

Newsletter



December 05
January 06

Highlights in this sizzler summer issue!

Quilter's Way - eat chocolate and paddle forever!!!

Jackie's international TR - the magical Isle of Skye

Kevin's Northland *Odyssey* Part 947

Colin's west coast beach walk

Will's Little Flick story

Erica asks hard questions about leadership responsibilities

'Why you dirty rat!'

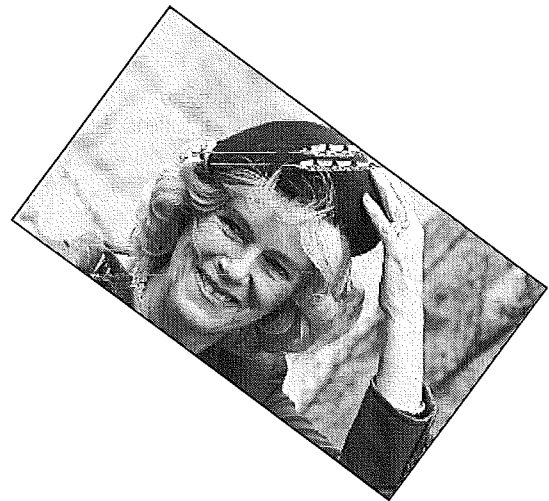
Mike discovers Greenland paddles

Hugh's view

Graeme's pain in the neck

Kevin's Kompetition Part Four /Final

A poet's jandals



EXCLUSIVE!
Is Camilla a sea kayaker?
Does she wear polyprop?
Full exposé inside!

Editorial - Why I love summertime Auckland!

Why is **Camilla** on this month's cover? Why not! Every self-respecting magazine features her at some stage. And, just like the real magazines, what you see to entice you on the cover bears absolutely no relationship to what is inside...

Instead we have a fascinating feature on chocolate, heart rates, energy, and paddling speed by **Colin Quilter**. Colin always has a remarkably original way of describing the world. Instead of attributing my slow paddling to degeneration, lack of fitness etc I can now slowly paddle along, happy in the knowledge that I'm at my optimum power/weight/speed/energy/choco ratio...

Then there's an international TR - on the Isle of Skye no less - from **Jackie Hillman**. And great pics to go with it. Then **Colin** does it again on the west coast. Why are his trips always so eventful? **Will Henden**, on another eventful trip, plays with fire!

Erica Law ponders some issues that we should all be concerned about - the responsibilities of trip leaders and of the Club itself. Hopefully this will generate some further discussion in the pages our **Newsletter**. We also have a new resident philosopher columnist - **Hugh Oakley-Browne**.

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Why do I love Auckland even more in the summer? It's because of the pohutukawa in flower, and rain on the hibiscus. I love the afternoon sea breezes, the waterfront drive, walking up North Head. I love the long evenings when you can have fish and chips on the beach, or paddle to Rangitoto, climb to the top, and watch the sun set over the city. If you sneak off for an overnigher the nights in the tent are delightfully hot and sticky, and the morning dew is heavy. I love seeing Tiritiri Matangi light flashing every night. I love camping on Motuihe, and Motutapu, and Motuora. I love a quick north easterly storm followed by clearing south westerlies. I love catching snapper off the Browns Bay Reef early in the morning or at sunset. I even love it when stuck in the hot traffic because it makes getting out in the kayak even more enjoyable. I love the choices Auckland offers - there are a million sea kayaking options in the harbour and inner Gulf region. There are ten million options within 1-2 hours drive from the city.

Enjoy!

Kerry Howe

The chocolate-powered paddler

Colin Quilter

Here's an interesting question: if you set off for a day's kayaking, how fast should you paddle in order to gain the maximum distance for minimum energy expenditure? Obviously you wouldn't set off in a mad sprint because within half an hour you would be stuffed and little distance covered. But on the other hand, you would not paddle dead slow because the day would pass and night would fall and you still wouldn't have travelled far. Somewhere in between is the most economical speed; but what exactly is it? I have been performing some simple experiments to find out.



All of the measurements and calculations which follow relate to me and my old Sea Bear; a 67kg paddler of moderate fitness in a single kayak weighing 28kg carrying no additional gear. You can make your own guess about how to translate them to suit yourself and your kayak.

The first question is: how much energy do I expend when paddling? How is energy expenditure related to speed? Energy consumption can be calculated in a physiology laboratory by measuring the difference in the concentration of oxygen and carbon dioxide in inspired and expired air while exercising; but it is difficult to collect expired air in the middle of the harbour! However, I thought of a simple way around this problem. If I could do measurements in the lab to relate my energy consumption to heart rate; and then measurements on the harbour to relate my heart rate to speed; then a relationship could be established linking energy consumption to speed through the water.

Here are the results.

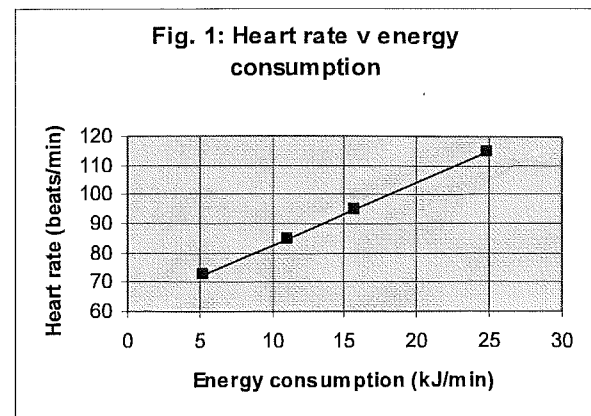
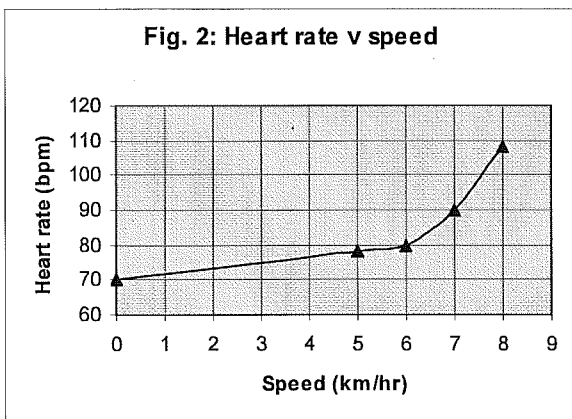


Figure 1 relates energy consumption in kilojoules per minute (kJ/min)¹ to my heart rate in beats/min. The measurements were made while I exercised on a bicycle ergometer. You will see that there's a linear relationship between energy consumption and heart rate. The harder I exercised, the higher was my heart rate. Note that the highest measured heart rate was only 115 beats/min, well below my maximum. This was intentional, because I was interested in values which I could sustain for long periods of paddling, not in sprint values.

Next I headed out onto the harbour in my kayak with GPS (to measure speed in km/hr) and stopwatch (to measure heart rate). I paddled with a light boat (no additional gear), and at right angles to a very light breeze so that it would not influence my speed. I chose a place where tidal streams were weak, and averaged measurements while paddling in both directions to remove any effect of current on my speed. For each measurement I paddled steadily for 5 minutes before recording my heart rate in order to allow time for it to settle at a new value. Figure 2 shows how speed through the water was related to heart rate.



The graph shows that at slow speeds my heart rate rose very little above the resting value (70 beats/min); but at speeds above 6km/hr heart rate began to climb sharply. I expected that result, for reasons which I'll explain shortly. It might be helpful to explain what these speeds "felt like". These are my impressions, in my kayak; you might feel differently.

4km/hr feels like barely moving.

5km/hr is very slow. It's the speed I might paddle if I was waiting for someone else to catch up to the group.

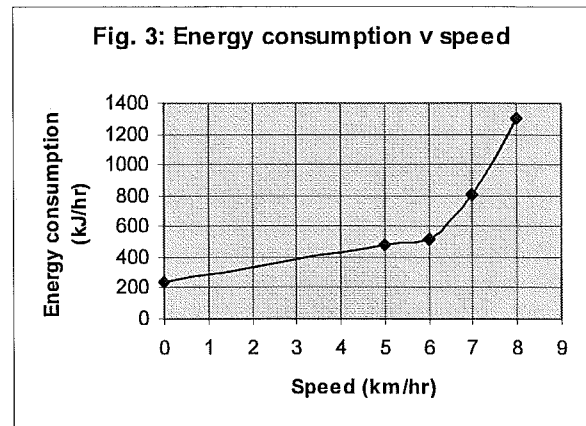
6km/hr is better, but it's still a little slower than I would normally paddle.

6.5km/hr is the speed I paddle when I'm alone and I want to travel a long distance.

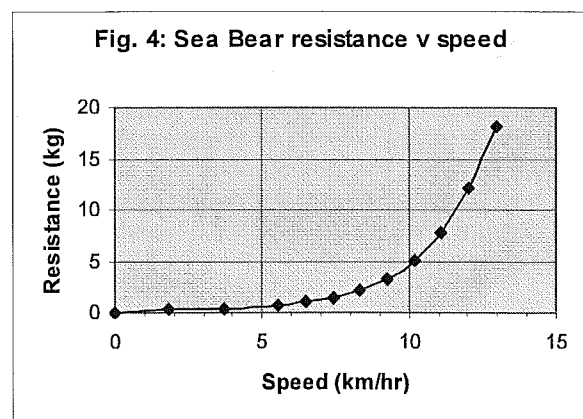
7km/hr is the speed of most Canoe Club daytrips with light boats.

8km/hr is pushing harder, a speed I wouldn't attempt to maintain for more than an hour or so.

So now I had the data to relate energy consumption to speed. Figure 3 shows that low speeds are achieved at very small cost in energy, but speeds above 6km/hr are much more "expensive" in terms of energy consumption.

