

No. 102 December 2002 - January 2003

THE SEA CANOEIST NEWSLETTER

25th Anniversary of the 1977/ 78 Fiordland Kayak Expedition
17 January 2003



From left, Nettie, AJ, James, Julie Reynolds, Maestro, Ainslie Lamb, Pete Simpson, Cathye Haddock
& the old sea dog Paul Caffyn at front.

**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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KASK Annual Subscriptions are:

\$25 single membership
\$30 family membership.
\$35 overseas

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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
Existing members: \$14 + \$1 p&p
Non-members: \$18 + \$1 p&p
Make cheques out to KASK (NZ)IncTrade enquiries to Max Grant.

THE LRB2, or the Little Red Book 2nd. 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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'Sea Kayaker's Guide to
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BOOKS

A list of new and secondhand sea kayaking and canoeing titles is available from the editor, via email or snail mail. Only four copies of 'Dark Side of the Wave - Stewart Island Kayak Odyssey' remain. It will not be reprinted.

EDITORIAL

GREAT NEWS FROM SCOTLAND

Although it only adjoins your interests as tidal water already has undisputed access rights, you may wish to know that the Land Reform (Scotland) Bill was passed on Thursday (23 January). This confirms the right to paddle on rivers, climb hills, camp wild and generally use the Scottish countryside as you would the rest of the world (except England and Wales). It is a major piece of legislation, probably the most important since the Scottish Parliament was re-established after its 300 year break. The Scottish Canoe Association played a full part in this achievement and are to be fully congratulated.

Stuart Fisher. Editor,
'Canoeist' magazine.

NEWSLETTER INDEX

The long overdue index shows the wide range of articles carried in the KASK newsletter. Copies (email or photocopies) of articles are available from the editor.

KASK WEBSITE

The worth of the KASK website is shown in the lovely story by Brenda Anderson of how she organised her paddling trip to New Zealand via cyberspace.

BUGGER FILE

John Kirk-Anderson has presented both sides of the mid-December rescue in Lyttleton Harbour, and is to be

congratulated for his effort in writing this article. John, who also is a part time instructor, has refrained from apportioning blame, and it is for the reader to draw their own conclusions from this article with respect to lessons learned.

However I will comment on two issues. Firstly, weather forecasts and particularly gale warnings should never be ignored when planning even a very short trip. Such conditions as experienced by the group, with 'bullets of wind' can be demanding even for very experienced paddlers. This group of inexperienced paddlers should not have been taken on an open water crossing to Quail Island with the gale warning standing.

Secondly, having been involved with many rescues and body retrievals with the West Coast face rescue team, I sympathize with Del Hurley of the Coastguard with respect to comments made to his crew by a rescued paddler. Voluntary rescue teams give up time and earnings to rescue folk who are in situations beyond their experience level, and deserve thanks and respect for their work, not cynical comment. If you are ever in a situation where you or someone in your party needs rescuing, make certain that you thank the rescue team at the time, then follow this up with a thank you letter, and maybe a donation to the team's social fund.

KASK 2003 FORUM

VENUE: Whites Bay, Port Underwood

DATE: 27 - 30 March.

*The forum commences Thursday night
(registration from 4 pm),
to Sunday afternoon*

**If you are attending, please return the registration form,
that was enclosed with the last newsletter,
to Helen Woodward,
82 Hutcheson Rd., Blenheim.
Fax: (03) 578 5429
email: h.woodward@xtra.co.nz**

**Numbers are necessary to sort out catering requirements
DoC camping ground fees are: \$5 per night for adults, and
\$2.50 for school kids.**

THE 'BUGGER!' FILE

Sea kayak incident at Lyttelton

By: **John Kirk-Anderson**
KASK Instruction Officer
Received: **21 Jan 2003**

Thirteen sea kayakers were hit by 'Bombs of wind', on Friday the 13th (December), and emergency services say it was only luck that prevented a tragedy.

INTRODUCTION AND DISCLOSURE:

This report has been compiled from several sources, and some differ in detail. These different views are presented as they were told to the author. In a complex situation such as this one, it is not surprising that people see things in their own way.

John Kirk-Anderson, the author and KASK Instruction Officer, does some work for a company in Christchurch that is in competition with Topsport Kayaking, who ran this trip.

WEATHER FORECAST:
MARINE WEATHER BULLETIN
FOR NEW ZEALAND COASTAL
WATERS FORECAST ISSUED BY
METEOROLOGICAL SERVICE OF
NEW ZEALAND AT 0438HRS 13-
DEC-2002 VALID UNTIL MID-
NIGHT TONIGHT 13-DEC-2002

SEA AREA CONWAY
GALE WARNING IN FORCE

Southwest 10 knots turning Northwest 25 knots this morning and rising to 40 knots in the afternoon. Sea becoming very rough. Northeast swell rising to 2 metres.

**OUTLOOK FOLLOWING 12
HOURS:** Northwest 35 knots easing.

Ross Marsden, a Consultant Meteorologist with the Meteorological Service of New Zealand Limited, said: "You should be aware that the Marine

Weather Forecasts apply to open waters. They **DO NOT APPLY TO** enclosed waterways like harbours. So, the Conway forecast is not meant to be applied to Lyttelton Harbour.

"Obviously, users of Lyttelton Harbour will use the Conway forecast or the Christchurch Inshore Recreational forecast for their information, even if they are not aware that neither apply to the Harbour."

Due to the Port Hills to the north of Lyttelton Harbour, the Northwest wind rotors over the tops, striking the harbour in gusts. It is also not possible to see cloud development associated with this wind, unless a large "Norwest Arch" has formed. Wind strength increases around headlands, such as the Eastern end of Quail Island.

THE TRIP:

Rachel Alexander, the owner of Alexanders Advertising in Christchurch, wanted something different for her pre-Christmas staff social, and sought the help of friend Len Smyth, who owns Topsport Kayaking. A trip to Quail Island in Lyttelton Harbour was arranged, which suited Len who used it as an opportunity to test the viability of a commercial venture. He supplied the kayaks and equipment without charge, and himself and employee Matt Horan guided the group.

Two dates were suggested for the trip, and on the morning of Friday 13 December, the trip was delayed due to a Southerly wind in Lyttelton. After that died out, at 1130hrs the group met at Cass Bay where Matt gave them equipment and a brief lesson on paddling. Rachel said nothing was mentioned about safety or emergency procedures.

There were 11 staff from Alexanders Advertising, and only four including Rachel had paddled before. One staff member was unable to paddle due to a medical condition, and so she was placed in the front of a double, which Len paddled. Matt, Rachel, and one other staff member paddled singles, with the remainder in five double kevlar Tofinos.

They left Cass Bay at 1230, in conditions which Rachel described as, "Perfect. The sea was flat calm, as the Southerly had died."

Arriving at Quail Island after about 45 minutes, they landed on the south side, set up a BBQ, had lunch and played cricket. Some staff drank a little alcohol, which Rachel said was not a relevant issue in the following events.

At 1410 Rachel noted that a northeast wind had developed, which was raising white caps. At 1430 Len walked up the hill to get a view of conditions for the return journey.

By 1450 the kayaks were being loaded, and a couple of paddlers changed kayaks. Rachel noted before leaving the beach that the wind had backed to the northwest, and was raising whitecaps to the south, out of the protection of the island.

Once afloat it was discovered that the change of paddlers meant that some rudders could not be operated, and there was a short delay while this was resolved.

The group paddled on the South side of the island to the eastern end, where Len briefed them to stay close together for the paddle back to Cass Bay. His plan was to, "To sneak around the northern end and try crossing before winds increased to above 15 knots."

THE INCIDENT:

Rachel said she had trouble making forward progress, despite having the most experience. "It's going to be a real slog to get back." She was paddling stronger than the rest of the group and pulled ahead.

