

# NEWSLETTER

of the



## Advanced Sea Kayak Club

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



AIMS Promotion of sea canoeing · Communication · Organisation of events and conferences · Safety and coaching

ADVANCED SEA KAYAK CLUB

NEWSLETTER NO.80

JULY 1990

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NEWPORT  
Isle of Wight  
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EDITORIAL

In a few days time we are off with minibus and trailer for a week with sea kayakers from all over Europe on the Ile de Re. I may even get a report ready to go into this Newsletter, if not, then the next one. Christian Gabard from the French CK/Mer always does a wonderful job of organising this event and we are looking forward to sun, sea, friends and copious amounts of the local 'pinout'.

Since our last letter I have had a couple of successful kayaking ventures. The week leading up to Easter I joined some friends for a trip down the Sound of Mull off the west coast of Scotland. Ant Card's account is enclosed. He has called it 'FOUR CLIMATES A DAY'. You'll see why when you read it.

This last Bank Holiday weekend was spent paddling to France and back. Normally a trip to be avoided because of heavy shipping and the French attitude to kayakers landing on their coast. We wanted to play a part in the 50th anniversary of the DUNKIRK evacuation in which many small craft crossed the Channel for a commemorative service on the Dunkirk beach. We enjoyed an uneventful trip except for the Hovercraft almost running us over on three occasions. This is a nerve racking experience as you can only be sure they are going to miss you when they are far too close for comfort. Enough about my kayaking. We want to hear more about yours. Do let me have your trip reports for inclusion in this Newsletter.

I am hearing problems about kayaking along coasts where there are military firing ranges. Stories of heat seeking missiles cruising at feet above sea level until they run out of steam and of firing times being altered at short notice, even being notified after the event. If you know of similar experiences do let us know.

Enjoy this Newsletter and do keep those contributions coming in - news, views, opinions, reports - they are always welcome.

Until the September edition.

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A.S.K.C. SHOP

Ties @ £6 00 each

ASKC Stickers @ 35 pence each

ASKC letter headed notepaper @ 50 pence per ten sheets

6th International Sea Kayaking Symposium Report @ £1 00 each

T-shirts - small/medium/large/X large @ £5 50 each (in yellow or black)

Sweat shirts - small/medium/large/X large @ £11 50 each (in yellow or black)

ASKC Ski hats @ £3 50 each

ALL PRICES INCLUDE POSTAGE AND PACKAGE

## FOUR CLIMATES A DAY by Ant. Card

### A Report of a trip to Mull 6-16th April 1990

The starting point for our trip was the Oban Caravan and Camping Park. Two miles south of Oban and on the Kerrera Sound, this appears to be a popular starting point for people expeditioning in the area. It was an easy crossing to Mull with favourable conditions. We spent the afternoon cruising up the Sound of Mull, taking in the atmosphere of snow-capped mountains, clear waters, seals and isolated settlements which dominate the Sound. Paddling with six others made this a real social occasion and with our trip up the Sound goes Tony's amusing stories of being an ex-Army pyramaniac.

The first night we camped at Salen and the next day Tobermory. On the way up we were hit by sudden squall, followed by clear weather and then sudden squall again. I am sure it was just a test to see who could get their cag on before being soaked.

Tobermory is a welcome sight for any seafarer. The bright coloured buildings and buoyant character of the Mishnish Hotel give this town its unique character. Unfortunately, we had to say goodbye to Angus and Eileen, as Angus had to pull out with Tenosynaviteous. A late afternoon push to Croig on the north-west coast gave us a rendezvous point with the "Smith" family, our contacts on the Island. We had to push hard against the wind with the weather conditions closing all the time. It was starting to go dark on our arrival and I had to study the map carefully for our rendezvous point.

"See those lights flashing on the headland," said John. It was Ian Smith flashing the headlights of his landrover to guide us in. It gave me a pretty eery feeling being guided in by a secret light, like a smuggler in the time of old. Our secret bay was also shared with a remote holiday cottage and I wonder if the people who had hired it for the week realised that the track to it was almost unsuitable for a landrover, let alone a family saloon car.

The welcome we received from Ian, Elizabeth and Sandy Smith was unparalleled, but unfortunately we arrived like vultures to the banquet.

The next day we were storm bound and so decided to walk over to look at the white sands of Calgary Bay. Our supposedly short cut home took us to one of the highest point on Mull. The phenomenal view covered the whole of the north coast of Mull, the Isle of Tiree, the Sound of Mull and some of mainland Scotland.

By this time I felt a true identity for the Island. We had paddled part of its coastline, dined with the locals and heard some of their stories and seen it all from above. The walk back and a hop to the pub added blisters to John Badger's feet as well as his hands. Perhaps J-socks never really were the thing for mountaineering!

This was an important turning point of our trip. We had lost a days paddling and the weather was both unsettled and stormy. We decided on the non-suicidal option and had to turn back. The weather came up just in time for our departure a good opportunity to try some kite flying. Parafoils are apparently the big thing in America but unfortunately the Ramwell version doesn't seem suited to the U.K. waters. There is also a dilemma in flying one: you need a good Force 7 to get it more than a foot off your deck, and if you do manage to fly it in a Force 7 then you have to be prepared to let go of it!

Back in Tobermory it was first stop at the Launderette. How come Colin didn't have any wet clothing while the rest of us were queuing for more machines?!

Our 'get soft' approach was taken to extremes when John took himself off for a cream tea at the Western Isles Hotel. Unsurprisingly, they refused him in his wet canoeing kit and he had to settle for a piano recital instead!

On Thursday morning we were met by Captain Roy Webb. He had sped up from the Isle of Wight to join us, having nearly swapped his Alpha Romeo for a van load of sheep skin coats from a shifty looking Italian at a service station. Retracing our steps to Salen, was also like retracing the weather conditions. The STS Malcolm Miller clipped slowly past us, daring only to put up one topsail for risk of accelerating like a 928 Porcher in the squally conditions.

The more we drank that night the more detailed the plans became, but the following day we ended up gently surfing into remote Bothay on the opposite shore. Roy attempted to join us by an overland route, but ended up twisting his knee and crawling back to civilisation in the early hours of the morning.

The following morning we experienced another four climates, but this time it looked like we would experience more of the stormy one than anything else. Half an hour into it and things started to go badly wrong. Visibility came down to less than a mile, the air temperature dropped rapidly and the seas started piling up. In the extreme winds John Badger found that he could not point his kayak across the wind. This was as a direct result from having too much gear on the back deck. John Ramwell, Colin and myself made for the Isle of Lismore while John and Tony made for a distant shoreline. To have turned around in those conditions would have been certain death. Conditions became so marginal that to have attempted a rescue on a capsized victim would have been near impossible.

A London teacher who had given it all up to scratch an existence as a farmer in a remote part of Scotland became our Samaritan and saviour for the afternoon. He took us back to his inn and put us on the next landing craft back to Oban.

John and Tony had miraculously managed to beach (apparently not without its moments!), collect themselves together and brave it back to Oban. That night we all had some adventure tales to tell back in the warmth of the Andersons home near Glasgow.

If you are thinking of circumnavigating Mull then I suggest you attempt it in a clockwise direction to get the best benefits from the prevailing weather conditions, leave approximately ten days to do it in and don't try it in April!

