



February 07

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Waikaremoana—on a good day!

Kayaking, something for everyone

Auckland Canoe Club

Information

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Website:

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Vice-President:	Brian Strid	09 238 8084
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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 leader. The Newstalk ZB Cancellation Service is no longer being used.

Club Banking Details

Bank: BNZ

Branch: Newmarket

Account: 02-0100-0023453-000

Name: Auckland Canoe Club

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

Editorial

Hello Paddlers,

Welcome to the first Auckland Canoe Club Magazine of 2007. I hope you had a pleasant Festive Season and managed to have a few good paddles.

Peter the usual editor is away, paddling of course, but will be back for the next issue.

The Multisporters amongst us will be either looking forward to watching or participating in the 25th Coast to Coast which is being held in the South Island this coming weekend 9-10 February. Our best wishes go to all the Club members who are competing.

This is also a time to send our sincere condolences to the family of Mike Rowley, who died recently. Many of the kayak models he designed will be used at the Coast to Coast

Please don't forget the Swim Escorts. This is one of the Club's major forms of revenue and the reason why membership fees are so low. It is certainly more fun going for a paddle and raising money, than the tedious rounds of cake stalls and garage sales.

Lots of kayakers are needed, so please come along if it's at all possible.

There are more details on page 4.

Last weekend four of our friends died over three days. One had cancer and her death was expected but the other three weren't. They were aged 54, 60, 74 and 87. It makes the slogan on Mike Rowley's T shirt (pictured page 9) all the more accurate. So I hope to see some of you out there paddling, while the weather is warm and we still have daylight saving.

Happy paddling.

Su Sommerhalder
Temporary Editor

Regular Events

Vine House—last weekend of every Month

Working bees for the rest of the year will be held on the last weekend of every month. We are now mainly doing interior work i.e. sanding and painting. There are always lovely people that come along, so I promise you good company. We now have beds for 10, so I promise you a good night's sleep. *Bring food for a shared dinner on Saturday night.*

As always, be aware of the tides and bring a canoe trolley if you have one. Bring also a pillow case and sleeping bag

Phone: Trevor 817-7357 (home)

Tuesday Evening Paddles

A small group of informal paddlers usually meets at the Okahu Bay ramp at about 5:30pm on Tuesday nights.

Saturday Morning Paddles

If you are in to good coffee, good company and usually a leisurely paddle then these are the trips for you. A small but growing group meet about 9:00am on Saturday mornings to paddle to one of the beaches, St Heliers, Kohimarama or Mission Bay for a coffee.

Harbour Swim Dates

Auckland Central Masters Harbour Swim Series 2006/07

18 Feb **Eagle Technology Bays Swim**
St Heliers Bay to Tamaki Yacht Club

11 Mar **Eagle Technology Rangitoto Swim**
Rangitoto Island to St Heliers Bay



Scheduled Club Trips

Any members who have ideas on trips or would like to lead a trip please contact Philip on 575 3493. You could also call a friend and meet at a convenient launching spot and have some quality time on the water.



Sun 18 Feb: The next SWIM ESCORT

This, the third escort is from St Heliers to the Tamaki Yacht Club and is followed by the traditional **South African Braai for Brunch**.

We need at least 50 boats on the water so please make an effort to attend.

Due to tides and the Kiwi Kids Triathlon at St Heliers, the swim starts at **6.45am**. Those who want to paddle from Okahu Bay need to leave no later than **5.45am**. to meet on St Heliers beach at 6.30 for briefing. Those who want to leave their cars at St Heliers will need to park off Tamaki Drive and paddle back after the brunch.

Club Boats are reserved on this day for the swim escort so book early for them through Gavin or Philip or put your name in the diary.

Phone any of the committee members for information regarding the event.

Sun 25 Feb: Motuora Island or

Kawau Island – 25km

Meet at Algies beach. If the wind is from south – west we will paddle via Beehive, Motuketekete, Moturekareka islands to have lunch on Motuora Is. But if the wind is from the north or n/east we will paddle across to Kawau and head north. Lunch will be in one of the idyllic bays found on the western side of the island.

Phone Gerard Fagan on 832-9720 for meeting place and departure time.

