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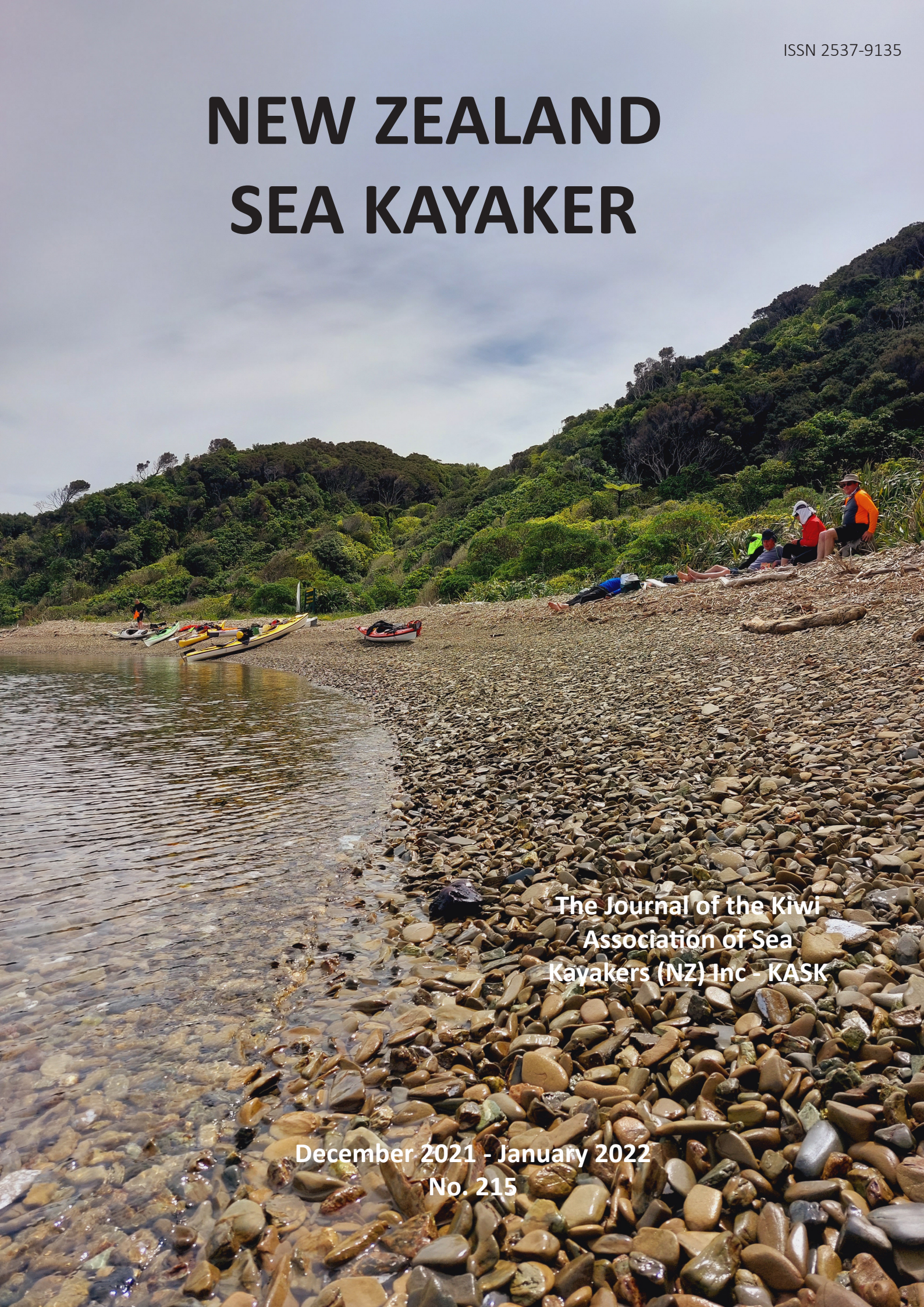
NEW ZEALAND SEA KAYAKER



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

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Matapara / Pickersgill Island by Chris Henshaw

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Looking towards Mitre Peak, Miford sound and Harrion Cove. Moody Milford
by Oliver Winkler and Steve Cooper

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Editorial

Happy New Year!!

I was hoping 2022 would improve but we had the bad news of the kayakfest22 being postponed into 2023. So, we have decided to run with magazine #215 in January rather than the planned extending until after the event. Therefore, the next magazine deadline for #216 will be 25th March. I was expecting it to be a little compact, with Christmas and everything but I am grateful to all those who have contributed (most at short notice) to this edition.

This is Shaun's last Presidents Report. I would like to say a huge thank you as he has supported me while I took over editing this magazine from Paul Caffyn (some very big shoes to fill there).

We have another write up of 'Meet the Paddlers', this is doing very well all over the country with excellent turn outs and much fun had by all. My amazing magazine proof reader has written up one of her trips with stunning photos. Celia Wade-Brown wrote up her trip Picton to Golden Bay, thank you.

I just had to ask Oliver Winkler to write up another of his trips in Fiordland when I saw the photos on Facebook. Some are included also on page 2. Laraine Hughes has a trip report from Lake Taupo with photos of the rock carvings there. I also had to ask Matthew Crozier for his photos I saw on Facebook.

Paul Caffyn, has a re-print of one his books – Dark Side of the Wave with additions. He has written about this, and the ordering details can be found on page 25. He has also kindly written about bulkheads and hatches, worth a read. There is a photo of Paul paddling Steve Moffatt's beautiful replica of One-One on the last page.

Thanks again to all the contributors. If you would like to write up your trip, send in photographs (I don't have any potrait shape photos lined up for the next magazine), kit reviews, book reviews etc.
Please email: jacquie@kask.co.nz.

Stay safe
Jacquie

Submissions for magazine #216
25th March 2022

President's Report
by Shaun Maclaren

Hi everyone,

Well, 2022 has not started the way that I had envisaged.

This is my last report as President, as I am going to pass the baton on at our AGM at Hahei.

During the last four years, I have been incredibly fortunate to have had such supportive and diligent committee members. With members coming from a variety backgrounds and experience, we have had great discussions and a differing of opinions on matters which has enabled us to remain focused. KASK advocates for diversity and I am so pleased to see such a variety of age and experience in the candidates for the incoming committee.

I would also like to congratulate and thank all those involved in the recent season of 'Meet the Paddlers'. This last year has seen a greater interest and larger number of participants on the water. Special mention must go to Steve Flack, the original creator and director, but this year more so to Dallas Veitch and Caitlin Gillespie, whose promotional skills further took MTP to another level. To the regional reps, instructors and on water assistants, you have helped create something special, which I hope to see grow and blossom further.

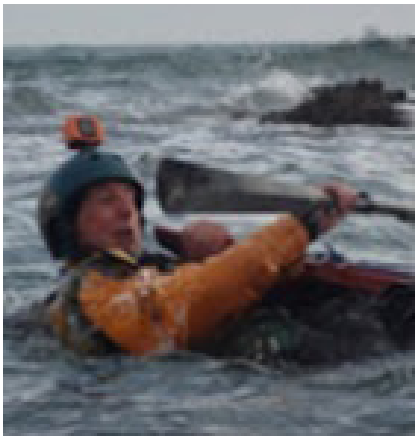
Finally, the KASK magazine, from the time when I couldn't find a successor to Paul Caffyn as editor and to when we changed from the printed version to a digital platform, there were times when I thought it couldn't survive. But my doubts have since been extinguished by the dedication of both Jacquie James and Ruth Henderson and to all of you, the contributors of such interesting articles and wonderful photographs.

It is your magazine and I call on you all to see it continue to flourish and grow.

For me 2022 is all about taking nothing for granted, seizing opportunities with both hands, and making the most of it.

