

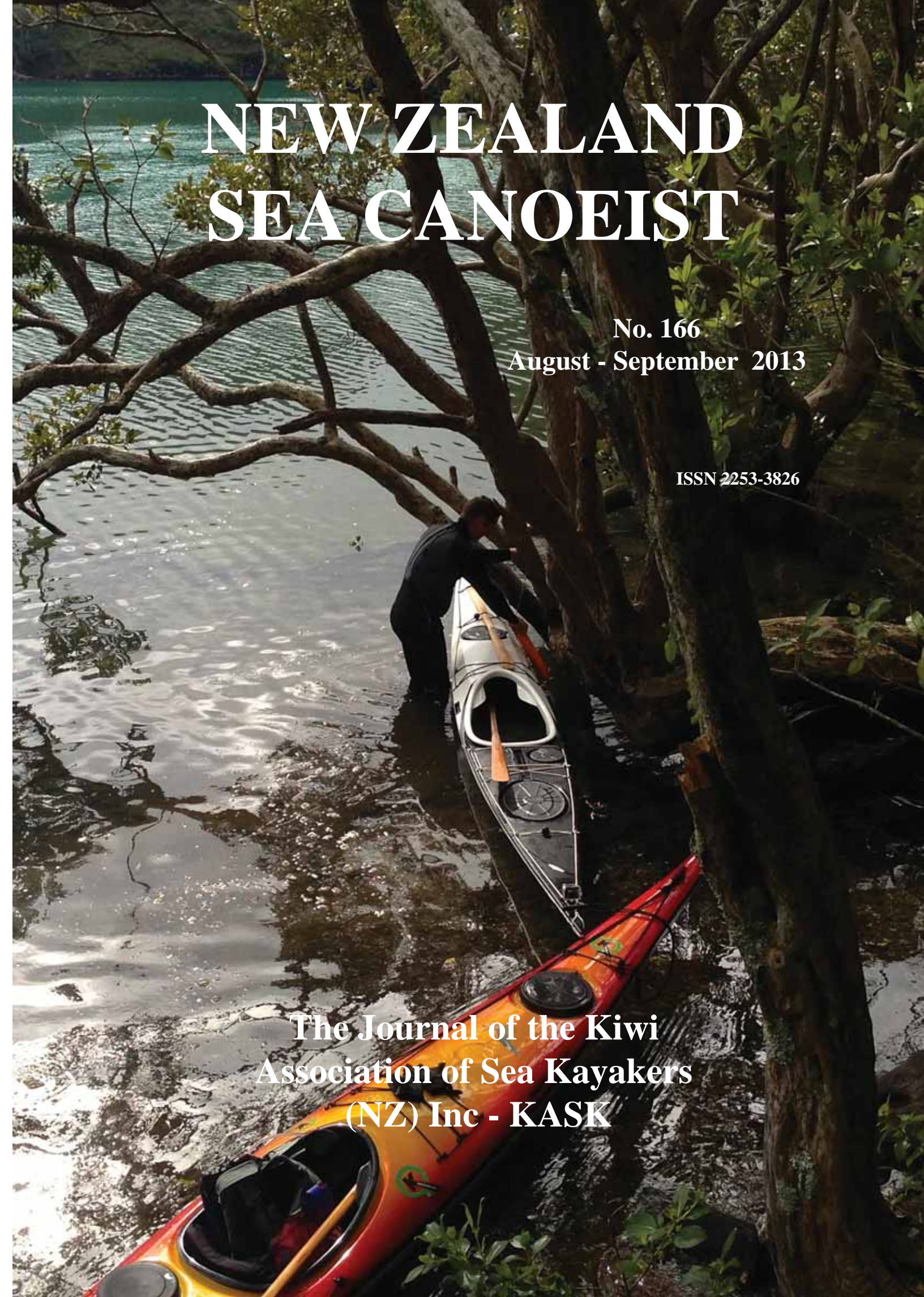
NEW ZEALAND SEA CANOEIST

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Association of Sea Kayakers
(NZ) Inc - KASK





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Thanks to all the contributors
especially Colin Quilter, Tim Muhundan,
Sandy Winterton and the Knights.
Layout & Editing: Paul Caffyn
Proof reading: Paul, Tim Sandy Ferg
Deadline for next newsletter:
25 November 2013

**KASK MEMBERSHIP
RENEWALS for 2013 - 2014
were due on 31 July 2013
A renewal form was mailed
to all KASK members.
No 2nd notice will be mailed
this time, but there will be
an email reminder.
Please renew promptly and
support the grand work
does with paddlecraft safety.
This is you Your Last KASK
magazine unless you renew**

EDITORIAL

Around Aussie Attempt

The photos opposite show what conditions are faced by an around Australia paddler at the start of the crux of the 9,400 mile trip - 120 miles of sheer unbroken limestone cliffs. Then after the 30 - 40 hours along the cliffs, a mongrel river bar waits at Kalbarri with only the faint hope of a waiting medicinal libation of Scottish whisky with local Kennie Wilson. Jason Beachcroft has been waiting a month for settled conditions to attempt the paddle south from Steep Point, the western-most tip of Western Australia. Jason is paddling solo, unsupported and on his wish list is a Bass Strait crossing and a circumnavigation of Tasmania. Something than Paul Caffyn, Freya Hoffmeister and Stuart Trueman have not achieved.

Jason has now been waiting over a month for a 48 hour lull with massive seas and strong southerly winds, and I worry he has lost peak fitness and some of his mental edge. From our recent email exchange, I view Jason as a pragmatist, a paddler who is willing to pull the pin now and wait for a season with light winds, rather than go out and slog for 50 hours into headwinds and big seas.

The recent media frenzy with regard to a crocodile encounter in the Kimberley country of northern Australia annoyed me immensely when so much media attention was given to a such a naïve womble (see page 22 for Crocodile Tales).

Paddling with Reinhard Zollitsch

I have received no feedback on what I felt was a heartwarming story by Brenda Zollitsch on the lessons she learned from paddling with her father Reinhard. They were not paddling proper sea kayaks, but I thought her philosophy on paddling was so pertinent to all paddlers. Reinard re-

ceived a surprise care package with copies of the recent magazine, and although he only took up paddling in the 90s, he has provided details for his website (www.zollitschcanoeadventures.com) which has a wealth on information for paddlers of all ages and all craft.

North Island Paddling Destinations

When I read the glowing trip reports and view the photos from Tim Muhundan in Northland and Colin Quilter around Great Barrier Island, and compare to the scenery and conditions seen by Colin and Raewyn Knight in San Francisco, we are so lucky in New Zealand to have such a wonderful variety of paddling destinations, from the warm waters of Northland to the gale swept gnarly conditions around Stewart Island and Fiordland.

Compulsory Lifejacket Wearing

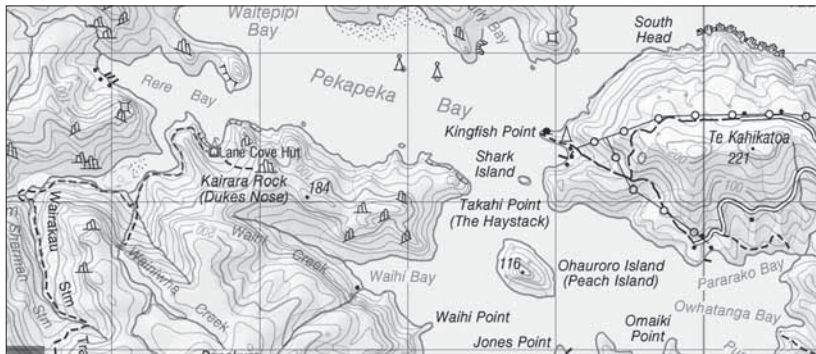
Back in 2009 The National Pleasure Boast Safety Forum sought submissions from its member organizations with respect to a slight change in the wording of the rule regarding wearing of PFDs in New Zealand.

In December 2009 KASK fully supported a proposed recommended rule change from the existing 'mandatory carriage of PFDs in small recreational craft', to the 'mandatory wearing' of PFDs in pleasure craft under 6 m, unless the skipper deemed there to be a low risk if they are not being worn. Sadly cabinet rejected the recommendation to the Maritime Transport Act, which then led many of the regional councils in NZ to establish their own rules with respect to the compulsory wearing of PFDs, and in some regions with mandatory fines imposed for non-wearing. It was only a slight wording change on the emphasis, ie., compulsory wearing instead of compulsory carriage. The issue is something that should be sorted by government and not by regional councils or WSNZ.

Cover: In Whangaroa Harbour, Northland, Peter moors his precious Greenland T kayak to a tree by the footpath to Dukes Nose, during a lunch stop at Lane Cove. Photo: Tim Muhundan (see story on page 5, and map on page 4)

Top Left: The horrific view of massive seas breaking against the Zuytdorp Cliffs in Western Australia. Jason Beachcroft has been waiting for a month for conditions to settle before attempting this paddle. Photo: Sandy Robson

Bottom Left: Near Zuytdorp Point, the view north along the cliffs, with Jason Beachcroft and Sandy Robson in the foreground, watching the humungous power of the Indian Ocean swell. Photo: Gordon Robson



Map of the Pekapeka Bay area of Whangaroa Harbour, to accompany Tim Muhundan's trip report on page 5.

KASK Committee 2012 - 2013

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Shawn Walsh	- Committee	email: Shawn.Walsh@codeblue.co.nz
Conrad Edwards	- Committee	email: conrad@conradedwards.net
Tim Muhundan	- Committee	email: tim@paddler.co.nz
KASK Administrator (Karen Grant)		email: admin@kask.co.nz

KIWI KAYAKING EVENTS KALENDAR

Date: 15 – 17 November 2013

Northland Canoe Club Mini-Symposium

Where: Taurikura, Whangarei, Northland,
Manaia Baptist camp, on the edge of Whangarei Harbour.
Bunkroom accommodation, and camping on site.

A social fun weekend, with a chance for pre-summer up-skilling,
with plenty of opportunity to paddle, share ideas and learn skills.

Instruction from: NCC paddlers and John Kirk-Anderson

PLEASE REGISTER BY 1ST NOVEMBER

Mail: Northland Canoe Club PO Box 755 Whangarei. Cheques Payable to
Northland Canoe Club.

Internet Banking to Northland Canoe Club ASB 12-3092-0084240-01
Email: dcampbe@clear.net.nz

Date: 29 November – 1 December 2013

Marlborough Sounds Pilgrimage

Where: Ratimera Bay
Dress theme: Steam Punk

Please advise either Paul or Conrad if you are attending or are experiencing
difficulty with choice of costume, in case of weather postponement.