23 - 25 Feb: Weekend at Opito Bay

Once again Graeme Bruce will be offering his Bach for the Club. Bring your fishing gear, goggles, snorkels and walking shoes for a great weekend.

Please remember a donation of \$10 PP per night for the upkeep of this gem.

Phone Graeme on 07 332-3112



Sun. 11 March: Swim Escort Rangitoto to St Heliers

This is the big swim so, 60 boats please. Club boats are reserved for the escort.

Join us in a paddle across to Rangitoto to stay at the Scout Hut / Deck on Saturday night and then escort the swimmers on Sunday morning

OR

Meet at St Heliers on Sunday morning at 8.45am to paddle across to Rangitoto (Champagne breakfast??) for the swim which starts at 10.45.

Roger will provide the usual BBQ after the finish on the beach at St Heliers. **NOT TO BE MISSED!**

Contact any Committee member for details

16 - 18 March: Waiheke Weekend

This year we will stay at Otakawhe Bay Lodge for the weekend and explore the Waiheke Channel and island in that area.

Phone Philip on 575-3493 to book and for further details.

Sat/Sun 24/25 March. Overnight camping trip to Home Bay, Motutapu.

Last year weather prevented a trip to celebrate the 21st birthday of Colin's Sea Bear kayak, so here's another attempt.

Meet at St Heliers Beach at 9.30am for a 10.00am departure. Bring your own food, camping gear and \$5 camp fee; Colin will bring the birthday cake. Fresh water and toilets available at Home Bay.

We'll paddle out there via Gardner's Gap and the northern coast of Motutapu. Return via the south coast by early afternoon on Sunday. If the forecast is bad we'll try for an alternative day trip on Saturday or Sunday instead.

Contact Colin Quilter 630 2219 on Friday evening or Saturday morning between 6.30 - 8.30am.

Provisional weekend at Whangamata Bach

Judy Beggs has kindly offered her Bach to the club for a weekend. There are a variety of kayaking opportunities either in the tidal estuary or up or down the coast.

Phone Philip 575 3493 or Judy at 07 867-3414 for further details.

Annual General Meeting

The Club Annual General meeting will be held at the Marine Rescue Centre on the 3rd Wednesday of May—so keep 16th May Free!

Winter Lecture Series

Club Winter Lecture Series at the Marine Rescue Centre

3rd WEDNESDAY of each month.

20th June

18th July

15 August

19th September

Further details to follow later.

Meet at the Marine Rescue Centre (City end of Tamaki Drive) at 7pm for a 7:30 start.

A \$2 door charge will cover your supper and helps with a gift for our guests.

Need more info? Contact Roger Lomas 579-8799



A reminder to all kayakers, secure your handbrakes before exiting your vehicle to un-tie your kayak from the roof. A colleague of mine was launching his tinny for an early morning fishing trip and was bemused as to how this guy had tethered his kayak to the wharf. As he got further down the wharf he learned more of the situation! See he never got the chance to untie his kayak.

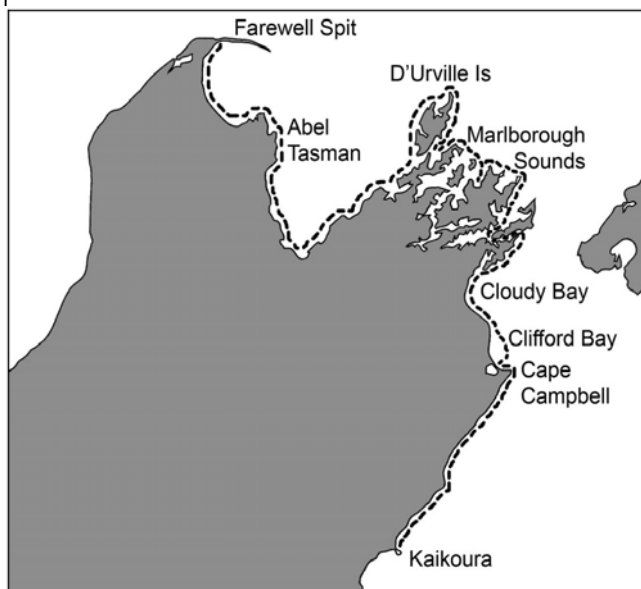
Will Hendon



Farewell Spit to Kaikoura

Colin Quilter

During January I took 18 days to kayak the South Island coast from Farewell Spit in the northwest to Kaikoura on the eastern side. All this was new territory for me. The trip took me through Golden Bay and Abel Tasman National Park, around D'Urville Island, through the outer Marlborough sounds, out through Tory Channel and down the coast to Port Underwood, across Cloudy and Clifford Bays, around Cape Campbell and then southward to Kaikoura. The total distance paddled was a little over 550km. To give a day-by-day account of my trip would test the reader's patience, so I'll just comment on various aspects that might be of interest.



