

# 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. 89

JANUARY 1992

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### EDITORIAL

The first ASKC newsletter of 1992, here is hoping we all have a good year and end it with lots of happy memories - memories of sunny days with fair winds and sparkling seas, good company and adventurous experiences. The ending of one year and the start of another is usually a time to briefly reflect on the past whilst most of our thoughts go to future plans.

Most of us, if not all of us, complain at how fast time goes. Just where has the last twelve months gone? Like Alice, one has to 'run just to stay still'. The point of all this is to ask that you take a little time out to write about your activities and/or your future plans in order to share them with others through this newsletter; it need not take long and as editor of this newsletter I know how much interest there is in what fellow paddlers get up to - on the water that is!! So how about a new year resolution - an article for the ASKC.

I try to read as many relevant magazines and papers as I can in order to search out material for this newsletter. If our army of members did the same then I would be inundated. So keep on reading and bear us in mind.

One magazine I enjoy reading is 'BBC Wildlife' and in the November 1991 edition Allan Lynch writes about shortage of driftwood now that so many rivers are being dammed for water and power. "When you dam a river, you're doing three things. First you're taking the timber out as a product. Then when you dam the river you don't want that timber in the water as driftwood above, so you take that out and sell it. Well, the dam doesn't allow the driftwood to go downstream and so you set off the connection between forest and the sea".

Apparently the result of this is to deprive the ocean of nutrients for aquatic life and remove a haven from predators.

Part of the solution, Allan suggests, might be to manage coastal forests with oceans in mind and to allow wood into rivers and estuaries.

### MEMBERSHIP RENEWAL

It has been gratifying to receive so many renewals - obviously the ASKC continues to play a relevant part in your paddling life. I have not attempted to spare those of you who have received another renewal form. I have stuffed one in every newsletter so please ignore or pass to a friend - or even an enemy.

Many of you prefer to renew at the Canoe Exhibition at Crystal Palace and this is just fine. After the Exhibition I then prepare the ASKC Address List for the new year which includes, thanks to Eric Totty, an index for the previous year's newsletters.

So finally, A HAPPY NEW YEAR, and if you're driving ..... well you know the score.

ASKC SHOP - See enclosed membership renewal form.



From: WO1 A. J. Ford, SSO Dortmund, BFFO 20

Spraycover modification and hand held pumps

I wrote to Chris Hawkesworth about the idea of fitting a sealable tube to his Twinseal spraycovers to accommodate one of the portable hand pumps - so that the pump can be inserted into the cockpit and a boat pumped out without the need to entirely or partly remove the spraycover. The benefit of such a modification can, I believe, be clearly seen - the problem as Chris sees it from a manufacturers point is identifying the market. Through the column inches of the ASKC Newsletter, perhaps you could give the idea some publicity asks - basically I should like to ask members - is there a market for such a product - what percentage of sea paddlers:

- (a) Use handheld pumps
- (b) Use Twinseal spraycovers
- (c) Use handheld pumps and Twinseal spraycovers
- (d) Do paddlers see any advantages or disadvantages in such modification
- (e) Is it a product that would sell, and at what additional cost, and would paddlers be prepared to pay an additional five pounds or ten pounds for such a device. Chris tells me to produce it as a short run bespoke product would increase the overall costs by three to five times above a series run product! This I am sure is hardly a price anyone is prepared to pay for such a modification!
- (f) Has anyone a better idea.

Answers on a postcard please to the above address. No, seriously, what do members think - would such a device be welcomed and at what price? I have already written to VCP in an attempt to address some of the questions - maybe other sea kayak manufacturers could give their own views. So please, anyone with a word to say on the subject please drop me a line.

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From: Mark P Racle, 7 Carlton Road, Derby DE3 6HB 16th October 1991  
Tel. (0332) 44498

May I through you and the ASKC Newsletter put out a request to fellow members. Should any be planning a trip to Northern Norway next summer and are short of a team member - please drop me a line.

I should be able and I'm certainly willing to take up to a month off for such a trip, ideally June or July time.

Also, may I take this opportunity to echo the sentiments of so many and thank you for all the work you put in to keeping us informed.

Of course, if the above request bears fruit I'll pen an article for the newsletter - a promise.

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St Kilda and Back  
by Donald Thomson, Inverurie, Scotland

The St Kilda Islands are a group of four main islands, Hirta, Boreray, Soay and Dun, and a number of stacks situated 42 miles west of North Uist out into the Atlantic. The main island of Hirta had a thriving community until they were evacuated at their own request in August 1930. The islands are famous for their bird life and are now owned by the National Trust for Scotland and have been designated a world heritage site.

I have been paddling in the Western Isles now for many years, and on a few occasions caught a glimpse of the islands far out to the west. Their history and remoteness acted as a lure, and the thought of paddling there had crossed my mind many times, but the distance and the exposure had always seemed too great. In 1988 a trip to Fair Isle which involved two 30 mile crossings convinced myself and others that St Kilda was possible, and last year I decided 1991 was the year.

Weather was the critical element, and a lot of research went into choosing a time which would give us the best chance statistically - the end of May. A team of six people were invited on the trip and all accepted, giving a very strong experienced team all of whom had paddled together previously. Even so training and preparation went on all winter until finally the day arrived when we travelled to North Uist. One member of the team had pulled out due to injury and another two could only get the second week off, so there were only three of us in the first party. Ron Mather, Richard Willis and myself. The weather had been settled and our hopes were high, only to be dashed by thick fog on Uist. We set up camp at Grimnish Point, the closest point to St Kilda, and settled in for a long wait, fiddling with equipment and checking everything again and again.

Two days later the forecast indicated a possible change and we paddled in thick mist the eight miles to land on a rocky island called Haskeir. The pilot had indicated landing was only possible on Haskeir in calm conditions, so it was by no means guaranteed. Our first inspection produced nothing, but we eventually found a rock slab which proved just possible to land on in the swell, and we bivied on a rock ledge between the boats. The next morning the winds were NNE2-3, sea state slight but confused and the visibility about six miles. Having confirmed the weather with Stornoway MRSC using the VHF radio, we informed them of our plans and set off at 0800 in high spirits, after an awkward launch. We took turns to navigate on our pre-determined compass bearing, paddling for 1.5 hours and then taking a short stop and snack. Almost six hours later there was still no sight of the islands. We had passed our pre-determined cut of point for turning back, confident in the weather and our navigation, but there was still a nagging doubt, when through the mist a silhouette appeared ahead. At much the same time one of the party became seriously seasick, probably due to the prolonged lack of a horizon. Suddenly the trip had changed from a pleasant but long paddle to a potentially serious situation. Ron was losing strength and heat all the time and we were still 12 miles from our destination. Had he not been able to keep his own balance and do some paddling, we may have needed outside assistance, which was by no means guaranteed, as St Kilda does not keep a radio watch, and there were few or no boats to see flares in the mist. A timely reminder of the seriousness of the undertaking. As it was, it took 4.5 hours towing to get the next eight miles in the 2m swell and confused sea.



