



## September/ October 2016

Club Information .....	2		
Club Trip/Event Policies .....	2	Canoes in Fiordland 1958.....	4
Club Banking Details .....	2	On the waterfront.....	8
Kayak Hire .....	3	Poet's Corner.....	12
Regular Events.....	3	98 Mazda 626 GLXI for sale.....	13



*CANOES IN FIORDLAND 1958.* See Jim Mason's article beginning on page 4.

**Milford Sound** – assembling the folding canoes.

PHOTO JIM MASON

## Auckland Canoe Club Information

### Postal Address

P.O. Box 9271, Newmarket, Auckland

### Clubrooms

Marine Rescue Centre, Mechanics Bay

### Website

<http://www.aucklandcanoecub.org.nz>

### Officers

<i>Patron</i>	Ian Calhaem	579 0512
<i>President</i>	Gerard Fagan	021 071 5917
<i>Secretary</i>	Rona Patterson	528 1155
<i>Treasurer</i>	Matthew Crozier	817 1984
<i>Trips Advisor</i>	Colin Quilter	360 6271
<i>Publicity</i>	Roger Lomas	846 6799
<i>Storage/kayaks</i>	Gavin Baker	528 5188
<i>Assistant</i>	Roger Lomas	027 221 4671
<i>Vine House</i>	Trevor Arthur	817 7357
<i>Newsletter Editor</i>	Claire O'Connor	214 1769
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### Email addresses

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webmaster@aucklandcanoecub.org.nz

hire@aucklandcanoecub.org.nz  
(for kayak hire, or any related questions)

storage@aucklandcanoecub.org.nz  
(for questions about storing kayaks in the locker)

## Club Trip/Event Policies

Visit the Club website for details of safety and other important policies.

### Contacting trip/event organiser

You must notify the trip organiser in advance of your intention to go on a trip. Organisers need to know numbers and to be able to contact you if the plan changes.

You must also discuss with the organiser in advance any medical or other conditions (such as your experience and ability) that might affect the progress of the group.

### Cancellation

If the weather looks uncertain call the trip co-ordinator.

## Club Banking Details

<i>Bank</i>	BNZ
<i>Branch</i>	Newmarket
<i>Account</i>	02-0100-0023453-000
<i>Name</i>	Auckland Canoe Club
<i>Particulars</i>	Your FULL name (Initials are not enough to identify some members with similar names)
<i>Code</i>	Either <b>SUBS, STORAGE, HIRE, OTHER</b> (depending on what you are paying for)

If your payment is for several items, then please make **separate** payments for **each** item.

### IMPORTANT

**If you are depositing money to the Club Account please ensure that you include YOUR name so that the Treasurer knows who deposited the money.**

### Internet Banking

All major banks have set up Auckland Canoe Club as a registered payee for internet banking.

This means that you can pay to

**Auckland Canoe Club**

without having to enter the account number.

Check with your bank.

## Kayak Hire

To book a kayak, enter details in the diary. Check diary before taking a kayak.

### Kayak Hire Rates

#### Single kayaks

Daily hire – out am, back pm \$20.00

Half day – out am, back am  
out pm, back pm \$10.00

#### Double kayaks

Daily hire – out am, back pm \$30.00

Half day – out am back am  
out pm back pm \$15.00

- Please enter details of hire in register and on an envelope.
- Put money in envelope and place envelope in honesty box.
- **No I.O.U.s!**
- Carry or wheel kayaks to water.
- No seal launching.
- Please wash kayaks before returning to rack.
- Report faults or problems on the faults/problems sheet.

## Regular Events

### Vine House Weekends



On one weekend each month we have the use of Vine House. This gem in Mahurangi Harbour is a 2 km paddle from Sullivan's Bay, which is the ARC park at the end of the Mahurangi West Road, first on the right past Puhoi.

The house sleeps 10 and has all creature comforts. Bring sleeping bag, pillow case and food. A shared meal and nibbles is the norm for Saturday night, so bring your goodies.

Lagoon Bay is very tidal, so bringing a kayak trolley is a good idea. The range of paddling is endless, e.g. Waiwera, Warkworth, Kawau Island, Motuora Island – your choice. Or just rest and read and enjoy this tranquil and special place. We recommend you take a carry bag to get all your gear up the track to the house. Secure parking is at Sullivans Bay. Leave a note on your dashboard reading "Vine House Volunteer" when you park in front of the ranger's house.

