We each got stuck or wedged many times but with the low flow, there was little hydraulic force in the water, and much heaving and shoving had us on our way again.

Suffice it to say, this was plastic kayak country and a fibreglass boat would have been wrecked. The rapids occupy at least 50% of the gorge length and have a good drop on them, typically 2 metres over 50-70 metres with a few short pools and then more rapids.

After an hour and a half of this, we thought the exit would be just around the next bend, but, amazingly, the rapids just kept on keeping on. One rapid is 300 metres in length and drops in front of you all the way.

Willows which looked as if they had been planted for the royal visit lined the banks by now but the surrounding gorge walls still looked as though at any moment you would be ambushed by Red Indians. This is rough country for the foot-bound and various attempts to walk through this gorge have resulted in disappointment. If you climb the gorge walls to the top you emerge on rolling farm land in lush contrast to the deep slash of the gorge.

Two and a half hours after setting off, still dodging rocks, no open flats in sight, but in flatter water, we were wondering what we had let ourselves in for. A long, straight stretch with bigger willows had two fallen trees across the river about a metre or so above the surface. The banks here are continuous willows, making this a real hazard in higher flows. This avenue was the precursor of the open flats and another kilometre or so found us at the Rockwood Bridge where an anxious Jane had been waiting. It was dark when we got back to Fairlie.

What of the Opihi Gorge then? In a spring fresh this piece of river would undoubtedly be an exciting and demanding tirp. It is like paddling 6-8 km of the tightest 50 metres in the Ashley Gorge at low flow. With more water, and there was debris up to 2 metres in the trees, it would be continuous grade 2-3 rapids. With really high flow, some rapids in the first half of the gorge would be grade 3 with the lower section probably drowned out but with really nasty willow strainers to contend with.

The river drops 100 metres through the gorge over 6 km. At low flow, it was good value but definitely for plastic boats only. It sometimes gets lilo'd in summer but I would think only once per person per lifetime.

There were some huge trout in the middle stretch and we certainly felt as if visitors were infrequent. (Having said that, someone is going to tell me that at least 200 11-year old cubs go down there every weekend!)

You can inspect the entrance to the gorge from the end of the - wait for it... Opihi Gorge Road just a few km from Fairlie on the Timaru road. The walkway goes down the right bank to the footbridge. If you can manage this stretch there are not many more difficult rapids further on. There are, however, a lot of them. Get a map for the pick-up point as there are many confusing roads in this area. The 1:250,000 Mt Cook is okay, but Shell, Europa, etc, maps are insufficiently detailed. All in all, a great place to visit.

The Hurunui

White Water Canoe Club.

No fewer than four (count them) Westland Canoe Club persons were to come on this trip. Two (Steve and Graham) were camped in the river valley on Saturday night and were to wait for us. It rained heavily on Saturday night in a narrow swathe which missed the plains and must have doused the hills rather selectively.

The Waimak and the Ashley were bank-to-bank at S.H. 1 and we wondered what we might be in for on the Hurunui. Weka Creek at Waipara was running a good Grade II and in 23 years in Christchurch, it's the first time I've actually seen water in it, ever.

We waited for the various Coasters to no avail and decided to have a look at the river. At The Peaks it was only 300 mm from the grass which is about 2 metres above normal on the wide shingle stretch, so it was obviously running very high. We had all had experience of this stretch twice this season, so off we went.

At Maori Gully the river was brown and flowing very swiftly so some of the party opted to get in at the bottom.

The stoppers were very meaty and came in rapid? succession and Phil managed to get into one sideways. After a ferocious battle, Phil swam the rapid and fetched up right near the pile-up on the last bluff. No damage was done but definitely Grade IV conditions.

After successfully crossing the tail race of the last chutes, Steve was caught unawares and went over in the long rocky stretch after Maori Gully and his canoe was damaged. In the process of climbing over a bluff, Steve tumbled and landed in a crumpled heap in the river, right at Pete and Hugh's feet. Steve had a cut hand and a bruised back and was in no condition to continue so the whole party accompanied him back to the car. Later examination revealed a cracked rib - no doubt it would have been worse without the padding of the wet suit and buoyancy aid. Rafting people say that most accidents happen on the bank, not the river, and looking back, this would be true of our club, too.

After seeing Steve off, we returned to the river and paddled on without incident through the open stretch which, as anticipated, was similar in difficulty to the normal flow - that is, not difficult. The only places to avoid were the bigger boulders near the edges where branches could be lodged.

The Hawarden Gap occupied our minds, however, as this is normally only two metres wide and is followed by a narrow gorge. We rounded a bend and were confronted with the sight of large muddy waves flowing across the river. This was the Glenrae River, normally a small creek that comes in on the left bank, but today it was having a real party and burnt trees, branches and other debris could be seen tumbling in the flow. The Hurunui was banked up behind this cross-current and it looked decidedly awkward.