My special thanks to the Smiths and the Andersons for their kind hospitality and I can't wait to try again!

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## V.H.F. RADIOTELEPHONY

by John Kingsley

On Saturday, 28th April, I was one of a group of 12 (11 yachtsmen and 1 sea kayaker) that attended a day course at Calshot on the use of V.H.F. radios at sea.

The day was split into four sessions, with a written and oral examination at the end of the day. We started with basic rules and regulations followed by operational procedure and practice.

After a packed lunch, sitting on the shingle, watching vessels large and small pass by (the weather was too good to be inside a lecture room - I thought how fortunate had been the participants of Marlow Canoe Club's first one star course of the summer to have such a good day).

We returned to 'class' to carry on with session three; message handling, followed by the last part of the course which was a combination of listening to recordings of past distress calls and using a simulator to receive and send messages.

Two at a time, we sat back to back, with the course leader in the middle acting as the Coastguard Station. We had to spell our names using the Standard Phonetic Alphabet, followed by the name of our yacht. The first two participants got into such a muddle by having long names, i.e., "Drunken Duckling" that I had to do a rapid revision and decided that "Sea Kayak Ice Floe" was out and yacht "Jo" was in! A good decision! The majority of us got into a muddle on the simulator, some just froze, but listening to each other's terrible mistakes certainly helped.

At 4.30 the official examiner arrived, collected our entry forms, passport size photograph and cheque for £17 for the examination

The written paper was in two sections:-

Paper A - Five questions concerned solely with distress calls.

Paper B - 12 questions covering the first three sessions of the day.

A short session on the simulator followed, with the examiner in the "Coastguard" chair and just two candidates in the room at a time. I was instructed to contact Solent Coastguard, who told me to contact Lymington Marina, who said that Niton Radio was after me, etc.

This was a most informative day, which if successful (subject to any misdemeanour) gives me a V.H.F. licence for life. The great benefit being the knowledge that you know exactly what is required in each different situation. One of the taped examples we had listened to was that of a woman in a power boat whose husband had fallen overboard. The lady did not know how to stop the craft or use the radio correctly. She had observed her husband using the radio but did not appreciate that you have to release the transmit button to listen.

Don't dispense with flares, but think about the added safety of V.H.F.

The R.Y.A. administer the scheme on behalf of the Department of Trade and Industry. The R.Y.A. have two useful booklets (G26 and G22) which are available by post from the Royal Yachting Association, R.Y.A. House, Romsey Road, Eastleigh, Hants. SO5 5YA ('phone 0703 629962). British Telecom also have one or two booklets that may be of use. Nautical Almanacs will also have helpful information on procedure, etc.

Having obtained a licence to operate a V.H.F. radio, one can start "picking brains" to find the best value for money of the many type approved radios available, which also have to be licensed.

Sample Marine V.H.F. Exam Questions

Paper A

1. Under what circumstances may a distress call be made?
2. Who may authorise the sending of a distress call?
3. Your vessel has been badly holed and is sinking. From your present position St Catherines Point bears 270° (T) 6 miles. Your crew consists of 2 men and 2 children. You are about to abandon to the liferaft but before doing so have time to send a distress call and distress message. Write down the distress call and distress message?
4. What is the meaning of 'Seelonce Mayday'?
5. What signal would you use to prefix a message that you had sighted a vessel firing distress flares?

Paper B

1. 2 ships transmit simultaneously on the same V.H.F. channel, with the same power. Would another ship within range, but closer to one than the other,
  - (a) Receive only one of the two transmissions?
  - (b) Receive no signal?
  - (c) Receive both calls but be unable to hear clearly because of interference between them?
2. What is the maximum permissible duration of a test call?
  - (a) 10 seconds
  - (b) 20 seconds
  - (c) 30 seconds
3. Is it permissible to pass a short message not concerned with distress, urgency or safety on V.H.F. channel 16?
4. On which channel should safety messages be exchanged with the coast-guard?
  - (a) 67
  - (b) Any ship-shore channel
  - (c) 16
5. What is the maximum permissible length of calling and signal on channel 16 prior to changing to a working channel?
  - (a) 2 minutes
  - (b) 1 minute
  - (c) 30 seconds
6. Which V.H.F. channels are compulsory?
7. Is the maximum transmitter power
  - (a) 4 watts?
  - (b) 25 watts?
  - (c) 40 watts?
8. Should the power used for transmission be,
  - (a) The highest power available in order to ensure good quality of communications?
  - (b) The minimum power which will allow communications between the stations involved?
9. Give the phonetic words for  
B, E, M, O, E, T
10. Is it correct to end a transmission with the words 'Over and Out'.  
Give reasons for your answers.
11. What information in addition to a ship's name should be included in her call to avoid the possibility of confusion with another ship with the same or a similar name?
12. When you have called a Coast Radio Station and received no reply, how long must you wait before repeating the call?

From: Luigi Balestriere, via Allende 5 - 80053, Castellammare di Stabia,  
Italia April 23rd 1990

REPORT ON AN ITALIAN EXPEDITION OF CIRCUMNAVIGATION  
OF SARDINIA BY KAYAK - AUGUST 1989

A summer bright afternoon hails our leaving from Sardinia: the ferry boat taking us back to the continent is leaving the island slowly. On the pontoon bridge we still fall for a charming shore: it's curious, that island is in front of us and yet is at our back.

Our expedition began long before, when, during a winter evening, we planned to paddle all around the Sardinia on the next summer: in spite of our previous similar expedition in Corsica, paddling for about 800 Km in 20 days was not just a picnic.

So, we began to train and solve a lot of problems during the free time. Fortunately we found the Aldermanship of Sports of our town as a sponsor and finally we could leave.

The journey began in a day of mistral but we knew that the wind would have been our main 'enemy': in fact it never forsook us.

Our kayaks, of course, were full of everything for greatest self-government: food, drugs, water, clothes, survival devices, reparation kit, emergency signaller, tent, camera, etc.

Despite the wind, we could appreciate a wonderful shore, just leaving Cagliari our starting point; but three days later our departure we had to stop owing to the rough sea.

A day later we set out: fine weather allowed us to paddle and enjoy very long or small beaches along very wild shores, a transparent water and interesting animals: sincerely, when one morning we saw a dark fin just before us, we feared it belonged to a shark, fortunately it was a solphin only.

The Gulf of Orosei on the east coast revealed as the finest part of the island: there we found a cave, refuge of the only kind of seal living in the Mediterranean.

Paddling towards the north, still lovely places as the Costa Dorata, the isle of Tavolara, and the famous but too windy Costa Smeralda: in fact, we were obliged to another stop there; the next day we understood that the wind was always present, night and day, summer and winter; so, we set out again but paddling into the Strait of Bonifacio was surely the hardest part of our expedition: a very strong mistral continuously tried to rip our paddles.

However, after Santa Teresa di Gallura the wind disappeared as well as the stony shore: a sandy coast continued as far as Stintino. But when the west coast began, a very wild shore of black rock and very deep water roused some fear in us: here more than elsewhere, we had difficulty to find drinking water, but we reached soon Alghero, a lovely 'Spanish' town, so we could refresh ourselves.

Even though repetitive our 'standard day' was never boring: up at six, we set out at seven paddling until noon; after having mounted a little tent against the violent sun, we had a good breakfast and a little rest; then, about 15.30 we set out again for paddling 2-3 hours more; thus we landed to have a bath, dinner, mount our igloo tent and .... sleep.

