

Newsletter



of the



**An international sea canoeing association open
to all interested in this aspect of canoeing.**

Aims:

**Promotion of sea canoeing • Communication • Organisation
of events and conferences • Safety and Coaching**

INTERNATIONAL SEA KAYAKING ASSOCIATION

NEWSLETTER # 9

MAY 1996

John J. Ramwell.
5, Osprey Ave.,
Westhoughton,
Bolton,
Lancashire.
BL5 2SL

Tel/Fax 0942 842204

EDITORIAL

I said in my last Editorial that I would write about **Health Action Plans**. This was in relation to the needs to cope with the ever increasing pace of life and often associated stress. You will recall that I recommended you set time in your calendar for getting away on the sea with your kayak to recharge your 'batteries'.

The Health Education Authority has produced a new 12 point action plan which covers a range of issues including management practices, smoking policies, healthy eating and health orientated life styles.

Exercise, diet, rest and relaxation all combine to improve health and fitness and where stress is a problem, coping strategies. Studies have shown that stress is closely related to the degree of control an individual believes he/she has over their life, whether at work or at home. Self controlled pressure can be tolerated at a very high level whilst the threshold for imposed pressure is low. Response to pressure is a very individual thing but there are two broad categories into which most personalities fit, namely those described as competitive, aggressive and hasty who tend to take stress out on others and those who internalise it.

The number of people contacting the Samaritans has increased by almost 30 per cent in the past ten years; a statistic which clearly indicates the degree of crisis so many people are experiencing. Down-sizing, job insecurity, work load, long working hours, financial pressures and redundancy have all become part of our landscape. Dealing with the effects rather than the cause is the only option most of us have. So see you on the water with the sea spray stinging your face and good camp sites round the headland.

Many of you will know of Calshot Activities Centre down on the south coast near Southampton. Many of you will have been there for the British Canoe Union Sea Touring Committee Sea Kayaking Symposiums. The word is that the Centre has received a three quarter million pounds from the National Lottery Charities Board. The local County Council has spent £4 million in re-furbishing and re-building. The £3/4 million lottery grant was matched by the County Council and used to provide a superb new climbing wall, a new dry ski slope, a new cycle track and additional new rifle ranges. It is good to see this Centre, which has a special place in sea canoeing being, at last, put on an even financial keel.

I have often written in this editorial about the sorry lack of opportunities for young people to take part in outdoor activities. Indeed, I interviewed one young lad who was applying to go to British Columbia with the BSES this coming summer and he told me that his school provided a physical education session once every two weeks! No wonder that the average youngster cannot run for a bus without exhaustion ensuing.

I know we 'oldies' are fond of criticising the younger generation; it's been a feature of every generation, but on my drive (and, yes, I should be running or cycling!!) to work every school child seems to be digging into crisp packets. I digress! All the same, it is important that we should care about those coming up behind us, and not wanting to appear too patronising, this is where 'I am coming from'. We should be doing a lot more to ensure that all young people have the chance of, at least, being introduced to out of door activities.. I read recently about the average time children (and adults) spend in front of the 'telly'. With the emphasis on a measurable educational core curriculum which produces league tables, physical education is taking a back seat.

Here is an excerpt from the most recent edition of the National for Outdoor Education newsletter editorial:

"Prison costs. Did you know that the costs of detention run at about £500 per person per week and that the cost of detaining hundreds of prisoners because of escalating delays of around eight weeks in the parole system amounts to about £10 million a year? What would the outdoor industry do with that kind of money?"

Then there is the safety angle that has crept in, should I say leapt in, since the Lyme Bay canoeing tragedy. All centres have to be approved by governing bodies, at some expense of course - expense which has to be passed on to customers - while the Health and Safety Executive watch on closely.

Let us get outdoor education in perspective. The next time you hear criticism about how dangerous outdoor and adventurous activities are, hit them with this: Per year about 50 people die of ecstasy, 170 die from paracetamol poisoning, 448 people are drowned, 3,650 are killed on the roads, 25,000 die of alcohol related causes, 100,000 die of smoking. Last year 73 self employed workers died in accidents, 118 members of the public in workplaces, eg. fairgrounds, and 225 died from drugs of every kind. Outdoor education fatalities over the past 30 years are less than the lowest annual figure quoted above.

I.S.K.A. SHOP

ASKC ties @.....	£6.50
ISKA stickers @.....	£ .60
ISKA Tee shirts; large/X large/yellow/black....	£6.00
ISKA Sweat Shirts; large/X large/yellow/black..	£12.00
ISKA baseball caps (new) @.....	£4.50
ISKA ski hats (woollen)@.....	£3.50
"Over and Out", the video by Gordon Brown @....	£14.99
ASKC stickers @.....	£ .25
Polo Shirts (new- limited offer only).....	£6.50

Long sleeved Tee shirts (New, limited offer)...£6.50
 ISKA Paper No. 1 Expedition Planning @.....£4.00
 ISKA Paper No. 2 Expedition Medicine @.....£4.00
 ISKA Paper No. 3 The Sea @.....£4.00
 ISKA Paper No. 4 Navigation @.....£4.00
 ISKA Paper No 3 & 4 bound together.....£6.75
 ISKA Paper No. 5 History of Sea Kayaking @...£4.00

(The above ISKA Papers are extracts from my book, "A Manual on Sea Kayaking")

All prices include postage and packing, (very reasonable!)

* * * * *
 An article by David Suzuki in **ANORAK** (Association of North Atlantic Kayakers) took my interest and I am going to refer to part of it only. He starts by comparing our present day technology with the natural world.

"Far more than our advanced technologies, the natural world is incredibly complex and exquisitely constructed to enable millions of organisms to flourish. That mix cleanses and replenishes the air, water, soil and variety of life. Scientific knowledge of the spectrum of species that inhabit the planet and the conditions that sustain them, remains exceedingly meagre. For example, estimates of the current number of species on Earth vary between ten and 100 million. To date about 4 million species have been assigned a name. Now, when a species is identified, that merely means a dead specimen has been traced down into its proper category and named, but it should not be inferred that anything is known about how many there are, its habitat or reproductive needs. Yet, even though we know such a small proportion of the living components of this planet and remain ignorant about their basic biology and interactions, we are systematically dismantling vast and complex ecosystems - forests, prairies, wetlands, coral reefs, ocean floors, rivers and lakes - with alarming speed. If we don't even know what we are losing, how will we ever be able to reconstruct them?"

When I was born in 1936, over 90 per cent of the world's forests remained intact. Today a mere third remains untouched! When I was a boy, air was invisible, water clean and food free of toxic chemicals. Our technology was simpler, consumption was far less and there was just over two billion of us. In my lifetime, the global human population has increased by more than 150 per cent, while each of us, on average, consumes more than four times as much as our grandparents. We seem blind to the consequences of what we are doing, by a perverted notion of progress called "economic growth" which impels us to seek an impossible goal of endlessly growing consumption and profit. The incidental casualties of this mass delusion - workers, communities, ecosystems, children, future generations - were once the very reason for, and the basis of, the economic system in the first place.

Today, even young people, like their elders, often preface their memories of childhood with, "I remember when." or "There used to be...." Once life-rich creeks, weedy vacant lots, woods and swamps, rivers and lakes, have disappeared or changed. My children listen to their grandparents reminiscences of childhood with disbelief that such a world actually existed so recently.

My children find it difficult to grasp the loss of their grandparents world as the "price of progress" or "economic necessity".

* * * * *

TENTS by John Traynor.

Tents are fundamentally about shelter, offering you protection against rain, snow, sun, wind, insects and prying eye. The range of quality durable tents available is extensive, with wide variations in design, weight, materials and function. But while your next trip may revolve around one particular environment, be it mountains, deserts, jungles or the Arctic, it is more likely that you will want a tent for use in a variety of conditions. So it may be worth settling for a compromise model that balances durability, price, size and weight.

Tent design has received a lot of attention in recent years. Today, there are many different basic designs, hybrids and extensions to choose from, ranging from the traditional ridge style to elongated geodesic domes. But whichever you settle on, make sure it is big enough inside. suffering the extra bulk and weight of a larger tent ultimately may pay dividends in terms of comfort and good temper if you have to spend extended periods working or just living inside it.

As well as the actual floor area and the amount of cooking and storage space, the shape of the internal space in a tent can also make a big difference. Having plenty of headroom when seated, as well as the space to stretch out and roll over, can transform a tent-bound experience; living with all you gear in a tiny space with sagging walls can be a claustrophobic nightmare.

Condensation is an inevitable problem, so more important than trying to reduce this is to ensure that you have real protection from the elements. Single skin tents in proofed nylon should be avoided, and although Gore-Tex versions can perform well, they are prone to internal condensation build-up in wet weather or high humidity, and tend to offer less insulation in cold weather.

Most light weight tent flysheets (the flaps that forms the entrance to the tent) are made from nylon or polyester, coated with either polyurethane or silicone elastomer, and their prime aim is to be totally waterproof. But seams zips, along with pegging points and guy lines, are all potential weak points and are often subject to extra stresses, such as tension and buffeting. The most flexible way of dealing with such leakage points is to use seam sealants, as they are malleable and easy to maintain.

Inners may be made cotton or synthetic materials and are usually not waterproofed, as the aim is to let body moisture vapour pass freely, while providing a windproof layer. Synthetic examples often have the edge in that they will not absorb moisture, even if they brush against the flysheet.

Ventilation is not usually a problem, particularly if you have

an insect mesh inner. and these are separate mesh linings for door panels if you want to preserve the view but avoid the insects.

For most people polyurethane-coated groundsheets are long lasting and tough enough, but for additional life, medium weight neoprene-coated versions offer a good compromise between weight and durability.

Pegging points on both the inner and flysheet need to be well stitched, as they tend to be pulled in all directions, particularly if you use them to pull pegs from the ground when you are in a hurry. Rubber loops on the flysheet peg points will help spread the strain and also allow greater flexibility in tension and peg positioning.

Tent poles come in a variety of materials and forms, from separate rigid sections of alloy or wood, through to flexible, elastic shock-corded fibreglass and carbon fibre.. But as most are designed to come with a particular tent model, you will not usually have a lot of choice over which to take with you. Whatever the case, the greatest challenge is usually to remember to take them with you! (Memories of camping with a tent wrapped round for protection as opposed to it being erected whilst camping on Lundy Isle in the Bristol Channel!! Ed.)

Pegs, on the other hand, are not necessarily designed for any particular tent and also come in a range of materials, shapes and sizes. As they are relatively inexpensive, it pays to make your choice from a good selection and always carry a couple of spares. (I always carry a spare tent pole and recently this saved my skin whilst camping high in the Welsh mountains on a very wet and windy night, Ed) Special versions of tent pegs are available for use on snow and sand.

Mess tents offer a vast amount of enclosed space, suitable for working in as well as cooking and eating in. While they do add extra bulk and weight to your equipment, they are tough and invaluable for extended base camp use. So-called dining shelters are also useful and versatile, free standing, open sided tents which can provide valuable shaded space for work and recreation in hot regions.

Finally, you should not dismiss the familiar family camping frame tent. It has a lot to offer for extended fieldwork trips, not only for working, sleeping and socialising, but also for storage and privacy, with its series of internal rooms.

And to finish with a foot-note from me.....do not discount the usefulness of a 'tarp' or tarpaulin. I always take one on extended expeditions and only need guy lines attached to the corners and edges which allow for slinging up between trees or paddles held taut with guy lines of their own. A tarp is soon in position and can be used for collecting rain water as well as a shelter. I have often 'bivvied' under a tarp on a beach and as you can also get your kayak under as well makes for a dry unpacking and packing.

David R. Ide
5135 Resort Pike
Petoskey, MI
U.S.A. 49770
Ph. 616-347-1114

The Northern Labrador Coast
by Sea Kayak

I have had a desire to kayak the coast of Labrador for a long time. The pictures I've seen and the little information I could get made the fjords, mountains, wildlife and people seem compelling. After several years gathering information - and on finding that the trans-Labrador highway was passable by normal vehicles (pushed through for dams and mines in the last few years) - I was set to go.

August 5th, 1995 my partners Val Buckley and Dana Hansen met me, Dave Ide, at my home in northern lower Michigan where we loaded 3 Nordkapp sea kayaks, paddles, dry suits, a 25mm flare gun, a 12 gauge shotgun (for protection from polar bear) and 3 weeks worth of supplies into and onto my Jeep Cherokee.

After crossing into Canada at Sault Ste. Marie and then traveling east on Queen's Highway 17 we camped at Chutes Provincial Park. The next day we drove through Ottawa, Montreal and Quebec City to a beautiful private campground at CAP BON Desiré, on the St. Lawrence River. This campground is near the Saquenay River mouth and is well known for whale watching. The same evening we met our friend Mike Petzold who gave us some tips (he guides sea kayak whale watching tours there).

In the morning we paddled out on a rising tide, and within a half an hour saw our first whale, a Beluga. There are Beluga, Minke, Fin-back and Blue whale all in this area. The rich food source flowing out of the Saquenay and St. Lawrence rivers supports this large and observable population of whales. The highlight of our paddle was a large Beluga swimming directly beneath our kayaks. We hated to leave, but we had a ship to catch in Goose Bay Labrador and a lot of driving to get there.

The next morning we headed north from the St. Lawrence toward Labrador City. The roads can be described in this order: good pavement, bad pavement, good gravel, bad gravel. The 350 miles of gravel road had a top speed of 25-30 mph for most of the distance; but after camping en route two nights, we crossed the interior of Labrador (black spruce and black flies) and arrived at Goose Bay. We had most of the day to load our kayaks and gear on the Northern Ranger, and we spent time talking with the leader of a youth group that was taking the same ship 100 miles out to Rigolet and paddling back through Melville Sound to Goose Bay in sea kayaks. We left port at 2200 hours and watched the teens dancing and singing with the accordion player until we went to sleep.

Marine Atlantic does a great job of running the ship line, and for three days we ate in the galley, watched puffins, guillemots, seals and icebergs from the deck. We slept in our economy cabin, went walking at the several village ports and enjoyed the changing weather (warm sun, cold clouds, sleet, brief snow,

etc.). Sleeping shipboard in our small berths could sometimes be a challenge. We would go to sleep while motoring out of a long fjord or inlet then wake in a big swell with the curtains across our berths zinging from one end to the other as we entered the Labrador Sea.

When in port the locals, especially the native Innu Indian and Innu children would board the ship and have it as a huge playground until it cleared the wharf. The Marine Atlantic officers and staff seemed extremely tolerant of the situation. Dana and I went for a run in one of the villages, and people stared at us. It seems no one runs in Labrador unless being chased.

On board we met a group of four backpackers: an Austrian woman, her Australian husband and her two sisters. Talking about our upcoming adventures with them made the time fly, and soon we were in Nain, the last village north on the coast. The village, with 200-300 residents, mostly Innu, was bustling as the ship disgorged family, friends and freight. Also, a recent nickel ore find, possibly the richest in the world, had everyone talking.

We met Willie Fox, our captain, who would take us on the Spirit of Torngat, a 30 foot cabin cruiser, the last 110 miles north to the Kaumajet Mts. where we would begin to kayak back to Nain. Our backpacking friends were going on the same boat. Willie would drop them at the Kiglapait Mts. which were halfway to the Kaumajets. We loaded our gear, lashed the kayaks to the cabin top and within two hours of arriving in Nain we were on our way again.

Powering north we made notes on currents, tide, topography and anything else deemed useful. Minke whale and sea birds kept our eyes scanning the sea. And then something very rare. Two sea-kayakers. We pulled alongside for a brief exchange. To each of our questions about bugs, weather, wind, etc. they replied... "as bad as you can imagine!" When we asked about polar bear, they informed us they had seen one two days before. We wished them luck; Willie tossed them each a beer, and two big smiles appeared.

The small rubber Zodiac ferried backpackers and gear to shore at Kiglapait Harbor, and we waved good-bye. For the rest of the day we cooked and ate as one beautiful view after another passed by. Just at sunset we arrived at the base of the Kaumajet Mountains. What a stunning location. Kaumajet, pronounced How-ma-jeet, means "shining mountains" in the Innu language, and they were shining tonight. We set up camp in the dark, toasted our trip with a beer, then went to bed anxious for the morning.

Caribou were down from the mountain to greet us at dawn - big healthy animals with huge racks in velvet. What a start to our day! This first day we didn't plan to kayak; we would attempt the highest point in the Kaumajets: "Brave Peak" at 4000 feet.

