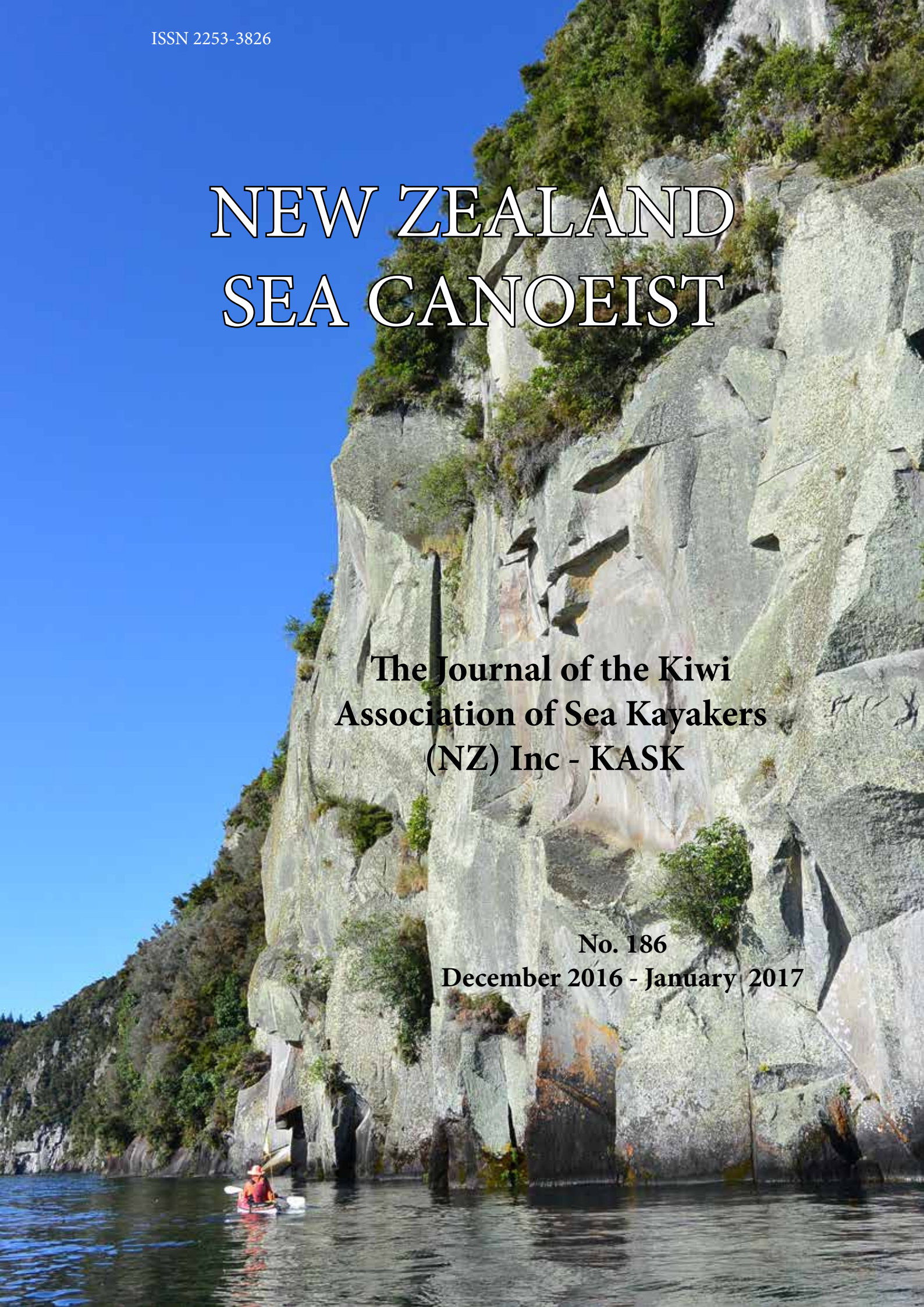


NEW ZEALAND SEA CANOEIST

**The Journal of the Kiwi
Association of Sea Kayakers
(NZ) Inc - KASK**

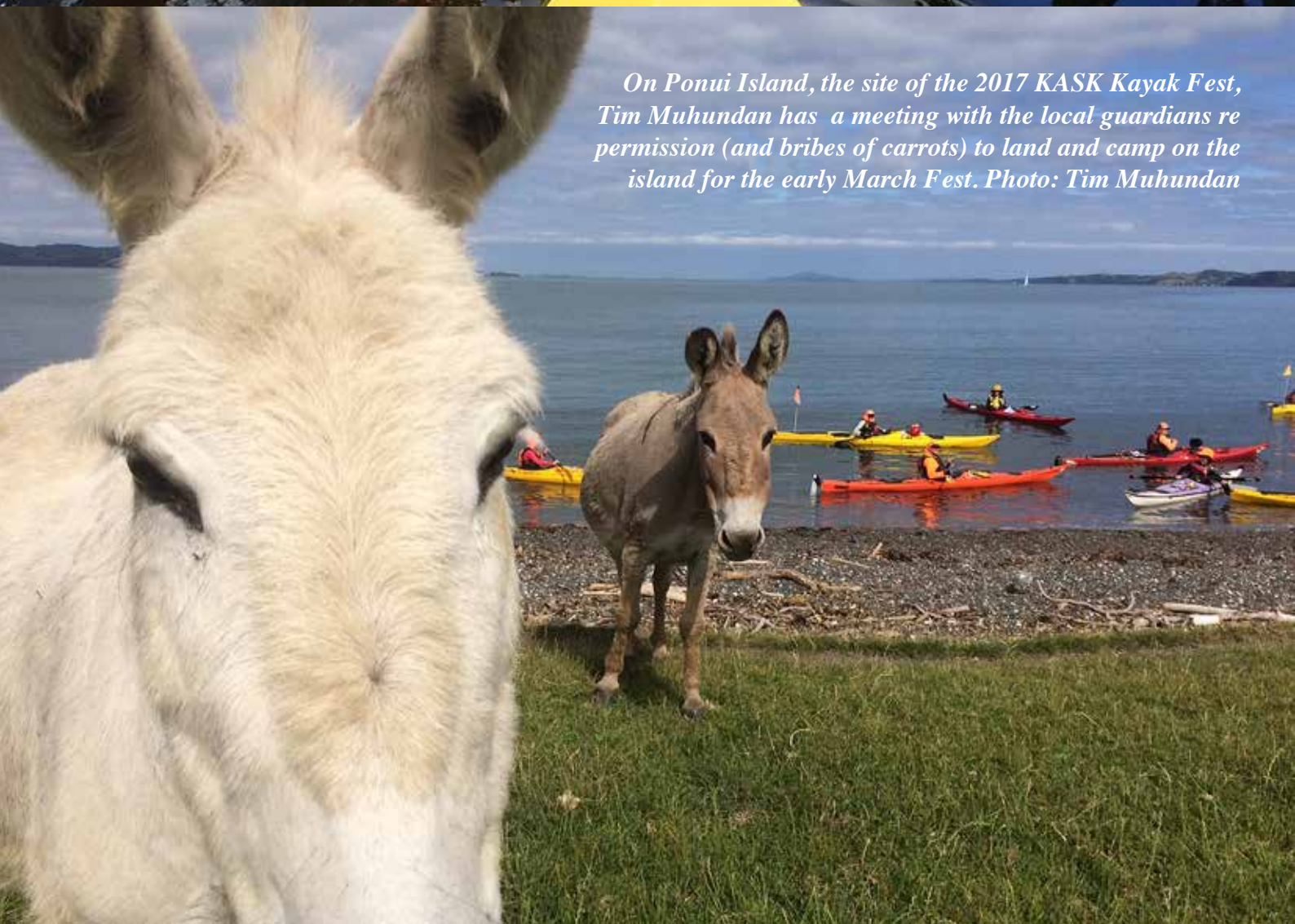
No. 186

December 2016 - January 2017





Paul Caffyn paddling through the 'wet feet' of the drowned kahikatea forest on Lake Brunner. The lake level was way up due to the West Coast summer without sun - just lots of rain! Photo: Catriona Miller



On Ponui Island, the site of the 2017 KASK Kayak Fest, Tim Muhundan has a meeting with the local guardians re permission (and bribes of carrots) to land and camp on the island for the early March Fest. Photo: Tim Muhundan

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My thanks to all the contributors, especially Lynn Paterson, Mike Scanlan and Cathye Haddock, for their words and wonderful photos.

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Deadline for next magazine:
25 March 2017

EDITORIAL**Lynn Paterson - Circumnavigator**

A hearty well done to Lynn for becoming the first redhead, and first paddler to achieve a continuous kayak circumnavigation of New Zealand. It was superb to see Lynn's arrival back at Takapuna on two evening TV news channels, and her interviews highlighted what an inspirational young lass she is. In a discrete email exchange, we have agreed that Lynn has achieved the paddle in the shortest kayak and is just a tad older than those who have preceded her (myself, Tim, Simon and Tara).

However, I am so disappointed that Lynn failed to receive the traditional circumnavigator's finish reception at Takapuna with a glass of bubbly and a daubing of pavlova on her face. Although Tim Muhundan did present Lynn with a bottle of bubbly, he sadly chickened out of spraying Lynn with the bubbles, and failed dismally to provide the pavlova in the face!

Lynn's paddle has taken a power of drive, determination and 'tunnel vision' to persist, despite a nasty, boat-breaking landing south of the Heaphy River mouth, and a bugger of an 'autumn/winter/spring' weather pattern with a persistent line up of cold fronts, leaving a prevailing heavy, south-west ground swell and big surf on the North Island's west coast.