Eventually we passed Levenish, the most easterly stack of the islands, and headed into village bay on Hirta. Ron had picked up considerably as we neared our goal and paddled the last two miles in good style. We landed at the small pier in village bay 11 hours after leaving Haskeir, and were met by the NTS warden and the army officer in charge who welcomed us. They had been keeping a watch for us, having been informed by Stornoway of our planned arrival. They showed us to the campsite, part of the Glebe, surrounded by walls and 20 metres from a toilet block with hot showers. Sheer luxury!!

A hot shower, a meal and a celebration drink in the Puffin (the army's bar) rounded off a long and nerve racking day. We had not felt as tired as we thought on arriving, or felt the elation I had expected on landing, but we all had a quietly pleased feeling inside.

I had set aside a two week period for the trip and we had got out on the fourth day, a real bonus. Plenty of time to relax and enjoy the unique atmosphere of these islands and reflect on our success so far.

A long lie should have been in order the next day, but the sun streaming through the tents got us up early, and the effort was well worth it. The view from the tent door was one mile across village bay onto Dun where the morning light picked out every detail of the rocks, and thick mist occasionally streamed over from its south side, giving a slightly ethereal picture. I could feel the magic of the islands.

Time seemed immaterial, and we absorbed the scene as we had breakfast and sorted our gear. In the middle of all this we were approached by a photographer visiting the islands to compose a portfolio for National Geographic. He wanted to photograph us and get some details. Throughout our stay everyone we met was interested in our trip, the canoes and everything to do with us. We felt real personalities at times. BBC Radio Scotland's 'Out of Doors' programme had shown interest in the trip, and interviewed me before we left, and again from the island, but no interview could put across the magic of the islands, or our sense of achievement in getting there.

An invitation to coffee in the officers mess on our first morning was interrupted when an upturned dinghy was sighted on the rocks. It was subsequently tracked to a yacht which had sailed that night, the skipper having spent too long in the Puffin prior to sailing!

Having got out so early, we resolved to make the most of it and not consider the return voyage 'til the second week. This would give us at least five days on the islands, and also allow an opportunity for the second party of Alan Hunter and Andy Warrender to join us, weather permitting.

Throughout our stay the winds were fresh or strong from the north and north-east, giving a cool clear air, occasional mist which restricted the possible paddling days to two.

Two days after we arrived the weather looked promising, and we decided that despite the NE 3 wind and swell and patchy mist, this might be our only chance to get to Boreray, five miles away. We circumnavigated the main island of Hirta and crossed Boreray with its magnificent stacks - Stack Lee and Stack an Armin, both bathed in sunlight, but with thick mist on their north sides. These three islands contain the largest Gannetry in the world with a population of almost 60,000 pairs. The air was full of them. A whirl from the thousands of wings beating

could be heard above the sea. This and the sheer scale of the rock stacks - Stack an Armin is 196m high - combined to produce a magic quality.

We had thoughts of landing on Boreray, but the landing site was impossible for kayaks and led to an 800ft climb which only the St Kildans or a competent climber would be happy with. (Climbing is banned on the Islands.) We paddled back via Soay Gap, the south coast of Hirta and Don Gap to village bay, leaving Soay and Dun for another day. We were punch drunk from a surfeit of amazing sites - 1000ft cliffs (the highest in Britain), stacks, caves, arches and bird life. There are more than 250,000 pairs of birds nesting on the St Kilda Islands, 100,000 of which are Puffins, with another 18 species of nesting sea birds.

We had done almost 20 miles without landing, but it hadn't seemed like it. The landing at village bay was however very welcome. There was always a feeling of exposure when paddling around the St Kilda Islands. No shelter, high cliffs and narrow gaps, and the thought that other than village bay, the closest landing was more than 40 miles to the east on the Outer Hebrides, meant we were cautious and alert to weather changes while paddling around the islands.

We contented ourselves with wandering around Hirta for the next three days, taking in the scenery, bird life and archeology and joining the active social scene.

The St Kilda Islands were gifted to the National Trust for Scotland (NTS) by the Marquess of Bute in 1957. He had bought them from MacLeod of MacLeod in 1931 after the islanders left, as a wildlife sanctuary. Soon after, the islands were let to the Nature Conservancy Council, who subsequently let a small corner of village bay to the Army, who operate a radar tracking station from the hills on Hirta. No one could call the Army buildings beautiful, but the small detachment of 20+ men make all the other work on the island possible by providing power and logistics support. Many scientists carry out research on Hirta under the guidance of the Nature Conservancy Council, who in conjunction with the NTS, have a warden on the islands from May to September.

In addition throughout the summer the NTS run two week work parties of 12 people at a time. They carry out maintenance and rebuilding work on the properties in village bay and research the islands history. Five of the 16 'modern' houses have been resorted and work is starting on a sixth. The party who were out when we arrived were led by a direct descendant of a native of St Kilda and included the proud owner of a canvas double, which it transpired had been used by the first people to paddle out to St Kilda, Hamish and Anne Gow. They arrived at the time of the Cold War and did not receive the same warm welcome we did. The Army treated them as unwelcome visitors and after some searching questions they were shipped back to the mainland. We spent many a pleasant evening with the NTS party and the Army personnel, made new friends and enjoyed a few ceilidhs during our stay. It would have been very easy just to stay and forget all the worries of the rest of the world.

The islands are a photographers paradise - every 100 yards there was a different view, and every stone seemed to hold a story. The history of the islands and their people is reasonably well documented from the 1700s by the observations of various visitors, but history prior to this is as yet surmise. There are remains of earth houses, boat structures, souterrains and dwellings reminiscent of Scara Brae, all holding secrets about the islands past inhabitants.



As the weekend approached our thoughts turned to Alan and Andy, whether they would get a weather window to get out and whether the weather would allow us to paddle back. To our knowledge only three kayaks have made the journey to the St Kilda Islands, but none had done the return journey. By giving ourselves two weeks we hoped to be able to paddle back and thus achieve a first.

Sundays forecast was better and we decided to investigate Dun and Soay. The wind was coming off the cliffs at Soay in ferocious gusts and we decided to play safe and restrict ourselves to the sheltered south coast of Hirta and Dun. The day was spent investigating caves, arches and stacks with a break to see off the National Trust work party, who were changing out that day, as they sailed out on the 'Monaco', a converted fishing boat.

There are numerous caves along the islands rocky coastline, many with very narrow entrances only accessible by canoe, which opened out into vast deep caverns with the eerie call of seals from beaches at their head, some of which we did not reach. I'm sure we were the first people to have entered many of these caves, which gave us an uncomfortable feeling of intruding on nature.

On the return trip we caught sight of some fins, and as we got closer we realised they were big. Then we saw the white underbelly - killer whales!! We drifted gradually down towards them as they played against the towering cliffs. There were two adults, two young playing with a seal carcass and two or three others. We were within 20m of them when they decided to move on, passing within a paddles length of the canoes as they did so. Another magic experience to cap an already amazing day.

