

No. 105 June - July 2003

THE SEA CANOEIST NEWSLETTER

Photographs: John Kirk-Anderson



Playing in the massive tide races of Phenryn Mawr, West Coast of Anglesey



**The Journal of the Kiwi Association
of Sea Kayakers (N.Z.) Inc. - KASK**

KASK

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

1. promoting and encouraging the sport of sea kayaking
2. promoting safety standards
3. developing techniques & equipment
4. dealing with issues of coastal access and protection
5. organizing an annual sea kayak forum
6. publishing a bimonthly newsletter.

The Sea Canoeist Newsletter is published bimonthly as the official newsletter of the Kiwi Association of Sea Kayakers (N.Z.) Inc.

Articles, trips reports, book reviews, equipment reviews, new techniques, letter to the editor, and moments when the word 'Bugger!' was said singularly or often {referred to by some as incidents} are sought to enliven the pages of the newsletter.

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LRB3 - KASK HANDBOOK

For a copy of this mother of all sea kayaking handbooks, contact KASK Treasurer, Max Grant,
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COST:
New members: gratis
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Make cheques out to KASK (NZ) Inc. Trade enquiries to Max Grant.

THE LRB3, or the Little Red Book 3rd. Edition, is a mammoth compilation on all aspects of sea kayaking in New Zealand, by many of the most experienced paddlers in the Universe. Following a brief introduction, the handbook is divided into six sections:

- Kayak, Paddle & Equipment
- Techniques & Equipment
- The Elements
- Trips and Expeditions
- Places to Go
- Resources

Each section contains up to nine separate chapters. The Resources section, for example has chapters on:

- guide to managing a sea kayak symposium
- Paddling Literature
- Author profiles
- Guides and Rental Operators
- Network Addresses
- Sea Kayaks in NZ listing

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**DEADLINE FOR NEXT NEWSLETTER:
15 September.**

Thanks to all those to contributed articles and to Max Grant, and Maurice Kennedy for newsletter printing and mailing.

EDITORIAL

FORESHORE & SEABED OWNERSHIP

The information just released by the government on this issue is frankly disappointing; a massive backdown from the initial plan of legislating for crown ownership. The seabed and foreshore is to be held under the term 'public domain', which means held in common for all New Zealander, but not owned by anyone. Maori will however still be able to claim through the courts 'customary right' to the foreshore and seabed, but they will not be able to claim ownership.

After two months of scheming, the government has tried to simply the foreshore debate to four basic principles. These are:

- 1 - access to the seabed and foreshore to all, but owned by no-one
- 2 - regulation; the crown being able to regulate how the seabed and foreshore are used
- 3 - protection of customary Maori interest
- 4 - certainty; so everybody knows where they stand with respect to access

This government backdown, obviously caused by a few vociferous Maori, to me is unacceptable. The land in National Parks is crown owned, for the recreational use of all New Zealanders and conservation of the fauna, flora and landforms, so why should not the same status be applied to the foreshore and seabed?

In the newspapers this morning, there is comment that matters were brought to a head by the eight South Island iwi, who were seeking customary title to the Marlborough Sounds through the Court of Appeal ruling. The term customary rights unfortunately may be translated into a raft of issues - a discussion paper from the eight iwi stated that it would expect customary rights to include self- governance, development for economic benefit, exclusivity, use and access. Even worse, it argued there was a case for a ' substantive recognition' of those rights in the aquaculture industry, in the mineral reserves beneath the seabed, and in marine reserves,

through the Resource Management Act. I see this not a simply a customary right to shellfish gathering, but as a potential source of massive income generation for the iwi.

So what is the opinion of other sea kayakers? I have had no comment apart from with Grahame Sissons, who website comment is included below. At the committee meeting in Wellington, 22 August, we will need to discuss the government plans and work out who will be involved on preparing a submission. If anyone has strong views on the debate, please get in touch. Are you happy with this term 'public domain' or do you want to see foreshore and seabed ownership legislated with crown ownership. What I have expressed in this brief editorial is just my view.

Grahame's Comment

After publicly breaking into tears less than five years ago while paying over hundreds of millions of dollars, Doug Graham announced the "full and final settlement" of 150 years of grievance by Maori. This recent 'settlement' followed previous "full and final" settlements of the 1880's and 1940's! Now these same guys are after total ownership of the seabed and foreshore because of 'customary rights' in oil drilling, natural gas extraction, deep sea fishing and fish farming. You know - all of the things that our indigenous people (who arrived here just a few hundred years before my great grandfather) used to do before the signing of the Treaty in 1840! Taking into account the commonly shared hardships that both European and Maori lived with each day back in 1840 - I remain speechless. This is on account of the fact that I could well have more Maori blood surging through my system than those European looking 'Maoris' who currently want everyone's birthright for themselves.

**KASK MINI-SYMPOSIUM
NORTHLAND**

31 OCTOBER - 2 NOVEMBER 2003
A registration form and programme are available by emailing Sue Drake on drakesuenz@yahoo.co.nz.

more information on page 18.

OVERSEAS REPORTS

John Kirk-Anderson, KASK instruction Officer, has just returned from a sea kayaking tiki tour of Ireland and the UK, not to mention a brief paddle off a topless sunbathing Spanish beach. John has kindly offered to write a three part story of his experiences for the newsletter. The following is a brief overview of John's time overseas, then his first report on Ireland.

Briefly, I first attended the Irish Sea Kayak Association Symposium at Kinsale, Co Cork, Ireland. I gave the keynote lecture, a slide show on NZ paddling. The weather was lousy, with most paddles blown out, and heavy rain the whole weekend. It was a shame, but my advice is, GO TO IRELAND! The scenery was great, and the people wonderful. I was splitting my sides at the humour, very direct, with no punches pulled. It was a real shame to leave.

After that it was on to Holyhead, Wales, to attend BCU (British Canoe Union) coaching courses at ASSC at the end of their annual symposium. Chris Duff, who paddled around the South Island recently, was there preparing for a trip to Iceland, and we had a good chat. After the courses, lasting five days, I stayed on for another few days, paddling in the tide races. Bring them on! Phenryn Mawr, which I had last seen five years ago, was honking. Great fun, and I want one here. Nigel Dennis, who owns ASSC, treated me very well, and I have fallen for one of his kayaks. I would have bought one, but my wife, Mary, has been keeping an eye on the credit card statements.

Next was a two day coaching assessment at Loch Linnhe in Scotland, before going to the Isle of Skye, where I attended the Scottish Sea Kayak Symposium. Sold out a month ago, with over 160 participants, and 40 presenters, calls were still coming in about places the night before. It was a great success, and I saw many coaches in action.

I then spent two days paddling the Durinish Peninsula, NW Skye, with two instructors, and seven military Adventurous Training Instructors who were doing their Five Star training, prior to some of them sitting an assessment. An interesting trip, that may have some fallout! A tow of 16 kilometres, in winds over 20 knots against the tide, showed a different leadership style. More on that later.

I will return to NZ as a Level Four Coach, with a heap of ideas (some on how not to do things) and a further appreciation on the good paddling, and paddlers, that we have.

This is the first of his three-part report.

IRELAND - THE WEATHER FORECAST IS SHITE!

by John Kirk-Anderson

I asked if he'd heard the weather forecast. He put down his Guinness and said, "Aye, it's shite".

This was no surprise, as the skies had already delivered enough rain to nourish all the grass in the Emerald Isles.

I was a guest at the Irish Sea Kayak Association's annual symposium, and I was feeling right at home. Not because Canterbury is that damp - it's not - but because the people were so friendly.

26 hours of flying were just behind me, I had left my wife behind, busy at work before she joined me in Europe, while I had a month to play. Ahead stretched three symposiums, four BCU courses, and making a lot of new friends.

Sean Pierce had met me at Dublin Airport the previous day. Sean, the president-elect of ISKA, is a PE teacher when not studying birds. "He's the best in Ireland", his young daughter, Rhona, proudly told me. He also proved to be a high-octane tour guide, very knowledgeable about anything I asked on our fast drive south to the Old Head of Kinsale, the site of the symposium.

The weather map in that morning's Irish Times had not been good, with close isobars and heavy rain on offer. Remembering that the wind blows in the other direction on Northern Hemisphere maps, it was obvious that we were in for a wild time. The winds were straight from the south, blowing at gale-force directly onto the coast.

Jon Hynes, of H2O Sea Kayaking, www.h2oseakayaking.net who was organising the event greeted me with a clever trial-by-ambush. "You're on an advanced trip around the Old Head tomorrow. Is that OK?" he asked looking me right in the eye. My "Great, what time?" must have been the correct response, as he slapped me on the back and got on with the task of setting up.

His directness was a common thread throughout my time in Ireland, something I loved. The Irish have always had a reputation for telling tall tales, but their bullshit meters are finely calibrated. Maybe it was just sea kayakers, but you knew exactly where you stood.

As storm clouds gathered, so too did paddlers, unfortunately not as many as the organisers would have liked. Alerted by the forecasts, many chose not to make the long drive south for the holiday weekend, a shame after all the hard work put in.