Please ring to book a bed, and for detailed directions. **Trevor 817 7357 or Matt 817 1984.**

### Saturday Morning Coffee Cruise

Most Saturday mornings some club members do a short paddle from the club lock up at Okahu Bay.

We set off from the lock up at 9.00, returning by 12.30. The level is fairly easy and you can nearly always hire a club kayak. The route depends on the tide and the weather. We often paddle out to Bean Rock lighthouse and then stop at Kohi Beach for coffee in a local café before paddling back.

Join us for a relaxed paddle. It's a great way to meet people in the club.

Be aware: People don't go every week. You might go one week when no-one else happens to turn up.

You should have basic paddling skills to join this group, you will be responsible for yourself.

**Note:** Paddlers under 18 to be accompanied by a guardian!

**For more information,** contact either Lester Miller on 575 5942 or Chris Dentith on 486 5599.

## NEW MEMBERS



### Welcome

The Committee extends a warm welcome to the following new members ...

**Robyn Fond, Art Green, Thomas Gump, Theresa Hill, Danielle Moore and Callum Robinson**



## Deadline for Next Newsletter

**30 November 2016**

## CANOES IN FIORDLAND 1958

*Jim Mason*

The graphic tale of the recent South Island coastal cruise convinced me that we made the right decision with a party of 33 of mixed experience to abandon our coastal trip south from Milford Sound in favour of a 200 mile run down the inland waterways of the Eglinton, Lake Ta Anau, Lake Manapouri and the Waiiau to Tuatapere, the same place where the other cruise ended. It was the southern railhead to take us home.

We assembled the folding canoes at Milford Sound and headed out past the rocky shoreline, covered with sleeping seals, to Anita Bay, just outside the sound. Here, there is a delightful boulder beach with naturally polished greenstone pendants to be found amongst the boulders.



**Anita Bay** – Swiss Canoe Slalom Champion, Peter Moser, leaves shipwrecked seaman's cabin to test the weather on the coast.

It also featured a shipwrecked seaman's cabin which we occupied for the next three days and New Year's Eve dinner. This was followed by fireworks at midnight and moonlight cruises out to St Ann's lighthouse. The cabin has since been removed so the area can be claimed as a world heritage park with no man-made structures!

Next day we headed out, past St Ann's light, onto the Tasman. The wind had turned north west and the ocean rollers were beginning to break. We bounced around there for a while before deciding the coast was not for us and headed back up the Sound.

A short road trip out through the tunnel to the Eglinton Valley led to some old workmen's cabins for the night. We assembled the canoes again for the 200 mile, inland waterway run to Tuatapere.

A short gorge leading to Lake Te Anau provided spectacular photo shots and then we were out onto the Lake and heading South to Te Anau Downes Station where a sheltered bay provided a great place to camp.

*Continued on page 5 ➤*

## CANOES IN FIORDLAND 1958

*Continued from page 4*



**New Year's Eve Dinner** – A highlight of the cruise, at Anita Bay Cabin.



**Eglinton Gorge** – leads to Lake Te Anau.



**Trophy Head** – a 12 pointer graces Canoe "Errant".

The three hunters in the party unpacked their rifles and set out to find a deer. We had to pick our way through a deep swamp with precarious routes leading through rushy islets. We were just about to turn back when we spied a huge stag with a magnificent head of antlers. We brought it down and then followed, skinning, removing the trophy head and choice cuts for the party to live on.

Darkness fell quickly, as it does in the far south and the swamp became increasingly unpleasant to find a way through. We found a rush islet that we could all bed down on and all three huddled under the deer skin for a not very comfortable night.

From Te Anau Downes we passed the Te Anau township and continued south to the outlet where the Waiau River begins its run to Lake Manapouri and the coast south.

*Continued on page 6 ➤*

## CANOES IN FIORDLAND 1958

*Continued from page 5*

Manapouri is a delightful lake with an underground power station hidden beneath it. On its southern shore is the Hope Arm, sheltering our destination, a genuine log cabin built by the Morrell brothers. They ran the boarding house beside the lake outlet and the popular boat harbour.

The Waiau competes for New Zealand's fastest river. It rushes southwards past the tiny town of Cliffden and the Monowai hydro power station. The few rapids are mostly located on the outside of bends and can be avoided by keeping to the other side of the wide river.

We passed Cliffden and surprisingly quickly saw the Tuatapere bridge come around the corner.

The versatile folding canoes quickly disappeared into their carrying bags and we were headed home, complete with our antlers. Unfortunately the head had become a little too high to travel on public transport so we chopped the antlers off and left it behind.