Mike Scanlan, who was involved from the outset with Lynn's cunning plan, and provided coaching on her rolling, has penned his thoughts on Lynn's paddle. Lynn has also written a retrospective view of her North Island circumnavigation.

Tim Taylor came ever so close to being first, but the big surf off 90 Mile Beach led him to hold off on the last bit around the top 'till the next summer. And let's not forget Tara, the 'barefoot kid' who was unsupported for her tiki tour around the three is-

lands. Tara is the youngest blonde to complete the three-island circuit. Simon Meek did the three islands over many years, but not always in a continuous direction. So Lynn, despite her long breaks while waiting for her 'predict weather' website to provide settled paddling conditions, has achieved a continuous circuit.

What I have liked about Lynn's paddle and her regularly updated blog, are her descriptions of our lovely coastal scenery, her interaction with the locals who live and work on the coast, her ups and downs with motivation, and her dealing with locals who all say their section of the coast is the worst in terms in all of New Zealand in terms of fatalities and shipwrecks etc.

Lynn's choice of kayak for her paddle did concern me. It is the the shortest kayak used for a circuit of New Zealand, but any kayak that has such a huge cockpit that a paddler needs to strap in their legs to be able to roll or brace, is not a good choice for a serious offshore expedition paddler. Followers of Lynn's blog will be aware that she swam with many of her North Island west coast landings.

The mantra from Aussie instructor Dave Winkworth and those ancient proficient Greenland paddlers was 'remain seated for the entire performance!' That is, if your brace fails, and you capsize, then you roll. In cold Arctic waters, there was no time for 'seal-skin float rescues'. If you couldn't roll, then you died. My mantra is, 'You must wear your kayak like a glove. It must become an extension of your body!' This does mean a smallish cockpit, with solid thigh and knee rests. Not a massive open cockpit with straps to lock your legs in. Lynn did so well with some really solid paddling distances achieved, but could she have done better with a slimmer and longer kayak, with a small cockpit? It is my view that she could have!

continued on page 6

COVER:

*Peter Simpson paddling beneath the towering Waihaha rhyolite cliffs during a circuit of Lake Taupo.
 Photo: Cathye Haddock. See story on page 15, and two more photos on page 23*

Kayak Kalendar

18 - 19 Feb 2017 - Okains Bay Annual Training Weekend
hosted by the Canterbury Sea Kayak Network



2017 will mark the 27th annual gathering of paddlers on Banks Peninsula, notes one of the organizers Ian McKenzie. The popularity of this training weekend seems to grow by the year. Best of all, says Sandy Ferguson, it's 'free' - there is no cost for the training and instruction, just a fee for camping at the bay and \$2 for a shower. In February 2016, Ian noted 55 kayaks on the beach Saturday morning with upwards of 79 paddlers attending.

The Canterbury network has a talented bunch of instructors, including Martin and Fiona Fraser, John Kirk-Anderson, David Welch, Doug Aitken and Ian McKenzie.

Most people head over Friday evening to be ready for a 9:00 am start on Saturday. The sessions finish after lunch on Sunday for those who have to head home. Sessions include a wide variety of paddling techniques or specific things paddlers want information on, and a range of sessions run in parallel. Sandy notes, 'If you know it all, a chance for you to pass on information, have a good yarn or do a coastal day trip.'

For more information see: <http://www.sporty.co.nz/canterburyseakayak/>

For any queries, contact Ian McKenzie:
(03) 355 0684 email: mckian@xtra.co.nz

KASK Kayak Fest 2017 Ponui Island, Hauraki Gulf 3 - 5 March 2017

Last call - registrations close 20 February 2017



More information about the on and off water program is available on the website

Apart from having fun, the focus of the weekend will be wet. Be ready to change not just your clothing but how you do things and what you can achieve.

We have only a few spaces left - register and pay now to secure your spot...

Visit the website for more information and to register: <http://news.kask.org.nz/kaskkayakfest2017/>

Questions...contact the Kayak Fest event team at: kayakfest@kask.co.nz

KASK Presidents Report by Tim Muhundan

Welcome to 2017. What a year 2016 has been! It was a great year for paddlers and we ended the year welcoming Lynn Paterson at Takapuna beach on New Year's Eve. It was a pleasure seeing her finish her epic journey and be there for her with the media and help her celebrate with a bottle of champagne!

Hope this year is going to be a great year for paddlers.

Annual General Meeting 2017:

This year's AGM will be held on Sunday 5th March 2017 at 8:00 am at Kayak Fest. All the AGM reports will be available a month in advance for all members via: <http://news.kask.org.nz/agm-2017/>

We invite submissions for the AGM agenda items as well as nominations for committee members for 2017-2018. We currently have a fantastic team of committee members made up of Paul Caffyn, Lois Cowan, Sandy Ferguson, Ian McKenzie, David Welch and myself. A strong team is really important for the survival of KASK and to carry on the important work we do with education, safety, training - as well as growing our member base with fresh ideas and energy and internal governance. The main time commitment is to attend an online (Skype) meeting on the first Monday of the month for an hour or so. If you or someone you know would like to be a committee member, please get in touch via tim@kask.org.nz and I am happy to talk through in more details before any commitments.

Kayak Fest 2017:

We have now finalised the last of the details for the 25th annual KASK forum – The Kayak Fest 2017 - Ponui Island. If you are holding off registering, the few remaining places will be snapped up fast – so please register via the link on bottom of page 4 advert; If you have difficulties registering please get in touch with the event team via kayakfest@kask.co.nz. Let's hope the weather gods will be on our side that weekend!

With an amazing list of on water instructors and speakers and entertainers confirmed, this year's event is going to be awesome – so we hope to see you all there.

Annual KASK Photo Competition:

Enter your best photographs in this prestigious photo competition.

Entries must have a sea kayaking or coastal connection. Please bring your prints to KASK Kayak Fest 2017 to enter.

More details about the categories, rules and prize checkout:

<http://news.kask.org.nz/kaskkayakfest2017/annual-kask-photo-competition/>

And lastly, an event of this complexity on an island destination is not possible without the amazing 2017 team that put their hand up to help:

Shaun McLaren	Chairman, logistics, event safety, guests/entertainers
Chris Breen	Finance, pub quiz, boat captain
Jim Hawkins	Sponsorship and trade sponsors
Nick Webb	Program & on-water sessions, boat captain, instructor
Pauline Ross	Finance & registration, marketing
Ruth Henderson	Program & on-water sessions
Shelley Stuart	Catering, photo competition
Tim Muhundan	Marketing, online registration & payment systems



*A previous photo comp winner
by Ruth Henderson*

The 2018 KASK Event:

We need your help! With the emphasis on having fun and on water training, the yearly event is really important. We want to invite readers to volunteer putting together the 2018 event in the South Island so we can diarize it by end of Feb 2017. If you've got great ideas for the next event and want to lead or help organize the next event, please get in touch via: tim@kask.org.nz. We've got great templates from past events and have numerous helping hands from previous events that can assist to make it a success. We will be announcing the dates and destination on the 5th March – so please get in touch ASAP.

Happy paddling
Tim Muhundan, President

KASK Kayak Fest

Tim and the organizing team have a wonderful program sorted with lots of variety, both on and off the water. See Tim's report for the KASK AGM on page 5. If you are willing to join the KASK committee for the next 12 months, please get in touch with Tim.

Andrew McAuley 10th Anniversary

It's hard to believe that 10 years have passed since Andrew McAuley went missing off Milford Sound. His wife Vicki and son Finn will be heading back to Milford to mark this anniversary on 9 February. Rosco Gaudin will take them out on his kayak support boat, with the chance of paddling if conditions permit.

Lake Taupo

Cathye Haddock and Peter Simpson have emerged from kayaking hibernation with a lovely story and photos of what corker paddling trips we have in our backyard. Nice to see Cathye acknowledging the loss of Wellington paddler Peter Williamson in her moving obituary.

Fiona & James - the North Island

The young English couple, Fiona Weatherall and James Corfe, are currently nailed in the South Taranaki Bight. Fi and James had a quick run down the east coast of the North Island, after Peter Sommerhalder dropped them off in sight of Rangitoto Island on 30 November 2016, to commence their North Island circuit. But the La Nina settled summer weather pattern promised by their weather pundit computer predictions has failed to eventuate.

Fi emailed (29 January) to advise:

We are camped by Kaupokanui past Ohawe, gotta big day tomorrow to battle into headwinds to get past Cape Egmont. We've had lots of entertaining ordeals with the surf so far! And we are 'excited' - it's only going to get bigger haha! All good fun!

www.intothesea.co.uk

or

<https://www.facebook.com/Intothesea2/>

(see also photos on page19)

MNZ Radio Handbook Updated

Carmel Dyer of Maritime New Zealand (northern) has provided copies of the new updated *Radio Handbook - Your Guide to marine communications*. Let us know if you want Karen Grant or myself to mail you a copy. This 66 page publication is also available on-line. See the link below. If you are about to buy your first VHF radio, or upgrading, this handbook is a comprehensive guide to 'How Radio Works', 'Distress Calls', 'Radio-telephone procedure', 'Coverage and services', and includes useful contacts and a glossary.

The link on Maritime New Zealand's website for the latest edition of the Maritime New Zealand Radio Handbook:

<https://www.maritimenz.govt.nz/commercial/documents/Radio-Handbook.pdf>

KASK Paddlers Head South

Christchurch paddler John Kirk-Anderson recently returned from his first sea kayak guiding trip to the Sub-Antarctic Islands.