Winds were blowing at 15-20 knots, right in our faces as 16 of us left the next morning, planing to follow the coast up the Old Head of Kinsale to a cave that cuts right through the historic headland. Now an exclusive golf course, protected by razor wire and security cameras, the steep-cliffed promontory is the closest land to the wreck of the RMS Lusitania, sunken in 1915 by a German submarine.

However, my thoughts were with the present risk as the winds increased, and some paddlers were finding the going tough. I was paddling a Nigel Denis Kayaks (NDK) Romany, a kayak to which I would lose my heart over the coming weeks. The boat was brand new, and belonged to Des Keaney who is a member of KASK.

We had met at the Wellington KASK symposium, and he had arranged my visit to Ireland.

Travel between rocky islets coincided with gusts of 30+ knots, and the trip was aborted. One paddler was having trouble turning, and my offer of coaching was met with a burst of violent swearing, delivered in a charming Irish brogue. She apologised later, and how could I hold a grudge? One other paddler did succumb, capsized and was blown onto rocks. The resulting rescue was an example of the value of tow ropes, an item of safety equipment that most paddlers were carrying.

The following sea home was great fun, and the Romany was a blast, tuning with ease across the breaking waves. With no rudder, and the skeg unused, the hull was very responsive to edging and the merest hint of stern rudder.

As the winds stayed strong, some paddlers decided to return to the warmth of the bar, while surfing was on the agenda for the rest of us. Surfing here was a little different to what I was used to, and I didn't exactly shine. I couldn't catch a wave without looking at the landing zone. No sandy beach here, the shore was razor sharp rocks. This didn't worry the locals and they surfed within a boat length, peeling back just as the waves smashed into this huge cheese grater. I used the thought that I was in a borrowed kayak as my excuse, and snivelled around like a beginner. Jon Hynes, a top white water paddler, was a joy to watch as he handled his sea boat with style.

The dinner that evening was hilarious, and one that any Kiwi would be proud of. Jon was master chef, and his kitchen was a covered cattle trailer with a BBQ set up inside. The heavy rain had threatened to destroy the meal, until a quick phone call to his farming father-in-law saved the day. Those waiting inside were making jokes about the flavour that would be on offer, but Jon was way ahead of them. The trailer was brand new, and no cow shit covered the floor!

I was the keynote speaker, and had a slide show that evening. As Jon introduced me, he informed everyone that I had skipped without paying at a pub the day before. When Sean and I had driven down, we stopped at the Ballinskittle pub for lunch. Due to the Aussie barmaid becoming easily confused, my meal wasn't paid for. Just my luck, this pub was Jon's local, and the story travelled faster than we did. He had arranged for the local police, the Gardia, to arrive as the show started, but I was saved by a call-out.

With that embarrassment out of the way, I spoke very slowly while talking about NZ paddling, warned that a fast Kiwi accent was hard to follow. I had the unusual experience of the watchers slowly shuffling their chairs closer, like an advancing tide. I took that as a sign that they liked what they saw, and that was the message I received over the next two days.

However, one spectator did come up and say, "I don't think I'll be coming out to New Zealand". I was dismayed and asked why not. "It's too much like here," he replied, which was a response to me explaining that despite being in the South Pacific; we were not a warm tropical island. Maybe I was too heavy on the West Coast weather!

Like many symposiums, there were more sessions than time to see them all, so the next day I "sampled" several, before being recruited to help Jon with a rolling class. Tucked out of the wind in a small harbour, several "rolling virgins" got lucky.

After lunch the weather broke, so trips were back on the agenda and a group decided to launch from the local beach and try to get around the Old Head. The surf and a tide race off the head were our chief concerns, so the six of us were well prepared. I had borrowed a KajakSport Artisan Millennium from Marc, a Frenchman running a sea kayak company on the west coast of Ireland, River Ocean Kayak, www.riverocean.com and as the boat was brand new, I was asked to stay away from sharp rocks. He was clearly used to Irish paddlers.

Sean and I paddled out together, eyeing the surf. As they grew in size, we spread out for safety. I soon saw Geo, who started ISKA and who is one of the strongest paddlers in Ireland, being pitch-poled backwards before he rolled up. As the sets bore down I hoped the kayak, that I had first paddled only twenty strokes before, was well built. We both came through the resulting violence unscathed, and I put my head down to clear the surf line.

Three of us had got out, and we used the vantage point of the big swells to look back to shore. We could see some activity, but nothing that looked too serious. I tried my VHF as both Geo and Sean were equipped with radios, but received no reply. Waiting for the others to come back out, we had to watch over our shoulders as the odd big swell felt bottom and broke behind us.

Suddenly my VHF burst into life, but I couldn't understand a word being said. Unsure if I was the intended recipient, I replied which started a conversation of which Monty Python would have been proud. Unable to understand each others accent, Jim Kennedy of Atlantic Sea Kayaking www.atlanticseakayaking.com and I both learnt about communication that day, and just how confusing English can be. Eventually I got the message; the surf was too big, there had been a big swim, and we should come back in.

Sean Pierce, my tour guide and the new president of ISKA, had lost his paddle after being capsized, and had to wet exit. He cut himself on rocks while landing and had drowned his VHF in the process. Back on shore, he was laughing at himself, but everyone knew how serious it could have been. However, that didn't stop the ribbing Sean was to receive over the next few days.

Dinner that night was at a local restaurant, and featured a slide show by Jim Kennedy on a trip to the Baja Peninsula. It was followed by a prize draw, with donated items up for grabs. Sean was accepted as the new president and

promptly presented with a paddle-float, in recognition of his swim that afternoon.

A late start the next morning meant I missed out on another trip around the Old Head, this one completed safely. Instead I joined all the remaining kayakers on a massed paddle-for-the-camera, as the local newspaper wanted to cover it. As the group paddled gently towards the photographer I could feel his frustration, knowing myself how hard it is to shoot large groups. In professional sympathy I asked him what he needed, and then attempted to marshal the crowd. Talk about herding cats!

After lunch we were joined by a craft from the Courtmacsherry Royal National Lifeboat Institution, which was going to use us as live bait. An historic station, a crew from "Court Mac" had rowed for 12 hours to attend the sinking of the Lusitania ten miles off the coast. They were greeted by lifeless bodies, as nearly 1200 drowned in that tragedy.

This trip was more successful, and the 14 metre craft was used to stir up the waters before practising rescues. I think they were disappointed that despite their best efforts, they couldn't capsize anyone. Several different ways were tried to get boats and paddlers aboard, with differing success.

At one point some of their own crew were swimming back to the craft, and dressed in immersion suits, boots and helmets, were making hard work of it. It must have seemed that the boat was never getting closer. From our perspective we could see that it wasn't, they were backing away slowly enough not to be noticed!

During the pack up, a boat blew off the roof of Des's van, just missing my head. This was the first of three flying boat experiences that I was to have on my journeys. Des was more shaken than I was, wondering how he would have explained to the other symposium organisers that I wouldn't be coming.

It was hard saying goodbye to the new friends I had made, but I was going to see some of them again soon.

On the long trip back to Dublin with Des and his wife, Marie, the jet lag hit and I slept like a baby, waking only long enough to get into bed.

The next morning, after unloading his kayak trailer and turning the garden of his lovely home into a boatyard, we drove down to the nearby Bray Harbour, to meet two other paddlers from the symposium for a short paddle. Dave Carraher and Paul Butcher are the sort you hear before you see. They arrived in separate vehicles, but I think the friendly arguing had started several miles before. Both very strong paddlers, and great mates, they were full on. Before long my sides were aching, not from hard kayaking but from the laughter.

A rail line follows the coast, and the frequent trains that burst from tunnels had me looking around frantically for big surf. It caught me out every time!

On arrival at our turn around point, I ducked into a toilet. On my return I found that Dave had floated my borrowed kayak into the centre of the harbour, but had returned close to the shore. I sprinted towards him and leapt off the beach, hoping to catch his stern. Faster than me, he had the pleas-

ure of seeing me swimming around, vowing revenge. I never did get it, but he was careful to stay away on the return trip.

Later, while stripping off his dry top he was a tempting target, but some things just aren't done. However, one day, Mr Carraher, one day!

Des Keaney, who has just started his own sea kayak business, Deep Blue SeaKayaking, deskeaney@hotmail.com, then spent a lot of time explaining how the Irish qualifications were structured. They are very sensible, and had a few differences from the BCU scheme, on which they are based.

Leaving Ireland the next day was tough, and I was sad that I wouldn't get to see more of the stunning country, and spend more time with the people. Looking back from the high-speed ferry, I realised that this had been one of those special times in life. Farewell, but not goodbye.

What's my advice to anyone thinking of paddling in Ireland? GO.

Just take a raincoat and a sense of humour.

Next instalment: "Penrhyn Mawr and Ladies of the Night! John Kirk-Anderson survives Wales's meanest"





Sean (sitting in vehicle) and paddlers at the Ireland sea kayak meet.