Travelling there and back. There was no alternative to a lot of driving. Down from Auckland to Wellington, across the strait by ferry, then out to Farewell Spit, (13 hours driving so far). I left my car there in the care of a camping ground while I set off paddling along the coast. At the end of the trip I left my kayak at another camping ground in Kaikoura and returned to Farewell Spit by bus. Next day I drove back to Kaikoura, picked up my kayak, and started the long drive home. So travelling occupied most of five whole days.

Loading the boat. I didn't want to make a long detour in order to re-stock during the trip, so I carried the usual camping gear plus food for 21 days and water for 2 days (6 litres). That made me completely independent except for water, which I could obtain from streams. My old Sea Bear was loaded to the max.

Food. Just for interest, I kept careful notes of what I carried and what I ate. During the trip the food I con-

sumed each day weighed a total of 690gm (excluding packaging). Thus during 18 days I consumed 12.4kg dry weight of food. This gave me a daily energy intake of 9530 kilojoules (= 2270 kilocalories) comprising 16% protein, 70% carbohydrate and 13% fat. My bodyweight at the end of the trip was the same as at the beginning. Breakfasts were muesli, dried fruit (boiled up the previous evening to re-hydrate it) and powdered milk. Lunches were crackers with various spreads, processed cheese and sometimes sardines. For dinner I did not take freeze-dried tramper's meals, preferring to make a one-pot stew using macaroni, freeze-dried peas, soup mix for flavouring and salami or tuna for protein. I never got tired of this menu, and for a varied diet of minimum volume and weight it's the best I can think of.

Highlights along the coast

1) Farewell Spit – a remarkable andform. The public are allowed access only to the base of the spit, the rest being a Reserve. However DOC have granted a concession to two local 4WD tour operators allowing them to take visitors 24km along the spit to the lighthouse near its tip. Since I was keen to see the spit I did that tour, and thoroughly enjoyed it. At low tide vast areas of mudflats are exposed on the southern (landward) side of the spit. Where I was camped at Puponga, near the base of the spit, the water lapped the roadside at high tide, but retreated 2 – 3km at low tide! Needless to say, those who go boating at Puponga only do so at high tide.

2) Abel Tasman National Park. The beaches are of a distinctive gold-coloured sand, which combines with clear water and bush-covered hills to make the coastal scenery very attractive indeed. Despite the fleets of rental kayaks, and the constant traffic of water taxis, it was easy to find lonely beaches on which I was the only person. But there is road access at both the northern and southern ends of the park, allowing holiday-makers to launch speed boats and jet-skis, which quickly contaminate all corners of



A cove on the rugged west coast of D'Urville Island

the park. To me, Abel Tasman had the feel of a holiday park rather than a National Park. If a wilderness experience is to be recaptured there, the speedboats will have to be contained.

3) D'Urville Island. Remote, rugged and beautiful. The west coast has dramatic cliffs, the east coast is softer and more protected. From the western side two deep harbours penetrate the island; their innermost arms are totally protected and land-locked, and there, some 8km from the harbour entrance, one feels completely isolated from the sea. The central part of D'Urville Island is bush-clad and in DOC's hands. The northern and southern ends are farmed. If the editor gives me space, I'll write a separate article about D'Urville Island and make some suggestions about how to explore it.

4) Queen Charlotte Sound. The Sounds have experienced repeated burning-off of the forest, and misguided attempts at farming. Many of the hills are now covered in regenerating scrub and wild-sown pines. Queen Charlotte Sound has probably suffered least, so the outer reaches have attractive bush, many beautiful coves, and numerous DOC campsites. The area also has considerable historic interest because of Cook's many visits to Ship Cove.