We ate, threw some food and water in our day packs and started off. The hiking was great. No trails, but no thick bush either as we were north of the tree line. After we left the valley the route became very rocky with sharp angular rocks 1 to 10 feet in breadth. There is a saying, "God created Labrador in 6 days and on the 7th he threw rocks at it." Very possible. The hills had waterfalls with tea-cup lakes spilling down the valley. There was still snow on south-facing slopes. We were at 58° latitude and 63° longitude, and the Labrador current was flowing south out of Baffin Bay, past us, with icebergs. Small wonder it froze the night before. After 4 hours of climbing we could go no further. We were at a high pass and could see north into the fjord that splits the Kaumajets from the coast. We had made 2200 feet, but to go to the summit would require climbing gear we didn't have; so we ate lunch, took in the beautiful mountain view, and headed back down past the waterfalls, snow patches and small Arctic Harebell flowers that grew near the streams. Back at camp we prepared the kayaks for an early start the next day.

We were up and paddling by 0730 navigating by compass in a heavy mist. Although we were protected by some islands, navigation was tricky, especially when the magnetic variation is 32 1/2° W. After a couple of hours the mist blew away to reveal the sun. Soon we came to a huge iceberg, beautifully sculpted by the wind and waves. After some pictures we moved closer until large bubbles the size of basketballs started burping to the surface. Not knowing what to expect (sometimes icebergs roll over; and if you're near, beware!), we moved on. The clouds increased as we passed islands, coastal hills, and more icebergs. Caribou were along the shore; and though there were no trees, if the animals weren't moving, they were very hard to spot. Polar bear were on our minds now that we were kayaking. A wind picked up and the weather looked like a change for the worse.

After paddling into a headwind for quite some time, we stopped at the entrance to a "tickle" (a local term for a pass so narrow it touches both sides of the ship). Waiting for for the tide to be in our favor we ate and hiked a bit. After a long wait we started through the tickle which was 10 miles long with both the wind and current pushing us. Near dark a thunderstorm quickly approached as we set up camp. We ate a granola bar while heavy rain pounded the tents. Sleep came quickly as nature provided the music.

The next day we paddled with the flood tide and just cleared the shoals at the south end of the tickle. As we moved along in a light rain and wind, we had to admire the austere wilderness scenery. Even the rain and cloud could not subdue the magic of this place. We saw more seals, guillemots and a peregrine falcon hunting guillemots.

By late afternoon the wind picked up to a force 5 behind us, and we decided to try for the north corner of Cape Kiglapait, our starting point to pass this cape. The coastal pilot informed us

of rough seas, currents and tide races off the cape. The pilot was written with boats a bit larger than ours in mind I'm sure. The swell and return of clapotis off the headland were not so large as to be intimidating, and we were enjoying the rough downwind ride. As the protection fell away and the seas became higher, the wind also increased to force 7 (a near gale). Val had become separated from Dana and I as we approached the last cove before the cape. Dana and I landed through surf onto a rocky beach as the wind increased another notch. After pulling the kayaks above the tide line, we grabbed the flare gun and binoculars and set out to look for Val. First we headed south afraid he might have missed the cove; if so, his next safe landing was 16 miles down the coast. Then heading back north, we fired a couple of flares hoping he might see us. As the darkness increased we turned on our emergency stobes as we hiked. From a high section of coast we saw Val's kayak and then Val. He was fine and had set up a bivy thinking it was too late to find us that night.

We were glad to be back together. The wind increased even more, buffeting us with horizontal sleet and snow. We warmed up in the cab of a tractor left to support a radar station on the mountain top.

After a rest day with some hiking, washing and relaxing we felt ready for the cape. Our evening entertainment was provided by a black bear in camp near sundown. All attempts to scare him away failed as he was too interested in the meal he was digging out of the tide-washed kelp. So we checked the hatches on our kayaks and went to sleep.

At dawn as we launched through small surf, the cape occupied our thoughts. With a following sea we paddled hard. The rugged coastal mountains, dark sea and sky lent an ominous cast to the three hours it took to pass the cape. We had no difficulties, but could see the potential for many. It was not a place to be taken lightly.

Pulling into Port Manvers Run, a protected passage for the rest of our journey, we marvelled at the natural narrow route through low mountains and something new: trees! Within the hour Val had spotted a Minke whale and we continued to travel looking for a waterfall marked "conspicuous" on the chart. We saw it from a long way off. Conspicuous and beautiful as well, it cascaded hundred of yards over boulders and rushed into the sea.

Our next concern was a "rattle", the local term for a tide race. If "tickles" tickled the sides of a ship, a rattle had to shake it up! There were two rattles in Port Manvers Run, First Rattle and Second Rattle. Heading south we would come to Second Rattle first (yes, second was first). On this day our concerns from the coastal pilot were unfounded; we paddled through the rattle and into the best campsite of the trip, a high bare rock peninsula surrounded by picturesque mountains.

We followed what had become the usual procedure for setting up a camp: pick a tent site then gather big rocks and cover all the bear scat so as not to step in it. No, it's not possible to find a campsite without bear scat. We hiked around a bit and then carried our food and stoves to the top of our rock peninsula for dinner. As we ate and watched the sun set, we spotted a black bear in the trees across the bay below us.

Next day, with the wind behind us, we blew down the coast passing a lonely cabin just before entering Webb Bay. This bay area collects all the tide and sends it back out in two directions. It took a while to figure out the new tide and current pattern as the current direction is not marked on charts in this area. After lunch we experienced minor catabatic winds. The wind from behind us would suddenly change direction about 100 degrees and blow hard from the passes on our left for 20-30 minutes then change back to normal. As we left the bay area and paddled into the narrows approaching First Rattle, a Minke whale surfaced and blew three times right in front of us. Still thinking of the whale, we maneuvered through First Rattle which was a little bumpier than the other but still not much to contend with. Our campsite that evening was not as spectacular as the last, but we had a nice campfire, the first one of the trip (remember, no trees). We were only six miles from our destination of Nain.

The last full day was very cold, with an all-day rain. We opted to just stay put. While we were eating in the tent, we heard a boat passing through the rattle and guessed it was the Spirit of Torngat on its way to pick up the backpackers at the Kiglapait Mountains. After lunch and some cold wet hiking, we were back in the tent reading and writing our logs when we heard the boat again. We hailed it on the VHF radio and found out the backpackers were safe on board and heading to Nain after a week in the mountains. It was nice to hear other voices. We found that in northern Labrador a VHF radio doesn't even receive weather reports, let alone find someone to communicate with. Also we received only static across the whole bandwidth on both AM and FM radio. Groups are really on their own here.

This last evening we had one more surprise. We'd been looking without success the whole trip for labradorite stones, a semi-precious gem and nice keepsake. Then, just before sunset, Val found two on the beach. This had us all scrambling to find more just as it was getting dark. A nice campfire capped the evening as we thought about icebergs, caribou, northern lights, whales, seals, bears and the Labrador Sea.

We paddled into Nain the next morning. Though our thoughts were on seeing family and friends, Labrador had left a very big impression on us with a strong desire to return.

Sweden 95



I am not sure if it was Dave Gardner's Papa Stour trip that led on to John Ramwell getting us down to the Isle de Ré, which led to Dave Ross's Siska trip on Mull, however I am able to tell you that we have surpassed all of these trips with a trip round the Stockholm archipelago with Karin Mentzing.

We had not realised that there were over 2400 islands in this area, all within very close proximity of each other.

We set off from Svärsklova Kanot centre on the last week of August in beautiful weather and meandered through the islands. They come in all sizes, some inhabited but mostly not. It was also the end of the season and many of the houses that we did see were closed now for the winter.

Totally different from anything before was that there is almost no tide, which is probably just as well because with all the tiny gaps between islands it would be like one huge Corryvreckan.

No tides also meant that you found a nice rock to camp on and pulled your boat out of the water and that was it for the night. No carrying heavy boats in Sweden, no seaweed either but some of the rocks have a very slippery black coating that make seaweed seem positively grippy.

Be prepared with shockcord for fastening your tent to rocks as putting pegs in needs a Black & Decker and a few rawplugs. Camper mats are essential unless you like a firm bed!

With most of the islands being tiny or uninhabited it meant a larger than usual supply of water had to be carried for our 5 day trip. We had two 10 litre water bags and came back with one still full. We took the few opportunities to top up whenever we could.

It still takes some getting used to that we appeared to be heading straight for solid rock or even a section of forest when at the last minute the route opened up in front of us and on we went.

Stopping for lunch entailed finding a convenient island and stepping ashore with dry feet. Luxury.

Good map reading is *essential* as the islands are quite similar and exits are NOT obvious. The alternative is a very long ball of string. We were fortunate that Karen has canoed in this area for a number of years, making the map almost superfluous.

)

Sweden rigorously protects its wildlife, and rightly so, with many islands designated nature reserves which are off limits to humans at certain times of the year. They are clearly marked with red/yellow signs so that it is easy to tell when and where to avoid. As well as all the usual seabirds we were fortunate to see a couple of sea eagles. One of them was only about 25 metres away when it took off from the rocks just in front of us. On one of the islands we watched a mink and saw a herd of deer on another.

Free camping for 24 hours as long as you are not on private property and leave nothing behind is the order of the day.

The first couple of days was idyllic with easy paddling, easy distances, gorgeous sunsets and a fire on the beach to finish a super day.

Wednesday started with a bit of a bang with the wind getting up in the night coming from the North, in a hurry. As we weren't it was a day exploring the island, writing and generally relaxing. We were tucked in at the south end of a large island letting it blow itself out.

Thursday we awoke to a beautiful day with a calm sea and just the occasional sound of the wind through the trees. As soon as we turned the corner of the bay it became obvious that although the sea looked calmer the wind was still present and going to be a problem on the exposed sections. We were heading West and the wind which was a good 5 with gusts up to 6 making us lean into it and hold on tightly to our paddles. We planned our route through the islands taking as much shelter as we could and staying close together on the exposed crossings which were only a couple of kilometres and not that many of them.

Lunch in a sheltered stretch where sunbathing and drying off were the order of the day. After lunch we were heading South West which made it easier running with the wind. The closer we got to the canoe centre and the end of the trip, the more sheltered it became with all the usual feelings of does it have to end.

The next stage was to drive to Stockholm and join up with Olof Klingberg to sight-see Stockholm by kayak. Stockholm is built on many islands with locks dividing the Baltic and the fresh water lakes in the centre of Sweden.

We met at Svima Canoe centre which is the biggest canoe and accessory shop that I have ever seen with hundreds of canoes and all the bits and pieces that go with it.

We were then shown all the city sites while trains, traffic and pedestrians went about their business. For a major sea port the water quality was excellent with no obvious pollution or signs of rubbish.

We were shown all the major tourist attractions without having to find a parking space or try to find our way in the city traffic. We did have to look out for the odd water taxi and pretended we were big boats as we used the locks. The cost per boat is £10 but the lock keepers seem to ignore kayakers. Long may it be so. We even stopped off at another canoe club for a quick cuppa before finishing the trip in semi darkness guided by the city lights. Not in the same league as the archipelago but a very pleasant and unusual paddle. There cannot be many capital cities where it is possible and even fewer as enjoyable.

)

Our second week saw us in Hårnösand on the East coast of Sweden about half way up. My wife was attending a conference on mushrooms and dyeing (ignore the obvious jokes about looking so young) so this left me looking forward to a bit of paddling on my own.

It had poured down the whole way from Stockholm but again cleared up in time for pitching the tent.

The first opportunity to paddle was Tuesday when I introduced a friend to canoeing. Today's trip was a half a mile along and back along the shore including a quick raft up when one of the army patrol boats went past. All in all a creditable performance for a complete novice.

Thursday saw everyone off on a day trip sightseeing etc. so I decided that I would have a go at circumnavigating the island we were on. The day started with rapidly dispersing clouds and a hot sun appearing. Just a gentle swell and a slight breeze. Perfect I thought for my first real solo.

At first my left shoulder felt stiff, obviously I had banged it the day before when I slipped on the rocks. However this soon eased off and I was soon paddling along the military area, sun glasses on and wondering how long it would take to get right round.

I was watching the gap between the islands open up and the compass slowly swinging round as I headed for the West coast. The hill with big house, which must have been a military lookout was getting closer. It was also getting noticeably more lumpy until when I got in front of the house it was decidedly interesting with good swell and a very disturbed sea. The shore was a large slab of rock sloping down at 45 degrees giving its own contribution to the general confusion. Nice steady progress was the name of the game. I have been in worse conditions but with the support of a group. Where we would all have battled on I was now much more cautious happy to work my way on easily and steadily round the exposed headland and into the shelter of the bay. I relaxed in the sunshine on the beach with a cup of coffee and studied the map. I could get to a track that would allow me to get the car within a few hundred yards of the beach. I could also try round the next small headland and then run up a short inlet to the main road.

I decided to relax in the sunshine for a bit, to see if the waves would die down, but really just delaying going round the headland which was the obvious way to go. It was watching the small fishing boat disappear in the troughs that told me that the inlet was as far as I was going today.

Just after I had loaded everything on my car another car stopped. I thought he was going to tell me that I could not park where it said Privat parkering but no, he asked me if I was going out or coming in. It was Kjell xxxxx another local kayaker. After hearing my tale he decided that a walk would suffice for today. Pity he hadn't come an hour sooner. It could have saved me a 6 mile walk back for the car.

So what did I learn from my first short solo.

1. The decisions made as a group leader are just as difficult when made on one's own.
2. A weather forecast would have been useful but I don't understand Swedish.
3. All the skills I have developing over the years seem to work.

4. If you forget something there is no one to bail you out. I forgot my teaspoon. Try eating yoghurt with a penknife!

5. Flares were a bit of a joke. If I had come out I would have had to find my own way ashore although I would probably have been arrested as an alien on Swedish military property.

6. It was rewarding to have dealt with the problems as they arose and not felt that it was necessary to finish what I had originally set out to accomplish.

7. I could take comfort from the fact that the sea state got worse as the afternoon went by, giving some satisfaction that I had made the right decision.

The last week of our 3 week holiday was back down to Stockholm for a short trip round another part of the archipelago with Olof and Ragnhild Klingberg. We were also to meet Stefan Jonsson completing our reunion with the Swedish contingent to SISKA on Mull.

It had rained continuously on our 6 hour drive south so that I had almost given up any hope of us going paddling anywhere. However Olof was made of sterner stuff and he all set to go. Stefan and Ragnhild were unable to come with us because of business commitments but on Sunday afternoon we were at Stavnäs all set to go. The forecast was cloudy with no wind or rain for the next three days, so why was it raining? However we set off into this maze of islands heading for the outer archipelago. I wish I had invested in a proper compass as Olof guided us through. We made our through the islands miraculously running in front of the rain with virtually no wind and an almost flat sea. The island we camped on was slightly unusual in that it had a beach of very coarse sand that was addicted to skeg boxes.

As darkness descended we felt totally isolated looking out to Finland and enjoying total silence. We were then amazed to see this very bright light getting bigger and coming slowly towards us. There was another behind it. As they got closer it turned out to be the RO-RO ferries to Helsinki going out of the main channel which was one small island away.

We were awakened next day by the Swedish Air Force with Saab fighters flying over. Olof pretended to let me navigate. Island hopping tends to be only a few hundred kilometres apart and it is very easy to lose your place when the islands all look the same. It also develops a head down posture of constantly noting your exact location. On one occasion Chris said "We are right here" as she pointed to an intersection of green lines around a bird reserve, which was indicated by a pole in the water along side us.

We stopped for lunch on an island that had a nature trail and a museum. It also had a sauna on the water's edge which is available for public use. Just when I was 'warming' to the idea we found out that the warden was away and he had locked it. Shame.

Olof decided that he did not like beaches any more after fighting to clear his skeg and so we were looking at this long narrow island for our campsite. The 'site' was like a football pitch of solid rock. Flat but just a teeny bit exposed. As it was getting dark we found another site which was sheltered and had a postage stamp of grass for us and a convenient slab of rock for Olof. Everyone was happy. Day 3 saw us heading home on a twisting route. As well as considerably improving my map reading Olof tried hard to have us pronounce the Swedish place names correctly.

The rain finally caught up with us just as we were stopping for lunch. We were sat under the golf umbrella eating oatcakes, cheese and smoked sausage washed down with a glass of Liebfraumilch. Not bad.

As we were unloading the boats we were told that a helicopter was coming in to land just beside us so we packed up in record time, moved the car and shot back to experience the down draught. It blew away one of these industrial rubbish trolleys and it was only a little helicopter.

We thought that was the end of our canoeing holiday but we had one more bit of canoeing before we finally caught the ferry back to Newcastle.

Karin had given us the name of two friends, Häkon and Lena, who have a canoe centre in Gothenberg and after looking round there shop we were treated to a test drive of a new North Shore Buccaneer on a Swedish lake.