RNLI Lifeboat



Dave

OVERSEAS REPORTS

STANDING ON MANY SHORES

by Sandy Ferguson

This is actually a story with no kayaking, but then we can't always take them with us. We have been out of the country for about four of the last six months, missing kayak forums and trips because of it. We started by going to Australia for Christmas, a little cycle touring, and then because we were cycling across Singapore just after the New Year, ended up sailing the East China Sea, 3 months later, as crew on a 45 foot yacht on the way from the Philippines to Japan. Before that we were cycle touring in Penang, Langkawi and on the east and west coasts of Thailand. They were all interesting looking coasts especially Langkawi, an island just south of the Thai-Malaysia border.

Relevant to kayaking? I would NOT recommend paddling the Philippines, not because the coast isn't worthwhile in places but because of the political situation and population densities. However, observing the work boats of the areas we visited was interesting, as the kayak is/was the work boat of the Inuits, the trimaran is the work boat of the Philippines. They are very narrow hulled vessels with 2 outriggers and powered by a Briggs & Stratton single cylinder motor with a minimum of exhaust piping. Occasionally we saw one of these being sailed or paddled. Inshore fishing was often done on bamboo rafts and at our last anchorage on the north west tip of Luzon, what looked like plywood surf skis, obviously affluent fishermen who could afford better than bamboo. Paddles were usually unfeathered and sometimes narrow bladed as per the Greenland style.

The first bit of Japan we reached was Ishigaki, the southern most island just about due east of Taiwan. It looked as if it would be reasonably easy to paddle round it, quite a bit of the coast is inside reefs. Polite, civilised and not too crowded. While in Ishigaki we

saw short dragon boats in a shed and 'talked' (mimed) to some of the club members. We also found a half size replica of a traditional fishing boat in the library (recently built) and full size versions in the museum. The fishing boats were very narrow, sail and paddle powered craft. The bit I found interesting was the method of holding the planks together, done by using a butterfly shaped piece of wood about 50 mm long, a bit like 2 triangles point to point making up two dovetail joints. Similar triangle shapes were cut out of each plank and the piece driven in. If there were suitable tapers then the planks would be pulled together (not just held together) as the piece was driven in. The sail was a miniature junk rig and would be very suitable for use on kayaks as it would be easy to reef. Two other places we saw were Nagasaki and again an interesting area, and the peninsula due south of Tokyo. This was definitely crowded, similar to the West Coast or Kaikoura coast but to some extent sheltered. However, finding somewhere to camp would not be easy.

We flew from Narita Airport, Japan to Heathrow, UK and on to Glasgow, all in the one day. In the Glasgow University, Anthropology Museum, I found three models of kayaks, two from the Greenland area and one a baidarka, all in the same glass cabinet. After a couple of days in Glasgow we stayed on the shores of Loch Awe for a week, tripping around from there.

One of the day trips included driving to Oban where we caught a ferry to Mull, took a bus across the island and caught a ferry to Staffa. We had 40 minutes to walk round to Fingals Cave and climbed to the top of the island to look at the view. The Mull - Staffa trip was about 20 minutes, about 1-1/2 hours paddling. The Mull - Iona, possibly 10 minutes paddling, closer than Quail Island from Cass Bay (the north edge of Lyttelton Harbour). A good day, virtually no wind and no rain, just a dribble when getting on the first ferry, and on the way home on the last ferry. This is where one feels, on a good day that this could be some of the best paddling around, on a bad day or winter.....

We drove to Skye, seeing participants of the Isle of Skye Kayak Symposium heading the other way, homeward. Amongst all the kayaks seen was one wooden one! The next day was wet and with low cloud as we worked our way north and round the top of Skye via Uig, Flora Macdonald's grave/memorial, and stayed at Flodigarry in an independent hostel. Again marvellous coasts for paddling unless you talk to John Kirk-Anderson and hear what it can really be like on a bad day.

From there we drove the rest of the way down Skye, across the bridge and looped round to the northwest and headed to Gairloch and the next day the Inverewe gardens, passing more interesting coast or, if you are a climber, more interesting climbing country.

We eventually, via Inverness and John O'Groats, got to the Orkneys for a day, Kirkwall, Stromness, wandering round Skara Brae, a 5000 year old village (yes, that is three zeros). For anyone who wants it I have the e-mail contact for the Orkneys and saw a 'heap' of kayaks in Stromness.

Fantastic coasts, lochs etc. however the midges were due in a few day's time. They, so we were told, make sandflies sound pleasant and would be something to be considered by anyone from here planning a trip.

My last week was spent in Edinburgh and through England, staying the last few days in Oxford where I found more 'real' kayaks. Before I left NZ I'd compiled a list of Inuit kayaks in Britain but these ones were not mentioned and I had not heard of them before. In the Pitt Rivers Museum there were kayaks hanging from the ceiling and models in cases. Kayaks from NW Greenland circa 1935, West Greenland circa 1830, Baffin Island circa 1900. The catalogue can be accessed on <http://www.prm.ox.ac.uk>. There were also clothes and weapons scattered around in various cases.

Found in Oxford, 3 kayaks in the Pitt Rivers Museum that I'd not seen noted in any listing of historic kayaks, also a few models presumably also from the Arctic.

Web site:www.prm.ox.ac.uk

NEW ZEALAND TRIP REPORTS

KAITUNA & MANGOREWA RIVERS by Evan Pugh

The Kaituna River flows from Lake Rotoiti in Rotorua to the sea, a few kms. north of Makatu. It has a lot of rapids from its starting point but gradually settles down to a good steady flow. I was dropped off at Longridge farm park, which is on SH33 at Paengaroa, after getting permission from the staff there and packed my kayak for an overnigher on the river. After a pat and a cuddle with the very friendly donkey I set off up river. I paddled for two hours against a reasonably strong current until I got to a small rapid that I could not get up or portage with my laden kayak - that's where I turned about and paddled back downstream .

The river is fairly nice and enjoyable to paddle. I was passed twice by a jet boat from the farm park, but they knew I was there and are very careful and stopped for a chat . I was back to my start point in another hour and not far past there I hung a left and headed up the Mangorewa river. This has a good strong current and you make slow headway as well as having to negotiate a few obstacles. This is a narrow river approx. 8 metres wide and narrower in some places, wider in others with a nice clear water in it . One blockage across the river was some logs and a slight uphill which took me three attempts before I succeeded past and could carry on. Once past and probably 2.5 kms upstream from the start, you paddle into a gorge which is steep and very scenic - well worth the effort .

After another km, a rapid of about a foot high greets you, it's a nice little rapid but it was also the end of the road for me so again I turned about and headed downstream and before I knew it I was back at the Kaituna

junction. Here I turned downstream to find a camp spot for the night as I was tired after paddling my full boat upstream for about four hours and down for a couple more.

After a little while I found a ripper little spot at the back of a kiwi fruit orchard and dragged my kayak up a two metre bank to set up my tent . As I found the levellest spot to camp a car drove past about 30 meters away and bugger, I'm near a farm track or something so I will move on from here and find a more secluded spot .

After getting myself down the small bank, I dragged my kayak down but it slid straight past me. I tried to grab the back end of it but it shot out across the river - I normally tie a rope to my kayak before I do stupid things like this - but not having a rope attached, my only hope was to jump in and swim. So I did, and BUGGER the water was cold! After retrieving my boat and getting back in and finding another good camping spot half hour later, I got changed into dry clothes and sorted my camp spot out for the night .

Morning came and the top of my kayak was covered in ice. Boy it had been a cold night but today was another day and off I went down the Kaituna River another 21km to the sea, through it was mainly farmland at the lower end. Low tide was midday. I shot out the end of the river into the sea through the waves at 11.30am and headed south, paddling just outside the surf line. Although it was a very calm day, there was a slight swell coming in and I had to watch the sudden surprise waves to my seaward side.

After Makatu I paddled around the point to the little beach around the corner and after a photo session with some Chinese girls, my wife arrived and we unloaded my kayak and brought hers down to yes go for another paddle . We headed straight out to sea to a small island and after 45 minutes I said no, it's probably 12km out to it, so we turned around and headed back to shore as I knew I would be totally knackered otherwise

. We saw a few penguins out there and a spread of fishing boats and I hope next time we try for the island, the day is as nice as this one was. My whole trip was a ripper, the first day on the rivers was 25km, a lot of hard upstream stuff and my second day all downhill while in the sea was 38km of fun and sun.

Evan Pugh
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PORT UNDERWOOD TO PICTON 26 - 27 July 2003 by Susan Cade

Giselle Clements and I set off from Ocean Bay at the eastern entrance of Port Underwood after a very late night and early drag out of bed.

After a marine radio trip report and condition's check, it was hard to believe that we were on our way. I had had lots of contemplation whether the trip was a goer with the weather conditions. Thank you to those that offered thoughts and wisdom to me in the trip preparation.