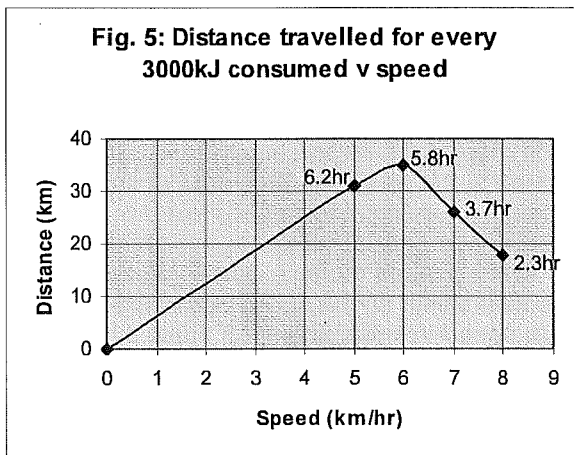


Most kayakers will immediately realise why energy consumption rises steeply at higher paddling speeds. It is because the resistance of the kayak hull through the water (the drag you must overcome with the paddle) increases sharply at speeds above a certain value. At low speeds most of the drag comes from skin friction and is related to the wetted surface area of the hull. At higher speeds drag increasingly comes from wave-making resistance and is related to the shape of the hull, not to its wetted surface area. Wave-making resistance sets a limit on the speed of a displacement-type hull (a speed in knots about 1.3 times the square root of the waterline length measured in feet), which can only be exceeded if the hull climbs over its own bow wave and begins to plane. The relationship between speed and resistance for my Sea Bear is shown in Figure 4. I obtained these values by calculation, using formulae³ published in *Sea Kayaker* magazine. I haven't attempted to check the values using towing tests or other means, but they match published data for sea kayaks similar to mine.



You can see that the drag increases slowly at first, then between 8 and 10km/hr it more than doubles, and between 10 and 12km/hr it more than doubles again. No wonder these high speeds require immense effort. However that's academic because I am not interested in sprint speeds.

What I am interested in, and can now answer, is: **for a given consumption of energy, what speed should I travel at to achieve maximum distance?** Let's set the total energy consumption at say 3000kJ for a day on the water. This happens to be roughly the energy content of three Whittakers Peanut Slabs, so we are considering Quilter powered by chocolate; (it won't do his coronary arteries any good, but we can set that aside). Figure 5 relates distance covered to paddling speed, derived from Figure 3. The data points on the graph have labels which indicate the time taken (hours) to expend 3000kJ. For example: at a paddling speed of 6km/hr, I would consume 3000kJ in 5.8hr and cover a distance of 34.8km. If I raise my speed to 7km/hr, then I would burn the same amount of energy in just 3.7hr and cover 25.9km in the process.



Note that the most economical paddling speed (6km/hr) is quite slow. A similar discovery has been made for ocean-crossing powerboats. Increasingly, folk who might otherwise sail across oceans are making the trip in small (12-15m) displacement-type powerboats. On a journey of a week or two, with the engine running continuously and no refuelling stops possible, fuel economy becomes critical because the payload of diesel is limited. The skipper must find out the speed which gives maximum distance for each litre of diesel burned. The calculations are similar to the ones I have done here; and the result is the same: maximum range is achieved by travelling at surprisingly slow speeds.

Speaking of payload: I wondered what effect a full load of camping gear might have on paddling economy. I haven't carried out tests on the water, but my calculations indicate that 30kg of gear would

increase the wetted surface by 13%. The resulting increase in resistance would reduce the most economical paddling speed from 6.0 to about 5.7km/hr.

So what's the message that comes out of this? If maximum efficiency is your goal, then you should consider slowing down. A speed of 6km/hr is slower than I usually paddle alone, and quite a lot slower than the speed of most club trips. On a day trip with a group of friends you are willing to expend more energy in order to cover a good distance in quick time. But on a multi-day trip along the coast then endurance and economy of effort become important factors, and my results suggest that a gentle pace maintained over a longer time is worth consideration.

1. If you prefer to use kilocalories per min as units of energy consumption, then 1kcal = 4kJ (approx).
2. I find topographic maps more useful than charts for kayaking, so I use km/hr rather than knots. To convert 1knot = 1.85km/hr
3. Total resistance (lb) = Residual resistance + Frictional resistance
 Residual resistance = $21.541 (V/L)^4 - 58.373 (V/L)^3 + 59.124(V/L)^2 - 25.828 (V/L) + 4.12$
 Frictional resistance = $[0.00871 + 0.053/(8.8+L)]S*V^{1.825} + 0.04$
 where V = speed in knots, L = waterline length in feet, and S= wetted surface in square feet

URGU finds the going tough



URGU is finding life tough as a Auckland City Councillor. His grandiose plans for the Auckland Canoe Club have run foul of the ARA, the District Plan, the Heritage Act, the Resource Management Act, and the Political Correctness Officer. More than one city council member has

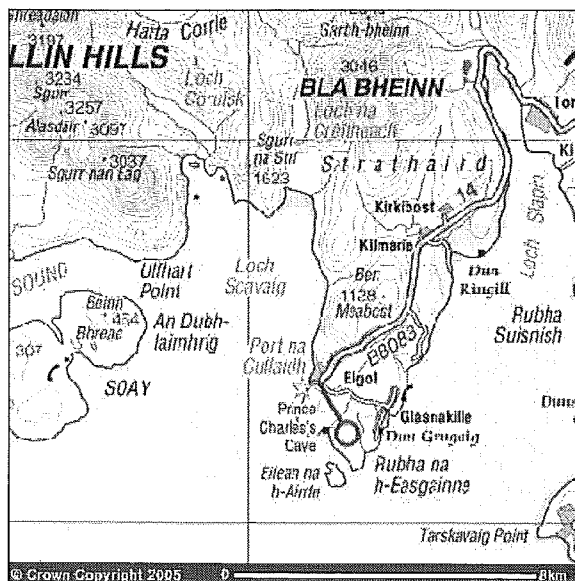
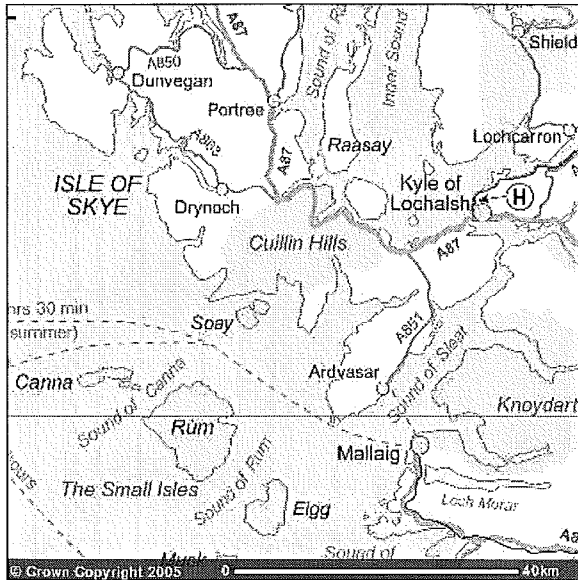
threatened to string him up to the wave screen at low tide. URGU however remains philosophical - 'It's because I have become such a celebrity,' he told clamouring reporters, 'and one must accept that some people are very jealous of me.' After declaring lilac his favourite colour, he gave them all the slip by running out the back door of Fergs and doing a Le Mans sprint to his waiting Barracouda. He was last seen heading towards Browns Island where, according to all-seeing-all-knowing Roger Lomas, it is rumoured he lives in a secret cave. Roger thinks URGU might have plans to declare Browns Island a sea kayakers-only Republic.

Trip reports

The Isle of Skye

Jackie Hillman

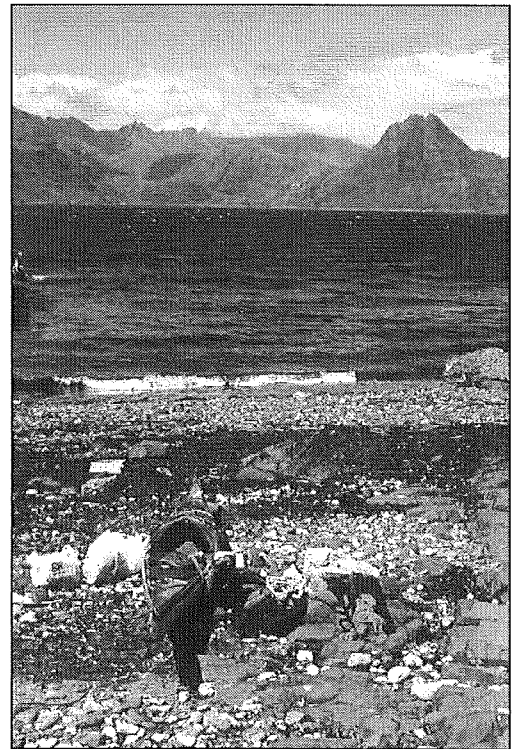
Finding a kayak became a priority this August while spending two weeks on the Isle of Skye - Scotland. I was staying with family in a croft nestled near the Cuillin range overlooking Loch Slapin with a coastline begging to be explored. My attempts via the Scottish Paddlers Association before leaving NZ had not proved fruitful although I did get an email while in Skye from a group who paddled Wednesday evening but they were further south. One stormy day we travelled there and the potential paddling looked awesome too.



One morning while out running I met some local fisherman who pointed me to the Yellow Paddle backpackers whose owner had two sea kayaks. He was new to paddling and always looking for someone to paddle with. I caught Tim before he headed out to work on the sight seeing boat 'Bella Jane' (everyone on Skye seems to have several jobs!) and over a coffee we arranged to meet that evening.



Elgol in the farthest westerly point on the Strathaid peninsula and has a commanding view of the Black Cuillin range a black ridge of peaks across Loch Scavaig and the inlet which leads to Loch Coruisk or in Gaelic - Coir Uisg' which means corrie of water, a magical mysterious place nestled in the base of the Cuillin range that has drawn famous visitors such as Sir Walter Scott and the painter, Turner.



This area of Scotland is steeped in Clan history and Elgol is where Chief John MacKinnon transported Bonnie Prince Charlie by boat from Elgol to Loch Nevis at Knoydart in 1746 to escape the English. The MacKinnon family retain their strong links to this part of Skye and it was a MacKinnon that started the Bella Jane boat trip from Elgol.

Loch Scavaig is a sea Loch bounded by the Western isles of Eigg, Rhum and Soay which offer some respite from the Atlantic swell and some of the harsh stormy weather that is notorious in these parts.



We set off on a calm evening with a slight westerly breeze. We decided to head for Loch ná cuilg the inlet that leads to Loch Coruisk a short 10minute walk further inland. The inlet is bounded by several small islands home to a large seals colony. We followed the coast under steep cliffs where a sheep track forms the challenging coastal walking path from Elgol to Loch Coruisk. A walker had fallen from it a month before. This area of Scotland is full of sea life with whales, porpoises and basking sharks. The evening light emphasised the vivid green of the hills, the blue sky and dark blue / black mountains. The sea had an eerie deep green look with a small swell and Tim appeared more anxious than I expected looking intently about until he conceded that on his last trip out he was followed by a large shark and was finding it a challenge to relax! As we head around the bluff of Rubha nán-Airigh bain we found a beached minke whale that has died a few days before. We headed past Camas fhionnairig an open bay with a wide beach and the ridge of Blá bheinn rising from hills behind. There are two small white buildings on this beach, a bothy (climbers/walkers hut) and a stalkers cottage that is still used during the summer months although it has old horse hair mattresses, candles and relies on a diesel generator for power. Access is by 4wd or a steep 1½ hr walk.