I had been complaining that I could not keep up with my wife's Baidarka and that I had been correcting a lot in a quartering wind. Without spending a long time in the boat I could see that it was a higher volume than my Shoreline, it felt faster, was incredibly stable and had a skeg. Chris also liked it but said she could not get her knees up like in her Baidarka. Worthy of further investigation.

(I can now add that I have bought one (Xmas) and can't wait to get out in it .)

On the whole the holiday was only very loosely planned and turned out to be a real success partly due to the weather but mostly due to the kindness showed to us by our Swedish friends.

Harry & Chris Simpson
5, Crosswood Crescent
Balerno
Scotland
EH14 7LX

I knew from the moment I told Craig that I accepted an invitation, in the name of the Club, to assist a group of swimmers who were to attempt a Gozo - Malta crossing late in September, that I wasn't quite sure what I was getting the club into. Perhaps it was the instant non-verbal feedback I could see written all over Craig's face moments after giving him the news of this activity, or it could be my usual act-before-you-think-and-realise-the-action-later feeling I always get when it's too late to go back on an agreed agenda.

Anyway, we did have a chance to get out of the whole activity 24 hours prior to D-Day, when the organisers phoned us with the news that the activity was postponed for 24 hours due to strong winds (force 6) and choppy seas, however remembering the activity was a charity fund-raiser, we opted to go along as planned.

Uncertainty about the trip was there all along for me, starting with the fact that at home all was not well. The boys were unwell and feverish, and I wasn't exactly as fit as a fiddle neither, spending all Saturday taking in panadols (at 4 hour intervals) to try and fight off an incoming cold, which in my case always leads to other more serious maladies. After spending a sleepless night transferring myself constantly from the bedroom to the living room, in spite of the tiredness and my physical condition, I was relieved it was nearly time to rendezvous with the rest of the team at 05.15 hours. Dead on time Craig appeared outside my house exactly as I closed my front door, however Jonathan and Francesca overslept and were 45 minutes late. To make up for this Craig left to meet the organisers while I waited up for the sleepy two !

Arriving at Cirkewwa and inspecting the conditions didnt take all of us (swimmers and paddlers) to realise that it would have been much better had we stuck to the original date for the activity, however the swimmers decided to go for it, and we went along with them. The ferry trip to Gozo was the first indication that mid channel was worse than we imagined due to high winds and waves. We did not get a weather report and stuck to the previous days' report of the day which predicted a bright day with a moderate (force 4) north westerly wind and moderate seas.

As agreed we were to start our journey from Mgarr Harbour and paddle along the coast to Hondoq ir-Rummien, where the crossing was scheduled to start. Saying our usual prayers together in harbour we sat off, taking a straight line towards the entrance to Santa Marija Bay in Comino, partly to examine the conditions mid channel Gozo-Comino, and decided to team up 2 and 2 for the whole trip. The wind wasn't bad at this stage however we did notice the waves were slightly getting bigger as the day was coming in.

A hooter indicated the crossing had started, and being approximately 200 meters from the bay entrance we could clearly see that there was going to be a long distance between the first and the last participant. John and Fran were directed to keep pace with the leaders, whilst Craig and myself waited up for the others. We came in contact with the duo we were told to look out for and took position alongside making sure the waves do not push us into them. A call from one of the escorting fishing boats at the back alerted me that there was another swimmer some 100 meters behind us, and Craig and I decided that I would go to escort her, little realising that this would be the start

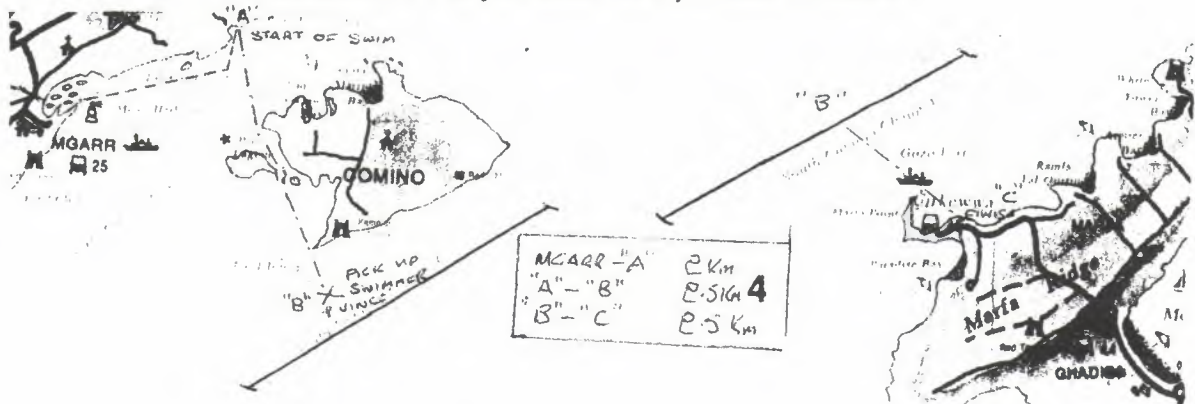
of my real worries. As I got to her I was advised by the personnel on the fishing craft that my presence was needed there all along the crossing. So much for our planned teaming up agreement. As the crossing went along, I could clearly see that the distance between us (the swimmer and myself) was getting longer, and the weather situation was getting worse. The decision by the fishing boat crew to rev up their engine and leave us alone as they decided to catch up with the rest of the contingent did'nt help either. I realised that with even the slightest stroke at my paddle, I was distancing myself from the swimmer, and she frequently called on me to slow down. This experience thought me that the best thing to do in the circumstances was to simply float and keep myself upright, using the paddle to keep parallel with the swimmer. The wind and waves were doing the rest. My worries grew even further when I realised Craig was by now completely out of sight, and most of the fishing vessels were taking the detour around Kemunett, meaning that the first swimmers had already reached the no-vessel zone inside the Blue Lagoon. This was approximately 1 kilometer ahead of us. At this stage I was wishing I had taken the lead escort rather than the back up role. As we very slowly made our way to the Blue Lagoon I realised that by now we were completely on our own, save the fishing boat which decided they pay us a visit. This they did, only to inform us that they would, as the rest of the group did, go round Kemunett and catch up with us on the other side. I was very passive about this and bravely OKd them to do so. It was with sheer relief that as we approached the entrance to the Lagoon, I spotted a tiny speck on the horizon get bigger, and realised it was my best buddy Craig coming towards me.

The calm and clear waters at Blue Lagoon, free from any other craft and other swimmers, apart from the trio of us was an encouragement. The sheltered surroundings, and the psychological assurance of having not only another person, but a friend, beside you gave me time to relax and 'paddle for real', even if it was for a very short distance. Assisting a swimmer in such conditions was proving to be a very tiring and frustrating experience, where you find yourself in a cul-de-sac situation in which the real objective is to take care of self, even more than of being of assistance to others. This feeling of secure was however to be short lived, as Craig informed me of the situation awaiting us on the other side of the Lagoon. As the day was rapidly coming in, so were the winds, and inevitably the waves were also getting bigger. Worse still, we were now faced with a 250 meter stretch between the Kemunett-Comino gap towards the Shore Light marker just beneath the Comino Fort. Craig told me that as this area was once, a very long time ago, part of a cave which collapsed, it was inevitable that the sea in this area, under the prevailing conditions, was a giant replica of a pot of boiling water. Craig tried in vain to make the swimmer swim towards the direction of Golden Bay, rather than take the more logical and shorter straight line towards Cirkewwa, which was by now within sight. Also within sight were the fishing boats and Cabin Cruiser which effectively were supposed to be there assisting, only they were clearly out of calling distance and approximately 2 kilometers away. The waves were really getting bigger by now, and the sea was getting rougher, white horses were all around us and there were instances where we completely lost sight of each other because of the waves. We tried as much as possible to stay together, but this meant that we had to steer the kayaks towards Gozo and simply drift with the waves, always facing them. In other words what we were doing was drift backwards and letting the waves take us in, only making sure that we were not being taken directly with the wind, thereby losing our original destination.

At this stage my inner fears were being slowly exposed, and Craig realised this. He tried his very best to take my mind of all this, but his efforts were not of much use. I started feeling giddy, I had cramp, and found difficulty in controlling my kayak. I started remembering everyone telling me I own the tipsiest kayak on the island, and these conditions were really inviting her to do just that, only I was not too keen to comply ! The conditions had also played havoc with the swimmer, who from the exit of the Lagoon to the spot we were in, (some 250 meters -300meters from Cirkewwa), she had stopped several times, and finally called it a day. The problem was that the rescue boats, although in sight, were nowhere near. At this stage I knew the decision to bring along a whistle was a wise one, and I sooner than the thought itself I started whistling away. Luckily the wind was for a change to our favour, as we could see the fishing boat and the cabin cruiser turn direction and move towards us. This was however of no relief to my nausea, as I tried a last ditch effort to move along the remaining couple of hundred meters to finish the distance. I signalled to Craig that all was not all well on my side, and he in turn directed the rescue launches to come to my aid. Without giving it another thought I obeyed the rescuers directions and in a minute I was on the cabin cruiser, and my kayak was on the fishing boat. Feeling completely dissapointed, giddy, tired and ashamed, I kept telling the rescuers to watch out for Craig who was now alone in those conditions. True to their word they stayed close by. A touch of the throttle and in a few seconds we were alongside Fran and Jonathan who were assisting another couple of swimmers. this meant that either their swimming escortees were slowing down, or Craig and myself and our swimmer had caught up on them. This also meant that Craig, who was now alone and could paddle for real without having to worry about anything else, had caught up on them fast. Signalling the OK, our boat entered Cirkewwa Harbour and as soon as I had the chance I went on dry land. I instantly headed to the light house and could just see the trio of paddlers, and the two swimmers come in the Harbour and calm seas. For them it was over, and as I watched them come in I wished I was with them, if only to say 'I did it'. But it was not to be. As I slowly walked alone to the beach where the rest of the group was gathered, I could'nt stop thinking about my failures in that particular trip. My first and most worrying feeling was that I let Craig down by leaving him on his own in those conditions.

I later discussed this with him, however his continuous reassurance that he and everything was OK did not convince me. Craig kept telling me to look at the positive side of things, and take the experience to learn something from it. In my case these are the lessons I learned:

1. Never accept a challenge without first thinking about what it could mean.
2. Never go for a paddle feeling not at your best.
3. Never paddle on your own. Always tackle long distances with a friend.
4. Look into seasickness pills.
5. **KNOW YOUR LIMITS !** as you could be a problem to others !



DR. RAY VELLA
DR. JANET TEMPEST
DR. JILL CAMPBELL

14 MANOR ROAD,
BECKENHAM,
KENT, BR3 2LE

Telephone: 0181-650 0957
Facsimile: 0181-663 6070

3rd February 1996

Mr John Ramwell
5 Osprey Avenue
Westhoughton
Bolton
Lancs BL5 2SC

Dear John

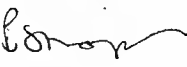
I have been reading your editorial in the latest I.S.K.A. Newsletter where you mention that you would be interested in any feedback regarding your Health Action Plans. I work as a G.P. and have an interest in Cardiology and run a weekly exercise ECG session at Lewisham Hospital. I seem to get the impression that many members of the I.S.K.A. are past their forties and still seem to derive a lot of pleasure from any form of kayaking.

The question I would like to raise is 'How safe is it for some people to be participating in a sport that we know can be very strenuous?' Should all kayakers over a certain age, say 45, see their G.P. to see if they could get an exercise ECG organised?

In an ideal world the answer would undoubtedly be yes, but unfortunately the NHS nowadays is anything but an ideal world. Such a test is not available in G.P.'s surgeries and the patient would need to be referred to their local hospital for such a test to be carried out. However, despite the inevitable delays and inconveniences, I still feel that it would be useful to have this test carried out on all kayakers over a certain age, especially if they are new to the sport.

Unfortunately in many of my sessions I see too many people, usually men, who would have benefitted from such a test. A quick example today was a fit, 54 year old male (non-smoker, keen squash player, with a normal cholesterol level) who was stressed and had a positive test and is being referred on for coronary angiography. This man was lucky, but can everyone out there be sure that their coronary arteries are normal before embarking on their next sea trip?

Yours sincerely


Dr Ray Vella

1996 EAST COAST

CANOE & KAYAK

SYMPOSIUM

This annual event is a full weekend immersed in the history, technique, hands-on experience and FUN of canoeing and kayaking. The symposium will include lectures, on-water classes and demonstrations directed to the novice as well as the experienced paddler.



◆ ACCOMMODATIONS

We have reserved tent sites (six people, two tents maximum per site) just for symposium participants. All sites are first come, first served, so early registration is encouraged to ensure a space. The regular campground features grills/fire-rings, bathhouses, 24-hour security, sites for people with disabilities, ice, laundromat, and roundtrip shuttle service to downtown Charleston. RV sites offer full hookup (30-50 amps). The primitive campground includes portable facilities only (six people, two tents maximum per site) and a community picnic area. We encourage you to stay on site because all symposium events are in walking distance from the campground; however, there are motels and hotels nearby. Symposium Rates: A special rate of \$69 plus tax per room is offered by the Holiday Inn at Folly Beach. Up to four occupants can share a room at this rate. For reservations call 1-800-290-0001. Reservations must be made by March 19, 1996.

◆ MEALS

Breakfast and lunch will be offered on Saturday and Sunday. Saturday night festivities begin with a special dinner followed by a presentation. A beer and soda cash bar will be available.

◆ EXHIBITS

If you are considering purchasing a canoe or kayak, and related equipment, this is the perfect time to talk to designers, manufacturers and retailers. They will be there to answer your questions and help you make the best choice for you. It's a great opportunity to "try before you buy."

◆ LOCATION

James Island County Park covers 640 acres. The facility offers tent and RV camping, 16 acres of lagoons, miles of nature and bike trails, salt and freshwater fishing, and is only 10 minutes from historic Charleston and the shores of the Atlantic.

◆ WHAT TO BRING

April's weather is usually warm and spring like in Charleston, but you should plan for the possibility of rain or cool temperatures. We recommend that you bring sunscreen, hats, sandals and swimwear, in addition to waterproof rain gear, warm clothing and boots or neoprene booties! Please bring a life jacket if you have one (be sure to label it with your name) as there may be a limited supply on the water front. If you have your own boat you are welcome to bring it, but demo boats will be available for scheduled activities. Bicycles may be valuable for transportation around the park—especially if you are staying with us.

◆ NOTICE OF RISK

It is important to point out that there is a level of risk inherent in canoeing and kayaking. Every participant will be expected to follow safety rules and exercise good judgement in the use of boats and equipment. Participants will be asked to sign a release form for the 1996 East Coast Canoe & Kayak Symposium. A parent or legal guardian must sign if the participant is under 18 years of age.

Fifth time lucky !

Where's the TV crew, I thought ? Sennen Cove was very quiet as we paddled in. We beached our Nordkapps by the ramp of the lifeboat station.

However, I was glad that there had been no TV crew around a couple of hours earlier. Having been in some discomfort, I had, with the aid of Dave and his rafted Nordkapp, executed a perfect rear-deck mid-Atlantic Advanced Sea pee.

The lifeboat slipway which had been beckoning us for the last half hour was now solid reality. It was now time to get a bus to Penzance to fetch the car.

The sea had a slight chop, and the wind had risen somewhat. But there had been little wind during most of the crossing. Almost as importantly, the heat of the sun had been moderated by the nearly constant fog which had escorted us during our 28 nautical mile trip from the Isles of Scilly to Sennen.

Our start that morning had been slightly delayed. With the tide was out, carrying the kayaks to the water took some time. We also took a few minutes to say good bye to a couple whom we had met at the campsite on the island of St.Martin's. They had said they would see us in the morning, but we were still surprised to see them appear while we were packing and listening to the 0555 shipping forecast.

0645 saw us underway and, for the first mile or so, making our way in shallow water over the clean and bright sands which are a feature of the generally shallow waters between the islands which make up the Isles of Scilly.

The Isles comprise a hundred or so islands, of which 5 are permanently inhabited: St Mary's, the destination of the ferry from Penzance; Treско with its famous gardens and somewhat upper-class image; and Bryher, St Agnes and St Martin's as runner's up. These latter three, it has to be said are off the main tourist trail, and wonderfully quiet.

When we had arrived by ferry in St Mary's a few days earlier, we had been directed to the campsite on St Martin's.

While St Martins is not in the centre of the islands, distances between are small: one can get from island to island with crossings of not more than a mile. On none of the main islands can you walk in a straight line for more than 2 miles - unless the tide is out! The scale, as you can see, is compact.

