NEWSLETTER

of the

Advanced Sea Kayak Club

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

AIMS

1. Promotion of sea canoeing
2. Communication
3. Organisation of events and corferences
4. Safety and coaching.

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ADVANCED SEA KAYAK CLUB

NEWSLETTER No. 32. AUGUST 1982.

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From Me, (Editorial)

Here comes another 'full to the brim' Newsletter - full of good and interesting material. Should you not agree ..... then YOU send me a contribution and we'll liven this old letter up!

Seriously though, eleven pages is the maximum I can send at the basic postage rate and 22 sides can take some filling - so do keep those reports, news, views, etc. coming in.

I have only just returned from our holiday at Gatehouse of Fleet on the S.W. coast of Scotland where during the first week I ran a sea canoeing holiday for seventeen sea canoeists. We paddled extensively on the Solway Firth - one of my favourite canoeing waters. Perhaps the following extract from "The Solway Firth" by Brian Blake explains why I enjoy this area so much:

"With every tide the Solway Firth becomes part of the great oceans, a sea for ships which sail its fairways and were once built in its ports. It is the haunt of sailors, a place of beauty and a frontier between two lands. With every ebb, half this sea disappears and its ships are gone away, except for those left wrecked, rotting in the silt. Then there remains an unknown Solway world of wet yellow sand gleaming over narrow channels. This part of the estuary, uncharted because daily different, is only familiar to those whose livelihood or pleasure is found by its shores. Seabirds and salmon, wildfowlers and fishermen share this wide but shallow valley with those who seek and find peace in space and beauty amidst the discipline of the tides. Against a backcloth of incredible skies, this tide-swept Solway sand forms a stage both for the pageant of history and for the satisfaction of everyday living. A strange beauty and ever present danger, united yet distinct as the two sides of a coin, live together in the Firth.

Skies come next as a mantle for the hills, seldom with the harsh blue brightness of the south, but always with a depth of texture. Clouds, building and breaking, send sunlight fleeting across each slope and harmonise weather and far turf into ever-changing patterns. You may come to these shores at any season of the year, and you will find movement and colour, both strong and delicate. Skies and hills dress the gleaming sand, and cloud or sunset-light the water."

On top of this, my parents have lived in Gatehouse for 20 years and I therefore have strong associations with this area and know many local people. This contact proved very useful when we recently set Ross Island at the mouth of the Dee Estuary alight!! I was able to make peace with the owner.

We camped on Ross for one night as part of our two day expedition and in order to cook some mackeral started a small fire, which later spread to burn and scorch almost a third of the island. We spent from one to five in the morning fighting the fire, successfully containing it before it set light to the automatic lighthouse. At one stage the smoke was so thick that it obliterated the light from the lighthouse prompting several navigators to report its' malfunction. Fortunately I was in continual radio contact with the coastguard. You can imagine their surprise when at 1.30 in the morning they were informed (by Nanuk!) that we had set light to Ross Island - they were quite at a loss as to what best to advise!

Within the body of this Newsletter you'll read the description of our crossing from Port Patrick to Larne by Bon Llewellyn, who coincidentally turned up at Port Patrck at the same time as we did.

J.J.R. (Nanuk)

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JUST ROUND THE HEADLAND. by Michael Taylor.

Spring Bank Holiday is potentially the most unpleasant weekend of the year. The Caravan Club is out in force, the hills are crowded, the queues at the bottoms of climbs are enormous. The only sensible things to do are paint the house or go to the sea.

I only discovered Pembroke last summer when I spent a holiday sea-cliff climbing. I was hypnotised by the coast line and by the views from Whitesands of the Bishops and Clerks spread in a distant line. I knew that the next time I went it would be to canoe rather than climb. However, I could find nobody willing to drive from North Wales for a weekend's paddling and as, by any literal interpretation of the title, my membership of the Advanced Sea Kayak Club contravenes the Trades Description Act, I was not keen on going alone. It was not until Spring Bank Holiday that I found someone prepared to accompany me.

We planned to spend Saturday paddling from Martin's Haven to St. Ann's Head then out to Skokholm, Grassholme and return to Martin's Haven via Skomer. We launched with minds full of doubts for the thought of the infamous Jack Sound had haunted us in the week leading up to the trip and we would liked to have had a few miles behind us before tackling it. Instead we had only one kilometre behind us but our fears were unfounded as it proved little more problematic than the local swimming pool. Of more concern was the sea mist which had blotted out the early morning sun and reduced visibility to two hundred metres; hardly conditions for navigating to the little island of Grassholme which is half a kilometre long and 13 kilometres from the nearest land. However, as we approchhed St. Ann's Head the mist began to lift; a mixed blessing as it allowed us not only to see the land but also the size of the waves that were crashing on the rocks ahead. I paddled round St. Ann's Head hoping to get some shelter in Mill Bay and to regain contact with Dick whose head I had occasionally glimpsed during the previous twenty minutes as it bobbed about in nearby waves. My hopes were ill-founded as the Bay offered no respite. Dick and I were able to get close enough together to agree that lunch would have to wait and we turned to head 7 kilometres north-west to Skokholm. At this point we got our first help from a tidal stream and we moved to within a hundred metres of the island like a Nimrod in a hurry. It was then that we reached what the Pilot refers to as, "one of the eddies that surround each of the islands in the area". The last one hundred metres to land in Hogs Bay took as long as the previous 7 kilometres from the mainland. Lunch on a mat of Red Campion while we bathed in the sun and watched the Puffins in the bay put us back on top of the world and we contemplated the 15 kilometres to Grassholme with a new enthusiasm and confidence. Our confidence was well placed as the sea suddenly calmed, the sun blazed and we felt that the only other living things were the Shearwaters skimming the waves in front of us and the Gannets soaring above.

I have seen photographs and read descriptions of Grassholme but they do not do the island justice. From afar it looks as if half the island is carpeted with flowers but as one gets closer it becomes apparant that these are not flowers but Gannets, members of the largest colony (some 15,000 breeding pairs) in England and Wales. As one gets closer still the sky becomes thick with a cloud of Gannets and looking upwards is a foolhardy exercise. We had hoped to land but the sea was too heavy and although we circumnagigated the island there was nowhere to pull in. In view of the stench of the birds that could be smelled a hundred metres from the land, this may have been a blessing in disguise.

We were left with what we thought would be a simple 13 kilometre paddle to the north of Skomer and then back to Martin's Haven. Simple it was until we got within 2 kilometres of Skomer. I had the feeling that the view had not changed for some time. Dick agreed. We took a few bearings to reassure ourselves and then paddled on. Twenty minutes later we checked our bearings. We had not moved. In an attempt to escape the influence of whatever was holding us we turned southwards with the intention of passing the south side of Skomer instead of the north. This made a little difference and slowly we pulled level

with the western tip of the island. We had spent almost an hour covering less than a kilometre. It was 8.00 pm when we landed at Mertin's Haven at the end of a 48 kilometre paddle.

The plan for Sunday and Monday was a drive to Abereiddy, paddle along the coast to a point near Solva, bivvy Sunday night, then come back to Abereiddy via the Bishops and Clerks. Sunday was a sunny day which we spent idling our way southwards alongside some of the most impressive cliffs one could wish to see. We toyed with bivvying in one of two comparitively recently ship-wrecked trawlers crazily perched on rocks just west of Solva but the difficulty of landing relieved me of having to admit my doubts about the wisdom of spending a night with the ghosts of ancient mariners. Instead we landed at a pleasant stony beach near Solva where we disturbed the solitude of a teenage couple who were spending the early ev ening in a very different way than which they had told their parents. They were less embarrased than we were and, although we were unloading our canoes less than 20 metres from them, they continued as if we were not there. If only there had been such gi rls when I was young.

Sods third Law is that it always rains when canoeists bivvy and at 3.00 o'clock in the morning I was pulling my poly bag over my sleeping bag. Fortunately the rain stopped and we fried our bacon in the dry. From the mainland Ramsey Island looks green and pleasant but is's best aspect are only to be seen from the sea. The south and west coasts have magnificent cliffs, small rocky bays, caves andthere are seals everywhere. We left this paradise for the five kilometre crossing to the Bishops and Clerks, a group of islands spread in a six kilometre line running almost north south. There is a Light house on the southern most Bishop and one of the three resident keepers descended the rock hewn steps to meet us. "If you can land, I'll make you a brew," he cried. We could have murdered a brew but as each incoming swell covered eight of the landing steps that were exposed as the wave went out, the offer was tantalisingly unreachable. We held a shouted conversation with the keeper, then swung into the north running current and swept our way along the line of islands hoping that one would provide a luncheon spot. None did, and instead we rafted up east of North Bishop to sip our soup. It was only 3.00 pm when we reach Abereiddy Bay so we spent a further couple of hours exploring the coast to the north before pulling into Abereiddy Beach.