Male Hooker's Sea Lion with some of his harem, Sandy Bay, Enderby Island, Auckland Islands.

Photo: John Kirk-Anderson

Not only are John's photos of this trip superb, but he has written two stories, one on the voyage south from Bluff, the islands visited and paddled, and a superb belly-shaking account of his research and testing of sea sickness remedies.

The next *New Zealand Sea Canoeist* will feature John's photos and stories, with a delightful cover pic of two passionate penguins.

Also in this next magazine, words and pics of a team of six Kiwi paddlers and one bloke from Tassie, who on 2 February fly out of Auckland en-route for Ushuaia, at the southern end of Argentina. There we will board a yacht called *Icebird* for a 28 day tiki tour across Drake Passage and down the Antarctic Peninsula with as much paddling as ice and weather conditions allow. The team includes Conrad Edwards, John Gumbley, Susan Cade, Diana Galbraith, Bevan Walker, Geoff Murray (the Aussie) and myself (newly minted Kiwi).

Since Andrew McAuley paddled the Antarctic Peninsula with two other Aussies many years ago, on 9 February, we will mark the 10th anniversary of Andrew's demise and his adventurous spirit somewhere along the Antarctic Peninsula. I have a very special bottle of Rymill Shiraz that we will open, and also to mark the 80th anniversary of the completion of the very successful 1934-37 British Graham Land Expedition.

Three of us have kayaked into the two bases on the east coast of Greenland where John Rymill was between the years of 1930-1933. It will be quite a buzz to do the same on the Antarctic Peninsula base where John was expedition leader.

Paul Caffyn

KASK Committee 2016 - 2017

Tim Muhundan	- President	email: tim@paddler.co.nz
Ian McKenzie	- Committee	email: mckian@xtra.co.nz
Sandy Ferguson	- Webmaster	email: kayakamf@gmail.com
Paul Caffyn	- Publications	email: kayakpc@xtra.co.nz
Lois Cowan	- Committee	email: loisc@paradise.net.nz
David Welch	- Committee	email: davidjwelch58@gmail.com
KASK Administrator (Karen Grant)		email: admin@kask.co.nz

NEW ZEALAND TRIP REPORTS

Red's Remarkable Paddle Around New Zealand

Redz's New Zealand Journey by Mike Scanlan

When Lynn Paterson (Red) first knocked on my door wanting to learn to roll a sea kayak, she did not have a lot of paddling experience and did not even own a kayak. What she did have, was a longstanding dream of paddling the entire NZ Coastline in one continuous journey - plus the inner resolve to accomplish that huge endeavour.

Paddling around all of New Zealand would have to be our 'Sea Kayaking Everest'. Read any account by the very few people who have paddled around one of our islands and the enormous difficulties, and commitment required is obvious.

Lynn has always been at ease in the ocean, diving swimming and boating, and respects, but does not fear it. This was apparent when we paddled out to Cape Rodney on a very rough day and the big seas left her impressed but unfazed.

Over many rolling sessions Lynn developed a stylish left and right roll, while work, training, research and preparation filled her days and nights. Her training schedule was pretty intense with predawn gym sessions, interspersed with long solo paddles into the outer Hauraki Gulf, swimming and runs. Actually she did most of these in her normal lifestyle before the countdown to the big paddle; Lynn has always been into hard physical activity.

Lynn's emphasis on fitness training paid off, especially in the second half of her journey. She was able to paddle very long days, when favourable weather windows came, taking only brief on-water rest and snack stops, and covering big distances, peaking at a huge 85 kms in one day. And even at the end of her longest day's paddling Lynn still had untapped energy reserves. This was a big safety

asset when wind and sea conditions turned against her and there were no landing options for a long way.

Although this was going to be a solo paddle, it was far from an individual effort, and Lynn embraced every source of help from people and technology that she could find.

Her various support crew people, in particular, Nat Frew and Lynn's partner Jase, and Bianca in the support campervan Cuzzie, were a huge asset, providing on-land logistics, VHF and phone checkpoints, launching and landing assistance, and personal support. They are a very big part of the story.

Lynn also sought advice and information from paddlers who had been there before her, and advice from the locals wherever she was. Lynn has no ego issues and reached out to everyone, from Fiordland crayfishermen to farmers.

In this age of electronics she was well equipped with VHF radio, sat-

ellite phone, cell phone, satellite tracker, PLB, GPS watch etc.

Lynn's choice of her 14 foot, largely unknown, kayak raised eyebrows and comments. However the S14 Star proved itself eminently seaworthy and its minimum-volume cockpit design made possible easy, fast re-entries, without any aids, when capsized in big West Coast surf and allowed her to immediately continue paddling without any loss of stability. This was very significant for her safety as a solo paddler in hostile conditions.

Lynn's nutrition was highly individualistic, with coconut oil a major feature, and the campervan allowed gourmet meals undreamt of by most expeditioner paddlers.

Lynn's journey was never about just her. She is passionate about Mental health in NZ, and the difficulties of families and friends of people with depression, and fundraised and highlighted these issues to media and public whenever she had the opportunity.

Lynn at Takapuna on 31 December 2016 with her support team. From left: Bianca, Jase, Andy and Mike Scanlan. Photo: Tim Muhundan



Of the 432 day voyage, only 113 were spent on the water, with adverse weather and swell conditions keeping her on land for the rest. Lynn's paddling plan was to go on the ocean only when she judged the wind, swell, and forecasted conditions to be safe. She had specific criteria for this and disciplined herself to stick to them.

This self-discipline was tested many times when delays lengthened but it kept her safe, and it kept paddling enjoyable rather than inviting terrifying dramas or epic days with survival at risk. Accurate wind and swell forecasting was obtained from the excellent online websites, which allowed information-based decision making. Of course even with this philosophy

of minimising risk, dramas still happened.

On land Lynn was never idle but every day embarked on punishing runs walks and swims to keep her fitness levels high and also immersed herself in local communities, visiting and speaking at schools and events, making friends and amassing an ever-increasing following of people who embraced her and her dream.

Redz NZ Journey Facebook blog became compelling daily reading for many, with 730 people sharing her journey.

A classic 'Red' moment for me was watching her tracker online when, at

the south-west corner of the South Island, she ignored conservative advice, and instead of turning right for the Fiordland West Coast, turned left into Foveaux Strait and Stewart island. Awesome!

On 25 October 2015, when Lynn paddled south from Takapuna beach in front of a crowd of well-wishers and watching TV cameras, to paddle NZ, many kayakers would have reacted with, 'Lynn who?'

On 31 December 2016 5,800 kms and 432 days later, she reappeared from the north, fulfilling her dream, to the admiration and delight of everyone who has followed her journey. I count it an absolute privilege to have been part of it.

Te Ika-a-Maui (The Fish of Maui)

By Lynn Paterson

The North Island of New Zealand took me 55 days (of paddling!) to circumnavigate.

I needed to sit for a little while before I could settle and write about the North Island. Some of the East Coast I had forgotten and had to revisit; it had been rather a long time and holy heck, there had been so much coastline that I had paddled past since I had been there. I almost convinced myself that I had to drive Cuzzie (our camper-van) back along the roads on a memory jogging trip, to place myself by the ocean and just focus.

The North Island and my paddling. What did I feel along the way?

Well it was actually rather kind to me at the start. Auckland waters, for some strange reason which I still cannot fathom, made me wake up with an initial upside down moment. I still shake my head at this, and Mother Nature and I started the game of respect. This coastline has so many cool little bays, so many places you want to stop and pitch your tent, beautiful beaches and numerous back to back days of paddling. In fact, there was a stretch of sixteen days of paddling with not a

day to rest my paddle.

My first day off the water I remember was at Tolaga Bay. What a gorgeous enforced stopover with a couple of days to relax and watch the locals easily catching crayfish from the Tolaga Bay old wharf. Then on I headed towards and past Gisborne. I remember Mike saying to me "I have not paddled this section of the coastline." Later, once I was past, Mike finished the sentence by saying there were good reasons not to paddle along that coast. Thanks Mike. There were many firsts on this East Coast, paddling 16 days straight was just one of them.

I had so many fun days along the way, paddling with the BASK team out of Hahei, then with Andy Warner and Nathan Pettigrew for a few hours at the Mount. I got to enjoy spending many happy hours with fantastic pods of dolphins; one of the memorable days was at the tip of Mahia Peninsula. Then it was time for more lessons from Mother Nature as I headed towards Wairoa and onto nasty, dumping, steep stony beaches along this next section of the coast, which quickened my heart rate as I paddled. The beaches were covered in driftwood, actually entire trees

were on the beach; a huge reminder of the strength of these waves. We had lots of fun in the local camping grounds of Wairoa with the coolest Christmas light display I have ever seen. In another first, Cuzzie and Regan encountered the first flat tyre problem, or more like a tyre blow-out, but the locals came to the rescue because (oops) we had forgotten to actually have a tyre changing team lesson! Then it was onwards into Napier and around Cape Kidnappers, seeing an amazing, stunning sunrise, and meeting so many cool locals all along this crazy coastline (such fantastic kiwi souls). This time also saw my first whale sighting, my first blue shark (up close and personal wanting to share my mid morning snack), my first 1,000 kms was achieved (when I landed at Porangahau Beach), my first glass of champagne and also my first meal of Paua on this journey (Nat and I still talk about this day).