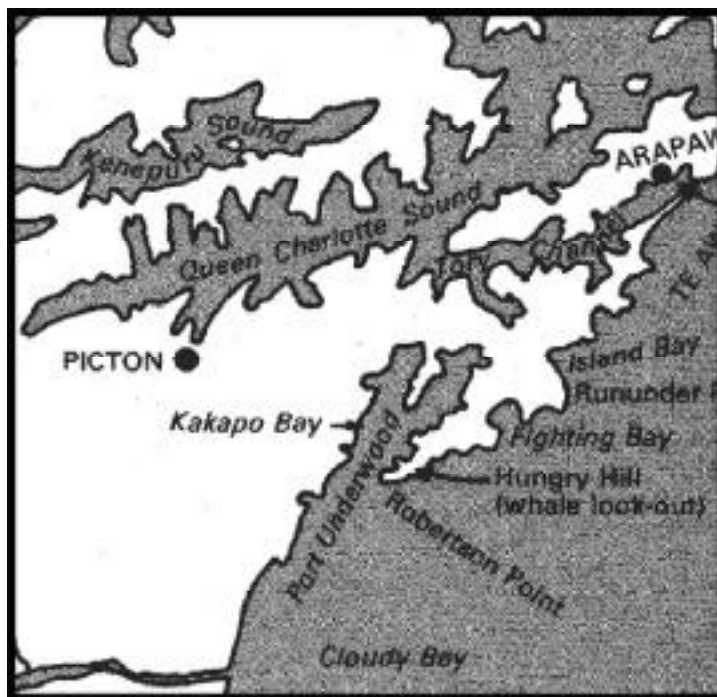
There was supposedly a 25-knot northeasterly wind forecast and a one metre swell, we were both very conscious of going into the Cook Strait area - the mention of potential rips off Lucky Point and Jordy Rock, the normal ocean current running along the eastern coast from Rununder Point north of up to one knot, as well as the need to entering Tory channel ideally at the start of a westerly flow. The cruising guide also said that north to north-east winds tend to curve and blow down these whole coastal areas. Time would tell!

Definitely there was a bit of a wind swept flow coming out of Port Underwood and from there we had the joy of variously sheltered patches as we headed north along the rugged cliffy coast. There were fantastic views of snow clad Tapuae-o-Uenuku, in the glow of the sunrise and also in the clear sunlight of the beautiful day that emerged. As there were dips in the ranges we got momentary blasts of

wind and seas to battle until we were clear again. But overall paddling conditions were very good.

We thought the last real camp spot would be Fighting Bay, but it looked like there was still a good chance of a clear run, so we went on without questioning. I was curious about the name, it was named to commemorate the event when Tuhawaiki, the famous Bloody Jack from Southland and his men inflicted a defeat on Te Ruaparaha.

Further along the coast we started to see the odd fishing boat and closer to Jordy Rocks (these were named after a whaler) we saw many more recreational fisherman, obviously good conditions for them to be out there.
Susan Cade



FORESHORE OWNERSHIP AND BEACH ACCESS

by P. Caffyn

Recently, two issues have arisen which are of major significance to New Zealand sea kayakers, the first is ownership of the sea bed and foreshore, the second is public access to the coastline.

Sea Bed Ownership

The recent court of appeal ruling that iwi could apply to the Maori Land Court for ownership of the sea bed and foreshore opened up a racist can of worms. However the radio news today (18 August) noted iwi will not be able to claim full and exclusive ownership of the sea bed and foreshore, although they may still be able to apply for customary rights over certain areas.

I was hoping logic would apply with this government as in my view, ownership of the foreshore and sea bed should belong to all New Zealanders, regardless of colour or race. Prior to the Court of Appeal hearing, there were only three sea bed/foreshore claims by iwi, but following the ruling, this jumped to 19 claims by 4 August. Bill English noted the claims

included five million hectares of foreshore and sea bed and 2,413km of coastline. This to me is jumping on the gravy train, with iwi viewing potential revenue from oil and gas production and the marine aquaculture industry.

In one of my cynical moments, I thought about KASK forwarding a claim for customary rights over the New Zealand coastline. As the first canoe club was established in 1870, 133+ years of careful usage of the coastline should suffice for KASK to claim customary title!

The initial Labour Government reaction following the court of appeal ruling was that the nation's foreshore was regarded as owned by the crown for all New Zealanders, and that legislation would be enacted, if necessary, confirming this. A vocal reaction from a few outspoken Maori put a huge damper on this move, no doubt Labour gauging potential voter loss at the next election. The court of appeal hearing apparently initially did not mention the sea bed or foreshore, only

that iwi could apply to the Maori Land court to assert their rights of ownership.

With six weeks from 18 August for public input on the information released today, KASK needs to take an assertive pro-active role to ensure that ownership of all New Zealand's foreshore and sea bed remains owned by the crown, for all New Zealanders. Hopefully at the KASK committee meeting in Wellington on 22 August, a written document will be available for perusal and decisions made as to how KASK will respond.

If you feel strongly on the subject, I would strongly recommend you, a group, or even a local network, send a submission to the government on this issue.

Public Access to the Coastline.

As a result of the foreshore ownership issue, the right of public access to beaches and coastline was brought into sharp focus. Lands Minister, John Tamihere, noted work by Land Information NZ (LINZ) had shown the

public could not stroll along more than one third of New Zealand beaches where large chunks of coastline were in private hands. Television news showed footage of signs erected on beaches at Waitai Station on D'Urville Island, stating no landing or camping. This 2012 hectare property was purchased in 1999 by a Colorado-based couple, who not only are trying to stop paddlers landing but also have created an air of fear with Nelson contractors, with respect to outstanding debts and spurious counter claims. Nelson MP Nic Smith said there was no benefit in allowing wealthy absentee landlords to own some of the country's most precious farmland. The news today of the government moving to ensure public access to the coastline may yet resolve this D'Urville landing issue.

Ownership of the coastline inland from the Mean High Water Springs mark (MHWS) is vested under several types of status:

Queens Chain: the term for a 22 yard (20m) strip along the coastline, lake shore and river banks, which is a collection of narrow public reserves set up under the Reserves Act, Local Government Act and Conservation Act. Public Access NZ (PANZ) spokesperson Bruce Mason estimated some 70% of the sea, rivers and lake foreshore, is linked to the queens chain. As I understand it, the queens chain is inflexible, that is fixed in position from where it was first surveyed or drawn on a map. Where coasts have eroded, the queens chain now lies out at sea - where a beach has prograded or built up, the queens chain now lies inland of the MHWS mark.

Riparian Strips: ripa = bank; the term where a land owner owns the coastal land to the MHWS mark, or sometimes even onto the foreshore, or in the case of a river, to the centreline of that river. In the case of riparian strips, the queens chain does not apply. This is the case in parts of the Marlborough Sounds.

Esplanade Reserves: these 20m strips were established under the 1991 Resource Management Act (RMA) for

maintaining or enhancing the natural function of the adjacent river, lake sea, to enable public access to or along the sea, and to enable public recreation use. For any new coastline subdivision after 1991, 20m wide esplanade reserves were required, and these were flexible, that is tied into movement of the MHWS mark.

Marginal Strips: these were originally strips of crown land, reserved from sale, but a 1987 amendment to the Conservation Act allocated the establishment of flexible 20m wide marginal strips, inland from the MHWS mark. Coastal marginal strips are not fixed by survey, but tied to the MHWS mark. Marginal strips are thus crown land for public foot access, but they can not be used for vehicular access. Generally speaking, sea kayakers can not be prevented from landing anywhere below the MHWS mark. However access to the coastline with kayaks, or landing and camping overnight will depend on the status of coastline ownership:

- Queens chain - crown ownership
- Marginal strips - crown ownership
- Esplanade reserves - crown ownership
- Riparian rights - private ownership
- Port authority areas - ownership of foreshores

Whatever the land status, sea kayakers should be following the environmental ethics listed on pages 97 - 99 of the KASK Handbook, in particular:

- seeking permission from private land owners for coastal access or to overnight camp
- minimal impact camping; fires below the MHWS, and removal of all rubbish

OVERSEAS TRIP REPORT

Brisbane to Thursday Island.

by Kate Yeoman

Brisbane paddler Kate Yeoman recently completed a paddle up the Queensland coast from Brisbane to Cape York, much of it solo. I asked Kate for a bit of background on her trip, and she sent me the following background on the conception of the trip and first day of paddling.

"It's got a crack in it." I said. "No, where?" was John's reply as we both knelt down next to his kayak under the old frangipani tree in my yard. His home-made rudder was obviously close to its 'use by' date as the crack showed. Island John's craggy face looked up at me and said "I've got another one somewhere at home, I'll have to find it." His boat was half packed and waiting for our departure a week later. You'd never have guessed he was planning to paddle to Gladstone by the look of his boat, I think it would have looked great in a maritime museum. I had been freely drilling holes into my new boat for the last couple of months attaching necessary bits and pieces but John's boat had all sorts of unusual attachments and improvisations - the best was the cut out bottom of a yellow plastic bucket as the forward hatch cover! He told me it worked fine so I believed him. John headed back to his island home and I sat there for a while looking at his boat wondering what the hell I had got myself into.

It was early April in Brisbane; I had begun my eight months of unpaid leave a few weeks ago. My plan was to paddle from my home at Nudgee Beach to Thursday island. The trip could be done in a few months if necessary but I didn't want to be pressured by time, as it was not a marathon I was embarking on but a damn good holiday! The 'plan' originally was to start paddling around the country with a friend and hopefully finish a year or two later. Just before I went on leave my friend pulled out - probably the best thing that could have happened

as I don't think we would have lasted very long. It was a nice dream and maybe I'll try it one day if I feel the desire. My main reason for doing a big trip was to have an adventure and enjoy the lifestyle of living out of a kayak. A few previous trips up to a couple of months long had given me a taste for it, actually quite a passion for it! There's not much that can be better for me than paddling to a remote beach, swimming, beachcombing, catching dinner, watching the sunset over the sea and waking to do it all over again!

