

# 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

# editorial

by John Ramwell

So, I survived Chile and have included an account of my experiences (editors' privilege!) This ISKA letter comes a little late due to failed attempts to catch up since returning. I did manage to get to the Anglesey Symposium at the beginning of May. My editorial has little to say so here comes a couple of pictures. We were so lucky with the weather and had another great meet.



Lesley Carrick-Smith in control



Ric Jones being Ric Jones!

I did not make the International Canoe Exhibition at the Birmingham NEC but Jenny took the ISKA Stand there. Not that it was a raging success. For a variety of reasons she packed up and came home on the Sunday. A pity really as I know several of you do make the effort to visit the ISKA stand. Hopefully we will be there next year. Talking to Tony Ford of the Historical Canoe Society I believe the voluntary stands are not as attractive to the organisers of the Exhibition as they used to be. I wonder why.

The postal rates have gone up again. The cost of 2nd class stamp remains as was but the weight I can send for this rate has been reduced to 60g. I have invested in an improved printer with a correspondingly 'improved' rental charge. It looks like I will have to increase membership costs for 2001.....but this will be kept to a minimum. I will make an announcement later. Meanwhile have a great kayaking summer and do let me have an account of what you get up to for this newsletter.

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# SEA - KAYAK EXPEDITION CENTURY'S END IN THE END OF THE WORLD USHUAIA - CAPE HORN USHUAIA

If some tragedy befalls us I will only think of my friend. I will give him my soul, my hand and my heart (Siberian kayakers' song)

## WHY THE CAPE HORN?

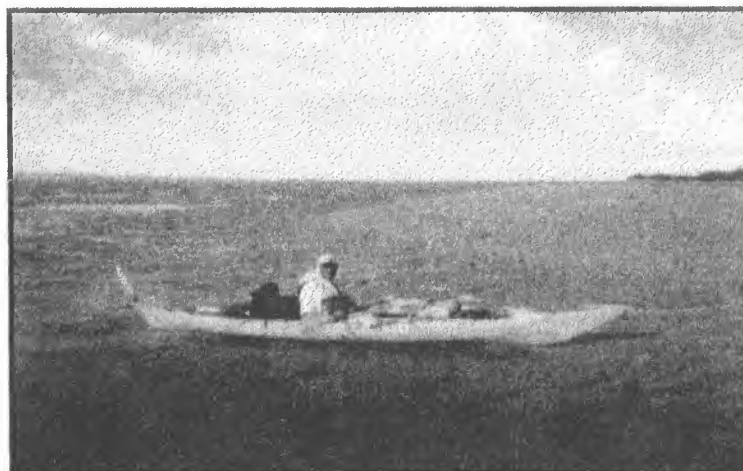
If the end of the century arrives, why shouldn't we go to the end of the world? That was the idea that many months ago prompted this expedition. Time went by and the idea began to grow and mature, engaging energies and enthusiasts that became in love with the project.

All sports have challenges that despite their remoteness become aims to be pursued: it may be the Olympic Games in the case of an athlete or an eight thousand for the mountaineer. For us, Cape Horn was specially attractive not only because of the sportive difficulty that getting there entails but also because of its extreme geographic location in one of the last virgin regions in our planet.

During the expedition the wind and sea conditions were such that many times we were forced to paddle alone even though we knew we were part of a team. In those occasions, every member of the expedition was on his own, facing his own solitude, thoughts and fears. Cape Horn was a personal challenge as well and it helped us to go beyond our own limits.

Finally, Cape Horn was also a school: beyond the challenge, organising and accomplishing the expedition provided us

with an invaluable experience that we can pass on to new generations of kayakers. Logistics, navigation, training, equipment testing, techniques, climatology, rescue and first aids are some of the aspects involved in this expedition.



## TEAM

It was not easy to build a team for the expedition because even though there are many excellent kayakers, not anyone is prepared to face prolonged extreme situations. We succeeded in gathering a group of sportsmen that shared the same aims and objectives; was willing to undergo a demanding physical and technical training and, above all, attained a strong sense of teamwork.

Every one of us knew that he could depend on the others. As a matter of fact, we chose as our motto for the expedition an old Siberian song that goes: "If some tragedy befalls us I will only think of my friend. I will give him my soul, my hand and my heart". This team was the first one whose kayakers were all from the Province of Buenos Aires.

## Pablo Basombrio:

Team leader of the expedition. He is 37 years old and single. Besides his professional activity in a travel agency, he is

committed to teaching sea kayaking, planning and carrying out expeditions and acting as an adventure sports guide. Together with Ricardo Kruseuszkzy and Marcos Oliva Day, he went in the first sea kayak expedition to the Beagle Channel. For four years he has directed "Chuanisin Kayaks & Aventuras", a school for teaching sea-kayaking. He has an "Instructor" degree in the "Licenciatura en Deportes" granted by the

UFLO (Universidad de Flores) and has participated in several expeditions in Argentina.

## Martin Grondona:

38 years of age, married, with one child. He is the proprietor of the sports centre "Tia Laly", a swimming and kayaking school, and gymnasium. As a sports teacher he specialised in kayaking. Martin contributed to the team with his great technical mastery of the sport, learnt from such great instructors as Ivano Di Grassi (Switzerland), Ken Kastorfy Cris Spelius (USA). He is an expert in white water kayaking and has navigated rivers in Chile, Argentina, the United States and Ecuador.

**Emilio Caira:**

Aged 35, married, with one child. He has a degree as National Professor of Physical Education and he is a partner of the "Institute LEMM", a swimming school that boasts more than 400 members. He has trained the national feminine Volley Ball team and has been practicing kayaking for the last 10 years. Emilio was in charge of the physical training of the team. A car-lover, he was pre-selected for the Camel Trophy Patagonia 1998. A committed expedition kayaker, he has kayaked the Uruguay and Parana, rivers, the Delta of Tigre, the Rio de la Plata river, the Atlantic coast and has participated in the first 100 km non-stop Nueva

Day, one of the Argentine kayakers with a wider experience, organised a purely "Patagonic" team in 1989 and together with Atilio Mosca and Victor Hugo Temporelli, left from Port Almanza and returned 19 days afterwards, after having circumnavigated the Horn Island.

To these ones we should add other expeditions that not always succeeded and that not always followed the same route: a Swedish-Spanish one, a Japanese one, a Canadian-American one, a German one and, finally, a very-accidental single man expedition carried out by Howard Rice. This list, though, is not aimed at being complete.



Palmira -Tigre expedition, among others.

## BACKGROUND

Only few kayakers have succeeded in crossing the meridian of Cape Horn and the expeditions that preceded us may be counted with the fingers. The sports merit probably belongs to the mythic British expedition integrated by Nigel Matthews, Colin Mortlock, Frank Goodman & Barry Smith that left Port Williams in the Christmas of 1977 to penetrate the Fueguino channels for the first time, navigating in their fragile kayaks. The road already opened, it did not take long for the Argentine kayakers to arrive. In 1986, Ricardo Krusenszky led the first Argentine expedition, composed of a heterogeneous team with members from various provinces and a last minute addition: Swedish kayaker Adrian de Domme. The others were: Rolfo di Leo, Tico Peralta and Luis Mack. Marquitos Oliva

## PLANNING

Planning was the main column that supported the success of our expedition. As sea-kayakers, we devoted several hours to working in certain basic principles:

- Currents and tides
- Climate
- Landing
- Escape routes
- Training techniques
- Logistics

Upon these principles we draw the navigation route, dividing the paddling hours into even legs and always focusing on the escape routes so as to give a priority to the team safety.

## TRAINING

We focused on four key facets:

- Resistance: long-breath kayaking for 40 to 100 km

- Technique: training in climatized swimming pools where we practiced Eskimo roll (self rescue); work on waves and white-waters techniques in mountain rivers.
- Endurance: maybe the most difficult aspect to be trained. It is referred to the psycho-physic strengthening to face extreme and long lasting situations. We recreated virtual sea situations.
- Rescue techniques: beyond the fact that every one of us was to be autonomous, in an attempt not to become the weak link in the chain, we work as a team to attain a good navigational coordination and quick rescuing manoeuvres.

## BUDGET - SPONSORS

Two-year work and a US\$ 27,983 budget, both facts give an idea of how complex it was to plan this expedition. Fortunately, some companies helped us either by rendering its services free of charge, by lending us its equipment or by giving a discount price. The help amounted to a 35% of our total expenses. To such companies, all our thanks:

*Makalu, high mountain equipment / Del Rio y Font, communication agency / Aerolíneas Argentinas / Hotel del Glaciar, Ushuaia / Institute LEMM, swimming school / Tia Laly, swimming and kayaking school / Chuanisin, kayaks & adventures / Basombrio & Asoc. Insurance brokers / Unifon, satellite telephones / Mayer Fueguino, transportation / Transportes Latapie / Tiempo de Aventura, Magazine Aefa, photography / Bio Bio, kayak equipment / Gatorade, Thirst quencher / Power Bar. / Kokatat, dry gore - tex suits / Patagonia, mountain gear / Black Stone, mountain gear / Vignate, mountain gear / Andurtega, camping, Perception, kayaks. / Luis Garina, photography. The Naval Bureau of the Chilean Republic deserves special mention for helping us in all the proceedings required to get the necessary permits to make this expedition.*

## LOGISTICS

### Documents

- D.N.I. National Identity Document
- Permit granted by the Chilean Navy
- Permit granted by the Prefectura Naval Argentina
- Psycho-physic capability certificate

### Kayaks

- Sea Kayak
- 230 cm-long carbon sea paddle
- Spare articulate paddle
- Neoprene cockpit cover
- Dry bags

Kayaking clothes

- Capilene long-johns (2)
- Capilene long-sleeve undershirts (2)
- Gore-tex dry suit
- Neoprene boots
- Gore-tex socks
- Neoprene cap
- UV-protection glasses
- Neoprene mittens

Navigation equipment

- GPS, satellite navigator
- Compass
- Navigation charts
- Binoculars
- Barometer

Safety elements

- Buoyancy jacket
- Hand flares
- Flare gun
- Strobe light
- Water proof flashlights
- Rescue rope
- Hypothermia bag
- Air horn or whistle
- Emergency rations
- Vivisac

Communications

- VHF marine radio
- Satellite telephone

Camping equipment

- Capilene long-johns
- Long-sleeved undershirt
- Polar trousers
- Polar jacket
- Duvet coat
- Over-pant
- Anorak coat
- Wool socks (3)
- Trekking shoes
- Wool balaclava
- Duvet sleeping bag
- Therm-a-rest type mattress
- Candles
- Hands-free torch
- Deck book
- Lighters (3)
- High mountain tent for three people
- Personal hygiene elements
- First-aids kit
- Utensils
- Water bag
- Heaters (2)
- Spare gas bottles (16)
- Cooking equipment & utensils
- Thermos

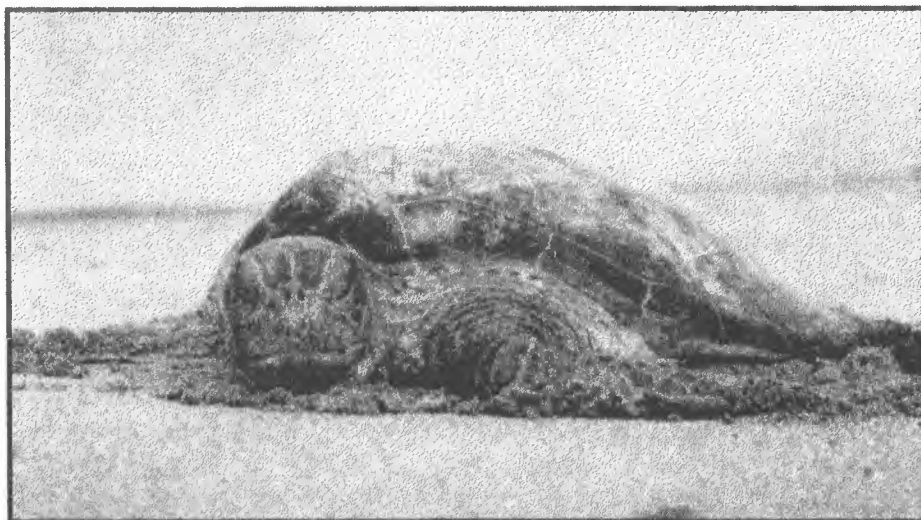
Photography and Video

- Camcorder
- Reflex camera (2)
- Water-resistant autofocus camera (2)
- Slide film (40)

Kayak repair Kit

DIET

Our diet was conditioned by an insurmountable limitation: the available space. It was no small task to find a way to carry food for three people for a 28-day trip in the bulkheaded compartments of our small vessels and all of our imagination was required. We came to realise that the best system was to prepare sealed packages with rations for three people; that



way our work would be easier and we would be spared the trouble of packing again after our meals.

Breakfast (per person)

- 50 grams of powdered milk
- 30 grams of sweet cocoa
- 30 grams of sugar
- 40 grams of cookies
- Honey or jam.

While navigating

We prepared various rations by mixing Power Bar, chocolate and dried and dehydrated fruits. We aimed at having digestive high-energy food that could be eaten during the navigation without leaving the kayaks. The rations were also combined with instant soups that proved excellent complements.

Dinner

We prepared five menus rich in carbohydrates, fibres, and mineral salts. We endeavoured to follow our habitual diet as closely as possible to avoid digestive problems, while rotating the food to pre-

vent monotony.

- Ration # 1 (per person)
- 150 grains of dried pasta
- Dehydrated sauce
- 50 grams of grated cheese
- 1 Bouillon cube (instant broth)
- Jam, tea or coffee

- Ration # 2
- 130 grains of rice
- Dehydrated sauce
- 100 grains of lentil or mussels
- Soup
- 50 grams of grated cheese
- Jam, tea or coffee

- Ration # 3
- 150 grams of capelletini

- Tomato sauce.
- 1 Bouillon cube (instant broth)
- 50 grains of grated cheese
- Jam, tea or coffee

- Ration # 4
- 3 sausages
- Instant mashed potatoes and pumpkin
- 100 grains of grated cheese
- 1 Bouillon cube (instant broth)
- Jam, tea or coffee

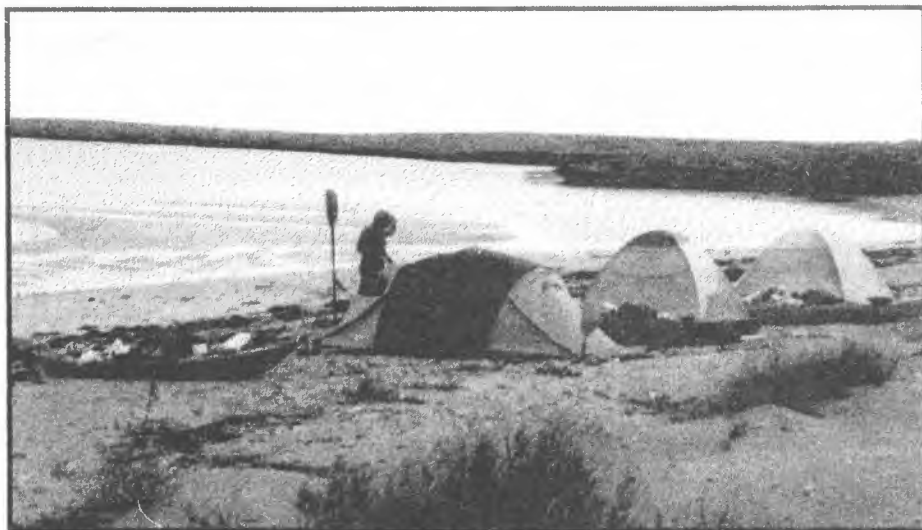
- Ration # 5
- 150 grams of semolina soup or 150 grams of polenta (ground maize) with tomato sauce and tuna fish
- 50 grams of grated cheese
- Consomme (clear soup)
- Jam, tea or coffee

- Liquids
- Gatorade (thirst quencher), dehydrated juices, hot jellies

- Other
- Biscuits, pate, cheese.
- Vitamin supplements.