We also had another first while staying around this area; a kayak tie-down mishap. *Thelma* (my original red kayak) came to a sad ending when she fell from the roof of Cuzzie and hit the tar seal road as we drove along at about 80 kms/hr! We were shocked and stunned with disbelief all over our faces. Only 31 days into

the trip, and there I was having to ring Star Kayaks and say what had happened. Thank goodness for Andy and his support. The Star kayak team built another little red kayak for me and I only spent a day or two paddling my lighter kayak (*Louise*). For me, this initial time with *Louise* was not a wonderful love affair. When we first hit the water together we connected for sure! But it was more a story of *Louise* and a big wave hitting me. One large bump on the head and then a beautiful black eye.

This was when I attempted to depart from a Herbertville beach. It was a black moment for me. I glared at *Louise*, then at the ocean, and poor Nat kept checking me for signs of concussion! *Louise* and I had connected but not in a positive way. Luck was on my side as the weather held us up north of Castlepoint and in that time my replacement red kayak arrived. *Thelma 2*, she was quickly nicknamed T2 and it was an instant "I like you" feeling. So off I set with T2 from Flat Point, we said goodbye to some wonderful locals and onwards it was. We paddled towards Wellington, passing steep beaches with the cray-boats being launched (by bulldozers not tractors), cliffs being eroded by the ocean, and even a couple of abandoned houses about to topple into the ocean whenever the next storm arrived.

Tora Bay paddle was one to remember, I was stopped by some local divers and given crayfish (another first) for our dinner. Nat was so happy and to top this off we were able to have a fire on the beach at this little freedom campsite. The RedzNZ team were smiling and happy that night. We got held up again by the wind and swells for a couple of days further south at Palliser Bay. I had opted to wait on the corner of Palliser Bay until I could gap it across and into Wellington. So we were stuck in a dusty layby and had to just wait.

Eventually we decided that the only good weather window was going to be an overnight paddle! So, feeling a tad nervous, I got ready and hit the water before sunset. It was a full moon evening for paddling across Cape Palliser

but the departure was not smooth. Waves off the beach meant I had a swim and then had to clamber back into T2. Although, for some strange reason, the two-dollar-shop battery fairy lights on T2's deck (care of Nat) did keep glowing and they kept me smiling through this night paddle, even after the dip in the ocean. They did begin to flicker on and off during the night, but at long last on the 18th of December 2015, I was landing at Owhiro Bay. At 4:00 am, it was really cold and we both curled up for a well earned sleep. I had a day off the water before I got to paddle up and around to the West Coast of this island, past Makara and into Titahi Bay, ready and set to head South.

The South Island took some time, and shit we had some crazy adventures, but never in my wildest dreams had I imagined it would be the 30th of August 2016, before I would be standing on Titahi Bay beach launching off with my new support person along with Nat. Was I looking forward to the West Coast of the North Island? Actually, to be totally honest, I was not! In all my days away I had only heard negative stories about this coastline and the lack of landings along this West Coast. But there was nothing I could do. Well, maybe there was an option: just not paddle this section! Or just suck it up and get on with it.

I thought that maybe I could find a few smiles for this coastline, so I launched on a calm, still morning, paddling north. Titahi Bay to Waikawa and then onwards. Day one was pleasant enough, the currents seemed to make it slow going, but the waves and swells on the horizon kept me looking over my left shoulder in the later part of the day. A textbook landing on these first two days helped my moral but my heart was feeling the strain. I even gave up coffee on this coastline as I could not cope with anymore adrenalin on each beach launch. The pre-paddling coffee was most certainly banned until I got to Spirits Bay.

The remaining West Coast beach landings were being counted. I totalled them up and there was going

to be more bad landings, than nice landings, but me knowing how many thumpings I would get each day actually did help my mind. Some days at least. "Day-by-day" remained my mantra and I tried to stick to that, not ever looking any further north than a couple of days. My countdown was on, and I focused on how to survive what Mother Nature was about to throw at me on this section of the coast. Daily I heard a bad story; it seemed someone would feel compelled to share a bad boating story, surfing misadventure, or (better still) to share a near death experience, or (worse still) a death story. Thanks, is all I could say. I promised to be really careful and I can share now that before hitting the West Coast section I had looked at and talked with all of my close team about the weather parameters I wanted to paddle in. I would stare at the weather maps and the swell maps for many hours when I was off the water. I scanned for landings and we did many trips up along the coastline to get the landings correct. I was totally blessed and I stayed strong to my promise and we stuck true to this mantra.

I wanted so much to love this coastline and disperse the gut fears into smiles. And Mother Nature obliged. I had some stunning days on this coastline, so as I progressed up towards Cape Egmont, I was patient. I watched and waited and learned as

Lynn arriving at New Plymouth



much as I could. We travelled every road and tramped some amazing tracks around Mount Taranaki while the bad winds and rain battered the coastline. I got to know what this coast was about and learnt lots from the locals; what they called rubbish, normal or exceptional weather days for this section of the coast.

Then we got a break, and with Anna Caudle (my gorgeous support crew member from the USA) a new record distance of 83 kms was hit and I paddled into Opunake boat ramp smiling and happy. I was handed a huge bowl of salty, oily popcorn (Anna had not worked out how to make it sweet) which I promptly spilt on the floor of Cuzzie and had to eat most of it with a crunchy coating of fine, blackish sand! How feral can you get Red? We slept happily, knowing I was about to get around to New Plymouth the first milestone I had set for myself on this coast.

A day later I 'gapped it' to New Plymouth and it was not as easy as it sounds. The departure and the first few hours were wonderful, but Cape Egmont was rough with rain, wind and a messy swell, but I had New Plymouth in my sights so I just kept pushing, slowly knocking off my kilometres and my checkpoints. To the delight of Anna and Jase I paddled into New Plymouth later in the day.



24 November, a dawn launch for Lynn from Manu Bay at Raglan

I was happy to be around that 'Cape' and there was a little moment when I let myself say, "Wow." It had been a tough paddle and when I looked down at my hands I saw some of the best blisters of this entire trip. And I still had an even tougher coastline to conquer.

Still the coastline stories kept coming from the well-wishing followers and what I heard made me quietly frown and ponder. But then it was head down and keep saying "Day-by-Day Red. Just Day-by-Day."

It was yet another 10 day stand down due to weather. Again I had plans for this next section and it was to keep continuing the longer days of paddling, wanting to minimize my crash landings as much as possible and actually try and limit the wave bashing at the start and end of each day.

The coastline sections were planned and we looked over them numerous times. Landings were decided on, so when I did eventually head north my heart was feeling okay. Well, sort of okay. The swells were always there and you watched the rolling ocean approaching from the west. It rolled underneath you sometimes bigger than expected and then with a massive thunderous crash the waves hit onto the beaches. A constant reminder of what you had to deal with at the end of each day.

Eventually I got to Raglan. Seeing dolphins jumping, just before my final paddle into Raglan's Manu Bay was a wonderful moment. Nat had returned as support person for this paddle, and being met at the Manu Bay boat ramp by Mike Scanlan was emotionally a huge spirit lifter. Later on we talked and went over my next section. I shared my thoughts and plans, and with his frank and honest talking, it set me totally focused for the next tough section. This was probably to be one of my biggest solo challenges yet. The plan was to go from Raglan onwards, and not lift my head until I actually rounded the tip into Ahipara. But there I sat for 23 days and I waited. I spent time alone. I spent time on the beaches at Port Waikato staring at the ocean and

I went into a training phase. I went to my happy place of pool swimming and beach running, I drove up and down this next section south of the Manukau Harbour, and I was able to park up at a friends in Port Waikato and stay with them. I stayed on the West Coast and I stayed focused, waiting until Mother Nature let me go further, with one quick trip inland to collect with my newest support person, Bianca (from Germany).

Then we were off and after so many days off the water I wondered what this would feel like. 82 kms later, with waves and a swell, crash landing at Hamiltons Gap, it was not too bad. I had the normal long sprint paddle from the back of the breakers and Louise was making me proud as I hung on to her stern and got a surf style ride onto the beach. I was feeling pretty chuffed, but also a little more nervous as I got closer to the Manukau Harbour.

Departure the next day could have gone either way but Mother Nature allowed me to escape. With a huge thwack we got over the last huge wave and I sat there on a slick, oily ocean at the back of those big West Coast waves. I was aware that this swell was dropping all day and it was a perfect West Coast day.

The Manukau Harbour - all I needed to worry about was the amount of fizz boats racing out of the harbour to go fishing on this exceptional day. I escaped the harbour at full flood tide. There was a rolling swell but the Manukau Harbour, Piha and even Muriwai had me smiling. I have seen these beaches at their worst and so for me it was magic. Was my landing as magic as I ended my day and pulled in 15 kms south of the Kaipara? It was not that painful. I got wet, Louise and I sprinted as hard as we could until Mother Nature got me with one of her waves, but a West Coast swim was not too bad.

On the beach and damn happy with the day, the support crew had their own adventures. With the need to use a four-wheel drive vehicle for this beach access, we had Jase in action with his trusty Toyota ute on



The Bluff at low tide; 65kms north of Shipwreck Bay (Ahipara) on 90 Mile Beach

the beach. They had got themselves stuck a couple of times but by the time I arrived it was all sorted and the ute was safe and high on the dunes. Go Jase and Bianca. I am still disappointed that no pictures or videos were taken of the crew's drama.

Seven days later it was time to escape this beach. I looked to the skies that morning and asked to be looked after by every spirit that had followed me on this journey. Kissing my pounamu and clambering into *Louise* with my heart in my mouth, did Mother Nature behave? No! She let me battle, survive and battle again. Then with 400 m and two more sets to get over I got slammed. There was only one option that far out: a swim to *Louise*, then a gap in the waves leaving just enough time to clamber into a water filled cockpit, paddle a bloody heavy kayak out and over the last two huge waves while yelling at them, "Don't break. Please don't break." Then I was over and safe.