Dick is not the shy, retiring epitome of the conventional canoeist and finished the trip in style by capsizing twice on the incoming surf and rolling on both ocassions. Despite his description of his technique, I am sure he has little idea of how he got back up as the hundreds of holiday makers who applauded him on the beach. I would be more convinced if we had ever recovered his paddle. However, my own more conventional landing was a real let-down for the spectators although a relieve to me. "How far have you been?" one holiday maker asked. "Aye, Just round the headland," I answered. "Hardly worth the trouble, was it?" he asked scornfully. "Not really," I said, too happy to argue.

BASS STRAIT DOUBLE CROSSED - SOLO.

Well known Tasmanian Sea Canoeist, Laurie Ford, has completed what must rank as one of the world's great solo sea canoeing journeys, a two way crossing of Bass Strait.

The Strait is recognised as one of the world's most treacherous navigable waterways, having claimed the lives of thousands of mariners and fishermen over the years: Laurie's route from Tasmania to Victoria is littered with the wrecks of over two hundred ships.

Bass Strait has only been successfully crossed in kayaks twice before, once by three Victorians in slalom boats and again during Rose and Wrights epic voyage from Sydney to Hobart. Both crossings nearly ended in tragedy through bad weather, a feature of the area which killed a solo canoeist some years ago and nearly finished two of Tasmania's top slalom paddlers earlier this year.

The 150 odd miles from Cape Portland to Wilsons Promontory involves open crossings through strong and unusual tides with the threat of almost instant gale force winds capable of changing direction at a moments notice: those attempting the Strait should carry passports as to be blown off course could mean having Hawaii as the next lunch stop.

Ford's push northwards was blessed with magnificent weather and millpond seas during which he made remarkably good speed, reaching Tidal River on the Prom. in plenty of time to run his planned weekend sea canoeing course for Victorian paddlers.

He had already achieved a driving personal ambition but by the wee small hours of Monday morning he was off again, heading south in a bold non stop attempt on Flinders Island.

Again El Nino, the sea god, smiled on him and in near ideal conditions, Laurie journeyed through the day and night to make Killiecrankie Bay on Flinders in 28½ hours. "It would have been 26 hours", quipped Ford, "but a minor error put me against a spring tide right against Flinders Island coast." He said that on several occasions, while paddling through the night, he dozed off, only to be jerked back to consciousness in the last stages of a sinking support stroke, put in by instinct alone. After a couple of days rest he continued on down past Cape Barren and Clarke Islands to finish on the north east corner of Tasmania. Not content with getting stuck into the ale at every pub on the way home to Hobart he even drove miles into the bush to a pub which announced on the radio that free beer was being served.

Ford's boat deserves some close scutiny as it played a major role in a great venture, and much can be learned from it. Although he has vigorously and vehemently critiscised British Sea Kayaks, his own unique 'Longboat', a home made affair, has much to thank old England for.

Originally a North Sea Tourer, it has undergone a surgical insertion of 4 feet amidships to create what appears to be a wallowing 20 foot clone. THE DECKS ARE VERY CLEAN, VERY SPACE INVADERS. No netted hillocks of extra equipment stashed

here. No patient mimicry of paddles, nor the phallic thrust of black bilge pump handles. Intricate mosaics of shockcord do not disturb the timeless dignity and symmetry of open deck. Only a neat tent guy, tip-toeing past the white cylinder with its furled retro-red sail, trips from loop to loop to circumnavigate the hard edged deck, watched by the inscrutable black half dome eye of a silva marine compass.

The unwary onlooker would do well to glance to the right, just past the small map on this ostensibly unfitted boat. For there, back from a tiny cork filled opening, is the operations console, the secret heart of space age canoeing. Six years ago in the Lake District we could only dream of such things, yet here it has happened. An electric, and extremely efficient bilge pump, together with built in riding lights fore and aft. All operated by three tiny rubber covered switches; nothing could be simpler. Add to this a high seated white strobe light to confuse shipping and you have the ultimate 20th. Century Sea Kayak.

Jim Hargreaves and I often dreamed of cruising down an endless grade 4 river as waterproof earphones blew our brains apart with the Stones at 90 decibels. I must ask Laurie, the electrical magician, to design me something, especially now that we have FM radio as well.

Whether or not your leanings are toward seal skin and icebergs or hi-tech and the Burmuda Triangle, the intelligent use of electricity in Sea Kayaks deserves a second glance.

Written and submitted by Earle Bloomfield.

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HYPOTHERMIA

Not many years ago the word Hypothermia did not exist in a canoeists vocabulary. Today everyone uses it, but by no means is it always used correctly.

Hypothermia, in the sense used here, means the abnormal lowering in the internal body temperature and it is usually the result of a combination of cold air, wind and water. Death from hypothermia can occur on shore and it was the number of deaths that occurred after survivors had been rescued that led the world's doctors to undertake the research that, in turn, has led to the present day knowledge. Note it is the internal body temperature that is the critical factor; skin temperat ure decreases to near water temperature within about ten minutes of immersion.

Those who die after entry into very cold water apparantly do not die because of the reduced body temperature, but from shock: there has usually not been time for the internal temperature to drop.

The normal internal body temperature is 98.4 degrees F. Shivering and a sensation of cold is likely at about 95 degrees F. Confusion begins at about 93 degrees F. By 91 degrees F the shivering is likely to have ceased and been replaced by muscular rigidity and an irregular pulse. By 88 degrees F the patient is semi-conscious, probably unconscious by 86 degrees, apparent death comes by 82 degrees and death by 79 degrees.

The reason for dwelling on these facts for a moment is not a sudden morbid interest in death, or even a latent interest in medicine, but an interest in life-saving. It can be important to understand how long a person is likely to remain alive and for how long a search should be continued.

One important factor is the type of person. Is he a winner or a loser because a will to survive can make a considerable difference.
Other vital factors are the clothing worn and the initial physical condition. Figure 1 shows the likely life expectancy of a person in the water without any special clothing and it can be compared with Figure 2 showing the affect of a wet or dry suit.

It is worth noting - considering how many are now being worn by canoeists - that although a dry suit is better at first, most will leak after a while and the effectiveness will decrease to the wet suit curve.

Heat loss is 25 times faster through water than it is through air (which explains why it is so much colder if leaks or perspiration soak clothing which was previously dry) but the loss by wearing a wet suit is only three times as quick. For comparisona wet suit is eight times better than ordinary clothing

FIG. 1

Water chill without anti-exposure suit

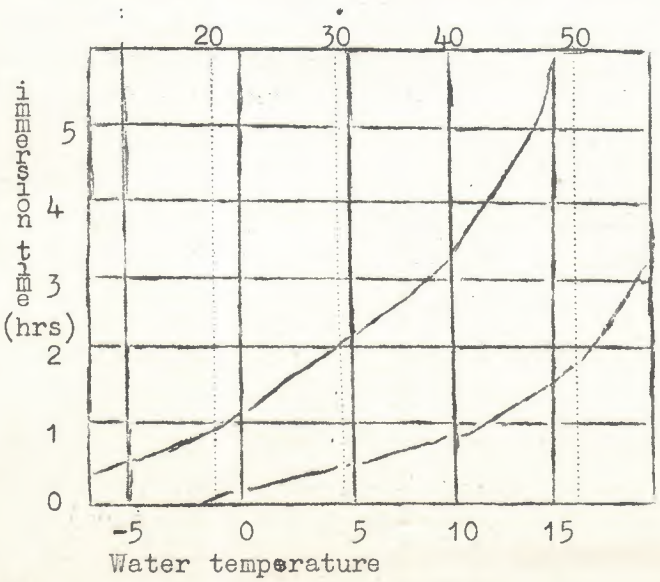
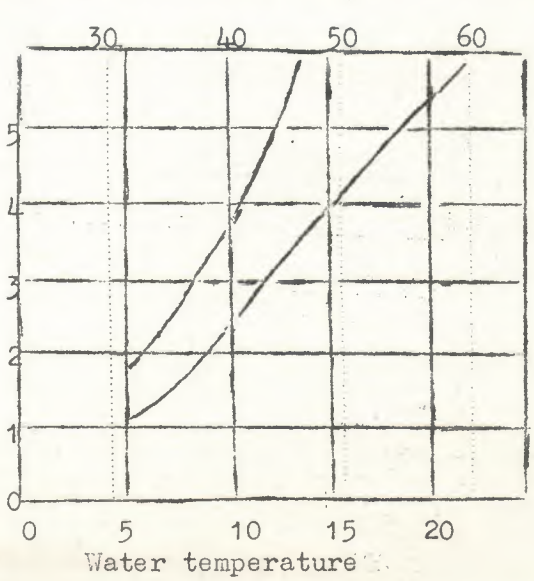