After the impressive sandy coast of the Sinis, we began to count the last days before our arrival; another unforgettable tract of coast concluded our expedition after 22 days of sun, sea, salt, sweat, sand, wind, fears and laughs; sometimes I can't believe I suffer the seasickness .... .

From: Courtlands Centre, Kingsbridge, South Devon TQ7 4BN

PLANNING A SEA KAYAK EXPEDITION -  
FRIDAY, 28TH - SUNDAY, 30TH SEPTEMBER 1990

Applications are invited for the above Course, which will include both practical and theory aspects of planning an expedition by Sea Kayak. The Course is aimed at sea paddlers who wish to start expeditions, be they short local coastal or sustained expeditions into the wilderness. What gear do I need? What food? How do I get my kayak and gear there? Can I get sponsorship? Navigational problems? Survival? These are amongst many questions that can need clarifying.

The course will be led by John Ramwell, who is a BCU Coach and holds the RYA DoT Coastal Skipper and Yachtmaster Certificate. He founded the Sea Touring Committee for the BCU and manages the Advanced Sea Kayak Club - an international Club for sea canoeists.

John has been canoeing for over 20 years and has undertaken numerous advance trips from our own shores and abroad, such as Alaska, Iceland as well as others and he has been awarded the Award of Merit by the BCU. His experience, together with a sea kayakers meeting and exchange of ideas will provide a stimulating weekend Course.

It is planned to invite Suppliers and Manufacturers of sea kayaking gear to bring along equipment for exhibition and possibly trial. Developments along this line will be advised to those participating.

Illustrated talks and videos of Eskimo Kayaking history will be shown.

Participants will be expected to bring their own equipment of a suitable standard.

Theory Included - Expedition planning to cover subjects such as Critical Path Planning/Reference Sources/Leadership and Choosing Your Team/Budgeting and Fund Raising/Health and Hygiene/Mapping and Navigation/Report Writing.

Practical Included - Advance Sea Trip on Sunday. Programme amended according to weather conditions but intended to cover the same aspects.

General Details - Dates: Friday, 28 September 1990 to Sunday, 30 September 1990.

Arrive by 7 p.m. for evening meal Friday - depart around 5.30 p.m. Sunday.

Venue and Accommodation - Courtlands Centre, Nr Kingsbridge, South Devon.

Accommodation is in dormitories or single bunk rooms (allocated as available on the Course). Details of the Centre are available on request. There are plenty of hot showers, a drying room, lecture rooms, ample parking, good food (cooked breakfast, packed lunch and three course evening meal) and a licensed bar.

Areas for Paddling - The South Devon coastline has a variety of exposed and sheltered areas including headlands and strong tidal races, overfalls, caves and high cliffs of no access. There are also advance sea trips into the English Channel, i.e., to East Rutts Buoy 5½ miles off coastline. Also Eddystone Lighthouse from Plymouth approximately 11 miles off. The former may be used as a Course trip dependant on prevailing conditions and Course demands.

Food - Supper on Friday evening, all meals Saturday, breakfast, packed lunch and high tea on Sunday. For those who wish to stay Sunday night and depart Monday morning evening meal can be supplied at £4.50 per person (3 course). Bring your own preferences for evening meal Saturday, breakfast and lunch Sunday, but supplies can be obtained from the Centre.

Cost - £47.50 inclusive VAT. For those that wish to camp the cost will be £30 including VAT, to include camp site, Course fee and Centre's facilities. No meals are included but may be purchased from the Centre's dining room.

What you need to Bring - Your own kayak (sea) and gear to undertake an overnight expedition. If you are stuck for equipment contact the organiser (Iain Garland at Courtlands) well in advance and he will try to help out. TENTS, SLEEPING BAGS, COOKING UTENSILS CAN BE SUPPLIED BY PRIOR ARRANGEMENT.



From: Sovinterkontakt, 121433 Bolshaya Filevskaya Street 37, Moscow USSR  
Telephone 438-4411, 14406818

The Travel Division of Sovinterkontakt Agroservice was organised in December 1989 with the purpose of development of the new product featuring unique out-of-the-beaten-track tours SIT programmes, sports and adventure tours, hunting, agriculture study tours, Exchange programme. The basic business philosophy of the Travel Division is to show people the unknown parts of the USSR as well as the famous ones the way we see and appreciate them.

#### SIBERIA, ALTAI, KATUN

"In all the countries I travelled I found nobody to hesitate to understand the magnificence and an enormous significance of Siberia. The Belukha, sumeru of Asia, is a snow-white witness of the past and a guarantee for the future. Siberians not only love Siberia, but they always grave for it, it is the place for them to work, labour and co-operation."

N. K. Roerich, The Altai - the Himalayas  
"Mysl", Moscow, 1974

#### ITINERARY

##### Program 1 "Follow N. K. Roerich", Group 12-18 p

Days 1-2 are the same for all Altai Programs:

- Day 1 - Arrival in Moscow, hotel accommodation
- Day 2 - Sightseeing in Moscow, fly to Barnayl
- Day 3 - Fly to UST'Koksa
- Day 4 - 10 km rafting to Verkhnij Ujmon settlement, visiting the Roerich Museum
- Day 5 - 50 km rafting to Tungur settlement
- Days 6-10 - 70 km tracking to Belukha, overcoming the Karo-turek cross (3100 m high)
- Day 11 - 35 km rafting to Argut Mouth, sightseeing the "Tourist Museum und under sky"
- Days 12-15 - 175 km rafting to Edigan, overnights in tents
- Day 16 - Drive to Gorny Altaisk by bus, fly to Barnayl, hotel accommodation
- Day 17 - Fly to Moscow, hotel accommodation
- Day 17 - Departure

##### Program 2, Group 12-18 p

- Day 3 - Fly to Ust'Koksa
- Days 4-11 - 300 km rafting to Edigan, overnights in tents
- Day 12 - Drive to Gorny Altaisk by bus, fly to Barnayl, hotel accommodation
- Days 13-14 - The same as days 17-18 of program 1.

##### Program 3, Group 12-14 p

- Day 3 - Fly to Ust'Koksa, overnights in tents
- Days 4- 8 - Tracking near Belukha
- Days 9-13 - 160 km rafting to Ust'Koksa, overnights in tents
- Day 14 - Fly to Barnaul, hotel accommodation
- Days 15-16 - The same as days 17-18 of Program 1

IN LATITUDE 70 NORTH - WEST SIBERIA  
KOTUY RIVER AND ITS TRIBUTARIES

The Kotuy River is longer than 1000 km. It starts in the centre of the mountain plate Putorano. There are no settlements along all the river with the exception of rare summer stands and New-Kayak settlement 60 km far from the river mouth.

Wonderful, clean and tasty water (+8-14 C) from glaciers and snow-fields, taiga and tundra Odor, crazy fishing are unforgettable. Changeable weather conditions (possible snow, rain big water, air temperature range 0-+30 C, strong wind) give you an opportunity to trial your will and character during the rafting.

We suggest two versions of travel in latitude 70 North:

Season of rafting - July

Group - 12-14 p.