On our arrival back at village bay the CO informed us that the 'Monaco' had sighted Alan and Andy 12 miles out. We were slightly concerned as the weather had picked up earlier than forecast, and scanned the horizon for any sign of them. We saw them on the horizon and paddled out to meet them, but missed them in the by now intimidating 3m+ breaking seas. A call on the VHF from the CO informed us they'd arrived and we paddled back to meet them. They had made very good time for the first 20 miles from Haskeir where they had a difficult and wet launch, Andy taking an unscheduled swim after being caught by a large wave while launching, but had been slowed considerably by the rising weather. They were tired as the seas had been such that they had been unable to rest or eat for the last four hours. Like ourselves, a shower, meal and celebration drink before a good nights sleep cured all.

My next concern was whether we would be able to paddle back, and every forecast was monitored. The weather was definitely breaking and the long range forecast was poor. Our only hope was a weather window between the lows which were now lined up across the Atlantic. The lunchtime and early evening forecasts on the Tuesday were both possible, but after much discussion we reluctantly decided not to go on either, as they would have meant a night paddle with all the problems of losing touch with the group, and moral. Moral was potentially a major problem on the return trip. It would not be worth the risk of trying to land on Haskeir, so we were committed to at least 42 miles paddling, rather than the 34 from Haskeir on the way out, and would not have the same goal as on the way out. For these reasons we rejected a start which would have involved a finish in darkness, despite the fact that it might mean 'hitching' back having missed the weather. We got every forecast we could on the Tuesday night, BBC, shipping, Army, inshore and Marine Call. The shipping forecast was poor with Force 4 increasing in

all the surrounding areas, but Marine Call (which had consistently been the most accurate during our trip) and the BBC were both good.

We set off at 0300 on the Wednesday morning on a forecast of NE 3 possibly calm overnight, 4-5 later. The NTS work party leader and NCC warden stayed up to see us off with coffee and cakes, which were much appreciated, as there was a chill in the air, caused by the cloudless sky. We made good progress on a calm sea and blistering sun after day-break. The weather made all the difference, but despite this we all had a bad spell around 1300 about ten miles out as we approached Haskeir. The forecast at 0555 and 1355 were both poor, and we could see the weather encroaching from all sides and the wind picking up. Despite all this we landed at Grimnish at 1600, half an hour before the wind picked up to a good NE 4/5. The Gods had looked kindly on us.

The thought of climbing the nearest hill to inform Stornoway of our safe arrival on the VHF did not appeal, but a celebration drink and meal in the Lochmaddy Hotel did, and would allow me to phone. When I returned from the phonebox the others were asleep in the car! The paddle and the warm weather combined to make our trip to Lochmaddy a 'matchstick' job. The meal was unexciting, but at least we didn't need to cook, and the beer did go down very nicely!

It is always difficult to summarise ones feelings at the end of a trip like this. The realisation of our achievement did not sink in 'til the next day. Only the fourth people to paddle out to the St Kilda Islands, possibly the first to paddle to Boreray, and the only group to paddle back. The trip of a lifetime.

The members of the party would like to thank those companies who kindly offered sponsorship: Scottish Power plc, Lendal Products Ltd., Palm Canoe Products, Compaq Computers and Bigfoot Adventure. In addition our thanks for the co-operation and assistance provided by the National Trust for Scotland, The Royal Artillery Range Hebrides St Kilda Detachment and HMCG MRSC Stornoway.

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The Anglesey Sea Kayaking Symposium, staged by the Nordkapp Trust will be held for the second year running from Friday 1st May through to Friday 8th. May 1992 at Trearddur Bay, Anglesey, North Wales at Nigel Dennis's Anglesey School of Sea and Surf.

The event was a great success last year when a whole range of lectures clinics, B.C.U. coaching courses and local trips kept everyone busy. For many of us the high-light was listening to George Dyson. This year Dr. Mike Watts is being asked and I can guarantee that you will find him very entertaining. He should prove an excellent main guest speaker.

As last year you will have many choices to make including how long to stay. The weekend of the 1st May to the 4th is the heart of the Symposium so you can come for the weekend; the whole or part of the following week. You can camp, self cater or live in with all found. For application forms contact Nigel Dennis at A.S.S.S., Porth Dafarch Road, Holyhead, Anglesey, North Wales, LL65 2LP (0407 762525).

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The Jersey Canoe Club Sea Kayaking Symposium is being staged over the weekend of 22nd. 23rd. and 24th. May, 1992. This is their first such event and is attracting a lot of interest from the U.K. and Europe. Guest speakers include Howard Jeffs, Frank Goodman, Duncan Winning, George Wartwig and Didier Plouhine with reps from the Met Office and R.S.P.B. Oh! and I'm going along too but don't let this distract you!! Further details from Kevin Mansell. 177, Quennevais Park, St. Brelade, Jersey, Channel Islands \* \* \* \* \*



From: John Carnegie, Sparkford, Somerset

For quite a while now I have been a keen sea paddler and do a fair amount out of sight of land. While I realise that a very small proportion of us use a compass very often I have had the opportunity to use one often. More than that I have used or seen a huge variety of compasses and, up till now, I have never enjoyed any of them. Even the ones fitted as standard by reputable kayak manufacturers fall far short of the ideal, putting it mildly. In any out of land sight crossing a compass is a must if one wants to paddle a totally accurate course and avoid the hassle of a struggle at the ultimate goal.

Lots of compasses do the job moderately satisfactorily but many open sea people soon discover that navigating an accurate course can be a real hassle even for 20 minutes or more. Sharing the navigation on six hour crossings can cause conflict over direction particularly in lumpy conditions. Rudders are wonderful aids but nonetheless compasses for kayaking leave a lot to be desired. Flat awkward, very expensive ones are designed with a lubber line at the far end which isn't easy to follow and so on and on.

The point is that when one finds something so radically different and so brilliantly advanced as the compass I have found, you have to shout it from the roof tops. Sounds like an advertisement doesn't it? It isn't. The Silva 85 has all the attributes of a thoroughbred but is relatively new I believe. It has two major selling points which catapult it into the "everyone should have one bracket". It has a transparent card and it is marked thus 0, 2, 4, 6, 8 up to 36. Being marked thus means that one can read it in the blink of an eye. Every in between mark is as eminently visible with a white mark as big as the numbered marks. Gone are the wide gaps caused by using 0 at the end of the numbers which in turn cause insufficient space on the card to number it adequately for our use. The fluid in the dome enlarges the numbering to such an extent as to be brilliantly clear even if the compass is placed absurdly far away. At arms length it is scarcely even necessary to give it more than the briefest of glances to check ones course. The transparent card effect has to be seen to be believed, the dome (2.5 ins high) does not collect water droplets or cause any splash back in heavy seas, low sun from any angle affects it not one jot, it can be viewed clearly at very low angles, measures 3.4 ins diameter so it will fit in most deck recesses and even without a compass recess will sit comfortably on the decks of all sea boats I have seen. Mine is simply fitted with secure elastics and tied with a safety loop on to the decklines for extra insurance. When not in use I take it off and store it in foam in a hatch. It is as pristine as the day I bought it.

Best of all it only costs £32.95. For the Rolls Royce of compasses that is not a lot.