The VHF crackled into life and I just asked the team to all talk to me. That was just the start of my day. I still had what many had told me was to be my toughest part of the day. I still had the mighty Kaipara to get past. We did it. Closer than many wanted me to go, and as all watched my tracker over the hours it took me to pass and get clear, we all started to breathe a little deeper. Me the most as I used all my strength and mind calming skills to embrace, hug and then say thanks as I was able to pass into Glinks Gully, which blew up a storm as I arrived.

I threw everything and more at this beach landing. I arrived with tears of joy. I was mentally and physi-

cally tired so I just sat in Cuzzie; eating and drinking while Bianca took control, and just sitting going "Holy crap. Wow. The Mighty Kaipara."

There was not much time to wait as within a day I was on my way from Glinks Gully to just south of Hokianga, to a river mouth called Waimamaku River. As planned, we knew it was to be a landing south of the river mouth as there were many rocks north at low tide. And with me, now fondly known as 'Crash Test', we wanted to stay clear of wrecking a kayak on this coast. That was not a tale I wanted to tell. I landed with no trouble, but Bianca had the problem of swimming across the river to meet me and then, with a huge feed of very memorable fish and chips from the Hokianga small township, we went back to the river mouth to freedom camp.

I now had my sights firmly on Ahipara. Mother Nature let me continue on, up and around into Shipwreck Bay the next day. She did let me out but nailed Bianca and her dry gear on the beach! However, the funniest moment was still me whizzing down the river mouth thinking I had the line correct to get out on the water and past the waves only to be foiled when I ground to a halt on a small sand bar. Which meant Bianca had to yet again wade out and drag me off the sand bar. I looked and felt like a stranded whale!

Ahipara was a place that both Bianca and I had longed to reach. My reasoning was that I would be able to see the top of this island and Bianca's was because she could maybe get a couple more days of surfing in. But that was not to happen, as the next morning we were on the wa-

ter. I was heading up and along the first stretch of Ninety Mile Beach towards The Bluff; the only little rocky out crop on the entire stretch of this very long beach! It was a day of trying to entertain myself on what was a tad repetitive paddle. Watching the slow walking hikers on the beach made me glad that I was on the water and not hiking, with a huge backpack to carry.

But what I remember most about this day was me singing badly to myself. So badly, and on purpose, as it entertained me for a few hours, thinking the whole time: "If my singing teacher mother could hear me, it would have truly ruined her day." Her daughter with such wasted talent. Oh well, we never seem to do what our parents dream we should!

I at last see Bianca 65 kms later, on the beach waiting and giving me a good line to land safe and dry on my last West Coast beach landing. Little did I know that Mother Nature had other ideas. Sadly, while on my VHF to Bianca, I had not realised I had drifted far too close to the breaking swell just north of The Bluff.

Luckily I had time to lock down my VHF radio before turning to paddle up and over a huge breaking swell. Did I attempt to roll? No! I had reverted to full 'survive and escape' mode over the past few months. So swim I did, over to the patiently waiting *Louise*, clambering in and then paddling down some more crazy waves until I was nailed and followed *Louise* to the shore! My last wet landing of the West Coast, and I actually thought for a moment it was to be an unexpected, easy landing. Mother Nature had the last laugh and



Lynn's track around capes Maria van Diemen (left) and Reinga (top)

I deserved to get wet. For just a split second I took my eye off the West Coast and dared to think it was all over. I had to wait on this section of New Zealand for 12 long days. Up and down we drove, meeting many cool Northland characters, watching the different tides around Cape Maria van Diemen and Cape Reinga. A couple of times I did doubt my weather app and felt a tad miffed, but everything happens for a reason and on Monday 19th of December I was off, leaving the West Coast on a beautiful low swell day.

Cape Reinga here I come. Currents and rips did slow me as expected up towards Cape Maria Van Diemen, but the trip went according to plan. I sat at the base of Cape Reinga on the slack tide, talking on my VHF and listening to the tourists and my support team cheer. I cried as the mist lifted and a magnificent circular rainbow surrounded the sun.

It was a very magical, memorable moment. I thanked the spirits for letting me pass and then slowly paddled on. It was one of those days I will not ever forget, but it was also high time for me to keep pushing as I had a deadline to meet. I had to get to Spirits Bay in time so I could push towards North Cape. In the end I stopped for the night at Spirits Bay, thanks to timing and a possible wind building, along with the threat of nightfall arriving while I was still out by North Cape.

That evening we sat on a blanket in the late afternoon sunshine with a glass of champagne. What a massive achievement. This is also where we discovered the meaning of 'clouds' of mosquitoes. They arrived en-masse as soon as the sun disappeared! Northland has as many mosquitoes as Fiordlands has sandflies. It was lockdown for the night and whenever someone dared to leave

the camper-van you were sprayed with a cloud of fly spray and pushed out with no lights on, so you always stumbled in the darkness. I am so lucky as they loved Bianca. Sadly she was not that impressed with the itching and swollen bites they had left!

I actually attempted a pre-dawn escape the next day onto the water before the wind and swell awoke. 5 kms into this journey I stopped, turned and said, "Bugger this!" It was the first time since the East Coast that I had got on the water and turned around! It was yuck, and Mother Nature and my gut were telling me to return back to Spirits Bay. I was a tad miffed, but I did settle and be content and happy to be nearly on the East Coast. The team were happy chappies when they saw my face at the window of Cuzzie, as they also had a bad feeling about my decision to get on the water, and were very glad I had turned back.

Quickly I announced, "Let's please leave the mosquitoes and head south to a few bays." We had fun scoping out these new unseen locations. We also knew the weather and wind was not going to improve for a few days so we spent enjoyable times at Maitai Bay pre-Christmas. Then a weather window appeared so back up the coast Bianca and I sped on the night of 21 December.

We stayed well clear of Spirits Bay, but alas we actually found a campsite that had thousands more mosquitoes. It was truly insane. Both of us were dreading the beach for my launch. But strangely when I launched the next morning from Spirits Bay the pesky flying insects had disappeared! Crazy Northland bugs.

I was pleased to get around and past North Cape. I thought it was going to cause me some pain but North Cape calmed and allowed me around and through numerous large fish boil ups and birds diving for their breakfast. It was wonderful as I paddled down towards Henderson Bay and then onto my final destination at Houhora Harbour. I was pleased and starting to smile, knowing I was officially on



The Cape Reinga lighthouse and to the right, at the edge of the sea fog, the rocky spine of Cape Reinga

the East Coast, and it was apparently now downhill!

But again, I was made to wait until the next settled period. This time the 26th of December. Then, as I had warned many, I was going to make the most of this next fine patch, en-

joying the small swells and hoping to be blown by tailwinds and paddle as fast as possible towards my final destination (the Takapuna boat ramp). The coastline changed dramatically and I loved each beach and bay I went by. I also had my moments with headwinds and trying to keep my

head down and not think too much. Six full days of paddling, one being a new record of 85.25 kms. I paddled hard down this scenic section, mindful that Mother Nature was giving me a chance to finish.

Once past the crazy Bay of Islands, dodging huge launches (gin palaces) and every possible size of boat, I rounded Cape Brett. I was a tad grumpy that day, for a few reasons: probably I was tired, probably I was sad this was going to soon be over, and as I sat on the beach at Bland Bay and cried, and yelled at the support crew.

I then realized I was actually maybe going to finish this trip in 2016. Only one more crux day, around Bream Head and then to battle a head wind with off shore huge gusts that stopped me and my tiny *Louise* to a standstill all day as I edged closer towards Langs Beach. I cussed on my mobile to the team, choosing that as my mode of communication so others did not hear our conversation. Actually I am so glad the team have a good black humour, as it was needed. I reached Langs Beach at last, having an afternoon sleep and then one of the most fantastic roast lamb dinners I have ever had. Crispy roasted food, my dream dinner. Thanks Ev.

At last we all felt confident that Mother Nature was going to play nicely. It was time to head towards old paddling grounds. Goat Island,



Lynn safely ashore at Spirits Bay - on the East Coast - and away from the wretched big seas of the North Island's West Coast. Celebratory block of chocolate on the kayak foredeck.



Clockwise from top left: Lynn, Lynn and support crew Bianca, the KASK KayakFest welcoming team at Takapuna and a welcome banner

Kawau Island and Martins Beach. Seeing Mike Scanlan on the water to greet me was amazing and we paddled in together to Martins Beach. Another quick sleep and another fabulous dinner (Eye Fillet) at the Scanlan's. Thanks Mike and Jan for the perfect dinner. Then too soon it was time for bed to rest for my final North Island paddle day. Only a half day, just 40kms. It would all be over by lunchtime!

Rangitoto brought tears to my eyes and then so did the team in the STAR kayaks that located me on the water. A blessing from Ev and a blessing from Mike made me truly glad I had sunglasses on that day. I was very tearful at these moments. I arrived onto that boat ramp with so many familiar smiling faces and some faces I did not know but they all knew me. Never could I get around to talk to them all, and so again I want to say thank you. You are the reason I am still smiling about that final day; not that I dared to let myself know it was my final day. I had convinced myself it was just another day. "Day-by-Day" had got me this far, so it had to continue.

