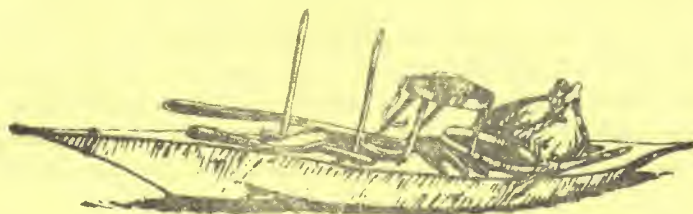


# NEWSLETTER of the



## Advanced Sea Kayak Club

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



ADVANCED SEA KAYAK CLUB

NEWSLETTER NO.90

MARCH 1992

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

### EDITORIAL

I will be distributing this Newsletter, together with the ASKC 1992 ADDRESS LIST, at Crystal Palace, London, over the weekend of the International Canoe Exhibition - see you there. We have moved this year - to space number 405 in Hall Four - next to the BCU Sea Touring Committee on one side and the Surf Committee on the other - so we are in good company.

### Symposiums

Just to remind you of the dates of THE ANGLESEY SEA KAYAKING SYMPOSIUM - Friday 1st May through to Friday 8th May 1992 at Trearddur Bay. To those of you to whom I have asked to contribute, an early response would be appreciated. If any of you reading this would like to make a contribution - we could do with some new blood - let me hear from you. We are looking for lectures, demonstrations, instruction and leaders.

All applications to participate in the Symposium should go to Nigel Dennis, A.S.S.S., Porth Dafarch Road, Holyhead, Anglesey, North Wales LL65 2LP (0407 762525).

THE JERSEY CANOE CLUB SEA KAYAKING SYMPOSIUM is being held over the weekend of 22nd, 23rd and 24th May 1992. Details of this event are available from Kevin Mansell, 177 Quennevais Park, St Brelade, Jersey, Channel Islands.

At long last I have finished my book 'SEA TOURING' and am now negotiating with the publishers. It has taken me several years to complete as writing it has competed with the many other calls on my time. It has been great fun as I have included several anecdotes to emphasise the points I try to make and how the memories came flooding back. The fifth edition of 'SEA TOURING' is virtually rewritten and much enlarged. I hope it proves as popular as the previous editions when it becomes available nearer the end of this year. I make no apology for giving my book this very early 'plug' as so many have asked about its progress.

The situation in Russia continues to change. I am planning to take a group of young people to the north-western corner of the White Sea and last year I went out to Petersburg and later to Moscow to make preparations. Consequently I have been watching developments in this country with great interest. As I write this editorial Yeltsin has allowed free market prices to prevail which means that a piece of meat now costs three months wages for a Russian. We have been hearing of third world deprivation for a long time - it seems somehow very peculiar for serious food shortages to be the case in this advanced European/Asian country. One of my friends in Moscow is Vadim Gouida and I have published a letter from him in which he tells us of Adventure Travel in Russia. I certainly believe there are many kayaking opportunities in this wonderful country and I am looking forward to the exchanges that will now take place between us.

The author of 'Blazing Paddles', Brian Wilson, has written to tell us that his book is to be serialised on 'Book at Bedtime', Radio 4, between 23rd and 27th March 1992.

Chuck Sutherland at Coastal Kayakers, Chesapeake Bay, U.S.A., has sent me one of his small craft NAV-AIDS together with full instructions on use. Basically it is a one step method of working out magnetic bearings and distances on a chart. You can purchase one from Chuck at Five Dollars - send to C. Sutherland, RD 1, Box 457, Green Lane, PA 18054, U.S.A.

I have a few Anglesey Symposium 1991 Posters - they are great and one is yours in return for a good article for this Newsletter.

Hope you like this Newsletter - it is as good as the material you send me.

---

ASKC SHOP

Ties @ £6.50 each

ASKC Stickers @ 35 pence each

T-shirts - Small/medium/large/ X-large @ £5.50 each (yellow or black)

Sweat-shirts - Small/medium/large/X-large @ £12.50 each (yellow or black)

ASKC Ski-hats @ £3.50 each

The book QAJAQ by David Zimmerley @ £12.50

All prices include postage and packing.

---

FOR SALE AND WANTED

For Sale.

Sea King, yellow and blue, three water tight compartments, pump, drop skeep, deck lines, etc. £250 o.n.o. Tel: Dave Youren 0977 799059

Wanted

P & H Iona or Iceflow - anything for the lighter paddler similar to these two. Tel: Dave Youren 0977 799059

Wanted

Kayak Trailer - to carry four kayaks. It's for me, John Ramwell 0983 520752

\*\*\*\*\*

ACCIDENT REPORTS IN COASTAL KAYAKING      Chuck Sutherland

When I was editor of ANorAK, all those many years ago, one of the jobs was recording accident reports. Some were accidents resulting in deaths. Others were inconvenient events that seemed instructive. New paddlers have no access to all that outstanding writing and cannot appreciate what a wonderful job I did. I am therefore going to give everyone a second chance by publishing a small book on coastal kayaking accidents. I am happy to include original reports under the name of the authors, but the real objective is to present a synopsis that briefly describes the cases and with the reference to the original report that appeared elsewhere. Each accident will appear under the name of the original author even if I write the synopsis report extracted from the original article. At present I have 30 cases written up. I would like to have at least 100 cases in this record.

These incidents are to include any instructive incidents including routine capsizes, rescues, animal incidents (ever had a seal jump on your boat!), hypothermia, wind blowing kayaks away, wind overpowering paddlers, surfing accidents, medical problems, etc. Some incidents are especially interesting because they demonstrate how skilled, well equipped paddlers are able to find ways of getting out of trouble.

I think it is unfortunate that the many published cases over the past 10 years or more are lost from view because there is no current record of them. The least we can do for those who died is not forget the lessons that may be learnt. Anyone willing to contribute to this project is invited to write up your tales and send them to me: Chuck Sutherland, RD 1 Box 457, Green Lane, PA 18054, USA

\*\*\*\*\*

Solo Circumnavigation of The Western Isles  
by Michael Taylor

In both 1988 and 1989 I had planned to paddle the Outer Hebrides but, on both occasions, circumstances outwith my control had prevented me. It was third time lucky in 1991! I planned to paddle from Skye, across the Minch, round the Butt of Lewis, down to Barra Head and back to my house on Seil.

I left Skye on the last day of the heatwave that had dominated the first few days of July. A forecast of NE4-5 and a moderate sea had encouraged me to leave the comforts of Uig. It's funny how different a moderate sea appears when sitting all alone in the middle of the ocean out of sight of land from the way you imagine it when lying in your sleeping bag listening to the forecast. With the dense haze keeping visibility down to 600 metres, the swell seemed huge. I was relieved when the Shiant Isles appeared through the mist roughly on the compass bearing which I had been following. I recommend these islands; it is worth crossing the Minch just to circumnavigate them. I spent a couple of hours paddling round them before pottering across to Eilean Lubhard for the night; a pleasant 50k to get the expedition underway.

A day and a half up the coast of Lewis took me to the Butt and one of the highlights of the trip. A series of skerries project a few hundred metres north of the Butt itself. Although it was only blowing NE4 the sea had been lumpy along the coast and was breaking quite heavily around the skerries. The only exception was between the furthest and the next furthest skerry where the sea dropped into a trough. After watching for several minutes, I decided this was a safe line and I paddled into it. I canoed slowly not into the trough I had expected but into a hole some four metres deep and there I sat. I waited for the following wave to break over me but it didn't. So I just sat there and looked up at the steep slopes of water behind and to the front. It was a unique experience sitting stationary with following waves losing their power instead of crashing down on top of me. After a few minutes I paddled up the far side of the trough and round to the shelter of the west coast. Within seconds of gaining shelter, thunder rumbled and lightning flashed; a superb sight at sea in such a lonely spot. I prepared for the likely storm as best I could but, although the lightning continued for half-an-hour and torrential rain for twice that long, the wind did not pick up and I paddled south in reasonable conditions.

Two days of gales kept me in the small bay of Arnol and an opportunity to enjoy the kind of hospitality that is only ever extended to a solo paddler. Crofters plied me with all manner of food and drink from eggs to beer and took me into their homes. One man brought me a regular supply of flasks of boiling water to save my gas. The bay forms the meeting place of the community; even in a gale the pace of life on Lewis allows plenty of time for socialising. Speaking in English solely for my benefit, the younger men reflected on the difficulty of finding work on the island while the older ones reminisced about the days when the seas were full of fish. They cannot see the logic of risking prosecution through photographic evidence taken from a British helicopter if they put out a few nets for the odd salmon that may still make its way into the bay while foreign fishermen sit a few miles off shore and trap every moving creature in their multi-kilometre monofilament nets.

When I left Arnol the wind was still blowing Force 5, strong enough after a couple of days of gales to maintain awkward seas off the exposed west coast. For a couple of days I snatched the odd few hours of lighter evening winds and paddled from mid-afternoon until ten or eleven o'clock at night.

One such evening paddle took me to the small island of Taransay where I panded at 11 p.m. and left again at 7 a.m. with the promise of reasonable winds of SW5. Torrential rain started as I packed my tent and the wind was above Force 5 when I launched. I tried to convince myself that it was only a squall and I headed off. By the time I was sure that it was not just a temporary blow I was too scared to turn back. I just had to keep going with a beam sea. Huge breaking waves forced me into exaggerated braces that carried me metres off course.

My route that day was to take me through the Sound of Harris which is festooned with small islands. In the heavy rain they would have been difficult to identify even if I had been brave enough to stop paddling for long enough to look at my map. Fortunately, I had taken a compass bearing and I just stuck to this. Going through the Sound the wind increased further (to SW7 according to the Butt of Lewis weather station) and by the time I reached the east coast of North Uist I was too exhausted and cold to go on. I had managed only 38k. For the first time on the expedition I could not find a good landing or campsite and I landed in a muddy bay and camped on a steep slope that had the advantage that the torrential rain could not collect under me. A walk to a distant croft for water cheered me up as the crofter and his wife invited me in for tea and cakes. They also mentioned that, if I had continued another hundred metres, I would have found a perfect landing and a sheltered campsite!

The weather improved as I moved down to east side of Benbecula and the Uists and so did the scenery. The mountain scenery is superb and I wished the rain would stop so that I could enjoy it more!

The sun did come out for the paddle round the chain of small islands leading down to Barra Head. I camped on Vatersay and intended to zig-zag in and out of the islands, round Barra Head and back north to Eriskay. Although this would be a long day (73k) the forecast for the next day was good and I wanted a fine day to cross the Minch to Canna. The day was one of contrasts: the clear blue water in the sounds, beautiful empty beaches, superbly placed hamlets, sadly deserted crofts, the huge cliffs and clapotis of Mingulay. If I could repeat any day of the trip it would be this one.

I would not choose to repeat the paddle across the Minch to Canna. For most of the 42k I could see no land, there were few sea birds and not a single vessel. Only the occasional porpoise gave the day interest.

Having reached Canna with time in hand I spent a couple of days pottering round the Small Isles in improving weather before paddling through the Sound of Mull to home.

Ending any journey without mishap is satisfying but to paddle up to one's back door after 320 miles is particularly rewarding. I had fantasised for the last couple of days of the trip about what I would eat, the hot shower I would enjoy and how I would spend the afternoon. Unfortunately, it was a Sunday, the shops were shut, the heating had been switched off and my wife was out so I did none of them. I just sat in the sun and ate another soggy misshapen Mars.

---

STOP PRESS STOP PRESS.

KAYAKING SHETLAND ISLANDS.

The Shetlanders are laying on a kayaking weekend followed by trips for the rest of the week. Book it in your diary now. JULY 3rd to 5th and then the rest of the week. Accommodation arranged to suit your needs. Bring the family. I am flying up there for the weekend. See you there. Further details from Dave Gardner; 3, Andrews Terr; Lerwick, Shetland, ZE1 1F.

\* \* \* \* \*

Upside Down off the West Coast  
by Michael Taylor

Until Autumn 1991 I had never needed to roll in earnest in the open sea. Of course, I had needed to roll when surfing and on rivers. Not on the sea. Then, in the period of a fortnight, I had to roll twice.

The first occasion was embarrassing! Wendy and I were halfway from Skye to Rhum in a slight sea and with a wind of no more than Force Three. We had stopped to admire the view and I was looking over my shoulder. Unfortunately, my paddle, held loosely in one hand, was trailing over the side of the kayak. I am not sure what happened next. I assume that a small wave caught the blade and flipped me. Whatever the cause, I found myself, much to my surprise, upside down. If I expected a round of applause when I came up I was soon disillusioned. Wendy's initial look of horror was soon replaced by anger as, thinking that I had rolled on purpose, she told me what a stupid place I had chosen and that, if I wanted to continue with my pseudo macho behaviour, I should find some other sucker to impress.

The second situation was more serious. Mike and I live on opposite sides of the Sound of Easdale and, naturally, we meet up in the middle of the Sound. A fortnight after my experience with Wendy, we met for an afternoon paddle. After a few days continuously at Force seven and eight, the wind had died down to a steady six. We paddled out of the Sound to the south side of Easdale Island to meet the wind blowing against the tide. I didn't think the situation a serious one. The sea was big but the waves were breaking predictably. We headed west along the coast into the SSW wind. A series of large waves passed comfortably under the boat and I started to enjoy the conditions. When the next wave in the set approached I was not at all apprehensive; I thought it would pass under me as the last had done. I was wrong. This was the freak wave that I had dreamed of in my nightmares. It just grew and grew and grew. The bow of my boat was still five or six feet from the crest when it began to break. As if in slow motion the white water curled over and I knew that there was no possibility of my paddling through it. I dug my paddle in as hard as I could but to no avail. In a roar of breaking sea I looped backwards.

At that moment I was some 200 metres away from the coast.

My first attempt at a roll was futile. I was still being battered by the sea and knew that it was boiling above me but I had no breath left and had to make the attempt. My head was above the waves just long enough to fill my lungs before I went back under. As I felt the turbulence subside I tried a second time. I surfaced but only momentarily as, before I regained my balance, the next wave threw me back over. On the third attempt I made it. The only items that had been on my deck were my spare paddles but even these were stripped off by the force of the sea.

I had not had time to be scared. Everything in me, muscle and concentration, had been focussed entirely on staying in the kayak and rolling. I remember in my climbing days that it was not the really serious situations that frightened me but the moderately serious. In critical moments the brain seems to overcome fear and concentrates fully on survival.

I fought my way out to Mike. He had suffered more than me as he had had to watch helplessly. He had seen my boat upside down within 20 metres of the rocks and assumed that I was out of it being swept towards them.

These incidents gave me some food for thought. They certainly gave me added confidence. No matter how much a paddler believes that he could roll in given conditions, there is always the doubt until it is proven. They also reinforced my view that, even in a group, one is alone if the situation is really serious. Even in the first incident, I would have come out of the boat if I had failed to roll. The unexpectedness of my capsize and the relative positions of our kayaks would have prevented Wendy being able to reach me quickly enough to assist me while still in my boat. In the second incident, no canoeist could have paddled through breaking seas of their size to get alongside me to render assistance. Upside down, I was carried almost 200 metres from my last upright point in a matter of seconds. If I had come out of the boat it would have broken up on the rocks.

The incident had its lighter moment. I had been observed by a tourist from the coast. Although I was not there, I am told that he enjoyed relating the incident in the island pub that night and, as the whiskeys went down, the size of the waves increased!

---

From: Duncan Winning, 22 Brisbane Glen Road, LARGS, Ayrshire KA30 8QX  
Scotland 19 September 1991

Looking back to Newsletter No.86 and Richard Lasts letter, he refers to an early glass fibre sea kayak manufactured by a firm G. L. Mach. I would suggest this was a "Sea Rapier" built by J. L. Gmach (pronounced MAC), now trading as Ashford Marine. The craft was indeed one of the first G.R.P. sea kayaks produced commercially in the U.K. and has an interesting history.

The firm of J. L. Gmach was building "Wessex" double seat kayaks successfully and were approached by a customer, a Me Jenkins, to build a G.R.P. sea kayak based on a set of drawings he supplied. These drawings by the well known Norwegian designer F. Hoell, were for a canvas covered sea kayak called the "Seaway" and were dated July 1942. Mr Gmach's G.R.P. version was built in 1959 and put on the market in 1960.

A firm building "Rapier" power craft objected to the name of the canoe and it was changed to "Norseman" and became available with bulkheads, hatches and a rudder. Although long out of production a few examples are still around indeed an O.A.P. member of our club uses one regularly and took part in a "Round Bute" weekend at the beginning of the month, paddling some 28 miles on the Saturday! The Norseman was, and is, a good sea boat and it is said more than one modern sea kayak is based on its lines.

One item in the Anglesey report in Newsletter No.87 concerns me. That is the comment that "Miniflares are useless". I would like to know in what context! I have carried these for some years and they were and perhaps still are, issued to Service divers. Although I have never fired a miniflare in anger, my anticipated use would be as a close range location indicator, to be used when rescue craft were close but did not appear to see the casualty. I would be pleased to know if the Rescue Services think that this is O.K. or not!

---

From: Andy Wurm, 19 Warwick Avenue, Titirangi, Auckland 7, New Zealand  
Phone and Fax: 0064-9-817 4560 20 November 1991

Mainly Mayaking and Other Adventures -  
Seakayaking tours in New Zealand

I am working closely with all seakayaking operators in New Zealand and as a person who loves this outdoor activity, I am promoting and selling my own organised tours. Nobody ever offered guided sea-kayak trips from New Zealand directly to Europe, which made it very difficult for people to book a tour from overseas. I feel that we have a lot to offer European seakayakers.

Through my European market research I know there is extensive demand for other outdoor activities, which I can also offer. Being an enthusiastic seakayaker myself, I know most of all the beautiful places in both islands, so I am keen to promote this magnificent adventure and show it to tourists and other kayakers from overseas too.

I am German and have lived here since 1985. I personally have had extensive experience with outdoor adventures all over the world. While my emphasis will be on seakayaking I can offer the following outdoor products from New Zealand:

White Water Kayaking	White Water Rafting
Mountain Biking	Bungy Jumping
Bicycle Touring	Mountaineering
Abseiling	

These might not be important to you, but maybe some of you like to combine different things while here. Mountain biking for instance is very much in demand by Europeans.

I am also involved in selling international airline tickets, which are often cheaper here in New Zealand. A weaker New Zealand dollar means overseas travel agents are buying tickets here, which is quite legal and accepted by some airlines. If I can help you with this in connection with one of your planned trips to New Zealand, please contact me.

For tourists travelling on their own in New Zealand, I can arrange hire of kayaks and other outdoor equipment like tents.

If you have further questions regarding any of these outdoor adventures here in New Zealand, please don't hesitate to contact me. I would be very happy to send you my report, tour itineraries, prices, etc.

---



From: Eric B. Totty

### Immersion and Near Drowning

Two articles in the recent issue of the ASKC Newsletter No.89, on the subject of immersion and near drowning by John Chamberlain and Dr A. Wilmshurst, respectively, brought back to me vividly an incident I experienced just over 40 years ago.

I had become a very enthusiastic convert to wild water canoeing and canoe slalom but it was prior to my experience of alpine rivers which were to become my Mecca in subsequent years.

My canoe (kayak) was a folding Klepper T6 which was considered to be one of the best for its purpose in those days. They were then very few wild water canoeists in Britain and we all tended to meet wherever there was a wild water fixture or canoe slalom in any part of Britain - just as we now do for sea kayak events. My companions on this occasion were some of the leading exponents of canoe slalom in Britain at the time: Don Taylor, Dave Pegram, Jack Spuhler, Don Lucas and Bill Goodman, whilst Maurice Rothwell followed by car.

It was an Easter weekend on the Upper Wye and the river was in full spate. At Rhayader we canoed through a snow shower, and somewhere beyond the confluence with the River Elan, when we were negotiating a series of standing waves, the sun burst through with blinding brilliance at a low morning altitude and we were heading directly into its rays. This was the main cause of my misfortune as I charged joyously into a large wave only to find a huge rock hidden just below it. Surprised by the unexpectedness of this obstacle and unprepared for any righting stroke, I capsized and was forced to swim in near zero temperature conditions. Buoyancy aids in 1950 were very primitive, usually homemade, and quite inadequate, and rolling to recover was still some years away. Moreover I was never a strong swimmer.

Consequently, I was carried along in mid-stream by the strong current, and due to the spate conditions, I was unable to make any headway towards the bank. Perhaps I should have tried harder and called on unexpected reserves of strength, but in the event I gradually succumbed to the situation and seemed to be getting drowsy in the cold water and ready to fall asleep. But just at the critical moment, when I now suppose I was about to lose consciousness, Don Taylor, who had followed me, came alongside and I was able to hold on to the stern of his canoe whilst he managed to find an eddy which enabled him to paddle to the left bank. I believe I kept hold of my canoe with one hand throughout and we landed that too with helping hands from the bank. Only my spray-deck was lost, ripped off by the force of the current, and I had dry clothes in a waterproof bag in the canoe. After changing on the river bank, though still very cold, I appeared to be none the worse from this experience, although I remained cold for much of the rest of the day.

Don was a member of the British Canoe Slalom team until I managed to beat him at the Tay Slalom at Thistle Brig, Perth, in 1951, which resulted in my being selected in his place for the British team in the International Canoe Slalom at Lippstadt in 1952 - ungrateful wretch that I was!

Should any other members of ASKC have recollections of similar incidents of near drowning I hope they will be persuaded to recount their experiences in the Newsletter. It would be a very useful exercise of real practicable service to many members and interesting reading to others. No doubt Dr Wilmshurst would be sufficiently interested to provide a summing-up and commentary on the different experiences and any conclusions to be drawn from them.

From: Evert Pronk, Den Helder, The Netherlands

### Vlieland

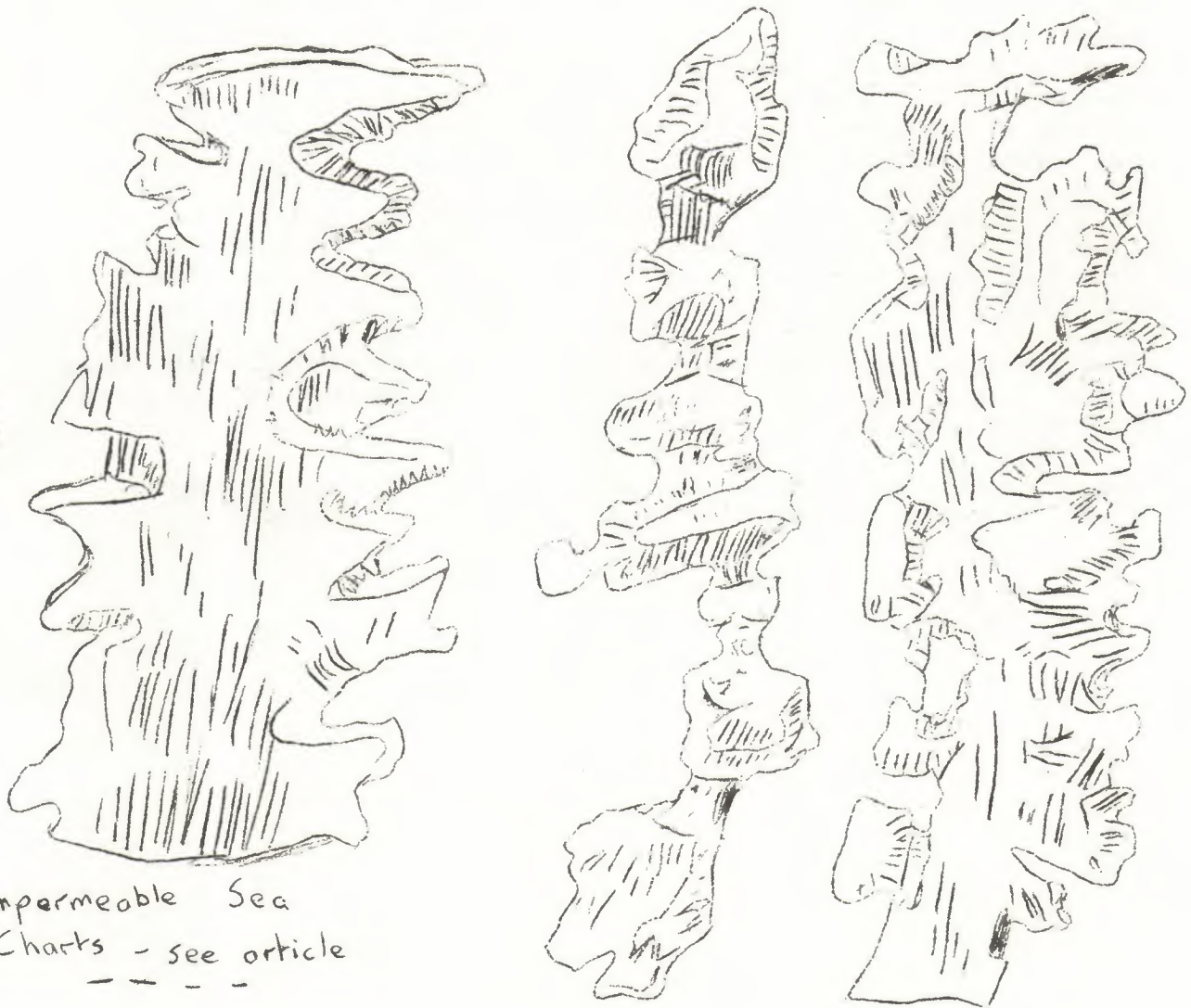
The second isle in a row of many, written words about the isle go back to the eleventh century when the isle was given to a monastery by William the Second. The result of their hard labour (this was digging canals and growing agriculture products) was the Eyerlandse Gat, a ferocious current between Texel and Vlieland. By that time the (now) north part of Texel was still a part of Vlieland. The canal that was dug by the monks was used to make a connection between the Waddensee and the North Sea. In that time there were two villages on the island, East and West village. The West was the most important one because it had a better connection to the North Sea. But the village started to crumble under the constant attacks of the sea, first the dunes came down and the houses soon followed. In 1736 to two last remaining houses were abandoned and their inhabitants moved to East village which had long since taken over the important role due to a change in waterways. The island was a lot larger in that time, the loss of West village meant also the loss of valuable land used for agriculture, what was left is a large sandflat. The remains of West village are on the northwest side of the present day island but are buried under sand and 15 fathoms of water.

The isle has become a lot smaller and the large sandflat on the west side is used by the military as a shooting range for fighter jets practice shooting on old rusty armoured tanks. It is wise to call the officer in charge of the shooting range to let him know that you want to paddle to Vlieland, but even then they tend to keep on flying very low. If you paddle from Texel to Vlieland it is best to start on the west side of Texel with the incoming tide; the current will then push you into the channel between the two isles. Keep heading north and you will end up under the protective east side of Vlieland. Stay close to the waterways marked with sticks and buoys. The first house that you will come to is the Posthouse; in the old days it was used on the postal route to the island when mail came by way of Texel Island.

The lighthouse of Vlieland is a small one, it gets its height from the dune its built on, total height 54m. Iso phase light character four seconds. The name is Vuurduin and it was built in 1836: it is a round redbraun castiron tower. Visibility of the 100,000 candela light is 19 6 sm.

On the east side of the isle you will find a small yachting harbour with a friendly kayak-minded harbour master who will allow you to camp near the water on the harbour premises. Showers and drinking water are available. On the north-east side of the isle is a larger commercial campsite called Stortemelk and it is accessible from the beach. Fresh food and supplies can be obtained on the isle. There is a ferry service between the mainland and the isle, using the harbour of Harlingen on the Dutch mainland to dock. If you want to spend the night outside a tent there are several hotels and bed and breakfast on the isle. Total length of the isle is about 20 km. and the distance between Texel and Vlieland is approximately 4km. Young seals are born in late June and early July during low tide on a sandbar, where they are sucked for a period of four to six weeks. Especially during this period it is of the greatest importance that mother and young are not disturbed. Many sandbars near Vlieland are used for this purpose. The seals mentioned here are harbour seals, the most common in the Waddensee. Birds you are likely to encounter are avocet, oystercatchers, dunlin, sheldrake, sandwichtern and many others. The greatest disturbance is

caused by military exercises around the isles of Texel, Vlieland and Terschelling. Low flying fighter planes practise shooting on old tanks on the southwest part of the isle. Another important factor is the drilling that is going on in these parts of the Waddenzee in search of fossil fuels for our everlasting demand until the bubble bursts.



Impermeable Sea  
Charts - see article  
- - -

Impermeable Sea Chart  
Werner Wolinski

Reprinted with thanks from 'SeaKajak', journal of the German sea-canoeing association, Salzwasser Union. Translated by Hans Svenssen.

As a human being of the twentieth century, have you ever asked yourself how our forebears arrived at their destination after a long journey?

We know the inhabitants of the South Sea Islands used sea charts made from coconut husks which had wooden sticks and shells woven into it which indicated islands, stolls and the direction of the current.

In a 1959 essay, Arthur Nikolaus, Berlin, gives the sea canoeing fraternity some interesting news. Canoeists do not have to be reminded that Eskimos were very practical people, but who knows that Eskimos also invented the only real chart for sea kayak travellers? A chart that couldn't blow away, that didn't mind getting wet, that was un-sinkable and that could be used to hit a seal over the head. The charts were carved from driftwood and some had a gnome-like look especially after prolonged use, when they became dark and greasy. Fat and seal blood did not hurt them, they were always legible.

The first Europeans to see these carvings were much intrigued as to what purpose they served. Today we know that the Eskimos did not want to carve cultural ornaments, but they tried to produce the shape and form of the coastline, either flat and rocky or high and steep. In other places we recognise softly formed valley cuts which may indicate the mouths of rivers or creeks with sandy shores. Islands were held together with or connected to the mainland by using wooden sticks; the two sides of the piece of wood were carved in this way so that the owner could first follow one edge and then the other.

Perhaps there were 'sets' of wooden maps for longer journeys. We can only speculate as to the age of these carvings. Arthur Nikolaus thinks that these charts originated in Greenland, where Eskimo culture reached its highest level after 1500. In conversation with Hendrik Kaput of the Netherlands this estimate was confirmed. Hendrik indicated to me that there are examples of these charts in museums in the Netherlands and that they partly cover known section of coastline although some parts of the coast have altered over the years.

Drawing: Eskimo Maps carved from driftwood, giving details of coastal formations including inlets, beaches and islands.

No	Date	Wind	Wave ht/ swell	HM COASTGUARD - CANOE INCIDENTS 1991 Location and Scenario	Primary response
1	19 Jan	SW5	2-4 ft/ mod	Gwbert, West Wales - 999 call, canoeist in difficulty, Helo located, all safe and well	Brawdy Helo, Gwbert CG
2	03 Feb	SE3	0-1 ft/no swell	ICM to Cumbria - Concern expressed about 2 canoeists, Arrived OK weather caused delay	Police, Whitehaven CG
3	16 Mar	N4	2-4 ft/mod	Saunton Sands, N.Devon - military canoeist in difficulty, 2 recovered by helicopter	Chivenor Helo, Appledore ILB, CG
4	24 Mar	NE3	0-1 ft/mod	Aberdovey, W.Wales - 999 call, 2 overturned canoes, assisted ashore by CG and MOPs	Borth & Aberdovey ILBs. CGs
5	26 Mar	NE4	1-2 ft/slight	Menai Bridge, Anglesey - Body of canoeist recovered, Beaumaris IILB searching	Police, Beaumaris IILB, CG
6	17 Apr	NE5	4-8 ft/no swell	Nash Point, S.Wales - CG concern for canoeists, later located safe and well	Llantwit CG
7	04 May	N4	4-8ft/slight	Seahouses, Northumberland - CG concern for canoeists, party of 5, 4 rescued	N.Sunderland LB, dive boat, CG
8	04 May	N4	4-8ft/slight	Farne Is. Northumberland - CG concern for 8 canoeists, ILBs proceeded but all OK	N.Sunderland LB & IILB, CG
9	05 May	N7	8-13ft/mod	Tynemouth - 999 call, 3 canoeists in difficulty, they made shore unaided	Cullercoats IILB, Tynemouth VILB
10	23 May	WSW2	0-1ft/no swell	Lynton, N.Devon - 999 call, lone canoeist capsized. Helo airlift to hospital	Chivenor Helo, Ilfracombe CG
11	25 May	SE1	0-1ft/no swell	Torbay - 999 call, capsized canoe, 2nd canoe struggling to help, made shore unaided	Torbay IILB, CG
12	27 May	NE3	0-1ft/slight	Eastbourne - 2 canoeists recovered from the sea by IILB and angling boat	Eastbourne IILB
13	27 May	NE2	0-1ft/slight	Southwold, Norfolk - 999 call, 2 canoeists capsized, rescued by MAFF vessel	Southwold IILB
14	29 May	NE3	0-1ft/no swell	Conwy Estuary, N.Wales - Yacht reported canoeist in difficulty, then recovered canoeist	Conwy IILB
15	01 Jun	E3	0-1ft/slight	Porthcawl, S.Wales - 999 call, capsized canoe, feet tangled in spray deck, lifeguard rescue	Lifeguard, Chivenor Helo, CG
16	01 Jun	E2	0-1ft/no swell	Porthcawl, S.Wales - 999 call, canoeists being carried away, IILB established all well	Porthcawl IILB, CG
17	15 Jun	NW6	2-4ft/mod	Millisle, N.Ireland- 999 call, 2 canoes in difficulty, 4 persons made shore unaided	Bangor IILB, Donaghadee LB, CG
18	15 Jun	NNW4	2-4ft/mod	Ramsey Sound, Milford Haven - Vessel responded to canoeists in difficulty, 4 assisted	Brawdy Helo, St.Davids LB, CG
19	21 Jun	WSW5	4-8ft/mod	Whitesands Bay, Milford Haven - 999 call, party of canoeists in difficulty, self recovered	St.Davids IB, Brawdy Helo
20	02 Jul	NNE4	1-2ft/slight	Dinas Head, S.W.Wales - 999 call, 2 capsized canoes, occupants made shore unaided	Fishguard LB, Brawdy Helo, CG
21	07 Jul	N2	0-1ft/mod	Lough Neagh, N.Ireland - 999 call, capsized canoe, LB recovered but died later	Lough Neagh LB, Helo, Ambulance
22	07 Jul	S2	1-2ft/no swell	Llandudno, N.Wales - 999 call, Canadian canoe appeared in trouble, made shore unaided	Llandudno IILB, CG
23	17 Jul	WSW3	1-2ft/slight	Selsey, S.Coast - unmanned canoe investigated, nobody found or reported missing	Selsey IILB, CG
24	25 Jul	NW4	1-2ft/mod	Bangor, N.Ireland - 999 call, missing canoeist, quickly sighted and reported OK	Yacht, Bangor LB
25	27 Jul	S3	1-2ft/slight	Carnoustie, E.Scotland - 999 call, canoeists in difficulty, made shore unaided	Arbroath LB, Leuchars Helo, CG
26	27 Jul	W4	1-2ft/slight	Southampton Water - IRB reported recovery of canoeist in difficulties, canoe had sunk	Hamble Rescue IRB
27	28 Jul	ESE2	1-2ft/slight	Craigavad, N.Ireland - 999 call, capsized canoe, 3 persons in water, assisted ashore by swimmer	Bangor LB, CG
28	31 Jul	SE3	1-2ft/slight	Sandend, NE Scotland - 999 call, canoeists drifting offshore, assisted by member of public	Macduff LB
29	03 Aug	SW4	0-1ft/no swell	Hastings, S.Coast - IILB launched to assist 2 persons drifting in canoe	Hastings IILB
30	04 Aug	SSW4	0-1ft/slight	Port Erin, ICM - 999 call, canoe capsized and sank, made shore unaided	Port Erin LB, CG
31	11 Aug	W8	8-13ft/mod	Ardnamurchan, W.Scotland - Lone German canoeist capsized, swam ashore	Kilchoan CG
32	18 Aug	W4	0-1ft/slight	Firth of Forth - 999 call, capsized canoe, 2 in water, rescued by IILB	Dunbar IILB, Leuchars Helo, CG
33	21 Aug	S3	1-2ft/slight	Cemaes Bay, Anglesey - Member of public rescued boy from capsized canoe	Retrospective report
34	31 Aug	ESE4	1-2ft/slight	Burryport, S.Wales - 999 call, canoeist tangled in wires from Pier, IILB recovery	Burryport IILB, CG
35	30 Nov	S2	1-2ft/slight	Rhoscolyn, Anglesey - CG sighted canoeist in difficulty, 1 rescued plus 3 to hospital	Holyhead LB, CG

From: Jim Cordingly, Appledore, Bideford, Devon

Referring to letters on pumps in the current and previous years' Newsletters, I am and have always been very uneasy about deck mounted pumps. Unless the kayaker has experimented with their use in difficult conditions and realises the limitations of their pumps and their own capacity to use them under such conditions, I fear, that instead of increasing safety, they may actually increase danger by inducing a false sense of security.

On expeditions I paddle an Islander which, particularly when loaded, I consider to be a very stable boat. But I know from experiment that in any sea conditions which cause me to capsize and leave the boat and then re-enter and roll, it would require all my effort and skill to prevent the kayak, with a cockpit full of water, from capsizing again. There would be no possibility of my sparing a hand to pump. Nor, given the conditions, is it likely that a companion could offer support. It is my belief that under really taxing conditions, all individuals in a group are effectively on their own in the event of a capsize. Obviously, the first line of defence is to avoid such conditions but, like I expect all sea kayakers, there have been times when due to various circumstances, I have found myself in 'hairy' situations where a capsize could have had serious consequences. The second is regularly to practise rolling in safe but difficult conditions (I regret to say that with advancing age and for medical reasons I do less of this than I should. What is your excuse?).

My own answer after that is the electric pump and a dingy hand-pump as a rather desperate last resort for backup. After expeditions with larger groups, my wife and I have paddled together without companions for the past eleven years, spending around three weeks in the summer mainly visiting British off-shore islands, and latterly we have been joined by my (just) teenage daughter. We early decided that the hand operated Chimp was not the answer and the Lendal footpump proved inadequate for sea conditions (it was probably not intended to be) and I fitted electric pumps behind the cockpits of both our boats operated by a switch near the cockpit. These have now been fitted for about eight years and while fortunately, we have never had to use them for real, we regularly test them out and it is very reassuring to see the fire-tender-like jet which empties the cockpit in under two minutes. The hope is that it will then be possible to get the spraydeck on. It would obviously be better to replace the spraydeck before rolling up but I doubt if that is an option in the usual cold water.

I would be interested to know if any of our members have successfully used a deck mounted pump under bad conditions or has personal knowledge of anybody else who has.

The handpump is to cover possible pump/battery failure or battery exhaustion following extended use away from recharging facilities and to pump out my daughter's kayak should that become necessary. Since, as I pointed out earlier, I think this is a very doubtful option, though probably more practical than the dixed pump, the next step is to teach her to roll and fit her kayak with an electric pump.

On the subject of spraydecks and handpumps, while it might be impossible with a twinseal, it is not difficult to insert a handpump at a suitable angle for pumping between the body and the waist seal of an 'ordinary' spraydeck.

Moving to another topic, John, I note from your editorial that you see D.D.C. Wildlife Magazine but I suspect that you missed my daughter's winning essay in the August '91 edition. As it is based on

canoeing, I thought you might like to publish it in the Newsletter if you are short of material. I enclose a copy. I have cleared it with the magazine editor and you are welcome to print it if you wish but in that case, do please ensure that the B.B.C. Wildlife Magazine is credited as source.

---

NIRVANA

Reprinted from B.B.C. Wildlife Magazine  
with their kind permission

I was seven years old when I was first allowed to go on one of the family's annual summer canoeing trips to the Wild. My mother and father had been on quite a few but as I was only small at that time they had gone without me. Now I go on one of these trips every year and watch the creatures of the sea in their natural environment.

I have come across many seals while in my canoe, greys and commons, but only once have I met singing seals. We were rounding a headland in the Outer Hebrides in the fog which is spooky at any time, with shapes appearing and disappearing in the mist, but when the low moaning sound of the singing seals comes floating towards you .... well, it adds something extra!

The seals had not heard us coming for they were too wrapped up in their own singing and therefore gave us a good performance. For those who have never heard singing seals before, it can be quite an experience, listening to the deep, groaning voices from the rocks, their pitch rising and falling in what you can't describe as harmonic or musical tones, but which has an eerie beauty of its own. It did not last for long though, before one of them heard us and they all went slithering off the rocks into the water.

