

OCEAN KAYAKER



NEWSLETTER OF THE
INTERNATIONAL SEA KAYAKING ASSOCIATION



AN ESQUIMAUX MAKING THE GRAND TURN WITH HIS KAVAK

An international & independant sea canoeing association open to all interested in
this aspect of canoeing with the objective of promoting safe sea kayaking for everyone

THE FINAL ISSUE

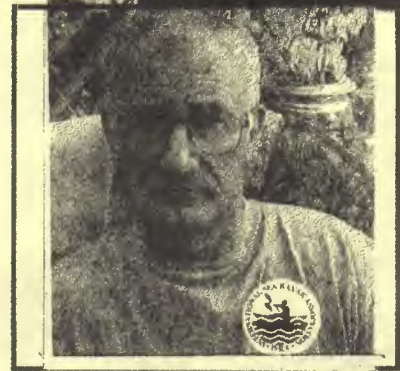
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Ocean Kayaker

John J Ramwell
5, Osprey Ave.
Westhoughton,
Bolton
Lancs
BL5 2SL
email
<jramwell@provider.co.uk>

ISKA SHOP I still have a few T
shirts, L and Extra L, grey with
the ISKA logo, for sale @ £6.00
and now have some
short sleeved polo yellow shirts,
again with the ISKA logo for
£8.00



Editorial

Well, here it comes.....the final issue. It has been a long time coming; like 40 years which is no bad run in anybody's money. No more attendance at the International Canoe Exhibition every year, no more printing, collating and posting every two months. Without doubt it has been fun and has brought it's own rewards. Would I do it all over again? Of course. I shall miss the two monthly routine but will have little difficulty in filling the time gap it will leave in its' wake.

So where does it all go from here? Several of you have enquired about taking ISKA over but when I have replied honestly to the question regarding the amount of work involved.....it all goes quiet. ISKA - or ASKC as it was for many years - grew gradually. It started off as a side of A4 distributed to potential members of the newly founded Sea Touring Committee of the British Canoe Union in order to get this committee 'kick started' into existence. Having succeeded I kept it going as a newsletter to a small group of paddlers who were prepared to pay an annual subscription to cover costs. Over the years, through 'word of mouth' and our shop window at the annual International Canoe Exhibition, membership has grown to a stage when there is a considerable amount of work involved. So as I have, as it were, grown up with ISKA I have simply worked out a routine to keep the newsletter and association business going which has not impinged over much on other areas like family, work and even sea kayaking itself.

There is a real need for a European based magazine on sea kayaking. If such obscure magazines as 'Koi Monthly' and 'UFOs Weekly' can attract sufficient readership, then I am sure ocean kayakers represent a very healthy market. Perhaps with 'Ocean Kayaker' no longer about, then some one may come forward to produce a publication. I have watched 'SeaKayaker', the glossy magazine from USA, grow in stature over the years but inevitably it remains North American biased- though there have been excellent articles from British paddlers as well as about paddling around Europe. There are clubs and national sea kayaking organisations producing excellent quality newsletters such as 'Treasna Na Oconna' (Irish) and 'Seekajak' (German) which clearly demonstrate what can be done.

I am not giving up kayaking. I only bought my current kayak last year and it needs a lot more wear and tear to make its' purchase worth while; as indeed I do before I eventually hang up my paddles. So - see you on the water sometime.

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BIOLUMINESCENCE

by Greg Jordan and Jean Jackson

Taken from 'Sea Canoeing' the journal of the Tasmanian Sea Canoeing Club

What's that sparkly stuff?

Anyone who's been paddling on the Derwent at night in recent months will have been awed by the spectacular bright green sparkles in the water disturbed by paddles and boats. This is an example of bioluminescence, so called because the light comes from living organisms and doesn't need previous illumination to produce it (unlike phosphorescence). Most years in autumn, the waters around southern Tasmania come alight with bioluminescence. The beast responsible is *Noctiluca scintillans*, which in Latin means sparkling night light. They can become so dense that they can also be seen during the day as pink slicks floating on the water. Large areas of the sea can become red due to *Noctiluca* blooms.

Noctiluca is a kind of plankton, in fact a single celled alga. It is a species of dinoflagellate, which is a common group of algae in the oceans. *Noctiluca* cells are more or less round, and have a flagellum in each of two grooves. Flagellae are like a fine thread that moves in lashing or undulating motion. Photos of *Noctiluca* can be found at: <http://thalassa.gso.uri.edu/ESphyto/list/taxa/nocscin/nocscinp.htm>

However, *Noctiluca* is a little different to what most people might expect for a single celled alga. For a start, it isn't terribly microscopic - typically they are about 0.3 mm wide, but can reach up to 1 mm wide. Secondly, it doesn't photosynthesise to produce its food as most algae do, instead it is a predator. In fact these small plants (or are they?) will devour almost anything that comes their way. They catch prey using one of their flagellae which is modified into a feeding tentacle, which waves around to capture any piece of plankton passing by. This can include other algae, zooplankton and fish eggs. This weapon makes *Noctiluca* a fearsome hunter, and they can even eat multi celled

animals larger than themselves (although Greg has been assured by reliable sources that dogs, kayakers and small children are fairly safe). Another thing making their predatory skills remarkable is that in spite of having flagellae, they cannot swim. Their movements are entirely regulated by the movements of the water they are in and by changes in buoyancy.

They were first recorded in Tasmania only about 10 years ago, and have become more common since then, possibly due to warm water travelling south down the East Australian Current. The species is found worldwide in warm and cold waters. On the downside, *Noctiluca* blooms can cause problems by producing ammonia (used by *Noctiluca* to provide buoyancy) at levels toxic to fish, causing fish kills and problems for marine farms. Also, some people develop rashes after swimming in a *Noctiluca* bloom.

What makes them sparkle?

The bioluminescence comes from secondary metabolism. That is, not all of the biochemical pathways lead to "useful" endpoints, such as growth or providing energy. Some pathways lead more or less to dead-ends. *Noctiluca* deals with one of these dead-ends by bioluminescence. The energy from the biochemical reactions is converted by an enzyme into visible light. Other organisms also do this e.g. fireflies, fungi and glow worms. We don't know whether bioluminescence is actually useful to *Noctiluca*, apart from diverting excess energy away from metabolic processes that might cause problems. In some larger animals, bioluminescence is used to attract prey (e.g. glow-worms), to attract mates (e.g. fireflies) or to deter predators. Many other kinds of marine organisms also bioluminesce, and other dinoflagellates produce stunning displays (have a look at the blue glowing bay in Puerto Rico at www.biobav.com/)

THE CASE OF THE SLIPPED RISK

By Sheila Reynolds

This is a cautionary tale folks
And I guess it's not anything new
The do-s and the don'ts of roof racks
And the case of the falling canoe

If you have all the modern equipment
Like a V shaped mount for your car
That holds a sea kayak firmly
Up high on your roof rack bar,

If you strap it on edge for safety
And are smug about its aerodynamic,
That's fine until you unstrap it '
Cos now it can cause you to panic

The aerodynamic don't work folks
When your car has come to a stop

And all alone you unstrap it
How quickly your kayak will drop!

Only one thing will impede its falling
As it tumbles right over the side
It's the driver's expensive wing mirror
It really has no place to hide.

If you think that canoeing is cheap folks
It pays to hang on to the strap
When unloading the kayak off roof bars
Or you'll end up taking the (c)rap

So, as your subscription creeps higher
And you think it becomes an impost
Your car insurance excess
I can tell you, is five times the cost!

DESTINATIONS **RAASAY AND RONA, MAY 2004**

By Brenda Cupryna

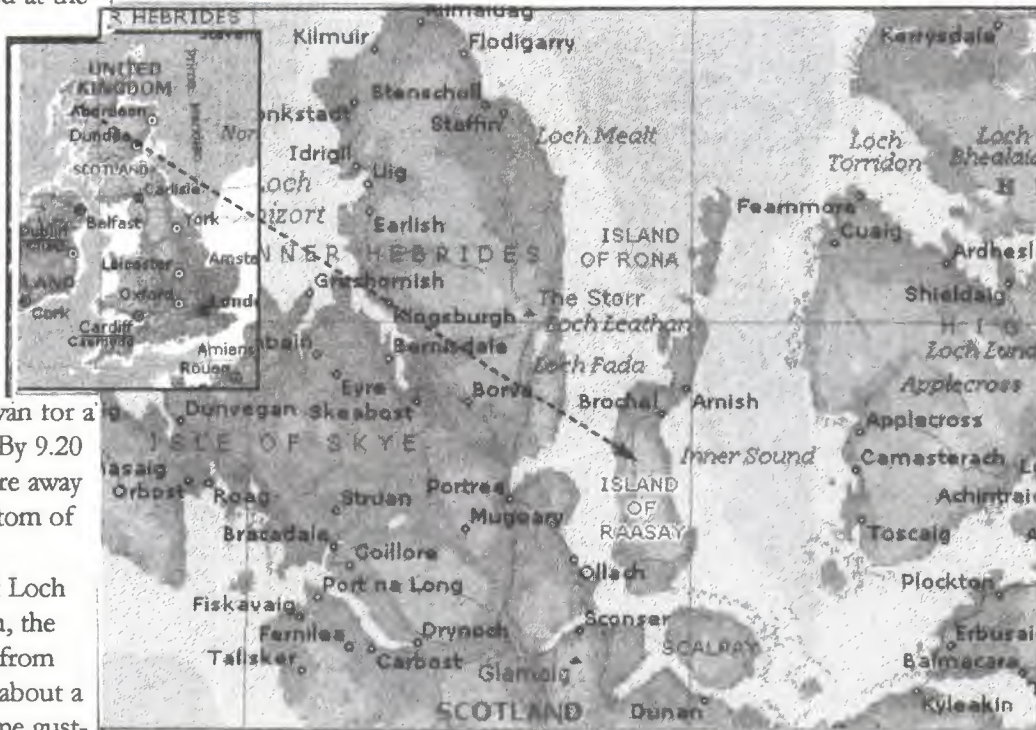
We arrived at the Sconser ferry terminal and to our delight found a free parking place where we could leave the van for a few days. By 9.20 am we were away at the bottom of the tide.