A reliable ferry glide was required and we crossed the Glenrae by paddling up into the brown water which was about 10 metres wide and flowing at about 15-20 kph. The Hurunui, much flattened by this influx, now had larger pressure waves and the edges were dotted with that characteristic of all flooded rivers, unpredictable boils and sudden surges. The Hawarden Gap was only 200 metres away and we decided jointly and severally to have a look before proceeding. A wise move, I hear you cry, and sure enough, the Gap was inundated but replaced by a full width stopper, not unlike Ariki Falls on the Buller, but not as wide. Not knowing what the rest of the Gorge would be like, but blessed with fertile imaginations we humped, heaved, shoved, swore, cursed and threw our canoes through recently burnt-off gorse for the next 45 minutes until we had finally covered about 100 metres of actual river. Even the worst terrors of the river paled into insignificance beside this, and anyway, we all needed a wash, so back into the river we went.

At one steep section of gorse and manuka, I let my canoe go and Ron reckoned it looked like a cross between a yellow torpedo and a pig shooting through the growth. About as difficult to avoid, as well.

The gorge was flowing swiftly and had powerful waves and upwellings and was too fast to paddle against, but was not difficult. A swim anywhere on this river today would have been unwelcome, however, as the swimmer would have travelled a number of kilometres. An eskimo roll of "combat level" was essential.

The Dove tributary was also running high and by the time we reached the plains, the Hurunui was bank-to-bank and moving along quite nicely.

The stopper at the Hawarden Gap would be canoeable by anyone with a reliable 100 % roll. The right end had a curling corkscrew motion so the path would be left of centre and keep paddling. It would be difficult to rescue a swimmer for at least 2 km as the small backwashes would be surging at least half a metre and the main current was moving very fast. The river is easier to portage on the left but one cannot get back to the river again until after the gorge.

Submissions wanted on the future of Fulljames

The Hamilton District Office of the Department of Lands and Survey has written to us advising that they are currently preparing a Management Plan for the Fulljames area. This is being done in consultation with the owners and the area will be known as the Maori Reservation Ngaawapurua. The Department is inviting comments from canoeists and others who use the area. Submissions concerning future use, needs, and management considerations should be sent to Ms S Watson

Hamilton District Office
Department of Lands and Survey
P.O. Box 460
HAMILTON.

THE BULLER TRAINING WEEKEND - 22-23 September, 1984.

We all assembled late on Friday night at Murchison with two car loads from Kupe Canoe Club (Wellington), three loads from the University of Canterbury Canoe Club, and a car load from Christchurch's White Water Canoe Club. The weekend had three main aims:-

- a. To teach those with limited river experience techniques for bigger rivers;
- b. An exchange of ideas and to meet touring kayakers from other clubs;
- c. As a shake-down for the Nepal party members.

Mick Hopkinson was to be our main instructor for the weekend.

First thing on Saturday, Mick did an introductory session and we all ferried from Murchison to Lake Rotoroa where, on flat water, we went over flat water paddle strokes; the lack of formal training was apparent!

After lunch, we moved onto Granity Creek rapid where the aim was to run the rapid ten times each, which nobody managed to complete. The river was a bit low and as a consequence, one of us received a knock on the teeth. A competitive nature soon brought early season muscles into top gear.

The evening gave us a chance to look at a number of vidoes, but there were a few too many people to make full use of the facilities.

Sunday morning was spent on O'Sullivan's Rapid, practising ferrying in fast water and basic stopper work. The earthquake section of the Buller held our attention in the afternoon with spills galore. By this time, most of us were happy to break from the organised group structure. Steve Chapman and Mick had done a much-needed job - as Mick said, "You only come up to the standard of the best person in your club so it is important to mix with other paddlers."

Mike Savory, Bruce Webber and Steve Kingston are now trekking in Nepal and waiting for the rest of the party and the boats to arrive in Kathmandu. Around November 3 we set out for the Trisuli River.

The boats - Current Craft "DURA" kayaks - have been folded up, their ends folded into the middle and slightly overlapping. The seats and pillar buoyancy have been removed to achieve this. This allows us to pack them **into** a much smaller volume (low enough for the freight to be only \$150). Since freight is worked on volume rather than weight, the heavy neoprene and trekking gear was packed into the boats, along with the spare paddles and spare paddle blades. As there is also a 20 kg weight restriction on passenger baggage, the bulky but light seats, pillar buoyancy and paddles went into the plane as hand baggage, much to the amusement of Air NZ at Auckland.

To date there is no news on how the Dura's stood up to this amazing punishment and our contingency of sending the boats on a month before we are to use them is proving very necessary.

(With Mike getting engaged the week before he flew out, the parting at Wellington Airport had added significance.)

The Kathmandu Kiwi Kayak Klub 1984 (KKKK) is now underway!

We were finally on our way to the Whangaehu after 20 previous trips had been postponed. We drove - portaged to the get-in point. I got in my boat and followed Robert down the first rapid. This rapid was a good indication of what was to come - tight and boulder-strewn with a good drop at the end - the river is fairly open and not enclosed in a gorge.