Our kayaks had been hoisted out of the hold of the 'Scillonian' and placed on the quayside, a short carry to the water's edge. A quick pack, and we were off. It was only early afternoon, so we took the long way round St Mary's to get to St Martin's.

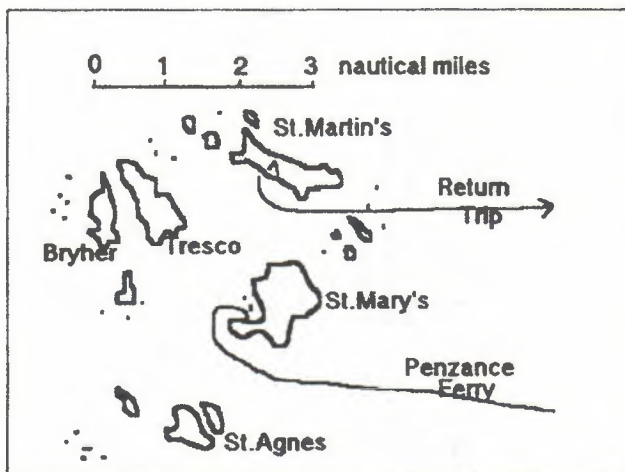
The campsite was found with the aid of a little tent shown on the Admiralty chart. Sure enough, when we stepped ashore and looked over the low sand dunes, there was a small, well provided, sheltered campsite. We made this our home for the next few days.

A small number of people were camping, curiously enough many with trailers, but no cars! Since visitors' cars are not ferried to the island, we were curious. It turns out that, in order to get all the camping equipment to the island for a family, a trailer is useful. One simply unhitches the trailer from the car in Penzance, has it shipped to St Mary's and from there to St Martin's.

Birds on the campsite were especially tame, and a blackbird would eat cake from my fingers. Rabbits ran about only yards away.

The day after we arrived blew up wet and windy. This had been forecast and was why we had not paddled out. So we explored St Martin's on foot, especially the rugged north coast exposed to the Atlantic. We found good paths, and an interesting mini-maze!

The next day we paddled round the back of the islands. I chickened out of some lumpy sea and retreated at one point. Round the back of St Martin's we saw a few seals. In comparison the 'inner sound' - as the locals call it - was quite calm.



On the next 2 days we visited the major islands. The gardens on Treско are well worth a look, but are still suffering from storm damage and from frost (unheard of there) in a recent winter.

On our last day we bought souvenirs on St Mary's. We got an interesting view of Scilly life from a acquaintance who lives there. As

everywhere, it has advantages and disadvantages. Not needing to own a car seems to me to be a major advantage!

During all this time on the islands, the weather was gradually improving. When the sun shone, it was hot and bright! The clear skies, clean water and bright sand were almost magical.

By the fourth day of our stay, the weather was more stable, and we felt that the next day might be fair for a crossing from Scilly back to Sennen Cove, the nearest landfall, about 28 nautical miles away.

Phone calls to check the weather with Her Majesty's Coastguard indicated 'go' for the next morning. It only remained to make a final check with the 0555 forecast in the morning.

The morning was misty. Of course, even in perfect visibility, the chance of seeing Land's End before we had paddled at least 10 miles was small. So we were fully prepared for navigation by time and compass.

We had been over this so often during the previous months. Charts and tracing paper and tracks and tides and tidal diamonds became very familiar. The bearing was etched in our memories.

Due to the significant tidal movement in the area in which we would be paddling, planning is essential. Basically there is an approx. 8 hour window in which the crossing, taking 7-8 hours, can be made. Mess this up and you're well on your way either down the English Channel or out to the USA!

We planned for paddling on a constant bearing, and knew at exactly what time we needed to depart. We were, admittedly a few minutes late leaving, but soon got into a rhythm, keeping a check on our 080 magnetic bearing.

Initially it was disconcerting, leaving the haven of the Isles for the open ocean. The sea state was smooth, with a slight swell. The fog came and went, with visibility up to 3 miles. We first heard, then had sights of the Seven Stones light which, at its closest, would have been about a mile away.

Then a long period without any sightings other than 2 or 3 ships. Since these follow 'lanes' north and south between the Isles of Scilly and Land's End, by observing whether a ship is going north or south, one can get information to fix a position.

At about mid-day the fog suddenly parted and we saw land ahead. Still too far away to identify anything of use. But it was land! Our spirits lifted.

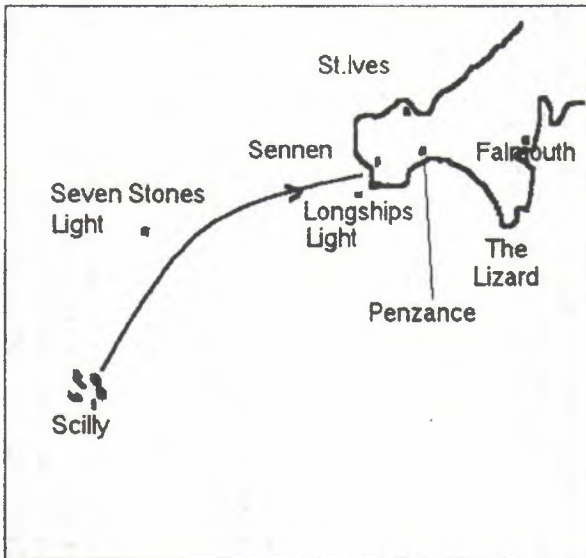
It was about now that I took the aforementioned excursion onto the rear deck of my Nordkapp. Maybe this displeased the deities, for it was not long before the visibility reduced to much less than before.

But we continued on our course, encouraged by a glimpse during slight breaks, of the Longships light on our starboard, a good few miles away. It was in the right place.

Nevertheless, it appeared that we were being taken more rapidly south and east than we

wished, and so, coinciding with a slight increase in the wind, we paddled more determinedly on our course for a while. The 'while' stretched into a couple of hours, until we felt we should be hitting terra firma quite soon, or at least sighting it.

Gradually the visibility improved. The rugged coastline became visible about 3 miles away. As



far as we could tell, that was Sennen Cove on our starboard bow and just where we wanted it. The tidal stream would take us down onto it. An hour of steady paddling, ending with a little sting in the tail in the in-shore swell near Sennen Cove, saw us safely tucked in behind the breakwater at Sennen.

Over the years, we have tried to do this trip many times, and up to now the weather had not co-operated. This was fifth time lucky!

... Dave Martin and Dave Rawlinson

25th January 1996

Essential reading for this trip or area are:

- Admiralty Chart 1148 Isles of Scilly to Land's End
- Admiralty Chart 34 Isles of Scilly
- NP250 - Tidal Stream Atlas The English and Bristol Channels

We also carried a hired EPIRB and a VHF radio. We kept in touch with Plymouth Coastguard, especially concerning our plans for the return trip.

Ferry daily from Penzance 0930 - 1200 hrs.

Kayaks carried, but not cheap. One-way cost for two of us plus kayaks was somewhat over £100. Car-parking (long-term) fairly inexpensive in Penzance - ask at the harbour.

Helicopter flights from Penzance are almost same price as ferry and apparently free long-term parking at the airport as a bonus.

Shops on all the main islands - no need to take vast quantities of grub. Pub & hotel food seemed to be expensive (we only looked!).

3rd International Meet of Sea Kayaks
ISOLA D'ELBA
22nd - 29th June 1996

The ASSOCIAZIONE ITALIANA KAYAK DA MARE (AIKM) gives notice, to sea kayakers from all latitudes, of the third edition of the international meet of sea kayaks "Isola d'Elba", to be held from the 22nd to the 29th of June 1996. This year it will be held in the beautiful gulf of Marina di Campo at the Camping degli Ulivi. As always, the meet will be in the name of friendship and safety.

All participants will be solely responsible for their own safety and belongings.

THE AREA OF THE MEET.

Elba is situated a bit less than five and a half nautical miles of the east coast of Italy. It is the largest island in the tuscan archipelago. The island has a surface area of 224 Sq.Km. Its geographical coordinates are 42° 47' 12" N. 10° 16' 28" E.

The island's staggered shore with numerous bays, promontories, beaches and rocky outcrops develops a coastline of 147 Km, which is considerable if compared to the island's surface area. The ragged landscape and rapidly changing views of various mountain ranges, heightens the impression of the island being more extensive than it really is. The climate is temperate. The average annual temperature is 15.7°C. During the year there are 168 days with clear skies, 89 days are slightly overcast and 109 cloudy. The island is a mineral treasure-trove.

HOW TO REACH THE MEET. (ROAD and PLACE NAMES are in bold type)

The easiest way is to depart from PIOMBINO, (on the VIA AURELLA), on one of the ferries (Toremara, Navarria or Elba Ferries) to PORTOFERRAIO. The crossing takes about one hour. From PORTOFERRAIO follow the road signs to MARINA DI CAMPO. The CAMPING DEGLI ULIVI is situated on the eastern end of the beach LA FOCE.

During June it is advisable to book the ferry well in advance. We have an agreement with the shipping agency

IL GENIO DEL BOSCO

Via Roma, 12

Portoferraio (LI)

Tel. 0565-930837 FAX 0565-915349

who will give a 10% discount on the ferry tickets for the members of the AIKM or those participating in the meet. (Please state your position when contacting them).

PROGRAM

During the meet there will be outings to places of rare beauty and interest. These outings will be decided daily depending on the prevailing weather conditions. There will be lessons on technique and navigation held by the instructors of the AIKM. Treasure hunts, slaloming between the icebergs, follow the leader and other games are on the program. Of course there will be free time for all the participants to use as they think best. There will also be guided tours to the interior of the island for those who like walking. The meet has been organised so that a relaxed atmosphere prevails. However, keen kayakers will find many occasions for outings to their likings while the less energetic can enjoy the sun and sea on shorter trips.

The camping site has been chosen, also, because it is within short walking distance from the town.

RULES OF THE MEET.

EVERY PARTICIPANT HAS TO BE:

a) A member of the AIKM. The annual membership fee is Lit. 75.000. which also covers insurance against accidents. Each new member must present a medical certificate, for insurance purposes, that proves they are fit to participate in non competitive water sports.

Those who have not presented a medical certificate will not be permitted to participate in activities on/in the water.

b) Able to swim proficiently
c) 18 years or older.

- d) Properly equipped
- e) Able to paddle for at least three hours and have some experience in sea kayaking.
- f) The cost of the meet is Lit.50.000 per participant which must be paid to the AIKM on enrollment.

FURTHER:

It is strictly forbidden to paddle alone.

All the participants will be divided into groups according to their experience, with a maximum of eight in each group. Each group will be led by an experienced paddler who knows the area and can help others that might be in difficulty. There will also be a motor boat to assist any paddlers that might find themselves in trouble.

The group leader represents the group towards the local authorities and has *the absolute right to veto* any decisions taken during the trip.

In case of bad weather conditions the outings will be postponed.

The participation in the activities of the meet implies the total acceptance of the above rules.

The AIKM declines any and all responsibility, whatsoever, towards those outside the meet, third parties or any and every other authority.

EQUIPMENT.

The following is a list of the *necessary* equipment:

Every participant must have:

Sea kayak with watertight hatches

Pump or other efficient means of emptying the kayak

A spray skirt and an approved life vest to be worn at all times when on the water

A whistle or other acoustic device

Tow line (*Optional*)

Footwear, change of clothes and towel in watertight sacks

Camping equipment

Every group must have:

Three spare paddles.

Two sets of flares

First aid equipment

Materials for mending damages to the kayak

AGREEMENT WITH THE CAMPING:

The Camping degli Ulivi will reserve the following discounts on the 1996 price list for AIKM members and their families.

20% on the cost of camping sites for tents and caravans.

10% on the rent for bungalows and apartments.

At the time of registration with the Camping state clearly state that you are participating in the meet or that you are already members of the AIKM.

The address of the Camping is:

CAMPING DEGLI ULIVI

Loc. La Foce

57034 MARINA DI CAMPO (LI)

Tel. 0565/976098

During the winter phone Mrs. Francesca Guendalini

051/229968

IMPORTANT!!!

Please apply by letter to the following addresses before the 15th May 1994.

ASSOCIAZIONE ITALIANA KAYAK DA MARE

C.P. 8171

00188 ROMA

Tel. 06/33615401

Please do not send any money! All payments are to be made at the site of the meet.

Fiordland by Kayak

A PADDLE ON THE WILD SIDE

"I don't think we can land there" I shouted to Tim, as nearer we came to the beach the worse the surf looked crashing amongst the boulders. This would make a landing in our canoes a hazardous undertaking in fit conditions let alone in the state of exhaustion I had got myself into today. I was hungry, tired and absolutely sick of the sea swell. We had already come a couple of miles inside the sound and morale was pretty low but this was the only landing site we had spotted so far. "What do you want to do then, go in or what?" Tim got impatient as he always is when I start whimpering. The further we go into the sound the further we have to come out. "Lets go on a bit further" I said, "maybe we'll find something better". More wishful thinking perhaps.

The wind was a bit strange, coming from all directions, the sea was far from calm but it wasn't as bad as we had seen before. We had come from Deep Cove, the head of Doubtful sound, in two half day trips in quickly deteriorating weather. Today was a lucky break and so far it looked good. It took a long time to get out of Doubtful Sound. The scale is just so enor-

Tim and Marie Riley spent three weeks in October paddling the amongst the fiords of New Zealand's South Island. Two kayaks were purchased as the local kayak rental company refused to hire for this trip. The trip took us from the Head of Doubtful Sound to the sea and then along the coast to Dagg and Breaksea sound. After a rest with the fishermen at Breaksea Sound we continued through the Achaeron Passage to Dusky Sound where after visiting various historic sites relating to Cook and others we headed inland to the head of Dusky Sound where we were picked up by float plane.

mous that you tend to imagine that you travel faster than you really are. The sea was very confused, with fresh water pushing out into the Pacific and the Pacific trying to push in and both flanks of the sound turning the swell towards the middle. It seemed to

go all right and without saying too much to each other, we gradually committed ourselves to the first open ocean hop. Dagg Sound here we come.

It took some paddling to get there. With the tremendous swell breaking against the cliffs we kept about a mile off shore. The gentle breeze was building to a more substantial wind and the swell began to get a chop running on top of it. Whitecaps started to appear and because of its enormity the scene didn't change much, it seemed to take forever. With one eye firmly focused on the dark clouds above the mountains we continued making progress of about
2 . 5
miles
p e r
h o u r .

Dagg Sound has a very wide opening and the ocean just rolls in unhindered. That's what I had imagined, but we cut the corner a little too much as we entered the sound and had to struggle through the clapotis produced by the cliffs off the entrance to Dagg Sound. I know such

a mistake should only be made by beginners but we had been sitting in our boats for about 6 hours and this might have impaired our judgement.

The New Zealand Fiords (called sounds) are amazingly steep, rising to 1500 metres in less than one kilometre from the edge of the water. The Fiords are densely forested with all sorts of trees and ferns and have much unusual wildlife. To go for a walk in Fiordland is a major undertaking and you will not be able to cover much ground due to the lush dense rain soaked vegetation. Its not called rain forest for nothing! The tops and peaks are not forested but are difficult to reach due to the dense forested lower slopes. Another problem is the rain. It is claimed that this is one of wettest place on earth with an annual rainfall of approximately 6000 mm. When it rains you are able to fill up your billy can as if you were holding it under the tap.

The sounds penetrate the mountainous region up to about 45 km (28 miles) and are remarkably deep. At the head of the sounds the water is fresh on the surface as the run off from the surrounding land is tremendous and fresh water is lighter than salt water. The water is dark due to the peat and tanins from the leaves. There are no people living on the west side of Fiordland because of its inhospitable character.

So, we went on and spotted another boulder beach about 4 miles inside the sound. It looked good, fantastic, as all I wanted to do was get out, go for a wee and eat

Fiordland by Kayak

and sleep. We both agreed and made camp. We were astounded by the amount of sandflies They rattled between the flysheet and inner of our tent and made a noise as if it was drizzling. When you looked out of the mosquito net door it was as if smoke was drifting from our tent and surely they were out to eat us alive.

In the night some deafening sound from nearby kept waking us up. "Surely one of those strange flightless birds", I thought, comfortable with the idea there were no



man-eating animals in New Zealand. The next morning was so gorgeous that it was hard to take in, but you had to be on the water to escape those sandflies. Totally weakened by the previous day's experience we set out to explore Dagg Sound, surely one of the least visited Sounds in New Zealand. We worried and discussed all day long how we would get out of Dagg Sound. **By foot a one mile portage would bring us from Dagg back into Doubtful, paddling onwards to Breaksea (seemed foolhardy and reckless) or catch a lift either way (Doubtful or Breaksea) from the crayfishing boats who use Dagg as a night anchorage.** This, of

course, assuming that they would offer us a lift. Paddling didn't seem to be an option. I had been rather scared by the unpredictable weather and the enormous scale of the seas, and disappointed with our very slow progress at sea.