As we left Loch Slighachan, the wind was from the SE at about a 5 with some gusting at 6 so it was a bumpy, wetty time crossing the sound to Raasay. We more or less ferry glided across to the island and when in the shelter from the wind discovered that we had left the emergency repair kit in the van. What would we do?

The ferry runs regularly so Joe and I walked back to the ferry, just south of Suisnish point and I got it back across to Sconser picked up the bag and returned. We headed to the bay behind Raasay House where Dan was minding the boats. There was a bit of drizzle but it soon cleared and we had lunch before setting off again at 12.30 pm.

We paddled north past Holoman island and the wind dropped so we were able to use the sails and made good speed. We crossed Loch Amish and nearly missed the entrance to the island of Fladda. This is something we have done on a previous occasion but because of the GPS system we were able to spot we had gone a bit far north and found the entrance to Caol Fladda which is hidden by little islands. There is good landing here and camping on the foreshore for a couple of tents but any more would require going up the hillside for more space. (23.2 km.)

We had just unloaded when a small boat came in. There were 2 young couples and a baby who were staying for the week in a cottage and the men had all the supplies to take up. We got the tents up and went up to see them carrying some of their gear. They kindly pumped water up from the lochan as the well has almost dried up. The evening was very beautiful and the shipping forecast was for 3-4 SW. During the night there was some rain and so we weren't dashing to be away on the high tide which was at about 5.00 am.



We carried the boats down and loaded them below the causeway and got away about 9.30 am. We had decided to use a small cut through between Eilean Tighe and Raasay and so kept fairly well in to shore but still nearly missed the entrance due again to small islands. This area has changed. Seven years ago when we were there, it was a fairly narrow straight sided, cliffy coast line with a

sandy bottom. Now it is wider and rocky. I wonder if there has been a collapse? Anyway this necessitated us portaging the boats about 100 yds across at low tide which we accomplished with tile aid of our trusty foam mats used Egyptian style. Joe pulls tile boat and Dan and I run to tile front to keep the bottom of tile boat on tile mat. Get the idea!!

From here we island hopped across to the south of Rona and then paddled/sailed up the east coast. This is cliffy with little easy landing areas. We had a short stop at the light house near the northern end. The weather was warm and sunny with the wind not above a 3 SW. When we rounded the top corner, there was a magical time when we heard the seals singing as they lay stretched in the sun on a host of small islands and drying rocks.

We stopped for lunch in Loch A 'Bhraige. There is an admiralty acoustic testing place here and there was a constant hum from the generators so we paddled a little further round and we were sheltered form the noise.

The coast from here is beautiful with little islands and inlets and seals kept popping up the whole time. The wind dropped further and so we sailed/paddled across Acairseid Thioram and around the headland and passed eilean Garbh. A little further and we recognised the hills on eilean Tighe and crossed back to tile Raasay coast. We met another group of kayakers who said we looked like something from Gulliver's travels with the sails up.

Further on, we met others we knew from the Swaledale outdoor club and we were soon down at Brochel were a very nice man helped up get the boats up the beach,

gave us water and rinsed my wet salopettes for me. (33.8km)

After dinner we had a walk and saw a monument erected to one Malcolm McDonald who thumbed his nose at the local council and spent 10 years with a pick and shovel making a road up to Amish. This is now surfaced and called Callum's road. There is also a volcanic plug here with an old castle built on the top. Unfortunately, it cannot be explored as it is unsafe at present.

The midges were pretty awful here and we were very grateful for our mossie bags- at least you can eat in peace with the food inside. We got the fire-spout going and toasted marshmallows too.

Monday dawned and we had a quick get away with minimal breakfast due to the midge. We paddled down to Rubha na' Leac and breakfasted here about 10 am but didn't linger too long as the tide had turned and was going down and we didn't want to get stuck among the rocks. Continuing south we saw the lighthouse at Eyre Point which has been changed to a more modern type- not as attractive as the old one. The sea was very calm and we crossed to Scalpay for a cooked lunch of scrambled eggs. Delicious! !

Continuing south, we crossed the mouth of Loch Ainort, headed through the narrows of Caolas Scalpay at about half tide and down the Skye coast. It had been blisteringly hot in the narrows and we were thankful for the wind which now sprang up. It strengthened as we rounded Rubha an Eireanaich, which give us a few tricky minutes as the

waves bounced us around but once into the bay we had the wind at our backs and sailed into Broadford. At the top of the tide the wind died away again and after visiting the local shops we headed back out and north again to Rubha na Sgianadin where we camped for the night. (31.7 km.)

Here again the midges were awful so we made another quick get away, breakfasting on the water. The shipping forecast wasn't good so we were heading back to Sconser. The sun went in and we could see thick black clouds shedding rain across Raasay. We thought we would miss it but while crossing Loch Ainort we had heavy rain -the type where diamonds dance on the water and strong headwinds. There was someone in a motor home who was using the small road around the headland and it looked as if they were keeping an eye on us as we paddled on as they kept stopping and waiting for us to catch up. When we rounded the headland into Loch Sligachan, we were in calm waters and they drove away. We saw the ferry go in and then waited while it came out again so we could use the landing without any fear of interrupting anyone. (13.3 km.)

We met two Swedish people who had used their Klepper double to go down the west coast of Skye but who had been blown into Loch Brittle and had taken a taxi with boat and luggage to their friends house in Sconser but they weren't home. This couple need to recover their car and so we gave them a lift part way back.

We had a wonderful trip and accomplished more than we had hoped in wonderful scenery and weather. How blessed we are.

Total mileage 102 km.

'JUST THE TIC-KET' OR 'COVER YOUR LEGS FOR SCOTLAND'

By Lester Stuart

On a recent canoeing trip in Scotland, a few of us got some unexpected souvenirs: tics.

I'd noticed what looked like a small blood blister, half the size of a match head, on my leg. Closer inspection with digital camera in close-up mode revealed a shiny blob with legs. I'd got a tic. So I'm passing on the information I was given about them and their removal.

Tics live in undergrowth, especially bracken, and wait for a passing piece of warm flesh. They cling on, clamping their mouth parts into you, ready to start sucking your blood. If allowed to grow big enough, the size of a large pea, they drop back into some undergrowth until the blood's digested. They are a low-risk pest but the longer they're attached, the greater the likelihood of infection. They occur all over the UK.

I went to the health centre and presented my leg and photo to the nurse who covered the tic with Vaseline, waited a few minutes, then wiped the ticked away with an

alcohol-soaked cloth (it took several firm but gentle wipes).

Her advice for removal "in the field" was to cover the tic with anything oily or fatty to suffocate it. (margarine, sun cream, etc.), wait five minutes and then wipe it off. The wiping off needs to be done gently to ensure the mouth parts aren't left behind. With large tics, be sure not to squeeze the blood sack and push infected blood back into yourself.

After tic removal, you need to monitor the attachment site. A growing red patch would indicate infection and needs a visit to the doctor. In extremes, Lyme's disease can set in, attacking the nervous system.

The moral of this story? Cover your legs when you get out of your boat.

AUDREY SUTHERLAND - A PROFILE

Audrey Sutherland made some of her early explorations of the rugged north shore of Molokai, Hawaii, in an inflatable kayak hardly bigger than a bathtub. And yet that first six-foot boat of hers was a luxurious step up from her earliest visits to that shore.

In the early years, with very little money and a gutsy will, she had scrambled along steep, rocky headlands and swum by cliffs too steep to traverse, towing her gear in a polystyrene box lashed to a pack frame. She sometimes swam as far as five miles to get around cliffs.

When she reached a cove where she could come ashore, she'd swim through high surf, pummeled by breaking waves on her way to the beach.

Audrey has been exploring the world's watery places for five decades, sometimes facing hair-raising calamity, but always joyfully alone and always in inflatable kayaks.

Early exposure to the California outdoors by her parents, a family cabin-building project in the wilds during her youth, achieving a water-safety instructor/trainer-level in swimming and lifesaving, and a seagoing husband who moved her to Oahu, Hawaii, in the 1950s were all defining moments in her evolution.

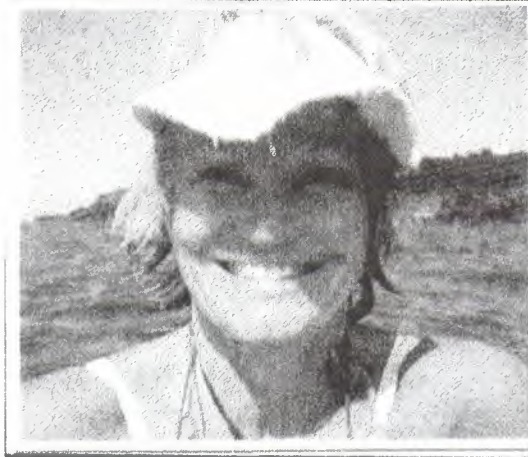
Though her husband eventually returned to California and she became a single mom raising four children, she visited the uninhabited wilderness of Molokai as often as she could. The inaccessibility of Molokai drew her like a magnet. It is less than an hour's flight from Oahu, so she could go for a few days here, a week there. She explored the streams and valleys and stayed in a shelter she'd built from the remnants of an abandoned cabin.

In 1967, when Audrey discovered her first inflatable kayak, the world opened up. In that humble six-foot boat, she returned again and again to northeast Molokai. But it has a convoluted coast-line of only 20 miles.

In 1979, she saw the mountainous islands of southeastern Alaska and British Columbia from the window of a plane and instantly knew she had to go there. Beginning in 1980, at age 59, she left her island paradise each summer to paddle hundreds of miles in the rain-swept waters of the Inside Passage, carrying all her gear in inflatable kayaks as short as nine feet in length. In time, she made paddling trips to Europe, both u.s. coasts and Samoa.

Over the years, Audrey has logged more than 12,000 miles

of paddling worldwide, with over 8,000 miles in Southeast Alaska and British Columbia-7,700 of which were solo. Three of her Alaska and B.C. trips were at least 800 miles long.



In 2001, she was off to southern France for a camping and paddling trip on the Vezere River. In 2002, she paddled 65 miles from the head of Boca de Quadra (a fjord in Southeast Alaska) back to Ketchikan.

Audrey has perfected the art of traveling light. Her four-piece paddle weighs only 32 ounces,

and her cookstove weighs only 3.5 ounces. Almost every item of gear she carries has multiple uses.

Audrey is a gourmet at home and carries the same high standards over into her expeditions, 'creating sybaritic luxuries where all should be hardship'. A two-piece Lexan wine glass; home-dried items such as shiitake mushrooms, bananas, raspberry leather and tomato paste; the makings for a Bloody Mary; and curry and coconut powder might all be found in her camping kit. She travels three weeks between each resupply of boxes sent from home to post offices along her route.

Audrey has lived on the north shore of Oahu since 1954. Her house is a converted World War II army barracks that, rather like Audrey herself, combines rusticity and elegance. Three kayak paddles, a wine-glass rack and 10 cast-iron skillets of various sizes are mounted on the walls of her kitchen. The sound of the trade winds and breaking waves is constant. In the surf of her own front yard, she frequently practiced capsizes in fully loaded inflatables-dumping, climbing back in and dumping again-until she was confident she could handle emergencies.

Inflatable kayaks haven't always been taken seriously by the sea-kayaking world. 'Most inflatables belong in swimming pools,' sniffed Randel Washburne in his 1983 book, *The Coastal Kayaker*. However, by 1989, his view had warmed up a bit. In *The Coastal Kayaker's Manual*, he says, 'Hawaii resident Audrey Sutherland has forced me to eat my words. ...Her ingenious gear system allows self-sufficient travel for weeks at a time, and she regularly manages 20-mile traveling days.'

The main draw of inflatables for Audrey is that they're lightweight and easy to carry on a plane and up a beach, and they pack up small, opening up unlimited travel opportunities. "Landing an inflatable is certainly easier [than a hardshell]," Audrey says. "It bounces on rocky

shores."

Some of the inflatables she has used had rudders. Audrey's experience proved their worth: "Without a rudder, my longest day was 23 miles. With a rudder, I've made 35 miles."

Audrey is the author of *PADDLING MY OWN CANOE*, a rather plain title that belies the sometimes hair-raising accounts of her solo explorations of Molokai, and

Paddling Hawaii, as much a kayaking manual as it is a guidebook.

Recently she has served as a consultant for a New Zealand-based inflatable kayak manufacturer working on the design of a narrow 14-foot, 30-pound kayak. Audrey has also been working on a book about her 750-mile trip in 1981 from Ketchikan to Skagway via Sitka, Alaska. At press time for this issue, she was planning her 24th Alaska paddle at the age of 83.

*Ed: I was particularly taken with this article found in the most recent issue of the journal of the Tasmanian Sea Canoeing Club as entitled.....***GUIDELINES FOR TRIP PARTICIPATION**

INTRODUCTION

Sea kayaking is a great sport to be involved in; it can produce joy, fitness, mental stimulation, self-reliance, an appreciation and first-hand experience of nature and wilderness, and of spiritual peace.

However, our paddling involves an element of risk that in a worst-case scenario may be life-threatening. Having suitable gear, a good level of skills, building a wide paddling experience and displaying a positive mental attitude will greatly enhance your enjoyment of and safety in the sport.

Experienced sea kayakers will always have a personal view on the value of a particular piece of equipment, a particular kayaking skill, or some aspect of the way a trip should be undertaken. The value of being in our club is that you can gain valuable knowledge from other members, as well as contributing from your own ideas and experiences. Given

CLUB PHILOSOPHY

The Tasmanian Sea Canoeing Club comprises a group of people who enjoy canoeing (kayaking) on many different water environs, particularly the sea and open waters.

Members offer their knowledge and experience on a voluntary basis and any person taking part in a Club activity, or using Club equipment, or acting on the advice of a Club member does so entirely at their own risk. All members should take the time to research and understand the degree of physical risk involved in each activity. Members should use all the required equipment and make sure that it works.

We organise and offer activities on our Club programme on the understanding that the organiser is a co-ordinator and not a leader. Each participant on a Club trip is responsible for their decision to participate and to make an assessment of the risk involved. We stress that on a Club activity each member has a responsibility for the safety of the group and should at all times be mindful of the safety of the group.

Activities listed in the Club's programme will often have some indication of the expected difficulty or exposure, and the experience required of the participating paddler. This advice is given in good faith, but there is no such thing as a completely safe canoeing activity, and even those aimed at the inexperienced and on our most sheltered waters can become difficult or dangerous in adverse weather. Such weather is not necessarily predictable, and adverse changes can occur suddenly.

Members should participate whenever possible in any training, rescue and safety activities to enhance their skills and maximise the safety of their canoeing.

Above all, we share a philosophy of mutual benefit and co-operation in canoeing and related activities. Members organise trips and training to help other members and visitors gain enjoyment from the sport of canoeing and are pleased to share accumulated experience with those who are interested in taking up the sport. We trust that in turn these people will also make a contribution to the benefit, progress and success of the Club.

the common aim of paddling enjoyably within a group and minimising risk, yet also allowing sufficient freedom that a sense of adventure requires, experienced members of the Tasmanian Sea Canoeing Club have attempted to find common ground on what they view as the recommended skills, gear and procedures for participating in most club trips. If in any doubt, discuss these with the trip coordinator.

- *Becoming an effective sea kayaker requires commitment to developing the appropriate levels of fitness, skills and equipment for the level at which you participate.
- *You have decided to paddle with the group. Act responsibly towards the group, keep its best interest in mind, and accept group decisions.
- *In joining the TSCC you have accepted and should be aware of both the 'Club Philosophy' (see centre panel) and the 'Disclaimer'

risk warning which accompanies each TSCC programme.

- *Consider what level of risk you are willing to take and what you can do to minimise or avoid that risk.
- *Be able to accept responsibility for yourself and do not ultimately rely on the group to get you out of trouble.
- *Have the equipment and level of preparation listed below and as covered by TSCC Basic Skills Training.
- *Ensure that you are able to meet requirements for the proposed trip such as equipment, skill, stamina and paddling speed.
- *If there are insufficient trips on the club program of the sort you like then discuss additional possibilities with TSCC members and then put your suggestions forward to the trip program coordinator or to the bi-monthly TSCC General Meeting

REQUIRED GEAR

- *Buoyancy vest i.e. PFD (Personal Flotation Device) Type 2 or Type 3 that must be worn at all times on the water.
- *Clothing that is comfortable, warm and safe to paddle in. Dress for immersion in the water and appropriately to the current water temperature. In winter and spring a 'Farmer John' style wetsuit or dry-suit is recommended. Essential items are a spray-proof jacket and appropriate footwear, such as wetsuit booties.
- *Trip worthy kayak with all-round deck lines and bulkeads. Unused space taken up with enough flotation at both ends to ensure the kayak floats horizontally if the hull is punctured. On a longer trip this may be camping gear e.g. a sleeping bag or clothes bags sealed in plastic, empty plastic bottles or on a day trip with an emptier boat some inflatable devices such as a beach ball or swimming life-ring.
- *Spray deck.
- *Paddle
- *Spare breakdown paddle that is accessible on deck.
- *Equipment or skill to steer the kayak.
- *A means of stabilizing the boat, such as a paddle float, for re-entry after capsize and a wet exit.
- *Large sponge and a failsafe means of emptying large volumes of water out of the boat (hand pump and optionally electric or foot pump).
- *Water and food accessible whilst on the water.
- *Waterproof bag with a dry set of warm clothes and waterproof layer securely stored inside the kayak.
- *Spare shoes. These are very important if you have to abandon your boat and walk out from a trip.
- *Sun protection such as sunscreen, sunglasses and hat.
- *Tow line that is immediately usable and can be quickly attached to another boat.
- *Personal First Aid kit in a waterproof container.
- *Additional food and drink, allowing some in excess of the trip requirements.
- *Relevant map or maps for the trip, waterproofed by lamination or a plastic case.
- *Compass.
- *Basic repair kit appropriate to your boat and gear, at least a roll of duct tape, spare cord and a small knife. Longer

trips might require a more comprehensive 'group repair kit' for fibre-glassing work.

- *Torch with white light (preferably waterproof, such as a diver's torch) if you expect to paddle between sunset and sunrise when legally you must have one available. Additional lighting, such as bike lights, may be useful.
- *Whistle, worn on PFD.
- *Current weather forecast from Bureau of Meteorology.

REQUIRED BOAT HANDLING AND NAVIGATIONAL SKILLS

- *Paddling forward in a straight line.
- *Paddling backward in a straight line. Emergency stopping.
- *Turning the boat within its own length using forward and reverse sweep strokes. Effective support (i.e. bracing) strokes.
- *After Basic Skills training, continued paddling, application and development of skill levels in "real" sea kayaking environments, for example, paddling in waves and in significant sea swell (i.e. at least a metre), making exposed crossings into strong headwinds, making surf landings and departures.
- *Know how to read your map and use your compass.

REQUIRED RESCUE SKILLS

- *Recovering unassisted from a capsize event and wet exit without going ashore.
- Assisting other kayakers to re-enter their boat after a wet exit.
- *Experience of club rescue training sessions.

PERSONALLY ASSESS YOUR SUITABILITY FOR THE PROPOSED TRIP

- *Clarify your own trip expectations.
- *What are your current limitations, such as paddling speed, maximum time in boat without landing, paddling hours in boat per day, and the worst sea and wind conditions you are prepared to cope with?
- *Check the proposed trip on a map and consider the likely hazards and extreme case scenarios for the trip.
- *Have you been doing sufficient paddling recently to cope with the likely trip speed and distance?
- *If necessary, discuss with the trip coordinator your experience and current skill, readiness of gear and current paddling fitness and preparedness against requirements for the proposed trip.

THE ROLE OF THE TRIP COORDINATOR

- *Trip coordinators are members volunteering their time to organise trips. They are people who have paddled with the Club, are known to at least some members of the Executive Committee, and are believed by them to be competent in organising the trip. However, they are not formally required to be in any way trained, certified, or qualified as kayakers or as trip coordinators by TSCC.
- *They organise trip logistics and generally facilitate the trip.
- *Despite taking all due care they are not responsible for your safety. This is individually the responsibility of

each participant.

- *They are not responsible for providing or carrying safety or first aid equipment for participants.
- *They do not accept responsibility for accidents or damage to person or property as a result of a TSCC trip.
- *The trip coordinator has the right to determine a range of trip variables including standard of participant experience, skills, fitness and trip paddling speed.

BOOKING WITH TRIP COORDINATOR

- *Contact the coordinator as early as possible in advance of the trip, certainly a minimum of two days before the trip.
- *Confirm with coordinator that your expectations and their expectations are compatible with each other.
- *If required, discuss your current level of experience, skill, gear and fitness with the co-ordinator and obtain confirmation that this appears sufficient for the proposed trip.
- *Check food, drink, map and additional gear requirements.
- *Inform the trip co-ordinator of anything that may limit your full participation in the proposed trip before commencement of the trip eg how much paddling you are doing, any injuries/sickness etc from which you are recovering.
- *Confirm meeting time and place and transport arrangements.
- *Confirm your contact details.
- *Be prepared to accept the trip co-ordinator's assessment of your suitability for the trip and their judgement if they decline to accept your joining the trip on this occasion. They are fully entitled to make a personal judgement on this matter. There will always be alternative trips on which to increase your experience and fitness and to prove your capability. The trip will often be repeated in a later programme.

IMMEDIATELY PRIOR TO DEPARTING FROM HOME

- *Check your boat for trip readiness. Is that battery recharged, that rudder reliable? Are you in good enough physical condition to undertake the trip without strain?
- *Check through a list of your gear (even if just mental checklist).
- *Have it packed in waterproof bags ready to be packed into your kayak.
- *Check the current weather forecast and assess whether the predicted conditions are still appropriate for your skills. Often you will be contacted by phone on the night previous to departure if there is doubt about the trip proceeding due to poor weather conditions.
- *Let someone close to you know what you are doing and provide an expected return time and contact phone number to be rung in the event of your return being overdue. Return from a trip may be overdue by several hours. This should generally not be a reason for alarm. Contact numbers are provided on this website in case the club needs to be alerted. Alternatively, Police Search and Rescue have experience of most emergency situations a club trip may encounter and should be contacted directly.

- *Allow plenty of time to get to the meeting time and place.

PRE-LAUNCH MEETING

- *You are expected to have previously booked for the trip with its coordinator. Turn up on time.
- |*Recheck gear for yourself and possibly for the trip coordinator.
- *Your inclusion on a trip may be declined at the launching site by the trip coordinator if your gear is inadequate for the trip.
- *Dress in such a way that your body and mind will remain functional for 15 minutes of full body immersion.
- *Be aware of and have input into any group decisions and be clear about the trip coordinator's plan for the trip. This may involve staying together or being in groups for parts of the trip, regrouping plans, rest or lunch stops, emergency plans, expected trip speed, and expected time between landings.
- *Be sure about the trip plan, understanding its geography, risks and safety options.
- *Be aware of foreseeable hazards, such as exposed crossings, currents, reefs, surf or busy boat channels.
- *Express now any concerns you have about the trip plan.
- *Be aware of who is carrying any group emergency gear.
- *Assess possible weak points of the group.

DURING THE TRIP

- *Look after the safety, welfare and enjoyment of all members of the group, without jeopardising your own safety.
- *Be familiar with and observe MISK (minimal impact sea kayaking) guidelines including minimal disturbance to wildlife.
- *Stay within communication distance with the co-ordinator unless previously arranged otherwise.
- *Maintain awareness of the location of every group member.
- *If you are a beginning paddler or new to the club, maintain a position in the middle of the group. Ask a more experienced paddler to paddle closely to you if you feel nervous about handling the conditions you encounter.
- *In larger groups, stay ahead of the 'sweep' (a paddler at the back of the group who makes sure nobody drops behind).
- *When regrouping at rendezvous points, join the group so that everyone can comfortably make eye and voice contact with you.
- *Be aware of changing weather and sea conditions
- *Assist regrouping whenever indicated by the coordinator by other group members or by circumstances. Especially watch for a paddle held vertically which signals a request to meet around that paddler. This may be at the lee of a headland, because of a hazard ahead or in response to indications that a group member has a significant problem with gear or fitness.
- * Communicate information about any significant

problems that you are having. Ask for assistance if you require it.

*You have chosen to be with a group. The rate of travel is that of the slowest paddler though slower paddlers need to work at keeping up.

*Never leave a group without informing the coordinator.

*Do not encourage any paddler into actions beyond their abilities.

POST-TRIP DISCUSSION

*Participate honestly and constructively in post-trip discussion and debriefing. We can all learn from each other's observations and experiences, from mistakes and misjudgements evident on the trip, and from what individuals particularly enjoyed and appreciated about the

trip.

*Discussion helps build trust, good practice, better trips and a strong club. A visit to a pub or bakery on the way home is also a great stimulus to this.

*If as a result of this trip you feel you need any skills training let someone know -your trip coordinator, the TSCC Training Coordinator or anyone on the Executive Committee.

*We get out of the club in proportion to what we put in.

Remember that these guidelines are intended to make your trip safer and more enjoyable. If you lack some equipment, at least discuss it with the coordinator before deciding you can't come along..don't be shy, get involved, we look forward to participating in many trips together!

Heinz Topol from Northville, Michigan, USA writes about COLD COMFORT FARMER JOHNS

Regarding the relative merits of different garments for cold-water immersion survival. I would like to see some data that tells me more about this. For example, - this is how long a 170-pound, 5'10" male will last in 45°p water wearing A.) dry suit B.) wetsuit C.) "fuzzy rubber."
Regarding a wet suit, I'd like to know what an additional 1 mm thickness will buy me in terms of survival time. I paddle on Lake Superior every July, and the air temp is frequently in the low 80s, while the water is in the 40s. The bottom line is that I have no information with which to make a decision about the cost, safety and comfort trade-offs of different garments. Since most kayaker fatalities are probably caused by hypothermia, this would seem to be a topic of general interest.

Heinz Topol Northville, MI

Chris Cunningham writes..... "I'm glad you're thinking about what immersion apparel will be most effective for you. There is a lot of research about the effects of immersion in cold water, but I find it hard to relate directly to my own experience in the water: A quick web search for "hypothermia" will turn up a number of graphs plotting survival time against water temperature. One graph I found showed how different clothing extended your time of "useful consciousness": In 45°F water, you'd have close to an hour of useful consciousness without clothing, less than two hours with ordinary clothing, more than three hours in a 5 mm wet suit, and over six hours in a dry suit with insulating layers worn underneath. "Useful consciousness" is a bit vague, and might seem more useful than the end-game of "survival," but I think you'd agree that you'd

be looking for ways to get out of water that cold soon after the nerve impulses from your skin reached your brain. It would be easy to use the information in a graph like this out of context - a 5 mm wetsuit will give you three hours - but you have to keep in mind that at the end of the three hours, you'd feel like you've been skinny-dipping in 45° water for 45 minutes.

The important thing is to make sure you'll be comfortable exposed to cold water and that your abilities, both mental and physical, won't be compromised. Until you put different clothing to the test, you won't know how it will work for you. Some of the effects of cold water may not be measurable but will have a significant impact on your ability to cope with cold water: Will the cold render you unable to remember your routines? Will your hands seize up? Will you panic? I have my own rule of thumb: If I'd have no hesitation to go out swimming, I'm properly dressed. In the waters of Palau, clothing was optional. In the Mediterranean, I wore fuzzy rubber: Here in the Pacific Northwest, I layer up in fuzzy rubber or wear my dry suit. In Greenland, I paddled well layered up in pile under my dry suit, and yes - I waded in and floated happily among the icebergs.

If you dress for the water and find yourself 'overdressed' for the air temperature, you have no shortage of water around you to use to beat the heat. Many kayakers in a situation similar to yours refer to Eskimo rolling as 'rotary cooling'."

A TABOULEH RECIPE by Michael Comfort

Want something a little different for lunch, or as a side dish to go with dinner on a long trip? **Tabouleh** makes a change and this recipe is very simple to prepare while camping, just remember, it needs to soak for an hour before it is ready.

Tabouleh is a Turkish dish using bulgur, a form of wheat that has some of the bran removed from it and then is baked and cracked.

INGREDIENTS:

1/2 cup of bulgur/ 1/4 cup dried parsley/ 1/4 cup chopped sun dried tomatoes/2 tbs dried onion /1 tbs dried mint / 1/2 tsp salt METHOD: At home, measure all ingredients and place in a sealed plastic bag. To prepare, simply boil one and a half cups of water, remove from heat and add ingredients from bag. Stir and leave to stand for one hour (or longer). Drain off any excess liquid before serving.

A KAYAKING TRAGEDY IN BAJA, CALIFORNIA

By Melesa Hamer

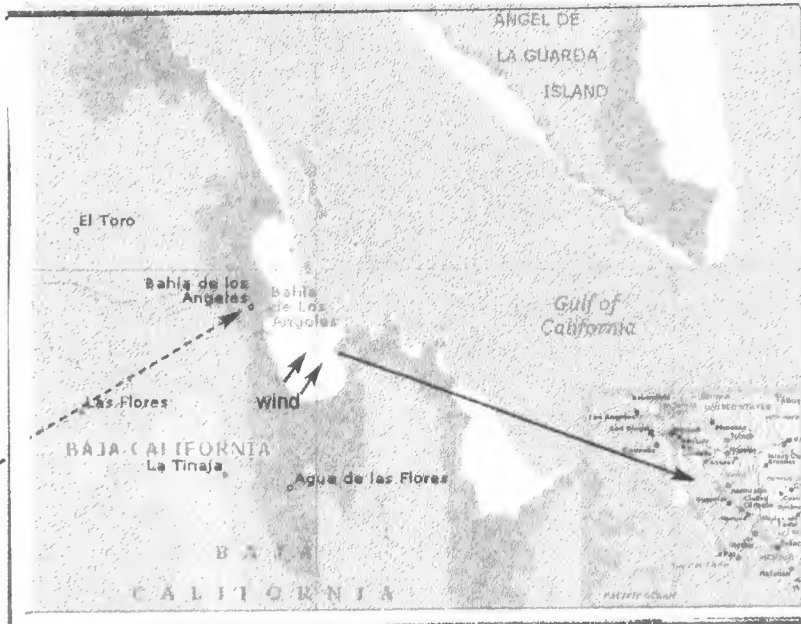
The sun had just dropped below the horizon in a brilliant shower of red and gold, and the sky was growing dusky purple as we paddled into the cove near Punta Don Juan off the coast of Baja, Mexico. This is the last cove to the south in the expansive Bahía de Los Angeles, or L.A. Bay for short, a paddling paradise known for its great snorkeling, fishing and diving. My partner Dave and I were happy to reach shelter before dark after setting out from the town of Bahía de Los Angeles so late in the afternoon.

As we coasted around the point, pelicans dived for their dinner, dropping vertically through hundreds of feet of air to pierce the water and strike fish swimming several feet beneath the surface. Just after rounding the point, we encountered a small group of paddlers heading out toward L.A. Bay from the mouth of the cove. We were practically on a collision course, and as we drew close, all of us stopped.

"What are you doing heading out in the dark?" I asked the five college-age paddlers in a somewhat joking tone but with underlying curiosity. "We've been trying hard to get in before it gets dark," I added.

They laughed and shrugged and told us about some great clamming they'd found on the beach they had just left. Dave asked again what they were up to. They said they felt like they just needed to get back to town. They said goodbye and set out across the quickly darkening L.A. Bay, singing songs and joking about clams, boats and bugs. It was going to be a moonless night, and they had a four-mile crossing ahead of them.

"Boys," I sighed to Dave. "Only boys would set out in the dark like that."



Just after we landed, the wind started picking up—and up and up. It was coming off the land, driving the hot, dry air of the desert toward the cooling water and out to sea. Soon we were staking out the tent's guy lines and huddling together in our windbreakers as we cooked dinner.

"I hope they're OK," Dave said as we ate. "I hope they stick together," I added.

"I wonder if they made it to town yet with this wind."

They've got to be going nowhere fast if they're paddling against it. Maybe they'll turn around and come back here," Dave said. "Do you think they have headlamps or wetsuits?" I asked.

A fatal kayaking accident in Baja brings up issues of responsibility and how to approach other paddlers when you think they may be paddling into difficulties

THE MISSING PADDLER

The next morning, I was clamming in the area that the boys had told us about, scooping them up by handfuls, when a boat pulled up. Miguel, who owns the campground

where the boys were staying and had rented them kayaks, was out looking for one of the boys. Only four of the five had made it across the bay the previous night. Miguel had received a call that morning from a friend who had recognized one of the rental kayaks sitting on shore on the other side of the bay.



"Really? Oh no," Miguel had said, then headed out in his panga, a local style of motorboat, to see what was going on. He followed the shore of the bay, and soon spotted a paddle, a kayak and the paddler who had left them on the beach. The young man was one of the five paddlers. He had just started walking back toward camp when

Miguel pulled his panga along shore and asked if he was OK. He said he had just reached shore and was exhausted after spending a grueling night on the water.

"Where's everyone else?", I asked Miguel.
 "I don't know," the young man replied. "We got split up."

Miguel continued along the beach and found two of the other kayakers walking down the shore toward camp and another one walking along a different spot on the beach. One kayaker was still missing. The four young men on the beach had not yet caught up with each other and didn't realize that one of them hadn't made it ashore yet.

There was no sign of the fifth kayak on the beach. Miguel scanned the bay with his binoculars and saw a red kayak floating in the middle of the bay, but no one was with it. He was hoping that the fifth paddler had reached shore and had left the kayak where the rising tide could have floated the boat and carried it out from shore. If that was the case, he might find the missing boy walking down the beach like the others.

The four kayakers who had reached shore were utterly exhausted, and were not only too tired but too inexperienced to take part in the search. They stayed at the campground, answered questions from the authorities and called the missing boy's mother.

After listening to Miguel's story, Dave and I spent the better part of the day paddling the bay, looking for the missing kayaker. There are no Coast Guard or search-and-rescue teams in Mexico, so Miguel, Dave and I were the only ones looking. We skirted the coastline, searching everywhere for the tell-tale flash of yellow or orange that might be a lifejacket. We were hoping we would see the young man - tired, wet and scared, but very much alive - washed up on shore. We spent the day monitoring the VHF radio and paddled up to fishing boats to ask if they had seen anything.

We radioed out on channel 16, the emergency station, to see if anyone knew what happened to the lost kayaker.

"Anyone, anyone. Come in, anyone. Does anyone have any information on the missing kayaker from last night?" I spoke hesitantly into the speaker.

A minute or two later a female voice answered. "Did someone out there call about the kayaker?"

"Yes," I said.

"Who is this?" the voice on the other end asked.

"We saw his group set out last night and have been looking for him today," I said.

"Well, they found his body over at Punta Rincon. They're waiting for the authorities."

There was nothing but silence for a while as Dave and I digested this.

"Thank you," I finally said weakly, forgetting the over-and-out rules of radio contact. Dave still held out hope, prodding me to ask the final question. Yes, they found the body but... "So he's not alive then," I asked, already knowing what I was going to hear.

"That's an affirmative."

Later we learned that Miguel, after combing all the points and islands, had searched the bay one more time and found the missing kayaker's body floating far from shore. Dave was wracked with guilt. "I should have stopped them," he kept saying. "I should have told them they were being dumb and they shouldn't go."

"Who could have known the wind was going to pick up like that?" I asked him. "And you said just yesterday you wouldn't mind paddling in the dark, but how could we know how much experience they had?"

At the time the group left, the conditions weren't anything we wouldn't have gone out in ourselves, but the rising wind quickly created conditions that they were not prepared to handle. The group hadn't been scheduled to return the kayaks to Miguel's Camp-ground until the day after we saw them heading across the bay. For some reason, they decided to head back to the campground early and make the passage across the water that night instead of waiting until morning.

Miguel told us that he'd asked why they tried to come back early instead of camping the last night and waiting for daylight to cross the bay. "They said they had been thinking about fish tacos and drinking tequila. And when they rented the kayaks, they said they had experience, but now I've learned only one of them had any experience, and he's the one who died!"

The account from the four survivors was that they had stayed together for the first hour or so, but then the wind split them up-three one way and two another. Then the two got separated, and only one of them made it back to shore. The coroner who examined the body of the fifth kayaker listed hypothermia as the cause of death.

I thought about everything we could have told the group, and how all the information in the world is useless if it isn't shared. I felt so deeply and painfully sorry for the boy's mother who would just now be hearing she would never see her son again. I thought about a cold, dark and lonely death.

This incident raised a lot of questions for Dave and me. Should we have asked the group if everyone had a headlamp so they could keep track of each other in the dark? Should we have checked to see if they were wearing wet-suits? As the more experienced kayakers, did we have an obligation to do something?

We had questioned what they were doing but hadn't asked them specific questions about their gear or level of skill. We chatted about superficial things in spite of our feeling that the circumstances they were setting out under were strange. Had we talked with the group about their prepared-ness instead of just the best place to camp in the cove, maybe we could have been more certain about their capabilities and things would have played out differently.

"It was pretty obvious right away that they didn't have any experience," said Dennis, a college-level outdoors professor who was camped next to the group the night before they left on their trip. "I asked them, 'Do you have tide tables?' They said, 'Do we need them?' I asked, 'Do you have any maps?' They said, 'Do we need those, too?'"

Dennis dropped his shoulders, shaking his head as he recalled the conversation. He too must have felt great sadness and regret that in his brief encounter with the five, he could not have found a way to get them to understand the risks they failed to see. "The Westerlies pick up so fast around here," Dennis said. "I've paddled up and down this coast in different sections, and this is the most dynamic area there is. The wind can pick up in 15 minutes and be blowing 40 miles an hour."

The wind is always a concern for kayakers paddling in Baja in the spring. Dave and I had just finished sitting through a windstorm for three days, and it continued to be windy off and on all week. While the kind of land breeze that overtook the five is not a daily occurrence, it happens often enough to be a consideration for any-one boating in the area.

In years past, kayakers seldom crossed paths with each other—the novelty of seeing other paddlers was reason enough to go talk with them and find out where they came from and where they were going. Now, tour groups pass each other going back and forth along the same well used strips of coastline. They don't want their out-door experience interrupted by seeing other people, so they don't approach them in the first place. Groups of kayakers may camp on the same beach within a few yards of each other but remain as distant as two strangers sitting next to each other on a bus. Most groups we encounter in the wilderness don't even make eye contact with us. And it's not just while paddling: it can be a part of any wilderness experience.

I decided that from that point on, I wouldn't worry about offending kayakers if I felt their abilities were a poor match for the risks they were taking on.

Sharing information used to give us the benefit of other paddlers' experience. But now with kayaking becoming ever more popular, people may take to the water with little or no knowledge of safe paddling practices. How do you approach someone when you think they may be heading into a situation beyond their abilities? How do you find out what their experience level is? How can you make sure

they are prepared to deal with situations that arise without offending them? Does it matter if you offend someone if you are trying to pass along important information about risks they

may not be aware of?

I decided that from that point on, I wouldn't worry about offending kayakers if I felt their abilities were a poor match for the risks they were taking on.

The next morning, the water started out as perfect glass. It was the kind of day made for kayaking. Our route took us past tiny islets covered in saguaro cactus. As the sun blazed, a man with no hat, sunglasses or shirt paddled a bright red sit-on-top across the bay.

"He's going to turn the same color as his boat," I joked to Dave. Even with such hot weather, sunburn wouldn't be the only risk he'd face. Hypothermia from an unexpected swim could also pose a threat.

Our boats were packed and we were doing a last check before shoving off when a group of three kayakers approached the beach - more college-age boys. They steered away from us and landed on the other end of the beach. They looked very much like the five paddlers who had been scattered by the wind. They were young and energetic, ready to take on the world and free from worry. I couldn't stop thinking about everything we could have said to the first group, and decided not to make the same mistake again. I took a deep breath and walked over to introduce myself. I asked if they had heard about the incident.

Only one of them had heard of the accident, but he had decided not to tell his friends about it. He said he didn't want to start their trip off on a down note. I thought it was absurd not to talk about the dangers you might face on a trip like this beforehand, especially in light of what happened last night.

"Yeah, but that guy wasn't wearing his lifejacket," he said in an offhanded sort of way.

"Yes, he was," I said. "He didn't drown. He died of hypothermia." The two other boys were amazed someone could die of hypothermia here where it was so warm.

"Yeah, but try swimming," I said. "In the water, you can get really cold after about 15 or 20 minutes. It's almost unbearable after an hour. The time for clear thinking and good strength and dexterity starts ticking away from the moment you hit the water. You need to be prepared for the water temperature, not the air temperature. Do you guys have wetsuits?" They didn't.

"Yeah, but I guess if you fell out of your boat you could swim to shore," said the same one who was so sure of himself. "That would keep you warm."

I just said, "Have you ever tried swimming five miles against a head-wind?" This was just the kind of a "downer" conversation he didn't want to be involved in, so he excused himself to go fishing.

I was frustrated. Here I was, making an effort to communicate with obviously less experienced kayakers, trying to get the seriousness of what they were attempting across to them, and I was getting the big blow-off. But the other two seemed genuinely interested in what I had to say.

"If it gets windy out, head for a cove immediately. And no matter what, stick together," I said.

We asked them if they had maps and showed them where the little bailout cove was on their mediocre chart. We talked to them about how to steady someone's boat after a capsizing so the paddler can crawl back in from the other side.

It was easy to see that this was their first time out in kayaks. They didn't have any idea what to do if the wind picked up or how to plan for other emergencies. After imparting a few more words of wisdom, Dave and I wished the two boys (who didn't mind hearing the downer information) a good journey. We told them about the excellent clamming spot and emphasized again to keep a close eye on the weather and each other, then headed out to sea.

It had been easy to open up a dialogue with the second group of kayakers because of what had happened the day before, but sometimes it's not so easy. People generally don't want their inexperience pointed out to them.

As we left L.A. Bay, a sheet of glass covered the ocean, rippled only by the drops falling from our paddles and the slight turbulence of our wakes. I watched Dave's reflection on the water as he paddled alongside me. Our early start that morning let us take advantage of the tendency for Baja weather to be better in the morning. It also let us catch a free ride on the current making its way out of the Sea of Cortez, rushing past the islands on its way to the Pacific.

It was hard to imagine tragedy on a day like that. The sea was calm and clear, and you could see through 50 or 60 feet of water to the white sand and kelp-covered rocks and coral below. Another day simply made for paddling, and after all the wind and rough seas lately, I appreciated the calm that much more.

EXPEDITION COMPLETED, 26/08/2004!

FIONA WHITEHEAD

returns to Portsmouth after her 2700-mile 139 day long circumnavigation. Here are extracts from her diary during the closing stages.....

Thursday, August 19, 2004

So it is August!! Having spent all day yesterday on the beach with the wind blowing very hard and surf splashing the tent it is disappointing to have the same today only worse. Last night the rain came down in bath fulls and the wind howled, the night was full of lighting, but the tent stayed where it was!!! Today there has been no let up. Tomorrow I would hope the wind will drop, I would like to get away but it is doubtful. Saturday looks the best opportunity. Have to take a day at a time, I WILL get to Portsmouth, just not sure when!



afternoon and then too late to get off the beach. At low water the shingle beach drops 30 foot in about 30 yards and then it is a trek of about 200 yards to the waters edge! So thought I would have a good night. Got disturbed when a car stopped close to the tent at night, think they were doing a test on the springs... it bounced up and down for some time! That went away and then a car with a caravan arrived and parked between me and the sea wall.

Got up early called the Coastguard and then the man from the caravan came over and asked if I needed help to get the kayak to the water... bliss... thank goodness for gentlemen! Got away at 0645 into a west to southwest force 4/5 all day. As I was going passed Dungeness at 0730 the Dungeness lifeboat pulled over on its way back from a shout... lots of luck wished and they took many photos... great start to the day. Stopped at Winchelsea for a snack at 1130 and took lunch on the move. Rest of the day was uneventful apart from the wind... fetched up at Pevensy Bay at 1830 really

Saturday, August 21, 2004

Had a boring day on the 20 August, windy all day until late

for a good meal. Some 36 miles paddled today. I am hoping for reasonable weather tomorrow and might make the Shoreham area. That will put me within about 42 miles of Portsmouth... looking at the tides that could mean a Tuesday afternoon arrival at Gunwharf... must not think of that... still a day at a time!!

Sunday, August 22, 2004

Today was a great paddle, I left Pevensey Bay at 0630, took lunch at Saltdean and arrived just one mile east of Middleton on Sea (nr Littlehampton) on an isolated beach at 1830. It was sunny most of the way with a confused sea at times and a force 5 east to southeast, first really good stern wind I have had and it helped me paddle 49 miles!!! I had a date with a Portsmouth News photographer at 1420 today. The plan was that I should paddle past the end of Brighton pier and he would photograph me. Regrettably he was not there. As I passed Shoreham I heard the cry "Fiona, Fiona", he was on the beach and wanted me to turn round and pass for photos. Unfortunately the sea was such it was not possible. Really close to Portsmouth and the end now. I KNOW I can make Tuesday, all being well I plan to pass the Round Tower at 1330 and get into Gunwharf marina a few minutes later, really looking forward to that.



Monday, August 23, 2004

A really, really disappointing day. I set off this morning with a southwesterly wind about force four and made good progress towards Selesy Bill. On passing the lifeboat crew in their HQ offered me a cup of tea... I did not stop... once round it hit me; the wind increased to about force six and a large sea quickly developed, at times I was paddling with six to seven foot waves breaking over me. As I approached East Whittering it became clear that it was dangerous to continue, I surfed ashore I was about 6 miles short of my planned stop for the night. The weather has continued to be unkind and I now cannot get to Portsmouth on Tuesday. I have to wait for better weather although I may try and sneak a couple of miles along the coast early tomorrow... I am really keen to finish now and it does not help to have Portsmouth in sight!!!

Tuesday, August 24, 2004

All day a Brackelsham Bay, but better than yesterday. Unable to leave the beach the wind was a full force 6 will many large breaking surf. Even the wind surfers gave up latter in the day! A morning call from India Juliet, the Coastguard Rescue Helo. On its morning patrol it flew past my tent a kayak once then on the return took up a low hover some 80 to 100 feet from the tent. Had a great 'waving' session! I was really grateful, just what I needed, boosted my moral no end! Also had a visit from one of my sponsors, Lendal paddles, a very kind gesture by them,

told them the paddles were working well!!! Later I was taken to dinner in a nearby cafe...ah luxury...finished off with a really sticky pud!! I am hoping the forecast is correct and the wind goes west overnight that may well allow me to get off the beach tomorrow. If I do it will mean at long last I am coming to the end of having to drag my 110 kgs kayak in and out of the water, that is just about the hardest work and takes up to 90 minutes sometimes depending on the beach. I can see Portsmouth it is not

far...oh for a warm bath!!!!

Wednesday, August 25, 2004

Woke up this morning to find that although the wind strength had not dropped, still about force 5, the direction had changed, my chance to get off the beach. I waited until the tide had dropped a bit and then at 1030 this morning I made the most wonderful start through the surf! After paddling for two hours I was off Hayling and people on the beach were shouting my name and waving, great, so unexpected. Then a TV crew started shouting at me and telling me to come in...I ignored them!! Finally I went unsure and landed for then and did an interview, then back on the water to finish my short days paddle at west Hayling. My launch place for by paddle into Portsmouth. I expect to pass Southsea Castle at around 1320 and through the Harbour entrance at 1400 landing at Gunwharf Quays marine five minutes later. 139 days away and nearly home for a hot bath, hot meal and comfortable bed...bliss.

Thursday, August 26, 2004

Finally, finally, the weather was great the wind light the tides with me and I finished, I arrived in Portsmouth at 1405 today right on time. For the last five

miles there were people on the beaches waving and a kayaker joined me. For the last 2 miles the Queen's Harbour Master, the harbour patrol vessel, a rib with ten family and friends, a press boat and the search and rescue helicopter led me into harbour.

As I entered Gunwharf Quay was full of people all clapping. I then had some 2 hours of interviews before returning home for the first time in 139 days only to find an Meridian TV outside broadcast van parked on the lawn and we were live on TV, not only me and my kayak by the invited guests popping champagne corks. It was a wonderful end to a really great trip. I did something I saw as a big challenge and completed it. I hope I have made some money for my charities because if they can benefit as much as I have from this journey then I shall be very happy and content.

SEAN MORLEY

20TH SEPTEMBER 04 - KAYAK COP COMES HOME

After over 4,500 miles and nearly six months at sea, the 39-year-old police officer from St Erth has finally entered Cornish waters. He set up camp on the Cornwall side of Plymouth Sound last night after a tough battle against strong headwinds and choppy seas during his passage from Salcombe. He now has just a few miles to go before returning to his starting point at the National Maritime Museum Cornwall, in Falmouth on Sunday 26th September.

Sean said that he was glad to be back in Cornwall, but had mixed feelings about completing his challenge, "It has been an amazing six months that I will never forget. I have just a few short legs to go and am finding it hard to keep myself motivated right to the end. Although I am really tired and keen to get back to my own bed, I know that I will miss being out on the water, so I am trying to enjoy every last minute of my journey."

Sean is camping just a stone's throw from the home of local hero Pete Goss MBE, who offered his support for Sean's charity challenge. "I know from experience that it is quite a challenge to sail round Britain. The weather and tidal conditions make it difficult for even the most experienced seafarer in a well-found yacht. To think of Sean achieving this alone in a kayak around some of the remotest parts of the country is quite amazing. The combination of physical, mental and emotional strain he has



put himself through over the last six months - in order to raise money for the RNLI and Marine Conservation Society - is incredible. I look forward to meeting him."

Members of the public are invited to welcome Sean back when he returns to the National Maritime Museum Cornwall, in Falmouth at midday on Sunday 26th September.

18th September 04 - Sean Arrives Back - Mid Day - 26th Sept

Well, he's done it! So come and welcome Sean Morley back to the National Maritime Museum in Falmouth, Cornwall.

After six months and 4500 miles of paddling he will hit the pontoon in front of the 'Events Square' at the NMMC at midday on Sunday 26th September.

There is plenty to see and do for all the family, so turn up in good time to cheer him in from his epic record-breaking voyage. Our kayak-cop has become the first person to solo-circumnavigate all the inhabited islands of the UK and Ireland by sea-kayak - and all in aid of the RNLI and the Marine Conservation Society.

There will be a chance to ask Sean about his incredible experiences and entertainment for all - followed by a fund-raising Barbeque in the Cutty Sark Pub opposite the museum afterwards.

Everyone is welcome, so join in the fun and show your support for Sean's amazing achievement. See you there!

WEATHER LORE

Taken from my forth-coming book, 'Sea Touring'.

There is no better entry to a simple appreciation of weather forces and of weather changes than through a study of weather lore, especially that part of it that has been vindicated by scientific principles. Indeed a considerable number of weather lore statements have a maritime flavour. There are those sayings connected with barometric change in relation to general weather and to wind, temperature and visibility features that are often critical for safe kayaking. A lot of the weather lore dates from prime sailing times.

**'A veering wind, fair weather;
A backing wind, foul weather'.**

Sailors of old were aware that a backing wind in which the change is anti-clockwise, most usually from north-west to south-west or from south-west to south, indicated, the approach of an Atlantic low-pressure

system, the so called 'depression' with its associated rain-belts or fronts. This change was also associated with the passage of the fronts in which the wind veered until eventually its strength decreased and the weather improved.

Even so, one could only be cautiously optimistic at such times, for even after that clockwise change of direction, with a veer perhaps back to north-west again, the weather could still remain quite squally, if generally less windy than ahead of the advancing rain belts. Also, in the van of a depression there are usually showers falling and a temporary deterioration of visibility where they occur. But between showers in a west to north wind the visibility can be excellent.

'The further the sight; the nearer the rain' is a reference to the fact that in the bright air behind a depression one should be ready for a switch back to

unsettled weather quite soon - possibly next day. The reason is that depressions often travel across the Atlantic in families, with around 12 to 18 hours of clearer weather between each deterioration.

'Quick to rise after low foretells a stronger blow'

This refers to the activity of the barometer and is a reliable sign. For a switch from unsettled to really settled weather it is necessary to have a gradual rise of barometric pressure for at least 48 hours.

About 75 per cent of British weather is imported, much of it is of Atlantic origin. Winds that predominate however, maintain quite long phases, even the non-westerly ones. Of particular danger is the east wind created by what begins as a small low pressure system over northern France. Once this gets under way it can endure for several days and, because of the influence of the low to south, it will be wet. Hence

**'Rain from the East
A day or two at least'**

And this is despite the fact that east winds normally bring Britain its driest weather spells.

**'When rain comes before wind
Halyards, sheets and braces mind;
But - when wind comes before rain;
Soon you may set sail again'**

This may appear a little fanciful but this statement is distinguishing between two distinct types of weather situation within an advancing depression. At the advance of the initial warm front, so called because the warmer air is overriding colder air and, in the process, creating a huge band of lowering cloud from wisps of cirrus to the eventual low nimbostratus, the wind rise is a gradual one and rain will start before this wind has gained its maximum strength. Later, near the rear of the depression comes the cold front where markedly colder air undercuts warmer air. Here the wind increase is sudden and very squally in character. Just afterwards comes a relatively short period of possibly heavy rain but the whole event does not last very long.

Finally, within the often squally showers that are likely to succeed the cold front, temporary winds increase will come within the rainy interval or just before it. Note that in settled weather - and this in itself is a sign that the atmosphere is stable and rain free - winds around the British Isles will tend to be onshore between midday and evening, reaching a maximum strength by late afternoon; and, overnight may change to offshore in direction after first falling to calm.

**'Red sky at night is a shepherd's delight
Red sky in the morning, shepherd's warning'**

A reddening of the sky at sunrise could mean an increase of water vapour in the upper troposphere,

perhaps also a high level inversion and some cirrus cloud. In other words a frontal depression may be approaching causing rain and strong winds by and after dusk. The implication of a red sky at dusk are that any rain and strong winds are more likely to occur during daylight. One of the most reliable of old sayings is

**'Backing winds and mares tails
Make tall ships carry low sails'**

The twisted sheaves of cirrus cloud called 'mares tails' are caused by the strong winds at upper levels which are often associated with a vigorous frontal depression which, if it is approaching, usually causes the wind to back. Another reasonably reliable predictor is

**'The moon with a circle
brings water in her beak'**

The circle in this saying is the lunar halo. Remember that the halo occurs around the sun just as frequently as around the moon, but it is noticed less often because of the glare. Observing clouds on a bright day is much easier when using sun glasses, and often helps to show up cloud formations that cannot be seen quite so well with the naked eye.

**'Warmth in Spring
Sea fog will bring'**

contains an element of truth. Air can hold a greater quantity of water vapour with higher temperatures, and in the spring when the sea temperatures have only just started to recover after the winter the air at the surface could be cooled to the dew point - in other words, form fog.

Weather lore should be used with caution although the basis for some can be scientifically explained and can be used by kayakers to alert to possible developments.

As to the method used in the preparation of official forecasts, this has not changed in that the basic technique is, as ever, to study and monitor the properties of all incoming and home produced weather systems, together with their movements, in order to arrive at likely developments over the next 12 to 24 hours and, even for longer periods. The difference between forecasting today and that of, say, twenty years ago, is that the use of

computers enables the meteorologists to reconstruct their meteorology in terms of mathematical models.

Additionally, the extremely useful and detailed photographs of our atmosphere

provided by satellites in constant positions are an invaluable aid. This said, local forecasting within sea and coastal areas, as well as for land areas, still remains something of an art as well as an earnest science.

Consequently weather forecasting offers scope for the kayakers participation on an active basis, and not merely as an official forecast user.

Listening to the various weather bulletins, drawing a synoptic chart, recording pressure and wind direction over time together with observation of the sky is the most reliable method of local weather forecasting

SEA WALLS HASTEN LOSS OF BEACHES

By Gareth Walsh

Taken from the Sunday Times 26th September, 2004

BEACHES along some of Britain's most popular tourist coasts are being washed away as rising sea levels and man-made defences send them slipping beneath the waves.

Research by the Royal Geographical Society, to be published tomorrow, shows hundreds of beaches are shrinking and becoming steeper. The effects of nature are being made worse by sea walls. As low tides creep inland with rising sea levels, high tides are held back by defences, leading to steeper, narrower beaches.

The most dramatic changes were in the south of England, where rising sea levels coincide with sinking land. In parts of the northwest, by contrast, beaches are expanding.

Researchers believe that, as beaches become smaller, the greater strength of sea walls needed to keep out the waves mean they will no longer be economically viable in many parts of the country. Nigel Pontee, a consultant to Halcrow, a civil engineering firm, and a co-author of the report, said: "It is increasingly likely that in the future we will see greater efforts being made to retreat from the sea rather than stand against it."

Researchers studied Ordnance Survey maps dating back to the 1840s, then compared today's high and low water marks with 19th-century levels. They found beaches had become steeper at 61% of the 1,084 sites studied, with 66% of beaches on the south coast affected.

Areas with the most rapid change include the Solent and the Thames estuary. In the worst affected areas, the difference between low and high tide is shrinking by as much as a 3ft a year.

Sea levels have slowly been rising for centuries, and researchers believe that as the climate becomes warmer this could accelerate at the same time as storms become

fiercer. Their findings are the latest in a series pointing to the effects of global warming on the British coastline.

The expansion of some beaches in northern areas of Britain is caused partly by a long-term shift that has been occurring since the end of the ice ages. In Southport, Mersey-side, the beach is growing so fast that the town is exporting sand to the Middle East.

Ed. And here is a summary of the RGS article referred to above

Entitled 'A MACROSCALE ANALYSIS OF COASTAL STEEPENING AROUND THE COAST OF ENGLAND AND WALES'

Coastal steepening potentially presents an array of management issues in the form of financial implications of sea defence degradation, increased risk posed to the hinterland as wave attenuation is reduced, 'coastal squeeze' and statutory requirements in the light of the Habitats Directive. The extent to which coastal steepening has occurred throughout England and Wales has been investigated through use of a GIS and dataset based on historical Ordnance Survey map information. Data were collected along 1084 selected profile lines, positioned so as to be geomorphologically representative of the coast.

Features recorded from each map year included the positions of mean high water (MHW) and mean low water (MLW), the relative movements of which infer changing intertidal gradients. The results presented in this paper are on a subject and scale not previously published. It is revealed that 61% of the coastline studied has experienced a tendency towards steepening. Of the remainder, 33% has flattened, and 6% has experienced no rotational movement. This tendency towards steepening has been the dominant movement on each of the west, south, and east coasts.

Ed..I wanted my last article in my last issue to be an expedition report...I wanted it to be a good expedition.....they don't come much better.

ROUNDING THE HORN

By Daniel E Arias

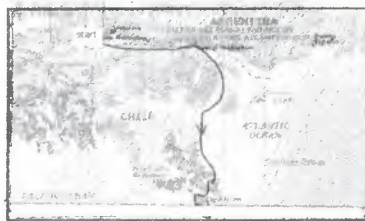
We kayakers are not very good at dealing with bureaucrats. This particularly irritating Chilean Navy Officer lifts his eyes from his paperwork, considers me for a second and



goes back to whatever it is he's doing, murmuring, "We have no news for you; your papers didn't arrive" "Look here, Sergeant - winter's coming fast, and the weather's getting

worse, we really need to move on to the Capel Each day stuck here in Puerto Williams means more risk for us!" He stifles a yawn. "You don't move to nowhere till the Navy says so, Senior Basombrio. Who's next?"

Call me Pablo. I am, while these unhappy occurrences take place in the year 1999, 37 years old, a graduate in political science and a low-level executive at a travel agency in Buenos Aires.



My landlubber life bores me out of my wits now and then, and I have to get to sea. Nevertheless, as I am poor, proud and favor being my own Ahab, my

ship is a kayak, and my occasional white whale is some Patagonian endeavor-the harsher the better.

To "do" the redoubtable Cape Horn, I teamed up with two other kayak experts in 1997-Martin

Grondona, a 38-year-old Argentine world-class white-water kayaker, and Emilio Caira, a 35-year-old Argentine physical education teacher, car racer and one of the finest long-haul kayakers I know. All of us were from the Buenos Aires area, none of us well-to-do. We slaved, scrimped and saved for two years to purchase, among other things, our three plastic sea kayaks. We spent 1997 and 1998 knocking on the doors of elusive sponsors, studying the oceanographic and navigational data of the Fuegian channels and the Wollaston archipelago, planning the trip penny by penny, day to day, leg after leg, with all the possible escape routes for any given situation. In the meantime, there was a lot of severe physical and endurance training in the breakers off sandy Pampean beaches and in swirling Andean white waters.

Over those two intense years of preparation, the three of us became a disciplined, tightly knit team. We adopted a couple of lines from an old Siberian logger song as our motto: **"If tragedy strikes at us, I will only think of my friend. I will give him my soul, my hand and my heart."** Words are powerful things. These saved our lives.

WE STARTED OUR TRIP some miles west of Ushuaia, a city on the Argentine northern bank of the Beagle Channel. Our trip toward its eastern entrance was a predictable fight against the volatility of Patagonian weather, but our new kayaks were a joy, loaded to the brim as they were. To travel light and yet enjoy 26 days of autonomy, we carried a lot of freeze-dried foodstuffs. We took for granted that we would spend perhaps a third of our time marooned at various desolate shores, cursing the foul weather and waiting for a break in it. Every ration was carefully pre-packed in waterproof plastic in hopes that we wouldn't have to reshuffle the crammed cargo bays but could still get our three meals a day. All in all, each of us ate like PacMan in overdrive—about 6,000 calories a day—but with the paddling and heat loss, we burned it all and grew ever leaner.

The Beagle, as expected, was the easy part. We were routinely machine-gunned by hailstorms burped on us by the mountains, and we carried on through rough, choppy surf, sudden wind gales and the common short downpours of the region. We were surprised by brief, perfect calms during which the vast beauty surrounding us overwhelmed us into silence. We thought the scarcity of adequate escape routes and the ferocity of local windstorms would be the main hazard of this trip. But after being marooned in Puerto Williams—our first Chilean port-of-call—by the local paper-shufflers, it seemed we had run aground on the reefs of military idiocy. Our trip was dead.

THAT IS WHAT I told Martin and Emilio, who were waiting for me in the cold. But we wouldn't go down without a fight! We did eventually sort it. The following day we went down the tube of the Beagle like a dream, swiftly pushed between ammonia-reeking nested islets by the west-to-east current, and camped at a beach at Puerto Eugenia, in front of Snipe Island. Our brief romance with the milder side of the Beagle's erratic weather came to an

end the following noon, when a 165-degree turn took us into the much sterner Picton Pass. We inched our way against 40-knot winds and reached Puerto Toro nearly in the dark and very beat-up. We stopped at the hamlet's gymnasium for a hot shower and some shut-eye.

We continued on through Goree Pass with a slightly westward course, mostly keeping to the belt of kelp-free water between the beaches and the shoals offshore, which somewhat tempered the fierce surf. After a night at Punta Guanaco, we set off for the desolate Wollaston archipelago, with cliff country everywhere and no 'easy' escapes.

We planned to land at Caleta Middle, the only good landing spot and the place where the Navy kept an Alcarnar, or outpost. Notwithstanding the fine weather that day, Nassau measured up to its ill repute. The swift circum-polar current can snatch you into the Atlantic like a conveyor belt without any warning. The locally bungled-up magnetic lines confuse the compass there. Confusion and tiredness add to motion sickness, but you just have to grind on. That's Nassau in fine weather. In foul weather, it's impassable.

WE PADDLED SOUTH toward Herschell Island across the many bays of towering Wollaston Island. We crossed Alsina, a shallow kelp filled bay where nothing but a kayak can navigate, then Hatley Bay, 12 miles wide and open to the furies blowing from southeast. In Scourfield Bay, three minke whales lured us into following them. Rain poured on us with abandon, but we could not care less as long as the wind stayed down. At Canal Bravo, the sun unexpectedly smiled on us, and we admired the inhuman emptiness of it all. We gulped down some hot liquids, munched a power bar and hurried south to Herschell.

Herschell is the usual kayaker's springboard to Cape Horn and the fall-back, should a gale arise during the 10 mile crossing. Horn Island, a 1,500-foot-tall black basalt fang, was dead ahead. Over the years, the diminutive white lighthouse on top has witnessed the undoing of many ships. We could practically touch our target. We discussed our options, bobbing up and down amidst the waves. The sun was already very low in the sky, and every inch of the day's 25 miles at the paddle weighed over our weary bones. We decided to call it a day. We landed at Caleta Duble with much difficulty, jumping into chest-high water between surf-tormented boulders. We climbed up to the ruins of an abandoned shelter. There, although beat, we just couldn't fall asleep. We tossed and turned in our sleeping bags, anticipating the big day!

AT DAWN, we paced around Herschell like tigers in a cage. Unable to get out because of a powerful wind, we scowled at the waves booming at the base of the cliffs but knew it was better to be up there wishing to be down below than the other way around. At midday, the wind calmed down, and the Chilean Navy at the Horn radioed that they were reading only 7 knots on their anemometer. We raced to our kayaks and took off to make the crossing to the Horn in less than an hour. Still going "full steam," we turned straight to the west. Sticking to the north

coast of our target, we attempted its circumnavigation counterclockwise. It was a breathless race. The horizon ahead was already pitch-black, blocked by ragged, deep violet clouds coming at us like gang-busters. We had to make it around the Horn to Caleta Leon before being overtaken by the storm.

We couldn't believe the heights that the long, mountainous swells lifted us to or the depths we sank into vertically when each foamless wave passed us by and we started falling into a shimmering valley of water. We rushed west-ward along black basalt walls: There were no escapes. We felt the water's energy all around us, and for the first time on the trip, our knees trembled inside our cockpits. We reached the west end of the island, around the foaming spires of Ras Catedrai, which juts out of the sea like a flooded skyscraper, and pressed west as the gale at our backs finally overtook us.

It was very, very black. The GPS said we were just two miles from Caleta Leon—our only possible escape and the culmination of our trip. But with visual conditions deteriorating fast, progress was indiscernible. With the rain flying horizontal and thick, they couldn't see us at all. We raced on east-ward, our destination so near, we felt invincible.

Then the wind started blowing from the north, its whirlwinds and vortexes dampening our push to the east. Our energies started to dwindle fast. We realized that our goal was behind a barrier of breakers, and the waves didn't appear to follow any pattern as they broke into a churning foam nothing could float over. We picked our way through the chaotic water. When we finally landed at the comparatively wind-secluded Caleta Leon, the storm had developed into a real killer, with winds at 70 knots or so.

Up at the lighthouse, the welcome of the Silva family—their amazement and pride for what we had just done in spite of the homicidal storm outside—made us humbly proud to be part of the resilient human race. The Silvas, in their quiet way, seemed to feel much the same. Three days went by without the storm pausing even to breathe. And we were going quietly insane. The Silvas had no spare guestroom, save for a freezing, wooden tool shed—a few square feet among the electric generator and other hardware. Cape Horn is roughly six by two miles, entirely barren except for hardened peat and windswept grasses. We would have liked to trek around the island, but in 1978, when war between Chile and Argentina seemed certain, landmines were buried everywhere. The confinement was killing us. The following day, we royally decreed that the storm appeared to be abating, in plain contempt of meteorology, reason and our own rules (stay away from the sea after 3:30 P.M.), and we bid goodbye to the deeply worried and protesting Silvas. We watched them until they disappeared, waving under the falling snow. The wind numbed our gloved hands the very second we paddled out of Caleta Leon into the madness that had possessed the water outside. It was 4:30 P.M. We intended to stick to the leeward eastern coast of the Horn until we got below the nonhern cliffs, then paddle to Herschell with the wind at

our backs. The plan was to reach Caleta Duble before nightfall. That was the plan. Paso Mar del Sur was near enough, but as daylight succumbed to the storm, we were engulfed by darkness, buffeted by hail-stones and rain, and shaken by gigantic waves. Through the howl of the wind; we heard breakers nearby and all around in the dark.

That evening, Emilio, exhausted and motion-sick, confessed that he was losing control of body and vessel and was on the verge of capsizing. Manin and I proached his kayak from either side, crossed our paddles over our decks and formed a raft to try to weather it out, trusting that the gale—and our rudders—would eventually push us into Paso Mar del Sur. We had been way too cocky. As time passed, Emilio kept vomiting and trying to stay conscious, while Martin and I exchanged half-hearted jokes to cheer us up. Our fingers were slowly succumbing to frost-bite. What seemed like hours later, we spotted the black cliffs of Herschell, some 600 feet away. We took our paddles and headed in. Emilio slapped himself out of his torpor, feebly took his paddle and slowly started regaining control of himself and his kayak. Half an hour or so later, we made it to the agitated Caleta Duble, brutally bumping our kayaks against the boulders. We jumped into the surf and waded ashore, up to our chests in foam. After we beached the kayaks, it took a full hour for us to find Dracula's Castle in the dark. We stumbled into the shack, unrolled our sleeping bags (mine was soaked) and fell instantly asleep.

THE NEXT MORNING I stayed inside Dracula's Castle. I spoke very little, ate what my friends cooked, did a lot of soul-searching and slept a lot. It was freezing cold inside. We tried making a fire, but the smoke made us choke and gasp. At one time, there was a stove there, but the Navy must have taken it away years ago. Outside, the weather stayed hideous. Inside, I felt my own demons gazing at me in silence. They were Impatience and Pride, and they nearly killed the three of us. Nobody talked much. Later that day, we made a dash for the Alcamar of Caleta Middle, in Wollaston, where the three Navy salts received us a little bit like old friends and immediately set to getting us drunk on pisco. Being a teetotaler, I rather liked the binge. For the next few days, my rookie liver gave me hell. Kayaking in heavy seas with a hang-over is a bad mix. The weather kept teasing us: It would fake sunny and calm whenever we were beached, then put up a gale the minute we took to sea. Finally, on an uncommonly serene day, we shot past our goal of Puerto Eugenia and made it straight to Puerto Toro for a total of 27 miles. Tears flowed freely between the three of us. The local naval paper-pushers were still in a foul mood. "No, Señor Basombrio, we cannot extend you the customary certificate given to those having crossed the Horn. We have run short of them!!"

We crossed Beagle Channel back to Argentina, stayed a freezing, starry night at Punta Remolino and, utterly depleted, undertook a daunting final leg to reach Ushuaia the next night, with a maddening gale fighting us back most of the time.