FIG. 2

Water chill with anti-exposure suit



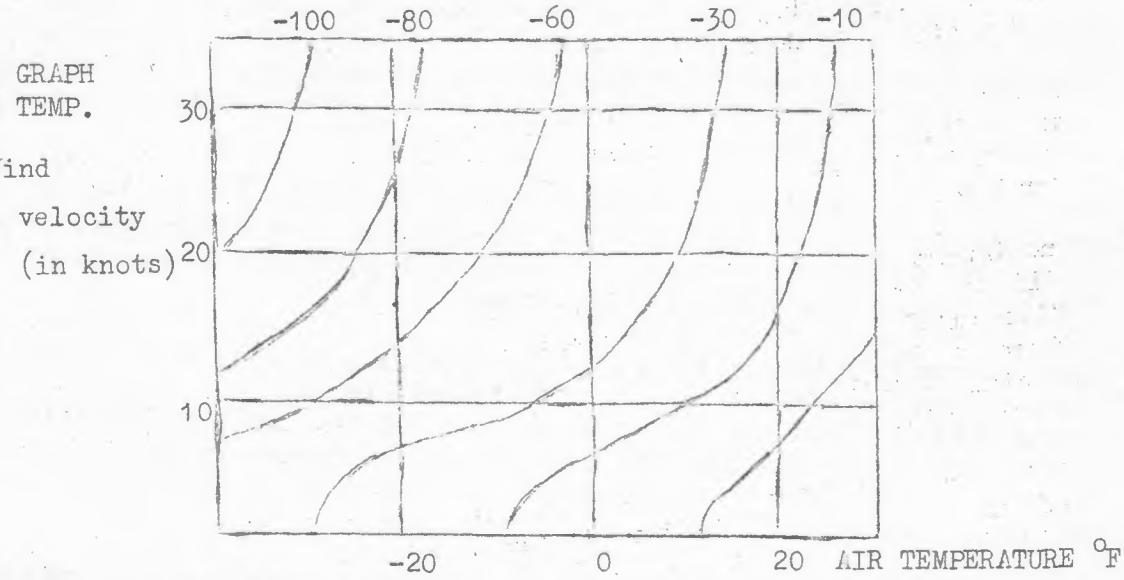
The 25 times better in air proportion might seem overwhelming, but note that that figure applies only in still air. Figure 3 (taken from a mountain climbing source and with Fahrenheit measure) shows the astonishing affect that wind ohill has. For example, in a wind of only 10 knots, if the air temperature was plus 10 degrees F the exposed skin would be feeling the equivalent of an air temperature of minus 10 degrees F.

The curves show how essential it is provide shelter for a casualty. If the effective air temperature is minus 25 degrees F (plus 12 degrees with 20 knots of wind) the exposed flesh can freeze within about 60 seconds.

In case anyone feels I have suddenly become unusually well informed about medical matters, I am summarising a most interesting report prepared by the Chief Coast-guard as a guide to search times and some information published in the Inter-Government Maritime Consultative book, 'Merchant Ship Search and Rescue Manual' (MERSAR). It is the latter which gave me Figure 4 (Celsuis this time) which summarises the whole problem in a simplified form.

FIG. 3.

WIND CHILL GRAPH
EQUIVALENT TEMP. ^{o}F.
CURVES



By no means are these figures other than guidelines. A fat person will survive longer than a thin person, the healthy longer than the unhealthy. Furthermore (and for reasons not explained) the yellow skinned will survive longer on average than these figures suggest, whereas the black skinned survives for a shorter time.

Statistically, 60% of survivors are likely to be injured and even supposedly able-bodied logical thinking survivors may fail to accomplish simple tasks and thus hinder their own rescue. Shock following an accident is often strong enough to cause illogical behaviour. Some may be calm and rational. Some become hysterical. The remainder may be temporarily stunned and bewildered.

It is the last group which most need leadership and, as the shock wears off, they will respond. Those who do not are much more likely to die unless recued quickly.

FIG 4.
Guide to survival times for people in the water

Temperature ^{o}C.	Expected Time of Survival
Less than 2^{o}	Less than 45 mins
2^{o} to 4^{o}	Less than 1 hr 30 mins
4^{o} to 10^{o}	Less than 3 hrs.
10^{o} to 15^{o}	Less than 6 hrs.
15^{o} to 20^{o}	Less than 12 hrs.
Over 20^{o}	Indefinite (depending on fatique)

PLAS Y BRENIN GOES SCOTTISH by Michael Durham.

Regular readers of the ASKC magazine will recall reading about JR and company paddling around some of the many islands off the West Coast of Scotland. During the first week of June Plas y Brenin held its first Scottish Sea Exploration course in a similar area to that which had attracted John.

Saturday night saw us camped just outside Oban, overlooking Kerrera Sound, contemplating ideas of Corryvrecken, the Grey Dogs and Staffa, whilst wondering how strong the wind would get and hoping that it would'nt ruin all our plans. Scotland had just been beaten at home by England so we trod cautiously in Oban that night and Frank, a Glaswegian, did most of the talking for us. Despite these precautions we still had one encounter with a well-oiled lad who insisted on reminding us of Bannockburn!!

By Sunday lunch ten sea boats were battling down Kerrera Sound against a head-wind that did not promise well for the future. Cutting through into Seil Sound the team made good progress, the wind dropped and the sun shone. This was where it was at! Thirteen miles paddling found us on the southern tip of Luing and a perfect campsite. Scarba and Corryvrecken looked beckoning in the dying sun and we settled down to a well earned sleep.

The tide waits for no man, so we were up at 6.30 and paddling by 8.00 a.m. Six students and four instructors approached the Gulf with some anxiety and found peace and quiet. We shot through a small race of perfectly formed waves - good fun but no real trouble, and finding that we could make headway against the stream, we went back and shot through it again.

Feeling bold we paddled on to the Grey Dog (between Scarba and Lunga). So bold did we gallant explorers feel that we all accepted our leader's suggestion to have an extended lunch stop (a good excuse for a sun bathe) to allow the Grey Dog to gain some strength.

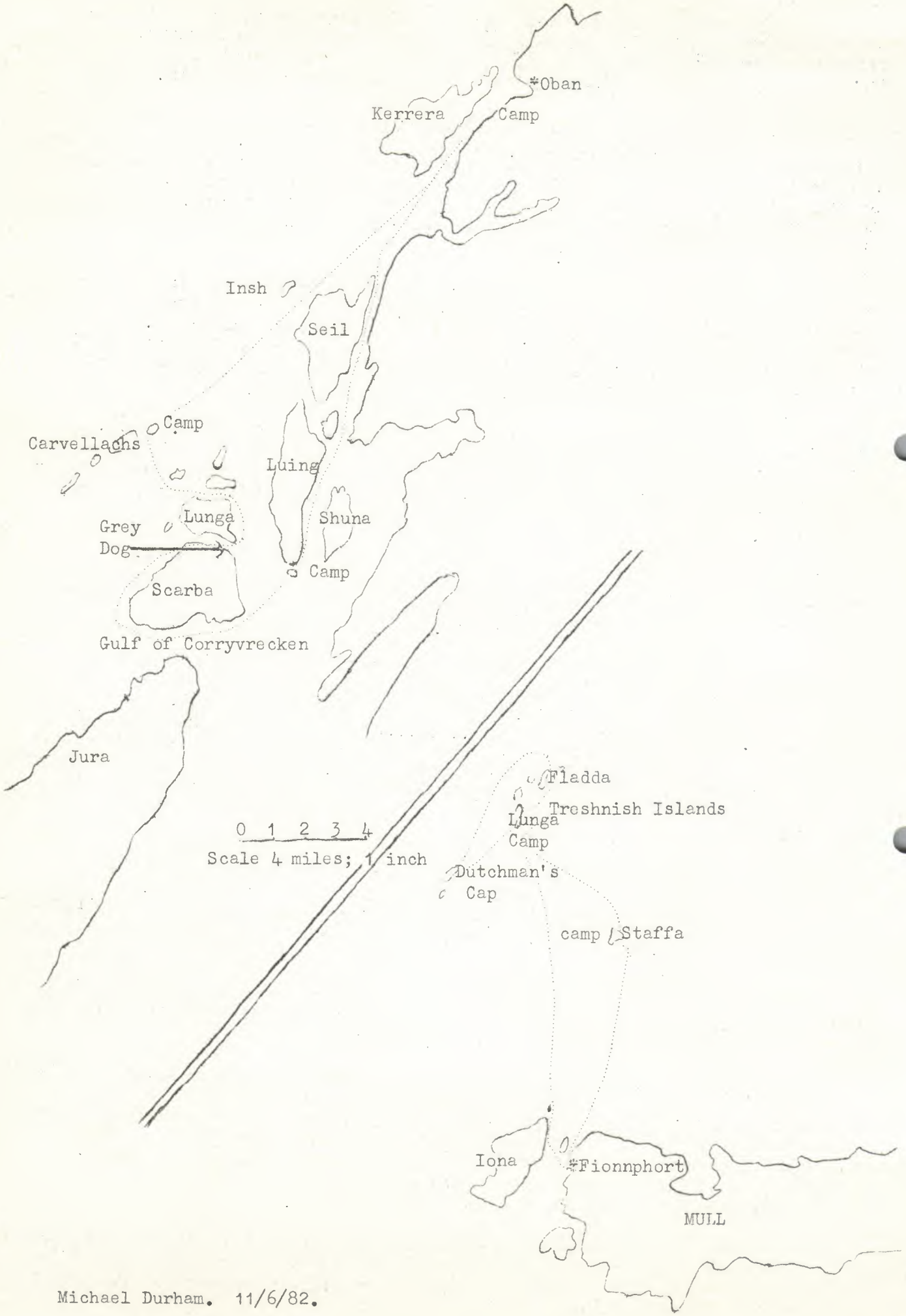
We took to the water at Ray's command and heading in the opposite direction from the two female paddlers we had met (Frank seemed to find the lure of women greater than the lure of water!), we made our second 'Great Race'. Boy Oh Boy! What a race! It was so ..... flat that we were through it before we knew we were there. Nice one Ray, no one's perfect. Blame it on your cold. I expect the charts were wrong as well. From there to the Garvellachs was a mere jaunt. Howard went fishing for the evening meal - thank you P y B for good camp rations - and we settled down to our second camp surrounded by Herring Gulls and their nests.