Finally, a huge thank you to Paul Caffyn for keeping me grounded early on.
Safe Paddling,

Shaun



KASK ‘Meet the Paddlers’ - Northland

by Dallas Veitch

Northland paddlers kicked off 2022 with the inaugural Northland SKISL session, held at Kowharewa Bay in Tutukaka on Jan 8th. Inspired by the Orewa SKISL get-togethers, the northern variety was an opportunity for regional paddlers to practice skills in a fun and supportive environment and to learn from each other, without trooping south of the Brynderwyns. Liz Quarrie travelled a fair distance from Okaihau and Jay Howell arrived from the Bay of Islands, but Greg from Auckland took the "Furthest drive" prize, surprising us by paddling in from another bay. After introductions, we hit the water in the sheltered bay for some flat water rescue and rolling practice before heading out to the mouth of the Tutukaka harbour mouth to find some interesting conditions. More skills were practiced in the bumpier water, and some rocks were gardened led by the intrepid Jay. Like rats following the Pied Piper, some of us followed, resulting in a for-real rescue. We ultimately returned to shore with all paddlers present and accounted for, delighted to have made new friends while having fun learning. PPPP (post-paddling pikelets and plums) on the beach wrapped up the day.










liquidlogic

South Island Lakes – West Side Story

by Ruth E. Henderson

Photos by Ruth E. Henderson and Shelley Stuart

Up a bit, back a bit, over a bit… I was quite used to being directed to manoeuvre into position so my colorful kayak could be perfectly placed as the focal point or to compliment a sea/river/lake scape for photographer Shelley. And now, we two photographers who like to kayak or is it kayakers who like to take photos, had a month away together. It was going to be an interesting trip – Shelley's sister wondered if we'd still be friends at the end; I wondered how we'd ever edit all the photos.

A paddle gear bin, camping bin, food bin and a clothing kit bag apiece, and for Shelley… a make-up bag, we wedged in wine, gifts, the necessary power banks, and electronics leads to keep our cameras and phones charged, and the music playing. We had maps, we had lists…we were off, south bound visiting kayaking friends and family enroute. Once we arrived on the West Coast the itinerary was fluid… free of any commitments till the return ferry across the Strait. The goal was to visit and paddle as many lakes as we could, without busting a gut. We were on holiday!

The boats first came off the roof rack at **Lake Brunner.** We'd stayed with Paul Caffyn the night before, in the "snuggery" perched above the Tasman Sea. That evening, maps covered the table; we made notes of his recommendations, and the next day we had a tour-guide as he was keen to show off one of his favourite lakes, and to test out his new knee.

Brunner set the bench-mark high! It was gorgeous! Placid with towering kahikatea creating intriguing reflections, partially sunken forests to weave though. Massive fallen rimu and miro logs rimmed the shoreline as we headed towards Swan Bay and its river. Two hours later, a pebbly beach on the riverbank became our lunch spot before we meandered back through more forest wonderland to Iveagh Bay, our launching spot near a DOC campsite. That was the only place we encountered jet-skis and water skiers; otherwise, the lake was serene. Back at 12-Mile Shelley swam, Paul boogie-boarded, I did some 'sand-fly yoga' then floated in the famous 'lap pool'. Bliss.

Lake Kaniera was next on our list. It was dull and brooding under the watchful eye of the Southern Alps and its dusting of snow. We headed off down its eastern side. We stopped amid a sea of driftwood and reeds, where a seat marked a track to Dorothy Falls. Instead of kayak booties we should have worn running shoes; the track was rough and stony, gouged out by flood waters. The waterfall was not spectacular… but as good a stopping place as anywhere. After

Lake Brunner







Lake Kaniere



lunch we crossed to the western side, zigged and zagged around some islands to complete the circuit back to Hans Bay. There were some noisy jet boats and water skiers, but otherwise the water was still, and tui and bellbirds sang. We checked out the DOC campsite but trucked on to Hokitika Kiwi Holiday Park, the cleanest newest camping ground we have ever seen ($80 for a cabin) - to do our laundry, indulge in whitebait fritters, and photograph the sunset amongst the beach driftwood sculptures. Handily, as it was Valentine's Day, there was one heart shaped one, we could email home to our spouses!

Auckland went into Covid Lockdown, but we were 'free' and ready for our third lake. **Mahinapua** was reached via a bush surrounded 'driveway' leading to Shanghai Bay. We headed south to Portage Landing. In the mirror calm the reflections of the huge reeds and kahikatea were sultry, the shoreline ablaze in the red of the water weed *Alternathera rosea*. White dots turned into 13 Royal spoonbills feeding in the mud. I sneaked into the shallows to drift by, but they were easily spooked. We hugged the shore past the natural wood sculptures, residues of forest backed by vegetative layers of weed, reed, flax, kahikatea and rimu, the alps completing the picture. We stopped short of the better landing at Picnic Bay for lunch, then entered the Mahinapua Creek which joins the Hokitika River at its mouth. White heron number five





Lake Mahinapua

for the day, continued feeding, unperturbed by our kayaks drifting by. After 2 km the creek narrowed, and we turned back. Back on the road we briefly stopped at **Lake Ianthe**. It looked charming and had a DOC camp, but we had our sights set on making a rendezvous with Maureen from BASK. She was a Covid- casualty, already in the South Island when her Borland tramp was cancelled.

Okarito Lagoon camp was only $15 each, run by 'camp-hosts' who'd even put flowers in the toilets! At the lagoon mouth, the tide raced out, and the sun set quickly, but not before we added to our growing rock collection.



Okariko Lagoon



Maureen had hired a kayak, so we tagged along with her to the hire company's briefing and ended up following their instructions. Anticipation was high. Okarito is famous for its white heron colonies. The websites and brochures show flocks of them! We went upriver channels, explored sand bars, the passage very shallow at times. This made life with a Greenland paddle difficult as every stroke was a shallow sweep-stroke. We saw plenty of swans, Eastern godwits, Caspian terns, variable oyster catchers, pied stilts and 20 spoonbills but only five solo white herons. Disappointing. Seen throughout the day and most spectacular was Mt Cook and Mt Tasman. Most memorable, Shelley's' nibbles – crackers covered in fresh peach and nectarine slices, with creamy goats cheese, topped with quince paste. Most exciting, watching the lagoon rushing to empty itself, the water falling over itself, gurgling out to sea.

Further south, **Mapourika** was another charmer. Toi toi, oi oi reeds, cabbage trees, kahikatea and rimu edged the lake. Franz Joseph and Fox glaciers were reflected in the still waters throughout the day giving us the best luncheon views so far. Under water, mysterious yellow and green weeds provided photographic material. Apart from two boats trolling for salmon we were alone on the water. Approaching the jetty, we were amused at the antics of dozens



Lake Mapourika



of five-minute tourists: car doors opened, people popped out, cameras clicked and off they went. Within half an hour of landing, (we were getting slick) we joined them…for an ice-cream and fresh supplies at Franz Joseph.

Arriving at **Lake Pairangi** DOC camp late, we had to search for 20 mins to find a couple of pup tent sites, and then they were sort of illegal as they were in the 'picnic area'. The place was full of campervans and speedboats. Within 50 mins tents were up, $15 each was popped into the Honesty Box, and a fresh salad, sausages and baby potatoes were on the table. A lovely change after two nights of MTR curries and rice.

We drifted off to sleep to the sound of moreporks and possums and woke to pea-soup visibility. There was no need to hurry, but conscious of our camping infringements, we packed up our wet tents and waited for the mist to lift. Although beautiful with mirror images, the lake felt a bit 'same old, same old' without the snow-capped mountains. North of the camp we went up a river full of waving water weed; signs do urge boaties not to spread hornwort and *Lagarosiphon*. Two hours was enough for this lake on that day.