## GENERAL DESCRIPTION OF THE FUEGUINE CHANNELS

Neither the channels northern coast nor the southern islands up to Cape Horn opens to the ocean. The weather is whimsical, with snow-storms, fog and heavy hail storms that hide the coast and sometimes seriously hampers navigation. In



those cases, the seaman eye is the surest orientation device and the sole means to avoid dangers.

The Channels themselves are very deep. All dangers are signaled by "kelps" and the non-written rule is that where there's a kelp patch there's a rock. If the plants are long and overgrown, currents will carry them away from their actual location so that the patches will turn out at a considerable distance from the point where the roots are; this could and would lead to mistakes. If a clear-water area is detected in the midst of a patch of kelps, ten to one the highest point of the rocks will be there.

As a rule, it's advisable to avoid night navigation.

It must be remembered that, because of the accumulated snows, the appearance of the coasts changes from season to season. Snowstorms, fogs, and heavy rains are weather conditions that will give rise to the most critical dangers because they conceal the land. Therefore, one must always be so situated as to foresee the possibility of losing the horizon. Fortunately, in many cases these phenomena are transitory.

In winter, continuously-falling thick snowflakes combined with a lack of winds becomes an almost unequivocally sign that the storm will last for long.

During the thaw season, one may encounter ice.

Since during the winter the days are very short, it is advisable to sail with the first lights of the morning and to land before

nightfall.

The water in front of the cliffs is generally very deep and the coast projects banks and gravel points.

Vessels are on a listening position in channel 16, (156,8 ml lz)

## TIDES AND CURRENTS

The tide width varies between 0.9 and 2.4 meters. In the Beagle Channel, to the west of Port Almanza, the flow runs to the East and the re-flow to the West. The establishment of a desired medium port for Ushuaia is 3 hours 35 minutes. Sea-tides do not effect noticeable tides in the channel itself. The current generally runs from West to East, becoming stronger as it goes into the East. At Paso Mackinlay, currents are stronger than in the rest of the channel and they continually run to the East at a speed of 3 knots. The prevailing SW winds may increase its intensity.

## CLIMATE

In Ushuaia, is cold and extreme. The average temperature is 9°C from December to February and 1.8°C in June

and July

The average cloudiness is fairly high, with a higher percentage of clear days during the winter

Nevertheless, the local weather's major particularity is its variability: a day may start by being heavily clouded and then the clouds would practically disappear only to return later in the day. It is unusual to have several clouded or clear days in a row, no matter the season

Rainfalls are produced by winds with a Southern component, and the opposite happens with winds with a North component. But, again, variety is the rule and sometimes it will rain three or four times in one day, with partially clouded skies and sun in between. Rains are generally drizzles or soft drizzles though of long duration. It may snow all year long, but major snowfalls begin in May.

During the winter season, when the pressure is rising and the wind blows from the SW, rainfalls are practically guaranteed. If the conditions hold, the rain falls in intermittent showers and if the pressure increases, it may rain all day long.

Fogs are not frequent and generally occur between April and August.

## NAVIGATION

April 1  
From Ensenada Bay: S 54° 50' 990" - W 068° 29' 309"  
To Redonda Island: S 54° 51' 747" - W 068° 28' 972"  
Distance travelled: 15 km  
Navigation time: 3 h. 30'

April 2  
From Redonda Island: S 54° 51' 747" - W 068° 28' 972"  
To Point San Juan: S 54° 51' 258" - W 067° 58' 645"  
Distance travelled: 33 km  
Navigation time: 6 h. 30'

April 3  
From Point San Juan: S 54° 51' 258" - W 067° 58' 645"  
To Point Remolinos: S 54° 52' 000" - W 067° 51' 000"  
Distance travelled: 8 km.  
Navigation time: 2 h.

April 4  
From Point Remolinos: S 54° 52' 000" -

W 067\* 51' 000"

To Point Almanza: S 54\* 52' 221" - W  
067\* 33' 720"

Distance travelled: 19.5 km.

Navigation time: 3 h. 30'

April 5

From Point Almanza: S 54\* 52' 221" -W  
067\* 33' 720"

To Port Williams: S 54\* 56' 000" - W

067\* 37' 087"

Distance travelled: 8.08 km.

Navigation time: 1 h 15'

April 6

From Port Williams: S 54\* 56' 000" - W  
067\* 37' 087"To Port Eugenia: S 54\* 56' 000" - W 067\*  
18' 000"

Distance travelled: 24 km

Navigation time: 4 h.

April 7

From Port Eugenia: S 54\* 56' 000" - W  
067\* 18' 000"To Port Toro: S 55\* 04' 918" - W 067\*  
04' 547"

Distance travelled: 20 km.

Navigation time: 5 h.

April 8

From Port Toro: S 55\* 04' 918" -W 067\*  
04' 547"To Point Guanaco: S 55\* 18' 131" - W  
067\* 13' 493"

Distance travelled: 28.4 km.

Navigation time: 6 h.

April 9

From Point Guanaco: S 55\* 18' 131" -W  
067\* 13' 493"To Middle Cove: S 55\* 36' 000" - W 067\*  
22' 000"

Distance travelled: 34.3 km.

Navigation time: 6h. 30'

April 10

From Middle Cove: S 55\* 36' 000" - W  
067\* 22' 000"To Duple Cove: S 55\* 18' 131" - W 067\*  
13' 493"

Distance travelled: 36.3 km.

Navigation time: 7 h.

April 11

From Duple Cove: S 55\* 18' 131" - W  
067\* 13' 493"To Leon Cove: S 55\* 57' 719" - W 067\*  
13' 453"

Distance travelled: 23.3 km.

Navigation time: 5 h.

April 12 - rest

April 13 - forced rest

April 14

From Leon Cove: S 55\* 57' 719" - W  
067\* 13' 453"To Duple Cove: S 55\* 18' 131" - W 067\*  
13' 493"

Distance travelled: 12 km.

Navigation time: 5 h.

April 15 - forced rest at Duple Cove

April 16

From Duple Cove: S 55\* 18' 131" -W  
067\* 13' 493"To Middle Cove: S 55\* 36' 000" - W 067\*  
22' 000"

Distance travelled: 36.3 km.

Navigation time: 6 h.

April 17

From Middle Cove: S 55\* 36' 000" - W  
067\* 22' 000"To Point Guanaco: S 55\* 18' 131" -W  
067\* 13' 493"

Distance travelled: 34.3 km.

Navigation time: 6 h.

April 18

From Point Guanaco: S 55\* 18' 131" - W  
067\* 13' 493"To Port Toro: S 55\* 04' 918" -W 067\* 04'  
547"

Distance travelled: 28.4 km.

Navigation time: 6 h.

April 19

From Port Toro: S 55\* 04' 918" - W 067\*  
04' 547"To Port Williams: S 54\* 56' 000" - W  
067\* 37' 087"

Distance travelled: 45 km.

Navigation time: 9 h.

April 20

From Port Williams: S 54\* 56' 000" - W  
067\* 37' 087"To Point Remolinos: S 54\* 52' 000" - W  
067\* 51' 000"

Distance travelled: 17 km.

Navigation time: 4 h.

April 21

From Point Remolinos: S 54\* 52' 000" -  
W 067\* 51' 000"To Ushuaia: S 54\* 49' 000" - W 068\* 18'  
000"

Distance travelled: 30 km.

Navigation time: 7 h.

## THE EXPEDITION STATISTICS

Length of time: 21 days

Actual paddling days: 18

Total distance travelled: 453 km

Total length of navigation time: 93 h. 15'

Average speed: 4.870 km/hour

Longest distance paddled in one day: 45  
km (9 h.)Shortest distance paddled in one day: 8  
km. (2 h.)CENTURY'S END AND AT  
LAST IN WORLD'S END

So many efforts, so much training and the day had finally arrived: our equipment was already in Ushuaia and we were waiting for the Aerolineas Argentinas flight to land. Daniel and Gustavo helped us with the last minute formalities: permits, medical check-ups, stowing the kayaks, interviews with the local media and transportation to the departure point of all the equipment. 48 hours later we were in Bahia Ensenada (Ensenada Bay) getting the kayaks ready in the midst of some curious people who incredulously stared at our small boats and the huge sea roaring behind.

Tierra del Fuego National Park was the perfect background for our set out with a bright sun adding to its beauty. When we finally got into the sea, we were almost relieved and felt as if a huge load were being left in the coast behind.

During the first days, we focused on "heating up our arms". We also had to calibrate the kayaks and arrange the stowage time and time again. While navigating the Beagle, we received an inkling of what the weather would be like during the whole of our expedition: a composite of sun, wind, calm, rain, snow, and, once more, wind. The first storm broke out off San Juan while we were busy admiring a cloud that looked as painted on the sky. It took us unawares so we had to paddle very hard to reach the coast. We arrived tired to death and discouraged: our objective was getting farther away and our reaching it wouldn't prove that easy. We crossed the channel and entered Chilean waters very early in the morning in order to avoid the strong winds that usually start blowing right after sunrise. After requesting permission by radio we docked at Club Nautico Milcavi and took ourselves to the Port Captaincy. Williams is a naval base with almost two thousand mili-

tary personnel and a small number of civilians and it is the forced stop for all ships and vessels going South. What we thought would be a mere proceeding ended up by being a succession of troubles. Our permits, requested almost one year before, did not turn up, and the people in charge showed a marked disinterest in solving our problems. At times it seemed that it was the end of our expedition and that it was hopeless to go on fighting. Time and time again we charged against the "System" only to receive the same answer: "no news". When it seemed that we had over-riden all the obstacles, a last condition was imposed on us: no setting out without a support ship for the Nassau area. We thought everything was lost: we could not expect a ship to come out of the blue.

### GREG, EVA AND THE "NOOMI"

Martin raised his head and saw Greg and Eva appear; they had come to request authority to travel the Chilean fjords. These charming Swedish people are in their fifties and for the last twenty years have been sailing the seas of this planet on board their yacht: "Noomi". They were "friends of some friends of us" and that was enough for us. We told them of our difficulty and asked them to become our escorts. After thinking about it, they enthusiastically accepted a gentlemen's deal: the problem was solved. We rushed to the Captaincy and at last obtained the desired permit: it had taken us almost two precious days but we were ready to go.

We were so happy to be once more on water and travelling East that we didn't mind the cold and the wind. We soon left behind Point Eugenia and Port Toro, the last place with permanent inhabitants in our route.

The cold and the wind had become travel-mates by then and as day succeeded day we found it more difficult to get up and out of the tent. Certain rituals were born and perpetuated, such as not to urinate facing the sea to avoid it throwing it back at us, to repeat every morning "today the expedition begins" as a sort of mantra to stimulate us, and to kiss the land every time we disembarked. While navigating, storytelling was the only remedy against boredom and the prompt-words usually were "start with your grandad", or else "start up since you were in school". Thus, time fled and, without noticing it, we learnt more and more about ourselves,

until it seemed we had known each other forever, and a stronger friendship was born among us.

### NASSAU BAY

On reaching Point Guanaco we encountered our first great technical difficulty: 35 kilometres of open sea. On the other side, the peaks of Wollaston Island stood up very well guarded and almost inaccessible. We got up very nervous and set to work on every detail: safety elements, navigation charts, landing places, GPS, clear alternatives and turned-on radios. The Noomi was already in the area and after having consulted the weather forecast we jump into our boats to take advantage of the Eastern winds that were giving certain stability to the climate. Contrary to what we have thought, the difficulties were mainly psychological, not technical. Weather conditions remained stable but the ground swell made some of us sick. The coast seemed to be getting farther and farther away: one, two, four hours paddling and we still felt that we had not advanced even one meter. Only a group of toninas (a kind of dolphin) hurrying by was able to somewhat divert our attention. Beyond that, monotony was deadly: water, water, and more water made us lose the idea of time and distance. Never mind, who cares about date and time? In Middle Cove, some sub-officers from the Chilean Navy promised a few "piscos" (Chilean national liquor) on our way back.

We arrived at Sourfield Bay and Martin caught a glimpse of what appeared to be "water-jets" close to the coast; Emilio and I shouted "whales!". We had been on the look-out for them since the very beginning and at long last they were putting on an appearance. Several times we tried to get closer to take some pictures but, with shocking disregard of all proper interest in magazine covers and fame, they escaped underwater time and time again, simply to turned up on the other extreme. Their game lasted half an hour until we finally lost them.

We went on paddling, now under a heavy rain, until we reached Herschel Island; Horn was visible some kilometres to the SW. Conditions seemed stable and we were tempted to cross the channel that kept us from our target: we were afraid next day the weather would change and the Cape would escape us. But darkness was rapidly setting in on the cold sea and

we chose to spend the night in Duble Cove.

By midday of April 11 "we felt the wind calming down and after having asked for the weather forecast to confirm our suspicions we set out to Horn, the head wrapped up in one thousand thoughts and adrenaline running amok in our bodies. The Noomi was already in the area.

### HAIL HORN

When we left Duble Cove we knew we were fast approaching our objective, but we also knew we were on the most dangerous point of our expedition. The high cliffs in the Horn Island's West coast make navigation very hazardous: if a storm should break we would be staking our lives.

We crossed the channel separating us from Horn and began to propel our kayaks along the North coast without taking our eyes from the horizon. "If you see a black curtain, you must escape no matter how", Greg and Eva had advised us.

We turned and saw Ras Catedral and remembered what the British expedition had written twenty years before: "when we saw the 80-meter towers rising in the midst of the ocean, our knees began to shake". The sound of the ocean breaking against the cliffs, and the huge expanse of the water going into the West quickly restored us to reality: we were three insignificant dots in the middle of the huge nature.

A moment of doubt, we interchanged looks and decided that that was our opportunity. The 'Noomi' moved away from us, or rather from the menacing coast, and left us a somewhat orphaned. We paddled along with decision and strength while we fixed our eyes in the horizon. Shortly afterwards we began to relax, while our kayaks performed a dance in the ground swell. Turning the southern coast, the weather deteriorated: we felt the first gusts of winds and the sea became rougher. It started to rain. When the cape became visible, we requested the lighthouse at the island to verify our passage. Our frozen hands made it almost impossible to handle the VHP.

Our excitement increased with the wind and the rain. The "black curtain" was already in the horizon and we rode the



waves trying to guess our landing place. We passed points, capes, coves, ... but there were always more: distances at the sea are deceitful. We fought hard against the violent wind and after paddling for more than five hours we managed to land at Leon Cove, exhausted and soaked to the bones. Night set in. We kissed the land and celebrated we were alive. It was 5.30 pm, Sunday 11 April, 1999.

The Silva family, in charge of the light-house, received us with joy, because they had watched us during the last part of our approach with anguish and impotence.