VERSION 1

- Day 1 - Arrival in Moscow, hotel accommodation
- Day 2 - Fly to Khatanga, hostel type hotel accommodation, gear preparing
- Day 3 - Fly by helicopter to Verkhnij nale Mouth
- Days 4-6 - 150 km rafting (8 rapids) to Kotuykan mouth, overnights in tents
- Day 7 - Rest, fishing, Sauna
- Days 8-11 - 110 km Medvezdija, overnights in tents
- Day 12 - Transfer to Khatanga by helicopter, hostel type hotel accommodation, evening party
- Day 13 - Fly to Moscow, hotel accommodation, sightseeing in Moscow
- Day 14 - Departure

VERSION 2

(IN THE CASE OF BIG WATER OR RAINY WEATHER)

- Day 1-2 - The same as in Version 1
- Day 3 - Fly by helicopter to II'ya mouth, the tributary of Kotuykan River
- Day 4-6 - 115 km rafting to Kotujkan Mouth, the tributary of Kotuy River
- Days 8-11 - 110 km rafting to Medvezdija mouth, overnights in tents
- Day 7 - Rest, fishing, sauna
- Days 12-14 - The same as in Version 1

GEORGIA

KURA, RIONI AND TSKHENISKALI RIVERS

During this trip you are offered to paddle totally 310 km within 13 days covering most interesting parts of three Georgian rivers: Kura, Rioni and Tskheniskali. These 2-3 class rivers appropriate for paddlers with intermediate and advanced level of whitewater experience. Some obstacles of 4-5 class are encountered but it'll depend on the option of paddlers whether to go or pass them along the river banks. You will fully see a vast part of picturesque Georgia region including Svanetia highland and Rioni valley with worldwidely known vineyards. You'll find out a lot about Georgian hospitality and ancient culture of Georgian people.

ITINERARY

- Day 1 Arrive in Moscow, hotel accommodation

- Day 2 - Fly to Tbilisi and drive to Borzhomi, overnight in tents
- Days 3-5 - 100 km paddling down Kura River to Gori, overnight in tents
- Day 6 - Sightseeing in Gori, drive to Saglolo settlement, overnight in tents
- Days 7-12 - Paddle 130 km down Rioni River to Tvishi settlement, overnight in tents
- Day 13 - Drive to Chekhoresi, overnight in tents
- Days 14-17 - Paddle 80 km down Tskheniskali River to Dzedzileti, overnight in tents
- Day 18 - Drive to Kutaisi, fly to Moscow, hotel accommodation
- Day 19 - Sightseeing in Moscow, hotel accommodation
- Day 20 - Fly home from Moscow

There is an option: One or two from three rivers could be excluded so the route would be shorter. Seasons of rafting: May-October.

#### TIEN SHAN - CHATKAL RIVER

The Chatkal River runs in the west part of the Tien Shan, where the borders of the Soviet republics Uzbekistan, Kirgisia, Kazakhstan and Tadjikistan meet. The nature of this region is very interesting, deciduous forest along the banks of the river, barberry, cherry-plum, alycha, nuttree are growing on the slopes. The river flows along five major canyons, height of the walls reaching 100 m. The route includes a number of obstacles of various complexity, two of which tourists usually prefer to surmount by the bank. The route proposed is of the 4-5th class. The rafting is 150 km long. Water temperature is +8-12 C. Seasons of rafting: May-June, September-October.

#### ITINERARY

- Day 1 - Arrival in Moscow, hotel accommodation
- Day 2 - Fly to Tashkent and then to the river near Jugi-Bazar settlement
- Day 3 - Gear preparation, acclimatization
- Days 4-6 - 70 km rafting down the Chatkal River
- Day 7 - Rest, trekking
- Days 8-11 - 80 km rafting down Chatkal River, overnights in tents
- Day 12 - Drive to Tashkent by bus, hotel accommodation walking in Tashkent
- Day 13 - Fly to Moscow, hotel accommodation, sightseeing in Moscow
- Day 14 - Departure

#### NORTH KAUCASUS

##### The Crasnodar Region, Mzymta River

The Black Sea coast of Krasnodar region of the Russian Federation abounds with places of natural and historic interest. The developed transportation system of the area offers tourists numerous itineraries. The rafting down the Mzymta River (second category) is one of them.

The tour originates in the Krasnaya Poliana village, the area for the intended Winter Olympic games. The 60 km route meanders through the picturesque ravine Akh-Tsu, famous for its waterfalls. The mountain roads follow the bank of the river through the beauty of the virginal, wild nature. The rafting ends on the coast of the Black Sea.

The rafting season comprises the end of March and the whole of April, June and July. The water temperatures in April are from 8 to 10 C. The air temperature in April varies from 15 to 20 C during the day to 0 C at night. The water temperature in June and July varies from 12 to 14 C. The air temperatures in June and July vary from 20-28 C during the day to 14-17 C at night.

The slalom gate course of the slalom youth training centre in the Akh-Tsu ravine is available for training in July 1 to 12.

### ITINERARY

- Day 1 - Arrival in Moscow, checking into the hotel  
Day 2 - Arrival to Adler, bus transfer to Krasnaya Poliana (60 km), getting the rafts ready, spending the night in the tents  
Day 3 - Rafting drill, visiting the waterfall, night in the tents  
Day 4 - Rafting to the Akh-Tsu ravine (20 km), overnight in tents  
Day 6 - Rafting to the Black Sea (25 km), hotel accommodation  
Day 7 - Enjoying the Black Sea, flight to Moscow, hotel accommodation  
Day 8 - Moscow sightseeing, departure for home

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From: Accessible Isolation Holidays, Midhurst Walk, West Street, Midhurst,  
West Sussex GU29 9NF. Telephone: (0730) 812535

### CANADA - THE OUTDOOR EXPERIENCE

Accessible Isolation Holidays is a special interest tour operator, promoting outdoor activity and adventure holidays in Canada. The emphasis is placed on wilderness experience, with most activities catered for on a guided or self-guided basis.

From placid to white water, inland canoeing to ocean kayaking, the opportunities for the canoeists are incredible. Many of the major Canadian rivers are easily navigable, whilst the smaller ones are heartstopping experiences to even the most skilled with a paddle! The company enjoys close association with many specialist outfitters and can tailor make any holiday to suit the needs of each individual.

Ideas for enthusiasts include paddling the waters of the Pacific Rim with pods of killer whales and seals; wildlife viewing opportunities in the Algonquin Park in Ontario or the Bowron Lake region of British Columbia; white water thrills in the Yukon and Northwest Territories and combination trips to take your breath away

As specialists in Canada's wilderness, the company operate first class expeditions. In many cases no previous experience is necessary as full training is given by expert guides. Guides are also excellent cooks and food is always fresh.

For further information on the holidays and services offered, contact Accessible Isolation Holidays, Midhurst Walk, West Street, Midhurst, West Sussex GU29 9NF or telephone 0730-812535.

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From: Mike McClure, 38 Farranfad Road, Seaforde, Co. Down BT30 8NH

### A TALE FROM TWO AR(R)ANS!

In June of last year, with a long spell of calm warm weather a number of sightings of basking sharks had been made around the coast of the Isle of Arran. I've always fancied trying to get a closer look at one and the opportunity arose one evening when one was sighted fairly close to where I lived.