We headed to **Moerahi**. Easily missed we did a U-turn but decided it was too windy and too small to bother with. Road signs indicated hot spots for Wi-Fi, so we pulled over to catch up on 'Comms'. At Ships Cove we turned into five-minute tourists before heading on to Jacksons Bay. This bay is famous in kayaking circles as it's where 'all the South Island Circumnavigators' depart from. We walked! Would

Lake Pairangi





Lake Pairangi

have liked a whitebait fritter at the Cray Pot Café but they shut at 3.30. Back to Haast, over incredibly blue braided rivers we camped at the Haast River Motel/ camp. Cheap at only $33 each for two nights.

Lake Ellery is one of Paul Caffyn's worst kept secrets. Back we went over the Arawata River onto Jackson River Road to find this treasure. Before committing we did a recce by foot checking for tree falls and rapids on the Ellery Creek. It was fine, so by the bridge we lowered out boats down the bank, paddled a bit, walked a bit up the shallow riffles, paddled a bit to reach the lake. The creek and lake had a wonderous diversity of bush: pendulous rimu, kahikatea, silver beech with orchids growing on them, kamahi, kawaka, red leaved horopito, cabbage trees, kanuka scrub



and right on the water's edge flax, reeds and rushes. There was a paucity of wetland birds, but plentiful song provided by tui and bellbirds. Obviously, there were no powerboats but there were some walkers at the picnic table where the track beside the creek ends and the lake begins. As the day was dull and overcast, photos won't do the lake justice. It had plenty of beaches and places to freedom camp unlike some of the others. Fish 'n Chips on the Haast Beach was a lovely way to end a special day and our time on the West Coast.



Lake Ellery

Picton to Golden Bay, kayaking with a Gold Card

by Celia Wade-Brown

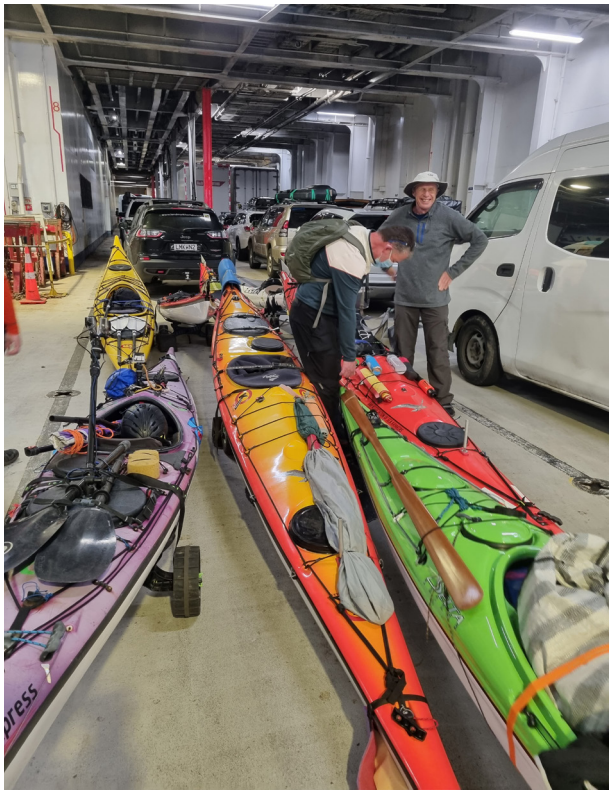
Planning

When yet another friend moved to the 'Top of the South', I decided I must visit. Would it be a tramping or cycling or driving trip, as I've covered many kilometres with each mode? No, kayaking would be ideal as my friends lived near the coast, from Nelson through to Golden Bay. I'd never done more than four days in a kayak and no overnight expeditions alone, so there was much to learn.

As well as my marine radio course and plenty of SKISL practice, I learnt how to interpret marine charts, the relationship between tides and currents, different sources of marine forecasts and so forth. I took a SPOT locator, a VHF radio, my phone (in a waterproof case inside a waterproof bag) plus camping and cooking gear. A marine chart and a spare phone in a couple of dry bags were a good choice to take, plus Alex Ferguson's "Sea Kayaker's Guide to New Zealand's South Island". I planned out my trip using a spreadsheet with dates, distances, tricky issues, tide times, and places to stay.

Beginning

Colleagues from the Wellington Sea Kayak Network (WSKN) had planned a trip to the Marlborough Sounds so that was my starting point on October 22nd, when I wheeled my kayak 'New Flame', a Q-Kayaks Southern Skua composite boat, onto the ferry. I had originally planned to do the Outer Sounds from Te Taonui-o-Kupe/Cape Jackson to Te Paruparu/Forsyth Island but being solo, plus the forecast looking dubious, that's for another expedition. Peter Fuller has recently written about our excitement of 35km partial circumnavigation of Arapaua Island and it was an excellent start to my trip. On Labour weekend Monday we went to Picton, and the rest of the crew



returned to Wellington. After some thought about the extra weight and bulk, I collected my trolley, which I was very glad of later. It strapped on the back hatch quite tidily and I later found I could carry out a self-rescue with them attached.

Charlotte Sound and the joy of pootling

I set off on my own for Mistletoe Bay, after both ferries had left Picton, so I didn't have to cut across their bows. I found a tiny beach for afternoon tea. What a joy to stop where I wanted, to take as many or as few photos as I liked! The paddle to Mistletoe Bay was quite peaceful but I was very glad of my compass to identify exactly which headlands to aim between. The compass helped with keeping my bearings and seeing how close I could sail to the wind; only 90° was excluded.

I camped at Mistletoe Bay and Tuesday was a change

from kayaking – I walked up to Onahau look-out and photographed orchids instead of paddling. I gathered mussels at low tide which made a super addition to my pasta. The following day I just went to the next bay, Lochmara, which has a charming café and small viewing aquarium. The track to Portage was closed due to slips so I couldn't haul my kayak over to Kenepuru Sound, nor get a lift over. On Thursday I spent an hour or so with a young seal. I kept to the guidelines, but the seal hadn't read the DoC manual and wanted to play. She (or he) did a porpoise dive over the bow of my kayak, swam underneath and just goggled at me. There were numerous jellyfish, and I took advantage of my solo status to take loads of pictures to help identify the species on iNaturalist. The trolley came into its own as I trotted 300m from the beach near the boat ramp up to the Anakiwa Backpackers. They had a hose for washing off salt on the PFD and rudder while I soaked my salty bod in a spa pool.

Pelorus Mailboat meets the mammals

A couple of friends picked me and my kayak up early and we boarded the Pelorus Mailboat at Havelock. The Friday trip goes all the way out to Forsyth/ Te Paruparu; this was an excellent excursion and helped me scope up a potential future trip with a kayak. Transfers of passengers cost $50 plus $10 for a kayak. The narration was lively and the views spectacular. The weekly arrival of mail, groceries and guests is a real event for the locals, and we enjoyed seeing their four-legged friends; dogs and kunekune pigs! A highlight of the trip was watching the dolphins playing along the bow waves. They swam extraordinarily fast and expressed such joyful playfulness.

Sandbanks and trolleys

A day of cycling and exploring Nelson and Richmond followed. Fairly flat but lots of headwinds. In Wellington we're not used to sandbanks and the odd behaviour of waves on shallow shores. I set off from Tahunanui Beach into a headwind for the next four hours. I left at a fairly high tide but spent a while avoiding breaking waves on the estuaries until I decided I could manage them.

I had my marine radio tuned to Channel 16 and at one point heard someone mention "an orange kayak 2km offshore". I didn't think I was that far out, avoiding the shallows, so it was probably another boat. Nevertheless, I thought I'd better check in. Coastguard Nelson were very helpful. I found some difficulty using the app as it required one to complete the report on trip completion on the app which wasn't possible if there wasn't cellphone coverage at the destination, so I went back to just using the radio. Set up camp at Mapua and slept well after a bite and beer at the Sprig and Fern. The next day was on to Riwaka, all good except a "short cut" meant a long tow across sandbanks and shallow waters and I arrived ignominiously hauling the boat up a narrow muddy channel less than knee-deep up to Wharf Road. Still achieved the destination and enjoyed a lovely rest day.