Though it was cold and the hail chastised our precarious shelter all night long we slept till 9 am. We were "shut up" in Horn for three days. There was only wind, rain and cold. The sea surrounded everything and was lost in the distance. We have a strong feeling of being in the end of the world. We spent the days with the eyes on the horizon trying to guess the weather and hoping that our watching it would help it improve. But nothing changed.

At the Silva's home-station we were able to sign the Cape Horn Guest Book and search for the entries corresponding to the expeditions preceding us.

## SHOULD MY FRIEND BE IN DANGER.....

After three days we "settled" that the wind has calmed down a little. We quickly changed our clothes and went down the 220 steps that took us to the beach. The Silvas went with us, knowing that the weather conditions were still unstable. While loading the kayaks, a snowstorm descended upon us. Our hands froze, but none of us even attempted to abort the set out. We were victims of the "shut-up syndrome" and we were desperate to get out of our cage.

Not knowing what lied before us, we jumped into the water wrapped up in our gore-tex suits with only the eyes uncovered. It was late in the afternoon and we decided to paddle close to the coast to get some protection against the wind. We went northward for an hour and when we departed from the coast to take NNE direction, violent gusts of wind and hail began to fall on us. We paddled at a high speed, taking advantage of the wind

and waves pushing us from astern. The storm closed in and navigation became extremely difficult. The visibility went almost to nil. Suddenly Emilio warned that he "wasn't feeling very secure, so we made a raft by putting the kayaks side by side and crossing the paddles over the board. The situation was frankly dramatic, but we did not panic and we discovered that black comedy was a great help. We calmly analysed the situation: so long as we staid together we would not be in peril... unless the waves should throw us against the no-longer visible coast. On the other hand, if we maintained the raft, we could not row, and were therefore at the mercy of the wind. To top it off Emilio started to feel unwell. We felt as taken out of orbit, drifting in the utter darkness. We knew the Noomi was in the area so we called her for help. She had a hard time locating us and it took all of our flarework equipment. We shoot one, two and three flares until the gun fell into the water and was gone. It was the turn of the hand-flares, but they didn't work, so we turned on the strobe lights and continue with the radio communication. The situation was getting worse and worse: we were freezing and the rain didn't give us any rest. When the Noomi finally reached us, she almost run over us: side by side with our little vessels it seemed a furious sea-monster. They throw us a rescue rope, but it was of no avail. Abandoning our boats in order to swim to the Noomi (that was not able to stop her motors lest she should be left at the mercy of the waves) was equal to committing suicide. We decided to go on together and asked Greg to sail in front of us so as to show us the way up to the entry channel to the Herschel Island. We would try to control our direction with the rudders.

This situation that almost cost us our very lives lasted for three long hours. We finally landed in a dark and rocky coast with the water up to our knees, soaked to the bones and very cold. It was almost 10 pm. Under the rain we looked for our refuge/shelter and after having drunk a hot jelly we went to sleep. The rear stern bulkheaded compartment of my kayak was flooded and a lot of my equipment was wet. Too many emotions for a single day.

We spent the next day shut up drying up clothes, recovering our strength and analysing what had happened the day before. We had made a mistake by leaving

so late, but we had solved the situation by staying together and, in the end, that was what mattered. The team had shown why they had been able to reach Cape Horn.

We rested one day and then marched on. We still had to cross Nassau once more, but we felt that the worst was over. It was a long 8-hour journey under the rain in order to reach Middle; we then crossed the bay and reached Toro.

Here started the longest journey in all the expedition: nine hours and a half to travel the 45 km separating us from Williams. We arrived under the rain and late in the evening; at the pier of the Club Nautico Milcavi, Greg and Eva were anxiously waiting for us. They had also had a hard time of it and wanted to hug us.

At Port Williams, once again we suffered the non-collaborative attitude of the naval officers but we didn't care: we were on our way back home. We crossed the Beagle and spent the night at Remolinos.

On the 21 we started our last day. When we saw Ushuaia, the nostalgia came over us. We felt as if the views and landscapes were ours. We have gained them with our efforts and didn't want to forfeit them. We were sad. And despite our tiredness, we began to dream of the next expedition.

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**Canoeist died trying to cross North Sea**  
By Michael Fleet  
A BRITISH soldier who wanted to experience the "ultimate challenge" of his army skills died trying to cross the North Sea by canoe in mid-winter, an inquest was told yesterday.  
Sgt Colin Forrester, 57, set out from Holland three days before (Christmas last year but his kayak capsized and his body was washed up at Zandvoort, near Amsterdam, six weeks later. The experienced canoeist camped on a Dutch beach for several days waiting for the right time to attempt the 2 1/2 day crossing. Sgt Forrester, of No 7 Signals Regiment based at Krefeld, Germany, wanted to join the SAS and had a "do or die" attitude to life, according to Peter Ball, a friend. "I spoke to Sgt Forrester early in December and tried to dissuade him from the trip. But he just told me, 'I'll see you when I see you'," Mr Ball told the hearing at Southampton.  
George Ogle, a marine superintendent responsible for inspecting Army boats, said Sgt Forrester's kayak would have been capable of the crossing but it would "not be advisable" in winter.  
Keith Wiseman, the coroner for Southampton, was told that essential kit which the soldier had selected for his trip was found on the beach after he left. He said Sgt Forrester could have been on a trial run when he died.  
He added: "His colleagues feel Colin wanted a challenge and perhaps this was the ultimate one."  
Verdict: misadventure.

# 'Question & Answer' section by Frank Goodman

The Q & A section this issue has a question from Des Keaney. Many of you will know that Des edits the newsletter of the Irish Sea Kayaking Association. Here is his question.

From: Des Keaney.

Can I ask a question of Frank Goodman? I have very limited experience with rudders and would like his opinion on the question of reversed cables. I feel that rudders, as generally used in Ireland and the UK, promote bad kayaking practice. To turn left, we push with the left foot. The problem arises if the rudder stops working. The only way to turn a boat without a rudder is to edge it so as to reduce the waterline. The paddler who paddles a ruddered boat is either unused to edging or unable to edge the boat, depending their experience. I paddle a skegged boat and when turning left, I raise my left leg under the knee support, turn my body slightly left and drop my right leg to the floor. This cannot be done while pushing with the left foot. It seems to me that if the rudder cables were reversed - i.e. push with the right foot to turn left, then the body position would be much more natural and the boat could be edged while using the rudder?

Thanks, Des.

Frank replies:

Dear Des,

I think you're absolutely correct in saying that it would be a more natural movement if the rudder cables were reversed so that you can turn left by pressing your right foot forward, and not the left - and visa versa of course. The only slight concern would be how the reversing would be done. Off the cuff, I think it should be fairly easy to add a couple of small pulleys to the front bulkhead so that the R.H. wire can be taken round to the left side of the foot pedal. However, there are so many different rudder systems and so many things that may clutter up the front bulkhead - like foot-pumps, soft foam for that comfy foot position etc., that you'll have to check out your kayak carefully before you decide what change in the system would work most satisfactorily.

Unfortunately, as you mention, when a

rudder or skeg breaks the paddler finds himself sitting in a boat whose characteristics are no longer those he's been used to. Suddenly his skill levels may be reduced to a point where he could lose control. This is why we must never give up on the idea of practice. I don't mean the hard graft that must be undertaken by competitors if they want to be successful, but both skill and fitness must be adequate for the level of paddling envisaged, plus that extra bit that will always be needed when the unexpected happens.

I've always thought that the basic ingredient of practice is "The Forward Paddling Stroke". If this is of a reasonable standard, then the chances are that your other paddling skills will make the grade too. It doesn't really take a lot to stay in reasonable condition (who wants to grind away at boring fitness exercises that make you pant and sweat?) I found that the biggest factor was to paddle with a solid rhythm. I used to try and get in a boat at least twice a week, but I'd find that I could only spare about an hour or so at a time. It was usually pleasant to paddle on the River Trent (Nottingham's a long way from the sea) except in the foulest of weathers, and all I used to do when I clipped the spraydeck on was to make a mental note that I wasn't going to miss a paddle-stroke. Not for ANYTHING, not an itchy nose, nor mist steaming my specs... NOTHING. I soon found that steady, slightly stronger than normal cruising power maintained for an hour would keep me in good fettle. Of course I was not trying to perfect a full-power sprint stroke. Most of my paddling was at a steady cruising speed that demanded a good basic technique that didn't require the high-knee action of the Marathon racer. I wanted to cruise with a steady alternate push with my feet onto the foot rest but also to be comfortable with locking my knees under a low deck when conditions became tough and a few support strokes were called for.

If your rudder does malfunction - and they do occasionally, then your fitness and paddling ability should see you through. So you do have to pull on one side for a few miles after your rudder has jammed.

So what. Make sure your muscles are up to it.

In my experience, people who find they cannot cope with weather-cocking once their rudder has broken, are usually novices who've bitten off a little bit more than they can chew. There are few kayaks on the water these days that MUST have a rudder in order to keep them safe, but there may well be paddlers who cannot manage a boat once the ease of correcting windage with a rudder is taken away from them.

Of course it is possible to design a boat that doesn't weather-cock. The original Nordkapp M hull did just that. But there are disadvantages: difficulty in turning being the main one. However, for serious expeditions where there is little chance of shore-based back-up and heavily loaded kayaks out for a month or so cannot afford to carry every possible spare part, then the advantage becomes overwhelming... nothing to break!

The use of rudders and skegs seems to inflame passions in the canoeing world sometimes, I don't know why. In fact it's been suggested that no-one uses rudders in the U.K. and to mention rudders is blasphemous here! Our own production figures belie this, though. We put our first rudder - an under stern blade with a tiller bar foot control on some of the first Nordkapps built in 1975, and then manufactured an overstem model based on the design Paul Caffyn used on his 1982 circumnavigation of Australia. (The only Nordkapp available to him in New Zealand was the S hull type, which, of course, weather-cocked slightly in a cross-wind.) Slowly rudders were replaced by skegs, as they were less complicated than rudders, and of course paddlers knew that a good technique with a paddle could turn a well designed boat perfectly well with the skeg raised.

Well I've digressed a bit, sorry! but you are quite right. Use your rudder by all means and use it in a way that interferes least with your forward paddling stroke, which after all, is the most important element in sea kayaking.

Best wishes, Frank Goodman.

# SO WHY DOES IT KEEP TURNING?

by Robert Craig

I have introduced several friends to sea kayaking, and the same thing always happens. We mess about in the shallows, practising turning and balancing, and then set off for a straight paddle. In the middle

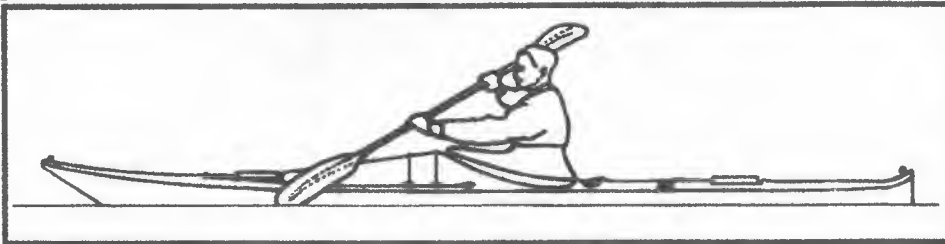
of the straight paddle, the friend stops in exasperation and says: "This kayak's bent. It always turns left. And the harder I try to straighten it up, the more it

turns." I mutter something about turning into the wind and centres of pressure, and they reply "But that's nonsense. When I stop paddling it doesn't turn into the wind." It is obvious that the effect needs

an explanation. All (or most) kayakers and canoes turn into the wind when they are moving, but not when they are

stopped; and the faster they go, the more they turn. And some boats are worse than others; slalom canoes turn much more than sea

canoes. The position of this underwater pivot point is the centre of pressure of the water forces reacting against the sideways motion of the canoe. The key to the problem is understanding where the wind and water forces act, and how the pivot point moves as the canoe speed changes. Taking the wind first, and looking at the picture of a paddler in a canoe, it can be seen that most of the area presented to the wind is on the body of the paddler. Also, friction with the water reduces the wind speed close to the surface, and so the paddler is in a stronger wind than is



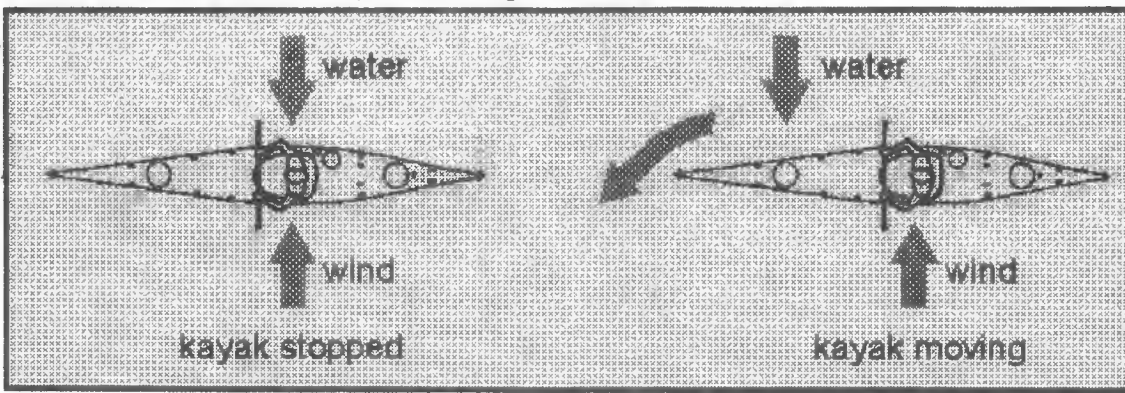
the hull of the canoe. So the wind force is applied at or near the body of the paddler. Things are different underwater, where the kayak is long and acts as an aerofoil (see box). The position of the centre of

pressure moves even further forwards, and the turning increases. With a novice paddler and a slalom kayak, this can get totally out of control with the kayak finally spinning to a halt with an exhausted and puzzled paddler.