It was one of those beautiful warm sunny evenings as three of us from the canoe club paddled towards the black triangle in the distance that was growing alarmingly larger with every paddle stroke. The shark was calmly and slowly circling as we approached - obviously feeding by passing gallons of water through its cavernous mouth and filtering out the plankton.

However, when we got to within about 50 yards from it..... it stopped ..... so did we!! Slowly and deliberately it turned towards us ..... quickly and nervously we rafted up! As it got within a few feet from us it submerged and swam directly beneath the canoes - the dorsal fin being only inches from the hull of the boats.

The shark was about 25 feet long (not a particularly big one!) yet it was the sheer bulk of the thing which impressed us. Looking down to see eyes the size of saucers looking back up is an eerie sight.

However, the great fish decided we were of no further interest, swam away and resumed its feeding. WE were then able to spend half an hour or so paddling beside and around it until we felt we should leave it in peace. The feeling of being so close to such a huge, powerful and yet gentle creature I will remember for a long, long time to come.

Since returning to Northern Ireland at the beginning of this year, I have been looking forward to the arrival of spring to get over to Donegal in the west of Ireland to do some paddling. The weather finally arrived and we headed off to paddle the area around Aran Island.

We headed out from just south of Burtonport in near perfect conditions and crossed over to Rutland Island for a coffee break. It's well worth a visit on a sunny day as it seems to be just one huge beach with not a soul anywhere near it!! Anyway we then crossed Aran Sound over to Aran Island itself. The Sound was sheltered from the main Atlantic swell and had very little tidal movement. The whole Sound was completely calm except for one place halfway across where there was a large swell rising literally out of nowhere, breaking and then disappearing again - quite extraordinary. There was some shallowing obvious from the chart but I've never seen anything like it before.

The following day I could only manage to fit in a half day paddle as we had to be back home that evening. We had been camping on Cruit Island so I decided to have a paddle round it that morning. The east side of Cruit is fairly sheltered and at one point dries between it and the mainland. It wasn't quite high tide when I was coming through this point and I had to drag the boat a couple of hundred yards across the sand. However once on the south-west side the paddling is superb. This side of Cruit is dotted with rocks, small islands and reefs. With a large swell running it's possible to have waves crashing all around you and slip quietly through the middle of it all.

Having reached Owey Sound (between Cruit and Owey Islands) in good time I decided to have a quick look at some stacks that looked interesting on the north-east side of Owey. On the way to have a look at these stacks, a channel into the cliff caught my eye and upon paddling in, discovered probably the most dramatic place I've yet to paddle in. There was a large stack about 150 feet high only about 30ish feet wide and running along about 300-400 yards. There were a number of breaks in it and a channel 20 feet wide running along the inside between the stack and the cliff. The stack was also overhanging at the top so it was relatively dark in the channel. Writing this down doesn't really do it justice as it was an extremely impressive place.

Often the most memorable sea trips are the big extended journeys, where you're away for days in remote areas, etc., yet for me an evening with a shark and a morning round some stacks are the ones well lodged in my memory.

THE SOLO TOUR OF ANGLESEY AND THE LLYN PENINSULA  
by Mike Klymko from "Outward Bound Wales" Tywyn

"WHY?" This was the question I was asking myself. Having decided to attempt a solo paddle around Anglesey and The Llyn the big moment had finally arrived. I'd just had my "last" meal with friends in "The Grapes" in Maentwrog. We were now driving through the cold grey, mist enshrouded mountains of North Wales. This was the time of second thoughts, butterflies in the stomach; would I really be able to paddle that distance? What about those tidal races? Would the boat float carrying so much weight? I wondered where my inspiration, obtained from Brian Wilson's "Blazing Paddles" had gone to.

It was approaching 9.30 p.m. when we arrived just outside Caernarfon, darkness was falling, but the weather had cleared. We began the search for a suitable camp and launching site, the criteria being some place close to the water, yet well away from those pungent and potentially boat engulfing mudflats. The operation of pitching the tent in the dark felt quite clandestine and now the butterflies had been superseded by a feeling of tingling excitement. Camped by the roadside my apprehensions had turned to comparatively trivial thoughts: would someone come along to move me on? (A difficult prospect, in the dark with nothing but a sea kayak for transport.) Would a courting couple try and park on top of my tent? And how could I escape from those infernal sand beetles that were so desperately trying to join me inside my sleeping bag?

5 a.m. Sunday morning - Off went my alarm. I needed to catch the first of the flood tide up The Straights, a quick breakfast, followed by the prolonged tedious process of packing everything tightly into the boat. Then a long strenuous haul, dragging the boat towards the low water line.

This was to be one of the hardest elements of the trip; transporting a fully laden sea kayak from the high water mark to the sea. I had acquired an idea from Brian Wilson's book; he had some success using an inflatable boat roller, so I bought a large dry sack, which would also double as a gear store - brilliant I thought! However on completing Brian's book I discovered his roller had eventually burst!

Progress was good up the Straights, with little wind, the water was smooth and friendly. It was still early flood when I reached the Britannia Bridge - I was conscious of the reputation of The Swellies, there were two small standing waves visible in the distance, but nothing else bar some boils and strong swirling eddies. The water accelerated further and Telford's bridge was now fast approaching. I could now hear a roar from these waves and at the last minute realised they were much larger than earlier estimated! Wallop! Suddenly I was up to my chest in water as the boat sank down. The cold drenching to my face returned my concentration, I was glad I'd caught The Swellies at the early stage of flood!

Puffin Island - No Puffins, but plenty of Gulls and Cormorants, plus four shy seals. I headed along the East Coast, now finding the flood against me.

"You're going the wrong way!" laughed someone amongst a passing group of canoeists. Knowing he was right I made for shore and lunch.

A couple of hours break, then using the ebb I was able to cruise along, cautiously skirting the tidal race off Point Lynas to finish the day feeling quite exhausted, in Bull Bay.

I knew I had pushed myself too hard, my arms were aching and the effort of dragging the boat high had sapped my last reserves of energy. I remembered a quote from the late Mo Anthoine's biography, it was something along the lines of: If you failed to do the basics to look after yourself, such as making a drink, cooking and keeping general tidiness, it was a sign you were going downhill. Bearing this in mind I decided to set myself a stricter routine of rest stops, at least one every two to three hours, and to force myself to drink more often to prevent dehydration creeping up.

The difference some food and a good nights sleep made were amazing. I awoke for the shipping forecast, just before 6 a.m., to a gorgeous orange sunrise and a spectacular view across the sea. I was on a "high" once more!

I caught the last of the ebb, an early morning mist had now risen, paddling in these conditions was a little eerie and disorientating. I heard a motor boat without seeing anything, the cliffs were visible only as vague shadows, so much so, I miscounted inlets. The mist cleared on reaching the very distinctive power station at Wylfa Head, progress had been far better than I'd anticipated.

I warily passed Carmel Head close to shore, in order to miss another strong tidal race. I was now paddling against the flood, and though this was tiring work, I was pleased with the progress that could be made using the eddies in the bays.

Having my second break (a lesson learned from yesterday), I was cautiously pondering on the merits of going for The Stacks. I wouldn't be able to reach North Stack until well after high water when the tidal race would be at its most fierce. On the basis that the weather was good, that I was still feeling strong and could always turn back if necessary, I decided to go for it!

As predicted by Terry Story's guide, there was a strong tidal race off the end of the Holyhead breakwater and considerable clapotis on the west side, this was the roughest water I'd experienced so far!