North Island contact Conrad Edwards: conrad@conradedwards.net

South Island contact, Paul Caffyn: kayakpc@xtra.co.nz

Date: 28 – 31 March 2014

KASK FORUM 2014

Venue: Anakiwa Outward Bound School in the Marlborough Sounds
Two days of instruction and talks by NZ's best paddlers
with catering by the OB team you can only dream about
and an overnight social campout at Mistletoe Bay.

SAFETY

WSNZ Safety Forum From Sandy Winterton

On 28 August, I attended the Water Safety New Zealand (WSNZ) National Water Safety Forum. WSNZ has been through a period of deep introspection and has been the subject of a report by the Martin Jenkins consultancy on how it could best achieve its aim of reducing the drowning toll.

The four main areas identified as core business were:

- Information and research
- Planning and policy
- Advocacy, marketing and communications
- Enabling delivery (of safety training etc)

The meeting's normal business was conducted swiftly.

The main item of interest saw Eric Simpson present WSNZ's position statement on the wearing of lifejackets (this term was used exclusively) for recreational boating.

The statement makes the following observations:

- The wearing of well fitted life jackets should be compulsory for all occupants of craft less than 4 m in length while underway
- In the last 20 years, there has been a downward trend in the average number of drownings from about 150 to about 120 per year
- Current legislation says that suitable and sufficient life jackets must be on board
- A number of regional councils have introduced bylaws concerning life jackets. In general the bylaws mandate them being worn in vessels under 6 m
- In the last 20 years, 400 people have drowned while participating in recreational boating
- While there has been a downward trend in the annual number of drownings, there has been an upward trend in the number who drowned while not wearing life-jackets

• A boat ramp survey asking people about their lifejacket wearing habits suggested near complete compliance. But an on-water survey of 184 vessels in the Waikato region found actual compliance to be very poor.

WSNZ believes adopting this position offers the highest return on investment in terms of drownings prevented.

Commentary

To state that the existing bylaws cause confusion when they all refer to 6 m craft, and then to propose that only occupants of boats under 4 m should have to wear lifejackets seems extraordinary. In my view the 6 m option should be adhered to.

I raised this point and was not convinced by the responses. Yes, the highest proportion of deaths (50%) occurred in craft under 4 m, but surely it would be better to prevent even more potential drownings by having a 6 m requirement to match the existing bylaws. It was stated that the best 'bang for buck' would result from the 4 m option. Since there is no increased cost in applying the legislation to longer craft, this seemed irrelevant. It seems that the real reason for this is that it is felt that the 4 m option would be more palatable and easier to justify to politicians to adopt as legislation.

Eric Simpson kindly provided his source information on the 400 drownings in the last 20 years.

Length	Powered craft total 207		Unpowered craft total 193	
	Lifejacket	No lifejacket	Lifejacket	No lifejacket
<4m	19	90	44	112
4-6m	17	36	0	3
>6m	10	35	9	25

Table from Eric Simpson (WSNZ) on 400 drownings in the last 20 years

From Sandy Winterton: 4 September 2013

The WSNZ figures for the 20 year period 1993 to 2013 show only 3 drowned in unpowered craft between 4 and 6 m in length. Seems suspiciously low to me.

Paul's figures for the 19 year period 1993 – 2011 show drownings in 4 sea kayaks, 1 in canoe(?), 2 in Canadian canoe. These are all likely to be between 4 and 6m.

In addition there is 1 triathlon (multisport) boat and 5 unknown, so this gives a number drowned in craft from 4-6m of min 6 and up to 13. Indeed the maximum could be more than this as some fishing SOTs are >4 m long, and there are no figures for the year 2012.

These two sets of data seem to be at odds.

(SOT = sit-on-top kayak)

Paddlecraft Incident Database Fatality Statistics

by Paul Caffyn

My incident database is for all types of paddlecraft, only excluding serious whitewater fatalities. It includes incidents from 1983 to 2013 and lists a total of 38 fatalities from 36 incidents. No differentiation is made with length of paddlecraft. Of those 38 fatalities, PFDs were worn by 11 paddlers (28.9%), six uncertain (15.8%) and not worn in 21 incidents (55.3%).

The wearing of PFDs does not alone save lives. Carriage of emergency communication devices was in five incidents only (13.1%) with 15.8% unknown. That leaves 71% of fatality incidents with no comms. carried.

When the two young Frenchmen, who lost their lives in December 2011 on Lake Wakatipu, were found they were wearing neck yoke style PFDs but without any means of comms. to signal to searching boats and helicopters in the dark, they drowned.

The wearing of PFDs and carriage of two means of emergency comms. need promoting together, not just the wearing of PFDs.

NEW ZEALAND TRIP REPORTS

Great Northland Winter Paddles

text & photos by Tim Muhundan
(see colour photos on cover and page 23
also map on the top of page 4)

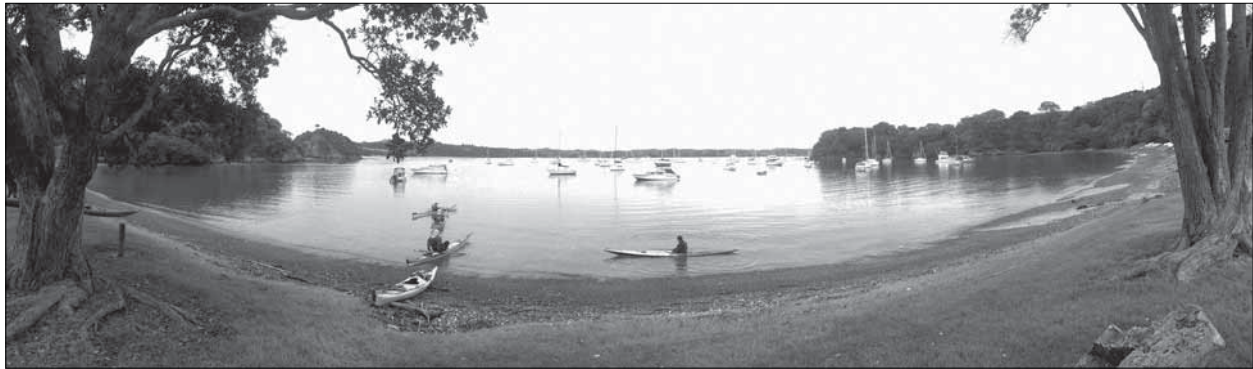
During the last few weeks, I have learnt how lucky Northlanders are – they have some fantastic paddling spots right on their door step. The three kayak trips below are fairly close to each other (around 20 – 30 minute's drive between them). All three can be paddled over three days or more – with cheap accommodation close to the launch points in each case. Words cannot describe how amazing these trips are, each trip is unique in its own way.

1. Whangaroa Harbour to Jellicoe Cave and Lane Cove

When we arrived at the meeting point on a cold July morning, the harbour looked magnificent, half hidden in mist and the other half glowing in the morning sun. After a quick introduction, we set off paddling towards the open water past the spectacular volcanic rocky bluff whose tops were still immersed in mist.

I did this trip with David (the trip leader), Peter and Taree - three 'locals' who kayak in the Northland turf regularly and a pleasure to paddle with. Peter from Kerikeri, was a seasoned kayak fisherman and a tracker. He surprised us all with his sharp eyesight – spotting a stingray camouflaged in thick kelp underwater and other marine life as we paddled, which made the kayak trip even more exciting. His best find was a tiny luminous life form that was glowing with bright blue light a metre or so underwater. We gathered around it trying to figure out what it was. I managed to catch it on film. You can see it in the video of this in the link below.

Soon the fog burnt up with the rising sun, but in came the bigger swell that was forecast. We paddled past



Opito Bay where you can almost launch your kayak off the grass without getting your feet wet.

the tiny islands and out through the narrow mouth entrance of the harbour and headed north.

By the time we got to Jellicoe Cave, the swell had risen to around two metres. We watched the opening of the cave for a few minutes and timed the surges. Given I was the only one with a plastic boat, I acted as guinea pig and gave it a go. I estimated the cave was about 120 meters long and would take around 30 seconds to paddle through.

Having committed, just as I was at the point of no return around halfway inside the cave, I felt a huge backdraft of water pulling me back towards the cave entrance. I turned around and just managed to spot a huge surge accelerating towards my kayak at high speed.

This was way bigger than anything we had observed in the previous five minutes from outside the mouth of the cave. With the surge breaking all around me, I just managed to stop the kayak from being washed up on the side of the cave with a quick stern rudder. After Another 20 seconds

Watching and waiting for a lull to run through Jellicoe Cave



of violent paddling, to counter the reverse surge and the boiling water and hidden rocks, I was relieved to get through to the other side.

Worst part of it was, when David tried the cave a few seconds later – the surges have calmed down again and he had a very pleasant ride!

After some more rock gardening, we went to the relative calm of Pekapeka Bay. With almost perpendicular cliffs hundreds of metres high, the paddle was very pleasant as we watched the gannets doing territorial sweeps from the top of the cliff to the paddlers and back (see colour photo on page 23).

Soon it was around high tide. We ventured as far up the estuary as we could until it was too shallow and we could see the fish swimming around us. We paddled to picturesque Lane Cove, tied our kayaks to trees and had a very pleasant lunch stop. DoC has a cottage there for rent, as well as a small hut where we sat and had our lunch (see photo on p.23)

Soon afterwards we were heading back to where we were staying for a soak in the spa, followed by dinner washed down with red wine and laughter. More pictures and videos of Jellicoe Cave:

<http://paddler.co.nz/whangaroa>

2. Opito Bay, Kerikeri Inlet to Matoroa Island and Black Rocks

I was really looking forward to this paddle since I had checked out the aerial view of the islands and Black Rocks from Google Earth. When I got there, I was not disappointed.

Opito Bay is a relatively steep beach, and you can practically launch yourself from the grass without getting your feet wet at high tide! Minutes into the water and past the moored boats and the strangely named 'Cocked Hat' Island, we were at the Western tip of Matoroa Island.

We explored the big flat rock north of the island and the cave. The rising swell was booming through the cave and it looked magnificent; full of dangerous boiling water in the two plus metre surges. We then paddled past the steep-cliffed island appropriately nicknamed, 'Alcatraz' by the locals. With the 20 m+ near perpendicular cliff all around, the island is uninhabited except by two fake gannets and a solar powered loudspeaker that plays bird noises all day, set up to attract the real birds to colonize the island.

In addition to the gannets, the basalt islets around Matoroa house dozens of basking shags. Unlike the Auckland shags that don't like me, shags here let me paddle really close to them and film them. They only took off when I started talking to them! (See the video in the link below). We had Nadia and Jacqui join us for this paddle in addition to the four of us from the previous paddle and we stopped for a ravish lunch on the gorgeous sandy beach under the WW2 gun emplacement on the east of the Island.

The Black Rocks are amazing – made up of basalt rock from volcanoes millions of years ago; they look like ruins of a giant great wall built in the sea and add another dimension to rock gardening through the swell.