Soon she had trouble making forward progress. As the wind strengthened, she couldn't face into it and despite using full rudder, her kayak broached and capsized. It was her first wet-exit, which went well and on surfacing, she swam with her paddle after the kayak, which was blowing away. She caught it, attempted to re-enter but was blown over again.

Len paddled the double he was in up to assist, in winds which he estimated as being 25-30 knots. Soon another double capsized as it also broached. The paddlers let go of the Tofino, which, "Tumbled away from us in the wind." Matt moved in to assist them, in conditions which he described as being, "Bombs of wind."

The paddler in the front of Len's double got out her cell phone and called the Police. This call, at 1537, alerted emergency services to the situation that was developing and started a set procedure involving Police, Ambulance, Fire Service, Coastguard and later a rescue helicopter.

As this was happening, *Paranui*, a ferry in the area, was waved down by Rachel. She had trouble boarding due to the overhang of the ferry's hull, and eventually climbed over the stern. Once onboard she saw other capsized paddlers, and the rest rafted up. "Len had a good handle on everyone."

By this time one more double and the staff member in the single had also capsized, so a total of six people were in the water. Len told the rest of the group to turn down-wind, towards Church Bay.

Colin West, the skipper of another ferry, *Onawe*, was leaving the island when he saw the group. A former member of the Coastguard, surf lifesaver and diver, Colin wasn't concerned as he knew experienced kayakers could handle the conditions, which he estimated as winds of over 30 knots with a steep, breaking sea. He noticed *Paranui* heading towards the group looked again and saw an empty kayak. He pulled alongside this and then saw a person in the group wave a paddle.

He delegated two passengers as crew and they pulled five people and one single kayak from the water. He said all the paddlers were wearing buoyancy vests but they were very low in the water. Due to the breaking seas and wind they were having trouble breathing. "They looked bloody uncomfortable."

"There were kayaks everywhere," he

said. He called the Lyttelton control tower and told them to contact the Coastguard. Around this time he was told there were six paddlers missing, which surprised him as he thought they had got everyone.

Del Hurley, of the Canterbury Coastguard, was contacted by police and told, "Large number of people in water and conditions were bad."

On his arrival at Lyttelton Del deployed an 8 metre RHIB with one crewman and a police officer. He estimated the wind gusts were to 45 knots with waves half a metre high and steep. "I've been doing this for a long time, and it was the type of conditions you get over 40 knots. At times we had to turn and face away from the wind, we couldn't see for spray."

Onawe, *Paranui* and another vessel, *Randolph*, were already at the incident scene. He asked them what was happening and was told six people were still missing. Under his command, vessels searched from Church Bay back to Quail Island. They couldn't see anyone in Church Bay so called for a helicopter. He also had other Coastguard personnel launch their larger vessel, *CD Rescue*, and an additional RHIB.

The Westpac rescue helicopter, carrying a St Johns Water Rescue Team, lifted off from Christchurch at 1621. Due to the conditions and confusion over numbers of people missing, the Diamond Harbour Volunteer Fire Brigade was called out to move to a position where they could observe and guide rescuers.

Rachel Alexander was transferred to the Coastguard RHIB to help establish exactly where the incident happened, and they then drifted to establish a likely route of swimmers.

Paranui had by then picked up Matt Horan, the assistant guide, who was certain that everyone was accounted for. *Onawe*, with five paddlers on board, returned to Lyttelton where the author, John Kirk-Anderson, was waiting to catch it home.

During the time the search was on, he

estimated that gusts were exceeding 40 knots in the inner harbour, as sheets of water were being lifted around the moored vessels. Moving to a position where he could see the rescue, he was blown onto one knee.

When the paddlers arrived on the ferry they believed that at least two, and probably more, of their friends were missing. They couldn't work out how this could be, as they thought everyone was accounted for. They were well equipped but pleased to be ashore. One woman said she didn't think she would see her two children again. "It was horrible," she said. They were all protective of the guides and said they had handled the incident well.

By 1637 the helicopter was on scene, and had sighted five paddlers on shore at Church Bay. At 1638 Len Smyth called the police and advised that all people were accounted for.

Paul Pritchard, a Church Bay local with many years sailing experience, has a recording anemometer at his home which showed a maximum wind speed at 1530 of 33 knots. His home is elevated and inland, and on going down to the bay to assist, noted winds gusting to an estimated 45 knots in nearby Charteris Bay.

At 1656 the Fire Service crew overlooking the area spotted what may have been two people in the water south of Quail Island. It was thought it was probably a buoy but the helicopter was used to check it and confirmed that.

Rachel was still in the Coastguard RHIB while they searched the area. Del Hurley became concerned over her condition. "When they withdraw into a corner I think, uh oh." He called for an ambulance to meet them at Cass Bay where her temperature was recorded as 35°C – mild hypothermia. Rachel said she was still functioning OK. "I've been more hypothermic." She was wrapped in a blanket and provided names of all her staff, to enable cross checking.

She said the biggest trauma was, "Spending 1.5 hours in the Coast-

guard boat thinking staff are dead."

By 1737 the emergency services were certain that everyone was accounted for and the search was stood down.

The Coastguard transported four doubles and two singles from Church Bay while one double was forgotten and later secured by the author.

AFTERMATH:

Len Smyth said that he probably waited five minutes too long to turn everyone around. "I underestimated how difficult it was for novices to control boats in those circumstances."

He said that his risk management procedures worked very well after the first capsize and, "It was all under control until that woman called the police. We were getting people on that ferry OK." He estimated that the longest anyone spent in the water was seven minutes.

He was quoted in The Press as saying, "We didn't lose any gear and no one got hurt."

He was critical of the lack of co-ordination of the emergency services and said that he knew early on, that everyone was accounted for. He also plans to buy a waterproof notebook for the Water Rescue Team, as they had to write names on the back of a business card.

Rachel Alexander and her team have had a range of emotions since the incident.

"What was supposed to be team building became morale damaging," she said.

The woman with a medical condition in the front of Len's double kayak tore tendons in her forearms after having to paddle, but is philosophical about it. Rachel since learned that some

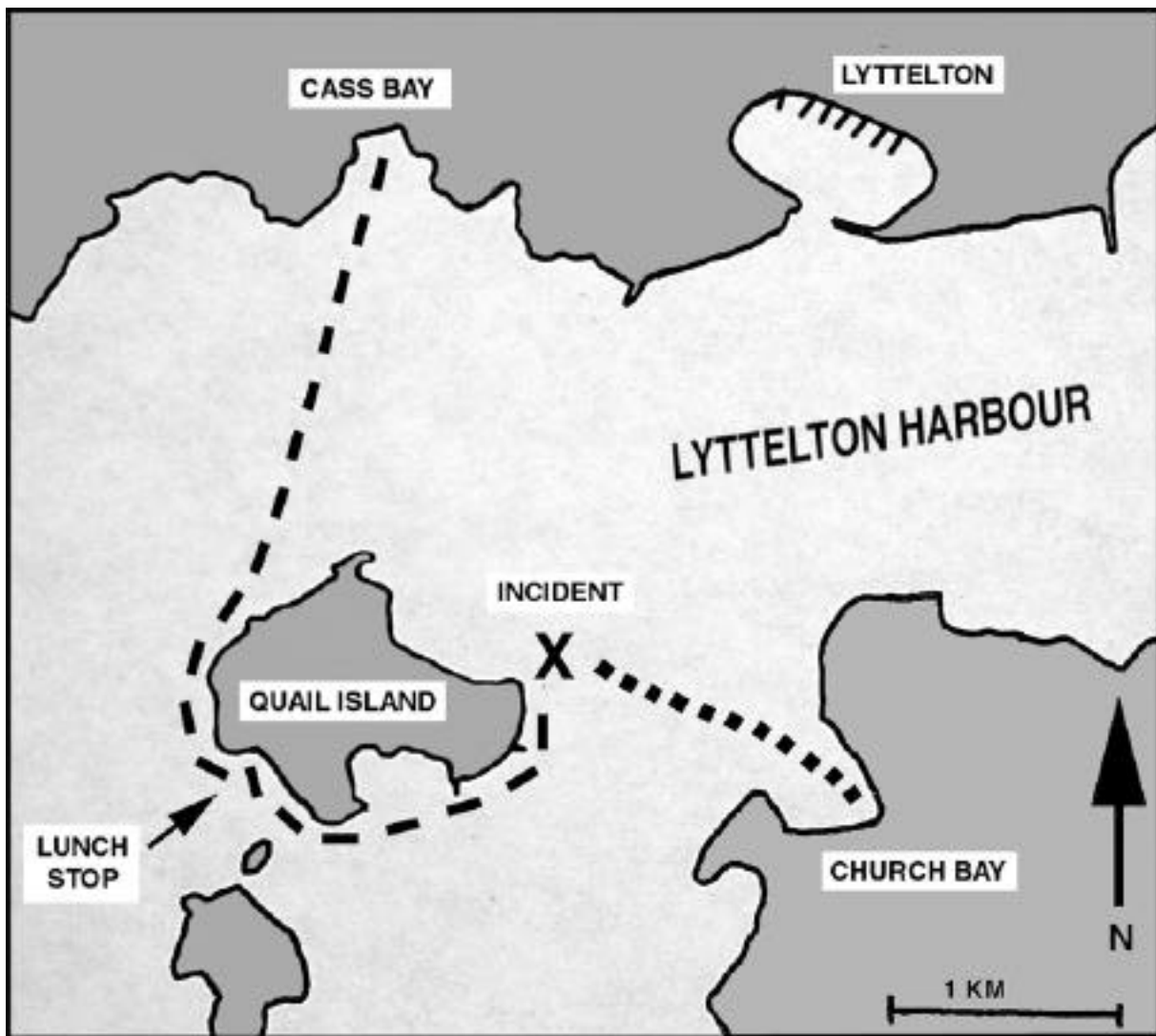
staff members didn't want to go on the trip, and felt forced into it.

She has debriefed the staff and presented Len with her requirements regarding areas that he needed to address. These include a proper safety briefing which she will witness being presented.

A former hang glider pilot who represented New Zealand three times, she has taken part in many high-risk activities, but now says she has no desire to take any physical risks again.

She was also critical of the lack of co-ordination of emergency services.

Del Hurley of the Canterbury Coastguard is extremely angry about the incident, and has referred the matter to the Maritime Safety Authority. He defends the emergency services



over the co-ordination, and says it is easy in hindsight to say they knew everyone was accounted for. They were told up to six people were missing, and looking for them was very stressful.

"In those conditions I knew we had half an hour to find people in the water or we were looking for a body. Even wearing a buoyancy vest you could still drown, as the waves were that steep you wouldn't get time to breathe between being hit. If anyone had not been wearing a buoyancy vest it would have been like looking for a floating coconut."

He didn't appreciate comments that were made during the search, in which his crew were told, "At least it's giving you something to do."

"My crew gave up work to attend. People don't understand the stress we are under."

Police and Coastguard believe that if hadn't been for the luck of having the ferries able to assist, "People would have died."

The cost of the Coastguard vessels were \$1830, while the helicopter cost \$2,500. Other costs have not been claimed when this report was written. These are paid from the Police budget and are met by the taxpayer.

POSTSCRIPT:

The author wishes to thank those who helped with this report:

- Len Smyth and Matt Horan, Topsport Kayaking
- Rachel Alexander and staff of Alexanders Advertising
- Del Hurley, Canterbury Coastguard
- Peter Summerfield, NZ Police
- Ross Marsden, Meteorological Service of New Zealand Ltd
- Colin West, Black Cat Group
- Paul Pritchard, Church Bay.

John Kirk-Anderson
KASK Instruction Officer

OBITUARY

Marine Bill Sparks

Filed: 03/12/2002. Received from Sandy Ferguson off the web.

Bill Sparks' book 'THE LAST OF THE COCKLESHELL HEROES' is the only first-hand account of the raid. Though rare, it is a poignant tale worth finding.

Marine Bill Sparks, who has died aged 80, was the last of the two surviving 'Cockleshell Heroes' responsible for paddling folding kayaks 85 miles through enemy defences to cripple German merchant ships at Bordeaux.

During the night of December 11 1942, 10 Royal Marines set out in five double kayaks from a submarine. After the raid Sparks and Major Blondie Hasler found themselves pursued through France and Spain by vengeful Germans for three months before they reached safety. They were the only two survivors.

When Hasler summoned his marines to the forward torpedo room of the submarine *Tuna* before the operation, they were told that their mission was to attack a fleet of armed German merchantmen, which was preparing to raid British shipping. An attack using kayaks was the only alternative to bombing, which would have caused heavy civilian casualties.

Hasler's team spent five days in *Tuna*, escaping a U-boat attack en route. They reached their launch point in the Bay of Biscay, 10 miles from the river Gironde, but had to remain bottomed for 24 hours because of poor weather.

Sergeant Wallace and Marine Ewart capsized and were soon captured, interrogated and shot. Corporal Shard and Marine Moffatt capsized and drowned in nasty tide races. Lieutenant Mackinnon and Marine Conway went missing. Hasler and Sparks pressed on with Corporal Laver and Marine Mills. Although the Germans were now alerted, the two craft avoided sentry positions and three patrol boats in the estuary.

Sparks and Hasler were seen, but not compromised, by French civilians as they used the flood tide by night and lay in hiding by day. Sparks remembered savouring every brew of tea and the frequent use of Benzedrine tablets to stave off sleepiness: he also shared his illicit bottle of rum with Hasler.

On the third night, cold, wet and tired, the two boats lay up on the small Ile de Cazeau, which was home to a German anti-aircraft battery, but the marines' fieldcraft was so good that enemy patrols failed to detect them.

At nightfall they realised that they were sharing the island with Mackinnon and Conway, but these two found their craft damaged by a submerged hazard. They were betrayed and executed.

On the last night of their paddle, Sparks and Hasler hid in tall reeds within easy reach of Bordeaux, where they could sleep, eat and prepare within yards of the bustling harbour. As the pair proceeded to place their limpet mines on the sides of ships, they thought that they had been seen by a sentry, and were crushed between two ships moving together. They managed to escape silently on the ebb tide, and soon found Laver and Mills, who had also successfully placed their mines. When the explosions took place, four ships were severely damaged and a fifth sunk.

William Edward Sparks was born in the East End of London on 5 September 1922, and left school at 14. After three years as a shoe repairer, he infuriated his father on the outbreak of war by allowing himself to be persuaded to join the Royal Marines, instead of becoming a stoker in the family tradition. Sparks first served in the battleship *Renown* on convoys to Malta and in the hunt for the *Bismarck*.

When he heard of his brother Bonny's death in the cruiser *Naiad*, he drowned his sorrows so well that his father had to persuade him to return from leave, when he was confined to barracks. There he read a notice calling for

volunteers for hazardous service, and promptly volunteered as a way of avenging Bonny. He was delighted a few weeks later when Hasler selected him with 40 other volunteers. He responded to the informality and the hard work, as well as the pleasures of blowing things up. Hasler chose him as his crewman.

After completing their demolition, the two four paddlers sank their boats and began a trek to Ruffec, 100 miles away. Sparks and Hasler spent the next two months in the hands of various agents, most notably Mary Lindell, a British agent who operated in the Lyon area. Great dangers were involved, though in one safe house Sparks felt more threatened by the overtures of the daughter of the family than by the Germans. Eventually he and Hasler were led over the Pyrenees to Spain; but Laver and Mills were captured and shot.

Hasler flew home, but Sparks was placed under close arrest and taken in a troopship to England, as no one remaining in Gibraltar could corroborate his story. On arrival he was placed on a train by military police, but escaped at Euston Station and went home to see his father, who had been told that he was missing in action. Two days later Sparks reported to the Admiralty where he was again threatened with arrest; but a naval intelligence officer encouraged him to slip out the back door and report to Combined Operations Headquarters, where he was greeted with astonishment.

George VI presented Sparks with the Distinguished Service Medal and Hasler with the DSO. Sparks served in Burma, Africa and Italy before becoming a bus driver in 1946.

He spent some time in Malaya during the Emergency as a police lieutenant. When the film *The Cockleshell Heroes*, with Anthony Newley playing him, came out in 1955, Sparks made a promotional tour in America, then became a bus inspector.

The one issue which upset Sparks was that his dead comrades were not properly honoured; and eventually, through

the MP Sir Bernard Braine and *The Telegraph*, a fund to pay for a memorial was set up; the necessary money was gathered in a month.

Two years later Sparks's invalid pension was cut by £1,000 a year and, despite media coverage and family disagreement, he decided that he had to auction his medals.

"I have tried not to feel bitter about this," he told *'The Telegraph'*. "But when I went to the DHSS and explained my case, I was told absolutely nothing could be done. How can I feel anything else but bitter and disappointed?"

The sale raised £31,000 at Sotheby's from an anonymous bidder. But the pain was alleviated when the new owner placed the eight medals in Sotheby's vault with instructions that Sparks was to be permitted to wear them whenever he wished.

Sparks was grateful to the French people who had helped him escape, and returned several times to Bordeaux. He met the Dubois family, who had sheltered him for some weeks, and Mary Lindell, who had survived being interned at Auschwitz; he also saw the bullet holes in the wall against which Wallace and Ewart had been shot at the Chateau Dehez.

When he was 61, Sparks re-enacted his epic journey by paddling from the mouth of the Gironde to Bordeaux to raise money for Cancer Research, with Gerry Lockyer of the Imperial War Museum as his companion.

Afterwards Sparks said that, although the trip was not so dangerous as in 1942, they had known about the tides then; this time the paddling was much harder. The escape route which he and Hasler used is now a footpath dedicated to the *Cockleshell Heroes*.

Sparks, who died on Saturday, is survived by three sons, one of whom became a colour sergeant in the Marines, and a daughter. After his first wife Violet died in 1982, he married again. His second wife Irene also survives him.

NEW ZEALAND TRIP REPORTS

The Paddling Connection (or USA does NZ via KASK) from: Brenda Anderson

I was planning the trip of my dreams, four weeks in your beautiful, exciting country. Bringing my Feathercraft K-1 folding kayak was going to give me considerable independence. However, I in was in a quandary of how to enjoy trips with fellow paddlers while still traveling on my own. I'd gone the outfitter route other places and ended up with groups of novices. My idea of a paddling trip is not a mere four miles a day. Besides, I wanted to paddle some of the less touristy spots.

So, using the internet as a tool, I surfed until I came upon the KASK webpage. Wow, what a find! I promptly sent off my money to join. Over the next few months I poured through the newsletters that I received via E-mail, enjoying the write ups of the trips and making notes of places that I wanted to be sure to see on my trip. The newsletters gave me a wealth of information about New Zealand and a good idea of your paddling conditions and destinations.

Then I decided to E-mail some of the members to see if anyone had any trips planned that I might join or if they just wanted to meet up and paddle. And, although I didn't give much advance notice, a few of you answered.

Upon arriving in Auckland, I hired a small station wagon for the entire four weeks from a rent-a-wreck place. Using straps and foam cradles, I secured my, then assembled, kayak onto the top. Since there was no rack, I had to run the front strap through the doors. It worked just fine.

After exploring Bay of Islands and camping out on Urupukapuka Island, I headed down to the Rotorua area to



Brenda Anderson in her Feathercraft folding kayak on Lake Rotoiti

meet up with KASK members, Evan Pugh and John Flemming. We circumnavigated Lake Tarawera, stopping at the hot water beach for lunch, with steam rising right next to us. Amazing. Next day John and I paddled nearby Lake Rotoiti where I marveled at the huge trout his fisherman friend had caught (ours here in the USA are wimpy in comparison). Evan & John were super ambassadors for NZ and KASK.

On the South Island, later in my travels, I met up with KASK member, Helen Woodward and we paddled beautiful Queen Charlotte Sound in Marlborough. She was a great paddler and had lots of interesting stories about KASK trips. You guys sure know how to have fun.

I paddled many other interesting places in your beautiful country including Doubtful Sound (had to go through an

outfitter there) and Kaikoura (in the rock gardens with the seals). KASK helped make my trip very special. By the way, I'm hoping the Auckland KASK member that I happened to meet at the Karangahake Gorge contacts me as a possible paddling partner for a future trip - maybe Alaska?

Many paddling clubs now have webpages, similar to KASK, and can be contacted prior to traveling to another country. The Internet can be a very valuable tool for this. However, I highly recommend starting early in your planning. This is definitely a great way to obtain good local knowledge, meet fellow sea kayakers and enhance your paddling experiences.

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KASK ROTORUA LAKES SEA KAYAK SYMPOSIUM

21 - 23 February 2003
A registration form and programme was included with newsletter No.101. This should be a cracker get together of North Island paddlers at a wonderful site.

**Please return the form promptly or get in touch with Emma Haxton to register your attendance:
email: ehaxton@xta.co.nz**

**BE QUICK
as limited to 120 max,
& only 66 spots left by
24/01/03**

New Zealand Trip Reports

The report below was sent to me in July 1997, and was too long for me to re-type. But in response to two recent requests for information of Lake Waikaremoana, I have included John Flemmings trip report.

For anyone requesting more information from John, his address is:

PO Box 1872 Rotorua,
ph/fax: 07 347 9950.

LAKES WAIKAREMOANA & WAIKAREITI

by John Fleming

A couple of friends and I recently circumnavigated Lake Waikaremoana and then I paddled Waikareiti. I've written it up and submit it to your magazine for consideration for maybe publishing it in one of your editions. Certainly not as exciting as ripping around the coast of NZ, Aussie or wherever, but marvelous for us oldies.

Tony and Chris have arrived. Trog, (my little mascot a Troll) is grinning widely as usual, and is standing on the dashboard so he can watch the on-coming traffic ... he just knows he is off on another kayaking adventure. It would be impossible for anyone other than a Kermit (a select breed of kayaker) to appreciate the excitement this little guy experiences. He is a 'smiler' from way back and gives us encouragement and guidance simply by grinning at us. Without doubt he lifts our spirits when we feel low and is an inspiration to us all. He doesn't speak. Despite this affliction, he keeps a cheery smile day and night. Two things appear to make it wider and his eyes light up to a brilliant sparkle. One is when he comes kayaking, standing on the deck just forward of my cockpit. The other is when he sees Blanchie and then goes home with her. He has been paddling with me forever, and has his own double ended paddle. He stands proud, and forever has his paddle ready (in case I need him.)

Not all our trips are straight forward

and calm, with waters unbelievably flat. I've seen Trog in swell well over a metre, being constantly doused by the waves as they crash over him, soaked to the skin, his hair hanging down, and enjoying every minute of it. his wee eyes really twinkle.

The drive to the DoC motorcamp was uneventful except for the varying depth of corrugations on the road down. We booked into a small but tidy fisherman's cabin and used the facilities for washing, showering and cooking at the main ablution block. We talked with overseas trampers preparing to walk the Round the Lake tramp the following day. Several were envious that we were to paddle and some came to see us pack our boats the next morning.

Thursday had been perfectly fine and calm, and Friday was even better. We drifted away from the shoreline at 9.15am and began our journey, heading clockwise for the first 12-14 kms, then crossing through the Narrows, and going anti clockwise to Te Puna Hut. A total distance for the day of 25 kms.

The Panekiri Bluffs had a solid cloud cover, which gradually cleared as the morning wore on. By the time we had stopped for a brew a couple of hours later, they stood clear and majestic above us. The lake surface was mirror smooth. The sky was blue with just the odd puff of cloud suspended. There wasn't a breath of wind. What a great start for our four days on this beautiful lake. Lake Waikaremoana, the Sea of Sparkling Waters, was as still as could be.

We arrived at our hut by 4pm and were settled in and had a fire going by the time the sun dropped beyond the hills. Evening meal ready and eaten just on dark. It was nice to have the hut to ourselves and we spread our gear and ourselves accordingly. We were in bed before the National News started on TV at 6pm, and spent a long 12hrs snuggled in sleeping bags. Except Tony ... guess who left his bag in the back of my van?

Earlier in the day, as we sat having

lunch near Umutiti Bay, I pointed out to the others, our planned route on days 3 and 4. We could see Mokau Landing to the north-east about 7kms away, and would be paddling there on Monday.

Saturday began with a heavy fog on the lake and an early start. We wanted to be on the water by 9am. Gear packed back into hatches, breakfast over, warm clothes on for the bleak conditions, hut cleaned and door shut and we were away

Chris and Tony cut the corner of the bay whilst I paddled close inshore. I moved out slightly as I came to mum and dad swan and their 5 young-uns. I've been attacked by an irate swan before and could see the signs - he wasn't too happy about me being nearby. As I swung out in front of them they doubled back and then I moved close into the beach again.

I next saw Chris as she came out of the stream that runs into Upokororo Bay, just north of Te Puna Bay. The Te Puna Campsite was situated on this stream and we could see the cooking shelter roof amongst the undergrowth on the lake edge. I continued up the stream and turned about as I passed under the new swing bridge. When I returned to the lake proper there was no sign of the others, though I could hear the odd conversation ahead of me. I stayed in close and meandered around the bays, the rocks, the fallen trees and marvelled at the scenery despite the fog. I saw many fish nestled in the shallows. Some eyed me as I drifted nearby, others disappeared with a flurry into the shadows and many passed directly under the boat. My shadow on the lake bottom in the crystal clear waters, including the paddle movement, moved from side to side as I changed direction. Water so clear it didn't appear to be there

Eventually the fog began to lift and the sun broke through. I sighted the others in the same bay as me, but right across the far side. I paddled into another stream mouth and ahead of me I spied a launch at her moorings, tied to a big tree and drifting without movement in the dead calm water. I

slid past and and turned about under the cover of the pungas reaching out above me. Still no sign of the sleepers aboard. My boat made neither sound nor wash as I paddled by. By the time I reached the open lake the others were again out of sight. I caught sight of them near Te Rata Bay and joined up as we turned into Te Kopua Bay, and then to Marauiti Bay before landing by the Marauiti Hut. A brief spell here to stretch the legs and to sort out another pressing problem and then we were away again.

Chris and Tony were keen to visit the Korokoro Falls, which were still a few kms down lake. They went on ahead and I turned into Maraunui Bay and steadily followed the lake shore till I came to the DoC camp and a hut designated for DoC staff. The Te Wharau Stream empties into this bay and it took some considerable time to reach a spot where I eventually turned about and made my way back along the shoreline to the main body of the lake.

I paddled on and explored all the small inlets and bays, not hurrying as the others had about an hour and a half tramp after they landed and they weren't all that far ahead of me. As I rounded a point not far from Korokorowhaitiri Bay (near where the track to the falls begins) I sighted the two 'Storms' pulled up onto the shore and Tony and Chris sitting nearby. As I approached them they slid their boats back into the water and climbed aboard. The second inlet from there was the one they had been searching for. We paddled in, landed and they departed along the track to the falls, whilst I brewed up and had a bite to eat. Then I nestled my back up against a tree in the sun and sat and worked on my diary until I heard voices coming towards me.

Two young Poms were surprised when I spoke with them as I was a few metres off the track itself. They were on their way to Marauiti Hut for the night. Soon after, my mates arrived back and we paddled on. At this stage we were only about 3kms from Waiopaoa Hut. As the others landed, I moved into the Waiopaoa Stream as

far as the foot bridge, turned about and also landed near where the other boats lay on a grassy verge.

Once again we had an entire hut to ourselves. The fire was soon going and tea prepared. It was a delightful night. Bright starry sky and quite mild. I dragged a mattress onto the verandah and slept soundly until Tony woke me. He was dreaming a 'possum nightmare' and insisted one was trying to climb all over him. A fair bit of laughter at this stage and then we all settled down again and slept through the remainder of the night without incident.

Another early start and and we were away to inspect a small, but beautiful waterfall in Punaetaupara Stream, about 10 minutes along the lake from the hut. Conditions were again eerie, but the fog wasn't as bad as the previous day. We continued along the edge and came to where we had camped on a prior trip a couple of years ago. We landed and took Tony ashore to show him where. He was most impressed and said he would like to 'try it out sometime' and then we moved back to our boats.

We skirted the shores of Wairoa and Wakenepuru Bays and continued to the Narrows where we crossed over and then right moving in the direction of Te Taraoamohanga Point. Mokau Landing was now in sight. As we left the Narrows a stiff easterly blew up and the lake chopped up. Once we moved beyond Otekuri Bay the wind was behind us and we surfed and slopped our way finally into Whanganui Inlet. Tony and Chris drew slowly away from me as I continued working my way around the shoreline. They landed by the Whanganui Stream mouth and just about had all their gear at the hut by the time I finally arrived. It was slightly overcast and getting cold. Simon (one of the young English guys I'd met the day before) was at the hut and helped us carry our gear from the boats. He'd collected some wood earlier so we got the fire going and the hut quickly warmed. I boiled up a billy of water, had a body bath and changed into clean gear. I felt like a million dollars! The evening meal was followed by

another early night and soon once again it was morning.

Simon had to be at the road end to catch a bus and we started our day at 8am instead of the usual 9am. Today was to be another long day and no sooner had we put onto the lake and moved away towards Hopuruahine Landing, the dead smooth water was transformed into a messy chop by the south easterly bearing down on us. I paddled right into the inlet and turned by the new swingbridge. When I came back out onto the lake there was no sign of the others. I hugged the shore and kept my nose into the wind and the paddling wasn't all that bad. I sighted one of the other boats about an hour later and slowly made progress on it.

The rock formations along the coast are incredible and I slowed to take many photos. I even paddled in behind a waterfall and took a shot. These Waihiriri Falls must really be spectacular during high rainfall. Rounding Papouaru Point I passed a Trig marker and came across Chris and Tony brewing up on a nice clean sandy beach. They had pulled in, thinking it was Mokau Landing. The easterly wind was still blowing stiffly and they had decided they would cut straight across the mouth of the inlet and stay sheltered until they turned the corner at Matuahu Point. From here they would be subjected to whatever conditions the lake decided to throw at them. We had made a decision to turn back if the lake was dangerous and they would wait at Mokau until I got back to the DoC camp. I would then have driven back and picked them up. As it turned out we didn't have to use this escape route, and paddling conditions improved the closer we got to Whanganuioparua Inlet and our final destination.

I moved into Mokau Inlet and proceeded along the shoreline, and turned when I reached the shallows, and also headed for Matuahu Point. We had planned that whoever was out in front would land at a decent spot around midday for some tucker and a hot drink. At 11.30 I pulled ashore in a sheltered inlet, onto a sandy beach

and brewed up. I was hungry and getting very cold. I changed into some extra warm gear, reheated my flask of weak tea and turned it into a noodle soup. The colour looked a bit weird, but the taste was good and very warming. I also toasted two sandwiches which I had brought with me and scoffed them down. I was feeling pretty good again and re-entered the lake and headed out wondering how far the others would be ahead of me. As I rounded the next headland I could see smoke rising from the beach and there they were, two kayaks and Tony and Chris. They had eaten and were huddled by the fire they had lit.

We had only about 3kms to go and the lake was nearly flat calm. We paddled past the camp and into the Aniwanuiwa Steam, following it all the way until we sighted the falls. We took photos and then turned back. Just as we reached the lake it started to sprinkle and by the time we had landed and unloaded our boats it set in as light rain, and continued for most of the evening. I heard it several times during the night, but woke to what turned out to be another fine day.

Our four days on the water were a magic experience. The scenery, especially the rock formations along the lake edge, and towering above us were just incredible. The thick lush bush, growing right to the waters edge in most cases, and the clarity of the water were just another couple of highlights. We had no mishaps other than Tony leaving his sleeping bag behind, our days were nicely planned distance wise, and the huts a pleasure to camp in. All in all a very successful paddle.

Tuesday morning we were going to climb to Lake Waikareiti and while I paddled the lake Tony and Chris were going to tramp around the track. So before dark I washed the kayak down and took it to the DoC Headquarters for inspection. I needed a permit to take it to the top lake and they had to sight the boat before they would issue one. A small problem soon sorted itself out and I arrived back to join the others permit in hand. After tea I spoiled myself. I didn't go to bed till 8.30. I sat in the kitchen/ dining room

writing up my diary and when I got back to the cabin T & C were snoring their little heads off.

We again rose early and were at the track end to Waikareiti by 7.30am. I fitted my wheels and began the uphill trudge. I estimated 1hr 30 and it took me 1hr 40. I paddled away from my launching spot at 9am and reckoned on 3-3.5 hrs, probably getting back to the van between 2.00 and 2.30pm. I arrived back just a few minutes after 2pm. There was light misty rain on the lake, and grey cloud cover. I set off in an anti-clockwise direction and paddled to a point opposite the first island, Te Ankoau. On reaching the island I turned right and paddled around to a point on the other side. I turned right when I reached Te Kahaatuwai Island and in a figure of eight direction circumnavigated both it and Te Oneatahu Island before returning to Te Akoau and the main shoreline. I then moved further along and eventually turned to Rahui Island. I paddled around this, taking a few minutes out to climb the ladder to the top lake, and then returned to the main shoreline and continued around to Sandy Bay Hut. I brewed up here and wrote in the log book before returning to my boat and continuing along the northern shore of the lake.

Sandy Bay and White Bull Bay have clean white sand reaching out hundreds of metres into the lake. The water is very shallow and I grounded often. The first possible campsites I saw were adjacent to and beyond Motungarare Island (which I also circumnavigated) but were few and far between and all subject to extreme winds at this end of the lake in bad conditions. I carried on paddling around Motutorutoru Island before before returning to where the DoC dinghies lay sprawled on a beach just below the shelter at the end of the track. It had taken me exactly four hours.

My trip back down to the headquarters took exactly an hour, which wasn't too bad considering the work that was being done on the track. The only disappointment was the fact that I had not been able to drag my boat up to the

lake on Rahui Island. That lake is about 150 metres across and I would dearly loved to have paddled it. Next time I'll take a long rope and a light pulley system so that I can drag the boat up beside the steel ladder, launch, paddle and then drop it back down to the main lake again. Although I took photos on Waikareiti, I didn't find it easy to photograph. The water is crystal clear and the sand, pure white. The bush reaches right to the water's edge for just about its entire circumference. There are no spectacular rock outcrops or distance views and certainly no contrasting views. Despite this I enjoyed paddling on it and I look forward to doing it again sometime.

Tony and Chris were waiting for me when I finally trudged out of the bush and strode across the Aniwanuiwa bridge to my van. Within half an hour I returned for Tony and Chris and we were on our way. This was a marvelous paddle in perfect conditions, I'd love to do it again in the not to distant future.

Estimated distance on Waikaremoana about 100kms and Waikareiti about 20kms. The return portage was 7km. For any paddler wishing to fill in five days of delightful scenery, these two lakes would be my choice. Using the route we planned gives an unhurried and enjoyable paddle, with huts spaced for comfort and convenience. Don't forget to pick calm and settled weather and take your cameras.

John Flemming

HISTORY

Jackson's Bay Re-union 17-19 January 2003 by Cathye Haddock

A telephone call on Christmas eve announced the date for a 25th re-union to celebrate Paul Caffyn and Max Reynold's landing at Jackson Bay after they had just completed their inaugural sea kayak paddle from Te Waewae Bay to Jackson Bay, exploring the deep sounds of the Fiordland Coast that were only accessible by fishing boats, trampers and helicopters. It was also the launch of Paul's epic career* as an expedition sea kayaker, completing many first circumnavigations by sea kayak. His Australian trip is still regarded by some as one of the great small boat voyages of recent history.

Ainslie Lamb, Maestro (Matthew Lysart) and Lyn Taylor (from Milford) gallantly supported the paddlers on their Fiordland trip. They float-planed and boated in to remote spots to re-supply and boost the paddlers' morale with humour, food and beer.

Despite both paddlers being capsized offshore on separate occasions by breaking seas, and Paul looping his kayak onto a boulder beach in Bligh Sound, Paul and Max successfully reached Jackson Bay on a grey drizzly West Coast evening. At the bay a welcoming party of the support crew, plus Peter Simpson (a ranger at Makarora at the time) and a few seagulls met the paddlers late evening on 16 January 1978. Cloud and drizzle did not dampen spirits as the boys beached their Nordkapps and were escorted to a makeshift pub to celebrate their feat.

In August 1979, Paul again teamed up with Max Reynolds for a crossing of Foveaux Strait and a circumnavigation of Stewart Island. Paul had just completed the draft manuscript of a third book, 'Dark Side of the Wave - Stewart Island Kayak Odyssey' when he was stunned by the tragic news of

Max Reynolds drowning in the flood swollen waters of the Aorere River. A party of six paddlers were caught by a flash flood and only four of the party managed to escape.

Twenty Five years later, the rendezvous was 5pm at the original landing site. A distinct lack of precipitation and no makeshift hotel did not fool the original team, who arrived on the spot within 15 minutes of each other, from all corners of the country. Julie Reynolds, Max Reynold's niece, came from Auckland to represent Max, Ainslie from Invercargill, Maestro from Greymouth and Pete from Wellington. A few others came to help Paul celebrate the beginning of his momentous career: AJ and Jeanette from Nelson, Bevan, Norah and their children Adele and Kurt from Nelson, Cathye from Wellington; and Ainslie's son James from Invercargill.

After much hugging, reminiscing and laughter, Paul and Julie staged a re-enactment of the original landing on the actual landing spot. Beer and wine was duly poured down the paddlers' throats as in the original landing.

After more catching up and photo opportunities to record this historic event, it was back to a fishing lodge at Neils Beach to shower and change into formal attire for the surprise celebration meal at 'The Craypot' by the Jackson Bay wharf. Top hats and tiaras, flashing bow-ties, suits and slinky dresses, stunned local fishermen as the party poured out of 4WDs in front of 'The Craypot' to quickly become sandfly bait.

Wine and beer flowed, the fresh fish and salad was delishimo, stories were told and much laughter oozed out of the long skinny hut on the beach, that was 'The Craypot.' Paul led the merry crew in some toasts to absent friends. Lyn Taylor's email was read out. She apologised for not being there and related a few funny stories. Paul said a few words about his mate Max and asked Julie to read out J.R.R Tolkien's poem, which he read at Max's funeral:

Bilbo's Last Song

Day is ended, dim my eyes,
But journey long before me lies.
Farewell, friends! I hear the call.
The ship's beside the stony wall.
Foam is white and waves are grey,
Beyond the sunset leads my way.
Foam is salt, the wind is free,
I hear the rising of the Sea.

Farewell, friends! The sails are set,
The wind is east, the moorings fret.
Shadows long before me lie,
Beneath the ever-bending sky,
But islands lie behind the Sun
That I shall raise ere all is done,
Lands there are to west of West,
Where night is quiet and sleep is rest.