We pass Bad Step a rock bluff that has foiled many walkers attempting the coastal path to Coruisk only be

thwarted by this confusing bluff. The natural inclination to climb above has seen many walkers rescued off this bluff. The correct path drops to near the waters edge and follows a diagonal crack in rock. Not a hard crossing but a tough visual illusion on a day with a good sea swell!

It had taken me a good hour to adapt my paddling stroke to comfortably control a rudderless sea kayak without drifting off in strange directions. It had puzzled me to see so many sea kayak groups and none using rudders, and not a wing paddle in sight - when asked why? - they would retort - "why would you need one"!

As we approached the seal colonies the light was starting to be hidden by the steep mountain cliff and we were surrounded by snorting seals diving and popping up around the boats. It was hard to decide whether they were just curious or grumpy that we had disturbed their evening naps.



Looking up at the mountain peaks there was a large eagle soaring but were too high to be sure it was a Golden eagle even though there are a pair that have their home there. We saw a variety of terns and shearwaters while paddling - diving around the boats. Sadly no whales, or porpoises. However we were blessed with a display by a pair of otters playing at the waters edge as we left the inlet unconcerned by our presence if we kept quiet.

It had taken nearly two hours to reach here and the wind was starting to pick up especially funnelling between the Isle of Soay and the steep bluff of Gars Bleinn. So we hugged the coast back for a while until the wind dropped and we were able to cross the bay as the light started to fade. We reached Elgol or Port ná cullaigh its Gaelic name just after 9 pm. The light this far north earlier in the summer it would stay until 11pm.

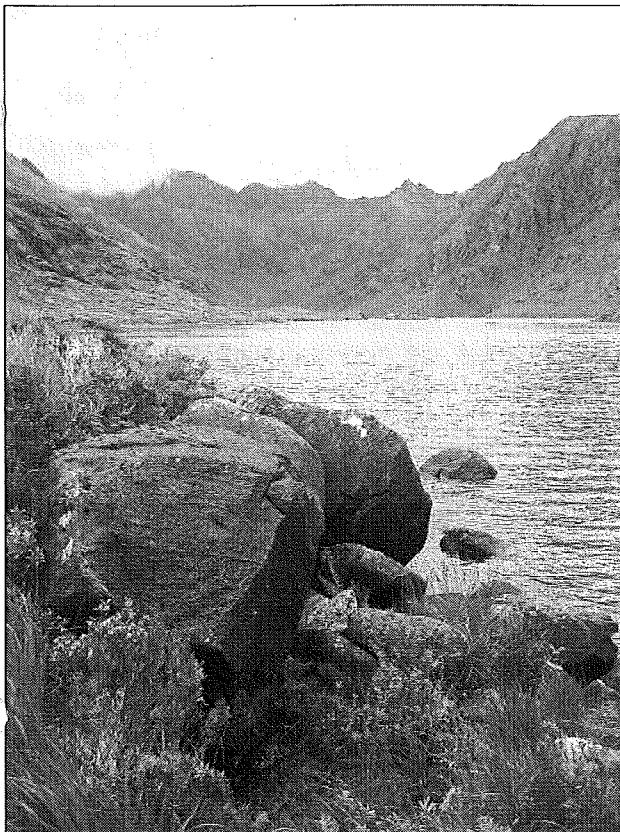
It had been a magical evening and fuelled me to want to explore further. Sadly the weather changed and we were hit by a severe storm so even though the offer to

use the kayak when ever I wanted was there, I never managed another trip.

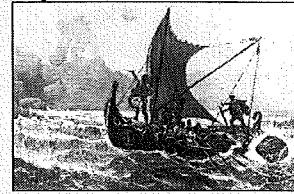
However another time I will make sure we have kayaks at the cottage as it is a crime to visit Skye without exploring the inlets by kayak.

Unfortunately I did not have a waterproof camera so took no shots that evening. Those I included were from a few days earlier with less clear skies.

Should anyone be heading to the UK then consider a paddle trip around the coastline of the western isles as it is stunning and warrants its reputation as a premier area for sea kayaking.



The Odyssey Kayak Trip North February 2003



Part Three - Matapouri to the Bay of Islands

Kevin Dunsford

Matapouri - Mimiwhangata

North of Matapouri, right up to Mimiwhangata Bay, is a section of rocky coastline and sandy beaches that I consider to be one of the best kayaking playgrounds around. I had travelled through here a couple of years ago with my wife and friends, hugging reefs and beaches and was very much looking forward to spending some time in the area. After rounding Rangitupu Point just off Matapouri, my plans underwent a quick revision. What should have been rock gardening reefs were now white frothing rottweiler jaws waiting for a kayak intruder. What had previously been beautiful bays of white sand beaches were now funnels concentrating swells to unsustainable heights. After heading out a km or so offshore, the swell was cleaner and easier to cope with.

After paddling a couple of miles I considered heading into the Whananaki Inlet at the top of Sandy Bay, but the big southeasterly also had the same idea so I gave that a miss and headed back out to sea to get around Elisabeth Reef. At the end of the reef the swells were an unbelievable 3m to 4m and personally, I found it a bit intimidating. White water and foam everywhere, so out I went even further. I always find it strange how heading out to sea is reassuring in really big seas. I would have thought that a land-loving animal would want to seek land.

I knew that 6nm or so north, around Rimariki Island, lay Mimiwhangata Bay facing north and it would be sheltered from the SE swells. There was not much wind which made it all so strange. I noticed on the chart, just before Rimariki Island, a group of dots called Wide Berth Islands and thought how yachts have to keep clear of all the interesting places kayaks could go. Boy, was I wrong! What a washing machine. I resolved that the people naming islands might know a thing or two after all. To get around Wide Berth Islands then Rimariki Island I had to go at least 3nm out from Helena Bay. Around the northern side of Rimariki Island the swells subsided to 1.5m so I put the line out

and within 4 minutes had a strike, not a bird this time but quite a decent sized yellow tail.

Mimiwhangata Bay is a big U-shaped bay with two main beaches. The first is usually full of overnighting yachts. Today there were only two. I approached the first to see what the forecast was but they had no idea. Apparently they were fairly new to the whole boating thing and had been sheltering there for a couple of days. They had to get back to Tutukaka and were asking me for advice! Of course, I said it was a beautiful day and they should go for it with the afternoon sea breezes. I did notice they were still there the next day though.

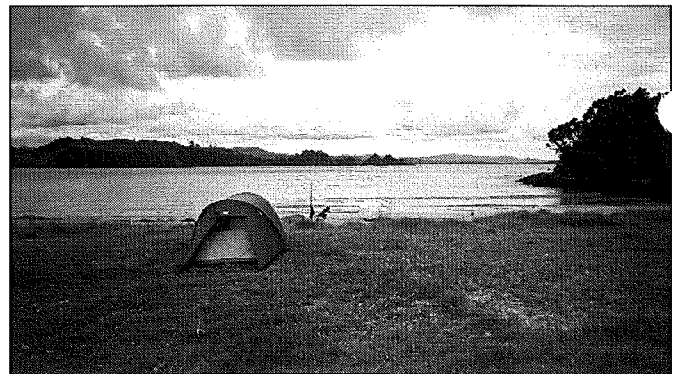
Around a little point is the second sandy beach and the DOC camp. There was one other tent there belonging to Adam, an NZ guy who went to Canada when he was 7 and his Canadian partner Leah, both of whom live in Toronto now and were here for a holiday. They couldn't believe how beautiful NZ is and how lucky we NZers are to be living here and wouldn't it be great if Team NZ wins the Cup. Well, how could you refuse to share a big yellowtail, pasta and salad meal with them? Just as well too because they were travelling light and had only sandwich-making gear, they didn't even have cups and no wine at all. They seemed fascinated by my little gas burner, and were blown away when I pulled out a second gas burner for the pasta. They became speechless when I inflated my thermarest chair, but I explained that they were not allowed one anyway because they were under 40. I must admit to feeling a bit guilty about not sharing my half bottle of wine, but hell, I needed that. At Mimiwhangata I came to the conclusion that I definitely don't like pasta. Unfortunately, I had planned 4 pasta meals during the trip so I would need to stock at the earliest opportunity.

Food! This is the focus of any outdoor trip. My favourite all time outdoor meal uses Continental Indian Rice. Slice a red onion into rings, with a finely chopped clove of garlic and gently sautee at low heat for 15 minutes in a dash of extra virgin olive (you can only find these rare creatures in bottles). Meanwhile in a billy, boil 1.25 cups of water then add a packet (shaken first) of Continental Indian Rice along with a small handful of Watties minted dried-peas. Bring to the boil then simmer for 8 minutes with the top on. (Makes enough for two, or one dinner and a lunch the next day). When the rice and peas have swelled and soaked up all the water, remove from heat and tip the onions in to keep warm. Next, add whatever you like to the meal, it's not really important. Good additives are fresh fried kahawai, if available, a dozen cooked mussels from the rocks or even a tin of smoked mussels goes really well. Tuna, available in foil is good but salmon somehow does not seem to go with this dish. To vary the meal, add any condiments you

might have in your chef's bag, but not all at once if it is a long trip. I reckon I could live on this for weeks.

While on the subject of food, my philosophy is that you paddle on breakfast. Lunch is an energy top-up if the going gets tough and dinner has three functions - a source of long term energy and fibre in some form, such as rice or if you must, pasta, a source of protein for overnight body repair and lastly something to help soak up the wine consumed before, during and, if some is left, after dinner. For breakfast I eat one third of a cup of raw muesli that has been soaked in apple juice (if I have it, or water if I don't) overnight with a bit of wheat germ. I swear you can paddle all day on this. Forget the chocolate bars and energy supplements. I first found this in Rosemary Kenton's Raw Energy book and haven't found a better source of energy, or an easier meal to prepare since. The idea of it being raw is that it is still living. Soaked overnight all the grains, seeds and nuts think spring has come and it's time to sprout. Stored starches turn to sugars and I reckon if there is enough energy in there to grow a shrub for a few weeks, there's plenty there for me to paddle a day. Last thing at night I make it and keep it beside the tent along with the coffee plunger, bog roll and plastic trowel, all ready for the morning's activities.

The Canadians packed up and walked out the next morning. I knew the magic of Mimiwhangata and the meal had done the trick because just before going over the brow of the hill the expatriate New Zealander, Adam, turned around and faced the bay and I heard him shout at the top of his voice 'NEW ZEALAND!' It was time for me also to leave this magic place and head north towards Cape Brett.



Mimiwhangata DoC camp - looking north.

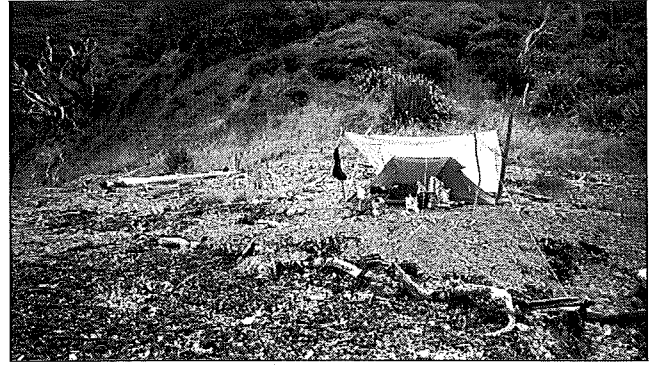
To Cape Brett - the turning point

Normal start. Alarm at 5.30am. Lurch awake again at 6.45, breakfast and a first coffee to prevent withdrawal symptoms, then a second coffee for the pure pleasure of it and leave the beach at 9. I like mornings and hurrying just seems to spoil them. I was making good time travelling about 5nm out off shore heading for Home Point and at the current rate I would be there by

12.30. Here I had to make a decision, head directly for Cape Brett or go to Whangamumu Harbour first. I had not yet had lunch and thought it might be a bit rash rounding the Cape.

At 5nm out I could see one Peninsula with an island off it and the chart showed Whangamumu sticking out 1.5nm with a lump at its end, so this is what I headed for. As soon as I got to about 1nm off the shore, the swells rose to 2.5m and started cutting up due to reflected waves off the shore. It was like being in a washing machine except the kayak was rising and falling every 20 seconds with the SE swell and a 12kt wind. At 1km offshore the wind increased to 30kt and came directly NW off shore. The washing machine cycle turned to spin and I made only very slow headway. Eventually I passed the peninsula and entered the outer harbour, but where was the inner Whangamumu harbour entrance? All I could see was white water, cliffs and foam. Something was not right. I could not let go of the paddle to turn on the GPS or it would have been wrenched out of my hands. I was getting tired and each time I rested I lost ground so I determined that I would paddle regardless, after all I was only a few hundred meters from land. I could see a gravel beach to the north of the bay but, strangely, which ever way I turned towards land in the bay, the wind would be directly against me coming off the cliffs. From the kayak I could see at least one level spot on the gravel for a tent, the whole of the rest of the bay being surrounded by cliffs.

It took me 45 minutes of hard paddling, after entering the bay, to get to that steep gravel beach and land the kayak. I jumped out but the beach was so steep each swell tried to suck the kayak back out again and it was too heavy to drag it far up the beach and I hung on to the bow, getting my breath back. Eventually, I got the kayak above the tide, and began unloading the gear. The sky now looked very black so I quickly erected the tent on the flat spot where someone else had already smoothed out the pebbles for me. After carrying the kayak up the beach above the high tide mark, the black cloud suddenly lifted and the hot sun burnt down. It looked like I was going to be here for the rest of the afternoon so I pulled out the extra fly and erected a rain/sun shelter over the tent and gear. I craved a toasted cheese sandwich and having three precious bits of Bergen Rye bread left constructed a masterpiece. The second burner was very handy as a top-griller for the cheese, but I did think of Justin Sanson-Beattie who carries a little gas welder just for this purpose. I couldn't stop eating, the body obviously thought it needed fuel, but could not determine how much.



Shelter at Outu Bay - last stop before Cape Brett, after missing Whangamumu Harbour.

A fix from the GPS showed me to be in the north of Outu Bay, I had paddled 1.5nm past Whangamumu Harbour! How could this have happened? I had been to Whangamumu before and knew what it looked like. Over the last 2 cups of wine I figured it out. I had relied on seeing the 1.5nm peninsula from 5nm out at sea but, when I looked at the chart, this meant I would have been looking straight at the end of the peninsula and, of course, it would not be different from the land behind it. The tiny peninsula further north would have appeared to stick out further. The conditions had been deteriorating, the sea hazy with spray and the sky almost as dark as the land. I should have monitored progress on the GPS, but I also figured you can't always rely on having enough hands to use all the wizzbang aids when the going gets tough. If only I had more wine I would have been able to get a PhD in the subject. I must stock up when I get to Rawhiti.

Valentines Day! I rang my valentine, Deb, in Auckland and was very surprised to get reception. In fact during the trip the only place I had no reception on 0274 was around Karikari Peninsula, but I'm getting ahead of myself, we're not even at Brett yet, and slap! Damn, the sandflies seem very hungry here.

After packing up the next morning and sliding the kayak down over bits of driftwood I headed out again then turned north for Cape Brett. The swells were not quite as big as the day before until getting near the Cape. A fizz-boat was anchored next to a rock with 5 guys fishing. The boat must have been rising 3 or more metres then dropping into a hole out of sight, only to reappear with the next swell. Being the only signs of humanity I had seen since Mimiwhangata, I decided to pay them a visit and gave them quite a shock appearing from behind. A guy shouted out to me 'Christ! I thought we were the only fools out today', while another dropped his rod and came back with a camera. If you happen to read this, I would love a copy of that photo. I wanted to get one of them but didn't dare take my hands off the paddle. Approaching the Cape from the south, I looked for the short cut through the gap but could not make it out without getting too close in.



Cape Brett from the south

Rounding the Cape was a bit an anti-climax. The swells suddenly subsided, protected by the Cape itself. The sea surface became glassy, yet moody. Last time I was rounding the Cape, there was a feeding frenzy in progress, birds, boats and fish bumping into the kayak. Today no sign of fish or birds at all and only a couple of ubiquitous Jet-raiders fleeing tourists. I heard the commercial fishing guys cleaned out the area a couple of years ago. A real shame. Sort of degrading for the famous Hole in the Rock.

From my northward heading, I now turned SW, along the topside of the peninsula into the Bay of Islands and it all changed!

[Next month - Kevin's excitement continues: what happened in the Bay of Islands and beyond?]

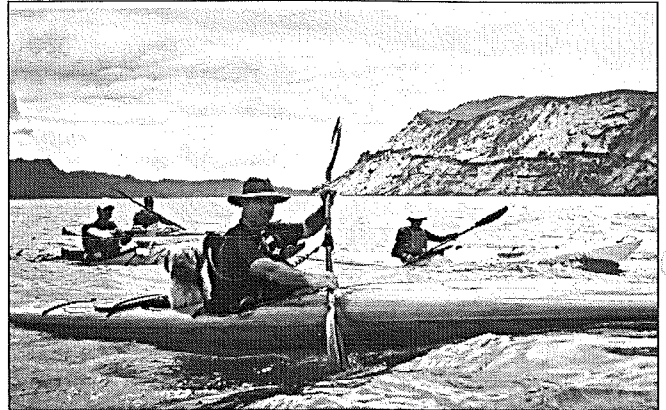
West coast beach-walk

Colin Quilter

On Sunday 30 October twenty-one paddlers and one dog met at Cornwallis Wharf for a trip to the Manukau Heads. From there we planned to walk south along the ocean beach for a few hours. Ben the dog (travelling in Justin's kayak) wagged his tail because he thought he knew the meaning of the words "walk" and "beach"; but he was wrong.

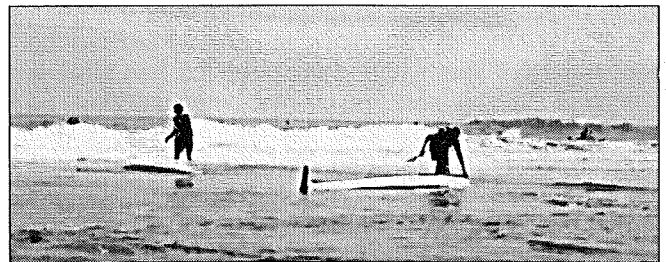
The harbour was windless and calm. Carried by the ebb tide we made quick progress down to South Head, where we landed at the usual cove just inside the harbour mouth. A few hundred metres along the beach is a rocky outcrop, where we gathered to survey the bar. Beyond the overfalls guarding the

channel the ocean was glassy and inviting. It seemed too good an opportunity to miss. We decided to split into two groups, one a small party of three who would stick to our original plan and walk south along the beach, and a second group of 18 paddlers (plus Ben) who would cross the bar and paddle along the coast. We agreed to meet for lunch at a valley opening onto the beach about 5km south. Back in the kayak with Justin, Ben was worried because he knew that vessels crossing the Manukau Bar are usually bound for Australia. He was wrong again.



Ben and Justin, South Head in the background (photo- Ross MacKenzie)

We met a few small swells in the South Channel but once in deep water the sea flattened out, and we enjoyed the paddle south. The cliffs backing the coast are constantly on the move, and all along the coast are fresh slips and sand-slides. It's a unique area. Approaching the lunch spot Ben cheered up because he could see the shore was close and he imagined he would soon be running on the beach; but he was wrong again.



Kayaks washing ashore (photo - Ross McKenzie)

By now the swell had increased, and was breaking occasionally over an outer bar in deep water. Much closer in there was a deceptive little shore break, thumping into shallow water right on the beach. Quickly the outer break claimed two of our party, who found themselves enjoying an early season swim a hundred metres off the beach. We got them back into their boats and they headed for the shore. However it was the evil little shore break that gave us most trouble, and soon people, kayaks, hats, sponges and water bottles in

profusion were washing around in knee-deep water close to the shore. Of our large group, only four claimed to have reached the beach upright; the rest capsized and swam (or waded, since the water was so shallow).

Fortunately the day was still and sunny. We lounged in the grass above the beach, had lunch, and soon warmed up. Only Ben was miserable because he knew that the way home was back out through the waves; but he was wrong again.



Broken paddle and still smiling - must be a good trip
(photo - Ross McKenzie)

Our party was lucky to include **Ted Hughes**. Ted had brought with him spares for the entire party; a spare paddle (needed by **Colin** who had snapped his favourite cedar paddle while inverted in the shore break); duct tape (needed by **Bradley** who had fractured his Nordkap above and below the waterline in the same way) and even spare sandwiches.