5) Clifford Bay and Cape Campbell. This is the northeast "corner" of the South Island. From here the coast trends south towards Kaikoura and Banks Peninsula. I had a fright crossing Clifford Bay under sail, several kilometres offshore, when the wind lifted from 10 to 25-30 knots in the space of about 15 minutes. I needed a landing and found one at Marfells Beach, just east of Lake Grassmere. Perhaps this experience made me view the countryside there with particular affection, and I really enjoyed a long walk in the afternoon out across the hills to Cape Campbell.



Overlooking Marfells Beach, near Lake Grassmere, after I was forced ashore there by strong northerlies

The less-enjoyable parts.

1) Steeply-shelving shingle and boulder beaches in Cloudy Bay, Clifford Bay, and on parts of the coast south of Cape Campbell. The waves rear up and fall heavily onto these beaches in a single line of dumping breakers, which make landings and take-offs difficult, especially for a heavily-loaded plywood kayak.

2) Sudden (and unforecast) wind changes. Towards the end of the trip I had several days of calm mornings followed by a dramatic change at midday when the wind really took off. After a while I learned to anticipate the change, but I had some anxious moments. Fortunately my habit of early starts meant that by noon I had already been paddling for 5 or 6 hours, so I made good progress in spite of spending afternoons ashore.

3) Wekas. At first I viewed wekas as rather charming endangered native birds, but soon I came to agree with local people that campground wekas are sneaky, thieving pests which should all be given a dose of lead poisoning. They are attracted to any shiny object, edible or not. One stole my spoon, the only eating implement I had, and if nearby campers had not given me another I would have been eating with my fingers for the remainder of the trip. Another dragged the windshield from my gas stove half-way across the clearing before I recovered it. At another bay a weka spent 30 minutes pacing up and down the deck of my kayak trying to wrench off the fittings one by one. They are worse than keas!

4) Seals are numerous and can be a bit of a menace. They are confident and unafraid in the water, but nervous on land. On steep shores they climb the rocks and find a sleeping ledge high above the water within one leap of the sea. A real danger to the unwary kayaker who, paddling a metre or two away from the rocks, rounds a corner and surprises a seal on a ledge above him. The seal is startled, bellows "SHIT!" in seal language and hurls himself in one



A weka on the prowl.

huge leap towards the water; which happens to be occupied by the kayaker who shouts "SHIT!" and tries to get out of the way. Much panic, spray and brace strokes after which the kayaker vows never to paddle close to the rocks again. Being hit by 200kg of seal would be a pretty certain way of closing the trip.

Finally.....

Perhaps the best part of this trip were the folk I met on the coast. Such great people. Like the DOC caretaker at White's Beach who, on learning where I'd paddled from that day, muttered "Christ!" hurried into his motorhome and brought me a slab of bacon-and-egg pie, two cold roast potatoes and a bottle of ginger ale. Perhaps I looked as though I might collapse without an immediate injection of calories? But just one of many meetings that make me smile when I recall them now.

Happy paddling!

Colin

Summer at Waikaremoana

Rona Paterson

On Arrival at one of the 2006 Club Nights, I found Helen and Gerard scanning a map. I asked where they were going – they told me "Waikaremoana – do you want to come"? I didn't think twice and asked when they were going. I was in!!! Then the doubts began to sink in. How many stories had I heard about the dreadful winds and people being tent-bound for three days on end – was I capable of such an endeavour?

D-Day dawned – 30 December 2006. Gerard collected me and with two kayaks on the roof and countless dry bags in the back of Gerard's car we set off for Tirau where we were to meet up with Helen, Paul, Pat and Patrick (later to be called Patu). Rain had been with us most of the way but spirits were high. From there we traveled through Rotorua and stopped on the edge of Kiangaroa forest for lunch. It was here I first sampled *Cabin Bread!* This was what I had brought to eat for lunches during the trip. When it had been suggested, nobody thought to tell me how much jaw exercise was necessary in order to swallow it.

We had now left the rain behind us in the North, and traveled more or less in convoy to arrive at Makau Motor Camp on the Lake at 4.30pm. Camp was set

up and dinner eaten in high spirits. Gerard and I were to become the envy of the rest of the group as we sat in comfort on our lounge lizards, and it was at this time the group realized what a valuable asset I was to be, because as long as I was there, the sand flies would touch no-one else.