The North Island. The East and West Coasts. So very different, but I have to say (and I will probably be the only West Coast paddler to say the following) I loved, enjoyed and got totally spoilt with my spectacular days on the West Coast of the North Island. Huge respect to this coastline. Yes, there are huge rolling swells to keep a very watchful eye for. Yes, they are the longest beach sprints in and out of the surf. Yes, there is enough pure adrenalin to make me give up coffee.

But my secret? I kept my promise to Mother Nature. She has let me pass and also see some of the most incredible days. This coastline is not like anything else you will ever see and I am lucky to have such wonderful and beautiful stories. Mother Nature and I at last had come to be friends. She showed me this ocean and the calm waters on some very beautiful days, and they are some of my best days. I even had moments when I had to remind myself what coast I was on. Was it the West Coast? Or had I magically switched to an East Coast paddle! Every day I looked to the sky, clutched my pounamu and

said a grateful thank you. I respected her power and strength. I thanked everybody who watched over me and provided me with such a magical, wonderful West Coast experience. There are some very memorable moments and some more firsts, many new friends, many life lessons and something only a very few have experienced over on the West Coast. I am one of the few. Yes, Paul Caf-fyn, I truly am one lucky lass!

Respect forever to Mother Nature.
Red.
Ma Te Wa.

(photos: Bianca, Lynn, and Natasha)

NEW ZEALAND TRIP REPORTS

Taupō-nui-a-Tia - the great cloak of Tia A Paddle Around Lake Taupō by Cathye Haddock

See also cover
photo, and two
photos on page 23

It was a few days before Christmas and we had no plans for the holiday yet. "How about a trip 'round Taupō?" Pete said.

"Perfect," I replied. When I got home from work the next day, the dehydrator was going flat out and the place looked like expedition base camp.

From my Turangi school days I knew the lake's full name was Taupō-nui-a-Tia, the great cloak of Tia. Its discovery was preserved in oral tradition dating back six centuries. Tia, a Polynesian chief who came to Aotearoa in Te Arawa waka, explored the interior of the North Island. On the eastern coast of the great lake, Tia saw a lava cliff opposite Mo-tutaiko Island that reminded him of the rough flax rain cape he wore, a 'taupo' (word now obsolete). Taupō-nui-a-Tia was later applied to the whole lake, and more latterly abbreviated to Taupō moana (Lake Taupō).

We hadn't been paddling for over two years, since Pete broke his femur on a cycle trip across Tibet. He wasn't sure he could sit in a boat for long periods, so Taupō sounded like the perfect test trip with plenty of camping and get out options. After reading Evan and Linda Pugh's articles on three-day solo circumnavigations, we planned our 6 - 7 day relaxing and exploratory trip.

With van packed, we headed north on Christmas Day, arriving at Motutere motor camp by 2:00 pm. After arranging to leave our van in the camp's secure parking for the next week, we settled in for a relaxed afternoon in the sun, just three metres from the lakeshore. Christmas dinner of stuffed chicken breasts and roast veggies was cooked in the BabyQ, followed by Xmas pud and strawberries washed down with wine. My transition from work to holiday mode was complete.

Boxing Day dawned calm and clear and off we paddled in an anti-clockwise direction around NZ's largest lake of 616 sq km. Pete entertained me with geological history of the lake remembered from his eight years as a Tongariro National Park ranger in the 1970s-80s.

The largest freshwater lake in Oceania, Taupō is a caldera or collapsed volcano that began erupting 300,000 years ago. The most frequently active supervolcano in the world, 26 smaller eruptions have rocked its shores between the Oruanui eruption (27,000 years ago) and the Taupō

eruption (1800 years ago). The latter, being the most violent eruption known in the world in the last 5,000 years, fired ash 50 kms into the atmosphere and all of NZ was covered in at least 1 cm of ash! This may have been the cause of red sunsets recorded by the Romans and Chinese at the time.

Pumice on the beaches and floating on the lake was evidence of violent past eruptions. Steaming vents on nearby mountains and shores reminded us we were in active volcanic country.





Cathye paddling through the floating pumice to find Lake Rotongaio. Photo: Peter Simpson

Having grown up in the area and gone to school in Turangi, this was a trip down memory lane for me. Paddling past Bulli Point we watched kids trembling, as I had often done, before jumping seven metres into the lake. Jellicoe Point, another favourite family picnic spot slipped by. The white cliffs of Hatepe were impressive, as I had previously only seen them from a distance. With the map on my deck, I noticed Lake Rotongaio just past the Hatepe cliffs. We had never noticed this lake before and were keen to explore it.

I did a recce, portaging my boat over a two metre hump of sand from Taupō moana into a waterway covered with so much floating pumice, you couldn't see any water. The pumice soon gave way to a raupō avenue, which suddenly opened out into a secluded gem fringed by native bush. A basic corrugated iron bach on the opposite shore had two red tents pitched in front of it. The map showed a track to the bach.

I found an inconspicuous grassy campsite, accessible through the raupō, with sunshine coming through a light canopy of roosting trees for shags. I raced back to tell Pete.

We circumnavigated the small lake, enjoying perfect reflections in the still, tannin-stained water. Bird song resonated from the flowering harakeke and water birds were in abundance, nesting and feeding among the raupō and cruising on the lake.

Finally, we made camp and enjoyed a delicious meal of smoked chicken, risoni and mushrooms held together with basil pesto, and toasted pine nuts on top. Yummm - this was the first of the gourmet meals Pete had prepared from the New Zealand Backcountry Cooking book he had recently bought. We were pleased the resident shags found other accommodation for the night but wished the mozzies had done the same.

An early start found us paddling back along the small lake, the raupō and pumice pathway, then a quick portage over driftwood slats back onto Lake Taupō. We were straight into side waves and a westerly wind for the next three hours. Along the way, we passed a 'picket fence' of fishermen at Waitahanui Stream, and saw a waka-ama paddler capsize in the rough chop and swim ashore to safety. We checked she was OK and got the thumbs-up. Later we saw her mate at a nearby picnic spot ready with the ute for a pick-up.



Cathye passing the white cliffs of Hatepe. Photo: Peter Simpson



Scary rock carvings near Rangatira Point

We decided to give Taupō town a miss and straight-lined it from Wharewaka Point to Totara Bay. We had to wait for a few charter yachts before crossing the boat channel, then pulled up for a rest in a sunny sheltered lunch spot next to the walking track from Acacia Bay.

Around Rangatira Point we were back in half to one metre waves and it was interesting taking photos of each other in front of the rock carvings in a wind swell criss-crossing with reflective waves creating a confused mess.

We punched our way into a 15 knot SW headwind and one metre waves across Raeotepapa Bay. We went from one metre waves paddling around Mine Point to clapotis maximus around Waiaruha Point. Keeping in talking distance, we had a discussion on what next. Pete was happy to push on to Whakaipo Bay, but I was worried that if the wind increased another 5-10 knots we might be toast. With that fetch, it could mean clapotis gigantis going around Tahunatara Point and blimmin big side waves going into the Bay.

So we paddled into Kaiako Bay watching out for the bigger sets of side waves and finished the day with a surf landing. I went first, letting a few sets of three go under my boat before paddling in, running my bow up on the gravel beach, and leaping out lickety split. The next wave broached my boat against my legs nearly knocking me off my feet. I



*Cathye living the dream in a wild camp near Motuopa Peninsula.
Photo: Peter Simpson*

dragged the boat up on the narrow beach and quickly signaled Pete to come in between sets of waves. Pete landed well but with his tricky leg, didn't get out of the boat quickly enough.

The next wave broadsided his boat, which took his legs out from under him and he fell backwards on his bum with legs over the cockpit. Two more waves finished off the pummeling. I held my breath for a moment, flashback of the fall off his bike and fractured femur. Next minute - Pete's on his feet laughing and I'm dragging his boat up on the beach before the next battering. Relief! This bummer moment reminded us to respect water, whether lake or sea!

We cleared a space to pitch the tent just inside the bush edge, literally a few metres from the water. The lake level was the highest for many years, leaving just enough beach to park the kayaks. We set up our camp kitchen, using the kayaks as a windbreak. When the sun dropped below the dark skies, it struck a star spangled pathway to our campsite. Magic.

While strong, the on-shore wind was warm and at least the sandflies couldn't land. The wind thrust waves onto the beach a few metres from our tent. The whooshing rhythm sent us into a deep sleep until we woke to a calm lake.

We wondered if the seiche effect was responsible for the 'high tide' mark that was evident a few centimetres from our boats in the morning. A seiche is a standing wave in an enclosed or partially enclosed body of water, such as a lake. Wind pushes water to one end, raising the water level, which then equalizes with gravitational pull.

We were on the water early as the forecast was for 15 knot winds again in the afternoon. Hugging the shore, we paddled around the point, across Whakaipo Bay and Whangamata Bay (Kinloch), arriving at Kawakawa point in flattish conditions about 2:00 pm. The natural boat harbour was chocka with 14 launches, yachts and gin palaces anchored for the night. We nipped into a campsite at the far left of the beach, and felt like paupers in extravagant company.

We sought different riches in life - aching arms from travelling under our own steam and simple camping. We wandered around the network of tracks along the little peninsula and through to the next bay. The bush was alive with the screech of koekoea (long-tailed cuckoo) and the melodious calls of tui and korimako (bellbird). Black swans swam around the pleasure boats hoping for a feed and fish rose in the water. Kids screamed and laughed as they swam and rowed around the sheltered nook and swung through the trees on a rope. The jet skier's music wove though the cacophony.