Fretting about this dilemma we had a marvellous day, playing with the dolphins, observing the penguins, our neighbours responsible for the astounding amount of noise produced at night, and generally enjoying the magnificent dynamics of the landscape. It was not too cold but cold enough for us to have woolly hats permanently on. There was still a lot of snow on the tops, almost down to the treeline. We explored the portage and were disappointed by the track which would cause a limbo dancer severe problems let alone two fully laden kayaks and 2 exhausted paddlers who after all had started paddling because they don't like carrying heavy packs. And those sandflies were something else.

We made our meal and settled for the night with listening to BBC World service and Radio Australia, when suddenly Tim heard a diesel engine gently coming nearer. Adrenaline rushed through our veins. This was going to be good- perhaps we could have a lift after all. We rushed out. Careful not to stumble over the driftwood with the torch we made our way to the beach. Great spotlights were focused on us. We shone our miserly Petzl back which was just as well, because the skipper and his mate had apparently taken us for deer which could have supplemented their supper. Deer don't carry torches so the skipper got interested. Tim got in his canoe and paddled out to meet our saviours. I saw some papers being waved in the air, probably a weather fax which enables the fishermen to forecast the weather without relying on the Met

office. Full of hope I waited.

"They are 'Doubtful boys', but probably tomorrow there will be some 'Breaksea' boats coming" "Would they take us?" I asked. Yes, but Tim didn't think that was an option as the Breaksea Boys were going to come tomorrow.

Another day in Dagg Sound with the sandflies. During the morning it started to drizzle which later turned to rain and we settled for playing chess games and did not make it out of the tent until 4 pm just to stretch the legs. Fully covered against the flies and the penetrating rain we had a 'walk' up the nearby hill to get a view. You got soaked so quickly as all trees are covered in an inch of spongy moss which on touch will release half of the water it is holding. It is also amazingly slippery and the forest 'floor' is covered in half rotting trunks which of course are covered in moss making walking a balancing act. And unless you walk for a day and get above the tree line you will not be rewarded with a view as the vegetation is so dense. Returning to our tent mindful not to miss our possible rescuers we emerged out of the bush and scanned the horizon. Sure enough a cray boat was steadily heading in. Tim paddled out and came back with the message that another boat with a skipper called Cyril would take us. All we had to do was be ready at first light. Totally relieved we settled for the night.

At night the lovely stream which provided us with excellent fresh water burst its banks. A rain-storm was raging and trees fell or cracked. The pebbled bar created by many ocean storms which provided almost a bridge to the other side was washed away and the stream had changed into a raging torrent. The noise was deafening. Huge boulders and tree trunks came down with the cascading water. At least it kept

Fiordland by Kayak

the sandflies quiet. I didn't sleep at all for fear of being drowned by the rising river. The next morning we overslept. Not by much, but we were not ready by first light (6.30am). We saw the first boat heading for sea full blast. No that wasn't Cyril. The second boat went out even quicker. And the third boat never came. So we headed into the sound to suss out what was going on. Tim went up to Anchorage Arm where the boats spend the night but it was empty. Either Cyril had not turned up or he did not want to take us. Anyway our hopes of a lift were dashed.

The weather seemed to have quietened down although it was gusty at times. The sea seemed pretty big but who could tell objectively. We discussed the options and rearranged the canoes so that emergency gear this time was more easily available. There was to be no room for silly mistakes. Plenty of Mars bars around and the breakfast was a little more substantial than the previous time. Getting out of Dagg was not too bad, the expected confused waters around Towing Head was there, but nothing too dramatic. We were actually going quite strongly and what is more the weather improved. So we pushed on and we passed our half-way mark, Coal River, to us would be a landing of sheer desperation if we had to try there. We were about 2 miles off the coast and you could see the surf crashing on the beach, not a good sign for an emergency landing.


It was now about 12 noon and there was at least another 3 to 4 hours of paddling to go and I was going full throttle. Could I sustain this? Little bits of Mars

bars (nice and sticky between your teeth) kept energy levels up but I got a bit thirsty. We met our first squall, a small area of high wind and bad weather. I admit I didn't like it but there was an end visible so you only had to hang on and that's what we did. This cleared up relatively quickly and in 15 minutes, we were back on track, Tim taking pictures and I just wondering why Breaksea Island did not get larger. We saw a lot of petrels and gannets. We passed what later turned out to be Cyril but they never saw us as we are quite small in such a big sea. **Quite often Tim would disappear out of view for some time when we were both riding in a trough.** As the chop on top was not the same direction as the swell this made the boats crash up and down coming almost to a stand but giving you an exciting ride.

All of sudden there was another squall, it got pitch black and the wind was building very quickly and you could not see where that lovely blue sky from a few minutes ago had gone to. White caps formed and progress was extremely slow with the boats constantly crashing through the waves. **The noise was overwhelming. I started to panic but thought at the same time that all I could do was paddle.** I screamed to Tim to stay near to me. Tim shouted to paddle harder. The sky did not change colour and clouds were racing inland! and then it stopped and after 40 minutes we got back to normal. Determined to get to Breaksea before another squall hit us we really went for it now.

It was great to get into Breaksea, with a swell in our backs. We headed for Sunday

Cove where there was supposed to be a fishermans barge, and what a lovely surprise it was. A fishing boat was moored to it and they invited us for a drink, a shower, drying our clothes and gave us a fantastic cabin on the barge for as long as we liked to stay. I thought it was all worth it.

We stayed three days and sat out another of those amazing storms in which the fishermen don't even venture out. We had a really good time with the fishermen of the Electra, Trojan, Surprise and Rat and learned about their plight and how familiar it all sounded with quotas and overfishing. We met up with Cyril who never made it to Dagg Sound that night due to the poor weather. He assured us that everybody was on the look out and in radio contact and that we were due to be picked up the next day. They entertained us with meals, beer, endless cups of tea. Our bottle of whisky for bribery did not go very far as New Zealand Cray fishermen do not touch spirits. Our trip had not quite finished but the major hurdle had been taken and passed. 

Tim and Marie Riley

If you would like to know more about how we put this trip together feel free to give us a ring

Tel 01531 820900

Fax 01531822563

HM COASTGUARD - CANOE INCIDENTS 1995

<u>No. Date</u>	<u>Wind</u>	<u>Sea/Swell</u>	<u>Location/Scenario</u>	<u>Outcome</u>	<u>Primary Response</u>
1 29/1	NE 5	3/2	Arbroath - 999 call 2 canoeists in difficulty.	L/B rescued	L/B + CG
2 8/2	Calm	1/2	Morteheo, N Devon - 999 call 2 canoeists.	Helo rescued 1	Helo + CG
3 19/2	SW 6	3/3	Monmouth, S Wales - 2 capsized canoeists River Wye.	Helo recovered	Helo Police Ambulance
4. 25/2	NW 5	3/2	Ramsey Sound, SW Wales - CG concern for canoe party overdue.	All Well	CG
5. 26/2	NE 3	2/1	Red Wharf Bay, Anglesey - 999 call lone canoeist struggling.	All Well	L/B CG
6. 11/3	SW 2	1/1	Solent - MOP concerned for canoeist	All Well	CG
7. 12/3	NE 4	3/2	Cromer, Norfolk - 999 call about lone canoeist.	All Well	L/B CG
8. 12/3	SW 3	1/1	Dunbar, E Scotland - 999 call capsized canoeist. Practising rolls.	All Well	L/B
9. 13/3	SW 6	4/2	Loch Ness, Scotland - Police report - raft in trouble - 9 canoeists.	2 hospitalised	Helo CG
10. 1/4	WSW 6	4/2	Black Isle, NE Scotland - CG sighting of capsized canoe.	Swam ashore	Helo L/B CG
11. 2/4	SW 4	2/1	St Justinians, SW Wales - CG concern for 5 canoeists overdue.	All Well	CG
12. 3/4	SW 5	3/2	Dale, SW Wales - vessel reported concern for lone canoeist.	All Well	CG
13. 14/4	NE 6	3/3	Holyhead - concern felt - L/B recovered from skerries.	All Well	CG L/B
14. 21/4	NE 3	2/1	River Severn estuary - 999 call canoeist in difficulties. recovered by a boat.	Hospitalised 'cold'	CG L/B
15. 22/4	ENE 3	1/1	Stromness, Orkney - found canoe	All Well	CG
16. 23/4	SE5	3/2	Sandsend, Whitby - Canoeist in difficulty, rescued by other canoeists.	All Well	CG Helo
17. 20/5	SEx E2	1/0	Donaghadee, N Ireland - 999 call canoe occupants waving.	All Well	CG
18. 21/5	ExS 4	3/1	Isle of Sheppey, Kent - 4 canoeists overdue but turned up.	All Well	CG
19. 29/5	SW 5	3/1	Chichester Harbour - Concern for canoeist who was ok.	All Well	CG Helo ILB
20. 17/6	WSW 3	3/2	Crail, Firth of Forth - F/V concerned about canoeist.	All Well	CG
21. 24/6	N 5	4/1	Buddle Bay, N'umberland - 999 red flare from canoeists.	All Well	CG LB Helo
22. 26/6	SSE 3	3/1	Minehead, Somerset - Hbr. Master concerned for canoeist.	All Well	CG
23. 26/6	NNW 4	3/1	Seaham, N'umberland - report of canoe adrift.	All Well	CG ILB Helo
24. 27/6	NE 2	2/2	St Andrews, Firth of Tay - 999 call - canoeist in water.	All Well	CG Helo
25. 28/6	NE 4	3/1	West Mersea, Essex - Missing canoeist, recovered by yacht.	Rescue	CG L/B Helo
26. 30/6	SE 3	1/0	Port Talbot, S Wales - 999 - canoeist in difficulties.	All Well	CG ILB
27. 4/7	W 2	2/1	Stonehaven, E Scotland - concern for canoe trip.	All Well	CG IRB
28. 8/7	E 3	2/1	River Tyne, Newcastle - ferry reported drifting.	False Alarm	CG Helo L/B
29. 11/7	WSW 4	3/2	Banff, NE Scotland - inflatable canoe being blown seaward.	All Well	CG ILB
30. 17/7	SE 4	3/2	Barra, Outer Hebrides - canoe overdue.	Rescue	CG Helo L/B
31. 23/7	SW 6	4/2	Rhyl, N Wales - inflatable canoes capsized.	All Well	CG ILB
32. 29/7	SE 3	2/1	North Berwick, Firth of Forth - female canoeist capsized.	Rescue	CG ILB
33. 29/7	SSW 4	1/0	Ravenglass, Cumbria - 999 canoe drifting	All Well	CG ILB
34. 31/7	Calm	0/0	Ulva, Isle of Mull - yacht had kayaker onboard with cuts.	Rescue	Ambulance
35. 9/8	SSE 3	1/0	Lymington/Solent - 999 2 canoeists appear stuck in mud.	All Well	CG
36. 13/8	W 3	3/1	Beadnell Bay, N'umberland - 999 2 canoeists capsized.	Rescue	ILB Yt Safety Boat
37. 16/8	NE 2	1/0	Worthing - overdue canoeists, returned home wet but ok.	False Alarm	L/B ILB
38. 22/8	NW 3	1/1	St Bees, Cumbria - 2 canoes reported overdue, ILB recovered.	Rescue	ILB CG
39. 27/8	N 4	3/2	Happisburgh, Norfolk - 999 capsized canoe, made shore unaided.	All Well	ILB CG
40. 28/8	N 6	3/2	Southwold, Suffolk - 999 swimmer from canoe. ILB recovered.	Rescue	ILB CG Helo
41. 12/9	SW 4	2/1	Macduff, Morayshire - 999 calls canoeist in difficulty.	All Well	ILB Helo CG

No. Date	Wind	Sea/Swell	Location/Scenario	Outcome	Primary Response
42. 15/9	NNW 9	2/2	Needles, IOW - phone reporting 2 canoes in difficulty.	Rescue	CG ILB
43. 23/9	SW 6	3/1	St Abbs Head - MOP reported capsized canoe. (7 canoes)	All Well	ILB Helo CG
44. 28/9	W 4	3/2	Redcar, Cleveland - 999 canoeist in water	6 assisted	CG Helo ILB
45. 6/10	S 7	3/2	Cromer, Norfolk - phone 2 canoeists in trouble.	Rescue	CG ILB
46. 13/10	SE 1	1/0	Southend, Essex - 999 missing canoeist.	Assisted	CG L/B Police
47. 24/10	SSE 7	4/2	Bembridge, IOW - phone, 2 canoes in difficulty.	All Well	CG
48. 11/11	ENE 7	4/2	Ballycastle, N Ireland - 999 canoeists in difficulty.	Rescue	CG L/B

The U.S.K.A. Buyer's Directory '96: Sea Kayaks* (Single: 233-501 litres)

by Udo Beier (Germany), Christian Gabard (France) and John J. Ramwell (Great Britain)

(Many thanks for the informations we got from: D.De'Angell (I), S.Cadoni (I), K.Gjessing (N) and Th.Küppers (D))

Remarks

- *: In this survey there are only single sea kayaks, which can be bought in Europe, which have a length over 455 cm and two bulkheads (or similar: e.g. pod). With few exceptions the material is fibreglass (or similar: Diolon/Kevar) or Polyethylene (PE) or Polyethylene-Sandwich (PE-S). The technical datas are based on Informations given by the producer or seller. When the datas are written in "Italics", then they are approximated. The author or other persons have found them out.
- ** : Circa weight of the sea kayak with standard fittings. The weight of a full equipped sea kayak will be higher, especially when the weight given lies under 25 kg. When the datas about the weight of the kayak are written in "Italics", it is the rough weight of a sea kayak with all its equipment (e.g.: bulkheads, hatches, toggles, deck fittings, deck lines, compass, pump, rudder or retractable skeg).
- ***: Dimensions of the cockpit (inside edge): L (=Length), W (=Width), Hf (=Height-front-inside), Hro (=Height-rear-outside); TB =Thigh brace;
- ****: The displacement depends on the position of the bulkheads.
- *****: Dimensions of the hatches (inside edge): R = round hatch; O = oval hatch; otherwise = rectangular hatch (A);
- o: Sometimes there are problems to specify the volume. The reasons are different: (a) The volume of sea kayaks made by Lettmann depends on the height of the boats, thus the buyer can decide which volume he wants to have. (b) The specification of the volume you get from the manufacturer varies from the datas the author or other persons have found out. Therefore ask the manufacturer for the exact volume-datas. The datas about the volume written in "Italics" are obtained by determining the amount of water that swamps the kayak.