Warming up over lunch
(photo - Donald Finlayson)

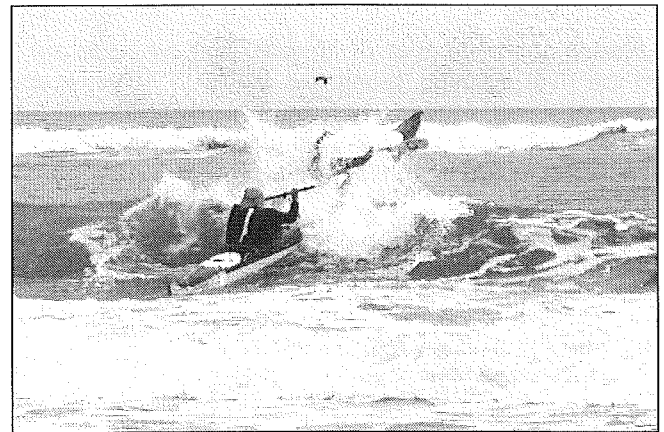
After lunch the shore break awaited us. It was no more than chest-high, but it thumped unceasingly onto the sand, with very few gaps or flat spots. Everyone took a few good waves over the foredeck getting off the beach, several capsized, and Paul finally got off on his fifth attempt. Out in deep water two more were knocked over by larger breakers on the outer bar but in the calm intervals which followed we recovered

them and in this way, over a period of about 45 minutes, the whole party reached calm water 300 metres offshore.



Paul leaving the beach
(photo - Ron Wilson)

The return trip was uneventful. Paddling north we could occasionally make out the shore party walking along the beach parallel to us; this party now included Ben, who assumed he would never see Justin again; but as usual he was wrong. Inside the heads we landed again at the cove to meet the shore party. Here Ben looked at Cornwallis in the distance, he looked at Justin, and he knew that he was going to be put in that bloody canoe again; and, finally, he was RIGHT.



There's a double in here somewhere
(photo - Ron Wilson)

So that was another good day on the west coast. No injuries, nothing lost or damaged that couldn't be replaced or repaired, and some invaluable experience gained. Especially by Ben, who will know how to reply next time Justin invites him on an Auckland Canoe Club beach-walk.

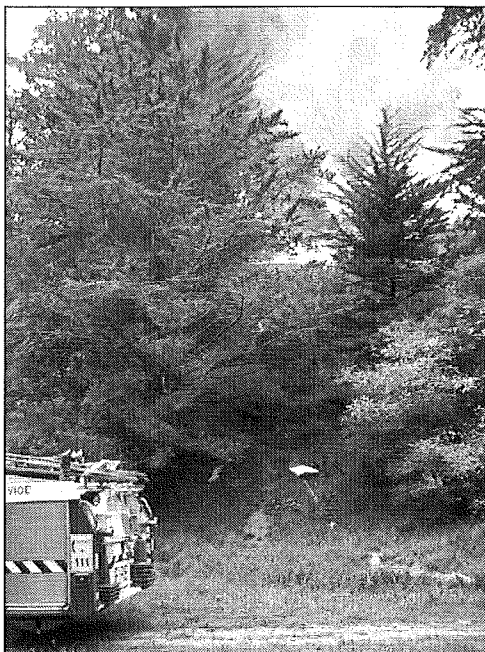
**Bilge pumps to the rescue?
Or where is Little Flick?
Torbay trip 6 November**

Will Henden

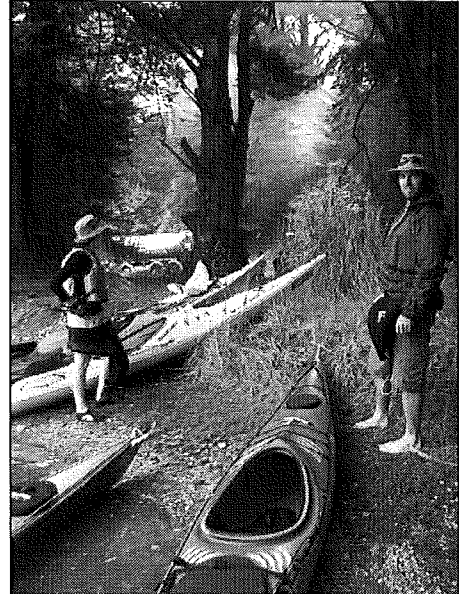
We all met pretty much on time at Waiake beach in Torbay. Eight boats in total. **Wayne, Gerrard, John, Erica, Caren, Dion, Maurice, and Will.** It was an easy paddle with a light tail wind till we got as far as the marine reserve at Long Bay where we turned the corner and out of the wind. We pretty much hugged the coast along Long Bay and beneath the cliffs at the north end. **Jenny** from Whangaparaoa had been waiting for only 5 minutes by the time we met at the cliffs between Arkles Bay and the mouth of the Wade River.

We paddled past a small number of houses that are only accessible by vehicle at low tide. Neat places. Up the creek with paddle we carried on. Taking opportunities to 'limbo' under various jetties jutting from the land. We rounded a small mangrove island up the river up as far as the Stillwater launching ramp and drifted with the now outgoing tide taking more opportunities to see how low we could go, with more jetties on the Stillwater side of the river. Once past the Stillwater campground Maurice decided to adventure into the mangroves.

Stillwater has a number of 'fingers' that protrude out into the river creating 'mangrove groves'. At the end of one of these, Maurice noticed a brush fire along a walking track. Will beached his kayak and reached for his cell phone and immediately called 111.



A few local kids were suspiciously approaching the fire with shouts of concern at how big it had got and with the intent of somehow trying to put it out. By this time it was too large for 3 kids to do anything so they were loudly told to move away and that the fire brigade was on its way.



The fire was slowly but surely burning its way towards a microfarad tree and up the hill through the lumps of toe toe and dry gorse. Wayne, Dion and Will ventured up the hill to see what was next in the fire's path. Gerrard and Caren had run down to the gate between the walking track and the end of Duck Creek Road.

The fire engine arrived within around 20 minutes and cut the chain to the gate and entered along the walking path. A water tanker had been called out as well and arrived shortly after the pump engine. By this time a few of the locals had come see the excitement of the bush fire the day after guy fawks night. The fire brigade did its job well and we kayakers left the scene, and carried on out the mouth of the river and on to Dacre cottage for lunch on the freshly mown lawn.

And after lunch we had a bit of relax. Then back to our boats for a leisurely return paddle to Torbay.

(Photos - Will Henden)

Leadership and responsibility

Erica Law

With a couple of particularly inspirational trips south this year, I have toyed with the idea of leading the occasional trip for the club. But a couple of things hold me back (apart from wanting to brush up on my rescue and leadership skills).

My reservations are around safety and trip culture, and the responsibility the club and trip leader has for safety. I'm quite sure that our accident-free record has had a lot to do with the good judgement and decisions of our trip leaders in terms of weather and sea conditions. Personally I don't feel comfortable with the thought of being solely responsible for double digit numbers of people, except perhaps on a short one to two hour inshore coastal trip. I can take in about five or six others at a glance. Any more than that and I have to actually count the numbers. What if a newcomer to the club strayed off somewhere and wasn't missed for a while?

There are other ways of organising a trip with larger numbers such as a 'buddy' system, or 'pods' of six to eight each with a leader that meet up with other pods at landing rest stops; but this presupposes we have a culture in the club that thinks this is important. At the moment I think it would be a bit like herding cats.

Another issue around safety is the ratio of experienced people to beginners. As summer comes on, probably more beginners or relatively inexperienced people will be encouraged to go out on trips. That's great, an important role of the club, so long as people have a safe and enjoyable experience.

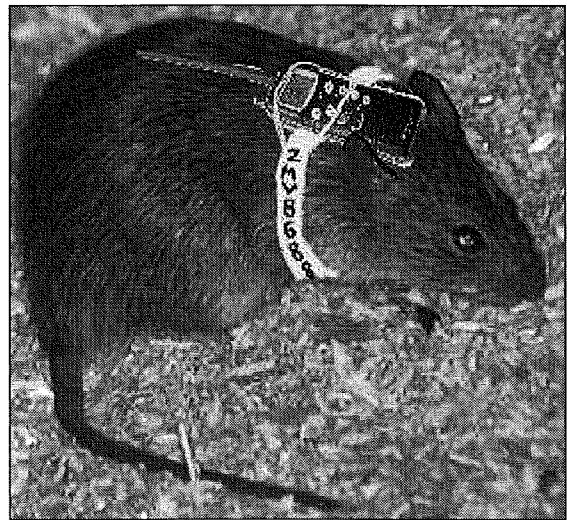
In Auckland the weather and sea conditions are pretty benign, and less changeable than further south. So there are many trips when you can be fairly confident in handling the conditions even with fairly inexperienced people. However what would happen if someone went missing on one of our trips and there was a tragedy? Presumably there would be some sort of official investigation, and the club's systems for managing risk would come under scrutiny. What is the club's and the trip leader's liability? How much structure should the club put around official club trips to minimize the risk of mishaps? What is the club wanting to achieve through its trip calendar? Maybe it's up to individuals to organise private trips when after more risk and adventure?

I would be interested to know what people think of these issues.

'Why you dirty rat!'

DoC and the University of Auckland have recently carried out what to me looks like a pretty risky experiment. The Noises Islands - beloved sea kayakers' jewels in our Hauraki Gulf crown - have been cleared of rats for several years now. However a male Norway rat complete with radio transmitter was recently deliberately released on the northern island - Motohoropapa. The point of the experiment, says a press release from Auckland University (20 October), was to test methods of rat detection and elimination.

Well, Mr Norway Rat was monitored for 4 weeks as he successfully avoided traps, baits and rat-sniffer dogs. After 10 weeks the radio signal stopped and the rat disappeared. It was finally detected when its droppings were found on neighbouring Otata Island, where it eventually took a fresh penguin bait in a trap. It had been on the loose for 18 weeks!



Rattus Noisus VHFus
(photo- Pixel Picasso)

The two islands are 400 metres apart and it is now claimed this rat has set a world record distance for a rat swimming across open sea (and presumably without a sea kayak escort!).

The press release states that this experiment has 'significant implications for efforts to keep islands free of invading rodents for conservation purposes'.

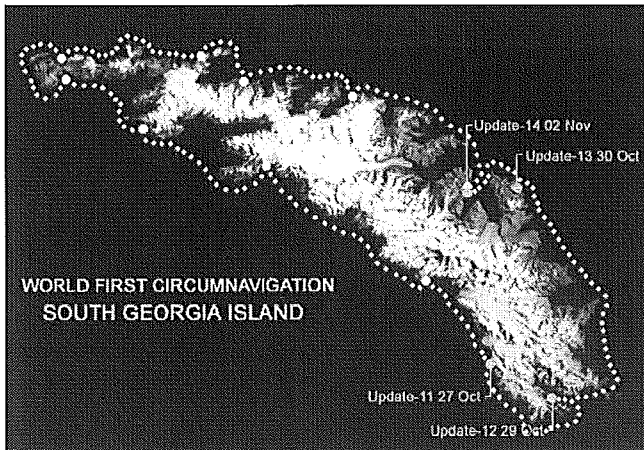
Yeah right! Seems like the main lesson is that if you let a rat loose on an island, you may never find it again. Most of us could have told the researchers that before they started their little game plan. Responsible sea kayakers have long known that they should check that their kayaks don't have rodent stowaways fitted with radio transmitters when intending to land on predator-free islands.

Kerry Howe

South Georgia circumnavigated by kiwi sea kayakers

The lads from Adventure Philosophy, Graham Charles, Mark Jones and Marcus Waters, have triumphed again, having recently completed the first ever circumnavigation by sea kayak of South Georgia. This is one of the most forbidding islands on earth surrounded by horrendous southern seas, perpetual gales, freezing temperatures, but with some of the best wild life on earth.

The island owes its prominence to Shackleton who made landfall there in 1916 in his tiny boat when trying to rescue his hapless expedition members trapped on Elephant Island. Shackleton then crossed South Georgia's mountainous spine to the safety of a whaling station.



(Adventure Philosophy website)

The Adventure Philosophy's expedition details can be found at their excellent website:
<http://www.adventurephilosophy.com/projects.php>

At journey's end the team toasted Shackleton at his South Georgia grave.

KH

Greenland paddles - Affectation or....?

Mike Scanlan

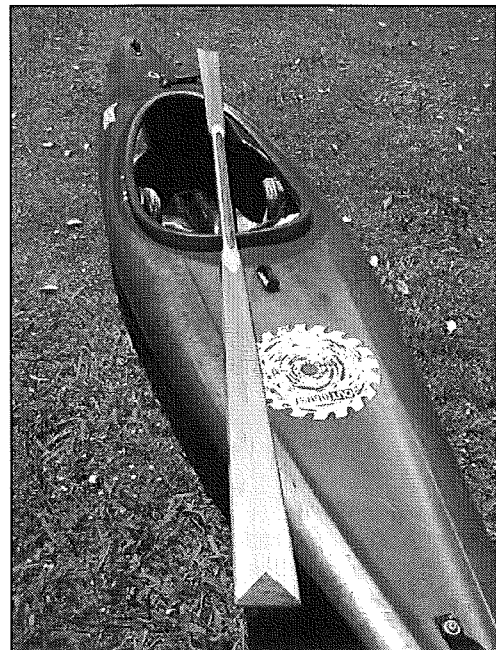
First impressions of a Greenland paddle are somewhat unimpressive - skinny, frail looking things that lack a big blade to catch hold of a good chunk of ocean - obviously suited to the people who have made their own wooden kayak but for ordinary paddlers??

Actually I had wanted to properly test one since the Orewa KASK forum where I borrowed one for 10 minutes or so (my current paddle was a lightweight composite one with a big squarish blade).

The claimed advantages of the GP which attracted me were:-

- Easier rolling through its natural floatation and easier setup for the "sweep" and
- Less blade area to catch the wind in strong crosswinds

Lacking all of tools, skills and patience, and unconvinced by Kerry Howe's assurances of how easy they are to make, I contracted a joiner friend to make one for me (using Kerry's plans). Months later it was done and I took delivery of a slender work of art.



The question was - how would it perform?

1st test - a 20km ocean paddle. It took very little time to get used to the paddle, and it seemed to be moving me along OK (using the correct 'angled' blade orientation).

On the return trip I gave it to John to try and took his paddle. John's paddle is identical to my 'old' paddle and it felt very clumsy in comparison. I couldn't wait to get the GP back.

2nd test - rolling session at the pool - in my white water (surf) kayak which I can roll OK with my standard paddle - I found it very easy to roll with the GP.

3rd test - pool rolling with my sea kayak. I have been trying to wire in a reliable roll in my sea kayak for years, but seem to be stuck on a 50% roll. My paddle blade tends to dive and when I manage a good roll I can't analyse what was different to my failed rolls. Anyway with the GP I rattled off 40 rolls without missing one. The following week and a second pool session saw 60 rolls without a miss (trying to get 'muscle memory' wired in). 3 weeks later at the pool I did 30 rolls then missed the last 2 (tired?).

I have done a couple of ocean rolls with the GP (out of necessity) but a solid rolling session in the sea is yet to happen. The water is still cold.

Have to give the GP a tick for rolling.

4th test - surfing. Would the skinny GP provide the grunt needed to get out thru the surf and control and support, surfing in? After a bit of an adjustment period the answer was yes, though some change in technique was needed.



Bracing seems to need *placement* of the GP on the water before any weight is put on rather than just slapping the blade onto the water.

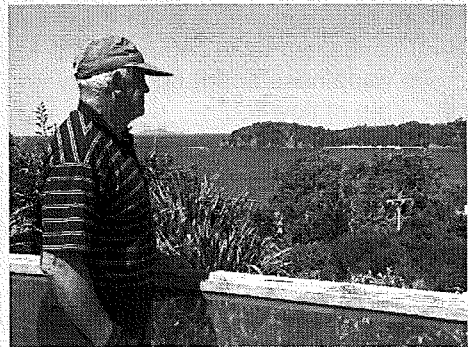
I have now had the GP out for a number of surfing sessions in my white water kayak - it still feels a bit underpowered in the stop/start surf environment but I'm making the adjustments.

*A noticeable difference between the GP and my standard paddle is the **subtlety** with which the GP can be used. Like a responsive kayak, it offers more if you want it.*

One could even get poetic if so inclined.

So - am I a convert?? Well I have just ordered a 'spare' GP from my joiner friend.

Hugh's View



Hugh Oakley-Browne

My first article for this **Newsletter** is a challenge. I read the last one. I was impressed. The wide diversity of articles from poetry to the science of wave screens to intense threats of war against the heathen tribe of people who threaten our environment with SUVs and jet skis.

Many views, wide views, narrow views, sea views, land views, sky views, political views and even views of war. So here potentially is the first of a series of **Hugh's Views**. It does appear the editor has taken some of my military secrets, shared on clandestine overnight kayak trips to islands in the Hauraki Gulf to heart. It is interesting that he uses a high tech set of equipment to navigate, talk to the land dwellers and call home yet rails at the vehicles we could use without damaging the environment, to get to the sea. I must be careful not to upset the editor as he has been my sea kayaking coach and mentor ever since I had to convert from white water skills to the world and paradigm of sea kayaking in about 1980. Join the SEALS, Kerry, where hi tech equipment has reached an art form. They have some weapons of destruction which are very small and

could replace your mortar thus adding to your bag of modern equipment for wide usage. If fewer Jet Skis and SUVs is your purpose there are many weapons which will fit in the kayak. Believe me I still have covert friends.

All this has got me thinking about some unanswered questions about sea kayakers. As a human performance specialist I am obviously interested in kayakers as human performers. Do they care about tomorrow's world? Do they want to help create a better world for tomorrow's child? Are they interested in improving their performance or are they just happy to be with others? Do they really care about the environment and if 'yes' what do they do to prove they do care? Are they innovative? Are they artists or scientists or a mix? Do they believe in the myth of common sense or do they look for scientifically proven solutions to kayaker problems? Are they blissfully ignorant of technology which could make them better kayakers or do they not give a damn? Do they know about natural capitalism or are they ardent Marxists? Do they crave happiness and if so do they know how to repeat the state of flow?

I live in a wonderful place for kayaking, I live at Woolleys Bay on the Tutakaka coast and look out to the Poor Knights Islands and can observe Whale Bay from my deck.

Hence I have views, perspectives and frames which I could use to answer some of those questions which I have posed. As Van Morrison says 'I don't know what enlightenment is' but I have some views based on a stimulating past, a fragile present and a better future I work with others to create.

The next **Hugh's View** will answer the question 'what is the state of flow?' and can we repeat it? This view will draw on research on human performance and a personal meeting I had with a Great White while paddling my Barracuda three years ago. I welcome feedback and dialogue.

Best wishes from paradise.

Hugh has had a remarkable life so far - former trainee Catholic priest, officer in the New Zealand SAS serving in Vietnam, and more latterly he has reinvented himself as a Human Performance Consultant.

Sea Kayaking Injuries Part Four - Pains in the neck etc

Graeme White

Posture plays a big part in a lot of injuries that we see and kayaking is no exception.

Quite commonly you will see paddlers with their shoulders hanging off their ears and their heads poking forward as if they were trying to see through a sea fog. Unfortunately this creates a large amount of stress on their necks and leads to tightness in the muscles on the top of their shoulders - the upper fibres of trapezius. A common problem associated with this is the onset of head-aches.

A few key thoughts to remember as you are paddling will help to the minimize the onset of neck pains:

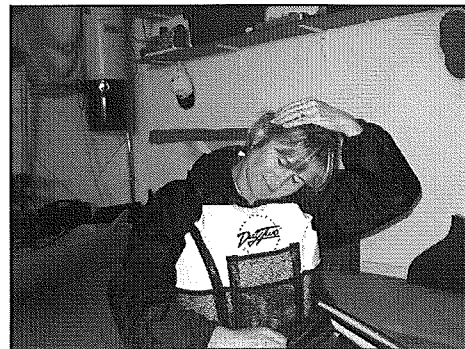
- paddle with a 'long neck' and 'pull your head in' i.e. sit tall in the kayak and

- keep your chin tucked in as if you were making a double chin.....sorry ladies!

keep your shoulders low - lightly brace the shoulder blades back together 'balance' your head on your neck not tilted to one side

- keep your face and shoulders relaxed - use your body and legs to generate power

Upper trapezius stretch



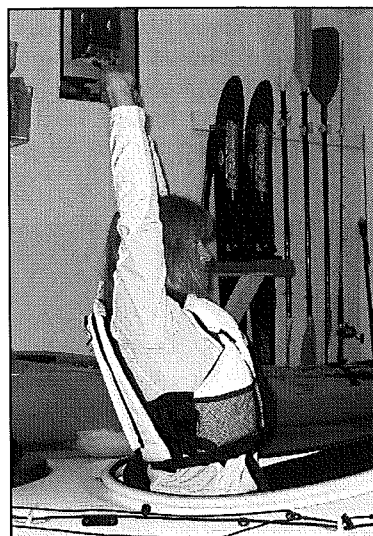
The **thoracic spine** is basically that part of your back below your neck and above the low back - it has attached to it the rib cage and both the spine and the ribs can get injured.