Abel Tasman Coast, the Mad Mile and beyond

There was a big swell leaving Riwaka and I regretted my pizza and pint the night before. The swell must have been a good metre and the interval was short, so the kayak thumped down. The easterly was also rising. My aim was to get to Appletree Bay and pitch my tent by lunchtime. I enjoyed finding and photographing Split Apple Rock on the way. I landed for a break on the charming little beach but was a bit discombobulated by two passengers waiting for the water taxi who said, "Our skipper said we wouldn't see any kayakers today." It was good to arrive and do a decent surf landing. There was even a couple lunching with their double Barracuda. It was a bit unnerving to have a campsite only just above high water with a wild easterly splashing surf so close. I went for a pleasant stroll along the Abel Tasman Great Walk, cooked some pasta and slept well, but only after the high tide at 9:30 pm. Any sea level rise will obliterate that spot for camping.





The wind was now directly behind me but too strong for a novice sailor given the swell of the following sea. To avoid tensing up when I'm a bit nervous, I belt out whatever songs I can remember the words to; the national anthem in te reo Māori and Jerusalem are favourites for keeping breathing! After the relative shelter from Adele Island, there was some exciting paddling to Bark Bay. I stopped for lunch at the sheltered Medlands Beach, and it would have been extremely sensible to have left the kayak there and carried my tent round to Bark Bay. Instead, I fell out inelegantly at Bark Bay in the surf after a bit of more successful bracing. I held onto both boat and paddle and let the rollers wash me in. The wheels on the back stayed connected and my dry bags worked well. Again, I was the only one camping.

The next day was on to Awaroa for an enjoyable café lunch and Wi-Fi catch-up. I wanted to go round Te Matau/Separation Point after high tide about 6pm so there was no rush at all. I landed at Mutton Cove and walked up to a look-out so I could see how rough the sea at the headland might be. It looked good but starting off through the surf at Mutton Cove while securing the spray deck and keeping the boat straight was testing. The actual breakout was fine. All went well round Te Matau with a strong but manageable tidal flow going in the direction I'd calculated. The next section to Whariwharangi had more swells and big seals. Quite a few people were camping here and some staying in the old homestead repurposed as a DoC hut.

Tata Islands

Past some exciting rock stacks and arches on the way, these two limestone islands, Motu and Ngawhiti, are home to thousands of spotted shags, squeezed together in a textbook example of high-density living. The noise and smell of them feeding their young was overwhelming. Lovely gentle swells made for easy close-up viewing. What a shame it's not yet a marine reserve! Just the second group of kayaks I'd seen in ten days, appeared, from Golden Bay Kayaks. That night I stayed at Pōhara Holiday Park and booked myself a brilliant massage at Aroha Health Spa.

Destination achieved

Another low tide arrival at Onekaka, but this time I was better prepared, followed the channel markers and didn't have such a long haul-out. I had a lovely few days exploring Golden Bay on foot, in a friend's sportscar, and then joined my other half to do the Heaphy track by bike.

Tech stuff

In a drybag in my day hatch I took a Leatherman multi-tool, cable ties, spare bolts and nuts, rope, surf wax and gutter tape. My second-hand Skua had a few scrapes and repairs that slowly leaked so I became a dab hand at moulding surf wax and pushing it onto the hollows in the keel with a handy shell. In the end I only used the gutter tape to reinforce my husband's bike tyre! A great tip was taking screen shots of forecasts for when you're out of coverage. You can hear Marine Radio forecasts but I like the visuals of WindFinder and Metservice Marine Forecasts.

Lessons

12 days kayaking in 16 days was fine, with no aches and pains though I was quite weary at the end of some days. Half-days that allowed for a rising afternoon breeze and for some exploring on foot kept me fresh. The Abel Tasman coast certainly isn't always the transparent water, still and sunny place, in the adverts. Chocolate is an essential expedition food, followed closely by OSM. Two sets of kayaking clothes and one shore set was plenty. I loved the days on my own, setting up my camp and taking photos. The solitude was a good foil for time catching up with my dear friends Pam, Liz, Debbie, Dave H and Pauline. All in all, it was a wonderful holiday in a beautiful part of the world and its success has given me confidence for more expeditions.

Right: Celia, Liz and Pam on the Pelorus Mailboat
Middle: Split Apple Rock
Below: Alone in Whenuanui Bay









Top: Kunekune pigs on the wharf

Below: Why you shouldn't arrive at an estuary



Merry Christmas and Happy New Year from Fiordland!

by Oliver Winkler & Steve Cooper

Just a week before Christmas we had a brief chat and decided we were both interested in some sea kayaking adventures in Fiordland for the Christmas break. So we found ourselves at the campground in Te Anau on Boxing Day, getting organised to embark on our first adventure the next morning.

As our first objective, we had selected the South Fiord of Lake Te Anau as neither of us had been to this part of the lake before. We launched from the lake shore near the marina to cross towards Brod Bay and then followed the shoreline to East Cove. We had a brief stop on the first of the two Dome Islands. Christmas period and stellar weather meant quite a few fizz boats and jet skiers around near the entrance of the fiord but the further we progressed the quieter it became.

After a lunch stop at West Beach we continued along the southern shoreline. When we paddled underneath the steep cliffs we were hoping that the assurances by a local boatie that we would find good camping options in the area were correct. The satellite images and the local boatie were correct and we managed to find a nice beach that offered some fine camping near one of the few deltas. We are happy to report the sandfly population is still strong in Fiordland to keep this pristine place from being totally overrun by tourists. A head net, long sleeves and paddling gloves certainly made the time off the water more manageable but most nights we did retreat to our tents early to find respite from hunting sandflies.

The next morning we continued further up the fiord and all the descriptions that the head of the fiord was the most amazing part of it were absolutely correct: The head of the fiord feels almost like an amphitheatre with mountains and hills rising around you and just a narrow gap providing the entrance from Dinghy Cove. After paddling through this passageway stunning vistas await in every direction with Mt Pickering and a waterfall dropping down its flanks on one side and McKenzie Burn on the opposite side. We stopped for a little wander to the impressive Gorge Falls before paddling up to McKenzie Burn and back to the narrow gap. We camped on a sandy beach right at the gap so we could enjoy the great views a bit longer.

On our third day on the water we started our return journey back towards the entrance of the fiord, this time on the northern side for a change of perspective. We paddled underneath the steep walls with scars in the vegetation clearly indicating past avalanche paths near the Chester Burn. We got some good views of Mt Luxmore and could even make out the Kepler track's Luxmore hut. In the late afternoon we stopped at Mussel Cove to stretch our legs for a pleasant walk on the Hidden Lakes track… well that was at least the plan… we did learn later that DOC have only maintained a short section of the track, the rest is left to windfall, markers disappeared and the lookout supposedly hasn't been cut in ages. Glad that we eventually gave up on our objective and returned to our kayaks to camp in Mussel Cove.

On the final morning of our Lake Te Anau adventure we just had a short way to paddle from Mussel Cove around the Dome Islands and a brief stop at Brod Bay before crossing back towards Te Anau.

We decided to take a rest day in Te Anau to avoid the only bad weather day of our trip and to relocate to DOC's Cascade Creek campsite. From here we were close to Milford and were able to have an early launch from Deepwater Basin on New Year's Day, to have as much time as possible before the usual afternoon sea breeze arrives. The conditions were stellar in the morning: Silky smooth, mirror-like surface of the water combined with low clouds and mist creating

an interesting atmosphere of the Milford Sound. We had a brief stop in Harrison Cove which we thought we could use as a backup camp spot incase conditions were not good enough to head out to Anita Bay, our main objective.