The first of the two notable holes is below a drop which turns through 90 degrees causing a tricky V-shaped hole at the bottom. Richard went through without any mishap, Robert nose-dived, Tony decided to stop for a rest before bracing his way out, I botched it up totally, leant on the wrong part of the wave, and rolled.

Further downstream began a particularly long rapid - Robert went down first and cut in at the bottom. I started to work my way down the rapid and about halfway down, Robert began to signal me to slow down. I obliged, thinking there might be a tight turn at the end.

I now go back to a story Robert told me about the Hurunui Nationals when, on a casual paddle, Dirk Pachier guided Nick Kerkham, making sure he got sucked into all the holes!

As I screamed to a halt, and slid back into the depths of the humungus, well... big hole! I realised Robert's warnings had evil intentions. I tried to climb out with a strong forward stroke and ended up doing an uncontrolled tailstand, before being spat out the side. Tony had seen the tail stand just in time, and put on an extra spurt to crash through and break style. Richard came over the stop to slow, stopped for a few seconds, then grunted his way out. Meanwhile, Robert was having a field day, he roared with laughter at the horrified look on my face when my boat stopped, and again when Richard was stopped.

After lunch back at the campsite, Robert and I took the car to the bridge below Colliers. We surfed on a couple of waves on the slalom site for awhile, then we moved downstream to a point where the river is threequarters blocked by willows. Above was a good hole which we did high crosses on.

Tony hit a rock in the hole, twisted and went over. He was being swept towards the willows as we watched in horror, but a quick roll and some hard paddling saved him from being sieved like river debris. We continued downstream through regular and good rapids until we arrived at the car.

Back at the campsite, the weather had deteriorated from the brilliant sunshine that we had had in the morning, into rain, so we beat a hasty retreat to the tents. The rain continued on into the night. We awoke on Sunday to a mild frost, with blue skies and the river slightly up.

After spending an hour or two soaking up the sun and drying gear, the decision was made and the car loaded for the trip to the put-in point. The same run as the previous morning was paddled with a slight increase in river level. With more water there was a greater number of good-sized waves.

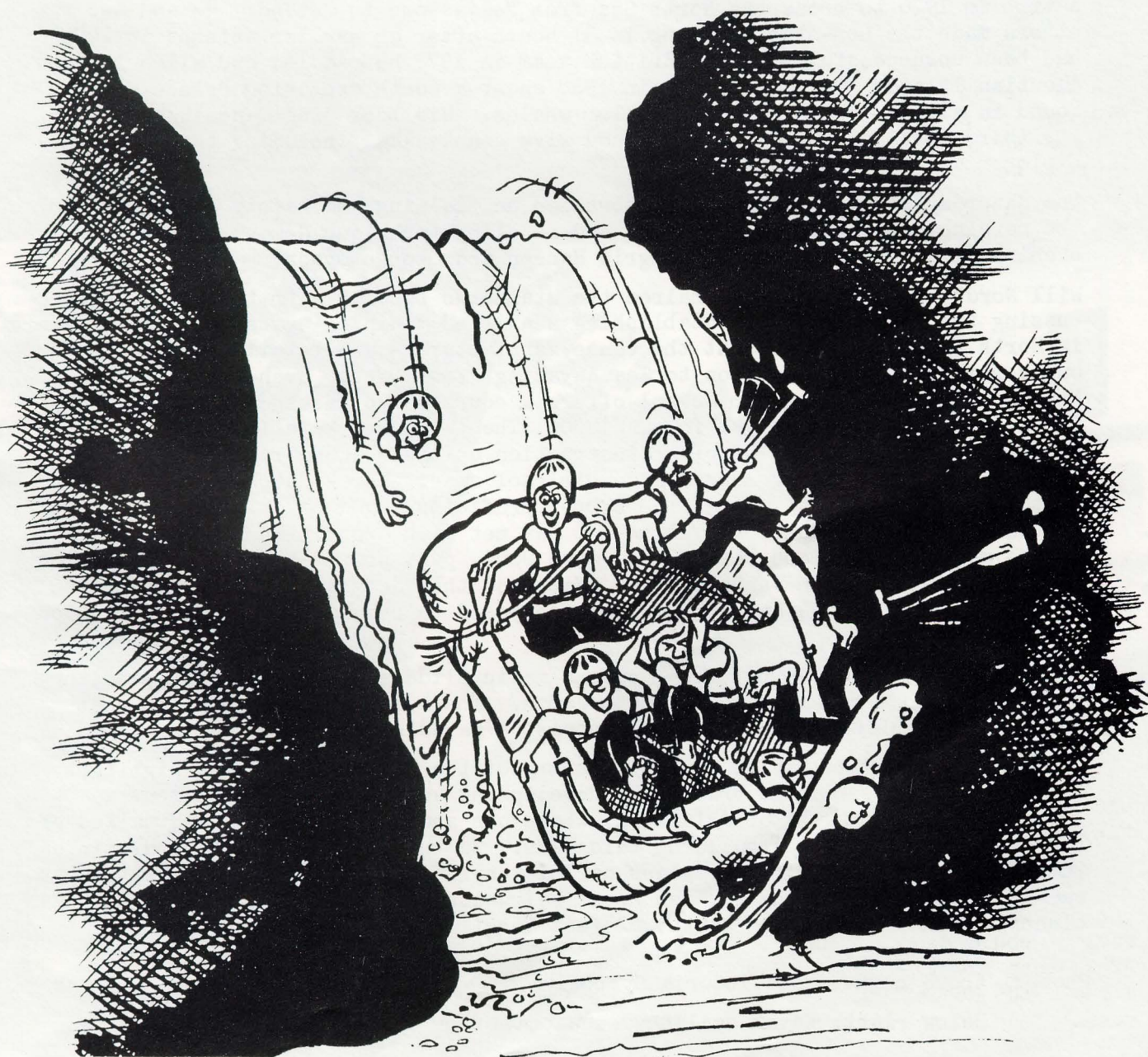
I paddled ahead and cut out below the first drop, where I wedged myself on a couple of rocks so as to get some photos. Robert came down in total control until plunging over the three large (small car size) boulders at the end of the rapid, where his boat got stuck on a couple of rocks and broke the nose. Tony slid and boulder-hopped his way down the same way I had after going the wrong side of the large boulder at the top of the rapid - thanks, Max, for plastic. Tony continued this trend throughout the day. Richard descended the bouldery drop with the minimum of fuss as he did most of the way down the river.