## CANOES AND AEROPLANE WINGS

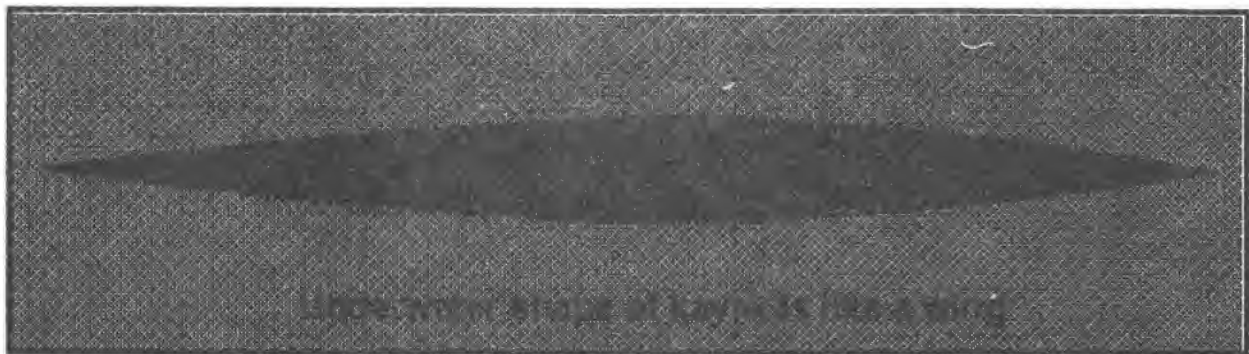
There is a similarity between what happens in a canoe and what happens in an aeroplane wing. In plan view the underwater shape of a sea canoe is an aerofoil (strictly a hydrofoil) similar to an aeroplane wing. The lift generated by a wing is not in the middle of the wing: it is towards the leading edge. As the speed increases, the centre of pressure moves forward closer to the leading edge. When the wing slows

enough for the flow round it to stop being in streamlines, the wing stops working as a wing. Not only does



the lift decrease, but the centre of lift moves back from the leading edge to the centre of the wing. This is why the nose of an aeroplane drops when it stalls.

the lift decrease, but the centre of lift moves back from the leading edge to the centre of the wing. This is why the nose of an aeroplane drops when it stalls.



canoes. The effect is known as weathercocking. But why does it happen? The turning is caused by the wind pushing the canoe sideways and the water reacting against this push. If the push and the reaction don't line up, the canoe turns. It turns around a point the position of which is determined by the underwater

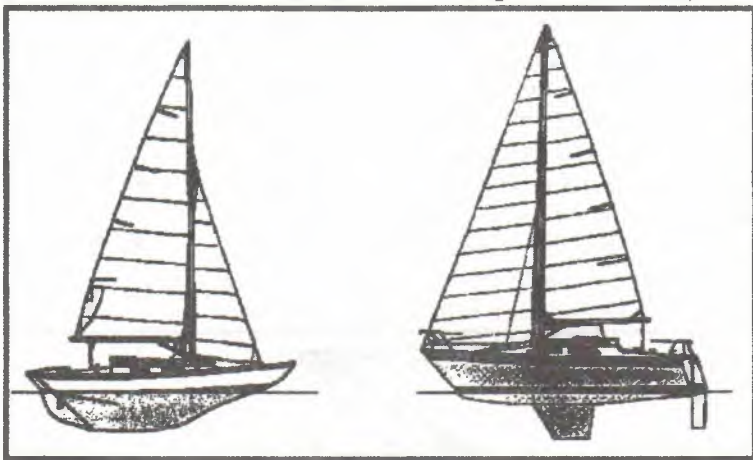
shape. The position of this underwater pivot point is the centre of pressure of the water forces reacting against the sideways motion of the canoe. The key to the problem is understanding where the wind and water forces act, and how the pivot point moves as the canoe speed changes. Taking the wind first, and looking at the picture of a paddler in a canoe, it can be seen that most of the area presented to the wind is on the body of the paddler. Also, friction with the water reduces the wind speed close to the surface, and so the paddler is in a stronger wind than is

Applying this to a kayak, some of the things that happen now become clearer. When you stop paddling and sit still on the water, the underwater shape doesn't act as an aerofoil (as there is no flow over it). As you start to paddle forwards, the underwater shape starts to grip the water

and act as an aerofoil, and the underwater centre of pressure moves forward. It is noticeable that when the canoe is moving, the sideways drift is much slower than when the canoe is stationary. This is because when the underwater shape generates much more force (equivalent to lift in a wing) to counteract the drift than when it is moving than when it is stopped.  
 END OF BOX:

The solution first adopted with kayaks was to give them a shape that made it difficult for the wind to turn them, regardless of locations of centres of pressure.

of weathercocking). Something adjustable is needed. This adjustment can be a variable angle (a rudder), or a variable area (an adjustable skeg). With either solution the kayak can be balanced in cross winds and can also be made to turn sharply, either by angling the rudder or by withdrawing the skeg.



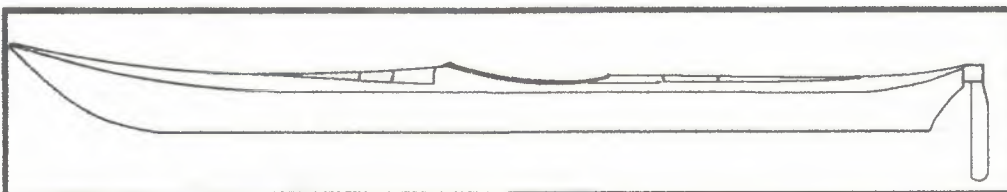
There have been endless debates on the relative merits of skegs and rudders. My own feelings are based on noticing that my skeg hasn't yet failed, whereas my friends who have rudders are always complaining that the rudder "just needs a little tweak today". Rudders are fragile, and

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Sea kayaks typically are deep at the bow and stern, and slalom kayaks can be modified by adding a skeg at the rear. The disadvantage of making the kayak difficult to

in a vulnerable place. If a rudder sticks anywhere except in the middle position you could spend a long time paddling in circles.

One can learn to cope with this, one solution being the use of sweep strokes on the leeward side, but kayak design can help the problem. The above-water

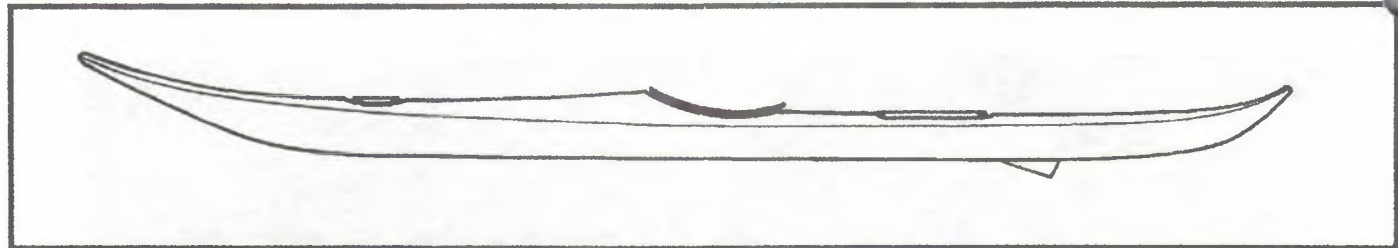


If a skeg sticks anywhere, the canoe is still manoeuvrable, and the paddler still steers naturally with the

forces are kept to a minimum by keeping the deck low, though there is a compromise. A high bow helps to keep spray away from the paddler, whereas a low bow cuts the windage. There is less of a problem at the stern, which is why all sea canoes have low rear decks. The underwater shape can also be modified, using lessons learned from sailing yachts. Yachts face the same problem. Consider an old-fashioned and a modern yacht, with underwater shapes as in the picture.

turn is that it becomes difficult to turn when the driver wants to manoeuvre, and there are some sea kayaks where a day or so's written notice is required of the intention to turn. The next step was to try to balance the kayak at at least one wind speed. This can be done by putting the centre of water pressure as far aft as possible (by deepening the stern), and putting the centre of wind pressure as far forwards as possible (by making the rear deck as low as feasi-

paddle. The skeg can be tucked up out of danger when among rocks. The only disadvantage is that its housing takes up space that could have been used for a better tent or more beer. My thanks are due to my father, also Robert Craig, who pointed out to me the movement of centres of pressure. Copyright Robert Craig 1999



The old-fashioned yacht has a long keel with a rudder attached to the end, whereas the modern yacht has a deep short fin keel and a deep short rudder. In both cases the centre of pressure moves forward as the speed increases, perhaps by the same percentage; but a shift of 25% of the length of a long keel is further than a shift of 25% of the length of a narrow fin. This is why modern yachts avoid the "weather helm" problem of traditional yachts, which turn into the wind as the speed increases.

ble and moving the paddler forwards in the kayak). This helps, but the fundamental difficulty is that it is a fixed solution to a variable problem. The shift in centre of pressure with speed means that the vessel is balanced for only one speed, and turns one way or the other at higher and lower speeds. I've tried a fixed skeg, and found that I could achieve reasonable balance at moderate wind speeds. However, in stronger winds the canoe became very difficult to hold into the wind (the opposite



By John Ramwell

THE CHANCE TO SEA KAYAK IN SOUTHERN CHILE.....suddenly came out of the blue when Raleigh International telephoned me at home. I had always wanted such an opportunity but I really could not get my self out of my well worn rut for the necessary three months. The request from Raleigh was that I come out to Chile for six weeks to replace the original sea kayak Project Manager who had completed the first phase of the three month but was unable to continue on for a further two.

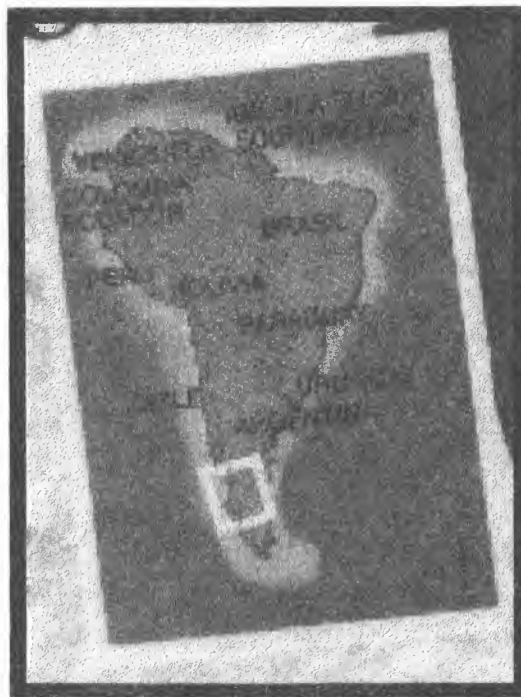
My wife and I had only just returned to the UK after nearly a month in Canada so it was a case of swinging everything quickly around to allow departure for Chile a couple of days later. By dint of hasty changes to our plans and because Jenny, my wife, agreed to take on some commitments in my absence (like the I.S.K.A. Stand at the International Canoe Exhibition), I was able to leave Manchester on the 22nd February, 2000 with a relatively clear conscience.

Flying via Newark to Santiago and then on to Cohaique in Region # 11, I arrived at Raleigh Field Base in time to meet the Chief Leader,

Steve, for a briefing before supper and some much needed 'kip'

The following morning I was taken by Land Rover westwards for an hour to Port Chacabuco where I met up with the two other kayak leaders, Tony and Nick. They had paddled in from their camp site some miles down the channel to escort me back. I was handed a Skerry Sea Kayak and accoutrements. After shoving my gear in the kayak I set off with Nick and

sea fjords and mountains for the first time from sea level. The mountains were high, covered in heavy bush and forests and swathed in low cloud. The shore line was almost totally inhospitable, being in the main sheer rock raising straight from the sea. I hoped for convenient landing beaches that would at least allow stowage of the kayaks above high water and some space for cooking and tent/bivvy sites. Already I was doing a lot of 'hoping'.



A couple of hours later we arrived at Porto Mano, the first camp site chosen for the start of this second phase of the Raleigh sea kayaking expedition. Here I met up with the Venturers and my two other assistants, the Medic, Stewart and the interpreter, Juan. My now the weather had deteriorated and squalls were kicking up the sea. I started doing some more 'hoping'.....hoping that we would not remain weather bound, particularly after the group had been patiently waiting for my arrival for a few days.

Tony who were paddling an Aleut Sea II an extremely functional double sea kayak designed by Howard Jeffs and made by Valley Canoe Products in The UK It transpired that these double were being used by all the Raleigh Venturers and that we three kayak leaders were to use the single Skerry kayaks. I earnestly hoped that they Venturers paddled slowly as I was aware of how much faster through the water the doubles would be over the singles.

So here I was, paddling out of Chacabuco Port to view the Chile

Next morning I determined to stop worrying and hoping for things to work out. "Let's get on with it", I thought. After a porridge breakfast we set off for our next site which was previously used by the fist phase kayakers, several miles further north west down the channel to a salmon farm at Punto Tortuga where there were some hot springs to indulge ourselves in. We certainly made good use of these later in the day.

The goal set by the group, this second Raleigh phase of 14, was Ile Italia, some 70 nautical miles west of Port Chacabuco. In fact we

went beyond this Island to Ile Veneria, so completing a round journey of over 150 NM.

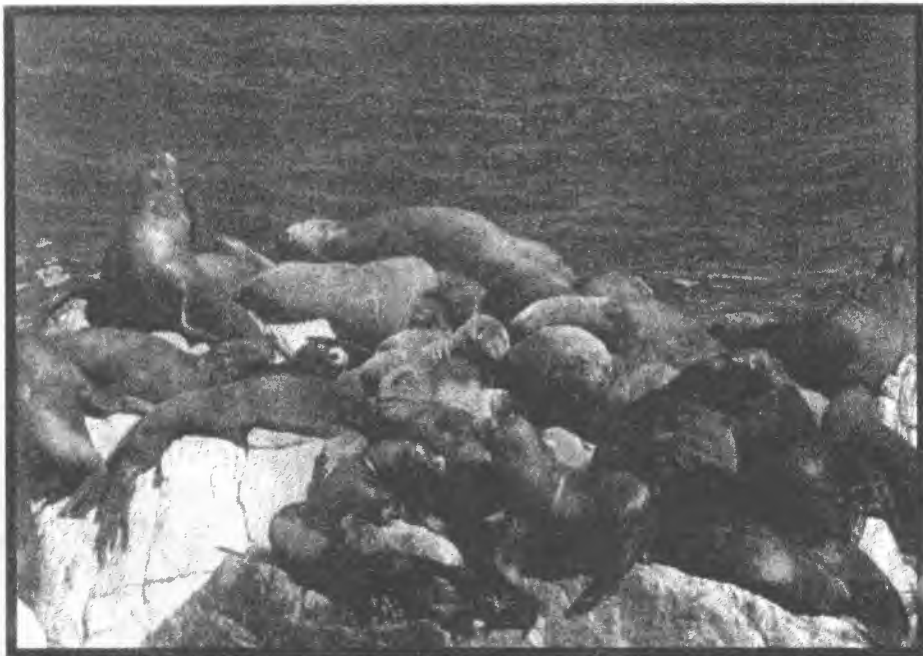
Once we left the 'salmon farm' camp site with its luxuriant natural hot springs, discovering convenient camp sites was going to remain an uncertainty. As previously described, 99% of the coastline was sheer rock, of no use for landing what so ever. So finding a landing beach with wood for a fire, water to drink and sufficient room for a few tents was something of a lottery. After about 1500 hrs we would give consideration to any likely beach that showed up and after 1700 hrs this consideration took up some urgency. In the event something always showed up and we usually found our four requirements, viz. a gently sloping beach for landing, wood for a fire, water for drinking and space for camping. Occasionally we had to make do with a 'bivvy' on the beach or slash away at undergrowth to find space in the forest.

We soon got into a routine. Up at 8 am, except for the early rising cooks, and away at 10 am - or thereabouts! Porridge and a hot drink for breakfast. I managed to get the recipe for cooking good porridge across to those cooking, i.e. put it to soak with a measure of porridge oats : 2+ water and a packet of powdered milk the night before. I failed on one particular occasion when Nathen and Neil served us with a porridge that would have served as perfectly adequate foundations for the Empire State building!! It could only be swallowed after 1/2 an hours chewing!

Once on the water I or one of my kayaking leaders would take the lead with map and compass, with

one of us constantly at the rear. The group would then remain in-between. I was quite strict about

cold that permeated once we stopped paddling.



this. If a kayak starting creeping ahead I would order it back and occasionally, to make the point, would stop to ensure the rule was always obeyed. As I explained to the Venturers, this was important to ensure constant adequate control of the group and to allow the leader to establish a pace suitable to all. By and large this worked well but I knew it to be frustrating to a few whose kayaking rhythm had to be slowed down.