May I commend you on the Newsletter too. What a delight to receive something so newsy and so untrammelled by unnecessary glossiness and countless adverts. I long for it to drop into my letterbox. It is a panacea in this world of hype and the mountains of rubbish shoved through my door. Well done.

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Extracts from a book written by Gavin Maxwell -  
Seals of the World, published by Constable (under  
the sponsorship of the World Wildlife Fund)

Eskimos hunted from domestic need the Walrus, using the skins to make rope, and to cover their homes and boats; the ivory for making tools, for carving, and to use in bartering; the flesh as food; and the oil and blubber for fuel. The Eskimos hunted the Walrus with harpoon, line and lance. Having paddled his kayak to an ice floe, the hunter would haul his craft on to the floe and secure his harpoon line to it through a hole bored in the ice. He would then harpoon any luckless Walrus that happened to be basking nearby. The skin of the Walrus is very thick and tough, and it was not easy to ensure that the harpoon lodged securely in the body. If it did so, the Walrus dived and thrashed in its efforts to dislodge the harpoon head. At last when his quarry was almost exhausted with its efforts, the Eskimo pulled his catch alongside and killed it with a number of stabs from his lance. With the advent of firearms the Eskimo changed his methods but he was probably less successful, as often Walruses shot in the water sank well out of reach. It has been estimated that about 50 per cent of Walruses shot in the water have been lost in this way.

Parts of Steller's Sealion are still used by the Aleuts and Eskimo, who make the intestinal membranes into suits of waterproof clothing. The complete suit weighs only a pound and can be carried in the pocket, just like a 'plastic mac'. The pelts are also used to make leather for Mukluks or leggings.

Although they prefer the Harp Seal skin for use in the building of their kayaks (as the skin of the Bladdernose Seal is rather porous) the Eskimos are very fond of the Bladdernose's flesh which is regarded as something of a delicacy.

The Eskimos, who call the Bearded Seal 'Ogjuk', utilise practically every inch of the animal in one way or the other. They consider the flesh a delicacy, especially if it is allowed to mature for a while after killing; they use the skin for clothing, and in Alaska they consider the best leather for the soles of their boots comes from the Bearded Seal; they manufacture dog harnesses, fishing lines and boats out of it (15 seals provide the skin for one boat or 'oomiak') and use the fat from the blubber.

The Ringed Seal has always been hunted by Eskimos for food, clothing and fuel, and is still the mainstay of some Eskimos' economy.

The skin of the Ribbon Seal is greatly prized by the Eskimos who convert it into a 'hold-all' for their waterproof clothing. The skin is removed from the carcass by slitting down the abdomen and removing the pelt as a whole piece. It is then tanned and each side of the slit is provided with holes which are laced together with thong, thus making a large and very attractive bag.

Until quite recently the Eskimos hunted the Common Seal for food, and used the skins to make rawhide shoes or 'rivlins' and pouches.

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From: John E. Chamberlin

### Fear of Drowning

Funny thing was, the ferry was of Mississippi style, but without the paddle wheels at the side or the stern. It was grossly overloaded and it was sinking. Yet no-one but me seemed to notice or mind. People just looked out of the side windows or over the railings, paying no apparent attention to the fact that it was going down. The other strange aspect of the scene was the location - Darley Abbey weir, near Derby. Five hundred years ago there might have been a ferry there, of sorts, but not today. There is neither depth of water, nor the need, with the adjacent toll bridge. It was totally incongruous. Absurd or not, we were taking water relentlessly, but I couldn't move. Something was gripping my feet, sticking them to the deck. And something else was gripping my body, the fear, the realisation that in a few moments more we would all be gone, beneath the surface, drowned. The panic racked my body, abdomen first, then shoulders and on to the neck. Down we went, nobody but me struggling, screaming silent unheard screams.

I was suddenly aware of the cool night air and the half-light of early morning. I lay there in my bed grateful for that, for the soothing realisation that it had been just a dream. Just another dream. I was not surprised, as in two weeks' time I was going away sea canoeing for four days in Pembrokeshire. The dreams didn't happen so often these days, but when they did it was normally on the run-up to a sea trip, like the fact that I always seem to get uncanny nose-bleeds a week or two before the letter comes advising me of my next visit to the blood donor session. I turned over and went back to sleep.

By November next year I will have been a member of the Midland Canoe Club for 30 years. For most of those I have been pathologically scared of the water, especially when in it, yet my primary affection within the sport has been with the sea. I'm still not happy in water now, but I'm getting less unhappy.

Whilst the MCC is firstly a white water club, my half-hearted skirmishes with slalom in the sixties were always totally inhibited by this fear of the water. I did manage to get into Div. 2, but that was only because for a brief period they reduced the divisions from four to three, and I was lucky! It certainly was not on merit. I can remember coming third in my first novice slalom at Appletreewick in 1963, and then going home in disgust because there were only prizes for first and second places. I think that was when I peaked at slalom.

I don't know what attracted me to canoeing really. It all started on Bonfire Night in 1962, when I had been invited by a friend at work to the annual club barbecue. Later in the evening though, Dave Patrick - heard of him? - asked me if I was going to start canoeing and join the club, or if I'd just come down for the beer and women? As I recall it my answer was really positive, along the lines of, "I can't swim".

"We'll teach you that," replied Dave, thinking of the extra sub's.

They never did. It was the only promise Dave has failed to keep. It wasn't for the want of him trying though. But he eventually gave up on me one night in the mid-sixties at the Victoria Baths in Nottingham, with the aside "You don't want to swim!".

I did though, but of course neither he nor the others could really know how much, or what the problem was. I was scared, and for that reason I couldn't relax in the water. To them I was just a coward, a wimp I suppose in modern jargon. My Dad had the same problem, he could never swim either.

It's been a life-long conundrum - my outer conscious having a love of the water, especially the sea, ever since I remember first seeing it as a child, yet my subconscious exhibiting a most morbid and terrifying fear of being in it. This would manifest itself in a variety of ways, ranging from never going out of my depth in a pool; never therefore learning to swim; rarely ever being persuaded to shoot the Trent Weir near the clubhouse; nightmares about drowning ending in me waking up, shaking and wet with perspiration (my first wet dreams?); always wearing a life-jacket and learning to screw roll so well I left a hole in the water!

I remember once becoming quite violent when a fellow club member tried to throw me in the pool at Derby, and it wasn't even the deep end! He just did not know how scared I was of being thrown in, a remnant from childhood possibly. Daft isn't it?

I first really noticed it when at junior school they took us to the local open air pool for 'swimming lessons'. Initially these consisted of us starting in a line at the shallow end, holding on to the waist of the lad in front and then walking in a long snaking line which gradually took us out of our depth. Gradually, that was, for most of the class, almost immediately though for me! I'm not very big. The idea was to show us that we floated naturally. I didn't. I was soon coughing and spluttering. I suppose it was then that it began to dawn clearly that I was totally lacking in natural buoyancy. With a physique (and that is probably a corruption of word) like Adrian Mole and legs like knotted cotton that these days would qualify for a 'registered disabled' sticker in the car and the eternal facility to park on double yellow lines, it was much later that my intellect had developed sufficiently to understand the term 'negative buoyancy'.