Robert, who had the best memory, warned me when the better rapids were coming up so I could go ahead and get some photos. The first of these rapids consisted of a steep gradient flowing against the bank and going into standing waves with a small but deceptively deep hole at the end - no drama here. The next drop was the one where I had rolled the previous day. Tony and I set ourselves up

below the drop. Robert did a good tail stand coming out of the hole, repeated by Richard. We continued down to the main hole. I paddled through first and cut out below then dragged my boat up the bank.

Tony was emerging from the wave when, whoops, he was dragged back in and turned over. Robert disappeared into the froth and popped up downstream, looking for trout. Richard took a line more to the right than the rest of us, missing the fun part and collecting a rock for his troubles. Tony and I paddled the hole another couple of times and Robert got a photo of Tony's hand reaching out of the depth of the hole. Richard paddled it once more before continuing downstream. We noticed a lot of paradise ducks, a pair of blue ducks and a hawk whilst on the river, spotted a weka on the road, and arrived at the end.

Tony got out of his boat and promptly broke his paddle by standing on it. We arrived back at the campsite at about 2 p.m., and departed, making plans for future trips.



SEA KAYAK SYMPOSIUM

Paul Caffyn.

Sea kayaking is alive and well on the west and east coasts of North America. It has to be when 487 people register for a weekend symposium. In August and early September, 1984, there were three sea kayaking symposiums, the first at Maine on the eastern seaboard of the U.S.A., the second at Victoria on the southern tip of Vancouver Island, in British Columbia, and the third at Port Townsend near Seattle, on the west coast of the U.S.A. I was fortunate to be asked to attend the Victoria and Port Townsend symposiums.

VICTORIA:

The Second International Ocean Kayaking Symposium was held at the University of Victoria Campus from the 24th to 26th of August. It was organized by Derek Bamforth from the retail outlet, Pacific Canoe Base. The Friday night session included a talk and slide presentation by Derek Hutchinson on an "Introduction to Ocean Kayaking" and a talk by myself on "Landings on Exposed Coasts", illustrated with slides of the North Island (N.Z.) trip. Derek is an entertainer extraordinaire. He has been a school teacher at South Shields in north-east England since 1961. A senior British Canoeing Union coach, Derek led a trip in 1976 to cross the North Sea from Felixstowe to Ostend. He and two others made the non-stop crossing in 31 hours after an earlier attempt in 1975 had been unsuccessful. With a British team in 1978 he paddled 250 miles in the Aleutian Islands near Alaska and in 1980 spent a month exploring Prince William Sound in Alaska and filming the killer whales. His book "Sea Canoeing" is into its third edition. Derek has designed five sea kayaks, including the Baidarka Explorer and the Umnak Ice Floe.

The Saturday session included a discussion on training and safety standards in the morning, an afternoon of rescue and paddling technique demonstrations, and evening slide presentations by Ingrid Hansen and George Dyson.

Will Nordby from California chaired the standards session with the aim of discussing the feasibility of establishing a unified training system for sea kayakers in North America. At present the canoe manufacturers and retailers offer their own versions of "Introduction to Sea Kayaking" for a fee! Even the Canadian National Outdoor Leadership School offers a course; two weekends for CAN\$295 and a basic course (10 days) for CAN\$800. The two ocean kayaking clubs in Victoria and Vancouver also offer instruction on the sea and in heated pools - the pools have adjoining saunas and whirlpool spas! Derek Hutchinson, over the last 18 months, has introduced the B.C.U. proficiency and coaching award scheme to the Victoria and Vancouver clubs but has met with opposition from the bulk of the manufacturers and retailers. John Dowd, part proprietor of the Ecomarine Kayak retail outlet in Vancouver and editor of the "Sea Kayaker" magazine noted in an editorial "...I am pathologically opposed to regulation and certification in sea kayaking..."