The weekend started with a circumnavigation and rock gardening around Cavalli Islands, only a 15 minute paddle from the Matauri Bay camp site.

We finished the day with a debrief at a themed pub in Kerikeri, Pioneer Restaurant & Bar, which served really nice Guinness and cider on tap and enormous portion of deep fried wedges with matching generous portion of sour cream, chilli sauce and aioli. I made five great friends through this paddle and hope to paddle with them again in coming months.

More pictures and videos of Black Rocks and shags closeup:
<http://paddler.co.nz/Opito-Bay/>

3. Matauri Bay and Cavalli Islands

If I have to name one paddle from this year that I love to repeat, it will be this one. It had all the elements that make a fantastic long weekend paddle; perfect weather, perfect levels of adrenaline rush during the rock gardening, and fantastic company made up of 16 paddlers from the Auckland Yakity Yak Club, with whom I paddle regularly.

The weekend started with a circumnavigation and rock gardening around Cavalli Islands, only a 15 minute paddle from the Matauri Bay campsite. Matt and his son Billy came back with a kayak hull full of fish that must have accidentally jumped into the kayak – enough to feed the entire camp site!

On the second day the swell increased to around 1 m and it was a good opportunity for the paddlers new to rock gardening to push their boundaries a little bit further. As we hugged the coast up north we saw some amazing rock gardens – that

challenged even the experienced kayakers. I went through a narrow gap between the rock reef and land mass – just wide enough in receding tide to let my kayak through with about 1 cm clearance

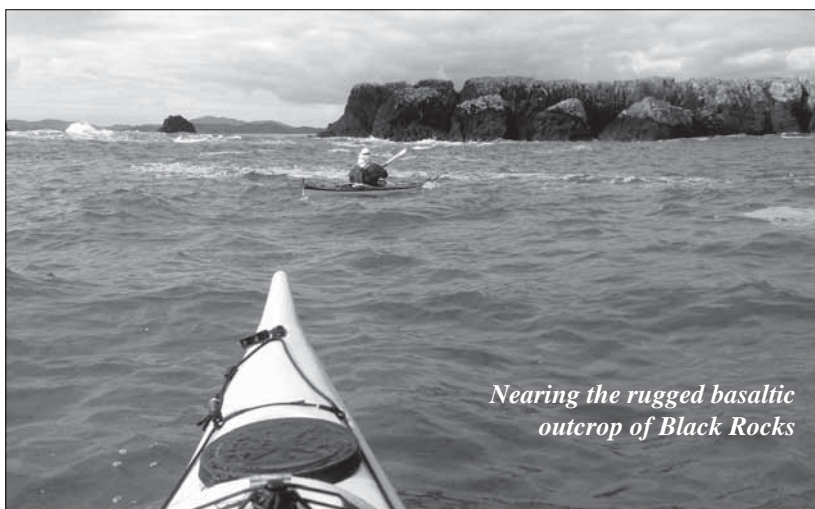
I joined the experienced paddlers, Russell, John & Lorraine and followed them through a rock garden passage near Oponui Point, riding the surge and dodging the submerged rocks. It was pretty exhilarating when a surge from the swell was not only pushing the kayak forward but also attacking the kayak from the side through gaps and cracks on the side of the rock garden passage.

It was not long before three of the most experienced paddlers took a swim and the rest of us had great fun being entertained watching the rescues in rocky swell. My turn came when I came around an opening in a rock and saw Russell in the water swimming the kayak out of where he had capsized. As I approached him to

ask if he wanted a deep water rescue, a giant swell attacked me from the side pushing me 20 meters away and I ended up on a rock. The camera mounted on my head captured the whole thing and you can see that on the link below. With a stroke of luck and a bit of back paddling, the next surge returned me back to safety and I managed to stay warm.

For me the highlight of the trip was when I completed a solo paddle on Saturday night: I paddled to the waters around the Cavalli Islands and sat in my kayak watching the sun setting into the sea for 10 minutes. It was just me in the water as far as eye could see with a dozen or so blue penguins bopping up from time to time around me. I will never forget that Northland sunset.

More pictures and videos of rock gardening and capsized comrades:
<http://paddler.co.nz/matauri-bay/>
 Tim Muhundan
<http://paddler.co.nz>



Nearing the rugged basaltic outcrop of Black Rocks

NEW ZEALAND TRIP REPORTS

Around the Barrier, (and never late for dinner).

by Colin Quilter

photos and figures by Colin

Adventure! I have no use for adventures! Nasty disturbing uncomfortable things! Make you late for dinner! I can't think what anybody sees in them.

Bilbo Baggins

Early February 2013. After three weeks of easterlies the wind had finally swung to the south-west so it was time for me to go. Where? I was not sure. Out through the Hauraki Gulf as far as the tip of the Coromandel Peninsula, and then? It would depend on my mood and the weather.

An easy start, wheeling my kayak down to Herne Bay Beach, near home. What a pile of gear and food to fit inside her! Sometimes I feel like a Backwards Magician; (the magician pulls five rabbits, a pair of doves and 20 silk scarves out of a hat, whereas my trick is to put five rabbits, a pair of doves and 20 silk scarves into a hat).

By the time the last items were jammed in, the wind was fresh from the south-west. I hoisted my sail and we were off! Slashing down-harbour beneath the bridge with spray flying, and water sluicing back across the foredeck when, occasionally, the bow buried. The flood tide was running strongly against me, especially off the container port where land reclamation is narrowing the channel. Further out, near Bean Rock, hard gusts came whooping out of Hobson Bay forcing me to turn up into the wind to ease pressure on the sail. In this way I edged more and more to windward of my course, and eventually I literally ran into the land east of Ladies Bay. Oh well. I lowered the sail, backed off the beach, and then (some people are slow learners) re-hoisted the sail with the result that I bumped into the shore again



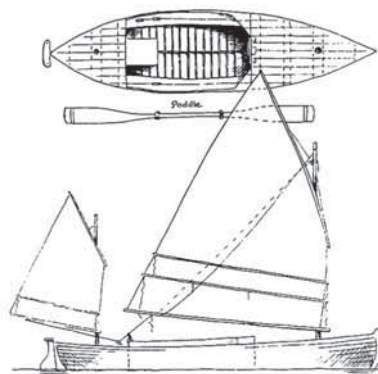
Colin with this sailing rig, in cruise mode

just before Musick Point. There I admitted defeat and retired to the little beach just around the headland on the eastern side, for lunch.

From the beach I had a good view of the broad expanse of water (Tamaki Strait) leading east towards Beachlands, Maraetai and the south coast of Waiheke. There was an unsettling number of whitecaps. But with my confidence restored by food, I wondered if I could go on with the sail in the reefed position, about half its normal area? Whakanewha (the DoC Regional Park in Rocky Bay on Waiheke) would be a good destination. So away we went, under slightly better control than before, but still forced little by little up to windward in the gusts so that half an hour later I found myself nearer to Beachlands than to Waiheke. Finally I lost my

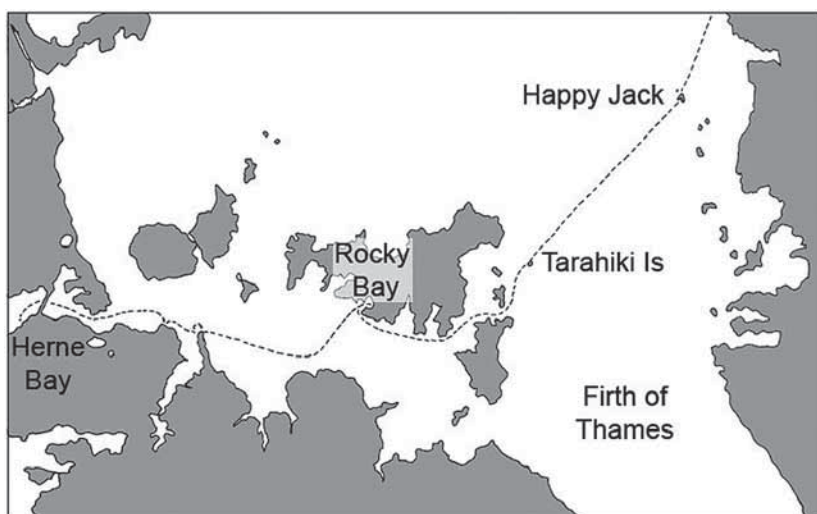
nerve, dropped the sail, and paddled, with many brace strokes, straight downwind across the strait to Rocky Bay. This crossing reminded me of those intrepid pioneers of the Clyde Canoe Club in the 1870s who on their long journeys in small wooden sailing canoes held to their motto: 'Sail when you can but paddle when you must.' How right they were!

Whakanewha is a pleasant spot. It is well sheltered, with protected campsites just behind the beach. The bay dries out at low tide, exposing extensive sand flats, but the surface is firm enough for a kayak trolley to run easily across it. In the morning I still felt somewhat shaken by the rough treatment I had received yesterday, so when whitecaps made an appearance soon after breakfast it was easy to declare a rest day. I spent it walking the network of bush tracks in the valley and ridges behind the beach, green and shady, but very dry after weeks without rain.



A sailing canoe of the type used on the Mersey and Clyde rivers in the late 1870s (from John Leather Sail and Oar 1982)

In the evening, as I was preparing dinner, the radio broadcast a tsunami warning. I disapprove of tsunamis that interrupt dinner. They should arrive at a more convenient time! The campsite is half a metre above sea level, so a tsunami was potentially of some interest to those camped there. A young German couple occupied the tent near mine. They expressed alarm, but I explained that although in NZ we have occasional warnings



of tsunamis, none of any size have arrived in my lifetime. Some time later the DoC ranger visited to tell us that the warning had been cancelled, but my German friends still seemed worried. Their worst fears were realised two hours later when, from the darkness, came the distant wail of a siren. The Germans erupted from their tent, evidently thinking a great wave was upon us; (whereas those who have lived on Waiheke know that the siren is to summon the Volunteer Fire Brigade, perhaps because in Oneroa a pensioner has fallen asleep while smoking in bed). I reflected that kayak trips are full of excitement, but not always of the type one expects.

On my mind next morning was a visit to Tarahiki Island. This rocky islet lies east of Pakatoa Island in the Firth of Thames, and during a lifetime of sailing and kayaking in the Hauraki Gulf I had never visited it! So with the ebb tide for assistance I paddled along the south coast of Waiheke, between Ponui and Rotoroa Islands, and out to Tarahiki. I found there are two shingle beaches on the island, one looking west and the other north - the latter is the more sheltered. Both offer an easy landing at high or mid tide, but are rocky at low tide. I

Tarahiki Island from Rotoroa

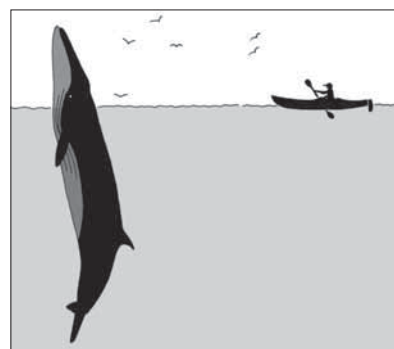


landed at both just for the pleasure of doing it, and after lunch set off across the Firth of Thames towards the distant Coromandel Peninsula.