I always sleep well on my thermarest – 20 to 30 times a night, and this trip was to be no different. We were up early on Sunday morning (New Years Eve) and boats were packed with great difficulty and much comment was made among us as to how low the boats were in the water. I have to accept that I suffered the most with extra supplies under my feet, on decks and in buoyancy aid pocket. Fellow campers forecast southerly winds coming which would last three days and we departed in cloudy conditions. We were headed for the Wairau moana arm of the lake and found two little bays with a headland between where we made camp, above the water and hidden in bush. Four campers in Korotipa Bay, the other two in Whakawakawa Bay – with a little track joining both groups. Paul set up a communal fly, which was to get much use while Helen used her brand new folding trowel to set up a latrine some distance from the camp.

Lunch was eaten in the sun and I put my dry food in the little foyer at the back of my tent in the cool - *big mistake!* All food items were packed in small, sealed plastic bags, then grouped in larger plastic bags, then combined into a larger gear bag, and still some rodent found it and managed to sample from each small bag.

We went on a small afternoon paddle and got rained on, but conditions improved in time for dinner. Heavy rain set at about 8pm. We were all squeezed into Gerard's 'Homer Tunnel' of a vestibule attached to his tent to celebrate the end of 2006 and welcome in 2007. However we deemed midnight at 9pm because of the miserable conditions and retired to bed. The rain continued heavily all night

Following breakfast on New Year's Day we decided to wait until midday before making a decision on kayaking, and went on a bush walk in the rain. This was



my introduction to Bush Lawyer and bush bashing. Following lunch a paddle was taken across the lake in the rain and around Whakaneke Spur, looking into Marauiti Bay and Maraunui Bay. We were to see families of black swans with their white cygnets with the father swans being very protective of their young.

Because of the dreadful weather, the vestibule of Gerard's tent was a comfortable place to be and pass the time away with a glass in one hand, while solving the problems of the world. This night I was disturbed by grunting noises, but assume it was paranoia expecting a return of the rodent(s). I reasoned if they can eat through all the layers the previous night, they could eat through a tent!

The following morning (Tuesday 2 January) we awoke to a very still morning without rain, although everything felt damp. Bedding and clothing were put out to dry, and Helen, Paul, Pat and Patu went out to paddle the rest of the Wairau arm of the lake. Gerard and I stayed behind to look after the washing. It remained very cold and the afternoon was showery. The day got progressively worse with strong winds coming. Gerard's vestibule was blown to shreds during the night.

Following breakfast on Wednesday 4 January we packed and left at 10.30am. I was sent off with a 'royal launch' heading backwards out into the lake *without my paddle*. I was certainly up the creek without a paddle until Gerard made a javelin throw with my paddle and Paul picked it up and brought it over to me. Yes, I had a split paddle under the bungies, but never thought to try to get it out. The cold and damp made me very miserable. The rain didn't eventuate, but conditions were very cold. Lunch was a miserable affair, munching once again on *Cabin Bread* and being unable to warm up. The next few hours were spent seeking a likely place to camp for the night. We found some awesome places, but they were already taken. (We were later told that all the good spots are bagged well before the Christmas holidays). However, we did find a lovely little spot at Paengarua Bay at 3pm at the foot of the Panekiri Range, and quickly settled in with tents up and kayaks sitting on the grass just above the lake. This was to be the first afternoon that weather allowed us all to get together to have a social time. The men made a wonderful fire and it was marvelous to completely thaw out. Drinks, nibbles and dinner were had beside the fire and all damp clothing was aired off. Bed was late this night.

Thursday 5 January dawned a beautiful day, with sun coming up over the hills opposite and mist over the lake. Today we headed along the Panekiri Bluff. About half way along a head wind had sprung up, increasing in strength as we went. We decided not to round the corner and head directly into this head wind as we had no weather forecast and expected the wind to increase as the day went on, so we back tracked until we found a sheltered beach for lunch.



When the sun came out and clothes were peeled off in the heat of the day. Gerard and I decided to return and headed off for the spillway at the end of the lake.