Being early on the water (and maybe it being New Year's Day and the low clouds) provided a rather quiet experience on the fiord for the first few hours. Not too many tour boats and no aircraft … quite the opposite compared to busy traffic on the water and in the sky on our return the next day. The wind did pick up a bit but it was still a very enjoyable paddle to get up close to Stirling Falls and explore all the corners of the fiord. We had earlier seen some dolphins splashing around in the distance and eventually we encountered a pod of dolphins near Dale Point, close to the entrance of Milford Sound. They did hang around a bit to entertain us and a tour boat that joined the party. After the show we carried on to Anita Bay, had a look at the old stone hut ruins and made our camp. In the afternoon we went for another paddle, heading out past Saint Anne Point to the open Fiordland coast. It was amazing and intimidating at the same time to be able to take a brief look down the exposed Fiordland coastline with a sizable ocean swell. We managed to find some dry enough tinder and driftwood to make use of a well constructed fireplace on the beach to enjoy the last evening of our trip.

We had an early start to paddle back towards the Deepwater Basin along the opposite side of the fiord. There were a few suitable places to land and stretch the legs or to enjoy waterfalls up close. One of the many waterfalls provided a refreshing paddle-through-shower before we were welcomed back into civilization with the aforementioned buzzing of tour boats, private fishing boats, helicopters and aeroplanes.

It has certainly been a highlight of the summer for both of us to be able to explore two scenic parts of Fiordland in perfect weather conditions.

Enoying the views of Mt Pickering and a waterfalls tumbing down its flank





Top: First night's camp in the South Fiord underneath Mt Luxmore
Below: Little walk to Gorge Falls





Top: Lunch stop

Middle: Old Stone Hut

Bottom: Waterfall paradise





Lake Taupo - Kinloch to Acacia Bay

by Laraine Hughes

Lake Taupo turned on it's very best for us on Saturday: clear skies, calm clear water and some stunning scenery for a BASK club paddle. The beach at Kinloch was pretty empty when we gathered at 8am for the early start – it was quite a different story mid-afternoon when we returned to pick up the cars!

We unloaded kayaks and gear and parked cars, with Helen & Andrew's daughter Jane kindly taking their car, and Jim's wife taking theirs round to Acacia Bay for the return shuttle at the end of the trip.

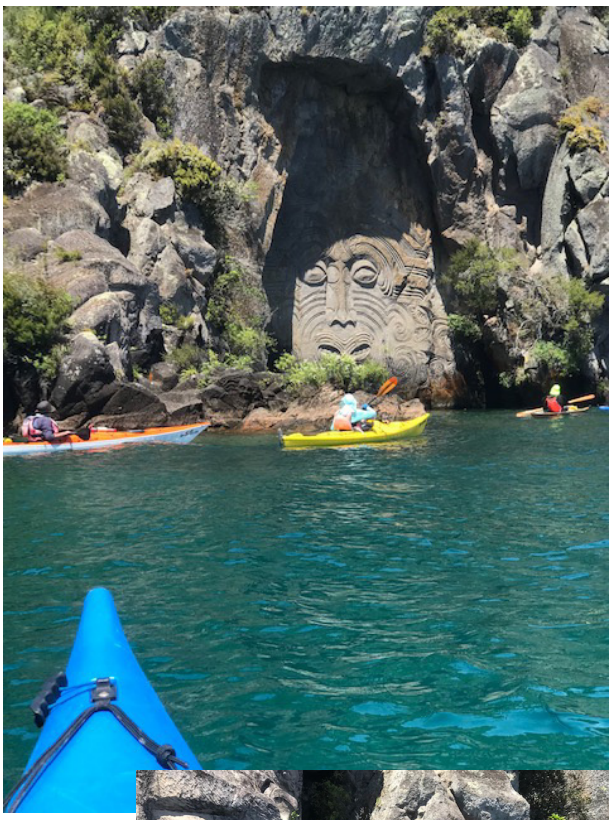
The air was pleasantly cool, as thirteen of us made our way out of Kinloch and through the water-ski lane before the motor boaties were about. Very peaceful. We rounded the point out of Whangamata Bay (Kinloch) and explored the coastline of the other side of the promontory. The rock formations along the whole of the coastline we travelled were magnificent, soaring skywards virtually straight up. How the bush manages to cling to these is amazing, but it manages, adding its own beauty to the shoreline. Not many places to beach the kayaks along the way, but we reached Whakaipo Bay for a morning tea stop. The water was certainly warm enough for swimming, but only Maureen couldn't resist her first swim of the day here. After a good break and a natter, we moved onto the next bay, Kaiapo, where there is a stunning piece of cliff face showing pancake formation. We continued on to Te Raeotepapa Bay and found a nice area of beach to stop for lunch. By now most of us had heated up a bit so it was definitely time for a swim to cool off before lunch. A beautiful bay on a beautiful day on a holiday weekend in Taupo – and



Chris counted 45 motor boats out in the bay. They were well out from us though, so we had our lunch in peace. Then we moved on to have a look at the Maori carvings, which several of the group hadn't seen before. This is a very popular place with tourist boats bringing folks out to look and local boaties too, so we kept out of the way as much as possible and eventually mooched on round Rangatira Point and on to Acacia Bay.

Our trusty shuttle drivers were there to meet us, and Val and Dean had also left their vehicle here, so it was quickly arranged to get other drivers back to Kinloch to pick up their vehicles.

Thank you, Helen & Andrew, for a wonderful day out. We think Andrew should go into marketing though – he promised us 18km and we ended up with 26km! Luckily, we had time for some good stops and a leisurely pace, although Andrew paid the price for the extra distance by having to do some towing practice. There were also a couple of assisted rescue exercises along the way – perfect conditions for them.