Equipment (standard or optional)

- | | |
|---|--|
| 1: with integrated retractable rudder; | 17: with special watertight containers built in alongside the cockpit; |
| 2: with sea-trim-rudder à la Valley; | 18: with hatches à la Valley or similar; |
| 3: with traditional river-rudder; | 19: with hatches secured by straps or similar; |
| 4: with skeg-rudder; | 20: with hatches secured by an inner tube of a bicycle; |
| 5: with retractable skeg-rudder; | 21: with hatches secured by a central screw-mechanism; |
| 6: with retractable skeg; | 22: with screw hatches; |
| 7: with retractable sword-skeg; | 23: with fitted compass; |
| 8: with hinged rear rudder; | 24: with spare paddle recess; |
| 9: without skeg/rudder; | 25: with recessed water bottle; |
| 10: with pod; | 26: with three bulkheads; |
| 11: with half a pod ("rear-pod") | 27: bulkheads, deck fittings, toggles, pump are not standard; |
| 12: with fitted electric pump; | 28: with built-in radar reflectors (= bulkheads); |
| 13: with fitted hand or foot pump; | 29: with deck made in plywood; |
| 14: with different fitted pumps to choose from; | 30: with bulkheads made out of foam. |
| 15: with foam in the top of the bow and stern; | |
| 16: with cargo-container (front and rear) instead of bulkheads; | |

Manufacturer

Aquanova Kajakers AB, Torslanda (Sweden); Aquitaine Canoës - R.N. 10, F-33380 Belin-Beliet (France) (Fax: +56881201);
 Claub GmbH, Marienstr. 10, D-67063 Ludwigshafen (Germany); Cooymans R., D-24106 Kiel (Germany);
 Cochois - Z.A. Les Plaines, F-26320 St. Marcel-Les-Valence (France) (Fax: +75588748);
 Contre Courant - c/o Jean-Pascal Le Han - 76, Boulevard Jules Verne, F-44300 Nantes (France) (Tel.: +40521036);
 Dennis, N., Kayaks Ltd. (c/o ASSC, Porthdafarch Rd., Holyhead, Gwynedd LL65 2LP (Great Britain));
 Diez Bootswerkstätte, Koblenzer Str. 13, D-65582 Diez/Lahn (Germany) (Fax: +6432/83450);
 Feloy, Robin, Prospect Cottage, Stabledon Lane, Ashburton, Devon TQ13 7AE (Great Britain) (Fax: +364/654343);
 Foster, Nigel, Canoeing Ventures, 5, Tan-y-Bwlch, Mynydd Llandegai, Bethesda, Gwynedd, LL57 4DX (Great Britain);
 Francesconi (Italy); Pritid, E., Mjøndalen (Norway); Half, W., D-26316 Varcl-Dangast (Germany); Hasle (Norway);
 Helmi-Sport, Eilvase an der B6, D-31535 Neustadt a. Rübenberge (Germany) (Fax: +5036/2605);
 Kajak-Sport OY, Matti Valonen, Tohkantie 6, FIN-27100 Eurajoki (Finland) (Fax: +358388680444);
 Karbone-14 31, Impasse du IV Septembre, F-33130 Bègles (France) (Fax: +56492132);
 Kayak Center 95, Rue Jean Jaurès, F-94700 Maisons Alfort (France) (Fax: +(1)43965457);
 KSU-Kanocentrum de Biesbosch, (G. de Bruun) Calandstraat 26, NL-4251 NZ Werkendam (Netherlands) (Tel.: +1835-4333)
 Klepper-Faltbootwert H.S. Walther GmbH, Klepperstr. 18, D-83026 Rosenheim (Germany) (Fax: +8031/2167-77);
 KSK-kanu-sport Klein-Impelmann, Weseler Str. 12, D-46519 Alpen (Germany);
 Lettmann - Sport GmbH, Franz-Haniel-Str. 53, D-47443 Moers (Germany) (Fax: +2841/509671);
 Mega (Great Britain); Meier, Heinrich-Osterath-Str. 256, D-21037 Hamburg (Germany) (Fax: +40/7372457);
 Necky Kayaks, 1100 Riverside Road, Abbotsford, British Columbia, V2S 4N2 (Canada) (Fax: +604/8503197);
 Nordnes Batsport, N-5000 Bergen (Norway) (Tel: +47-5556-0335)
 North Shore, Tanton Hall Farm, Stokesley, Middlesbrough, Cleveland TS9 5JT (Great Britain);
 Nova Werf, Factory 10B, NL-16589 AL Zwaag (Netherlands) (Fax: +2290-36758);
 Patrice - 5, Rue des Orangers - Port de Plaisance, F-64700 Hendaye (France) (Fax: +59204432);
 Perception Kayaks, Bellbrook Business Park, Uckfield, East Sussex TN22 1QU (Great Britain) (Fax: 1825/763707);
 P&H - The P&H Company Ltd., Station Road, West Hallam, Derbys DE7 6HB, (Great Britain) (Fax: +115/9327177);
 Pietsch - Pietsch & Hansen Sportboote, D-25852 Bordelum (Germany) (Fax: +4671/3196);
 Plasmor - Saint Léonard, F-56460 Theix-Vannes (France) (Fax: +97476906);
 Polyform - Z.A. La Montgervalaise, 2 - F-35520 La Mézière (France) (Fax: +99665875);
 Prijon-Vertrieb GmbH, Innlande, D-83022 Rosenheim (Germany) (Fax: +8031/15374);
 Qajaq-SeaKayaks, Resinetro, Via de Nobili 16, Brugnetto (AN) 60010 (Italy) (Tel. +71/6620394);
 Quality Kayaks Ltd., 71 Salisbury Street, Ashhurst (New Zealand) (Fax: +(06)326-8472);
 (Importer: H.Gadernann, Heschredder 92, D-22335 Hamburg (Germany) (Fax: +40/5000477));
 Quest Composites, Pai du Moustoir - BP216 - F-56402 Auray (Crach) (France) (Fax: 97302610/24);
 Rotomod - Z.I. Jean Maléc, F-47240 Bon Encontre (France) (Fax: +53696134);
 The Best-Polyesterbouw, Siddeburen (Netherlands) (Tel.: +5983-2307);
 Valley Canoe Products Ltd., Private Road 4, Colwick, Nottingham NG4 2JT, (Great Britain) (Fax: +602/614970);
 VKV - AB Vituddens Kanotvarv, Kanotvägen 2, 59338 Västervik (Sweden) (Fax: +490/11950);
 Weiterer, U., D-28203 Bremen (Germany);
 Wilderness Systems, 241 Woodbine, St. High Point, NC 27260 (USA) (Tel. +910/883-7410)
 (Importer: Indian Ship GmbH, Postfach 400480, D-70404 Stuttgart (Germany)).

Model	Dimensions		Cockpit Size		Volume/Displacement		Hatches		Company/Equipment
	(LxW; Weight)		(LxW; H/H; Hro)		(Total)	(Fore/Mid/Aft)	(F;A:LxW)		
	cm kg**		cm***		Litres	Litres****	cm*****		
South Greenland Typ	550x48;16	Round:37;18/17	ca.180	(without bulkheads)					D: Coymans (8; reproduction)
Klepper Aerus E	450x72;27	112x41;38/35	ca.440	(without bulkheads)					D: Klepper (3; Folding Kayak)
Volume-Class: "Small" (RU 300 Litres) (typical attributes: smaller windage; wetter ride; tighter cockpit) (fitness: smaller storage and weight carrying capacity; good for a weekend tour; ideal for smaller/lighter people)									
Endurance	468x65;18	73x41;28;5/26,5	233	041/129/63	e.g.: R:18;R:18o.A.?	I: Oajq (7;14;18or19;23)			
Kayloha	474x55; ?	69x38;29/24,5	245	038/140/067	R:18;O:41x23	I: Oajq (9;14;18;23)			
Txingudi	547x52;23	63x41;25/21	253	055/130/068	R:18;R:18 or O:41x23	F: Patrice (18/22)			
Godthab	522x52;20	55x41;30/23	264°	048/135/072	each: 41,5x23-15	D: Lettmann (9;13;21;30)			
Sirius	518x52;22	66,5x39;28/24;TB	265	050/120/095	R:18;O:41x23	GB: P&H (2/6/9;14;18;23;24;25)			
Scimitar-PE	462x58;23	81x44;29/26;TB	269/350°	036/160/073	34x22-11;45x31-15	GB: Perception (3;19)			
ShoreLine Jun.	485x54;19	82x37;26/23	270	045/160/065	R:18;R:18	F: Polyform (18;26)			
Squale	580x50;18	65x40;25/23	270	045/160/65	R:12;R:18	F: Polyform (18;22)			
Anas Acuta	523x55;20-24	52x38;28/21	275	060/135/080	R:18;O:41x23	GB: Valley (2/6/9;14;18;23)			
Fuego	485x55;24	67,5x40;26/23	275/250°	050/145/080	R:18;50x28	GB: NShore (2/6/9;14;18/19;23)			
Kitiwec-(I)	537x56;25	69x40;26/23,5	280	055/136/21+68	R:18;R:18+O:41x23	I: Oajq (6/7;14;18;23;26)			
Ligue de Bret.	520x58;23	60,5x37,5;26,5/26	289	046/164/079	R:18;R:18	F: Plasmor (14,18)			
Natsuk	480x62;25	83x42;28/25	295	050/170/075	R:18;R:18	F: Plasmor (18)			
Langeoog	554x54;21	49x38;30/27	295	060/150/085	R:18;R:18	D: Weiterer (9;14;18;23)			
Baidji M.H.	560x57;23	62x40;28/24	300	040/160/100	O:41x23;R:18/O:41x23	F: Polyform (6,18,26)			
Sardinia	513x53;24	69x38;29/24	300/282°	050/160/30+60	R:18;R:18 + O:41x23	I: Oajq (2/6/7;14;18;23;26)			
Godthab XLDD	530x54;25,5	71x42;30/24,5	ca.300°	050/160/085	each: 41,5x23-15	D: Lettmann (1;13;21;30)			
..... OD	530x54;23	(DO and OD differ only in weight and hatches)				O:41x23;O:42x30	D: Lettmann (1;13;18;30)		
Iroise	485x58;18	67x41;26/24	300	050/175/075	R:18;R:18 or O:41x23	F: Contre C. (18,29)			
ShoreLine Sen.	485x58;20	67x41;26,5/22	300	050/175/075	R:18;R:18/O:41x23	F: Polyform (18,26)			
Viking	487x57;19	50-75x40;30/26	300	060/150/090	R:24;O:42x30	FIN: Kajak-Sp. (2/6;14;18)			
Pintail	523x56;20-24	57x40;28/22	300	070/140/090	R:18;O:41x23	GB: Valley (2/6/9;14;18;23)			
Amour (PE)	500x56;26	73x42;31/23	ca.300	?	24x24;36x36	GB: P&H (2/6;14)			
Volume-Class: "Medium" (301-350 Litres)									
Avel Dro	516x58;23	72x42;30/28	304	050/164/090	R:18;O:41x23	F: Plasmor (13;18;23)			
Kentzai	499x58;22	69x37;28/27	304	072/174/058	R:18;O:41x23	F: Kayak Center (18)			
Kitiwec-(F)	537x56;25	63x42;24,5/23	305	050/170/085	R:18;R:18 + O:41x23	F: Plasmor (2/6/7;14;18;23;26)			
Sirius-hf/M	518x52;23	71x38;31/26;TB	305	055/150/100	R:18;O:41x23	GB: P&H (2/6/9;14;18;23;24;25)			
.....w. Rudder	514x52;30,5*	71x38;31/26;TB	ca.305°	070/130/100	(data output of a kayak	with all its accessories)			
Petrel	560x52;25	58x38;30/24	305	080/140/075	O:41x23;O:41x23	F: Karbone-14 (18)			
Meridian	512x56;22	73x38;27/26	ca.310	050/150/110	R:18;R:18	GB: NShore (2/6;14;18)			
Aslak	500x57;25	78x41;29/26	ca.310°	050/155/100	40x24-17;50,5x33-25	D: Lettmann (1;13;21;30)			
Phylleas	480x60;20	80x44;29/28	310	056/196/058	R:18;R:18	F: Kayak Center (18)			
Bahia 1014	480x60;20	60x44;29/26	310	056/196/058	R:18;R:18	F: Cochois(18) (similar:Phylleas)			
Nordkapp	545x54;20-24	57-76x7;30/26,5	310	070/140/100	R:18;O:41x23 or R:18	GB: Valley (2/6/9;14;18;23)			
Viking	532x57	69x38;31/25	316	047/163/28-78	R:18;R:18+O:41x23	I: Oajq (6/7;18;23;26)			
Marathon S.S.	547x52;18	64x41;29/17	317	072/135/110	R:18;R:18	F: Patrice (22)			
Esplora	530x52;23	86x40;28/26	320	050/190/080	R:18;O41x23	I: Francesconi (4;13;18;23)			
Appel-Eskl	500x64;21	83x45;33/24	320	060/160/100	R:18;R:18	D: Diez (2/3;13;18/22)			
Skerray-PE	514x58;23,5	54x38;31,5/24	320	060/160/100	R:18;O:41x23	GB: Valley (6/9;13;18)			
Skerray GRP	518x58;22-24	56-76x40;30,5/26,5	320	060/160/100	R:18;O:41x23	GB: Valley (2/6/9;14;18;24)			
Inuk	550x50;20-25	51,5x43;32,5/20	ca.320	070/ca.150/100	R:18;O:41x23	GB: Faloy (18)			
Sealution-PE	502x56;26	74x39;32/33	ca.325	?	34x18-10;34x24-18	USA: Wilderness (2/9;19)			
Baidji G.H.	560x57;22	74x40,5;29,5/26	325	045/170/110	R:18;O:41x23	F: Polyform (6,18)			
Eskimo Côtier	513x60;23	63x41;28/22	325	060/165/100	each:R:18 or:55x35-28	F: Patrice (22 or 19)			
Oland	530x55;18-23	75x40;27/24,5	ca.325°	070/155/100	42x20-14;40x26-21	D: Pietsch (1;12;20;23)			
Albatros	505x60;25	58x38;30/27	325	080/150/095	R:18;O:41x23	F: Karbone-14 (18)			
South Aurora	500x61;24	78x39;32/31	330	055/180/095	R:18;42x32	NZ: Qual.Kay. (2+11;13;18+19)			
Horizon	500x60;23	77x39;32/31	330	060/170/095	R:18;42x32	NZ: Qual.Kay. (2+11;13;18+19)			
Iceland	508x61;24	58(-73)x40;32/28	330	055/150/125	R:18;O:41x23	GB: P&H (2/6/9;14;18;24)			
Selkie	503x60;20-24	57-76x7;30/26,5	330	050/180/100	R:18;R:18 or O:41x23	GB: Valley (2/6/9;14;18;22)			
Orion	518x61;24	73x39;30/26;TB	330	055/150/125	R:18;O:41x23	GB: P&H (2/6/9;14;18;23;24;25))			
SouthernSkua	540x60;23	77x39;32/31	335	055/170/110	R:18;42x32	NZ: Qual.Kay. (2+11;13;18+19)			
Outlander	488x59;-	73x39;30/25	335	060/145/130	R:18;O:41x23	GB: P&H (2/6/9;14;18;23;24;25)			
Hellaster	535x55;22	83x42;29/21	ca.335°	065/150/40/70	R:18;R:18+O:41x23	NL: KSU (6;14;18;26)			
Catchiky C.H.	535x54;25	63x41;26,5/25	338	054/180/104	O:41x23;O:41x23	F: Plasmor (14,18)			
Mariner	515x55;21	81 ??	340	055/180/105	R:18;R:18	GB: NShore (2/6/9;14;18;23)			
Narval	515x55;22	62x36,5;27/25	340	055/180/105	R:18;O:41x23	F: Polyform (6,18)			
Baidarka	513x50;24	59x40; ??	340	080/150/110	R:18;O:41x23	GB: P&H (2/6/9;14;18;23)			
Sirius-hf/L	518x52;24	72x40;35/29;TB	345	060/180/105	R:18;O:41x23	GB: P&H (2/6/9;14;18;23;24;25)			
Baikal	510x60;22	67x41;26,5/21	345	070/180/095	R:18;R:18+O:41x23	F: Polyform (6,18,26)			
Nordsee	543x53;26	70x42;34/27,5	345	080/165/100	R:18;O:41x23	D: Diez (9;13;18)			
Umiak	560x48;19	82x38;31/25	350	(optional)	(optional)	D: Meier (4;13;e.g.18;27)			
Barzoi	540x54;20	63x36;27/24	350	060/190/100	R:18;R:18+O:41x23	F: Plasmor (18)			
Kontiki Sen. PE	515x59;24	83x42;31/26	350	064/180/098	R:24;R:24	F: Rotomod (18)			
Artisan 2000	560x57;23	55-72x41;32/29	ca.350	067/178/105	R:24;O:42x30	FIN: Kajak-Sp. (1/6;14;18;23)			