Ingrid Hansen, a lawyer by trade, gave a magic slide show on the local paddling areas and also a recent kayak trip to Japan. There is no doubt that the west coast of British Columbia is a sea canoeist's paradise.

George Dyson's presentation on the "History of the Baidarka" was the highlight of the symposium. George traced the development and history of the Aleut baidarka, a kayak built of driftwood, whalebone and sea lion skin, and talked of his own involvement with building baidarkas. He builds kayaks with an aluminium tube frame and a skin of fibreglass or thick nylon fabric. George's first kayak was 13 feet long, and the six man Mount Fairweather is 48 feet long. He has blueprints for a 12 man baidarka, 62 feet long!

Photo: Above right: The Victoria Symposium.

Below right: Kayak sailing demonstration at the Townsend Symposium.





Derek Hutchinson..... at the Victoria Symposium.

On the Sunday, I gave a talk on "Night Paddling" and showed the slides of the Australian trip. The afternoon session at the local beach was a demonstration of equipment and further rescue techniques.

PORT TOWNSEND:

The symposium was designed to celebrate the sport of sea kayaking by providing a forum for discovering the "state of the art". The theme of the symposium was "The Unique Northwest Experience"..... It was held at the Fort Worden State Park and was organized by TASK, Trade Association of Sea Kayaking. The weekend was an outstanding success with over 450 kayakers attending, including staff and speakers. Over 40 classroom and beach sessions were held, ranging from kayak cruising to "The Kayak and the Computer", to inflatable sea kayaking to group dynamics and leadership. The canoe retailers and outfitters had displays and all sorts of breeds of kayaks to try on the beach. There was one eskimo kayak with a bituminous compound used to waterproof the skin - not so good in a heat wave but okay in the Arctic! The fastest selling sea kayak in North America is a tupperware boat, roto-moulded in polyethylene; length of the Chinook is 16 feet, 24 inches in the beam and it weighs 49 pounds; the price is US\$529.95, which is about two-thirds the price of the conventional hand-laid or vacuum-bagged boats. Doug Simpson of Vancouver has produced a single folding kayak which weighs only 18 kg; the Feathercraft is 4.8 metres long by 66 cm in the beam.

Speakers included Audrey Sutherland who teaches "Paddling Hawaii" for the University of Hawaii!!!! Audrey has kayaked most of Hawaii's coasts and written a book "Paddling My Own Canoe". She has paddled her inflatable kayak from Skagway in Alaska to Vancouver, a distance of 750 miles.

One panel discussion on "Long Distance Paddling" contained no less than three KIWIS - John Dowd, myself and the third Kiwi was Rosalind Ricard who, in the northern summer of 1983, teamed up with a Canadian to complete an 1100 mile trip through the Northwest Passage.

Two days didn't seem long enough to be able to take in everything at the symposium.

The first two issues of "Sea Kayaker" magazine contain a wide range of informative and interesting articles and interviews; 70 pages in the second issue. Three issues a year are planned. Overseas subscription is US\$12.50 (NZ\$25!!!) The address is:

Sea Kayaker Magazine
6050 Seaview Ave., N.W.
Seattle, WA 98107
U.S.A.

RIVER ACCESS

Wade Bishop - N.Z.C.A. Touring Officer

Even though New Zealand has some magnificent whitewater and touring rivers, many require access via private land. It is only through the goodwill of the landowners that we can enjoy the very best of our rivers.

As the numbers of people using the rivers increases, landowners are becoming more irate with people who don't follow the landowners' views on how permission for access should be sought for. This, of course, reflects on all canoeists and creates tension between the landowner and river user.

I have written a letter to some of the landowners on some of our most popular rivers to gauge the procedures they require us to follow when permission for access is asked for. Their replies can be summarised as follows.

NGARURORO RIVER:

Kuripapango-whana-whana Road exit via the property of:

Mr. D.H. Beamish,
Kohatunui, R.D. 9,
HASTINGS. Phone 861 Otamauri.

He requires prior notice (some days) of your intent to use the river. He would also like to see the people coming through on the actual day.

MOHAKA RIVER:

Access via the Poronui Station, property of:

Mr M.J. Howard,
Poronui Station,
R.D. 3,
TAUPO. Phone 816 Rangitaiki.

Mr Howard does not readily allow access through his property, and to quote his reply to me:

..."We have granted access to every responsible body that has asked our permission, on the understanding that the Club is responsible for its members and the requests are not too frequent. We cannot allow individuals access, be they club members or not, because so many have abused the privilege in the past and

spoilt it for others - it is hard to imagine the filth made by some who should know better. If any of your affiliated clubs wishes to write to me or to telephone, I will do all I can to help but do not encourage them to do so."

Access via the Te Hoe Road from Willow Flat. This road crosses three private properties and all require prior notice of an intended trip. They are:

Carter Holt Ltd.,
Mr Dave Kinita,
Phone Wairoa 4975.

Maungatanawha Development Co.,
Mr John Kimber,
Phone Wairoa 4603.

Mr Jim Haliburton,
Te Hoe Station,
Phone Te Pohue 666.

A public road from Tutira can also be used as an access to a point opposite the Te Hoe Station.

RANGITAIKI RIVER:

Access to this river above Murupara via New Zealand Forest Service land. A permit is required for all access into the forest and can be obtained by writing to:

Officer-in-charge,
New Zealand Forest Service,
P.O. Box 14,
Murupara.

Or by calling into the Forest Service Headquarters at Murupara. The hours are from 7.30 a.m. to 4.30 p.m. Monday to Thursday, 7.30 a.m. to 4 p.m. on Friday, and from the Duty Officer on weekends. A Notice Board with the address of the duty officer is secured in front of the office.

Access from Taupo to Murupara via the forest roads is not permitted as the Forest Service boundary borders onto a strip of privately-owned forest - (Tasman and Company).

RANGITIKEI RIVER:

Access via the property of:

Mr Brian Sage,
Kowhai Hills,
Pukeokahu.
Phone 529-M Taihape.

Anyone wanting to use this access should contact the owners personally, preferably by telephone. There is a toll of \$1.00 per head on all vehicles going through the property to the river. The Sages have formed a company - River Valley Ventures Ltd., where they provide casual meals, accommodation by arrangement, camping facilities, supplies, farm activities, raft trips and a shuttle service for vehicles.

Access via the property of:

Mr R. Davis,
Tarata,
Mokai RD,
Taihape.
Phone 264-R Taihape.

The owner requires notice of people crossing his property in the form of a phone call or by calling on the day.

Access via the property of:

Mr J.P. McCartin,
Gorge R.D.,
Omatane,
Taihape.
Phone 856-W Taihape.

Mr McCartin would like notice before the day that people are intending to cross his property and then for them to call in to the homestead before entering his land.

WHANGAEHU RIVER:

Access to the top of the white water race course 6 kilometres by road above Colliers Bridge, via the property of:

W. Bensen,
Otuma, Fieldstrack,
Kakatahi.
Phone 551 Kakatahi.

As long as property is respected you do not require permission to cross Mr. Bensen's land.

NOTE:

Permission for access on all private land may not necessarily be given (e.g. during lambing) and to ensure future access, all private facilities should be treated with respect. Several owners expressed displeasure at seeing dogs or rifles on their property. Please try not to cause the landowners any inconvenience.

FULLJAMES RAPID - WAIKATO RIVER:

Increasing numbers of people are now using the rapid, which is putting a great strain on the camping area and facilities. To ensure continued landowner permission to camp and to use the access road, please:

- remove all rubbish
- do not establish new fire places
- do not wander indiscriminately over private property
- keep dogs under control
- do not cut live trees
- to keep the area hygienic, it is advisable to take fresh drinking water.

Apparently, the Lands and Survey block on which Fulljames is situated is being handed over to a Maori Trust in March, 1985. This may create problems as they may not be so receptive to the casual access arrangements that now exist. It is therefore important that the area is respected for what it is - the country's greatest white water asset - and with many non-canoeists now visiting the rapid, it is preferable that canoeists are seen as guardians of the area.

TONGARIRO AND WHAKAPAPA RIVERS:

The Electricity Division, Ministry of Energy, Hamilton, have informed us that the release of water specifically for canoeing or for other recreational purposes down either the Whakapapa or Tongariro rivers cannot be "economically justified". However, recreational use can be made of water available during programmed plant maintenance.

This is subject to:

- a. The understanding that the naturally available water may not be sufficient to meet our requirements.
- b. Controllable water will not be used to supplement natural flows (Moawhango).
- c. The water will not be guaranteed to be flowing on the dates provided as major contingencies can arise.

The proposed 1985 shutdowns are as follows:

- a. Western diversion (Whakapapa) 6-10 February.
- b. Eastern diversion (Tongariro) 1-3 March.

As shutdowns for maintenance are normally programmed annually, one period for each river may be available every year.

On numerous occasions over the past year, significant amounts of water (above 25 cumecs) have been released from the Rangipo Dam down the Upper Tongariro. This has been due to faults with the power house, high flows because of rain or even, as in October 1984, industrial strife. Problems with the G5 generator at the Rangipo powerhouse means that approximately 10 cumecs is consistently released from the dam and sometimes it forces the powerhouse to shut down completely.

Water levels on any of the Tokaanu power scheme rivers can be obtained by ringing the Tokaanu Power house, Turangi 8217.

W.M. Bishop,
473A College Street,
Palmerston North.

Phone 76189 Home, 81021 Work.

A Waiwakaiho Tupperware Party

Steve Bungay,

New Plymouth Kayak Club.