The shipping forcast told us that we were getting strong winds and rain - we lay in the evening sunlight hoping for it to become a little cooler. A bonfire took care of our rubbish, but we did'nt discover someone as skillful as 'Bonfire Bruce'. However, his skills at pyromania were seriously challenged later in the week.

Tuesday morning dawned dull and misty and we set off at some ridiculous time in the morning for Oban. Insh Island loomed up in the mist and it did'nt seem so long before we approached Kerrera Sound again.

When your with Ray it's all go and six rather bemused students found themselves on the 2.00 p.m. ferry to Mull. The team of four had it well planned and supplemented their water supply with a 3 litre box of wine - well Frank needed a water carrier! The drive across Mull was not without interest; 30 miles of single track road and a desire to be on the water before the tide turned. However, the ferry ramp had been unkind to our towing bar and so we drove carefully across to Fionnphort and the Sound of Iona.

Such was our desire to be away that George only got half way to the shops before being summoned to his boat. We struggled down to the water's edge with fully ladened boats and I wondered if these carrys could get any worse. The answer was a very definite yes.



Michael Durham. 11/6/82.

And so to Staffa. If Frank Goodman had been around at the time of Mendelssohn they would have made a great team. Surely the old master would have enjoyed arriving at Fingal's Cave by Nordkapp - we certainly did. It had been a good crossing - Ray and I argued about the identification of a bird which turned out to be one of a pair of Manx Shear waters that accompanied us for much of the trip. Puffins were plentiful and the Fulmers were very inquisitive. Apart from the birds we had Staffa to ourselves - no, that's not quite correct, we did have some midges, but considering the fine weather we were experiencing they did not live up to Scottish standards.

At last, a lazy morning; "We need'nt go until after lunch" (Ray), "He's ill" (Everyone who knows Ray.) Fingal's Cave here we come - before the tourists arrive by the boat load. It certainly is a fantastic place - spoilt only by the concrete and metal hand rails. Our leader wanted some pictures of our visit and being a man of great intellectual aspirations, he persuaded a student tp photograph the four instructors posing, white rumps to the four winds. We stood like lemons as Steve fiddled with the camera and the first tourists came round the corner. Later we met the self-same people and a very game lady gave us a grin and apologised for not responding with her camera as well.

At 2.00 p.m. we left the tourists to explore Staffa in safety and headed seawards to the Treshnish Islands. Arriving at Lunga we split up to explore the islands, agreeing to meet on the Dutchman's Cap. My team spent the afternoon exploring the northern islands before heading down to Dutchman's Cap only to find Ray saying that landing was going to be difficult. The swell was pounding against the only suitable spot and rather than risk damaging our boats we headed back to Lunga.

The came the hardest carry of the trip. Tired and hungry we staggered up a beach designed to eat canoeists. Big holes and slippy boulders meant a nightmare carry. Despite all care being taken people slipped and grazed shins; boats were dropped, especially when a deck fitting snapped, but finally the boats were up above the high water line and camp was set.

This was the last 'sea based' camp of the week and we all relaxed in the knowledge that all our objectives had been achieved and the continueing good weather meant that the final crossing back to Mull would not be difficult. Wine flowed and spirits rose and then Howard lit the driftwood. 'You 'ain't seen nothing yet Bruce.' The 'piece de resistance' of the burning pyre was a tree trunk that took six people to move and was still burning well the next day.

We sat some fifty yards away roasting and singing songs. Yes, J.R. we did learn the 'Swimming Song' - and we repeated it in Oban for the benefit of the locals. Ray talked of the history of the islands and how they had gained their names. He assured us that Fladda was so named because it was fladder than the other islands!

Finally it was bed time and I drifted into an easy sleep whilst Fulmars chatted noisily. We woke to a calm sea and a thick mist. Muggins was given the role of staring at the compass and more or less got it right. A quick stop to look at Iona, then back to Mull - unpack boats, pack van, drive across Mull, ferry to Oban, drive to campsite, put up tents, mend trailer lights, wash (what's that!) and then hit the town. We only had to drive back to Wales and that was no big deal!! Some night to mark one hell of a week.

It is only left to say that the course was huge success - thanks to the weather. Everyone enjoyed themselves - for me it was the best week of sea canoeing I have ever done. Well done Ray, well done P y B and good luck next year.

DEAD RECKONING NAVIGATION.

An excellent overall picture of dead reckoning navigation is given in the "Encyclopaedia Americana", where the following is to be found:

> The terms geonavigation and celonavigation divide the subject of navigation into two parts. The former comprises piloting - the process by which the position of the ship is determined from visible objects on the earth, and the ship is conducted from position to position in accordance with the information obtained from observations on such objects.
> Celonavigation deals with the determination of the geographical position of the ship by observation of celestial objects, Sun, Moon, planets, and stars.
>
> Dead Reckoning is sometimes treated as a sub-divsion of geonavigation. It is the procedure by which the geographical position of the ship at any instant is deduced from the direction and amount of its progress from its last known or well determined position. Nowithstanding its recognised defects, D.R. is an indispensable aid to the navigator and is not likely ever to be completed superseded by other more scientific methods of position finding. It is in fact, needed to provide an approximate position at the moment of taking celestial observations and as part of practically all piloting procedures.
>
> The basic merit of D.R. lies in the fact that it never fails completely, or even temporarily, as is often the case with other methods. Due to overcast skies, observations of celestial bodies may not be possible for days at a time. The sudden setting in of fog may shut out pilot observations. Electronic devices may go temporarily out of commission due to power or other failures; therefore D.R. is often the only way of determining the ship's position.
>
> The beginning of D.R., called taking a departure, consists of fixing the position of the ship before leaving sight of land, and preferably while natural or artificially provided aids to navigation such as buoys, lightships and lighthouses are still in good view.
>
> Each time the navigator obtains a new fix for the ship, the new position is used as a new point of departure for D.R. This will happen many times when the ship is being piloted along the coast.

Briefly then, in the words of the Oxford English Dictionary, dead reckoning means 'the estimation of a ships position from the distance run by the log and the course steered by the compass, with correction for current, leeway, etc., but without astronomical observations.'

Here we have the bare bones of D.R. navigation. Courses, distance, current and leeway. Forget leeway for the moment and consider the other three. There would be no difficulty in fixing the ship's position at any instant were the only considerations course and distance; one needs only to steer the required course and watch the log clock up the distances to be able to plot a succession of positions on the chart. It is the current, or more correctly the tidal stream, which introduces the complications, and as seen already, it is a factor to be reckoned with in coastal waters. Under such conditions, the ship's geographical progress is not shown by the line representing her course which is drawn on the chart, for it shows her change of position relative only to the medium in which she moves. If the sea is visualised as a vast aqueous carpet, it will be appreciated that there are two seperate movements; the movement of the ship on the carpet and the movement of the carpet itself.

The ship's change of position in the sea is shown on the chart by the course line; similarly, the sea's change of position can also be shown by drawing a line in the appropriate direction and of a suitable length, according to the rate of set and drift. A line could also be drawn to show the movement during

one hour, fractions of an hour or multiples of an hour. If this line is added to the ship's course line, it will show the amount by which the sea has moved her, and it follows that the vessel's position, that is her D.R. position, can be found for any moment by plotting her course and distance run and adding to it the proportion of tide set and drift appropriate to the moment. For instance, to find a ship's D.R. position after a run of half an hour where the full rate of set and drift is say 135/18, the correct amount to use would be 135/09; this, plotted on from the appropriate position on the ship's course line (the course position), will give the position of the vessel.

TIDE EFFECT

A very convenient term to define the proportion of set and drift which is taken into account when deriving a D.R. position is 'tide effect'. In measurement, it is the distance, in tenths of a mile, by which a vessel has been set downstream wholly by the action of the tide during a given period. When plotting, it is laid of DOWNSTREAM from the appropriate position along the course. Tide effect can be for periods of short or long duration, i.e. according to the length of time the vessel has been under way since her last fixed position.

A worked example follows:

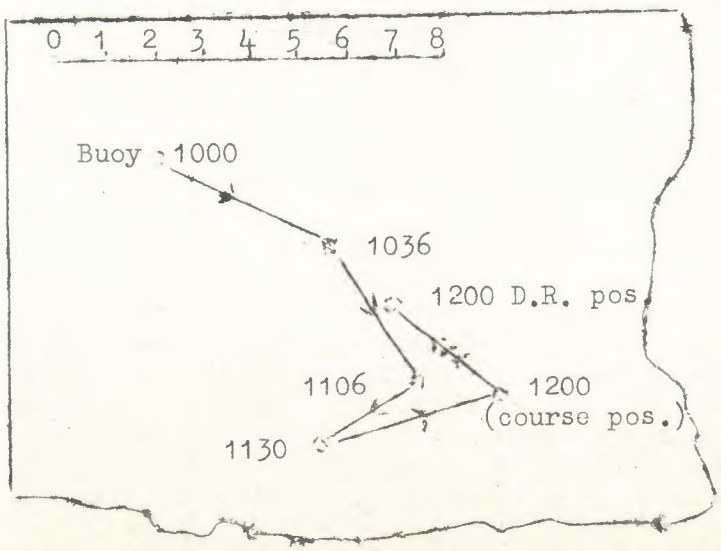
> On leaving buoy A with her patent log set to zero, a ship proceeds at 7 knots. During a two hour period a number of different courses are sailed, after which her D.R. position as a bearing and distance of buoy A is required.

The navigator's log reads:

TIME	LOG	Co.(T)	S/D
1000	0.0	116	
1036	4.0	148	- 310/14
1106	7.5	247	
1130	10.0	075	
1200	14.0		

Method

1. Plot buoy A in any convenient position on the vector (graph) chart.
2. Plot first course of 116 ° and mark the 1036 course position four miles to scale from A.
3. Plot the remaining courses and distances in the same manner.
4. From the final course position (1200) lay off downstream the T.E. (Tidal Effect), i.e. two hours of set and drift 310/28.



This figure shows that the D.R. position at 12.00 is found to be 120 buoy A 5.7mls.

From Winston Shaw, Sea Venture Kayak Tours, Bar Harbor, Maine, United States America.

Dear John,

Sorry that it's taken me this long to get back to you but Spring is upon us here in the States and I've been caught up in the endless pre-season details of my business.

Greatly enjoyed the Newsletter you sent and found it full of useful information. Really enjoyed "Mothership Earth" and was glad to see that you felt it worthy of publication. Sometimes we sea kayakers get so caught up in the gear and techniques of ocean paddling that we forget the equally important committment to the environment through which we travel and in which we escape the less pleasant aspects of modern life.

Sea kayaking is moving right along here in the States. Much attention is being devoted to the sport in the magazines and looks as though my countrymen may soon be hitting the seas in record numbers. There are a number of domestic kayak manufacturers turning their attention to sea kayak designs as well.

Having noted the article entitled "Are you interested in Eskimo Kayaks?" in the newsletter I'm sending along a photocopy of a similar piece that ran in the June '82 issue of "Canoe Magazine". Perhaps you'll run it in the next newsletter as I'm sure that Mr. Zimmerly would be most interested in exchanging information with Club members who have knowledge pertaining to all aspects of the early Eskimo boats.

By the way, I managed to get a hold of the expedition reports I mentioned to you in my first letter and enjoyed reading them a great deal. I wish that the practice of writing up expeditions were more common here in the States. As it is, paddlers usually submit their articles to one of the many outdoor magazines and if you don't subscribe to them all it's easy to miss a report.

Having read Paul Caffyn's excellent book, "Obscured by Waves" so that I might write a review of it for "Canoe", I've been anxious to learn of his current trip round Australia. Have you had any news of his progress? As I greatly enjoyed Paul's first book, I'm in hopes that he devotes another to his paddle currently under-way. A glance at the map tends to leave one feeling that a journey such as this is one hell of an undertaking! Should prove fascinating reading to say the very least.

Very much looking forward to receiving my next copy of the newsletter and will close by saying that I remain most willing to supply information to any Club members planning on a visit to the States.

Good paddling,
Winston Shaw.

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In the above letter Winston Shaw refers to an article that ran in the June, '82 issue of"Canoe Magazine" (U.S.A. edition). Here it is:

THE WORLD'S "HEAVIEST" KAYAK PADDLER.

Ottawa, Ont. - There is a prejudice that would have traditional native craft in North America be ponderous things built by folk in squatting positions who would catch and eat things best left sulking in the deeps. No doubt the birch-bark canoe of yore was a little ponderous. But it was made to carry people and goods relatively long distances on seasonal routes that made dunnage - not speed and fun - the premium. It is, after all, a little silly to carp on a Rolls Royces performance over country roads. You'll get down that country road. You just have to do it differently. And in its own way, very well, thank you.

.....Even at that,

Even at that, it's a parochial prejudice. For a dedicated man in Ottawa, David Zimmerly, has revealed through his work the truly efficient character of the circumartic kayak models. Moving around in the planet's higher latitudes, as ethnologist for the National Museum of Man, Zimmerly has identified 16 basic kayak types. He has dedicated his professional life to their study, and he doesn't fool around.

When he is confident that a so-called type is truly a "type" - one that represents a large area in a consistant form, construction, and use - he goes there, moves in with the most reputable builder (not visits, moves in!) and meticulously records every step of the construction, from gathering the drift wood frame and stem, to stern and launching. Then he returns to the museum, edits a film, edits photos and slides, writes up the entire procedure, draws scores of details and diagrams and writes up the lines and offsets of the boats, and finally goes out to his own shop and duplicates the craft in sawn frame and screwed construction, canvass covered. Zimmerly is an extraordinary man.

Were this not enough, the museum publishes a lot of his material, and offers it very reasonably (free to the worthy) for the asking.

Here's "An Illustrated Glossary of Kayak Terminology," in Eskimo and English. It would be a shame if the work of a couple million people over two million years were wasted because a bunch of johnny-come-lates felt the need to rename the already well named.....

Then, here's "The Acquisition and Documentation of an Artifact," a very nicely illustrated pamphlet on the construction of a Hooper Bay hunting kayak, a heavy craft, but one with real sea-going substance.

Let's see. Oh, yes, this set of lines of a 17 foot Aleut kayak in the Lowie Museum at Berkeley. Man! As a team boat in modern materials, it would be a killer!

Bibliographies, papers, correspondence.....it goes on and on. Anyone with an interest in traditional canoes and kayaks, for themselves, and for what they have to teach those who would develop the type, should write the museum, Zimmerly, stating your interest and purposes:

David W. Zimmerly,
Canadian Ethnology Service,
National Museum of Man,
Ottawa,
Ontario,
K1AOM8,
CANADA.

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From Geoff. Good, B.C.U.Director of Coaching.

Dear John,

.....

With reference to tips and techniques concerning the "one knee hang", could I refer you to Focus No. 21, Winter 1980, where this skill was identified and described. It is also in the new Handbook.

Regretfully the only term I could come up with was "tilting the canoe to assist turning". I much prefer the North Atlantic Kayakers "one-knee hang"!

Incidentally, this technique has been a requirement of the Three Star Test, since its inception.

Yours sincerely,

G.C.Good. Director of Coaching.

C.L.I.C. AROUND THE EDDYSTONE
Sunday 13th. June,1982.

C.L.I.C. stands for 'Cancer and Leukeamia in Children' and below follows an account sent in by Mike Fennessy of a sponsored paddle by 62 paddlers from Plymouth to Eddystone Lighthouse and return to raise money for C.L.I.C. This event was arranged and organised by Geoff Bladon from Clovelly, Devon.

Sixty kayaks including two touring doubles left Plymouth Hoe at 0830 hrs. for the Eddystone Light, just visible, some 12 nautical miles SSW. Paddlers from all over England had come to plymouth for the weekend, many having secured over £100 in sponsorship for the C.L.I.C. Trust. One of the paddlers was Geoff. Bladon, a North Devon Policeman, who had instigated the idea of a sponsored paddle to raise money for a much needed local treatment centre in the South West.

The "Armada" was escorted by two R.A.F. rescue launches, one naval vessel and four Royal Marine rigid raiders with additional help from three local civilian craft all linked by radio, that was able to monitor the progress of all kayaks.

The morning started sunny and calm as the kayaks made their way across Plymouth Sound for the breakwater. A few miles out to sea four groups emerged, and as the forcast north westerly breeze developed, the distance between them began to increase. At the Eddystone Reef a three foot ground swell made the rounding of the lighthouse and the nasty sharp bits an interesting (and for some wet) interlude from the rythmic paddling. The front group were over an hour ahead by this time and the wind, starting to back WNW, was steadily picking up to force 4. Dave Mann, the blind paddler from Plymouth, had made it almost to the Eddystone but the combination of SW ground-swell and the NW chop gave him difficult problems of balance and directional control. Still a very commendable performance.

Although many experienced sea canoeists took part, several paddlers had taken the opportunity of an escorted trip for their first try at offshore sea canoeing and did very well. The wind persisted for the rest of the afternoon and gave the last two groups a tiring few hours until they came inside Plymouth Breakwater, Times for the whole trip ranged from 7 hours to 9½ hours and of the sixty starters 49 completed.

With no landing possible at the lighthouse, grateful and weary bodies crawled up the slipway at the finish to a very welcome refreshments provided by George Skinner of Strand Glassfibre. (This led one of the doctors who went with the control launch to remark at the reception that evening that "It's the fibre in your diet that count."). George had taken care of all land based operations and accommodation for this highly successful event which raised somewhere in the region of £4,000.

The idea of a sponsored paddle on the sea can make the mind boggle, but with the combined services of R.A.F., Marines and Navy a highly professional communications and liaison was established that enabled the canoeists to just paddle. The C.L.I.C. Trust offer their sincere thanks to all participants for a tremendous effort towards a most challenging and worthwhile cause.

Mike Fennessy.
Escort Co-ordinator.

****

FOR SALE from Ron Owen, 59, Rectory Chase, Doddingham, Brentwood, Essex.

Capt. Frank McNulty North Sea Eskimo Kayak. Orange glass fibre, spray deck, little used. £75.
Phone Blackmore (essex) 821560

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OBSCURED BY WAVES - a book review.
Written by Paul Caffyn; published John McIndoe Ltd, New Zealand.

First off, as is strongly suggested by the book's title, there are waves a plenty to be found in Paul Caffyn's fascinating account of his 75 day and 1,500 mile circumnavigation of New Zealand's South Island. Yet these waves do precious little obscuring due to the impressive skill of an author as adept at manipulating the keys of his typewriter as at swinging the double-bladed paddle pulling himself and the reader into one glorious adventure after another.

First conceived in early 1977, Caffyn's voyage gets under weigh the following December when he and his paddling partner, Max Reynolds, launch their Nordkapps into the surf at Te Waewae Bay and head southwest along the rugged Fiordland Coast.

Twenty-seven days and 300 miles later, Reynolds is forced to drop out and the future of the voyage hangs in doubt. Unable to recruit new members, Caffyn somewhat reluctantly decides to paddle on alone after arranging for a logistical support to be provided by friends driving along the coast.

The gamble pays off handsomely and 48 days and 1,200 miles into the solo stage of his voyage, Caffyn beaches his Nordkapp upon the same sands down which he launched some two and one half months before.

Along the way, the author paddles 10 miles in $1\frac{1}{2}$ hrs, 42 miles in $9\frac{1}{2}$ hrs and with a strong wind astern, makes a 7 mile bay crossing in less than 1 hr! During the one 5 day period he travels 180 miles and on the best day of the trip he leaves a wake of glistening bubbles 51 miles long!

Yet times and distances - impressive as they are - merely hint at the real accomplishments of Caffyn's undertaking. To truely comprehend the total committment involved in making such a difficult voyage, one must look a bit deeper. For instance on day 33 Caffyn has this to say, ".....the wave that reared up between me and the open sea was at least 10 ft high, spray smoking off its rapidly rising crest. Under full power I paddled straight into the face of the wave, hoping desperately that it would'nt cap before I reached it. Isadora (Paul named his Nordkapp after Isadora Duncan) climbed up the vertical wall of water slicing through a white crest to crash into the waves wake. Immediately the wave broke astern with a thunderous roar - a narrow escape indeed."

Pushing the fates on what turns out to be one of the toughest days of the trip, Caffyn capsizes in a set of huge breakers on day 41 and his cockpit fills due to a loose spraydeck. After some difficulty he manages to roll up, but another dumper capsizes him again and he bails out. All efforts to swim the flooded boat ashore are to no avail, so Caffyn re-enters the flooded cockpit only to discover the rear hatch cover has come loose allowing the entire rear compartment to fill. After a long and frustrating struggle, Caffyn finally manages to paddle his kayak ashore with the stern completely submerged and the bow pointing steeply skywards!

These and numerous other accounts of narrow escapes are tied masterfully together with elegant descriptions of 200 ft waterfalls, 20 mile deep fiords and unaccountable other exotic scenes that will leave every sea paddler's mouth watering. Beautiful colour photographs and finely detailed trip maps are the icing on the cake.

In addition, though the book is more an adventure story than a manual on sea kayaking, there is a great deal of very solid technical information as well. For instance, although the author was much taken with the Nordkapp he is quite frank in his appraisal of the boat. Her faults as well as her good points are discussed in some detail, as are Caffyn's techniques of coping with them. From the construction of skegs and backrests through re-entering the boats cockpit at sea, Caffyn comments add up to a virtual owners manual for those interested in, or paddling, this West Greenland design.

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HOW TO SAVE £15 by Geoff.McGladdery, Hereford.

Ten days paddling in the Hebrides culminating in a crossing of the Minch from Tarbet on Harris to Duntulm Castle on Skye seemed like the ideal training for the trip, but the intense heat and the 400 mile journey from Skye to St. Bees did more than melt our Mars Bars.

Drained of enthusiasm, we stood on the beach at St. Bees, the loud and incongruous music from the caravan site muffled the sounds of packing. Even at 11.15 p.m. it was hot and sticky enough for swimming and a dozen or so bathers were delightedly splashing about in the water. The moon was high and almost full, the sea oily smooth and a lazy mellow breeze sloughed southwards.

The only problem was visibility which we guestimated to be about a mile. Although the conditions were more perfect than we dared hope for we were both nervous and anxious to get on with the job which was to cross to the Isle of Man. A distance of 28 miles to the nearest point.

We were on the water and paddling by 11.50 and after some problems with torches and compasses and a brief stop to listen to the shipping forecast at 12.15, we began to make good progress. In theory it is possible to see the Maughold Head Light and the St. Bees light at all times during the crossing, but poor visibility meant that we had to rely on following the compass. Lesson 1. was sooned learnt and we paddled on a selected star rather than stare at the compass continually which has a tendancy to cause sea-sickness.

We were able to paddle on a selected star for about 15 minutes before corrections were necessary. Ian's Oceanmaster with it's rudder tracked much more accurately than my Islander and I had to try hard to stop myself chasing the breeze.

1.14 a.m.- our first stop. We both seem to be paddling well and now the tensions have gone and we are enjoying ourselves. The St. Bees light is still in sight and we check the bearing against our predicted course. Everything seems to be satisfactory. We pass the lights of fishing boats and coasters, it is very difficult to judge their course and ditance and with the light breeze constantly changing direction it is easy to become disorientated.

The depressing drone of the Point of Ayre foghorn is distinctly audible - three sad blasts every 90 seconds. It is impossible not to become synchronised with the noise - our only point of reference. Several random checks against this metronome reveal a paddling rate of 66 strokes per minute. We feel good and strong and it is a great relief to paddle an empty boat after dragging all that gear around the Hebrides. We reason that we must be making good time and we make our two hour stop in a state of some enthusiasm. We warn ourselves about over enthusiasm and as we can no longer see the light at St. Bees we just have to rely on the confidant predictions made around the comfortable dining room table two weeks earlier.

The sea is so calm that it is possible to wash hang for short distances. I keep running into Ian and decide to give it up in order to keep the peace.

We are glad that we were forced to paddle at night because despite wearing only light clothing we are pleasantly warm. There are things which go 'plop' in the night and these are the subject of some debate.

Three hours are up, we still feel frisky - still no sign of the lighthouses - just the drone of the foghorn which seems to be in the same position as when we started. A check on the stroke rate and it is still on 66.

Dawn is creeping up from behind and it is almost possible to see the compass without a light. We have lost our stars, each one in turn slowly slipping down into the haze. Only the moon is left but it moves too quickly for comfort and more compass work is needed. We chatter happily about the next days T.T. races which is the main object of our visit.

In the fifth hour.....

In the fifth hour we sight what must be the Bahama Bank light - we count the flashes but our chart is so badly copied that we can't check. It can only be one other light and we are able to eliminate this possibility - so it would appear that after 20 + miles of paddling we are within half a mile of our predicted course.. This is too good to be true and we look for problems. We ought to be able to see the powerful Maughold Head light as it is only four miles away.

Dawn is upon us now and at last we get a friendly wink from the lighthouse. We watch it with pleasure until it disappears. After some discussion we reason it must be dawn and the light has been switched off.

Eventually and faintly the Isle of Man coast looms out of the mist. A chill sharp breeze springs up and we turn south to begin the final leg of our journey by running down the coast against an increasing tidal stream.

Progress is slow and enthusiasm at rock bottom, but as Douglas draws nearer and thoughts turn to hot showers, cooked breakfasts and the £15 we have saved by not taking the ferry we perk up a little. At 8.10 a.m. we land on Douglas Beach after a crossing of some 45 miles. We meet only a few disinterested strollers as we hump one of the boats up the beach and across the prom to the hotel.....

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From Carl Waye, Slough, Berks.

Dear John,

On the 26th and 27th. of this month there is a show being held not too far from me called the the Hillingdon Show at which my company has a stand. I will be on the stand to promote canoeing as a whole and thought it might be an idea if you could send me some membership cards in case I get people who want to join the A.S.K.C.

The above is the main point of my letter but I will take this opportunity of writing an artlicle about a sea trip I did in Plymouth last bank holiday.

Ray Lovejoy and myself went to Plymouth to see some friends who are also A.S.K.C. members; they are Colin George (Jersey) Tim De Feu (Jersey) and Alister Stuart. We set off from the Polytechnic canoe store at 10.00 am and paddled out into the edge of the breakwater where we stopped and removed our buoyancy jackets and shirts. From there we paddled along the breakwater and across a bay into a smaller bay for lunch where I was told we were in Cornwall. I had never actually been to Cornwall before and to go for the first time was really something to me.

Lunch was a portion of chips with burgers and for an hour we soaked up the sun on the beach and did a bit of rolling. We were to meet Tim at the end of the breakwater by 2.30 pm so we set out. Once at the breakwater Tim was not in sight so we hung on for 30 minutes but as he did not turn up it was back across the Sound and back to the slipway where Tim was waiting for us. He had found an injured Sea Gull. The total trip was seven miles and very enjoyable for me because I only usually canoe on the Thames.

Yours faithfully, Carl Waye.

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From Joe Lamb, Lockleys, Australia.
Dear Hohn,

Let me put the excerpt (used in John Dowd's letter to Frank Goodman, Derek Hutchinson & Co.) into correct context please:

Frank's honoury title resulted from a group of Australians expression of esteem for his immense and impartial knowledgeable contributions and unassuming goodwill. Franks's article on sea canoeing in 'Canoeing' of March '82 revealed a little of his positive personality. Indeed Frank has no, and would not have practical power no more than Prince Charles would or could restructure British Law because his Royal Highness has an Hon. Phd. in Law.

John Dowd has been.....

John Dowd has been receiving free sea canoeing propoganda from our deep south which betrays there is a "stroppy lot" down under. But one has to be careful reading junk mail. Frank has nothing to do with devious empire building of bureaucratic public servants disguised as outdoor specialists indulging in negative buddy system, destructive conceit, narrow sectarian upmanship and career opportunists politics.

It is reassuring and fortunate that our pursuit in individualistic in character and there is no way the masses of independant recreational and adventure paddlers can be misled or bullied. My suggestion is verified by the fact that "The report of the Secretary of the South Australian Board of Canoe Education was not accepted, and a new, detailed report, with balance sheet requested." (SACA AGM 1981). More incredible a Tasmanian Officer can make untrue, irresponsible and libelous statements in an editorial and publicly denied expression of a proven sea kayak expeditionist for want of arbitrary accredition. So I envy John Dowd's situation in British Columbia but it is not a fair suggestion that any British Sea Canoeists have anything to do with state affairs here!

Joe Lamb, Australia.

Ed's. note.....Joe, I'm not at all clear what you are 'on about', but in line with my policy of publishing without fear or favour all articles and letters sent for publication....I have included your letter.

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From Earle Bloomfield, Australia.

Dear John,

Get out your atlas and look up the Antartic page. North of the Amery Ice-shelf but within the Antartic convergence lies Heard Island; Australia's most remote territory. I have been asked to join an expedition to Heard Island next year, Jan. 1st. to March 31st. I proposed a kayak circumnavigation of the Island with possible side trips out to Shag Island and the McDonald group (30 km west of Heard Island). The organisers thought this was great stuff and so I'm in. I've asked Graeme Joy to save me from folly - he's the O.E. Master at Timbertops (Geelong Grammar School). Graeme studied at I.M.Marsh with Midwood and other assorted maniacs under the watchful eye of the late John Cunningham. Graeme's a fairly hard marathon paddler and there's quite a few in the U.K. who will remember him.

Naturally we're using Iceflows so Derek (Hutchinson) will be pleased to see his boats in the sub-antartic.

Correct me, but I think this trip will be amongst the most remote and dangerous ones yet attempted. We are 300 miles (nautical) from the nearest habitation Kergualen Island, (The French Base) and four sailing weeks from the nearest hospital (Albany, West. Australia).

The winds are ferocious most of the time (Lat 53 degrees South) and it rains, snows or sleets on 364 days of the year. The Island is basically an active volcano, 9,000 ft (3,000metres) high, sheathed in ice all year round. Huge ice cliffs 1,000 ft. high is some cases form the coast line, while the alternative is ducking through the in-shore sea to land on steeply shelving shingle beaches open to the howling 50's

Not content with me dying of immersion exposure, they've asked me to be one of the two summit climbers as well. It's the second ascent of Big Ben but we'll hopefully bag a couple of smaller peaks as well.

There are twelve of us going. The other summit man is Jonathan Chester who started his Alpine career with an ascent of the Caroline Face of Mt. Cook in New Zealand, - it's a bit like the north face of the Eiger. He's on Mt. McKinley in the U.S.A. at present. He is way out of my league so he can do all the thinking and I'll wash the dishes!

I've seen all the .....

I've seen all the relevant aerial photographs and I can assure you that, jealous as I am of your Greenland trip, we'll be kept on our toes regards warmth and confort. The February everage day temp. is + 1 degree C., sea temp. is similar; average wind force is 20 kn with 60 to 80 kn expected anytime at half an hours notice. Average precipitation 28 days out of 28; rain, snow or sleet.

The north-westerlies are warm and melt everything before switching abruptly to south westerlies and re-freezing it all before piling 7 ins. of snow per day on top of your tent!

I'll send the A.S.K.C. Newsletter reports later in the year.

Earle Bloomfield.

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From Lionel Goddard, Braintree Canoe Club.

The Braintree Canoe Club held its first sea race on the 27th. June in blustery, sunny, showery conditions with Force 4 - 5 on the forecast. The course was between Clacton and Walton piers which are seven miles apart and timed to give all fourteen miles with the tide. One had to complete the first seven miles in 75 minutes to do this and those who did not found the tide against them for a while.

All were in sea boats except for a single K1 which raced as an equal, a single slalom boat which had a thirty minutes start, and a single double (if you know what I mean) which had a thirty minute handicap. At once the K1 forged ahead hugging the coast to shelter from the Force 3 head wind. Hopes were beginning to fade until I saw it falter as it hit the first clapotis from the rising tide some four miles out. Not much at first but then more and more slaps and his rythm was gone and we began to gain on him. Some of us past him by the half way mark but we had barely turned when the two seater came looming up. Yet more pressure and we had been paddling flat out for over an hour. The immediate threat to me was David who had beaten me by 15 minutes on an earlier trial run.

All of our Club members knew each others abilities, or thought we did, and each had personal rivalries to settle. With a following wind and tide the second seven miles was very fast indeed. The best sea boats did it in 55 minutes but the K boat had to retire altogether and the double which did not surf well lost ground. (Or is it water!) A worth while race but very few entries - why, I wonder?.
Results: 1st Stewart McLauchlan, (slalom), 2nd. Lionel Goddard (Nordkapp), 3rd. David Puttick (North Sea Kayak).

HOW I RENEWED MY SUBSCRIPTION (TO THE A.S.K.C.) by Bob Llewellyn of Plas yr Antur Outdoor Education Centre, Wales.

A last minute chance of a summer weekend off - an unheard of bonus - found me by seven o'clock on Friday night extremely frustrated. Everyone I could contact had already arranged to climb or canoe or was working. By eight o'clock I was ready to tear down walls, and then, against reason, the idea came ..... a good paddle, solo, if that was the only way. I consulted an atlas of the British Isles, threw gear into the car and tied the Nordkapp on the roof rack and by ten I was on my way north. Seven hours later I arrived at Port Patrick, just south of Stranraer

A pleasant rock encircled little harbour and the prospect to the west of a misty but calm sea. At five in the morning it was quiet apart from the gulls, and no one watched as I put up my small tent, made a brew and then crawled into my sleeping bag. I set my alarm for eight thirty and fell asleep as I lay down.

The alarm woke me - just - and I pushed tent and gear back into the car. A weather forecast would be useful and I'd seen a Coast Guard look-out above the village. As I drove towards the inner harbour a car pulled up on the quayside with two sea boats up top. Had I arranged to meet anyone at that place and time after a days work, a sudden decision and a 350 mile drive I would not have been able to time it so well! I stopped. We got out of our cars simultaneously. "Good morning," I grinned; "Do you happen to know anything about this crossing?". (My sudden plan and rush had left only minutes to look at tide tables and Pilot.) "Yes, I've done it before. Are you on your own? Would you like to join us?" They looked a highly organised pair. "Yes, thanks". What incredible luck! Three other members of the group arrived, and we adjourned to a near-by guest house for what proved to be an excellent breakfast. The weather forecast was obtained; Winds north-easterly, moderate but four to five later, with the possibility of thundery showers. There was a brief discussion on tactics, and then back to the quay to load the boats.

We left the harbour at ten thirty, not long after high water. Our plan was to follow a bearing of 270 degrees, allowing for the tide tide to push us north to make Island Magee in about 6 hours and Larne itself in 7. The paddling rate seemed fast to me, and I learned that everyone was an A.S.K.C. member and they had been paddling every day for the previous week around Galloway coast. I had deduced that the highly organised leader of the group was 'Nanuk' himself, and it was obvious that the other John, who described himeself as a 'student', was also highly competent - he was a B.C.U. Coach!

The rocky coastline soon merged into the mist behind us and for the next three and a half hours we were out of sight of land completely. It was good to feel a rhythm developing and oneself relaxing into the surge and roll of the boat. At about the same time that one could reasonably identify the vague blur on the horizon as land, the wind gradually began to strengthen. We took a lunch break and watched in the distance a ferry ploughing back across to Stranraer.

As the afternoon went on the wind built up to a force four, and the waves developed white caps and began breaking unexpectantly to one side or astern, making it difficult to relax and develop a steady rhythm again. One would occasionally slide into a trough and lose sight of the others for a short time. It worried me enough to realise that I would not have enjoyed a solo crossing!

One of the group developed sea-sickness and the pace dropped on the last section, but soon Larne was in sight, and after a short spell when it seemed that two ferries were certainly out to get us personally, we began to round the final small headland before entering Larne. We were surprised to meet up with a section of quite large overfalls, made more exciting by the gusting north-easterly wind; but a final push saw us heading down into the harbour running parallel with yet another ferry.

We landed on the yacht club's slipway within minutes of Nanuk's original E.T.A. AND BEFORE I'd got out of my boat he had arranged a changing room and hot showers and procured an invitation to the bar! What organising ability. He should be Prime Minister!

That evening we had a first rate meal in Larne (previous to meeting Nanuk I thought it was obligatory for sea canoeists to rough it!) and returned quite merrily to our tents and bivvies back at the yacht club.

Next morning we paddled across to where the ferry was loading and, looking nonchalant, carried our six sea kayaks aboard. The journey back took two and half hours. We were all dreading carrying the canoes the full length of the loading deck and then out to the distant car park where two patient wives were waiting with transport. Why did we worry? Nanuk arranged with a lorry driver to have our canoes loaded into his empty trailer and he drove us to the meeting point. We were back in Port Patrick within the hour having tea and scones.

Sitting there recounting what an amazing coincidence it had been my meeting up with Nanuk and his team I made the mistake of admitting that I was'nt paid up as a current A.S.K.C. member. I just could'nt say no when the treasurer pointed out that the least I could do was renew my subscription ..... which I did there and then!

Many thanks to Nanuk, John, Chris, Mike and Dave for letting me join you.

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From John Nightingale, Stoke on Trent.

Dear John,

The letter reproduced below was found by Mr. Keith Schellenburg, the present owner of the Isle of Eigg amongst the records of the estate. Our party led by the intrepid Paul Airey had reached Eigg via the west coast of Skye, Canna and Rhum, but our simple exploits are overshadowed by the events of over a hundred years ago.

Those not versed in British or Hebridean clan politics may have to do a little research, but to those who have savoured the delights of the Isles, the following may prove interesting:

COPY

Whittingstake,
Haddington,
Scotland.

October 27th. 1927

My Dear Runciman,

I was very much amused at your interest in that far away adventure of Reginald Macleod, Arthur Kinnaird and myself. We three were intimate friends at Cambridge, and indeed ever since till Arthur Kinnairds's death.

I think it must have taken place in 1868, though of this I am not quite sure. The idea originally came from a book (now I suppose quite forgotten) written by a Mr. MacGregor, giving a very spirited account of his going in a Rob Roy canoe down the Jordan. Fired by this, we determined to go upon an expedition of our own, starting from Dunvegan (reginald Macleod's father was still alive), and paddling or sailing along the south west coast of the Island. I remember we camped out under the Coolins - cooking our dinner in the little stove invented by MacGregor. From thence we went over to Rhum, and then on the top of a fast flowing tide returned through the Sound of Sleat to Raasay.

On looking back the whole adventure seems rather crazy. If we had been assailed by anything approaching bad weather when going along the iron bound coast of Skye (where no landing was possible), or crossing from Skye to Rhum, I do not quite see how a tragedy could have been avoided. We sailed, of course, in close company; but one of the perculiarities of our species of craft is that the occupant of one canoe is quite incapable of rendering any important assistance to the occupant of another in the case of his craft coming to grief. Our most anxious moment, I remember, was when Kinniard's canoe showed some signs of leaking.

However, all's well that ends well..

I am glad to think of you as owner of the Island. My grandfather, Salisbury, possessed it at one time, though in later life he did'nt often go there. It was sold, if my memory does not deceive me, by my uncle (afterwards Prime Minister) shortly after he succeeded to the Peerage.

I have a vague recollection that bloodstones were quarried there at one time; but I don't imagine this was commercially a successful proposition.

I had quite forgotten about Macleod sleeping, or trying to sleep, on the site of his ancestors' crimes! It certainly was quite right that, under the circumstances, his night should be a disturbed one!

Yours sincerely,

BALFOUR.

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From John Powell, Woodford Green, Essex. BETTER STEERING.

Many of us who met for a week's sea canoeing at Gatehouse of Fleet this July were impressed by the rudder arrangement of a German made canoe owned by a member from West Germany. The canoe was 528 cms long, width 60.5 cm.

The rudder was underslung, approximately 60 cms from the stern. It was made so that it could be used as a fixed skeg or a rudder turning 60 degrees either side. When landing the whole blade retracted into the hull; it's three positions being controlled by a wire "pull control" just in front of the cockpit.

Inside the rudders' movement was operated by foot pedals which were easily adjustable in distance from the paddler. The seat was adjustable in height about 2 cms and backwards and forewards 5 cms.

Because of its position under the boat the rudder (although not large) was <u>very</u> much more effective in turning the canoe than a rear rudder. In fact one could almost spin it on a 5p!!

The mountings for the rudder were led up to the deck of the canoe, then they were covered with a detachable fibre glass cover so that the whole deck at the rear was perfectly smooth. A small drain hole through the cover allowed any water to drain.

It was an extremely neat and well made job. Total boat weight was 20 kgm. The whole canoe was well made in glass fibre with a very comfortable seat, but at £320.00 at the present exchange rate seemed expensive. The Germans rely on air bags and do not at present fit hatches. Our friend said it would be the first he would do on his return!

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FOR SALE

The B.C.U. Sea Touring Committee have had produced some stickers which are for sale generally at 40 pence each. The sticker shows a sea canoeist paddling hard and round the edge is written: A SPECIAL KIND OF FREEDOM British Canoe Union Sea Touring. It is a white background, the art work done in blue. Send to me or Dick Richards should you wisk to have one .... or two!

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FOR SALE

Water operated battery driven lamps with extension lead from battery to lamp. Ideal for lighting up your compass or for showing a white light whilst night paddling. Again send for yours with £1. to me, John Ramwell.