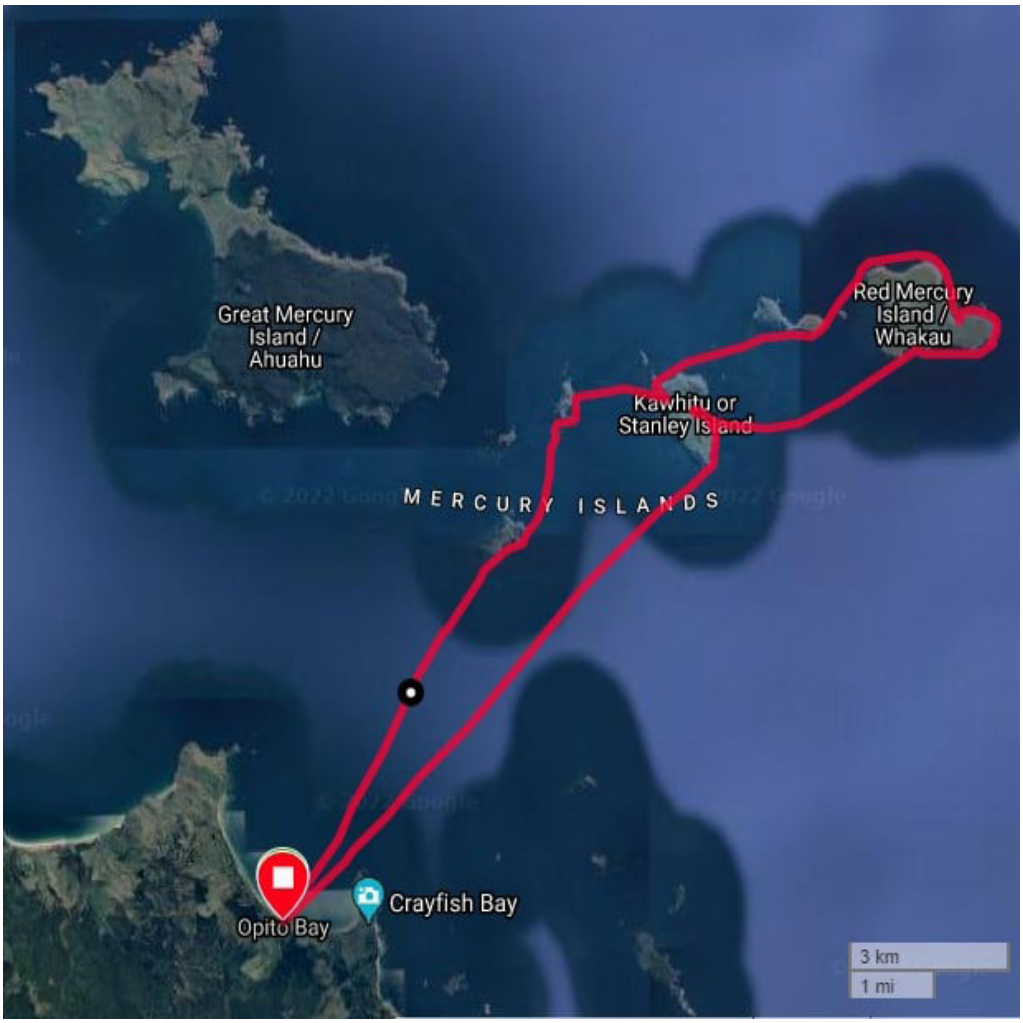




Pancake rocks
by Mike Gray

Round trip from Opito Bay

by Matthew Crozier

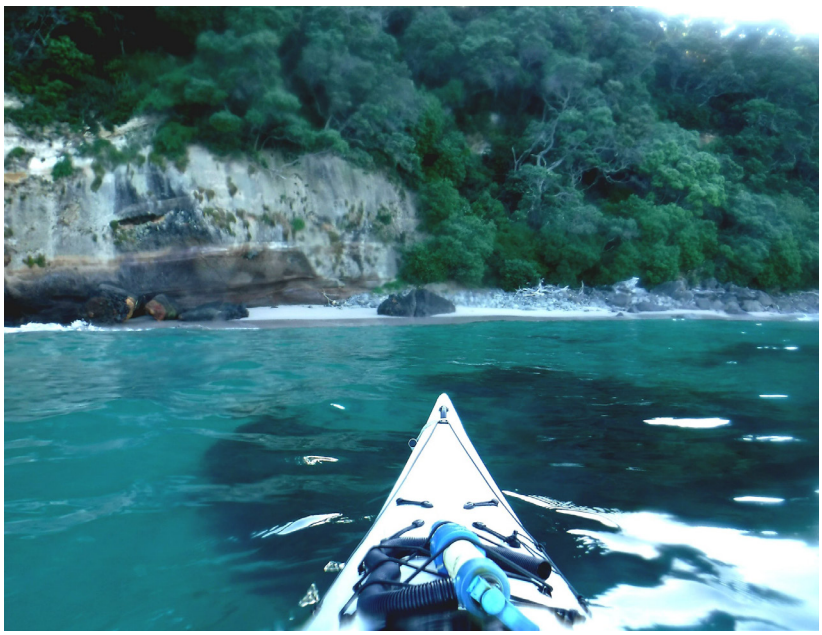


40km round trip from Opito Bay.
Just over 5 hours.
Back in time for lunch



Atui Arch

The only sandy beach I saw West side of Kawhitu Island



Van Lukner's Cove



Outer Mercury Islands seen from Opito



Dark Side of the Wave: Back in Print

by Paul Caffyn

A power of salty water has swirled around my paddle since August 1979, miles and kilometres of formidable coastline but the paddle around Stewart Island with Max Reynolds ranks up there as one of the toughest. Even though it was the shortest expedition of them all.

Dark Side of the Wave – Stewart Island Kayak Odyssey has been out of print since the 1990s and fetches quite astounding prices on overseas second-hand book websites when a copy surfaces. I had not considered publishing a 2nd edition until July 2021 when I finally got around to transcribing my 'chicken scratch' hand-written diaries from the 1979 paddle. This led to an exchange of emails with Lesley Hadley who for the North Island, Great Britain, Australia and Japan paddling expeditions, was my girlfriend and undertook the valued support crew role.

When Lesley emailed to ask if I had heard about the trip by three young local sea kayak guides, whose story had been published in the Spring 2021 edition of the Forest and Bird magazine, I sought more details for I had not heard of the trip. Whilst editing and laying out the NZ Sea Kayaker magazine for nigh on 28 years, my finger had been on the pulse of sea kayaking in New Zealand. However, since gracefully retiring in late 2019, that pulse had fluttered to barely a trickle of news.

And of course Lesley had to rub in the fact that she now knew more about New Zealand sea kayaking than I did, but she did provide an email contact for Gabe, one of the young sea kayak guides. He provided me not only with a diary style account of the paddle around Rakiura, written by the three young fellas, but also attached four photos, one of which when viewed on the 27" screen of my big Mac computer left me gob-smacked and to a comment of 'Fire truck' or something that sounds very similar to that.

The landscape format photo shows the tail end of a monster breaking swell, off the south-east coast of Stewart Island. With no objects to show the size of that swell, it would be just a pic of a choppy sea with a bit of ground swell, however with two tiny paddlers who have just gone over the crest for scale, it certainly raised my pulse no end. So I started to think about a second edition, that not only contained the original text, but I would lean on those paddlers since 1979 who have paddled around the island or have been stymied in their attempt for their high/low-lights.

Rakiura – the Isle of Glowing Skies – for a Paddler

For a sea kayaker, the island offers so much by way of paddling opportunities, muchly dependent on levels of skill and experience. Paterson Inlet and Port Pegasus offer glorious historical tiki touring with no worries about a prevailing ground swell, while side trips on shore allow ascents to the granite tops for stunning panoramic views. Boat charters out of Halfmoon Bay transport kayaks and paddlers to Port Pegasus.

Ramping up to a bit more of a serious challenge, venturing out from Oban along the island's north coast, which is sheltered from the westerly ground swell, along the granite shoreline to Port William or further afield allows access to several coastal overnighting huts.

For the expedition paddler, a full circumnavigation is a wonderful challenge. It terms of commitment and difficulty, it is up there with a paddle around Fiordland, albeit much shorter timewise. Those big deep fjords offer shelter from the westerly ground swell after 2 - 3 hours offshore, and from the fine days with a 25 knot south-westerly sea breeze. However apart from the clouds of viscous bloodsucking sandflies, the Fiordland tide races off West Cape and Puysegur Point are puny in comparison to their counterparts off the south coast of Stewart Island. My experiences of tide races off the coasts of Great Britain, Japan,

Greenland and northern Australia have left me in awe of those nasty, nasty overfalls off South West and South capes of Stewart Island.

This modern era of cyber communication gadgets is most beneficial in terms of pre-viewing Google images of the committing bits of the coastline, with both oblique and vertical views. Swell, wind and sea forecasts can be sourced by sat. phones with updates on an hourly basis. So different from the good old days of a nightly Mountain Radio sched for a marine forecast, or un-zipping the tent door in the morning and seeing if the finger poked out is:
- wet (raining)
- goes white on both sides (a frost)
- or cold on only one side (windy).

Planning, preparation, research and a solid stint of training are the key to a successful island circuit. A measure of patience is beneficial especially when nailed by days of 'tickle your arse with a feather weather' (particularly nasty weather).

Stewart Island is a corker place to paddle, and to be able to start a paddle and finish it in front of a pub, is an incentive to finish a either a tiki tour of Paterson Inlet or a paddle around Stewart Island,

As well as the original text, this new edition includes an additional 30 pages with the side-bar stories and new colour photos. Nelson paddler Peter Syms has drafted 10 superb maps showing the paddling route and overnight camps. A 2nd edition preface introduces the side bar story authors and includes a 'pick of the litter' informative books about Stewart Island.

Ordering:
To order copy, either go to Paul's website: www:paulcaffyn.co.nz
or email Paul: kayakpc@xtra.co.nz
Price: $35.60 including p&p



When the evening's suns rays slant across a heavy rolling sea, there are deep shadows cast in the troughs between wave crests. The ocean kayaker drops into the gloom of the wave shadows, fleetingly glimpsing the rays of golden sun from the wave crests.