It was on the return leg that Gerard decided it was time to play sailing. He had a great time with his multi use fly sheet. I am certain this will not be the last we will see of Gerard sailing. The rest of the group was happy to have a walk around the coast. While the men dozed in the sun, the girls went for a skinny dip. On our return, they were eager to tell us about the trout they caught (and I have seen the picture as proof) but for some reason they let it go. Once back at camp I had a very quick bath in the lake. The late afternoon was spent drinking coffee, talking, cooking and eating dinner in the sun. Later Gerard re-built the fire - the end of an absolutely perfect day.

Friday 5 January dawned absolutely perfect! Still, clear, sun on the hills, mist on the lake, and the promise of heat. Kayaks were packed and we left that idyllic bay on glass-calm water headed for the other side of the lake in conditions which got progressively hotter. Once again, all the likely places for us to stop near Taraoamohanga Pt were already taken, but a pleasant place was found for us to park kayaks before taking to a trail to Te Anaotikitiki cave. This is where I found that bush-bashing and I are not ideal partners. Apart from Bush Lawyer, Hook weed and dead tree/branches everywhere which I was to find would not support me when I held on, I also fell down a hole. It was therefore a relief to return to kayaks and to find a beautiful glade for lunch.

The rest of the day was in perfect conditions - by now we had as little clothes on as possible and were paddling without spray skirts, sun hats on, covered in sun block - we carried on paddling in every nook and cranny of the Whanganui arm of the lake. We arrived back at Mokau Motor Camp at 4.30pm and once the tents were up the girls went for a swim in much warmer water than on previous days. Dinner finished off an absolutely perfect day.

While I am certain many odd sights are seen in a camp which opens its arms to boaties of all persua-

sions, one lady was most impressed with Patu and told him he made 'a fashion statement'. She was obviously impressed with his style. He looked real cool in his khaki shorts worn over dark blue polyprop long johns with bare feet poking out the bottom, striped long sleeved poly shirt, topped off with a beanie. *Don't all kayakers dress like that?*

This was my first multi day trip and I wish to thank these cyclists/trampers for allowing me to join with them and for the camaraderie and for their meticulous organization.

Rona

Sea Kayaking: What's the Point?

Peter Mujtaba

Is kayaking simply about good coffee and conversation? That's certainly what attracted me to the sport in the first place. I'm the kind of person who likes to measure sport by the number of kilos gained. There aren't many sports that fall into that category but I've been lucky enough to find a couple. Anyone who has ever skied in Europe will know exactly what I mean. Each day of skiing is religiously followed by some serious cholesterol loading... a boiling pot of melted cheese being the obvious choice for most wannabe winter Olympians.

When I left Europe and moved to New Zealand I was keen to maintain the hardness of my arteries and was lucky enough to discover the noble sport of sea kayaking. Actually what I mean is, I was lucky enough to discover the Saturday morning coffee cruise.

Those of you who regularly join the coffee cruise will know that it's all about the coffee and muffins. How we get there is irrelevant. In fact we have been known to arrive at Okahu Bay, look out to sea, get back in our cars and drive to the café.

It's true, we may certainly fall into the category of the softer kayakers but recently we've been making waves in the kayak world (yes, it's a terrible pun). On Saturday morning a few of us set out from St. Heliers to discover some of the volcanoes that had burst out of the sea in the last few hundred years and provided Aucklanders with endless destinations for day trips. Quite how mother nature had the foresight to provide for day-trippers will always remain a mystery to me.

Our first stop was Rangitoto and the view from the summit was incredible. This was matched by similarly breathtaking views from the other summits of Motuihe and Browns.

As we paddled from one island to the next, I started wondering what the point of sea kayaking is. We were spending a very enjoyable day on the water and could have easily continued further afield. So maybe kayaking isn't about the destination but about the journey. Maybe we don't need a latte at the end of every trip to make it worthwhile. Of course I'm joking but it's easy to look at kayaking as a metaphor for life. We're always looking at the horizon and continually moving forward. There are challenges along the way but we always find a way through them. Sometimes we kayak alone and sometimes with a group. Maybe that's why I enjoy kayaking. Every trip seems like a lifetime. (Maybe I should rephrase that).

So, if kayaking can be likened to life then I guess the million dollar question is: What's the meaning of kayaking? I personally don't think it's about the destination or the coffee. I think it's about who you're with and how you complete each trip.