Most spinal injuries are related to stiff joints whereas the rib cage is unusual in that it is a common site of stress fractures. Stress fractures occur due to repeated trunk movements especially when the paddle is pulled

through by side bending the trunk instead of trunk rotation - they are also seen in golfers and badminton players (so watch out if these are your other sporting pursuits!)

Again, posture is often the culprit with joint injuries. Think once again about a few things:

- sit tall - chest up and out
- keep your eyes up
- bend at the hips to 'get over' the catch phase instead of bending your upper back
- keep your breathing 'low'
- gradually increase volume and/or intensity of paddles to avoid the overload associated with stress injuries

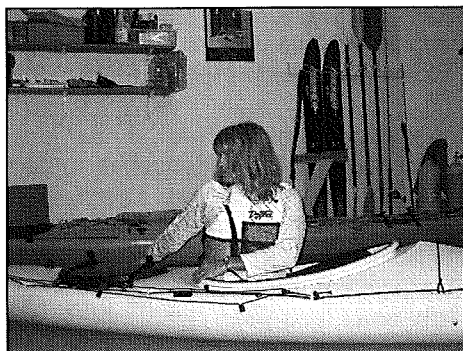
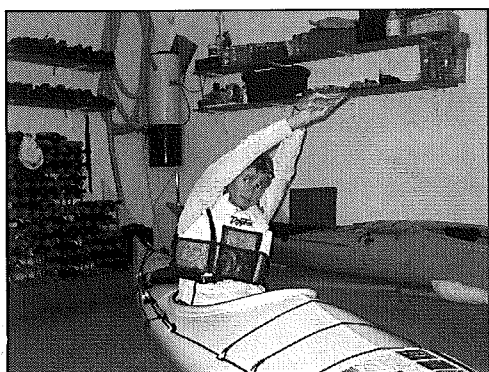


Graeme White is a Partner in adidas Sports Medicine, St John's.

*He is a Manipulative Physiotherapist.
Approved Provider NZ Academy of Sport.
NZ Davis Cup Physio 1996-2005,
Manchester Commonwealth Games 2002*

Kayaking in earnest last 2 years with wife Mandy

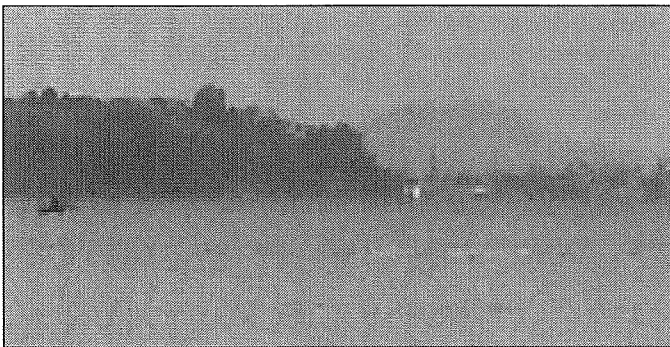
Trunk stretches



Kevin's Kompetition - Final!!!!!!

Once again **Geo-Matt [Crozier]** hits the bull's-eye in locating the position of the photographer in last month's competition. In Matt's words 'I was very lucky with this one! I took a guess at somewhere around Takapuna, but suspecting I might not get good parking at the beach, I shot down Brett Avenue just to check on the transits and estimate where to go to next. To my surprise, the photos were already almost matched up, so it wasn't a long walk along the coastal track to where the best position seemed to be. I was lucky with the tide too, as rocks were uncovered just by the right amount to be recognisable. I just had to do a bit of creative 'blotching' in my mind to match up the coastline behind Bean Rock with the photo. So my waypoint is S 36.78017, E 174.77737, EPE 4.1m. This is about 1-2 meters down a small boat ramp at the bottom of the steps at the end of O'Neills Avenue.' And that is exactly where they were taken from!

This month's competition is the final in the series and it may be a bit harder. The photos are deceptive and one is a very long shot indeed. As in previous entries the object is to locate the latitude and longitude of the photographer when these photos were taken and email this to kayak@hse.co.nz before the 15th of Dec. In the next issue the overall winner will be announced. Good luck.



Kevin Dunsford

Roger's ebb and flow

It's the end of an era and the beginning of a new life for club paddler **Wolfgang Pohl**. He has sold his very popular Mt. Eden restaurant and will now have a short break before embarking on a new venture. The rigours of running a busy 6 days a week restaurant for the last 8 years have not prevented him from paddling; in fact he has managed to be one of the clubs most active paddlers during that time. A regular with the early morning kayakers group, he somehow manages to front up for a 7am start no matter what the weather, every weekend right through the year. Something that he has been doing for some 14 years now.

The head guide at Fergs Kayaks, **John Williams** has just clocked up his 1000th trip to Rangitoto Island. Most of his voyages have been day-night trips leading large groups of relatively inexperienced paying paddlers. In the 11 years of crossing over the busy channel to Auckland's iconic island he has had only three incidents involving other craft. Two occurred in daylight when large pleasure craft with drunks at the helm threatened them. Both incidents were reported and actioned on. The only night incident involved a little outboard powered tinny that buzzed them three or four times before disappearing into the gloom without lights. All Fergs kayaks on night trips have the required by law "all round visible white light on a mast." John has over the years noticed many kayakers out after dark in poorly or completely unlit craft. Couldn't possibly be club members?

Recently back from enjoying the delights of Northland, **Ryan Whittle** reports that there is now a new DOC hut on Motukawanui Island (the big island) in the Caval Group. It has bunks for 12 at \$5 a night. Whilst over nighting at the hut he talked to a kayak fisherman who had ample tangible proof of incredible success with a new trolling lure. A sackful of very large snapper. Back in Auckland Ryan purchased one of the new devices and headed out to catch supper. Something very big attacked his lure and straightened out the hooks. A new set of super strong ones have now been fitted ready for round 2 and Ryan is still trying to guess what he might have had for dinner that night.

A change in caretaker management of the Landing at Okahu Bay will unfortunately usher in a new era of reforms. Part of the new plan involves restricting ramp access to vehicles. A series of steel bollards will soon be installed to control this. On the plus side, extra car parking will be provided and a special kayak-loading zone will be marked out behind the bollards.

Just about everyone in the club has been on one of **Colin Quilter's** signature trips, the paddle out to Manukau Heads. The tried and proven routine of paddling out on the ebb tide, climbing the headland for lunch and then a walk and returning on the flood tide has been a club favourite for years now. Quite a few members added a new dimension to the trip last month when they had a swim instead of the walk.

The old Albatross sea kayak is in for a new lease of life. Designer **Grant Stone** has delivered the kayak moulds up to the Barracuda factory at Silverdale where they will be built. The 2006 version will feature some new fittings and refinements including the very effective Barracuda rudder system. Production of the "Albacuda" will get underway early next year. Grant will now focus his talents on producing some innovative sea kayak accessories, which he has been trialing.

Sea kayaking legend **Paul Caffyn** will be in Auckland on Tuesday 13 December to give a talk on his Alaskan adventures, as well as launch the second edition of his *Obscured by Waves* at the Marine Rescue Centre. See details elsewhere in this Newsletter.

A club member who does not wish to be named had a couple of close shaves recently. Close shave #1. Driving home from the Rodney Coast Challenge event after putting in a very credible performance in the kayak leg, our member realised something was amiss with his kayak atop his car. Oops it had not been tied on and had somehow survived 25km of travel at speeds up to 100 k.p.h. Close shave #2. Over 30 years of facial hair coverage was finally removed, all in the aid of a charity challenge pledge. Whew and well done to our anonymous Pukekohe paddler.

This summer's swim escort season is upon us and in calm sunny conditions the first event was completed. A mix of regulars and newer members enjoyed the club hospitality at the post event BBQ. The next swim escort, in early December features an upper harbour crossing with drinks and BBQ sausages on a secluded beach afterwards. Some years back a woman's swimsuit was found floating just off the starting beach. There was a frantic search by some of the male club escort group for its former occupant. Alas though, they were too slow. She had already streaked away. In another incident a very shapely and well-endowed lady entered the event in a rather skimpy outfit. As she made her way across the harbour her top kept popping out. Not to worry though because an ever alert club paddler from the counties region (name withheld again by request) was on hand keeping a good eye on her in case she needed assistance.

The final newsletter for the year provides a good opportunity to heap praise upon a small group of club stalwarts, the active committee. They voluntarily give their time to ensure the smooth running of our club, the biggest canoe club in Auckland. President **Ian Calhaem** has beavered away behind the scene negotiating to secure our long-term future at Okahu Bay. Ian's wife **Allison** also puts in time looking after club merchandising and catering at club functions. Vice President **Brian Strid** is a key player at committee level and is always ready to assist the other officers in their duties. We are fortunate indeed to have the secretarial services of the very efficient **Rosie Thom**, which is all served up with a smile. **Gerard Fagan** took on the important treasurer's role and has proved to be a capable manager of the club accounts. A good way to judge the calibre of a club is to look at its trip calendar. **Philip Noble** has this department well in control. You can find our safety and training officer **Mike Randall** down at Kohimarama Beach most weekends running skills sessions. These are supplemented with excellent learn to roll pool sessions run by **Ken Marsh** and **Trevor Arthur**. The club hire

fleet is kept in tiptop condition with **Gavin Baker** in charge and it's great to see it getting plenty of use from our new members. Finally you just have to take your hat off to our editor. Month after month now **Kerry Howe** has scoured the kayaking scene to bring us a newsletter crammed full of interesting articles, putting together what has to be the best club newsletter in the country.

Roger Lomas

December/January events summary

4 December swim escort

11 December Xmas brunch

13 December - Paul Caffyn speaks

22 December Waitemata wander

1 January New Year Expedition

13 January Rangitoto

15 January Tiri Tiri

22 January Waitemata wander

27-29 January Gulf trip

5 February Moturekareka

10-12 February Waiheke

19 February swim escort

Scheduled Club trips

Appeal - more trip co-ordinators are needed, so please phone Philip on 575 3493 for a chat about your ideas, a "job description" and your preferences for trips.

4 December Swim Escort

Swim from Curren Street to Chelsea Sugar refinery. Meet at 8.15 and on the water by 8.30 for a 9.00am start. The organisers provide a BBQ and we can have a leisurely paddle back or a longer detour to where ever. Last escort we only had 25 paddlers, and need more this time (35), so please support this worthwhile event; the swimmers are very appreciative of us being there, and the club coffers benefit. Phone **Brian Strid** (09) 238 8084

11 December Club Christmas Brunch

A time for a small bit of fun & festivities. Paddle either from Okahu Bay Ramp or for the lazy ones from Curren Street beach out to Watchman's Island. Bring a plate of whatever, or your portable BBQ & snarlers as well as a small gift (suggest \$2, no more than \$5) to exchange with someone else who has brought one too.