Crossing the Firth involves about 20 km over open water. Normally I would aim to make an early start and cross during the early-morning calm; but today an anticyclone covered the North Island and I was confident of little or no wind. The sea was like glass. As the afternoon passed I felt like a speck of flotsam crawling slowly across an endless void. But of course the journey was not endless; at 6 km/hr I could expect it to take about 3.5 hours, and so it did.

On the way I passed an area of white water where tiny fish (pilchards?) were being attacked by gannets and terns from above; and by dolphins and kahawai from beneath. What a frenzy! It was hard to imagine how any of the prey could escape. As I watched, in the middle of the melee a glistening black head emerged vertically from the water, hesitated silently in the air like a gigantic black tombstone, and then subsided beneath the surface. It was a Brydes Whale. This behaviour, which is called 'spy-hopping' is one I have seen Orca use, but not this species. Soon a second whale arrived and repeated the manoeuvre several times.

Bryde's Whales were named after the Norwegian consul to South Africa, and their name should be pronounced 'Brooders.' There is a small population resident year-round in the Hauraki Gulf. They are



baleen whales, feeding on plankton and small fish. They grow to 14 m long; and sadly, in the Gulf about two are killed each year by ship-strike when they sleep near the surface at night. 'Spy-hopping' is used by whales to get a view of objects on or near the surface; perhaps in this case my kayak.

In the late afternoon I arrived at the northern-most of the islands off the Colville coast. This is Motukahaua Island, better known to yachtsmen as 'Happy Jack.' It is popular with boaties because it has a south-facing inlet, Elephant Cove, which provides an anchorage. I intended to camp on the low-lying boulder spit which forms the eastern arm of the cove; but to my surprise I found a group already established there. One of them introduced himself cheerfully as "Dave." I took him to be Japanese; but no, he said he was Korean.

Dave had black hair, white teeth, a big smile, and a towelling sweat band around his head with Korean characters in red. He was immaculately dressed safari-style, complete with long trousers and expensive boots of brown suede leather. In my sandals, shorts and spray skirt I felt rather like a beggar at the door. Dave explained that he and his friends had been dropped off to camp on the island for four days of rock-fishing, and they were due to leave tomorrow. Their camp included a canvas pagoda with folding chairs for lounging during the day, and smaller sleeping tents tucked in among the flax bushes. These Koreans, I thought, certainly know how to make themselves comfortable.

Dave, to his credit, was concerned that his party had taken over the only

level places on the boulder spit, and wondered where I might camp. But I remembered years ago stopping here on a sailing trip, scrambling up onto the headland at the southern end of the spit and finding, high above the water, a cave with a level floor. Sure enough, when I found it again it turned out to be a perfect campsite, certainly the best on the island, (but with room for only one tent, and a vertical drop to the sea on one side).

After cooking dinner beside my kayak I scrambled up to the cave carrying just the gear I needed for sleeping, and had a peaceful night with a view through the tent doorway across still water to Mt Moehau. It was like being camped on a balcony; (but the kayaker who emerged for a midnight pee had better tread carefully or he would indeed have suffered a 'long drop').



A kayaker's balcony - the view out of my tent doorway at Happy Jack Island

From Happy Jack across to the coast north of Colville Bay is perhaps a two-hour paddle, and then another couple of hours takes you up to Port Jackson at the tip of the peninsula. On the way I passed Fantail Bay where there is a shingle beach and a DoC campsite. North of Fantail Bay the tidal currents begin to run swiftly, (the flood tide setting southward and the ebb setting north), so paddlers finding the flow against them should hug the rocks to escape the worst of the current.

In that way I reached Port Jackson by lunchtime, and spent the afternoon walking the dry hills at each end of the beach. In particular, there's a trig station west of the beach which you can climb (with the farmer's permission) and it gives a splendid outlook across the Channel to Great Barrier. The view, and a forecast of fine weather, made it easy to decide that



The view across Port Jackson and Colville Channel towards Cape Barrier. Like many pieces of water, the channel is easy to cross at times and impossible at others

I should cross to the Barrier tomorrow and spend a week or so touring the island, (rather than continuing around the Coromandel Peninsula).

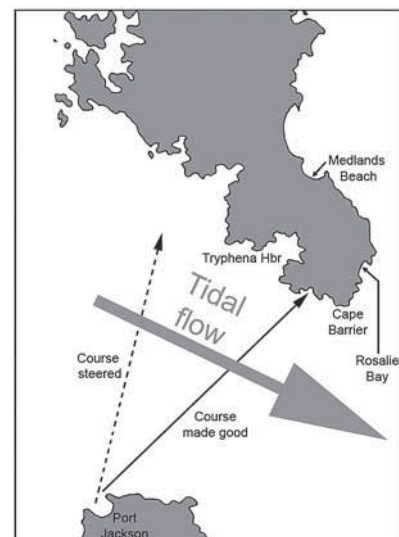
Getting across the Colville Channel safely is something of a challenge. The problem is not the distance (around 20 km, about 3.5 hr at my speed); it is the tidal currents. The Channel is one of the gateways to the Hauraki Gulf, and on every tide a huge volume of water pours through. As you would expect the flood tide sets westward into the Gulf, and the ebb sets east. Rates are 2-3 knots (3.5-5.5 km/hr) depending on whether tides are at springs or neaps. So at any time other than slack water, you have to think of crossing the channel like crossing a river, and allow for the distance downstream that the current will carry you while you make the journey.

I assume that no sane kayaker would attempt this trip with a bad forecast. Wind-against-tide conditions in the channel generate heavy breaking seas, especially between Cape Colville and Channel Island. Vessels of some size have been rolled over or damaged here. On the other hand, with an early-morning start and a forecast of light winds, the crossing for a lone kayaker is straightforward.

Some have suggested that a solution to the tidal current problem is to time the crossing so that slack

water falls in the middle of it. In the first half of the journey you will be set one way by the current; in the second half you will be set the same distance in the opposite direction. The two deviations cancel each other out, so the effect of the current is nil. However my personal opinion is that it is so important to get away early, before the wind gets up, that I would not delay the start, even for a couple of hours, in order to time the trip symmetrically around slack water (see figure).

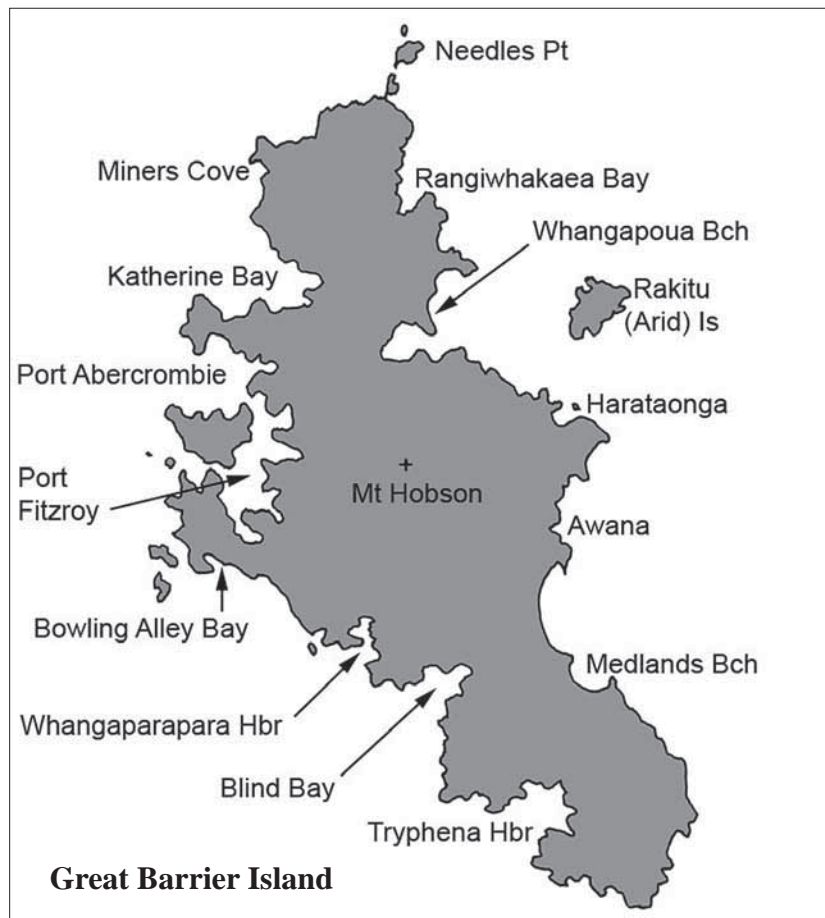
Next morning I packed up by torchlight and cleared Cape Colville (the eastern headland of Port Jackson) in time to see pink clouds in the east before dawn. The tide was ebbing; over the next 3 hours I could expect the current to carry me 10-12 km to the east. So I held a course well to



the west of my goal, allowing for the tide to carry me down, and that's how it worked out. By 10 am I was brewing coffee in the shade of a pohutukawa in a beautiful little cove (Sandy Bay) east of Tryphena, and feeling mightily pleased with life.

Sandy Bay is the only 'sandy' beach between Tryphena and Medlands Beach (hence its name), so I did not expect to get a soft landing anywhere else. Later in the morning I rounded Cape Barrier and looked for a lunch stop in Rosalie Bay. At high tide there's a landing onto shingle here; at low tide it is all boulders, but I found a quiet spot among them and slid my kayak ashore over pieces of driftwood. On a surface too rough for my kayak trolley, that is the only way I can get my boat safely ashore when it is too heavily loaded for me to lift.

The coast north of Rosalie Bay is all cliffs, and into a fresh north-east sea breeze it can be a long slog up to Medlands Beach, but today there was little wind. Soon the distinctive, jagged headland at the southern end of Medlands was in sight, and then the sheltered landing tucked in behind it. There's a hard-packed sandy road, easy wheeling for the kayak trolley, past the creek to the DoC campground. This is a shady and pleasant campsite, (but sometimes very windy when gusts dump down



from the hills to the west). Like all DoC campgrounds on the Barrier it draws fresh water from a stream nearby, so drinking water should be treated chemically or boiled, (if the latter, you need to bring about 25% more gas or other stove fuel than usual).

Medlands Beach has features typical of many of the other east-coast

Barrier beaches. It is a surf beach, so there are waves on it most of the time. However both northern and southern ends of the beach are sheltered by headlands so that you can always get a calm landing there; (similarly at the north end of Palmers Beach and the north end of Whangapoua).