An hour into our morning paddle and we would search out a protected bay for a break. We would not land, despite some bursting for a 'pee', but would eat our Mars Bars and then carry on. At about 1300 hrs we would hope a landing beach would show up. Often they did, but occasionally we would have an enforced late lunch and even then we would have to land on a less than adequate and rocky inlet. On fine sunny days we might linger over lunch, but on a rainy cool day they were hasty affairs as we paddled away to escape the damp and

The wild life was not as abundant as I thought it might have been in this remote and pristine area. None the less we did see porpoises, seals, sealions, sea otters, penguins, sea eagles, albatross. The bird life on the beaches was quite fascinating as they seem to have no fear of us. The Robins were particularly brazen, making sure we knew we were invading their territory. Seagulls and shags were in some abundance, especially by river deltas where they would rise in white clouds and move across the sky as though one large creature. I was disappointed at seeing no whales but then I understand that there has been quite a lot of over fishing necessitating a tight control on local fishermen. Why cannot we learn to harvest nature rather than rape it dry!!

On landing at the end of the kayaking day the big chore was carrying the laden kayak doubles above high water. It required 8 or 10 of us to grab a kayak and on the command "1,2,3, lift", it

would be man-handled up the beach. On a receding tide we would leave the kayaks where we landed and then take tents, dry clothing and food for the day and then change, up tents and collect fire woods. This made the kayaks that bit lighter and we would stow them safe up the beach before we had dinner.

Likewise, in the mornings, before loading personal gear we would first carry them down, stern first, to the water line ready for loading. An incoming tide gave extra impetus to efficient packing! This practice was really useful in focussing everyone's minds on the need to pack up and get on the water.

Communication between us at all levels was taken seriously. I would receive the weather forecast from the morning radio communication with Raleigh Field Base and then meet up with my kayaking leaders. We would use the chart to plan the days paddling, noting likely lunch and camping areas. The charts were a little useful as they would show protected bays that might well be suitable. I recommend topographical maps together with charts in future. Having thus agreed we would then meet up with the other two staff members, the medic and the interpreter, to ensure we all agreed on the days kayaking plan and also to allow any other points to be aired. This worked well and ensured all staff members felt they had a leadership role. Just before getting afloat I would gather all the Venturers together and using the chart would describe the days plans as well as heed any points they wished to make. We encouraged continuous dialogue so there was rarely any particular issue, everyone keen to get on the water and be away.

Once afloat we were required to 'rudder' each other. We would paddle alongside each other and swing the C Trim Rudder from the horizontal position along the rear deck to the vertical position in the water. The rudder as then secured in position. Without rudders the double sea kayaks would have been very difficult to keep on course, so we made great play about the need to take care of them. Of course, prior to landing, this ruddering process had to be undertaken in reverse. Our insistence on caring for the rudders paid off in that after three months expeditioning this very vulnerable part of the kayak's anatomy was fully intact and serviceable on every kayak.

Preparation for each phase is of vital importance. It must be seen as an integral part of the expedition and must be given adequate time and consideration. To rush a phase out from Field Base, in the darkness of night without all the gear, both personal and group, without all the food and equipment being fully checked, is both harsh on the participants and, indeed, is potentially dangerous.

On every expedition I have been associated with, carefully drawn up check lists are seen as essential to ensure sure that nothing is forgotten. All this is double checked prior to departure from Field Base and then again prior to actually leaving on the expedition itself. A shivering Venturer with inadequate clothing on a remote beach, days into the expedition is the leaders responsibility. It is not right to blame the Venturer, albeit they have an important part to play in their own preparation.

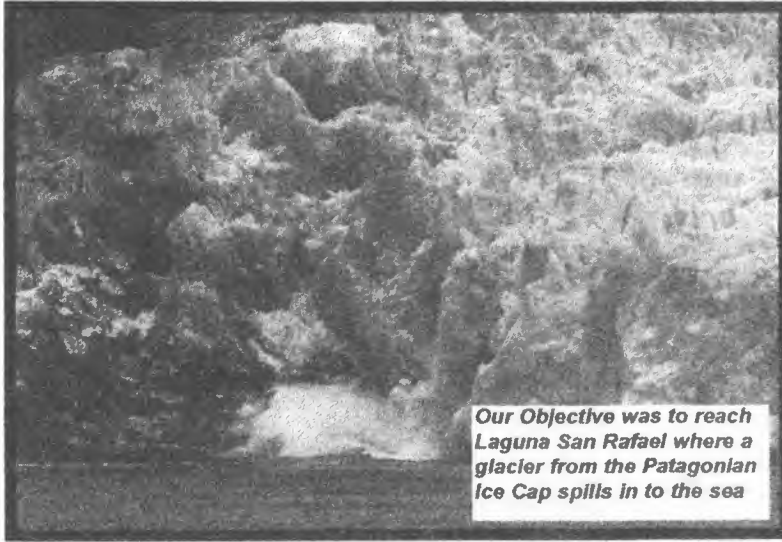
Camp craft, or camp discipline,

makes for an enjoyable expedition. A philosophy of selfishness is potentially disastrous for the well being of a comparatively large group. What can be more disheartening than returning to the camp kitchen after completing the twice daily radio contact with Raleigh Field Base only to find that there is no jam left, even ensure worse, no hot custard or porridge left. A culture of each looking out for each other must be established from the outset. Once so established it soon takes hold and is vitally important for both morale and comfort; and for comfort you can read safety.

Mentioning safety leads me on to remind the reader just how remote this area of Chile is. Once out of the Chacacubo Channel, the Darwin Canal and the Channel south to the Laguna San Rafael, sighting of other craft are rare indeed. The major safety factor is the long wave radio contact with Raleigh Field Base made each morning and evening by the kayaking group and monitored 24 hours a day by the Field Base staff. None the less, the area of operation is remote, the coast basically hostile, some open water sea crossings exposed, the wind and weather changeable, often rapidly. The Venturers themselves are usually totally inexperienced, the few days training provided prior to departure being singularly inadequate. Flares and VHF marine radios cannot be relied upon.

There is little doubt that a measure of good fortune does accompany every successful expedition. Unlike trekking, high winds can, and does, storm bound a group on a 'dreary' beach for days at a time. So the leadership of these expeditions is paramount. Who ever takes on this onerous responsibility must have had adequate training and experi-

ence. They must have a developed 'seventh sense' that warns them that there is a potential to an incident, constantly on the alert for escape routes and fully aware of what contingencies remain an option.



**Our Objective was to reach Laguna San Rafael where a glacier from the Patagonian Ice Cap spills in to the sea**

Several times we found ourselves in seas too disturbed to be out in. It may not just be a case of dealing with a simple capsized. I do not wish to dwell on this aspect of expedition leadership, other than stating the obvious, that Raleigh bear this burden as undertaken by the overall kayak leader very much in mind when selecting future sea kayaking project managers.

My first phase, the Raleigh Expedition second phase, covered over 150 nautical miles and over-reached it's initial objective of going as far west as Ile Italia. We capped off this phase with a paddle through the night to greet the dawn. We left our final camp site at 0400 hrs, having packed the kayak the previous evening. All we had to do was to climb out of bivvies and launch. I had spent some time studying the coastline on the chart but in the main relied on night vision. A cloudy night with no moon did not help, but a calm and stable weather pattern certainly did. I banned all torches

and set off in front with a Clymo Night Stick stuck in the back of my hat. All went well and an hour after dawn we stopped for breakfast. A great finish to a great phase.

We again had a great group of Venturers for my second (Raleigh's third) phase. With some improvements to our dietary rations, we spent sufficient time preparing rations and equipment. This called for an extra day at Field Base. We again left for Chacabuco and used the Navy Hut. After a day of skills training, including the dreaded capsized drill, we were ready for the off. Unfortunately the winds down the sound were north westerly and the accumulative effect, once out of the protection of the islands, was a grossly disturbed sea. we had to turn back to Chacabuco and spend another night at the Navy Hut.

Next day we tried again but again had to retreat. This time we continued along the east side of the island at the mouth of Chacabuco Port, cut across to the east side of an adjacent and parallel island and from the south end of this nipped across the channel to our first camp site at Purto Mano. This put

paid to my plan to remain on the southerly coast of the Chacabuco Channel; but what odds, we had 'escaped' from the Navy Hut and were now underway.

Our objective this second phase was to reach Laguna San Rafael where a glacier from the Patagonian Ice Cap spills into the sea, - a distance of over 110 nautical miles - and return as far as possible in the 19 days available to us before being picked up by a vessel. This meant navigating the Chacabuco Channel and then turning southward. We chose to remain on the east side of this south going channel and thanks to a following breeze made excellent progress, covering about 15 miles a day, 3 miles more than my original estimate of 12 miles a day.

Some notable camp sites lay ahead of us. I slept in the hollow of a dead tree trunk. Once in situ I was quite trapped and spent an uncomfortable night removing leaches and throwing them from my make-shift bivvy.

A landing 'thrust' upon us after a lengthy sea crossing necessitated a 1/4 mile carry up the beach with the kayaks to get them above high water. This took more energy than a days hard paddle, but it was to everyone's credit that we simply got on with it. The 'upside' of this was the lay in we got the next morning as we waited for the tide to reach our kayaks.

Onwards and southward we went, eventually navigating the long and very narrow channel on a flood tide into the Laguna. Here a wondrous sight greeted us. A rainbow reached right across the glacier despite the bright sunshine we were basking in. Small ice bergs (



and a few large ones) and ice floes abounded and after much clicking of cameras, we set off through the ice floes, picking our channel carefully to avoid collision with subsequent damage to kayaks.

A couple of days at the Laguna rewarded us with some amazing views of this very active glacier. Accompanied by loud explosive noises we watched tons of ice falls many metres into the sea. We explored the face of the glacier by kayak and there some anxious faces as waves radiated off the calving glacier. One has also to be conscious of the possibility of ice breaking off from below on the bottom. In the event this did not occur, but it did make us wary.

As we left the glacier on our way out the winds had compacted the ice floes and finding a channel through which to navigate was made a little problematic, - but we did break free and found our narrow channel where the ebbing tide and breeze moved us along at a comfortable 5 knots. We covered the 20 miles to our designated camp site by early afternoon, so we had an early camp which allowed us to dry out tents and gear after what had been a very wet stay at the Laguna.

A few days later we made Puerto Bonito. Here we were made welcome by an elderly gentleman and his son who reside at this remote yet beautiful spot.

Next day we were picked up by a vessel commissioned by Raleigh to bring us back to Chacabuco, to Port Eysen. Our loaded double kayaks were winched aboard and following a 12 hour journey were eventually safely delivered to the Port.

The end of a memorable and successful sea kayaking phase - and my own personal 'swan-song'. At almost 60 years of age I am happy to hand over this sort of responsibility to someone younger.

#### **Hugh Adam Young Stevenson**

1924 - 2000 *Compiled by Duncan Winning OBE, Hon President SCA*

Hugh started his paddling career before World War II in a novel canoe, designed and built by himself, which had frames made from discarded bicycle wheel rims. This early demonstration of ingenuity and flair for original thought will be no surprise to those who knew Hugh in later life.

After wartime service in various capacities with the Royal Navy Hugh resumed his paddling, mainly on the West Coast of Scotland and built up knowledge of these waters. Their tides and weather patterns second to none.

A founder member of the Scottish Hosteller's Canoe Club in the 1940's, Hugh was involved in the drawing up of their safety rules and recommendations. These were years ahead of any others in the UK, particularly with respect to lifejackets and internal buoyancy in canoes and were the accepted standard for many years in sea paddling circles. Canoes and building materials were in very short supply in these early post war years. A survey of the Hosteller's members produced a specification for a canoe suitable for sea touring, it had to be easy to build with unskilled labour from available materials, be no more than fourteen feet long to fit into a guards van on the West Highland Railway, carry a fourteen stone paddler, camping gear, a weeks food, pressure cooker and a chip pan. Hugh produced the "Loch Lomond" to fit these requirements. The design proved to be very successful and was popular with fellow club members. In recognition of his many contributions to the club Hugh was made an Honorary Life Member some years ago.

In the late 1950's Hugh became involved with setting up the Irvine Canoe Club and in due course the organising of the clubs Marymass Regattas and Lappock Rock Long Distance Races off the Ayrshire coast. Contact with professional boat builders in the club resulted in the appearance of an Irvine version of the "Loch Lomond" having a more sophisticated construction and a "Lappock Double" canoe was developed.

Hugh served the Scottish Canoe Association well over the years. First as a club representative on the Council in 1950, then as the Paddling Secretary in 1951 and 1952 and as Vice President in 1960. He was elected Association President in 1961 and served in that capacity for four years. It was during that time that I got to know him, having been elected to Council myself in 1962. During his term he completely redrew the Associations Constitution and negotiated a new agreement with the British Canoe Union in which the Union acknowledged the Scottish Canoe Association as the Governing Body of the Sport in Scotland. In 1965 he was appointed as the first Secretary of the newly formed British Commonwealth Canoeing Federation. 1965 was also the year that the Associations Coaching Scheme commenced and Hugh became the Coaching Secretary from 1966 to 1969. He organised courses at the Inverclyde National Sports Training Centre in Largs, oversaw the adoption of the British Canoe Union system of tests and negotiated a Coaching Agreement with the Union. I particularly remember one glorious sunny weekend spent on Loch Tay and the River Tay when Hugh and I examined the first certificated canoeing instructors in Perthshire.

For a long time Hugh was an avid reader on technical and scientific matters and gathered considerable knowledge on a wide range of subjects. Anyone who heard him talk about the sine wave theory, or the design of hydro dynamically efficient rudders, could vouch for this. He produced lightweight canoe frames with aircraft style diagonal wire bracing, hollow glass fibre deck beams, a sectional canvas covered double touring canoe, the Loch Fyne design and a number of one off craft. Always a bit of a rebel he objected to the increasing number of rules and standards which affected paddlers. He made buoyancy aids from discarded golf umbrella material and empty wine carton liners. They may not have complied with the appropriate European Standard but proved to be the best radar reflectors yet devised for sea paddlers.

In later years Hugh was an active member of Gamock Canoe Club. He was to be seen regularly on club nights at Kilbimie Loch and on the Firth at Largs, generally shepherding the younger members. On club weekend outings it was not unusual to see three generations of the Stevenson family on the water together. A man of many talents, he was the Chef de Excellence at the clubs Great Overseas Picnic, generally held on the Great Cumbrae, and at the end of season barbecue. I shared the restoration of a Wilson Class A single with him over the last two winters at the clubs build and repair sessions. His contribution to the local paddling scene was recognised in 1995 when he received that years Service to Local Sports Award from Cunninghame District Sports Council.

Hugh was laid to rest at Dregghorn Crematorium on Monday 27 March. An appropriate setting with a fine view of the River Irvine. The non-religious service was led by his niece, a minister of religion, and attended by many of his paddling friends and colleagues from his working days, in addition to his wider family. However, many will remember Hugh at the ceilidhs held at the Bute Weekends and Cumbrae Symposiums, resplendent in blazer, sporting a wicked grin, giving an enthusiastic rendition of his signature tune, "Steam Boat Bill".

## 5th European Sea Kayaking Symposium – Jersey

Saturday 27th May - Friday 2nd June 2000

The event starts on the evening of the Friday 26th May with a reception followed by 3 days of workshops, paddles and lectures. For the next four days there are guided paddles plus a number of other events such as a salt water sea kayak slalom and a paddling quiz night. Numbers are limited to ensure that every participant is able to benefit from the expertise of the coaches and other lecturers. Accommodation is extra but we have arranged the use of a local camp site. All in all, it is a great week.