The 200 mile Fiordland inland waterway got our vote as the best canoe cruise in the South Island.

*Jim*



**Newmarket** – With his canoe on his back, Jim Allen arrives home.



**Tuatapere** – End of the 200 mile inland cruise at Southern railhead.

*Post script on page 7 ➤*

**CANOE CLUB NOTICE BOARD  
on Devonport Wharf**



This helped us fill our charter buses! We offered bargain rates: Nineteen Pounds for three weeks travel, food and accommodation. It was not always 5 Star!

We ran two regular trips over Christmas. We never missed the 10 day cruise down the Wanganui.

The other was three weeks in the South Island. These were made possible with folding canoes, going from river to river.

We used Jenkins Motors of Gore and their drivers loved taking us and following down the rivers with our gear. They competed for the job! They got very good at boiling up a huge billy of soup each day for the canoes arrival.

## On the waterfront

Roger Lomas

Another season of winter paddling is done and dusted and for those of us who managed to indulge, well it was wonderful. Each week now, we are noticing more paddlers getting back out and about on the water again. It's a time for dodging those pesky spring showers and the occasional venomous squall. But on the positive side, we can all look forward to a more generous helping of sunshine.

The winter lecture series was once again well attended and it was great to enjoy the relaxed club night atmosphere that these evenings embrace. One of the stars of the show was the lovely Kristine Van Kuyk. There is unquestionably no doubt about it, that girl certainly has the gift of the gab. She absolutely wowed us with a fast paced presentation, and what a story she had to tell. After the show, Kristine had some of her expedition gear on display and it was her kayak sail that seemed to be the getting all the attention. To top off a fabulous evening, she even brought along a couple of freshly baked chocolate cakes for supper. Needless to say, negotiations are well underway to have Kristine back again.

Our two earlier presenters were both equally entertaining as well. A full house was on hand to enjoy Ian Calhaem's visually stunning opening show.

We were then able to have a hands on play with some of Ian's very expensive camera gear. For our second show, the evergreen Colin Quilter was along to share with us his extensive first-hand knowledge of the Coromandel Peninsula. Colin prepared a big stack of Coromandel camping information pamphlets for our perusal. After the show they all disappeared pretty quickly, and I missed out.

To all three of our fabulous presenters, a big well done and thank you from everyone in our club.

I was reminiscing over the club's just completed winter paddling season and noted that once again it was our early morning team that fronted up for most of the action. A quick survey of the group revealed that over seventy per cent of them hail from our lower latitudes. Pre-conditioned to cooler climates, Auckland's mild winter weather is probably akin to a Deep South summer.

On some of our recent adventures we have still needed to stay close to home and well inshore. The last remnants of winter and some early spring weather can deliver a sharp sting if not treated with respect.

*Continued on page 9 ➤*



*There's a flash new beach at Westhaven. We launched there recently and gave it a nod of approval, but a word of warning. It's a bit muddy around low tide. The beach has an extremely high profile, being close to the bridge motorway and the very popular new waterfront walkway. We ended up entertaining quite a few fellow acquaintances who spotted our return.*





*Another big rock fall on Watchman Island. One of our favourite morning tea stops is gradually crumbling away. Some years ago concerned Herne Bay locals made a bold attempt to arrest the erosion. They adopted the tiny ownerless island and set about re-vegetating its barren slopes. With virtually no water catchment to rely on, the exercise failed.*

We have managed to find good sunny locations by travelling north of the Harbour Bridge to launch at Birkenhead, Greenhithe, Castor Bay or the Whangaparaoa Peninsula. On the southern side we have departed from Westhaven and our winter favourite, Okahu Bay.

Launching from the bay has its rewards. When the prevailing cold south-westerly is about we like to enjoy the Port Paddle. This takes us up past the wharves and satisfies our avid ship spotters. Morning tea is usually taken in the sunny sheltered Judges Bay. Our train spotters can get quite excited here, especially when a big port shunt freight comes rumbling by. It's nice to indulge in a spot of nature watching whilst here too. A bevy of lovely ladies from a local fitness group have become quite chatty. We have almost developed an immunity to the regular round of rebuking they dish out to us as they stride past.

We went paddling up past Herne Bay recently. This stretch of coastline contains some of the priciest pieces of real estate in the country. Many of the coastal mansions boast jetties and boatsheds which lend a picturesque character to the area. We hadn't been up that way for a while and couldn't help but notice some new builds to the boatshed scene.