At 8.30 a.m. on Sunday, February 12th, Grant Williams, Lloyd Evans and myself began a paddle down the flooded upper section of the Waiwakaiho River. We entered the Kaiauui Stream where Alfred Road crossed it, approximately 400 metres from the confluence with the Waiwakaiho River. The Kaiauui Stream is fast-flowing, tight and very bouldery, but is canoeable in flood and when paddling plastic.

At the confluence with the Waiwakaiho, the water flow doubles and a large, steep, bouldery rapid is formed, which flows under the Main Road South Bridge. Down from the bridge the river takes a sharp left hand turn down a steep drop and into a large wave which cascades into a cliff face. Following this were a couple of fairly easy graveyard rapids; despite their size, Lloyd managed to be tossed over, but, to our amazement, he rolled up.

Paddling along at a leisurely pace, we suddenly found ourselves on top of a weir, causing a nasty, back-sucking wave across the channel. A quick exit was made to inspect it, before we successfully dropped over the obstacle. The next rapid was a right hand bend, very steep and littered with large boulders. I decided to paddle down the middle, jammed the nose of my kayak under a rock, but luckily managed to swing the kayak around and continue through. Grant opted for the right hand side, close to the bank. He also jammed his kayak under a large boulder; the water pressure held the kayak in tight and he was forced to abandon it and swim the remainder of the rapid. Lloyd made a clean run through, and, after recovering Grant, we used a rope to pull the kayak from the rapid (had he been paddling fibreglass instead of plastic, he would have had to walk out.) This accident scared us a bit, so we decided to check out all rapids before running them from then on.

The following rapids were all very steep, bouldery, fast-flowing and of long duration (200-300 metres) compared to those on the lower Waiwakaiho or Waitara. They all demanded a high degree of concentration and determination to stay upright and avoid rocks. A long swim in those types of rapids could easily end in disaster.

We next passed the intake station for the water storage lake, followed by another weir and a series of similar rapids to those already paddled. We came to a long, tight rapid which we carefully inspected from the bank. I ran the rapid first, followed closely by Lloyd. We waited at the first pull-out point to watch Grant shoot the rapid. After a couple of minutes he was nowhere to be seen; we immediately thought the worst and grabbed a rope and took off up the bank along the river. Half way up the rapid we saw a piece of flotation from Grant's kayak, floating down amongst the boulders. At any moment we expected to see Grant swimming through the rapid, or worse, pinned under a rock. To our relief, he was still in his kayak and just about to start his run through the rapid. We later found out that he had fallen out of his kayak while trying

to get into it and in the process, lost his paddle and some flotation. The situation had turned out to be a false alarm but it sure gave Lloyd and myself a few hair-raising thoughts at the time.

During the next rapid, the river narrowed considerably; Lloyd went first, followed by Grant, then myself. Lloyd suddenly disappeared from view, likewise, Grant disappeared a few seconds later at the same spot. Suddenly, I rose over the top and dropped into a massive, recirculating hole, which was holding two overturned kayaks in its grip. This was very quickly increased to three as I became the third victim of its irresistible sucking action.

I managed to roll up but found myself sucked back, tossed over and recirculated through the hole for a second time. On the second attempt at rolling, the water surged at the right moment and spat me out into safe water, away from the hole. Both Grant and Lloyd were swimming by this time. Lloyd didn't roll because Grant's kayak was on top of him, and Grant didn't roll because he feared that his paddle could injure Lloyd if he tried rolling.

The river now flowed through a narrow gorge, surrounded by cliffs only 10-15 metres apart. Large boulders were deposited at regular intervals, causing large waves to be generated. 3 or 4 metres above our heads we could see where the water level climbs to when in flood. In a really big flood, this enclosed rapid would be like a miniature Devil's Creek rapid on the Susitna River. Not far after this was the familiar sight of the Meeting of the Waters, the spot where we usually canoed the river from. The trip had taken 1½ hours, a good paddle considering we spent little time checking the rapids or for other stoppages.

It is amazing that this particular section of the river has not been paddled very much before (only 2 or 3 times previously). It was a real challenge to paddle water of this type, grade 3+ on many of the rapids. Undoubtedly, this is the best section of water in the Taranaki area, and is another river which has been opened up with the use of plastic kayaks. Hopefully, other paddlers will now run the upper Waiwakaiho and it will get the recognition it justly deserves.

KAYAK CLINICS:

SKIPPERS CANYON RIVER EXPEDITIONS:

P.O. Box 405

QUEENSTOWN.

Phone 1480-S.

This company will be running kayak clinics December 15-18, January 19-22 and February 9-12 and at any other time if demand warrants.

These are four-day clinics with intensive training that will culminate in a trip down the Dart and Shotover rivers. Skippers Canyon will also hire, for a very small charge, kayaks (Perception Mirage and Current Craft Dura) from the Wakatipu Outdoor Centre, 54 Shotover Street, Queenstown, to visiting kayakers. They are open all hours - drop in and see them if you are passing through.