*Ashore at Rosalie Bay. If my kayak could speak,
I think she would reproach me for this landing*



Next morning I dawdled slowly northwards. I had it in mind to stop at all the places I had missed on previous trips, so landings were frequent and progress slow. At Awana Bay there is a DoC campsite 300 m up a small estuary at the north end of the beach, and I landed through the surf to inspect it. A horrible campsite! Scarcely a single tree, no shade at all, and in a hot position behind the dunes. Avoid it! (I've heard there is also a small commercial campground at Awana, which might be better).

However if Awana reminded me sadly of a desert, then an oasis is around the corner at Harataonga. Here the beach is protected by off-lying islands so the landing is semi-sheltered. At the west end a creek emerges and (after a soak to wash



Harataonga Bay - the DoC campsite

away the salt) the weary kayaker can paddle for about 200 m upstream to a tranquil and sheltered campground, with enough shade for all. This must be one of the nicest campsites on the Barrier, definitely one not to miss. There is a loop walk up onto the nearby pa site, and a much longer coastal walk north to Okiwi. If I were planning another trip around the Barrier, I would spend at least two nights here, perhaps with a day trip out to Arid Island in between.

North of Harataonga there is an interesting series of small bays, mostly stony, and all with dumping waves when I passed them next morning; and then the long white sands of Whangapoua Beach. At the southern end of the beach there is a narrow entrance into the extensive estuary behind the beach. The channel is hard to spot from seaward - indeed on three previous trips I had paddled past without seeing it - but by following the headland around close to the rocks, the channel becomes obvious. I don't think it is deep enough to provide a safe entry under all conditions; I expect that at low tide, and in a heavy swell, waves will break right across it, but this morning it gave a flat-calm entry into the estuary. Further in, near the airfield at Okiwi, there is another DoC campground, (reputedly windy and without shade), but I didn't visit it.

At the northern end of Whangapoua the headland recurves to give a sheltered landing, which one needs in order to visit the graveyard where victims of the *SS Wairarapa* shipwreck are buried. White picket fences surround the two burial sites beneath the pohutukawas. It is hard to imagine a more peaceful setting, (small consolation, I suppose, to the families of those who were drowned).

From Whangapoua I diverted out to Rakitu (Arid) Island, about 45 minutes offshore. This interesting island is now a Scenic Reserve managed by DoC, and the island's former owners, the Rope family, have a 25-year lease to farm it. Arid Cove on the north-west corner of the island is a sheltered and attractive place, with clear water and a sandy beach. When I arrived at mid-day it was empty, but on summer evenings it fills up with yachts and launches seeking a calm anchorage. Camping is not usually permitted on Rakitu.

From Arid Cove I headed northwest to regain the Barrier coast. By now the sea breeze had developed, as it often does in the summer, and I slogged into short, steep little waves kicked up by the wind. Clearly I had been made soft by too much fine weather!

Ahead of me lay Needles Point, the northernmost end of Great Barrier. This can be difficult for a kayaker because big headlands always attract wind and currents, and because there are no landings nearby which might provide an easy retreat; (it is true that there is a boulder beach at the base of Needles Point on the eastern side, but a heavy surge onto it makes landing tricky in all but flat-calm conditions, when of course you wouldn't need to land). So it is prudent to attempt Needles Point early in the morning, which makes one look for a campsite as close as possible.

The obvious camping place on the eastern side is at Rangihakaea Bay, about an hour south of Needles Point. It has a beautiful sandy beach with small surf, a freshwater creek, and a long-established and comfortable campsite beneath two ancient pohutukawas. Previous campers have levelled a shady tent site and built camp furniture from driftwood. As a camping place for kayakers you would have to score it 8 out of 10; with one point deducted because wild pigs are being allowed to rip up the soft ground behind the beach, and another point deducted because there is a DoC sign prohibiting camping!

I was told later that DoC made this rule because in the past fishermen

would occupy the site for a week or more, lighting a fire beneath the trees, (which, if it burned out of control, would be a catastrophe). However perhaps we could hope that in the future DoC might institute a permit system which would allow kayakers to camp legally for a night or two here on their way around the island.

Needles Point, when I reached it early next morning, was in a benign mood. The point consists of a peninsula of rocks and small islands, and at its very base there is a tunnel right through, just wide enough to pass one kayak. If there is much swell then waves clash and rebound inside the passage, so getting through it can be a character-forming experience; but not today. Emerging onto the west coast I found it flat calm.

From Needles Point to Miners Cove, about 2 hrs south, there are continuous cliffs and no possible landing. As one approaches Miners Cove the tidal streams are felt strongly, and if they are unfavourable then it pays to stay as close to the rocks as possible, out of the full flow. On one headland in particular, I had to paddle hard against the sluicing current, almost within touching distance of the rocks.

Miners Cove is one of the landmarks of a Great Barrier kayak trip. Many parties camp here, either before or after rounding Needles Point. There is a grassy flat behind the beach with clumps of flax; a good thing because you may need them in windy conditions. It can blow here! In strong north-east winds the gusts come down the valley with a roar. The flax thrashes and flails in the wind but gives wonderful shelter, and with your tent tucked in the lee of the biggest clump you can find, even atheists like me offer up prayers of thanks to flax!

On this trip I arrived at Miners Cove mid-morning in a flat calm, and couldn't think of an excuse to stop so early in the day, so on I went. A few kilometres south is Ahuriri Point, the northern headland of Katherine Bay. The Point has an old pa site and I scrambled up for the view. Immedi-



Overlooking Miners Cove. It is wide open to the west, but the strongest winds come down the hills to the east

ately below was the attractive valley which backs Ahuriri Bay, (really a cove, not a bay). There is a potential campsite in the shade of pohutukawas back in the valley, but you would need to carry gear through deep kikyuyu grass to get there. Another (unnamed) bay a short distance southeast of Ahuriri looks just as nice.

The head of Katherine Bay has road access at two places, and small settlements, so I was not tempted to paddle in, but carried on slowly around the next headland into Port Abercrombie. On its northern and eastern shores Port Abercrombie also has dwellings. The southern shore is formed by Kaikoura Island which is now publicly owned, and managed by a Trust. I landed briefly at Bradshaw Cove on the northern side where a walking track leads up onto the island; but I was tired, looking forward to a cup of tea, and decided to paddle on into Port Fitzroy rather than to walk.

The DoC campground at Akapoua Bay in Port Fitzroy is a pleasant place, with shade and good shelter. It is charming at high tide when water laps at the edge of the grassy flat; it is less than charming at low tide when an expanse of mud and oyster-covered rocks greets the weary paddler. However a kayaker with his heart set on a cup of tea is not easily stopped, and I was soon taking my ease with the first of several cups in hand.

Akapoua Bay is well sited. A short walk north gets you to the Port Fitzroy wharf and store (well-stocked but very expensive). Taking the road

south gets you to Kaiaarara Bay where the track to Hirakimata (Mt. Hobson) begins. No trip around Great Barrier would be complete without a walk to the summit, so next day I declared a holiday from paddling and set off after breakfast with lunch in my pack. It was several years since I had last done this walk, and I was impressed by the improvements DoC have made to the track.

As far as the Lower Kauri Dam two could walk abreast on a wide gravel path with wooden steps. Between the Lower and Upper dams the track is less well formed but still good; and above the Upper dam extensive boardwalks and long flights of stairs lead to the summit. Despite keeping up only a gentle pace, and stopping for photographs, I reached the top just 2.5 hours from Akapoua Bay, much less than the many hours which I remember the trip used to take. There are wide views from the summit, and often a fierce wind, but not today. After the obligatory round of photographs I coasted back down the hill, had lunch on the riverbank near the Kaiaarara Hut, and reached Akapoua Bay in time for an after-lunch snooze in the shade.

It is a long road, and a rough one, for the kayaker who lands at Akapoua Bay at low tide



On Great Barrier, many birds which are absent or rare on the mainland, are common. This is a Banded Rail at the Akapoua Bay campground.

To leave Port Fitzroy I took the southern exit, a narrow channel called Man of War Passage. Then a sharp left turn through the Grey Group Islands, and south along the coast to the Broken Islands. All these are made of conglomerate, a sedimentary rock in which weathered boulders are embedded. It makes for a distinctive and interesting coast.

Once through the Broken Islands I turned left again, looked for (and found) a 100 metre-long tunnel which leads beneath the southern headland of Bowling Alley Bay and into the sheltered waters of the cove. There are four shingle beaches in here. I landed on the first and had an easy walk up through manuka scrub to a rocky outcrop for the view. Beneath the manuka the earth had been badly torn up by wild pigs. I met a family of them but they trotted off with furtive backward glances, as if guilty about the damage they had done.

At midday, with little warning, a brisk south-westerly arrived. After many days of calm I was determined to use my sail, although the wind direction was slightly forward of the beam and its strength at the margin of what I could handle. With the sail sheeted at an acute angle we rushed off along the coast, frequently turning up to windward to ease pressure in the gusts. I was concentrating hard so it took me a few seconds to register that some very big shapes were keeping pace just beneath the canoe. I looked again, and was astonished to see they were not dolphins, but large kingfish. Weaving to and fro



Colin contemplating the view westwards across the Broken Islands towards Little Barrier Island.

they kept formation with me for the next ten minutes and then vanished.

In 28 years of kayaking this is only the second time I have been followed by kingfish. The first was many years ago, among the Mercury Islands, when a group jostled along right behind the kayak and actually bumped the rudder so hard that I raised it to avoid damage. I don't know the reason for this behaviour.

Whangaparapara Harbour was a welcome sight when I reached it mid-afternoon. There was too much wind to square the sail off and run directly down into the harbour, so I dropped it and paddled in to the stony bay at the head of the harbour where the

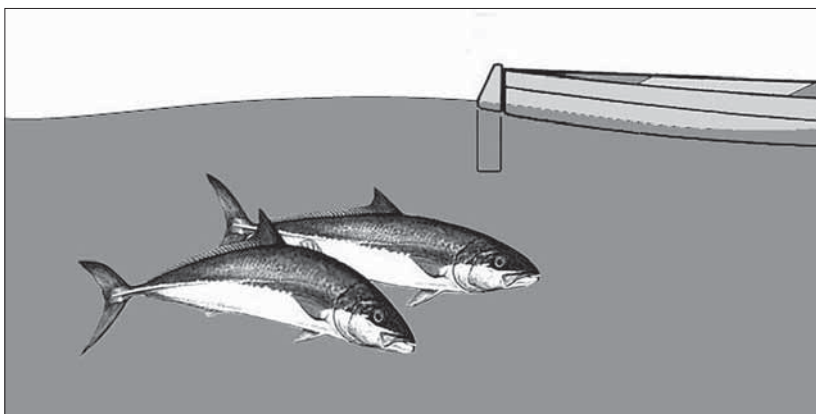
DoC campground sits beside a creek. What a lovely place! By now there was a steady roar of wind through the treetops, shaking the limbs of the pohutukawas, but the little grassy flat is tucked behind a headland and so sheltered that hardly a breath of wind reached it. There was shade, fresh water, and a cooking shelter; it was as good as striking gold!