We were out of boat city early and really enjoyed our solitary paddle along the massive cliffs to Waihaha and arrived before midday. We paddled the 5 km return trip up the peaceful Waihaha River to Tieke falls, which were pumping. Well worth the effort. We worked out where the new Waihaha mountain bike trail that looked over the falls was, having ridden the trail to Waihora Bay earlier in the year.

Waihaha marae and camp ground are located in Waihaha Bay, Lake Taupō, 200 m from the Waihaha River, only accessible by boat. The primary

hapū is Ngāti Tarakaiahi, one of several hapū of Ngāti Tūwharetoa with marae on the shores of the lake.

I had contacted the Waihaha Māori Lands Trust to book a campsite prior (see details at the end of this article). We were warmly welcomed by Marilyn Khan who gave us the Trust Board's bank account details to pay when we got home.

The campground is next to the beautiful Waihaha Marae, and both are sheltered behind native trees along the lake shore. This was a colleague's Mum's marae, so I took some photos for him. The wharenui is called Haukapuanui (built in 2002), the wharekai is Hineone and the wharepuni is called Puarata.

The Waihaha campground is ideal for kayakers. All sites are beach front with plenty of space for kayaks and several tents. There are fairly new composting toilets near by. There is no Queen's Chain here so you cannot freedom camp.

Our tent neighbours camped here every year, bringing all their gear over in the family boat. The kids galloped up and down the track astride their toitoi horses, manes a-flying! So great to see kids making their own fun without a screen device in sight!

We enjoyed a lovely sunny afternoon around camp and got talking to Mario from Auckland, who keeps connected with his Marae by coming every summer. Mario caught three large trout in the evening, fishing off the Waihaha River bar in front of the campsite. He was excited to take his catch up to the wharekai for that night's dinner.

We heard strong winds in the night, with waves crashing and tents flapping. Pete got up and saw torches flashing all over the show as boaties checked and secured their moorings but it was calm and sunny by morning. The mountains were clear as we paddled off, waving to Marilyn and the other nannies having their morning cuppa tea on the beach in the sun. Idyllic!

Our sleek kayaks were again dwarfed by the massive pillars and cliffs along the way to Te Awaroa and Whanganui Bays. We explored the open roofed 'Escape Cave' on Te Tiroa Point, which had a wide opening to paddle into and the collapsed roof open to the sky. Ngāti Te Maunga's marae has a commanding view over Whanganui Bay from its elevated site.

Two fizz-boat families arrived at the nano beach at Cherry Bay just ahead of us, so we squeezed in among rocks for a sunny morning tea stop and leg stretch. The toilet is munted, but there is a sizeable campsite beneath the native bush.

We really enjoyed the next stretch to Kuratau, with more dramatic rhyolite cliffs plunging deep into the lake. It was like a one-sided freshwater version of Fiordland, without the sandflies! We saw lots of mummy ducks followed by up to ten ducklings along the foot of the gigantic and isolated cliffs. Closer to civilization, these ducky whānau would be much reduced by vicious predators by now.

We explored more caves along the cliffs, including an obscured through trip - in one end and out the other, just before Poukura marae (Ngāti Parakaawa).

Our friends met us in their boat *AJay*, just before arriving in Kuratau. They transported our loaded kayaks one-by-one to their bach on their boat trailer. We enjoyed a luxury night with BBQ, hot shower, comfy bed and great company.

Deposited back on the water in the morning, we paddled past Omori and Pukawa's flash and expensive holiday homes. A far cry from my uncle's fishing 'hut' at Pukawa Bay in the 1960s.

A highlight for me was paddling along the steaming shore of Waihi Village, with Waihi Falls, the church, Marae (Ngāti Turumakina) and old bathhouse along the shore. Back from the shore, the old convent was visible in the bush above the village.



The freshwater version of Fiordland with dramatic rhyolite cliffs and the obscured 'paddle through' cave just before Poukura marae.

Photo: Cathye Haddock

My father used to attend the ANZAC dawn service at Waihi Marae and my sister and I would camp on the convent grounds with our Girl Guide company the night before ANZAC Day. We'd invariably wake up late and run down the track in the dark to the wharekai, just in time to make and serve morning tea to the returned soldiers.

The road is closed to the public nowadays, to keep the rubber-necking tourists out I guess. The Waihi picnic area where my mother used to bring us for a swim and picnic tea after school has also disappeared.

We stopped for lunch on the Tokaanu Wharf, one of my favourite running routes when I lived in Tokaanu in the 70s. I loved looking across the reeds to the picturesque Waihi village. One of the oldest structures in New Zealand, the wharf was recently upgraded by DoC. A century ago there were flax mills around Tokaanu and a regular steam service crossed the lake, the main supply route before roads connected Taupō and Tokaanu.

We explored the Tongariro River delta, nudging our kayaks through raupō and reeds to find hidden water ways rich with aquatic birdlife: black

swans and their ugly grey downy cygnets, mallards, scaup, dab chicks, white faced herons, various shags and black backed gulls. We passed a local family on sit-on-top kayaks, enjoying a picnic on the delta.

Along Stump Bay we saw hundreds of Canada geese. They must've been in their annual wing moult as we saw not one of them fly. Instead, they swam in tight groups close to shore, then as the kayaks came along they would bolt for shore and march along the narrow beach in a long line.

A thick-horned black billy goat stood on the shore looking at us. Next, a couple of smaller nannies appeared out of the gorse and finally, some cute black and white kids. More goats popped out of the gorse further along the shore. This section of the lake was positively feral.

We camped the night beside native bush near an old pa site just before the Motuoapa Peninsula. How gorgeous looking across the lake to my childhood backdrop of Mounts Pihanga, Tihia, and Kakaramaea, with Ruapehu, Tongariro and Ngaruahoe beyond.

Pete made date scones on the beach, using the 'pot parka' camp oven given to us by our friend Peter Williamson. An unexpected gift for organizing a trip into Preservation Inlet in 2005, we had cooked chocolate cake and other treats in this on various trips over the years. Silently, we thought of our friend over tea and hot scones in this beautiful wild camp, having attended his funeral the week before. We knew he would have loved this.



Tea and scones in memory of absent friends. See Cathye's tribute to Peter Williamson on page 20.

Dawn bled across the lake to our campsite, and we were on the water early. Rounding the peninsula, we saw Motutaiko Island to our left. A burial place for Tūwharetoa rangatira, the island is tapu. The distinctive red of flowering pohutakawa was visible on the island, but did not grow anywhere else in the vicinity.

Finally paddling past another ancient pa site on the Northern shore of Motuoapa Peninsula, we paddled the last stretch of our journey, to land on Motutere beach in breaking waves. We had paddled 150 kms on our round trip according to the GPS. Apart from a little discomfort getting in and out the kayak, Pete's leg was absolutely fine, and the trip a perfect conclusion of his rehabilitation.

"Do you think you have another Fiordland trip in you?" I asked Pete. "... Maybe..." was the wary response. "Where?" "Breaksea Sound." I ventured as we snapped the final trip selfie.

Most useful items:

- folding picnic table
- mobile phone for Taupō recreational marine forecasts



Peter and Cathye's selfie at the end of their Lake Taupō paddle

References:

Ngāti Tuwharetoa marae and hapū - <http://www.tuwharetoa.co.nz/marae/>
 Taupō Volcano fact sheet - <https://www.gns.cri.nz/gns/Home/Learning/Science-Topics/Volcanoes/New-Zealand-Volcanoes/Taupō-Volcano>
 Origin of Lake Taupō name - http://nzetc.victoria.ac.nz/tm/scholarly/tei-Gov10_02Rail-t1-body-d22-d1.html

Map:

Lake Taupō 1:80,000 Info map 336-06 9 (lots of info useful to kayakers).

Waihaha Māori Lands Trust:

(027) 3208595 \$35 per night for large campsite (one price for all campers on site) - em: marilynkh@windowlive.com (027) 2002662

Fiona and James Around the North Island by Peter Sommerhalder

Two English paddlers, Fiona Weatherall and James Corfe, arrived in Auckland on 29 November 2016.

They intend to paddle around the North Island of New Zealand. Preparations went without a hitch. They launched the following day from Kohimarama Beach, in Auckland, mid afternoon. The plan is to paddle clockwise around the North Island, heading South on the East Coast, and challenge the West Coast surf beaches later this summer. I presume they are progressing well, as the weather conditions to start the trip were definitely in their favour.



Above: Fiona assembling her three piece kayak in Peter Sommerhalder's back yard.



Top right: Fiona and James ready to launch from Kohimarama Beach.

Bottom right: Tara Mulvany's notations on Fi and Jame's map.

Photos: Peter Sommerhalder



OBITUARY

Memories of Peter Williamson by Cathye Haddock

Peter passed away on 17 December 2016, at home after a long illness.

I first met Peter Williamson at a KASK Forum, where a group of Wellington paddlers talked about starting a sea kayak network in Wellington. Peter took the initiative and invited local paddlers to attend a meeting at the Bivouac Shop after closing time one night (c1987). Peter led a discussion with those gathered, which resulted in the formation of the Wellington Sea Kayak Network. Peter did not just talk - he did stuff.

Peter was a respected and active member of our Wellington network, leading both weekend and day trips, and participating in training to strengthen sea kayaking skills and safety in the network. One such leadership training course had three Peters attending, so to distinguish which Pete was which, in the full on rescue scenarios, they were affectionately dubbed, Peter Bivouac, Pete the plumber and Pete the ranger. These nick names stuck long beyond the weekend course!

Many of us went to Bivouac because we trusted Peter, his sound advice on quality gear and his genuine friendliness. Many of us missed Peter when he left Bivouac seven years ago, to follow his passion and turn his hand to building huts and structures in remote backcountry.