What were the highlights of our "3 island hop"? Well, I'd say the huge sense of smug self achievement that we felt on arriving back at St. Heliers. We knew that amongst our friends and families we had probably had the best Saturday out of all of them. That level of smugness doesn't come easily. The second highlight would have to be our celebratory curry in St Heliers and in particular the lamb madras. Now, that's what I'm talkin' about!

New Members



Welcome

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

Jazelle Aldernice, Cameron Blair

Joanne Cadogan, Elizabeth Fisher, Greg Gantley, Geoff Heaton, Julie Knight, Morrell Family, Lawrence Penrose, Wadell Family, Trevor Weeks, Patricia Wihongi, Willi (Brenda) Williams, Wylie Family

And welcome back to:...

Michelle Baird, Coleman/Smith Family, Dorrell Family

Poet's Corner

Mike Randell

*I was driving south to the Mouth of the Fish
Not a seakayak in sight
Which caused no end of depression
You know what it's like
I was missing my nice warm Auckland
And playing in the sea
The road stretched out forever
Who knew of what might be.*

*Passing through Taihape
On the way to Wellytown
Stopping for a coffee
As you do when feeling down
My spirits rose enormously
Applying brake to floor
A sign proclaimed in front of a shop
PLEASE REMOVE YOUR GUMBOOTS AT THE
DOOR.*

*If you want a great wee cafe
On your way to anywhere
Just stop off at Taihape
You'll be surprised at all the fare
The service's really brilliant
You could not ask for more
Just bear in mind that famous chant
PLEASE REMOVE YOUR GUMBOOTS AT THE
DOOR.*

*I cannot speak for everyone
When I feel a great attraction
For this little town south of the Lake
But I'm sure it's going to catch on
The population's going to grow
They'll even come from Gore
But remember when you're coming in
PLEASE REMOVE YOUR GUMBOOTS AT THE
DOOR.*

*Oh, PLEASE REMOVE YOUR GUMBOOTS AT THE
DOOR
We'll say it once again to just make sure
When you're entering a shop
Or a pub to have a drop
PLEASE REMOVE YOUR GUMBOOTS AT THE
DOOR.*

President's Report

Most of us are now back at work and suffering pangs of regret that we do not have enough time for paddling, but the contents of this newsletter show just how active some of our members have been over the Xmas break. To the active ones—well done, to those who prefer the coffee cruises—keep on doing that as Peter Mujtaba has advocated—who knows where it might lead!

Many thanks to all those you contributed in sharing their experiences through this Newsletter.

I too have been busy over the Xmas period—sparked by a demonstration by Will Hendon of his air horn during the Xmas Brunch.

A number of you know that I am active with various safety organisations and this includes Maritime New Zealand. They have a growing concern that even with visibility vests (Now in stock with our merchandising Officer) and with the kayak light in production planning with Hella, some power boats still fail to realise that a kayaker is there.

The US Coastguard has defined the specifications for a warning device and Will's air horn meets this specification—120 dB capable of being heard at 0.5 nautical miles in good conditions. This is LOUD.

I contacted the manufacturer of the air horn in Canada and negotiated a great deal.

They are available through the Club Merchandise (see page 13) and probably through Auckland Coastguard—at a higher price.

Happy paddling,

Ian



Farewell - Mike Rowley Ruahine Kayaks



The following email was received recently.

It is with extreme sadness that Ruahine Kayaks advises you of the death of its founder, Mike Rowley.

He died peacefully in his sleep at his home in Dannevirke on 28th January 2007.

We extend our sympathy and condolences to his wife Joyce and family at this time.

Mike's contribution to kayaking, with Joyce's assistance, is legendary and he will be sadly missed by all who have been associated with him.

Active to the end, he completed the kayak leg of the Infracan Challenge (also known as the Akitio Challenge) the Saturday before and it's somewhat fitting in a way in that he died in his sleep reclining in the Lazy-Boy chair spot prize he received at that event and which he was immensely proud to have won.

Mike's funeral is to be conducted at the Sports Centre, Anderson Park, Anderson Street, Dannevirke, 11 am on Thursday 1st February .

All personal messages to his wife Joyce and family c/- 58 Ruahine Street, Dannevirke. Ph 06 374 6222.