I had learned on previous sailing and paddling trips that the south-west coast of the Barrier, between the Broken Islands and Cape Barrier, is badly affected by southwesterly winds. For some reason even a moderate south-west wind kicks up a steep and vigorous sea here. A wind of south-west 20 knots gusting 25, which would go almost without

notice in Auckland Harbour, creates breaking seas on this coast which I would hesitate to paddle in. So next morning when the harbour entrance showed whitecaps right across the Colville Channel, it was easy to decide to walk rather than to paddle. Fortunately there are plenty of good walks to be had; (up Mt. Whangaparapara to the west or Te Ahumata to the east, or across to the hot springs near the Kaitoke Swamp, or north along the forest road to Port Fitzroy).

I was held in Whangaparapara by the weather for three days. It was no hardship. The view each morning was the same, whitecaps to the south. On the third morning I thought that a very early start might give me just a few hours of less wind to reach Tryphena, so I set the alarm for 4.30 am. I had breakfast and packed up by torchlight, and wheeled my kayak down the beach in the dark. First my hat blew off, then I had difficulty doing up my sprayskirt without being blown back onto the beach. It was not an encouraging start.

I decided to paddle at least out to the harbour entrance, but once there, riding big swells in the pre-dawn gloom and bracing as breaking crests came through, it was obvious that only a



desperate paddler had any reason to be there, and I was not desperate. I returned with a clear conscience to my sheltered campsite, had a second breakfast and more coffee, and went back to bed. When you are paddling alone it is more important than usual to make good decisions, and on this occasion I was sure that I had made the correct one.

The wind eased next day. I dawdled along the coast, making a detour into Blind Bay. Like Tryphena Harbour, this has two shallow white-sand beaches at its head, with stony bays leading out to the headlands on each side. Once in Tryphena I had the problem of finding a campsite. The only one I knew of was at the 'Stray Possum Lodge,' a campground plus backpackers plus restaurant and bar. Sadly the lodge is 500 metres up Cape Barrier Road at the head of Shoal Bay - and I use the word 'up' advisedly.

What is more, Shoal Bay dries out extensively so that at low tide it's not possible to paddle anywhere near its head. You have to leave the water about half-way in from the wharf, and wheel your kayak from there. So there is probably 800 m to cover on foot - but at least it is all on a sealed road. The campsite at the Stray Possum is in a pleasant grassy dell, the people are friendly, the facilities basic, the late-night party in the adjoining bar long and loud. What more can be said?

I have since learned of the 'Great Barrier Island Camp Ground' in the northern corner of Tryphena Harbour, and said to be '200 m from the nearest beach and boat ramp.' Google Earth suggests that the 200 m might be considerably uphill. If anybody can tell me more I'd be pleased to know.

The forecast now was for a prolonged period of south-easterly winds. That was unhelpful. It would make a return crossing of the Colville Channel difficult, and it would make progress along the eastern side of the Coromandel Peninsula towards Whitianga, (which was an option I had in mind) very slow. It was easy to decide that I should bring my

trip to an end, and go home on the Sealink Ferry which sailed tomorrow from Tryphena.

Not so easy to get onto it however! I learned that this particular sailing had been designated a 'Dangerous Goods Sailing' and therefore that passenger numbers were limited by safety regulations. There was no room for me: bad news! But I could go on the next sailing, the following day: good news! Which departed from Port Fitzroy: bad news!

I was philosophical. Next day I had a long but satisfying sail and paddle back along the coast to Port Fitzroy, exploring the Broken Islands on the way. The gods must have thought I deserved a break because I arrived at Akapoua Bay right on high water, the mud and rocks and oysters all unseen, and settled into the familiar campsite for another night. Next day

the ferry arrived with its usual hustle and bustle, and a lot of weather-beaten characters emerged from the bush to claim their cargo. I wheeled my kayak on board and by evening was home in the city. At the back door one of the cats recognised me, for which I was grateful. The other gave me a, 'Who the hell are you?' look and hid under the bed. Well, you have to expect that after a long trip.

Happy paddling!
Colin Quilter

(with thanks to Colin and the Auckland Canoe Club newsletter, where the article was first printed)

Colin's kayak (foreground) and the ferry at Port Fitzroy



BOOKS

Paddling Books for Sale

In a listing of new and secondhand paddling titles, I have over 40 books available. Email for viewing: kayakpc@xtra.co.nz

Recent additions include an 1886 7th edition of John MacGregor's *The Rob Roy on the Jordan*, the Travel Book Club edition of *Quest by Canoe - Glasgow to Skye* by Alastair Dunnet, and the first English edition (1959) of Herbert Rittlinger's *Ethiopian Adventure - From the Red Sea to the Blue Nile*

Past KASK Newsletters Available

Unfolded hard copies of most newsletters are still available - swap for stamps. On the KASK website, PDF copies of newsletters back to the dark ages can be downloaded.

Overseas Reports

The Golden Gate Experience Paddling in the USA

by Colin & Raewyn Knight

The name Golden Gate generally conjures up images of the magnificent civil engineering structure of the world famous bridge that spans it rather than the gate itself. The Golden Gate being actually the only major breach in the California coastline for over 1600 kms allowing ships full of fortune seekers heading for the gold fields of the Sierra Nevada foot hills to enter San Francisco Bay. There is massive history in this area being such a defensible position and military presence and activities date way back. Too much to tell here.

The bridge is well known and probably the most photographed bridge in the world. We probably took over a hundred ourselves from all the various aspects that we approached it in our short visit to SFO. Less considered by most observers are the water facts; 40% of California's water shed drains out through the Golden Gate. (NB. California has 1.6 x the land area of New Zealand) the total flow at maximum tide reaches around 70000 m³/s or about 3.5 x that of the flow of the Mississippi River and flows up to 7.5knots (nearly 14km/h) through the ~1.8km gap. Add in the wind that can also rip through and the swells that roll in from far out in the pacific and you start to have quite interesting paddling conditions.

Our guide, Chris from San Francisco Kayak & Adventures, had made it quite clear in our preparatory communications that where we got to paddle on the bay would be very dependent on weather and tide. The conditions when we turned up to launch on a sunny Sausalito morning were very good and he presented us with two options - Angel Island or the Bridge. It did not take long to choose the Bridge. Kitted out in mostly hired gear and some we'd bought in Monterey the day before (more on



Raewyn setting out for the Golden Gate Bridge on San Francisco Bay

paddling Monterey later) we set off sleeveless with our guide in nice calm conditions, getting the history of the bay related to us as we paddled.

Then eventually around the next point it appeared; the Golden Gate Bridge! We'll it nearly appeared. The fact is that, due to the influx of moist ocean air rushing through the gate to replace that rising of the scorching hinterland, the gate area and the bridge spend a good portion of the day veiled in eerie fog. As we approached the gate the water and wind conditions were obviously messing up a bit. A short stop to don spray jackets was called for. I was prepared for a rough ride but, although one had to paddle strongly in the current and related surface chop to get around the north pillar it was straight forward enough and

we were soon able to rest up and marvel at the red monster above us. Sitting beneath such a thing with the towering rugged cliffs nearby, the swirling fog, cool wind, foreboding sea and mournful fog-horns was a surreal experience and made one feel quite insignificant.

Having had a couple of experiences where we'd had less value than we thought we'd paid for, we were expecting to be turned back to base from here. Our enthusiastic guide had bigger plans and had obviously decided we were more capable than his average punters and led us on towards the pacific. The coast of the Marin Peninsula reminded me a bit of the south coast of Wellington, not quite as much for its geology as for its rugged, remote feel so close to a large urban area.



Hugging the coastline to avoid the strong currents we eventually made it past Diablo (devil's) Point all the way to Bonita Point Light House at the northern head of the gate entrance in otherwise benign conditions. There was a bit more pacific swell out here but nothing to bother about or prevent us from paddling through the rock archway and then parking up to take photos and watch the harbour seals.

Time to head back; never mind hugging the coastline now, just aim for the distant bridge and let the



The Point Bonita lighthouse

wind, swells and current do the work. I clocked about 13 km/h at one point on my GPS without much effort going into the paddle. Porpoises and the omnipresent harbour seals kept us entertained as we went.

As the entrance choked up near the bridge, the wind, current and turbulence increased. The foggy mantle returned, as did the sense of foreboding. After a short regroup and with adrenalin ramped up we made a dash for it. It was not big water but required concentration due to the forces and turbulence from all directions. Then it was all on with more high speeds recorded following the surge back up Richardson Bay to Sausalito. Next thing all was calm and hot and I shed my spray jacket to enjoy the cruise back to shore.

The trip cost us a few bob but Chris was very friendly and enthusiastic and did a great job of communicating prior, tailoring the trip to our needs and ability, looking after us, giving us the history and recommending other places to visit and eat. I would not recommend anyone paddling that water without doing some serious homework or using an experienced guide unless you want to end up half way to Hawaii. I'd recommend giving Chris a yell and seeing what he has to offer:

<http://www.sfkayak.com>

Posing for a photo under the bridge



Raewyn, rugged up for the breeze, with the top of the bridge (background) hidden by low fog.

We'd had an exhilarating few hours covering about 20 kms and our guide was very impressed with our efforts. He also informed us on how lucky we were, as many local seasoned paddlers had not managed that trip yet due to the few windows of good conditions available. After a freshen up in the spa-bath back at our flat, we spent a pleasant couple of hours enjoying pizza and beer at Bar Bocce on the water front, near our launch site - as recommended by our guide - and feeling pleased with ourselves. A small note on Monterey; this looks like a great place to paddle. The team at Monterey Bay Kayaks was friendly and impressed with our land-based demonstration/

explanation of self-rescue, and let us hire closed cockpit boats. The price of \$40 for all day was great. What we didn't know until we were about to set off was that the total distance you were allowed to go from the launch site was about 2 kms along the coast. This was a little frustrating as there was obviously much more to see around the next point and beyond. We managed to clock up about 7 kms watching the otters, sea lions and exploring the boat harbour but eventually ran out of options and returned the boats after only two to three hours. I recommend anyone going there to try and bargain for more distance or try and hook up with a local paddler to get boats.

A sea otter at Monterey Bay, obviously used to posing for paddlers.



TECHNICAL



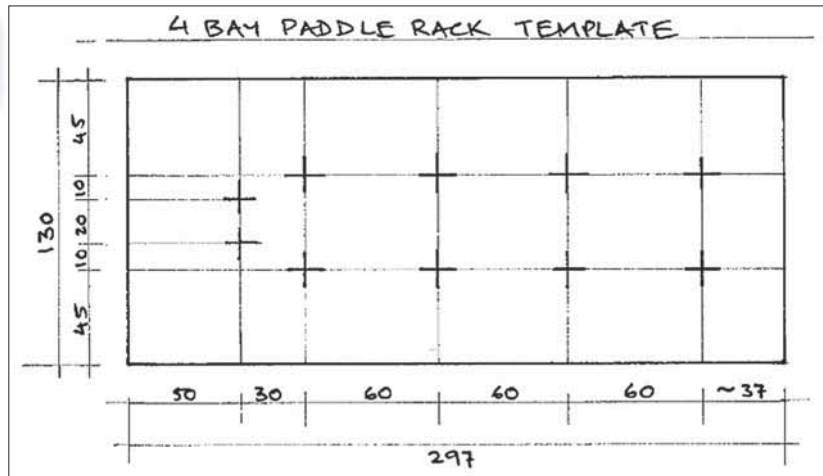
Economy Paddle Rack By Sandy Winterton

In marketing, the word 'economy' can mean anything. An economy size car and an economy box of washing powder are about the same size. This is an economical paddle rack because it uses little space and few resources.

It's a four paddle or two split-paddle rack where the blades are supported in a notched board and the shafts hang below. You need a good sharp 20 mm drill bit or hole saw that will cut cleanly. The rack will fit both wing and traditional 'Euro' paddles. Here's a bird's eye view of the finished rack. The blades sit in the scallops of the 'tines' either side of the central slot. Bear this finished shape in mind when making the template and the rack. The cunning bit is that it is made simply by drilling ten holes and making two easy cuts.

The best way to mark it out is to make a template. This means if you get the mark up wrong you have not wasted any timber, and you or others can use the template to make more racks. For the template, find a piece of thin card. It should be about 300 mm x 130 mm for a 4 bay rack. A piece of 140 gsm A4 card cut to width is ideal. Take time to mark out carefully, as an accurate template it is the key to success.

On the card template shown, the left hand side will be the closed end of the slot. Mark along the length 50, 30, 60, 60 and 60 mm as shown.



Card template

A4 card leaves 37 mm on the open end, but anything more than 25 mm would be OK. This rack has a 40 mm wide slot which accepts all normal 'Euro' shaft diameters.

Draw parallel lines across the width of the card on the 5 marks you have made.

Next, mark across the end of the card at the 45, 10, 20, 10 & 45 mm distances shown. On the two marks 45 mm in from the edges, draw parallel lines the full length of the card. For the two inner marks that are just 20 mm apart, draw lines only 60 mm in from the end. Identify the 10 intersections shown and mark them in more clearly. The two outer lines of crosses are the centres for the holes that will form the notches to support the paddle blades. The two crosses closer together are the centre marks for the rounded ends of the central slot.

Make holes in the card template by pushing a small sharp nail or spike through the card exactly at the centre of each of the 10 crosses on the template. Make a hole about 1 mm in diameter and insert a pencil or marker into each hole and twiddle it to clearly mark the centre points.

Find a piece of scrap wood or board such as plywood big enough for the template and stiff enough to support 4 paddles. If using solid wood, the grain should run lengthwise. Place the template on the board and secure it temporarily e.g. with masking tape, and draw around the perimeter. Mark the 10 centre points through the

holes by tapping in a centre punch or nail to leave a definite impression at each location. Remove the template. Twiddle a pencil in each dent to highlight the centre points, then draw two lines through the outer rows of centre marks. These lines will form the sides of the slot. Remove the template and cut out the perimeter of the rack.

Next, drill the 10 holes. Ideally use a hole saw or a good spade bit with sharp spurs. Take precautions against the wood getting ripped when the bit exits the far side of the board e.g.



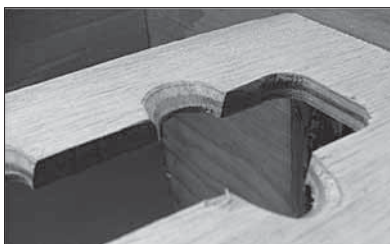
Holes all drilled

by clamping a piece of scrap wood underneath, or by drilling until the point just emerges through the far side then drilling back the other way.

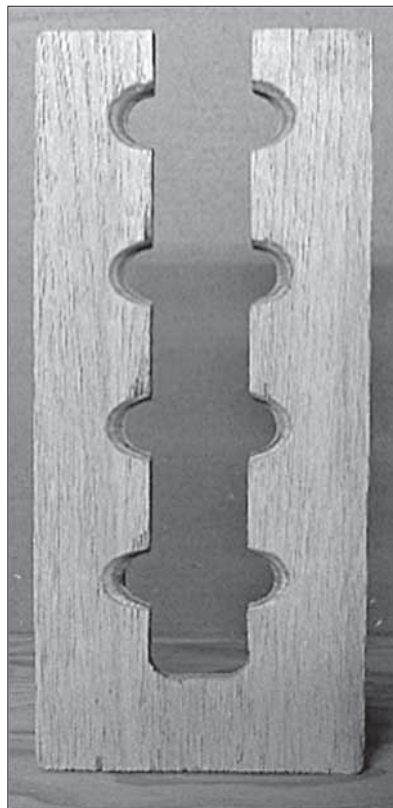
Now use a saw to cut the lines that mark the sides of the slot. The lines pass through the centres of the holes that will be notches and should just touch the outer edges of the two holes that will form the rounded ends of the slot.

The two terminal holes should be so close together you can break out the piece that needs to be removed. Tidy up the closed end of the slot. The rack is almost done, and you can see how each pair of scallops will support a suspended paddle blade.

To assist in this, the scallops need chamfering, or bevelling outwards on the upper surface. On the scrogger side of the board, use a gouge or rasp to put a bevel on the half



Bevel out the semicircular notches



Shape of the finished rack

drill hole. Finish off with sandpaper wrapped round a dowel or tube slightly narrower than the diameter of the hole.

Now you need a means to fix the rack to a wall. A couple of old shelf brackets is good as long as they're

strong enough to support the weight of the paddles. Make sure to mount the rack with the bevelled edge of the notches facing upwards.

The template can be used repeatedly, but take care not to enlarge the centre marking holes too much.

So next time anyone asks "How's it hanging?" you can answer "With vertical multiplicity".



Paddle in place on the completed rack

Northland Mini Symposium 15 – 17 November 2013

Organization is well in hand as we gear up for summer. Maree Probert and her subcommittee have organized what promises to be a brilliant Mini Symposium over the weekend of 15 to 17 November at the Taurikura Bay Baptist Camp Whangarei Heads.

Existing club members are being charged a minimal fee of \$50 which is being generously subsidized by the club. This is a one off, thanks to funds from the sale of our double kayak etc. Non-members are being charged \$150. The fee includes accommodation in bunk rooms (bring your own bedding), 2 breakfasts, 2 lunches and a dinner. Friends and partners are welcome to the evening meal and social on Saturday at a cost of \$25.00 pp.

The mini symposium aim is to encourage people interested in kayaking to enjoy a weekend of kayaking, and socializing, with an opportunity to refresh their skills and maybe even learn some new ones. Paul Caffyn will be the guest speaker at 8pm on Friday evening telling us about how he got into kayaking. This will be the first time this presentation has been viewed in NZ and I understand it has been well received in Australia.

John Kirk-Anderson, known to be a kayaking instructor GURU, will be taking courses on Sat and Sun and is happy to take presentations on most subjects including any of the following, Translating the weather forecast, Trip planning, Leading your paddling peers, Why paddlers die, Kayaking photography, Emergency communications. We have asked him to take sessions on Leadership skills, but now is your opportunity to nominate a subject from the above list for the Saturday morning session. I personally think WHY PADDLERS DIE would be of great interest.

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OVERSEAS REPORTS

Crocodile Tales by Paul Caffyn

Two tales of recent crocodile encounters on the Kimberley coast of far northern Australia, one from an experienced Australian expedition sea kayaker, which attracted no media interest, and one with a naïve former Kiwi, which attracted worldwide media attention.

1. Things that go Bump in the Night

Jason Beachcroft set off from Rose Bay in Sydney Harbour on 12 January 2013 to paddle around Australia. Jason took the long way around the Gulf of Carpentaria and despite a few ups and downs in surf he has made excellent progress. As of the end of September he is waiting patiently in Shark Bay, Western Australia, for a lull from strong southerly winds and big seas so he can tackle the 120 mile long Zuytdorp Cliffs (see colour photos on page 2, also: www.jasonbeachcroft.com)

Jason's 15 July crocodile encounter took place on Gregory Island, which is in King Sound near the western end of the Kimberleys:

Night A Salt (pun intentional)

Normally when I sleep on a small island, I will tend to pitch my tent somewhere high. Gregory Island last night was not an exception. But I don't always bring the boat up to the tent - always above the high water mark. So I've checked the tides and things are in a falling cycle, the boat is above the high water mark so I don't tie it off. I cook dinner by the boat and later retire to bed. At 2 am, I am awoken by a strange noise. I listen. It sounds like my boat is moving and that shouldn't be possible. I grab my head torch and look out down to where my boat is. A two metre long saltwater crocodile has grabbed hold of my kayak and is trying to drag it back into the water. I go down to stop this expecting this small croc to run at my approach. It doesn't. Hence-

forth a tug of war ensues with the Salty on one side holding my kayak wheels under the netting on the deck and me on to the rim of the cockpit. With one hand I untie the hand spear on the deck. Two whacks with the blunt end to the croc but no change. Two whacks with the sharp end it lets go. Another two whacks with the sharp end it heads back to the water. Ten minutes later, it's back again. A few harder whacks and I claim both the boat and the beach as mine. The croc stayed in the water after that but hung around till dawn at the least. Not quite sure quite why as the food bags were in the boat and not much else. And I'm nearly meant to be out of croc territory!

2. Crocodile traps Kiwi in Australia

New Zealand tourist Ryan Blair spent almost three weeks trapped on Governor Island in the Kimberleys, stalked by a 'giant' crocodile. It is a small island inside Napier Broome Bay, near the northern tip of the Kimberleys, but as it lies well south of the outer coast, lots of mangroves line the bay's coast. Reports of the size of the crocodile ranged from four to six metres. The following snippet is from Terry Bolland's weekly WA canoeing newsletter:

'North Kimberley residents have branded a Victorian man who put himself on a small island in crocodile-infested waters 'an idiot' and 'no hero', saying he could have placed locals' lives in danger. Drysdale River Station manager Anne Koeysers said her North Kimberley neighbours have reacted angrily to

Ryan Blair's choice to be placed on West Governor Island, 50 kilometres north of Kalumburu, with 160 litres of water, food and camping equipment then stalked by a crocodile, which prevented him from leaving the island. "Everyone's treating him like he's a hero," Ms Koeysers told Fairfax Media. "He's not a hero, he's an idiot."

