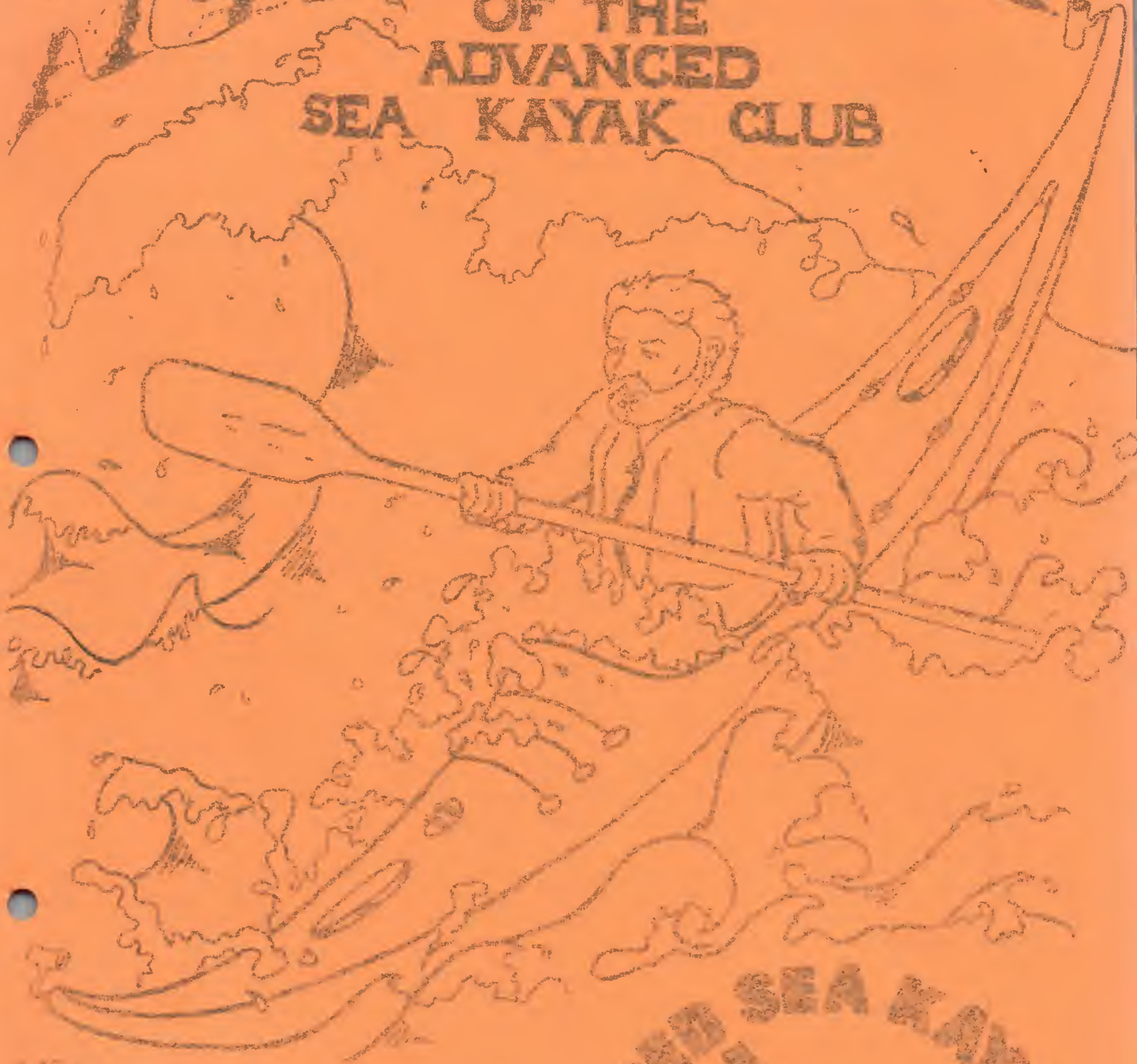


# NEWSLETTER

OF THE  
ADVANCED  
SEA KAYAK CLUB



MS  
action of sea, causing  
frustration  
organization of events and seminars  
try and coaching

SECRETARY:  
J. Hamwell,  
Miller Close,  
Weymouth,  
Dorset,  
30 SP8



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

ADVANCED SEA KAYAK CLUB

NEWSLETTER NO.69

SEPTEMBER 1988

John J. Ramwell  
7 Miller Close  
NEWPORT  
Isle of Wight  
PO30 5PS

### EDITORIAL

A busy time since I last wrote this editorial.

The high spot has to be our kayaking holiday on the Ile de Re on the west coast of the south of France. What a fantastic time we had - once we had extricated ourselves from the mud!! 'We' consisted of Roy Webb, a fellow Isle of Wighter. It was whilst we were stuck in the mud that he wished he'd stayed there!!

We arrived at the brand new two mile bridge linking the Ile de Re with the mainland to find they wanted too many francs at the toll. So we camped 'till daybreak and paddled over, and made our way into the harbour of Rivedoux on high water. Lunch and a walk about took us a couple of hours. On returning to the kayaks we found the sea had gone away - well at least half a mile away. No problem - we'll portage. The mud became thinner and deeper. Ignoring the warning shouts from the shore we pressed on. Still the mud got deeper, until we decided we were just not going to make it. By now we were plastered in mud, kayaks and all and we were forced to retrace our steps.

Eventually we arrived at the Sea Kayaking Rally base camp where we met with many old friends. Dave Patrick's brand new ORION that I had borrowed for the tour was showing small parts of its white hull through its coating of mud and of course we needed to explain. At the end of the week I was awarded a prize for the dirtiest boat. "Please don't tell Dave Patrick - I'm supposed to be showing it off for him."

The week itself was so well organised. Thanks to Christian Gabard it all went well, including the weather. Short paddling trips (so that over the week we circumnavigated the Ile de Re) interrupted by visits to the Pinout brewery, visits to charming seaside villages, receptions (where we drank more Pinout). In the evenings beach barbeques, film shows and parties.

This event is staged every two years and the next one will be in June 1990. I intend taking a minibus and trailer so if you are interested in joining us, let me have your name. Of course I will advertise the event in the ASKC Newsletter early in 1990.

From the Ile de Re we were joined by Martin Rudd and the three of us arrived late on the beach at Wissant between Cap Gris Nez and Calais. Having bivvied for a few hours we radioed the Coastguards. "Force 6 gusting 7NE", A look out to sea confirmed Large swell with cresting waves. "We'll go" I said, fully expecting protests from Roy and Martin. In fact I was praying they would protest as I was not at all happy. But they didn't so we went!! It took us 7½ hours and there were no takers for the 'Mid Channel Canoe Rollers' badge on this trip. It was exciting to say the least.

The weekend of June 18/19 was fun. I helped Dave Coggins run a sea kayaking course based at the 'Old Fire Station', a modern and very well equipped centre at Harwich. This is to be the venue for the BCU Sea Touring Committee's AGM over the weekend of October 1st and 2nd. We look forward to seeing you there. If you want to take part in the weekend's activities and stay at the Centre write to Martin Meling at 20 Windermere, Cleadon Village, Sunderland, SR66 7QQ.

Over the weekend of 3rd and 3rd July I ran an advanced sea kayaking course for Iain Garland at Courtlands Centre, Kingsbridge, Devon. We had big seas and surf and everyone seemed very confident, everyone but me that is. I later learnt that their confidence was due to me being with them. The fools!! Still it was a super weekend. I really enjoy paddling the Devon coast and they were a smashing group.

My "Planning a Sea Kayaking Expedition" three day course held at the end of May was apparently successful. We staged it here on the Isle of Wight. One day in the classroom and two days on the water, camping overnight, seemed to be a good programme. Certainly I had a lively and enthusiastic group. Thanks are due to Jenny who worked hard to provide our meals.

#### COTE D'ALBATRE - KAYAK de MER RALLYE

To be held in Normandy, France, over the 3rd and 4th September this year. Send to me for further details (S.A.E. would be appreciated).

#### SEAL DEATHS

The following letter has been received from the SEA MAMMAL RESEARCH UNIT, c/o BRITISH ANTARCTIC SURVEY, HIGH CROSS, MADINGLEY ROAD, CAMBRIDGE, 3 OCT.

Dear Sir,

#### Seal Deaths - eastern North Sea

Following a serious epidemic of seal disease off the coast of Scandinavia, we have put out an appeal to the general public for information on dead seals around the British coast. The purpose of requesting information is to help determine any increase in seal mortality which might indicate that the disease has reached our coasts.

One of your staff, Mr Johnson of Sennen Cove, heard one of our radio broadcasts and suggested that the coastguards could help us in this incident. Would it be possible for you to alert your staff to this situation and ask that dead seals be reported to Sea Mammal Research Unit? We should be grateful for your assistance in this matter.

Yours sincerely,

(Sgd ) Sheila S. Anderson

#### SEA KAYAKING CALENDAR 1989

This limited edition calendar is being produced especially for the ASKC by SANDPIPER PUBLISHING of NEVADA, U.S.A. and is available from me at £6.00 each.

Though I have not set eyes on these calendars myself I am assured they are "just gorgeous".

#### 6TH INTERNATIONAL SEA KAYAKING SYMPOSIUM REPORT

is still available from BARRY HOWELL, "BARN HEY", ALLITHWAITE, GRANGE-OVER-SANDS, L11 7RJ at £2.00 a copy, which has to be the best value around in the sea kayaking world.

It really is a first class report and at £2.00 you really have no excuse for not owning a copy.

I use much of the data and information included within its pages to supplement lectures I give on the various subjects. Nothing to stop you from doing the same.

BCU SEA TOURING AGM AT HARWICH OVER WEEKEND OF 1ST AND 2ND OCTOBER 1988

SEA KAYAKING ON ISLE OF WIGHT

I have a reasonably well appointed mobile home alongside my house which you are welcome to use. Get in touch for details.

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A.S.K.C. SHOP

Ties @ £6.00 each  
ASKC Stickers @ 35 pence each  
ASKC letter headed notepaper @ 50 pence per ten sheets  
4th National Sea Kayaking Symposium Report @ 50 pence each  
5th International Sea Kayaking Symposium Report @ £1.00 each  
T-shirts - small/medium/large/X large @ £4.50 each (in yellow or black)  
Sweat shirts - small/medium/large/X large @ £8.00 each (in yellow or black)  
Information Sheets on Tides and Buoyage @ 50 pence each  
H.M. Coastguard Paper on Safety @ 50 pence each  
ASKC Ski Hats @ £3.50 each  
ASKC 1989 Calendar @ £6.00 each  
QAJAQ book @ £7.50 each

ALL PRICES INCLUDE POSTAGE AND PACKAGE.

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From: P. Scott, Officers Mess, School of Ordnance, RAOC Training Centre,  
Deepcut, Surrey, GU16 6RW. 3rd June 1988

Dear Sir,

I wish to sell the following canoe:-

Venturer Sea Kayak, deck lines, elastics, hatches and foot pump.  
Broad comfortable seat. Excellent condition, £250 o.n.o. Tel. 01-741-8444 or  
0252-24431, ext. 5556 or 5536.

(sgd.) P. Scott

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BOOK REVIEW

I have just received my copy of Kenai Fjord by David Miller. The Kenai Fjord is a spectacular place for kayaking and this book does it justice. With its wonderful pictures and clear maps it brought back memories of my own kayaking expeditions to this area. Whether you intend going to paddle Alaska or not this book makes fascinating reading. It is available from Wilderness Images, P.O. Box 509, Haines, Alaska 99827, U.S.A. at \$ 8.95 plus postage.

From: D. R. Winning, 22 Brisbane Glen Road, Largs, Ayrshire, KA308QX  
13 June 1988

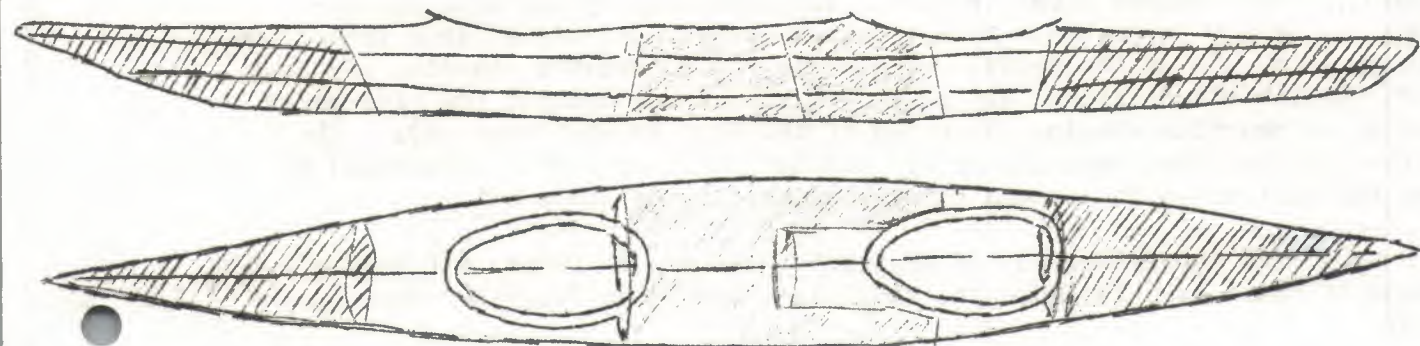
Dear John,

Abe Harvey's letter in Newsletter 68 on the "Seascape Double Sea Kayak" has awakened one of my hobby horses again!

As many of the readers of the newsletter well know I have sung the praises of sea touring doubles, designed for the job, especially in the case where one of the crew was not a strong paddler.

However, one of the faults of these boats is that, as Abe found out, with the extra power to punch into a head sea the forward paddler could get wet! This we minimised by having a foredeck designed for rapid clearance of water with an inverted V section forward blending into a fairly high camber at the fore end of the f'ward cockpit. Added to this we fitted a deflector to lift any water that got to the cockpit over the cockpit rim and onto the spray sheet (like a recessed cockpit in a G.R.P. boat but these doubles were plywood). Lastly no spray making fittings were allowed on the foredeck, i.e., hatches, etc. Of course a good spray sheet was required, preferably one with no seams at the upstand and the f'ward seat was usually fairly high for comfort and ease of paddling so the dripping pool on the spray sheet that Abe's young partner experienced did not exist.

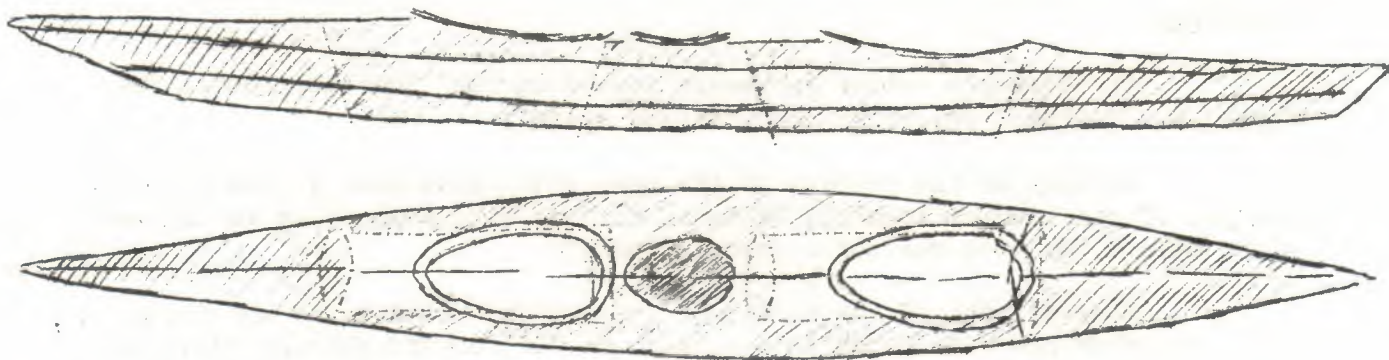
Things have come a long way in the quarter century since I used such sea canoes but I think they still have a place in the "great scheme of things" especially if some of the old designs are looked at afresh in the light of experience and modern practices.



Referring to the above sketch. This shows a "Gantock Double" of mid-60's vintage but fitted with bulkheads. F'ward and aft bulkheads are straight forward and could be used in conjunction with the "usual" circular deck hatches, although I prefer hatches in the bulkheads themselves, but that is another subject (or hobby horse!)

As Abe suggests the space between the f'ward cockpit and the aft paddler's feet is most commodious at the widest part of the boat! I propose a bulkhead at the aft end of the f'ward cockpit and a partial athwartships bulkhead just f'ward of the aft paddler's feet joined to longitudinal bulkheads on each side of the aft paddler's legs running back to meet small bulkheads about a third of the way back from the front of the aft cockpit. This gives a large storage space, a large amount of buoyancy if swamped and still leaves ample room for the paddler's legs and "on voyage" goodies, etc., at his side in the cockpit. Quite long items could be stowed through a bulkhead hatch at the aft end of the

forward cockpit down the "legs" of this centre compartment.



Turning to the second sketch there is a second proposal. F'ward and aft bulkheads as before but both cockpits fitted with longitudinal bulkheads from the f'ward and aft athwartships bulkheads to meet partial athwartship bulkheads at the aft end of the f'ward cockpit and just forward of the aft paddler's feet, respectively. There is now a massive stowage, watertight "H" shaped space in the centre of the kayak. If this "H" is accessed via a large "North American" type hatch stowage would be a "dawdle". The location of this hatch is on the driest part of the boat and I am sure could be made quite secure.

Now we have a kayak with very small volumes to "fill" if capsized and swamped. Lets consider the effect of some other modern practices and equipment on our new version of this old boat. Self rescue! Two paddle floats, one per paddler and either a pump that can suck from both cockpits (one at a time) or two pumps. The swamped kayak is turned the right way up and each paddler deploys his or her paddle with float, using suitably positioned deck lines, one paddle on each side of the kayak. While the f'ward paddler steadies the boat the aft paddler climbs aboard and pumps out his or her cockpit (or vice versa depending on practice showing which end of the boat is most buoyant). The installed paddler then uses his or her paddle (still with float attached) to steady the boat while the second paddler climbs in and pumps out.

I know there is a lot of argument about paddle float self rescue but I do think it would be a lot more practical in a double as described than in a single.

Of course if two of Alan Bydes "pods" were fitted the rescue would be a lot quicker but I prefer the idea of three sealed watertight areas rather than one big one. Also the proposals shown could all be built in comparatively easily, in a "one off" home built plywood double which would weigh not much less than a G.R.P. one built to prevent U.K. sea kayak scantlings.

My canoeing at the moment has no call for a double, that may change, but if anyone is interested in pursuing these ideas I would be happy to provide more information.

Now, how about fitting two of Peter Carters self-bailers to proposal two above and perhaps a kite and .....!!!

Regards,

Duncan

From: Bob McCord, 1135 Las Lomas Avenue, Pacific Palisades, California,  
90272, U.S.A. Friday, 10 June 1988

Dear John,

I ran across a kayaking event from which I greatly profited.

At the city of Newport Beach, one of your town's many namesakes, located about midway between Los Angeles and San Diego, the California Kayak Friends (CKF) held their annual "Paddlefest", last 14 May 88, a Saturday, 9 a.m. to 4 p.m., and they invited all the manufacturers of kayaks, canoes and paddles, instructors and expedition leaders, to attend with their hardware and information. The CKF then arranged that their members could for \$2.00 U.S. and all other attendees for \$5, try out each and every boat and piece of equipment on display!

On a 350 yard long sandy beach at Newport's back bay aquatic center, where wind and tide and sea traffic are minimal; when you finished trying one craft there were enough kayaks and other craft displayed side by side on the sand, that one had difficulty finding a spot to squeeze into just to come ashore!

Plus, the CKF had its members in their own kayaks just offshore to assist, instruct and caution and to just enjoy the day.

I had known only roto-molded and fibreglass kayaks, so the first boat I tried was the latest Klepper folding boat, followed by non-folding flexible skin designs and then extremely light weight Kevlar hulls, unsymmetrical paddles, carbon fibre paddles and on and on!

Everyone, CKF, manufacturers, clubs and all kayaking profited. A perfectly wonderful day on the water.

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From: Bernard Charles, Epworth Cottage, 2 Old Market Avenue, Chichester,  
PO19 1SW Tel (0243) 781246. 1st May 1988

Dear John,

Since joining the ASKC at Crystal Palace this year and coming away with a mass of information, in particular back numbers of the newsletter, I have had many evenings of most interesting bed-time reading.

Re Issue No.60 -

- (1) to give you a belated answer to your question - do I find the index useful -

Answer - Yes, because I have been able to scan through it to see what topics have been covered previously.

- (2) Does the dinghy self-bailor really work? As a dinghy sailor I am of course familiar with such fittings but a little surprised that it was found to work at slow speeds. Of course it will depend upon the efficiency of the particular design, but if it does work - why not? Have any other paddlers tried this do you know? Being new to sea kayaking there are one or two things which strike one as a little odd (coming from the dinghy world!!) and I must say the conventional pump arrangement is one that I would have thought could be improved upon - don't ask me how! - yet!

Suggestion for a future article -

Fishing from a kayak - contributions and tips from experts.

Yours sincerely (and still reading!),

Bernard Charles

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From: Jon Nicholls, 95 Ringwood Road, Southsea, Hants.

Dear John,

I thank Dave Martin for his letter about my trip to the Small Isles and his interesting if not somewhat naive point of view.

It seems a shame that we in this country are conditioned from birth into believing that people can own huge tracts of land and stop other people from enjoying them. The country we live in is our heritage which we all have a right to appreciate. If we abuse this right then we should be punished accordingly but we are canoeists and not football hooligans and most of us are sensible responsible people.

Dave says we should do our homework before we go to such places as the Small Isles. When I went I was part of a large group, the organisers had both been before and had a wealth of similar experiences. Suggesting that you read about the cosy viewpoint portrayed in the patronisingly patriotic little glossy coffee table books Dave mentioned would only spoil your first hand perceptions of these magnificent Islands.

If you talk to the locals you get a rather different point of view. They were always friendly and helpful and happy to see people who enjoy the local countryside as they do. They feel bitter, to say the least, that the land they were born on and have worked on is suddenly invaded by spoilt little rich girls like Fiona Guinness and her green wellied yuppie friends, who declare the area a site of special scientific interest and only card carrying members of the Nature Conservancy Council have access. For them the memory of the clearances of the last century is still fresh in their collective consciousness.

Now the NCC has this huge laboratory to play with (Rhum) how nice for them. What is the important research that they do which excludes all visitors? They watch deer feed. That is it, they study the grazing habits of an animal that they introduced to the island in the 1950s. It is very laudable to say they care so much about the environment that they have all their rubbish ferried off the island but how do they bag up the exhaust fumes from their diesel powered land rovers I wonder? Also I wonder what effect these large have had on the ecology of Rhum, how many plants and associated first order consumers have been wiped out in the cause of conservation?

Some people may touch their forelocks and bow to these people, thanking them for being allowed to appreciate these islands, at a distance, but it is our right to do this not a privilege that can be bestowed upon up by wealthy societies like the N.C.C. who use their authority to exploit the countryside for their own needs.

To quote a well known saying "we took only photographs and left only foot and tent prints" and I think it a touch paranoid if we believe this is asking too much.



Yes Dave, our trip was very well organised, as should be all such sea trips, and because of this we had no unplanned problems that we could not cope with.

This year we went to the Outer Hebrides and had an even more enjoyable time. I hope to write an account for ASKC newsletter in the near future about this trip.

Happy paddling,

Jon Nicholls

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From: Mr D. R. Winning, 22 Brisbane Glen Road, Largs, Ayrshire, KA30 8QX  
31st May 1988

Dear John,

Thanks for Newsletter 67.

Can I update the "Farne Islands" situation I referred to in my letter of 18th August 1987 printed in the above newsletter.

At the time of writing that letter I had also written, in a somewhat similar vein to "Canoeist" magazine. As a result Martin Melling contacted me and I was able to give him more details of the incident. The outcome was that Martin was able to supply full information on where to land in the Farnes, etc. and this information has been published in the Scottish Canoe Association newsletter so that all our current paddlers will know the situation and not have to put up with the kind of verbal abuse received by the lady, who complained to me in the first place, despite having made the effort to obtain similar information from National Trust Sources.

While on the subject of access, it is perhaps worth noting that it is beginning to be a problem in Scotland. Last year, as the S.C.A. touring committee representative on the S.C.A. access committee I had one case brought to my attention, the one above and that was not even on our patch! So far this year I have been involved in four, three of them on tidal waters.

May I ask, through the newsletter, that any canoeists experiencing difficulties of access on Scottish tidal waters write to me, giving full details, so that the S.C.A. can take the matter up for the benefit of present and future canoeists. (Access problems on non-tidal waters should be referred in the first instance, to the S.C.A. access officer, Mary Conacher at 81 Dundee Road, West Ferry, Dundee.) Also that the canoeists involved behave as responsible ambassadors of canoeing, i e , in a manner that will not jeopardise the position of those that come after or whose local patch it is, even though it may mean biting the tongue at the time of the incident!

In this respect when reading the report, again in newsletter 67, on the "Western Isles" trip organised by Calshot Activities Centre I think I detect an aggressive attitude creeping in when dealing with the Cambridge University large animal research group on Rhum. I hope I am wrong but is it coincidence that nearly all the canoeing bodies, magazine, etc., have been circulated by the Nature Conservancy Council's chief warden on Rhum regarding canoeists landing at Kilmory! Why now when canoeists have been visiting Rhum for years? Even in the 30's when the Bulloughs sent gillies with shotguns to repel boarders! We have come a long way since then and I would hate to see us going back.

Regards,

Duncan

## ANTARCTIC DAY TRIPPING

by Ken McCormick from  
Birchrunville, PA, USA

Admiral Byrd is known to have transported Kleppers to Antarctica in his 1928 voyage there. In 1985, a British team in four Nordkapp kayaks supported by inflatable power boats circumnavigated Brabant Island, just off the Antarctic Peninsula. Aside from those two instances, there apparently hadn't been any use of kayaks or sea canoes in the Antarctic before the ill-starred voyage there in January 1988 by three men, myself included, under the leadership of Ecosummer Expeditions of Vancouver. It may be pressing the point a bit too far, but since Byrd landed on the Ross Ice Shelf, and the British team didn't cross the Gerlache Strait to the peninsula, ours was probably the first ever landing by kayaks on the Antarctic mainland. But then, if you really want to split hairs, the thousand-mile-long Antarctic Peninsula would be an archipelago if all the mile-thick accumulation of ice there were to melt, so the somewhat obscure distinction of being the first to land a kayak on the real Antarctic mainland may yet await someone with even more money to spend and even less good sense about what to spend it on than myself.

The expedition was conceived and planned by Ecosummer's Jim Allan, who painted a sufficiently enticing picture of a week-long exploration of the mainland side of the Gerlache Strait by Klepper double, cross-country ski and crampon to coax \$5,600 U.S. each, not including air fare to Chilean Patagonia or other incidentals, out of one other paying customer and myself. When our transportation arrangements from Patagonia to the Antarctic had completely unravelled, however, Allan flew to a privately-operated base far south on the Antarctic mainland for a personal vacation, apparently taking the group's camping and climbing gear with him and leaving Ecosummer guide Steve Smith, myself and John Madden to our own devices aboard a Chilean coastal freighter chartered for use as a cruise ship by Adventure Network International of Vancouver. Our week-long exploration had been demoted to putting the kayaks over the side of the ship to paddle about for a few hours in the water of Svend Foyn Harbor and Paradise Bay.

Obtaining transportation to Antarctica is by no means a simple matter if you intend to disembark and stay there for any length of time. Signatories to the Antarctic Treaty do not wish to have private expeditions mucking about in the area and possibly incurring the need for rescue by hard-pressed scientific and support personnel. We only received initial permission to disembark from a Chilean ship on the condition that we be accompanied by a Chilean guide who would remain ensconced at Chile's Gonzalez Videla base at Paradise Bay, in contact with us by radio, and who would supposedly come to our rescue in a zodiac if we were in distress. There are only three guides the Chilean government deems qualified to lead expeditions to the southernmost continent. One, Alejo Steading Contreros, who was leading an American film crew to the Paradise Bay area, joined us for a couple of hours of paddling at Svend Foyn.

The weather is notoriously bad in that part of the world, with sudden high winds and wave heights on the open ocean running 8 to 12 feet under normal conditions, but in the sheltered waters of Svend Foyn, in a narrow passage between Nansen Island and the mainland, we encountered only an 18-inch swell with light snow and sleet showers on a gentle breeze. The temperature hovered just above freezing. It was exhilarating to finally be on the water after weeks of disappointment and frustration. We investigated the glaciated shoreline of Nansen Island and the wreck of a Norwegian whaling ship there, but the cruise ship, about a kilometer out in the passage, was hooting for our return after a seemingly almost instantaneous hour or two.

The next day we were blessed with clear skies at the often fog-bound Paradise Bay. The ship lay at anchor a few hundred yards from the abandoned

Chilean base there and we lowered our Kleppers over the side for a five-hour blitz tour of the bay. It's a little tricky entering a kayak from the deck of a ship eight feet above the water, and because Steve Smith was concerned that the light swell might cause the hulls of the Kleppers to be punctured by the sharp edges of the steel accommodation ladder and platform, we waited for the Zodiacs carrying boat-loads of tourists ashore to come alongside, jumped down into the Zodiacs and scrambled from their stable gunnels into the kayaks.

Chile's Gonzalez Videla base is across a narrow channel from Le Maire Island, and we proceeded south, keeping a hundred or so yards off the mainland coast most of the time to lessen the danger of unexpected showers of flying ice which occur with calving from the heavily glaciated walls of the bay. Deep booms like gunshots were heard frequently as cracks opened in the ice cliffs. A huge chunk of the wall calved nearby once, causing the brash we were paddling through to sloosh and tinkle with the resulting long, low swell in the otherwise placid water.

We went ashore briefly at a fine landing area we found at Leith Cove; potential landing spots are rare in this land where high ice cliffs to the water's edge are the norm. John Madden splashed ashore, becoming the first man to land on the mainland from a kayak. I stepped from my boat directly to a rock, securing an immutable place in history for myself as the first man to land on the mainland from a kayak without getting his feet wet.

Before returning to the ship, we pressed on to land at the abandoned Argentine Almirante Brown base near the south end of the bay. The huts at Gonzalez Videla and Almirante Brown would provide reasonable bases for groups wishing to day trip in the area. Indeed, Steve said this is what he would urge as a plan of action if there were ever to be another Ecosummer expedition to the peninsula.

Steve had invited Ruth Berkowitz, an inexperienced paddler hoping to publish some travel articles, to be our fourth team member that day, hoping, no doubt, that she would write in a good plug for Ecosummer. For Paradise Bay no experience is necessary under the conditions we encountered there, but for inexperienced paddlers to venture into the more exposed waters of the strait, as Jim Allan has proposed, would in my opinion be foolhardy. The lack of feasible landing sites could prove very serious in bad weather.

Existing bases in the area are obvious landing places. There are several known penguin colonies in the strait, and chances are, if the penguins can get out of the water at those places, kayaks could land there too, at least in reasonable weather conditions. Penguin colonies exist at Bryde Island, Duthiers Point, south tip of Nansen Island, Danco Island, Key Point on the east end of Rongue Island, Culverville Island, Cape Anna by Wilhelmina Bay, Cape Murray on Bluff Island, a possible colony at Portal Point, a possible at Ryswyck Point on Anvers Island, a definite colony at Cape Kaiser on LeCointe Island, two colonies on southern Two Hummock Island, one at Auguste Island, Alcock Island, Midas Island and Cape Herschel.

Charts of the Gerlache Strait are produced by the Defense Mapping Agency in Washington D.C., but the DMA takes six to eight weeks to fill an order. The DMA charts may be ordered, however, from certain dealers, one of whom is Victor Auguste Gustin Corp., 105 S. 2nd Street, Philadelphia, PA 19106, USA. They'll get off any DMA chart not in stock within a few days, but I have found that they do stock the Antarctic Peninsula charts. The DMA chart with the best overview of the area from Foyen Harbor through Paradise Bay is 29AC029122, priced at \$11 U.S. A more useful map of the same area is a topographic map series from the British Antarctic Survey, Series BAS 250. The maps do not show soundings, but the water is quite deep throughout the area, and the soundings of no consequence for kayak navigation. SQ19-20/4 shows the

Paradise Bay area, but also of interest are SQ19-20/3, SP19-20/16 and SP21-22/13 Cost for these maps is £2.30 each from Edward Stanford Ltd., 12-14 Long Acre, London, WC2E 9LP.

We encountered numerous sea birds at Paradise Bay, Gentoo Penguins and a few crabeater seals swimming or basking on bergy bits. We did not see any leopard seals, although they are present in the area. Leopard seals have been known to attack humans on shore and one unsuccessful attack on a human by antarctic orcas, which are also found in that area, is also alleged to have occurred. Steve's advice for dealing with an encounter with any of these creatures was to just act natural. Since the chances of an attack are unknown but probably very slight, this seems to be as good advice as can be given.

Attempting to reboard our ship, one unfortunate member of our party that day took a dunking in the brisk Antarctic sea before the ever-watchful camera lenses of the tourists gathered on the upper deck to witness our triumphant return. The acute embarrassment of this incident resulted in a rancorous dispute as to who had caused it. Out of this, two great truths of sea kayaking emerged: (1) if it becomes absolutely necessary to stand erect in a lightly loaded Klepper double, only one person at a time should do so, and (2) when kayaking, photographic gear should be kept in waterproof containers when not in use.

I rue the fact that for the price of this trip, I could have undertaken several interesting expeditions to the Arctic. Still ... hey, if anybody is looking for another man to round out an expedition to the Antarctic, I'd still be interested in trying to do this trip right. Just give me a few years to replenish my finances. I am Ken McCormick, Box 55 Hilltop Road, Birchrunville, PA 19421, USA.

As for Ecosummer Expeditions, my feeling is that the difference between what was promised and what was delivered was both profound and inexplicable. At the time of this writing I have heard accounts of five different trips, counting my own, with either Ecosummer or their sister organisation, Adventure Network, and three of the five have been bad experiences for the people involved. I would urge anyone contemplating a trip with either of these outfits to write to me for more information about my experience with them. It should also be borne in mind that Ecosummer is not registered with the Registrar of Travel Services of British Columbia and is therefore not regulated by the Ministry of Labour and Consumer Services, so the Travel Agents Fund will not protect monies paid to Ecosummer.



P.S. Ken is keen to hear from anybody else with an interest in the Antarctic. His address is: Box 55 Hilltop Road, Birchrunville, PA 19421, USA

THE ICEMEN OF LAKE SUPERIOR  
by Stan Chladek of  
Bloomfield Hills, Michigan, U.S.A.

It was late afternoon on a miserably cold April day as we stood transfixed on the cliffs overlooking a vast expanse of Lake Superior watching the lake in its full fury. A storm was raging and blasts of icy northwest wind were sending shivers down to our bones. As the sky reluctantly cleared on the western horizon, the sun appeared for a brief moment and the dark cliffs turned crimson and we could see rainbows in the geysers of water thrown high into the air in explosive surges.

Five of us, Dave Ide, Bruce Lash, Greg Martin, Shaun Devlin and I had arrived in kayaks earlier that afternoon at a small cobblestone beach in Noisy Bay at the northeastern shore of Lake Superior, some seven miles south of Michipicoten River, Ontario. We came from Brule Harbor, some six miles south, where we had eaten a leisurely lunch in balmy 50° weather. Upon leaving the harbor swells appeared and grew up to about six to eight feet. Paddling kayaks was not too difficult except around the exposed Brule Point where the lake turned into a sea of confused waves formed over submerged ledges. We negotiated this point farther offshore, then rounded Beauvier Point and were riding swells down to Noisy Bay. Landing on the steep rocky beach was accomplished with a little difficulty through a three foot surf. The next day we were going to continue to Driftwood Beach at the mouth of Michipicoten River, some six to seven miles north along the cliffbound coast.

Shortly after our landing around 4 p.m. the wind picked up considerably and turned into a full blown storm while the temperature plummeted to about 15° during the night. The wind was blowing like crazy, almost the whole night. As I checked the weather during the night, it was dark, no stars were visible and it started to snow lightly toward morning. In the midmorning the force of wind seemed to diminish considerably, but the dumping surf on our rocky beach was still very heavy making any attempted exit rather difficult. From the rocky promontory on the northwestern corner of the bay we could see lumpy heavy seas with occasional whitecaps, but the surges and geysers seemed to be much smaller than the previous night. The temperature stood around 20° through the morning hours. We decided to postpone our decision about launching till noon; by then we hoped the temperature would be more agreeable and there would be a less danger of frostbite.

So we hiked into the woods, exploring a possible escape route to Highway 17. We followed the course of Noisy Creek through the dense bush and over deadfalls to Noisy Lake some  $\frac{3}{4}$  miles distant. The progress was slow due to the dense vegetation, but easier on hard frozen snow which still covered most of the ground. Near Noisy Lake we found a well maintained portage trail leading to Fenton Lake which borders Highway 17. The total distance from Lake Superior to Highway 17 was about two miles, but it would be difficult to make it with heavily laden kayaks.

Returning to our camp on the beach we had to make a decision. Are we going to paddle to Michipicoten River, a distance of six to seven miles along the exposed cliffy coast under stormy conditions in temperatures below freezing, or abandon the kayaks and most of our gear at the beach and walk to the highway, or wait until the weather improves and then continue paddling? I wanted to paddle right away as I did not judge the sea conditions extreme, but at the same time I also did not want to force anybody into an uncomfortable situation. So without stating my opinion I went into my tent to hit the sack. Bruce woke me up a bit later and asked whether I wished to paddle with him and Dave, while Shaun decided to walk to the highway. Greg later decided to paddle with us as well. In retrospect, Shaun was probably the only one who was sane.

The force of wind on the top of the promontory was about 16-20mph, gusting 30mph, and seas were very confused and the surf as high as before. It was very cold, perhaps around 20-25° (we don't know exactly, since both thermometers stopped working). We all prepared carefully for paddling, all wearing one piece dry suits with enough insulation underneath. I was wearing a pile liner (12 oz) plus lightweight polypro one piece suit. We all had neoprene boots, neoprene hoods and Bruce and Dave also used neoprene mitts. Greg and I were using pile-lined pogies. We all had compasses and charts and towlines. All our boats were equipped with Henderson chimp pumps. We had spare paddles, flares and strobe lights. Everybody except me also carried paddle floats. Otherwise, all gear was packed inside the kayaks. We all paddled Nordkapps HM, except Greg, who paddled a Baidarka Explorer; all four boats were equipped with watertight VCP hatches and bulkheads.

Around 3 p m we were ready to leave. The wind picked up again and it was snowing. We prepared to launch from the southern part of the beach, next to the Noisy Creek mouth, where the gravel slope seemed to be the most regular and free of big boulders. Shaun was ready to walk out with a duffle bag carrying my camera equipment with him. So he also took a few pictures of our departure. I was to be the last one to launch, the so-called "Top Dog" (according to Eric Soares). David happened to be the "Hot Dog" since he went first - well through the first breaker, but almost back-ended in the next one. Bruce had more problems getting out; he was repeatedly thrown around and ended hammered on the beach sideways. As he exited under the assault of a powerful surf, his boat hammered me down and almost broke my legs as I was trying to help him. We pulled his boat out and he relaxed a bit on the shore before attempting again. In that moment we probably committed a serious mistake, since his kayak was not emptied completely before the next launch and the remaining water inside of the cockpit played a decisive role in later troubles. While Bruce relaxed sitting on pile of ice, I launched Greg who exited diagonally, but without any problem. Next, we put Bruce on the launching ramp again and this time he got out, but not without difficulties, being hammered again and again, but he was at last out of the surf. Now it was my turn. I placed a round smooth log under my Nordkapp, closed the skirt, checked it three times, put pogies on and waited for the small set of waves. With Shaun's help I slid into water and easily cut through the surf. The tricky part was to avoid floating logs and chunks of ice which were all around.

We assembled into a tight formation and started to paddle out at a slow pace, with me leading the pack about 15 yards ahead. The paddling was not particularly difficult, since the wind was weaker and the waves provided some protection against it. The swells were large; perhaps more than 10 feet. After rounding a point at a safe distance, we continued north, some 300 yards off shore, following continuous line of 200-300 high cliffs. Occasionally there were rogue waves coming from nowhere, and frequent clapotis, resulting from integration of at least two wave patterns. On those, the kayaks pitched quite steeply. The main pattern of swells seemed to be arriving from the west, with some swells (probably from a yesterday's distant storm) coming also from southwest. There were also significant reflections from the waves striking obliquely along the coast. Gusts of wind, sometimes powerful, were coming mostly from the northwest.

As we progressed some two miles north I could clearly see Smokey Point in the front of me (according to our charts there seemed to be a possibility of emergency landing there). I was becoming confident that we all were going to make it O.K. to Driftwood Beach, unless conditions would get much worse. On the other hand, I was concerned that our pace was too slow.

Then the disaster struck. As I looked back, I saw Bruce's Nordkapp overturned and simultaneously heard the shouts of Dave and Greg calling me back. Bruce later told me that the water sloshing inside of his kayak probably

contributed to his flipping. He attempted to Eskimo roll, but unfortunately failed. I paddled back and was preparing to assist in a group rescue. Instead Bruce indicated that he would attempt a paddle float rescue which somehow did not work either. Greg and I rafted with Bruce's kayak to help him re-enter and put paddles across the kayaks to firm up. He re-entered the kayak and we helped him put the spraydeck on which was not an easy task with frozen hands. We quickly discovered that Bruce's pump was frozen solid. The same was true with Greg's pump as well. My pump could not be used for the pumping of other boats than mine, since the house was stuffed under the gear bag behind my seat; the pump was probably frozen anyway. The only useable pump was David's; presumably because he lubricated it with silicon (?). At any rate it was obvious that pumps don't work under the freezing temperatures which makes rescues very difficult. I disengaged from Bruce and Greg, and David rafted up and started to pump Bruce's kayak up with some success, but perhaps he was never been able to empty it completely. David put Bruce into a tow and Bruce tried to maintain his balance with two paddle floats, one on each paddle blade.

We resumed a slow pace northward, At this time I was almost convinced that we would have to make an emergency landing at Smokey Point because Bruce seemed to be tired and could not maintain his balance with water inside of the boat. I was in the lead and watching over my shoulder. Conditions worsened as we neared Smokey Point, the visibility decreased and snow began to fall again, or more correctly, to blow into our faces. Icing on our paddles, life jackets, spray covers, etc., became quite noticeable. What happened next I will probably never be able to explain satisfactorily. Suddenly I did not see anybody. Visibility was bad, the waves were quite high, but I saw all three other kayaks just a minute before! Next, I stopped, turned around, kept looking from the top of 15 foot waves, but saw just gray, lumpy, empty seas. I knew that I could not find the rest of the group just being stationary. So I paddled out a bit and when seeing nobody on my port side as I expected, I turned around and thought about attempting the landing near Smokey Point. Perhaps I would be useful finding a landing place for the group. It did not work either since I never spotted any place to land without crashing into the cliffs. It was possible that there was a very small landing on the north side of the Point, but the shoreline was obscured by ice. The surf was big and the seas around were confused, on the borderline of safe navigability. So I veered offshore again, feverishly trying to make the best decision. I fully realised that by being in decent physical shape I should be the natural candidate to tow Bruce all the way to Driftwood Beach. On the other hand, if Bruce would or even had flipped again it was doubtful I could really help. Therefore it seemed that this was the time to get outside help. Secondly, to try to find kayaks among the towering waves seemed an almost impossible task. Thus, with great reluctance I decided that I would paddle to Driftwood Beach, some four to five miles away. At my arrival Shaun should be there (his car was parked at the beach) and we would drive to the Ontario Provincial Police Station to summon a helicopter for the search and rescue mission. I knew that there were choppers at the Wawa airport several miles from Michipicoten River.

I paddled as fast as I could through heavy swells. The water was not particularly bad, but the precarious situation made me somehow nervous and forced me to be more careful than I would normally be. A few times I felt a bit shaky but that feeling passed quickly with sustained strokes. I did not really want to think what could happen if I were to flip and not be able to roll.

The rest of the coast were straight cliffs and I stayed about 300 yards from shore and continued paddling at a decent pace now on following swells. My hands were getting bad under pogies and my sight was obscured by icicles hanging from my eyebrows. My upper torso's mobility was restricted by a thick ice coating over my dry suit and life jacket. The paddle shaft between my hands was now about twice thicker with a coating of ice.

Finally, I saw a small island in front of me. It was very close to the shore - Driftwood Beach. There was a lot of turbulence between the island and mainland cliffs on the south side. I saw spouts of water coming high into the air and foam flying over the treetops on the island. So I took a chicken route a bit north of the island, aiming straight for the landing. At this moment I realised that the sand beach was very steep and surf line was very close to it. A strong current and turbulence was running all the way around the island, but in its lee there was an almost placid area where landing was not difficult. I got out rolling once on the sand, since the beach was too steep for the kayak to ride up. I jumped out, pulled the kayak out of the surf and dragged it on the top of bluff. There was no sight of Shaun.

Realising that time was critical I started to run south on the beach where I found the trail which took me soon to Shaun's car - but no sign of him there yet. It was 5.45 p.m. about 1.5 hour after our separation. Only about 2.5 hours of daylight were left. I started on the forest road toward Highway 17 which was about 2.5 miles away. I ran and walked as fast as I could. As soon as I reached Highway 17 a driver of a minivan stopped. Incidentally Shaun was inside hitchhiking, after walking to the highway further south. I told him the situation in two sentences and sent him to the beach while the very kind driver took me to the OPP station, some five miles away. My entry into the station must have been rather impressive: OPP wanted to send me to hospital with hypothermia and frostbite, since I was covered by ice from head to toe. The co-operative and understanding policemen immediately agreed to get a helicopter and a rescue boat to look for my friends.

Within less than half an hour we were in a chopper (pilot, officer and myself) while another officer tried to fetch a boat. The pilot told me that it would be me who would lift a potential victim from the water and throw a heavy net into the cabin. I was supposed to get instructions later, if necessary. It was about 6.45 and I was hoping not too much time had elapsed. A reasonable estimate for survival in 35° water in a dry suit with heavy insulation underneath, having feet, hands and head covered in neoprene may be about two hours. But that seemed awfully long.. Who knows ...

We flew above Magpie River with its beautiful waterfalls to the mouth of Michipicoten River at Driftwood Beach. We could clearly see huge breakers formed at the river mouth at the northern end of the beach. Upon the arrival at the southern end of the beach we saw my yellow Nordkapp with Shaun Devlin next to it waiting... The weather was now clearer and there was even a sign of sun bursting through the clouds. The chopper swung over the lake and started to fly toward Smokey Point, now clearly visible. Then about one mile offshore we spotted two yellow and one red kayak, all upright, heading slowly toward the beach. This was the best sight we could ever expect. So I told the police officer: "They are coming for landing". "Are they O.K.?" "Apparently so." We swung around and flew over them twice and I was confident that they were going to make it. The officer asked me: "Stan, are you sure these are your friends?" I said: "Yes, sir, it is them, there were no more kayakers on the lake tonight." "Thank God for that" he replied. Suddenly I felt very tired but luckily it was all over.

The rest of story is routine. We arrived back at the airport and the police station, whereat we wrote a protocol. I could finally take off my ice-encrusted dry suit. I had no frostbite and felt good overall and had only minor pain in my wrists and fingers. I got two cups of coffee and two officers drove me to Driftwood Beach to check on the condition of my fellow icemen. None of them had frostbite either and all seemed to be overall O.K. although obviously very tired. So we packed everything, went for dinner and headed south while heavy snow was falling.

What a start of the 1988 kayaking season!



EARLY ESKIMO VISITORS TO BRITAIN  
by ANN SAVOURS

Most travellers collect curios and mementos from foreign parts. In the days when the world was less well known, the captains of exploring and trading vessels occasionally brought back natives of the lands they visited: for example, Captain Cook's expedition brought Omai from Tahiti in the 18th century, and the Fuegian Jemmy Button came here in the Beagle in the early 19th. Some of the early Eskimo visitors to these islands were brought in this way, but not all, as will be seen.

The first Eskimo visitors were probably three brought back by Martin Frobisher from his voyages to Baffin Island in 1576 and 1577. They all reached England safely, but died soon afterwards, like many others, a prey to unfamiliar germs. Michael Lok, one of the narrators of Frobisher's first voyage, tells us that Frobisher and his men 'came to London with their ship Gabriel the ixth day of October and there were joyfully received with the great admiration of the people, bringing with them their strange man and his bote, which was such a wonder unto the whole city and to the rest of the realm that heard of yt as seemed never to have happened the like great matter to any man's knowledge'. The Eskimo looks tall and thin in his portrait, but Lok describes him as having a broad face, short legs and a stout body. His countenance was 'sullen or churlish and sharp withall', which is not surprising considering that he had been enticed aboard the ship and carried away. He died very soon after his arrival.

The man, woman and young child who were brought back from Frobisher's second voyage are depicted in a more convincing manner. The man died of pneumonia some two months after reaching Bristol. The doctor who attended him wrote a brief account in Latin of his illness and a description of his wife. Queen Elizabeth is said to have given the man permission to shoot the birds on the River Thames, including even the swans, for which the usual penalty was hanging. He went on the river at Bristol in his skin boat, which was about fourteen feet long. He 'killed a couple of ducks with his dart; and when he had done he carried away the boat through the marsh on his back'. The woman and young child did not live long after the man's death.

The next group we hear of reached the north of Scotland unaided in the late 17th or early 18th century. The kayak which transported one of these visitors is preserved in the Museum at Marischal College, Aberdeen. There has been much discussion as to how these mysterious 'Finn-men' travelled such a distance without perishing of exhaustion, and no-one really knows whence and why they came. Probably the earliest reference to their appearance off the Scottish coast is in a book by the Reverend James Wallace, Minister of Kirkwall, Orkney, who writes about 1688 in his Description of the Isles of Orkney: 'Sometimes about this Country are seen these Men which are called Finnmen. In the year 1682 one was seen sometime sailing, sometime Rowing up and down in his little Boat at the south end of the Isle of Eda, most of the people of the Isle flocked to see him, and when they adventured to put out a Boat with men to see if they could apprehend him, he presently fled away most swiftly.' Another was seen in 1684. 'These Finnmen seem to be some of these people that dwell about the Fretum Davis' (Davis Strait). Wallace's son describes the boats as 'being made of Fish skins' and 'so contrived that he can never sink, but is like a Sea-gull swimming on the top of the water. His shirt he has is so fastened to the Boat that no water can come into his Boat to do him damage, except when he pleases to untye it ...' The Aberdeen kayak was described by Francis Douglas in his General Description of the East Coast of Scotland, published in 1782. He visited Marischal College and was shown a 'canoe taken at sea, with an Indian man in it, about the beginning of this century. He was brought alive to Aberdeen, but died soon after his arrival and could give no account of himself. He is supposed to have lost his way at sea.'

London society in the 18th century was entertained by the visits of two groups of Eskimos, both from Labrador. Mikak and her small son Karpik were brought over by a naval lieutenant in 1768 after a skirmish with the Eskimos. The strangers were much feted by the royal family and others and this is what the Earl of Bathurst had to say about Mikak in a letter to the Reverend Joshua Parry, now in the Parry collection at the Scott Polar Research Institute, Cambridge: 'There is so much to be said in relation to the Esquimaux lady, that I shan't be able to go through it. She has an admirable understanding. She has been twice with the princess, who is as fond of her as I am. Twice she has dined with me, and tho' I had very good dinners, she would eat nothing but Salmon.... The Princess of Wales ordered me to bring her to Carlton House and there would have something handsome made up for her in her own country fashion. I was to undertake it, with the assistance of the sea-officer who brought her over, and with whom she lives. I got red and white leather for her boots, black velvet for under breeches, and white shag for upper. All these she would make up herself, not suffering any man to touch her. We then got a cloth which was white on the outside and blue within. This was finely laced with gold lace, and a pike before which came down to her knees, with a gold fringe. Behind there was a large cape which might come over the head, but was for another use, viz., to carry a child in. They can bring the child round to give it suck, and then clap it behind upon their back. From the shoulders down to the ground there was a tail, not unlike a fishes tail. This is what distinguishes the woman from the man. We added fine embroidery upon the breast and tail, and she was much pleased with it. I carried her to Carlton House. She would go in a chair, that with curtains drawn she might not be seen. She loves pictures and music extremely, but thinks it indecent to see the pictures of naked men and women.

'When she was coming away from the Princess, she talked with the officer, who understands her language, and is perhaps the only man in England who does: for it is the Greenland, not the Indian language. She seemed uneasy. The Princess enquired what the matter was. She said she wanted to go home and change her dress, for she could not dine at my house in that dress with company, and be seen by servants. She could not bear to be laughed at. All women here wore paticcoats. Upon this the Princess took her into another room, put on her a head-dress, a damask petticoat, and a mantle, and she came out very well satisfied, and dined at my house. The ladies with me had some difficulty to make her shew her own dress.

'What you have been told is true as to the Esquimaux, which makes it the more extraordinary that this woman should discover such marks of sense. She has her son with her, who is extremely like her, and about eight years old. Another boy is just come over, who was brought in another ship, but taken prisoner at the same time. They are all to be sent back in May, and it is hoped they may assist in making some Treaty with those people, and open a trade for whale finishing.'

Mikak returned to Labrador and afterwards played an important part in helping the work of the Moravian Mission. Her son remained in England to be educated as a Moravian missionary. He made rapid progress until his death from smallpox at Fulneck in Yorkshire in 1796. The story of Mikak is told in a book by J. W. Davey called *The Fall of Torngak* (London, 1905) and in two earlier anonymous works: *Missions in Labrador ...* (Dublin 1831) and *Moravians in Labrador* (Edinburgh, 1835).

A party of five were brought over in the winter of 1772 by Captain George Cartwright, a trapper and trader, who wished to impress them with the sights of London and with the wealth of England. They were indeed amazed and confessed that the Eskimos were but as one man to the numbers of the English. They refused at first to believe that St Paul's Cathedral, London Bridge and

Blackfriars Bridge were the works of man. Cartwright convinced them by showing the 'marks of the chizzels upon the stones' of the bridges and also took them to the top of St Paul's. They were 'quite lost in amazement ... and insisted that it must at least be as high as Cape Charles, which is a mountain of considerable altitude. Upon my asking them how they should describe it to their countrymen on their return, they replied with a look of the utmost expression, that they should neither mention it, nor many other things which they had seen lest they should be called liars, from the seeming impossibility of such astonishing facts.'

The mass of curious spectators (among them James Boswell) and the constant travelling exhausted the Eskimos. One day Cartwright found one of them, Attuiock, sitting by the fire. 'At length, tossing up his head, he broke out, "Oh, I am tired! Here are too many houses, too much smoke, too many people. Labrador is very good, seals are plentiful there. I wish I was back again". It is sad to relate that all but one of the party died of smallpox on the way home and never saw Labrador again.

Several Eskimos were brought to Great Britain during the 19th century by whaling captains. John Sakeouse, 'a native of Jacob Sound, Greenland', arrived at Leith in August 1816 aboard the *Thomas and Ann*, Greenland whaler. The inscription under his portrait tells us that he 'exhibited several feats of dexterity with his Lance and Canoe which attracted great attention and gave rise to another exhibition of his powers in the presence of the greatest concourse of spectators ever known to have assembled at Leith. He successfully contended in swiftness with a six-oared whale boat and in his course threw his Lance with unerring certainty against the bulb of the Beacon. The Canoe weighs 16 lbs.: the Vignette shows its size and shape and how he fixes himself in it: thus fixed he manages it with such agility as in an instant to dive turning the keel of the canoe directly upwards, and then in a moment replace himself. He has made considerable progress already in speaking, reading and writing of the English Language. He says he was at School in his own country; had read of England; and he is even acquainted with several historical facts. When shewn a representation of an Elephant, he was much delighted and said he had heard of the animal but had never seen a likeness of it before. His mother tongue strikingly resembles that of the natives of the interior of Africa.' Sakeouse accompanied Sir John Ross during his voyage in search of the North-West Passage in 1818. Another Eskimo interpreter was Erasmus Kallihirna

A short book entitled *A narrative of some passages in the history of Eenoolooapik*, a young Esquimaux was published in Edinburgh in 1841 about the visit of an Eskimo brought to Britain in the autumn of 1839 aboard the ship *Neptune* of Aberdeen, under the command of the well known whaling captain, William Penny. The book, by Alexander M'Donald, describes the occasion of Eenoolooapik's stay in Aberdeen, which was to help in the discovery of new whaling grounds in the Davis Strait area. 'Eenoo' or 'Bobbie', who had wished for a long time to visit this country, proved very popular and was made much of by people in Aberdeen; his 'docility and the mildness of his disposition soon rendered him a general favourite' on board ship too. He was adept at drawing charts of the coast and also showed his intelligence in being able to move in society, through imitation, with great ease. He was astonished at the fertile countryside and especially at the size of the trees; and 'he amused himself in measuring the circumference of several of them, and in comparing them with the stunted shrubs of the West-land - as he had been taught by the sailors to denominate the country of his birth. He displayed considerable anxiety to be informed concerning the nature of every strange object; and in return, he was very ready to communicate such knowledge as he possessed, in regard to the production of his native clime. . . It may be here remarked, however, that although he seemed interested about everything which he saw, he maintained the utmost coolness and deliberation in examining

whatever attracted his notice. The same perfect composure and gravity marked his intercourse with the various individuals he met, and, as yet, he was equally at home with every person, knowing none of the ordinary distinctions of society.' Eenooloopik displayed his dexterity with his canoe on the River Dee and was with difficulty persuaded to wear his native costume, consenting only on condition that he would not be asked to do so again.

Arrangements had been made 'for instructing him in such elementary branches of education as it seemed he was most likely to acquire with ease, and also for teaching him the art of boatbuilding'. But all this was prevented by an infection of the lungs from which, however, he eventually recovered. He returned to Davis Strait with Captain Penny in the spring and did indeed help not only to explore part of Cumberland Sound, but to collect whalebone and other articles each year until his death of consumption in 1847.

The Manchester Guardian of January 5, 1848, contains a short account of the visit of Memiadluk and Uckaluk, from Baffin Island. They were brought to England by Captain Parker of the Hull whaler Truelove and were exhibited in Hull, Manchester, York and other cities in the north of England. It seems that Captain Parker, who had made over twenty voyages to Davis Strait, was very much concerned at the way the Eskimos were dying of hunger, some of them having become dependent on the annual visits of such whaling captains as himself and Captain Penny for food and clothing. In contrast to the Eskimos of Greenland, who were well looked after by the Danish administration, those in British territories were neglected, said Captain Parker. He had brought Memiadluk (aged seventeen) and Ucklaluk, his young wife (aged fifteen), at their own request to England. He hoped by exhibiting them to make the British Government aware of the sad plight of 'these territorial subjects of Queen Victoria'. The proceeds of the exhibition were to go towards buying a supply of provisions and 'other necessaries of Esquimaux life, preparatory to their return'. A broadsheet advertising the exhibition and plaster casts of the heads of the two Eskimos and Captain Parker are in the Maritime Museum, Hull.

Thus far do we follow the story of these northern visitors, both forced and voluntary, sometimes tragic and sometimes happy. One hopes that a few of them at least enjoyed their stay and that not all, like Attuiock, longed desperately for the fat seals and clear air of their native land.

YOU COULD HAVE FILLED  
THIS SPACE!

This newsletter is only as good as your  
contributions - please keep them coming.

## TRINITY HOUSE SHAKE-UP FOLLOWS THREE-YEAR REVIEW

The biggest ever shake-up in the history of Trinity House, the UK's lighthouse authority, will involve almost a third of the 700 aids to navigation, for which it is currently responsible, being discontinued or transferred to the jurisdiction of local or port authorities.

The proposed rationalisation of the wide range of services provided by Trinity House around the coastlines of England and Wales is to be put to the shipping industry, port authorities and other interested parties. The proposals come as a result of a three-year review of its lighthouses, light vessels, buoys, fog signals and daymarks.

Captain David Orr, the director of navigational requirements, said Trinity House was recommending that five lighthouses, two fog signal stations, seven light vessels and large navigational buoys and 49 other buoys should be discontinued. It is also suggested that 139 aids to navigation, comprising 19 lighthouses, one light vessel and 119 buoys should be transferred to and funded by the appropriate local or port authorities.

He said the recommendations reflected not only technological advances on board ships and changing patterns of sea trade, but also the recent acquisition by the three General Lighthouse Authorities of responsibility for the UK chains of the Decca Navigator System, which guarantees the availability of the system for all vessels for at least ten years. In addition, the development and improvement of radar beacons (racons) means that certain major floating aids (i e., light vessels) can be replaced by buoys equipped with racons.

Captain Orr said the new proposals should be seen as the first step in an on-going review of the service. 'Trinity House has a responsibility to provide a system of aids to general navigation to enable the mariner to navigate safely around the coasts of England, Wales and the Channel Islands and to reduce the risk of loss of life or environmental pollution which could result from a marine casualty' he said.

He said the proposals recognised the dependence on conventional aids to navigation by vessels with limited on-board navigational aids and vessels which may be poorly maintained or operated by insufficiently trained personnel, balanced with the needs of well-found vessels equipped with sophisticated position fixing and collision avoidance systems.

Trinity House believes the cuts associated with the transfer of responsibility for some navigational aids will help reduce its annual maintenance bill by some 1.5 million. A further 1.3 million will also be saved by reducing by one the number of tender vessels it operates.

Under the proposals it is intended to discontinue five lighthouses including Souter, Happisburgh and South Foreland.

Still under consideration for further changes are the northern approaches to the Thames, including the Orfordness lighthouse and the Shipwash and Outer Gabbard light/fog signals; the area around the Goodwin Sands and the adjacent traffic separation schemes; the eastern approaches to the Solent, including the Owers light/fog signal; and the area around the western approaches, taking in all aids between Land's End and the Scilly Isles.

The Trinity House proposals, however, do not appear to go as far as a report prepared for the General Council of British Shipping in which the

organisation's lights advisory committee suggested a much more radical cut-back. It also questioned the value to a modern ship of many of the navigation aids provided by the service,

During an on-going period of change within Trinity House, a total of five lighthouses have so far been sold to the highest bidder, one of them, St. Mary's, being sold to the local authority for a field study centre and museum.

The savings to be made by the rationalisation are unlikely to result in a reduction in the light dues charged to shipowners using UK ports, but would help to postpone any rise, said John Backhouse, the director of administration.

Light dues charged by the government - used to provide funds for Trinity House and its equivalents in Scotland and Northern Ireland - rose by 13.8% earlier this year, as reported in the May/June issue of Navigation News.

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#### BOOK REVIEW

LIVING OFF THE SEA by Charlie White, 1985. Special Interest Publications, A Division of Maclean Hunters, 202-1132 Hamilton Street, Vancouver, B.C., softcover, 126 pages, \$6.95

Living Off The Sea by Charlie White is typical of the other Saltaire Series publications: it is simple, practical and a good buy. In contrast to some "tourist trap" edible critter books, this one seems to have been mostly researched on the beach instead of in the library. The old standards of fishing, crabbing and clamming are covered very well and the book contains some very good techniques that are simple and practical for a sea kayaker. Unfortunately some new simple techniques such as crab "snares" that are now on the market are not mentioned. The 'exotic seafoods' sections are a little shallow and although they make some good suggestions as to what is edible, more details and preparation information are needed (and available elsewhere). Frequently these exotics are the only items available to the kayaker with limited equipment.

The survival section does not claim to be extensive and is actually only a brief summary of the simpler techniques described elsewhere in the book. Experienced foragers could pick at some details and avid fishermen have their own techniques but anyone could learn something from this book and those new to foraging would find it well worth \$6.95.

Lee Moyer