But I had it. I found sitting on the bottom quite easy. What disappointed me was that I didn't float back to the surface like all my mates did. I didn't really mind being in or under the water, so long as I could stand up and when I did the surface was no higher than my chest. (Not that I had one of those either.) I used to think it was because I didn't breathe enough air into my lungs, but all that did was slow the rate of descent, always legs first. They had the shape and floating characteristics of nails.

Once at those same Victoria Baths, in the shallow end, I had ducked under water for some reason, but when I started to come up again someone had put a canoe in the pool and the first I knew was when my head hit the hull. I thought I had somehow gone under the side of the pool and become trapped. I just stood up, gripped by instant panic. The next thing I knew was that I was standing in four feet of water with a boat on my head. Still on the bath side and about to enter his canoe, the owner let out a startled yell as it came back out to meet him.

In February 1977 I organised a group of seven on a trip with the Sail Training Association aboard the topsail schooner, the Sir Winston Churchill - the shakedown cruise. I can remember being asked on going aboard that bleak Sunday afternoon, "Can you swim?".



"A bit. Not really," I replied, always bugged by the need for total honesty - in truth I could do a width under water (shallow end!) and two lengths of back stroke on the surface in a short pool, just, starting at the shallow end and not stopping until I got back to it, but absolutely knackered and panting like a Grand National winner when I did.

"I'll put you down as yes," said the purser, who was built like Brian Blessed and didn't look the type to use a purse.

I joke about it now, but I can remember the inner panic as I thought of the implications if I went overboard. I could imagine them scanning the list as I went down for the third time, "Says here 'swimmer', he'll be all right".

On the way back from Cherbourg to Southampton we ran before a Force 7 and our watch had to go aloft, up the foremast and out along the upper yardarm (how's that for sea-going jargon?), to haul in the top square-sail. It was like trying to fold hardboard. The boat was leaning heavily to port and I can distinctly remember choosing the starboard yardarm, so that if I fell off at least I'd land on the ship and therefore not drown. It did not occur to me at the time that if I fell in the sea at least I would stand some chance of survival. I later learned that the only fatality ever recorded by the STA was when someone fell off the rigging and hit the deck, literally!

Talking of going down for the third time reminds me of my earliest realisation that me and water didn't get on. It was at those same open air baths at Long Eaton. I had been persuaded, against my inhibitions, to join a group from our street going there for the afternoon during the school holidays, in one of those long summers in the late fifties. Sensing my reluctance to participate once we were there, one of the big lads picked me up and threw me in, out of my depth. I was soon lost to sight amongst the melee in the pool, only getting occasional glimpses of the sunlight and even less exposure to it. All I can recall is choking and generally splashing my arms in such a way that everyone around me must have convinced themselves I was having the time of my life. I was, in a way. The end of it. Fortunately one of the boys who I had gone with saw what was happening and jumped in to fish me out. It wasn't exactly Holger Nielson stuff, but a bit close, and it did leave a permanent imprint on my mind.

The experience added to one I'd had many years earlier, as a much younger child, when I had been locked in the toilet on a train and unable to get out. It took some patience from my concerned family, outside in the corridor of the speeding coach, as they encouraged me through various options for freeing the jammed bolt, whilst I was blubbering in claustrophobic panic inside. They were probably more worried that we were rapidly approaching our home station, as my Dad's BR Free Pass ran out there and would probably have had to pay hard cash if we'd overshot.

Whilst that one is not water related, those are the two memories that return whenever I am trying to fathom this terror of being trapped under the water. Terror may seem too strong a word, but it isn't. I cannot go canoeing at all, even now that I can swim somewhat more confidently, without some degree of fear prior to and during the event, often becoming quite gripped immediately before and after setting off. It's a sort of canoeists 'PMT' - Pre-Maritime Tension.

In the early days, before I took to the sea as my primary involvement, the bulk of paddling with the MCC was on the Trent, locally, or at the various slaloms my peers and I were competing in. But I was



never happy, never able to take the water with the required aggression, unlike my fellow club members who made commendable progress through the divisions. It was not simply a lack of ability or technique, well, not completely, just that I was scared stiff of the moving water and its potential to hold me until I had stopped struggling.

I can remember one winter Sunday afternoon at Trent Lock when we left the club house and paddled down river to shoot the main weir at Redhill and then 'play' in the stopper at the bottom. (N.B. Stoppers were something I never 'played' in, my sole aim being to get through them and away on the other side, faster than a rat up a drain pipe!) I sat at the top all afternoon, looking over the lip and at all my mates below shouting at me to come. But I couldn't. Even when the latest young lady member shot past me and down through the standing wave, followed by further shouts of 'Come on John, if Our Pat can do it you can!'. But still I didn't. The ultimate humiliation. I chickened out in front of a girl. I got very good at back-paddling though!

On another occasion later that winter, down there again, there were large pools in the fields following recent flooding. The club joke was that 'they'll be all right for Chambo!' The cross one has to bear.

Even when paddling upstream to Sawley Weir I hated it the closer we got, knowing what the others would be doing, and I wouldn't. Two local non-club canoeists had drowned there in 1967. I have shot it once, I think - blinkers on and straight down - not more than twice.

The crunch really came in 1982, after a nasty experience in a Force 8 gale and big seas off Red Wharf Bay on Anglesey - remember the 'Mayday!' article? That was such a close thing that I thought I really should do something.

Things took a turn for the better early in the eighties, by coincidence more than design. My wife had been unwell for a number of months and the local doctors seemed unable to bottom the cause and therefore provide a remedy. Amongst the many well-intentioned suggestions from friends and acquaintances was the idea of her visiting a hypno-therapist. She declined initially, but I was interested in the possibility of it offering a solution so I went instead, just to find out more. At that first session the idea occurred that if the guy could help me with a problem, that success may just sway my wife to give it a try, so I threw down the gauntlet there and then with the challenge of my fear of water and consequential inability to swim.

I signed on for a number of visits, during which they started with deepening relaxation techniques, moving gradually towards the possible causes of my fears, the aim being to 'find the key to the rusty old lock', and then hopefully 're-enter' those earlier experiences and purge them from my mind, or something like that. In the process they also made for me a couple of personal relaxation tapes which I took home and used between each visit. They lasted about 15 minutes and I used them daily as instructed. One of the lasting impressions of those days is the feeling of utter calm, almost weightlessness I felt after the sessions, especially the first. I remember driving home within the speed limits, unknown for me!

The clue that something was changing came one Saturday morning, early in 1983 I think, when we were taking our two young children to swimming lessons - there was no way they were going to end up like me. I was trying a width of breast stroke, never previously achieved on the surface of the pool, well within my depth of course. I had done about



half a dozen strokes and was nearing the middle of the pool when I was suddenly struck by the realisation of how relaxed I actually felt, and immediately also that if I felt like that there, I could possibly reach the far side. Needless to say, I did - the first milestone. I was so pleased I went and did it six more times before retiring elated, knackered too, but elated nonetheless. It had felt so different I couldn't believe it. To those of you that swim well and have no fear of water, that may be difficult to understand, jubilation at just six widths. The next week I did ten widths, and then back at home lay on the floor like a beached whale, well shrimp, utterly drained.