Pressing onwards, first I heard the roaring, then I saw the most awesome tidal race running off the North Stack. I paused, took a few deep breaths, then cautiously but positively crept by. The swell was large and daunting but with a considerable feeling of relief I passed well clear of the big race and escaped to the calmness and tranquility of Gogarth Bay. What a reward! A stunning display of caves and cliff architecture.

The sleeping tidal races of South Stack and Penrhyn Mawr were soon passed and I discovered an isolated beach in Trearddur Bay. Here I enjoyed the delights of sleeping under the stars. Apart from another encounter with the dreaded beetles, (which had incidentally developed the springing capabilities of fleas), this proved more preferable to sleeping in a tent and saved much time packing in the morning.

Apart from transporting the boat to and from the water, packing proved to be the biggest bane of the trip. It requires great self organisational skills or tremendous levels of patience (I was stronger at the latter), in order to cope with the unpacking and repacking of the boat, only to realise an item now needed was packed either somewhere unknown or at an extremity of the boat, which would entail once more repeating and unpacking/repacking process!

The radio's disembodied voice forecast continued high pressure, low winds and sunshine, so donning the sun cream and shades, I set off across the calm blue sea, past R.A.F. Valley, the noise of jets engines revving up being

horrendous, yet the spectacle of jets whizzing by still being so fascinating to watch

Keeping to my rest schedule, I sunbathed in the nude on an isolated beach. It was such a feeling of relief to be out of those neoprene shorts, I was all too conscious of the potential for rashes from the continual chaffing.

I continued on, pausing far too briefly on Llanddwyn Island, which in the sunshine with the sheltered sandy beaches and abundant bird life, truly seemed a tropical paradise. A short crossing to the small resort of Dinas Dinlle and the circumnavigation was complete - time to celebrate with the first of those ice creams!

It was only mid afternoon; I made a start on The Llyn bypassing Trefor and the impressive cliffs and quarries up to Penrhyn Glas. By now I was desperately searching for a safe landing spot, in order to have yet another pee! What is it about canoeing and wanting to pee so often? Is it the sound and presence of all that water? The cold? Or just the compression and squeezing of the bladder when seated in a paddling position?

I awoke on the fourth morning with muscles aching and motivation at a low, despite all the lip salve my lips had swollen badly from the sun and the salt, they were painfully cracked and blistered. My body felt so weary it took two hours to pack very little and get on the water. The paddle towards Porth Dinllean seemed long and arduous, then suddenly I heard a desolate howling sound. My gloom instantly evaporated, there was a seal lying on a rock, lazily bathing in the sun. I saw five in all, deep in domestic conversation. It was fascinating, watching their heads pop up from the water and rotate like periscopes, then to stare into those deep sorrowful looking eyes.

Next stop was Whistling Sands, a deserted sandy, golden beach, bordering the clear blue sea the scene looked Mediterranean. I had to blink twice! The beach was not deserted, for walking along the shore line was a flock of sheep! In my haste to capture this comical scene on film, I clouted my camera on the cockpit rim, thereby ending all photographic record for the remainder of the trip.

The next and final major hurdle was to be the negotiation of Bardsey Sound, the tip of the peninsula, with a reputation for rough water and strong tidal streams. I knew the tide would be against me, but all other conditions seemed favourable, so I decided to push on. As I approached the swell and the wind speed began to increase, Bardsey Island slowly came into view from behind the headland. It began to disappear and reappear as I rose and fell in the swell. My state of reflective admiration of the view was abruptly interrupted as I became aware of a "river" of current gushing off the headland out into the Irish Sea. The last of the flood was still very evident! I resorted to aloud verbal reassurance.

"You can do this! - Turn and face it... Turn and face ... Low brace ... NOW GO!"

There followed a furious paddle against the current, slowly but steadily I was making ground, a lean of the boat to the right and "phew!" I was able to glide leftwards and escape into the next eddy.

I was amazed to see a seal playing in this choppy water, happily surfing in the waves and performing surface dives! I also spotted a Cormorant joy riding in the next main current, but here all my concentration was needed once more. I broke into the main flow, paddling powerfully against the continuous surge of nature's energy, progress was slow, inch by



inch, foot by foot, I managed to gain some ground, at last I was able to break out into the next eddy

I relaxed, gloating in a sensation of relief and self satisfaction, but oh no there was yet more! A raging tidal race was running off Pen Y Cil, the last bit of headland before Aberdaron. This was to be the fiercest and most powerful. I broke in, paddling frantically flat out, but making no progress, I'd started to drift backwards. No choice! I retreated back into the eddy to recover my breath.

I had to try again; I broke in, paddling hard. This time I ferry glided out, away from the headland to try and catch some weaker current. I was making some progress but my strength was running low. I needed to return to my land side, I found from somewhere in reserve a second burst of energy. Once more edging the boat over to the right, I half ferried, half surfed leftwards across towards the cliffs, the nose of the Nordkapp repeatedly burrying down into the waves. All that energy expended and I'd finally gained those few feet to enable me to slip into the next eddy.

I paddled on slowly, contemplating on my last escapade, this had been Bardsey on a fine day, little wind with the tide on neaps. What would it have been like in a storm on a spring tide? Safely negotiating the surf, I landed on Aberdaron beach, then marvelled at the contrast. Here it was so quiet and peaceful, the sand was almost too hot to stand on, I celebrated my passage with another ice cream!

Onward, a long crossing "through the jaws" of Hells Mouth, the thundering sound of crashing surf was unnerving. I sang to keep my spirits high and made for the more sheltered beach of Porth Ceiriad. Carefully I timed my run through the surf, I'd almost made it when suddenly a wave rose sharply from the very bed of the sea, striking out like a cobra! I was trundled sideways, bracing all the way, up onto the beach. Here I made a hasty, undignified scramble out, followed by a quick haul of the boat beachwards, to escape the wrath of the following waves. It is certainly difficult to agilely from the small cockpit of a sea kayak, especially after being sat, feet stiffly motionless for the past three hours! The sound of waves rhythmically breaking on the shore was quite soporific that evening; needless to say I slept well that night.

The best of the trip was behind me. I continued on towards Pwllheli, passing long trails of sludge in the calm water. I pondered on how clearly sound travels across water, I could hear Pwllheli's harbour restoration work a good three to four miles out to sea. It sounded like a Grand Prix! I pitted such sea creatures as the dolphins, often sighted in Cardigan Bay, who are so much more sensitive to such sounds. Between Cricieth and Harlech the views of The Snowdon Range, The Moewyns and The Rhinogs were most spectacular.

I finished my trip in Aberdovey on the sixth day, two days ahead of my schedule. I had been very lucky with the weather, I wondered how I would have coped with more wind and rain? These would have made the trip an entirely different proposition, yet my appetite had now been wetted, which leads back to my original thought, WHY?!

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Sea Kayaks: trends in safe design  
by Peter J. Carter

Without doubt, the sea is the most demanding environment for the kayak. It was ever so, from the time the first Inuit ventured out in the hunt for seals. The modern sea kayak may share many features with its Arctic forbears, but recent years have seen many changes and improvements, although not without controversy. The sea kayaking literature has seen many lively debates on many issues.