Plastic Kayak for sale: Perception 'Dancer' \$1050.00

Write: 7 Kakenga Road Nelson

Phone: Nelson 77980

Edgar says he doesn't think Moonlight Creek has been canoed before (it sounds likely from the description) so perhaps we have a first descent for the records.

Let Edgar tell the story

Tom, a fellow boatman, and I (Edgar is working for a rafting company in Queens-town), were looking for a bit of exciting paddling, so we looked up the topographical map and saw a suitable-looking creek called Moke Creek which joins Moonlight Creek, which in turn joins the Shotover River. The trip was roughly 8 km, and according to the map, the water dropped 100 feet per mile, which meant some exciting water. So we grabbed our gear, two kayaks and a throw-rope, and off we went. When we got there, Moke Creek was only a tiny creek with just enough water to scrape over the shingle.

As we paddled, the creek slowly grew and got very tight, meaning constant rock dodging and dropping over small, rocky drops. It was quite pleasant and required constant attention, but there was one thing we didn't like and that was, we calculated that we had gone three miles and only dropped 150 feet at the most, so the next two miles must drop 350 feet!! We rounded the corner and the creek disappeared. We caught an eddy, and, sure enough, the river suddenly dropped 6 metres and continued dropping. We had to portage three times, ferry across the creek in a small pool situated between two 5 metre drops and paddle in the creek for the next half mile. We then joined Moonlight Creek, which dropped very fast and was high and brown. It was all canoeable but Grade IV to V drops - plenty of big support strokes.

This was really good for about a mile, then the Moonlight Creek slowed down in a pool which was followed by a 20 metre waterfall. This meant an hour and a half portage, which involved climbing 100 metres up a near sheer cliff and then back down again. It was dangerous climbing and we couldn't get back to the water, so we had to do what the Americans call a 'Western Entry', which involves getting in the kayak and sliding down a 3 metre slab of rock and landing in the river, hopefully coming up the right way. (Seal launch.) We then paddled another half mile of the Moonlight then four miles of the Shotover, to complete a real exciting afternoon.

SLALOM NEWS

1985 AUSTRALIAN TOUR: A sizeable contingent catalysed primarily by Max Grant made the trip to Australia for their National Slalom 12-19 January held at Burrinjuck N.S.W. as well as for several other events. The star attraction at the Nationals was the reigning world champ Richard Fox, obviously the man to beat which is exactly what Donald Johnstone did. Donald won the men's K1 event, and next New Zealander home was P. DeRijk of Kaimai. In the Ladies Lucy Forde of Ruahine came in third. In the men's team event NZ won.

1986 New Zealand National Whitewater Championships are being proposed for the Rees River (that is inland Otago area, not too far from Queenstown) on the Honey Bear Rapid. The slalom committee would like comments on this site proposal.

CURRENT RULES: These can be obtained from your club, or from the slalom committee.

SLALOM PROGRAMME:

March 2/3 Murupara organised by Hamilton Canoe Club

March 16/17 Hurunui organised by Arawa Canoe Club

March 30/31 Meeting of the Waters - Waiwhakaiho River organised by New Plymouth

April 5-8 National Slalom Championships Ruahihi organised by Kaimai Canoe Club

April 27/28 Birchville organised by Te Marua Canoe Club.

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- Waiarau 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 RRAFTERS — \$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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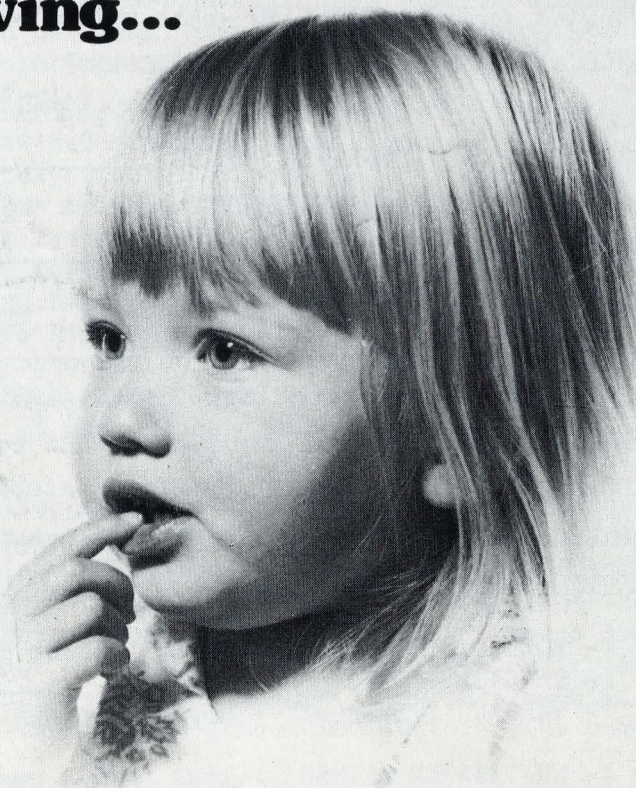
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