Paul Caffyn, in his quest for adventure, has to journey into the wave shadows and pit mind and body against the forces of nature. On the dark side of the wave, he has to draw on his inner strengths to reach shore before nightfall. And with sound decision making, he will emerge from the shadows to face the dawn of another day.

In the winter of 1979, Paul teamed up with Max Reynolds - veteran of their successful Fiordland Expedition - to tackle the formidable coastline of Stewart Island, Rakiura. As a warm up to the trip, Paul and Max set out to cross the treacherous waters of Foveaux Strait.

Dark Side of the Wave is Paul's second book of a New Zealand Kayak Odyssey trilogy. The first being the very successful story of his South Island paddle, *Obscured by Waves* with *Cresting the Restless Waves* the story of his North Island paddle.

This book is a blend of exciting dramatic moments, folklore of the crayfishermen at work and play, the antics of the support crew, encounters with elephant seals and horrific tide races, not to mention some absolutely terrible puns. (I told you not to mention them!)

This 2nd edition includes stories and photos from paddlers who in more recent years have paddled around Stewart Island or been stymied in their attempt.

Since his paddle around NZ, Paul has gone on to be the first to paddle around Great Britain, Australia, Japan, Alaska and New Caledonia. He has spent four northern summers paddling the west and east coasts of Greenland, and his last big trip was down the Antarctic Peninsula.

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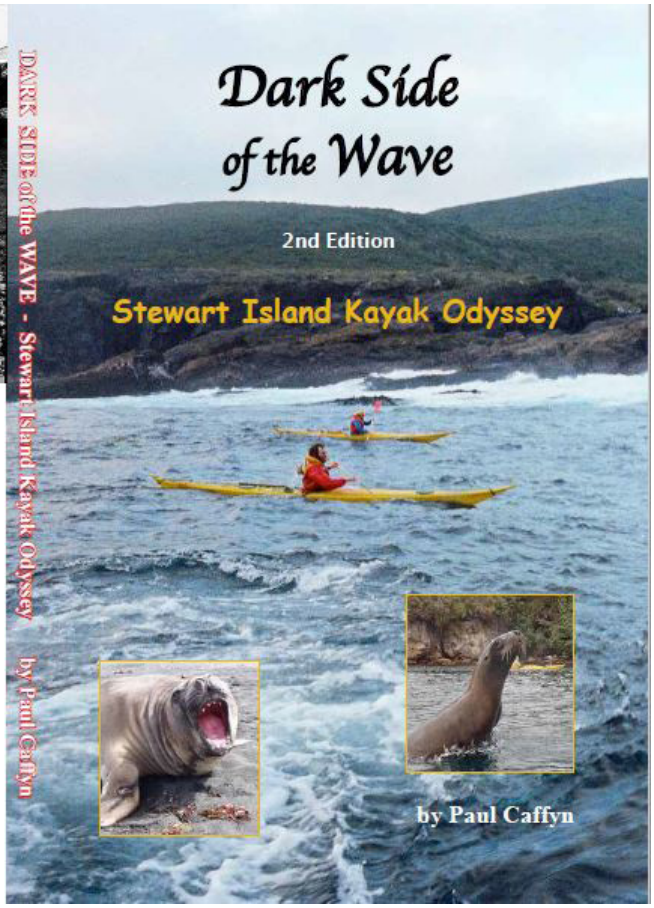


Who Invented Sea Kayak Bulkheads & Waterproof Deck Hatches?

by Paul Caffyn

I am always disappointed when a paddler claims to have achieved something really special for the first time - be it an expedition paddle or a technology development - but fails to acknowledge those who paved the technological way or had been there before them.

The British Claims

Back in the late 1970s there was a bit of bantering in British canoeing magazines and newsletters as to who first designed fore and aft bulkheads in sea kayaks with access into dry storage compartments via watertight deck-mounted hatches. The two banterers were Frank Goodman and Derek Hutchinson.

Frank was a clever bugger with a sharp mind for technical innovations. And he played the clarinet in a Nottingham jazz band. Which to me is the mark of a clever bugger. Frank organized and took part in two seriously committing overseas expeditions, the first a British team of four experienced white-water paddlers to tackle rounding Cape Horn in 1978 and the second, an ambitious mission to bring back the skills of both building kayaks and paddling to the Inuit on Baffin Island in 1980.

There are two really good kayak design things that Frank deserves credit for.

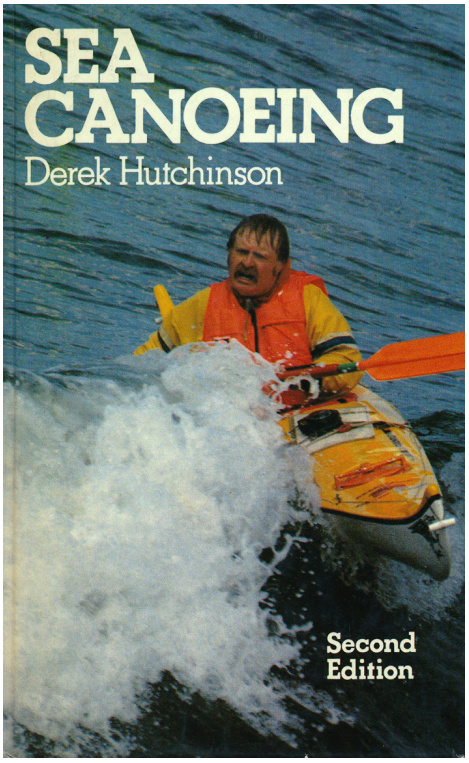
The first: in the mid 70s, when Frank rounded out the hard chine lines of a West Greenland skin kayak, he retained the graceful lines of the skin boat and built a plug for a fibreglass sea kayak which he called a *Nordkapp*. It was requested for a 1975 kayak expedition around the North Cape (or Nordkapp) of Norway. A design parameter from the expedition team was a sea kayak with bulkheads, deck mounted hatches and waterproof compartments.

The second design thing: Frank designed an 8" diameter black 'plastic' circular deck hatch opening rim, and an extruded flexible rubber hatch that would push down over the rim. A stainless-steel band with a closing clip around the rubber hatch lids allowed completely dry storage in both bow and stern compartments. But it was a pivotal design feature that spread around the world, a feature which allowed paddlers to do away with the bulky waterproof sacs inside compartments. Down sleeping bags could be shoved into a bow compartment with a 100% guarantee of remaining dry despite trying sea conditions or capsizes.



The Frank Goodman designed 8" diameter VCP waterproof hatch. White handle locks the stainless steel clamp in place

Derek Hutchinson was a larger-than life character. His expeditions included a crossing of the North Sea, a paddle in Prince William Sound in Alaska and an Aleutian Island chain paddle. Derek was a superb raconteur. He could hold an audience spellbound with his story of an encounter with orca in Prince William Sound. He also wrote books, not narratives, but 'how to do it' books, from planning expeditions to rolling a sea kayak. Always well illustrated with his own illustrations, they gained Derek a big following worldwide, particularly after his Sea Canoeing was first published in 1976. At the time it was the only



modern book on sea kayaking and became the 'bible' to many.

Derek designed sea kayaks on original Alaskan skin boat designs. He was a stalwart believer in the established British dogma of 'thou shalt not use a rudder'. But believe me, his un-chined 'Inuit' designs took a power of paddling to turn. During a paddle around the top end of Vancouver Island in 1984, in his *Umnak* design, I remember swearing a lot when the wind came up and I wanted to stay on course!

Derek, like Frank Goodman, also claimed to have first designed bulkheads and deck-mounted hatches for sea kayaks. He was not a modest bugger but he was a master of writing excellent instruction books.

So back in England in the late 70s and early 80s, we have two clever buggers who both claim to have invented both deck-mounted waterproof hatches and fore and aft bulkheads for sea kayaks.