The following report is re-printed courtesy of Steve and Jen Knowles, Sportzhub

Multisporters and Adventure Racers world wide mourn the loss of 74 year old Mike Rowley, the passion behind Ruahine Kayaks. Mike was recovering at home after a car accident last week, when he died in his sleep.

His death is a sad loss for kayaking, the world of multisports and adventure racing. Over the years Mike has produced a large stable of multisport and adventure kayaks which have carried athletes of all ages and abilities down rivers, across lakes and seas world wide on both adventures and races.

New Zealand leads the world when it comes to multisport & adventure racing kayaks. Mike was one of a hand full of manufacturers who supplied the local athletes and international market.

Mikes most successful kayak for the majority of athletes would have to be the "Opus" which seemed to defy the rules of kayak design offering stability and speed. It won a number of top Multisport & kayak races over the years in the hands of Gordon Blythen and Gordon Walker to name a few. His greatest reward came in 2004 when local Hawkes Bay multisport athlete George Christison paddled the Ruahine F1 to victory in the Speight's Coast to Coast (Multisport World Championships), then took the double the following year in the hands of Richard Usher.

In an interview last year Mike recalled where the passion for kayaking grew into a business "With the help of friends and family, from 1965 onwards, I built canvas kayaks, then glass ones in various shapes and sizes." "After a number of years building 'Olymps" and "D.R's" in borrowed moulds, I then went paddling the long paddle leg of the second day of the 1993 "Mountains to Sea" in a borrowed boat, after which I decided to build a multisport kayak to suit my needs. This was followed later by faster kayaks, then eventually into building a double for Adventure Racing."

In recent years Mike took on partners at Ruahine kayaks, to free up time to spend with his family and refocus his kayaking interests on design and liaising with his clients.

Mike was still very active at 74 traveling overseas for business, watching his kayaks race and catching up with family.

Mike you will be dearly missed by our family and the Multisport community.

Steve & Jen Knowles

More about Mike can be found here <http://www.sportzhub.com/ruahine/heritage.htm>

Multisport & paddlers who would have liked to attend but missed, 74 year old Mike Rowley's funeral, here is a poem by his friend and business partner Kevin Osborne.

BETTER THAN THAT

(A poem in memory of Mike Rowley - kayaker, kayak designer and manufacturer)

*'Twas while paddling a race
Long boring and flat
He thought of his kayak
I can do better than that*

*Race over, recovered
He set 'bout his task
To design a new boat
Of gel coat and glass*

*The result was quite stunning
It made an impact
The Destiny made
Thinks he, "I can do better than that"
The Intrigue quickly followed
60 sold just like that
But he had a niggling suspicion
He could do better than that*

*With multisport growing
The paddlers got better
He soaked up ideas
And the comments that mattered*

*Two heads, I've heard told
Are better than one
Richard Karn at the helm
Designs became fun*

*The Opus was born
Long slender smart
But, ah you guessed it
He could do better than that*

*An interlude followed
Steve Knowles appeared
An adventure racer
With new kayaking ideas*

*The Duet was crafted
Especially to meet*

*International racers
On our turf we would beat*

*But I digress, I'm sorry
Back to design
More input from paddlers
There were things to refine
The F1 was made
The Rebel and others
All with comments from paddlers
Whom he valued as brothers*

*The records will show
With pride and with grace
Many a paddler
In his boats winning, first place*

*With results noted
In the racing almanac
To his competitors says Mike
"Can you do better than that?"*

*Mike, It is an impressive legacy which you
leave behind,
Joyce, the children, a family so fine
International brand "Ruahine Kayaks"
Put all that together, my friend, you could-
n't have done any better than that
Kevin Osborne*

Safety

Air Horns

Air Horn complete with pump \$30.00

Air horn without pump \$25.00

Can be inflated using any garage air supply to 80psi.
One fill lasts approx 50 blasts. Total weight 100gm
\$6.00 post and packing

High Visibility Vests

To be seen in our kayaks by other crafts remains a main safety issue. The club now has for sale a light-weight safety vest with reflective stripes, in fluoro orange and fluoro yellow. These sleeveless vests are worn over the buoyancy aid and available in sizes XL to XXXL. They are the similar to those used by road workers, cyclists and truck drivers. Price for club members is \$5.



From: Auckland Canoe Club, P.O. Box 9271, Newmarket, Auckland



To:

