

NEWSLETTER

of the

ADVANCED SEA KAYAK CLUB



Advanced Sea Kayak Club

AN INTERNATIONAL SEA CANOEING CLUB
OPEN TO ALL INTERESTED IN THIS ASPECT OF CANOEING



ADVANCED SEA KAYAK CLUB

NEWSLETTER NO.73

MAY 1989

J. J. Ramwell
7 Miller Close
NEWPORT
Isle of Wight
PO30 5PS

EDITORIAL

Again let me remind you of the SEA KAYAKING/COACHING SYMPOSIUM scheduled for 6/7/8th October 1989 at Plas y Brenin. Make your application to Geoff Good, British Canoe Union, Mapperley Hall, Lucknow Avenue, Nottingham, NG3 5FA.

To those of you waiting for sweat shirts - please continue to be patient as I am waiting for fresh stock. I will be despatching soon.

I have a small supply of John Dowd's recently revised Sea Kayaking. I published a review in the last edition of ASKC Newsletter. Send £9.95 for your copy.

THE BERING STRAIT BY KAYAK 1989

This exciting expedition is being undertaken by at least one British group (from north-east of England) and by a joint Alaskan/Russian team. I look forward to bringing you news of these crossings.

From Doug van Etten in Alaska I received the following:-

"On February 25th 1989 a joint venture agreement was signed for American and Soviet teams of sea kayakers and traditional Umiak paddlers to travel between the ports of Nome, Alaska and Provideniya, USSR, across the Bering Strait. The expeditions are scheduled to begin in early June of this year.

Alaska expedition organiser, Doug van Etten and Soviet Minister Gennady Alfrenko signed the agreement.

Mr Alfrenko is the director of the Foundation for Social Innovation, an organisation focusing on citizen diplomacy. These expeditions will promote friendship and co-operation as they meet at the International Date Line, literally paddling into tomorrow."

I recently received a bunch of press cuttings from the U.S.A. about a shark attack on two kayakers. The evidence of attack by a Great White Shark is fairly conclusive and occurred off the coast of Malibu, Los Angeles County during January of this year.

What are you doing this year? Don't forget to write and tell us, preferably on your return, so we can publish an account of your trips. I am off to North Norway with BSES this summer. Six of us are leading a group of 36, or rather two leaders are heading off with a group of 12. I'll publish a report later this year.

I can't help but finish on a very depressing note. No doubt, like me, you've been watching the overwhelming pollution by crude oil of Prince William Sound, following the total unnecessary holing of the "Exonvaldez". The newscaster last night was talking of the irreversible destruction of one of the world's most beautiful wilderness areas. When I think of the terrible damage to the marine and bird life, to the coast and to the ecology of this remarkable area, the extent of the damage reaching for over a thousand miles, words fail me. I can only question the future we are leaving behind for generations to come.

I hope this Newsletter now goes on to cheer you up. I like it, do you? Let me have your letters and reports - preferably typewritten - for inclusion in this the ASKC Newsletter.

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ASKC Stickers @ 35 pence each
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ASKC Ski Hats @ £3.50 each
"Sea Kayaking", book by John Dowd @ £9 95 each

ALL PRICES INCLUDE POSTAGE AND PACKAGING.

From: Roberta Olenick, 3553 West 23rd Avenue, Vancouver, British Columbia,
Canada V6S 1K4, 604-734-7764. 17 February 1989

Dear Sir or Madam,

Following is the notice I would like to put in the next issue of your club newsletter.

Request for Information - I am writing an article for Sea Kayaker magazine about paddlers' experiences with dolphins. If you have had a personally rewarding, scientifically interesting or any other kind of encounter with little whales that you would like to share, please contact me, Roberta Olenick at 3553 West 23rd Avenue, Vancouver, British Columbia, Canada V6S 1K4, 604-734-7764 as soon as possible.

Thank you for your assistance.

Yours truly,

(Sgd.) Roberta Olenick

From: Kenneth McCormick, Hilltop Road, Birchrunville, PA19421. 8 March 1989

Dear Mr Ramwell,

I found the remarks by Roy Spicer and Tony Ford on fishing from kayaks (ASKC Newsletter No.71) interesting, but I have to wonder about the wisdom of one of the techniques put forward by Mr Ford. He suggests slipping recently caught fish into the cockpit. My great fear in bear country would be that the residual odour might attract some unwelcome attention to one's boat when it is up on the beach, especially at night. I would be afraid that some half-ton scalawag might demolish my boat while searching for the source of that fishy aroma.

Mr Ford has apparently done this a lot in British Columbia without any problems, so maybe I'm wrong to worry about this, or maybe he's just lucky. I wonder if Mr Ford or any other ASKC members would care to comment on this.

Yours very truly,

(Sgd) Ken McCormick

NATURE CONSERVANCY COUNCIL

Marine Nature Reserves

Millions of people have seen shoals of brightly coloured fish swimming among fantastically shaped corals in tropical seas - on the television. But, unless you are a diver, you may be surprised to learn that the plant and animal life in the shallow seas around Great Britain is also of great variety, beauty and interest, but is increasingly at risk from human activities.

The Wildlife and Countryside Act of 1981 has made it possible for the first time to establish statutory Marine Nature Reserves (MNRs) over areas covered by tidal waters out to British territorial limits. A major purpose of these reserves is to protect representative areas and those which contain especially interesting marine fauna and flora or other features. They may also be important for education and research.

This leaflet describes the Act's provisions for MNRs and explains how the Nature Conservancy Council (NCC) is using them to establish legally protected reserves around the coast in collaboration with other organisations and interested groups.

Background

Among the principal functions of the NCC is the selection, establishment and management of nature reserves. But until 1981, the NCC could only establish reserves "in Great Britain", which was interpreted as meaning down to low water mark. However, of all our heritage of wildlife habitats none is richer or more extensive than that around our coast, and it therefore seemed illogical that the safeguarding of this heritage should end at the low water mark. Clearly, it was time to identify and conserve especially good examples of the wide range of marine habitats around the coast which were being increasingly affected by human influence. The impact on the marine environment of activities such as shipping and navigation, oil and gas exploitation, land reclamation, construction of marinas, sea defences and other coastal and off-shore structures, dredging for minerals, effluent discharges, modern fishing and fish-farming practices, bait digging and increased recreational and educational use made it essential to identify and safeguard outstanding sites before it was too late.

Partly in response to this need, a number of voluntary marine reserves had already been established, promoted by groups of local enthusiasts. However, whilst these reserves played a valuable role, their effectiveness was reduced without legal controls. Many other countries already had legally protected marine reserves, and the United Kingdom was in danger of lagging behind and even failing to fulfil the commitments of international conventions on the conservation of wildlife and its habitats.

In October 1979, the NCC and the Natural Environment Research Council published the report of a joint working party, Nature Conservation in the Marine Environment. Among other things, it recommended that the NCC should "consider obtaining legislation to permit the establishment and management of conservation areas below the present low water limits of its powers". The opportunity for promoting such legislation arose during the passage of the Government's Wildlife and Countryside Bill through Parliament. After long and detailed debate, a formula was eventually worked out for setting up and managing statutory MNRs under sections 36 and 37 and Schedule 12 of the Act, which took effect on 30 November 1981.

The following paragraphs explain the Act's provisions and the way in which the NCC is using them to establish reserves to safeguard some of the best

examples of marine wildlife habitats, associated species and physical features. In addition, the NCC will provide opportunities for education and research whilst recognising the many other legitimate uses of our coastline and shallow seas.

Establishment of Marine Nature Reserves

At the request of the NCC, the appropriate Secretary of State* is able to make an order designating as an MNR any part of the sea within British territorial waters, including intertidal areas. Before this happens, the NCC is required to undertake detailed consultations with a wide range of interested bodies and individuals at both local and national levels who may, in some way, be effected by the establishment of an MNR. Only after these consultations have been completed can the NCC formally submit its proposals for an MNR to the Secretary of State.

After the Secretary of State has given notice of his intention to designate an area as an MNR, there is a period of 28 days during which representations or objections may be lodged. If there is opposition to the draft order, a local inquiry may be held, to decide whether any modifications should be made. The Secretary of State has the power subsequently to amend or revoke any order he makes.

Management of Marine Nature Reserves

Once an MNR has been designated, the NCC is responsible for its management. This is primarily directed towards conserving the marine fauna and flora and features of geological or geomorphological interest within the reserve and, where appropriate, to providing opportunities for their study.

Unlike wildlife habitats on land, which often require estate management as well as protection to maintain their special interest, marine habitats rarely require such physical management. Wardening, therefore, will be largely concerned with promoting a better understanding of the marine environment within the reserve, as well as controlling potentially harmful or conflicting activities. The NCC's policy will be to allow or even actively to encourage activities that are compatible with the primary objective of conserving the marine wildlife and other features of special interest.

As few people have had the opportunity to experience the life in our shallow waters at first hand, the provision of suitable interpretive material (e.g., explanatory literature, posters and wallcharts, notice-boards, displays, trails and lectures) may be given priority. In addition, MNRs will provide many opportunities for research, and the NCC will promote investigations necessary for their management as well as generally encouraging non-destructive scientific studies.

The boundaries of MNRs will appear on future editions of Admiralty Charts and Ordnance Survey maps.

Byelaws

Establishment of an MNR indicates that what is to be found there is recognised as being of special interest or particularly representative and as such requires some measure of protection to ensure that these features survive. Clearly, many activities which take place on or in the sea are quite compatible with the aims of marine nature conservation, but some practices are likely to cause damage to the reserve and these will be discouraged or even prohibited by byelaws.

*The Secretary of State for the Environment (in England), the Secretary of State for Scotland or the Secretary of State for Wales.

Any application that the NCC makes to the Secretary of State for designating an area as an MNR will be accompanied by a copy of any byelaws that it proposes to make, together with all other byelaws already made or proposed for the protection of the area by any other authority. However, neither NCC byelaws nor any other provision relating to MNRs can interfere with the functions of local authorities and others having statutory responsibilities or with anyone's rights. When the Secretary of State has designated an area as an MNR, any byelaws the NCC wishes to make will need his authority, and these may be revoked or amended at his direction.

NCC byelaws may prohibit or restrict entry into the reserve or movement within it (with exceptions outlined below), killing, taking, destroying or disturbing the animals or plants (or their eggs, seeds, spores or immature stages); doing anything that will interfere with the seabed or damage or disturb any object in the reserve; or depositing rubbish there. These byelaws may be made to apply either generally or to selected parts of the reserve or at particular times of the year, and they may allow the issuing of permits authorising entry or anything else normally prohibited by the byelaws. The NCC is empowered to enforce its byelaws, which may specify fines (though in Scotland proceedings may be instituted only by Procurators Fiscal).

NCC byelaws cannot restrict normal rights of passage by vehicles, except in the case of pleasure boats, for which it is possible to make restrictions applying to specific parts of the reserve, to particular times of the year or to both. Nor are they able to restrict safety or rescue operations, discharges from vessels, or any activity more than 30 metres below the seabed (e.g., mining), though these may be controlled by other legislation. It is possible that in order to safeguard the interest of a site, the NCC may need to ask other relevant authorities (e.g., the local Sea Fisheries Committee in England and Wales or the Department of Agriculture and Fisheries for Scotland) to introduce byelaws of their own. Lundy MNR, for example, has local Sea Fisheries Committee byelaws which prevent trawling and dredging in parts of the reserve because of the damage this practice can cause to the seabed and the associated plant and animal communities.

However, not all potentially damaging activities will be controlled by byelaws as, according to its management requirements, each site will have a voluntary code of conduct which visitors will be requested to follow.

The Nature Conservancy Council's plans for Marine Nature Reserves

The NCC has developed a strategy for the selection of key sites for nature conservation on land. This involves two main stages. They are the identification and recording of the physical and biological characteristics of sites, followed by the comparative assessment of sites, on the basis of several criteria, within the framework of a classification of community types. It has adopted a similar procedure for assessing potential MNRs in order to select a national series of specially important samples of the various types of marine habitats.

Extensive surveys carried out over more than a decade have led to the preliminary identification of a number of sites around the coasts of England, Scotland and Wales which are considered worthy of conservation. After prolonged periods of consultation, Great Britain's first MNR has now been established around the island of Lundy. Other reserves which have been proposed include the Isles of Scilly off south-west England, Skomer with part of the Marloes peninsula, the Menai Strait, Bardsey and part of the Lley peninsula in Wales, and Loch Sween and St Abb's Head and adjacent areas in Scotland. In addition, some sea lochs and islands in the Hebrides and inlets on the south coast of Devon and Cornwall are rated very highly. Some of these areas are already voluntary marine reserves or adjacent to National Nature Reserves on land.

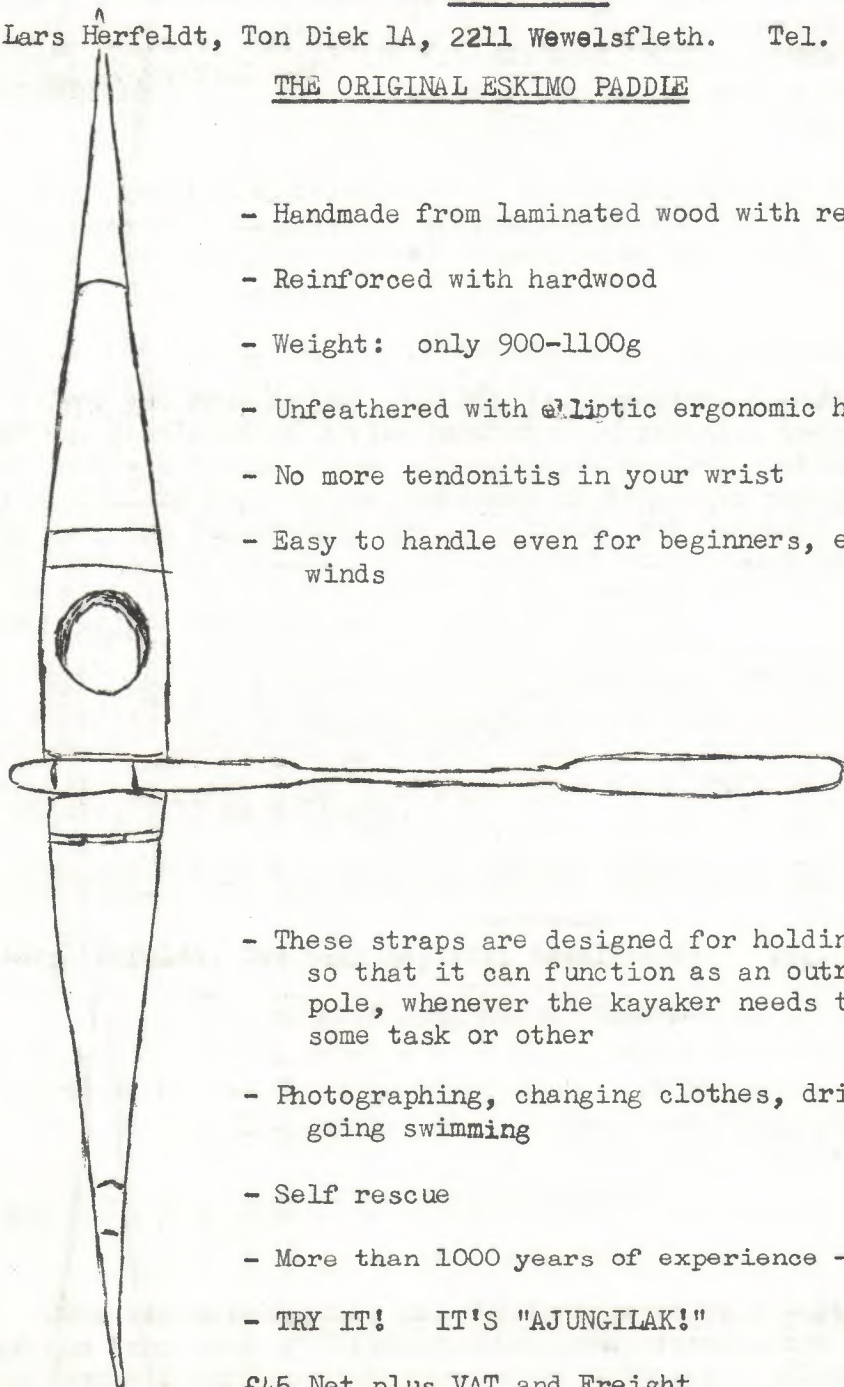
Over the next decade, the NCC is to complete a major assessment of the extent of our knowledge of marine habitats and species, both above and below low water mark - a Marine Nature Conservation Review. This review will be directed at filling gaps in our knowledge of Britain's marine environment by analysing existing information and by carrying out detailed surveys of the country's shores and shallow seas. Information produced by these studies will be used in part to identify a series of key marine sites around Great Britain from which further MNRs can be selected.

MNRs are a new means of safeguarding Britain's marine environment. Here the emphasis will be on encouraging co-operation in conservation management through the understanding of users such as fishermen, anglers, yachtsmen and SCUBA divers. The help of enthusiastic volunteers in wardening, surveying and guiding will be welcomed.

Marine Nature Reserves are for the benefit of all.

From: Lars Herfeldt, Ton Diek 1A, 2211 Wewelsfleth. Tel. 04829/1359

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Britain's forgotten sea touring doubles
by Duncan Winning

Background

Sea canoeing has been practised on the Scottish coast more or less continuously since the early 1870s.

The Clyde Canoe Club, established in 1874, was the first British club which specialised in sea and open water canoeing. Canoes used in these early days usually had wooden clinker-built hulls with wooden decks and cockpit coamings. Some were of the Rob Roy type, i.e., mainly paddling with perhaps a small auxiliary sail, while others were designed more for sailing but capable of being paddled long distances in contrary winds.

Designs included ones based on Warrington Baden-Powell's Nautilus range of travelling canoes and those of Mr C. C. Y. King of Clyde C.C., one of which was to become known as the Clyde canoe. In the passing it is perhaps worth noting that there were also Clyde tents with sewn in groundsheets and Clyde portable stoves.

These early designs should not be considered primitive; indeed, they included such 'modern' sea canoeing concepts as watertight bulkheads and hatches, spraycovers, pumps, rudders and centreboards (or variable geometry skegs by an older name).

Cruises were also of a high standard, e.g., crossing the Minch, not by the shortest route, and daily paddles covering as much as 47 miles. Lord Aberdeen's young brother also held the record for crossing the British Channel (sic) about this time.

As for doubles, the first record I have come across for their use on a sea trip was in 1885. This type of canoeing seems to have been in vogue up to about the First World War.

Meanwhile, canoeing had been developing in mainland Europe and with it the development of the folding kayak. Between the wars, sailing canoeing in Scotland moved away from cruising to more competitive sailing using the C class developed by Clyde C.C. and Forth C.C. and having more in common with the Swedish sailing canoes than with the English and American variety. Sea touring was, however, carried on by the paddling canoeists using continental folders like Kleppers, Leipzigers, Letoves, etc., and some British models such as the Walter Kidde. Indeed, it is quite possible that the first Klepper used in Britain was used by a man from my own town of Largs who subsequently wrote a book on his canoe travels.

While the continental folders were popular with those who could afford them, there were many canoeists who did not have that kind of money and home-grown designs were much in evidence, such as the Queensferry single and double and the Lochaber sectional canoe, all commercially built near Edinburgh. There were also many home-built canoes based upon the designs of the day, sold as plans or incorporated in books on the subject.

During the 20s and 30s, singles and doubles were used with almost equal popularity for Scottish sea touring.

After the last war, commercially built canoes were scarce and expensive, especially the continental ones, and materials for home construction were also difficult to obtain. However, sea canoeing did continue, using pre-war craft and home-built canoes such as Percy Blandford's PBK range. One popular

design was developed by the Scottish Hostellers Canoe Club who defined the design criteria as able to fit in a railway guard's van, self-draining when upside down to prevent rotting of the deck canvas (i.e., in storage), be able to carry a 14 stone man, two weeks' supplies, camping gear, a pressure cooker and a large chip pan and be easy to build with unskilled labour.

Doubles designed for sea touring

In the later half of the 1950s Joe Reid built the Clyde Single (no connection with the Clyde of the 1870s). It was based on a west Greenland kayak derivative, was designed only as a sea touring canoe and proved popular with his contemporaries. Joe sold plans and kits for the Clyde for home construction.

Demand within the Scottish sea canoeing fraternity soon led to appearance of the Clyde Double and this design is the first of those doubles that I refer to as specifically designed for sea touring on the west coast of Scotland. With a length of 18'6" and a beam of 2'6" this boat was not the usual double touring barge but an easily paddled sea boat. It had twin cockpits 3'0" long, which was short for the period, and the backrests were 4'0" apart which meant that the forward paddler was ahead of the rear paddler's feet, not sitting between them, which was the norm for cruising doubles of the day. Construction was a light wooden framework covered with PVC-coated canvas on the hull and proofed canvas on the deck. Rudders were considered normal equipment, controlled by the rear paddler.

1960 saw the return to Scotland of Ken Taylor from a trip to western Greenland to study the Inuit kayak.

He brought back with him a sealskin kayak built for him during his stay at Igdlorssuit just north of Disko Bay. This kayak he demonstrated to fellow members of the Scottish Hostellers C.C. and a number of them tried it out and were very impressed. As a result I designed and built the Kempock Single and Cloch Double, based on photographs taken of the sealskin kayak. The Cloch is the second of the specific sea touring doubles; it is 19'0" long and has a beam of 29", twin cockpits each 32" long and the backrests 59.5" apart. Construction was unusual for a canvas covered boat. It had a T section keel, L section gunwhales and light plywood girder topsides; this resulted in a boat strong enough to be lifted fully loaded, if the crew was strong enough, yet the boat complete with spraycovers, floorboards, rudder, polystyrene buoyancy, etc., weighed under 60 lbs. The textbooks of the day insisted that such canvas covered craft must be loaded while afloat! Because the cockpits were so far apart the paddlers did not have to keep in time but could take independent action without clashing paddles; this proved to be most valuable in rough conditions. Also, the widest part of the canoe was free of equipment stowage as there was now a fair distance between the forward paddler and the aft paddler's feet.

Shortly after the building of the Cloch prototype the Scottish Canoe Association started the annual Three Lochs Race, 50 miles of river, loch, estuary and sea with five miles of portage (two portages, one rising 300' above sea level and back). The object of the race was to promote the design of sea touring doubles and at least 1 cwt of gear had to be carried. Force 10 winds (in the gusts) graced the first Three Lochs Race and the prototype Cloch was the only boat to finish! This same canoe is still in use complete with its original covering 27 years on!

In 1964 Ken Taylor's kayak came into the care of my friend Joe Reid. Now it was possible to prepare accurate drawings of the craft and these were distributed free of charge to a number of people. Some nine different canoes were based on these drawings, including the well-known Anas Acuta.

However, the first designs based on this 'new information' were the Gantock single and double. In both cases the prototypes had plywood hulls and decks

The Gantock Double was 5.8 metres long with a beam of 700 millimetres, had twin oval-shaped cockpits 760 millimetres long with a distance of 1.5 metres between the backrests and had three bulkheads.

It proved to be a good sea boat, light, fast and had a good carrying capacity. Plans for home construction for a Gantock Single with a canvas deck were produced after a long wait in 1970 and were sent all round the world (in small numbers). However, it was not until 1984, in response to much arm twisting, that a set of sketches were prepared for use in conjunction with the single drawings to allow the building of a Gantock Double. It must be said, however, that fellow club members of the Hostellers did not wait for the plans; they just copied the Gantock Doubles in the boathouse!

Clyde, Cloch and Gantock doubles are still in regular use in small numbers in Scottish waters (and on some far afield). There is a curious situation in Scotland where a small number of already well-established sea canoeists tried the 'new' glassfibre sea canoe designs, found them wanting, rejected them and continued to do things in their own way, unknown almost to the canoeing press and the nouveau sea canoeing movement. I confess to having a foot in both camps! There the matter rests for the moment but ...

What of the future?

Canoeing in Britain has had a tendency to paddle up side creeks (instead of blind alleys), e.g., at the close of the nineteenth century 'sailing' canoes were the in thing. They grew into yachts and canoeing went through a very quiet time. More recently the coaching scheme could not see beyond small cockpit kayaks and white water techniques, about which David Train complains volubly. It is also so with sea canoeing; the new sea canoeing establishment dismisses doubles as inappropriate, amongst other false assumptions. However, with some of the range of sea canoes from the New World across the North Atlantic becoming available in the U.K. it is just beginning to dawn that just maybe there is a place for doubles at sea. (The Aleuts discovered it a long time ago!) The range of commercially produced double sea canoes from North America even includes at least one polyethylene model.

In this climate it may be appropriate to resurrect our native double sea canoe designs and update them with bulkheads, hatches, etc. 'Why bother,' some might ask, 'when commercial craft are available?'

Well, for a start, large commercially produced doubles do not come cheap! Also, some areas of the U.K. are not well known for surplus cash or jobs to earn it at the moment.

If you wish to buy a double, for example, say, a Seascope or some similar plastic or GRP boat, but you would like it to be two feet longer and three inches narrower, you have had it!

Not so with plywood and glasstape construction! Some day I would like to build a 22 foot version of the Gantock Double. There is no need to go back to the drawing board. Just take an hour with a cheap battery calculator, the hull panel drawing for a standard 19 foot Gantock Double and some very simple calculations and the hull panel details for my 22 foot dream will emerge.

Your dream could be 18 feet long, or 24 inches wide, or thirty, just as you want it!

So, just as the Inuit kayak builders made their kayaks to fit each other, the older sea touring double designs can easily be altered to suit the varying needs on a one-off basis.

Perhaps we are at the re-birth of a double sea canoe boom!

Time alone will tell!

Duncan R. Winning is Honorary President of the Scottish Canoe Association and a champion of the sea touring double. This treatise was first published in Garnock Canoe Club's Newsletter.

A letter from Alaska
from Jill and Doug Fesler - March 1989

Dear Friends,

Valentine's Day seemed like an auspicious date to write your Christmas letter but we missed that so now we're shooting for St Patrick's Day. Winter is supposed to be the cold, dark, slow season in Alaska but we've been on the run since October trying to keep up with a very weak snowpack and avalanches that have a penchant for wiping out powerlines. We can't complain too much though as, in December, we did get a chance to bare our legs, visit with family, and study the drifting patterns on hot sandy beaches in Hawaii.

Hawaii was especially appreciated as, for us, last summer was the summer that wasn't. First of all, we got a late start because we had an eventful avalanche spring and were swamped with consulting work. When we did finally pack up our dried spinach and yogurt and leave town, we realised that we no longer had time to add a Nome to Barrow segment to our Seattle to Nome wanderings as originally planned. So, we flew to Kotzebue and headed up the north-west coast of Alaska along the Chukchi Sea (aka Arctic Ocean). Remember the 'great' whale rescue that took place near Barrow last fall? Well, that could have been us stuck in the ice; only then, there probably wouldn't have been nearly as much publicity or as many federal tax dollars spent. Last season was not only a bad ice year but also it was very stormy. So stormy in fact that it was a rare day when we didn't have 30 mph beam winds, 30 degree temperatures, and horizontal rain, sleet or snow. But still, as always, we had fun and met all kinds of interesting people.

Big surf and bad bears. Those words and the images they inspire pretty much sum up the trip. Just about every day we had to get on and off the beaches through large crashing surf; the kind that scoops up gravel and throws it into your hair. At night, we'd settle into our tent, fall fast asleep, and then sometime between 2 and 5 a.m. get rudely awakened by large, furry, curious creatures with bad breath. We had numerous close encounters with grizzly bears, four that were particularly memorable, and three where the distance between us and the bear's eyeballs was less than 3 feet. The first time, Jill awoke to the sound of snorting and sat up, saying "Doug is that you?". Doug meanwhile was slowly reacting to the annoying feeling of having something push against his feet. As Jill looked out through the tent door which was partially unzipped, she looked straight into two large, brown eyes. Noticing that the eyes were connected to a paw which was pushing against the tent door, she yelled "Hey bear" (or some equally appropriate phrase) and the bear backed off a few feet. Meanwhile, in case the bear resumed its efforts to get in the tent, Doug grabbed for the gun that had become a faithful companion by that point in the trip. He had, however, been sleeping on his arms so John Wayne he wasn't. End of episode #1.

The second close encounter occurred during a whopper storm that had us trapped in the tent for three straight, restless days. The tide, which is usually less than a foot in the Arctic Ocean, came up 8 feet vertically and about 175 feet horizontally up the beach. Fifteen foot waves crashed relentlessly and our boats, which were tethered in the tundra behind the beach, were floating. This portion of the Arctic is supposed to be a desert with only six inches of precipitation a year; in that case, we got enough rain in three days for the next three years. Between the surf and the constant 60 mph winds with higher gusts, we felt as though we were camped at an airport. The beach was covered in sea foam which also blanketed our tent. Fortunately, we were camped on a little gravel high point so we were about the only thing in sight that wasn't floating. Anyway, in the middle of the night, we heard a noise that could have just been a gust of wind or could have been something tripping over the tent strings. Conditioned as we were by that point, we woke up with a yell, heard no more sounds, and went back to sleep. Doug went outside about an hour later and started laughing. Jill asked grumpily what was so funny at four in the morning and Doug replied that there were two large hind paw prints right outside the tent and two sand front paw prints on the tent, about 25 inches above Jill's head. Evidently the bear had been testing the fabric with its paws when we scared him off. Back to sleep.

We've had a lot of experience camping around bears and thought that we were pretty good at avoiding favourite hangouts. However, in this country, the bears don't have much to eat other than roots, parka squirrels and dead walruses and they absolutely own the beaches. If we could get off the beaches onto the tundra behind, we could usually make it through the night uninterrupted but in a lot of places that wasn't possible either because there were cliffs or steep, crumbling permafrost banks with ice lenses in them. The bears never showed any interest in our boats or food, just our tan coloured dome tent. Doug thinks it was because of Jill's socks, Jill thinks it was Doug's boots. In reality it was probably because our tent looked like a bloated walrus. In any case, all of the bears managed to slip undetected through the elaborate early warning systems that we routinely erected each night around the tent.

Encounter # 3 was very shortlived. We awoke at 5 a.m. to two strong loud swacks. Our tent crumpled instantly and the front door popped open as the zipper broke. All four tent poles were broken, most in three places and every place there was a break, the pole had also ripped through the tent and the fly. We yelled and fortunately there was no third swack. Doug did a 'rambo' roll out of the tent (he thought it was more impressive than it looked) to make sure that the bear wasn't going to come back for more. Since we were now lying in an open air tent, we decided we might as well get up. An hour later Jill was packed and combing the beach for a nice smooth log when Doug yelled. She looked up and saw a bear about 400 yards down the beach running towards the boats and Doug. It was a different bear than the one that had just destroyed our tent. Regrouping at the boats, Doug asked Jill to get the gun out of her boat. Meanwhile Jill was tackling a serious loyalty problem - should she unpack her boat to get the gun or should she just push off the beach, leaving Doug packing frantically? She chose to do nothing for the moment. When the bear was about 175 feet away it stopped, stood up on its hind legs and checked us out for a long, long time (maybe five seconds). At that point, Jill quickly unearthed the gun. Suddenly, the bear dropped back onto all fours and started tearing up the sand, charging towards us at incredible speed. Doug was the hero of the day. After the bear had come across a creek and was **only** about 75 feet away, Doug grabbed the gun out of Jill's hands, put it over his head, and starting running at full tilt towards the bear, yelling like a banshee. The bear did a doubletake, figured that this guy must be a lot hungrier than it was, and turned around and ran at high speed across the tundra for over a mile. With great relief, we pushed off into the surf. That night, we stopped early and went beachcombing for items we might use to help resurrect the tent. We ended up splinting the poles with crane legs and other kinds of bones and although it looked pretty odd, the tent was again able to withstand 70 mph winds.

The country around the Lisburne Hills (the western edge of the Brooks Range) was beautiful with its tundra mountains and sheer cliffs plunging to the water. There were a lot of layered rock spires along the water that reminded us of Bryce Canyon in the southwest. Most other places in the world, the long white sandy beaches would attract scores of vacationers with white bellies - the only missing ingredient of the Chukchi Sea beaches is warmth. Besides grizzly bears, we saw caribou, foxes, wolves, musk ox, walrus, seals, gray whales, porpoises, millions of birds and a dead polar bear. We were treated to wonderful receptions in the villages, in part, because the local Inuit (Eskimos) were so surprised to see us coming in through the surf. We were kept busy in some of the villages teaching the Inuit how to kayak. What's odd about this picture?

We paddled to a point near appropriately named Icy Cape and then turned around and went back into the village of Point Lay. Winter had arrived and it was either time to head south or end up trapped like the whales.

Once again, this letter is getting too long. Hopefully, the avalanches this year will be co-operative enough to let us leave town by mid-May. We plan to drive across the country to Montreal and then fly up to Ungava Bay in northern Quebec (the first major bay east of Hudson Bay). Ice and weather permitting, we hope to paddle around the tip of Labrador and head down the coast as far as we can get before winter catches us. We may have to hop a few ferries to do it, but we'd love to paddle all the way down to New York, and tie up at Jill's parents dock in Larchmont.

Here's to snow in your eye,

Jill and Doug

From: The Moresby Explorers, Box 109 Sandspit, B.C., Canada V0T-1T0
(604) 637-2215

This letter is to bring you and the people that you deal with the latest in sea kayaking in Canada, SOUTH MORESBY NATIONAL PARK.

This park is situated on the south end of the Queen Charlotte Islands which lie 50 miles off the northwestern coast of British Columbia. The coastline is a maze of inlets and islands, a kayakers dream. Imagine Hot Spring Island, stands of huge spruce, storm swept Windy Bay, numerous ancient Indian villages, including Anthony Island, a world heritage site.

Working from the heart of the Park the Moresby Explorers can get you and your group into quality enjoyment and equipment at a reasonable price, more for your kayaking dollar.

For more information and prices please write or telephone us.

Sincerely,

(Sgd.) Bill Blount Doug Gould

From: Gord Pincock, c/o Tofino Sea Kayaking Co., 320 Main Street, P.O. Box 620,
Tofino, B.C., Canada, V0R 2Z0. Tel. (604) 725-4222 (Butterfly Tours)

Eight-Day Kayak (Basecamp) Tours

Dates: June 10 to 17 or June 20 to 27

A half-day trip by charter boat brings you to our Basecamp at Vertical Point on Louise Island.

From here we will plan our journeys into the land of the Haida Gwaii. We may depart on two or three day excursions to visit sea-lion colonies or abandoned village sites; or stay close to the cabin for day trips.

On the eighth day the charter boat returns you to Queen Charlotte City.

<u>Group size</u>	<u>Price per person</u>
Four	\$ 950.00
Three	\$1250.00
Two	\$1850

Twelve Day Kayak Tours

Launching from Louise Island we spend the next ten days on a leisurely paddle through South Moresby. We will visit the abandoned Haida village of Tanu, stroll through the old-growth forests of Windy Bay and soak in the natural pools of Hotsprings Island. One day we might hike in the San Christoval range and swim in a mountain lake. The trip ends at Burnaby Narrows where you will be picked up by float plane for a flight to Sandspit. A 20-minute ferry ride returns you to Queen Charlotte City.

<u>Group size</u>	<u>Price per person</u>
Four	\$1250.00
Three	\$1650.00
Two	\$2450.00

Date: June 30 to July 11

Date: July 19 to 30

A one-day trip by charter boat through South Moresby brings you to our launching site at Burnaby Strait. We begin our kayak journey by meandering through the narrows, exploring the abundant sea life of the intertidal zone. We cross Skincuttle Inlet, explor Bolkus Islands, and ride the current through Houston Stewart Channel to the Pacific. Along the way we experience the peace of secluded bays and the rugged energy of the open ocean.

On Skun Gwai (Anthony Island) we encounter the spiritual intangibles that permeate this ancient village site.

Our adventure ends near Rose Harbour, the site of an old whaling station. We are picked up by charter boat and returned to Queen Charlotte City.

<u>Group size</u>	<u>Price per person</u>
Four	\$1350.00
Three	\$1780.00
Two	\$2650.00

All trips depart from Queen Charlotte City. A charter boat transports you to the basecamp or launching point.

Price is determined by group size.

All prices are in Canadian Dollars.

Deposits and Cancellations

A \$500.00 deposit is due at time of booking. Please make cheques payable to : Tofino Sea Kayaking Company.

When we receive your deposit we will forward an equipment list, a medical form and details of the trip. A deposit will confirm your position until 30 days before departure, at which time the balance of the payment is due.

Full refunds are given if Butterfly Tours cancels a trip. We also give full refunds if you cancel and the tour is later filled.

If you cancel and the tour does not fill, Butterfly Tours will refund \$350.00. You may wish to purchase trip cancellation insurance.

Unless you request a private tour, we will continue to book the trips to a maximum of four people per tour. If the tour is not full 30 days before the departure date, you can pay the private tour rate or we will cancel the tour and send you a full refund.

From: Wilderness Inquiry II, 1313 Fifth Street S.E., Suite 327A, Minneapolis, MN55414. Tel. (612) 379-3858 Voice or TTY

Low-cost Wilderness Trips that bring Disabled and Able-Bodied Persons Together

Explore your abilities ... Experience the delicate beauty of the wilderness ... Develop new skills ... Make new friendships ... with Wilderness Inquiry II (WIII), a non-profit group that believes wilderness trips are enriching and rewarding experiences for all people, including those with physical disabilities. Summer canoe trips and winter dogsled and ski trips with WI II are low cost, require no special skills or equipment and are geared to be enjoyable and memorable, regardless of your camping skills, age or physical abilities.

Conducted in the Boundary Waters Canoe Area (BWCA) and other wilderness areas in the Midwest and northwestern Ontario, a given trip might include persons living in the city, on farms and in institutional settings - all sharing an experience that creates lasting bonds among them.

The intentional mixture of persons with diverse backgrounds and abilities in a wilderness setting is the key to fulfilling the programme's goals of increased co-operation, understanding and respect within each group.

Anyone can apply - On average about half of the participants of each trip are able-bodied and half are affected by some physical condition such as paraplegia, quadraplegia, cerebral palsy, blindness, deafness, multiple sclerosis, muscular dystrophy, epilepsy, hemiplegia, diabetes, or others. Some have considerable outdoor experience, but most have never been camping, canoeing, skiing or dogsledding before. Applicants are interviewed and considered on an individual basis. Get your application in early.

You don't need much gear - WI II provides all camping gear, food and transportation between Minneapolis and the wilderness. Participants arrange to bring their own sleeping bags, clothes and other personal items. Some of this can be borrowed from WI II.

It won't cost you much - Trip fees vary from \$10 to \$45 per person per day, depending on the type of trip. This cost includes everything, including transportation from Minneapolis. Additional financial assistance is available for residents of Minnesota and bordering states. No-one is turned away for lack of funds. For those who require it, adaptive equipment is available to assist in paddling, skiing and conducting daily functions.

From: Dave Hellawell, 79 Greenfield Drive, Eaglescliffe, Cleveland Co. TS16 0HR
Tel. 0642 785725 (home); 0325 58580 (work). 20 August 1988

A.S.K.C. Information which may be of Interest

Early this year an American from Alaska contacted me to advise - ask if British sea kayakers would be interested in utilising a kayak livery service he was considering setting up in Alaska.

Background briefly:-

(1) He arranges flight packages for British game fishers to the U.S.A. Alaskan area.

(2) Provides flights (internal/external), accommodation, food, etc.

(3) Has his own aircraft for local (Alaska) hopes.

(4) Is aware that kayaking (sea) is catching on in his area.

(5) Is a business man but seems very sensible and down to earth.

The idea - He has local 'Cleveland' family connections and has plugged in to the 'Cook connection' and has all his flights - trips booked up for 1988.
Aim - To provide:

(1) Flight to Anchorage.

(2) Half-day stay.

(3) Flight to suitable sea kayaking areas.

(4) Provide kayaks and food to taste.

(5) Pick up services for kayakers at end of trip.

(6) Anchorage-G.B. charge to be discussed.

It is a very simple and attractive package; the advantages are numerous to consider.

(1) No kayak transport costs - this saves G.B. trippers at least £500 (single) and the cost of the kayak.

(2) On site contact.

(3) Trips can be of any duration, say three weeks - ten weeks.

(4) One doesn't have to go begging to sponsors if costs are not too prohibitive.

Ken, the American, has discussed some aspects with me concerning the type of kayaker likely to be interested. My view is, and I could be very wrong, that one would imagine a more experienced kayaker than average but the beauty of the area is that the trip can be tailored to meet any proficient canoeists needs. He has left me with the charts of Prince William's Sound and the Kenai Peninsular area which are perfect for the best in sea kayaking.

I enclose his brochure to show the service he provides to the big game fishing people but he sees the kayakers as much more interested in designing their own package, his service being at the beginning and end only and a service provider.

Would you be prepared to pass all this sort of information on to the A.S.K.C. members in some form or other? I'm sure there is a lot of interest in this concept for adventure without the excessively high costs of a full blown expedition.

Any interest or queries just ring me at home or work, and of course see you soon at the Regional meet

From: J. E. Chamberlin, 1 Maple Grove, Breaston, Derby DE7 3BN.
Tel.: 03317 3119

Anglesey Revisited by John Chamberlin

We left Cannock at 7 p.m. Dave Patrick of P. and H. Fibreglass, driving, was the oldest (most mature) member of our somewhat ad hoc bunch. The rest were Steve Ball, from Burton Canor Club, lean and keen, a six-foot-five power-house of a young man; Robin Rhodes, a pre-reformation alcoholic and as old as me at 42; and me, John Chamberlin, M.C.C., A.S.K.C., skinny legs, bent nose and skeg.

A pint in the Miner's Arms at Bettws-y-Coed and two more in Cobdens at Capel Curig led us towards Dave's pre-arranged B and B stop, about halfway between Ogwen Cottage and Bethesda, and somewhere along the white road on the opposite side of the Rover Ogwen to the A5.

"Road" indeed. It was one of those situations where the map showed it at 'actual size'! I think even the Great Walenda would have declared it unsafe! "The lady said it's after the third cattle grid", directed Dave, reassuring himself as much as us, with the relaxed but totally unfounded confidence of the semi-inebriate. If it hadn't been for the occasional apparently sheer drop on my side of the road, and the fact that I was now driving his car, I think he would have been already lost in the sleep of the equally-semi-innocent. What "the lady" hadn't said, was that the "road" was narrow, devoid of passing places, unlit, and like the 'Corkscrew' at Alton Towers, and that there was a good mile of this lot between each cattle grid!

Nonetheless the late evening somnolence of the farmhouse was eventually disturbed by our arrival, but that of the startled farmer absolutely shattered immediately afterwards as I burst abruptly into his bedroom, with my zip crashing open, in urgent preparation for the Mastermind-pee of the evening. (I've started so I'll finish!) The loo, it turned out, was 'at the end' of the corridor, not, as I thought I had been advised, 'on the left at the end'!

Dave, having already realised his sausages were still in his fridge at Derby, had denied increasing forgetfulness. A denial far less easily accepted the following morning, when we heard that the particularly painful-sounding 'bumps' in that particular 'night' were caused by Dave's head finding the same low beam on the corridor, twice, on the way to and from the bog.

Our plan was to canoe round Anglesey over the four days 30 June to 3 July 1988, camping three nights on the island, and to be in the region of Amlwch on the first night. The forecast for the first day was "S/SW 5-6, becoming N4-5, showers, moderate".

Equipment consisted of two P. and H. Bairdarkas, a skegged Orion on loan to me, Robin's home-made mid-seventies Sea Hawk (plus his new, paunched 'Matey' wet suit, made by Virgin to B.S.3704, and lubricated by Sensitol), Dave's 'Nissan Forklift' baseball cap with a peak like a garage door (to protect him from the sub - Huh!), a set of time-expired (February '88) flares, and eight miscellaneous cans of time-expired (July-November '87) beer and lager. The usual other regulation A.S.K.C., B.C.U., D.C. Hutch., and Boy Scouts recommended kit was, we all assumed implicitly, spread between us, the P. and H. trailer up in the car park, and a fridge back in Spondon.

The 20-minutes late start, 10.20 from Bangor Normal College slipway, gave us a 12.20 lunch break in the quarry just past Penmon Point, and an opportunity to test the beer. Apart from a few ducking ducks, the paddle up to there, past Beaumaris and along the north coast of the Straits, had, unusually, been as interesting and eventful as peeling spuds.

An hour or so later, half-way across Red Wharf Bay in an off-shore wind and under a mucky sky, I casually commented to Robin, "I wonder if these flares would work?" Not noted for long sentences, he replied, with taciturn logice, "The beer did!"

Once past Moelfre the weather brightened, and two 'pre-HIV-positive' seals added to the pleasure of rounding Point Lynas. Dave Siveter had suggested a possible pitch spot at Porthyrysgaw, but we found nothing suitable that didn't mean unreasonable trespass, so after a recce at Amlwch we pushed on and, seven-and-a-half hours from Bangor, we landed at Bull Bay. Dragging the kit up onto the western point, the two tents were pitched about 50 yards apart, making us wonder who had used the wrong soap, or none at all? Once pitched and changed we repaired to the Bull Bay Hotel for an evening meal and lubrication, where, with the tact for which youth isn't noted, Steve immediately loped into the bar, soap, towel and toothbrush and paste in hand, and asked the first person he saw the way to the loos. He chose the landlord, who wasn't impressed. At this stage Steve hadn't even ordered as much as a crisp. From then on we were about as welcome as blackheads on Miss World.

The place was atmospherically bankrupt, and one round of 'Spot the locals' set the blood coagulating in our veins. I cheated. I listened for the accent. Dave's cap hung, flaccid in discontent; Robin's face grimaced over the beer as he considered invoking the Trades Descriptions Act; Steve, with Ethiopian vigour, devoured whatever landed on the table; and I dozed. It wasn't way past my bed-time; I just do. I mean, at £2-50 for a small tin of peaches and a dollop of cream, would you stay awake?

The night wasn't totally without excitement. As Dave and Steve returned from the pub they were horrified to find the boats had gone. They were all floating in the sea. At least three of them were. One, Robin's, was nowhere to be seen. Nowhere that was, until Steve's extra elevation enabled him to spot it graunching gently against the rocks some 20 yards out. He scrambled rapidly along the cliff to retrieve it, just as Rob and I caught up with them, having been beaten in the loo queue. We all went to sleep somewhat relieved that the wind was in fact now ON-shore and wondering how, had it not been, we might have explained the complete loss of all four kayaks on the first day.

The previous evening's forecast for Friday had been "S 4-5, Occ. 6 in south, thundery showers, good". An on-the-water forecast the following morning was, however, supplied by the only other off-shore canoeists seen, two Dutchmen. They landed for a quick chat, and credentials were established to our satisfaction when they uttered the international password of the frsternity, "Do you know Derek Hutchinson?"

Leaving at 11 20, 20 minutes late again, we pootled along under the cliffs (ostensibly to admire their beauty but really because we don't like off-shore winds) and Middle Mouse soon came into view. The old brickworks in Porth Wen provided a welcome snap break, and by the time we had rounded the eastern headland of Cemaes Bay we were ready for some grub. A B.T.-standard one-hour-and-fifty-minutes lunch break was relaxingly taken in a small and secluded north-facing cove, just round and to the right of the main bay at Cemaes. Another can of 'time expired' reached a beach that other cans apparently hadn't and transformed this sheltered shingly shore into a refreshingly somnolent, mint doss.

The rest of the day's paddling proved to be a continued windward slog, gaining what protection we could along the way - Steve kept his head ducked down below the clifftops, I tucked in under Dave's spinnakered cap, and Robin used a condom.

Passing Wylfa Head and the nuclear power station, Robin tried his fission tackle but didn't catch much, apart from a healthy glow.

At about 3 p.m., huddled next the rocks at Trwyn Cemlyn, a consensus emerged to throw in the towel, before rounding Carmel Head. Landing instead in the usefully opportune cove of Hen Borth, we came across an old couple who had watched us cross Cemlyn, and then driven enthusiastically to see us again as we passed this next bay. We ended up sitting briefly with them on the rocks, looking out over what from there was a placid sea. We had covered just eight miles, against 27 the day before, and were well aware that the forecast would allow no better progress on Saturday. The trip, as planned, was over.

Ten minutes later the farmer passed by and ushered us into his newly mown hay field to "... protect us from the sheep". We refrained from informing him that, with us now camped two-three miles from the nearest village, and therefore its pub and crumpet, it was the sheep that needed protecting from Steve! Robin offered him the use of his condom, but Steve decided he'd have difficulty getting their back legs into it. Three, cylindrical, shrink-wrapped bales of hay were heaved into position as wind-breaks for each of the two tents, and the swiftly brewed tea in the late afternoon sun pre-empted the second doss of the day. One undeniable pleasure of canoe-camping, via the sea, is how the sun always comes out at the end of a good day. If it doesn't for you, you can't be doing it right.

Four hours and one short straw later I was reluctantly ensconced beside this highway robber, posing as a Mon taxi driver, and on my way to collect the car and trailer from Menai Bridge, while the other three bandits were dining in the pub. Seventeen quid!

10.30 a.m. Saturday saw us re-camped on the Silver Bay site at the south-east corner of Holy Island, just outside of Cymyran Strait, and soon after shooting the fall on the flooding tide under Four Mile Bridge, where Steve fell out of his boat. Next we passed up the Inland Sea to look at the much stronger sluice under the Stanley Embankment, where Steve fell out of his boat again. Apart from being windy, on an otherwise sunny day, the four-five hour trip provided an opportunity to increase our sketchy understanding of the tidal principles associated with the Inland Sea, and to learn something of the sand-banks and channels leading up to it. Outside, in Cymyran Bay, the sea was lumpy and, for me at least, a bit testing; deep-rooted memories of 'Mayday' '82 in Red Wharf Bay and the Irish Sea North Channel in '86 would not remain suppressed. Dave was quite right, of course, in saying that it is often just the result of insufficient practice, and therefore familiarity with the conditions, which results in the nervousness. I enjoyed the return trip more. Brief rolling practice on our return resulted in, yes, Steve falling out of his boat.

On Saturday night Steve took us to 'The' pub on Anglesey, the hotel at Valley crossroads, "... where it all happens". Well it nearly did. He narrowly missed a punch-up in the loo, and we dis-owned him trying to start another in the chippy after. Still, he soon found us space at the bar, and seats nearby, by loudly asking 'Our kid' Robin how long he'd known he'd been an Aids Carrier! Whilst in the pub and admiring the promised 'scenery', Dave, smiling broadly, picked up his twenty-seventh pint and commented, addressing Robin and me, "I didn't realise there was as much drinking involved on your annual she-canoeing tripsh". Robin, with his usual lugubrious verbosity, replied, "There wasn't, until you came along!"

The forecast for Sunday was "S backing NE 4-5, squally showers, good", and we chose to take a short coastal excursion up past Rhoscolyn Head and back, before the journey home. The shea was about the shame as Shaturday, (shorry - time-ekshpired lager!), providing much sport in and around the rocksh, gapsh

and caves. Halfway back we were dicing under a bunch of rock climbers when Dave had a rather unexpected, uplifting experience and very nearly joined them, scraping unstably back down again. (Late result: Barnacle covered granite, 1 - Diolen and carbon-fibre, O!) A smashed kayak, to Dave, is normally 'good for trade', but not when it's his own! A hasty retreat followed.

The journey home had hardly commenced when some Welsh cross between 'Street Hawk' and Windsor Davis playing Dixon-of-Dock Green-on-a-BMW1100 stopped us on the A5, as we passed out of Llanfairpubichair, and almost accused Dave of being a maritime clepto-maniac, just because four sea kayaks appeared to be following us suspiciously closely - on the trailer that is! Being mortally offended (although whatever the situation Dave always disowned Robin's boat!) that he was being credited with lifting them rather than building them, he roughly thrust his P. and H. business card up the leather-clad lawman's nose, and nearly lost two fingers as his crash helmet visor snapped shut in response. Mind you, it didn't exactly help Anglo-Welsh relations when the copper asked him if he knew Derek Hutchinson? Police pride was apparently restored though when Dave got a bollocking for the illegibility of the number plate on the trailer, although Plod missed entirely the fact that the letters and numbers on the trailer plate bore no resemblance whatever to those on the car!

Oh, I forgot, when we stopped for lunch, Steve fell out of his boat.

Risk Taking by Antony J. Card

Shall I go for it? Do I turn back? Are these the sort of questions you have ever asked yourself? I have, and I think it is important for us to be aware of some of the psychological aspects behind risk taking. Hopefully, this will make us more confident and consistent when making those life-threatening decisions. And reflecting on it should prevent us from becoming complacent.

The sort of levels of risk that you are prepared to undertake depends upon what you want from your kayaking. Some people are happy to potter around harbours, sheltered backwaters, and enjoy the aesthetic wildlife in placid conditions. Others prefer massive open sea crossings in herendous conditions. I am not saying that one form of kayaking is better than the other - that is the individuals choice. However, the best bar stories are those which involve an element of danger and are usually a tale of how you overcame a life-threatening situation. In Colin Mortlock's book "The Adventure Alternative", he describes this type of experience as 'Frontier Adventure'. Simon Priest (1986) called it 'Peak Adventure'. Both writers have identified stages at which an adventure can take place. These start with play or experimentation, through Adventure, then Frontier or Peak Adventure, and finally the negative effects of Misadventure or even death. Both writers suggest that Frontier Adventure in a potentially life-threatening situation can develop all the good qualities in a person such as humility, integrity, vitality, compassion and a respect for others. The life-threatening decision is clearly made harder when you are leading a group. It may be that you want to keep the level of the group's arousal up in what you consider to be a non-threatening situation and give your group members a peak experience by purposefully not emphasising safety precautions or demonstrating your position as leader. To do this you must be confident in what you are doing, and confident that the actual risk levels are at a minimum. In order to keep your groups arousal levels to a minimum, and thus performance to its best in a life threatening situation, you must lead your group, show them what you expect from them, while keeping yourself in an optimum position to be able to perform any rescue.

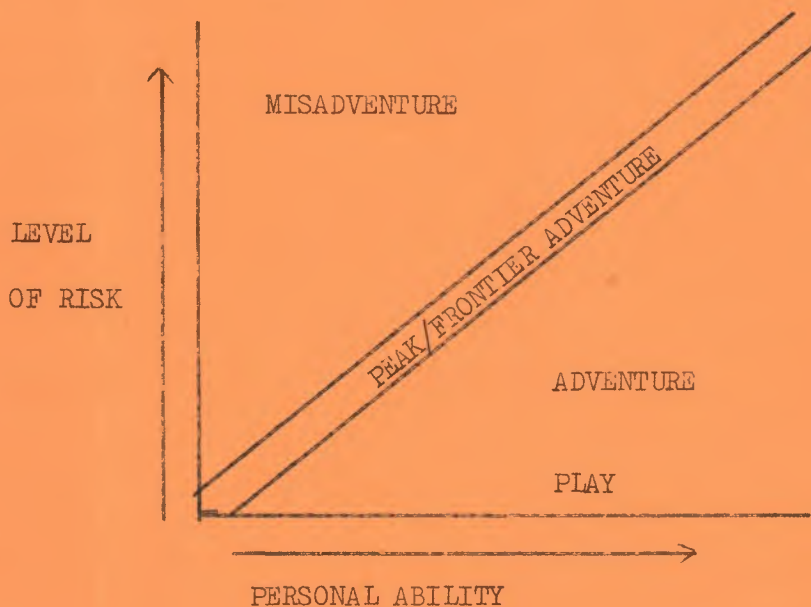
There are two important aspects to making life threatening decisions. Firstly, you need to take a close look at environmental conditions, such as sea

state, wind speed, tidal flow, air and water temperature, level of commitment, location of stopping points and escape routes, etc. This assessment must also include what conditions are going to be like. It is often hard to tell what conditions are going to be like around the next headland from the shelter of the harbour. You have to use your best judgment and experience from the information you have to hand. Meticulous planning is also a crucial factor. The second aspect is to make a fair assessment of your own ability. In this you must include the equipment that you have, its accessibility and its limitations. You must assess your ability to do rescues and self-rescues, the limitations of these and how well drilled you have them.

When paddling solo, most people tend to expect lower levels of risk. ("There is safety in numbers, and therefore when on your own, you must be unsafe" thesis.) Those who accept higher levels are generally considered 'foolhardy'.

If you are leading a group, you must make this important self-assessment, and do it for each member of your group.

The next stage is to match the environmental conditions with your ability. As the graph shows, any over estimation of personal ability to the conditions is likely to result in a misadventure. It is always best to slightly over estimate the level of risk and slightly under estimate your personal ability. This allows some scope for errors in your perception and a worsening of conditions.



When kayaking with a group of similar ability paddlers, it is important to be aware of what is known as the 'Risky Shift Phenomenon'. This is a diffusion of responsibility or a reliance on others, where generally accepted levels of risk go up. It may not matter if the other members of the group have a greater knowledge, ability, equipment and understanding than you, but peer pressure can easily take the individual beyond his limits. It can have fatal consequences.

As the results of making a bad decision in a high risk situation mean injury or even death, it is important that we can accordingly match our ability to the environmental conditions. We must know the limitations of others when paddling in a group and be aware of the risky-shift phenomenon when paddling with a peer group. Finally, don't become too complacent. I look forward to hearing good bar stories rather than statistics!

ARCTIC KAYAK PLANS AND PUBLICATIONS

Plans

	Collection Number	Collection date	Length	Beam	No. of Sheets	Total Cost
1. Chukchi - Inland	MEP 2082 61a	1880	16' 8 0"	19.5"	2	\$15.00
2. Chukchi - Maritime	EMS 1880.4 1255	c1904	15' 2.2"	24.8"	2	\$15.00
3. Koryak	MAE 956-49	1900	8' 5.8"	28.3"	2	\$15.00
4. Koryak	MEP 11413	c1910	10' 6.0"	28.0"	2	\$15.00
5. Aleut	MAE 593-76	1845	19' 0.9"	17.1"	2	\$15.00
6. Aleut	MAE Ac	1845	18' 4.0"	17.0"	2	\$15.00
7. Aleut	LM 2/14886	1934	16' 8.6"	20.4"	4	\$29.00
8. Aleut two-hole	USNM 160336		20' 7.0"	22.0"	2	\$15.00
9. Kodiak	DNM Ib 160	1851	14' 2.9"	25.9"	2	\$15.00
10. Kodiak Three-hole	MAE 536-24	1805	26' 5.7"	31.2"	3	\$22.00
11. Bering Sea - Hooper Bay	NMM IV-E-1071	1976	15' 1.4"	30.1"	7	\$40.00
12. Norton Sound	LM 2/1674	c1895	17' 1.8"	28.3"	2	\$15.00
13. Bering Strait Two-hole	MAM BF-32	c1929	18' 10.0"	27.8"	2	\$15.00
14. North Alaska - Kotzebue Sound	LM 2/6349	pre1898	17' 2.9"	18.8"	2	\$15.00
15. North Alaska Retrieval	UM N/N		9' 6.8"	23.2"	2	\$15.00
16. North Alaska - Nunamiut	UA 72-78	1972	19' 2.5"	23.5"	2	\$15.00
17. Mackenzie Delta	NMM IV-D-2039	c1900	16' 5.0"	19.0"	2	\$15.00
18. Mackenaie Delta	NMM IV-D-1058	1914	12' 9.0"	18.9"	2	\$15.00
19. Mackenzie Delta	DNM P31:64a	1924	14' 6.6"	19.4"	2	\$15.00
20. Copper Eskimo	NMM IV-D-1057	1914	23' 3.2"	15.6"	2	\$15.00

Note - Most plan sets include lines and construction drawings plus a sheet of full-size sections.

Publications

- | | |
|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---------|
| 1. An Annotated Bibliography of Kayaks - 43 pages including index | \$ 8.00 |
| 2. An Illustrated Glossary of Kayak Terminology - 12 pages - includes Mackenzie kayak lines | \$ 5.00 |
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