We have had Father Christmas and a Gent in a Tux on previous events. Come & have fun and shock or delight us all. Phone **Father Christmas (Ian)** 579 0512 or **Philip** 575 3493

22 December Waitemata Wander

Meet on the water at St Heliers Bay at 8.30 am. Destination will be determined by the wind and tide conditions. Paddle into the wind till lunch then surf home from there. 20 - 25km. Phone **Gerard Fagan** 8329720

1 January New Year Expedition - Coromandel

Due to popular demand and a well-proven track record it has been decided that the New Year Club Expedition will be the Coromandel Peninsula.

The plan is to start out on Sunday January 1st and end the following weekend. Where we start/end will depend on the weather but at this stage start/end points are Colville/Whangapoua, although time and spirits depending, we may even hang out for an ending at Opito Bay. As in previous years we expect to have at least two nights in one campsite, most likely either Port Jackson or Stony Bay. The idea is to take

an easy pace, try not to do more than 20kms a day and have snack stops at least every two hours.

BUT, you must be prepared to maintain a steady pace, cope with wind and currents and face possible surf landing on the east coast. This is not a trip for novices or beginners. However, if you are competent and can cope with up to three hours between stops and have always wanted to attempt a multi-day expedition, then please join us.

If you crap out half way round you will have to be responsible for finding your way back to your car.

The main focus, as always, is on socialising and enjoying the company of good friends and like-minded adventurers. Car care and transport details will be in the trip plan. To register your interest please email the trip organiser at Vincent.Maire@xtra.co.nz

13 January Moonlight Paddle to Rangitoto

Phone **Philip Noble** 575 3493 or **David Ward** 445 3639 for details.

15 January Tiri Tiri Matangi Island

Phone **Mike Lander** 09 427 9091 for details

22 January Waitemata Wander

Meet on the water at St Heliers Bay at 8.30 am. Destination will be determined by the wind and tide conditions. Paddle into the wind till lunch then surf home from there. 20 - 25km Phone **Gerard Fagan** 8329720

27 to 29 January Paddle & Camp the Gulf

Paddle from Omana to Rocky Bay (Waiheke) Camp Site & camp the night. Catch the morning tide down the Waiheke Channel around Ponui Island & back to Tapapakanga Regional Park for the night and then wander back to the cars at Omana Reserve. Phone **Philip Noble** early so the camp sites can be booked 575 3493

5 February The Wreck of the Rewa at Moturekareka

Bring your lunch, goggles & snorkel to explore the wreck. Will can brief you on its history, then head off via Beehive Island to Mansion House for lunch and then back to the cars. 20 - 25km. Phone **Will Henden** on 486 6215

10 - 12 February Paddle Waiheke

This trip is full, however, if someone is willing to co-ordinate a second group, which can easily be accommodated on the Friday night, but they will need to find a venue for Saturday night (Bach or Backpackers). Phone **Philip Noble** 575 3493

19 February Swim the Bays Swim Escort

Meet on the water at St Helliers at 10.00am to escort the swimmers to the Tamaki Yacht Club. If you are planning to launch at the Okahu Boat Ramp, give yourself enough time to get to the start. Please make an effort to attend this event as 35 Kayaks are required. Roger and helpers will be on hand to provide the BBQ for a social time after the event.

Regular Tuesday evening paddles

Meet at Okahu Bay every Tuesday at 5.30pm, for departure at 5.45. Trips usually last 1-2 hours. **The ACC committee has now decided that this event is not suitable for novice paddlers who are instead encouraged to go on the regular Saturday morning trips.**

It is a legal requirement for every night paddler to have an all-round white light fixed to a pole at least a metre high, or a large lens (e.g. Dolphin) lamp at hand on deck. No legal light, no paddle. Club boats can be hired at a reduced price.

Regular Saturday morning paddles

Meet at Okahu Bay by 9.00am. The usual trip to Café at Kohi lasts about 2 hours. All skill levels are catered for. It's a great chance for novice or slow paddlers to mix and mingle with older and/or experienced club members. Club boats can be hired.

Summer at Vine House

Stephanie will be 'in residence' at Vine House 1-10 January 2006.

I plan to continue work on the kitchen area. I also plan to swim, read, feast and drink to my hearts content. I welcome other workers and paddlers. Feel free to

drop in for the day or stay a week or two. If you haven't visited Vine House, this is an ideal time to call in and check it out.

If you are interested phone **Stephanie**: home 09 8345 769 or mobile 021 052 973 6

Paul Caffyn speaks

Paul Caffyn will launch the second edition of his *Obscured by Waves*, as well as talk about his paddle around Alaska at the Marine Rescue Centre on the evening of 13 December. Seating is limited. There will be a door charge. Please contact Julie Reynolds at julier@brandlines.co.nz

Coastbusters 2006

Coastbusters will take place 17-19 March. Check the website www.coastbusters.org.nz

Letters to the editor

Hi Kerry,

I would like to add a personal note re your editorial in the **November** issue of the Auckland Canoe Club Newsletter.

A colleague and I have spent a lot of time paddling into the Long Bay marine reserve and yes we have seen the group of people fishing on the rocks at Winstone cove on the seaward side of the marine reserve boundary.

Whilst they were only metres on the seaward side of the boundary sign, the "principle" of not adhering to the "no take" zone was not being adhered to. On every occasion we would paddle up to them and tell them not to fish in the reserve. We have been very vocal, we have cut lines and gone ashore to enforce the no fishing in the reserve.

I contacted DOC to get some action and learnt the southern boundary for the marine reserve is from the sign to Tiri, this means the people were fishing legally, as there is a large section of the reef on the seaward side past the sign but outside the reserve line. DOC admitted the placing of the sign is confusing and not what was intended.

You don't need to ask how I felt after finding this out.

I also followed up on what appears to be a set line at the southern end of the reserve, and I think from memory there is another at the northern end. I am told by the same DOC individual that these are for collecting sediment samples.

I love your newsletter, a very informative and readable publication.

All the best
Doug Howard

Hi Kerry,
I read with interest Evan Pugh's report on the lower Mokau in the last Newsletter.

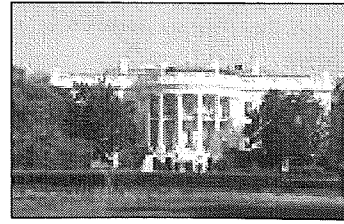
Evan does not appear to know that King Country Energy want to dam this river in the Totoro Gorge and there will be various consequences including drowning of the white water and minimal flows during non-generating periods.

I was wondering if you could email a copy of Evan's report as I may be able to use it in my river description I am working on for the yet to be scheduled hearing.

There were about 60 submissions on the KCE Dam proposal - approx 56 were against and 4 were for. The "fors" included Govt departments including MED (Ministry of Economic Development). Despite this overwhelming opposition KCE are still able to proceed to a hearing and the submitters will be allowed to present their cases.

Regards and thanks,
Alan Bell
Hutt Valley Canoe Club and
Membership Officer for NZRCA

President's State of the Club address



By the time you read this it will be nearly Xmas and perhaps we will all be able to relax a little. It is a time when we think about giving presents to each other and in general appreciating our friends.

Perhaps we should consider the "presents" given to us all by the hard working, little appreciated team that assist you to enjoy your kayaking.

I won't mention everyone by name in the risk of leaving some one out, but this small group does an outstanding job.

I know from experience the hard work that goes into producing a Newsletter. It doesn't happen by chance, and involves considerable effort to elicit articles and news information, then many hours of hard work to put it all together. In each Newsletter we have a timetable of Club events. Committee members dedicate their time to training members new and old, and passing on their own skills. This is a facility that cannot be valued too much. Some of our members have spent a considerable number of years "mucking around in boats" (actually kayaks). They have learnt the hard way and we should all be grateful for their generosity in passing on this hard earned knowledge to us. Personally I have only been kayaking of 47 years and I consider myself a mere novice compared to some of our members and certainly have a lot to learn from them.

Others in the team organise the timetable of events, look after the publicity and liaison with other groups, and even feed us when the occasion arises.

On behalf of all Club members I say a big thank you to all these people who do such a great job.

Happy Xmas paddling to all

Ian Calhaem

Poet's Corner

My jandals disappeared
From the beach while I swam at Kohi
Replaced by two large boot marks
Reminding me of those other footprints
On Motutapu
Made fast forever
In the ash of young Rangī
Not so long ago
What a display
For the people of Tamaki
No deaths as far as we know
Did they carry on working
Their daily round
Those tupuna
What did they make of it
This brand new mound
Next door
A tourist attraction
For lwi up and down the Fish
Did they see the potential
For waka tours and fast hangi outlets
Each day on the menu some new ika dish
To tempt the palates of manuhiri
Two or three centuries since the arrival
With stories and song of the time before
Their time taken up twentyfour seven
Mostly survival
So now I walk barefoot to the beach
My footprints ready
Just in case
An adolescent eruption from Rangī
Sets my prints in place.

Mike Randall

Auckland Canoe Club - information

Postal Address:
P.O. Box 9271 Newmarket, Auckland

Clubrooms:
Marine Rescue Centre, Mechanics Bay

Website:
<http://aucklandcanoeclub.org.nz>

Email discussion group, send blank email to:
Auckland-kayakers-subscribe@yahoogroups.com

Email event reminders, send blank email to:
Auckland-canoe-club-subscribe@yahoogroups.com

Officers:

Patron:	George Gerrard	2692042
President:	Ian Calhaem	579 0512
Vice-President:	Brian Strid	09 238 8084
Secretary:	Rosie Thom	3768636
Treasurer:	Gerrard Fagan	8329720
Trips:	Phillip Noble	575 3493
Publicity:	Roger Lomas	579 8799
Safety/ Training:	Mike Randall	5281377
Storage/ Club Kayaks:	Gavin Baker	5285188
Assist:	Roger Lomas	579 8799
Vine House:	Trevor Arthur	8177357
Committee:	Lindsay Sandes	522 3344
	David Ward	4453639
Newsletter:	Kerry Howe	

krmhowe@xtra.co.nz

Club trip/event policies

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

Contacting trip/event leader.

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

- You must also discuss with the leader 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 don't call the trip leader but listen to Newstalk ZB Cancellations on 1080AM or 89.4FM, Saturday and Sunday from 7.00am.