The crunch came one subsequent Saturday morning when my daughter Katie, then eight, was due to take her '25 metre badge'. This she did swimming along the side of the L-shaped deep end of the Long Eaton pool. She was dead chuffed when they gave her the badge, as we were, but then she rushed up to me and said, "Now you do it".

She had no idea how I felt about water as I had always taken care to conceal my own lack of confidence, whilst encouraging both of them during their lessons. However, innocent though this spontaneous challenge may have been to Katie, it instantly gave me the grips again. To refuse would have been unreasonable, and, I also felt, cowardly.

"Only if you walk along the side with me in case I struggle," I responded.

She giggled, convinced of course that I was joking. But I wasn't. At 37, I actually needed my eight-year-old daughter to be there alongside me in case I needed help. I was frightened of taking those two extra steps, width to length, and out of my depth. She did as requested, and so did I. I felt like asking for a badge. I had done my first ever length of breast-stroke on the surface of a pool.

I confided the problem, and my 'therapy', in a guy at work who helped run a swimming club, and before long he was helping sort out my strokes. It was convenient too, as at that time Robin Rhodes and I were training for two hours on the Erewash Canal each Tuesday night and the swimming club was just a couple of miles away, so off there we popped afterwards for a shower and hour's swim. Whilst Robin could swim, he didn't very often so thought the practice would do him good.

I was amazed. After just six or eight weeks I had swum a quarter of a mile. This was early summer in 1983, and for the first time in my life I ventured out of my depth, briefly, whilst swimming in the sea on holiday in Brittany that year.

Another milestone.

Meanwhile the hypnotherapist was still making some progress with this 'rusty lock'. I became quite agitated in the later sessions as questions probing these distant incidents prodded my semi-conscious. However, I had told him of my swimming progress and he was a little concerned that I was still reluctant to acknowledge the fact that I could actually do it. He asked me directly, "When will you admit you can swim?"

"When I've done a mile," I responded.

"Then go away and do it," he said, "and then come back."

So that became the challenge. It took a while too, a couple

more years in fact, because something else I had never done was go to a swimming pool by myself. The truth is, the mere thought of going to the swimming baths filled me with the same old fear. It always had done. I had never been to one alone, and I never went down those slides! I daren't.

In 1985 I gave myself the target of doing my 'mile' before I was 40 in January 1986, and set my stall out to go to the local pool, after work, one or two nights a week. That first visit was another hurdle. I felt the same as you do when you leave the optician with your first pair of glasses. You're sure everyone else knows and is looking at you, but once in the water, shallow end first again, I realised they weren't. Starting with 20 lengths, this gradually built up to 30, 40 and so on, until by the winter I was nearing my objective. My birthday was January 25th, and one Monday early in 1986 I went determined to do it.

I had been told I needed to cover 60 lengths of the pool to claim the mile, and that night I did 62. The extra two were because I thought I had lost count half way through and I was determined not to cheat.

I had done it, and with a head that would hardly come out of the shower I presented myself at the counter for my '1 mile' badge. I already knew it was going to cost me 30p. The lady looked at me as though I should be wearing short pants and then told me they don't have 'mile' badges these days as everything has gone metric, but she asked me how many lengths I had done. 'Sixty-two' I said proudly.

To my utter destruction she then informed me I hadn't done a mile, that was 64 lengths! I had been mis-informed. But she did say '1,500 metres' was only 60 lengths and as I had clearly done that I could have a badge. I did, but it wasn't the same.

I was there again the following Friday and this time made sure by doing 66 lengths. There was no badge. This time I didn't need one. It was two weeks to my fortieth birthday. I did it again the next day. I ended up knackered again, but I had done it. I was convinced I could swim. The fact that kids and seventy-year-olds overtook me with nonchalant ease was irrelevant. At my own pace I got there in the end. My 'mile' took me a full hour. It had really taken 40 years.

We were out for a drink with Dave Patrick, Robin Rhodes and our wives that night, and I couldn't wait to tell them. I even showed them my badge!

That was over five years ago. Three weeks ago I had the latest 'drowning' dream, nightmare, call them what you will, and last weekend we were over in West Wales sea canoeing. The wind blew us out, so the planned trip was not possible. We did have some exhilarating canoeing in the conditions however, and although I'm still not as confident out there as Dave and Robin, and probably never will be, it's getting better!

The trip started from a little place called Lawrenny Quay, but while searching for a launch spot we also stopped at Cresswell Quay. This is a tiny hamlet where the Cresswell River turns a sharp 90° bend, and it's one of the narrowing tidal reaches off the Daugleddau, the upper section of the Milford Haven estuary. At Cresswell Quay there is a car-park-cum-quay, with a vertical iron ladder down the high stone wall to the water, exactly on the bend. Last night I had one of those fleeting part dreams, a transitory glimpse, just a few frames of the film. All I saw was this steep, dark wall, on a bend, with the water rushing round it. Then the dream was gone. I was not in it, but I think I should have been. Perhaps it was just a trailer.



Immersion and drowning  
by Dr Peter Wilmshurst  
Medical Adviser to the British Sub-Aqua Club

Immersion injuries and drowning are medical conditions which can affect any person who, deliberately or accidentally, goes into water. They account for most deaths in water and for many of those occurring soon after rescue.

Immersion injuries are due to the physical characteristics of water and its effects on the human body. The important characteristics of water are density, thermal capacity and thermal conductivity. These three govern how immersion affects our heart, circulation and metabolism.

We will start by removing the effects of heat loss from the equation and just consider the effects of water density. Suppose we are going to put a man into a swimming pool containing water at body temperature (37 degrees Centigrade). He will neither gain nor lose heat. Before entering the water much of his five litre blood volume will have collected in the veins in his legs as a result of gravity. Water's density is approximately the same as that of the swimmer's body. In water he is weightless and the hydrostatic effect of water around legs pushes the blood pooled in the veins back into the trunk - especially into the heart.

Hydrostatic pressure

The more blood the heart contains, the greater the cardiac output. Cardiac output is the volume of blood the heart pumps around the body; usually six litres per minute. Starling's law governs the relationship between heart volume and cardiac output.

This important relationship provides the reason for laying down people who have fainted or who are shocked and keeping their lower limbs horizontal.

This drains the blood from the veins in the legs and back to the heart, increasing cardiac output. Blood supply to vital organs such as the brain is thus improved.

The increase in the return of venous blood from the legs to the heart during immersion also causes the hydrostatic pressure inside the heart chambers and major blood vessels to increase. Effectively, there is now too much blood in circulation.

On land, about one litre of blood in the body was not being used - it just collected in the legs. When the swimmer is in the water this blood returns to the heart. The heart senses the surplus and gets rid of it in a way familiar to any swimmer - by increasing urine production by the kidneys. This process continues until cardiac output and pressures inside the circulation return to normal.

If the swimmer remains immersed in water for long enough to lose a large volume of urine, when removed from the water, total blood volume will be much lower than before immersion. On standing up, blood will again pool in the legs. Suddenly the blood volume in the heart will be reduced. Blood pressure and cardiac output will fall. Blood flow to vital organs including the brain and heart will also decrease.