The love of a simplistic lifestyle was etched in my conscience while living on a coconut plantation in Vanuatu, the New Hebrides then in 1975. My mother and stepfather John had decided to uproot from Sydney and manage the plantation for a friend living in Fiji. The year before they had sent my twin sister Anna and I to live with friends in a skiing lodge in Perisher Valley for several months while they sailed around the Pacific (mum, your version please). We discovered on arrival that we were not meant to be staying there so had to hide from the lodge members. This was easy during the day as the ski fields were our playground but at night we'd have to stay in our room and dinner was sneaked in to us. We have a clear memory of receiving the plate through the door one night and looking at each other in bewilderment at the two rounds green blobs - large cabbage rolls stuffed with mince. That was it, we cracked up and couldn't stop laughing!

We have always got the giggles at inappropriate times, always when there is a need to be very quite like yoga classes or relatives wedding ceremonies. Anyway on this occasion we finally got control of ourselves and flushed the rolls down the loo. They stunk exactly like the smell that used to waft up from our neighbours kitchen in Sydney every afternoon, boiling pet meat, not nice.

Our stay there was cut short when I broke my leg skiing, Anna didn't want to go to school without me so Mum and John returned and we moved back home. It did not seem long after this

that we were packing up the house and moving to 'Valesdir', the plantation on Epi Island. We thought the ski fields were pretty good but this was island paradise! On arrival I was given responsibility of 11 piglets, their mother had been accidentally shot the day before and they were too young to wean. I spent much of the first couple of months wandering around the plantation with my bush knife opening coconuts here and there and lying under shady trees with my charges, all had names by now, bottle-feeding them and all of us dropping off to sleep together. Once the piglets were weaned it was time to start correspondence school. Anna and I sat on our beds with our pet chicks, who both later turned into roosters, trying to get enthused in our studies. We sent the science teacher a piece of volcanic rock from a nearby volcano and ditched the books. There was the reef to explore, the hills with dense rainforest and waterfalls, and the wonderful islanders with an easy-going lifestyle, which suited us perfectly!

It was here I met Donald Stewart, then an agricultural Officer for the New Hebridean Government. I was a very immature, runty 15 year old; he probably about 35, a very funny and rather good looking Scotsman. It was a childhood crush although I never let on about my feelings to anyone, especially Donald! But his enthusiasm for the islands and the lifestyle they offered was probably what affected me most. He was having a great time and I'm sure that's when I came to the conclusion that work was meant to be fun!

We kept in touch over the years mostly through Mum and John but later writing and calling each other, a friendship akin to lovers but we were distant soul mates. He visited a couple of times, the last time was in February 1999 when he told us of his prostate cancer. Although the prognosis was not good he was determined to fight it. He returned to England and our correspondence increased perhaps with the unspoken realization that he may not be around for too long. When I told him of my plan to paddle around the country he was so excited for me as he

was with anything I was going to do. We shared the desire to enjoy life as much as possible and to hell with the financial consequences. He sent me \$1000 dollars towards the trip - the only financial support I received (I never asked anyone for money) and most fitting that it came from someone with not much more to his name. In our last phone conversation I asked him to send me the duck symbol he used on his mini-moke in Port Vila and dinghies he'd owned in the past, I wanted to put one on my new kayak. He died before sending it and no one could find any trace of his 'duck'. I ended up calling the boat "Black Duck" in memory of Donald - and Nudgee is the local aboriginal word for black duck so it was meant to be.

The 14th of April was a blur. It felt like I was in a dream; here were my friends and family seeing me off with a champagne breaky and I felt quite relaxed, well relaxed for me in a gathering! It was a perfect Brisbane autumn morning with just the odd sand fly and mossy, and the occasional local wandering through. John was in a fluster - last minute packing - plastic shopping bags scattered around his kayak.

I had packed my boat so only had a few minor tasks before leaving, one was to hand over care of my shack to a fellow I only met a few days earlier. He seemed perfect for the place, just out from the US and working on a boat here - and a keen kayaker! John had met him on a beach somewhere and gave him my number. His Buddhist beliefs meant all rats, cockroaches and any other animal was safe, he didn't even want to dig up the manioc in the garden to eat! Finding a key was a problem, I don't lock up. I didn't find one and he didn't seem to mind.

After farewells, John and I set off through the gap in the mangroves in front of my place which had been created years earlier by an axe-wielding local. I planned the departure for a high tide, it would have been a long haul across the mudflat for all of us otherwise, not something one wants to do at the start of a big trip. I wasn't

sad, I was excited, I was finally going! Had I not planned a rendezvous with Anna at Bribie that afternoon, I would have been a blubbering mess. Saying goodbye to Anna and Myla, my niece is always very difficult, we are very close as our monstrous phone bills testify.

We headed straight for Bribie cutting across the front of Redcliff peninsular. The day was not dull - a squall hit then not long after we saw an orange smoke flare off Woody Point - then a Police launch went charging past - then John's rudder swayed for awhile before disappearing to the bottom of the bay. We were both relieved to pull up on the beach at Bribie. Not long after a couple walked up the beach towards us, it was one of the maintenance men from work who I only vaguely knew. He asked what we were up to and I replied, "just on a paddling holiday". He must have thought we were on a honeymoon of sorts, both boats were covered in now very soggy and runny confetti, I had a salt wilted frangipani lae around my neck and John was wearing a long blonde wig! He didn't stay to chat.

NEW ZEALAND TRIP REPORT

THE SIX CAPES

By Ryan Whittle

In February 2002, Wally Gilmer (Storm) and Ryan Whittle (Albatross) had paddled from Auckland to the Cavalli Islands and were continuing the journey north in 2003.

(Reprinted from the Auckland Canoe Club newsletter)

We had found some generous residents at Tauranga Bay who would look after the car and provide a pick-up service when we called at the end of the trip - wherever that happened to be.

We drove up to Tauranga Bay on Saturday morning, packed and were

on the water at 3pm under hazy skies that we guessed were from the Australian bushfires, and bright sunshine - thanks to the weather gods are in order here.

Past the Whangaroa Harbour mouth we looked for the local hole in the rock, but the incoming swells put us off going through today.

Along Taupo Bay and this becomes new territory for me, never having been further north than this. An hour or so of rockgardening on the low tide provide some tricky moments before finding our first nights campsite at Tupau Bay. There are three houses at one end of the white sandy beach. A flat grassy area beside the shallow estuary at the other end provides a great start to the trip.

The tide is up in the morning, and we are able to walk our boats to the surf through the estuary, avoiding the carry of laden boats through the deep sand from the previous night.. The map marks this area of coast as 'very steep cliffs' and 'very rugged coast'. Integrated with regular coves containing sandy beaches, the scenery is great.

We had expected Berghan Point to be our first hurdle, but its nice to us with just a bit of clapotis. On the point is the view of our first big bay - Doubtless Bay. The inside of the bay is barely visible on the horizon, while Knuckle Point, the other side of the bay, is only a 10km crossing away.

Around the corner the swell is behind us and the water calms down. The shark cruising between us in the opposite direction seems content with his lot. There are only occasional houses above the cliffs until HiHi Beach, a more built up area providing our lunch stop. The low tide here does not make it an attractive beach.

On to Monganui Harbour, and the place is much more populated. Obviously a popular holiday spot with houses spread over a wide area. We pause at the wharf and visit 'The best Fish and Chip shop in the world'. They happily provide top-ups for our water bottles. Can't comment on the

food though. Coopers Beach is a continuation of Monganui and a couple of less crammed beaches before Tokerau Beach ends the busy area.

In the lee of Puketutu Island - a Maori reserve - on Aurere Beach we find a small grassy area between the sand and the farmers electric fence for our tents. Have to be careful with toilet breaks during the night. The view across Doubtless Bay to Karikari Peninsula and down the length of the bay, is tomorrows paddle. Mares tails above the sunset promises what kind of day I wonder, Wally offers to tell me tomorrow - very droll.

Monday morning dawns calm and still, the 4' swells on a glassy sea give us a roller coaster ride down the length of Tokerau Beach.

The beach is almost empty, and the sand hill on the shore marks the end of our horizon, broken by an occasional pine tree. Housing appears on the last of the beach, and a quad bike races us along the shoreline. He beats us by a handle bar (and a mile). A smoko break lets us watch the black rain clouds pass over the places we have just left.

From here around the Karikari Peninsula is spectacular. There is one road to the end of the peninsula, and that's it. No sign of people for the rest of the day around to Matai Bay, just high cliffs of charcoal coloured rock, topped with native bush and blue skies. The odd white sandy beach with deep clear blue green water provide interludes to the swells rolling 15' up and down the cliff faces. The Pacific continues forever on our right. Sheltered coves with caves, blowholes and mangrove estuaries provide plenty of variation.

We had intended to stop at Matai Bay, but it still feels early as we approach, and there are thoughts of continuing. Into the bay and all thoughts of passing it by disappear. Its low tide, there are 2km of white sandy beach bisected by an island and framed by green pastures on the hills.