Model	Dimensions		Cockpit Size		Volume/Displacement		Hatches	Company/Equipment
	(LxW;Weight)		(LxW;H/Ht/Hro)		(Total)	(Fore/Mid/Aft)	(F;A;LxW)	
	cm kg**		cm***		Litres	Litres****	cm*****	
Volume-Class "Large" (351-400 Litres)								
Romany	489x54;24	82x39;32/23;TB	353	087/170/096	R:24;R:18 + R:24	GB: Dennis(6;14;18;23;26)		
Calypso	515x55;22-29	68x40;26/24	355	065/165/125	40x19;50x28	GB: N.Shore (2/6/9;14;19;23)		
Kialivac	560x53;25	68x42;28/22	355	065/190/100	R:18;0:41x23	F: Plasmor (18)		
Nordstern	550x57;26	78x41;28/25	ca.360°	060/177/120	40x24-17;50,5x33-25	D: Lettmann (1;13;21;30)		
Habel III(360)	530x60;19-24	75x40;29/27	ca.360°	080/160/120	42x20-14/40x26-21	D: Pietsch (1;12;20;23;24)		
Arctic	525x58;26	78x41;30/26	361°	052/194/115	40x24-17,50,5x33-25	D: Lettmann (1;13;21;31)		
Chinook-PE	488x61;25	80x43; ?? TB	367/295°	047/148/100	R:14;45x35	GB: Perception (3/9;19+22)		
Caribou	533x60;24	78x42;32/28	370	060/200/080	R:23;R:23	S: Aqua. (8/9;12;15;18)		
Tümmler	548x52;22	70x40;31/25,5	370	062/192/116	44x15;44x25	D: Clauß (6;13;17;19)		
Yukon-E	505x55;14-22	83x45;31/26	370	065/190/115	30x21-17;38x32-26	D: Prijon (2;13;19)		
KyookPlus-PE	457x63,5;27	79x44;31/28-31	370	075/180/115	28x18;37x25	CDN: Necky (2;13;19)		
Caribou-IC	533x60;24	78x42;32/28	370	ca.080/120/ca.110	R:23;R:23	S: Aqua. (8/9;12;15;18)		
Arluk III	563x57;24	79x41;29/28;TB	ca.379	062/191/126	30x22;38x28	CDN: Necky (2;13;19)		
Seayak	490x60;26	81x45;30/27	380	044/200/118	each: 33x26-20	D: Prijon (2;13;16;19)		
Avalon Vivian	580x55;25	78x40;??	380	075/185/120	0:41x23;0:42x30	FIN: Kajak-Sp. (2/6;14;18;)		
Kreta	550x64;23	82x45;31/30	380	080/180/120	R:18;0:41x23	D: Diez (2/3;13;18;21)		
Narpa-PE	503x61;28	79x44;30/27	390	080/200/110	28x18;37x25	CDN: Necky (2;13;19)		
Amrum II	550x55;24	75x40;33/22	390	100/165/125	39x18;36x26	D: Pietsch (1;12;20;23)		
Touring E1	502x60,5;28	83x42;32/28	395	053/194/131	R:18;0:42x30	D: Helmi (2;13;18)		
Calypso Mono	475x61;19	68x41;29/26	395	075/200/120	40x28;50x30	F: Polyform (1)		
Belouga 1	509x68;28	83x44;26/21	395	075/200/120	R:18;0:41x23	F: Plasmor (14;18)		
Skerray XL	538x61;25	69x ??	395	075/200/120	0:41x23;0:41x23	GB: Valley (2/5/6;14;18;23)		
Seagull Elite	530x60;23	96x42; ??	395	100/145/150	25x33;54x32	S: VKV (8;19;28)		
Volume-Class "Extra-Large" (over 400 Litres) (typical attributes: higher windage; drier ride; wider cockpit)								
(fitness: larger storage and weight carrying capacity; good for a four lasts several weeks; ideal for heavy/larger people)								
Hasle Explorer	520x60;24	79x40;30/28	401	069/221/111	R:26;R:26	N: Hasle (PE-S;4/8;13;22)		
Sealion-PE	523x57;27	83x43;30/26;TB	405 (?)	057/169/080 (?)	34x21-10;44x30-20	GB: Perception (3;19)		
Puffin-PE	500x61;29	85x45;29/28;TB	410	090/150/170	R:18;42x32	NZ: Qual.Kay. (2;8;13;18;19)		
Puffinlight-PE	500x60;25	85x45;33/32	410	ca.100/160/150	R:18;42x32	NZ: Qual.Kay. (2;13;18;19)		
Seagull Offsh.	530x60;23	96x42; ??	410	100/150/160	33x25;52x32	S: VKV (8;19;28)		
Habel II	528x60;25-32*	76x40;32/30	410	100/160/150	42x20-14;40x26-21	D: Pietsch (1;12;20;23;24)		
Express	500x56;21	75x40;34/31	420	(optional)	(optional)	D: Meier (2/3;13;e.g.18;27)		
Seagull Ocean	530x63;25	96x45; ??	430	060/210/160	25x33(or:R:18);53x35	S: VKV (8;19;28)		
Thema	550x57;26	83x42; ??	430	ca.070/220/140	??	D: KSK (5;13;18)		
Muktuk	520x60;21	75x40;30/28	460	(optional)	(optional)	D: Meier (4;13;e.g.18;27))		
Seelöwe	520x60;21	83x40;34/31	480	(optional)	(optional)	D: Meier (2/3;13;e.g.18;27)		
Ny-Aaland	533x61;24	74x?;36/35	502	092/190/220	41,5x23-15	D: Half (1;13;21;23)		
Incomplete Data (The manufacturers are not able to give more exact informations about their kayaks!)								
Eskimo	510x60;18	70x45; ??	?	?	R:18;R:18	F: Aquitaine (18)		
Neptune	510x60;19	70x45; ??	?	?	R:18;R:18	F: Aquitaine (18)		
Kratouna 1007	523x60;22	80x45; ??	?	?	R:18;R:18	F: Cochois (22)		
Manille 1015	535x59;22	69x42; ??	?	?	R:18;R:18	F: Cochois (22)		
Romany 18-E	533x55;?	?	?	?	R:24;R:18+R:24	GB: Dennis (6;14;18;23;26)		
Legend	550x53;24	80	?	?	0:41x23;R:18+0:41x23	GB: Foster (2/6;14;18;23;26)		
Vyneck	549x52;?	?	?	?	?	GB: Foster (2/6;18)		
Svalbard Exp.	?	?	?	?	?	N: Fritid		
Huntsman	510x57;25	?	?	?	?	GB: McNulty		
Kodiak	510x57;25	?	?	?	?	GB: McNulty		
Svalbard	525x56;25	?	?	?	?	GB: McNulty		
Alaskan	548x59;34	?	?	?	?	GB: McNulty		
Seasure	532x56;22	?	?	?	?	GB: Mega		
Tornak	472x58;?	75x42;30/27	?	?	30x22;38x28	CDN: Necky (2;13;19)		
Tesla	518x64;?	81x41; ??	?	?	30x22;38x28	CDN: Necky (2;13;19)		
Arluk 1.8	549x56;?	52x41; ??	?	?	30x22;38x28	CDN: Necky (2;13;19)		
Nordnes SK	525x58;?	(large)??	??	095/-?-/135	?	N: Nordnes (3;19)		
Buccaneer	530x55;22	68x39;28/24	??	??	40x19;50x28	GB: N.Shore (2/6/9;14;19;23)		
Fire	530x54;23	?	?	??	R:18;0:41x23	NL: Nova (6/9;14;18;23)		
Flame	575x54;?	?	?	??	R:18;R:18+0:41x23	NL: Nova (6/9;12;18;23;26)		
Skybou	502x58;20	66x45; ??	?	?	R:18;0:41x23	F: Quest (13;18;23)		
Surviver	520x55;24	55x40; ??	?	?	R:18;R:18+0:41x23	NL: T.Best (1/6;14;18;23;26)		

(2/96) For corrections please contact: U.Beier, Stresemannallee 19a, D-22529 Hamburg (Germany) Tel. 040/563727, Ch.Gabard, 10 rue Simon Létolle, F-92260 Fontenay aux Roses (France) Tel. 33(1)46607212 or J.J.Ramwell, 5 Osprey Avenue, Westhoughton, Bolton, Lancs BL5 2SL (Great Britain) Tel. 01942-842204

Derek C. Hutchinson

18, Marina Drive
South Shields
Co. Durham
NE33 2NH
England

0191 4566155

27th February 1996

John Ramwell
International Sea Kayaking Association

Dear John

ISKA NEWSLETTER

Peter Carter's letter on the subject of rescues, in your March edition, aroused me to put pen to paper.

But first a little story.

Some years ago now, I was with a party of friends paddling on one of England's largest lakes. As I remember, those with me included some of the 'cream' of the world of sea kayaking at that time. Needless to say all our boats were well equipped with hatches and bulkheads and the rest of it. It was a cool spring day and this was a change from our normal paddling trips on the open sea.

The surface of the lake was calm and the sun was shining. About 200 yards ahead of us something interesting seemed to be going on. I could not help thinking that it was a bit early in the year for someone to be swimming so far from the shore. However, despite the cold water, someone appeared to be splashing around in the vicinity of a small black buoy. I wondered why one earth anyone should anchor a buoy in the middle of a lake.

The swimmer was dressed in shirt and shorts. His face was corpse grey colour with blue lips and the 'buoy' turned out to be the bow of a vertical and almost fully submerged kayak.

Now years before, I and the rest of the group, had discovered that emptying a bulkheaded* kayak completely was easy and straight forward. All you needed to do was to flip the capsized boat onto its' right side, then grab the bow and slide the front

* Back in 1973 I was probably one of the first boat designers to fit a watertight compartment and an access hatch to a sea kayak. These first experiments were with the rear compartment only. The hatches (and therefore the deck recesses) were huge - about a foot across. They were made from thin flexible plastic. One half turn was supposed to lock these limp lids in place. Although it was now possible to empty an upturned kayak without going through see-saw routine, the hatches tended to take in water.

part of the hull over your deck, for a couple of feet. All you had to do then was to allow the boat to roll over towards you. Even before the boat was upside down, what small amount of water had found its' way into the cockpit, had already drained out.

Out on the lake, this pearl of knowledge did us no good whatsoever.

With the best brains on the job it was an agonizing, backbreaking struggle to empty the partially submerged boat. During this episode we were enlightened by the discovery that the method advocated for emptying a swamped boat, which at that time appeared in the B.C.U. Coaching Handbook, did not work one little bit. (It was this incident which prompted me to experiment and come up with the Curl Rescue)

The point I am making here is that no matter how well equipped you and your friends are, it is vital that you are able to draw on past experience and formulate some kind of concocted rescue drill that will see you through the worst possible scenario. It is for this reason that I retained in "The Complete Book of Sea Kayaking", all those rescues which at first glance may seem rather laboured. This may seem especially so to a leader who has never been faced with anything out of the ordinary.

Of course I suppose it is my fault really. I should have made it quite clear in the book that, if a kayak happened to empty itself half way through the rescue process, then the emptying process should be discontinued. What a fool I am! In any future revisions I will ensure this is put right. Thank you Peter for the reminder.

It is worth mentioning that not all your problems will be caused by those 'old' pre-bulkhead boats. There are now a large number of new kayaks on the market which have their bulkheads glued in position. This is especially so in the case of most plastic sea kayaks. The bad news is that many of these bulkheads will leak about a year after purchase. These same kayaks are often fitted with square or oval hatches held in place by loose straps or weak elastic. Floating upside down after a capsize, many of these hatches suck in water. When the time comes to empty the boat during a rescue, what may have become a considerable amount of accumulated water, merely dribbles out of the still fastened hatch cover.

The last word on rescues is that the various methods are not written on tablets of stone. In tricky and unusual circumstances the idea is to use whatever useful bits of one rescue work together with the appropriate bits of other rescues. With any luck, by bringing all these selected strategies together, you should arrive at something that works on the day and helps you remain in control of an unexpected and dangerous situation.

I am afraid that as far as I am concerned the maxim, "You got yourself into this, you get yourself out of it" applies **only** to the **very experienced** paddler who chooses to go solo. For everyone else the strength of the individual depends for the most part on the strength of the group and in the help you get from

your companion/s. I am sorry this is not very 'macho' but that's how it is in the real world'

It was boyhood experience that governed the size of hatches for decades to come.

I remember in those days just after the second world war, crawling under the coils of barbed wire that separated us from our local beach. Nearby was a notice sporting the skull and crossbones and proclaiming "UNEXPLODED MINES". We, of course, ignored this and went on to explore a mile long stretch of sand that had been closed to us for so long. For its' full length the beach was littered with the flotsam and jetsam that had accumulated during five years of war. Amidst this wealth of sad, sun-bleached souvenirs we discovered life-rafts and life-boats that still had their food and stores compartments unbroken. We invaded their sealed compartments by pulling on the cam-lever which held the aluminium covers in place. After all the years of war and the Horlicks tablets were still good to eat!

It was the failure and poor quality of the plastic hatches I used on the rear deck of the Baidarka in the '70s that prompted me to track down those war time life-raft hatches. I discovered they were made by a firm on the Isle of Wight and it was these aluminium hatches which I used on my Baidarka sea kayak. I remember telling Frank Goodman that he should fit hatches and bulkheads to his kayaks. He was sceptical and said he thought it was just a gimmick! The following year his new Nordkapp also sported these hatches and by then Frank had even come up with the additional idea of fitting a bilge pump.

Many years ago I suggested that any bulkhead positioned immediately behind the cockpit should be sloping. This would allow containers to be carried behind the seat while still allowing the kayak to self empty when upside down

Yours sincerely,

Derek

Derek C. Hutchinson

*Water drains out of containers from for some // containers or bags.
FISH EYE VIEW
(Head out of water)
Water drains out of water!*

NORMAL, RIGHT WAY UP VIEW

BULK HEAD SLOPES.

THE DREAMTIME VOYAGE Around Australia Kayak Odyssey

By Paul Caffyn ISBN 0-473-02349-0

A Review by John Ramwell

Available from Paul Caffyn; Kayak Dundee Press; RD 1; Runanga; Westland; New Zealand and in Europe from Tony Ford, AM Kurpark 4; 37444 SKT Andreasberg; Germany.

This is the fourth title from Paul, following, as it does, "Obscured By Waves" (1979) "Dark Side of the Waves" (1986) and "Cresting the Restless Waves" (1987)

I have an extensive library of books on sea kayaking and I can tell you that it would be incomplete without Paul's four books. His latest is a gem and currently holds pride of place in my collection.

I first met Paul when he was over in the U.K. to paddle round Britain with Nigel Dennis. He joined a course I was running in Scotland and I subsequently published a transcript of an interview I did with him in the A.S.K.C. newsletter. I have just referred back to this article and it is fascinating to find traits and characteristics I picked up then being reflected in *Dreamtime Voyage*. He is a determined and single minded individual who sets himself a goal and, come what may, achieves it. Mostly such people fail to have a sense of humour. Not so Paul. He has a lively mind and a keen sense of fun and again this comes out in his writings.

Focusing on the book itself. A4 size, soft backed and 186 pages with many coloured and black and white photographs. It is a story of one of the most incredible kayak expeditions ever undertaken. The first kayak circumnavigation, solo, around the 9,420 mile Australian coast line.

This was a life times sea kayaking achieved in a year together with a life times worth of adventure, epics and incidents including cyclones, huge surf, encounters with sharks, sea snakes and crocodiles.

For me there are a couple of photographs which really sum up Paul's voyage around Australia. One shows a huge sea, very overcast with sea spray reducing visibility. In the middle Paul is paddling away through it and I feel as though he is paddling into oblivion. I am sure he must have felt the same. Another picture shows Paul on the Brisbane River and the angle of the photograph shows kayak and paddler as being in perfect harmony and the ideal 'travelling machine'.

This is an inspirational tale of a fantastic expedition which has never, in my opinion, received its due credit. I found it difficult to put down. I felt part of the voyage as I was reading and I felt a void, almost an anti-climax, when I had read it.

Of course it is not just a story of an epic kayak trip but also an account of Australia, its fascinating people and places and Paul's encounter with these.

I have made a couple of trips to Australia; one of them in connection with kayak sport, and all I can say, if you get half a chance go and see and experience the wild and varied, often inhospitable coast line for yourself. You will then really appreciate Paul's achievements.

On the other hand you could read Paul Caffyn's book and get a feel for the real thing from the comfort of your armchair.

Shetland Canoe Club holds its fifth annual Papa Stour meet from Friday 5th to Monday 9th July this year. Club members and visitors will gather at Sandness in the west of Shetland to paddle the two miles or so across Papa Sound (the exact time is dictated by the tides). On the other side they will head for the sandy beach in the sheltered bay of Housa Voe on Papa Stour (it means "the big island of the priests" in old Norse). The focus of the event is a guest house and adjacent campsite behind the beach. The guesthouse proprietors, Andy and Sabina Holt-Brooke, provide a large meeting room, basic facilities for the campers, meals and packed lunches of exceptional standard for everyone who wants them, and full board for a few early bookers.

If conditions permit, the trip around Papa must be one of the most spectacular day trips anywhere, with continuous stacks and sea-caves including a subterranean tunnel almost half a mile long, and Christie's Hole, which has been described as the finest sea-cave in Britain. The west side can be difficult in westerly swells, but there is much of interest on the sheltered side of the island as well, and most years most people are able to get round the island.

Above all this is a splendidly laid-back social occasion, suitable for paddlers at all levels above novice, and with much to appeal to non-canoeing partners. Every year the Club invites a guest to paddle with them, and also present a keynote talk on the Saturday evening. Previous guests include John Ramwell, Howard Jeffs, Duncan Winning, and Gordon Brown. This year it is hoped to have Dan and Karen Trotter, who briefly visited Shetland on the way to Faroe last summer.

On the Monday the main group will return across the Sound to Sandness, while those with more time can extend the trip by visiting other parts of Shetland's spectacular coastline in the company of Shetland Canoe Club members. The whole event then finishes with a social evening at the Club's regular venue, Bridge-end Outdoor Centre, on Thursday 11th July.