It goes without saying that the sea kayak will perform, that is, it will have a good cruising speed, be comfortable and so on. These aspects do not concern me here, although I shall return to the topic of directional stability. The prime criteria for a sea kayak, and its skills and techniques, relate to safety.

There is a motto: 'You got yourself into this, you get yourself out of it'. For the solo paddler that is particularly important and it leads to two rules:

- (i) The kayak must be controllable with the cockpit flooded.
- (ii) Self rescue must be possible without extra equipment.

The first of those criteria can only be met with a cockpit of minimum volume. The less water it contains, the less stability-disturbing sloshing there can be. Conventional wisdom has been to separate the cockpit from bow and stern compartments with bulkheads, with some craft using side bulkheads. In the past decade however, a new form of cockpit has emerged, devised by Alan Bye (author of *Living Canoeing*). This cockpit integrates the seat and bulkheads and makes very low volume cockpits possible. Unfortunately, there is some confusion about the naming: you will find it variously called cockpit liner, pod, safety cockpit, or rigid sea sock. At the risk of adding confusion with yet another name, I will use the term integrated cockpit in this paper. The integrated cockpit may appear to be difficult to make, but although the assembly procedure is different, I find it easier to build than bulkheads.

There has also been considerable argument about the effectiveness and safety, mainly because, unlike a conventional kayak which is divided into three (or five) separate compartments, the integrated cockpit has only one compartment apart from the cockpit. What happens if the kayak is damaged and water leaks into the hull? Several experiments and incidents, one involving a helicopter rescue, have clearly demonstrated the superiority of the system.

In 1988 I conducted some progressive flooding experiments with two kayaks, identical apart from their cockpits (Carter 1988). The bulkhead boat soon lost directional stability when water was added to bow or stern, while the integrated cockpit example, while becoming heavier, retained its directional stability, but lateral stability was affected if there was no buoyancy material beside the cockpit. Water in such a hull does not slosh about freely (what the naval architect calls 'free surface') because its movement is restricted by equipment and buoyancy, and since its movements are therefore out of phase with waves, stability is not affected. (Water moving out of phase actually enhances stability and the principle is used in larger vessels.)

The literature is filled with reports of kayaks with flooded compartments and the consequent problems. Three examples from my own experience. In the first, the bow flooded, but in the conditions, more nuisance value than dangerous. In the second, with 25 kn winds and 2 m

seas, the stern flooded and the boat became virtually uncontrollable. Another boat was also in difficulties and a forced landing was made. During our Kangaroo Island circumnavigation in 1980-81, the bow of one kayak flooded and the hatch was broken in our efforts to empty the boat at sea.

In May 1988 two paddlers were off Anglesey in the UK in conditions described as varying between Force 5 and Force 7. Unbeknownst to its paddler, one of the kayaks was taking water through an area damaged by osmosis. It became very heavy and sluggish and eventually the paddler decided to stop and send his companion for help. After another hour he was retrieved by helicopter. The hull was found to be about half full of water yet the kayak had remained stable in the 1 to 15 m seas, sufficiently stable for him to easily wave his paddle to the aircraft. It was fitted with an integrated cockpit.

The incident brought forth a storm of claim and counterclaim, even threats of legal action, particularly following the release of the kayak manufacturer's report (Padwick and Atkinson 1988). Perhaps the most positive other investigation is that of Peter Lamont (Lamont 1989), who systematically added measured amounts of water to conventional and integrated cockpit kayaks and photographed the results. The integrated cockpit boat, the same type as that involved in the Anglesey incident, was still level and stable with 140 litres of water in the hull, finally settling stern first with over 200 litres. Its cockpit was full with 40 litres. In contrast, the bulkhead kayak was dangerously bow or stern down with about 60 litres in the ends, and the cockpit held 120 litres. Less than half of that would be more than sufficient to make it laterally unstable.

There is now no question that the integrated cockpit kayak is more flooding tolerant than conventional boats as well as being safely controllable with the cockpit swamped.

In the mid 1970s it was common to see hand pumps on the decks of sea kayaks until it was realised that they were useless when needed most. One cannot keep two hands on the paddle in difficult conditions and pump at the same time. Tasmanian paddlers pioneered the use of electric pumps which are undoubtedly effective but carry a considerable cost, weight and maintenance penalty<sup>1</sup>. We recently developed for use in conventional cockpits, a modification for the normal dinghy self bailer which almost doubles the rate of flow. It is simply a stainless steel plate which generates a strong vortex along each side of the bailer (Figure 1). When the boat sounds like water going down the plughole it's empty, and it normally takes between one and two minutes to empty a cockpit. Of course one cannot sit still and pump. For the integrated cockpit the solo paddler might perhaps consider a small foot pump for comfort rather than necessity.

The type of cockpit has a bearing on rescue procedures. Ideally one wants to be able to simply right the boat, put the paddler in (or perhaps the other way about), and go. The really vital rescue is the self rescue. Some advocate the use of a paddle float, but consider the float must be unstowed and rigged before the paddler reboards and pumps the boat, and then unrigged and stowed all in the conditions which caused the capsize, i.e., conditions beyond the normal capabilities of the paddler. Self rescue with the integrated cockpit requires no extras: turn the boat bow upwind, then using the secure grip possible with the

<sup>1</sup>The electric pump is really an answer to the wrong question: "How do we get rid of all this water?" The question should have been "Why is there so much water to remove?"

handrails, climb in, roll up and go. The method requires rolling skills, but if the paddler's skills are not up to the conditions, what is he or she doing out there?

There is only one other viable rescue method, which we call the 'Wedge Rescue'. The capsized boat is righted, contrary to normal practice, and then pulled, not lifted, across the rescuer's decks. The shape of the bow does the lifting and rolling of the boat to one side. The integrated cockpit or bulkheads will do the rest as the cockpit clears the water. The boat is then pushed back and stabilised for the paddler to re-enter. Anyone who produces a boat that cannot be rescued by this method might be considered criminally liable.

Some kayaks at sea resemble floating bazaar stalls, cluttered with equipment. Very few things are necessary on deck: the all round deckline<sup>2</sup>, a paddle park, chart and sail rig if sailing. Everything else should be mounted or stowed below deck<sup>3</sup>.

The only exception to this may be a spare paddle. The ideal spare paddle is instantly accessible and effective without assembly. Only two types meet those requirements, the single blade and the West Greenland storm paddle. The peoples of King and Nunivak Islands used only single blade paddles in their kayaks, and others in the region carried both single and double blade paddles and used whichever was appropriate at the time, so the idea of a single blade in the kayak is far from new. The single blade paddle obviously requires C1 skills and is not as fast, but is useful while sailing or poking about in confined spaces because there is no top blade to tangle in things.

It is a fact of hydrodynamics that a kayak (or any other craft) will be less directionally stable when running downwind. What happens is that the effective centre of lateral area moves ahead of the centre of gravity, especially if the bow buries and the boat yaws. The usual method of overcoming the problem has been to use a rudder, not for steering but as a trim surface only. There is a better way, which treats the cause not the symptoms: the retractable fin. There is only one control cable in place of four, no complex pedals or tiller bar, nothing on the stern, and, because the fin is always in line with the hull, minimum drag. Since it is well forward of the stern, it is always immersed and effective, unlike stern mounted rudders. There is some loss of internal space, more than regained by the usable space alongside the integrated cockpit. A fin equipped kayak has a different 'feel' but holds its course because it is stable, not because it is being forced into line with a drag inducing rudder. The theory is cogently argued by Peter Lamont (Lamont 1986).