*We are not sure who owns this elevated sun deck tucked under the northern Harbour Bridge approaches. It has a fantastic view and a nice beach for low tide landings. We can often be found there early on a sunny Saturday morning watching the harbour bustle into activity.*

Continued on page 10 ➤



*Soldiers Bay is a tranquil backwater up past Kauri Point on the North Shore most of the year. For a busy ten minutes it was kayak central as our early morning group exchanged places and greetings with another like-minded outing.*

It required considerable imagination however, to comprehend how some of the extravagant new structures could possibly qualify as boatsheds.

On our way back we called by to visit Watchman Island. Over the years this tiny speck of sandstone has been in the news for a variety of incidents. Most have been publicity stunts. Adidas had their crouching haka man, Harcourts planted a big for sale sign there and it was all easily visible from the Harbour Bridge. One stunt that really had the motorist gawping was when a nudist colony took up residence there. That brought the traffic to a standstill.

When we called by, there was nothing naughty happening, but we noticed another big rock-fall. The island is falling to bits. Some years ago there was a track leading up to the small grassy summit. That also has slowly crumbled away. It would appear that it is only the tenacious grip of a couple of struggling Pohutukawa trees that is holding this little island together. Each winter as storms take their toll, the island is being weathered away. All too soon we will be paddling past a bleak and barren Watchman Rock.

Most paddlers enjoy the chance to catch a wave or two and speed for a few seconds on an exhilarating free ride. Surfing the waves is a good skill to acquire. Some years ago this was a popular pastime with club paddlers operating out of Okahu Bay. If there was any good blow from the north, we would all be out there riding the waves in from Bean Rock and beyond. To add interest and excitement to this little escapade, we would surf through the gaps between the wave screen piles. There was always a bit of

competition going on here to see who could surf through the narrowest gap. When the tide was running strong along the length of the wave-screen, lining up those skinny gaps could be a tricky task. Most of the piles were encrusted with a good layer of razor sharp oyster shells. They quickly dealt to any paddler caught out of alignment.

For a brief while, we had an elite group of storm surfing paddlers based down at Okahu Bay. This little clique was formed from paddlers keen to indulge in something a little more extreme. We knew that every once in a while, a good north-easterly storm would sweep in through the Motuihe Channel creating massive wind waves. They would surge up the harbour and crash onto the Tamaki Drive foreshore. Usually a yacht or two would be wrenched from its moorings and deposited there as well. The storm surfers wanted to ride these waves.

We only ever had one proper group outing and that involved some carnage and a dunking or two. We won't mention all the names so as to preserve the reputations and dignity of some of those involved, but it all happened a bit like this.

Brian was our ring leader and it was his job to muster the group if a suitable big blow was brewing. When he made the call, we were required to drop everything and assemble ready to challenge Mother Nature's fury. There was much bravado about being an invitee to this elite macho group. Some of us strutted about with a swagger and an air of self-image. Secretly though, we were all probably dreading that inevitable call to action.

Continued on page 11 ➤

It was a wild screaming nor'easter that finally activated the storm surfers. We were summoned to assemble at Okahu Bay early one Thursday afternoon. At the designated hour, there were only two intrepid paddlers to be seen. Maybe the others had arrived early, assessed the folly and sensibly scuttled away. Massive wind swells were rolling into the bay. Brian had done his homework well, these were just the conditions that we had wished for with our group boldness. Mother Nature had delivered, it was now our turn.

Launching wasn't easy, there was a substantial surge on the ramp, but we both managed to get away. The biggest problem now was making headway out into the fangs of the shrieking gale. We were aiming for the eastern mouth of the bay. It was going to take a long time getting anywhere paddling straight out into the tempest. A quick decision saw us tacking to starboard and aiming for the lee shelter of the rock wall and roadway running past the Kelly Tarlton complex. The roadway is elevated over there as it runs above the big subterranean aquarium tanks. We had a brief respite from the wind below it.

From our place of sanctuary, we looked out to where the big wind swells were surging past. From our lowly perspective they now looked enormous as they rolled up the harbour with frightening speed. Great flurries of spray were being streaked away by the furious wind. We made a plucky decision to attempt to paddle out a short distance and surf back into the bay.

That plan didn't quite work. As soon as we left the shelter of the roadway seawall, we were exposed to the full fury of the wind and waves. We were spun around and blown back into the bay with most of the big waves rolling quickly under us. We regrouped at our shelter spot beside Kelly Tarltons to plan our next attack. The waves were fast paced and we needed swiftness to catch them. This time we would paddle out from our lee shelter at speed and when the wind whipped us around we would sprint onto the face of a wave. It worked.