### Provisional programme of events

Some of the workshops, paddles and lectures include.....

Surfing	Weather	GPS Introduction
Basic Skills	Alternative Strokes	Inuit Paddling
Navigation,	Towing	Forward Paddling
Slide Show	Rolling and Rescues	Filming
South Coast Paddle	Coastal Scenery Paddle	N.Coast Paddle
Ecrehous Paddle	Fishing	Curraghs
Marine Wildlife	Navigation	Geology Paddle
Tidal Races	Tidal Races	One Pot Cookery
Caves and Jumping	Slide Show	Skills stage 2

The cost for the weekend (and following week) will be £85.00 per person. This includes the evening meal to be held on Saturday evening. Places will be limited. If you wish to bring a non-paddling partner, they may attend the keynote lecture and social events at a cost of £25.00.

Tuesday 30th May will have day paddles and a surf session

Wednesday 31st May will have day paddles, or 2-day paddle including overnight stay on a different island

Enquiries and bookings to:

Kevin Mansell

177 Quennevais Park

St Brelade, Jersey JE3 8JU

Tel: 01534 745936

e-mail [kmansell@itl.net](mailto:kmansell@itl.net)

Jersey CC Web Page: <http://www.jcc.org.je/>

## International Sea Kayaking Festival

The above event is being organised by north west sea kayakers on behalf of iska. Dates are 1-9 July. Venue Outdoor alternative cerrig yr adar rhoscolyn Anglesey LL65 2NQ Phone/fax : 01407 860469 email [centre@outdooralternative.org](mailto:centre@outdooralternative.org).

Booking direct to the centre. Good opportunity for those seeking insight into sea kayaking plenty of big boys trips for the more experienced.

The North West Sea Kayakers, now there's a sad bunch of miseries if ever there was, have caught the Millennium bug. Our postponed New Year's party will be at Anglesey in July (well it is warmer and the baby sitters are cheaper).

The North West Sea Kayakers are hosting that mother of all parties a sea kayaking extravaganza at Rhoscolyn Anglesey this is your invitation. If you are old and crusty enough to remember the days before symposiums became the rage, or perhaps you are too young to know the joys of a sea kayaking party without tests, exams or tidetables this is pure '70s' revival. Turn up be competent to paddle at your own level. Hang loose as the ole git says and do some self organised paddling, partying or chilling.

Get that glitter flake boat out of the attic, get that Vango force 10. Grow a straggly beard (women can have stick on ones) and get on down there.

Bookings direct to Ian Wright Outdoor Alternative, Cerrig yr Adar, Rhoscolyn, Anglesey, LL65 2NQ. Phone or fax 01407 860469. Email [centre@outdooralternative.org](mailto:centre@outdooralternative.org).



Shetland Islands  
1999

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Web: [www.shetland.islands.na.uk](http://www.shetland.islands.na.uk)

### Shetland Sea Kayak Symposium 7 - 10 July 2000

Wide range of sessions, both on and off the water, well known and knowledgeable contributors, trade stands, demo equipment, some of the finest sea kayaking in the world.

Contact Tom Smith on 01595 859647, email [Tom@televiradio.demon.co.uk](mailto:Tom@televiradio.demon.co.uk) for more information.

This event has been made possible by support from Scottish Hydro-Electric's Community Fund.



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### OVER 25 AND LOOKING FOR A CHALLENGE WITH A DIFFERENCE

As a volunteer staff member with Raleigh International you could find yourself on a three month expedition canoeing in Ghana, sea kayaking in Chile or diving the coral reef in Belize.

If you have the flexibility to work in challenging situations we would like to hear from you. For more information call the Staff Office on 0171 371 8585 or email [staff@raleigh.org.uk](mailto:staff@raleigh.org.uk),

Raleigh International Trust is a registered charity No. 1047653  
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### SEA KAYAKS FOR SALE

FOSTER ROWE SHADOW -2 oval valley hatches + round day hatch , skeg, compass recess , spray deck & cockpit cover included -(red over white) Excellent condition - superb expedition kayak.

£450 for quick sale-Tel Tony on Cardiff 029 20665721 for details.

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VALLEY AVOCET SEA KAYAK (plastic-red)

2 oval valley hatches + round day hatch , skeg, compass recess , spray deck included - hardly used.

£650 ono Tel simon on Cardiff 029 20567102 for details.



# around IRELAND

'96

**1** I had been ten years since I had circumnavigated Great Britain and as I paddle down the Liffey River, leaving Dublin behind me, I feel the familiar anxiety of previous big trips. The open expanse of the Irish Sea is just beyond the end of the sea wall and as I approach the lighthouse guarding the entrance of the river I can feel the first gentle waves of the sea. The ebbing tide pulls me steadily past the protection of the seawall and I am suddenly aware that this is the moment that I have been planning and training for for the past six months. The sun breaks through the clouds for a few brief moments and the seas which had been grey and forbidding are now heaving and dancing in the brilliant sunlight. One of the two gannets that I have been watching rolls over on its back and power dives into the waves, rising seconds later into the sky with glistening water droplets falling back to the sea.

All the months of planning, training, selecting and ordering equipment, and putting my normal life on hold have been focused towards this very moment. The first wave to break over the bow curls along the side of the boat and washes up onto my hand. Ahh, my first contact with these celtic waters since that last wonderful adventure. In April of 1986 I had set out on a similar journey around England, Wales and Scotland. That trip had been bigger, almost three thousand miles long and five and a half months of paddling.

## Lure of Ireland

As I completed that solo circumnavigation I remember thinking that it would be great to some day come back and try paddling around Ireland. The lure of Ireland had been there for the past ten years, some times barely audible above the business of life and other paddling and outdoor adventures, but never completely silent. Maybe it was Scots-Irish ancestry or simply the love of the sea and of traveling that kept the dream from slipping completely away, but each year as the approach of Spring rolled around I played with the idea of my Irish dream and then for reasons that must have been sound, I put it off for yet another year.

During the late winter of 1995-96, I

by  
**Chris F.  
Duff**

felt that familiar longing again and I decided that it was time. After ten years that voice inside of me which kept whispering Ireland, Ireland..... hadn't gotten any weaker. I wasn't sure why I was so drawn towards this island country. I just knew that it was time to listen to that little voice and go find out what it was all about.

## Road map

Once I had made the decision to go and I had told my family and friends, I set the trip in motion by pinning a Michelin road map of Ireland on the wall of a spare bedroom and instantly I had a planning center. I gathered all of my camping gear, clothing and paddling equipment together in one corner, and made a complete list of everything I had as well as what I'd need to buy.

This Irish trip would be shorter than both of my previous big trips; an 8000 mile paddle around the eastern third of the U.S. and Canada in 1983-84 and the British trip in 1986, but it had the potential to be far more difficult because of the exposure along the west and north coasts. As I studied the wall map I decided to break the mileage down into three sections. I would start at Dublin, halfway down the east coast, and use the first 300 miles as a training and warm-up stretch for the more difficult west coast leg. The west coast was over 400 miles of wide-open Atlantic paddling where anything could happen. That exposure reached right around the north coast of Ireland to Rathin Sound where I would begin the final leg back to Dublin along the sheltered east coast. With all of the side

trips and exploring that I wanted to do the total mileage would be about 1200 miles.

As far as I knew Ireland had been soloed twice before, and circumnavigated by small teams of three to five paddlers maybe a dozen times. I had read Commitments And

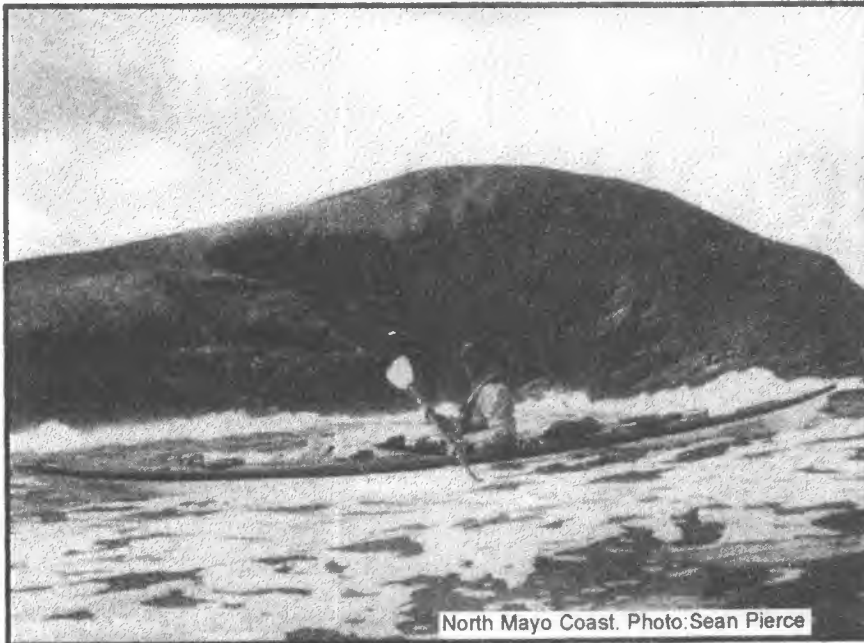
wouldn't. I also knew that the key to the trip was to try and keep it as simple and as flexible as the short summer season would allow. Partly because of this as well as it being a very personal journey I knew that it was also going to be a solo journey.

Going solo meant that I would have

base for any last minute arrangements. My plan was to fly into Manchester, England on May 25, then take a train to Holyhead and after a few days of packing and acclimating I would catch the ferry over to Dublin from Holyhead.

## Honing my skills

By April things were slowly falling into place and the time seemed to be flying by. With only a month left before my flight date I spent every free moment I could find paddling class three and four white water on a local river, honing my rolling skills, and pushing myself to get into the bigger holes and onto the faster surfing waves. I was bridging that gap between paddler and water until I felt I was part of the river. I was on a fast flowing river in the Pacific Northwest, bracing, drawing, snapping into eddies and hitting my rolls cleanly. My mind was already on the west coast of Ireland, offsome unknown headland and beneath a wave lashed cliff. What was I getting myself into? How will I get around the headlands? Landings? Surf? Atlantic rollers? The questions flowed faster than the white water and I knew the answers would only be found once the journey began. . Six months after I had decided that 1996 would be the year for Ireland, I sit at the mouth of the Liffey River, the sun glistening off the water and the loaded boat feeling stable and solid beneath me. The rescue boat from the marina where I had put in has just turned back after escorting me a mile down river. Now suddenly I feel



North Mayo Coast. Photo: Sean Pierce

Open Crossings by Bill Taylor which is a record of the expedition that he led in 1986 around the entire British Isles and the Republic of Ireland. The trouble was that the solo paddlers hadn't written up their experiences and Taylors book wasn't detailed enough for what I wanted to know. I borrowed a couple of sailing and cruising guides and checked out a few books on Ireland from the library but they didn't tell me what I really needed to know. I kept going back to the wall map of Ireland and my eye would immediately be drawn to the rugged west coast. All of the bays, islands, loughs and headlands seemed to be whispering their little secrets in a voice I could hear but not understand. In my heart I knew that no matter how much information I could gather it was never going to be enough and maybe the real truth was that I didn't want it at all.

## What Ireland meant

What I wanted and needed to do was to go and find out what Ireland meant for me.

I had the benefit of the experience from my previous paddling trips to help me with the planning. I knew what would work for me and what

the responsibility of every aspect of the trip. Everything from the decision to go in the first place to whatever highs or lows I would find along the way were purely mine. I would have to deal with the consequences of each decision and keep the momentum of the trip rolling along no matter what happened. Planning the trip as a solo expedition felt very familiar and already I was developing that singular focus that I knew was going to be essential to holding the trip together for the next three or four months of planning.

I've paddled a Valley Canoe Nordkap ever since my British trip and though I looked at several other English designs I eventually decided to stay with a boat that I was familiar with and one that I knew was a seaworthy and strong design. I phoned Bill and Janice Lozano from Atlantic Kayak Tours and with their help and that of Stan Chladeks from Great River Outfitters, I ordered a custom built Nordkap from Valley Canoe Products in Nottingham England. I then called Nigel Dennis in Holyhead, Wales and arranged to have the boat delivered to his outdoor adventure center in Holyhead. Nigel had circumnavigated Great Britain with Paul Caffyn in 1980 and he immediately offered his center as a



Darragh O'Donovan @ The Fastnet.

Photo: Don O'Brien

alone, in a very positive way and also very centered for what is immediately in front of me. As the tide pulls me clear of the river and out of the way of an incoming ferry from Wales, I mentally go over the pre-paddle

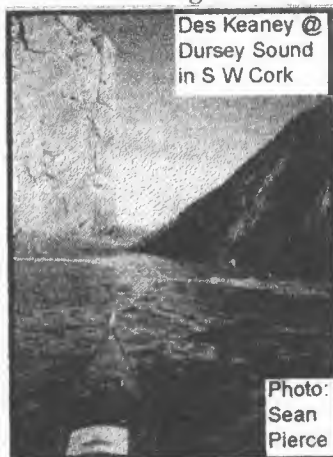
checklist that I will use for the next three months: hatches secure, camera tied off, paddle leash and boat tether in place, spare paddle and lifejacket lashed to rear deck. I am ready!

The first 100 miles from Dublin to Camsore Point is a warm-up for the south coast. I need the time to settle into a daily routine and to get conditioned to paddling a loaded boat. The coastline is fairly straight with long expanses of sandy beach and beautiful rocky headlands. A tide of about a knot and a half ebbs to the south and I sit tent bound several days as light, gales, force 4-5, kick up a steep choppy sea against the tide. A wonderful mix of seabirds congregate around the prominent headlands of Brae, Wicklow and Mizen Heads. Razorbills, murrelets, called guillemots in Ireland, fulmars and kittiwakes fill the air. Further offshore the ever present gannets circle and dive into the choppy seas.

## The strain

Long sandy stretches give me the time to settle into a clean, efficient paddling style and I love the feeling of just pulling the boat through the water. After the first few days I feel the strain of my back muscles as my body slowly adjusts to the paddling regime.

My first big stop of the trip are the Saltee Islands which lie three miles off the southwest coast and are an important nesting sanctuary for many species of seabirds. The islands have been inhabited since the 4th century and some archaeological evidence



Des Keaney @  
Durse Sound  
in S W Cork

Photo:  
Sean  
Pierce

suggests possibly as early as the neolithic era: 2000- 2500B.C. The only landing is a narrow cobble beach on the north side of the bigger of the two islands. As I land I meet Oscar Merner and Alien Walsh, two national park

ornithologists who are out banding young gannets and razorbills and generally keeping an eye on the overall health of the various bird populations on the island. Oscar tells me where I can find the major colonies of gannets,



An Island lunch break in Connemara. Photo: Mary Butler

puffins, razorbills and guillemots and then encourages me to have a walk around. I spend several hours sitting on the edge of the gannet colony on the west end of the island completely mesmerized by the pure magic of 1500 pairs of these magnificent birds. The rocks are almost covered by the pure white backs and golden yellow heads of the noisy colony. Around the perimeter of the colony, tight clusters of razorbills and guillemots stand on every available rocky ledge while further from all the noise and confusion the fulmars and puffins sit quietly looking on. Thirty mile per hour winds whip over the island and along the cliff face. The gannets returning to their mates on the nest with either food or nest building material fly past in a brilliant blur and then somehow find their mate amid the chaos of up-turned beaks and other incoming flights of birds. After banking into the wind and flaring their wings, they settle down to a pinpoint landing and both birds greet each other with outstretched necks and dueling beaks. I sit in the shelter of a large rock outcropping peacefully watching this amazing mass of churning life. A hundred feet below me the sea breaks and rumbles against the rocks and I can see seals diving and swimming beneath the crystal-clear waters. I spent two days on Great Saltee before saying goodbye to the island in the predawn

light of morning and continue west.