Tasmanian Claims

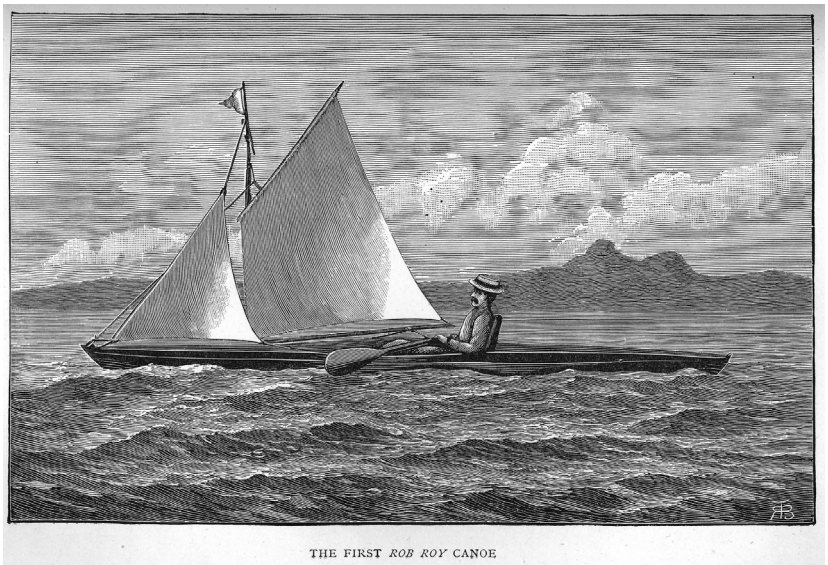
In November 2021, a Tasmanian Sea Canoe Club journal printed a tribute to Tony Gaiswinkler, one of the club's founding members and who was acknowledged as a 'tribal elder'. An excellent journal to which I contributed a tribute for Tony. Back in late 1981, Tony not only showed me the benefits of their locally designed over-stern rudders but built a fibreglass one which caught up with our Round Aussie trip at Cairns. By that time, I had already added an aluminium-bladed rudder set up in Brisbane, and have never been paddling without a rudder ever since.

One of the journal tributes noted that it was TSCC club members who first designed and developed bulkheads, deck mounted hatches and waterproof hatch-covers.

To be honest, I didn't care who claimed these first designs as long as my kit remained bone dry in my three Nordkapp compartments.

Hokitika 1886 – *Rob Roy* Canoes

In mid-November 2021, as part of my latest mission to develop a canoe and kayak museum at Shantytown, I was contacted by Jim Park, an older chap with a


THE FIRST *ROB ROY* CANOE

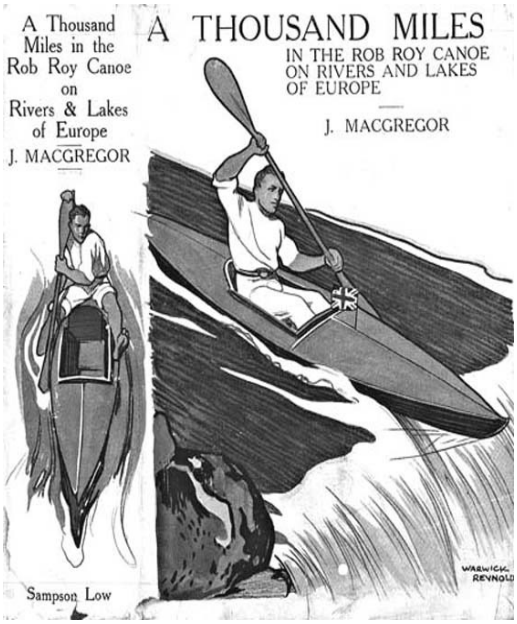
bach at Lake Kaniere. His grandfather George had founded the 2nd ever canoe club in late 1886 at Lake Mahinapua near Hokitika on the West Coast of the South Island. The club's first commodore was F.E. Clark who, 20 years earlier, had constructed the first Rob Roy style canoe seen in the Antipodes, from plans sent to his father in Tasmania by a former schoolmate, John MacGregor.

No discussion necessary really as to who founded recreational canoeing in Britain. In 1858 John MacGregor (1825 - 1892) travelled to North America and Kamchatka (Russia) where he observed 'canoes with double-bladed paddles'. In 1858 he designed and had built what he called his *Rob Roy* canoe. It was: *15 feet long two-foot six broad, built of oak, and weighed, with mast and sails and a two-bladed Indian paddle, about ninety pounds. The boat was covered fore and aft with cedar, leaving an elliptic opening about four feet long where the rower could sit facing the bow.*

John MacGregor then went solo canoe-tripping on the lakes, rivers and seas of Britain and Europe also the Jordan River in Africa. He wrote three books about those adventures, which became best sellers and seriously popularized the sport of canoeing or sea kayaking as we know it.

Jim Park had one of George Park's original Rob Roy style wooden kayaks at his Lake Kaniere bach and would I be interested in driving down to have a look? You bet I would!

On 16 November 2021, I wound my way up a long, steep driveway off the Sunny Bight Road at Lake Kaniere and parked below a corker three storied wooden structure, nestled into the bush that would have been almost right at home in an *Avatar* movie. I'm guessing both Jim and his wife Margaret are in their early 80s now and marvelled at their ability with old knees to move from floor to floor in the building. After a cup of tea, we headed back down the steep driveway to a three-berth kit-set garage, set back off the driveway. Unlocking a side door, Jim led me into a veritable nautical museum; a wooden whaling boat, small sailing boats and a collection of old fibreglass kayaks.



I couldn't spot the George Park kayak, but Jim pulled a slab of carpet off an object against the far wall. It's hard to describe the feeling when you get to see and touch a historical object you had only heard and read about. It was a George Park built *Rob Roy* style clinker-built kayak, circa 1890 in remarkable condition. Her name was *One-One*. We carried the boat onto the driveway so I could take a pic or two, and I was gobsmacked to see water-tight deck mounted hatches on the bow and stern, along with two fore and aft bulkheads, providing two watertight compartments.



The clinker-built bow of One-One

If you interested to learn more, in 2012 Jim Parnell launched his *Those Magnificent Men in Their Rob-Roy Canoes* at Hokitika. It is a history of George Park with plenty of background on the canoes he built. The following day, I had a chance to paddle Steve Moffatt's replica of *One-One* on Lake Mahinapua. Steve's kayak which he called *Frankie*, was built to allow himself and Steve Gurney to replicate a paddle/portage by George and his brother James, up the Taramakau River, over Harper Pass and then down the Hurunui River to Kaiapoi on the east coast which they reached in January 1890.

Jim Parnell's book is now out of print; I can only suggest trying to source a copy from your library or keep a watch on TradeMe.

So, were kayak bulkheads and deck-mounted waterproof hatches first designed in Britain in the late 70s or in Tasmania at about the same time? Not on your Nellie! MacGregor's design first incorporated those features 110 years earlier.

Hopefully before this new year is over, and the latest virus spread has peaked, my proposed canoe and kayak museum at Shantytown will be open for visitors and in pride of place will be George Park's 130- year-old kayak.

Right: view of the cockpit to the bow, and foreward hatch



Below: George Park's One-One built back in 1890, with Paul feeling weight of one section of the original take-apart paddle



KASK

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

1. promoting and encouraging the sport of sea kayaking
2. promoting safety standards
3. developing techniques & equipment
4. dealing with issues of coastal access and protection
5. organizing a bi-annual Sea Kayak Fest
6. publishing a bimonthly magazine.

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4th Ed. KASK HANDBOOK

OUT OF PRINT

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

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Above: Paul paddling Steve Moffatt's beautiful replica of One-One
Below:Steve Moffatt paddling his beautiful 'Rob Roy' style replica canoe, 'Frankie' on Lake Mahinapua.



KASK MEMBERSHIP POLICY

Current membership fees are:
- $40 for individual membership,
- $40 for overseas membership
- KASK membership runs from the day you join
- membership renewal notices are emailed with two reminders also sent

For new members please join through the following link:
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