We were both paddling high performance craft, the long slender Barracuda Discovery sea kayaks. Once riding the power of those massive waves we had good control because their deep V hulls excel on following seas. They don't skate and skid around like some of those round bilged kayaks do.

Soon we were surfing back through the moored yachts that throng the mouth of the bay. It was all happening at a rapid rate. Brian was on the wave in front of mine and I caught the occasional glimpse of frantic paddle tips as we weaved our way deeper into the bay. All too soon it was time get off the big hissing aquatic roller-coasters before we crashed ashore. Left rudder and a light skimming low brace saw us peel off in formation. Our waves were expending their energy in a welter of foam and fury all along the big Okahu Bay concrete ramp. It was so much fun that we did it again, this time with added confidence.

Continued on page 12 ➤



*Sometimes we are dealt a low tide paddle. We usually avoid them on the West Coast harbours, but the Waitemata is more tolerable. We enjoyed a break from the easterly by landing inside a well-drained Kendall Bay whilst on a voyage around the upper harbour.*

After the second run, we sensed that the tide was turning. We didn't want to be out there in wind against tide conditions, certainly not in that sea state. The wave face gets steeper and the troughs deeper. Surfing down them at speed can only have one inevitable end. There was time for one last run and then we would have to deal with the dramas of landing.

It was another scintillating run and we weaved like slalom skiers through the moorings. Brian got his timing wrong and disappeared in the froth and foam in front of the ramp. I eased off just short, and sprinted in on the back of the surge. As I ran up the ramp hauling my kayak clear, I could see Brian's boat being trashed as the next wave crashed in. There was Brian sprawled out on the ramp looking rather dishevelled amidst the storm tossed debris. The surge was threatening to drag him back in, and I rushed to help.

He was a little battered and bruised, but typical of Brian's style, there was a grin from ear to ear. There was no doubt that he was still on an adrenalin high from the surfing fun we had both just enjoyed. After giving ourselves a well-earned high five, we set off to retrieve his kayak. It was about to be swept off the end of the ramp and possible doom on the rocks beyond.

One other storm surfer did turn up. Lindsay arrived way too late but made a valiant attempt to join us. After half an hour of struggling to launch through the

surge, he managed to get away. It was only to be a very brief foray though. A big brute of a wave with his name on it sent him sprawling back onto the ramp.

That was to be the last ever gathering of our elite storm surfing group. The phone hasn't rung to summon us since. To be quite honest, I'm rather glad about that. I don't think that I've got the essentials required to fill those superman sized undies anymore.

Things to look forward to in the next few months. The summer camping season is only weeks away now. There is the possibility of a spring shake-down camp. It will be promoted at very short notice to tie in with suitable weather, so watch out for alerts. Gerard has been out testing his fishing tackle in the Presidential Safari. He will be back out again soon with his knowledge and skills, to show us how to catch our quota. Once again, look for alerts. Our coffee cruisers are preparing to stir up a latte or two at their favourite coastal cafes. There is a strong rumour that a temporary one will set up shop down our end of the bay this summer.

Probably the big breaking news is that the early morning kayakers have all ordered the latest summer paddling attire. They will be strutting their stuff in fashion parades along a coast near you over the next few months. If you would like to be a fashion statement too, then join the dawn patrol and help smarten up the waterfront.

Roger

## Poet's Corner

*The Summer Games are over  
For me they've just begun  
Winter Spring and Autumn  
At the rising of the sun  
Each day an opening ceremony  
That only I attend  
Salutations to the World  
And all the folk therein  
Those workday heroes all around  
On whom we all rely  
The people we depend on  
To take life on the fly  
That said my swim event is next  
My lazy gene to beat  
Wetsuit on the hardest part*

*Against me I must compete  
Of course I jest the hardship  
To practise sport a breeze  
To earn one's cash through working  
Only some would please  
So a toast to all you champions  
Whatever it is you do  
I recommend some paddling  
But of course it's up to you  
To score a gold in the happiness stakes  
You can but try at least  
And if by chance a glitch shows up  
Simply face the beast.*

Mike Randall

## 1998 Mazda 626 GLXI for sale



Good, reliable car in tidy condition. Auto. 2,000 cc. New Zealand new.  
145,000 km. New WoF. Four new tyres March 2015. Thule racks included.  
Hardly used during the past two and a half years – new battery.

**\$2,500.00**

Please phone **Claire** on **027 238 1250**