There are plenty often and twelve mile crossings throughout the trip and these hours off shore provide a great contrast to the intense beauty of the cliffs, sea caves, and arches of the

coastline. Both of these worlds have their own powerful appeal and it is so refreshing to switch from one to the other as if in some kind of a dance with nature. I love the feeling of being five or six miles offshore rising and falling with the waves and slicing the paddle blades into the clean unbroken swells. The waves have that deep blue color and the rhythm of open ocean that feels so wild and free. To my left is the sky and the horizon, meeting on a line as clean and as straight as the seas are calm. To my right is the rugged Irish coastline and a warm welcoming patchwork of green meadows rising behind the cliffs. After a three or four hour crossing I am ready for the comfort of being close to the land again and I watch the approaching headland as the vague silhouette of rock takes on the details of color, texture and power.

## Fishing villages

By this time I am well into County Cork and the heart and beauty of the south coast. Sheer headland cliffs two or three hundred feet high thrust out into the Irish Sea. I paddle under these fortresses of rock and into tiny fishing villages like Ballycotton and Courtmacsherry. I meet salmon and lobster fishermen and taste Guinness and Murphy stout. The huge Atlantic swells are still fifty miles to the west

and I can paddle into the numerous sea caves and just sit, listening to the gentle surge of the low swell as it gurgles and fills all of the crevices and small hidden blow holes in the dark chambers. I want to soak up all this tranquility and peace because I know the west coast will be an entirely different story.

I leave Courtmacsherry on June 19 heading for the tiny village of Glandore 25 miles down the coast. An unusual east wind pushes me around Seven Heads and then across

out across the sea hoping to see the familiar color or shape of a sail safely returning to the shelter of the cobble beach.

During the next three months I will visit many places like this and I will walk through the stone doorways and feel the life spirits of those who had lived so simply and yet so tragically. The potato famine of the 1840's took the lives of a million people. Countless others who were lucky enough to survive the "coffin ships" immigrated to Canada and America. Throughout

which cradles me on the ocean. Mountains of waves explode on the vertical rock and echo back a thunder that reverberates in my chest. These places of wild beauty, of pure wildness, stir within emotions that are so real and strong that I am almost overwhelmed. My eyes and ears fill my brain with powerful images and my heart rises and falls with the rhythm of the thick swells. It is a natural rhythm - a quiet yet persistent truth and solidness that resonates inside of me like some ancient drum beat. A voice seems to say, "This is where you belong, soak all of this in and let it seep into every conscious cell of your being ...and then remember it, remember it well."

My spirit, that deeply personal and essential part of me, is awakened and these places feel very real- perhaps more real than anything else in the sense that it speaks clearly of my need to be so naked- balanced on the edge and so very, very alive. The boat is thrown side to side. It rises and falls with the waves that wash over and around me in a constant mass of movement. I feel small, completely surrounded by power; by the sea and the headland, both of which are huge and untamably wild. That very wildness which can't be caged or structured is the reason for my awe. The sea- that magnificent body of life, that ever changing world- holds me loosely in its embrace. I am balanced precariously for the moment and always so keenly aware that I am but a visitor. The fulmar, which for some magical reason settles down on the heaving sea ten yards from me, can jump as elegantly rise into the air where it is suddenly safe from the threat of a breaking swell or the explosion of rebounding and colliding waves.

### On the other hand

I, on the other hand, do not have his wings. I have a paddle. I am a land animal using an implement and a manufactured vessel to visit a world which, by its nature, is unpredictable and dangerous. I know for certain that as I sit here bracing and backpaddling, my eyes following the approach of each massive swell as it breaks on a submerged rock a hundred feet away, that I don't want to be anywhere else in the world but right where I am. Beneath the wonder and awe of all the beauty and energy around me there is a

## My spirit, that deeply personal and essential part of me, is awakened and these places feel very real

Clonakilty Bay and around Galley head. As I paddle through a huge flock of shearwaters, they all take off in unison then swing back and fly in a massive circle around me for fifteen minutes. A few brave souls drop down to just a couple of feet above the water and cross my bow ten feet in front of me, making several inspection passes before rejoining the wheel off flight above me.

I camp that evening across a narrow channel of water from a small island with the ruins of two old stone houses. My journal picks up from here: "I slept really well on the matted grass, I get much enjoyment just in the simplicity of camping. After breakfast I crossed over to the island and the two ruins. The roofs are long gone and the walls are slowly crumbling. I wonder if the island was abandoned during the potato famine? There is so much mystery in the silence. I walk around in a peaceful hush."

With the warmth of the morning sun on my face I walk across the tiny island following the trails of the sheep that are brought out there for grazing. Stone walls hundreds of years old, some of which are barely visible beneath a thick covering of sod, grasses and wild flowers, divide the fields into grazing pastures. I wait quietly and let the stillness of the island soak into me. I wonder how many human feet have trod these fields over the centuries, herding flocks of sheep or walking to the cliff edge and gazing

westem Ireland I was to see the bones of those peoples lives in the abandoned villages and stone lined fields.

I paddle out around Clear Island, beneath Cape Clear itself and within four miles of Fastnet Rock. Then it is back to Roaring Water Bay and into the villages of Baltimore, Schull and Crookhaven. I am on the very edge of the west coast and once around Mizen Head I will begin the toughest leg of the journey. My first attempt at getting around The Mizen is blocked by high winds and heaving massive seas. I stop and asked a lobster fisherman what it looks like around the corner and his reply is beautiful, "She's a boiling cauldron today, lad, and you wouldn't be gettin' around Bro Head and that's just the first bit!" Two days later I come around in eight foot swells that send walls of broken white seas climbing up the cliff face beneath the lighthouse. I can only imagine a winter gale throwing its fury against these cliffs that rise vertically from the Atlantic. An eight or ten foot rolling sea demands respect and I do not want to just hang out and wait for conditions to get any bigger but neither can I sprint away to safety and leave such a powerful place without trying to soak it up with all of my senses and somehow understand the incredible privilege of being here. At other times, on other journeys, I have felt that same sense of humbleness in the face of such a powerful force. Everything looks and feels massive compared to the fragile sliver of yellow fiberglass

relaxed centeredness that is familiar. It is times like these that I realize how close to the edge I am living at that moment and, how all too seldom I am raised to that incredible level of being so fully alive.

For the next two weeks I wander in and around Dunmanus Bay, around Sheeps Head and into the eastern reaches of Bantry Bay, back out to Dursey Head, across Kenmare Bay and out past the Scariff Islands. I meet farmers, fishermen, shop owners and pub musicians. I hear stories of feuding clans back in the 12th century. I walk up the damp, spiraling stone stairs of an ancient castle and marvel at the age and mystery of a five thousand year old ring fort that has been left undisturbed because fairies were believed to have lived there. I sit out days of high winds and others that are so thick with fog that my clothes are covered with a fine mist after a half hour cliff walk. I meet a wonderful pair of families who share their camping space with me and invite me out to "the bog" to gather turf for an old uncle who still lives on the family farm. They show me ten-thousand-year-old tree stumps that are buried in the oxygen starved peat and are as solid today as they were when Ireland was covered in thick oak forest a hundred centuries ago.

### Magical country

Every day Ireland shows me something new and unexpected and that is exactly how I want to discover this magical country. My style of traveling has always been to wander rather than have a set plan and with one exception that was how this journey was unfolding.

Many months before I began the trip I had read about the Skellig Islands off the coast of County Kerry. They have become a focus for the southwest coast. Over a period often days I catch glimpses of the islands far offshore but then the rains or the fog move in and they disappear behind a blanket of grey. After three days of waiting, on a small gravel beach with an ancient castle ruins watching over my campsite, I finally get a break in the weather. There is still a four-foot swell running which will make the landing a bit dodgy but already it is July 14th and summer is quickly fading away. The day dawns calm and clear, the weather window I need. The Skelligs lie nine miles offshore and even from that distance they have a solitary boldness

like no other islands on the entire coast. I had planned on getting out to Skellig Michael, the larger of the two islands, early enough to explore the sixth-century monastic ruins before the tour boats arrive around noon. I set off at six a.m. and in an hour and a half I am abreast of Little Skellig, home to 46,000 gannets, the second largest gannet colony in the world. A few dozen of these majestic seabirds begin circling above me while I am still two miles from the island and as I paddle closer their numbers swell until the sky is packed full of birds in a massive spiraling wheel 100 feet over head. I sit mesmerized below this circle of whirring wing beats while a half mile away Little Skellig stands covered in thousands of more gannets. The grey rocks are a guano covered mass of living activity. Further out, the pinnacle of Skellig Michael rises straight out of the Atlantic like some mystical land often shrouded in clouds but occasionally shedding that cloak and standing proudly above the breaking seas, a brilliant vertical island of rock. A two mile paddle brings me into what little protection there is for a tricky landing on the concrete pier. A narrow road which served the light house until it was fully automated clings to the side of the island and winds upward for several hundred yards. From here the first of hundreds of quarried slate steps built by the early Christian monks

climb upwards and disappear amid the folds and rocky slate outcroppings, eventually reaching a small cluster of stone beehive huts five hundred feet

summits of the island. Another set of steps rise and lead me around a blind comer. Suddenly in front of me is a finely constructed wall of rocks so intricately locked together that no mortar is necessary. I duck low beneath a narrow opening in the wall and step back 1400 years in time. Six domed beehive huts, a small graveyard dominated by a sixfoot tall stone cross, and the walls of an 11th century rectangular church stand huddled together on a narrow, level shelf of rock. I stand for many minutes as if frozen, struck by the austere beauty and also by the sacredness of what is before me.

### Light breeze

A light breeze whispers softly amid the stone buildings as I reverently move from one cool dark cell to another. In the peaceful silence I try to imagine the daily life of the monks; the labor that built the structures, the prayer life, the gathering of seabirds for trade and food, the fierce winter gales, and the deadly raids of the vikings. With a deep centeredness I wander slowly through my feelings of wonder, awe, and quiet reverence. In the security of a beehive hut that had been occupied continuously for Five hundred years of monastic life, I sit, my back resting against the cold stone, my eyes closed, simply listening to my soul.

I carefully climb the higher of the two peaks on the island to the ruins of a single tiny hermitage high above the main community. In places the trail

## I am on a solo natural high and everything takes on an intensity and clarity that fuels me . . .

above the sea. I walk slowly and quietly, stopping often to gaze at the surroundings, and try to appreciate the staggering human effort it took to quarry and build these stone steps 1400 years ago.

Hundreds of puffins stand in the openings of their tiny burrows. They shuffle and hop from one step to the next, land and take off, completely ignoring me as I slowly follow the winding steps to the first level ground, Christ's Saddle, which divides the two

vanishes and only after careful inspection do I find shallow foot holds cut into the face of the rock and leading upwards. I sit on the knife like crest of the island, the vast spread of the Atlantic Ocean at my back, and all of Skellig Michael, Little Skellig and the Irish coastline below me. I have never been moved so deeply yet so gently into a state of peaceful wonder. Looking back toward the mainland I see a tiny red speck plowing into the swells and leaving a white V of a wake.

The first tour boats would be arriving soon and it was time for me to leave. Silently I shoulder my pack and carefully pick my way back down to the slate steps and then to my waiting kayak.

## Empty ruins

The trip continues to unfold as I head north inside Valentia Island, around Doulus Head and across Dingle Bay. I am on a solo natural high and everything takes on an intensity and clarity that fuels me and pulls me deeper into the experience. Something exciting seems to happen every day and there isn't any time for the loneliness that people always ask me about. There is a cascading waterfall with a bathing seal rolling in the pounding fresh waters. There is an Irish bag pipe player accompanied by a woman playing the bodhran, the traditional Irish drum, in a smoky pub; her eyes closed, head, body and soul leaning into the haunting rhythm of the drum beats. There is the silent and tragic loneliness of the Blasket Islands where empty ruins of homes stare out across the swirling waters of Blasket Sound toward the mainland; the mainland which had promised a better living, electricity and a dependant source of peat for the hearths. I spend a lot of time walking and feeling the earth, hiking on headlands and islands and then returning to the sea and paddling into small fishing harbors where the durable yet nimble curraughs were used to fish for mackerel and salmon. Day by day, mile after mile, Ireland transforms me, humbles me and stills a

and socializing. That night I sleep soundly on a bed of freshly mown hay within the enclosure of another ancient monastic ruin on the same island. The next morning I paddle away from the soft, sandy beach toward a point ten miles on the horizon, my new German friends gathered on a grassy knoll waving goodbye in the rich light of early morning. I paddle ten miles up the Shannon Estuary in the company of playful dolphins, turn around and then wait three days to get around Loop Head, my first attempt turning into a nightmare of eight foot rebounding waves with the boat pitching and diving in spine twisting contortions. My reward is a lobster and several crab legs given to me by a fisherman who I meet in one of the nearby protected coves.

## Uninhabited

The west coast is becoming a reality for me. The challenge of open water crossings, heavy ocean swells beneath the Cliffs of Moher, a wild seven mile surf across Galway Bay in breaking five footers and beautiful camps on uninhabited islands all paint the colors and texture of Ireland for me. I live by the constraints of the tide and the winds and wait, not always patiently, for low pressure systems to move through and allow me to pass. Safe landings can easily be five or ten miles apart and the weather is so unstable that I mentally make a note of each landing that I pass just in case the weather forces an unplanned retreat. I love the exposed nature of the west coast and the ever present feel of the

islands of Inishturk, Caher, and Clare. There are so many magical moments, both on the sea and in meeting the lovely warm people of the coast. I feel like my heart and all of my emotions are as exposed as the raw coastline. I see and I feel life without any filters; it is so simple and all I am doing is focusing on staying fully alive to the moment.

## Slow life

This wonderful slow life has chiseled away all the "stuff" that isn't important and has left within me the realness of life. I take a brief rest stop in Sligo with a monastic community that I have known for years and then continue north across Donegal Bay and the last leg of the west coast. Two shark encounters, one a blue shark and the other a huge basking shark thrill me and leave me wondering how many others I have not seen as they slid past me in rough waters.

I say good-bye to the west coast as I paddle around Bloody Foreland, named after some terrible clash between fending clans-or is that just a bit of "the blamey" to send back with the mad canoeist from America? The north coast is somewhat protected from the westerly swells but it isn't until I am around Malin Head that I really let my guard down. I time my approach to Malin Head very carefully and make an early morning fifteen mile crossing from Fanad Head around the point to the little village of Malin. This was one of those areas that I had been warned about from the very beginning of the trip because of its fast tides and its reputation for high winds and shifting weather patterns. I am lucky. I come around in a two foot sea with the tide at my back. The next day the winds begin to blow a force 7 and I sit out two wild days of driving rain hunkered down beneath the cliffs and waiting for things to calm down.

I cross Lough Foyle on August 28th and enter Northern Ireland. More importantly, I am now approaching Rathlin Sound and the powerful tidal streams formed by Scotland and Ireland funneling the Atlantic ocean into the Irish Sea through a twenty mile wide channel. I play the tides carefully and rely on local information and even with that I have a close call coming around Ben Bane Head.