The water is clear blue-green over the white sandy sea floor. Gotta stay here!

Going on the dead grass in the campground, its been a busy holiday season. But only a few remain and its tranquil. Have never been here before - will come again. Can't tell if its a red sky tonight, there is not a cloud in the sky.

Tuesday is cloudy and still with a 20 knot southerly forecast. The northern side of the peninsula has more grass fields and the lack of sun means its not as picturesque as yesterday. Cape Karikari is nice to us (thanks to the weather gods here), with just a little clapotis before entering into Rangaunu Bay, the next big Bay on the trip. Occasional shacks before Karikari Bay are the only buildings outside of the DoC campground we see on the peninsula.. The southerlies kick in during lunch at the start of Karikari Bay, where a walk over the dunes uncovers dirt roads and ideal flat campsites. We stay close to shore for maximum shelter from the wind but around the end of the beach towards Rangaunu Harbour we are straight into it.

Shags by the dozen perched in their trees keeping out of this wind look like Xmas decorations from a distance. The outgoing tide running at about five knots makes the water messy across the harbour entrance to East Beach and the wind gives a 10km ferry glide down the beach to Houhora Harbour and the night's campsite.

Wednesday's forecast for gentle southeasterlies looks good and we head into the harbour to find a shop. The newly opened game fishing club is deserted, must all be out fishing I guess.

The shop allows us to stock up on the countries most expensive apples, and the paddle out of the harbour against the tide burns up any calories we hoped to get from them. East Beach is transformed in the absence of yesterday's winds. Around Perpendicular Point and we wish we had paddled on another 15 minutes last night. These idyllic beaches would have made great campsites. We stop at the end of Kowhai Beach behind Grenville Point and climb the sand dunes for a look up Great Exhibition Bay. The shining

silica sand at the Parengarenga Harbour mouth on the horizon is our destination for the day. Seems a lot of beach. Looking back over our shoulders across Rangaunu Bay, Cape Karikari is relatively close.

Around Grenville Point we find a huge tunnel which we watch for a few minutes before deciding its OK to pass through. Although directly in line with the incoming swells, it was large enough to remain calm inside. I had thought that Great Expedition Bay was one long beach, but stretches of rocky cliffs break up the beach and the journey up it. The water is very clear, you can see your own shadow although there is no detail visible on the sea floor. I wonder if the clarity is due to the fine silica sand that quickly settles to the bottom.

Approaching Parengarenga harbour, Wally spots a couple of sharks but they aren't interested in us. The shipwrecks on the bar are visible on the low tide. They used to be visible on all tides but the sand is slowly swallowing them up. The harbour entrance is a mass of white water so we sneak through on the inside of the bar and camp above the beach at the entrance. Its another cloudless night with a young moon, the sky is a blanket of stars. I'll have to send a thankyou note to the weather gods.

Thursday morning throws a southeasterly at us and the sea is a mess. We can make out a passage of unbroken water up the northern bank and decide to try breaking out on the incoming tide so in case of trouble we'll be washed back.

The going is slower than we expected, and eventually, a breaking swell invites me for a swim. Back in the boat we try again for a few minutes before opting to return to the start point. It only takes 5 minutes to get back over ground that took an hour to get past.

We decide to stay put for the day and have a scone making contest. Wally wins easily with the sly addition of some sugar to his recipe. A walk after lunch along the beach into the harbour allows us to contact Coastguard from

a high point and we run into a mare and her foal. From their tracks, they appear unshod and must wander unchecked. We decide to try getting out tomorrow via the same route at low tide if the conditions permit, otherwise it will be a day exploring the harbour. The forecast is for easterlies to continue, which bodes well for the coast past North Cape. If we can get there.

To take advantage of the light airs and low tide we are on the water at 7:30. The seas are much gentler than yesterday and there are no problems getting out this time. There is some rocky coastline before the white sand of Waikuku Beach and we make a stop at the northern end of the beach where there are reports of a waterfall and a good water supply. Landing in light surf, we surprise four holidaymakers from Kerikeri. They are camping next to a DoC hut used by possum trappers. The hut is available for rent if you are persistent enough to find someone at DoC who knows it exists. A permit is needed to use the road that accesses the hut, and is about an hour's dusty drive. Tom Bowling Bay is only a couple of km overland and that is where they have just been exploring. There is no stock around, its all bush, and the electrified possum fence that cuts across to Tom Bowling Bay protecting North Cape discourages us from going further upstream in search of the waterfall. The same hoof prints here that we saw in Parengarenga Harbour show how far the horses domain extends.

We continue on up to North Cape accompanied by stories of huge seas and fearsome standing waves. I'm a little nervous as we approach the first of the Capes at the top of New Zealand. The stories are all vile propaganda (today anyway) and there is only a small chop in the gentle easterlies.

There is a boulder bank joining Titirangi Point and Murimotu Island that dries at low tide. We stopped here for lunch and relaxed as the sun warmed the pebble beach. The rising tide allowed us to paddled out through the rocks, avoiding anything nasty

outside the island. A large seal floating on its side didn't look in the best of health as we departed. The Surville Cliffs along to Kerr Point remind us of the north-east coastline of the Coromandel Peninsula with its dark cliffs topped with short scrub.

Tom Bowling Bay is another corker, deserted today with a pagoda at the end of the beach marking the private campground. The breeze at our backs and the rising tide push us into Spirits Bay where we pause beside a large catamaran from the Waikato, 'Katipo', to ask for a weather report. We get a reply of more light Easterlies turning south-east along with some kingfish steaks and a couple of brews from their home town. The coastguard has been on the job and had let them know we were in the area.

Tapotupotu Bay is about 10km further on the map and that becomes our destination for the day. The tide has turned and we are about to be taught a lesson on the strength of the tidal stream across the top of the North Island. Progress is slow against the tide, and we arrive at the end of a to long 12 hour day on the water. The tide here moves west on a rising tide, and east on a falling tide. After experiencing the hard way the strength of the flow, we planned our future days taking this more into account.

There is not much light left on arrival, so camp is set up quickly, and the cold showers made use of before getting down to some serious eating. The swarms of mosquitos are out in the dusk and also into some serious eating - us - and the insect repellent gets liberal use. A pod of dolphins choose this beach to play in as the sun drops, and provide a show for all the weekend visitors.

Saturday is a rest and research day. Walking the track to Cape Reinga allows us to spy a likely route on the water. The Cape is visited by a continuous stream of people arriving over dusty roads by bus, car and motor-bike. I wonder how many realise that this is not the top of New Zealand, the Surville Cliffs we passed yesterday holding that distinction.

Views toward North Cape to the east, and Cape Maria Van Dieman to the west, are impressive. Walking back along the road, we catch a glimpse of the sand dunes on 90 mile beach, and they look big from here. Mike is the DoC ranger we run into back at Tapotupotu Bay. He is also a paddler and we find some mutual acquaintances from the Auckland canoe scene. He is a good source of tips for the upcoming passage around Capes Reinga and Maria Van Dieman. Taking a day to research the capes has proved valuable. I hope that using such a great day for this doesn't come back to bite us tomorrow with a change in conditions.

We wake to clear skies and a gentle breeze and head off to Cape Reinga at low water. More nerves following the route we marked out yesterday, but there are no problems. The weather gods are being nice to us again - thanks guys.

Te Werahi Beach runs between Cape Reinga and Cape Maria Van Dieman and looks as good from water level as it did from the lighthouse yesterday. The sand dunes look just as big as well.

The 200 - 300m gap between Cape Maria Van Dieman and Motuopao Island gets a lot of water passing through it, running up to 12 knots. Being closer to low tide, its not at peak flow, but the tide race still make the water a mess. The flow takes us through quickly and we land around the corner behind Taupiri Island in dumping surf. Wally makes a sacrificial offering of thanks with his hat.

Walking over the dunes back to Te Werahi Beach takes us over sand that is not the same white silica we have seen up to here. There is a lot of finely broken shell mixed in and the spine tingling squeak is absent. Back at the boats we erect a fly for shade using timber gathered from the dunes. Pieces of 100mm x 100mm by two metres long are 20 vertical feet above the water and 50 feet back from the high tide mark. Wouldn't want to be here in the conditions that put the wood up

there.

Lunch and slothfulness are in order here as we wait for the tide to turn. Its a nice way to spend a few hours on a sunny day.

We launch just before high tide in order to make Cape Maria Van Dieman at slack water. Wally points out that I'm missing my spare split paddles from the back deck. The surf has ripped them off and spat them back up on the beach, and no, I didn't leave them there! Its a good chance for more surf landing and break-out practice.

The wind has died and the lack of tidal flow through the gap results in glassy water all the way back to cape Reinga. Only the 1-2m swell passing under us provides any water movement. There is a slight chop around Cape Reinga again, but Wallys earlier hat sacrifice works a treat. A brief stop back at Tapotupotu Bay, where the weekend warriors have all scarpered, before continuing on to Spirits Bay. We saw a couple of likely campsites on the way in and this proves to be the case. A spot near the start of the Spirits Bay - Cape Reinga track is lovely. A stream mixes with the tide forming an pool and is turned into a warm bath by the days sunshine.