The effects of immersion are increased still more if the water is cold. Of course all seas are colder than body temperature, but some

are much colder. Water conducts heat 25 times more efficiently than air and can hold a thousand times more heat. Heat loss during immersion - without proper insulation - is therefore very rapid.

The body responds to heat loss by constricting blood vessels, diverting blood away from the limbs and back to the trunk. The constriction of veins in limbs exaggerates the effect of immersion on limb venous blood return and hence cardiac output, blood pressure and urine production.

#### Increased resistance

Cold also causes constriction of arteries, the blood vessels which carry blood away from the heart. When they are constricted the heart has to pump harder to overcome the increased resistance to flow.

As a result the heart needs a greater oxygen supply because it is doing more work. If the heart does not receive this oxygen it can fail or stop completely. This is why cardiac deaths and other heart problems are much more common in winter than in summer.

Now, both immersion and cold reduce the amount of blood in the limbs - particularly the legs - and increase the blood volume in the trunk. When the casualty is rescued, blood pools in the legs and causes blood pressure and cardiac output to fall below normal. In severe cases the result is shock which can be fatal.

This is the reason why during the Fastnet Race a few years ago so many sailors died. In fact, only those who went into the water died. All those who stayed on their damaged yachts survived.

In some cases the casualties were alive in the water when the helicopter winchman reached them. They were able to talk and often to help get the harness on. However, as soon as they were lifted clear of the water, blood drained into their dangling legs.

Casualties went into shock, dying before they could be hauled into the helicopter. For this reason helicopters now winch people up in a harness in the horizontal position with their legs at the same level as the heart.

Post-immersion shock is responsible for many of the deaths that occur soon after rescue.

Other fatalities are said to be "rewarming deaths" associated with hypothermia. However, it is not really clear whether there is any truth in the belief that rewarming deaths result from cold blood returning from the limbs to the core as the body warms up causing the heart to stop.

It seems to me more probable that low blood volume - when blood vessels dilate as warming occurs - is the culprit.

#### Rapid heat loss

Hypothermia is said to occur when body temperature falls below 35 degrees Centigrade. Its onset is very rapid in people immersed in water because of rapid heat loss.

If body core temperature falls sufficiently the heart will stop. But, in water, most people die long before this stage. As body temperature drops, co-ordination becomes impaired, making swimming diffi-



cult, and loss of consciousness follows. Drowning occurs before the body temperature has fallen significantly.

Cold can produce some other interesting effects on the heart's rhythm. Sometimes cold makes the heart beat dangerously fast, although slowing is more common. If someone jumps or falls into very cold water, nerve receptors in the skin detect the temperature change, causing the heart to slow.

If the cold shock is sufficiently great the heart may stop. This may only last a few seconds but the heart might not restart before the individual becomes unconscious; drowning usually follows.

This is a condition quite common among people who dive into glacial lakes in places like Switzerland or seamen who fall into Arctic waters. It is called hydrocution and its effect on the heart can be similar to electrocution.

People can drown while wearing a life jacket. Good life jackets provide support, but most do not prevent waves washing over the head - especially at high wave frequencies.

In rough weather a casualty tends to pass through the wave rather than over it. Even conscious individuals have difficulty maintaining a breathing pattern which prevents water inhalation when the waves come at intervals of less than one every two or three seconds. In these circumstances breathing becomes tiring and exhaustion occurs.

Once a casualty inhales some water and starts to cough, it is difficult to protect the airway. Some "life jackets" are so badly designed that they cause people to float face downwaters in the water.

In 20-25 per cent of cases, the lungs of drowning victims contain little or no water. Laryngeal spasm leads to hypoxia and death.

The effects of drowning are very different to heart attacks which cause people to drop down in the street. In drowning, breathing usually ceases long before cardiac activity. In cardiac arrest, the primary problem is stoppage of the heart. In half of drowning or near-drowning casualties, an electrical test of the heart (an electrocardiogram) shows reasonable electrical activity.

### Resuscitation

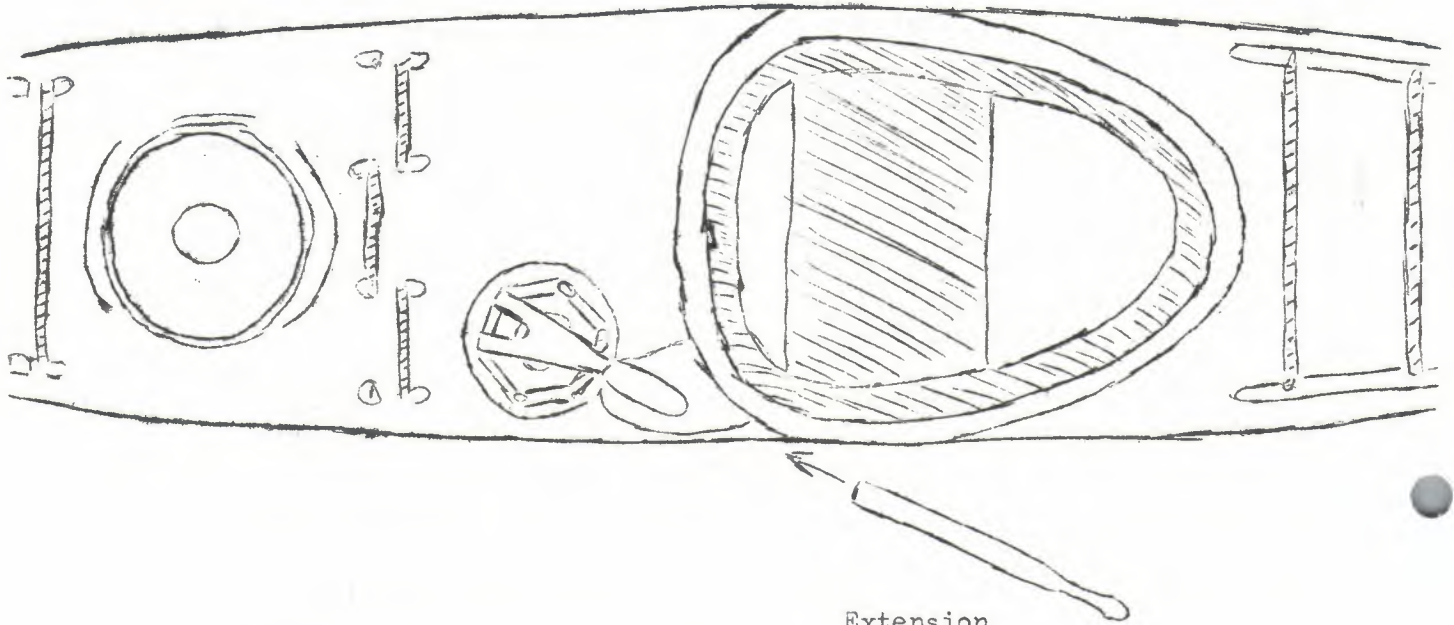
In drowning it may be difficult to feel a pulse because of shock. Because the heart beats longer in drowning, the brain receives a blood supply for longer than in cardiac arrest. In addition, the brain of a drowning person is cooled rapidly (at a rate of about 1 deg.C/minute). To a large extent cooling protects the brain from the damage that occurs when its oxygen supply is cut off. As a result there are cases of victims of near-drowning who escaped brain damage after more than 40 minutes without air.