Theoretically, I have everything going

## I love the exposed nature of the west coast and the ever present feel of the ocean's swell.

restlessness within me.

I cross Tralee Bay on a sea that perfectly mirrors the flight of curious fulmars as they skim the ripple free surface of the ocean. I sit in front of a peat fire and talk long into the night with a German family who are renting a refurbished island cottage. Candles and the soft glow of the fire light the room with a warmth that is centuries old. The massive hearth is once again the gathering place for conversation

ocean's swell. What I don't like, and what is slowly wearing me down is the constant wind. I don't mind it when I am actually paddling, it is simply part of the day and something that I have to deal with, but the constant hammering of the tent at night grates on me. Occasionally I have an evening of absolute calm. It is only then that I realized how irritating and fatiguing the wind is. By August I am winding my way along the coast of Mayo and the



for me when I leave Portrush and enter the tidal stream, but something goes wrong, which is to say, I didn't figure on the swells that come out of nowhere and complicate the already tricky tidal overfalls. The steep tightly packed seas and rebounding waves are the most violent that I've ever paddled in. One second the bow is pointing towards the sky and the next second the sea drops out from under me and I slam into the trough with the following wave folding over me like a giant hand. I barely have the time or the nerve to glance up and appreciate the towering hexagonal columns of basalt that rise three hundred feet above me.

The noise alone of waves and tides colliding and washing over each other is enough to pull me back to that twenty yard circle around which I focus. I fight with all of my skill to stay upright and every ounce of discipline to keep it together mentally and not panic. The tide has me and there is no turning back. It is a test of thirteen years of paddling experience and a lifetime of discipline; of hanging on to that centeredness and doing exactly what I need to do. This is what I have trained for. My instincts kick into gear and I reach into the breaking waves, brace, fold low over the cockpit and let the wave break over me. Forty minutes of this kind of pounding and I am wondering how much more I can take.

## The Ripples

Later I meet a fisherman who says "And it's a good thing you were in close because another half mile out and you would have been in the ripples". The Ripples? I am exhausted and just let the conversation drift elsewhere. After almost three months of being exposed to the sea and the weather I am ready for a break. What I need is a solid week of rest and then I could have another go at it. The problem is I don't trust the weather to hold together long enough for me to get back to Dublin before the fall winds. I decide to push on. I paddle into Dunseverick and meet John Johnston who runs an amazing little museum with artifacts from the Spanish Armada right up to the fishing days of the 1920's and 1930's. I have breakfast with John before pushing off the next morning and he tells me of a cave a few miles inland that had been excavated back in the 1930's. Eight distinct levels of habitation were uncovered, dating back

5000 years. Only half of the cave had been excavated and today cows use the cave for shelter when the winds and rain drive them off the exposed fields. There are hundreds of places like this cave that hold the secrets of Ireland's past, yet so few have been studied because of lack of money. John also told me of flint tools and weapons that had been quarried on Rathlin Island and traded as far away as Greece 2000 years before Christ. All of these stories and so many more, which I had heard in the past 1000 miles, I take with me as I slowly paddled along.

## Difficult farewell

I camp just south of Fair Head and spend the quiet evening hours looking across at Scotland, 15 miles away, then take a peaceful walk in the brilliance of a full moon rising over Torr Head. The moon casts it's glistening yellow light on the sea and on my camp, bathing everything in it's mystery and warmth. In my own way, I am saying a special farewell to the wild part of my journey. It is a very difficult farewell. I am torn by the love which I feel for the trip, for Ireland, for the sea; and the knowledge that the trip is coming full circle and that it is coming to an end.

The final leg of the trip into Dublin seems to take forever. After the exposure and the beauty of the west and north, this coast feels crowded and troublesome. I bivvy on a concrete slab on the north shore of Belfast Lough and wake with a scream to the terrifying rumble of a train 100 feet away. The next morning I cross the lough and

## I love the exposed nature of the west coast and the ever present feel of the ocean's swell.

wait for a 40 knot catamaran ferry before sprinting across the channel and an oncoming freighter. I cross 8 mile wide Dundrum Bay rolling along in 3-4 footers and digging in a little deeper when a breaker buries the front half of the boat. After so many weeks, the mechanics of paddling are automatic and my mind wanders back to the west coast or fast forwards to friends and family in the U.S. I am moving through the process of finishing the trip

mentally as well as physically.

Dundalk Bay is the last crossing I have to make. I wait a day for the fog to lift then set off. Somewhere in the middle of the crossing in a half mile of visibility I watch a freighter appear out of the mist behind me and then disappear out to sea.

The last 30 or 40 miles are easy, sunny days with flat, calm water. I paddle inside of the Skerry Islands, Lambay Island and the tiny island called Irelands Eye, just to the north of Dublin.

On September 6th I paddle past the light house at the mouth of the Liffey and worked my way against the ebbing tide upriver. A freighter is inbound to Dublin, a mile or two behind me, and a massive Stena Line ferry moves away from the dock and slowly makes it's way to open water. One voyage is finished and one is beginning. For ten years I had been haunted by a whispering voice, beckoning me back to an Ireland that pulled at the strings of my soul. I had come back and I had paddled around this land of rocky headlands, learning more than I could ever have imagined, and letting the sea and the lore of Ireland soak into the depths of my soul and nurture one of the richest experiences of my life.

## Three months

I paddle up to the Stella Mari Sailing Club and for a few minutes sit beneath the weathered grey wood of the dock, Three months ago I left here on a cold grey evening. Now I sit in the warmth

of an autumn sun; the yellow deck of the boat glistening in sharp contrast to the black lettering "ROUND IRELAND 96" which arches over a decal of an Irish flag. I hesitate but finally reach out and grasp the dock planking. With that one touch I know the circle has been completed. I slide out of my boat and turn to see two middle aged men staring at me, as if to ask "now where do you suppose he's come from"?

General Newsletter.

I write this letter to all supporters of the North Atlantic Kayak Challenge 2000.

Thanks to your generosity and that of the many firms that have given us their support. I can report that the Project is on schedule and will take place in June as planned, dates are listed below.

It is hoped that as many of you as possible will follow Peter Bray's crossing via our web site at [www.outdoorchallenge.co.uk/NAK2000](http://www.outdoorchallenge.co.uk/NAK2000) it is planned to keep this continually updated with positions and progress reports.

It is also my pleasure to tell you that we have a sponsor who as agreed to cover our financial shortfall, they are Ibdlive.com The privilege of naming the Kayak goes to them.

Peter and myself would like to take this opportunity to thank every one that has helped in any way.

Kayak shipping date -----13<sup>th</sup> of May.  
Our departure date. -----3<sup>rd</sup> week in May.  
Peter will depart St. John's -----1<sup>st</sup> Weather window  
In June.

Arrival in Ireland approximately 90 to 110 days later.

I invite you to wish Peter God speed and a successful crossing.

Jim Rowlinson (Project Manager).



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## Sea Kayaking Newsletters

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and Magazines

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## Sea Kayaking Newsletters and Magazines

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Name **Journal of the Native WaterCraft Society**

Address P.O. Box 26121

City, State, Country Wauwatosa, WI 53226

Club Name Native WaterCraft Society

POC Wolfgang Brinck (editor)

Phone, Fax 414.475.5285

E-Mail [Native.water@mixcom.com](mailto:Native.water@mixcom.com)

WWW <http://www.mixweb.com/nativewater>

Description Membership includes 3 issues of the journal per year. History and construction of traditional watercraft. Annual meeting.

Price \$20/year US \$25 foreign for membership.

---

Name **Washington Kayak Club**

Address P.O. Box 24264

City, State, Country Seattle, WA USA 98124

Club Name Washington Kayak Club

POC [farin@dlux.net](mailto:farin@dlux.net) (President)

[jules@u.washington.edu](mailto:jules@u.washington.edu) (Editor)

WWW <http://www.dlux.net/~farin/wkc.html>

Description The club has been around for ~50 years, with a membership of ~1200, both whitewater and sea kayakers. We offer an extensive schedule of trips, pool practice sessions, classes, programs for training, safety, racing and conservation as well as monthly programs with nationally known paddlers.

---

Name **The Draw Stroke**

Address 1289 Sea Island Parkway

City, State, Country Saint Helena Island, SC 29920

Club Name Sandlapper Sea Yackers

POC Jea Chapman

Phone, Fax 803-838-2008

E-Mail [Byakn@aol.com](mailto:Byakn@aol.com)

Description The bi-monthly (roughly) newsletter of a statewide (and beyond) SC sea kayak club

Price \$10 for single membership

---

Address **Trasna na dTonnta**

City, State, Country Ireland

Club Name Irish Sea Kayaking Association

POC Des Keaney

Phone, Fax ++ 353-1-2760263

E-Mail [deskeaney@hotmail.com](mailto:deskeaney@hotmail.com)

WWW <http://www.iol.ie/~dwalco/>

Description We publish a quarterly newsletter covering all aspects of Irish Sea Kayaking. We include trip reports, destination guides, an environmental section, technical articles, book reviews and all the news in Irish Sea Kayaking.

Price IR£10 p.a. for the newsletter and membership of the Association

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Name Wellington Sea Kayaking network

Address

City, State, Country

Club Name

POC Beverley Burnett

Phone, Fax

E-Mail [Beverley.Burnett@bswip.co.nz](mailto:Beverley.Burnett@bswip.co.nz)

WWW <http://www.home.clear.net.nz/pages/wellseak/>

Description We are the Wellington Sea Kayaking network, based in the Wellington regional area in New Zealand.

Price

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If you have an addition please send the following information to Nick Schade at [Info@guillemot-kayaks.com](mailto:Info@guillemot-kayaks.com)

Name

Address

City, State, Country

Club Name

POC

Phone, Fax

E-Mail

WWW

Description

Price

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Name **Bay Currents**  
Address 229 Courtright Rd.  
City, State, Country San Rafael, CA 94901  
Club Name San Francisco Bay Area Sea Kayakers  
POC Penny Wells  
Phone, Fax 415-457-6094  
EMail  
WWW [www.bask.org](http://www.bask.org)  
Description For members of BASK. Fun and informative. Lists trips  
Price out of state: \$15, in state: \$25

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Name **Florida Sea Kayaking Association**  
Address  
City, State, Country Florida, USA  
Club Name FSKA  
POC Ian Douglas  
Phone, Fax 941-921-4573  
EMail [kayakers@hotmail.com](mailto:kayakers@hotmail.com)  
WWW <http://www.jacksonville.net/~dldecker/fska.htm>  
Description We are a State wide club with chapters all over Florida. Our club outings include the Gulf of Mexico, Atlantic ocean, and most of the inland Streams and Rivers. We offer yearly Clinics for members and several chapters offer training year round. FSKA is an informal network of paddlers who love the sport of Sea Kayaking. We are not a social club but a paddler's club. Our interest are as diverse as our members. The majority of our members paddle single kayaks, you will also find surf ski's, sit on top kayaks, folding kayaks, white water kayaks and other types of paddling craft. Regardless of you Skill level, you will find others to share your kayaking experiences.  
Price \$15 individual \$20 Family Newsletter comes with membership

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Address Ribbingovagen 109-22  
City, State, Country 01100 Ostersundom, Finland  
Club Name **The Illustrious Kangaroo Kayak Team**  
POC Clas Hagelstam  
Phone, Fax 358 9 877 7738, 358 9 877 7758  
EMail [kaparvi@personal.eunet.fi](mailto:kaparvi@personal.eunet.fi)  
WWW <http://www.clinet.fi/~kangaroo>  
Description Non-commercial tongue-in-cheek group of Australian & Finnish kayakers (+ sprinkle of US, New Zealand, German, Swedish members). OK to contact us is if you intend to kayak in Finland.

Check our homepage.

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Name **Rocky Mountain Sea Kayak Club Newsletter**  
Address PO Box 100643  
City, State, Country Denver, CO 80250 USA  
Club Name Rocky Mountain Sea Kayak Club  
POC Tom Kinsella/Donna Nedde  
Phone, Fax (303)777-2765  
Description Semi-monthly, black & white, 6-8 pg, stories, events, library, For Sale ads, club logo mdse, 60+ members  
Price \$15 single, \$20 family, pro-rated after September

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Name **The Kayak Yak**  
Address George Kulakowski, NL Editor/Publisher, 14252 Culver Dr. #A199  
City, State, Country Irvine, CA. 92604  
Club Name California Kayak Friends  
POC Len Goodman, George Kulakowski, Bob Myers  
Phone, Fax 818/885/6182, 714/842-7183, 714/559-5076  
EMail [down2thec@aol.com](mailto:down2thec@aol.com), [sceckayak@aol.com](mailto:sceckayak@aol.com), [bob@intelenet.net](mailto:bob@intelenet.net),  
[president@ckf.org](mailto:president@ckf.org)  
WWW <http://www.ckf.org/>  
Description Largest kayak club in Southern California, mostly sea kayakers.  
Price \$20/year club dues includes 11 issues/year of the newsletter

---

Name **Wave~Length Paddling Magazine**  
Address RR#2 S-17  
City, State, Country Gabriola, B.C., Canada V0R 1X0  
POC Alan Wilson (Managing Editor)  
Phone, Fax 250-247-9789  
EMail [wavenet@island.net](mailto:wavenet@island.net)  
WWW <http://www.island.net/~wavenet>  
Description Free 40-page b&w and colour magazine covering all aspects of sea kayaking, with special emphasis on preserving and protecting the marine environment. Published bi-monthly, distributed widely in the Pacific Northwest and across Canada.  
Price Annual subscriptions available (6 issues): \$16.05 Canada / \$15 U.S. / \$20 Overseas

Name **ConnYak**  
Address P.O. Box 2006  
City, State, Country Branford, Ct. USA 06405  
Club Name ConnYak  
POC Stan Kegeles, President  
Phone, Fax (203)-481-1881  
EMail  
WWW <http://www.mindspring.com/~connyak/main1.htm>  
Description Sea Kayak Club newsletter included with membership annual dues of \$30/yr  
Price

---

Name **Atlantic Coastal Kayaker**  
Address P.O Box 520  
City, State, Country Ipswich, MA, USA 01938  
POC Tamsin Venn (editor)  
Phone, Fax (508) 356-6112  
EMail [ack@shore.net](mailto:ack@shore.net)  
WWW <http://www.qed.com/ack/>  
Description A small (~40 page) black and white magazine covering the east coast. 10 issues a year.  
Price \$2/issue

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Name **Paddler**  
Address PO Box 775450  
City, State, Country Steamboat Springs, CO, USA 80477  
Phone, Fax 970 879-1450  
Description A large monthly full color magazine with national distribution. Covering all types of paddling.  
Price \$3.95/Issue

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Name **Sea Kayaker**  
Address 7001 Seaview Ave. NW, Suite 135  
City, State, Country Seattle, WA, USA 98117-6059  
Phone, Fax (206) 789-1326, Fax: (206) 781-1141  
WWW <http://eskimo.com/~seakayak>  
Description A large bi-monthly color magazine with national distribution. Kayak and gear reviews, trip reports and related subjects.  
Price \$3.95/issue

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Name **Folding Kayaker**  
Address P.O Box 0754  
City, State, Country New York, NY 10024  
POC Ralph Diaz (editor & publisher)  
Phone (212) 724-5069  
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