Ms Koeysers, a friend of rescuer Don MacLeod said, "Mr Blair, of Melbourne, was extremely lucky he was found. The guy should not have been where he was in the first place. Any of the locals will tell you. It's so bloody dumb. You could sit on that island for a day, a week, a month and not have anyone come along and see you. I'm surprised Don saw him."

Small World

An email from Jason in Broome:

'I actually met the Kiwi bloke when he was still on the yacht north of Darwin before it's skipper was jailed. He had originally planned on going in the Kimberleys. When the Skipper was arrested and he was stranded in Darwin he asked to come with me but had no equipment, little experience and I said no. I was leaving the next day.

He didn't strike me as a total fool. Just a bit naïve. I'm afraid that his meeting me planted the idea. I didn't really believe he was going to actually even get started to be honest. I did warn him that it was a very isolated area and not for beginners. But he has survived and hopefully learnt too.'



Jason Beachcroft, dwarfed by two tall policemen, with a welcome from the locals on Goulburn Island, Arnhem Land, northern Australia.

HUMOUR

Vampires on the Prowl

Two vampire bats wake up in the middle of the night, thirsty for blood. One says, "Let's fly out of the cave and get some blood."

"We're new here," says the second one. "It's dark out, and we don't know where to look. We'd better wait until the other bats go with us." The first bat replies, "Who needs them? I can find some blood somewhere." He flies out of the cave. When he returns, he is covered with blood. The second bat says excitedly, "Where did you get the blood?"

The first bat takes his buddy to the mouth of the cave. Pointing into the night, he asks, "See that black building over there?"

"Yes," the other bat answers.

"Well," says the first bat, "I didn't."

Walking on the Grass

The room was full of pregnant women with their husbands.

The instructor said, "Ladies, remember that exercise is good for you. Walking is especially beneficial. It strengthens the pelvic muscles and will make delivery that much easier. Just pace yourself, make plenty of stops and try to stay on a soft surface like grass or a path."

"Gentlemen, remember - you're in this together. It wouldn't hurt you to go walking with her. In fact, that shared experience would be good for you both."

The room suddenly became very quiet as the men absorbed this information.

After a few moments a man, name unknown, at the back of the room, slowly raised his hand.

"Yes?" said the Instructor.

"I was just wondering if it would be all right if she carries a golf bag while we walk?"

Never Choke in a Restaurant When in the Deep South!

Two Southerner Men walk into a pub restaurant. While sitting down to a huge plate of charred venison and greasy fries, they hear a commotion with a woman at a nearby table, who is eating a spinach quiche and begins to cough. After a minute or

so, with paroxysms of coughing getting worse by the second, it becomes apparent to the two Southern Men that she is in real distress. One of the Southern Men looks at her and calls out to her, "Can't you swallow?"

The woman violently shakes her head, no!

The Southern Man then - asks, "Can't you breathe?"

The woman begins to turn blue and again violently shakes her head, no!

The Southern Man walks over to the woman, lowers her to the floor, rolls her onto her belly and lifts up her dress. He rips down her tights and knickers, and quickly gives her right bum cheek a lick with his tongue. The woman is so shocked that she has a violent spasm and the quiche obstruction flies out of her mouth. As she begins to breathe again, the Southern Man walks slowly back to his table.

His mate looks admiringly at his mate and says, "You know, I've heard of the 'Hind Lick Manoeuvre' but I never seen it done before!"

Marital Trust

There comes a time when a woman just has to trust her husband. The wife came home late at night from work and quietly opened the door to her bedroom. From under the blanket she saw four legs instead of two. She reached for a baseball bat and started hitting the blanket as hard as she could. Once she had vented her jealousy and anger, she went to the kitchen to for a drink.

As she entered, she saw her husband sitting at the kitchen table, reading a newspaper. "Hello Darling," he says, "Your parents arrived to visit us, so I let them stay in our bedroom. Did you say 'hello'?"

Widowed Eagle

Harry the Eagle was waiting at the family eyrie for Mary, his darling of 10 glorious years. After a while when she didn't return he went looking and found her. She had been shot dead!

Harry was devastated, but after about six minutes of mourning he decided that he must get himself another mate. Since there weren't any lady eagles available, he'd have to cross the feather barrier. So he flew off to

find a new mate. He found a lovely dove and brought her back to the nest. The sex was good but all the dove would say is, "I am a DOVE, I want to love! I am a DOVE, I want to love!"

Well this so got on Harry's nerves so he kicked the dove out of the nest and flew off once more to find a mate.

He soon found a very sexy loon and brought her back to the nest. Again the sex was good but all the loon would say is, "I am a LOON, I want to spoon! I am a LOON, I want to spoon!"

So out with the loon. Once more he flew off to find a mate. This time he found a gorgeous duck and he brought the duck back to the nest. This time the sex was great, but all the duck would say was - No! The duck didn't say that! Don't be so disgusting!

The duck said, "I am a drake. You made a mithtake!"

Praying for Help

A woman received a call that her daughter was sick. She stopped by the pharmacy to get medication.

Got back to her car and found that she had locked her keys inside. The woman found an old rusty coat hanger left on the ground. She looked at it and said, "I don't know how to use this."

She bowed her head and asked God to send her help. Within 5 minutes a beat up old motorcycle pulled up. The driver was a bearded man wearing an old biker skull rag. The man got off his motorbike and asked if he could help.

She said, "Yes, my daughter is sick. I've locked my keys in my car. I must get home. Please, can you use this hanger to unlock my car?"

He said, "Sure." He walked over to the car, and in less than a minute the car was open.

She hugged the man and through tears said, "Thank You SO Much! You are a very nice man."

The man replied, "Lady, I am not a nice man. I just got out of prison yesterday, I was in prison for car theft."

The woman hugged the man again sobbing, "Oh, thank you God! You even sent me a professional!"

KASK

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

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

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

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

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- Kayak, Paddle & Equipment
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Above: Launching after a pleasant lunch stop in Lane Cove

Middle: Matt being rescued away from the rocks by John after he took a swim, Matauri Bay

Photos: Tim Muhundan

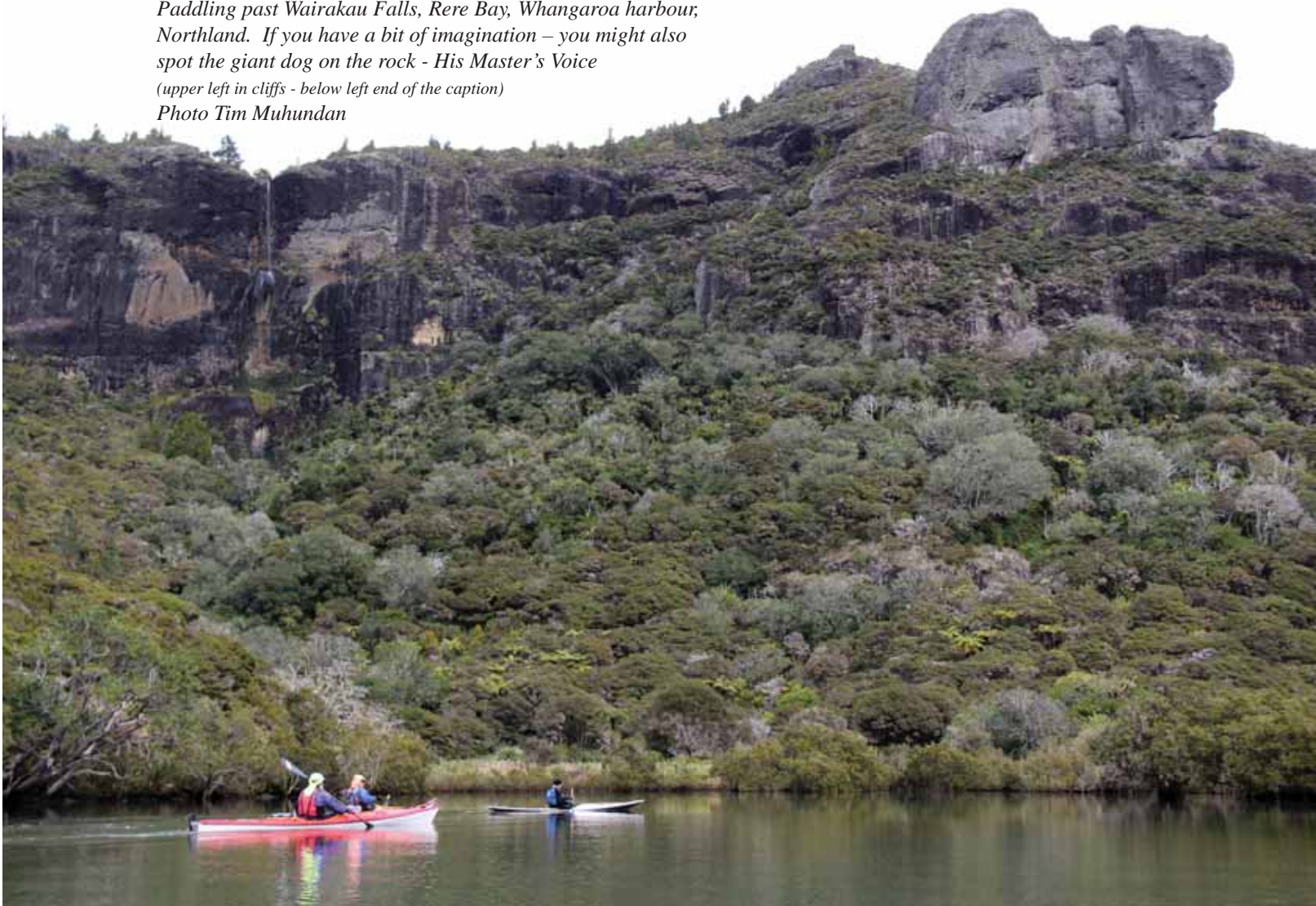
See p.5 for Tim's trip report



Paddling past Wairakau Falls, Rere Bay, Whangaroa harbour, Northland. If you have a bit of imagination – you might also spot the giant dog on the rock - His Master's Voice

(upper left in cliffs - below left end of the caption)

Photo Tim Muhundan



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*Kayakers enjoying the sunshine on Lake Karapiro after the BASK AGM in July.
Photo: Robbie Banks*

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Current membership fees are:

- \$35 for ordinary membership
- for new members \$35 or \$50 to include a copy of the KASK Handbook
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- the KASK memberships runs 1 August to 31 July the following year
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- if a membership renewal is not received by 30 September, membership lapses
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- the KASK committee puts its emphasis on confirming renewals from existing members from July to October; and promoting new KASK memberships from November to February