Guided by the Lonely Star,
Beyond the utmost harbour-bar,
I'll find the havens fair and free,
and beaches of the Starlit Sea.
Ship, my ship! I seek the West,
And fields and mountains ever blest.
Farewell to middle-earth at last.
I see the Star above my mast!

Misty eyes looked out at the millpond that was Jackson Bay while a paper moon rose through a pink and blue backdrop. Stirred were we, by the spirit of adventure within us and beauty of the environment before us.

The jetty beckoned as we left The Craypot, so off went we to greet fishermen unloading frozen skip-jack tuna from boat to ute. Skeptical looks were soon replaced by jolly chatter as they learned of events 25 years before. The fishermen took one last shot of us in our formal clobber at the end of the jetty as the full moon rose above us.

An encounter with a fiordland crested penguin thrilled us on the way home as it stooged its own way home with a belly full of fish. Up and down the road it waddled, oblivious to us leaping out of cars to get a better look, as it searched for the right bit of bush to enter and find its nest.

Back at the fishing bach we had supper, liqueurs and some readings from Paul's book 'Obscured by Waves - South Island Canoe Odyssey'. We laughed and laughed at the stories Paul selected from the Fiordland sec-

tion of the trip. Many stories starred Maestro, who claimed that history was written by the victors! He threatened to write the support party's side of it in the next edition (which incidentally is in progress now).

Apart from an earthquake at 4.30am, a good night sleep was had by all. AJ and Jeanette experienced a second earthquake in their van just before Maestro departed back to Greymouth, first thing. After a hearty brekky of eggs and bacon from Ainslie's chooks and pigs, the crew paddled around Jackson Head towards Smoothwater Bay. AJ and Cathye spotted dolphins and all enjoyed communing with the seals, including the young pups in a seal nursery for the day. On our return, we patronised TJ's café at Jackson Bay beach. This is housed in an abandoned house that TJ and friends have creatively restored with bits and bobs from the Wanaka recycling station. Paul joined TJ up with KASK as he's a keen sea kayaker and has four Puffins for experienced sea kayakers to rent from the café.

After lunch we packed up and headed up the Arawhata River valley to a small river that connects with Lake Ellery, where we were to camp overnight. Black with tanin and slow moving, the river has a small rapid that is an easy portage. Ancient podocarp forest grows to the banks. We paddled up the lake on the eastern side, past an island, a pair of scaup and a few gravelly beaches. A slight head wind created a few ripples. At the head of the lake we found a large campsite with the odd deer skull, but decided to head back down the Western side of the lake to a smaller campsite that would give us the morning sun and a good early start back.

Julie cracked a bottle of champagne on arrival. The line up of six Nordkapps was impressive. AJ soon had the BBQ and two-burner gas cooker set up and a miniature tent city popped up around us. AJ was heard to say 'bugger' when he popped the chippie bag out the bottom, showering corn chips on the beach. A four-course meal followed and more pork calls accompanied Ainslie's delicious pancakes and comb honey.

Splashing and sights of bare bums disappearing into the lake rudely awakened us on Sunday morning. Another hearty brekky, complete with Julie's espresso, saw us on our way down the lake by 8am. The drizzle started half an hour before reaching the cars. A quick cuppa was enjoyed back at the fishing lodge and we all joked about the 50th anniversary in 25 years time. The Craypot restaurant will need wheelchair access ramps and the Nordkapps will need hoists to get them off the cars and outboards on the back.

A superb celebration was had by all, so congratulations Paul, on 25 years since the event and what a busy boy you've been since!!

*** Chronology of Paul Caffyn's Kayaking achievements over 25 years**

(distances in miles)

1977/78 1550m South Island, NZ
Paul Caffyn, (& Max Reynolds,
Fiordland section only)

1978/79 1700m North Island, NZ

1979 140m Stewart Island, NZ
Paul Caffyn & Max Reynolds

1980 2,200m Great Britain
Paul Caffyn & Nigel Dennis

1982 9,420m Australia

1985 4,400m Japan

1989 - 91 4,700m Alaska

1997 550m New Caledonia
Paul Caffyn & Conrad Edwards

1998 690m W Coast Greenland
Paul & Conrad

1999 700m Greenland
Paul & Conrad

2001/02 610m Malaysia - Phuket
(Thailand) Paul & Conrad

Cathye Haddock

Books Received:

Title: The Misery of Staying Upright

Subtitle: From Bluff to Cape Reinga the Hard Way

Author: John Hellemans

Published: 2002

Publisher: Active Health

ISBN: 0 473 09052 X

Content: Softcover, 87pp, heaps of colour pics

Size: Landscape format, 230x 220mm

Price: \$39.95 incl. p&p

Availability:

email: info@activehealth.co.nz

Reviewed by: P. Caffyn

Prior to the 2001 endurance race from Bluff to Cape Reinga, John Hellemans sought my advice regarding a suitable kayak for the various open sea stages. In a letter accompanying the book John notes: 'You were rather scathing about 'these tri boats.' You were quite right. Consequently I spent the sea kayaking legs in a trusty Southern Skua and albeit slow, felt safe and in control, most of the time.'

In preparation for the race, John joined a sea kayaking leadership course in Lyttleton Harbour, that was run by the late Grant Rochfort, with John Kirk-Anderson taking some great pics of the course, which featured with a report by JKA in one of the KASK newsletters (No. 95).

After an introductory section, the book has a chapter on each of the 30 days of the race, with excellent colour photo coverage. Unfortunately, the pics are not captioned and I needed to refer to the final page to see who was the subject of the photos. Apart from that niggle, the layout is excellent.

I must admit that the concept of racing from one end of New Zealand to the other has not the slightest appeal for me, but I did follow the media coverage of the race, and I do admire the participants for their guts and determination in completing the race.

The daily dairies are well written and I liked some of the incidents, that were only humorous in retrospect: 'There were two occasions ... that I

was able to put my newly-learned (sea kayaking) skills into practice. On day 25, in the middle of the Hauraki gulf the ferocious winds tore a poorly-attached hatch cover from the front hatch of the kayak of a fellow competitor, who was in relatively close proximity. He shouted out to me that he had lost his hat (ch). It was at a time that I was fearing for my life and I remember clearly shouting back to him across the chaos of wind and waves, "F..k your hat!!!" But he kept screaming and looking rather anxious. I went up to him, found his front hatch under his boat, still attached to a piece of rope and I knew exactly what to do.'

The book is rounded off with tips on preparation, planning, nutrition, the race and an epilogue. John is a well known sports medicine practitioner, coach and athlete. For the Bluff to Cape Reinga race, he had to learn three new skills, mountain biking, kayaking and off-road running.

Title: Sea Kayaker's Guide to New Zealand's South Island

Author: Alex Ferguson

Published: 2002

Publisher: New Holland Publishers NZ

ISBN: 1 86966 009 9

Content: Softcover, 184pp, 17 colour pics, maps

Size: Portrait format, 150 x 210mm

Price: RRP \$29.95

Availability: Good book shops

Reviewed by: P. Caffyn

The title of this book is a misnomer, as Sandy Ferguson agreed to write this guide only down to the 45° parallel, or as he noted a line straight across the island as far down as Moeraki and Okarito. For those few of us who dread other paddlers in our favourite destinations, a few paddlers I have spoken with are pleased that the southern lakes, Southland and South Otago coasts, plus Stewart Island and Fiordland are excluded.

After a brief how to use the guide and an introduction to safe sea kayaking, Sandy's guide groups trips and coast-

lines into nine sections, from Golden Bay and Abel Tasman National Park, to the lakes of the Mackenzie Country and the West Coast. Each section lists the relevant marine chart(s) and NZMS topographic map(s). How to get there and safety considerations are then described.

Each of the nine sections then lists sections of coastline or trips in the sounds, for example Abel Tasman National Park has nine trips, the first being Kaiteriteri to Fisherman Island and Adele Island, the ninth being Mutton Cove to Taupo Point. For each trip, a paddling time is given, plus a distance and rating. The three trip ratings are Protected, Moderate and Exposed, although the 'how to use the guide' defines the term Sheltered instead of Protected.