For more information and a registration form, please contact Tom Smith, Sunshine Cottage, Bridge-end, Burra Isle, Shetland, tel. 01595-859647, or Tam Hilditch on 01595-859372.

SEA CANOE UPDATE

by Mike North

Last Spring, at the hands of the Coastguard Safety Centre, the British Canoe Union (BCU) supported initiatives to improve the contents of its rules and codes of practice for sea canoeing and kayaking.

At the Coastguard Recreational Watercraft Office, when a course of 12 sea canoeing courses was being planned, the Coastguard Safety Centre was asked to consider the need to be inappropriate for beginners who were inadequately equipped and without qualified instruction. Since they had made a few hours of training, it was felt that some provision should be made to prevent them from being in a position to be rescued.

Canoeists are to be considered responsible for their own safety. The BCU has a policy of not being involved in the rescue of a canoeist in a major problem.

It has been decided in future that where the media covers canoeing incidents, BCU statements will be confined to facts without any criticism of organisations or individuals. The BCU are keen to have criticism with Coastguard when it is possible in response to media pressure.

Some recommendations are:

1. The boat to be clearly marked inside with the owner's name and telephone number.

2. Ensuring that the boat remains afloat to express concern to the Coastguard and the BCU.

3. Canoeing groups should raise the alarm if any sign of their situation worsens, allowing more time for help to arrive before the situation becomes desperate.

Any queries about this or other aspects of canoeing should be directed to the BCU at Liverpool (0151) 477 1111.

This is Practical Weather

Forecasting by Dieter Karnetzki. 160 page hb with glazed pictorial boards £16.95.

Translated from the German some awkwardness might be expected in the text, however, this does not appear to have happened but the origins do show in the charts and one or two places where German interest predominates. This is a minor quibble and does not detract from the overall usefulness of the book which is sensibly and logically arranged with a good contents at the beginning and an index at the end.

In between is an excellent, very readable section on practical meteorology aimed at the sailor, after which more specific areas are considered; the North Sea and British waters; the Baltic, and the Mediterranean. Illustrations in the form of colour photographs and drawings; weather maps and charts are distributed profusely throughout to augment the text in a meaningful way. Not quite instant weather forecasting but a most useful introduction to the science (art?) for anyone venturing afloat.

From Craig Wightman, Malta.

WANTED - YMCA Special Rescue Group want to start a life guard unit and would like to compare a Bat Mk 9 Rescue Ski with other similar rescue type craft. Can you help?
Contact Craig at Malta Canoe Club, Y.M.C.A., 30, Main Street, Zebbug, ZBG03, Malta.

* * * * *
From Tony Ford, Germany.

I hopefully will be running a trip to Alaska again this year - provided there is sufficient interest. Could you mention the trip (none profit making). I don't really mind when and where except I need to be back by Mid August. Contact Tony at - Am Kurpark 4; 37444 St Andreasberg; Germany. Tel 05582 619

* * * * *

NEW MEMBERS

Glenn Wilkes, St Lucia, West Indies.

"In 1981, I was on the verge of buying a Canadian Canoe to explore the rivers and swamps of Trinidad when a friend who had kayaked in the R.A.F. convinced me that a kayak was a more versatile craft so I got a Granta Touring Double kit and built it together with a friend, who like me was a strong swimmer and a competitive water polo player. I taught myself to paddle. Our swimming ability and the warm Caribbean waters were conducive to learning from mistakes; for example, the inadequacy of inner tubes as flotation aids resulted in a long swim towing a half submerged boat. This was followed by an immediate construction of bulk heads! We gradually gained confidence and ability and several years later paddled around the Island - 270 miles taking 2 weeks. In December 1985 we met Nigel, Tim and Peter of the British Caribbean Kayak Expedition. My paddling companion, Michael Robertson, bought their boats. I built a Granta Sea Rover and we started paddling in singles. At present I live and work in St. Lucia and tour the coast whenever I get the chance.

Jim Strickland. Varberg, Sweden.

In October, 1995, I moved with my family to the small town of Varberg, 40 minutes drive south of Gothenburg on the west coast of Sweden. My main kayaking experience has been gained through white water training in the alps, but have been sea kayaking along the west coast of Sweden for ten years. For many in Sweden, the kayaking season is short but I am hiring and selling sea kayaks and hope to stimulate the growth of an activity ideally suited to me new home.

Loenardo Leoni, Pisa, Italy.

I am an Italian sea kayaker and a member of the Associazione Italiana Kayak da Mare".

I am pleased to be a member of the I.S.K.A. and look forward to having a lot of information and news about the sea kayaking scene world wide. It seems to take care of many aspects for all sea kayakers world wide. Thankyou very much.

* * * * *

Cornish Sea Kayak Expeditions BY Ian Parkes (01503 230889)

Lundy Island/Exmoor Coast/The Isle of Scilly/The Cornish Coast and centre based activities.

Holiday Accommodation & Activities. Maria Hoare , Cahergal, Union Hall, Co. Cork, Ireland (353 28- 33002/33062)Send for brochure

In order to set up relationships between seakayak lovers, the **CORSAIRES MALOUINS** are waiting for you on Saint Malo ramparts on the 8th and 9th June, 1996 for the **COTE D'EMERAUDE RALLYE** which will take place from Cancale to St Malo, then from St. Malo to Cap Frehel.

For registration and/or further information, please contact:
Kayak de MER; Corsaires Malouins; 28, Rue de Toulouse; 35400 Saint Malo, FRANCE (Tel 99 40 92 04/Fax 99 40 19 22)

We are looking forward to meeting you

* * * * *

Loic Blanchet and Didier Plouhinec intend to paddle in summer 1996 from Bergen to Nordkapp in a tandem kayak with sail. If anybody who has paddled this coast, all or in part, I would be very grateful for any information as to weather conditions (summer), especially to learn the prevailing wind directions. I did the trip from Nordkapp to France from March to August and had mostly south westerlies...but in summer?

The easiest way to reach Bergen for us would be to take the ferry from Newcastle. If anybody knows a truck driver driving back to Newcastle from Cherbourg with an empty container we would be interested. Didier Plouhinec; 39, avenue Amiral Lemonnier; Apt.# 19; 50100 Cherbourg. Tel 33 43 04 13

* * * * *

From Dave Ross, 56, Balmoral Road; Dumfries; DG1 3BD; Scotland

S.I.S.K.A. '96 will be run from Saturday 4th to Saturday 11th May, 1996. It will be based in the Oban/Garvellachs/Grey Dog/Coryvreckon/N.Jura area.

We will be wild camping on the islands with one or two 'civilised stops' at, for example, Easdale.

There will be no support boat or video this time - i.e. a proper, unsupported trip!! Paddlers should be experienced sea kayakers with rescue skills.

Cost £50.00. Applications to Dave, address as above (Tel 01387 265892) with stamped address envelope.

* * * * *

FOR SALE Red 'PINTAIL'; oval hatch, fitted compass, retractable skeg. Lendal Paddles, buoyancy aid and spray deck **£800.00** Excellent condition.

Also **YNYS** - 3 hatches, fitted deck pump, paddles, buoyancy aid, spray deck. **£600.00** also excellent condition

Contact 01406 380480 Michele, Paul or Jerry.

* * * * *

COQUET CANOE CLUB - ROUND THE ISLAND RACE

Sunday June 9th 1996 @ 10.30 am. Check in 0930 am.

There are 3 races at different levels; viz. Class 1 - sea kayaks only; Class 2 - any kayaks, 5.5 miles; Class 3 - slalom kayaks under 15s and novices, 3 miles.

Coquet Island lies one mile off shore from the small harbour of Amble on the beautiful coast of Northumberland

Send to John Rae; 33, Meadow Riggs; Alnwick; Northumberland.

(Tel 01665 603176)

** ** ** ** **

Lights on but nobody home

THE inhabitants of the most northerly settlement in the British Isles will be evacuated by helicopter tomorrow, but the last person to leave will not be turning off the lights, writes Ron McKay.

The lighthouse at Muckle Flugga, permanent population three, is being automated by the Northern Lighthouse Board, 140 years after the first keeper set foot on the inhospitable rock 200 feet above the Atlantic and one mile north of the Shetland island of Unst.

When the last three keepers leave the lighthouse, which has been permanently occupied since the Crimean War, computers, batteries, diesel generators, photo-sensors and radio telephony will take over. The light, visible for 22 miles, will be run from Edinburgh.

The lighthouse tower is 64 feet high, with foundations dug 10 feet into the rock, and has three-and-a-half-foot-thick walls. Engineers were Thomas and David Stevenson, father and uncle of the novelist Robert Louis Stevenson who visited the lighthouse in 1869 at the age of 19. Legend has it that his experience on the isolated outcrop begot *Treasure Island*.

The Stevenson lighthouse was opened in January 1858 at a cost of £32,000, replacing another one built four years earlier which had been unable to withstand the ferocity of the winter Atlantic gales and seas which regularly burst in on the keepers, even though they were perched 250ft above the waves.

Keepers spent a month on the rock and a month off, in two teams of three although, until helicopters replaced service boats, the schedule was hostage to the elements. "You get attached to the place," says keeper John Stevenson (no relation to Robert Louis) who has been at Muckle Flugga for three and a half years and will be the last man to leave.

Oil slick spreads to Lundy puffins



CONSERVATIONISTS called in three helicopters and a fleet of boats yesterday to rescue puffins, guillemots and razorbills from Lundy Island, England's only marine nature reserve, as lethal oil slicks from the ruptured tanker *Sea Empress* swept across the Bristol Channel to the beauty spots of north Devon, write Jonathan Leake, John Davison and Simon Trump.

Lundy, 12 miles off the Devon coast is 50 miles from Milford Haven, Dyfed, where the *Sea Empress* ran aground 10 days ago, spilling an estimated 100,000 tonnes of crude. Conservationists have been surprised at the speed with which the oil

was swept across the Bristol Channel, polluting beaches at Woolcombe sands, Croyde and Shiplod bays.

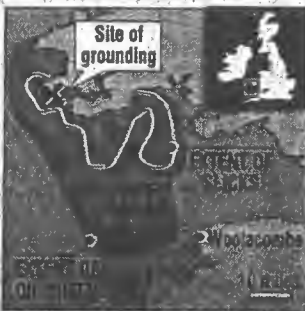
Environmental experts estimate that the total area contaminated by the spill now exceeds 500 square miles.

By yesterday afternoon more than 300 oiled birds had been discovered on land, with thousands more floating nearby.

The rescued birds were fed, placed in cardboard boxes and taken to 'hospitals' in Devon, Cornwall, Somerset and Avon.

Investigators into the accident are

Birds airlifted from oil island



concentrating on why the oil tanker apparently went off-course, ending up on the notorious Middle Channel Rocks.

Statements given by those on board indicate that the ship appeared to cut a dangerous corner at a point where the channel makes a sharp turn, and hit the rocks on the starboard side.

A combination of over-correction, falling speed and the rush of sea water into the damaged tanks caused a loss of steering control and sent it

aground on the other side of the channel.

Despite being refloated within two hours of going aground, the damaged vessel

had to be dragged into deeper water, where it became trapped in 'The Hole', a small area of deep water that left it exposed to the full force of tides and weather. Inevitably, it broke loose and hit the rocks again.

"With hindsight, we should have left it where it was," said Captain Mark Andrews, the Milford Haven harbour master and the man in overall command of the salvage operation.

Yesterday pumping of the remaining cargo into a smaller vessel, the *Star Bergen*, began in the port, itself now heavily polluted.

Pembrokeshire & Ceredigion A Sea Canoeing guide to South West Wales.

This new sea canoeing guide to the coasts and estuaries of Pembrokeshire and Ceredigion is co-published by the Welsh Canoeing Association and Susan Griffith. Susan is a Senior Instructor Sea and for many years has worked in local authority outdoor centres in various parts of Wales. She now lives and works in Pembrokeshire. Initially interested in river canoeing, she was introduced to sea canoeing in South Wales some 20 years ago. The canoeing she now does is purely recreational, having 'retired' to bring up a family. Her partner in paddling as well as life, Raymond, is a teacher in St David's. Together they have put together a comprehensive and well researched guide to the coastline.

The military, the National Park Authority and various conservation bodies concerned with the coast were consulted, so that any particular concerns they had relating to canoeing /conservation/ access could be addressed as far as was possible within the guide. A home-grown guide but excellent in both content and quality information. The retail price is £9.99 and the guide is available from BCU Supplies and the WCA.



My name is Steve Macdonald, I am 23, come from Merseyside, and have been registered as blind since birth. I joined the SPARKS team in September 1995 with the aim of organising and then leading a canoe expedition right around the coast of mainland Britain. Since first introducing the idea to SPARKS, the whole project has snow-balled into something quite magical, becoming a highly exciting project for SPARKS and potential sponsors.

The expedition, taking four and a half months, will begin in May '96 from the river Thames, continuing on around the South coast towards Land's End. After turning the peninsula the team will push on up the West coast of mainland Britain. Then we will face the wild waters around the coast of Scotland, before the last leg of the journey down the East coast to finish at Westminster Bridge.

The four-strong expedition team will consist of myself as project co-ordinator and front paddler, and Peter Bray a highly qualified survival and canoe instructor, as the rear paddler. The land-based support will be a driver/cook and a second driver/public-relations co-ordinator.

So far the Canoe Challenge has the full support from the following high-profile SPARKS celebrities: Jimmy Hill, Anthea Turner, Chay Blyth, Steve Redgrave, Lisa Clayton, Victor McGuire, and Anneka Rice.

There is growing interest from the media with appearances already in the Evening Standard, the Liverpool Echo, on Radio 5 Live, and Radio Merseyside, plus several specialist canoe magazines. Negotiations are also taking place for a TV documentary, and a book.

Through the Canoe Challenge we aim:

- * To raise at least £30,000 for SPARKS vital medical research programme for children
- * To raise the national and regional profile of SPARKS in the UK
- * To inspire other disabled men and women
- * To encourage new corporate and individual support.

Although I have never allowed my disability to get in the way of anything I do at times I have had to struggle hard just to be considered as an equal. This Canoe Challenge is my way of ensuring more children grow free from such restraints. If you can help in any way please contact Steve Macdonald at SPARKS on 0171 931 8899

International Archipelago Paddling Safaris

To coincide with the 1996 World Championships, three canoeing safaris with varying degrees of demand, will be conducted.

1 TOUR FROM ÅBO, FINLAND TO VAXHOLM, SWEDEN

This tour, the most demanding of the three, begins in Stockholm on Saturday 10th August, with a ferry trip to Åbo. The 300 kilometre trip to Vaxholm commences the next morning. With a cruising speed of 35-40 kms per day, we expect to travel for 10 days, allowing 2 days for bad weather.

Expected arrival in Vaxholm Wednesday 21st August. The tour includes crossing Ålands Hav, a 35 kilometre stretch of open sea. Experience with long distance paddling is essential.

2 TOURS IN THE STOCKHOLM ARCHIPELAGO

With start and finish in Vaxholm, we explore the unique archipelago for five unforgettable paddling days, departing Saturday 17th August (morning) and returning on Wednesday 21st August.

These tours will not cross exposed waters. The daily distance travelled will be 20-30 kms with the routes winding through some of the most scenic regions of the archipelago. Medium paddling experience required.

3 DAY AND NIGHT TRIPS

Short trips on the 21st, 22nd, and the 23rd of August (Wed, Thurs & Fri) have been arranged to explore the beauty of Stockholm and its inner archipelago. The day tours start around 11 am. and finish approx 5 pm. The evening tours start around 7 pm. and finish approx 11 pm.

Some paddling experience is preferred as the paddling distance will be up to 15 kilometres.

When your tours are completed, you're sure to find a suitable class in either the annual Vaxholm Canoe Race, or even the World Masters Marathon Cup. Otherwise, just exploit our hospitality, and stay a couple of days to join in the festivities of the greatest paddling meeting ever.

International Military Kayak Race



One of our major sponsors, the Swedish Navy with the regiment of the Swedish Marines, KA1, are hosting the 3rd International Military Kayak Paddle. This demanding race (360 kilometres over 8 days), starts in Vaxholm on Thursday 17th July and finishes in Vaxholm on Friday 26th July. Military units from all parts of the world will be participating in this gruelling event. Information :
Telephone +46 8 541 172 27

Boat rentals

Kayak rental is available for all tours at moderate prices. Please notify us as soon as possible of your rental requirements. All rentals need to be settled prior to travelling.

Informations and entries
World Tour
World Marathon
Championship
S-185 83 Vaxholm, SWEDEN
Ph: +46 8 541 708 00
Fax: +46 8 541 709 92
<http://www.medcom.se/canoe96>
E-mail: canoe96@medcom.se