I paddled from Island Bay to Makara one day with Peter and a few others, and was struck by the intimate knowledge he had of the area. Bobbing up and down in the swell next to Karori Rock, Peter regaled stories of his childhood adventures exploring Karori Stream and the rugged coast and hills with his mates. He knew every bay and landmark before us. Peter's depth of outdoor experience, environmental ethics, sound



Kirsty Woods baked a chocolate cake for Peter Williamson's birthday (in the pot parka he gave us) - Preservation Inlet trip February 2005

Photo: Cathye Haddock

judgement, supportive and inclusive nature meant he always looked out for people and nature. He was a fun paddling companion and an awesome trip leader.

On a memorable two week kayak trip in Preservation Inlet in 2005, we celebrated Peter's birthday with a chocolate cake cooked on a rainy afternoon in Long Sound by his partner Kirsty Woods, using the 'pot parka' camp oven he had gifted me for organizing the trip. Our party of eight came out of wet tents during a brief dry spell, to sing happy birthday and eat cake around the campfire.

Peter brought all sorts of useful things on the trip to make wilderness camping more comfortable and fun for everyone: a huge fly that we could all fit under as we cooked and dined together in the incessant Fiordland rain; a machete that proved bril-

liant for communal dunny digging; a water bag that hung from a tree so the cook had running water on tap to name just a few. Peter apparently had sheds of gear he lent to anyone that needed or wanted it, including nine kayaks, four baby buggies, tools for Africa and much more!

At the celebration of his life held on 21st December 2017, we heard many stories of Peter's generosity, practicality and inventiveness. The Pines event centre, which overlooks Wellington's south coast that he so loved, was packed full with Peter's family, friends, iwi, club and work mates, mentors and acquaintances from all walks of life, and loving partner Kirsty. It was a wonderful tribute to the way Peter lived his life, his love of family and outdoor adventure, and the many people he helped and touched. Peter was loved and will be missed by us all.

10th Anniversary of Andrew McAuley Missing off Milford

9 February this year will mark 10 years since young Andrew made his last emergency VHF radio call for rescue off Milford Sound. He would have been in sight of Fiordland ranges, and so close to finishing a first solo kayak crossing of the Tasman. His wife Vicki and son Finn are returning to Milford on that date to mark this sad anniversary. Rosco will take them out to sea on his boat, with kayaks if the day is calm.



Andrew's self portrait whilst out in the middle of the Tasman Sea

HUMOUR

Keeping the Children Out

A man doing market research knocked on a door and was greeted by a young woman. She had three small children running around at her feet. He says, "I am doing some research for Vaseline. Have you ever used the product?"

The woman said, "Yes, my husband and I use it all the time."

He asked, "If you don't mind, would you tell me what you use it for?"

She answered, "We use it for sex."

The researcher was a little taken aback. He said, "Usually people lie to me. They tell me they use Vaseline on a child's bicycle chain or to help with a gate hinge. But, in fact, I know that most people do use it for sex. I admire you for your honesty. Since you've been frank so far, can you tell me exactly how you use it for sex?"

The woman says, "I don't mind telling you at all. My husband and I put it on the doorknob. It keeps the kids out."

English Deception

I called an old school friend and asked what was he doing. He replied that he was working on, 'Aqua-thermal treatment of ceramics, aluminium and steel under a constrained environment.' I was so impressed. On further enquiring I learnt that he was washing dishes with hot water - under his wife's supervision.

I Nearly Became A Doctor

When I was young I decided I wanted to be a doctor, so I took the entrance exam to go to Medical School. One of the questions asked was to rearrange the letters *PNEIS* into the name of an important human body part which is most useful when erect. Those who answered spine are doctors today. The rest of us are sending jokes via email or editing sea kayaking magazines.

Where Babies Come From

A mother and her young son were flying Air New Zealand from Melbourne to Auckland. The little boy, who had been looking out the window, turned to his mother and asked, "If big dogs have baby dogs and big cats have baby cats, why don't big

planes have baby planes?"

The mother, who couldn't think of an answer, told her son to ask the flight attendant. So the boy went down the aisle and asked the flight attendant, "If big dogs have baby dogs and big cats have baby cats, why don't big planes have baby planes?"

The busy flight attendant smiled and said, "Did your mother tell you to ask me?"

The boy said, "Why, yes, she did."

"Well then, you go and tell your mother that there are no baby planes because Air New Zealand always pulls out on time. Then, ask her to explain that to you."

Senior Moment

After an elderly lady from Florida finished her supermarket shopping. When she returned to her car, she found four males in the act of leaving with her vehicle. Dropping her shopping bags she drew her gun, proceeding to scream at the top of her lungs, "I have a gun, and I know how to use it! Get out of the car!"

The four men didn't wait for a second threat. They got out and ran like mad. The lady, somewhat shaken, then proceeded to load her shopping bags into the back of the car and got into the driver's seat. She was so shaken that she could not get her key into the ignition. She tried and tried, and then she realized why.

It was for the same reason she had wondered why there was a football, a Frisbee, and two 12-packs of beer in the front seat.

A few minutes later, she found her own car parked four or five spaces farther down. She loaded her bags into the car and drove to the police station to report her mistake.

The sergeant to whom she told the story couldn't stop laughing. He pointed to the other end of the counter, where four pale men were reporting a car jacking by a mad, elderly woman described as white, less than five feet tall, glasses, curly white hair, and carrying a large handgun. No charges were filed.

Irish Divorce

An Irish mother-in-law arrives home from shopping to find her son-in-law, Paddy, in a steaming rage and hurriedly packing his bags.

"What happened Paddy?" she asks anxiously.

"What happened? I'll tell you what happened! I sent an e-mail to my wife telling her I was coming home today from my fishing trip. I get home - and guess what I found? Your daughter, my wife Jean, naked with Joe Murphy in our marital bed! This is unforgivable! 'Tis the end of our marriage! I'm done. I'm leaving forever!"

"Ah now, calm down, calm down Paddy!" says his mother-in-law. "There is something very odd going on here. Jean would never do such a thing! There must be a simple explanation. I'll go speak to her immediately and find out what happened."

Moments later, Paddy's mother-in-law comes back with a big smile.

"Paddy, there I told you, there must be a simple explanation. She never got your e-mail."

Get thee to a Nunnery

A cabbie picks up a nun. She gets into the cab, and the cab driver won't stop staring at her.

She asks him why he is staring.

He replies, "I have a question to ask you, but I don't want to offend you." She answers, "My son, you cannot offend me. When you're as old as I am and have been a nun as long as I have, you get a chance to see and hear just about everything. I'm sure that there's nothing you could say or ask that I would find offensive."

"Well, I've always had a fantasy to have a nun kiss me."

She responds, "Well, let's see what we can do about that. But first, you have to be single and you must be Catholic."

The cab driver is very excited and says, "Yes, I'm single and Catholic!" "OK," the nun says. "Pull into the next alley, maybe we will see what we can do."

The nun fulfills his fantasy with a kiss that would make a hooker blush. But when they get back on the road, the cab driver starts crying.

"My dear child," said the nun, "Why are you crying?"

"Forgive me, but I've sinned. I lied. I must confess, I'm married and I'm Jewish."

The nun says, "That's OK, my name is Kevin and I'm going to a Halloween party."

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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4th Ed. KASK HANDBOOK

NOW OUT OF PRINT

A 5th edition of the KASK Handbook is planned. It is a mammoth compilation on all aspects of sea kayaking in New Zealand, by many of the most experienced paddlers in the Universe.

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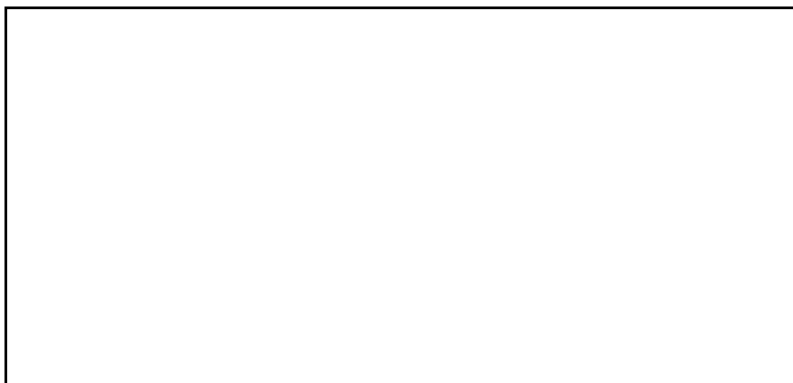


Wild camp on Lake Taupo. It is amazing how much camping kit emerges from the kayak compartments and can clutter up a beach so quickly.
Photo: Cathye Haddock



The picturesque village of Waihi.
Photo: Cathye Haddock
See story on page 15

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Peter Simpson paddling out of Kaiapo Bay on Lake Taupo. The summits of mounts Ruapehu, Ngauruhoe, Tongariro and Pihanga in the background. Photo: Cathye Haddock.

KASK MEMBERSHIP POLICY

Current membership fees are:

- \$35 for ordinary membership
- for new members \$35
- \$40 for family or joint membership
- \$35 for overseas membership (PDF newsletter only);
- the KASK memberships runs 1 August to 31 July the following year
- a subscription due notice and up to two reminders are sent out with the newsletters between June and October
- if a membership renewal is not received by 30 September, membership lapses
- new members who join between 1 June and 31 July automatically get their membership credited to the following year, receiving a 14 month membership
- 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