Another early start is required in an attempt to make high tide at Parengarenga Harbour. A gentle headwind on the last of the outgoing tide persuades us to head directly across Spirits Bay to make the most of the current. Paddling out to sea rather than along the coast is a different experience. You get a changed view of bird life with shearwaters close in flight or sitting on the surface, and small flocks of gannets are not uncommon. By Hopes Point, its clear we aren't going to make it in time so its into the shoreline to reduce the effects of the wind and the changed tide.

Taking a break on a small sandy beach just past Tom Bowling Bay we decide to wait and time it so the tide will be slack around North Cape. Around the Surville Cliffs and North Cape, the shore is on our right, and open ocean is everywhere else. With water on

three sides as far as the eye can see, you feel very insignificant.

Surf is breaking onto the rocks in the gap we passed through on the way North, and using it again is not an option from this direction. We keep well offshore in choppy seas and make a nervous passage around North Cape, not really knowing what to expect and without the benefit of a preview as we had with Cape Reinga and Cape Maria Van Dieman. Once around into the lee, we pause for a breather in the flat calm before carrying on down to Waikuku Beach to camp the night before attempting the Parengarenga Harbour entrance tomorrow morning at low tide.

The familiar three resident horses provide a welcoming committee when we land but they must have other engagements as they are soon off. Following the stream in search of the reputed pool and waterfall takes us along a path that has been used before. The pool is about 10m across and too deep to see the bottom of the very clear water. The waterfall comes from another smaller pool about 4m above it and, its bracing! Clean and refreshed, its a lazy evening in the sunshine.

Tuesday morning we are able to dawdle down to Parengarenga Harbour to catch slackwater at low tide. The aim is to sneak in the same way we got out. Its a flat calm day with blue skies and a 1-2m swell. In spite of the outside conditions there is still plenty of white water at the entrance and we have to dodge breakers as we pick our way in. The shipwrecks on the foaming bar, looking out over the calm blue Pacific provide a symbolic picture.

Pulling up on Kokota (the sandspit), we walk to the top of the dunes to get a view of the harbour mouth. Our route this morning is a mass of white caps. Not the way we would choose if deciding from the view. The main channel is clear out to sea for about a kilometre.

Over the second line of dunes we expect to see more of the same but its a shock. A sand plain stretches down and across the spit. The sand dunes

are just an empty egg shell. Up until 1999-2000, all glass in New Zealand was made from the silica sand taken from this spit. Visiting barges would pump water onto the dunes and suck up the slurry. From our vantage point we can see another tan coloured hump on the skyline. We guess it is a dune on 90 Mile Beach, only around 12km away at this point.

We paddle with the tide to Te Hapua and phone for a ride home. Te Hapua is a town of 200 with forestry, oyster farming and farm labouring providing the main employment. The school of 38 children up to form 2 is the last school before Australia. Most of the land is Maori owned and residents are leasehold. There are only a couple of freehold properties and the residents feel this has stifled any growth in the area.

Trying to follow the topo map to the Waitaki stream proves a fruitless exercise and we end up a creek to nowhere with barely enough room to make a U-turn. Retracing our steps we ask for directions (as any male would).

When we eventually find the stream we still couldn't relate its position to the map. (read - the map is wrong!) Following the creek to where the landing is marked, there is nothing to indicate a landing, so some ineffectual paddling back and forth lead us to a road bridge crossing the stream. Its labelled Waitaki Landing Bridge so we figure we are close. Wandering up the road we find the landing and they point us the creek access. 200m down a grass track to the stream, there is still no indication of a landing. Don't try and find it from the water!

Its about 4km up the creek, 50m back from the overhead power lines. Get out where you can on the North bank. Best bet is to go by road and ask at the petrol station for the creek. Once there, the showers are good, and we can cook in a kitchen for the first time in a while. The mosquitos are rife here after dark as well.

Dick arrives early Wednesday morning to ferry us back to Tauranga Bay.

A relaxing day followed by dinner at the local establishment before heading home the following morning round off an excellent trip.

Thanks to Kerry Howe, Etienne de Beer and Mark Hutson for sharing their experiences of the area. Special thanks to Dick and Mary Hughes for their hospitality, taxi and car sitting services.

And a final thankyou to the weather gods, who made the travels into an area that can be impossible, a pleasure.

(reprinted from the Auckland Canoe Club Newsletter).

BOOK REVIEW

Title: 'Greater Cook Strait'

Subtitle Form and Flow

Author: T.F.W Harris

Publisher: New Zealand Oceanographic Institute DSIR marine and Freshwater

Year of publication: 1990

ISBN: 0-477-02580-3

Contents: 212pp, 190 maps, figures and photos

Size: 180 x 242mm with a 13mm spine

Price: I haven't found one to buy, I'm still looking

Reviewer: David B Morison

The book 'Tides and Flows of Greater Cook Strait' by T F W Harris is one of the most fascinating books I've ever read on one particular subject. Every page had interesting facts and details on it. The book starts with an overview, of mountains rising and the rain washing the mountains back down. It's the fine equilibrium that nature has. It talks about how the cliffs around are wearing away, but on the other sides of Cook Strait, the beaches are increasing in size. All it's to do with is the way the waves hit the land, so a

beach that's getting larger has oblique waves, and the coast that is getting smaller has perpendicular waves (at 90°).

Other facts I found interesting were that the sea is warmer on the northern side, and colder on the southern side. Eighty percent of Cook Strait is under 100m deep and 90% is under 200m. It is truly a fascinating book.

The book has a brief history of exploration in Cook Strait. It includes mapping and ships used. It explains possibly why the 'Wahine' possibly lost control. When the vessel turned around, the speed of the waves matched the speed of the hull so no water was going past the rudder. So it had no directional control. The size of the wave was guessed at 13 meters - the harbour is only 16 meters deep by Barretts Reef. The key things I discovered in it specifically to do with kayaking were that Cook Strait is calm 2.3% of the time; if you are going to paddle it - the average weather on the Wellington side- there is a two meter swell while on the Blenheim side it's under a metre, and the average wind speed is 20 knots that's 37km an hour.

The book is well illustrated, and I'd recommend the book to anyone interested in Cook Strait or who lives in the area, or plans to paddle across Cook Strait. It must have taken years to research.

We have searched on the internet and it is currently out of print unfortunately, and we have even been trying book stores of the second hand variety.

TECHNICAL

OVERLENGTH KAYAKS & CARS (from the Sisson Kayaks website)

The police targeted over-length trailers and boats last summer. Many law abiding holiday makers were spectacularly converted into Road-Code criminals! It is a fact that most car-top transported kayaks do not comply with the rules of the road. Your insurance may be void if you have a crash. Check out the car-top rules before the police target the Speights Coast to Coast competitors one year. Your car needs to be no less than 2 metres shorter than your kayak. And to get the correct fore and aft positioning you will probably need a properly engineered front support off the front of your car. Check out the rules in the FAQ page. Some of our business competitors (crazy long designs) customers (sucked in by undelivered promised super performance) will likely be seen rolling up to the Coast to Coast in stretch limos! Crazy but likely!

Grahame sent me a recent clipping from the Nelson newspaper which noted Nelson boaties are being fined \$150 for outboard motors extending too far past the rear of their vehicles

(trailers). If your kayak overhangs the rear of your car by over a metre, than according to the regulations, you are subject also to that fine. According to the Nelson policeman, if an outboard motor (or kayak) protrudes more than one metre beyond the rear of the trailer (vehicle) then a warning flag must be attached to its propeller (kayak stern). Flags should be 300mm by 400mm and must be either clean white or clean yellow, or fluorescent green or orange. Interesting the comment from the policeman for travel after dark. Propellers (assume kayak stern) were required to have a red or amber light attached to them if they exceeded the allowable overhang while being towed after dark. A small bicycle light strapped to the propeller would be sufficient.

As sea kayaks are commonly 5.0 - 5.4m in length, bear this overlength regulation in mind particularly if you have a shortish vehicle. My stationwagon is 4.8m long, so the overlap with my boat can be adjusted at the rear to keep under the one metre regulation. And I would suggest that if the kayak stern overlap exceeds one metre, it would be well worth adding one of the flags as noted above. Particularly considering the quota of one ticket an hour.

If anyone has had a brush with the law on this issue, please get in contact.

SORT OF BUGGER FILE (from the newspapers) Stuck Rower Phones Mum

A Frenchman attempting to row across the Atlantic Ocean called his mother for help as he sat on top of his capsized rowing boat in rough waters, 160 kilometres off Cape Cod, the head of the Ocean Rowing Society said.

Emmanuel Coindre, who set off for France from the coast of Massachusetts last week, capsized early on Monday and used a satellite phone to call for help.

"After five hours of trying to right the boat, he phone his mother in France who called the French Coast Guard who in turn called the US Coast Guard." The US Coast Guard rescued him on Monday and brought him ashore.

'ON THE SUBJECT OF COURAGE.'

from Alan Bye

17 July 2003

College, 1966. Dissertation on Courage and Outdoor Activities. Looked up Chambers Etymological Dictionary which states "Courage. The absence of fear." It is dated 1898.