The only time I came very close to a seal was in the Farne Islands. We had been creeping up on three seals which were perched on a rock side by side. As we approached, the two smaller females slid into the water and swam away. The other very large, overweight, grey bull seal watched us with a look of "If you want me to move, come and move me!" in his eyes. He was quite a handsome animal with big mournful eyes and long whiskers but his looks were spoiled by a very runny nose. After some time of watching each other, we were the ones that moved off, observed by a large bull seal, still on his rock!

Although seals are so ungainly on land, they are really beautiful in the water. They dive around the canoes, watching from a safe distance to see what we are doing. They seem to glide effortlessly through the water, circling below us before coming up snorting for air. Sometimes we find them asleep, floating with only their heads out of the water with what seems like a contented smile on their faces. If we manage to get close to them, their look of surprise when they realise someone is there is quite amusing.

I love exploring caves. Many of them have fascinating rock formations and occasionally, where a cave is sheltered from the swell, we find lots of interesting marine life.

I remember one beautiful cave we found, with walls dashed with colour and the sea dotted with jellyfish. It was a cave of colour; as you went in, birds dived into the water disturbing the jellyfish which were of all colours and varieties, clashing with the colours of the sea squirts on the walls.

The sea was a clear blue so that you could see the sea urchins on the bottom and the fish swimming round, wary of the canoe's shadow. Shoals of small minnow-type fish darted past in their hundreds, whereas the larger fish skulked in the shadows avoiding the light. As you went further into the cave, the sides became covered in sea squirts and anemones with the occasional urchin scattered here and there. It was a perfect picture, millions of different shades and colours scattered in one cave, the pinky-oranges of the sea urchins, the reds and greens of the anemones, the orange of the sea squirt and all the colours of the rainbow in the jellyfish. Certainly a cave of colour!

Then there are the sea birds. My favourites are the puffins. Such comic little birds with black and white waistcoats, rainbow striped bills, chubby stomachs and stumpy little legs of bright orange! But puffins are not only comical in their appearance, but in their flight too.

They are quite graceful under water and look calm and serene when bobbing along on top, but when in flight and walking ..... Being short, puffins find it very difficult to fly from the water. They need a long runway for take off. They rush along the surface of the sea splashing their feet in the water and frantically flapping their wings until by some miracle they manage to get airborne. Once in the air they don't look much better, flying with stumpy wings flapping madly on both sides. It always makes me think of a tennis ball with wings owing to the roundness of the puffin's body.

It was on a trip to the Orkneys that I first became closely acquainted with the personal habits of fulmar chicks. We found them on an uninhabited island nesting in a ruined monastery. The chicks are greyish white, looking like large, scruffy balls of fluff, the only difference being that these balls of fluff have eyes and a beak through which they spit a foul-smelling liquid when disturbed. There would be the nest and chick in one corner and a rong of spit all round it.

It is strange how these ugly chicks turn into the graceful adult birds who swoop and dive over the bows of our canoes apparently unafraid of human company.

Through canoeing, I have been able to take a close look at marine creatures in their natural surroundings, approaching close to them without disturbing them. To use the motto of sea canoeists, I have found 'a special kind of freedom'.



CLUBS

ADVANCED SEA KAYAK CLUB

7 Miller Close, NEWPORT, Isle of Wight, England, PO30 5PS

ASSOCIATION OF NORTH ATLANTIC KAYAKERS (ANORAK)

34 East Queens Way, Hampton VA23669

BAIDARKA HISTORICAL SOCIETY

P.O. Box 5454, Bellingham WA 98227

BOSTON SEA KAYAK CLUB

14 Phebe Avenue, Lowell, MA 01854

BRUNNSVIKENS KANOTKLUBB

Box 500 28, S104 05, Stockholm, Sweden

CALIFORNIA KAYAK FRIENDS

Suite A 199, 14252 Culver Drive, Irvine CA 92714

CAPE KAYAK CLUB

P.O. Box 2664 Hyannis, MA 02601

CK/MER- CONNAISSANCE DU KAYAK DE MER

B.P. 67B, 22500, Paimpol, France

COASTAL GEORGIA PADDLING CLUB

9127 Ferguson Avenue, Savannah, GA 31406

COAST BUSTERS

P.O. Box 22723, Carmel, CA 93922

COCONUT KAYAKERS

P.O. Box 3646, Tequesta, FL,33469-064

ENVIRONMENTAL TRAVELING COMPANIONS (ETC)

Ft, Mason Center, Landmark Building C, San Francisco, CA 94123

FLORIDA SEA KAYAKING ASSOCIATION

3095-67 Avenue, So. St Petersburg, FL 33712

GREAT LAKES SEA KAYAKING ASSOCIATION

P.O. Box 22082, 45 Overlea Blvd. Toronto, Ont M4H 1N9

GREAT LAKES SEA KAYAKING CLUB

3721 Shallow Brook, Bloomfield Hills Mi 48013

INTERNATIONAL LONG RIVER CANOEIST CLUB

Catalina Cottage, Aulltivullin, Strathy Point, Sutherland, Scotland  
KW14 7RY

INVESTIGATOR CANOE CLUB

428 Rowells Road, Lockleys, South Australia 5032

JUNEAU KAYAK CLUB

P.O. Box 021865, Juneau, AK 99802-1865

HUI W'A KAUKAHI

c/o N. Olson, 333 Queen Street #710, Honolulu, HI 96813

KANAKA IKAIKA RACING CLUB

Box 438, Kaneohe, HI 96744

METROPOLITAN CANOE AND KAYAK CLUB  
P.O. Box 02 1868, Brooklyn, NY 11202 0040

NEW ZEALAND CANOEING ASSOCIATION  
P.O. Box 3768, Wellington, New Zealand

NORDKAPP OWNERS CLUB OF AMERICA  
47 Argyle Avenue, West Hartford, CT 06107

NORTH SOUND SEA KAYAKING ASSOCIATION (NSSKA)  
P.O. Box 1523, Everett, WA 98206

OCEAN KAYAK ASSOCIATION OF BRITISH COLUMBIA  
Box 1574, Victoria, B.C. V8W 2X7

OREGON OCEAN PADDLING SOCIETY (OOPS)  
P.O. Box 69641, Portland, OR 97201

PUGET SOUND PADDLE CLUB  
P.O. Box 22, Puyallup, WA 98371

ROOFRACK YACHT CLUB  
P.O. Box 192, Westport Point, MA 02791

SALZWASSER UNION  
Reimar Menne, Maltkestr 94, 4300 Essen 1, West Germany

SAN DIEGO SEA KAYAKERS  
3130 Myrtle Avenue, San Diego, CA 92104

SAN FRANCISCO BAY AREA SEA KAYAKERS (BASK)  
P.O. BOX 564, El Granada, CA 94018

SEA KAYAK ASSOCIATION OF BRITISH COLUMBIA  
Box 751 Postal Station A, Vancouver, B.C. V6C 2N6 597-1122

SEBAGO CANOE CLUB SEA KAYAK COMMITTEE  
Poerdegat Basin, Foot of Avenue N, Brooklyn, NY 11236

SLACKWATER YACHT CLUB  
B37 Gate 6 Road, Sausalito, CA 94965

STAVANGER KALAI KLUBB  
Postboks 32, 4056 Tananger, Norge

TASMANIAN SEA CANOEING CLUB  
P.O. Box 599F Hobart, Tasmania 7001, Australia

TEXAS SEA TOURING KAYAK CLUB  
P.O. Box 27281, Houston, TX 77227

TRADE ASSOCIATION OF SEA KAYAKING (TASK)  
P.O. Box 84144, Seattle, WA 98124

UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA (DULUTH) KAYAK CLUB  
108 Kirby Student Center UMD, 10 University Drive, Duluth, MN 5  
MN 5 5812-2496

VICTORIA SEA KAYAKERS' NETWORK  
752 Victoria Avenue, Victoria, B.C. Canada V8S 4N3

WASHINGTON KAYAK CLUB  
P.O. Box 24264, Seattle, WA 98124

WHATCOM ASSOCIATION OF KAYAK ENTHUSIASTS (WAKE)  
P.O. Box 11952, Bellingham, WA 98227

ASSOCIATION OF NORTH ATLANTIC KAYAKERS (ANORAK)  
34 East Queens Way, Hampton, VA 23669

CHESAPEAKE ASSOCIATION OF SEA KAYAKERS  
3 Markham Drive, Hampton, VA 23669

An account of the circumnavigation of Ireland in  
late Summer 1990 by Eugene Burns and  
myself Michael Murphy of County Cork, Eire

This trip is not something undertaken lightly; in both our cases the idea was five or six years in the making, neither one aware that the other was planning the same trip one day in November 1989 after having just paddled the Fairy Glen on the Conway in North Wales. We were sitting in the car when Eugene mentioned his dream. I immediately asked him did he want a parter, he agreed, and so our plans to canoe around Ireland finally germinated. Winter and Spring passed by in a blank as we tried to get everything organised. Gradually the initial euphoria wore off as we realised we would have to devote two months of our time to paddle 1200 miles along some of Europe's most exposed westerly coastline.

As we both worked in London, training proved to be a difficulty and was confined to weekend trips to St David's Head and Anglesey; we got to know the road to Wales intimately. Finance was proving to be a problem until I was lucky enough to obtain a travelling fellowship from the Winston Churchill Trust. The Fellowship was to foster integration between European nations and our task was help foster relations between Northern and Southern Ireland.

Initially, this took the form of liaising with some such groups from all parts of Ireland. We provided them with instruction and gave them the opportunity to paddle along. Also on our trip we shared our experience with the various people we met along the way. The culmination of all this time and effort was on the 10th of July in Glandora Harbour in West Cork our chosen starting point. A mountain of gear lay beside our two fragile crafts, where would it all fit. Our chosen sea canoes were a Nundkapp and a Vyneck. Our packing arrangements were as follows: in the front hatch - clothes and food; middle hatch - cooking utensils and such materials; back hatch - sleeping bags and tents. All our equipment was packed for two months, only food was to be replenished at regular intervals. Clothing for the trip was shorts and T-shirts and a cap. We were using Nundkapp blades. Our departure.

Our departure had aroused a great deal of interest in Glandore. A very determined looking lady said loudly "surely you are not going to navigate with 'that'". 'That' was a series of 4 O.S. maps that cover Ireland at a scale of  $\frac{1}{4}$  inch to the mile. On these we had marked in all the tidal information, overfalls, etc., before laminating them. Two days later as we left Crookhaven at 9 a.m. we met the same lady looking a little the worse for wear aboard her yacht. We tried not to look sorry as she informed us that they couldn't find the harbour due to fog and had to spend the night at sea. "Try these" was our only comment as we held aloft our laminated maps.

The islands off the south coast provided the ideal opportunity for some offshore canoeing; Cape Clear, Dursey, Dennish, Valencia, Blaskets and the Maghars provided us with a delightful 150 miles of island hopping. We finally made landfall in County Clare south of Loop Head. Tidal charts were consulted as we planned for the day ahead. We had heard tales of overfalls, back looping sea canoes at the head and clapatis to the north. The day dawned flat calm as we eagerly set off to make the best of the good weather. Even with everything in our favour it was quite rough around Loop Head. Fifteen swells and as we headed north to Kilkee our thoughts were "not a place to be on a rough day". We soon settled into daily rhythm of rising at 7 a.m. for break-

fast, paddling nine until one p.m. Lunch break until 3 p.m. and again paddling until 7 p.m. We usually covered about 25/30 miles per day.

All up the West Cork was idyllic except for some bad weather at Slyre Head and Achill. As we paddled along the north coast of County Mayo, our thoughts turned to how we were going to cross Donegal Bay, our longest sea crossing. Eventually we settled on a direct crossing from Downpatrick Head, County Mayo to Glencolumkill, County Donegal. We set off on Friday, 3rd of August, a wet and foggy morning. As the day progressed, the weather improved, but we always had a northerly Force 3 in our faces; finally after 12 hours of paddling and 40 miles later, we wearily pulled into Glencolumkill Harbour. As we left Glen, we encountered severe clapotis for a number of miles. After a magnificent trip to Tory Island, the greatest difficulty on the north coast was Malin Head, which had part tides and big swells. Finally, on Sunday, 12th of August, we rounded Fair Head and were heading south once more for what we thought could be the easiest coast on the trip. As we travelled south we battled southerly winds all the way thanks to the kindness of people and especially the scouts. At last we turned Carnsore point and headed west on the final leg.

Again the weather was against us and we spent three days shore-bound by Hurrican Gustar at Dunmore East but in the calm after the storm we put in three long days at 35 miles each (1) Dunmore East to Ardmore, (2) Ardmore to Oysterhaven and (3) Oysterhaven to Rosscarbery. This left us with only a few miles to go which we saved until the weekend so that our friends could arrive and organise a party. Finally, nearly two months after starting and 42 paddling days later, we pulled into Glandore Harbour and broke open a bottle of bubbly.

Our initial idea has developed and an organisation called Ireland North and South has been set up to further understanding through participation in adventure sports. Ireland North and South is still going and next intends to take a Multi-denominational group to Alaska. We collected £1,200 for the charity Aspire which funds research into spinal injuries.

While not the fastest circumnavigation, in fact decidedly leisurely, we had the good fortune to have a lot of our friends join us for a couple of days or a week and so break the slog.

Finally, would I do it again? I must honestly say that despite some of the most breathtaking scenery and brilliant canoeing I have ever experienced, NO, well maybe.

---

SEA KAYAKING - SHETLANDS - JULY 3rd to 10th  
See inside newsletter for details

---