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<sup>2</sup>One occasionally hears arguments against decklines: 'They spoil the aesthetics', or 'They restrict the flow of water off the deck'. The first is easily dismissed; which lines are more important when you need to grab the boat? The second argument simply doesn't hold water.

<sup>3</sup>Wedging things into crannies in the cockpit was at best an ad hoc method and is impossible in any case with an integrated cockpit.

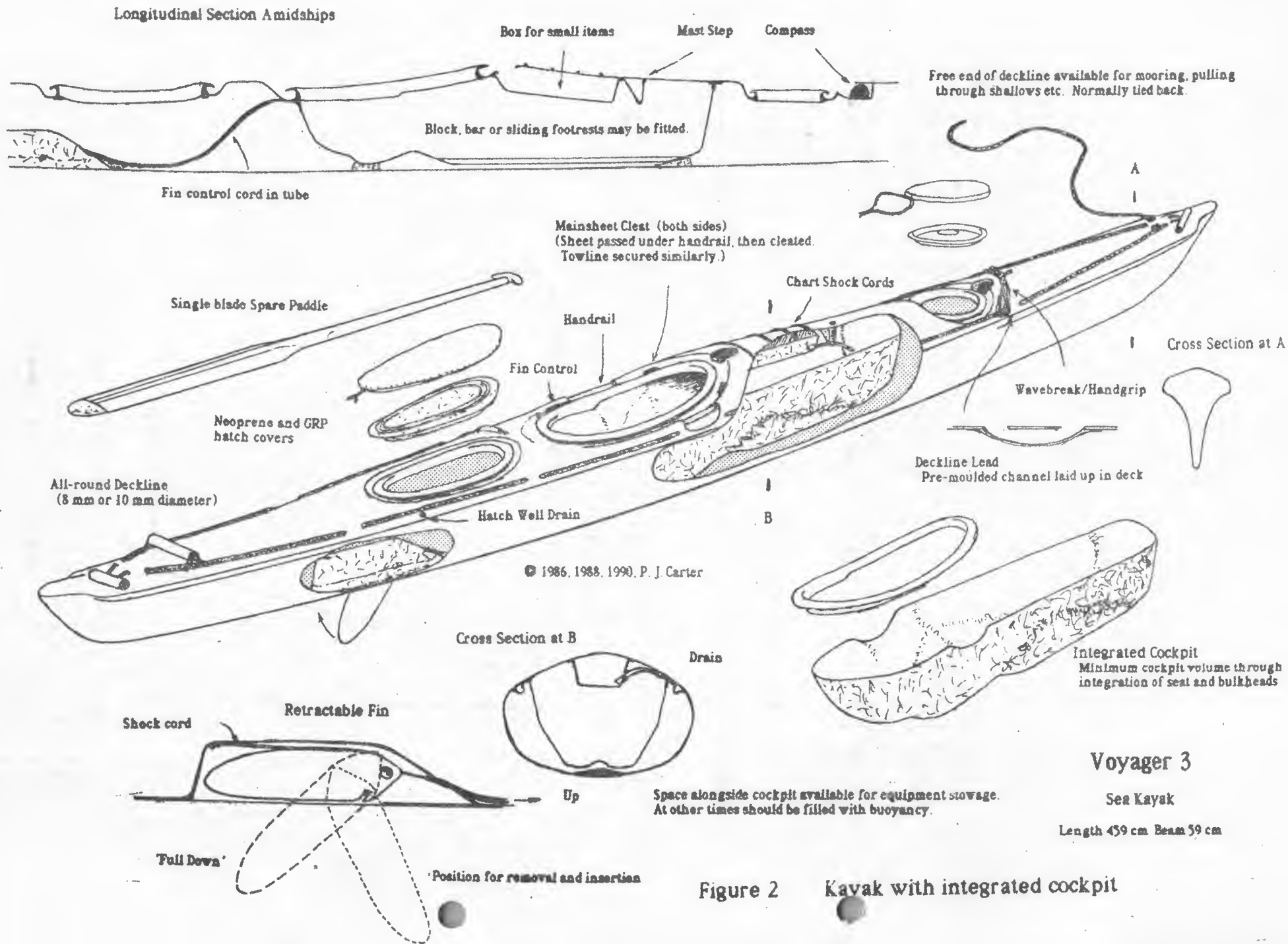


Figure 2 Kayak with integrated cockpit

To date, few boats incorporate all these features, while several have one or another. The only such Australian craft is Voyager (Figure 2) which has been under development and in limited production since 1985. It is of course far from perfect, but it exemplifies the recent trends in design with safety features integral to the design, rather than being 'odds on', and is the sort of sea kayak we can expect to see more of in the future.

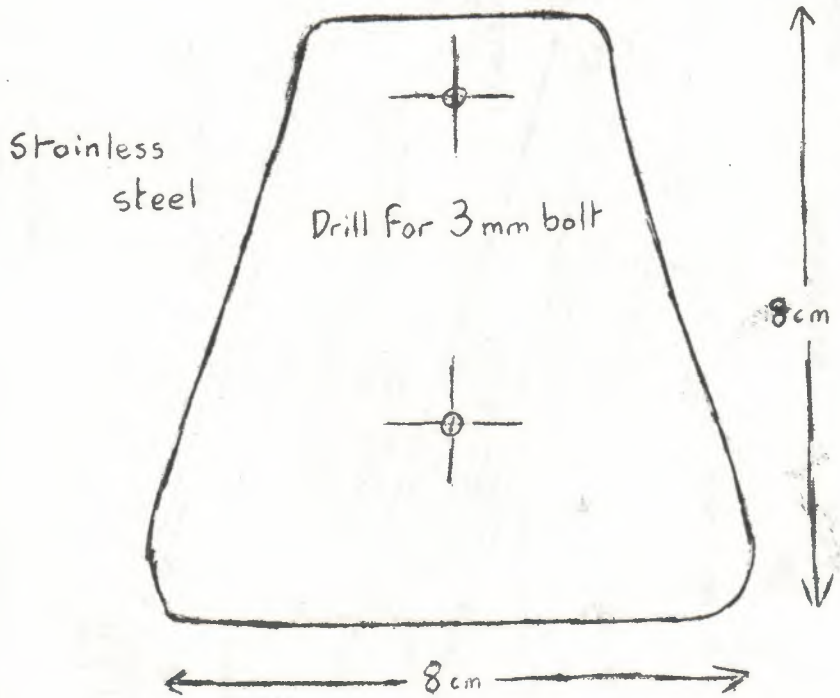


Fig 1 Vortex generator for self bailer (Ronstan RF-249)

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From Maggie Tookey, 1, Mary Street, Farnhill; Keighley; W. Yorkshire.

Dear John,

I wonder if you would print the following message in your next newsletter concerning a trip I would like to undertake in July/August, 1991.

Anyone interested in going on a trip to the Glacier Bay area of Alaska in the summer (July/August) of 1991. It will be sheltered water and the main reason is to see the humpbacked whales that go there to feed in these months.

As yet no organising has been done.

Contact Maggie Tookey - Tel No. 0535 634415 evenings/weekends or write to the above address.

Many thanks, Maggie Tookey.

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