In 1957 I built my first kayak, more of a barge, starting a new life. It started in ignorance and ended in too much knowledge. As an instructor, informal at first, professional later, I came across these key words.

Fun; safety; discipline; challenge. Fun first because if it isn't interesting, the

rest won't follow. Safety, as an instructor, bring back as many as started out, preferably the same people. Discipline, from Latin 'Disco = I learn.' Fortune favours those who practice.

There are four challenges, man against man. "I am bigger and stronger than you and will beat you into a pulp if you doubt it." Or, to put it in less evil terms, "Lets go for a long day paddling in rough conditions and see who lasts the longest."

Next, man against distance or time. Men (and women) I admired long ago were cycling well over 240 miles in 12 hours. Or doing 25 miles in under an hour. These are impersonal challenges. The enthusiast keeps a record and sees improvements or the opposite. You cannot always keep on do-

ing better but to improve on time over a distance, or a fixed distance covered in a time is satisfying even if the winners were far faster.

The third challenge is man against nature, to be dumped by a 5 metre surf wall and survive, to go round a headland in a tearing tide race and find a way through. Or find a sudden force 8 wreck the calm and make the sea smoke with spray. This is impersonal and the best leave one feeling, "Great to be there, never want to go there again!"

The fourth challenge is the greatest by far, the challenge that expands horizons and alters perception. Man against himself. To dig deep, exhausted, terrified, to keep on keeping on when all seems lost. Some tide races have done that for me.

KASK MINI-SYMPIOSIUM NORTHLAND

31 OCTOBER - 2 NOVEMBER 2003

This should be a great fully catered weekend for up to 100 recreational paddlers, all for \$100 and just 30 minutes from Whangarei, set against a backdrop of Mt Manaia with a panoramic view of Taurikura Bay. Staying at the Manaia Baptist Camp at Taurikura, about 34 km from Whangarei. The camp has its own safe harbour beach, with Ocean Beach ten minutes away by car. The accommodation consists of a hall building with five rooms containing up to 13 bunks in each (including hall/dining room, toilets and showers), Jensen House (self contained for up to 20 people including small kitchen, fridge, freezer, toilets and shower), two lodges (containing three rooms for up to ten persons in each lodge, sink, zip, stove, fridge, freezer) and plenty of room for anyone wanting to camp (with a separate ablution block available).

Plenty of options throughout the weekend, including –

- Social event Saturday night (including jazz/blues band)
- Exploring Whangarei Harbour, Tuatua collecting, surfing, fishing from your kayak
- Visit Limestone Island with Patrick to track the kiwis, get up close to a kiwi and learn about its habitat (limited to 20 people on a first come first serve basis)
- Use GPS to show the effect of current flow on your paddling. Option of organising two groups of paddlers paddling across the Whangarei Harbour mouth to Marsden Point - one group will paddle across just heading straight toward a certain point, the other group will use the GPS to ferry glide across keeping a straight line. We can then plot the tracks on a chart to see the difference. We could have another group paddling straight across a section of deep and narrow water to determine the effect of depth on current.
- Search and rescue scenario on Whau Valley Dam
- Walk Mt Manaia for breathtaking views of the Harbour
- Displays - places to explore in Northland, gizmos and gadgets, trade displays
- Key note speakers - listen to Ingrid Visser sharing her experiences researching the Orcas (subject to availability), fishing from your kayak with Steve Tapp (Northland fishing guru), KASK training syllabus for New Zealand sea kayakers

**A registration form and programme are available by emailing Sue Drake on
drakesuenz@yahoo.co.nz.**

**Register early – this is run as a non-profit event. It is managed under the auspices of the
Kiwi Association of Sea Kayakers Inc (KASK). KASK is dedicated to promoting and
encouraging the sport of sea kayaking.**

HUMOUR HORISING AROUND JOKES (thanks to Aaron)

THE LONE RANGER

The Lone Ranger was ambushed and captured by an enemy Indian war party.

The Indian Chief proclaims, "So, you are the great Lone Ranger. In honour of the Harvest Festival, you will be executed in three days. But, before I kill you, I will grant you three requests. What is your first request?"

The Lone Ranger responds, "I'd like to speak to my horse." Chief nods and Silver is brought before the Lone Ranger. The Lone Ranger whispers in Silver's ear and the horse gallops away.

Later that evening, Silver returns with a beautiful blonde woman on his back. As the Indian Chief watches, the blonde enters the Lone Ranger's tent and spends the night.

The next morning the Indian Chief admits he's impressed. "You have a very fine and loyal horse, but I will still kill you in two days. What is your second request?"

The Lone Ranger again asks to speak to his horse. Silver is brought to him and he again whispers in the horse's ear. As before, Silver takes off across the plains and disappears over the horizon.

Later that evening, to the Chief's surprise, Silver again returns, this time with a voluptuous brunette, even more attractive than the blonde. She enters the Lone Ranger's tent and spends the night.

The following morning the Indian Chief is again impressed. "You are indeed a man of many talents, but I will still kill you tomorrow. What is your last request?"

The Lone Ranger responds, "I'd like to speak to my horse, alone." The Chief is curious, but he agrees and Silver is brought to the Lone Ranger's tent.

Once they're alone, the Lone Ranger grabs Silver by both ears, looks him square in the eye and says, "Now listen very carefully, one more time, I need a posse ! P - O - S - S - E!"

BETTING ON A HORSE

A man is sitting reading his newspaper when the wife sneaks up behind him and whacks him on the head with a frying pan. "What was that for?" he asks.

"That was for the piece of paper in your trouser pockets with the name Veronica written on it," she replies.

"Don't be silly," he says. "Two weeks ago when I went to the races, Veronica was the name of one of the horses I bet on." She seems satisfied and at this apologizes.

Three days later he's again sitting in his chair reading when she nails him with an even bigger frying pan, knocking him out cold.

When he comes around, he asks again, "What was that for?!"

"Your #@*%#@ horse phoned."

CUNNING OLD ROOSTER

A farmer goes out one day and buys a brand new stud rooster for his chicken coop. The new rooster struts over to the old rooster and says, "OK old fart, time for you to retire."

The old rooster replies, "Come on, surely you cannot handle ALL of these chickens. Look what it has done to me. Can't you just let me have the two old hens over in the corner?"

The young rooster says, "Beat it: You are washed up and I am taking over."

The old rooster says, "I tell you what, young stud. I will race you around the farmhouse. Whoever wins gets the exclusive domain over the entire chicken coop."

The young rooster laughs. "You know you don't stand a chance old man. So, just to be fair I will give you a head start."

The old rooster takes off running. About 15 seconds later the young rooster takes off running after him. They round the front porch of the farmhouse and the young rooster has closed the gap. He is already about 5 inches behind the old rooster and gaining fast.

The farmer, meanwhile, is sitting in his usual spot on the front porch when he sees the roosters running by. He grabs his shotgun and - BOOM - He blows the young rooster to bits.

The farmer sadly shakes his head and says, "Dammit... third gay rooster I bought this month."

FOR SALE

I need to sell the following because we have too many kayaks and are moving to a smaller property. Any reasonable offer considered.

My wood double kayak "Swift". Length 6.5m Max beam 750mm. This is my own design and construction which has been well proved in some rough conditions on the Lakes and the sea and never given a moments concern. It is a stable and fast kayak, which has been admired by many fellow kayakers and is in excellent condition. A bargain at \$1,800. I am keeping "Spray", a similar design

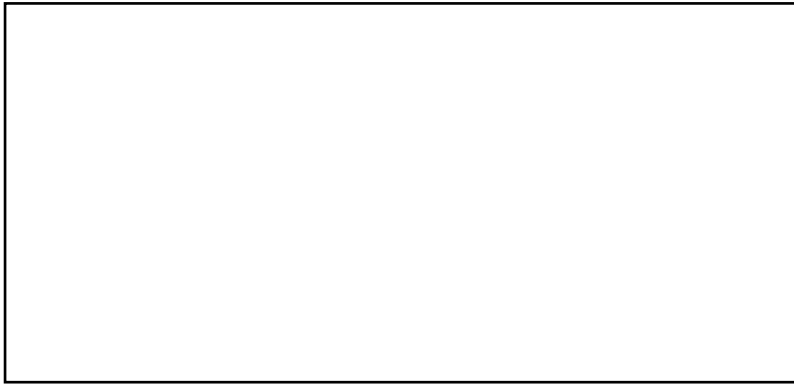
Also a Kevlar Canadian type Canoe made by John Dobbie, which cost \$2,620 new and has only been on the water once. I have added waterproof storage compartments in the ends to act as floatation in the event of flooding. A fitting for an outboard motor and two paddles are included.

Contact: Derek Wakeling, Rotorua,
Ph: (07) 3322198
email: depawake@ihug.co.nz

VICTORIAN WEBSITE from: Vincent Maire KASK Webmaster

The Victorian Sea Club based in Melbourne is a long established sea kayak club. It has just gone live with a very interesting site that is well worth a visit. To view go to www.vskc.org.au.

MAILED TO



If undelivered, please return to:
Maurice Kennedy, PO Box 11461, Manners St., Wellington. 6034