Signs of brain death also do not apply to hypothermic casualties. Therefore, when resuscitating a near-drowning victim, resuscitation should be attempted even if the casualty has been under water a long time.

You should not give up until the body temperature is back to normal. This means, if possible, do not give up hope of resuscitation until a doctor tells you it is useless to continue.

From: Rod Slaughter, 79 Welfare Crescent, Newbiggin-by-the-Sea

Simply bringing the chimp within reach



Extension

Most rear deck mounted pumps are almost impossible to operate when on the water due to being badly positioned. I've found an easy way to solve this problem is to use a slot on extension handle.

The handle is a short piece of aluminium paddle loom shaped at one end (in the vice) for a comfortable grip. The length of the extension depends on where you find it comfortable to operate from; I find 43 cms ideal as it brings the handle just in front of the shoulder. Care has to be taken not to extend too far because of the increased arc of the handle when pumping, extending in front of the shoulder means the handle can be operated by the right or left hand. A piece of cord fixed through a hole drilled in the handle can be secured to the pump to prevent loss if dropped overboard. The handle is stored under rear deck elastics when not in use.

I have tried the extension in practice in moderate conditions and found it easy to use although never had to use it in an emergency yet.

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SYMPOSIUM - ANGLESEY 1st MAY THRU TO 8th MAY 1992

SYMPOSIUM - JERSEY 22/23/24 MAY 1992

see within this newsletter for further information.





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ALONG TOURING EQUIPMENT ADVICE LECTURES EVENTS POLO FILMS YOUTH

# INTERNATIONAL CANOE EXHIBITION

CRYSTAL PALACE NATIONAL SPORTS CENTRE  
22~23 FEBRUARY 1992

SATURDAY : 9.30 AM - 6 PM SUNDAY : 9.30 AM - 5 PM  
ADULTS £5.50 UNDER 16 £3.00 INCLUSIVE OF FREE PROGRAMME

FOR MORE INFORMATION: TELEPHONE: 0602 821100 OR 081-778-0131

Organized On Behalf Of The British Canoe Union

## TRADE & INFORMATION STANDS

At least 100 Exhibitors will be present, offering this annual gathering of canoeing enthusiasts the opportunity of visiting the leading manufacturers and retailers of canoes, kayaks and associated equipment. See and examine new products at first hand and discuss latest developments with the experts. Book your 1992 canoeing holiday with one of the many specialist companies and centres on show. Find out more about the wide range of canoeing activities and disciplines from the voluntary information stands.

## FREE PROGRAMME

A comprehensive full colour programme is included in your admission price, giving you an in-depth guide to the trade and information stands as well as guiding you through the events of the day.

## POOL EVENTS

In the pool, there will be a continuous programme of canoeing events and displays. Don't miss the opportunity to see Britain's best paddlers compete in the National finals of the Canoe Polo and Canoe Slalom Championships.

## LECTURES

A full programme of lectures is available each day, featuring some of Britain's most famous expedition paddlers.

### ADVANCE BOOKING

Complete this section and send with your remittance and a stamped address envelope (SAE) to:- The British Canoe Union, Adbolton Lane, WEST BRIDGFORD, Notts NG2 5AS.

Tickets will not be sent unless a SAE is enclosed.

Please cross all cheques and postal orders and make payable to:- British Canoe Union.

The last date for applications to be processed is 14th February 1992.

Name: \_\_\_\_\_

Address: \_\_\_\_\_

Post Code: \_\_\_\_\_

Telephone No: \_\_\_\_\_

No of adults @ £5.00

No of under 16's @ £2.75

Party booking 10 or more @ £4.50  
children @ £2.50

Party booking 25 or more @ £4  
children @ £2.25

Cheque/Postal Order enclosed, total value:

Are you bringing anyone who has a disability?  YES  NO

SAT	SUN	£	p

## TRY CANOEING

For newcomers to the sport, the Exhibition offers the opportunity to take part in free 'Come and Try It' sessions. Places are allocated on the day on a first come first served basis.

## REFRESHMENTS

Refreshments are provided by Crystal Palace National Sports Centre with a number of refreshment kiosks and two licensed bars.

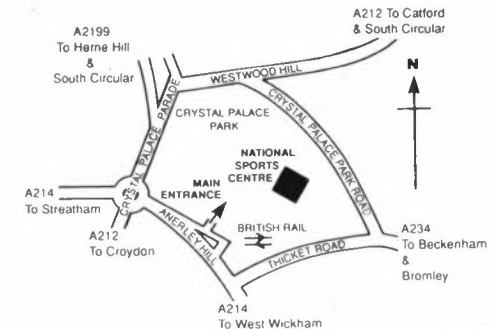
## FACILITIES FOR PEOPLE WHO ARE DISABLED

If you are disabled or bringing someone who is disabled, please indicate this on the booking form. A special information sheet will be sent to you.

## TICKETS

Tickets are available on the day at the door, costing £5.50 for adults and £3 for children under 16 years. There is a 50p discount (children 25p) on all advance tickets and further discounts on party bookings - tickets cost £4.50 for parties of 10 or more (£2.50 children) and £4 for parties of 25 or more (£2.25 children)

## HOW TO GET THERE



### By car:

The entrance to the centre is off Anerley Hill (A214), 100m East of the A212/A214 roundabout. There are ample car parking facilities.

### By Bus:

To Crystal Palace Parade, routes 2A, 2B,3,3A,49, 63, 108B, 122, 137, 227, 249, N2 and N86. To Anerley Hill, Route 157.

### By Train - to Crystal Palace Station:

From Victoria via Network South East, trains run to and from, every 15 minutes on Saturday and every 30 minutes on Sunday. From Kings Cross via Thameslink, trains run to and from, every 30 minutes on both days. For daily confirmation, please telephone British Rail on 071 928 5100



THE ADVANCED SEA KAYAK CLUB.

AIMS: 1. Promotion of Sea Kayaking; 2. Communication between sea kayakers and others.

APPLICATION TO JOIN/RENEW\* MEMBERSHIP TO THE A.S.K.C.

Note that membership runs from January 1st. through to December 31st each year.

COST OF MEMBERSHIP U.K. MEMBERS £7.00  
NONE U.K.MEMBERS £8.00

NAME..... I enclose the sum of £.....as subscription  
ADDRESS..... to the A.S.K.C. for the year commencing  
..... January 19..... and for the items from the  
..... A.S.K.C. shop as detailed below.  
..... Signed.....  
.....Post Code..... Date.....

Send to J.J.Ramwell, 7, Miller Close, Newport, Isle of Wight, PO30 5PS.

A.S.K.C. SHOP

- Ties @ £6.00 each
- ASKC Stickers @ 35 pence each.
- ASKC letter headed paper @ 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.

\* please line through as appropriate.