The maps are excellent with a key showing campsites, accommodation and toilets. A central colour plate section has a good range of paddling pics and coastlines but I would have preferred the pictures bled out to the page edges.

The reading list is extensive, with title, author, publisher and date of publication. For titles that are not self explanatory, I would have liked to see a brief content description, such as was used in Vincent Maire's upper North Island guide, and I am extremely peeved with Sandy Ferguson for not listing the KASK Handbook, which Vincent Maire devoted two paragraphs to in his guide. Although Sandy includes a list of website addresses, these also could have had fuller descriptions of value to a paddler. There is no mention of the sea kayak forums/symposiums that are held in NZ, and no contact address listing of the sea kayak clubs and networks. It is a pity that the appendix section of Vincent Maire's guide was not used in Sandy's guide.

Overall, a useful guide to take in the kayak, with good all round information on the paddling areas covered and detailed maps. My major gripe is the obvious, relevant omissions from the references section.

HUMOUR GARDENING

An old man lived alone in Ireland. He wanted to dig his potato garden, but it was very hard work. His only son, who would have helped him, was in prison for bank robbery.

The old man wrote a letter to his son and mentioned his predicament. Shortly, he received this reply, "For HEAVEN'S SAKE Dad, don't dig up that garden ... that's where I buried the Money!"

At 4 A.M. the next morning, a dozen policemen showed up and dug up the entire garden, without finding any money. Confused, the old man wrote another note to his son telling him what happened... and asking him what to do next.

His son's reply was: "Now plant your potatoes, Dad. It's the best I could do from here."

SNAIL PACE

A wife and her husband were having a fancy French dinner party for some important guests. The wife was very excited about this and wanted everything to be perfect. At the very last minute, she realised that she didn't have any snails for the dinner party, so she asked her husband to run down to the beach with the bucket to gather some snails.

Very grudgingly he agreed. He took the bucket, walked out the door, down the steps, and out to the beach. As he was collecting the snails, he noticed a beautiful woman strolling alongside the water just a little further down the beach. He kept thinking to himself, "Wouldn't it be great if she would even just come down and talk to me?" He went back to gathering the snails. All of a sudden he looked up, and the beautiful woman was standing right over him.

They started talking and she invited him back to her place. They ended up spending the night together. At seven o'clock the next morning he woke up and exclaimed, "Oh no!!! My wife's dinner party!!!"

He gathered all his clothes, put them on real fast, grabbed his bucket, and ran out the door. He ran down the beach all the way to his apartment. He ran up the stairs of his apartment. He was in such a hurry that when he got to the top of the stairs, he dropped the bucket of snails. There were snails all down the stairs.

The door opened just then, with a very angry wife standing in the door way wondering where he's been all this time. He looked at the snails all down the steps, then he looked at her, then back at the snails and said, "Come on guys, we're almost there!!"

THE VALUE OF UNDIES

From the Sydney Morning Herald comes this story of a central west couple who drove their car to K-Mart only to have their car break down in the car park. The man told his wife to carry on with the shopping while he fixed the car. The wife returned later to see a small group of people gawking near the car. On closer inspection she saw a pair of male legs protruding from under the chassis. Although the man was in shorts, his lack of underpants turned private parts into glaringly public ones. Unable to stand the embarrassment, she dutifully stepped forward, quickly put her hand up his shorts and tucked everything out of public view. On regaining her feet she looked across the hood and found herself staring at her husband.

The mechanic from a local garage, however, had to have three stitches in his head.

TERRIBLE FISHY JOKE

Far away in the tropical waters of the Caribbean, two prawns were swimming around in the sea - one called Justin and the other called Christian. The prawns were constantly being harassed and threatened by sharks that patrolled the area. Finally one day Justin said to Christian, "I'm bored and frustrated at being a prawn, I wish I was a shark, then I wouldn't have any worries about being eaten..."

As Justin had his mind firmly on becoming a predator, a mysterious cod appears and says, "Your wish is

granted", and lo and behold, Justin turned into a shark. Horrified, Christian immediately swam away, Afraid of being eaten by his old mate.

Time went on (as it invariably does...) and Justin found himself becoming bored and lonely as a shark. All his old mates simply swam away whenever he came close to them. Justin didn't realise that his new menacing appearance was the cause of his sad plight. While out swimming alone one day he sees the mysterious cod again and can't believe his luck. Justin figured that the fish could change him back into a prawn. He begs the cod to change him back so, lo and behold, he is turned back into a prawn.

With tears of joy in his tiny little eyes, Justin swam back to his friends and bought them all a cocktail. (The punch line does not involve a prawn cocktail - it's much worse). Looking around the gathering at the reef, he searched for his old pal. "Where's Christian?" he asked.

"He's at home, distraught that his best friend changed sides to the enemy and became a shark", came the reply.

Eager to put things right again and end the mutual pain and torture, he set off to Christian's house. As he opened the coral gate the memories came flooding back. He banged on the door and shouted, "It's me, Justin, your old friend, come out and see me again.

"Christian replied "No way man, you'll eat me. You're a shark, the enemy and I'll not be tricked. " Justin cried back "No, I'm not. That was the old me.

I've changed."... (wait for it) . . .

....."I've found Cod, I'm a prawn again Christian".

CALENDAR

Around Auckland Paddle & Portage from: Chris Gulley 22-23 March 2003

Circumnavigate Auckland over two days with an overnight stay at Green Bay. This non-competitive, fun event will be for up to 150 kayakers who will, over two days, circumnavigate the Auckland area.

The first ever Around Auckland Paddle & Portage was held in 2002 with over 80 participants successfully completing the event.

Beginning from St Heliers Beach on Saturday morning, kayakers will paddle in up the Tamaki River with the incoming tide to Otahuhu. Otahuhu is the first portage of kayaks to gain access to the Manukau Harbour to catch the high and outgoing tide to Green Bay. This will be the end of day one and the participants will camp overnight at the Motu Moana Scout Centre at Green Bay, with dinner, entertainment and breakfast provided.

Sunday morning starts with breakfast, then the second portage along Portage Road in New Lynn to the Whau River where, once again utilising the outgoing tide, the participants paddle out around Pt Chevalier, under the Harbour Bridge to finish at St Heliers Beach on Sunday afternoon.

The event is a fundraiser for Surf Life Saving Northern Region and Auckland Coastguard. The entry fee is \$125.00 per kayak or \$200.00 per double kayak. This also covers camping fees, dinner, breakfast and entertainment at Green Bay and an event pack full of goodies for during and after the event.

Proudly supported by Outdoor Discoveries Ltd, Auckland Canoe Centre, Outdoor Action, NZ Wilderness Magazine. Don't miss out - enter now by e-mail: discoveries@nzkayak.co.nz or calling 09 813 3399
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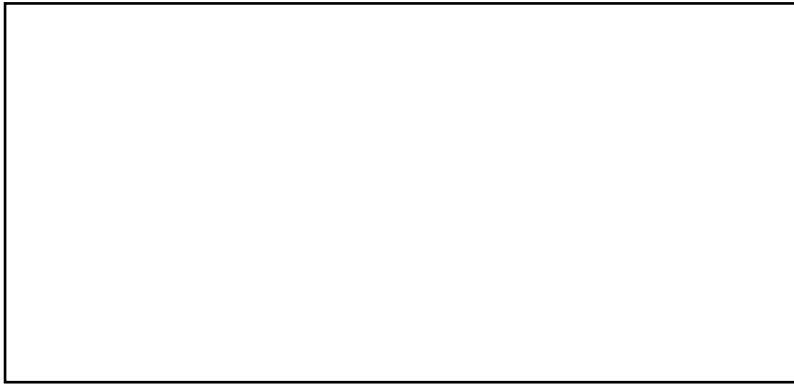
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